

Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

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

01x08 - Love and w*r and Snow

<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/viewtopic.php?t=4999>

01x08 - Love and w*r and Snow

by **destinyros2005**

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

Posted: **12/26/00 04:16**

1.08 - Love and w*r and Snow

written by Joan Binder Weiss

directed by Alan Myerson

OPEN AT TOWN MEETING

MISS PATTY: This town meeting will come to order.

TAYLOR: No one is listening to me.

MISS PATTY: Oh, Taylor, calm down.

TAYLOR: I can't calm down, I'm being persecuted.

MISS PATTY: I promise that we hear you.

ANDREW: We've been hearing you for 20 minutes.

TAYLOR: Well, excuse me Andrew, but some of us have businesses to run that don't involve peddling drug paraphernalia to kids.

ANDREW: It was a lava lamp, Taylor.

TAYLOR: There is no use for a lava lamp unless you're on dr*gs.

ANDREW: Oh for crying out loud.

MISS PATTY: Now we've already agreed to look into your accusations, lets just move on. . .

(Lorelai slides into her seat next to Rory, carrying food and drinks.)

Lorelai (whispers to Rory): What did I miss?

RORY: Taylor Doose wants the no parking zone in front of his store removed. He says his customers are being unfairly ticketed.

LORELAI: No, its just because he wants to park there all day.

RORY: Genius.

MAYOR: I have been mayor of this fine town for a long time. I tend to think of all of you as my children. Unfortunately sometimes children have to be disciplined. Now I'm going to say something and I'm only going to say it once. We have leash laws people.

LORELAI (whispers to Rory): Daddy's getting angry.

MAYOR: Rover will not leash himself.

R: Hm, good point.

MAYOR: I would like to now move on to something of even greater importance. As you all know this coming Friday is the anniversary of the legendary battle of Stars Hollow. (applause)

L (whispers): Where's Luke?

R: Up there.

MAYOR: Penny will be circulating a sign up sheet for those of you who would like to participate in the reenactment of foresaid battle.

R (whispers): He's turning red.

MAYOR: All right. It was a frigid November night, some 224 years ago.

L (whispers): He's shifting in his seat

MAYOR: The brave stars hollow militia stood in wait for the Red Coats.

R (whispers): He's adjusting the cap.

L: Ooh!

MAYOR: Tired and Hungry, twelve proud men took their positions in the Town's Square, braving the elements . . .

L (whispers): He's fighting the urge, he's fighting the urge.

MAYOR: . . .and imminent death in their valiant efforts. . .

LUKE: Oh for God's Sake, do we have to go through this every damn year!

L: Yesssss!

R: And the urge wins by a long shot.

LUKE: I thought we were here to discuss town issues.

TAYLOR: This is a town issue.

MAYOR: Excuse me, who's talking?

LUKE: Its me Harry, Luke, you've known me since I was 5 years old.

MAYOR: Oh, Luke, yes. Sit down. Now as I was saying, twelve heroic men assembled with g*ns drawn ready to meet their maker.

LUKE: What are you talking about? Twelve guys stood in a row all night.

MAYOR: Waiting for the Red Coats.

LUKE: Who never showed!

MAYOR: Now just a minute!

LUKE: Twelve guys stood in a row all night waiting for an enemy that never showed. They got stood up. They should've been wearing prom dresses.

TAYLOR: I've had just about enough of this.

LUKE: Sit down Taylor.

TAYLOR: Menace.

LUKE: Suck up.

L (whispers to R): Five bucks says somebody ends up in a headlock.

R: You're on!

LUKE: Have any of you ever considered the fact that you're glorifying a w*r we fought so we could keep land that we stole?

MAYOR: If you don't like it here in America, why don't you go stand in line for toilet paper in the USSR.

LUKE: There is no more USSR, Harry.

L (whispers to R): A sense of community is so important isn't it?

R: Its what made our country great.

MAYOR:that is a known fact, is you're so interested in facts!

(Opening Credits)

(Fade to Lorelai lying in bed in the middle of the night. She gets up, walks downstairs into the LIVING ROOM, opens the window, smells the air, then walks over and pushes play on the answering machine. She brings the answering machine over to the couch as a message plays from Max.)

MAX: Lorelai, it's Max. Medina. Maaaax Medina. And once again we miss each other. It's now 2 o'clock in the afternoon on Thursday and I'm in my office grading a paper entitled "Emily Dickinson: Get a life." Anyhow as I sit hear losing my faith in mankind, I wonder if we're ever gonna actually go on that date we talked about many moons ago. I teach a night class in Stamford twice a week, and when I pass that Stars Hollow sign on the turnpike, I think out there is a beautiful women that I someday hope to spend time with. Anyhow, I'm just thinking about you, and I don't know, maybe next week we can find some time. Goodbye Lorelai. Gilmore. You knew that. Okay, bye. (Lorelai pushes play again) Lorelai, it's Max. Medina. Maaaax Medina. And once again we miss each other. . .

(Rory comes out of her bedroom and walks to the living room)

R: Mom?

L: (turns off the message) Sorry!

R: What are you doing up?

L: I couldn't sleep.

R: Its freezing in here. (Rory walks over to shut the window)

L: Wait, close your eyes and breathe. (Rory closes eyes and breathes) I smell snow.

R: Oh, it's that time of year.

L: Can't you smell it?

R: You know, its like dogs and high pitched noises. I think its something only you can smell.

