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by **destinyros2005**

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Posted: **11/11/01 10:18**

2.05 - Nick & Nora, Sid & Nancy

written by Amy Sherman-Palladino

directed by Michael Katleman

OPEN AT LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting at a table. Lorelai's eating breakfast while Rory watches her.]

RORY: How are the eggs?

LORELAI: Good.

RORY: I'm glad.

LORELAI: They're still good.

RORY: I'm still glad.

LORELAI: Look freak, we will not be late.

RORY: It's the first day of school. I wanna get there early.

LORELAI: We will be there early, I promise.

RORY: I have different classes this year, my routes aren't the same. I haven't found the quickest path around. And my locker, they moved it, so I don't even know if it'll work properly and then I'll have to get a new one and God knows how long that'll take or where it'll be and that could send the whole day into chaos. I'm just excited.

[Lane walks into the diner]

LANE: Oh, thank God, you haven't left yet.

RORY: Nope, what's up?

LANE: Well, I found the greatest record store in the world. It's ten minutes from your school and I'm wondering how much you love me.

RORY: Address.

LANE: Record Breaker Incorporated, 2453 Berlin Turnpike.

RORY: Got it. Place your order now.

LANE: Okay, Charles Mingus, "The Black Saint and the Sinner Lady."

LORELAI: Mm.

RORY: Right.

LANE: The Sonics, Here are the Sonics.

RORY: Burn me a copy. Next.

LANE: MC5, Kick Out the Jams. Fairport Convention, Leige and Lief. BeeGees, Odessa.

RORY: BeeGees, really?

LANE: Well, Mojo says.

RORY: So it must be true.

LANE: Okay, that's it. Now if I could just find a copy of Whistler, Chaucer, Detroit and Greenhill, I will finally be done with the sixties.

RORY: I can get there today, tomorrow at the latest.

LANE: I love it when you go back to school.

RORY: Me too. Hey!

LORELAI: I am getting donuts for later. As soon as I do, I will take you to school and the nice men in the white coats will pick you up.

[Lorelai walks up to the counter. Taylor is standing there with a group of Boy Scouts.]

TAYLOR: Everybody, listen up. Decide what you want, place your order, and then proceed to the end of the line.

BOY 1: I want a burger.

BOY 2: I want grilled cheese.

BOY 3: Me too.

BOY 2: And I want fries, and make them really really crispy.

BOY 1: I want mine crispy too.

BOY 2: You didn't order fries.

BOY 1: So?

LUKE: So you can't order crispy fries without first ordering fries.

BOY 1: Why not?

LUKE: Because you can't make something crispy that doesn't exist.

BOY 1: Why not?

LUKE: Get him away from me Taylor.

TAYLOR: Have some respect. These boys have just completed the first leg of their outdoor survival training.

LUKE: Meaning you had them sit under a tree and glue rocks together for two hours.

TAYLOR: You're a very jaded man Luke. What happened to you as a child?

LUKE: Some creepy guy in shorts and knee socks tried to sit me under a tree and glue rocks together for two hours. Put that down!

BOY 4: Why?

LUKE: Because otherwise you're going under it.

BOY 4: I won't fit.

LUKE: Oh yes you will.

LORELAI: Hey, donuts please.

BOY 1: We were here first!

LORELAI: On the planet?

BOY 1: Huh?

LORELAI: You lose. Chocolate, cinnamon and sprinkles.

[phone rings; Lorelai and the kids moan as Luke goes to answer it.]

LUKE: All of you pipe down.

LORELAI: Grups, huh?

LUKE: [on phone] Yeah, I'm working. What do you think I'm doing? Uh huh. Uh huh. Oh man, what did you do? Excuse me, are you serious? Just like that, huh?

[Lorelai goes behind the counter and gets her own donuts]

BOY 2: Hey Mr. Doose. She's not supposed to do that.

TAYLOR: That's right. She's breaking the rules, and people who break the rules end up very lonely with no friends because they have become society's outcasts.

LORELAI: Planning on burning a little Huck Finn after lunch, Taylor?

TAYLOR: Excuse me?

LUKE: [on phone] This is unbelievable! You won't ever change, will you? . . . Okay, fine. Do what you want, make the arrangements. Now I'm working, we'll finish this later. [hangs up]

LORELAI: Is everything okay?

LUKE: Do you have a sister?

LORELAI: Um, no.

BOY 1: I do.

LUKE: You have my sympathies.

BOY 1: Thanks. I appreciate that.

[opening credits]

CUT TO FRONT OF LUKE'S DINER

[Luke walks towards the diner carrying several shopping bags. He drops a bag on the sidewalk. Lorelai is walking by and stops to help.]

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: Hello.

LORELAI: What are you doing?

LUKE: Ah, just redecorating the sidewalk.

LORELAI: Oh, it looks nice.

LUKE: Yeah yeah yeah, you don't think too much blue?

LORELAI: No, just enough.

LUKE: Yeah, well, thanks for the input. You can go now.

LORELAI: Need some help?

LUKE: Nope.

LORELAI: Need some help?

LUKE: Nope.

LORELAI: Need some help?

LUKE: Nope.

LORELAI: So do you need some help?

[Luke sighs.]

CUT TO OUTSIDE LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Luke and Lorelai walk down the hallway to Luke's apartment. Luke is carrying the shopping bags, Lorelai is carrying a box of cereal. Luke unlocks the door.]

LORELAI: Frosted Flakes? Since when do you buy Frosted Flakes? [Luke drops some bags, food spills all over.] Okay, now what is going on?

LUKE: Nothing.

LORELAI: Nothing? You just all of sudden woke up this morning and decided you were gonna buy every food item in the world that you don't actually eat?

LUKE: It's not for me.

LORELAI: Well who's it for?

LUKE: Someone who's not me.

LORELAI: Like who?

[cut to inside apartment]

LUKE: Like my nephew.

LORELAI: Oh, your nephew's coming to visit.

LUKE: No, he's coming to stay.

LORELAI: You're sister's moving here?

[they start picking up the spilled food in the hallway and bringing it inside]

LUKE: Nope.

LORELAI: Well, I'm sorry, I don't get it.

LUKE: There's nothing to get. It's just Liz. She's too busy, she can't handle him, she's sending him here.

LORELAI: Where's his dad?

LUKE: Oh well, the great prize that my sister picked up at a Der Wienerschnitzel left her about two years ago, whereabouts unknown.

