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## 05x01 - Say Goodbye to Daisy Miller

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### 05x01 - Say Goodbye to Daisy Miller

by **bunniefuu**

Page **1** of **1**

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ANNOUNCER: When Last Season ended, a long awaited romance began, a marriage began to fall apart, and an unexpected mistake. Now as the new season begins, a new love grows, a reckless desire continues, and the Gilmores' unbreakable bond lies in jeopardy. And now, we'll take you back to the moment that changed everything.

OPEN IN LORELAI GILMORE FRONT YARD

[Long view of Rory's bedroom window]

DEAN: [OS] I love you, Rory.

RORY: [OS] I love you, too, Dean.

CUT TO RORY'S BEDROOM

[Rory and Dean lie together in her single bed, following their lovemaking]

RORY: Are you comfortable? Am I k\*lling your arm?

DEAN: My arm is fine.

RORY: I could move.

DEAN: Don't you dare move.

RORY: This right here, is -- the textbook definition of a perfect moment.

DEAN: Yeah, it is.

RORY: And earlier? [pause]

DEAN: That was pretty perfect too. However, as a guy, I was trying not to be a pig. [kisses her shoulder gently]

RORY: And I'm happy, are you happy?

DEAN: I'm very happy.

RORY: [smiling] Happy, but not chatty?

DEAN: I'm just... trying to make sure that all this is really happening.

RORY: It is. [they kiss] Hey, you know what I think we need?

DEAN: What?

RORY: A song. Like a song that's "our song".

DEAN: Okay.

RORY: Something romantic, but not mushy, something that will make us remember this.

DEAN: [chuckle] Ah, believe me, I'm remembering this.

RORY: Oh, I know. [She reaches over to the nightstand and loads a nearby CD into her player and turns it on.] Okay. Perfect. So, from now on, no matter what you're doing, where you are, you'll stop and think of me when you hear this [clicks remote on. Sammy Davis Jr.'s "The Candy Man" plays.]

DEAN: [laughs] That's not gonna be our song.

RORY: Why not? It's perfect. It's happy. It's hopeful. It has the word 'candy' in it. Hey, what is more hot than candy?

DEAN: Pick something else.

RORY: [She bobs to the music beat and repeats the lyric in a high squeaky voice] "Who can take the sunrise... sprinkle it with dew"

DEAN: Okay, okay, okay, okay. I'll pick something else. [He struggles to snatch the remote from her.]

RORY: No.

DEAN: Hand it over, I can't take it anymore.

RORY: This is what happens when the women get the remote, ah-ha!

[Thud noise from outside the bedroom interrupts them]

DEAN: What was that? [door closes]

LORELAI: [OS] Rory!

[CUT TO THE KITCHEN A FEW MOMENTS LATER]

[Rory darts out of her room followed closely by Dean]

LORELAI: Hey, what's going on?

RORY: [smoothing her hair] Dean came over to borrow something.

[CAMERA POV CHANGES TO KITCHEN DOOR LOOKING IN FROM OUTSIDE]

DEAN: Yeah, thanks.

RORY: You're welcome.

DEAN: Well, ah, I should go... bye, Lorelai.

RORY: Bye, Dean.

[Dean walks out the kitchen door and closes it. He listens to the conversation coming from inside]

LORELAI: [OS] So, what did he borrow?

RORY: [OS] I'm sorry I didn't talk to you about it first. I - I know I promised I would, but I swear, I didn't know that this was going to happen. I mean, I didn't know he was going to show up tonight, and it just happened. It's awful for you to find out like this, I know, but everything's okay. I'm okay, and we were, you know, safe - so all those Trojan Man jokes all these years really apparently stuck. And I'm lucky, too, because Dean, he's -- well, aren't you glad that it happened with someone who's good and really loves me?

LORELAI: [OS] He's married.

RORY: [OS] You don't understand the situation.

LORELAI: [OS] Is he still married?

RORY: [OS] Yes, but -

LORELAI: [OS] Then I understand the situation.

[Outside, Dean cringes and walks around to the front of the house to leave. The conversation still audible, he sees Rory through the lacey drapes and pauses.]

LORELAI: [OS] I just want what's best for you, that's all!

RORY: [OS] You're just mad because I didn't come running to you to discuss whether or not I was ready for this step. I decided it on my own.

LORELAI: [OS voice fades as Dean exits] Obviously, you weren't ready for this step.

[CUT TO EXTERIOR FRONT DOOR]

[Rory exits front door and pulls on sweater. Dials a number on her cell phone, as she steps off the front porch]

LINDSAY VOICE: [answering phone] Hello? Hello? Hello?

[Rory hangs up and sinks to her knees and begins to cry. Lorelai exits the front door and watches her daughter sobbing on the front lawn. She slowly approaches her daughter, bends over her and gently touches her shoulder.]

LORELAI: Hey. [Rory flinches from her touch] Let's just talk.

RORY: No. [She stands and stumbles back into the house. Lorelai looks grim.]

[OPEN IN ELDER GILMORE HOME FRONT DOOR]

[Door opens and Emily rushes in with determined purpose. Richard enters at a slower pace and follows her to small cluttered desk in a corner.]

RICHARD: You do realize you just leapt out of a moving vehicle.

EMILY: Everything cannot be on your schedule, Richard. [shuffles through small drawers on the desktop] Now, where is it? I know I put it in here. [She picks up a small, thin blue booklet.] Aha!

RICHARD: In all the years we've been together, I have never seen you behave as irrationally as -- Emily, I'm talking to you! Will you stop? [Emily storms down the hallway, brushing aside a nearby potted palm tree frond] Emily, this feud of ours has now reached comical heights that... Charlie Chaplin, himself, would find hilarious, and he's dead.

EMILY: Don't follow me, Richard.

RICHARD: Oh, wait, come back. Let me get you a cane and a derby.

[CUT TO BASEMENT]

[Emily descends the stairs to a room crowded full of boxes, trunks, unused furniture, dusty oil paintings, a discarded pool table, old silver trays and brass pieces. Richard follows her.]

RICHARD: What are you doing?

EMILY: I'm looking for my European luggage, which some imbecile has chosen to hide from me.

RICHARD: What do you need your European luggage for?

EMILY: To put things in.

RICHARD: You're making a mess.

EMILY: I don't care if I'm making a mess.

RICHARD: Well, who's going to clean all this up, you?

