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03x22 - Those Are Strings, Pinocchio

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03x22 - Those Are Strings, Pinocchio

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3.22 - Those are Strings, Pinocchio

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OPEN IN TOWN SQUARE

[The troubadour starts playing a song. Lorelai and Rory push past him with large backpacks on their backs]

RORY: Coming through! Heavy packs.

LORELAI: Out of our way, peace boy! No offense, love the song. Carry on. Go.

[Lorelai and Rory walk into Luke's Diner]

LORELAI: Ugh. And wuss patrol, halt.

[they drop their backpacks on the floor]

RORY: I've never known such pain.

LORELAI: We are so not walking around Europe with those annoying things on our backs.

RORY: But we're backpacking through Europe. How're we gonna do this without backpacks?

LORELAI: But all the time we've talked about backpacking, I never actually pictured us with backpacks.

RORY: Well, what were you picturing?

LORELAI: Spry, accommodating European men with neat mustaches trailing after us, carrying our luggage, hailing taxi cabs, constantly reminding us how beautiful we are.

RORY: No, it's just the two of us humping our backpacks around.

LORELAI: Well, at least my new walking shoes are all broken in. If you count broken skin, broken toes.

[Luke walks over]

LUKE: Don't do that.

LORELAI: Don't do what?

LUKE: Don't take your shoes off. This is a restaurant.

LORELAI: I don't see a "No shirt, no shoes, no service" sign.

LUKE: It's right here, don't do that.

RORY: We're in pain, Luke.

LUKE: But it's great that you guys are bearing it so nobly. And can you move these?

RORY: Can? No.

LORELAI: Would if we could? Debatable.

[Luke moves the backpacks out of the way]

LORELAI: Look at that.

RORY: Spry and accommodating.

LORELAI: Hey, would you grow a mustache and follow us around Europe?

LUKE: Sorry, got travel plans of my own.

LORELAI: Really?

LUKE: Yup, I'm closing down the diner for a couple of weeks and taking Nicole on a little trip.

RORY: Fun.

LUKE: We're driving through Western Canada and then taking a cruise up to Alaska.

RORY: A cruise?

LORELAI: Intimate.

LUKE: I guess. Is it?

LORELAI: [sings] The Love Boat.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: A cruise is a good spot to get down on one knee.

LUKE: And do my ventriloquist act?

LORELAI: And propose.

LUKE: I have no plans to propose.

LORELAI: You don't now, but after you've had dinner at Captain Stubing's table and Isaac's served you up a couple of mojitos.

RORY: Romantic cruises say commitment, my friend.

LUKE: I am not committing and I am not proposing, so drop it.

LORELAI: Okay, it's dropped.

LUKE: Really drop it.

LORELAI: Did I not just say it's dropped?

RORY: Heard it with my own ears.

LUKE: Thank you.

LORELAI: [sings] The Love Boat.

[Luke gives her a look]

LORELAI: If you'd get a radio in here, I wouldn't have to do that.

LUKE: Okay, so your graduation is Wednesday at four, correct?

RORY: You know, you really don't have to go to it, Luke.

LUKE: I want to. I feel like I've been through this whole Chilton thing with you.

RORY: Okay, good, I want you there.

LUKE: Good. So what do you want?

LORELAI: Are you hungry?

RORY: I'm just sore.

LORELAI: Let's go home and rest.

[they get up and start to leave]

LUKE: Hey, wait, don't leave these.

RORY: Store 'em for us.

LORELAI: Yeah, until we hire a flatbed truck to carry 'em home for us.

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: Ugh, my left foot hurts. My right foot hurts. Carry me.

RORY: You carry me.

LORELAI: You carry me.

RORY: No, you carry me.

LORELAI: Come on.

[opening credits]

CUT TO THE DRAGONFLY INN

[Lorelai and Sookie are standing in the front yard]

SOOKIE: What is taking him so long?

LORELAI: I don't know. Luke, come on!

[Luke walks out of the inn]

LUKE: Oh, geez, I walked right into a cobweb.

LORELAI: Aw, aw. So, uh, what's the shape of the place?

LUKE: It was a really big cobweb.

SOOKIE: Terrible. So what's the story?

LUKE: Is there a spider on me?

LORELAI: Suck it up, big guy, and tell us the scoop.

LUKE: It's not so bad.

SOOKIE: So it's not so good.

LORELAI: Not so bad is not so good.

LUKE: No, really, it's not bad. The floors -

SOOKIE: Are rotted!

LORELAI: I knew it. They need to be replaced.

SOOKIE: It's a disaster.

LUKE: The floors are fine. They need refinishing, but they're really nice quartersawn oak floors.

LORELAI: What about the roof?

LUKE: The roof -

LORELAI: Is shot?

SOOKIE: It's caving in.

LORELAI: The walls, too?

SOOKIE: Along with our hopes and dreams.

LUKE: No, the roof is fine. Some shingles need replacing, but that looks like the extent of it.

[Kirk leans out of an upper-story window]

KIRK: Almost done here, folks.

LORELAI: Great, Kirk. You find any mold?

KIRK: You mean, did I find any silent death? Not so far, no.

LORELAI: Good.

KIRK: I did tell you about the dangers of mold, right? And Ed McMahon's dog?

LORELAI: Yes, you did.

KIRK: Suffered memory loss due to mold infestation. Forgot how to sit.

LORELAI: Yes, it was horrible.

KIRK: It's a growth industry right now, pardon the pun. Mold is money. I just wish I wasn't so scared of finding it.

LORELAI: Well, don't look too hard then.

KIRK: Thanks.

LORELAI: So, what's the final prognosis, Luke? We're not buying a money pit, are we?

LUKE: You're gonna spend money, but it's not a pit. Might be a steal.

LORELAI: It's a steal!

SOOKIE: We are such great businesswomen.

LUKE: Once you start work, you can probably have this place up and running in four or five months.

SOOKIE: Which will give the Independence Inn owners plenty of time to find our replacements.

LORELAI: We could be running our own inn in less than a year.

[Kirk runs out of the inn]

KIRK: Oh, ohhh!

LORELAI: What's the matter Kirk? Mold?

KIRK: No, mouse!

CUT TO CHILTON

[Students are in line to record messages for the video yearbook]

STUDENT: We all knew that our education at Chilton would be exemplary, but it was the people at Chilton. All my friends - Hi Marcy, love you. Cody and Debbie, love you, too. The faculty, the administrative staff. Even our janitorial staff - Jaime and Joachim. I can't count the number of times you guys made me laugh. . .

[cut to Rory and Paris in line]

PARIS: Does she need medical attention?

