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04x04 - Chicken or Beef

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04x04 - Chicken or Beef

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OPEN AT LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory pulls up in her car, grabs some bags from the trunk, then walks into the house. An alarm starts blaring.]

LORELAI: Oh, crap! [tries to turn off the alarm]

RORY: What's going on? Is it the smoke detector? Are we on fire?

LORELAI: It's not the smoke detector, it's the alarm!

RORY: What alarm?

LORELAI: Our alarm.

RORY: We don't have an alarm.

LORELAI: Well, then, we have really angry rats. Did you cut your hair?

RORY: Well, I just trimmed it.

LORELAI: You didn't tell me you were cutting your hair.

RORY: It was a spur-of-the-moment thing.

LORELAI: A spur-of-the-moment, "let's not tell my mother I'm pulling a G.I. Jane"?

RORY: Are we seriously gonna have this conversation now during the air raid?

LORELAI: You're right. Come on. [leads her to the other side of the room]

RORY: What are we doing?

LORELAI: I figured out that there is a motion detector, and if you stand over here, it can't see you and calms down.

RORY: Great, so what now?

LORELAI: We wait. So why didn't you tell me you were getting your hair cut?

RORY: It's just a trim.

LORELAI: To the Braille Institute, it's just a trim.

RORY: Do you like it?

LORELAI: Will you put it back if I don't?

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Yes, I like it.

RORY: Thank you.

[the alarm stops]

RORY: Oh, thank God.

LORELAI: Feels good when it's over, huh?

RORY: This is crazy. When did we get an alarm?

LORELAI: Well, apparently, Kirk. . .

RORY: Oh, no.

LORELAI: . . .has recently joined the Stars Hollow Security Company.

RORY: Oh, no.

LORELAI: And apparently, now that I'm the pretty spinster living all alone, he's concerned for my safety.

RORY: Did he tell you all this?

LORELAI: Do you think I labeled myself the pretty spinster?

RORY: What did you say?

LORELAI: I haven't talked to him face-to-face. I come home to this and there was a note and his card and his g*n.

RORY: Oh, jeez!

LORELAI: Yeah, and then when I called the alarm-response center to complain about the alarm, no one answered. I had to leave a message with Meg - she sweeps up.

RORY: I can't even believe there's a security company in Stars Hollow. Nothing ever happens here.

LORELAI: Oh, that is not true. Plenty happens here.

RORY: Like what?

LORELAI: Like, people now break into your houses and install alarm systems.

RORY: I heard about that.

LORELAI: And we have a new mail carrier.

RORY: We do?

LORELAI: Yeah, so now if you wanna get your mail, you just have to go see Miss Patty.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: 'Cause that's where he brings it. He brings Babette's mail to Andrew's, Norma's mail to the deli, and Taylor still hasn't found his mail, which I have to admit is kind of fun.

RORY: I rescind my previous statement. This place is hopping.

LORELAI: So, did you eat yet?

RORY: Nope. I thought I'd let you feed me.

LORELAI: Sure. I can feed you, but I can't know if you're getting your hair cut.

RORY: I will never do anything again without telling you - happy?

LORELAI: I don't know. I'm finding this whole guilt thing rather satisfying. [Rory starts to walk away] No, no, where are you going? [The alarm starts blaring again] Agh! Why did you do that?

RORY: I was gonna get my laundry!

LORELAI: You made it mad!

RORY: I didn't mean to!

LORELAI: Back in the corner, back in the corner!

RORY: Oh.

LORELAI: No place like home, huh?

RORY: Yeah.

[opening credits]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is making a trail of Post-It notes on the floor through the house; Rory comes out of her bedroom]

RORY: Mom?

LORELAI: Follow the Post-It's.

RORY: Does our life seem at all ridiculous to you?

LORELAI: I spent all morning carefully tracking that motion detector.

RORY: What an excellent use of your time.

LORELAI: We're good as long as we stay on the path.

RORY: So I should follow the yellow stick road?

LORELAI: We'll be here all week, try the veal. Stop.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Read.

RORY: "Crouch down and hop." Oh, come on.

LORELAI: The motion-detector beam at the top of the staircase dips very low over there.

RORY: You seriously want me to crouch down and hop?

LORELAI: Like a little hunchbacked bunny.

RORY: You know, I had decided that if I ever went to therapy, I was gonna leave you out of it, but now. . .

LORELAI: Okay, you can stand up.

RORY: Did you at least call the stupid security company again?

LORELAI: Yes, Meg sends her love. Don't worry - I'll stop by on my way to the inn. And what are your plans today, Persis Khambata?

RORY: Well, today, I'm going to do nothing but hang out in town, read, veg, drink coffee, and have the perfect Stars Hollow day.

LORELAI: Look out. I get to go over to the inn and hear a contractor laugh at me every time I say, "But that won't cost too much more, right?"

RORY: Enjoy.

LORELAI: Late lunch at Luke's?

RORY: You're on. So, uh, which way do I go?

LORELAI: Oh, just follow the Post-It's.

RORY: But they're going in two different directions.

LORELAI: They are?

RORY: Look.

LORELAI: Oh. I must have kicked some out of the way by accident.

RORY: Well, which one do I take?

LORELAI: Which looks more intentional?

RORY: No Post-It path looks intentional.

LORELAI: I'm drawing a complete blank.

RORY: You seriously don't remember?

LORELAI: Sorry.

RORY: Well, how are we supposed to get out of our house?

[Lorelai, imitating Jeannie from I Dream of Jeannie, crosses her arms, nods her head, and blinks]

LORELAI: Unng!

RORY: I hate Kirk.

CUT TO THE GAZEBO

[Rory is sitting on the bench reading and listening to music. A man walks up and sets down a box]

RORY: Whoa. What's going on?

MAN: I'm just setting things up for tomorrow.

RORY: Oh, tomorrow. What's -

MAN 2: Heads up!

[another man throws a package of tablecloths to the man in the gazebo]

RORY: Whoa.

MAN: I think you may need to move.

RORY: Yeah, I kinda got that. Excuse me. What's tomorrow?

[Across the lawn, Lindsay and her mom are talking with a wedding planner]

LINDSAY: . . .tons of tulle so that everything looks like frosting.

MRS. LISTER: She's our only daughter - frost the town.

LINDSAY: Now, where should we put the poster? I want to make sure everybody sees it.

MRS. LISTER: Oh, what about next to the cake?

LINDSAY: Yes, next to the cake.

[Rory walks away in the other direction]

CUT TO KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Rory walks in]

RORY: Lane.

LANE: Rory.

RORY: Have you heard of a phone? Because as my friend, it is your responsibility to use it to call me and tell me that my ex-boyfriend's wedding is on Sunday so I'm not accidentally in it.

LANE: What?

