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05x09 - Emily Says Hello

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05x09 - Emily Says Hello

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OPEN IN STARS HOLLOW - SIDEWALK OUTSIDE DOOSE'S MARKET

[Lorelai appears around the corner and prepares to enter the grocery store.]

JACKSON: [loud whisper OS] Psst! Lorelai.

LORELAI: Jackson.

[She spots him hiding on the side of the building. He's curiously dressed in a thick coat and a concealing lumberjack hat - flaps arranged to hide his face. She is intrigued and approaches him.]

JACKSON: [stage whisper] Shh. Just come here a second. I need you to get some stuff for me from Doose's.

LORELAI: Jackson, what are you doing?

JACKSON: [continues speaking quietly] Stop saying my name. Look, Sookie's got major food cravings, and I can't go in to "Leech Headquarters". They'll be all over me in two seconds flat.

LORELAI: [sympathetic] Selectman job isn't getting any easier, huh?

JACKSON: No, it's getting worse. Like last week -- Ann Benninghoff comes to me, right? She wants to put a sales cart outside the colonial museum selling revolutionary w*r books and "just a few arrowheads." Fine, but then Sally Lannigan hears about that, and she wants to sell her pine-needle sachets out in front of the gazebo. Fine, but then Kirk comes to me in an outrage because he's allergic to all pine-scented things, and how could I not know this? And pretty soon, I'm nothing but an empty suit of Jackson skin.

LORELAI: Ew. Well, what do you need?

[Jackson pulls a crumpled piece of paper from his coat pocket and unfolds it.]

JACKSON: Oh, thanks. Uh...let's see here. Grapefruit juice, Milk Duds, bloody mary mix, extra-spicy turkey sausage -- this is all going in the same blender, by the way -

LORELAI: Good Lordy.

JACKSON: Chives -- I'm getting a stomachache just reading this list.

LORELAI: Give it to me. I'll brave headquarters for you.

JACKSON: Thank you, thank you, thank you.

[Lorelai pauses and smiles expectantly.]

JACKSON: [Sighs] Do not go where you're going.

LORELAI: Well, what's one leech versus a swarm?

JACKSON: [looks to the skies and whimpers] I have no sanctuary.

LORELAI: The pothole on the road to the Dragonfly is getting worse. Kids are starting to swim in it.

JACKSON: I'll put it on the list, along with everything else.

LORELAI: Top of the list, please? [louder] Jackson!

JACKSON: Don't. Shh.

LORELAI: [feigned innocence] Was that too loud? Can't always tell.

JACKSON: It's on top of the list.

LORELAI: [grins] Be back in a flash.

[She exits into the store as another pedestrian walks by. Paranoid, Jackson quickly turns away, tries to look casual.]

CUT TO SOOKIE AND JACKSON'S HOUSE - INTERIOR - FRONT DOOR

[Jackson enters the house with Lorelai following, both laden with grocery bags.]

JACKSON: Sookie, I'm home.

LORELAI: I'm home, too!

JACKSON: Were we followed? [peers around edge of curtain]

LORELAI: I don't think so. Good thing we ditched that Audi in Marseilles. Now we just have to find that tracking device. [hears crying from next room] Sookie, honey, what's wrong?

SOOKIE: [Crying] I just -- it's just -- it's just so sad.

[Jackson and Lorelai join Sookie in the living room]

LORELAI: Oh! People Magazine. Jackson, you know we don't allow soft human-interest stories around Sookie when she's pregnant.

JACKSON: She must have snuck it in.

SOOKIE: [whimpering] I feel like they were perfect for each other, you know?

LORELAI: [sympathetic] Uh-huh. Who, honey?

SOOKIE: [hiccupping stutters] The two of them. I mean, with the hair and the teeth and the -- you know?

LORELAI: Who's got hair and teeth?

SOOKIE: And then the Divine Brown thing happens, and bammo -- their love's in the toilet.

LORELAI: We're talking Elizabeth Hurley and Hugh Grant?

JACKSON: She must have found an old one somewhere.

LORELAI: [encouragingly] That was years ago, Sookie.

JACKSON: Tons of people have broken up since then.

SOOKIE: [horrified] and Oh, my God!

LORELAI: No, no, it's okay. Everyone's together and happy. Dispose, please.

JACKSON: Gladly. [exits with the magazine]

SOOKIE: Oh, is that my food?

LORELAI: Yes, yes, look. We got, uh, turkey sausage -- extra-spicy like you wanted.

SOOKIE: Yuk.

LORELAI: And grapefruit juice.

SOOKIE: Ugh.

LORELAI: Rappini.

SOOKIE: Ugh. Puke.

LORELAI: You're not craving things anymore, are you?

SOOKIE: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: No.

[Jackson returns to join his wife - sits on the arm of the sofa to comfort her]

SOOKIE: Oh, I mean, I'm so friggin impossible. You're so good to me, and you go to all this trouble, and you get me everything I want, then I don't want it anymore. [Lorelai smiles warmly at her friend] I'm sorry that you have to be in love with a crazy person.

JACKSON: Come here. [Sookie leans into his embrace] I'll tell you what -- I'll deal with as much moodiness and food weirdness as you can dish out as long as you do the actual "squeezing a human being out of your body" part.

SOOKIE: [chuckles] Deal.

[Jackson's gaze wanders out the front window. He stands suddenly, causing Sookie to grunt as she leans into nothing.]

JACKSON: Okay. That car just slowed down as it went past the house.

LORELAI: Jackson, why don't you get away from the window and go relax or something?

JACKSON: Oh, I shouldn't be near a window.

SOOKIE: Why don't you take it easy, sweetie, and go check on Davey?

JACKSON: All right, but if anyone calls for me, I'm not here... and I'm armed and dangerous. [exits again]

LORELAI: [warm tone] He lo-o-o-ves you.

SOOKIE: Then he's certifiable... because I'm certifiable, and you have to be certifiable to put up with that.

LORELAI: Hey, you're pregnant. You're not supposed to be normal. [stands and walks to the kitchen to put away groceries]

SOOKIE: [Chuckles] I guess so. And it may be mean, but when I worry too much about how I'm treating Jackson, I just remember Brandy.

[Sookie stands and follows Lorelai to the kitchen and sits at the table]

LORELAI: Brandy?

SOOKIE: Christopher's Brandy.

LORELAI: Christopher's Sherry?

SOOKIE: Oh. [Chuckles] I knew it was something like that. Anyway, I'm handling this all better than her. How is he, anyway?

LORELAI: Christopher? Fine. [pause] Wow, you know what? I have no idea. He never called me again.

SOOKIE: Really?

[Lorelai joins Sookie seated at the table]

LORELAI: Not once since I went over there. I assume he's doing fine, but I don't know.

SOOKIE: He never called? All those problems with the baby were solved in one night?

LORELAI: Kind of weird, isn't it?

SOOKIE: A little.

LORELAI: You never know with him. He's as unpredictable as a pregnant woman. No offense.

SOOKIE: [Chuckles] None taken.

LORELAI: I hope he and G.G. are okay. The last time I was over there, he was duct-taping her diapers, but... I'm sure he's found the tabby thingies by now. Yeah, I'm sure he's okay.

SOOKIE: Milk chocolate and artichoke hearts.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: That's what I want, and I'm not going to change my mind. Milk chocolate and... bell peppers! [excitedly hops to her feet]

LORELAI: Ah.

