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## 03x11 - I Solemnly Swear

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### 03x11 - I Solemnly Swear

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3.11 - I Solemnly Swear

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OPEN AT ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[The maid opens the door for Lorelai and Rory]

LORELAI: Hi.

MAID: Good evening. May I take your coats?

LORELAI: Oh, sure, thanks.

EMILY: [from living room] That's the most absurd thing I've ever heard.

MAID: Your mother's in the living room.

LORELAI: So last chance to run, huh?

MAID: Excuse me?

RORY: Just ignore her.

[They walk to the living room. Emily is talking on the phone and doesn't see them come in]

EMILY: Of course I said it. Well, I can't imagine who would take jackbooted as a compliment. I will not apologize. Every time she went to the pantry, I thought she was marching on Poland. Oh, I see, because I want things a certain way, I'm unreasonable?

[Lorelai pours herself a glass of wine]

RORY: Shh!

EMILY: Why, that is the most absurd. . . I want to see this document. Fax it to me immediately.

LORELAI: Fax it to me immediately?

RORY: She's part of the electronic age.

EMILY: Tomorrow morning is completely unacceptable. It's unacceptable because I'm paying you three hundred dollars an hour. So turn that little near-luxury car around, go back to your office,

and fax me that libelous scrap of paper.

LORELAI: Ask him if he can pick up some ice cream, too.

EMILY: Well, tell your wife to tape your daughter's recital. [hangs up] Unbelievable.

[Emily turns around and sees Lorelai and Rory on the couch]

LORELAI: Hi Mom.

RORY: Hi Grandma.

EMILY: When did you two get here?

LORELAI: Sometime between the second absurd and the third unbelievable.

EMILY: I apologize. That call caught me off guard.

RORY: Is everything all right, Grandma?

EMILY: Everything's fine.

LORELAI: Are you sure?

EMILY: I'm sure.

LORELAI: You look peeved.

EMILY: I'm not peeved.

LORELAI: Well, you look peeved.

EMILY: Kindly stop making me say the word peeved.

LORELAI: Mom, spill it. What's wrong?

EMILY: That was our lawyer calling to inform me that one of our former maids is suing for wrongful termination.

LORELAI: Hm.

EMILY: You might at least act surprised.

LORELAI: It's not the first time, is it?

EMILY: It most certainly is.

LORELAI: Really?

EMILY: Yes, Lorelai, really.

LORELAI: Well, then, I'm surprised.

EMILY: It's beyond surprising, it's outrageous.

RORY: What did Grandpa say?

EMILY: Your Grandfather's still in London helping his mother close down her house. Of course he'd be gone when this happens.

LORELAI: I think he planned it that way.

RORY: Which maid was it?

EMILY: Gerta, the one from Hamburg, Germany.

LORELAI: Which one was she?

RORY: You remember □ she was the one you made all those Hamburg/hamburger jokes to.

LORELAI: God, I beat that dead horse.

RORY: With glee.

EMILY: She was the clomper.

LORELAI: The clomper?

EMILY: She'd be upstairs making the beds and it'd sound like a Munich beer hall rally.

LORELAI: That's why you fired her?

EMILY: Yes.

LORELAI: Because she made noise when she walked?

EMILY: Yes.

LORELAI: Was she a good maid otherwise?

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: Besides the clomping, was she polite, on time, made sure the little fork went on the outside?

EMILY: Have you been listening to me? She was not performing her duties as I wished them to be performed. Everything else is beside the point.

LORELAI: Well, I guess it's always something, isn't it?

EMILY: What's that supposed to mean?

LORELAI: It means you always seem to find the one thing about a maid that negates all of her good qualities. I mean, at a certain point, isn't it just easier to let a couple things slide?

EMILY: I see. So it's my fault?

LORELAI: I didn't say that.

EMILY: No, Lorelai, you did. For years, I've been listening to you and your father and everyone else go on and on about how demanding I am, how I have to have things a certain way. Well, guess what? I pay to have them that way. I pay more than anyone else pays their maids, and when things

are not the way I want, that means I'm not getting what I paid for. Why is that so hard to understand?

LORELAI: It isn't hard to understand, it's just □

EMILY: If you pay for first class and the airline sticks you in coach, people expect you to be upset. No one calls you demanding or unreasonable. And yet here is this woman whom I pay more than she can get anywhere else in Hartford, whose severance package could finance a summer cruise down the Rhine, dragging me into court saying that I was unfair. Why? Because having paid for one thing, I'm not content with something else? That makes me unfair? Well, then, so be it. Let someone else pay first class and ride in steerage, not me.

MAID: Excuse me, Mrs. Gilmore, dinner's ready

EMILY: Thank you, Brooke, we'll be right there.

[Brooke walks away; Lorelai and Rory start to get up]

EMILY: Wait, wait, wait. Do you hear that?

LORELAI: Hear what?

EMILY: Exactly.

[opening credits]

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

[Lorelai is watching Sookie and Jackson argue]

SOOKIE: You know, next time I want some grapefruit, I'm just gonna ask for a kazoo because you can only seem to get me the most bizarre opposite.

JACKSON: What is your problem?

[Michel walks in]

MICHEL: I need you to □

LORELAI: Shh!

MICHEL: What? Oh, it started. You were supposed to call me.

LORELAI: Stop talking.

JACKSON: I understand perfectly. You wanna be a dictator.

SOOKIE: Oh, come off it.

JACKSON: Commandant St. James says, "Brussels sprouts! You will bring me the Brussels sprouts."

SOOKIE: I'm trying to plan a menu here, Jackson!

MICHEL: Fill me in, please.

LORELAI: Jackson brought pea tendrils instead of Brussels sprouts.

MICHEL: Well, aren't we Evil Knieval?

LORELAI: Coffee?

MICHEL: Oh, please.

SOOKIE: Pea tendrils are too delicate to serve with the lamb shank!

JACKSON: I don't think that they are.

SOOKIE: Where are the Brussels sprouts?

JACKSON: I looked at the st\*lks, they weren't good enough.

SOOKIE: You always do this to me.

JACKSON: Doesn't it matter that I care so much about the quality of the produce that I sell you that I'd be willing to risk an enormous argument just to save your dinner.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: Oops, that was dumb.

SOOKIE: Save my dinner?

JACKSON: You know what I meant.

SOOKIE: Yes, my dinner is out standing on a ledge. Oh no! What's gonna happen?

JACKSON: Sookie.

SOOKIE: Oh wait! What's that? It's a bird, it's a plane, it's Super Jackson and his atomic pea tendrils!

JACKSON: You wanna get another produce guy?

SOOKIE: Maybe I should!

