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06x22 - Partings

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Posted: **05/21/06 19:28**

SOOKIE AND JACKSON'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR

JACKSON: [OS] Is she still asleep?

[Cut to inside, close sh**t of Lorelai just waking up on the couch, the action goes on behind her, Jackson remains of screen for the whole scene.]

SOOKIE: [OS] Yeah, so let's be super-quiet. Super-quiet, Davey!

JACKSON: Super-quiet, son!

SOOKIE: Like we're playing a game called "let's be super-quiet," and you win a prize if you're super-quiet!

JACKSON: A prize! Let's get him out the door! Let's get him out the door!

SOOKIE: Lunches! Come on, Davey. [runs into a chair] Ohh! Come on. Let's get your lunch.

JACKSON: This is fun.

SOOKIE: Here you go. Go give it to daddy. Okay.

JACKSON: Come to daddy, son.

SOOKIE: Shh! We're still playing the "super-quiet" game!

JACKSON: So, did she say anything else after I went to bed?

SOOKIE: Not a word. We sat and we had tea, but she was somewhere else the whole time.

JACKSON: Don't open the door, Davey. The door's loud.

SOOKIE: Let daddy open the door! I'm worried about her.

JACKSON: If she wanted to talk about what ever it is, she would have talked.

SOOKIE: I know what it is. It's Luke. I just, I don't know the specifics. Okay let's go.

JACKSON: Be very quiet going out the door, Davey.

SOOKIE: Super-quiet!

JACKSON: You're gonna win the prize.

SOOKIE: It's gonna be a super-fun prize!

JACKSON: Close the door for me?

SOOKIE: Got it.

JACKSON: Great job, son! High five!

OPENING CREDITS

STARS HOLLOW STREET

WOMAN: Morning, Taylor.

TAYLOR: Good morning. Some weather, huh? If you don't like it, just wait five minutes. Top of the day to you, Mrs. Harris. Say hi to Maurice for me.

MRS. HARRIS: Will do!

[Taylor stops to see a troubadour setting up then starts playing]

[Joe Pernice sings "Amazing Glow"]

TROUBADOUR: [Singing]

A rare and wicked skill to change a lot of weather

no room was spared

no mood, show no mercy

I was a tireless fool

I thought I could do better

I left in flames of paper shade hanging from a light

and when it came to the victories

the genus names of all the flowers

that were feeding off her

her amazing glow

her amazing glow

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

RORY: oh, that's another good one.

LOGAN: No, it's not.

RORY: Hold it.

LOGAN: Yo, Alfred Stieglitz, stop with the pictures.

RORY: I prefer Cartier-Bresson.

LOGAN: My eyes are pale, very sensitive to the light.

RORY: You only graduate from college once, and I will document it to my heart's content, and you can't stop me.

LOGAN: At least I'm clothed in these.

RORY: Oh, yes, those shower photos will fetch me a bundle on the internet.

LOGAN: I don't even know why I'm doing this. Why am I doing this whole cap-and-gown thing?

RORY: Because the graduation ceremony is not only for the graduate. It's for the loved ones, too. We talked about this.

LOGAN: No, you talked, and I disagreed.

RORY: Then I ruled, and that's that.

LOGAN: I'm taking that Stalin biography away from you.

RORY: Come on. I don't want to be late.

LOGAN: [Sighs] You do realize you're putting yourself in the cross hairs.

RORY: Meaning?

LOGAN: There will be all manner of Huntzbergers in the audience.

RORY: Oh, I can avoid people with the best of them.

LOGAN: I didn't say "people." I said "Huntzbergers."

RORY: Don't worry your pretty little head about this. I'll take care of myself.

LOGAN: I just want you to be fully prepped.

RORY: [Looking at the camera] Oh-ho. I have outdone myself photographically. Every one of these is a keeper.

LOGAN: Okay that's a close-up of my naked butt. That's not a keeper.

RORY: You're right. That's a screen saver.

STARS HOLLOW - NEAR DOOSE'S MARKET

[Sparks is singing "Perfume"]

SPARKS: The olfactory sense is the sense

that most strongly evokes memories of the past.

Well, screw the past.

[Mid-tempo music plays]

Genevieve wears Dior

Margaret wears Trésor

Mary Jo wears Lauren,

but you don't wear no perfume

Deborah wears Clinique

Maryanne wears Mystique

Judith wears Shalimar,

but you don't wear no perfume

that's why I want to spend my life with you

that's why I want to spend my life with you

that's why I want to spend my life with you

[cut to another troubadour]

TROUBADOUR2: no one likes talkin' to a drunk

unless he's buyin'

nobody says hello

when they're goodbye-in'

unless they're Hawaiian

[Stops singing]

TROUBADOUR2: Well, hey, there, Taylor. Fancy seeing you here.

TAYLOR: I live here!

TROUBADOUR2: Beautiful.

[Sings] Nobody eats eggs and bacon when they're fryin'

that'd just be dumb you'd probably

burn your tongue

and nobody laughs at a clown

when he's cryin' boo-hoo

LUKE'S DINER

[Taylor enters]

TAYLOR: Is everyone seeing what's going on out here? Lucas, have you eyeballed the chicanery that's taking place outside?

LUKE: What? Eyed what?

TAYLOR: Balled, eyeballed these hooligans!

LUKE: How interested do I look in talking to you, Taylor?

TAYLOR: Not very.

LUKE: And this is the very peak of my interest.

TAYLOR: My god, there's another one!

KIRK: I have a theory, Taylor.

TAYLOR: Let's hear it.

KIRK: Our usual town troubadour, he was discovered last week on these very streets.

TAYLOR: Discovered?

KIRK: Some big-time music manager was limo-ing through town, and he caught one of the troubadour's songs, gave him an opening slot on Neil Young's tour.

TAYLOR: Who's Neil Young?

KIRK: One of the Monkees. Anyway I'm guessing when word hit the east coast troubadour community, every one of them thought to come to stars hollow for their shot at the big time.

TAYLOR: There's an east coast troubadour community?

KIRK: Oh, yes, our wandering musical storytellers. It's an honored American tradition going back to the puritans. Gierke Schoonhoven delighted his fellow pilgrims with his timely songs. His most popular was "a beaver ate my thumb." It was quite catchy. I wonder if Neil still does "Last Train to Clarksville." I love that song.