EMILY: Yes, me, or the maid, or perhaps Pennilyn Lott could come by after one of your clandestine luncheons and take a s\*ab at it.

RICHARD: Oh, for heaven's sakes. Not that again. She's just a friend!

EMILY: [provoking grin] I am going to Europe, Richard. I am going to Europe, and I'm going to have a marvelous time. I'm going to get up at 10:00, and I'm going to have two glasses of wine at lunch every single day.

RICHARD: Only prostitutes have two glasses of wine at lunch.

EMILY: Well, then buy me a boa and drive me to Reno because I am open for business.

RICHARD: I -- I can't talk to you when you're like this. I'm going to bed. [exits to stairs]

EMILY: You go to bed. I'll go to France.

[Richard climbs the stairs to the main floor. Door slams ]

[ After a pause, light piano music begins playing faintly from upstairs. Emily struggles with a large steamer trunk, dragging it up the stairs. As she reaches the door, she grasps the door knob and discovers the door won't budge.]

EMILY: Richard! Richard! [pounds on the door] The door is stuck! Richard! This isn't funny!

[She descends the stairs and looks around anxiously. Spying a high set window, she approaches and opens it and calls out.]

EMILY: Richard? Richard!

RICHARD: [OS] Emily?

EMILY: You locked me in.

RICHARD: [OS] I did not lock you in.

EMILY: You certainly did lock me in.

RICHARD: [OS] The door must be jammed. Did you try jiggling the knob?

EMILY: I suppose I could do that, or you could just get the hell down here and let me out!

RICHARD: [OS] Give me a moment, please.

EMILY: If you don't come down here right now, I will climb out the window.

RICHARD: [OS] You will not climb out the window.

EMILY: I will. I will climb out the window right now.

RICHARD: [OS] Don't you dare.

EMILY: I'm doing it. I'm climbing out the window. [she begins crawling out the window]

RICHARD: [OS] You better not climb out the window.

EMILY: [skirt catches on a nail] Damn it.

RICHARD: [OS] Emily Gilmore, I better not catch you climbing out the window. [sounds of footsteps]

EMILY: [panics and unzips her skirt to break free] I'm out the window. I'm out the window.

RICHARD: [descends the stairs] Get down from there.

EMILY: No! [slips out the window in only her sweater and hose]

RICHARD: Emily, get back here. Emily! [snatches her empty skirt dangling from nail]

[CUT TO EXTERIOR]

[Emily pulls her long sweater tightly down to cover herself and tiptoes to the back. Door opens ]

RICHARD: Are you having an aneurysm or something? Get inside and put this on.

EMILY: Get away from me!

RICHARD: Do you seriously think after 39 years of marriage, I would resort to locking you in a basement? [follows her to front of house]

EMILY: I don't know what you'd resort to. I don't know who you are at all.

RICHARD: I knew the mental illness in your family would catch up with you eventually.

EMILY: Aunt Cora was not mentally ill! She was athletic!

[flashing lights of a car approaches]

RICHARD: Oh, fine.

[ Indistinct talking over radio. Door of a DuBaldo Security Systems car opens and officer approaches. ]

SECURITY OFFICER: Is there some sort of problem here, folks?

RICHARD: No. There's no problem.

SECURITY OFFICER: We got a call from some of your neighbors complaining about a disturbance.

RICHARD: We apologize. We're going inside right now.

EMILY: Do not tell me what to do.

SECURITY OFFICER: Can I have your security password, please?

RICHARD: [sarcasm] Look, it's getting late, so either sh\*\*t us or go away.

SECURITY OFFICER: Fine. We'll just write up a report here and be on our way.

EMILY: Are you happy, Richard? Now there's a report, and a report means we'll be in the police blotter. Petal Huffington reads the police blotter religiously. It's like heroin to her. You've turned us into the scandal of the neighborhood. [Officer exits.]

RICHARD: Do you know what, Emily? If nothing else, this display tonight demonstrates clearly that you are no longer the woman I married.

EMILY: The woman you married was your partner. You listened to her. You consulted with her. You respected her. So, you are right, Richard. I am definitely not the woman you married. [ Engine turns over as she exits to the house]

[CUT TO INTERIOR OF DRAGONFLY INN - FRONT DOOR]

[Lorelai enters and immediately sees Luke in the front sitting room. Kirk is propped face first on the sofa naked, his butt in the air and a blanket covering him. ]

LORELAI: Oh, no.

LUKE: It's okay.

LORELAI: What happened?

LUKE: He landed butt first in Taylor's rose bushes.

LORELAI: Oh, poor thing!

LUKE: Didn't slow him down, though. I managed to tackle him as he headed toward the miniature

goat pen, dragged him back here, threw one of your blankets over him, and, well, there he is -- he's gonna be fine.

LORELAI: Well, that's good.

LUKE: Yeah. So, you were gone for a while.

LORELAI: Yeah, I just had some things to take care of at home. Are you sure he can breathe?

LUKE: Oh, yeah, I propped his head up. ? [He notices she is distracted.] So, uh...you okay?

LORELAI: Yes, I'm fine.

LUKE: Okay, just -- nothing you want to talk about with -- with me or - ?

KIRK: Oh!

LORELAI: Oh my God. We need to take him upstairs.

KIRK: [still face down] LuLu can't see me like this.

LORELAI: But, Kirk --

KIRK: [hysterical] LuLu can't see me like this!

LORELAI: Okay, she won't. I promise. Can I take a look?

KIRK: [quickly responds] Okay.

LORELAI: I don't want to take a look.

LUKE: Well, I'm not looking.

[Sookie descends the stairs and approaches]

SOOKIE: Hey! It's a party. What's everybody doing up?

LORELAI: Aw, hey, good timing, Squiggy.

[Luke and Lorelai approach Sookie]

SOOKIE: I was just going to check on my loaves and make sure they're rising properly. The air's a little more humid than I thought it was going to be, and if the loaves aren't rising properly, then -- what are you doing? [They both pull Sookie closer to the sofa]

LORELAI: We need you to look at Kirk's butt.

SOOKIE: Why?

LORELAI: Well, because he ran into some rose bushes, and he's got some thorns stuck in it, and I thought of you.

SOOKIE: Me? Why me?

LORELAI: Well, because... you're a chef.

SOOKIE: What?

LUKE: And you have a kid.

LORELAI: Yes, that's better. You have a kid.

LUKE: Neither of us has kids. Well, she does, but it's big and -- and -- and can look at her own butt.

LORELAI: I got this, thanks.

