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02x17 - Dead Uncles and Vegetables

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02x17 - Dead Uncles and Vegetables

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2.17 - Dead Uncles and Vegetables

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OPEN AT LORELAI'S HOUSE

[The phone is ringing. Lorelai rushes down the steps to answer it, but the machine picks up before she can get it.]

LORELAI: [on answering machine] Hey, we're not in, so □ ah, bashed my thumb! Leave a message.

EMILY: I am so tired of this ridiculous machine. I get it every time I call. . .

LORELAI: Oh, that was close.

EMILY: You are Rory are always out. What is it that you do? Is your house that awful you can't be in it? It's too much excitement, if you ask me. . .

LORELAI: Well, what isn't in Emily's rules of conduct?

EMILY: I don't want to talk to a machine, I'll just call you later. [hangs up]

LORELAI: If you had your way, Mother, you'd lock us up like veal. That's what she wants, veal children.

[phone rings again]

LORELAI: [on answering machine] Hey, we're not in, so □ ah, bashed my thumb! Leave a message.

EMILY: It's me again. Listen. . .

LORELAI: You're talking into the machine.

EMILY: Don't forget that my DAR meeting is on Tuesday. Please. . .

LORELAI: It's burned into my brain. It's there forever.

EMILY: . . . it's at three o'clock and all the women are all extremely punctual.

LORELAI: When I'm senile and ga-ga and drooling into a cup, and yet I can't remember my name, I'll still remember that your DAR meeting is that Tuesday.

EMILY: . . . this Tuesday. I'll talk to you about some other things later. [hangs up]

LORELAI: I'm gonna have to be de-programmed by cult de-programmers to get that Tuesday out of my brain.

[phone rings again]

LORELAI: [on answering machine] Hey, we're not in, so □ ah, bashed my thumb! Leave a message.

EMILY: Your phone message is annoying. . .

LORELAI: Unbelievable.

EMILY: Do you know how annoying it is?

LORELAI: I think I have a standard against which to measure it.

EMILY: . . .to it yourself. Have you heard it lately?

LORELAI: I can't because I'm amputating my ears.

EMILY: . . .and that thumb bashing thing, is that a joke? Why is it that your jokes are always. . .

LORELAI: Ah, an earless world, what a dream!

[opening credits]

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[In the dining room, Emily is sitting at a table tasting soups as Lorelai and Sookie stand by watching.]

LORELAI: Haven't you already tasted that one, Mom?

EMILY: Mm.

LORELAI: Twice, you've tasted that soup twice.

EMILY: You're keeping a running count?

LORELAI: I'm morbidly fascinated.

EMILY: Well, Lorelai, when you're tasting anything, the first taste acclimates the palate, the second establishes the foundation, and the third is to make your decision.

LORELAI: Oh, there's going to be a third taste.

EMILY: Isn't that what this is for □ to taste the soups?

LORELAI: Taste them, yes, not to orally deduce their chemical structures.

EMILY: Everything has to be at your pace.

LORELAI: Or at a pace that can't be measured by the number of times the earth circles the sun.

SOOKIE: You know, actually, I've heard that.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: One is to acclimate, two is for foundation, and three to judge.

LORELAI: Traitor.

EMILY: The women in my DAR group are very picky. My God, when the pate at the meeting Heddy Cubbington organized was slightly less chilled than appropriate, she was ostracized for a month.

LORELAI: Well, that hussy Heddy had it coming.

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: [to employee] Oh, gosh, they're on time for once, good. Hey, do me a favor and, uh, tell Michel that on Wednesday. . .

EMILY: Lorelai, please.

LORELAI: Thanks. Um, Mom, I got a lot of other things happening here that can't come to a grinding halt for this.

EMILY: So your full attention for a short period is too much to ask for?

LORELAI: Mom, I'm already giving you more attention than I would someone in these circumstances. No one else would get eight separate soups to taste for a lousy DAR. . .sorry, a not lousy DAR meeting. We only do this for weddings.

EMILY: Well, would you like me to pay for the tasting?

LORELAI: No, Mom, just decide in this calendar year.

SOOKIE: Hey, can I. . .I'm sorry. The mushroom is a great choice. It's super popular, and it's my Jackson's favorite.

EMILY: Whose?

SOOKIE: Jackson, my fiancé.

EMILY: Oh, you're getting married?

SOOKIE: To the best man in the world.

LORELAI: Oh hey, while we're on the subject, um, bridesmaids outfits?

SOOKIE: Ooh, I'm way ahead of you. I've already got a couple of ideas.

LORELAI: Is one of them having me design and make them so I don't secretly hate what you pick and then harbor a secret grudge against you for the rest of our lives?

SOOKIE: It is now.

LORELAI: I'll do it!

SOOKIE: We're a good team.

MICHEL: That fellow's on the phone from the restaurant.

LORELAI: Who?

MICHEL: The flannel man with the protruding ankles.

LORELAI: Oh, Luke?

MICHEL: I forgot his name from the desk to here, that's how memorable he is.

LORELAI: Okay, thank you.

EMILY: Where are you going?

LORELAI: Oh, to talk to Luke.

EMILY: Can't you call him back?

LORELAI: Have your third taste, Mom. [leaves]

EMILY: Lorelai! Is she always this scattered?

SOOKIE: She's the stablest person I know.

EMILY: That's very sad. Well, I think you're right, mushroom.

SOOKIE: Great.

EMILY: So, tell me more about your wedding.

SOOKIE: Oh, I've just started planning so there's not that much to tell.

EMILY: Well, have you decided on anything yet? The location or the music for the ceremony, maybe?

SOOKIE: Oh, we'll probably just, you know, wind up playing something off a CD.

EMILY: Oh.

SOOKIE: What?

EMILY: Well, CD's can be very unreliable. They break sometimes, or they skip, or the person assigned to turn them on and off gets distracted and the whole ceremony is ruined.

SOOKIE: I hadn't thought of that.

EMILY: Have you thought about live music?

SOOKIE: Well. . .

EMILY: A nice string ensemble.

SOOKIE: Ooh, that sounds nice.

EMILY: There are a couple of wonderful groups I could recommend.

SOOKIE: Sure. I mean, I guess it doesn't hurt to check them out.

EMILY: No, it doesn't. Mushroom soup.

SOOKIE: String quartet.

CUT TO FRONT DESK

[Lorelai walks over and picks up the phone]

LORELAI: Luke?

LUKE: Yeah, hi.

LORELAI: Hello.

LUKE: How's it going?

LORELAI: Pretty good, pretty good. How's things with you?

LUKE: Oh, not bad. Dropped some eggs.

LORELAI: Bummer.

LUKE: Hazard of the business. Am I catching you at a bad time?

LORELAI: Oh, no, it's kind of slow here. So slow, in fact, that Michel and I were about to get the tetherball out.

LUKE: That's the thing with a ball tethered to a rope?

LORELAI: Hey, I never knew that's where the tether comes from.

LUKE: Yeah, it's tethered. It's tied, like an anchor is tethered to a rope on a boat.

