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01x06 - Cinnamon's Wake

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01x06 - Cinnamon's Wake

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Cinnamon's Wake

(Lorelai, Rory, and Emily Gilmore are sitting around the dinner table.)

LORELAI: So where'd you say Dad was?

EMILY: Away on business.

LORELAI: Location's top secret?

EMILY: Oh, Germany.

LORELAI: Germany. Is Dad's firm insuring Nazis now?

EMILY: Your father doesn't know any Nazis.

LORELAI: I know, Mom. I was just --

EMILY: What?

RORY: Joking. She was joking.

EMILY: Oh. Hard to tell.

LORELAI: Yeah, well.

EMILY: Oh, I'm afraid I have some bad news. Claudia died.

LORELAI: Who?

EMILY: Claudia. Your cousin Claudia. (Lorelai stares.) Claudia!

LORELAI: I'm hearing the name, Mom. I have no idea who that is.

EMILY: Claudia's your cousin, for all intents and purposes.

LORELAI: Oh, now we're getting to it.

EMILY: She was your father's grandmother's sister's girl. So to you, that would make her --

LORELAI: Nothing?

EMILY: Regardless the funeral's on Thursday. I thought we'd all go together.

LORELAI: Ooh, whoa. Two problems. Impossible to get away from the inn Thursday. Two, I've never met this woman.

EMILY: You most certainly have.

LORELAI: When?

EMILY: Several times.

LORELAI: I'll take one.

EMILY: We went to her house in Groton to see the first moon landing. She'd just gotten a new Philco.

LORELAI: I have no memory of this whatsoever.

EMILY: Rory, correct me if I'm wrong, but men have walked on the moon regardless of whether your mother remembers it or not.

RORY: That's the rumor.

LORELAI: I know men have walked on the moon. I just don't know Claudia.

EMILY: So you're not going?

LORELAI: Not this time.

EMILY: I don't think Claudia's planning to die a second time.

LORELAI: Mom, I couldn't go if I wanted to.

EMILY: Fine. (pauses) Oh wait -- Rudolph Gottfried.

LORELAI: Another cousin?

EMILY: No, a n*zi that we knew. I'd forgotten. We stayed with him once in Munich. Nice old man. Interesting stories.

LORELAI: Mom you socialized with a n*zi? That's despicable! That's heinous!

EMILY: No, dear, that was a joke.

(Rory laughs.)

(Cut to Lorelai's kitchen. It is morning and Lorelai is seated at the table drinking coffee. Rory walks into the kitchen and closes her bedroom door on loud music.)

LORELAI: Hey. I have an idea for a new reality show. How about everyone just looks out their freakin' kitchen window for a change?

RORY: Ooh. She's cranky this morning.

LORELAI: Let's just say the world has a formidable opponent.

RORY: Wait -- shouldn't you be baking?

LORELAI: I don't know. Shouldn't you be knitting?

RORY: Mom! The Chilton bake sale is today!

LORELAI: I know. I got it covered.

RORY: They expect the things to be homemade.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: By someone other than Dolly Madison.

LORELAI: I said I have it covered.

RORY: All of the parents pitch in so this is really really important. You know that, right?

LORELAI: No, I didn't know that. In that case I don't have it covered. I have it covered! Get your stuff and hit the stereo -- we're late.

RORY: (softly) It's not me.

(Rory opens her door and we see Lane dancing in the room.)

LORELAI: (to Lane) Where does your mother think you are?

(Lane turns off the music.)

LANE: Oh, on a park bench contemplating the reunification of the two Koreas.

LORELAI: Not here, skanking to Rancid?

LANE: Wouldn't be included.

LORELAI: School!

(Cut to exterior of the house. Lane, Lorelai, and Rory walk down the front steps and start to cross the yard. Lane waves as she runs off.)

LANE: Bye.

RORY: Bye.

(Babette and Morey walk by. Morey is pulling a wagon with Cinnamon -- their cat -- inside. The wagon has a covering like a baby carriage.)

RORY: Wow, Cinnamon, riding in style.

BABETTE: Yeah, Morey made it. Cinnamon's not walking good these days but she still likes her passeggiatas. That's Italian for 'a nice walk.'

MOREY: (with an accent) Passeggiata.

BABETTE: Oh God, he makes it sound so sexy.

MOREY: Come on.

LORELAI: (points to the covered area) What's that?

BABETTE: Oh it's Cinnamon's private area. Sometimes she likes to be alone. She's just like Morey in that sense. (to Morey) Hey, say passaggiata again.

MOREY: I can't do it on command, Babs.

BABETTE: Oh, he's blushin'. God, I love a man that blushes!

(BABETTE and MOREY walk away, pulling the wagon.)

RORY: Okay, our town is just weird.

LORELAI: Thank God.

RORY: Bye.

LORELAI: Bye.

RORY: I'll see you later at school.

LORELAI: For what?

RORY: Mom, the bake sale!

LORELAI: Ha! I got the vein in the forehead. Whoo!

RORY: Sadist.

(Cut to a busy street. People are walking by on the sidewalk. Rory is sitting on a bench. A bus pulls around the corner and stops in front of her. Dean is walking down the street and sees Rory get on the bus. He gets on and sits behind her. Rory opens her book and begins to read. She doesn't notice him.)

DEAN: Hey.

RORY: Aah! Morning.

DEAN: Good book?

RORY: I don't know yet.

DEAN: I saw you standing in line so I thought I'd say hello. (pause) Hello?

RORY: Hello.

DEAN: Oh, hey, uh, thanks for helping me get the job at the store. I mean it's not a career or anything but it's got me solvent.

RORY: Solvent's good.

DEAN: Yeah, uh, are you always this serious?