SOOKIE: Now I'm not going to change my mind. Jackson, I figured it out! Milk -- dark chocolate. Ooh, taffy! Taffy and walnuts. [Gasps] Taffy -- OOH, pistachios! Ooh, hearts of palm! [she walks out of the room]

CUT TO RORY'S YALE DORM - COMMON ROOM

[Rory seated on sofa, reading a newspaper. Paris paces nervously, then leans over Rory's shoulder]

RORY: Paris, please don't compare our reading speeds again. You're fast, I'm slow. Enjoy your trophy.

PARIS: I need the exact time of today's sunset.

RORY: I'm in the middle of an article.

PARIS: Well, if you read faster, you wouldn't be.

[Rory turns the newspaper page]

RORY: Okay, the time of today's sunset is 4:31.

PARIS: Okay. Then I just have to keep my mind occupied until 4:31.

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: What?

RORY: Tell me again why you're fasting for Ramadan.

PARIS: Look, Rory, if you want to crib your articles from the A.P. Wire, that's your business. I, on the other hand, actually give a rat's ass about journalistic integrity. When I write about Ramadan, I experience Ramadan. Are you chewing gum?

RORY: What? Yes. Why?

PARIS: I'd really prefer it if you didn't chew it at me.

RORY: Paris, did you know that not eating can make people kind of snippy?

PARIS: Ramadan is about a lot more than just not eating. It calls for a total abstinence from food particles passing through the mouth or nose. Your bazooka is passing through my nose.

[Knock on door]

RORY: It's unlocked. [Marty walks in carrying a paper sack] Hey, Marty.

MARTY: So, I just bartended this crazy brunch with chocolate fountains and floating ice sculptures, and I snagged us all kinds of hors d'oeuvres. [indicating the two bags he's carrying]

PARIS: [sarcasm] Oh, nice going, bucko.

MARTY: [eyes Paris timidly] Okay, so, she didn't really mean "nice going," right? 'Cause there's sort of a devil-eye thing going on.

RORY: She's fasting.

PARIS: People came to America to escape religious persecution.

[Cell phone rings - Rory stands and retrieves her cell phone. Marty takes her vacant seat on the sofa.]

MARTY: Well, what religion is anti-leftovers? [eyes Paris warily]

RORY: Hello.

LORELAI: Hi. Guess where I am?

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Go on, guess.

RORY: Oh, I don't know, Luke's?

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW - LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai is standing behind Luke's counter as employees bustle around her.]

LORELAI: But not just at Luke's -- on the phone at Luke's, and it's all perfectly legal because I'm on the diner's phone.

RORY: A loophole. Nice.

LORELAI: You got to love a loophole.

[The scene switches between the diner and Rory's dorm]

RORY: Getting to use Luke's behind-the-counter phone, that's like getting to wear his letterman jacket.

LORELAI: I know. Maybe now he'll ask me to the sock hop.

RORY: I'm glad you guys are all loopholey and sock-hoppy. It's nice.

LORELAI: Yeah. Well, um, I just called to, you know, uh, brag about my loophole and check on plans for Friday night dinner.

[Luke emerges from the back storeroom carrying supplies and shouts.]

LUKE: Hey!

LORELAI: Hon, hold on a sec.

[Luke walks up]

LUKE: What are you doing back here?

RORY: You didn't have permission to be behind the counter, did you?

LORELAI: You don't need permission if you're the girlfriend.

LUKE: [lectures] A sack of potatoes falls on your head, the insurance company doesn't care if you're the girlfriend.

LORELAI: Well, you're storing potatoes in a very weird place if you're worried about them falling on people's heads.

LUKE: [scolds and shoo's] Go. Go. Get.

LORELAI: Okay, I'm getting.

[She pulls the phone cord with her while walking around to the front of the counter returning to her stool. A semi-eaten bowl of pie and ice cream sits before her.]

RORY: He's kicking you out?

LORELAI: No. It's just my boyfriend's so protective of my safety, the thought of food falling on my head makes him crazy. So, anyway, what's better for you -- carpool or meet there?

RORY: Meet's better, I guess.

LORELAI: Okay, honey, I'll see you there.

RORY: Oh, wait -- there's something I want to run by you.

[At the dorm, Marty peeks inside one of his paper bags. Paris alternately fans the air and hits Marty with the newspaper]

MARTY: Can't you just plug your nose or something?

PARIS: Sure, ask a billion Muslims to plug their noses. That makes a lot of sense, Marty.

[She continues to beat him with the paper until he closes the bag and leans back, defeated. Rory exits to her room.]

CUT TO RORY'S DORM - BEDROOM

[Rory enters and closes the door to avoid the noisy ruckus between Paris and Marty. Scene continues to switch between bedroom to Luke's Diner]

RORY: Okay, so, I've got an idea.

LORELAI: Finally this Yale thing's kicking in.

RORY: I am sick of humoring Grandma and Grandpa during this stupid separation of theirs. This "drinks here, dinner there" is dumb. It's not working, and we should not do it anymore.

LORELAI: Well, if you feel it is best to end the Friday night dinners, then as your mother, I feel it is my duty to support you.

RORY: I'm not saying we should end Friday night dinners.

LORELAI: Okay, well, then, as your mother, I feel it is my duty to tell you you're wrong.

RORY: We need to take a stand. No more humoring. We need to get them in a room and talk some sense into them, and to do that, I think we should divide and conquer. So this Friday, I'll have dinner with one, and you'll have dinner with the other.

LORELAI: Uh-huh. Hey, what happened to the idea of ending Friday night dinners? - Because I thought that one had real potential.

[Loud muffled voices continue from the other room]

RORY: This way, we can each talk to them one-on-one, break them down, convince them that their separation isn't okay with us.

LORELAI: It's not?

RORY: Mom, I know they both want to be with each other.

LORELAI: Hon, my parents are very stubborn. I don't want you to get your hopes up about the outcome.

RORY: But I can't stand it the way it is. I think they both miss each other, but they're just too proud, and it's just -- it's kind of breaking my heart.

LORELAI: So...which one do you want me to take?

RORY: How about I'll take grandpa, and you'll take grandma?

LORELAI: Ahh, no!

RORY: Okay, then I'll take grandma, and you take grandpa.

LORELAI: Ahh, no!

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Can't I take the butler? He doesn't talk much, and as far as I can tell, thoroughly enjoys the way I dress.

[Marty enters Rory's room and closes door behind him]

MARTY: She's throwing things at me. Religious sanctuary, please.

RORY: [to her mother] The butler is not an option.

LORELAI: Fine, I'll take her.

RORY: Thank you. Bye. [clicks off phone. Marty joins her on the edge of the bed. He hands her a paper bag.] Ooh. What's the bacon wrapped around?

MARTY: Something bacon should never be wrapped around.

RORY: Rich people.

MARTY: They live very different lives.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai still sits at the counter. Luke walks up from the other side and clears away Lorelai's bowl and hands it to passing employee. He pulls out his usual tablet and pencil. He talks while he checks numbers.]

LORELAI: Thanks.

LUKE: So, that was Rory?

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: How's she doing?

LORELAI: Fine.

LUKE: With the Dean thing and all, the breakup?

LORELAI: She sounds okay. Actually, she's petite, but she's strong.

LUKE: Good. I'm glad.

LORELAI: Don't gloat.

LUKE: I'm not gloating.

LORELAI: Yes, you are.

LUKE: I just said I'm glad she's okay. That's not gloating.

LORELAI: It was your tone, like you were covering up for being gloaty by sounding extra non-gloaty.

LUKE: Lorelai.

LORELAI: You always hated him. I get it.

LUKE: I never hated him. I just never thought he was right for Rory, and I swear, I'm not gloating.

LORELAI: Well, I don't know. If it walks like a gloat and quacks like a gloat --

LUKE: I wasn't.

