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05x05 - We Got Us a Pippi Virgin

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05x05 - We Got Us a Pippi Virgin

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OPEN IN DRAGONFLY INN

[Camera follows a member of the kitchen staff through the door into the kitchen. Sookie cuts and preps food while she and Lorelai discuss Inn issues.]

LORELAI: It's getting the word out to the business community that we're here -- that's the key.

SOOKIE: We've got to draw them in with the things that they like -- amenities.

[Lorelai pours coffee into her mug while Sookie prepares food portions]

LORELAI: What does a businessman want when they travel? Booze, and hookers. Anything else?

SOOKIE: [grins] I think that covers it.

LORELAI: We got booze. How do we get hookers?

SOOKIE: How about a banner up front that reads "Hoes up at the Dragonfly"?

LORELAI: Or we tell them Bill Maher's here.

SOOKIE: [Gasps] They'd come a-flocking.

LORELAI: Maybe we're in too silly a mood to be discussing such serious stuff.

SOOKIE: You think?

[Jackson enters with a laden crate of vegetables. The only thing out of place is the business suit he is wearing]

LORELAI: Oh hey Jackson, what would you do to lure more businessmen to the Dragonfly? Besides inviting Bill Maher.

JACKSON: What do I look like, the Shell Answer Man? Everybody's gotta have a piece of Jackson. Well, he's got nothing left, I tell you, nothing.

SOOKIE: [sympathetic] His town selectman duties are starting to wear on him.

LORELAI: That's why the fancy duds?

SOOKIE: He's got functions every day and meetings and hearings.

JACKSON: I tried to work in a nice su1c1de, but my schedule wouldn't allow it. [Cellphone rings]
Ugh, That sound's death to me.

LORELAI: Don't answer it.

JACKSON: Could be a customer. Hello? [strained patience] Yes, Mrs. Cassini. I got the note about the playground equipment.

[Jackson leans against a nearby ledge while talking, and the jacket gapes to expose a bright red stain on his dress shirt.]

LORELAI: [points] Oh God, is that blood?

SOOKIE: It's tomato. It happens daily. Disrobe.

[Without hesitation, Sookie nimbly removes his tie while Jackson continues talking, then slides off his jacket and hands it to Lorelai. She efficiently begins unbuttoning his shirt.]

JACKSON: So you say your granddaughter fell off the ducky? Oh, she fell off the piggy and she whacked her arm on the ducky. Uh-huh. I see. Well, the first thing I would do is question the horsy, 'cause he's right next to the piggy and is our most reliable witness.[weak chuckle] No, there's nothing funny about that, Mrs. Cassini. Nothing whatsoever.

SOOKIE: Arms up, big boy.

[She slips the dress shirt off him, leaving him in an undershirt and begins spot-cleaning the stain at the sink.]

JACKSON: No, a little girl being thrown from a pink, spring-loaded, bobbling piggy toy is very serious business. Yes, Mrs. Cassini. [walks off]

LORELAI: I don't think that's gonna come out.

SOOKIE: Poor guy. He's only got two dress shirts.

[She continues to rub and blot the stain.]

LORELAI: Well, maybe a big old bloodstain will help him. People will think there was an assassination attempt and be more sympathetic.

[Lorelai glances out through the kitchen door and see Dean standing in the hall. As their eyes meet, Lorelai attempts a weak wave, but Dean immediately pretends to be distracted in another direction and leaves. Lorelai is puzzled. Jackson walks up again still talking on the cell phone.]

JACKSON: I do. I hear what you're saying, Mrs. Cassini. Yes, Mrs. Cassini. I'll talk to my parks and recreation chairman and get this solved I promise. Goodbye, Mrs. Cassini.

SOOKIE: It's a goner.

JACKSON: I know how it feels. I gotta go. I got a Kiwanis luncheon.

SOOKIE: Have fun.

[she hands him back his shirt and returns to work. Jackson gathers his clothes and prepares to

leave. Lorelai produces a crumpled, folded paper and offers to him.]

LORELAI: Jackson, before you go, I need your John Hancock on that there.

JACKSON: Oh yeah?

LORELAI: Yeah, just right at the bottom. I was just ordering a ton of extra, you know, vegetables and stuff. It's just to sign and confirm that I'm ordering that stuff.

[He unfolds the paper as she immediately takes interest out the window]

JACKSON: Hey, this is for those extra parking spaces you need. It's selectman business.

LORELAI: Really?

JACKSON: Et tu, former friend?

[He leaves as she calls after him]

LORELAI: I just need your signature. It's your duty. [reluctantly takes paper and pen back]

JACKSON: So impeach me.

[Sookie appears and snatches the paper from Lorelai.]

SOOKIE: I'll forge that for you.

LORELAI: Thanks.

CUT TO YALE'S BRANFORD COLLEGE CAMPUS CAFETERIA

[Richard and Rory takes their laden trays to a nearby table and sit.]

RICHARD: So Dickie high tails it to his office and e-mails me within seconds.

RORY: Dickie's the other you at your office, right?

RICHARD: Well, there's no other me.

RORY: You know what I meant, Grandpa.

RICHARD: Dickie and I share some duties. We lunch occasionally, socialize a bit. But he would cut my throat in a heartbeat, as I would his.

RORY: It's like Rikers Island, except everyone drives a Jag.

RICHARD: [chuckles] Well, Dickie made a mistake. He e-mailed me, thinking that I wouldn't read it for days, but I read it the minute he sent it. He figured my weekend starts at lunch on Fridays, as so many others do -- error followed by error.

RORY: That man needs to reread his Sun Tzu.

RICHARD: Anyway, that's why I am missing Friday Night dinner. Dickie and I are going to be in the Chicago office.

RORY: Well, send me a postcard.

RICHARD: I'm traveling much less, but I don't miss it. Thirty years ago, any chance I had to travel, I jumped at, but now... I'm talking a lot, aren't I?

RORY: No. I mean, yes. But it's good.

RICHARD: I don't want to be tiresome.

RORY: Grandpa, you could never tire me. This is fun.

RICHARD: Good. My valet isn't much of a conversationalist. He's the master of the monosyllable, although he can shine a shoe with the best of them. So, been reading anything good lately?

RORY: I'm very into P.G. Wodehouse right now.

RICHARD: Oh, that's great.

RORY: You?

RICHARD: Actually, I've had a personal triumph of late.

RORY: Oh, yeah? What?

RICHARD: I've just finished the sixth and final volume of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

RORY: [stunned] That *is* a triumph.

RICHARD: I started it in 1968. So it took only -- what? -- 36 years to finish it. But by God, I finished it.

RORY: Wow. That's quite a commitment.

RICHARD: Well, I've had a little more time on my hands lately. Not as many evenings out as there once were.

RORY: [quietly] Right. Not as many.

RICHARD: You're still getting together with your grandmother tonight, aren't you?

RORY: Uh-huh.

RICHARD: Has she mentioned her car lately?

RORY: Her car?

RICHARD: It's due for its six-month service. I hope she isn't skipping those.

RORY: I don't know. I'm happy to ask.

RICHARD: Oh, no. That's too much trouble. I'll have Robert check with her maid.

RORY: Okay.

RICHARD: He may have to use upwards of six syllables for this one. I wish him luck.

RORY: Couldn't you just ask her yourself, Grandpa? I mean, you're right there.

RICHARD: No, I don't want to be an annoyance.

RORY: Okay. But, Grandpa --

RICHARD: Chicken's getting cold.

RORY: Right.

RICHARD: I saw the most preposterous thing on TV the other night. It's been ages since I've just flipped through the channels, and the horrors to be discovered there.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER.

[Luke wipes down a clear table. Lorelai enters.]

LUKE: Hey, what brings you here?

LORELAI: Caffeine withdrawal. And I like looking at you.

[Luke returns behind the counter to fetch coffee as Lorelai approaches.]

LUKE: To go?

LORELAI: To go. [pulls open her purse]

LUKE: Don't worry about it.

LORELAI: Luke, this is your business. I've always paid, and I always should pay.

LUKE: Fine, but don't tip me. Tipping now is weird.

LORELAI: Okay. Besides, [exaggerated wink] I can tip you later.