TAYLOR: [Exhales sharply]

[Cut to out side Luke's, Mary Lynn Rajskub is singing]

TROUBADOUR3: [singing] I drive an '89 volvo

have you seen it anywhere?

'Cause I can't seem to find it

and no one seems to care

I don't know how it happened

I've never lost a car

I might have to retrace

my steps back to the bar

I stepped into a puddle

I'm bleeding from the lip

my shirt mysteriously opens...

TAYLOR: Excuse me, uh, bohemian people! May I have your attention, please?

TROUBADOUR3: I'm kind of doing a song here.

TAYLOR: It won't take long. Please, people, your attention! I would just like to say that there is no bigger fan of music than the man standing before you. No memory is more precious to me than the one of my father taking me to the Hartford civic auditorium to see the great Pat Boone. But you, my friends, do not have the talent of Pat Boone. And if you insist on loitering and playing your hippie doo-wop music to the obvious detriment of the mercantile interests of this town, our authorities will forcibly remove you... with water hoses and canine units if necessary! Thank you for your time, and, uh... goodbye.

TROUBADOUR3: [She Picks up her stuff and moves on] Can you say "BTK"?

LORELAI'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR

[Lorelai drives up in the Jeep]

LORELAI: [Looking at her cell phone] Oh, sh**t. [she dials]

RORY: You're grounded. Ha. Sorry, mom. Kimmy saw this guy at the mall who was a total Chachi, and he bought us a slurpee, and we totally lost track of time.

RORY: I called you twice. I left messages. I called the national guard, who didn't answer because they're all in Baghdad.

LORELAI: Well I just checked my messages.

RORY: I won't be ignored, Dan.

LORELAI: I know. I'm hiding my rabbit as we speak.

RORY: So what's the deal?

LORELAI: No deal. I, um, spent the night at Sookie's last night.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: No reason, we were talking and it got late, so I crashed on her couch and woke up covered in jam.

RORY: Is everything all right?

LORELAI: Everything's fine. How's it going with you?

RORY: Well, Logan graduated.

LORELAI: Ah that's right, the graduation. Wow. How was it?

RORY: I'm here now. It was nice. Logan looked great, very dignified. He didn't trip. He remembered to wear pants.

LORELAI: He's quite a catch, that guy.

RORY: I was very proud of him. I'm just waiting for him to extricate himself from those people.

LORELAI: Oh his parents are there, hu?

RORY: Yep, they are with Logan, and I am standing a good 50 feet away.

LORELAI: As per the restraining order.

RORY: They're dragging him out for drinks, 30 minutes tops we're meeting back at the apartment, and then he'll be all mine. I've got the afternoon planned out.

LORELAI: Ah you're such a girlfriend. You should take him to the mall.

RORY: I'll think about it.

LORELAI: So, you take pictures?

RORY: Only about a thousand. I'll bring my camera tonight. Oh, listen, just a heads-up, I might have to duck out after drinks.

LORELAI: No! Why?

RORY: I made reservations at this crappy Italian restaurant with Chianti bottles hanging from the ceiling, and the husband and wife that own the place wind up screaming at each other after 8:00, we love it.

LORELAI: Sounds great.

RORY: Well it's our last night together for a while. I want it to be really special.

LORELAI: Sounds perfect.

RORY: I better get back. I'll see you tonight?

LORELAI: Okay, hon. See you tonight.

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai comes in the front door]

LORELAI: Hello! Babette! [Paul Anka comes up] Hi, buddy. Where's Babette?

MISS PATTY: Oh, she had to go, honey. I told her I'd take the morning shift. She told me to tell you that everything went fine. Paul Anka ate all his food, and then he did something weird with your nightgown.

LORELAI: Oh, are you cross-dressing again? I got here at 7:30. I gave him a little kibble and a new hoof, and he ran around the house a few times and then passed out in the corner. He's been quiet ever since.

LORELAI: Thank you guys for doing this, Patty. Paul Anka's never spent the whole night alone before.

MISS PATTY: Oh, it's our pleasure, sweetheart. So, you're staying out all night, huh? Anything illegal?

LORELAI: Oh, no, no. Just a little girls' night out. Or in, I should say. Sookie and I had a slumber party.

MISS PATTY: Oh, that sounds fun.

LORELAI: Do you want some coffee, Patty?

MISS PATTY: Oh, no, sweetheart. I need to get going. I'm teaching a cardio striptease class at 10:00. I have to make sure those poles are screwed in tight.

LORELAI: Okay.

[Front door opens]

LUKE: Lorelai, you here?

LORELAI: Tell him I'm not here.

MISS PATTY: What?

LORELAI: Patty, please. Tell him I'm not here. [Hides on Rory's room]

MISS PATTY: No, no, but I... Luke, hi.

LUKE: What the hell are you doing here?

MISS PATTY: Oh, if I had a nickel for every time I heard that.

LUKE: [sounding worried] I'm looking for Lorelai.

MISS PATTY: Well, she's not here.

LUKE: Her Jeep's right out front.

MISS PATTY: Well all I know is she called to have me come and feed Paul Anka.

LUKE: Called from where?

MISS PATTY: I don't know. The inn, maybe.

LUKE: No, she's not at the Inn I tried the Inn.

MISS PATTY: Well, uh, I-I don't know. You know, half the time people speak to me, I'm thinking about Baryshnikov. Did you see "turning point"?

LUKE: No.

MISS PATTY: Oh, that man was so beautiful.

LUKE: Yeah, I'm sure.

MISS PATTY: Pure sex walking. Flying, actually. That man could fly. Have you ever thought of taking dance?

LUKE: Me? No.

MISS PATTY: Well, maybe you might want to think about it. There's nothing sexier than a man in tights.

LUKE: Yeah, I'm sure that's true. Look, can you just tell Lorelai I came by?

MISS PATTY: Oh, of course I will, honey.

LUKE: Stop imagining me in tights, patty.

MISS PATTY: It's a free country, honey. [Luke leaves] He is so easy.

LORELAI: Thank you, patty.

MISS PATTY: Something going on with you and Luke?

LORELAI: It's nothing. We had a little fight, nothing big. I'm just...

MISS PATTY: Punishing him. Good for you. The longer the freeze-out, the better the makeup.

LORELAI: Yes, exactly. Listen thank you for doing this.

