

TALKING TURKEY

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based on Gilmore Girls by
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Opening Credits

ACT 1

EXT/INT TOWN SQUARE/LUKE'S DINER - MORNING

Lorelai and Rory walk past decorations for the Fall Festival, hands full with shopping bags. They enter Luke's diner.

LORELAI

And that's when he said, 'Ma'am, the complimentary objets-gratuit service is to be used strictly after a purchase', which is when I said, 'Well, you can only achieve your customer satisfaction quota after you pull the stick out your ass'."

RORY

- okay, so that explains how you got kicked out of Bloomingdales

LORELAI

With two sample bags in each hand, might I add.

RORY

Your shopping talents border on the criminal.

Lorelai and Rory enter Luke's Diner.

LORELAI

What can I say? When they make the giveaways infinitely more interesting than the thing you're actually purchasing, should you be punished for going back to peruse the selection? In fact, the mere presence of options forces the customer to take a closer look. This is entrapment. This is a setup. I'm Humphrey Bogart in Dark Passage.

RORY

Looking past that egregious casting choice, I'd say it was a pretty successful morning.

LUKE

Ladies, can I interest you in some coffee to go with half of Connecticut's sellable wares?

LORELAI

Yes, a successful round of shopping merits a cup of coffee.

RORY

(smiles conspiratorially)
Or three.

LUKE

You've had three cups of coffee this morning?

RORY

It's part of our shopping rewards system! If you can find something you want marked down at a different store, you're rewarded with a cup of coffee.

LORELAI

We got so good, we had to add crazier rules. For example, if you can find something under fifteen dollars that both you and Dolly Parton would wear, you get another cup of coffee.

Lorelai shows Luke a muted purple jacket with fur lining.

RORY

The results speak for themselves.

LUKE

Do you know with the money you used to buy that crap, you could feed a child for a month?

LORELAI

Hey, we needed these things. Besides, not everyone is satisfied wearing the same shirt, jeans and baseball cap ensemble everyday.

LUKE

(Looking to the blazer)
At least they didn't have to skin a Pomeranian to make my shirt.

KIRK

Excuse me, can I get some service?

LUKE

Shut up Kirk. (Point to Lorelai and Rory) Two coffees, coming up.

LORELAI

And blueberry pancakes!

Luke moves behind the counter, Lorelai and Rory address Kirk.

Kirk's eyes dart out the window manically.

RORY

Is everything ok Kirk? You don't look very well.

KIRK

(Eyes twitching)

Oh, I'm fine. Just a little pre-festival anxiety.

LORELAI

Are you sure? Because I have never seen an eye twitch like that.

RORY

It looks like it's trying to escape.

KIRK

I'll admit some mild anxiety symptoms are surfacing. As head assistant to the mayor, I have been put in charge of gathering the gaggle of turkeys for the Stars Hollow Fall Festival.

LORELAI

Are you anticipating a Hitchcockian end of days?

KIRK

When I was twelve, I was at a petting zoo, featuring a twenty pound turkey, Giant Tom.

LORELAI

Giant Tom? Was it moonlighting as a heavyweight boxer?

KIRK

They warned us not to look him in the eyes. I, couldn't help it. I looked straight into his cold, empty gaze. Giant Tom attacked, mercilessly. Needless to say, the incident left me with a mild turkey phobia.

RORY

And they put you in charge of corralling turkeys for the festival?

KIRK

It's an important job Rory. I have earned this role. I couldn't be more proud.

Lane opens the door behind him, and Kirk screams a little, startled, and spills coffee all over his front.

Lane sits at Rory and Lorelai's table.

LANE

Rory, major news. Hi Lorelai. Cool jacket, like Madonna meets Motown.

Lorelai gives an 'I told you' look to Luke.

LUKE

Humanity is doomed.

KIRK

(paranoid, manic)

What have you heard? But - I triple checked the cages- I did. Wait did I? I've gotta go check on something...

Kirk dashes out of Luke's

LORELAI

(Cell rings. Gets up and kisses Rory goodbye)

I've gotta take this. You guys finish up. I'll see you tonight hon.

EXT./INT OUTSIDE LUKE'S / MAX'S APT - MOMENTS LATER

LORELAI
(Answering her cell)
Hello?

Max is on the phone at home, lounging in his kitchen.

MAX
Hi, Lorelai.

LORELAI
Yes, who is this?

MAX
It's Max.

LORELAI
(pauses)

MAX
Max Medina...

LORELAI
I do have some vague recollection.
Tall, dark brown eyes, annoying
punctuality...

MAX
Oh, I'm touched you remember me so
well. If I might aid in your
recollection, I also happen to be
one of your daughter's teachers.

LORELAI
Mmm, see that could be any one of
my current suitors.

MAX
Well now I know you have a type!
Let me make things even easier: you
stood me up last Thursday to attend
a cat's funeral.

LORELAI
Oh, Max! Hi, what can I do for you?

MAX
Well Lorelai, I've been thinking
about how tragic it was that fate
cheated us out of our first date.
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

So, when chance had it I came upon tickets to the Hartford Fine Arts Gala, I thought, 'this is perfect.' I have two free tickets and a beautiful woman who owes me a date. The stars aligned.

LORELAI

Lucky you.

MAX

And I'd like to start this relationship Lorelai.

LORELAI

Lucky me.

MAX

Great. So I'll pick you up next Friday, 7:00?

LORELAI

(Sudden realization)

Oh, man, Friday. Max, I'm sorry -

MAX

So close -

LORELAI

Max, honestly, any day other than Friday. You see, recently I entered into this obligation, an agreement really, that every Friday I have a dinner. With my parents.

MAX

So you can't come because you want to have dinner with your parents?

LORELAI

Yes. Well, no, I don't want to have dinner with them. It's dinner under duress.

MAX

Listen, Lorelai, if you don't want to come, you can just tell me.

LORELAI

No, Max, really, I want to come. I do.

MAX

I'm an adult, I can take it.

LORELAI

No, no. Max, I am interested. And I will ask my parents - no, I will tell them that I will not be at dinner next Friday. In fact, I'll do it tonight.

MAX

Are you sure?

LORELAI

Positive.

MAX

Ok, I'll see you then Lorelai Gilmore.

LORELAI

Bye Max Madena. Give Rory's biology teacher my love.

INT TO EXT - LUKE'S DINER AND A WALK TO THE BUS STOP

LANE

(looking out at Lorelai)
She looks happy.

RORY

Yeah, she's started dating this new guy. I haven't seen her like this in a while.

