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## 03x05 - Eight O'Clock at the Oasis

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### 03x05 - Eight O'Clock at the Oasis

by **bunniefuu**

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3.05 - Eight O'Clock at the Oasis

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OPEN IN STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai and Rory are walking down the street toward the diner]

LORELAI: And the rabbit says, "How about that schnitzel!" Well?

RORY: Well what? There's no punchline.

LORELAI: That is the punchline.

RORY: "How about that schnitzel!" "that's the punchline?"

LORELAI: Well, no, not when you say it like that.

RORY: How am I supposed to say it?

LORELAI: Like a punchline.

RORY: How about that schnitzel!

LORELAI: Oh, forget it.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: You ruined my joke.

RORY: Um, no, the punchline ruined your joke.

LORELAI: Ha!

RORY: What?

LORELAI: You admit it's a punchline.

RORY: Oh my God.

LORELAI: Ha, I am vindicated. "How about that schnitzel!" has officially been declared a punchline.

RORY: A really bad punchline.

LORELAI: No one asked for the Norton Critical Edition. All the schnitzel and I wanted was some recognition and now we have it.

[they walk into Luke's Diner]

LORELAI: Oh, man, it's packed in here.

RORY: I guess we counter it.

LORELAI: Oh, I guess we do.

[they sit down at the counter]

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: What do you know, your face really can freeze that way.

RORY: Are you okay?

LUKE: Yeah, I'm fine, I'm great. It's a big fat happy sunshine day for me.

LORELAI: Business looks good.

RORY: Yeah, the place is packed.

LUKE: Sure, it's been taken over by the J. Crew catalog.

[Several families with little kids are seated at the tables]

RORY: Oh, look, babies!

LORELAI: I never wanna hear that come out of your mouth again.

WOMAN: Find the yellow ball.

MAN: [searching through a diaper bag] Yellow ball, yellow ball, yellow ball. . .ah, yellow duck.

WOMAN: Ball.

MAN: Yellow ball, yellow ball, yellow ball.

LUKE: Every weekend, the same stupid group comes in here and take up all my tables and every chair they can get their sticky hands on, and they do that. They sit, they stand, one person holds the kid, another person holds the kid.

MAN 2: I've got Choo-Choo Joe.

LUKE: This guy runs in and out and back and forth, the other guy never takes his head out of that stupid bag, the women can't figure out which kid is which, and they do it all morning long, and then order two iced teas to go, and that is it.

LORELAI: I'm sure you're exaggerating.

LUKE: I am not exaggerating.

WOMAN 2: Oh god.

LUKE: Oh, now, this is good, you see □ Choo-Choo Joe will not be working.

WOMAN 2: Get the Bongo Bear. Get the Bongo Bear.

RORY: How'd you know that?

LUKE: Because Joe has not been working for the last six months. Personally, I don't think he's broken, I think he k\*llled himself to get away from that family.

LORELAI: Oh, now that kid's a major drooler.

RORY: Yeah, it's like a fountain.

LUKE: Okay, that's it, they have to go.

LORELAI: Luke, come on, it's just spit. Pretend you're at a baseball game.

LUKE: No no no, I've had enough. Let them go not spend money at Al's, I'm through.

[He starts to walk toward the people when a woman stands up and starts unbuttoning her shirt. Luke walks back to Lorelai and Rory]

LUKE: Is that woman doing what I think she's doing?

[the woman has started nursing her baby]

LORELAI: Um, well, I can't be a hundred percent sure, but. . .oh yeah, that's lunch.

LUKE: Why, why do they do this? This is a public place, people are eating here.

RORY: They sure are.

LUKE: This cannot be sanitary.

LORELAI: I agree. You don't know where that thing's been.

LUKE: When did that become acceptable? In the old days, a woman would never consider doing that in public. They'd go find a barn or a cave or something. I mean, it's indecent. This is a diner not a peep show!

LORELAI: Hey, consider making it a combo. You could charge more for your cheeseburgers. Of course, no one would ever feel the same ordering a glass of milk again, but . . .

LUKE: I have to do something. I just can't stand here and let the lactating continue.

LORELAI: Luke.

RORY: Gross!

LUKE: I'm gross? I'm not the one exposing myself for the entire world to see. That's it.

[Luke starts to walk over to the woman, then walks back to the counter]

LUKE: You go make her stop.

LORELAI: I'm not going over there.

LUKE: Why not? You're a woman.

LORELAI: So what?

LUKE: So you have the same parts.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: You shouldn't be scared of it.

LORELAI: Scared of it? You know, you're gonna be a bachelor for a really long time.

LUKE: I am being taken advantage of here, and I do not like being taken advantage of. I hate this!

[Jess walks down into the diner and sees the woman nursing]

JESS: Oh geez!

[Jess quickly turns around and walks back upstairs]

LUKE: Okay, well, that was kind of fun.

[opening credits]

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai walks into the lobby as Michel walks in from another direction carrying some pillows]

LORELAI: Aw, is it your nap time?

MICHEL: The Tylers in twelve asked to have their toxic pillows removed.

LORELAI: Our pillows aren't toxic.

MICHEL: According to the complimentary travel magazine that we put in their room, down pillows can carry airborne diseases and mold.

LORELAI: Unbelievable □ I didn't think anyone ever read those magazines.

MICHEL: I think she had to, there was a picture of a roast chicken on the cover.

LORELAI: Michel.

MICHEL: She is large.

LORELAI: Michel.

MICHEL: And her husband is ugly.

LORELAI: Hey!

MICHEL: They threw pillows at me!

[phone rings]

LORELAI: Independence inn.

EMILY: You really should identify yourself when you answer the phone at work.

LORELAI: Sorry. Independence Inn, major disappointment speaking. Better?

EMILY: Yes, thank you. Now I wanna talk to you about something.

LORELAI: sh\*\*t.

EMILY: I'm in charge of the Society Matron's League's annual antique auction next Tuesday and I thought maybe you'd like to come.

LORELAI: Society Matron's League? That's quite a name.

EMILY: And what is wrong with that name, Lorelai?

LORELAI: Nothing, it just sounds so serious. Brings to mind a room full of old ladies wearing black dresses and cameos and pushing spoonfuls of cod liver oil on the kids.

EMILY: That's a very flattering portrait of my friends you're painting.

LORELAI: I didn't mean your friends. I meant the other old ladies in the league, the ones who don't like you and your friends 'cause you guys are so young.

EMILY: Kindly wrap this up soon, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Consider it wrapped.

EMILY: Thank you. As I was saying, all the proceeds from the auction go to the children's hospital, and we're going to be offering some lovely pieces which I think would like very nice in that inn of yours.

LORELAI: What sort of pieces?

EMILY: Basically a lot canes and shawls, a couple of walkers. I believe we finally talked Old Lady Rollins into giving up her teeth.

LORELAI: What sort of pieces, Mom?