RORY: I'm sitting out in the gazebo, reading, and this guy almost brains me with a stack of tablecloths.

LANE: Oh, that's right, they're having their reception in the town square.

RORY: Yes, and Lindsay was out there holding a giant picture of her with Dean, and. . .

LANE: Oh my God, did she see you?

RORY: I don't think so. I do a pretty good idiot run when I need to.

LANE: I'm sorry, I meant to tell you. I just didn't know you were coming home this weekend. It totally slipped my mind. Things have been so crazy. I just figured I'd tell you when we talked, and then we didn't, and. . .oh, I'm sorry, can you hold on for a sec?

[She opens an armoire. Zach and Brian are inside]

ZACH: Not cool, Lane.

LANE: I'm sorry, guys.

BRIAN: Fourth time today.

LANE: Well, I thought Rory was my mom.

ZACH: The resemblance is uncanny.

BRIAN: We should get your mom a bell like a cat.

RORY: What's going on?

LANE: We're having a band meeting. We need to figure out what to do about a guitarist.

BRIAN: I think I got a splinter.

ZACH: You know that a splinter can get into your bloodstream, go straight to your heart, and k*ll you.

BRIAN: Why would you tell me that?

ZACH: Whatever, dude. This is lame. I'm gonna bail.

LANE: Zach, come on.

BRIAN: We need to find a guitarist.

LANE: That's right. We have come too far to let the band fall apart just because Dave -

ZACH: Hey, do not say the "d" word, Lane.

LANE: But -

ZACH: Don't.

LANE: Dave -

ZACH: Dave is dead to me. Comprendo? Dead. Cover the mirror, rip a shirt, that guy doesn't exist.

BRIAN: He just went to college, Zach.

ZACH: No, he did not just go to college. He walked out on his art, man. He walked out on his sound. Do you think a sound is so easy to find? Did you ever see that Glenn Miller movie? For two hours, Jimmy Stewart's walking around, "I gotta find a sound. I gotta find a sound." Well, we had a sound and Dave took that sound to freaking California. You don't come back from California, man. It changes you.

LANE: What did you expect him to do - not go to college?

ZACH: No true rock 'n' roller goes to college!

RORY: Mick Jagger went to the London School of Economics.

ZACH: What?

RORY: Yeah, and, uh, Dexter Holland of The Offspring got his PhD in molecular biology at USC. Greg Ginn of Black Flag graduated from UCLA. The guy from Bad Religion got his masters in geology from UCLA, and he's working on his PhD in evolutionary biology at Cornell.

ZACH: Lane, she's your friend.

RORY: I'm sorry. Um, I'm going. I'll call you later.

LANE: Hey, are you mad?

RORY: No, I'm not, I promise. I'm just - I'm just a little surprised. I mean, Dean's wedding. . .

LANE: I know.

RORY: But it's okay. It just means that I have to be a little more careful about where I go this weekend, that's all.

LANE: Okay, well, I'll see you tomorrow. We're using the garage - guitar auditions.

RORY: Okay, I'll see you tomorrow.

ZACH: Shut up, shut up, shut up. Weezer did not go to Harvard.

BRIAN: Not the whole band, just the lead -

ZACH: Get away from me! I mean it.

RORY: Bye.

LANE: Bye.

[Rory leaves. She sees Dean out front on the sidewalk]

RORY: Hi.

DEAN: Hi. Uh, were you. . .

RORY: Oh, I was at, uh, Lane's.

DEAN: Right, Lane's. Um.

RORY: Um.

DEAN: So, you're home this weekend.

RORY: Yeah, I, uh, I ran out of clean clothes and quarters, so. . .how are things?

DEAN: Good. You?

RORY: Good.

DEAN: You like Yale?

RORY: I love Yale.

DEAN: I figured.

RORY: And Connecticut State?

DEAN: It's. . .it's good.

RORY: Oh, good. I'm glad it's good. I mean, not that I would have had any recourse if it wasn't, but, uh, this makes my lack of recourse a lot easier to deal with. So, I see you've taken over the town.

DEAN: Oh, yeah. Uh, well, Lindsay thought. . .she likes the gazebo, and. . .

RORY: And it's her wedding.

DEAN: It is her wedding.

RORY: And your wedding. I mean, it's your wedding, too.

DEAN: Yes, it is. It's my wedding, too.

RORY: Well, it's nice. It's, um, it's pretty. It looks like heaven or a Victoria's Secret commercial, which, to some people is basically the same thing.

DEAN: I didn't know you'd be home this weekend.

RORY: It was just a spur-of-the-moment thing.

DEAN: Because if I had known, I would have, you know, invited you.

RORY: Oh. Oh, well, it's. . .

DEAN: I mean, I didn't want you to think I was just not inviting you.

RORY: No, I didn't think that.

DEAN: I just figured you'd be at school.

RORY: 'Cause you're logical.

DEAN: I just didn't know.

RORY: No, I know you didn't know.

DEAN: I didn't want you to think -

RORY: No, I didn't think. I don't think. I go to Yale now. They think for you.

DEAN: But, hey, since you are here, come.

RORY: Come?

DEAN: To my wedding. Come to my wedding.

RORY: Oh, Dean. . .

DEAN: You and Lorelai, I want you to.

RORY: Well. . .

DEAN: Chicken or beef?

RORY: What?

DEAN: Wait, beef. Of course, beef. I mean, the two of you are definitely beef. I mean, not like you resemble beef or anything.

RORY: You know, you don't even have to -

DEAN: Okay, so, noon at the church. I'll be the one in the tux. And don't worry, we didn't write our own vows and no one's singing opera. I know you think that's lame.

RORY: Oh, no, well, it's a wedding. It's supposed to be. . .operatic.

DEAN: Okay, so, I better get over there. Lindsay's expecting me. Uh, so, I'll just see you two tomorrow.

RORY: But. . .

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is in the living room staring at the alarm system control pad]

KIRK: [calls from upstairs] Now?

LORELAI: Nothing.

KIRK: What about now?

LORELAI: No, nothing.

KIRK: Okay. Now?

LORELAI: Nothing. Kirk, what's supposed to happen?

KIRK: What?

LORELAI: I don't know what I'm supposed to be looking for. Kirk?

KIRK: I'm not sure.

LORELAI: Kirk, please come downstairs.

KIRK: Are you going to hurt me?

LORELAI: Kirk.

KIRK: [walking downstairs] I swear, they told me it would be self-explanatory. I just had to get in the main box, and in seconds, this thing would be disabled. They didn't tell me that I needed a key or that if I didn't have a key, that I would be mildly electrocuted, and then, after all that, when I got in the box, there's nothing self-explanatory about it.

LORELAI: Kirk.

KIRK: I was trying to do a nice thing.

LORELAI: I know.

KIRK: And Jimmy said he would install it for me because I do not have those skills yet. The class was full by the time I got there.