LORELAI: Aww, geez.

LUKE: Yup.

LORELAI: So she's just sending him here, just like that?

LUKE: Oh no, I'm sure she put at least five or six minutes of thought into it.

LORELAI: But why?

LUKE: Well, 'cause apparently he's been getting into some trouble and Liz is afraid he's heading for something bad, and rather than handle it herself, she's just giving up. She's sending him here so I can straighten him out.

LORELAI: You?

LUKE: Yes.

LORELAI: You can straighten him out?

LUKE: Yes.

LORELAI: You, Luke Danes, the great communicator, you're going to straighten the kid out?

LUKE: All he needs is a change of pace, a new crowd, and to get away from the nutjob that, unfortunately, is my sister.

LORELAI: Well, how long is he staying?

LUKE: I don't know. Indefinitely.

LORELAI: And how old is he?

LUKE: Seventeen.

LORELAI: Oh, wow. That is very generous of you.

LUKE: Well, it's family, what else can you do?

LORELAI: Right. So what kind of trouble has he gotten into?

LUKE: Ah, just kid stuff, you know, staying out late, getting rowdy. I don't know exactly.

LORELAI: Well, you might want to find out. Ask a couple of subtle questions, you know, has he seen The Shawshank Redemption, did the setting seem homey to him? Stuff like that.

LUKE: Look, his problem is obvious, it's his mother. You never could count on Liz for anything. Our mom died when we were kids, right? It was just my dad, me and Liz. And my dad worked all the time and I worked in the store with my dad, and Liz was off doing God knows what.

LORELAI: Well, I bet losing her mom so early was kind of hard on her.

LUKE: It was hard on all of us, but we did our part. And then the minute she graduates high school, she is outta here. Didn't matter that my dad was sick, didn't matter that the store was failing, she just took off. Married the hot dog king, had a kid, he left, now here we are. [Luke starts pumping up an air mattress]

LORELAI: Yeah, wow, that's— I'm sorry, what are you doing?

LUKE: I'm blowing this up.

LORELAI: What is it?

LUKE: It's a bed.

LORELAI: A bed?

LUKE: For Jess.

LORELAI: Jess?

LUKE: Jess, my nephew.

LORELAI: Luke, um, that's not a bed, that's a raft, which is fine if you're gonna build a moat around

the diner but□

LUKE: It's fine.

LORELAI: Luke, the kid needs a bed. If you want to get him something inflatable, make it a blonde.

LUKE: I'm getting him a bed, this is just temporary.

LORELAI: Hey, how does Jess feel about this?

LUKE: I don't know.

LORELAI: You haven't talked to him about it?

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: Don't you think you should?

LUKE: Why? He doesn't have a choice. His mom's a flake, he's coming here, end of story.

LORELAI: Are you sure you're ready for this?

LUKE: Of course I'm sure.

LORELAI: I mean, taking on a full time kid, that's a lot of work.

LUKE: I know.

LORELAI: And a seventeen-year-old that's been getting into trouble and now is being shipped off without his consent, that could be even harder.

LUKE: Look, all he needs is to be around someone who's not a selfish basketcase, who will give him a little space, who will treat him like a man.

LORELAI: Maybe you should think about this.

LUKE: There's nothing to think about. He's family. You take care of family, period.

LORELAI: Yes, I respect that, but what if he turns out to be Fredo?

LUKE: Are you seriously telling me not to do this?

LORELAI: No, I'm not telling you not to do this.

LUKE: Then what are you saying?

LORELAI: I'm just saying that if you need any help, I'm here.

LUKE: Thank you.

LORELAI: You're welcome.

LUKE: Look, I got a lot of things to do before he gets here so□

LORELAI: Okay, I'm leaving. Oh, you do have an extra set of sheets, right?

LUKE: Yes, I do.

LORELAI: Sorry, just checking. Bye. [leaves]

LUKE: [grabs keys] Sheets, sheets.

CUT TO CHILTON

[Rory is walking down the hallway towards a classroom. Paris, Madeline and Louise are walking towards the same room from the other direction. They stop in front of the doorway and look at each other before going inside.]

RORY: Okay, round two.

CUT TO INSIDE CLASSROOM

[Rory walks over to Paris.]

RORY: Five seconds?

PARIS: Four.

RORY: Fine.

PARIS: Now it's three.

RORY: Paris, it does not have to be like this.

PARIS: No?

RORY: You and I are going to have to spend a lot of time in class together on The Franklin.

PARIS: I know.

RORY: We're gonna have to sit in the same classroom, share the same oxygen, occasionally make eye contact.

PARIS: I can avoid that.

RORY: Look, I'm not saying that we should be friends. I don't want to be friends. I'm just saying that maybe we should look at this like life.

PARIS: Life?

RORY: Yes, in life there will be people that you don't like, but that you have to coexist with.

PARIS: I am well aware of that.

RORY: So I'm just suggesting that we coexist.

PARIS: You're just scared that I'm gonna make your life on The Franklin a living hell. Especially since I'm the editor and you're—oh, what's the word—not.

RORY: If you want to spend the precious energy that you'd normally spend on the paper obsessing on ways to make me miserable, then that's your choice. I'm just suggesting an alternate plan. The paper could be really great this year.

PARIS: I know.

RORY: So, can't we just agree on that and make all the rest of it go away?

[Louise and Madeline walk over]

LOUISE: Everything okay?

RORY: Yeah, Riff, everything's fine.

PARIS: We were just talking.

MADELINE: Talking? You two?

PARIS: About The Franklin.

MADELINE: Oh. Nope, still seems weird.

PARIS: Hey, look, we're all on the paper together. There's gonna be a lot of long afternoons and weekends.

LOUISE: Weekends?

PARIS: We need to coexist, right?

RORY: Right.

LOUISE: I'm sorry. Back up to the weekends.

PARIS: So that's what we'll do. Now the first meeting of The Franklin is today.

RORY: Yes it is.

PARIS: Four o'clock.

RORY: Sounds good.

LOUISE: Weekends were never mentioned. I need my weekends. All of this gets done on weekends.

CUT TO BUSSTOP

[Luke is waiting on the bench. The bus pulls up and Jess steps off.]

LUKE: Jess.

JESS: Luke.

LUKE: Okay, so uh▯ [Luke walks towards the diner, Jess follows]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Luke and Jess walk through the door.]