(Rory sits down next to Lorelai on the couch and pulls a blanket over the both of them)

L: I love snow.

R: Really, I had no idea.

L: Everything's magical when its snows, everything looks pretty. The clothes are great. Coats, scarves, gloves, hats.

R: Thermal underwear, wool socks, ear flaps.

L: Do you know the best things in my life have happened when it snowed?

R: Why yes I do.

R: My best birthday.

L: Your first kiss.

L: Your first steps, they all happened when it snowed.

R: Feet. (pulls blanket over their feet)

L: I feel good. Tingly.

R: That's called frostbite.

L: Tsk. You are mocking your mother, the woman who birthed you.

R: I'm sorry.

L: During a snowstorm, might I add.

R: So how soon is it supposed to hit?

L: Hmm. Tomorrow. Definitely tomorrow.

R: Okay, then tomorrow it is.

L: What?

R: You, me, donuts, coffee, standing out in a snowstorm. . .

L: At midnight?

R: At midnight.

L: You are my favorite daughter!

R: So how many times are you gonna listen to that?

L: 'Til it stops being sexy.

R: Stop! That's my teacher you're talking about! I have to respect him.

L: Okay, well if it makes you feel any better, while he's being sexy, he's also being grammatically correct?

R: Better. Thank you.

L: Sorry I woke you up.

R: That's okay. Its all fodder for the tell all. Goodnight.

L: Goodnight.

(Rory walks back into her bedroom. Lorelai pushes play on answering machine and hides under the covers)

MAX: Lorelai, it's Max. Medina. Maaaax Medina. . .

CUT TO LOBBY OF INDEPENDENCE INN

L: Hey, how is it out there?

MICHEL: It is cold and gray like a fat dead pigeon.

L: Oh, we'll need to pull out the sleds, people might want to sled. Ooh, and the parkas. We'll need the parkas.

MICHEL: For what?

L: In case anyone wants to hike.

MICHEL: You do know that not everyone finds the idea of being pelted with frozen water appealing.

L: I know, and how sad for them.

MICHEL: The thrilling sensation of getting lost in a blizzard, of freezing to death in the woods, and having to eat your friend's buttocks to stay alive, that is lost on many people.

L: I am telling you, five minutes in a snowball fight we could knock that stick right out of your butt.

(Sookie comes out of the kitchen)

SOOKIE: Okay! How does this sound? Maple sugar snowflakes on all the pillows.

L: Oh that's sounds wonderful!

MICHEL: Make them in the shape of a buttock, get people used to them.

SOOKIE: Okay, is that a real suggestion?

L: Sookie, please, who is speaking?

SOOKIE: Michel, right, okay. Snowflakes it is!

(Sookie goes back into the kitchen. Rory and Lane—wearing a full band uniform with hat—enter the Inn.)

LANE: I just can't believe it. I mean, I sat next to him at practice for months, and then one day I look over and it's Rich. Rich Bloomingfeld.

RORY: Where is my chemistry book? I had it at your house yesterday, didn't I?

LANE: Rory, focus please.

RORY: I'm sorry. I just can't find my book.

L: Hey babe. Sergeant pepper.

R: Mom, do you know where my . .

L: Big scary chemistry book is? Behind the desk.

R: Oh thank God. (Goes to get the book)

(Lorelai stares at Lane's band outfit.)

L: Wow.

LANE: Yeah.

(Rory returns with the book)

R: So, is Sookie in the kitchen?

L: And there she'll stay.

R: Okay, so where were we?

LANE: I just met my soul mate.

R: Right, Rich Bloomingfeld. Does he still wear the Star Trek Shirt?

CUT TO KITCHEN OF INDEPENDENCE INN

(Sookie is talking to another Chef at the stove about a pot of water.)

SOOKIE: Now remember you do not take your eyes off this for a minute 'cause the second you do it will boil and then it's ruined. So, just stand there and stare at it. Okay?

(Rory and Lane enter the kitchen)

RORY: Hey Sookie!

SOOKIE: Hey kitty cats. Cinnamon buns are over there.

R: Do you have any of those rocky road cookies that you made yesterday?

SOOKIE: I can scrounge some up. Lane, you need a bag?

LANE: No thank you.

SOOKIE: You staring?

CHEF: I'm staring.

SOOKIE: Thank you.

LANE: So anyhow, Rich has this amazing hair.

R: Really?

LANE: Oh my god. It's so perfect. It's thick but it's not too thick. And it's got really good natural wave, so he probably uses way less product than most guys.

R: Always a plus. Hey, what time is it?

LANE: I don't know

R: I have to get to the bus stop. Dean's meeting me there.

LANE: But I'm trying to talk to you about this.

R: I know, we'll talk on the way.

SOOKIE: Here you go. (hands Rory bag of cookies)

R: Thank you Sookie.

(Lorelai enters kitchen)

L: Hey sweets. I have a locksmith coming to the house today like five-ish, and I don't know how long it'll take, so will you tell grandma and grandpa that I'm gonna be late and that I'm having Satan's baby. You pick the order.

R: I'll relay the time message but I'm leaving the rest up to you.

(Lorelai grabs the bag of cookies that Rory was carrying)

L: What is this? You hate rocky road cookies?

R: I do not. (She grabs the bag back.)

L: Oh I'm sorry. That must be my other daughter Schmory.

R: We're leaving now.

L: Wait a minute. I know who likes rocky road cookies.

SOOKIE: Who?

L: Dean. They're for Dean.

