

GILMORE GIRLS

RORY AND DEAN - DO YOU LIKE CAKE?

DEAN: So have you lived here all your life?

RORY: Yes. Well, pretty much. I was actually born in Hartford.

DEAN: That's not far.

RORY: Thirty minutes with no traffic.

DEAN: Really?

RORY: I timed it.

DEAN: OK, then.

RORY: So do you like cake?

DEAN: What?

RORY: They make really good cakes here. They're very...round.

DEAN: OK I'll remember that.

RORY: Good. Make a note. You wouldn't want to forget where the round cakes are.

DEAN: So how are you liking *Moby Dick*?

RORY: Oh it's really good.

DEAN: Yeah?

RORY: Yeah, it's my first Melville.

DEAN: Cool.

RORY: I mean, I know it's kind of cliché to pick *Moby Dick* as your first Melville but -- hey how did you know I was reading *Moby Dick*?

DEAN: Uh, well, I've been watching you.

RORY: Watching me?

DEAN: I mean, not in a creepy, like "I'm watching you" sort of way. I just -- I've noticed you.

RORY: Me?

DEAN: Yeah.

RORY: When?

DEAN: Every day. After school you come out and you sit under that tree there and you read. Last week it was *Madame Bovary*. This week it's *Moby Dick*.

RORY: But why would you --

DEAN: Because you're nice to look at, and because you've got unbelievable concentration.

RORY: What?

DEAN: Last Friday these two guys were tossing around a ball and one guy nailed the other right in the face. I mean, it was a mess, blood everywhere, the nurse came out, the place was in chaos, his girlfriend was all freaking out, and you just sat there and read. I mean, you never even looked up. I thought, "I have never seen anyone read so intensely in my entire life. I have to meet that girl."

RORY: Maybe I just didn't look up because I'm unbelievably self-centered.

DEAN: Maybe, but I doubt it.

(They smile at each other.)