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05x14 - Say Something

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05x14 - Say Something

by **bunniefuu**

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[Episode begins with scenes from previous episodes. The montage ends with the final scene from Wedding Bell Blues, running into our opening scene.]

RECEPTION HALL

[Lorelai is looking for Luke. Christopher is chasing after her.]

CHRIS: Will you stop?

LORELAI: Get away from me, Christopher.

CHRIS: I just want to talk.

LORELAI: Get some coffee, Christopher!

CHRIS: This wasn't the way I wanted it to go down. I wanted to get you alone and - what are you doing?

LORELAI: I'm going after Luke!

MARILYN: Oh, there you are! [Calling to Emily] I've got her! [She pulls Lorelai toward the cake.] Oh, you cannot keep a room full of Anglo-Saxons waiting for cake this long! They start to form more clubs. [To the photographer] Take her, take her, take her!

PHOTOGRAPHER: All right, wonderful. There we are. [The four of them are lined up - Rory, Richard, Emily and Lorelai.] Okay. Everyone, in just a little closer. That's perfect, hold that.

LORELAI [leaning into to whisper in Emily's ear]: You and me, we're done.

PHOTOGRAPHER: One, two, three.

[The camera flashes. Lorelai grabs her purse and coat and gets ready to leave.]

RORY: Are you leaving?

LORELAI: Party's over. It is so over.

RORY: Are you okay?

LORELAI: Yeah. I'm fine. It's just time to go.

RORY: Are we okay? I mean, that wasn't exactly my proudest moment.

LORELAI: Aw, honey. You're the daughter of a woman who has had no end of less than proud moments. Don't worry.

RORY: Luke was so mad.

LORELAI: That's because to Luke you're still ten years old wearing feathered angel's wings going door-to-door inviting people to a caterpillar's funeral.

RORY: Oh, now, I did that once.

LORELAI: Luke is fine.

RORY: I hope so.

LORELAI: Look, go back in. Catch up with Logan. Tell him everything is fine.

RORY: He went right to his car, he split.

LORELAI: I don't blame the boy.

RORY: And what's with you and Grandma?

LORELAI: All these questions!

RORY: Sorry.

LORELAI: Look. Go back in, huh? Make the best of things. Luke is just, um, bringing the car around. I'll talk to you later.

RORY: Are you sure we're good?

LORELAI: Always.

RORY: 'Kay. Bye, Mom.

LORELAI: Bye, mister. [Rory goes back in. To attendant] Oh, excuse me. I'm going to need a cab, please?

ATTENDANT: Yes, ma'am.

PHOTOGRAPHER [rushing forward]: There you are. I'd love to get a few more sh*ts in.

LORELAI: Yeah, so would I. [She leaves.]

OPENING CREDITS

STARS HOLLOW - STREET OUTSIDE LUKE'S

[Lorelai pulls up in a cab. Some funky music is coming from the diner. She walks up to the door and knocks. She can see Caesar eating at the counter. He comes to let her in.]

LORELAI: Hi.

CAESAR: I was just on my break.

LORELAI: Oh, that's no problem. Caesar, listen -

CAESAR: I clocked out too, so it should say so on my time card.

LORELAI: Right.

CAESAR: Although the ink is kinda weak and faded. It's really hard to see.

LORELAI: That's fine. Great. Caesar, is Luke back yet?

CAESAR: Didn't you guys go somewhere tonight?

LORELAI: Yeah.

CAESAR: Did you get separated or something?

LORELAI: Something like that. So have you seen him?

CAESAR: Not unless I fell asleep. And I never fall asleep.

LORELAI: Well, so if you didn't fall asleep you know for a fact he's not back.

CAESAR: Right. So you didn't come back together, huh?

LORELAI: Long story. Getting kinda late, so -

CAESAR: If I see him, should I tell him to call you?

LORELAI: Yes, please.

CAESAR: Okay. And, if you talk to him, could you maybe not mention the radio, or eating the pie? He hates when I eat out of the pie plate.

LORELAI: You were eating out of the pie plate?

CAESAR [hesitates]: No. No.

LORELAI: Well, thanks, Caesar. See ya.

CAESAR: I've got lots of work to do, and I'm hankering to get to it.

LORELAI: Okay. Bye.

[Caesar goes back into the diner. Lorelai turns to head down the street.]

BABETTE: Lorelai! Hey!

LORELAI: Hi! Babette! Hey, Morey.

MOREY: Hey, Lorelai.

BABETTE: Look at you all dolled up and walking the street. I'm not calling you a hooker or nothing.

LORELAI: Well, thank you. Hey, um, did you guys pass Luke, or see his truck any time tonight?

MOREY: Uh-oh.

BABETTE: You're not with Luke?

LORELAI: Not at the moment.

BABETTE: Uh-oh.

LORELAI: What?

BABETTE: Didn't you go to your parents' wedding thing tonight?

LORELAI: Yes.

MOREY: Uh-oh.

LORELAI: What?

BABETTE: You didn't come back together?

LORELAI: Well, of course we did. We're just not together at the moment.

BABETTE and MOREY: Uh-oh.

LORELAI: Would you guys stop doing that?

BABETTE: Everything's all right between the two of you, isn't it?

LORELAI: Of course it is.

BABETTE: I hope so.

MOREY: Otherwise Taylor would go crazy.

BABETTE: He's got all these contingency plans, remember, in case you guys split? He's worried what it would do to the town. Big a**l creep.

LORELAI: Well, there's no splitting happening here. Everything's fine.

MOREY: Good.

BABETTE: Well, we'd better be going. Take care, doll.

LORELAI: Talk to you guys later. Bye. [They walk away. She takes out her cell phone and dials a number.] Luke, it's, uh, me. Again. Uh, well, another very exciting night comes to a close, huh? Um, I don't think you're home, so I'm going home. Um, I'll leave my cell phone on, or call me at home. Anytime you want. 'Kay. Bye. Er - just please, call me, okay? 'Bye. [She hangs up, and looks back into the diner. Caesar is dancing to the radio.]

YALE - RORY'S DORM

[Rory enters and turns on the light. She checks the message board, then flips through some papers by the phone.]

RORY: Paris!

[She opens Paris' bedroom door.]

RORY: Paris. Paris!

PARIS [asleep]: Wha?

RORY: Are you asleep?

PARIS [mumbles]: Don't turn the light on. [Rory turns the light on.] Aah! I said don't turn the light on!