EMILY: We have a couple of wonderful writing desks, and some French end tables, rocking chairs, picture frames, lamps, davenports.

LORELAI: Well□

EMILY: The worst that can happen is you won't find anything you like and you've wasted a couple of hours. And who knows, you might find something you love. Plus, I will be way too busy to sit with you if that is of concern.

LORELAI: That is not a concern. Define 'way too busy.'

EMILY: Are you interested or not?

LORELAI: When is this auction?

EMILY: Tuesday at one o'clock.

LORELAI: I'll think about it.

EMILY: I'll see you Tuesday.

LORELAI: Bye. [hangs up]

MICHEL: I'm sorry, did I hear you mention something about an auction?

LORELAI: Uh, my mother's women's group is having one next week.

MICHEL: Oh, well, you know □ I love a good auction. The drama, the strategy.

LORELAI: The strategy?

MICHEL: Oh, yes. First, you mustn't be too eager because that drives the price way up.

LORELAI: Don't be too eager, got it.

MICHEL: And you must always be extremely careful of your paddle movements.

LORELAI: Well, that certainly calls for a "Dirty!"

MICHEL: Mm, how's your arm raise? Good?

LORELAI: Pretty good.

MICHEL: Ah, I have an excellent arm raise.

LORELAI: That's what it says on the bathroom wall.

MICHEL: Yes, well, if you need some tips. . .

LORELAI: I'll give you a call.

MICHEL: Good. Take me to the auction!

LORELAI: Michel.

MICHEL: Take me, I insist you take me!

LORELAI: You don't even know if it's gonna be any good. It's just a bunch of society women.

MICHEL: If your mother's involved, it will be impeccable and I haven't been to an impeccable auction in over a year.

LORELAI: Well, I don't know.

MICHEL: What do you want?

LORELAI: Michel, I don't want anything.

MICHEL: Stop playing coy with me. I want into that auction, you name your price.

LORELAI: Okay, you have to work weekends for the rest of this month.

MICHEL: Done.

LORELAI: And you have to answer the phone when it rings.

MICHEL: Done.

LORELAI: And you have to answer it in English, unless the person is actually foreign.

MICHEL: Done.

LORELAI: And you have to oversee the nature hikers next week.

MICHEL: No.

LORELAI: Michel, if you wanna go to this auction, you have to be in the lobby at six o'clock Friday morning. You have to hand out towels and water bottles, you have to show them the hiking trails, and you have to let them give you a nature name.

MICHEL: Fine, I will let them give me a nature name.

LORELAI: All right, then, you can come.

MICHEL: Thank you.

LORELAI: Buttercup.

MICHEL: You cannot give them suggestions!

CUT TO LORELAI'S FRONT YARD

[Lorelai and Rory get out of the Jeep; Lorelai is carrying a pizza, Rory is carrying a brown takeout bag]

RORY: I can't believe you got into a fight with Pete.

LORELAI: Hey, you do not suddenly decide that garlic is an extra topping, not after five years, not after all we've been through. We single-handedly helped Pete pay for that new delivery truck of his, and I thought he needed to be reminded of that fact.

RORY: Very loudly.

LORELAI: Not that loudly.

RORY: Dogs started barking.

LORELAI: Because they heard about the garlic incident, and no one likes getting screwed, Rory, not even a Schnauzer. Pete's a swindler. He takes advantage of single mothers and their innocent children and for that, he must pay □ what?

RORY: He gave us free cheesy bread.

LORELAI: He did? Oh!

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: I love the cheesy bread.

RORY: I know you do.

LORELAI: It's all hot, too.

RORY: Now doesn't someone feel a little silly?

LORELAI: Me?

RORY: Should we call Pete tonight?

LORELAI: Okay, after cheesy bread.

RORY: Fine, after the cheesy bread.

LORELAI: I'm gonna go get the mail ▯ go on inside.

RORY: Okay, I'm gonna go melt some more cheese on the pizza.

LORELAI: Melt away.

[Rory goes inside. Lorelai walks to the mailbox as a man walks across the yard]

DWIGHT: Hey! Hello there, neighbor!

LORELAI: Hi. I'm sorry, are we neighbors?

DWIGHT: Yes, yes we are. I just moved in across the way.

LORELAI: Oh, oh yeah, yeah, yeah, Beenie Morrison's old place.

DWIGHT: That's right, Beenie Morrison's old place.

LORELAI: Aw.

DWIGHT: Beenie Morrison's old place. I live in Beenie Morrison's old place. Isn't that great?

LORELAI: Only if Beenie Morrison didn't want to live there anymore.

DWIGHT: Oh no, I paid him a very good price. Overpaid, actually, but it was worth it. I've been dreaming about a place like Beenie Morrison's old place for a long time, and then I found it. I'm sorry, I'm just really excited.

LORELAI: That's okay, it's nice.

DWIGHT: It's a great neighborhood.

LORELAI: Yes, it is.

DWIGHT: Everyone's so friendly. Babette ▯ do you know Babette?

LORELAI: Everybody knows Babette.



DWIGHT: Oh, she's a great lady. Oh, uh, anyhow, I'm Dwight.

LORELAI: I'm Lorelai. And if you see a teen walking around with a halo and a book, that's my daughter Rory.

DWIGHT: Very nice to meet you, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Nice to meet you too, Dwight. Welcome to the neighborhood. If there's anything I can do to help out, let me know.

DWIGHT: Really?

LORELAI: Sure.

DWIGHT: Well, that's great. Actually, I have this little favor I'd love to ask.

LORELAI: Oh, right now?

DWIGHT: Well, this week. You know, I just got this beautiful lawn put in, really amazing shade of green, and the guy who put it in for me, he told me that I have to keep each blade of grass very moist for the first few days while the roots take, but I have to go on a business trip for a few days. Huh, last minute, and believe me, I tried to get out of it but my boss said, 'Dwight, get off your keister and go make us some money', so I gotta go.

LORELAI: Well, sure, when the word keister's being thrown around, what are you gonna do?

DWIGHT: Exactly. So I was wondering if maybe you could water my lawn?

LORELAI: Oh.

DWIGHT: Only for a few days. You know, a little in the morning, a little in the late afternoon or evening, depending on your schedule. It would be a really big favor.

LORELAI: Uh, well, I guess, I could water your lawn, Dwight - sure.

DWIGHT: Boy, that is something. If I would have asked somebody back where I used to live to water my lawn, I would've gotten a much more HBO kind of answer. I love it here! Uh, so, uh, can you come on over now?

LORELAI: Excuse me?

DWIGHT: So I can show you where the on/off nozzle is. It'll only take a second.

LORELAI: Oh, my daughter's waiting inside for me, I -

DWIGHT: Oh, uh, well, we can do it tomorrow before I leave.

LORELAI: Great. What time are you leaving tomorrow?

DWIGHT: Six a.m.

LORELAI: Now sounds fine.

