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03x10 - That'll Do, Pig

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3.10 - That'll Do, Pig

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OPEN IN STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai, Rory, and Lane are walking through the center of town]

LANE: Are you serious?

LORELAI: I am serious.

LANE: We can really rehearse in your garage?

LORELAI: In exchange for the promise that you never pose naked on the cover of Rolling Stone no matter how much trouble your career is in.

LANE: I promise. I love you. Do you know how amazing your mother is?

LORELAI: No. Tell her, would ya? She forgot this morning.

RORY: Because hot water is enjoyed by all, not just by you.

LORELAI: I wasn't in the shower that long.

RORY: Man, it's winter carnival time again already.

LANE: Yup.

RORY: Are you going?

LANE: I have to. We are raising money for the marching band this year, mandatory booth manning is involved.

LORELAI: Man, Lane ▯ marching band, rock band.

LANE: Music is my life.

LORELAI: Hi Mrs. Kim!

LANE: So not funny.

RORY: Raising money for the marching band to do what?

LORELAI: Please let it be new uniforms.

LANE: It's for letters so we can finally have letter carriers. For some reason, the powers that be think that the reason we never win at competitions is because no one knows who we are. The fact that we suck has never occurred to them. What's wrong with our uniforms?

LORELAI: Nothing.

LANE: We look stupid, right?

LORELAI: No.

LANE: The plumes are too big, and it looks like big red fountains of blood spurting out of our heads.

LORELAI: I love the uniforms.

LANE: It's bad enough I have to be in marching band at all without being mocked for what is mandatory for us to wear.

LORELAI: No, no, no, I didn't mean, I. . . remind her that she gets to rehearse in our garage 'cause I think I'm losing points here.

RORY: Your uniforms are great, and people knowing who you are can only help. Now let's just enjoy the snow, okay?

LANE: Okay.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: Especially since some of us have been freezing since our showers this morning.

LORELAI: I wasn't in there that long.

LANE: I'm sorry, can we get back to the band uniforms, 'cause on a scale of one to ten, how much do I not wanna let Dave see me like that?

LORELAI/RORY: Ten.

LANE: Okay, thanks.

[opening credits]

CUT TO CHILTON CLASSROOM

TEACHER: To evaluate the value of a function of X when X equals π . You want to start by splitting the integral into two separate integrals. Now, since the left integral is a variable of a constant exponent, remember C is a constant, add one and divide by the new power.

MADELINE: Paris, what did he say?

PARIS: Hm?

MADELINE: He's talking too fast, I missed it.

PARIS: Ask Louise.

MADELINE: Louise, what did he say?

LOUISE: I don't know, ask Paris.

MADELINE: She told me to ask you.

LOUISE: Why would she do that?

MADELINE: I don't know.

LOUISE: Did you guys have a fight?

MADELINE: Not that I know of.

TEACHER: . . . The right integral, however, is more complex. You have to use U substitution with U equals 3 feet. [bell rings] We'll pick up at the same place tomorrow.

RORY: The bell rang.

PARIS: What?

RORY: The bell? That loud metal musical contraption that when hit loudly by a vibrating mallet signals the end of this particular educational experience.

PARIS: Class is over?

RORY: Yup.

PARIS: What did he talk about?

MADELINE: Ask Louise.

PARIS: I didn't take notes. I didn't pay attention. I'm going to. . .

RORY: Borrow my notes and be just fine.

PARIS: Thank you.

MADELINE: Madeline want notes, too, please.

LOUISE: Add one and divide by the new power? Oh, I thought it said add one and divide by the Jew power. It makes much more sense this way.

PARIS: I can't believe I zoned out for the entire class.

RORY: You must have a lot on your mind.

PARIS: I do.

RORY: I'm sure. Okay, so, onto the next thing. I don't think I'll have the prom bids ready for the supplemental student council meeting this week.

PARIS: Oh.

RORY: They need a little more time to get the details together, so that leaves a little hole in our agenda. Any thoughts?

PARIS: Well, we can just cancel the supplementary meeting this week.

RORY: What?

PARIS: Well, if there's nothing really to talk about, what's the point, right?

LOUISE: You said that one student council meeting a week was not enough.

MADELINE: Yeah, you said that was no way to govern, that meeting once a week was lazy, ineffectual, and if we were going to do it like that, we might as well just buy ourselves a ranch in Texas.

PARIS: Fine, if you guys wanna sit around for an hour after school swapping makeover horror stories, then count me in. Hey, did I ever tell you about the time I plucked outside of my designated brow line? Man, was my face red.

MADELINE: I've done that, too. Ooh, it's bad.

LOUISE: She was being sarcastic.

MADELINE: Well, I wasn't. I looked surprised for a month.

PARIS: We'll just take this week off, and next week we'll go back to twice a week, okay?

RORY: Sounds fair.

LOUISE: Sounds fab.

FRANCIE: I heard something about the supplemental student council meeting □ anything I need to know about, a new chart to be made, perhaps?

PARIS: No. We were just saying that the agenda seems light this week, so I've decided to cancel it, and we can just gather at the regular meeting on Friday.

FRANCIE: Wow, this is quite a change in plans.

PARIS: You have a problem with it?

FRANCIE: No, I'm just surprised. You seem so attached to those meetings.

PARIS: Well, I finally got a blankie. It's much better.

FRANCIE: Okay, no extra meeting this week. What will I do with all that extra time? Well, I guess I'll think of something.

PARIS: Take a picture of which outfit wins, will ya?

RORY: Bye Francie.

FRANCIE: Bye.

[Rory and Paris walk into the hallway]

PARIS: I met his parents.

RORY: You did?

PARIS: He bought me a ticket, and I took the train to Philadelphia, and he met me at the station, and I spent Christmas with him and his family.

RORY: Sounds nice.

PARIS: No, not nice. It was perfect. They had a Christmas tree twelve feet tall. Everything was red and silver and there was eggnog. Have you ever had eggnog?

RORY: Yes, I have.

PARIS: It's disgusting.

RORY: Yes, it is.

PARIS: But disgusting in a really great way. And they had tiny wreaths hanging from every doorknob, and mistletoe and candles everywhere. I couldn't believe it. I mean, I've never had a Christmas before. One year, I asked my mother if we could get a Chanukah bush. She made me watch Shoah the rest of the week.

RORY: Wow.

PARIS: The place smelled like cinnamon all the time, and there was a fire in the fireplace, and a ton of presents. I mean, hundreds of presents. I'm looking at this mound of gifts, and I'm thinking, "Eight days of Chanukah. . . who was the skinflint who thought up that deal?"