LORELAI: That's okay.

KIRK: Damn my constant tardiness.

LORELAI: Kirk, please, what can we do right now? The alarm is just so loud.

KIRK: Yeah, that's my fault, too. I asked Jimmy to really crank it up.

LORELAI: Well, he did.

KIRK: If you're gonna have an alarm, you need it loud. You don't want some crazed, knife-wielding gunman at your throat and the neighbors are going, like, "Is that a fan? Did I leave the water running?" You want them to know, "Hey, that's an alarm."

LORELAI: Your imaginary attacker has a knife and a g*n?

KIRK: And a really dirty t*nk top.

LORELAI: Okay. So, uh, Jimmy's out of town, but until he gets back, we can. . .

KIRK: Change the code.

LORELAI: Really? To something I know?

KIRK: You can pick it.

LORELAI: You know how to do that?

KIRK: Yes, I do.

LORELAI: That is perfect.

KIRK: Okay, here we go. Just punch in a 7-number sequence.

LORELAI: You got it.

[Sookie walks in]

SOOKIE: Hey.

LORELAI: Hi.

SOOKIE: Did you know your phone's not working?

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: I've been calling you for an hour. I had the operator check it. She said it's cut off or something.

LORELAI: It was working this morning.

KIRK: I'll be right back.

LORELAI: Kirk!

KIRK: I have tape. [goes upstairs]

SOOKIE: You look tired.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, Kirk.

SOOKIE: Right. Hey, listen, I got a call today.

LORELAI: From?

SOOKIE: Michel. A very upset Michel.

LORELAI: Why?

SOOKIE: Well, apparently, he called you and you never called him back.

LORELAI: When did he call me?

SOOKIE: He said he called you in July.

LORELAI: I was in Europe in July.

SOOKIE: I think that he thinks we're trying to ease him out of the Dragonfly.

LORELAI: Oh, come on. Why would he think that?

SOOKIE: I don't know, but he was so hysterical that his voice got into that high-pitched squeal he does, and all I could make out was "fire" and "abandon me" and something about not receiving a

thank-you card for the Statue of Liberty.

LORELAI: That is crazy. He knows we always intended to take him with us. I mean, we love Michel, right?

SOOKIE: Right. He's the best concierge in the world.

LORELAI: Absolutely. A little abrasive.

SOOKIE: Kind of impatient.

LORELAI: But charming.

SOOKIE: And great at what he does, knows the community.

LORELAI: Willing to go that extra mile.

SOOKIE: Tiny bit obnoxious.

LORELAI: Makes you want to scream, "life's too short!" two, three times a day, but. . .

SOOKIE: Picture life without him. We do need him, right?

LORELAI: Let's just go down there and talk to him.

SOOKIE: Right.

CUT TO FANCY HOTEL

[Lorelai and Sookie walk in]

LORELAI: Well, we know where all those Calvin Klein ads went to die.

SOOKIE: They look like they all had the same mother.

LORELAI: That must be one tired supermodel.

[a woman walks by]

LORELAI: Excuse me, we're look-

[the woman ignores her and keeps walking]

LORELAI: I wouldn't talk to us either.

SOOKIE: Hey, talk to a boy. A boy will be nice to you.

LORELAI: Okay.

[they walk up to the front desk]

LORELAI: Hi. Excuse me, we're looking for Michel Gerard.

CONCIERGE: The corner of Mercer and Broom.

LORELAI: Excuse me?

[the man points to his headset]

LORELAI: Oh, Janet Jackson's on the phone.

SOOKIE: Oh.

CONCIERGE: Uh huh, no worries. Hi.

SOOKIE: Us?

CONCIERGE: Yes.

LORELAI: Oh.

SOOKIE: We're looking for Michel Gerard.

CONCIERGE: Michel.

SOOKIE: Yes, Michel Ger. . . Janet again.

LORELAI: She's very needy lately.

CONCIERGE: You have some guests at the front desk. Uh-huh. No worries. He comes like the wind.

LORELAI: Thanks. He doesn't need our thanks.

SOOKIE: Well, he has Janet, so. . .

[Michel walks through the lobby toward the front desk talking on a headset]

MICHEL: You have reservations at Tamtam at 7:00. Do not order the duck because it will take forever and you will miss the curtain. If you have any problems at all, you have my pager number. Just call me. Goodbye. [to Lorelai and Sookie] Well, look who the cat dragged in.

LORELAI: Hi, Michel. We've missed you.

MICHEL: Yes? Well, I have missed you, too.

LORELAI: This place is wonderful.

SOOKIE: You look so important, walking around, talking to yourself. But you're not really talking to yourself. You're actually talking to someone else in a headset with your headset.

LORELAI: How are you?

MICHEL: Me? I am wonderful, and yourselves?

LORELAI: We're great, and we're breaking ground on the inn on Monday.

MICHEL: Oh, yes. Is that still happening?

LORELAI: It is still happening.

MICHEL: Well, that's lovely. There's a small charge for the use of the internet. All instructions are in the minibar. I'm so pleased.

LORELAI: Listen, Michel, I know you're a little upset with me.

MICHEL: Upset? I don't think so.

SOOKIE: It's okay, I told her about the call.

MICHEL: What call?

SOOKIE: The call you made to me yesterday, the one where you told me that you called Lorelai and she didn't call back.

MICHEL: I make so many calls.

SOOKIE: The one where you cried.

MICHEL: Are you sure it wasn't another Michel?

SOOKIE: You called me! You kept me on the phone for over an hour. I missed the beginning of q*eer Eye for the Straight Guy, and by the time I got back, they were all gay.

LORELAI: Okay, it doesn't matter. We just want you to know if there was any misunderstanding about wanting you to come with us to the Dragonfly, well, we're sorry.

SOOKIE: I'm not.

MICHEL: Well, that's very sweet of you to say. Thank you.

LORELAI: Unless you don't want to come with us. I mean, this place is very impressive, and I would understand if you didn't want to leave.

MICHEL: Yes, this place is impressive, isn't it? I mean, the uniform alone - like working in your jammies. And these headsets, are they not fabulous? Especially when, for example, you're in the bathroom, a place one would normally choose to be alone, then suddenly, bang, someone is yakking in your ear. How delightful. You can never get lonely.

LORELAI: I suppose not.

MICHEL: And the people who work here. . . a joy. So young, so talented. Some of them are actors in ambitious off-Broadway revues. They play cockroaches and derelicts and do Shakespeare dressed like punk rockers. It gives me chills just thinking about it. Yes, extra towels are complimentary, Matthew, and stop asking me who the hottie I'm talking to is. I'll tell you what, I'll think about it and get back to you, okay?

LORELAI: Nice to have you aboard, Michel.

MICHEL: I'm busy, go. Thank God. Matthew, what?

