

# Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

Thousands of current or popular TV shows and movie transcripts for online research and education.  
<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/>

## 03x02 - Haunted Leg

<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/viewtopic.php?t=4928>

### 03x02 - Haunted Leg

by **destinyros2005**

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

Posted: **10/13/02 17:36**

3.02 - Haunted Leg

written by Amy Sherman-Palladino

directed by Chris Long

OPEN AT ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai, Rory, and Emily are sitting in the living room]

RORY: Well, this is nice, isn't it? [pause] So, Grandma, Grandpa is traveling again, huh?

EMILY: Yes, he is.

RORY: Business must be good.

EMILY: Seems to be.

RORY: That's great. Isn't that great, Mom?

LORELAI: A jig is forthcoming.

RORY: Mom's business is great, too. I mean, not that it's without its problem, you know, but they're usually funny problems. . .like, um. . .oh! Mom, why don't you tell Grandma about the mouse?

EMILY: What mouse?

RORY: Mom?

LORELAI: There's a mouse at the inn.

EMILY: Is the place dirty?

LORELAI: No, it's just surrounded by this thing called nature and. . .mice happen.

EMILY: Mice carry diseases, you know.

LORELAI: It's a tiny little field mouse, Mom.

EMILY: I don't care how big it is, it's still a rodent.

LORELAI: Let's just change the subject, shall we?

EMILY: You should set a trap.

LORELAI: Got it covered.

EMILY: Just make sure you don't use poison.

LORELAI: Got it covered.

EMILY: They will eat the poison and then go into the walls and die, decompose, and the entire place will smell.

LORELAI: I've got it covered, but thanks.

EMILY: I just have to say, I don't know why you're the one sitting here with an attitude. I'm the one who should be mad.

LORELAI: Let's not do this, okay Mom?

EMILY: After all, you're the one who just walked out of here last week without saying a word.

LORELAI: Because I couldn't get a word in.

EMILY: Your father and I were shocked and upset.

LORELAI: So what else is new?

EMILY: You didn't give us five minutes to digest the news.

LORELAI: Please, find the off switch.

EMILY: You simply dumped it on us and walked out. I hardly think that's fair.

LORELAI: Mom, it doesn't matter. It's over. Let's just move on, okay? We came here to have a nice evening, so. . .come on, let's have it. [picks up the newspaper from the coffee table]

RORY: Something smells good.

EMILY: Braised lamb shank.

RORY: Oh, braised lamb shank! I love a lamb shank when it is braised.

LORELAI: Oh my God.

EMILY: Reading in front of other people is extremely rude, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Shauna Christy shot her husband.

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: Shauna Christy, you remember Shauna Christy.

EMILY: Yes, I remember Shauna Christy, she was a lovely girl.

LORELAI: Well, apparently this lovely girl came home to find her husband giving the nanny a nice little bonus package. And they say good help is hard to find.

EMILY: That's just gossip.

LORELAI: Gossip? The man was shot thirty-five times. He looks like a sprinkler system.

EMILY: I can't believe this. Shauna was always such a nice girl. She was bright, cultured, well-spoken.

LORELAI: And apparently a big Annie Oakley fan.

EMILY: This is not funny, the woman committed a crime.

LORELAI: Okay, fine.

EMILY: This is a tragedy.

LORELAI: My bad, sorry.

EMILY: A man is dead, a young woman ruined.

LORELAI: Consider the subject dropped.

EMILY: At least she had a husband to k\*ll.

LORELAI: This is nice, isn't it?

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting at a table; Lorelai sneezes]

RORY: Bless you.

LORELAI: Thank you. Ugh, I hate having a cold.

RORY: I know you do.

LORELAI: Ugh, it's bad enough being sick, but anybody can have a cold.

RORY: I know they can.

LORELAI: I mean, I'd like to have a good illness, something different, impressive. Just once I'd like to be able to say, "Yeah, I'm not feeling so good, my leg is haunted."

RORY: See, there's a reason why you only take one packet of TheraFlu at a time.

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

[Luke brings their food]

LUKE: All right, pancakes, one fried egg, side of bacon. Chicken noodle soup, side of mashed potatoes.

RORY: Thanks, Luke.

LORELAI: Thanks.

LUKE: How's the cold coming?

LORELAI: It's fine.

LUKE: Any better?

LORELAI: It's fine.

LUKE: It's the third day in a row you've ordered soup for breakfast.

LORELAI: Oh, thanks for the tally.

LUKE: You know what helps get rid of a cold?

LORELAI: Endless vague questioning first thing in the morning?

LUKE: A healthy immune system.

LORELAI: My second guess.

LUKE: And you know how you get a healthy immune system?

LORELAI: Remember when you hated me? That was fun, wasn't it?

LUKE: Is it eating nothing but crap all day and blowing out your brain cells with coffee?

RORY: No.

LUKE: That's right, no.

LORELAI: Why are you helping him?

RORY: No seemed like the right answer.

LUKE: Eat a vegetable now and then, maybe some high fiber cereal in the morning.

LORELAI: Listen, Grandpa, my soup's getting cold.

LUKE: At least eat the carrots in the soup this time, not just the noodles.

LORELAI: I promise.

[Luke walks away; Lorelai holds her bowl of soup toward Rory]

LORELAI: Eat my carrots.

RORY: Apparently, maturity is extremely overrated in your universe.

LORELAI: That's right. The Empress Bobo Belle forbids it. Eat.

[Jess' girlfriend Shane walks up to Jess at the counter]

SHANE: Hey.

JESS: Hey.

[they kiss]

SHANE: So?

JESS: One sec.

SHANE: Jess.

JESS: Relax. I'm out. Let's go.

SHANE: Okay.

[they leave]

LORELAI: Ladies and gentlemen, an entire conversation in ten words or less.

RORY: A true meeting of the minds.

[Dean walks up to their table]

DEAN: Okay, so, uh, please don't hate me, but I already ate breakfast.

RORY: See, nice full sentences.

DEAN: What?

LORELAI: Don't ruin it.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai and Michel are looking into the fireplace]

LORELAI: You're sure?

MICHEL: Positive. It ran right across the lobby and into the fireplace.

LORELAI: I don't see it.

MICHEL: Well, it must've found a hole to crawl into.

LORELAI: We cannot have this mouse running around the inn. Customers will freak.

MICHEL: Well, tell them it's a baby. People love babies. They'll talk to it in funny voices.

LORELAI: Did you call an exterminator?

MICHEL: Why, no, what a wonderful idea. I was actually going to fasten a large wedge of cheese to my head and lay on the ground until Mickey gets hungry and decides to crawl out and snack on my face.

LORELAI: When does he get here?

MICHEL: He said we were the first stop.

LORELAI: What do we do until then?

