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06x10 - He's Slippin Em Bread... Dig?

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by **bunniefuu**

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

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[Before we have the usual previously on collection of scenes.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

[Lorelai dressed and sitting on the new bed, not the furniture Luke had in storage. She is putting her boots. She is tilting her head to listening for something or someone.]

LORELAI: Hey.

RORY [OS from the bathroom]: What?

LORELAI: Make an occasional noise so I know you didn't pull an Elvis.

RORY [OS]: Just putting the finishing touches on the face.

LORELAI [snorts]: You're an infant. Hit yourself with a giant powder puff and get out here.

RORY [OS]: I love this bathroom.

LORELAI: Uh, too much! I need the sink.

RORY [OS]: You need my sink? What about the other sink?

LORELAI [gets up and walks to the bathroom door]: Oh! I forgot I had two sinks!

RORY: Well, you do.

LORELAI: Look at this. Two sinks. I'm so decadent. I could brush my teeth over this one and spit into that one.

RORY: This is now my official favourite room in the whole world. Besides the Reading Room at the British Museum. But add a dome ceiling and ten million books and you've got yourself a horse race.

LORELAI: Paul Anka loves this room too.

RORY [laughs]: You ever hear that tape of him chewing out his band after a show? 'When I move, I slice like a hammer! The guys get shirts!'

LORELAI: That's the human Paul Anka.

RORY: I don't believe the canine version exists.

LORELAI: He is just laying low until he figures out you're not going to break his heart or eat his pig's ears or something.

RORY: Well, the chicken's got to show his face so I can prove myself.

LORELAI: So, what all do you have going on today? Oh, she's already got a list going.

RORY [reading]: Follow up calls to Yale to make sure I'm all set up for spring semester, four hours of community service - I'm going to try to stretch it to five because I am tantalizingly close to being done - my engine light was on, but I already took care of that -

LORELAI: This morning?

RORY [nodding]: Got to Gypsy's shop before it opened. There was only one other annoying early bird ahead of me, but I bribed Gypsy with a pack of Rolo's and she took me first.

LORELAI: She is such a Rolo whore.

RORY: I've got tons of e-mails to return, and, oh, I've got to get the Eagle-Gazette a bunch of stuff I've written.

LORELAI: Okay. Don't forget to sleep, daughter of mine.

RORY: Eh. And, uh, I've got to unpack and organize everything and that's it, for now.

LORELAI: Okay, but you will have to leave the bathroom to do all that.

RORY: Mm, reluctantly. See you downstairs.[She goes out the room.]

LORELAI [calling after her as she goes down stairs]: Okay. Hey, you have time to eat and hang out with me, don't you? Is that on your microscopic little list there?

RORY [OS]: I've timed out the rest of the morning for you.

LORELAI: Good girl!

RORY [OS, shocked]: Oh! Oh, my God!

LORELAI: What?

RORY [OS]: Come down here!

LORELAI: I'm coming!

LIVING ROOM

[Lorelai comes down to meet Rory on the stairs, she is stunned to see Paul Anka sitting on the coffee table.]

LORELAI: What?

RORY: He has emerged. I'm assuming that's Paul Anka.

LORELAI: Well, it ain't Louis Prima.

RORY: Shoo! Shoo!

LORELAI: What are you doing?

RORY: He shouldn't be on the table.

LORELAI: That's his favorite spot. What are you going to do next, tell him he can't drink out of my water glass?

RORY: Sorry. How should I approach him?

LORELAI: Follow me.

RORY: 'Kay.[They slowly go down the stairs.]

LORELAI: Okay, stop. Now go in the kitchen and put sugar on your toes.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: And quickly! Because first impressions are crucial and you're blowing it big time.

RORY: Sugar on my toes?

LORELAI: Yes, he loves sugar, so the first time you come close to him, if you've got sugar on your toes that he can lick and enjoy, you're in.

RORY: He's going to lick it?

LORELAI: Go, quick!

RORY: Okay. [Running to the kitchen, stops at the sink and takes off her shoes.]

LORELAI [OS]: Wet your toes first so it sticks!

RORY: What?

LORELAI [OS]: Dry sugar on a dry toe isn't going to work!

RORY: Oh, jeez. [Turns on the tap and moistens a paper towel to wet her foot, then tips sugar on it, spilling some on the floor.] I'm making a mess.

LORELAI [OS]: Don't worry about the mess!

RORY: We're going to have ants!

LORELAI [OS]: Hurry!

RORY: I'm coming!

[Quickly walking back to the living room. Lorelai is now sitting on the coffee table next to Paul Anka.]

RORY: Okay, my toes are all sugared.

LORELAI: Okay, good! Now do the hokey-pokey and turn yourself around.

RORY [wary]: What?

LORELAI: All you have to do is pet him and you're in!

RORY: You're evil.

LORELAI: Yes, I am.

[Paul Anka hops of the coffee table and licks Rory's toes.]

RORY [petting him]: Hey, there, boy! Oh, that tickles!

LORELAI: Well, he's glad you're here! Wait a minute, you're here!

RORY: I know!

LORELAI: Wait right there.

[Lorelai goes into the hall closet.]

RORY: Is this another trick?

LORELAI: No, I'm just getting something. [The "Bop-it" toy makes a noise.]

RORY: You're pulling out the Bop-it? You're already that bored of me?

LORELAI [returns with a hat box]: No. I just accidentally hit the Bop-it while I was getting this.

RORY: You bought me a hat?

LORELAI: No, it's a hat box, filled with these. [Opening it she and gets out some bits of paper.] These are notes, written on whatever I had on hand at the time. Any time I had a topic I wanted to share with you or a random thought during that crappy time apart of ours, I jotted it down and threw it in the hat box so I wouldn't forget.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: I missed you, kid.

RORY: Missed you too. [Smiling at each other.] So, hit me with 'em!

LORELAI: While we walk to Luke's. Come on. Some of these are pretty cryptic. [Reading]: Um, Lenny Kravitz - where did Lenny Kravitz -

RORY and LORELAI [together]: Get all his money?

LORELAI: Yes! One hit and he's buying a Fifth Avenue mansion.

RORY: Maybe he went through Nicole Kidman's wallet when she wasn't looking.

LORELAI: That's got to be it. [Reading another bit of paper] Computer MP down - oh. I want to download music. There's so much out there. Can you help me figure that out? MP3 players?

RORY: I can do that. Next?

LORELAI: Eh, Kirk skeet sh**ting.

RORY: That's a bad combination.

LORELAI: Yeah, it's the first time the town church has taken g*nf*re since the eighteenth century.

RORY: I missed so much so quickly!

[They leave.]

OPENING CREDITS

TOWN SQUARE

[Lorelai and Rory are walking through town, across a street, heading to Luke's, reading more the notes.]

LORELAI: Okay. Babette - cats.

RORY: Death?

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Adopted another one?

LORELAI: No.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Recorded their meows, did some editing and cut a record of them singing Ring of Fire.

RORY: Well, that goes straight to the top of my charts.

LORELAI: Oh, I started reading Beowulf, that new translation you recommended.

RORY: The Seamus Heaney? Good for you.