LUKE: That was weird, too.

LORELAI: I'm a very awkward winker.

LUKE: You're never supposed to tip me, anyway.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: I'm the proprietor. You're not supposed to tip the proprietor, even when they serve you.

[hands her the tall "to-go" cup of coffee]

LORELAI: You mean all those years, that extra 20% was unnecessary?

LUKE: [scoffs] You never tipped me 20%.

LORELAI: Ooh. Now it's getting ugly.

LUKE: You were a solid 15 percenter, sometimes less if the bill got higher. Way less if you were mad at me about something.

LORELAI: [grinning] Well, it doesn't matter. I wasn't supposed to be tipping you, anyway.

LUKE: True.

LORELAI: In fact, I want a rebate.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: [dryly] You've been ripping me off for ten years.

LUKE: Have your lawyer call my lawyer.

LORELAI: Thank you [picks up her steaming coffee]

LUKE: [without pause] We still on for tomorrow night?

LORELAI: Absolutely.

LUKE: Talk to you later.

LORELAI: Bye.

CUT TO EXTERIOR OF LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai exits and almost bumps into Dean as he walks by. He is carrying his Doose's produce apron]

DEAN: Oh hi, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hi, Dean. Um, good to bump into you.

DEAN: Yeah, same here. [hesitatingly looks around] Um, you on your way back to work?

LORELAI: Yeah. You?

DEAN: Yeah. I'm going to Doose's.

LORELAI: [conversationally] You were just at the inn.

DEAN: Yeah, Tom wanted me to sand some doors down. They were getting a little warped.

LORELAI: I saw you in the hallway there, but you looked kind of busy.

DEAN: [slightly embarrassed] Yeah, I-I saw you, too.

LORELAI: Oh. [Dean looks around uncomfortably] So, how's our girl?

DEAN: Rory?

LORELAI: Yeah.

DEAN: Uh, she's good. I saw her like three days ago, or a couple days ago. But yeah, she's good.

LORELAI: Good. Well, I talked to her this morning, so I win. [chuckles and smiles] Not that it's a contest.

DEAN: [grins back] Right.

LORELAI: Well, I guess I'll see you around. Next time you're at the inn, find me. We could have some coffee and chew the fat. Sounds like a disgusting combination, but anyway come by.

DEAN: I will. Sure. Absolutely.

LORELAI: Okay.

DEAN: So have a good day.

LORELAI: You too.

[They both awkwardly part company]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE HOME - ENTRYWAY

[Doorbell rings]

EMILY: I'll get it, Sara.

[Emily briskly approaches and opens the door.]

LORELAI: Hi, Mom.

EMILY: Come in, come in.

LORELAI: I'm sorry I'm late. Traffic was bad. Some moron coming out of Stars Hollow decided to go the speed limit, which is -- ooh! [she stares into the foyer] What the hell is that?

[A large metal boxlike structure stands in the center of the room.]

EMILY: What does it look like? It's a panic room.

LORELAI: Like Jodie Foster?

EMILY: I have no idea.

LORELAI: But it's very small. It's more like an anxiety room.

EMILY: It's for one person.

LORELAI: Huh?

EMILY: You could maybe squeeze two in.

[Lorelai approaches the large object and begins fussing with it. Opening the door and looking inside]

LORELAI: And when those two are done panicking, the next couple of panickers get a turn?

EMILY: It's primarily for me.

LORELAI: Why the foyer?

EMILY: It was supposed to go upstairs, but the boors who delivered it claimed they weren't told about the stairs, so they didn't have the right equipment.

LORELAI: Hey, let's test it out. I'm gonna get you. [raises her hands like claws]

EMILY: [disgusted] Oh, my God.

LORELAI: You better get in there, 'cause I'm a bad guy. Baah!

EMILY: Stop it.

LORELAI: I'm menacing. Panic, damn it. Come on.

EMILY: There's nothing funny about this.

[Doorbell rings]

LORELAI: Oh! Get in, quick! Quick!

EMILY: Stop it.

[Emily walks to the door to open it. Rory kisses Emily's cheek and enters.]

RORY: Hi, Grandma. So -- hey, what's that?

[Lorelai stands next to the heavy structure like a car show model.]

LORELAI: I know how to protect you from shrapnel and Agent Orange. Ask me how.

EMILY: It's a panic room.

RORY: Like Jodie Foster?

EMILY: What does Jodie Foster have to do with this?

LORELAI: [teasing] You need one for your dorm.

EMILY: That's not a stupid thought. It'll stop a 9-millimeter shell.

LORELAI: Handy for when Suge Knight comes for tea.

RORY: Why is it here?

EMILY: It's a long story. Come, let's have drinks and forget about the panic room. What'll you have?

LORELAI: Gin martini.

RORY: A soda with lime.

EMILY: This little rinky-dink cart has nothing.

LORELAI: Dad got the big one?

EMILY: He stole it away in the dark of night, so I'm stranded. I had our minister over a couple of days ago, and he had to go without his whiskey sour.

LORELAI: I bet he excommunicated you on the spot.

EMILY: I've got vermouth, but no gin. [sarcastic] Perfect. [calls out loudly] Sara?

[Sara, the maid, descends the stairs and approaches hurriedly]

SARA: Yes, ma'am?

EMILY: I need gin. Check everywhere.

LORELAI: Including the bathtub.

EMILY: Start with the pantry.

SARA: Yes, ma'am.

[Sara exits as Emily joins Lorelai and Rory]

EMILY: You know, the main reason I got the panic room is because I'm a woman living alone.

LORELAI: Well, let the record show I did not bring up the panic room.

EMILY: Do you know I've never lived alone? I went from my parents' house to college to Richard.

RORY: But, Grandma, you're not alone alone. Grandpa is only a few feet away.

EMILY: He might as well be a million miles away. I don't even know if your grandfather would look up from his stamp collection if he heard me scream.

RORY: That's not true.

LORELAI: Unless his nose got stuck to the stamp in the book and he physically couldn't look up.
[Rory looks reprovably at Lorelai] It happens.

EMILY: He's gone so much, he's no protection, anyway. He just left on some business trip, and it's an afterthought that he even bothered to tell me about it at all.

RORY: But he told you, so that's not an afterthought. That's a thought - a very thoughtful thought.

EMILY: I'm sure it was in some way for his own convenience.

SARA: [returns empty-handed] There's no gin anywhere, Mrs. Gilmore.

EMILY: Oh, perfect.

SARA: I'll check the bathtub now.

EMILY: That was a joke, Sara. Lorelai, please don't joke with the maids. It's not what they do.

LORELAI: Sorry.

EMILY: [to Sara] Check Mr. Gilmore's study.

SARA: Yes, ma'am. [exits]

EMILY: I should just call Richard myself and drag him away from whatever business meal he is having and make him tell me.

RORY: It's okay. Mom doesn't need a martini. [to her mother] Right?

LORELAI: Yeah. Right. I'll take what you got. What's good enough for the minister is good enough for me.

EMILY: Your hands are empty.

SARA: [returns a little more tentatively] The door to the study is locked.

EMILY: He locked the study?

LORELAI: Mom, really, I don't need gin. I'll take whatever you have.

EMILY: I don't have anything. That's the problem. Come on. [she stands up]

RORY: Come on where?

EMILY: [pulls a set of keys from the nearby bureau and walks off.] I'm not going to let Richard's business trip keep you from having the drink you want.

RORY: Grandma, wait. [Lorelai and Rory follow Emily]

CUT TO POOL HOUSE - RICHARD'S PRIMARY RESIDENCE

[Emily enters the darkened room and flips on the nearby light switch]

RORY: Should we really be doing this?

EMILY: Oh, that he can live in this squalor.

LORELAI: It's another Calcutta. Is that open sewage?

EMILY: It certainly smells like a sewer in here.

RORY: It's his cigars. That's the smell.

EMILY: It's more than cigars. It's debauchery.

LORELAI: [dryly] Yeah. Dad mentioned he had the Barbi twins up here a couple nights ago. He and his butler have a little "auto focus" thing going on.

RORY: Well, the drink cart's over there, Grandma. We can grab the gin and vamoose.