MICHEL: Make cat sounds?

[Kirk walks into the inn carrying a package]

KIRK: Excuse me, Lorelai?

LORELAI: Oh, hey Kirk. Hold on a sec. [to Michel] Just stand here and make sure it doesn't come out.

MICHEL: Oh, goody, a promotion.

LORELAI: [walks over to Kirk] Hi Kirk. What can I do for ya?

KIRK: I have a delivery for Sookie.

LORELAI: Oh, well, anything good?

KIRK: No, just some wedding photos.

LORELAI: Great. Well, she stepped out for a minute, but I'll take them to her. I swear, I'll give them to her. If you want, I'll leave and find her and then I'll give them to her.

KIRK: No, that won't be necessary.

LORELAI: Okay, well. . .

KIRK: Uh, Lorelai, can I speak to you for a moment?

LORELAI: Oh, sure.

KIRK: Could we sit?

LORELAI: Sit. . .sure, let's sit. [they sit down on the sofa] Is everything okay?

KIRK: Okay?

LORELAI: Yes.

KIRK: With me?

LORELAI: Yes.

KIRK: Well, my mother has developed a condition □ makes her knees enormous. Yesterday I spent all morning cutting holes in her pants so she could sit, but other than that and the dyspeptic parrot problem, everything is fine.

LORELAI: Well, good, I'm glad. Okay, well, um, I'm gonna □

KIRK: I was just wondering . . .

LORELAI: Yes. . .wondering what?

KIRK: We've known each other for a good amount of time now. Our, uh, paths have crossed professionally and socially a number of times, all with relatively pleasant results, and well, I was just wondering if you would like to have dinner with me?

LORELAI: Oh.

KIRK: In two weeks.

LORELAI: Two weeks?

KIRK: I heard you have a cold. I think two weeks is enough time to ensure the virus is out of your system.

LORELAI: Well, Kirk, I ▯

KIRK: You don't have to answer me right away. I know that this is completely out of the blue for you. Take a few days and think about it. [starts walking toward the door]

LORELAI: Kirk, wait.

KIRK: By the way, I think you might be the prettiest girl I've ever seen. . .outside of a really filthy magazine.

LORELAI: Thank you.

[Kirk leaves; Lorelai walks past Michel]

LORELAI: Don't.

MICHEL: I am doing nothing. Ben, however, has dropped dead from laughter.

CUT TO RORY'S BEDROOM

[Rory wakes up and sees Lorelai sitting in a chair staring at her]

RORY: How long have you been sitting there?

LORELAI: Not long. An hour. . .and a half.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: Because.

RORY: ▯Cause why?

LORELAI: Because today is the last first day of high school you're ever gonna have.

RORY: You're insane.

LORELAI: I'm not insane, I'm just sentimental, and you're grown.

RORY: I'm not grown.

LORELAI: Yes, you are, you're all grown up and soon you'll be going off into the world.

RORY: Not yet.

LORELAI: But soon. And after you spread those wings and fly away, I won't have the opportunity to give you this.

[Lorelai hands her a piece of paper]

RORY: What is it?

LORELAI: It's your bill.

RORY: My what?

LORELAI: Yeah. I've been crunching the numbers, you know, adding up what you've cost me over the years □ raising you, clothing you, feeding you, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

RORY: Mmhmm.

LORELAI: Yes, I've itemized everything here by years and income ratio. I thought you could factor it into your student loan.

RORY: Oh boy.

LORELAI: One thing that's painfully obvious here □ you've used an extraordinary number of diapers.

RORY: I'm gonna go take a shower.

LORELAI: Really, it's cost a fortune. What were you using all those diapers for?

RORY: I was building my □make Mommy go away' castle.

LORELAI: All right, you got home too late last night and I didn't get a chance to talk to you.

RORY: I got home at ten and you were already asleep.

LORELAI: Well, I was trying to watch The Legend of Bagger Vance again.

RORY: Okay, what did I miss?

LORELAI: Okay. Kirk asked me out.

RORY: Shut up!

LORELAI: Yesterday he came to the inn and asked me to dinner.

RORY: That's so sweet.

LORELAI: Sweet?

RORY: You should wear your dress with the ponies on it. I bet he likes ponies.

LORELAI: Rory, I cannot go out with Kirk.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: Uh huh. . .why? He's. . .he's Kirk!

RORY: Well, as long as he loves you.

LORELAI: You are not serious.

RORY: I just want you to be happy.

LORELAI: "Hello Headmaster Charleston, this is my stepfather Kirk. Please don't make any sudden movements, he's a fear biter."



RORY: Okay, so how will you let him down?

LORELAI: I don't know. That's why I needed to talk to you, you're the nice one in the family.

RORY: Well, you could just tell him the truth. You could tell him that you're not interested in dating him and that you just wanna be friends.

LORELAI: That sounds so lame.

RORY: You could tell him you're involved with someone.

LORELAI: Yeah, because my current karma is so great in that area, I can really afford to jinx it with that kind of lie □ no!

RORY: Okay, then you figure it out.

LORELAI: All right. . .we're gonna have to move.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Take off in the middle of the night, leave everything behind, assume different identities. I'll join a local community theater and I'll drive you to soccer. It'll work for many years until the FBI comes to get me, and by that time, you're on your own.

RORY: I don't play soccer.

LORELAI: You do now.

[they walk into the kitchen; as they start getting out stuff for breakfast, Rory laughs.]

LORELAI: Stop!

RORY: It's funny.

LORELAI: It's not funny, it's bad! I have to see this guy. He works at every business in town, I can't get away from him!

RORY: Well, then you should marry him and move in with his mother.

LORELAI: I'll handle it myself, thank you very much.

RORY: Sorry, just trying to help.

LORELAI: So you have your swearing in ceremony today.

RORY: At three, do not be late.

LORELAI: I will not be late.

RORY: Okay, I have something to tell you.

LORELAI: Is it about Vince Foster?

RORY: It's about Grandma.

LORELAI: Oops.

RORY: She's coming today.

LORELAI: No!

RORY: Mom, I'm sorry. She found out about it, she called. . .

LORELAI: And you said yes?

RORY: She's my grandmother.

LORELAI: So?

RORY: So what am I supposed to say?

LORELAI: Say "Sorry, Grandma, but if my mother sees you, she'll run screaming down the hall."

RORY: You'll be sitting there listening to the ceremony, you hardly have to talk at all.

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: Hey, we are family.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, look how great that worked out for Sister Sledge.

RORY: I'm gonna go take a shower. You'll be pouting out here when I'm done?

LORELAI: No, I gotta go to work. I'll see you this afternoon.

RORY: At three.

LORELAI: There goes my little vice president, off to rule the world.

RORY: Well, Paris will be ruling the world. I will be holding her keys.