MISS PATTY: Oh, sure, any time. If you need anything else, just give me a call.

LORELAI: I will.

MISS PATTY: Oh, and, honey, don't freeze him out too long. Luke is a much better man than my first husband... or second husband. But he's neck and neck with the third one, though.

LORELAI: Okay.

MISS PATTY: Bye, Paul Anka! Thank you for letting me scratch your butt for an hour! Just like husband number four.

LORELAI: [Chuckles] Bye.

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

[Rory is waiting, she hears the elevator dings]

MITCHUM: Pete Michaels will be there for at least the first two months. You meet him in Omaha.

LOGAN: I know.

MITCHUM: He runs the department, so he's the one to see. He's a good guy. [cell phone rings] I got to go.

LOGAN: Yeah, I'll talk to you later.

MITCHUM: [On the phone] Yeah?

[Logan makes his way into the apartment]

LOGAN: Hey.

RORY: What happened?

LOGAN: It took longer than I thought.

RORY: Way longer and I've got to leave for my grandparents' like right now.

LOGAN: To top it off, just as the family thing is winding down, a bunch of dad's business automatons came by and he made me stay to talk shop.

RORY: To talk shop.

LOGAN: Synergy and new media ventures in increasing shareholder value. I could hear my soul dying.

RORY: He's doing this on purpose.

LOGAN: I wouldn't put it past him.

RORY: Why is he doing this?

LOGAN: Look don't think about him. Just go, go to your thing. Get it over with. I'll wait for you here, go.

RORY: Okay.

LOGAN: No more thoughts about Mitchum.

RORY: Your right, no more thoughts.

LOGAN: Go.

[Cut to Rory entering the hall way outside the apartment,]

MITCHUM: Yeah. At this number. Here, call me back. Bye. [Rory runs to the elevator, stops the doors and enters.] Oh. Hello, Rory... Were you at the ceremony? We didn't see you.

RORY: Yeah, I was there.

MITCHUM: Ah.

MITCHUM: We didn't see you.

RORY: Well, I was there... Did you know that Logan and I had plans to go out after the ceremony? I mean were you aware of that?

MITCHUM: No, I was not.

RORY: Yeah. 'Cause why would your son want to go out with his girlfriend the last day before he leaves, right?

MITCHUM: Rory...

RORY: And this gathering of yours, it turns into a business meeting on his graduation day? As if

Logan's not gonna have enough time for that during the year you're forcing him to do in London.

MITCHUM: It wasn't exactly a business meeting.

RORY: Why are you doing this?

MITCHUM: Doing what?

RORY: Why are you taking him away from me. Why? Do you hate me that much?

MITCHUM: I don't hate you.

RORY: Yeah, right.

MITCHUM: Why would I hate you?

RORY: Because I'm dating your son.

MITCHUM: Logan's love life is his business. I don't get involved.

RORY: Oh, please. You have done nothing but get involved.

MITCHUM: How?

RORY: You're sending him away, 5,000 miles away. What other reason is there but to separate us?

MITCHUM: Well you flatter yourself if you think I put that much energy into thinking about your relationship.

RORY: Here's the lobby.

MITCHUM: Wait let's get this clear right now. I'm sending Logan away for one reason, because it is time, it is time for him to stop jumping out of planes in a gorilla mask and crashing boats and getting plastered every night and ending up in the hospital. It's time for him to stop being a child and to start being a man. It's time for him to start focusing on his future, and the only way he is gonna do that is to get him out of his environment and away from those dopes, Colin and Finn, and "The Life and Death Brigade" and get him on a path. Logan is talented he's talented. He's my son. I want him to achieve something. And he needs a push. It's what my father did with me. He pushed me, I grew up, and now Logan is gonna grow up. Anything here you're not agreeing with? [Rory is quite] I didn't think so.

STARS HOLLOW - NEAR THE MUSIC SHOP

[Yo La Tengo are playing "Tried So Hard"]

YO LA TENGO: [singing] And we tried

we tried with all our might

we tore the playhouse down

we ran headlong in our way

yeah, we tried so hard

we stared at the sun too long...

CLIFF: got your mail here, Taylor.

TAYLOR: Thanks, cliff. I guess the last group of miscreants didn't get word that troubadours are "persona non grata" in STARS HOLLOW. Just one more rat I have to exterminate. See ya, cliff.
[Taylor look out to the town square to see dozens of troubadours playing.]

GILMORE MANSION

EMILY: Gerta, you're half my age. Why do I always beat you to the door?

LORELAI: Hi, mom.

EMILY: Hello, Lorelai. So, just you tonight?

LORELAI: Well, I know how mad you get when I bring the insane clown posse with me.

EMILY: So no Luke?

LORELAI: Luke's working.

EMILY: All right. So, how are we?

LORELAI: We're good. We're Fine. We're starving. We'd love a drink.

EMILY: Your father's making martinis in the living room. [To the maid] Oh, now your legs work. Here, hang these up. And eat something with sugar!

RORY: [OS] That's it. [Emily make there way to the living room] I'll take care of the rest. Just say whatever it takes and get him out of there about 9:30. I trust you, Finn... No, it's not a surprise you've never heard anyone say that before. Just get Colin and get him out of there. Bye. [Hangs up the phone] Sorry, everyone. I'm off it for good now.

RICHARD: Hello, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Thanks, dad. Hello. What's this?

RICHARD: Don't touch that!

RORY: He slapped my hand earlier.

EMILY: It is top secret.

LORELAI: Oh, my god. It's the weapons of mass destruction. Quick, get the president on the phone.

RICHARD: Lorelai.

LORELAI: If he's not in the oval office, try the ice-cream room.

EMILY: Just tell them what it is, Richard.

RICHARD: Well, it looks like we're going to receive a tidy little settlement from the charlatan that botched your mother's eye surgery.

EMILY: A very tidy settlement.

RICHARD: And we've decided to add it to the money we're donating to Yale.

LORELAI: Thank god. Finally a hot meal for the lacrosse team.

EMILY: We're adding it to the money we're donating in Rory's name.

RORY: Oh, goody. They didn't forget.

EMILY: And with that extra money, we can now afford what is on the table right in front of you. Richard, do the honors.

RICHARD: All right. Miss Rory Gilmore, may I present... your building.

RORY: What?!

EMILY: Your science building.