SOOKIE: Okay, well... oh, oh! I'm gonna need Bactine, antiseptic, and lots of hot towels.

LORELAI: I'll go. I'll be right back. [she exits]

KIRK: Ohh.

SOOKIE: Hey, Kirk? How are you feeling?

KIRK: Is Luke here?

LUKE: I'm right here, Kirk.

KIRK: Sorry I bit you.

LUKE: It's okay, Kirk.

KIRK: They were after me, so I ran away.

SOOKIE: Who was after you, honey?

LUKE: Assassins. He thinks assassins are after him.

KIRK: They were under my bed in my room, so I ran, and they followed me down the hall, down the stairs, past Luke and Lorelai kissing, through the yard, over that fence. [Sookie rolls her eyes and smiles in disbelief, Luke looks uncomfortable]

SOOKIE: Well, the assassins are gone now, Kirk.

KIRK: I imagined them?

SOOKIE: I think so.

KIRK: What about Luke kissing Lorelai?

SOOKIE: [ Chuckles ] I think you imagined that, too. [she glances at Luke and does a double take when she sees his expression]

KIRK: They looked so real.

SOOKIE: Okay, Kirk, you just settle down and relax, and I'll be right back. [She drags Luke away from the sofa out of earshot.] Ohh. [ Gasps ] Oh, my God!

LUKE: Sookie!

SOOKIE: You kissed?



LUKE: [tries to suppress a grin] Yes.

SOOKIE: I can't believe she didn't tell me. Why didn't she tell me?

LUKE: It just happened.

SOOKIE: Ooh, Luke, that's wonderful! [pulls him into a big hug]

LUKE: [ chuckles ] Thanks.

SOOKIE: [giggling with excitement] I can't wait to tell Lorelai it's wonderful!

LUKE: Um, could you maybe not say anything for a little while?

SOOKIE: Why?

LUKE: Well, I'm just not so sure she wants this out yet.

SOOKIE: What makes you think that?

LUKE: Do me a favor and keep it to yourself. Let her tell you if she wants to, okay?

SOOKIE: Sure. Okay. Call me Belinda, 'cause my lips are sealed.

LUKE: Thank you. [chuckles]

SOOKIE: Hey, Luke?

LUKE: Yeah?

SOOKIE: This is good. [exits to return to Kirk leaving Luke alone]

LUKE: I hope so.

[CUT TO DEAN AND LINDSAY'S APARTMENT]

[Dean quietly enters and deposits his keys on the entry table]

LINDSAY: Hey.

DEAN: [Startled, he turns around and sees her sitting at kitchen table] Hey.

LINDSAY: My mom brought by brownies. [Dean doesn't respond but walks past her to the kitchen]  
You worked late again.

DEAN: Yeah.

LINDSAY: Do you have to work tomorrow?

DEAN: I work at Doose's tomorrow.

LINDSAY: Oh. Well, will you be home for dinner? 'Cause I was thinking of cooking or something.

DEAN: I guess. I'll try. I don't know.

LINDSAY: You want a brownie?

DEAN: No.

LINDSAY: My mom put gummy bears in them like I'm still three or something. [silence] Oh yeah, and I found your phone. It had fallen in the couch cushions.

DEAN: Thanks.

LINDSAY: It rang a little earlier, about 20 minutes ago. I answered, but they hung up.

DEAN: You answered my phone?

LINDSAY: Well, it kind of woke me up.

DEAN: Why are you answering people's phones?

LINDSAY: Dean.

DEAN: I mean, you know it's my phone, Lindsay. This isn't your phone. I mean, who was it?

LINDSAY: I don't know. They hung up.

DEAN: So you didn't take a message?

LINDSAY: I told you -- they hung up.

DEAN: So, great, uh, you're just answering my phone and not taking messages? That's great, Lindsay.

LINDSAY: Dean, wh--

DEAN: Taylor calls on this phone, and Tom. I mean, this phone is for business, okay? That's why I have it!

LINDSAY: Fine.

DEAN: What if Tom called, and he had an extra shift for me tomorrow, huh? I mean he calls to tell me, and you answer, and he thinks maybe he doesn't have the right number, and he hangs up, and then I just lose out, which means we lose out. God, Lindsay, you know, you don't -- you don't get it, do you? I mean, you have absolutely no respect for me at all. That's just obvious.[ Sighs ]

LINDSAY: I don't want to fight. We always fight. I won't answer your phone anymore. I was asleep. I didn't think. I'm sorry, okay?

DEAN: Yeah...okay.

LINDSAY: You coming to bed?

DEAN: In a minute.

LINDSAY: [ Inhales ] Okay. [stands to leave] You mad at me?

DEAN: No. Just tired. Long day. I'll be right there.

[CUT TO BREAKFAST BUFFET LINE AT DRAGONFLY INN - MORNING]

[LuLu and Kirk are admiring the food table and taking samples on their plate

LULU: Everything looks so good.

SOOKIE: [giggles] I know it does.

LULU: [they move to a small nearby table. LuLu sits down.] I want half of that cranberry square.

KIRK: Okay.

LULU: Kirk, sit.

KIRK: I'm good.

LULU: You can't eat standing up like that. My mother says it gives you cancer.

KIRK: Really? Mine, too.

[Jackson enters]

JACKSON: Hey, look who came to visit.

BABETTE: Oh, my God, the baby's here!

SOOKIE: [approaches] Hey, Shortstuff. How's it hangin'?

JACKSON: He just came to say hi to everybody and to see the place on which his entire college education depends. What do you think? Is it gonna be Ivy League, or is it gonna be "Murray's House of Learnin'?"

SOOKIE: If we're going by the donut demand, I think he's in pretty good shape.

JACKSON: Okay, Ivy League it is. [baby talk to Davey] I just hope you're not stupid. Yeah?

SOOKIE: Well, you have fun. Mommy's gotta get back to work. Be nice, and don't throw up on the buffet.

PATTY: Jackson, you get over here right now with that baby.

[CUT TO FRONT LOBBY NEAR STAIRS]

[employee approaches Michel and presents a clipboard]

EMPLOYEE: Can you sign this? [when finished he exits as Taylor descends the stairs]

[Michel ignores him]

TAYLOR: Michel, hold it right there. Michel. Michel, I have a complaint. Michel? Michel?

MICHEL: Can I help you?

TAYLOR: I was talking to you, and you just walked away from me.

MICHEL: Oh, I'm sorry, I thought you were calling someone else.

