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## 05x11 - Women Of Questionable Morals

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### 05x11 - Women Of Questionable Morals

by **bunniefuu**

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[Episode opens with scenes from previous episodes.]

LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Luke and Lorelai are asleep. Lorelai wakes up and leans toward Luke.]

LORELAI: Hey. Wake up.

LUKE: Huh?

LORELAI: Wake up.

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: Come on, you're missing it.

LUKE: Is "it" sleep? 'Cause you'd be right.

LORELAI: Smell the air. Smell it.

[She pulls the blankets off him.]

LUKE: It smells cold.

LORELAI: Come on.

LUKE: What? No, it's freezing.

LORELAI: Come on!

[She pulls him out of bed.]

LUKE [grunting]: The floor's cold.

LORELAI: Geez, you're so obsessed with the cold.

LUKE: Because it's cold!

LORELAI: I know.

[Luke growls.]

LORELAI [mimicking]: Grumble, grumble.

[She leads him out the door.]

STAR'S HOLLOW STREET - OUTSIDE LUKE'S

[Lorelai walks to the middle of the street and stops. Luke follows grudgingly.]

LUKE: I'm turning numb.

LORELAI: Keep moving.

LUKE: Are my feet still attached to my body or did they snap off coming down the stairs?

LORELAI [looks]: They're still there.

LUKE: Why are we out here?

LORELAI: Take a deep breath.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Do it.

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. I smell snow.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: It's coming. I always know. I can smell it, and I'm never wrong.

LUKE: It wasn't in the forecast.

LORELAI [sighs happily]: It's just my favorite time of the year. The whole world changes color.

LUKE: I think I'm blacking out.

LORELAI: Flakes, flurries, swirls, crystals, whatever form it comes in. I'll take it. We go back, snow and me. We have a beautiful history.

LUKE: Saw two forecasts, there was no mention of snow. Cold, but no snow.

LORELAI: Sleigh rides, ice skating, snowball fights. I'll even take curling. God, I love curling!

LUKE: Lance Cranston on Channel 6 said it would be dry. Kimmy Liston, Live at 5, same thing. No snow, nothing.

LORELAI: Hot cocoa, hot toddies. Best time of the year!

LUKE: Jimmy Mountain in Accu-Chopper One said it would be weeks before -

[He stops and looks up as the snow starts to fall.]

LUKE: Lance and Kimmy are idiots.

LORELAI: Welcome, friend.

LUKE: I'm going inside now.

LORELAI: But -

LUKE: One more whiff, and then so are you.

LORELAI: Luke -

[Luke pulls away and walks back into the diner. Lorelai smiles as she looks up at the snow falling.]

[Opening credits.]

LUKE'S DINER

[A group of town men are sitting around a table.]

ANDREW: Streetwalker.

TAYLOR: Too urban.

MAN #1: Concubine.

MAN #2: Seems high-falutin.

REVEREND: Anyone seen Farewell My Concubine? Beautiful film. Gorgeous cinematography.

TAYLOR: I'm surprised you see such adult fare, Reverend.

REVEREND: Well, do you picture me watching Sound of Music every night, Taylor? Gag me.

[Luke comes over with a coffee pot.]

MAN #2: Scarlet woman.

TAYLOR: I like it.

ANDREW: Too Nathaniel Hawthorne.

LUKE: Who?

ANDREW: Read a book.

MAN #1: Harlot.

MAN #2: Naw.

REVEREND: Woman of accomadating morals.

MAN #1: Too long

ANDREW: Hot mutton.

TAYLOR: I wouldn't know where to begin.

LUKE: What are you guys doing?

TAYLOR: Well, the first snow has come along, Luke, and with the first snow comes the town's Revolutionary w\*r Re-enactment.

LUKE: Always a heel-clicking good time.

TAYLOR: Oh, well, we've got a big surprise for everybody this year.

LUKE: Great, I'll pretend I'm interested.

REVEREND: It's a big deal, Luke.

LUKE: Yeah, it's the same thing every year, Reverend. You guys re-enact the time a bunch of pig-headed morons stood outside all night in the freezing snow waiting for a battle that never happened.

MAN #1: This year is different, crank.

TAYLOR: A local historian uncovered new evidence of Star's Hollow's participation in the Revolution. Apparently, an English battalion was awaiting the return of their commanding general with plans for a big battle. Our soldiers caught wind of this and blocked the high road so that the general had to travel by the lower road, through town, to reach his troops.

LUKE: So, they kidnapped him.

[The men laugh.]

TAYLOR: No, they were much slyer than that. They had a brave lady of the town use her wiles to draw the general to her rooms and keep him occupied. That delayed the general's arrival which allowed Lafayette the opportunity to ambush the waiting British troops.

LUKE: A hooker stopped a battle.

MAN #2: We're not calling her a hooker.

REVEREND: It's too "Baretta".

MAN #1: That's what we're doing now, trying to figure out what the hell to call her.

ANDREW: Bit of stuff.

MAN #1: Too Monty Python.

TAYLOR: This new re-enactment is going to be a huge boost to tourism, Luke. The local press is all excited to cover it.

LUKE: Well then they're very easily amused.

TAYLOR: Got a big casting session soon to pick the lucky townswoman to play our special lady.

MAN #2: She should be thin.

ANDREW: But not too thin.

MAN #1: Know anybody who fits the bill?

LUKE: Not off-hand, but if I run into any moderately-weighted whores in my travels, I'll let you know.

[He returns to the counter as Lorelai comes down the stairs.

TAYLOR: Well, Patty is ready to go...

LORELAI: Morning.

LUKE: Good morning again.

LORELAI: Oh, cool, the re-enactors are meeting. Another wonderful by-product of snow.

LUKE: Oh, yes, they're cooking up something very special. You want coffee?

LORELAI: No. I'm late, so I'll just grab it at the inn. I'm actually looking forward to having my first cup of joe in my new, snow covered inn and - why are the re-enactors staring at me?

LUKE: You wouldn't believe it if I told you.

LORELAI: The Reverend is blushing. Why is he blushing?

LUKE: I'd walk out of here if I was you. And try not to walk too sexy.

LORELAI: Okay. You'll explain that to me later?

LUKE: I'd enjoy that.

LORELAI: Okay. [She walks by the table.] Hi, guys.

REVEREND [To the others]: Pretty lady.

ANDREW: Too thin.

MAN #2: This is not about your taste, Andrew.

ANDREW: I'm going for historical accuracy's side. Women were heavier back then.

MAN #1: How about your wife?

MAN #2: You want a sock in the nose?

ELDER GILMORE'S HOUSE

{Emily is walking through the house talking on a cordless phone.}

EMILY: No, no, Jean, that works perfectly with my schedule. It's been forever since we've seen each other. [pause] Oh, I'd love that! Mirabelle is still one of my favorite - oh!

[She jumps back, shocked to see a shivering little white dog sitting outside.]