[Lorelai starts laughing]

RICHARD: On the Q.T., A friend of mine who knows the architect snagged the model for me. It's a beaut, isn't it? Built perfectly to scale.

EMILY: Very sleek. And there's plenty of wall space inside for a portrait.

RORY: Of who?

EMILY: Of you.

RICHARD: And look right here. My friend attached a placard to the front of the building.

LORELAI: [Reading the placard] The Rory Gilmore Astronomy Building.

RORY: Um, grandpa...

EMILY: They're going to start construction this summer, so it should be up and running by Christmas.

RORY: Is this the actual lettering? I mean, is this the scale?

RICHARD: I don't know. Although the style is very dignified.

EMILY: I'm sure we can request this lettering if you like.

RICHARD: It's your building, so why not?

RORY: Because the lettering would be 30 feet high.

LORELAI: Well honey it's the astronomy building. You have to be able to see it from space.

RICHARD: I don't know whether it's to scale.

RORY: Well is there someone we can call to check?

EMILY: Relax, Rory. She's so modest.

LORELAI: Relax, Rory. Remember when you wanted a personalized license plate? So much better.

EMILY: We're going to try to get them to add another floor so that it's taller than everything around it.

RICHARD: Make it stand out a bit more.

RORY: More than this?!

LORELAI: I love the portrait idea.

RORY: Who's not helping?

LORELAI: Hmm?

GERTA: Excuse me, everyone. Christopher Hayden has arrived.

[The girls look surprised]

EMILY: Christopher, how wonderful. Come in. Come in.

LORELAI: W-what are you doing here?

CHRISTOPHER: I was invited. [Leans down to kiss Lorelai on the cheek, then Rory]

LORELAI: [Sounding like she's 16] Shut up! Me too!

EMILY: We promised Christopher a home cooked meal last time we saw him, and since we're leaving for Europe, for the next 2 months, [kisses Emily] this was the last chance we had to make good on that promise.

RICHARD: You can call a Gilmore many things, but you can't call him a welsher.

LORELAI: What are the things you can call him, just for future reference?

CHRISTOPHER: I'm very grateful for the invitation, Emily.

RICHARD: Martini, Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER: Sounds good. What's this?

LORELAI: Oh it's Rory's building.

RORY: It's not my building.

CHRISTOPHER: It's got your name on it. Wow are those letters to scale?

RORY: Oh, boy.

CHRISTOPHER: 'Cause it's gonna be huge.

RORY: Yeah. Okay dad, you can take my seat because I have to go legally change my name and transfer to brown.

LORELAI: Honey, now come on. We have teased you way worse than this before. Remember when you were 10 and thought you discovered U2?

RORY: I should get going. Logan's leaving in the morning.

EMILY: Oh, that's right. Tell him to have a safe trip.

RORY: I will.

EMILY: [Doorbell rings] My goodness. It's grand central station here tonight. Come on, Rory. I'll walk you out.

LORELAI: Bye, honey.

RORY: Bye.

RICHARD: Christopher. [hands him a drink]

CHRISTOPHER: Thank you. So, he's leaving, huh?

LORELAI: Yeah he's going to London to work for his dad.

RICHARD: She should be very proud of that boy.

LORELAI: She should buy him an observatory.

EMILY: [Coming back in to the room] Well, look who I found outside.

RICHARD: Oh. Carolyn.

CAROLYN: Hello, Richard. How wonderful to see you, especially standing so close to a martini.

RICHARD: [Chuckling] Oh, Carolyn, that sense of humor of yours. One martini coming right up.

EMILY: Carolyn, this is my daughter, Lorelai. Lorelai, this is Carolyn Bates..."Lynnie" to those in the know.

LORELAI: Oh, am I in the know?

CAROLYN: You are now. Nice to meet you.

LORELAI: You too.

EMILY: And, Lynnie, this is Christopher Hayden.

CHRISTOPHER: Nice to meet you.

RORY: Lynnie, olives or a twist?

CAROLYN: Olives, please.

EMILY: Lynnie's mother and I go so far back, I'm embarrassed to talk about it. Lorelai, you remember my talking about Marie Randle. We were roommates in college.

LORELAI: ar-hu

EMILY: Well, Lynnie is her daughter, and she just moved to Hartford, so, of course, we promised her a dinner. And since we're going to be out of town for the next couple of months, tonight seemed like the perfect opportunity.

LORELAI: Tonight she's settling up all old debts, huh?

RICHARD: Linnie, I've got your two olives.

CAROLYN: Thank you very much, Richard.

EMILY: [Too Lorelai] Move.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Move [grabbing Lorelai's arm]

LORELAI: Ow! The arm is supposed to be connected to the body!

EMILY: Linnie, sit down next to Christopher. Lorelai's gonna sit with me.

CAROLYN: Okay.

EMILY: You know Linnie is a psychologist. Isn't that fascinating?

CAROLYN: I do a lot of work with family counseling, runaways and drug recovery.

LORELAI: Arm-yanking rehab. [Emily pinches her] Ow!

EMILY: Linnie just moved here from Maine. Isn't that interesting? I've never been to Maine.

Christopher: Have you ever been to Maine?

CHRISTOPHER: Uh, no, but I like lobster.

CAROLYN: Well, then, you're in.

[Laughter]

EMILY: I tell you, Linnie, you're a card, just like your mother. Christopher you should meet her mother. [Lorelai and Chris share a look] She's a stitch. Isn't Linnie's mother a stitch, Richard?

RICHARD: She's an entire seam, Emily.

EMILY: It's so important to find someone who can make you laugh. I was always so envious of Johnny Carson's wives. I just thought these women must do nothing but laugh all the time. How's your drink, Linnie?

CAROLYN: Very potent. Thank you, Emily.

EMILY: Well, potent is good because tonight is a party. Which reminds me, Christopher Linnie once threw her mother the most wonderful birthday party. I think she made the cake herself, didn't you, Linnie? [She nods] Oh, these days a woman who can bake is a rare treasure, isn't she? And Linnie is a Leo.

STARS HOLLOW - TOWN SQUARE

[More bands are playing]

[Sonic Youth are playing "What a Waste"]

SONIC YOUTH: [Singing] Give me hollow stimulation

it's so sleazy to be free

Let's invest in dull creation

thrill city cheap legacy

what a waste

you're so chaste

I can't wait

to taste your face

TAYLOR: Stop, go home this is private property, stop that jumping, stop that jumping right now, there's no jumping in the town square. Officer Ruskin, what took you so long? I called you hours ago.

