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06x14 - You've Been Gilmored

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06x14 - You've Been Gilmored

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[Before the teaser there is a montage of scenes from previous episodes.]

GILMORE MANSION

[Lorelai, Rory, Emily and Richard are seated and having dinner. Every one is a little on edge]

LORELAI: The roses are amazing, mom.

EMILY: Thank you, Lorelai.

RORY: I like them, too, grandma.

EMILY: Thank you, Rory.

RICHARD: You are an expert flower arranger, Emily. Perhaps you missed your calling.

EMILY: Thank you, Richard.

LORELAI: Well done, everyone. Well done.

EMILY: Oh, stop it, Lorelai.

LORELAI: What, I'm just commenting on how nice and civil that moment was. Never mind. Go on, go on. [Smiling] That was so cute.

RORY: [After a moment] The roses are nice, grandma.

LORELAI: [A little annoyed] Already covered that. Move on.

RICHARD: So, Rory, how are things going at Yale?

RORY: They're fine.

EMILY: I didn't know we were allowed to talk about Yale.

LORELAI: Mom

RICHARD: Oh No. We're allowed to talk about it. We're just not allowed to pay for it.

LORELAI: Dad

EMILY: I wonder if we're allowed to visit it.

LORELAI: Okay, hold on.

RICHARD: Perhaps if we dress in disguise.

LORELAI: Guys!

EMILY: Plastic nose with glasses attached.

LORELAI: Hey, come on. We were doing so well there for a while. Then you had to start with the Yale.

EMILY: So we can't talk about Yale.

RICHARD: I should make a list. What else am I not allowed to discuss in my house?

LORELAI: No, of course you can talk about Yale. Yale is dad's alma mater, and Rory goes there, so we have to talk about it, okay? But maybe not now.

EMILY: Fine.

RICHARD: Fine with me.

LORELAI: Now, I know a lot of stuff has happened, but we all agreed we were gonna put all that behind us and just move on, okay? So let's take a step back and, uh, start again. And 5, 4, 3, 2... these roses are amazing, mom.

EMILY: Thank you, Lorelai.

LORELAI: That-a-girl.

RICHARD: Your mother has a way with flowers. Perhaps she missed her calling.

LORELAI: Okay Dad, we don't have to have exactly the same conversation we just had.

RICHARD: How am I supposed to know? You said the same thing you said.

LORELAI: I was getting the ball rolling.

RICHARD: Lorelai, this is my house. I should have some control over what goes on here [Raising his voice] at some point!

EMILY: You're raising your voice again, Richard.

RICHARD: I am not!

EMILY: You are, and you're raising your voice to me.

RICHARD: I'm not allowed to [Looking at Rory] raise it to the people who deserve it.

LORELAI: 5, 4, 3, 2...

RICHARD: I love shrimp! Who else loves shrimp?!

RORY: Me!

LORELAI: I'm a fan!

RICHARD: This is ridiculous.

EMILY: Lorelai, how's Luke?

LORELAI: Hey, nice one, mom.

EMILY: Thank you. [Moment] Well?

LORELAI: What? Oh. Oh, he's fine.

EMILY: So you're still engaged.

LORELAI: Yes, we're still engaged.

EMILY: I was just asking. After all, I haven't gotten a "save the date" card yet. If you're engaged, I assume you're planning a wedding at some point, not that I've heard anything.

LORELAI: I will send you a "save the date" card, mom.

EMILY: For?

LORELAI: For?

EMILY: What date am I saving?

LORELAI: Dur, well if I tell you that now, then what fun will the card be?

EMILY: I mean, I assume I'm invited. I haven't heard. I haven't heard if I'm invited, if I'm in the wedding, if I need a dress. And now you won't tell me the date of this wedding that I may or may not be invited to.

LORELAI: June 3rd!

EMILY: June 3rd?

LORELAI: Yes, June 3rd, okay?

EMILY: Are we here June 3rd?

RICHARD: I believe we are.

EMILY: All right. June 3rd. That's very soon.

LORELAI: Yeah.

EMILY: Is there any specific reason so soon?

LORELAI: Oh, boy.

EMILY: June 3rd. June 3rd? Richard, June 3rd.

RICHARD: Yes, June 3rd.

EMILY: Well, it's just so soon. I mean, we haven't even seen Luke since... Richard, when was the last time we saw Luke?

RICHARD: It's been a while.

EMILY: A long while. Well, you must bring him to dinner Friday.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: The next time we see him certainly cannot be as you're walking down the aisle.

LORELAI: Well, there's time before...

EMILY: No, there's not. Your father goes out of town every other week from now until the end of May, I have functions every weekend, two charity balls, the zoo auction, the Hartford beautification project. Your father and I bought a stretch of the highway.

RICHARD: Exit 36 through 38.

EMILY: So there's literally no time left. It has to be Friday.

RICHARD: Friday it is.

LORELAI: I don't know if Luke is available Friday.

EMILY: Well tell him he has to be. This is family.

LORELAI: Yeah, but...

EMILY: He would say no to having dinner with his future mother and father-in-law? Is this really the kind of man you want in your life? Is this really the kind of man you want to be Rory's stepfather?

RORY: Yeah, think of the kids.

LORELAI: Luke is not saying no.

EMILY: You are?

LORELAI: No, I'm not saying no, either.

EMILY: So no one's saying no.

LORELAI: Right.

EMILY: So you're saying yes.

LORELAI: Yes.

EMILY: Good. I'll pick up some "save the date" cards tomorrow. Do you want a color? Because I think white is the best choice.

RORY: 5, 4, 3, 2...

OPENING CREDITS

KITCHEN OF LOREAI (AND LUKE'S) HOUSE

[Lorelai is putting frozen food on trays]

LORELAI: Hey, have you noticed that anything in a red-wine reduction sauce leaves you hungry 20 minutes later?

RORY: [OS] Especially if you don't eat it.

LORELAI: Did my parents eat exceptionally slowly tonight?

RORY: [OS] Yes.

LORELAI: They did. My mother started on the white-meat portion of her game hen at 8:15 and did not hit the drumstick till 10 O' nine.

RORY: [OS] Actually 9:15.

LORELAI: You've been in there an hour. What are you doing?

RORY: [OS] Facial exercises. The younger I look, the younger you look.

LORELAI: Oh, good point. Hey, do we want the apple turnovers or the cherry?

RORY: [OS] Yes. [Moment] Hey, question, where did June 3rd come from?

LORELAI: What?

RORY: [OS] I thought there was no June 3rd.

LORELAI: No, there's a June 3rd. Just because we don't get married on a date doesn't make it cease to exist.

RORY: [OS] You know what I mean.

LORELAI: I was on the spot. I just didn't want to go through the whole "the wedding was postponed" explanation.

RORY: [OS] Why not?