EMILY: Oh my God! Oh my God! No, uh, Jean, hang on a second, will you?

[She pushes a button on the phone. Richard's cell phone rings. He picks it up. Scene cuts between the pool house and the main house.]

RICHARD: Hello?

EMILY: There's a dog on the patio!

RICHARD: What? Emily?

EMILY: Of course it's Emily!

RICHARD: I'm sorry. You sound agitated.

EMILY: Did you get a dog?

RICHARD: Certainly not!

EMILY: Well, there's a dog on the patio.

RICHARD: Well, where are you?

EMILY: Inside! Richard, do something!

RICHARD: I can't see it from here.

EMILY: Well, he's here nonetheless, and he's looking at me! Richard, the dog is looking at me!

RICHARD: Hold on.

EMILY: I'm holding, but what are we going to - Richard? [To the dog] Shoo! Shoo!

[Richard is out on the patio. They continue to talk on the phone.]

EMILY: Now do you believe me?

RICHARD: Well, I wasn't doubting you, Emily, I just couldn't see it.

EMILY [pointing at the fire poker in his hand]: What is that?

RICHARD: Oh, you made it sound like it was a rabid beast, so I came prepared.

EMILY: Don't get too close.

RICHARD: I don't see any froth on his mouth.

EMILY: Well, that's something.

RICHARD: I see a collar but no tags. That isn't very smart.

EMILY: You're getting too close.

RICHARD: Well, what should I do? It's freezing out here. We can't let it roam around.

EMILY: Well it can't come into the house.

RICHARD: Why someone would fail to put a tag on a dog -

EMILY: Take it to the pool house.

RICHARD: What? Why?

EMILY: Well, that's why we have it.

RICHARD: We have a pool house for stray dogs? Love the innuendo, Emily. Fine. I will take him into the pool house.

EMILY: Thank you, Richard. I came out and he was just sitting there.

RICHARD: It's a he?

EMILY: I don't know.

RICHARD: Well, I can't get a visual from this angle.

EMILY: It's not important.

RICHARD: Dog! I want you to come with me. Come along, dog!

[The dog gets up and follows Richard to the pool house.]

EMILY: He's following you.

RICHARD: Seems to be working!

EMILY: Good job, Richard!

INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai comes in the front door.]

LORELAI: Hey! You know who just nipped at my nose? Jack Frost.

MICHEL: Huh. You know who just nipped at my ear? Jack I-Don't-Care.

LORELAI: Look outside, Michel. It's the first time we've seen the Inn blanketed by snow. It's like a postcard.

MICHEL: I know. I haven't been this excited since Madonna just dropped by Total Request Live.

LORELAI: The floor's a little wet, are we getting the mats out?

MICHEL: We are without mats.

LORELAI: That's impossible, we ordered them eight months ago. We got confirmation.

MICHEL: They were back-ordered and due within two weeks. Two weeks turned into eight months, and all we have to show for it is our special yellow back-order receipt. Such cheap paper they use at the mat place. That should have been a clue.

LORELAI: What else can we put down?

MICHEL: Oh, plenty. I saw two movies over the weekend. They were both awful.

LORELAI: No, I meant put down on the floor so our guests don't slip and fall. We have to find something.

MICHEL: The good news is that there will be less people here who could possibly slip.

[They walk over to the reception desk.]

LORELAI: What do you mean, less people?

MICHEL: We've had four cancellations in the last hour.

LORELAI: Why? What happened?

MICHEL: All due to snow.

LORELAI: Snow? Our beautiful snow?

MICHEL: People say it is cold, the streets are bad -

LORELAI: The streets are fine. They're plowing away out there. A graceful, gorgeous plow was pushing the snowy white out of the street right behind me, it was beautiful.

MICHEL: They wanted nice weather.

LORELAI: This is nice weather. It's classic Connecticut inn weather. It's all the more reason to come.

MICHEL: I would advise that you change our cancellation policy. These people cancel and have to pay nothing.

LORELAI: I hate charging people for canceling. It's too corporate. We're doing things differently here.

MICHEL: Oh, yes. Bankruptcy will be fun and different. Be sure to file for it while it's snowing, won't you? We'll go down to bankruptcy court in a horse-drawn sleigh.

LORELAI [sighs]: Try to find mats.

MICHEL: I'll do what I can.

[Lorelai walks into the kitchen.]

LORELAI: Hey, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Good morning.

LORELAI: How are you loving our winter wonderland?

SOOKIE: My car wouldn't start this morning.

LORELAI: Oh, drag.

SOOKIE: And we're almost completely out of coffee.



LORELAI: Oh, well. So, make some more.

SOOKIE: I mean out, out. There's no more on the premises.

LORELAI: You're kidding.

SOOKIE: I wish I was.

LORELAI: But there's mounds of it stacked in the walk-in. Heroin-sniffing dogs get all excited and confused when they go in there.

SOOKIE: Why do they get all excited and confused?

LORELAI: Because you smuggle heroin in coffee.

SOOKIE [gasps]: No, I don't!

LORELAI: It was in Beverly Hills Cop, remember? The heroin in the coffee? Why are you taking everything so literally?

SOOKIE [whining]: My car wouldn't start!

LORELAI: Since when does that make you take things literally?

SOOKIE: Wait, I'm sorry, when were there dogs in the walk-in?

LORELAI: I'm just saying, we had a lot of coffee. Until now, apparently.

SOOKIE: 'Cause we're switching suppliers. I found that new blend, you remember? You tasted it, you said it tasted great.

LORELAI: I liked it. I remember.

[She pours herself some coffee.]

SOOKIE: So I'm letting the old stuff run out because the new stuff's coming in but the new stuff is back-ordered, so it never came in.

LORELAI: Well, send out for more, immediately.

MICHEL [interrupting]: Not possible.

LORELAI: Why?

MICHEL: Remember those wonderful snowplows you were writing a sonnet to not five minutes ago? Well, one of them dumped a ten-foot mountain of snow in our driveway. There is no getting in or out.

LORELAI: Unbelievable.

MICHEL: Well, it's not so bad, because with the cancellations, no one's coming today anyway.

LORELAI: Yes, but we have to get out, to go home, eventually, and to get coffee now. So start the guys digging.

MICHEL: You mean I should get the one guy who did not call in sick because of the snow and the

cold to get digging?

LORELAI: Yes, get him digging! [Michel goes.] It's okay, it's all good. Snow will be dug and mats will be found, coffee will be bought, everything's good.

SOOKIE: By the way.

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: There are some people out there eating breakfast, and -

LORELAI: And -

SOOKIE: And they're drinking coffee. [She takes the coffee cup from Lorelai and heads for the dining room.] Customers.

YALE DORMS - RORY'S COMMON ROOM

[Rory comes out of her room. Paris is on the couch.]

RORY: Good morning.

PARIS: Stupid C-span.

RORY: What?

