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05x08 - The Party's Over

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05x08 - The Party's Over

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

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[Elder Gilmore Pool House: terrace]

LORELAI: I smell meat, is that meat?

VALET: Why, yes, miss, it is meat.

LORELAI: Oh, he called me miss. There's meat and a miss, I'm happy.

RORY: What's the occasion?

RICHARD: Well, I thought we might like some appetizers with our cocktails tonight.

LORELAI: Would we ever.

VALET: The first batch is ready, sir.

RICHARD: Wonderful, on the table please.

LORELAI: Mm, God it smells good.

RORY: I love a good steak on a stick.

RICHARD: Me, too.

RORY: We should form a club.

LORELAI: Steak-On-A-Stick club.

RICHARD: We could have t-shirts made up.

RORY: Grandpa, I've never seen you wear a t-shirt.

RICHARD: Well, I've just never found a proper occasion.

LORELAI: Hmm. To the proper occasion. [They toast.]

RICHARD: I'll drink to that.

EMILY [storming in]: I knew I smelled something, you're barbecuing!

RICHARD: So what?

EMILY: So what? The agreement was the girls have drinks with you and dinners with me!

RICHARD: We are having drinks. Drinks and appetizers.

EMILY: Those are not appetizers! Those are skewers!

LORELAI: Little skewers.

RORY: Little tiny skewers.

EMILY: This is not tiny! [She rips a skewer from Lorelai's hand as she's about to bite.]

LORELAI: Mom, that's mine!

EMILY: This is a main course and a cheap way of cheating me out of my dinner.

RICHARD: You are the most paranoid woman I've ever met.

EMILY: I highly doubt that.

RICHARD: You were the one who designated the drinks portion of the evening to me.

EMILY: You love drinks.

RICHARD: Drinks last one hour at most. Then you get the dinner portion, which can last several hours. Especially the way you structure things. You get more time. I should at least be able to serve appetizers with my drinks.

EMILY: Fine. I'll leave. Have you drinks and your appetizers. [Points at

RORY and Lorelai.] You two better be hungry when you get inside, or else! [Leaves.]

LORELAI [whispers, mimicking]: Or else!

RORY: Sounds serious.

LORELAI: So, one more?

RORY: Well, two more at the most.

LORELAI: Yeah, 'cause she was really mad.

RORY: Mm-hmm.

[Elder Gilmore house: dining room]

[Awkward silence.]

EMILY: Something wrong?

LORELAI: No, why, why?

EMILY: You're not eating.

LORELAI: No, I am eating.

EMILY: You've taken two bites.

LORELAI: Two really big bites.

EMILY: Rory's taken none.

RORY: I did, you just missed it.

EMILY: You're full.

LORELAI: No!

EMILY: He can't stick to a simple agreement! He makes deals all the time in business, but "drinks there, dinner here", somehow that's too difficult for him to manage.

RORY: He was just -

EMILY: He was trying to upstage me. He was trying to make his part of the evening the "fun" part. He's a child. A spoiled four-year-old. I should take his dump truck away and send him to bed without supper. Or, as he calls it, appetizers.

LORELAI: Mom, seriously, we are starving. Look. Mmm, wow. [To Rory] Eat some carrots, eat some carrots.

RORY [weakly]: Carrots. Delicious.

EMILY: Well, if you're both that hungry, you must want more. Olga! Good timing! The girls are famished. Load 'em up.

[Olga serves up more food. A cell phone rings.]

EMILY [scolding]: Lorelai!

LORELAI: What? It's not me!

RORY: It's me, Grandma. I'm sorry. [Checks caller ID] I have to take this. Promise I'll be quick. [She gets up to leave.] Hello? Hi. No, now's fine.

EMILY: Who's she talking to?

LORELAI: How should I know?

EMILY: Well, you're the one who taught her to leave her cell phone on at the dinner table.

LORELAI: That's for safety, Mom. In case someone forces her to eat five chickens and she has to call 911.

EMILY: She's talking to a boy, isn't she?

LORELAI: I don't know.

EMILY: She certainly sounds like she's talking to a boy. Does she have a new boyfriend?

LORELAI: Mom!

EMILY: Did she finally meet someone at Yale?

RORY: I don't know.

EMILY: Oh, of course you know!

LORELAI: Because I'm the one who taught her to leave her cell phone on at the dinner table?

RORY [coming back in]: Sorry, Grandma. That won't happen again.

EMILY: That's all right. So, who were you talking to?

RORY: Dean, you remember Dean?

EMILY: The boy who made you the car?

RORY: Yep.

EMILY: I didn't know you were still seeing him.

RORY: Umm, well, we got back together recently.

EMILY: Really? Well, that's a surprise, isn't it, Lorelai?

LORELAI: I know. I'm floored!

RORY: He's been working crazy shifts lately and I've had so much schoolwork that we keep missing each other, so I told him to call me tonight.

EMILY: Well thank you for telling me. I'm just glad I got to hear it from you and didn't have to pick it up on the street somewhere.

LORELAI: 'Cause you hang out on the street so often, Mom, you and Melrose Larry Green.

EMILY [Glares at Lorelai, then turns to Rory]: So, are you happy with this

DEAN?

RORY: Yes, I am.

EMILY: Well, good. Now eat up, we have the fish course coming.

LORELAI: Fish course?

EMILY: Yes, Olga makes a mean pickled herring.

LORELAI: Oh. Well. What a delightful skill.

[Elder Gilmore house: exterior]

[Rory and Lorelai walk sluggishly out of the house.]

RORY: Grandma's mean.

LORELAI: If it flew, swam or crawled on this earth we just ate it.

RORY: I can't breathe. [Lorelai pinches her.] Ow! What was that for?

LORELAI: 'Cause you told my mother about Dean.

RORY [rubbing her arm]: What do you mean?

LORELAI: Well, I was totally covering for you with the phone call, and then you waltz back in and just tell her?

RORY: My arm is swelling up!

LORELAI: You were totally off the hook. I was very skillfully covering for you. Well, not skillfully, but there was a certain aplomb to my evasiveness.

RORY: I'm not going to lie to Grandma about Dean. Why should I?

LORELAI: Because she's her.

RORY: Mom, I am with Dean. She's already met him, Grandpa's already met him, what is the problem besides this permanent welt on my arm?

LORELAI: All right, fine. [sighs] You know, I'm actually hungry.

[Pool house. A knock on the door. Richard goes to answer it.]

EMILY: We need to talk. [She walks in, uninvited.]

[Opening credits.]

[Luke's Diner. Lane is refilling the coffee pot.]

LANE [to Luke]: The man at table three wants to send an orange juice to the woman at table four.

