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07x19 - It's Just Like Riding A Bike

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07x19 - It's Just Like Riding A Bike

by **bunniefuu**

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LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai waits for a minuter outside before entering, Babette and Miss Patty are surprised to see Lorelai.]

LORELAI: Hey [Chuckles to Kirk as she sits at the counter]

KIRK: Well, well, well I always suspected this day would come.

LORELAI: Hi Kirk.

KIRK: You're not getting this seat back.

LORELAI: Huh?

KIRK: You can't, it's mine now and frankly I can see why you hogged it for so long.

LORELAI: What?

KIRK: It's clearly the best stool in the joint. Close to the cash register and the kitchen, which guarantees plenty of face time with the boss. Climate wise it's positioned between two air-conditioning vents which creates a nice cross ventilation...

LORELAI: Hey Kirk...

KIRK: ...never.

LORELAI: You can have the seat. Hey [To Luke]

LUKE: Hey. [Short pause] Coffee?

LORELAI: Yes please.

LUKE: All right, ah to stay or to go?

LORELAI: Um... To stay.

LUKE: Good, okay.

MISS PATTY: Lorelai.

BABETTE: Hi ya doll.

LORELAI: Hey.

MISS PATTY: It's so nice seeing you back in here.

LORELAI: Thanks.

BABETTE: Been a long time.

LORELAI: Yah.

BABETTE: What 9, 10 months.

LORELAI: Something like that.

KIRK: Actually I can tell you exactly when Lorelai was in her last 'cause I marked it in my calendar. [Looks it up] "May 22, 2006, stool available?" it's important to...

LUKE: Enough Kirk, here you go.

LORELAI: Thank you. [Exhales] So how's it going?

LORELAI: Oh really well. They inn is really busy.

LUKE: Yeah I'll bet.

LORELAI: And so how are you doing.

LUKE: Me? Good, really good.

[Still awkward between them]

LORELAI: Good.

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Um, it sure is warm outside.

LUKE: Yeah you know when I opened the diner this morning I remember thinking how warm it was.

LORELAI: Really!

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: You know what maybe I should take this to go. To get back to work and.

LUKE: Yeah okay let me just get you a cup.

LORELAI: It's been really busy at the Inn.

LUKE: Yeah. Yeah you said. There you go.

[Lorelai pours the coffee into the to go cup and Luke puts a lid on it.]

LUKE: Lid on there.

LORELAI: Oh great.

[Lorelai gets money to pay]

LUKE: Nah, I got it.

LORELAI: Thanks.

LUKE: Okay so I'll see you around.

LORELAI: Definitely, I'll see you around. Okay.

[Lorelai starts to leave the diner.]

LORELAI: Bye.

MISS PATTY: Bye.

[Outside Lorelai exhales in relief.]

OPENING CREDITS

UNKNOWN ROAD

[Lorelai is driving the Jeep. Her cell phone rings]

LORELAI: Hi.

SOOKIE: Shh! Shh! Shh! Shh!

LORELAI: You called me.

SOOKIE: Oh, no, not you. I was talking to Davey. Hey.

LORELAI: Hey.

SOOKIE: I was just calling to let you know I'm not coming into work today. [To Davey] No, no, no, no, no itching. No itching. Just pat, pat. Par, pat.

LORELAI: Is everything okay?

SOOKIE: Oh, everything's fine. I just hate that stupid Rosie Milano.

LORELAI: Ugh, is she the woman at Davey's school with the big, fake boobs who all the dads think are real?

SOOKIE: No, but I hate her, too. Rosie Milano is a little girl in Davey's class.

LORELAI: Oh. Interesting choice for your nemesis.

SOOKIE: She came to school with the chicken pox.

LORELAI: Oh, no, I hate her, too. Davey and Martha?

SOOKIE: Yeah. I mean, not terrible cases. They've both been vaccinated, but I'm up to my ears in oatmeal baths. Plus I've got to find a hotel for Jackson because the inn is completely full -- "go, us," by the way.

LORELAI: Why does Jackson need to stay in a hotel?

SOOKIE: He's never had the chicken pox. I mean I know he's already been exposed, so he may get them anyway, but if there's a chance in hell to avoid him getting them, I'm gonna do it because that man is a huge baby.

LORELAI: Well he doesn't need to stay at a hotel, he can just stay at my place.

SOOKIE: Lorelai, you are my best friend in the entire world. I could not sic Jackson on you.

LORELAI: Oh, please.

SOOKIE: No, the man's a slob. This morning, I could have k*llled him, with the wet towels all over the floor.

LORELAI: It's so not a big deal. Why waste money on a hotel?

SOOKIE: Are you sure?

LORELAI: Yes. Please, end of discussion. He's staying with me.

SOOKIE: Okay, well, thank you, and I want you to remember this moment because you offered.

LORELAI: Okay, well...

SOOKIE: Okay. Well, I'm gonna pick him up and bring him over to you around 6:00.

LORELAI: Yeah, that sounds good. Hey, so I went into Luke's this morning.

SOOKIE: What? Why didn't you cut me off? It's not like the kids have bubonic plague. How did it go?

LORELAI: It was awful.

SOOKIE: Oh!

LORELAI: Yeah everybody was staring at us.

SOOKIE: Oh, I'm sure they weren't.

LORELAI: Sookie.

SOOKIE: Yeah, they were staring.

LORELAI: Yeah it was just awkward, and neither of us knew how to act.

SOOKIE: I'm sure it seemed worse than it really was.

LORELAI: Uh, no. We hit the weather in the first minute.

SOOKIE: Ohh. Well, it has been unseasonably warm, but you know things will get better.

LORELAI: I don't know. Maybe there's just too much history.

SOOKIE: Oh, history, schmistory. Couples have been breaking up and becoming friends. I mean look at Ryan O'neal and Farrah Fawcett, huh?

LORELAI: Really Ryan and Fawcett that's the most well-adjusted relationship you can come up with?

SOOKIE: I mean I'm sorry. He's been in the news lately -- that whole sh**ting-a-g*n-at-his-son thing.

LORELAI: Hey, s-- oh! God.

[The Jeep starts making unusual sounds]

SOOKIE: What was that?

LORELAI: I don't know.

SOOKIE: Oh!

LORELAI: Oh! It's coming from my car.

SOOKIE: Pull over.

LORELAI: I am.

SOOKIE: Pull over! Pull over! Pull over!

LORELAI: I am. I am. I-I've pulled over. Hold on. I'm turning it off.

SOOKIE: Are you okay?

LORELAI: Yeah, I think so.

