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07x06 - Go Bulldogs

by **bunniefuu**

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Posted: **11/18/06 21:19**

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[Lorelai is sitting on the couch, she has called Emily, who is at home]

EMILY: Hello? Gilmore residence.

LORELAI: Hey, mom, it's me. I just wanted to leave you a message letting you know that unfortunately I will not be able to come by tonight to take a look at your new curtains.

EMILY: Lorelai, it's me.

LORELAI: So, sorry I missed you, but...

EMILY: You didn't miss me. For heaven's sakes, I'm right here.

LORELAI: Hello?

EMILY: Hello? Lorelai?

LORELAI: Hello?

EMILY: Hello?

LORELAI: Huh. That's weird. I don't know if your machine just cut me off.

EMILY: [Shaking the cordless phone] Is something wrong with this phone?

LORELAI: Anyway, uh, something came up, and I just have to take a rain check on the curtain check. I'm sure they're beautiful. No one knows how to pick out curtains like you. You're the curtain queen.

[Meanwhile Emily was also talking "Rain check, Lorelai I'm right here, I'm on the phone, Lorelai"]

EMILY: Hello? Lorelai, can you hear me?

LORELAI: Anyway, have a good night, curtain queen. Give my best to dad. Bye.

EMILY: Lorelai? Hello? Hello?

LORELAI: [Too Chris as he puts his arm around her] See? I told you it would work.

CHRISTOPHER: Wow. How did you even think to...

LORELAI: Well, it's natural instincts honed by years of experience.

CHRISTOPHER: Wow.

LORELAI: Yeah. Fight or flight, you know. Fight or flight and I just did my nails, so...

CHRISTOPHER & LORELAI: Flight.

[They Kiss]

CHRISTOPHER: Wow.

[The phone ring and Lorelai tosses it aside on the couch.]

OPENING CREDITS

LORELAI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

[Lorelai is at the table listening to a French lessons on audio tape]

MAN ON TAPE: Ou est la station de métro le plus proche? [French accent] "Where is the nearest subway station?"

LORELAI: Yeah.

MAN ON TAPE: Ou est-ce que je peux acheter un billet? [French accent] "Where can I buy a ticket?"

[Lorelai turns off the tape quickly as Chris enters]

CHRISTOPHER: The hunter and gatherer has returned.

LORELAI: Hey. Listen to how good I've gotten.

MAN ON TAPE: Pouvez-vous me donner un plan de métro, s'il vous plat? [French accent] "Could I have a map of the subway, please?"

LORELAI: [French accent] Could I have a map of the subway, please?

CHRISTOPHER: Impressive.

LORELAI: [Normal voice] Right? I'm practically fluent. [French accent] Thank you for the coffee and croissant.

CHRISTOPHER: De rien. "You're welcome."

LORELAI: [Chuckles] Duh.

CHRISTOPHER: I thought our stomachs should start adjusting to French cuisine, so I got croissants and café au lait.

LORELAI: I thought café au lait was Spanish.

CHRISTOPHER: No, it's French for "coffee and milk." "Lait" is "milk."

LORELAI: Really, I thought it was "café olé," like, "coffee! All right!"

CHRISTOPHER: You're kidding. You're not kidding. You are. You're kidding. I can't tell whether you're kidding.

LORELAI: I'm a woman of mystery.

CHRISTOPHER: You might want to try repeating those words in French.

LORELAI: No...

CHRISTOPHER: We leave for Paris in two weeks.

LORELAI: Yes but I don't have to actually speak French. I just have to sound French. That way if the Parisians find me just another uncouth American, I can tell them my sad story. [French accent] "I was born in Marseille, "and my parents were k*llled in a trs tragique accident. "And so I was sent to the states "and adopted by the evil Gilmore's, "who refused to let me speak French, but I never forgot the accent of my mother country."

CHRISTOPHER: That's a complicated back story.

LORELAI: [Normal voice] I've led a complicated life.

CHRISTOPHER: Somebody gets a lot of mail.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, I'm a popular gal. Also, my system is, I only open my mail once a month.

CHRISTOPHER: Your system is to open your mail once a month?

LORELAI: 12 times a year, you know, because if you open your mail more than that, you get a lot of mattress fliers and bills and another bill. This way, I open it once a month, and I get letters from people who still write letters and shampoo samples and fun stuff. It's fun.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, what's this?

LORELAI: Um, something from Yale?

CHRISTOPHER: About the parents' weekend. We should go.

LORELAI: Nah.

CHRISTOPHER: Why no?

LORELAI: I'm sure it already happened.

CHRISTOPHER: No, it's happening this weekend. Come on. Could be fun.

LORELAI: I got to wash my hair. [Holds up the free shampoo sample]

CHRISTOPHER: Why don't you want to go?

LORELAI: Because, my hair.

CHRISTOPHER: Looks great when it's dirty. The oil gives it a kind of sheen a gloss.

LORELAI: Parents' weekend is for lame-o parents whose kids hate them, so they need a school-sanctioned event so they all spend time together.

CHRISTOPHER: [Reading the flyer] A professor of geology is giving a tour of the Peabody museum.

LORELAI: My kid likes me. I can go to Yale any time I want. 51 weekends of the year is my parents'

weekend.

CHRISTOPHER: "The Gemstones of Yale." How cool does that sound?

LORELAI: On a scale of 1 to 2? Listen, parents' weekend is not an accurate portrait of the school, anyway. They make special food. They gussy the place up. They plant kids under trees reading Tolstoy, so it all looks very collegiate and idyllic.

CHRISTOPHER: There's a brunch at Branford with the provost.

LORELAI: I've always loved the word "provost." Although I have no idea what a provost is, it just sounds so...

CHRISTOPHER: Idyllic and collegiate?

LORELAI: Yes or something from a deli counter. "Extra provost on that, please." Do you really want to go?

CHRISTOPHER: It's parents' weekend, we're Rory's parents, and we're together, and why not? Come on, I'll help you shampoo your hair the night before.

LORELAI: All right. But I have to work on Sunday, so we'll have to go Saturday, and you'll have to give me a nice head massage when you wash my hair. With shampoo samples. And blow it out.

CHRISTOPHER: Done.

LORELAI: And braid it.

CHRISTOPHER: I'll French-braid it.

[Telephone rings]

LORELAI: Ooh la la. Hello?

RORY: Mom?

[Who is walking at Yale]

LORELAI: Bonjour, Rory.

RORY: Well, if it isn't the orphan from Marseille.

LORELAI: C'est moi. What are you doing?

RORY: Heading to class.

LORELAI: Class?

RORY: Yes, class, where they teach you all the college learnin'.

LORELAI: You're a senior. I thought no seniors went to class before noon. Nerd alert! Nerd alert!

RORY: Says the woman saying "nerd alert!"

LORELAI: Hey guess who's coming to parents' weekend.

RORY: Bunch of lame parents whose kids hate 'em.

LORELAI: Yes, and your parents.

RORY: No way.

LORELAI: I got to keep you on your toes. When you think I'll zig, I'll zag. Then when you think I'm gonna zag, I do zag, just to mess you up for the next time, when I might zig.

