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07x17 - Gilmore Girls Only

by **bunniefuu**

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BOUTIQUE CHANGING ROOM

[Lorelai and Rory shopping for an interview suit for Rory]

LORELAI: Oh, Moonpies.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: It's a wonderful part of a road trip, the stopping for Moonpies.

RORY: Mom, I want to go. I can't.

LORELAI: I know. I know. End of semester -- lots of work.

RORY: Not lots -- tons. I'm sorry.

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah. It's just...

RORY: What "it's just"?

LORELAI: Well, it's just, you know, a shame to miss the wedding of a woman who meant so much to you.

RORY: Mom, I talked to Mia. I apologized profusely. I told her it was simply impossible for me to drop everything right now and go to North Carolina. [about the outfit] No, right?

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Yeah. She totally understood.

LORELAI: Well, of course, she understood. She understood when I was 17 and I arrived at the inn, holding a little, tiny baby in my arms, and rain was pouring down.

RORY: As long as you're not milking this.

LORELAI: And she understood when you broke that teacup of hers, what was that the Wnglish rose pattern when you were 4.

RORY: Okay, mom.

LORELAI: Yeah, I think that was an antique, wasn't it? But, oh, she understood.

RORY: Hello. Statute of limitations.

LORELAI: You know why? Because she is an understanding, kind, and loving woman who loves you. That's cute.

RORY: Yeah?

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: I don't know if "cute" is what I'm going for on an interview for a newspaper, but.

LORELAI: Worked for Brenda Starr. Worked for Lois Lane.

RORY: Ah so if I get a job as a journalist in a comic strip, this is the one.

LORELAI: Oh, do you remember when we used to do road trips you know when you were little, and we'd play "I spy"?

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: And you'd say, "I spy something with four wheels." And I'd be like, "is it a cow?" Dah, 'Cause that's funny and fun.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Road trips are so fun.

RORY: They are, but I don't feel like I can go, especially with Logan freaking out on me. I mean he's running off to Vegas, coming home drunk, giving me attitude, not calling his dad back.

LORELAI: Still?

RORY: Yes, and while I'm mad at him, because he's acting this way, I just feel like maybe he's really going through something and I should be there for him.

LORELAI: Oh, honey, I get it. I really do. You know, I want to take back the "cute." That's really growing on me. It's very you.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah, it's very grown-up. It reeks of gravitas. It screams New York Times.

RORY: Well, I need it to say more than that. I mean I'm hoping to hear from The San Francisco Chronicle, The Seattle Times, The Detroit Free Press.

LORELAI: Well honey, you can't ask one suit to say so much. You know why don't you just get the suit that says something local?

RORY: Mm-hmm.

LORELAI: 'Cause you know those other cities are so far away, so expensive, so tiring.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: And plus you can get a good cup of coffee in New York. I don't know about those other cities. They have crappy crappy coffee.

RORY: You mean like Seattle?

LORELAI: Mm-hmm. Oh! Waffle ranch.

RORY: Missing the connection.

LORELAI: Gosh, I drove through North Carolina once, and they have the most wonderful chain called "Waffle Ranch."

RORY: Mum, it's not so much about the road-trip food.

LORELAI: Waffle ranch kicks IHOP'S butt.

RORY: Hey how come you weren't so desperate to have me come along when we got the invitation, two months ago?

LORELAI: Well because two months ago, I knew you would play the homework card, so I planned to do this with your dad -- just him and me.

RORY: Oh, I'm sorry.

LORELAI: [Sighs] Are you sorry enough to make it up to me by going with me?

RORY: I really wish I could.

LORELAI: Oh. Hey, that's a winner.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah, I really think you could stun them in any newspaper interview.

RORY: It is a stunning suit, isn't it?

LORELAI: Yep, it sure is. You know they might like you so much that they take your picture and put it in the insert for the Macy's one day sale.

RORY: You really like it?

LORELAI: I really do. But you shouldn't take my word for it. You need a group, a consensus. And you know where there would be a great group at Mia's wedding.

RORY: Nice try.

LORELAI: Oh, god.

OPENING CREDITS

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

[Logan is sitting at the computer (a Mac by the way)]

RORY: Hey, you're up.

LOGAN: The shower woke me.

RORY: Sorry. I'm heading to the library. I have a ton of reading to catch up on. So I thought I'd get an early start.

LOGAN: Cool.

RORY: You doing some work?

LOGAN: No, just looking for something on YouTube. [Chuckles] You got to see this. Finn posted a little video he shot on his cell phone when we were in Vegas. It's pretty outrageous.

RORY: You going in to the office today?

LOGAN: I doubt it. Colin and Finn are coming over.

RORY: What are you guys gonna do?

LOGAN: Hang, probably.

RORY: You know, Logan, I think after the library, I'm gonna catch a train back to new Haven.

LOGAN: Good enough.

[Knock on door, Rory answers it]

RORY: Oh, hi.

MITCHUM: Rory.

RORY: Um, Logan's...

[Mitchum walks in and picks up the phone.]

MITCHUM: So, it does work. And I can assume you can get cell phone reception wherever the hell you've been.

LOGAN: I was gonna call.

MITCHUM: Uh-huh.

LOGAN: I was just waiting until I figured out my next move.

MITCHUM: Next move. I'm fascinated. What is this next move?

LOGAN: I...

MITCHUM: And where were you figuring it out -- by the pool, the slot machines?

LOGAN: What you've been spying on me?

MITCHUM: After what you pulled, you can pretty much bet I'm gonna be spying on you for the rest of your life.

LOGAN: I need some time.

MITCHUM: You know what you need, Logan? You need to get dressed, get cleaned up, and get your ass down to the office so you can hear what's been figured out for you!

LOGAN: I'm not just another one of your employees.

MITCHUM: Damn right you're not. If you were just another one of my employees, you'd be fired by

now. Steven, Barry in legal are gonna sit you down, try and sort out the mess you made. Can you be there in an hour?

[Mitchum leaves]

RORY: [Puts her hands on her head and sighs]

LOGAN: And there you have it, ladies and gentlemen. Mitchum Huntzberger, class-a jerk. Can you believe him?

RORY: No. I mean...

LOGAN: What?

RORY: He was a jerk. He is a jerk.

LOGAN: But?

RORY: Uh, well, Logan, far be it for me to agree with your father, but you have been kind of irresponsible.

LOGAN: Okay, you know what, I can't...This is really weird.

RORY: What -- that I'm being honest?

LOGAN: No, that you're on his side. I kind of expected a little support here.