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: Jaime and Joachim aren't even getting a copy of this. She's maroon.

RORY: It's the end of the year, people get nostalgic.

PARIS: So, how's your valedictorian speech coming along?

RORY: Oh, um, it's okay. Pretty standard. Boring. 'We love the school, blah blah blah.' No one listens to those things anyhow, so -

PARIS: Relax, I'm okay with you making valedictorian over me.

RORY: Oh, good, thanks.

PARIS: Sure. I actually googled the personal histories of Ivy League valedictorians going back twenty-five years, and found some enlightening statistics. They don't necessarily do too well in later life, did you know that?

RORY: No.

PARIS: Oh, yeah. A lot of business failures, crumbled marriages, suicides, obesity.

RORY: Okay.

PARIS: A bunch died in car crashes, several did time, one suffocated when his cat fell asleep on his face.

RORY: Okay, well, thanks again.

[Louise and Madeline take their turn in front of the camera]

LOUISE: Okay, A/V geek, just pan my body nice and slow.

A/V GEEK: Why?

MADELINE: Yeah, why?

LOUISE: Because I'll never look better than I do now.

PARIS: Come on ladies, we don't have all day. A/V geek, I'm going to need six minutes.

A/V GEEK: You're only allowed two.

PARIS: Rolling!

A/V GEEK: Rolling.

PARIS: Fellow Chilton seniors, it's been quite a year. . .

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Sookie and Michel are at the front desk.]

MICHEL: I hate this.

SOOKIE: One guest. In the whole inn, one guy.

MICHEL: And I pulled towel duty today. It's especially awful handling guest towels when you know exactly which guests the towels belong to. It's his mites on those towels.

SOOKIE: Don't be gross.

MICHEL: This is degrading for a man of my capabilities.

SOOKIE: Well, what about me? I've got no kitchen. I'm a chef. My skills are deteriorating. I need to sauté, emulsify, marinate.

MICHEL: I need more mental stimulation.

SOOKIE: I need to frickin' fry a dead animal in a skillet. I'm going nuts.

MICHEL: I should've been a dancer.

SOOKIE: What?

MICHEL: My mother put me in dance school and I rebelled, I wanted to kick the football. I should not have.

SOOKIE: I've seen you dance and you jump around like a duck.

MICHEL: You know, I'm getting mighty sick of you.

SOOKIE: Not as sick as I am of you.

MICHEL: You know what, you do his towels. I'm not doing his towels anymore.

SOOKIE: I'm not doing his stupid towels. I hate that stupid guy with his stupid newspaper. He's stupid.

[Lorelai walks over]

LORELAİ: Yo, guys, no bickering in front of the guest.

SOOKIE: Tell it to Deney Terrio here. I should've been a dancer.

MICHEL: Lorelai, how long can we keep this up?

LORELAİ: Keep what up?

MICHEL: We have one guest, half the rooms are still closed from the fire, most of the staff is laid off, I am doing mite towels, and the owner's son is walking around with a bunch of men in suits.

SOOKIE: Yeah, John's here. That can't be good.

LORELAİ: John is here looking things over for the renovation that will reopen all the closed rooms so we can be up and running again. Stop worrying.

MICHEL: Okay.

SOOKIE: Okay.

[Michel and Sookie walk away. The phone rings]

LORELAI: [answers] Independence Inn, Lorelai speaking.

EMILY: Lorelai, it's your mother.

LORELAI: Mother, hi.

EMILY: I'm calling to find out how it's going to work at Rory's graduation. Are we going to be sitting together?

LORELAI: Well, hm, hm, hm.

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Sorry. Hmm.

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Mom, of course we'll be sitting together. We're family.

EMILY: Well, I knew that. I just wasn't sure if you did.

LORELAI: Well, we're sitting together.

EMILY: Good.

LORELAI: Yes, it is.

RICHARD: Ask her about the gift, Emily.

LORELAI: Dad?

EMILY: He's on the other line.

LORELAI: Oh, sure got the quiet thing down there.

RICHARD: I'm on the upstairs portable, but I'm on my way downstairs. I see your mother now. Hello Emily.

EMILY: Hello Richard.

RICHARD: I'm on my way to the couch and am about to sit.

LORELAI: It's like the thrilling day of radio here.

EMILY: We wanted to ask you about a gift for Rory.

RICHARD: It's a big gift, a little extravagant.

EMILY: But it's a big occasion, so it makes sense.

RICHARD: We wanna buy her a car.

LORELAI: Well, I think that's a great idea.

EMILY: Really?

RICHARD: Wonderful.

LORELAI: Yeah, Rory needs to get back and forth from Yale a lot, and the quicker she can do it, the more I get to see her, so it's really kind of a present for me, too.

RICHARD: Yes, right.

EMILY: I suppose so.

RICHARD: Didn't think of that.

LORELAI: Just not a gas guzzler. And no Ferrari's or Lamborghini's.

RICHARD: So nothing Italian?

LORELAI: No, it can be Italian, just sensible Italian.

RICHARD: All right, well, good.

EMILY: I'm glad we had this settled.

LORELAI: Good. Well, maybe I'll see you at the graduation, maybe I won't.

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: See you there. Bye.

RICHARD: Goodbye.

EMILY: Bye.

[they hang up. A man walks over to the front desk]

LORELAI: Hey, you and your Armani posse want something to drink, John?

JOHN: No, no, Lorelai. We're fine, thanks.

LORELAI: Okay. So, I've been lying to people about you all day.

JOHN: About what?

LORELAI: Oh, about how it's not a big deal that you're walking around with a concerned look on your face with a group of men with concerned looks on their faces. I think I've been lying to me a little, too.

JOHN: We have to close off three more rooms.

LORELAI: Three rooms? That'll leave us with two.

JOHN: And, uh, the estimate for the repairs to get everything back to the quality we had and up to code. . .it's not pretty.

LORELAI: No, that's not pretty.

JOHN: Mom's leaning toward selling.

LORELAI: Selling.

JOHN: Nothing's final yet.

LORELAI: Yeah, nothing's final. I just. . .Rory grew up here. I grew up here.

JOHN: Yeah, I better get back to my group.

LORELAI: Right, sure, you go. Hey, be careful not to trip over our guest.

JOHN: I won't.

CUT TO SOOKIE'S HOUSE

[Sookie and Jackson are watching television. There's a knock at the front door.]

LORELAI: [calls from outside] Sookie, Jackson, you better not be in bed.

JACKSON: Are you expecting Lorelai?

SOOKIE: No.

LORELAI: [calls] Come on. The night is young and the champagne's cold.

