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07x18 - Hay Bale Maze

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DRAGONFLY INN

[Sookie and Michel are filling some baskets.]

MICHEL: What are you doing?

SOOKIE: What?

MICHEL: Oh, fine.

SOOKIE: Michel. Michel.

MICHEL: Michel what?

SOOKIE: You can't put your schedules in the front of the basket. It's blocking everything.

MICHEL: So?

SOOKIE: So it shouldn't block everything. It doesn't look good.

MICHEL: [Laughing] Yes, it does. I am a man of refine and renown. Aesthetic Fabien Baron once publicly admired the way I decorated my locker at crunch.

SOOKIE: What?

MICHEL: I worked extremely hard on these schedules, and it looks good.

SOOKIE: Yes, the schedules look nice, okay. Lovely font choice, lovely use of bullet points, but give me a break it's not like you made them on an antique printing press or something.

MICHEL: Oh! I'm sorry. Did you make your chocolate-dipped apricots on an antique printing press?

SOOKIE: Ha ha. No, of course not.

MICHEL: Touché. [Moves the schedule]

SOOKIE: Ah no, that's not a touché. [Moves the schedule back]

MICHEL: Touché. [Moves the schedule again]

SOOKIE: Touché. [Moves the schedule back]

MICHEL: Tou—

[They start having a slap fight like kids]

SOOKIE: Leave it! leave it! leave it!

LORELAI: [Entering room] Hi, guys. How are the baskets coming?

SOOKIE: Great.

MICHEL: Yeah, just great.

LORELAI: Oh, wow. Looks like Mr. Crankypants is in his usual spring-fling funk.

MICHEL: I'm not in a funk.

LORELAI: I wasn't talking about you, I was talking about Mr. Crankypants. Hey, the schedule looks good.

SOOKIE: You should see his gym locker. Touché.

MICHEL: Touché yourself.

LORELAI: [Reading the schedule] "Dance of the daffodils, bingo, sack races, pie-eating... bird-watching"? We didn't schedule any bird-watching, did we?

MICHEL: There was a void.

LORELAI: Huh?

MICHEL: On the schedule there was nothing scheduled on Saturday evening. It looks ridiculous so I wrote in bird-watching.

LORELAI: Oh, that's clever. Except for the fact we didn't schedule any bird-watching.

MICHEL: So?

LORELAI: So what if people want to do some bird-watch?

MICHEL: Oh, please. No one will want to go bird-watching.

LORELAI: How do you know?

MICHEL: Who wants to watch birds? Why on earth would you watch a bird?

LORELAI: Oh you know what should be on here is hay-bale maze.

SOOKIE: I can't believe we're actually having a hay-bale maze.

MICHEL: Oh, what is wrong with people? Walking in hay? Don't they have lives? Don't they have televisions and elliptical machines? What kind of weirdo wants to walk around in a maze of hay?

LORELAI: Taylor Doose and no one else.

LORELAI: But don't you vote on these things in your adorable little meetings?

SOOKIE: He hoodwinked us.

LORELAI: yeah. This year he gave an impassioned speech about how his childhood dream was to visit a hay-bale maze. And and he was clutching hay and crying. It was very disconcerting but oddly

moving. So we voted yes. It was a pity vote.

SOOKIE: And a hoodwinked vote.

LORELA: And it turns out he wasn't really crying so much as he was allergic to the hay.

MICHEL: Oh! Whatever.

SOOKIE: Michel, people stopped saying "whatever" like two years ago.

MICHEL: Whatever. I'm outtie 5,000.

OPENING CREDITS

PARIS AND DOYLE'S APARTMENT

[Logan and Doyle having breakfast.]

PARIS: oh. Great.

DOYLE: What's the matter, babe?

PARIS: Logan, did you just polish off a carton of milk?

LOGAN: Oh, yeah, I guess I did. Sorry. There's plenty more in there, though.

PARIS: Well, actually, no.

LOGAN: Really?

PARIS: Nope. There's no milk in here for my cereal. It's cool. I'll just skip breakfast and suffer the afternoon mood swings.

LOGAN: I'm sorry I could have sworn there were like four or five cartons in there.

PARIS: Each of these milks is here for a reason. I need the 2% for my cereal, whole milk for my tea, half-and-half for my coffee, skim milk for cooking or baking, plus, I like to keep lactaid on hand for Doyle.

DOYLE: Which I don't need. Because I'm not lactose intolerant.

PARIS: You're lactose resistant. You have a bias against lactose. You're sensitive.

DOYLE: I'm not sensitive. I have no problem with lactose.

PARIS: There's nothing wrong with being sensitive. Jake Gyllenhaal is sensitive. Orlando Bloom is sensitive.

DOYLE: Me and lactose are cool. We're down.

LOGAN: I tell you what, I'll replenish the 2% and keep my paws off the lactaid.

DOYLE: I don't need the lactaid.

RORY: Good morning.

DOYLE: Me and lactose are bros.

RORY: Glad to hear it.

PARIS: I wouldn't throw Jake Gyllenhaal out of bed.

RORY: Also good to know.

LOGAN: Good morning, ace. Welcome to the party.

PARIS: FYI, there's no 2% milk.

RORY: Ah oh.

LOGAN: Guilty as charged. Man, you look great. That is one smart-looking suit.

RORY: Well, let's hope that it does most of the talking because I keep thinking of questions that they might ask me, and this lovely little thing keeps happening where my mind goes completely blank. You know it's like "Rory, what journalists do you admire?" ah-um "What journalists do I admire?" And nothing. It's a blank. It's like a snowstorm in here. It's all white and empty.

PARIS: Uh-oh.

LOGAN: You're gonna be great.

DOYLE: Absolutely.

PARIS: Or you'll choke. What? It's your first big interview. You very well may panic. I'm just saying, don't panic if you panic.

RORY: Ah that's so sweet, Paris.

DOYLE: Which paper is it?

RORY: The Providence Journal Bulletin.

DOYLE: The pro jo -- no kidding? It's a good paper. Excellent reputation. Top-notch staff.

RORY: Yeah, it could be a really good job.

DOYLE: Oh on the downside, word on the street is they work their cubs hard. Long hours, lots of working lunches. And they do have a comics section.

LOGAN: What's wrong with a comic section?

DOYLE: Let's just say The New York Times does not have a comic section. Speaking of the biz, I should hit the road here. Where the heck is my attaché case?

LOGAN: You are gonna be great.

RORY: Oh, thanks.

PARIS: I got a credit-card statement addressed to you, Logan. Addressed to you here. No "care of..." just you.