RORY: No.

DEAN: So, uh, how long does it take you to get to school?

RORY: Um...forty minutes if the bus driver's focused but longer if he's trying to win something on

the radio. Hey, this bus is going to Hartford!

DEAN: Yeah, I know.

RORY: But you go to school here. You have to get off the bus! (calls to driver) Hey, he has to get off the bus!

DEAN: Wait. You're forgetting something.

(Bus stops.)

DEAN: Buses make stops. Good-bye Lorelai Gilmore.

(Dean gets off the bus.)

(Cut to the inn where Michel is on the phone.)

MICHEL: Independence Inn, Michel speaking. Yes, you are confirmed. Mm-hmm. Goodbye.

(Michel hangs up the phone as a group of businessmen approach the counter.)

MAN: Bonjour Monsieur. Vous êtes français? Vous parlez français?

MICHEL: No, sorry.

MAN: Parlez vous français?

MICHEL: Sir, I'm just a simple country boy from Texas. I do not understand this français business you're babbling about.

LORELAI: Pardon

(Lorelai pulls Michel aside.)

LORELAI: He knows you're not from Texas.

MICHEL: Smile when you say that.

LORELAI: Michel, I told you there was going to be a French group here for a couple of days and it is your job to keep them happy.

MICHEL: Lorelai, I don't know how many French people you've met over the years, but most of them are insufferable.

LORELAI: Really?

MICHEL: Mm-hm. That is why I left France.

LORELAI: Huh. I thought it had something to do with the torches and the villagers. Michel, talk to them.

MICHEL: Never. (pause) You are giving me that look aren't you? Your patented, "Do it or something unspeakable shall befall you" look. (sighs) Fine. I shall be French but I shall not be happy.

LORELAI: Then you will be yourself. Good choice.

(Michel goes back to the French group.)

MICHEL: Bonjour messieurs. Je m'appelle Miche. Ce soir pour vous aider.

MAN: (laughs) Vous avez faïtt un blague. Très drole! Très drole Michel!

MICHEL: (to Lorelai) k*ll me now.

(Cut to the bake sale at Chilton.)

SOOKIE: OK-- we've got our French fantasies, American treats, and our Italian taste sensations. Well, what do you think?

RORY: Amazing.

LORELAI: Incredible.

SOOKIE: It is good, isn't it? Well, final touch.

(Sookie prepares to light a swan-shaped dessert on fire.)

RORY: Oh, can I do that?

SOOKIE: Whoa, honey, this is a more delicate procedure than you might think, OK?

RORY: OK.

SOOKIE: It takes an expert hand.

(SOOKIE lights the tablecloth on fire. Lorelai fills a cup with lemondade from a nearby table and extinguishes the flames. The women at the lemonade table give her dirty looks.

LORELAI: Um -- hi. Oh, well, gee...what is that, a dollar? Let me find you a dollar. You know what? I'll take two -- I'll drink one. (drinks) Mmm...tasty and flame-retardant.

(Mr. Medina walks up to Lorelai.)

MR. MEDINA: Very Henry the Eighth.

LORELAI: Well we're not into subtle.

MR. MEDINA: Good to see you, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Good to see you, Mr. Medina.

MR. MEDINA: Max.

LORELAI: Mr. Medina.

MR. MEDINA: Max.

LORELAI: Mr. Medina. Meet Sookie, the cheft at the inn. Sookie, Mr. Medina.

SOOKIE: What's your name again?

LORELAI: Mr. Medina.

SOOKIE: I know, you've said it like a zillion times. (to Mr. Medina) Hello.

MR. MEDINA: Hello. Lorelai, could I borrow you for a second?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, sure. (to Sookie) Oh! Hey I'll be right back.

(Lorelai and Mr. Medina walk away from the table.)

MR. MEDINA: You know, Lorelai, I would love for the ice to thaw.

LORELAI: There's no ice.

MR. MEDINA: Well you repeated my full name four times. That's ice.

LORELAI: No, that's not ice, it's wintry.

MR. MEDINA: I was doing my job when I didn't let Rory take that test. I didn't like it but I had to do it.

LORELAI: I know.

MR. MEDINA: And I'd do it again.

LORELAI: OK.

MR. MEDINA: I really do think Rory's a great kid and I'm going to do my damndest to make sure she gets through Chilton in one piece.

LORELAI: I appreciate that.

MR. MEDINA: And I'd like us to be friends.

LORELAI: We are. Me too.

MR. MEDINA: Yeah?

LORELAI: Yeah. Really, truly, I swear. There's no more ice. We're walking in a pool of tepid water.

MR. MEDINA: Good.

LORELAI: Good.

MR. MEDINA: I'm going to propose something here. I'm not sure how you're going to take it.

LORELAI: Oh wow, intrigue.

MR. MEDINA: I'd like to see you sometime. Away from the ivy, away from the gargoyles, away from here.

LORELAI: Are you asking me out on a date.

MR. MEDINA: Yes.

LORELAI: Mm. Well, uh, I don't want to go out on a limb here, but I'm guessing if the headmaster won't let a kid be thirty seconds late for a test he'd probably frown on a teacher dating a mom.

MR. MEDINA: I do my job well, I'm dedicated to my students, and there's nothing in the Chilton book of ethics that prohibits it.

LORELAI: Yeah but I'm guessing it's sort of an unwritten rule.

MR. MEDINA: Do you want to go?

LORELAI: And Rory would probably freak at the thought.

MR. MEDINA: Do you want to go?

LORELAI: And the other parents would have a field day with this kind of thing.

MR. MEDINA: Do you want to go?

LORELAI: Yes.

MR. MEDINA: Good.

LORELAI: Wait.

MR. MEDINA: What?