SOOKIE: The champagne?

[they answer the door]

LORELAI: Surprise!

SOOKIE: What is this?

LORELAI: It's a celebration.

SOOKIE: For what?

LORELAI: Sookie, get some glasses, and Jackson, put some music on. Whatever you want, just make it festive.

JACKSON: Got it.

SOOKIE: I don't know what this is, but it's fun.

JACKSON: Let's see. I've got Creedence Clearwater Revival.

LORELAI: Good energy, too hillbilly.

JACKSON: Okay.

LORELAI: How you coming with those glasses, Sook?

SOOKIE: Just wiping off the fancy ones.

JACKSON: Huey Lewis and the News? It's Sookie's.

SOOKIE: Hey, we all have our guilty pleasures.

JACKSON: Herb Albert and the Tijuana Brass?

LORELAI: Ah, fun, festive, that's perfect! Crank it. Okay, I've got some cold Dom for me and Jackson.

JACKSON: Happens to be my brand.

SOOKIE: Oh, I love this song.

LORELAI: And, uh, for Sookie and little baby, uh, whatever-it-is, we've got the, uh, apple bubbly stuff. And cheers.

JACKSON/SOOKIE: Cheers!

SOOKIE: Well, come on, what are we celebrating?

LORELAI: Well, you ready?

SOOKIE: Yeah.

JACKSON: Definitely!

LORELAI: The Independence Inn is closing.

JACKSON: Yay!

SOOKIE: Yay! The inn is closing.

LORELAI: Not closing, closed. We're finished. It's all over. They're boarding the place up as we speak. Who wants more?

JACKSON: Well, did they find some gold in the basement or something 'cause I'm missing the celebrating angle.

LORELAI: You should always celebrate new challenges, and that's what this is.

SOOKIE: A new challenge.

LORELAI: Yes. They'll be some severance pay, then nothing.

SOOKIE: Nothing!

LORELAI: Nothing but exciting new challenges. Cheers!

SOOKIE: The inn is closed.

JACKSON: Well, I guess this means that you guys can focus solely on refurbishing the Dragonfly, getting that up and running. That's exciting.

SOOKIE: Yes, it is.

LORELAI: Yeah, I agree. But just drink some more. How're you feeling?

SOOKIE: A little drunk, and all I'm drinking is apple juice.

LORELAI: Well, good, 'cause I've got another little piece of news for you. We can't buy the Dragonfly because I can't swing my share of the money because I no longer have a steady income.

JACKSON: Wow, that is great.

SOOKIE: I'm sorry, was that an exciting challenge too?

LORELAI: Absolutely. Yesterday our lives were boring and predictable. We had jobs, we were gonna start our own business. But now everything is wide open. We can do anything we want because we're not penned in. That's good.

SOOKIE: Yes, that's good. And thinking of those new challenges is a nice way to distract me from the fact that we don't work together anymore so we're gonna see way less of each other.

LORELAI: Which will make our limited time together more enjoyable.

JACKSON: Right. And since I'm your vegetable supplier, I'm losing work, and seeing my wife and close friend way less than before.

LORELAI: Cheers!

CUT TO TOWN MEETING

[Taylor is at the podium in front of a bored-looking group of townspeople]

TAYLOR: That would convert it into a town bylaw, a minor but nonetheless important change from local ordinance, giving us the leeway to enforce charter amendments five and six and grandfathering in previously proposed statutes with no procedural delay. So all those in favor of going ahead of this, say aye.

[silence]

TAYLOR: All those opposed?

[silence]

TAYLOR: People, what's going on? People!

MISS PATTY: Oh, sorry, Taylor.

TAYLOR: What is the matter with you?

LUKE: I think it might be the first time sixty people lost their train of thought all at the same time.

BABETTE: Yeah, Taylor, your voice always makes me think of my grocery list. We need croutons.

MOREY: Got it.

TAYLOR: Moving on. Now, people, I know it's an unpleasant subject, but the deer population in this town is reaching monstrous proportions.

GYPSY: Not this again.

MISS PATTY: He's always going on about the deer.

LUKE: Leave 'em alone, Taylor.

TAYLOR: But they're taking over the town. We need to institute partial elimination.

MOREY: Partial elimination?

GYPSY: You wanna k*ll the little romping Bambi's?

TAYLOR: People, do I have to detail the problems that these deer cause?

LUKE: No, but you will.

TAYLOR: Lyme disease, auto accidents, plane accidents.

LUKE: We have flying deer?

MISS PATTY: Oh, that's scary.

BABETTE: Yeah. Those ones you can snuff.

TAYLOR: But the worst problem is the crop loss. Dean, hand me the blow-up please.

GYPSY: Hey, Dean, he's paying you for all this, right?

DEAN: Yeah.

KIRK: Really, how much?

TAYLOR: People, this is a randomly chosen but typical landscaped area in the town that was denuded by these ruminant pests.

GYPSY: Randomly chosen?

LUKE: Taylor, that's your backyard.

MISS PATTY: This is a little self-serving.

TAYLOR: It might be my yard. Uh. . .

BABETTE: Might be? Taylor, no one else has a "Kiss the Gardener" sign.

MOREY: This is a trumped up problem.

TAYLOR: So none of you are interested in addressing this scourge?

KIRK: I have a thought.

TAYLOR: Go ahead, Kirk.

KIRK: A controlled hunt.

BABETTE: g*ns?

KIRK: Not g*ns, wolves.

LUKE: What?

KIRK: You release a pack of wolves, they eat the deer, problem solved. Of course, then you'll have to deal with your wolf problem.

MISS PATTY: I say that we defer this unsavory topic for another year.

TAYLOR: Now wait a minute.

MISS PATTY: All those in favor?

EVERYONE: Aye!

MISS PATTY: Taylor's opposed. Meeting adjourned.

[People get up to leave. Rory walks in the back door]

RORY: I missed the whole thing?

LANE: Yes, and I'm still semi-grounded, so I only have a limited amount of time in the outside world.

RORY: Well, hurry and show me your prom pictures.

LANE: [picks up a large bag] These are them.

RORY: Lane, how many did you take?

LANE: Three hundred. I'll leave them with you, they're pretty self explanatory.

RORY: What's this?

LANE: Our chicken piccata.

RORY: Ah, and this?

LANE: Our chicken piccata after one bite.

RORY: So, don't tell me, two bites?

LANE: Yup.

RORY: Okay, I think I can follow this.

LANE: Gotta run. Keep 'em in order.

RORY: I will.

[Lane leaves. Rory walks over to Dean, who is cleaning up at the front of the room]

RORY: Hi.