LUKE: As long as he's paying.

LUKE [To Liz, reading a paper at the counter]: If someone who wants to eat comes in here...

LIZ: I'm outie, I got it.

LORELAI [Coming in]: Hey, Lane.

LANE: Hi! Oh, potential hookup at table four!

LORELAI: Oh, wow, diner love. "Over easy" takes on a whole new meaning. [Sits at the counter next to Liz.] Hey, Liz!

LIZ: Hey!

[They hug, genuinely happy to see each other.]

LORELAI: I didn't know you were back!

LIZ: Yeah, just cruised in.

LORELAI: Well how are you? How's TJ?

LIZ: He's great. He's gotten taller.

LORELAI: I'm so glad to hear it.

LIZ: So you and my brother, uh?

LORELAI: Yeah, well...

LIZ: I'm so jazzed. I want private details.

LUKE: Tell her nothing.

LORELAI: Really, nothing? Not even about your Canadian mountie hat?

LUKE: Liz, you have been sitting there for over an hour.

LIZ: I know. I'm almost done.

LORELAI: Whatcha doing?

LIZ: TJ and I are thinking about buying a winter place, you know, something nice for when the Renaissance Fair season's over.

LORELAI: You're moving to Stars Hollow?

LUKE: No.

LIZ: Thinking about it. There's some great places for sale around here.

LUKE: They're not for sale, they've all been sold.

LIZ [ignoring him]: Plus there's a few stores around here that are willing to sell my jewelry on consignment. And I'd like a house, you know, with a fence and a lawn...

LUKE: No lawns in Stars Hollow, we had them taken out.

LIZ: Hey, how much did you pay for your house?

LUKE: Oh, don't ask her that. You can't ask people questions like that.

LIZ: Why not?

LUKE: 'Cause you can't! [To Lorelai] Don't tell her how much you paid for your house. [To Liz] You don't want to live here.

LIZ: Yes I do.

LUKE: It's too quiet for you.

LIZ: I like quiet.

LUKE: You do not like quiet. TJ does not like quiet. He likes monster trucks, and baboons that get really mad at the zoo.

LIZ: That's true, he does like that.

LORELAI: Luke, stop. You're going to like living so close to your family.

LUKE: Yes, I've seen how much you enjoy living so close to yours. What can I get you?

LORELAI [Looks at the menu]: Hmm. Nothing looks good.

LUKE: I'll make you a burger.

LORELAI: I don't want a burger.

LIZ: Make her your gumbo. Oh, he makes the most amazing gumbo.

LORELAI: You make gumbo?

LIZ: And great Mexican food.

LORELAI: Really?

LIZ: Makes his own tortillas.

LUKE: Gotta make your own tortillas. The ones in the package are crap.

LIZ: And garlic soup, and paella... He was really into lasagna for a while, got obsessed. Made hundreds of lasagnas trying to find the perfect recipe. He wore an apron -

LUKE: Okay! Liz, you don't even live here yet.

LIZ: Fine. I gotta bail anyhow. TJ's meeting me at the realtor's office.

LORELAI, it was great seeing you again.

LORELAI: You too!

LIZ: Later, bro.

LUKE: Uh-huh.

[Liz leaves.]

LORELAI: You've been holding out on me.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Um, paella, gumbo, lasagna king?

LUKE: You know, I have many talents, okay?

LORELAI: I know. I mean, the way you keep that mountie hat perfectly balanced the entire time we're -

LUKE: Okay, so, if you keep making mountie hat jokes, you're going to eventually believe that there's an actual mountie hat.

LORELAI: Well, I'm very impressed. Or at least I would be, if I had any proof of these extraordinary cooking skills of yours.

LUKE: Okay. I'm going to cook you the most amazing meal of your life.

LORELAI: This weekend?

LUKE: Stop making the mountie jokes and you're on.

LORELAI: Deal. Blueberry muffin to go?

LUKE: You got it. [He gets the muffin. She's looking at him strangely.] You're still picturing me in a mountie hat, aren't you?

LORELAI: Uh-huh.

LUKE: How do I look?

LORELAI: Mm, I'll tell you this weekend.

[She leaves, Kyon enters. Lane rushes over.]

LANE: You cannot put those flyers here! I'm surprised that my mother told you that you could, but you can't! So, go stand on a street corner like I had to do, ages six through fourteen! [Kyon just stands there.] Go! What?

KYON: I'm so hungry.

LANE: What?

KYON: It's flaxseed muffin month. Flaxseed muffin in the morning, flaxseed muffin at night. I'm having trouble lifting my toothbrush.

LANE: Okay, come here.

KYON: Not fast, please.

LANE: Sit.

KYON: She made a lot of food with flaxseed. It lasts a very long time.

LANE [Sets down a plate of fries]: There.

KYON: What's this?

LANE: Fries.

KYON: But Mrs. Kim, she says that fries are the devil's starchy fingers.

LANE: They're hot and delicious and they don't have any flaxseed in them.

KYON: But they are a gateway food. They lead into harder things. Pizza, movie popcorn, deep fried Snickers bar...

[Lane waves the fries under her nose.]

KYON: Oooh. [takes a bite.] Oh, my.

LANE: Welcome to America.

[Yale: cafeteria.]

RORY: So now I've got three days to do this comparative religion paper, and the teaching fellow who runs our group spends all his time explaining to us how much he disagrees with the professor, and - what are you looking at?

PARIS: That guy over there is staring at me.

RORY: Which guy?

PARIS: The one in the Santa Claus red sweater.

RORY: Professor Prady?

PARIS: Shh! He'll hear you.

RORY: You think Professor Prady is looking at you?

PARIS: He is more than looking at me. God, this is so annoying. Ever since word leaked out about me and Asher, every faculty member over fifty thinks I'm easy.

RORY: Paris, I don't think Prady's hitting on you.

PARIS: You are so naive. He's practically licking his lips. You sleep with one old guy, and suddenly you're Catherine Zeta-Jones.

[Rory's phone rings.]

RORY: Hello?

EMILY: Rory, it's your grandmother.

RORY: Oh, hey, Grandma.

EMILY: Your grandfather is here also.

RICHARD: Hello, Rory. How are you?

RORY: Fine, Grandpa, and you?

RICHARD: We're wonderful, thank you for asking.

EMILY: Rory, we're sorry to bother you at school, but next Friday your grandfather and I agreed to host a little Yale alumni event at our house.

RICHARD: It completely slipped our minds the other night.

EMILY: So we'll have to cancel our usual Friday night dinner.

RORY: Oh. That's okay.

EMILY: However, we were wondering if maybe you'd like to come.

RORY: Me?