SOOKIE: She's bringing baked goods to a boy. Wow. Serious!

L: (in high voice) "Here Dean, these cookies are for you, 'cause you're keen."

R: Stop.

SOOKIE: Rory's in love!

L: Love, love, love, Dean, Dean, Dean!

SOOKIE: (singing) The cookies for the love and the dean and the cookies for the love and the dean and the cookies for the love and the . . .

L: (singing) Dean and the love and the Dean and the love and the Dean and okay, we can stop, she's gone now.

SOOKIE: But it's fun.

L: Well, you're on your own.

SOOKIE: (singing) The cookies for the Dean and Rory and the cookies for the love with the Dean. . .

CUT TO LANE AND RORY WALKING OUTSIDE

LANE: I just can't believe it. I mean, I've known him since the sixth grade, but suddenly he's different. He's not gangly anymore. You remember how gangly he was?

RORY: I'm sorry, what?

LANE: You're not listening to me.

R: I am, I'm sorry. I just couldn't find my bookmark. Okay. Go ahead.

LANE: Okay, here are the problems facing the whole Bloomingfeld-Kim situation.

R: One, hyphenation would be a pain.

LANE: Two, he's my band partner. Romance would be completely awkward. Three, he's never even looked at me like I'm a girl or something resembling one. (Lane and Rory sit on a bench) Four, there's no way I could convince my parents he was Korean. But I can't help it. I'm obsessed. Did I tell you about his hair?

R: It's on his head, right?

(Dean, from behind the bench, leans in between the two of them)

DEAN: Hi.

R: Hi!

DEAN: Lane.

LANE: Dean.

DEAN: Nice hat. (Dean sits on the bench and hands Rory a book) Here.

R: Oh, how'd you like it?

DEAN: Well, I could tell you, but then I'd have to k*ll you.

R: Aha! You liked it! You liked Jane Austen. I knew you would! Lane, Dean likes Jane Austen.

LANE: Wow, who would've thought.

R: I told him he would. But he was all, forget Jane Austen, you have to read Hunter Thompson.

DEAN: You do have to read Hunter Thompson.

R: Not as much as you needed to read Jane Austen.

DEAN: Yeah, yeah. Hey what's that? (picks up the bag of cookies)

R: Just some cookies.

DEAN: Rocky Road.

R: Yeah.

DEAN: Wow, she brings me cookies. How can I repay her?

R: How about a little Charlotte Bronte?

DEAN: How about something else? (Gives Rory a kiss)

R: That's good too.

LANE: Okay, I gotta go. I am going to be late for homeroom, and I have that perfect attendance certificate in my sights.

RORY: See you later.

LANE: Yeah, see ya.

INDEPENDENCE INN

(Lorelai walks in through the front door towards the front desk)

L: Ladies and Gentlemen, we have flakes. Flakes have been sighted. Flakage, if you will, has begun. Michel, it's the first snowfall of the season. It's very lucky. Make a wish.

MICHEL: Get away from me.

L: Oh, you're not supposed to say it out loud.

(Michel goes to answer the ringing phone)

L: The world changes when it snows. It gets quiet. Everything softens.

MICHEL: (handing Lorelai phone) It's your mother.

L: And then the rain comes. Hi Mom.

EMILY: Have you seen the news?

L: Ever?

EMILY: A bad storm is heading your way. It's already hitting us here.

L: Well, don't panic. Ill get the ark. You get the animals.

EMILY: I just sent Lance to pick up Rory at school. The roads are terrible, black ice everywhere, it's just a mess out there. I hate this kind of weather. So anyhow, what time will you get here?

L: Well, uh, gee mom, I don't know, let me see. Black ice, treacherous roads. I guess I'll just put on my red, white, and blue leotard, grab my golden lasso and fly the invisible plane on over.

EMILY: You're not coming?

L: Well, if it's as bad as you say it is, I don't see how I'd get there.

EMILY: Well, I guess it'll just be the three of us then.

L: I guess so.

EMILY: And you know, Rory should probably spend the night tonight also.

L: Okay.

EMILY: And if it's still bad tomorrow. .

L: Mom, why do you wait to see what the weather does before you fill out a change of address card for her.

(Rory enters Emily's living room)

R: Hey Grandma.

EMILY: Rory's here.

L: Put her on a sec.

EMILY: (hands phone to Rory) It's your mother.

R: Hey.

L: Hi. Things bad out there, huh?

R: It's crazy. There's snow coming down everywhere. And let me just tell you, saddle shoes are not the best all weather footwear.

L: Aw. You fell.

R: Twice.

L: Yikes. I'm sorry.

R: So what's the deal? Are you coming over tonight?

L: No, I guess I'm pretty much stuck in the Hollow tonight.

R: Bummer. Well, we can take our snow walk tomorrow night?

L: Absolutely. All right, now, honey, tell Grandma that you arrived there not a member of the junior league, I'd like you to leave the same way.

R: Call if you get lonely.

L: I will. Bye.

CUT TO FRONT OF LUKE'S DINER.

(It's nighttime. The reenactors are walking by Luke in front of the diner.)

LUKE: Harry, come on, stop this before somebody drives through town and thinks the local mental institution has bad padlocks.

HARRY: Luke, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Your father was a reenactor.

LUKE: Yes, and I thought he was crazy also.

TAYLOR: Who's stepping on my musket?

KIRK: That would be me.

TAYLOR: Well, stop it.