LORELAI: I'm still proud of you.

RORY: I appreciate it.

LORELAI: Honey, you have power, brains, now all you need is a dimwitted, drunken or drug-addicted relative to constantly humiliate you while you serve in office.

RORY: Will you work on that for me?

LORELAI: Two steps ahead of you.

CUT TO CHILTON

[Rory is standing in the hallway as Lorelai runs up to her]

LORELAI: Ah, time?

RORY: 3:01.

LORELAI: No, oh man, not fair, stupid traffic lights!

RORY: That's okay, it doesn't start until 3:15.

LORELAI: But I so tried to . . . you lied to me.

RORY: Did I?

LORELAI: You said it was at three, and it's at three-fifteen.

RORY: Well, I guess I did.

LORELAI: Ah! That's it, I'm standing up in the middle of your speech and demanding a recount.

RORY: Shall we seat you?

LORELAI: Betrayed, lied to and humiliated.

[they walk into the auditorium]

RORY: Well, get used to it □ I am in politics now.

LORELAI: Hey, where's, uh. . .

RORY: She's not here yet.

LORELAI: You told her the real time, didn't you?

RORY: Well, Grandma can handle structure. How's this?

LORELAI: Fine.

RORY: Okay, great. You can sit there and you can put your purse on that chair to save it for Grandma.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, great idea.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Fine, yeah, saving the seat. [sits down and puts her purse on the chair next to her] There, all saved.

RORY: Thank you. Now, I'll meet right outside afterwards, okay?

LORELAI: Okay. I just want you to remember three things while you're sitting up there: I love you, you're the greatest kid in the world, and you're in a skirt, keep your knees closed.

RORY: Bye.

LORELAI: Hey, this is good advice. When I was in school, Linda Lee was class treasurer and she could not keep her knees closed if they were magnetized. Hanes should've given her an endorsement deal.

[Rory walks away; Lorelai takes her purse off the seat next to her and holds it on her lap...then puts it back on the chair...then picks it back up again. She's about to put it back on the chair when Emily walks up]

EMILY: Lorelai!

LORELAI: Hi Mom.

EMILY: [sits down] You could've put your handbag there to save my seat, you know.

[cut to Headmaster Charleston at the podium on stage]

HEADMASTER: Ladies and Gentlemen, I welcome you. Assemblies like this are always happy ones for me, initiating in a new group of school leaders. Chilton's always prided itself on the quality of its student government, and this year we may have outdone ourselves. These young men and women up on this stage represent the best and the brightest of what this school has to offer. Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to present to you your student body government of 2003. [applause]

[cut to later in the ceremony]

RORY: [at podium] . . . a larger awareness of the world around us. Problems that not only face us here at school but will face us when we leave school, and more importantly, will face the next generation that follows us. We must learn that our actions have consequences, that someone else will have to clean up our mess. We need to figure out how to make that mess a little smaller. If a small fraction of these things can be accomplished this year, then I will feel like our administration has done its job. Thank you. [applause]

[cut to later in the ceremony]

PARIS: [at podium] In the past, all great empires have fallen. The feeling seems to be that it's inevitable □ that something like what the Romans built could not last. Maybe they're right. Maybe there is no way of keeping something that big and prosperous permanently. Maybe there is no way of keeping our legacy from becoming obsolete. Well, I intend to fly in the face of such thinking, and damn it, I will succeed. I certainly don't wanna come back here twenty years from now on Alumni's Night and find this place turned into a high priced charm school, pink and white with big cheerleading megaphones painted on the walls. I wouldn't be able to take it. I would have to dismantle the place stone by stone with my bare hands. . .

[cut to later in the ceremony]

ALL STUDENTS ON STAGE: I have faith in the Chilton Handbook, so let it be forever.

HEADMASTER: Congratulations and good luck. [applause]

CUT TO HALLWAY

[Lorelai and Emily are waiting outside the auditorium.]

EMILY: Is Rory coming out?

LORELAI: That's what she said. It was a nice ceremony.

EMILY: Yes, it was.

LORELAI: Long.

EMILY: Very long.

LORELAI: The longest.

EMILY: Lorelai □

RORY: [walking up to them] Hey. You're both here.

LORELAI: Yeah, we're here.

EMILY: Of course we're here. We wouldn't have missed it for the world. You looked wonderful up there, Rory.

LORELAI: Yeah, good job with the knees.

RORY: Thank you. I'm gonna run to my locker and get my backpack, then we can go.

LORELAI: I'll be here.

RORY: Bye Grandma. [walks away]

LORELAI: You know, you don't have to wait, Mom, if you have things to do.

EMILY: Oh. . .well, all right. [starts to walk away, then turns back] Lorelai, I was wondering if we could have lunch.

LORELAI: Lunch?

EMILY: Yes, just the two of us.

LORELAI: Oh, well □

EMILY: Tomorrow would be good for me.

LORELAI: Tomorrow, lunch tomorrow, lunch with you tomorrow. . .

EMILY: We can do it anywhere you'd like. Perhaps at that Luke's Diner you two seem to love so much.

LORELAI: Lunch □ at Luke's □ with you? Wow, I can't even put the visual together.

EMILY: I can meet you there at one.

LORELAI: One? Well □

EMILY: If one isn't good, you pick a time. I'll make it work.

LORELAI: All right. One o'clock at Luke's.

EMILY: Wonderful. I'll see you then.

CUT TO CHILTON CAFETERIA

[Several students are sitting at a table as Paris walks around them talking]

PARIS: Look, let's face it, the last administration might have just as well been running around yelling '□Toga!' for all the brilliant things they accomplished. But this year □ everything changes, starting with the library. It's completely out of proportion with its subjects. I mean, there's five hundred volumes on the French Revolution, yet only three on the Crusades. How do they expect us

to get a decent education with inferior resources like that? Huh, seems like the hour's almost up. Okay, well, I think this has been an extremely successful first gathering. I appreciate all the class presidents coming and being on time. So before I adjourn this meeting, is there anything anyone would like to say?

RORY: People's names might have been nice.

FRANCIE: Actually, I have something I'd like to put on the table to be discussed.

PARIS: Oh, okay. Well, we only have a couple of minutes, so give us the Reader's Digest version.

FRANCIE: As president of the senior class, a certain problem has been brought to my attention. For the past thirty years, the Chilton regulations have stated that skirts must be no higher than three-quarters of an inch above the knee, that's it. Any higher, the student gets written up. I propose to put to an immediate vote an amendment to raise hemlines an additional inch and a half.

PARIS: Hemlines?

FRANCIE: That's right.

PARIS: That's the major issue on the senior class' mind?

FRANCIE: It's one of the major issues, yes.