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting at a table]

LORELAI: So, he invited us to his wedding.

RORY: And we're having beef.

LORELAI: Well, what was his body language like?

RORY: Tall.

LORELAI: No, I mean, did he squirm or back away when he invited you or was he all darty-eyed?

RORY: Not much squirming, no backing away, but there was a little bit of darty-eye.

LORELAI: So, he was nervous.

RORY: Well, we were both nervous. I mean, we didn't expect to run into each other, and I think he probably just invited us 'cause he felt like he had to, to be nice.

LORELAI: That does sound like Dean.

RORY: So, what do we do? Do we go?

LORELAI: Oh, I can't decide this. He's your ex-boyfriend.

RORY: It seems weird that we go.

LORELAI: Then we don't go.

RORY: But if we don't go, it may look like we're trying to make some kind of statement.

LORELAI: Then we go.

RORY: If I had just stayed at Lane's for two more minutes. . .

LORELAI: Yeah, fate.

RORY: Yes, it is fate. Do we ignore fate?

LORELAI: I don't know. Do you have any important papers due soon?

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: Just in case.

RORY: Fate's gonna flunk me?

LORELAI: It's always a possibility.

RORY: Well, then that's it. We are going.

LUKE: Going where?

RORY: Dean's wedding. Fate's making us.

LORELAI: I hope fate will cough up forty bucks for a salad spinner for him.

LUKE: Please, there is no fate.

LORELAI: What do you mean there is no fate? Of course there is fate.

LUKE: There is no fate, there is no destiny, there is no luck. Astrology is ridiculous. Tarot cards tell

you nothing. You cannot read a palm. Tea leaves make tea and nothing else. Jim Morrison is not hanging out with Elvis, and the Kennedys did not k*ll Marilyn.

LORELAI: I totally knew you were gonna say that.

LUKE: I came over here. My fault.

LORELAI: I read your mind. It spoke to me. We're psychic.

LUKE: Enjoy the fries.

LORELAI: So where does this leave us?

RORY: Well, I think that Dean's gonna expect us to go, and it is his day, and I don't want him to feel like I don't care about him.

LORELAI: I know.

ORY: I just want him to be happy.

LORELAI: Okay, we'll get him a salad spinner first thing tomorrow morning.

RORY: Thank you.

[Miss Patty walks in]

MISS PATTY: Oh, there you are. Honey, I've got your mail.

LORELAI: Oh, great.

MISS PATTY: Oh, I'm exhausted. I've been looking all over town for you.

LORELAI: Oh, Patty, you could have just left me a message. I would have stopped by and picked it up.

MISS PATTY: Oh, there was something marked urgent in there, and I just wanted to make sure you got it.

LORELAI: Hm, thank you.

MISS PATTY: All right, I'm leaving. Oh, I'm gonna k*ll that mail carrier. I don't care if he doesn't have a tongue. [leaves]

RORY: Our new mail carrier doesn't have a tongue?

LORELAI: You've got to be kidding me.

RORY: That's what Patty just said.

LORELAI: No, Taylor has sent me a cease and desist order on the inn.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: [reads letter] "Dear Lorelai Gilmore, it has come to the attention of the Stars Hollow Historical Preservation Society that you and Miss Sookie St. James intend to commence construction on the Dragonfly Inn. Any proposed renovations must be submitted, discussed, and approved by the

Stars Hollow Historical Preservation Society. We must therefore ask that all work halt until such time that this procedure has been followed. Thank you, and have a historical day." Is he kidding?

RORY: What are you gonna do?

LORELAI: I'm going to talk to him.

RORY: Cool.

LORELAI: Don't say cool like that. It's gonna be very pleasant.

RORY: I thought you said you were gonna go talk to Taylor.

LORELAI: I own my own business now, Rory. I'm gonna have to deal with tiny men like Taylor all the time. You can't go around yelling at people, no matter how historical they might be.

RORY: Bummer.

LORELAI: You have to learn to separate the personal from the business.

RORY: Okay.

[they walk outside and head toward the soda shop]

LORELAI: Remember in The Godfather, Michael telling Sonny how he was gonna k*ll Tattaglia and Captain McCluskey in that Italian restaurant? He lays out the whole thing very calmly, very unemotionally, 'cause that's what you do in business.

RORY: Yeah, but then he went and shot two guys in the head.

LORELAI: Okay, but I wasn't describing that scene.

CUT TO THE SODA SHOP

TAYLOR: [to customer] But if you know you already like lime, then you're not sampling, you're savoring, and that's just gluttonous.

[Lorelai and Rory walk in]

LORELAI: Hi, Taylor.

TAYLOR: Well, hello there. Lorelai, Rory, what can I get for you?

LORELAI: Oh, well, gosh, look at all the choices, really hard to pick. I think I'll try a scoop of butter brickle crunch. Rory?

RORY: I'll try the chocolate chocolate chocolate.

TAYLOR: Coming right up.

LORELAI: Listen, Taylor, while I have you here, um, I received this letter in the mail, and I'm having kind of a blond day, and I wonder if you could explain this to me.

TAYLOR: Well, it says you have to get approval before you can start construction on the inn.

LORELAI: That's what I thought it said. Well, I have to tell you, Taylor, I'm a little concerned

because we have a construction crew coming Monday, so. . .yikes.

TAYLOR: Well, the Dragonfly is a historical building, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Yeah, but the whole town is a historical building, Taylor. I mean, George Washington ate, slept, or blew his nose all over the damn place.

TAYLOR: He only blew his nose in the park. You've read the sign.

LORELAI: Taylor, that inn needs love. It's falling down. Sookie and I have no intention of ruining its historical aspect. We'd just like some running water.

TAYLOR: Running water was not always historical.

LORELAI: You're not seriously telling me I can't put in running water?

RORY: Oh, my God, this is incredible. It's called chocolate chocolate chocolate, but it's seriously chocolate chocolate chocolaty. Sorry.

TAYLOR: I'm just telling you, there are rules and they have to be followed.

LORELAI: Fine. What do I have to do to get the Historical Preservation Society's stamp of approval?

TAYLOR: Well, a formal presentation is necessary.

LORELAI: Uh-huh. When?

TAYLOR: Uh, any town function or gathering is open to a presentation, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Okay, so, like, the town meeting tonight?

TAYLOR: If you like.

LORELAI: The town meeting it is.

TAYLOR: Oh, now, don't look sad. I went through this with my place, too. Of course, I knew the rules so I didn't get the embarrassing letter.

LORELAI: Right, okay, great. Well, we'll see you later, Taylor.

TAYLOR: Oh, uh. . .

LORELAI: Yes?

TAYLOR: That'll be \$3.50 for the ice cream.

RORY: And worth every penny, let me tell you. Sorry, but this is really good.