SOOKIE: Well, what was that?

LORELAI: You know, the carburetor?

SOOKIE: Oh. Ooh, or maybe the alternator.

LORELAI: I think I better call Gypsy.

SOOKIE: That's probably a good idea.

LORELAI: Okay, bye.

SOOKIE: Bye.

[The brake lights on the Jeep flicker and go out]

PARIS AND DOYLE'S APARTMENT.

[Paris is sitting at the table when the front door opens.]

PARIS: Finally. Doyle, she's here! Where were you? Your "20th century poets" class ended two hours ago.

DOYLE: Hey, Rory.

RORY: Hey, Doyle. I was just dropping Logan off at the airport.

DOYLE: Oh yeah he has that meeting in San Fran. When is it?

RORY: Tomorrow afternoon.

DOYLE: Wish him luck for me.

RORY: I will.

PARIS: Seriously, you're gonna stand here making idle chitchat on the single most important day of my life?

DOYLE: Sorry, sweetie. Paris has some news.

PARIS: Not some news, the news. Responses from Harvard medical school, Johns Hopkins school of medicine, Penn medical, Yale law school, Stanford law school, and Columbia medical. And before you comment on envelope thickness, keep in mind that so much stuff is online these days that thickness is no longer an accurate indicator.

RORY: Mm-hmm

PARIS: I knew you would want to be here, when I opened them.

RORY: Yeah, right. Thanks.

DOYLE: Go on, hon. Do it!

PARIS: [Sighs] Okay. My lucky letter opener. Used it to open the envelope conveying my acceptance to Yale four years ago. And don't look at me like I'm some kind of superstitious freak. It's just a precautionary device. If it works, great. If not, I need it to open letters anyway. I don't know which to open first. Choose one.

RORY: Okay, uh... Yale law school.

PARIS: Yale law school. Okay, wow. That's a great school. I'd be lucky to get in there, you know? You open it.

RORY: Me?

PARIS: You're lucky.

RORY: I am?

PARIS: How else do you explain the fact that you got into Harvard and I didn't?

RORY: Oh, right, luck. Okay.

PARIS: Use the letter opener!

RORY: Oh. Are you sure the letter opener's luck isn't gonna cancel out my luck?

PARIS: I don't know, is that how it works?

RORY: I was kidding. Sorry. Here we go. All right. "Dear Paris Geller, we are pleased to inform you --"

PARIS: I got in! Whoo!

[Paris and Doyle screaming]

RORY: Congratulations! I'm so happy for you.

PARIS: Thank you. Thank you so much for your participation in operation finish line, for your friendship, for everything. You've always been an inspiration to me, Rory Gilmore.

RORY: Aw.

PARIS: I mean, the way you cut your ruthless path to the head of the Yale daily news and never looked back -- I never told you, but I really admired that.

RORY: Thanks?

PARIS: And, Doyle, I know this process didn't exactly bring out my soft and fuzzy side.

DOYLE: Doesn't matter. I love you, baby, and I am so proud of you.

PARIS: I love you, too. I just can't believe I got into the second best law school in the country. It's such an honor! It doesn't matter really if I get into the others. I have a great option right here.

RORY: You do.

PARIS: Yeah! Anyway, go ahead. Might as well open Harvard, even though it doesn't matter. Use the letter opener again.

RORY: Okay. [opens the letter] Okay. "We are pleased to inform..."

PARIS: Whoo! [Very excited again] I got in! I got in!

DOYLE: All right!

RORY: Congratulations!

PARIS: Bite me, Harvard, bite me!

DOYLE: Yeah, chock on it!

PARIS: I'm tempted to reject them the same way they rejected me that dark day four years ago. Who's laughing now?!

RORY: Okay, um, so, next we have, what? The university of Pennsylvania? All right. Let's see what it says. [Chuckles] All right. "We are pleased to inform..."

PARIS: In? I'm in? Yes!

Excited but a little less than before]

DOYLE: Oh!

PARIS: What's that about?

RORY: Hmm?

PARIS: Your noticeable drop-off in enthusiasm. Is that a reflection of the fact that you're less impressed by my admission to the university of Pennsylvania school of medicine than you were by my other acceptances?

RORY: I'd say we're just as impressed. Wouldn't you, Doyle?

DOYLE: Oh, absolutely. Because it's a pre-eminent institution in the interrelated disciplines of patient-care education and research.

RORY: It's a great school.

DOYLE: Mm, top-notch.

PARIS: Fine, you've made your point. Perception should play a role in my decision-making process.

RORY: Well I guess that's what Doyle and I were saying.

PARIS: I mean lets face it, you say "Harvard medical school," and people are automatically impressed, and that counts for something.

RORY: That's true.

PARIS: SO you think I should go there?

RORY: Oh, well, that's not what I'm saying -- or that you shouldn't. I'm just... What I'm saying is that you have all these great options.

DOYLE: Yeah.

PARIS: I know. So, how do I decide?

DOYLE: Oh, you'll figure it out, hon.

PARIS: How? This is a huge decision, the biggest decision I've had to make in my life. Law school or med school? I have two passions, and obviously, I'm vastly talented in both fields. What muse do I follow? Not to mention location-wise, where do I want to live for the next three or up to eight years? Open the others.

RORY: Yeah? Okay. Columbia.

DOYLE: [Chuckles]

RORY: Also a good school.

DOYLE: Mm-hmm.

RORY: "We are pleased..."

PARIS: Oh, god!

RORY: Paris you're just being silly, okay? It's good to have options.

PARIS: Yeah right you can say that because there's only one thing you want. Talk to me if you don't get the New York Times fellowship and you have to choose between six other papers.

[Rory looks hurt]

PARIS: I'm sorry. I just meant it must be nice to know what you want.

RORY: Well, "nice" -- yeah, that's one way to put it, and "scary" is another.

PARIS: You have a great shot at the Reston.

DOYLE: You do and with A.J. Abrams writing that rec...

RORY: Well I'm sure all the candidates have great recommendations.

PARIS: New York Times would be lucky to have you.

RORY: Thanks. Well, I'll find out soon enough, but come on. This is your moment. Should we open another one? All right. [Opens letter] Hey, hey. You got into Stanford!

DOYLE: Whoa! Someone's on a roll!

RORY: Yay!

PARIS: Enough with the hysterics. I have a big decision to make, and all this hooting and hollering isn't exactly helping matters.

[Paris buries her head in a pillow on the couch]

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai's on the phone, the doorbell rings, talking on the phone while answering the door]]

LORELAI: What do you mean you can't fix it, gypsy? It's only eight years old. [To Sookie and Jackson] Hi, come on in. Everyone knows you can fix anything. Sit down. Sorry I have guest, make yourselves at home okay.