LORELAI: Neat, neat.

LUKE: Yeah, most people probably don't put that together.

LORELAI: Probably not.

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: So, anything else?

LUKE: Uh, yeah, actually ▯ if I needed a room or two for a couple of days, would that be possible?

LORELAI: You need rooms?

LUKE: Like nine.

LORELAI: You need nine rooms?

LUKE: Just for a couple of days, Wednesday and Thursday.

LORELAI: Uh, well, I can take care of that. What's it for?

LUKE: Uh, just got some family coming in.

LORELAI: Reunion? 'Cause we can get the tetherball out.

LUKE: Nah, funeral.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: Yeah, my Uncle Louie died last night and I'm arranging the funeral for him.

LORELAI: Oh, Luke, I'm so sorry. Here I was babbling about tetherball.

LUKE: And you weren't babbling.

LORELAI: Well, you've got nine rooms, Wednesday and Thursday.

LUKE: You sure?

LORELAI: It's a done deal.

LUKE: Thanks.

LORELAI: Luke, I'm so, so sorry.

LUKE: It's okay. It sounds like he went peaceful. He was eighty-five.

LORELAI: But it's always hard. Um, are you okay?

LUKE: Yeah, I'm okay.

LORELAI: Can I help you with anything else?

LUKE: No, the rooms are help enough.

LORELAI: Are you sure, 'cause I'm dealing with my mom now and I'd be happy to rush over and help with whatever. You'd be doing me a favor.

LUKE: The rooms are all I need, thanks.

LORELAI: You're welcome.

LUKE: Well, I gotta go.

LORELAI: Call if you need anything.

LUKE: I will. By the way, that French guy's a putz.

LORELAI: Oh yeah, he knows.

LUKE: All right, see ya.

LORELAI: Bye.

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Lorelai and Rory are walking down the street towards the diner]

RORY: It's so sad.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: Was Luke, like, shaken over his uncle dying?

LORELAI: I don't know. He's so unflappable. It's hard to tell.

RORY: The man definitely can't be flapped.

CUT TO INSIDE LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and Rory walk through the door. Luke is on the phone while several customers try to get his attention.]

WOMAN: Can I get another cup of coffee?

LUKE: In a minute.

SY: Hey, is that my food?

MAN: More coffee here, too, please.

LUKE: In a minute.

SY: Is that my food?

KIRK: More coffee for me, too.

LUKE: Shut up, Kirk.

SY: Is that my food?

LUKE: Yes, Sy, that's your food.

SY: Well, can I have it?

LUKE: I'm doing all I can here, folks.

KIRK: I asked nicely.

MAN: Hey, hey, watch the cord!

LUKE: Try ducking.

KIRK: You should update to a cordless.

LORELAI: Hey, whatcha doing? Watch, watch it.

LUKE: Ah, buh buh buh. . .thanks, thanks, I'm on the phone.

LORELAI: We noticed.

LUKE: Yeah, I can't serve and be on the phone.

RORY: We noticed that, too.

LORELAI: But your reenactment of Jerry Lewis in The Diner Guy is gonna wow the critics.

RORY: Where should the poached eggs go?

LUKE: Crank in the hat.

SY: Hey, I'm not a crank! You're a crank, crank!

RORY: He is a crank.

LORELAI: And the French toast?

LUKE: Lady with the giant purse. Ah, yup.

MAN: This is not good.

LORELAI: Hey, fall back cowboy.

LUKE: Yo, whoa, whoa, whoa ▯ what are you doing?

LORELAI: Come here. Just stay on the phone and give me these. Where do they go?

LUKE: Table by the window.

LORELAI: Don't you number your tables?

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: You should number your tables.

LUKE: What good would that do? If I said a number, you wouldn't know what table was what number.

LORELAI: But all restaurants number their table. You should number your tables.

LUKE: Table five, they go to table five.

LORELAI: Cool. Which one is that?

LUKE: Table by the window.

LORELAI: By the window, Elma.

RORY: Got it, Gertie.

KIRK: Hello? How 'bout that coffee?

LORELAI: I got it.

LUKE: Thanks.

KIRK: But, but ▯ mine's a quarter caf.

LORELAI: Huh?

KIRK: Three-fourths decaf, one-fourth caffeinated.

LORELAI: I four-fourths don't care.

KIRK: Fill it up.

LUKE: Sorry about this.

LORELAI: It's okay.

LUKE: Sometimes you get the world's full of people who micromanage their lives to the point where they can't wait an extra second for anything.

LORELAI: We're running out of coffee.

LUKE: I'll make some more.

LORELAI: No, I got it.

LUKE: Do you know how?

LORELAI: Do I . . . ugh. . . I am Cathy Coffee, mister, the bastard offspring of Mrs. Folger and Juan Valdez.

RORY: Hey Luke, where's Jess?

LUKE: I don't know.

RORY: School?

LUKE: Please. He's probably upstairs.

RORY: Really? Excuse me.

LUKE: It's too strong.

LORELAI: No, it's not.

LUKE: No, it's too strong.

LORELAI: You're on the phone.

LUKE: Not everybody likes it that strong.

LORELAI: Well, then I shall convert them. I am the Jehovah's coffee girl.

CUT TO UPSTAIRS

[Rory knocks on Luke's apartment door]

RORY: Jess, open up! I know you're in there.

JESS: My, aren't we bright eyed and bushy tailed.

RORY: Luke needs you downstairs.

JESS: Why?

RORY: Because he's on the phone with someone and Caesar's off today and the place is packed and he needs help.

JESS: I'll be down in a minute.

RORY: No, now.

JESS: I'm in the middle of something.

RORY: Just assume that Jeannie's gonna get Major Healey out of whatever scrape he's in.

JESS: Gee, thanks for spoiling it for me.

CUT TO THE DINER

KIRK: I need some more Equal.

LORELAI: There's one right there.

KIRK: I need seven

LORELAI: Seven? You're not squirreling these away in your pocket for home use, are you, Kirk?

KIRK: No, I use seven in my coffee.

LORELAI: Okay, good, then allow me. [pours seven Equals into his cup] There you go. Go ahead and give that a taste, see if it's to your liking.

KIRK: Okay. [takes sip] Perfection.

LORELAI: Good.

[Jess stumbles into the diner, followed by Rory]

LORELAI: Well, you're very graceful.

JESS: She pushed me.

RORY: Sue me.

JESS: I could've broken my neck.

RORY: As long as it's not your arm. We need your arm.

JESS: Despot.

LUKE: Took me twenty minutes to get pass this place's stupid busy signal, then they put me on hold forever.

LORELAI: Who's keeping you on hold?

LUKE: That mortuary in Florida where my uncle's at.

LORELAI: Florida? I thought he was in the area.

LUKE: No no, he spent most of his life here but retired to Orlando, so I gotta ship the body back here.

LORELAI: Aw, he wanted to be buried in Stars Hollow?

LUKE: Nah, my dad wanted my uncle buried in Stars Hollow right next to him.

LORELAI: That's nice.