LANE

It is so nice to have someone special in your life.

RORY

Sure is.

LANE

A dependable relationship.

RORY

Indeed.

LANE

Friends, family, it's just so comforting that in this cold, unfeeling world people come through for you when you need them.

RORY

Ok, my bus is getting here in a minute, and I'm hoping your point will get here first.

LANE

You need to come with me to the Fall Festival.

RORY

Lane, you know I can't. I want to, of course, but I have to go to my grandparent's house every Friday from now on.

LANE

I get that, but Rory, can't you get out for one evening? In the history of our friendship, we have been Pilgrim 1 and Pilgrim 2 at every single Fall Festival! Can you live with yourself, just breaking time-honored traditions like that? Is this the kind of precedent you want to set here?

RORY

I guess? But I'm not too pleased with either outlook...

LANE

Rory, this is serious. At the end of the day, without you there, it's just me, wasting an extended curfew night dressed up in a humiliating asexual pilgrim's dress.

RORY

And you want me to be there humiliated too?

LANE

What are best friends for if they won't wear square buckles with you?

RORY

(Stops walking, puts her hands on Lane's shoulders and looks her in the eyes)

(MORE)

RORY (CONT'D)

Lane, I love you, I cherish your friendship, and I would wear a million floor length buckled linen dresses for you. But not this Friday.

LANE

Fine. Don't come. I guess it doesn't matter that Dean will be working there too?

RORY

What? I barely know him. (Lane rolls her eyes) Oh look, my bus is here.

Rory hops on her bus.

LANE

(yelling from the sidewalk)

I'll tell Taylor you're a maybe!

RORY

(peeking out the window)

Hey, what was your news?

LANE

Oh, Dean asked about you at school yesterday.

RORY

(shocked)

What?

LANE

Wanted to know if you were going to be around on Friday. I'll fill you in when we pick up our costumes.

Rory sits back against her seat, looks a little dazed. Then, she can't resist a smile.

ACT 2

EXT TO INT. - NIGHT - GILMORE HOUSEHOLD

Lorelai rings the doorbell.

RORY

Are you ok? You look a little nervous.

LORELAI

Funny you should say that, because every morning I take extra time to look a little enigmatic but no one ever comments on that.

RORY

Well, you're a little of a lot of things, but I'm sure people are just too polite to mention them.

(Hesitates)

Mom, it's going to be ok, just explain to Grandma about Max and she'll understand you can't make it.

LORELAI

Have you met my mother? She needs things to be just so, in precisely the right order, and if they aren't she throws a fit, or in my case, informs you all your life decisions have disappointed her. I cannot expect a drop of sympathy from this woman

RORY

You're exaggerating, Grandma's not a robot.

EMILY

(opens the door)

Well, you're right on time.

LORELAI

Yeah, no traffic at all.

EMILY

Come in, come in. I can't tell you what a relief it is to have you two here.

(to Lorelai)

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

Your father is driving me up the wall.

LORELAI

That's Dad, such a rascal.

RORY

What's going on Grandma?

EMILY

Come and see for yourself. He's been tearing up the library, wreaking absolute havoc in an attempt to find some old books from his Yale days. Richard, the girls are here!

(The women arrive in the living room.)

RICHARD

Rory! You're here. I found that book on Roman Imperialism you and I were discussing. Still interested?

RORY

Of course!

RICHARD

It's in the study, let's you and I go take a look.

EMILY

Don't take too long!
(Making a point)
A great thing, a curious mind. Nothing is more important to a young girl than a natural inquisitiveness.

LORELAI

Yes, that and coffee!

EMILY

Excuse me?

LORELAI

Coffee!? You know, dark, caffeinated, cup of joe?
(Pauses, no reaction)
Joke. It's a joke. Not a good one, obviously.
(Changing the subject)
So Mom, how's the DAR going?

EMILY

Fine. Why should you ask?

LORELAI

Can't a girl be curious about her mother's day to day activity?

EMILY

You have never been interested in what I do for the DAR.

LORELAI

Oh, come on Mom, I'm interested.

EMILY

No, I'm fairly certain the last time I suggested you participate in one of our events, you emphatically said no. In fact, your exact words were, 'Can't Mom, I'll be too busy hanging myself.'

LORELAI

Ok, Mom, sorry. But I am currently interested.

Rory and Richard come back into the room.

RICHARD

In what are you interested?

EMILY

Richard, Lorelai has developed an interest in what I do for the DAR.

RICHARD

Ah.

(beat)

Since when?

MAID

Dinner is ready.

LORELAI

Thank god.

Everyone moves into the dining room.

RORY

What is the DAR?

EMILY

The Daughters of the American Revolution.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

Our local chapter is highly active,
and runs several charity campaigns.

LORELAI

And here I thought you were running
off to the Dirtboxing Amateur's
Ring Sunday afternoons.

RORY

(To Emily) Sounds cool.

EMILY

Well, thank you Rory.

(Inspired)

If you would like to swing by our
offices after school sometime, I
can introduce you to my friends.

RICHARD

Oh, Emily, let the girl be. She
should be spending her time
studying!

EMILY

Yes, and I'm sure Chilton's high
standards include supplementing her
school curriculum with extra
curricular activities. What do you
think Rory?

RORY

Well -

LORELAI

Guys, lay off. Rory's dance card is
full. Can we change the subject?
(Changing the subject)
Mom, this pot roast is delicious.

Some silence

RORY

Grandma, I think Mom had something
to tell you.

LORELAI

(to Rory)

Et tu?

EMILY

Oh really? What is it Lorelai?

LORELAI

No, I don't.
 (Psychs herself up)
 Well, actually, Mom, I was wondering if I could talk to you about something, although I didn't expect to do the talking over dinner, before wine, least of all after being ambushed by my own flesh and blood -

RICHARD

Spit it out Lorelai, we are not going to live forever.

LORELAI

Now that's a scary thought
 (Reacts to her own joke,
 then remembers she's
 trying to be contrite)
 Ah, hah, well guys I was wondering if it would be possible for me to not attend next Friday's dinner.

EMILY

That should work.

LORELAI

- Really, Mom it's for the best reason. See, I had to change plans on this guy so many times and - wait, what?

EMILY

Yes, that should work.

