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05x12 - Come Home

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05x12 - Come Home

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LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Lorelai comes out of the bathroom. Luke is lying in bed.]

LORELAI: Hey. You built me a shelf. That's so nice.

LUKE: It was anything but nice. I kept using your crazy toothpaste.

LORELAI: There's nothing crazy about my toothpaste.

LUKE: It's cinnamon.

LORELAI: So what?

LUKE: I don't like cinnamon. I like normal flavored.

LORELAI: What exactly is this normal flavor?

LUKE: You know, striped.

LORELAI: Striped. That's not a flavor.

LUKE: It is in the toothpaste world.

LORELAI: Ooo, the toothpaste world. Is that anything like Whoville?

[She joins him in bed.]

LUKE: I'm exhausted.

LORELAI [perky]: I'm exhilarated.

LUKE: You know, you don't have to do this.

LORELAI: Hey. Going to bed early every once in a while is good for ya.

LUKE: I have to get up at four. You don't.

LORELAI: Yes, I know, but every night you have early deliveries is a night we spend apart and seriously, where's the good in that?

LUKE: Okay. [He turns off the light.] 'Night.

[They kiss.]

LORELAI: Night.

[They kiss again. Luke rolls over. Lorelai is sitting up. She looks around, wide awake.]

LORELAI: Man, is it quiet. Do you hear how quiet it is?

LUKE: Mm-hmm.

LORELAI: Do you have a pin, 'cause I want to hear it drop.

LUKE: No pins.

LORELAI: Okay. Sorry. So, okay. Good night. [She leans back, then taps Luke on the shoulder.] Hey, Luke. Why don't you have a T.V.?

LUKE: I have a T.V.

LORELAI: No, I mean, in here, in the bedroom so you can watch T.V. in bed.

LUKE [rolls back over]: I don't watch T.V. in bed. Studies show that it's not good for your sleep.

LORELAI: What studies?

LUKE: Watching T.V. in bed screws up your REM sleep.

LORELAI: But Charlie Rose, Jon Stewart, Pink Lady and Jeff?

LUKE: All screw up your REM sleep.

LORELAI: How does Charlie Rose screw up your REM sleep?

LUKE: Because he's always got some guy on pushing a book about how everything's all going to hell, or they're going to pass a law, how everyone with a nose ring is going to get shipped off to China. Suddenly you're depressed, thinking we're all going to die and don't drink the water, there's anthrax in my bagel - and bam, there goes your REM sleep.

LORELAI: Or Mel Brooks is on, and he is so funny, and you think, "What a wonderful world we live in, that there's a Mel Brooks to go to sleep to."

LUKE: Mel Brooks is never on Charlie Rose, and when he is on he's talking about Nazis, and then you go to sleep and you dream about Nazis and they all look like Nathan Lane, and you're creeped out for days.

LORELAI: You know what ruins your REM sleep, is those articles about REM sleep. And you know what could help you forget those articles about REM sleep?

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: A television.

[Luke opens his eyes.]

LORELAI: Say goodnight, Gracie.

LUKE: Goodnight, Gracie.

[He rolls back over. Lorelai tries to sleep, then pops her eyes open.]

OPENING CREDITS

YALE NEWSROOM

[Rory walks in and heads for her desk. Doyle is in her chair and Paris is sitting on the desk, fanning him.]

RORY: Move butt, please.

PARIS: In a minute.

RORY: What's wrong with Doyle?

PARIS: Mitchum Huntzberger just left.

RORY: Logan's dad?

DOYLE: My entire body is numb.

RORY: What was he doing here?

DOYLE: What was he doing here? Busting my chops, which are now numb. Oh my God, my chops are completely numb!

PARIS: Don't speak, don't speak.

RORY: So Mitchum Huntzberger stopped by just to make various parts of Doyle's body insensate?

PARIS: He's a deep-pocket alumnus. Every few months Yale reels guys like him in for banquets and luncheons.

DOYLE: And he's going to New York to throw some party for Seymour Hersh on Friday night. [To Paris] A little faster? [She obliges.]

RORY: Seymour Hersh? The New Yorker's Seymour Hersh? Wow.

DOYLE: The man owns thirteen newspapers. He's my best contact in the business and I fell like a house of cards. I made that joke about Abu Grab. God, that was inappropriate.

PARIS: It wasn't supposed to be a ha ha, funny Abu Grab joke. Stop beating yourself up.

DOYLE: Then he busted me on the fact that Logan hasn't had a by-line all year, wants me to light a fire under him and get him to write. [In a deeper, serious voice:] "I'd like to hand the business over to my son, Doyle, so it'd be nice if he knew something about it."

PARIS: He's going to pass his empire on to that playboy cad while a rising star such as Doyle is standing right before him.

DOYLE: In a pool of my own sweat. See, it's kind of a minus.

RORY: I'm sure it wasn't that bad.

DOYLE [Stands]: Now I'm Logan's journalistic Godfather, and I can't even get the punk to show up, never mind write a story.

RORY: Do you even know if he can write?

DOYLE: Oh, he can write. He's actually an excellent writer. How's that for God giving with both hands, huh? Every now and then, usually when he gets the flu or the clap, and can't party, he'll throw us a bone and write something. It's always good. Damn good. Stupid bastard.

PARIS: Well, you are his editor, Doyle. Talk to him. Assign him something.

DOYLE: I did. He's supposed to cover the student uproar over Assistant Professor Warrick resigning.

RORY: And?

DOYLE: And he said thank you, left the room, and I heard him laughing all the way down the hall. I haven't seen him here since. [He sits.] I don't know what to do. [Paris starts fanning him again.]

RORY: Um, Doyle, I just finished that piece on the dissatisfaction of the faculty with the tenure system, and I bet a lot of my notes would overlap with Logan's story.

DOYLE: Point, Gilmore, point?

RORY: If you want, I could arrange to get together with Logan. Share my notes with him. Maybe it could get him started.

DOYLE: Really? You'd do that?

RORY: Sure. I mean, if it would help you out.

DOYLE: Gilmore, I am loving you at this moment.

PARIS: Moment's over.

DOYLE: Moment's over. Thanks.

RORY: Sure, boss. Anything for the team.

[Paris is glaring at Doyle. He gestures "What could I do?" Paris tosses some files on his desk and stomps away. Doyle sighs, picks up the files and starts fanning himself.]

DRAGONFLY INN - DINING ROOM

[Lorelai is leading a staff meeting. All the employees are sitting facing her.]

LORELAI: Okay, everyone remember your time cards. Punch in, punch out, including lunch and breaks. Okay, now, next on the agenda is something very exciting. The Dragonfly Inn's first official sexual harassment seminar.

MICHEL: Ah, finally. Yes, good, talk to them.

LORELAI: Sexual harassment is bad. So no one touch anyone in any funny places unless specifically asked. Moving on.

MICHEL: That's it? That's the seminar? Where's the speech about people not ogling other people like an object of desire? How about explaining that the way some people walk with a sway or a bounce, it is natural. It is because

we work out, and we take Pilates, and -

LORELAI: No one touch Michel! Moving on. Uh, Billy, Adam, you've got to remember to securely lock the padlock on the stables, not just hook it on. Cletus has figured out how to push it off with his nose, and two days in a row I found him at reception. [She laughs.] Now if you could just check people in, that would be a different story, but - until then, um, lock the stable and check the lock and - Kirk. [She notices Kirk sitting in the back.] What are you doing here?