PARIS: Stupid C-span's had me on hold forever and I've got to get going.

RORY: Well, you're not the only one who calls C-span, Paris.

PARIS: Right. There are a lot of us. Like the guy who asked the question about Iran's long-range m\*ssile production and nuclear capacity, then shouted Ba Ba Booie! Him they put on. Me they've got twiddling my thumbs.

[Paris goes into her room. Rory opens the door; Christopher is standing there.]

RORY: Dad.

CHRIS: Hey, kiddo.

RORY: What are you doing here?

CHRIS: Aw, I was just in the neighborhood, I thought I'd look you up.

RORY: Did you bring the baby?

CHRIS: Baby's getting spoiled by her grandma. So where are you headed?

RORY: I have class.

CHRIS: Right. College. Classes. I've seen Oxford Blues, I should have put that together. So this is your place, huh?

RORY: Yeah. It's a little messy right now. [Paris walks out of her room.] That's Paris.

CHRIS: We've met. Hi, Paris.

PARIS: Hello. [On the phone] Yeah, I've got a suggestion for getting you guys out of the ratings basement. And putting me on hold is not one of them.

RORY: So, you were just passing through?

CHRIS: Yeah, I was in the area, or the area near the area, so how about breakfast?

RORY: Oh, I don't have time.

CHRIS: It's the most important meal of the day.

RORY: And the most skipped around here. Mornings are busy.

CHRIS: Forget busy. Forget class. Play hooky, have breakfast with me. Come on. We can all go together if you want. Paris?

PARIS: I am kind of hungry. And C-span can kiss my ass.

CHRIS: Okay, then, we're on.

RORY: Dad -

CHRIS: We can walk, we can drive, whatever -

RORY: Dad, no! I have to go. I can't be any clearer, okay?

[She leaves Chris standing at the door and walks down the hall.]

CHRIS: Rory -

INDEPENDENCE INN - LOBBY

[Lorelai is on the phone.]

LORELAI: Well, we can certainly rebook you, because we'd love to have you come anytime. Really. But if you reconsidered your cancellation and came in now you would find nothing less than a magical wonderland. A snowy xanadu of goodness. Really. Bing Crosby's warming up his pipes over by the fireplace. Magical. [Pause] Mm-hm. Yes, driving in the snow is tricky. [Pause] No, I don't think I could get Bing Crosby to come pick you up. [Pause] Okay. Well, just check your calendar and call me back, and I'll be here to rearrange it. Thank you. Bye.

[She walks toward the dining room as Michel enters wearing a furry hat and carrying a shovel. She nearly slips on the wet floor.]

MICHEL [laughing]: That was very graceful.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm desperate for those mats.

MICHEL: I had been working on the mats but you asked me to shovel the snow. And now I have a blister, a muscle spasm and a neck crick and I have a date tonight, and a crick will cramp my kissing move.

[They go into the dining room. Lorelai clears dishes while Michel removes his outerwear.]

LORELAI: Well, I appreciate your effort.

MICHEL: Are you being sarcastic?

LORELAI: Just a tiny bit.

MICHEL: You know that I am light-boned and cannot take physical exertion. I work with my mind.

LORELAI: Well, you're excused from shoveling duty, just focus on the mats.

MICHEL: We have another problem. The Goldfarbs are missing.

LORELAI: The Goldfarbs? Our Goldfarbs?

MICHEL: The ones you recommended to go cross-country skiing this morning.

LORELAI: Right. So they're out skiing.

MICHEL: They said they would be back by noon promptly. Well, it's past noon, and their friends are here to meet them for lunch, but the Goldfarbs are erwol.

LORELAI: They're what?

MICHEL: Erwol! Erwol!

LORELAI: Oh! AWOL.

MICHEL: What do I care. I'm French. The point is, we strapped wooden sticks to the feet of a fat orthodontist and a woman with ugly chunky jewelry, and we lost them.

LORELAI: Oh my God, it's only noon!

MICHEL: Can I call the authorities?

LORELAI: You think we're there already?

[Sookie comes out with a bussing tray to pick up the dishes.]

SOOKIE: What are you doing?

LORELAI: Cleaning up. [To Michel] No, let's wait another twenty minutes, just keep calling their cell phone.

MICHEL: Oh, joy.

[Lorelai pours a bit of coffee from one cup into another.]

SOOKIE: Ugh! Please tell me you're not doing what I think you're doing.

LORELAI: What? I'm just cleaning up. We're short-handed today. Go about your business.

SOOKIE [disgusted]: You were pouring leftover coffee from other people's cups into your own cup and now you're going to drink it!

LORELAI: No, no, no!

SOOKIE [grabbing]: Give me that cup!

LORELAI: No! Get away! Don't you understand if I don't get coffee in me, things are going to get ugly around here!

SOOKIE: Going to get?

MICHEL: Be very careful! She's near a knife!

SOOKIE [obtains the cup]: Give me that. I'm ashamed of you.

LORELAI: I'm ashamed of me too.

SOOKIE: If that wasn't a cry for help, huh.

LORELAI: I'm going out.

MICHEL: The driveway's still blocked.

LORELAI: On foot.

MICHEL: The snow is soft and four feet deep.

LORELAI: I'm cross-country skiing for coffee.

MICHEL: The Goldfarbs have the skis!

LORELAI: I'm going out and I'm bringing back coffee!

MICHEL: Be careful of the floor!

[We hear Lorelai slip and squeal. Another woman cries out.]

LORELAI [OS]: Oh! Oh, I'm sorry. We're getting mats, I swear. Have a nice day.

ELDER GILMORE POOL HOUSE

[Emily knocks on the door. Richard answers.]

RICHARD: Emily. Hello.

EMILY: Hello. I saw your car in the driveway and was just wondering if everything was okay.

RICHARD: Everything's fine. Thank you. I've put off my morning appointments to sort of stabilize the canine situation. She's been fairly calm.

EMILY: Oh, it's a she?

RICHARD: That has been ascertained.

EMILY: And there's no I.D. tag?

RICHARD: A gross oversight of its owners. I found its exact breed, though, which may come in handy.

EMILY: Oh, wonderful!

RICHARD: Let me, uh, bring up the website. [He sits down at the computer.] "Dog Breed 411 dot com".

EMILY: Isn't that clever? It's amazing the information available on the computer these days.

RICHARD: Oh, it's wonderful. There are websites you'd be interested in, too.

EMILY: Oh, I wouldn't know how.

RICHARD: Oh, it's easy. Whatever you're interested in, you just type it in - the DAR, or Louis Vuitton, Franz Schubert - and you're off and running.

EMILY: That easy?

RICHARD: That easy.

EMILY: There she is!

RICHARD: Mmm. A long-haired Jack Russell terrier.

EMILY: I'll start calling the neighbors and tell them we have a long-haired Jack Russell terrier.

RICHARD: A female.

EMILY: What's all that luggage?

