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06x21 - Driving Miss Gilmore

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06x21 - Driving Miss Gilmore

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[Before the teaser there is a montage of scenes from previous episodes.]

GILMORE MANSION

[Friday Night Dinner, Rory and Lorelai are in a heated discussion, Emily is watching, a little worried]

LORELAI: How can you possibly say she looked better with the dark hair?

RORY: She did the blonde just seemed like she was trying to be her sister.

LORELAI: The dark hair makes it look like she's trying not to look like her, plus she does not have the nose for dark hair.

RORY: What does that mean?

LORELAI: Dark hair is like a giant light-up arrow pointing to what is wrong with you. Blond hair, it all sort of blends in in a haze of beige.

RORY: Nuts, you're nuts.

LORELAI: You're double nuts!

EMILY: All right, that's it. No more spaghetti and meatballs. Musepa, come get these plates.

LORELAI: Mom!

EMILY: Every time we have spaghetti and meatballs, you fight.

LORELAI: No, no, we're not fighting. We're just, uh, bonding.

RORY: [Trying to eat] Mmm! Grandma, I'm starving!

EMILY: Take these away, Mr. Gilmore's also.

LORELAI: Mom, come on.

RORY: I won't fight anymore.

EMILY: No. Spaghetti and meatballs is just too much excitement.

RICHARD: [Entering the room] I'm sorry about that. I left work early today, and apparently, that caused everyone's I.Q.S to drop 60 points. My food is gone.

EMILY: The girls were fighting.

RICHARD: I told you not to serve spaghetti and meatballs. They always fight when we have

spaghetti and meatballs.

LORELAI: That's not true.

RORY: We fight just as much when we have Chinese food.

EMILY: Can we please talk about something besides food?

LORELAI: Starvation, scurvy, the Donner party.

EMILY: I'm having Lasik surgery on my eyes.

RICHARD: Excellent topic.

LORELAI: Lasik surgery? Why?

EMILY: Well I hate wearing glasses, so I found the best doctor on the east coast, made an appointment, and I'm going in tomorrow.

RICHARD: Personally, I like you with glasses.

LORELAI: It's that whole "dirty librarian" thing, right, dad?

RICHARD: I beg your pardon.

EMILY: Three of the girls in my D.A.R. Group had it done already. I'm actually very excited about it. I got Dr. Morris...

RICHARD: The Lasik man.

EMILY: ...From Dr. Sugarman, who's my ear, nose, and throat man. And he said Dr. Morris is brilliant and very, very handsome.

RICHARD: You never told me this.

EMILY: He just threw it in at the end of the visit.

RICHARD: I think that's incredibly unprofessional.

EMILY: Oh, Richard, he just was saying the man is handsome.

RICHARD: Yes, as if it's a selling point.

LORELAI: It can be.

RICHARD: Hardly. Everyone knows ugly men make the best doctors.

EMILY: That's absurd.

RICHARD: It's a fact.

EMILY: Marcus Welby was handsome and George Clooney.

LORELAI: Fake doctors, mom.

EMILY: I'm sure they were modeled after real doctors.

RICHARD: I don't want to talk about this anymore.

LORELAI: He's jealous of Dr. Handsome.

RICHARD: I'm not jealous of Dr. Handsome.

EMILY: I should go shopping for something new to wear.

RICHARD: You are not going shopping to get something new to wear to Dr. Handsome.

LORELAI: Everyone is a little testy tonight.

RORY: Maybe she was right about the spaghetti and meatballs.

EMILY: Well, let's just talk about something else. We had lunch with Christopher yesterday.

LORELAI: You...

RORY: [Thinking of food] Lunch.

RICHARD: We took him to the club.

LORELAI: [Panicked] Okay, but why?

RICHARD: Because there'd been a lot of tension between us about the tuition incident, and your mother and I thought it was time for a sit-down.

LORELAI: A sit down what, did you get Clemenza to hide a g*n in the bathroom first?

RICHARD: We thought it was time to clear the air. After all, Christopher is Rory's father, and we wanted him to know there were no hard feelings.

LORELAI: Really?

EMILY: Don't get me wrong. We're still not happy about the situation, but since he's going to be involved in our lives now...

LORELAI: Whoa, whoa. Involved in your lives? How is he involved in your lives?

EMILY: Well, he's paying for Rory's college.

LORELAI: [defensive] Yeah but is he using your pen to write the check?

RICHARD: Of course not.

LORELAI: Then I don't see how he's involved in your lives. [Gesturing to Rory] He's involved in her life...

EMILY: Lorelai, will you relax? The lunch went fine. It was very pleasant, and Christopher enjoyed it.

RICHARD: That's right. He apologized for everything.

EMILY: He knows that we're no longer angry with him, and we are all friends again.

LORELAI: Well, with friends like these...

RICHARD: And after lunch, your mother and I began discussing what we were going to do with all the money that had been allotted for Rory's tuition.

EMILY: And we came up with a brilliant idea.

RORY: Oh, yeah? What?

RICHARD: We're going to add some funds from our foundation and donate the total amount to Yale university in your name.

RORY: What?

EMILY: That's right, and we'll make sure it goes for something important, like a medical building.

LORELAI: For really handsome doctors.

EMILY: Whatever it is, I want her name big and prominent.

RORY: My name?

RICHARD: The Rory Gilmore political science building.

EMILY: The Rory Gilmore anthropology building.

RORY: Uh, guys?

RICHARD: The Rory Gilmore cultural center.

EMILY: The Rory Gilmore auditorium.

RORY: Um can I interject for just a second?

LORELAI: Go ahead. I dare you.

While I think it's very generous of both of you to want to do this for me...

EMILY: The Rory Gilmore observatory.

RORY: ...I still go to Yale, so having something with my name on it might be kind of...

RICHARD: The Rory Gilmore center for international affairs.

EMILY: Oh, wait, the Rory Gilmore library.

RICHARD: And art gallery.

EMILY: And ancient-history museum.

LORELAI: Forget it, kid, grandma and grandpa have gone bye-bye.

RICHARD: The Rory Gilmore medical research laboratory.

EMILY: No that sounds like monkey tests, people will picket.

OPENING CREDITS

HOSPITAL

[Rory is pushing Logan in a wheelchair.]

RORY: So, any one of the physical therapists on the list will do? Right doctor they're all at the same level?

DR SCHULTZ: They're all top-notch.

LOGAN: That's if I need a physical therapist.

RORY: [To Logan] Hush you [To doctor] And you said lots of rest, but is complete bed rest safest?

LOGAN: You cannot confine me to a bed. That's a violation of my rights.

RORY: Hush you.

DR SCHULTZ: You need to monitor his progress. Everyone recovers at different speeds.

RORY: And when you say, "plenty of fluids," does hot tea count, or just water? He likes hot tea.

LOGAN: You gotta stop talking about me as if I'm not here.

RORY: Logan...

LOGAN: Mom...

DR SCHULTZ: Tea's fine. Water and juice are better.