LORELAI: Because that would lead to the "what happened?" Conversation, which would lead to the "I told you so" conversation and the "what is wrong with you that you can't close the deal?" Conversation, which would lead to the "why is Lorelai slamming her head against the wall?" Conversation. So I just said June 3rd. It could still happen, and if it doesn't, I'll blow up that bridge when we come to it.

[Rory comes out of her room]

RORY: I get it.

LORELAI: Thank you. Those new sweats?

RORY: Yep, just came out.

LORELAI: Did you get some for mommy?

RORY: You want some Yale sweats?

LORELAI: No, no, not me, your other mommy, the one who raised you and fed you and stayed up with you when you had the measles.

RORY: I already put them in your room.

LORELAI: Excellent! [Handing Rory a pop-tart] To cleanse your palate.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: Let's go.

[They go into the living room and sit on the couch and turn on the TV]

LORELAI: Hey, you know who also might like a sweatshirt?

RORY: They don't make them for dogs. I already asked.

LORELAI: I did not mean Paul Anka. He's a Princeton man, anyhow.

RORY: Nice loyalty.

LORELAI: I think Christopher might like one.

RORY: Dad? Really?

LORELAI: Yeah, he's paying your tuition now. It might be a nice gesture.

RORY: Yeah, sure, I could do that.

LORELAI: Cool. "Solaris"?

RORY: No, not again.

LORELAI: I'm telling you, there's a story in there somewhere.

RORY: Yeah, the story is you calling yourself Mrs. Clooney for 2 1/2 hours.

LORELAI: Have you heard from him lately?

RORY: George? Yes, last night. The Oscar buzz is really getting to him.

LORELAI: I'm talking about your dad.

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Huh.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Nothing. He's just been very quiet lately.

RORY: So?

LORELAI: So it's weird. Pops up and then disappears again, that's never good.

RORY: Unless he's a groundhog. Maybe dad's a groundhog.

LORELAI: I wonder what he's up to.

RORY: Maybe he's just busy with work.

LORELAI: No, I don't buy it.

RORY: Well maybe he's just doing what he promised he would do.

LORELAI: What's that?

RORY: He's putting up the money and staying out of everything else.

LORELAI: Hmm. Well, that was the agreement, wasn't it?

RORY: Yes, it was.

LORELAI: Huh. Maybe he is just doing what we agreed to. So un-Christopher of him.

RORY: People change, and then they get a nice sweatshirt as a treat.

LORELAI: Good for him.

RORY: Yep. Hey, "b*ll*ts over Broadway."

LORELAI: "Don't speak."

RORY: If only.

LORELAI: [Gasps] Hey, you like me. Remember that.

RORY: Hmm.

LORELAI: Why don't you invite him to Yale for lunch, show him around the campus, make him feel daddy-ish?

RORY: You think he'd like that?

LORELAI: I think he'd love that.

RORY: Okay. I'll call him tomorrow.

LORELAI: Just don't take him to the library.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Don't show him all your classes. Don't make him touch the toe.

RORY: This is my tour.

LORELAI: I'm just saying, if he passes out from boredom, he's gonna be a lot harder to drag around campus than I was.

RORY: Seriously, don't speak.

YALE NEWSPAPER ROOM

[The staff are gathered around]

SHEILA: This is getting ridiculous.

BILL: Well I'm completely out of ideas.

SHEILA: How about we call her cell phone and make up some kind of emergency? Would that work?

[Rory enter the room]

RORY: Okay, hit me with it.

AK: Big shock, it's about Paris.

RORY: What did she do now?

BILL: Nothing, it's what's been done to her.

JONI: The Howell Raines-ing is complete.

RORY: She's out?

BILL: The board has spoken.

JONI: More like screamed.

RORY: Oh, boy. How did she take it?

SHEILA: She hasn't.

JONI: She won't come out of her bunker.

AK: She's been in there for hours.

BILL: Even Hitler came out every once in a while to walk his dog.

JONI: I interrupted her highness while she was on the phone and got a 5,000-word lecture on Robert's rules of order.

RORY: Well, she's got to be told.

AK: Then she's got to come out.

JONI: Tear gas! Where can we find tear gas?

SHEILA: Or we could set off the fire alarm.

RORY: Stand down, everyone. I'll tell her.

BILL: Really?

RORY: It's probably better that the person delivering the news doesn't chuckle with glee while doing it, Bill.

BILL: [Chuckling] I would not chuckle while doing it. Oh, my god, that was completely inadvertent.

RORY: All right, I'm going in.

[Inside Paris's bunker, Paris sitting with her feet on the chair and her legs tucked up to her chest,

she is on the phone.]

PARIS: I know, Mr. Weisner. It was a complete screw-up. Here's what happened, your ad ran with the phone number of the beauty-supply-store ad from the next page. That's why you're getting calls about hair gel and moisturizers. Anyway, I really want you to rest easy, and I hope this does not interfere with any financial contributions that you've been generous enough to promise. All right? Thank you. Bye. [Hangs up phone] This job is 24/7.

RORY: Yeah.

PARIS: It's not enough to put out a daily paper with outstanding quality, without having to dodge complaints from uppity alumni calling over every little mistake. Weisner threatened to withhold money he had already pledged for the new computers because his ad was messed up. I mean can he even do that?

RORY: I don't know.

PARIS: [Moving to a hot plate] Do you want some soup? I was just heating up some soup.

RORY: There's no ventilation in here.

PARIS: I'm careful.

RORY: Right. Uh, well, no, thank you. I just came in here to... I was just thinking...

PARIS: yeah?

RORY: [Sighs] Five-plus years?

PARIS: Hmm.

RORY: That we've known each other, that we've been friends. Five-plus.

PARIS: That long? Wow.

RORY: Feels like forever ago to me, Chilton, the day we met, just a couple of rosy-cheeked kids.

PARIS: My face inflamed easily back then, too many tomatoes and red peppers.

RORY: Got off to kind of a rocky start. We were competitors.

PARIS: I get that from my mother. She's part Viking.

RORY: But eventually we became pals, good pals, because we respected each other and supported each other in good times and bad.

PARIS: Did I open this can today or yesterday?

RORY: This is a not-so-good time, Paris.

PARIS: I know. If the hurricanes don't k*ll us, the bird flu will.

RORY: I mean for you, here, at the paper. [Paris looks at Rory] The board voted you out.

PARIS: Oh...I see. [Moves away from the hotplate and soup] So it's over.

RORY: I'm sorry. I just found out. I'm so sorry.

PARIS: Well, it's not like I didn't have a clue that that was a possibility.

RORY: It has been pretty tense around here.

PARIS: So, are they all out there excitedly awaiting my perp walk?

RORY: Oh, who cares? Who cares about them? You don't perp walk. You're Paris Geller. You walk tall. You're better than all of them.

PARIS: Really?

RORY: Definitely. And this job, Paris, being editor, you don't need this, this hassle. You're gonna be a doctor.

PARIS: Surgeon.