CUT TO TOWN MEETING

TAYLOR: So, any additional landscaping to the town square will be paid for directly from the town park funds, and town park funds only. All righty.

RORY: Long one tonight.

LORELAI: Astonishingly long.

SOOKIE: We've got to be next, right?

LORELAI: We've got to be. Michel, are you okay over there?

SOOKIE: He says the guy next to him has unforgivable B.O.

LORELAI: Michel, you're French. How can you even tell?

TAYLOR: Could we have a little quiet please?

LORELAI: Sorry, Taylor, we're just waiting here very patiently, as you can see, all ready and everything.

TAYLOR: Yes, well, um, the next item, people, is a wonderful feather in Stars Hollow's cap. One of our very own, fourth grader Donny Pass, was named a runner-up in the Connecticut State story-writing contest for his work entitled The Happiest Doughnut.

SOOKIE: I think I'm gonna give birth just out of boredom.

TAYLOR: Donny's mom is here tonight. Let's give her a big hand.

LORELAI: I almost think he's doing this on purpose.

SOOKIE: Almost? Huh.

LORELAI: Bordering on pretty damn sure.

TAYLOR: I won't spoil the plot of The Happiest Doughnut for you, folks, except to say it's funny and a little sad and truly inspiring. But a caveat for all you parents - the dunking scene may be too intense for preschool-aged children.

GYPSY: How can a stupid doughnut be happy?

RORY: But see, he's got you curious. That's the genius of Donny Pass.

GYPSY: Hey, I've got a bunch of your mail. Here.

RORY: Oh, I've got some of yours, too, and some of Al's. Will you pass this back to him for me?

GYPSY: Yeah. Oh, if you hand this up to Andrew.

RORY: Can do.

[The townspeople start exchanging their mail]

LORELAI: I can't smell anything.

MICHEL: I'm breathing it all in so it's not reaching you.

LORELAI: Thanks for taking that grenade for me, pal.

TAYLOR: People, could we have some order here?

ANDREW: Oh, Gypsy, the letter from my girlfriend's open.

GYPSY: Oh, yeah. Sorry, Andrew. It must have fallen open accidentally.

ANDREW: You read my private letter.

GYPSY: There's nothing private in that letter. Except for the medical stuff.

MISS PATTY: Taylor, I got your PennySaver and your girly magazines.

TAYLOR: Those are lifestyle magazines. People, this meeting has degenerated into our usual weekly anarchy. I say we adjourn. We'll see you next week.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: Uh, Taylor!

TAYLOR: Everyone pick up a free copy of The Happiest Doughnut on your way out. You won't be sorry.

LORELAI: Taylor, wait, we were supposed to make our presentation about the Dragonfly.

TAYLOR: Oh, yes. Well, uh, you're bringing this up kind of late.

LORELAI: Well, we've been sitting here.

SOOKIE: It won't take long.

LORELAI: It was your idea, remember? You suggested this.

TAYLOR: Well, okay. People, your children and elderly are going to have to wait a while longer for you to get home because Lorelai Gilmore and her associates want to discuss some proposed changes to a beloved town structure.

LORELAI: Thank you. Let's go, Sook, Augustus Gloop.

RORY: Knock 'em dead.

LORELAI: Guys, I know we've been here forever, but I very quickly want to tell you what we have in mind for this beautiful Dragonfly property.

TAYLOR: The historic Dragonfly property.

LORELAI: I think that goes without saying.

TAYLOR: I don't think you should try to hide the fact that it's historic.

LORELAI: Okay, I'm not hiding anything.

TAYLOR: Proceed, please.

LORELAI: Okay, well, we're very excited -

TAYLOR: How many guest rooms will this establishment have?

LORELAI: Um, ten.

TAYLOR: Ugh, tsk, tsk, tsk.

LORELAI: Yeah, ten. Anyway, the property's been unoccupied for -

TAYLOR: And parking? How many parking spaces?

LORELAI: Um, eighteen.

TAYLOR: Oh, hm.

LORELAI: Something wrong with the parking, Taylor?

TAYLOR: Two people to a room, each with their own car, that's twenty cars - you don't have enough parking.

LORELAI: But some of the people will be driving there together in one car.

TAYLOR: So, you have a crystal ball, do you?

LORELAI: That's just common sense.

TAYLOR: Because if you have a crystal ball, I sure would like to borrow it to take to the racetrack.

LORELAI: Um, no, I don't have a crystal ball, but if the parking's not enough, we can always add more.

SOOKIE: Easy.

TAYLOR: So, pave paradise and put up a parking lot.

SOOKIE: Not what we're saying.

TAYLOR: I heard you were planning to serve alcohol - is this true?

LORELAI: Well, there will be a restaurant.

SOOKIE: Wine, cocktails. Give the people what they want.

TAYLOR: So it'll be a party spot, huh?

LORELAI: Uh, no.

TAYLOR: Catering to that crowd - hip-hoppers, the Manson family.

LORELAI: It's a little country inn.

TAYLOR: A perfect secluded spot for murderers to revel in impropriety.

MICHEL: Have you noticed, this is not going very well.

LORELAI: Taylor, everyone, there will be millions of questions, some of them even legitimate, but the bottom line is, you know me. I've been apart of this town for. . .well, look how big my daughter is - for that long. And opening this inn has been a dream of mine and of Sookie's for most of that time. Along with Michel, we plan to make this community as proud of the historic Dragonfly Inn as you were when the same team was running the Independence Inn.

TAYLOR: You mean the place that burned down on your watch?

MICHEL: Can I slap him?

LORELAI: Uh, now, this will also help our local economy because we plan to employ. . .[her cell phone rings] Sorry, we plan to employ - huh. Uh, this, uh, call is coming from the house.

RORY: Our house?

LORELAI: It's flashing our number.

RORY: But we're here.

LORELAI: I know. That's the weird part. Sookie, uh, keep it going in here. I'll be just a quick, um, second.

SOOKIE: Okay, if you have any questions. . .

MICHEL: Yes, about the Dragonfly or deodorant - the places to buy it, how to apply it, that sort of thing.

[Lorelai goes outside to answer her phone]

LORELAI: Hello?

KIRK: I responded to the activation of an alarm at your residence, and I apprehended a prowler in the garage.

LORELAI: You did?

KIRK: Yes, ma'am - female, approximately eighteen years old, Korean.

LORELAI: Kirk, that's Lane. You know Lane.

KIRK: I thought I knew Lane, but now I think she's in some kind of g*ng.

LANE: Lorelai, help.

KIRK: Their front is some sort of musical group.

LORELAI: They are a musical group, Kirk. [to Rory] Honey, go sort it out.

RORY: Got it.

LORELAI: Rory's on her way over - brown hair, blue eyes, about 5'6" - don't cuff her.

KIRK: 10-4.

LORELAI: Okay.