PARIS: Well, okay ▯ thank you, Francie, for giving us something really important to mull over here. I anticipate a lot of sleepless nights for many of the people in this room. I will take that under advisement and get back to you as soon as I can.

FRANCIE: Oh, okay, fine. Thanks.

PARIS: Now, if that's it, I officially call the first meeting of the Chilton student body presidents to a close. I'll see you all Friday. [bangs gavel on the table]

GIRL: What idiot gave her a gavel?

[Rory walks up to Paris]

RORY: Okay, see, the whole point of having an informal 'get to know you' gathering was actually to have an informal 'get to know you' gathering.

PARIS: What's your point?

RORY: You just spent an hour walking around talking about your agenda.

PARIS: I'm student body president ▯ that's my job.

RORY: But we got donuts, and we didn't touch the donuts. The donuts are still sitting next to the coffee that we never passed out. We were supposed to spend this time to talk, bond, get to know each other.

PARIS: Geez, Rory, we've been sitting in a room together for sixty minutes ▯ what else do you want, a ring?

FRANCIE: Hi. Excuse me, Paris? I just wanted to say on behalf of the entire senior class, congratulations on your win and I'm really looking forward to working very closely with you this year.

PARIS: Thanks.

FRANCIE: Okay. See you later. Bye Rory. You two are gonna make a great team. [leaves]

PARIS: Yes, the jerseys are coming on Friday. [to Rory] Okay, I'm gonna drop the demand for the librarian's resignation tonight. You wanna read it before I send it?

RORY: Are you sure the first thing you wanna do in office is to get a ninety-three year old woman sacked?

PARIS: Hey, at least I'm not putting her on an iceberg and shoving her off to sea, which considering the fact that you can't find the Shakespeare section without psychic powers yet the Cliffs Notes rack practically smacks you in the face on the way in, is totally justified.

RORY: And we're off.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Sookie walks up to Lorelai in the lobby]

SOOKIE: Okay, I just got a message that a vegetarian menu was requested for tonight.

LORELAI: Yeah, Lasano's, party of five at eight o'clock.

SOOKIE: I thought you said you weren't gonna let vegetarians in here anymore.

LORELAI: No, you said you weren't gonna let vegetarians in here anymore.

SOOKIE: But I'm making my baked stuffed pork chops for tonight.

LORELAI: Well, make them for the other guests and make something else for the Lasano's.

SOOKIE: Like what?

LORELAI: I don't know. Pasta, you make great pasta.

SOOKIE: But that's boring, anyone can make pasta. I'm an artist. You don't dictate to an artist, you don't tell him what to do. I mean, no ever walked up to Degas and said, "Hey, pal, easy with the dancers, enough already. Draw a nice fruit bowl once in awhile, will ya?"

LORELAI: A great artist can make art out of anything, including pasta.

SOOKIE: Fine, pasta, whoo.

LORELAI: Is there coffee?

SOOKIE: Just made some.

LORELAI: Great.

SOOKIE: So today's your lunch with Emily.

LORELAI: Yup.

SOOKIE: Any idea what she's gonna say?

LORELAI: No, but I bet it's not, "I'm joining the circus, feed your father until I get back." I should just cancel.

SOOKIE: You can't cancel, you're meeting her in an hour.

LORELAI: I know, but this goes against every rule I have in the Gilmore survival guide. Number one ▫ no running with scissors. Number two ▫ no pageboy haircuts. Number three ▫ never ever have lunch alone with a mother.

SOOKIE: It might not be so bad.

LORELAI: Saying yes to this lunch with my mother is like saying "Sounds fun!" to a ride with Clemenza.

[they walk into the kitchen]

SOOKIE: Think good thoughts, she could surprise you.

LORELAI: I guess.

SOOKIE: People change, you know. They do it every day. I mean, one minute you could be. . .oh, let's say a vegetarian, and the next minute you could accidentally have a bite of a stuffed pork chop that changes your entire way of thinking.

LORELAI: Sookie.

SOOKIE: Oh, suddenly life's fun, suddenly there's a reason to get up in the morning ▫ it's called bacon!

LORELAI: Forget it.

SOOKIE: Come on!

LORELAI: Pasta.

SOOKIE: Let the people grow, dammit!

CUT TO CHILTON HALLWAY

[Rory is walking down the hallway when someone pulls her into the bathroom. Francie and two of her friends are in there.]

FRANCIE: Rory, hi, nice of you to join us.

RORY: Francie, what ▫

FRANCIE: No, I talk, okay? Great. Now let's discuss Paris.

RORY: What about her?

FRANCIE: She seems to have the very strange idea that she's actually in charge around here, and I thought it'd be good if I let you in on a little secret. . .she's not.

RORY: Why don't you tell her this yourself?



FRANCIE: Because talking to Paris is like shopping for a bathing suit in December □ frustrating, fruitless, and a complete waste of time. Now, you, you might be the wallflower, but you're obviously the Meyer Lansky behind this organization.

RORY: I am not the Meyer Lansky.

FRANCIE: What's that noise? What is that noise? Oh wait, it's me, still talking. Didn't you hear it? Obviously not. Anyhow, Paris is student body president □ big fat deal. There are three other class presidents □ the junior class president, the sophomore class president, and oh, yes, the senior class president □ me.

RORY: I know all this.

FRANCIE: Well, then, it's off the short bus for you, isn't it? Now if Paris thinks she's gonna march around dictating mandates and ignoring what I have to say, then she's in for a major bikini wax.

RORY: Thanks for the visual.

FRANCIE: Without me, she's nothing. Just another power mad, insecure, friendless, dateless, highlight-less loser wandering around trying to make someone care that they exist at all, which, by the way, no one does. I control the senior class. I am also the leader of the Puffs, the most exclusive society on this campus, and I have the power to make her life a living hell.

RORY: Francie, she's just □

FRANCIE: I can make sure she does nothing this year but lead the student body in whatever version of the Pledge of Allegiance happens to be constitutional at the time.

RORY: What do you want me to do about it?

FRANCIE: I want you to go back to Margaret Thatcher and tell her to play ball. She's gonna support the hemline issue, and any other issue that I bring up for the rest of the year. Otherwise I'll make her so ineffectual, she'll make Jimmy Carter look like Martin Sheen □ do you get me?

RORY: We're supposed to be representing the interests of the student body. We are not supposed to be brokering backdoor deals and pushing through agendas with intimidation and bribery. I mean, what are we, French skating judges?

FRANCIE: Wise up, Goldilocks.

RORY: My hair's brown.

FRANCIE: This is politics. If you've got a problem, tell it to Noam Chomsky. I live in the real world, now blow. Oh, and I would keep this conversation between you and me. Paris tends to get a little paranoid when there's other mammals at the watering hole, so her finding out that you were conferring with me might not make your vice presidency any easier.