RORY: Dad's making you zag?

LORELAI: He's dying to meet the provost.

RORY: Well, who isn't?

CHRISTOPHER: [Taking the phone] It's your mom who's all about the provost. I just wanted to see you and check it out. And I wouldn't mind seeing the gemstones of Yale.

[Lorelai makes a funny face]

RORY: The huh?

CHRISTOPHER: The gemstones, the Yale gemstones.

RORY: Oh, right.

CHRISTOPHER: So is it cool if we come? It's only for Saturday.

RORY: Yeah it would be great, I mean Saturday's gonna be pretty busy for me 'cause we have to put out a parents' weekend edition of the paper, but I could definitely do lunch.

CHRISTOPHER: She can do lunch.

LORELAI: All right then we'll do lunch. I'll have extra provost with mine. [Takes the phone back] Hey after lunch, can we walk hunky Dan?

RORY: Handsome Dan?

LORELAI: That's his official mascot name. "Hunky Dan" is what I call him when we're alone.

RORY: Mom, I got to go.

LORELAI: You know who'd make a great mascot? Paul Anka.

RORY: Mum.

LORELAI: I'm not sure he's the ivy league type, though. He might need more of a hacky-sacking, poetry-reading, tie-dyeing kind of place...

RORY: Mum.

LORELAI: Like reed or Oberlin, where the air is sweet with the scent of patchouli.

RORY: Mum. I'm not missing the beginning of this lecture.

LORELAI: Nerd alert! Nerd alert! Nerd alert! [Hangs up the phone and smiles at Chris]

LUKE'S DINER

KIRK: What kind of sandwich is that, Luke?

LUKE: Ham and cheese.

KIRK: Is it stinky cheese?

LUKE: Cheddar.

KIRK: Because you really don't want to pack April a lunch with stinky cheese. By lunchtime, the whole bag will smell, and people won't believe it's just the cheese. They'll think it's her. They'll think she's stinky.

LUKE: Eat your breakfast, Kirk.

LULU: Muffin?

KIRK: Yes, muffin?

LULU: No, I'm offering.

KIRK: Is it bran?

LULU: It's banana.

KIRK: It could be banana-bran.

LULU: It's just banana.

KIRK: Okay.

LULU: Butter?

KIRK: Not too much.

LULU: 1 1/2 pats.

KIRK: Two pats is too much.

LULU: 1 1/2.

LUKE: April, your ride's here.

APRIL: I'm coming! [Comes down from the apartment]

LUKE: Got everything?

APRIL: Yeah.

LUKE: Protractor?

APRIL: I got it.

LUKE: Biology homework?

APRIL: Yep.

LUKE: Extra sweater?

APRIL: I still got the green cardigan in my locker.

LUKE: Good, good.

APRIL: Bye, dad.

LUKE: Wait what about your swimsuit?

APRIL: I got it.

LUKE: You sure you don't need a ride to swim practice?

APRIL: Megan's mom is taking me. I told you.

[The ride starts honking the horn]

LUKE: She's coming! All right, so, look -- I'll pick you up at 5:00, and I'll be there right after work.

[Horn honks]

APRIL: Okay

LUKE: All right, already! She's standing right here! Go.

APRIL: All right. Bye.

LUKE: Yeesh!

LULU: I should go, too. Have a good day, baby.

KIRK: You too.

LULU: Bye, Luke.

LUKE: Bye, Lulu.

KIRK: [He watches as Lulu leaves, and then sighs] Could someone crack a window? Because I am suffocating.

LUKE: What?

KIRK: Tell me you didn't see that.

LUKE: See what, Kirk?

KIRK: Lulu! She's smothering me!

LUKE: Smothering you?

KIRK: Everywhere I go, there she is. I'm sitting at the movies. Who's sitting next to me? Lulu. I go out to dinner. Who's sitting across from me? Lulu. I'm hanging out on the couch, watching TV. Who's

right there next to me?

LUKE: Your mother.

KIRK: And Lulu. And at least mother respects my personal space. Sometimes when you're watching "Antiques Roadshow," you just don't want somebody tickling your arm.

[Out side the ride for April quickly backs up, April gets out and runs into the diner to get the packet lunch she forgot on the counter]

APRIL: [Chuckles] Bye again.

[Luke smiles as he watched April leave again]

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Michel and Sookie enter the kitchen, Lorelai is getting some coffee]

MICHEL: You're pitiful.

SOOKIE: I'm just telling you how it is.

MICHEL: You don't tell me how it is. I tell you how it is.

SOOKIE: No, you don't.

MICHEL: Yes, I do.

SOOKIE: You think you do. But you don't that's what I'm trying to tell you.

MICHEL: [Chuckles] You're telling me that you tell me how it is?

SOOKIE: That's what I'm telling you.

MICHEL: We'll just see about that. Lorelai?

LORELAI: Busy.

MICHEL: We have a question.

LORELAI: Busy, busy bee.

MICHEL: Sookie's under the mistaken impression that she will be in charge of the front desk while you are in Paris. I informed her that that job falls to me. Could you please clear this up for her?

LORELAI: Did I not mention how busy I am? Busy, like a bee. Bzzz!

MICHEL: Lorelai!

LORELAI: [Sighs] Michel, while I am away, you're in charge of the front desk.

MICHEL: Ha!

LORELAI: However, Sookie is a co-owner of the inn, so she is in charge in charge.

SOOKIE: Ha ha!

MICHEL: That is preposterous. She does not know the first thing about running the front desk.

SOOKIE: All I have to know is how to tell your sorry behind to stand at the front desk and be courteous and to check those nice people in and out. [Imitates whip crack]

LORELAI: Sorry.

MICHEL: Absurd. [Then leaves]

SOOKIE: That's right, back to your station! [Imitates whip crack again]

LORELAI: Really was that really necessary?

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: To provoke him like that. You know how sensitive he is.

SOOKIE: Well, I'm sorry. He's been driving me crazy. He keeps referring to himself as my supervisor and insisting that I call him "captain."

LORELAI: Well now I have to deal all day with sulky, pouty Michel.

SOOKIE: He's a big baby. He should come to work wearing a diaper and caring a rattle.

LORELAI: Maybe while I'm gone, you can get him to do that. [Imitates whip crack and then leaves]

[Knock on kitchen outside door]

HARVEY: Hello?

SOOKIE: Hi.

HARVEY: Are you Sookie St. James?

SOOKIE: That's me.

HARVEY: I'm Harvey Tuttle. I just took over the Tillman farm.

SOOKIE: Oh, yeah. Congratulations. Beautiful property.

HARVEY: Thank you. I still can't quite believe it's all mine. [they laugh] Anyhow, this is my first crop, and I'm just offering free samples to all the local restaurants. Got some eggplant, zucchini, some tomatoes here.

SOOKIE: Oh, thank you, but I already have a vegetable supplier.

HARVEY: Well, you know, technically, tomatoes are a fruit.

SOOKIE: Ah. Fair point. Well, I have a vegetable and fruit supplier.

HARVEY: How about legumes?

SOOKIE: And legumes.

