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04x06 - An Affair to Remember

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04x06 - An Affair to Remember

by **bunniefuu**

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OPEN AT ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai, Rory, Emily, and Richard are eating dinner]

EMILY: It's simply disgraceful.

RICHARD: For years, we've had peace in the neighborhood.

EMILY: I knew the Richmonds were going to be trouble when they missed the block party last month.

LORELAI: I don't understand. They gave out full-size candy bars for Halloween. So what?

EMILY: Not full-size candy bars, Lorelai - king-size candy bars.

RICHARD: We've been giving out full-size candy bars for years now.

EMILY: And then those people move in and throw the entire balance of the neighborhood off. They made everybody look ridiculous.

RICHARD: It's very embarrassing.

EMILY: I think we have to do something about this - maybe go to the homeowners association.

LORELAI: Two Halloweens ago, someone painted the Duprees' Chihuahua orange and nobody went to the homeowners association then.

EMILY: Well, everybody hated Taco.

LORELAI: I think you're making a little too much of this.

EMILY: I saw Mae Richmond at Bay Wellington's two weeks before Halloween. She had ample time to bring it up then, and nothing - not a word. I think it might be time to go after their ball machine.

RORY: Their ball machine?

RICHARD: They have a ball machine on their tennis court that is extraordinarily loud and unpredictable.

EMILY: Flying, thumping balls all over the place.

LORELAI: Flying, thumping what all over the place?

EMILY: Balls.

[Lorelai giggles]

EMILY: You are four.

LORELAI: And balls are funny.

RICHARD: Don't worry, Emily. If the homeowners association doesn't do anything, we'll take this to the neighbors, get a petition going.

LORELAI: Or if that doesn't work, you could throw some hoods on and burn a full-size Mars bar on their front lawn.

EMILY: King-size, Lorelai - king-size.

RORY: So, how's work, Grandpa?

LORELAI: Look how smoothly she changes the subject.

RICHARD: Work is lovely, Rory. How's school?

RORY: Crazy.

LORELAI: She's taking too many courses.

RORY: I am not.

EMILY: How many are you taking?

LORELAI: Five.

EMILY: Is five a lot?

RORY: It's not a lot

LORELAI: It is a lot.

RICHARD: I took five courses when I was a freshman. Rory takes after me.

RORY: I like to be busy.

RICHARD: Idle hands are the devil's playthings.

LORELAI: That's actually the title of one of her classes.

RORY: Please don't worry about me.

LORELAI: She says to the mother and the grandmother.

EMILY: Are you done?

RORY: Oh, yes, thank you.

EMILY: Good, because we have mini lemon bundt cakes for dessert.

LORELAI: Oh.

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: Well, they're serving full-size bundt cakes over at the Richmonds' house.

EMILY: She's done.

LORELAI: Oh, no, I have a carrot.

EMILY: She's done.

LORELAI: Bet the Richmonds would have let me eat my carrot.

[opening credits]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Emily walks into Richard's study, where a photographer is setting up to take a picture of Richard and Jason]

EMILY: All right, this should do it.

RICHARD: May we please get this over with?

EMILY: Patience is a virtue, Richard.

RICHARD: And time is fleeting, Emily.

EMILY: You're starting a new partnership. You need new photographs, especially with that new look.

JASON: I thought I'd give a beard a try.

EMILY: Well, I like it. All right, Helmut, we're all set here.

HELMUT: Okay. Important men doing important things. [takes a picture] Good. Oh, one more time. We're going to sign, and. . .[takes another picture] We're done.

EMILY: Thank you, Helmut. That was wonderful.

RICHARD: And now we sign the real papers.

JASON: I'm feeling historic. You?

RICHARD: Oh, yes. It's Gettysburg all over again. Thank you.

JASON: Important men doing important things.

RICHARD: Now that makes it official. Jason.

JASON: Let's give 'em hell.

RICHARD: You bet.

EMILY: Oh, I should have had Helmut get the handshake.

RICHARD: The signing was fine, Emily. Sorry about the photo session.

JASON: Oh, no, that's okay. I think it's a cute idea.

EMILY: Yes, and when the financial papers call for an official photo, it'll be downright darling.

RICHARD: I learned long ago, Jason, when it comes to things like this, Emily is always right.

JASON: I am sure she is.

EMILY: Thank you both. Jason, how's your time? Would you like to join us for dinner?

JASON: Oh, I'd love to, Emily, but I should get these papers up to my lawyer's office. Next week?

EMILY: Consider it an open invitation.

JASON: Thank you. Richard, I'll see you tomorrow morning.

RICHARD: Yes, you will.

[Jason leaves]

EMILY: "I think it's cute."

RICHARD: He's young, Emily.

EMILY: Yes, well, a good smack on that scruffy face of his would age him up a bit. All right, let's discuss the launch party. Do you have any sort of particular feel in mind?

RICHARD: Well, I'll leave that to your discretion. Just make sure it's dignified.

EMILY: We probably shouldn't go too fancy. Maybe we'll do one of those vodka bars - caviar, a Russian theme. I love that it's okay to be Russian again.

RICHARD: It sounds lovely.

EMILY: How's the 23rd?

RICHARD: Perfect.

EMILY: And I want you to get a new suit.

RICHARD: I don't need a new suit.

EMILY: And find out what Jason's going to wear. I don't want the two of you showing up looking like the Bobbsey twins.

RICHARD: Oh, yes, that would be embarrassing.

EMILY: I'll need a guest list.

RICHARD: Uh huh.

EMILY: A Russian theme. I like that.

CUT TO YALE CLASSROOM

[Rory is in one of her classes]

PROFESSOR: The conquering peoples impose their own values on the subjugated peoples through education, and quite often through the appointment of a priesthood from among their own ranks. This means we should not assume that the system of values has in some way evolved in a region. It is almost always imposed with the explicit purpose of keeping power in the hands of the powerful. Something to think about until next week, when we will burst more of your illusions. . .which brings me to a bit of bad news. There was an error in the syllabus you received. The dates were wrong, which means that all of your reading has been pushed up one week. I apologize for this cruel little life experience, but what can I do? I just found out my in-laws are moving back to town. None of us are immune. I'll see you all Tuesday.

CUT TO THE DRAGONFLY INN

[The construction crew is working on the inn. Lorelai and Tom walk over to the barn.]

LORELAI: So, we were thinking maybe two horses to start with. See, it's so charming with the overhang here.

TOM: You want me to turn this into stables?

LORELAI: Yes.