LUKE: Well, this is my diner.

JESS: Huh.

LUKE: Belonged to your Grandpa.

JESS: Huh.

LUKE: Yup.

CUT TO LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Luke and Jess walk through the door.]

LUKE: Well, here we are. It's pretty simple. You know, this is the room. That's my bed, that's your, uh, bed for now, but the sheets are new. There's the bathroom, there's the closet, there's the dresser, the phone, and over there is the kitchen. I've got Frosted Flakes.

JESS: Wow, that's grrrrreat.

LUKE: So, is that all your stuff?

JESS: Yup.

LUKE: Not much there.

JESS: Well, Lizzie's sending the rest later.

LUKE: So, you need some help?

JESS: Nope.

LUKE: Okay, uh, I have to get back to the diner. I'm gonna close up at ten tonight, so I thought

JESS: See you at ten.

LUKE: But wait, you need keys.

JESS: No I don't. [leaves]

LUKE: I so don't wanna know why.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Jess walks out of the diner, looks around the town, and walks down the street.]

CUT TO CHILTON

[Rory sits down on a bench to read before the newspaper meeting starts. She hears voices from inside the room and goes inside. Several students and a teacher are sitting at a table.]

PARIS: Pick a side people. Oh, Rory.

RORY: Hey.

TEACHER: Nice of you to join us, Miss Gilmore.

RORY: I thought we were starting at four.

TEACHER: No, we start at 3:15 sharp.

PARIS: Look, we're wasting time here.

TEACHER: Take a seat Miss Gilmore.

RORY: Sorry.

PARIS: Okay, so we were just finishing up handing out the first assignments. Now, Rory, unfortunately, since you got here so late, most everything of interest has been given out.

RORY: Why, I'm shocked.

PARIS: Wait, wait, just let me check my list here. There might be something left for you. Okay, well, here, they're paving the new parking lot tomorrow.

RORY: And?

PARIS: And you can cover it.

RORY: Cover what?

PARIS: The paving process.

RORY: You're serious?

PARIS: Absolutely. I'm sure there's an angle there somewhere. Is it environmentally safe? What are the financial ramifications? Should brick have been considered especially taking into account the architecture of the building?

RORY: Yeah yeah, I get the idea.

PARIS: But hey, if you think this is below you, you can always wait until the next issue. You can just use this time to get a nice manicure.

RORY: That's okay.

PARIS: Maybe get a massage.

RORY: I'll do it.

PARIS: Aromatherapy. Smell like a peach for a few days.

RORY: I said I'll do it, okay? I'll cover the paving.

PARIS: Okay, good. Well then, I guess that's it.

[Everyone gets up from the table. Paris walks to a computer and starts typing. Rory walks over to her.]

PARIS: Problem, Miss Gilmore?

RORY: Nope, no problem at all. I love this assignment.

PARIS: I'm glad.

RORY: I'm gonna write the greatest piece on pavement you've ever read.

PARIS: I hope so.

RORY: And next week, when you give me the scoop on the new copper plumbing installation, I'm gonna be just as thrilled.

PARIS: I like a team player.

RORY: And no matter how many crappy, stupid, useless assignments you throw at me, I'm not going to quit and I'm not going to back down. So you can go home tonight and think about the fact that no matter what you do and no matter how evil you are, at the end of the year, on my high school transcript, it's going to say that I worked on The Franklin. So, if you'll excuse me, I have some reading to do on the origins of concrete.

PARIS: A thousand words on my desk on Tuesday.

[Rory walks out of the room and starts walking down the hallway. Max is coming from the other direction. They stop in front of each other, then both turn around and go the other way. Paris watches from the classroom window.]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Luke is wiping a table as Lorelai walks into the diner.]

LORELAI: Hey.

[Luke is startled and spills coffee on the table.]

LUKE: Oh geez.

LORELAI: Sorry.

LUKE: No, I'll just—you want some coffee?

LORELAI: It's okay. I'll just lick it off the table. So?

LUKE: So what?

LORELAI: Is he here?

LUKE: He's here.

LORELAI: Yeah? How is he? [sits at counter]

LUKE: He's fine.

LORELAI: Did he see the bed?

LUKE: He saw the bed.

LORELAI: Well, where is he? I wanna meet him.

LUKE: Oh, he's out.

LORELAI: Out where?

LUKE: I don't know.

LORELAI: You don't?

LUKE: No, he just went out.

LORELAI: You didn't ask him where he was going?

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: Why not?

LUKE: Because he's not two.

LORELAI: Yeah, but Luke, he's new in town. He doesn't know his way around yet.

LUKE: Way around what? This is Stars Hollow. You take three left turns and you're back in the center of town.

LORELAI: Luke, when a kid goes out, you have to at least ask where he's going.

LUKE: Why?

LORELAI: Because you're responsible for him now. If he goes and knocks over a liquor store, it's gonna be your fault.

LUKE: If I had asked him where he was going and he actually intended to knock off a liquor store, do you really think he would've told me that?

LORELAI: If he's dumb.

LUKE: He's fine. New topic.

[Jess walks into the diner]

LUKE: Jess, hey, good. I'd like you to meet someone.

LORELAI: Hey. Hi, I'm Lorelai. I just wanted to meet you before Luke had a chance to fill your head with all kinds of little lies about me.

JESS: Hi.

LORELAI: You know, you should meet my daughter. She's about your age. She can show you where all the good wilding goes on. . . . Okay, well, it's nice to meet you. I hope you like it here. . . . So, class dismissed.

LUKE: Uh, are you hungry 'cause I can□ [Jess goes upstairs]

LORELAI: So that's Jess?

LUKE: Yup.

LORELAI: Very chatty.

LUKE: He's adjusting. He just got here. He probably just went out and realized there are twelve stores in this town devoted entirely to peddling porcelain unicorns. I've lived in this town my entire life, I still can't believe it.

LORELAI: I'm sure that's it.

LUKE: He'll be fine in a few days.

LORELAI: Hey, listen, I have a fabulous idea. What are you doing tomorrow night?

LUKE: Why?

LORELAI: Why don't you and Jess come over for dinner?

LUKE: Dinner?

LORELAI: Sookie will cook, Rory will be there. It'll be a little 'Hey, welcome to Stars Hollow and see, everyone here's not straight out of a Fellini film' kind of an evening.