LOGAN: Yeah that stuff used to go to my dad's business manager. I had them forward it here. Hope

that's okay.

RORY: That's okay. Isn't it okay?

PARIS: Yes. You're right. Of course it's okay.

RORY: Okay, I need to pick out a coat. A trench coat would be too "All The President's Men," but my blue coat would be too "His Girl Friday."

PARIS: I'm just gonna cut to the chase. Why are you here?

LOGAN: You're not talking metaphysically, are you?

PARIS: Seriously, Huntzberger. You're used to living in places with doormen and Danish furniture and refrigerators so fancy, magnets won't stick to them. This craphole's smaller than the walk-in closet in your last pad. What's the deal?

LOGAN: Well, my last pad was not my pad, technically. My dad's company was picking up the rent, and since I'm no longer working with my dad's company, they weren't so keen on it.

PARIS: Plus, you're broke.

LOGAN: I'm not broke.

RORY: What about this? Is it too "That Girl"?

LOGAN: You can never be too "That Girl."

DOYLE: Man, those corn flakes really did a number on me.

RORY: Okay, I better go catch my train. Have a good day.

LOGAN: Good luck, ace. Knock 'em dead.

RORY: Okay I will.

LOGAN: Call me after.

RORY: Okay, bye.

PARIS: Oh, after you're finished with all your work, it'd be great if you could...

LOGAN: Pick up some 2%. I'm on it.

PARIS: "Do the dishes," I was going to say.

LOGAN: Oh, okay, sure.

PARIS: And, Logan, this probably goes without saying, but no scrubby sponges on the Teflon pans.

LOGAN: Wouldn't dream of it.

LUKE'S APARTMENT

LUKE: Wow. What'd you do, raid the New Mexico state library?

APRIL: I know, I know I just couldn't anticipate what I'd be in the mood for. Would I feel like reading Melville or McInerney? Or would I be in more of a Native-American, interconnected short-narratives mood, in which case, I'd go for the Louise Erdrich and some "love medicine."

LUKE: Yeah you know what I love about you?

APRIL: My dazzling wit and generous heart?

LUKE: The fact that you could be in a Native-American's interconnective short-narratives mood.

APRIL: It's fascinating stuff, and you know what's funny? Growing up in New England, it's like you're told over and over that you live in this old place where houses are 300 years old and there's all this history, right?

LUKE: Right,

APRIL: Well, some of these pueblos, like the Aztec ruins national monument, or the Casamero Pueblo ruins -- I mean, people were living there in 1100 A.D. It's like, "suck it, New England."

LUKE: It's like what?

APRIL: And actually, one of my swim-team friends lives on the Jicarilla Apache reservation, which is pretty fabulous.

LUKE: Fabulous, huh?

APRIL: "Fabulous" is the new word in school.

LUKE: I see so New Mexico doesn't seem so terrible after all, huh?

APRIL: Yeah, not so terrible.

LUKE: You know, you look good. Grown-up. Maybe it's the new glasses.

APRIL: Thanks. A girl can only be called Sally Jessy so many times before she has to rethink the red frames. Plus, I think these go better with earrings.

LUKE: With...

[April pulls her hair away from her ear]

LUKE: Oh, look at that. You got pierced ears.

APRIL: I basically had to. Unadorned ears seem like a total waste when all around where I live, all this fabulous jewelry making is going on. Oh, speaking of which...

LUKE: What's this?

APRIL: Open it.

LUKE: Ah. [opens the box] Oh, wow, a bracelet.

APRIL: Navaho tradition says that turquoise is a piece of sky that fell to earth. And the apache used to put little pieces of it on their arrows so that they'd aim more true.

LUKE: Well that is very sweet of you, April. Thank you very much.

APRIL: Well? Put it on. Let's see what it looks like.

LUKE: [Chuckles]

APRIL: Fab-u-lous.

LUKE: Yeah, fabulous.

APRIL: Totally.

LUKE: Yeah.

DRAGONFLY INN - RECEPTION DESK

[Michel serves a customer while Lorelai is working on the computer]

MICHEL: Is that a rhetorical question?

MR SINCLAIR: I beg your pardon?

MICHEL: You said, "who doesn't love the spring fling festival?" And I'm asking...

LORELAI: Because we just can't imagine anyone who doesn't love it. Michel, will you grab their keys? Mr. And Mrs. Sinclair, it's so wonderful to have you back. Welcome.

MRS SINCLAIR: We've been dreaming about the festival since the middle of January.

MR SINCLAIR: Mm-hmm. This winter was a doozy.

KID: I got my tongue stuck to the swing set in our backyard.

LORELAI: Wow. Really?

MRS SINCLAIR: He did. I had to get my hair dryer and an extension cord and melt the poor thing free.

LORELAI: Well, it's just pony rides and funnel cakes from now on. Let me show you all our information. [Goes to answer the phone] Oh, just excuse me one second. [On the phone] Dragonfly inn.

RORY: [On a Train] Hey.

LORELAI: Hi, how did it go?

RORY: It went great!

LORELAI: Wow, that's great. Hold on a second. I'll be right back. Michel, will you talk to Rory? [Back to the Sinclair's] Okay, so here's your map.

MICHEL: Hello.

RORY: Hey, Michel. How's it going?

MICHEL: Middling to poor. Where are you? I hear noise.

RORY: I'm on a train on my way back from Providence.

MICHEL: Oh.

RORY: What?

MICHEL: I do not care for trains.

RORY: Oh, no? I'm sorry.

MICHEL: Trains are dirty.

RORY: Well, this train doesn't look very dirty.

MICHEL: You know what I find particularly disgusting?

RORY: What?

MICHEL: Train tracks. They remind me somehow of trails left behind by slugs. You know there are a lot of slugs in the spring, you know? Oozing all over the place. Uh, I think your mother is done now. It was nice talking to you.

LORELAI: [To the Sinclair's] Thank you. Have a good time. [To Rory] Hey.

RORY: So it's spring fling time again, huh?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, when a young man's fancy turns to being totally rude. So tell me about the interview. I want to hear everything. You walked in the door. What kind of door? You sat in a chair. What kind of chair? Go.

RORY: I met the editor, Kate Hessel, and she invited me in. I sat down, we started talking, and we just had so much to talk about. It was great. It was an amazing interview.

LORELAI: Wow! That's great!

RORY: It was we talked about Seymour Hersh and how he was comparing Iran to Nicaragua and the contra w*r and everything, from Alexander Haig and Watergate to the Oprah phenomenon. And the best part was I was just being myself, you know? I was just talking, and I forgot about impressing her.