TAYLOR: Someone else named Michel?

MICHEL: If only I could read minds. What can I do for you?

TAYLOR: One of my shoes is missing, and the other has been chewed.

MICHEL: Is this a riddle? I'm very busy.

TAYLOR: No, this is not a riddle. This is fact. Look at this shoe. This shoe was practically brand-new, worn twice, and only on smooth-surface floors. [Lorelai descends the stairs and avoids them] I leave it in your hallway, and in the morning, I find this. [LuLu and Kirk enter. Kirk overhears their conversation]

KIRK: Oh, my God, what have I done? [rushes after LuLu up the stairs]

[Lorelai enters and approaches]

LORELAI: Excuse me. I'm sorry. Taylor, why did you leave your shoe in the hallway?

TAYLOR: Your complimentary shoeshine.

LORELAI: Our - [Confused]

MICHEL: I don't know what he's talking about.

[Luke bounds down the stairs with his duffel bag over his shoulder]

LUKE: Hey, Lorelai --

TAYLOR: Oh, no problem, Luke. Butt right in. I couldn't possibly be talking about anything important.

LUKE: Good.

LORELAI: Uh. [She joins Luke a few feet away]

LUKE: I just -- I have to get back to the diner.

LORELAI: Okay, well, um - I... [glances at Michel and Taylor]

TAYLOR: I'm still standing here.

LORELAI: I have to - [distracted]

LUKE: Uh, sure.

LORELAI: Okay. But, thank you so much for coming.

LUKE: Okay, I'll...guess I'll see you later.

LORELAI: Yeah. [immediately returns to Taylor and Michel]

TAYLOR: You think I'm making all this up.

[Luke hesitates at the door watching her before leaving]

LORELAI: No, Taylor, I don't think you're making it up.

MICHEL: You're making a scene is what you're making.

TAYLOR: All right, fine. I'm going to find wherever I read that you said you have shoeshine service. I'm going to show you, and then he can take that look off his face.

LORELAI: Taylor, seriously, I completely believe you. [calls after him as he storms off]

MICHEL: That man is why mail-order brides were invented.

LORELAI: Mm.

[Michel exits and she turns to see Rory enter the front door]

LORELAI: Oh, my, my. Well, what a surprise.

RORY: People will expect me to be here for breakfast.

LORELAI: Yes, they will.

RORY: Okay, so I'm here for breakfast.

LORELAI: Enjoy! [Rory enters to dining room]

BABETTE: Rory, we were wondering what happened to you.

RORY: I just ran home early this morning to get something. Hey, Davey. Came for breakfast?

PATTY: Yes, he did. Didn't you, Davey?

JACKSON: Yeah, he did. Oops, he's got that look on his face. You might want to give him back to me.

PATTY: Oh, please, if I went running every time some guy tried to crap all over me, I never would have gotten married. [Lorelai passes through to the kitchen]

[CUT TO DRAGONFLY INN KITCHEN]

[Lorelai enters]

LORELAI: Hey, Sookie, what did you want to talk - Oh my!

SOOKIE: [ Squeals and hugs Lorelai] I'm so happy!

LORELAI: I'm so glad you're so happy! Is this is a normal happy or was there cooking sherry involved?

SOOKIE: I promised I wouldn't say anything, but I can't help it! It is so wonderful. Do you know how wonderful it is?

LORELAI: No, no, I don't, but I would love to weigh in.

SOOKIE: You're with Luke!

LORELAI: Ah, how did you know?

SOOKIE: Luke told me.

LORELAI: Oh?

SOOKIE: No, I'm sorry, Luke didn't tell me. Kirk told me.

LORELAI: Kirk told you?

SOOKIE: He saw you. He saw you kiss Luke. Oh, my God! You were kissing Luke!

LORELAI: Well, Sookie, I --

SOOKIE: I am so glad! You two are perfect for each other. I have always thought that someday, if you just sort of turned around and opened your eyes that you'd see it, and now that you have, I'm just so damn happy.

LORELAI: Well, I'm --

SOOKIE: You're not gonna die alone. I mean, somebody will be there. Somebody will know. Somebody will find the body and call the police and --

LORELAI: Yes, that is a relief. I can't believe Kirk saw us. I thought he was asleep.

SOOKIE: Don't worry. I convinced him he was dreaming it all, so I don't think he'll say anything. I know you're concerned about that. Why are you concerned about that?

LORELAI: Who said I was concerned about that?

SOOKIE: Luke -- he asked me not to say anything. He said he wasn't sure if you wanted it out. Why wasn't he sure if you wanted it out?

LORELAI: I don't know.

SOOKIE: How was it?

LORELAI: How was - ?

SOOKIE: You know. Was it on top of a table? 'Cause I always thought it would be on top of a table -- oh, like in "Bull Durham"!

LORELAI: There was no sex.

SOOKIE: No sex? Why no sex? [ Gasps ] Can't Luke?

LORELAI: I'm sure he can. There was no time. Everything happened so fast. We were here with the town -- and my parents flipping out and Jason showing up. Oh, no! Jason! What happened to Jason?

SOOKIE: Oh, his condo was on fire.

LORELAI: It was?

SOOKIE: Well, that's what Michel had me say when we called his cell phone. Hey, you don't seem happy.

LORELAI: About what?

SOOKIE: About Luke!

LORELAI: Of course I'm happy about Luke. It's just new. I'm still processing it, that's all.

SOOKIE: But he knows you're happy, right? I mean, he knows you're processing, but once you process, there's gonna be sex, right?

LORELAI: He knows. I think he knows. He should know. I hope he knows.

SOOKIE: Well, make sure he knows, okay? Because you two together -

LORELAI: Equals getting to the morgue before I smell. I got it.

SOOKIE: Okay. [giggles]

[CUT TO FRONT LOBBY]

[Lorelai enters and sees Rory at the front desk]

LORELAI: Hey. Finish your breakfast already?

RORY: Yeah, I was just leaving you a note.

LORELAI: Oh, you kind of wolfed it down, there.

RORY: I'm a light eater.

LORELAI: So, um, you leaving?

RORY: Yep.

LORELAI: Rory, don't you want to talk?

RORY: We already did.

LORELAI: Oh yeah, but you didn't hear what I wanted to talk about, which was how Jackson is probably gonna have to dislocate several of Davey's limbs trying to pry him away from Patty and Babette.

RORY: I have to go.