DEAN: Hi.

RORY: Taylor's paying you to do all this work, isn't he?

DEAN: He knows I need money, so he's helping me out with extra stuff to do. He's a good guy.

RORY: Yeah, he is a good guy. A very good guy. So how are the old wedding plans?

DEAN: They're fine.

RORY: You know, my mom's held about a million weddings at the inn and I've worked on a lot of them, so I'm a fountain of useful tips.

DEAN: Good.

RORY: For instance, your photographer, have him take candid photographs along with the other ones, so that way you'll capture a lot of your favorite moments and you won't be stuck with just the stiff, you know, posed sh*ts.

DEAN: Candid, okay.

RORY: And if the ring bearer is younger than five years-old.

DEAN: My nephew, he's three.

RORY: Don't give him the ring until the last second because I have seen many a ring swallowed, and well, it takes a couple days to get it back.

DEAN: Good point. It's actually been kind of overwhelming. I mean, you have to rent the hall like a year in advance.

RORY: And make sure that your deposit is refundable as long as you can.

DEAN: Yeah, it is. And then there's a lot of stuff that we have to buy, too, for our place.

RORY: Oh yeah, about that. Come on, sit.

[they sit down and Rory hands him a shopping catalog]

DEAN: What's this?

RORY: Your wedding gift.

DEAN: What?

RORY: You can get anything you want, but I've marked a bunch of pages with stuff that I think would be most appropriate, and I just wanted to get in early so I'd be the first one to get you a blender, not the third one.

DEAN: You don't have to do this.

RORY: I know. That's why it's fun.

DEAN: This has everything.

RORY: I'd recommend the mixing bowls, those are really nice. Or a knife set and a sharpener. Sharpening's very important. I learned that from Sookie. If you leave 'em too long, it's too late. Respect your knives.

DEAN: Thanks, Rory.

RORY: You're welcome. So just look through it with Lindsay and pick out what you want and I'll order it.

DEAN: I will.

RORY: Bye, Dean.

DEAN: Bye, Rory.

CUT TO LORELAI'S LIVING ROOM

[Rory is trying on her graduation dress for Sookie and Lorelai]

SOOKIE: Maybe we should bring it in a bit more.

RORY: Oh sure, but first we'll have to use a medieval t*rture instrument to crush my ribs and flatten my spinal cord in order to accommodate your sadistic wish there.

LORELAI: Don't use subtlety on us. We're slow.

SOOKIE: I think she's saying that we don't need to bring it in anymore.

LORELAI: Take it off, you're done.

SOOKIE: Ugh, I should go. I've got a stupid job interview tomorrow morning, and you know what, I'm nervous.

LORELAI: Which place?

SOOKIE: Harrington's in Woodbridge.

LORELAI: Nice.

SOOKIE: They want me to be their executive chef four nights a week. God, I can't imagine working someplace else. And without my Lorelai!

RORY: But it's only a few months until the Dragonfly opens, right?

SOOKIE: Uh. . .you haven't told her yet.

RORY: Told me what?

LORELAI: I was waiting for an opportunity.

RORY: To tell me what?

LORELAI: Which apparently is right now. Okay, um, hon, listen. We, um. . .we're not buying the Dragonfly.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: It's just not the right time.

RORY: You're crazy. It's the perfect time.

LORELAI: Not really.

RORY: But if you wait, someone else is gonna buy it. You said so yourself.

SOOKIE: I'm gonna go, guys. Sorry to spill the beans.

LORELAI: That's okay. I'll see you later.

[Sookie leaves]

RORY: Mom, why put it off? I mean, I know the Independence Inn closing is a setback.

LORELAI: Big one.

RORY: But we've got the rest of Grandpa's money, that's plenty to buy the Dragonfly Inn, and we'll just scrimp on everything until it's all up and running and successful.

LORELAI: It would take a lot of scrimping.

RORY: Well, I'm a master scrapper. I would make the Olympic scrimping team. I'm that good, boy.

LORELAI: Honey, we didn't get financial aid for Yale.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: No scholarships, no hardship money, no money-off coupons, no gift certificates, nothing.

RORY: I don't understand, what happened?

LORELAI: Well, irony of ironies, the money I got from your grandpa took us out of the running for financial aid 'cause it made it look like we have money.

RORY: Well, send them proof - a bank statement, a letter from Grandpa. Here, take a picture of this couch - no one will think we have money after looking at this couch.

LORELAI: I tried everything, I swear.

RORY: Why didn't you tell me this?

LORELAI: With everything that's going on, finals and all your personal stuff, I didn't want you worrying.

RORY: But Grandpa's money -

LORELAI: Is paying for Yale.

RORY: No! No way!

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: I'll take a student loan out from the bank. That's what banks are for.

LORELAI: Honey, I don't want you to be buried by loans the day you graduate from college.

RORY: Well, then I'll major in something that'll immediately make me a lot of money when I

graduate. I'll major in business or engineering.

LORELAI: You are not changing your major from journalism because of my lack of money.

RORY: It's our lack.

LORELAI: Look, if you need to work as a low-paid intern for a magazine or a stringer for some small-town newspaper or Tom Brokaw's toupee comber-outer before you make real money, then that's what you'll do.

RORY: There has to be another way.

LORELAI: I've looked. There's nothing.

RORY: This is so not fair to you.

LORELAI: I'll have my own inn one day, I promise. But Yale comes first.

[Rory starts walking to her bedroom]

LORELAI: What are you gonna do now?

RORY: Rail at God for awhile.

LORELAI: Tell her I said hi.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is in the living room, which is cluttered with clothes and other stuff to pack for their trip]

LORELAI: Hey, what happened to our packing elves who were gonna pack our packs over night?

[Rory walks into the room holding a black sweater]

RORY: How about this?

LORELAI: You hate the dress I made you that much?

RORY: Not for graduation, for Europe.

LORELAI: Oh, it's perfect. It's black so it won't show dirt or wrinkles, and if you wear it with a moody look on your face like you're thinking of Bolsheviks, they'll mistake you for Simone de Beauvoir. Pack it.

RORY: It's too heavy.

LORELAI: So, was that a trick question?

RORY: We both need to cut weight from our packs.

LORELAI: I am doing my part here.

RORY: Well, you don't need five pairs of boots.

LORELAI: I'll drop some boots if you drop some books.

RORY: I can't drop books.

LORELAI: You can't bring twelve books.

RORY: You also need to cut your undergarments. Don't forget, we'll rinse in Woolite every few days.

LORELAI: This is going to an uncomfortable place.