TOM: Without a magic wand or some sort of fairy dust?

LORELAI: Preferably, yes.

TOM: Let me take a look inside.

LORELAI: We'd like to keep the existing structure, please.

KIRK: Lorelai, I'm all set up as soon as you're ready.

LORELAI: Be right there, Kirk.

KIRK: Okie dokie.

TOM: How attached are you gonna get to these horses?

LORELAI: What?

TOM: You gonna name 'em, feed 'em apples, braid their tails?

LORELAI: Why, Tom?

TOM: Well, the roof's about to cave in so I can stay within our budget, but then I'd just call 'em all Trigger.

LORELAI: Just tell me how much more it's gonna cost.

TOM: Okay.

[Sookie arrives]

SOOKIE: Hey, you're here.

LORELAI: I'm always here.

SOOKIE: Listen, I want to talk to you about something very exciting.

LORELAI: Ooh, very exciting. I love very exciting.

SOOKIE: This morning I got a call from your mother.

LORELAI: This is the very exciting?

SOOKIE: Yes! She's doing a launch party for your father's new business and she wants us to do the catering.

LORELAI: Us?

SOOKIE: Us!

LORELAI: Did you say us?

SOOKIE: Yes.

LORELAI: To her. Did you say "us" to her?

SOOKIE: Yes.

LORELAI: So she knows about us?

SOOKIE: Yes, she knows about us, I think. What does she know about us?

LORELAI: That we have a catering business?

SOOKIE: Yes.

LORELAI: Oh, man!

SOOKIE: What? Did I do something bad?

LORELAI: No, nothing, nothing. It's my fault. I forgot to tell her.

SOOKIE: How could you forget to tell her?

LORELAI: Well, I've only seen her forty or fifty times since we started the business. Now what did she say exactly?

SOOKIE: Well, she asked me to cater, and I said we'd love to, and then she said, "we?" so I said you and I had started a company, so it'd be the both of us together, and she said fine.

LORELAI: Was there a pause before "fine" or was it just "fine"?

SOOKIE: I don't remember. I just remember the "fine."

LORELAI: She's mad.

SOOKIE: I swear she didn't sound mad.

LORELAI: Okay.

SOOKIE: Good.

LORELAI: Now let's talk about how much I can't do this.

SOOKIE: Look, I knew it would be a thing working for your mother, but it's perfect timing. This is probably the last job we'll be able to take before I have the baby.

LORELAI: Something else will come along.

SOOKIE: Not that pays like your mother does.

LORELAI: You know why she pays so much? So she can t*rture you and you won't throw knives at her.

SOOKIE: Look, you already know the house. Decorating, planning - it's gonna be a snap for you. I bet you can spend ninety percent of the evening in the kitchen, then we get to take home the pretty, pretty money.

LORELAI: Sookie.

SOOKIE: Pretty, pretty money. Aren't you a big fat wad of pretty money?

LORELAI: Fine.

SOOKIE: Really?

LORELAI: Shouldn't ask again.

SOOKIE: Accepting and moving on.

KIRK: Excuse me, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Oh, my God, Kirk, I forgot you were here.

KIRK: If I had a nickel for every time I heard that.

LORELAI: I'm very, very sorry. You have my full attention.

SOOKIE: I'm gonna go. Um, we'll talk tomorrow about the details.

LORELAI: Okay. All right, Kirk, show me what you got.

KIRK: If you'll just follow me, I would like to present you with my new line of one-of-a-kind mailboxes.

LORELAI: Wow. They look very nice, Kirk.

KIRK: And whimsical. They say to the world, "I'll take my mail with a smile."

LORELAI: Yes, they do say that.

KIRK: And since you are one of our preferred customers, with the purchase of one of our mailboxes,

I'll throw in a carved-duck doorstop and a garlic peeler.

LORELAI: Wow, that's quite an offer, Kirk, but I think it's a little early for me to pick a mailbox. We haven't even settled on a color for the inn yet.

KIRK: Well, whimsy goes with everything.

LORELAI: Kirk, I promise, just as soon as. . .is that Condoleezza Rice?

KIRK: Yes, it is. I'm a fan, and her big mouth is perfect for shoving mail in.

LORELAI: Ha. Uh, I'll have to think about it.

KIRK: Fair enough. So, I hear you're running a catering business now.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, just temporarily.

KIRK: You guys any good?

LORELAI: Not bad.

KIRK: And how much would one have to pay for your culinary services?

LORELAI: It depends, the type of food, number of people, kind of venue.

KIRK: Simple food, two guests, my mother's living room.

LORELAI: Really?

KIRK: I have a visitor coming in from out of town and I thought it would be nice to serve her a catered meal.

LORELAI: Her?

KIRK: Actually, she was my brother's ex-girlfriend - Lulu.

LORELAI: Good name.

KIRK: I had sort of a crush on her for a while, and she's coming home to visit her mother, and she called me.

LORELAI: Kirk, you have a date.

KIRK: No, just an appointment to take Lulu to dinner.

LORELAI: That's a date.

KIRK: I don't have high hopes for it, if that's what you're thinking.

LORELAI: Kirk, it's very sweet, but are you sure you want to have dinner in your living room?

KIRK: Well, the breakfast nook doesn't seem festive enough.

LORELAI: Right, but while you're having dinner in your living room, where will your mother be?

KIRK: Probably in the living room.

LORELAI: Is that what you really want? To have dinner with your mother watching?

KIRK: I could ask her to face the wall.

LORELAI: Or you could take Lulu out to a restaurant.

KIRK: Which one?

LORELAI: Well, what does she like?

KIRK: I don't know. Should I call my brother and find out?

LORELAI: I think if he knew, she'd probably still be with him.

KIRK: I just really want it to be nice.

LORELAI: Just take her someplace where you're comfortable. It doesn't have to be fancy. If you like it, she'll like it.

KIRK: Okay.

LORELAI: Just not one attached to a bowling alley.

KIRK: That narrows it down a bit. I'll figure something out.

LORELAI: Good. You'll see - it'll be great.

KIRK: Do you think I could stop by tomorrow with some wardrobe choices for you to pick out?

LORELAI: Kirk, you can dress yourself. Just look nice. You know, not too fancy. Clean. No jeans. Oh, maybe a sport coat. Eleven sound good?

KIRK: Perfect.

LORELAI: Okay.

CUT TO YALE DORM

[Rory walks into her suite. Janet is jogging on a trampoline in the common room]

RORY: A trampoline. That's new.

JANET: Helps with my shin splints.