RORY: And a lawyer.

PARIS: Judge.

RORY: That's a hell of a workload. And the workload here, the indignities, smoothing the ruffled feathers of advertisers, covering sports as if they matter, you're exhausted, Paris, stretched thin, eating soup out of a can.

PARIS: Soup I don't even like.

RORY: This might not be such a bad thing, leaving this job, huh?

PARIS: I am pretty tired.

RORY: You even look a little relieved.

PARIS: And I'll be damned if I'm gonna give those people a perp walk.

RORY: Good. Good attitude.

PARIS: Let's get out of this spider hole and take care of this right now.

RORY: I am with you, friend. You better shut off the hot plate.

PARIS: Right.

[Back in the newsroom]

PARIS: Everyone, I have a little announcement, so if you could gather around, please. We have an issue. You see, it has become increasingly apparent that I have become the story here at the Yale daily news and that I have overshadowed our journalistic efforts. Well, I don't want to be the story at my own newspaper, because then I'd be Judith Miller, and I'd have to wear my bangs too long and overdo my lipstick, and I don't want that. I want to remain me. So I am tendering my resignation as editor in chief effective immediately. In closing, I'd like to state that the Yale daily news has overcome numerous obstacles in its august history and that it will easily overcome this. My resignation will be a loss, but it will be a loss the daily news can survive, and it is a loss it must survive. Good night and good luck.

[Paris leaves the newsroom. Bill moves the Paris name of the location board Paris set up. Cheers and applause, as Rory looks on with concern]

DRAGON FLY INN - RESEPTION AREA

[Luke is working on the "key rack" behind the desk. Lorelai is also there, sorting mail.]

LUKE: [Sighs] I don't want to go.

LORELAI: Of course you don't.

LUKE: Your parents are not warm people.

LORELAI: They were extras in "March of the penguins."

LUKE: Maybe we could skip the drinks, have the dinner, and be done.

LORELAI: Skip the drinks! Luke, you don't skip the one activity that makes the rest of the evening miraculously tolerable. The drinks fortify us. The drinks give us strength. The drinks get us drunk.

LUKE: But they take forever, and then I got to sit there and talk to your dad about stocks and literature and watch it dawn on him for the umpteenth time that I don't know anything about stocks or literature. How many times can two people have the same awful conversation?

LORELAI: Just repeat after me, "this is really great scotch, Richard."

LUKE: And then, of course, there's your mother, who hates me.

LORELAI: All the more reason to get a little soused.

LUKE: We can drink in the car.

LORELAI: One of us has to drive.

LUKE: Fine, you drink in the car, I'll take five quick sh*ts in their driveway.

LORELAI: Look, I want to get out of there as quickly as you do, but we have to think a little more pragmatically. So when the dessert comes, I will fake an attack of food poisoning, and then you rush me to the car.

LUKE: That's your solution?

LORELAI: Uh-huh, yes. Fake stomach pain is my specialty, that and getting my fiancé to agree to horrible things he hates.

LUKE: 6 O'clock?

LORELAI: Wear something fetching.

[Lorelai walks toward the dinning room]

MICHEL: What is Luke doing here?

LORELAI: Oh, he's making a few minor repairs around the inn.

MICHEL: What about the handyman?

LORELAI: Parker?

MICHEL: Yes. I thought we liked him.

LORELAI: We do, but Luke offered, and he has his own tool belt, and the price was right.

MICHEL: Oh, really? No charge?

LORELAI: No, well, I did have to give him a coupon for 100 free snuggles.

MICHEL: How adorable.

LORELAI: Yeah, and to tell the truth, Parker always kind of turned up his nose at my snuggle bucks.

MICHEL: So I guess this is how we're operating now.

LORELAI: How's that?

MICHEL: We've dispensed with hiring professionals around here. Maybe from now on, my cousin Gert can do our accounting. She's got her own calculator.

LORELAI: He's not performing open-heart surgery, Michel. He's just fixing a few things, for free, saving me a little money so I can do crazy things like pay people's salary and heat the place.

MICHEL: Well, he's not doing a very good job. That key rack is protruding way too far out. It's going to wreak havoc on my French cuffs every time I reach for a key.

LORELAI: Tell him how you like the hooks.

MICHEL: Oh, I'm supposed to just follow him around all day, correcting his every mistake? Absurd. We will sit down and make a detailed list of everything we need done, and he can consult that.

LORELAI: Luke does not need a list.

MICHEL: What do you mean? We always gave Parker a list.

LORELAI: Luke's got a sixth sense about these things. He can spot a loose screw from across the room. He can sense when something needs to be fixed before it's even broken, it's spooky.

MICHEL: Well, I will do a quick walk-through with him, just to make sure his magical powers are working.

LORELAI: Michel, there's no need for that. You've got plenty to handle with all the guests, and Luke's got it covered.

LUKE: [Walking past] Left my sandpaper in the library.

MICHEL: It must be nice to have a man who isn't ashamed of his own natural body odor.

[Lorelai give Michel a dirty look and walks away]

YALE NEWSROOM

[Lots of staff around to vote for the new editor]

MAN 1: Come on.

BILL: I'm trying to be accurate.

JONI: There are no "hanging chads", Bill. Give us the count.

BILL: Okay, we've got 16 votes for Casey, 18 for Andrew, and 9 for Cathy.

[The newsroom sighs in disbelief.]

AK: I can't do this anymore!

MAN1: We're never going to get a majority!

SHEILA: Let's just not have an editor. We can run the paper by committee.

BILL: No one said this was going to be easy.

JONI: It's been three days of voting. That's not an election, that's a sentence.

RORY: Maybe we should take a break.

BILL: No. No breaks.

AK: This isn't est. We get to leave.

RORY: Well then maybe we should send out for coffee. Who wants coffee?

JONI: No way! I'm so wired, I'm jumping out of my skin!

SHEILA: We have three candidates and no consensus. We're never getting out of here.

MAN1: We need a new name.

RORY: I agree. We're not getting anywhere.

BILLY: How about Gilmore?

JONI: I like that name.

AK: I like that name.

RORY: Whoa, hey, I didn't mean my name.

SHEILA: I'd vote for Rory before I'd switch to Andrew. Sorry, Andrew.

BILL: And I'd vote for Rory before I'd switch to Cathy. Sorry, Cathy.

AK: And I'd vote for anybody over Casey because Casey's an idiot and he didn't even show up.

BILL: He's in the back.

AK: Sorry, Casey.

BILL: Got a statement, Gilmore?

RORY: No, um...I'd just like to say I'm flattered, and you're very kind. Um, I did miss that semester, so seniority's a question.

JONI: We're past taking seniority into account.

SHEILA: You totally bailed us out that night.

AK: The paper wouldn't have gone out if it weren't for you.

RORY: But...

BILL: What's your hesitation? Is it Paris?

RORY: No, I'm not hesitating because of Paris.