RORY: I didn't hear the 'don't'.

PARIS: Why do you think I would tell you to turn on the light when I'm dead asleep?

RORY: I didn't know you were dead asleep.

PARIS: The room is dark. I'm under the covers and completely immobile. Deduce, Sherlock.

RORY: Well, you're awake now. Can I ask you a question?

PARIS: Bite me.

RORY: Were there any messages for me?

PARIS: Yes. Four other people called and asked that you bite me.

RORY [sighs]: Look, I'm serious here. Come on, Paris. It is especially important tonight that, if there was a message for me, that that message gets to me.

PARIS: If there was a message, I would have left it on the message board.

RORY: The board is blank. And you are not the most reliable message leaver.

PARIS: No messages.

RORY: Okay. I don't mean to insult you, but are you maybe telling me there's no message because you're mad that I woke you and there really was a message?

PARIS [sits up]: Oh, my God, you're annoying tonight! [She notices Rory's suit.] What's with being all k.d.lang?

RORY: It was for my grandparents' vow renewal. I was the best man.

PARIS: Is that kinky or something?

RORY: It was a cute thing.

PARIS: So, who's the boy?

RORY: What boy?

PARIS: The boy you're dying to get a message from. I assume it's a boy.

RORY: Not necessarily.

PARIS: Well, no one called, left a note, smoke signaled, Morse coded, semaphore flagged or came by. Male, female or hermaphrodite. [She flops back into her bed.]

RORY: Okay, thanks.

PARIS [getting up]: I'm wide awake. It's your fault. You owe me Boggle.

RORY: Paris -

PARIS: Boggle!

RORY: One game and then it's back to bed!

STARS HOLLOW - STREET

[Lorelai walks along. She stops to stare at Kirk playing a dancing game in the video arcade. Kirk finishes his dance and wipes his face with a towel.]

KIRK: Hey, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Kirk, you're dripping wet.

KIRK: Sweat is the curse of the b-boy. Mos Def. So, are you feeling better?

LORELAI: Yeah. I'm feeling fine, why?

KIRK: Luke told me you weren't feeling well.

LORELAI: Luke? You've seen Luke?

KIRK: He came into the movie theater. I'm on my break, so I figured I'd come down and bust a sweet move.

LORELAI: When, when?

KIRK: Oh, about a half hour ago. [He hands her the towel.] I asked about you and he said you weren't feeling well. Then he rejected my 'buy two Junior Mints, get a free hunk of onion beef jerky' offer with a disgusting profanity, then took a seat.

LORELAI: So, he's there now?

KIRK: Probably. Nothing's up with you two, is there? I mean, you seem just fine.

LORELAI: No, nothing. Nothing's wrong at all.

KIRK: Uh-oh.

LORELAI: Kirk, we have not broken up.

KIRK: Well, why are you guys dressed up but not together? Luke's in a suit, which seems awfully formal for a movie theater that recycles its popcorn -

LORELAI: Oh, well, we had a fancy event to go to, um, then I got the sniffles, and so Luke decided to see a movie, but now I'm feeling better, so I came looking for him.

KIRK: I hope that's true, 'cause Taylor would go nuts if you two broke up.

LORELAI: Well, that is not the case, so there's nothing to worry about. Do you think he's still there?

KIRK: The movie just started when I left.

LORELAI: Great. Thanks a lot, Kirk. So I can go in without paying?

KIRK: No!

LORELAI: Thank you. [She hurries away.]

KIRK: My towel!

[He fans his face with his hands, then heads back into the arcade.]

BLACK, WHITE AND READ MOVIE THEATER

[Lorelai sneaks in. The movie is playing. Luke is sitting alone on the 'Big Red' couch. Lorelai joins him. He sighs.]

LORELAI: What are you watching?

LUKE: Something stupid.

[They watch the movie for a minute.]

LORELAI: Man. They sure talked fast in these things.

LUKE: Yep, they, uh, they did. Fast.

LORELAI: I have been frantically trying to call your cell phone.

LUKE: I turned it off.

LORELAI: That's what I figured. [Pause] So do you want to hear my explanations, 'cause I've got 'em. Explanations, perspective, apologies, I've got 'em all, and I'm dying to share them with you.

LUKE: I just need some time.

LORELAI: Time -

LUKE: A little time, to think.

LORELAI: And to process.

LUKE [nodding]: Right.

LORELAI: I get that. I get that. I just have so much I want to say to you.

LUKE: Not right now. I need to clear my head.

LORELAI: You'll call me when you're ready?

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Okay. Good. Okay. So, I should - [She gestures toward the door and gets up. Luke ignores her. She stops to look at him before she leaves.]

DRAGONFLY INN - LOBBY

[Lorelai is showing a guest around.]

LORELAI: - Figure as your little girls arrive, we'll have them here in the living room. We'll have the pocket doors to the dining room closed. Then, when it's time for breakfast, we'll open the doors, and voila, the full, beautiful effect.

WOMAN: Wonderful.

LORELAI: We'll have music with a nice little fanfare. You like Yanni?

WOMAN: Hate him with every fiber of my being.

LORELAI: Oh, good, we're in perfect sync. And then, we'll have small-scale tables set with china, a silver tea service, little plates, little cups, and twelve little chairs for all of them to sit on.

WOMAN: That's so cute.

LORELAI: Yeah.

MICHEL: Wait, twelve? I thought there were six. Six little girls.

LORELAI: Six girls and their six dolls.

MICHEL: I beg your pardon?

LORELAI: This is a pancake breakfast for the girls and their dolls.

MICHEL: Get out of town.

LORELAI: I thought you knew that.

MICHEL: Dolls, as in they don't have stomachs, lungs or spleens? And we are serving them breakfast?

LORELAI: That's right.

MICHEL: Teeth? Throat? Colons? They don't have these things either? Unless they are Brides of Chucky.

LORELAI: I'm not paying attention to you anymore. [To the woman.] All right, well, I'll order everything, and all you have to do is show up.

WOMAN: The girls are looking forward to this. So are the dolls!

LORELAI: Aw, love that.

WOMAN: 'Bye.

LORELAI: Okay, bye.

MICHEL [watching her leave]: Is she psychotic?

LORELAI: Shh.

[They head into the kitchen.]

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Lorelai and Michel enter. Sookie is preparing stuffed peppers.]