RICHARD: Ah, that is the Louis Vuitton website. [He gets up to let her sit.] I thought you might like to peruse it.

EMILY [sitting down]: Isn't that something?

RICHARD: You use that mouse there to move around.

EMILY: A mouse? How fun!

YALE CLASSROOM

[The students are seated at a large round table.]

PROFESSOR: That was David Hume. A personal favorite, and I'm not saying that because Hume was Scottish and my mother's maiden name is McCammon. Okay, more on the principles of morals, and perhaps why Scots rule, next time we're together. Have a good day. [The students begin collecting their things.] And read! Read!

[Rory walks out into the hallway. Christopher is waiting with a cup of coffee.]

RORY: Still here?

[They walk together, Chris following a few steps behind Rory.]

CHRIS: Still here. This is for you. Coffee. It might be a little cold. Teachers sure talk a lot here at Yale. No bells. Don't they have bells?

RORY: Nope. Thanks for this. [gestures to the coffee.]

CHRIS: You're welcome. [Pause] Look, Rory, that manic, desperate guy that came down to your

dorm room this morning, he left. He's gone, and I'm not going to bug you anymore, okay?

RORY: Okay.

CHRIS: I didn't think it through, and I feel pretty dumb coming down here like this. I just have to say, though, that I hate our relationship, okay? I hate it. This wall, this stupid wall, it sucks. And I put it there, but I wanted to try and do something about it, but I got a little desperate, and I'm sorry.

RORY: It's okay.

CHRIS: I've been in Hartford a lot. My dad's sick. My mom's with the baby and I've had time to think, and maybe that's not good, but my dad and I, we always had that wall, you know? And, God, for us to be that way, like my dad and me? I - I don't want you visiting me when I'm old and cranky and you feel like you have to. I want you to visit now and I want you to want to. Look, I'm not going to bother you anymore. This wasn't fair for me to do this, surprising you like this. It wasn't fair. Uh -

[He digs in his pocket and hands her some cream and sugar.]

CHRIS: Here. I didn't know how you take your coffee so I got you everything. I'll see you, kid.

[He leaves.]

RORY: Bye.

[She turns the other way.]

MISS PATTY'S STUDIO - EXTERIOR

[A sign is propped up: "Girl" auditions 4:00. The camera cuts inside. Several ladies are sitting in a row wearing large number signs. Taylor walks around them.]

TAYLOR: This is not just an historic re-enactment, ladies. This is an historic moment unto itself. This will be the first time that a member of our fairer sex has participated in Stars Hollow's Revolutionary w\*r Re-enactment.

KIRK: Lulu is fully aware of the historical significance of this, Taylor. She's bright and sexy, I'll tell you that now.

TAYLOR: All right. My point is that this will be the first vital role a woman has played in our re-enactment. And you should know that it is of a sensitive nature, so if you're overly sensitive you may want to back out now.

[He goes to sit at a judge's table with Miss Patty. She is hiding her face with her hand.]

KIRK: Lulu's as insensitive as they come, Taylor.

TAYLOR [impatient]: Fine, Kirk. Thank you. Now we've little time and we have to choose the right girl quickly. Stand up, please, all of you.

[The ladies stand up excitedly.]

TAYLOR: Mm-hmm, mm-hmm. All right. Based on the visual that we're looking for I must now eliminate numbers two, five, seven and nine. Thank you for coming. [The eliminated ladies leave.] Now, I need to see a demonstration of your acting abilities. Please give me your best "come hither" look.

[The remaining ladies try to look seductive.]

TAYLOR: Your... "come hither" looks, ladies?

LADY #4: That was my "come hither" look.

TAYLOR [frustrated]: Girls, girls! You're supposed to be seducing a man. Now picture, on horseback, a dashing, finely accoutered gentleman, firm of jaw and solid of build -

PATTY: I thought you were doing it, Taylor.

TAYLOR: I am - oh! [laughs] You with your funny jokes.

PATTY [laughing]: Yes. Me and my jokes.

TAYLOR: Four and eight, you may go.

KIRK: Yes!

PATTY: Taylor, isn't eight your sister's kid?

TAYLOR: Mm-hmm. Yes, little Debbie.

PATTY: And you were coaching her to - I mean, you had her - never mind.

TAYLOR: Let's try the look again, girls. You're being seductive.

[Kirk stands behind the judge's table and coaches Lulu.]

PATTY: Oh, Kirk, don't be a pageant mom.

TAYLOR: I can't tell in these outfits. You're all so heavily dressed.

LULU: It's cold outside.

TAYLOR: The young heroine of our story didn't think of the cold when she gave up her greatest treasure for her country.

KIRK: Lulu's got a bunch of hot outfits, Taylor. I can put her in something.

TAYLOR: Not necessary. Number one? Thank you for coming. [He gestures to the door.]

LADY #1 [pouting]: Rats.

[Taylor opens the door to the studio to let her out. Just then Lorelai walks by.]

TAYLOR: Oh! Lorelai!

LORELAI: Hey, Taylor.

TAYLOR: How would you like to play our woman of easy virtue?

LORELAI: What?

TAYLOR: This is a straight offer, no audition necessary.



LORELAI: Oh, well, it's the best offer I've gotten all day, Taylor, but unfortunately I'd have to - ah! Ah!

[She shrieks as she steps in a puddle.]

TAYLOR: Is that a yes or a no?

LORELAI: It's a no, thank you.

TAYLOR: The level of commitment in this town is stunningly low.

[Lorelai limps toward Luke's.]

TAYLOR: All right, girls, let's see your sexy walk.

LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai opens the door. Luke is behind the counter. ]

LORELAI: Warmth!

LUKE: What are you doing?

LORELAI: The icicle foot. It's the latest dance craze, all the hip kids are doing it.

LUKE: Your shoe's all wet.

LORELAI: Oh, this evil puddle was lying in wait. Evil, evil!

LUKE: Let me get you a towel.

LORELAI: Oh, forget the foot. I need caffeine. Whatever form you've got, I haven't had any all day. I'll drink it, sh\*\*t it, eat it, snort it, whatever form it's in, gimme.

LUKE: Should I bother to ask how your day's going?

LORELAI: Oh, terrif! My shoe's an icicle, the Inn's driveway is snowed in and we lost the Goldfarbs.

LUKE: Who are the Goldfarbs?

LORELAI: The two guests who bothered to show up. I sent them skiing and I k\*llled them.

LUKE: You k\*llled your guests?

LORELAI: Eh, well, you know what happens.

LUKE [handing her a coffee]: Here.

LORELAI: The only bright side of my day is being asked to be a prost\*tute.

LUKE: That's something to cling to.

LORELAI [sipping, then crying out]: Oh, hot! Warn me!

LUKE: Coffee's hot? Sorry. Coffee's hot.

KIRK [bursting into the diner]: My girlfriend's the whore! My girlfriend's the whore! Woohoo! Yeah!