RORY: Logan, I love you, but I'm not gonna support every stupid thing that you do, okay? If you go rob a bank, what do you expect me to do? Say, "oh, that's okay, honey. I support you darling"?

LOGAN: I screwed up. I admit it. What do you people want -- a friggin pound of flesh?

RORY: What -- "you people"? Logan, for me, it's not that your business deal got messed up. Okay It's what you've done since then.

LOGAN: What have I done?

RORY: Nothing -- that's exactly my point. I mean you've not been facing the problem. You've been running from it.

LOGAN: I was going crazy, Rory. I had to blow off steam. I'm trying to get my bearings here.

RORY: I don't see you trying to get your bearings. I see you hiding out, and people are counting on you, your dad included. And you're not facing your responsibilities. You're -- you are being a jerk.

LOGAN: Well, maybe that's who I am. Maybe I'm a jerk like my dad. You ever think of that?

RORY: I'm starting to.

[Rory leaves and Logan goes back to his computer]

LUKE'S DINER

ZACH: I highly recommend the cream of wheat today, ma'am. I don't know what it's spiked with, but it's like insane. [goes to Luke] We got a truckload of that cream of wheat back there, so I'm pushing it like crazy.

LUKE: You're one sly waiter, Zach.

KIRK: Not so fast. Got a little snafu with my order.

ZACH: I don't see a snafu.

KIRK: And that is why Lane is the pro at this job, and you will always be the amateur.

ZACH: Dude I don't have a problem with that. What's wrong with your order?

KIRK: Grilled-cheese platter comes with French fries and pickles.

ZACH: Which I'm looking at.

KIRK: Look a little closer, my friend, and you'll see that the juice from the pickles has leached over to the grilled cheese, rendering it sodden and inedible.

ZACH: Well --

KIRK: I don't recall ordering grilled cheese "au jus".

ZACH: Pickles have juice, dude. It's like a main law of nature.

KIRK: Ah, but that's where Lane knew how to prevent this culinary catastrophe. Prior to serving the dish, she would use the French fries to build a tiny dam...

ZACH: Dude, I get it.

LUKE: It's all going to the same place inside that dark, strange body of yours, Kirk. Now eat it.

ZACH: Lane's right. You rock as a boss.

LUKE: Yeah. How's she doing?

ZACH: Oh dude she is about ready to burst.

LUKE: Oh, yeah?

ZACH: Yeah she's like a giant piñata, just waiting for some kid to take a mallet to her stomach and free the goodies inside.

LUKE: I'm thinking a doctor might be a better way to go.

ZACH: Oh, hey, I almost forgot. Lane and I would like to have you over for dinner.

LUKE: Oh, yeah, that sounds great. We should do that.

ZACH: Great. So, how's tomorrow, 8:30?

LUKE: Tomorrow? I don't know.

ZACH: Okay here's the thing -- Lane asked me to ask you about tomorrow a long time ago, and I kind of forgot, so she'd be mad if you canceled last minute.

LUKE: I'm not canceling -- I haven't accepted.

ZACH: Well let's not get into semantics. It would just be a bummer if you bailed. 'Cause she's been cooking for like two days.

LUKE: [looking please] Okay, yeah, tomorrow night -- that sounds fine.

ZACH: Great! And I hope you like curry, 'cause Lane's gone curry crazy.

LUKE: I'm not big on curry.

ZACH: Oh, well, maybe you can pick around it.

GILMORE MANSION - RICHARDS OFFICE

[Lorelai and Emily at the computer]

LORELAI: It's the same program as the one we used for that corporate stuff you know but a different application. 'Cause it's personal. It's simple.

EMILY: For you, maybe. I couldn't figure it out. And your father was absolutely no help.

LORELAI: Well, all we need to do is -- mom, you're doing it again.

EMILY: I'm looking at the screen.

LORELAI: I know, but you're, like, hovering.

EMILY: I'm not hovering, Lorelai. "Hovering" means you're elevated off the ground. Do I look like I'm elevating?

LORELAI: You seem awful tense, mom.

EMILY: Of course I'm tense. Having your father around the house all the time is extremely difficult. He's just there, wandering about, like a man of leisure.

LORELAI: Did he go through any of this stuff? Did he at least sign the 1040?

EMILY: I don't know.

LORELAI: Oh mum he has to sign some of this stuff before we can send it out you know.

EMILY: He refuses to deal with anything. All he does is watch golf, pad around in his sweatsuit, and annoy me with questions about things he's misplaced. And he's getting to be a serious pain in the you-know-what.

LORELAI: The nose? The ear?

EMILY: Would it give you that much pleasure to hear me say "ass"?

LORELAI: I wasn't sure, but, yes, it did.

RICHARD: Emily! Have you seen my -- oh, hello, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hi, dad. Nice threads. Having lunch with Tony Soprano?

EMILY: Don't encourage him.

RICHARD: You like it? I realized that, since I was housebound, I might as well wear whatever I like. These are so comfy. Have either of you seen my putter?

LORELAI: No, but we have seen this 1040 tax form. Sign it.

RICHARD: Did your mother tell you I've installed a putting green in the back yard? It's great fun.

EMILY: You are not going out to putt. You'll catch your death. And, Richard, would you please sign this form?

RICHARD: Just leave the form. I'll sign it later.

EMILY: What are you doing? The putter's not down there.

LORELAI: No, but your tax form's here. Come on, dad. Sign it. [Sighs] Fine, fine, fine, fine, fine, fine.

RICHARD: And, yes! There it is.

EMILY: Hallelujah, we found the putter. We have a few more things we need to go over with you.

RICHARD: Later today, dear.

EMILY: You always say that, but you never do. And wear a hat!

RICHARD: Yes, mother.

EMILY: Ugh!

[Lorelai's cell phone rings]

LORELAI: Well, mom, he was watching golf. Now he's playing golf. That's progress. [Answering the phone] Hey, kid.

RORY: I'm in.

LORELAI: You're robbing a bank?

RORY: The road trip -- I'm going with you to Mia's wedding.

LORELAI: Wow, that's great! Are you sure?

RORY: Yes, I so need to get away. I just had a huge fight with Logan.

LORELAI: Oh, sweetie, why?

RORY: Because he's being a complete a jerk. He won't deal with anything. And Mitchum just showed up at the apartment.

LORELAI: Mitchum came?

RORY: I opened the door, and there he was in a really expensive coat and all this cologne. And he yelled at Logan, and Logan yelled back. And, yes, Mitchum is jerk, but I actually agreed with him, and I told Logan that.