LORELAI: [shtick] No, she's got vamoose, remember? It's the gin we need. - But you know -

EMILY: He must have five packs of breath mints here. Why would a man need five packs of breath mints?

LORELAI: It could be the gorgonzola and onion diet he's on. It has its drawbacks.

RORY: Grandma, I feel kind of weird snooping like this.

[Emily slides open desk drawers and snoops before wandering across the room]

EMILY: This is my property as much as his, and when we die, it'll be yours. We're all entitled here. He's got some new books. [browses through the bookcase]

LORELAI: Hey, my Petunia Pig plate and spoon. What's it doing here?

EMILY: Oh, odds and ends wound up out here over the years.

LORELAI: This is not an odd nor an end. It's my Petunia Pig and I'm taking it.

RORY: It's not yours to take.

LORELAI: [stubbornly] Dad's not using my Petunia Pig spoon.

EMILY: I say take it.

LORELAI: Hey, Mom, what are we carrying our booty home in? Do you have a canvas bag with a big dollar sign on it?

RORY: Okay. Just to remind you once again, the drink cart is right over here. Oh, and I think I spot gin. It's brown, right?

LORELAI: I love that you think that. [spies Emily in Richard's closet] Looking for skeletons?

EMILY: I'm just looking.

RORY: Oh, man. I spilled a ton of scotch on my skirt. Who's not closing these bottles?

EMILY: Oh, my God.

LORELAI: Did you really find a skeleton?

RORY: Okay, Gin -- it's clear, it's in my hand, and it looks good enough for a minister. Let's go.

EMILY: Oh, my God. Will you look at this? [Shocked, she pulls out a vest dressed in colorful sequins]

RORY: Bright.

LORELAI: [dryly] And tasteful.

EMILY: It's a vest.

RORY: Grandpa has lots of vests.

EMILY: It's got glitter. It's a glitter vest.

LORELAI: So?

EMILY: So? Where would your father wear a vest like this? Certainly nowhere he ever would've taken me.

RORY: Grandma, it's just a vest.

LORELAI: Yeah Mom. There's tons of places he would wear that.

EMILY: Name one.

LORELAI: Okay, I'm at a loss.

EMILY: This is insane.

LORELAI: Mom, this is the place where unwanted things came to repose. Maybe it's a vest of his from the old days.

EMILY: Our days never included Richard dressing up like that gay fellow whose tiger tried to eat him. I have definitely, positively never seen this vest. This is a party vest.

LORELAI: Okay, just put it back, Mom, and let's go.

EMILY: [holds out the festive garment] You put it back.

RORY: You know, we've moved a lot of stuff around here tonight. We've got to cover our tracks.

LORELAI: Where did you find it?

EMILY: Squished in the middle, as if he was hiding it from me.

LORELAI: [mutters as she returns the vest to the closet] Can you blame him? It's hideous.

EMILY: How dare he have a vest like that.

RORY: Okay, the mints looked something like this, right?

EMILY: That devious man.

LORELAI: [pushing Emily across the room and out the door] Come on, Mom, let's go.

RORY: [sees the dish and spoon on sofa table -panics] Mom, Petunia Pig.

LORELAI: Grab it.

[Rory rushes back and snatches up the dish and spoon. She makes a small adjustment to the nearby vase before switching off the lights and following.]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER EXTERIOR - EVENING.

[Camera POV looks inside the lighted interior. Lorelai and Rory are the only customers as busboy carries tub past. Luke is carrying food from behind counter.]

RORY: I have never seen Grandma so singularly obsessed about a piece of clothing.

CUT TO INTERIOR OF LUKE'S DINER - LORELAI AND RORY'S TABLE

LORELAI: Not since I wore my "Gas, Grass, or Ass -- No one rides for free" t-shirt to the junior league spring tea.

LUKE: Here we go. Boysenberry pie with ice cream. Hot fudge sundae. Half a grapefruit.

RORY: I don't want a grapefruit.

LUKE: It's good for you.

RORY: Kinda my point.

LUKE: It's too late for her, but not for you. Eat it.

LORELAI: The service is very rude. No tip for you. [to Rory] In fact, he actually owes us a lot of money because we weren't supposed to be tipping him all these years.

RORY: I know. Customarily, you do not have to tip the proprietor of an establishment.

[Luke looks proudly at Rory and checks Lorelai's reaction.]

LORELAI: Why have we been tipping him all these years?

RORY: We like him?

LORELAI: Oh, that. [to Luke] Hey, bring us some coffee, and I promise this grapefruit will be eaten.

LUKE: [skeptical] Okay.

[Luke exits]

LORELAI: How long is my nose?

RORY: Very. [gobbles her ice cream]

LORELAI: What's with the scarfing?

RORY: Well, I figured since it's still early I'd stop by Dean's new place real quick and say hi. Is that okay?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. So he's out of the parents'?

RORY: Yeah. He's sleeping on his friend Kyle's couch. It's just temporary.

LORELAI: Great. You know, we could call him and have him meet us here if you want.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah. Plenty of pie, ice cream, grapefruit to go around. If we twist his arm, I bet Luke will throw in some raw spinach.

RORY: I don't think it's a good idea.

LORELAI: So skip the spinach.

RORY: You know what I mean.

LORELAI: No. What?

RORY: It's been a little weird between you two.

LORELAI: No, it hasn't.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: I just ran into him today. Didn't he tell you?

RORY: Yeah. He said it was weird.

LORELAI: Well, then it was only weird on his side, 'cause it wasn't on mine.

RORY: Um-hm.

LORELAI: Hey, how about I come along with you to Kyle's? He's back from the Navy, right? We could all hang out and hear his stories. He could teach us some sea chanteys, and I could tell Dean how not weird the situation is. See? That's how unweird it is for me. I'd do that.

RORY: No. That'd be weird, too.

LORELAI: I don't like it this way.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: We all used to get together all the time for whatever and hang out. We had a great rhythm. I like Dean. I've always liked Dean. He has a great heart. I don't want it to be weird.

RORY: Neither do I. Dean doesn't either.

LORELAI: Well, then, what about tomorrow night? Let's all hook up then.

RORY: All who?

LORELAI: All of us. You know -- the g*ng -- the fearsome foursome. [Luke returns with two steaming coffee mugs.] How does that sound?

LUKE: How does what sound?

LORELAI: Doing something with Rory tomorrow night.

RORY: You don't have to.

LUKE: No, no really. That sounds great. We can all do something together. [nods enthusiastically to Rory]

LORELAI: Yeah. It's a great idea. There's a ground swell of support. Let's do it.

RORY: Okay, if you want.

LORELAI: Yeah, we want, right?

LUKE: Yeah. We want. [grins and nods supportively]

LORELAI: Good. [to Rory] Go run it past Dean.

LUKE: [his grin evaporates] Dean?

RORY: I'm sure I can persuade him.

LORELAI: Good.

RORY: Yeah, good. I'll see you tomorrow night. [kisses her mom's cheek]

LORELAI: Okay. See you tomorrow night.

[Luke scratches his head in bewilderment]

RORY: Bye, Luke.

[Rory exits. Luke slips into Rory's vacated chair.]

LUKE: [interrogates] Dean? Rory's seeing Dean?

LORELAI: Yeah, you knew that.

LUKE: No, I didn't.

LORELAI: Wha - Didn't I tell you?

LUKE: No. Since when?

LORELAI: Since she got back from Europe.

LUKE: I don't believe it.

LORELAI: Haven't you seen them walking around?

LUKE: No. Were you hiding it?

LORELAI: No. I just - I wasn't sure when they wanted people to know or how I should tell people without getting hammered with a bunch of questions.

LUKE: Was this before he left his wife or after? [realization] Did -- did he leave her for Rory?

LORELAI: Like those. Questions just like those.

LUKE: Sorry, it's just, you know, [futile look] Dean and Rory together again.

LORELAI: Well, you can back out if you want. I kind of Shanghaied you there.

LUKE: No. We can do it. I just have to wrap my mind around it. Dean. [gritting teeth]

LORELAI: [gestures to the grin on her face] Dean.