RORY: Don't the eight days symbolize something?

PARIS: Yes, they symbolize eight days of ripping off the little kids who can't have a Chanukah bush.

RORY: You're making me sad.

PARIS: His mother bought me a present.

RORY: Well, that says something.

PARIS: What does it say?

RORY: It says that Jamie likes you enough that she felt compelled to buy you a present.

PARIS: I had the most amazing time. Sitting around the tree opening presents, and they played Christmas music and we drank apple cider. . .it was so nice. And then his grandfather and I wound up in a theological discussion. Jesus □ Messiah or nice Jewish kid with a hammer? It got pretty heated.

RORY: Okay, skip to the end, I can't take it. How did it turn out?

PARIS: He told me he loved me.

RORY: Aw, Paris!

PARIS: I never thought I'd hear a boy tell me he loved me.

RORY: That's great.

PARIS: He invited me back up for Easter break.

RORY: You're going, I assume?

PARIS: Are you kidding? And miss a chance to debate Christ rising from the dead? I'm so there.

RORY: Jamie's a lucky man.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai walks through the dining room as Michel speaks Hungarian to a group of guests. The guests get angry, and Michel runs out of the room]

MICHEL: Move, please.

LORELAI: Whoa, what's going on?

MICHEL: I cannot talk now, please.

LORELAI: Michel, they sound really angry.

MICHEL: They do, don't they?

LORELAI: What did you say?

MICHEL: I don't know.

LORELAI: What do you mean you don't know? All you had to say was 'Welcome to Stars Hollow,' that's it.

MICHEL: I know, I thought I did, and then they got angry and threw breadsticks and butter pats.

LORELAI: Michel.

MICHEL: I'm looking. [flips through a dictionary]

LORELAI: You only had to say one word in Hungarian □ welcome, that's it. How bad could it be?

MICHEL: Very bad.

LORELAI: Oh, Michel.

MICHEL: Very, very bad.

LORELAI: Be careful.

[Michel walks back to the guests as the phone rings. Lorelai answers]

LORELAI: Independence Inn, Lorelai speaking.

EMILY: Well, your father's sixtieth birthday dinner is back on.

LORELAI: What sixtieth birthday dinner?

EMILY: The one that I had planned for Wednesday night.

LORELAI: Oh, were we coming?

EMILY: Of course you were coming. You think you wouldn't be invited?

LORELAI: Well, apparently, we weren't invited.

EMILY: I had just started planning the whole thing when he came home in a mood and declared that parties were for children and it was canceled.

LORELAI: Were we disappointed?

EMILY: However, today he came in and changed his mind, so I expect the two of you at eight. And bring a gift, but don't get him a cigar humidor.

LORELAI: Okay.

EMILY: I bought him a cigar humidor.

LORELAI: I assumed.

EMILY: It's gorgeous. It belonged to a lieutenant in the army in World w*r I. Apparently, he kept it in his field office in France. There are carvings in the bottom that the dealer said could possibly be coded messages.

LORELAI: Cool.

EMILY: I think so, too. All right, eight o'clock, do not be late.

LORELAI: Okay, we will not be late. Bye. [hangs up the phone as Michel walks back to the desk]
Well?

MICHEL: It's fine. All we have to do is pay the ransom and they will give us the busboy back.

LORELAI: Oh, whoa, uh. . .

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai walks into the kitchen and starts screaming. She traps a spider under a cup on the floor. There's a knock at the back door.]

LORELAI: Come in. [Dean walks in] Dean, hi.

DEAN: Hi. Uh, I hope I'm not disturbing anything.

LORELAI: Oh, no, absolutely not.

DEAN: Good. Um, I just wanted to. . .

LORELAI: Ah, ah!

DEAN: What?

LORELAI: Don't kick the cup.

DEAN: The what?

LORELAI: I have a spider whose previous credits include the bathtub scene from Annie Hall trapped under that cup.

DEAN: The size of a Buick?

LORELAI: Yeah.

DEAN: I see. And what are you planning to do now that you've got him trapped?

LORELAI: Well, I was thinking of just giving him the kitchen.

DEAN: Okay.

LORELAI: Cause, you know, we don't use it very much anyhow, so, uh. . .

DEAN: I could get rid of it if you want.

LORELAI: Yeah, that'd be great. Just, careful . . . He heard me talking, so don't let him get away. He knows I'm behind this, he'll come after me. Ugh, ugh, ugh. I guess you can see why camping's completely out of the question for me.

DEAN: Got it.

LORELAI: Okay, great. Could ya. . .uh. . .[gestures to the back door]

DEAN: Oh, yeah, yeah, no problem.

LORELAI: Don't let his family see you. Spiders are vindictive.

[Dean takes the spider out the back door]

RORY: [calls from front hall] Mom?

LORELAI: Uh, Rory.

[Rory walks into the kitchen]

RORY: Can we do pizza tonight? I've got a ton of studying to do.

LORELAI: Sure, pizza sounds great.

RORY: Good. Why's the door open?

LORELAI: The door is open because. . .Dean's here.

[Dean walks in]

RORY: Hi.

DEAN: Hi.

LORELAI: Um, Dean threw out a spider for me.

DEAN: I just came by to drop off some of your stuff.

RORY: Oh.

DEAN: Just some books you loaned me, a couple of CD's.

RORY: Okay, thanks.

DEAN: Yeah, sure. Okay, so, I'm gonna go.

LORELAI: Thanks Dean.

[Dean leaves]

LORELAI: It was a really big spider. I think it had a g*n. What are you feeling right now?

RORY: Nothing.

LORELAI: Not weirded out, even a little?

RORY: Why would I be weirded out?

LORELAI: Well, Dean coming over, bringing your stuff back.

RORY: No, I'm fine.

LORELAI: Okay. Although, you know, if you were weirded out a little, it would be okay. It wouldn't mean that you don't like Jess, or that you made a mistake. It would just mean the guy who was in your life for two years isn't there anymore.

RORY: I was just surprised, that's all.

LORELAI: If you say so.

RORY: I do.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: I'm gonna go start studying.

LORELAI: I'll order the pizza.

RORY: Thank you.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Rory and Jess are walking through the town square]

RORY: You know what just occurred to me? That we are very fortunate to have good teeth.

JESS: Yes, very fortunate.

RORY: Can you imagine if braces were involved in this interaction?

JESS: It'd be a bloodbath.

RORY: I can't catch my breath.

JESS: You're not supposed to.

RORY: Hey, listen, Thursday night is the Stars Hollow High Winter Carnival.