LORELAI: [ Sighs ] Rory, can't we just sit down for a second and talk about this?

RORY: I already heard everything you had to say last night.

LORELAI: You know what? Fine. I give. It's your life. Do what you want.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: You're 19. You know what you're doing.

RORY: I do know what I'm doing.

LORELAI: So you don't want to talk. We won't talk.

RORY: Good.

LORELAI: I wasn't thinking we had to talk like mom and kid. I thought we could talk as friends, but

hey, forget it.

RORY: I will.

LORELAI: Not that I take back what I said.

RORY: That's your prerogative.

LORELAI: [ Clears throat ] I mean, he's married, and as your friend, I have every right to point out the obvious.

RORY: Which you did twice now.

LORELAI: Okay, and I stand by it, though I felt maybe I could help you figure out how to handle this as your friend who you usually turn to to help you figure out how to handle things, but if you don't want to talk, then fine.

RORY: Great.

LORELAI: We won't talk.

RORY: Love the thought.

LORELAI: Don't worry about me nagging you to talk anymore. I'm out.

RORY: Terrific.

LORELAI: In fact, I'm really busy, so if you did change your mind --

RORY: Which I won't.

LORELAI: Okay. But if you did, I'm sorry. I can't help. Taylor lost a shoe, so get in line.

RORY: Any end to this speech in sight?

LORELAI: Bye.

[Rory exits and door slams ]

[ Footsteps down that stairs - Taylor spies Lorelai]

TAYLOR: Aha! I told you I'd seen it somewhere. Look at this.

LORELAI: Ah, right. Uh, Michel, hi. Could you come over here for a minute? Very sorry about this, Taylor.

MICHEL: Yes?

LORELAI: Hey. Here I have a list of services, all printed up nice and neat, including seaweed wraps, facial peels, watsu massage, and complimentary shoeshines, all of which we do not offer.

MICHEL: Well, we should.

LORELAI: Michel.

MICHEL: I mentioned them several times before, but you don't listen to me. Sookie wants to make



each guest a meringue hat, and you say, "Oh, Sookie, what a brilliant idea." But I want to pamper our guests with services that we don't have, and you tell me to answer the phone.

LORELAI: I'm very sorry about this, Taylor. We will replace your shoes, I promise you.

TAYLOR: Fine. I'm a 6 1/2, narrow.

LORELAI: Okay. I can't believe you did this.

MICHEL: Oh, you can too.

LORELAI: Get on the phone and find me shoes and have them here by tonight, and get your dogs off the premises immediately.

MICHEL: My dogs aren't --

LORELAI: It's been a rough weekend. Don't screw with me.

MICHEL: If Kirk can sleep inside, why can't my Chows?

LORELAI: Get them and take them home.

MICHEL: Okay, okay, I just have to locate Pau-Pau.

LORELAI: What?

MICHEL: He went out for a walk. He's around. He was just testing his boundaries.

LORELAI: Apparently, so are you.

MICHEL: I'm going. [ Whistles ] Pau-Pau?

[Lorelai pulls out her cell phone and dials number]

[CUT TO LUKE'S DINER DURING LUNCH RUSH]

[ Telephone ringing - Luke answers ]

LUKE: Luke's.

LORELAI: Hey. [scene switches back and forth between diner and inn]

LUKE: Hello?

LORELAI: [ Louder ] It's me.

LUKE: Oh, hi.

LORELAI: Can we talk?

LUKE: Well, we're kind of busy.

CAESAR: [places two plates on kitchen ledge] Burger and patty melt.

LORELAI: I just wanted to talk.

LUKE: Talk about what?

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: Talk about what?

LORELAI: Could you find a quieter place?

LUKE: Like where?

LORELAI: Just go outside.

LUKE: Phone doesn't reach outside.

CAESAR: [presents another plate of food] Something that looks like tuna.

LORELAI: Use your cell phone.

LUKE: Uh, I don't have a cell phone.

LORELAI: What happened to the phone Nicole gave you?

LUKE: She got it back in the divorce. Actually, I threw it in the lake after the divorce.

[ Davey crying at the inn - Dishes crashing at the diner]

LUKE: Jeez, what the hell is going on over there?

LORELAI: What's going on over there?

LUKE: Hold on!

LORELAI: You hold on, too.

[Luke stretches phone cord into storeroom and shuts door. Crying continues as Lorelai moves to the inn front closet. Closes the door and leans against it. Noises fade]

LORELAI: I'm good.

LUKE: I'm good, too.

LORELAI: Good!

LUKE: So...you wanted to talk.

LORELAI: Yeah. I just realized that, uh, you know, when I got back last night, I was, um, a little distracted. [slowly slides down the door to sit on the floor and notices Pau-Pau laying next to her chewing on Taylor's missing shoe] Uh,eh.

LUKE: Hey, no big deal.

LORELAI: Uh, no, no, it really was a big deal. I just, um --

LUKE: Seriously, you don't need to --

LORELAI: We kissed. [silence as Luke smiles while remembering] You and me, we kissed?

LUKE: I remember.

LORELAI: And it was...unexpected.

LUKE: Lorelai, relax. I'm fine if you want to just forget it ever happened, really.

LORELAI: No, I don't want to forget it ever happened. It was a great kiss.

LUKE: Yeah?

LORELAI: If one of us had been a frog, it would have had some seriously impressive consequences.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: So, what do you think?

LUKE: I think I'm really relieved you feel that way.

LORELAI: So you concur?

LUKE: Dear God, yes.

LORELAI: Good. So, then, I guess we'll discuss this later.

LUKE: Tonight?

LORELAI: Tonight.

LUKE: Okay. Thanks for the call.

LORELAI: Well, my pleasure.

[ Phone clicks, dial tone ]

LORELAI: You better finish that whole thing, Pau-Pau.

[CUT TO STARS HOLLOW SIDEWALK]

[Rory walks to a payphone and hesitatingly dials a number]

RORY: Hi, it's me. We need to meet.

[CUT TO MISS PATTY'S DANCE STUDIO]

[ Knocking on door ]

RORY: Come in.

DEAN: [whispers] Hey.

RORY: Hey.

DEAN: I'm glad you called.

RORY: Me too.

DEAN: Everything okay at home?

RORY: Yeah. Everything's okay.

DEAN: Good. [moves closer and takes her hands] Did I ever tell you I like your hair?

RORY: My hair?

DEAN: Your shorter hair.

RORY: It's grown out a little.

DEAN: I like it.