LORELAI: Yeah. And stopped reading Beowulf, jotted on the same slip three minutes later.

RORY: Well, you gave it the old college try.

LORELAI: Oh, this is a new one! Kirk's got a new hobby. He's doing -

RORY [together]: Doing Tai Chi?

LORELAI: How'd you know that?

RORY: Because he's doing it right there.

[Rory points to Kirk, doing Tai Chi on the lawn.]

LORELAI: Is it possible for him to do something without looking a little silly?

RORY: He wouldn't be Kirk then.

LORELAI [reading]: Bendleshnitz? [She shrugs.]

RORY: That's not English.

LORELAI: I know. I'll add it to the ones that I can't make out. And - [reading another] - brazzlefrat.

RORY: Another unreadable one.

LORELAI: They're stacking up! [As they reach Luke's, Lorelai takes Rory's hand.] Okay. Now wait out here.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: It's a thing. A moment thing. Just wait here.

RORY: Okay.

[Lorelai enters.]

LUKE: Hey!

LORELAI: You ready?

LUKE: For what?

LORELAI: For this! The moment you've all been waiting for! [She vibrates her tongue.] Brrrr!

LUKE: What's that?

LORELAI: It's a drum roll.

LUKE: It sounded more like a helicopter.

LORELAI: Well, it's a drum roll, go with it, okay? [Luke murmurs his agreement.] Ladies and gentlemen, Rory Gilmore! [She opens the door.]

RORY [entering]: Hi Luke!

LUKE: Hey, Rory, you're back! [They hug, awkwardly.]

RORY: I'm back!

LUKE: Good! You look good. You look healthy, happy. Huh, here with your mom, both of you here. Yeah, it's great, you know! Yay! [Awkward pause.] I don't think I've ever said 'yay' before. Sounded weird.

LORELAI: A little.

LUKE: Come, sit, sit.

[They sit down.]

RORY: What was that sound you were making?

LORELAI: A drum roll!

RORY: It sounded like a helicopter or something.

LUKE: That's what I said.

LORELAI: Has no one heard a drum roll before?

LUKE: Hey, I saved you the best table in case you showed up.

RORY: In case? It was mandatory.

LUKE: What can I get you? Ah, never mind. I'm going to bring you everything you like. I know what you like.

RORY: Sounds good.

LORELAI: Oh, hey! You were with me when I wrote this. [Holding up a notes.] Uh, what does it say?

LUKE [takes the note]: Oh, this is from that stupid Mexican restaurant we went to.

LORELAI: Right. I wrote something on the other side.

LUKE: Man, this place stunk!

LORELAI: I know, but read the back, there. I've got to know what it says.

LUKE: Look what we paid! Unbelievable.

LORELAI: Downright usurious! Now look at the other side, there. The brazzelfrat?

LUKE: They did charge me for that second beer! I never got it.

LORELAI: Scandalous. But the other side.

LUKE: Six bucks for guacamole.

LORELAI [takes the paper back]: Oh, just bring me what she's having.

LUKE: Coming right up. [He turns to leave.]

RORY: So, Luke, wait! You haven't told me anything about yourself. What's new with you?

LUKE: With me? Uh, nothing. We're engaged, your mom and me.

RORY: I know that, but anything else?

LUKE: No. No, why?

RORY: Just wondering.

LUKE: What have you heard?

RORY: Nothing. That's why I'm asking.

LUKE: Well, there's your answer. Nothing. Nothing's new. [Nods.] I'm going to go put in your order, okay?

RORY: Sure.

[He leaves.]

LORELAI: We'll be waiting hungrily!

RORY: Did I inadvertently step into something there?

LORELAI: No idea.

[Lane comes to the table.]

LANE: Mother and daughter, together again, and all is right with the world. Hi, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hi, Lane.

LANE [to Rory]: So. Next Wednesday night, I need you. Tell me you're not busy.

RORY: I'm not sure, why?

LANE: We're doing a showcase. Me and the band. Not a gig, a showcase. And a label's going to be there. [Lorelai eagerly gasps.] I'm shaking! I shouldn't shake, I'm a drummer! It'll mess up the beat. But, my God, we're playing for a label.

RORY: Wow! Lane, I'm absolutely there. This is big!

LANE: Very big. Unless it's a 'Waiting for Guffman' thing and the label guys don't show up. Did I just jinx it?

RORY: I don't know. Let's do that un-jinxing thing we used to do, just in case.

LANE: Good.

[They link pinkie fingers.]

RORY and LANE [solemnly, together]: Jinx back, double pinkie, round the side, double pinkie, jinx back. [Clapping their hands twice together.]

LORELAI: Hey, I want to do that!

RORY: It's a serious thing, Mom! You don't just do it.

LORELAI: Sorry.

RORY: Well, Lane, you guys are so prepared for this. That tape you gave me of your new stuff was awesome!

LORELAI: Hey, what if I jinx it! Do I get to do the un-jinxing thing then?

LANE: If we jinx-back a second time within the hour, it cancels out the first jinx-back.

LORELAI: Sorry.

LANE: So, what were your favorites on the tape?

RORY: Well, 'Melissa' was catchy, and 'Colleen Francine'. But that other one - 'Rebecca in the morning'? That was my favorite.

LANE: Mine too!

RORY: Zach's into songs with girl's names, huh?

LANE: He thinks that's our best shot at radio play. Worked for the Police, the Knack, Franz

Ferdinand.

RORY: Good thinking.

LANE: Hey. Do you want to be our DA Pennebaker? We're borrowing a video camera, and we need someone sober to do the photography.

RORY: I could set my crack pipe aside for the night and do that.

LANE: Thanks! [Taking out her notepad.] You plus one, right?

RORY: Plus one?

LANE: You plus Logan?

RORY: No. Just me.

[Lorelai looks concerned.]

LANE: Oh, okay. How about you, Lorelai?

LORELAI: Working that night, sweetie, but break a leg. Does that get me a hand thingy?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Rats.

LANE: See you guys.

[She leaves.]

LORELAI: So, just you, huh?

RORY: Just me.

LORELAI: Okay!

RORY: As long as you're prying -

LORELAI: I wasn't.

RORY: Briefly, succinctly, Logan and I are not talking right now.

LORELAI: Ah.

RORY: We had a fight. A big one, in public.

LORELAI: Oops.

RORY: I think we just needed a little break, a least I did. It's more like a hiatus.

LORELAI: Well, sometimes a break is good.

RORY: Sometimes.

[Luke brings them their food.]

LUKE: Food. First wave only. Second wave, five minutes.

RORY: Let's dig in.

LORELAI [eagerly]: I hope it's not cold. Oops, I think I jinxed it!

[She holds up her hand and Rory plays along.]

RORY and LORELAI [together]: Jinx back, double pinkie, round the side, double pinkie, jinx back.

LORELAI: Woo!

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[The kitchen is busy with staff and Sookie cooking.]

SOOKIE: Okay, where's the onions for my sauce? Who's my onion man?