LORELAI: You agreed with the boyfriend's dad? That's brave.

RORY: I couldn't help it, mom. Logan is being immature. And I can't focus on my work, and I need to get out of here.

LORELAI: Oh honey it sounds like a trip like this is just what you need.

EMILY: A trip like what?

LORELAI: Nothing, mom.

RORY: Are you with grandma?

LORELAI: Yes, it's our Thursday computer lesson. And it's no "Tuesdays with Morrie."

EMILY: Where are you going?

LORELAI: Mia Halloway's wedding -- Charlotte, North Carolina.

RORY: I have to be back by Monday.

LORELAI: That should be no problem. This is gonna be a blast!

EMILY: Charlotte.

LORELAI: Mia wanted me to do a toast, and I thought I could do a poem, you know like you used to do for her when you were a kid, so you have to help me.

EMILY: Kiki Saltberry just came back from a spa in Charlotte. It's the Valentine Resort, I think she said, and she came back looking radiant.

RORY: What is grandma saying?

LORELAI: [Too Emily] We're staying at a Best Western mum. No spa facilities there. [back to Rory] So, okay, I'll pick you up at the crack of dawn. We'll cram everything in the jeep. No bathroom breaks along the way, okay?

RORY: Does grandma want to come?

LORELAI: No. I mean, yes, but, no.

EMILY: I'd have to rearrange my schedule, but that can be done.

LORELAI: Mom, you really can't leave dad all alone.

EMILY: Alone, yes, completely alone, with two maids, a cook, and a nurse who comes daily.

RORY: Yes, grandma should come, too. It'll be a hoot.

LORELAI: It would be fun, honey, but grandma's real busy.

EMILY: Rory wants me to come?

LORELAI: Well...

EMILY: Well, she'll be graduating soon, and I won't have many more opportunities to spend time with

her. This is perfect...

LORELAI: Mum...

EMILY: I'm gonna start packing.

LORELAI: Oh, mom.

EMILY: Oh, and we'll take my car. I have no intention of driving 800 miles in an army vehicle.

RORY: Shotgun?

LORELAI: [Chuckles]

HIGHWAY - TO CHARLOTTE

[Emily is driving the Jag, there is a line of traffic behind here, honking there horns. Lorelai is in the passengers seat and Rory in the back]

LORELAI: Oh, mom, if you're gonna go this slowly, you should really put your hazards on.

EMILY: Excuse me, but after I almost got that ridiculous DWI, I can ill afford a speeding ticket. And a jaguar is an invitation to be pulled over.

LORELAI: Right, if you're speeding. You're driving like you're in a parade.

EMILY: Oh, hush.

LORELAI: Mom, seriously, by the time we get there, the wedding will be over. The guests will have gone home. North Carolina will be under a sea of water from melting ice caps.

RORY: "See ya."

LORELAI: Huh?

RORY: You could rhyme "Mia" with "see ya."

LORELAI: Oh, that's good. Or "be ya."

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: You were such a peach, dear Mia, when Rory grew up, she wanted to be ya.

RORY: Good. But do you think it owes too much to Yeats?

LORELAI: Well, it needs some work, but you try finding something to rhyme with "Howard" besides "coward."

EMILY: Howard? She's marrying a man named Howard?

LORELAI: What's wrong with Howard?

EMILY: It's just, for me, it would be very difficult if my husband was named Howard.

RORY: Why?

EMILY: It's just not a noble name. I like noble male names, strong -- john, peter.

RORY: Richard.

EMILY: Exactly. Richard the lion-heart.

LORELAI: Well, I guess name nobility wasn't high on Mia's list.

EMILY: Howard the lion-heart. [Laughs] What are you doing?

LORELAI: It's stuffy.

EMILY: It's too cold to have the window open.

LORELAI: Mom, just let me have it down -- oh, my god.

EMILY: Lorelai, stop playing with the window.

LORELAI: I'm not playing. I just want it down. And you're making it go -- are you kidding me? Plea-- mother, I'm putting it -- I'm putting it -- [Gasps] Wha-- uh -- mom!

EMILY: It's called a child lock, appropriately enough.

LORELAI: [Sighs]

EMILY: So, Rory, what do you have lined up postgraduation?

RORY: Oh, I'm setting up interviews at different newspapers -- The Seattle Times, The Detroit Free Press, San Francisco Chronicle.

EMILY: Well, I'm not sure about the Seattle paper, and the Chronicle is dreadful, but the Detroit paper is quite reputable.

LORELAI: You know what else a reputable paper is? The New York Times, The Boston Globe, The Hartford Courant.

RORY: Yes, and only a short drive away from stars hollow.

LORELAI: Oh, well, that never occurred to me, but now that you mention it, yeah.

EMILY: So, how does Logan feel about the possibility of your moving far away?

RORY: I'm not sure.

EMILY: You're not sure?

RORY: No. Things with Logan are...

EMILY: Are what?

RORY: Uh, we're kind of going through something.

EMILY: Aw, that's a shame. Such a nice young man. He was so thoughtful when your grandfather was in the hospital.

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: Oh, hey, the Skirf.

RORY: Oh, the Skirf.

EMILY: What's a Skirf?

LORELAI: Well, when Rory was really little, my first sewing project was trying to make her a skirt.

RORY: It was a disaster.

LORELAI: It was terrible. But Mia made me feel better by putting it on Rory's head and saying I created something new, called a Skirf.

RORY: Yeah.

EMILY: So, do we all like show tunes? I found this marvelous CD when I took the car to be washed.

MUSIC: "All the cattle are standing like statues..."

LANE AND ZACH'S APARTMENT

[Lane, Zach and Luke have diner]

LANE: And I was put on bed rest so the babies wouldn't come out before my due date. And I look at the calendar, and I say to Zach, "Zach, it's my due date."

ZACH: And I'm like, "so?"

LANE: And I say, "so now I want them to come out."

ZACH: And I go, "duh, let's get out of bed."

[Laughter]

LANE: Well I guess they can come out whenever they want, as long as we've finished our meal...

[Laughter]

LUKE: ...Which, by the way, was terrific, Lane. Thanks.

ZACH: Yeah, she had no problem switching to a different meal when I told her about your curry issues.

LUKE: Well, it's -- I just...

ZACH: Whatever.

LUKE: It's not really an issue. Again, look, sorry about the wine. I totally spaced. I should have brought you something sparkling, you know a fruity kind of a thing.

ZACH: No, it's okay. Besides, they say one of the things you can do to help induce labor is have a glass of wine.

ZACH: That or sex.