LORELAI: But there you were, impressing her.

RORY: Yeah and she said she'd call me by tomorrow to let me know whether or not I got the job.

LORELAI: Wow, tomorrow?

RORY: Yes I feel that everything's happening so fast. I can't believe school's almost over. I can't believe it's spring already.

LORELAI: Well, it is, believe me. We are lousy with spring flingers here.

RORY: How are those spring flingers?

LORELAI: Well you know, as bright-eyed and bushy-tailed as ever. So you gonna make it this year?

RORY: Oh I do want to come, but...

LORELAI: Yay! Did I just "yay" over your "but"?

RORY: But I wanted to check with you first because I want to make sure it's cool if I bring Logan, too.

LORELAI: Oh. Y-yes, of course. Gosh, I should have thought of that. I'm sorry.

RORY: Oh, no, it's cool.

LORELAI: You can give him the grand tour of Stars Hollow, and I'll show embarrassing pictures of you picking your nose.

RORY: Oh, no. No baby pictures.

LORELAI: Who said they're baby pictures? So, um, you're bringing a guy home.

RORY: It's not like I picked him up at a truck stop.

LORELAI: No, no, I know. You're bringing a suitor, a gentleman caller, home to stars hollow. I'm gonna have to get out my pipe and dust off my "what are your intentions?" Cue cards.

ANNOUNCER ON TRAIN: Next stop, mystic. Mystic, Connecticut.

LORELAI: Listen to you on the train.

RORY: I know. I'm in my suit. I'm reading the paper.

LORELAI: Coming back from your job interview.

RORY: I know I just went on an interview for a real job in the real world.

LORELAI: Wow, I am impressed.

RORY: Thanks, mom.

LORELAI: Seriously. I'm impressed.

RORY: I'll see you tomorrow.

[They hang up and Rory smiles while reading the paper]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

[Rory and Logan enter and make their way to the living room]

RORY: Okay, here we are! This is the entryway, or the foyer, if you're feeling fancy or French.

LOGAN: Wow.

RORY: You can just leave that stuff here. What do you mean "wow"? When you walk into your parents' foyer, there is a genuine-article Magritte right there and a chandelier the size of a Volkswagen. Now, that is a foyer with a capital "F."

LOGAN: Yeah but this is where Rory Gilmore grew up -- the Rory Gilmore.

RORY: Hello?

LORELAI: Are you here?

RORY: No, we're really far away screaming really loudly.

LORELAI: Ha ha ha. Hi, hi! Welcome, welcome!

LOGAN: How you doing, Lorelai?

LORELAI: Good, good. Apparently I say everything twice now. It's charming. Charming.

LOGAN: Well, these are for you. [Hands Lorelai some flowers]

LORELAI: Oh! Wow. Thank you.

LOGAN: Thank you for having me.

LORELAI: They're beautiful. I'll put them in a vase.

LOGAN: They're Cymbidium orchids. They're native to the foothills of the Himalayas.

LORELAI: Well, that sounds fancy. And they look fancy, too. Wow.

LOGAN: This is a beautiful house.

LORELAI: Thank you. I never know what to say when somebody says that. You don't want to agree, but on the other hand, it feels weird to disagree and say, "no, it's a dump," so thank you.

LOGAN: It's charming. Charming.

RORY: Hey, mom, we still get cell reception in here, right?

LORELAI: Yeah, of course, honey. Why? Ooh, the job.

RORY: Yeah, she said she'd let me know by today.

LOGAN: Today's not over. Today's just starting.

LORELAI: Oh, honey, I'm sure she's just busy at work, you know? Speaking of which, I should get to work because Michel's mental state is very precarious today.

RORY: Yeah, go. We'll be fine.

LORELAI: Okay I circled some stuff in the paper for you, though. So you'd have stuff to do. There's some movies if you feel like going to the movies. And um I noticed that the colonial butter churners are having an exhibition at the antiquarian society. That could be kind of funny. And um then there will be a lot to do tomorrow with the festival and everything. There will be games and face-painting and stuff like that...

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: What? You've lived here before?

RORY: Yeah I think I remember enough to show Logan around. This is the town with the Sistine chapel, right?

LORELAI: Oh yeah and don't forget to show him the Pyramids, Kitty-corner from the Wailing wall.

LOGAN: Thank you.

LORELAI: Thanks. Um so I got you guys set up in Rory's room, and um just make yourselves at home. I made up the bed for you and the trundle bed, so you can do whatever you want. I mean, bed-wise.

RORY: Okay great, that's great.

LORELAI: So I'll see you later for dinner. Unless you want to have dinner alone, which is total cool.

LOGAN: Don't be ridiculous.

RORY: We want to have dinner with you.

LORELAI: Okay, good. Well I have the town meeting, but I'll be home after. I will wow you with my takeout-ordering skills.

RORY: She really is amazing.

LORELAI: There's talk of a show on the food network.

LOGAN: Sounds great.

LORELAI: And you have some guest towels there.

RORY: Oh, I didn't know we had guest towels.

LORELAI: Of course. "Guest towels." A fancy way of saying "towels that are clean."

RORY: Oh.

LORELAI: All right, I'll see you later. Have fun.

RORY: Okay, bye. I'll take that, then. [Sighing] Oh.

LOGAN: Come here.

RORY: What?

LOGAN: Why don't you come over here and find out?

RORY: What? Here? Where the Rory Gilmore used to sleep?

LOGAN: Hi.

RORY: Hi.

[They kiss]

STARS HOLLOW - OUTSIDE MISS PATTYS

MISS PATTY: And 4 and 5. Keep those toes pointed. Mary, that means you. Extend and reach out. Roots push into the soil!

[Rory and Logan walking down the street]

RORY: And this right here -- this is the very curb where I fell off my bicycle the second time.

LOGAN: Wait, is that blood?

RORY: Yeah you joke, but it was very traumatic, okay? I scraped up my whole face. There was a big old scab on my nose the first two weeks of fifth grade. Oh, they called me bozo.

LOGAN: Bozo.

RORY: And Rudolph and scab nose.

LOGAN: Oh.

RORY: [Giggles] This is the curb where I fell off my bike the third time.

LOGAN: Oh, poor little scab nose.

RORY: Yes. It's also the place where I decided I would never ride a bicycle again in my entire life, or at least till the end of elementary school.

LOGAN: There should be a plaque.

RORY: There should be. Oh and this is Miss Patty's dance school.