JESS: Oh yeah?

RORY: Yeah, I thought we could go, meet Lane there.

JESS: Nope.

RORY: But it'd be really fun. They'll have really bad games and really bad food and the marching band will play and □

JESS: Rory, I'm doing some of my best work here and you're just talking right through it.

RORY: Come on, let's go to the carnival.

JESS: I don't go to these stupid town things.

RORY: You went to the Bid-A-Basket festival. You went to the dance marathon.

JESS: That was when I was trying to get you. I now have you. That means I don't have to go anymore.

RORY: You're serious?

JESS: As a heart attack.

RORY: But it'll be fun.

JESS: We can have our own fun.

RORY: I can't miss the winter carnival.

JESS: Rory, come on.

RORY: Well, I never have. I can't. Just go with me, please.

JESS: Look, how □about you go to the festival, meet Lane, and then I'll hook up with you afterwards.

RORY: Jess.

JESS: That's my final offer, man.

RORY: Fine.

JESS: Fine.

RORY: We're gonna walk right in front of a car one of these days.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Rory and Jess walk in]

JESS: So, you want some help with your homework?

RORY: You're going to help me?

JESS: Yup.

RORY: Don't take this the wrong way, but how?

JESS: Come upstairs and I'll show you.

RORY: Upstairs?

JESS: Yeah.

RORY: Well, you know how important my education is to me.

JESS: Yes, I do.

[Lorelai walks in with some shopping bags]

LORELAI: Rory, hey. Thank God, I need help. Where you going?

RORY: Nowhere.

JESS: See ya. [goes upstairs]

LORELAI: Were you guys gonna go upstairs and kiss?

RORY: Wow, look at all the bags.

LORELAI: Yes, I went shopping for my father's birthday present today, which was great for about fifteen minutes, until it all came back to me.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: The fact that I totally suck at buying my father presents.

RORY: He'll like whatever you get him.

LORELAI: If I slip him a quaalude, he'll like whatever I get him.

RORY: They are not that bad.

LORELAI: My intentions are always good, and I never put a price limit on it. I even went so far as to follow older men around the store who kind of looked like my dad to see what they were buying, which didn't help me with ideas, but I did get asked to the antique car show.

RORY: Just show me what you got.

LORELAI: Fine. Option number one ▯ a state of the art, high tech, titanium bathroom scale.

RORY: Huh.

LORELAI: What? He has weight.

RORY: Yes, but I'm not sure that his birthday is the time to remind him of it.

LORELAI: Okay, option number two ▯ a fabulous mechanical coin sorter. You put the coins in, it sorts them. What?

RORY: Well, it's a little generic.

LORELAI: Generic in a good way, or. . .

RORY: What's the third option?

LORELAI: See, I should have pulled the coin sorter out last, ▯cause. . .

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: A tie.

LORELAI: Yes, it's silk.

RORY: It's nice.

LORELAI: It is?

LUKE: What's that?

LORELAI: It's a tie for my father's birthday.

LUKE: What, no Aramis this year?

LORELAI: No, he likes ties.

LUKE: You know, if you get the big bottle, it usually comes with a tote bag and a soap on a rope.

LORELAI: Go away. My gifts suck.

RORY: It's the thought that counts.

LORELAI: What'd you get him?

RORY: Nothing big.

LORELAI: Well, what?

RORY: Just a thing.

LORELAI: What kind of thing?

RORY: Chuck Berry Live at the Fillmore on vinyl.

LORELAI: Oh my God, that's perfect. He loves Chuck Berry. How did you come up with that?

RORY: I called him and asked him what he wanted.

LORELAI: That's cheating.

RORY: Tough.

LORELAI: Well, now what am I gonna do? I can't give him a tie when you give him the world's most perfect present we already know he likes.

RORY: You want me to go find something for you?

LORELAI: You would do that?

RORY: He gave me a couple other suggestions. I can go see if I can find one of them.

LORELAI: Ugh, my God, I love you. You are my angel.

RORY: Hey, you had one more that you didn't show me.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah □ it lights up and sings.

RORY: Enough said.

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Rory is walking down the sidewalk. She stops to look in a store window, then accidentally bumps into Dean.]

RORY: Oh!

DEAN: Oh, sorry.

RORY: I didn't see you.

DEAN: I wasn't paying attention.

RORY: I was just looking in the window and then. . .

DEAN: I was just noticing the new benches in the square.

RORY: Sorry.

DEAN: Yeah, uh, sorry.

RORY: It's weird.

DEAN: What's weird?

RORY: How we keep randomly bumping into each other like this.

DEAN: Well, it wasn't exactly random bumping into you at your house.

RORY: Right, I live there, not so random.

DEAN: Though, this, right now. .

RORY: Random.

DEAN: Very random.

RORY: That's probably the most the word random's been used in a two minutes period in a really

long time.

DEAN: Hey, you wanna get a cup of coffee?

RORY: Coffee?

DEAN: Maybe talk a little? Of course, if you prefer, we can both just head over to Weston's and randomly bump into each other.

RORY: No, uh, that's okay. I can get coffee.

DEAN: Good.

CUT TO WESTON'S BAKERY

[Rory and Dean walk in]

DEAN: So, where do you wanna sit?

RORY: Um, there's good, if you like the window.

DEAN: Window is fine.

RORY: Of course, there's that one if you don't like the window.

DEAN: Window's fine.

RORY: The window can be colder because of the glass, but then that one is right by the bathroom, and being right by the bathroom always makes me kind of uncomfortable, which isn't really fair because something has to be right by the bathroom. Otherwise, you're cutting down on tables, which means you're cutting down on profits and. . .window's fine?

DEAN: Window's fine.

RORY: Let's sit down then. [they sit down] This is a very nice table. Good pick.

KIRK: Today we have an almond tort, an apple pandowdy, and various marzipan fruits made by a sect of cloistered nuns in Toledo.

DEAN: I'll have a piece of pie.

KIRK: Cherry, peach, chocolate, pumpkin, custard □

DEAN: Custard's fine.

KIRK: There's more.

DEAN: I know, but custard's fine.

KIRK: You don't wanna hear the rest?

DEAN: I am really good with the custard.

KIRK: But they made memorize thirty different flavors.

DEAN: Kirk?

KIRK: Yes?

DEAN: Custard is fine.

KIRK: You want ice cream with that?

DEAN: Are there different flavors?

KIRK: Thirty-two.

DEAN: Just the pie.

KIRK: Okay. What about you?

RORY: Oh, nothing for me.