LUKE: Well, I can only help you with the wine.

[Laughter]

LUKE: I should get going. I got to get up early and open the diner.

ZACH: Are you sure you don't want dessert? Homemade peach pie.

LUKE: You made a peach pie?

ZACH: Well, actually, you made it at the diner, which is technically your home, but I paid for it.

LUKE: I'll have one quick piece.

ZACH: Yes!

LUKE: You know this is really nice of you guys.

ZACH: What do you expect, man? You mean a lot to Lane and me.

LANE: You do.

ZACH: We feel really close to you, and not just, you know, employees.

LUKE: Yeah, uh, me too.

LANE: When it comes to extended family, Zach and I don't have much. I mean I've got my mom, but she's not so much a family member as she is a probation officer.

ZACH: Yeah and my old man ran off when I was like 10 -- no note, no nothing. So I got the feeling, you know, he didn't want me to follow him.

LUKE: Mm-hmm. So, you guys need money or something?

ZACH: Lane and I would like you to be godfather to our twins.

LUKE: Oh, really? Godfather?

LANE: We just want to make sure we have a strong parental person for our boys.

LUKE: Well...

ZACH: There's no paperwork involved.

LUKE: Right. I just...

ZACH: No notary public.

LUKE: No, I know. It's just [Sighs and takes a few seconds to think.] Yeah, okay, sure.

LANE: [Squeals]

ZACH: Oh, man. That is so great. [Too Lane, high 5] Up high. [Then Luke] Come on.

LUKE: All right. Okay. [High 5's both Lane and Zach]

ZACH: There you go.

WINKY'S DINER

[Lorelai, Rory and Emily enter. Emily is on the phone]

EMILY: No, are you listening? I've already booked a Swedish massage for 1:00. I want to know what I can do at 2:30. Good lord, no. A Watsu? Why would I want to re-experience my own birth?

CHARLENE: I'll be back to take your orders.

RORY: Big menus.

LORELAI: Yeah, that's a good sign.

RORY: Oh I love when they show pictures of the food.

LORELAI: I would be upset if I was that fried chicken, though. That picture makes her look fat.

EMILY: Fine. Book me a salt scrub at 2:30. Thank you. [ends call] Where on earth are we?

LORELAI: Well, mom, since you wouldn't let us take you to a drive-through, we've come here to Winky's, a fine eatery just off I-85.

EMILY: Very down home.

CHARLENE: We ready here?

LORELAI: Oh, uh, uh, I'm only halfway through. Don't tell me how it turns out. Um...

EMILY: I smell cigarette smoke. This is one of those places that still allows cigarettes isn't it?

LORELAI: Mom, if you'd prefer to wait in the car, we can bring food to you there.

EMILY: Well that would be foolish, the reason why I refused to go to the drive-through is because I won't allow eating in my car.

RORY: Hey, they have lobster.

LORELAI: Lobster for \$12.95. How could you go wrong? I'll have the lobster.

RORY: See, you'll have lobster. I'll have shrimp. We'll make it a seafood night.

EMILY: Seafood in a place like this -- very risky.

LORELAI: And a hot dog. A hot dog for the table. You'll go in on that with us, won't you, mom?

EMILY: I'll have a turkey sandwich on wheat and a glass of chardonnay. That's the clear one.

CHARLENE: My name is Charlene. Holler if you need something.

RORY: Wow, huge case of cakes behind you there.

LORELAI: Ooh, yeah. Winky's got a trophy case full of cakes. Hey, I bet Mia makes her triple-layered German chocolate cake for the wedding, don't you think?

RORY: Probably.

EMILY: Mmm. Aromatherapy -- that's what I want. Are you sure you two won't join me for something at the spa -- facial, Moroccan mud wrap? My treat.

LORELAI: Mother, we came here because we made a commitment to go to a wedding, so that's what we're gonna do.

EMILY: Suit yourself. I need to use the facilities. Wish me luck.

LORELAI: I love it here. And I'm totally gonna score a panda in that crane machine on the way out.

RORY: Mum do you think we should dial back the talk about Mia in front of grandma? I mean I don't think she's thrilled to hear about our surrogate mother/grandmother.

LORELAI: She knew that Mia is the reason for the trip. I think it's okay if we talk about her.

RORY: I know, but it seems to bother her. You know and I thought, during this trip, we could do more mother/daughter, daughter/daughter bonding.

LORELAI: 10 hours in the car not enough bonding for you?

RORY: I'm just worried about you guys. I mean what's gonna happen after I graduate?

LORELAI: After you graduate? That's when the party gets started.

RORY: Yeah, I just -- I want you guys to remain close.

LORELAI: Close?

RORY: Ish.

LORELAI: Honey, your grandma and I have a very complicated relationship, but we'll be fine. I don't want you to worry. You go off and do your own thing. I'm a grown-up. A grown-up who wears a bib. [Charlene hands Lorelai the bib] Thank you.

BEST WESTERN - MOTEL ROOM

LORELAI: All righty. Looks like our choices are "Hitch" or "The Lake House."

RORY: I could use a laugh.

LORELAI: Alright the "The Lake House" it is.

RORY: Oh, my dress got wrinkled.

LORELAI: Honey, just put it in the shower with the steam if mom ever finishes shellacking her face.

EMILY: [Off screen] I heard that, Lorelai. I'm simply washing up.

LORELAI: Mom, the resort is 20 minutes away. Why do you have to wash up here?

EMILY: I can't very well arrive at a luxurious resort smelling of bad shellfish and covered with the grime of the road.

LORELAI: "The road." Who are you -- Willie Nelson? [Telephone rings] Hello. [Gasps] Mia, how is the

blushing bride-to-be?

MIA: Surprisingly calm, but then I've had two glasses of wine, so we'll see how I do tomorrow when the buzz wears off.

LORELAI: Ah you'll do great.

[Rory joins Lorelai listening on the same phone]

RORY: Hi, Mia.

MIA: Oh, hi, Rory. I just wanted to see if you got here all right. How's the motel? Not too terrible, I hope.

LORELAI: Oh, no, it's great. We have two beds, sanitized cups, Keanu Reeves in his most touching role to date. What could be better?

[Emily gestures that she is leaving]

RORY: Oh, grandma, hold on.

MIA: Oh, Emily's with you?

LORELAI: Oh, um, yeah, we picked her up hitchhiking on her way to a rock festival.

RORY: She's going to the valentine resort.

MIA: Well, if Emily's here, then she has to come to the wedding.

LORELAI: Oh no, that's okay. She's spending tomorrow getting rubbed, wrapped, and scrubbed.

