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05x20 - How Many Kropogs to Cape Cod

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05x20 - How Many Kropogs to Cape Cod

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LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai sits quietly at the kitchen table, feet up, cordless phone to her ear. Her eyes move back and forth over the floor. Switch to Rory's dorm. She is doing the same thing. Camera pans out back at Lorelai's to show that she is watching an a*t*matic vacuum roll around. So is Rory.]

LORELAI: So is this more or less fun than watching the same T.V. show at the same time?

RORY: I think it's more.

LORELAI: You know, if we died right now, and decomposed, it would vacuum us up and no one would ever know.

RORY: Freaky.

OPENING CREDITS

YALE DORMS - RORY'S COMMON ROOM

[Paris enters from outside, wearing a pink bathrobe and toweling her hair.]

PARIS [singing]: I'm walking on sunshine! Whoa! I'm walking on sunshine, whoa! I'm walking on sunshine, whoa! And don't it feel good! Hey, all right!

[Rory emerges from her bedroom.]

RORY: Hey!

PARIS: What?

RORY: Learn a new song, or I am tying you to a chair and putting Hotel Rwanda on again.

PARIS: It's love, baby. Deal. [She brushes her hair.]

RORY: You're not going to use that as a microphone, are you?

PARIS: Oh, no, Reverend has the town band dancing and singing? [Paris grins.] I'm really happy.

RORY: Doyle, I assume?

PARIS: You know, he calls me his girlfriend now with no visible shaking.

RORY: I'm happy you're happy.

PARIS: So, how are things with Logan?

RORY [smiling]: You want to hand me that hairbrush?

PARIS: Look at us. We're happy, we have boyfriends! This is infinitely better than any mood stabilizer I have ever been on.

[Someone knocks on the door.]

RORY: Oh, sh**t, what time is it?

PARIS: It's Hammer time.

RORY: It's Logan. Hairbrushes down.

PARIS: You got it.

[Rory walks over and opens the door.]

LOGAN: Evening, Ace.

RORY: Hi.

[They kiss.]

PARIS: Nice. Very nice.

RORY: Hey, you want to see my room? It's far away from here.

LOGAN: Super idea.

[They go into her room and close the door. They kiss some more.]

RORY: Hello.

LOGAN: Hello.

RORY: What are you thinking about?

LOGAN: Whether or not you've ever woken up with Paris standing over you with a knife.

RORY: Not recently. She's been in a good mood.

LOGAN: Why is that?

RORY: Because she's in love.

LOGAN: With Doyle?

RORY: Yes, with Doyle. And do not mock or make fun, because when Paris is happy, the whole world is happy. But when she's not happy, the whole world is Deadwood.

LOGAN: Got it. You hungry?

RORY: Yes, I'm starving. Just let me get my sweater. [She opens her closet.] Hey, what do you think of this dress? Does it look newspaper-y enough?

LOGAN: What?

RORY: I'm trying to figure out what to wear on my first day at the paper.

LOGAN: Ah, the internship rears its ugly head again.

RORY: I want to look professional but not too Lois Lane-y, and I don't want to look like a college kid.

LOGAN: You are a college kid.

RORY: Not on Monday. On Monday, I am a newspaper woman. And I have to look like a newspaper woman.

LOGAN: Whatever you wear will be fine.

RORY: I'm so excited. [She hangs up the dress.]

LOGAN: I can tell.

RORY: Oh. Last night, I couldn't sleep, so I Googled your father.

LOGAN: Excuse me?

RORY: Twelve thousand fifty three items came up. I could only pull up a couple thousand, but it really helped. [She holds up the stack of papers, flipping through them. Logan looks amused and a little disturbed.] He was born in 1953, Episcopalian, second of four children, oldest boy, Yale undergrad, star of the track team. No grad school. Interesting. Then he had a couple of lost years. Kind of a blank period, a little Jesus thing going on there. Worked as a reporter and editor for two of the Huntzberger papers before taking over as CEO of the company!

LOGAN: Uh -

RORY: I mean, when you look at all these accomplishments, the man must never sleep!

LOGAN: Well -

RORY: Ah. Mm-hm, four hours a night. Just like Clinton.

LOGAN: You don't have a wall in a secret room with pictures of my father pasted all over it, do you?

RORY: Logan, I'm going to be interning for him. I need to know everything about him. Is he an egghead? Because he seems very roll-up-the-sleeves-y. But he's written about everything, from foreign affairs, domestic policies. He had a wine column, for God's sake. I should learn more about wine.

LOGAN: Look, Rory -

RORY: What are his politics? He's unbelievably neutral in his writing! Right wing, left wing, middle wing. Oh, the man was short-listed for the Pulitzer for covering the Iranian hostage crisis when he was twenty-five!

LOGAN: Yeah, I heard something about that.

RORY: Twenty-five! How did he do that? Especially considering his lost years? He's a born journalist. I mean, what does he read? What papers, what journals? Come on, tell me something.

LOGAN: He hates peas.

RORY: Logan, I need your help here.

LOGAN: Rory, my dad and I basically have two conversations. 'Logan, you're not living up to your potential' and 'Logan, when you're sailing close-hauled, wait until you gain that last bit of boat speed before you pull in the jib sheet.' That's it.

RORY: But -

LOGAN: Ace! You've learned more about my father in one night than I've learned in my whole life! Don't worry. You're going to be fine! Now, I thought we've established that we're both starving.

RORY: Yes, we have. Let's go.

[She puts down her notes on Mitchum, grabs her sweater and turns to leave. She remembers something else, and turns around to write it down.]

RORY: Oh! Wait! Your dad covered Haiti in 1985. Must learn more about Haiti. Got it. Okay, let's go. Hey, have you ever discussed Pinochet with him? Because one time he wrote -

LOGAN: Peas, Ace. Peas.

RORY: Right. Sorry.

[He directs her out the door.]

YALE CLASSROOM

[Rory and classmates sit around a large round table. The professor lectures.]

PROFESSOR: As we move on from the empiricist to the rationalist, it would be good to start thinking about the differences between the A posteriori truths, and the Apriority truths of the rationalist, which exists independent of experience. So for Wednesday if you would all take a crack at the first five chapters of Spinoza's Ethics. That is, those of you who's entire weekend won't be consumed by books on wine and Haiti.

[He gestures at the stack of reference books piled in front of Rory.]

RORY: Yes. My interests are teasingly diverse.

PROFESSOR: Whatever. See you all on Wednesday.

[The students pack up their things. Rory's cell phone rings.]

RORY: Hello?

[Scene cuts from the classroom to Stars Hollow Street, where Lorelai is walking.]

LORELAI: Ah, thank God. Did you return the blue sweater?

RORY: Oh, no.

LORELAI: Answer, please.

RORY: Two days ago.

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: Why? Because two days ago you asked me to take it back. Demanded me, in fact.

LORELAI: And suddenly you're just so freakin' reliable, you just hop to it and do whatever I say?

RORY: I've always been freakin' reliable. It's how I was raised.

LORELAI: Oh, so blame me.

RORY: I am not returning the blue sweater again, so don't think about asking.

LORELAI: But I want it, I need it.

RORY: I've already returned the Capri pants twice. I've tried to return a couple of your other items that were all sales final, which makes me look retail simple. And this is not the first, but the second time I will have returned the blue sweater.

LORELAI: Ooh, the Capri pants. Have you taken those back yet?

RORY: I can't show my face in any stores in New Haven. They think I'm Paper Mooning them.