RICHARD: The alumni always like to meet the next generation of Elis, and plus, we'd love to be able to show you off to all of our friends, wouldn't we, Emily?

EMILY: Yes, we would!

RICHARD: You might even make a few connections that could come in handy somewhere down the road.

EMILY: Please come! We'd hate to miss our weekly Rory fix. And I promise you, there won't be any chicken.

RICHARD: Or steak on a stick. [They laugh, the whole conversation sounds very rehearsed.]

RORY: Well, sure. I'd love to come.

RICHARD: Wonderful. Your grandmother and I are thrilled.

RORY: Is it fancy? What should I wear?

EMILY: Oh, just pick out a pretty little dress.

RICHARD: And bring that face.

RORY: Well, the face comes with the package.

EMILY: Oh, and I know you usually come at seven, but could you make it at six instead?

RORY: Six is fine.

RICHARD: We'll see you Friday.

RORY: See you Friday. [She hangs up.]

PARIS: What's going on Friday?

RORY: My grandparents are having a party.

PARIS: Damn it. [She gets up.] Dean Treadwell just came in. He's been throwing sex daggers out his eyes at me all week. [She picks up her plate and leaves. Rory turns around and sees a feeble-looking old man with a cane entering.]

[Luke's diner.]

LANE: Chili fries, extra cheese and onions.

KYON: Thank you. [Folds her hands.]

LANE: Didn't you just say grace?

KYON: Yes, but that was for the soda.

LANE: Kyon, tip, if you pray over every single thing you eat you might never be able to leave the table. Breakfast will run into lunch which will run into dinner.

KYON: I'm telling God I'm thankful!

LANE: He gets it. Do a blanket thank you and move on.

[Zach bursts in.]

ZACH: We've got free passes to Tory's band on Saturday.

LANE [excited]: No! Seriously?

ZACH: Totally seriously. All we have to do is carry the equipment and we are in.

[Lane shrieks and jumps on him.]

ZACH: Okay, cool, you're jazzed. So I'll tell him it's a go?

LANE: It's a total go.

ZACH: You free for dinner tonight?

LANE: We'll discuss it when I get home.

ZACH: Okay. Bye.

LANE: Bye.

[Zach leaves, while Liz and TJ enter.]

TJ: Ladies and gentlemen, I am in escrow.

LUKE: You're what?

TJ: I am in escrow, I've got the paperwork to prove it.

LUKE: What is he talking about?

LIZ: We bought a house!

TJ: Beautiful. White.

LUKE: You just started looking.

LIZ: I know, we bought the first home we saw.

LUKE: Oh, Liz.

LIZ: No, I'm telling you, I walked into this place, and just felt it.

LUKE: Felt what?

LIZ: The vibe.

TJ: That's right, she felt the vibe and now I'm in escrow.

LUKE: Did you at least have an inspector look at this place?

TJ: Hey, we don't need some guy with a clipboard to tell us what we already knew, which was this

white house was for us!

LIZ: Please don't be worried about this, the place is great.

TJ: It's on a corner, it's got room for a pool, it's air-conditioner ready, it's, uh, landscaper ready, it's lawn ready, and it's got three bedrooms, if you build on two.

LUKE: It's got a roof, right?

TJ: Of course it's got a roof. And as soon as we replace it it won't leak as much.

LIZ: Just be happy, okay?

LUKE: Oh, sure.

TJ: That's right, buddy, smile, man, 'cause I'm in escrow! [yells out] Coffee! On the house! You like that, on the house?

LUKE: You're paying for coffee for the entire diner?

TJ: What am I, made of money? I'm in escrow! Throw in the coffee, buddy, we're celebrating.

LANE: I got it.

LIZ: You're not really bugged we're moving here, are you?

LUKE: Does he even know what escrow means?

LIZ: I doubt it, but he's so happy.

TJ [High-five-ing strangers]: I'm in escrow. [To Kyon] Give it up, sister, I'm in escrow.

[Yale: Rory is walking the halls talking on her cell phone.]

RORY: So, you're off the hook.

LORELAI: Off the hook, for what?

RORY: Friday night. Grandma and Grandpa are having a party for their Yale alumni friends.

LORELAI: Really? This is news!

RORY: So you're free as a bird.

LORELAI: Wo-ow, Friday night without my mother! I don't know if I can deal! You might have to come over and force-feed me pickled herring and tell me what a disappointment I am. Hey, you want to go to the movies?

RORY: Can't, I'm going to the party.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: They asked me to.

LORELAI: Huh. Okay. I can get you out of it.

RORY: Mom -

LORELAI: Whoop, hold on, just a moment. Let me formulate a plan.

RORY: I don't need to formulate a plan, I want to go.

LORELAI: You don't want to go, you feel obligated to go. That's very different.

RORY: Mom, they're giving the party together.

LORELAI: Ooh, I got it. Transfer to Harvard, then you won't be invited.

RORY: Are you listening?

LORELAI: Rory, they're just manipulating you.

RORY: Yes! Exactly! Them. Both of them, together. They called me together. They were on the speakerphone together, which means that they were in the same room, at the same time, together.

LORELAI: So what you're saying is, they were together?

RORY: Exactly!

LORELAI: Whose antennae are up besides mine?

RORY: Maybe they made up.

LORELAI: They would have told us.

RORY: They didn't tell us they broke up.

LORELAI: Yes, but that's because it looked bad. They didn't tell people I was pregnant 'till my eighth month. My mother kept getting numbers for fat farms from her friends.

RORY: They sounded so happy. They sounded like they used to.

LORELAI: Are you sure you want to go?

RORY: I'm sure.

LORELAI: All right. Don't let Grandpa and his cronies make you sing Whiffenpoof songs all night.

RORY: I won't.

LORELAI: Well, I'm sorry I'm not going to see you on Friday.

RORY: Well, how about I come by after? I can stay the night and then you can take me shopping on Saturday.

LORELAI: Ah, the lucky girl.

RORY: Okay. Bye.

[Stars Hollow street: newsstand.]

ZACH: Hey, Amir! Where's this month's Guitar magazine? I wasn't done reading it yet.

AMIR: You buy it, then you read.

ZACH: What kind of bogus system is that?

AMIR: It's the bogus system called this is a magazine stand, where people come to buy, not hang out and read for free!

ZACH: That's a long freaking name for your bogus system, buddy.

[Mrs. Kim storms across the street.]

MRS. KIM: You! You dirty, filthy devil boy! You will pay for this. You will burn in hellfire for this! You will swim in the sludge with Satan's hell-dogs, and feed them your innards for eternity!

ZACH: Ah, is this about the magazine?