CARL: Right here, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Okay, right here, Carl. I need them right there. Okay? Get the shallots in it. It's time. It's time! [She tastes a sauce.] Okay. Needs more garlic. Come on. Godfather it up for me. [To the woman chopping herbs] Good! Good, good, good. Good, good. Okay. If you can travel back in time and make me not make the veal and ham pate, I'd appreciate it. Talk me out of these things in the future, guys.

LORELAI [comes up behind her]: Hello!

SOOKIE: Hello!

LORELAI: Could you step away from the pan, please?

SOOKIE: Honey, do you see a joystick? This is not a game. Okay? It's a heche sauce and it's for keeps!

LORELAI: Put it down!

SOOKIE [turns to Lorelai]: Okay! What?

LORELAI [calling]: Okay!

[Rory comes in, Sookie shrieks in excitement throwing her hands in the air. They hit Carl in the face, knocking him over, a bowl of food is knocked to the floor.]

SOOKIE [hugs Rory]: Oh, my God!

RORY: Hi Sookie!

SOOKIE: You're here! You're with us! Oh, look, I missed you!

RORY: I missed you!

SOOKIE [gasps, to Lorelai]: This means you can set a wedding date. No impediments!

LORELAI: Yeah. I already told Luke.

SOOKIE [breathless]: Hyperventilating! [She gives a thumbs-up signal to Rory and Lorelai how look worried.] Hyperventilating! I was just working on my list of what to make for Thanksgiving and I was wishing you were going to be here and now you are! [Still gasping] Oh my God! What if what I'm wishing for is actually coming true?

LORELAI: Quick! Wish for a Sephora to be built within walking distance.

RORY: Do you need a paper bag?

SOOKIE: I'm good, I'm good. Just happy. [She sighs. Michel enters.]

MICHEL [smiles cheerfully]: Rory!

RORY [amazed]: Oh, hi! Wow, Michel.

MICHEL [back to serious voice]: Hi.

LORELAI: Boy, that was weird.

MICHEL: She just surprised me, that's all. [To Rory] It's kind of okay that you are here.

RORY: It's kind of okay with me too.

SOOKIE [shouting suddenly]: Lunch!

RORY: What?

SOOKIE [points at Rory forcefully]: Lunch! I'm making you lunch!

RORY: But we just -

LORELAI: Don't fight it.

SOOKIE: It just came to me. Kebabs. Okay, drop everything, boys! We're making kebabs for Rory, and pot stickers! Okay, throw everything out. This is a celebration! Woo!

LORELAI: Let's get to higher ground.

[Rory and Lorelai turn to leave the kitchen.]

LANE'S HOUSE

[Band meeting.]

ZACH: Okay, we're opening with Melissa, closing with Dear Maureen. Those are great bookends, it's the middle part that's screwing us up.

GIL: Aw, man, I wish we had one more ballad.

ZACH: I'm half finished with one, but it's not going to be ready in time. [Singing] I saw her, in the mist she came walking by, Stella. Now a blur, made a list of what I like about her, Stella.

BRIAN: Cool!

GIL: Yeah! It's got a nice Fountains of Wayne meets the Shins crossed with Odyssey-era Zombies,

and a mix of early Who and mid-to-late-era Replacements vibe to it.

ZACH: Well, that's what I was going for. Still hunting for that middle eight, you know?

LANE: So, um, it's called Stella?

ZACH: Yeah, I guess. Didn't you like it?

LANE: No, it's good. It's just - it's another girl's name.

ZACH: So?

GIL: If he were singing about dudes, I'd be out the door before you could say 'See ya'!

ZACH: Look, Lane, you know how I write. I think about people that I've known and I draw inspiration from that.

LANE: I know, it's just, no big deal or anything, but have you ever thought to write one about, I don't know, a girl named Lane?

ZACH: Well, Lane just isn't that great of a name for a song.

LANE: But you've already got one called Lorraine. Lorraine is pretty much Lane with an extra syllable thrown in.

ZACH: True, but nothing rhymes with Lane.

LANE: I'm sorry, but a million things rhyme with Lane.

ZACH: Yeah, rain. Pain. All cliché stuff. You're not a writer.

BRIAN: I think you could come up with non-cliché stuff to rhyme with Lane.

ZACH: Wait, maybe I could write one about your Korean name. What was that again?

LANE: Hyung-hyung?

Zach [cringes]: O for two. Look, it's not your fault. You didn't pick your name, your mom did.

LANE: Right. I didn't pick it.

ZACH: Okay, so. Where were we? Oh. Lorraine. Where should Lorraine go?

GIL: Try it after Rebecca.

BRIAN: It's not as good a transition as going from Rebecca to Linda Marie.

ZACH: True is true.

GIL: Man. I wish Stella was ready.

[Lane looks unhappily at Zach.]

DRAGONFLY INN - DINING ROOM

[Rory and Lorelai are sitting at a table piled with food, Lorelai is reading more notes.]

RORY: Three days.

LORELAI: Three days he had the hiccups.

RORY: Poor Paul Anka.

LORELAI: And by sneaking up on him to scare them out of him, he jumped so high, his head split my lip. See the red? My blood.

RORY: Yuck.

LORELAI: Oh. Um, here's a non-fun one. Just to mix it up a little.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Your dad called.

RORY: Wow. It's been, like a year, hasn't it? When did he call?

LORELAI: The very worst possible time.

RORY [rolls eyes]: He's got a knack for that.

LORELAI: I didn't talk to him. He left a message, some of which Luke overheard and it freaked him out.

RORY: That's understandable.

LORELAI: And we argued, see? Arguing's not just for the younger demographic.

RORY: Nice to know.

LORELAI: But then we made up and we had a good talk and then I listened to the rest of Christopher's message and he wants to see me.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: He didn't say. He sounded very chipper. He said he had something very important to discuss with me, and that it wasn't a trick, and that it was an absolute one hundred percent positive thing for me and for you.

RORY: For both of us.

LORELAI: Mm-hm.

RORY: Meaning there's a ninety-nine and ninety-nine one hundredths percent chance that it won't be.

LORELAI: I guess so. So what should I do?

RORY: You could ignore him.

LORELAI: That's dangerous, too.

RORY: It's a slippery slope with Dad.

LORELAI: What could it be about? I mean, he wouldn't dare be in cahoots with Emily and Richard on something, would he?

RORY: He's not that dumb.

LORELAI: Yeah, but he's vulnerable. They prey on the weak.

RORY: But he said it's something positive. It couldn't involve them.

LORELAI: Maybe he's getting back together with his wife.

RORY: Well, that's not technically good news for us, it's just news.

LORELAI: Maybe it's about Gigi. Maybe he's discovered she's a prodigy. Maybe he's calling to invite us to her premiere at Carnegie Hall.

RORY: Playing what instrument?

LORELAI: The flugle horn.

RORY: She's three. We would have read about it in the paper by now. 'Freakishly talented three-year-old flugle horn prodigy discovered'.

LORELAI: It would be very positive news.

RORY: Hm. Well, I'm out.

LORELAI: Me too. '

RORY: I guess there's only one way to find out.

LORELAI: Guess so. [groaning] Brazzlefrat.

RORY: Bendleschnitz.

LUKE'S DINER

[Liz buttering a baking pan standing behind the counter.]

