

pacey's pond

# Seperation Anxiety

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[Scene: The Capeside High Cafeteria. Jen and Jack are sitting at a table eating their lunch together.]

Jen: Ok, please, just give me something. Anything. A small juicy little morsel just to tide me over so I can keep on living vicariously through you.

Jack: First of all, when discussing my love life, try not to use the word juicy or morsel. Ok? It cheapens me.

Jen: Fine. Fine. But you and Tobey are going out again, right?

Jack: Yes, we are going out again.

Jen: And?

Jack: And that's all you're getting.

Jen: Might I remind you that it was me that got the 2 of you together?

Jack: Mm-hmm.

Jen: Don't make me beg. Because I'll do it and it won't be pretty.

[Drue comes up and takes a seat at their table.]

Drue: Actually, begging happens to be a great look for you. Especially when you stick out that pouty lower lip. It's very sexy.

Jen: Well, I must be off my game, Drue. Normally I can smell you coming a mile away.

Drue: Be nice or you won't get your yearbooks.

[He hands them each a yearbook.]

Jen: Ooh!

Jack: Nice.

Jen: That is uncharacteristically nice of you. What's going on?

Drue: Hey, how many prom drownings do I have to rescue you from before you accept the new me?

Jen: Maybe one...or two.

Drue: Hmm. If we can all turn to page 53 in our prayer books, I think we should bow our heads in a moment of silence.

[They open the books to see the picture of Pacey and Joey, Class Couple.]

Jen: I wonder if they've seen this yet?

Jack: Or if they're talking yet?

Drue: I wonder if anyone besides you 2 cares?

Jen: Well, as far as I know, they haven't said so much as a hello since the prom debacle.

Jack: Same goes for Dawson and Gretchen.

Jen: See, that confuses me. I mean, I was sure that they would've gotten back together by now. They're so good for each other.

Jack: Well, you know, long distance relationships can be tough. He's gonna be in L.A. You know, the way I see it, if anybody's getting back together, Joey and Pacey.

Drue: Blah, blah, blah. All you guys do is talk. You know what? I say it's time we take some action.

[Takes out some money and holds it in front of them.]

Drue: [Chuckles] Who will live to suck face another day? Will it be Joey and Pacey? Gretchen and Dawson? Both...or neither?

Jack: It's disgusting.

Jen: Yeah, it's really inappropriate, Drue.

Jack: Jen, spot me 2 bucks.

Jen: I can do that. I got it here. I have a 20. Take it all the way, baby.

[Dawson and Joey walk up and they quickly hide the money.]

Dawson: Hey, guys, what's up?

Jack: Whoa!

Jen: Dawson, Joey.

Jack: You guys eaten?

[Jen shows Joey a picture]

Jen: Cute, huh?

Joey: Aw.

[Opening Credits]

[Scene: Dawson's Bedroom. Dawson is working on his computer when his mother comes into the room]

Gale: [Knock on door] Busy?

Dawson: Oh, yeah. I'm just doing some last looks on this Brooks film before I send it off to USC. If I got any chance at all of getting in their summer program this has to be out by tomorrow.

Gale: Honey, have you talked to Gretchen yet?

Dawson: [Sigh] There's not really much to talk about.

Gale: But are you ok with the way things were left between the 2 of you?

Dawson: Well, I'm not doing cartwheels. But, you know, what do you expect? I'm sure we'll eventually find a way to restore our friendship.

Gale: Well, I don't see how you're gonna restore your friendship if you're not speaking.

Dawson: Well, it's my friendship so I'll handle it.

[Gale gets up to go but turns back to him]

Gale: Gretchen's leaving town.

Dawson: When? How do you know?

Gale: She gave her notice a couple days ago. Today's her last day at the restaurant. So it must be soon then. I just thought you'd want to know if you want to say good-bye.

Dawson: Well, she didn't tell me she was leaving. So obviously she doesn't want me to know.

Gale: No. No, the truth is, Dawson, you don't know what Gretchen's thinking right now. So why don't you go over there and find out? You could, uh...ask her to sign your yearbook, that's always a good way to start a conversation.

Dawson: Mom, I appreciate the effort, but aside from that being a painfully lame idea, that's such a thinly veiled attempt at a reconciliation I'm not even sure there's a veil there.

Gale: Well, then I'm sure you'll think of something better. But if you want to keep Gretchen in your life, honey, you're gonna have to talk to her, and you're gonna have to do it soon.

