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## 01x21 - Love, Daisies, and Troubadors

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### 01x21 - Love, Daisies, and Troubadors

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1.21 - Love, Daisies, and Troubadours

written by Daniel Palladino

directed by Amy Sherman-Palladino

OPEN IN LORELAI'S BEDROOM

(Lorelai is asleep in bed. She is awoken suddenly by a loud banging noise.)

LORELAI: Dear God Almighty Mr. Mirkle!

CUT TO RORY'S BEDROOM

(Rory is asleep in bed. Lorelai opens the door and looks in.)

LORELAI: Hey!

RORY: What?

LORELAI: You are not sleeping through this.

RORY: Through what?

(Lorelai walks over to the bed and leans over her.)

LORELAI: The freaking Blue Man Group is outside our house!

RORY: I was sleeping through it!

LORELAI: It had to have woken you up.

RORY: No my insane mother Margot Kidder Gilmore woke me up.

CUT TO FRONT PORCH

(Lorelai walks out the door onto the front porch. Luke is hammering the porch rail.)

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: Hey.

LORELAI: How are you today?

LUKE: Good, how are you?

LORELAI: Good, good. What are you doing?

LUKE: Fixing your porch rail.

LORELAI: That's right. You are. You're fixing my porch rail. . . . At six thirty in the morning!

LUKE: It was the only time I could do it.

LORELAI: Why? Why?

LUKE: It was broken. I noticed last time I was here. It could hurt somebody.

LORELAI: Luke, we sleep around here. Okay, we like it. It makes us pretty and keeps us from k\*lling our crazy friends.

LUKE: You're gonna wake the neighbors.

LORELAI: UGH! Could you pound one more thing while you're out here? Your head! And a for-sale sign on the lawn because we're moving. So that's two things. The sign and your head. And in that order 'cause otherwise you'll be too dizzy to do the sign thing.

(Lorelai tries to walk back in the house, but the door is locked.)

LORELAI: Ugh. Oh sh\*\*t. RORY!

LUKE: You locked out?

LORELAI: You don't exist! RORY!

LUKE: You shouldn't have closed the door.

LORELAI: Ah! RORY!

(Babette comes out of her house in her robe.)

BABETTE: Lorelai, sugar, you're waking up the entire neighborhood. Please!

LORELAI: Excuse me!

(Rory opens the front door)

RORY: I am officially annoyed.

LORELAI: Oh! Well, don't blame me, blame Lu. . . (She points to the porch rail where Luke was, but he is gone.) He was right here.

RORY: Yeah, I know. (Rory guides Lorelai back into the house)

BABETTE: Get her back to bed doll.

LORELAI: He was banging on the. . .

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: It was something on the porch. It was broken.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: I'm not crazy.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: He was banging on something.

RORY: I know. (Rory pulls Lorelai back in the house and shuts the door.)

(Opening credits)

INDEPENDENCE INN

(The phone is ringing. Michel is leaning on the front desk. Lorelai places a large stack of folders on the desk and starts separating them into piles.)

LORELAI: Michel, get that please.

MICHEL: I cannot.

LORELAI: Michel, we've been over this, we all cover the phone, that includes you.

MICHEL: Don't misunderstand. I want to answer it, I truly did, but today, today I am suffering from ennui.

LORELAI: Ennui?

MICHEL: Severe ennui. You know what ennui is, yes?

LORELAI: Yes. Um, Webster's defines ennui as a lazy soon to be out of work French concierge who won't answer the phone.

MICHEL: Look, I've had my peace with the fact that everyone who calls here is a notch above brain dead, and that the pennies I am thrown each week are in exchange for me dealing with these people in a nonviolent manner. And usually that is fine, but today, sorry lady, I have ennui.

LORELAI: So, you're sleepy?

MICHEL: It's a metaphysical angst.

LORELAI: So, you wanna go beddy bye?

MICHEL: You make light, it increases my ennui.

LORELAI: Okay, that's it. Come on you need coffee.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

(Lorelai walks in with Michel. Sookie is at the counter looking sad.)

LORELAI: I need coffee. Extra strong. Double cafe. Triple cafe. No, forget the cafe. Throw in the whole cow and serve it to this man right here! (pause) What's wrong with you?

SOOKIE: I don't know. It might sound a little weird, but I think I've got . .

LORELAI: Oh no.

SOOKIE: Ennui.

LORELAI: You explained ennui to her.

MICHEL: She asked me what was wrong with me earlier, so I told her.

LORELAI: Michel, you know that Sookie ends up thinking she's coming down with whatever illness other people else have.

SOOKIE: Nuh uh!

(Lorelai hands Michel a cup of coffee and he leaves.)

LORELAI: Oh no? What was that whole conversation last week when I had to convince you you didn't have a prostate.

SOOKIE: Oh. How is Al?

(Lorelai's cell phone rings. She answers it.)

LORELAI: Hello?

MAX: Is this a bad time?

LORELAI: For the hotel industry, but not for you.

MAX: I've only got a second, but I wanted to say hi.

LORELAI: Hi.

MAX: And thank you for last night.

LORELAI: It was a good night, wasn't it?

MAX: Several novels will be written about it.

LORELAI: I say we do it again, and next time, I'll be the gypsy queen.

MAX: Do you know the more I see you the more I want to see you.

LORELAI: Same here.

MAX: It's like a vicious circle.

LORELAI: It's an achy feeling.

MAX: Like withdrawal pains.

LORELAI: Totally distracting.

MAX: Completely wonderful. Oh I gotta go.

LORELAI: No, don't!

MAX: Okay.

LORELAI: I gotta go.

MAX: Don't.

LORELAI: Okay.

MAX: This would be another example of a vicious circle.

LORELAI: So we should both go.

MAX: We definitely should.

LORELAI: So. . .

MAX: Hang up. . .

LORELAI: No, you hang up!

MAX: Vicious circle.

LORELAI: Bye! (hangs up)

SOOKIE: You look happy.

LORELAI: Oh, well, what's the opposite of ennui?

SOOKIE: Off-ui. Oh, hey, I'm cured!

CUT TO LORELAI'S KITCHEN

(Lorelai is sitting at the table. Rory is walking around the kitchen.)