[He leaves just as suddenly.]

LORELAI [holding her tongue]: Great, now I'm not even the town whore.

LUKE: Well, if you like, I'll leave a little something on the dresser for you tonight.

LORELAI: It couldn't hurt.

LUKE: Here. Ice cube.

ELDER GILMORE HOUSE

[Emily sits at the table, making calls.]

EMILY: Well, it would help to just put the word out there that we have a dog. In case anyone hears of anyone looking for one. [Pause] That's right. A white long-haired Jack Russell terrier. [Richard enters.] Thank you, Margaret. I'll be here all day. Bye.

RICHARD: Margaret. Whitson?

EMILY: I figured a call to the neighborhood busybody was the first order of business. How's it doing?

RICHARD: Well, it seems to be asleep now, but I am lacking a proper bowl for its food.

EMILY: I think I can help you with that, follow me.

[They walk into the kitchen.]

EMILY: What are you feeding it?

RICHARD: I've got some leftover stew. I'm going to pick chunks of meat out of it.

EMILY: Stew? Richard, tell me that that man of yours isn't feeding you stew?

RICHARD: Well, he probably offered. He said it was a recipe passed down by some dead relative.

EMILY: Stew? That may be what k\*llled his relative.

RICHARD [laughs]: I didn't think of it.

EMILY: Promise me you'll make him prepare proper food for you. Please. That's what he's paid for.

RICHARD: I promise, Emily.

[Emily pulls a china bowl out of the cupboard.]

EMILY: Here we go.

RICHARD: Ah, looks perfect.

EMILY: And it's chipped, so just toss it when you're done.

RICHARD: Thank you, Emily.

EMILY: You're welcome.

RICHARD: And the stew is history.

EMILY: Good.

[Richard nods, then leaves. Emily smiles after him.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is sewing a costume and talking on the phone.]

LORELAI: From what I can gather, this woman made eyes at a British general, and the British general was feeling a little randy.

[Scene cuts from Rory's dorm to Lorelai's living room.]

RORY: Such a salacious history our town has.

LORELAI: And she led him into her house and kept the fellow occupied.

RORY: Occupied his brains out, huh?

LORELAI: Hey, don't warp the loo.

RORY: Sorry.

LORELAI: But why do you think they didn't just k\*ll him?

RORY: I don't know, maybe they knew that we would ultimately make peace with England and they wouldn't want to k\*ll a potential great-great-grandfather of a Winston Churchill or a Benny Hill.

LORELAI: Well, that was very forward-thinking of them. [Examining the dress] Boy, do I know how to dress a sl\*t or what? I am very proud.

RORY: So you haven't said anything about our first snow.

LORELAI: That's right, I haven't.

RORY: Why? You don't sound so excited.

LORELAI: Snow and I had a bit of a bumpy ride today.

RORY: Bummer.

LORELAI: I blame myself. I may have been too needy with snow. Too clingy. So it had no choice but to push me away, create a boundary.

RORY: Snow and men have a lot in common.

LORELAI: What about you? Anything exciting happen today? You get in a snowball fight with a Nobel Prize winner or something?

RORY: No, no. Nothing out of the ordinary. But I'm sorry that snow was so mean to you today.

LORELAI: Oh, it's okay. It wasn't snow's fault. We had one bad day. Every relationship has its bad

days. It doesn't mean you drop and run, you keep going, right? Peaks and valleys keep a relationship fresh.

RORY: I agree.

LORELAI: Tomorrow is another day.

[She changes the buckets where water is dripping from the ceiling. She looks up at the leak and sighs.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - OUTSIDE - MORNING

[Lorelai comes out of the house and locks the door. She begins to walk toward the Jeep, then stops. The Jeep is buried in a pile of snow.]

LORELAI: No.

[As she watches, a branch from the tree above the Jeep falls onto it, bringing more snow down.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - OUTSIDE - LATER ON

[Luke is helping Lorelai dig out her Jeep. Lorelai is pushing snow off the hood with her hands.]

LUKE: Don't do that.

LORELAI: I want it gone, gone!

LUKE: I'm getting it gone.

LORELAI: But this is personal. I'm physically hurting the snow as I dig at it. I'm chopping into its stupid white face with my razor sharp fingernail claws and I'm delighting in it! I want it to suffer!

LUKE: You look deranged.

LORELAI: Take that. Argh, and that!

LUKE: Why did you park it under a tree?

LORELAI: I have been parking this stupid car under this stupid tree forever!

LUKE: But it's snowing.

LORELAI: Yes! But snow has always protected me before. It's been a white blanket of love! We had a symbiotic thing going on!

LUKE: Snow cannot protect you. Snow is frozen water falling out of the sky. And as for this car and this tree, you can predict it. It's gravity. There's four tons of snow on this tree. You park under it, gravity is going to come into play and take it out! It's basic physics!

LORELAI: I do not need a physics lesson right now, no matter how well it's intentioned!

LUKE: Sorry.

LORELAI: It's over. Oh, yes, it is over! [She takes a violent swipe at the snow on the Jeep.]

LUKE: What is?

LORELAI: Me and snow. We're through!

LUKE: No, you're not!

LORELAI: It was years of bliss, you know? We had some good stuff, and good times. I could show you pictures of the snow angels I made. But I am done. Done!

LUKE: Well, let it down easy, okay?

LORELAI: Oh! And I am changing my cancellation policy at the Inn.

LUKE: Because of snow?

LORELAI: Yes. From now on if anyone cancels for any reason that I don't agree with within two years of the date in question, no, no! Make it three! Then, I am not going to refund their money and I'm going to kick them in the groin!

LUKE: Geez.

LORELAI: But with my left foot. Because my right foot is still throbbing from being frozen in icy cold water which has effectively ended my foot modeling career!

LUKE: Foot modeling is a dying art anyway.

LORELAI: I am with you now, buddy, a hundred percent.

LUKE: With me on what?

LORELAI: Snow is nothing but annoying icy frozen water stuff that falls out of the sky at inconvenient times. It's Mother Nature's icy "Screw you, Lorelai Gilmore". It's just stupid stuff you have to shovel out of the way so customers can get into the Inn. It's the stuff that melts and leaks through your roof! It's the stuff that stalls your car, it's the stuff that buries your car -

[Snow starts to fall from the sky again.]

LORELAI: Oh no! No! Don't even try to make up with me now! You and me are through! [She swats at the snow] You stupid - hate - you!

ELDER GILMORE'S POOL HOUSE

[Rory and Lorelai knock on the door. The valet answers.]

LORELAI: Hello, Robert.

ROBERT: Good evening, ladies.

RICHARD: Hello, girls.

RORY: Hey, grandpa.

LORELAI: Hi, Dad.

RICHARD: Did you come together tonight?

LORELAI: Oh, no, just a lucky coincidence.

[Emily is sitting by the fireplace.]

LORELAI: Well, hello, Mom.