LORELAI: It's silly fun, Michel, girls love dolls. Chill.

SOOKIE: I'm making little pancakes for the dolls, and I found these little forks they can use.

MICHEL: They do not have opposable thumbs!

SOOKIE: Who, the girls? Oh, this is a handicapped group! Poor things.

MICHEL: No, the dolls.

SOOKIE: The dolls? How can a doll be handicapped?

MICHEL: My point exactly! They are plastic and made in Banglagor!

LORELAI: We're doing this. So hop on board, or hop off.

MICHEL: Okay! You don't need to snap my nose off! [He leaves.]

SOOKIE: He's getting on your nerves, huh?

LORELAI: Completely. I'm starving.

SOOKIE: Didn't you have anything at Luke's today?

LORELAI: Not today. There's no food in this fridge.

SOOKIE: It's stuffed with food.

LORELAI: Food that's edible. Food to consume. Everything in here you have to cook.

SOOKIE: I'm a cook.

LORELAI: Oh, forget it.

SOOKIE: What's wrong?

LORELAI: Nothing. Luke and I had a little disagreement last night.

SOOKIE: At the wedding? What happened?

LORELAI: Christopher showed up.

SOOKIE: Oh, no.

LORELAI: My mother invited him.

SOOKIE: Oh, no!

LORELAI: And I hadn't exactly told Luke about that tequila night with Chris after his dad died, so I told him and there was a big blow-up. Chris went nuts, Luke went nuts, and he got mad, and he left. And now he says he needs time to think.

SOOKIE: How much time?

LORELAI: He just said, 'Time'.

SOOKIE: Ooh, I hate when men do that. It's so vague.

LORELAI: I should have told him when it happened. But I blew it. Now, if he'd just give me ten minutes we could hash it out and be back on our way, and not waste time. What's enough time?

SOOKIE: I don't know.

LORELAI: It's been twelve hours. That enough?

SOOKIE: I'd say no.

LORELAI: I'll be distracted until we fix this.

SOOKIE: Well, don't worry, because when a relationship is right, things work out.

LORELAI: I hope so.

SOOKIE: I heard about this couple on one of those morning show, similar to you guys - all lovey-dovey, perfect for each other, you know, headed for marriage - and something happened, and they broke up in their senior year of college, even though they were madly in love with each other. They moved to different parts of the country. They married different people.

LORELAI: They married different people?

SOOKIE: Oh, had kids, grandkids. Then their spouses died, oh, and they were available again, and they talked and they hooked up, and now they're together and they're happily in love after forty years apart. Uh!

LORELAI [shocked]: That's a horrible story!

SOOKIE: No, it's not!

LORELAI: What morning show was that on? I hate that story!

SOOKIE: But they ended up together!

LORELAI: Was it Katie Couric? She seems very dark to me.

SOOKIE: The point is that even if it takes forty years to figure it out, there's still a chance for a happy ending!

LORELAI: But that's all they had! An ending! I don't want to have just an ending with Luke!

SOOKIE: I know, but -

LORELAI: I don't want to have those stupid kids or those ugly grandkids with that loser other guy!

SOOKIE: You don't know, he could be a nice guy.

LORELAI: Even if he's a nice, guy, he's not the guy I want to be with!

SOOKIE: You're right. It's not fair to him.

LORELAI: It's not fair to him, it's dishonest.

SOOKIE: We should name the other guy. I feel like he'd be a Larry.

LORELAI: We're not naming the other guy.

SOOKIE: Okay. I guess it was a bad example. Sorry.

LORELAI: Oh, it's okay.

SOOKIE: But you know, I read a story about another guy that had a fight with his girlfriend, and he said he needed like a week to think it over, and he only needed a day. And he and the girl were back together and were happy forever. No Larry, or loser kids, or anything.

LORELAI: Uh-huh.

SOOKIE: They don't put stuff like that in the newspapers, 'cause it's not as sexy as the forty year story, but it happens all the time, really.

LORELAI: Thanks for making that up.

SOOKIE: You're welcome.

LORELAI: I'm going to go take a walk. I've got some errands to run.

SOOKIE: Good. Clear your head. And it was Katie Couric.

LORELAI: I knew it.

[Lorelai leaves.]

YALE CAFETERIA

[Rory and Paris are collecting bowls of different kinds of cereal.]

PARIS: Don't forget the raisin bran. It's good for you. Keeps you moving.

RORY: Whatever that means. Ew, I just got what that means!

PARIS: Cognitive skills are slow today. Grab some Corn Flakes. Nietzsche and Lichtenstein went ape guano over Corn Flakes.

RORY: They make you smart, German and depressed. Why do they have so much Wheat Chex? It doesn't go with anything.

PARIS: Wheat Chex are sort of the pumpernickel bread of the cereal world.

RORY: Well put. So what combo are you thinking today?

PARIS: Cap'n Crunch over a foundation of Rice Krispies, with a perimeter of Shredded Wheat.

RORY: Bold.

PARIS: I like its prospects.

RORY: I love cereal.

PARIS: It rocks.

[Rory takes her phone out of her pocket and sets it on the table as they sit down.]

PARIS: So, you never told me who the guy was.

RORY: Guy?

PARIS: The guy you were dying for a message from? The guy who has you yoked to your cell phone?

RORY: I am not yoked to my cell phone. I can't hear it when it's in my pocket.

PARIS: Oh, God! Tell me it's not Huntzberger.

RORY: What if it is?

PARIS: With the hair, and the chin like he's the fourth Bee Gee?

RORY: You know, I could put the phone away if it's bothering you.

PARIS: Don't. That pathetic boat you're in? I'm first oarsman. [She pulls out her cell phone and puts it on the table.]

RORY: How so?

PARIS: I'm waiting for Doyle to call. I expected a call yesterday to set something up for last night, but it never came. So I ate a family-sized bag of salt and vinegar potato chips and went to bed at seven-thirty.

RORY: That was the smell.

PARIS: We're better than this, you and me. We're the children of Emma Goldman and Hillary Clinton. Strong, independent. We're better than this.

RORY: Apparently not.

PARIS: I blame Chilton. Great education, but horrific socialization. We need guidance.

RORY: I'm not calling Love Line.

PARIS: Rory, come on. We're sitting in a sea of expertise in this field. The college campus. There's no end of knock-headed bimbos with tons of dross to dispense. There's two now.

