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## 02x11 - Secrets and Loans

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### 02x11 - Secrets and Loans

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#### 2.11 - Secrets and Loans

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OPEN AT LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai sits at a table doing homework as Luke walks around pouring coffee]

LORELAI: Time?

LUKE: 4:30.

LORELAI: Fill me up?

LUKE: That's your sixth cup.

LORELAI: Yes it is.

LUKE: How 'bout some tea?

LORELAI: Absolutely, throw it in with the coffee.

LUKE: I assume Rory's meeting you here.

LORELAI: Yes she is and she's late and I have to go to class tonight so that means I have ten more minutes.

[Rory enters the diner holding an envelope]

RORY: I got it!

LORELAI: You did?

RORY: Right here.

LORELAI: Ooh! Well hurry up, open it! Leave the pot Ethel.

LUKE: I'm just an enabler.

LORELAI: Okay, just remember these are PSATs, okay, so it's like the Baby Gap, they don't count as much. Plus, you can take them over again. Plus, you are very young and have years of learning ahead of you and the really important thing is that you tried very hard.

RORY: I got a 740 verbal and a 760 math.

LORELAI: Ugh, thank God you're not an idiot.

RORY: I got a 740 verbal and a 760 math?

LORELAI: Those are damn good scores little lady, really. Amazing, top notch. Those are PSAT-rific. Sorry, it was just lying there, I had to go for it. You're frowning.

RORY: How did I get a higher score in math?

LORELAI: Who cares?

RORY: But I'm stronger in verbal. Verbal is my thing.

LORELAI: No, verbal's my thing.

RORY: Maybe I didn't study hard enough. Maybe I got cocky.

LORELAI: Maybe you need a major mud bath/salt glow/chill pill combo.

RORY: I'm just saying. . .

LORELAI: Rory, you got a great score.

RORY: Yeah but. . .

LORELAI: No, a great score.

RORY: A great score?

LORELAI: That is a score you have earned and you deserve and will allow you to look down on me for many years to come.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Okay. So we should celebrate. Hey, how about we get all dressed up tonight and hit the Rocky Horror Picture Show?

RORY: Are you serious?

LORELAI: Please, I'm always serious.

RORY: Can I invite Lane?

LORELAI: Absolutely.

RORY: Okay. I hope she gets this in time. She's been kind of hard to reach lately.

LORELAI: Well, maybe she can't handle the pressure of having such a brilliant best friend. Brilliant in math, the verbal's kinda sad.

RORY: Thank you Mom.

LUKE: You're late.

LORELAI: Oh sh\*\*t, I am. I have to go. Hey, Rory kicked some major PSAT ass today.

LUKE: Yeah? Congratulations.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: And to celebrate, we're gonna hit the Rocky Horror Picture Show tonight.

LUKE: Really?

LORELAI: Yes. I am Magenta, Rory usually opts for Janet, and I had a thought.

LUKE: Oh yeah?

LORELAI: Yeah. I was thinking that you could put on some fishnet stockings, a leather teddy, some platform boots, and go with us as Dr. Frank-N-Furter.

LUKE: Hmm. Well, now that is a thought.

LORELAI: You'll also need some gloves and a wig.

LUKE: Gloves, wigs, got it.

LORELAI: I'll do your makeup.

LUKE: Oh, that'll be a help.

LORELAI: There you go.

LUKE: Okay, sounds great.

LORELAI: Great. So eight o'clock, I'll swing around and get ya?

LUKE: Sure, good.

LORELAI: Good.

LUKE: Oh hey, if by some chance you knock on the door but no one answers even though all the lights are on, I'll just meet you there.

LORELAI: Okay.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: So I'll see you tomorrow morning?

LUKE: Yeah, I'll be the one with the coffee.

LORELAI: [to Rory] Hey, make sure you gloat a little. It's good for the skin.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is lying in bed as her alarm is going off. She turns it off, sits up, puts on her robe and walks into the kitchen. She smiles at Rory as she pours herself a cup of coffee, then walks outside along the front porch. As she goes to pick up the newspaper, her foot goes through the porch.]

LORELAI: Agh! Rory!

CUT TO LORELAI'S KITCHEN

RORY: So do you think the porch is falling apart or do you just weigh a ton?

LORELAI: The porch is fine. It just has a little extra ventilation in it now, that's all.

RORY: The wood is old and rotting.

LORELAI: The wood is not old and rotting, it is strong and sprightly and will be with us for a long, long time to come.

RORY: So you do weigh a ton?

[Kirk opens the back door]

KIRK: Well, I checked under the entire house.

LORELAI: And?

KIRK: You have termites.

LORELAI: What?

KIRK: Tens of thousands of them. Subterranean, dry wood, the whole gamut.

RORY: Gross.

KIRK: Four of them crawled up my nose.

LORELAI: Okay, Kirk.

KIRK: It happens all the time when you're upside down. To them the nostril looks just like another hollow passage in the wood. They're not too bright.

LORELAI: Okay, so, we have termites. So what do we - um, don't you want to come inside Kirk?

KIRK: Actually, I would prefer to discuss this outside.

LORELAI: Kirk?

CUT TO FRONT PORCH

KIRK: Okay, let's get down to it. From what I've just witnessed, your house is a bug-infested smorgasbord. Are those for me?

ORY: Oh, yeah. [hands him some waffles]

KIRK: Thanks.

LORELAI: But what do we do?

KIRK: Well. . .uh, if you don't mind, I'd prefer to discuss this on the lawn.

LORELAI: Why?

KIRK: Because this porch could give out on us at any minute.

LORELAI: Kirk, that's crazy. Kirk, stop, the porch is fine.

RORY: Your foot went through it this morning.

LORELAI: That was different, that wood was old.

RORY: What happened to sprightly?

LORELAI: Kirk, what are you doing?

KIRK: Just making sure that if the roof comes down, the debris can't ricochet over here and take me out.

LORELAI: Honey, in five more minutes, it won't need to.

KIRK: What?

LORELAI: Kirk, please, talk to me about the termites. What do I have to do, tent the place?

KIRK: To start with, yes.

RORY: To start with?

LORELAI: What does that mean?

KIRK: It means they've done some serious damage under there. They've eaten through the wooden joists. Your foundation has completely lost its structural integrity.

RORY: Mom, our house is falling down.