LOGAN: And this wheelchair's absolutely necessary?

RORY: Hospital policy sir.

DR SCHULTZ: Just till you get out of the building.

LOGAN: Can we at least go faster?

RORY: No, you'll get g-forces.

LOGAN: Doctor, can I go home to your house? I think I'd have much more fun there.

DR SCHULTZ: Your in good hand, just call if you have any more questions.

RORY: I will. Thank you, Dr. Schultz.

RORY: Okay, so, I cut off an old lady with a handicap sticker, so we got a primo spot right out front. Colin is meeting us at the apartment to help me get you upstairs and in bed, and it's a little cold outside, so you might need a scarf. I should have brought you a scarf. Maybe they have some in the gift shop. I'll go check.

LOGAN: Actually, there's something going on here.

RORY: What, your throat? Is it sore? Should I go get Dr. Schultz? I mean, we're here. We might as well...

[They Rory leans in to see the problem and they kiss]

LOGAN: Thank you for being who I want to get out of the hospital for.

RORY: You're welcome.

LOGAN: And I'm not cold. I'm fine.

RORY: You promise?

LOGAN: I promise.

RORY: Okay, let's go. We get to go at my speed.

LOGAN: Wake me when we hit the door.

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Michel is on the phone]

MICHEL: This is a lawsuit! You do not fool with people' heads and bodies like this! No! You listen! You...

LORELAI: Sookie, emergency, I'm crashing.

SOOKIE: Fresh pot over there.

MICHEL: You know you wouldn't treat Nicole Kidman like this. Nicole Kidman, red hair, tall. Okay, then, Julia Roberts, you wouldn't treat Julia Roberts like this. Red hair, tall. Okay, then, Scarlett Johansson. What are you, a shut-in?

LORELAI: Why is he prancing?

SOOKIE: Hum?

MICHEL: I will call my lawyer, and you'll hear from him when I do. Kiss my tush! Mmm! Damn it! You can trust nothing and no one ever!

LORELAI: Please stop that, Michel.

MICHEL: Oh, I cannot. I cannot stop this for a very, very long time. I buy milk from the organic dairy down the way. The nonfat milk has a blue top, blue. Today I find out that they have accidentally been putting red tops on the nonfat milk and blue on the 2%, 2%! For the last two weeks, I have been drinking 2% milk in my coffee every single day.

LORELAI: Insert gasp here.

MICHEL: That's two full weeks of two cups of coffee a day. It used to be one cup, but then, suddenly, the coffee started tasting so good, I added an afternoon jolt, and now I find out I've been consuming an extra billion calories a week.

LORELAI: At least it hasn't affected your ability to do math. [To Sookie] Isn't this bouncing bothering you?

SOOKIE: It was, but now it's kind of like having a Beyoncé video on.

MICHEL: Now I have to burn off all these calories and I have to deal with 2%-fat-milk withdrawal...

LORELAI: Michel, why didn't you just look on the bottle?

MICHEL: Oh, oh, oh, oh, you just know everything, don't you, you little miss I-know-everything?

LORELAI: [Cell phone rings] Hello?

LUKE: [in his apartment, putting stuff in the fridge] Hey, gotcha.

LORELAI: [Sounding nervous] Yes, you did.

LUKE: We've been missing each other lately.

LORELAI: Oh, well, things are crazy. You know, we're totally booked up here, and Um Rory has her finals.

LUKE: You're helping Rory with her finals?

LORELAI: Moral support, late-night phone calls -- that kind of thing. And, of course, Michel got the wrong milk today, so...

LUKE: oh, well, I didn't know about Michel's milk.

LORELAI: Okay, so, uh, you heading by the diner today?

LORELAI: No, can't. There's just too much to do here.

LUKE: Okay, well, then, we'll hook up tonight.

LORELAI: Ah, tonight's a staff meeting, and attendance is mandatory. It would look pretty weird if the person who called the meeting didn't show.

SOOKIE: [worried] There's a staff meeting tonight? [To Michel] Did you know about a staff meeting?

MICHEL: No, I didn't.

SOOKIE: I don't have a sitter tonight.

MICHEL: I set up a three-hour session with my trainer tonight. I'll have to pay full price if I cancel this late. It's like \$2 zillion.

LUKE: Staff meeting, I didn't know you had a staff meeting tonight. Did it just come up?

LORELAI: Pretty much.

LUKE: Well, I'm sorry I'm not gonna see you.

LORELAI: Yeah, me too.

LUKE: So, tomorrow?

LORELAI: Sure, maybe. We'll talk in the morning.

LUKE: Okay. We'll talk in the morning.

LORELAI: Okay. Well...bye.

SOOKIE: I have to get a babysitter if there's gonna be a staff meeting tonight, and Becky, the good one, is at her grandmother's, so I'll have to use her crazy Goth sister who wears the snake around her neck and eats all my Eggos.

LORELAI: There's no staff meeting tonight.

MICHEL: [Groans] Thank god!

SOOKIE: If there's no staff meeting tonight, why did you tell Luke there was?

LORELAI: I don't want to get into it.

SOOKIE: But if...

JACKSON: Sookie! Just the person I was hoping to see... alone.

SOOKIE: Oh. So, we'll be right back. [The make there way through the Inn] Jackson, wait. What is it?

JACKSON: We need complete privacy for this.

SOOKIE: For what?

JACKSON: Smell me.

SOOKIE: What?

JACKSON: Smell me. What do I smell like?

SOOKIE: [Sighs] You smell like Jackson and something else. What is that? It's not zucchini. It's not sprouts.

JACKSON: It's marijuana.

SOOKIE: [Gasps, happy] Yes! [Shocked] Oh, my god! Jackson, why do you smell like marijuana?

JACKSON: You know that back half-acre that I haven't planted for a few years, up on the slope, out of sight, out of mind? Well, I went back there this morning, and it's a giant field of pot!

SOOKIE: [Gasps]

JACKSON: Every square inch, hundreds of plantings. It looks like Harrison Ford's backyard.

SOOKIE: How did this happen?

JACKSON: The Templeton brothers.

SOOKIE: The Templeton brothers.

JACKSON: They must have planted it right before I fired 'em. I told them to weed the back half-acre. They're not the smartest of fellows.

SOOKIE: They were always listening to the Allman Brothers. We should never hire guys that listen to

the Allman Brothers.

JACKSON: What are we gonna do? It's a full half-acre of marijuana!

SOOKIE: Jackson, Shh! We can't keep saying the "m" word. Someone will overhear.

JACKSON: Right, sorry.

SOOKIE: We need a code word.

JACKSON: How about "evil crop"?

SOOKIE: Something more normal. Hey, how 'bout "pickles"?

JACKSON: Good. We'll say, "pickles." Do you realize that at this moment we are both felons?

SOOKIE: Why? We didn't grow the stuff. [Louder] The pickles! We didn't grow the pickles! Ha!

JACKSON: But we're in possession. If the cops came to my field today, we'd go to jail. We'd lose everything we own. We'd lose the kids.

