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## 02x08 - The Ins and Outs of Inns

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### 02x08 - The Ins and Outs of Inns

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2.08 - The Ins and Outs of Inns

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OPEN AT ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai, Rory and Emily are eating dinner.]

EMILY: How's the meal?

RORY: Tasty.

LORELAI: Very tasty. New cook?

EMILY: Yes, Marisella. She's introduced us to some wonderful dishes so charmingly specific to her native country.

LORELAI: What country is she from?

EMILY: One of those little ones next to Mexico.

LORELAI: How charmingly specific.

RORY: Too bad Grandpa's not here. He likes weird food.

LORELAI: Yeah, where's he eating his weird food tonight? Argentina? Morocco?

EMILY: Akron.

RORY: Ohio?

EMILY: Yes.

LORELAI: Get out of here.

EMILY: I will not get out of here.

LORELAI: No Mom, I didn't mean really get out of here, I mean□

RORY: Why is Grandpa in Akron?

EMILY: I don't know.

LORELAI: It was just a saying.

EMILY: They sent him to deal with some problem with their local office down there.

LORELAI: A saying, you know, like 'save me' or 'get me out of here'. Things like that.

EMILY: Lorelai, would you like me to put a mirror in front of you so you can look at yourself while you have this conversation?

LORELAI: Sorry, Dad's in Akron.

EMILY: Yes. The amenities are atrociously lacking. He had to eat at a coffee shop last night. The whole thing's terribly insulting. He's miserable.

RORY: I hate that he's miserable.

EMILY: So do I. We really ought to do something.

RORY: Yes, I agree.

LORELAI: Warning, warning.

EMILY: I'm glad to hear you say that Rory, because I thought of a wonderful way to cheer him up.

RORY: Cool, what?

LORELAI: Danger, Will Robinson, danger!

EMILY: An oil portrait of you for his study.

RORY: An oil portrait.

LORELAI: I tried, have fun.

EMILY: It could hang right over his mantle. He'd just love it.

RORY: Well, I guess that would be okay.

LORELAI: Oh Mom, please, don't make her do this.

EMILY: She just said she would.

LORELAI: Fine, paint the picture, but don't make her sit and pose for it. Paint it from a photo.

EMILY: A photo? That's what they do at malls.

RORY: I'll sit, it's fine.

EMILY: Just because your own experience sitting for a portrait was bad doesn't mean Rory's has to be.

RORY: What portrait? I haven't seen this.

LORELAI: They never finished.

EMILY: Three painters started, and they all three quit.

RORY: Why did they quit?

EMILY: She wouldn't stop scowling.

LORELAI: I was going for a Billy Idol thing.

EMILY: The one from Italy had some sort of breakdown.

RORY: Oh my God.

LORELAI: Hey, it didn't hurt Van Gogh, the guy should thank me.

EMILY: A year later, I swear I saw him rummaging through our recyclables.

RORY: Well, I'm happy to sit. If it's for Grandpa, why not?

EMILY: Wonderful. I'll set it up first thing in the morning.

LORELAI: Psst. If you want, I can teach you the Billy Idol. Most people focus on the lip thing, but the eyes are just as import...

[Emily slams the salt shaker on the table. Lorelai stops talking.]

OPENING CREDITS

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and Luke are sitting at a table talking.]

LUKE: So, the first thing you and Sookie would do is incorporate.

LORELAI: Wow. Sounds so big time.

LUKE: Not really. It just means you're a single business entity. You'll both be officers and shareholders, and you'll get to make up a name for your company and everything.

LORELAI: Mmm, I'm terrible at coming up with names. When we first bought out house, Rory and I wanted to name it, you know, like Jefferson named his place Monticello, but all we could come up with is The Crap Shack.

LUKE: Nice.

[Jess walks over with a coffeepot]

JESS: Coffee?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, thanks. How are you Jess?

JESS: Well, I'm not bleeding or anything.

LORELAI: Well, then it's gonna be a good day, huh?

JESS: Yeah. It's 7:45.

LUKE: So?

JESS: So do you want me to go to school or do you want to openly defy child labor laws?

LUKE: Go. Stay out of trouble.

JESS: Guess that means calling off the chickie run down at the salt flax.

LUKE: Out. [Jess leaves]

LORELAI: Wow, so much love.

LUKE: So, you guys have a site in mind for the inn?

LORELAI: Yes.

LUKE: Great, where?

LORELAI: You've seen pictures of it. The Rachel property.

LUKE: Oh, right.

LORELAI: Sorry.

LUKE: It's okay.

LORELAI: I just meant, Rachel took the pictures, and the pictures kind of got us into the place, so we started calling it the Rachel property 'cause it made sense at the time and then it became a habit. But now out of respect for you, I'm gonna stop repeatedly using her name and uh, think of another name to call it. Let's see, The Crap Shack's taken.

LUKE: It's okay. Call it what you want.

LORELAI: So, who taught you about all this business stuff? Your dad?

LUKE: Please. My dad didn't even have a checking account until I finally got taller than he was. He bought this land with cash from working construction, built this place himself. Didn't have a bookkeeper, an accountant, or anything.

LORELAI: Wow, so you had no one showing you the ropes.

LUKE: Nope, I figured I had to just dive in on my own, fail if that's my destiny, and forget what the experts say.

LORELAI: That is exactly my philosophy. Exactly. Except I'm not diving in on my own, I'm diving in with Sookie, and, uh, failure is not even a choice of destinies, and I'm consulting any expert who will listen to me. Otherwise, it's identical.

LUKE: Well, I should be getting going. You gonna write this meal off?

LORELAI: Why?

LUKE: Oh, we talked business. You gotta be thinking about these things.

LORELAI: No, I mean, why? I'm not paying for it. [Luke sighs] Exactly.

LUKE: You're gonna do fine.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

[Lorelai and Sookie are talking in the kitchen as Michel walks in.]

LORELAI: It shouldn't be too flashy.

SOOKIE: How about something historical, like 'The Paul Revere'?

LORELAI: Oh, that could work.

MICHEL: What could work?

LORELAI: We're thinking up names for the inn we're gonna open.

SOOKIE: I mean, if you want simple, something like 'The Country Rose'.

LORELAI: That's pretty good.

SOOKIE: We could line the front path with multicolored roses.

LORELAI: Or. . or 'The Inn by the Hollow'. Kind of long.

SOOKIE: No, but nice.

MICHEL: How about 'The Money Pit'?

LORELAI: Boo.

MICHEL: Or 'The Outhouse'. Go international.

SOOKIE: Go back in your hole.

MICHEL: Or 'The Inn Heading for Bankruptcy'. Kind of long, but nice.

SOOKIE: You who have no dreams rain on those who do.

MICHEL: I say this because I care about you. It's risky what you are doing. Most new businesses go down within two years.

LORELAI: I say if we go down after two years, it'll be the most exciting two years of our lives.

SOOKIE: Same here. Boredom stinks.