LORELAI: No.

MR. MEDINA: Why?

LORELAI: I can't. It's wrong. It's weird.

MR. MEDINA: I'll pay.

LORELAI: You're on.

MR. MEDINA: Really?

LORELAI: I'm kidding. I don't know. You're Rory's teacher.

MR. MEDINA: I know.

LORELAI: Could you quit? Right, that's crazy.

MR. MEDINA: OK, OK. Um...how about coffee? You like coffee?

LORELAI: Only with my oxygen.

MR. MEDINA: Can we drink some together? A sort of pre-date. Very casual, no strings, no obligations. We'll just see if it's even worth going down the road of including food in the deal. (whispers) Just coffee. (normal voice) Decaf? There's nothing safer than decaf.

LORELAI: I'm going to be in town tomorrow because I take a class at Hartford State and there's a coffee shop across the street that I sometimes, almost all the time, go to around 4:00 and usually exactly 4:12. I could not stop a person from entering said establishment around that time, nor would I avoid them if I knew them if they did.

MR. MEDINA: You know the wordsmith thing -- that's something we have in common.

LORELAI: See you around, Max.

MR. MEDINA: Indeed. You will.

(Cut to Lane and Rory walking down the street.)

LANE: Philadelphia.

RORY: Philadelphia? If you could live in any city in the world you'd pick Philadelphia?

LANE: M. Night Shymalan lives there.

RORY: Who?

LANE: The guy who directed 'The Sixth Sense.'

RORY: But what would you do there?

LANE: Hang out with M. Night Shymalan.

RORY: OK, cross 'guidance counselor' off your list of potential career choices.

(They meet Babette, Morey, and Cinnamon.)

BABETTE: Lie still, baby doll, we're almost home.

RORY: Hey Babette.

BABETTE: Hey kids.

(Cinnamon meows strangely.)

RORY: Wow, that sounds bad.

BABETTE: Cinnamon's dyspeptic. So's Morey. Too many clams.

MOREY: Bad clams.

(Babette, Morey, and Cinnamon continue walking.)

BABETTE: This doesn't reflect well on Al's establishment.

LANE: You had clams at Al's?

RORY: Al's Pancake World?

BABETTE: Yeah, well we had a coupon.

RORY: Hmmm.

(Rory and Lane resume walking down the street. Rory spots Dean in the grocery store where he is working.)

RORY: Oh wow! The store! Hey, listen, I have to pick up some stuff, so --

LANE: What do you have to pick up?

RORY: Just some...stuff. So I'll talk to you later tonight.

LANE: I'll go in with you.

RORY: Why?

LANE: Because otherwise I'd have to go home.

RORY: Home is good.

LANE: My home?

RORY: Yeah, actually I don't have to go in.

LANE: OK. Then I guess I will go home.

RORY: Great! Go, bye.

LANE: Bye...freak.

(Lane leaves. Rory walks into the store and watches Dean. He looks over and waves when he sees her. Rory ducks into an aisle and walks to the back of the store where Miss Patty is.)

MISS PATTY: Rory! Hello! Try a plum They're better than sex.

RORY: Um, no, thanks.

MISS PATTY: Fresh fruit always has such a sensuality about it. Are you too young for this?

RORY: Definitely.

MISS PATTY: Well what are you here for honey?

RORY: Oh well, I just --

(Rory looks over at Dean.)

MISS PATTY: Oh, I see what you're here for. Well that wouldn't fit in a basket. No no no no no!

RORY: Patty! It's not like that. He's just a person.

MISS PATTY: A person?

RORY: A boy-type person.

MISS PATTY: Oh, my favorite kind.

RORY: I really don't even know him.

MISS PATTY: Oh, right. You don't know him?

RORY: I don't.

MISS PATTY: You said.

RORY: Please don't say anything.

MISS PATTY: I promise I won't tell a single soul that you don't know that young man.

RORY: Thank you.

MISS PATTY: You're welcome.

(Rory walks away from Miss Patty. A store employee confronts Miss Patty, who has been sampling the produce.)

EMPLOYEE: Excuse me, ma'am, what are you doing?

MISS PATTY: Please, honey, don't call me ma'am. It makes me feel older than 25. Here, have a pea pod.

EMPLOYEE: I assume that you're going to pay for the food you've consumed on the premises.

MISS PATTY: Oh, so brusque. And you are?

EMPLOYEE: I'm the new assistant manager here.

MISS PATTY: Well listen here, my fine friend, who if you had a better hairstyle i might consider dating, I do this all the time.

EMPLOYEE: Not from now on, I'm sorry.

MISS PATTY: Oh, now, wait a minute here. I've been sampling food at this establishment for years.

EMPLOYEE: The next time you put something in that mouth that doesn't belong there, I'm going to remove it and then call the police.

(He takes the pea pod out of her hand and walks away. By now Rory is at the check-out counter. Dean walks over to the end of the counter.)

CASHIER: Is this all you want, honey? A head of lettuce and a mouse trap?

RORY: That should do it.

DEAN: That's a couple of must-need items there.

CASHIER: \$2.27.

RORY: I only have a dollar.

DEAN: I could loan you the rest.

RORY: Uh, no, I'll just take the lettuce.

DEAN: Perfect. You could use half of it for a salad then use the other half to clobber the mouse with.

(Rory starts to leave.)

DEAN: Paper or plastic?

RORY: I'm fine.

(She leaves the store.)

(Cut to Lorelai entering the coffee shop in Hartford. She sits at the counter near Mr. Medina.)

MR. MEDINA: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Max! Hi!

MR. MEDINA: Small world, huh?

LORELAI: Absolutely! What are you drinking?

MR. MEDINA: Coffee.