LORELAI: Okay, what do I have to do to fix this?

KIRK: You'd have to jack the house up, rebuild the jousts, and repair the weakened parts of the foundation.

LORELAI: All for the low, low price of?

KIRK: Well, I haven't done the exact estimate, but I'd say somewhere in the neighborhood of fifteen thousand dollars.

LORELAI: [laughs] Tell it to move to another neighborhood.

KIRK: I'm sorry?

LORELAI: Fifteen thousand dollars?

RORY: We're never eating again.

LORELAI: I don't have fifteen thousand dollars. I've never had fifteen thousand dollars. I'm trying to picture fifteen thousand dollars - I can't! That's how unfamiliar fifteen thousand dollars and I are with each other!

KIRK: Well, maybe you can just fix part of the house. Fix the part you like.

LORELAI: We like the entire house Kirk.

KIRK: Really? Even that kitchen?

LORELAI: Thanks for coming over Kirk.

KIRK: So what are you gonna do?

LORELAI: I don't know yet.

KIRK: Oh, 'cause you don't wanna wait too long to address this.

LORELAI: Yeah, I get that Kirk.

KIRK: You might wanna get the dishes out of there.

LORELAI: Good tip.

KIRK: Thanks for the waffles.

LORELAI: Thanks for the horrifying news.

KIRK: Any time. [leaves]

LORELAI: Look at it this way. The day's all uphill from here.

RORY: This is really bad.

LORELAI: Honey, don't worry. We'll figure something out.

RORY: Okay. We should get inside.

LORELAI: Yeah. After you.

CUT TO CHILTON CAFETERIA

[Louise and Madeline sit at one end of a table counting out Fritos, Rory sits at the other end reading.]

LOUISE: Ten, eleven, twelve. Here.

MADELINE: Thanks. One, Two, Three. . .

LOUISE: I'm depressed.

MADELINE: Jeremy didn't call?

LOUISE: Not in a timely manner, no.

MADELINE: Well, good riddance to bad luggage.

LOUISE: I guess. I just thought we really connected the other day in the supply closet.

MADELINE: Boys. A Nancy Drew mystery.

[Paris sits down with her lunch tray]

PARIS: Louise, Madeline.

LOUISE: You look happy.

PARIS: Really? Huh.

MADELINE: What?

PARIS: Nothing. It's just a nice day. A nice, nice day.

MADELINE: Okay.

PARIS: So, did you get your PSAT scores back yet?

MADELINE: Oh yeah, yesterday.

PARIS: And?

MADELINE: 500 verbal, 560 math.

PARIS: Respectable.

MADELINE: I thought so.

PARIS: Louise, what did you get?

LOUISE: Highlights, just around my face.

PARIS: You will take them again and do better.

LOUISE: I will take them again and get my nose done.

PARIS: You don't study, you don't apply yourself.

LOUISE: Blah, blah, blah. I need another chip.

MADELINE: Take them.

PARIS: So, I got my scores back today too.

MADELINE: Oh yeah?

PARIS: This morning. I just came downstairs and there they were, just sitting on the table. Boy, was I nervous, just imagining what I got. But then I realized that I'd have to open them eventually, and so I did. And was I surprised by what I found. Could've knocked me over with a feather. Yup, I was just that surprised.

RORY: So, what did you get?

PARIS: Well Rory, since you asked, and by the way I'm not bragging or anything, but I got a 750 math and a 730 verbal.

MADELINE: Wow, that is good.

LOUISE: Congratulations.

PARIS: Thank you.

RORY: Those are great scores.

PARIS: So, did you get your scores back yet?

RORY: Yup.

PARIS: And?

RORY: I'm happy.

PARIS: How happy?

RORY: Pretty happy.

PARIS: Yes, but how do I know that you're not one of those people who gets pretty happy looking at a sunset? How do I know what your barometer for being pretty happy is?

RORY: You don't.

PARIS: Right. So are you?

RORY: Am I what?

PARIS: Are you one of those people who gets pretty happy looking at a sunset?

RORY: I don't get unhappy looking at a sunset.

PARIS: What did you get?

RORY: That's personal.

PARIS: Why won't you tell me?

RORY: 'Cause it's none of your business.

PARIS: Okay, fine, don't tell me what you got.

RORY: I won't.

PARIS: Why won't you tell me your score?

RORY: Bye Paris.

PARIS: You're not torturing me, you know. I don't care. My scores were great. I'm very, very happy with my scores. And I hate looking at a sunset so my standard for happiness is high!

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[At nighttime, Lorelai goes into Rory's room and wakes her up.]

LORELAI: Rory, wake up.

RORY: What's going on?



LORELAI: I can hear them chewing.

RORY: Who?

LORELAI: The termites. I hear them. They're everywhere, nibbling and eating and swallowing.

RORY: You're insane.

LORELAI: I can't sleep here.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: No, we have to go to Sookie's.

RORY: You're kidding right?

LORELAI: Unh uh.

RORY: It's eleven o'clock at night.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, here. But somewhere in the world it's still Miller time.

RORY: Mom, you're wiggling. Go put on some imaginary earplugs to drown out the imaginary termite sounds and go back to sleep.

LORELAI: But -.

RORY: Bed.

LORELAI: But -.

RORY: Now.

LORELAI: But - ugh. You really don't hear them?

RORY: No, and as soon as you're asleep, you won't either.

LORELAI: Okay, fine. Goodnight

RORY: Goodnight.

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[That night, Lorelai and Rory are walking to Sookie's house.]

RORY: Ugh, I feel like they're crawling all over me.

LORELAI: Ugh, I know, with their creepy little fangy teeth and their tail things and their pointy tentacles.

RORY: You have no idea what a termite looks like, do you?

LORELAI: Hey, unless they're wearing a foundation repair guy T-shirt, I don't really care.

RORY: Are you sure Sookie was up?

LORELAI: Yeah, she answered the phone.

RORY: After how many rings?

LORELAI: I don't know, twenty or thirty.

RORY: Mom, she was sleeping.

LORELAI: No, no, she's just deaf in one ear.

RORY: Since when?

LORELAI: Now, apparently.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Well, you would have to be deaf in one ear not to hear the phone ring twenty or thirty times.

[They ring the doorbell, Sookie answers]

SOOKIE: They're they are, my little termite whisperers.

LORELAI: Hey Sookie, sorry to call so late.