LORELAI: I had the weirdest dream last night. We were in our house, but it wasn't our house, it was a Kentucky Fried Chicken.

RORY: I'm hooked.

LORELAI: I had to get dressed, but my clothes were in the back. And the guy manning the giant oil vat would not let me though.

RORY: Oh my God! That's so weird. When you said oil vat, that just reminded me, I had this dream last night we were swimming in a pool, only it wasn't water, it was like oil or honey or something.

LORELAI: Hey.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: You totally did the thing.

RORY: What thing?

LORELAI: The thing where one person is describing their dream and it reminds the other person about their dream, and suddenly it's all about their dream and the first person is just standing there like, um, hey man, what about my dream.

RORY: I'm sorry, the oil vat guy was being mean.

(Rory sits down at the table.)

LORELAI: Yes. And we knew him. He used to live in town. He was that guy who used to run the auto body shop before Maven Hughes bought it. Remember him?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Yes, you do. He's really skinny

RORY: Peter Stringbean?

LORELAI: No. That was the tall circus freaky guy who worked for him. This was the owner guy. What was his name?

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: Yes you do. Come on. Ugh. It's gonna bug me all day. He was short and fat and his name was. . .

RORY: Johnny McShort-and-Fat.

LORELAI: Oh, now, don't mock.

(Lorelai stands up and goes out the back door.)

CUT TO LORELAI'S PORCH

(Lorelai walks out of the back door.)

LORELAI: Hey, who was the guy who used to run the auto body shop?

(We pan up to see Luke lying on the roof with a hammer.)

LUKE: The Stretch Cunningham guy?

LORELAI: No, the d\*ck Tracy guy.

LUKE: Big, always had a half-smoked cigar in his mouth?

LORELAI: Yes, him! What was his name? It was like Jim something or other.

CUT TO LORELAI'S FRONT CLOSET

(We hear Luke and Lorelai still talking outside while we watch Rory going through the front closet. She finds the Dean box and pulls it out.)

LUKE: Always had an ING at the end.

LORELAI: Yes. Uh, Banning.

LUKE: Glanning.

LORELAI: Dunning.

LUKE: That's it.

LORELAI: Ooh! Hey! (Lorelai comes back into the house to tell Rory) Jim Dunning was the d\*ck Tracy guy. Jim Dunning, that's the d\*ck Tracy guy.

(Lorelai walks into the hallway, where Rory is standing with the Dean box.)

LORELAI: Oh. The Dean box. Okay, I know I was supposed to throw it away, but I couldn't. I mean, you're young and your head's all weird, and you don't have any perspective because of that whole young weird headed thing, so just please listen to me before you get mad. You're gonna want that stuff one day, when you're old and married, and looking back and thinking, I certainly had an interesting life. And then you can pull out all your old boyfriend boxes. Which is good, because I threw away stuff I'd k\*ll to have today. Look, I put it in with the Max box so they could chat and keep each other company and commiserate about how they had Gilmore girl and lost a Gilmore girl and . . .sorry.

(Rory gives Lorelai a kiss)

RORY: Thanks.

(Rory takes the Dean box into her bedroom. She sits on her bed and starts pulling everything out and looking at it.)

CUT TO SIDEWALK

(Rory and Lane walk out of a store. Rory is carrying French fries, Lane is carrying a drink. They start walking along the sidewalk.)

LANE: What I wanted to say was, Janie Fertman, you are a vacuous bimbo who will be turning letters as a profession one day. And the only way you'll know which letter to turn is when it dings and lights up. And I have no desire to stop and talk to you. Ever. But what I said was 'what Janie?' And then she goes, 'You're cheerleader material.' Cheerleader material! Just like that. I couldn't believe it! I almost went full matrix on her. Have you heard a word I've said?

RORY: No.

LANE: I resent that. I'm a witty conversationalist.

(They stop in front of the market. Rory is staring in.)

LANE: What?

RORY: I'm going in.

LANE: You can't.

RORY: I'm going in.

LANE: It's Thursday afternoon.

RORY: I know.

LANE: He works on Thursday afternoons.

RORY: I know.

LANE: We're talking you know who.

RORY: I know.

LANE: Oh my god!

RORY: Calm down.

LANE: Oh my god!

RORY: You're making a spectacle.

LANE: You're getting back together with Dean!

RORY: If you keep jumping like that I'm gonna videotape it and send it to Janie Fertman as your cheerleader audition.

LANE: When did this happen?

RORY: Nothing's happened. I don't even know what I'm doing exactly. Or what he's thinking or whether he's burned all my letters and pictures or hates me or what, but I'm going in.

LANE: I so encourage this. I love you, but you've been mopey, dopey, and about 12 other melancholy dwarves for the past 5 weeks and I miss the old Rory.

RORY: I miss the old me too.

LANE: And I've been feeling bad for the new Rory.

RORY: Well she's staging a comeback.

LANE: And may it be more successful than Peter Frampton's.

RORY: Wish me luck.

LANE: Luck!

CUT TO INSIDE MARKET

(Rory walks into the market. She's looking around for Dean but is stopped by Taylor Doose.)

TAYLOR: Rory.

RORY: Oh, Taylor, you scared me.

TAYLOR: What are you doing? You're walking around like . . .

RORY: Like what?

TAYLOR: Dare I say, like a shoplifter.

RORY: Oh, I'm not here to shoplift.

TAYLOR: Well, you currently fit 4 of the 8 characteristics.



RORY: I do?

TAYLOR: You're alone, you look nervous, you're meandering in an aimless fashion, and you're wearing a baggy coat.

RORY: Oh, I tend to run cold.

TAYLOR: So what are you here for?

RORY: I'm looking for your checkout boy. I had a question and I didn't want to bother you.

TAYLOR: He's stacking on six. (calls the checkout boy) Over here please! (He walks over.) Mikey, this is Ms. Gilmore, she needs some help. Take care Rory. Watch her.

MIKEY: Yeah?

RORY: Hi. Uh, I was just wondering, do you like working here?

MIKEY: What?

RORY: I mean, do you enjoy the whole boxboy trade as a profession?

MIKEY: No.

RORY: No, okay, good. So, I'm just gonna cross that off my list. Thank you for your time.