LORELAI [proud]: Oh, she was very cute in Paper Moon. You're very cute, too.

RORY: Calling me cute is not going to persuade me. And I have classes. A life.

LORELAI: Monday afternoon. That's your free time, right? I remember some bragging to that effect. Go back on Monday.

RORY: Oh. Well, Monday used to be free.

LORELAI: Used to be? It's not free anymore?

RORY: I guess we haven't talked in a couple of days. Um, I actually got an internship.

LORELAI: Really?

RORY: Kind of an important high-profile one.

LORELAI: Wow! That's great!

RORY: It's for a newspaper in Stamford that Logan's dad acquired. He offered me the spot himself.

LORELAI: Logan's dad.

RORY: Yeah. It was kind of out of the blue.

LORELAI: So when did you hear?

RORY: Just a few days ago. I forgot I hadn't told you, I start on Monday.

LORELAI: Wow, congratulations!

RORY: It's a pretty amazing opportunity.

LORELAI: Yeah, sounds like it. You'll be having lunch with the off-beat editors from the Times.

Hanging out with Peter Jennings. Dan Rather will be valet parking your car.

RORY: Yeah, it's more likely that I'll be pulling wire reports off the AP machine, but sure.

LORELAI: Good, good. So, no worries on the blue sweater front.

RORY: It's off my radar screen.

LORELAI: Really? So you're really not going to make the effort?

RORY: I'll see if I can swing by on Tuesday.

LORELAI: Just send your assistant. You're getting an assistant, right?

RORY: Oh, I'm sure. I'll see you Friday night.

LORELAI: Bye, hon.

RORY: Bye.

STARS HOLLOW - TWICKHAM HOUSE

[Luke walks into the diorama room.]

LUKE: Taylor?

TAYLOR [OS]: Hello, is someone out there?

LUKE: Where are you, Taylor?

TAYLOR [OS]: Over here! I can't move!

[Luke wanders through the room, notices the horse mannequin with the Jebediah family on top of it. Taylor's hand waves from underneath the pile.]

LUKE: Oh, I have got to get a camera.

[He walks over to look at Taylor.]

LUKE: How in the hell did you do this?

TAYLOR: I was doing a little light dusting, and was toying with the idea of repositioning the horse's hindquarters, and the whole thing came tumbling down.

LUKE: You can't leave anything alone, can you?

TAYLOR: Are you going to help me, or not? I feel like I've been lying here for days.

LUKE: You have not been lying here for days. Kirk came into the diner two hours ago.

TAYLOR: You waited two hours to come and get me?

LUKE: I have a business. I can't come running every time a family of mannequins decides to attack you.

[He starts to lift the horse off of Taylor.]

TAYLOR: Ow!

LUKE: Just lie still.

TAYLOR: Oh, this is so humiliating.

LUKE: Taylor, don't you think it's time?

TAYLOR: Time for what?

LUKE: You've been trapped under the Jebediahs for two hours and no one has come in here.

TAYLOR: What's your point, Luke?

LUKE: My point is the museum's a bust.

TAYLOR: Well, I'll admit. Attendance is low.

LUKE: No one is coming!

TAYLOR: I was reading an article about the power of bus bench ads for getting the word out. Very big in the music industry. Apparently the rapper, Fitty Cent, swears by them.

LUKE: Taylor, come on. Isn't it time to sell? Let somebody who really wants this place have it!

TAYLOR: I guess it is. I had such dreams.

LUKE: There'll be other dreams.

TAYLOR: I guess. You can resume your attempts to get me out of here.

LUKE: You're definitely ready to sell the house?

TAYLOR: Yes.

LUKE: Then let's get you out of here.

ELDER GILMORE'S HOUSE

[Emily, Richard and Rory are eating dinner.]

RORY: Tennis lessons? That sounds great, Grandma.

EMILY: I've always liked tennis. And I have to say, I'm excited by the prospect of getting some good, healthy exercise.

RICHARD: I'm excited by the prospect of those fetching tennis costumes.

EMILY: Richard, not in front of Rory.

RORY: Oh, I'm fairly worldly now, Grandma.

RICHARD: She was a heck of a tennis player in her day. And very competitive.

EMILY: I wasn't that competitive.

RICHARD: This woman was kicked off the field hockey team in Smith for elbowing Ceci Everetts in the neck.

EMILY: She got in my way.

RICHARD: And this happened in the parking lot after the game.

EMILY: Now, now. Rory, tell us a little more about this internship. It sounds very exciting.

RORY: Well, all I really know is that I'm going to be shadowing Mitchum Huntzberger, just to sort of learn and observe, plus pitching in here and there.

RICHARD: You are going to learn a hell of a lot.

EMILY: It was very sweet of Logan to arrange this for you.

RORY: Well, actually, Mitchum Huntzberger offered it to me himself.

EMILY [impressed]: Really?

RICHARD: Now, how about that? He just called you up? Your reputation for excellence preceded you?

RORY: Well, he came by Yale, actually. I had met him when I had dinner at his house, and then -

EMILY: Dinner? What dinner?

RORY: Um, just a dinner that Logan took me to.

RICHARD: At the Huntzbergers' house?

RORY: Well, yes.

EMILY: When? When?

RORY: About a week ago, I guess.

RICHARD: Good Lord.

EMILY: Richard, it's already been a week!

RICHARD: We need to invite him right away!

RORY: Who?

EMILY: Logan! The ball's been dropped!

RICHARD: I'll put an invite in the mail first thing tomorrow.

EMILY: We really should have had him over first. We probably should call him as well.

RICHARD: We could messenger it in by tonight, it isn't even eight.

RORY: Well, it's really nice of you to want to have him over, really, but you don't need to.

EMILY: Rory, if you could mention it to him yourself, preferably tonight, I'll get a note over to him tomorrow.

RICHARD: He'll need a choice of dates.

EMILY: I'll get my book.

RICHARD: I'll get mine, too.

[They get up and rush off.]

EMILY: Rory!

RORY: Mm! Oh, call him now!

RICHARD: Right now, right now, right now.

RORY: Oh, okay!

[She gets up and goes to the phone. Scene cuts between the Gilmore's living room and Logan's dorm, where he is reading on the couch.]

LOGAN: Hello?

RORY: Listen. You're going to be getting a note from the Gilmores sometime soon. Maybe in the mail, maybe hand delivered tonight. For all I know, a carrier pigeon is heading for your room as we speak. You might want to open your window.

LOGAN: Why is a carrier pigeon heading here?

RORY: They want to have you over for dinner.

LOGAN: Oh.

RORY: They're flipping out about it. She's sending an apology for being so remiss as to wait one whole week since I had dinner at your house to extend an invitation. I mean, they're losing it. So I'm calling to warn you, and, I want you to know, I didn't suggest us having dinner with them or encourage it in any way. And I definitely did not refer to you as my b-word in front of them or even imply it in any way. Because, you know, I'm really happy with the way things have been going and I don't want any pressure put on us, and I'm sorry, and I think I already said that, and that's it.

LOGAN: What are the odds of getting out of this?

RORY: Pretty much zero.

LOGAN: Then let's do it.

RORY: Really?

LOGAN: Yeah, it won't be so bad.

RORY: Well, you are a true gentleman. [She hears a bang from Logan's end of the phone.] Oh, my God, what was that?

LOGAN: Carrier pigeon. Should have opened the window.

RORY: Not funny.

LOGAN: Kinda funny.

RORY [smiling]: Bye.

LOGAN: Bye.