LUKE: Okay, that would be nice, thanks.

LORELAI: You're welcome.

LUKE: You won't bring up the bed?

LORELAI: Oh no, I'll definitely bring up the bed.

[Luke walks away. Rory walks in and sits at the counter next to Lorelai.]

RORY: Oh my God, I hate her.

LORELAI: Ah, me too.

RORY: You have no idea who I'm talking about.

LORELAI: Solidarity sister.

RORY: Paris.

LORELAI: Ugh. Well, that I should've guessed.

RORY: She thinks she can t*rture me off the paper and she can't.

LORELAI: No, she can't.

RORY: I have never met anyone like her before. Her insistence on holding onto this stupid grudge that is based on nothing and will never ever end shows an amount of commitment that I would've never thought possible. I'm beginning to admire her.

LORELAI: First day sucked?

RORY: Just the paper stuff sucked, the rest of the stuff was good.

LORELAI: Good, I'm glad to hear it. Did you happen to run into Max?

RORY: Actually, no.

LORELAI: Really?

RORY: Yeah, our paths just didn't cross.

LORELAI: Isn't he your Lit teacher?

RORY: Yeah, but I do have really tall people sitting in front of me.

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: I saw him in the hallway and I walked the other way and

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: I don't know. I thought that's what you'd want me to do.

LORELAI: Just because Max isn't apart of my life anymore doesn't mean he can't be apart of yours. He has to be apart of yours. You have to see him and talk to him, and that's okay. That's good. I know everything seems screwed up right now, but I don't want you to avoid him, especially not on my account. Okay?

RORY: All right.

LORELAI: I am sorry that I put you in this position.

RORY: That's okay. It's going on the list.

LORELAI: My God, that list is getting long.

RORY: You have no idea.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Rory and Lorelai come out of Luke's and walk down the sidewalk.]

LORELAI: We are having a little gathering tomorrow night.

RORY: What kind of gathering?

LORELAI: Well, Luke's nephew's here, and I thought we could try to make him feel a little more at home.

RORY: Did you meet him?

LORELAI: Sort of.

RORY: What's he like?

LORELAI: Well, he's not gonna be subbing for the new dodo on the Regis show any time soon, let's put in like that.

CUT TO LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Jess is sitting on his bed smoking and shuffling cards as Luke walks in.]

LUKE: So you get unpacked?

JESS: Yup.

LUKE: Get enough space in the closet?

JESS: Plenty.

LUKE: You hungry?

JESS: Eighteen.

LUKE: What?

JESS: Just counting how many questions 'til we hit twenty.

LUKE: Okay, never mind. [phone rings, Luke answers] Yeah? Yeah, Liz, he got here fine.

JESS: Got here at ten this morning.

LUKE: Okay, hang on a sec. Jess? [holds out the phone]

JESS: Pass.

LUKE: Jess, come on.

JESS: Nope.

LUKE: What am I supposed to tell her?

JESS: Tell her I gotta take another crack at that closet. You know, I think I hung my Tool T-shirt next to my Metallica T-shirt and they don't really get along.

LUKE: You really want me to tell her that?

JESS: You think a different band combo would sell it more?

LUKE: [on phone] Yeah, Liz, Jess is gonna have to call you back. Yeah, he's helping me out with a shelf thing and his hand are full□Yeah, I'll tell him. Okay, bye. [hangs up] She said to tell you that your stuff will be here on Friday.

JESS: Great, we'll have a party.

LUKE: You know, your mom thinks this is. . .you know, for the best and for your own good and. . . Anyhow, I guess you'll just call her when you feel like it.

JESS: You wanna play some poker? Five bucks a hand?

LUKE: No.

JESS: Ten?

LUKE: No.

JESS: I can't go any higher than ten.

LUKE: Jess.

JESS: Okay, fifteen

LUKE: Yeah, I don't wanna play poker.

JESS: You sure?

LUKE: I'm sure.

JESS: Okie dokie.

LUKE: So, listen, Lorelai - you met her today, remember? Anyhow, um, she invited us to her house tomorrow night for dinner. Her daughter Rory, who you didn't meet but you'll like 'cause she's a lot like Lorelai, but she's got a slightly tighter grasp on reality. Anyhow, she'll be there, and you know, it'd be a— I don't know, it'd be a chance for you to meet more people and so I, I said yes.

[Jess grabs his coat and walks out.]

CUT TO CHILTON

[Rory is sitting alone at the table waiting for the newspaper meeting to start. Paris walks in.]

PARIS: Oh, hello.

RORY: Hi.

PARIS: You're early.

RORY: Yeah, well I felt so bad about the mix up last time, I wanted to make sure it didn't happen again. It won't.

[Other students walk in for the meeting and sit at the table.]

MADELINE: Hey, did you hear that Kimber Slately and Tristin are a major item?

LOUISE: I thought that Kimber and Shawn Asher were this year's John and Jackie.

MADELINE: Nope, Shawn is with Deeds McGuire now, which pushed Jeff Trainer into Dottie Lords' arms leaving Madison Maylands alone for the first weekend since he became captain of the lacrosse team.

LOUISE: Wow, you know so much so soon. You have a gift.

MADELINE: I know. Hey Paris, what do you think about me writing a gossip column for The Franklin?

PARIS: Huh. I don't know. That's a hard one. I mean, this is The Franklin, a newspaper that's been around for almost a hundred years. There have been at least ten former editors of The Franklin that have gone on to work at the New York Times. Six have gone onto the Washington Post. Three are contributing editors at the New Yorker. I think one even went on to win the Pulitzer Prize. But never mind them. I could be the first editor in the history of The Franklin to introduce a column exclusively devoted to who Biffy's boffing today. Quandary. You know, I'm gonna have to get back to you on that one.

MADELINE: Okay.

TEACHER: Oh good, we're all here. And prompt, lovely. Well, I've read everyone's article, and they were all extremely well done. Snappy, informative, well-researched. Paris, you should be very proud of the team you've assembled here this year.

PARIS: Thank you.

TEACHER: I mean, when you've got a reporter who can take an incredibly mundane and seemingly unimportant subject like the re-paving of the faculty parking lot and turn it into a bittersweet piece on how everybody and everything eventually becomes obsolete, then you've really got something. Miss Gilmore, I was touched.

RORY: I owe it all to Paris.

TEACHER: I would strongly advise that next time you give Miss Gilmore something with a little more meat to it.