[Scene: Outside Pacey and Gretchen's Place. Pacey is fixing her car, when she comes out carrying a pop and a sandwich.]

Gretchen: Hey. How's it going?

Pacey: This baby should run for another 2,000-3,000 miles, easy. Though it wouldn't kill you to change the oil every once in a millennium.

Gretchen: I'll try and remember that. Oh, I talked to the landlord, and we're officially paid up till the end of next month. And after that the lease is up.

Pacey: Thanks for doing that.

Gretchen: No problem.

Pacey: Consider it payment for the work you've done on my car.

Gretchen: You want this?

[She hands him the sandwich]

Pacey: Thanks.

Gretchen: [Sigh] So how are you?

Pacey: Uh...to tell you the truth, I've had better days. How about yourself? You talked to Dawson lately?

Gretchen: No. I don't know if I'm avoiding him or he's avoiding me.

Pacey: Yeah, I know what you mean.

Gretchen: Joey?

Pacey: Same thing.

Gretchen: I'm really sorry, Pace.

Pacey: Do you think it's possible that you and I might actually feel better if we were to deal with our significant exs instead of just holing up in this cozy little beach house?

Gretchen: Probably. But that doesn't mean I'm actually ready to go out there and cope.

Pacey: Me neither. [Sigh] Maybe it's genetic.

Gretchen: Mm-hmm.

[Scene: Grams' House. A realtor is showing a man and woman around the house when Jen comes inside.]

Realtor: The House just went onto the Market a few days ago, and I don't think it will be on it for very long.

Man: You know, I think if we tore apart that upstairs room, it would make a great gym.

Woman: Mmm. I was thinking the exact same thing. Lots of steel, maybe—

Jen: That's my room.

Woman: And all this wallpaper would have to go.

Realtor: Well, there's tons of possibilities. Why don't you take another look around? [The couple leave] You must be Jennifer. I've heard so much about you. And congratulations on Boston Bay College, by the way.

Jen: I'm sorry, but who are you?

Realtor: I'm Dana Borkow. I'm the realtor. Didn't you know? Your grandmother's selling her house.

[Scene: The Capeside Yacht Club. Joey is setting a table, when Mr. Kubelik comes walking up to her.]

Mr. Kubelik: Joey Potter. I was hoping to run into you.

Joey: It's nice to see you again, Mr. Kubelik.

Mr. Kubelik: You're coming to my party tomorrow night, yes?

Joey: I wouldn't miss it.

Mr. Kubelik: And I hope that you're bringing that charming boyfriend of yours. Pacey, was it? He certainly did liven up the last party.

Joey: Oh, uh-- well, actually, um-- certain things have kind of changed since the last party. Um, Pacey and I, uh... we, uh... well, we-- we kind of broke up.

Mr. Kubelik: Oh. Well, I'm sorry to hear that. Well, I take it you're still on good terms, huh?

Joey: Yeah, sure. We talk all the time.

Mr. Kubelik: I'm glad to hear that, because Dean Newman and I were hoping to chat with him tomorrow night about a rather pressing matter.

Joey: The Dean of admissions?

Mr. Kubelik: Yeah, we have an offer we want to discuss with him.

Joey: Yeah, sure. I'm--I'm sure that Pacey would like to talk to you.

Mr. Kubelik: Ok. Well, then I'll see you both tomorrow night then.

Joey: Ok.

Mr. Kubelik: Have a good day.

Joey: You, too.

[Scene: Grams' House. Grams and Jen are having a discussion about selling the house.]

Grams: Forgive me, Jennifer, I didn't realize I needed your permission to sell my own house.

Jen: Well, it's not about permission, but since you're basically doing this for me, why shouldn't I have a say in the matter?

Grams: What makes you think I'm doing this for you?

Jen: Ok. I want you to look me in the eyes and tell me that this is not about sending me to college.

Grams: Look, I admit that money from the house will primarily go towards your tuition. But that is not the only reason for my decision.

Jen: All right. Well, then by all means, enlighten me.

Grams: [Sigh] You are moving on to the next phase in your life, and I need to do the same. Which is why I've decided to move to La Brea Park.

Jen: Ok. Run that by me one more time because when you say La Brea Park, I think retirement community with bunnies and lawn bowling tournaments, and aside from your habitual knitting and your penchant for Metamucil, you-- you're far too young and far too hip to be living in a place like that.