[Lorelai hangs up as Sookie and Michel walk out of the dance studio]

LORELAI: What -

SOOKIE: We failed you.

MICHEL: He is a very unpleasant man.

LORELAI: What happened?

SOOKIE: The second, I mean, the second you walked out the door, Taylor adjourned the meeting over our objections.

LORELAI: Well, where is he? Where'd he go?

SOOKIE: He was the first one out the door.

LORELAI: Unbelievable. Hm, you can run but you can't hide.

MICHEL: Oh, this is cute. . . The Happy Doughnut.

[Lorelai goes to catch up to Taylor]

LORELAI: Hey, uh, we have a little misunderstanding back there, Taylor?

TAYLOR: Lorelai, please don't sneak up on me like that. I almost blew my emergency whistle.

LORELAI: We weren't done.

TAYLOR: Oh, I thought we were.

LORELAI: No, we weren't.

TAYLOR: Well, what more was there to say?

LORELAI: Nothing was decided. You said to come to the town meeting and explain what you're doing, then we can start our work.

TAYLOR: Oh, well, you can't do that until after the walk-through.

LORELAI: Oh, Taylor, I'm in heels. Do you mind? What walk-through?

TAYLOR: I and other members of the Historical Preservation Society need to examine the property in person. You didn't think we were gonna make a decision based on a little chat, did you? I'm sure I mentioned a walk-through.

LORELAI: I don't think you did.

TAYLOR: Well, I'm mentioning it now.

LORELAI: Okay, so, when's the walk-through?

TAYLOR: Well, I'd have to check with the other society members, set something up in the next month or so.

LORELAI: But I have workmen coming Monday, Taylor, the day after tomorrow.

TAYLOR: Oh, dear. That's cutting it pretty close.

LORELAI: Let's do it tomorrow, please - tomorrow.

TAYLOR: Tomorrow's Sunday.

LORELAI: Yes, it is.

TAYLOR: Well, it would have to be before church.

LORELAI: Okay, so midmorning?

TAYLOR: Six?

LORELAI: Six? Six in the morning?

TAYLOR: Or another day - I could take it up with the society.

LORELAI: No, no, six is fine. Six sharp.

TAYLOR: See you then.

LORELAI: Bright and early.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

CUSTOMER: Goodnight.

LUKE: Goodnight. Thanks.

[A group of boys are walking toward the diner]

BOYS: [singing] We do or die for Stars Hollow High! We do or die for Stars Hollow High! It's the one we fight and fall for, it's the one we give our all for.

LUKE: Oh, goody.

[the boys enter the diner]

BOYS: Stars Hollow High! Whoo!

BOY 1: That is our Stars Hollow High fight song.

LUKE: Could've sworn it was Mozart. What is this, guys?

KYLE: Pit stop!

BOYS: Whoo!

KYLE: Bachelor party, phase one is over.

BOY 2: Our boy Dean here is tying the knot.

LUKE: Look, I was just closing up.

DEAN: Luke!

LUKE: Dean!

DEAN: That's funny.

LUKE: I wasn't even trying.

KYLE: We just need to refuel for phase two, sir. It won't take long.

DEAN: You wouldn't turn away a man on his wedding day, would you?

LUKE: It's not your wedding day yet.

BOY 1: That's what I keep telling him, dude. It's your last day of freedom.

BOY 2: Hey, we should get strippers, right?

DEAN: And cake.

BOY 3: Hey, my name's Luke, too. We should start a club or something.

LUKE: Yeah, that would be swell. Look, guys, why don't you go sit down over there? I'll make some coffee.

DEAN: Tomorrow is the big day, man - big day.

LUKE: You're tipping there, Dean. Watch him.

KYLE: I got him, sir. We really appreciate this, sir.

LUKE: Stop calling me that.

DEAN: He's a good guy, really.

LUKE: So, what was phase one?

KYLE: A case of beer in the JC Penney parking lot, then batting cages and laser tag.

DEAN: I've decided that I really like beer.

KYLE: I'm the designated driver.

LUKE: Good man.

KYLE: I'm in the Navy now, you know.

LUKE: Uniform tipped me off.

KYLE: My older cousins did two-year stints. It paid for their college and stuff, so I joined up. Of course, we weren't fighting international skirmishes on two or three dangerous fronts like we are now.

LUKE: Hey, what are you doing?

BOY 2: Sugar football.

LUKE: Don't.

KYLE: Come on, guys, respect the establishment. They're still kids.

LUKE: I got a better idea, guys. How about I whip up some pancakes real fast, help soak up whatever it is you drank?

KYLE: Sounds good. We'll be needing energy for phase two.

BOY 2: Strippers, right? We gotta get strippers.

BOY 3: Hey, how much do you give a stripper?

BOY 1: Well, that depends on what she does.

KYLE: Are they really prostitutes? 'Cause I'd feel bad if they were prostitutes.

LUKE: Look, guys, I gotta go in the back for a couple seconds. Don't drink anymore. Don't play jets. Don't jump on the furniture. Just sit still, okay?

BOY 2: And do what?

LUKE: I don't know. Make up a dirty version of the fight song or something.

BOY 1: Yeah!

BOY 2: Great idea!

DEAN: [mumbles] Rory.

BOY 3: What did he say?

BOY 1: Oh, he is so toasted.

DEAN: [mumbles] Rory.

KYLE: Did he say what I think he said?

LUKE: Hey guys, you know what I think? I think it's real late and that maybe you ought to cancel phase two.

BOY 1: No way.

KYLE: Hear him out, fellas.

LUKE: I mean, think about it, guys - how you gonna beat laser tag?

BOY 1: I don't know.

BOY 2: Aw, is Dean sick?

LUKE: He just needs his rest. Kyle, why don't you march your friends out of here? I'll take care of the groom, and he'll see you all tomorrow.

KYLE: He's right, guys. Let's saddle up.

BOY 2: Aren't we getting pancakes?

BOY 1: I'm not feeling good.

LUKE: Come on, big guy.

DEAN: What?

LUKE: Try to walk.

[The boys leave, singing the fight song. Luke takes Dean upstairs to his apartment]

LUKE: Here we are.

DEAN: She's smart, man. You know, she's so smart.

LUKE: I know, I know.

DEAN: She could probably fix the world, you know?

LUKE: Right, right. She could team up with Kyle - her brains, his brawn.

DEAN: No, not Kyle - Rory.

LUKE: Almost there.

DEAN: She's the one, you know?

[Luke walks Dean over to the bed]

LUKE: Come on, Dean, just slide down there, stop talking.

DEAN: And the hair - pretty hair. She has the prettiest hair. And that head. What is that?

LUKE: Just your shoes. Shh.

DEAN: I miss her. Why didn't she love me?

CUT TO THE DRAGONFLY INN

[Lorelai and Sookie are standing out front while the Historical Preservation Society members look over the property]

SOOKIE: Scrubbing shower grout with a toothbrush.