LORELAI

Ok, well thank you Mom, that is incredibly understanding of you -

EMILY

The truth is I was going to reschedule dinner anyway, because our DAR chapter is hosting the Hartford Fine Arts Gala that evening. I am going to have to attend, help smooth things over. Felicity, the arts committee chairman, is an appalling flake and can't be trusted to tie her own shoes in the morning. Naturally, the girls asked me to step in. We assembled several up and coming artists to display their work.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)
 (to Rory, like she's
 offering a treat)
 It's the kind of thing you could be
 involved in. Just say the word.

LORELAI
 Huh, um, you are going to the Fine
 Art Gala? Next Friday? 8:00?

EMILY
 Why, yes, do you know about it?

LORELAI
 Yeah - I -, there couldn't be two
 Hartford Fine Arts galas, could
 there?

RICHARD
 Lorelai, you are being impertinent.

LORELAI
 Sorry, sorry guys.
 (beat)
 (to Emily)
 Are you sure you want to cancel
 dinner? Rory's available.

EXT/INT - OUTSIDE GILMORE HOUSE/CAR - NIGHT

LORELAI
 God, how many Gardenias does one
 woman need? At what point do you
 say, "You know, I think fifty
 flowers might be a tad
 overzealous?" My Mother seems to be
 missing an imperative self-critical
 perspective.

RORY
 Ooo, Lorelai's cranky tonight.

LORELAI
 Let's just say that rose bush
 better be scared.

RORY
 A huh. Your spat with the local
 vegetation wouldn't have anything
 to do with anxiety over the
 location of your upcoming date with
 Max?

LORELAI

What, no, those shrubs were definitely looking at me weird. Like ... Triffids - Wait, how do you know where we're going?

RORY

We share a calendar.

LORELAI

It's just, I know that when Emily Gilmore is given a chance to criticize me and any good thing unlucky enough to be associated with me, she will be vicious. No matter how sweet Max is, she's going to find a way to cut him down.

RORY

You could be overreacting. Grandma's reasonable.

LORELAI

Uh huh, have I told you about the time during my 8th grade formal when Joey Toscano asked me out?

RORY

(Deadpan)
Joey Toscano.

LORELAI

Yes, Joey with the long eyelashes whose name I'd been doodling inside of hearts in my Bangles trapper keeper for weeks.

RORY

Was there also a pink fuzzy pen?

LORELAI

Um, of course. Anyways, Joey's Mom's car pulls up to the driveway, and I can hear the maid-of-the-day open the door and show him into the parlor. So I apply my final coat of shiny lip gloss, fluff up the maaaany ruffles in my dress, and slowly walk down the stairs. I remember seeing him standing there, all perfect and dreamy with a red carnation in his hand.

(MORE)

LORELAI (CONT'D)

But, of course, fate wrests us apart when Emily Gilmore gets down the stairs before me. All she sees are his mismatched socks, unpressed pants, and - the final straw - pizza sauce on his white piqué bow tie.

RORY

Oh no

LORELAI

Oh yes. And before Mom has even finished informing Joey of his various criminal misdemeanors, he runs crying out the door... The trapper keeper entries got much darker after that evening, full of knives and Metallica lyrics...

RORY

I hate to say this, but you probably didn't miss out on what might have been with Joey Toscano. A relationship based in the rose-y lens of fuzzy-pink-pen idealism can't have had a strong foundation.

LORELAI

That might explain my last few relationships...

RORY

But it's been a long time since 8th grade, and I think ever since these Friday night dinners, Grandma's really been trying.

LORELAI

I wish I could believe that. But my gut just tells me instinctively that I have to keep all good things in my life far away from her.

RORY

(Pause)

... Well, you'll always have me.

LORELAI

(Smiling, leans over and hugs Rory)
Yeah, I will.

RORY

And when I go to college, maybe you
can give Joey Toscano a call.

INT/EXT - CAR/TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Lorelai and Rory pull up to a stoplight at Town Square.
Lorelai is humming to a song, and Rory is looking outside
with her head out the window. She sees Dean closing up
Doose's market.

RORY

Hey Mom, don't we need something at
Doose's?

LORELAI

Ahhh, I don't think so.

RORY

No, I think we do. Ummm, tomato
juice? When did we run out of
tomato juice?

LORELAI

Hah, umm, since the day you told me
you hated tomato juice.
(Looks at Rory)
So, 1992?

RORY

You know, I forgot, I need some
erasers. For school.

LORELAI

You've been taking a lot of extra
trips to Doose's lately. Is there
some secret seasonal food addiction
you're not telling me about?

RORY

I'll be back in a minute.

Rory opens the door and gets into the road, car engine still
running.

LORELAI

W-hoa, you're just hopping out of
the car in the middle of the road?
What are they teaching you at
Chilton?

RORY

Relax, you're going to be here a while.

(Looks to the intersection, where a hoard of turkeys is crossing the road in chaotic disarray. Luke, Taylor and Kirk are there as well)

Rory walks past the trio on her way to Doose's

LUKE

This is ridiculous Taylor.

TAYLOR

I do not take our town activities cavalierly Luke, but I am not surprised that you may consider them with such disregard.

LUKE

Just move the damn turkeys out of the road so that my supply trucks can get to the diner.

LORELAI

(poking the fire)

Yeah! Move the damn turkeys!

INT - DOOSE'S MARKET - NIGHT

The store's lights are turned off, and Dean is the last person in the store. Rory enters. Dean is turned away, stacking boxes.

DEAN

(not looking)

Hey, we're closed-

RORY

Oh, ok.

DEAN

Rory! Hey.

RORY

Sorry, I didn't see that you're closed.

DEAN

It's not a problem. How can I help you?

RORY

You know, I forgot what I came here for, I'll just go.

DEAN

(puts his arm on Rory to pause her)

Hey, wait. While you're here, wanna help me finish stacking these boxes?

RORY

I shouldn't, my Mom's stalled at the intersection.

DEAN

Yeah, well until Luke can get the bird blockade out of the way, you're in the clear. Come on, I'll owe you one.

RORY

(can't resist)

Ok.

Rory begins to help Dean stack, passing him cans.

DEAN

So, I was talking to your friend, Lane the other day.

RORY

Oh? What about?

DEAN

You.

RORY

(grins sheepishly)

Well, I would take everything she says with a grain of salt. Years of sequestration in the Kim household have made her prone to dramatic hyperboles.

DEAN

Yeah, well I don't know about that. She told me you weren't going to make it to this goofy Fall Festival.

RORY
Pretty lame, isn't it?

DEAN
Totally, but Taylor's making all his employees manage the produce there. It's a drag, especially Friday night, but I thought it'd be nice to have one familiar face there.