RORY: And your toothpaste - you have three full tubes.

LORELAI: So?

RORY: Why three?

LORELAI: If I lose one, I'll have another to take its place.

RORY: If you're bringing three tubes of toothpaste, I am bringing twelve books plus a dictionary.

LORELAI: Then I'm bringing a gallon of mercury which is one of the densest and heaviest substances known to man.

RORY: I think the writing's on the wall here.

LORELAI: Cancel Europe.

RORY: I've gotta run. I love my graduation dress.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: Hey, it's a shame about Europe being canceled, huh?

LORELAI: That's okay. It's not supposed to be that great anyway, except for the cheese.

RORY: Nine books for two toothpastes.

LORELAI: Deal.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[The doorbell rings. Emily and Richard walk toward the door]

RICHARD: Who is it, Emily?

EMILY: I don't know, Richard. My x-ray vision isn't working at the moment.

RICHARD: I was wondering if you were expecting somebody.

EMILY: I wasn't expecting anybody.

[They open the door. Rory is on the porch]

EMILY: Rory.

RORY: Hey Grandma, hey Grandpa.

RICHARD: What brings you here on this busy day?

RORY: I have sort of a time-sensitive issue I need to talk to you about.

RICHARD: Time sensitive. Well, come in, come in.

[they walk to the living room]

EMILY: We were just getting ready for your ceremony.

RICHARD: And I was just retying my tie for the third time. No matter how many times I tie a tie, there's always room for error.

RORY: It's not an exact science, is it?

RICHARD: Nor an art form. It's pretty much nothing.

RORY: Sit down, please.

RICHARD: Okay.

EMILY: All right. Should we be nervous?

RORY: No, you shouldn't be. I am a little.

RICHARD: Well, what is it?

RORY: I need money.

RICHARD: You need money.

RORY: For Yale.

RICHARD: You need money for Yale.

EMILY: Stop repeating everything she says.

RICHARD: I'm sorry, I'm processing.

RORY: Look, it's a long story, but no other financing came through and all of the other options that Mom and I have are just. . .well, not good enough. So here's the offer - I would like for you to loan me the money for four years at Yale, and in return I will get a part time job and pay you in installments. I will continue this payment schedule after graduation increasing the payment amounts in proportion to my income. Plus, I will reinstate Friday night dinners with me. Every Friday night, I will be here, seven o'clock on the dot.

EMILY: Well, how wonderful.

RICHARD: We've missed you, Rory.

RORY: I've missed you, too. So this should work out for everyone, right?

EMILY: Absolutely. We're happy to do it.

RICHARD: Not so fast.

EMILY: Richard.

RICHARD: Oh, I'm happy to pay for Yale, but I don't want it to be a loan.

RORY: No, I don't want that. I want it to be a loan, because otherwise it's too easy.

RICHARD: Well, then here's my counteroffer. Let's make it a loan, but I insist that you not start paying it back until at least five years after you graduate. Seven years if you go for your Master's.

RORY: That sounds fair, but I should pay interest.

RICHARD: No.

RORY: Grandpa.

RICHARD: You are not going to pay me interest on this money, no way. That's a deal breaker.

RORY: Okay.

RICHARD: Good.

EMILY: Wonderful.

RICHARD: We have a deal. Listen, if journalism doesn't work out, you might consider working for me after you graduate. You've got good deal-making skills. Eye of the tiger.

RORY: I'll keep that in mind. Well, I should go.

EMILY: Rory, does your mother know you're here?

RORY: No. This is my thing. I'll see you at the ceremony.

CUT TO CHILTON COURTYARD

[Lorelai and Sookie walk to the seating area]

SOOKIE: Where do you wanna sit?

LORELAI: Is there no special designated area for family and friends of the valedictorian?

SOOKIE: Like a skybox or a velvet rope on one of the rows.

LORELAI: We're the Chilton equivalent of 50 Cent's posse. Where are the boys?

SOOKIE: Over there. [points to Luke and Jackson standing by the building]

LORELAI: They're doing that thing guys do around fancy buildings.

SOOKIE: Talk about their construction.

LORELAI: The insurance costs.

SOOKIE: Hey guys, get over here.

LORELAI: Here's a row. Let me see, how many seats do we need? Uh, you, me, Luke, Jackson.

SOOKIE: That's four.

LORELAI: Plus Picklepuss and Sauerkraut.

SOOKIE: Your parents make six.

JACKSON: These stones have to be carved by hand.

LUKE: Without the tools we have now. No electricity.

JACKSON: Just pulleys and fulcrums.

SOOKIE: Hey, Bob Vila, take a seat.

LORELAI: Okay, we have to vow not to make fun of any of the kids because inevitably their family will be sitting right behind us just like at the play.

SOOKIE: Right. Ugh, the big-eared Romeo fiasco of '98. Gotcha.

[Lorelai's pager goes off]

SOOKIE: Who's paging you?

LORELAI: Uh, maybe there's a special surprise party for the valedictorian's mom backstage before the ceremony.

SOOKIE: I bet there is.

LORELAI: I'll be right back. Wow, look at the gargoyles.

LUKE: What? Wow, yeah.

JACKSON: Oh, now those have to be imported from Europe.

LUKE: The insurance on this place must be astronomical.

CUT TO INSIDE CHILTON

[In the crowded cafeteria, Paris walks over to her Nanny and three young children]

PARIS: Nanny, you brought the kids! Você trouxe as crianças.

KIDS: Paris!

PARIS: Ah, minha querida Elzira, Catarina. E olindo Enrique, Antonio Banderas.

[Lorelai walks up to a student]

LORELAI: Oh, excuse me. Hi, I'm looking for Rory Gilmore. She's the valedictorian. I'm her mom.

[Rory walks over]

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Uh, no, wait, go away. I wanna tell a bunch of other people that I'm the valedictorian's mom and I'm looking for you.

RORY: I've got good news I wanna tell you real quick. Come here.

[they walk into the hallway]

RORY: Okay, you ready?

LORELAI: I hope so, ready for what?

RORY: You're getting your inn.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Go put in the bid on the Dragonfly. You've got the money now, Grandpa's money.

LORELAI: What are you talking about? How do I have money?

RORY: Grandma and Grandpa are paying for Yale.

LORELAI: Now wait a minute.

RORY: I explained the situation, they totally understand, and they're loaning me the money for Yale.

LORELAI: When did they approach you about this?

RORY: They didn't. I approached them.

LORELAI: No.

RORY: I just left them now. It's a done deal, so go make the call, put in the bid, before someone else does.

LORELAI: Rory, honey, do you understand, the Gilmores do nothing altruistically. Strings are attached to everything.