BILL: Then why are you hesitating?

RORY: I'm not. I accept the nomination.

SHEILA: Please tell me we don't have to debate this.

JONI: What's the debate? She's feeling pretty consensus-y to me.

BILL: All right. All those in favor of Rory Gilmore as editor, say aye.

[The raise there hands together and say Aye!]

BILL: Sounds consensus-y to me. Congratulations.

RORY: Thank you, everyone. I won't let you down.

[Everyone starts to move away]

BILL: This is part two of the financial-aid feature. We need your okay before going to layout.

RORY: Good. I loved part one, by the way.

BILL: Thanks.

SHELIA: A.P. Pieces. We may need more filler than usual today.

RORY: Good. Thanks, Sheila.

JONI: These should probably come first, photo approvals.

RORY: Thanks, Joni. And let Derek know that I'm gonna need some space in editorial. I want to write a little note from me to the readers.

JONI: [Salutes in fun] Will do.

HALLWAY TO THE PARIS, DOYLE AND RORY APARTMENT

[Rory gasps as she sees all her stuff in the hall]

RORY: [Starts to climb over stuff to get to the apartment door] Ow. [Starts to unlock the door but

the keys don't work] Paris! Doyle! Someone!

PARIS: [The door opens] You dare show your face?

RORY: What is my stuff doing out here?

PARIS: I'll prorate the utilities from the time of eviction, 3:47 P.M., The third day of February.

RORY: Eviction? Paris, why are you doing this?

PARIS: Don't you play dumb with me!

RORY: Unchain the door.

PARIS: This chain is here for your protection. Krav Maga, baby. When my enemies approach, I'm trained to pounce, it's reflex.

RORY: Paris, I'm not your enemy.

PARIS: Oh, really? Enemies move in silence and strike when their prey is weakest. Pretty much sums you up, doesn't it, editor Gilmore?

RORY: That was not my doing. That was the board's.

PARIS: As if you didn't lobby for it.

RORY: I didn't!

PARIS: That secret meeting weeks ago at the pub where you set the putsch in motion, what happened? There wasn't a beer hall available?

RORY: I did not set the poochin motion. I can't even spell "pooch."

PARIS: Nice spin. Take it to "k" street. [Shuts the door] I made you my number two, and it went to your head!

RORY: You can't just kick me out like this!

PARIS: There's a hallway full of crap that says otherwise!

RORY: But we're friends.

PARIS: [Opens the door, still chained] We're not friends.

RORY: I understand why you're upset, but just let me in so I can explain.

PARIS: [Mocking voice] "Gee, Paris, what a horrible job being editor is. "Who needs the headache? Remember Chilton, Paris? All those good times." Well, the good times are over! [Closes the door, Rory is still in shock, door re opens] Here, this is yours, too. [Throws a scarf at Rory through the chained door.]

DRAGON FLY INN - DINNING ROOM

[Luke is fixing a chair]

MICHEL: [Upset] Luke, can we talk for a minute?

LUKE: [Calm] Yeah, what's up?

MICHEL: I noticed your truck,

LUKE: Yeah.

MICHEL: Your filthy green truck.

LUKE: Uh-huh

MICHEL: It's parked in guest parking.

LUKE: So?

MICHEL: So guest parking is for guests. Filthy-green-truck parking is around the back, on the dirt road, behind the shed.

LUKE: I'll be done in two minutes.

MICHEL: Wonderful. Now, about your hat.

LUKE: My hat?

MICHEL: I'd like you to remove it.

LUKE: What for?

MICHEL: You're indoors. Gentlemen don't wear hats indoors.

LUKE: It's okay. I'm not much of a gentleman.

MICHEL: Not if you persist in dressing like a "peanuts" character.

LUKE: I'm not taking off my hat.

MICHEL: Did you talk to a guest this morning?

LUKE: Huh?

MICHEL: I thought I saw you talking to a guest.

LUKE: I may have given someone directions.

MICHEL: Well, don't do it again. You're not qualified.

LUKE: I'm not qualified to tell somebody how to get to the post office?

MICHEL: No. You are a diner owner and an amateur substitute handyman, and that in no way qualifies you to give directions to our guests.

LUKE: Why not?

MICHEL: [Getting mad] Because that is my job, and you lack my people skills!

LUKE: [Getting a little annoyed but still calm] Go away, Michel.

MICHEL: [Still mad] Keep your voice down. The guests can hear.

LUKE: There isn't anyone down here.

MICHEL: But they are upstairs, and your voice carries!

LUKE: Hey, you're the one doing the yelling.

MICHEL: I'm yelling because you are flouting the rules of this establishment, parking where you want, talking when you want, wearing what you want. And 20 minutes ago, I saw you eating a sandwich.

LUKE: So what?

MICHEL: We don't let the help eat in front of the guests! The next time you eat, you do so in the kitchen... or the barn!

LUKE: I'm not gonna eat in the barn!

MICHEL: Parker ate in the barn.

LUKE: Who's Parker?

MICHEL: A wonderful, wonderful man. [Storms off]

OUTSIDE PARIS & DOYLE'S APARTMENT

[Rory is mad, looking through a news paper and dials her cell phone]

LOGAN: Hello?

RORY: There are no singles left.

LOGAN: What do you mean "no singles"?

RORY: I just talked to campus housing, and there are no singles left at Branford or anywhere on campus, and the decent off-campus apartments are long gone. The ones left make Paris and Doyle's place look like Versailles.

LOGAN: What are you talking about. Why do you need a place?

RORY: I got elected editor of the daily news.

LOGAN: What?... You did?

RORY: Yes.

LOGAN: Wow! Finally someone good running that place! Someone great! You're gonna be great!

RORY: Well, hot-plate Harriet took it very badly.

LOGAN: Who's that?

RORY: Paris. She threw all my stuff out into the hallway, so I'm sitting here guarding it all until the movers get here.

LOGAN: Oh, man. Paris, idiot.

RORY: My books look sad. Can books look sad?

LOGAN: Look, we'll figure this out. You said you got movers?

RORY: Starving students. How starving can they be if they can't come for five hours after you call? Plus, I heard the guy crunching on something during our call. Sounded like baked lay's.

LOGAN: And you've got nowhere to go, right?

RORY: Right-a-mundo.

LOGAN: Well...you can move in with me.

RORY: What?

LOGAN: Move in with me. Paris' place is a hole anyway. I never liked that you lived there. And that doo-wop group downstairs, I don't think they're an honest-to-goodness singing group.

RORY: Logan, that's really sweet, but I can't move in with you.

LOGAN: Why not? You're here half the time anyway. You've already got two dresser drawers, and right now, for a limited time, I'll throw in three more drawers and a set of Ginsu knives.

RORY: Really?

LOGAN: No. I have no idea where to get Ginsu knives.

RORY: It's kind of a big step, isn't it?

LOGAN: You need a place, I got the space. Don't you think it'll be fun?