RORY: And so incessantly.

LORELAI: Well I'm sorry, they were getting organized. I heard one of them yell charge.

RORY: We will make this up to you Sookie.

SOOKIE: What are you talking about? This is great. It'll be like a slumber party.

RORY: Are you sure?

SOOKIE: Absolutely. We can raid the fridge. We can make a nice avocado- mango face mask. Get out the tarot cards, tell fortunes, play Twister, make a Häagen-Dazs chocolate chocolate chip ice cream milkshake, and we'll watch Purple Rain. . .

LORELAI: Sookie, it's midnight.

SOOKIE: Okay, let's go straight for the milkshakes.

LORELAI: Good thinking.

RORY: I'm gonna put my stuff in the guest room.

CUT TO KITCHEN

LORELAI: Sookie, I really appreciate you letting us crash here tonight. It was so creepy just lying there listening to a thousand tiny little insects just mocking me. 'Ha ha, we're eating your house, try and stop us.'

SOOKIE: When are you going to tent?

LORELAI: Next week.

SOOKIE: Ugh, that sucks.

LORELAI: Two thousand dollars.

SOOKIE: That sucks.

LORELAI: And after the two thousand dollar circus tent fiasco, I have to find another fifteen thousand dollars to keep my house from falling down.

SOOKIE: Aw honey.

LORELAI: I like that house.

SOOKIE: I know you do.

LORELAI: I don't want it to fall down.

SOOKIE: I know you don't.

LORELAI: So anyway, I called the bank today.

SOOKIE: How did that go?

LORELAI: Well, it - wait, yeah, oh, what's that? Yeah, they're still laughing.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: Yeah, they passed the phone around, made me ask everyone in the place.

SOOKIE: That is terrible! Ugh, completely heartless.

LORELAI: According to the jolly bankers, I'm worth nothing.

SOOKIE: There still has to be something you can do.

LORELAI: I was thinking about opening a Coyote Ugly lemonade stand.

SOOKIE: Interesting.

[Rory walks into the kitchen]

RORY: What's interesting?

LORELAI: Mm, nothing, nothing. Just that your mom is apparently one of the biggest losers in Stars Hollow.

RORY: Okay, continue.

SOOKIE: I think you should call them again tomorrow.

LORELAI: No, uh, Sookie. . .

SOOKIE: No, I mean it. I mean, you're an upstanding citizen, you're an active part of the community.

RORY: Yeah, you made all of the donkey outfits for the Christmas festival last year.

SOOKIE: You organized the Save the Historic Oak Tree campaign.

RORY: And you played Tevye in the, uh, Stars Hollow Community Theater production of Fiddler on the Roof.

LORELAI: Yes, well, five and a half stars from the Stars Hollow Gazette, unheard of 'til that time.

SOOKIE: They should take that into account.

RORY: Yes, they should.

LORELAI: Yes, they should, but they won't.

[A noise comes from Sookie's closet.]

SOOKIE: Hey, uh, I bet there's a room at the inn you could stay in, part time at least.

LORELAI: Sookie, what was that?

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: That noise.

SOOKIE: What noise?

LORELAI: Sookie, a huge thud just came from your closet.

SOOKIE: Oh, yeah, that's my shoes.

LORELAI: Your shoes?

SOOKIE: Yeah, that's my shoe closet, and um, sometimes I don't, uh, stack them properly and then, uh, they fall and then there's a thudding sound and then, uh, no, you, uh, and that's probably the sound that you just heard. Ooh, the ice cream's getting, uh, melted so you better -.

[Lorelai knocks on the closet door]

LORELAI: Jackson?

JACKSON: Yes?

LORELAI: How're you doing?

JACKSON: I'm doing fine, you?

LORELAI: Sookie, Jackson's hiding in the closet.

SOOKIE: Yes he is.

LORELAI: Why didn't you say something?

SOOKIE: Well, because you were upset and you were bringing Rory over and I didn't want her to feel weird or uncomfortable.

LORELAI: So you stuck Jackson in the closet?

JACKSON: Yes she did.

RORY: Jackson, come out.

JACKSON: I'm in my pajamas.

LORELAI: So are we.

JACKSON: Yeah, but mine are humiliating.

LORELAI: We won't laugh.

JACKSON: Yes you will.

RORY: I promise we won't.

JACKSON: I'm fine.

LORELAI: Well, are you gonna be fine in there all night 'cause that's how long we're staying - all night.

RORY: And knowing Sookie, she's gonna make a big breakfast.

LORELAI: That's right, so tonight will last until late tomorrow morning, so the bottom line for you here buddy is you're gonna be holed up in that closet a very, very long time.

JACKSON: If I come out, you have to understand one thing.

LORELAI: Okay.

JACKSON: I have a cousin who owns a Xerox company that specializes in taking pictures and making them into things - calendars, coffee mugs, collector plates, and pajamas.

LORELAI: Jackson's wearing picture pajamas?

SOOKIE: Yes he is.

LORELAI: Does he do this often?

SOOKIE: Almost every night.

RORY: What are the pictures of?

SOOKIE: Him.

LORELAI: Oh!

SOOKIE: During high school.

LORELAI: Ahh!

SOOKIE: In his wrestling uniform.

LORELAI: Jackson, you have to come out here right now!

JACKSON: No.

LORELAI: Why?

JACKSON: Because you sound too eager.

LORELAI: I'm not eager, am I eager?

RORY: Put your paws down.

LORELAI: Jackson, I'm not eager. I just want you to come out here and be comfortable, that's all.

JACKSON: Well, okay.

[Jackson opens the closet door]

LORELAI: Huh.

SOOKIE: Okay, well honey, we're making milkshakes, you wanna come in and help?

JACKSON: Okay.

LORELAI: [quietly to Rory] If our house does fall down and we end up living in a hollowed out tree, this moment might make it all worth it.

CUT TO KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Rory walks through the front door]

RORY: Hello? Lane?

MRS. KIM: What are you doing here?

RORY: Mrs. Kim, hi. I was just - .

MRS. KIM: Out.

RORY: What?

MRS. KIM: Out, out, out!

RORY: But I wiped off my feet.

MRS. KIM: Move! Move!

[Mrs. Kim ushers Rory outside]

RORY: I was just looking for Lane and I thought that maybe she was - .

MRS. KIM: Taylor says you have termites.