EMILY: Hello, girls.

RORY: Hi, Grandma.

EMILY: Just go about your drinks. I'm just here to sit with the dog.

LORELAI: Dog?

RORY: Oh, he's cute!

LORELAI: When did you get a dog?

EMILY: She's not our dog.

LORELAI: No less confused.

RICHARD: And, it's a he.

EMILY: The dog?

RICHARD: The dog is a boy.

EMILY: I thought you said it was a girl.

RICHARD: I got another peek. It was rolling around on its back and it was painfully obvious.

EMILY: They're so hairy down there.

RICHARD: This one especially.

LORELAI: It's going from weird to weirder.

RICHARD: The usual beverage for everybody?

RORY: So he's not your dog?

EMILY: It just showed up in our yard yesterday morning. We have no idea how it got here or where it came from. It has no tags.

RICHARD: He's a very big mystery, this dog.

EMILY: Oh, now I'm monopolizing things and I'm not even here. Please, go about your drinks.

RICHARD: No, no, I'm having Robert make one up for you as well.

EMILY: Are you sure? Because I'm not officially here.

RICHARD: Absolutely.

[Robert brings in the drinks.]

EMILY: Thank you, Richard.

RORY: So how long are you going to keep him?

RICHARD: As long as it takes to find the owners.

EMILY: Richard had to miss a half day of work yesterday.

RICHARD: But Emily has agreed to write a note excusing my absence, so it should be okay.

EMILY [smiling]: Okay, now pretend I'm not here. You girls and I can chat later.

LORELAI: Okay. Well, um, Rory, oh my God, did I tell you about the horrendous thing that Mom did? She can be such a witch with a 'B'.

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Oh, geez, Mom, I forgot you were there. My pretending is that good.

RORY: We can't really pretend you're not here, Grandma.

RICHARD: That's true, Emily. You have a presence that cannot be ignored.

EMILY: Well, fine. I can leave.

RICHARD: No, no! The dog likes you there. Join in the conversation if you wish.

EMILY: Well, I am curious to know when you girls got the bad news today.

LORELAI: What bad news?

EMILY: Christopher's news.

RORY: What about him?

EMILY: You haven't heard?

RORY: Nothing.

EMILY: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Same here.

RICHARD: Well, that's odd.

EMILY: I would have thought he would have called them right away.

RICHARD: One of them, at least.

LORELAI: Guys, what news? You're making me nervous here.

EMILY: Straub died.

[Rory and Lorelai look horrified.]

LORELAI: Christopher's father died?

EMILY: This morning.

LORELAI: Oh my God, how?

EMILY: Well, he'd been sick.

RICHARD: Very badly. He'd been diagnosed just a month ago, but it already spread.

EMILY: He was the picture of health, so it caught poor Francine completely off guard. That poor woman.

LORELAI: I can't believe Chris didn't tell us.

RICHARD: He may not have been in any shape to think straight.

LORELAI [to Rory]: Did you check all your voicemails?

RORY: Yeah. Yeah, I did.

EMILY: It's terrible having more than one answering service. That's the way you miss things.

LORELAI: Well, I mean, we should send something, right? For the funeral? Does he want us to go?

EMILY: He was very quiet on the phone, he was only good for the headlines.

RICHARD: Well, you can't blame him.

EMILY: He had a very tortured relationship with that man, but none of that matters at the end.

LORELAI: We should send him a card, or flowers.

RORY: We should send flowers.

LORELAI: Everything sounds so lame.

EMILY: Well, whatever it is, send it to Francine. Christopher and the baby are staying with her until all of this is behind them. I'll give you the address before you go.

RICHARD: We'll send something together, Emily?

EMILY: I've already signed your name to some flowers.

[The dog stands up.]

EMILY [surprised]: Oh! He moved! Is it supposed to do that?

RICHARD: Oh, Emily. Let me show you how he likes his blanket arranged. He's a bit picky.

EMILY: I appreciate your help.

LORELAI [to Rory]: Poor Chris. I mean, it's so sudden.

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: Did you even know his dad was sick?



RORY: Well. Kind of.

LORELAI: You knew?

RORY: Dad told me.

LORELAI: When did he tell you?

RORY: He didn't make it sound like it was a big thing. Like he was that sick.

LORELAI: And with Sherry gone, and the baby - yikes.

RORY: Yeah. Yikes.

[Richard is rolling up a corner of the blanket near the dog's head.]

RICHARD: - this, the bump acts as a kind of pillow.

EMILY: Very clever!

RICHARD: There's a dog hair in your drink. I'll have Robert make you another one.

EMILY: Oh, that's okay.

RICHARD [taking the glass]: No, no, I insist. [He gets up] Robert, we need dog hair removal.

HAYDEN'S HOUSE - OUTSIDE.

[Rory pulls up in her car. She walks up to the door carrying a brown paper bag. She rings the bell; Chris answers.]

RORY: Hi.

CHRIS: Hi.

RORY: I heard about your dad.

CHRIS: Yeah, I figured you would, at your Friday night dinner. God, is tonight Friday?

RORY: I didn't realize how serious it was. I wasn't listening.

CHRIS: Rory, I kind of veiled it.

RORY: I'm sorry. [She looks around uncomfortably, then remembers the bag she is carrying.] I brought cookies. [She holds them out to him.]

CHRIS [looks in the bag and smiles]: And milk. Milk and cookies.

RORY: Is that okay?

[Chris gestures for her to come inside.]

LATER

[Rory leaves the house and gets into her car. She dials a number on her cell phone.]

LORELAI: Hello?

RORY: It's me.

LORELAI: Hey! Where are you?

RORY: I'm just leaving Dad's.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: I came to see Dad because he came to school yesterday, wanted to make amends and have breakfast, but I blew him off, even after he told me that his dad was sick.

LORELAI: Aw, hon -

RORY: And, I don't know, maybe he did say how sick he was, between the lines at least, but I just held him off. And he didn't say that he was dying. I just felt so awful the whole time at dinner tonight.

LORELAI: It's okay.

RORY: No, it's not, because, regardless of Dad's faults, he's human and he needs us, but he's so isolated from us that he can't just call or reach out to me, or to you, especially. But he really needed to call you, and you guys go so far back, you knew his dad.

LORELAI: I know, but -

RORY: And now he's in the middle of dealing with all this sad and practical stuff of his dad's death and he could really use more visitors - especially you. So go. Please. I want you to.

LORELAI: Well, I'm glad to hear you say this, babe, because I'm sort of pulling up behind you here.

[Rory looks to see the Jeep pull up behind her car.]

RORY: Go. I'm taking off, so give him another hug for me.

LORELAI: I will.

RORY: And I told him to call if he needs a babysitter. Remind him of that.

LORELAI: I will. Drive safe.

[Rory drives away. Lorelai gets out of her car and walks up to the house, also carrying a paper bag. She rings the bell. Chris opens the door.]