RORY: Fun?

LOGAN: Come on, ace. You know what I mean. What do you say?

RORY: Well... I might need just one more drawer. I can put my socks in a shoebox under the bed.

LOGAN: Is that a yes?

RORY: I guess that's a yes.

LOGAN: Good. I'm calling Colin and Finn. They'll be right over.

RORY: Okay.

LOGAN: And no shoeboxes. You're getting those drawers.

RORY: I'll take them. [A lady comes out of apartment 8, to the lady] Wait, wait! [To Logan] Hold on, I've got to take this. [Back to the lady] Okay, get past the hamper, veer left at the mirror. Grab the large pipe on the wall to get yourself to the desk, which you can then go over or under. I'll guide you from there.

DRAGON FLY INN - KITCHEN

[Michel is getting some food and Lorelai walks in, Michel is still in a bad mood]

LORELAI: [Sighs] Got a little snack there, Michel?

These are not a snack. They are my 12 daily free walnuts.

LORELAI: I hate to see you bingeing like this.

And now I've lost count.

LORELAI: Let's talk about your little spat with Luke today.

What did he tell you?

LORELAI: He said you yelled at him.

Oh! [Scoffs] What a crybaby.

LORELAI: He's not a crybaby. He just doesn't like being screamed at by people he's doing favors for.

Did you check his diaper? Maybe he's just upset because you forgot to change him today.

LORELAI: Now who's a crybaby?

I used to yell at parker all the time, and he never once came running to you.

LORELAI: What is this thing with you and parker? Did he save your life in Nam?

Parker is a professional.

LORELAI: Parker is a clumsy, forgetful, 65-year-old, semi-lucid, not-that-handy handyman.

Luke wears a hat indoors.

LORELAI: So did parker.

That was a wool-knit cap. It's completely different.

LORELAI: So this is a hat thing?

I just don't like Luke's system. He misses many things that needs to be fixed, many things.

LORELAI: Well, so jot them down.

That's not how we make the list.

LORELAI: So type them up.

No! We make the list at Weston's over coffee. That's what we do when we make the list. We go once a month to Weston's together, and we sit, and we decide on the work for the handyman. That's our thing. We get very large coffees, and we split a slice of red-velvet cake, and we gossip, and I eat the whole cake, and you never tell anyone.

LORELAI: Oh, Michel. I liked our trips to Weston's.

Oh, yes, that is what I do when I like something, I cut it out of my life completely.

LORELAI: I didn't cut coffee with you out of my life.

Oh, then you just forgot? How special those times must have been for you.

LORELAI: They were special. It's just been crazy around here, and, well, it was nice to save a little money with Luke.

Money isn't everything, you know. People come to work for more than just the money. Although my direct deposit was late again. Maybe that's something you can finally get around to looking into.

LORELAI: I will.

I guess you don't have to write that down, either? No one needs a list anymore?

LORELAI: [picks up a walnuts] These are candied.

Well...the real ones taste like cardboard, and the health benefits are the same, except for the skin.

LORELAI: What are you doing this afternoon?

I'm going to yell at Doreen about the soap spots on room 3's bathroom floor tiles.

LORELAI: Well, instead, how about if you and I take a trip to Weston's? We can make Luke a list over cake and coffee, and we can throw around ideas about improvements at the inn.

I do not need your pity cake.

LORELAI: It's not pity cake, it's red-velvet cake, and it's delicious, and I think we ought to eat it. Although this time, you're getting your own 'cause I am not sharing.

Well, I guess I could yell at Doreen tomorrow.

LORELAI: Tomorrow seems like a fine day to yell at Doreen. So Weston's?

Weston's... I was thinking maybe you could have Luke wear a jumpsuit when he's working around the inn, you know, the kind gas-station attendant's wear.

LORELAI: Yeah, why don't we put a pin in that?

YALE

[Rory is showing Christopher around the campus, they are in a hall way]

CHRISTOPHER: So far, I have seen no one here smarter than you.

RORY: You can tell that?

CHRISTOPHER: And I'm keeping track, 566 people, all inferior to you.

RORY: I don't believe it.

CHRISTOPHER: What?

RORY: Did you not see those two girls?

CHRISTOPHER: No. What?

RORY: They totally checked you out.

CHRISTOPHER: They did? [Chuckles] Cool.

RORY: It's the same way with mom. I swear, I hate having hot parents.

CHRISTOPHER: Sorry.

RORY: Check it out. [The look in to a class room from a doorway] I had him for microeconomics last year.

PROFESSOR COPPEDGE: The currency must be more than fungible, but also scarce. Take our seashells example. While fungible, they exist in infinite supply and so fail the scarcity test.

CHRISTOPHER: [Snoring]

RORY: Dad!

CHRISTOPHER: Huh? What? Uh, uh, fungible?

RORY: Dad, that's a Nobel-prize winner.

CHRISTOPHER: The dull dude?

RORY: Shh!

CHRISTOPHER: He doesn't even own an iron.

RORY: I can't take you anywhere.

CHRISTOPHER: No, you can't, can you?

YALE - DINNING HALL

CHRISTOPHER: This where we're eating?

RORY: We don't have to. I just wanted you to see it.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, I'll eat wherever you want to eat.

RORY: Okay. I know a cool spot. And we've pretty much covered every square inch of campus. So let's go.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, what about your place?

RORY: My place?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, I want to see it.

RORY: Why?

CHRISTOPHER: [Chuckles] Because I'm curious. I want to see where my kid lives.

RORY: Well, it's pretty messy right now.

CHRISTOPHER: [Chuckles] The lady who cleans my house has to use a bulldozer. Messy does not frighten me.

RORY: Okay. But you've been warned.

CHRISTOPHER: Lead the way.

LAGAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING

[The elevator doors open, Rory and Chris get out and walk down a hall way]

CHRISTOPHER: Man, did you see that lobby?

RORY: Um, yeah. Once or twice.

CHRISTOPHER: That was a lobby. And a doorman? I'm slipping that guy a little something extra to keep an eye on you, by the way.

RORY: You don't have to do that.

CHRISTOPHER: Are you kidding? I love slipping people money to do things. We're here?

RORY: Yep.

CHRISTOPHER: You got a key or is it scanning your retina for access?

RORY: Dad, I have to be straight with you about something.

CHRISTOPHER: Oops.

RORY: No, it's just... today was a weird day. It started really great, with me getting voted editor in chief of my school paper.

CHRISTOPHER: What? You did? Oh, boy, Rory, that's amazing.

RORY: Thank you, it is. It's just, Paris, my roommate Paris, she was the editor, Um, but when she found out that I was made the new editor, she threw me out.

CHRISTOPHER: What? You want me to talk to her?

RORY: No, it's fine. It's just that I had no place to go, so I moved in with my boyfriend.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh.

RORY: In there.

CHRISTOPHER: Your boyfriend.