LORELAI: Plain coffee?

MR. MEDINA: I wanted some cream but that prompted a very elaborate foam conversation. And the look of disapproval I got when I said I didn't want foam, just cream, rivaled the one I got from my dad when I told him I wanted to be a teacher.

LORELAI: Wow, so it's been a tough outing for you, huh?

MR. MEDINA: Well it's getting better.

WAITRESS: What can I get you?

LORELAI: Coffee, please.

(The waitress goes to get Lorelai's coffee.)

MR. MEDINA: So, here we are.

LORELAI: Here we most certainly are.

MR. MEDINA: Running into each other.

LORELAI: Away from the school.

MR. MEDINA: And its unique strictures.

LORELAI: These things do happen.

MR. MEDINA: Fate can be funny.

LORELAI: Should we cut the cute and just get right to it?

MR. MEDINA: I think we should date.

LORELAI: Why?

MR. MEDINA: Because I think we both want to.

LORELAI: Well I want to be in the Bangles but that doesn't mean I quit my job and get a guitar and

ruin my life to be a Bangle, does it?

MR. MEDINA: The Bangles broke up.

LORELAI: Yeah, that's not the point.

MR. MEDINA: Well it's got to be part of the point if there's no band anymore.

LORELAI: I repeat my question: 'why should we date?'

MR. MEDINA: Because we're clearly attracted to each other.

LORELAI: I'm attracted to pie. It doesn't mean I feel the need to date pie.

MR. MEDINA: OK then because we are --

LORELAI: Yes?

MR. MEDINA: -- of similar heights.

LORELAI: Wow! Round one and already tapped.

MR. MEDINA: Look I know that you are concerned about the appearance of us dating.

LORELAI: Yes I am.

MR. MEDINA: Well I can tell you that I am the soul of discretion when it comes to delicate relationships.

LORELAI: Dated a lot of Chilton moms, huh?

MR. MEDINA: No, I meant any relationships -- work, family.

LORELAI: Oh so you have things to hide in all aspects of your life -- very interesting.

MR. MEDINA: (to waitress) Do you have any hemlock back there? Arsenic, something quick?

LORELAI: Do you like rap music?

MR. MEDINA: Yeah.

LORELAI: Me too. Italian food?

MR. MEDINA: Yeah.

LORELAI: Me too. You just telling me what I want to hear?

MR. MEDINA: Yeah.

LORELAI: I knew it!

MR. MEDINA: Doesn't mean it doesn't coincide with how I really feel.

LORELAI: Yeah but if you're telling me what you think I want to hear then I'm not really getting to know you.

MR. MEDINA: And if I know what you want to hear that shows a level of understanding on my part that far exceeds your understanding of me. (Lorelai doesn't say anything). Who's the one laggin?

LORELAI: Uh...

MR. MEDINA: Wow, round one and already tapped!

LORELAI: (seriously) Rory is my life. She's my pal, my everything. And I would never, ever do anything that would hurt her.

MR. MEDINA: I understand. (A man sits down on the stool between them.) But Rory is not a baby anymore.

LORELAI: Don't say that! She's eight! She's eight and her favorite hobby is making necklaces out of gum wrappers.

MR. MEDINA: You could try stunting her growth, keeping her in a box, blowing cigarette smoke on her.

(The man gives Mr. Medina a strange look.)

MR. MEDINA: You are so taking this out of context.

(The man moves to another seat. Mr. Medina moves into the seat next to Lorelai that the man vacated.)

MR. MEDINA: OK, when my uncle was a young man, there was this girl who lived across the street from him and he was completely in love with her -- but he never talked to her. But he knew in his gut that this was the girl he wanted to spend the rest of his life with.

LORELAI: This is gonna be sad isn't it?

MR. MEDINA: Let me finish.

LORELAI: It's gonna be sad.

MR. MEDINA: So anyhow my uncle watches this girl, waiting for the right moment to approach her. Next thing he knows, he gets drafted.

LORELAI: Oh, going for Kleenex.

MR. MEDINA: No. Now he thinks 'this is perfect. I'll come back, I'll have a career, I'll have served my country, I'll be worthy of her love.' When he gets back -- she's gone. Moved away. No one knew where and he never saw that girl again. Now my uncle, he didn't say much to me, but the one thing he did say was that if there's something in your gut that you know you feel is right you gotta go after it, no matter what. What do you say?

(Lorelai sighs. She takes out a business card and writes on it.)

LORELAI: Maybe dinner wouldn't be so bad.

MR. MEDINA: Dinner? You mean we could sit together? Even drive together?

(Lorelai tosses the card at Mr. Medina.)

LORELAI: Just take the card.

MR. MEDINA: I might frame the card.

LORELAI: Just use the card.

MR. MEDINA: I definitely will.

(Mr. Medina gets up to leave.)

LORELAI: Hey, that story about your uncle -- is that true?

MR. MEDINA: (sighs) Goodbye Lorelai Gilmore.

(Cut to Luke's cafe. Luke serves Lorelai and Sookie.)

SOOKIE: Thank you.

LORELAI: Thank you. (to Sookie) Life is a funny funny thing, huh?

SOOKIE: Yeah I love that Jim Carrey.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: Jim Carrey. He's just -- he's just -- funny.

LORELAI: He is funny but I didn't mean funny, funny. I'm being philosophical.

SOOKIE: Oh. Very serious face. Jean-Paul Sartre.

LORELAI: I can't talk to you with that face.

LUKE: How do you guys get any work done?

SOOKIE: So why is life such a funny thing?

LORELAI: I met this amazing guy.

SOOKIE: Goody!

LORELAI: Yeah there's goody stuff about it but there's baddy stuff too. He's a teacher at Chilton. Max -- you met him at the bake sale.