RORY: I am not conferring with you. A hand came out of the bathroom and pulled me in.

FRANCIE: What are you talking about? You sought me out because you thought Paris was a little out of line today and you wanted to make sure my very delicate feelings weren't hurt. You are so sweet to think of me. I feel much better now that I have you on my side. Bye now, see you at the hemster.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai walks through the door and looks around for Emily]

LUKE: What the hell are you doing here?

LORELAI: Ah, I came for the warmth.

LUKE: Well, you're just not usually here this time of day, that's all.

LORELAI: Well, I'm meeting someone for lunch.

LUKE: Oh, Kirk?

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: You're meeting Kirk?

LORELAI: Why would you say that?

LUKE: Well, I know he asked you out so I just assumed.

LORELAI: How do you know he asked me out?

LUKE: He told me.

LORELAI: He told you?

LUKE: Yesterday.

LORELAI: Oh my God.

LUKE: Hey, relax, I think it's great.

LORELAI: Why, why would he tell you?

LUKE: Well, actually, he came to me for a little advice.

LORELAI: About what?

LUKE: About whether or not I thought he had a shot with you. After all, I know ya, I've been to your house, I know whether or not you have stain resistant rugs.

[Lorelai sits down at a table]

LORELAI: I'm lying down now.

LUKE: When he found out you had wood floors, he seemed very pleased.

LORELAI: Oh, Luke.

LUKE: I told him you like movies and junk food, and of course, talking incessantly, but we both agreed that there's nothing like some good lovin' to shut a person up, if you know what I mean.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, can you bring me a sharper fork? I'm not sure this one will go all the way through your hand.

LUKE: Okay, now, I know it's new so you probably don't wanna jinx it, so I won't talk about it

anymore. But I have to tell you, seeing that guy's face when he was talking about you. . .he almost had an expression.

LORELAI: Far, far away from me.

LUKE: [sings] Love is in the air.

[Lorelai throws a spoon at him as he walks away]

LORELAI: Ha!

[Emily walks into the diner]

EMILY: Why are you throwing cutlery in a public place?

LORELAI: Uh, 'cause I feel stupid doing it at home?

EMILY: I'm sorry I'm late, there was a little traffic on the way. Perhaps had I been on time, there would still be the possibility of soup.

LORELAI: I haven't been here that long. See, I still have a knife.

EMILY: I'm glad to hear it.

LORELAI: So, you gonna sit?

EMILY: Oh, yes, of course. [wipes off the seat, then sits down] There we go. Well, this is nice. You certainly can see the whole town from here, can't you?

LORELAI: Yes, you can.

EMILY: I can see why you come here so much. It must be fun to just sit and people-watch. Well, let's see what they've got, shall we? [opens menu] Oh, Caesar salad □ is that good here?

LORELAI: Uh, I'm sure it is.

EMILY: You've never had it?

LORELAI: No.

EMILY: Has Rory?

LORELAI: No.

EMILY: Oh. Well, Caesar salads can be extremely unsafe if they use bad eggs.

LORELAI: Get something else.

EMILY: Of course, if they're coddled, it would be fine. Do you know if they coddle the eggs here?

LORELAI: I have no idea.

EMILY: You don't know? You come here every day.

LORELAI: Why don't you ask Luke if they're coddled?

EMILY: Oh, he'll just say they are. I'll have a Cobb salad. What are you going to have?

LORELAI: A Caesar salad with extra uncoddled eggs on the side.

EMILY: Really, Lorelai, would a serious answer once in awhile k\*ll you?

LORELAI: Sorry, Mom. Uh, honestly, I'm a little confused.

EMILY: About what?

LORELAI: About this.

EMILY: What's confusing? We're having lunch.

LORELAI: I know we're having lunch, but we don't usually have lunch, especially not in my town at Luke's Diner.

EMILY: I just figured you had to work, it'd be easier on you this way.

LORELAI: Okay, that's fine, if I □

[Luke walks up to the table]

LUKE: You two ready to order?

EMILY: Yes. How is your Caesar salad dressing prepared?

LUKE: I'll have to call Paul Newman and ask him.

EMILY: A Cobb salad and an iced tea.

LORELAI: Cheeseburger, fries, onion rings and a cherry coke.

LUKE: Any pie today?

LORELAI: Hm, no thanks.

LUKE: Cutting back a little, huh? Trying to look good for the big day. Smart, very smart.

LORELAI: Make sure you check that frying oil with your face.

[Luke walks away]

EMILY: What was that all about?

LORELAI: Ah, nothing, just a little small town charm. Now, please, Mom, tell me □ why did you ask me to lunch?

EMILY: Because I wanted to spend some time alone with my daughter.

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: Well, Rory drops by after school every now and then, so we see her alone.

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: But we never see you alone. . . unless Rory leaves the room for a second, and even then you try to go with her. If I had a nickel for every time you've used the "Girls always go to the bathroom together, Mom' line, I'd be a very rich woman.

LORELAI: You are a very rich woman. Mom, please, is this really a "me and you' lunch? No hidden agenda?

EMILY: Of course not.

LORELAI: Okay, fine.

EMILY: I talked to Christopher.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: I called him last week, we talked for a very long time, and I have to tell you, he is not in love with that woman.

LORELAI: Oh my God.

EMILY: He never came out and said it, but I could tell from his voice. He would much rather be with you and Rory.

LORELAI: Are you out of your mind?

EMILY: I think you need to talk to him.

LORELAI: And that would be a yes.

EMILY: All he needs is to hear that you want this, too.

LORELAI: Mom, what the hell are you doing calling Christopher?

EMILY: Well, somebody had to.

LORELAI: No, somebody didn't have to!

EMILY: Oh, I certainly wasn't going to just sit by and watch this situation explode. You two belong together. It took you years to figure that out, and now that you finally have it, you can't let it go away just because of a little complication.

LORELAI: Mom, his girlfriend is pregnant " that is more than a little complication.

EMILY: Women have gotten pregnant since the beginning of time, Lorelai.

LORELAI: And before I result to the totally called for duh, please tell me what your point it.

EMILY: This woman is trying to trap him. Don't you see that? You can't let that happen.

LORELAI: Mom, this is none of your business.

EMILY: Yes, it is! It affects Rory, it affects you " both of whom are my business.

LORELAI: Do not get involved in this, I mean it. Butt out! Don't call Christopher and talk about me or us, just stay out of it!

EMILY: Where are you going?

LORELAI: I have to get back to the inn.

EMILY: Do not walk out on me.

LORELAI: Mom, I am not gonna discuss this with you now or ever. I would love for you to respect that but I know you, so give Christopher my love.

EMILY: A family life doesn't just happen, Lorelai. You have to work for it. You have to fight for it. Lorelai, come back here!