RORY: You actually met him once.

CHRISTOPHER: I did?

RORY: At grandma's vow renewal. He was the guy...

CHRISTOPHER: Right.

RORY: Yes.

CHRISTOPHER: When I walked in, and you two...

RORY: Exactly.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, well, uh, why don't we open the door so I can see what my daughter living with her boyfriend looks like?

RORY: Okay.

[Rory opens the door, they enter, Logan has headphones on and is reading on the couch. Rory gets his attention.]

LOGAN: Hey.

RORY: Hi. I tried to call you to let you know we were coming over, but you didn't answer.

LOGAN: Right. Headphones.

RORY: They work.

LOGAN: Sure do.

RORY: So, uh, Logan, this is my father, Christopher.

LOGAN: Hi, good to meet you.

CHRISTOPHER: Actually, we've met.

LOGAN: I know.

CHRISTOPHER: Don't worry about it...Wow, this is, uh, some spread.

LOGAN: Aw, thanks. [Quietly to Rory] You brought your dad here.

RORY: He wanted to see where I lived. What was I supposed to do?

LOGAN: But I need a little bit of a warning.

RORY: I tried to call you.

CHRISTOPHER: Should I put the headphones on? 'Cause I'm right here.

RORY: No. Sorry.

LOGAN: Yeah, sorry.

CHRISTOPHER: Look, I didn't mean to barge in on you like this. I just want to make sure my kid's got a decent place to live, that's all. Hey, so, how do you like the plasma?

LOGAN: Love it.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, I'm thinking about getting a 60-inch for the bedroom.

LOGAN: Well, I've got a great home-theater guy if you need some help.

CHRISTOPHER: I may take you up on that.

RORY: You want something to drink, dad?

CHRISTOPHER: Sure, I'll take a soda, if you got one.

RORY: Coming right up.

CHRISTOPHER: [Looks out the window] Wow. That's a great view.

LOGAN: Yeah, that's the old campus over there.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, me and the old campus go way back. [Looks at a photo] Is that...it is. That's Endicott Peabody. [Chuckles] Why do you have that? Are you a Groton man?

LOGAN: Was, briefly. I actually swiped that from the headmaster's office on my way out the door.

CHRISTOPHER: I was kicked out of Groton.

LOGAN: You're kidding.

CHRISTOPHER: Nope, did a semester at St. Sebastian's after that.

LOGAN: I know several people who got kicked out of St. Sebastian's. My good friend Colin was actually banned from coming anywhere within a 10-mile radius.

CHRISTOPHER: Impressive.

RORY: Here you go.

CHRISTOPHER: Thank you. After St. Sebastian's, I went on to St. Cybil's.

LOGAN: I almost went there myself, but I wound up at St. Mark's instead.

CHRISTOPHER: How long you last there?

LOGAN: About a week.

CHRISTOPHER: They got quite the trigger finger at St. Mark's. Did you ever do Deerfield?

LOGAN: Please, Deerfield's for amateurs. I got kicked out of rivers.

CHRISTOPHER: I didn't think rivers kicked anybody out.

LOGAN: Neither did we, but dean Eldon's Miata in the bottom of lake Rutherford proved just the ticket.

CHRISTOPHER: Rory, you got a good man here.

RORY: Interesting yardstick you're using.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, listen, Logan, we were just about to go out and grab some dinner. You want to come with?

LOGAN: Oh, I don't want to intrude.

RORY: No, come. That would be great.

LOGAN: Okay, sure. Just let me grab my wallet. I'll be right with you.

RORY: You're being nice to him.

CHRISTOPHER: He's a cool guy.

RORY: Listen, I haven't had a chance to tell mom about this yet. It's not a big deal, it just happened so fast so...

CHRISTOPHER: I get it.

RORY: I'm gonna tell her about it today, so just...

CHRISTOPHER: You tell her. I'm going TV shopping.

LOGAN: Okay, Rich Man's Shoe.

RORY: Where else?

CHRISTOPHER: Rich man's shoe?

RORY: Best burgers within walking distance.

LOGAN: We have very high culinary standards here at Yale.

CHRISTOPHER: Whoa, is that the new xBox 360? Okay, I'm totally moving in here with you.

LORELAI (AND LUKE'S HOUSE - MAIN BEDROOM)

[Luke is dresses, ready to go and reading the to-do DFI job list]

LUKE: Are you serious?

LORELAI: Just look at it as a challenge.

LUKE: There's 85 things on this list.

LORELAI: Actually, that last page we did front and back.

LUKE: Wow.

LORELAI: I thought we'd make it an even 100.

LUKE: [Reading from list] "RegROUT the tiles behind the sink basin."

LORELAI: Long overdue.

LUKE: How can you tell?

LORELAI: Well, if you slide on your back under the sink and shine a flashlight up into the area where the basin meets the wall, it's really obvious.

LUKE: What does "O.D.D." Mean?

LORELAI: "Only during the day." Those are tasks we deemed too noisy for you to do when guests are sleeping.

LUKE: How considerate. "Replace chocolate-brown contact paper in kitchen drawers with cocoa brown."

LORELAI: Huh, okay, that one I blame on the second piece of cake. There was a major sugar rush involved.

LUKE: I hate this list.

LORELAI: I know, but Michel and I made that list together, and we bonded, and that makes him happy.

LUKE: I don't want to make him happy.

LORELAI: If Michel's happy, then I'm happy, and then I take all that happiness and I give it right back to you, tonight, in bed, after you spend four hours with my parents. What do you say?

LUKE: Can't Parker do the list?

LORELAI: No.

GILMORE MANSION - DINNING ROOM

[Luke is sitting where Rory normally sits]

EMILY: Luke, you eat so little.

LUKE: My motto is "everything in moderation."

RICHARD: Smart. Very "Walden-esque".

LUKE: But it's good, though. Everything's really good -- the duck pâté especially.

EMILY: Thank you. [The maid brings Lorelai a martini] Number three?

LORELAI: Hmm?

EMILY: The martini.

LORELAI: It helps settle my stomach.

EMILY: Gin?

LORELAI: Absolutely. Helps counteract the oh-so-regrettable shrimp I had for lunch today.

LUKE: Yeah, you mentioned that before. The shrimp did not agree with you.

LORELAI: Might have to turn in early. Damn, that Al!

EMILY: Al?

LORELAI: Al's pancake world, where I had the shrimp.

EMILY: You ate shrimp at a pancake house? Well, of course your stomach's unsettled.

RICHARD: You should drink club soda.

LUKE: I think we have some at the house.

LORELAI: Yeah might have to cut the night a little short.

EMILY: So you're living at Lorelai's house, Luke?

LORELAI: Mother!

EMILY: Is that so private?

LUKE: No, we're in the process of consolidating things.

RICHARD: Consolidating your assets?

LUKE: Right.

RICHARD: Tricky business.