LUKE: Well, they were really close, and Louie didn't have any wife or kids to look out for things and before my dad died, he asked me if I'd look out for him.

LORELAI: For Louie?

LUKE: Yeah, he just wanted me to make sure he got a proper funeral. You know, respectful, dignified.

LORELAI: No horseshoe carnation wreaths, got it. Good man, that dad of yours.

LUKE: And since Louie's a w*r veteran, the town Revolutionary w*r reenactors will attend the service, do the salute thing, you know. I mean, it makes me nauseous, but my dad wanted it. [on phone] Yeah, hi, I'm still here. . . Yes, the deceased is Louie Danes. . . Right. . . No, Hartford's not too far, I can do that. Thanks. [hangs up] Great, that's done. Uh, okay, I should probably go pick out a coffin before he gets here.

LORELAI: Great, go.

LUKE: I have to close up.

LORELAI: No, you don't. You're covered.

LUKE: You don't have to do this.

LORELAI: We don't mind. Go. It'll give me a chance to number all the tables.

LUKE: Be my guest.

LORELAI: Also, are they arranged like this for any particular reason?

LUKE: Don't change anything.

LORELAI: It's totally not feng shui.

LUKE: Gertie.

LORELAI: Go.

CUT TO DOOSE'S MARKET

[A customer walks up to Taylor]

MRS. CASSINI: Excuse me, Taylor, where are your Brussels sprouts?

TAYLOR: My supplier was out of them this week, Mrs. Cassini. Maybe next week.

MRS. CASSINI: Oh, I wanted to make them tonight.

TAYLOR: Sorry.

MRS. CASSINI: Okay, I'll just try across the street. Thank you.

TAYLOR: You're welcome. Across the street? [goes outside] What is that?

MRS. CASSINI: It's a farmer's market. Isn't it wonderful? It just opened this morning and. . .I see sprouts!

[Taylor walks over to the farmer's market]

TAYLOR: Who's the proprietor here?

PROPRIETOR: That would be me. What can I do for you?

TAYLOR: Wait a minute, I know you. You're that long-haired freak that wanted to be town troubadour even though that weird brown-corduroy-jacket-wearing freak was already it.

PROPRIETOR: That's right, good memory! How are ya? [hugs him]

TAYLOR: Let go of me!

PROPRIETOR: Don't like to be touched, that's cool. Got a little David and Lisa thing happening? Made a mental note, no problem. Can I help you find something?

TAYLOR: I just want to know what inspired you to open a produce stand right across the street from my market.

PROPRIETOR: Oh, is that your market?

TAYLOR: Yes, that's my market.

PROPRIETOR: Well, it's real nice, homey. Bought a box of tissues there □ good stuff, good stuff.

MISS PATTY: Excuse me? Your parsley □ is it priced per bunch or per pound?

PROPRIETOR: Per pound, beautiful.

MISS PATTY: Mmm, good deal.

TAYLOR: Patty!

MISS PATTY: Oh, hi Taylor, how are you?

TAYLOR: You mean not counting the knife sticking in my back?

MISS PATTY: Oh, sure honey, whatever.

TAYLOR: There must be some mistake □ this just isn't right.

PROPRIETOR: It's all approved by the proper authorities. I followed the rules, it's what my father taught me. Cop for twenty years, got shot in the butt. Good man □ tips over sometimes when he sits □ but good man.

MRS. CASSINI: Beautiful sprouts.

PROPRIETOR: For a beautiful lady.

MRS. CASSINI: Thank you.

TAYLOR: I feel sick.

PROPRIETOR: That'll be four dollars. See ya, Mr. Doose.

TAYLOR: I wanna lie down.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Michel is at the front desk as Lorelai walks over]

MICHEL: Ah, Lorelai, good □ tell me about the nine rooms set aside here. There's no name anywhere that I can see, and no credit card to hold them. Mistake?

LORELAI: No, it's for Luke.

MICHEL: For who?

LORELAI: Luke from Luke's Diner.

MICHEL: Nine rooms for Luke from Luke's Diner?

LORELAI: That's right.

MICHEL: French fry convention?

LORELAI: No, just personal.

MICHEL: Milkshake symposium?

LORELAI: No Michel, it's something personal and I'm vouching for him.

MICHEL: Soda pop seminar?

LORELAI: Stop!

MICHEL: Pickle party?

LORELAI: He's got nine rooms, now stifle.

[Lorelai walks away as Emily enters the inn]

LORELAI: Oh, Mom, hi there.

EMILY: Lorelai, hello.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, did we get our signals crossed? I don't remember making an appointment with you.

EMILY: We have to make appointments to see each other?

LORELAI: No, but □ good one.

EMILY: I'm not here to see you.

LORELAI: Oh, this isn't about the DAR meeting?

EMILY: No, that's all ready to go. I'm here to meet with Sookie.

LORELAI: Sookie?

EMILY: I'm a little late, traffic was awful. Excuse me, would you?

CUT TO DINING ROOM

[The tables are set with fancy place settings and flowers.]

LORELAI: Oh my God.

SOOKIE: Aren't they beautiful?

LORELAI: Gorgeous. What are they for?

SOOKIE: My wedding.

LORELAI: Your wedding?

SOOKIE: Emily, hi!

EMILY: Well, is this everything I said it was?

SOOKIE: And more.

LORELAI: What do you mean they're for your wedding?

SOOKIE: Oh, it's this company's sample place setting. Emily set me up with them. They did Celine Dion's wedding, and Steven Spielberg's daughter's Jack Russell Terrier's Bark Mitzvah.

LORELAI: You're putting me on.

SOOKIE: I couldn't make that up.

EMILY: Excuse me, this one's slightly asymmetrical. Fix these.

LORELAI: Hey, um, what is with the fancy place settings? I thought you were just gonna keep it simple.

SOOKIE: It is simple.

LORELAI: It lights up.

SOOKIE: Just flip a switch, simple.

LORELAI: Tell me how my mother got so involved in all of this.

SOOKIE: She's not that involved. She just mentioned the other day when she was here that she knew some people that could make some samples of stuff for us, like table settings and flower arrangements.

LORELAI: But we were gonna do the flowers ourselves.

SOOKIE: I know, but what a hassle that would be.

LORELAI: It's to save money □ flowers cost a fortune.

SOOKIE: Yeah, but, the sampling of □ what they're doing today □ it's free. I'm not committed to any of this.

LORELAI: I hope not.

SOOKIE: It's true □ I say no, it all goes away. Not a penny is spent.

LORELAI: Okay.

SOOKIE: And it's fun.

LORELAI: I don't wanna take away your fun, I just want you to be careful. See, you've entered Emilyland.

SOOKIE: Emilyland?

LORELAI: It's an upside down world where the Horchow House is considered low-rent and diamonds less than twenty-four carats are cr*cker Jack trinkets and Bentleys are for losers who can't afford a Rolls.

SOOKIE: But I'm okay, really.

LORELAI: All right. I have to help Luke with the lunch rush today, so I gotta go.

SOOKIE: Go, we're fine.

LORELAI: Okay. Bye Mom.