(The reenactors walk towards their standing area. Lorelai walks over to Luke)

LORELAI: There goes the fire chief, the police chief and the one paramedic with a valid license. I feel safe, don't you?

LUKE: Look at them, all relatively intelligent men, but there they are dressed up in costumes, standing out in a snowstorm and for what?

L: Because it's tradition.

LUKE: Tradition is a trap, it allows people to stick their head in the sand. Everything that passed was so quaint, so charming. Times were simpler. Kids didn't have sex. Neighbors knew each other. It's a freaking fairy tale. Things sucked then too. It just sucked without indoor plumbing.

L: I think some traditions are nice. Birthdays. Holidays. Taking a walk in the first snow of the season.

LUKE: I didn't get the Hallmark card for that one.

L: When I was five, I had a really bad ear infection and I had been home in bed for a week and I was very sad. So I wished really hard that something wonderful would happen to me. And I woke up the next morning and it had snowed. And I was sure that some fairy godmother had done it just for me. It was my little present.

LUKE: Your parents never explained the concept of weather to you?

L: I'm making a point, Mouthy McGee. Of course, many years later, I realized that logically, the snow was not there for me personally. But, still, when it snows, something inside me says, 'hey that's your present.' I don't think it'll ever change.

(Luke watches the reenactors)

LUKE: My father used to be one of those guys.

L: Yeah?

LUKE: Yeah, even had his own musket.

L: Really.

LUKE: Never had to rent it.

L: Where is the musket now?

LUKE: He was buried with it.

L: Wow.

LUKE: Yup. He loved that musket.

L: That's nice. . . in a disturbing sort of way.

LUKE: Come on in, I'll get you some coffee.

L: No thanks. I'm gonna walk around. Enjoy my present a little.

CUT TO THE FRONT OF A SCHOOL

(A group of band students, all in uniform, are standing around)

BAND TEACHER: People, people, please get into formation. Hats on and instruments in place. Do not, I repeat do not, actually put instruments to your mouths until we are inside. Remember what happened to the flautist last year.

(A band student is kneeling on the ground getting out his instrument. His hair falls into his face, so Lane reaches down and runs her finger through his hair. He gives her a funny look and other kid around her start laughing. She grabs her stuff and runs away.)

CUT TO LORELAI

(Lorelai is walking down a sidewalk. She stops when she sees Max Medina in front of the auto repair shop up ahead. They smile at each other.)

LORELAI: I smell snow. (Walks over to Max)

MAX: Well well well.

L: What's up Teach?

MAX: What are you doing here?

L: I live here. What are you doing here?

MAX: I was on my way back from Stamford, and my car decided to stop.

L: Here?

MAX: Yes.

L: In my town?

MAX: Yes.

L: Good car.

MAX: Its nice to see you.

L: You too.

MAX: You know, a minute ago, I was really angry about something and now I just can't remember what it was.

L: Well that's snow for you.

MAX: I guess so.

L: So, this is quite a predicament you're in. Stranded here in a strange town with no one you know. Oh wait. . .

MAX: Where's Rory tonight?

L: She's in Hartford with her grandparents.

MAX: That must be nice.

L: Whatever you say.

MAX: So Rory's in Hartford.

L: Yes.

MAX: And I'm in Stars Hollow.

L: Correct.

MAX: And you are. . . .

L: Trying to figure out where I should take you.

MAX: No, no, no, no, where I should take you.

L: This is my town. You know nothing around here.

MAX: No, but I was the one who asked you out initially, so therefore I am still obligated to do the taking.

L: Yes, but I was the one who did the canceling after you did the asking, therefore you forfeit your

taking rights to me, the cancellor.

MAX: So we're actually gonna do this?

L: Yes we are.

MAX: Let me just give this guy my keys and we'll go.

L: Great.

MAX: Great's an understatement.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

EMILY: (on phone) Well, I just don't understand why you waited so late to call. . . Are you sure? . . .
.Fine. . .All right, yes, goodbye. (hangs up phone) Well, I don't know what I'm going to do now.

RICHARD: What's the problem Emily?

EMILY: The problem is that apparently Florence cannot get here because of the storm.

RICHARD: Florence?

EMILY: Our cook.

RICHARD: Ah. Well, we'll just have to go out then.

EMILY: Oh, please Richard, pay attention. We can't go out. It's miserable out there.

RICHARD: Well, we'll figure something out then.

EMILY: What? What will we figure out?

RICHARD: Well, I don't know but. . .

EMILY: I hate the damn snow.

RICHARD: Emily, calm down.

EMILY: This is a serious problem. These Friday dinners are the only proper food that child eats all week.

RICHARD: Rory, are you in any way malnourished or in need of some international relief organization to recruit a celebrity to raise money on your account?

R: I'm good.

RICHARD: She's good, Emily.

EMILY: Your sense of humor rears it's ugly head at the oddest of times Richard.

RICHARD: Emily, I am not the mastermind behind some great scheme to spoil your dinner plans and I don't care to be treated as such.

EMILY: So you're fine with having no dinner tonight, is that it?

RICHARD: I certainly am not.

R: Hey, how about I check the fridge? I'm sure there's something in there we could whip up.

EMILY: Whip up?

R: Yeah, come on. It'll be fun, I promise.

EMILY: Well, come on 'Mister We'll Figure it Out'.

CUT TO EMILY'S KITCHEN

(Rory, Emily and Richard are looking in the fridge)

EMILY: Nothing.

RICHARD: Not a blessed thing.

RORY: Hey, there's frozen pizza.

