

(Rory and Lane walk to the kitchen.)

LANE: Problem.

RORY: Hit me.

LANE: It's been a week since that party, and still he has not called.

RORY: Henry.

LANE: He said he'd call.

RORY: Maybe he's been busy.

LANE: Maybe he has a girlfriend.

RORY: Lane.

LANE: A tiny perfect Korean girl that his parents would love and approve of.

RORY: Lane, you are a tiny perfect Korean girl that his parents would love and approve of.

LANE: No, they'd know.

RORY: Know what?

LANE: Know that I listen to the wrong music and wish I could go blond without looking like an idiot. Or that I'd take a whopper over kimchi in a heartbeat.

RORY: Now you're just going crazy.

LANE: So he doesn't like me, he's not gonna call. It's not the end of the world. I'll live. I'll go one. There's always college. Unless my parents get their way, and then it's 'I take thee Jesus to be my lawful wedded husband.'

RORY: Lane, with all due respect to your fiancé, Henry will call.

LANE: No he's not.

RORY: Well then why did he talk to you all night. .

LANE: Well. .

RORY: . . and follow you around everywhere you went. .

LANE: 'cause . . .

RORY: . . and ask you to dance six times?

LANE: Was it six times?

RORY: It was six times. And he did not ask you to dance six times because you're a good dancer, because to tell you the truth and as much as I love you, you're not.

LANE: Really?

RORY: You are an embarrassment to the art of dancing.

LANE: Thank you.