SOOKIE: Unh-unh-unh-unh.

JACKSON: Wha...

SOOKIE: Ignore Lorelai.

JACKSON: What?

SOOKIE: You are absolutely not to make yourself at home, don't leave your clothes lying all over the house.

JACKSON: I won't.

SOOKIE: Wipe your shoes off if you go outside and come back in.

JACKSON: I will. Don't leave them laying around in the middle of the room or anywhere where they can be smelled.

JACKSON: Sookie.

SOOKIE: Just don't touch anything, and hang up your wet towels.

JACKSON: I have stayed at other people's houses before.

SOOKIE: I know. Why do you think I'm saying all of this? And just try not to annoy Lorelai.

JACKSON: Believe it or not, I don't try to annoy other people.

SOOKIE: Well congratulations, because you have a natural talent.

JACKSON: Sookie!

SOOKIE: What?

JACKSON: Nothing. Is that all?

SOOKIE: No, I packed you a salad. Eat it in the kitchen at the table on a plate. Please do not make a mess. I wanted to stay around and say thank you to Lorelai, but I should get back to the kids.

JACKSON: Yeah, yeah you should get back to the kids. It sounded like that's gonna take a while.

SOOKIE: Really?

JACKSON: Oh, yeah. They're talking about cars. I mean that phone call could take hours. Go, really.

SOOKIE: Well call me if you need anything.

JACKSON: I will.

SOOKIE: And don't use Lorelai's home phone.

JACKSON: Kiss the kids good night for me.

SOOKIE: I will.

LORELAI: Thanks for trying. Okay. Thank you. Bye. [Sookie leaves just as Lorelai returns from the kitchen] Sorry about that.

JACKSON: Oh! No problem. Thanks again for letting me stay.

LORELAI: Oh, sure, my pleasure. Have a seat. [Hesitating to sit] So, where's Sookie?

JACKSON: Oh you know she had to get back to the kids.

LORELAI: Oh. Well, how's she holding up?

JACKSON: O-okay. A little tense. What's going on with the car?

LORELAI: Gypsy says I have to put it down.

JACKSON: What?

LORELAI: Yes. She said it would be cheaper to get a new one. She used the phrase "total internal destruction."

JACKSON: Wow.

LORELAI: I know. I guess that check-engine light is not just a suggestion.

JACKSON: Not so much.

LORELAI: Although I'm proud. Total internal destruction -- that sounds badass.

JACKSON: So what's next?

LORELAI: Uh, I guess I turn my evil power on some new, unsuspecting vehicle.

JACKSON: Do you know what you're gonna get?

LORELAI: No. Any suggestions?

JACKSON: Honestly, I'm not a car guy, but I can steer you toward a good tractor.

LORELAI: Alright if I decide to get a tractor, you're my guy.

JACKSON: Hey, do you need a ride to work tomorrow? Phil Henderson's gonna pick me up. We could drop you off on the way to the farm.

LORELAI: Well that's nice. What time are you going?

JACKSON: About 4:45.

LORELAI: No, no, no. That's too early. I'll take my bike.

JACKSON: You bike?

LORELAI: Well, I don't bike, but I have a bike. There were about two weeks when Rory was 10 that we were really into biking. Then we got over it and moved on to roller skating, but for those two weeks, it was biking all the way.

JACKSON: 12 years ago?

LORELAI: Is that how long ago it was? Oh, well. I'll be fine. They must have the phrase "it's just like riding a bike" for a reason. Okay, so, I'm gonna get a snack. You want to join me?

JACKSON: Uh, actually, no. Sookie made me a salad.

LORELAI: [Scoffs] I'm making chicken nuggets. I won't tell. Come on.

[Jackson follows like a little boy, dropping his bag on the way]

UNKNOWN ROAD

[Lorelai is riding her cell phone rings, she has a hands free ear piece.]

LORELAI: Hello?

RORY: Hi, mom.

LORELAI: Oh, why so blue?

RORY: I'm not blue.

LORELAI: Come on, talk to me.

RORY: All I said was, "hi, mom."

LORELAI: Are you missing Logan? Is he getting back from San Francisco soon?

RORY: On Friday, but that's not why I'm blue. I'm not even blue. Well, I'm not really blue.

LORELAI: Well, why are you not blue?

RORY: Well, Paris got into six schools yesterday, which means she's definitely going to grad school, and I'm happy for her. I mean, I'm happy for Lucy and Olivia, who signed a lease on an apartment in Manhattan -- well, near Manhattan. And I'm happy for this guy in my Shakespeare class who just got recruited for a think t*nk in Washington.

LORELAI: Wow, that's a lot of happy.

RORY: Yeah, that's just it. All of a sudden, everyone seems to know where they're gonna be next year.

LORELAI: Oh, and you're still waiting to hear?

RORY: Yeah. I mean, I really want the Reston.

LORELAI: And I think you're gonna get it, I really do. But you have other places you're waiting to hear from.

RORY: I know, but to live in New York city and work at the times.

LORELAI: Well, if I say it'll work out, does that help?

RORY: Not really.

LORELAI: Consider it unsaid.

RORY: Thanks.

LORELAI: What kind of think t*nk?

RORY: I know, I know I should have asked, but I temporarily forgot your fascination with think tanks.

LORELAI: Does the guy have a big forehead? I always picture the think-t*nk guys with big foreheads.

RORY: No, he has a pretty average-sized forehead. Average to small.

LORELAI: Interesting.

RORY: Mm. Hey, why do you sound out of breath?

LORELAI: I don't know.

RORY: Did you have too much coffee this morning?

LORELAI: Haven't had any. I didn't go to Luke's.

RORY: Oh, I thought you were going for a second run.

LORELAI: Well, maybe tomorrow.

RORY: Mom just do it, I know it's hard, but you guys need to get over this hump.

LORELAI: I promise I'll go back. It's just there's been a lot going on with the car and everything.

RORY: Oh, what did gypsy say?

LORELAI: It's bad.

RORY: Uh-oh.

LORELAI: Doorknobs.

RORY: As in "dead as"?

LORELAI: That's right.

RORY: Why? How?

LORELAI: Oh, ours is not to wonder why.

RORY: But it was so young.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: It just seems like yesterday that we went to pick it out.

LORELAI: Yeah.

Oh. So new car, huh? You should get a DeLorean like in "back to the future."

LORELAI: It's on the list right behind the Batmobile. Although I'm enjoying the whole biking thing.