LIZ: Thank you so much, big brother. What a godsend you are.

LUKE: Yeah. God sent me to help you and now he must pay.

LIZ [to a customer]: You know, I've never made dinner for twelve people before. Actually I've never made dinner before. See, I'm making rolls for my thanksgiving dinner tomorrow, and I just don't have the oven space. Or the oven.

LUKE: Just hurry, Liz.

LIZ [to the same customer]: See, I've got a convection oven and a microwave, and that's going to take care of everything else. See, I'm a student of Martha. You know Martha Stewart? She's a genius.

LUKE: Don't bother the customers, Liz.

LIZ: You know, they're all Renaissance Faire people coming to this thing, Luke. You know some of

them.

LUKE: Goody.

LIZ: Larry with the 'k*ll 'em all' tattoo on his face, and Freddy, the guy who doesn't have thumbs.

LUKE: Don't tell me, he's hitch hiking in.

LIZ [laughing]: You're funny. Really, Luke, I'm calling you Yakov from now on!

LUKE: Just try not to be too intrusive, please, Liz?

LIZ: Yes, sir! [She hits the package on the counter over and over again.] Hey, that's fun!

LUKE: Okay. This is not what I call not being intrusive.

LIZ: Okay, I know this. Two 'not's is a double negative which makes it a positive, and - you know what, this is where I always lose my train of thought.

LUKE: You're intruding.

[Liz peels back the paper on the tube and it open up. Laughing, she looks at the dough inside.]

LIZ: Is this one roll? It's crazy!

LUKE: You separate 'em.

LIZ: Oh, boy. My carpal tunnel. That's going to make doing this impossible. [To the customer] Hey, do you mind giving me a hand? [Luke takes the package from Liz.] No, you don't have to do that!

LUKE: Yes, I do.

LIZ: If you insist. [Luke begins to separate the dough and places it on the tray.] I'll, uh, grab me a cup of coffee.

SOPHIE'S MUSIC SHOP

[The band is looking around the shop.]

LANE: So, Sophie, you've done, like, big show gigs before playing the piano. Any advice?

SOPHIE: Don't wear a clown suit.

LANE: Thanks.

Zach [touching a guitar]: Still got my eye on this beauty.

SOPHIE: Just don't put your hand on it.

ZACH: Maybe I'll splurge and get it. You take MasterCard?

SOPHIE: Why, you got one?

ZACH: Just waiting to hear back on the application.

SOPHIE: Keep moving.

Zach [sees a wireless headset microphones]: Oh! Cool! We should all get these.

LANE: Wireless mikes?

BRIAN: Isn't that too Gwen Stefani?

ZACH: Not if we wear 'em. It'll be totally Peter Gabriel.

[Brian plays a tune on a piano.]

ZACH: Hey, dude. That doesn't sound too bad. What is it?

BRIAN: Oh, just a song I've been working on. I don't know if it's any good or not.

ZACH: Chords are good. Any lyrics?

BRIAN: Some. It's called Lane.

[Lane looks up.]

ZACH: It's called Lane?

LANE [pleased]: Who, me, Lane?

BRIAN: Yeah. We were talking about songs and Lane yesterday and I just got inspired.

Zach [not pleased]: Inspired, huh?

LANE [happy]: That's nice! Thanks, Brian!

SOPHIE: Doesn't make me want to be violently ill.

LANE: High praise.

BRIAN: Yeah! Thanks, Sophie!

LANE [to Zach]: We can learn it next week.

Zach [getting bothered]: Look, we came to get picks. Let's get picks, okay?

[Zach walks away. Lane and Sophie look at each other.]

MYSTERY COFFEE SHOP

[Christopher is at a table, waiting. As Lorelai enters he stands up.]

CHRIS: Lorelai. Over here. I snagged the best table in the house.

LORELAI: You slip the guy a buck?

CHRIS: I had to get my fifty cents change. Hey.

LORELAI: Hey, Chris. [They hug.]

CHRIS [looking at Lorelai]: I don't know how you do it, I mean, you always look -

LORELAI: Yeah, well, I get the girls from the Wash & Brush Up company from the Wizard of Oz working for me now.

CHRIS [chuckles]: Good deal. [They sit down.] So, uh, how's our Rory?

LORELAI: Oh, she's good. She's, um, you know. Great. Very busy.

CHRIS: As per usual.

LORELAI: She took a little time off Yale.

CHRIS [pauses]: And the Apocalypse is this week? Next week?

LORELAI: She's back there and she's thriving. She'll be running the world one day.

CHRIS [worried]: You sure?

LORELAI: She's doing great. Trust me.

CHRIS: I do.

LORELAI: So?

CHRIS: So.

LORELAI: What's going on?

CHRIS: Wouldn't you like to know?

LORELAI: Christopher.

CHRIS: This is the funniest thing I've got to do in years. Years! All right? Let me, let me savour it.

LORELAI: Come on! Tell me. What?

CHRIS: My grandfather died.

LORELAI [puzzled]: Um, that's fun how?

CHRIS: Well, that's not the fun part. The old man was ninety eight, long life, great life. His last words were an inappropriate pass at the nurse tending to him. Pretty good one, too. I made a mental note of it.

LORELAI: So your grandfather died.

CHRIS: Well, the old guy was actually pretty cool, and for some reason he always liked me. And he was the Hayden with the purse strings. Long story short, I'm rich.

LORELAI: You're rich!

CHRIS: Ridiculously. I mean, I'm not Bill Gates by a long shot, but I've got money! Can you stand it?

LORELAI [bemused]: Good, Chris. That's good.

CHRIS: And I want to share it. I've set Gigi up with funds for private nursery school and prep school

and college and grad school and post-grad school and Ph.D. school and a wedding and a divorce if she wants it, and another wedding or she can buy a bunch of cats and a lifetime supply of Twizzlers and popcorn if that's her choice. But she's all set, and now I want to take care of you. You and Rory.

LORELAI [shakes her head]: Oh. Oh, Chris, I don't know what to say.

CHRIS: What do you want? A car? How about a Bentley? They're pretty sweet. Or a new house? Or a tract of land to build a new house? I can do that. I can buy you a tract.

LORELAI: Christopher -

CHRIS: Or is there someone you hate that you'd like to say 'I can buy and sell you' to? Because you can have the funds to make that happen. You can crush people with money. You want some people-crushing money?

LORELAI: Oh, Chris, slow down, here.

CHRIS: Come on, everybody needs something!

LORELAI: Including you. Don't forget yourself.

CHRIS: Ah, I bought a new bike, I bought a giant audio system. I'm done. What else do I want? Nothing.

LORELAI: Buy yourself a tract of land.

CHRIS: Come on. Let me give you something. A castle in Ireland? A Civil w*r cannon. A brewery. Yeah! Buy a brewery! That would be cool! You could brew your own beer!

LORELAI: You know, I had a brewery for a while, but I couldn't stand the smell of hops.

CHRIS: Pay off something. Your house. Outstanding bills. Your bookie. Something. Pay off Yale. Pay off your back taxes.

LORELAI: I don't owe any back taxes.