DWIGHT: That's so terrific. Uh, follow me.

LORELAI: Okay.

[Lorelai follows Dwight across the yard]

DWIGHT: You just gotta go over here and make a right.

LORELAI: Yeah. Oh, yeah, I know where it is.

CUT TO DWIGHT'S FRONT YARD

[Lorelai follows Dwight up the front pathway of his house]

DWIGHT: Welcome to The Oasis! That's what I named this place, The Oasis, my oasis, a little slice of heaven right here on Earth. Gosh, I swear, I still can't believe I'm here. I was in a terrible marriage, you know.

LORELAI: Actually, I didn't.

DWIGHT: Oh, yeah, horrible, like a punishment out of Greek mythology. The women had five heads, suffering, agony. You know, I used to be taller?

LORELAI: Really, she shrunk you?

DWIGHT: I used to have more hair, too.

LORELAI: Uh huh.

DWIGHT: And higher arches.

LORELAI: Wow.

DWIGHT: But through all the screaming and the name calling, the berating and the humiliation, somewhere in the back of my mind, I knew someday I would have it □ my oasis. Oh, that's what got me through. That's what kept me from sticking my head through a plate glass window every night when I got home.

LORELAI: Well, that's a really nice story, Dwight. It's very inspiring and. . .oh, hey, this looks like it does something.

DWIGHT: Huh? Oh, uh, yeah, this is the on/off spigot.

LORELAI: Aha.

DWIGHT: You just turn it to the right for on.

LORELAI: Oh.

DWIGHT: And the left for off.

LORELAI: Seems simple.

DWIGHT: It's very simple.

LORELAI: Okay, so, twice a day.

DWIGHT: Yeah, for a good fifteen minute soaking.

LORELAI: I will soak my best.

DWIGHT: I really appreciate it.

LORELAI: Okay, well, you have a good trip.

DWIGHT: I owe ya.

[Lorelai walks back to her house; Rory is waiting on the porch]

RORY: Where have you been?

LORELAI: Get in the house.

RORY: I thought you were gonna go get the mail.

LORELAI: Go, go, go!

RORY: What are you doing?

LORELAI: Don't look around, stare straight ahead, no more talking to people ever!

RORY: Mom!

[Lorelai pushes Rory into the house]

CUT TO AUCTION

[An auctioneer stands on a stage running the auction; Lorelai and Michel are sitting in the audience.]

AUCTIONEER: Next up, we have an occasional table from a distinguished, family-owned company in Vermont, circa 1912. We shall start the bidding at two hundred-fifty dollars. Do I hear two-fifty? Two hundred fifty, thank you.

LORELAI: Wow, lots of garbage at these things.

MICHEL: Always. You've got to be patient and wait for what you want to appear, then pounce.

LORELAI: Hm, true at an auction, true at a singles bar.

MICHEL: To put it crudely, yes.

LORELAI: Crap, crap, crap that makes the previous two items not seem like crap.

MICHEL: Could you keep your crap commentaries to yourself?

AUCTIONEER: Four hundred dollars, we have four hundred, four hundred □ going once, going twice, sold to bidder number sixty-five.

LORELAI: Aw, wow, that was a good table.

MICHEL: It was a good table, not a great table.

LORELAI: We should've gone for it.

MICHEL: Too expensive and too many scratches.

LORELAI: We could've buffed the scratches out.

MICHEL: Look, if you want it that bad, it's quite obvious that the buyer's children will be selling it at his probate in the very near future.

LORELAI: You're awful.

MICHEL: And he's old, now be quiet.

[Emily walks over to them]

EMILY: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Oh, hey Mom, you remember Michel?

EMILY: Yes, from the inn.

MICHEL: Hello Mrs. Gilmore.

EMILY: Didn't you see me waving at you before?

LORELAI: Yeah.

EMILY: You didn't wave back.

LORELAI: It's dangerous to wave at an auction. You didn't see before, but when you waved you bought a motorcycle and a sidecar.

EMILY: I did not.

LORELAI: Circa 1912. Now would you drive it or would you sit in the sidecar?

[A woman walks up to them]

NATALIE: There she is, the Cobra.

EMILY: Oh, now, Natalie.

LORELAI: The what?

NATALIE: This woman gets her way or she squeezes until you comply.

LORELAI: Like a superhero.

EMILY: Ignore her, Natalie is just being Natalie. My daughter, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Nice to meet you.

NATALIE: Your mother's got such spunk. You must love her.

LORELAI: I think she'd squeeze me to death if I didn't.

EMILY: Natalie, you're embarrassing me.

NATALIE: Oh, hush, Emily. Listen to this. . . our auctioneer calls in sick this morning, they are such flakes, and what is an auction without an auctioneer?

LORELAI: Just a bunch of nuts with paddles surrounded by mismatched furniture?

NATALIE: Exactly. But your mother got on the horn with that lazy Charlie and she squeezed and squeezed until voila he suddenly felt better. The Cobra.

LORELAI: The Cobra.

EMILY: Oh, now, stop it.

NATALIE: You're humble, don't be. Nice to meet you.

LORELAI: Same here.

NATALIE: Edna's group wants to give you kudos, too, Emily. Make sure to swing by.

EMILY: I will.

[Natalie leaves]

EMILY: I should make the rounds. Say goodbye before you leave.

LORELAI: Hm, I will, Cobra.

EMILY: Stop it.

LORELAI: It goes with the motorcycle thing, too.

[Emily walks away, Lorelai sits down]

AUCTIONEER: Do I have two hundred-fifty? Two hundred-fifty, thank you. Do I have three hundred? Three hundred, thank you very much.

LORELAI: Oh, is this our end tables?

MICHEL: Shh!

AUCTIONEER: Moving on to three-fifty? Three-fifty, do we have four?

LORELAI: Let me do the paddle.

MICHEL: No.

LORELAI: I just wanna hold it, it's still your thing.

MICHEL: I'm losing my concentration.

LORELAI: Fine. I'm gonna go get a drink.

MICHEL: Please.

AUCTIONEER: Do we have five hundred?

[Lorelai walks up to the bar as a man is ordering a drink]

PEYTON: Can I get a Merlot, please?

BARTENDER: Yes sir.

LORELAI: Oh, that sounds great, make it two.

BARTENDER: [pouring drink] Got just enough for one and this is the last of the red, sorry.

LORELAI: Aw. I'll give you two bucks for it.

BARTENDER: They're free.

LORELAI: Which makes two bucks a great offer, and this is an auction, right?

BARTENDER: Yes.

PEYTON: Three.

BARTENDER: What?

PEYTON: I'll give you three for it.

LORELAI: Four.

PEYTON: Five.

LORELAI: Six.

PEYTON: Six-fifty

LORELAI: Ooh, losing steam.

PEYTON: Just weighing cost versus benefit.

LORELAI: Well, you've gotta think about these things.

PEYTON: How about this? Can I get an empty glass?