MICHEL: Fine, proceed blindly. [hands Lorelai some papers] Here, it came in ten minutes ago. It does not involve the Independence Inn, therefore delivering it was beyond my official obligations, so I am taking an extra long lunch break. [leaves]

SOOKIE: He's so genuine.

LORELAI: Oh my God.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: It's the title search for the Rachel property. And guess who owns it.

SOOKIE: Tell me it's not that bastard Donald Trump.

LORELAI: Fran.

SOOKIE: Fran from Weston's Bakery?

LORELAI: Sweet little Fran, the cupcake lady. Not some cigar-chomping, dirty dealing city slicker.

SOOKIE: Ooh! That's good. Hey! 'The Country Slicker.' Funny name, cutesy idea

LORELAI: Mm, it's a little much.

SOOKIE: It's way too much.

LORELAI: I'll call Fran.

SOOKIE: 'Fran's Old Place!' It'll be like Ruth's Chris Steakhouse. People will be trying to figure out who Fran is. Or 'The In Inn!' It's like an inn that's in with the in crowd. . .I'm gonna go sit down.

LORELAI: Do that sweetie.

SOOKIE: Okay.

CUT TO OUTSIDE DOOSE'S MARKET

[Taylor walks down the sidewalk to his store. Right in front of it, there is a chalk outline of a body on the sidewalk surrounded by police tape.]

CUT TO BAKERY

[Lorelai is sitting at a table as Sookie walks in and sits down with her.]

SOOKIE: Honey, I'm so sorry. Am I late late or just late?

LORELAI: Two pieces of carrot cake and a rumball.

SOOKIE: Ah, I am so sorry! I swear I meant to be on time, but I was prepping the raspberry glaze for tonight's dessert special, and it struck me. I made a blueberry glaze for the soufflé I made last Tuesday, and this is Tuesday, and a lot of locals come every week on the same night every week, and I just didn't want to serve them some. . .like a similar dessert even though it's a completely different berry. . .

LORELAI: I need another rumball.

SOOKIE: Ah, I'm sorry.

LORELAI: No, you're a perfectionist, and that attention to detail is why people call you the Maestro.

SOOKIE: Really? Who calls me that?

LORELAI: The people who eat the rumballs.

[Fran walks over to their table.]

FRAN: So ladies, how are we doing here?

SOOKIE: Oh, we're doing great Fran.

FRAN: Oh, well that's wonderful.

LORELAI: Fran, could Sookie and I talk to you for a couple minutes?

FRAN: Oh, of course. Marjorie can handle things. [sits down] Oooh.

LORELAI: Fran, are you okay?

FRAN: Aw, it's this bum hip. It needs to be replaced, again. And I have this awful angina.

SOOKIE: Oh, we're so sorry to hear that.

FRAN: So, I know you didn't come here to listen to me gripe, so tell me what's on your mind.

LORELAI: Okay, well Fran, we understand that you own the old Dragonfly Bed and Breakfast, that whole property out there.

FRAN: Why, yes I do. It was my parents' business.

SOOKIE: It's a beautiful place.

FRAN: Oh, it used to be. But it's in such disarray now.

LORELAI: Yes it is, and that's kind of why we're here. We'd actually like to buy it.

FRAN: Buy the Dragonfly?

LORELAI: Yes, we'd like to buy it and make it beautiful again, and we're prepared to make you an offer right now.

FRAN: Oh my, well this is a surprise.

LORELAI: See, Sookie and I are gonna start our own inn and we've been searching for the perfect place.

FRAN: Your own inn?

LORELAI: Yeah.

FRAN: Oh how wonderful! You are going to be so successful.

SOOKIE: Thanks Sweetie.

LORELAI: That means so much, like we have your blessing.

FRAN: But I can't sell you the property.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: How come?

FRAN: I just couldn't. You know, I have no siblings and no children and in a ways, that place is really the only family I have. I'm the last Weston left, so I plan to own it forever.

LORELAI: Forever?

FRAN: Forever and ever.

LORELAI: That's a very long time.

SOOKIE: A very long time.

FRAN: I'm so sorry.

LORELAI: Fran, may I ask. . . um. . .

FRAN: Go ahead honey, ask me anything you want.

LORELAI: Well, what happens to the place if you. . .well, if forever isn't quite forever?

FRAN: I don't understand dear. All I know is that I can't sell the place.

LORELAI: Oh no, I don't mean selling it. I mean, you would keep it forever, but what happens once you're no longer in the position of physically controlling the property?

FRAN: How could that be?

LORELAI: Uh, well, if you um, if you

SOOKIE: Take a long vacation.

LORELAI: Yes, take a long vacation. Thank you.

SOOKIE: You're welcome.

LORELAI: And when you're on that long vacation, the property is just left sitting there. Well, what happens then?

FRAN: Oh, I don't enjoy vacations. I toured the California gold country ten years ago, it was hot and the bus smelled.

LORELAI: Okay, I mean a longer vacation than a trip to California.

SOOKIE: To a different place.

FRAN: What kind of place?

LORELAI: A place out there.

SOOKIE: Way out there Fran.

FRAN: Europe?

LORELAI: I mean the ultimate long vacation.

SOOKIE: Yeah, Francie, eventually, we're all gonna take the same long vacation.

LORELAI: And with that being the case, you might want to sell the property now and enjoy the money.



FRAN: I'm very sorry, but I can never sell the place.

LORELAI: Oh, well thanks for your time Fran.

SOOKIE: Yeah, thanks Fran.

FRAN: Bye now.

LORELAI: Bye.

SOOKIE: Bye.

FRAN: You both look so sad. Would you like a cupcake?

LORELAI: Please.

SOOKIE: Yeah.

FRAN: Good.

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Rory and Lane are walking down the sidewalk in Stars Hollow.]

LANE: So, Janie Fertman's trying to be my friend again.

RORY: Yikes. What kind of vibe are you giving her?

LANE: Oh, my patented Keith Richards circa 1969 'don't mess with me' vibe, with a thousand-yard Asian stare thrown in.

RORY: That should do it.

[They see a police car and a large crowd down the street in front of Doose's market]

RORY: What's happening up there?

CUT TO OUTSIDE DOOSE'S MARKET

[A crowd has gathered around the chalk outline.]

POLICEWOMAN: Just try to calm down Taylor.

TAYLOR: Calm down! Why should I calm down?

BOOTSY: Yeah, why should he calm down?

TAYLOR: I want action not words.

BOOTSY: Yeah, action not words.

TAYLOR: Don't you need to get back to your newsstand, Bootsy?

BOOTSY: No buddy, I'm all yours.

POLICEWOMAN: We're gonna get to the bottom of this, I promise you.

TAYLOR: A crime was committed right in front of my store.

POLICEWOMAN: Now, we can't say that for sure yet.

TAYLOR: How come you can't say that for sure? This is a police tape. You're the police, you own the tape!

POLICEWOMAN: Taylor, we've contacted everyone in the precinct. No one knows anything about this.

TAYLOR: Well, what am I supposed to do? I've got a dead body right in front of my store!