HARVEY: That's okay why don't you go ahead and take this batch anyway?

SOOKIE: Oh, no, no, no.

HARVEY: On the house on the house. And If you like it and feel like passing my name along, I'd greatly appreciate it.

SOOKIE: Okay. I will do that.

HARVEY: Thank you. It was nice meeting you, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Nice to meet you, too. [Smells a some of the vegetables] Ooh.

SWIMMING POOL

[Luke arrives to pick up April]

SUSAN: Come on! Everybody should be in the locker room! Allison, Haley, no running.

LAURA: My towel's all wet.

SUSAN: That's what happens when you throw it in the pool, Laura. It's a terrific lesson in cause and effect. Now, squeeze it out and go get changed. [Taking some equipment from a girl] Thank you. [Turns around to see Luke] Hi, there.

LUKE: Hi. I'm Luke Danes.

SUSAN: April's dad. She talks a lot about you.

LUKE: Yeah, you must be coach Bennett.

SUSAN: Susan.

LUKE: Yeah.

SUSAN: Nice to meet you.

LUKE: Yeah. You too.

SUSAN: April's in the locker room. She should be right out.

LUKE: Okay.

SUSAN: She's doing really great, definitely one of our most enthusiastic swimmers.

LUKE: Yeah, she really seems to love it.

SUSAN: Good natural technique. Does she get that from you?

LUKE: Oh, no, not me. No I don't really know how to swim.

SUSAN: Seriously?

LUKE: Yeah. I mean, I could doggy-paddle to shore in a pinch, but I never really learned formally.

SUSAN: Luke, that's not good.

LUKE: I'm pretty good on land.

SUSAN: You need to be certified. You take April to pools, lakes, the ocean.

LUKE: I never really thought about that.

SUSAN: No worries, I teach an adult swim class Saturday mornings for an hour and half. It's an 8-week course. In fact I just started new round of classes last week, so if you came this Saturday, you'll really not have missed much at all.

LUKE: Oh, I-I don't know.

SUSAN: Luke, this is not something I would wait on.

LUKE: Well, I -- yeah, okay. I guess I could do that.

SUSAN: Great.

APRIL: Oh. Hey, dad.

LUKE: Hey.

APRIL: Oh, this is coach Bennett.

LUKE: Yeah, we were just meeting.

APRIL: Well did she tell you I'm gonna swim the 100-meter butterfly and the 4x100-meter freestyle at our meet next week?

LUKE: No, but that's great!

APRIL: I mean I'm not anchor or anything, but I'm still pretty fast.

SUSAN: And getting faster all the time. And hey your dad's gonna take a swim class with me.

APRIL: [Laughs] Really? You are?

LUKE: Well, yeah.

APRIL: Do you even own a bathing suit?

LUKE: Yeah, I do. It's not a Speedo or anything.

APRIL: [Laughter] That is the funniest thing I have ever, can we call mom and tell her from the car?

LUKE: Yeah.

YALE - EXTERIOR

LORELAI: Grass is just not this green -- not outside of "Pleasantville," it isn't.

CHRISTOPHER: So, what exactly are you saying?

LORELAI: I'm suggesting they brought in sod.

CHRISTOPHER: You suspect sod.

LORELAI: Yes yes, or spray paint. Maybe they spray-painted the grass when they spray-painted these trees 'cause I mean there's autumnal foliage and then there's autumnal foliage. It's over the top, people.

CHRISTOPHER: You're onto them. Hey, you think Yale piped in this crisp fall smell?

LORELAI: Uh, yeah, because Yale is crafty, Yale is smart. Yale is Yale, after all.

SMILEY STUDENT VOLUNTEER: Have fun, you two! Go, bulldogs!

CHRISTOPHER: Hello.

SMILEY STUDENT VOLUNTEER: Hi.

LORELAI: Let me ask you something. Do you really go here, or are you an actress hired by Yale?

SMILEY STUDENT VOLUNTEER: [Very perky] What? I go here. I go here.

LORELAI: You're good. I almost believe you.

SMILEY STUDENT VOLUNTEER: I'm sorry?

CHRISTOPHER: Hi. We're Rory Gilmore's parents.

SMILEY STUDENT VOLUNTEER: Well, Rory Gilmore's parents, welcome to parents' weekend. Here's a parents' packet.

LORELAI: Fabulous.

SMILEY STUDENT VOLUNTEER: Inside, you should find a map of the campus. You are here.

LORELAI: So we are.

SMILEY STUDENT VOLUNTEER: A schedule of the weekend's events and a nametag.

LORELAI: Thanks. Great. Go, bulldogs.

SMILEY STUDENT VOLUNTEER: I was just gonna say that. Have fun, you two.

LORELAI: Okay.

CHRISTOPHER: Thank you.

LORELAI: Hey, let's be Laverne and Shirley.

CHRISTOPHER: What? No.

LORELAI: Antony and Cleopatra? F. Scott and Zelda? Zinf and Del?

CHRISTOPHER: I think I'll stick with my own name.

LORELAI: Senior boring pants? Mr stick in the mud? [Reading the schedule] "A cappella," "a cappella." Hmm-hmm. There's a terrifying number of a-cappella jams this weekend.

CHRISTOPHER: What exactly is an a-cappella jam?

LORELAI: [Cell phone rings] I don't know, but it sure sounds painful. [Answering the phone] Hey. We're here.

RORY: Hey [To A.K.] See if you can get that editorial to fit on one page. [Back to Lorelai] So, you're here.

LORELAI: With bells on, and nothing else, except leg warmers, roller skates, and Groucho Marx glasses.

RORY: How classy.

CHRISTOPHER: [To the phone] Hi, Rory!

LORELAI: Well, we're your parents. We're supposed to embarrass you. Are you at the paper?

RORY: Yes, I am, indeed. Where are you guys?

LORELAI: We are near a big brick building and a big tree. Are you near there?

RORY: Possibly, we have a lot of brick buildings and old trees here at Yale.

CHRISTOPHER: Tell her we're by the L-shaped building that from the top looks like a Polaroid camera.

RORY: Believe it or not, I don't know what Yale's buildings look like from the sky.

LORELAI: How ignorant of you, honey. [To Chris] Rory says she doesn't give two figs about Yale architecture.

CHRISTOPHER: [Taking the phone] Not two figs?

RORY: 1 1/2 figs is all I'll give.

CHRISTOPHER: How are things at the paper?

RORY: Busy but good. I should be done by lunch.

CHRISTOPHER: Cool, so we got this schedule of events. Any recommendations?

LORELAI: [Shouting to the phone] Brunch with the provost!

CHRISTOPHER: I might like to tour the Peabody or maybe catch one of the faculty lectures, there's one called "plagues and pleasures" with professor summers.

RORY: Summers is good. He's a bigwig in the world of molecular biophysics.

CHRISTOPHER: Sounds hard.

RORY: Will I doubt there'll be an exam.

CHRISTOPHER: How about "the extravagant universe" with professor Quincy?

LORELAI: Aw God [takes the phone from Chris] Hey, what is with all the a cappella? There's a cappella, a cappella, morning, noon, and night. I'm not sure I can take that much a cappella.