LUKE: Dean. All right. Well, I'll be right back. [exits back to kitchen]

LORELAI: hmm. [covertly nudges the grapefruit dish away]

CUT TO LANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

[Brian is showing Zach a new song he's written. They are working on it with their guitars. Lane looks on from behind her drum set.]

BRIAN: "G."

ZACH: "G."

BRIAN: For four beats, back to "C" major then jump to "A" minor.

ZACH: "C" minor to "A."

BRIAN: Major.

ZACH: "A" major.

BRIAN: "A" minor after "C" major, then it's back to "G."

ZACH: Yo, Kid Flash, slow down. I've got chops, but I'm not Les Paul.

LANE: Follow the chart, Zach. You wrote it all down.

ZACH: I can't look at the chart. It's depressing.

LANE: How can a chord chart be depressing?

ZACH: The title, "Brian's Song."

BRIAN: It's a working title.

ZACH: Well, it's bumming me out. It's reminding me of Billy Dee Williams and cancer. Change it.

BRIAN: I have to change a working title? Come on.

ZACH: Well, then leave it if you don't mind bumming every body out. Or change it to "Lepers Are Fun" or "Kiss My Scurvy."

[Lane walks to the paper and scratches something on it.]

LANE: Look. There. "Brian's Tune," okay? Good working title there.

BRIAN: Okay. From the "G," we go to --

ZACH: Let's take five. I gotta clear my head.

LANE: Okay. Five minutes.

[The boys set down their guitars.]

BRIAN: I'm gonna go water the lawn. We're getting brown spots again.

ZACH: Don't over water. That's not good for it, either.

[Zach grabs a magazine and flops on the sofa, while Lane observes somewhat nervously.]

LANE: So, how you doing, Zach?

ZACH: Comme ci, comme ca.

LANE: Anything new?

ZACH: Went to the dentist. Said I'm brushing too vigorously.

LANE: [conversationally] Oh interesting. 'Cause when you're a kid, they tell you to really go at it, ya know?

ZACH: Another lie fed to our generation.

LANE: Yeah.

ZACH: And now I'm paying with eroding gums. Want to see 'em?

LANE: [grossed] I'm good. So, anything else on your mind?

ZACH: Not really. [long pause] Want a drink or anything?

[he stands and goes to the kitchen]

LANE: Nope. [sadly to herself] I want for nothing.

CUT TO KYLE'S APARTMENT

[Doorbell rings. Kyle opens to door.]

RORY: Hi, Kyle.

KYLE: Oh, hey, Rory. Come on in.

[Rory enters and removes her jacket. Sparsely furnished, a wall-sized poster of Bob Dylan dominates one wall. Rory is startled.]

RORY: Thanks.

KYLE: Welcome to Casa Kyle. It's not the Taj Mahal, but it's cozy. You like Dylan?

RORY: I think I better.

KYLE: [chuckles] Yeah. I listened to a lot of Dylan out at sea. He really spoke to me.

RORY: And you understood him?

KYLE: [Laughs] Funny.

RORY: So you look good. How you been doing?

KYLE: Great. Navy's been fantastic. Bitchin' rehab, so I'm up and running. I can drive, type 60 words a minute. You know what else?

RORY: No. What?

KYLE: This thing is a real chick magnet. [holds up his prosthetic right arm with a hook at the end] Yeah. It's the Captain Hook thing.

RORY: Well, good for you.

[Dean enters from other room]

DEAN: Hey. What are you doing here?

RORY: Bonus visit. [they kiss]

KYLE: Oh. I think I know what that means. I'm gonna make myself scarce.

RORY: No, Kyle. It's okay. We don't want to put you out.

KYLE: Don't worry, I gotta make some calls. Check my traps, if you know what I mean. Give a shout out to Cindy or Luene or maybe throw Stacy a little something.

DEAN: He's been throwing it around a lot lately.

KYLE: Everybody loves the Bionic Man. [Cellphone rings] That's not me. Mine plays "Superfreak."

RORY: Sorry. It's me.

KYLE: I'll leave you two to play. [he exits to the next room]

RORY: Hello?

CUT TO LANE'S APARTMENT - HER BEDROOM

[scene switches between her room and Kyle's apartment. Lane is pacing around in frustration.]

LANE: Rory, listen, I like you, and I want to be more than just friends with you.

RORY: What!?

LANE: See? You reacted. That's what a person does after someone says that they like him or her, but in my case, it's him.

[Rory and Dean both move to the couch and sit]

RORY: Oh, we're talking Zach here.

LANE: The inscrutable Zach. He's driving me crazy. I gave him ample opportunity to address the issue, and all he talked about was his eroding gums.

RORY: Oh, sexy.

[Dean is attempting to nuzzle with Rory, who smiles and attempts to dodge him.]

LANE: He's really getting on my nerves, that guy. Where are you, school?

[Dean is persistent]

RORY: [giggles] No, I'm with Dean. He's staying with Kyle.

LANE: Oh, how's his hook?

RORY: Apparently it's a chick magnet.

LANE: Well, say hi to Dean.

RORY: [to Dean] Hi from Lane.

DEAN: [calls into the phone] Hi, Lane!

LANE: And call me back when you're less distracted.

RORY: I will. Keep me posted.

LANE: If there's anything to post. Bye.

RORY: Bye. [puts away phone] So, tomorrow night.

DEAN: Yeah. What time?

RORY: Well, I can get here pretty early, but I just wanted to talk about plans with you.

DEAN: Sure. What do you want to do?

RORY: How about we go on a double date with my mom and Luke?

DEAN: [looks doubtful] A double date?

RORY: Yeah.

DEAN: Won't that be awkward, weird, and about 50 other things like that?

RORY: Mom and I already talked about the weird issue in detail, and it won't be. It was Mom's idea.

DEAN: You're kidding.

RORY: No. You're forgetting, we used to hang out all the time. We had fun.

DEAN: That was a long time ago.

[Dean stands and takes a couple steps away. Rory joins him.]

RORY: Yeah, but we had fun.

DEAN: I remember.

RORY: Well, so does Mom. Come on.

DEAN: [resigned] Okay.

RORY: [stands and pulls on her jacket] Good. I'm off. [they kiss]

DEAN: I hate these short visits.

RORY: They're better than none, though.

DEAN: I guess.

[Kyle returns to the room]

KYLE: Don't leave on my account, 'cause I'm outta here. A couple of my girls took the bait. I'm thinking about doing a back-to-backer.

RORY: Well, I'm not leaving on your account. [to Dean] Tomorrow? [they kiss again]

DEAN: Tomorrow.

[Dean walks her out. "Superfreak" plays. Kyle sighs and reaches for his own cell phone]

KYLE: No rest for Kyle. [into the phone] Yeah? Hey, cool. Yeah, what are you doing around 11:30, baby? [Laughs] All right.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR SHOT

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE - INTERIOR - LIVINGROOM

[Lorelai, dressed in casual clothes and trendy glasses, reclines on the sofa chatting on the phone. Her brightly striped stockinged feet rest on the coffee table.]

LORELAI: So is meeting up at 6:30 cool?

RORY: Good with us. What'd you have in mind?

LORELAI: I'll surprise you with it, but it's a classic Stars Hollow slate of activities.

RORY: So we're gonna T.P. Taylor's house again?

LORELAI: Ugh. I wanted it to be a surprise. [call waiting beeps] Wait, hon. Hold on a sec.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Hello?

EMILY: Lorelai, are you alone?

LORELAI: Why?

EMILY: Because I'm going to give you the code to open the panic room from the outside and I don't want to do it if you're not alone.

LORELAI: Just hanging out here with my close friend Tex Watson.

EMILY: This is not a joking matter. Can I trust you with this information?

LORELAI: Maybe not. Maybe you should give it to someone else, someone closer.

EMILY: Well, I can't trust a neighbor.

LORELAI: How about Dad?

EMILY: Oh, your father wouldn't come to my rescue if I was on fire. Besides, that vest of his is so loud he wouldn't be able to hear me screaming.

LORELAI: Okay, Mom. Give me the code, and I will keep the code safe. [Resigned, she rises and walks to the desk for pen and paper]

EMILY: Okay. Here goes. Are you ready?