JACKSON: Well, go ahead!

SOOKIE: Don't tempt me!

JACKSON: That's it, I am leaving.

SOOKIE: Go! And take the tendrils with you!

JACKSON: Fine! See you tonight?

SOOKIE: I love you.

LORELAI: And it always ends with a hug.

MICHEL: Hm.

LORELAI: Okay, what do you need?

MICHEL: The new insurance policies you ordered.

LORELAI: Good. Now the inspector's supposed to be coming by to check the place out tomorrow, so you're gonna have to show him around.

MICHEL: What?

LORELAI: You're covering for me, remember?

MICHEL: Oh, yes, that's right. Tomorrow the two of you go back to school.

LORELAI: It's not school, it's a one-day course at the learning center.

SOOKIE: How to run an inn.

MICHEL: Yes, amazing you've been able to fake it so long.

LORELAI: This is specific to opening small inns, bed and breakfasts.

MICHEL: I see. Order half of everything. There □ you owe me seventy-five dollars.

LORELAI: Why are you being such a snob about this? You went to hotel school.

MICHEL: I attended the Ecole Hôtelière de Genève.

LORELAI: Wow, that's gotta make one hell of a sweatshirt.

MICHEL: It was one of the premiere hotel schools in the world. You two, on the other hand, are going to take a two-hour course at the Radisson.

SOOKIE: Jackson's taken a lot of courses through The Learning Center and he loves it. He took beekeeping □

LORELAI: Jackson keeps bees?

SOOKIE: No, it turned out he was allergic. One stung his lip and his whole head blew up to three times his normal size.

MICHEL: Please tell me you have pictures.

SOOKIE: He also took a course in how to buy foreclosed real estate, and how to write a diary.

LORELAI: How do you not know how to write a diary?

SOOKIE: He's a searcher.

LORELAI: Yes, he is.

SOOKIE: Plus, I think he was really lonely before we got together and he didn't live near a good bar.

MICHEL: Yes, well, I predict that tomorrow will be a complete waste of time and money, and I will be here to laugh at you when you return.

LORELAI: Thanks for your support. Forget him. Opening our own is a huge step, and anything that might help is worth trying.

SOOKIE: Exactly partner.

LORELAI: Now tell me you got pictures of Jackson and his giant head.

SOOKIE: I'll bring them in tomorrow.

CUT TO CHILTON

[Rory walks into the meeting room; Paris is going through some papers]

RORY: Hey Paris.

PARIS: Have you looked over the votes for commencement speaker?

RORY: Yeah.

PARIS: Are the ones for Princess Diana's butler jokes or real?

RORY: I'd say jokes.

PARIS: What about the ones for Dr. Phil?

RORY: I think real.

PARIS: I knew that suggestion box was a bad idea. Watch Choate get Joan Didion while we're being read "Eloise at the Plaza."

RORY: Listen, before the others get here, we should probably decide what we're going to do.

PARIS: About what?

RORY: About the prom coup Francie staged last week.

PARIS: You mean booking Wadsworth Mansion?

RORY: Using all of the money reserved for the telescope that we wanted to buy for the senior gift.

PARIS: Why does one pinhead always have to vote for Jerry Garcia?

RORY: I'm not sure if the deposit check has been sent yet, but -

PARIS: I already took care of that.

RORY: What?

PARIS: Wadsworth Mansion is owned by the Connecticut Daughters of the Mayflower. Most of those biddies couldn't negotiate an icy sidewalk much less a contract. Took me about five minutes on the phone to get them down to half their asking price.

RORY: You're kidding.

PARIS: Well, there was no way I was letting the class gift be a stupid tree just so Ginger Spice can have her Barbie dream prom.

RORY: She's a sneak.

PARIS: She's not smart enough to be a sneak. Anyone can call a meeting. It's that loser Mr. Hunter that let her get away with it.

RORY: Well, she kind of forced him into it.

PARIS: You can't force a teacher into something, Rory. No, it was Hunter. He's been jealous of me since I got into office. Whenever I announce I have a new motion to introduce, he flinches. Actually, physically tightens up for a moment. It's creepy.

RORY: Yeah, but □

FRANCIE: Well, out fearless leaders at work already. I feel so safe.

RORY: That girl bugs me.

PARIS: Relax, she's harmless.

MR. HUNTER: Paris, Rory.

PARIS: Paris, Rory. Bed wetter. Shall we sit?

RORY: Fine, let's sit.

PARIS: I call this meeting of the student council to order. Is the secretary ready?

MADELINE: I am.

PARIS: Then let's proceed. First of all, I'd like to apologize for missing last week's somewhat impromptu meeting. As most of you know, its scheduling was somewhat unorthodox since the meeting was a supplementary meeting, which was a concept invented by me. So the fact that anyone would hold a meeting invented by a certain person without that certain person seems, well. . .let's see, what's the word? Mutinous, insulting, underhanded, and in the end, fruitless, since I managed to re-negotiate the rental fee for the Wadsworth Mansion so that we'll be able to have the prom and give the school a respectable senior gift in the form of a telescope. Any questions, Mr. Christian? I mean, Mr. Hunter.

MR. HUNTER: Uh, no.

PARIS: Good. So, now that that's out of the way, let's move onto other business. Francie?

FRANCIE: As you know, Health Week is coming up. We have speakers lined up to discuss everything from heart disease and exercise to the dangers of sun damage and fried food. Everyone's booked and ready to go. The only thing left to figure out is where to set up the sign-up table for the annual blood drive.

[Madeline screams]

FRANCIE: Geez!

RORY: What's the matter?

LOUISE: She hates the word blood.

FRANCIE: Give me a heart attack.

LOUISE: Just keep your hands on your ears.



MADELINE: Tell me when it's over.

FRANCIE: As I was saying before the freak-out, we need to figure out where to place the sign up table for the blood drive.

MADELINE: I can still hear her.

LOUISE: Hum to yourself.

PARIS: Continue, please.

FRANCIE: I am proposing putting it in the cafeteria. It's got easy access, maximum exposure, and almost ninety percent of the student body visits the cafeteria every day. It's the perfect location.

PARIS: Well?

RORY: No.

FRANCIE: Excuse me?

RORY: You can't set up in the cafeteria. It's a fire hazard.

PARIS: It is?

RORY: Yes, it's a fire hazard. You'll have to find another place.

FRANCIE: You're kidding.

RORY: I never kid about fire safety.

FRANCIE: Well, Rory, I actually know the fire codes for the cafeteria, and as long as we don't cram more than three hundred people in there, we can start an opium den and the fire department wouldn't care.