PARIS: Oh, yeah, great idea.

TEACHER: Okay, let's get down to work here. We've got a layout to put together.

[Rory walks to a computer and sits down. Paris walks over to her.]

PARIS: Well, congratulations.

RORY: Thank you.

PARIS: You must be very proud of yourself.

RORY: Well, I'm not hiding when I pass a mirror.

PARIS: I guess it's part of my job as editor to make sure that our best writer's are writing our best pieces, so I'm going to give you one of our best pieces.

RORY: Uh huh.

PARIS: Front page, lead story, above the fold.

RORY: Get to the catch Paris.

PARIS: No catch.

RORY: No catch?

PARIS: I'd like to start out year off with a profile on the teacher voted most popular from the year before. You know, an in-depth, no holds barred interview. Everybody wants it. You have it.

RORY: You're kidding.

PARIS: Nope.

RORY: Well, thanks.

PARIS: You're welcome. So go ahead and set up that interview with Mr. Medina as soon as possible.

RORY: What?

PARIS: I know it's short notice but I'd love it to lead off the first edition.

RORY: Mr. Medina?

PARIS: He was the winner by a landslide.

RORY: But—

PARIS: I'm sorry, is there a problem? I mean, is there some reason why you wouldn't want to interview him? After all, you of all people should be able to get the most in-depth story out of him, especially since he and your mother are involved. They are still involved, aren't they?

RORY: Let's just leave my mother's personal life out of this, okay?

PARIS: Oh, that sounds bad.

RORY: It's not bad, it's just none of your business.

PARIS: Fine. You want the interview or not?

RORY: Yes, I want the interview.

PARIS: Good. Get me something more than his favorite color, okay?

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Sookie and Jackson are in the kitchen cooking.]

SOOKIE: Maybe I should make grilled cheese.

JACKSON: But you're making pot roast.

SOOKIE: But not everybody likes pot roast.

JACKSON: Well, then they can have the chicken wings, the mashed potatoes, the four different kinds of salad that you're making in addition to the pot roast.

SOOKIE: Yeah, I guess you're right.

JACKSON: So I should start slicing the cheese?

SOOKIE: Would you? Oh, that'd be great.

[Lorelai walks into the kitchen.]

LORELAI: Oh, wow, something smells good.

SOOKIE: It's the garlic.

JACKSON: Three heads of it.

LORELAI: Nice.

SOOKIE: I want everything to be perfect. We are gonna make this kid think that he died and went to heaven.

JACKSON: Or Henry the Eighth's house.

[Lorelai knocks on Rory's bedroom door.]

LORELAI: Milady?

RORY: Come in.

[Lorelai opens the door, Rory is sitting at her computer.]

LORELAI: Hey, you joining the festivities?

RORY: In a sec.

LORELAI: You sound crabby.

RORY: I'm concentrating.

LORELAI: Okay, don't concentrate too hard. Boys like 'em dumb, right Jackson?

JACKSON: If you can navigate yourself around a tree, keep on walking.

[There's a knock at the front door]

LORELAI: Coming!

SOOKIE: What if he doesn't do dairy?

CUT TO FRONT HALLWAY

[Lorelai opens the front door, Luke and Jess are standing there.]

LORELAI: Hey, perfect timing. Sookie's about to break her own record for the most food served outside the Roman Empire.

LUKE: Sounds great.

JESS: Sure does.

LORELAI: So, come on in.

[They walk inside. Jess goes into the living as Luke and Lorelai keep talking in the hallway.]

LUKE: Sorry we're a little late. We had a little misunderstanding about what time we're actually supposed to leave to come here.

LORELAI: It's okay. How's it going?

LUKE: Oh, well, not bad. Oh, the bed popped.

LORELAI: Yikes. Was anyone in it?

LUKE: Me.

LORELAI: You?

LUKE: Yeah, I let him take the real one.

LORELAI: Well, that was very nice of you. Hey Jess. Wanna come on in the kitchen?

CUT TO KITCHEN

LORELAI: Sookie, Jackson, I want you to meet Luke's nephew. This is Jess.

SOOKIE: Do you eat cheese?

JESS: What?

JACKSON: Oh my God, this is the greatest lemon I have ever grown. I mean, this is a great lemon. Sookie, you gotta try this lemon. Isn't it a great lemon?

SOOKIE: That is a great lemon.

JACKSON: Try it, it's a Meyer.

LORELAI: Jackson grows fruit and then scares people with it. Rory, they're here.

RORY: Coming. [sees Jess] Hey.

JESS: Hey. [walks into Rory's room]

RORY: I'm Rory.

JESS: Yeah, I figured.

RORY: Nice to meet you.

JESS: [looking at bookshelf] Wow, aren't we hooked on phonics.

RORY: Oh, I read a lot. Do you read?

JESS: Not much. [takes a book off the shelf]

RORY: I could loan you that if you want. It's great.

JESS: No thanks. [puts it down]

RORY: Well, if you change your mind

LORELAI: [from the doorway] Okay, we really need to get Jackson away from the lemons now, so we're moving the feast in the living room. [walks away]

RORY: Be right there.

JESS: So do these open? [looking at windows]

RORY: Oh yeah, you just have to unlatch them and then push.

JESS: Great. Shall we?

RORY: Shall we what?

JESS: Bail.

RORY: No.

JESS: Why?

RORY: Because it's Tuesday night in Stars Hollow. There's nowhere to bail to. The 24-hour mini-mart just closed twenty minutes ago.

JESS: So we'll walk around or sit on a bench and stare at our shoes.

RORY: Look, Sookie just made a ton of really great food, and I'm starving and though it may not seem like it right at this moment, it's gonna be fun. Trust me.

JESS: I don't even know you.

RORY: Well, don't I look trustworthy?

JESS: Maybe.

RORY: Okay, good. Let's eat. [walks into kitchen] You want a soda?

JESS: Oh, I'll get it.

RORY: Okay.

[Rory gets a soda and walks into the living room. Jess walks to the fridge, takes out a beer, and goes out the back door.]

CUT TO LIVING ROOM

[A table is set up in the living room. Everyone stands around it loading up their plates.]

SOOKIE: You know ham was originally made out of rice?

JACKSON: What?

SOOKIE: Mm hmm.

LORELAI: Sookie▯

LUKE: Hey Rory, where's Jess?

RORY: He's getting a soda.