LOGAN: Any injuries incurred here?

RORY: Only psychological ones.

LOGAN: That's cute. Those are some pretty avant-garde costumes there?

RORY: They are. They're bold. It's for the dance of the daffodils. There are three acts, you see. In the first one, the bulbs dance, then they grow st*lks, and then they bloom into daffodils by the third.

LOGAN: Oh, that's cute.

RORY: Mm-hmm.

LOGAN: And this hay-bale maze -- this is all Taylor's idea?

RORY: Yep.

LOGAN: This is the same Taylor who is town selectman and owns two businesses.

RORY: Yeah, he's basically the Mayor of Stars Hollow and Don Corleone all wrapped up into one.

LOGAN: That's fascinating.

RORY: That's fascinating?

LOGAN: I find Stars Hollow fascinating.

RORY: You're out of your gourd.

LOGAN: No, I'm very much in my gourd. It's like colonial Williamsburg with fewer knickers and Tricorn hats.

RORY: And more hay? This is Luke's diner.

LOGAN: Oh. When you were younger, were you in the dance of the daffodils?

RORY: Maybe.

LOGAN: You were, weren't you?

RORY: Well, therein lies the psychological injury.

LOGAN: What happened?

RORY: I didn't bloom. My headpiece malfunctioned.

LOGAN: Poor little scab nose.

RORY: Yeah.

[They enter Luke's]

LOGAN: Wow, the famous Luke's.

ZACH: Rory!

RORY: Oh, hey, Zach! You know Logan.

ZACH: Sure, sure. How's it going, man?

LOGAN: Great I'm having a great time.

ZACH: Hey, we just saw Kwan and Steve. Oh, yeah? Wait, Lane was there, too, right?

RORY: Yeah.

LOGAN: She was there. She looks great.

RORY: Yeah and the babies are already growing so big.

ZACH: I know, huh? Especially Kwan. Well, at least in the torso. He's got this superlong torso, but Steve's growing in the arms and legs department.

RORY: I noticed he has long legs.

ZACH: Dude, Steve's an octopus, man, but Kwan's got the torso. When it comes to torso, he's so on it.

[They laugh]

ZACH: Well, I got to get back to work. You guys sit anywhere you like.

RORY: Thanks, Zach.

LOGAN: So, is this your table?

RORY: Oh, I guess they're all kind of mine. They're each my own little kitchen table.

[Rory checks her cell phone]

LOGAN: No call?

RORY: No call.

LOGAN: Don't worry.

LUKE: Rory, hey!

RORY: Hey.

LUKE: Hey, Logan.

LOGAN: How's it going, man?

LUKE: Good, good. So what brings you to this neck of the woods?

RORY: Ah the spring fling, and it's my neck -- of the woods, I mean. I wanted to show Logan around.

LUKE: Well, it's good to see you.

RORY: Yeah you too.

LUKE: You know April's here for the festival, too. She's hanging out with her swim buddies, but I know she'd love to see you.

RORY: Oh, great.

LUKE: You guys know what you want, do you need a minute?

RORY: Do you want to peruse the menu first?

LOGAN: Sure.

RORY: We'll peruse.

LUKE: Peruse away.

RORY: [Sighs and checks the cell phone again]

LOGAN: She'll call you. Now, put it away.

RORY: But...

LOGAN: Put it away.

RORY: Hmm. You know, it's so not a big deal.

LOGAN: What isn't?

RORY: Not getting this job. I mean It's not even my first choice. What I really want is the Reston

fellowship. And not getting this job is just so not a big deal.

LOGAN: Okay.

RORY: Yeah, I mean, and Providence? It's no Manhattan.

LOGAN: That's true, because it's Providence.

RORY: Right.

LUKE: [bringing water to the table] What the hell?

RORY: Whoa.

LUKE: Taylor, you cannot... [Luke rushes outside] Taylor, what the hell are you doing?

TAYLOR: Now, take it easy, Luke.

LUKE: I am taking it easy, Taylor.

TAYLOR: No, you're not. The veins in your neck are starting to pop out at me.

LUKE: Why is there a giant wall of hay right in front of my diner?!

TAYLOR: The entire town voted. I'm just executing what the town wants.

LUKE: This is not what the town wants. This is what you want!

[Logan and Rory watching from their table]

LOGAN: Oh, stars hollow is better than Colonial Williamsburg.

RORY: Mm-hmm.

STARS HOLLOW - TOWN SQUARE

[Lorelai and Sookie walking]

SOOKIE: So they're staying in the trundle bed, huh?

LORELAI: Yep.

SOOKIE: So if they're all cozy and trundly, I guess that means Logan's out of the doghouse, huh?

LORELAI: Out of the doghouse. Back to roaming the neighborhood.

SOOKIE: What is that tone?

LORELAI: Oh, no tone. He's lovely. I'm glad that they're doing well and they're back together and that he stopped gallivanting.

SOOKIE: Gallivanting?

LORELAI: You know, gambling in Vegas, jumping off buildings, whatever it was he was doing. Of course, I don't love that he was doing it so recently.

SOOKIE: Sounds like Logan's still in somebody's doghouse.

LORELAI: No, no, no. Logan's a lovely young man. He's nice and polite and funny. He's got that hair, you know? The hair that could sell shampoo to a bald man.

SOOKIE: Mm-hmm.

LORELAI: Logan is a very charming young man.

SOOKIE: I know that tone.

LORELAI: What tone?

SOOKIE: That. The sound of repressed judgment.

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

SOOKIE: I am talking about last month at the book-shop bake sale when Winsen brown came up and told us that her daughter Maude was just signed by Ford, you know, as a baby model, and you were like, "oh, Winsen, that's wonderful. What a great way for a 9-month-old to see the world." That's the exact same tone.

LORELAI: I don't mean to be judgmental.

SOOKIE: I know that's why you're talking like you've had your jaw wired shut. [laughs]

LORELAI: No, I just... I mean, Rory is an adult now, you know? She's riding trains and wearing suits. Made sense for me to have an opinion when we were talking about Jess or Dean, but with Logan, I don't know. It's just really not my place anymore.

SOOKIE: I see.

LORELAI: I mean sure, I don't love that he just did a business deal behind his father's back and lost millions of dollars. And I don't love that after that, he quit his job and moved in with Rory. These are not things I love. And I'm not crazy about the fact that, apparently, in the name of getting on his feet, he's writing in some sort of idea book, which is, as far as I can tell, is just a notebook in which he writes ideas.