OFFICER RUSKIN: Well, I'm here now, Taylor. What do you need?

TAYLOR: Handcuff these ruffians and take them away.

OFFICER RUSKIN: In what?

TAYLOR: In your car.

OFFICER RUSKIN: Well, I came on my bike.

TAYLOR: Why?

OFFICER RUSKIN: Fred took the car. Plus my handcuffs are broken.

TAYLOR: Well, then, find an appropriate vehicle to haul them away.

OFFICER RUSKIN: My sister has an S.U.V. But she's out of town, though.

TAYLOR: Well, then, line them up and have them follow you to jail.

OFFICER RUSKIN: I could do that, but it's a single cell, though. It holds two, maybe three if they're not fat. And we don't have any food.

TAYLOR: Oh, forget it...Barney Fife.

OFFICER RUSKIN: My brother has a pinto.

TAYLOR: Patty, don't do that.

MISS PATTY: But they're hungry.

TAYLOR: If you feed them, they won't go away.

TROUBADOUR: Taylor! How'd you let this happen? This is my turf, Taylor!

TAYLOR: How did I let this happen? This is your fault. You had to go off and make it in the big time, and now they're all copying you.

TROUBADOUR: The big time? I made 700 bucks and got booed. And I never even met Neil Young. Heart of gold, my ass.

TAYLOR: I suddenly feel very tired.

MISS PATTY: Would you like a tiramisu?

TAYLOR: No, I think I'd just like to go to bed. Tell everybody to try and keep it down. God, I hate music.

DANIEL PALLADINO: [Singing] A beaver ate my thumb

a beaver ate my thumb

a doctor gave me rum

'cause a beaver ate my thumb

wow!

GILMORE MANSION - LIVING ROOM

CAROLYN: How old?

CHRISTOPHER: 4 going on 40.

EMILY: And a doll, a living doll.

CAROLYN: Enjoy them while their legs are still short enough for you to overtake them.

CHRISTOPHER: That's good advice, doc, thanks.

LORELAI: Excuse me. I'm just gonna go to the restroom.

EMILY: Well, hurry back. Dinner's almost on.

LORELAI: Yes, ma'am.

CAROLYN: My sister just had twins last week.

CHRISTOPHER: Twins? Wow, that sounds...

CAROLYN: loud?

CHRISTOPHER: [Chuckling] Exactly.

EMILY: I'm sorry, I know I'm being very forward, but the picture of the two of you sitting there so young, so beautiful, it's almost like looking at a shampoo ad.
[Cut to the restroom, Lorelai entering]

LORELAI: Oh, my god. What are you doing?

CHRISTOPHER: [Closes the door] What do you mean what am I doing? I thought "restroom" was code for "follow me, and we'll talk about how to get you out of this."

LORELAI: What the hell kind of spy school did you go to?

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, I'm here now, so let's figure out how to get me out of this.

LORELAI: Out of what?

CHRISTOPHER: What do you mean, "out of what"? This is a setup.

LORELAI: So it seems.

CHRISTOPHER: I can't believe Emily would do this.

LORELAI: You're talking about Emily Dickinson, right? 'Cause Emily Gilmore was made to do this.

CHRISTOPHER: I thought I was having dinner with you and Rory. I didn't realize I was going on a date.

LORELAI: Well luckily you didn't get ugly overnight.

CHRISTOPHER: Thanks a lot, by the way.

LORELAI: What did I do?

CHRISTOPHER: Nothing! You're just sitting there, not saying anything.

LORELAI: What are you talking about? When mom said, "doesn't he look like Cary Grant?" I said, "yes."

CHRISTOPHER: You're just letting this happen.

LORELAI: I'm not just letting this happen.

CHRISTOPHER: You can't see that I'm miserable out there?

LORELAI: No, I can't. You seem fine. You're talking to her.

CHRISTOPHER: She's talking to me what am I supposed to do, slap her in the mouth?

LORELAI: That would be a conversation stopper.

CHRISTOPHER: I assumed at some point you'd jump in and try and save me.

LORELAI: By doing what?

CHRISTOPHER: I don't know, deflect, detract, get the conversation off her and me and us.

LORELAI: I'm sorry. I didn't know you needed saving.

CHRISTOPHER: [Laughing] Oh, come on.

LORELAI: "Oh, come on"? How do I know you don't want to date her? You're single. She's single. You're pretty. She's pretty. It's how all great divorces start.

CHRISTOPHER: How did I used to get out of here?

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

CHRISTOPHER: In high school, I'd be in your room. I had several ways of sneaking out of here.

LORELAI: Chris!

CHRISTOPHER: Which drainpipe was it that I used to crawl down?

LORELAI: Christopher!

CHRISTOPHER: I think I used to get to it from the attic window, does the attic window still access the drainpipe that drops you off by the garage?

LORELAI: You do know you're grown up now. You can just walk out the front door.

CHRISTOPHER: If I just leave, I'll insult your parents.

LORELAI: But vanishing into thin air, way more polite.

CHRISTOPHER: It's only 8:00! This night's gonna last forever. We haven't even had dinner yet.

LORELAI: [Laughs] Relax. Now that I know you're not interested in her...

CHRISTOPHER: I'm not!

LORELAI: Okay. Now that I know, I can help you out.

CHRISTOPHER: You will?

LORELAI: Yeah, I got your back.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, thank you.

LORELAI: You're welcome. I know you always got mine.

CHRISTOPHER: Always.

LORELAI: So, it wasn't code, you know. I got to...

CHRISTOPHER: Yes, right. I'll see you back in the living room.

LORELAI: Yeah.

[cut to the dinning room]

RICHARD: Very interesting dinner, Emily.

EMILY: It's paella. I got the recipe from Hilde Macintosh, whose son married a Spanish girl. God knows how long it's going to last, but the food at their wedding was wonderful. Do you like it, Linnie?

CAROLYN: I do.

EMILY: Not too spicy?

CAROLYN: I like spicy food.

EMILY: Do you? Well, Christopher, did you hear that? Linnie likes spicy food, and so do you. Isn't that something?

CHRISTOPHER: Uh, yes. Small world.