RORY: Paris, don't.

PARIS: Althea! Janet! Come here!

RORY: You hate Althea and Janet.

PARIS: Granted, they know nothing of Ukrainian politics or the periodic table, but when it comes to boys, they're brighter than the Brontes.

JANET: What, Paris?

RORY: Hey, Janet. Althea.

PARIS: Girls, we have related problems. A little love trouble.

RORY: We?

PARIS: Bend your ears?

ALTHEA: Uh, sure.

RORY: No, Althea, please. Go. Enjoy your Sunday. There's no love trouble here.

ALTHEA: I don't mind.

RORY: I do.

PARIS: Fine, then I'll just lay out my situation.

RORY: Great. Good. 'Cause I'm out of this.

[Janet and Althea sit down.]

PARIS: Okay, so I've got a guy.

JANET: Blind?

PARIS: Can it. Last time I saw him, he strongly implied that he was going to call me. And soon. It's been four days.

ALTHEA: You ever call him to hook up?

PARIS: He's always taken the reins.

ALTHEA: What did he say exactly?

JANET: Call you later, or see you later?

PARIS: Call. Or was it see?

JANET: Very different.

ALTHEA: Call's more descriptive. If he said 'call you later' and he didn't, it's an egregious 'screw you'.

PARIS: I'm pretty sure it was see.

JANET: Then I think you could cut him some slack. You like him, right?

PARIS: Yeah.

JANET: Then call him, but have a reason.

PARIS: We're on the paper together.

JANET: Perfect.

ALTHEA: Call to ask for notes or something. But don't give him anything else. If he's into you, he'll take it from there. If he's not, at least you know, so you can dump him.

PARIS: Direct, simple. A clear path. Thank you.

ALTHEA: You're welcome. [They start to get up.]

RORY: Um, excuse me.

JANET: Yeah?

RORY: If you don't mind, I'm wondering -

ALTHEA: Yeah?

RORY: Okay, I got close to kind of getting together with a guy -

ALTHEA: You mean like 'getting together', getting together?

RORY: Yeah. But, we were interrupted. Shouldn't he be calling me to talk, or maybe set up getting together?

ALTHEA: What was the interruption?

RORY: Mom. Then Dad. Then Mom's boyfriend.

ALTHEA: Whoa.

JANET: Poor guy.

ALTHEA: Okay, you definitely have to call him.

RORY: Really?

ALTHEA: He might be afraid to call.

JANET: Thinks you're too much drama.

RORY: Too much drama.

ALTHEA: You give him a call, but keep it casual.

PARIS: She's love dense. Give her specific language.

JANET: Get together?

ALTHEA: Or hang out?

JANET: That's better.

ALTHEA: Ask him to hang out sometime. It'll give him an easy out. If he says yes, meet up, act casual, but look hot.

PARIS: I've got a pen if you want to write this down.

RORY: No, I think I can remember. Thank you.

ALTHEA: No problem.

JANET: Anytime.

[They get up and leave.]

PARIS: Styrofoam for brains, but they know their stuff.

[Rory nods.]

STARS HOLLOW STREET

[Lorelai walks along. A chef at Antonioli's is putting a large pink bow on his door, and also is wearing a smaller one. He gives Lorelai a big 'thumbs up'. Gypsy approaches.]

GYPSY: I'm on your side, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Whoa, yo, Gypsy. What are you talking about?

GYPSY: The breakup.

LORELAI: What breakup?

GYPSY: Yours and Luke's.

LORELAI: We're not broken up.

GYPSY: Break up, split up, separated - whatever you want to call it.

LORELAI: I'd like to call it nothing. We're fine. What is with these ribbons?

GYPSY: Pink for you, blue for Luke. Taylor's idea. That way we all know whose side we're on without having to talk to each other. He's a freak, but I like pink.

LORELAI: Oh my God.

GYPSY: Look out, blue incoming. [She pulls her out of the way of a man walking by.]

LORELAI: Oh, Gypsy, please. Take that ribbon off. I don't want anyone encouraging Taylor on this.

GYPSY: Oh, it's way too late. He's passed out hundreds.

LORELAI: Hundreds?

GYPSY: It was no choice for me. Luke fixes his own truck, so I make bumpkins off him. But you, you don't know a piston from a pepperoni. Lots of money in ignorance. I'm with you.

LORELAI [Sees Luke going into Doose's market]: Okay, great. I'll catch up with you later. [She walks away.]

GYPSY: Pink power, baby. We chicks gotta stick together.

DOOSE'S MARKET

[Lorelai enters. Taylor is tying ribbons.]

TAYLOR: Lorelai.

LORELAI: I'll deal with you later. [She heads toward the back of the store.] Luke? Hi. I'm sorry to sneak up on you like this, but please, just give me a minute. We need to talk. I have so much to say. I should have told you about that night with Christopher. I know that now.

LUKE: Yeah, okay. I'm -

LORELAI: But I swear, the visit we had was so innocent. It was about his dad, and nothing happened. Less than nothing happened.

LUKE: But you hid it.

LORELAI: I know, and I shouldn't have. And I am so, so sorry. But all that talk from Christopher, at the wedding. I didn't see that coming. He was drunk. He was stupid. He's never not stupid, but I didn't see it coming.

LUKE: You should have.

LORELAI: I know. Rory warned me and I ignored her, but believe me. I am never seeing him again. Never.

LUKE: What are you talking about? He's Rory's father. He'll always be in your life.

LORELAI: In her life.

LUKE: Her life is your life.

LORELAI: Not when it comes to this.

LUKE: This is going to happen again and again.

LORELAI: No, it won't, Luke. I promise. God, if you care anything for me at all, just please trust me on this.

LUKE: I've got to go. [He pushes past her.]

LORELAI: Luke. No, wait. Wait. [She follows him to the door.] Luke, it was my mother, you know, who did all this. She was the one. She caused all this hateful stuff because Christopher is weak and she knows that and I am never talking to her again.

LUKE: They're always going to be in your life too.

LORELAI: No.

LUKE: Your mother, your father. The Gilmores will always be in your life.

LORELAI: I can cut them off.

LUKE: No, you just can't cut them off. It doesn't work that way, and they'll never feel differently about me, ever.

LORELAI: It doesn't matter, because they're gone. That's it. They are gone. I can do that.

LUKE: I can't have this out right now.

LORELAI: Okay, when? Where?