EMILY: How in the world did that get there?

R: Maybe you bought it and forgot about it.

EMILY: I have never bought frozen pizza. It must belong to Anna.

RICHARD: The maid.

EMILY: Yes.

RICHARD: Ah, got one.

(Rory pulls out the pizza)

EMILY: What are you doing?

R: I'm gonna make it.

EMILY: Oh, Rory, you're not serious.

RICHARD: That hardly looks like dinner.

EMILY: I agree. Rory, that's food you eat at a carnival. Or in a Turkish prison.

R: I promise you're gonna love it.

EMILY: But. . .

R: Listen, just leave it up to me. You guys go back into the living room and I'll call you when it's ready. . . . Hey Grandma?

EMILY: Yes

R: What are the odds of you knowing where a cookie sheet would be?

RICHARD: I'd say very slim.

R: Never mind. I'll find it.

EMILY: Very slim? Thank you for that.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

(Lorelai and Max are at takeout window.)

L: Thank you. Hold that. Thanks.

MAX: Thanks.

(Holding bags and drinks, they start walking down the sidewalk)

L: God, it's a beautiful night, huh?

MAX: Yes it is.

L: So, tell me something about yourself.

MAX: Like what?

L: Uh, have you ever been married?

MAX: Nope.

L: Ever been close.

MAX: Once.

L: And?

MAX: She's in Thailand now.

L: Sex trade?

MAX: Bank of America.

L: Well, it's usually either one or the other.

MAX: She went there on business, she did well, she never came back.

L: Aw, sad.

MAX: Well, it was at the time, but if it was meant to be . . .

L: Ah, he believes in fate.

MAX: Fate, poetry, love. They all go together don't they?

L: Yes, they do.

MAX: How about you?

L: Oh, I've never been married.

MAX: Ever been close?

L: Uh, Rory's dad proposed.

MAX: What happened?

L: The bell rang? I was late for chem lab?

MAX: Ever sorry that you didn't?

L: Oh, no. We were so young, and my life would've been completely different. You know, I wouldn't live here, I wouldn't work here, I wouldn't be walking here with you.

MAX: Where are we going?

L: You'll see.

MAX: Are we gonna get there before we freeze?

L: Now, what kind of fun would it be if I told you the answer.

MAX: You're crazy.

L: Very possible

MAX: And I'm following you.

L: Yes, you are.

MAX: So possibly I'm crazier than you are.

L: Again, very possible.

MAX: A match made in heaven.

L: Or in Bellevue.

MAX: Must be fate.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

(Rory is staring out the window, bored. Emily is on the couch. Richard is walking around talking on the phone)

RICHARD (on phone): Oh, this is getting ridiculous Aaron. . . I will not continue to have these conversations with a child . . . Yes, he is a child. . . Well, when he's worked 30 years at the company that's when he's not a child. Until then I don't care what his opinions are . . . Aaron are you listening to me? Good, because I'm hanging up on you now. And I wanted to make sure that you heard it. (hangs up) What a moron.

(Rory gets up and goes upstairs and starts browsing around in Lorelai's old bedroom. She finds a strip of photos of her mom and dad. She puts them in her pocket. Her pager goes off. She calls her house, where Lane answers the phone.)

RORY: Hello?

LANE: Rory?

R: Lane?

LANE: Where are you?

R: I'm at my grandparents. What are you doing at my house?

LANE: Like you care.

R: What are you talking about?

LANE: You're never around when I need you.

R: Well you know I have to go to my grandparents on Fridays.

LANE: I know. You go to your grandparents. You go to Chilton. You have to meet Dean. He needs his cookies. I can't find my books.

R: What are you talking about?

LANE: What good is it to have a best friend when she's never around and she never listens and she has no interest in the fact that you're in love or that you touched his hair.

R: You touched whose hair?

LANE: Rich. Bloomingfeld.

R: Why would you touch Rich Bloomingfeld's hair?

LANE: Why? That's a good question. I don't know why. Why would a sane person do a thing like that? Maybe I'm not sane. Maybe I'm going through some sort of phase. Maybe I really really needed someone to talk to about this and you weren't there.

R: Lane, come on.

LANE: No, you come on. You're always at school or you're talking about school or you're with Dean. You have everything now and I have nothing except for 2000 Korean bibles and a potential 'F' in jazz band.

R: I'm sorry.

LANE: Don't be sorry. Be here.

RORY: I . . . Lane? Are you there?

LANE: Rory? Rory?

RORY: Lane?

(Emily walks into the bedroom)

EMILY: There you are.

R: I think the phones went dead.

EMILY: It's probably just this horrible storm. You must come downstairs immediately.

R: What's wrong?

EMILY: The stove is buzzing.

R: It's just the timer Grandma.

EMILY: I know it's the timer Rory. What I don't know is where its located or how to turn it off.

RORY: But I really need to call Lane back.

EMILY: There's nothing you can do now. The phones will come back on eventually. Now please come downstairs and help me stop the buzzing.

R: But. . .

RICHARD: (calls from downstairs) Emily, for heaven's sake get down here!

R: Okay, let's go.

CUT TO "BLACK AND WHITE AND READ BOOKSTORE"

(Lorelai and Max are on a couch while a movie is playing.)

L: So, the fiesta burger. .

MAX: Very interesting.

L: Very spicy.

MAX: Oh yeah.

L: How's your tongue?

MAX: Much better, thank you.

L: Are you scared yet?

MAX: Not yet.