RORY
(rushes to contradict his assumption that she won't be there)
Oh! I'm going.

Rory and Dean have finished the stacking job, and are now just looking at each other.

DEAN
Lane said you weren't going.

RORY
Like I said, she's prone to histrionics. But I'm definitely, one hundred percent, going to be there.

DEAN
Great, well I'll see you there.

RORY
(smiling, rambling)
Yeah, you will. I'll be the one by the pumpkins. With the buckles.
Bye.

DEAN
(smiling)
See ya.

Rory exits Doose's, backing through the door maintaining eye contact with Dean a little longer.

EXT - TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Luke and Taylor are still arguing. Rory walks past them on the sidewalk on her way back to Lorelai, who is standing up in the car, through the car roof, engaged in the altercation.

LORELAI

Come on, people are trying to get home here!

KIRK

(stressed out)

I'm going as fast as I can.

TAYLOR

Well, I am not surprised that Luke is unwilling to compromise for the greater well-being of the town, but I am surprised at you, Lorelai, for exhibiting the same disregard.

LORELAI

Oh, I don't care about the town's welfare? You gridlocked Main Street.

LUKE

Thank you, Lorelai.

TAYLOR

(to Rory)

Can you control your mother?

Rory gets into the car

RORY

Her leash comes on Wednesday.

LORELAI

Hah, good one.

Rory and Lorelai high five.

LUKE

Taylor, if you don't take care of this in the next five minutes, I will shoot every bird I can see.

TAYLOR

Luke, if you can just be reasonable for a second, we should have this situation taken care of in ten, twenty minutes tops.

LUKE

Unbelievable!

Lorelai sits down in the car, defeated. Rory's reading a book.

Fade out slowly with Lorelai and Rory talking about nothing, while they see Luke angrily gesturing at Taylor through the windshield.

LOREALI
Want some gum?

RORY
Peppermint?

LOREALI
Cinnamon.

RORY
Sure.

Act 3

OPEN ON THE GILMORE GIRLS' HOUSE, DECORATED WITH FALL ORNAMENTATION. IT'S THE DAY OF THE FALL FESTIVAL.

INT - RORY'S ROOM - EVENING

LANE

(holds up a bolster)
Hey, when we picked up our costumes, did Miss Patty mention what this is for?

RORY

No, she threw them at me, said 'Break a leg kitten', and then went back to directing the Thanksgiving ballet production.

(pauses, holding up a weird lump of clothing)
What are we supposed to do with all of this?

LANE

I say we streamline this look.
(Drops the habit-thing, waist-thing onto the bed)

RORY

(looking dejected)
This is a mess. Maybe we shouldn't even go. You know how particular Taylor is about historical reenactment.

LANE

Right. Your hesitation wouldn't have anything to do with presence of a certain mop-haired high schooler?

RORY

Who?

LANE

Who? Obviously Dean.

RORY

Lane, did I tell you what happened at Cinnamon's funeral?

LANE

I was there. Fifty people mourned a cat for an evening.

RORY

Yeah, well apart from that, I talked to him. But it was awful, I told him, quote, "I am interested". Then, I ran away, like a total spaz.

LANE

He didn't seem to mind at Doose's. It sounds like he's tolerating your freak flag well.

RORY

Yeah, the night I cornered him at his place of work. What else could he say? He's a polite guy. I don't know, I hate ... not knowing. I'm not sure if everything is in my head or not. And it's been a week since Doose's and nothing.

LANE

Come on, Rory. He's obviously into you, or he wouldn't have bothered asking about you. And you're obviously into him too. That's why we went two blocks out of our way to pass his house on Cherry the other day. Come to think of it (gasps) You've been trying to run into him this whole week!

RORY

No!... Well Maybe a little.

LANE

That is so sweet.

RORY

More like pathetic, especially since he hasn't tried to say anything to me since.

LANE

Don't be so down on yourself! Tonight, we'll focus on being kick-ass pilgrims.

(takes lip gloss off
Rory's desk)

(MORE)

LANE (CONT'D)
 With a tiny historical
 transgression.
 (Applies lip gloss)

LORELAI
 Rory!? Rory, I need your immediate
 and unmitigated assistance!

RORY
 (turns to Lane and smiles)
 Duty calls.

INT - LORELAI'S ROOM- EVENING

LORELAI
 (turns in her chair at a
 vanity desk to look at
 Rory, who's all decked
 out in 17th century
 garb.)
 Wow.

RORY
 (annoyed)
 Mom.

LORELAI
 Hester.

RORY
 Did you call me up here for help?

LORELAI
 Hey, it is a mother's prerogative
 to enjoy all these opportunities.
 There are a finite amount.

RORY
 You're sick.

LORELAI
 At least I can use penicillin.

RORY
 Ok, Lane and I have to go.

LORELAI
 - Wait, Rory, help me choose.
 (Holds up to blouses for Rory to
 look at) Red satin chemise, or
 midnight blue v-neck?

RORY
(pauses to think
critically)
Midnight blue. It will bring out
your eyes. (turns to leave)

LORELAI
Wait, wait. Also, do you know where
my silver bangles are?

RORY
Top left drawer.

LORELAI
My small hoop earrings?

RORY
On your ears.

LORELAI
Oh, hah. (Pauses)

RORY
Can I leave now?

LORELAI
Wait no! Um, can you help me choose
between the bangles and the
earrings? Because you can't wear
both, because that would be over-
accessorizing and over-
accessorizing is one of the worst
traps a stylish-modern woman can
fall prey to, and everyone knows if
you do it, the ghost of Coco Chanel
rise from the dead and haunt you
until you die.

Rory looks at Lorelai, as though she's gauging her behavior.
The daughter intuition kicks in, and Rory sits down next to
her mother.

RORY
Talk to me.

LORELAI
I really like him.

RORY
I know.

LORELAI
I hope it works out. I haven't felt
this way in a while.

RORY
Felt like what?

LORELAI
How do I describe it? It's this part of a relationship, the new part where everything is fresh and exciting, when you still get butterflies in your stomach every time he walks into the room.

RORY
That sounds terrible.

LORELAI
(smiles knowingly)
You and Lane better get going, And if you don't want Taylor to have an aneurysm, you better wear the coif and bolster.

RORY
(gets up to leave, but at the door turns to face Lorelai)
Do I really look silly?

LORELAI
No, hun, you look gorgeous.

EXT. PORCH, EVENING;

Max is outside, rings the doorbell, fidgets a little at the door waiting for Lorelai.