RORY: Huh. Wow. Squeaky.

JANET: Yup. Phone.

RORY: Thanks.

[Rory walks into her bedroom. The phone is ringing. Paris is ignoring it]

RORY: Paris, can you get the phone? Paris?

PARIS: Don't answer it.

RORY: Why not?

PARIS: It's Jamie and we're fighting.

RORY: Well, does he know you're fighting? 'Cause he's not hanging up.

PARIS: Oh, he knows. Trust me, he knows.

RORY: Okay. You're seriously not gonna answer that?

PARIS: Nope.

RORY: Paris, come on.

PARIS: Fine. [picks up the phone, then hangs it back up] There.

RORY: Why are you and Jamie fighting?

PARIS: Because he's wrong.

RORY: Oh, okay.

[the phone starts ringing again]

PARIS: He won't listen to me. [picks up the phone] You won't listen to me! [hangs up] He's in love with the sound of his own voice. You'd think he was already president and I don't want to be Hillary. I don't want to wait for a hundred years while he does his thing so by the time I get my chance, I'm too old to enjoy it.

RORY: Well, I don't think Hillary's too old to enjoy it.

PARIS: Fine. Be on his side.

RORY: I'm not on his side. I'm on her side.

[the phone starts ringing again]

PARIS: Don't answer it.

RORY: Paris, I have to study!

PARIS: Go ahead.

RORY: I can't!

PARIS: Why not?

RORY: The phone.

PARIS: Don't, Rory! I mean it!

RORY: [answers the phone] Hello? Hi, Jamie. Yes, she is here.

PARIS: No.

RORY: Paris, you're acting stupid, okay? You love Jamie, so just get on the phone and work it out so that I can study, okay?

PARIS: [takes the phone] What? No, I haven't thought about what you said. Because I'm very busy, Jamie, and contrary to your beliefs, I have better things to occupy my time with than thinking about you. Or what you said. Or what you meant or what you want or anything about you or concerning you. [Rory grabs the phone from her] Hey!

RORY: Have him call you back on your cell phone. Then you can talk to him outside. It's nice outside. There are birds and trees.

PARIS: My cell phone is dead.

RORY: Then take mine.

PARIS: What's your phone plan?

RORY: Why?

PARIS: 'Cause I'm not gonna borrow your phone and get slammed with a massive charge because your phone plan sucks.

RORY: Paris!

PARIS: [on phone] Jamie, I'm going to call you back on Rory's cell. Yes, I am. Yes, I am!

RORY: Yes, she is!

PARIS: Okay, bye. [hangs up]

RORY: Here.

PARIS: I'll be back.

RORY: Take your time.

[Paris leaves. Rory sits down to study, but is distracted by the sound of the TV. She walks to the common room]

RORY: Tanna, I'm trying to study.

TANNA: Okay.

RORY: I can hear the TV through the wall.

TANNA: Okay.

RORY: It's distracting.

TANNA: Are you telling me to turn it off?

RORY: I'm not telling -

TANNA: You can, you know, because your grandma paid for the TV.

RORY: I'm not telling you to turn the TV off.

TANNA: Because you can.

RORY: The TV belongs to all of us.

TANNA: If it's a matter of volume, I could press my ear to the speaker and then I could turn it really low.

RORY: Never mind.

TANNA: The problem there is that the speakers for the TV are mounted up in the corner of the ceiling, but perhaps if I got a ladder.

RORY: Never mind, Tanna.

TANNA: Are you sure you don't want me to turn it off?

[Rory leaves]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Sookie takes a pan of broccoli tarts out of the oven. She picks one up and holds it out toward Lorelai]

SOOKIE: Try this one.

LORELAI: Sookie, I love you, I love your cooking, but I swear if you make me eat one more bite of broccoli tart, I will beat you to death with it.

SOOKIE: Your mother is the pickiest woman I have ever catered for. She has impeccable taste, the highest standards, and she can smell an inferior tart a mile away.

LORELAI: Well, depending on how long it's been left out, we all can.

SOOKIE: You know, she still hasn't called yet.

LORELAI: She will.

SOOKIE: But she was supposed to call about the details a couple of days ago.

LORELAI: She will, Sookie.

SOOKIE: But it's coming up and we still don't know if she wants a fish course or a cheese course.

LORELAI: We'll make a fish-cheese combo course just to be sure.

SOOKIE: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Why do I have to call her?

SOOKIE: Because technically you're doing the organizing, and I've got batter hands. Oh, ask her about the foie gras. Is it too expected? 'Cause I can make it with a, you know, cherry compote. Okay. You know. . .you know what to say.

LORELAI: [on phone] Hello, Mom.

EMILY: Lorelai, hello. How nice to hear from you.

LORELAI: How are you doing?

EMILY: Well, I'm just fine, thank you for asking.

LORELAI: Good, I'm glad to hear it.

EMILY: And I'm glad to report it.

LORELAI: Uh, so the reason I'm calling is we haven't heard from you yet, and we really need to nail down some of the details of the party.

EMILY: "We" haven't heard from you yet?

LORELAI: Yes, we - me and Sookie.

EMILY: Ah, yes, the Independence Catering Company.

LORELAI: Uh huh. So, anyhow -

EMILY: You know, a few years ago, there was a company called Independent Catering. They were all the rage until they catered the Kirov benefit for diabetes that sent 300 people to the hospital with a vicious case of food poisoning. Well, needless to say, they went out of business immediately, and I believe one of them left town without packing.

LORELAI: Oh, well, that's a good story. Hans Christian Anderson?

EMILY: You know, some people could mistake the Independence Catering Company with the Independent Catering Company, and that would just be a shame for you, wouldn't it? Now if I'd known what you were going to name your company, I could have warned you.

LORELAI: Mom, I swear, I tried to tell you.

EMILY: You did?

LORELAI: Yes, I did. I sent you a flier. Didn't you get my flier?

EMILY: No, I did not get your flier.

LORELAI: Oh, well, I sent it, and to be, um, honest with you, I was a little hurt that you didn't call to congratulate me, but now that I know you didn't get it, I forgive you.

EMILY: When did you send a flier?

LORELAI: Last week.

EMILY: What did it say?

LORELAI: Oh, you know. . .come and get it.

EMILY: You wrote "come and get it" on your business flier?

LORELAI: Well, no, it was your basic "Introducing the Independence Catering Company", uh, flier. You know, it had our phone number, our address, and an amusing caricature of us.

EMILY: Well, that sounds like a very nice flier.