LORELAI: Hey, Linnie, I have a recurring dream where a walrus waddles up, lies down on me, falls asleep, and I can't breathe. What do you think it means?

RICHARD: Lorelai...

LORELAI: What dad Linnie is a psychologist. She should know.

CAROLYN: It's okay. Umm It could mean a myriad of things, too much stress at work, something in your life is strangling you, you've read "Alice in Wonderland" too many times.

EMILY: Touché, Linnie.

RICHARD: She's got wit and wisdom, this one.

EMILY: You know, Christopher does the Sunday New York times puzzle every single week.

LORELAI: Hey, what's it called when you're afraid of spiders?

CAROLYN: Arachnophobia.

EMILY: You have arachnophobia?

LORELAI: No.

RICHARD: Thank goodness.

LORELAI: What's it called when you're afraid of people who are afraid of spiders? 'Cause that one I've got.

EMILY: Oh, lord.

CAROLYN: I don't think there's a technical term for that yet.

LORELAI: How about arachnophobiaphobia? 'Cause that makes sense.

EMILY: You know, Christopher, Linnie...

LORELAI: voices in your head, totally normal right?

CAROLYN: Excuse me?

LORELAI: There's only two... that speak English.

EMILY: Lorelai, eat your Paella.

RORY: So, Christopher, how's business going?

CHRISTOPHER: It's really been picking up lately.

CAROLYN: What do you do?

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, I'm in computer software.

CAROLYN: That sounds exciting.

CHRISTOPHER: Can be, it's a lot of traveling, actually...

CAROLYN: I love traveling. It's one thing I miss about my job.

LORELAI: You know what I think is even better than traveling? Time-traveling. Do you think that's possible?

CAROLYN: I would have no idea.

EMILY: Lorelai, are you having some kind of breakdown?

RICHARD: You're very quiet, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, I, uh -

LORELAI: Linnie, as a psychologist, tell me what do you think of "The Sopranos"?

CAROLYN: Actually, I miss Adriana.

LORELAI: Oh, so do I.

EMILY: Lorelai!

LORELAI: What? I was serious about that one.

EMILY: That's it. No more talk until dessert.

ELEVATOR TO LOGAN'S APARTMENT

[Doors open]

COLIN: Come on! One more stop!

LOGAN: I can't.

FINN: But tomorrow you'll fly away to London and we will forget all about you.

LOGAN: I'm touched, but Rory will be back in a minute.

COLIN: You know I'm starting to get the feeling you'd rather be with her, than us.

FINN: Impossible.

LOGAN: I appreciate the drinks and the diversion. Your friendship is worth a couple pages in my memoir. But as of now, it's goodbye. I'm spending the rest of the night alone with my girl.

[The apartment door opens]

RORY: [British accent] Hello, governor. Chips?

LOGAN: I'm sorry. I was looking for my girlfriend.

RORY: Oh, I'm sorry, mate. No girlfriends here. Just us birds and blokes taking the piss out of each other.

They make there way in]

LOGAN: Your accent is terrible, by the way.

RORY: Just go with it, you geezer. Now we've heard that you're about to fly away to old blighty, and word 'round the pub has it you're not happy about it.

LOGAN: Well, I'm leaving a couple people I'm pretty fond of... and some people I'm a little afraid of, but all in all...

RORY: Well, we're just going to have to change your mind, because London, you see, is a place of fun and musical excitement, the queen, hello! Magazine.

LOGAN: You're gonna break into a chorus of "Imim Chimney" any minute.

RORY: Shush, now. None of that talk. Because tomorrow, brilliant things will happen, a new life, a new adventure. You like adventure, don't you, mate? Well, London is certainly the place for that, and we, frankly, would not be the fine chaps we claim to be if we did not send you off in a proper way, [Raises her voice] with the bash of a lifetime! [cheering from the party goers] Come on. Someone get this chap a pint. See if you can't be happy, at least you can be drunk.

LOGAN: Kiss me, Mary Poppins.

RORY: [Normal voice] Really I thought it was more Gwyneth Paltrow, "Shakespeare in love."

LOGAN: Kiss me.

MAN: To the queen!

EVERYONE: To the queen! [Cheers]

GILMORE MANSION - INTERIOR

[Front door]

EMILY: Well, that was a complete waste of time.

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

EMILY: I'm talking about Christopher and Carolyn leaving separately.

LORELAI: Well, come on, mom. What did you think? They were gonna throw down and consummate it right here in the foyer?

EMILY: No, I didn't think they were gonna throw down and consummate it in the foyer. I just thought they could go out for coffee.

LORELAI: You served them coffee.

EMILY: So what?

LORELAI: You can't be shocked when you serve people three cups of coffee, and they don't feel like going out for coffee. Not everyone is me.

EMILY: I just thought they would have hit it off better, than that.

LORELAI: Well you never know with these things.

EMILY: I was just so sure. Oh, well. Maybe next time.

LORELAI: Absolutely.

EMILY: Christopher's probably too immature for Linnie, anyway.

LORELAI: I'm sure he is.

EMILY: The way he was going on and on about that motorcycle of his. I half expected him to start talking about his Tonka truck and announcing to the room he wanted to be a fireman or a cowboy someday.

LORELAI: Sure is nice when it's not me. All right, bye, mom. Have a nice trip.

EMILY: Goodbye, Lorelai. [Shuts the door] Gerta, did I fire you?

GERTA: No.

EMILY: Really? Everything's off tonight.

[Cut to exterior, Lorelai making her way to the Jeep.]

CAROLYN: You also know that it is one meal, and one meal does not a lifestyle make. That's okay, Sandra. All right. Okay. Call anytime. I'll talk to you on Monday. [Too Lorelai] Sorry. I'm blocking you in.

LORELAI: No, no, that's okay. So, you do sessions over the phone?

CAROLYN: I do sessions whenever people need them.

LORELAI: Wow. That's quite a commitment.

CAROLYN: Well, I've always been a good listener. Excellent note-taker. I have fantastic penmanship. Good head-nodding abilities.

LORELAI: You found your calling.

CAROLYN: [Chuckles] I think I did.

LORELAI: So, it was nice meeting you.

CAROLYN: Oh, you too. You too. This was, this was really very sweet of your mom.

LORELAI: Well, you keep thinking that.