SOOKIE: Oh! He looked good.

LORELAI: Yeah. Right. He's so sexy and smart and funny and he likes coffee.

SOOKIE: God, he sounds perfect for you. Did you get onions?

LORELAI: No.

SOOKIE: (calls to Luke in the kitchen) Hey Luke! You forgot the onions.

LORELAI: I'm just so mixed up though. You know this is a real crossroads kind of situation. It's like 'to perm or not to perm.' I'm really confused.

SOOKIE: For Heaven's sake. (Sookie goes around the counter to get the onions. She starts adding

things -- onions and spices -- to the other customers' plates.)

SOOKIE: Go ahead, I'm still listening. You were about to perm your hair.

LORELAI: I just want to do the right thing.

SOOKIE: I'm not sure I see what the problem is.

LORELAI: Oh there are many problems. First -- I do not like to involve Rory in my personal life. I don't want her to have to deal with that. You know, I might bring some guy home and he might not be THE guy but then she gets all attached to him and then all of a sudden I decide that I don't like the way he eats or he hums incessantly or --

SOOKIE: Or the way he smacks his lips or how his hair isn't really his.

LORELAI: Yeah. And then I break up with him and then Rory is the one who gets hurt.

SOOKIE: I totally understand.

LORELAI: This guy is her teacher. I mean, there's no way to keep him out of her life. She sees him every day.

SOOKIE: (to a bearded customer) Are you the open-faced turkey?

BEARDED CUSTOMER: Yep.

SOOKIE: OK, I added a little fresh lemon and a little cayenne pepper. You're gonna plotz! (to Lorelai) You od know that Rory's not a baby anymore.

LORELAI: I know, that's what he said. Maybe I'm being too serious, right? Maybe I should loosen the rules a bit. Plus, be great to get...you know.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: You know.

SOOKIE: No I don't.

LORELAI: You know...he knows.

SOOKIE: (to bearded customer) You know?

BEARDED CUSTOMER: Yeah I know.

(Luke sees Sookie behind his counter.)

LUKE: Sookie!

SOOKIE: Hey. I was just looking for your paprika.

LUKE: What have I said about the counter?

SOOKIE: I know.

LUKE: How the counter is a sacred space. MY sacred space. You don't do yoga on the Dalai Lama's mat and you don't come behind my counter, period.

Luke takes Sookie by the shoulders and walks her back to the other side of the counter.)

SOOKIE: I was trying to help.

LUKE: (to Lorelai) You bring her again and I want her on a leash. I mean it.

SOOKIE: He does make a damn fine burger though.

LORELAI: He does at that. Alright I'm just going to keep it simple. I'll tell Rory. If there's even an ounce of weirdness about it I'll cancel.

SOOKIE: You haven't told Rory yet?

LORELAI: No.

SOOKIE: Oops.

LORELAI: No, not oops. The timing hasn't been right. This is a very delicate, fragile situation. It's like one of your souffles. If you don't do it right it's a disaster.

SOOKIE: And you have to order it 45 minutes in advance.

LORELAI: Huh?

SOOKIE: My souffle.

LORELAI: Right, I wasn't but speaking directly about your souffle. I was speaking metaphorically.

SOOKIE: Oh so you don't like my souffles?

LORELAI: How DO we work together?

(Rory rushes into the cafe.)

RORY: Mom you better come.

LORELAI: Honey, what's wrong?

RORY: It's Cinnamon.

(Cut to Lorelai and Rory pulling into their driveway. They cross the yard and go to Babette's. There is a Stars Hollow Animal Hospital van in the driveway. Inside Babette's house, Cinnamon's body is lying on the floor covered by a sheet. The vet is just standing up as Lorelai and Rory enter the house.)

LORELAI: Babette? Honey?

BABETTE: Oh, Lorelai. Come in, come in. She's gone. Cinnamon's gone.

LORELAI: I'm so sorry.

(Rory goes over to Morey and sits next to him.)

RORY: Is there anything I can do for you, Morey?

MOREY: This is life, Rory, it breaks your heart.

BABETTE: She looked like she was sleeping. I thought she was asleep so I nudged her and she didn't wake. I gave her a push and she rolled off the couch and since I waxed the floor she went sh**t' across the room and then she knocked over the lamp and she still didn't move. I knew it was over. Oh, God, my baby.

MOREY: Tell me it wasn't the --

BABETTE: Oh, Morey, don't do this to yourself. He thinks it was the clams.

MOREY: She saw me eating them and she gave me that 'hey, man, what's up?' look and --

VET: It wasn't the clams. Morey, in human years this cat was 260 years old.

LORELAI: That's a good, long life.

VET: Listen, why don't you let me take her out to the van and then I'll get out of your way.

BABETTE: Oh, no, stay. All of you, please stay. Cinnamon would want you here.

RORY: We'll stay as long as you want.

MOREY: I'll never eat clams again.

RORY: Me either.

(Rory pats Morey's arm.)

(Time lapse. Babette's house is now full of mourners, with more arriving all the time.)

LANE: They said that they rolled her body into a lamp.

(Rory nods her head 'yes.')

LANE: Did you laugh?

(Rory shakes her head 'no.')

LANE: Did you want to?

(Rory nods her head 'yes.')

RORY: But it's sad.

LANE: Yeah, it's sad.

(The bearded customer from the cafe walks by as Michel comes through the door.)

MICHEL: Hello? Hello? Where is Lorelai? I'm dropping something off. Yoo-hoo, 'Hee-Haw' man, where is Lorelai Gilmore?

LORELAI: Hey, hey, hey. Thank you. I could not get back to the inn.

MICHEL: What, you are having a party and I was not invited?