KIRK: Staff meeting.

LORELAI: You don't work here.

KIRK: I thought I might like to go into hotel management someday, and I figured this was a good place to learn.

LORELAI: Oh, Kirk, you can't just crash a staff meeting.

KIRK [Writing on a clipboard]: "Outsiders cannot crash staff meetings." I'm learning so much.

LORELAI: Okay, anything else to discuss before we wrap it up here?

MICHEL: Yes. [He stands.] We have a problem with some honor bar discrepancies. For the past few weeks after I have checked a room and found the honor bar intact, the next day, Toblerones are missing.

SOOKIE: What?

MICHEL: Only Toblerones, and only in certain rooms. I think we have thieves.

LORELAI: Or guests.

MICHEL: No, these are not the guests. The disappearances are happening in rooms no one is staying in. I think we have thieves and it's obviously an inside job. These people are waiting until I've made my rounds. They're waiting until I've checked my list, 'till I initial my list, and only then do they steal the Toblerones.

LORELAI: Maybe you counted wrong.

MICHEL: I say we install surveillance cameras, fingerprint the staff, run the prints through the FBI and have mandatory searches before they leave at the end of their shift.

LORELAI: Oh, well, that sounds great. Everybody drop your pants for Michel before you leave. Meeting adjourned.

[They all get up and head back to work.]

KIRK: No food spread? The staff meetings at Connecticut Light and Power always have a lovely food spread. Nice bagels, an assortment of schmear. [The staff ignore him.]

LUKE'S DINER

[Lane is busy waiting on tables. Kyon walks in.]

LANE: Hey, Kyon. I'm busy, so quick, what do you got?

KYON: Many things. These come house, Mrs. Kim throw directly in trash.

LANE: My Sam Ash catalogues! What's that smell?

KYON: They landed in old fish and bok choy.

LANE: Figures, what else you got?

[Kyon pulls something out of her bag.]

LANE: My old Madonna t-shirt!

KYON: Mrs. Kim use as rag. Says little horse-face good to scrub scum.

LANE: I wore this, ironically, by the way. I was never into her. Not my thing.

KYON [suspiciously]: Right.

LANE: Anything else, Kyon?

KYON: Overheard conversation. Mrs. Kim having Lunar New Year at her house this year. She expect you to come.

LANE: Oh, she does?

KYON: She says not coming is same as spitting on ancestors and ancestors no like spit.

LANE: Expects me to come. Unbelievable. After she att*cks my boyfriend on the street, damning him to the fires of hell and swimming with carnivorous dogs. And now she expects me to smile and curtsy and just go to Lunar New Year dinner like nothing happened. Nice, huh?

KYON: Whoa, I'm not your sounding board. I deliver scoop, you give me Monte Cristo sandwich.

LANE: Fine. Sit over there.

[Lane goes to the table in the other corner, where Zach and Brian are looking at photos.]

ZACH: There are some good ones here.

BRIAN: Definitely.

LANE: Oh, our band pictures! How are they?

BRIAN: They're all good.

ZACH: Except the one of you bending over and looking through your legs.

BRIAN: I was just seeing what works.

ZACH: I like this one.

BRIAN: A tree's covering my face.

ZACH: Come on, dude, the good of the many.

BRIAN: What do you like, Lane?

LANE: I don't like any of them.

ZACH: What?

LANE: You guys look good, I mean, not the Brian with his face between his legs one, or the profile one where you've got your finger in your mouth and the peek-a-boo look -

ZACH: Right, peek-a-boo! That's what it is.

BRIAN: I was experimenting.

LANE: But I don't look good.

ZACH: What are you talking about? [He grabs the photo.] You look totally cool, like a real chick.

LANE: I look like the Korean Buddy Holly.

BRIAN: Buddy Holly was cool.

LANE: May he rest in peace, but Buddy Holly was not an attractive man.

BRIAN: I find him attractive.

ZACH: Dude, don't say every thought out loud.

LANE: Can we re-take them?

ZACH: Like thirty-seven dollars just grows on trees?

BRIAN: You're being too hard on yourself.

ZACH: Totally. Lame. We're not Maroon 5 or the Gee Whiz Slicky Boys. We don't want to look all fake.

LANE: No, but halfway decent would be nice.

ZACH: Lighten up. They work.

CUSTOMER: Miss, some more coffee, please?

LANE: At least she didn't say mister.

ELDER GILMORE HOUSE - DINING ROOM

[Richard and Emily are sitting opposite from each other, going through paperwork.]

EMILY: The lease on my Mercedes is up next month.

RICHARD: Do you want to buy it?

EMILY: I finally have the seat setting where I like it.

RICHARD [chuckling]: I'll make the arrangements tomorrow.

EMILY: Thank you, Richard.

RICHARD: Now, uh, we need to schedule work on the water heater. Um, I was wondering if Friday

morning would work for you?

EMILY: Let me look.

RICHARD: They estimate the work to be about an hour, which means they'll be done in June.

EMILY: Oh, no, I have a hair appointment Friday morning.

RICHARD: For what?

EMILY [smiling]: What do you mean for what?

RICHARD: Your hair looks perfect to me.

EMILY: Oh, now.

RICHARD: Well, I can arrange for Robert to let the workman in and supervise it if that works for you.

EMILY: Well, that would be fine. Thank you, Richard.

RICHARD: You're welcome, Emily. What's next on the agenda?

EMILY: The Modern Museum gala is coming up.

RICHARD: Oh, yes. Martin Forman is being honored this year.

EMILY: And Sugar Farthington is organizing it.

RICHARD: Well, if Sugar's organizing it, then of course you should go.

EMILY: Well, if Martin's being honored, then you should go.

RICHARD: Sugar is one of your closest friends.

EMILY: Martin is one of your most trusted colleagues.

RICHARD: Well, then, perhaps we should both attend.

EMILY: That does seem to be the sensible thing to do.

RICHARD: All right. Then we'll both attend.

EMILY [smiling]: Fine.

RICHARD: Uh, so, have we discussed the water heater?

EMILY: Yes, we have.

RICHARD: Ah. More water?

[Emily nods. Richard gets up to re-fill her glass.]

YALE CAMPUS PUB

[Rory is drinking coffee, waiting for Logan to arrive. Her table is piled with file folders. Logan

pushes his way through a crowd.]

LOGAN: Hey, Ace.

RORY: Hi, Logan. I didn't see you there. Hey. Um, how are you?

LOGAN: I'm good.

RORY: Oh, good. Good. Okay, so good. Um, here they are.

LOGAN: These are the notes for one story?

RORY: Yeah, I'm kind of a note freak.

LOGAN [sitting]: Man, Ace, I'm impressed and partially terrified.

RORY: Okay. Well, I've divided them up into sections, so [pointing] interviews, research, statistics. I wasn't sure what you already had, but I figured there's something here that can help you with your story.

LOGAN: I hope you're getting extra credit for this.

RORY: Oh, it's nothing.

LOGAN: Seems like a lot of work on your part, going through this stuff, organizing it for me.