LORELAI: Oh, it was.

EMILY: Do you have an extra one? You can bring it with you on Friday night.

LORELAI: Uh, sure.

EMILY: Because it's very unusual these days for things to get lost in the mail. You don't think you got the address wrong, do you?

LORELAI: Mom, the party?

EMILY: All right. I'm going to want a mixture of white, off-white, and cream-colored linen. A simple bone china with a gold or deep-blue stripe will work.

LORELAI: Okay, got it.

EMILY: I'm going with tapers cut in half so that people can see each other across the table. We'll need white and sterling roses, but not too high or formal. Do you have a florist?

LORELAI: I have a florist.

EMILY: Does he have a flier?

LORELAI: Do you want clear or silver vases?

EMILY: You must think I'm a complete idiot.

LORELAI: No, Mom, I don't.

EMILY: There is no flier. You're making it up to cover for the fact that you once again neglected to tell me about an important event in your life.

LORELAI: Mom, I swear there's a flier.

EMILY: Shame on you for swearing there's a flier. That's the worst possible thing you could do.

LORELAI: Liv Tyler grew up her entire life thinking Todd Rundgren was her real father. You think that might knock this out of first place?

EMILY: I tell you, if I saw this kind of behavior from some other company I was hiring, I would fire them on the spot.

LORELAI: Then fire us, Mom.

EMILY: Excuse me?

LORELAI: You are not hiring your daughter and her friend, you are hiring a professional catering company. This is not a favor, it is a business transaction, and I must insist that you treat us exactly as you would any other person off the street.

EMILY: As you wish.

LORELAI: Thank you. Now I'm sorry, but we're very busy with preparations for your event, so I'm gonna have to hang up now. Goodbye, Mother.

EMILY: Goodbye.

[they hang up]

LORELAI: Aah! Horrible woman!

SOOKIE: You, uh, forgot to ask about the menu.

[Rory walks in]

RORY: My dorm room has turned into a "Three Stooges" movie. Shove Pop Tarts under the door in two hours please.

LORELAI: Uh, honey. . .

[They walk into Rory's bedroom, which is filled with trays of broccoli tarts]

RORY: You quiched my room.

SOOKIE: They're not quiche. They're broccoli tarts.

RORY: Well, then you tarted up my room.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, honey, I didn't know you were coming home today. Sookie's just trying some things out for Grandma's party.

RORY: How am I supposed to study when it smells like broccoli?

LORELAI: Well, study in the living room.

RORY: This is not living room study. This is serious bedroom study. I have a ton of work to do.

LORELAI: Well, hey, here's a crazy thought - isn't there someplace at Yale you can study? Don't they have like a hundred libraries?

RORY: Yes, but they don't have that right vibe. They're too quiet and too big and drafty. Very, very drafty.

LORELAI: At least they don't smell like quiche.

SOOKIE: Enough with the quiche, okay?

RORY: I can't believe I came all the way home and there's nowhere to work.

LORELAI: Well, it's just temporary.

RORY: 'Til the sewing machine comes.

LORELAI: Oh, hey. . .you know how many kids in India would love to come home to a room full of quiche? Sorry - tarts.

SOOKIE: Tarts are totally different.

LORELAI: I know, honey. I know.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Kirk walks in]

LUKE: Have a seat, Kirk. I'll be right there. [walks over to Caesar] Caesar.

CAESAR: Yes?

LUKE: You know what the key to a truly successful tuna melt is?

CAESAR: What?

LUKE: Tuna.

CAESAR: That's not tuna?

LUKE: No, it's turkey.

CAESAR: Give me the plate. I'll do it again.

LUKE: Don't get exasperated with me. I'm not the one that made the wrong sandwich. [walks over to Kirk] What are you doing, Kirk?

KIRK: Say I was Tom Cruise. Where would you seat me?

LUKE: In an acting class.

KIRK: No, I mean, which do you consider the best seat in the house?

LUKE: I don't know.

KIRK: How are the acoustics here?

LUKE: What?

KIRK: Well, the bathrooms are right over there. One good loud flush and the entire mood is spoiled.

LUKE: I don't have time to k*ll you right now, Kirk. Come back in a couple of hours.

KIRK: All right, I'll just reserve these three tables and decide later.

LUKE: Reserve these three -

KIRK: For Wednesday night, eight o'clock.

LUKE: We don't take reservations, Kirk.

KIRK: But this is a special occasion. And Lorelai told me to go somewhere I'm comfortable, and I'm comfortable here.

LUKE: You are?

KIRK: Well, not at this moment, but previously I have been comfortable here. Please?

LUKE: What's the occasion?

KIRK: I have a date with a young lady.

LUKE: You really felt the need to add the "with a young lady" part?

KIRK: Kinda.

LUKE: Okay, you can have one table for eight o'clock.

KIRK: Thank you. Here.

LUKE: What's this?

KIRK: It's a diagram of how I would like the table set up. See - little flowers by her plate, and the champagne bucket over here so I don't accidentally knock it off the table with my elbow.

LUKE: I don't sell champagne, Kirk.

KIRK: Why not?

LUKE: Because this is a diner.

KIRK: Good champagne goes with everything.

LUKE: Get your own champagne, Kirk.

KIRK: But what about the flowers?

LUKE: Kirk.

KIRK: Okay, fine. I'll get the champagne and the flowers. Now, let's say the date goes well. How much for the place upstairs?

LUKE: You mean my apartment?

KIRK: Yes.

LUKE: Bye, Kirk.

KIRK: Okay, see you later. [to female customer] Excuse me, is that good?

CUSTOMER: Yes.

KIRK: And what is that?

CUSTOMER: Meat loaf.

KIRK: Okay, so, this meat loaf, is it a romantic food for you? I mean, is it getting you hot?

LUKE: Kirk!

KIRK: Good talking to you.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai and Sookie arrive and unload some things from the back of the Jeep]

LORELAI: I can't believe we're doing this.

SOOKIE: Well, you did tell her to treat us like any other catering service.

LORELAI: "I'd like you to do a test meal, Lorelai. After all, you are a new company." Ugh, she must be so happy right now. She's probably been cackling into her magic mirror all morning.

SOOKIE: It's going to be a breeze. You wait and see.

LORELAI: Three hours of bowing and scraping.

SOOKIE: We are not going to be bowing and scraping. We're going to be serving and delighting.

LORELAI: Anything to humiliate me, anything at all.

SOOKIE: Wow! You grew up here?

LORELAI: I swear, if she makes me wear a uniform. . .