LUKE: I need more time! I told you that.

LORELAI: I'm afraid of this 'more time' stuff. I'm afraid it'll take forty years and that's not good.

LUKE: Lorelai.

LORELAI: We'll miss our middle. I want a middle. And the town is dividing us up. I need that to stop.

LUKE: Don't.

LORELAI: Luke. I am all in. I'm all in. Please trust me. Let me show you what a great girlfriend I can be. But I can't wait. We can't wait. I need to know what you're thinking right now.

LUKE: Fine. You want to know what I'm thinking right now? That I can't be in this relationship. It's too much.

[He leaves.]

LORELAI [stunned]: No.

YALE DORMS - RORY'S BEDROOM

[Rory dials a number on her cell phone.]

LOGAN: Hello?

RORY: Hi. It's Rory.

LOGAN: Rory Gilmore, as I live and breathe.

RORY: So, how are you?

LOGAN: I'm good, Ace, how are you?

RORY: I'm good.

LOGAN: Hope your life's been less exciting since the last time I saw you.

RORY: Relatively.

LOGAN: Meaning you're steering clear of country club dressing rooms?

RORY: Pretty much.

LOGAN: Good.

RORY: Yeah. So, I was wondering if maybe you -

LOGAN: Yeah?

RORY: If you'd like to hang out, or something.

LOGAN: Hang out?

RORY: Yeah.

LOGAN: When?

RORY: How about tonight?

LOGAN: Whoa, spontaneity.

RORY: I'm very 'of the moment' these days.

LOGAN: Well, sure, I'd love to hang out with you. Come on over.

RORY: To your place?

LOGAN: Absolutely.

RORY: Cool.

LOGAN: See you in a bit.

RORY: See you in a bit.

[She hangs up, proud of herself.]

YALE DORMS - A HALLWAY

[Rory knocks on a door. A stranger sticks his head out.]

GUY: Yeah.

RORY: Oh, hi. I don't think I'm in the right place.

LOGAN [calling from inside]: Hey, who is it?

GUY: Girl scout.

LOGAN: Hey, Ace. Come on in.

GUY: Come on in.

[She goes in. A poker table is set up in the middle of the room.]

LOGAN: Welcome to my night of humiliating defeat.

ROBERT: One in a series.

COLIN: Don't gloat, Robert. It's not Christian.

ROBERT: Neither am I.

LOGAN: Everybody, this is Rory.

ROBERT: Hi.

COLIN: Hey.

LOGAN: I'd introduce you, but I only know three of them.

COLIN: It's to you, buddy.

LOGAN: Oh, joy. Come on, kiddo, sit here next to me.

RORY: Is that allowed?

ROBERT: I wouldn't object.

LOGAN: Come on, be my good luck charm. Did I raise or check?

COLIN: You been eating out of aluminum pans again, buddy?

ROBERT: Your short term memory is non-existent.

LOGAN: Yeah, it's aluminum pans.

ROBERT: The more you stall, the slower I win.

COLIN: That was almost grammatically correct.

LOGAN: Two.

COLIN: Call.

LOGAN: Hold up. You look very nice tonight.

RORY: Oh, thanks.

LOGAN: What do you know about this game?

RORY: Um, just what I've seen on T.V. The Odd Couple.

LOGAN: What?

RORY: Quincy played it, but he wasn't called Quincy, um, Oscar and Felix. Felix didn't play it. Tony Randall, he cooked for them sometimes.

LOGAN: I am so lost.

RORY: I know a little.

LOGAN: Well, if you know anything, you know I need a jack or a ten.

[Robert lays down his hand.]

COLIN: Pocket jacks.

LOGAN: Un bloody believable.

ROBERT: Do we bother with fifth street?

LOGAN: Let's see it.

[The dealer lays down. The guys cry out in disbelief.]

LOGAN: Oh, now you're just mocking me!

ROBERT: Well, your gal brought someone some luck.

COLIN: Two g's. Ouch.

RORY: That was two thousand dollars?

COLIN: Got to bet it to win it.

LOGAN: It's just money.

ROBERT: He's down nine to me from last time. Should I send an I.O.U. to your Pop, that how you want to work it? Cut out the middle man?

LOGAN: Yeah, and I'll send some to your mother.

ROBERT: Generic, unfocused 'and-so's-your-mother' style comeback. You're off your game, Huntz.

LOGAN: I'll work on a better retort and get back to you.

ROBERT [to Rory]: So are you covering this?

RORY: Pardon me?

ROBERT: You were at the last Life and Death shindig, as I recall.

RORY: Yeah, but I'm not covering this. I'm just hanging out.

LOGAN: Yeah, back off, Robert. She's just hanging out.

[A girl brings Colin a drink.]

COLIN: Thanks, kid.

GIRL: Oh, you're welcome.

COLIN: I love the service here.

GUY: I'm out.

COLIN: Down to the tricks again.

ROBERT: I'm in.

LOGAN: Don't be a jerk, Robert.

ROBERT: What?

LOGAN: You bet without looking at your cards. Look at your cards.

ROBERT: I don't need to, with Rory here.

COLIN: I hate it when he does that.

LOGAN: You want a drink?

RORY: Me?

LOGAN: Yeah.

RORY: Well, actually I don't know how long I'm going to stay here so I think I'm good for now.

LOGAN: All right. Well, the way it's going tonight, I may not last till the next drink either. [He tosses some chips in.]

COLIN: Can we change the music?

GUY: No.

COLIN: Since when did you become Tipper Gore?

GUY: Shut up, Colin.

[Rory looks at the ground.]

DRAGONFLY INN

[A group of little girls are holding their dolls, looking bored and sad.]

SOOKIE: She's on her way, I know she is.

WOMAN: Well, I hope she is. Just hang in there, girls. I know you're hungry. [To Sookie] They're getting ready to rebel.

SOOKIE [dialing her cell phone]: It's just that Lorelai ordered all the tables and the little china and I'm sure it's here somewhere, it's just - excuse me for just a second. [She walks over to Michel] Please, help. You're just standing there. [She hangs up the phone and dials another number.]

MICHEL: I'm staying out of the way. In situations like this, 'do not get in the way' is so valuable.

SOOKIE: Well, get in the way. Entertain the kids.

MICHEL: Like I'm Sponge Boy Big Pants or something? I do not entertain children.