EMILY: [picks up a glass] Is that a fingerprint? My God, that's a fingerprint! Who touched this? Let me see your hands!

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Taylor is sitting at a table mumbling to himself as Rory walks by]

TAYLOR: Turnips, turnips, turnips. . .

RORY: What?

TAYLOR: Huh?

RORY: What about turnips?

TAYLOR: Why did you say turnips?

RORY: Because you said turnips.

TAYLOR: No, I didn't.

RORY: I think you did.

TAYLOR: Nope.

RORY: Okay.

TAYLOR: But I've got turnips ▯ good ones, too. They're not as big as that crinite freak's turnips, but who needs bloated turnips? Mine are unassuming. I have nice, humble turnips.

RORY: Okie dokie. [walks to the counter] Taylor's wiggling.

LORELAI: I know. He's been sitting there like the final days of d*ck Nixon for almost an hour.

RORY: Keep an eye on him.

[a customer walks in and sits at the counter]

LORELAI: Hello there, how's it going?

CUSTOMER: Very good, young lady. You're still serving breakfast?

LORELAI: We serve it all day. What'll you have?

CUSTOMER: Two eggs up on toast.

LORELAI: Up, huh?

CUSTOMER: Yup.

LORELAI: Wouldn't you rather have them scrambled?

CUSTOMER: Nope, up's how I like them.

LORELAI: Come on, scrambled's better. Give it a shot. Say you want two scrambled eggs on toast, please?

CUSTOMER: Okay, young lady, two scrambled eggs on toast.

LORELAI: Adam and Eve on a raft and wreck them! That's real live diner talk, see? The wreck them is the scrambled part.

CUSTOMER: I deduced that.

TAYLOR: I don't believe it, I don't believe it!

LORELAI: What's the matter?

TAYLOR: That's Babette with an armload of rutabagas, and there's Miss Patty again ▯ since when does she eat so much fruit?

[Kirk enters the diner]

LORELAI: Hey Kirk.

KIRK: Hello. Where's Luke?

LORELAI: Oh, he's busy with some stuff so Rory and I are helping out. What can I get you?

KIRK: I don't know. I want lunch, but I'm not sure what to get.

LORELAI: I have a suggestion. How about a hamburger with some strawberry ice cream with chocolate sauce for dessert?

KIRK: Sounds good.

LORELAI: Yo, burn one, then pass me a pink stick and throw some mud on it! God, I love this business.

[The proprietor of the farmer's market enters the diner]

PROPRIETOR: Boy, it's freezing out there.

LORELAI: Yes, it's quite a cold snap. How about a hot blonde with sand?

PROPRIETOR: Coffee with cream and sugar would be great, thanks. Make sure its' foot's out the door.

LORELAI: Put it in a cup to go, got it.

PROPRIETOR: This icy weather hasn't kept customers away, though. They just keep coming. A lot of vegetable soup being eaten tonight, yesiree. Hope I don't put the good people at Campbell's out of business. Oh, hey Taylor. Didn't notice you there.

TAYLOR: Hello.

PROPRIETOR: Taking a little break? I don't see how if you're anywhere near as busy as I am. Keep waiting for a lull, I never get one. I say to the people, "hey, I'll be back in a jif" and they're "look at them" "they're lining up out there already."

TAYLOR: Well, FYI, Van Halen hair, I'm plenty busy, but a good well-groomed businessman with properly prepared staff can take a break now and then.

KIRK: It probably helped that your store was completely dead, too.

TAYLOR: It was not dead.

KIRK: I thought it was closed when I walked by, but then I saw Gabby sitting at the cash register reading a tabloid.

TAYLOR: Shut up, Kirk.

KIRK: Tapping on the counter with one of those little astrological scrolls.

TAYLOR: Enough.

LORELAI: Here you go.

PROPRIETOR: Gracias. Oh boy, it's a mob scene. [leaves]

CUT TO UPSTAIRS

[Lorelai knocks on Luke's apartment door]

LORELAI: Luke, it's me.

[Luke opens the door]

LORELAI: Hey. I brought you a wimpy with a rose pinned on it.

LUKE: A what?

LORELAI: Turkey burger with onions.

LUKE: Oh, thanks. Come on in.

LORELAI: How's the money pit coming?

LUKE: Oh, just uh. . .that's it.

LORELAI: What's the matter?

LUKE: Nothing. None of them are coming □ not a one.

LORELAI: Who?

LUKE: My relatives □ the ones I booked all the rooms for □ not one is coming to Louie's funeral.

LORELAI: You're kidding □ why?

LUKE: I don't know, which lame-o excuse do you wanna hear first? A bunch of them claimed they can't get outta work.

LORELAI: It's not so lame-o.

LUKE: Randy and Barbara don't wanna miss their brat kid's rugby semifinal.

LORELAI: Rugby has semifinals?

LUKE: My sister never even called back. My cousins Paul and Jim, who my dad helped put through college, said they were too exhausted from a fishing trip. And slightly disturbed cousin Franny said she can't leave because her Petey's sick.

LORELAI: Son?

LUKE: Parrot.

LORELAI: Petey the parrot?

LUKE: I saw the stupid thing once on a visit, flapping its wings like crazy, banging around, squawking the only two words it knows over and over □ Petey and gorgeous. Gorgeous, Petey, gorgeous, Petey!

LORELAI: That's disturbing.

LUKE: My family's disturbing.

LORELAI: I'm so sorry.

LUKE: This is wrong, this is not how it's done. A family member dies, you pay your respects □ period.

LORELAI: Look at it this way □ if they don't wanna be there, you don't want them there.

LUKE: My dad wanted them to be there.

LORELAI: I know. But hey, Louie lived in Stars Hollow most of his life, so a lot of people from here will be there, right?

LUKE: Right.

LORELAI: I know it's upsetting, but maybe it's better this way.

LUKE: Yeah, I guess. I really hate that bird.

[Rory walks into the apartment]

RORY: Hey Mom?

LORELAI: What's up, honey? You got a herd of bulls shopping for China?

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Customers □ how long have you owned a diner?

RORY: Sorry. Jackson's outside, he wants to talk to you, he says it's important.

LORELAI: About what?

RORY: I don't know. He seems upset.

LORELAI: Ah. All right. You okay?

LUKE: Yeah, thanks.

LORELAI: You might wanna study up on that diner talk.

LUKE: I'll do that tonight.

RORY: Hey Luke, where's Jess?

LUKE: I don't know, he's probably out playing basketball or something.

RORY: That little punk.

CUT TO DINER

[Lorelai walks down from upstairs and stops at the counter to help a customer]

LORELAI: Oh, hey, uh, can I take your order?

CUSTOMER: Yes, uh, bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich, no mayo.

LORELAI: Yo, uh, I need a piggy piggy with a green bla. . .uh, green bed, green blanket. . . BLT, no mayo! Rats.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai walks out of the diner over to Jackson]

LORELAI: Jackson?

JACKSON: I'm a miserable man.

LORELAI: What's up?