LUKE'S DINER

[Luke serves Lorelai dinner.]

LUKE : Burger rare, cheddar cheese, barbecue sauce on the side.

LORELAI: Oh, hey, save Rory some lemon pie.

LUKE: Rory's coming in tonight?

LORELAI: Yeah, she's going to see Lane's band play at Positively Four Street tonight. They have the coveted three in the morning slot.

LUKE: I hear that's how Zeppelin started.

LORELAI: Yeah, her genius plan is to come home, go to bed early, set the clock for two, get up and go rock.

LUKE: Solid plan.

LORELAI: Yes, except that when the clock goes off at two, she will be dead asleep and won't hear it. I, however, will. I will then proceed to get up, drag myself downstairs, recreating a classic Zucker Brothers moment and then I'll shake her awake. She'll get up, throw on some jeans, a t-shirt, and no make-up and look like a Neutrogena ad, whereas once she leaves, I'll pass out on the couch, too exhausted to make it all the way upstairs, and in the morning I will have bags under my eyes that should have Tumi stamped on them. I love being a mom. [They see some men carrying a mannequin down the street.] Aw. Are the guys in town unusually lonely these days?

LUKE: No, they're from the museum. I think they're getting ready to close it.

LORELAI: Close it? No! Why?

LUKE: Oh, well, you know, no one was going.

LORELAI: I was going.

LUKE: Oh, well, you went once.

LORELAI: No, I was going to go again! Just as soon as the nightmares about the 'I love Jesus' mannequin subsided.

LUKE: Well, you saw it once.

LORELAI [sighs]: I guess.

[Rory enters.]

RORY: Here's your sweater, and I hope you're happy, because the saleswoman called me a name.

Where's my pie?

LORELAI: Luke! Pie!

[She pulls the sweater out of the bag and wrinkles her nose.]

LORELAI: What do we think?

RORY: It's great.

LORELAI: Huh.

RORY: No.

LORELAI: I thought it was light blue.

RORY: No, it was dark blue.

LORELAI: Oh. Did they have one that was light blue?

RORY: You are officially banned from ever shopping in New Haven again.

LORELAI: Well, thank God I have you to do it for me.

[Luke brings over Rory's pie.]

RORY: Hey, Luke. You're the only one I like around here at the moment.

LUKE: Right back at you.

LORELAI: Okay, so, other than your stylist duties, what else is going on in the life of the young and hopeful?

RORY: I'm considering taking Russian.

LORELAI: Oh, very practical. How's Logan?

RORY: He's fine. Grandma and Grandpa invited him to dinner.

LORELAI: You're kidding.

RORY: It was actually less of an invite and more of a freak-out. They heard about the dinner I went to.

LORELAI: Heard how much?

RORY: The Reader's Digest version.

LORELAI: Got it.

RORY: Apparently they've already exceeded the polite reciprocal invite window, and if he doesn't come to dinner soon, Grandma has to give back her pearls.

LORELAI: Wow. So, um, when is this dinner happening?

RORY: Three dates were proposed. Logan's picking one of them.

LORELAI: Huh. So it should be an interesting evening.

RORY: Yep. I'll take notes and pictures.

LORELAI: Cool, okay. You do that.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - RORY'S BEDROOM

[The digital clock says it is 12:30. Lorelai suddenly pounces on sleeping Rory. Rory whines.]

LORELAI: I want to go to dinner.

RORY: Where's the clock?

LORELAI: I mean, you said that I could meet Logan properly, and you know how good I am when there's food involved!

RORY: Twelve thirty!

LORELAI: I mean, is there a reason I wasn't invited?

RORY: Ah. Can't we talk about this tomorrow?

LORELAI: It is tomorrow. I just don't think it's right that they get first dibs on him. I mean, I am your mom, and we are very close, in case you haven't heard, and I should get to know him first!

RORY: Grandma and Grandpa already know him!

LORELAI: Huh! Okay, so they have a head start! Fine. But I bet they won't know him, know him like I will know him if you let me go to dinner.

RORY: I didn't think you'd want to come to dinner.

LORELAI: Why not?

RORY: Well, it's at their house, first of all, and I don't know how you feel about the Logan situation.

LORELAI: Hey, this guy is in your life and I want to know him. Don't you want me to know him?

RORY: Of course I want you to know him.

LORELAI: Okay, so -

RORY: I'd love for you to come to dinner.

LORELAI: Great! Good. You call Grandma for me. [She gets up and heads out the door.]

RORY: No way!

LORELAI [startled, turns around]: Why not?

RORY: You want to come to dinner, you call Grandma!

LORELAI: But I'm not talking to Grandma.

RORY: Well, you're going to have to talk to her if you come to dinner!

LORELAI: No, I won't.

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: No. I am there to talk to Logan. To get to know him. I mean, other than the fact that he's blond, rich and straight, I'm out.

RORY: You're not going to come to dinner and ignore Grandma.

LORELAI: I will not be ignoring her. I just don't think I'll get to her.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Well, I've heard through the grapevine that Logan is so chatty that once you get him started there's no shutting him up.

RORY: Mom, forget it. If you want to go, then you are going to have to call Grandma and tell her that you're going!

LORELAI: But -

RORY: Now, I have to get up in two hours! So, if you don't mind, beat it!

LORELAI: But -

RORY: Hey! Sleeping!

[Rory shoos Lorelai out of her room. Lorelai turns on the light as she leaves.]

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI [flips it back off]: Sorry!

STAMFORD EAGLE GAZETTE

[Rory gets off the elevator. She looks lost.]

RECEPTIONIST: Can I help you?

RORY: I was just trying to figure out if I'm in the right place.

RECEPTIONIST: Were you hoping to be in some sort of newspaper office?

RORY: Yes, I was. I'm Rory Gilmore, I'm an intern. Mitchum, uh, Mr. Huntzberger, hired me. For nothing, of course, because an intern makes nothing and they're happy to do it. I'm new.

RECEPTIONIST: Here's a temporary I.D. Sometime today, stop by and see Al Carson. He'll take a picture and give you a permanent one.

RORY: I've never had a picture I.D. before! I'll take very good care of it. Is there a fine if you lose it?

RECEPTIONIST: No fine.

RORY: Well, I still won't lose it. I promise.

RECEPTIONIST: Okay, you need to go see Harry, he deals with interns. [She presses a button on her switchboard.] Good morning, Eagle Gazette. Please hold. [She presses a button again.] Good morning, Eagle Gazette.

RORY: Uh, where do I find Harry?

RECEPTIONIST [waves her hand toward some cubicles]: I'm sorry, Mr. Wallace won't be in until this afternoon. Uh-huh.

[Rory wanders toward the cubicles, still looking very lost.]

RORY: Harry? [She waits and then, a little louder] Harry!

[A man stands up.]

HARRY: Who called Harry?

RORY [waving]: I did! I called Harry! Hi! I'm Rory Gilmore. Um, I'm an intern, I have I.D., and -

HARRY: Okay. This is basically the newsroom. Reporters, support staff over there, the composing room where we do paste-up. It's called paste-up because it used to be done with -

RORY: Scissors and paste!

HARRY: Right, but now we do it on a Mac. In that cabinet are all our back-issues. '95 to present are on CD-ROM, earlier on microfiche. If you use the microreader, make sure you turn it off, because the bulb is too hot and melts the stuff.

RORY [digging in her pockets]: Boy, I sure wish I had a pencil.