DEAN: Nothing?

RORY: I'm not hungry.

DEAN: You're not hungry?

RORY: Nope, I'm not.

DEAN: She's not hungry.

KIRK: I'll be right back.

DEAN: In all the time I've known you, I've never seen you not hungry.

RORY: Yeah, well. . .

DEAN: Thanks for doing this.

RORY: Of course. Why wouldn't I?

DEAN: Because you're incredibly uncomfortable.

RORY: Well, it's the situation, not you.

DEAN: Yeah, the situation.

RORY: You know, with you and me being. . .

DEAN: Yeah, yeah, I know the situation. So, um, how are ya?

RORY: I'm fine. You?

DEAN: I'm doing okay.

RORY: How's school?

DEAN: Not bad. I've got McKellan for History.

RORY: Oh, has he done his Napoleon having dinner with Charlemagne bit yet?

DEAN: Catherine the Great shows up for dessert.

RORY: Oh, wow, he's revised it. Good for him. He's a unique man, but a decent teacher.

DEAN: Yeah. You know, um, I wanted to tell you I applied to Southern Connecticut State.

RORY: What?

DEAN: McKellan actually wrote me a letter of recommendation.

RORY: Wait a minute □ you do know that Southern Connecticut State is a four-year college?

DEAN: Yeah, I read that in the brochure.

RORY: But what happened to □I'm going to community college'?

DEAN: I changed my mind.

RORY: Why?

DEAN: You.

RORY: Me?

DEAN: All your Harvard talk, all those crazy books you pushed on me, all that talk about □you can do more.'

RORY: You can do more.

DEAN: So I decided to do more.

RORY: Wow, I'm so glad.

DEAN: Thanks.

RORY: Well, if you need any help with anything, I've become the Rain Man of college application requirements.

DEAN: Thanks. I might take you up on that.

KIRK: Custard pie, no ice cream.

DEAN: Thanks, Kirk.

RORY: Wow. Southern Connecticut State, that's exciting. When did all this happen?

DEAN: The last few weeks. Uh, it's funny. I got the envelope, and I wanted to call you, and then I realized, uh, I can't do that.

RORY: You could've done that.

DEAN: I guess. I don't know, I can't get over how weird it is. I go from seeing you everyday to. . .

RORY: I know.

DEAN: I mean, I'm used to talking to you.

RORY: I know.

DEAN: That's a hard thing to just let go of.

RORY: For me, too.

DEAN: I don't know, Rory. Maybe. . .maybe, um. . .is there a way we could be friends?

RORY: Really?

DEAN: If you want to.

RORY: Oh, I want to. I really want to. But □

DEAN: Don't ask me how I'm gonna deal with him. I have no idea.

RORY: Okay.

DEAN: Let's just take this one step at a time.

RORY: Absolutely. Slow and steady wins the race.

DEAN: This is really good. You sure you don't want a bite?

RORY: One bite. So how's Clara's horseback-riding lessons going?

DEAN: Not bad. I think she actually got within three feet of the thing last week.

RORY: Hm, very impressive.

DEAN: She thought so.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai, Rory, Emily and Richard are sitting in the living room for Richard's birthday party]

RICHARD: This man is a genius. Listen to him play.

RORY: I'm glad you like it, Grandpa.

RICHARD: Oh, I must say, I am a very spoiled man. Chuck Berry, and the complete history of the Peloponnesian w*r.

LORELAI: Well, sure, □cause a partial history would skip all the dirty stuff.

RICHARD: I especially like the way you wrapped the books in a bow tie. It's very, very clever.

LORELAI: I thought it would be appropriate.

EMILY: And, of course, you're not forgetting your favorite gift.

RICHARD: Oh, yes, my beautiful humidor from my beautiful wife.

EMILY: Thank you.

RICHARD: No, thank you. It's been a wonderful birthday.

[the doorbell rings]

EMILY: Would you like some more champagne?

RICHARD: Oh, why not?

TRIX: [from hallway] One of the porch lights is burned out. Perhaps the simple act of glancing outside a window once in awhile might have alerted someone to the situation.

LORELAI: Gran?

RICHARD: Trix, is that you? Well, I'll be. What a surprise. [leaves room]

LORELAI: Mom, did you know Grandma was coming?

EMILY: Oh my God.

LORELAI: Okay, no seems like a safe answer.

RICHARD: [from hallway] Emily, come here! Come say hello to this delightful creature that just walked in.

EMILY: Oh my God.

LORELAI: Come on, let's see if she tries to make a break for it.

[they all walk to the front hallway where Richard is standing with Trix]

RICHARD: Emily, did you know about this?

EMILY: Why, no, I didn't.

RICHARD: Well, I'm floored.

TRIX: Good. Hello Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hello Gran, good to see you.

TRIX: You're well?

LORELAI: I'm well.

TRIX: You're working?

LORELAI: I'm working.

TRIX: You're single?

LORELAI: I'm single.

TRIX: By choice, or do you scare the men with your independence?

LORELAI: Actually, I scare them with my Minnie Pearl impression.

TRIX: The lady with the hat. Rory, as soon as I get settled, I want to hear all about your schooling and your college plans.

RORY: Okay, Gran.

TRIX: Well, Emily, I don't know if you realize it or not, but it's not proper to receive guests in the foyer. It puts one in the awkward position of having to invite oneself in.

EMILY: Uh, yes, uh, please, I - I'm sorry. Please, come in.

RICHARD: This way. [Richard leads her to the living room]

EMILY: What is she doing here?

LORELAI: She's visiting.

EMILY: She didn't call, she always calls.

LORELAI: Oh, it's Dad's birthday. She wanted it to be a surprise.

EMILY: But I haven't prepared. I haven't shopped or set up the guest room and □ oh God, her horrible gifts are still in the basement. What do I do?

LORELAI: Leave them there.

EMILY: But □

LORELAI: It's too late to do anything about that now. Come on.

[they walk to the living room]

TRIX: Oh, Emily, you're still here.

EMILY: Yes, of course I'm still here. Can I get you some champagne?

TRIX: Well, if you wish me to be violently ill tomorrow, absolutely.

LORELAI: Do not answer that.

RICHARD: I've got you covered Trix. Now, tell me what on earth you're doing here. You didn't travel all the way from England just for my birthday.

TRIX: Oh, I think your birthday is a good enough reason to travel all the way from England. However, it did also happen to coincide with some business I needed to attend to.

RORY: What kind of business?

TRIX: Well, for the past year, I've been renting my home in Hartford to a group of musicians. They've recently moved out, so I had to come check on the house and secure a new tenant.