RORY: Well, I'm kind of an organization freak, too.

LOGAN: Plus, I'm sure it wasn't your idea to give up your evening like this, to come here and meet me. Was it?

RORY: Um, I'm just doing a little public service. That's all.

LOGAN: Public service?

RORY: Yes. Doyle looked like he was about to liquefy after your dad talked to him, so I chose to stop that from happening, for the sake of the janitorial staff.

LOGAN: Yeah. He has a thing for by-lines, my father.

RORY: Apparently he has plans for you.

LOGAN: Yes. Isn't that thrilling. Sorry Doyle took the hit. My dad can be a real bully when he wants to be.

RORY: He's a very interesting man.

LOGAN: You met him?

RORY: No, I've just... read about him. I mean, he's a big guy.

LOGAN: Maybe you'll get to meet him someday.

RORY [nods]: Oh, did I show you how I divided these up? Interviews, research, um -

LOGAN: So how come I never see you around?

RORY: I'm around.

LOGAN: Yeah? Where?

RORY: Class, coffee cart, the student's store when I run out of thumbtacks...

LOGAN: Wow, thrilling life.

RORY: I'm really not that boring.

LOGAN: Oh, I know you're not boring.

RORY: Oh, Doyle told me that your dad is throwing a party for Seymour Hersh?

LOGAN: Ah, you want to talk about boring?

RORY: How can meeting Seymour Hersh be boring? I love him. I read My Lai Four when I was twelve and I've been obsessed with him ever since.

LOGAN: You read a book about the My Lai m*ssacre when you were twelve?

RORY: Well, I polished off Nancy Drew that year too.

LOGAN: Well, I guarantee, these parties always turn into a bunch of drunks discussing stocks, cars and the latest friends to be indicted. It's boring. I just go, take a date so I have somebody to talk to, and bail as soon as my dad's back is turned.

RORY: Oh, so you're going?

LOGAN: Daddy says.

RORY: Wow, lucky.

LOGAN: No.

RORY: To spend the evening with a great writer, and to get to meet him, hear him talk? Very, very lucky.

LOGAN: You think so?

RORY: Definitely.

LOGAN: Well, maybe this time it won't be so bad after all. [A pause; Rory looks uncomfortable.] So, do you want to get something to drink or do you have to go?

RORY: No, I don't have to go. I don't have anywhere to go.

LOGAN: Okay. Be right back.

[He gets up to go to the bar. Rory looks after him, excited.]

LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai enters.]

LORELAI: Hey, Lane.

LANE: Hi, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hmm. You look different.

LANE: I do?

LORELAI: Yeah, you look cute. I mean, you always look cute, but this is just a new facet of your cuteness.

LANE: Thanks. You look cute too.

LORELAI: I have a boyfriend, so maybe this flirting thing we've got going on should just end here.

LANE: Coffee to go?

LORELAI: It's that special time of day.

[We hear Luke getting frustrated in the back.]

LORELAI: What was that?

LANE: It's been like that for an hour. It's the damn oven.

LORELAI: The damn oven?

LUKE [OS]: Damn oven!

LORELAI: What's up with the damn oven?

LUKE: I bought this damn oven and the thermostat doesn't work!

LORELAI: The damn thermostat or just the thermostat?

LUKE: Are you being cute?

LORELAI: Sorry, go on!

LUKE: So I went and I got a new thermostat, and now I can't figure out how to replace the damn thing.

LORELAI: So it is a damn thermostat.

LUKE: I don't have time for this.

LORELAI: Come on! You can do this. [Luke roars at it.] Step at a time here. You pulled the knob off each gas tap on the range, right?

LUKE [OS]: Uh, yeah. So?

LORELAI: Then you remove the four screws securing the face panel, then you remove the panel.

LUKE [OS]: Yeah, I did that.

LORELAI: Hmm. Then you disconnect the oven and gas supply pipe from the outlet of the

thermostat?

LUKE [OS]: This is where I got stuck.

LORELAI [nodding]: Did you release the oven sensor retaining clips from the oven lining?

LUKE [OS]: No. No, I didn't. [Pause] Okay! Got it!

LORELAI: Now just pull the sensor out, you should be rolling now.

LUKE [coming out from the kitchen, amazed]: So how, how?

LORELAI: How what?

LUKE: How do you know this?

LORELAI: Well, I couldn't get to sleep the other night, you know, when we went to bed, and so I read your oven manual.

LUKE: You're kidding.

LORELAI: Well, it was either that or the broiler manual, and the oven won, 'cause it's shiny and pretty.

LUKE: You never cease to amaze me.

LORELAI: And I never will. Bye, Doll. [They kiss] And hey, leave the broiler manual out for me. I'm kind of into this whole kitchen appliance genre now, you know? "Kitch lit".

LUKE: All right.

[She exits as Zach is on his way in.]

LORELAI: Hey there, Zach.

ZACH: Howdy.

LANE: Hi there.

ZACH: Well, aren't we bouncy?

[They kiss]

LANE: I'm in a pretty good mood.

ZACH: Why's that?

LANE: I'm just feeling nice and light.

ZACH [looks closely at her]: What's up with your face?

LANE: Oh, what do you think is up with my face?

ZACH: It looks all nude.

LANE: For a good reason.

ZACH: You're not wearing your glasses.

LANE: That's right.

ZACH: But you're blind without your glasses.

LANE: The wonder of contacts.

ZACH: Contacts?

LANE: Contacts.

ZACH: Why?

LANE: Why? So I don't have to wear glasses.

ZACH: So, like, for all the time?

LANE: Yeah - you okay?

ZACH: I guess. I mean, that's a pretty big thing to just spring on a guy.

LANE: Why?

ZACH: You don't look like you.

LANE: Yes, I do. It's just me, my face, without being impeded by a foreign plastic object.

ZACH: But you're the first smart girl I've ever gone out with, and the glasses are a big part of that.

LANE: Well, my I.Q. is still the same. Contacts don't change that.

ZACH: But you lose that initial impact. Now people will have to talk to you for a few minutes to figure out that you're smart.

LANE: Well, then, that's what they'll have to do.

ZACH: Okay. I'll try to get used to it.

LANE: Yeah. And you will.

CUSTOMER: I'm sorry, am I supposed to eat my soup without a spoon?

ZACH: Of course she doesn't think that, okay? She's really smart, she's just not wearing her glasses!
[He hands him a spoon.]

RICHARD'S OFFICE

[Richard is in a business meeting.]

MAN #1: You should have heard him, Richard.

RICHARD: Oh, I can imagine.

MAN #1: They had him on speakerphone, and when Lori heard him screaming she ran in holding her

shoe. She thought I was being att*cked.

RICHARD [chuckling]: Well, you're in good hands with that Lori.

MAN #2: I wish I had a secretary who'd defend me with her shoe.

RICHARD: Well, he may be mad now, but wait until we go to court.

MAN #1: Well, maybe he'll settle.

MAN #2: Oh, he'll never settle.

RICHARD: Ah, he will, if we send Lori in with her shoe.

MAN #2: Mmm.

MAN #1: He's certainly got his lawyers working on this.

RICHARD: Well, we're going to have to bring in outside counsel. It's going to get a little messy. Who's available?