HARRY: This is Tom Firth's desk. He writes Firth Things First on the op-ed. That's Ed Rose, circulation, advertising. In case of fire, stairs are that way. This is the kitchen. Coffee, stale donuts. If you finish a pot, you make a new one.

MAN [calls from OS]: Harry!

HARRY: Be right back.

[Rory is impressed by the coffee room. She pours herself a cup, takes out her camera phone and poses by the water cooler to take a photo of herself. She hears a commotion outside the door.]

WOMAN: Is he here yet?

MAN: Huntzberger's here.

[The staff huddle around nervously.]

HARRY: Huntzberger's here.

RORY: Where?

HARRY: He's one of those guys there.

RORY: Yeah, in the middle. Striped tie.

HARRY: You know Huntzberger?

RORY: Yes.

HARRY: Really? What's he like?

RORY: Um, Episcopalian. Second of four children, oldest boy. And um, hates peas.

[A man, assumed to be the previous manager of the newspaper, is giving Mitchum a tour.]

MANAGER: This is Stan Mercer, circulation. Les Cavanaugh, city beat. Stephanie Fitz-Simmons, photo editor. And this is Patel [pause] Kandraskar. He's our resident computer whiz.

MITCHUM: Okay. Lot of people, lot of names, and I promise I'll learn some of them. [The staff laughs politely.] We'll talk more about this at the general meeting, but I want you people to understand that the Huntzberger Publishing Group isn't going to change what you do. We're going to help you do what you do better. All right, I want to get all the department heads gathered in the conference room in ten minutes. Someone make some coffee. Rory?

RORY: Yes sir?

MITCHUM: You ready to shadow me?

RORY: Yes, sir!

MITCHUM: Let's go.

[They start walking down the hall. Rory stops to set down her coffee, turns around and they are gone. She turns to Harry.]

RORY: Did you see where they went?

[Harry shrugs. Rory looks upset and takes off down one of the halls.]

DRAGONFLY INN - FRONT DESK

[Lorelai is glaring at the phone. She finally picks it up and dials a number. After one ring, Emily picks up.]

EMILY: Hello?

[Lorelai opens her mouth, but no sound comes out.]

EMILY: Hello? Who are you looking for? Did you dial the wrong number? You know, it's very rude to dial someone and then just sit there on the phone without so much as a grunt or a moan.

[Lorelai opens her mouth to speak again.]

EMILY: I mean, as far as perverted phone calls go, this is a very poor one.

LORELAI [sighs]: Mom, hello.

EMILY: Lorelai? Is Rory okay?

LORELAI: Yeah, Rory's fine.

EMILY: Did somebody die? Who died?

LORELAI: Nobody died, Mom. Everyone we know is fine.

EMILY: Then why are you calling?

LORELAI: Well, I was wondering -

EMILY: Yes.

LORELAI: I just wanted to give you a heads up that I was thinking I might come to Friday night dinner. [Pause.] Mom, hello?

EMILY: When?

LORELAI: Um, Friday night?

EMILY: This Friday night?

LORELAI: Yes.

EMILY: The night that Logan Huntzberger is coming to dinner.

LORELAI: I guess. Sure.

EMILY: Well, that's quite a coincidence, isn't it? That Logan's coming to dinner the night that you're suddenly free.

LORELAI: Well, I guess so.

EMILY: Do you really think that it's going to work this way?

LORELAI: What way?

EMILY: That you just check the itinerary and pick which Friday night dinners you'll deign to come to, and which ones you won't?

LORELAI: I am not picking. It just happened that this Friday I -

EMILY: Did you wait 'till we have a guest like the Pope for dinner and then say, oh, yes, well, now it's worth my while to have dinner with my family, I get to meet the Pope.

LORELAI: You're Protestant, Mom.

EMILY: You do not get to cherry-pick which Friday night dinners you attend. It does not work that way. It's never worked that way.

LORELAI: I wasn't cherry-picking.

EMILY: If you come to this dinner, you come to them all. That's the deal.

LORELAI: Well, I'm really not sure that I'm free every Friday night from now through eternity.

EMILY: If you come to this dinner then you come to them all. That's the deal.

LORELAI: As I said before, I'm just not sure about my schedule -

EMILY: Well, I'll tell you what. You go check that schedule of yours. If you show up on Friday night, the night that Logan Huntzberger happens to be here, then I'll assume that you've discovered that your Fridays, at least for the foreseeable future, are free. Good-bye.

[She hangs up the phone.]

STAMFORD EAGLE GAZETTE

[Mitchum and his colleagues are walking through the building, talking business. Rory is struggling to keep up.]

MITCHUM: I'm saying it's these little costs that's having you drop your hard correspondents. How much are you paying for syndicated features? You run Dear Abby, and Ann Landers, and Ask Vicky. How many different ways do the people in this community need to hear 'honey, he ain't going to change, dump his ass.'?

[Rory, several paces behind the group, takes off her heeled shoes and jogs a little bit to catch up.]

MANAGER: I'd like to get that physical plant tour in before five.

MITCHUM: Well, if we're in a holding pattern, why don't you start getting into those circulation issues?

[The other men leave Mitchum alone with Rory. He is reading a file.]

RORY: Wow. The ability to run a four minute mile would come in pretty handy right about now, huh?

MITCHUM: Sorry?

RORY: A four minute mile?

MITCHUM [looks up, confused]: I don't follow.

RORY: At Yale. Uh, track and field. You ran a four minute mile.

MITCHUM: Oh. Right.

RORY: That's fast. Four minute mile, whoosh!

MANAGER [emerging from the conference room]: Dan's going to need another ten. Why don't I take you into Ron Stone's, we'll talk some advertising.

MITCHUM: Let's do it.

[They walk into a nearby office. Rory sighs and starts to follow. The door is shut in her face. She is unsure of whether to open the door or not. Harry walks by.]

HARRY: If you're looking for Huntzberger, he went in there.

[He points at the door.]

RORY [sarcastic]: Oh, thanks.

[She hesitates on opening the door again, but decides not to. She walks into a nearby cubicle and picks up the phone. Scene cuts to Logan, working on his laptop.]

LOGAN: Hello?

RORY: Help, help, help!

LOGAN: What's the matter, Ace?

RORY: Nothing! I've just won the Spaz of the Year award. I believe it'll be on the front page of the Gazette tomorrow.

LOGAN: Oh, I'm sure it's not that bad.

RORY: I don't know what I'm supposed to do. I don't know where anybody is. I can't walk in these shoes. I got a run in my pantyhose. I ran into a file cabinet.

LOGAN: Slow down!

RORY: I didn't even know if I was supposed to go to lunch when everybody went to lunch, so I just stood in the break room for, like, forty-five minutes! And then I ate an Altoid.

LOGAN: It's the first day. It'll get better.

RORY: Your father must think I'm an idiot.

LOGAN: I'm sure he doesn't.

RORY: I need some help. I need something to say to him other than, 'yes, the bleeding stopped, thanks'.

LOGAN: Hey, I think that's pretty good.

RORY: Logan, please. Give me something. Something I can use to connect with him.

LOGAN: I don't know!

RORY: You do know. This is important to me, Logan. Please?

LOGAN [sighs]: He likes jazz, but not when it gets too experimental, and he hates when they quote My Favorite Things.

RORY: What?

LOGAN: My Favorite Things, from the Sound of Music.

RORY [writing on a notepad]: Okay. Good. Go on.

LOGAN: Uh, he lets people go at seven, but he keeps going 'till eight thirty or nine, and he notices the people who stay. He hates double talk, but he's really good at it. And, uh, he has high blood pressure so he switches to decaf after four.