RORY: A, Francie, I think they would care, and B, I'm not talking about numbers. You set up that table, get people thinking about blood, someone smells smoke, and the next thing you know, fifty stampeding teenagers are using your body to lever open a door. I won't allow that.

FRANCIE: This is Xanadu-level of insane.

PARIS: You do realize you're opposing the blood drive?

RORY: No, I'm opposing the blood drive in the cafeteria.

PARIS: Is it really that big a deal?

RORY: It's the rules, Paris, the rules of common decency, and I'll be damned if I let Francie ignore those rules.

PARIS: Well, okay, motion denied. The senior class president will come up with an alternate plan for the location of the sign-up table for the blood drive. Now Louise, poke John Williams over there and tell her she can cut the score, we're moving on. Advertising space in the yearbook is only fifty percent sold as of right now. What are we doing to do about this? Roger, yes?

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory is in the living room when Lorelai walks through the front door with two takeout bags]

LORELAI: Dinner!

RORY: Over here.

LORELAI: We are so in luck. It was international grab bag night at Al's.

RORY: Cool. Did you peek?

LORELAI: And ruin the whole point of the mystery dinner? I think not. Pick.

RORY: That one.

LORELAI: Okay. I love this. It's food and a game all in one. Now we open them at the same time.

RORY: I know the rules.

LORELAI: And do not jump the g\*n.

RORY: There's a lot of pressure associated with international grab bag night.

LORELAI: Well, I am your mother, it is my responsibility to give you structure. Now, on three ▯ one, two, three.

[they both open their bags and smell the food]

RORY: Hm, Moroccan.

LORELAI: You always say Moroccan.

RORY: And sooner or later, I will be right. What's yours?

LORELAI: Pan-Asian, with a hint of English Colonial, and a few South African influences.

RORY: Way to hedge your bet. Kitchen?

LORELAI: Just let me check the machine.

RORY: Okay.

[Rory walks to the kitchen. Lorelai checks the answering machine]

ANSWERING MACHINE: Ms. Gilmore, it's Bob Merrimam, your mother's lawyer. I'm calling about the little matter of this lawsuit she's involved in. We'd like it if you could give a deposition. . .

LORELAI: Uh. [picks up the phone and dials a number]

ANSWERING MACHINE: . . on her behalf. It shouldn't be a big deal. If you could just call me tomorrow with some times that would be convenient for you, I can set something up. . .

LORELAI: Oh, no!

ANSWERING MACHINE: . . .Thanks, bye.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: No, no, no, no, no.

EMILY: Hello?

LORELAI: No.

EMILY: Who is this?

LORELAI: I am not giving a deposition.

EMILY: Of course you are, don't be ridiculous.

LORELAI: Please leave me out of this.

EMILY: I see. So you're just going to let this lead-footed teutonic chambermaid drag your mother into a public forum and humiliate her, is that it? Is that what I'm hearing?

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: Her lawyer knows we asked for this deposition. How do you think it's going to look when you refuse to testify for your own mother?

LORELAI: Like it's none of my business.

EMILY: Oh, and I'm sure the twelve rocket scientists they assemble as a jury of my peers will see it that way.

LORELAI: Honestly, Mom, I doubt they'll be able to find twelve people in the state of Connecticut who haven't been fired by you.

EMILY: I can't believe my own daughter won't come to my defense.

LORELAI: I'm not gonna lie for you.

EMILY: I just want you to tell them how I treat my maids.

LORELAI: I'm not gonna lie for you.

EMILY: All you have to do is tell them I treat the help fairly.

LORELAI: I'm not gonna lie for you.

EMILY: Lorelai, there is something called family loyalty. It means when someone is in trouble, you help them, as I have helped you several times over the years. The very least you could do in return is spend half an hour saying something kind about your mother.

LORELAI: Fine.

EMILY: Thank you. Your devotion is touching. [hangs up]

LORELAI: I have to give a deposition.

RORY: I don't think this is Moroccan □ or at least not recently.

LORELAI: Want some of mine?

RORY: Nope.

LORELAI: Yikes. Luke's?

RORY: Let's go.

CUT TO THE LEARNING CENTER

[Lorelai and Sookie are in their class about opening an inn]

LECTURER: I can't stress enough the value of a good paint job. One of the first decisions you'll have to make when you open your inn is whether to employ your housekeepers individually or contract out to a housekeeping service. If you use a service, you will be assured of having a replacement housekeeper if one should call in sick or quit suddenly.

SOOKIE: But you'll pay two dollars more an hour and they'll be loyal to the service, not to you.

LECTURER: However, you'll probably end up paying a bit more than if you hired them individually.

SOOKIE: I can't believe you're taking notes. He has said nothing in the last two hours that we didn't already know, and he's saying it really condescendingly. So in addition to being bored, I'm getting hostile, and a little insecure 'cause you're studying and I'm not.

[Lorelai displays the cootie catcher she's just made]

LORELAI: Pick a color.

SOOKIE: Pink!

LORELAI: 'Cause you're a girl.

SOOKIE: Exactly.

LORELAI: P-i-n-k. Pick a number.

SOOKIE: Five.

LORELAI: [opens the flap] You will marry Shaun Cassidy and cheat with David.

SOOKIE: Well, good for me.

LORELAI: My turn.

LECTURER: [clears throat] Some of us are here to learn.

LORELAI: Sorry.

SOOKIE: Yeah, sorry.

LORELAI: We had a cootie catcher. . .

SOOKIE: We're sorry.

LORELAI: Sorry.

LECTURER: As I was saying, the points we've covered should get you started, but remember, it's a long process, so don't get discouraged. I'm sure one day I'll be staying in each and every one of you inns.

LORELAI: He's not staying in our inn.

LECTURER: Now don't run off just yet. We've got one final treat. I'd like to introduce you all to John Mattern.

JOHN: Hello everyone. I'm very pleased to be here addressing you today. I asked Brian if I could just have a few minutes at the end of today to show you all some opportunities that I think you're going to find really exciting. I know that I do. If we could. [turns on the slide projector] Now this is a lovely property that has just become available right outside of Litchfield.

SOOKIE: It's a sales pitch?

LORELAI: They spend two hours telling us nothing, then try to sell us lame property?

SOOKIE: We already know the place we're buying.

LORELAI: I know.

SOOKIE: So what do we do?

LORELAI: I'm crushing your head, I'm crushing your head. Let's go.

[Lorelai and Sookie get up and leave]

JOHN: A perfectly restorable sun porch wraps around the entire main structure. Let's step inside this diamond in the rough.

CUT TO HALLWAY

[Lorelai and Sookie walk out of the room]

SOOKIE: Unbelievably shocking.