LORELAI: Here. [hands Luke a plate]

LUKE: I'm sorry, you must've mistaken me for you.

LORELAI: Ooh, too much?

SOOKIE: Oh, I forgot the garlic bread.

LORELAI: I'll get it.

CUT TO KITCHEN

[Lorelai walks in, takes the bread out of the oven, then looks around for Jess. She walks out the back door.]

CUT TO BACK PORCH

[Lorelai walks out and finds Jess opening the beer.]

LORELAI: Oh, for me, hey, thanks. [takes a sip] Refreshing. So what, you're not hungry?

JESS: Not really.

LORELAI: Well, Sookie made you some grilled cheese if you don't like pot roast.

JESS: Oh, well, if I'd had known that—

LORELAI: Let me guess, you don't want to be here?

JESS: Doesn't matter.

LORELAI: I mean, here in Stars Hollow.

JESS: Well geez, Ms. Gilmore, why would anyone not want to be here in Stars Hollow? That just sounds plum crazy.

LORELAI: Ugh, Jess, let me give you a little advice. The whole 'my parents don't get me' thing, I've been there.

JESS: You have, huh?

LORELAI: Yes, I have. I've also done the 'chip on my shoulder' bit. Ooh, and the surly, sarcastic, 'the world can bite my ass' bit, and let me tell you, I mastered them all, in heels, yet. And everything you're feeling might be totally justified, maybe you are getting screwed. But Luke is a great guy. He's very special, and he really wants to take care of you and make things right for you. You're incredibly lucky to have him. If you give this situation half a chance, you might be surprised at how good it can be, how much you like living here, and how comfortable it feels to have someone like Luke you can really depend on.

JESS: What are you sleeping with him or something?

LORELAI: Excuse me?

JESS: I don't know. The whole starry eyed 'you're so much better off, just give it a chance' speech. You're either really naïve, or you're getting some.

LORELAI: Ugh. There have been very few moments in my life where I have actually wished I had one of those enormous cream pies you can just smash in someone's face, but this is definitely one of them.

JESS: Well, now, that's not very neighborly.

LORELAI: Hey, you know what, this is my house, and I choose how I get talked to in it, ha ha.

JESS: You know, you don't know anything about me, or my life, or my mom, or Luke, so why don't you Doctor Laura someone else.

LORELAI: I'm going inside, stay out of my fridge.

CUT TO KITCHEN

[Lorelai walks in from the back door and starts putting the garlic bread in a basket. Luke walks in.]

LUKE: Where's Jess?

LORELAI: Outside working on his "Breakfast Club" audition. He's getting good.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Luke, I'm sorry. That kid is way more screwed up than you think he is.

LUKE: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: I catch him outside with a beer, I don't even bust him on it, I just—I try talking to him—

LUKE: What do you mean, talk to him? What did you say?

LORELAI: I said he's got a good thing going here with you and he shouldn't blow it, and then, well then he just got charming.

LUKE: What are you doing talking to him about stuff like that?

LORELAI: I'm trying to help you.

LUKE: I don't need your help.

LORELAI: Uh, yeah you do.

LUKE: Oh, here we go again with this 'I'm not prepared for this' crap.

LORELAI: This is not crap, this is the truth. Luke, you should've heard him talking.

LUKE: I don't need to hear him talking, he's my nephew and I know what I'm doing. And I'm getting a little tired of your condescending—

LORELAI: I am not being condescending.

LUKE: Oh, you have a kid, so you know everything, right?

LORELAI: I have a kid, so yeah, I know a little more than you do.

LUKE: You know, you ever think maybe you just got lucky with Rory? I mean, you did get pregnant at sixteen. That doesn't show the greatest decision making skills, now does it?

LORELAI: Wow, two pies.

LUKE: What the hell you talking about?

LORELAI: Nothing. I'm talking about nothing. And you won't have to hear my opinion on anything ever again, okay?

LUKE: Oh, don't tease.

LORELAI: Go find Jess. [walks away]

LUKE: Don't tell me what to do. [goes out the back door]

CUT TO OUTSIDE LUKE'S DINER

[Rory and Lorelai are standing in front of the diner.]

RORY: You're being completely childish.

LORELAI: Am not.

RORY: So what, we're never gonna go into Luke's again? We're just gonna starve?

LORELAI: Rory, this was a bad one, okay? This was not Nick and Nora, this was Sid and Nancy, and I'm not going in there.

RORY: But the coffee is in there. And it's Danish Day. Are you seriously telling me that you're gonna let a stupid fight get in the way of Danish Day?

LORELAI: No, I'm not.

RORY: Good.

LORELAI: So go in there and order two coffees and two Danishes to go.

RORY: You're kidding, right?

LORELAI: And don't forget the napkins.

RORY: Mom, he's gonna know what's going on. He's not stupid.

LORELAI: He cannot prove that you're not ordering all that for yourself, can he? No, so go on. Scoot, scoot. Mommy's right here.

CUT TO INSIDE LUKE'S

[Rory walks up to Luke at the counter.]

RORY: Hey Luke.

LUKE: Rory.

RORY: Um, I'll have two coffees and two cherry Danishes to go, please.

LUKE: Two coffees and two cherry Danishes.

RORY: Oh, and some napkins.

LUKE: One of these is for her isn't it?

RORY: Who? Oh, no no no. They're all for me. I am super hungry today. I was debating ordering three, but I'll tell you how I feel after two.

LUKE: Tell you what, I'll give you one Danish and one cup of coffee, you can sit over there and eat, and when you're finished them right over there where I can see you, then I'll bring you a second one.

RORY: You're really just gonna stand there and watch me eat a Danish?

LUKE: Cable's out. I'm starved for entertainment.

RORY: Okay, this is insane. So you guys had a fight, big deal. You know you're gonna make up anyway, and what better day to make up than Danish Day, the happiest of all days. The day when we all say, 'hey, let's forgive and forget over a nice Danish and a cup coffee.'

LUKE: One Danish, one cup of coffee, take it or leave it.

RORY: I'll take it. I still think you're being silly.

[Luke hands her a cup of coffee and a paper bag.]

LUKE: Thank you for sharing. Come back soon.

CUT TO FRONT OF DINER

[Rory walks out carrying the bag and the coffee and walks over to Lorelai.]

LORELAI: Well?

RORY: He would only sell me one.