RORY: I don't have termites, my house does.

MRS. KIM: You are a carrier.

RORY: I don't think you can really be a termite carrier.

MRS. KIM: You'll spread it all over town.

RORY: Mrs. Kim, I swear, we don't control the termites. They move around on their own.

MRS. KIM: See all the furniture in there? Wood, all wood. You must go. Go now!

RORY: Can you just tell me if Lane is home?

MRS. KIM: No.

RORY: Well, do you know where she is?

MRS. KIM: School.

RORY: Still?

MRS. KIM: Yes, still. She's there, she's studying. What's that moving by your foot?

RORY: What?

MRS. KIM: I see something moving by your foot.

RORY: Nope, there's nothing, I swear.

[Mrs. Kim sprays the hose near Rory's feet]

RORY: Agh! Will you tell her I came by?

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai sits at the living room couch working on the computer. Rory walks over and sits near her.]

RORY: And then she chased me halfway down the street with the hose. It was like a scene from Silkwood.

LORELAI: Ugh, news travels way too fast around here.

RORY: Four people asked me when we were tenting, two people asked me if we were moving, and one person asked me if we were atheists.

LORELAI: See, we have to stop talking to people. We have to stay at home with the curtains drawn collecting stacks of old newspapers, muttering to each other, eating nothing but Cup of Soup and Slim Jims.

[phone rings, Rory answers]

RORY: Hello?

MADELINE: Hi Rory, it's Madeline.

RORY: Oh, hi.

MADELINE: Listen, I have to ask you a little favor.

RORY: Okay.

MADELINE: Well, see, I'm working on an article for the Franklin - totally last minute. But I thought it would be really interesting to compare Chilton's overall PSAT scores to other prep schools in the area.

RORY: Uh huh.

MADELINE: So I'm trying to compile a list of people's scores, especially the top students, and I realized I don't have yours yet.

RORY: Oh, so you wanna know my PSAT scores?

MADELINE: Yes, that would be great.

RORY: Put Paris on the phone.

MADELINE: Excuse me?

RORY: Paris, let me talk to her.

MADELINE: Oh, Paris isn't here. I don't know where she is. She's probably at her house, or maybe at the library, or maybe she's buying pencils because she goes through them so fast 'cause she pushes down on them really hard and then they break and . . .

RORY: Madeline.

MADELINE: Hold on. [hands phone to Paris]

PARIS: What?

RORY: Pathetic.

PARIS: Why won't you tell me?

RORY: Bye Paris.

PARIS: Tell me those scores, I have to know! Rory?

[Rory hangs up]

LORELAI: Paris again?

RORY: Yup.

LORELAI: God. You know, I think if we put Paris and my mother in a room together, the world would implode.

RORY: I'll keep that in mind for the next science fair.

LORELAI: Enough. Now I've got computer screens feeling sorry for me.

RORY: Geez, how many places is that?

LORELAI: Aw honey, it's not the amount of places that turns you down that matters, it's the quality



of the place that turns you down that matters. And when you've got Jacko's Loans and Stuff not wanting your business, you know it's time to hang out with the Coreys.

RORY: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: It's okay. I won't think about it tonight. I'll think about it tomorrow - at Tara. You ready?

RORY: One sec. You know Mom, I hate to bring this up, but I think there's a really obvious solution to our problem.

LORELAI: I know hon.

RORY: You do?

LORELAI: Yes. And frankly, I think if I sold you into white sl\*very, I would miss you.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Rory, please don't go where you're going.

RORY: I think they would say yes.

LORELAI: Of course they would say yes. And that yes would be followed by, 'Okay, okay, enough already. My God, please stop. I'm a shell, I've got nothing left to give.'

RORY: That's not true.

LORELAI: That is completely true.

RORY: Grandma and Grandpa would wanna help.

LORELAI: Rory, I went to my parents for you for Chilton. Why? Because that was worth all the obligation. This is not.

RORY: This is our home.

LORELAI: Yes, and I'll find a way to fix it.

RORY: But how?

LORELAI: I don't know yet.

RORY: Well if you don't know yet, then maybe there's not another way.

LORELAI: There's always another way.

RORY: Was there another way with Chilton?

LORELAI: That was different.

RORY: Why was that different?

LORELAI: Because I said that was different and I'm the one doing the groveling and the groveling gets you judgment rights and I am judging that this is different.

RORY: Well, the remaining judge begs to differ.

LORELAI: Rory, I know you mean well, but I'm not gonna deal with my parents on this one, okay?

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: No.

RORY: You're being stubborn.

LORELAI: Oh no, have I shocked you?

RORY: Fine, let's go.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting on the living room couch. Emily hands them each a drink, then sits down in the chair.]

RORY: So where's Grandpa tonight?

EMILY: He's at work.

LORELAI: Mom, did you explain to him that part of the quitting process means you don't go back to the job you quit?

EMILY: He did not quit, he resigned.

LORELAI: Hmm, same rules apply.

EMILY: No, when you resign you have to put in a certain amount of time to get things in order. He has clients to see, certain accounts to close out.

RORY: Is that hard for him?

EMILY: Actually, I think he's rather enjoying it.

RORY: Well good.

EMILY: Yes, it is good. [sees Lorelai taking a pill] What are you taking?

LORELAI: Roofies.

RORY: Aspirin.

EMILY: Are you getting sick?

LORELAI: No, I just have a headache.

EMILY: Well having a headache means you're sick. You think it's normal to have a headache?

LORELAI: No, I just have a tension headache.

EMILY: Well, what do you have to be tense about?

LORELAI: Oh, well, I can't begin to think.

EMILY: You should lie down.

LORELAI: I'm fine.

EMILY: You work too hard.

LORELAI: No, I don't.

EMILY: If you didn't work so hard you wouldn't have a tension headache.

LORELAI: It's not a work tension headache, Mom.

EMILY: So then you are sick?

LORELAI: Actually, I am, I'm sick.

EMILY: I knew it, what's wrong?

LORELAI: Consumption with a touch of the vapors. I'm going for a leeching tonight after coffee.

RORY: She's got a case of exterminator-itis.

EMILY: What's that mean?

LORELAI: Nothing.

RORY: We have termites.

EMILY: Oh that's terrible!

LORELAI: It's not so bad.

RORY: They're eating our whole house.

LORELAI: But they always say thank you.