RORY: That's good. That's almost something.

LOGAN: Don't worry, Ace, I'm sure you're doing fine.

RORY: I just don't want your father to be disappointed in me.

LOGAN: Rory, in order for my dad to be truly disappointed in you, your name would have to be Logan.

RORY: I'm sure that's not true.

LOGAN: Uh-huh.

RORY: Thanks, Logan.

LOGAN: Go get 'em, Ace.

[She hangs up and adds to her notes.]

LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Luke serves Lorelai a plate of food.]

LORELAI: Oh my God, this smells good. What is this?

LUKE: It's nothing. Just some soft-shelled crab amandine on a bed of wild rice.

LORELAI: Okay. There is no sentence in the English language that begins with 'it's nothing' and contains the word amandine. Happy. [Her cell phone rings.] Oh, my God, your girlfriend is so important. [She answers it.] Hello?

RICHARD: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hey, Dad.

RICHARD: Something very remarkable happened today. I got a call from someone wanting to know if I was Lorelai Gilmore's father.

LORELAI: Really?

RICHARD: Outside the context of trouble at school, that's the first time anyone's ever asked me that.

LORELAI: And why did someone ask you that?

RICHARD: Well, one of our clients is the Durham Group. Do you know them?

LORELAI: They, um, own hotels?

RICHARD: They own boutique inns. The CEO, Mike Armstrong, is good friends with Twee Silverman, who is the publisher of American Travel. It seems there's quite an article coming out about you and Sookie and your success at the Dragonfly. According to Twee, it's the cover story of the May issue.

LORELAI [troubled, to Luke]: The article's coming out! Uh, Dad, did your guy happen to talk about what's in the article?

RICHARD: I don't think he read it. Twee clued him in because she knows he's always looking for up-and-comers. Apparently, you are an up-and-comer.

LORELAI [to Luke]: I'm an up-and-comer!

RICHARD: Long story short, Lorelai, Mike Armstrong would like to take a meeting with you.

LORELAI: Why?

RICHARD: Well, he's in the inn business. I assume he wants to offer you some sort of job.

LORELAI: Dad, I have a job. Apparently you can read all about it in May.

RICHARD: He asked if you traveled much.

LORELAI: He wants to know where I go on vacation?

RICHARD: Well, he was referring to business travel. Perhaps the position involves travel. Do you travel? I wasn't really sure.

LORELAI: Well, the liquor store is a little further out than I'd like, but -

RICHARD: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Yeah, Dad. I travel. Sometimes.

RICHARD: Well, good! I'll have my secretary fax the contact information to your home fax tonight and you can call him in the morning.

LORELAI: Dad, I don't have a home fax.

RICHARD: I don't see how you can do business on this level and not have a home fax.

LORELAI: Yeah, we're all confounded by that, yes.

RICHARD: Call my office in the morning. I'm quite proud of you, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Thanks, Dad.

[She flips her phone shut.]

LORELAI: They're running the article!

LUKE: Good, I'm glad that they're running the article. I never liked that you pulled it.

LORELAI: Yes, well, if you recall, I pulled it only after I suggested my mother might have been personally responsible for global warming!

LUKE: Are you seriously worried that things might get worse between you and your mother?

LORELAI: Good point.

LUKE: So what's all this stuff about you traveling?

LORELAI: Oh, some guy my dad knows wants to offer me a job and apparently there's travel involved.

LUKE: You have a job.

LORELAI: I know, but companies like this would probably want to buy the inn and, I don't know, keep me on to manage it, or send me out as a consultant.

LUKE: Buy the inn, you just opened the inn!

LORELAI: I know.

LUKE: You don't want to sell the inn!

LORELAI: I know!

LUKE: I mean, who are these people, coming in from out of the blue with this stuff?

LORELAI: I don't know. It's just some guy who called my dad and wants to meet me.

LUKE: Well, this is crazy. You don't want to meet with this guy.

LORELAI: Luke, I'm not interested, so it doesn't matter. I have no intention of meeting with this guy. I'm happy with what I've got.

LUKE: Good.

[There is silence for a moment. Luke appears to be thinking.]

LUKE: You know what? You should meet with this guy.

LORELAI: My daughter, my sister, my daughter, my sister, my daughter -

LUKE: I'm serious. Even if you're not interested, I mean, it's good people are talking about you and your business. I mean, just take the meeting. It's - it's contacts. It's networking. Right? That's the right word, networking?

LORELAI: I think.

LUKE: Well, then you should network.

LORELAI: All right. Well, I'll think about it.

LUKE: Good, good.

LORELAI [pointing at the food]: Good.

[Luke smiles.]

ELDER GILMORE'S HOUSE

[The maid, Beatrice, is setting the table. Emily enters.]

EMILY: Beatrice.

BEATRICE: Yes, ma'am.

EMILY: Do you know what these are?

BEATRICE: Lilies.

EMILY: Fragrant lilies. Would you like to eat dinner with fragrant lilies in the room?

BEATRICE: Yes.

EMILY: Well, then you're insane! I don't know how you think my guests are supposed to enjoy their dinner with this floral reek wafting up their noses! Move them to the living room and bring the peonies in here.

BEATRICE: Yes, ma'am. Sorry, ma'am.

[She carries the flowers away. Richard enters.]

RICHARD: Everything looks lovely.

EMILY: Does it?

RICHARD: Yes, and so do you. What's on the dinner menu tonight?

EMILY [straightening his bow tie]: Roast beef. Oh, I hope Logan's not some kind of vegetarian.

RICHARD: Well, his grandfather owned ten thousand head of cattle. I sincerely doubt it. You know, I've just been thinking. The Huntzbergers will all be transferring down to Martha's Vineyard soon.

EMILY: Mid-June, every year. I'm sure Logan's there for some of that.

RICHARD: They have six acres there. It's quite a spread.

EMILY: They've held their share of functions down there, too. Graduations, parties, weddings.

RICHARD: Maybe it's time for us, Emily.

EMILY: Time for what?

RICHARD: Time to acquire an acreage. A compound for the extended family.

EMILY: A place on Cape Cod!

RICHARD: Our own Kennebunkport. Get it all ready for the next generation.

EMILY: The Cape's as good as the Vineyard for a wedding.

RICHARD: Or some would say better.

EMILY: Sandier beaches, too. Children love sandy beaches. Just love running and playing on them.

[The doorbell rings.]

RICHARD: Oh, damn. I forgot to fill the ice bucket.

EMILY: Go get, it. I'll get the door.

[They turn to go. Emily turns back.]

EMILY: Richard! Picture his blond hair and her blue eyes on a little baby!

RICHARD: Incomparable!

[Emily answers the door. It is Lorelai. Emily is visibly disappointed.]

LORELAI: Hi, Mom.

EMILY: Oh. Come in.

LORELAI: Thanks.

[She takes off her coat.]

EMILY [walking away, she calls out]: Beatrice, take my daughter's coat!

[Beatrice does.]

LORELAI [awkwardly]: Thank you.

[She follows Emily into the dining room.]

EMILY: What are you doing here?

LORELAI: I don't know, I just followed you.

EMILY: Richard, come out here and sit with Lorelai.

RICHARD [OS]: Coming!

LORELAI: Mom, it's okay. I can sit by myself.

RICHARD [enters with the ice bucket]: You need me to sit with Lorelai?

LORELAI: I'm fine. I swear. I have been sitting without any help since I was two and a half.