SOOKIE [hanging up again]: I'm getting worried. She left to do an errand yesterday and never came back.

MICHEL: Are you dialing the right number?

SOOKIE: I think after ten years I know Lorelai's number.

MICHEL: Well, where is she?

SOOKIE: I don't know. But she was in charge of everything except the pancakes, and without her all we have are pancakes! They're expecting games and stuff.

MICHEL: Oh, here's a fun game. Poke out all of the doll's eyes, mix them up, and match them to the right dolls.

SOOKIE: It's still voicemail!

MICHEL: Well, leave a message!

SOOKIE: I've left a million messages! I'm going to her house.

MICHEL: Don't leave me here!

SOOKIE: Stall, stall! [She leaves.]

LITTLE GIRL: My dolly fell. Kiss the boo-boo.

MICHEL: What part of the dolly is the boo-boo?

YALE DORMS - LOGAN'S COMMON ROOM - MORNING

[Rory is asleep on the couch. She wakes up to find the guys still playing poker.]

LOGAN: Come on, come on.

ROBERT: I've made my decision.

COLIN: I'm in. Three fifty.

ROBERT: Call.

LOGAN: I'm going to raise.

ROBERT: Ass.

COLIN: Our gentleman's courtesies still prevail, Rob.

ROBERT: Fine. Mr. Ass. Ass Esquire.

[They laugh]

COLIN: He's cracked! We've cracked Robert!

LOGAN: Mornin' there, Ace, how'd you sleep?

ROBERT: For the record you don't snore.

COLIN: We'd be happy to sign an affidavit to that effect for any prospective husband.

[Rory's cell phone rings. She digs in her purse and brings it out.]

RORY: Mom?

SOOKIE: It's me, Rory. It's Sookie.

RORY: Sookie? Are you at the house?

SOOKIE: Look, uh, something happened with your mom and Luke and your mom's in bad shape. I mean, she's down, hon. And I'm here now, but I think you oughta come. She needs you.

RORY: Oh my God. Is she hurt?

SOOKIE: No, not physically. Just come, okay?

RORY: I'm coming.

[She hangs up and gets ready to leave.]

LOGAN: I'm out. [He gets up.] You okay?

RORY: I have to go.

LOGAN: What happened?

RORY: I just have to go, I have to get home.

LOGAN: To your dorm?

RORY: Stars Hollow. Oh, no, I don't have my car.

LOGAN: Well, didn't you walk here, like a hundred yards away?

RORY: No, I mean I took it in for it's six month service. It's at the dealer.

LOGAN: You take your car to the dealer? They so rip you off there!

RORY: Well it doesn't matter where it is! I don't have it! Which means that I have to take a bus or a train or something.

LOGAN: That'll take hours.

RORY: I know. I have to go.

LOGAN: Take my car.

RORY: I don't want to drive your car.

LOGAN: No, it's a car with a driver. I've got an account with the company.

RORY: No.

LOGAN: Take it. I'll give Frank a call, tell him to meet you out front. He'll take good care of you. It's a done deal.

RORY: Okay. Thanks.

LOGAN: Go!

[He dials a number. Rory leaves.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Sookie is sitting on the couch. Rory rushes in.]

RORY: Where is she?

SOOKIE: Upstairs.

RORY [heading upstairs]: Okay, I've got it from here, Sookie. I love you.

UPSTAIRS

[Lorelai is crying, lying in bed.]

RORY: Mom? What happened?

LORELAI: Luke.

RORY: What Luke?

LORELAI: He's gone! He hates me. I blew it. I blew everything.

RORY: I don't understand. What happened?

LORELAI: I should have told him about Christopher.

RORY: That was innocent.

LORELAI: But I should have told him. I hid it. I shouldn't have hid it.

RORY: Try to sit up.

LORELAI: She got to him.

RORY: To Dad? Who did?

LORELAI: Mom. She pushed him and it ruined everything. And now they're putting up ribbons.

RORY: Ribbons? Who?

LORELAI: Taylor, the town. They hate me. They all hate me. I wrecked everything.

RORY: Mom. This isn't good. Come on. Try to sit up.

LORELAI: He said he needed time to think, but I pushed him.

RORY: He'll come around.

LORELAI: I pushed him, and now he's gone.

RORY: He waited forever for you. He's not just going to walk away.

LORELAI: It's over.

RORY: Mom, this isn't you. Lying in bed like this. You should be up.

LORELAI: You should go to school. Go back to school.

RORY: I'm here. I'm staying.

LORELAI: God, I really screwed up this time.

RORY: Shh.

LORELAI: He could have been the one.

RORY: He'll come around. Shh. Try to sleep.

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai walks down the stairs.]

LORELAI: Rory?

[She looks into the kitchen and sees a video projector. She walks in and sees Luke sitting on Big Red.]

LORELAI: Luke?

[She walks into the Black, White and Red theater. She sits down next to Luke, smiling at him.]

LORELAI: Whatcha watching?

LUKE: Something stupid.

[The film shows Lorelai and Luke sitting in her kitchen drinking glasses of champagne, with candles all around.]

LORELAI: This isn't stupid.

FILM LUKE: Lorelai, this thing we're doing here, me, you. I just want you to know I'm in. I am all in.

[Film Lorelai says nothing.]

LORELAI: Say something.

[Luke on the couch next to her is replaced by a large blue ribbon.]

LORELAI: Say something!

[Lorelai wakes up in her bed. She rolls over and Rory is looking at her.]

RORY: You slept.

LORELAI: I guess.

RORY: Feeling better?

LORELAI: Sure.

RORY: No you're not.

LORELAI: You should get back to Yale.

RORY: Uh-uh.

LORELAI: Rory, you can't just stay here.

RORY: Sorry. I'm here for the duration.

LORELAI: No.

RORY: You need supplies.

LORELAI: I'm fine.

RORY: There's no sign that you've eaten or had anything to drink.

LORELAI: Well, I'm not hungry or thirsty.

RORY: Well, if you're staying up here you need supplies. Sustenance. Entertainment.

LORELAI: Well.

RORY: See, you're a little thirsty, aren't you.

LORELAI: A little.

RORY: What can I get you? Water? Bourbon?

LORELAI: Water is good.

RORY: What do you got food-wise?

LORELAI: Not much.

RORY: What's not much?

LORELAI: Like, nothing. Some moldy bread. I've been eating out mostly.

RORY: Okay, I'm going on a run.