Grams: Jennifer, just because a community has the word retirement in front of it doesn't automatically mean it's a bad place. Oh, honestly, Jennifer, I didn't realize you were such an ageist.

Jen: Oh, I'm not an ageist. I'm not an age-- an "ist" anything. I wanna go see this fabulous park of yours.

[Scene: The Leery Fish House. Gretchen is working at the bar, when Dawson comes in and slowly walks up to the bar carrying his yearbook.]

Gretchen: Hey, you.

Dawson: Hey. I thought you might want to sign that. [hands her the book] Before you leave town.

Gretchen: Well, you're nothing if not direct.

Dawson: Were you really just gonna slip out of town without even saying good-bye?

Gretchen: I was thinking about it, yeah. Maybe.

Dawson: You know what? Then in that case, just pretend I never did stop by.

[He grabs the book and begins to leave]

Gretchen: Or maybe I was thinking about how to say good-bye to you all week.

Dawson: So where are you going?

Gretchen: Back to school. I signed up for some summer classes to make up some of the units I missed this year.

Dawson: [Deep breath] How soon do classes start?

Gretchen: Not for over a month.

Dawson: Ok.

Gretchen: But I'm gonna take a little road trip before that. Do some traveling while I still have the time.

Dawson: It, uh...sounds like fun.

Gretchen: I leave the day after tomorrow.

Dawson: Do you? That soon?

Gretchen: I know.

Dawson: That's--that's... that's really soon. I feel ill-prepared.

Gretchen: Well, you still have a whole day and a half to come up with some fantastic going away speech for me.

Dawson: All right.

[Dawson turns to leave]

Gretchen: But I would like to sign that. Can I? [Dawson slides the book to her] Can I have some time with it?

Dawson: Sure. Yeah. Just as long as you realize that the longer you have it, the less acceptable "have a bitchin' summer" is gonna be.

Gretchen: Ok.

Dawson: Ok.

[Scene: Pacey and Gretchen's Place. Joey is standing outside the door, and finally knocks. Pacey comes to answer the door.]

Joey: [Sigh] Hey.

Pacey: I was beginning to wonder if you were ever gonna knock.

Joey: You saw me standing out here?

Pacey: No.

Joey: Ok, um...[Clears throat] Here's the thing. Um... I ran into Mr. Kubelik today. Remember him? He's the Worthington guy and he remembered you, and he asked me to bring you to this party that they're having tomorrow night for all the new freshmen. And he thought that we were still together, and I said that things were weird between us. But then he said he had this offer for you and he mentioned the Dean of admissions, and I'm thinking what else could he be talking about other than Worthington and you. And, you know, maybe there's some loophole or he-- there's some special program and I—

Pacey: I miss you, Jo.

Joey: I miss you, too.

Pacey: You know, I've been... replaying everything that happened at that stupid prom. Wasn't supposed to end like that. We're not supposed to end like that. Right?

Joey: I wish you'd come to the party with me.

Pacey: Yeah. Of course.

Joey: And, uh-- I'll see you tomorrow.

[Scene: Outside the store, Pacey and Gretchen exit the store and walk over to her car carrying bags of groceries.]

Pacey: Ok. So riddle me this. How many Funyons can a tiny little woman like you possibly consume on one little road trip?

Gretchen: Don't change the subject.

Pacey: I'm not changing the subject. I'm just steering it in a different direction on purpose.

Gretchen: Look, I just don't think you should go to the party tonight, pace. I mean, even if you and Joey are supposed to be together, you both need to take some time apart to figure out what went wrong. Otherwise you're gonna wind up making the same mistakes all over again. Trust me. I know from whence I speak.

Pacey: Trust you? Miss pack-up-and-leave-town? Forgive me if you're not exactly my relationship role model right now.

Gretchen: I'm just trying to help, pace. I don't want to see you getting hurt.

Pacey: Well, it's too late for that. I'm already hurt. And that's exactly the situation I'm trying to rectify. That's why I gotta go to this party, just to see what the gods have in store for me.

Gretchen: You mean Kubelik and his mysterious offer?

Pacey: Yeah. Look, I know as well as you do that this is a long shot. But what other choice do I have? I need a sign. I need someone or something to tell me what to do. To show me what's right 'cause I don't know what to do anymore. And if this guy's gonna offer me a chance to go to Worthington, then I have my answer and I know for sure.