LORELAI: Pen is poised.

EMILY: 1, 1, 1... 1, 1.

LORELAI: [drops the pad back on desk] Is that the code it came with?

EMILY: Well, I don't know how to change it. The men were supposed to show me, and now it's the code I'm stuck with. Did you write it down?

LORELAI: Barring an aneurysm, I think I'll remember it.

EMILY: Well, factor in an aneurysm and write it down. This is important.

LORELAI: Okay. I'm writing it down. 1, 1, 1, 1, 1. [pretends to write down]

EMILY: Don't say it out loud.

LORELAI: Our football team is so great. We won, won, won, won, won.

EMILY: Everything's a joke.

LORELAI: [dryly] No, Mom, seriously. The mailman overheard. I gotta get off the phone and chase him down and whack him.

EMILY: Hide that number.

LORELAI: I will. Goodbye.

EMILY: Goodbye.

LORELAI: [clicks call waiting] I'm back. That was mom giving me the secret panic room code.

RORY: She should just give it to Grandpa.

[Lorelai returns to the couch and flops back onto it, again, resting her socked feet on the coffee table.]

LORELAI: I suggested that, but she scoffed. Those two should just divorce and get it over with.

RORY: Don't say that.

LORELAI: I was just talking.

RORY: It's not funny.

LORELAI: But this standoff between them isn't good for anybody. Mom's getting more insane and sharing the insanity with me and everybody else.

RORY: Divorce is not the answer. I can tell you for a fact that Grandpa is miserable.

LORELAI: Really? He and Jeeves seem very happy in their new modern relationship.

RORY: Grandpa misses Grandma terribly.

LORELAI: Why? He say something like that?

RORY: I just know.

LORELAI: How?

RORY: Yesterday, when we had lunch on campus, Grandpa told me that he finished "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Hmm? You see?

LORELAI: You want to de-Mensa the reference?

RORY: No one sits at home alone reading that book unless it's a class assignment. It just doesn't happen. It's a honking long book. It's clearly a cry for help.

LORELAI: You're very anti-intellectual.

RORY: He asked me if Grandma had taken her car in for its six-month service.

LORELAI: Hon, that's concern for her car, not for her.

RORY: No, that's concern about Grandma and her safety.

LORELAI: Why didn't you mention this to Mom at dinner? Maybe she would have been less panicked about what he's doing and the now-infamous glitter vest.

RORY: I don't want to open a can of worms.

LORELAI: How would that open up a can of worms?

RORY: If I told her what I said, I'd have to tell her I had lunch with him, a lunch I had previously not informed her of and that would have made her jealous and defensive. The less you tell Grandma, the better.

LORELAI: [She sits up with a mock gasp] By George, I think she's got it.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I have been trying to burn that into your brain since you were a baby, but you stubbornly resisted. Now a breakthrough. I'm so proud.

RORY: So 6:30, you said?

LORELAI: By the gazebo. Dress is cas.

RORY: I really, really, really hate what's going on with Grandma and Grandpa.

LORELAI: I know, hon, but it's up to them to fix it.

RORY: I guess. I'll see you tonight.

LORELAI: Okay. See you tonight. Bye-bye.

[She clicks phone off and tosses aside, then leans back to re-prop up her feet, pondering sadly]

CUT TO RICHARD'S RESIDENCE IN THE POOL HOUSE

[Richard relaxes while reading a book. Lorelai appears at the French doors and knocks. He stands to greet her.]

RICHARD: Lorelai? This is a surprise. Did we have an appointment?

LORELAI: Oh, no, I just stopped by to pick something up for Mom and apparently she's not home.

RICHARD: She's at a D.A.R. Meeting. She's always there mid-Saturday afternoons. You should know that.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. I guess I forgot. Maybe one day the entire D.A.R. will go collectively wiggy and

meet on a late Saturday afternoon.

RICHARD: I doubt that. Can I get you something? Water, soda?

LORELAI: No, no, thanks. I'm fine. See you have your nose in your Proust.

[They both sit]

RICHARD: Yes, have you read him?

LORELAI: Oh, I tried once. Struck out. [looks pointedly at a small dish near his chair] Whoa. That's a lot of Certs.

RICHARD: You know how that is -- you pick one up, you forget you have it. You pick up another. The cycle continues.

LORELAI: [mutters to self] Kind of like me and men.

RICHARD: What?

LORELAI: I don't know. Mom wasn't here, so there was a vacuum. [weak chuckle]

[He leans over to gather up scattered news paper]

RICHARD: Ah. I'm sorry about the mess. My man is with his sick mother, and I'm kind of left in the lurch here.

LORELAI: Ah, your Lurch left you in the lurch. Hey, is that where that's from? You know, Lurch on the "Addams Family"? 'Cause he would leave people in the lurch?

RICHARD: I'm not familiar with the etymology of Lurch.

LORELAI: So Lurch is away, you're back from your trip. Anything else new with you?

RICHARD: Not that I can think of.

LORELAI: How have you been spending your time lately? Anything new and fancy?

RICHARD: Not really. I joined a barbershop quartet.

LORELAI: Aha!

RICHARD: What do you mean, "aha"?

LORELAI: And what does the barbershop quartet entail?

RICHARD: It's a musical group. We dress up in outfits.

LORELAI: Aha!

RICHARD: [annoyed] Stop saying that.

LORELAI: What kind of outfits?

RICHARD: Well, old-timey period things.

LORELAI: Straw hats, vests?

RICHARD: That kind of thing. And don't say "aha" again. It's loud.

LORELAI: Dad, have you talked to Mom lately?

RICHARD: Your mother has nothing to say to me.

LORELAI: That's not true. I'm sure she'd be interested in what you're doing, like the quartet thing.

RICHARD: Why?

LORELAI: [gently] Why? You were together 40 years.

RICHARD: She couldn't care less about what I do.

LORELAI: Dad, you're still her husband. And if you're filling your nights with something, I'm sure she'd be curious what you're filling them with, as you would be with her.[she observes his pensive expression] Just think about it, okay?

RICHARD: I'll tell Robert to tell your mother you were here when he gets back.

LORELAI: Bye.

[She gathers her purse and leaves, pausing at the door to smile encouragingly. Richard contemplates their words.]

CUT TO LANE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

[Lane, sans glasses, is rinsing her hands in sink. Zach enters with shaving cream on face. Brian soon follows with toothbrush in mouth. They are all performing their own morning routine.]

ZACH: When did the bathroom sink stop up?

LANE: It just happened. I called the landlord. He's on it.

ZACH: 'Cause we've got rights you know. This isn't Russia.

BRIAN: Can I scoot in here?

LANE: Sure.

ZACH: Don't brush too hard, dude. I'd show you my gums, but you'd puke.

BRIAN: What about flossing?

ZACH: You mean the silent k*ller? It's a rope of destruction.

BRIAN: Nothing's safe anymore.

[Brian exits to other room. Lane concentrates on finishing touches to her makeup looking in a small mirror. Zach, standing behind her, attempts to use the same mirror.]

ZACH: [calls after him while continuing to lather neck] Gentle little strokes. [to Lane] We still lack basic necessities, man. We've gotta get a plunger.

LANE: [distantly] Yeah.

ZACH: [casually] Wanna go today?

LANE: Huh?

ZACH: To get a plunger? I know a store that sells 'em used.

LANE: [turns to face him] Zach?

ZACH: Yeah?

LANE: I've changed my mind.

ZACH: [Deer in the headlights look] Huh?

LANE: I've changed my mind. I'm taking it back.

ZACH: Taking what back?

LANE: I have no feelings for you. I was confused before, that's all, but not anymore. We're roommates and bandmates, and that's it, and that's all it'll ever be. [She exits as Brian re-enters to rinse and spit toothpaste in the kitchen sink. Zach is confused and stares at his hands filled with shaving foam.]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW OUTSIDE - EVENING

[Arm in arm, Luke and Lorelai stroll through the grassy town square and pause. They both spy Rory and Dean approaching from a distance.]

LUKE: Is that them?

LORELAI: Yeah, that's Stretch and Skinny.

LUKE: [grumbles] Oh, man, he's wearing nice slacks.

LORELAI: I don't think so.