CUT TO OUTSIDE THE MARKET

(Lane is waiting by the door. Rory walks out the door past her. Lane follows her down the sidewalk.)

LANE: Well?

RORY: He's not there.

LANE: But he always works Thursday.

RORY: I guess he's taking Thursday afternoons off now. That's not good.

LANE: How is that not good?

RORY: Because that means he's moved on.

LANE: What are you talking about?

RORY: Obviously he's met one of those Thursday afternoon girls.

LANE: What's a Thursday afternoon girl?

RORY: They're those slutty girls that get guys to switch their Thursday afternoons with another checkout guy so they can go do slutty Thursday afternoon things.

LANE: Okay, you're reading way too much into this.

RORY: I shouldn't have gone in.

LANE: No it's good to go in.

RORY: Taylor thinks I'm casing the place. Like I would ever shoplift there.

LANE: You have shoplifted there.

RORY: Lane, I'm gonna ask you a question and I want you to be more honest with me than you've ever been before in your life. Have you ever seen him with another girl at school?

LANE: No.

RORY: Lane.

LANE: No.

RORY: You'd tell me, right?

LANE: Yes. No, I wouldn't because it would break your heart, but I haven't.

RORY: You swear? On the life of the lead singer of Blur?

LANE: On the soul of Nico, I swear to you that I have not seen Dean with another girl.

RORY: Okay.

LANE: He's miserable.

RORY: Fine.

LANE: Suicidal.

RORY: Good.

LANE: And in desperate need of haircutting.

RORY: Thank you.

CUT TO CHILTON

(A bell rings. The empty hallway fills up with kids exiting their classrooms. Pan to Rory at her locker. Tristin walks over to her.)

TRISTIN: You should decorate this thing.

RORY: I did.

TRISTIN: Well I mean with something other than a bunch of dead black and white women.

RORY: What, like curtains?

TRISTIN: You know what I mean. I did mine up.

RORY: Yeah, I saw that. The naked picture of the Siamese twins is particularly classy.

TRISTIN: You know what these are? (holds up two tickets)

RORY: They look like tickets.

TRISTIN: To PJ Harvey.

RORY: Wow, you have good taste. I'll give you that.

TRISTIN: You're into PJ Harvey, right?

RORY: Yeah, how'd you know?

TRISTIN: Why, I'm all knowing.

RORY: How Godlike of you.

TRISTIN: One of these is for you.

RORY: Oh, I don't think we should go to a concert together.

TRISTIN: Reason?

RORY: It would seem like a date.

TRISTIN: Well it would seem like a date because it would be a date.

RORY: I can't date you Tristin.

TRISTIN: Well I give you permission.

RORY: And on that humble note.

(Rory closes her locker and walks away. She's stopped by Madeline, Louise and Paris.)

MADELINE: Oh, Rory, favor, big one. Look at the face.

RORY: Sure, what?

MADELINE: Can I get your biology notes from Tuesday, I was out.

LOUISE: To lunch.

MADELINE: Please.

RORY: Sure, I have them at home. I can bring them later.

MADELINE: Thank you, thank you, thank you.

PARIS: One more and you're done.

MADELINE: Thank you.

(Rory walks away)

MADELINE: So I've decided I'm now completely into Judy Garland. Did you see the TV movie? Pretty intense.

LOUISE: I think they used my mother's medicine cabinet in that.

MADELINE: She was the Courtney Love of her day.

PARIS: Show me a trend and I'll show you Madeline.

MADELINE: Judy Garland is trendy?

PARIS: Completely.

LOUISE: She was neo-addict retro chic.

MADELINE: No one tells me these things.

(They stop at Paris' locker, where Tristin is standing nearby)

PARIS: Hi.

TRISTIN: Hey.

MADELINE: Ooh, what are those?

TRISTIN: Oh, PJ Harvey tickets.

LOUISE: Really?

MADELINE: Cool.

LOUISE: Who are you going with?

TRISTIN: Rory.

PARIS: What?

LOUISE: Rory's going out with you?

TRISTIN: Yes, she is. (Tristin walks away)

MADELINE: Wow, I didn't think she liked him.

LOUISE: Neither did I.

(Paris slams her locker and walks away.)

LOUISE: Hm, do you think she's mad?

PARIS: What are you two waiting for, a tram? Let's move!

MADELINE: Oh yeah, she's mad.

CUT TO OUTSIDE OF MISS PATTY'S DANCE STUDIO

(Ballerinas are practicing their routine)

MISS PATTY: Flutter flutter, quick quick, flutter flutter, quick quick. And your hearts are broken, your prince has betrayed you, you've been shot with an arrow, and now . . . you're dead.

(Lorelai walks past the dance studio)

LORELAI: Hi Patty.

RACHEL: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hey Rachel.

RACHEL: Hey, have you seen Luke around?

LORELAI: Oh, he's probably at the diner.

RACHEL: Nope, he's supposed to be at the diner, but he's not.

LORELAI: Oh, well . .

RACHEL: We were supposed to meet for lunch, but he didn't show.

LORELAI: Oh.

RACHEL: Again.

LORELAI: Ah.

RACHEL: I made tuna.

LORELAI: Nice.

RACHEL: Yeah, yeah, he usually comes back upstairs for a break between lunch and dinner, but recently he's been other places. Uh, your place actually.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, well, Rachel, he's just fixing some things.

RACHEL: I know.

LORELAI: The porch rail, a couple roof shingles, then the porch rail again after he fell off the roof onto to the porch rail.

RACHEL: Yeah, yeah, he's been telling me

LORELAI: Good.

RACHEL: Look if you see him can you tell him to just, I don't know, check in.

LORELAI: Yes, will do.

RACHEL: Thanks.

LORELAI: Thanks.

RACHEL: Bye.

LORELAI: Bye.

(Lorelai walks by the troubadour. The troubadour stops his song when he hears whistling, he looks across the street and sees another troubadour. He gives a pout towards the other troubadour.)

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

(Lorelai walks in the front door. She puts the mail on the hall table, then hears a noise upstairs.)

LORELAI: Hello?

(She grabs an umbrella from the front hall. She hears footsteps around the corner. She walks towards them holding out the umbrella. She jumps into the living room.)