Gretchen: What will you know?

Pacey: Well, that I'm supposed to be with her. Ah, look. Gretch? If it's all right with you I think I'm gonna walk home.

Gretchen: Yeah.

[He puts the bags in her car, then turns back to her.]

Pacey: So, then... this is it. You're really gonna leave tomorrow morning?

Gretchen: Well, long before you're up, snoozer.

[He gives her a huge hug.]

Gretchen: Hey! What's this? Ha ha.

Pacey: I'm really glad you came home this year, Gretchen.

Gretchen: Sure you are. You got a sweet beach house out of the deal.

Pacey: Yeah, I did. But it would not have been the same if it wasn't for you. So, I just want you to know that, you know, your little brother-- well, you know.

Gretchen: I love you, too, Pace.

Pacey: Yeah.

Gretchen: [Laughs] And even better than that-- I mean, all familial obligations aside-- I actually like you.

Pacey: Well, you're not so bad yourself.

Gretchen: Yeah, I know.

Pacey: Good-bye, Gretchen.

Gretchen: Good-bye.

Pacey: Bye.

[Scene: The La Brea Park. Grams and Jen pull up to the guard station and wait for the guard. A really old female guard

walks up to the car.]

Guard: Last name?

Grams: Oh, hello. Um-- I was here a few days ago—

Guard: Last name?

Guard: Ryan. Evelyn Ryan.

[The Guard goes back to check her list]

Jen: Huh. She's a crusty old broad. I wonder what she'd do if we just gunned it? I mean, how would she catch us? In one of those little golf carts, you think? You know, I seriously think we could take her.

Grams: Jennifer, please.

Jen: Just making a joke.

[Guard comes back with a pass]

Guard: Here you go. Next time go to gate 3 first to get your pass.

Grams: Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize—

Guard: Everyone needs a pass. Residents get a permanent pass. If they have visitors, they're supposed to call in advance to get a pass. Nobody gets in without a pass.

[Scene: The Leery Living room. Mitch and Dawson have just finished watching his movie of Mr. Brooks.]

Mitch: I don't know how you did it, Dawson, but you managed to make Mr. Brooks seem like Harrison Ford.

Dawson: So it's ok then?

Mitch: Well, as your father, I am prone to subjectivity, but when USC calls and begs you to join their program, remember you heard it here first. It is great. But I can see that your mind's on other things.

Dawson: [Sigh]

Mitch: Want to talk about it?

Dawson: Not really. But thank you for watching this. I really needed an opinion from somebody other than Brooks. You know? I mean, how could a man with an ego that big not love a movie that's all about him?

Mitch: That man was a real wild card, huh? I can't get over how much he reminded me of you.

Dawson: I remind you of him?

Mitch: Well, that part where he talks about that girl? How she jumped over the counter, they went off to California together, they didn't even know each other? Who does that?

Dawson: Hitchhikers.

Mitch: Risk takers. Dreamers. People who understand that every once in a while, an opportunity presents itself. And whatever they decide to do in that moment will change the rest of their lives forever. Brooks could have told that girl to get lost. He could have gone off to California alone like he planned, but he didn't.

Dawson: No, he didn't.

Mitch: Because he knew. Very few men are lucky enough to actually see those moments, Dawson. He was really an inspiration.



Dawson: Yeah. I... I guess he is.

[Scene: Outside the Potter B&B. Pacey comes walking up, to find Joey outside on the porch waiting.]

Pacey: Hey. You know, you didn't have to wait outside for me. I would've rung the doorbell like a proper gentleman.

Joey: I've been ready for an hour, which has given me far too much time to look at myself in the mirror. Never a good thing.

Pacey: Right.

[She walks down the stairs and is about to kiss him when she stops herself.]

Joey: Um...we should go.

Pacey: Yeah. Good idea.

[Scene: Gram's House. Grams and Jen are talking about their visit to the retirement community.]

Jen: You're not moving there.

Grams: I've looked at other places. They are simply not affordable. I'm sure with time I'll be able to acclimate to La Brae Park quite nicely.

Jen: Ok, you're not listening to me. See, I'm not gonna allow you to make such an enormous sacrifice.

Grams: This is not a sacrifice. This is my gift to you.

Jen: Well, I don't want it.

Grams: You don't want to go to college?