SOOKIE: This is Citizen Kane's house.

LORELAI: Drape one of those napkins over my arm.

SOOKIE: Is there a moat?

[they ring the doorbell]

LORELAI: Just help me out here, okay? Run interference whenever you can.

SOOKIE: I promise.

[the maid answers the door]

MAID: May I help you?

SOOKIE: Hi. We're the caterers. We're here for -

MAID: The servants' entrance is around back. [shuts the door]

SOOKIE: Was that a maid?

LORELAI: Come on.

SOOKIE: What are all those tennis balls doing over here?

CUT TO YALE DORM

[Rory walks in and heads toward her suite. A student walks past her]

GLENN: Irish studies suck, German studies suck, everything here sucks, sucks, sucks, sucks, sucks!

RORY: That yoga's really working for you, Glenn.

[Rory stops outside her suite door and listens to the noise inside - the television, the squeaking trampoline, the phone ringing.]

PARIS: [from inside the suite] Don't get that, I mean it! Do not touch that phone!

[Rory walks out of the dorm. She goes outside and sits down under a tree to study]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Emily is seated at the dining room table, Lorelai is standing next to her. Emily adjusts the position of a wineglass]

LORELAI: Oh, great, I'm glad you got that. It's been bugging me for the last. . .

EMILY: Is this the off-white or the cream?

LORELAI: Uh, the off-white. The cream is more creamy. I cut those myself so they could be adjusted either way. I mean, they could be adjusted smaller. Taller would be tougher once they're cut, but, uh, if they tell a lie, they'll sh**t right back up.

EMILY: I assume you'll have servers.

LORELAI: Yes, we will.

EMILY: I assume you'll instruct your servers to omit the Pinocchio humor.

LORELAI: Yes, we will.

[Sookie walks in with some dishes of food]

SOOKIE: Okay, here we go. Now, we would start off with either the roasted asparagus with the Parmesan or the trio of winter soups - tomato basil, butternut squash, and Catalanian garlic.

EMILY: Very ambitious.

SOOKIE: And very tasty.

[While Emily examines the food, Lorelai and Sookie gesture to each other, then quickly stop when Emily looks up]

LORELAI: I'll tell the servers not to do that either.

EMILY: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Yes?

EMILY: My napkin.

LORELAI: Oh, oh, well, yes. Napkin, yes, your napkin. I got it. Do you want me to just tuck it in your shirt there or. . .

EMILY: My lap will be fine.

LORELAI: Okay. There you go. Feel free to spill anything you want down there. You are covered.

[Emily tries some of the food while Lorelai and Sookie look on]

EMILY: What is the next course?

SOOKIE: Lobster potpie.

EMILY: You may bring it out now.

SOOKIE: Okay.

EMILY: Sookie, how far along are you?

SOOKIE: Eight months.

EMILY: Lorelai, there doesn't seem to be any reason for a pregnant woman in her eighth month to be running back and forth to the kitchen, does there?

LORELAI: No, there doesn't.

EMILY: You should take my plate. Otherwise, you'll have no place to put the potpie.

LORELAI: Oh, I can think of a place.

EMILY: What was that?

LORELAI: Plates going bye-bye.

[Lorelai walks to the kitchen]

LORELAI: [to the maid] Okay, when I give the signal, you run in and distract her and I'll take her down. Got it?

[Lorelai returns to the dining room]

LORELAI: Here we go - Sookie's famous lobster potpie.

EMILY: Very nice crust.

SOOKIE: Thank you.

EMILY: Well, Sookie, I must say your food is as accomplished as I remember it.

SOOKIE: Oh, thank you, Emily.

EMILY: And I think after we fine-tune the presentation, we'll have ourselves a very nice dinner party.

SOOKIE: So we got the job?

EMILY: Yes, you got the job.

SOOKIE: We got the job. Thank you. You will not be disappointed.

EMILY: No, I will not. The event starts at 7:30, I would like you to be here at four o'clock. I'm going to make a Xerox copy of my notes here so the two of you can peruse it on the way home. [leaves the room]

SOOKIE: We did it, we got the job! What a score! We landed a whale.

LORELAI: Yeah, we always had the job, Sookie. The whale was just toying with us. She was swatting

us with her tail and hosing us down with her blowhole because that is the whale's M.O. - humiliate and rip apart every other fish in the sea until there's nothing left but a bloody pile of chum.

SOOKIE: Boy, you really hate whales, don't you?

CUT TO YALE DORM

[Rory is on the phone]

RORY: It's amazing. Out of the blue, bam! It was right there.

LORELAI: Well, things always happen when you least expect it.

RORY: I have to tell you, this tree is perfect.

LORELAI: All girls think their tree is perfect.

RORY: It fits my back completely, and there's plenty of grass, and it's in a great area - just far enough away from anything major so there's not a lot of noise but still not in Siberia.

LORELAI: Hey, can it cook? 'Cause I can get it a great gig with a crazy woman.

RORY: Grandma's not crazy. She's specific.

LORELAI: Well, at least one of us is happy.

RORY: And thank God it's me.

LORELAI: My feelings exactly.

RORY: You have no idea how much studying I got done today. Seriously, ask me anything.

LORELAI: Okay. Um, how'd I get shanghaied into catering a party for my mother?

RORY: You keep repeating yourself.

LORELAI: Well, as soon as I hear you talking about a study shrub, I'll know it's time to move on.

RORY: Okay, fine, I have to go.

LORELAI: Yeah? Gonna go shopping for a nice yellow ribbon?

RORY: Have some chili fries for me.

LORELAI: I will.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Cheeseburger, onion rings, and a list of people who k*llled their parents and got away with it. I'm looking for heroes.

LUKE: How'd the tasting go?

LORELAI: We got the job.

LUKE: Would have been pathetic if you hadn't.

LORELAI: I can't do this.

LUKE: It's a gig.

LORELAI: Yes, it is a gig. It's Prince opening for the Rolling Stones. That's the kind of gig it is.

[Lorelai sees Kirk sitting at a table with a video camera set up across from him]

LORELAI: Luke. . .

LUKE: Yeah?

LORELAI: What's Kirk doing?

LUKE: Practicing.

LORELAI: Hm. For what?

LUKE: His date. He's doing a test run - talking, eating, making conversation. Then he's gonna go home and review the tape and adjust from there.

LORELAI: Boy! You ever think about how many different ways Kirk could get kicked out of the Army?

LUKE: What a poor slob. He's pathetic.

LORELAI: He likes a girl. That's sweet.