POLICEWOMAN: No, you have a chalk outline of a dead body in front of your store.

BOOTSY: Meaning that there were two crimes.

POLICEWOMAN: What?

BOOTSY: What do you mean what? Somebody got m\*rder\*d, then somebody stole the body. It's open and shut, bing bang boom.

POLICEWOMAN: Is this your son?

TAYLOR: I should say not.

BOOTSY: Oh.

POLICEWOMAN: Look, my partner's doing a headcount to see if anyone in town is missing. Until then, just hang tight. [leaves]

[Rory and Lane walk up to Dean in the crowd.]

RORY: Hey.

DEAN: Hey.

RORY: What's going on?

DEAN: I don't know. I got here and this is what I found. I mean, I told him it looked fake, but he didn't believe me.

RORY: And you have such an honest face.

DEAN: Well, he must not love me as much as you do.

LANE: Okay, you two are officially sickening. [leaves]

[The policewoman walks up to Taylor]

POLICEWOMAN: Everyone's accounted for Taylor. It looks like this is just an elaborate prank.

TAYLOR: But it looks so real. Where'd they get the police tape?

POLICEWOMAN: Kids have their ways.

TAYLOR: Who'd be depraved enough to pull a stupid prank like this?

POLICEWOMAN: Hard to say.

[Rory sees Jess standing across the street smirking as he watches the crowd]

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

[Rory is sitting at a table doing work, Lorelai is getting coffee, Sookie is cooking.]

RORY: Mom, you're not writing what you purchased on the back of any of the inn's credit cards receipts.

LORELAI: Oh, well, just put cooking spray and sponges.

RORY: Okay. And when an auditor wants to know why you need such large amounts of cooking spray and sponges?

LORELAI: Then I drop my pencil and I put the scoop neck sweater that I'm now making a mental note to wear to good use.

RORY: Well at least you've got a solid well thought out plan.

SOOKIE: I had a dream last night about us and Fran.

LORELAI: Oh, what was it?

SOOKIE: Well, it was in the future and we were all old, you and me and Rory and Jackson and Michel, everyone. Gray hair, walking around with canes, we're all kind of ailing, you know? I had those big cataract glasses on. You were hard of hearing and kept going, Huh? Huh?

LORELAI: Oh, that's attractive.

RORY: Its you kids with your rock and roll.

SOOKIE: But wuh-ho, here walks up Fran, and guess what. She looks exactly the same, even better.

LORELAI: Ugh! That's not fair.

SOOKIE: That woman is gonna live forever.

LORELAI: Not necessarily. Hey, did you look up angina? I forgot to.

SOOKIE: Yeah, it's nothing major.

RORY: You guys have got to stop talking like this.

LORELAI: Like what?

RORY: We love Fran, remember? Fran is great.

SOOKIE: No, honey, of course we love Fran. We just wanna know what God's little plan is for her, that's all.

[Michel walks into the kitchen]

MICHEL: I would advise at least pretending to look busy, the boss is here.

RORY: Mia!

LORELAI: You're kidding! When?

MICHEL: I just spotted her walking in.

LORELAI: Let's go.

CUT TO LOBBY

[Lorelai and Rory walk out from the kitchen over to Mia.]

RORY: Mia!

MIA: Uh! Oh my babies! Ooh! [hugs them]

RORY: Did we know you were coming?

MIA: I didn't know I was coming.

LORELAI: This isn't a surprise inspection is it?

MIA: That's exactly what this is. Ready? Oh, you're too thin as always.

RORY: But we eat.

MIA: And you're both too beautiful.

LORELAI: Yes, that's true. We often feel guilty monopolizing the amount of beauty we're in possession of.

MIA: And I don't see you enough which is my fault, so you both pass.

LORELAI: Aww.

[Michel walks over to them]

MIA: Ooh Michel. Ooh, how nice to see you. Uh, and look at that suit. You are quite the dandy, aren't you?

MICHEL: Well, I had a feeling that a lovely woman was going to be visiting today so I decided I must look my best for her.

MIA: I'm sorry honey, I didn't catch a word of that.

RORY: He said he missed you.

MIA: You've been in the U.S. quite some time Michel, your enunciation really should be better by now.

MICHEL: The customers seem to understand me just fine.

MIA: I didn't get that either. Did you get the tapes I sent you?

LORELAI: Hey, maybe you should hit the desk. A couple of people are looking for help.

MICHEL: Right away. Mia, uh, I. . . [salutes and walks behind the desk]

MIA: So, are you too busy to sneak out with me for a walk?

RORY: Not if it's okay with the boss.

MIA: It's a demand at this point.

LORELAI: Let's go. Michel, hold down the fort?

MICHEL: Oh, it's a little slow now, so it's no problem.

RORY: Oh, he says that he's never liked you and that you're a problem.

MICHEL: I said no such thing!

MIA: I don't know where this hostility comes from. Can we work this out?

MICHEL: There's nothing to work out.

RORY: He told you to get out.

MICHEL: I did not!

MIA: I don't know what I did to make him hate me.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Luke is at the counter fixing a toaster as Lorelai, Rory and Mia walk in]

MIA: Look at this place, it's exactly the same.

LORELAI: Actually, I made him paint it a few months ago.

MIA: Well, good for you.

[Luke walks over and hugs Mia]

LUKE: Mia hey!

MIA: Nice to see you Lucas.

LUKE: You're the only person in the world who can call me that, Mia.

MIA: I know this.

LUKE: I'm saying it for others who plan to try it later.

LORELAI: Whatever Lucas.

LUKE: Mia, you know anything about toasters?

MIA: Not a damn thing.

LUKE: Well, then sit down and let me get you some coffee.

[Luke goes to get coffee as they sit down at a table.]

LORELAI: So, Mia, how's living in Santa Barbara?

MIA: Horrible. Did you know the damn sun shines all the time out there?

RORY: They've written songs about that.

MIA: Well, no one told me that's how it was. Half of my wardrobe is obsolete.

LORELAI: Aw, drag. Hey, you know that vintagey blue coat?

MIA: You're not getting it.

LORELAI: Right.

[Jess walks up to Luke, who's fixing the toaster again.]

JESS: You're making that worse.

LUKE: Big help, thanks.

LORELAI: Luke's nephew.

MIA: Luke, that's your nephew?

[Luke brings their coffee to the table]

LUKE: It's Liz's kid. Jess, this is Mia, she owns the Independence Inn.

JESS: Huh.

LUKE: That's 'Hello, nice to meet you' in slacker.

JESS: You don't need me down here, do you? [leaves]

LUKE: I'm sorry Mia. He's just□

MIA: Oh please, forget it. You weren't exactly a talkative boy yourself when you were his age.

LORELAI: That's right, you knew Luke as a boy.

RORY: I can't imagine Luke as a boy.

LUKE: Can we change the subject?

MIA: He would help people carry groceries home.

RORY: Oh, how very Boy Scout-y of you.

MIA: For a quarter a bag.

LORELAI: Oh, how very John Birch Society-y of you.