SOOKIE: Wait, what?

LORELAI: Yeah, right. I mean I have a dream journal, but I don't use it as evidence of my responsibility. Look, he's an overcoiffed, overprivileged young man, but it's not my place.

SOOKIE: To judge.

LORELAI: Exactly.

SOOKIE: Mm-hmm.

LORELAI: Wait a minute. Where are the booths?

SOOKIE: Where are the booths?

LORELAI: I mean, the festival's tomorrow. All I see is hay.

SOOKIE: A ridiculous amount of hay.

MISS PATTYS - TOWN MEETING

[Lorelai and Sookie enter as people start to gather]

LORELAI: Huh!

SOOKIE: Wow! It's crowded.

LORELAI: Yeah full house, huh?

APRIL: Lorelai!

LORELAI: Hey.

SOOKIE: Hey I'm gonna go find Jackson. I'll save you a seat.

LORELAI: Okay. April, hi! [They hug as Luke and April come over] How you guys doing?

APRIL: Oh, I'm fabulous.

LORELAI: Fabulous. So how is New Mexico treating you? You had any interesting encounters with UFOs lately?

APRIL: Oh, tons, but you know what they say - "What happens in Roswell stays in Roswell."

LORELAI: Hmm. Do they say that?

LUKE: Well, she does.

LORELAI: Wow, someone got their ears pierced. Glamorous.

APRIL: Thank you.

LUKE: Someone's growing up fast, huh?

LORELAI: NO kidding.

APRIL: I can hear you guys, you know. I'm getting our seat.

LUKE: Alright I'll be right there.

APRIL: See you later, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Bye, hon. Oh. So...

LUKE: So, how's the Inn?

LORELAI: Good. It's, uh, full of spring flingers.

LUKE: Oh, I bet.

LORELAI: How's the diner?

LUKE: Uh, same as ever. You know.

LORELAI: Yeah.

[Gavel bangs]

TAYLOR: If everybody would please take their seats, I'll call this meeting to order.

LORELAI: Well, I guess we better...

LUKE: See you later.

LORELAI: Okay.

TAYLOR: Now, I am aware that a small but vocal minority of you have expressed concern about the progress of this year's spring fling festival. I would like to take this time to assure you that everything is going as planned.

[Crowd murmuring, Taylor continues to talk.]

SOOKIE: So, how was it with Luke?

LORELAI: Um... polite, succinct, fine.

SOOKIE: Good.

LORELAI: Yeah.

TAYLOR: ...well it is Babette, I assure you there's nothing to worry about.

BABETTE: But what about our booths? We don't have our booths!

TAYLOR: Everything is under control. Take, for instance, the hay-bale maze. It's coming along wonderfully.

LUKE: It's taking over the whole town.

TAYLOR: What do you mean?

JACKSON: There's hay everywhere. I haven't seen so much hay since... I have never in my life seen so much hay.

[Crowd agrees]

TAYLOR: Would everyone please take a handful of chill pills?

GYPSY: Where the hell is my damn lemonade booth?

TAYLOR: You don't need to worry about your lemonade booth.

GYPSY: Why not? The festival is tomorrow, and I have to start squeezing my lemons, and I don't have my equipment or my booth.

TAYLOR: You don't have to worry about that, gypsy, because you don't need to squeeze lemons because you don't need lemonade. Because there isn't going to be a lemonade booth this year.

[Crowd mumbling again]

GYPSY: What?!

TAYLOR: The budget for the lemonade booth has been reallocated to the hay-bale maze.

BABETTE: What about Morey's salty nuts?! How's he supposed to have his salty nuts booth if we don't have a lemonade booth? If people start eating salty nuts and they don't have easy access to lemonade, their mouths will fall off.

TAYLOR: Well you don't have to worry about that, Babette, because there's not going to be a salty nuts booth because the budget for the salty nuts booth has been reallocated to the hay-bale maze.

BABETTE: What?!

[Crowd murmuring]

LORELAI: He spent the entire budget on the hay-bale maze.

SOOKIE: No.

TAYLOR: I put the entire budget into the hay-bale maze.

SOOKIE: No!

LORELAI: Taylor, you can't do that. I have an inn full of guests who've come here, traveled miles, withstood winter, who blow-dried their tongues off their swing sets so they could get to the spring fling.

TAYLOR: Yes.

LORELAI: They expect certain things, the traditional events -- pie-eating contests, pony rides. They don't want just a hay-bale maze and nothing else.

TAYLOR: Feast your eyes on this bad boy.

MICHEL: Taylor!

LUKE: That goes right up to my diner. It's blocking my entire diner.

BABETTE: I don't get it. Is it a race?

TAYLOR: You people clearly don't understand the long and rich history of mazes. Ladies and gentlemen of stars hollow, perhaps this will help.

[Taylor uncovers someone standing in a costume with a cow's head]

LORELAI: Oh, my god.

GYPSY: What the hell is that?

KIRK: I am the Minotaur!

LORELAI: The weird thing is he's been in that head under that velvet cloth this whole time.

KIRK: Although the word "labyrinth" is used interchangeably with "maze," maze scholars insist upon a distinction.

BABETTE: Hey, Kirk! What's with the cow's head?

TAYLOR: Where are you people going?

KIRK: A labyrinth is a universal maze, a maze without branches, without choices...

LUKE: You ready?

TAYLOR: This is important. The Minotaur is speaking.

KIRK: ...Blind alleys down which to proceed. Now, the first maze in recorded history...

STARS HOLLOW - TOWN SQUARE

BABETTE: People are gonna miss your salty nuts, baby. They are.

MOREY: Yeah.

[Babette, Morey, Lorelai and Sookie, stop to see a crane lifting the gazebo.]

LORELAI: Insane.

SOOKIE: Insane.

LORELAI: Insane.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

LORELAI: Hi, I'm home!

RORY: We're in here!

LORELAI: We got a new Thai menu that looks kind of promising. I don't know where Jessington way is, though... or never mind. I am -- I am shocked. I-I'm shocked to find there's cooking going on in here.

RORY: It is shocking, isn't it?

LOGAN: We're making paella.

LORELAI: Paella? Who can even spell paella, let alone make it? That smells good.

LOGAN: Can I get you wine? We have red and white.

RORY: Yeah and in paella, there's chicken, sausage, and shrimp. So anything goes.

LORELAI: Uh, red, please.

RORY: How was the town meeting?

LOGAN: Oh yeah, how was Taylor?

RORY: Logan's fascinated with Taylor.

LOGAN: He's fascinating.