RORY: Then you should avoid arches. A-cappella groups tend to hang out under arches, arches and any other places with good acoustics.

LORELAI: Thanks for the tip.

RORY: And if you hear a pitch pipe, run. I got to get back to work.

LORELAI: Okay, we're gonna have brunch with the provost... or on the provost -- it's still unclear.

RORY: Bye, mom.

LORELAI: Bye. [To Chris] Hey. What is with your nametag?

CHRISTOPHER: What do you mean?

LORELAI: It's in the middle of your chest.

CHRISTOPHER: So.

LORELAI: So you're supposed to wear it off to the side. Who wears a nametag in the middle of their chest?

CHRISTOPHER: Superman.

LORELAI: Superman's "S" that was not a nametag. That was an emblem.

CHRISTOPHER: So, this is my emblem.

LORELAI: "Hello, I'm Rory Gilmore's dad, Christopher" is your emblem?

CHRISTOPHER: Yes, it is.

LORELAI: I'm gonna have to ask you to walk 15 feet in front of me.

SWIMMING POOL

[Luke and 6 other adults are in the pool with Susan.]

SUSAN: And breathe in. And blow. And breathe in. And blow. Good, Luke. But try not to take such shallow breaths. [Touching him on the chest] Try to take slower, deeper breaths from your diaphragm. Feel that?

LUKE: Yeah.

RONALD: I'm having a little trouble getting deep breaths over here.

SUSAN: You're doing fine, Ronald. [To Luke] Now you stopped breathing altogether.

LUKE: [Coughs]

SUSAN: Just try and relax.

LUKE: Okay. [Still getting his breath]

SUSAN: It's okay. You'll get the hang of it.

LUKE: [Breathless] yeah.

SUSAN: Okay, everybody. That's it. Good work. [To Luke] You did good today.

LUKE: Yeah? Thanks.

SUSAN: Yeah. You caught right up. I'll have you swimming like a fish in no time.

LUKE: Oh, good. Thank you.

SUSAN: So...you eat?

LUKE: Eat?

SUSAN: Food. I was thinking you could call me, and we could get a bite to eat.

LUKE: Uh, yeah, sure, sure.

SUSAN: Here. Here's the young dolphins' contact sheet. My number's right at the top.

LUKE: Okay. Great. Thanks.

SUSAN: See you soon.

LUKE: Bye.

YALE - CAFETERIA

LORELAI: Look at this propaganda. Belgian waffles, cloth napkins. I've had breakfast here before, and it was paper napkins and American cereal all the way. Yeah -- lox, capers, itty-bitty bagels? Pack of lies.

LOU: Coffee?

LORELAI: Uh, coffee.

CHRISTOPHER: Coffee.

LOU: I'm Lou, Ethan Morton's dad.

LORELAI: Cheers.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm Christopher. This is Lorelai. We're Rory Gilmore's parents.

LOU: Rory Gilmore? Sure she's a senior, right?

LORELAI: Wow. Did you memorize the student face book?

LOU: [Chuckles] The masthead of the Yale daily news. Ethan's an aspiring journalist and a big fan of your daughter's.

LORELAI: I love that Rory has fans.

LOU: Maybe we should set up a lunch so Rory could meet Ethan.

DAISY: Lou, honestly. I apologize on behalf of my husband, who can't seem to remember that Ethan

already got into Yale. The pressure's off. He doesn't need his booster club anymore. Daisy.

LORELAI: Hi. Lorelai and Christopher. We're Rory Gilmore's parents.

DAISY: Oh, Rory Gilmore's parents. [To Lou] Oh! Where did you get the darling little bagels?

LORELAI: Oh, they're right over here. I'll show you.

DAISY: Oh...[Follows Lorelai] You know Ethan really is an incredible journalist. He wrote this editorial for his high-school paper arguing that it should be legal to burn the American flag. Insightful as hell. I'd be glad to e-mail you a copy, if you want.

LORELAI: [Sounding like she's not interested] Where is the provost? Aren't you dying to meet the provost?

LOU: Sorry if I was being a bit pushy.

CHRISTOPHER: No. Please. You're a proud dad.

LOU: Yeah and we should be proud, right? Our kids done good.

CHRISTOPHER: [Chuckling] Yeah.

LOU: It's just hard to let go, you know, after all those years of looking over their homework and reading their papers, practicing lines with them for the school play, taking them to karate lessons, violin lessons, S.A.T.-Prep courses.

[Chris looks on agreeing but feeling like he missed out.]

JAKE: What about 5:00 A.M. Hockey practice?

LOU: Science projects.

JAKE: I helped Owen build a wave generator one year. \$3,200. That's what it cost me to replace the kitchen tiles when the thing exploded in the middle of the night.

CHRISTOPHER: It exploded?

JAKE: I sell ladies' shoes. What do I know about wave generators? Jake -- Owen Huber's dad.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm Christopher. I'm...

JAKE: Rory Gilmore's dad. I was just talking to your wife.

LORELAI: Um, actually, I'm not his wife.

JAKE: I didn't say you were I was talking about his wife -- Mrs. Gilmore. She's over there by the Mimosas.

[Looks over to see Emily laughter with some other ladies]

LORELAI: Unbelievable. I'm sorry. Will you excuse me? I'm gonna go talk to Mrs. Gilmore.

LOU: Which lectures are you guys gonna hit?

[Lorelai comes up to Emily]

EMILY: And I said to him, "they've tenured Bill Sunderland? Who's next -- Carmen Electra?" [Laughter]

LORELAI: Good one, mom.

EMILY: Lorelai. If you'll excuse us? Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hi.

EMILY: Well. My goodness. What on earth are you doing here?

LORELAI: What am I doing here? Well I think the question is, what are you doing here?

EMILY: It's Yale parents' weekend.

LORELAI: Yes, but you are not a parent.

EMILY: I still can't believe you're here.

LORELAI: Mother, it's parents' weekend. I'm a parent that's why I'm here. I'm a parent.

EMILY: And I'm a grandparent.

LORELAI: Right a grandparent, not a parent.

EMILY: A grandparent is a type of parent.

LORELAI: No, it's not.

EMILY: A grand piano is a type of piano, is it not?

LORELAI: Well you got me there, Riddler, but I hope that logic works when I crash grandparents' weekend.

EMILY: Oh, please, Lorelai. Your father and I have been attending Rory's parents' weekends here at Yale since her freshman year. It's one of our little traditions. Hello, Rachel. I'll see you at the field-hockey game?

LORELAI: It's one of your little traditions to pretend to be Rory's parents?

RICHARD: Lorelai. [As he comes up] What a surprise.

LORELAI: Yes it is a surprise. You know why you guys aren't parents. Why are you here?

RICHARD: I'm an alumnus, Lorelai. Also a visiting faculty member.

EMILY: And you'll remember, until recently, your father and I were the ones taking responsibility for Rory's tuition.

LORELAI: Yes, I remember.

EMILY: We felt someone ought to attend, for Rory's sake. It's obviously not your kind of thing.

LORELAI: What is that supposed to mean?

RICHARD: Well, I'm glad you're here.