MIA: He was never without his skateboard for a time.

LORELAI: Were you any good?

LUKE: I could hold my own.

MIA: And there was that year you wore the same shirt everywhere you went.

LUKE: I don't remember that.

LORELAI: Must have been something flannel.

MIA: No, it was from that TV show. That famous one.

LUKE: It's not important.

MIA: Star Trek, that's it!

[Lorelai and Rory laugh]

LORELAI: Oh my God, oh my God!

LUKE: Stop it.

RORY: You were a Trekkie?

LUKE: I was not a Trekkie.

LORELAI: Uh uh, I do believe that denying you were a Trekkie is a violation of the prime directive.

RORY: Indubitably captain.

LUKE: It was a gift from my aunt, I wore it to make her happy.

LORELAI: I've never wanted to make any aunt of mine that happy.

MIA: Did I say something I shouldn't have?

LORELAI: Oh no Mia, that's okay. I just have to cancel everything I have scheduled for the next three months 'cause I'll still be laughing my ass off.

[Taylor walks into the diner.]

TAYLOR: Luke, I need to talk to you right now.

LUKE: What is it Taylor?

TAYLOR: I have conducted a thorough investigation of all the people who may have inadvertently been witness to the phony m\*rder at my store last night.

MIA: There was a phony m\*rder?

LORELAI: Yeah, the town's too dull to work up a real m\*rder.

RORY: But you're one 'beam me up Scotty' reference away from being the victim of one.

LORELAI: Mm.

TAYLOR: Luke, are you going to listen?

LUKE: What's this got to do with me?

TAYLOR: Three people have reported seeing Jess in that area late last night, skulking, lurking.

LUKE: There were a lot of people out late last night. I know because I fed some of them. I'll give you their names so you can add them to your suspect list.

TAYLOR: Another person witnessed Jess walking out of an arts and crafts store two days ago with what appeared to be chalk.

LUKE: You appear to be bugging me Taylor.

TAYLOR: What are you gonna do about it Luke?

LUKE: About what?

TAYLOR: About the results of my investigation.

LUKE: Absolutely nothing, but thanks for the info.

TAYLOR: You have to do something. People want action.

LUKE: People, meaning you.

TAYLOR: Not just me. I speak for the Stars Hollow Business Association, the Stars Hollow Tourist Board, the Stars Hollow Neighborhood Watch Organization, and the Stars Hollow Citizens for a Clean Stars Hollow Council.

LUKE: All of which are you.

TAYLOR: So are you going to act.

LUKE: Yes I am. I'm gonna act like you never came in here.

TAYLOR: Fine, have it your own way. But I warn you, there's gonna be a lot of unhappy people at S.H.B.A., the S.H.T.B., the S.H.N.W.O. and the S.H.C.C.S.H.C.

LUKE: F-I-N-E.

TAYLOR: Oh, you're. . .you're impossible, you are impossible! [starts to leave] Oh, hi Mia.

MIA: Nice to see you Taylor. [Taylor leaves] Ah, I gotta get out of Santa Barbara. I miss the small town theater. And I miss you. Hey, do you realize it was fifteen years ago almost to the day?

LORELAI: Yes it was.

RORY: What was?

MIA: To the day when this skinny little teenage girl showed up at the inn. She had this tiny little thing in her arms.



LORELAI: A little thing named Rory. [pinches Rory's cheeks]

RORY: Okay, no physical reenactments.

MIA: You marched up to me, looked me right in the eye and said, 'I'm here for a job. Any job.'

LORELAI: Well, IBM had turned me down for the CEO slot, so I was desperate.

MIA: Work experience none, recommendations none, skills□

LORELAI: Besides flawlessly applying mascara in a moving car, none.

MIA: Not one thing to recommend hiring her. Just that□how do I put it and remain a lady□that 'who cares' look in her eyes, so I gave her any job. The other maids hated you.

LORELAI: Yeah, well they were all so slow.

MIA: You were special.

RORY: Mia, why don't you move back here? We miss you.

LORELAI: Or at least visit more? You used to check in. You never come at all.

MIA: I don't have to. You've made me redundant.

LORELAI: I have not.

MIA: Don't be humble. The inn is beyond covered. It's never run this well or been this successful. That inn is like your place now. Without you I wouldn't know what to do, I'd be lost.

LORELAI: Lost, yeah.

RORY: Yeah.

MIA: You look sad now, why?

LORELAI: Oh, nothing.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

[Sookie is cooking while Lorelai talks to her.]

LORELAI: In all the excitement, I hadn't thought about telling Mia. What is wrong with me?

SOOKIE: Nothing is wrong with you.

LORELAI: I feel terrible. I should've told her before. I should've told her the day the idea occurred to us. She deserved that. [phone rings] After all she's done for me. [answers phone] Hello?

EMILY: Lorelai, your daughter's being impossible. She won't pose in an appropriate manner.

RORY: I'm trying to Grandma. It's just awkward.

LORELAI: Let me guess how you're posing her. She's in a silly gown on a silly chair with both of her hands raised in some silly way.

EMILY: No, just the one hand is raised, and none of it's silly.

LORELAI: Pick a simpler pose, Mom.

EMILY: This is the simplest, and it wasn't my choice.

LORELAI: And your choice is▯

EMILY: I wanted the swan to sit regally aside Rory's throne.

LORELAI: Swan? Throne?

EMILY: Oh, now you have a problem with swans and thrones.

LORELAI: Because swans and thrones scream one thing Mom, Siegfried and Roy.

EMILY: Who?

LORELAI: Make a change Mom.

EMILY: I suppose you'd just have her sitting in a chair reading a book.

LORELAI: Now that sounds great.

EMILY: Oh, be serious.

LORELAI: I am. That's a completely natural pose for Rory. And a painting of her reading that's gonna be hung in Dad's study seems just crazy enough to work.

EMILY: Well, maybe it's not such a bad idea.

LORELAI: Give it a try. And let her lower her arm.

EMILY: Rory, you can lower your arm.

RORY: Thanks.

[swan honks]

EMILY: I think he's just hungry. We're going to lose the swan.

LORELAI: Good going Mom. Bye. [hangs up] Ugh. So how do I do this? How..how▯how do I tell Mia that I'm leaving?

SOOKIE: Get her drunk first?

LORELAI: Oh, I can't believe it. I'm gonna let down the one person in my life who was there for me when I needed it the most. I'm great, aren't I?

[Mia and Michel enter the kitchen]

MIA: I wanted to put it on the front desk but I think it might be a tad short.

MICHEL: Well, we could get a carpenter to build up a base and raise it up two inches and then it would be perfect.

MIA: Great idea. Hey, I got that, every word!

MICHEL: Yes!

MIA: Oh, oh, I'm so proud!

[Michel and Mia leave]

SOOKIE: So you gonna tell her now or later?

LORELAI: Later, because she's so happy that she can finally understand Michel and that the lamp is fixed and that...

SOOKIE: [clucks like a chicken]

LORELAI: And that too.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai, Rory, and Mia walk down the street towards Miss Patty's]

RORY: We're late.