MAN #2: How about Maurice Newson?

RICHARD: No. He over-colognes.

MAN #1: Briar?

MAN #2: No. Briar's on the Delfini case.

MAN #1: Oh, yeah.

RICHARD: What about Simon McLane?

MAN #2: I don't think you really want Simon on this one, Richard.

RICHARD: Why not? He's always done a top-notch job for us before. He's aggressive, he's not sloppy. He's very creative.

MAN #1: Yes, but Richard -

RICHARD: What?

MAN #2: Well, we just assumed you wouldn't want to work that closely with Simon anymore, you know, since the whole thing with him and Emily?

RICHARD [realization]: Ah. Yes. [He looks pained.] Well, what about Brandt?

MAN #2: Brandt!

MAN #1: Brandt. Mm-hm. Very good.

MAN #2: Terrific.

MAN #1: Brandt it is.

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Lorelai enters.]

LORELAI: Well, apparently the whole padlock discussion was a big dud. I just got a call from Mrs. Berg. Cletus is standing in her wading pool. I need carrots.

SOOKIE: Bottom shelf.

LORELAI: Oh, I love it when I talk and no one listens. Makes me think of home.

[Michel hurries in.]

MICHEL: Okay. I just took the Andersons to room three, I opened the door and when I went inside I found that the bedspread was mussed!

LORELAI: The bedspread was mussed!

SOOKIE [gasps]: Call a cop!

MICHEL: I checked that room personally after it had been cleaned. It was perfect! No muss!

LORELAI: No fuss!

MICHEL: Why are you joking? Why? Do you not care that people are sneaking into our rooms, mussing the beds, eating the food?

LORELAI: Okay. I'm sorry. You're right.

MICHEL: I know I'm right. I do not need you to tell me I'm right.

LORELAI: Okay. So, what do we think is going on here?

MICHEL: I believe that our employees are clandestinely using our rooms for sexual encounters on their coffee breaks.

LORELAI: Come on.

MICHEL: Lars and Celia seem awfully friendly lately. You don't notice them making goo-goo eyes? And Celia has put on weight. Perhaps one too many Toblerones.

LORELAI: I don't think Lars and Celia are having an affair.

SOOKIE: Hey, maybe we got a ghost.

LORELAI: A ghost. That would be cool. People love haunted inns.

SOOKIE: I wonder what kind of ghost we have.

LORELAI: Maybe a Confederate Soldier.

SOOKIE: Or a lonely spinster that never married.

LORELAI: Or Patrick Swayze.

SOOKIE: In search of his lost career.

LORELAI: Maybe we have ghosts having sex and then eating Toblerones.

SOOKIE [giggles]: Ooh, hungry, horny ghosts.

MICHEL: I am done with both of you.

[He leaves.]

LORELAI: I guess I should go up to room three, and see what's - Kirk! What are you doing here?

KIRK: I'm assembling the bouquet garni.

SOOKIE: I thought you hired him.

LORELAI: I did not hire him.

KIRK: I thought I might want to work on a kitchen staff someday, and I figured this was a good place to learn.

LORELAI: Kirk, get out!

KIRK: Can I at least finish my shift?

SOOKIE: No!

[Lorelai's cell phone rings. She walks into the hall to answer it. Scene cuts between Rory's common room and the Inn.]

LORELAI: Hello.

RORY: Hey. What's up?

LORELAI: We have ghosts.

RORY: Well, it's better than rats. Listen, I need a favor.

LORELAI: From me?

RORY: Yes, from you.

LORELAI: Oh, well, let me get out my list. Okay, I'll write this favor down right under the one that says "Gave me life".

RORY: Look. I may have a thing Friday which would mean that I have to get out of Friday night dinner.

LORELAI: A thing?

RORY: I was wondering if you could cover for me?

LORELAI: What kind of a thing? A man thing?

RORY: Possibly a man thing.

LORELAI: Okay, spill. Who is he?

RORY: I don't want to jinx it, okay? It's not a definite. When I know it's a go I promise I'll fill you in. Completely.

LORELAI: I can't believe you're going to leave me alone with my parents just so you can have a social life. What happened to the good old days, with the spinster daughter taking care of the parents and living a lonely, sexless existence?

RORY: So you'll cover for me?

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: Thank you. I'll call you later.

LORELAI: Bye honey. [She hangs up.]

MICHEL: Hey. I just asked Lars if he was seeing anyone special. He misunderstood and he might be filing one of those sexual harassment charges against me. And you, 'cause I said you made me. [Hey turns and rushes outside.]

LORELAI: Hey, hey. Michel! Come back here!

KIRK: I'll get him.

LANE'S HOUSE

[The band is practicing.]

ZACH: Okay, guys, let's try it again and let's try not to suck.

LANE: We'll get it. We just have to focus.

BRIAN: By the way, your 'E' string is a little flat.

ZACH: Which, by the way, makes it a little bit more rock and roll. Okay, are we ready?

LANE: I'm down.

ZACH: Eins, zwi, drei, vier...

GIL: Hey, could you not do the countdown in German? It's depressing.

ZACH: Fine. One, two, three, four.

[They start. Lane notices a knocking at the door. They stop]

ZACH: Who the hell is that?

BRIAN: I hope it's not my girlfriend's husband. [giggles]

ZACH: Oh, that's fresh!

[Lane gets up to answer the knocking. She opens the door. Mrs. Kim stands there looking exasperated.]

LANE: Mama.

MRS. KIM: You couldn't even hear me over that noise.

LANE: That noise is my passion, Mama, and you're keeping me from it.

MRS. KIM: 'E' string was flat, too.

LANE: What can we do for you?

MRS. KIM: This year I am hosting Lunar New Year dinner. You are to come.

LANE: Why?

MRS. KIM: You are my daughter. Not coming is humiliation.

LANE: Have we forgotten the incident at the newsstand?

MRS. KIM: The what?

LANE: You yelled at my boyfriend, in public, Mama! What's that, if it's not humiliation?

MRS. KIM: That is in the past.

LANE: Not for me.

MRS. KIM: You must come to this.

LANE: Oh, yeah? Well, only if I can bring my boyfriend.

MRS. KIM: What?

LANE: It's both of us or neither of us. Take it or leave it.

MRS. KIM: I have only enough chairs for those invited.

LANE: You sell chairs, Mama, you have eight hundred chairs.

MRS. KIM: Fine. Bring boy. But if boy comes, I invite the Parks. They come.

LANE: I hate the Parks.

MRS. KIM: You shouldn't hate the Parks.

LANE: You hate the Parks. They're mean.

MRS. KIM: I get to hate the Parks.

LANE: Fine. If the Parks come, how about if I bring my whole band? The whole noisy lot of us. How about that? Will that work?

MRS. KIM: Yes.

LANE: What?

MRS. KIM: Bring them all!

LANE: The whole band?

MRS. KIM: Yes. See you then.

LANE: Bu -

[Mrs. Kim leaves. Lane goes back in the house.]

LANE: We're all invited to a party.

[They are all glaring at her.]

KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Lane and the band arrive on the porch.]

BRIAN: Are we early? I don't hear anything.

LANE: That's the sound of a couple dozen Christian Koreans partying down.