SOOKIE: All because of pickles.

JACKSON: I'm gonna send my guys home right now. I'm gonna single-handedly pull every last pickle out of there.

SOOKIE: Good. Yes, good and do it quick.

JACKSON: I'll try.

SOOKIE: You're sweating.

JACKSON: I'm sorry. I can't help it.

SOOKIE: It makes you look guilty.

JACKSON: I'll try to stop.

SOOKIE: We've got to walk out of this room cool and calm, just like it's any other day.

JACKSON: Cool and calm. Got it. The bump into one another then a table, knocking stuff off] Sorry.
[Jackson runs out]

SOOKIE: I'll get you coffee.

TOWN SQUARE - OUTSIDE SODA SHOPPE

[Town troubadour singing]

TROUBADOUR: I'm on my way I don't know where I'm goin'

I'm on my way I'm takin' my time,

but I don't know where goodbye to Rosie the queen of corona

see you, me and Julio down by the schoolyard

see you, me and Julio down by the schoolyard

see you, me and Julio down by the schoolyard

LUKE'S DINER

LUKE: What can I get you, Kirk?

KIRK: What do you think?

LUKE: About what?

KIRK: Letting the beard grow.

LUKE: Nice. What can I get you?

KIRK: First couple of days, it was itching like crazy, but now I'm used to it, although I find myself doing this a lot. [Puts his hand on his chin like he's thinking]

LUKE: What do you want to eat, Kirk?

KIRK: Last weekend, I accidentally wrote all over my face with a sharpie, and lulu thought it looked kind of sexy. That's where I got the idea.

LUKE: It looks really good, Kirk. Now, can I take your order?

KIRK: Hmm.

LUKE: I'll come back.

LIZ: [Coming into the diner] Big brother!

LUKE: Hey, you're back, huh?

LIZ: I'm back.

LUKE: How was the fair?

LIZ: Oh, amazing. My jewelry's bigger than ever. I make it, it sells. I got all this money now, but I got no idea what to do with it, not a clue.

LUKE: How 'bout putting it in a bank?

LIZ: There's a thought.

LUKE: Hmm-hmm.

LIZ: Hey, let me tell you my big, exciting news!

LUKE: Uh-oh.

LIZ: It's not an uh-oh. It's good, unless you don't like babies, in which case it's not so good.

LUKE: You're pregnant?!

LIZ: Oh, it was supposed to be a surprise. Who told you?

LUKE: You just did.

LIZ: Wow, I blew my own surprise.

LUKE: That's great, Liz. It's great, right?

LIZ: Amazing. I am over the moon.

LUKE: Well, sit, sit. You're in a delicate state.

LIZ: I am gonna take care of myself this time, big brother. I'm gonna do all the healthy things for me I did not do last time I was pregnant, like not binge drink.

LUKE: Good plan. So, where's T.J.? I mean, he must be thrilled about this.

LIZ: Ah, he's gone.

LUKE: Gone? You mean gone out of town?

LIZ: He's gone, the big "gone out of my life." Do you have Matzo Brie?

LUKE: What? Liz, no.

LIZ: Okay. How 'bout a Denver omelet?

LUKE: I mean, "no, T.J. Can't be gone." He's your husband.

LIZ: Since when does that keep guys from leaving?

LUKE: He's left you?

LIZ: He's left.

LUKE: How can you be so calm about this? You so calm about this.

LIZ: Because I got my new come-what-may philosophy.

LUKE: Your what?

LIZ: My philosophy. It's about accepting what comes your way, whatever it is. If a bus is heading right at you, let it come. If a piece of space junk comes hurtling down at you, let it come.

LUKE: Or you step out of the way.

LIZ: You know, that's probably better, and when I said what I said now, it felt wrong.

LUKE: Did he know you were pregnant?

LIZ: I'd just told him.

LUKE: So he ran out on his wife and child?!

LIZ: Luke you're getting mad over nothing.

LUKE: It's not nothing.

LIZ: Well, I need you to stay calm, because right now it's all about the baby, and it's all good... Really... Come what may.

LUKE: All right, fine. Whatever. It's all good.

LIZ: Now, baby and I would like that omelet.

LUKE: Coming up.

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

[Logan is in bed, Paris is talking]

LOGAN: Paris?

PARIS: Male reproductive tract.

LOGAN: What?

PARIS: Seven up, Seminiferous Tubules, Epididymis, Vas Deferens, Ejaculatory duct, nothing, Urethra, p*nis.

LOGAN: What are you doing?

PARIS: Boning up. Pardon the pun. Got my MCATS coming up, medical school.

LOGAN: I meant, "what are you doing here?"

PARIS: Looking after you.

LOGAN: Oh, goody.

PARIS: It's necessary you seem like the kind of lunkhead that would get up too soon and inadvertently push a broken rib bone into his spleen.

DOYLE: Well, hey, there, sleepyhead.

LOGAN: Oh, goody, a matching set.

DOYLE: You sleep well?

LOGAN: He's watching me, too?

PARIS: Rory said it would be okay.

DOYLE: Hey now that your awake you mind if I switch the TV to the speakers? They're just about to reunite with their husbands, and I'd love to get the full surround experience.

LOGAN: Who?

DOYLE: Penguins. You haven't seen the penguin movie?

PARIS: The penguin movie rocks.

DOYLE: They'll move you, my friend. So, is it okay?

LOGAN: Hey, Mi Casa Es Su Casa.

DOYLE: Great.

PARIS: Whoa, whoa, whoa, where do you think you're going cowboy?

LOGAN: Nature calls.

PARIS: You can't get you, Rory said you need complete bed rest. She trusted me with your well-being. I cannot betray that trust.

LOGAN: Then what's your suggestion for my current predicament?

PARIS: I'll get the bedpan. Where's your bedpan?

LOGAN: I don't have a bedpan.

PARIS: You got Tupperware?

LOGAN: Paris...

PARIS: Doyle, watch him.

DOYLE: Pausing.

LOGAN: [Sighs]

[Cut to Rory at the Yale newsroom]

RORY: [Cell phone rings] Hey, why aren't you asleep?

LOGAN: Because I woke up.

RORY: You're supposed to be asleep.

LOGAN: I've been asleep for a week. My body's bored of sleep. It wants to do something.

RORY: Well good thing your body has no say in the matter.

BILL: Hey, boss, you're gonna want to see this.

RORY: [Too Bill] Hold on a second.

LORELAI: You've got to call off your sentries.

RORY: They're there for a reason.

LOGAN: To re-enact their favorite scenes from "Misery"?

PARIS: Your kitchen needs organizing!

LOGAN: Yeah, I'll get right on that!

DOYLE: You shouldn't talk loudly. You'll strain something.

LOGAN: I've got Dina and Moshe Abramowicz on top of me.

RORY: Why is Paris in the kitchen?

LOGAN: She's looking for a bedpan substitute.

RORY: Oh dear.

BILL: You're really gonna want to see this.

RORY: Just leave it, Bill.