LORELAI: Ugh! Didn't you say they were both for you?

RORY: Yes I did, and he knew that I was lying.

LORELAI: Did you do the blinky thing? You always do the blinky thing when you're lying.

RORY: I didn't have to do the blinky thing. He knows you well enough to know that you're not gonna go a whole day with no coffee and especially no Danish.

LORELAI: Ugh!

RORY: Why don't you go in there now and just make up?

LORELAI: Why don't you give me half your Danish and some coffee?

RORY: I'll give you the Danish but I'm keeping the coffee.

LORELAI: What is a Danish without coffee?

RORY: The eternal question springs up again.

LORELAI: There's no point in even eating a Danish without coffee.

RORY: I'm going to school.

LORELAI: Sad Danish, lonely Danish, step Danish.

RORY: I'll see you tonight. [walks away]

LORELAI: But□ [sees a little boy crossing the street] Hey, kid, do me a favor? Come here.

[Luke watches through the window as Lorelai tries to get the kid to buy her coffee.]

LORELAI: Please, please□

[the kid runs away, Lorelai looks at the diner and pouts. The phone rings in the diner; Luke answers]

LUKE: Luke's□what is it Taylor? Slow down, you're babbling. Well, how do you know it was Jess? . . . Okay, Taylor, I'll talk to him, but if he tells me he didn't do it and nobody saw him do it, then he is off the hook, understand? [hangs up]

CUT TO CHILTON

[Rory walks down the hallway and stops in front of a door. She pauses a second before walking inside. Inside the classroom, Max is sitting at a desk.]

RORY: Hi.

MAX: Rory, hi.

RORY: Am I too early? 'Cause I can□

MAX: No, no.

RORY: □come back some other time.

MAX: This is fine.

RORY: Tomorrow maybe.

MAX: Now is good.

RORY: This is weird.

MAX: Yeah, it is.

RORY: I don't really know how to act.

MAX: I'm not completely sure of that myself. We could sit.

RORY: Sit, sure, that's good. Barbara Walters sits, or walks sometimes if the person she's talking to has a horse or a ranch or a big backyard sometimes, but usually she just sits. Okay, so I guess we should just start. [she sits across from him]

MAX: Good idea.

RORY: Do you mind if I tape this?

MAX: Oh, no, not at all.

RORY: Okay. [turns on tape recorder] So I guess I'll just dive in. Full name?

MAX: Max Arturo Medina.

RORY: You're kidding.

MAX: No, I'm not.

RORY: Where does that come from?

MAX: My father's butcher was named Arturo.

RORY: Really?

MAX: And when my mother was pregnant with me, she went through this phase where all she would eat was lamb chops. So Arturo would cut her the extra large lamb chops and only charge her for the regular sized lamb chops, which in my family made you eligible for sainthood.

RORY: Hence the Arturo.

MAX: That's right.

RORY: Well, I assume that you are aware that you were overwhelmingly voted the student's favorite teacher last year.

MAX: I teach an exceptional bunch of young people. I'm glad they seem to like me as much as I like them.

RORY: Have you ever thought of doing something other than teaching?

MAX: Well, my father wanted me to be a doctor, and my mother wanted me to be President, and I wanted to be. . . a clown.

RORY: What?

MAX: When I was a kid, I went to the circus and I saw this man who was dressed in this crazy outfit, and he could juggle and he rode on an elephant and the people loved him and I thought, 'Well, that's it. That's for me.'

RORY: How long did that last?

MAX: Junior high. And then slowly I figured out that I wanted to teach. Plus, when you told people that you wanted to be a clown they tended to get very frightened.

RORY: Mom took me to the circus once, when I was really little and, um, this clown knocked into me and I dropped my cotton candy, and we didn't have a lot of money back then so she couldn't buy me another one, and I started crying. So she literally chased the clown on stage, ripped off his wig and said she wouldn't give it back to him unless he bought me another cotton candy.

MAX: Which I bet he did.

RORY: It was twice as big as the first one and I threw up all the way home.

MAX: Yeah, that sounds like your mom.

RORY: Do you ever regret the fact that you didn't become a clown?

MAX: I don't really believe in regrets. All my experiences, even the ones that didn't turn out the way I wanted them to, I firmly believe they were all worth it.

[Rory turns off the tape recorder]

RORY: I just want you to know, I really wanted you to be my stepfather.

MAX: I just want you to know, I really wanted to be your stepfather.

[They're silent for a few seconds, then Rory turns back on tape recorder.]

RORY: So, what would you say are the great challenges facing high school graduates today?

MAX: Well, a myriad of things really□

CUT TO OUTSIDE STARS HOLLOW HIGH

[Luke is waiting out front as Jess walks out.]

LUKE: Hey. How was school?

JESS: Great.

LUKE: You learn anything good?

JESS: Oh yeah, tons of things. I've got gold stars plastered all over my forehead.

LUKE: I had an interesting call today. Wanna know who it was from?

JESS: Not really.

LUKE: It was from Taylor Doose, you know he owns the market.

JESS: If you say so.

LUKE: He said you came in today.

JESS: He did?

LUKE: And he said you took some money out of a little donation cup to help repair the bridge. I told him he was crazy, you wouldn't do that, you weren't a thief, that he was just trying to start trouble, then I hung up on him. But don't get me wrong, I enjoy hanging up on Taylor, and he is crazy, but I was just wondering if maybe any of the other things he said were true.

JESS: What do you think?

LUKE: I think that if you tell me that what he's saying is not true, then I'm gonna believe it's not true.

JESS: Okay, it's not true.

LUKE: That doesn't sound very convincing.

JESS: Look, what exactly do you want from me? You bring me here to this place, you put me in a school that says the Pledge of Allegiance in six different languages, two of which I've never heard of before. You take me away from my home, my friends, and now you want what from me?

LUKE: I'm trying to help you.

JESS: Well, stop trying. Stop talking to me, stop following me, and stop asking me questions. Just stop.

LUKE: That's what you want?

JESS: Yes.

LUKE: That's really what you want?

JESS: Yes.

LUKE: Fine, you got it.

JESS: Thank you.

LUKE: You're welcome.

[As they both walk away over a bridge, Luke pushes Jess into the lake.]

CUT TO LORELAI'S KITCHEN

[Rory's sitting at the kitchen table doing homework as Lorelai comes home.]

LORELAI: Rory?

RORY: Kitchen.