LORELAI: He's insane. He is ripping out the gazebo with a crane.

RORY: What? What do you mean?

LORELAI: He's ripping out the gazebo with a crane. He thinks that it defeats the purpose of the maze if we can still see a town landmark.

RORY: Wait. I cannot believe that he is doing that. That gazebo has been there since Paul Revere was a baby boy.

LORELAI: I know. So what can I do? How can I help?

LOGAN: You can chop peppers.

LORELAI: Peppers. Those are the -- oh, right. Hey, how do you know how to make paella?

LOGAN: Well, when I was a junior at Exeter or -- no, sorry, Andover -- I did a semester abroad in Spain.

LORELAI: Spain -- wow.

[Cell phone rings]

RORY: Oh! I think that's me. [on the phone from the living room] Hello?...

LORELAI: Um so, I heard you had a really tough business deal. I'm sorry about that.

LOGAN: Oh, yeah, that's the way it goes. You know these things happen. A business is like an ocean. You just got to surf it.

LORELAI: [Chuckles] Right. Um, but Rory said you're working on some new ideas. How's that going?

LOGAN: Great. Really great. It's an exciting time. This is the real dot-com renaissance. Everything's changing from the way media is sourced to the way we buy things to what we buy. All the restrictions of the brick-and-mortar retail mall are gonna be a thing of the past.

LORELAI: Hmm.

LOGAN: Oh, yeah, it's way beyond Amazon and eBay now. It's kind of like what's going on with these simulation games, like "Second Life" or "World of Warcraft." Actual currency is being exchanged for virtual goods.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah?

LOGAN: I mean theoretically, I could make a fortune selling virtual Lightsabers or something on "Everquest 2"

LORELAI: Whatever happened to selling encyclopedias? Not virtual enough, I guess.

LOGAN: Ideas are really my commodity. With the experience I have and the contacts I've gained, I really feel with the right idea, boom, I could be right back on top.

LORELAI: Hmm.

RORY: Oh, my god. I got it! I got the job!

LORELAI: Oh, my god, honey! I can't believe it!

LOGAN: I can.

LORELAI: I knew you were gonna get it.

RORY: It's a real writing job!

LORELAI: A real writing job!

RORY: I mean I'd have a salary and a desk and maybe even an office. Well, not an office, but she did say something about a desk and a salary and a 401k, and I have to tell her yes or no by Monday. Oh my God.

LOGAN: Oh, I'm so proud of you, Ace.

LORELAI: Oh, honey!

RORY: Someone actually wants to pay me to write.

LORELAI: We need to celebrate.

[They each get a drink]

LOGAN: Absolutely.

LORELAI: All right, to you.

RORY: Cheers.

LORELAI: You know what this calls for.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Paella.

LOGAN: [Laughs]

RORY: Yes.

STARS HOLLOW - NIGHT TIME

[Lorelai, Rory and Logan walk past the hay-bale maze]

RORY: It's a good job.

LORELAI: It is.

LOGAN: Absolutely.

RORY: It's a really good job. I can't really imagine living in Providence, Rhode island. I mean I don't think there's a lot going on there.

LOGAN: Well, there's Brown. It's a pretty cool college town.

RORY: Yeah which would be great if I hadn't just spent the last four years in college at a college town. It is a great paper, though. I guess that's the part to focus on.

LOGAN: It's an excellent paper.

RORY: But it's kind of small.

LORELAI: Well you could be the big fish in the small pond.

RORY: Yeah which means I would actually get to write some articles, which would be great. But I don't know. Is it better to be a small fish in a pond where I'm gonna learn more and have career-advancement opportunities?

LORELAI: You don't have to decide until Monday, and between now and then, you can eat a lot of pie.

RORY: Yes, if we ever make it to Weston's.

LORELAI: Seriously.

LOGAN: Yeah, where is this Weston's of yours?

RORY: Normally, it's not far away, but all this hay's blocking all the parking spots. It's too much hay.

LORELAI: Yeah well, we're burning off a lot of calories, so thank goodness you ordered an extra pie.

RORY: Two extra pies, actually.

LORELAI: Nice!

RORY: To be quite honest, this is one of the best jobs I could imagine getting.

LORELAI: That's really great.

RORY: I know, but it's just one of, you know? It's not the best. It's just... [Sighs] I don't know. I mean, if I take this job, I'm giving up the chance at the Reston fellowship.

LOGAN: Which you really, really want.

RORY: I'd be giving up The New York Times, you know? But then, is it idiotic to give up a great job for this chance at another job? Not even a job. The fellowship's only a six-week paid internship.

LOGAN: Yeah but if the fellowship is your dream, I don't know I guess people should go for their dreams.

LORELAI: Yes, honey, I want all your dreams to come true.

LOGAN: You got to go for it sometimes. Screw the 401k.

LORELAI: Oh, well, not everyone can live in that dream world.

LOGAN: It's not in a dream world, necessarily.

LORELAI: Yes, it is, if you're talking about following your whims and neglecting financial security.

LOGAN: I'm not saying to neglect financial security.

LORELAI: Okay.

LOGAN: Not at all. When you're 22, I don't think a 401k needs to be your top priority. That's all I'm saying.

LORELAI: Right, well, all I'm saying is food costs money and rent costs money and a salary gives you money, so that can be a good thing.

LOGAN: I agree. I'm aware of the reality of money.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: All right you guys figure out my future. I'm gonna go pick up these pies.

LORELAI: Okay.

LOGAN: I just got my first credit-card statement. I'm very much aware of the reality of money.

LORELAI: You just got your first credit-card statement?

LOGAN: Earning money is great. It's just not everything.

LORELAI: No, I agree.

LOGAN: And I think in this particular situation, Rory should take the gamble.

LORELAI: The gamble? Rory's not a gambler, you know? She's a thoughtful, deliberate decision maker.

LOGAN: I know that.

LORELAI: You're a gambler, but that's not her.

RORY: Okay, cherry pie, banana-cream pie, and strawberry-rhubarb pie.

LORELAI: Great!

RORY: I just figured, if we're gonna do pie, we might as well do pie.

LOGAN: Let's do pie.

LORELAI: Let's do pie.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - RORY'S BEDROOM

[Late night Logan is wakes up.]

LOGAN: What you doing awake, Ace?

RORY: Oh, I'm sorry.

LOGAN: Oh, a pro/con list. Classic Rory Gilmore pro/con list.

RORY: There's so many factors!

LOGAN: Yeah.