EMILY: Is that house big enough for the two of you?

LORELAI: I've remodeled a little, added some space.

RICHARD: Smart.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, we're smart today.

LUKE: Except when you ate that shrimp.

LORELAI: Yeah, that was dumb.

RICHARD: You've updated your coverage, I assume, let your insurance company know about the improvements?

LORELAI: You're my insurance company, dad.

RICHARD: For the inn, not your house.

LORELAI: I haven't yet, but I will.

RICHARD: You should do it soon.

LORELAI: I'll do it tomorrow.

LUKE: If you're feeling okay.

LORELAI: Right

RICHARD: Better not wait. Small gaps in your insurance coverage can lead to big mistakes. Oh, I could tell you horror stories.

EMILY: Brian hunter.

RICHARD: Yes. He owned a home for 40 years, huge mansion, never updated his coverage. One night, his trophy bimbo wife got into a drunken snit, lit a curtain on fire with her marijuana cigarette, and burned the place to the ground. He couldn't afford to rebuild. Lost his fortune, lost the bimbo.

EMILY: Now he sells sunglasses out of the back of a van in California, cheap ones.

RICHARD: Because he didn't update his coverage. [Turns to Luke] What about your diner?

LORELAI: What about it, dad?

RICHARD: I'm just wondering if Luke's insurance is up to date.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, did you invite us over to sell us insurance? Because if you did, I'm going to insist on seeing the complimentary desk calendar first.

RICHARD: I'm simply inquiring.

LUKE: I think I'm all up to date.

RICHARD: What company are you with?

LUKE: North trust insurance. I've known the guy a long time.

RICHARD: Never heard of it. You sure he's legit?

LORELAI: Of course it's legit. Come on, dad.

RICHARD: Don't be naive. There are schemers about preying on the naive.

EMILY: John Kendall.

RICHARD: John was drinking at a party, met a fellow, switched all of his coverage to the guy, wrote him a huge check on the spot. Then he suffered earthquake damage, and there was no record of the insurance transaction. It was a scam. Now he's working at the gift shop at the Grand Ole Opry.

EMILY: Horrid music.

RICHARD: Sells cowboy shirts and toy banjos.

LUKE: I've known my guy for a while.

RICHARD: You been to his office, checked out his operation?

LUKE: I just deal with him over the phone.

RICHARD: Ah.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Hubert Lansing.

RICHARD: Fell prey to a telephone scam running out of Estonia. Took his life with a track-and-field starter's p*stol.

LORELAI: On your mark, get set, die awkwardly.

RICHARD: It's not funny, Lorelai. The fact is, both of you have significant assets, and both of you are targets.

LUKE: Targets?

LORELAI: How are we targets?

EMILY: You own your home.

LORELAI: So every homeowner is a target?

EMILY: And an inn with a 26 Zagat rating.

LORELAI: Okay, so that's two things.

RICHARD: Two very valuable things.

LUKE: The dragonfly is one of the highest-rated places in the area.

EMILY: And Luke owns his diner and the building it's in and the building next door with the soda shop. That's another significant holding.

LORELAI: Wait, did you put a P.I. On our tail or something? How do you know about Luke's real-estate holdings?

RICHARD: Because he told me all about them when we played golf last year.

LORELAI: You did?

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Who in the world would target us?

RICHARD: Grifters, con men. They know all the tricks.

EMILY: Joe Collins.

LORELAI: Oh, my god, the two of you have more stories than Somerset Maugham.

EMILY: Well, your father has seen it all.

RICHARD: And I must say, your daughter coming out of left field raised a red flag.

LUKE: My daughter?

LORELAI: You think she's a Grifter?

RICHARD: Of course not.

EMILY: But the people around her could be.

RICHARD: It's just that the timing is a little suspicious.

EMILY: Right when Luke's about to marry a woman of means.

LORELAI: I'm not a woman of means!

RICHARD: Stars hollow real estate is skyrocketing. It's gone up 43% in the last 4 years.

LUKE: It has. I heard that, too. 43%.

LORELAI: That much?

EMILY: This daughter of yours, you saw substantiation?

LUKE: Well, there was a DNA test.

RICHARD: That she performed herself, as I understand it.

EMILY: Isn't that what you said?

LORELAI: Yeah, but...

LUKE: But her uncle helped her.

RICHARD: And he's authorized to perform such a procedure?

LUKE: I think so.

EMILY: You never confirmed it?

LUKE: I saw a picture of him, and he was standing right next to a microscope.

RICHARD: Under the circumstances, I think it's best to take every possible precaution.

EMILY: For our protection, as well.

LORELAI: Your protection?

RICHARD: We're all connected now.

EMILY: You're our daughter, and come June 3rd, Luke will be our son-in-law. They could come after your assets, then Luke's assets, then our assets.

RICHARD: We could be wiped out.

LORELAI: So this is about protecting you.

RICHARD: It's about protecting all of us.

EMILY: We're all in this together.

RICHARD: All four of us.

EMILY: Get dessert ready, Leticia. Who wants coffee?

RICHARD: Hmm.

[Lorelai gives Luke a worried look, which Luke returns.]

GILMORE MANSION - OUTSIDE FROND ENTRY

[Luke and Lorelai exit the house, they look beat.]

LUKE: I don't know if I can drive.

LORELAI: Well, walk to the car.

LUKE: Did you know real estate's gone up that much?

LORELAI: Not that much.

LUKE: My shirt is soaking wet.

LORELAI: I got to start reading the business section.

LUKE: I never knew there were so many horrible ways you could lose everything you own.

LORELAI: Or con men. Con men! Are there really con men?! I thought they went the way of Vaudevillians and Trotskyites.

LUKE: You've got to double, triple insure everything you own.

LORELAI: I've got to learn more about umbrella policies.

LUKE: Does Sookie know how much the inn has appreciated?

LORELAI: I don't think so.

LUKE: Because if they can come after her, they can go after you 'cause you're her partner.

LORELAI: Or, when we get married, they can come after you because we're married.

LUKE: And Sookie's married to Jackson, so they could go after his farm and all of his equipment.

LORELAI: Maybe I should sit down with Sookie.

LUKE: And I'll talk to Jackson.

LORELAI: Or maybe we could do it at the same time because that way, [Gets mad] no, this is ridiculous. This is what Gilmore's do. They get in your freaking head, and they mess with it.

LUKE: Oh, they're good at that.

LORELAI: Forget Sookie and Jackson. They're responsible people. Dad does the inn. We're covered there. I just need to talk to my homeowner-policy guy.

LUKE: And I'll talk to my guy.

LORELAI: But in person, right? You should see his office. That's what the Hubert Lansing story taught us.

LUKE: Or was it John Kendall?

LORELAI: No, he's selling banjos in Nashville.

LUKE: It was Hubert Lansing.

LORELAI: So, in person.

LUKE: Right. And I shouldn't worry about April.

LORELAI: No.