Jen: No. No, not like this. The fact is is that I should've applied for a student loan. Just because I wouldn't take money from my parents doesn't mean that I need to burden you with my entire college tuition. [Sigh] Look, when you offered to help me out, I--I assumed that you had some sort of savings. I didn't think that I was gonna put you into hock.

Grams: Jennifer, this is not your problem. Look, can we please not have this conversation?

Jen: I'm not going to Boston, and I'm not letting you sell this house.

Grams: [Sigh]

[Scene: The Capeside Yacht Club. Joey and Pacey have arrived at the party, and find Mr. Kubelik there.]

Mr. Kubelik: Hey.

Joey: Hey. It's 7:00 and the party's already swinging. I'm impressed.

Mr. Kubelik: Well, I take no credit. The promise of free food always draws a crowd. You look lovely, Joey. And I see you brought your friend.

Pacey: It's good to see you again, Mr. Kubelik. Thanks for inviting me tonight.

Mr. Kubelik: Oh, absolutely. I'm glad you're here.

Joey: Oh, well, that's Pacey. He never misses an opportunity to show himself off in a suit.

Brad: I think we've gathered everyone by the fireplace, sir.

Joey: Wonderful.

Mr. Kubelik: Joey, why don't you join Brad? We're taking a few photographs of next year's freshmen.

[Brad takes her hand.]

Brad: I'll lead the way.

Joey: I'll be right back.

Pacey: Ok.

[Joey and Brad leave]

Pacey: So. What do you say you and I go find that dean of yours, huh?

Mr. Kubelik: All right.

[Scene: Gretchen and Pacey's Place. Gretchen comes out carrying a box, when Dawson comes walking up to the porch. It is night time out.]

Dawson: [Chuckles] I thought you weren't leaving till tomorrow.

Gretchen: Hey, uh, no. I was just pre-packing the car. What's up?

[He takes the box from her arms and puts it on the ground]

Dawson: I want to go with you.

Gretchen: W-what? Why?

Dawson: Because if you leave now, I am always gonna wonder "what if?" What if there were no pending college departures? What if there were no job offers in Boston? What if there was no Joey. What if it was just you and me, on the open road, with nothing but our hearts to guide us? Would we have worked? You said the reason we broke up is because you don't belong here. Fine. Let's get out of here and just... see what happens.

Gretchen: Dawson, this is crazy. I mean, come on, you can't just pick up and leave.

Dawson: Why not? Give me one good reason.

Gretchen: Ok, um, graduation. I mean, your ceremony's less than a week away.

Dawson: You mean the ceremony where I sit there and listen to other people talk for 3 hours? Before I walk across the football field in a goofy cap and gown, to pick up a piece of paper, which isn't even a real diploma? I'm sorry, that experience is not rich enough to warrant me lying awake at night, regretting that I did not have the guts to take this trip with you.

Gretchen: Fine. Ok, forget graduation. I'm gonna stick with my first reason.

Dawson: Which was?

Gretchen: This is crazy!

Dawson: Yeah. It is. It's nuts! It's completely ludicrous. And you can't think of one good reason why I should not come with you, Gretchen. Something in my gut is telling me that this is our moment. We can't let this slip by.

Gretchen: Dawson, I—

[Dawson kisses her]

Dawson: just say yes.

Gretchen: Yes. It's not where you come from.

[They look happy at their decision hugging each other]

[Commercial Break]

[Scene: Dawson's Bedroom. Dawson is trying to write a note to his parent about leaving, and all he has is "Dear Mom and Dad" when Gale comes into the room carrying the baby.]

Gale: Dawson...

Dawson: Hey, there, beautiful.

Gale: Honey, I have got a crisis down at the restaurant. I was wondering, could you watch her for a few hours?

Dawson: I would love to.

Gale: She is so good with you. I swear, she knows you already. Oh, um, did you get a chance to talk to Gretchen yet?

Dawson: Um, yeah. She's coming over tonight.

Gale: Oh, good, honey. I'm glad you 2 are working things out. Good-bye, sweetheart.

[Gale leaves, and Dawson tries to go back to the letter, but can't think of what to write.]

Dawson: Don't look at me like that. That was technically not a lie. That was a lie by omission. It's not the same thing at all.

[Baby coos]

Dawson: [Sigh] You know, I really don't feel guilty about the whole mom and dad thing. I mean, yeah, it is a big deal to watch their son graduate from high school, but at the same time, I'm saving them from an excruciatingly long ceremony. That's a gift right there.