RORY: What about all the other newspapers that have my résumé, you know? Taking this job means rejecting all those other possibilities. I should factor that in.

LOGAN: Yeah.

RORY: Or what about the very real possibility that print journalism is a dying animal? I should factor that in as a pro, because newspaper jobs might become increasingly rare, and I should snap up what I can get, but also as a con, because I should be careful about getting too entrenched in what could become an anachronistic medium.

LOGAN: Mm-hmm. [Reading the list on the laptop.] "Pro -- air quality in Providence as compared to air quality in Manhattan. Con -- Chinese-food quality in Providence as compared to Chinese-food quality in Manhattan." You need to go to sleep. [Closing the laptop]

RORY: Oh, no, but these are pivotal hours. I mean these are the hours when I'm gonna make my decision.

LOGAN: You need sleep, haven't you ever heard of the expression "sleep on it"?

RORY: But...

LOGAN: We can do a pro/con list about you doing a pro/con list, but I say we do it in the morning.

RORY: I guess I am kind of tired.

LOGAN: I bet.

RORY: [Yawns] What are you doing there, babe?

LOGAN: [Grunts] Just trying to get my pants on and get some water.

RORY: Oh, yeah? Some water? With your pants?

LOGAN: Yeah, I don't want to go out there without pants.

RORY: You need to put a shirt on to get water?

LOGAN: Yeah what if your mom's out there? I don't want her thinking I'm David Hasselhoff or something.

RORY: She's not gonna think you're David Hasselhoff. Socks? Logan, she's not gonna think anything weird. I promise.

LOGAN: Socks without shoes looks ridiculous. I'll be right back, sweetie.

RORY: All right, good night, David Hasselhoff.

[Rory turns out the light, Logan gets a glass and makes his way to the sink as Lorelai turns on the light.]

LORELAI: Oh.

LOGAN: Oh, hey.

LORELAI: Hi.

LOGAN: I'm sorry. I didn't wake you, did I?

LORELAI: No, I was... craving some pie, but you know what? I'm not -- I'm not hungry.

LOGAN: I just needed some water.

LORELAI: That's okay. I'll...see you in the morning.

LOGAN: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Yeah?

LOGAN: I want you to know I'm not a gambler.

LORELAI: Okay.

LOGAN: Look, I know that Rory tells you stuff, and you know all these things about me, like I know you know I went to Vegas and all that, and I just I want you to know that's not who I am. I don't want you to be worried.

LORELAI: Well... I am worried. I'm a mom. That's what we do.

LOGAN: Okay well, what exactly are you worried about?

LORELAI: Okay. I'm worried that you're not worried enough. You take things lightly. This whole "you got to surf the waves" attitude. "Cowabunga, dude." I mean, you just lost millions of dollars.

LOGAN: I know. I know I did, believe me. And I don't feel "Cowabunga, dude" inside. Believe me, I know I made a big mistake.

LORELAI: You do?

LOGAN: Yeah. But I don't want to act like that in front of you. I mean, for one thing, the whole self-flagellation thing -- it's kind of embarrassing, and I just I want you to think well of me.

LORELAI: All right, well... it's good for me to know. It's good for me to know that you know you made a mistake.

LOGAN: I made a mistake. I messed up. I really messed up.

LORELAI: Okay. I think 401k's are important. I think responsibility and paying your bills and dealing with reality is important.

LOGAN: Ah well, I'm beginning to learn about reality. I grew up with a lot of privilege.

LORELAI: Right you had that whole silver-spoon-in-the-mouth thing, and that's not how I raised Rory.

LOGAN: I know that.

LORELAI: This was not a silver-spoon household. This was Spork city all the way.

LOGAN: I get that, and I respect that because I just spat out a whole place setting of sterling silver royal Danish. I left my dad's company, I left that world because I have my own values.

LORELAI: I understand that.

LOGAN: I thought you would because that's what you did. You left the world of privilege to do things your way.

LORELAI: I guess I never thought of it that way.

LOGAN: And you did it when you were younger and had a baby to take care of. It was really impressive.

LORELAI: I don't need you to be impressed by me. I just need you to know it wasn't easy.

LOGAN: I know that.

LORELAI: I didn't get anything like "boom," you know? I worked hard for everything I got.

LOGAN: I want to work. I'm ready to work. And I want to work hard.

LORELAI: All right, then.

LOGAN: All right, then.

LORELAI: Since we're up, do you think we should have some pie?

LOGAN: Yeah.

LORELAI: Really?

LOGAN: Yeah.

LORELAI: You think we should have some vanilla ice cream on it?

LOGAN: That's my favorite. I love vanilla ice cream.

STARS HOLLOW - TOWN SQUARE

[Piano playing upbeat tune as people run through the hay-bale maze, A group from the Dragonfly Inn get off a bus.]

KID: Are there any people chasing you?

MS SINCLAIR: No, it's just a maze -- a maze made out of hay.

KID: And there's no people jumping out at you with, like, squirt g*ns?

MRS SINCLAIR: I don't think so sweetie it's just a maze, but it's made out of hay!

KID: So, wait a minute. There's no lights or fireworks? It's really just a maze made out of hay? What a drag.

MICHEL: You're preaching to the choir.

LOGAN: Well, I can't believe we're finally here at the maze.

RORY: It's all I've dreamed since I could dream.

LOGAN: Oh man there is just something about being in a maze of hay. It's so much fun!

RORY: Totally.

LOGAN: Oh man, am I glad I got out of that waterslide park so I could come to the hay-bale maze!

LORELAI: Take it down, Olivier.

LOGAN: Not buying the waterslide thing?

LORELAI: Well, just keep it real. Well, the hay-bale maze is gonna be really fun, and then afterwards, Sookie has prepared hot dogs and funnel cakes and salty nuts -- all the festival classics.

KID: You like hay-bale mazes?

LOGAN: Oh, yeah, I'm crazy about them.

KID: That's cool.

MRS SINCLAIR: Co o on, let's go!

LORELAI: Hey, thanks.

LOGAN: No problem.

LORELAI: Wow, look at that. You think maybe Taylor was right?

RORY: Bite your tongue.

LOGAN: That man is a genius.

BABETTE: Whoa!

LORELAI: Hi, guys.

BABETTE: That was, "whoa!" Right, babe?

MOREY: Whoa.

LORELAI: Oh, you okay?

MOREY: The maze. Just high on the maze.

BABETTE: [Laughs as they leave.]

[Taylor at the entrance of the maze.]