LUKE: Because if I was a guy hearing a story about what happened to me, the timing would sound suspicious.

LORELAI: April's 12. She's not a con man. Though I know nothing about her mother.

LUKE: Anna's cool.

LORELAI: You know that for a fact?

LUKE: Absolutely. The timing was weird, but this woman is very down to earth, very un-materialistic. I trust my gut, and my gut says there's nothing bad there.

LORELAI: Okay, good. I trust your gut, too. [Sighs] I feel like I should run in there and yell at them about something.

LUKE: About what?

LORELAI: I don't know. That's what's stopping me.

LUKE: What is this feeling, this tightness in the chest, this anger mixed with paralyzing weakness?

LORELAI: You've been Gilmored. But you know what the weird thing is? They referred to us as family, you, me.

LUKE: Yeah, what was that about?

LORELAI: Well, I think in some twisted way, that may have been them actually validating us as a couple.

LUKE: Wow, that is twisted and weird.

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: [Sighs] Well, I think I can walk now. Can you walk?

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: All right. Why did she say June 3rd?

LORELAI: Oh, it's old information. They're always a step behind.

LUKE: Right. Hey, which one was Somerset Maugham?

RICH MAN'S SHOE - EXTERIOR

[Chris exits and dials his cell phone]

LORELAI: Hello?

CHRISTOPHER: Lor, it's me. You busy? Can you talk?

LORELAI: How come you have "I've got the government's secret microchip in my briefcase, and they're on to me" voice?

CHRISTOPHER: Do I? Sorry.

LORELAI: What's wrong?

CHRISTOPHER: Nothing. I just finished having dinner with Rory.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. How did the tour go? Did she take you to stare at the old books? 'Cause that girl loves staring at the old books.

CHRISTOPHER: Yes, we stared at the old books. The tour was great. I just...I have to tell you something.

LORELAI: Okay.

CHRISTOPHER: Now, I'm not sure whether I'm supposed to do this or not. Normally I wouldn't because it feels like a fink-out thing, but I think this falls under the parent thing, so that overrules the fink-out thing.

LORELAI: Catch a wave, bud. You're drifting.

CHRISTOPHER: Rory moved in with her boyfriend.

LORELAI: What?!

CHRISTOPHER: Rory moved in with her boyfriend, and she said she was gonna tell you, but I thought, in case she didn't, then I should tell you, so I did, and I feel like a fink.

LORELAI: You're not a fink. When did this happen?

CHRISTOPHER: Today. It was all very spur-of-the-moment. Hey, tell me about this guy. Do we hate him?

LORELAI: What?

CHRISTOPHER: Logan, do we hate him, am I supposed to hate him?

LORELAI: No, you can feel however you want about him.

CHRISTOPHER: Good, 'cause I think I like him. He's a cool guy. Great apartment. Funny.

LORELAI: He's taken, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER: I just wanted to make sure you didn't hate him before I committed to an opinion.

LORELAI: You're entitled to your own take on him.

CHRISTOPHER: What's yours?

LORELAI: Hey, for me, the jury's out on all you guys. You can thank Brad Pitt for that one.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, so, anyhow, I told you.

LORELAI: Yeah, you told me. Wow. Our little girl is living with her boyfriend.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, I had that moment, too. It was during the onion brick, so I had a little distraction, but I had it.

LORELAI: Yeah. [Call waiting beeps] Um, hey, hold on. Hello?

RORY: Mom, it's me.

LORELAI: Hey, you. Hold on a sec. [Changes line back] Chris, it's Rory.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, now, I did not tell you. Do not rat me out. When she tells you the news, you have to act surprised okay.

LORELAI: Yes, I promise. It'll be like the time you told me you got Pat Benatar tickets for my birthday, but I knew because I went through your jeans looking for the clove cigarettes.

CHRISTOPHER: You knew?

LORELAI: Bye, Chris. [Switches call back] Hey, kid, what's going on?

RORY: Not much. Having a bad reaction to an onion brick.

LORELAI: What part of onion brick do you not understand?

RORY: I gave dad his tour today.

LORELAI: Yeah!

RORY: It was nice. He saw the campus, we had dinner.

LORELAI: Oh, how very "7th heaven" of you.

RORY: Listen, I have some news, two pieces of news, actually. One is good, and one is, let's say, interesting.

LORELAI: Oh, intrigue.

RORY: Well, first, I was made the new editor of the Yale daily news.

LORELAI: No, really? Rory, that's awesome.

RORY: It is awesome.

LORELAI: My god, I didn't even know you were up for the job.

RORY: I wasn't, actually. It all kind of happened at the last minute.

LORELAI: Hey, wasn't Paris the editor of the daily news?

RORY: Yes, she was, which brings me to my next piece of news.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: Paris was ousted, and when she found out that I had taken her place, she kind of kicked me out of the apartment.

LORELAI: Well, sure.

RORY: So I had no place to live, and there were absolutely no apartments for rent anywhere near campus, so...I moved in with Logan.

LORELAI: Wow, big news!

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: Well, jeez, tell me about his place. Is it nice?

RORY: Uh, yeah, it's really nice.

LORELAI: Where is it?

RORY: The Taft building, right off campus, top floor.

LORELAI: Top floor? Cool. Good view?

RORY: Great view.

LORELAI: Awesome. How many rooms?

RORY: Dad told you, didn't he?

LORELAI: Oh, come on, I was doing so well.

RORY: Please.

LORELAI: How did you know?

RORY: Are you kidding me? "How's the view? Is his place nice?" You didn't call me Hester Prynne once.

LORELAI: Don't be mad at him. He was just trying to do the dad thing. He hated it, by the way.

RORY: I'm not mad.

LORELAI: Good.

RORY: [Sighs] So?

LORELAI: So, what?

RORY: So, what do you think of me moving in with Logan?

LORELAI: I'm sorry, do you remember what happened the last time I piped in with my opinions on your life choices?

RORY: Mom, come on.

LORELAI: You don't want to make sure the pool house is clean first?

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Okay, well, moving in, that's pretty big.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: I mean, I don't know. I've never lived with a guy. There's that whole thing about the cow and the milk's free. I guess I would hate to think that you really moved in with him because there was a housing shortage, because it's a big step.

RORY: I love him.

LORELAI: Well, I want you to be happy.

RORY: I am happy, really happy.

LORELAI: Okay, then. Congratulations. Big day.

RORY: Thanks.

LORELAI: You're gonna have to tell me how it is living with a guy before I let Luke move in. If it's too creepy, he may have to stay with Babette. [Paul Anka jumps up on the couch]

RORY: I will.

LORELAI: I've heard some horror stories about toilet seats you would not believe.

RORY: Really? Do tell. Oh, but, wait, let me dim the lights and start the fire.

LORELAI: You have a fireplace?

RORY: Wood-burning.

LORELAI: I don't think we can be friends anymore.

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