LORELAI: I got to go. Kiss. [leans forward and Luke meets her half-way over the counter. They kiss]

[T.J. enters the diner and walks up. He has a towel thrown over one shoulder.]

T.J.: I stink. There's your headline. Keep your distance.

LUKE: [to Lorelai] You better run.

LORELAI: I'll call you later. [gathers her jacket and purse and stands]

LUKE: If I don't strangle myself with the phone cord, I'll answer. [returns to his paperwork]

LORELAI: Hi, T.J.

T.J.: Three feet, Lorelai, 'cause I haven't showered in as many days.

LORELAİ: Uh-oh. Goodbye, T.J. [scoots around him carefully and exits]

T.J.: [to Luke] I need your shower, buddy.

[Luke doesn't look up]

LUKE: Sorry. Broken.

T.J.: Really? 'Cause you're looking powder fresh.

LUKE: I am not powder fresh.

T.J.: Come on, Luke, we got no water at our new place, and the flies, they are a-buzzing. [waves his hand] Man!

LUKE: Fine, use my shower, T.J. [points to the direction of the stairs]

T.J.: You're the best, you know that? I worship you.

LUKE: Yeah, you should build an altar to me. You know, I know I shouldn't ask you this, but why isn't your water turned on?

T.J.: 'Cause the pipes got trashed after I demo'd the upstairs bathroom.

LUKE: You weren't going to demo the bathrooms.

T.J.: But I had a little accident installing the towel rack, and the next thing you know, the whole bathroom's demo'd.

LUKE: Because of the towel rack?

T.J.: I got very angry at this towel rack.

LUKE: Yes, that's very normal.

T.J.: But I got some replacement pipe. I just got to cut it up into shorter pieces and stick it together, and we're good to go.

LUKE: Okay, sounds like you know what you're doing.

T.J.: I just need some kind of tool that cuts pipe. What would you call that?

LUKE: [sarcastic] I don't know, a pipe cutter?

T.J.: That's it! A pipe cutter! You know anyone who's got a pipe cutter?

LUKE: I have a pipe cutter. Would you like to borrow it?

T.J.: That cuts pipe, right?

LUKE: Hey, T.J., Why don't you just hire a professional?

T.J.: Because I'm trying to be responsible. What with the move and being in escrow and everything, I'm not exactly flush, so I figured I'd do it myself. [uses the "pity me" face] Is that so - wrong?

LUKE: [fatalistic] I'll help you cut the pipe, T.J.

T.J.: [mood immediately brightens] Oh, hey, that's beyond the call. You've got to be the best brother-in-law in the world.

LUKE: Uh-huh. Thanks. Anything else?

T.J.: You know, it's real hell trying to make coffee without water.

LUKE: Have some coffee, T.J.

[T.J. helps himself to a donut under the serving lid]

T.J.: And a cruller to cut the bitterness 'cause sometimes -- no offense -- I find your coffee a little bitter. I mean, it's good. It's just a little bitter.

CUT TO DRAGONFLY INN - FRONT DESK

[Lorelai is typing on the computer. Michel walks up as a guest departs.]

MICHEL: We need to talk.

LORELAI: sh**t.

MICHEL: There's a couple here I thought I recognized, but I was not sure, so I consulted an old guest ledger from the Independence Inn and found a physical description that confirmed their identities.

LORELAI: Physical description?

MICHEL: Yes. I had described them with astonishing accuracy, down to the crooked eyes and unsightly moles.

LORELAI: You have a system of describing what people's moles look like?

MICHEL: Mm-hmm. Moles, freckles. What is their weight? Are they buxom? Is their chin cleft? Do they walk with any sort of limp? But this is beside the point. You remember the bathrobe bandits?

LORELAI: [feigns a gasps then returns deadpan] No.

MICHEL: The married couple from Massachusetts that stole bathrobes from the Independence Inn every time they came. We call them the bathrobe bandits. They are here.

LORELAI: Did they bring their moles?

MICHEL: With your permission, I'm going to remove their bathrobes from their room as a preventative measure.

LORELAI: No, no, Michel, come on. If they steal robes, we just charge their credit card.

MICHEL: And if they take a credenza or a couch -- do you think they'll stop at robes?

LORELAI: Then I'll start jotting down mole locations along with you, but for now, let's take a flier on them.

MICHEL: I should never tell you anything.

LORELAI: Promise?

MICHEL: I'm going to leave a vaguely threatening note in their room. [exits]

LORELAI: No, no, no, Michel. No. [to his retreating form]

[Standing alone in the lobby, Lorelai looks thoughtful. She digs out her cell phone and calls a number.]

CUT TO CHRISTOPHER'S APARTMENT

[Chris sits at a desk looking over paperwork. Telephone rings. Chris stands and moves to answer the phone.]

CHRIS: Hello.

LORELAI: [cheerily] Well, if it isn't Mr. Incommunicado.

CHRIS: Lorelai.

[scene switches between the Inn and Chris' apartment]

LORELAI: I figured you'd turned Amish or something and couldn't make any calls until Rumspringa, but, no, here you are, answering the phone.

CHRIS: [a bit uncomfortable] Uh, yeah.

LORELAI: So, how are you?

CHRIS: Uh, fine.

LORELAI: Is this a bad time?

CHRIS: No, not at all. Uh, so, what's going on?

LORELAI: Not much. Just working at the old salt mine. But earlier, I was talking to Sookie who, by the way, got herself knocked up again, the crazy sl*t. So anyway, we were talking about babies and stuff, and she asked me about you and G.G., And that's when I realized I hadn't talked to you in a while, so here we are.

CHRIS: Sorry I haven't called. I've just, you know, been really busy.

LORELAI: Okay, well, no worries. I know you've got your plate full taking care of G.G. [pause] Um... are you sure this isn't a bad time? [chuckles nervously]

CHRIS: No. No, it's fine. Uh, fine.

LORELAI: Okay, so, how is G.G.? Is she still alive? The last time I was there, things were a little dicey.

CHRIS: She's good. Everything's fine, Lor. Everything's good. Your help was great, and I'm absolutely... fine.

LORELAI: Okay, well, good. So, I guess I'll talk to you later.

CHRIS: [pauses between phrases] Sure. Definitely, okay? I'll talk to you later. Take care.

[Lorelai is puzzled and a bit sad]

LORELAI: Okay. Bye.

CHRIS: Listen, Lor, I just want you to know that I only called you before because I was desperate. I mean, there was no other reason. I was just panicked, and I didn't think, you know?

LORELAI: Chris, sure.

CHRIS: I know that I shouldn't have bothered you. I know you have your own life and your own stuff and I shouldn't be bugging ya, but it was just a one-time thing, you know? So, you don't have to worry about it.

LORELAI: Chris, come on. You can call me anytime you want. You know that.

CHRIS: Yeah, well --

LORELAI: I'm always here for G.G., Whatever you need. Because we got bonds, baby. Just try to break 'em.

CHRIS: Thanks, Lor.

LORELAI: No problem.

CHRIS: Anyhow, G.G.'s great. I've got new pictures, too. I can e-mail them to you, if you want.

LORELAI: Or bring her around next time you're in the hood.

CHRIS: Stars Hollow's a hood now?

LORELAI: Oh, it's always been a hood. We just try to keep it on the down-low. But seriously, you should come by.

CHRIS: Well, I'm going to be adjacent to the hood on Saturday because I'm taking G.G. to see her grandparents.

LORELAI: Come by Saturday.

CHRIS: Are you sure? I don't want to --

LORELAI: come by. We can have lunch here at the inn -- you, me, and G.G. That way, I can check she's still got all her arms and legs.