JACKSON: Remember that sweet, simple, affordable little wedding Sookie and I agreed on with minimal disagreement □ no disagreement, in fact □ perhaps the first time in the history of wedding planning that a couple agreed one hundred percent on everything?

LORELAI: Yes.

JACKSON: Gone. Ancient history. It's the Library of Alexandria, it's the Colossus of Roads, it's Pop Rocks, it's over, and do you know why?

LORELAI: My mother?

JACKSON: Look! [points to Sookie and Emily near the gazebo]

LORELAI: What are they doing?

JACKSON: They're measuring the town.

LORELAI: They're what?

JACKSON: They're measuring the entire town with tape measures.

LORELAI: Oh my God.

JACKSON: Your mother got hers at Neiman Marcus. It's platinum with gold leaf □ it costs more than my car!

LORELAI: I am so sorry.

JACKSON: Look, I love Sookie and I want her to have what she wants, but . . . you see what they're doing now?

LORELAI: Yeah.

JACKSON: According to their diagrams, that's where the sixteen-piece orchestra goes.

LORELAI: How are they gonna fit a sixteen-piece orchestra in the gazebo?

JACKSON: Oh, they wanna move the gazebo.

LORELAI: What?

JACKSON: A gazebo that's been there for a hundred years and they wanna move it. Who moves a gazebo? What kind of twisted mind even thinks about moving a gazebo?

LORELAI: Okay, I'll take care of this.

JACKSON: She's so excited.

LORELAI: She's brainwashed. She's Patricia Hearst and my mother is the SLA.

JACKSON: I just hope it's not too late.

LORELAI: I hope so, too.

[Rory walks by, pulling Jess behind her]

JESS: Watch the shirt!

RORY: Cork it!

CUT TO THE DANCE STUDIO

[Taylor is at the podium leading a town meeting]

MISS PATTY: Well, it seems the right thing to do, Taylor.

TAYLOR: I concur. When one gazes at Stars Hollow, one can easily overlook a vital component of its beauty and that's the humble yet spunky twinkle light.

JESS: Holy cow.

LUKE: It doesn't get fruitier.

TAYLOR: Harry's House of Twinkle Lights has been an integral part of this time for twenty years, so it's only right that we honor his retirement. So I hereby designate next Tuesday, Harry the Twinkle Light Man from Harry's House of Twinkle Lights Day.

JESS: Well, that just trips off the tongue.

[Lorelai and Rory walk in]

TAYLOR: Late again, are we?

LORELAI: Yes, I hope I'm not pregnant!

TAYLOR: What?

LORELAI: Are these seats taken?

LUKE: Don't drag me into this.

TAYLOR: You really have to work on your punctuality, Lorelai. I banged the meeting in a half an hour ago.

LORELAI: Uh, dirty!

TAYLOR: I'm gonna take advantage of this unexpected pause in our proceedings to confer with Miss Patty about the next item on our agenda.

LORELAI: What'd we miss?

LUKE: Harry's retiring.

RORY: The twinkle light man?

LORELAI: What do we do for twinkle lights?

LUKE: Go to any discount store?

LORELAI: Blasphemy.

RORY: What are you doing here anyhow? This is a town meeting for people who participate in and care about the town.

JESS: Well, Corky's Country Cavalcade on public access was pre-empted, so I thought I'd check out the next best thing.

LORELAI: I'm surprised you have time to be here.

LUKE: I don't, but I haven't been able to get any of the w*r reenactors on the phone and I have to confirm them for Louie's funeral.

TAYLOR: All right now, the last order of business is a matter relating personally to me, therefore I'm going to give Miss Patty my gavel.

LORELAI: Again, dirty!

TAYLOR: Stop that. Now don't go power mad.

MISS PATTY: Oh, all right, gee. Now the chair recognizes Taylor Doose. Taylor, you have the floor.

TAYLOR: Thank you, Patty. My issue, ladies and gentlemen, is in the form of a grievance against this hirsute hippie who opened a produce stand in the park.

BABETTE: Oh yeah, k*ller veggies.

SY: Tasty.

MISS PATTY: The squash is beautiful.

BABETTE: Sexy □ it's sexy squash.

TAYLOR: Sexy or not, I demand that this man produce his permit post haste.

PROPRIETOR: Got it right here.

TAYLOR: Mm hmm, just what I thought. This is not the proper permit for this kind of business. This is a type twenty-four B, otherwise known as a cart, kiosk, cart, kiosk permit. This is not valid for your business.

PROPRIETOR: Why'd you say it twice?

TAYLOR: Hmm?

BABETTE: You said cart, kiosk, cart, kiosk.

LORELAI: It's repetitive.

RORY: And redundant.

LORELAI: It's repetitive.

RORY: And redundant.

LORELAI: We certainly are entertaining, Mac.

RORY: Indubitably, Tosh.

TAYLOR: It's not redundant. It's three separate things. It's a cart, a kiosk, and a mechanical hybrid referred to as a cart-slash-kiosk, hence cart, kiosk, cart/kiosk.

BABETTE: He did it again.

KIRK: He's been stressed lately. His store is deserted.

TAYLOR: I'll make it simple. This is for businesses that roll in in the morning and roll out at night. Emphasis on the word roll □ rolling businesses, businesses that roll.

PROPRIETOR: But I carry my tables out at night.

TAYLOR: But you're supposed to roll them, Rapunzel, and carrying isn't rolling, is it? I mean, did anyone hear the word rolling come out of his mouth? Check the transcript, I think you'll find one word missing □ rolling!

MISS PATTY: Transcript?

LORELAI: Yeah, Taylor, this isn't Charlie Rose.

BABETTE: He's losing his marbles.

ANDREW: It's just a personal vendetta.

KIRK: His store is deserted.

MISS PATTY: I think that we should end the meeting right here, Taylor.

TAYLOR: Wait a second, wait a second! You there, when Lady Godiva here wanted to be town troubadour over you, I stood by your side. Why aren't you backing me now?

TROUBADOUR: □Cause you left me twistin' for a long time before you did, Taylor, and it didn't feel good. I even wrote a song about the experience.

LORELAI: Oh, I heard it. It's called "Taylor Left Me Twistin'."

RORY: Oh yeah, it's really good.

TROUBADOUR: You think? Because I'm having a little trouble with the chorus. Taylor left me twistin', he set my eyes a mistin'. I'm just not sure if it has that thing, though, you know?

LORELAI: Oh, no, I love that part. I actually thought that maybe at the end you could do more about the sweater. We'll talk.

MISS PATTY: I'm gonna wrap this up.

TAYLOR: Now, Patty, how would you feel if this guy decided to open the long-haired freak school of dance or the long-haired freak diner, Luke? Or the long-haired freak bookstore? It's not good, right?

MISS PATTY: All right, everybody who agrees that we would not feel good about that, say aye.

ALL: Aye!

MISS PATTY: Meeting adjourned, goodnight.

LORELAI: Another fun one!

LUKE: Taylor, hold on a sec!

RORY: [to Jess] Don't you have some cleaning up to do over at the diner?