LORELAI
Well hi there Max.

MAX
Lorelai, you look stunning.

LORELAI
Aw shucks, I'm sure you say that to all the student's mothers.

MAX
But this is the first time I've meant it.

LORELAI
(chuckles)

MAX
 (holds his arm out to
 Lorelai)
 Shall we?

Lorelai and Max walk across the path to his Mustang, looking at each other and smiling as they go, as if it's a surreal moment for the two of them.

INT - EVENING - DAR HARTFORD FINE ARTS GALA

Max and Lorelai are walking around the venue, arms linked.

MAX
 So, my friend Devin, freshly graduated with a Bachelors of Fine Arts, is immediately channeled into his father's law firm. He gets fired on his first day when one of the executives catches him smoking weed in the second floor men's bathroom.

LORELAI
 Dad must have been proud.

MAX
 Not at first no. He kicked him out. Alone and penniless, he was able to use that time of uncertainty to usher in, as he describes it, the most creative period of his life. And he's a real talent. I think he said his work would be over there.

Max gestures across the room. Lorelai follows, sees Emily, and guides them in the opposite direction.

LORELAI
 Yes, but before we get to those, I think we should look at these.

MAX
 The coal-miner nudes?

LORELAI
 Yeah, wow they're just, priceless. What's the story behind them?

MAX

Ah, I believe the artist studied working class figures, and convinced a group of them to allow her to study their naked form.

LORELAI

Hmm, what a brazen man.

MAX

Yes, a testament to the grit and perseverance of an older generation.

LORELAI

Their ballsiness, you might say.

EMILY

Lorelai!

LORELAI

Mom! Hi. (pauses, waits)

EMILY

Well, what a surprise to find you here! Who is this gentleman?

LORELAI

Of course. Mom, this is Max.

EMILY

Max.

There is a pregnant pause.

Finally, Max leans in to shake Emily's hand.

MAX

- Medina. I'm an English teacher at Chilton.

EMILY

Oh, an English teacher? How charming.

LORELAI

(defensively)

Yes, Mom. Max is a teacher, and one of the students' absolute favorites.

EMILY

Chilton is a fine institution. And if I am correct in having observed your attention towards the Vanderbilt collection in the parlor, I'm sure the children are benefitting from your cultural aptitude as well.

MAX

Lorelai, you never told me your mother was so delightful.

LORELAI

Well, I'm trying to keep from lying to you so early in our relationship.

Emily ignores Lorelai's quip.

EMILY

Diana Pembroke procured these photographs, I don't know what she could have been thinking. Now, the real talents here tonight are the found art installations staged to depict scenes from literature.

LORELAI

(to Emily)

Who are you?

MAX

(Interjecting)

- Oh yes, I know the artist well-Michael Sterling. I referenced his work in my graduate thesis, years ago.

EMILY

Would you like to meet Michael?

MAX

Would I? Yes, I would love to.

EMILY

I should also introduce you to a fascinating new talent who did a series of industrial watercolors of the greater Hartford area.

MAX

Devin? Yes, he's a good friend of mine.

EMILY

Charming and connected! Shall I give you both a tour? I know all the best pieces.

LORELAI

Actually, Mom, I think we were trying to spend some time alone -

EMILY

(dejected)
Oh, of course you were.

MAX

(To Lorelai)

In fact, I'm sure your mother knows much more about this than I do. I'm a bit of a fraud. Please, Emily, show us around.

EMILY

(excited)
Excellent! Let's start from the back!

LORELAI

Kill me now.

EXT. TOWNSQUARE, FALL FESTIVAL - NIGHT

ANDREW

Taylor, we have an issue.

TAYLOR

I'm listening.

ANDREW

The crab soup cook-off attracted more people than can fit into the space allotted for it. First, we need a bigger space, and second, participants are demanding a democratic voting system to decide the winner.

TAYLOR

Barricade the traffic down Porter street, move the overflow into that block. Then, make a firm announcement that the decision by jury stands.

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Do not be afraid to get aggressive with these people Andrew, give them an inch and they will walk all over you.

ANDREW

Thanks Taylor.

TAYLOR

Post-haste, Andrew. (Shouts to someone off screen) Joe, keep your stirring consistent and steady, in four second counter-clockwise motions. We don't want the caramel to clump up, now do we?

LUKE

(shouts angrily)

TAYLOR!

Taylor pretends not to hear Luke and starts walking faster. Luke must run a little to match his pace.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Taylor, I know you can hear me! Stop walking or I swear to god I will launch this blue ribbon squash right at you.

TAYLOR

(Turns to face Luke casually)

Oh, Luke, hello. How are you enjoying the Fall Festival?

LUKE

Why is there a giant bonfire outside of my diner?

TAYLOR

Well, Luke, unavoidable circumstances arose, and it was the only space available.

LUKE

Taylor, it is two feet from our door. If just one gust of wind blew it the wrong way, it could light up my shutters and the whole block could burn to the ground.

TAYLOR

I assure you Luke, the bonfire passed safety regulation requirements through the Town Security Committee.

LUKE

You are the Town Security Committee!

TAYLOR

(redirects)

Luke, I would have thought you would be happy to have such a popular attraction next to your store. You should be thanking me for attracting customers.

LUKE

My regular customers aren't in my diner, Taylor, because they don't want to catch on fire. Per usual, your kitschy over-the-top event is massively out of scope.

TAYLOR

- I hardly think that's fair-

LUKE

And I have to fight you every time you put on one of these extravaganzas to mediocrity. There is another festival in this town anytime the weather changes. You have the First Frost Fair, the Trees-are-Changing Carnival, oh and my personal favorite, the Ceremonial Commemoration of the year's first Star's Hollow gourd sale.

TAYLOR

And you are the town's biggest curmudgeon, Luke. If Luke's Diner could get behind any one of our town's prestigious celebrations - you know, we could really take our grill-a-thon to the next level.

LUKE

Put out the fire, or I will put it out myself - I mean it Taylor.

Luke exits

TAYLOR

Andrew, have someone contain the
Baker street bonfire.

(Walking past Rory and
Lane)

Rory, Lane, postures straight, you
are not peddling mary jane to
troubled youths, you are
representing our town.

Taylor exits, leaving the camera on Lane and Rory at their
pilgrim stand.

LANE

(turns to Rory)

Mommy and Daddy are fighting again.

RORY

Now there's a household I don't
want to picture.

BABETTE

(struggling over picking
up a massive gourd)

Rory, sugar, can you help me haul
this whopper into my wheelbarrow?