GIL: Trippy.

BRIAN [sees the ornament hanging on the door]: Oh, cool. Bok jo ri. They're used to separate grains of rice from small stones. They symbolically catch happiness for the New Year.

GIL: How do you know that?

BRIAN: I've done a little internet research on Korean New Year. Surf the 'Net, there's a lot of information there.

GIL: There's also a lot of pictures of girls with tattoos on motorcycles. You would think it gets old, but it doesn't.

LANE [To Zach]: Sorry about this.

ZACH: I feel like I'm going to the dentist.

LANE: That's not an unusual thing to feel when approaching the Kim house.

ZACH: I just hope I don't throw up in the bok jo ri.

LANE: I've got your back, okay? You're not alone.

GIL: Are you sure they're home? There's not a sound.

LANE: I'm sure. Go ahead and knock. [Gil knocks.] Uh, Gil? The AC/DC ring.

GIL: Right. Sorry.

[Gil takes the ring off as Mrs. Kim opens the door.]

MRS. KIM: Hello.

LANE: Hello, Mama. I said we'd come and we've come.

GIL: I'm Gil.

[He puts out his hand to shake. Mrs. Kim looks at it.]

MRS. KIM: Yes.

LANE: And Mama, you know Brian.

BRIAN: Say hay boke-mahn he pah du say oh. [Korean New Year's blessing]

LANE: He likes the internet.

MRS. KIM: And who's this half-boy hiding behind you?

LANE: That's Zach, Mama. You've met him too.

BRIAN [pouting]: Happy New Year, I guess.

MRS. KIM: Yes. Come in.

[They enter.]

DOOSE'S MARKET - OUTSIDE

[Lorelai is walking down the street when she sees Jackson pushing Davey in a stroller.]

LORELAI: Well, lookie here, the fleet's in town. [She bends down to see Davey.]

JACKSON: Yep. We're having a little Davey-Daddy night tonight. Just the men being manly. Want to punch me in the stomach?

LORELAI: I'll pass on the punch.

JACKSON: Listen, I was wondering if you could do me a favor.

LORELAI: I don't want to pull your finger either.

JACKSON: I know now is an important time for you guys. The inn's just getting off the ground. There's a lot of extra work. But if you could just encourage Sookie to ease up a little - delegate.

LORELAI: Sookie, delegate?

JACKSON: I know. But with the pregnancy and all? And I know her hours are generally pretty good. Most nights she's home by seven. It's just these new late nights that worry me.

LORELAI: Late nights?

JACKSON: I mean not worry me, worry me. I just don't want her to overdo it.

LORELAI: Oh, sure. Sure. But, Jackson, I think Sookie left before me tonight.

JACKSON: Oh, no. She called. She said the new kitchen help's a little slow. Whatever. I know she has to do it. It's just every week now. It's no big deal. Just see if you can say something.

LORELAI: Oh. Okay, I'll see what I can do.

JACKSON [to Davey]: Okay, son. I think it's time to get you laid.

LORELAI: Oh, that's sweet. Bye, boys.

[Jackson walks away with the stroller. Lorelai turns and walks the other way.]

ELDER GILMORE HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

[Emily exits the house, dressed for the party.]

EMILY [Calling back into the house]: Gretchen, I can still smell the fish from here!

[She closes the door. Richard meets her on the driveway.]

EMILY: Well, funny running into you here. You look very nice.

RICHARD [aloof]: Thank you.

EMILY: Do you have the directions? I have an extra copy if you need it.

RICHARD: I'm fine. Thank you.

EMILY [puzzled at his formal manner]: All right. I guess I'll see you there.

RICHARD: Seems inevitable, doesn't it?

[Richard walks to his car. Emily watches him go, then gets into her car. They leave.]

KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Dining room. A large table is surrounded by Koreans eating quietly. A separate table at the end holds Lane and the boys.]

GIL: Good eats. Slimy.

BRIAN: I'm enjoying it.

GIL: I like slimy food, 'cause it slides down easy, and I get the sense it keeps sliding, right? Which helps your colon and stuff, 'cause it scrapes as it slides, and since it's not in you long, you don't get fat, you know?

ZACH: Just eat.

LANE: You're not hungry?

GIL: Slimy food doesn't float my boat like it does others. [He sets down his chopsticks and stands up.] I'll be right back. I have to go to the bathroom.

[The small spectacled child sitting near to them pipes up.]

KID: You're not allowed to leave the table.

ZACH: Nature's calling, kid.

KID [yells]: Nature must wait!

[Everyone at the Korean table stares at Zach.]

ZACH: How's about keeping it down, there, scooter?

KID [still yelling]: Sit 'till we're done!

[Zach sits.]

ZACH [to Lane]: If I beat the crap out of this little kid, will anyone care?

LANE: Mama locks the bathroom door while we eat, anyway.

ZACH: Super.

[Mrs. Kim stands up and addresses the group.]

MRS. KIM: We are done eating. There will be a thirty minute break till dessert, while Mrs. Shin and her fellow musicians play for you in the other room. Mrs. Shin, better start setting up.

[The musicians get up and start carrying their instruments into the other room.]

GIL: Look at the funky guitar! Awesome!

BRIAN: It's a Gayaguem. And if I'm not mistaken, I believe I spotted a Dahnso and a Janggoo on the way in.

[Kyon looks over from the other table.]

GIL: Man, I gotta check this out. [He starts to get up, then looks at the kid.] Can I get up?

KID: Yes.

[Gil nods and gets up.]

ZACH: Yeah, he can get up?

[The kid glares.]

KYON: You have much knowledge of Korean culture.

BRIAN [surprised]: Thanks.

KYON: That was forward of me. I should retire to my room and sleep.

BRIAN: No, don't do that. It's okay.

[Kyon and Brian both smile shyly. Zach and Lane notice everyone looking at them.]

YALE CAMPUS PUB

[Rory and Logan are sitting together, laughing comfortably.]

RORY: I can't believe you've never seen the Office!

LOGAN: I feel very stupid.

RORY: Well, you should. It's brilliant. Especially the fourth time you see it.

LOGAN: What happens the fourth time you see it?

RORY: You can actually understand what they're saying. I have them all on DVD. You can borrow them if you want, but only if promise to abide by the fourth time rule.

LOGAN: I'll abide by your fourth time rule. If it's as good as you say, I'll raise you a fifth.

RORY: Deal.

LOGAN: Oh, here, I almost forgot your notes. [He lifts the pile of file folders out of his bag.]

RORY: Oh, I hope they helped.

LOGAN: They did. Some guy tried to mug me earlier and I beat him to death with them.

RORY: Hey, I like my research.

LOGAN: I like your research too, and thank you.

RORY: It helped?

LOGAN: Story's done, Doyle's safe, all is right with the world.

RORY: You're welcome.

LOGAN: So.

RORY: So.

LOGAN: It's been fun.

RORY: Yeah. It has been.

LOGAN: Okay, so I should get going. I'm headed to New York.

RORY: Right. For your dad's party.

LOGAN: Yep. So, have a good weekend.

RORY: Oh, yeah. You too. Have a good weekend.

LOGAN: And hey, don't be a stranger.

[He pats her on the shoulder and leaves. She looks disappointed.]