CAROLYN: Hey, it's been a long time since I've been invited to such a blatant setup. It made me miss my own mom. [Cell phone rings] Oh, I'll just let it go to voice mail.

LORELAI: Your work sure follows you around, huh?

CAROLYN: When you're going through something, you never know when you're gonna need to talk.

Sometimes it sneaks up on you.

LORELAI: Yeah, I suppose so.

CAROLYN: You okay?

LORELAI: Me? Yeah, yeah, I'm good. It was really nice meeting you. Sorry if I talked too much during dinner. Every now and then, I just feel the need to re-enact certain key scenes from "Purple Rain," you know, for a captive audience. The lake Minnetonka scene really bugs my mom, so...

CAROLYN: I could analyze that one for you if you want.

LORELAI: That one, I've got a handle on. Other things are more fuzzy, but that one, I got.

CAROLYN: Okay. [awkward pause] Lorelai?

LORELAI: Yeah?

CAROLYN: Do you... do you want to talk about something?

LORELAI: Me? No, no, I'm good. It was nice meeting you. Bye. I got to go.

[Cut to inside Carolyn's car, Lorelai is sitting in the back, Carolyn in the driver's seat]

LORELAI: My parents have been married for 40 years, and that's, like, mind-blowing for me because there is no one worse at communication than my mother, except my father and most of my relatives. It is not a chatty group, basically. Everything in the Gilmore house was "don't talk about it. Shove it aside." Of course, I talked about it and shoved it right in your face, but still, I don't know. I never saw myself getting married.

CAROLYN: Never?

LORELAI: Not until Max asked me... I think. I mean I guess I thought about marrying Christopher when everyone was freaking out because I was pregnant, but I never thought about it in a longingly, good way.

CAROLYN: That could be why.

LORELAI: Why?

CAROLYN: Well, marriage was just a solution to a problem, not anything romantic or because you were in love. Plus it came from your parents.

LORELAI: I love that I've got one more thing to blame my mother for.

CAROLYN: What about Max? Did you love him?

LORELAI: No, I didn't. I wanted to, but...I didn't. I don't think I ever really loved anyone, until Luke. Did I tell you I proposed?

CAROLYN: No. You didn't.

LORELAI: I did. I saw this guy in front of me who was a real...man. He was solid, and he was strong. He would protect me, but he, he got me. I knew all that when we started dating. But that moment, when I realized how much he cared for Rory, that was it. Suddenly I knew I was ready.

CAROLYN: Did he accept right away?

LORELAI: Pretty much...Hey, where's the weirdest place you ever had a session?

CAROLYN: Skull mountain at six flags.

LORELAI: So, not this.

CAROLYN: Nope, not this.

LORELAI: Well, not only have I screwed up your night, but it's not even a good story.

CAROLYN: It's still a pretty good story.

LORELAI: Yeah, that's good, 'cause I like to entertain. You know. I should have been a monkey in Washington square park with, like, a snappy hat. I feel so stupid. I really had myself believing it was gonna happen. I bought that stupid dress, and now it's just hanging there, mocking me. And the crazy thing is, I am ready to get married. I am ready to start the next phase of my life. I want another kid, and I, I don't want to wait anymore. I don't want to be patient. I've been patient long enough. I'm not happy, and I feel crappy all the time. And I just think I've had it.

CAROLYN: So...what are you gonna do? Only you can make you wait. Nobody else can. You need to decide what you want and what you're willing to give up to get it, and then you got to be okay with that, or you got to be okay with waiting.

LORELAI: I could lose him if I push too hard.

CAROLYN: You don't really seem to have him now, at least not the way you want to have him. You won't get anything unless you ask for it. And if you ask for it and you don't get it, maybe it wasn't worth having in the first place. Some things are just never meant to be, no matter how much we wish they were.

LORELAI: I can only imagine what you could do if you had a couch.

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

[Party is still going on]

RORY: Want to put money on who nails the queen?

LOGAN: I think her highness is pretty safe tonight.

RORY: Why? I thought Jenny and Paul broke up.

LOGAN: They got back together this morning.

RORY: Do the boys know?

LOGAN: No.

RORY: Are you gonna tell them?

LOGAN: No.

RORY: Well, watching your best friends waste precious scoring moments, you can get kicked out of the club for that.

LOGAN: Yeah, well... you know, I have given a lot of great parties in my lifetime.

RORY: Oh, I know.

LOGAN: But I do believe that this one has topped them all.

RORY: Hey, it's not over. We have hours to go. There's plenty of beer left, and no one's slugged Finn yet, so...

LOGAN: Thank you.

RORY: My pleasure... You want more beer?

LOGAN: No.

RORY: More Twiglets, Cadburys?

LOGAN: I'm good.

RORY: Do you want try the Frug again? 'Cause I think my cramp has gone away.

LOGAN: Tell me not to go.

RORY: What?

LOGAN: Tell me not to get on that plane. Tell me to blow off my father, the paper, the whole Huntzberger destiny. Just tell me I can figure something else out. Just tell me not to go.

RORY: Well, I can't do that.

LOGAN: Hey, you afraid the teacher's gonna see or something?

[Music playing by Petula Clark]

PETULA CLARK: Don't stand in the pouring rain, don't sleep in the subway...

LUKE'S DINER

LUKE: No, I can't just charge you for half a cup of coffee.

TROUBADOUR: But I'm not gonna drink the whole cup. Seems like a gyp.

LUKE: Well.

[Lorelai enters]

LORELAI: Hey. I need to talk to you.

LUKE: Where have you been?

LORELAI: It doesn't matter.

LUKE: What are you talking about it doesn't matter, I've been looking everywhere for you. I tried your cell. I went by the inn. Patty was at your house.

LORELAI: Let's elope.

LUKE: [Stunned] What?

LORELAI: Come on, Luke. Grab your keys. Let's go.

LUKE: Elope?

LORELAI: You said that would be fine at Martha's Vineyard. Didn't you say that would be fine at Martha's Vineyard?

LUKE: Yes, I did. I'm just...

LORELAI: Come on, then! Let's go! We can drive to Maryland. What the hell, right? I mean, you have to see Maryland eventually. We can drive there, get married, and then come back here. And you'll get your stuff, and you'll move in.

LUKE: Okay, hold on.

LORELAI: I mean we have the plan already, right? We just have to put the plan in motion.