RORY: What biking thing?

LORELAI: I'm biking to work right now.

RORY: What, now? Mom.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Pull over.

LORELAI: No!

RORY: That's dangerous.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm fine. I've been talking to you with a little ear thingy.

RORY: Well, pull over right now.

LORELAI: Okay, I'm pulling over, pulling over. Okay, I pulled over.

RORY: Yeah, I know you're not. I'm hanging up.

LORELAI: Okay, bye!

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Lorelai is reading a car magazine]

SOOKIE: Hey, anything good?

LORELAI: Um, here's one that comes loaded with an entertainment pkg.

SOOKIE: "Package."

LORELAI: Right. Satellite radio, six-cd changer. I'm just not sure if these are cars or really expensive stereos.

SOOKIE: Ooh, you should get a convertible.

LORELAI: I'm not a convertible person.

SOOKIE: What is a convertible person?

LORELAI: You know, too tan, bad hair.

SOOKIE: [Too a kitchen staff] Hey, don't put the tomatoes in until 10 minutes before you serve.
[Gasps] Ooh! How about that little sports car?

LORELAI: Yeah, I don't know, I always feel like sports cars have an attitude, you know like they think they're cooler than other cars.

SOOKIE: That's true, although from where I'm sitting in my minivan, they do seem a lot cooler.

LORELAI: [giggles]

SOOKIE: So, thanks again for, you know, having Jackson. I know how difficult he can be.

LORELAI: Oh, he's great.

SOOKIE: Good. You can tell me the truth. I know he's driving you crazy, right?

LORELAI: He's great. We had fun. We watched TV. He went to bed early. It was fun.

SOOKIE: Oh. He's probably on his good behavior. He woke you up when he got up this morning, didn't he?

LORELAI: No.

SOOKIE: He didn't?

LORELAI: No.

SOOKIE: Oh, with all that stomp, stomp, stomping around.

LORELAI: Sookie, is everything okay with you two?

SOOKIE: Oh, yeah, yeah. Fine, fine, fine. He's just kind of getting on my nerves a little, you know. I'm just cranky. The little one's keeping me up at night. So, talk to me. What are you thinking?

LORELAI: How about a mini?

MICHEL: [Entering the room] Oh, how about a Rolls-Royce?

LORELAI: [Sarcastically] Yeah, I'll consider that.

MICHEL: Or a Bentley, Aston Martin, Mercedes, a BMW.

LORELAI: What are you doing, just listing expensive cars?

MICHEL: Take out a second mortgage on your home. It will be worth it.

SOOKIE: Michel, be quiet.

MICHEL: People are impressed by fine automobiles. It's how the world works. Don't look at me like that. I didn't make the rules. I just play by them.

LORELAI: Yeah, but you drive a golf.

MICHEL: Would you like to give me a raise?

SOOKIE: Ignore him! Okay, here's what I want you to do. Close your eyes.

LORELAI: Ooh, fun.

SOOKIE: Now, I want you to imagine your dream car. It can be anything you want. You're backing out of the driveway. You're driving through Stars Hollow. "Good morning, townspeople! Top of the morning to you."

LORELAI: Why am I saying "top of the morning"?

SOOKIE: It doesn't matter what you say. It matters what you're in. Can you see what you're in?

LORELAI: I think I can see it!

SOOKIE: Okay, what kind of car is it?

LORELAI: It's not really a car. It's more of a float.

SOOKIE: A float?

LORELAI: In the shape of a swan, and I'm dressed all in white.

SOOKIE: Okay, that's not a very practical car.

LORELAI: Al right. [Too Michel] What are you looking at?

MICHEL: I was trying to decide if you could pull off a Ferrari. Mm, you can't.

LORELAI: Maybe I'll get a really cool vintage car.

MICHEL: A used car? [Laughs] You cannot be serious.

LORELAI: What's wrong with a used car?

MICHEL: Would you buy a used toilet seat?

LORELAI: It's not really the same thing.

MICHEL: You're sitting in someone else's filth.

LORELAI: With pants on.

MICHEL: One can only hope.

LORELAI: Ew, Michel.

MICHEL: You don't know who drove it before.

LORELAI: No but I think I could have it cleaned.

MICHEL: Aw, you're right and I'm sure they got out all the sweat, body odor, and head lice that a previous owner deposited.

LORELAI: Ew! Shouldn't you be somewhere, like the reception desk?

MICHEL: Suit yourself.

LORELAI: Ew, ew.

SOOKIE: I know. And now if you get a cool old vintage car, I don't think I can sit in it.

LORELAI: Listen, don't worry. I'm getting a new car. I have more money now than I did eight years ago, and I can afford something nice, you know, with all the perks.

SOOKIE: Yeah, that makes sense.

LORELAI: I just don't know where to start.

SOOKIE: I wish I could be more helpful.

LORELAI: You know this is something Luke would be good at.

SOOKIE: Yeah.

LORELAI: I mean, in the old days, you know, before everything, when we were just friends, this is something I'd ask for his help with.

SOOKIE: Well, I mean, maybe you could.

LORELAI: Could I? I couldn't. Could I?

SOOKIE: You're talking. You're friends again.

LORELAI: Well, sort of friends. We have a long way to go.

SOOKIE: Well, you will be eventually.

LORELAI: You think something like this would help us get over the hump?

SOOKIE: Yeah, and you've got a built-in safe topic of conversation.

LORELAI: Yeah. Maybe I will.

SOOKIE: Great. I think it's a great idea.

LORELAI: All right, me too. I'll let you know how it goes.

SOOKIE: Okay, I'll be here. [Phone rings] Ooh. Hello? Hey, Jackson. No. Whoa. Wait a -- wait a minute. Wait, wait, whoa, whoa. You did what?

[Lorelai goes outside and dials her cell phone, a horse whinnies in distance]

LORELAI: Hey. It's Lorelai. It's me. Hi. [Chuckles] Are you busy? Um, no, no, no. I just had a -- I had a quick question. It's kind of a favor, really. Um, my car is totally shot, and I need to buy a new car, and I just don't know anything about it, and I thought maybe sometime -- and if you don't have time, it's really no big deal -- but ma-- today? Oh...yeah. I mean, it doesn't have to -- sure. Yeah, we'll go look. Um, I don't know, like 1:30? Can you pick me up at the inn? Hey, thanks. Bye.

[Lorelai looks surprised about the call]

UNKNOWN STREET

[Luke and Lorelai are in Luke's truck]

LUKE: I was gonna put the radio on, but it's been pretty static-y lately.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm fine. I don't need music.