DRAGONFLY INN - LOBBY

[Lorelai enters. Kirk is at the reception desk.]

LORELAI: Hey, Kirk.

KIRK: No messages.

LORELAI: Super.

[She heads up the stairs.]

DRAGONFLY INN - UPSTAIRS

[Lorelai comes around the corner. She listens at the door of one of the rooms. We hear the sound of a T.V. She quietly opens the door with her key. Sookie is sitting on the bed eating chocolate.]

LORELAI: Oh, behold our ghost.

SOOKIE: Okay, this isn't what it looks like.

LORELAI: I don't know what it looks like.

SOOKIE: I'm just watching T.V.

LORELAI: Because we have the convenient channel list next to the bed?

SOOKIE: No. Though it is convenient.

LORELAI: Sookie, you want to tell me what's going on? You know, before Kirk changes into his maid's outfit and starts to clean the room?

SOOKIE: A few weeks ago I read in the paper that there was going to be an episode of Dark Shadows on, the one where Barnabas is released from his tomb, and I used to love Dark Shadows, and I just suddenly really wanted to see it.

LORELAI: Sure.

SOOKIE: So, I didn't get off work in time to get home and see it, so I just came up here, and it was just supposed to be that one time, but the room was really nice, and I was really comfortable, and there were Toblerones, and I just had the best time. It was an hour all to myself, and the next week it was another good episode, and I just kinda -

LORELAI: Decided to haunt the place.

SOOKIE: I tried to clean up afterwards, and the bed was not mussed. Michel is too a**l for his own good. I'm horrible.

LORELAI: You're not horrible.

SOOKIE: I am. I'm the most horrible person in the world.

LORELAI: Well, my mother will be sad to know she's been dethroned.

SOOKIE: I'm lying to my husband. I'm eating the inn's candy!

LORELAI: You can't discuss this with Jackson? Tell him you need one night a week to yourself to watch Dark Shadows? He wouldn't understand that?

SOOKIE: Of course he would understand. That's the problem. Jackson would immediately tell me, "Sit down, relax, watch T.V" and he'll take care of Davey.

LORELAI: Huh. Men are pigs.

SOOKIE: And then I would sit there racked with guilt because he works all day too, and I would think about the fact that I'm shirking my motherly duties, and it would ruin everything. But here -

LORELAI: I get it.

SOOKIE: I'm sorry I didn't tell you.

LORELAI: Oh, don't worry about it. I do think you should tell Jackson, though. He thinks I have you chained to the stove. He's worried you're working too hard.

SOOKIE: I know. I'll go home right now and tell him.

LORELAI: Okay.

SOOKIE: Of course, it's the episode where Barnabas kidnaps Maggie.

LORELAI: And imprisons her in a coffin in the mausoleum's secret room in punishment for disobeying him?

SOOKIE: Yeah!

LORELAI: Scoot over.

SOOKIE [excited]: Really?

LORELAI: Yep.

SOOKIE: Ah, cool!

[Lorelai sits on the bed with Sookie. Sookie offers her some chocolate]

SOOKIE: Toblerone?

LORELAI: Mmm. These rooms are nice.

SOOKIE: Mm-hmm.

THE GALA - VALET PARKING STALL

[Emily drives up in her Mercedes. People are milling around the entrance. She calls after the valet, who appears to be busy with something else.]

EMILY: Excuse me, I need a ticket!

SIMON: Emily!

EMILY: Simon! Well, this is a pleasant surprise!

SIMON: Waiting for someone?

EMILY: Yes, a mysterious man with an exotic accent and a red coat to give me a ticket for my car.

SIMON: Ah. Well, I wish you a great deal of luck.

EMILY: So, who are you here with?

SIMON: My daughter and her husband. They're right over there. I'd love for you to meet them. [He waves at them.] Diana, come here for a second!

[A car smashes into the Mercedes' rear.]

EMILY: Oh! What on earth?

[She gets out of the car. Richard gets out of the other car.]

RICHARD: Emily.

EMILY: Richard! Have you lost your mind?

RICHARD: I misjudged the distance.

EMILY: You misjudged the distance! You hit my car!

RICHARD: I was distracted.

SIMON: Emily, are you okay?

RICHARD: I'm her husband, Simon. I'll ask her if she's okay. [To Emily] Are you okay?

EMILY: I'm fine.

RICHARD: She's fine, Simon. Are you happy? Now, go away.

SIMON: Emily, maybe you should see a doctor.

EMILY: No, I -

RICHARD: We will determine whether she needs to see a doctor. This is a family matter.

SIMON: I'll call you tomorrow and see how you are.

RICHARD: She'll be fine, Simon. She doesn't need your call. [He walks threateningly toward Simon.] Do you hear me, Simon? Don't call.

[Simon leaves. Richard grabs Emily by the arm.]

EMILY: Were you bitten by some kind of rabid animal?

RICHARD: Let's go. [To a valet] You! You! I'm taking her home. I'll come back for this car.

EMILY: You're what?

[He pulls her around to the passenger's side of his car.]

RICHARD: You were just in a car accident, Emily. You can't go to a party after having been in an accident. Let's go.

[He puts her in the car.]

EMILY: What are you doing?

[He gets in the driver's side.]

RICHARD: Maybe we should take you to the hospital.

EMILY: I think it's a toss-up who needs the trip to the hospital more.

RICHARD: When you pull up to a valet stand, you get out of the car. You don't dawdle.

EMILY: I was waiting for someone to take my car!

RICHARD: Well, you wait outside the car! Everybody knows that.

EMILY: It is not my fault that you ran into my car.

RICHARD: I know you dated him.

EMILY: What?

RICHARD: Simon McLane! I know you dated Simon McLane!

EMILY: Richard, I was just in an accident. Now is hardly the time to discuss this.

RICHARD: Fine. I found out about it in a business meeting, which was hardly the time to find out about it, but fine.

EMILY: It was dinner.

RICHARD: Dinner. Of course.

EMILY: Nothing happened.

RICHARD: Of course nothing happened.

EMILY: Stop it, Richard. I wouldn't say it if it wasn't true.

RICHARD: Well, I told you that nothing happened between me and Pennilyn Lott. That all we did was have lunch. And I wouldn't have said that if that weren't true!

EMILY: Well, then, there's nothing more to be said about these things.

RICHARD: I agree.

EMILY: People are staring, Richard.

RICHARD: We're going.

[He drives away.]

KIM'S ANTIQUES

[A group of Koreans are sitting on the floor playing traditional Korean music on their Korean instruments. Gil is playing the "funky guitar". The rest of them are standing around listening, nodding appreciatively. Lane and Zach are standing in the corner, bored.]

LANE: Dessert is it. We wolf it down, we've done our duty, we're out of here.

ZACH: I'm counting the seconds.

[Mrs. Kim approaches.]

MRS. KIM: Lane.

LANE: Yes, Mama?

MRS. KIM: I need your help in the kitchen.

LANE: My help?

MRS. KIM: Food got extra stuck to pots tonight. Need you to pound the hammer while Aunt Jun holds the chisel. Come. [Lane doesn't move.] Lane, come now.

LANE: I'm watching the music, Mama. We're watching - my boyfriend and I. Maybe when it's done.