EMILY: What does that mean, they're eating your whole house?

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: Well, we found out that we have all these foundation problems and it's going to be very expensive to fix and Mom can't get a loan.

LORELAI: That is not true.

RORY: You've been turned down by five banks.

LORELAI: Hey, I made up Jacko's Loans and Stuff.

RORY: Fine, four banks.

[Emily walks over to a desk and sits down. Lorelai follows her.]

LORELAI: Mom, uh, wait. What are you doing?

EMILY: I'm writing you a check.

LORELAI: No you're not. Okay, hold on here.

EMILY: How much do you need?

LORELAI: Nothing.

EMILY: Don't be ridiculous, just tell me how much.

LORELAI: I can handle this.

EMILY: It doesn't sound like you can handle it.

LORELAI: Well, I can.

EMILY: Fine, if you won't tell me how much, I'll leave the amount blank and you can fill it in later.

LORELAI: Mom, stop. [takes Emily's pen out of her hand and walks back to the couch]

EMILY: You took my pen!

LORELAI: Mom, I appreciate the thought, but I don't need your money.

EMILY: So you'd rather have your house fall down then let your mother help you?

LORELAI: Mom, the house is not gonna fall down. Let's not make this a big issue. Let's just sit down and have a drink and have dinner, okay?

EMILY: All right.

LORELAI: Thank you

EMILY: Are you going to give me back my pen?

LORELAI: Yeah, after dinner.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory walk through the front door.]

RORY: Mom, stop it. Talk to me. [Lorelai ignores her and goes upstairs] It's been two hours since you've even looked in my direction.

CUT TO LORELAI'S BEDROOM

[Lorelai walks in and starts cleaning off her bed. Rory walks in a few seconds later]

RORY: Okay, I get it, you're mad.

LORELAI: Rory, I do not want to talk about this right now.

ORY: You were just being stubborn.

LORELAI: Go to bed.

RORY: Well you didn't want to ask for help, so I did.

LORELAI: Hey, do you remember the conversation we had before we left this house tonight?

RORY: Yes, but -.

LORELAI: I told you going to my parents was not an option.

RORY: I know, but -.

LORELAI: In fact, I told you several times that asking my parents was not an option. Now yes, I might have made a few quips to lighten the subject matter, but I still think I made my point pretty damn clear.

RORY: Fine, but we have a real problem here.

LORELAI: Oh, you think I don't know that? You think I sit around all day swapping witticisms with Robert Benchley at the Algonquin? No! I am thinking and worrying and using the computer and I hate using the computer!

RORY: Which is exactly why I brought this up.

LORELAI: You had no right to bring it up!

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: Because I told you not to, that's why!

RORY: But -.

LORELAI: No, there are no buts! There will be no buts here! There's 'I'm sorry Mom', there's 'I screwed up Mom', there's 'I'll never do it again Mom', but there are no buts!

RORY: But -.

LORELAI: Out!

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Go to bed. We're done.  
CUT TO STARS HOLLOW HIGH

[Rory sits on the front steps reading. From behind, Dean throws a basketball towards her]

DEAN: Think fast! Very good.

RORY: You threw a basketball at my head.

DEAN: No, I threw a basketball past your head.

RORY: What if I had turned around when you said that?

DEAN: Then you might've caught it, thereby completing the whole 'think fast' equation.

RORY: I don't catch basketballs.

DEAN: Duly noted.

RORY: I don't even like basketballs.

DEAN: Okay, I'm very sorry.

RORY: In fact, out of all the sporting balls in the world, the basketball is probably my least favorite.

DEAN: Rory.

RORY: They're round and hard.

DEAN: Rory.

RORY: And they're orange.

DEAN: And you do realize how insane you sound right now?

RORY: Yes.

DEAN: Okay, just checking.

RORY: I'm sorry, I'm in a horrible mood.

DEAN: Hadn't noticed.

RORY: It's just, we've had fights before.

DEAN: You and me?

RORY: Me and Mom.

DEAN: Ah.

RORY: But this one is particularly crazy. I mean, we have a situation here and she's being so stubborn.

DEAN: Huh.

RORY: What?

DEAN: What what?

RORY: What was with the huh?

DEAN: Nothing.

RORY: No, there was a meaning behind that huh. That was a loaded huh. That was not a normal huh. You meant to say something with that huh, and now you're taking it back.

DEAN: Okay, now. . .

RORY: Don't use that kind of huh if you're not prepared to defend it. Why aren't you saying anything?

DEAN: Because words are a very dangerous thing right now.

RORY: You were saying that I'm stubborn just like my mother.

DEAN: I was saying that in addition to all of the wonderful amazing qualities that the two of you share there is possibly, on occasion, a similar tendency to dig your heels in.

RORY: I hate it when we fight.

DEAN: I know.

RORY: She was so mad.

DEAN: Well you'll make up. You wanna get a coffee?

RORY: Yeah.

DEAN: All right, I'll go get my ball.

[As Dean walks away, some cheerleaders walk out of the school. Rory sees that Lane is one of them. They make eye contact and quickly look away as Dean returns with a flattened ball.]

DEAN: If it makes you feel any better, a car ran over it.

RORY: I need to get coffee now.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai walks through the lobby talking on the phone]

LORELAI: Hi Mr. Regalsky, it's Lorelai Gilmore. Again, yes, just like the pink bunny with the drum. Uh, anyway, I was wondering if, um, you have had a chance to reconsider my loan? . . . Uh, no, I think it's Energizer. . . I know you said no, but um, you know sometimes people say no and then they wake up one morning a couple of days later and think, 'Hey, maybe I shouldn't have turned down that nice single mom with the good job and the great credentials and the references up the wazoo' . . . I do like the word wazoo. . . I understand. . . Okay, well, I'll give you a call in a couple of days then. . . Thank you. [hangs up]

MICHEL: Perhaps you are taking the wrong approach.

LORELAI: Meaning?

MICHEL: Well, you've tried to convince them of your virtue, perhaps it's time to offer them a lap dance. You didn't.

LORELAI: I was kidding, sort of.

MICHEL: Oh dear.

LORELAI: Well I have to do something and I'm not sure exactly where to draw the line.

MICHEL: You know in Thailand, women do this trick with a Ping-Pong ball that is a big crowd pleaser.

LORELAI: Line drawn, thank you.