L: Are you scared yet?

MAX: Still good.

L: Are you scared yet?

MAX: You know, you're very annoying in a movie.

L: I know. I think it's very important that you know my faults as well as my many attributes.

MAX: Very thoughtful of you.

L: It is, isn't it?

MAX: Because as you know, you can get very carried away by your many attributes, suddenly find

yourself thinking, my god, this women is absolutely perfect.

L: We wouldn't want that now, would we?

MAX: No, we wouldn't. (They kiss)

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

(Emily, Richard, and Rory are at the table, getting ready to eat pizza)

R: You wanna eat it before it gets cold. (Rory watches Emily take a bite) How is it?

EMILY: Not cold!

RICHARD: Mmmm. It's quite tasty. Emily, we should have this more often.

EMILY: What?

RICHARD: Perhaps instead of that horrible salmon that keeps showing up.

EMILY: That salmon is a fine delicacy.

RICHARD: Mm, potato, po-tah-to.

R: Try it again Grandma, it's probably cooler now.

EMILY: No, thank you, I'm fine.

R: You know what? It's really good if you add some extra Parmesan on it. (Rory grates Parmesan cheese on Emily's pizza) This is mom's special trick. Frozen pizza is a staple at our house. Mom's become a major doctoring genius. She'll put anything on it. One time Sookie came and brought us some foie gras, and mom stuck it on a pizza.

EMILY: How was it?

R: Pretty good once we took the foie gras off. Okay, that's good. Try it. Please. If you wanna get really crazy you can pick it up.

EMILY: Well, all right. Here goes nothing. (takes a bite) Mmm! That's wonderful!

R: See?

EMILY: Rory pass me that cheese. (Emily walks over to Richard and starts grating cheese on his pizza) Trust me, it makes all the difference.

R: I'll be right back. (Rory goes upstairs and gets a photo album out of the bedroom. She brings it back to the table.) I found this in mom's room.

EMILY: What's that?

R: Pictures.

EMILY: Oh my goodness, I haven't seen that in years.

RICHARD: Oh my gosh.

EMILY: Ah. Look at this

R: That's one fluffy white dress.

EMILY: Yes. There were 12 petticoats underneath it. We got it in London, remember Richard?

RICHARD: Uh yeah.

R: She looks like a little princess

EMILY: Yes, well, if memory serves about two minutes after that picture was taken her highness dumped a glass of grape juice all over it.

RICHARD: Look Emily, it's Hopey.

R: Hopey?

EMILY: My younger sister.

R: Has she ever been here when I was here? I don't remember her.

RICHARD: Oh, she lives in Paris. Our great ex patriot.

EMILY: Oh my Hopey, look at you. I haven't seen her in such a long time.

RICHARD: Maybe we should take a trip this year.

EMILY: That would be nice.

RICHARD: Maybe Rory could go with us.

R: I'll start packing tomorrow. Oh is that you guys?

RICHARD: Yes it is.

EMILY: That is our wedding picture.

R: It's an amazing dress.

EMILY: It should've been. My mother had three seamstresses working around the clock making it.

R: Do you still have it?

EMILY: Its upstairs packed away somewhere. I'll save it for you if you like.

RICHARD: Oh Emily, Rory's too young to be thinking about things like that.

EMILY: Oh, Richard, please. Every young girl thinks about her wedding. I know I did. I knew from the time I was twelve that I wanted lilies and orchids with a silver bow wrapped around them for my bouquet.

RICHARD: You also knew that you wanted to marry Errol Flynn.

R: Really? Grandma had a thing for the pirate guy?

EMILY: I did not have a thing for the pirate guy.

RICHARD: She was mad about him. She even tried to get me to grow one of those little mustaches.

R: You're kidding.

EMILY: Richard stop.

RICHARD: She wanted me to swing from a chandelier.

EMILY: Now you're just being silly.

RICHARD: Luckily I was on the fencing team in college or I would've married Lucinda Lester by now.

EMILY: Actually Lucinda Lester looked a lot like Errol Flynn. I should've married her; it would've been very modern of me.

R: Wow. Mom looks really beautiful here.

EMILY: Yes she does.

R: What was the occasion?

RICHARD: Who would like some coffee?

EMILY: That was her debutante gown for her coming out party.

R: Mom had a coming out party?

RICHARD: No she didn't.

RORY: Oh.

EMILY: Yes, well, things happen don't they?

RICHARD: Excuse me, I have some business calls to make.

EMILY: I'll go get that coffee.

(Emily and Richard both leave the table. Rory sits down and starts looking at the photo album.)

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

(From his diner, Luke watches the reenactors standing in the snow. He brings out a tray of drinks.)

LUKE: Here.

HARRY: What is this?

LUKE: I brought you coffee.

HARRY: No, thank you.

LUKE: Harry, you're freezing. Take the damn coffee.

HARRY: When our forefathers stood out here many moons ago, they didn't have any coffee.

LUKE: How do you know? Do you have written documentation of about what sort of beverages they did or did not have on that long historic night of standing?

HARRY: This is still a joke to you young man. I don't choose to be a joke. We don't need your coffee.

LUKE: Harry, please, take the coffee. My father would've taken the coffee.

HARRY: Well, all right then, thank you.

LUKE: Andrew?

ANDREW: Thank you Luke.

LUKE: Kirk?

Kirk: You got any herbal tea?

LUKE: Not on me, but I can get some.

KIRK: With a squeeze of lemon?

LUKE: Okay.