LORELAI: Hold it right there! Oh! Oh!

LUKE: It's only me!

LORELAI: You scared me half to death!

LUKE: Who'd you think it was?

LORELAI: Well, I don't know! I heard some thudding upstairs and Rory weighs like ten ounces, and it either had to be an escaped elephant, or some strange large man who should not be in the house. How did you get in here anyway?

LUKE: Through the back door.

LORELAI: The back door's locked.

LUKE: No, that's why I came, the back door lock was broken.

LORELAI: The back door lock was fine.

LUKE: The back door lock was cheap.

LORELAI: The back door lock came with the house. It's been a very fine back door lock.

LUKE: It's the kind of lock burglars look for.

LORELAI: Why do burglars look for that lock?

LUKE: Because it's easy to break into. I proved that.

LORELAI: You proved that by . . .?

LUKE: Breaking in through the back door.

LORELAI: Oh my God!

LUKE: It's the only way I could get in.

(Lorelai starts walking towards the kitchen. Luke follows.)

LORELAI: You have crossed over into the dark side Luke.

LUKE: It's not that big a deal.

(Lorelai walks into the kitchen and sees the broken lock)

LORELAI: UH! You broke into my house!

LUKE: I'm gonna fix it!

(Luke walks over to the door and starts fixing it. Lorelai follows him.)

LORELAI: Ugh! Step away from that lock.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Get off. Come. Sit down. (Luke and Lorelai both sit at the kitchen table) You have almost no free time with all your work at the diner, and lately every spare moment has been spent not with Rachel.

LUKE: That's not true.

LORELAI: Oh, she was looking for you today and she didn't know where you were.

LUKE: I'm not hiding from her.

LORELAI: I didn't say you were hiding from her.

LUKE: Sounded like you were implying it.

LORELAI: Well someone's sensitive about the accusation.

LUKE: I think I'm hiding from her.

LORELAI: I think you are too.

LUKE: It's just a little weird having her in my place.

LORELAI: I thought that's what you wanted.

LUKE: It was. Is. I'm just. . I've just been living alone since forever. And I just got use to putting the milk someplace in the fridge and finding it in the exact same spot. You know what I mean?

LORELAI: Oh, we don't even keep milk in the house.

LUKE: Well, then cookies.

LORELAI: Cookies almost never make it out of the car.

LUKE: You know what I mean.

LORELAI: Yeah. Well maybe you can train Rachel to use a magic marker to mark the milk exactly where you left it.

LUKE: It's not just about milk. I'm not used to someone expecting me.

LORELAI: Expecting you to. . .

LUKE: Come home, do things, be with her.

LORELAI: Aw, most people would k\*ll to have that in their lives.

LUKE: I know, but I'm different, I'm a loner.

LORELAI: Oh no. No no. I don't want to hear about the romance of being a loner.

LUKE: Some guys are just naturally loners.

LORELAI: Yes, lonely guys.

LUKE: Independent guys.

LORELAI: Sad guys.

LUKE: Maverick guys.

LORELAI: Lee Harvey Oswald.

LUKE: John Muir.

LORELAI: The unabomber.

LUKE: Henry David Thoreau

LORELAI: Every one of these sad and lonely guys.

LUKE: It just not what I thought it would be like having Rachel back. You know, it's not the fantasy I was toting around all these years.

LORELAI: Well, Luke, life is not a fantasy. Maybe you have to lower your expectation bar a little bit.

LUKE: So you're saying that life is just settling for whatever comes along?

LORELAI: Wow, you think having Rachel is settling?

LUKE: No, I didn't mean that. Rachel's great.

LORELAI: And she's crazy about you. And if her worst trait is she's a milk whore, you have it pretty good.

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: And you just need to give this situation a fair chance.

LUKE: I know.

LORELAI: And that starts with ceasing work on the Winchester mystery house here.

Luke: Okay. Thanks.

LORELAI: You're welcome.

CUT TO DEAN'S HOUSE

(Rory is standing in front of Dean's house. She pauses a moment before walking up to the door and knocking. A girl answers the door.)

CLARA: Hi.



RORY: Oh, hi. How are you today?

CLARA: Fine.

RORY: Good, good.

CLARA: Are you here to see my brother?

RORY: Oh, no. No. Not at all. I'm, um, with . . the Girl Scouts.

CLARA: I'm gonna be a Girl Scout someday. I'm a brownie now.

RORY: Oh, well good, that's an excellent stepping stone.

CLARA: Where's your uniform?

RORY: Oh we're not doing uniforms anymore. You know, we're trying to blend in, relate better to the average person. It was a very successful strategy for the Hari Krishnas, so. . .

CLARA: You look like someone.

RORY: I do?

CLARA: You're the girl in the pictures.

RORY: What pictures?

CLARA: The ones Dean has in his room.

RORY: Dean has pictures in his room?

CLARA: There's a funny one of you sticking out your tongue. He had a lot.

RORY: Wait, wait, has or had?

CLARA: What?

RORY: You went from has to had, that's a big difference.

CLARA: It is?

RORY: Yeah. What's your name?

CLARA: Clara.

RORY: You're a pretty girl, Clara.

CLARA: Thanks.

RORY: Now was it has or had?

CLARA: I don't know.

RORY: You do know Clara. Had is past tense. Has is present. Now think.

CLARA: I'm trying.

RORY: Can you go to his room now?

CLARA: He doesn't like me in his room.

RORY: Sneak in, he'll never no.

(Clara starts to cry.)

RORY: Oh, no no no, Clara, don't cry. Oh, I didn't mean to make you cry. I'm a nice person. I'm a Girl Scout.

(Rory hears Dean's voice inside the house)

DEAN: Clara?

RORY: Bye!

(Rory runs away from the house. Dean comes to the door where Clara is crying.)

DEAN: What's the matter?

CLARA: She sacred me.

DEAN: Who?

CLARA: The Girl Scout.

(Dean looks down the street and sees Rory running away.)

CUT TO STREET

(It's nighttime. Lorelai, Rory, and Max are walking down the street. Lorelai and Max are carrying small grocery bags.)

MAX: Okay, we've got food, drink, reading material, chocolate covered espresso beans. Have I left anything out?