LORELAI: Thank you, me too. What's that supposed to mean?

EMILY: You don't like these kinds of things -- things with schedules and nametags. You mock these kinds of things.

LORELAI: Well I'm here I'm not mocking. I'm brunching.

RICHARD: I think you'll find parents' weekend great fun.

LORELAI: Thank you. It is. I am -- finding it great fun.

RICHARD: We always tour the campus, check in here at Branford, maybe take in a faculty lecture or two, and then take Rory out to dinner.

LORELAI: You're taking Rory to dinner?

EMILY: We're going to Chez Zinjustin this year, a fabulous French restaurant. They have a Crème Brûlée that is to die for.

LORELAI: Well, that sounds like fun. Too bad you're gonna miss the tour of the gemstones of Yale.

RICHARD: The tour at Peabody? I thought that was much earlier.

LORELAI: Yes, well, it is -- for the general public. We signed up for a special evening one. Chris and I signed up weeks ago.

EMILY: Christopher's here?

LORELAI: Yes 'cause he's a parent. It's his weekend, too. So, we'll go to the tour and then probably hit a few panels, go to the, em...

EMILY: What is this you have on your nametag -- "Zinf"? What is "Zinf"? Some kind of joke?

LORELAI: Oh, it's an old, traditional Yale word...thingy.

RICHARD: What is that word -- "Zinf"? Is it Hebrew?

EMILY: Why is it on your nametag?

LORELAI: You guys don't know? I thought you were all into Yale.

CHRISTOPHER: Hello, Emily. Richard.

RICHARD: [Shakes hands] Christopher. Nice to see you.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey Lor, professor Quincy's talk is about to start, and I know you probably don't...

LORELAI: don't want to miss a word. Yes, that's true. Well, we've got to go. You enjoy your evening. Astrophysics waits for no man.

LECTURE HALL

[The lecture is underway]

PROFESSOR QUINCY: When supernovae explode, they emit an energy that is 4 billion times greater than the sun. So powerful are these explosions that even though they're occurring halfway across

the observable universe, some 7 billion light-years away...

[Chris is trying to listen]

LORELAI: My parents have got a lot of nerve, you know? That's one thing they've got, is nerve. They should put it to good use -- start a knife-throwing contest or something.

CHRISTOPHER: Lor...

LORELAI: [Sighs] I mean, lunch? Please. They get dinner, and we get lunch? Lunch is such a booby prize.

PROFESSOR QUINCY: ...We would be able to see that the expansion of the universe was slowing down.

LORELAI: I just can't believe Rory didn't tell us that they were coming. You know. Berate her. [Texting on her phone] "Rory... you...little...rat."

PROFESSOR QUINCY: But we've learned that the expansion of the universe is not slowing down -- it's speeding up.

LORELAI: She says that she assumed that we knew they were coming. [Texting again] "When you assume, you make an..."

CHRISTOPHER: shh!

PROFESSOR QUINCY: Something else is happening in the universe that is counteracting the powerful force of gravity, and that's what we call "dark energy."

LORELAI: Hey, you know what? We should have lunch at Chez Zinjustin. I hear they have a Crème Brûlée to die for.

CHRISTOPHER: Sure. Sounds good.

LORELAI: Okay.

CHRISTOPHER: You can't make a phone call in here.

LORELAI: I want to make sure we get a reservation.

PROFESSOR QUINCY:...Back in the 1930s. So, it may be that Einstein was right all along. Turns out the guy was pretty smart. [Laughter and applause] All right, are there any questions? Yes?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, how can we tell whether dark energy is the same thing as the cosmological constant?

[Looking proud]

PROFESSOR QUINCY: Excellent question. More thorough measurement from observatories on the ground, from the Hubble space telescope...

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

SOOKIE: I was making Ratatouille anyway.

MICHEL: Excuse me?

SOOKIE: Perfectly good vegetables, and I was making Ratatouille anyway, and no sense in wasting them.

MICHEL: Did I miss something?

SOOKIE: Not like there's anything to feel guilty about. Jackson sells his vegetables all over town. I'm not just gonna throw these away.

MICHEL: Just because Lorelai is away does not mean that I'm obligated to listen to your incessant prattling.

SOOKIE: I mean, it would be wrong to waste vegetables. Wasting vegetables is wrong.

MICHEL: I will listen to you on one condition. Call me "captain."

SOOKIE: No.

MICHEL: Fine. [Starts to leave]

SOOKIE: Okay...captain.

MICHEL: Yes?

SOOKIE: The point is that Jackson's vegetables are top-of-the-line, first-rate. But they're his vegetables, you know, and these aren't. These have something different to offer, and I shouldn't feel guilty about...

MICHEL: You know what? It's not worth it. [Leaves]

SOOKIE: [Too other kitchen staff] It's just Ratatouille, okay? Nothing to get all riled up about.

LUKE'S DINER

LUKE: Caesar, I'm back.

KIRK: Hey, Luke, you want to grab a cold one tonight, bird-dog some Chicas?

LUKE: What?

KIRK: As of 0700 this evening, I'm going to be a free man.

LUKE: You are?

KIRK: I am. Giving Lulu the old heave-ho, hitting the eject button.

LUKE: Kirk?

KIRK: I owe it all to you, buddy.

LUKE: Me?

KIRK: You inspired me. I look at you, and I think, "this guy's doing it right. sl*ve to no master." You come home at 3:00 in the morning -- no one cares. You want to eat dessert for dinner -- no one cares. You walk around in tube socks and tighty whities -- no one cares. No one cares what you do or where you go. [Luke is not looking happy] So, what do you say, Luke? You want to be my

wingman, goose to my maverick? [Singing into a ladle] You never close your eyes anymore when I kiss your lips and there's no tenderness...

LUKE: [Putting his arm around kirks neck] Listen, you pinhead, you should be kissing the ground that Lulu walks on. Why that sweet girl lets you within a hundred miles of her is beyond me, but she does. You are the luckiest man on the planet to have a girl like that looking out for you and caring about you. And if you say so much as one unkind word to her, I will personally break every bone in your body. You got me?

[Kirk is speechless, Luke takes the flyer out of his bag that Susan gave him and goes to the apartment.]

YALE NEWS ROOM

PARIS: What did you end up putting on the front page?

SHEILA: Don't play dumb, Paris.

PARIS: My early-admission/early-actions piece. No kidding.

RORY: It was a good article.

PARIS: [To Sheila] Huh, I'm hardly ever here anymore, I'm putting in minimal effort when I am here, and yet my article is still the front-page lead. It's almost too easy.

[Lorelai and Chris quietly enter and stay back to listen.]

RORY: It's not locked yet, Paris. Okay A.K., You're gonna take care of that Lacrosse caption?

A.K.: What was wrong with what I had?

RORY: Well you might want to save the metaphors and alliterations for poetry class and give me something short and snappy. And you might want to mention Lacrosse.

A.K.: You got it.

LORELAI: [Quietly to Chris] I love how bossy she is.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, she is their boss. Yeah, I love that. She's like a dictator, only cute and nonviolent. And instead of a country, she has a newspaper.