LORELAI: We're not late.

RORY: The last time we were late, Taylor said that there would be consequences.

LORELAI: He did not. He said there would be severe consequences.

RORY: Mia, what time is it? Are we late?

MIA: I hope so.

LORELAI: Mia!

MIA: I'm sorry, but it's been two years since I've gotten to go to a town meeting and I want some controversy.

[Lorelai sees Luke in front of the diner, locking up]

LORELAI: Aha!

LUKE: Geez! Don't sneak up on me like that.

LORELAI: Yeah, boy, I was lucky you had your phasers on stun, huh?

RORY: Well, at least we're not late. Luke's never late.

LUKE: Actually, we're 2 minutes early.

RORY: Ha! We should get a prize for being on time.

LORELAI: Hey Luke, let's go back to the diner and get some pie as our reward for being on time.

LUKE: Then you'd be late.

LORELAI: A funny conundrum, but I want pie.

LUKE: You're harassing me now.

LORELAI: I'm not harassing you. We're your groupies. [in high voice] Oh Luke, you're so dreamy, be my guy!

RORY: [in high voice] No, be my guy!

LUKE: I'm bringing up the need for more police protection at this thing.

[they walk into the town meeting, which has already started]

MIA: I think we're late.

LUKE: What's going on here?

TAYLOR: Uh, nothing.

LUKE: Meeting was supposed to start at eight Taylor, it's a minute to eight.

TAYLOR: Well...

MISS PATTY: Oh, you might as well be honest with him Taylor.

LORELAI: Be honest with him about what?

TAYLOR: Well, if you must know, there was a special issue that the business community had to deal with first, so we decided to start early tonight.

LUKE: I'm in the business community and I wasn't told about it. Taylor?

TAYLOR: All right, fine. You weren't invited Luke.

LUKE: And why is that?

MIA: Controversy.

TAYLOR: You weren't invited because we are dealing with the Jess situation.

LUKE: The Jess situation?

LORELAI: Uh oh. If this was the wild west, we'd be pushing the horse aside and diving into the water trough right about now.

LUKE: Dammit Taylor!

MISS PATTY: Luke, honey, calm down.

TAYLOR: After all, this is all your doing. If you hadn't so cavalierly dismissed the issue, we wouldn't have had to do this. I lost business because of what your hooligan nephew did.

LUKE: How was business lost Taylor? If you had to open a little late that day, your customers just came back later.

TAYLOR: Not so. When Mrs. Lanahan couldn't buy her head of lettuce that morning for her lunch,

she drove straight to Woodbury to buy lettuce from a competing market. Isn't that right Mrs. Lanahan? Mrs. Lanahan?

LORELAI: You really shouldn't be driving anymore.

TAYLOR: Word has it that she was telling other Doose market shoppers that Woodbury lettuce is crisper. That's business flying out the door.

LUKE: Okay fine. How much is a head of lettuce, a buck? Oh, let's go crazy, give me five heads.

TAYLOR: This goes well beyond a head of lettuce, young man. The charges against your nephew are numerous. He stole the 'save the bridge' money...

LUKE: He gave that back.

TAYLOR: He stole a gnome from Babette's garden.

LUKE: Pierpont was also returned.

MISS PATTY: He hooted one of my dance classes.

FRAN: He took a garden hose from my yard.

MAN: My son said he set off the fire alarms at school last week.

LORELAI: I heard he controls the weather and wrote the screenplay to Glitter.

BOOTSY: I think it's time for me to pipe up here.

LUKE: Oh yeah, that'll be good.

BOOTSY: I have every right to pipe in here Luke. I'm a local entrepreneur.

LUKE: You took over your father's newsstand Bootsy, it doesn't make you an entrepreneur.

BOOTSY: And you took over your old man's hardware store.

LUKE: And turned it into a diner.

BOOTSY: Big whoop. Who can't fry an egg?

TAYLOR: Let's keep it moving here boys, huh?

BOOTSY: I never liked the look of that kid from the second I saw him.

LUKE: Unbelievable.

BOOTSY: Excuse me, but I've got the floor.

LUKE: You don't have the floor.

BOOTSY: I'm standing, aren't I?

LUKE: Well I was standing first which means I have the floor and I'm not giving it to you.

TAYLOR: What is with you too?

BOOTSY: This goes way beyond the Jess matter Taylor. Luke's been on my case since the first grade when he wrongfully accused me of sabotaging a clay imprint that he made of his hand.

LORELAI: Ooh! Think hard, was he dressed like Sulu?

LUKE: No one cares about the stupid clay hand Bootsy. And you stomped on it while it was drying. Three kids saw you.

BOOTSY: No I didn't.

LUKE: You did too!

BOOTSY: No I didn't.

TAYLOR: Boys, please. The bottom line here is that there is a consensus among townspeople who are in agreement that Stars Hollow was a better place before Jess got here.

LUKE: So this half of the room gets the tar, and the other half gets the feathers?

TAYLOR: Well, there hasn't been any talk of tar and feathers. Although

LUKE: Look, I've lived in this town my entire life, longer than most everybody here.

BOOTSY: I beg to differ. I'm five weeks older than you, that means I've been here five weeks longer.

LUKE: I've never bothered anyone. I've kept to myself and I've done the best I could. I pay my taxes, and I help people when I can. I haven't pitched in on the decorative pageantry town stuff because it all seems insane to me, but I don't get in the way of that stuff either.

TAYLOR: What's your point, Luke?

LORELAI: His point is do you mind?

LUKE: Be my guest.

LORELAI: His point is, that if there's a problem

LUKE: And I'm not saying there's a problem.

LORELAI: Right, he's not saying there is a problem, but if there it, give him time to deal with it before you storm his diner with torches and pitchforks.

LUKE: Right. What I'm dealing with, being a problem, that I don't necessarily agree that I even have.

LORELAI: Right.

TAYLOR: I didn't get that last part.

LORELAI: Lay off him because what you're all doing stinks.

LUKE: I'm done here. I'm done with all of you. Oh, and I was gonna stay open later in case anyone wanted to eat after the meeting. Forget that. [leaves]

BOOTSY: His turkey burgers are very dry.

CUT TO OUTSIDE MISS PATTY'S

[Lorelai, Rory and Mia walk out of the town meeting.]

MIA: Well, I must say that was quite exciting.

LORELAI: A little disturbing. I think the whole town needs a field trip.

RORY: Do you think Luke's okay?

LORELAI: I think he will be. He just needs to cool off a little.

RORY: Hey, I'm gonna go check on Dean. He's been scraping that outline off the cement for two days now.

LORELAI: Good idea. There's nothing like your face on his to make the cleaning process go faster.

RORY: She's all yours Mia.

MIA: I'll take her.

LORELAI: Bye hon. [Rory leaves]

MIA: Oh, I am just having the most wonderful time. And I am so proud of you and Rory. You both have just come so far.

LORELAI: Yeah, we have. Um, Mia, I need to talk to you about something.