CHRIS: Oh, right, that's me.

LORELAI: Look, Chris, you're very nice to offer, and I love that you're so excited about it. It's great to see you like this. But I'm fine.

CHRIS: You're too un-materialistic. You know, I've always thought that.

LORELAI: If it makes you feel any better, I'll talk to Rory. See if she wants a brewery or a Bentley.

CHRIS: Or a castle! Don't forget the castle.

LORELAI [smiles]: I'll mention the castle.

CHRIS: And it doesn't have to be in Ireland. It can be in Germany, Czech Republic, Scotland, Narnia.

LORELAI: I'll leave nothing out.

CHRIS: Okay. So, you hungry?

LORELAI: A little.

CHRIS: Eh, let's eat. [He chuckles.] I'm paying for lunch!

SHOWCASE GIG

[The band is setting up the equipment, ready for a sound check. Zach is not there yet.]

BRIAN: This is the first club I ever went to. I was underage and snuck in and saw Granddaddy in one of their first concerts.

LANE: Cool.

GIL: I remember once throwing up in that corner, and some dude slipped in and had to go to the hospital, and I stole the chick he was with and shacked up with her for like a week and a half.

LANE: Another fun memory.

GARY [off stage]: How about it, guys? You about ready to do this?

LANE: Just a few more minutes, Gary.

BRIAN: Where's Zach?

LANE: I don't know. He's coming separately.

GIL: Here he is. [Zach comes on stage.] Where you been, man?

ZACH: What? Are we punching time cards now?

BRIAN: You almost missed sound check!

ZACH: Well, almost means I didn't miss it. Just set up your amp, okay?

BRIAN: Whatever.

ZACH: But not there. I'm not liking the setup here.

GIL: This is how we always set up.

ZACH: That's why it looks stale. Do you want it to look stale?

LANE: No, we don't want that!

ZACH: We're going to need room for the new guy, too.

BRIAN: New guy?

LANE: What new guy?

ZACH: Hey, Joel! Come over here, buddy. [Joel enters.] This is Joel. He's going to sit in on tambourine.

JOEL: How you doing?

LANE: Good, Joel. Um, we added a new guy?

GIL: On tambourine?

ZACH: He's going to fill out our sound.

GIL: But the only reason to have a tambourine is if it's being played by a hot chick. No offense, Joel, but you're not a hot chick.

ZACH: Yo! Gary! [Holding up the wireless mike.] See this? Remember it. It's mine. I don't want it sucked into the club's gear when I'm not looking.

GARY: What, the Gwen Stefani mike?

ZACH: It's not a Gwen Stefani mike. And don't take it.

LANE: You bought that mike?

ZACH: It means I can crowd surf. The audience loves that.

JOEL: They do. They love crowd surfing. Dig.

ZACH: Figure I'll stage side right after our guitar solo.

LANE: Hey, can I talk to you for a second? [Pulling him to one side.] What is wrong with you?

ZACH: Nothing. Why?

LANE: You added a band member without telling us?

ZACH: Well, it's my band, right?

LANE: Uh, no, actually, we're supposed to be a democracy.

ZACH: Is this coming from Brian?

LANE: No, it's coming from me! I'm just - concerned.

ZACH: Well don't be. And don't be a huge mega bumner before our big show. That's not cool.

LANE: Okay, I'm sorry.

[Joel waves the tambourine around, everyone stares at him and Gil turns away.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

[Rory is at the table in the kitchen using her laptop, her cell phone rings.]

RORY: Hello?

PARIS [in the newspaper room at Yale Daily]: Hey, it's me.

RORY: Who's me?

PARIS: Oh my God. You don't recognize your best friend's voice.

RORY: Sorry, Paris. There's noise here.

PARIS: So, I'm returning your call.

RORY: Thanks! I just wanted to tell you something. [Rolling her tongue.] Brrrr! I'm coming back to Yale!

PARIS: What was that sound?

RORY: That was a drum roll.

PARIS: You really had to drum roll that? Of course you're coming back. What are you going to do without a college degree? Drive a forklift?

RORY: Well, I was calling to ask you if you could keep your eyes and ears open for a place for me to live.

PARIS: Mid-year like this, it's going to be tough.

RORY: I'm not picky. Plus I want to come back to the Yale Daily News. That's a given. Where are you right now, by the way?

PARIS: I'm here. At the Daily News.

RORY: By yourself?

PARIS: No, everyone's here. I just like a super-quiet atmosphere. No extraneous talking, and I've even had the computer keyboards deadened.

RORY: So they're getting no break for Thanksgiving?

PARIS: I put up a fold-out paper turkey and I laid out some Oscar Meyer.

[Lorelai enters the kitchen.]

RORY: Nice. Well, keep an eye out for a place for me, okay?

PARIS: Will do. See you.

RORY: Thanks. Bye. [To Lorelai] So? No sign of crying or hair being pulled out. The thing with Dad went okay?

LORELAI: It was fine. He was telling the truth. There was nothing too horrible. Except for the frings.

RORY: The what?

LORELAI: Oh, the combo basket of fries and onion rings. Good in theory, but -

RORY: So what did he want to talk to you about?

LORELAI: Well, his grandfather died.

RORY [understanding]: Oh.

LORELAI: Apparently it was one of those un-sad deaths. Like Buddy Hackett.

RORY: No-one was sad about Buddy Hackett?

LORELAI: No one I saw on the news. Anyway, he left Chris money. A lot of money. And now he's offering to shower us with it. You want a Bentley?

RORY: I don't think so.

LORELAI: How about a castle?

RORY: What would I do with a castle?

LORELAI: I'm simply relaying the offer.

RORY: Dad should keep the money for himself.

LORELAI: Are you sure there's nothing you want? A brewery, a Faberge egg, or let's see, what else did he mention? Um, paying for Yale through a Ph.D., uh, vacations, a cannon from the Civil w*r - functioning, by the way, so it's not just show. It seemed like the sky was the limit, although he didn't mention the Hoover Dam, so maybe there is a cap of some sort.

RORY: Actually, I think maybe there is something I'd want.

LORELAI: Really? Okay, what?

RORY: I would maybe let him pay for Yale.

LORELAI: Seriously?

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: Wow.

RORY: Unless it's too much.

LORELAI: I think it was the cheapest of all the things he mentioned.

RORY: It's just that there would be residual benefits. It would get me out from under Grandma and Grandpa's thumb, which sounds really good to me right now.

LORELAI: Well. I can't say I don't relate.

RORY: I don't want them to be holding anything over my head. I don't want to owe them anything. There's too much pressure. Too much expected. There are too many strings with these people.

LORELAI [holds up her hands to stop her]: Okay. I'm getting very uncomfortable with the Freaky Friday moment we've got going on here, 'cause it means I have to go to Yale, you have to run the inn, and oh, God, I don't even like thinking about what it would mean for Luke.

RORY: It's feeling better by the second, this idea.

LORELAI: You do understand, you'd basically be cutting Mom and Dad off.

RORY: You don't know what it was like to be living there.

LORELAI [insulted]: Hello, oppressed one, class of eighty-five!

RORY: But you got out.