LUKE: They're creased.

LORELAI: That equals nice?

LUKE: I hate that. It's hard enough getting dressed for a date. When you're gonna double with people, it's like dressing for four.

LORELAI: Well, at least be thankful you're not wearing your penguin outfit. Then you really would have been out of place.

LUKE: This is so not a slacks evening.

LORELAI: Please stop saying slacks. That word is creepy.

LUKE: Sorry.

LORELAI: And don't mention the "S" word to them, okay? Dean is going to be uncomfortable enough as it is. [Luke nods without enthusiasm] We don't want him to think that we're judging him, or that you're inordinately interested in his pants.

[Rory and Dean walk up]

LORELAI: Hi, hi.

RORY: Hi. [mother and daughter hug and kiss affectionately]

[After a momentary awkwardness holding out hand to shake, she warmly hugs Dean.]

LORELAI: Dean. Hi. Hi.

DEAN: Oh, hi.

LORELAI: Wow, this is going to be fun.

DEAN: Yeah, absolutely.

[Luke holds out his hand in greeting.]

LUKE: How you doing, buddy?

DEAN: Yeah, good. How you doing?

[They shake hands in a manly greeting]

LORELAI: Too bad you weren't holding a trophy. That would have made a great picture.

RORY: So what's on the agenda?

LORELAI: We grab some takeout then hit the "Black, White, and Read" movie theater.

DEAN: Cool.

RORY: I miss that place. It's been forever.

LORELAI: They're playing a great movie tonight. [nudges Luke with her elbow] "Cool Hand Luke."

LUKE: Not too shabby.

RORY: Let's go get the food.

DEAN: [glances over his shoulder] Well, good timing. No line at Jojo's.

LUKE: Let's just get the stuff at my place.

LORELAI: Why?

LUKE: Same kind of food, but better.

RORY: Yours is way better.

LORELAI: [grins] That's why we're going to Jojo's.

LUKE: [clueless look to Lorelai] What?

DEAN: Allow me.

LORELAI: Take it.

DEAN: We always do Jojo's on B.W.R. Nights.

LORELAI: That's short for "Black, White, and Read" movie theater. That's our little nickname.

LUKE: [grumbles] I'm following it.

DEAN: Because your stuff is good and has to be eaten pretty quickly. If it sits around, it starts to suck.

LUKE: That's true of all food.

DEAN: Ah, But not Jojo's. Jojo's sucks to begin with, so it's no worse when you eat it later.

RORY: It's a relativity thing. Einstein and whatnot.

LORELAI: The secret is Jojo's chili. [motions with her hands] The chili acts as a seal.

RORY: Jojo's burgers could travel to China, and they'd still be just as good.

DEAN: Because they start off bad.

LORELAI: Get it?

LUKE: [deadpan] Not really.

LORELAI: Good, then let's go. [grabs his arm as they all walk off] Plus, Jojo's is cheaper.

LUKE: 'Cause it sucks.

LORELAI: I'm just saying.

RORY: Jojo is going to be so excited to be making a sale.

CUT TO THE BLACK, WHITE AND READ BOOKSTORE - MOVIE THEATER.

[Lorelai, Rory, Luke and Dean enter and look around the vacant room]

LORELAI: Hello?

LUKE: Are they open?

RORY: The sign said they were.

LORELAI: Hello?

[Startled, Kirk hops up from his sleep on the sofa]

KIRK: I have a g*n!

LORELAI: Chill out, Kirk. We're here for the movie.

KIRK: You were supposed to pay out front.

LORELAI: You weren't out front.

LUKE: Here's \$20.

KIRK: That's too much.

LUKE: Keep the change.

KIRK: You can get in 16 more people for that.

LUKE: Put it towards the popcorn.

RORY: [gleefully] Let's sit.

[The guys carry greasy paper bags as they move to front of the room where a large, bright red sofa rests]

LORELAI: Yes, yes. Ooh, let's take Big Red.

RORY: [enthusiastically] Yes, Big Red.

DEAN: That's the name for the couch.

LUKE: Yes, thanks. I kind of caught onto that.

[Luke and Dean fumble to the seat assignment]

DEAN: Oh, sorry.

LUKE: No, no, no you go.

DEAN: That's okay.

LUKE: No, that's fine. It's the same down here.

[Luke shifts to the opposite end of the sofa and sits. They all settle with the girls sitting in the middle.]

LORLEAI: Cool, we have a short feature to start. "The Katzenjammer kids try to sit on the couch."

RORY: Whoa, I love the emptiness.

LORELAI: Ah, means we can talk during the movie.

LUKE: Would people being here have stopped you?

LORELAI: We would have hesitated ever so slightly.

RORY: Food, food!

[Dean and Luke open their respective bags to dispense the food inside. Kirk walks formally to the front of the room and speaks as if to a large audience]

KIRK: Hello, everybody, and welcome to the "Black, White, and Read Theater". How are we all doing tonight?

LORELAI: Good, Kirk. How are you?

KIRK: Good, I'm Kirk. I'm very proud to announce that tonight's feature presentation is the classic "Cool Hand Luke." [Rory and Lorelai cheer] But I'm deeply sorry to report that the first reel of the movie inexplicably caught fire earlier this evening.

RORY: Oh, no!

LORELAI: That's what happens when Richard Pryor is your projectionist.

KIRK: I can still show you the film, but you'd miss the first 25 minutes. I'd be happy to recap what you'd miss, or even act it out for you. I must say, I do a wicked George Kennedy.

[Lorelai shares her French fries with Luke.]

RORY: [politely inquires to the others] What do you think?

LUKE: [nabs another fry] First 25 minutes are pretty important.

DEAN: I agree.

LORELAI: But having Kirk reenact things can be pretty disturbing. He totally ruined "Last Tango in Paris" for me.

RORY: What are our options in place of "Cool Hand," Kirk?

KIRK: I can offer you anything from the theater's library of films.

LORELAI: What have you got?

KIRK: A series of graphically violent driver's education films or "The Adventures of Pippi Longstocking."

RORY: Pippi!

LORELAI: Yay! Pippi! "Annika, it's Pippi!"

KIRK: "Pippi Longstocking" it is. Enjoy your film. [he exits]

LORLEAI: How long has it been since we've seen "Pippi Longstocking?"

RORY: Too long.

LORELAI: That's gotta be one of our most watched films ever.

RORY: Oh, it's up there.

DEAN: I've seen it at least three times with you two.

LUKE: [absently munches on another French fry] Isn't it some kind of kids movie?

[Lorelai's head snaps to look at Luke]

LORELAI: Wait a minute. Have you never seen this movie?

LUKE: Never.

LORELAI: [gravely looks at Rory] We got us a "Pippi" virgin.

RORY: [solemnly] I didn't think there were any left.

LORELAI: [To Luke] And it's not a kids movie.

RORY: It's a classic of surrealism.

LORELAI: And bizarre cinematography.

RORY: And atonal singing.

LORLEAI: And forced acting.

[The room darkens and light from the screen reflects off their faces and the well beloved opening theme song from the movie begins. Lorleai and Rory sing along with the music.]

RORY and LORELAI: [sings] "Freckles on her nose, diddle diddle dee, a girl came riding, into town one day, diddle diddle dee, was quite a sight. It's Pippi Longstocking he ho ho ah he ha ha, it's Pippi Longstocking there's no one like her. Happy as can be, diddle diddle dippy, tells you stories you just wait and see, tra la la la la "

LUKE: What happened to her hair?

LORELAI: She's between stylists now. It's very awkward.

LUKE: Unbelievable.

[Luke then shifts his attention to Dean and Rory as they snuggle closer to each other.]

MOVIE VOICE: ...A monkey and a horse, a suitcase full of golden coins and you amazed...

[Lorelai absently notices his distraction]

LORELAI: You okay?

LUKE: Yeah, yeah. Of course.

[As Lorelai's attention returns to the film, he continues to stare at Dean and Rory.]

CUT TO OUTSIDE BLACK, WHITE AND READ BOOKSTORE - STORE FRONT

[View of the storefront showing the hanging shingle proudly displaying the store's name]

CUT TO INSIDE THE "B, W AND R" THEATER ROOM

[The only four audience members are watching with intense interest.]