LUKE: Yeah? Okay.

LORELAI: Thanks again for agreeing to come.

LUKE: No problem.

LORELAI: And again, I mean, it didn't have to be, you know, today.

LUKE: Oh, no, you know, the diner was slow, and you can't keep riding that bike around.

LORELAI: Why does everyone act like I'm a really bad biker?

LUKE: No, hey, I didn't mean it that way.

LORELAI: I'm just kidding.

LUKE: Oh.

LORELAI: It was a joke.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: So, um, April left, right?

LUKE: Yeah, but she'll be back in June.

LORELAI: Oh, for the big boat trip?

LUKE: Right, right.

LORELAI: That's gonna be fun.

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Are you excited?

LUKE: Yeah. [Chuckles]

LORELAI: Oh, good.

[Awkward silence]

LORELAI: You know, I don't mind a little static.

LUKE: I was gonna say, it actually doesn't work that bad.

[Luke tries tuning in the radio]

PARIS AND DOYLE'S APARTMENT

[Rory is coming home as the door opens and Doyle comes out]

SOOKIE: Have a nice life!

RORY: Doyle, is everything okay?

DOYLE: Oh, yeah, everything's great. My girlfriend of 2 1/2 years just broke up with me, but other than that...

RORY: She did? Why?

DOYLE: Who knows? [raising his voice] Maybe because she's psycho!

PARIS: [Screaming from inside the apartment] I am not psycho!

DOYLE: Oh, yes, you are!

RORY: What happened?

PARIS: Take that back!

DOYLE: Ask Paris. [screaming at Paris] I will not take it back because you are a certifiable nut job! [back to Rory] And, hey, if you find out why we broke up, let me know.

RORY: Oh, but, Doyle, where are you gonna go?

DOYLE: Crashing on my metro editor's couch for a couple of days, then I'll be back for my stuff. See you around.

RORY: See you around.

[Rory goes inside]

PARIS: Is he gone?

RORY: Yeah. What happened?

PARIS: We broke up.

RORY: But why?

PARIS: I have a really big decision to make, and I'm not about to let him influence it.

RORY: Was he trying to pressure you into staying in Connecticut next year?

PARIS: Well, no, not overtly, but it was in the air. And statistically, taking into account my geographic and socioeconomic background, the chances of me remaining with my college boyfriend are slim. So how am I gonna feel in 20 years when I look back and realize that I based such a huge decision on some college guy who may or may not make the holiday newsletter cutoff?

RORY: But you love him.

PARIS: Yeah, well, I'll deal.

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: Look, I really don't want to talk about it, okay?

RORY: Okay.

PARIS: The good news is I came up with a point system to evaluate each institution based on faculty, earning potential, location, prestige, and perception of prestige, which I've decided is worth two points. I'm not proud of that but like you taught me with your U. Penn reaction, that's how the world works.

RORY: Well, I'm glad to see you're making progress.

PARIS: As if. Three more acceptances. It's crazy. I mean I always thought that I'd be able to decide between medicine and law based on the quality of schools I was offered entrance to, but at this point, it's a toss-up. Everyone wants me.

RORY: Well, I'm sure you'll make the right decision.

PARIS: Of course I will. What do you think the point system's for?

RORY: Right. So, the mail got here. Anything for me?

PARIS: Nothing from the times.

RORY: [Groans]

PARIS: It'll come.

RORY: Yeah, I know. It's just waiting sucks.

PARIS: Yeah, it does.

[Rory checks the answering machine.]

LUCY: Hey, it's Lucy! I just wanted to give you a heads up for tonight, 8:00 P.M., Rich Man's Shoe. Get ready to toast Glenda. That's what we named our new apartment. I'll tell you why later.

PARIS: They named their new apartment?

RORY: I guess so.

PARIS: Weird. So, you're gonna go?

RORY: Yeah, I was going to. Do you want to come?

PARIS: I might as well. I mean Doyle and I were supposed to see a movie but guess that's not gonna happen.

RORY: Paris, are you okay?

PARIS: Yeah, I'm fine. Trust me, it's not like I've been dying to see "Blades of Glory" anyway. I'd better get started on my phone calls for the alumni surveys.

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Sookie and Jackson are in the living room looking at the remains on the dollhouse]

PAUL ANKA (the dog): [Whimpering]

JACKSON: I was admiring it, you know? And then I got to thinking that I could make Martha one, so I picked it up to see what the support system was like, only it was heavier than I thought, and, well, I dropped it.

SOOKIE: You dropped it.

JACKSON: Yes. And then I fell on it.

SOOKIE: Jackson.

JACKSON: I was trying to catch it!

SOOKIE: You broke the only thing from Lorelai's childhood that she actually liked!

JACKSON: I know. I know!

SOOKIE: How could you?

JACKSON: It was an accident.

SOOKIE: Well why did you have to touch it?

JACKSON: I told you, I was just looking at it.

SOOKIE: Well, you look with your eyes, not with your hands.

JACKSON: Well, maybe we could, you know, find a similar dollhouse.

SOOKIE: Oh, good idea. Let's just sneak it in in the middle of the night like we did with Davey's goldfish.

JACKSON: I'm just trying to think. Maybe I could try and put it back together?

SOOKIE: Yeah, you're so handy.

JACKSON: Okay, you know what? That's enough.

SOOKIE: What's enough?

JACKSON: I know what this is about, and it's not this dollhouse.

SOOKIE: Of course it is.

JACKSON: No, it's not. This is about me lying to you and you getting pregnant.

SOOKIE: What are you talking about?

JACKSON: All this anger you have toward me. That's where this is coming from.

SOOKIE: It's not. I told you I'm excited about the baby.

JACKSON: I know but that's not the same as forgiving me, which you haven't done.

SOOKIE: Yes, I have.

JACKSON: No, you haven't.

SOOKIE: I have.

JACKSON: You haven't.

SOOKIE: I have.

JACKSON: You haven't.

SOOKIE: Fine, I haven't! Are you happy?

JACKSON: No, I'm not.

SOOKIE: Well... I don't want to be mad. I don't. [sits down on the stairs] It's just that every time my feet hurt or my back gets sore or Davey and Martha have a tantrum or get the chicken pox, I get scared about having a third kid. And then I feel bad for feeling like that, and then I get mad at you for making me feel like that.

JACKSON: I understand. I do. Heck, I'm still mad at myself. It's just that at some point, you are gonna forgive me eventually, right?

SOOKIE: It's just sometimes it feels really overwhelming.

JACKSON: I know, but you got to let me back in.