BARTENDER: Yes, sir.

[Peyton pours some of the wine into the second glass]

LORELAI: Aw. You're the Solomon of wine.

PEYTON: Everybody's gotta be something. I got a few things coming up that I'm bidding on.

LORELAI: Oh, oh. Great, the bartender and I are the only ones in the building that don't get to hold a paddle.

PEYTON: Why don't you put a bid on one of the paddles?

LORELAI: What would I use to bid on it?

PEYTON: I'm Solomon, not Einstein.

LORELAI: Bye Solomon.

[Peyton walks away as the bartender pulls out another bottle of wine]

BARTENDER: Oops, I had a spare bottle all the time.

LORELAI: Oh, thanks. This was better.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai walks into the kitchen while talking on the phone]

LORELAI: Hi, yes, I was at your auction yesterday and I was wondering if you could help me. Um, I met a man there and I would like to contact him but I didn't get his name and I wondered if you could look it up for me. He was paddle number seventeen, and. . . Oh right, confidential, got it. . . Well, you know, actually, I misspoke earlier because this isn't a complete stranger I'm trying to contact here, he's an old friend from school. . . Good question. Well, I don't know his name because I only knew him by his nickname. . . Uh, Shamu. We called him Shamu. He was kind of, um, a big guy in high school, but he's slimmed down quite a bit. . . No, see, I don't have time to contact the high school alumni committee because time is of the essence. . . See, Shamu and I went to a liquor store after the auction and we bought a lottery ticket together and we tore it and I took half and he took half, and I'll be damned if the thing didn't win! . . . Fourteen million dollars! . . . Really, but see, we have to claim it by four p.m. today or we forfeit. . . Ah, yes. . . Oh, well, but there's one more thing that I forgot to tell you. See, um, my blood type is o-negative and he's o-negative and I have a medical condition that. . . All right, then. Well, thank you anyway. Bye. [hangs up]

RORY: So. . .

LORELAI: Yes?

RORY: You ran into your old friend Shamu?

LORELAI: Mmhmm.

RORY: And you won millions of dollars?

LORELAI: Yup.

RORY: And you need a transfusion?

LORELAI: I'm just trying to get the name of a really cool guy I met at this auction, but they won't give it to me.

RORY: Wow, that's a lot of effort. Must've been cute.

LORELAI: And witty □ you don't meet that everyday.

RORY: You know who would have his name?

LORELAI: Who?

RORY: Grandma.

LORELAI: Ah, no, she only knows the Bitty's, she doesn't know the young ones.

RORY: She knows everyone at these kinds of things. You know Grandma.

LORELAI: I cannot ask her for this.

RORY: Then kiss Shamu goodbye.

LORELAI: But maybe you could ask her.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Come on, ask her, do me a favor!

RORY: You want me to ask Grandma for the name of a man that I didn't meet at a function that I didn't attend?

LORELAI: I'll share my lottery winnings with you.

RORY: It's ridiculously transparent.

LORELAI: Fourteen million dollars.

RORY: But you're sharing half with him and taxes will take a huge chunk, and oh yeah □ you didn't win the lottery. Ask her yourself.

LORELAI: You're mean.

RORY: Did you call information and ask them for paddle seventeen's listing?

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai, Rory, Emily and Richard are eating dinner]

EMILY: What do you think of the pork? Rory?

RORY: It's good.

EMILY: I'm not sure. Richard?

RICHARD: It's fine.

EMILY: I'm not sure.

LORELAI: It's really good, Mom.

EMILY: Yes, well, I'm not sure.

RICHARD: Pork is bred leaner these days. It has a different taste. Less fat equals less flavor. Yet another example of the great advances man has made, flavorless pork. Hurrah for the opposable thumbs.

EMILY: All right, enough talk about pork. Please, someone change the subject.

RORY: Mom had a really good time at the auction the other day.

EMILY: Did you?

LORELAI: Yes, yes, I did.



EMILY: Well, I'm glad. Did you see anything you liked?

RORY: Yeah, Mom, anything look good to you there?

LORELAI: Yes, actually, I, uh, bought a couple of end tables for the inn.

EMILY: I must say I was very impressed with the selection this year. I even wound up purchasing a couple of pieces for myself.

RICHARD: Yes, how nice to have yet another chair you can't sit in.

EMILY: It's one hundred years old.

RICHARD: Wonderful. We can put it next to the two-hundred-year-old footstool you can't put your foot on.

EMILY: Oh, Richard, please.

RICHARD: I'm only teasing, Emily. It is one of the great pleasures of my life to be able to surround you with a house full of useless objects. No, I'm never happier than when we're standing in the corner staring at our furniture.

EMILY: Eat your pork, please.

RORY: You know, I believe there was something at the auction that Mom wanted but she didn't get. Isn't that right, Mom?

EMILY: Oh really? What was that?

LORELAI: I think it was a steamer trunk for Rory to take with her to military school, wasn't it, honey?

EMILY: I don't remember a steamer trunk, but I can check on it for you if you like.

LORELAI: That's not necessary, Mom. Uh, so, Mom, it was a very nice bunch of people you had at that auction.

EMILY: Yes, very nice.

LORELAI: I was surprised at how many young people were there. I mean, you know, younger people. Um, in fact, uh, like, for instance, this guy that I talked to for quite awhile, he was. . .younger.

EMILY: What man was that?

LORELAI: Oh, I didn't get his name, but he was a nice looking guy. He had a gray suit and he was paddle number seventeen. He likes Merlot.

EMILY: Are you talking about Peyton Sanders?

LORELAI: Oh, I don't know, maybe.

EMILY: Wait one second, I'll look it up.

LORELAI: Oh, no no no, Mom, you don't have to . . .she's looking it up.

EMILY: Paddle number seventeen, Peyton Sanders.

LORELAI: Oh great, oh, Peyton Sanders. Well, that's great that it's Peyton Sanders. . . because that's, uh, great. How well do you know this Peyton Sanders?

EMILY: Why?

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Why do you wanna know how well I know Peyton Sanders?

LORELAI: I don't wanna know. I was just mentioning that he was, you know, seemed. . .uh, you know. . .

EMILY: Young.

LORELAI: Yes, young. Okay, Mom, uh, Peyton and I kind of hit it off and I wondered if you possibly had his number. . .okay, there, I said it. Pass the flavorless pork.

EMILY: You're asking me for his number?

LORELAI: If it's not a big deal, then yes.

EMILY: Well, well, well. Richard, Lorelai's asking me for a man's number.

RICHARD: So I heard.

LORELAI: But if it's a big deal, forget it.

EMILY: It's not a big deal at all. I don't have his number.

LORELAI: Okay, then, never mind.

EMILY: I can get his number. Would you like me to get his number?

LORELAI: Um, it's up to you.

EMILY: It can't be up to me. I didn't ask for his number, you asked for his number, therefore it has to be up to you as to whether or not I get his number.