LORELAI: Sweetie, it's not a party, it's a wake.

MICHEL: Oh, really? Who died?

LORELAI: Their cat.

MICHEL: You are mourning a cat?

LORELAI: Yes.

MICHEL: They lick their privates, these cats.

LORELAI: Not the comforting chitchat we're looking for here. Goodbye. I'll talk to you later. Thank you.

(Lorelai pushes Michel out the door just as Miss Patty is pushing her way in.)

MISS PATTY: Babette, Morey, I came as soon as I heard. Oh, darling, what do you need?

(Miss Patty grabs Babette and hugs her and presses Babette's head into her large chest.)

BABETTE: A little air, honey!

MISS PATTY: Oh -- oh!

(Outside, Sookie and Luke arrive at the same time, both carrying food.)

SOOKIE: Oh, Luke.

LUKE: Sookie.

SOOKIE: What'cha got in the bag?

LUKE: Bricks.

SOOKIE: Yeah, good one.

LORELAI: Oh, bless you both! Everyone's starved, come in.

(Sookie and Luke both try to go through the door at the same time and collide. They back up and Sookie rushes in before Luke.)

LORELAI: OK, how should we do this?

SOOKIE: Well we need a flow for the room so there's no bottlenecks. People coming in, they're gonna want a beverage. Put 'em on the first table then the smaller hors d'oeuvres next to that, leaving one hand free to greet the people. Then, back there, set up plates and cutlery. First the salads, then the meat dishes, then desserts on the piano bench. How does that sound?

Luke dumps his bags of food on a table in the middle of the room.)

LUKE: Dig in!

(People rush for the food.)

(Time lapse. Rory answers a knock at the door. It's Dean with his arms full of drinks. He has to duck

to get in under the low door frame.)

DEAN: Oh, hi, wow. I wasn't expecting you.

RORY: Or me you. I mean, you, me. I mean, come in.

(Dean takes the drinks into the other room. Lorelai walks by.)

LORELAI: Do you know him?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: No?

RORY: Well, he goes to my old school, so I see him there sometimes but I go to Chilton now.

LORELAI: Thanks for the update.

RORY: You're welcome.

(Lorelai leaves and Dean comes back.)

DEAN: Do you have a second?

RORY: No. I have gum.

DEAN: No, thanks, uh, look --

RORY; I have to get back.

DEAN: Oh, sure. I'll see you later.

(Dean leaves. While watching him out the window, Rory sees Mr. Medina at her door.)

RORY: Mom? Isn't that --

LORELAI: Oh, no.

RORY: That's Mr. Medina.

LORELAI: Tonight's Thursday!

RORY: Well, am I in trouble? Did the school call or something?

LORELAI: No, no you're great. I -- um -- let me just come back in just one second.

RORY: Wait -- what's going on?

LORELAI: Let me tell you in a minute.

RORY: Tell me now.

LORELAI: Max is here --

RORY: Max?

LORELAI: Max is here to pick me up.

RORY: Pick you up for -- oh.

LORELAI: I'm gonna go talk to him real quick and I'm gonna be right back.

(Rory looks upset. Lorelai runs outside and over to her own porch where Mr. Medina is still knocking.)

LORELAI: Hey!

MR. MEDINA: Oh, hi.

LORELAI: Hi.

MR. MEDINA: I was knocking but no one answered.

LORELAI: I know. I was at the neighbors' house.

MR. MEDINA: You're cancelling.

LORELAI: I know it's totally last minute.

MR. MEDINA: I'm heartbroken.

LORELAI: I just completely forgot about our date.

MR. MEDINA: And forgettable.

LORELAI: No you're memorable. I've been memorabling all week. It's just -- We had a little emergency.

MR. MEDINA: Rory, is Rory OK?

LORELAI: No, Rory's fine. It's the neighbors' cat.

MR. MEDINA: The neighbors' --

LORELAI: -- cat. She died.

MR. MEDINA: She died.

LORELAI: This was a very fat, very beloved cat.

(pause)

MR. MEDINA: Lorelai. I like you but I don't want to force something on you that you don't want so --
(walks away)

(Lorelai runs after him.)

LORELAI: No, no, no. Wait. No, Max, you're not forcing anything on me. I am telling the truth about the cat.

MR. MEDINA: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Please don't read that much into this. Call me and we'll reschedule. I promise that's what I want.

MR. MEDINA: You're sure?

LORELAI: Cross my heart and hope no other neighborhood pets die on that day.

MR. MEDINA: OK, I'll call.

LORELAI: Good.

MR. MEDINA: Sorry about, uh --

LORELAI: Cinnamon.

MR. MEDINA: Cinnamon.

(Mr. Medina gets into his car and drives away.)

LORELAI: Stupid cat! You couldn't have held on one more day?

(Cut to the wake.)

SOOKIE: Is that meatloaf?

LUKE: Uh-huh.

SOOKIE: You use ketchup?

LUKE: You gonna make fun of my mother too?

SOOKIE: Sorry. You know, my real-fruit puffs would compliment that dish quite well.

LUKE: It's fine on its own, thank you.

SOOKIE: Right.

(pause)

LUKE: OK, toss some on the plate.

SOOKIE: Can I make a pretty design, maybe make some layers?

LUKE: Sookie!

SOOKIE: Right. Tossing them on. Got it.

(Lorelai comes back in.)

LORELAI: You guys, have you seen Rory anywhere?

LUKE: Yeah, I think she headed that way. (points)

LORELAI: OK, thanks.

(The grocery store employee from earlier approaches Miss Patty.)

EMPLOYEE: Excuse me, ma'am?

MISS PATTY: Well if it isn't Kirk the jerk.