[Baby cooing]

Dawson: All right, so it's not a gift. But you know what? Honestly, I feel like I've earned the right to disappoint them a little bit. I mean, I've spent the last 18 years making everybody around me happy. I think it's high time I pursued a little happiness of my own. But if it's not guilt, then why am I having such a hard time writing this letter?

[Scene: The Capeside Yacht Club. Mr. Kubelik and Pacey come up to join Mr. Newman.]

Mr. Kubelik: Pacey, you've met the dean of the college. This is our dean of admissions, Andrew Hill Newman.

Pacey: Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Newman, or Dean Newman, whichever you prefer.

Mr. Newman: Nice to meet you, Pacey. Mr. Kubelik's told me all sorts of wonderful things about you.

Mr. Kubelik: Andrew here is chartering my boat for the summer.

Pacey: Is that right?

Mr. Newman: Yes, I've decided to take a trip around the Caribbean Islands. I've heard that you spent last summer sailing.

Pacey: I did indeed.

Mr. Newman: Feel pretty comfortable spending long periods of time at sea?

Pacey: Well, I feel about as comfortable as a kid in a candy store, yeah.

Mr. Newman: This could work.

Mr. Kubelik: I thought so.

Pacey: What could work?

Mr. Kubelik: Pacey, how would you like to work on my yacht for the summer, as one of the deck hands?

Pacey: Is that all you wanted to talk to me about, is a summer job?

Mr. Kubelik: Yeah, if you haven't got one already. The pay isn't the greatest, but you'll have plenty of time to yourself to explore the islands, and it should be an experience that you'll never forget.

Pacey: Well, this is, uh... a little unexpected. But I'm really, I'm truly flattered, gentlemen.

Mr. Kubelik: Well, take some time to think about it.

Pacey: Ok. It was a pleasure meeting you, sir.

Mr. Newman: Yes. Thank you.

[Pacey turns and looks over his shoulder and notices Joey happily talking to the others.]

[Scene: Grams Front Porch. Jack is drinking a Cappuccino while Jen is trying to convince him about Grams.]

Jen: So, bottom line is that I'll get to Boston bay eventually, I'll just, um, go to state for a few semesters and--and save the money that I would have spent on tuition and dorm and I'll meet you there in, like, a year or 2. Jack, I'm sure that you can understand my situation here. I--I mean, I can hardly allow my grandmother to--to live a destitute existence in some retirement community just so that I can enjoy, you know, frat parties and higher education. It's not right, and I won't do it.

Jack: Mm-hmm. [Jack just focused on his mug in front of him.] This is awful foamy.

Jen: [Sniffs] Ok, listen... grams needs me. When I came here 3 years ago, she took me in. She took care of me. What do you want me to do now? Just turn my back on her?

Jack: No, I completely understand.

Jen: Yeah?

Jack: Mm-hmm. Yeah, I think what you're doing for your grandmother is beautiful and awfully selfless.

Jen: Thanks.

Jack: Mm-hmm. Just a little bit convenient, though.

Jen: I knew there was something else coming. All right. How do you come up with convenient?

Jack: Well, I can't help but notice that, although you're clearly swimming in a vat of guilt over leaving your best friend in a lurch like this, you also seem to be just a bit, uh, relieved. It's as if you're happy to have found something to get you off the hook, so that you don't have to go away to college. And not only do you not have to go, you then become Jen of arc, the martyr-saint, willing to sacrifice her own happiness for the sake of her grandmother's.

Jen: Jack, that's ridiculous, all right? Why on earth would I not want to go away to college?

Jack: Because you're scared. I mean, think about it. You're leaving the only town in which you ever felt safe. The only person who-- who cared enough to devote her entire life to you.

Jen: Ok, I'm--I hear what you're saying, buy, um-- but it--it's not that easy. I mean, I can't just leave her alone.

Jack: I'm not saying you should. Look, I know grams needs you, but you need her just as much, and there's nothing wrong with that. I'm not ashamed to admit that I'd be scared to go to school without you.

Jen: Ok, I admit it. I'm an 18-year-old woman who's afraid to be away from her grammy. What am I gonna do?

Jack: I think you know what to do.

[Scene: The Capeside Yacht Club. Pacey leans back against a wall, and Joey comes over to him after a short time.]