LORELAI: Okay, Mom.

EMILY: Would you like me to get his number?

LORELAI: Yes, if you don't mind.

EMILY: I don't mind at all.

LORELAI: Thank you.

EMILY: You're welcome.

LORELAI: I wasn't kidding about that military school.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai rushes down the steps]

LORELAI: Okay, the clock is right! If we hurry, we still have time to hit Luke's for breakfast. What'd I forget?

RORY: [rushing into the living room] Pants.

LORELAI: Uh! Ooh, don't do that. Come on, let's go!

RORY: I can't.

LORELAI: You can't have breakfast? You have to have breakfast.

RORY: The clock is wrong, I'll miss my bus.

LORELAI: Forget your bus, I'll drive you to school.

RORY: You will?

LORELAI: Yes. Oh sh\*\*t!

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Dwight's lawn.

RORY: Aw, there goes the breakfast sandwich.

LORELAI: No, no, let's hurry, we can still do Luke's.

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Let's go!

RORY: Agh, my shoes!

LORELAI: You don't need shoes! In my day, we walked twenty miles in the snow just to get to our shoes!

RORY: Aw, come on.

CUT TO DWIGHT'S FRONT YARD

[Lorelai and Rory walk up the front pathway.]

LORELAI: Okay, come on, sprinkle. [turns on the sprinkler] There, drink up boys, we've got a breakfast to get to.

[Rory walks to the porch and finds an envelope]

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: I think this is for you.

LORELAI: Lorelai? No, it must be someone else. Hey, don't read that. Do not read that. I'm telling

you, no good can come from you reading that.

RORY: "Dear Lorelai. . ."

LORELAI: And she's reading it.

RORY: "Just a couple of things that came to mind after we talked."

LORELAI: Oh great.

RORY: "First of all, thank you for this very kind favor you're doing me. I still can't believe that any one person would be so kind to someone they just met."

LORELAI: Yeah, apparently Dwight's last home was Oz, and not as in "The Wizard Of."

RORY: "Second, since you are already coming over to take care of my lawn, I was hoping you wouldn't mind stopping inside and watering my African violets. I have written the directions on a separate piece of paper, there's a key in the planter by the door. Please go in, make yourself at home. I have food in the fridge, satellite TV, and a great collection of board games. My oasis is your oasis."

LORELAI: I'm not going in that house. Rory, do not pick up that key.

RORY: But we have to water the violets.

LORELAI: No, I didn't agree to violets. He threw the violets in after he'd already rooked me into watering his lawn.

RORY: Don't you at least wanna see what his house looks like?

LORELAI: Absolutely not. Key, please. Let me just say, if we walk in there and his dead mother is sitting in a rocking chair, not a bit surprised.

[cut to inside Dwight's house]

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, Dwight.

RORY: This place is great.

LORELAI: Someone took the whole lounge craze very seriously.

[they see a large cabinet filled with board games]

RORY: Oh my.

LORELAI: Oh geez, he wasn't kidding.

RORY: I have never seen this many board games. He's got Monopoly from every country in the world.

LORELAI: Hey, when you finally meet him?

RORY: Yeah?

LORELAI: Remember he owns Twister " there's a great visual awaiting you.

RORY: Got it. Hey, how come we don't have a tiki bar?

LORELAI: Well, we are not two wild and crazy guys.

RORY: You like pina coladas.

LORELAI: And getting lost in the rain.

RORY: I love it here.

LORELAI: It's quite a statement, I'll give him that.

RORY: Hey, African violets.

LORELAI: Oh yeah, right. [cell phone rings] Just a sec. [answers phone] Hello?. . .Hi Peyton, thanks for calling me back. . .Well, I hope it was a good surprise. [whispers to Rory] It was a good surprise.

RORY: Yay.

LORELAI: [on phone] You just flew back on your jet, huh? . . .From Maui? Sounds great. . . Yes, I would love to get together with you. . .Um, I'm pretty flexible next week. What'd you have in mind? . . . David Bowie?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I love David Bowie, I would love to go. . . Oh, well, yeah, it is a ways away, but. . .No, I think that sounds just crazy enough.

RORY: What sounds crazy enough?

LORELAI: Well, that sounds great, Peyton. It's a plan. . . I'll see you then, okay, bye. [hangs up] We're having dinner tomorrow.

RORY: What were you saying about David Bowie?

LORELAI: Well, first, he asked me to the David Bowie concert next week.

RORY: You're so lucky!

LORELAI: I know! And once that was set, he said that a week was an awfully long time to wait.

RORY: He did not.

LORELAI: So we're having dinner tomorrow.

RORY: And Bowie next week.

LORELAI: And Bowie next week.

RORY: Two dates in one phone call. Talk about not wasting any time.

LORELAI: He sounds very cool, and not just 'cause he owns his own jet.

RORY: Well, remember to tell him that the way to get to you is through your daughter, who desperately wants to go to Amsterdam.

LORELAI: I will remember.

RORY: I think this place is lucky.

LORELAI: I think you may be right. Of course, creepy's the other word that comes to mind.

CUT TO LORELAI'S BEDROOM

[Lorelai is getting dressed in the closet as Rory reads on the bed]

LORELAI: [from inside the closet] The red skirt is not working.

RORY: Try the blue.

LORELAI: Blue let me down ten minutes ago, I think it's conspiring with the red.

RORY: I wish you'd just wear the dress we picked out this morning.

LORELAI: No, you know as well as I do, the morning butt and evening butt are two completely different butts.

RORY: Well, whatever butt you've got tonight had better hurry because he's gonna be here any minute.

LORELAI: Rats. Fine, okay, striped skirt, burgundy sweater, that's it. [walks out of closet] What do you think? And remember, I'm wearing this no matter what because I cannot spend one more second deciding what to wear, so the answer has to be, "You look fantastic."

RORY: You look fantastic.

LORELAI: [grabs a shirt from the bed] Pink and black.

RORY: With a flippy skirt.

LORELAI: Grab a necklace?

[Lorelai walks back into the closet to change]

LORELAI: Um, okay, here is my concern.

RORY: Voice it.

LORELAI: Well, you know, I only saw this guy once for like ten minutes and the lighting was only so-so and I hadn't eaten anything, and, like, what if I'm remembering him a lot cuter than he was?

RORY: I'm sure you're not.

LORELAI: Yeah, but what if I am? You know how these things are. You get bored, you need a diversion, so you superimpose a really cute guy's face over a really scary looking guy.

RORY: Well, then you'll just have to strike up a conversation with him and find out what kind of a man he is beneath the surface.

LORELAI: What? On the first date "what will he think of me?"

RORY: Just order an extra dessert.

LORELAI: Okay, fine. Well?

RORY: I like the brown.

LORELAI: Come here a sec, you've got some dirt on your forehead. I'm sorry, it's just the sign of the devil, my mistake.

RORY: You look beautiful.