SOOKIE: I want to. I do.

JACKSON: Okay.

SOOKIE: Okay. You were thinking about making a dollhouse for Martha?

JACKSON: She'd really like that, wouldn't she?

SOOKIE: Yeah. She would. Boy, you really plowed into that thing.

JACKSON: Oh, yeah.

SOOKIE: Hm.

CAR SALE YARD

LORELAI: Hmm.

LUKE: No?

LORELAI: No. Sorry it's taking so long.

LUKE: No, not at all. It's a big purchase. You're buying a car. You should take your time. I mean, I'm sorry if you feel like I'm rushing you.

LORELAI: Oh, you're not.

LUKE: No? Good. Because, you know, I've got plenty of time.

LORELAI: Good, me too.

LUKE: So, um, what didn't you like about that one, specifically, so we can kind of narrow things down?

LORELAI: Um, the whole thing. I don't know. It's a feeling. It's hard to explain like with the wrangler, I just got in and I had a feeling. I didn't get the feeling there.

LUKE: [Clearing throat] Yeah, right.

LORELAI: Huh?

LUKE: Huh.

LORELAI: Hmm.

LUKE: No, no. I just was clearing my throat.

LORELAI: Oh.

LUKE: How about a Prius?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, I can't. Rory has one.

LUKE: She doesn't like it?

LORELAI: No, she does. It's just we made a pact -- no matching cars. You know 'cause it's a slippery slope between matching cars and then matching sweatsuits.

LUKE: [under his breath] Of course.

LORELAI: Huh?

LUKE: I just said, "of course."

LORELAI: Oh, okay. Yeah I'm sorry if this is frustrating for you.

LUKE: Oh, no, no, no. Not at all. It's not frustrating at all. It's fun. But, I mean, look, if you want to leave --

LORELAI: Oh, no, no. No, no, I'm having fun.

LUKE: Good. Good, good, good. So, what about a little hatchback?

LORELAI: Oh! Well, let's see here. [Opens the door and looks in.] Hmm. It's got a power thingy in the console. That could be convenient, you know, if I need to use a hair dryer if I'm running late.

LUKE: That's useful.

[Cell phone rings]

LORELAI: Oh. Excuse me.

LUKE: Yeah okay.

LORELAI: Be right back. [On the phone] Yeah, you know how Jack Bauer should t*rture t*rrorists? Make them go car shopping with their exes.

SOOKIE: [Still at Lorelai's] Still awkward, huh?

LORELAI: Still? I'm gonna buy a car just to get out of here.

SOOKIE: No, don't. Just leave.

LORELAI: I want to, and I can tell that he wants to, but neither of us want to say that we want to.

SOOKIE: Oh.

LORELAI: Yeah, I don't know how Ryan and Farrah do it, 'cause this whole friendship thing is not working out.

SOOKIE: Oh. It'll be possible, eventually.

LORELAI: I guess. I just can't take it anymore. What's going on?

SOOKIE: Hmm?

LORELAI: You called me.

SOOKIE: Oh! [Chuckles nervously] Well, um, I just wanted to see how things were going, and now you told me -- really, really bad.

LORELAI: Yeah, add about 10 reallys to that.

SOOKIE: Wow, 12. That's, um, wow. [Chuckles nervously] Okay. Well, I'll talk to you later.

LORELAI: Yeah, okay, bye. [puts on a smile before turning to Luke.]

LUKE: Everything okay?

LORELAI: Yeah, great.

LUKE: All right, good. Look, I was talking to the salesman. He said there's a bunch of other models that way.

LORELAI: Great.

LUKE: Okay, so...

[Lorelai is sitting in a new Jeep]

LUKE: Well?

LORELAI: Well.

LUKE: You've been talking about your Jeep all day,

LORELAI: I know.

LUKE: Comparing other cars to it.

LORELAI: I know.

LUKE: Here it is.

LORELAI: I'm sorry.

LUKE: But I don't understand. It's the same car.

LORELAI: It's not the same car.

LUKE: What do you mean?

LORELAI: What do you mean? It's different.

LUKE: It's not different. It's just a newer model.

LORELAI: No, it's different. The steering wheel, the seats are different, the cup holder.

LUKE: Okay there have been improvements.

LORELAI: They made some changes.

LUKE: Improvements.

LORELAI: Says who?

LUKE: What exactly is bugging you?

LORELAI: It's not bugging me per se. It's just it's different. I don't get that feeling.

LUKE: Oh, for god's sake.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: You're being ridiculous.

LORELAI: Why?

LUKE: You don't buy a car based on a feeling.

LORELAI: No. You don't buy a car based on a feeling.

LUKE: It's not just me. It's the whole rest of the population.

LORELAI: Really? You took a poll, and you know how everyone else buys their car?

LUKE: I don't have to. I already know what they're gonna say.

LORELAI: Well, I am the person buying the car, and so the only opinion that matters is mine.

LUKE: Oh, that is so like you. I mean this is bathroom tiles all over again.

LORELAI: I was right about the tile.

LUKE: No, you weren't.

LORELAI: The tile was too big for the bathroom.

LUKE: Tiles are not too big for a bathroom. You buy the amount of tiles based on their size that fit into the room you are tiling!

LORELAI: So narrow-minded.

LUKE: That's not narrow-minded. Okay it's sane, and here's a news flash for you, okay? Sports cars don't think they're better than other cars. Okay. Hatchbacks don't have SUV inferiority complexes.

LORELAI: Now who's ridiculous?

LUKE: And sedans aren't afraid to get dirty.

LORELAI: You know what I think it is? That you're hungry.

LUKE: What? No.

LORELAI: Sometimes you get like this when you're hungry.

LUKE: I'm not.

LORELAI: I think I have some cookies in here, some Oreos.

LUKE: I'm not and besides I wouldn't eat anything that came out of that bag.

LORELAI: They're in a wrapper.

LUKE: I can't believe you still haven't cleaned that thing out.

LORELAI: Please.

LUKE: How much time do you lose a day looking through that thing? 5, 10 minutes? Multiply that by a year. I bet you'd gain a month if you just took an hour and cleaned it out, but no -- what?

LORELAI: Nothing.

LUKE: You're smiling.

LORELAI: What? No. You've got low blood sugar.

LUKE: I do not have... okay, are you gonna buy a car or not?

LORELAI: Not.

LUKE: Okay can we get out of here, then?

LORELAI: Gladly.

LUKE: And we're not listening to any of that crap on the radio.

LORELAI: It's not crap.

LUKE: Yeah, it's crap.

LORELAI: It's Air Supply. You know what you need a milkshake.