A.K.: "Yale Lacrosse team sticks it to Ivy League rivals"?

RORY: Done. Okay, so, A.K. Will take care of that. And good job, everybody. Layout is locked.

PARIS: [To Sheila] It's funny it's almost like I'd have to work harder not to get the front page.

RORY: Oh, hi, parents.

LORELAI: You are the cutest fascist ever.

RORY: Hi, so, how was the morning?

LORELAI: Brunch was lovely, except of course for my parents skulking around, which no one warned me about. Hey I forgot I'm still mad at you.

RORY: Don't be mad at me.

LORELAI: Okay fine but only 'cause you're the cutest despot ever.

RORY: What else?

CHRISTOPHER: We had a few close brushes with a cappella.

LORELAI: Aw, that was a narrow escape. We were taking a shortcut on the way to the lecture hall, and we almost shortcutted our way into a group of guys singing "Zombie Jamboree."

RORY: You guys went to a lecture?

LORELAI: Yes, where I learned that the universe is expanding and that your dad is a big question-asking geek. Hey, we have come to take you to lunch at Chez Zinjustin.

RORY: Wow. Fancy.

CHRISTOPHER: Apparently, the Crme Brlée is to die for.

RORY: Since when do you say "to die for"?

LORELAI: Since he got addicted to "project runway."

CHRISTOPHER: Make it work.

RORY: So you guys should meet everybody. Mom and dad, this is Sheila, Bill, A.K., Raj, and Joni. [They say Hi as a group] This is Christopher and Lorelai. And you know Paris, of course.

PARIS: Lorelai. It's been too long. [Kisses her on both cheeks]

LORELAI: Hi. Oh. Wow. Okay. And you know Christopher.

PARIS: I believe we've met in passing. Good to see you, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER: Good to see you.

RORY: We're just going to Chez Zinjustin for lunch.

BILL: You mean "chez fancy pants."

SHEILA: My dad took me, and my roommates there for dinner freshman year -- back when he still loved me. It's supernice.

RAJ: I hear they match your napkin to what you're wearing.

JONI: I hear they fold your napkin into an origami swan every time you leave the table.

RORY: I don't know about the napkins but I hear the Crme Brlée is to die for.

A.K.: I heard that to.

CHRISTOPHER: You know what? You should all come along.

BILL: Who, us?

CHRISTOPHER: Sure. Hey, let's bring the whole g*ng.

RORY: Oh, dad, you don't have to...

CHRISTOPHER: I want to it'll give me a chance to get to know all your friends.

RORY: People might have plans.

BILL: None.

PARIS: There's a shocker.

SHEILA: I'm starving.

LORELAI: Well, all right, then. Come on. Lunch on Rory's dad.

JONI: Thank you.

RAJ: All right.

BILL: Sweet. Cool.

CHEZ ZINJUSTIN

[Slow music plays, the "g*ng" is sitting at their table, Rory, Lorelai and Chris are together.]

LORELAI: [French accent] Ah, thank you. The wine is wonderful.

WAITER: [British accent] I'm so glad you're enjoying it.

LORELAI: [Normal voice] Hey, this is a French restaurant. Shouldn't all the servers be French?

WAITER: Je ne suis pas français, mais je peux parler français, si vous préférez. [I am not French, but I can speak French, if you prefer]

LORELAI: [French accent] Uh, where is the nearest subway station? Ha. [Chuckles]

WAITER: Another bottle, sir?

CHRISTOPHER: Absolutely. Anyway, the chalet in Killington had this open floor plan, sort of the way Rory's apartment's laid out.

RAJ: I've never exactly seen Rory's apartment.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh yeah.

RAJ: We mostly just hang at the paper and -- mostly at the paper.

CHRISTOPHER: Anyway, I really want to rent a place at a ski resort this winter, maybe Killington or sugarloaf.

RAJ: That sounds great.

CHRISTOPHER: You know you should come -- totally. We'll get all of Rory's friends together for a long weekend, ski, hang out. It will be a blast.

RAJ: A ski trip sounds awesome.

SHEILA: Who's going skiing?

CHRISTOPHER: You are -- this winter. Everyone's invited.

SHEILA: Right on!

LORELAI: [To Rory] You don't hang out with any of these people outside the paper, do you?

RORY: Not so much.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay. Who wants dessert?

BILL: I'd love a Crème Brûlée. I've never had Crème Brûlée.

RAJ: I could do with a cognac.

PARIS: I wouldn't say no to a Digestif.

JONI: Crème Brûlée for me. And a cognac.

CHRISTOPHER: You know I think we'd like to get Crème Brûlée and cognac all around.

LORELAI: [To Rory] Sorry.

RORY: Why sorry?

LORELAI: Sorry if this lunch is weird.

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Rory...

RORY: Okay, this lunch is weird.

LORELAI: I feel like we're those lame-o parents of yore.

RORY: Dad is trying kind of hard.

LORELAI: Yeah, I think any minute, he's gonna start juggling plates.

RORY: And hanging spoons off his nose. Yeah, but it's sweet.

CHRISTOPHER: But seriously you guys whenever you guys get a 3-day weekend, you should totally come up.

RAJ: Can we rent skis there?

CHRISTOPHER: Sure, or I can lend you a pair. We'll have you jumping moguls down a black diamond, Raj.

RORY: I guess It's good that I experience a little bit of lame-o parenting. I mean after all It's part of the quintessential college experience, isn't it?

LORELAI: I guess.

RORY: And it's great that you got to meet the whole g*ng before our big ski vacation together. [Cell phones start ringing.] Uh-oh.

LORELAI: "Uh-oh" good or "uh-oh" bad? I guess there isn't really an "uh-oh" good, is there?

RORY: :Um listen up, guys. A bunch of students that were protesting the w*r took over president Stewart's office. It looks like we're gonna have to rework the whole edition.

RAJ: Why can't the news stop while we're eating?

SHEILA: I know it's so impolite.

JONI: I just got a text with a photo. Looks like they're wearing George Bush masks and...[turns the phone upside down] are those Condoleezza Rice masks?

PARIS: They make Condoleezza masks?

RORY: We've got to get on this everybody. Um so you guys, I'm sorry it looks like we have to...

LORELAI: It's okay go.

CHRISTOPHER: Duty calls.

RORY: Okay, Sheila, get Keith on the phone and see if you can get him down there. Actually get Samantha down there, too. I want so many photos of this thing I can make a flip book. Bill and A.K., Get back to the office so you can proof the stories. We're emailing it in. Everyone else, you're with me.

BILL: What about the Crme Brlée?

RAJ: And our cognac?

BILL: I have yet to taste the sweet nectar of Crme Blée.

RORY: This is going to be our front page.

PARIS: Front page? Really? I think the front page is fine as it is.

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: Come on we all know these rabble-rousers are just looking for attention, why indulge them?

RORY: Let's go.

BILL: I want to go. I want to report this story. I just want to do it after I eat my Crme Brlée. I mean, what if tonight I get hit by lightning and die a Crme-Brlée virgin?

SHEILA: A Crme-Brlée virgin?