LORELAI: Thank you. [they hear a car pull up] I think that's him. [they look out the window] Well, the car sure is pretty.

RORY: Come on.

[cut to them walking down the stairs]

LORELAI: Okay now, if for some reason, he does turn out to have like a horn in the middle of his forehead, you will call me in one hour with a very high fever.

RORY: Deal.

LORELAI: God, I'm nervous. Why am I nervous?

RORY: Because you're crazy.

LORELAI: Yes, good, thank you.

[Lorelai pulls open the door]

PEYTON: Hi.

LORELAI: [to Rory] You're feeling just fine. [to Peyton] Hey Peyton.

PEYTON: Am I early?

LORELAI: No, you're right on time. Peyton, I want you to meet my daughter, Rory.

PEYTON: It's a pleasure, Rory.

RORY: Hi.

LORELAI: Okay, so, don't wait up and remember only two or three crackheads at the most, they eat all the good cereal.

RORY: Deal. Have fun.

PEYTON: It was nice meeting you, Rory. [to Lorelai] You look wonderful.

LORELAI: Oh, so do you Peyton. So do you.

CUT TO RORY'S BEDROOM

[Rory is in bed, Lorelai knocks on the door]

LORELAI: You up?

RORY: What time is it?

LORELAI: 10:15.

RORY: Oops.

LORELAI: Yup.

RORY: What happened? He was hornless.

[Lorelai sits down on Rory's bed]

LORELAI: No, he had no horns, he also had no personality.

RORY: Yikes.

LORELAI: And no sense of humor.

RORY: Gross.

LORELAI: And no idea how boring he was.

RORY: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: That's okay. The evening started well enough □ that is, until we got to the car. . .a Jaguar XJ8 convertible with a 290 horsepower engine, in case you were wondering. You weren't? Funny, neither was I. However, he told me anyhow. He told me a lot of other things about the car, also. Like, did you know how many inches the pistons are? I do! I also know the correct oil to use for it, how to treat the leather interior, and how to load it onto a flatbed truck in case of a flat tire.

RORY: Geez, did he talk about anything else but the car?

LORELAI: Not until we got to the restaurant . . .and the wine list.

RORY: Oh no, he's a wine-y?

LORELAI: Yes, he sniffed, swirled, swished, and did every other pretentious and borderline-disgusting thing that you can do with a glass of wine in a public place, and he did it all while describing to me the vintage discrepancies and the wood they use for the barrels in Palermo and the grape crop projections for the following year. And I, in turn, chimed in with my story about getting sick on Andre Cold Duck in the back of Peter Cutler's car in ninth grade. He didn't find that quite as charming.

RORY: I can't believe that. That is one of your best anecdotes.

LORELAI: I know! So I stopped talking. He continued talking and I just sat there thinking about Peter Cutler. How was Peter Cutler? Where was Peter Cutler? Was there any chance that Peter Cutler would appear and k\*ll the man sitting across from me talking about torque?

RORY: Was the food good at least?

LORELAI: Tiny portions, weird sauces.

RORY: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: That's okay. You don't know until you try, right? Anyhow, I am going to go to bed now and



dream of Peter Cutler. Hopefully, it will be dirty.

RORY: What about Bowie?

LORELAI: Unh uh! I'm not sharing Peter Cutler with Bowie.

RORY: Are you still going?

LORELAI: No. There's no way I could stand this guy for another night. I'll catch Bowie the next time he does a farewell tour.

RORY: Bummer.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: Night Mom.

LORELAI: Night babe. Oh, and hey, tomorrow, I'll fill you in on how many hours you have to clock to get your pilot's license.

RORY: I cannot wait.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai and Michel are at the front desk]

LORELAI: Well, the quilting convention is sitting down to tea.

MICHEL: Uh, I'm doing internal cartwheels.

LORELAI: Any messages?

MICHEL: Your mother called. The auction people dropped the lamp that we bought at her place and dropped hers off here and she's desperate to have it for some soiree at her house this evening.

LORELAI: Oh, swell. Well, I guess I can take it to her when I do my other errands. I can pick up Rory, too. [picks up a bowl] This is cool.

MICHEL: Yes, it was a personal purchase.

LORELAI: I want it, what is it?

MICHEL: An eighteenth century bleeding bowl.

LORELAI: A bleeding bowl?

MICHEL: When doctors bled patients, the blood had to go somewhere, no?

LORELAI: Okay ▯ return lamp, pick up Rory, boil right hand.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[The doorbell rings, Emily answers. Lorelai is holding a lamp]

LORELAI: Hey Mom, I think this is yours.

EMILY: Ah! Yes, it is. And I believe this is yours.

LORELAI: Yes, it is.

EMILY: That auction house is usually so good with deliveries. I'm surprised at the mix up.

LORELAI: Oh, well, Gilmore and Gilmore ▯ there's kind of a connection there.

EMILY: Yes, I suppose there is.

LORELAI: Okay, well, I have to pick up Rory in a little while, so we'll see you Friday.

EMILY: Would you like to sit down, maybe have some coffee?

LORELAI: Oh, I don't wanna leave her standing there.

EMILY: Well, Rory doesn't get out for another half an hour. You've got a little time.

LORELAI: Okay, I guess I can stay a minute.

EMILY: Wonderful. I'll get you a stopwatch so you can keep exact time.

LORELAI: Uh, that won't be necessary, Mom.

[they walk to the living room and sit down]

EMILY: So, how is everything?

LORELAI: Everything's fine.

EMILY: And how's everything with Rory?

LORELAI: Everything with Rory's fine.

EMILY: And how's everything at the inn?

LORELAI: Everything at the inn is fine.

EMILY: And how was your date?

LORELAI: My what?

EMILY: Your date with Peyton.

LORELAI: Well, my date was, shockingly enough, fine. How did you know about his date?

EMILY: His mother told me.

LORELAI: You know his mother?

EMILY: A little.

LORELAI: Oh good.

EMILY: So, tell me, what did you do?

LORELAI: When?

EMILY: On your date.

LORELAI: Oh, well, we just went to dinner, that's all.

EMILY: I heard you went driving around afterward.

LORELAI: Well, sure, uh, you know, we drove in the direction of my house. I guess you could call that driving around.

EMILY: I heard Peyton had a lovely time.

LORELAI: Did he? Well, that's nice, I'm glad. I should really get going, Mom.

EMILY: Oh, you have a little more time. I wanna hear more about your date.

LORELAI: Well, it was just a date, you know, nothing special. Two people eating and talking □ one person talking slightly more than the other.

EMILY: Had he called you since?

LORELAI: No, but □

EMILY: Oh, well, it was only last night, there's time. I just think this is so exciting.

LORELAI: You know what, Mom, I wouldn't get too excited if I were you.

EMILY: Why not?

LORELAI: Well, because we didn't really hit it off that well.

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: No one's fault, he's just not really my type.