LUKE: Let's calm down. We don't have to figure all this out now, do we?

LORELAI: Yes, we do, because we've been waiting and putting it off, and I don't want to put it off anymore.

LUKE: But right now?

LORELAI: Yes, now is the right time. It's the best time because it's now!

LUKE: Come on. [Opens the door]

LORELAI: Your car or mine?

LUKE: Lorelai, let's just talk this through.

LORELAI: No I don't wanna talk, all we've done for months is talk. I want to do. I want to go.

LUKE: We can't just take off and get married.

LORELAI: Why not, Luke? Don't you love me?

LUKE: You know I do.

LORELAI: But I love you, Luke. I love you. But I have waited, and I have stayed away, and I have let you run this thing, and no more. I asked you to marry me, and you said yes.

LUKE: Yeah, I'm just trying to think here.

LORELAI: We fixed up the house, right? We have a bigger closet, and I didn't get the purple wallpaper because you didn't want the purple wallpaper. And if it's between you and the purple wallpaper, I pick you!

LUKE: I didn't tell you not to get the purple wallpaper.

LORELAI: Oh my God you didn't like it.

LUKE: I don't care about wallpaper!

LORELAI: Do you care about me?

LUKE: Yes!

LORELAI: Because I'm going crazy here. I made a commitment to you, and I need to make it happen.

LUKE: It will, it will happen, okay? I just have April to consider.

LORELAI: But once we're married, everything with April will be fine. Anna said so.

LUKE: Anna said so, what does that mean?

LORELAI: When I talked to Anna...

LUKE: When did you talk to Anna?

LORELAI: After the party...

LUKE: I didn't know you talked to Anna, you weren't supposed to talk to Anna.

LORELAI: I know. I'm sor... God, no! I'm not gonna defend myself! For months now, I've been skulking around not saying anything, not having an opinion, like I'm Clarence Thomas or something, and I... I'm done with that. I-I've been waiting for a long time, and I don't want to wait anymore.

LUKE: I have to think this through.

LORELAI: No!

LUKE: I have April!

LORELAI: You're gonna have to figure out how April fits into our lives, not the other way around.

LUKE: I'm trying.

LORELAI: Well, try married!

LUKE: Just wait!

LORELAI: No! I'm not waiting! It's now or never!

LUKE: I don't like ultimatums!

LORELAI: I don't like Mondays, but unfortunately they come around eventually.

LUKE: I can't just jump like this.

LORELAI: Well, I'm sorry to hear that. [Sniffles] And I have to go.

[Luke looks stunned as Lorelai walks away]

[Sam Phillips playing "Taking Pictures"]

SAM PHILLIPS: [Singing] When I take a picture of the city it disappears

it's only a photograph the city is gone

places I go are never there

the places I go are never the-e-e-e-re

and nostalgia isn't what it used to be

I can only picture the disappearing world

when you touch me.

EXTERIOR CHRIS'S APARTMENT

[Lorelai knocks]

CHRISTOPHER: Hey.

LORELAI: [Almost crying] Hey.

CHRISTOPHER: You okay?

LORELAI: Uh, I'm having a really bad night, and, um... I just don't want to be alone. Okay?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah. Uh, come on in.

LOGAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

[Rory is asleep]

LOGAN: Rory.

RORY: Logan?

LOGAN: Don't get up.

RORY: You're dressed. Why are you dressed?

LOGAN: My bags are already in the car.

RORY: The car?

LOGAN: It's downstairs. I just wanted to tell you...

RORY: [Jumps up out of bed] I'll be five minutes. I just have to find the closet.

LOGAN: Relax.

RORY: I'll just grab shoes and a coat.

LOGAN: No.

RORY: No shoes. Just a coat.

LOGAN: You don't have to come.

RORY: Your leaving, I have to go with you to the airport.

LOGAN: No.

RORY: I have to go to say goodbye.

LOGAN: Rory, no.

RORY: Yes. I have to wave to you at the gate.

LOGAN: They won't let you. They'll stop you at security.

RORY: Okay, well, I'll wave to you at the metal detectors.

LOGAN: Rory...

RORY: I have to go with you.

LOGAN: No!

RORY: Yes. You are leaving for London. Who knows when we'll see each other again?

LOGAN: I thought that was all set.

RORY: What was all set?

LOGAN: Christmas, thanksgiving, Guy Fawkes day.

RORY: That's so far away. I...

LOGAN: Rory, if you come with me, I won't get on the plane...I've paid for the apartment for the next year, so you don't have to worry about that. There's still a few weeks left on the car service, so use it whenever you want. I know that you won't, but just in case you need to. I'll call you when I get in, okay?

RORY: [Sniffles]

[They kiss]

LOGAN: What?

RORY: [Sniffles] I keep trying to think of fabulous things to say, but all I can think is, "say hi to William and Harry for me." [Sniffles]

LOGAN: I love you, ace.

RORY: [Chuckles] That's so much better than "say hi to William and Harry for me."

[They kiss again]

LOGAN: I have to go.

[Rory is trying not to cry as Logan gathers his stuff, Rory goes to the door to watch him get in the lift]

BEDROOM - CHRIS'S APARTMENT

[Lorelai is asleep and appears naked under the bed sheets, single camera shot all the following action happens behind Lorelai.]

CHRISTOPHER: [OS] G.G., Come get your coat.

G.G.: [OS] Not that coat. The pink coat.

CHRISTOPHER: [OS] Miriam, where's the pink coat?

MIRIAM: [OS] She doesn't have a pink coat.

CHRISTOPHER: [OS] G.G.! Come back here!

[Lorelai opens her eyes, without moving she wonders where she is.]

G.G.: [enters the room] Who is that?

CHRISTOPHER: Shh! That's your aunt Lorelai.

G.G. : Is she sick?

CHRISTOPHER: No. [Picking up G.G. and handing her to the maid] Miriam...

MIRIAM: Sorry, Mr. Hayden.

G.G. : I don't like to wear my nightgown to bed when I'm sick, either.

CHRISTOPHER: I'll explain later. Have fun at school. Bye-bye hon.

[Chris closes the door, takes off his robe and gets back into bed, He has a very pleased look on his face. He puts his arm around Lorelai.]

[Lorelai has a stunned look on her face, "Sad Realization" of what had happened.]