MRS. KIM: She's an innocent girl. And you are a wild pig of filth! I know! I know all you do! You think you can hide from me? That you can carry on your dirty, filthy schemes without me finding out?

ZACH: I'm really, really lost right now.

MRS. KIM: I heard about it! Kyon told me. She told me about your hands on

LANE. You put your hands on Lane! My Lane! And before God, I swear that you will be punished. Because that is what happens to all swine that walk up tall!

[She storms away, leaving Zach bewildered.]

[Doose's storage room.]

DEAN: Okay. So, we have today for your dining pleasure a choice of sandwiches. All fairly fresh, though slightly dented so as to afford me the eighty percent employee discount that Taylor throws in with the paycheck.

RORY: He's a heck of a humanitarian, that Taylor.

DEAN: Ah, we have a battered chicken salad, a bruised tuna salad, a ham that survived the creamed corn assault of 2004, and something grey.

RORY: Toss that.

DEAN: Gotcha.

RORY: Well, this is a very nice spread you've assembled here.

DEAN: Well, when you're dating an Ivy League girl, you have to pull out all the stops. Chip pieces?
[offers her a bag]

RORY: Yes, please.

DEAN: I'm glad we got to do this today.

RORY: Me too.

DEAN: We haven't been able to see each other much lately.

RORY: Well, we're here now, right?

DEAN: Yeah. Right.

RORY: Hey, did you ever read my story?

DEAN: Which story?

RORY: The one about the Life and Death Brigade.

DEAN [hesitates]: Uh, yeah, I did.

RORY: You like it?

DEAN: I did like it. I like everything you write.

RORY: Do you think I painted the picture interestingly enough? Because I tried to be objective, to a certain extent, but it is a feature piece, so I wanted to have some human spark, you know?

DEAN: I thought it was good.

RORY: Nothing specific, though?

DEAN: Hey, you're the writer. I can't critique these things. I just know that I read it and I was interested.

RORY: Well that's what counts. [pauses awkwardly.] Okay, so, let's talk about tonight.

DEAN: Let's talk about tonight.

RORY: Okay. I'm going over to my grandparent's at six. I figure I'll go in, make the rounds, say hello, eat a cheese puff, then you can meet me outside the house at eight-thirty and we can hit a movie in Hartford or something.

DEAN: I don't want you ducking out of your grandparent's party early if it's going to be a big thing.

RORY: Hey, don't you want to get together with me?

DEAN: You know I do.

RORY: Okay then. No more talk, it's settled. Eight-thirty, out front, I'll be the one in the party dress with the jeans and a purse. I'll have to take a pretty big purse, but desperate times call for desperate actions. Deal?

DEAN: Deal.

RORY: How long have we got?

DEAN: Uh, fourteen minutes till my lunch break's over.

RORY: Okay then. Cheers.

[Luke's apartment: Luke goes to open the door. Lorelai is wearing a french maid's apron.]

LORELAI: Bonjour.

LUKE: What's all this?

LORELAI: This is as close as you're going to get to me cleaning up tonight. Hi.

LUKE: Hi.

[They kiss.]

LORELAI: Man, something smells crazy good in here. Oh my God, what are you making?

LUKE: Lamb and artichoke stew, penne with pesto and potatoes, roasted garlic with rosemary focaccia, tomatoes stuffed with bread crumbs and goat cheese, and ricotta cheesecake with amaretto cookies to go with your coffee.

LORELAI: You're the perfect man.

LUKE: Thank you.

LORELAI: I used to think it was Kelsey Grammer, but it's not. It's you.

LUKE: Finally, I'm one-upping Grammer. You want some wine?

LORELAI: Yes, please. [digging through a bag she brought with her.] Okay, so I brought a little ambience [pulls out candlesticks] and a little Clooney.

LUKE: George?

LORELAI: Rosemary. Oh my God, this is so great. I mean, besides the fact that it's an evening of you, it's also the first Friday in many many moons that I'm not at my parent's house and that knowledge is giving me a really warm, fuzzy feeling right about now. Meaning that if, by some chance, your meal winds up sucking, I might not even notice.

LUKE: Excellent to know. [Hands her a glass of wine.] To the warm and fuzzies.

LORELAI: Perfect.

[a bell rings in the kitchen.]

LUKE: Oh, I'm down to the artichokes.

LORELAI: You know, it may have choked Artie, but it ain't going to choke me. Some Little Rascals humor there for ya.

LUKE: I know.

LORELAI: You know? You are the perfect man.

[Elder Gilmore's house. Servants are rushing about getting things ready for the party.]

EMILY: Just move them so people can navigate around them comfortably. Not that far apart, not that far apart! Good Lord, if someone needs that much room to get around a chair they shouldn't be at a party, they should be on a treadmill.

RORY: Hey, Grandma.

EMILY: Rory! Oh, look at you! Will you look at her? [yells at a servant] I said look at her! Isn't she beautiful?

SERVANT: Yes, very beautiful.

EMILY: I love this dress, very elegant!

RORY: Thanks, Grandma. The place looks wonderful!

EMILY: Oh, there's too much blue.

RORY: It's Yale alumni, there can't be too much blue.

RICHARD: Emily, I noticed the bartenders weren't planning on using proper martini glasses. [Sees Rory.] Well, Rory, how lovely you look tonight.

EMILY: Doesn't she? This dress is divine. But you know what? My hairdresser's upstairs in my bedroom right now, why don't you go on up and have her do a little something with your hair?

RORY: My hair?

EMILY: Just for kicks. Come on, I'll take you up. Richard, could you -

RICHARD: I have it all under control.

EMILY: Thank you. Come on!

[Lane's apartment. Zach is pacing back and forth as she enters.]

LANE: Oh, you're home. Do you want to talk about dinner?

ZACH: Um, sure, or about how your mom totally att*cked me today.

LANE: What?

ZACH: I'm standing out on the street in broad daylight, and, like, out of nowhere, bam! She was in my face, crazy and screaming!

LANE: Zach! Slow down, I don't understand.

[She makes him sit.]

ZACH: She cursed me, Lane! What's not to understand? She went on and on about burning in hellfire and swimming in Satan's sludge, and hell-dogs eating me, and I gotta tell you, it sounded bad.

LANE: I don't understand. Why would she?

ZACH: 'Cause she knows, okay? She knows everything! She sees everything, you know that.

LANE: She doesn't know everything, Zach.

ZACH: Well, she knows about you and me, and she's sending me to hell for it, and I've got to tell you this is not cool. This is not rock and roll.

LANE: I know, I'm sorry.

ZACH: I don't do parents. I'm not that guy. Nobody brings me home to Mom for a reason, okay? I'm a total backseat, in the closet, jump out the window dude, all the way.