[Lorelai walks out]

CUT TO CHILTON

[Several students are gathered at a table for a meeting]

PARIS: So as soon as she gets out of intensive care, we'll get her signature, and then we can finally set about hiring a new librarian. Anything else?

LOUISE: Yes. Uh, I was thinking that maybe this year we should throw a little beginning of the school year dance. I mean, why wait until the tan fades to have a formal?

PARIS: Dances are distracting.

LOUISE: Dances help bring in money to pay for those stupid topiaries you want in the quad.

PARIS: Draft a proposal and have it on my desk by tomorrow. Madeline?

MADELINE: I would like to explore the option of having a professional photographer take the senior class photos. Every year we use that cheesy picture place, and every year people wind up with those VH1 "Before They Were Stars" pictures, and I for one would like to stop the humiliation now.

PARIS: How are we going to get a professional photographer?

LOUISE: Helmett Newton is my godfather.

PARIS: Okay, sign him up and tell him to leave the whips and chains at home. All right, I think that's all we have time for today.

FRANCIE: Um, excuse me, Paris? I was just wondering if you had time to think about my proposal?

PARIS: What proposal?

FRANCIE: You know, the higher hemlines.

PARIS: Oh right. No, not yet.

FRANCIE: Okay, I guess I can wait. . . for awhile.

PARIS: Patience is a virtue.

[The meeting ends and the students disperse from the table. Rory turns to talk to Paris.]

RORY: Hey.

PARIS: What do you think about Helmet Newton being Louise's godfather? Explains a lot, doesn't it?

RORY: Yeah. Listen, I think it might be a good idea to consider getting behind this hemline issue.

PARIS: You're kidding, right?

RORY: No. I mean, if girls want the option of making their skirts a little shorter, then who cares, right?

PARIS: I care. I'm building a legacy here, Rory. You want the first stand I make against the faculty to involve a fashion choice? It would be my 'gays in the military.'

RORY: I just think it would be really smart to establish some goodwill among the other class presidents.

PARIS: Why?

RORY: Because you have to work with them, and you might even need their support on something in the future. And throwing them a tiny bone like a hemline amendment is no big deal.

PARIS: I don't know.

RORY: Look, it's right at the beginning of your term. No one will even remember the first stupid thing that you passed. You have plenty of time to establish your legacy. I mean it. By the time that you implement public executions for line cutters, hemlines will be a thing of the past. [pause] I was making a joke not a suggestion.

PARIS: Why do you care?

RORY: What?

PARIS: Why do you care? You seem very invested in this whole thing □ why?

RORY: Hey, I'm not invested in this thing. If you don't wanna do it, fine. I'm just giving you my opinion. I just thought you might wanna be one of those presidents that's beloved as well as respected.

PARIS: Raising hemlines would make me beloved?

RORY: It's certainly a step in that direction.

PARIS: All right, I'll push it through.

RORY: Good.

PARIS: But the next genius who comes up with the brilliant plan to put Elizabeth Arden in the chemistry class can bite my ass.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory walks into the living room as Lorelai walks down the steps]

LORELAI: Ugh, I'm not going.

RORY: You are going.

LORELAI: She has done this to me for the last time. From now on, I'm not giving her any information about my life at all.

RORY: As opposed to all the details you've heaped upon her in the past.

LORELAI: I can't believe she called Christopher. She has no respect for me or my feelings or my privacy.

RORY: Well, she didn't think of it that way. She thought that she was helping.

LORELAI: You do know there isn't a Santa Claus, don't you?

RORY: Please just try to forget this.

LORELAI: I'm never ever going over there again.

RORY: Not an option.

LORELAI: It should be. Sometimes you have to cut people out of your life.

RORY: She's your mother.

LORELAI: I want proof, I want tests done.

RORY: Do you want your red purse or your blue?

LORELAI: Blue. Gee, I wonder who else she's calling. She's probably on the phone to Kirk right now. "I heard through my spies you're taking my daughter out to dinner. Let's talk China patterns." God, I'm furious! [phone rings] Don't get that, it might be her.

RORY: Well, I doubt she'd call when we're supposed to be over in half an hour.

KIRK: [on answering machine] Hello? Hello? [hangs up]

LORELAI: The answering machine confused him.

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: And that's the guy who likes me.

RORY: I'd consider adoption if I were you.

LORELAI: My life stinks. Hey, let's look into each other's eyes and say "I wish I were you" at exactly the same time □ maybe we'll pull a Freaky Friday!

RORY: Or we can just pretend that we did and you can go around acting really immature. Oh wait. .

LORELAI: I can't believe you won't switch bodies with me.

RORY: Forget it. Then I'd have to date Kirk.

LORELAI: I would switch bodies with you in a heartbeat if you wanted.

[phone rings again]



RORY: I know, and I appreciate that.

KIRK: [on answering machine] Lorelai, hi. I just called, I think there might be a problem with your phone.

LORELAI: Oh my God.

KIRK: [on machine] I was just wondering if I could ask you. . .

LORELAI: Let's go.

KIRK: [on machine] . . .a couple of quick questions □

KIRK'S MOM: [on machine] Hello?

KIRK: [on machine] Mom?

KIRK'S MOM: [on machine] Who is this?

KIRK: [on machine] Mom, would you please get off the phone? Mom?

KIRK'S MOM: [on machine] Is this Dr. Marshall?

KIRK: [on machine] Mom, it's an important phone call, please hang up. I □ I □ I □ I'll call you back.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[The doorbell rings several times]

EMILY: [walking toward door] Oh, for heaven's sake. [answers door]

LORELAI: Hey, I don't think your doorbell's working.

EMILY: Believe me, it's not the doorbell.

MAID: [walks up behind them] Oh, so it was the door.

EMILY: Yes, Sarah, once again, it was the door.

SARAH: Okay, so I just have to remember that the really big bell is the door and the small one is the oven.

EMILY: Yes, that would be a wonderful thing to remember.

[Sarah walks away]

EMILY: Okay, well, let's have a drink, shall we?

[they walk to the living room]

RORY: So, Grandma, you have a new maid?

EMILY: Yes, I do.

LORELAI: Well, good thing we're in time for happy hour.

EMILY: Wine, Lorelai?

LORELAI: Uh, yeah, if there's any left.

EMILY: Rory □ soda or water?

RORY: Uh, soda please.

EMILY: How about water?

RORY: Water's fine, too.

LORELAI: What's up, Mom?

EMILY: Nothing.

LORELAI: You seem tense.

EMILY: You always think I seem tense.

LORELAI: But tonight you seem tenser than usual.

EMILY: Well, I'm not! Rory, tell me about school

RORY: Oh, okay, um. . .school's good.

EMILY: Do you like student government?

RORY: I think so.