EMILY: Oh, no, she's asking me to the wedding?

LORELAI: [Quietly to Emily] No, no. It's okay. [Too Mia] Um so the ceremony's at noon. We'll be there around 11:30.

MIA: Oh, please ask Emily to come. We have plenty of food. Howard and I would be thrilled to have her join us. In fact, I insist.

RORY: [Taking the phone] That is so thoughtful of you, Mia, and I am sure she would love to come.

EMILY: Oh great. Now I have to go.

LORELAI: No, you don't.

EMILY: It would be rude not to. Damn!

RORY: She says she's delighted and flattered that you asked.

MIA: Oh, that's wonderful. I look forward to seeing all three of you tomorrow. Sleep well.

RORY: You, too, Mia. Bye.

LORELAI: Bye.

[Rory hangs up the phone, Lorelai makes a WFT face to Rory.]

EMILY: Well, I hope the resort will let me change my times. I'll pick the two of you up at 11:00 sharp tomorrow. Be out front. Of course, I didn't bring a thing to wear to a wedding. Luckily, they're going bohemian, so it won't really matter.

[Emily leaves]

LORELAI: Ugh!

RORY: We're bonding.

LORELAI: [Sighs]

RORY: Oh, this could be a good thing.

LORELAI: Oh, the only good thing is that mom is gonna get to the resort still smelling like bad lobster, 'cause I left my doggie bag in her car.

[They sit back on the bed and Lorelai starts the movie]

LUKE'S DINER - EARLY MORNING

[Luke comes down and starts getting the diner ready for the day. He hears a knock on the door.]

ZACH: Hey.

LUKE: Everything okay?

ZACH: Great. Everything's -- yeah. Great.

LUKE: You know I don't open for another hour.

ZACH: Oh, no, I know, but last night when you said you had to get up early, I realized it's time, maybe, I come and help crank up the place.

LUKE: Okay.

ZACH: I actually love this time of day, you know, real quiet. [Starts taking the chair off the tables] You know what's, like, amazing? How peaceful Stars Hollow is at this time of day. It's, like, spooky peaceful. You ever notice that?

LUKE: I'm sorry. I-I really don't enjoy talking this early in the morning.

ZACH: Oh, hey, copy that. I'm right there with you.

LUKE: [Sighs]

ZACH: Now, Lane -- she loves to talk in the morning. Lots of morning chin music with that one. Not me. I take not talking over talking any day. [Starts putting source dispensers out on the counter, one falls.] Ooh, awesome catch.

LUKE: Thanks.

ZACH: Pretty obvious you played some ball.

LUKE: A little.

ZACH: I didn't really get into sports much. My dad didn't do sports with me when I was little, and then he, you know, split.

LUKE: Yeah, you said. That's too bad.

ZACH: Yeah. What kind of music you into?

LUKE: I don't really listen to much music.

ZACH: No?

LUKE: I mean if I'm driving around in my truck, I'll, you know, maybe put on an oldies station. I like some Motown.

ZACH: Oh dude I know the perfect band for you. You would so get off on them. They're young, but their sound is way borrowed from those old guys from the '70s.

LUKE: Listen, I got to fire up the stoves.

ZACH: Yeah, go, go. Fire 'em up.

LUKE: You know, I can't pay you any extra 'cause you came in early.

ZACH: Oh, yeah, I know. I just figure it's part of my job, and it's a chance for us to hang out. Plus, you know... [quietly] the quiet.

LUKE: Right.

MIA'S HOUSE

[Lorelai, Rory and Emily enter]

EMILY: Lorelai, you didn't even knock.

LORELAI: Well, that's okay. Mia leaves the door open. She likes people to just come on in.

RORY: She's probably too busy to greet everybody, grandma.

EMILY: Well, of course she is. She should have someone greet people for her.

RORY: Oh, look at all these great pictures.

LORELAI: Not everyone has a maid, you know, mom.

EMILY: How hard is it to hire a maid for the day?

LORELAI: Well, last I checked, they didn't have them at Bed Bath & Beyond.

RORY: Oh, this must be Howard. Look. Here we are.

LORELAI: Oh so cute. That's the rug where you used to spin around at the independence inn. I bet you threw up just seconds after that picture was taken.

RORY: Yep.

EMILY: Are we going in, or are we going to watch from the entryway?

MIA: Oh, you're here! Lorelai!

LORELAI: Hi!

RORY: Hi!

[Emily looks on as they hug]

MIA: Did you find it all right?

LORELAI: Yeah, mom's got the GPS. Apparently, it's great if you know how to use it.

RORY: Yeah, we saw a lot of your neighborhood -- very nice.

MIA: Oh, those damn GPS drive me crazy. Whatever happened to asking the guy at the gas station?

EMILY: Good question. Hello, Mia. Thank you so much for inviting me to this special occasion.

[They hold hands]

MIA: Emily, I'm so glad you could be here. Well, let's go in. Let's not just stand here. I know a wedding wasn't what you had in mind when you came down here.

EMILY: What I had in mind was spending time with my daughter and granddaughter, wherever.

MIA: Oh, will you sign my guest book, please?

EMILY: Oh certainly.

MIA: I just feel so lucky to have all the Gilmore ladies under one roof.

EMILY: Speaking of roofs, you have a charming home.

MIA: Oh, thank you.

EMILY: I'm always amazed at what good taste can do with a small space.

LORELAI: Oh, it is beautiful.

RORY: Yeah, so many personal touches everywhere.

MIA: Thank you. I agree with Emily. It's a small house, and it's made even smaller by Howard's junk. But you know what they say -- you marry a man, you marry his junk. Howard.

HOWARD: Mia...

MIA: Howard, Howard. This is Emily Gilmore, the mother and grandmother of the famous Lorelai and Rory.

RORY AND LORELAI: [Together] Hi.

EMILY: Nice to meet you.

HOWARD: How do you do.

LORELAI: I thought you weren't supposed to see the bride in her gown before you got married.

MIA: Uh-oh! [covers Howard's eyes]

[Laughter]

RORY: Yeah, and if the bride sees a lizard crossing the road, that's bad news, too.

LORELAI: Really!

MIA: Oh, well, haven't seen a lizard, but too late for the dress, 'cause Howard zipped me up.

LORELAI: Oh no, where's the zip-up on the bad-luck-o-meter?

RORY: Not sure, but I'd throw some salt over your shoulders just in case.

LORELAI: I don't have any salt. I might have some Splenda.

HOWARD: You are exactly as Mia described you -- you both are. And believe me, she described you a lot.