MRS. KIM: Dirty plates don't wait for Gayageum. I ask you, you come.

LANE: I'm here as a guest, and, by the way, I didn't hear you ask. I heard you demand.

ZACH: Lane -

MRS. KIM: Because you don't offer. As I taught you to.

LANE: Here we go.

MRS. KIM: Such insolence!

ZACH: Lane -

LANE: You don't get it, Mama.

MRS. KIM: Oh, I get it. You're modern woman now. Too big to chisel crust off plates. Just standing there, grooving to Gayageum.

LANE: Mama -

MRS. KIM: You have values. Values I did not teach you. Spending time with boys - living with boys! Banging drums and playing noise in a rock band with boys!

LANE: Mama -

MRS. KIM: Paint in your fingernails, gel in your hair. So vain now, you no longer even wear your glasses!

LANE: I've got contacts! I don't need them.

MRS. KIM: You're not you without your glasses.

ZACH: I agree.

MRS. KIM: What?

LANE: What?

ZACH: It's just - your glasses. I liked your glasses. You should wear them. I'm just saying.

MRS. KIM: She should wear them. She should always wear them.

ZACH: I've said it before, but it's true. They made you look smart.

MRS. KIM: Of course they made her look smart. She's a smart girl. Glasses fit her.

ZACH: Totally.

LANE: Zach -

MRS. KIM: You always looked good in them. Glasses suit her face.

ZACH: The black frames, especially with her hair -

MRS. KIM: She wore them in the first grade. She first girl in her class.

ZACH: And I bet she looked great.

MRS. KIM: I have pictures in a photo book. I could show you.

ZACH: I'd love to see them.

LANE: Wait, Zach -

MRS. KIM: Come. We chisel pots later.

[She opens a drawer and pulls out a photo album. She points to a photo.]

ZACH: Aw.

[Camera goes back to the musicians. They finish a song.]

GIL: Aw, yeah! Awesome! You guys rock. Do you know Inna Godda Davida?

ELDER GILMORE'S HOUSE - FOYER

[Richard and Emily enter.]

RICHARD: I'll make arrangements to get your car to the shop tomorrow.

EMILY: Thank you.

RICHARD: You might want to re-think that lease, though. [Pause] Are you sure you're feeling all right?

EMILY: I'm fine.

[Richard takes a few steps forward, then stops.]

RICHARD: I don't want to go back to the pool house.

EMILY: Come home.

[Richard turns to look at her.]

ELDER GILMORE HOUSE - PATIO

[Rory enters. Lorelai is coming from the pool house.]

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Hey. What are you doing here?

RORY: Friday night dinner. Is it not Friday night dinner?

LORELAI: No, I mean yes, but I thought you had a thing.

RORY: Oh, well, it wasn't a for sure thing.

LORELAI: You made it sound for sure.

RORY: It was a maybe thing, and now it's a nothing.

LORELAI: Oh, you look disappointed.

RORY: I don't want to talk about it.

LORELAI: Do you want to talk about it?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Okay. Not even to tell me who the guy is?

RORY: He's no one. Forget it.

LORELAI: Okay. Well, the mystery of the Gilmore dinners continues.

RORY: Meaning?

LORELAI: The pool house is empty.

RORY: Grandpa forgot about us again?

LORELAI: Yes! Apparently all the complexes incurred in my childhood were not enough. They need to keep a'coming.

RORY: Did you check on Grandma yet?

LORELAI: I'm on my way there now. [Gasps] Is it Marty?

RORY: Forget it, Mom.

LORELAI: Okay. But is it?

RORY: No!

LORELAI [looking in the window]: Oh - oh!

RORY: What are they doing together?

[We can see Richard and Emily talking animatedly.]

LORELAI: Are they arguing?

RORY: No - well, I don't know, they don't look mad.

LORELAI: Oh, great. I'm so not in referee mode tonight.

RORY: Grandma just laughed.

LORELAI: Eh, it could have been an evil laugh. A "I'm laughing at your pain" kind of laugh.

RORY: Looked like a plain old laugh to me.

LORELAI: Oh, Dad's picking up an ashtray. He's going to throw it at her! Finally.

RORY: No! No, he's just moving it.

LORELAI: I don't get it. What is going on? What are they doing?

RORY: I don't -

[They gasp in unison as Emily and Richard embrace.]

RORY: Holy!

LORELAI: Ah - oh my God. My parents are having an affair.

[Richard and Emily break apart as they notice the girls outside.]

LORELAI: Oh, careful, it might be a trap.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I don't know. I'm freaking out. This does not compute, does not compute.

[Richard opens the patio door.]

RICHARD: Girls! Wonderful to see you.

LORELAI: Hi.

RICHARD: Come in, come in, come in.

EMILY: Hi, you're just in time.

LORELAI: For what?

RICHARD: The celebration. [A maid enters carrying a tray.] Ah! Champagne. Perfect.

RORY: What are we celebrating?

RICHARD: Uh, should we tell them?

EMILY: They're going to find out sooner or later.

RICHARD: All right, then. Lorelai, Rory, your grandmother and I have reconciled. We are officially back together.

RORY: Really? Oh my God! [She hugs them.] That's great! I'm so happy.

LORELAI: When did this reconciliation happen?

EMILY: Yesterday.

RICHARD: And last night. And this morning.

EMILY: Richard.

LORELAI [scolding herself]: Don't ask questions. Don't ask questions. Don't ask questions!

[The telephone rings.]

EMILY: And next week your father and I are going to renew our wedding vows.

RICHARD: A week from tomorrow, on our fortieth wedding anniversary.

RORY: Aw!

LORELAI: Wow. That's great!

EMILY: And you're going to be my maid of honor.

LORELAI: Uh, wha-

[Robert enters.]

ROBERT: Excuse me, Mr. Gilmore. Mr. Jeffries from the Windsor Club for you.

RICHARD: Ah, yes. Thank you, Robert. [Robert exits.] Oh, by the way, I'm firing Robert next week.

EMILY: You won't need him.

RICHARD: No, I won't. [Answering the phone] Richard Gilmore here. [Pause] The Gold Room? Ah, yeah, would you hold on for a moment, please? Uh, Emily, they say they can free up the Gold Room.

EMILY: How are we supposed to fit a twenty piece band in the Gold Room? No, we need the Rose Room.

RICHARD: Right. [On the phone.] I'm afraid the Gold Room won't do. We need the Rose Room. [Pause] Well, perhaps they'd be willing to switch dates. We'd certainly be happy to make it worth their while. Of course, I'll hold.

EMILY: Richard, we just have to get the Rose Room.

RICHARD: Don't you worry, our company insures that building. We don't get that room, suddenly they have a very expensive foundation upgrade to go through.

EMILY: I married a wonderful man, girls.

RORY: Yes, you did.

LORELAI: Hey, Mom, about this whole, um, maid of honor thing?

EMILY: Oh, yes. Richard, can you spare us a moment? I want to take Lorelai upstairs.

LORELAI: Why?

RICHARD: Of course.

LORELAI: Wha- why do you want to take me upstairs?

EMILY: Wonderful, we'll be right back. [She pulls Lorelai up.]

LORELAI: Why doesn't Rory have to go upstairs?