RORY: I think that about covers it.

LORELAI: You're such a good provider.

MAX: I try my best.

LORELAI: Are you sure you wanna go to this thing?

MAX: You've been talking about these town meetings for months. I've got to see one for myself.

LORELAI: Well, they're never dull.

RORY: And if you're lucky, you'll see some crazy lady throwing French fries at the people she disagrees with like last time.

MAX: So were they cold?

LORELAI: No, I was just full.

Max: Ah. Oh, oh, I forgot. (Max pulls out 2 RingPops of the bag) One for you and one for you.

RORY: What are these?

MAX: Those are rings. And the diamond is actually candy so you can eat it.

LORELAI: Max, that's very sweet, but we're not eight.

(Lorelai and Rory excitedly switch rings behind Max's back)

LORELAI: What do you got?

RORY: Grape. Yours?

LORELAI: Red

RORY: Trade you!

LORELAI: Yes!

CUT TO INSIDE MISS PATTY'S DANCE STUDIO

(The town meeting has already started. Taylor is at the podium in front.)

TAYLOR: Enough, enough of this arguing. Its time to put this to a vote. All right now, let's see a show of hands. All those in favor. . . .

(Lorelai, Max and Rory walk in. Rory notices Clara and Dean in the back.)

LORELAI: Oh rats. It started already.

TAYLOR: All those opposed. (Lorelai raises her hand) Lorelai, you don't even know what were voting on.

LORELAI: Yeah, but I'm a-gin it!

TAYLOR: All right, the nays have it. Let the record reflect it. Lorelai, I hope that's not food in those bags. Food is not allowed at town meetings.

LORELAI: No, Taylor its not. Its, um, diapers for the little ones.

TAYLOR: What?

LORELAI: Dorsal fins and cucamonga.

TAYLOR: What did she say

LORELAI (whispers to Max): I confuse him till he loses his train of thought and then he moves on. Hot dog?

TAYLOR: All right, I'd like to open the meeting up for miscellaneous issues.

TROUBADOUR: I have an issue.

TAYLOR: Who are you?

TROUBADOUR: The town troubadour.

TAYLOR: The what?

BABETTE: You've seen him Taylor, with his guitar.

TAYLOR: Right, the guitar.

MISS PATTY: Yes, he plays on all the street corners.

LUKE: He loiters on street corners.

TAYLOR: We're two peas in a pod Luke.

LUKE: Scary thought Taylor.

BABETTE: Go on honey.

TROUBADOUR: Thank you. I've been the town troubadour for six months now, and I think I've done a pretty good job and then, he shows up (points to other troubadour).

TROUBADOUR 2: Hey.

TROUBADOUR 1: And there's no room for a second troubadour in Stars Hollow.

MOREY: Clearly.

TAYLOR: This is hands down the silliest thing I have ever heard.

LORELAI: Hear them out Taylor. It can't hurt. (Taylor looks at the bag she's holding in her hand)  
These are not fries. They are farfignugen sugen dugen.

TAYLOR: I opened the floor for issues of substance. This does not qualify.

MOREY: Note beyond cool Taylor. Music is substance.

TAYLOR: Watch out Morey. After that anatomically explicit epithet your wife yelled at me earlier, you're both on probation.

TROUBADOUR 1: All I'm asking is that the town troubadour laws be enforced.

TAYLOR: There are no town troubadour laws.

MISS PATTY: There ought to be something.

KIRK: I've got the town handbook right here.

TAYLOR: I don't get this people. This man is practically a vagrant. I mean, where do you even live?  
What do you do for a living?

TROUBADOUR 1: I don't want people to know those things!

TAYLOR: Why not?

TROUBADOUR 1: Because that's part of being a troubadour.

TAYLOR: What is part of being a troubadour?

TROUBADOUR 1: The mystique!

TAYLOR: Oh, this is absolutely ridiculous. Do you subscribe to this troubadour mystique?

TROUBADOUR 2: I run a Kinko's in Groton.

TROUBADOUR 1: You see, that proves it. He doesn't respect the code. You're not supposed to talk. You're not supposed to run a Kinko's. You're supposed to speak through your music. That's the whole point.

TAYLOR: What is your scam buddy?

TROUBADOUR 1: My scam?

TAYLOR: Because if you are using the fine people of Stars Hollow to make a quick buck . . .

MISS PATTY: No Taylor, he doesn't accept money. I know, I tried.

TAYLOR: He may not now, but he will. This troubadour act is a money making scheme. Why else would he be doing it?

RORY: Because sometimes you have something you need to say but you can't because the words won't come out or you get scared or you feel stupid, so if you could write a song and sing it then you could say what you need to say and it would be beautiful and people would listen and you wouldn't make a complete idiot out of yourself, but all of us can't be songwriters so some of us will never be able to say what we're thinking or what we want other people to know that we're thinking so we'll never get the chance to make things right again ever. (Brief pause. She puts her hand on Troubadour 1's shoulder.) So give this guy a license. (Applause)

LORELAI: Well, I liked that little speech.

CLARA (whispers to Dean): That's the Girl Scout.

TAYLOR: In the interest of not talking about this subject for another second, I hereby designate 'Mystique Guy' over here the official town troubadour. And no other troubadour may usurp his territory, meaning this other guy.

(Lorelai throws a French fry at Luke. He turns around.)

LORELAI: Do you want some fries? We have extra.

LUKE: Nah, Rachel's minding the store so I should probably get going.

LORELAI: Yeah, I agree.

LUKE: I knew you would.

(Luke gets up and leaves. Max pulls Lorelai closer and gives her a kiss. Rory looks to where Dean was sitting, but sees that he left.)

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

(Luke walks in the diner. Rachel is behind the counter.)

RACHEL: Oh, you're back.

LUKE: Yeah, nothing much pressing at the town meeting.

RACHEL: Okay. Well, the bread shipment's all put away, and I sent Ceasar home since it was pretty dead.

LUKE: Good. Good call.

RACHEL: Thanks.

(Rachel picks up her luggage and walks out from behind the counter.)

LUKE: So you're leaving huh?

RACHEL: Yeah.

LUKE: Were you even gonna tell me?