LORELAI: No, no. You were only there for three months. You're not in my league. We can't swap w*r stories yet.

RORY: They had their Reverend come over to talk me out of having sex. They never did that to you.

LORELAI: Five times they did that to me! The last time they triple-teamed me with a priest, a rabbi and a Mormon missionary. I made so many jokes that night, I should have had a microphone and a brick wall behind me. And I never got a forty thousand dollar sex house.

RORY [frowns]: A what?

LORELAI: You don't want to know.

RORY: Look. I know it's a slippery slope. Dad is Dad.

LORELAI: Yes, he is.

RORY: But I'm pretty sure I want to do this.

LORELAI: Well, if you're sure, you're sure. We'll call him.

RORY: We'll call him.

LORELAI: He's going to be happy!

RORY: Not as happy as me.

LORELAI: Good.

[Lorelai get up and pats her head.]

SHOWCASE GIG

[Rory is at a table, people are gathering for the show. Lane comes up to Rory's table.]

LANE: Hey. Hey!

RORY [standing up]: Wow! You look almost intimidatingly cool.

LANE: Thanks.

RORY: Everyone ready?

LANE: Pretty much, although sound check was a little weird.

RORY: Well, you know what they say. Weird sound check, good gig.

LANE [nodding]: Who says that?

RORY: Well, just me. But I'm hoping it'll catch on.

LANE: See those two guys? Those are the label guys.

RORY: Oh. I'll be careful not to hurt them when I start violently slam-dancing. You're going to be great.

LANE: Thanks. I should get back there. We have this pre-show thing we always do.

RORY: Good luck! [She sits down and Lane goes backstage.]

BACKSTAGE

[The band is doing it final tuning for the show which is about to start. Zach is checking his wireless microphone.]

ZACH: Test. Test. Test. [angry.] Monitor check! Monitor check! Test! Test! Test! Test! Where'd they get these monitors, the Kremlin? Test! Test!

GIL: It's your wireless mic, dude. It's not working.

ZACH: Well, did somebody touch it? Because it was working before.

LANE [entering]: One minute, guys.

ZACH: Who says one minute? We go on when we go on! No-one tells Axl Rose when he goes on, he goes on when he feels like it.

BRIAN: You're comparing yourself to Axl Rose?

ZACH: Don't get in my face, Brian.

BRIAN: I'm not.

ZACH: Go write some more songs if you've got a problem.

ANNOUNCER [OS]: All right! Welcome to the New Deck!

Zach [balling up a piece of paper and it throwing away]: Listen, we're throwing out the set list.

LANE: What?

ZACH: Keep up. I'm going to be calling out tunes like Jack White.

BRIAN: But we rehearsed in this order. We've got transitions.

ZACH: Yeah! REO Speedwagon had transitions, too! You want to be REO Speedwagon? We should have brought the smoke machine!

ANNOUNCER: We've got a special showcase for you tonight. Give it up for Connecticut's own Hep Alien!

LANE: Wait, wait, we didn't do our lucky pre-show thing!

[The stage curtain opens up.]

GIL: Lane, count it down!

BRIAN: What are we playing?

LANE: Yeah, what are we playing?

ZACH: Check, one, two, check, check!

GIL: Dude, what are we playing?

ZACH: I need to be hotter in the monitor, Gary! Wake up, dude!

BRIAN: Come on, let's start!

JOEL: Hey, I know that guy.

ZACH: We'll start when I'm ready. This is my stage.

GIL: Come on, let's do Rebecca.

Zach [into the mic]: Just hang on, it's worth waiting around to see the band that's going to get the biggest record deal in history.

[The audience begins calling out 'Play!' and booing.]

GIL: This is pathetic.

MAN IM AUDIENCE: You guys suck!

WOMAN IN AUDIENCE: Freebird!

[Brian takes a step toward Zach.]

ZACH: Hey! Knock it off.

BRIAN: Knock what off?

ZACH: You know what you're doing! Get back to your mike. [He kicks toward Brian.] Get back!

LANE [disgusted]: Zach!

GIL: Don't kick him.

ZACH: Get off my stage if you've got a problem! Nobody's going to tell me what to do on my stage with my band!

GIL [to Joel]: Dude, you need to find another place to stand. I'm not going to tell you again.

BRIAN: If he moves, he's going to block Lane.

ZACH: Oh, yeah, you don't want Lane blocked, do you?

MAN IN AUDIENCE: Come on!

ZACH: This is a song called Stella.

LANE: We haven't learned that song!

BRIAN: Let's go back to the set list!

Zach [takes off his guitar]: No, we're not going to do that. I'm here to destroy the system so stay out of my way! [He kicks toward Brian again.]

GIL: Hey!

ZACH: And you don't need to -

[A fight breaks out, Gil jumps on Zach. Brian and Lane try to break up the fight. The crowd starts throwing things and booing. Rory is still filming them and jumps back. The crowd cheers as the curtain closes.]

OUTSIDE THE CLUB - BACK DOOR

[Zach is sitting on the step outside the club, pouting when Lane comes outside, she looks mad.]

ZACH: Dude broke my wireless mike.

LANE: Zach. What is wrong with you?

ZACH: Nothing.

LANE: Nothing! This was a disaster. The guys from the label were there! They showed up! It was our shot! We worked so hard to get to this point, and we blew our big shot! [Almost crying] What the hell is wrong with you? [Zach shrugs.] You let me down tonight. You let down Gil, you let down Brian -

ZACH: I don't want to hear about Brian!

LANE [pleading]: Zach!

ZACH: This is what it is, okay? Maybe this is why people in bands shouldn't date.

LANE [shocked]: Yeah. [She starts crying and nods.] I guess so.

[Lane goes back inside leaving Zach who hangs his head.]

MYSTERY COFFEE SHOP

[Lorelai and Rory enter as Chris gets up.]

CHRIS: Hey, guys!

LORELAI: Happy Thanksgiving!

RORY: Hey, Dad!

[Chris kisses Rory on the cheek as they hug.]

CHRIS: God, I've missed you! Have you grown? She's grown!

LORELAI: Only in my estimation.

CHRIS: I, I cannot tell you how jazzed I am to see you on Thanksgiving! You know, we've never seen each other on Thanksgiving.

LORELAI: Oh, God, is that true?

RORY: I think so.

CHRIS: I know so. So, uh, what's this about?

LORELAI: I filled Rory in. I mentioned the brewery, and the castle.

CHRIS: The Oompa Loompas?

LORELAI: Those too. And, um - well, you want to take it?

RORY: Dad, I - I thought about it, and Mom and I talked about it, and I think it would be really great if you could pay for Yale.

CHRIS [happy]: Absolutely, absolutely! Nothing would make me happier.

RORY: Good. Thank you.

CHRIS: I am there, I am so there.

LORELAI: That's great.

CHRIS: Let me pay for Chilton too.

LORELAI: Well, that's already taken care of.

RORY: You know, Yale's kind of expensive.

CHRIS: But I'm loaded - didn't you tell her? I'm loaded!

LORELAI: I told her.