LANE

That's the biggest one of the lot,
you're really going all out for
autumn decorations this year!

BABETTE

Yeah, hun, well there's this trick
down the street that has been one-
upping me and Maury's holiday
decals. Haha, but not this year, no
m'aam. I've been out all day
gathering provisions.

Babette begins pulling her wagon, visibly struggles.

BABETTE (CONT'D)

Hey dolls, can you pass me that oil
can? I should grease up the joints
on this contraption.

RORY

We can do that, Babette, why don't
you rest for a second?

BABETTE

Oh thanks toots, you two sure are
sweethearts.

(MORE)

BABETTE (CONT'D)
 I'll just hit Miss Patty's booth
 for a sip of her autumn cider, I'll
 be right back!

Rory and Lane begin to grease the wheels of the over-loaded wagon.

LANE
 (smiling)
 This town gets crazier every year.

Rory, sees Dean across the square, helping an old woman load groceries into her car.

Dean looks up and waves in her direction. Rory waves back, then hears laughter. Two Stars Hollow High girls are standing behind her, waving to Dean as well.

It appears they are the ones Dean was waving to.

GIRLS
 (O.S.)
 (Laughter)

Rory is embarrassed, but Lane hasn't noticed any of what happened.

LANE
 ... I mean every piece of this place reeks of antiquity. We are the only town in the greater Hartford area that still has town meetings, and I don't think anyone in our age bracket should even know what to do with this. [holds up oil can] How did we get here? Rory?

RORY
 (distracted)
 Sorry, what?

LANE
 What's up? You seem distracted?

RORY
 Nothing important.

Pan over to Kirk at his turkey cage.

KIRK
 Oh, you want to buy a turkey?...
 Are you sure? Ok, hold on.

Kirk puts on a scuba mask and holds a feather duster, and a large claw. He unlatches the chicken-wire gate with the claw, and prods out one turkey with the feather duster.

INT. EVENING - DAR FINE ARTS GALA - NIGHT

MAX

And then what happened?

EMILY

Well, once it became clear to everyone except Sheila that her piece was a fraud, I tried to let her down gently.

LORELAI

-drop her off a cliff-

EMILY

(ignores Lorelai)
But Sheila, stubborn as ever, throws a cocktail party, invites the artist herself, who informs her in front of the whole DAR that the piece is not an original. (laughs) Needless to say, she did not show her face at the Hartford Arts Committee meetings again.

LORELAI

You 'mean-girl'ed a grown woman?

EMILY

I didn't have to do anything! I couldn't help the woman, as she insisted on returning to a cut-rate art dealer. I didn't even have to campaign for chairmanship, they begged me to take it.

MAX

(laughs)

Poor woman, she could not have known she was up against such a formidable force.

LORELAI

The simple fool - let's get the town together and have her tarred and feathered for her insolence. Toe the party line, right Mom?

Max and Emily look at Lorelai, Max is a little taken aback while Emily is exasperated.

EMILY

Are you quite finished?

LORELAI

Almost, but I'll need some refreshments before act two.

MAX

Let me get you something.

LORELAI

No no, I got it, you two stay here, don't let me break up such a vicious - I mean vivacious - conversation.

Lorelai walks away from the two, towards the bar, and bumps into Michel.

LORELAI (CONT'D)

Michel!

MICHEL

Oh Lorelai, what a pleasure.

LORELAI

So this is what you spend your spare time doing? Buying overpriced art?

MICHEL

Yes, I found my hometown of Paris to be culturally stagnant and moved across the Atlantic Ocean to Hartford, Connecticut where I could truly foster my thriving art collection that I enjoy during the copious spare time I am afforded when I'm not running an inn.

LORELAI

You don't run the Independence, but ok, so what are you doing here?

MICHEL

Why, I am reveling in the vibrant Hartford art scene.

LORELAI

Fine, don't tell me, if you'll excuse me-

Lorelai moves to go past Michel

MICHEL

Do not go that way.

LORELAI

Um, the bar is over there.

MICHEL

The wine, it is no good.

LORELAI

Michel, bathtub moonshine is ambrosia when my mother is in the next room having a lively conversation with my date.

Moves to go past him again, but Michel stands in his way.

LORELAI (CONT'D)

What is this - wait. Wait. Michel, what is that?

MICHEL

Nothing, I have no idea about which you are speaking.

LORELAI

Um, the thing about which I am speaking is the eight by ten canvas of you inhaling a Big Mac.

MICHEL

That is not me.

LORELAI

Then you simply must introduce me to your twin before he leaves to go on to greater and greasier things.

MICHEL

That is not me. It cannot be me because any decent photographer acquires the permission of the subject before distributing his image. As I have spoken to no such person, it is impossible that I could be in any such portrait.

LORELAI

Ahah, so you're here to confront the Eyes-on-Hartford for snapping a picture of you eating fast food.

MICHEL

Lorelai, I have no time for your antics. If you will excuse me -
(turns to a woman who looks interested in bidding for the photographs) M'aam, this item is not for sale -

Lorelai, walks over to a picture on the wall. Looks at it, and begins speaking to a bow-tied man looking at the picture, standing next to her.

LORELAI

Hey, how are you?

STRANGER

Fine, thank you.

LORELAI

(pauses for a moment,
looking at the art)
Modern art is so funny.

STRANGER

Pardon?

LORELAI

Oh, I said modern art. It's funny.

STRANGER

Hmmm.

LORELAI

You see it here, surrounded by so many beautiful things, and you start to think about old memories and sounds and familiar faces. And then you realize you've been looking at a green triangle for twenty minutes. (turns to stranger) Isn't that just funny?

STRANGER

(indignant)
There is nothing funny about it!
This art was curated by some of the finest minds in our community.

LORELAI

Right, couldn't agree more. Sorry to bother you, really, it's me, sometimes my mouth hijacks my brain. I hope you and your bowtie have a lovely evening.

STRANGER

Excuse me?

LORELAI

(walks away)

Nice to meet you.

Lorelai turns around to see Emily

EMILY

Well, Lorelai, I see you have met my dear friend Christopher Travers.

LORELAI

Mmm, we were having a great chat.

EMILY

Oh?

LORELAI

Yeah, we gabbed and gabbed. I can tell we're going to be fast friends. I gave him my number, do you think he'll call back?

EMILY

Ah. A joke.

LORELAI

Maybe I should play it cool.

EMILY

(under her breath)

Lorelai, these people are my friends. Why must you be so persistently hostile?