LUKE: We're not stopping for a milkshake.

LORELAI: Okay let's rock, paper, scissors.

LUKE: No, no, no.

LORELAI: So you forfeit?

LUKE: No, I...

[Opens the truck door for her]

LORELAI: Well, that's how it goes. If you don't play the game, then you forfeit.

LUKE: Let's get you in the car.

[Guides Lorelai in]

LORELAI: That means a giant milkshake for you, my friend.

LUKE: We're not stopping.

LORELAI: Chocolate. That's gonna set you up.

LUKE: We're not stopping. Not gonna happen.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR

[Sookie and Jackson are sitting on the front steps, Paul Anka is near them]

LORELAI: Hey, guys.

SOOKIE: Hey, Lorelai.

JACKSON: Hiya.

LORELAI: How's it going?

SOOKIE: Oh, we're just enjoying the afternoon. It's such A...nice day out. Come join us.

LORELAI: Okay.

SOOKIE: Hey, how'd it turn out with Luke?

LORELAI: Oh, he got mad at me.

SOOKIE: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: Oh, it was so great. I mean we've been so polite to each other, and I knew he was frustrated with me, and I was definitely frustrated with him, and finally, he snapped, and we started bickering, and it was nice.

SOOKIE: Ah.

LORELAI: More normal, you know?

SOOKIE: The fighting got you over the hump.

LORELAI: Yeah. I cannot find a car, though.

SOOKIE: Did you see anything you like?

LORELAI: No. I mean kind of, but they all have this new-car smell, which apparently people like, but I don't like it. I like the way my old car smelled and the way the zipper got stuck on the window and the little place where Rory signed her name in permanent marker.

SOOKIE: Lots of memories, huh?

LORELAI: It was the first new car I bought and the car I taught Rory to drive in, and I know I have to move on. I know that whatever new car, tractor, float, I get will be great. It's just been a more emotional experience than I thought.

SOOKIE: Makes sense.

JACKSON: Yeah. It does.

LORELAI: What's wrong with you two?

SOOKIE: We have to tell you something, and it's really bad timing because we're talking about memories, and the thing we have to tell you was associated with a lot of memories, but we have to tell you, so I'm just gonna tell you.

LORELAI: What is it?

SOOKIE: Jackson broke your dollhouse.

LORELAI: [Gasps] Oh. How broke?

SOOKIE: In a box in pieces. Trust me, you don't want to look.

LORELAI: Oh.

JACKSON: I am so sorry.

SOOKIE: No, it's my fault. I had you on edge. I had him on edge. We're both so sorry.

LORELAI: Oh, no, that's okay. It was an accident.

SOOKIE: Well, the good news -- not good news. I mean, the not-quite-so-devastating news is that we found someone online that is apparently a wizard with, you know, restoring dollhouses, and we're driving all the pieces over there tomorrow.

LORELAI: Oh, thanks. I'm sure it'll be fine.

SOOKIE: Yeah, everything can be fixed, huh?

LORELAI: Yeah. Is that why you guys are sitting out here?

SOOKIE: Pretty much.

LORELAI: Oh. You want to head on in?

SOOKIE: Sounds good. [Chuckles, Lorelai and Jackson her Sookie up] Yow.

RICH MAN'S SHOE

[Rory, Paris and Lucy are sitting at the table as Olivia comes back with some food]

LUCY: That's a living room, and our bedrooms will be here.

OLIVIA: We're gonna put partitions up. Aesthetically, Japanese screens would be nice.

LUCY: But privacy-wise, we definitely need partitions.

RORY: Well, it looks great.

LUCY: Oh, it's not great.

OLIVIA: Nowhere near great.

LUCY: What it is, is cheap.

OLIVIA: Which is even better than great since the gallery is paying me \$21,000 a year, and I'm gonna have to start paying off student loans. How, I don't know.

LUCY: We'll make a budget. You'll swing it.

OLIVIA: I hope so.

RORY: Is it near the subway?

LUCY: That's the best part. It's right near the "W" then you transfer to the 7 or the "N."

OLIVIA: I wouldn't say it's the best part. It's definitely a schlepp.

LUCY: But it's a doable schlepp.

OLIVIA: Totally doable. If you get the Reston, you should look in our area.

RORY: Oh, I definitely will. Um, hey, is there student housing at Columbia?

LUCY: You got into Columbia?

PARIS: Yeah.

LUCY: You should go! How much fun will it be when we're all in the city?

PARIS: Maybe. Are you gonna finish that? [Drinks the last of Rory's beer.]

RORY: Uh, no. Go for it.

LUCY: Olivia, darts?

OLIVIA: You're on. Let's play for the bedroom with the window.

[They leave]

RORY: Paris, are you okay?

PARIS: Me? Yeah, sure.

RORY: Come on.

PARIS: I just miss him, you know. It's hard.

RORY: I know. You didn't have to break up with him, though.

PARIS: Yes. I did.

RORY: Well, if you thought that he was pressuring you, couldn't you have just talked to him about it?

PARIS: He wasn't.

RORY: Well, then why?

PARIS: It was me, okay? Doyle said to make my decision. He said not to worry about him. He said wherever I went, we'd work it out. So I tried, you know, not to think about him, to take him out of the equation, but I couldn't. Every time I tried to evaluate a school, I'd immediately think about it in relation to Doyle. "How close is it to him? "Is there a good newspaper nearby? What will the commute be like?"

RORY: Well, those are all valid questions.

PARIS: No, they're not. This decision is the culmination of everything I've ever worked for, everything. I should choose a school based on its merits, not based on its proximity to some guy.

RORY: But Doyle's not just some guy.

PARIS: I know. But I'm only 22. This wasn't supposed to happen yet. I wasn't supposed to meet the guy until I was 30 and clerking for a federal judge or finishing up my residency and when I knew where I'd be when I was ready to settle down.

RORY: Yeah, but you can't plan everything. I mean, you fell in love. That's a good thing.

PARIS: Are you willing to make a decision this big based on Logan?

RORY: Well, actually, we talked about it, and we're gonna factor each other in.

PARIS: What does that mean?

RORY: It just means we're gonna take each other into consideration when we make decisions.

PARIS: Okay. So carry that thought out. Let's say you get The New York Times fellowship and Logan's meetings in San Francisco go incredibly well and he wants to move there. Do you take a job in San Francisco? The chronicle is a perfectly adequate paper. Or do you go to The New York Times?

RORY: The New York Times.

PARIS: Then we're saying the same thing, aren't we?

RORY: No, not at all.