RORY: I like it, too.

[Their foreheads touch, then they kiss.]

DEAN: So, um, you wanted to talk?

RORY: Yeah, talk. [Dean caresses her arm and face before he leans close again] words... wow.  
[Their kiss becomes more passionate.]

[CUT TO LANE'S APARTMENT - LANE'S BEDROOM]

LANE: [shocked] You what?

RORY: I slept with Dean in my room last night, in my bed.

LANE: Oh, my God!

RORY: I know. Who would have even thought that Dean could fit in my bed. I mean, it's so small, and he's not small. He's tall, not small. Great, I'm rhyming.

LANE: I didn't know you were even back together.

RORY: Well, we're not. I mean, I guess we are now, but -- I'm out of breath.

LANE: Sit down.

RORY: My mom caught us.

LANE: Oh, my God.

RORY: I mean, she didn't catch us. We were done, but she -- we were still horizontal, and then she saw Dean come out of my room, and she just said all these things.

LANE: Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

RORY: What?

LANE: I'm just picturing it in my head, and -- oh, my God!

ZACH: [OS] Lane!

LANE: I'm busy!

ZACH: [OS] Okay, but hello?

LANE: Go, talk, please.

RORY: So, we had a fight.

LANE: You and Dean.

RORY: No, me and my mom.

LANE: Right.

RORY: So then I called him today, and I told him that we need to talk because there were questions and clarifications and many tiny details that were totally ignored, because he's, like, perfect, you know? But I had it all planned out, every word. I was going to be practical, and I was going to be adult, and then --

LANE: Yeah?

RORY: And then he walked in.

LANE: Yeah?

RORY: And he kissed me, and I couldn't think. It was just -- and then we --

LANE: Again?

RORY: Well, once you get the hang of it, it's pretty easy to duplicate.

LANE: Where?

RORY: What?

LANE: Where did you do it the second time?

RORY: At Miss Patty's.

LANE: You did it at Miss Patty's?

RORY: Yeah.

LANE: She would be so proud.

RORY: I had it all planned out. I was going to get everything straightened out. Why did he have to walk in like that?

ZACH: [OS] Lane!

LANE: [yells back] In a minute! [takes Rory by the hand]

RORY: Lane.

LANE: Okay, I'm sorry, I just have to ask you. [whispers] How was it?

RORY: Why are you whispering?

LANE: Because I just think that no matter where she is, my mom can hear this conversation.

RORY: It was a little scary.

LANE: Was he nice to you?

RORY: Yeah. It was -- I mean, he loves me, and I love him.

LANE: Oh, my God.

GIL: [OS] Lane! Come on!

[Lane opens her door and enters the front room]

LANE: What?!

GIL: We were supposed to practice a half an hour ago.

ZACH: Brian's been yammering on about germs and spores for 20 minutes. I'm completely freaked out to touch a microphone ever again.

BRIAN: I'm just saying, at the end of the night, who cleans them?

ZACH: Shut up, Brian.

GIL: Look, man, I only have the babysitter till 6:00, then it's my turn to drive them to Gymboree.

ZACH: Dude, you promised you wouldn't talk about the parental issue during band practice.

GIL: We're not having band practice, and it's not a parental issue. It's being part of the cycle of life, and that, my friend, is pure rock 'n' roll.

ZACH: Go join "The Polyphonic Spree," you fruitcake.

BRIAN: I'm just saying my bass strap has a smell.

LANE: Hey! Shut up, all of you! Now, that is my friend, and she is here in desperate need of some girl talk, and in case you haven't noticed, I am a girl, and this, right here, is what it's like to have a girl in the band, so all of you -- deal! [returns to her bedroom] Sorry.

RORY: Lane, I think I did something that -- what do you think?

LANE: Of what?

RORY: Of what I did. I need some perspective.

LANE: From me?

RORY: Yes.

LANE: You need some perspective on sex from me?

RORY: I need some perspective on sex with Dean from you.

LANE: Oh, well, Dean loves you.

RORY: I know.

LANE: And you love him.

RORY: I know.

LANE: So it seems like --

RORY: He's married.

LANE: I know.

RORY: How did I overlook that fact? I mean, he said that the marriage was over. He said that he had told Lindsay or that he was going to tell her or that she already knew somehow, but I didn't ask anything else. Why didn't I ask anything else?

LANE: I don't know.

RORY: I don't remember what he said. I don't remember what he told me. I didn't ask anything important.

LANE: You can ask now.

RORY: I tried to ask now. I ended up having sex on an Al Gilbert record. I need to know some things. I need -- I don't know what I need to do.

LANE: Maybe you should talk to Lorelai.

RORY: No.

LANE: But she already knows about you guys.

RORY: No.

LANE: She's better than me at this sort of thing because she at least has a frame of reference.

RORY: Talking to her is not an option.

LANE: Okay, well, then --

[ Drumsticks clicking. Rock music plays - Lane enters to see Zach behind her drum set]

LANE: What do you think you're doing?!

BRIAN: I told you she'd be mad.

LANE: Get away from my drums!

ZACH: You were in there talking about panty hose or whatever the hell you chicks talk about --

LANE: You do not, under any circumstances, touch my drums.

GIL: He adjusted your seat also.

LANE: You what?!

[CUT TO DRAGONFLY LOBBY AREA]

[Lorelai speaks to one of the maids]

LORELAI: So, make sure they all get the thank-you cards and light the lemon candles so the rooms smell pretty when they get up there. Thanks, and great job this weekend -- great job. [startles when she sees Emily sitting on the sofa] Oh! My God!

EMILY: My, what a lovely greeting.

LORELAI: How long have you been sitting there?

EMILY: Ten minutes. Why?

LORELAI: You scared me.

EMILY: Like I'm Dracula?

LORELAI: Oh, my God, my heart won't stop pounding.

EMILY: Stop being so dramatic. I just showed up for lunch. It's not as if I did anything truly terrifying like telling you that butt-crack-baring jeans had gone out of style.

LORELAI: What do you mean you showed up for lunch?

EMILY: Our lunch...at 1:00. You, me, Rory -- the three of us. We're having lunch, aren't we?

LORELAI: I didn't think so.

EMILY: You didn't?

LORELAI: Well, no, but --

EMILY: When you invited your father and me for the weekend, you said it included a lunch with you and Rory.

LORELAI: Well, yes, I know, but that was before you left.

EMILY: What does my leaving have to do with anything?