LORELAI

Nothing, I don't know, this crowd is a little pretentious, that's all.

EMILY

Really, I can't understand why you even came here when it's been so obvious from the beginning of the evening that you aren't happy.

LORELAI

Mom, I think that's a bit dramatic.
I'm fine.

EMILY

You didn't even give the night a chance! As soon as I met your friend Max, you took the first opportunity to skulk away into the furthest corner of the room, making snide remarks about Christopher Travers.

LORELAI

I said I was fine.

MAX

Is everything okay?

LORELAI

Yeah, Max, give us a minute.

EMILY

(To Lorelai)

I think it's best you leave now.

LORELAI

What - are you dismissing me?

EMILY

If you prefer to think of it that way, yes. Either way, I would like you gone, please, without making a scene.

LORELAI

(raises voice)

Without making a scene? Is that what's important to you? That I leave without disrupting the gentle, domesticated atmosphere? God-forbid there be any form of expression, here of all places.

EMILY

You are being incurably rude.

LORELAI

Me? You cannot go one evening without taking an opportunity to make me feel small.

(MORE)

LORELAI (CONT'D)

I have worked so hard, since I was 16 to make something of myself, to feel proud of what I have done and of the people around me. But one night in public with, with this insufferable Hartford crowd, and you find a way to send me to my room without any supper.

EMILY

And you never miss a chance to be a martyr. Your behavior tonight was unjustifiable.

LORELAI

How is it you don't see that no one can live up to your impossibly high standards of behavior? No one, and it is exhausting. Dad doesn't engage, and you dismiss maids like they're disposable.

EMILY

Well Lorelai, if I am this unjust monster you think I am, do us both a favor and leave.

LORELAI

Oh I would be happy to. I can't stay here another minute.

Lorelai leaves.

MAX

(to Emily) It was lovely to meet you.

EXT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Lorelai's raced ahead of Max on an anger-high, Max has had to sprint to catch up with her.

MAX

Lorelai, hold on a second.

LORELAI

Can't stop. Keep up.

MAX

(catching up to Lorelai)
Okay, phew.

LORELAI

Ugh, can you believe her? Ladies and gentlemen, my mother, the woman who could make Gandhi renege his vow of non violence.

MAX

I have stitches in my side. Is this normal?

LORELAI

Really, I should see a therapist after what she's put me through.

MAX

Stitches, in my side. I ran 10 yards!

LORELAI

I need therapy. Of course, a therapist would tell me what I already know, that everything is my mother's fault, obviously. Freud is incredibly underrated.

MAX

Teaching English has not been good for me.

LORELAI

I'll just send the bill to the Gilmore residence. That will be a nice surprise in the mail, thrown in with Home magazine and citations of human rights' violations.

MAX

Don't you think you're being a bit unfair?

LORELAI

What?

MAX

I mean, you sort of called her out at her own party. Pretty publicly.

LORELAI

The woman kicked me out of an art gallery. Who does that? How is that okay?

MAX

You're right.

LORELAI

No, really. You seem to have an opinion, say it.

MAX

I plead the fifth.

LORELAI

Max, cut the cute.

MAX

(sighs)

It's just, you kind of backed her into a corner! I'm not saying that she had the most level-headed response, but can you blame her for not wanting you to keep yelling at her in front of people she has to see every day?

LORELAI

I can't believe I'm hearing this. (She sees Michel driving out in his car). I have to go, I need to clear my head.

MAX

What, no Lorelai, don't go, let's talk about this.

LORELAI

No, maybe go talk to my mother, since you two have so much in common. Michel, stop the car!

Lorelai hops into Michel's car.

MICHEL

I am in a hurry.

LORELAI

Did you steal the display?

MICHEL

If you want a ride, do not ask questions.

Max is left in the parking lot, regretful, looking at Lorelai go as Michel makes his getaway.

ACT 4

EXT. TOWNSQUARE - STARS HOLLOW FALL FESTIVAL

LANE

And it's officially been 20 minutes since the last person bought a pumpkin. I bet we won't have to be here much longer.

RORY

I don't think we ever really 'had' to be here. Halloween was a full month ago, no sane consumers should feel compelled to buy a giant orange gourd outside of the small frame of time preceding October 31st. It's like we've been selling Christmas ornaments in January.

LANE

Ok Grumpy it's been fun hanging out with you too. I'm going to go help Fran load all those pecans into her basket, then I'm off. I'll see you later.

Rory walks away from the stand to take off some of her pilgrim pieces. She turns around to see Taylor.

TAYLOR

Excuse me young lady, but being a volunteer at the Stars Hollow Fall Festival means having the commitment to donning the historical wardrobe for the duration of the event.

RORY

Taylor, I am committed, I was just taking a break.

TAYLOR

Well, when you take enough breaks, it looks like you are not in fact doing the work we are paying you to do.

RORY

You don't pay any of us, we're all volunteering.

TAYLOR

Well, missy, in this town civil service is its own reward. You know, I shouldn't be surprised. Ever since you started attending your fancy preparatory school, it seems you have had less and less time for the town you were raised in.

RORY

Listen Taylor, I humiliate myself at least six times a year for this town, and just because I'm going to Hartford for school doesn't mean I am any less dedicated to Stars Hollow. And I will be back next year in this ridiculous pilgrim outfit. So ... get off my back.

Rory turns to leave and sees Dean standing, hands in his pocket.

RORY (CONT'D)

Oh

DEAN

That was quite a speech!

RORY

Yeah? ... I don't usually yell that much.

DEAN

No no, it was good. I much prefer it to getting only a few syllables out of you.

RORY

Hah.. Yeah...

DEAN

Hey, I'm sorry I didn't see you earlier. I didn't think Taylor would be such a tyrant.

RORY

Oh, that's ok.

DEAN

I tried waving earlier, did you see me?

RORY

What? No, I didn't see that.

DEAN

Yeah, it probably wasn't even you. Everyone's wearing the same pilgrim suit that makes it pretty impossible to identify anyone. But... I guess it wasn't you, so, this is becoming a very pointless anecdote.

RORY

No, on the contrary it was one of the best stories I have heard all day.

DEAN

Hah, okay. Hey, would you like to grab a coffee with me, at Luke's?

RORY

I would be interested in that.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

LORELAI

Good night Michel. I will see you tomorrow. And hey, thanks for tonight.

MICHEL

(Rolling up his car window)
Do not speak of it.

LORELAI

You couldn't pay me not to.

MICHEL

You are exhausting.