LORELAI: Well, I hope she left out the bad stuff.

MIA: There's no bad stuff.

EMILY: Lucky you. [Chuckles]

HOWARD: Well the sooner we get married the sooner we get cake.

MIA: Oh, honey, you're so romantic. Emily, could I just borrow the girls for a quick touch-up in the powder room?

EMILY: They're all yours.

MIA: Oh, thanks. Okay, guys, let's get me beautiful.

EMILY: [Too someone taking her coat] Oh, thank you.

HOWARD: Mia adores them.

EMILY: Yes, I know.

HOWARD: [Sighs] Well, come in. Find a seat.

EMILY: The sofa will be fine.

[A short time later after the ceremony]

LORELAI: And so, a toast to you, dear Mia. It makes us all so glad to see ya... blissfully joined with dear, good Howard. May your love last long, like it's battery-powered. [Laughter] Rory and I wanted to do a poem for you, because when Rory was little, she used to love making up poems, and we would perform them for you, and that was such a fun time. [noticing Emily looking uncomfortable] Um... uh, so, what I've realized now is that you can get away with a lot of bad rhymes when you're cute and 5. But we do want to say...

EMILY: [Too another guest] Excuse me would you mind terribly getting me a glass of water?

LORELAI: ...The best things in life are worth waiting for, even if they take a long time...

EMILY: [Too Rory] she keeps her house very dry.

LORELAI: So, let's... a toast to you. [Rising a champagne glass] We love you so much. Cheers.

EVERYONE: Cheers. Cheers. Cheers. Hear, hear! Congratulations.

LORELAI: Oh.

MIA: Thank you. [Laughing] That was wonderful.

[The Man brings back the water for Emily and quietly asks]

MAN: Are you Rory? There's someone here to see you.

[Points to show Logan standing in the next room, Rory gets up while Mia continues to talk.]

MIA:...That you are here today. And thank you for those of you who came from so far away. Thank you again for the toast. I'll thank my sister for all the wonderful help...

LOGAN: [quietly] Hey.

RORY: [quietly] What the hell are you doing here?

LOGAN: I'm sorry I don't mean to crash this. I just need to talk to you.

RORY: How did you know where I was?

LOGAN: I called Paris, she found the invitation. I kept trying your cell, but you didn't pick up.

RORY: Well, that's the advantage of caller I.D.

LOGAN: I get it. You're still mad.

RORY: No kidding.

LOGAN: But now I'm here, so you have to talk to me - that's the advantage of showing up in person.

RORY: Wow, I can't believe you're still doing this. This is so last year's Logan.

LOGAN: What?

RORY: You think you can just fly anywhere I am and overwhelm me by just showing up and -- I'm just not impressed anymore by your grand gestures.

LOGAN: I'm not trying to impress you Rory. I just want to tell you what I've been thinking.

RORY: Well I don't care...

LOGAN: And I wanted to see you.

RORY: I'm in the middle of a wedding of a close friend. I don't have time to stand here and listen to you explain your stupid immature behavior.

LOGAN: If you would just hear me out.

RORY: No, you go blow off steam in Vegas, you gamble away thousands of dollars, you drink all night, and do god knows what else. This is me blowing off steam.

HOWARD: I'm sorry to interrupt, Rory, but Mia wanted me to tell you we're about to cut the cake.

RORY: Okay.

HOWARD: Will your friend join us?

RORY: Um, no, he can't stay.

LOGAN: Yeah, I was just stopping by. Thanks, anyway.

HOWARD: Oh, okay.

[Rory and Howard go to the cake cutting.]

LUKE'S DINER

[The diner is busy with bowlers]

LADY: Hey girls.

LADIES: Hey there.

LUKE: Talk to me, Zach. What do you got?

ZACH: Okay, bowl of chili, two dogs, one BLT, shepherd's pie, and a mushroom soup. And those guys in the corner were asking me if I had a pack of lucky strikes or a burger to spare, what's that about?

LUKE: Bowling humor -- strikes, spares. Never gets old, guys.

ZACH: Oh, I totally missed it. Oh, man!

LUKE: What's wrong?

ZACH: Last night, I made this mix of tunes that I thought would be right up your alley.

LUKE: Okay.

ZACH: Well, you know, new stuff that sounds kind of classic rock-y -- My Morning Jacket, who are like Neil Young reborn, if Neil would have, you know, died.

LUKE: Uh-ha Wolfmother - definitely channeling Zeppelin -- modern, but not so much that it would freak out somebody of your taste.

LUKE: The point.

ZACH: The point is, I totally forgot to bring it.

LUKE: Oh, don't worry about it.

ZACH: Yeah, but I spent, like, all night on it.

LUKE: Ah that's nice.

ZACH: Gave me something to do instead of sitting around, waiting for Lane to pop out the babies.

LUKE: It'll happen.

ZACH: Yeah, don't I know it? [Too customers] Denver omelet, steak sandwich.

LUKE: Two cheeseburgers -- medium and well.

ZACH: Question -- circumcision, yes or no?

LUKE: Pardon?

ZACH: I mean we have to make a decision as soon as the boys are born, and I'm really on the fence about it.

LUKE: Ahh...

ZACH: I thought about having Mrs. Kim weigh in, but her opinion would be kind of hypothetical 'cause she doesn't have the goods, as far as I know.

LUKE: Right.

ZACH: Right, so, you being a guy, I figured I could use your input on this.

LUKE: You know, you saying something like this -- it's kind of personal between you and Lane, so go with your gut.

ZACH: Yeah, okay.

LUKE: Alright.

ZACH: Cool.

LUKE: Bill, refill?

ZACH: Let's say your kid falls out of a tree and majorly gashes his head. Do you run to him right away or just let him kind of shake it off? I mean I don't want to be a wussy dad, but...

LUKE: Probably not the right time to be talking about gashed heads and circumcisions.

ZACH: Right. Right. I totally get that. Maybe we could, uh, go over to Casey's after work and grab a beer and talk about some stuff.

LUKE: Look, I-I can't be...

ZACH: Please.

LUKE: Okay.

[Luke ushers Zach over to the corner]

LUKE: Listen, I know what's going on, okay? You're about to become a father, so you're panicking.

ZACH: I am, dude, big-time.

LUKE: Promise you you'll get through this.

ZACH: I don't know how to throw a damn Frisbee.

LUKE: Don't worry about it, okay?

ZACH: I just -- I really could use your help on all this father stuff that I know nothing about.

LUKE: Zach...