LORELAI: Sure, sure. Flossing with that really, really fine floss that cuts between your teeth like a razor.

SOOKIE: Uh-huh, uh-huh. Staring into the sun.

LORELAI: 'Til you're blind.

SOOKIE: Absolutely.

[Michel walks over]

MICHEL: I feel very ugly this morning.

LORELAI: Join the crowd.

MICHEL: That unpleasant man and his cohorts in there?

LORELAI: And have been for about thirty frickin' minutes.

SOOKIE: Watching a foreign movie without subtitles.

LORELAI: Getting brain freeze from eating ice cream.

MICHEL: What are you doing?

LORELAI: We're listing all the things we'd rather be doing than this.

SOOKIE: What a mug.

LORELAI: It's like he sucked a lemon.

MICHEL: I've really grown to hate him.

LORELAI: Nice, huh?

MISS PATTY: Oh, so much potential.

LORELAI: Yeah.

TAYLOR: It needs a lot of TLC.

LORELAI: And we've got an abundance of it, Taylor. [quietly to Patty] Patty, please, please, help, help. He's k*lling me here, and you've got pull with him.

MISS PATTY: Oh, honey, I got my own remodeling to do on my studio that Taylor has to approve. I'm saving my pull for me.

LORELAI: Can't I have just a little teeny, tiny bit of your pull, please?

MISS PATTY: Oh, he's gonna see us talking.

TAYLOR: Lorelai, consultation, please.

LORELAI: Okay.

TAYLOR: This porch is falling apart.

LORELAI: I know.

TAYLOR: It's got live termites.

LORELAI: Big, fat ones.

TAYLOR: It's a safety hazard.

LORELAI: It's the first thing to go.

TAYLOR: To go? This porch can't go.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, Taylor. You just said it's falling apart.

TAYLOR: I didn't tell you to tear it down. It's historical. It has to stay.

LORELAI: No, no, the porch is not historical, Taylor. It was added in 1980.

TAYLOR: So?

LORELAI: So it's a 23-year-old porch. Unless you think Kate Hudson is historical, it's not historical.

TAYLOR: Not now, but how do you think we get historical 200-year-old structures if we tear 'em down when they're just 23?

LORELAI: Uh, it's rotting away.

TAYLOR: Which just means that your guests can't walk on it.

LORELAI: So they should hover over it?

TAYLOR: No, you could build a bridge over it, using appropriate materials, of course.

LORELAI: A bridge?

TAYLOR: Or you could build a transparent Lucite porch over this porch, so people could walk on the Lucite porch and see the old porch underneath the new porch.

LORELAI: Build a clear plastic porch over the rotting wood porch?

TAYLOR: With the proper permits, of course, and those are hard to come by.

LORELAI: That's it!

TAYLOR: Lorelai, watch it. I've got church later.

LORELAI: What did I do to make you t*rture me like this, Taylor?

TAYLOR: I don't know what you're talking about.

LORELAI: The hoops! The hoops with the jumping and the fire and the hoops!

TAYLOR: It's just business, Lorelai.

LORELAI: I pay to shop in your store. I eat your banana splits. I've never physically hurt you. . .except for that one spit wad in the one town meeting, but I didn't mean for it to hit your eye and I apologized profusely, so please, please, put me out of my misery and tell me what I need to do to make this thing happen!

TAYLOR: I want an ice-cream truck.

LORELAI: What?

TAYLOR: I want to sell ice cream off a truck in the summer. I want to park it in front of the soda shop. I want to ring the bell on it every day at noon, but the only place I can park it is the space that's partly in front of Luke's diner.

LORELAI: So?

TAYLOR: You have pull with Luke.

LORELAI: I guess, maybe.

TAYLOR: You're friends.

LORELAI: Yes.

TAYLOR: You can get him to agree to this.

LORELAI: Use my pull.

TAYLOR: If you don't mind.

LORELAI: So if I get Luke to agree to this, the madness stops?

TAYLOR: If that's what you want to call it.

LORELAI: The work begins and the porch goes?

TAYLOR: All expedited, nice and neat.

LORELAI: An ice-cream truck?

TAYLOR: An ice-cream truck.

LORELAI: You can go.

TAYLOR: Well, this has been a very successful outing. Back on the bus, everyone.

MICHEL: Unbelievable.

SOOKIE: Yup. Hey, when do you think you'll. . .[Lorelai walks away] Shortcut to Luke's.

MICHEL: How is she going to get over Potter's Creek?

SOOKIE: Jump it?

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai rushes in, out of breath]

LORELAI: Give him his ice-cream truck.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: I forged a stream and I almost got att*cked by a beaver, and I'm not leaving here till you agree.

LUKE: To what?

LORELAI: You don't own the street, you own the building. It's a public street. Just let him park his stupid truck.

LUKE: I'm missing something here.

LORELAI: Don't change the subject.

LUKE: I don't even know what the subject is.

LORELAI: If you let Taylor park his stupid ringy-dingy ice-cream truck - not even in front of the diner, but in front of part of the diner - then I can start work on the inn. But if you don't say yes, then you may not have to see his truck parked outside, but you will have to see my body swinging from that tree over there because I will hang myself. I am waiting for your answer.

LUKE: Sure.

LORELAI: Sure what?

LUKE: He can park it there. What do I care?

LORELAI: Oh, don't kid around here.

LUKE: Your life's at stake. I wouldn't kid around.

LORELAI: That easy?

LUKE: That easy.

LORELAI: Well, why'd you say no before?

LUKE: When?

LORELAI: When Taylor asked you before?

LUKE: He never asked me before.

LORELAI: He never asked?

LUKE: Not about a truck - about a giant ice cream cone a few months back. I said no to that. Probably why he thought I'd say no to the truck.

LORELAI: He never asked?

LUKE: Nope.

LORELAI: But you're fine with this, and he could have asked?

LUKE: It's a public street.

LORELAI: And you would have said yes?

LUKE: I'd have said yes.

LORELAI: And I wouldn't have had to go through all this.

LUKE: Probably not.

LORELAI: You know what, I've learned something very valuable here today. Come on in. Sit down there. Take a load off. Very valuable.

LUKE: Good.

LORELAI: I've had a business epiphany. It's like I'm Bud Fox, saying, "Thanks for the lesson, Mr. Gekko."

LUKE: This will pass, folks.

LORELAI: The Lorelai you knew is dead. Remember her? The eager to please, fresh of face? She thought that success in business meant working hard, applying yourself, and respecting your coworkers, and she preached that to others - oh, little child.

LUKE: You should probably get some rest.

LORELAI: It's about scratching backs, my friend, and kissing things - I won't be graphic.

LUKE: It is Sunday morning.