EMPLOYEE: I want to apologize for what happened at the store yesterday.

MISS PATTY: I'm listening.

EMPLOYEE: I wasn't aware that you were THE Miss Patty. The owner tells me that you're one of our best customers and you can put anything into that mouth that you want to. Those were his words. I could have paraphrased them.

MISS PATTY: Stop sweating. And close your pores, Kirky, I always forgive.

EMPLOYEE: Thank you.

MISS PATTY: Once.

(Lorelai finds Babette in the kitchen cleaning out a cabinet full of pill bottles.)

LORELAI: Hey, Babette.

BABETTE: Oh, hello, sugar. Can I get you something?

LORELAI: No, I'm fine. I'm looking for Rory.

BABETTE: Oh, I think she might be in the bathroom.

LORELAI: Thanks. (starts to leave then stops) Can I help you with something?

BABETTE: Oh, no. I thought I'd just get some of this stuff packed away.

LORELAI: It's like a scene from a kitty version of 'Valley of the Dolls.'

BABETTE: Yeah. You never realize how old they actually are 'til you look in the medicine cabinet.

LORELAI: Yeah.

BABETTE: These were for her heartworms, for her thyroid, her kidneys, for the rash she got from taking these, and these were for the tic she developed from the stuff for the rash. And these -- oh jeez, these are mine. Damn, I'm gonna miss that old broad.

LORELAI: I know.

BABETTE: You know, I don't know what I'm gonna do with myself now. You live to take care of your kids.

LORELAI: I know, sweetie, but you gave her everything that you had.

BABETTE: I know. She was so tiny when I got her. She could sleep in my shoe.

LORELAI: The other day I came across a hat that I made for Rory. It was like a doll hat.

BABETTE: Oh, they grow up so fast.

LORELAI: And then they take your clothes.

BABETTE: I guess eventually you have to move on. Figure out what your life is going to be when you're not busy taking care of somebody else. Jeez, look at this place. Not a clean glass in sight!

LORELAI: Let me help you with that.

(They start to wash the glasses but the sink is too low for Lorelai. Babette gets a stool for her.)

BABETTE: Here, sugar, use this. Morey sits on it when he helps me.

LORELAI: How does Morey get around in here?

BABETTE: Oh, just fine. He had a couple of concussions his first year here but he never complains. He's just the best thing. I don't know what I'd do without him. (voice breaks)

LORELAI: Oh, Babette. What do you mean 'without him'?

BABETTE: I saw on Oprah a few weeks ago. She had on couples who lost a child. Most of the marriages went belly-up for the pain of it all. Even though they loved each other.

LORELAI: Babette, that is not gonna happen to you.

BABETTE: I never thought a man would ever even want me.

LORELAI: I know the feeling.

BABETTE: Oh, please, with that ass? Gimme a break.

LORELAI: I mean want me for more than my ass. Me -- for me, the whole package. Annoying neuroses and all.

BABETTE: You'll find him. It might even be that stud who drove out of here in a Mustang.

LORELAI: Did you see him?

BABETTE: Yeah, what a jaw.

LORELAI: He's got a great jaw.

BABETTE: How is he in the sack?

LORELAI: I haven't even gone out with him yet.

BABETTE: Will you tell me when how he is when you do?

LORELAI: I'll call you during the cigarette.

(They hug. Lorelai hits her head on a low-hanging overhead lamp. They hear [iano music from the other room.]

BABETTE: Oh -- that's Cinnamon's song.

(Cut to the living room. Everyone is seated or standing quietly listening to Morey playing the piano.

Miss Patty is beating on a drum. Babette goes over to sit with Morey. Lorelai finds Sookie in the crowd.)

LORELAI: Oh I can't find Rory anywhere.

SOOKIE: I'm sure she's around.

LORELAI: Max showed up for the date that I forgot about and she saw him.

SOOKIE: And you haven't told her.

LORELAI: No.

SOOKIE: Oops.

LORELAI: Stop with the 'oops.'

SOOKIE: OK, calm down. It's not that big of a deal.

LORELAI: Her teacher showed up on her porch to take out her mother.

SOOKIE: She'll understand. You're crazy. She knows that.

LORELAI: Enough with the comforting, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Sorry.

(Rory is outside in Babette's yard, surrounded by gnomes. Dean walks up to her.)

DEAN: Hey.

RORY: Jeez, you scared me.

DEAN: Yeah, uh, look. I just wanted to say that I'm sorry.

RORY: For what?

DEAN: Well I've been kind of bugging you lately. Uh, I thought -- I don't know -- I thought that maybe you liked me. But it's obvious that you're not interested so I just wanted to say that I get it and I'm not gonna bother you anymore.

(Dean starts to leave. Rory gets up and follows him.)

RORY: Wait! I AM interested.

DEAN: You are?

RORY: Yes. I gotta go.

(Rory leaves and Dean smiles. As Rory reaches the door Lorelai comes out.)

LORELAI: Oh! Finally. I've been looking everywhere for you.

RORY: Well you found me.

LORELAI: Listen, I have some explaining to do. OK. So sit down in that tiny little chair and I'm gonna

do it right now. (Rory sits.) That man on the porch was your teacher.

RORY: Mom, I'm a little behind in school but not so far behind that I don't know who the teacher is. So?

LORELAI: So -- um -- he and I were going to sort of hang out together.

RORY: On a date.

LORELAI: No, on a -- something that could appear like a date to the untrained eye.

RORY: To your daughter's eye?

LORELAI: It was a date.

RORY: How long have you been dating him?

LORELAI: I haven't. This was gonna be the first time.

RORY: And when were you planning on telling me about this -- your wedding?

LORELAI: No -- by the rehearsal dinner at least.