LORELAI: That we could work at an inn for so long and learn so little.

SOOKIE: We must be some kind of dumb.

LORELAI: Who would ever have thought that all inns need doors?

SOOKIE: Not me.

LORELAI: And floors.

SOOKIE: Doors and floors, we can't afford that.

LORELAI: Well, we better, otherwise our guests will fall right through to China.

SOOKIE: I can just imagine the phone calls.

LORELAI: What was Jackson thinking saying these courses were good?

SOOKIE: Please, you're asking me? The man took a course in diary writing.

[they reach the refreshment table]

LORELAI: Thank God □ food.

SOOKIE: So, is it worth it if we can make up our seventy-five dollar admission fee in cookies?

LORELAI: Well, considering that in the past hour, I uttered the phrase, "My God, I should've listened to Michel," these better be the best damn cookies in the world.

SOOKIE: [tries one] And they taste like feet.

LORELAI: Oh, well, even their cookies suck. Stand by, I'm going in for coffee.

[two men walk up to them]

JOE: Sookie? Sookie St. James?

SOOKIE: Uh huh.

JOE: It's Joe. . . Joe Mastoni from the Deerhill Lodge.

SOOKIE: Oh my God, Joe! Joe! Joe from the Deerhill Lodge! It's Joe from the Deerhill Lodge! How are you? Sorry. Well, come here. [hugs him] Oh! Lorelai, this is Joe. Joe, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hi.

JOE: Nice to meet you. This is Alex, my partner.

ALEX: Business partner.

LORELAI: Oh, clarification duly noted. Nice to meet you.

SOOKIE: Joe and I worked together one summer up in the Berkshires.

JOE: Oh, God, we had a wild time that summer, didn't we?

LORELAI: You had a wild time, huh? Do tell.

SOOKIE: We'd all work fourteen hours straight, party □til dawn, then pile in Joe's van and wake up in New Hampshire or Maine with just enough time to get back for the next shift.

JOE: We had a real interesting crew. Sookie, me, Feldman, Mellon, Bung □

LORELAI: Bung?

SOOKIE: He was the grill man. He had been up there for a couple years already, but Joe and I were both in prep.

LORELAI: And I repeat - Bung?

ALEX: Don't look at me. I'm still wondering if Mellon's a man or a woman.

JOE: You know, I promised myself after that summer, I would never chop small green things en masse ever again.

SOOKIE: Or drink all the leftover wine on an empty stomach.

JOE: Let me see your hands. Hey, nice blisters.

SOOKIE: Let me see yours. Ooh, not bad, not bad.

JOE: I'm more careful about using the towels with the hot stuff these days.

SOOKIE: Sissy.

JOE: Yeah, yeah. So what are you doing here?

SOOKIE: Lorelai and I are opening an inn together, so we came for a class.

JOE: Really? Alex and I are here for a class about opening your own coffee place.

ALEX: Chain of coffee places, actually.

SOOKIE: That's great.

JOE: We'll see. It's pretty new territory for us.

ALEX: Joe at least knows the food industry. I'm coming from ironworks, so I basically know what the security gate you pull down at the end of the night should be made of.

JOE: Don't listen to him. Alex is an incredible businessman.

LORELAI: Ah.

ALEX: That's true.

JOE: So far, we've got the business model planned out, there's a couple of prime locations we're interested in. The only thing left to do besides build the place is pick a name.

LORELAI: Oh, little tip, don't choose anything cute.

SOOKIE: Like Jitters.

LORELAI: Or Spill the Beans.

SOOKIE: Or Higher Ground.

LORELAI: Or The Mudhouse.

ALEX: Actually, I kinda like that.

LORELAI: Oh, me too. We call dibs.

ALEX: I thought you were opening an inn.

LORELAI: Well, we wanna keep our options open.

JOE: Hey, did you hear about Feldman's restaurant?

SOOKIE: The Feldster opened a restaurant?

LORELAI: Okay, I know I'm repeating myself, but the Feldster?

SOOKIE: I can't believe he opened his own place. He spent the whole summer getting stoned in the walk-in.

JOE: He was our baker.

LORELAI: Right, that figures.

SOOKIE: Huh?

ALEX: Baker, getting baked, I'm there.

LORELAI: Oh, congratulations. You still can't have The Mudhouse.

JOE: Hey, you remember the last reception we catered? The parakeets, everyone dressed as knights and ladies.

SOOKIE: Oh God!

ALEX: Old friends, huh?

LORELAI: Yeah, there's nothing like them.

SOOKIE: I never did figure out how Bung got into a fight with the bride.

JOE: One minute everything was fine, the next he's beaming her with the ice sculpture.

LORELAI: Hey, remember the time you and Fat Sal got locked in the freezer overnight?

ALEX: Fat Sal?

LORELAI: Work with me here.

ALEX: Oh, Fat Sal, yes, right.

SOOKIE: Then Feldman got into a fight with the bride's mother.

JOE: That's right! He went after the whole bridal party.

LORELAI: And you remember how me and the Bruiser ▯

ALEX: Never liked that guy.

LORELAI: We found you and Fat Sal in the morning and you were frozen together like bacon.

ALEX: Yeah. You know, I still can't eat bacon.

LORELAI: Well. . .

JOE: And you remember what Feldman told the cops?

SOOKIE: Oh, yeah!

LORELAI: And then before Bruiser and I would let you out, we made you and Fat Sal kiss.



ALEX: I'm not sure I remember that.

SOOKIE: You know, I actually don't remember what Feldman told the cops.

JOE: He tried to pretend he didn't speak English, remember?

SOOKIE: That's right, oh my God! The flooginshorts!

JOE: Yes, the flooginshorts!

LORELAI: Oh, great. Now we have to make up our own language?

ALEX: This is getting exhausting.

JOE: You know, Feldman's restaurant's right here in Hartford.

SOOKIE: No, really?

JOE: Yeah. We should swing by one night and bust his chops.

SOOKIE: Hey, yeah, we could keep sending back plate after plate until he gets so angry he comes out.

JOE: Let's make a plan.

SOOKIE: Sure. Call me at the Independence Inn, that's where we work.

LORELAI: For now.

JOE: Sounds great. I'm so glad we ran into each other.

SOOKIE: Me too.

JOE: And it was nice meeting you, Lorelai. Good luck with everything.

LORELAI: Thanks, you too.

ALEX: I'm really glad we got a chance to catch up.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. Hey, if you see Fat Sal, give him a kiss for me.

ALEX: I'll do that.

LORELAI: Okay.

SOOKIE: Bye.

[Alex and Joe walk away]

SOOKIE: Wait, so you and that guy knew each other, too? What a coincidence!