RACHEL: I was waiting for you to get back so I could say goodbye.

LUKE: Yeah, you at least always do that. So go.

RACHEL: Don't you even want to know why?

LUKE: I know why.

RACHEL: I don't think you do.

LUKE: It's just like all the other times Rachel. You're the anywhere but here girl, you're restless, you're bored, it is what it is.

RACHEL: That's not it.

LUKE: Then what is it? Is there another guy?

RACHEL: No.

LUKE: Then what?

RACHEL: It's another girl.

LUKE: What? You telling me you're. . .

RACHEL: The other girl isn't for me Luke, it's for you.

LUKE: Okay. Now that's crazy.

RACHEL: Yeah?

LUKE: Yeah.

RACHEL: No.

LUKE: You feel you need a different excuse this time to mix things up a little, fine. But you are not leaving because of me.

RACHEL: I'm sure you tried Luke. But admit it, you're heart wasn't in it.

LUKE: My heart was in it. I was here, I didn't leave. . . .I don't get this.

RACHEL: Luke.

LUKE: And what are you talking about, another girl. What other girl? (Rachel stares at him) Oh Rachel, no, you don't mean. . . .She and I are just friends. I told you that a thousand times.

RACHEL: No. You told it to me once. And you could barely get it out then.

LUKE: Okay, this is crazy. You've got it wrong here. It's not. . . .She and I are. . . .uh. . . .

RACHEL: I'm gonna go. I'll miss you (she hugs him goodbye) Stay in touch.

LUKE: Rachel, come on.

(Rachel walks to the door and stops. She turns around to look at Luke.)

RACHEL: So don't wait too long okay.

LUKE: To what?

RACHEL: To tell her. (Rachel leaves.)

CUT TO CHILTON COURTYARD

(Rory is walking to catch up with Madeline and Louise.)

RORY: Hey Madeline. I've got the notes you wanted.

MADELINE: No thanks.

RORY: No these are the ones you asked for. The biology notes from Tuesday. The other day you said you. . . .

MADELINE: No thanks.

RORY: But. . . .What's wrong with her?

LOUISE: Nothing's wrong with her Mary.

RORY: Mary? Oh no, not this Virgin Mary thing again.

LOUISE: Not virgin. Typhoid.

(Paris is walking next to Rory. Rory notices Paris staring at her.)

RORY: What?

PARIS: You know, when we met at the beginning of the year, I didn't like you because I thought you were some rube from the sticks and I have no patience for rubes.

RORY: How very enlightening.

PARIS: But then I discovered that you're not so dumb. You even seemed modestly interesting at times. That's when I made a very big mistake. I let my guard down. That won't happen again.

RORY: What is all this about?

PARIS: It's about using people for your own sick ends. It's about making enemies where you should have made friends.

RORY: How did I make you my enemy?

PARIS: Oh I think you know.

RORY: What? Was it setting you up with Tristin? I'm sorry about that. I thought I was just being nice.

PARIS: Oh sure you did.

RORY: I helped you get ready. I loaned you my mother's clothes, which I still haven't gotten back by the way.

PARIS: Oh my God, you're right. I hope those weren't the ones Skippy had her puppies on. I'll check when I get home.

RORY: Tell me what I did. Paris!

PARIS: Think about it at PJ Harvey.

RORY: Is that what this is about? I'm not going to PJ Harvey.

PARIS: Tristin says you are.

RORY: Well, then he lied.

PARIS: I saw the tickets.

RORY: He bought those tickets on his own.

PARIS: Look, I'm over Tristin so don't back out on my account.

RORY: There's nothing to back out of.

PARIS: I don't have time for things like concerts anyway. I'm already lining up my extracurriculars for next year. By the way, are you still going out for the school paper?

RORY: You know I am.

PARIS: You're going to need a faculty recommendation.

RORY: I think I can swing it.

PARIS: And the support of the student editor.

RORY: I'm not worried.

PARIS: Worry. I just got the job.

RORY: Oh. Congratulations.



PARIS: Thank you. And don't worry, you'll have some role. How's covering the new parking lot landscaping sound?

RORY: Peachy.

PARIS: Too bad I already filled the spot for music coverage. You know, record reviewing and such. You'd have been perfect for it. I gave the job to Louise.

RORY: Louise owns two CDs.

PARIS: Yeah. Well, gotta go. Have a really good summer.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

(Doorbell rings. Lorelai comes down the steps, trying to put her shoes on.)

LORELAI: You're annoyingly on time again! Ugh. Okay, stairs then shoes, stairs then shoes. (Opens front door) Oh hi.

LUKE: Hey. You're all dressed up.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm going out.

LUKE: Oh sorry. I forgot my toolbox so I just thought I'd come pick it up.

LORELAI: Oh yeah. It's right over here. Rory and I couldn't lift it or we would've brought it to you and then we got used to having it here, so we named it Bert and we'd say Goodnight Bert and it'd say Goodnight girls and we spend too much time home alone.

LUKE: Well, thanks for taking care of it.

LORELAI: Our pleasure.

(Luke places the toolbox on the hall table.)

LUKE: So Rachel left.

LORELAI: What!

LUKE: Last night. She left. For good.

LORELAI: Oh no, Luke I'm so sorry. What happened?

LUKE: Ah, it's hard to explain.

LORELAI: I can't believe it. I thought she was really in it for the long haul this time.

LUKE: Yeah well, she had her reasons.

LORELAI: Really? What?

(Max knocks lightly on the front door and pushes it open.)

MAX: Hello? I'd tried to be late.

LORELAI: Oh and an utter failure at one minute past.

LORELAI: Um, so uh, Max Medina this is Luke Danes. Luke owns the diner. He has the greatest coffee.

MAX: Oh right. I saw you at the town meeting

LUKE: Yeah I saw you too.

MAX: Nice to meet you.

LUKE: Uh huh.

MAX: Mm hmm. So, we should be going.

LORELAI: Oh yeah.

LUKE: Yeah, I 'm gonna get going. I just left my toolbox from when I was here earlier fixing things. I do a lot of little things around here for Lorelai.

LORELAI: Yeah, you're very handy. So Luke, we'll talk later.

LUKE: Yes we will.