LORELAI: What kind of musicians?

TRIX: A rock and roll group of some sort. I believe they call themselves Korn.

LORELAI: You rented your house to Korn?

RORY: That's so cool!

TRIX: They were fine tenants. Took wonderful care of the place. They planted some lovely tulips in the front yard.

EMILY: So, Mom, if you're going to be here for awhile, I can plan some things for you to do, some outings you might enjoy.

TRIX: Like what?

EMILY: Like the arboretum.

TRIX: I have no desire to spend the entire day with plants, Emily. I'm not a bee. Besides, I already know what I would like to do. I would like to see where Lorelai works.

LORELAI: The inn?

TRIX: I thought we could all have dinner there.

LORELAI: Oh, well, sure. That would be great.

TRIX: Wonderful. Tomorrow night, then.

RORY: Oh. . .

LORELAI: Well. . .

TRIX: What?

LORELAI: It's just that tomorrow night we were planning to go to this winter carnival at the high school. . .

RORY: But we can skip it.

TRIX: Absolutely not. Rory, you're a young person who works hard. It's equally important to have fun. You go to the carnival.

RORY: Thank you.

TRIX: Lorelai, you've had enough fun in your life.

LORELAI: And then some.

TRIX: Dinner will be for the grown-ups. Now, how is the birthday going?

RICHARD: Wonderfully. They're spoiling me rotten. Emily got me the most beautiful humidor. It's from 1917, and was owned by a lieutenant in World w*r I.

TRIX: You know, your father had a humidor that was owned by Victor Hugo.

RICHARD: Really?

TRIX: I still have it if you'd like it.

RICHARD: Well, I'd love it.

TRIX: Fine. I'll take care of it as soon as I get back to London. Now, if you will excuse me, I should like to freshen up.

EMILY: I'll make sure the guest room's ready.

RICHARD: Oh, I can do that, Emily.

TRIX: Thank you, Richard. Emily, I expect to return in twenty minutes. That should give you enough time to pull my gifts out of storage and place them around the room as if they actually stand there all year. [leaves room]

LORELAI: You want some help with those gifts?

EMILY: Yes, please.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

SOOKIE: Twelve courses, each paired with a specific wine, and for dessert, individual chocolate amaretto mousse cakes in the shape of a G.

LORELAI: Sookie, look what you've done.

SOOKIE: Over the top?

LORELAI: On a monumental scale.

SOOKIE: Exactly what I was going for. I'm also going to have individual little menus printed up and placed at each setting.

LORELAI: I love you for doing this.

[Michel walks up to Lorelai with the phone]

MICHEL: Your mother is on the phone.

LORELAI: Oh, can you take a message?

MICHEL: You mean, do I have the physical and mental capabilities to take a message? Why, yes, I do, however. . .

LORELAI: I got it. [takes the phone] Hey Mom.

EMILY: She wants to see your house.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Tonight, before the dinner.

LORELAI: Oh, okay.

EMILY: Okay? Did you hear what I said? That horrifying woman wants to see your house. Your house — the one with the monkey lamp.

LORELAI: Mom, relax.

EMILY: Is it clean?

LORELAI: Yeah, it's clean.

EMILY: If I came in there wearing white gloves, what would I find?

LORELAI: That you could pull a rabbit out of your hat?

EMILY: I don't know what to do. Oh, nevermind, I'll just figure it out when I get there.

LORELAI: When you get where?

EMILY: I'll call you later, Lorelai.

LORELAI: When you get where, Mom?

EMILY: I'm turning onto your street now.

LORELAI: Mom, no!

EMILY: I'll just let myself in. I know you keep a key in the turtle or some ridiculous thing like that.

LORELAI: Mom, I beg of you, make a very dangerous u-turn right now and go back where you came from.

EMILY: I'm here. I'll talk to you later, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Mom. . .mom!

CUT TO CHILTON HALLWAY

[Rory walks past a classroom as Francie opens the door]

FRANCIE: Oh, Rory, super. Could you step in here for a sec?

RORY: Oh, okay.

FRANCIE: Thanks. I'm just so lucky I caught you.

RORY: What is this?

FRANCIE: The supplementary student council meeting, silly.

RORY: But Paris canceled that.

FRANCIE: She did, didn't she? Hm.

RORY: What's going on?

LOUISE: You tell us.

RORY: I don't know.

MADELINE: Francie said there was an issue that has to be discussed.

LOUISE: We figured you ok'ed it.

RORY: I did not okay it. Mr. Hunter, there's been a mistake. Paris canceled this meeting and □

MR. HUNTER: I know, Rory, but Francie approached me and said there was an issue that she had planned to discuss at the meeting today, and it has a bit of a ticking clock on it.

RORY: You did not mention that you had anything.

FRANCIE: I was just so surprised that Paris was canceling the meeting that it flew right out of my head. It was New York to London in three hours or less.

RORY: I'll bet.

MR. HUNTER: Rory, if you take a seat, we can get started.

RORY: I move that we postpone this meeting until Paris can be reached.

MR. HUNTER: We're all here now, let's just hear what Francie has to say. You can fill Paris in later. By the way, did anyone try to find her?

FRANCIE: I saw her walking off with. . .who was that, her brother?

LOUISE: Paris doesn't have a brother.

FRANCIE: Really? Well, she certainly seemed to know him.

RORY: Francie, why don't you just tell us all why we're here?

LOUISE: And how long we're staying.

FRANCIE: The Wadsworth Mansion has just had a cancellation, which means that we can get it for prom, if we move quickly. Shall we vote?

RORY: Hold on □ the Wadsworth Mansion is too expensive. We've already discussed this.

FRANCIE: There are plenty of funds there to cover it.

RORY: Not if we want a telescope to be the senior gift.

FRANCIE: You mean, not if Paris wants a telescope to be the senior gift.

RORY: We all thought it was a good idea.

FRANCIE: Reach for the stars? Nice theme, original. Was □Be all that you can be' taken?

RORY: It's a good gift.

FRANCIE: It's a fine gift. However, so is planting a nice tree in the quad.

RORY: Every class plants a tree.

FRANCIE: Well, then, who are we to judge those who came before? I say, let's put it to a vote.

RORY: This isn't right. Paris should be here.

FRANCIE: I agree, Paris should be here. However, she's not, so once again, shall we vote?

MR. HUNTER: Rory, as student body vice president, I need you to call for a vote.

RORY: All those in favor of using the funds for the Wadsworth Mansion, even though we will be cheating the next generation of Chilton students who would love a nice telescope, say aye.