LANE: I just don't understand how she found out. I mean, it's not like she's ever seen us together, or... I know who told her.

ZACH: I can't do this crazy scary short chick screaming at me on the street.

LANE: Zach, I'm sorry. I promise, it will never happen again! I will take care of it.

ZACH: What about the hellhounds?

LANE: I will take care of the hellhounds too.

ZACH: 'Cause Hellhounds is a cool band name but the positive imagery stops there.

LANE: I got it. It's done.

ZACH: Okay. Fine. I've gotta go walk by a church or something. [He leaves.]

[Luke's apartment.]

LORELAI [setting the table]: Hey, this is the same stuff from the diner.

LUKE: Yep.

LORELAI: Pilfering silverware from the diner!

LUKE: It's my diner.

LORELAI: Yes, but it's wrong. You should have boundaries in your life, leave work at work. You need a work life and a home life and the silverware is your work life. I'm so telling Dr. Phil on you.

[Luke laughs. A knock at the door.]

TJ's VOICE: Luke! You in there? Open up! Luke!

[Luke runs to the door and opens it.]

LUKE: What the -

TJ: You're home! Good!

LUKE [stammering]: Don't come in!

TJ: Your sister!

LUKE: TJ, this is really -

TJ: Do you know how many people told me not to get married? They said women make you crazy, they burrow in your head and you can't get them out! Women suck! Oh, hey, Lorelai.

LORELAI: How are you doing, TJ.

LUKE: I'm assuming you guys had a fight.

TJ: Not just a fight, a whammo monster of a fight. It was like Jake Lamotta and I was that blonde chick he was married to.

LUKE: You'll make up. Bye. [Tries to lead him out the door, TJ slams it shut.]

TJ: I mean you'd think I took a shot at the Pope, the way she talked to me. I'm sorry, I didn't hear her when she asked for the beer, and preset station numbers are there for a reason!

LUKE: Okay, look at the table and the candles, okay? This is not a good time.

TJ: You're telling me? I'm in escrow!

LUKE: Okay. Hold on. [To Lorelai] Go stir the sauce.

LORELAI: Me? But, I can't cook.

LUKE: It's not cooking, it's stirring.

LORELAI: No, I'm not good with big spoons, unless there's ice cream on the end - okay.

LUKE: TJ, what is this all about?

TJ: She's crazy, man, she goes nuts! And she yells at me like... there's a register that her voice reaches when she yells that only a freaking dog can hear, but her face is so twisted and contorted that you know she's hit that register, and it's amazing! It should be on the Discovery Channel or something.

LORELAI: Um, excuse me. How fast am I supposed to be stirring here?

LUKE: Just keep it from sticking. [To TJ] I am really sorry you had a fight, but you're married now. You can't run out every time you have a disagreement. Now, go on back.

TJ: I can't go back!

LUKE: TJ!

TJ: I'm not ready, it's all too fresh!

LORELAI: It's bubbling and turning brown.

LUKE: It's fine.

LORELAI: Well, what constitutes sticking?

LUKE: You can't ruin it.

LORELAI: I can, I have powers. Once the Barefoot Contessa was making a soufflé and when it fell, she looked out the TV and said, "Gilmore, was that you?"

LUKE: You've gotta go, man!

TJ: Just let me hang out here.

LUKE: No!

TJ: Just for a little while! Right in here, in the corner. Very quiet. You won't notice me at all.

Churchmouse, buddy.

[Luke sighs and goes to the kitchen]

LORELAI: I'm getting carpal tunnel syndrome.

LUKE: I got it.

[TJ whimpers and starts to sob in the corner.]

LUKE: He just needs a minute.

[Elder Gilmore house: Emily's bedroom. Rory is seated in front of a vanity.]

EMILY: Oh, yes, that's very nice. I love the lashes.

RORY: Grandma, this is really nice, but -

EMILY: Just a little more cheeks.

RORY: Shouldn't we be getting down to the party?

EMILY: Yes. One more minute now. [Opens her jewelry box] Let's see here, this might do it.

RORY: Grandma, I couldn't -

EMILY: Diamond necklaces were invented to be worn, they're doing nobody any good just sitting in a box. Perfect, do you like it?

RORY: Well, yes it's beautiful, but -

EMILY: It needs earrings! I agree!

RORY: No, it's fine on it's own, really!

EMILY: Your grandfather bought me these earrings on our first trip to Denmark. He swears he bought them off the ne'er-do-well brother of the king who stole them from the queen - have you ever heard such a thing?

RORY: No.

EMILY: Ah, I have a wonderful idea! Have you ever worn a tiara?

RORY: Well, when I was four...

EMILY: You look like a princess.

RORY: Grandma, are you sure you want me wearing all this stuff? They must be very expensive, and if something should happen -

EMILY: Nothing's going to happen, and yes. You look exactly the way I want my granddaughter to look to all our guests. Shall we?

RORY: Okay.

EMILY: It's going to be a wonderful evening.

[Coming down the stairs]

EMILY: Everyone, here's Rory!

[The room oohs and aaahs.]

RICHARD: You look absolutely royal.

RORY: Well, it's probably the crown.

RICHARD: Emily, you did a fine job.

EMILY: Thank you, Richard.

RICHARD: Oh, uh, Rory, I'd like you to meet Min and Argus Head and their son Andrew. Andrew, this is my granddaughter Rory.

ANDREW: Nice to meet you.

RORY: Nice to meet you too.

RICHARD: Andrew will be at Yale Law next semester.

EMILY: Isn't that wonderful?

RORY: It is, especially if you want to be a lawyer.

[All laugh.]

EMILY: Well, we need to make the rounds. You two can talk more later.

RORY: It was nice to meet you.

ANDREW: You too.

EMILY: Rory, we'd like you to meet Deanna and Chase Anderson and their son Donnan.

DONNAN: It's a pleasure to meet you.

RORY: You too.

RICHARD: Donnan is going to run his father's shipping business one day.

EMILY: Our own Aristotle Onassis with infinitely better table manners.

DONNAN: Nothing's written in stone yet. We'll see what kind of pension plan the company has, and then -

[Polite laughter.]

EMILY: Rory's going to be a journalist. Take the world by storm, the two of you should talk later.

DONNAN: Definitely.

RORY: Okay, well -

RICHARD: Oh, Rory, Bunny and Napoleon Barnes and their son Kip.

KIP: Nice to meet you.

RORY: Oh, hi, Kip. It's nice to meet you.

EMILY: Kip is captain of the polo team.

RICHARD: Hell of a player. Give those Windsor boys a run for their money.

KIP: William and Harry are good guys. Decent horsemen, terrible bridge players.