CHRIS: You just missed Rory.

LORELAI: Eh, we're relaying it tonight.

CHRIS: You guys are something else.

LORELAI: We try.

CHRIS: Milk and cookies?

LORELAI [pulls out a bottle of tequila]: Grown-up milk and cookies.

CHRIS: Come on in, friend.

[He steps aside and Lorelai enters the house.]

LUKE'S DINER - NEXT MORNING

[A man wearing a Revolutionary w\*r costume enters. Lorelai and Rory are sitting at their table.]

LORELAI: Must you do that?

RORY: Do what?

LORELAI: Sip.

RORY: Sip? You object to sipping?

LORELAI: If it's done at a decibel level rivaling Louis Armstrong blowing a high 'C' then yes! I object!

RORY: I'll put my mute on.

LORELAI: Thanks, Satchmo.

RORY: Mm! We're just minutes away from the big re-enactment!

LORELAI: Oh, my God, do not talk in that high-pitched girly voice of yours!

RORY: Oh, now, come on.

LORELAI: You come on.

RORY: I'm a girl, my voice is my voice.

LORELAI: Well, I should have had a boy in anticipation of times like this.

RORY: So it's your fault.

LORELAI: Or Christopher's. Whoever supplies that girl or boy part of the chromosomes.

RORY: It's the guy.

LORELAI: I'm sorry I'm not vivacious.

RORY: It was for a good cause.

LORELAI: I never remember to drink water. That is the key.

RORY: Lots of water!

LORELAI: Pancakes!

RORY: What about 'em?

LORELAI: Surefire thing to make my head feel less awkward for being attached to my neck.

RORY: Then you are getting pancakes.

LORELAI: Have you ever been this hung over? I mean, I don't want to know because I don't want to hear about it, but if you have, I am sorry. And if you haven't, maybe your life has been a little too sheltered. Good night. [She puts her head down on the table.]

[Kirk bursts into the diner half-dressed in a Revolutionary w\*r costume.]

KIRK: Has anyone seen Taylor?

[Lorelai covers her ears.]

KIRK: I need to talk to Taylor. Come on, people, time is of the essence.

LORELAI: Throw something sharp at him.

RORY: Haven't seen him, Kirk.

KIRK: Oh, no. Oh, no.

RORY: What's wrong?

KIRK: Ah, nothing. Everything's fine.

LORELAI: Lulu's dress okay, Kirk? And answer quietly.

KIRK: It's perfect. Fits like a glove. Well, see ya.

[He runs away.]

RORY: I think his mother's over-stretching his laundry again.

LORELAI: Where is Luke? I need to order before I puke!

RORY: Was Dad drinking like this last night?

LORELAI: Oh, he was the pusher. He just did not want to stop talking. Talking led to more drinking. Drinking led to more talking. But it was good.

RORY [looking worried]: Yeah.

LORELAI: I wasn't going to stay that long. I don't know if he even has many friends any more. All of his old buddies are scattered all around, you know? And his support group is two and heavily into Sesame Street.

RORY: What time did you finally get home?

LORELAI: Sun high, birds sing, head hurts.

RORY: It was good that you went.

LORELAI: Yeah, I know, he needed to vent, you know? And we alternated between feeling bad about his dad and not liking him so much for pretty much being a jerk his whole life.

RORY: Well, the one time I met Straub, he did seem a little bitter.

LORELAI: The night took a very weird turn when he started coming up with all of his dad's negative traits corresponding to the letters of the alphabet.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: 'A' he was absent, 'B' he was a bully, 'C' he was cold, 'D' he was dreary -

RORY: What was 'K'?

LORELAI: He was "Kuwait-y".

RORY: Kuwait-y, like the country?

LORELAI: Yes, as it got later it got sillier.

RORY: Sounds like you're just what he needed. You might be his oldest buddy.

LORELAI: True. But he talked on and on about you and how good it was that you visited.

RORY: I'm glad. We had some stuff to figure out, and we've pretty much figured it out.

LORELAI: Good.

[Luke walks in.]

LORELAI: Hi!

LUKE: Oh, I didn't know you guys were here.

RORY: Hi, Luke.

[Luke and Lorelai kiss.]

LORELAI: Hello, there.

LUKE: I had to run to the store. [Points out the window.] Look at this, this re-enactment lunacy.

LORELAI: Oh, we are so front row for that.

LUKE: Your eyes are red.

LORELAI: I had a bad night's sleep last night.

LUKE: Oh, yeah? What happened?

LORELAI: Well -

RORY: Oh, I kept her up pretty late, you know, girl talk.

LUKE: Oh, okay. So what do you guys want to eat?

RORY: Well, she will have -

LORELAI: More coffee, that's all I want.

LUKE: Okay, how about you Rory?

RORY: Yeah, I guess I'm fine with just coffee, too.

LUKE: Oh, you two are easy.

LORELAI: Spread that around, will you?

LUKE: Will do. [He leaves to get the coffee.]

RORY: What about your pancakes?

LORELAI: Pancakes are hangover food, it would get him suspicious.

RORY: Well, I could have ordered them for you.

LORELAI: Well, I wasn't stopping you.

RORY: I just wasn't fast enough.

LORELAI: I shouldn't have lied about where I was last night. I'm over nineteen and lying to my boyfriend about stuff. That's wrong.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: I could just say his father died and I went over to comfort him. With tequila. Which we drank, all night long, alone.

RORY: He didn't need to know. It's better that he doesn't know.

LORELAI: He didn't need to know.

RORY [shrieks]: Ooh, the re-enactment! It's starting!

LORELAI [cringes]: Voice.

RORY [lower]: The re-enactment. It's starting.

LORELAI: Much better, let's go.

OUTSIDE - BY THE GAZEBO

[A small crowd has gathered to watch.]

REVEREND: Welcome to Stars Hollow's new, historically accurate Revolutionary w\*r re-enactment. And to the members of the press I'd like to point out that my best side is my right side. [silence] Left side's fine, too. I was just kidding. People forget that men of the cloth can crack jokes, too. [silence] Anyway, I'd like to introduce three special participants, [he gestures to the children standing next to him] Bobby, Tara and Craig, who were chosen from our own Stars Hollow elementary school to narrate what you see today.

BOBBY: The year -

CHILDREN: Seventeen Seventy-Nine.

BOBBY: The location -

CHILDREN: Stars Hollow.

LORELAI: Children should sh\*\*t us for what we make them do.

RORY: Sh.

BOBBY: - fortune turning point when our brave town militia learned that a powerful British general was riding through the area to rejoin his troops and wage a decisive battle. It inspired an idea.

TARA: First, the militia went off to block the high road.

MAN #2: Come on, men! Let's block the high road!

[The men turn and run away.]

RORY: What about horses? Wouldn't they have had horses?

LORELAI: Or at least some coconuts to bang together for a nice sound effect.

CHILDREN: Brave our soldiers are.