ALL: Aye.

RORY: Wadsworth Mansion it is.

FRANCIE: Meeting dismissed. Chin up, we'll make it a really big tree.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai pulls up to the house and goes inside. Emily is trying to move Lorelai's couch]

LORELAI: Hold it right there! Step back and move away from the couch.

EMILY: This couch cannot stay.

LORELAI: Yes, it can.

EMILY: It's awful.

LORELAI: It can hear you.

EMILY: Please.

LORELAI: No.

EMILY: Well, what about the chair? Let me move the chair.

LORELAI: No, the chair stays also.

EMILY: Well, we have to do something. I brought flowers over and can't find a decent vase. All I could find was a ceramic Betty Boop head.

LORELAI: Mom, you're making yourself crazy.

EMILY: I know. We'll get some tarps and throw them over everything and tell her that you're painting.

LORELAI: Mom, stop it. What is so horrible about this room?

EMILY: Well, look at it.

LORELAI: I am. I like it.

EMILY: Well, you may like it, but your grandmother will not. She's going to take one look around here at the junk store collection of hobo furniture and she's going to blame me.

LORELAI: For what?

EMILY: For letting you live like this. For not teaching you better. For not redecorating while you're out of town.

LORELAI: Well, we're never out of town.

EMILY: For not sending you out of town so I could redecorate!

LORELAI: Mom, you don't believe that.

EMILY: Everything that's wrong in your life is my fault. Everything that's wrong in your father's life is my fault. Basically, everything's that wrong is my fault.

LORELAI: Mom, would you sit down for a minute.

[They both sit on the couch]

EMILY: And it's lumpy, perfect.

LORELAI: Mom, if I may, I'd like to give you some advice.

EMILY: You would?

LORELAI: You need to develop a defense mechanism for dealing with Grandma.

EMILY: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: You just need a system, a new mindset. Take me, for example.

EMILY: What about you?

LORELAI: Well, I know there are many things in my life you don't approve of.

EMILY: Like what?

LORELAI: Like this couch.

EMILY: Well, this couch is terrible.

LORELAI: Okay, good □ you think the couch is terrible. Now, at one point in my life, you saying a couch that I carefully picked out and had to pay off over eight months is terrible might've hurt my feelings, but not anymore.

EMILY: No?

LORELAI: No.

EMILY: Why not?

LORELAI: Because one day, I decided that instead of being hurt and upset by your disapproval, I'm gonna be amused. I'm gonna find it funny. I'm even going to take a little bit of pleasure in it.

EMILY: You take pleasure in my disapproval?

LORELAI: I encourage it sometimes just for a laugh.

EMILY: I don't know what to think of that.

LORELAI: Think, 'hey, that's brilliant', because this idea could set you free.

[Emily sighs]

LORELAI: Mom, what are you thinking about?

EMILY: That ridiculous Betty Boop head.

LORELAI: [smiles] Mmhmm. So am I.

CUT TO CHILTON

[Francie is walking down the hall when Rory pulls her into the bathroom]

RORY: Francie, so good of you to stop by. I know how busy you are. Gum?

FRANCIE: What's your damage, Gilmore?

RORY: Damage? No damage. I just thought we should chat.

FRANCIE: Yeah? Well, I don't have any□

RORY: Oh, you know what, I changed my mind. I don't think we should chat, I think I should chat. Ready? Okay. That little stunt you pulled □ not good.

FRANCIE: Stunt?

RORY: Paris canceled that meeting.

FRANCIE: Something came up.

RORY: Then you should have brought it to Paris.

FRANCIE: Paris wasn't around. She was off yet again with the mystery man.

RORY: Jealous?

FRANCIE: Of Paris' lobotomy victim? I think not.

RORY: What is wrong with you? So what if Paris has a boyfriend? You don't think that as hard as Paris works in school or on the Franklin or on student council - you don't think that she deserves to have a boyfriend and to enjoy it?

FRANCIE: Hey, no one is denying Gidget a chance to snag Moondoggie for the clambake, but the rest of us have things to accomplish.

RORY: You've had one goal since the beginning of the year.

FRANCIE: To achieve the perfect liquid line.

RORY: To take Paris down.

FRANCIE: And to achieve the perfect liquid line.

RORY: I tried to intervene, I tried to smooth the path between both sides, but you know what? That's over.

FRANCIE: Oh, it is?

RORY: Yes, it is. I'm finished being your go-between. You're a jerk, and if you wanna play it this way, then fine. All bets are off. I'm no longer your ally. You wanna play rough □ fine. I've read The Art of w*r. I can be just as big a pain in your butt as you are in Paris', capiche?

FRANCIE: You do not wanna be my enemy, Marlo Thomas.

RORY: I think I do, Tina Louise.

FRANCIE: Fine.

RORY: It is fine.

FRANCIE: Can I go now?

RORY: The door's right there.

FRANCIE: You're gonna be very sorry.

RORY: Am I?

FRANCIE: Oh yes. . .you are.

RORY: I'm good with that.

CUT TO LORELAI'S LIVING ROOM

[Lorelai is upstairs, Rory's in her bedroom. They holler back and forth to each other off-screen]

RORY: I'm running out of space.

LORELAI: How many bouquets you got left?

RORY: Three.

LORELAI: Can you put them on your dresser?

RORY: Dresser's full.

LORELAI: Can you squish them in with another bunch?

RORY: Already squished.

LORELAI: Can you toss them out the window like I did my last five bouquets?

RORY: Done.

LORELAI: Great.

[Lorelai walks down the stairs as Rory walks to the living room]

LORELAI: Okay, so monkey lamp's in the closet, singing rabbi's in a drawer, and all Spice Girl memorabilia's under your bed. How do I look?

RORY: Like a woman who does not own any Spice Girl memorabilia.

LORELAI: You look pretty, too.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: And I want a play-by-play of the carnival tonight.

RORY: I promise.

LORELAI: And you can leave out all the □

RORY: Hand kissing sounds, gladly.

[there's a knock at the front door]

LORELAI: Oop, they're here.

RORY: Hey, if she doesn't like the house □ what happens then?

LORELAI: I think we have to move. Smile pretty.

[they open the door]

LORELAI: Hi Mom, hi Dad, hi Gran. Was your trip good?

TRIX: The trip was fine. Hello Rory.

RORY: Hi Gran. Hi Grandma, hi Grandpa.

TRIX: Now that we've exhausted the greetings, kindly move aside. I'd like to see your house.

LORELAI: Oh, come on in.

EMILY: If I pass out. . .