RICHARD: No, that's all right. I don't mind. Come along.

[They enter the living room.]

RICHARD: Please, sit. Sit.

LORELAI: There's a lot of pressure to do it right now.

RICHARD: So, did you ring Mike Armstrong?

LORELAI: I did. We have a meeting set up for tomorrow.

RICHARD: Oh, good. Good, I'm glad. Mike is very big in that business. I think you'll find him a valuable -

EMILY [OS]: Richard! I need help in here!

RICHARD: I'm sitting with Lorelai, Emily!

LORELAI: Dad, really. It's okay. I promise not to stick my finger in any sockets.

RICHARD: Well, all right. [To Emily] Here I come. What sort of help do you need, my dear?

[Lorelai sighs, alone in the living room.]

ELDER GILMORE HOUSE - OUTSIDE

[Logan and Rory get out of his car. Logan rushes around to open her car door, but she beats him to it.]

RORY: You know, you're not obligated to be polite until we're actually inside my grandparents' house.

LOGAN: Good. Allow me to use these brief moments of time to make disgusting noises with my armpits.

RORY: Oh, would you? So, this is going to be quick and painless. Believe me, my grandparents like you better than they liked Ronald Reagan.

LOGAN: Wow. High praise.

[He takes two gift wrapped boxes out of the back seat.]

RORY: What are those?

LOGAN: Hostess gifts. Never a bad idea to bring hostess gifts.

RORY: Well played, Huntzberger!

LOGAN: So what about your mom? She going to be cool?

RORY: Of course she'll be cool. She's the essence of cool. Cool's her street name. She's got it monogrammed on her towels and everything.

LOGAN: Well, if she's got it monogrammed on her towels, there's nothing to worry about.

[Rory rings the doorbell.]

RORY: What'd you bring, anyway?

LOGAN: Cigars for Richard, chocolates for Emily, and Mrs. Eleanor Shubick's silver lighter.

RORY: Huh? What's that for?

[Emily and Richard answer the door.]

EMILY: Rory! Logan, welcome!

RICHARD: Come in, come in!

RORY: Hi, Grandma!

EMILY: Hello! And our guest of honor.

RICHARD: L'invité d'honneur.

LOGAN: How are you, Richard? Emily?

EMILY: Wonderful, now.

RICHARD: Yes, wonderful.

EMILY: Oh, look at you two, you're just perfect. Aren't they perfect, Richard?

RICHARD: Perfect.

RORY: We're not perfect.

EMILY: Nonsense, you're perfect!

LOGAN: No, she's right. I've got split ends like you wouldn't believe.

[Emily and Richard laugh.]

RICHARD: And a sense of humor.

LOGAN: Emily, these are for you. A small token of my gratitude.

EMILY: Vunderschen chocolates, I absolutely adore these!

LOGAN: I picked them up last time I was in Switzerland.

EMILY: Well, aren't you clever.

LOGAN: And here's a little something for you, sir.

RICHARD: Oh, Romeo y Julietas. You are a good man, Logan Huntzberger!

EMILY: Come on, let's all go in the living room, shall we?

[Emily takes Logan's arm, and Richard takes Rory's. They enter the living room.]

EMILY: I just adore this jacket you're wearing. Isn't this a fine jacket, Richard?

RICHARD: Oh, I like how the lapels are cut. Aren't those nice lapels, Rory?

RORY: Uh, sure, Grandpa. His lapels look great.

RICHARD: Most modern tailors cut lapels too low. It's so sloppy, having one's lapels hang down around the chest like a basset hound's ears or something.

EMILY: But those are excellent.

RICHARD: Oh, they really are.

RORY [notices Lorelai]: Hi, Mom.

LORELAI: Hey, how am I sitting?

RORY: Great. Mom, you remember -

EMILY: Logan, this is Rory's mother, Lorelai. Lorelai, this is Logan Huntzberger.

LORELAI: Yes, we've met, actually. Nice to see you again, Logan.

LOGAN: Nice to see you.

EMILY: Come on, sit, sit, sit. Let's get drink orders.

RICHARD: Mm.

EMILY: Logan, what will you have?

LOGAN: McKellen neat, if you have it.

EMILY: Oh, I adore a man who drinks his scotch neat.

RICHARD: That is a fine drink indeed.

EMILY: Rory?

RORY: Just club soda.

EMILY: So demure. Isn't she demure?

LOGAN: The demurest.

RICHARD: One club soda.

EMILY: And your usual, Lorelai? A sidecar?

LORELAI: Sidecar? No.

EMILY: Isn't that your drink?

LORELAI: No, my drink is a martini. It's always been a martini.

EMILY: Really?

LORELAI: Yes. Pretty much every one of the other eight thousand times I've had a drink here it's been a martini.

EMILY: I would've sworn you were a sidecar girl.

LORELAI: Not even sure what's in a sidecar, Mom.

EMILY: Well, Richard, apparently Lorelai would like a martini.

RICHARD: Can do.

EMILY: I just can't get over those lapels.

RORY: Grandma and Grandpa are very taken with Logan's lapels.

LORELAI: They look fine to me.

EMILY: You'll have to excuse Lorelai, Logan. It takes a certain eye to be aware of this kind of thing.

RICHARD: One scotch neat, and a club soda.

LOGAN: Thank you.

RORY: Thanks, Grandpa.

RICHARD: And one martini. [He returns to the bar to make it.]

EMILY: That's with a twist, Lorelai?

LORELAI: Nope. An olive.

EMILY: In a vodka martini?

LORELAI: Not vodka, Mom. Gin. It's always been gin. Gin martini.

EMILY: Really?

LORELAI: Yes! Always!

EMILY: I don't remember that at all.

LORELAI: Uh, so. Logan. Where exactly do you live at Yale? Are you in Rory's building?

LOGAN: No, I'm at Berkeley.

LORELAI: Is that far from Rory?

LOGAN: No, I'd say it's about ninety Kropogs or so.

RICHARD: Kropogs! Did somebody say Kropogs?

EMILY [laughing]: Kropogs. Now that is clever.

[Everyone laughs.]

LORELAI: Uh, fill me in here. What's a Kropog?

LOGAN: Years ago, someone at Yale started measuring things based on the height of a kid named Kropog.

RICHARD [sitting down]: I can't believe that today's Elis are still using Kropogs. Now that is really something. Maxwell T. Kropog was his name, class of forty-four. Oh, Lorelai, I'm sorry. I forgot your drink. I made it and everything.

LORELAI: Well, you remembered now.

[Richard starts to get up.]

EMILY: No, Richard, stay, I'll get it.

RICHARD: I'm glad to hear that Kropog is still part of the Yale vernacular. Tradition is so important.

RORY: Why don't we talk about something other than Yale?

EMILY: Nonsense, there's nothing better to talk about than Yale. Because Yale men are the greatest. I dated a few Princeton men and a Harvard man back in my day, and they had nothing on Yale men.

RICHARD: They'd better not.

EMILY [handing Lorelai her drink]: Here you go, Lorelai.

[Lorelai takes the martini, looks at it, and looks back at Emily.]

LORELAI: Mom, there's an onion in here.

EMILY: Is that not what you wanted?

LORELAI: Olive. I said olive.

EMILY: Well, I heard onion.

LORELAI: Well, I said olive.

EMILY [glances at Logan and gets up]: Let me get you an olive.

LATER

[Lorelai sadly holds her empty martini glass.]