MAX: Although probably not tonight. We won't be back until late.

LORELAI: No, I meant not tonight.

MAX: Oh, I misunderstood.

LORELAI: I meant tomorrow. So tomorrow.

LUKE: Absolutely. We see each other most everyday.

MAX: Well sure, you've got the coffee.

LUKE: And she needs the coffee. So I'll see you tomorrow.

LORELAI: Tomorrow.

LUKE: Same time as always.

MAX: I'd count on a little later.

LUKE: Doesn't matter what time it is. I'll always be around.

LORELAI: Bye. (Luke leaves.)

MAX: So are we going?

LORELAI: Uh, yeah. Just wanted to make sure you two were through swinging those things around. Someone's bound to lose an eye.

MAX: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: Nothing. I'll get my purse.

(Lorelai walks into the living room. Max follows her.)

MAX: So not to be blunt, but is that over?

LORELAI: Is what over?

MAX: Whatever's going on that I just walked in on.

LORELAI: Oh Max, come on, that's Luke.

MAX: I kind of picked something up there.

LORELAI: Okay. Well, drop it back on the ground and kick it under the couch, because there is no there there.

MAX: Hey, it's okay. I mean, we were apart for quite a while. I never assumed you joined a convent.

LORELAI: Max.

MAX: I mean, it's not like I didn't date while we were apart.

LORELAI: You dated?

MAX: A little.

LORELAI: A little person?

MAX: No, I dated a little.

LORELAI: Okay. Well, I didn't expect you to join a manvent or whatever the male equivalent of that is called. Who did you date?

MAX: A monastery.

LORELAI: You dated a monastery?

MAX: No, a monastery is the male equivalent of a convent.

LORELAI: Thank you Mr. Medina. I'll make a note for the quiz on Friday.

MAX: I didn't know if I'd ever see you again.

LORELAI: No, I get it. Yes. We were apart. And, uh, you know, I didn't exactly remain inactive.

MAX: So you did date Luke?

LORELAI: No, I did not date Luke.

MAX: You can tell me.

LORELAI: I did not date Luke.

MAX: There was a vibe.

LORELAI: There was no vibe. What is with the questioning? You won't tell me who you dated.

MAX: There's no one you know.

LORELAI: Okay, well, did you date like casual nothing type dating or did you date like get down, soul train kind of a dating?

MAX: Well, I wouldn't have phrased it that way, but to be honest, it was the latter.

LORELAI: Good, good. Okay. Well, I like your honesty. Because I mean you could've lied and left that part out to spare my feelings which would've been unnecessary. So thank you, that was good. I slept with Rory's dad.

MAX: Let's change the subject.

LORELAI: On my parents' balcony.

MAX: I want to change the subject.

LORELAI: Okay, well you started it.

MAX: I did not mean for this to become a who slept with whom contest.

LORELAI: Well, how did it get that way?

MAX: I don't know. Why do we do this? Why do we let it get weird between us just when it's getting good again?

LORELAI: I don't know.

MAX: I don't like it.

LORELAI: I don't either.

MAX: And I'm sick of it.

LORELAI: Well, so am I.

MAX: We can't keep getting this close just to have something completely derail us again. And frankly there's only one thing I can think of that could solve it.

LORELAI: Break up.

MAX: Ugh.

LORELAI: Well, I'm not interested in a m\*rder-su1c1de kind of thing. .

MAX: We should get married.

(pause)

LORELAI: Give me a clue as to whether you're kidding or not.

MAX: I am not kidding.

LORELAI: Good clue.

MAX: What do you say?

LORELAI: Nothing. Max, you did not just propose to me.

MAX: Yes I did.

LORELAI: No. A proposal had to be something more than the desperate desire to end a bickering match.

MAX: It was more than that.

LORELAI: No, it has to be planned. It should be magical. There should be music playing and romantic lighting and a subtle buildup to the popping of the big question. There should be a thousand yellow daisies and candles and a horse and I don't know what the horse is doing there unless you're riding it, which seems a little over the top, but it should be more than this.

MAX: You're right.

LORELAI: I am right.

MAX: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: It's okay.

MAX: Let's start the evening over.

LORELAI: Ding dong.

MAX: Oh, now I'm five minutes late.

LORELAI: Well, you're making good progress.

MAX: Let's go?

(Lorelai follows Max toward the front door.)

LORELAI: Bye bye Bert.

(They both leave.)

CUT TO OUTSIDE CHILTON

(Tristin is waiting against the wall for Rory. As she walks past, he walks next to her.)

TRISTIN: So I'm a little tired of this game.

RORY: What game?

TRISTIN: Are we meeting there or what?

RORY: What are you talking about?

TRISTIN: The concert's tonight.

RORY: Well I hope you and the empty seat next to you have a lot of fun.

TRISTIN: I'm started to get a little irritated here.

RORY: So am I.

TRISTIN: What are you mad about?

RORY: You've been telling everyone that I'm going to this thing with you.

TRISTIN: Just a couple.

RORY: You told Paris. Paris and I had just started getting along and now she hates me again.

TRISTIN: Well, the damage is done. You might as well go to PJ Harvey with me.

RORY: Never never. I am never going anywhere with you ever.

TRISTIN: You know, these tickets cost me a fortune.

RORY: They cost your daddy a fortune.

TRISTIN: I don't even know anybody else who's even into this stupid guy.

RORY: PJ Harvey's a woman.

(Tristin grabs Rory's books)

RORY: What are you doing?

TRISTIN: You'll get them back when you agree to go with me.

RORY: You're pathetic Tristin. Keep the books. I'm leaving. (Sees Dean in the parking lot) Dean?  
(Walks towards him) Dean. What are you doing here?

DEAN: I'm leaving.

RORY: Don't go.

DEAN: I shouldn't have come.

RORY: No wait.

DEAN: I feel like an idiot.

RORY: Why?

DEAN: 'Cause I come all the way out here and I see you with him. That's just great.

RORY: No, Tristin was just . . .

DEAN: I don't care.

RORY: No listen.

DEAN: He's got your books Rory.

RORY: But he took them and wouldn't give them back. Please just tell me why you're here.

DEAN: I don't even know.

RORY: Yes you do.