EMILY: And your grades are still good?

RORY: Yes.

EMILY: Do you take any sort of physical education?

RORY: Not this semester.

EMILY: But eventually you will take some sort of physical education?

RORY: I'm not sure.

LORELAI: But trust me □ the minute she decides to run after a ball and take a public shower with thirty other girls, you are getting a call.

EMILY: Well, thank you.

SARAH: [enters room] Dinner's ready!

EMILY: Sarah, one minute please.

SARAH: Yeah?

EMILY: I told you we eat dinner at seven. . .and right now, it's six-thirty. Therefore, one could conclude that maybe it's just a tad early for dinner.

SARAH: Oh, I'm sorry, I -

EMILY: We want to eat at seven!

SARAH: But the food's ready now.

EMILY: Okay, never mind, we'll eat. We're eating. Up, up, let's go. [they walk toward the dining room] It's fine. It's better □ then we can all be in bed by nine. Sit down.

LORELAI: Mom, tell us what is up right now.

EMILY: What is up with what?

LORELAI: With you, with her, with you and her.

EMILY: Well, she's new, Lorelai. She's only been here three days, she's still getting the hang of things. I think it's only fair to give the woman a chance. Why are you staring at me?

LORELAI: Mom, you've had maids deported who were better than her.

EMILY: I have not.

LORELAI: Talk.

EMILY: Your father made a crack the other day about my not being able to keep a maid.

LORELAI: Ah.

EMILY: Of course, it's a gross exaggeration. Yes, I've had maids I haven't liked, but I've also had maids I've loved.

LORELAI: Name one.

EMILY: Daiha.

LORELAI: Who?

EMILY: You remember, she took you shopping once.

LORELAI: How old was I?

EMILY: I don't know.

LORELAI: Guess.

EMILY: Four, five.

LORELAI: Mom, you haven't liked a maid since I was four or five?

EMILY: I have liked a maid; you asked me whom I loved. I loved Daiha.

LORELAI: And whatever happened to Daiha?

EMILY: Oh, how should I know? But I loved her.

[the maid enters with some plates]

SARAH: Okay, so salad?

EMILY: Thank you, Sarah.

[doorbell rings]

SARAH: Oops, big bell. [goes to answer it and takes the salad plates with her]

EMILY: Sarah, the salad! Sarah! Pass the wine, Lorelai.

LORELAI: You want a straw with that?

EMILY: You're enjoying this?

LORELAI: Well. . .yeah.

[Christopher walks in]

CHRISTOPHER: Lor, I need to talk to you.

LORELAI: Chris, what are you doing here?

CHRISTOPHER: You won't return my calls!

LORELAI: Did you do this?

CHRISTOPHER: I knew you'd be here.

EMILY: I did not do this.

CHRISTOPHER: You gave me no choice.

LORELAI: After I told you to just stay out of it!

EMILY: Lorelai, I did not do this!

LORELAI: You have to go.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm not going until you talk to me.

[Lorelai and Christopher walk down the hallway]

EMILY: Christopher, Lorelai, come back here!

[cut to hallway]

CHRISTOPHER: Why won't you call me back?

LORELAI: Hey, there couldn't be a worst time to have this conversation.

CHRISTOPHER: Really, because it seems to be the only time to have this conversation.

LORELAI: Look, go home, okay? I promise I will talk to you tomorrow.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, sure, I believe that.

LORELAI: Hey, I've never lied to you. There's no reason to doubt my word.

CHRISTOPHER: Really? Forty-five unreturned phone calls isn't a reason?

LORELAI: No, it isn't.

CHRISTOPHER: You shutting me out like this is wrong.

LORELAI: I'm not discussing this with you here in my mother's house.

CHRISTOPHER: You don't get to dictate this. I need to talk to you, you won't call me back, and I did what I had to do. And I'm sorry □ but after all we've been through, especially over these last few months □ you shutting me out is wrong. And you know what hits me the hardest, Lor?

LORELAI: Apparently it isn't the door on your way out.

CHRISTOPHER: You keeping Rory from me.

LORELAI: What?

CHRISTOPHER: I never, ever thought you'd do that.

LORELAI: I'm not keeping Rory from you.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh really? Then why hasn't she called me back, huh? I mean, no matter where you and I have been in our lives, my daughter has always called me back □ until now.

LORELAI: Hey, listen to me □

[Rory walks up to them]

RORY: I didn't call you back because I didn't want to. Me □ Mom had nothing to do with it.

LORELAI: Okay, honey, calm down.

RORY: You promised me. You promised me at Sookie's wedding that this was going to work, that you were going to be there, you promised me.

CHRISTOPHER: Honey, please understand □

RORY: No, I always understand, and I don't wanna understand! I don't even really wanna talk about this right now. I've got Mom, that's all I need. Go be somebody else's dad!

CHRISTOPHER: Don't say that.

RORY: I'm going upstairs. Call me when he's gone. [goes upstairs]

CHRISTOPHER: She did not get there by herself.

LORELAI: Hey, have you ever met your daughter? She could get anywhere by herself! She could get to the third dimension by herself! She was helping the crossing guard when she was four.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm going to talk to her.

LORELAI: No, you're not. She wants to be alone and cool off. Respect that. I'll talk to her later.

CHRISTOPHER: You'll talk to her, great. That makes me feel a whole lot better.

LORELAI: Okay, you need to leave, right now.

CHRISTOPHER: This isn't right. She needs her father.

LORELAI: I know she needs her father, I've been telling her she needs her father! But she feels like her father bailed on her and she's mad and hurt, and I can't change that in three minutes!

CHRISTOPHER: Do you think I like this situation?

LORELAI: Oh God.

CHRISTOPHER: Do you? I mean, after what you and I had going and now □

LORELAI: Chris, do you remember why we're here right now? What event in your life caused this very pleasant moment we're sharing?

CHRISTOPHER: That has nothing to do with this.

LORELAI: Oh □ it □ what? Chris, man! What do you want from me?

CHRISTOPHER: I wanna talk!

LORELAI: About what?

CHRISTOPHER: I don't know. I just. . . I don't like how things are.

LORELAI: But that's how they are!

CHRISTOPHER: I didn't want things to turn out this way!

LORELAI: But they did turn out this way!

CHRISTOPHER: But I didn't want that!

LORELAI: Christopher, is Sherry still pregnant?

CHRISTOPHER: Of course she is.

LORELAI: Are you still with her?

CHRISTOPHER: Yes.

LORELAI: Are you gonna marry her?

CHRISTOPHER: Yes.

LORELAI: Then, honey, we are where we are! Accept it.

CHRISTOPHER: I can't.

LORELAI: Don't you understand that I can't talk to you because it hurts talking to you, really hurts! Standing here right now is k\*lling me, okay? Don't you understand that?