TARA: The British general had no choice but to take the only path or road on this snowy day. The road through Stars Hollow.

CRAIG: Soon a scout arrived to warn of the general's coming.

[A man rides by on a horse.]

MAN [Calling out]: The British general is coming! The British general is coming!

LORELAI: So expository.

RORY: I guess Tony Kushner wasn't available.

CHILDREN: And then the general arrived.

TAYLOR [riding in on a horse]: It's certainly unfortunate that the high road was blocked this day, forcing me to ride through town.

LORELAI: Seriously. This dialogue is worse than From Justin To Kelly.

CRAIG: Then a brave woman put herself in harm's way and emerged to distract the general.

[The "brave woman" walks slowly out of the courthouse.]

RORY: Is that your dress?

LORELAI: Yeah. I made it to Lulu's specifications. Did she get bonier all of a sudden?

RORY: And taller?

TAYLOR: Good day, fair lady. You intrigue me. What have you to say?

[The woman shakes her hair out of her face. It is Kirk.]

TAYLOR: Kirk!

RORY: Kirk?

LORELAI: No wonder her breasts weren't holding it up.

TAYLOR: What are you doing? Where's Lulu?

KIRK: She's sick. I tried to find you but you weren't around and I didn't know what to do.

TAYLOR: Everyone's looking!

KIRK: I didn't want to let the town down, with the press here and all, so I just did it myself.

TARA: That's the ugliest lady I've ever seen.

TAYLOR: This is far and away the worst thing you have ever done. I am livid with you!

KIRK: We're not supposed to be arguing, Taylor. We're supposed to be making love.

TAYLOR: Dear God. [He gets down off the horse and plays along.]

CRAIG: This simple, common woman whose livelihood defied laws of morality but acting in a fashion which God would forgive her, led the British general to the warmth of her boudoir. She saved Stars Hollow.

[The Reverend snickers.]

BOBBY: Reverend.

REVEREND: Sorry.

CRAIG: The British general was kept occupied long enough for Lafayette's troops to ambush his men - a decisive victory for the colonists.

[The men who went to block the high road return.]

CHILDREN: Thanks to the Stars Hollow militia and the woman whose livelihood

-

[The children trail off, out of synch.]

RORY: Now what? Is it over?

LORELAI: No idea. [they look around] How far are Kirk and Taylor going to take this thing?

RORY [Staring at the door]: I'm not leaving 'till I find out.

LORELAI: I have to get back to the Inn. Keep me posted.

RORY: I'm riveted.

[Lorelai leaves.]

ELDER GILMORE POOL HOUSE



[Richard is getting ready for work. Emily lets herself in.]

RICHARD: Hello.

EMILY: Hello, Richard. How are you?

RICHARD: Very good. And you?

EMILY: Excellent. I was going to check on the dog. I was thinking of putting up some fliers around the neighborhood. Fliers are tacky, but they work. And I thought you could look up on your computer where the best place to print them is.

RICHARD: The dog is gone.

EMILY: Gone? He's gone?

RICHARD: She's gone.

EMILY: I thought you said it was a boy.

RICHARD: Well, apparently I misread what I saw.

EMILY: She was very hairy down there.

RICHARD: Your calls paid off. Some one you called called someone else, and somehow found the owner and she came and picked the dog up, late last night.

EMILY: I didn't even hear anyone come by.

RICHARD: Well, I would have called to let you know but I didn't see a light on and I didn't want to disturb you.

EMILY: It wouldn't have disturbed me.

RICHARD: Well, now I'll know for next time. Not that we'll ever find a dog in the yard again.

EMILY: Yes. Well. I hope you told them to get an I.D. tag for it. It's irresponsible not to have one.

RICHARD: I told them how much they put us out. I missed a half day's work, and you were inconvenienced even more.

EMILY: Yes. Yes, I was.

RICHARD: Her name was Princess, by the way.

EMILY: Was it? Princess? [They look at each other for a moment.] Well, I should get back to the house. I've got a million things to do.

RICHARD: I have to go to work.

[He closes the door behind her.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

[Lorelai is pulling into the driveway in the Jeep and talking on her cell phone.]

LORELAI: Believe me, I know the futility of fighting Mother Nature. She's been a real "mother" lately. Almost rivals my mother. [She laughs to herself.] Yeah, but you and your plow do control Mother Nature's droppings, a.k.a. the snow, and all I'm saying is could you try to keep it from blocking the Dragonfly's one and only driveway? You know, it kind of blocks

us in and we get all cranky and claustrophobic, especially when we're out of coffee. Which I'm not anticipating, but I didn't anticipate it before and it happened, and I suffered withdrawal pains. [Pause] Right. Well, I really appreciate it. I actually like plows, you know? They look like fun. [Pause] Right. I'm sure plowing doesn't pay enough, though. That part's not fun. I used to be a maid. I know low wages. [She gets out of the car.] Well, I'm really not comfortable telling you what I made then or what I make now. Just, anything you can do will help. Okay, thank you.

[She hangs up, staring at her front yard, which has been turned into an ice rink. Luke is walking toward her with skates in his hand.]

LORELAI: What is this?

LUKE: It's an ice rink.

LORELAI: An ice rink? How did this happen?

LUKE: Jack Frost brought it.

LORELAI: Does he look like Luke Danes?

LUKE: A little. Not as handsome.

LORELAI: You made me an ice rink?

LUKE: It's just a rink in a box. You set it up, you fill it with water, it's not a big deal.

LORELAI: It is a big deal. It's a very big deal.

[Luke hands her the skates.]

LUKE: Here. Try it out.

[They sit as she puts on the skates.]

LUKE: My dad did this for me once. I was in a hockey phase. 'Till I broke my nose the first time. Skated right into a tree.

LORELAI: What in the world inspired you to do this?

LUKE: Well, I felt kind of bad about you and snow, the rough time you were having, and I really wasn't helping any by saying all that stuff about snow being a pain and impractical, and it's just icy water falling from the sky, and I thought maybe I'd get you two back together. Make you feel better about snow again.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah?

LUKE: I'm grumpy about stuff but I don't want you to be.

[He helps her to her feet.]

LUKE: Careful.

LORELAI: I'm being careful. Thanks for reconciling us.

LUKE: Any time. [Pause] You were lying this morning.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: You said you were fine but you didn't look it. You get sick or something last night?

LORELAI: No. No, I just had a headache. Still do. Just one of those things.

LUKE: Yeah, I get headaches. I just feel bad.

LORELAI: That's all it was, a headache. I love this ice rink!

LUKE: Try it out.

[She giggles as she starts to skate across the ice.]

LORELAI: Oh, it's great!

LUKE: Keep away from trees.

LORELAI: Ah, I look like a dork but I love it.

LUKE: You look fine.

LORELAI: You want to be Randy to my Tai?

LUKE: Nah, I'll just watch.

[She skates around happily.]

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END