DEAN: 'Cause I thought you . . . Forget it.

RORY: No say it.

DEAN: I thought you were trying to talk to me.

RORY: Oh.

DEAN: I mean, you came to my house.

RORY: That wasn't me.

DEAN: It was you.

RORY: It must've been someone that looked like me.

DEAN: My sister recognized you from the pictures in my box.

RORY: In what box?

DEAN: The box of stuff I have of us. Pictures and letters and everything from you.

RORY: You have a Rory box?

DEAN: And what was going on at the town meeting, all that stuff about writing a song?

RORY: I don't know what I was talking about.

DEAN: That had nothing to do with me? Well I must have imagined it all then. Your boyfriend's waiting.

RORY: He's not my boyfriend. I hate him.

DEAN: Whatever.

RORY: Dean.

DEAN: What.

RORY: Stop.

DEAN: Why.

RORY: Because I love you, you idiot.

(Dean walks over to her and they kiss. Tristin puts Rory's books down on the ground and walks away.)

CUT TO FRONT OF THE INDEPENDENCE INN

(Michel is arguing with Kirk in front of the door. Lorelai comes running up to them)

MICHEL: Do you understand what I'm trying to explain to you? Do you speak English? Are you listening to me? Ah, what took you?

LORELAI: Sorry, I got here as quickly as I could. Hi Kirk.

MICHEL: Do not address him. He's a scoundrel.

KIRK: I'm just doing my job.

LORELAI: What's going on?

MICHEL: Am I or am I not the head man in charge of floral deliveries?

LORELAI: Yes, and one of the few men I know who would proudly declare that fact.

KIRK: I'm just doing my job.

MICHEL: Stop saying that.

LORELAI: This has to do with flowers we ordered?

MICHEL: Flowers we did not order.

KIRK: I'm just doing my job.

MICHEL: Say that one more time and I'm going to punch your nose.

LORELAI: It must be a mistake.

KIRK: There's no mistake.

MICHEL: I did not order these flowers.

KIRK: It says that you have to be here to personally accept them.

LORELAI: That I have to be here? Well that's. . . .

MICHEL: I am head man in charge of flowers.

KIRK: I just do what I'm told.

MICHEL: I warned you to stop saying that.

(Lorelai walks inside the inn)

CUT TO INSIDE THE INN

(Lorelai comes through the door)

KIRK: That's not what I was saying before.

MICHEL: It is a little variation that will still lead to a punch on the nose.

(Michel and Kirk come through the door)



MICHEL: Daisies no less. As if I would order these pitiful little things. Foul things, these daisies. And just a notch up from weeds. And look how many. I mean, there must be at least. . .

LORELAI: A thousand of them. A thousand yellow daisies.

(Pan around inn's lobby, which is filled with daisies. Lorelai walks into the middle and then and looks around.)

KIRK: That's right. There's exactly a thousand of them. The order states that there is to be exactly 1000. Not 1001, not 999, but 1000. You ask for 1000, I bring 1000. I don't question the orders. I merely fill them.

MICHEL: Job well done, Mr. Adolph Eichmann.

(Lorelai sits down on a table in the middle of all the daisies, pulls out her cell phone and calls Max.)

MAX: I couldn't find a horse.

LORELAI: You didn't have to.

MAX: Don't say anything, okay, please. You were right last night. I shouldn't have proposed to you like that. It was stupid. It was the wrong place, and the wrong time, and I kicked myself the entire night for doing it. But you were wrong about something too. I didn't propose to you because we were fighting. I proposed because I love you. We're in a bad pattern Lorelai and we have to break it. And other than that m\*rder su1c1de thing you were talking about, which would be illegal and messy, I can only think to be impetuous.

LORELAI: Max.

MAX: No, listen, I woke up this morning and I realized that I have studied and talked a great literature all my life and those stories are replete with characters that let opportunities slip by. But what I teach is more than just literature, its lessons in life. And if I don't follow the tenets of those lessons, I'm not the man I thought I was. The man I want to be.

LORELAI: God, you talk so good.

MAX: I don't want an answer now. I've thought about this. I want you to do the same. I love you Lorelai Gilmore. And I know this to be true. I'll talk to you later. (They both hang up)

(Lorelai looks around at the daisies)

LORELAI: Oh my . . .

CUT TO STREET

(It's nighttime. Lorelai is walking down the sidewalk. She passes the town troubadour, who's in mid-song. Troubadour 2 walks by and the official troubadour nods for him to join in.)

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

(Luke is standing at a table pouring coffee for Kirk when Lorelai bursts through the door.)

LORELAI: Rory!

LUKE: Geesh, you made me spill.

LORELAI: Sorry! Uh, she's not here?

LUKE: No, what's the matter?

LORELAI: I sent her a message to meet me here at 7 and she's supposed to meet me here at 7, so what time is it?

LUKE: Seven.

KIRK: I'm damp. (Luke throws a towel on Kirk's table)

LORELAI: Where is she?

LUKE: Calm down, is everything okay?

LORELAI: Yes, maybe, I think so. I don't know.

LUKE: So what's going on?

LORELAI: Big things. Big potentially life-changing things.

LUKE: You get a promotion?

LORELAI: Oh yeah, they made me head salesman of the Northwest Territories. No I run an inn, there's no place to promote me too.

LUKE: So it's nothing to do with work?

LORELAI: Where is she?

LUKE: Have some coffee while you wait.

LORELAI: No, I couldn't take coffee, big hole, through the roof, very bad.

LUKE: You're saying no to coffee. This is big. Can't tell me what it is?

LORELAI: I just really need to tell Rory first.

LUKE: But you're happy about this news.

LORELAI: I might be. Maybe. It's just kind of a, wow I can't believe this is happening to me kind of a mindblowing moment. . (pager beeps) Oh there she is! I'm gonna go (hands Luke a daisy) The whole town gets one today.

(Lorelai leaves)

LUKE: Bye

CUT TO OUTSIDE THE DINER

(Lorelai is outside in front of the diner. She sees Rory down the street. They smile and run towards each other. They talk at the same time.)

LORELAI/RORY: You first! (They laugh) You first!

(Pan back to an overhead shot of the gazebo as they jump up and down excitedly in the street.)