EMILY: And the racquets have changed too. Honestly, the people at the club must have thought I was there to play badminton when I showed up with my old wooden thing.

LOGAN: Oh, you have to get a new racquet, Emily. The materials available today make all the difference.

RICHARD: I told her the same thing.

LOGAN: I know this guy, he's one of the top manufacturers of ceramic racquets. Pete Sampras loves them. I could totally set you up.

EMILY: Did you hear that, Richard? Logan can set me up!

RICHARD: Well, how about that!

BEATRICE [entering]: Dinner is ready, Mrs. Gilmore.

RICHARD: Well, shall we?

EMILY: I'm just going to pop into the kitchen to check on a thing or two. Richard, will you come carve the roast?

RICHARD: Certainly.

LORELAI: Is there going to be alcohol with dinner, Mom?

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: You know, booze? 'Cause I haven't been able to get even a Kropog of gin since that first drink.

RICHARD: A Kropog is a unit of distance, Lorelai. Not volume.

EMILY: And there'll be wine with the meal. There's always wine with the meal, Lorelai! Honestly! You're acting as if you've never been here.

[Emily and Richard walk out.]

LORELAI: Sorry. Just wasn't sure.

[Rory, Logan and Lorelai stare awkwardly at the table.]

LOGAN: Roast. Sounds good.

RORY: It does.

LORELAI: Yeah. Who doesn't like a good roast?

[They get up to go into the dining room. Lorelai goes ahead, but is still within earshot. Logan holds Rory back.]

RORY: What are you doing?

LOGAN: A little Life and Death Brigade business. Every time we're in a rich person's house we take a knick-knack. Then I leave the knick-knack I took from the last rich person's house. I've been doing this up and down the eastern seaboard for years.

[He picks up a small box from a table, replaces it with the lighter from his pocket, and takes the box. Lorelai sees this, and disapproves, but goes into the living room without saying anything.]

RORY: Logan, no.

LOGAN: Trust me. They never notice.

RORY [smiling]: You're crazy!

LOGAN: It's fun to be crazy.

[They join Lorelai in the dining room.]

RORY [referring to the chairs on the side of the table]: Grandma probably wants us here.

EMILY [entering]: All right, the salads will be out in just a moment. Everybody, sit.

[Emily walks around the table, then stops, staring at the living room.]

EMILY: Wait a minute.

RICHARD: What's wrong, Emily?

EMILY [walking into the living room]: Well, I don't know. Wait. My antique sewing box! It's missing!

RICHARD: Well, that can't be.

EMILY: It is! It's gone! Was it here during drinks?

RICHARD: Well, I can't say that I noticed.

[Beatrice approaches.]

EMILY: You, hovering there! What do you know about this?

BEATRICE: Ma'am?

EMILY: My antique sewing box. Did you move it somewhere?

BEATRICE: No.

EMILY: And yet it's not here. Do you have any explanation as to why it's not here, Beatrice?

LORELAI [from the table]: I'm sure it's just a mix-up, Mom.

EMILY: And - what's this? What's this lighter? Richard, is this from the pool house?

[Lorelai glares across the table at Logan.]

RICHARD: Well, I don't recognize it, but, well, you never know. One of the guys might have left it after a poker game.

EMILY: Well, Beatrice. I don't know what to say. I almost feel like I should go through the whole house and make sure nothing else has been misplaced.

LORELAI: Mom, I found it.

EMILY [not hearing her]: However, we have company and I don't want to be rude.

[Lorelai holds out her hand to Logan. He hesitates, and then gives her the box.]

EMILY: Let's just leave it for later and then you and I will have a very serious discussion.

LORELAI: Mom, I found it!

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: Yeah, here it is.

EMILY: Really? Where was it?

LORELAI: Behind the centerpiece. I guess the flowers kind of hid it.

EMILY: Behind the centerpiece?

[Beatrice sees the box, and smiles.]

EMILY: What on earth are you smiling about?

BEATRICE: I'm just glad you found it.

EMILY: Would you please go into the kitchen and bring out the salad course? [Beatrice leaves. Emily sits down.] Rory, Logan, I'm so sorry.

RICHARD: Well, never a dull moment, as we say.

EMILY: Ah, here we are. Avocado salad with beet dressing.

[Beatrice serves the salad.]

RICHARD: Oh, wonderful. I'm starving.

[Lorelai, Logan and Rory exchange looks. Rory looks ashamed, Lorelai looks angry and Logan looks defiant.]

LATER

[Dessert and coffee time.]

LOGAN: Believe me, Rory's the real star at the Yale Daily News. People hate her.

EMILY: They hate you?

RORY: I'm not hated. Am I hated?

LOGAN: She's had more pieces printed above the fold this year than anyone.

RICHARD: Well, you are both enormously talented. Because if you have one tenth of your father's ability, young man, you are going to go straight to the top.

EMILY: A power couple. That's what you are.

RICHARD: We were thrilled to hear that Rory is going to be working with your father, Logan.

RORY: I'm not really working with him. Just near him, more like.

LOGAN: She's knocking them dead over there. Now if I can just get her to relax.

RORY: I relax.

EMILY: Speaking of relaxation, does your family still have their place on Martha's Vineyard?

LOGAN: I think they bought it from Martha. They're not giving that up. It's not going anywhere.

EMILY: It's lovely in the vineyard. A few years ago, Richard and I attended a wedding there. I thought there could be no more gorgeous a spot for a wedding.

LOGAN: It's beautiful.

EMILY: But then we went to one on Cape Cod and it was wonderful too. Either place would be good for a wedding, don't you think?

[Lorelai glares.]

LOGAN: Sure, I've been to weddings at the Cape myself.

EMILY: So you like Cape Cod?

LOGAN: Yes.

EMILY: We like Cape Cod.

RICHARD [nodding]: Mm.

LOGAN: Great.

EMILY: And I know Rory would like Cape Cod.

RORY: I like what I've seen in pictures.

EMILY: You two would look awfully cute in Cape Cod.

[Logan grins.]

LORELAI: Mom, did you get a job at the Cape Cod chamber of commerce?

EMILY: No. [To Logan] There are a lot of kids in your family, aren't there?

LOGAN: Yeah. The extended family's been pretty busy procreating lately.

RICHARD: They have, have they?

EMILY: Do you like kids?

LOGAN: Sure.

EMILY: Kids love Cape Cod.

LORELAI: I think internships are a Communist plot.

RICHARD: What?

LORELAI: Forcing someone to work without pay? It's a little Pinko, isn't it? I mean, where's Roy Cohn when you need him?

EMILY: Have you lost your mind?

LORELAI [shaking her head around]: No, no. It's still sloshing around up there.

EMILY: Would you like another apple, Rory?

RORY: Oh, no thanks. They were really good, though.

EMILY: How about you, Logan? Apple?

LOGAN: Thank you, but I don't think I could eat another thing, and unfortunately we should be going. I have an early day tomorrow.

EMILY: Oh, Logan, an early day. I'm so sorry we kept you.

LOGAN: I wish I could stay longer.

EMILY: An early day is an early day. Beatrice, get their coats.

[Everyone gets up.]

LOGAN: I had a wonderful time. Thank you so much.

RORY: Yes, thank you, Grandma and Grandpa. It was great.

EMILY: Of course. We had a wonderful time too.

RORY [hugs Lorelai]: Bye, Mom.

LORELAI: Bye, hon. Goodnight, Logan. [They shake hands.]

LOGAN: Nice to see you again.