MIA: Of course. What is it, honey?

LORELAI: Well, um, it's really hard, and uh, I should've brought it up ages ago, but Sookie and I are thinking of making a change.

MIA: A change?

LORELAI: We're going to open our own inn.

MIA: Oh!

LORELAI: I mean, we've talked about it for a long time and it seems like the time is right and—Oh Mia, I love the Independence Inn and Sookie loves it too and we both love you so much.

MIA: I know.

LORELAI: But it just feels like something we need to do and—you hate me.

MIA: No I don't.

LORELAI: I'm letting you down. I'm walking out. I'm being ungrateful.

MIA: Lorelai, stop. Do you think I was naïve enough to think that you'd work for me forever? You and Sookie have more talent for this business than I do. And I'm very good. You're going to open an incredible place, and if you don't let me help you in any way I can, then I'll be very mad.

LORELAI: Of course, we need your help. We'd be lost without your help.

MIA: Good. I was just wondering, what's the time frame for this big move?

LORELAI: Well, we're waiting for this perfect location to free up, that's all that's delaying us. But I promise you'll have plenty of notice and I'll be there to find our replacements and train them.

MIA: Oh yes, that's very sweet of you, but I'm wondering if you could possibly make it sooner rather than later?

LORELAI: What?

MIA: Well, you see, your leaving gives me the perfect excuse to finally sell the place.

LORELAI: Sell the place?

MIA: Oh, I get offers all the time, lucrative ones, but I never even considered it because. . . oh, of course I love the inn, but I just couldn't do that to you. And now that you have this big change coming up in your life, it might be time for one in mine.

LORELAI: Oh. Good, uh, good. Then it all works out good.

MIA: Actually, it's very good!

LORELAI: Okay. Well□good.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai sits at a table in the lobby organizing placecards as Sookie walks over to her with a piece of paper]

LORELAI: Hey.

SOOKIE: Hey. So I'm working on the menu for the Duncan wedding.

LORELAI: I can't read that.

SOOKIE: I know. I had it all typed up nice and neat to begin with but on the drive into work, I got an inspiration. I just started crossing it out and writing in the new stuff. And it ain't easy writing and driving, and□I can't read that. What is that - cumin?

LORELAI: Sookie, I can't read that either.

SOOKIE: Oh. I'll just get you a new one. Hey, how did your talk with Mia go?

LORELAI: Fine. Good. She took it like you said she would - classy.

SOOKIE: She is classy. Good, good. That's a relief. It is a relief right? I mean, you said she took it good?

LORELAI: Yes she did.

SOOKIE: But you look upset.

LORELAI: She's gonna sell the inn.

SOOKIE: You're kidding.



LORELAI: No, she said she gets offers and she thinks this might be kind of fortuitous timing for her.

SOOKIE: Well, great, so everybody wins, that's good. Look happy. Okay, this does not look happy.

LORELAI: I just don't understand how she can do this.

SOOKIE: What's the big deal?

LORELAI: The big deal is—she's not gonna sell it to another Mia. It's gonna be a big chain, and they'll come marching in with their business models and their corporate approved architects and designers, and change everything around and remodel, and the place will lose all its personality and charm.

SOOKIE: Well, I hope they don't do that, but hey, our place is gonna be full of charm.

LORELAI: So you don't care what happens to this place?

SOOKIE: Of course I do, but it's not up to me. I mean, I can't control that. The only thing we can control is what our inn's gonna be like.

LORELAI: I guess.

SOOKIE: You guess what?

LORELAI: We'll see.

SOOKIE: We'll see what?

LORELAI: It's just a little short sided to just write off this place when we haven't even bought Fran's yet and, hey, we don't know if we will.

[Lorelai walks to the dining room, Sookie follows her.]

SOOKIE: We don't? Why wouldn't we? Lorelai. Is this about Fran's life expectancy because I—

LORELAI: No Sookie, it's about the fact that we haven't even looked at any other places and we don't know if that's necessarily the right one and we have to be very practical about this.

SOOKIE: But it's the perfect location. We all said so.

LORELAI: Well, you can't get emotionally attached to any of our decisions about the inn. This is business. You've got to stay detached.

SOOKIE: But we are all so not detached. But—okay, do you have another location in mind?

LORELAI: Not really.

SOOKIE: Do you wanna look for a new location?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, like I have all this time to go looking for other locations.

SOOKIE: Well, I don't know. Should we try to buy this place?

LORELAI: Aha. This place is five times what we can afford.

SOOKIE: So what do we do?

LORELAI: I don't know. It's on hold, I guess.

SOOKIE: Well, it's been on hold for years. We were moving forward.

LORELAI: Yes, well, I'm looking at the economy right now and I'm thinking, I don't know if the timing's good.

SOOKIE: Okay, that's not fair because I don't know anything about the economy.

LORELAI: Oh, well then good thing you hooked up with me because it's not looking good.

SOOKIE: Okay, what happened?

LORELAI: What do you mean, what happened?

SOOKIE: We had a vision, we had a plan. You're the one that got this whole ball rolling again, and I jumped on the ball, and then we were rolling on the ball together and then you hopped off the ball, and I'm still on the ball. And I'm confused, 'cause I see it, and I see our vision, and you saw it too up until today!

LORELAI: Well, I know you would like things to be simple and straightforward but unfortunately things are more complicated.

SOOKIE: Okay, that's why we'd be partners. If something gets too heavy for the one person, the other one's there to pick up the slack.

LORELAI: Yes, well that's great in theory, but I gotta tell you, my back is aching from all the extra slack I'm taking up!

SOOKIE: What did I do that's so wrong?

LORELAI: Let's not get into this stuff.

SOOKIE: No, get into it.

LORELAI: Well, you're not the most reliable person in the world or the most punctual.

SOOKIE: You've always known that about me.

LORELAI: Yes, but now, getting into business, it's not so cute. It could hurt us. I mean, you were late for the Fran meeting, you're constantly changing every menu you ever set, even after you've started making it.

SOOKIE: I don't believe this! Before it was kudos to me for my attention to detail. I was the maestro.

LORELAI: That's fine for an established place like the Independence, but you do that stuff at our place, it could wipe us out. Profit margins in a new business are slim, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Just stop. Just stop. Now you're talking down to me.

LORELAI: I'm not talking down to you, I'm trying to explain.

SOOKIE: Yes you are. Yes you are, and I don't know why you are, but I don't want to start crying in front of you because it'll just give you one more thing to point at to say, 'Look, she's too emotional

and she's too weak for me to go into business with,' so I'm leaving. And I'll see you tomorrow, if I can remember to show up.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[Rory and Dean are walking down the street.]

DEAN: Hey, I gotta drop by the market.

RORY: But it's your day off.

DEAN: Yeah, it's to get my paycheck. If I don't get it by four, Taylor locks it in a safe and it's on some kind of timer and then when I complain, he lectures me about promptly putting checks in the back and the theories of compound interest, and then my head hurts from all the nodding I do even though I don't listen□

RORY: Go, go!