TAYLOR: Let's go, people. Keep it moving. [Sneezes] Damn allergies. [Sniffles] All right, next 10 can go. [Sniffing] Uh, no gum, no matches, no pushing, no shoving.

KIRK: No running in the maze!

TAYLOR: Oh, and if you get lost in the maze, don't panic, just stand still, wave your hands, and the, uh, maze guard will find you.

LORELAI: Oh I'm gonna say hi to Sookie and Jackson. I'll be right back. [Walks over to them] Hey, kids. Hi, you guys. Did the kids like the maze?

JACKSON: The kids loved the maze.

SOOKIE: We loved the maze.

LORELAI: Really?

SOOKIE: [Laughs] Yeah, it's really fun.

LORELAI: But it has no fireworks, no lights, no guys with squirt g*ns. Why is it so fun?

JACKSON: It's just cool!

[Back to Rory and Logan]

LOGAN: You know when you were making that pro/con list?

RORY: Yeah?

LOGAN: I kind of noticed there was something on there about me.

RORY: Oh. Yeah. I didn't know where to put you.

LOGAN: Yeah, I was that, I saw you wrote "Logan," and then there were like three question marks.

RORY: Well, there were just so many factors. And I wasn't sure to what extent I should factor you in.

LOGAN: Well, I want you to know I don't want you to factor me in.

RORY: Oh. Okay.

LOGAN: No. I mean... I'm not sure exactly what I'm gonna be doing next, and I know I want to start putting my ideas out, and I know I want to start working, but I think you should do what you want to do, and then -- and then maybe I'll factor you in.

RORY: Oh. You want to factor me in.

LOGAN: Yeah. I'd like that. If you're in providence, maybe I'll come live in providence.

RORY: That would be great. But just, in general, I'd like to factor you in, too.

LOGAN: Okay. But for this one, you make your decision based on what you want for you. You do what you want.

RORY: Okay. You know what I really want?

LOGAN: What's that?

RORY: I want to go for the fellowship. I'm gonna say no to the pro jo.

LOGAN: Okay.

RORY: Yeah, I'm gonna go for it. Okay.

TAYLOR: Okay, next group! No gum, no matches, no pushing, no shoving. If you get lost in the maze,

wave to the man on stilts. You're good to go.

RORY: Mom, you want to come with us?

LORELAI: Uh, no, go ahead.

[In the maze Rory and Logan walk hand in hand, that come to a fork, look at each other, and go right.]

LUKE'S DINER

LUKE: You got the tuna there?

APRIL: Tuna on rye, tuna on wheat, mayo, no mayo respectively.

LUKE: [on the phone] Yeah. No. No, delivery time hasn't changed. Yeah. No, no, no, the maze hasn't changed anything. Okay, all right. Uh, French dip, ham and Swiss, fries, fries, onion rings, roast beef, BLT, BLT no "B," BLT no "T," turkey on rye, burger. Yep. No. No problem. [hangs up phone]

ZACH: Okay.

LUKE: "Okay" what?

ZACH: Okay I've got something to tell you.

LUKE: I don't have time for dramatic pauses Zach.

ZACH: I've mastered the maze. I have. At first, I thought I had to go around the maze to make the deliveries, but, dude, it's easier to go through the maze.

LUKE: Great, Zach.

ZACH: I know. At first, I wrote it down, you know the path, but I don't need it because it's all up here, or in here. Check it out, eyes closed -- it goes left, right, right, left, left, left, right. Wait. Left, left, right...

APRIL: Don't give it away. I am dying to go through the maze. I bet it's fabulous.

ZACH: It so is.

LUKE: Go.

APRIL: Go?

LUKE: GO through the maze.

APRIL: Don't you need help here?

LUKE: No, no, go ahead. I don't need you.

APRIL: Bye, dad.

LUKE: Have a fabulous time.

CAESAR: I got a patty-melt burger well-done, Pastrami on rye, chili dog, and three orders of fries.

ZACH: I'm good to go, man. You know what I'm gonna do?

LUKE: I can't begin to imagine.

ZACH: I'm gonna go through the maze at night, all alone, me, a blindfold. You know how I can do it?

LUKE: How's that?

ZACH: I can smell the hay.

LUKE: We can all smell the hay.

ZACH: No, dude. I can smell the hay.

MAZE

[Lorelai alone finding her way, taking a few wrong turns and back tracking, looking a little lost.]

LORELAI: Oh, god! Hey.

LUKE: Hey.

LORELAI: "Hey." Hay.

[They both laugh]

LORELAI: Oh, you got snacks.

LUKE: Yeah, well, Zach forgot these. The hay's kind of gone to his head. Anyway he gave me these directions here.

LORELAI: [Gasps]

LUKE: So I just go right, left...what?

LORELAI: What is that?

LUKE: Oh! April gave it to me.

LORELAI: You have a bracelet on your wrist.

LUKE: She's into jewelry. It's just a phase. What could I do?

LORELAI: Uh, wow!

LUKE: [Laughs] It's just one of these crazy phases. I was just getting used to the fact I had a daughter. Now all of a sudden, I have a teenager. It's wild. Time just goes by.

LORELAI: Luke.

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: I'm sorry.

LUKE: Yeah, I'm, uh -- I'm sorry, too.

LORELAI: No, no, let me go first.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: I messed up. That night I went to Christopher -- I'm sorry.

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: I mean I never admitted it to you that it was wrong what I did, and it was, and I'm really sorry.

LUKE: Okay. Thanks.

LORELAI: [Sighs] I don't know why I didn't say this before.

LUKE: Ah. You know... I'm sorry, too, 'cause... I don't know, it's just... now that I've had April, it's... I've learned a lot, and I was crazy to think that I had to fix everything in my relationship with April before I could really be with you. And that's just not how you fix things. I mean things just don't stand still. They're always changing.

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: I guess I was compartmentalizing? If that's what you call it. I mean I should have opened my compartments. I should have gotten your help.

LORELAI: I wanted to help.

LUKE: I know. And I'm sorry. And I'm sorry, also, because I think I kind of used April to push you away.

LORELAI: You did, huh?

LUKE: Yeah, I think so. I was afraid, and... I'm so sorry.

LORELAI: It's really okay.

LUKE: I'm glad.

LORELAI: Me too.

LUKE: Well, I got some fries that are getting cold.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, well, I got to find my way out of here.

LUKE: By the way, you're really close. Just go left, two rights, and you're out.

LORELAI: Thanks.

TROUBADOUR: [singing] Nothing's gonna break your heart today nothing's gonna steal your light away no even when the skies are turning gray...

Episode End