RORY: Um, Kip, will you excuse us for a second? I need to talk to my grandparents. It was nice to meet you, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes.

EMILY [to Kip]: Make sure you two talk later.

KIP: Yes, ma'am.

RICHARD: Yes, Rory?

EMILY: Are you enjoying the party?

RORY: The party is very nice, Grandma. I was just wondering, do your alumni friends have any daughters?

EMILY: Daughters? What do you mean?

RORY: Well, I was just noticing that there are a lot of boys here but not that many girls.

RICHARD: Really? I hadn't noticed. Did you notice, Emily?

EMILY: Why no, I haven't. Huh, well. I will have to pay more attention to the guest list next time, won't I, Richard?

RICHARD: Yes, you will.

EMILY: I promise you, we will throw another party just for our friends with girls. But in the meantime -

RICHARD: Ah, the Campbell boy is here.

EMILY: Oh, good, let's go. [To Rory] Campbell, like the soup!

[Luke's apartment.]

LORELAI: Oh my God, this is good. I mean this is seriously good.

LUKE: Glad you like it. [Camera angles so that we can see TJ sitting almost directly behind Luke.] How you doing, TJ?

TJ: I just need a minute.

LUKE: He said that thirty-five minutes ago.

LORELAI: Well, he's not crying now, so -

LUKE: I want him to leave.

LORELAI: I know. He will.

LUKE: Sure there's nothing I can do for you?

TJ: Just thirty seconds. That should do it.

LORELAI: Would you like something to eat, TJ?

LUKE: Why are you asking him if he wants something to eat?

LORELAI: He's been sitting there for half an hour, he might be hungry.

LUKE: He said thirty seconds. You're going to make the thirty seconds go longer.

LORELAI: TJ, we've got plenty.

TJ: That's very kind of you, Lorelai. I appreciate it. Being in escrow and everything. But I don't want to interrupt your evening. As soon as I gather myself I'll be going. Ten more minutes?

[Luke is struggling to keep his cool.]

LORELAI: Mmm.

[Elder Gilmore's party. Rory is in the middle of a group of guys looking extremely bored.]

YOUNG MAN #1: Look, you can go A.M.G. but you're still going stock Mercedes.

YOUNG MAN #2: Okay, are you seriously knocking 493 horses at 6100 rpm's coming out of a 5.5 litre, 24 valve V-8?

YOUNG MAN #1: Okay, well, let's say you go with the SL-55.

RORY: Um, I'm sorry. Would you all excuse me for just a -

YOUNG MAN #1: Yeah, sure. So the SL-55. Look, at least go aftermarket on its ass.

[Rory escapes into Richard's study. She sits down at the desk and picks up the phone.]

[Cuts between Luke's apartment and Richard's study.]

LORELAI: I told you.

RORY: You told me what?

LORELAI: Whatever has happened at that party you got rooked into tonight. I told you.

RORY: Do you want to hear or do you just want to gloat?

LORELAI: Well, I'm a multi-tasker.

RORY: So I get here, and Grandma immediately whisks me upstairs where her hairdresser and makeup artist are waiting to make a new me.

LORELAI: 'Cause the old you was so last season.

RORY: Then I come downstairs to find that the guests are all Yale friends of Grandma and Grandpa's and their sons.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: No girls! All boys, and me!

LORELAI: You're kidding.

RORY: Nope. I feel like I'm being auctioned off.

LORELAI: They suck, my parents suck.

RORY: This is a very silly picture.

LORELAI: They know you're with Dean, 'cause by the way you told them.

RORY: It's okay, I just thought you'd like to know.

LORELAI: Do you have a pencil?

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: 'Cause there are twelve ways out of that house that they don't know about. Write this down. First, the basement. It's a little dusty, but almost foolproof. If you can't get there, grab a screwdriver and jimmy the back of my mother's closet. There's a false back.

RORY: Mom -

LORELAI: And if they haven't trimmed the trees yet, the second guest bathroom window opens out onto the massive elm and you can shimmy right down.

RORY: I am not going to shimmy. I don't need to sneak out, it's fine. Dean is picking me up at eight thirty, I can manage till then.

LORELAI: They played you, kid.

RORY: Yeah, I know.

LORELAI: I hate that they did that.

RORY: Well, it's done. Okay, I should go. In this crowd they will definitely notice me missing. I'll see you later.

LORELAI: Bye, hun.

LUKE: What's the matter?

LORELAI: Nothing a little patricide won't solve.

[A phone rings in the Elder Gilmore's kitchen. A maid picks up and answers in Spanish.]

LORELAI: Oh, hello, I'd like to speak to Richard or Emily.

MAID: Que?

LORELAI: I'd like to speak to Richard and Emily Gilmore.

MAID: No comprendo. [more Spanish.]

LORELAI: Is there someone there who speaks English? I hear English in the background. [Knock at Luke's door. Luke gets up to answer it.] Oh, right there! I heard the word salmon. Could you pass the phone to the person who said "salmon"? Uh-huh.

[At the door.]

LIZ: Is he here?

LUKE: Yes. Get him out, please!

LORELAI: Emily Gilmore. Senora Emily Gilmore?

LIZ: TJ, come on, let's go.

TJ: I cannot deal with you right now.

LIZ: You can't just barge in here like this.

TJ [insulted]: I did not barge! Do not accuse me of barging!

LIZ: You are ruining their evening!

TJ: No, I am not! I'm just sitting here, I'm not saying anything!

LUKE: Okay, you two just go downstairs and talk! Please!

LIZ: You are unbelievable, you know that?

TJ: I do, as a matter of fact.

LIZ: I hadn't even come out of the bedroom and you'd gone!

TJ: I wasn't gonna stick around so you could yell at me!

LUKE: Okay! This is enough! The both of you just have to shut up right now, I've got neighbors!

LIZ: You don't even have your shoes on!

TJ: I've got shoes on!

LIZ: You've got my shoes on!

TJ: Oh, so I guess all that "what's mine is yours" was just a bunch of crap also! [He takes off the shoes and hands them to Luke.]

LIZ: You know what? I am fed up with you and the drama, I can't take it! My head's going to explode from all your freaking scenes and your tantrums!

TJ: My tantrums?

LIZ: I cannot look at you. [She locks herself in the bathroom.]

LUKE: Liz, what are you - [To TJ] Go get her out of there!

TJ: Nope, that's exactly what she wants!

LORELAI: Okay, never mind. I'll call back. Bye.

LUKE: TJ!

TJ: Damn. I had almost gotten myself together. Now I have to start all over! [Starts crying.]

LUKE [to Lorelai]: She's in the bathroom.