LUKE: All day long, I have this crazy person sitting in my diner ordering everything off the menu, by the way, to see which meal has less crumb-to-sweater ratio.

LORELAI: Well, if he's bugging you that much, you can ask him to leave.

LUKE: You ask him to leave. It's your fault he's here.

LORELAI: How is it my fault? I'm not going out with him.

LUKE: You're the one that told him to find someplace he felt comfortable.

LORELAI: How did I know he felt comfortable here?

LUKE: I don't know. All I know is that you talked to him, and now he's over there talking to a camera.

LORELAI: Oh, come on, Luke. Give him a break. He wants the date to go well. I mean, it's all any of us wants - to find a nice person to hang out with 'til we drop dead. Not a lot to ask.

LUKE: I guess.

LORELAI: And look on the positive side - if Kirk's date goes well, he'll be occupied, and you'll be seeing a lot less of him at the diner.

KIRK: Cut! Okay, that sucked! Let's just go again right away. Focus! Focus.

LUKE: I'll have his monogrammed booth installed tomorrow.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Emily is looking over some papers in the dining room when Richard walks in]

RICHARD: All right, I think this should be everyone.

EMILY: You've double-checked it?

RICHARD: I have double-checked it, but I'm sure you will also double-check it.

EMILY: You know I will.

RICHARD: So I am entirely confident that no one will be left out. This is very nice.

EMILY: Isn't it, though? It's a florist Lorelai found. We're using him for the party.

RICHARD: Oh, I think that will be perfect.

EMILY: It has to be perfect. These are important people we're trying to impress.

[Jason walks in]

JASON: Richard, Emily.

RICHARD: Jason, what a pleasant surprise.

EMILY: Richard, you should have told me Jason was coming over. I would have had something prepared.

JASON: Oh, please, Emily, I've gained ten pounds since I came into this house.

EMILY: Men always say that and it's never true.

JASON: I just dropped by for the keys to the office.

RICHARD: Ah, that's right. Forgot to give you the keys. Oh, my apologies, Jason. Here you go.

JASON: Thank you. Sorry to interrupt your evening. I'll see you tomorrow.

EMILY: Oh, Jason, I'm going to need your guest list as soon as possible.

JASON: My guest list?

EMILY: To the launch party. Oh, Richard, you did remember to ask Jason for his list, didn't you?

RICHARD: Emily, I am a very busy man.

EMILY: Oh, honestly, Richard, that's what you have a secretary for. Jason, I apologize for my husband. The official launch party for your company is next week. I've got the entire thing organized. All I need is your guest list.

JASON: You organized a launch party.

RICHARD: Yes, and trust me when I tell you that there is no one who can throw together a more elegant event at the drop of a hat than Emily Gilmore.

EMILY: True, and thank you, and you still forgot to tell him.

JASON: Well, Emily, I really appreciate the thought, but I'm not so sure a launch party is the way to go.

EMILY: What do you mean?

RICHARD: Well, Jason, it's traditional to do something for our clients. They appreciate it. It gives us a chance to talk to them one-on-one, develop relationships.

EMILY: It's the extra little things that set you apart in business, Jason.

JASON: I couldn't agree more, and that is why I've organized a trip to Atlantic City.

EMILY: What?

JASON: You know, get everybody out, away from business, away from their spouses, away from stuffy cocktail-party music and floral arrangements. Have a little crazy fun - you know, good food, lots to drink, maybe a little gambling, a show, and trust me, nothing bonds two businessmen together more than one of them finding the other hung over with a hooker in their bed the next morning.

EMILY: What?

JASON: Just a figure of speech, Emily.

EMILY: You cannot be serious. These are dignified men and women. There are mobsters in Atlantic City.

JASON: Let's hope so.

EMILY: Talk to him.

RICHARD: Well, Jason, I'm not so sure this -

JASON: Richard, this is the kind of thing that could set us apart from the other companies. It's different, maybe a little crazy, but they will remember it and they will tell their friends about it.

RICHARD: Yes, I suppose they will.

JASON: Every other company in town is throwing a dignified cocktail party. Believe me, right now my mother has twelve caterers throttling every sturgeon they can find to get fine caviar for my father's clients. Let's not give our clients canapés, Richard. Let's give 'em some fun.

RICHARD: Well, it is different.

EMILY: You can't be serious.

RICHARD: Well, it's good to change with the times.

EMILY: You're running an insurance company, not a rap label. People aren't looking to you to give them a good time. They are looking to you to protect their livelihood.

RICHARD: Now let's think about this for a moment. I mean, how far along is this party? Is it too late to cancel?

EMILY: No, it's not too late to cancel.

RICHARD: All right. Jason, we'll try it your way. Atlantic City it is.

JASON: I think it's a good move, Richard. And Emily, thank you again for the offer. But see, now you can just hang out and relax.

EMILY: My two favorite things.

RICHARD: All right, see you tomorrow.

JASON: See you tomorrow.

CUT TO YALE

[Rory walks up to her study tree and finds a guy reading under it]

RORY: Um, excuse me, you're sitting under my tree.

GUY: What?

RORY: My study tree - this is my study tree.

GUY: What the hell's a study tree?

RORY: Okay. See, I have roommates -

GUY: So do I.

RORY: Yes, but I have Paris and I have Tanna and I have Janet, and Janet squeaks -

GUY: Look, I'm busy, okay?

RORY: Yes, I see you're very busy with your "Trucker's Monthly" there, but I finally found a great place to study, and you're sitting on it.

GUY: There's a million trees on campus.

RORY: But this one fits my back perfectly so I don't get tired, and the light is right, and it's just far enough away from anything busy so that the noise level is perfect, and it's quiet but not Unabomber, and. . .and anyhow, I was just hoping that maybe you would consider giving me back my tree.

GUY: No.

RORY: Oh. Well. . .

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Kirk and his date walk in]

KIRK: After you.

LULU: Wow, this place seems nice.

KIRK: Yes, diners are apparently all the rage nowadays.

LULU: Really?

KIRK: Very hip. Very, very hip. Excuse me.

LUKE: Yes?

KIRK: I believe I have reservations for two. The name's Kirk.

LUKE: Kirk, yes. Okay. Follow me. How's this?

KIRK: Very satisfactory. Thank you. [hands him a dollar bill] There's more where that came from.

LUKE: It's my lucky night.

LULU: Wow, I'm getting the fancy treatment.

KIRK: Well, you did show up.

LULU: Yes, I did.