LORELAI: I'm not hungry.

RORY: I'll get you some DVD's, too. Do you want magazines?

LORELAI: No.

RORY: I'll get you some magazines. You sure you don't want bourbon?

LORELAI: Honey, you have stuff to do.

RORY: This is my stuff. I'll be back in a flash.

LORELAI [gasps]: The ribbons.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Ah, the ribbons. They're all over town.

RORY: I'll just ignore them. Stupid Taylor!

LORELAI: People are going to be all over you with questions.

RORY: Then they'll feel the wrath of the Green Destiny.

LORELAI: Oh, you'll get bombarded.

RORY: Well, maybe I'll call in some reinforcements. [She kisses her head.] I've got my cell on.

LORELAI: 'Kay.

RORY: Don't go rollerblading or bowling or anything while I'm gone.

LORELAI: I won't.

[She watches Rory leave, then flops back into bed.]

DOOSE'S MARKET - OUTSIDE

[Lane walks out of the store followed by a bag boy. They are both carrying large bags.]

FRANK: I'll get those, Miss.

[Frank, the driver, put the bags in the trunk of the limo. Lane gets in.]

RORY: Did you get everything?

LANE: Everything on the list. Plus, I threw in a few things of my own. Some Toll House cookie dough. Cooked or uncooked, the ultimate comfort food.

RORY: Nice.

LANE: Chocolate covered matzah.

RORY: Nice and ethnic.

LANE: And a new toothbrush.

RORY: Why a new toothbrush?

LANE: Dentists say you're supposed to change your toothbrush every three months, and I'm assuming your mother's not doing that.

RORY: Well, I'm not sure how that's going to help her depression but you are a good friend. [She knocks on the divider at the front of the limo. The window opens and she hands Frank a sandwich.] You like ham and cheese, Frank?

FRANK: Ah, thank you, Miss.

RORY: We can head home now.

FRANK: Very good. [He closes the window.]

RORY: Was Taylor in there?

LANE: 'Fraid so. And he was holding court.

RORY: What?

LANE: He was talking with a bunch of people about the breakup. Big debate going on.

RORY: What debate?

LANE: Oh, about whether Elm should have gone more pink than blue, and whether Lorelai should have married that Max guy when she had the chance. Oh, and he was passing out ribbons like there was no tomorrow.

RORY: Was he. [Knocks on the divider.] Hold on, Frank.

FRANK: Yes, ma'am.

DOOSE'S MARKET - INSIDE

[Taylor is talking to a customer while bagging her groceries. Rory enters.]

TAYLOR: Luke I've known longer, because of the diner. Lorelai is much later, but she -

RORY: Where are they, Taylor?

TAYLOR: What?

RORY: Don't play dumb. The ribbons.

[Taylor shows her the box. She grabs it.]

RORY: Take piano lessons or something!

[She leaves.]

TAYLOR: She was so sweet when she was little. [Shaking his head.]

IN THE LIMO

[Rory gets in.]

RORY: Got 'em.

LANE: My compliments to your moxie!

RORY: Oh, I've got moxie coming out of my ears today. [They hear a car honking.]

LANE: They honking at us?

RORY: They better not be. Frank, are they honking at us?

FRANK: I believe so.

RORY: Oh, I am in no mood for this. We are depressed! [She stands up, her head out the sunroof of the limo.] We'll move when we move, so stop -

[Luke is honking at them. He stops, shocked.]

LUKE: Oh. Sorry.

RORY: I'm not usually in a limo. [She goes back in.]

LORELAI'S BEDROOM

[Rory has set up her purchases on a table next to the bed. Lorelai is sitting up, eating something out of a bowl. Rory enters.]

RORY: Heads up, man coming in.

LORELAI: Oh! The T.V.!

[Frank enters with the T.V.]

RORY: You won't come downstairs, I'm bringing downstairs up to you. On the table, Frank.

FRANK: Very good. [To Lorelai] Evening, Ma'am.

LORELAI: Evening.

RORY: That's Frank, my driver. So, I put all the things you will definitely need within easiest reach - water, basic foodstuffs - then, the things that you have to reach for or stand up for recede in order of frequency of use. It's not a science, but I did the best I could.

LORELAI: Well, I'm loving the cereal combo.

RORY: Five different kinds, three sweetened, with a mix of non-fat milk and half and half. It's a Paris recipe.

LORELAI: Thank her for me.

FRANK: All done here.

RORY: Excellent.

FRANK: Anything else I can get for you?

RORY: I don't think so. Thanks, Frank.

LORELAI: Yeah, thanks, Frank. [He leaves.] Wait, who's Frank?

RORY: Oh, well, I had to get out here, and my car is at the dealer for it's six month service. So my friend had a car and a driver standing by, so they let me borrow it and Frank, and, well, that explains Frank.

LORELAI: You take your car to the dealer?

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: They're such a rip-off there.

RORY: It says in the book to take it to the dealer.

LORELAI: If it said in the book to drive off a cliff, would you drive off a cliff?

RORY: Yes I would.

LORELAI: And 'they' is a 'he'.

RORY: Who?

LORELAI: The 'they' with the limo.

RORY: Yes, he's a 'he'.

LORELAI: Thank Logan for me.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Look, you and Frank should go.

RORY: No!

LORELAI: Yale's going to get mad.

RORY: Yale's not going to get mad.

LORELAI: Rory, I'm glad you came, but look how fine I am. I'm surrounded by everything I could possibly need. I even have raw cookie dough, for God's sake.

RORY: That was Lane's idea.

LORELAI: A whole village has seen to my needs. Go. It's time. Look, I'm sitting up and everything.

RORY: And you're feeling better, I mean, for real this time?

LORELAI: I'm not a hundred percent, but I'm getting there. I swear.

RORY: The downstairs is all set too. I cleaned up. Vacuumed a little, spot dusted. Oh, and I've checked in with Sookie.

LORELAI: Oh, good.

RORY: The party for the little girls and their dolls? Michel apparently really came through and it was a big hit. He sang a medley from Annie.

LORELAI: Oh, the big g*ns. Good. Now go!

RORY: Okay. But I am going to call a lot.

LORELAI: I'm good with that.

RORY: And I only have one class tomorrow, so I could stop by again in the afternoon.

LORELAI: Well, there'll be no need.

RORY: You can call me, too, you know.

LORELAI: I know, Mom.