EMILY: Christopher, I think you'd better go now.

CHRISTOPHER: Emily, I . . .

EMILY: Leave now, please.

[Christopher leaves]

LORELAI: You know, you need a mask and a horse when you do that.

EMILY: Something's burning.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Christopher is sitting on his motorcycle as Lorelai walks out of the house]

LORELAI: Chris? Give it time.

[Christopher nods and drives away]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[Rory and Lorelai walk down the sidewalk]

LORELAI: Well, now, that was a fun night.

RORY: Yup.

LORELAI: I haven't had that much fun since labor.

RORY: Ba-dum-bum.

LORELAI: But seriously, ladies and gentlemen, is this on?

RORY: I can't believe he just came over.

LORELAI: He misses you.

RORY: He misses you.

LORELAI: We're very missable. Honey, he loves you so much, he didn't mean to mess □

RORY: No, he never means to, but he does. And I don't care what he says or does, I'm not going to this wedding.

LORELAI: You don't have to.

RORY: Good.

LORELAI: But you might, at a later point in your life, when you're not so angry and you make up with your dad, as we both know you will, you might be sorry you missed it.

RORY: It's the wrong wedding.

LORELAI: Ah, things happen for a reason.

RORY: Since when is that your philosophy.

LORELAI: Since now. By the way, I'm also a communist.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Yes, 'cause I look damn good in red.

RORY: I'm starving.

LORELAI: Really? Could it be 'cause dinner sucked?

RORY: Could be.

LORELAI: Let's do mac and cheese.

RORY: And tater tots

LORELAI: And those little pizza rolls.

RORY: Oh, and chili beef soup.

LORELAI: After which we will install our own vomitorium.

RORY: Okay, nix the soup.

LORELAI: And add some cake. Okay, let's be organized ▯ make it fast, make it snappy, and if there's any impulse buying, make it chocolate.

RORY: Aye aye, captain.

KIRK: [calls from down the street] Lorelai!

LORELAI: Oh no. Go on in.

RORY: Are you sure?

LORELAI: I have to take care of this.

RORY: Good luck.

[Rory goes into the market as Kirk walks up to Lorelai]

LORELAI: Hey Kirk.

KIRK: Lorelai, I know you haven't made up your mind yet, and I'm not here for an answer. I just need to know ▯ are you allergic to tuna?

LORELAI: Uh, no.

KIRK: No, good. Thank you very much.

LORELAI: Uh, Kirk, I have made up my mind.

KIRK: You have?



LORELAI: Yeah.

KIRK: Already?

LORELAI: Yes.

KIRK: And it's fully formed?

LORELAI: Yes, it is.

KIRK: You don't need any other information?

LORELAI: No, I don't.

KIRK: "Cause I could have my mother call you if "

LORELAI: Totally unnecessary.

KIRK: Okay, well, then, go ahead.

LORELAI: I just got out of a really weird relationship, and I know that sounds like a line, but it isn't. I'm just not. . .fully over the shock of it yet, and I never wanna hurt you because you're my friend and I like you, so I have to say no. I'm sorry.

KIRK: Was the tuna inquiry too personal?

LORELAI: Oh, no, I thought it was very thoughtful

KIRK: You're sure you won't feel like it anytime soon?

LORELAI: Yeah, I'm sure.

KIRK: Well, at least I asked. Goodnight Lorelai.

CUT TO INSIDE DOOSE'S MARKET

[Rory walks into an aisle and sees Jess]

JESS: Doing a little shopping?

RORY: Yes. Excuse me.

JESS: Why the cold shoulder?

RORY: No cold shoulder. I just have perishables here.

JESS: Oh yeah, you wanna get home before that beefaroni goes bad.

RORY: My mom's waiting for me.

JESS: How was Washington?

RORY: Fine.

JESS: Do anything interesting?

RORY: Nope.

JESS: Okay.

RORY: What about you?

JESS: What about me?

RORY: Anything interesting happen? This summer, I mean.

JESS: Nope.

RORY: Really?

JESS: Really.

RORY: So nothing happened this summer, at all?

JESS: It was hot. Two weeks ago there was a run on snowcones. Machine broke, people went crazy, Taylor tried to call in the National Guard, but □

RORY: I'm not talking about snowcones.

JESS: What are you talking about then?

RORY: Nothing.

JESS: Her name's Shane.

RORY: As in 'come back'?

JESS: Yup.

RORY: Well, great. That's great. Really, it's great.

JESS: So I've heard.

RORY: Well, it is.

JESS: Are you upset about something?

RORY: No.

JESS: I mean, me and Shane □

RORY: What about you and Shane?

JESS: I don't know, it didn't exactly bring a smile to your face.

RORY: Well, I'm still freaked out about the, uh, snowcone machine.

JESS: Okay.

RORY: I could care less about you and Shane.

JESS: Good.

RORY: It just surprised me, that's all.

JESS: Why?

RORY: Because.

JESS: Because why?

RORY: Because of what happened at Sookie's wedding.

JESS: Ah.

RORY: Yeah, so me coming back here and just seeing you with Shane just kind of threw me for a sec.

JESS: I'm sorry, did I hear from you at all this summer? Did I just happen to miss the thousands of phone calls you made to me, or did the postman happen to lose all those letters you wrote to me? You kiss me, you tell me not to say anything. . .very flattering, by the way. You go off to Washington. . . then nothing. Then you come back here all put out because I didn't just sit around and wait for you like Dean would've done? And yeah, what about Dean? Are you still with him? 'Cause last time I checked, you were, and I haven't heard anything to the contrary. Plus, the two of you walking around the other day like some damn Andy Hardy movie. Seemed to me like you're still pretty together. I half expected you to break into a barn and put on a show.

RORY: When did you see me with Dean?

JESS: At that stupid summer insanity plea the town put on.

RORY: Oh, I'm surprised you could see anything with Shane's head plastered to your face.

JESS: You didn't answer me.

RORY: About what?

JESS: Did you call me at all?

RORY: No.

JESS: Did you send me a letter?

RORY: No.

JESS: Postcard?

RORY: No.

JESS: Smoke signal?

RORY: Stop.

JESS: A nice fruit basket?

RORY: Enough!

JESS: Are you still with Dean? Come on, Rory, yes or no □ are you still with Dean?

RORY: Yes, I'm still with Dean, yes!

JESS: Glad to hear it.

RORY: Glad to tell you.

JESS: See you around.

RORY: Whatever.

JESS: Right back at ya.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Rory walks out of the market with a bag of groceries]

LORELAI: Hey, I was just gonna come in after you. You all done?

RORY: Oh yeah, I'm done.

THE END

Powered by phpBB® Forum Software © phpBB Limited

All times are UTC-05:00  
Page **1** of **1**