LORELAI: Come on, honey.

CUT TO CHILTON CAFETERIA

[Rory and Paris sit down at a table with their lunch trays]

PARIS: How many times do I have to tell them? You can't put a two-inch ladle of gravy into a one-inch potato crater. You either need a smaller ladle or a bigger crater ▯ otherwise, you get this.

RORY: Gravy on your asparagus.

PARIS: Yes.

RORY: Paris, the cafeteria workers serve hundreds of students a day. A little gravy spillage is natural.

PARIS: I see. So I should just sit quietly and shovel in whatever slop they throw my way like some inmate in the chow line at Leavenworth doing twenty to life? I don't think so.

RORY: I'll save your seat.

[Paris walks away. A paper airplane lands on Rory's tray, it says "We need to meet. Write down a time and place." Rory writes on it, then hears a noise and turns around. Someone takes the airplane when her back is turned. Paris walks back to the table.]

PARIS: They took my tray. I can't believe they took my tray. All I did was go up there and tell them I wanted some new asparagus, and they took my tray. Well, I also told them to buy a slightly looser hair net, one that wouldn't squish the part of the brain that can judge depth and measurements, and then they took my tray, but still. . .now what? You gonna eat that?

[Rory gives Paris her lunch tray]

CUT TO PARKING GARAGE

[Rory walks through an empty parking garage. She hears a noise, and turns to find Francie]

FRANCIE: Good, you're here. We need to talk.

RORY: We have three classes together, we couldn't talk then?

FRANCIE: I thought alone would be better. Besides, you picked the place.

RORY: What do you want?

FRANCIE: I want a truce.

RORY: Excuse me?

FRANCIE: A truce, you know, no more fighty fighty.

RORY: I don't believe you.

FRANCIE: Look, this is not the way I wanted things to work out, honestly. Yes, the hemline thing bugged me, and yes, Paris is not my idea of a secret sister, but I never intended for things to go so far.

RORY: No?

FRANCIE: No. I mean, it's my senior year, too. Why would I want to spend the whole time scheming and fighting? It's too exhausting. I wanna stop this w\*r, this vendetta, this Sicilian thing. It must

end.

RORY: This seems awful sudden.

FRANCIE: Yes, well, my time is precious, so if I'm not gonna truly commit to a grudge, I'd like to move on and put that energy somewhere else. Come on, what do you say? Friends, sort of?

RORY: Friends. . .sort of.

FRANCIE: Shake.

[They shake hands. A car alarm goes off, startling Rory. When she turns back around, Francie is gone]

RORY: Stop doing that.

CUT TO THE INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai walks up to Michel at the front desk]

LORELAI: Okay, so you'll come in early and set up the conference room for the group from Michigan.

MICHEL: Yes, I will.

LORELAI: Okay. Now, Sookie's on top of the menu. Let's make sure the, uh, dining room's open for a late lunch, and we need to confirm the number of rooms they'll need.

MICHEL: Yes, I have all of this written down on a notepad right next to my self-help book, "Why Don't People Think You Know What The Hell You're Doing?"

LORELAI: Sorry. I'm just a little stressed at this whole stupid deposition thing.

MICHEL: Relax, it's very easy.

LORELAI: It is? You've done it?

MICHEL: Once, it was nothing.

LORELAI: Why were you deposed?

MICHEL: My neighbor had this dog, a frisky little scamp that used to love to yap to his friends all night long. It was so cute. Then one day he disappeared. I told the police what I knew, but sadly the adorable little chatterbox was never found. It was tragic.

LORELAI: You got rid of a dog?

MICHEL: No.

LORELAI: How could you get rid of a dog?

MICHEL: I will gladly show you the transcript from the lawyer and the results of the lie detector test.

LORELAI: You're heinous.

MICHEL: And very well rested.

[Michel walks away as Joe enters the inn]

JOE: Lorelai, hi. Remember me?

LORELAI: Of course I do. Nice to see you again, Joe.

JOE: This is a beautiful place you have here.

LORELAI: Ah, well, you know. . . keeps the rain off.

JOE: Right. So, is Sookie around?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, uh, she is. Uh, right through there in the kitchen.

JOE: Thank you.

[Joe walks away as Michel walks back over]

MICHEL: Here, give me those. I'll file them with the rest.

[Lorelai barks at him]

MICHEL: Ah, stop that!

CUT TO THE KITCHEN

[Joe walks in to find Sookie]

SOOKIE: Hey, I'll just be a minute.

JOE: Oh no, don't rush.

SOOKIE: I was almost finished with the dinner prep, and then I changed my mind about two of the appetizers.

JOE: Sounds like old times. Though, I gotta say, this place is a long way from the sweatbox at the Deerhill.

SOOKIE: Yeah, we've upgraded a lot in the past few years. We just got a refrigerated prep table and we replaced the two vertical mixers.

JOE: But you still got the old fifty-two inch Viking.

SOOKIE: I know. I just like how big it is. I blew it up once.

JOE: Wow.

SOOKIE: But I had them rebuild it. I refuse to cook on anything else.

JOE: Stick with what you know.

SOOKIE: Exactly. Taste this.

JOE: Maybe a bit more brandy.

SOOKIE: I knew you'd say that.

JOE: Well, people like brandy.

SOOKIE: You mean you like brandy.

JOE: And I'm people. We always had a good time together, didn't we?

SOOKIE: Yeah, it was a good group.

JOE: You always made it better.

SOOKIE: 'Cause I kept you fools from driving off the side of a mountain.

JOE: Very true. You know, I'm really glad we ran into each other. It's not often you get a second chance.

SOOKIE: What do you mean?

JOE: I can't tell you how many times I kicked myself for not asking you out that summer. It just seemed like every time I got close, we'd end up talking about the best way to make calves liver or something.

SOOKIE: Sautéed with caramelized onions.

JOE: Exactly. Then when I saw you at the Learning Center, it was like fate was saying, "Here you go, man. Try not to screw it up again." I guess things just had to happen in their own time.

SOOKIE: Uh huh, in their own time. Um, could you just. . .uh, stir. . . yeah, I'll be back.

CUT TO LOBBY

[Sookie walks up to Lorelai at the front desk.]

LORELAI: [on phone] Oh, no, sir, I'm afraid we don't offer a complimentary breakfast.

SOOKIE: [whispers] He thinks it's a date.

LORELAI: Uh, yes, sir, I realize the Ramada does.

SOOKIE: [whispers] Lorelai!

LORELAI: Uh, well, if you like, I could recommend a few places in town. Uh, okay, uh huh, sure. Why don't you talk to your wife and call me back. Okay, bye. [hangs up] Hey, Shields and Yarnell, what's going on?