RORY: Okay. Bye.

LORELAI: Bye, honey.

RORY: And I'm going to have Frank honk before we leave.

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: I don't know, it just sounds fun.

LORELAI: Okay.

[Rory leaves. Lorelai turns on the T.V. and flips through some channels. She turns it off again. The limo honks outside. Lorelai sighs and slumps back down in bed.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LATER

[Lorelai is sitting up in bed, staring. She reaches for the phone, then stops herself. She grabs it and dials a number, sniffing.]

LORELAI: Hey, Luke, it's me. I know I'm not supposed to be calling, but I am not doing really great right now, and - [Pause] I was just wondering, if, do you remember in The Way we Were, how Katie and Hubbell broke up because his friends were joking and laughing, and the president had just died, and she yelled at them and he was mad and he was going out to Hollywood, and, I mean, which she hated, and he broke up with her and she was really upset. And she called him and asked him if he would come over and sit with her because he was her best friend and she needed her best friend, and he did. And they talked all night, and they went out to Hollywood, which was a disaster, but it was good at first. With the boat, and uh, putting the books away. I've seen this movie a lot, so if you don't remember the putting the books away scene, don't feel stupid or anything. I was just sitting here thinking about it, because I, um, I'm in my house, and I was just, uh [Her voice breaks] Could - please come over. I - please. Rea

[She hangs up suddenly, realization on her face.]

LORELAI: Oh, my God.

[She gets out of bed.]

LUKE'S DINER - OUTSIDE

[Lorelai runs down the street. The diner is dark. She grabs the key from on top of the door frame and opens the door.]

LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Lorelai sneaks in, looking around to make sure Luke isn't there. She goes to the answering machine and steals the tape and leaves.]

YALE DORMS - LOGAN'S COMMON ROOM

[Logan heads to the door to answer a knock. Rory is standing there.]

LOGAN: Hey, Ace, how you doing?

RORY: Fine.

LOGAN: Come on in.

RORY: Um, Logan, wait. No, I can't stay, I'm just returning Frank.

LOGAN: Returning Frank?

RORY: And the limo. Thanks very much.

LOGAN: Everything okay back home?

RORY: Okay enough. It was good that I went. Thank you very much for your help.

LOGAN: You're very formal tonight.

RORY: What?

LOGAN: Just your tone. It's formal.

RORY: Well, that's how it is. And, I fed Frank a nice sandwich, so he's all good to go.

LOGAN: You know you ended up being extremely lucky for me, Ace.

RORY: Is that so?

LOGAN: I took Robert for everything he had, plus everything I owed him from last time. You should come to all these things.

RORY: Yeah, kiddo, maybe I should.

LOGAN: What?

RORY: Hey, did it ever occur to you when I called to ask you if you wanted to hang out that I meant that it should just be the two of us?

LOGAN: I actually wasn't sure, the whole thing was a little vague.

RORY: It wasn't vague.

LOGAN: No, hanging out's a little vague. It's not a specific boy-girl thing.

RORY: Well, I can tell you that I wasn't expecting to be Fanny Brice to your Nicky Arnstein.

LOGAN: But I already had this game going, and I couldn't just kick everybody out, so my choice is to say no and not see you at all or say yes and do it the way we did it.

RORY: Well, I wasn't expecting a group.

LOGAN: So, I should have said no, meaning I wouldn't see you at all? I wanted to see you.

RORY: Well, that's nice. I wanted to see you too. I just thought it would be a little more intimate.

LOGAN: Intimate?

RORY: You know what I mean.

LOGAN: So the only time we can see each other is to have sex?

RORY: No, Logan, that's not what I'm saying.

LOGAN: That's what I'm taking from this.

RORY: Well, don't take that. That's not what I'm saying.

LOGAN: So, we can see each other under all kinds of conditions. Alone, in a group.

RORY: Yeah.

LOGAN: Good. Last night happened to be a group thing.

RORY: Right.

LOGAN: So I don't see the problem.

RORY: Yeah. No, I guess there really wasn't a problem.

LOGAN: Glad we cleared that up.

RORY: Yeah, me too.

LOGAN [steps forward]: Now, I'm going out of town for a few days, but I was going to give you a call to set something up for when I get back, but you called me first.

RORY: Right.

LOGAN: I'm back next Saturday. It's the first night I'm back. Want to - I don't know, what are the kids saying these days? Hang out?

RORY: I'm never listening to the breakfast cereal girls again.

LOGAN: What?

RORY: Nothing. I'm free.

LOGAN: No group this time.

RORY: No group this time.

LOGAN: Good, so next Saturday. [They kiss.] Thanks for feeding Frank.

RORY: You're welcome.

LOGAN: And I promise not to call you kiddo again, I kinda picked up on that sarcasm from before.

RORY: There are just so many other things you could call me.

LOGAN: That's an opening. [She kisses him again.]

RORY: Bye.

LOGAN [Looking after her]: Bye, Ace.

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[She walks toward the porch. Luke comes out of the front door.]

LORELAI: Luke.

LUKE: Are you okay?

LORELAI: Yeah, I -

LUKE: Sure? I got here, there was no answer.

LORELAI [sighs]: You got my message.

LUKE: Yeah, I was home and I couldn't reach the phone, so I ran over here. I knocked, there was no answer, so I tried the loose window, but I fixed that last week, and then I realized I fixed all the stupid ways there were to get in your house, and I broke the back door lock and I ran inside and you weren't there.

LORELAI: Oh, my God.

LUKE: It's okay, I can fix it.

LORELAI: I'm so sorry, Luke. I will never do this to you ever again. I am absolutely humiliated. I was hurting, and I knew if I called you you'd come. I never should have done that.

LUKE: It's okay.

LORELAI: No, it's not okay. It's not okay. I am not that girl. I am not the one who cries and falls apart and calls her ex-boyfriend to come and save her. Thank you so much for coming, and for breaking my door. You're an amazing guy for doing that. [She hands him the tape.]

LUKE: What's that?

LORELAI: It's the tape from your answering machine.

LUKE: From my answering machine?

LORELAI: The last crazy thing you will ever have to endure from me, I promise. [Pause.] I just want you to know that I heard you when you said that you're out. I did. I'm going to respect that from now on.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: You should go. It's cold. I'll be fine.

[Luke looks like he wants to say more, but Lorelai goes inside. He leaves.]

END