CHRIS: All right, sure. Sounds good. Uh... Saturday it is.

LORELAI: Okay. See you then.

CHRIS: Yes, you will.

LORELAI: Bye. [Beeps as she clicks off her phone.]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE - RICHARD'S POOL HOUSE

[Rory sits on the sofa as Richard fusses in the kitchen looking through all the cabinets. Classical music plays]

RORY: Grandpa, it's fine.

RICHARD: No, it certainly is not fine. When you're entertaining an elegant young lady for dinner, then dinner is expected.

RORY: But I just sprang this on you. You can't be held accountable for your lack of elegant-young-lady food.

RICHARD: Well, I am delighted with your company, though I'm still a little confused at the new arrangement.

RORY: Well, Mom and I realized that we don't really get to spend as much time with you and Grandma since the separation, so we decided to split up.

RICHARD: Well, uh, how would you feel about, uh... ooh, some, uh, batteries and Nutella? [pulls them from the refrigerator shelf]

RORY: Oh, rats. I had that for lunch.

RICHARD: [puts items back and shuts door] Well, that seems to be all I have in here. Robert's shopping skills leave something to be desired.

RORY: So, grandpa --

RICHARD: Wait! I think I have some canned peaches. [goes hunting in another cabinet]

RORY: You've really made it comfortable out here.

RICHARD: Huh. Pears.

[Disappointed, Richard joins Rory and sips his drink]

RORY: Nice. Like a vacation spot. You know, fun and all yours -- not permanent, but fun for now.

RICHARD: Yes, well, fun for now is exactly what I was going for.

RORY: So, it's not permanent?

RICHARD: What?

RORY: The pool house. It's not permanent. You just said "fun for now."

RICHARD: Did I? I must have heard it somewhere.

RORY: I mean, don't get me wrong. It's good to shake things up every now and then -- you know, put a little paint on the house, move the furniture around the den, go blond -- but after you've done all that, it can also be nice to go back to something that's comfortable, something you've depended on for, let's say, 40 years. I mean, if something's been around that long, it must be for a reason, right?

RICHARD: You're a lovely girl.

RORY: I have good genes.

RICHARD: Oh! I think I remember seeing a frozen pizza in here.

RORY: Really?

RICHARD: Aha! Now... the downside of this discovery is that since Robert is currently doing all the shopping, this pizza could have been here since Lorelai's 10th birthday party. The upside, however, is that there is cheese in the crust.

RORY: I've always been a "glass is half full" kind of gal myself.

RICHARD: All righty, then. Here goes nothing.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE - MAIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[Lorelai sits impatiently on the love seat while Emily fusses at the bartender cart.]

EMILY: [mutters under her breath] Stupid little -- I can't find -- ridiculous. He should have taken...

LORELAI: What, Mom?

EMILY: Oh, nothing. I'm just trying to make a proper drink, that's all.

LORELAI: Sorry about the change of plans.

EMILY: Oh, please. I'm as flexible as the next person.

LORELAI: See, Rory thought that since Dad's moved out to the pool house, we're not getting enough time with either of you, so --

EMILY: I guess I could use the ice in the freezer, though it's probably old. You know what they say - a little notice ensures fresh ice.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, who says that?

EMILY: We'll just have to have scotch neat.

LORELAI: Super.

EMILY: I'd offer you wine, but all the wine I have has to breathe.

LORELAI: And that requires notice.

EMILY: [joins Lorelai on the loveseat. Lorelai stares.]. What are you looking at?

LORELAI: Nothing. It's just -- isn't -- isn't this weird to you?

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: Sitting next to each other?

EMILY: Would you like me to move?

LORELAI: No, it's fine. It's just... close.

EMILY: Will you explain to me again why we are doing this?

LORELAI: I have no idea because you usually sit over there.

EMILY: I'm talking about Rory being in the pool house, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Rory just thought we should split up tonight, get in some quality... couch time.

EMILY: It seems very silly. We had a perfectly good system worked out. I don't know why we changed it.

LORELAI: Mmm. [pause as she sets down her drink] So, Mom, do you think you and Dad are getting back together?

EMILY: Absolutely not.

LORELAI: Okay, got any peanuts?

EMILY: Your father has proven to me once and for all he's moved on with his life.

LORELAI: You don't think the moving on with his life would have actually included moving?

EMILY: No.

LORELAI: Okay.

EMILY: We attended the Dorman School Bazaar last week. It was a big, formal gathering. All our friends were there. And at dinner, he made me reach for the butter.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: It was sitting right there in front of him, and yet he didn't offer me the dish. He buttered his own roll, offered the dish to the man next to him, and that was it.

LORELAI: And that's why you think he's moved on?

EMILY: It was a total disregard for my needs. I might as well not have had a roll in front of me at all.

LORELAI: Well, Mom, I'm sorry.

EMILY: It's very upsetting. But at some point, you have to face the facts, and the facts are he's moved on, and therefore, I should move on also.

[Lorelai reaches for her drink in salute]

LORELAI: Absolutely. "Moveon-dot-Org."

EMILY: I think it's time for me to date.

LORELAI: [chokes on her drink] Oh, my God!

EMILY: I want to go on a date.

LORELAI: With... a man?

EMILY: No, a weasel. Of course with a man!

LORELAI: [tries to cover her ear with a free hand] I'm not hearing this.

EMILY: Why shouldn't I date? I'm still a viable commodity.

LORELAI: I need a paper towel and a valium, please.

EMILY: There are plenty of men at the club who, in the past, have made their interests in me known. I just need to figure out how to reciprocate their feelings. You have a lot of experience with men. How do you let them know that you're available?

LORELAI: Well, one of those bench ads usually does the trick.

EMILY: Lorelai, stop it. I need help here. It's been years since I did this, and I don't remember the proper procedure. Now, take me through this step by step. You see a man, you walk up to him, and you say...

LORELAI: Hello.

EMILY: Is that too forward?

LORELAI: No, it's the appropriate way to indicate you're open to a social engagement. Unless, however, you are approaching a weasel. Then I believe the proper signal is just to offer him your hindquarters.

[Emily glowers]

CUT TO OUTSIDE ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE - FRONT DOOR - SOMETIME LATER

[Rory stands waiting as Lorelai exits the front door. Both slowly walk toward their vehicles]

RORY: Hey. My night was great.

LORELAI: Oh.

RORY: Grandpa made frozen pizza. Granted, he made it on a cedar plank, which was not what the manufacturer intended, but I got a chance to say a lot of things to him -- things about living in the pool house and about him and Grandma, and though I used veiled references, I know he got my point, and he is definitely thinking about it. How did you do?

LORELAI: Grandma wants to date.

RORY: What?!

LORELAI: She wants to date men who hang out at the club and who have expressed interest in her in the past.

RORY: What do you mean, she wants to date? You weren't supposed to make her want to date. You were supposed to make her want to get back together with Grandpa!

LORELAI: Hey, I told you not to make me have dinner alone with her.

RORY: What did you say to her?

LORELAI: I said, "are you getting back with Dad?" And she said he wouldn't butter her roll.

RORY: I can't believe you.

LORELAI: I'm sorry. I tried.

RORY: You did not try.

LORELAI: I did try. I just sucked at it. Look, she probably didn't mean it, okay? She's just mad at Dad, and she was just talking. Next week we'll switch. You can have dinner with my mother, and I'll marry my dad off to a nice baroness.

RORY: Don't joke.

LORELAI: Don't hate me.

RORY: I don't hate you. I can't hate the pathetic.

LORELAI: Good. Now, I have a complaint to register. Because of your flawed plan, I was deprived of Friday night with my kid.

RORY: I was trying to reunite your parents.