LORELAI: Well, when you left, you weren't here anymore. You were gone, so we just assumed lunch was --

EMILY: this lunch was your idea.

LORELAI: Yes, I know, but --

EMILY: I did not force it upon you.

LORELAI: You're right, however --

EMILY: If you were too busy or you didn't want it to happen, then you didn't have to bring it up at all, did you?

LORELAI: No, I didn't, but you left, see, so --



EMILY: All right then. It is now 1:00. You said lunch at 1:00. I'm here. It's 1:00. I'm hungry. Where's Rory?

LORELAI: Okay, see, you left, so -

EMILY: She's not here, is she?

LORELAI: No.

EMILY: Didn't she know about the lunch?

LORELAI: Yes, mom, she knew about the lunch, but you -- so we -- and she -- I'll call her.

EMILY: I'll wait. [walks off]

[CUT TO LANE'S APARTMENT BEDROOM]

[Rory sits alone on Lane's bed listening to arguing voices in next room]

LANE: [OS] What are you doing?! [unintelligible dialog]

[Rory's cell phone rings from her purse. She walks over to answer it.]

LANE: [OS] What are you talking about?

ZACH: [OS] We're a band! We share!

RORY: Hello?

LORELAI: Your grandmother is here for her lunch. [Scene switches between inn and the bedroom]

RORY: But she left.

LORELAI: Could you just get back here?

RORY: I'm kind of busy.

LORELAI: Rory, this is not for me, okay? This is for your grandmother. You like your grandmother, remember?

RORY: Fine.

LORELAI: Great.

RORY: Bye.

LANE: [OS yelling ]

ZACH: [OS] Chill!

GIL: [OS] You're worse than Metallica!

[CUT TO STARS HOLLOW SIDEWALK]

[Rory is walking to return to the inn. She passes the butcher and notices Lindsay inside talking

animatedly. Curious, she returns to eavesdrop.]

LINDSAY: I did that.

BUTCHER: Did you put in the meat thermometer?

LINDSAY: Yes, I put in the meat thermometer. I put in three meat thermometers just in case one of them wasn't working.

BUTCHER: And you put the oven on 450 for 20 minutes and then lowered it to 350 for the last hour.

LINDSAY: [upset] I did everything you told me. I did it exactly like you told me to, and it still turned out awful.

BUTCHER: Maybe you should try something else -- meatloaf or chicken.

LINDSAY: No, Dean likes roast beef! We had it at our wedding. His mother makes it every time we go over there. I'm making dinner tonight, and it has to be perfect, so just tell me how to do it again.

BUTCHER: Okay.

LINDSAY: And write it down.

BUTCHER: Okay. First, you rub it with a little oil. Then take some fresh ground...

[Rory walks away]

[CUT TO DRAGONFLY INN - OUTSIDE IN THE BACK OF THE PATIO AREA]

[Emily, Lorelai and Rory sit at a small round table. A waiter finishes filling Emily's beverage and leaves. No one speaks.]

[ Birds chirping ]

[ Horse neighs ]

EMILY: The weather's lovely.

LORELAI: Yes, it is.

EMILY: Rory, don't you think it's lovely?

RORY: It's very lovely.

EMILY: Yes. [looks at her surroundings] Lovely. Well, I don't see any reason to put this off any longer. Girls, I have something to say that may shock you, but unfortunately there's nothing I can do about that now. Lorelai, Rory, Richard and I have separated.

LORELAI: And?

EMILY: What do you mean "and"? That's not enough? You need some sort of mob-related offing to make it interesting?

LORELAI: No, Mom, that's plenty. It's just, we already knew.

EMILY: Rory didn't.

RORY: Well, I mean, I didn't know know --

EMILY: Why would you tell her?

LORELAI: Mom!

EMILY: Who else did you tell?

LORELAI: [sarcasm] So, you haven't read "Page Six"?

EMILY: Rory, if you need to talk about this to try to understand why this is happening, then by all means, do not ask your mother.

LORELAI: Okay, Mom, I'm sorry. I'm not trying to be insensitive. It just seemed like a thing you and Dad were going through. I figured you'd make up.

EMILY: Well, we didn't.

LORELAI: I see that. So, wow, you're really separated?

EMILY: That's right. Your father's moving into the pool house.

LORELAI: So then you're not separated.

EMILY: Of course we are.

LORELAI: You're separated by the pool.

EMILY: That's it. That's the end of your input on this.

RORY: I'm sorry, Grandma.

EMILY: Well, what's done is done. I'm moving on. And to celebrate the next stage of my life, I'm going to Europe by myself for the very first time since I was in college. I'm leaving tonight.

RORY: Tonight? That's fast.

EMILY: Well, I wanted to leave quickly, so I called my travel agent and insisted that he put me on tonight's plane to Paris no matter what. He finally managed to bump someone from a church group, and I've got my seat, and I'm leaving at 10:00. And, Rory, my offer to you still stands.

RORY: What offer?

EMILY: My offer to escort you around Europe this summer.

RORY: Oh. [Lorelai watches Rory's reaction carefully]

EMILY: Every young lady should do Europe the proper way at least once in her life, and I would be thrilled to have your company on this very special occasion. Of course, I know it's very short notice, so if you already have plans for the summer, I completely understand.

LORELAI: You know, I think Europe sounds great. I think you would really enjoy that. I mean, remember -- we loved Paris. You don't have anything special planned for the summer, do you?

RORY: [gives Lorelai an odd look] No, nothing special.

EMILY: Well, then? What do you say? Would you like to be impulsive with me?

RORY: Sure, Grandma, I'd love to.

EMILY: That is just wonderful! I'll call Ralphie right away and tell him to bump another Baptist. We'll have a wonderful time, you and I. It'll be just like "Gigi." Lorelai, I'm gonna use your phone.

LORELAI: Be my guest, Mom. [Emily exits. Long pause] Europe? Cool. [Rory give Lorelai a cool look] What?

RORY: So, what is this, a Henry James novel? The young lady acts up, and her family ships her off to Europe?

LORELAI: Oh, come on.

RORY: How fast did you tell Grandma that I had nothing to do this summer?

LORELAI: I'm not shipping you off.

RORY: Oh, please!

LORELAI: I'm not. I'm just -- okay, maybe I am.

RORY: Ha!

LORELAI: I wasn't planning on it, but maybe in the back of my mind, I just thought -

RORY: - Say Goodbye to Daisy Miller.