Joey: Hey, there you are. Been looking all over for you. [She sees the look on his face] What's wrong?

Pacey: Um, well... Kubelik wants me to work on his boat this summer. That's what the offer was about. It didn't have anything to do with going to Worthington.

Joey: Let's go.

Pacey: Uh, you know what? I think I'll go. But I think that you should stay here, Jo. I've been watching you in there. You've been... gliding from conversation to conversation with complete confidence and ease this time. I don't know if you remember the last Worthington party that you and I attended together, but... you were kind of a jumble of nerves. I guess I was kind of hoping that... you would need for me to be your savior again tonight. But...that's no longer the case. You don't need that now. Everything's different. I think that they're better this way. The only thing that remains the same is you're still the most beautiful girl in the room.

Joey: Pace—

Pacey: Jo, you can't leave. I mean, this is it now. This is... this is your life, and you should enjoy it.

Joey: How can I enjoy it without you? [She grabs his arm and pulls him along.] Let's go.

[Scene: Dawson's living room. Dawson is sitting in the chair with the baby sleeping in his arms, when Gretchen comes into the house and quietly walks up to him.]

Gretchen: [Quietly] Hey.

Dawson: I was wondering when you were going to get here. Are you done packing?

Gretchen: Yeah, yeah. But you know how they say making your own boxes is really easy?

Dawson: Yeah.

Gretchen: They lied. She sleeping?

Dawson: Yeah, she went down about half an hour ago.

[Dawson gets up and puts the baby into it's chair to sleep.]

Gretchen: Oh... cute. [Gretchen chuckles] Ok, can I just say that you're the cutest thing in the world right now?

Dawson: Why?

Gretchen: Look at you, all papa Dawson.

Dawson: I don't know. I never thought I would get so into this stuff. You know? But-- I mean, I was happy about the idea of a baby sister, but I just...I never thought I would get this attached. She's so small and-- and perfect and... helpless. When she smiles, it just... uhh. It just breaks my heart. Man, I can't believe how much I'm gonna miss when I'm in school. By the time I get back she's gonna be this fully walking, talking little person.

Gretchen: That's true.

Dawson: She and Alexander are gonna be about the same age, so... I wonder if they'll end up climbing in and out of each other's windows. You know, becoming best friends.

[Gretchen notices the link to him and Joey.]

Gretchen: I don't know. So, how did it go with that letter to your parents?

Dawson: I'm, uh... still working on it.

Gretchen: Well, you think that one's hard, wait until you try to write Joey's. [She just looks at him knowingly] That's ok, Dawson. I expected you to. Ok. Well, I should get back. I may be done packing, but the cleaning festivities have only just begun.

Dawson: Good luck.

Gretchen: Thanks.

[She kisses him, then looks fondly into his eyes.]

Gretchen: Good-bye.

Dawson: Bye.

[Scene: The Potter B&B. Pacey and Joey walk into the door, and Pacey uncomfortable stays by the open door.]

Pacey: So, uh... good night.

Joey: Thanks for coming, pace.

Pacey: Well, thanks for asking. I just, I'm sorry--

Joey: I'm sorry.

Pacey: You don't have anything to be sorry for, Jo. It's me. So I—

Joey: Pace... do you think maybe I could come and stay with you tonight? We could just...sleep.

Pacey: Yeah.

[They hug each other.]

[Commercial Break]

[Scene: Grams' Kitchen. Grams is making pancakes when Jen walks into the kitchen half asleep.]

Grams: So...did you talk to Jack last night? Did he tell you you were making the biggest mistake of your life?

Jen: What ever happened to "good morning"? Or "have some java"?

Grams: I would never refer to coffee as java. Now, what did Jack say?

Jen: Oh, you know. Stuff.

[Coffee grinder starts]

Grams: Could you be a little more specific, please?

Jen: What's that? I'm sorry. I can't hear you over these beans.

Grams: Fine. You want to play games, that's just fine. I'm really not that interested, anyway.

Jen: How would you like to move to Boston?

Grams: Now what kind of nonsense are you talking?

Jen: Nothing nonsensical here at all. Dead serious.

Grams: I know what you're doing, Jennifer. It's one of the reasons I love you so much. You have a big, beautiful heart, but... I will not allow you to do this for me.