LORELAI: Oh, sure. Now they're my parents. So anyway, I was thinking, if you're not busy tomorrow, how about you come meet me for lunch at the Dragonfly?

RORY: What time?

LORELAI: 1:00-ish?

RORY: See you tomorrow.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: And stay away from Grandma.

LORELAI: Ooh, gee, there's a demand.

CUT TO DRAGONFLY INN - NEXT DAY

[Lorelai leads Christopher down the staircase]

CHRIS: I like that it's got rooms. Very novel for an inn.

LORELAI: Mmm, the guests love it when they don't have to sleep communally. They pay extra for it.

CHRIS: Good squeaky stairs, helps sell the old-inn aspect.

LORELAI: Actually, we had those squeaks installed.

CHRIS: Squeakmasters?

LORELAI: Oh, you've used them?

CHRIS: Oh, several times.

LORELAI: Reception's over there, living room's through here. Hey, you recognize the bobblehead dolls on the mantel?

CHRIS: You put those out in public?

LORELAI: Hey, they are a cherished part of my childhood. Plus, all the dirty pieces broke off 10

years ago, so now they're just charming.

CHRIS: I like the jukebox.

LORELAI: I thought you would. And here's where we feed them.

CHRIS: You feed them, too?

LORELAI: And once a day we let them use the bathroom or sit on the furniture.

CHRIS: Classy joint.

CUT TO DRAGONFLY DINING ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

[Lorelai and Chris are seated at a table. They both look through menus as a waiter deposits a basket of home-baked bread on the table]

LORELAI: So, I'm thinking you should order the steak sandwich and the garlic bread or - [to waiter] thanks. Or fried chicken -- seriously good fried chicken. Or, yeah, get the pork chops 'cause normally, eating pork chops is very similar to sucking on the pottery barn catalog, but Sookie does this brining thing in a saltwater bourbon solution. Sounds a little like laundry, but it's actually unbelievably good. [notices Chris grinning at her] Hmm. What?

CHRIS: Nothing. Just -- you did it.

LORELAI: [confused] I...

CHRIS: You did it. [waves a hand indicating the Inn]

LORELAI: Yeah, I think I did. [leans forward onto the table becoming serious]

CHRIS: How sappy is it going to sound if I say that I'm proud of you?

LORELAI: Oh, my God. So sappy.

CHRIS: Yeah, well, I am.

LORELAI: Thanks, Chris.

CHRIS: Yeah. Okay, so, I think you were trying to talk me into the pork chop.

LORELAI: [Chuckles] Yes, I was.

[Rory enters the dining room]

RORY: Mom. Hey, I -

[She recognizes her dad also seated at the table and comes to a halt. She thinly masks her disapproval.]

LORELAI: Hey, surprise! Look what Mommy dragged in.

CHRIS: Hey, Rory.

RORY: Hey, Dad.

LORELAI: [Chuckles] You haven't said hi to your sister yet.

RORY: Oh, right. [walks around and kisses the baby's forehead] Hey, G.G. Remember me? I'm Rory.

CHRIS: I show her your picture all the time.

RORY: [mild enthusiasm] Great. Thanks.

LORELAI: Your timing's perfect. I'm starved. Have a sit. Isn't this a nice surprise?

[Uncomfortable, Rory sits and stares at her lap unwilling to meet her dad's eyes]

RORY: Uh, very nice, yes. I like to see G.G.

LORELAI: How are you doing there, uh, G.G.? That thumb tasting pretty good there? If you soak it in a saltwater bourbon solution overnight, you'll see a major improvement.

[Rob, a bellboy, enters the dining room and approaches Lorelai]

ROB: Uh, Lorelai, excuse me. There's an incident in the front you may want to check in on.

LORELAI: Okay, Rob, thanks. I'll be right back. Don't say anything hilarious while I'm gone. [Lorelai exits]

CHRIS: Rory --

RORY: One thing. I've only asked you for one thing ever.

CHRIS: This wasn't my idea.

RORY: Stop.

CHRIS: Rory, I didn't call. After you asked me not to, I didn't. Your mother called me. [Rory scoffs] She called me because she hadn't heard from me in a while, and the reason that she hadn't heard from me in a while is because you asked me to stay away, and I did. Please stop shaking your head.

RORY: I don't believe you.

CHRIS: She called me, Rory. She called me. She asked me to lunch.

RORY: You didn't have to accept.

CHRIS: I had absolutely no good reason to say no. What was I supposed to do, tell her that you didn't want me to see her anymore? I didn't want to rat you out. I'm sorry. Look, I didn't even know you were going to be here. This is as much a surprise to me as it is to you.

RORY: Oh I see. So, you didn't think I was going to be here, so, therefore, it makes it safe to come because maybe I wouldn't find out about it.

CHRIS: No, Rory, no. That is not how it went down. You know what? I don't have to explain myself to you. I've done absolutely nothing wrong here.

RORY: Fine.

CHRIS: Look, I'm sorry you're upset, but you know what? Your mother and I have had a relationship long before you ever existed. We grew up together, we had a child together, and no matter what is

going on, that does not change.

[Their voices grow louder]

RORY: Great. You knew her first. So that gives you the right to just waltz in and screw everything up?

CHRIS: I did not waltz in. I did not call her. You cannot make me the bad guy here.

RORY: Hey, if the black hat fits --

CHRIS: I'm your father, kid, okay? I think that demands a tiny bit of respect here.

RORY: Fine.

[Lorelai re-enters the dining room and sits back in her seat. She senses the tension.]

LORELAI: See, this is why I love this job. Michel has been obsessed with these guests who he swears are the notorious Bathrobe Bandits from the Independence Inn -- at least the moles match - [both Rory and Chris listen silently] so apparently, they were checking out, and Michel stopped them and demanded they open their suitcases, and they refused, so he grabs the guy's suitcase and starts tearing through all of his stuff, which, of course, went over really well. And when I got there, the wife was calling the cops, and the husband was chasing Michel around with a golf club. It took a comped bill and two free bathrobes in addition to the ones they had stolen to get them to drop the charges. Plus, Michel ripped his pants, and his underwear is pink and shiny. [Silence. Chris smiles weakly. Lorelai chuckles nervously] Did I not hit "pink and shiny" hard enough? Should it have been "his drawers are pink and shiny"? I'm confused 'cause I was going to hit the Orpheum circuit with that materi

[Rory continues to silently look down without speaking]

CHRIS: [uncomfortable] Nope. Uh, nothing. Look, Lor, I should be going.

LORELAI: What? No, we didn't get our briny pork chops yet.

CHRIS: I know. I just -- I really need to get to my parents' house, and G.G.'s going to need her nap soon.

LORELAI: She can nap here.

[Chris gathers the baby bag and picks up G.G. from the highchair]

CHRIS: Oh, no, it's okay. The place looks great, really, and tell Sookie I said thanks from me, and bye, Rory.

RORY: Bye.

LORELAI: Chris.

CHRIS: [OS] I'll call you later.

[Lorelai watches as he exits]

LORELAI: Okay, start connecting those dots.

RORY: Did you call him and invite him to lunch?

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Did you call him and invite him to lunch?

LORELAI: Yeah, I did.

RORY: He didn't call you?

LORELAI: No.

RORY: He didn't initiate this?

LORELAI: No.

LORELAI: Rory, what is going on? [Rory looks stunned] Huh? Answer me.

RORY: I went to see Dad.

LORELAI: When, today?

RORY: No, a while ago, right after Sherry left. I told him that I didn't want him to call you anymore.

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: Mom... come on.

LORELAI: No "Mom, come on." Why? Why did you do that?