[phone rings, Michel answers]

MICHEL: Independence Inn, Michel speaking. Ah, yes. She is right here. [hands phone to Lorelai]  
Your mother.

LORELAI: Hi mom.

EMILY: Lorelai, I called to tell you I talked to Miles Hahn today.

LORELAI: Well, that sounds very nice, I'm glad.

EMILY: You have any idea who Miles Hahn is?

LORELAI: Not a bit.

EMILY: He's the president of the First National Bank. We've been doing business with him for years. He's become a very dear friend of ours actually.

LORELAI: What does that have to do with me Mom?

EMILY: Well, I brought up your little dilemma to him.

LORELAI: Oh boy.

EMILY: And he told me that if you were in the mood to come talk to him, you could feel free to do so. On Thursday, at 3:15.

LORELAI: So you wrangled me a meeting at your bank?

EMILY: I asked a friend for advice.

LORELAI: What else did you ask him for Mom?

EMILY: Lorelai, I simply asked a man to talk to you. What you talk about or what comes out of that talk is strictly up to you.

LORELAI: Well, thanks Mom, but I'm fine.

EMILY: So you got a loan?

LORELAI: I got a lead.

EMILY: A lead on a loan?

LORELAI: Yes.

EMILY: How nice. Now if you could just get an actual loan.

LORELAI: Okay Mom, I gotta get back to work.

EMILY: Thursday at 3:15.

LORELAI: Mom, tell your friend thank you, but I'm afraid I won't be able to make it.

EMILY: He'll be there whether you show up or not, it's up to you. All I did was make an appointment Lorelai, that's all.

LORELAI: Great. Bye Mom. [hangs up, then dials a number] Hi, Mr. Regalsky please? It's Lorelai



Gilmore. . . Oh, I just spoke to him five minutes ago. . . . When do you expect him back from France?

CUT TO OUTSIDE LUKE'S

[Rory and Dean walk out of the diner.]

DEAN: Okay, so uh, I'll call you later.

RORY: Thanks for the coffee.

DEAN: You're welcome. [they kiss] Bye.

RORY: Bye. [Rory kisses him again] That's for me not thinking fast.

DEAN: Please never think fast again.

RORY: I'll try my hardest.

[Dean walks away. Rory sees Lane across the street, and they walk towards each other.]

LANE: We need to talk.

RORY: Okay, let's talk. Nice outfit.

LANE: Thank you.

RORY: So I guess this is why you've been AWOL for the past couple of weeks?

LANE: Pretty much.

RORY: So what, you just had the urge to stand on top of another girl's shoulders?

LANE: Don't be like that.

RORY: Like what?

LANE: Like you're being. It makes it impossible to tell you.

RORY: You didn't tell me.

LANE: I know.

RORY: Why?

LANE: Because.

RORY: Okay, have you ever thought of being a prosecutor because I think you've got real potential.

LANE: I didn't tell you because I knew you'd act like this.

RORY: No, I'm acting like this because you didn't tell me.

LANE: Oh, so if I'd come up to you and I'd said, 'Rory, I'm wanna become a cheerleader,' you would've said. . .

RORY: Why?

LANE: Exactly.

RORY: Exactly what? Lane, this is weird. I mean, we always used to make fun of cheerleaders. You and I, we would rag on Janie Fertman and hide during pep rallies and now all of a sudden, you're peppy.

LANE: I'm not peppy.

RORY: Well you look peppy.

LANE: Look, you're not around much anymore.

RORY: Oh, so this is my fault?

LANE: And you have Dean.

RORY: So this is his fault?

LANE: It's just . . . I don't know. I don't know why. I just wanted to do it. I just wanted to try it, and I don't feel like I should have to justify it to you or explain it to you or...

RORY: Then don't!

LANE: Fine I won't.

RORY: Okay.

LANE: All right. I forgot my pom.

RORY: Your what?

LANE: Two are pompoms, one's a pom!

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Out front, Luke is lying halfway under the porch as Lorelai sits nearby]

LORELAI: Well, how's it look?

LUKE: It's dark. Hand me the flashlight.

LORELAI: Why don't you have one of those hats with the lights on them?

LUKE: I flip burgers for a living.

LORELAI: Right, right.

LUKE: Okay. I think I've seen enough. [comes out from under the porch]

LORELAI: Well how was it? Was there like a termite housing development under there? Golf courses and condos with rec rooms?

LUKE: It's actually not too bad.

LORELAI: Well what do you know? You flip burgers for a living.

LUKE: I mean, there's definitely a little damage.

LORELAI: Yeah, but Kirk says that the joists were totally gone.

LUKE: Yeah, they are.

LORELAI: And that the foundation has lost all its structural integrity.

LUKE: That's true too.

LORELAI: Okay great, so I'm still screwed.

LUKE: Not necessarily.

LORELAI: Luke, I need fifteen thousand dollars which I can't find, don't have, and if I don't find, the house is gonna fall down.

LUKE: I can help you with that.

LORELAI: You can?

LUKE: Yeah, I can get a couple guys, we can get in there and do the work.

LORELAI: You can fix this?

LUKE: Well, I can help. I know a good contractor. He did some work on the diner.

LORELAI: What about the money?

LUKE: Um, you won't have to deal with that right away.

LORELAI: I won't?

LUKE: No, you can pay it out in installments if you want. Monthly, bimonthly, whatever - whatever you're comfortable with.

LORELAI: So, let me get this straight. Uh, you and some guys who actually know what they're doing are gonna come over and fix my house, and I can pay them back whenever I want?

LUKE: That's right.

LORELAI: 'Cause I'm Tony Soprano?

LUKE: Only scarier.

LORELAI: Now Luke, when I finally do make out this installment check, uh, who should I make it out to?

LUKE: Well, you can make it out to me if you like.

LORELAI: Oh, so basically you would be fronting me the money?

LUKE: Well, yeah, but it's no big deal.

LORELAI: Luke, that's a loan.

LUKE: No, it's just a temporary exchange of money for services that will be paid back when you finally have the. . . it's a loan.

LORELAI: Man, you suck as a liar. Thank you.

LUKE: You're welcome.

LORELAI: I can't take it.

LUKE: I know, but it was worth a shot.

[Rory walks up the porch steps]

LORELAI: Hey, uh, Dean called twice.