DEAN: I'll just be a minute.

[Dean walks into the market. Rory waits outside. Jess walks up to her.]

JESS: Should you be standing here all alone? I hear this is a pretty dangerous corner.

RORY: I'm fine.

JESS: Feeling succinct today?

RORY: Pretty much.

JESS: Hmm. Did I do something to offend?

RORY: Me?

JESS: Yeah.

RORY: No.

JESS: Good.

RORY: You might want to ask that same question to Luke though.

JESS: Meaning?

RORY: You've got this whole town down on him.

JESS: Really? How did I do that?

RORY: You know how you did that.

JESS: I'm not really familiar with the blue book laws in this town, so you can be talking about a lot of things. Dropping a gum wrapper, strolling arm in arm with a member of the opposite sex on a Sunday. [Rory gestures to the chalk outline] Ah. What about it?

RORY: You did it. The whole town knows you did it. They had a meeting about it.

JESS: You actually went to that bizarro town meeting? Those things are so 'To k\*ll a Mockingbird.'

RORY: Yes, I went. And Luke went. And when he got there, everyone ganged up on him. They all want you gone.

JESS: Wow, bummer.

RORY: And he's standing there yelling at everyone and defending you and paying Taylor back for his lettuce losses

JESS: Wait, his what?

RORY: And now Luke's a pariah and it's all because of you! What a shock, you don't care about any of this.

JESS: I didn't say that.

RORY: Go. I'm tired of talking to you.

JESS: Fine. [starts to walk away]

RORY: You care nothing about Luke and his feelings!

JESS: Got a second wind, huh? [walks back over to Rory]

RORY: All he does is stick up for you and all you do is make his life harder. I guess that's what you have to do when you're trying to be Holden Caulfield but I think it stinks. Luke has done a lot for my mom and a lot for me, and I don't like to see him att\*cked. Okay, second wind over.

JESS: I didn't know they were coming down so hard on him.

RORY: Funny, I never pegged you as clueless, my mistake.

JESS: Okay. I get it. No, no, I do, I get it. So did you at least think it was funny?

RORY: That is so not the point.

JESS: Ah, you thought it was funny.

[Dean walks out of the market]

DEAN: I got it. Oh, uh, hey.

RORY: Um Dean, I don't think you two have met. This is Jess. This is Dean.

JESS: Boyfriend?

RORY: Of course.

JESS: Sorry, you didn't say. How ya doing?

DEAN: Good, good.

RORY: Okay, see you around.

JESS: Seems to turn out that way, doesn't it?

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai and Rory walk up to the front door]

RORY: I wonder if Grandpa's still in Akron?

LORELAI: Well for Akron's sake, I hope he's moved on to Boise. [rings doorbell; the maid answers]  
Hi. We're the daughter and the granddaughter.

[they walk inside]

RORY: You are majorly crabby.

LORELAI: I just have a headache.

EMILY: Oh Good! Come, come, come, it's all done, and it's great.

CUT TO STUDY

[they walk in and Emily shows them Rory's portrait]

EMILY: Tada.

RORY: Whoa.

EMILY: What do you think?

RORY: It's freaky.

EMILY: Freaky?

RORY: Well, just seeing me here, up on the wall like that, it's uh. . . I like it though. It's good, I guess. I should probably take myself out of the judging process.

EMILY: I think Richard's just gonna love it. It's the perfect thing, don't you think?

LORELAI: Mm hmm.

EMILY: You've got to admit, it turned out better than you thought it would.

LORELAI: Yeah.

EMILY: Well, come on, say a little more than that.

LORELAI: It's great Mom, it's fabulous. It's just a notch below Rembrandt.

EMILY: Well, you don't have to take that attitude.

LORELAI: What do you want from me? I'd light some sparklers and jump up and down yelling 'Yay for the painting' but I'm fresh out of sparklers and my feet hurt too much to jump. But I promise next week when I have more energy, I'll write a love song for the chandelier.

[Emily leaves the room]

RORY: Mom.

[Lorelai follows Emily]

CUT TO KITCHEN

[Lorelai walks over to Emily]

LORELAI: Hey, how dare you walk away from me when I'm being a world class jerk to you. The painting's great Mom, really.

EMILY: Thank you.

LORELAI: I really like it. It's so natural that she's reading which is great, and she's not sitting next to a goose or a giant tortoise, which is good, and Dad is gonna love it. It's a good thing you did here.

EMILY: You can be so harsh sometimes, and I just don't know where it comes from or what I've done to deserve it.

LORELAI: You did nothing.

EMILY: Well, I must've done something.

LORELAI: Oh, I've been...it's just been a bad week. Sookie and I were moving forward with plans to open our inn, and we had huge fight. And we've never had a huge fight, let alone a fight, and awful things were said and it all started when Mia showed up for a visit and I told her about our plans and she's talking about selling the Independence Inn and it just wiggled me out a little. It's stupid, I don't know, but that was our home for so long, mine and Rory's. And it's just weird to think that it wouldn't be there and Mia wouldn't be there and I wouldn't be there, and I just got very upset. Anyway, I'm rambling. The painting's really great. Will you accept my apology?

EMILY: Yes, yes I will. I've had bad days too.

LORELAI: Thank you.

EMILY: Well, we should get back to Rory.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai sits at the kitchen table as Luke walks in.]

LUKE: Okay, I'm pretty much done.

LORELAI: Thanks for doing this. I didn't want the rain to destroy your beautiful chuppah. And I looked and looked in the yellow pages and I didn't see a chuppah waterproofer listing anywhere.

[Luke holds up a broken wooden goat]

LUKE: How about chuppah goat figure repairman?

LORELAI: Gilbert.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: The goat. We named him Gilbert, he's headless. Can you fix him?

LUKE: Yeah, I got some glue here. I can fix him.

LORELAI: Good. I'll make some tea.

LUKE: So, Sookie stopped at the diner this morning.

LORELAI: Oh.

LUKE: I asked her how your plans were going with the new inn, and she very awkwardly changed the subject to women's basketball.

LORELAI: Huh.

LUKE: She's never shown much interest in sports before.

LORELAI: No?

LUKE: What's going on with that?

LORELAI: Oh well, you know, women's basketball is getting super popular. That's good, I think. The tall girls need an outlet. We had a fight. A big, humongous fight. She's never going to speak to me again.

LUKE: What happened?

LORELAI: I just flat out panicked about the enormity of what we were getting into and it clobbered me, and I clobbered Sookie, and was such a jerk. Hey, if I cry, will it freak you out?

LUKE: Totally.

LORELAI: What if I whimper?

LUKE: How about you suck it up?

LORELAI: Hmm, I'll try.

LUKE: I don't get it. You're as ready as you've ever been.

LORELAI: Oh Luke, do not underestimate the complete and total lack of confidence I have in my abilities.

LUKE: What? You're the most confident person I know. Obnoxiously so.

LORELAI: Thank you.

LUKE: I mean in a good way. You're good at what you do and you know it.