SOOKIE: He thinks it's a date.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: Joe, he thinks this is a date.

LORELAI: Is he crazy?

SOOKIE: Exactly. You were there 'cause it's not a date, is it?

LORELAI: No. The two of you were gonna go bust Feldster's chops. Busting chops is not a date.

SOOKIE: That's what I thought, but he keeps saying how he liked me back then and how this is his second chance.

LORELAI: He's liked you for ten years?

SOOKIE: Yes.

LORELAI: Wow. That is some serious Great Gatsby pining.

SOOKIE: I know.

LORELAI: You're his Daisy.

SOOKIE: I am? I'm his Daisy. I'm someone's Daisy.

LORELAI: It's very flattering.

SOOKIE: It is very flattering. But I didn't bring it on, did I? I mean, did I flirt?

LORELAI: No, you did not flirt. You were talking about Bung.

SOOKIE: Right. And you can't flirt when talking about Bung, it's impossible.

LORELAI: He read something into it because he wanted to.

SOOKIE: Oh my God, what's Jackson's gonna say?

LORELAI: Sookie, it's a misunderstanding. Jackson will be fine. Just go in there and explain it to Joe.

SOOKIE: But what do I tell him? He's waited ten years for this. How do you hand out that kind of rejection? I could tell him I've become a lesbian!

LORELAI: Yeah, or "I'm married" might work.

SOOKIE: Right, I'm married, good, that's very good.

LORELAI: It's gonna be fine. Joe's a nice guy with good taste.

SOOKIE: I'm his Daisy.

LORELAI: Be happy later.

SOOKIE: Right. I'm going in. [walks away]

LORELAI: [answers phone] Independence Inn, Lorelai speaking.

[Sookie walks back into the kitchen]

JOE: So, at the risk of seeming like Joe the drunken chef, I added some more Port to the Cumberland sauce. Now, just promise to try it.

SOOKIE: Joe, we need to talk.

JOE: Wow, you've mellowed. In the old days, you would've just called me an idiot and just dumped

it in the trash.

SOOKIE: It's not that, it's. . .you put in more Port? This is a pheasant sauce, not the punch bowl at a frat party.

JOE: Just try it.

SOOKIE: No, no, no, no, no, that's not what I meant to say. It's just. . .there's been a misunderstanding. I thought this thing tonight was just a friends thing, you know, not like a date thing.

JOE: Oh.

SOOKIE: Not that going out with you would be bad. Except it would be. . . very, very bad.

JOE: Wow.

SOOKIE: But only because I'm married! I meant to say that first. [holds up her hand] See? Last May, I just. . .[realizes she's not wearing her wedding ring] Where's my. . .oh, hang on. [walks over to get her ring] See, this was supposed to be. . .when I hold my hand up, 'cause otherwise, "Whatcha doin'?", right? Okay, here. I take it off when I'm cooking, but, look, there it is, right where it should be, on my finger.

JOE: You're married.

SOOKIE: Yes, I am. I hope that's okay.

JOE: Hey, if your husband's good with it, who am I to complain?

SOOKIE: You're not mad?

JOE: Why would I be mad?

SOOKIE: Because you thought this was a date.

JOE: I'm not mad. Feeling a little stupid, but not mad.

SOOKIE: Here, let me give you some money.

JOE: I didn't spend any money.

SOOKIE: Well, let me give you some money anyway.

JOE: Look, the only way I'll be mad is if you throw that sauce out before you try it, okay?

SOOKIE: Okay.

JOE: Tell you what, why don't we make a plan to harass Feldman some other time? You can bring your husband and I'll see if I can get a real date.

SOOKIE: That'd be fun. Come on, I'll walk you out.

[they walk to the lobby]

JOE: You know, we could even get some of the old g\*ng together.

SOOKIE: I'll drive.

JOE: I guess this'll teach me not to wait ten years next time. Anyway, I'll give you a call.

SOOKIE: Bye Joe.

[Joe leaves. Lorelai walks up to Sookie]

LORELAI: See, he's smiling. I knew it was nothing to get worked up over. You obviously let him down very well, and now maybe you guys can be friends.

SOOKIE: I'm a whore!

CUT TO OUTSIDE STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai and Rory are walking through the town square]

LORELAI: This is silly. I know how to answer a question.

RORY: This is your first deposition. Grandma's lawyers just want you to be prepared.

LORELAI: Sample questions, great. It's bad enough I have to give a deposition, now I have to study for it?

RORY: Shall we begin?

LORELAI: Go ahead.

RORY: Please describe how your mother runs her household.

LORELAI: Okay. Well, do you remember the rowing scene in Ben Hur?

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, did that reference date me? Should I have gone with the "Express Yourself" video?

RORY: Shall we stop?

LORELAI: Sorry, ask me another.

RORY: Would you say your mother is an easy woman to get along with?

LORELAI: No. Next.

RORY: You're not taking this seriously.

LORELAI: I am taking this seriously.

RORY: Well, you can't say that.

LORELAI: Oh, wow, so you want me to lie.

RORY: No, you don't have to lie. It's all about how you present the truth. For example, you could have said, "My mother is a perfectionist."



LORELAI: Uh huh. And do you promise to visit Mommy in jail?

RORY: Yes, I do.

LORELAI: Okay, then. My mother is a perfectionist.

RORY: Very good.

[they reach the diner as Luke walks out]

LORELAI: Oh, hey. Where you going?

LUKE: Oh, well, I'm going to Doose's because we are out of food.

LORELAI: How can you be out of food?

LUKE: Well, it starts with the words, "Hey Jess, you do the ordering this week, okay?" and it ends with me selling Kirk a lettuce sandwich.

RORY: We've eaten those.

LUKE: I'm gonna go pick up some stuff to hold us over 'til tomorrow.

LORELAI: Well, get some burgers.

RORY: And tater tots.

LORELAI: And pickles.

LUKE: Okay, hold on a sec. Burgers, tater tots, pickles. You want cheese on the burger?

LORELAI: Cheddar.

RORY: And swiss.

LUKE: Dessert?

LORELAI: Do we have to decide right now?

LUKE: I would seriously advise it.

LORELAI: Pie.

RORY: Cherry.

LORELAI: And whipped cream. And dental floss. And paper towels. And People magazine. We're really hungry.

CUT TO CHILTON

[Paris walks into the bathroom. Francie follows her]

FRANCIE: Paris, good, I so need to talk to you. [to another girl in bathroom] Are you lost? [the girl leaves] Listen, first of all, I really wanna commend you on your job as president so far.