RICHARD: I'll finish this phone call and then Rory and I will discuss the possibility of her being my best man.

RORY: Really? I'm going to be your best man?

LORELAI [afraid]: What's upstairs?

[Emily succeeds in pushing Lorelai up the stairs.]

UPSTAIRS

[Lorelai walks into a room filled with wedding dresses. A voice comes out from behind them, somewhere.]

CELINE [OS]: Ah, Emily. Wonderful timing. Please start with the Oscar de la Renta. Susan Hayworth never wore anything but de la Renta in her final days. Clark Gable never knew what he was missing. [laughs] He was a cad, but the crease in his pants was immaculate. [She emerges from the closet and gasps.] Oh, my God! It's Natalie Wood.

LORELAI: Hello, Miss Celine. You look wonderful.

CELINE: Olive oil on the inside and on the outside. Anna Manana taught me that.

EMILY: I think this has too much lace, Celine.

CELINE: Ah, there can't be too much lace, as long as it's Italian. What do you think, Natalie?

EMILY: What do you think?

LORELAI: Whatever you want, Mom.

EMILY: Lorelai! You're my maid of honor. I need your opinion here.

LORELAI: Well, I kind of like that one, or even the one next to it.

EMILY: I'll try them both. [She takes them into the dressing room.]

CELINE: You'll try them all. I had the worst row with Dietrich once. I told her, "Marlene, until you actually become a man you must try dresses on like a woman." And that means all of them.

[Lorelai laughs politely.]

CELINE: Are you married, Natalie?

LORELAI: Oh, no, not yet.

EMILY [OS]: Actually, Celine, she just opened her own business. She owns an inn now.

CELINE: Hmm, an inn, how charming.

[Lorelai begins perusing the dresses. Celine wanders over to an accessory box and pulls out some silicone bra implants.]

CELINE: Emily, do you need breasts or are yours sufficing for the moment?

EMILY [coming out wearing the lace-covered dress]: I'm fine for the moment, Celine.

CELINE: Oh, my God, you're Mary Martin. Take it off immediately.

EMILY: Oh, dear.

LORELAI: Here, try this one on, Mom.

EMILY [OS]: You know, I'm trying to decide whether to go with a hat or some sort of headpiece, or whether that's too much.

CELINE: When I was dressing Marilyn for her wedding to Arthur Miller, I told her, I said, "Marilyn! Wear a flat hat on your head. It will remind him of a book." She didn't, and we all saw how that turned out.

LORELAI: You wear whatever you want, Mom.

EMILY: Celine, I'm going to need some help with this zipper.

[As Celine helps her, Emily watches as Lorelai holds a dress up to herself and checks herself in the mirror.]

CELINE: Oh, very elegant. Very nice, oh. There you go, Mrs. Oscar Lavant, love that. Here, try the Dior just for giggles, hmm?

EMILY: All right.

LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Luke is lying in bed.]

LUKE: I will never, under any circumstances, no matter how short a dress you put on, go back to Al's Pancake World ever, ever again.

LORELAI [OS]: Aw, you didn't like your manicotti?

LUKE: That was not manicotti, it was square and flat and blue.

LORELAI [OS]: Yeah. Manicotti's rarely blue.

[Lorelai comes out of the bathroom.]

LUKE: You know, I've been thinking, uh, maybe I shouldn't go to this thing of your parents'.

LORELAI: First Al's Pancake World, and now my parents vow renewal?

LUKE: I'm serious. I'm not really their favorite person. They don't really want me there.

LORELAI: Hey, I'm not their favorite person either, and I still have to go.

LUKE: I know, it's just - it's going to be this big fancy thing with all their friends. And, you know, I just -

LORELAI: Listen. My parents are very weird people. They don't hate you. They just don't know you. This is the perfect opportunity. They'll be happy. They'll be smashed. You show up, shake some hands, get in a few family pictures, and before you know it my mother will be trying to convince you you're too good for me. [Luke sighs.] Come on, it'll be fun. Good food. Open bar. I'm wearing a fabulous dress and as maid of honor, if you're not there, I'll have to get drunk and make out with the best man. Who is Rory. So you can see all the creepy ramifications of your absence here.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: Okay? [Luke nods.] Okay. [She gasps, seeing the T.V.] Hey! You got a T.V.!

LUKE: Oh. Yeah.

LORELAI: Since when did you get a T.V.?

LUKE: I just picked it up this morning.

LORELAI: What about your REM sleep?

LUKE: Hey, twice a week you're going to bed at 9:30 like a 72-year-old woman because I have early deliveries, so I figured the least I could do is make sure you don't miss your Charlie Rose or your Patrick Stewart -

LORELAI: Jon Stewart.

LUKE: And plus, I can sleep through anything. Once I'm out, I'm out.

LORELAI: Oh, I know.

LUKE: So, here. [He hands her the remote.] Enjoy.

LORELAI [turning on the T.V.]: You are too good for me.

LUKE: Well, maybe I'll meet a nice girl at your parent's wedding.

[Lorelai glares as he turns off the light, then settles in to watch T.V.]

CHRISTOPHER'S APARTMENT

[Gigi is on the floor watching Teletubbies. Chris is working on a laptop. There is a knock at the door. Chris gets up to answer it.]

CHRIS: Emily. Wow, this is a surprise.

EMILY: May I come in? [She walks in.]

CHRIS: Yes, please come in. I didn't even know you knew where I lived.

EMILY: I know all kinds of things. [She looks around.] Obviously you have a maid.

CHRIS: Yes, I have a maid-nanny combo.

EMILY: Ah. How McDonald's of you.

CHRIS: Uh, can I get you something? A tea, or coffee, or -

EMILY: I'm fine, thank you. [She looks down at Gigi.] So, this is the child.

CHRIS: Yes, this is Georgia. We call her Gigi.

EMILY: And her mother's still gone?

CHRIS: Yes. She's in Paris.

EMILY: All right. I'll come straight to the point, Christopher. Now, I have known you a long time. I watched you grow up. You were a charming boy. A weak, but charming boy. And to be completely honest, I never thought much of you. I still don't.

CHRIS: Wow. That's great of you to come by and share that with me.

EMILY: However, you have good breeding. You come from an impeccable and you love Lorelai. You've always loved Lorelai. You would've married her when she got pregnant. I know that. And you would have married her if that girlfriend of yours hadn't gotten pregnant with this. [She gestures at Gigi.] I know that too. Lorelai's in a relationship now, did you know that?

CHRIS: Yes, I know that.

EMILY: He owns a diner. He's a divorcee. He's uneducated, he's not a proper stepfather for Rory and he's completely unsuitable for Lorelai. My daughter is stubborn, but she's capable of greatness. And watching her settle down with a man who could hold her back from that is unacceptable. You, at least, won't hold her back.

CHRIS: Okay, Emily, I'm very confused by this speech of yours, and Gigi needs to be fed.

EMILY: She's getting serious with this man. I've seen it with my own eyes. If you want a chance with Lorelai you had better do something. And you had better do something now. [She places an envelope on the table.] Timing has never been your strong point, Christopher. You should see if you can change that. Goodbye, Gigi. Enjoy your program.

[She leaves. Chris picks up the envelope and opens it.]

END