LORELAI: Oh, no, no, no. I'm good at doing what I have to do. When I had to get a job, I got it. When I had to find a house for us and a life for us, I got it. When I had to get Rory into Chilton, I did it. But I don't have to leave the Independence Inn. I don't have to go into business for myself, I don't have to walk out on that limb and risk everything I've worked for.

LUKE: Then do it.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: Just say where you are.

LORELAI: What is this, reverse psychology?

LUKE: No, just stay at the inn. You're happy there.

LORELAI: Oh, so you think I can't hack it.

LUKE: Of course you can hack it.

LORELAI: Great, lip service, that's what I need.

LUKE: Hey, if I start to cry, will it freak you out?

LORELAI: Ugh. I couldn't stay where I am if I wanted. Mia is selling the inn. And that hit me hard too, maybe harder than the other thing. I'm gonna be without a home.

LUKE: What do you mean? This is your home.

LORELAI: No, I mean a home home. A memory home. The inn is where Rory took her first step. It's where I took my first step. It's more of a home to me more than my parents' house ever was.

LUKE: You're just scared. Just like everybody else when they're taking on something big.

LORELAI: Well, then what does everybody else do to get through this feeling?

LUKE: They run in the back, throw up, pass out and then smack their head on the floor.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: That's what I did on the first morning I opened the diner. Look, there is no button to push to get you through this. You just gotta jump in and be scared and stick with it until it gets fun.

LORELAI: How long 'til the diner got fun?

LUKE: About a year.

LORELAI: Wow. And there's no button?

LUKE: Nope.

LORELAI: How about a lever, can I pull a lever?

LUKE: Nope.

LORELAI: Turn a knob?

LUKE: Nope.

LORELAI: You just jump?

LUKE: You just jump.

LORELAI: I wanna do it.

LUKE: You should do it. Check it out. [holds up the fixed wooden goat]



LORELAI: Gilbert. You're not worse for the wear.

LUKE: I'll go reattach him. How'd this happen anyway?

LORELAI: Oh, something must've smacked into him with a hedger.

LUKE: Uh huh, well, no one'll ever know. Oh, and uh, women's basketball is in season. You might wanna run that news past Sookie, and maybe you can go to a game or something.

LORELAI: Yeah. Or something. Thanks.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

[Sookie is at the stove cooking as Lorelai walks over to her.]

LORELAI: Hi.

SOOKIE: Hi.

LORELAI: Mm. Meat loaf, mashed potatoes, stuffing. Comfort food, huh?

SOOKIE: I thought it would be good with the weather changing like this, but if you don't think it's right I can make something else. Although I'm right on schedule and on budget so a change would kinda throw things off. Your call.

LORELAI: No, no, everything looks great. Hey Sookie.

SOOKIE: Yeah?

LORELAI: I'm sorry about what happened. I said stupid things, and I said them for reasons that have nothing to do with you and I hate myself for doing it and I know you do too, and I am sorry.

SOOKIE: It's okay.

LORELAI: No it isn't. You are a brilliant chef and to think that you should do things differently from how you do them now is ridiculous. You don't tell a great violinist to hold his bow differently. You don't tell a great cymbal player to crash his cymbals differently. You just let them play.

SOOKIE: There are great cymbal players?

LORELAI: Theoretically.

SOOKIE: Okay, well, it's okay.

LORELAI: I wanna go ahead with our plans. Forget my freak out. Pretend it didn't happen. Let's move forward.

SOOKIE: Well□

LORELAI: You don't want to move forward?

SOOKIE: No, I do. But I need your promise you're not gonna lose it on me again.

LORELAI: I promise.

SOOKIE: 'Cause I couldn't take losing a business partner and my best friend in one fail swoop. It'd be

too much.

LORELAI: Sookie, I will place my hand on whatever you want and swear that you can trust that I will not lose confidence in our dream.

SOOKIE: That's good enough 'cause I know you don't like to put your hand on things.

LORELAI: We're gonna give it our best shot.

SOOKIE: And if we go down after two years□

LORELAI: Oh, it'll be the most exciting two years of our lives!

CUT TO LOBBY

[Mia is talking to a man as Emily walks into the inn.]

MAN: How about antiques?

MIA: Absolutely, it's the best place for antiques. Michel will have a map for you if you need it.

MAN: Thank you.

[the man walks away as Mia walks over to Emily]

MIA: Hello, can I help you?

EMILY: No, thank you. I just□

MIA: Yes?

EMILY: I just wanted to meet the woman who helped raise my daughter.

MIA: Emily.

EMILY: Yes, I'm Emily Gilmore.

MIA: I've wanted to meet you too for a very long time.

EMILY: Well, that's nice.

MIA: Would you like to sit down? Or have something to eat? Have lunch with me, won't you?

EMILY: No, thank you. You have a lovely place here. It's a beautiful hotel. It's not a home, but still, a beautiful hotel.

MIA: Sometimes home is where your hat is.

EMILY: Or where your family is.

MIA: Yes, that too. You sure you don't want some tea? Tea usually makes things like this a little less awkward. There's things to hold and stir.

EMILY: I don't know why I came here.

MIA: You wanted to meet me.

EMILY: After all these years, it makes no sense.

MIA: I expected you to come eventually.

EMILY: Did you?

MIA: Mm hmm.

EMILY: And what did you expect to say to me when I did come?

MIA: When Lorelai showed up on my porch that day with a tiny baby in her arms, I thought to myself, what if this were my daughter, and she was cold and scared and needed a place to live? What would I want for her? And then I thought, I'd want her to find somebody to take her in and make her safe and help her find her way.

EMILY: That's funny. I would've wanted her to find someone who would send her home. I have to go. I'd appreciate if you didn't mention this to Lorelai.

MIA: I won't.

[Emily walks to the door, then stops]

EMILY: Do you have pictures, from back then?

MIA: I'll send you a box full tomorrow.

EMILY: Thank you.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and Rory sit at a table eating]

LORELAI: Oh man, it's such a relief to have that Sookie thing fixed.

RORY: I know. I hate fighting with friends.

LORELAI: That's what enemies are for.

RORY: And God knows we have our share of those.

LORELAI: People who eat crunchy food with their mouths open.

RORY: People who dog ear library books.

LORELAI: People who spit when they talk.

RORY: Oh gross, you got me in the eye!

LORELAI: I did not.

RORY: You totally did!

LORELAI: You're full of it.

RORY: Luke, where's my toast?

LUKE: Ah, it's gonna take awhile. My big toaster's broken so I got stuck with just this dinky one.

[Jess pushes down the handle on the big toaster, showing Luke that it works]

LUKE: How did that happen?

JESS: You're gonna break that.

LUKE: It was broken before.

JESS: Well it must've got better.

LUKE: Inanimate objects don't usually get better. Did you fix this?

JESS: Please.

LUKE: Jess.

JESS: I have no idea what you're babbling about. I don't fix things.

LUKE: But yesterday□

JESS: I got school.

[Rory smiles at Jess as he leaves]

THE END

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