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[As people exit the meeting, Luke runs over to Taylor and the other reenactors]

LUKE: Guys, hold it, come on, you heard me calling you, stop!

TAYLOR: What is it, Luke?

LUKE: What do you mean, what is it? My Uncle Louie's funeral is tomorrow afternoon and I haven't heard from any of you. The man was a World w*r II veteran, that's what you reenactor freaks do □ you go to vet's funerals, so you're gonna be there, right? Hello?

TAYLOR: You said you were gonna talk to him, Sy.

SY: Bert said he was gonna do it.

BERT: It's Taylor's job.

SY: You always pass the buck.

LUKE: Talk to me about what, guys?

TAYLOR: You might as well know, Luke. We don't wanna go to Louie's funeral.

LUKE: What?

ANDREW: We all hated Louie.

LUKE: Oh, come on, that's not true.

TAYLOR: He always had a scowl on his face, not a kind word for anybody. He would light those hideous cigars, blow smoke in people's faces and then spit after each puff.

SY: He was disgusting.

ANDREW: And mean.

KIRK: He kicked my dog when I was a kid.

SY: He hit on my wife repeatedly.

KIRK: Toto was always different after that.

SY: My wife was much affected as well.

KIRK: I'd toss her something to fetch and she'd start to run after it and halfway there she'd forget what she was doing.

SY: She never enjoyed her soap operas the same after that.

KIRK: She'd just lie down and go to sleep.

LUKE: This is an exaggeration.

BERT: We're not exaggerating. We threw a big party when he left town!

SY: I made love to my life that night like I never have.

KIRK: My Toto barked a happy bark, then quietly stopped breathing. She was old.

LUKE: I don't believe this.

ANDREW: Come on, Luke. You knew the guy.

LUKE: This man was my uncle, okay, and a w*r veteran. He deserves a veteran's funeral, but hey, if you guys are too lazy to show up, then. . .

TAYLOR: He's the lazy one. Never once did he participate in a town function. In fact, when we reenactors gathered, he'd throw things at us.

SY: And not soft things, hard things.

BERT: Rocks, and small tools.

LUKE: Okay, I've heard enough.

SY: And he got meaner as he got older. Never married, never had kids.

BERT: A real loner.

LUKE: To hell with you guys, who needs you! I might just throw rocks and small tools at you myself next time I see ya!

TAYLOR: A defensive hothead, just like Louie!

BERT: They're practically clones.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

[Sookie is sitting in front of a computer and Michel is looking over her shoulder as Lorelai walks in]

SOOKIE: Oh my God, this is so hi-tech.

LORELAI: Hey. What's going on?

SOOKIE: I'm downloading wedding stuff from Prague.

LORELAI: Oh, you're kidding.

SOOKIE: It's streaming in right now. That's Internet talk □ streaming. Did you know that? And did you know it's not called Czechoslovakia anymore? It's just Czech Republic. Slovakia is its own separate thing. It's weird, isn't it? It's like if we just suddenly started saying there's no more Connecticut, it's just Connec. . . Ticut.

LORELAI: Sookie, what are you downloading from Prague?

MICHEL: Oh, this will much amuse you.

SOOKIE: Color samples for the big ceramic stands.

LORELAI: Big ceramic stands for what?

SOOKIE: For the giant papier-mâché mushrooms.

LORELAI: What are the papier-mâché mushrooms for?

SOOKIE: For the midgets dressed like angels to dance under, silly.

LORELAI: Oh my God.

SOOKIE: Emily found the best papier-mâché mushroom maker in Paris. He's much better than the guy that makes them in Belgium □ what a hack.

LORELAI: Sookie, honey, I need you stop staring and streaming for one second. We need to talk.

MICHEL: Please, please do not talk her out of these things. I do not want to die without seeing midgets dancing with a mushroom.

LORELAI: Stay out of this.

MICHEL: Oh, you're no fun.

SOOKIE: What is it honey?

LORELAI: The danger of Emilyworld is that you don't always know you're in it, when actually you are.

SOOKIE: Aw, not this Emilyworld stuff again

LORELAI: Sookie, have you run the numbers on any of this? What is this costing you?

SOOKIE: I don't know the full cost but your mother is getting me fifty percent off everything. She is so connected.

LORELAI: Okay, but fifty percent off a load of money is still half a load of money. You don't have half a load to spend.

SOOKIE: Well, if I scrimp I can afford a quarter load.

LORELAI: That's still too much.

SOOKIE: Well, your mother said she'd chip in a little.

LORELAI: Sookie, that is way, way, way inappropriate.

SOOKIE: I didn't take her up on it but it was nice.

LORELAI: Sookie, this isn't you, the midgets and the mushrooms and God knows what else. And it isn't Jackson either.

SOOKIE: What do you mean?

LORELAI: We talked.

SOOKIE: You and Jackson talked?

LORELAI: I'm sorry but he came to me all upset, and I love you Sookie and I love him too and it just seemed like it was time for me to meddle.

SOOKIE: He was upset?

LORELAI: He was pretty upset.

SOOKIE: Why didn't he just talk to me?

LORELAI: Because he's Jackson, he wants you to be happy and to give you everything you want. So what it comes down to is □ is this what you want?

SOOKIE: Well, maybe the midgets are a little over the top. And the mushrooms. . . oh my God, it's all sounding so silly now.

LORELAI: You're coming out of it, keep going.

SOOKIE: No, no, it's not what I want! We were supposed to keep this nice and simple. God, we had it all worked out.

LORELAI: So go back.

SOOKIE: I will go back. That is, if Jackson still wants to marry me.

LORELAI: Of course he still wants to marry you.

SOOKIE: I'm gonna call him and I'm gonna tell him it's all changing back.

LORELAI: Good.

[Lorelai's cell phone rings]

SOOKIE: Ooh, I should call and cancel some stuff first. I've gotta call Belgium and Oslo and, uh, oh, Copenhagen, Bora Bora.

LORELAI: What did you order from there?

SOOKIE: I'm gonna shield you from that one.

LORELAI: Thanks. [answers phone] Hello?. . . Luke!. . . Slow down, slow down. . . Okay, I'll come right over. [hangs up] I gotta go. Call, call, and welcome back, friend.

SOOKIE: Thanks. Ooh, I'm gonna start with Hong Kong. I'm hoping those acrobats can get another

gig.

CUT TO FUNERAL HOME

[Luke is waiting impatiently near a casket as Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: There you are. What □ .

LUKE: It won't close.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: The lid.

LORELAI: To what? [sees casket] Oh, hello. . . Louie.

LUKE: That's Louie.

LORELAI: Nice tan. So, now, you say the lid won't close?

LUKE: Yes, the lid won't close.

LORELAI: Did you buy the right size?

LUKE: Of course I bought the right size.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR: It's the model we recommend for those of medium height and weight.

LUKE: And he's of medium height and weight.

LORELAI: So then why won't it close?

LUKE: Because of the stuff.

LORELAI: What stuff?

LUKE: The stuff. He left a list of stuff he wanted buried with him.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR: It's not uncommon.