LORELAI: Nice seeing you again, too. I hope we can all do this -

EMILY: Lorelai, don't keep them. Logan has an early day tomorrow.

LORELAI: Sorry.

[Emily and Richard walk Rory and Logan to the door. Lorelai stays in the dining room. She sits at the table and leans her head in her hands.]

EMILY [OS]: Now, I'm going to hold you to your promise about that tennis racquet.

LOGAN [OS]: Oh, absolutely. I'll call you this week, or maybe I'll just sh**t you an e-mail.

EMILY [OS]: sh**t me an e-mail. That is so clever.

RICHARD [OS]: That's good business sense, too. You have to utilize the latest technology or you'll fall behind.

[The door opens.]

EMILY [OS]: Now, would you look at that! What a cunning little car! I adore sports coupes.

RICHARD [OS]: Fine parking job, too.

[Lorelai rolls her eyes.]

RORY [OS]: Well, good bye, Grandma and Grandpa.

LOGAN [OS]: Thanks again.

EMILY [OS]: Good night, you two. Drive safe!

[They return to the dining room.]

EMILY: More coffee, Lorelai?

LORELAI: No. Thank you.

[Emily and Richard sit down. Lorelai looks at Emily.]

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: Um, nothing. Just on those National Geographic shows, people are so sweaty after a mating ritual. But you two are powder dry.

EMILY: What on earth are you talking about?

LORELAI: They're just kids, and they're still figuring things out, and they don't need you two dropping all these heavy-handed hints about weddings and babies and Cape Cod.

EMILY: You should be thrilled by this match, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Well, who says I'm not thrilled?

RICHARD: Well, you're not acting very thrilled.

LORELAI: I'm annoyed at you. That's why. Putting all this pressure on them? They are in their early twenties, for God's sake.

EMILY: You are letting your own personal tastes cloud your judgment of this boy. He is perfect for Rory, and you don't see it!

LORELAI: This is not about my personal taste!

EMILY: You're uncomfortable around people like Logan. He's not your type. That's well documented.

LORELAI: Oh, that was a nice not-so-subtle dig at Luke.

EMILY: Luke?

RICHARD: Who said anything about Luke?

EMILY: You're very sensitive tonight.

LORELAI: I'm not sensitive. It's just you're busy marrying Rory off into a family that wasn't even nice to her!

RICHARD: Who wasn't nice to her?

LORELAI: The Huntzbergers. She went over there for dinner and they treated her like trash.

RICHARD: I highly doubt that.

LORELAI: Well, they did!

RICHARD: If the Huntzbergers were so horrible to Rory, why on earth did Mitchum give her a very valuable internship?

LORELAI: He was buying her off.

RICHARD: So, the internship was like hush money?

LORELAI: Yes!

RICHARD: There's no money! It's an unpaid position!

LORELAI: It's a figure of speech.

RICHARD: Rory got this internship by making a contact. In a way, similar to me setting you up with Mike Armstrong. Is there something wrong with that?

LORELAI: No.

RICHARD: I concur.

LORELAI: There is still something wrong with this internship.

EMILY: My God, you're paranoid.

LORELAI: I am not paranoid! And Logan did not have an early day!

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: What twenty-two year old has an early day on a Saturday?

EMILY: Why are you so hell-bent on derailing this match?

RICHARD: They're perfect for each other!

LORELAI: Okay, that word, perfect, he is not. I mean, no one is, okay, but especially him! I mean, at your wedding, I caught him and Rory in the back room [she hesitates] uh, kissing.

[Emily and Richard do not look concerned.]

LORELAI [with emphasis]: Kissing.

RICHARD: You have something against kissing?

EMILY: I never thought of you as a prude.

RICHARD: Paranoid, not a prude.

LORELAI: He stole your sewing box.

EMILY: The sewing box is sitting on the table in the living room, Lorelai.

LORELAI: No, no. He's just a -

RICHARD: Are we done here?

LORELAI: No!

RICHARD: Good. I have a call to make. You might want that cup of coffee. Clear your head a bit before you drive home. [He leaves the table.]

EMILY: Or maybe you've just had one too many sidecars. [She leaves.]

STAMFORD EAGLE GAZETTE

[Rory waits by the elevator. It opens. Rory walks confidently along with Mitchum and the manager

MANAGER: So it's not necessarily a diminishment of personnel.

MITCHUM: No, that's the advantage of using crewed reporting through the whole syndicate. By sharing the resources, you're going to have more options. With more options, you're going to be less reliant on the wire services. People will only read so many flatly written wire stories before they catch on and start reading something else, or worse, turn on the T.V.

RORY [holds out a cup]: Coffee?

MITCHUM [glances at his watch]: Uh -

RORY: It's decaf.

MITCHUM: Oh. Well, thank you. [He takes a sip.] It's good. All right, let's take a look at that

editorial budget.

[The group walks into a meeting room. Rory stands outside.]

MITCHUM [OS]: What are you waiting for, Gilmore, an engraved invitation?

[Rory smiles and enters the meeting.]

SOOKIE'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Sookie are sampling Manny's cooking. They each take a bite.]

SOOKIE: Good!

LORELAI: Very good!

SOOKIE: I'd say it's a nine.

LORELAI: Nine plus.

SOOKIE: What would make it a ten?

LORELAI: Another half a point.

SOOKIE [giggles]: Lemon juice and a handful of parsley.

LORELAI: Yes. A tart fresh taste.

SOOKIE [calls into the kitchen]: Manny, try a little lemon juice and parsley!

MANNY: Okay!

LORELAI: How long are you going to have him working here?

SOOKIE: Well, with that fancy pants article coming out about us, I want to make sure that the food stays top-notch.

LORELAI: You know, Mike Armstrong called again.

SOOKIE: Really? That's the second time since the meeting, isn't it?

LORELAI: Yeah. He's, like, open to any option. Buying the inn, or just investing in the inn -

SOOKIE: We'd have money again. Remember what it was like to have money?

LORELAI: He'd be keeping us on to run it. We could consult. We could travel around the world telling other people how to run their inns -

SOOKIE: We could be bossy. Oh, we could travel and be bossy!

LORELAI: He mentioned the south of France. Apparently they're making a huge investment there and they have a need for people like us.

SOOKIE: I can picture us in the south of France, oh, topless!

LORELAI: At work?

SOOKIE: No. We're on the beach.

LORELAI: Much more appropriate.

SOOKIE: And the casinos, oh, and the cheese!

LORELAI: You know, my dad traveled all over the world for work, which drove my mom crazy, which was a little perk. But he would always say things like 'I'll be back from Düsseldorf on Friday'. And when I was a kid, I always wanted to say 'I'll be back from Düsseldorf on Friday'!

SOOKIE: Oh, that would be great. To get into all those famous kitchens I've always read about.

LORELAI: We'd have expense accounts and travel luggage. It'd be exciting, huh?

SOOKIE: Yeah, it would!

[They smile at each other.]

SOOKIE: But, I can't do that. I have Davey and little No-name here, and Jackson. Jackson wouldn't want to go topless in France.

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: My life is here.

LORELAI: Yeah, sure.

SOOKIE: But you could go.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: Your kid's in college. You're young. You love to travel. You look amazing topless. [She giggles.] You could go. I mean, what's stopping you?

LORELAI: Well -

SOOKIE: Oh! Snap peas! Snap peas would be good in this! [She squeals.] Manny, snap peas!

MANNY [OS]: Snap peas.

SOOKIE: Snap peas. Yeah.

[Lorelai smiles.]

END