CHRIS: So, how do I do this? Do I give you the cash, or do I pay Yale? Do they take checks or does it have to be a money order? What is a money order anyway? I mean, how is it different from a check? Isn't a check a piece of paper forwarding money? What's the difference?

LORELAI: Whoa, Chris, slow down.

CHRIS: This makes me so happy, I can't tell you, Rory.

RORY: It means a lot to me, Dad. This was excellent timing, believe me.

CHRIS: Well, it means more to me.

[Rory's cell phone rings, she looks at the Caller ID.]

RORY: This is the paper in Stamford. Excuse me.

CHRIS: Hey, try to steal a pie on the way out.

RORY: Okay. [She goes outside to answer the call.]

CHRIS: Thanks for making this happen, Lor.

LORELAI: Hey, it wasn't me. It's what she wanted.

CHRIS: Well, thanks for giving her the choice.

LORELAI: My pleasure.

CHRIS: So can I ask you something?

LORELAI: Sure.

CHRIS: It involves the E word and the R word.

LORELAI: Please, let's not discuss evolution or recycling. They're just too hot-button.

CHRIS: Weren't Emily and Richard paying for Yale?

LORELAI: Yes, they were.

CHRIS: Something going on there?

LORELAI: Everything's fine.

CHRIS: Why'd she take time off? What happened there?

LORELAI: It's - it's a long story. Listen, Chris, just so we're clear -

CHRIS: We're clear. I'm providing. That's it. I'm just doing what I should have done years ago.

LORELAI: Good.

CHRIS: And it will remain good. Honest.

LORELAI [satisfied]: Okay.

CHRIS [reluctantly]: So how long have you been engaged?

LORELAI [sighs]: Who told you?

CHRIS [laughing]: Your finger.

LORELAI: Oh. [She looks down at the ring.] Blabbermouth.

CHRIS: It's a good thing. I want you happy, I always have.

LORELAI: I know, thank you.

CHRIS: But, this isn't going to be a weird thing with you and him, is it? My paying for Yale.

LORELAI: No, it's not going to be.

CHRIS: Well, cool. You're getting a Rolls for a wedding present, you know.

LORELAI: Cool, I should register for a driver to go with it.

CHRIS: Well, yeah, they're too big to drive by yourself.

LORELAI: No, God, you've got to have somebody drive you.

LUKE'S DINER

[Luke show some customers out.]

LUKE: Bye, now. Have a nice - [Hearing a crash in the kitchen.] - Thanksgiving. Huh? [He goes to the kitchen see what happened. Liz comes out with a tray of burnt food.]

LIZ: My rolls exploded!

LUKE: What do you mean, they exploded?

LIZ: They turned black and they exploded!

LUKE: Well, clean them up. I'm not going to -

LIZ: My turkey! [She puts the tray down to run upstairs.]

LUKE: Liz? [Luke follows after her.]

LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Liz enters the apartment with Luke right behind.]

LIZ: Oh, boy, oh, boy!

LUKE [looking at the mess]: It's like Motley Crue's been here.

LIZ [looks in to the oven]: Good, that red button thingy hasn't popped up yet.

LUKE: Look, you're way over-cooking your stuffing, here. [He turns down the burner.]

LIZ: Hey, how do you turn on your oven light? Never mind, I'll check my Martha.

LUKE: How to turn on my oven light is not going to be in your Martha Stewart book.

LIZ [sits down and opens her cook book]: Hey, that red pop-up thingy. Are turkeys born with that or is that something they put in?

LUKE: I don't know, why don't you ask Martha?

LIZ: Oh, she knows. She knows everything.

LUKE [looks into a pot]: Hey, you're going to have to get some canned cranberry sauce. Your homemade - well, it's not red. It should be red.

LIZ: I know, I don't know how that happened.

LUKE: Well, everything seems kind of under control here.

LIZ: Thanks, Luke. I'm so sorry, TJ thought the microwave was working but I guess not.

LUKE [nodding]: It's okay. [He stares at the floor for a minute, then takes a deep breath and looks at Liz.] Liz -

LIZ: Look at Martha's hands! They're so white!

LUKE [seriously]: Liz, you got a minute?

LIZ: Yeah, big brother, I got a minute.

[She closes the book as he sits down at the table.]

LUKE [sighs as he presses his hands to his mouth]: Um, this is hard, I - I feel like this giant weight's been sitting on me, I just - I just need someone to talk to.

LIZ [frowns, then shrugs]: Well, then talk.

LUKE: I've got a kid.

LIZ [shocked, but happy]: A kid? You've got a kid?

LUKE: A girl. A little girl. She's twelve. I am her father.

LIZ: Oh, boy, oh boy!

LUKE: She came to the diner out of the blue and she was testing to see who her father was. Not for money or anything, it was for this science fair she was in. She's smart.

LIZ [cheerfully]: Oh, boy, oh, boy!

LUKE: So I went down to the fair and there she was. You know, and there I was. My picture, the DNA test. [laughing nervously.] She's mine.

LIZ: Twelve, huh?

LUKE: Twelve.

LIZ: That's Anna Nardini, isn't it?

LUKE [stunned]: How'd you know?

LIZ: Luke, you're not Warren Beatty. I mean, you could have been, girls like you, but you're a serial monogamist. That's why you're you. I remember Anna, I liked her!

LUKE: I don't know what to do. I'm just so confused.

LIZ: Well, what did Lorelai say? [Luke looks down.] You haven't told her.

LUKE: We're engaged, we're on track here, her and me. And Rory's back, so that's settled now. We're in a good place! You know, this could wreck it.

LIZ: It won't wreck it. Not unless you let it.

LUKE: She's been out there twelve years, this little girl!

LIZ: What does Anna want from you?

LUKE: That's the thing. Nothing. She hasn't contacted me. I mean, why hasn't she? She could have called me. What? Does she think I'd be a deadbeat?

LIZ: Oh! No one would think that.

LUKE: April doesn't want anything either. That's her name. April. You know, it's all just very scientific with her. I couldn't even get her to go for ice cream with me.

LIZ: Whoa. [thinking] Did you offer cake?

LUKE [puzzled]: No.

LIZ: Maybe she wanted cake. Or pie. You offer pie?

LUKE: No.

LIZ: Maybe she wanted pie. Or fudge.

LUKE: It's not about what I offered her, Liz. She didn't have any interest. You know, that's the thing. Why should I feel burdened? I mean, they're not reaching out. Neither one of them. So why should I?

LIZ [shaks her head]: I don't know -

LUKE: I mean, the girl's got her life. She seems very adjusted, a little weird, but thriving. Anna's got her life, I've got my life, you know. I shouldn't worry about this. I mean, why should I? There's no reason to.

LIZ: I guess not.

LUKE: Good. Good. [He sighs and is relieved.] I'm not going to worry. I'm going to let it go. [smiles.] Yeah, this has been good. Thanks for listening, Liz. I feel better. [Liz nods.] Well, you should get back to your food, there. This is settled.

LIZ: Okay.

LUKE: All right. There's your Martha. [He pushes the cook book to her.]

LIZ: Thanks.

[Luke gets up and leaves, pats Liz on the head as he goes by. Liz watches Luke leave the room.]