RORY: Rah, rah, rah. [goes into the house]

LUKE: You two. . .

LORELAI: Don't ask.

LUKE: Okay. So what are you gonna do?

CUT TO FIRST NATIONAL BANK

[Lorelai enters the bank and walks up to a woman]

LORELAI: Oh, excuse me, could you tell me where Mr. Hahn's office is?

WOMAN: Yeah, it's right there.

LORELAI: Oh, thank you.

[Lorelai walks towards the office, but stops when she sees Emily]

LORELAI: You are not seriously sitting there.

EMILY: No, it's a hologram. Lifelike, isn't it?

LORELAI: Mom, why are you here?

EMILY: I just wanted to see if you'd show up.

LORELAI: I did.

EMILY: I see.

LORELAI: Mom, you said you made this appointment for me. Not you, me.

EMILY: I did. But I know Miles and I thought my presence in there would - .

LORELAI: Ooh, ooh. In where?

EMILY: In the meeting.

LORELAI: Okay. Bye.

EMILY: Where are you going? Come back here. Lorelai!

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai walks out of the bank with Emily following her]

EMILY: Lorelai, stop. Will you stop already?

LORELAI: I'm leaving Mom.

EMILY: Why, because I'm here?

LORELAI: This is a business meeting. I'm not going in there with my Mommy, especially since I left my blankie at home.

EMILY: You're being stubborn and short sided.

LORELAI: Call it whatever you want.

EMILY: I don't understand why you would let your silly pride keep you from fixing your home.

LORELAI: I don't understand why you can't physically stop yourself from butting in where you don't belong.

EMILY: I made this appointment.

LORELAI: Against my will.

EMILY: You needed it.

LORELAI: I didn't ask for it.

EMILY: Lorelai, this man can solve your problems, don't you understand that?

LORELAI: Fine. I'll go in, you go home.

EMILY: I can't go home now, his assistant already knows I'm here. It would be rude.

LORELAI: Okay, here's the deal. We will both go in. You will go in that room but you will not say a word.

EMILY: What? But I couldn't possibly just - .

LORELAI: You'll say hello, you'll ask how his wife is, and that's it. After that, you will say nothing, you will do nothing, you will sit in the corner and offer no opinions and pull a full-on Clarence Thomas, am I making myself perfectly clear?

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: It's the only way I'm doing this, Mom.

EMILY: All right, I'll be quiet. I will, I promise.

LORELAI: I swear, one of these days, Alice. Pow! Right to the moon.

EMILY: What on earth are you talking about? Who's Alice?

CUT TO INSIDE BANK

[Lorelai and Emily walk back into the bank.]

MILES: Oh, there you are. I thought you were here, I come out and you were gone.

EMILY: Oh, well, we left something in the car.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, she left something in the car, not me. I never leave anything in the car 'cause that would be irresponsible and forgetful, two things which I am not.

EMILY: Miles, this is my daughter Lorelai.

MILES: Well hello. It's a thrill to finally meet you.

LORELAI: Same here, thank you.

MILES: Would you two like some coffee?

LORELAI: No.

EMILY: Coffee would be wonderful, thank you.

MILES: Coming right up. [walks away]

LORELAI: Hi, what happened to you not saying anything?

EMILY: Accepting coffee is merely being sociable. Besides, I haven't asked how his wife is yet.

[Miles walks back]

MILES: Okay, coffee's on its way. Why don't we go on in and sit down?

EMILY: That would be lovely.

CUT TO INSIDE OFFICE [The three of them walk in and sit down.]

MILES: So I understand that Richard's retiring.

EMILY: Yes, he's going to be a man of leisure.

MILES: Well, how nice. Any big plans?

EMILY: Actually, an around the world trip has been discussed.

LORELAI: Really? Any dates set?

EMILY: No, not yet.

LORELAI: Just checking.

[the secretary brings in the coffee]

MILES: Ah, Marnie, thank you. So I guess we should probably get down to business. Lorelai, your mother tells me you're having a little trouble finding a loan.

LORELAI: Yes I am. Um, you know, before we talk about this - it's so funny - my mom has just been dying to ask you how your wife is doing. Right mom?

EMILY: Yes, how is Sheryl?

MILES: Why, she's fine.

LORELAI: Okay, good, now that we got that out of the way, about my situation.

MILES: Well, Emily tells me that you have termites.

LORELAI: Yes, we do. And unfortunately they have damaged the foundation of my house.

MILES: That could be terrible. I remember when you and Richard had that foundation problem a couple years ago. What, you had a flood in your basement, wasn't that it?

EMILY: Well, actually -.

LORELAI: You know, Mr. Hahn, I appreciate you taking the time to meet with me today, and I know that the only reason you did is because of my mother, but she's really here today as a kind of silent participant. Uh, not even actually a participant, just a □ silent. Um, so I would appreciate it if you would treat me just like any other person who was walking in off the street and asking for a loan.

MILES: Oh, well, of course. If that's what you'd like.

LORELAI: It is, thank you. Now, I've brought, um, all my previous loan documents and also my bank statements, numerous recommendations including a letter from my employer which just basically says that she's not gonna fire me before you get your money back.

MILES: Oh, you've taken out two previous loans on this house?

LORELAI: Um, yes.

MILES: And this is the estimated worth of the house?

LORELAI: Well, uh, yes.

MILES: And this is the amount in your savings account?

LORELAI: Yes.

MILES: Any other accounts not listed here?

LORELAI: No.

MILES: Any other collateral not listed here?

LORELAI: No.

MILES: Well Ms. Gilmore, I'm sorry, I can't help you.

LORELAI: Uh, that's it? So fast? You didn't even look at the letters of recommendation.

MILES: Well I'm sure you're a well liked person, Ms. Gilmore. Unfortunately being well liked is not grounds for granting a loan.

LORELAI: Oh, but I am good for the money. I, uh, pay off all my debts and I work really hard. I've been the executive manager of the Independence Inn for the last four years now.

MILES: Ms. Gilmore, this is not a reflection of you as a person. It's simply a case where you don't have what the bank requires of every other person off the street to qualify for a loan. Therefore, there's nothing I can do.

LORELAI: Well now, just think about this because, uh, I have a kid and she's gotten awfully used to the whole concept of having a roof over her head.

MILES: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: I can't leave without this loan.

MILES: Well, I'm sorry.