PARIS: You're saying your career is your priority over your relationship.

RORY: They're both priorities.

PARIS: But your career comes first.

RORY: Well, I didn't say it comes first. I -- I'm just not ready to make any sacrifices in that area yet.

PARIS: But you are willing to make sacrifices in your relationship. Hence, your career is more important to you, just like me.

RORY: Well, I wouldn't say "more important." I guess I just thought that if Logan and I have to do long-distance again, we'll make it work.

PARIS: Sure. Maybe. Then again, choosing to be apart might be... choosing to be apart.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR NIGHT

[Luke drives up in his truck and goes to the front door.]

JACKSON: Oh! Hey, Luke.

LUKE: [Surprised] Hey, Jackson.

JACKSON: How you been, man?

LUKE: Uh, not too bad.

JACKSON: You want to come in?

LUKE: Uh, no, that's okay. Is Lorelai here?

JACKSON: Yeah, hang on. [shouting] Lorelai, it's Luke! We thought you were the pizza guy. We're getting pizza tonight, with pepperoni and meatballs and sausage and those extra-crispy, cheesy garlic knots, and we're eating everything on the couch.

LUKE: Well, that sounds...fun.

JACKSON: Yeah, right! [raising a plate of food] Chicken-nugget appetizer?

LUKE: I'm good, I'm good.

LORELAI: Hi.

LUKE: Hi.

JACKSON: Oh, well, good to see you, buddy.

LUKE: Yeah, you too.

LORELAI: What's going on?

LUKE: Okay, here's the deal. I borrowed Kirk's computer, and Zach got me on this craigslist thing, and I found a 1999 Jeep wrangler for sale. The guy actually doesn't live too far from here, so I went to see it. It looks like it's in pretty good shape. So I ran the VIN number. It's got a clean history -- no accidents, no failed emissions. And the guy said he kept it up pretty good, and there's nothing really wrong with it. So I took it for a test drive, and it drove fine. So if you want to keep your old car, for whatever crazy feeling it gives you, okay? Then buy this guy's car, send it to gypsy. She'll take the engine out, put it in the old car, which makes absolutely no sense because you'd basically be paying the same amount of money to fix your old car as you would be paying to get into a new one.

LORELAI: But I'd still have my car.

LUKE: Yeah, gypsy said it'll take about two weeks to finish. Here's the number of the guy, Larry. That's his name. I already negotiated him down 1,500 bucks. Tell him you're Lorelai, Luke's friend. He'll know.

LORELAI: Thanks, I will.

LUKE: It's still a completely ridiculous idea.

LORELAI: I know.

LUKE: Al right [Starts walking away.] And, you know, in the meantime, if you're still riding that bike around, come by the diner. I'll put some air in your tires.

LORELAI: I don't need air in my tires.

LUKE: You need air, and you need a light and a bell so people know you're coming.

LORELAI: What if I don't want people to know I'm coming?

LUKE: I'm putting on a bell!

LORELAI: No, you're not!

LUKE: What do you have against bells?

LORELAI: I don't like 'em.

LUKE: Well, you don't have to like them. They're a safety feature.

LORELAI: I want a horn!

LUKE: Fine you want a horn, I'll get you a horn. Are you happy?

[Lorelai smiles and nods]

LUKE: Jeez.

[Luke starts the truck and drives off]

PARIS AND DOYLE'S APARTMENT

[Morning, Rory and Paris having breakfast]

PARIS: So, I don't know where I'll be, but I think I know what I'll be.

RORY: Really?

PARIS: A doctor.

RORY: Oh, Paris, that's great.

PARIS: It's always been my dream, you know? Last night when I was lying in bed watching the ceiling spin...

RORY: I told you that last drink was a mistake.

PARIS: It just became perfectly clear. I've always wanted to be a doctor, for as long as I remember. When I was a kid, I used to cut the heads off my dolls to see what was inside.

RORY: I'm guessing you didn't put that on your applications.

PARIS: I let myself get swayed by the promise of black-card corporate America, but the truth is I want to be a physician -- always have, always will.

RORY: Well, I think it's a very noble profession.

PARIS: Oh, yeah, definitely. It's as close to being god as you can get.

DOYLE: Hey, Paris. Hello, Rory.

RORY: Hey, Doyle.

PARIS: What are you doing here?

DOYLE: I live here.

PARIS: Uh, yeah, but we agreed you'd be the one to move out.

DOYLE: About that -- I changed my mind.

PARIS: It's inappropriate for my best friend to be living alone with my ex-boyfriend.

DOYLE: I don't want to live alone with her. No offense, Rory.

RORY: None taken.

PARIS: We can't all live together. We're broken up.

DOYLE: Actually I changed my mind about that, too.

PARIS: What do you mean? What is he talking about?

RORY: I don't think he wants to break up.

DOYLE: That's right I don't. Oh, and by the way, I think you got into two more med schools -- Washington University and Duke. You know I never saw myself living in St. Louis or North Carolina, but who knows? Maybe I'll end up there.

PARIS: What are you talking about?

DOYLE: I love you, Paris Geller. You are the strongest, most infuriating, most exciting woman I have ever met in my entire life, and there is no way I'm gonna let you go.

PARIS: You don't have a choice.

DOYLE: Sure, I do. Just because you don't want to base your decision on me doesn't mean I can't base my decision on you.

PARIS: That's absurd.

DOYLE: Anywhere you go, I'm going.

PARIS: We're too young to do this!

DOYLE: Maybe you are, but I'm older and a heck of a lot more mature.

PARIS: So... you're saying that if I go to Alaska, you're gonna move there, too?

DOYLE: Well, I've always wanted to go dogsledding.

PARIS: That's ridiculous, with your low threshold for cold.

[Paris and Doyle go into the bedroom as Rory checks the mail, she finds one for her from the James Reston Fellowship]

[Continuing to hear Paris and Doyle from the other room.]

DOYLE: I'll wear warmer clothes.

PARIS: You're not thinking clearly.

DOYLE: I've never been clearer.

PARIS: Keep in mind I'm not going to look for a school with good newspapers nearby.

DOYLE: Keep in mind that the internet is taking off and I can write freelance from anywhere.

PARIS: So that's your plan -- to be a freelance journalist?

DOYLE: No, my plan is to be with you.

PARIS: Why are you doing this?

DOYLE: Because I love you, okay?

PARIS: Well, I love you, too.

DOYLE: That was sweet.

PARIS: Shut up.

[Rory opens the letter, with Paris' lucky letter opener. "We regret to inform you..." She didn't get the fellowship and looks stunned.]

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