LORELAI: Okay, fine, so maybe I suggested the trip to give you some time to --

RORY: Travel back to the turn of the century?

LORELAI: To think -- but you did not have to accept.

RORY: I did too.

LORELAI: No, Rory, you didn't. You're 19 now, remember? You're all grown up, and you can handle your own affairs. Sorry. That's a bad choice of words. You can handle your own life events, so if you didn't want to go to Europe, all you had to do was say you didn't want to go, but you didn't, so I assume you do want to go. [sees Rory's expression] You do want to go? How come? I mean, what about Dean? You're just gonna go off and leave now?

RORY: None of your business.

LORELAI: Did something happen? Did you guys have a fight, or is it something else? Is it Lindsay?

RORY: We didn't have a fight. Everything is fine with Dean. I want to go so I can get away from you.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, weren't you supposed to go through this phase like five years ago? 'Cause, I mean, seriously, at this point, storming into your room and blasting your goth rock -- it's just gonna confuse your roommates.

RORY: [grabs her pocketbook stands to exit] Tell Grandma I had to pack.

["If I Could Write" by Sam Phillips plays over the next three scenes that have no dialogue.]

[CUT TO DEAN AND LINDSAY'S APARTMENT]

[Lindsay enters with platter of roast beef and trimmings. She sets it down in front of Dean and anxiously watches as he begins to carve. Dean glances up at her worried face. She watches closely and jumps in jubilation when she sees the roast is a success. Dean is startled at her shout and smiles as she wraps her arms around his neck to hug and kisses him. She claps her hands and hops up and down as he continues to smile and carve.]

[CUT TO EXTERIOR OF ELDER GILMORE ENTRANCE]

[Chauffeur loads Emily's trunks and luggage into limousine. In the doorway, Emily gives last minute instructions to maid and departs. Front door closes while Richard appears in the interior distance lighting his cigar.]

[CUT TO LORELAI'S STAIRWELL]

[Lorelai appears at the top of the stairs as a cell phone rings below. Rory appears and checks the caller id as it rings. She ignores the call, turns off the phone, tucks it in her purse, and returns to her room. Lorelai slowly descends the stairs with a concerned look.]

[AIRPORT DEPARTING GATE]

[Emily hurries along the walkway]

EMILY: Come on, girls, hurry up. We have an adventure to embark on. [happily approaches the attendant] There you go -- my picture I.D. And my boarding pass. Rory, hurry up. You have to hold your own boarding pass, and you need your I.D. Lorelai, say your good byes here. If you don't have a boarding pass, you can't go farther -- am I right? [confirms with the attendant] I'm right, Lorelai. If you need to search me, that's just fine. Don't be afraid to ask. Bye, Lorelai. [exits to gate]

LORELAI: Bye, Mom. [then to Rory] Hey, hey, hold on a sec. You have everything you need?

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: You have trashy-magazine money?

RORY: Those magazines make Grandma crazy.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, here's 20 bucks. It's a long flight.

EMILY: Rory, hurry, please!

RORY: Coming, Grandma. I have to go.

LORELAI: Yeah, you do. Okay, so, um... have fun, and uh... if you need to talk about anything, just please call me, okay?

RORY: Okay. [uncomfortable moment before she exits. Lorelai sadly watches her depart]

[CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT]

[Lorelai enters to the house. Looks around feeling sad and lonely. She notices message machine is blinking as she drops her keys on desk. She presses playback button, and answering machine beeps.

She sits as the message plays.]

LUKE'S VOICE: Hey, it's me. Uh, listen, I got a call from my sister and T.J. They're up in Maine, and they got into a little accident -- nothing major, just each one of them broke an arm and a leg, [Lorelai looks concerned] so anyhow, they can't run the Renaissance Fair booth for a couple of weeks. So they asked me to come and help them out, and I, unfortunately, answered the phone, so I'm on my way to Maine. I'll be back in about a week. Okay? Bye.

LORELAI: Great.

[ Beeps ]

LUKE'S VOICE: Hey, it's me again. I'm not sure if we're at the point in this relationship where you actually need to know that much information about my whereabouts, [Lorelai smiles and chuckles] so if we're not, I'm sorry. I could have just said, "I'm going out of town, and I'll call you later." So I'm going out of town, and I'll call you later.

[ Beeps ]

LUKE'S VOICE: Me again, [Lorelai look of disbelief] the idiot that leaves you three rambling messages on your machine. I just wanted to tell you I got a cell phone before I left, so, you know, you could call if you want, but only if you want, so that's it.

LORELAI: Ah! [frustrated as she prepared to write down number]

[ Beeps ]

LUKE'S VOICE: Yeah, a number might be good.

LORELAI: Thank you. [writes number on paper]

LUKE'S VOICE: 860-294-1986. Okay, bye.

[ Beeps ]

LUKE'S VOICE: Just...don't change your mind until I get back, okay? Okay. Talk to you later.

[ Beeps ]

[After only a few moments she picks up phone and dials number from paper and sits on sofa.  
Ringing cell phone. ]

LUKE'S VOICE: Hello?

LORELAI: Well, if it isn't Dean Moriarty.

[CUT TO INTERSTATE ROAD - LUKE'S TRUCK - NIGHT]

[Scene switches between Luke's truck and Lorelai's sofa]

LUKE: Yeah, this is the life.

LORELAI: So, are Liz and T.J. okay?

LUKE: Yeah, they're just not getting around too well. Liz is all panicked that if they don't finish out the season, they're gonna lose their spot next to the apple doll booth, which is apparently the

prime spot, so I said I'd help them out.

LORELAI: Very chivalrous of you.

LUKE: Yeah, I'm a regular Lancelot. So, you get my messages?

LORELAI: Oh, no, did you leave a message? Sorry, my answering machine dropped dead of exhaustion. What did you say?

LUKE: Not much.

LORELAI: Okay.

LUKE: So...

LORELAI: So...

LUKE: That was a hell of a test run.

LORELAI: You mean for the inn, of course.

LUKE: Of course.

LORELAI: Yes, it was. Although, you know, until you have a successful second go-round, you really don't know if everything's gonna work.

LUKE: Then I guess there's got to be a second go-round. [smiles]

LORELAI: Well, yes, it's the only thing that makes really good business sense. So, where are you right now?

LUKE: About 10 minutes from "if I lived here, I'd blow my brains out."

LORELAI: Ah, yes, I hear it's lovely there this time of year.

[FADE OUT]

~~~ End ~~~