RORY: I didn't want him to screw anything up between you and Luke.

LORELAI: Oh, kid. You are so far off here. That is not going to happen.

RORY: Every time he comes back, he ends up messing up your life.

LORELAI: Not true.

RORY: It's completely true. He wants you back, and then he disappears or Sherry gets pregnant or he loses his job or he just takes off -- whatever. No good reason necessary. And it's been like this forever, and you just let him do it. You can't help it.

LORELAI: Rory, come on.

RORY: You can't just break free of him.

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

RORY: You're engaged to Max, and then suddenly, you're not.

LORELAI: Christopher had nothing to do with Max.

RORY: Who was the person you were calling from your bachelorette party?

LORELAI: I was drunk. I tried to call Abe Vigoda, too, if you remember.

RORY: You're just always waiting for him to get himself together.

LORELAI: No, no, hon. I'm not always waiting for him. There have been times when, yes, it would have been nice to actually be with the father of my kid, but... not now. I'm with Luke completely.

RORY: What did he say when you told him?

LORELAI: Told who what?

RORY: Luke. What did he say when you told him you were having lunch with Dad?

[Stunned, Lorelai exhales sharply, but recovers quickly.]

LORELAI: Nothing.

RORY: He didn't care?

LORELAI: No, he didn't care. He didn't have to care 'cause there's nothing to care about.

RORY: [somewhat unconvinced] If you say so.

LORELAI: I appreciate you being concerned for me, but don't be. I'm good.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Let's order, shall we?

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW SIDEWALK

[Lorelai and Sookie are walking together.]

LORELAI: She was so serious. You know how she gets really serious, like when she saw "The Way We Were," and she couldn't believe that Hubbell was going to leave Katie after she had the baby?

SOOKIE: Oh, I remember. She talked about it for weeks.

LORELAI: "How could he do that? She was the only one who cared about the blacklisting. She was the only one who thought he could write a novel." On and on and on. That's the face she had on today.

SOOKIE: She's just worried about you.

LORELAI: Then when she threw that "What did Luke say" thing at me.

SOOKIE: She's got a good left hook.

LORELAI: I lied to my kid, Sookie. I hate that I lied to her, but I didn't want her to think there was any weird reason why I didn't tell Luke.

SOOKIE: Was there any weird reason that you didn't tell Luke?

LORELAI: Sookie, come on.

SOOKIE: I don't know. Maybe you were afraid that he'd get jealous. I'd be afraid that Jackson would get jealous.

LORELAI: I was not afraid he'd get jealous.

SOOKIE: He did beat up a car.

LORELAI: One time.

SOOKIE: That we know of.

LORELAI: No, I didn't tell him because it was no big deal. [Sighs] I thought it was no big deal. I should have told him, right?

SOOKIE: Well --

LORELAI: yeah, I should have told him. Now he's going to think I'm hiding something from him, and I'm not. Damn it. He's going to beat up my car.

SOOKIE: [Chuckles] It's American. It can take it.

[They arrive at Sookie's house - Jackson approaches them carrying a giant set of "stage scissors"]

JACKSON: I came home from work, and I found these on the doorstep. What the hell is this supposed to mean?

SOOKIE: Hon, maybe it's just a joke.

JACKSON: No, this is not a joke. This is a threat.

LORELAI: Yeah, those people at Butterick Patterns play pretty rough.

JACKSON: This is the fish on the doorstep. It's the horse head in the bed. It's the "either your signature or your brains are going to be on the contract."

SOOKIE: Jackson, calm down.

JACKSON: I will not calm down! I told them I would not do any ribbon-cutting ceremonies.

SOOKIE: Who's "them"?

JACKSON: Them! The town. The lunatics who voted for me!

SOOKIE: Okay, could you put the giant scissors down and then do the waving around?

JACKSON: We have to move. Pack up. We're getting out.

SOOKIE: Okay. Or you could just ask them at the next town meeting not to leave giant scissors on our porch anymore.

JACKSON: Town meeting? Oh, no. No way. There will be no town meeting.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: There's going to be lots of upset people.

LORELAI: The town meeting is a 200-year-old tradition.

JACKSON: Tradition over! Only hell waits for me at town meetings. Spread the word. [stomps back into the house]

LORELAI: That's sweet. He's having sympathy mood swings.

SOOKIE: He loves me.

[They both follow Jackson into the house]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai sits in front of an untouched plate of pie and cup of coffee. Luke bustles around the diner, pauses beside her. In a cheery mood, he leans close.]

LUKE: How are you doing? You need coffee?

LORELAI: No.

[As he returns behind the counter, he's surprised at her answer. Lorelai shifts nervously.]

LUKE: No?

LORELAI: Sure.

LUKE: Sure?

LORELAI: Yes, coffee good.

[He grabs the pot and checks her cup.]

LUKE: Your cup's full.

LORELAI: Oh, well, then, no. No. Coffee bad.

[Both chuckle. Luke begins wiping down the counter.]

LORELAI: Hey, did I tell you about the Bathrobe Bandits?

LUKE: Nope.

[He continues industriously wiping down the counter]

LORELAI: Uh, well, very funny story. Back at the Independence Inn, there was this couple, and they would come in all the time and steal the bathrobes. They made Michel crazy, so today -

LUKE: Up. [indicates her plate and coffee]

LORELAI: [lifts the plate] Oh, right. And today, they showed up.

[Luke wipes counter under her plate while holding her cup.]

LUKE: Who?

LORELAI: The bathrobe bandits - they showed up, and they stayed, and then they were checking out and then get this -- the bellboy comes running over and tells me to "come quick. There's a situation in the lobby." So I come running to the lobby --

LUKE: You can put your plate down.

LORELAI: Right. So, I run to the lobby, and Michel is being chased, and the wife is calling the cops, and I comped their room and gave them free bathrobes to stop the yelling and the calling. This is a very bad story.

LUKE: It wasn't that bad.

LORELAI: This is the second time I told it, and both times, crickets. [Sighs and takes a sip of coffee] I mean, Rory and Christopher looked at me like I was Pauly Shore.

LUKE: Christopher?

LORELAI: Rory's dad. He came for lunch today. I had lunch with him today, and Rory. Had lunch -- Rory and Christopher and G.G., His daughter with Sherry. He brought her 'cause Sherry moved to France, so he's a full-time dad now, and we all had lunch, all of us together... today. And when I told the "Bathrobe Bandit" story, they all acted like that. Except G.G., who spit up 'cause she's a baby. That's what they do.

LUKE: Okay. [turns and walks into the kitchen]

LORELAI: [Sighs with relief] Okay.

[Cell phone rings and Lorelai clears her throat as she stands to walk outside to answer]

LORELAI: Hello.

EMILY: [OS] You get over here right now!

CUT TO EXTERIOR OF LUKE'S DINER

LORELAI: Who is this?

EMILY: [OS] This is you in 20 years! "Who is this?" I swear!

LORELAI: Mom, calm down.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE - EMILY'S DRESSING ROOM

[Emily frantically rushes around the room in her satin robe and slip. She holds up a hangered dress to herself and looks in a full length cheval mirror.]

EMILY: He'll be here in one hour, and I have no idea what to wear. You've got to come right now.

[scene switches between locations]

LORELAI: Who'll be there in one hour -- Dad?

EMILY: Simon McLane.

LORELAI: Who is Simon McLane?

EMILY: He's my date.

LORELAI: What?!

EMILY: I have no idea what to put on, I'm in a blind panic, and it's all your fault!

LORELAI: How is it my fault?

EMILY: Because I used your line, and it worked.

LORELAI: What line?

EMILY: [OS] "Hello."