LORELAI: It's dirty, that's what business is. It's smoke-filled back rooms with exposed pipes and shady players chewing on fat cigars and twirling their dirty mustaches. And when you go into those rooms, you can't be a milquetoast muppet. You have to have pointy teeth and jaws that snap. The meek shall not inherit the earth!

LUKE: Thanks for the perspective.

LORELAI: Do you have any coffee?

LUKE: I'm not giving you coffee.

LORELAI: I don't have time for coffee. I gotta go find Taylor and close this deal. You think he's back at the store?

LUKE: Or having his dirty mustache cleaned.

LORELAI: You're good with the truck?

LUKE: I'm good with the truck.

LORELAI: Bless you. [leaves]

LUKE: I'll be right with you, folks.

[Luke walks upstairs to the apartment. Dean is sitting on the bed]

LUKE: So, you're up.

DEAN: Yeah, I'm up. It took me a minute or two to figure out where I am, but. . .

LUKE: Oh, that's right. You've never been here before.

DEAN: Yeah, it's not that I remembered. I just kinda looked out the window and that's how I could tell.

LUKE: Good, smart. [hands him a drink] Little concoction of mine - it'll help with the hangover.

DEAN: Guess I had a beer or two too many last night, huh?

LUKE: Yeah, it happens.

DEAN: Hope the guys didn't bug you too much.

LUKE: No, they were fine.

DEAN: Good.

LUKE: So, you're all dressed there?

DEAN: Yeah, uh, you know, big day - getting married.

LUKE: Getting married.

DEAN: Um, I'm due in the church in about an hour.

LUKE: Hey, uh, Dean. . .

DEAN: And I still gotta pick up my tux.

LUKE: Yeah, right.

DEAN: Um, thanks for everything, Luke.

LUKE: Yeah, sure. Good luck.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Rory and Lane are walking down the street]

RORY: So, a total strikeout, huh?

LANE: Total. And, you know, at first, I felt bad for them - so lacking in talent, yet so clueless. Then I just felt bad for their guitars.

RORY: Where are all the good young musicians these days?

LANE: My ears wanted to fly off my head. I'm going to the music store to look at things I can't afford. Want to come?

RORY: I have to go get ready for this.

LANE: Right. Tell me how it goes.

RORY: I will.

[Lane walks away. Luke walks out of the market]

RORY: Hey, Luke.

LUKE: Hey, Rory. Um, where's your mom?

RORY: Uh, around somewhere. Why?

LUKE: I thought I'd find her at Doose's. Did she go back to the inn, or. . .

RORY: She was going back to the inn, then she was picking up a wedding present for Dean from us, because she hates it when people send gifts later. And then depending on time, I was either gonna meet her back at home or at the church.

LUKE: She have her cell on her?

RORY: I think it's dead. What's going on?

LUKE: Or a pager or something?

RORY: Is something wrong?

LUKE: Oh, no, I just need to check something with her.

RORY: Well, we can stop by after the wedding.

LUKE: Don't go to the wedding.

RORY: What?

LUKE: Uh, don't go to Dean's wedding.

RORY: Why?

LUKE: I just. . .don't go. Trust me.

RORY: Okay.

LUKE: It'd just be better this way.

RORY: Okay.

LUKE: So, you're not going?

RORY: I guess not.

LUKE: Okay, good. Good. I'll see you guys later.

RORY: Yeah, Luke, I'll see you later.

LUKE: Okay.

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Lorelai walks out of a store. Kirk walks up to her]

KIRK: Lorelai, do you have a minute?

LORELAI: Oh, sure, Kirk.

KIRK: We've had a successful disconnection.

LORELAI: No more alarm?

KIRK: No more alarm.

LORELAI: Fantastic.

KIRK: The roofer will be out tomorrow. The repair should take about a day.

LORELAI: I'm not gonna inquire about that right now.

KIRK: It's all taken care of, and I want to apologize for any inconvenience.

LORELAI: Aw, it was no big deal.

KIRK: I have this strong sense of chivalry when it comes to women living alone.

LORELAI: That's very nice.

KIRK: My family tree dates back to a 12th-century knight.

LORELAI: Wow.

KIRK: As a kid, I thought that meant we were related to Ted Knight. I wrote him a lot of letters. He never responded.

LORELAI: That's cute, though.

KIRK: I just want you to feel safe.

LORELAI: You really do, don't you, Kirk?

KIRK: So, I hope you don't mind my watching out for you.

LORELAI: Not at all. [she kisses his cheek]

KIRK: Thank you. I'll see you around.

LORELAI: See ya.

[Kirk walks away as Rory walks over]

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Ooh, hey. I think I found the perfect wedding present for Dean. It's sweet, not too personal, classy, yet cheap.

RORY: We're not going.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Luke was looking for you and ran into me, and he was all nervous and everything, and then he finally just said we shouldn't go.

LORELAI: What does that mean?

RORY: I think it means that we shouldn't go.

LORELAI: Did he give a reason?

RORY: Not really.

LORELAI: I'll go talk to him.

RORY: No, Mom, he seemed really serious, and I think that if you saw him you'd feel the same way. He was kind of upset.

LORELAI: About Dean's wedding?

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: So, we're not going?

RORY: I think it's better that we don't.

LORELAI: Okay. Mystery, though.

RORY: Kind of.

LORELAI: Well, you've got your nothing-to-do weekend back.

RORY: Yeah, got that back. Um, Mom, Kirk's following us in a little clowny car.

LORELAI: He's watching out for us.

RORY: Okay.

CUT TO THE DRAGONFLY INN

[Lorelai and Sookie are standing on the porch with sledgehammers as Michel gets ready to take a picture]

MICHEL: Ready?

LORELAI: No, no, it's gotta look like we're actually demolishing the porch.

SOOKIE: We're gonna do pretend swings.

LORELAI: Which would have been easier if we had pretend sledgehammers.

SOOKIE: Why do they make these so heavy?

MICHEL: Well, even without the swing, this is a good picture of the two of you about to record an important moment for the two of you.

LORELAI: Um, Michel -

MICHEL: I would love a copy of this for my mantel, such a nice moment.

LORELAI: You have to be in the picture, too, Michel.

MICHEL: Me? I don't know. All right.

SOOKIE: That thing have a timer on it?

MICHEL: It's set. I framed the shot. Grab your hammer and smile.

[they pose for the picture]

LORELAI: One more for safety?

MICHEL: Okay.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: Just sometimes, it hits me. This place had a long history before us, has a long future after us. I keep thinking it's apart of our lives, but, really, it's the reverse. For a little while. . .I don't know. . .it's like we're apart of its life.

SOOKIE: Yeah.

[The three of them pose for another picture]

CUT TO THE TOWN SQUARE

[Rory watches from afar as Dean and Lindsay walk out of the church after their wedding ceremony]

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