LUKE: It's a very long list. His fishing reel, bowling trophy, a flask, his antique dueling pistols, his copy of Sherman's Memoirs.

LORELAI: So is all the stuff in there now?

LUKE: Yes, it is. I shoved it in the best I could but now it won't close which defeats the entire purpose of having a damn casket in the first place.

LORELAI: May I?

LUKE: Give it a shot.

[Lorelai tries to push the lid close, but it pops back up]

LORELAI: Whoa!

LUKE: The football signed by Johnny Unitas gives it that bounce.

LORELAI: What if we moved the gas mask and the pith helmet down towards the feet?

LUKE: That end already has every baseball card he ever bought, thousands of them.

LORELAI: Oh, bungee cord! No. Um, what if we got some people from the office here, you know, accounting or whatever, to sit on the lid and then we could latch it? Do you have anybody you could spring. . .hm. I'm out of ideas.

LUKE: So am I. You know what, to hell with this. To hell with this!

LORELAI: Luke, now come on.

LUKE: I can't deal with this anymore!

LORELAI: Well, it has to be dealt with.

LUKE: No, it doesn't. It's not as if he deserves my help or my respect.

LORELAI: The man was your uncle.

LUKE: He was a jerk!

LORELAI: Don't say that.

LUKE: No, no, Taylor and the guys were right. I was cutting Louie slack out of respect for my dad, but the man was rotten and mean and selfish all his life. For God's sake, he's even selfish in death. Other people would've loved to have had those baseball cards. I would've loved to have those baseball cards. He's got Lou Gehrig's rookie card, Joe DiMaggio, Willie Mays, tons of others ▯ but no! My uncle, King Tut, has to take all of them to the afterlife with him!

FUNERAL DIRECTOR: Sir, your voice.

LUKE: I'm done, I've had it. From now on, it's just the bare minimum and that's it. Dig a big hole and just dump the casket in unlatched. If stuff falls out, fine. Just pile on enough dirt and make sure nothing's showing! [leaves]

LORELAI: I'm assuming that wouldn't be appropriate either?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR: No.

LORELAI: I didn't think so.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Jess is walking around the tables refilling coffee]

CUSTOMER: Young man, where's the young lady we've heard so much about who's using those delightful old diner phrases to place people's orders? It sounds so fun. Could you point her out for us?

JESS: No. [walks to counter] That's everyone. I'll be upstairs.

RORY: Thanks for doing the very least you could possibly do.

JESS: You're welcome.

[Luke enters the diner]

LORELAI: Luke, there you are. I was worried.

LUKE: Yeah, sorry, I should've called. Thanks for covering again. This'll be the last time, I promise.

LORELAI: It's okay. Where were you?

LUKE: Well, at first, I walked around a bunch, ya know, just trying to clear my head. Saw a lot of Hartford □ and what a cesspool.

LORELAI: Well, you're not a city man.

LUKE: Then I calmed down after awhile and I figured dumping Louie's body in an open grave with all his stuff probably would be a little cold.

LORELAI: Just a tad.

LUKE: So I got a Yellow Pages and I found the Big and Tall Casket Shop in Hartford.

LORELAI: You're kidding.

LUKE: Nope, I found a casket that would fit my hundred and sixty pound uncle and his hundred and forty pounds of stuff, got the lid to shut the first time we tried it, so the funeral's on as scheduled.

LORELAI: Good.

LUKE: I still don't know why I'm doing this.

LORELAI: You're doing it for your dad.

LUKE: Yeah, I guess. Although he's dead so he'd never know if I was doing it any different.

LORELAI: He knows. He's got the big Luke picture screen on twenty four hours a day and he watches and smiles. And you're doing it □cause you're you.

LUKE: Hey, I'm gonna change real fast and you can retire from your diner career forever.

LORELAI: Oh no, it's fun. I came up with some new diner phrases. Do you know what a Lucky Duck Cluck is?

LUKE: Not offhand.

LORELAI: It's foie gras with chicken and green shamrock frosting.

LUKE: Why would anyone ever order that?

LORELAI: If they're high. [sees Emily enter the diner] Ugh, good grief.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Bad vibe sandwich just came in, better retreat.

LUKE: I won't be long. [goes upstairs]

LORELAI: Hi Mom.

EMILY: Since when do you work here?

LORELAI: I'm just lending a hand. What's going on?

EMILY: I went by the inn to work with Sookie on her wedding.

LORELAI: Yeah?

EMILY: And she fired me.

LORELAI: I'm sure she didn't fire you.

EMILY: She claims to have changed her mind on all the things we had planned.

LORELAI: Well, maybe she did.

EMILY: No, she didn't. I know what's behind this. That is, who's behind this.

LORELAI: Mom, it was getting to be too much for her and too much for her fiancé.

EMILY: I knew it.

LORELAI: Mom, these are not wealthy people, do you understand that? They're saving for a home and your midgets were dancing between them and their dreams.

EMILY: You say midgets like it's so absurd.

LORELAI: Do you hear yourself?

EMILY: I don't see what was so wrong with my just helping Sookie plan her wedding.

LORELAI: Mom, come on.

EMILY: What, come on?

LORELAI: You weren't planning Sookie's wedding.

EMILY: Well, then, whose wedding was I planning?

LORELAI: Mine.

EMILY: Don't be ridiculous.

LORELAI: Mom, your vision for this wedding and all the over the top stuff and the gazillion dollar flowers and bunting and champagne fountain and the Haute Couture dress ▯ who's wearing that wedding dress in your mind's eye, Mom? Is it Sookie or is it me?

EMILY: I wasn't planning your wedding, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Right.

EMILY: The wedding I was planning was for Sookie. The mushrooms and colors, they all seemed like fun. A little crazy, just like she is. It definitely was not for you.

LORELAI: Okay Mom.

EMILY: I know that in a million years, you would never let me plan your wedding. I gave up on that dream a long time ago. Yours was going to be a Russian winter theme ▯ the Romanovs.

LORELAI: Before the firing squad, I assume?

EMILY: Snow white roses, trees with white lights and candles, snow everywhere, you arriving in a silver sleigh with white horses.

LORELAI: Wow.

EMILY: You hate the idea.

LORELAI: No, no, I just ▯ .

EMILY: You just hate it.

LORELAI: No, it just doesn't seem like me.

EMILY: Yes, well, it would've been beautiful.

LORELAI: I'm sure it would've been.

EMILY: Anyhow, it's obvious that wouldn't even be appropriate anymore being as I'm probably standing in your reception hall.

LORELAI: Excuse me?

EMILY: Burgers and fries for the dinner? The bride walks down the aisle with a ketchup dispenser in her hand.

LORELAI: Please tell me what you're talking about.

EMILY: I'm talking about Luke.

LORELAI: Luke? Mom!

EMILY: Well, it's obvious, Lorelai.

LORELAI: No, it's not, Mom.

EMILY: You're with him constantly.

LORELAI: He feeds me.

EMILY: You bring up his name constantly.

LORELAI: Once again, he feeds me.

EMILY: The moment he calls, you run to his side.