GUY 1: I could really go for some cocoa.

GUY 2: Oh that sounds good. Cocoa for me too.

LUKE: Okay, okay, hang on a minute. One herbal tea, and two cocoas.

(Luke hears Max and Lorelai across the street. He watches them.)

MAX: Yeah that part was a little slow.

LORELAI: Slow?

MAX: But it picked up after that, don't you think?

(Luke watches with a sad look as Max and Lorelai kiss.)

CUT TO LORELAI'S FRONT PORCH

(Max and Lorelai walk up the steps to the porch)

L: So this is it, my house.

MAX: Its nice

L: Thank you.

MAX: Good porch. Nice windows. Front door. Which opens I assume.

L: Yeah.

MAX: Something wrong?

L: No, nothings wrong.

MAX: Are you sure?

L: Uh, yeah. See, I was so excited about the snow and about seeing you.

MAX: Thank you.

L: You're welcome. That I didn't really think this thing out and I usually think this kind of thing out, so I'm just thinking this thing out.

MAX: What thing?

L: Inviting a man over to my house.

MAX: Okay.

L: See I have really strict rules about dating. I keep my personal life totally separate from my life with Rory. You know, I never want her to feel unsettled or like her life could just shift at any moment.

MAX: I totally understand.

L: And she comes first, and this is her house too and . . .

MAX: I understand. This is something that you don't do often.

L: Ever.

MAX: Ever?

L: Never.

MAX: I see.

L: I mean, I've dated, and you know, dated, but I've just never dated, here in our house.

MAX: What if I promised you that if you let me in, all I'm expecting is a cup of coffee. That's it. Nothing weird or funny. Unless of course you're into weird and funny . .

L: Max!

MAX: 'Cause I can do weird and funny. Lorelai, I've been enjoying the hell out of myself tonight and I think you are too.

L: I am.

MAX: Well, so it's snowing, cold, and your daughter is elsewhere.

L: I know. I know

MAX: I mean this whole night has been a weird chismin of events.

L: Oh it's that fate guy again.

MAX: At some point in your life you're gonna have to decide that some guy is worth opening that door for. I am just volunteering.

(Lorelai opens the door and starts to walk in. She turns around.)

LORELAI: Would you like some coffee?

(Max walks inside)

CUT TO LORELAIS KITCHEN

(Lorelai takes some coffee out of the refrigerator and walks over to the coffee maker. She starts making the coffee while Max stands next to her.)

L: How strong do you like your coffee because I've built up such a tolerance to it I usually make it too intense for most people.

MAX: Yeah, yeah, I've lived through the fiesta burger, don't hold back now.

L: Okay.

MAX: Can I help?

L: Um, yeah, you can fill up the pot.

MAX: Oh, I'm very good at that. Six cups sounds good?

L: Fine, what are you gonna have?

MAX: You do know that was a leading question right?

L: Really how so? (They kiss) How badly do you want that coffee?

MAX: Not that badly.

L: Such a good answer.

(They begin kissing and continue to kiss as they walk from the kitchen to the bottom of the steps. Lane walks out of Rory's room and finds Max and Lorelai kissing on the bottom step. Max sees Lane and stops kissing.)

MAX: How many kids did you say you have?

L: One. Why? (turns around) Lane! Hi, hi. We're just, uh, what are you doing here?

LANE: I'm sorry. I was waiting for Rory. I'll just go back into her room and I won't come back out, I promise.

(Lane runs into Rory's room and puts on loud music.)

L: Oh, that's the Cure. I have to go back in there.

MAX: Its okay, Ill finish up the coffee.

L: I'll be back as fast as humanly possible.

MAX: Good.

CUT TO RORY'S BEDROOM

(Lane is lying on the bed in the dark. Lorelai opens the door, turns on the light, and turns off the music.)

L: Hey.

LANE: Sorry I messed up your date.

L: Ah you didn't mess up your date. What's going on?

LANE: I was waiting for Rory to get home.

L: Sweetie, Rory's stuck in Hartford tonight.

LANE: Oh I didn't know. Ill just go

L: Hey, do you wanna talk? I'm not Rory, but we do use the same blow dryer.

LANE: I did something really stupid today

L: Okay, what'd you pierce? (Lorelai sits on the bed)

LANE: Nothing. I touched a boy's hair.

L: Okay.

LANE: A boy I really like.

L: So far missing the stupid part.

LANE: I kind of did it without his permission.

L: Now we're getting somewhere.

LANE: I don't know what happened. I mean, I was just standing there and then he bends over and his hair falls forward and suddenly its like my hand had a life of its own.

L: Sounds like your hand had a little help from your hormones

LANE: God I'm so humiliated. I can't ever go back to school. I'll have to be home schooled. My mother finally gets her way.

L: Look at it from a different perspective. You have so many years of screw-ups ahead of you. View this as a trial run for really grownup humiliation.

LANE: So not helping.

L: Maybe you should be a hairdresser.

LANE: Lorelai!

L: Yes its perfect. Then you can run your hands though anybody's hair you want and they'll pay you for it.

LANE: What am I going to do? Everyone at school's gonna be talking about me. I can't show my face.

L: Everyone does stupid things in high school, it's like a requirement.

LANE: Not like this.

L: No, some people get pregnant. Talk about something really juicy for the gossip mill.

LANE: I forgot about that

L: Yeah, everybody screws up Lane. That's what happens. It's what you do with the screw-ups, it's how you handle the experience, that's what you should judge yourself by. I have a great life and an amazing kid. And I took a detour, I ended up some place good.