LORELAI: No, I mean it. I can't leave without knowing there's a way that I can save my house, so I'm just asking you to take five minutes and think of something, anything that I can do to get this money.

MILES: Well, you can get someone to cosign the loan with you.

LORELAI: That's it? That's my only option?

MILES: I'm afraid so.

LORELAI: You knew about this, didn't you? Mom?

EMILY: Hm?

LORELAI: Would you be willing. . .

EMILY: It would be my pleasure.

MILES: Wonderful. I'll have the papers drawn up today. Would you like some more coffee?

EMILY: I would love some, thank you.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai and Emily walk out of the bank]

EMILY: Well, I think that went very well.

LORELAI: So what's the new arrangement gonna be?

EMILY: Excuse me?

LORELAI: Well, you helped me pay for Chilton, I gave you Friday night dinners, so what's this, Sunday night tea?

EMILY: Lorelai, I did this for your own good.



LORELAI: Wednesday night bridge club?

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Monday night football?

EMILY: Stop it!

LORELAI: What Mom? Just please tell me, what do I owe you?

EMILY: You owe me nothing. I just wanted to do something nice for my daughter, that's all.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[A nighttime pep rally is being held in front of Stars Hollow High.]

TAYLOR: It's already shaping up to be the best season ever, due in part to the recent arrival of our brand new basketball coach Lou Magillian, formerly the presiding legal counsel for the Chicago Bulls. Lou, come on up here and take a bow. Those other teams had better watch out, we've got one of the big boys on our side now, huh? Shaq who? And in addition to our new coach, we're extremely proud of our brand new uniforms, thoughtfully supplied by you, the citizens of Stars Hollow, and carefully cleaned by the good people at Tricky's Dry Cleaners. If it's sticky, try Tricky's. Let's hear it for Tricky! I'm telling you, they are terrific. Red and white, very durable, little stripes on the side - oh you know what, why don't you just see for yourselves. Come on, show 'em your uniforms.

PLAYER: Mr. Doose, it's freezing out here. Why don't you let 'em see it at the game?

TAYLOR: Young man, the people in this town paid good money for those uniforms. Now you show them what they paid for.

PLAYER: This is crazy.

TAYLOR: Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the new uniforms of the fabulous fighting Minutemen.

[cut to Rory standing in the crowd next to Bootsy]

BOOTSY: Oh look at them shivering up there. They're such wimps these days. When I was on the team, it was different. We were rowdy. Three of us would've been pantsed by now.

[Bootsy walks away and Lorelai walks over]

LORELAI: Hey.

RORY: Oh hey.

LORELAI: I got your note.

RORY: Yeah, well pinning it to the Mallomars is always a safe bet.

LORELAI: Oh, coffee?

RORY: Please.

LORELAI: So, um, Grandma and I went to the bank today.

RORY: How'd it go?

LORELAI: We got the loan.

RORY: Good. So then everything's okay?

LORELAI: Yeah, well. Wow, nice uniforms.

RORY: I'm sorry I told Grandma about it.

LORELAI: Aw hon, listen, there's gonna be a time in our lives where occasionally I'm gonna make a mistake. It hasn't happened yet, but it might.

RORY: Sure.

LORELAI: But I have earned the right to make that mistake, and I have earned the right to fix any problems without interference.

RORY: I just thought that they could help.

LORELAI: But I didn't want their help

RORY: But -.

LORELAI: Rory, have you ever been without food or clothes or books or book covers for that matter or anything else you ever needed?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: No, and see, the reason for that is me. I have a pretty good track record for keeping you alive.

RORY: Yeah, you do.

LORELAI: So when I tell you I can handle something, you need to respect that, especially since you have no evidence proving I won't. Understand?

RORY: Yeah, I understand. I'm sorry.

LORELAI: I officially declare this fight over.

RORY: I'll drink to that.

[The cheerleaders run out and start their routine]

LORELAI: Is that Lane?

RORY: Yeah, that's Lane.

LORELAI: Hah.

[The cheerleaders finish their routine]

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[After the Pep Rally, Rory walks up to Lane.]

RORY: Hey.

LANE: Hi.

RORY: So the music selection, yours I assume?

LANE: Yeah, there was a bit of an education process going on.

RORY: I liked it. Very John Waters.

LANE: Thank you.

RORY: I don't want you to think that you can't tell me things.

LANE: I don't wanna not tell you thing.

RORY: And this whole cheerleading thing

LANE: I know it's weird.

RORY: No, it's not that weird. I mean, if you were doing it professionally, then it would be weird. But this, it looked fun.

LANE: It was fun.

RORY: And hey, you got them to cheer to Madness, so there must be some hope left in the world.

LANE: I want you rest assured that I remain me. I mean, Nico-obsessed, Exene wannabe with forty Korean bibles under her bed. I just bounce a little more.

RORY: So can cheerleaders get coffee?

LANE: Oh yeah, coffee's a must.

RORY: Yeah?

LANE: Keeps you perky.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai, Rory and Emily are eating dinner]

LORELAI: So Mom, they started work on the house yesterday.

EMILY: Oh, good.

LORELAI: Yeah, these guys come at like the crack of dawn and all of a sudden there's all this hammering and drilling and dust flying everywhere.

RORY: It's pretty impressive actually.

LORELAI: They're a nice bunch too. And the best part is I've been out there like ten times to bring them coffee and I haven't seen a butt crack yet.

EMILY: How nice. They should paint that slogan on their truck. Excuse me.

LORELAI: Where you going?

EMILY: To get some more bread. [leaves room]

LORELAI: I think I'll go help.

RORY: I think that would be good.

CUT TO KITCHEN

LORELAI: Mom, I want to apologize to you.

EMILY: For what?

LORELAI: Ah, for doubting your motives in this whole loan thing. I'm just not used to people doing things without strings attached, that's all.

EMILY: By people, you mean me.

LORELAI: I don't know what I would've done without your help. I mean it. I was out of ideas and then out of the blue you make this call and cosign the loan with me. I'm really, really grateful.

EMILY: Well, that almost sounded sincere.

LORELAI: Yeah, I should've left off one of the reallys. That always tips it.

EMILY: All right, I accept your apology.

LORELAI: Thank you.

EMILY: By the way, I'm going to be having my DAR meetings at the inn from now on. I hope you don't mind. [walks away]

LORELAI: She's good.

THE END