RORY: There are no strings.

LORELAI: No strings?

RORY: No. I just have to pay them back starting five years after I graduate, and I have to start going back for Friday night dinners.

LORELAI: Um, hello, Pinocchio, those are strings.

RORY: But it was my idea to resume the dinners, and I obligated just me. You are in no way apart of it.

LORELAI: This can't happen, Rory.

RORY: I don't want you to defer your dream.

LORELAI: You shouldn't have done this behind my back.

RORY: Mom, Yale is my thing. I needed financing, I got it.

LORELAI: Oh, those people, those master manipulators.

RORY: Mom, this was my idea. I'm manipulating you.

LORELAI: They are manipulating you to manipulate me.

RORY: How are they doing that?

LORELAI: Rory, don't you see? If you go to Friday night dinners, Mom knows I'll go to just to be with you.

RORY: She wasn't thinking that.

LORELAI: They're getting exactly what they want.

RORY: Don't you see? We're all getting exactly what we want. It's a win-win-win situation.

LORELAI: It's not.

RORY: It is.

LORELAI: Okay, maybe, maybe it is. But just once, just once, I want you to get exactly what you want, and me to get exactly what I want, and them to get nothing.

RORY: Well, we'll see if we can't arrange that sometime. But the ceremony's about to start, I better get back out there. And go buy that inn!

CUT TO CHILTON COURTYARD

[Lorelai walks outside and finds Emily and Richard sitting by themselves]

LORELAI: Hi.

EMILY: Hello.

RICHARD: Oh, hi.

LORELAI: Uh, didn't you see Sookie? We've got seats all saved.

EMILY: Yes, but we didn't know if the whole seating issue had been resolved.

LORELAI: Well, it was. Come on.

RICHARD: Well, I don't remember it being fully resolved either.

LORELAI: Well, it was. Come on.

EMILY: We didn't know if you'd changed your mind.

LORELAI: Well, I didn't. Come on.

RICHARD: It wasn't crystal clear.

LORELAI: Fine, just stay there.

EMILY: You're not serious.

LORELAI: Ah.

[They walk over to the saved seats]

LORELAI: Uh, Mom, Dad, you've met everyone here. Sookie, Jackson, Luke.

RICHARD: Hello.

JACKSON: Hi.

SOOKIE: Hi.

LUKE: How ya doing?

RICHARD: No, uh. . .no Christopher?

LORELAI: Uh, no, he's out of town, but he's having us tons of pictures and order him the official video and we may even come back and reenact the whole thing when he gets home. Now sit, relax.

[they sit down]

LORELAI: [quietly to Sookie] Sookie, long story short, and a partially painful story at that, and hang onto your hat, but we can now put a bid in on the Dragonfly.

SOOKIE: What? Are you kidding?

LORELAI: No.

SOOKIE: How? What happened?

LORELAI: I can't go into it now.

SOOKIE: Okay, I've gotta tell you, even with the champagne and the Herb Albert, I've been depressed for days. I couldn't watch the Dating Game anymore.

LORELAI: Well, that's all changed now.

SOOKIE: I'll go call the attorney. You sit back and relax and enjoy the graduation.

[Sookie pushes past the people in the row]

SOOKIE: This will not happen again, promise.

[Lorelai notices an empty chair between her and her parents]

LORELAI: Uh, you're gonna have to move over one more chair to be part of the group, guys.

EMILY: Oh, I thought maybe someone else was coming.

LORELAI: No.

RICHARD: You sure?

LORELAI: Yes.

EMILY: Because if there is, it would be awkward to move during the ceremony.

LORELAI: Yes, I know what awkward is.

[Emily and Richard move over; Emily sighs.]

LORELAI: What Mom?

EMILY: Nothing. That man in front of me is extraordinarily tall, don't you think?

CUT TO THE CEREMONY STARTING

[The students file out of the school and take their seats. As Rory and Paris sit down, Paris waves to her Nanny and the kids]

PARIS: [to Rory] The middle one, Catarina, she bowled a 143 last week.

RORY: Impressive.

[Sookie pushes past several people in the row to get back to her chair]

SOOKIE: Sorry. I was here before a lot of you, it just looks like I'm late. Appearances can be deceiving. So sorry. [to Lorelai] Real estate agent wasn't in, so I left a message.

LORELAI: Rats.

SOOKIE: Did Rory walk in?

LORELAI: Yeah, first row. Right in front of the kid with the humongous. . .uh, the really cute kid.

SOOKIE: Darn, I wanted to get a picture of her walking in. I'll get some of her in her seat.

[Sookie pushes past the row of people again]

SOOKIE: Excuse me. Sorry. I'm not, I'm not like this. Today I am. I'm with the valedictorian, so. . .

HEADMASTER: Invited guests, fellow faculty, honored attendees and students, welcome to the Chilton Academy graduating class ceremony of 2003. [applause] This year's class is a distinguished assemblage, equal to or surpassing what has proceeded it. In its 200-year history, Chilton has not failed to produce a class that brings only honor to these grounds and to the academy's fine traditions. To begin, I would like to invite the student body president Paris Gellar to lead us in the Pledge of Allegiance. Paris?

PARIS: [to Rory] As his parting shot to me, Charleston never responded to the three aspects of the pledge that I had an objection to and considered rewriting. That's not going to stop me from using air quotes.

[cut to later in the ceremony]

BRAD: [at podium] Through good times and bad, Chilton formed us, brought us hope, honed our insight, gave us encouragement. Though my time here was briefly interrupted by my period spent on Broadway hanging out with Stephen Sondheim, I still consider Chilton the most rewarding experience of my young life. Now it had always been my plan in closing to recite a short poem I'd written.

LOUISE: But you reconsidered.

MADELINE: Come on, Brad. Go out a winner.

BRAD: But as I read it aloud, I realized the sentiments I wanted to share with my fellow students were better expressed in a favorite song of mine. [sings] Cherish is the word I use to describe. .
.bong, bong. Bong, bong.

RORY: Oh, Brad.

BRAD: All the feelings that I have hiding here for you inside, bong, bong, bong. You don't know how many times I've wished that I had told you. . .

[cut to later in the ceremony]

HEADMASTER: It's a distinct pleasure for me to introduce to you our valedictorian. This young lady was a second-year transfer from a modest school where she distinguished herself immeasurably. She is humble, hard working, competitive when need be, and unparalleled in her academic achievements. Ladies and Gentlemen, Rory Gilmore.

[applause; Rory walks up on stage]

SOOKIE: Not crying, right?