[Lorelai walks into the kitchen and takes a bag of coffee from the fridge]

LORELAI: Nowhere in either Stars Hollow or it's surrounding counties can you get a decent cup of coffee. I swear, it's like a big stupid coffee conspiracy.

RORY: Why don't you just pour the water right into the bag?

LORELAI: Oh, you jest, but believe me, the thought has crossed my mind. It's looking better and better all the time. Where are you going? I'm not through complaining.

RORY: I just have to get some more notes I need.

LORELAI: Hmm. What's this?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: This that you're working on?

RORY: Oh, that's my interview with Max.

LORELAI: What interview with Max?

RORY: The paper wanted to do a piece on the student's favorite teacher from the previous year and Paris assigned it to me when she caught wind of the fact that. . .

LORELAI: Wow, nice kid that Paris.

RORY: Yeah. It wasn't that bad though.

LORELAI: No?

RORY: No. It was actually good. It gave us a chance to talk about some things.

LORELAI: Well good.

RORY: Yeah, it was good. Well, I'm gonna buy a folder for it before the store closes.

LORELAI: Okay. Some good writing here, missy.

RORY: Yeah?

LORELAI: Really good.

RORY: It's not quite up to the re-paving piece yet but I'll get it there.

LORELAI: Hmm. Boy, he sounds like a hell of a guy, doesn't he?

RORY: Yeah, he does. [leaves]

LORELAI: I sure know how to dump 'em, don't I?

[there's a knock at the back door; Lorelai opens it, Luke walks in.]

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: I just pushed him in a lake.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: Jess. I got this call from Taylor that he thinks Jess stole the bridge money and I went to confront him and he was being impossible and I just pushed him in a lake. This is bad.

LORELAI: That depends, can he swim?

LUKE: He's fine. He's wet. I just, I lost it, you know. You were right. I am in so far over my head that I can't see my own hat.

LORELAI: Try turning it around

LUKE: What was I thinking? Why did I say yes to this?

LORELAI: Because you saw a kid in desperate need of some help and you thought you would throw him a line.

LUKE: But me, raising a kid? I don't even like kids. They're always sticky, you know, like they've got jam on their hands. Even if there's no jam in the house, somehow they've always got jam on their hands. I'm not the right guy to deal with that. I have no patience for jam hands.

LORELAI: Luke, slow down. First of all, Jess is seventeen, so I think he's probably past the jam hands stage by now. And second of all, you can do this. If you want to, you are totally capable. But you can't just buy a bed and some sheets and expect the rest to take care of itself. That will not work.

LUKE: I swear, I'm gonna k*ll Liz.

LORELAI: Hey, Liz is not the point anymore. Liz is not here, Jess is here. Focus on him. What are you gonna do about him?

[Babette walks in the back door.]

BABETTE: Lorelai, sugah? I hate to bother you, but have you seen Pierpont?

LORELAI: Um no. Why?

BABETTE: It's the darndest thing. I came out just now and I noticed that he was gone. Just like that.

LUKE: I'm sorry, who's missing?

BABETTE: Pierpont, gorgeous.

LORELAI: Her gnome.

LUKE: Her gnome?

BABETTE: The one with the pipe.

LUKE: Oh.

BABETTE: Oh God, I hope nothing's happened to him. You get so attached to their little faces, sometimes you can hear them talk to you at night.

LUKE: You know, I wouldn't worry Babette. I think you're gonna see Pierpont again really soon.
[walks to the front door]

LORELAI: Oh, where you going?

LUKE: I have to take care of something. I'll see you tomorrow at the diner for your Danish, right?

LORELAI: Tomorrow isn't Danish Day.

LUKE: Just be there.

LORELAI: Yes, sir.

CUT TO LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Jess is on his bed smoking; Luke walks in with a bag and starts dropping things on his bed.]

LUKE: Okay, we got the patch, the gum, hypnosis tapes, Chinese herbs, self-help books, and several pictures of diseased lungs to hang on the fridge. Pretty, huh? This is done. [puts out his cigarette]

JESS: Hey!

LUKE: You will get up, you will go to school, you will come home, you will work in the diner until closing, you will do your homework and then you will go to bed. Where's the gnome?

JESS: The what?

LUKE: The weekends are for chores and selected pre-approved outings, i.e. cavalla studies, freeway beautification projects, Color Me Mine pottery painting, all discussible options. You will not steal, you will pay back Taylor Doose, you will graduate for high school, and you will return Pierpont to his yard.

JESS: You can't just□

LUKE: I can just. I am not letting you just fall off the face of the earth. You will not drift, I won't let it happen. Now I don't know if this is the right way to handle this, but this is the way it's being handled, and that my friend, is the end of this discussion. [Jess gets up and walks away] Where are you going?

JESS: Out. [leaves]

LUKE: Well, at least I asked.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Jess is walking down the street and sees Rory come out of a store. He walks over to her.]

JESS: Hey.

RORY: Hey yourself.

JESS: What are you doing out here?

RORY: I needed something for school. What about you?

JESS: Oh yeah, same thing.

RORY: Uh huh. So, that was quite a disappearing act you pulled the other night.

JESS: Potlucks and Tupperware parties aren't really my thing.

RORY: Too cool for school, huh?

JESS: Yes, that is me.

RORY: What are you doing?

JESS: Oh this? Nothing. [does an illusion with a coin] Just another little disappearing act.

RORY: Little tip?

JESS: Yeah?

RORY: If you ever want to speak to me again, don't pull that out of my ear.

JESS: So I assume the nose is off limits too?

RORY: Any place you wouldn't naturally find a coin, let's leave it that way.

JESS: So what are you doing now?

RORY: I have some homework to finish.

JESS: Okay, then I'll leave you this last little trick. [hands her a book]

RORY: You bought a copy? I told you I'd lend you mine.

JESS: It is yours.

RORY: You stole my book.

JESS: Nope, borrowed it.

RORY: Okay, that's not called a trick, that's called a felony.

JESS: I just wanted to put some notes in the margins for you.

RORY: What? [looks through the book] You've read this before.

JESS: About forty times.

RORY: I thought you said you didn't read much.

JESS: Well, what is much? Goodnight Rory.

RORY: Goodnight Dodger.

JESS: Dodger?

RORY: Figure it out.

JESS: Oliver Twist.

[Rory smiles and nods. They both walk away.]

THE END

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