RORY: He's my teacher.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: He teaches me things every day in a very small classroom with a lot of other kids who probably won't be high-fiving me when they find this out.

LORELAI: I knw, sweetie, and I told him this was one of the things I was concerned about.

RORY: And?

LORELAI: And he thought we could be discreet.

RORY: Unbelievable!

LORELAI: Are you mad?

RORY: Yes!

LORELAI: Alright. Because I'm dating him?

RORY: Because you lied to me.

LORELAI: I kept information from you.

RORY: Information that I should have had.

LORELAI: Information that would have come out eventually. Like the Iran-Contra scandal.

RORY: So you're Oliver North.

LORELAI: No, I'm Fawn Hall.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Well, she was much prettier.

RORY: I just can't believe that you didn't tell me about this. Why wouldn't you tell me?

LORELAI: 'Cause I thought you were going to take it bad. Thank God I was wrong. (pause) OK, OK. Listen, I'm sorry. I won't date him. I promise.

RORY: I'm not saying that you can't date him. It's just -- this is weird. I mean -- there's a million guys in this world and you end up with Mr. Medina.

LORELAI: You think I don't get the weirdness factor? Believe me, the last thing I intended to do was date your teacher.

RORY: I believe you.

LORELAI: I really like him, Rory. I can't help it. And it's been a really long time since I've felt like this. You can't always control who you're attracted to, you know. I think the whole Angelina Jolie/Billy Bob Thornton thing really proves that. And I know you don't understand this now but you will someday. You'll meet some great guy and he'll make your head all foggy and you won't know what to do with yourself. (sighs) Oh, sweetie, I won't keep anything from you again. OK? I promise. From now on every aspect of my life is an open book to you.

RORY: That's OK.

LORELAI: Really, I'm not even going to get dressed until I tell you what I'm thinking of wearing.

RORY: Fair enough.

LORELAI: OK, tomorrow I'm thinking the purple tiger top, the black leather skirt, the panda bear underwear.

RORY: Oh, good.

LORELAI: But of course I'm totally open to suggestions.

RORY: Here's one: get some help.

(Lorelai and Rory are leaving Babette's. Babette and Morey walk them out.)

LORELAI: Let us know if we can do anything.

BABETTE: Oh, you've done too much already.

LORELAI: Good-night, Babette.

(Lorelai hugs Babette.)

BABETTE: Good-night, sugar.

RORY: Good-night, Morey.

(Rory hugs Morey.)

MOREY: Stay cool, Rory.

BABETTE: It's getting late.

MOREY: Let's stay outside a while, baby. Look for the Big Dipper.

BABETTE: OK, I'd like that.

(Morey puts his arm around Babette's shoulders and they watch the sky.)

(The phone rings as Rory and Lorelai walk in their front door.)

LORELAI: Hello.

EMILY: I've been trying to get you all afternoon.

LORELAI: Mom?

EMILY: Yes.

LORELAI: Hi.

EMILY: You already said that.

LORELAI: But someone hasn't.

EMILY: Hello.

LORELAI: There we go.

EMILY: You are impossible to reach.

LORELAI: Well there's no messages on the machine, Mom.

EMILY: I don't leave messages. If I wanted to talk to a machine I'd talk to my VCR. Where were you?

LORELAI: At a wake.

EMILY: A what?

LORELAI: A wake...a funeral.

EMILY: A funeral? Whose?

LORELAI: It was for the neighbors' --

(Rory motions Lorelai not to say it.)

LORELAI: -- cat.

(Lorelai mouths 'what?' Emily doesn't say anything.)

LORELAI: Mom?

EMILY: Hold on. I'm looking up anyuresm in our medical dictionary to see if I just had one.

LORELAI: I just wanted to be honest with you, Mom. Silly me.

EMILY: A cat?

LORELAI: Yeah, a cat. It was a cat's funeral.

EMILY: You skipped your own cousin's funeral for a cat's funeral?

LORELAI: Not my cousin, mom. My father's grandmother's sister's girl who I've never --

EMILY: You said you couldn't be away from the inn.

LORELAI: Well I couldn't at the time but I worked it out.

EMILY: For a cat?

LORELAI: It's late. I have a big day tomorrow, Mom.

EMILY: Oh, what? You're going to a racoon's wedding?

LORELAI: Good-night, Mother.

EMILY: Good-night.

(Lorelai hangs up.)

LORELAI: Aaagh! She's working for a sedative manufacturer. Keeping that demand sky-high.

RORY: You shouldn't have told her.

LORELAI: Well I don't know what to tell and what to hide.

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: So we never did quite settle the whole dating-your-teacher issue. I won't go out with him if you don't want me to.

RORY: You can go out with whoever you want.

LORELAI: It's whoever we want.

RORY: Well I'm certainly not going to go out with him 'cause that would be really weird.

LORELAI: But I mean it. I won't see him if you don't want me to.

RORY: Huh.

LORELAI: You know, if there's anything that makes you feel uncomfortable, big or small, then he's out of there.

RORY: Good to know.

LORELAI: Because you know it's not like I'm desperate. I mean, there are plenty of other guys out there.

RORY: Sure are.

LORELAI: And it's not like I have to ask your permission. I mean, this is a courtesy.

RORY: OK.

(Rory goes into her room and closes the door. On the other side of the door, Lorelai raises her voice to be heard.)

LORELAI: OK, so I'm going to be up for a while, if you want to get back to me on this.

RORY: I know where you are.

(Lorelai starts to leave. Rory opens the door and sticks her head out.)

RORY: Hey, do you think you could keep him out really late on Thursday night because I have this oral exam on Friday that I'd really love him to sleep through.

LORELAI: I'll do my best.

The End

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