KIRK: I hear the meat loaf is excellent here.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[There's a knock at the door]

LORELAI: Coming, coming, coming. [she opens the door] Mom.

EMILY: Were you asleep?

LORELAI: Uh, no.

EMILY: Then why are you in your pajamas?

LORELAI: These aren't pajamas.

EMILY: You wear that in public?

LORELAI: Hi, Mom. Would you like to come in?

[they walk to the living room]

EMILY: You have the word "juicy" on your rear end.

LORELAI: Uh, well, if I had known you were coming over, I would have changed.

EMILY: Into what, a brassiere with the word "tasty" on it?

LORELAI: Hey, Mom, what can I do for you?

EMILY: I have to talk to you about something.

LORELAI: Is everything okay?

EMILY: I'm afraid you aren't going to be catering the launch party after all.

LORELAI: What? Why?

EMILY: Your father and I just decided to go a different way, that's all.

LORELAI: A different way?

EMILY: Now, of course, I realize you've already put out some money.

LORELAI: Yeah, we have.

EMILY: Of course, I will reimburse you for all expenses. Just give me the receipts.

LORELAI: Great.

EMILY: That's it. That's all I came to tell you.

LORELAI: Okay, well, thanks for the notice.

EMILY: You don't have to take that tone with me, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Really, I don't? After you made us do that ridiculous tasting at the house?

EMILY: You told me to treat you like any other company.

LORELAI: Oh, but you sat there like the Queen of England, making us jump through hoops and taking ridiculous notes and for what - so you could fire us? Is this payback for me not telling you about the business? Because, I have to say, Mom, even for you, it seems a little extreme.

EMILY: I understand you're upset.

LORELAI: Yes, I'm upset! We needed that money, Mom. And I knew that humiliation was part of the package, but I did it because I had to, and - just you abruptly firing us is completely wrong!

EMILY: I agree, it is wrong.

LORELAI: Well, okay, then. . .as long as you agree it's wrong. . . what? Okay.

EMILY: I'm sorry, Lorelai. I really am. I thought your table was lovely. I thought the food was wonderful. I was really looking forward to this party. I think it might have been the best one I ever put on.

LORELAI: So, then, what happened?

EMILY: Oh, you know, times change, Lorelai. Things that were once considered proper and elegant are now considered stuffy and out-of-date.

LORELAI: Like what?

EMILY: Like canapés and cocktail parties and the people who plan them.

LORELAI: Mom, what are you talking about?

EMILY: Nothing. It's not important.

LORELAI: Mom, come on.

EMILY: Jason decided to take the clients to Atlantic City instead. He thinks that's what they would prefer to do. He's probably right anyhow. What do I know?

LORELAI: Did he know all the work you put into this?

EMILY: It's really not important, Lorelai. I do this for your father. I have done this for your father for the last 36 years. If he thinks that Jason's right, then it's fine with me. And after all, now I don't have to worry about a party. I can just relax and hang out.

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: Anyhow, I have to go. I'm wasting all my hanging-out time sitting here talking about this silly party. Send me those receipts and I'll get you a check.

LORELAI: Okay, well, great.

EMILY: Apologize to Sookie for me, will you?

LORELAI: Sure.

EMILY: We'll see you girls Friday night.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Kirk and Lulu are still on their date]

LULU: [laughs] Oh, my gosh, that's so funny. That's amazing, you sound just like him.

[Luke watches them for a moment, then starts making some coffee. Kirk comes up behind him]

KIRK: Luke.

LUKE: [startled] Jeez! Kirk, what are you doing?

KIRK: I need your help.

LUKE: I'm filling the coffee here.

KIRK: Look behind me.

LUKE: What am I looking at, Kirk?

KIRK: Is she still there?

LUKE: Who?

KIRK: Lulu. Is Lulu still there?

LUKE: You mean your date?

KIRK: Yes, Lulu, my date. Who else would I mean? Catch up, man. Time is of the essence.

LUKE: Yes, she's still there.

KIRK: Are you sure?

LUKE: Yes, I'm sure, now get out from behind my counter.

KIRK: I don't know what to do.

LUKE: What are you talking about? I just looked over there and everything seemed fine.

KIRK: Exactly. Everything seemed fine.

LUKE: So?

KIRK: Doesn't that seem weird to you?

LUKE: No.

KIRK: Really?

LUKE: Yes, a little, but so what? Why question it? Go back over there.

KIRK: I can't. I don't understand what's happening. I mean, she was looking at me. Directly at me. At first I thought I had something on my lip, but I brushed and brushed and nothing. She was just looking at me.

LUKE: Well, that's good.

KIRK: And I have prepared several small-talk subjects for the evening and I haven't used one of them.

LUKE: You're making too much of this.

KIRK: This is not how it's supposed to go. I'm supposed to take her out, we're supposed to exhaust my prepared subjects immediately, and then the minute I get up and go to the bathroom, she is supposed to sneak out and leave me here humiliated. Now I have been to the bathroom three times, and I have to tell you, I did not have to go, and every time I came back to the table, she was there and she was smiling, and. . . hey, did you see her touch my arm? What the hell was that all about?

LUKE: I think that means she likes you.

KIRK: Shut up! You take that back!

LUKE: Kirk, Kirk, I am not gonna fight with you over you not believing that this girl likes you because, to be honest with you, I'm a little fuzzy on the "why" myself, but the bottom line is she does.

KIRK: She does?

LUKE: Yes, she's laughing and smiling, and buckle up, cowboy, because I think she might actually touch you again.

KIRK: You think?

LUKE: There's a frightening chance she might, so my advice to you is to go back over there and continue doing what you've been doing.

KIRK: I was doing my Jon Cryer from "Pretty in Pink" impression.

LUKE: Duckie?

KIRK: Yes, Duckie.

LUKE: Were you near the end of the movie yet?

KIRK: No, just getting to the "Try a Little Tenderness" moment.

LUKE: You've got plenty of a*mo left. Go on. Go back over there.

KIRK: You think she likes me?

LUKE: I think she likes you.

KIRK: You think she likes me.

LUKE: God help us one and all.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is sitting at the kitchen table. Sookie is throwing away the broccoli tarts]

LORELAI: [on phone] Uh, no, just leave another message that I called. Thank you. [hangs up]

SOOKIE: Number 42, see ya.

LORELAI: You don't have to throw them all out, Sookie.

SOOKIE: I didn't. I've got twenty in the freezer.

LORELAI: Great.

SOOKIE: And so do you.

LORELAI: Even better.