BILL: But I want to see the look on your face when you read it, provided you still have a face after your head explodes.

RORY: In a sec.

LOGAN: Rory, look, I love your concern for me. I love that you're so invested in my well-being, but even the doctor said that if I feel strong enough to move around, then I should do it. It's good for me.

RORY: I don't know that that doctor knows what he's talking about.

LOGAN: You mean the Johns Hopkins graduate knows less than you?

PARIS: I'd k*ll to get into Johns Hopkins. Here [showing Logan some "bedpans"] patient's choice.

DOYLE: Oh, okay if I unpause?

PARIS: Unpause.

DOYLE: Here come the penguins.

RORY: Look, maybe the doctor knows a little bit of what he's talking about.

LOGAN: You think?

RORY: So I guess get up, but superslow. It should look like a Monty Python routine, you're moving so slow.

LOGAN: I'll make John Cleese proud.

RORY: And let Doyle help you, at least the first time, you could get dizzy.

LOGAN: I'll let him help me to the bathroom door, but I take it from there Ace.

RORY: Fine.

DOYLE: I cannot look at the shot of the dead baby penguin.

PARIS: Me neither. Dead people, yes, not penguins.

LOGAN: You'll deal with Paris?

RORY: Put her on.

LOGAN: Thank you. Paris?

PARIS: Can I look?

DOYLE: We're clear.

LOGAN: Please talk to Rory.

RORY: [Too Bill] What is so important about the Wall Street Journal?

BILL: Oh, you'll see.

PARIS: Hey

RORY: [Too Paris] Stand down.

PARIS: What.

RORY: Thank you for sitting with him, but I think he needs a little less hovering right now.

PARIS: Warren Beatty jr. Smooth-talk you?

RORY: No. Even the doctor said he should be moving around some. I think I've been a little overprotective.

PARIS: Your call.

RORY: Have Doyle lend him a shoulder right now, okay?

PARIS: Fine. Doyle, give Logan your shoulder.

DOYLE: You got it.

LOGAN: See you soonish?

RORY: Just finishing up here.

DOYLE: Mi shoulder Es Su shoulder. [Helps him to the bathroom] Hey, this is very life-affirming, very penguinesque. With the soundtrack music playing like that -- ohh.

LOGAN: Hurry your soonish.

RORY: I will. [Ends the call] What is it?

BILL: I highlighted the appropriate section. [Rory reads the paper] Oh, it's going to be a quiet, slow-burning seethe. Disappointment.

DRAGONFLY INN - ENTRY

MICHEL: Right this way, you two. Having beautiful weather today, no? [He start to exercise, with out the guest knowing, stopping when they look at him] Let's leave your bags here with the ever-trustworthy William and take a little tour of the inn. Okay, right this way. We have one of the finest restaurants in the area.

LORELAI: [Cell phone rings] Hello?

EMILY: How soon can you get here?

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: How soon can you get here?

LORELAI: Mom, where are you?

EMILY: Home, of course. Where else would I be after what happened?

LORELAI: What happened?

EMILY: "What happened?"!

LORELAI: Yes, what happened?

EMILY: The thing with my eye. What else would I be talking about?

LORELAI: You're talking about the laser?

EMILY: The bad Lasik.

LORELAI: The Lasik went bad?

EMILY: Your father called you. Tell me he called you.

LORELAI: [Cell phone beeps] Hold on a sec, mom.

EMILY: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Hello?

[Cut to Richard in a hotel room]

RICHARD: Lorelai, it's your father. I'm unconscionably late with this call. Blame South Dakota.

LORELAI: Dad, what is going on here?

RICHARD: Your mother's eye surgery went badly. She's all right, but she can't see a thing.

LORELAI: Well, that doesn't sound all right to me.

RICHARD: It's only temporary. She's on painkillers. I would have been there myself, but I was called out of town. Have you ever been to South Dakota? It's the most boring state in the nation. As I was flying in, I swear I saw one of the heads on Mount Rushmore yawn.

LORELAI: She's asking how soon I can be there.

RICHARD: Well, that's why I'm calling. I left her with a battery of help, but in case it didn't work out, she wanted me to give you a heads-up that she might need you.

LORELAI: Well, I don't know if I can get away.

RICHARD: It's her eyes. She can't do anything or go anywhere.

LORELAI: I understand the importance of eyes, dad.

RICHARD: I got caught up in meetings, or I would have called sooner. You wouldn't believe where I'm sitting right now, one of South Dakota's finest hotels. Smells like a foot.

LORELAI: Let me get back to her, dad. She's on the other line.

RICHARD: If you could cover for me, I'd appreciate it. If she found out I didn't call you, it would make everything worse.

LORELAI: Okay you got it.

RICHARD: Check in with me later.

LORELAI: Yeah [Switched lines] Mom?

EMILY: Was that your father? Did he not call you?

LORELAI: No, dad called. I was just distracted before. So, you need me to pop over?

EMILY: I'm all alone here, and I desperately need to run a couple of errands.

LORELAI: And there's no one else?

EMILY: I don't remember being in labor for 14 hours with anyone else, so, no, there's no one else.

LORELAI: Okay. I'll be over.

EMILY: I'll be waiting, blind and waiting.

LORELAI: Okay, bye. [Sighs]

SOOKIE AND JACKSON'S HOUSE

SOOKIE: I don't believe it, I don't believe it!

JACKSON: Who knew that clearing it would be the easy part? I had it all down in three hours, no problem.

SOOKIE: I don't believe it!

JACKSON: What was I to do? If I put in the garbage, the garbage man could see it.

SOOKIE: I know. He looks like a big, fat fink.

JACKSON: And if I put it down the garbage disposal, it could clog. We'd have to call a plumber, and then he could fink on us.

SOOKIE: And he would, too. That guy seems like a big, fat fatty fink.

JACKSON: We can't flush it for the same reason, and burning it seemed like a tremendously dumb idea.

SOOKIE: You'd get the whole town high.

JACKSON: So what was I to do?

SOOKIE: Anything but bring it home!

JACKSON: Then come up with your own idea.

SOOKIE: Well I could bake it into brownies.

JACKSON: Then what would we do with the brownies?

SOOKIE: I have no idea.

JACKSON: I think that makes it a bad plan.

SOOKIE: Is it a better plan than the plan you couldn't even think of? At least it's a plan.

JACKSON: Hey, we can't turn on each other here. We're all we've got.

SOOKIE: You're right. You're right.

JACKSON: Hey, it's starting to smell up the place.

SOOKIE: We've just got to get it out of the house.

JACKSON: Definitely out of the house. We'll get it out of the house. [He sits] But we wait for dark.

SOOKIE: [She sits] Wait for dark.

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

RORY: I could k*ll him!

LOGAN: You'd have to get in a very long line.

RORY: The man should be drawn and quartered.

LOGAN: There's no fast pass, either. You just got to wait.

RORY: Quartering's too good for him. He should be eighthed, sixteenthed.