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Sookie is happy as she gets a third turkey out of the oven and puts in on the counter with other two.]

LORELAI [entering]: Everyone's here, everyone's hungry!

SOOKIE: Perfect timing, 'cause Tree, Chuck and Bob here are ready to be consumed.

LORELAI: Please, don't name the food we eat.

SOOKIE: Sorry.

LORELAI: So are you ready to carve? [She picks up a fork and pokes 'Chuck'.]

SOOKIE: We're ready to carve. I could use some help, though. Maybe send Luke in. [She slaps Lorelai's on the hand.]

LORELAI: He loves to carve.

SOOKIE: There's enough food, right? Did I make enough food?

LORELAI: There's plenty, even considering the extra guests.

SOOKIE: Good. Go tell them it'll be five minutes.

LORELAI: Will do.

DINING ROOM

[Luke and Rory are at the table next to one another. Stu from the Renaissance Faire is next to Luke and is playing a stablign game with a knife and his fingers, There is a cheer at the table when he finishes]

LIZ: Huzzah! You're so good at that, Stu! Really. Too bad you didn't put all that effort into something you can make money at.

STU: Thanks, Liz. [To Luke] So, when are you coming back out on the Renaissance Faire circuit with us, Luke?

LUKE: I think sometime after I'm drugged and lobotomized.

[Everyone laughs.]

STU: You're the funniest, smartest guy I know, Luke.

LIZ: I'm calling him Yakov from now on.

LUKE [to Rory]: Please don't judge me by this.

RORY: I won't. Yakov.

LORELAI [entering]: We're just minutes away from eating, everybody!

LIZ: Oh, I can't wait to see this meal! My dinner didn't turn out like Martha's picture. Who knew a turkey could melt like that? I didn't.

LORELAI [to Rory and Luke]: Hey, guys, when'd you sneak in?

LUKE: Oh, just a couple minutes ago.

LORELAI: How'd you like to carve for us?

LUKE: I'll carve if you want.

LORELAI: Bless you. Um, let me talk to you over here for a second first.

LUKE: Oh, okay.

[They go in to the next room.]

LORELAI: So.

LUKE: Yeah?

LORELAI: Um. That Christopher call from before, the famous one?

LUKE: The infamous one.

LORELAI: Oh, you remember that?

LUKE: I remember it.

LORELAI: Well, I never filled you in on the content. He said he wanted to talk and he said it was important, so I met up with him.

LUKE: Oh, yeah?

LORELAI: Yeah. He's come into a lot of money, family money. And he offered Rory and me lots of things we didn't want or need, but Rory took him up on his offer to pay for Yale. It was her idea and I support it. That's it. So he's going to be financing her tuition this year and next year and, um, we got together today at a diner to finalize it, and that's it.

LUKE [shrugs]: I think that's great.

LORELAI: Really?

LUKE: Yes. I think that's absolutely great.

LORELAI: You heard the part about how I got together with Christopher?

LUKE: Absolutely. You had to, to talk about this. He's her dad. He's her dad. If he's got something, he should be sharing it, good for him. He's been gone most of the time, so he owes you. I'm glad he's doing it. He's doing what a dad is supposed to do. He's taking care of his kid. Good. Good.

LORELAI: Yeah, good. So you're good with this.

LUKE: I am.

LORELAI: And so we're good.

LUKE: We're great.

LORELAI: Thank you for understanding.

[They kiss.]

LUKE: I'm going to go carve.

LORELAI: Okay.

DINING ROOM

[Liz walks by the table and see Rory.]

LIZ: Oh, Rory, have you met Freddy? He has no thumbs.

RORY: No, I haven't. Hi, Freddy. [She goes to shake his.]

FREDDY: Hi! [As he extends his hand Rory's phone rings. She looks at his hand with no thumb.]

RORY: Excuse me. [She goes into the library and answers her phone.] Hello?

HONOR: Rory, hi! It's Honor Huntzberger.

RORY: Oh, hi, Honor. How are you doing?

[The scene cuts between Rory and Honor who is outdoors and pacing back and forth, smoking and with a drink in her hand.]

HONOR: I've been exiled. My parent's house is eleven thousand square feet and smoking is banned from every nook and cranny of it. Only because Mom stopped smoking again. So, here I am, freezing my ass off.

RORY: Bummer.

HONOR: So, I thought I'd call and tell you what a drag it is, this thing with you and Logan.

RORY: Oh, yeah?

HONOR: When Logan said you two broke up, I almost threw a lamp at him.

RORY [shocked]: Oh.

HONOR [unaware]: Moron. He's his own worst enemy.

RORY: He told you that we broke up?

HONOR: Well, I was wondering where you were for Thanksgiving, and at first young Seacrest hemmed and hawed, which wasn't sufficient, so he finally told me. Idiot. Him, not you.

RORY: Right.

HONOR: I'm so sorry. But you and I can still go shopping, you know. Bergdorf's is calling.

RORY: Yeah. Sure.

HONOR: Good. Well, I have to get back inside before I turn into an ice cube. Are you at least having a nice Thanksgiving?

RORY: Yeah. It's really nice.

HONOR: I'll be in touch.

RORY: Sure. Thanks, Honor.

HONOR: Bye.

RORY: Bye. [She hangs up the cell phone.]

KITCHEN

[Sookie's is watching Luke closely as he tries to carve one of the turkeys.]

SOOKIE: Okay, that's too thin, too thin!

LUKE: I'm just getting started, give me some room.

SOOKIE: Okay, that's too thick, too thick, too thick!

LUKE: Hang on, Sookie. [Taping the knife on the turkey.]

SOOKIE: You're crooked. Crooked.

LUKE [handing Sookie the knife]: Okay.

SOOKIE: Good idea.

[Sookie starts to happily carve the turkey. Luke start to go back to the dining room, but then goes into the pantry. He picks up a phone and dials information.]

OPERATOR: Information, listing please?

LUKE: Yeah, uh, Nardini?

OPERATOR: City?

LUKE: Woodbridge.

OPERATOR: Please hold.

LUKE: Thanks.

MACHINE'S VOICE: Press one to be connected to area code -

[Luke presses one and the phone start to ring, an answering machine picks up.]

APRIL'S VOICE [on the machine]: Hello. You've reached the Nardini residence. We're not home, or else we're too distracted to answer right now, so -

[Luke hangs up in a rush, he sighs and looks at the phone for a minute. He leaves and goes back to the dining table and sits down between Liz and Lorelai.]

LORELAI: She kick you out?

LUKE: What? Who?

LORELAI: Sookie.

LUKE: Oh, yeah.

LORELAI: Predictable.

LUKE: Yeah, predictable.

[Rory comes from her phone call, not too happy either.]

LORELAI: Hey! You okay?

RORY [quietly]: Kind of.

LORELAI: You sure?

RORY [half-smiles at her]: I'm just hungry.

SOOKIE [entering]: Dinner is served!

[The food starts to come out. Both Rory and Luke looking sad, sit quietly as everyone starts to chatter and eat. Paul Anka's song "Eye of the Tiger" starts to play at the screen fades to black.]

Episode End

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