LORELAI: "Hello" is not my line. "Hello" is not a line. "Hello" is hello.

EMILY: Well, all I know is I "helloed" him today, and now he's taking me to dinner.

LORELAI: [OS] Uh, Mom...

EMILY: If you don't get over here right now, I'm going to book a D.A.R. function at the Dragonfly every single weekend from now until I die!

LORELAI: I'll be right there.

[Beeps the phone off and hurries away]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE - EMILY'S DRESSING ROOM

[Lorelai enters to a room with clothes and jewelry strewn everywhere]

LORELAI: Mom? Are you -- [A bunched-up dress flies past her face onto a nearby bed] oh, God! Chanel attack.

EMILY: [OS] Look at the red pantsuit.

LORELAI: The... [looks around]

[Emily enters carrying two outfits.]

EMILY: [frantically] The red pantsuit. The red pantsuit. Right there, right there, right there. [indicated with one of her laden arms]

LORELAI: I got it, I got it. [picks up the outfit] Here.

EMILY: Well?

LORELAI: Nice.

EMILY: Nice?

LORELAI: It's nice and red and panty-suity.

EMILY: It's horrible. He'll think it's horrible.

LORELAI: No.

EMILY: It's horrible. Simon will be here in 20 minutes, and I have nothing to wear. [tosses both garments she's carrying onto the bed]

LORELAI: Just tell him you're obsessed with "Butterfield 8" and go like that.

[Emily picks up another garment - dark colored - from the bed post and walks to the nearby dressing room door, picking up a second dark burgundy garment.]

EMILY: I haven't done this in years. I have no idea what's appropriate to wear. I have no idea what's appropriate to say. I don't know what to talk about, what to order -- which one?

LORELAI: [Chuckles] They look exactly the same.

EMILY: They are not exactly the same.

LORELAI: Um, okay. Then... that one.

EMILY: Why?

LORELAI: Why what?

EMILY: [cross] Why did you pick that one? What was the logic behind your picking this particular one? Could it possibly be because it was closest?

LORELAI: [smiles brightly] Well, you know what they say about location.

EMILY: You're just picking anything so that I'll get dressed and you can leave.

[Emily shoves both garments into Lorelai's arms and walks back toward the bed. She searches frantically through a jewelry box]

LORELAI: No, Mom, I don't want to leave. I'm never leaving. In fact, I'm going with you.

EMILY: I'll never be ready on time. [Panting] I haven't finished my hair. I haven't finished my makeup. Oh, my goodness. I can't breathe. I'm actually having trouble breathing.

LORELAI: Mom, sit.

EMILY: I can't sit. I'll wrinkle my clothes.

LORELAI: You're not dressed yet.

EMILY: What? Oh, my God. I'm losing my mind. [they both sit on the edge of the bed] I can't believe I'm doing this. I'm dating. I'm single.

LORELAI: You're not single.

EMILY: [despondent] That's just a formality. You know, I remember the night I got married. Oh, I was panicked. I thought, "this is it. I'll never have a chance to be with anyone else. This is it for life." If only I'd had a crystal ball, I might have been able to eat my salad. I remember it looked delicious.

LORELAI: Mom, is this really what you want to do?

[Emily looks back at Lorelai with a serious expression]

EMILY: Yes, it is.

LORELAI: Okay. [Sighs] Wear the black.

[Lorelai holds out one of the gowns. Emily takes it gratefully]

EMILY: Thank you.

LORELAI: Mm-hmm.

[And in mid-step toward the dressing room...]

EMILY: What about the -

LORELAI: [without hesitation] - the burgundy works fine, too.

[They exchange outfits and Emily disappears into the dressing room while Lorelai smiles smugly.]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW STREETS - EVENING.

[Jackson's vintage truck pulls around a corner as it drives down the street. Miss Patty waves her hands frantically from the sidewalk flagging down the truck.]

MISS PATTY: Jackson! Jackson, stop! Oh, Jackson! [the truck stops. She approaches the window] Oh, thank God. I'm frantic!

JACKSON: What's the matter?

MISS PATTY: My accompanist just passed out. [pointing toward her studio]

JACKSON: She what?

MISS PATTY: She was playing the tarantella, and then suddenly, she stopped and fell off the stool. Come on! [pulls open his door]

JACKSON: [concerned as he gets out] Well, is she breathing?

MISS PATTY: I don't know.

JACKSON: Did you -- did you check her pulse?

MISS PATTY: No. What a good idea. Oh, you're such a smart man. [grabs his hand and pulls him toward the dark building]

JACKSON: Well, thank you.

MISS PATTY: A little faster, honey. The poor woman is just lying there.

[Patty pulls aside the door and they enter the dark room]

JACKSON: Well, maybe we should call 9-1-1.

MISS PATTY: She's right over there in the corner.

JACKSON: Why is it so dark in here?

[The light switches on to reveal a room full of town's people. Indistinct conversation. Jackson quickly turns to the door. Kirk slides the door shut and bars the exit. Jackson swings around to face Miss Patty. She holds the gavel in front of him determinedly.]

MISS PATTY: The town meeting is now in session.

[Defeated, Jackson takes the gavel. He glances back to see Kirk making menacing gestures as if using giant scissors.]

CUT TO OUTSIDE THE FRONT OF T.J.'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

[A work bench is set up with tools, pipes and thermos and cups. Luke busies himself cutting a pipe on one side of the bench, while on the other T.J. waves a pipe-cutting tool at Luke.]

T.J.: You know, we work pretty good together.

LUKE: I guess.

[T.J. pours himself a cup of coffee.]

T.J.: No "guess." We do. We got, like, a rhythm, a groove thing. We can survive in the woods together, start a new civilization, if need be.

LUKE: I think you'd need a woman for that.

T.J.: Oh, right. Okay, maybe Liz could come, except we couldn't share her 'cause she's your sister, and that's a bad way to start a new civilization.

LUKE: How about you and Liz go start a new civilization? I'll stay here in this one.

T.J.: No, come on. We could solve this. Okay, Lorelai could come. And now her, we could share.

LUKE: Okay, no more new-civilization talk.

T.J.: Okay by me.

LUKE: Hey, T.J.

T.J.: Yes, Luke.

LUKE: Do you consider yourself a jealous man?

T.J.: Why, are you planning on cutting some pipe with another guy tomorrow?

LUKE: Never mind.

T.J.: I'm sorry. You were asking me if I consider myself a jealous man. I don't, and let me tell you why. Jealousy is bad. Jealousy is what landed me in jail... twice. I learned quickly that without an immediate influx of cash, I could no longer afford to be a jealous man. Supply and demand, my friend.

LUKE: So, you're saying if Liz had lunch with... an ex, it's no big deal, right?

T.J.: Right.

LUKE: Right. I mean, it's an old ex, a long time ago, ancient history. But if she had lunch, and she didn't tell you about it at the time, but eventually she did tell you, you should just let it go, right? I mean, you don't want to be reading anything into anything. You just make yourself crazy and her crazy, and then everybody's crazy, right?

T.J.: [angrily] Who the hell is Liz having lunch with?!

LUKE: What? What? No one.

T.J.: You just said she had lunch with an ex!

LUKE: Come on, T.J.!

T.J.: Was it Art?

LUKE: No, its not..

T.J.: I swear to God, if it's Art, I'm going to -- I told him never to come sniffing around her again!

[T.J. storms off. Luke yells after him.]

LUKE: Hey, T.J.! Hey, it wasn't Art!

CUT TO ELEGANT RESTAURANT - OUTSIDE PATIO - SAME EVENING

[Emily and a well-dressed gentleman, Simon McLane, are seated at a small, intimately lit table. It seems to be at the end of the meal. Soft music plays in the background.]