PIPPI: Of course I will. I'll behave just like a fine lady.

[Cuts to the movie POV - Pippy is holding a strangely spotted horse over her head using a cheap camera effect. The camera POV shifts back to the red sofa - panning from left to right.]

DEAN: Not a bad effect.

RORY: I don't think George Lucas is shaking in his boots, though.

LORELAI: I've always wanted to lift an immense quadruped over my head.

LUKE: Shh.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: I can't hear anything.

LORELAI: Oh. I'll speak up.

LUKE: Not you -- the movie.

[CHANGE TO MOVIE POV]

LITTLE TOMMY IN FILM: [holds up immense shoes with curling toes] Why do you wear such large shoes?

PIPPY: [soaks her bare feet in a large tub of water] I love wiggling my toes, and I need plenty of room.

[Laughing as she jumps and splashes the water]

CHILD'S VOICE: Hey, look at her.

[CHANGE TO SOFA POV]

LUKE: [curiously serious] I still don't understand why every merchant in town takes her gold coins as payment without questioning where she got them..

LORELAI: Her father's a cannibal king. Everyone knows they're lousy with gold.

LUKE: This was a book, right? I should get the book. [he glances down to see Dean snacking on the tub of popcorn] Hey, you want to pass the popcorn there, buddy?

DEAN: [sheepishly hands the tub over] Oh, yeah. Sorry.

LORELAI: Oh, hey, we're below quarter full with the tub. You guys wanna fetch a refill?

RORY: Sure. And drinks.

[Dean and Rory stand to go retrieve the snacks]

LUKE: Thanks, Rory.

[Dean and Rory stand before and obviously occupied Kirk. Dean clears his throat.]

DEAN: Kirk? Kirk? Yo. [nudges a foot and interrupts Kirk and Lulu making out.]

RORY: Hey, Lulu.

LULU: [grins sheepishly] Hi, Rory. Hi, Dean.

DEAN: Hi. [rattles the near empty tub] We're needing more popcorn.

[Kirk hops to his feet]

KIRK: Coming up. [to Lulu] Hold that thought

LULU: I will.

KIRK: Boy, "Pippi"'s a great make-out movie. Much better than "Blood on the Highway" or "That's my Daughter's Head."

CUT TO BACK AT THE SOFA

[Lorelai and Luke absently watch the movie]

LORELAI: Hey, Cool Hand?

LUKE: Hmm?

LORELAI: Try to drop the 'tude.

LUKE: What 'tude?

LORELAI: You practically barked at Dean to pass the popcorn.

LUKE: I didn't bark at him. Besides, he was hogging it.

LORELAI: Mm-hmm. Say "popcorn" more nicely, please.

LUKE: I'll try.

LORELAI: Good.

LUKE: Does he have to be all over her like that?

LORELAI: Who? Kirk? It's healthy for him. His complexion has never been better.

LUKE: Dean.

LORELAI: All they were doing was holding hands.

LUKE: [dryly] Yeah. It was that innocent.

LORELAI: Unless he has a third hand, he wasn't holding anything he wasn't supposed to be holding.

LUKE: And the way he grabbed that drink from her and started slurping on it.

LORELAI: She gave it to him to drink. Come on, chill. For me. And for Rory. It's important.

LUKE: I said I will, and I will.

[Rory and Dean return with drinks and full tub of popcorn.]

LORELAI: Thanks, guys.

RORY: Mm-hmm.

[Dean hands the popcorn to Luke before sitting]

LUKE: [slightly exaggerated] Thank you, Dean.

DEAN: No problem.

[Dean continues snuggling with Rory as they all return to watching the movie. Luke's attention wanders and soon resumes watching Dean suspiciously.]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER - INTERIOR - NIGHT

[Lane wipes down the front counter. Zach enters.]

LANE: Hi, Zach.

ZACH: I got something to say.

LANE: Okay.

ZACH: You've known me for two years. You've seen the good and the bad.

LANE: [enthusiastically] Oh, yeah! [noting his serious expression] I mean, yes.

ZACH: You probably know me better than most people, including my parents. Neither of them have seen me cry during "Dances With Wolves," and you have.

LANE: What's this about, Zach?

ZACH: You, of all people, know that it takes me a while to process things, okay? You saw how long it took me to get that chord change in "Brian's Tune."

LANE: It was a tricky chord change. It wasn't your fault.

ZACH: [exasperated] Whatever. It's just the way it is. Now, I may not be fast, but that's what we're dealing with here. And this issue with me and you is going to take longer than a chord change, okay?

LANE: Sure.

ZACH: I hope you weren't expecting an "Officer and a Gentleman" kind of thing when I came in just now.

LANE: I was not expecting that.

ZACH: Good. So we clear?

LANE: Yes.

ZACH: Good. [nods and glances around unsure]

LANE: You want something to eat?

ZACH: Yes.

LANE: Name it.

ZACH: Give me a minute, okay?

LANE: Sorry. Sure. Take a minute. [She smiles quietly as she watches Zach]

[Zach stares off considering his options]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE - EVENING

[The foursome enter front door. Luke is discussing the movie]

LUKE: Did she own that house she lived in before she rode the horse into town, or did she buy it with her gold coins?

RORY: That's a good question.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, I see a prequel in the works. "The Adventures of Pippi in Escrow."

DEAN: I'd go see it.

LORELAI: So, beverages. Shout 'em out.

RORY: Water.

LUKE: Beer.

DEAN: Yeah, beer sounds good.

LUKE: [Chuckles] Oh, you're serious. You want a beer?

DEAN: Yeah.

LUKE: Yeah, okay. Bring him a beer. He's not driving... [under his breath] or 21.

DEAN: Fine. I won't have a beer.

LUKE: [dryly] No, buddy, go ahead. Have a beer if you want one. You're tall. You've got slacks. You can have one.

DEAN: I don't want one anymore.

LORELAI: Can I substitute something for you?

DEAN: Water, I guess.

LUKE: Put some barley and hops in it, buddy. No one's judging here.

DEAN: [firmly] Water.

RORY: We have good water here, right Mom?

LORELAI: [rapid-fire speech] Oh, yeah -- and I'll bring out a couple of extra beers, and those of us who want them can grab them as need be. Just keep an eye on Rory, or she'll grab them all for herself.

RORY: [replies with equally fast chatter] I'll try to refrain. Need help?

LORELAI: [says quickly before exiting to kitchen] No, you stay, entertain. I'll be right back.

[uncomfortable silence. The guys are looking anywhere but at each other.]

RORY: Hey, remember when you guys were on a softball team together?

[another silent pause, before Dean walks to the couch and sits. Luke examines the nearby desk.]

DEAN: It was just a pickup game.

RORY: But you guys played a neighboring town, right? I forget which one. Um... but I do remember that you guys did Stars Hollow proud. In fact, I think it's probably the best team Stars Hollow has ever thrown. Or however you would word that phrase I attempted in the proper softball vernacular.

[She removes her jacket and joins Dean on the sofa.]

LUKE: Yeah, well, I haven't played in awhile.

DEAN: [quietly] Same here.

[another long pause, before Rory attempts to break the silence by humming]

RORY: Dum de dum dum dum.

[Lorelai enters with a tray of drinks, water glasses and beer bottles. Luke takes one]

LORELAI: What's that? A song?

RORY: No, it's just dum de dum dum.

LORELAI: Okay. Well, here are the beverages. [sets tray on coffee table]

DEAN: Thanks.

LUKE: Thanks. [takes a sip]

LORELAI: [glances around the tense room.] I'll be right back.

RORY: [frantically follows] Where are you going?

[Lorelai walks to the hall closet]

LORELAI: It's time to bring out the Bop It.

RORY: [Gasps] Bop It! Yes, yes! Good idea.

[They return to the living room]

LORELAI: Hey, look what I found. Bop It! Who wants to play?

RORY: [exaggerated excitement] I want to play!

LORELAI: Let's all play. You guys know how to play?

DEAN: [somewhat unenthusiastically] I've played it here before.

RORY: Yeah, he has.

LORELAI: Yeah, I remember. Hey, Cool Hand.