LORELAI

You love me.

Michel drives away. Lorelai sees Rory and Dean sitting at Luke's, and walks inside.

RORY

Oh, Mom, hey.

LORELAI
Hello, daughter of mine.
(pause)
Hah, straight out of a Shyamalan
movie.

RORY
Huh?

LORELAI
Oh, I must be in Sixth Sense
because I am the only one who sees
the whole other person here.

DEAN
(Standing up a little to
shake Lorelai's hand)
Hi, I'm Dean.

LORELAI
Nice to meet you.

DEAN
(To Rory)
Well, see ya later.

RORY
Yeah. Bye!

Dean exits.

LORELAI
Looks like your night went a lot
better than mine.

RORY
Oh? What happened?

LORELAI
I'll tell you about it on the walk
home.

Lorelai and Rory head out the door, just as Kirk bursts in
through the door.

KIRK
Luke, I require your immediate
assistance.

LUKE
(Hurriedly rushing from
behind the counter)
Why, what's wrong? Are you hurt?

KIRK

No, but the turkeys broke out of the cage. They have escaped and there are at least five unaccounted for, roaming the streets.

LUKE

(Stopping, exasperated)
Kirk, I have told you and Taylor already: I am not going to enable this farce in any way, shape or form.

KIRK

Luke, this is serious.

LUKE

No one in this town knows the meaning of serious.

KIRK

If we don't contain this situation immediately, there will be widespread havoc. Turkeys will run wild from Cherry to Dixon Street.

LUKE

(Having bent behind the counter to retrieve a fishing net)
Kirk you are a grown-man. Take this fishing net, and maybe next time you and Taylor will re-evaluate whether every seasonal change merits a full-out carnival.

KIRK

Thank you Luke, I won't disappoint you.

Cut to the Gilmore Girls walking home, with Kirk running around in the background, calling out to turkeys nervously, making turkey calls.

RORY

I can't believe you got kicked out of an art gala.

LORELAI

I know, can you believe her?

RORY

Well, yeah: it doesn't sound like you were a peach to deal with.

LORELAI
(Suprised, paused)
You too?

RORY
(sarcastically)
Listen Mom, while you are usually a paragon of public decorum, when it comes to Grandma and Grandpa, it's like you wear blinders.

LORELAI
Only because they're so cute and the other horses were looking at them.

RORY
Mom, come on.

LORELAI
Look, Rory, I love that you get the chance to get to know your grandparents. Really, I do. But growing up with them was not soft and fuzzy. There is a history there, one that I can't forget.

RORY
But then, how are things ever going to get better?

LORELAI
(Smiling sadly)
I don't know kid. Slowly, I guess.

(Pan out to all of Stars Hollow, with Kirk chasing three turkeys futile-y with Luke's fishing net).

INT. GILMORE HOUSE - NIGHT

LORELAI
(Answering the phone)
Hello?

EMILY
I cannot believe how inexcusably you behaved tonight.

LORELAI
Mom? Is that you?

EMILY

I was humiliated, in front of all my friends.

LORELAI

Mom.

EMILY

It ruined my entire evening, I could not face any of the artists after your display.

LORELAI

Mom.

EMILY

You continually make bad decisions, and blame me whenever the opportunity presents itself. Well you were not the victim tonight, missy.

LORELAI

Mom!

EMILY

What!?

LORELAI

I'm sorry.

EMILY

You're sorry?!

LORELAI

You were right, I went in with a bad attitude. It's just, it's not easy with us, no matter how much better it seems to get.

EMILY

And I suppose that's my fault too?

LORELAI

No. Yes. 60% your fault. Oh, there was that time in sixth grade when you made me brush my hair until I cried, so I'll have to recalculate. Mmm, 80?

EMILY

You never stop do you?

LORELAI

I mean, I think it's mostly your fault, but ... tonight I realized I bring more of our baggage to the table than I thought, and it was unfair of me to embarrass you like that. Truly, Mom, I am sorry.

EMILY

Well, I hope you think long and hard about how you behaved. It certainly will not do if you plan to keep seeing the sensible man you introduced me to tonight.

LORELAI

(Looks out her front door, sees Max waiting at the door with a bouquet of daisies. He smiles at her. She smiles back.)
I'll work on that. Bye Mom.

EMILY

Goodbye Lorelai.

Lorelai opens the door and walks onto the porch.

LORELAI

Hi.

MAX

Hi.

LORELAI

You're on my porch.

MAX

Yes.

LORELAI

I didn't expect to see you again tonight.

MAX

I was halfway home, when I had a sudden urge to see you again. It made me crazy to think we would end the evening on such a bad note.

LORELAI

I see you brought flowers.

MAX

Yes, I wanted to apologize, for the way I reacted tonight.

LORELAI

You don't have to.

MAX

No, I was out of line. I mean, I'm not going to pretend that I wasn't way in over my head. If one good thing happened though, I know so much more about you than I did yesterday.

LORELAI

And you didn't run away screaming.

MAX

You're right, your business with your mother is obviously complicated, and for now, I'm going to keep my nose out of it.

LORELAI

For now?

MAX

Yes, Lorelai, for now. Because despite the disastrous ending tonight, I know that I want to keep getting to know you. And I hope I'll get more involved.

LORELAI

Sounds serious.

MAX

That's my intention.

LORELAI

Well, my intention is to let you carry on with your intentions.

MAX

Music to my ears. And Lorelai, when I do become part of the bigger picture, I want you to know right now that I will always be on your side.

LORELAI

(moved)

Well, I look forward to it. Bye
Max.

MAX

'Til next time, Lorelai.

INT - LORELAI HOUSE - NIGHT

Lorelai sets the daisies in a vase in the living room. Rory is sitting on the couch, watching a movie. Lorelai sits down next to her, and adjusts the blanket so she is also under it.

RORY

Was that Max?

LORELAI

Yeah.

RORY

(looks at the flowers)

And he brought you daisies too?

LORELAI

Yes, he did. A real class act.

(pause)

Speaking of class acts, Dean seemed nice.

RORY

He is.

LORELAI

Is there something going on there?

RORY

Nope.

LORELAI

Rory, you know you can tell me anything. I'm like Fort Knox with secrets.

RORY

Well, there's nothing to know.

LORELAI

Honey, it's just me.

RORY

I know. There's just nothing to tell.

LORELAI
(Unconvinced, hurt)
Okay.

The end music plays. The girls go back to watching television, as the camera pans out, Lorelai watches Rory, who's watching the television again.

Credits