ZACH: What the hell are they supposed to call me -- "dad," "pop," "papa"? Do I look like a papa to you?

LUKE: It'll come to you eventually.

ZACH: Papa is a big, cuddly guy from Italy with all this dark hair. That's so not me.

LUKE: Listen, the first time April turned up in my life, I didn't know squat about being a father, but eventually, it came to me. Okay I found my dad mode, and you will, too.

ZACH: Dude, I hope so.

LUKE: Yeah. Don't sweat it. And go ahead and deliver these to the clowns in the corner over there. You will be fine. [Sighs] I -- okay, all right.

BILL: Guy's a real goofball, huh?

LUKE: Yeah, watch it, bill. [Takes his plate]

BILL: I'm not finished with that pie.

LUKE: Yeah, you are.

MIA'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is talking to someone, country music is playing.]

MAN: And I drove through Connecticut once -- beautiful. In fact, Cathy and I considered moving to New England 'cause we love the foliage.

LORELAI: Well, we got a lot of that. It practically grows on trees.

[She is watching Emily and not interested in the man or what he is saying]

MAN: But the cold -- no thank you. I can barely handle it here in Charlotte when it drops below 40. Cathy says it's a circulation thing. I think it's a matter of not having the fat layer that you women do.

LORELAI: You should be glad you don't have it. If you did, you couldn't wear such an amazing sweater.

RORY: Hey, Mia put out some of her famous mini cream puffs. They're delicious.

MAN: Uh-oh, may have to get me one of those. Scusie.

LORELAI: God bless you.

RORY: Ha. No problem. You looked a little trapped there.

LORELAI: No, no, I was riveted by stories of foliage and fat. Where'd you go off to?

RORY: Logan showed up.

LORELAI: What?!

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: Where is he?

RORY: Outside, leaning against a car.

LORELAI: Why? You wouldn't let him come in?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Really? Look at you, all tough love.

RORY: Well I'm still mad at him. I'm not gonna melt just because he flies down here to see me. If we're gonna do this, it's gonna be on my terms.

LORELAI: Wow.

RORY: It doesn't look like grandma's having a good time.

LORELAI: No, grandma's staging a sit-in, as only grandma could do, in the middle of a hoopla. Some people would call it a shindig. I'm here to tell you it's a hoopla.

RORY: I have so much to learn from you still.

HOWARD: Ladies, I'm striking out left and right in my attempts to coax someone to dance. Would either of you salvage my pride?

RORY: Howard, I'll dance with you.

HOWARD: Thank you.

RORY: [Too Lorelai] Talk to grandma.

LORELAI: [Sighs and walks over to sit down with Emily] Hi, mom. How are you doing?

EMILY: Oh, fine. I'm just going through my schedule for the week.

LORELAI: So, did Howard ask you to dance?

EMILY: He did, yes -- very thoughtful.

LORELAI: Why didn't you dance with him?

EMILY: I don't feel like dancing right now. Besides, I have no idea how one dances to cowboy music.

LORELAI: You want to dance with me? We could slap our knees, shout "yee-haw."

EMILY: No thank you I think I'll just wait for the appropriate moment to excuse myself gracefully.

LORELAI: Mom, I didn't think you were gonna want to come.

DONNA: So, Lorelai, gal, we have got to do some catching up. How have you been, sweetie?

LORELAI: Good, Donna. Good.

DONNA: Mia says you have you own inn now. That is so far out.

LORELAI: It is great. Um, mom, this is Donna. This is my mother, Emily Gilmore.

EMILY: How do you do?

DONNA: Really well, thank you.

LORELAI: Donna and I were maids together at the Independence Inn.

DONNA: A few hundred lives ago, huh? Hey, listen, your toast was so great.

LORELAI: Thanks. I didn't know I was gonna be the only one.

DONNA: Oh, but you were the perfect choice. I mean, for god's sake, Mia was like a mother to you.

LORELAI: Um, so, how are you? You look good.

DONNA: I do, don't I?

LORELAI: Yeah,

DONNA: I tell you, six years ago, when I first started the raw-foods thing...

EMILY: Do you know if they put the coffee out yet?

LORELAI: Mother.

EMILY: What? I'm sorry, but you're talking about something between the two of you, and I could really use a cup of coffee.

DONNA: You know what? I am having a serious craving for herbal tea. Let's get something together, Emily.

EMILY: All right.

LORELAI: [Sighs, gets up to get a drink.]

MIA: Hey.

LORELAI: Hey.

MIA: Everything okay?

LORELAI: Yeah. It's fine. I just always seem to forget my mother doesn't play well with others.

MIA: Oh, I think she's doing all right, considering.

LORELAI: Considering...

MIA: I mean, in terms of you and me and Rory and our history.

LORELAI: Yeah, so? We have a history.

MIA: Seeing me with you must bring back very painful memories. Imagine how difficult it must have been for your mother to lose you.

LORELAI: She didn't lose me. I embarrassed her, so I had to leave.

MIA: But Lorelai even in the best of circumstances, you never want to think that your child doesn't need you anymore.

LORELAI: She wanted me out of the house so she didn't have to explain why my school uniform didn't fit any more.

MIA: That's not the impression I got when she came to see me.

LORELAI: What? When did she come to see you?

MIA: Oh, must have been five years ago, when I came back for that visit to stars hollow. She came and found me at the inn.

LORELAI: Why?

MIA: I think she wanted to meet me. And she asked me to send her photos of you and Rory from those years when you were staying with me. She never told you?

LORELAI: No, she definitely never told me.

HOWARD: Well, my dear, my dancing feet are all warmed up. [giggles] Your turn.

MIA: Oh, goody, the dance. Now we find out if we're really meant to be together.

HOWARD: Ooh.

MIA'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR

[Nighttime, Rory goes out to see Logan.]

LOGAN: You didn't have to bring me cake.

RORY: I didn't. [Sits on the front of the car and starts eating] You wanted to talk, so talk.

LOGAN: All I wanted to do was say I'm sorry, so...I'm sorry. You were right. I was being immature.

RORY: Okay.

LOGAN: When the whole deal fell apart... I knew I was in so much trouble, I just -- I totally lost it. I couldn't face anything. I had so much invested in it in every way that, when it all collapsed, it was like I fell into this hole I couldn't pull myself out of. And I also realized that my dad was right. He had every reason to be pissed at me. I mean, I would have fired me for what I did. So, I decided the only way to fix this is to not be my dad's employee anymore.

RORY: What?

LOGAN: I went to him, and I just -- I said -- I was calm, apologetic, no shouting, no threats. I just said I didn't want to be a pawn in whatever game he had in mind for me.