LOGAN: I don't know you quarter a guy, he's in four pieces. That's tough to recover from.

RORY: He should be stretched on a rack, iron maiden, strappadoed.

LOGAN: Oh, my god. What is strappadoed?

RORY: When you suspend him in the air with a rope tied to his hands that are tied behind his back.

LOGAN: You're scaring me with your knowledge of t*rture.

RORY: I did a paper on the attorney general. It comes with the territory.

LOGAN: Life in modern America?

RORY: Why would the wall street journal print this? Why?

LOGAN: It was an interview with my father. If he said it, they get to print it.

RORY: Even if it's a flat-out lie?

LOGAN: They don't know that.

RORY: [Reading the paper] "I looked for the best and the brightest, even at the intern level."

LOGAN: Reading it again, you're just torturing yourself.

RORY: "Ben Cochran at Harvard, he helped me out with my Boston paper, as did Frank Williams. And Rory Gilmore, I gave her her first internship at my Stamford paper, and now she's the editor of the Yale Daily News." Arc!

LOGAN: It's classic Mitchum.

RORY: How dare he? "I gave her her first internship"?

LOGAN: This is one of dad's things, Rory, grabbing credit wherever he can, whether it's earned or not.

RORY: Everyone in America has read this.

LOGAN: The Wall Street Journal's readership is high, but it's not quite 300 million.

RORY: Well, enough people have read it.

LOGAN: Look the beauty of a daily paper, it's in everybody's recycling bin the next morning. This will be forgotten.

RORY: It won't.

LOGAN: It will.

RORY: I remember everything I read, front page, op-ed, concert reviews, it never leaves. My eyes accidentally flit over an obituary, as I'm hunting for the metro section and I can remember the deceased's first wife's name a full month afterward. I mean, and that's just a flit, not even a perusal. If I perused it, I could give you his grandkids in alphabetical order five years later.

LOGAN: Ace, ace, you drinking this in?

RORY: What?

LOGAN: Helen Keller just signed water, Annie.

RORY: You walked!

LOGAN: All by my lonesome. You proud of your boy?

RORY: I'm very proud. Oh, and your color's coming back. You've gone from white to off-white.

LOGAN: Hey, can we get to the bottom line on this article here?

RORY: Give it to me.

LOGAN: It's all good. It's very positive what he said to you. A powerful man is citing you as one of his accomplishments. It is no way a dis.

RORY: I know.

LOGAN: It's actually a good thing, so you should let it go.

RORY: Never!

GILMORE MANSION

[Lorelai enters, it's day time but the house is dark]

LORELAI: Hello? Mom?

EMILY: In here.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm sorry. Mrs. Onassis, I was looking for my mother.

EMILY: Will you at least promise to keep your comedy set at my funeral to under five minutes?

LORELAI: Sorry, mom. How are you feeling?

EMILY: Horrible. That quack eye surgeon blinded me for life.

LORELAI: I don't think he blinded you for life.

EMILY: Well, he blinded me for the next two days, at least. The procedure was a disaster. He did one eye and then announced that the new procedure didn't comport to the anatomy of my eye, so he had to resort to the old procedure, which I absolutely did not want.

LORELAI: 'Cause it's so last year.

EMILY: And, of course, he wouldn't go near the other eye until he saw how this one healed.

LORELAI: Well, that makes sense.

EMILY: And then Dr. Mengele told me to rest and is having me put eyedrops in every hour, further impeding my vision. And to top it off, the man looked nothing like Marcus Welby.

LORELAI: Okay, mom, where are all the people?

EMILY: What people?

LORELAI: Well Dad made it seem like you were surrounded by a small army you know, enough people to care for you, then go topple S*ddam's statue.

EMILY: They're all gone.

LORELAI: Gone where?

EMILY: To hell, I hope, one person more incompetent than the rest.

LORELAI: But all of them? The nurse?

EMILY: They'll do a "60 minutes" on that woman one day. Mark my words!

LORELAI: Uh, housekeepers?

EMILY: Ate everything that wasn't nailed down.

LORELAI: The errand boys?

EMILY: Their pants hung down below their underwear, and no one was worse than the driver he got me. Have you ever met the cab drivers in Prague?

LORELAI: Uh, no.

EMILY: Well, they would hide their wallets from this man. Plus I think he had a g*n in his pocket.

LORELAI: Maybe he was just happy to see you.

EMILY: Lorelai, up. [Lorelai moves to sit next to Emily] It doesn't matter anyhow. I'm fine getting my own food, and I don't need people underfoot. I called the agency, and a new maid will be here tomorrow morning, but I need to run some errands today, and, obviously, I can't drive. You'll have to do that.

LORELAI: Do what?

EMILY: Drive me.

LORELAI: Oh mom why don't you just give me the list of errands and I'll do them for you?

EMILY: No it would take too much explanation. Grab my bag, please.

LORELAI: Mom, seriously, um what kind of errands are they? Shopping, banking, hardware store?

EMILY: I need to get my coat first.

LORELAI: Mom, is it dealing in human trafficking? 'Cause I'm an excellent people person.
[cut to outside the mansion]

LORELAI: Mom, mom, you've got to look up.

EMILY: I can't look up. The sun causes searing pain.

LORELAI: Mom, the sun can't even find you under that hat. If we put that hat on frosty the snowman, he'd be living in Miami right now.

EMILY: You're a very insensitive person, you know that?

LORELAI: Yes, I do. Here we go.

EMILY: What is this?

LORELAI: This is my car.

EMILY: We have to take the other car.

LORELAI: What other car? [Points to a big SUV] That's not a car. That's a rap-video set.

EMILY: I ordered it specially. It has the darkest windows available. They say it's the car jay-z uses when he's in town. I assume that's an entertainer of some sort. The windows are bulletproof. They kept saying that as if it's a selling point. I told them I was not paying extra for bulletproof windows.

I haven't been strafed in years.

LORELAI: Mom, I don't understand, what do you mean, we'll take this car? I thought the driver left.

EMILY: He did.

LORELAI: Is there another one coming?

EMILY: No.

LORELAI: Well, who's gonna drive?

EMILY: You are.

LORELAI: I can't drive that.

EMILY: Why not?

LORELAI: Because, look at it. I'm sure you need a special license or something.

EMILY: Lorelai, I cannot ride in your jeep. It's completely exposed to the elements. You do remember I'm recovering from surgery, don't you?

LORELAI: No really, I thought you were just doing your best Mia Farrow in "Broadway Danny Rose" impersonation.

EMILY: Lorelai, I need my prescriptions. If I don't get my prescriptions, infection will set in, and I will lose my eyesight completely, and you will be doing this more than just today. Now, what's it going to be? [Lorelai opens the door]

LORELAI: Ridiculous Sarah Bernhardt overdramatic...

EMILY: My hearing's just fine, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Sorry. [Closes the door after Emily gets in, sighs]

BAR

[Luke walks in]

T.J.: Hey, Luke, what are you doing here?

LUKE: You know why I'm here. Get up.

T.J.: What?