EMILY: I have to tell you, every time I hear Mahler's Seventh Symphony, I get ridiculous, giddy. It's like The Beatles on "The Ed Sullivan Show."

SIMON: Well, Mahler can do that to you.

EMILY: Did you see the Cleveland Orchestra when they were here last month?

SIMON: I went every single night.

EMILY: Oh, I should have done that. I went the last night and then to the gala afterward.

SIMON: Their conductor that night --

EMILY: Rudolfski.

SIMON: Did you know that he's deaf in his left ear?

EMILY: I did know that. [conspiratorially] In fact, I have a very evil friend who likes to sit next to him at all the gala dinners and whisper incredibly scandalous things into his bad ear all night long.

SIMON: Well, who knew Emily Gilmore ran with such a bad crowd?

EMILY: Oh, yes, I'm very dangerous. Ask my maids.

SIMON: Have I told you how happy I am you said hello to me at the club?

EMILY: Twice. And so am I.

[A waiter appears at the table]

WAITER: How are we doing here?

SIMON: We're doing fine.

WAITER: Would you like some more wine?

[Simon looks inquiringly to Emily. After a pause, she nods]

EMILY: Why not?

CUT TO LORELAI'S FRONT DRIVEWAY - SAME EVENING

[Luke's truck pulls to a stop. Luke turns off the truck and turns to Lorelai.]

LORELAI: Okay, so, you know what's great about this country?

LUKE: Nope.

LORELAI: If you try hard enough, you can eventually find a showing of "St. Elmo's Fire" on the big screen.

[Luke smiles]

LUKE: Yes, that's what gets us the good seats at the Summits.

[Luke exits the truck to walk around to her side]

LORELAI: Come on, admit it. Rob Lowe pretending to play the saxophone was incredibly hot.

[Luke opens her door]

LUKE: [dryly] Oh, I admit it.

LORELAI: And also, Andrew McCarthy at his best. Though "Less Than Zero" runs a very close second.

[They both walk to her porch]

LUKE: I'm sure it does.

LORELAI: You hated the movie.

[They both laugh]

LUKE: Yes. Although I love the fact that it got me out of a town meeting, so all in all, a very successful evening.

[He pulls her close, very close. They kiss. Lorelai draws her hand up to his shoulder and deepens the kiss. She breaks the kiss.]

LORELAI: You sure you can't stay?

LUKE: [Sighs with frustration] I've got really early deliveries tomorrow. I'll make it up to you this weekend.

[He squeezes her repeatedly in his embrace.]

LORELAI: I'm going to hold you to that, Mister.

[They kiss again. Repeatedly. Lorelai slips from his embrace and walks toward her door, gazing back with a twinkle in her eye. Luke reluctantly steps down from the landing.]

LUKE: Oh, by the way... it's fine about lunch.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: You having lunch with Christopher -- I just want you to know I'm fine with it.

LORELAI: Oh, okay. Good.

LUKE: Yep, all right. See you tomorrow.

[Truck door opens, then closes. Truck engine starts up. Lorelai stares a moment, mystified. She glances at her keys before letting herself inside.]

CUT TO RORY'S DORM - COMMON ROOM - THAT SAME NIGHT

[Paris is seated at the sofa. Many containers of take-out/delivery food lay strewn over the coffee table before her. Rory enters from her bedroom to gather up some books on the table]

RORY: Breaking your fast?

PARIS: [mouth-full of food] Oh, my God. I love food. You want some?

[Knock on door]

RORY: I'm good.

[Paris jumps to her feet and shoves Rory out of her way toward the front door.]

PARIS: It's for me.

[Rory, reacts slapstick style, landing in a nearby cushioned chair. The door opens.]

MAN: [OS] Pizza. \$34.95

[Rory picks herself up and walks to the door]

RORY: Need some money?

PARIS: Oh, I got it. Do you want to have some? There's plenty. [She takes two pizza boxes from a delivery man.]

RORY: No, thanks. I'm going to Marty's.

PARIS: Okay. [She runs back to the table and the door closes. She eagerly flips open the first boxes lid.] Well, where's the cheesy bread? I ordered the cheesy bread.

CUT TO MARTY'S DORM - HIS BEDROOM

[Rory is laying on the bed quizzing Marty on their studies. Marty is seated at the foot of the bed struggling with the topic.]

MARTY: Okay, I remember something about Rome. Rome. Rome. Romans lived there. Uh, Audrey Hepburn took a holiday there. It's the name of a "B-52's" song.

RORY: Different "roam."

MARTY: [Sighs] Okay, that's it. I can't remember. College is breaking my spirit. Every single day telling me things I don't know -- it's making me feel stupid.

RORY: Oh, okay, I need a break. [Closes her workbook and leans back]

MARTY: I second that.

RORY: Oh, man, I'm tired. Living is exhausting. This week sucked. I'm so glad it's over.

MARTY: Why did it suck?

RORY: Just a ton of schoolwork and Ramadan.

MARTY: Oh, sure.

RORY: I broke up with my boyfriend this week -- that was fun -- [Marty watches Rory with concern] in front of a bunch of people at my grandmother's house. And then, because apparently that wasn't enough "Peyton Place" for me, I have this whole thing going with my dad, who's suddenly back in my life again.

MARTY: Yeah, dads can be tough.

RORY: I spent so many years just -- I couldn't wait till he showed up. And now he's showing up, and... I don't know. I'm just really tired. [lays down her head]

MARTY: You know... once I found out my father wasn't really my father... we started getting along much better.

RORY: Stop it. [Chuckles sleepily]

MARTY: I'm serious. Suddenly the pressure was off. If something happens, I don't automatically have to give him a kidney. I can weigh my options. It was a real turning point in our relationship. [long pause] So, you broke up with your boyfriend, huh? Rory? [He looks over to see her sleeping peacefully. He crosses his arms over a pillow and sighs with frustration.]

CUT TO LORELAI'S RESIDENCE

[Lorelai emerges from the kitchen, switching off the light. Carrying a bowl of popcorn she sits on a living room chair, picks up and contemplates a DVD to watch. Telephone rings, answering machine beeps.]

LORELAI'S MACHINE: I'm exhausted. The phone's far. Make it short and sweet. [Beeps]

CHRISTOPHER'S VOICE: Hey, Lor, it's me. Are you there? [pause] Okay, well, I'm just calling 'cause lunch ended bad, and I'm sure you've talked to Rory by now, so you know why it ended bad, and I just wanted to talk. [Lorelai approaches but stops herself from answering the call] Give me a call when you get in. I'll be up late. Okay, bye. [Answering machine beeps off]

[Lorelai stands a moment. She switches off the desk lamp, and begins walking up the staircase.]

CUT TO THE ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE - OUTSIDE

[Simon closes Emily's door and they slowly walk toward the front door.]

SIMON: It's been a long time since I've had an evening quite as enjoyable as this one.

[She stops and turns to him]

EMILY: I'm choosing to believe you, Simon, partly because it's flattering and partly because I've had three glasses of wine and a lemon cello.

[Both chuckle. Emily continues to the front door.]

SIMON: So, do you think we could possibly do this again sometime?

EMILY: That would be lovely, Simon.

SIMON: I'll call you this week. Good night. [He grasps and squeezes her hand warmly]

[Emily enters the house and closes the door, a bare trace of a smile on her face. The sound of a car engine turns over outside. She looks around. Camera angle changes to show her looking around a large empty house. Her faint smile transforms to sadness. Her hand covers her face as she breaks down and cries.]

~~~ End ~~~