PARIS: Thank you.

FRANCIE: The way you've negotiated on some of those convoluted school issues □ mind blowing. I watch in awe.

PARIS: Uh huh.

FRANCIE: And that's why this is so hard, because I have major respect for you, and the last thing I ever want is for you to get the wrong impression about my loyalties.

PARIS: What are you talking about?

FRANCIE: [pulls an envelope out of her backpack] These were shoved in my locker this morning, and I didn't know what to do, so I thought to myself, □I'll just show them to Paris and I'll explain and she'll understand.'

PARIS: Explain what? What is this?

[Paris opens the envelope and pulls out some photos of Rory and Francie in the parking garage]

FRANCIE: Rory came to me and said she wanted to talk about some things. . .you know, policy, the prom, the senior gift, et cetera. So of course I said, "why don't we talk about them at the student council meeting with Paris?" And she said she wanted to do this without Paris. She said Paris is just too wrapped up in that boyfriend of hers to care about any of this. I didn't know what to do, so I went, and then I found these, and I'm just so upset. I mean, I would never intentionally do anything behind your back, Paris. And I promise, the next time Rory tries to get me to, I'm just gonna say, □Talk to the hand', you know what I mean?

PARIS: Yes, I know what you mean.

FRANCIE: Are you mad? Say you're not mad. I just couldn't live if I thought you were mad.

PARIS: No, I'm not mad. [leaves]

FRANCIE: Well, thank God for that.

CUT TO CHILTON GYMNASIUM

[Students are standing around in fencing outfits]

TEACHER: Okay class, we will begin in five minutes.

MADELINE: Does your helmet smell? I always get one that smells.

LOUISE: You'd think the brain trust behind P.E. could come up with some sport that didn't give you helmet hair all afternoon.

MADELINE: Like badminton.

LOUISE: Or striptease aerobics.

RORY: What?

MADELINE: It's really big in L.A. You just go through the motions, you don't actually have to strip.

RORY: Do the other people in the gym throw money at you?

LOUISE: Fine, mock, but tell me this □ have you ever seen an overweight stripper?

RORY: The word no seems so wildly inadequate all of a sudden. Hey, where have you been?

PARIS: Washing my hands.

RORY: Okay.

TEACHER: All right everyone, take your places. We will warm up with your counter-sixte-riposte-quarte. Melanie, please lead the group.

MADELINE: Oh my God, there's a hair in mine.

LOUISE: Just close your eyes and think of England, honey.

RORY: Doesn't it seem strange to be practicing a sport whose original purpose was to k\*ll people? It's like if high schools of the future had teams in a\*tillery or high altitude bombing or something.

TEACHER: Beginning salute. En garde. Right side advance.

RORY: You okay?

TEACHER: Right side retreat.

PARIS: Why do you ask?

TEACHER: And lunge.

RORY: You just seem weird.

TEACHER: Left side advance.

RORY: Easy there, Paris.

TEACHER: Left side retreat.

PARIS: We're fencing Rory, not playing patty cake.

TEACHER: And lunge.

PARIS: You know, it's interesting how you think you know someone.

TEACHER: Right side, quarte lunge.

PARIS: Trust a person, rely on a person, then turn around one day and realize you'd been had. Ever experience that?

TEACHER: Ripost.

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: I hate being had.

RORY: Why are you telling me this? You're not supposed to be parrying that hard.

PARIS: Gee, I'm sorry. Maybe I should turn around so you can just stick it directly into my back.

RORY: What are you talking about?

PARIS: I saw the pictures.

RORY: What pictures?

PARIS: You know what pictures.

RORY: Obviously I don't know what pictures.

PARIS: The pictures of you and Francie.

RORY: Me and Francie?

PARIS: You and Francie in the parking garage talking about me.

RORY: Paris, I □

PARIS: Don't make that face at me!

RORY: What face? I'm wearing a mask.

PARIS: The "I'm Rory, don't you want to pet me?" face. I know you two have been meeting behind my back.

RORY: We haven't. We met once.

PARIS: Aha, you admit it.

RORY: Yes, but it wasn't what you think.

PARIS: Brutus!

RORY: Paris, you have to listen to me. Francie wanted to meet, she said she wanted to call a truce. She took those pictures of us, she's setting me up, she's trying to manipulate you.

PARIS: Of course she is. You think I don't know when someone's trying to manipulate me? But that doesn't change the fact that you met with her behind my back.

RORY: I was trying to help you.

PARIS: You were? You mean, in between betraying me and selling me out, you were trying to help me? Gee, you are quite the Renaissance woman, aren't you?

RORY: Stop it!

PARIS: Make me! Come back here, Gilmore! Come back and fight like a man. [Paris chases Rory around the gym until Rory trips and falls] And the worst part is, you told her about Jamie. I can't believe I ever considered you my best friend.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai and Rory walk to the porch]

RORY: I still can't believe it. I can't believe I got sucked in like that.

LORELAI: Ugh, that Francie is pure evil, so she'll probably wind up president.

RORY: Paris is so upset. She totally thinks I betrayed her.

LORELAI: She'll calm down.

RORY: Paris has never calmed down.

LORELAI: She'll calm down.

RORY: I can't believe I was her best friend. I feel awful.

LORELAI: Look, I'll tell you what. If you wanna make things right, just go back to school tomorrow and let her s\*ab you.

RORY: Great idea.

LORELAI: I'm nothing if not full of suggestions.

RORY: Or full of something.

[Emily opens the door]

RORY: Hey Grandma.

LORELAI: Hi Mom.

EMILY: Come in, it's cold.

[they walk inside]

LORELAI: Do you want me to talk to her? You know, arrange a sit-down?

RORY: No, thanks.

LORELAI: Come on. We'll have it in an Italian restaurant. You'll get up, go to the bathroom ▯ thanks ▯ and come out sh\*\*ting, and then I'll send you to Italy.

RORY: Well, I do wanna go to Italy.

LORELAI: Two birds with one stone, my friend.

[they walk to the living room and sit down]

LORELAI: Is everything okay, Mom?

EMILY: Of course it's okay. Why wouldn't it be okay?

LORELAI: I don't know. You just seem a little quiet.

EMILY: Do I? I guess I do. I don't really have a lot to say, actually. I know, why don't I read to you instead. [picks up a booklet]

LORELAI: Huh, what's that?

EMILY: This? Nothing, just your deposition.

LORELAI: My. . .how did you get □

EMILY: Shh. Listen, it's fun. Okay. [reads] "Question □ Would you say your mother is a tolerant woman?"

LORELAI: Oh boy.

EMILY: "Answer □ Um, well, sure."