LORELAI: He's my friend, he needed me, I had to be there.

EMILY: Yes, I know you did.

[Luke comes down the stairs and walks over to them]

LUKE: Hi.

EMILY: Hello. I have to go. I'll see you for dinner tonight, Lorelai. And Luke, I'm sure I'll see you again soon. What do you think of the Romanovs?

LUKE: They probably had it coming.

EMILY: A match made in heaven.

CUT TO CEMETERY

[Lorelai and Luke are alone at the funeral]

REVEREND: We're here, of course, to honor Louie, to pay our respects and to bid him a sorrowful goodbye.

LORELAI: Are you okay?

LUKE: Yeah. I'm not big on funerals in general.

LORELAI: Nobody is.

REVEREND: He passed away in his sleep, so the end came peacefully for Louie, which I'm sure is a great comfort to all who knew him.

LUKE: The passing away part was a great comfort for all who knew him.

REVEREND: I didn't know him.

LUKE: Good thing.

REVEREND: But I understand he was a fine man, destined to be missed by many.

LUKE: Especially ones that were suing him.

LORELAI: Stop. Sorry father.

REVEREND: Reverend.

LORELAI: Right.

REVEREND: Now let us witness Louie Danes as he is interred and brought to the Lord.

LORELAI: It was a nice service. Nice and, um, intimate.

LUKE: I guess everybody deserves something at the end. Thanks for coming.

LORELAI: I wouldn't have missed it.

LUKE: That ain't me, is it?

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

LUKE: What Taylor said about me being like Louie, a loner, never being married and stuff. I mean, I am getting crankier as I get older, he's not so far off.

LORELAI: You are not your uncle. I mean, would Louie ever build someone a chuppah, or help fix things around someone's house without being asked, or make a special coffee cake with balloons for a girl's sixteenth birthday?

LUKE: Rory told you about that?

LORELAI: Yes. And would Louie have taken in his sister's kid without hesitating and without asking for anything in return?

LUKE: No one would've trusted Louie with their kid. He probably would've forgotten to feed him or something.

LORELAI: You get my point?

LUKE: Yeah, I get it. [he hears drumming] What's that? [he sees one of the reenactors walking onto the cemetery] Is that Andrew?

LORELAI: I believe it is.

[the other reenactors arrive]

LUKE: That's all of them.

[The reenactors start doing their salute]

LUKE: Thanks.

LORELAI: It's what your dad wanted.

LUKE: Yeah. Oh, I know Louie would've hated this.

LORELAI: That's just a fringe benefit.

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Luke and Lorelai are walking toward the diner]

LORELAI: Do you think he's in heaven?

LUKE: I hope so, just so my dad can kick his butt around the place.

LORELAI: Can you kick when you're in heaven?

LUKE: It's probably frowned upon.

LORELAI: Yeah, plus you're all see-through and gauzy and your dad's foot could go right through him.

LUKE: This is a silly conversation. What's all this?

LORELAI: I have no idea.

CUT TO INSIDE LUKE'S DINER

[Luke and Lorelai walk into the diner, which is packed with people]

LORELAI: Hi.

LUKE: What's going on?

RORY: It's kind of like a wake.

LUKE: A wake?

LORELAI: For Louie?

RORY: I thought you set it up

LORELAI: I didn't set it up.

RORY: Well, it's going well, anyway. People brought a ton of food if you're hungry.

LORELAI: Huh.

LUKE: This is unexpected.

LORELAI: Very.

LUKE: Don't you have wakes for people you like?

LORELAI: I think it might be for you.

LUKE: Am I dead?

LORELAI: Face it, Luke, people like you.

LUKE: Shut up.

LORELAI: And with charm like that, how can they resist?

[The farmer's market proprietor walks up to Taylor]

PROPRIETOR: Hey Taylor, cool threads. Very "One if By Land."

TAYLOR: Mm hmm.

PROPRIETOR: I see you're digging into the vegetables.

TAYLOR: Thanks for the play by play.

PROPRIETOR: Brought those myself. Hey, how was the funeral?

TAYLOR: Shouldn't you be tending to your little stand out there, friend?

PROPRIETOR: Oh, the stand's gone.

TAYLOR: What?

PROPRIETOR: It's gone, I'm all packed up, I'm outta here.

TAYLOR: I don't get it.

PROPRIETOR: I just grow all that stuff in my back yard and as of yesterday, sold it all.

TAYLOR: You sold it all?

PROPRIETOR: Sold it all, made enough money to do some traveling. Have you ever been to Israel? Turbulent, I know, but I thought I'd go down and try to plant some peace down there, know what I mean? See if it grows and see if it spreads.

TAYLOR: Shut up. Why did you put me through all that hoohah at the town meeting if your vegetable business was just temporary?

PROPRIETOR: Actually, you put yourself through it, Taylor. You put yourself through it.

[Rory walks over to Jess]

RORY: Nice spread.

JESS: People have too much free time in this town.

RORY: You did a good thing.

JESS: What do you mean?

RORY: I thought my mom set this up. Turns out she didn't.

JESS: So? Wasn't me.

RORY: It wasn't?

JESS: Nah, no way. It wasn't me.

RORY: If you say so.

JESS: Look, the crazy ballet teacher called and asked when Luke was getting back from the funeral, if I could unlock the door. I came down, I unlocked the door, then went back upstairs and back to sleep.

RORY: So you did do a little something.

JESS: I unlocked the door.

RORY: So that people could come in here and put this together. Nice.

JESS: Nice for them, not for me.

RORY: You facilitated it, you made it happen, so I guess that means that you're officially apart of our town now.

JESS: Hey, wait a minute.

RORY: Welcome.

JESS: I am not part of this town.

RORY: See you for some tree planting over at the Arbor Day Festival, buddy.

JESS: Yeah, well maybe I can knock over a liquor store while everyone else is planting those stupid trees.

RORY: As long as it's a liquor store in town, neighbor.

[Rory walks over to a table where people are telling stories about Louie]

SY: So, like I say, it's Halloween, right, and we're lucky Louie doesn't have razor wire around his yard, you know how he is. So finally one of the neighborhood kids, he gets all courageous and he goes sauntering up to the door and he goes 'trick or treat!' Louie finally throws the door open, looks at him and says, 'Did you get a Reese's cup tonight?' And the kid looks in his bag and he says, 'Yes sir, I did.' So Louie grabs it, says 'thank you very much!,' then slams the door in his face.

LORELAI: I'm sorry I never met him.

LUKE: He was colorful.

KIRK: I never trick or treated again.

MISS PATTY: So one day I'm at the post office, I'm in line when Louie just about knocks me over and he cuts in line. I said, 'Louie, there's a line!' So he says, 'Kiss my butt!' and I said, 'You mind your manners!' and he says, 'Please kiss my butt!' and drops his pants!

BABETTE: Oh, I got one, I got one. Louie was parked outside Al's Pancake World, and I was trying to pull in the space behind him, when all of a sudden, he starts to back up, so I honk my horn and he 'it was just a little honk, no big deal' but he . . .

THE END