LANE: Yeah.

L: Tell me this. How did his hair feel? As good as it looked?

LANE: Better.

L: Oh, you're gonna be fine. I'm positive about that.

LANE: Thank you.

L: You're welcome.

LANE: So who's the guy?

L: Rory's teacher.

LANE: Oh, he has nice hair.

L: Yeah.

CUT TO LORELAI'S LIVING ROOM

(Max is waiting on the couch. Lorelai walks over and sits next to him.)

L: Hey.

MAX: Hey. Everything okay in there?

L: It will be.

MAX: So where did we leave off?

L: Oh, Lane is gonna stay here tonight. She had a really bad teen day and needs to crash someplace sympathetic.

MAX: Okay, I understand.

L: I swear to God, if this wasn't a major Judy Blume moment, I'd kick her cute little butt right out of here.

MAX: Can you recommend a hotel that really really close to here?

L: Why don't you just stay here tonight? Everybody else is.

MAX: Oh, I don't know.

L: Really, the couch is comfortable, there's pillows and blankets, and the bathroom's through there. The kitchen has nothing in it but running water if you get thirsty and. . . it's an awful night.

MAX: Okay, if it's not a problem.

L: Not at all.

MAX: Can I at least give you a kiss goodnight?

L: Only if you intend to live till morning. (They kiss)

MAX: Goodnight.

L: Goodnight.

(Lorelai stands up, runs her fingers through Max's hair, and then goes upstairs.)

CUT TO OUTSIDE SHOT OF LORELAI'S HOUSE

CUT TO LORELAI'S BEDROOM

(The next morning, Lorelai is in bed. She's hears a car outside, and looks out the window to see Rory being dropped off. She puts on shoes and grabs a coat, and greets Rory at the door.)

CUT TO LORELAI'S FRONT PORCH

L: Hi.

R: Hi. What's up?

L: Nothing, what's up with you?

R: You have something to tell me.

L: Boy you're so smart. Right, okay, here we go. I've got a boy in the house.

R: You what?

L: Nothing happened, I swear, he slept the whole night on the couch. And you know him.

R: I do?

L: And you like him. I don't know if that's relevant, I just thought that I would throw that in there.

CUT TO LIVING ROOM

(Rory and Lorelai are standing next to the couch on which Max is sleeping)

R: Its Mr. Medina.

L: I know.

R: My English teacher is on my couch.

L: It was the snow. You know how I get, its like catnip. I was walking, he was there, his car was broken, we had fiesta burgers. It was the snow. . . .Rory, say something. (Rory walks into the kitchen. Lorelai follows her)

CUT TO LORELAI'S KITCHEN

L: Rory talk to me, how do you feel?

R: I don't know.

L: Take a guess. Angry, frustrated, nauseous?

R: Weird. I feel weird. Has he been here all night?

L: Pretty much.

R: Oh my God. Did he go into the bathroom? I have stuff hanging in there!

L: Honey, you knew I was gonna date him, right? This isn't a total surprise.

R: Yes I knew you were gonna date. I just didn't expect him to be here . . at our house . . .in the morning.

L: I know.

R: I don't remember ever there being a man in our house.

L: Yeah, well I kind of broke the rules.

R: God, why is this so weird for me?

L: Because I should've told you first.

R: No.

L: Because I should have talked to you before I did this.

R: No.

L: Because you're afraid he smushed the couch pillows out of shape?

R: Do you love him?

L: I. .We had one date. It was a great date. World Series level. But it was just a date. Honey, I promised myself a long time ago that I was gonna keep all this stuff separate from you and I want you to know that that still stands. Okay, this was a one-time thing. I'm not gonna start just bringing guys home. This is not a trend.

R: You can you know.

L: What?

R: Bring guys home. I mean, if you like someone you should feel comfortable doing that.

L: I appreciate that.

R: I want you to be happy.

L: And I love you for that.

R: Plus I know you're not a cat person so you truly will be alone if you don't find someone.

L: Okay, look, someday I will bring someone home but when I do I just wanna be sure it's THE guy.

R: Mr. Medina's not THE guy?

L: I don't know, he might be. But right now it's just you and me. (Lane comes out of Rory's room)
And sometimes Lane.

LANE: Hey

R: Hey

L: I'm gonna go wake the man up. (Lorelai walks out of the kitchen)

LANE: Your mom let me spend the night here.

R: I tried calling you back all night but the phones didn't turn back on until this morning.

LANE: Its okay, I understand.

R: Lane I'm so sorry, I've been the worst friend lately.

LANE: No, I just wiggled out a little. I get jealous sometimes. I mean, you seem to have this really great life and I don't really fit in there.

R: That's not true, you totally fit in.

LANE: Yeah?

R: I'm talking Legos.

LANE: I hope so.

R: I will be better from now on, I promise. Twenty-four hours a day at your disposal.

LANE: Dean'll love that.

R: Well, he'll have to, you came first.

LANE: That's right. I got dibs. (They hug) Okay, I have to go home.

R: Coffee at Luke's, 2 o'clock?

LANE: You're on.

R: And I wanna hear all about that hair touching incident.

LANE: Yeah and I wanna hear the rest of the teacher on the couch incident.

R: Deal

(Rory starts to walk into the living room but stops when she sees Lorelai and Max talking and laughing. She walks back into the kitchen and pulls out the strip of photos of her mom and dad and looks at them.)