EMILY: What do you mean he's not your type?

LORELAI: Well, we just don't have any of the same interests, and we didn't find a whole lot to talk about. You know, basically the date was kind of a dud.

EMILY: Oh, well, that's too bad.

LORELAI: Yeah.

EMILY: Well, you'll just have to try a little harder on the next date.

LORELAI: Excuse me?

EMILY: Aren't you going to a concert together next week?

LORELAI: Ah, that Peyton's a real Mama's boy, isn't he?

EMILY: Just because he shares his life with his mother doesn't make him a Mama's boy, Lorelai.

LORELAI: I'm not gonna go to the concert with him, Mom.

EMILY: But I thought you had a plan.

LORELAI: We did, but that was before we spent any time together and realized we can't spend any time together.

EMILY: You're not gonna cancel on him.

LORELAI: Mom, believe me, he won't be surprised. He didn't have that great a time either.

EMILY: Lorelai, you have to go to the concert. You made a commitment to someone, you have to honor it.

LORELAI: Mom, this is my business, okay?

EMILY: Ugh, this is so like you.

LORELAI: What is so like me?

EMILY: You spend five seconds with a person and if they say one wrong thing, you turn on them and never give them a second chance.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: You are extremely judgmental, Lorelai.

LORELAI: I'm not extremely judgmental of the pot calling the kettle black. I spent two and a half hours with a man who talked about nothing but himself, his place, his car. . .

EMILY: He's proud of his accomplishments. What's wrong with that?

LORELAI: He didn't end world hunger, Mom. He simply made the grueling decision to spring for the bigger tires.

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Mom, you know what, I have to go.

EMILY: We're not finished discussing this.

LORELAI: There's nothing to discuss. Rory's waiting. I'll see you Friday.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting at a table]

LORELAI: Ooh, I got you a present.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: In my purse.

[Rory reaches into Lorelai's purse and pulls out a videotape]

RORY: Cardio Salsa.

LORELAI: Yeah, they play the Miami Sound Machine and you dance around, you get a really great workout.

RORY: Why would you buy me this?

LORELAI: Because I'll feel stupid doing it alone.

RORY: Too bad.

LORELAI: Come on.

RORY: No way.

LORELAI: Salsa with me. Pretend I'm Antonio Banderas.

RORY: If you were standing in back of Antonio Banderas, I couldn't pretend that you were Antonio Banderas.

LORELAI: Don't you want your mother to live a long and healthy life?

RORY: Not if I have to do Cardio Salsa.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Nice knowing you, senora. Adios.

[Lorelai's cell phone rings]

LORELAI: I would salsa for you.

RORY: Well, luckily, you'll never have to.

LORELAI: [answers phone] Hello. . .oh, Dwight, hi, it's nice to hear from you, too. . .yeah, hey, how did you get my cell phone number? . . . oh, yeah, gotta love that Babette, huh? . . . oh, the lawn's fine. . .okay. . .okay. . .sure, Dwight, you have a safe trip. . .yeah, bye. [hangs up] It seems that Dwight has been checking the weather reports and Stars Hollow is going to be extra sunny for the next few days, so he was wondering if instead of watering the lawn twice a day for fifteen minutes, we could water it three times a day for ten minutes.

RORY: He should really get a dog.

LORELAI: Only if that dog doesn't mind using the bathroom at the gas station because that lawn is definitely off limits.

RORY: True.

LORELAI: So, I have to get back to the inn. . .could you, um, water for me?

RORY: It was your idea to do it.

LORELAI: I can't, I have a China shipment coming in.

RORY: Do it tonight.

LORELAI: Dwight says it needs it now, and if we let that lawn die, he's gonna vibe us for the rest of our lives.

RORY: Not me, I'm going off to college next year.

LORELAI: You'll be home for holidays.

RORY: Maybe not now.

LORELAI: You would stay away from me on holidays just because of Dwight?

RORY: Hey, nobody wants vibing on the holidays.

LORELAI: Rory, please? I'm gonna be seriously late if I have to go all the way home.

RORY: Fine.

LORELAI: Thank you. You're my favorite daughter.

RORY: You say that to all your daughters.

LORELAI: Yes, I do, but I only mean it with you.

RORY: Bye.

LORELAI: Bye.

[Rory leaves; Lorelai's cell phone rings again]

LORELAI: Oh, Dwight, please, you are on a business trip □ get a hooker. [answers phone] Hello?

RICHARD: Lorelai, good, I'm glad I got you. I just wanted you to know that I am playing golf with Peyton's father Brennan on Sunday.

LORELAI: Okay. [pause] Wear sunscreen.

RICHARD: I will call you afterward and we can evaluate how to proceed from there.

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

RICHARD: Well, I'm not sure how much damage has been done so I need some time with the man to assess whether or not a simple apology will work.

LORELAI: Apology from who?

RICHARD: From you.

LORELAI: For what?

RICHARD: For the way you treated Peyton.

LORELAI: Are you serious?

RICHARD: Of course I'm serious.

LORELAI: Dad, this is none of your business.

RICHARD: It certainly is my business.

[Lorelai walks outside]

LORELAI: No, who I date or do not date is absolutely none of your business.

RICHARD: Peyton's mother is in the DAR with your mother.

LORELAI: I know that.

RICHARD: She's also on the Opera Committee with your mother, the hospital board with your mother, the horticultural society with your mother.

LORELAI: I get it, they hang, what's the point?

RICHARD: This woman is a very important person in our social circle. She may have taken what you did the wrong way, which could affect her relationship with your mother.

LORELAI: Dad, all I did was not go on a second date with her fully grown son. There's no way she's gonna be mad at Mom for that.

RICHARD: Lorelai, you obviously do not understand the way things work in your mother's world. There is a certain protocol that must be followed, social rules that dictate proper behavior, and these rules must be very strictly adhered to.

LORELAI: Dad, I'm not going out with Peyton again, period.

RICHARD: Lorelai, let me tell you a little story. Now, two years ago, Sally Wallington's check for the winter formal bounced.

LORELAI: So?

RICHARD: It took her two weeks to replace the check.

LORELAI: So?

RICHARD: When Sally attended the next DAR meeting, she was served the last cup of tea.

LORELAI: Soooo?

RICHARD: Before this unfortunate incident, Sally Wallington always received the first cup of tea. When she was suddenly demoted, your mother moved up to the prime tea spot, and she's held that spot ever since. Now, she's very proud of that spot, and now she's afraid that this little incident may jeopardize it.

LORELAI: Dad, I explained this to Mom and I'll explain it to you. I'm not sixteen, I don't live with you anymore, I've been making my own decisions, romantic and otherwise, for a long time now and you can play all the golf you want but the subject better be letting chicks into the Augusta Golf Club because my love life is officially off limits.

RICHARD: Didn't you hear what I just said?

LORELAI: About the tea? Yes, I heard it, and I'm sorry, but it sounds insane.