LUKE: What is it?

LORELAI: Oh, well... each guy holds one of the handles. [Rory and Lorelai both grip a handle] And you start up, and then you do whatever it says. You twist it or pull it or Bop It until one of you's out. [Luke watches them unimpressed] Watch. I'll be yellow. You be green.

[Lorelai and Rory demonstrate the game and begin by tapping the game gripped between them.]

GAME VOICE: Twist it. [Lorelai quickly twists yellow knob]. Pull it. [Lorelai pulls another knob] Bop it. [Lorelai reacts before Rory can move.]. Yellow. [switches to Rory's turn]. Flick it. [Rory hesitates...]. Ow! [Lorelai grins as Rory is defeated]

LORELAI: Okay, you try it. [to Luke and Dean, neither look impressed.]

RORY: Come on. [encouragingly to Dean]

LORELAI: It looks like Luke is green, and Dean is yellow.

[Lorelai position the two guys and hand them the game before returning to the sofa. Both girls sit.]

RORY: We've got ourselves a contest here.

LORELAI: Yep. [The two men stand facing each other without reacting]

DEAN: You wanna do a practice run?

LUKE: It's not that complicated.

DEAN: Okay. Here we go. [he activates the game]

GAME VOICE: Twist it. [Dean twists the yellow knob] Spin it. [Luke spins another knob]. Pull it. [Dean hurriedly pulls another knob]. Pull it. [Dean quickly reacts as they both struggle with the plastic game]. Flick it. [Luke reacts quickly. They both struggle harder as they grip the game.].

LORELAI: Don't hurt the Bop It, guys. It's got feelings too.

GAME VOICE: Pull it. [Luke quickly reacts]. Bop it. [Luke reacts again roughly].

RORY: Looks like it's a draw.

LORELAI: Good going, guys. Why don't you take a break? [but they continue playing determinedly.]

GAME VOICE: Green. Twist it. Twist it. Twist it. Bop it. [Dean misses a turn] Ow! Green wins!

LUKE: [taunting as he waves the plastic toy] Yeah! In your face! In your face!

DEAN: Fine. You won.

LUKE: [gloating] I hammered you, buddy.

DEAN: It's just a stupid game.

LUKE: Says the loser. [He walks off. The girls both look very unhappy.]

DEAN: [shrugs to the girls] I gotta go.

RORY: Already? [she stands to follow him to the door]

DEAN: Yeah, it's getting late. Thank you, Lorelai. Thanks for everything.

LORELAI: [warmly] You're welcome, Dean. Anytime.

[near the front door:]

DEAN: [quietly] I'll call you later.

RORY: Okay. [they kiss] Yeah, call me.

[Dean exits and Rory turns around with a determined look]

RORY: Thanks a lot.

LUKE: What did I do?

LORELAI: Rory...

RORY: We shouldn't have gone out like this if people didn't want to.

LUKE: No, Rory, I wanted to.

RORY: You made no effort.

LUKE: I did. I swear.

LORELAI: Look, we can talk about this later.

LUKE: He had some sort of chip on his shoulder.

RORY: Oh, come on, Luke. You're the reason we had to pull out the Bop It.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Bop It's what we bring out for social gatherings that need mouth to mouth.

RORY: I'm going back to school. [grabs her jacket and pull it on]

LUKE: Rory, wait. I feel awful here.

RORY: No, it's okay. Whatever. Bye, Mom. [gives her a quick kiss]

LORELAI: Bye, honey. Drive safely.

LUKE: [helplessly watches her leave] Yeah, drive safe. [Sighs] I feel awful.

[He sits on the sofa stewing]

LORELAI: Well, it's -- you know, it's my fault. I forced this.

LUKE: It's not your fault. I shouldn't have said yes to a double date.

LORELAI: Well, I wanted to do this.

LUKE: But I can't be around that guy. I knew that, and I said yes anyway.

LORELAI: Why can't you be around him?

[He jumps up and starts pacing]

LUKE: Because he's not good for her.

LORELAI: Luke...

LUKE: [adamantly] He's not. He's not right for her.

LORELAI: You're mad at Dean from years past. What's past is past. They're a couple now. Do you even remember why you're mad at him?

LUKE: He's a punk. That's what I remember. Just look at his history. He broke her heart before.

LORELAI: Their problems were mutual. You don't know the whole story.

LUKE: [emphatically] He got married and bailed out before the honeymoon was even over.

LORELAI: When you're young, you make mistakes.

LUKE: He was pining for Rory, and he got married. That's unstable.

LORELAI: He's 19. Give him a break.

LUKE: He doesn't know what he wants. He's proven that. How can Rory trust him now?

LORELAI: Matters of the heart are not science. There are no sure things.

LUKE: [stubbornly] He's not good enough for her.

LORELAI: Well, who is? Jess?

LUKE: No, not Jess. A prince, maybe. One that's in line to be king. Not one of those waiting-for-a-brother-to-die ones, but a real one. If not a prince, someone who's gonna be good for her. You know, Rory is like Pippi.

LORELAI: Pippi?

LUKE: She can have adventures and be free, she's smart. The whole world's waiting for her.

LORELAI: [disbelief] You're comparing Rory to Pippi Longstocking?

LUKE: [counting attributes on his fingers] Pippi is strong and independent. She can lift a horse above her head. Uh-huh. And beat up bullies and build a hot-air balloon. She's unique, like Rory. But I guarantee you, if Pippi had met Dean, [Lorelai sighs] there would be no horse, no balloons. He'd drag her down to his level, spend all her gold coins, and poof, like that, all her dreams would be gone.

LORELAI: It's Rory's choice who she chooses to be with. Not yours, not mine.

LUKE: Does it feel right to you? Are you okay with this Rory-and-Dean thing?

LORELAI: [quietly] I just need this to work.

LUKE: Look at me. Not stopping till he's upset every person that means anything in the world to him in one night. [he pulls her into a long tight hug. After a long pause...] You want a beer?

[She answers without hesitation]

LORELAI: Yes. [She sighs as they both sit on the sofa] Maybe if I brought out the Twister.

LUKE: Maybe.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE HOME - SAME EVENING

[Emily is sitting at a small desk writing letters. Sound of the front door closing.]

EMILY: Who is it?

[Richard enters]

RICHARD: I hope this isn't a bad time.

EMILY: No, I was just catching up on some correspondence.

RICHARD: I just wanted to let you know that our property tax bill is wrong this year. I'm contesting it. In case they call here, I wanted to let you know.

EMILY: Fine. Thank you.

RICHARD: You're welcome. [He takes a step as if to leave. After a pause Emily returns to her letters] Oh, and I've joined a barbershop quartet.

EMILY: Oh.

RICHARD: Yeah, we do it up right. Dress in period costumes. These silly vests and things. We've performed a couple of times at charity events.

EMILY: [small private smile] All right.

RICHARD: It's part of a barbershop chorus. That's a group of about 30.

EMILY: [smiles] Very good.

RICHARD: I guess I'll be going. [He turns to leave and spies the large metal structure in the foyer.]

EMILY: I bought a panic room.

RICHARD: [showing no reaction as he looks back] Very good. [He leaves]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW STREET - SAME EVENING

[Rory, drives her Toyota Prius through the street and spots Dean walking home. She slows to a stop and he approaches her open window]

RORY: Hey.

DEAN: Hi. [grins with good humor] Well, I guess that was a bust, huh?

RORY: Sorry. Maybe it was too soon.

DEAN: Well, your mom was real nice.

RORY: She was great.

DEAN: Thank her for me, okay?

RORY: I will. It was fun for a while there, though, wasn't it? [smiling while remembering]

DEAN: [grins comfortably] Yeah. The movie was. It was real fun.

RORY: [slightly wistful] Like the old days.

DEAN: Like the old days. [after a pause] I'd invite you over, but Kyle's entertaining some buddies.

RORY: I should go anyway. Want a ride?

DEAN: I'm almost there.

RORY: Okay. Kiss. [he leans in and they kiss sweetly] Bye.

DEAN: Bye.

[she watches him walk off, before putting car in gear and driving slowly off, deep in thought]

~~~ End ~~~