LORELAI: I'll yell timber. So, Gran, what do you think? I mean, it's not much. Probably too modest for Korn, but Weezer'd be pretty comfortable.

[Gran walks around silently exploring the main floor of the house as the others follow behind her. They follow her back to the living room.]

TRIX: Let's go.

RORY: Are we moving?

LORELAI: I don't know.

EMILY: Lorelai, I swear to God, if you prolong this evening. . .

LORELAI: Coming.

RORY: Have fun.

EMILY: No one appreciates your sarcasm, young lady.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Rory and Jess walk down the sidewalk]

RORY: Boy, it's pretty out tonight, isn't it?

JESS: Sure is.

RORY: Like a snow globe.

JESS: Mmhmm.

RORY: Sparkly. I mean, I don't think a night comes any prettier than this one. And if you take a really pretty night and add a corndog. . .

JESS: I'm not going to that carnival with you.

RORY: Why not?

JESS: I will be in front of Miss Patty's at nine as promised.

RORY: You are stubborn and impossible.

JESS: See you at nine.

[Dean and his sister walk toward them]

CLARA: Rory!

RORY: Clara, hi!

CLARA: I haven't seen you in forever.

RORY: Longer than forever.

DEAN: She got away from me.

JESS: Buy a stronger leash.

DEAN: Hey, uh, did you see they got the crazy psychic from Woodbury again?

RORY: You're kidding. I thought she got arrested.

DEAN: She's out now and sitting right over there.

RORY: I love her. She always tells me I'm gonna be rich and famous.

DEAN: She tells everybody that they're gonna be rich and famous.

CLARA: Who are you?

JESS: No one.

CLARA: Yes, you are.

JESS: No, I'm not.

RORY: That's Jess. Jess, this is Clara.

CLARA: Are you guys going to the carnival?

RORY: I'm going, Jess isn't.

CLARA: Why not?

RORY: He has things to do.

CLARA: Then you can go with me and Dean, right?

RORY: Oh, well. . .

JESS: I'm going.

RORY: What?

JESS: To the carnival. I'm going to the carnival.

CLARA: I thought you had things to do.

JESS: Well, I don't.

CLARA: Rory just said you had things to do.

JESS: Hey Tatu, just look at the plane, will ya?

CLARA: What?

RORY: Jess, you don't have to go. We can meet later like you said.

JESS: What? No. Come on, how many chances does a guy have to go to a Stars Hollow High winter carnival, right?

CLARA: Right.

JESS: Okay, then. Let's go.

CLARA: To the carnival!

JESS: To the carnival.

CLARA: I want a pretzel and a snowcone and a cheese stick. . .

DEAN: Pace yourself.

CLARA: Rory never tells me to pace myself.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai, Emily, Richard, and Trix walk into the dining room]

LORELAI: And this is our dining room.

TRIX: Small.

LORELAI: Or quaint.

TRIX: Touche.

RICHARD: Oh, you're in for a real treat, Trix. This Sookie is one of the best chefs around.

LORELAI: Here's our table, Gran. Why don't you sit here?

TRIX: All right. Well, Lorelai, I must say, on first viewing, this little inn of yours looks quite impressive.

LORELAI: Thank you.

TRIX: I mean, it's certainly no arboretum, but it's nice just the same.

EMILY: It was just a suggestion, Mom.

TRIX: Yes, it was. Oh, look, a menu.

RICHARD: Well, that's a nice little touch.

LORELAI: Well, Sookie wanted everything perfect for tonight.

MICHEL: Hey, there you are.

LORELAI: Oh, Michel, great. Gran, I'd like you to meet Michel Gerard, our concierge. Michel, this is my grandmother, Lorelai.

MICHEL: Very pleased to meet you.

TRIX: Do you have a pen?

MICHEL: Uh, why, of course.

TRIX: Now, please take this to your chef. These are the times I would like each course to appear at this table. I like a brisk pace, twelve minutes per course is best for my digestion. However, please tell your servers that they are not to clear until everyone has finished. Thank you.

MICHEL: Oh, no, thank you. It is so rare that I get to carry a note anymore.

CUT TO CARNIVAL

CLARA: Is Jess your real name?

JESS: Yes.

CLARA: Do you like it?

JESS: It's fine.

CLARA: Would you rather be named Bill?

JESS: No.

CLARA: Frank?

JESS: No.

CLARA: Mike?

JESS: No.

CLARA: Bob?

JESS: No.

CLARA: Ed?

JESS: Does this belong to you?

DEAN: Clara, you want a snowcone?

CLARA: Yes. Will you go get me a snowcone?

JESS: Absolutely. Go stand in the middle of the street and wait for me, I'll be right back.

DEAN: I'll get your snowcone.

CLARA: And one for Rory, too.

DEAN: And one for Rory, too.

RORY: Thanks.

[Dean walks away]

CLARA: Do you wash your hair?

JESS: Yes, I wash my hair.

CLARA: Then why does it stick up like that?

JESS: Because.

CLARA: It looks crazy.

LANE: Rory!

[Rory walks over to Lane's booth]

RORY: Hey, how's the fundraiser going? The turnout looks good.

LANE: The turnout's great. Apparently, people are starved for entertainment around here.

RORY: Well, hurrah for bad cable reception.

LANE: So, I'm sorry, but did I just see you with Jess and Dean, or do I need a new prescription?

RORY: Your prescription's fine.

LANE: So explain.

RORY: Tomorrow at Luke's. I need to get back before there's a more exciting ending to the evening.

LANE: Forget nothing.

RORY: I promise.

[Rory walks back to Jess and Clara. Jess is playing the Bottle Toss game]

CLARA: You missed. You missed. You missed.

JESS: Hey, you wanna learn how to fly?

RORY: How's everybody doing?

CLARA: Jess can't throw.

JESS: I can, too.

CLARA: You missed every time.

JESS: I can't concentrate with your annoying midget voice yammering on and on. It's like having Stuart Little shoved in my ear.

[Dean walks over and hands Rory and Clara each a snowcone]

DEAN: Here. They only had cherry.

RORY: Oh, that's all we need.

DEAN: So, you play any of the games yet?

CLARA: Nope, I've been watching him lose. You don't get a bear, but it's still pretty fun.

DEAN: Well, how about I go beat you at ice bowling?

CLARA: You can't beat me.

DEAN: Oh, I think I can.

CLARA: Let's go!

DEAN: We'll be back.

RORY: Okay. So, how much to play?

JESS: A dollar.

RORY: Okay.

JESS: I got it.