LORELAI: Okay. You go try to calm him down and I'll go see if I can talk to her.

LUKE: You were right. Having family near is fun!

[Elder Gilmore's patio.]

JORDAN: Rory?

RORY: Mm-hm?

JORDAN: I'm Jordan. Your grandmother sent me over here. Apparently we're made for each other.

RORY: Oh, gee. Well, how convenient.

JORDAN: There's nothing like having your family play matchmaker. How old are you?

RORY: Me? I'm, um, almost twenty.

JORDAN: All right, good. Just making sure everything's legal. You need a drink?

RORY: No, not a drink.

JORDAN: Why? Get a little crazy when you drink?

RORY: Yes. That's it.

JORDAN: I'd like to see that.

LOGAN: Rory. There you are, I've been looking everywhere for you. [He puts his arm around her.] I'm late, I'm sorry, don't be mad. Logan Huntzberger.

JORDAN: Uh, Jordan Chase.

LOGAN: Good to meet you, thanks for keeping my girl busy. If you hadn't, she would've noticed exactly how late I am and then she mighta left and that would have been very, very bad.

JORDAN: Excuse me, I'm sorry - you're with her?

LOGAN: Going on a year and a half.

JORDAN: Great. What the hell am I doing here? [He walks away.]

RORY: Oh, thank you.

LOGAN: You looked cornered.

RORY: I was.

LOGAN: Well, glad to be of service. Man, I hate these parties.

RORY: Not really my bag either.

LOGAN: But at least the bar is stocked, and I must say your grandmother has excellent food.

RORY: Wait, my grandmother?

[Richard comes up behind them.]

RICHARD: Logan? How are you, son?

LOGAN: I'm very well, sir, and yourself?

RICHARD: Oh, I'm fit as a fiddle! It's good to see you. Are your parents here?

LOGAN: Wandering around here somewhere. Mom is obsessed with Emily's new draperies.

RICHARD: Ah, yes. Emily has exquisite taste in fabrics. All right, Rory. Since I see that you are in capable hands I will make another round and end up at the bar.

LOGAN: It's been good to see you, Richard.

RICHARD: Good to see you, Logan. [He moves away.]

RORY: You know my grandparents.

LOGAN: My folks are good friends with Richard and Emily. Okay, so. Lesson One in coping with painfully boring parties, form a sub-party.

RORY: Where are you going?

LOGAN: Finn!

RORY: Finn's here?

LOGAN: Finn!

[Finn comes out on the patio.]

FINN: You rang?

LOGAN: Time for a change of venue.

FINN: Oh, fantastic. [To Rory] Do I know you?

[Mrs. Kim's home: front porch, Lane knocks. Kyon answers.]

LANE: Is my mother here?

KYON: No, she's at Mrs. Cho's house. Mrs. Cho thinks that she lost some weight, and Mrs. Kim went to give it back to her.

LANE: Good. Why did you rat me out to my mother?

KYON: Rat you out?

LANE: You told her about Zach.

KYON: The boy you hugged?

LANE: Yes! You told her, I'm just a little mystified as to why you would do that.

KYON: Mrs. Kim has taken me in.

LANE: No, I took you in. You came to me, starving, and I gave you fries. You did like the fries, right?

KYON: Very, very much.

LANE: Okay, so that is we what we call in America a bonding thing. I gave you the fries and you are not supposed to tell on me to my mother!

KYON: What am I supposed to do?

LANE: Nothing. You say nothing, you do nothing.

KYON: But she would know!

LANE: She would know what?

KYON: She would know I lied, she would know I'm ungrateful and I keep a secret from her!

LANE: How would she know?

KYON: She know!

LANE: No, she no know! She is not magic!

KYON: Yes she is! She read thoughts and hand gestures!

LANE: Come here. [She makes Kyon sit down.] If you want, I can help you.

KYON: Help me?

LANE: What do you do every Sunday between noon and four?

KYON: I study.

LANE: And then?

KYON: And then I wait for Mrs. Kim to get home from her Crochet for Christ group with her sister.

LANE: Okay. And what do you do while you're waiting?

KYON: Nothing. I sit quietly.

LANE: Okay. Now wouldn't you rather, let's say, watch some television while you're waiting for my mother to get home?

KYON [shaking her head]: Oh, I cannot!

LANE: Why?

KYON: Mrs. Kim does not want me to watch the television!

LANE: And how would she know?

KYON: Because, there's a little machine in the television set that will tell her what I watch!

LANE: Ha!

KYON: What ha?

LANE: That machine does not exist.

KYON: It does not?

LANE: Nope. It took me fifteen years to figure it out, but that's the truth.

KYON: So she cannot know?

LANE: She also cannot smell fast food on you even after you've showered.

KYON: She can't?

LANE: And she can't tell how many times you've opened your bible by staring at your palm.

KYON: My head spins!

LANE: And you don't have to hand out all those religious flyers she gives you. Just post enough of them around here regular route home and she'll think the job is done.

KYON: I think I need to lie down.

LANE: It's a whole new world, Kyon. A world I fought long and hard to figure out and I'm willing to pass all my knowledge on to you.

KYON: So, I can eat fries, watch TV if I get home early from not giving out my flyers?

LANE: I wouldn't bring the fries into the house. She has a really good nose. But you're thinking big, and I respect that.

KYON: I can watch the TV!

LANE: Stick with me, kid, and I'll have you wearing lip gloss within a month.

[Luke's apartment. Liz and TJ are still fighting in the bathroom, and

LORELAI is still on the phone.]

LORELAI: Emily and Richard Gilmore! Oh, come on! I know you speak English. I heard you yell "salmon" earlier. My mother put you up to this. Fine. [Hangs up.]

LUKE: What are they doing in there?

LORELAI: Um, fighting?

LUKE: And how long can you fight in an eight by ten room?

LORELAI: Well, maybe they're not fighting. Maybe they're having angry make-up sex.

LUKE: Now that makes me feel much better, thank you. Sorry about dinner.

LORELAI: Aw, dinner was great. It was delicious and interactive -

LUKE: Okay, I don't know how long this is going to continue.

LORELAI: Well, we could set fire to the place. Smoke 'em out.

LUKE: Listen, you don't have to sit here. I'll deal with this. You go home.

LORELAI: Are you sure?

LUKE: Yep. They are my family. Yippee. I'll deal with it. [Puts the cheesecake in a container.] You take this and go home, and we will try again tomorrow.

LORELAI: Wow! My own cheesecake. No man's ever given me a whole cheesecake before.

LUKE: You remember that.

LORELAI: Mm-hmm. Hey, maybe when I get home I'll stir something, seeing as I'm so good at it. Thanks for dinner.