RORY: [Getting mad] You know what this is enough. This is a major political protest. It's a big story, and it's going to go on our front page. Now get your drunk, Crme-Brlée-craving asses out of these chairs, and let's get to work, okay? Besides the lead, I'm going to need some color -- what's going on behind the masks that kind a thing. Joni, you want to take a crack at that?

JONI: I'm a little tipsy.

RORY: Is there anyone who's not a little tipsy? Thanks for lunch, dad.

JONI: Thank you.

RAJ: Lunch was great.

SHEILA: Great meeting you.

CHRISTOPHER: See you later.

[The waiters come up with 2 large trays]

LORELA: Well, I hope you're hungry for some Crme Brlée.

LUKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

APRIL: Are you sure you want to Fianchetto that bishop so early?

LANE: I don't know it depends on what "Fianchetto" means.

APRIL: It means I'm gonna kick your butt if you make that move.

LANE: Well you're kicking my butt anyway, so I don't see how one Fianchetto is gonna make much of a difference. Besides, it sounds fancy you make it like I know what I'm doing.

APRIL: You're not very good.

LUKE: April.

APRIL: Sorry. I can be blunt.

LANE: Tell it like it is, sister. Besides, later tonight, when we boggle, which is what I was told we'd be playing tonight, it is your butt that is going to be kicked, because I've been studying my 7-letter words that sound made-up but aren't. "Palfrey" -- p-a-l-f-r-e-y. It's a saddle horse for a woman.

APRIL: Impressive.

LUKE: Okay, so, coach Bennett and I are gonna go out and have some dinner together and talk, and then I'll be home. Shouldn't be more than a couple hours. Just a dinner and some talking.

APRIL: It would be weird if it was a dinner with no talking.

LUKE: Sure.

APRIL: And you should probably call her "Susan" tonight, instead of "coach Bennett" -- I think she'd prefer that.

LUKE: Good tip.

LANE: We'll hang out until you get back.

LUKE: Okay so you got the number of the restaurant. I'm gonna have my cell phone on me, so if there are any problems, anything...

LANE: Thank you, Luke. Bye.

APRIL: Bye, dad.

LUKE: See you later.

APRIL: You okay?

LANE: I'm fine. Okay, now, it's your move, darlin', unless you'd rather discuss zymurgy -- z-y-m-u-r-g-y -- the branch of applied chemistry dealing with fermentation.

APRIL: All right, all right. We can play boggle.

LANE: Yes!

RESTAURANT

[Luke and Susan enter]

HOSTESS: Hello. Two? Okay, right this way. There you go. Your waitress will be right with you.

SUSAN: Thank you. [To Luke] Oh, no. Come sit with me.

LUKE: There?

SUSAN: Yeah. It's cozier.

LUKE: Oh. Okay.

SUSAN: I hate being so far away.

LUKE: [Chuckles, then clears his throat. Looks at the menu] Wow!

SUSAN: I know, right? It's my favorite restaurant. And you said you liked to eat healthy, so..

LUKE: Yeah. Huh. I've never eaten this healthy. So, "vegan" doesn't just mean "vegetarian."

SUSAN: No -- no animal products of any kind. No eggs, no milk, no cheese.

LUKE: Just soy everything.

SUSAN: Soy steak is scrumptious. I swear you totally can't tell the difference.

LUKE: Oh, I bet I can.

SUSAN: So, Luke, let me ask you a question.

LUKE: Okay.

SUSAN: Who would play you in the Luke Danes movie?

LUKE: Huh?

SUSAN: Alive or dead.

LUKE: Uh...I never really thought about that.

SUSAN: Take your time. Do you want to know mine?

LUKE: Sure.

SUSAN: [Laughs] Marlene Dietrich.

LUKE: Oh.

SUSAN: Right!

LUKE: I don't know who that is.

SUSAN: Sure you do.

LUKE: No, I don't.

SUSAN: Yes, you do. Think.

LUKE: I don't.

SUSAN: "Touch of Evil," um "The Lady is Willing," "Destry Rides Again." "Your husband would rather be cheated by me than married to you."

LUKE: Oh, yeah, sure.

SUSAN: My last boyfriend -- "the ex" -- he was always calling me [shouting] "Marlene!" Oh, you know what? I think you might know him. Bob McCullough, Laura's father?

LUKE: No, I don't think I do.

SUSAN: We lived together for four months, and then he just went totally psycho. [shouting] Psycho! [Luke looks shocked and a little scared] I swore I wasn't gonna date any more single dads after that, but here I am.

LUKE: [Chuckles nervously]

SUSAN: You hooked me.

LUKE: Hmm.

SUSAN: Well, you know what they say -- third time's a charm.

WAITRESS: Can I get anybody a drink?

LUKE: Yes, please.

YALE - NIGHT - EXTERIOR

[Lorelai and Chris are walking]

LORELAI: I heard a bone crack, several bones cracking. Crack, crack, crack -- it was like fireworks.

CHRISTOPHER: Rugby is a violent sport.

LORELAI: I guess the fact that an ambulance was parked by the side of the field before the game even started should've been my first clue.

CHRISTOPHER: They don't park ambulances next to tetherball matches.

[Cell phone rings]

LORELAI: I can't believe we lost. It was so violent. I guess they were just violenter. [Looking at text message] Uh, it's Rory. They're at the paper. They're still working.

CHRISTOPHER: Man!

LORELAI: Half of them are drunk or hung over. Joni passed out.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, jeez.

LORELAI: Looks like she's gonna be there all night.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, that's not good news.

LORELAI: Well, silver lining -- that means she won't get to have dinner with my parents. We got the only meal. We won parents' weekend, and we didn't even break any bones.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah. Some meal.

LORELAI: What's wrong?

CHRISTOPHER: Nothing. I just -- I...I screwed up.

LORELAI: What do you mean, you screwed up?

CHRISTOPHER: It's my fault that Rory's got to work all night.

LORELAI: What do you mean? You staged the student protest? You wore a Condi mask and manacled yourself to the president's door?

CHRISTOPHER: The big meal, ordering all that wine. Her staff's a mess. It's my fault.

LORELAI: Honey, if those kids are gonna be journalists, they have to learn to write drunk.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm trying to be Superdad or something.

LORELAI: Why?

CHRISTOPHER: I don't know.

LORELAI: Does it have to do with the nametag-in-the-middle- of-the-chest thing?

CHRISTOPHER: At the brunch, all the other dads were talking about how they took their kids to hockey practice and violin lessons and helped them study for the S.A.T.S, and I just stood there like a jerk, nodding my head like I'd done all those things.

LORELAI: Oh, honey.

CHRISTOPHER: I didn't do any of those things.

LORELAI: Well first of all, Rory didn't need someone to check her homework. She was a self-starter. Second of all, she wasn't interested in hockey. And third of all, you don't have to try to be

Superdad.

CHRISTOPHER: I feel like I should be.

LORELAI: No. You can just relax, you know? Be yourself. Be the dad that you are -- Clark Kent dad, Christopher Hayden dad.

CHRISTOPHER: I guess.

LORELAI: Totally.