LORELAI: Not crying. Keeping our cool so we don't miss anything.

SOOKIE: Tears get in your eyes.

LORELAI: Then you miss things.

SOOKIE: So we're not crying.

LORELAI: Not crying.

SOOKIE: Not crying.

JACKSON: Not crying. Not crying.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: No crying.

LUKE: I'm not crying.

RORY: Headmaster Charleston, faculty members, fellow students, family and friends, welcome. We never thought this day would come. We prayed for its quick delivery, crossed days off our calendars, counted hours, minutes, and seconds, and now that it's here, I'm sorry it is because it means leaving friends who inspire me and teachers who have been my mentors - so many people who have shaped my life and my fellow students' lives impermeably and forever. I live in two worlds. One is a world of books. I've been a resident of Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County, hunted the white whale aboard the Pequod, fought alongside Napoleon, sailed a raft with Huck and Jim, committed absurdities with Ignatius J. Reilly, rode a sad train with Anna Karenina, and strolled down Swann's Way. It's a rewarding world, but my second one is by far superior. My second one is populated with characters slightly less eccentric but supremely real, made of flesh and bone, full of love, who are my ultimate inspiration for everything. Richard and Emily Gilmore are kind, decent, unfailingly generous people. They are my twin pillars without whom I could not stand. I am proud to be their grandchild. But my ultimate inspiration comes from my best friend, the dazzling woman from whom I received my name and my life's blood, Lorelai Gilmore.

SOOKIE: Uh oh.

LORELAI: Hang in there.

RORY: My mother never gave me any idea that I couldn't do whatever I wanted to do or be whomever I wanted to be. She filled our house with love and fun and books and music, unflagging in her efforts to give me role models from Jane Austen to Eudora Welty to Patti Smith. As she guided me through these incredible eighteen years, I don't know if she ever realized that the person I most wanted to be was her.

SOOKIE: Not crying.

LORELAI: Crying a little.

SOOKIE: Crying a little, but not blubbering. That's what we meant when we said no crying, no blubbering.

RORY: Thank you, Mom. You are my guidepost for everything.

SOOKIE: On the verge of blubbering here.

JACKSON: Not doing too well myself.

LORELAI: Not you, too.

LUKE: I'm blubbering, you're freaks.

RORY: As we prepare ourselves today to leave. . .

CUT TO LATER IN THE CEREMONY

[Rory and Paris are in line for their diplomas]

ANNOUNCER: Allegra Grace Fass.

PARIS: I swear, I do not recognize half of these people. [to girl in front of her] Hey. What's your name, what's your story?

[cut to the audience]

EMILY: Where is she, do you see her?

LORELAI: She's the one in the robe.

EMILY: Lorelai, please.

LORELAI: She's lost in a sea of blue polyester, Mom. I couldn't point her out if I wanted to.

JACKSON: Richard, how much to insure all this?

RICHARD: Well, the insurance is probably not prohibitive, but the deductibles would be enormous. Well into six figures.

LUKE: Six figures?

JACKSON: That's like having no insurance at all.

LUKE: So if there was a fire -

LORELAI: Guys, please stop assessing the value of the building and pay attention. Rory's coming up.

RICHARD: Ooh, ooh, sorry.

SOOKIE: I wanna get a closer shot of her getting her diploma.

[Sookie pushes past several people in the row]

SOOKIE: Ooh, sorry, sorry, I suck, I'm sorry.

ANNOUNCER: Paris Eustace Gellar.

PARIS: Finally, a name I recognize.

[Paris walks on stage and receives her diploma]

HEADMASTER: Congratulations, Paris.

PARIS: No hard feelings.

HEADMASTER: Okay.

ANNOUNCER: Lorelai Leigh Gilmore.

LORELAI: This is it.

EMILY: She looks so solemn.

RICHARD: Like a Gilmore.

[Rory walks on stage and receives her diploma]

HEADMASTER: Congratulations, Rory.

RORY: Thank you, Headmaster.

ANNOUNCER: Diana Christine Godby.

[As Rory walks across the stage, she and Lorelai make faces at each other]

EMILY: Lorelai, really.

LORELAI: I taught her everything I know.

[Sookie returns to her seat]

SOOKIE: Honest to God, last time. Sorry. [she sits down and whispers something to Lorelai]

LORELAI: Oh my God. Uh, uh, I, I need a pen. I don't have a pen. Luke, give me your pen.

LUKE: I don't have a pen.

LORELAI: Where's the pen you take orders with?

LUKE: You have got to stop assuming that I take pens with me everywhere I go.

RICHARD: [handing Lorelai a pen] Never be without a pen.

LORELAI: Thank you, Dad.

[Lorelai writes "We got the inn!" on the graduation program and holds it up to show Rory. They smile and make faces at each other.]

EMILY: Really, Lorelai, how many more times are you gonna do that?

LORELAI: I think about six.

[cut to later in the ceremony]

HEADMASTER: Class of 2003, give yourself a hand!

[applause]

CUT TO THE COURTYARD

[Rory walks over to Lorelai and Luke]

RORY: How was my speech?

LORELAI: It made everyone cry, including stone cold Luke.

RORY: Luke, you old softy.

LUKE: I will never live this down.

LORELAI: Not with me in your life.

LUKE: I gotta go, I gotta get back to the diner.

RORY: Thanks for coming, Luke.

LUKE: Oh, sure. The building's amazing. So are you.

RORY: Thanks.

[Rory walks away]

LORELAI: It really was great of you to come, Luke. It meant a lot to her.

LUKE: It was fun.

LORELAI: So if I don't see you, have fun on your trip with Nicole.

LUKE: Oh, we may not go now.

LORELAI: What? You were really looking forward to it.

LUKE: I don't know if the timing's right and. . .things are kinda weird right now.

LORELAI: Oh no.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: It's because I teased you about the commitment thing and proposing. I ruined it.

LUKE: No, that's not it.

LORELAI: Please, promise me that's not it. It would break my heart.

LUKE: But you weren't wrong about that. It got me thinking and it is kind of like committing to her.

LORELAI: So?

LUKE: I don't wanna lead her on.

LORELAI: But you like her, Luke. You like her a lot, don't you?

LUKE: Yeah, she's great.

LORELAI: Then go. No matter what she's reading into it.

LUKE: Really? You think that's okay considering. . .I don't know. . .everything?

LORELAI: Yeah, I do.

LUKE: Oh, okay. I'll probably go then.

LORELAI: Good.

LUKE: I guess I was just nervous about nothing.

LORELAI: That's what I think, too.

LUKE: I'll see ya in a couple months.