LUKE: Get up!

T.J.: Okay.

LUKE: Now, I am not here to listen to you explain your side or rationalize things or justify your actions. I am here for one reason only, to punch you out.

T.J.: Hey, cool. You see that? That was like in an old western where everyone cleared the bar. I never seen that in person.

LUKE: Don't be cute. Just get ready to be hurt.

T.J.: Damn.

LUKE: What?

T.J.: I just wish I was drinking faster. Cause If I was more drunk, getting punched out wouldn't hurt so much.

LUKE: Just shut up and let's do this.

T.J.: Go ahead.

LUKE: Well, get ready.

T.J.: I'm ready.

LUKE: Raise your arms or something.

T.J.: No.

LUKE: I'm not gonna punch you like this.

T.J.: I thought that's why you came.

LUKE: I came to fight.

T.J.: Let's do it.

LUKE: Then raise your arms!

T.J.: No!

LUKE: T.J.!

T.J.: I'm not hitting you, Luke. I got nothing against you. Plus there's no fighting inside. It's Lanny's top rule, along with no burning down the place. That actually comes first.

LUKE: Well, then, let's take it outside.

T.J.: Luke let me ask you one question, really quick and then you can take me outside and clobber me.

LUKE: Okay, what?

T.J.: What the hell is this about?

LUKE: You're unbelievable! It's about Liz!

T.J.: What about her? Is she all right?

LUKE: All right? You walked out on her!

T.J.: No, I didn't.

LUKE: Yeah, you did. That's why you're here drinking in the afternoon.

T.J.: That's not why I'm here drinking. I'm drinking because I'm upset.

LUKE: You're upset?! You abandoned Liz and your baby!

T.J.: Hey, I would never do that. I love your sister, Luke. She threw me out.

LUKE: That's not what she said.

T.J.: We came home from the fair. It was great. We were both happy. We made money. Then Liz goes to the doctor, and she comes home and tells me she's pregnant. I hug her. I kiss her. I'm crying, I'm so happy. Then I turn to grab the phone to tell the family, and an ashtray hits me in the back of the head, then a phone book and a stapler and our statue of a happy clown playing the saxophone.

LUKE: I'm not getting this.

T.J.: She's yelling at me saying things like, "this ain't gonna work. You're gonna mess this kid up. You can't raise a kid." She's saying, "this kid will grow up with no discipline. It'll get out of control. Then we'll end up having to send it away." I tell her she's wrong. I'll do whatever's needed. I'll read every book on the subject, even though I hate reading worse than I hate public television. But Liz won't hear it. She tells me to go.

LUKE: She told you to go?

T.J.: So I packed a bag and left. I didn't want to, but Liz is always right about everything, and if my staying around is gonna screw up the kid like that, I'm gone, no questions asked.

LUKE: Oh, jeez, Liz. [Sighs]

T.J.: What?

LUKE: Have a seat, T.J. Give me a beer. Listen, T.J... Liz wasn't talking to you when she was saying all that stuff. She was talking to herself.

T.J.: I'm pretty sure she was talking to me. She kept saying my name.

LUKE: No, when she said you were gonna mess up the baby, she was saying something else. Just take out the "you." Make it an "I."

T.J.: She meant you're gonna screw up the baby?

LUKE: No, she meant she was.

T.J.: And I was.

LUKE: No, just her.

T.J.: Then why didn't she throw the ashtray at herself?

LUKE: Because she was taking it out on you.

T.J.: Oh. This is complicated.

LUKE: That's because people are. Sometimes they just don't say what they mean.

T.J.: Yeah I hate that it's hard enough following them when they're talking about what they're

talking about.

LUKE: That's the trick with relationships, believe me. Look, you have to try to tune in what your partner means as opposed to what she's actually saying. They sometimes won't tell you how they're feeling, but your job is to try to figure out what she's saying from what she actually says.

T.J.: Wow.

LUKE: Yeah.

T.J.: I got none of that.

LUKE: It's okay. It's all gonna be okay. I'm gonna make this okay.

ROAD

[Lorelai is driving the SUV, a car honks its horn as it passes them.]

LORELAI: Ah, sorry.

EMILY: Lorelai, be careful.

LORELAI: I'm not used to driving a m*ssile silo down the street.

EMILY: Oh, stop being so dramatic.

LORELAI: Yeah, wouldn't want to be dramatic.

EMILY: All right, get over here. You're going to turn right.

LORELAI: [car horn honks] Aaah! Sorry!

EMILY: Lorelai!

LORELAI: Well, it's a big freakin' car, mom.

EMILY: You're gonna give me a heart attack.

LORELAI: Mom, please, how long is this gonna go on? You won't tell me where we're going. You give me block-by-block instructions.

EMILY: My goodness Lorelai you've been complaining since we got started.

LORELAI: No, I haven't.

EMILY: When we had to go to three different drugstores?

LORELAI: Well, come on.

EMILY: I don't trust generic.

LORELAI: Mom, it's the same thing.

EMILY: If I'm willing to pay full price, then I deserve to have my drug bottle say "valium" on it.

LORELAI: Fine.

EMILY: I don't see why that's insane.

LORELAI: Fine.

EMILY: So, have you talked to Christopher lately?

LORELAI: Uh, no, not lately lately.

EMILY: I have.

LORELAI: Well, bully for you.

EMILY: You know, your father and I enjoyed our little sit-down with him very much.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm glad.

EMILY: You know, I'd forgotten what a handsome man Christopher is. He was wearing a very nice blue tie. And his hair is very short. Normally, I don't like a man's hair that short. It makes him look like a convict or a masseuse, but I think it works on him.

LORELAI: Yeah, I'm sure it does.

EMILY: He seemed lonely, though.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: He's not dating anyone. I asked.

LORELAI: Well, he's got G.G.

EMILY: Who's G.G.?

LORELAI: His daughter, mom.

EMILY: Oh well, we didn't discuss that. But I could tell he was lonely.

LORELAI: I'm sure he's fine.

EMILY: You know, I've been racking my brain, trying to think of a nice girl to set him up with. Cezanne Moriarty just got divorced, and she looks wonderful. She'd go perfectly with his hair and tie. Cezanne Moriarty is 10 years older than Christopher.

EMILY: Lorelai, you were in the same class together.

LORELAI: I know. It's 'cause she was stupid. We used to call her "moroniarty."

EMILY: Well, Loretta singer's husband just died. She'll be back from Bali soon.

LORELAI: She's got a horse face.

EMILY: Not anymore.

LORELAI: She's not his type, mom.

EMILY: What about Brandi Covington? She's a lovely girl with a wonderful sense of humor.

LORELAI: "A wonderful sense of humor"?

EMILY: Yes.

LORELAI: What joke has Brandi Covington ever told?

EMILY: Well, I don't know.

LORELAI: She has a wonderful sense of humor. Tell me one of her jokes.

EMILY: I don't know any.

LORELAI: An amusing anecdote she's told?

EMILY: I don't know, Lorelai.