RORY: Really.

LOGAN: I am officially not working for the Huntzberger group anymore.

RORY: Oh, my god.

LOGAN: Yeah, and it feels really good. I mean, it felt great finally standing up to my dad.

RORY: How did he take it?

LOGAN: He tried to put up this cool, detached front, you know but I think I actually saw steam coming out of his ears. Basically, he told me to hit the road.

RORY: And you took him literally.

LOGAN: I just needed to see you. The thing is, even though he was mad, I swear I saw the slightest glimmer of pride in his eyes, you know just for a second. I mean, no one walks out on Mitchum Huntzberger.

RORY: I'm proud of you, too. I almost wish I'd saved you a bite of cake. Hmm.

MIA'S HOUSE

[Inside Emily is watching Logan and Rory]

MIA: Boyfriend?

EMILY: Yes.

MIA: He came with you?

EMILY: No, I guess he flew down to see Rory.

MIA: It's hard for me to think of little Rory with a boyfriend.

EMILY: She's not so little anymore.

MIA: No. I just hope she doesn't get her heart broken.

EMILY: I can assure you, if anyone does any heartbreaking, it will be Rory.

MIA: Probably.

[Lorelai comes up and listens]

EMILY: Definitely. She's such a smart, confident young woman. She's really amazing -- witty, charming, valedictorian in high school, editor of the college paper. Sounds like she'll have her pick of jobs at newspapers all over the country. Rory will be fine.

MIA: Well, you would know.

LORELAI: Hey. [Hands Emily her coat] Here you go. Well, we should probably get going, let Mia and Howard do whatever it is they're gonna do the rest of the night.

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: What? That could mean anything.

MIA: Well, she's right. The bride and groom have wild plans to take off all their clothes, jump into their pajamas, and listen to "A Prairie Home Companion."

LORELAI: See? Dirty mind -- you.

MIA: I can't tell you how much it meant for me to have you here. Thank you.

[They hug]

LORELAI: Oh, you kidding? I wouldn't have missed it.

EMILY: Mia, best wishes to you. It was a lovely wedding. Thank you... for everything.

MIA: It was my pleasure.

LUKE'S DINER

ZACH: Listen, bill over there is asking for seconds on his pie -- something about how you owe him from earlier.

LUKE: Sure, give it to him.

ZACH: Look, man, I'm really sorry about the way I've been acting -- leaning on you for all this father stuff.

LUKE: Ah don't worry about it.

ZACH: No I was just all bent out of shape about being a good father -- like there is such a thing. And I was so freaking nervous, I'm like, "hey, maybe Luke can take up the slack."

LUKE: Hey, if I can help out, I will.

ZACH: No, but I dig what you said about the dad mode -- makes perfect sense. I'm really psyched to feel it kick in.

LUKE: Okay.

ZACH: Totally. Oh, I almost forgot. This is the CD.

LUKE: Oh, great.

ZACH: Yeah, I listed the band names on the back. I mean, you don't have to listen to it. [Telephone rings, Zach goes to answer it.]

LUKE: No, I want to hear it.

ZACH: [On the phone] Luke's diner.

LUKE: Who knows maybe I'll really get into Wolfmother.

ZACH: Okay, okay. Do not move. I'll be right there. Don't move. I have to go. Lane's water broke. I need my...coat. I-I don't -- I don't need my coat. My keys are in my coat.

LUKE: Al right that's it. We're closed, folks. I'm driving.

ZACH: No, no, no, man. I can do this.

LUKE: Zach, Zach, Zach, Zach.

ZACH: Okay.

LUKE: Dad mode doesn't have to kick in right now. Lets go. Last one out, lock the door, turn off the lights.

BILL: What about my...

LUKE: Just take the whole damn pie, Bill.

BEST WESTERN - MOTEL ROOM

[The room is dark as they enter]

LORELAI: So, he's really not working for his dad?

RORY: No, he's out of there.

LORELAI: Well, it's probably the best thing for him. How did he feel about you sending him back to New York?

RORY: Um, I think he was okay with it. I told him it was an all-girls road trip.

LORELAI: Exactly, no boys allowed, except for that male stripper we hired.

RORY: [Giggles]

EMILY: [Still at the doorway] Well, good night.

RORY: Oh, grandma, aren't you coming in?

EMILY: No, I just wanted to walk you to your room, seeing as this isn't the safest of neighborhoods.

LORELAI: Mom, now I feel like I should walk you back to the car and then you're gonna feel like walk me back and then we'll be stuck in a terrible loop and neither of us is wearing the shoes for that.

RORY: Oh, grandma, you should stay. We're gonna get junk food from the vending machine, and watch a movie. Come on. Don't you like Dots?

[Rory goes to the vending machine]

LORELAI: Hey, get some Little Debbie.

EMILY: Seriously, Rory, I can't stay.

RORY: Too late grandma. I'm already getting you a Little Debbie.

[Few moments of silence]

LORELAI: Oh, I bought her a suit.

EMILY: Did you?

LORELAI: Yeah. It was so fun. It was weird, you know, but um, we found something really great, and it just felt like a rite of passage.

EMILY: I'm sure.

LORELAI: Made me imagine, you know, what it's gonna be like after she leaves.

EMILY: Of course.

LORELAI: It's gonna be hard to be without her.

EMILY: Well, I'm sure you'll get through it.

LORELAI: What I mean to say is, mom, is I know that it was hard for you.

EMILY: Hmm.

LORELAI: Have you seen "The Pursuit of Happyness"?

EMILY: Is that the one with Will Smith? He's so attractive.

LORELAI: Mmm! Mom has a thing for Will Smith.

EMILY: I don't have a thing for him. Is it on now?

LORELAI: Yeah.

[They sit on the end of the bed]

RORY: Oh, my god! Lane had her babies.

LORELAI: [Gasps] Oh!

RORY: Zach just sent me a photo. Here... See?

LORELAI: Oh, cute!

RORY: Aren't they cute?

EMILY: I'm sure that little camera distorts their faces.

LORELAI: What do you mean, mom? They're cute.

RORY: Here's another one.

LORELAI: Oh, sweet.

EMILY: Why did they misspell "Happyness"?

LORELAI: Well, we'll find out. [Stars the movie] There's your boyfriend, mom.

RORY: Who?

EMILY: He's not my boyfriend.

LORELAI: Will Smith -- mom has a thing for him.

RORY: You like Will Smith?

EMILY: I think that he's very charming.

RORY: That's all right.

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