Jen: Well, maybe I'm doing it for me. Look, moving to Boston, going away to college, um...it scares me. And somehow, the idea of having you nearby, just to know that you're there, will--you know, it scares me less. So, before you start writing sonnets about my big, beautiful heart, you should know that I'm not doing this for you. I'm doing this 'cause my big, selfish heart wants you to be there. So will you please go with me?

Grams: Oh, I don't know. It's... such an overwhelming concept. I wouldn't know where to begin.

Jen: Well, you start by calling movers—

Grams: It's not that simple, Jennifer. First of all, I would have to find a place to live—

Jen: All right, I'll give you that. It would be difficult to find a place as nice as La Brea Park.

Grams: Well, even if I could find a suitable home, what would I do in Boston? How would I spend my time?

Jen: Any way you like. Maybe a change of scenery would serve to... inspire you to try new things. Meet new people.

Grams: No, I'm--I'm too old for such things.

Jen: Please! You, who have seen more action in the romance department than I have this year. You're the youngest grandma I know. So, will you please just quit it with these pitiful excuses and say yes?

Grams: You're sure I wouldn't cramp your style?

Jen: [Chuckles] I'm sure you will.

[Jen gives her a pouty face.]

[Scene: The Capeside Yacht Club docks. Pacey is sitting staring out into the water, when Joey walks up to join him.]

Joey: Somehow I knew I'd find you here.

Pacey: I meant to sneak back in before you woke up.

Joey: How long have you been out here?

Pacey: Uh...I don't know. Couple hours, maybe. Watched the sun come up this morning. I don't think I've done that since we were sailing around together on the true love. Which...feels like a million years ago, doesn't it?

Joey: [Sighs] Hey, pace... I'm really sorry about dragging you to that party last night, and... bringing back all of those bad feelings.

Pacey: [Clears throat] It's not your fault, Jo. None of this is your fault. You're not the reason that we broke up.

Joey: But I thought that you said—

Pacey: I know what I said. And I know how I said it, and it makes me sick to my stomach every time I think about it. Blaming you for my insecurities and... then making you feel guilty for all the things that you've accomplished, when you should feel nothing but proud. And I'm so proud of you.

Joey: I know you are.

Pacey: But I didn't show you that. Instead-- [Clears throat] Instead, I decided to become a stereotypical guy who can't handle it when his girlfriend gets a better job than he does. I hate that guy.

Joey: Pacey, you're not that guy.

Pacey: I feel like that guy. Because as much as I want not to care, and as much as I wish that I could just let it roll off of my back, I can't. When we were at the party together last night, Jo, I was jealous. I wasn't jealous of you, but I was certainly jealous of the rest of the kids who were gonna get to experience you next year. 'Cause they're gonna get to be with you, and

I'm not.

Joey: And I was so certain that Kubelik's offer was gonna be the answer to all of our problems. A sign, you know?

Pacey: Yeah. I know. I know, and I think that it was a sign. Just not the one that we were hoping for. But at least we got a better ending this time. I am grateful for that.

[She takes his hand in hers]

Joey: Me, too.

[Scene: Dawson's Bedroom. He is sitting down trying to finish his letter, then cut to him outside Gretchen and Pacey's Place. Dawson walks up to the house, with a very undecided look on his face, when he notices his Yearbook sitting on the porch. He goes up and opens to find a picture of Gretchen and him, and he begins to read what she wrote for him.]

Gretchen: "Dear Dawson... "I've been thinking about what to say to you "since I left your house yesterday. "I thought about waiting for you to come to my door, "saying this face to face, "but I knew it would be too hard. "I realize that, as much as I need to move on, "you need to stay here. "Your whole life is about to change in a way "that will never be the same. "You're opening a new chapter, "and you have to give a proper good-bye to the old one. "You don't want to miss these moments, even the sad ones, "because you'll never get them back. "So enjoy this time. "Let it wash over you so that your memories of it are strong. "Besides, I don't need to spend a month in a car to fall in love with you. "I already am in love with you, "even more than you know. "So good-bye, Dawson Leery. "Thank you for changing my life "and opening my heart again. "You'll never know how much it meant to me. Have a bitchin' summer. Love, Gretchen."

[Scene: The Pier outside Dawson's House. Dawson walks out to join Joey who is sitting all alone out there.]

Dawson: I haven't seen you all weekend.

Joey: I know.

Dawson: You do anything good?

Joey: No, not really. You?

Dawson: No. Not really.

Joey: So, what are you doing this summer, Dawson?

Dawson: This.