LORELAI: A giggle-inducing pun.

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Dirty limericks, song parody.

EMILY: Well, she has a lovely laugh.

LORELAI: Oh, so she does not have a wonderful sense of humor, she can appreciate a wonderful sense of humor.

EMILY: I guess that's right.

LORELAI: Fine, tell me a joke she's laughed at.

EMILY: You're being impossible.

LORELAI: Mother, Christopher can get his own girls. Now, he's busy with G.G., But when the time is right, he'll date. Just sit back and let me drive.

EMILY: Rory thinks he's lonely, too.

LORELAI: [A car honk it's horn, Lorelai honks back.] I'm in a t*nk, pal! Come and get me!

YALE DAILY NEWSROOM

RORY: Sheila's out today, so warn Mark that there's going to be an unexpected, enormous pile of annoyance on his desk and just to deal with it.

KIMBERLY: [Speaker phone] Hello?

RORY: [Rory picks up the hand set] Yes, hello. Is this Kimberly wells?

KIMBERLY: Yes, it is.

RORY: Thank you for taking my call, Ms. Wells.

KIMBERLY: Call me "Kimberly."

RORY: Okay, Kimberly, the reason I'm calling is...

KIMBERLY: Something to do with my interview with Huntzberger right?

RORY: Yes, it has to do with that.

BILL: Give 'em hell, Harry.

KIMBERLY: So, what's this about?

RORY: I'm calling to request a correction.

KIMBERLY: Oh, to what?

RORY: To everything that Mitchum said about me.

KIMBERLY: I'm looking at the piece now. He didn't say much about you.

RORY: Hmm. Well, that's the thing, he didn't use many words, but he said a lot.

KIMBERLY: "And Rory Gilmore, "I gave her her first internship at my Stamford paper, and now she's editor of the Yale Daily News." What part of that is wrong?

RORY: None of it, technically, but essentially, it's all a lie.

KIMBERLY: Did he give you an internship at the Stamford eagle-gazette?

RORY: Yes, he did, but...

KIMBERLY: And are you not editor of the Yale Daily News?

RORY: Well, I am, actually, but it's the impression he left that he gave me my start. He did not give me my start.

BILL: Tell her if a correction's not appropriate, maybe a clarification is.

RORY: That's dumb.

BILL: Doesn't hurt to ask.

KIMBERLY: Hello?

RORY: Sorry. I got distracted. Um, here's the thing, Mitchum is depicting me as one of the feathers in his cap. I am not one of his feathers.

KIMBERLY: Yes, but here's our thing, we can't print corrections to impressions. That would be chaos.

RORY: Even if the impression is wildly misleading?

KIMBERLY: Again, that's an impression. We don't correct impressions.

RORY: I see. What about a clarification?

BILL: Good girl.

KIMBERLY: We don't do those either.

RORY: I see.

KIMBERLY: I really need to run.

RORY: You know it's just gonna bug me forever that he put this out there.

KIMBERLY: That's showbiz.

RORY: Okay, you're right. I mean, I guess it's gonna be in people's recycling bins by tonight and totally forgotten by tomorrow, right?

KIMBERLY: Actually, I always hope that the stuff I work so hard on isn't just totally forgotten the next day.

RORY: Oh, yeah, well, me too. I mean, back at you, sister. Um, thank you for your time.

BILL: Wait, wait.

RORY: Could you hold on a second, please? [To Bill] What?

BILL: Ask her if there are any internships available, it could fax her my...

RORY: Ugh! Thank you for your time.

LUKE'S DINER

[Liz is at a table with 4 other women]

WOMAN: I tell him to clear the plates, and he's like, "I'm tired. I've been on my feet all day." And I'm like, "I don't care if you've been on your feet all day "at that crappy job that doesn't pay enough that we can even go to Dollywood once in a while."

LIZ: Yeah, that's not good, not going to dollywood. It's rude.

WOMAN: He could have taken one of his city tests, and maybe he could have been a cop or something, not that he could fire a g*n straight. I kick his ass at the sh**ting range every time.

LIZ: Yeah, the yin of it, the yang of it totally...

LUKE: Liz?

LIZ: Oh, hey, big brother. Excuse me, girls.

LUKE: Um, who are they?

LIZ: They're the support group of single moms I hooked up with. They're horrible! All they do is b*tch, b*tch, b*tch. I'd have left every one of them, too.

LUKE: So, Liz... look at me. Now, listen.

LIZ: I'm listening.

LUKE: You are gonna be a great mother to this kid.

LIZ: What?

LUKE: You heard me. You're in the best shape you've ever been. You've got money. Jess turned out fine. Your son turned out fine. He's doing great.

LIZ: Yeah, but...

LUKE: Put your fears aside. I know you can do this.

LIZ: I'm scared.

LUKE: But you've got help. You've got a good man. He loves you. He's gonna be a great dad, if you let him.

LIZ: If he'll forgive me. [Luke points outside, Liz looks] T.J.

LUKE: He was too afraid to come inside.

LIZ: He's not wearing a jacket.

LUKE: I told him to bring a jacket.

LIZ: He's always forgetting his jacket.

LUKE: All right, he needs you, you need him, now go to him. Make up, go home, okay? Go home with T.J.

LIZ: Thanks, Luke.

WOMAN: Where are you going, Liz?

LIZ: My man's here.

WOMAN: Oh, yeah. Looks like a real winner.

LUKE: So, can I get you ladies anything, compassion, perspective?

[Luke looks out to see Liz and T.J. kissing and making up]

SUV PULLING UP

LORELAI: [Sighs] Okay, mom, what's next?

EMILY: You don't have to say it like that.

LORELAI: I just spent the last hour and a half watching you get a manicure.

EMILY: It's my standing appointment, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Yes, except I was the one standing 'cause there weren't enough seats.

EMILY: Well if I'd missed that appointment, it would be week before I could get another and I'd be walking around with hobo hands. Now, stop being so surly. This is the last stop.

EMILY: Great. You realize we're in Beacon Falls?

EMILY: So what?

LORELAI: So we've driven almost as far as Stars Hollow. Now I'll have to drive you all the way back to Hartford.

EMILY: Well, I'm sorry, Lorelai. Next time I have some sort of illness, you can put me on an iceberg and float me out to sea. Lets go.

LORELAI: This is a real-estate office. What errand do you have to run at a real-estate office?

EMILY: Are you coming?

LORELAI: Am I coming with you to the real-estate office?

EMILY: Don't forget to lock the door. I'm leaving my bananas here.

LORELAI: Mom, why are we going to a real-estate office? Mom! Ugh!

[Cut to inside the real-estate office]

EMILY: Excuse me. I'm...

LORENE: Emily?

EMILY: Lorene, hi. I'm sorry if we're late. I had this awful surgery yesterday, and today has been a nightmare.

LORENE: Oh, I hope you're feeling all right.

LORELAI: Oh, she's fine. Dragging that cross around made her a little tired.

EMILY: Lorene, this is my daughter, Lorelai. She has headaches, and that tends to make her babble.