SOOKIE: I already had that money spent. It was going towards a down payment on a safer car. Now little Davey will have to fend for himself rolling around in the back of Daddy's truck.

RORY: [entering the house] Mom?

LORELAI: Kitchen.

SOOKIE: "Hold on, Davey! Daddy's coming to a sudden stop."

LORELAI: You're being dramatic.

SOOKIE: But I'm so disappointed. I mean, all that planning, all that time, all that broccoli.

[Rory walks into the kitchen]

RORY: I lost my tree.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: My tree, my study tree - it's gone. Someone stole it.

SOOKIE: Someone stole a tree?

RORY: No, the tree's still there, but when I went there today, there was this guy sitting there reading trucking magazines and he would not give it up, so now I'm back where I started.

LORELAI: You'll figure something out.

RORY: Yes, I will figure out what my alternate profession will be because now I can't study, I'm gonna flunk out of Yale and I'm gonna have to give up all hope of being a foreign correspondent. This sucks.

SOOKIE: You're telling me? I'm eating broccoli tarts for the next four years.

RORY: Well, what am I gonna do?

LORELAI: You are gonna suck it up.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: You're in college now, Rory. If your study plan doesn't work, then come up with another one. Just figure it out, but stop complaining because you're not two. And Sookie, in pioneer times, kids traveled across the country in covered wagons and survived. Somehow I think little Davey will live without his minivan.

RORY: Mom, why are you mad?

LORELAI: I have something I have to do. I'll be back in a little while. And have these damn tarts out of here by the time I get home!

SOOKIE: Grab a fork.

CUT TO JASON'S OFFICE

[Jason is talking to his secretary when Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Well, hello, Digger Stiles.

JASON: Lorelai Gilmore, you sure grew up good.

LORELAI: Oh, did I, Digger? Thanks. Listen, why didn't you return my calls?

JASON: 'Cause I hadn't seen you yet.

LORELAI: Four times. You never called me back.

JASON: I'll call you back now. What's your number?

LORELAI: 976-bite-me.

JASON: Okay, did you get that, Ms. Lomay? Because I know how much you like having numbers in your files.

LORELAI: We need to talk.

JASON: In my office?

LORELAI: Great.

JASON: [to his secretary] You know what? You can go.

SECRETARY: All right. Goodnight, Mr. Stiles.

JASON: Goodnight. [to Lorelai] Would you like something to drink?

LORELAI: Oh, no, thanks.

JASON: So how you been?

LORELAI: Great. You?

JASON: No complaints.

LORELAI: Okay, small talk over. I want you to know something - you can't just waltz into people's lives and take over.

JASON: I don't waltz at all. It's embarrassing and a little gay.

LORELAI: You know, people were hired for this party, people who were counting on this money.

JASON: What party?

LORELAI: Launch party.

JASON: Oh, that.

LORELAI: Yes, that. And I want to tell you something else - my mother has been planning these stupid parties for years, and it was completely out of line for you to walk in there and just crap all over the whole thing and make her feel obsolete and useless.

JASON: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hold on there. I never knew about the party. They never told me about the party.

LORELAI: Well, of course they never told you about the party because they're inconsiderate and self-centered, and they have been that way for many years, so they have dibs. But the minute you found out about the party, you should have canceled your plans.

JASON: It was too late for that. And I never called your mother obsolete, I just called cocktail parties obsolete.

LORELAI: Same thing.

JASON: I don't see how.

LORELAI: Jason, my mother is a corporate wife. Her job is putting these parties on, and you put her out of work. You know that, your mother does the same thing. Imagine if you took these functions away from her. What would she have left?

JASON: More time with the pool boy?

LORELAI: You embarrassed my mother and made her feel small. You unceremoniously canceled something she had been working on for days.

JASON: But I didn't know.

LORELAI: And then she had to come to my house and fire me!

JASON: Fire you? Why would she fire you?

LORELAI: Because I was the caterer.

JASON: Get out of town!

LORELAI: Yes, I have a partner in a small catering company.

JASON: You cook?

LORELAI: I plan.

JASON: Well, I had no idea how much chaos my little weekend was causing.

LORELAI: No, you didn't, because you didn't think. You never thought. Back in summer camp, you never thought. "Hey, if I stand up in this canoe, maybe it'll tip over." That was the extent of your thought process.

JASON: You're still mad about that.

LORELAI: I was fully dressed.

JASON: I remember - green T-shirt, no bra.

LORELAI: What?

JASON: Trust me, I was the hero of cabin five for the rest of the summer.

LORELAI: You will apologize to my mother.

JASON: Absolutely.

LORELAI: And you will let her throw that party.

JASON: Sorry.

LORELAI: Digger!

JASON: Umlauts! The party is off. Now this is business. I will apologize to Emily, but that is the best I can do.

LORELAI: I can't believe you just called me Umlauts.

JASON: You called me Digger three times before I called you Umlauts once. I think that shows great self-control.

LORELAI: Let my mother have her party!

JASON: No, I can't do it, but what I can do is take you out to dinner tomorrow night.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, how do those two thoughts even coincide?

JASON: You'd have to be in my head, but trust me, there was a track.

LORELAI: I am not having dinner with you.

JASON: Why not?

LORELAI: Because you just had me fired. You just insulted my mother.

JASON: It's interesting, I didn't know you and your mother were so close.

LORELAI: We're not.

JASON: You're being awfully protective of her.

LORELAI: Well, every family has a Fredo.

JASON: Yeah, and Fredo's family put two in the back of his head.

LORELAI: My relationship with my mother is none of your business.

JASON: Then have dinner with me.

LORELAI: No!

JASON: Why not?

LORELAI: Because.

JASON: Because your mother would hate it.

LORELAI: Yes, my mother would hate it. A lot. You suck.

CUT TO YALE

[Rory walks up to the study tree, where the same guy is reading under it]

RORY: Excuse me. Remember me?

GUY: I got here first.

RORY: I know. Look, I just wanted to tell you that I'm sorry about the other day. I got a little wound up because I do that sometimes. I get too structured and too serious and I just have to adjust, you know, because we're in college and college is about change, and you have my study tree, so yeah, I just. . . I have to be okay with that and just learn to kind of go with the flow. So I just wanted to tell you that, and I'm sorry if I interrupted you again.

GUY: That's okay.

RORY: I'll give you twenty bucks for the tree.

GUY: You're gonna pay me for the tree?

RORY: Go with the flow, man.

GUY: You're on.

[He takes the money and leaves. Rory sits down under the tree and starts to study]

THE END

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