RORY: Just for the record, I'm a girl and we are supposed to throw like this.

JESS: So you got anything you wanna tell me?

RORY: I like your crazy hair.

JESS: You weren't just gonna go to the carnival with Dean?

RORY: No. Running into them was a total coincidence. I swear.

JESS: Okay.

RORY: Not even close.

JESS: So when did you and Dean get so buddy-buddy again?

RORY: We're not so buddy-buddy.

JESS: Last time I checked, you weren't even speaking. Now he's fetching you snowcones?

RORY: He was getting one for Clara.

JESS: You guys talking?

RORY: No, we're not talking. We talked, once.

JESS: You got my interest.

RORY: We ran into each other and he wanted to get coffee, so I did, and we talked.

JESS: About?

RORY: Just boring things. Clara's horseback riding, his college application, nothing earth shattering.

JESS: Uh huh.

RORY: And he asked if we could be friends, and I said sure.

JESS: Friends?

RORY: Jess, he knows we're together, okay? And it's a small town. Dean and I will see it each other, and I just thought it wouldn't hurt to be polite.

JESS: So you're just being polite?

RORY: Yes. Dean has never done anything bad to me, and I just, I want to ▯

JESS: I got it.

RORY: You're mad.

JESS: Nope, just figured you could've told me.

RORY: I'm sorry.

JESS: No biggie. You gonna throw that?

RORY: You're really not mad?

JESS: Nope, not mad at all.

RORY: And you understand?

JESS: I understand.

RORY: And you believe me?

JESS: Like you're standing with an ax next to a cherry tree.

RORY: And you're okay with it?

JESS: Will you just throw the ball?

RORY: Oh my God, I did it!

JESS: Very impressive.

BOY: Here you go, congratulations. [hands her a stuffed bear]

RORY: Thanks. Hello sad, pathetic bear.

JESS: You know, I could've bought you that thing for a quarter.

RORY: No, it's better that I won it. Maybe Clara would like it.

JESS: Yes, shoved in her mouth.

RORY: She's cute.

JESS: Oh, just darling.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

RICHARD: And so far, knock wood, things seem to be picking up.

TRIX: Well, it's about time you went into business. Oh, Emily, you should've encouraged him to do this years ago.

EMILY: Yes, I should've.

TRIX: He's a go-getter, your father. Not completely dissimilar to yourself.

LORELAI: Thank you, Gran.

[Sookie walks over to them]

SOOKIE: Hello. Just wanted to check and see how your dinner was coming along.

LORELAI: Sookie, it's amazing. Gran, this is our chef, Sookie.

TRIX: The food is excellent.

SOOKIE: Thank you very much.

TRIX: Young lady, your uniform has a large cut down the middle of your back.

SOOKIE: It does? Oh yeah, I did get myself, huh.

EMILY: Sookie, how on earth did you do that?

SOOKIE: Oh, well, I . . . and the □ the chop flew, so I lunged. . . and then the floor slipped. . . and then. . . ooh! You know, and I just. . . did a flip, ya know. I guess you just kind of had to be there.

TRIX: Yes, apparently so.

SOOKIE: Okay, well, nice to meet you. I have to get back. We have quite a tight schedule to follow.

TRIX: Yes, we do.

[Sookie walks away]

RICHARD: So, Trix, let's talk about the Hartford house. Do you have a new tenant lined up yet?

TRIX: Yes, I do.

RICHARD: Hmm. Who?

TRIX: Me.

EMILY: What?

TRIX: I wasn't going to bring this up tonight, but since you asked, my health hasn't been too good lately.

RICHARD: What, what's the matter?

TRIX: What the matter is, I'm not twenty. Anyhow, the weather in London is quite damp, and I have a yearning to be a little closer to my immediate family, so now that Korn has moved out of my house, I thought perhaps I would move back in.

LORELAI: Um, when, Gran?

TRIX: As soon as I can close up the London house and get my affairs in order.

RICHARD: Well, I think that's a wonderful idea. I'm thrilled. In fact, I'm so thrilled, I'm not going to be angry with you for not telling me you were in ill health.

TRIX: I will be fine, Richard.

RICHARD: You will be fine, because as soon as you're back here, I'm going to send you to the finest doctors.

TRIX: Whatever you say.

RICHARD: And Emily and I are going to look after you completely, day and night. You can count on us.

TRIX: I knew I could. Oh, it's time for the next course. Waiter, our next course please.

EMILY: I'm not done.

TRIX: What do you mean, you're not done? You had twelve minutes.

EMILY: I'm not done.

TRIX: Fine, we will wait.

[Emily begins to slowly eat the rest of her meal]

LORELAI: That'll do, pig. That'll do.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW HIGH

[Dean is reading a bulletin board in the hallway]

JESS: Need some help with the big words?

DEAN: Sure. Why don't you come over here and I'll show you which one's giving me a hard time.

JESS: You're getting a little pathetic man.

DEAN: Thanks for the heads up.

JESS: Let's be friends?

DEAN: No thanks.

JESS: You don't think I know what you're doing? You don't think it's so pathetically transparent?

DEAN: Get out of here, Jess.

JESS: Rory's taking pity on you. That's why the sudden interest in being your friend. You know that?

DEAN: Whatever you say.

JESS: The saddest part of this whole thing is. . .

DEAN: Man, you like hearing yourself talk.

JESS: You really think that by being her friend, you're gonna get her back.

DEAN: I don't know what you're talking about.

JESS: No, huh?

DEAN: Rory and I are just friends, just like you and Rory were just friends. And hey, look how it turned out for you.

[Clara walks out of the bathroom]

CLARA: Okay, I'm ready for popcorn.

DEAN: You got it.

CLARA: Bye Jess. You think Rory wants some popcorn?

DEAN: I don't know. Let's go ask her.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting on the front porch]

RORY: This is very impressive.

LORELAI: Not as impressive as my mother making four green beans last an hour and a half.

RORY: I wish I'd seen that.

LORELAI: When she finally got to the last bean, she cut it in six pieces. I swear, I thought Gran was gonna lunge across the table at her.

RORY: The student surpasses the master.

LORELAI: I was a little proud. Although I'm bummed I missed the carnival.

RORY: There's a snowcone in the freezer for you.

LORELAI: How'd it finally end with Cheech and Chong?

RORY: Jess knows I'm friends with Dean, Dean knows I'm dating Jess, and they both seem fine with it. What?

LORELAI: I just like that once in awhile, you still seem like a little kid.

RORY: They do, I swear.

LORELAI: Let's just watch the snow.

THE END

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