CHRISTOPHER: It's just -- it's too late. I mean, I've got Gigi., And that's great, but Rory -- Rory's grown up. I missed it.

LORELAI: You didn't miss it.

CHRISTOPHER: She's a senior in college, Lor.

LORELAI: We have years of hard parenting ahead. She is due for a quarter-life crisis. All those years of stability do not bode well. We're gonna have plenty to do.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah?

LORELAI: Yeah. And the best part is... we get to deal with it together.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah?

LORELAI: Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: Quarter-life crisis, huh?

LORELAI: [Giggles] I'm pretty sure she's gonna spin wildly out of control. We're gonna have to do an intervention, put her through rehab, give her a place to stay while she's divorcing the hell's angel...

[A Cappella group sings "It don't make a difference if we make it or not we've both got one another, and that's a lot for love, let's give it a shot wh-o-o-o-oa we're halfway there ohhh, ohhh we're livin' on a prayer"]

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

FRED: Divine. The tomatoes are so fresh and meaty.

CARL: The eggplant is what puts it over the top. Perfect sweetness, your best ever.

SOOKIE: Well, I wouldn't say my best.

FRED: It is, a whole new level of flavor, like a vegetable symphony. What do you think, captain?

MICHEL: It's true. It even surpasses my mother's, and that woman made Ratatouille for a living. Well done, Sookie.

FRED: Brava, Maestra.

SOOKIE: It's just Ratatouille, okay? Now, go get back to work. Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on.

JACKSON: Hey.

SOOKIE: Hey!

JACKSON: You ready to go?

SOOKIE: Ready, Freddy!

JACKSON: Just dropped the kids off at the Bostics'. They made me take my shoes off again.

SOOKIE: They make everybody take off their shoes. I can't remember the last time I saw the Bostics in anything but socks.

JACKSON: But then they had the audacity to complain that my feet smell.

SOOKIE: They really complained?

JACKSON: Well they made sour faces when I wasn't looking and rolled their eyes.

SOOKIE: Oh, Jackson.

JACKSON: What do they expect? Of course my feet smell. I work in the fields all day. That's why I wear big thick boots -- to contain the smell. I swear, the next time they come over to the house, I'm gonna ask them to take off their pants or something. It's outrageous!

SOOKIE: I'm sorry, honey.

JACKSON: Yeah, well...

SOOKIE: I know the Bostic's are a little nutso.

JACKSON: Very nutso. Who irons their couch?

SOOKIE: But Martha and Davy love going over there and playing with Kayla and Ryan, and when they come back, they're so polite and cordial for like an hour, which is nice.

JACKSON: That is a bonus, but still.

SOOKIE: I know. I'll get my purse. [Jackson goes over to the stove and tastes the Ratatouille] No!

JACKSON: What?

SOOKIE: Ooh! Bad batch! [Grabs the food he was about to eat and throws it in the sink] Saving it for the horses.

JACKSON: But you never mess up your Ratatouille.

SOOKIE: Well everyone's allowed a mistake or two here and there. You know what? I'm just gonna -- just junk it.

JACKSON: Are you sure? It smells fantastic.

SOOKIE: I'm sure. Trust me -- it's awful. Hey, you know what I was thinking?

What do you think about

a nice romantic dinner, huh?

How about Cicero's?

JACKSON: Wow. Cicero's.

SOOKIE: Yeah.

JACKSON: They have good Ratatouille.

SOOKIE: Mm-hmm.

JACKSON: Okay, so long as I can keep my shoes on.

SOOKIE: Unless Cicero's has suddenly gone Japanese, I think we're good.

LUKE'S DINER - NIGHT - EXTERIOR

[Luke pulls up in his truck and gets out, he spots Kirk with Lulu across the town square, they exchange looks. Luke is pleased.]

LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Luke enters, Lane is asleep and April is watching TV]

TYRA BANKS: [on the TV] The first name that I'm going to call is... A.J.

APRIL: She was very well-behaved.

LUKE: Glad to hear it. Lane?

LANE: [Sleepy] Oh. Hey, Luke.

LUKE: I'm home.

APRIL: You zonked out about 20 minutes ago.

LANE: Well, I should probably do the rest of my zonking in my own apartment. Thank you for hanging out with me tonight, April.

APRIL: My pleasure.

LANE: See you tomorrow, Luke.

LUKE: See you tomorrow, Lane. [To April] So, you guys had fun?

APRIL: Totally. Lane's awesome. How about you?

LUKE: It was nice, you know? We had vegan food.

APRIL: Ooh. You couldn't have liked that.

LUKE: I did not, but coach Bennett really seemed to enjoy it.

APRIL: So, you're still calling her "coach Bennett"?

LUKE: Oh I think she'll just remain "coach Bennett" to me.

APRIL: That's cool.

LUKE: Mmm. Hey, is that pizza still up for grabs?

APRIL: Go crazy.

LUKE: Oh. I'm starving. Real cheese.

APRIL: We also ordered sticky buns.

LUKE: Bring it on.

[April sits next to Luke on the couch]

LUKE: Mmm-mmm-mmm. Mmm! [Chuckles, Luke looks happy.]

YALE NEWS ROOM

RORY: No quote from president Stewart yet?

BILL: Nothing.

RORY: Have we picked the photo?

RAJ: Sheila's got some options for you.

A.K.: Layout's coming along.

RORY: Good. Okay. Keep it moving. We have a deadline here.

[Telephone rings]

BILL: Ow! Who made this phone so loud? [Answers the phone] Yale daily news. Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Will do. [Hangs up] We got ourselves a quote. Steve's e-mailing it in now.

RORY: Great. Okay, would you mind inputting these corrections?

BILL: Anything to get away from that phone.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, g*ng.

RORY: Hey.

CHRISTOPHER: We come bearing doughnuts and coffee.

LORELAI: Gather 'round. The chocolate Eclairs are to die for.

RORY: Thanks, guys.

LORELAI: We figured you'd need some all-nighter supplies.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey. So, um, I'm sorry about getting your staff drunk.

RORY: Oh, don't worry about it.

CHRISTOPHER: You seemed pretty upset at the restaurant.

RORY: I was just stressed out. It's no big deal.

CHRISTOPHER: So, you're not mad?

RORY: No. But Dad, I think I would've liked it better if on parents' weekend, I could've just had lunch with my parents.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, that would've been better. Next year -- grad-school parents' weekend.

RORY: Um.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, if it's okay with you, do you mind if we hang out and watch you in action?

RORY: Oh I don't think you can hang out, 'cause you're gonna be late.

LORELAI: Late for...

RORY: For your dinner reservations at Chez Zinjustin. I mean I told grandma and grandpa that I couldn't make it, but I think I accidentally told them you guys were free.

LORELAI: You're evil.

CHRISTOPHER: You were mad.

RORY: Isn't that a coincidence that they had a reservation, too? Oh, don't eat that doughnut 'cause I hear they have a Crme Brlée that is...

LORELAI: Don't.

RORY: Come on get your lame-o-parent selves out the door. You don't want to be late. That'll tick them off.

LORELAI: Bye.

CHRISTOPHER: Bye.

RORY: Bye-bye.