[They share a steamy kiss.]

LUKE: Thank you for not being related to me.

[Lorelai snickers.]

LUKE: That came out wrong.

LORELAI: No, I got it. Goodnight.

LUKE: 'Night.

[She leaves.]

[Elder Gilmore pool house.]

COLIN: Gilmore, your grandfather has appalling taste in Scotch.

RORY: I think you should go on inside and tell him!

COLIN: If he hasn't learned by now I certainly can't teach him.

LOGAN: Colin, make sure you refill that bottle with something, we don't want Ace over here to get busted.

COLIN: I know. I know.

LOGAN [To Rory]: Refill?

RORY: Sure, why not?

FINN: Because drinking is bad. It's very, very bad and we're bad for doing it. Spank me.

RORY: I think the hangover tomorrow will be punishment enough.

FINN: She hasn't had enough champagne, Logan. [He leaves.]

LOGAN: Hey, listen, I forgot to tell you, I read the article.

RORY: You did?

LOGAN: Yep, not bad.

RORY: Thank you.

LOGAN: Caught the spirit of the thing, I'll give you that.

RORY: But?

LOGAN: No, no buts. You've got a good style. There were a few too many similes in it for my taste, but it definitely had a Joseph Mitchell thing going for it, I like that.

RORY: I'm surprised you even bothered to read it.

LOGAN: Are you? Hmm. [Stands up] So, who's it going to be?

RORY: What?

LOGAN: Well, this shindig's an obvious meat market, I've got the feeling that your grandparents are expecting you to choose someone tonight, so...

RORY: Oh, well...

FINN: Me. Pick me.

CROWD OF GUYS: No, pick me!

FINN: But I'm exotic!

COLIN: So's the Asian Bird flu.

LOGAN: Wow. A room full of guys and still extremely slim pickings.

RORY: Well, I don't know. It's a tough choice, maybe I should let my boyfriend help me choose.

LOGAN: You have a boyfriend?

FINN: I'm crushed.

GUY: Ain't it always the way?

LOGAN: Do Richard and Emily know about this?

RORY: Yeah, they do.

LOGAN: They're just trying to make sure you got a backup?

RORY: No, they're just - oh no, what time is it?

FINN: It's crying time.

COLIN: Eight forty five.

RORY: Dean is meeting me at eight-thirty! [She gets up to go.]

LOGAN: Where?

RORY: Here, out front!

LOGAN: Dean, is this the boyfriend?

RORY: Yes, the boyfriend!

LOGAN: Well, we got to see this guy.

RORY: What?

LOGAN: See who the man is who's won your heart. Got to make sure he's good enough. Let's go, boys!

RORY: But - hey!

LOGAN: Coming?

[Exterior Front door. Dean is waiting and looks up as Rory and the group of guys come out the door.]

RORY: Dean, hi. I'm sorry, have you been waiting long? I didn't have a watch and we were in the pool house. These are some friends. They go to Yale with me and they know my grandparents. The party was so boring so we - [She stops as Dean looks very angry.] Is that a new shirt? 'Cause I like it.

DEAN: What am I doing here, Rory?

RORY: You're picking me up.

DEAN: I don't belong here. Not anymore. [He pauses, Rory doesn't deny it.] Do I?

RORY: Dean.

DEAN: You look good.

[He drives away, Rory starts to cry. The guys come over to her.]

LOGAN [gently]: You'll be okay.

RORY [shakes her head]: No, I won't.

LOGAN: Okay, that's it. Back to the pool house, men. We have some serious bucking up to do here.

COLIN: I swiped some Scotch.

FINN: I'll reenact the Passion of the Christ.

[The boys cheer and head inside.]

LOGAN: Hey Ace, nothing ever seems quite as bad after Finn's Passion of the Christ. Except Finn's Passion of the Christ.

[He puts her arm around her. They go inside.]

[Lorelai's house. She dials the phone.]

MAID: Gilmore residence.

LORELAI: Hello! Oh, you speak English! Thank God! Um, is Emily Gilmore there, please?

MAID: It's for you, Mrs. Gilmore.

EMILY: Hello?

LORELAI: Hi, Mom, it's me.

EMILY: Well, hello, Lorelai. How are you?

LORELAI: I'm fine. Can I talk to you and Dad for a minute?

RICHARD: Your father's paying the caterers.

LORELAI: Well this'll just take a minute. Could you maybe go in the study on the speakerphone? Seriously, just one minute?

EMILY: All right. Hold on. [a minute.] All right, we're both here.

RICHARD: Hello, Lorelai. What can we do for you?

LORELAI: I just wanted to touch base with you about this little party you threw for Rory tonight.

EMILY: The party was not for Rory, it was for our Yale alumni.

LORELAI: Oh, it was not. It was a trick and you know it and I know it so let's just know it together.

RICHARD: What do you want, Lorelai?

LORELAI: You lied to your granddaughter tonight. You lied to a kid who trusted you. You tricked her.

EMILY: It was a party!

LORELAI: It was a mating ritual!

RICHARD: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: All boys, Mom? Seriously? What is that all about?

EMILY: It's good for her to interact with her peers.

RICHARD: Lorelai, Rory is in a new phase of her life now, and she needs to be exposed to different things, different people. That's all we were trying to do.

LORELAI: She has a boyfriend!

EMILY: Oh, so what?

LORELAI: So, she has a boyfriend, which means she doesn't need another one!

RICHARD: She's twenty years old, Lorelai. She's not going to be with that boy forever.

LORELAI: Uh-huh.

EMILY: That's right. And when she's ready to move on, she will have met some nice young men who will represent the new phase in her life.

RICHARD: I'm sure that Dean is a very nice young man. But he is certainly not good enough for Rory!

EMILY: That's right!

RICHARD: Now she is young. But young people need guidance. And since you seem so little help in this department, we had to step in.

LORELAI: Well, step on out again, because this is none of your business!

EMILY: Lorelai, I am tired. And the caterers have caked the floor with something sticky and I don't have time for this. We want more for her, period. Now obviously it is too late for you but it is not too late for Rory, and we are going to make sure that she has the life she deserves!

LORELAI: You know, it doesn't matter what you think of me, okay? Rory will choose her own path in life and there's nothing either one of you can do about it.

EMILY: I'm hanging up.

LORELAI: Well, me too.

[They hang up. Lorelai sees headlights as a car pulls up. The door opens,

RORY shrieks as she is getting out of a limo with the rowdy group of guys. She seems to be having a blast. Rory stumbles up the walk.]

LOGAN: Whoa, Ace, you need some help there?

RORY: Bye!

[Lorelai, sad, stops watching.]