LORELAI: Yeah, I'll see you then.

[Paris walks up to Rory]

PARIS: I guess we should say our goodbyes. Nanny made me a special dinner. She makes a mean farturas.

RORY: Well, good, I'm glad you found me. I wanted to say goodbye, too.

PARIS: Good. Well, good luck.

RORY: You know, it's weird, most of the time I really hated you.

PARIS: Yeah, I really hated you, too.

[They hug. Paris walks away. Lorelai, Emily, and Richard walk over]

LORELAI: Hey.

RICHARD: Well, I think it might be time to present Rory with her graduation gift.

RORY: Oh, you guys didn't have to get me anything.

EMILY: Nonsense.

RICHARD: Uh, this one wouldn't fit in an envelope, so follow me please.

EMILY: We're really excited about this one.

LORELAI: So am I.

EMILY: Good.

[they walk toward the parking lot]

RICHARD: Rory, there is your gift. It's the one with the bow.

RORY: Um, Grandpa.

EMILY: Richard.

[the parking lot is filled with cars with bows on them]

RICHARD: Oh, for Pete's sake. Well, it was the only one there when I drove it up.

EMILY: You should've put a more distinctive bow on it.

RICHARD: Well, how was I supposed to know that every kid at Chilton was getting a car?

RORY: You got me a car?

RICHARD: We got you a car.

RORY: That's amazing. Thank you. Thank you. Which one is it?

LORELAI: Or did you get her one for every day of the week like the underwear?

RICHARD: We got her one car. It's a little Prius. It's safe, it gets great gas mileage.

EMILY: And it's the one that Leonardo DiCaprio drives.

RORY: Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you. I love you guys.

EMILY: We love you, too.

RICHARD: And don't forget to call about -

RORY: Insurance. I'll do it the second I get home.

RICHARD: Good. Congratulations, Rory. And thank you for your speech.

RORY: You're welcome. I meant it, thank you for everything.

EMILY: Have fun in Europe. Both of you.

LORELAI: Thank you, Mom.

EMILY: When do you get back?

LORELAI: The 27th.

EMILY: Terrific. We'll see you that Friday for dinner.

[Emily and Richard leave. Lorelai and Rory walk back toward the school building]

LORELAI: Explain the win-win-win thing again.

RORY: Everybody wins, that's what it is.

LORELAI: Hm.

[Rory's cell phone rings]

RORY: Hello? Hello?

LORELAI: A hang up?

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: You're getting a lot of those lately.

[phone rings again]

RORY: Hello? Hello?

[Lorelai waits outside as Rory takes the phone into the school]

RORY: Jess, is that you? Jess, I'm pretty sure it's you and I'm pretty sure you've been calling and not saying anything but wanna say something. Hello? You're not going to talk? Fine, I'll talk. You didn't handle things right at all. You could've talked to me. You could've told me that you were having trouble in school and weren't going to graduate, and that your dad had been there, but you didn't. And you ended up not taking me to my prom and not coming to my graduation and leaving again without saying goodbye again, and that's fine, I get it, but that's it for me. I'm going to Europe tomorrow and I'm going to Yale and I'm moving on. And I'm not going to pine. I hope you didn't think I was going to pine, okay? I think. . . I think I may have loved you, but I just need to let it go. So, that's it, I guess. Um, I hope you're good. I want you to be good, and, um, okay, so, goodbye. That word sounds really lame and stupid right now, but there it is. Goodbye.

[Rory hangs up; in California, Jess hangs up a payphone and walks down the street]

[Lorelai walks into the school]

LORELAI: Hey. You okay?

RORY: I'm okay.

LORELAI: Come on.

RORY: But Sookie and Jackson are out that way.

LORELAI: I wanna go back a different way, come on.

RORY: I thought we were going home.

LORELAI: I just wanna make one more stop before we do.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Luke is cleaning up the tables as Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Hey, Luke.

LUKE: Lorelai, hi. Where's Rory?

LORELAI: Oh, out in the car.

LUKE: Oh. It was a really nice ceremony, wasn't it?

LORELAI: Yeah, it was beautiful.

LUKE: What's up?

LORELAI: I just wanted to say something to you in case we don't see each other before you go on your trip.

LUKE: Sure, what?

LORELAI: Don't get engaged.

LUKE: What, why?

[Lorelai turns to leave]

LUKE: Lorelai?

[Lorelai leaves the diner as Luke stares after her]

CUT TO LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Luke wakes up from his dream]

CUT TO CHILTON

[Lorelai and Rory rush down a hallway]

RORY: Mom, wait.

LORELAI: Hurry, hurry.

RORY: This outfit produces a lot of wind resistance.

[they stop at the bottom of the staircase]

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: What are we doing?

LORELAI: Leaving our mark. Got a knife?

RORY: A knife? For what?

LORELAI: Carving our initials. Come on, knife, knife.

RORY: Uh, like the switchblade I keep in my sock? No, I left it at home.

LORELAI: I must have something in here. [looks through her purse] Ah, safety pin, perfect.

RORY: We can't do this.

LORELAI: Yes, we can. People need to know we were here.

RORY: I'm in the yearbook.

LORELAI: How about the wall?

RORY: No, that's too out in the open. They'll trace it back to us.

LORELAI: They'll see LG and RG and figure out it was us?

RORY: They're are no dorks here.

LORELAI: Somewhere in the floor?

RORY: This marble is two hundred years old. Harriet Beecher Stowe walked on this marble.

LORELAI: Oh, the banister.

RORY: Was donated by Robert Frost.

LORELAI: The sconce.

RORY: Was ceremonially lit for the first time by Thomas Edison.

LORELAI: Geez, is there anything in this whole room that some famous dead person didn't have something to do with.

[they hear some people walking by]

LORELAI: Ooh, cool it, cool it. And this is some very interesting architectural do-dads and hoo-ha's.

RORY: And wingdings and tum-tum's.

LORELAI: That was close.

RORY: Look, just carve it really tiny here on the baseboard of the wall, and do it reversed, so GL and GR.

LORELAI: Oh, maybe it's not such a good idea.

RORY: The madness passes.

[Sookie opens the door at the top of the staircase]

SOOKIE: Hey, you guys coming? Party at your place, right?

RORY: Party?

LORELAI: Just a little gathering.

RORY: Cool.

LORELAI: We'll meet you back at our house.

SOOKIE: Okay, see you there. [leaves]

[Lorelai and Rory start walking up the stairs]

LORELAI: Wait, wait. Look around for a second. Notice?

RORY: Notice what?

LORELAI: It's not so scary anymore.

RORY: No, it's not.

THE END

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