RICHARD: Of course it sounds insane! It is insane, that is not the point.

LORELAI: Okay, then what's the point?

RICHARD: The point is your mother is upset, and I don't want her to be upset. Now, you may not understand her world, I may not understand her world, but it is her world, and in her world it is very, very important that she have the first cup of tea. And I don't care about your independence or what you told your mother or anything else you have to say □ if my wife wants the first cup of tea, she's going to have the first cup of tea, that's it! Now, I will call you after I play golf. [hangs up]

CUT TO DWIGHT'S FRONT YARD

[Rory turns on the sprinklers, then walks into the house. The phone rings]

DWIGHT: [on answering machine] Hey, it's Dwight, leave a message, I'm listening.

WOMAN: [on answering machine] Dwight, hi it's Doris. Doris, your wife, remember me? The woman who was asleep in bed when you snuck out the window like a spineless little worm! How dare you sneak out like that, you sniveling little pond scum sample! I should call Erin Brockovich to bring a lawsuit against your parents, you steaming lump of toxic waste! You really thought you could get away from me? From me? I would've found you sooner if I had bothered to look, but now I have, I found you, and all I can say is this □ I want my board games back! I want them back and I want them back now! And I will hunt you down to the ends of the Earth until I get them back □ especially the Trivial Pursuit!

[Rory walks outside and tries to turn the sprinklers off, but instead turns them up higher]

RORY: Whoa! Agh! [she tries to turn them off] Whoa, gross! [she gives up and pulls out her text pager] Dean, please have your pager with you, please, come on. Dean, come on! Damn you and your Unabomber tendencies! Aw man! [runs away from the house]

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Rory, soaked from the sprinklers, runs down the street and bumps into Jess]

JESS: Whoa, whoa, slow down.

RORY: Get out of my way.

JESS: I like the new look. It's very Blue Crush.

RORY: Hilarious.

JESS: What's the matter?

RORY: Nothing.

JESS: You're walking pretty fast for nothing.

RORY: Well, our president said exercise and I am very patriotic.

JESS: And completely soaked.

RORY: Where is everyone?

JESS: Who are you looking for?

RORY: No one.



JESS: Rory, stop. What's the matter □ other than the fact that you're obviously out of towels.

RORY: This guy moved in across the way from us and we said we'd water his lawn and the grass can only be watered in ten minute increments, otherwise the lawn drowns, and the thing is stuck and it won't turn off and I have to find someone, Luke or Taylor or . . . [Jess starts walking away] Where are you going? Jess!

CUT TO DWIGHT'S FRONT YARD

[Rory follows Jess up the pathway to the spigot]

RORY: You don't have to do this. I didn't ask you to do this. I can just find someone else to do it.  
[Jess turns off the sprinkler] Aw, you made it look so easy.

JESS: Yeah, it was loose. You just had to press down and give it a good twist, that's all.

RORY: Well, thank you.

JESS: You're welcome. So things are good?

RORY: Oh, yeah, really good.

JESS: School?

RORY: Good.

JESS: Still gonna do the Harvard thing?

RORY: Yeah.

JESS: Good.

RORY: Yeah, good. So. . . [pager goes off] My pager.

JESS: Yeah, I figured.

[Rory checks the pager, then puts it away]

JESS: Who is it?

RORY: It's, uh, Dean. I paged him earlier to come over and help me and he just got the message, so he's. . .

JESS: Coming over to help.

RORY: Yeah.

JESS: Okay.

[Jess turns the sprinkler back on and walks away]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[The doorbell rings, Emily answers the door]

LORELA: Hi Mom.

EMILY: Hello Lorelai.

RORY: Hi Grandma.

EMILY: Hello Rory. That's a pretty sweater.

RORY: Thank you.

[they start walking to the living room]

EMILY: I do love you in blue, you should wear blue more often. Buy her more blue, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Oh, I'll get right on it. So, I brought you something Mom.

EMILY: Oh really? Soda, Rory?

RORY: Yes, please.

LORELAI: Um, these are some pictures from Sookie's wedding. There's a great one of you and Dad dancing. I put them in an album for you.

EMILY: Well, that's very nice, thank you.

LORELAI: You wanna see?

EMILY: I'm making drinks right now, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Right, later it is.

EMILY: [hands Rory a glass] Here you go. [hands Lorelai a glass] Here.

LORELAI: Oh, guess I'm having wine.

EMILY: You didn't want wine?

LORELAI: Wine's fine.

EMILY: Give it back, I'll get you something else.

LORELAI: No, I'm good with wine, Mom.

EMILY: I can make you a martini, would you like a martini?

LORELAI: No, I just ▯ you usually ask me what I want, and tonight you didn't ask me what I wanted so I didn't have a chance to tell you how much I would love some wine.

EMILY: I bought some cheese to have before dinner.

RORY: Great, we love cheese.

LORELAI: It goes great with wine.

EMILY: I will be right back. [leaves room]

LORELAI: Boy, it's cold in here.

RORY: It's a lot colder where you're sitting.

LORELAI: Ugh. She's mad at me.

RORY: Yup.

LORELAI: Think she's gonna be mad at me all night?

RORY: Yup.

LORELAI: I guess I should go in there and talk to her.

RORY: Yup.

LORELAI: You wouldn't wanna go in there and talk to her for me?

RORY: Nope.

LORELAI: Good thing you don't get paid by the word.

RORY: The sooner you get in there, the sooner you get cheese.

LORELAI: Fine.

CUT TO KITCHEN

[Emily is preparing a plate of cheese as Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Need some help?

EMILY: No, I'm fine, thank you.

LORELAI: Mom, I just wanted to say I'm sorry.

EMILY: Sorry for what?

LORELAI: Sorry about the whole Peyton thing. When I asked you for his number, I didn't think. . .

EMILY: Think about what?

LORELAI: Think about what would happen if things didn't work out with us. I mean, I know his mom is your friend, and I shouldn't have even gotten mixed up in this whole thing if I wasn't prepared to remember that what I do will affect you, and to me it's just a Bowie concert, but to you, it's not. I was a little thoughtless and I'm sorry, but you have to understand that I was not lying when I said we had a bad time. We had a really, really, really, really, really bad time. I swear, it was one of the worst times I've ever had, it was awful. Do you remember skiing with the Danners and their Dobermans?

EMILY: Oh, God, yes.

LORELAI: This was worse. And, by the way, not just for me □ it was pretty bad for him, too. It wasn't like he was in love and I was miserable. We were both in pain □ deep pain, Marathon Man kind of pain. But despite all of this horrible pain that we were both in, and would be in again if we had to spend one more second together, if you really want me to, I will go to the Bowie concert with him.

EMILY: Well, your saying that means a lot.

LORELAI: Hm.

EMILY: Thank you, Lorelai. Borrow Rory's sweater when you go. [leaves room]

LORELAI: [sings] Ground control to Major Tom. . .

THE END

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