LORELAI: What? I said you were.

EMILY: You said sure.

LORELAI: Which to most people means yes.

EMILY: Yes, to most people, it does, but I've heard you say sure, and your sure is always sarcastic.

LORELAI: I do not have a sarcastic sure. . .do I?

RORY: Pick spot on carpet and stare.

EMILY: "Question □ Why has your mother dismissed maids in the past?"

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: "Answer □ Different reasons."

LORELAI: Well, that's true, right?

EMILY: "Can you expand on that? Answer □ Gee, how much time do you have?"

LORELAI: Okay, see □

EMILY: "I mean, if you guys have a lunch or an afternoon squash game or something. . .you look like the kind of guys who play squash. And hey, why's it called squash? Is it something to do with the fruit? Or vegetable, right? A squash is a vegetable, though if you ask me, it's gross no matter what you call it. Well, anyway, what I'm saying is you might want to clear your afternoon."

LORELAI: I was flustered. He was using lawyer tricks.

RORY: By asking you to expand?

LORELAI: Now you decide to pipe in?

EMILY: Didn't I tell you this was important, Lorelai?

LORELAI: Yes, you did.

EMILY: So, in spite of the fact that I told you it was important, you couldn't find it in your heart to put aside your personal antagonism toward me for one day and help me out.

LORELAI: Mom, this is not fair. I said a lot of nice things about you in there.

EMILY: Oh really? "Would you say your mother sets impossible goals which people cannot help but

fail to reach, thereby reinforcing her already formed opinion of their deficiencies? Answer ▢ Only for her daughter."

LORELAI: Okay, not there, but keep flipping.

MAID: I'm sorry to interrupt, but dinner is ready Mrs. Gilmore.

LORELAI: Dinner, hey! Dinner's ready. Who's hungry besides me? I'd keep it warm. We're gonna be here awhile. Okay, go ahead.

EMILY: "Would you call your mother an extremely critical woman? Long pause." Why was there a long pause, Lorelai?

LORELAI: Because I was deliberately trying to hurt you, Mom.

EMILY: "On a scale from one to ten, what would you rate your mother in terms of compassion for others' feelings?" Wanna guess what she said?

RORY: No, thank you.

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: Hang on a second, Lorelai. I just want to skip to the Ben Hur reference.

LORELAI: Yeah, I did.

CUT TO CHILTON

[Rory sits alone in the cafeteria. A paper airplane that says "Leper" lands on her table. She tosses it aside and puts on her headphones.]

CUT TO SOOKIE AND JACKSON'S HOUSE

[Jackson walks through the front door]

JACKSON: Sookie, I'm home. I got the -

SOOKIE: Surprise!

JACKSON: What is this?

SOOKIE: I made you dinner.

JACKSON: It smells terrific.

SOOKIE: Lamb chops with Sicilian olives, rosemary and garlic, and a warm potato and chorizo salad.

JACKSON: I love lamb chops with Sicilian olives, rosemary and garlic, and a warm potato and chorizo salad.

SOOKIE: I know.

JACKSON: What's that?

SOOKIE: Beef jerky.

JACKSON: You made beef jerky for me.

SOOKIE: And there's cornbread, and fried marshmallow pie for dessert.

JACKSON: And you have CCR on.

SOOKIE: Well, you like CCR.

JACKSON: I know I like CCR, you don't like CCR.

SOOKIE: Sometimes I like CCR, and tonight I like CCR.

JACKSON: You cheated on me!

SOOKIE: No.

JACKSON: Oh my God.

SOOKIE: I just flirted accidentally!

JACKSON: Turn it off.

SOOKIE: Let me explain.

JACKSON: Every time I hear it now, it'll remind me that my wife cheated on me.

SOOKIE: Flirted ▯ accidentally!

JACKSON: You ruined Creedence for me!

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is sitting on the couch, Rory walks into the living room]

RORY: I'm going to bed.

LORELAI: At nine-thirty?

RORY: Yeah, well, going a whole day without talking to anyone is a lot more tiring than you think.

LORELAI: I hate those girls.

RORY: It's fine. It was the first lunch that didn't start with a recitation of the calorie content of everything on the table, so actually it was kind of a relief.

LORELAI: I hate them anyhow.

RORY: Night.

LORELAI: Night babe.

[Rory walks back to her room as the phone rings]

LORELAI: [answers] Hello?

ALEX: Lorelai, it's Alex Lesman. We met at The Learning Center the other day. My friend



accidentally asked your friend out on a date.

LORELAI: Um, right, hi.

ALEX: How are ya?

LORELAI: I'm good.

ALEX: Fat Sal sends his love.

LORELAI: Right back at him.

ALEX: Look, I know this must seem kind of out of the blue. You're probably wondering how I got your number.

LORELAI: Information?

ALEX: No, that would've been far too logical. I actually called your inn. I was gonna leave a message, but this French guy just gave me your home number. Said I shouldn't worry about calling too late, that you usually stay up 'til three, four in the morning.

LORELAI: Yeah, don't worry about him, he's getting fired tomorrow. So, what's up?

ALEX: Well, I was wondering something.

LORELAI: Uh huh. . .

ALEX: On weekends, I like to go to different coffee shops, try their coffee, look at what they're doing.

LORELAI: See if there's anything you can steal and possibly disguise as your own?

ALEX: Exactly, kind of a low-rent corporate espionage. Anyway, sometimes I'll hit two coffee shops that have surprisingly similar product, and I for the life of me cannot decide which one is better.

LORELAI: Bummer.

ALEX: Yes, bummer, so I thought it would really help to have another person there who could help me make these crucial evaluations.

LORELAI: Interesting solution to a fascinating problem.

ALEX: So I was wondering what you were doing this Saturday.

LORELAI: You know, it's funny you should ask me this, because I just happen to be one of the world's foremost coffee experts.

ALEX: Really?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, it's basically just me and this guy named Chuckles in Brazil.

ALEX: Sounds like fate. So, what do you say?

LORELAI: Sure.

ALEX: Great. Just to be on the safe side, you do know this is a date, right?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, I got that.

ALEX: Good.

LORELAI: So, you guys come up with a name for your place yet?

ALEX: Right now, the top contender is Sludge.

LORELAI: Excuse me?

ALEX: Moving on, my partner likes Regular Joe.

LORELAI: Huh.

ALEX: Then again, his name is Joe.

LORELAI: Well, fancy that.

ALEX: So, still won't let go of The Mudhouse, huh?

LORELAI: Afraid not. What else you got?

ALEX: Well, okay, how about Black Liquid Hope Sold Here?

LORELAI: See, now you're making some progress.

THE END

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