LORENE: Oh, I'm sorry. Can I get you some aspirin?

LORELAI: Oh, no, thanks. I'm okay. I've had the headache for 38 years.

EMILY: We are anxious to see those pictures.

LORELAI: What pictures?

LORENE: All right. Well, follow me. I have the whole presentation ready for you.

LORELAI: What presentation?

EMILY: Lorene, how are your twins?

LORENE: They are going to be seniors next fall.

EMILY: They grow up so fast, don't they?

LORELAI: Like weeds. What presentation are we looking at?

LORENE: Here we are.

LORELAI: Mom.

LORENE: So, I talked to the owner, and he said that they would be willing to throw in any of the furniture or appliances that we might like, completely up to you.

EMILY: Well, that's wonderful.

LORELAI: Why is that wonderful, why is throwing in furniture and appliances wonderful, mom?

EMILY: Go on, Lorene.

LORENE: Anyhow, the pictures are pretty complete, but I can get us in this weekend if you would like to take a closer look yourself.

LORELAI: Do you, mom? Do you want to take a closer look?

LORENE: This is only the second time that this house has been on the market in 100 years. It's got 5 bedrooms, 4 1/2 baths with a library, a sun porch. It's on 3 acres with a very small what they call a fishing hole, which is really a little pond, but it's very charming, and it has stables for horses.

EMILY: I thought so.

LORENE: The roof is in good shape, but I think that the plumbing will need some updating. But the sellers are motivated, and I think it's a pretty special property.

EMILY: I do, too. [To Lorelai] Don't you? Lorelai? Are you breathing?

LORELAI: Why are you looking at this house, mom?

EMILY: [To Lorene] Would you give us a minute?

LORENE: Of course. I'll be right over here if you need me.

EMILY: Well, what do you think?

LORELAI: Mom, please, tell me what is going on.

EMILY: I will tell you what's going on as soon as you tell me honestly what you think of this house.

LORELAI: I think it's fine.

EMILY: "Fine"?!

LORELAI: Mom, it doesn't look like your type of house at all.

EMILY: I did not ask if you thought it was my type of house. I asked what you thought of the house.

LORELAI: Well, I think it's a beautiful house.

EMILY: So do I.

LORELAI: You already have a beautiful house, mom.

EMILY: Oh I know, this house is not for me. It's for you.

LORELAI: [surprised] Me?

EMILY: You and Luke. Now, before you get your nose out of joint and accuse me of interfering, hear

me out. I think your house is very nice. I know you've put a lot of work into it. But, Lorelai, it's too small for the two of you, especially when you have children, if you have children, I mean. A man needs his own space and room, and Luke does not have that at your house. Also, I know you've always wanted horses, so I thought something with a little property might be nice. Now, I know it's not actually in Stars Hollow, but it's right on the border. It's only an extra 10 minutes to the inn and an extra 5 minutes to the diner. Plus I did a little nosing around, and I heard that if you grease the palm of the stars hollow zoning commissioner, a man named Taylor Doose, you can get him to change property lines, so we can give you a stars hollow address if it's really important to you.

LORELAI: You want to buy us a house? [she get up to look at the pictures]

EMILY: Well, I know you're not going to let me give you a wedding, so I thought a house would do.

LORELAI: All that running around Stars Hollow, you and dad were looking for a house for me?

EMILY: Well of course, you didn't think we wanted to live there, did you? Small-town charm is good for a weekend, Lorelai, but I have no interest in having a next-door neighbor walk in with a pie, wanting to chat. I would k*ll myself and my neighbors. [Lorelai starting to look sad] Now, I'm sure Luke will need some convincing. He doesn't look like the kind of man who willingly takes extravagant gifts from people, so I've concocted a few good lies we can tell him. It's for his own good, and once the two of you in the house...

LORELAI: it's not gonna happen. [Starting to cry]

EMILY: What? Well, of course it will. If we have to pay more than the asking price, your father and I are totally prepared...

LORELAI: Luke and I, the wedding, it's not gonna happen.

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: [Sniffles]

[Emily comes over and puts her hand on her shoulder.

TOWN SQUARE

SOOKIE: Jackson!

JACKSON: Keep up.

SOOKIE: Stop trotting.

JACKSON: We're on a mission here.

SOOKIE: The faster we move, the more chance there is we'll draw attention.

JACKSON: No, the slower we move, the more time there is to have people's attention drawn to us.

SOOKIE: I'm toting heavy bags here.

JACKSON: Don't say that out loud.

SOOKIE: I didn't say what was in the bag.

JACKSON: And not saying what's in the bag is going to make people think we have something in it

we're hiding.

SOOKIE: [Sees a car go past] Narcs! [They hide] What the hell are the Petersons doing out this late?

JACKSON: They're bad. They're bad people.

SOOKIE: Said the people trying to ditch a kilo of weed.

JACKSON: Sookie, the code word!

SOOKIE: Pickles, pickles! I know, the pickles! Let's just get rid of this and go home.

JACKSON: [Grunting]

SOOKIE: Oh, god.

TROUBADOUR: Oh, hey, you two. What's up?

JACKSON: Nothing.

SOOKIE: Nothing's going on here.

TROUBADOUR: I just got the most incredible news. A tour manager was walking around town, and he heard me, and he asked me to open for Neil Young on a bunch of east coast dates.

JACKSON: Great.

SOOKIE: See you.

JACKSON: That was close.

SOOKIE: Does Neil take? We could give all of this to the town troubadour to give to him.

JACKSON: I think if he takes, he's already got a connection.

SOOKIE: Of course. He's Neil Young. [Gasps] Reverend Skinner.

JACKSON: Rabbi Moranz.

REVEREND SKINNER: Hello, you two.

JACKSON: What are you doing out this late?

SOOKIE: Yeah, what are you doing out this late?

RABBI MORANZ: Archie and I like to take a stroll around town at night.

REVEREND SKINNER: It's so quite.

RABBI MORANZ: Good time to talk about philosophy.

REVEREND SKINNER: Good time to talk about god.

JACKSON: Yes, it's a great time to talk about god.

SOOKIE: He's a good guy, that god.

RABBI MORANZ: Would you like to join us?

[Together]

SOOKIE and JACKSON: No!No!

SOOKIE: We're going to hell.

JACKSON: Just keep running.

SOOKIE AND JACKSON'S HOUSE

[Knock on door]

SOOKIE: Who is it?

LORELAI: Me.

SOOKIE: [Opens door] Oh.

JACKSON: Hey.

SOOKIE: Honey what are you doing here?

LORELAI: Can I come in?

SOOKIE: Of course.

JACKSON: Come on in. Can we get you something?

LORELAI: Um, no, thanks. I just need to hang out for a while.

SOOKIE: Sit, honey.

JACKSON: Yeah, sit.

LORELAI: Thanks. [Sighs... Inhales...Exhales deeply] What's that smell?

SOOKIE: 68 pounds of marijuana.

LORELAI: Mmm.