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05x03 - Written in the Stars

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05x03 - Written in the Stars

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OPEN OUTSIDE ELDER GILMORE POOLHOUSE - EVENING

[View of glass French windows and doors reveals an elegant interior. The nearby swimming pool casts a shimmering light on the building's exterior.]

LORELAI: [OS] Shaken, not stirred, please, Jeeves.

CUT TO POOLHOUSE INTERIOR

[Lorelai and Rory sit on a plush loveseat, Richard on a padded club chair while a male servant mixes drinks at a nearby bar table.]

RICHARD: His name is Robert.

LORELAI: I thought every butler's name was Jeeves.

RICHARD: He's not a butler. He's a valet.

LORELAI: So he parks your car?

RICHARD: No, he does not park my car. He does exactly what you see him doing.

LORELAI: So he is a bartender.

RICHARD: He attends to my needs.

LORELAI: So he's a geisha.

RICHARD: You'll be quieter once you have a drink, I assume. [to Rory] So, young lady, you're starting your second year of Yale this week.

RORY: Yeah, I move into Branford on Monday.

RICHARD: You're going to love Branford College. That where I lived, you know.

RORY: I know.

RICHARD: It is the oldest of Yale's residential colleges. They have these Carillon bells that are enchanting, and it has, what was called by Robert Frost, the most beautiful college courtyard in America.

[Robert serves drinks]

RORY: Well, I'll tell you what, Grandpa -- I'll get settled in, and then we can have lunch there.

RICHARD: Ah, that's a deal.

ROBERT: You wanted me to remind you that you were going to bring out the Hungarian cheese, sir.

RICHARD: Yes I did. I'll be right back. [he stands and exits]

RORY: This is crazy.

LORELAI: Well, it depends on your definition of "crazy." I, for one, found the Mariah Carey phone messages to her fans just refreshingly imaginative.

RORY: We're having drinks in the pool house.

LORELAI: Yup.

RORY: The last time I was in the pool house was the last time I was in the pool.

LORELAI: I know. I pushed you in.

RORY: So, Grandpa's actually living out here?

[they watch him as he prepares a small tray]

LORELAI: Looks like.

RORY: Do you think he's happy?

LORELAI: I do. I think he's very happy out here with his books and his special friend, Robert.

RORY: Don't be gross.

LORELAI: What? I'm just saying two grown men out here alone with Hungarian cheese and swim trunks...

RORY: Oh, jeez.

LORELAI: Don't be so puritanical. After all, Heather has two mommies.

RICHARD: All right, we have cheese, we have drinks. Do you each have a coaster?

LORELAI: [holds up philosopher pictured coaster] Kierkegaard.

RORY: [holds up] Schopenhauer.

RICHARD: Excellent.

[Knock on door. Robert opens the door to reveal a female servant.]

ROBERT: Yes?

MADONNA LOUISE: Dinner is served in the main house.

ROBERT: I will tell Mr. Gilmore. [stiffly walks ten feet to where they are sitting] Dinner is served in the main house.

LORELAI: But we haven't finished our drinks yet.

MADONNA LOUISE: But the madam is ready now.

RICHARD: Well, ladies, it's been a lovely evening. Until next week...

LORELAI: Hold on, Dad. [gulps her martini]

RORY: Thank you, Grandpa.

LORELAI: Yeah. Thanks for the cheese, Dad. Bye.

[Rory kisses her grandfather's cheek and follows Lorelai]

CUT TO INTERIOR OF MAIN HOUSE - DINING ROOM

[Emily, Lorelai and Rory seated alone at the large table. Madonna Louise places a bowl before Lorelai and returns to kitchen.]

LORELAI: Hmm. Soup in 100-degree weather. Cool.

EMILY: I have the air-conditioning on, Lorelai.

RORY: I like it, Grandma.

LORELAI: Oh, my God, the sucking up.

EMILY: Stop it. [then to Rory] Thank you. It's fennel potato puree with a touch of chili to give it spice. I thought we could go more exotic now that it's just us girls.

LORELAI: If you really want an exotic girls' night out, Mom, let's hit Baja.

EMILY: So, Rory, tell me, what's new?

LORELAI: Different room, same reaction.

RORY: Oh, nothing much.

EMILY: Really? Well, what was new 20 minutes ago?

RORY: Excuse me?

EMILY: What did you talk about with your grandfather?

RORY: Oh, well --

EMILY: I mean, just because he gets you first in the evening doesn't mean you get to waste all the good stories on him.

RORY: I didn't wa --

EMILY: So, you just tell me everything you told him exactly as you told him, leave nothing out.

RORY: Okay. Well, I'm moving into Branford College on Monday.

EMILY: You know, Robert Frost said that Branford has the most beautiful college courtyard in America.

LORELAI: Hmm. You don't say.

EMILY: You knew that?

RORY: No.

EMILY: He told you that?

LORELAI: No.

EMILY: You've already discussed everything there is to discuss. You're all talked out.

LORELAI: We're not all talked out.

EMILY: He gets you first, talks you out, and I get two exhausted, empty shells. [notices Richard tip-toeing through the room] What do you think you're doing?

RICHARD: I needed to get something out of my study.

EMILY: [stands and walks over to him] You are supposed to stay in the pool house. That is what we agreed on.

RICHARD: I am in the pool house.

EMILY: Oh, really? Right now?

RICHARD: No, not right now. I told you I had to get something.

EMILY: Well, you should have called, made an appointment.

RICHARD: To go into my own study?

EMILY: You don't live here anymore, Richard. What if I was sitting in the living room stark-naked? [Both sad, Rory and Lorelai exchange looks.]

RICHARD: You've never been in the living room stark-naked. You've never been stark-naked. We went skinny-dipping one night, and you wore an overcoat.

EMILY: The water was freezing! [she follows Richard as he exits]

RORY: Crazy.

LORELAI: You said it, Patsy Cline.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and Rory enter the diner deep in conversation]

LORELAI: Okay, but think about it. Why do we need the word "potty"? Is it really that much harder for a kid to learn the word "bathroom"?

RORY: I don't know. [they sit at a table]

LORELAI: "Timmy, do you have to go potty?" Or "Timmy, do you have to go to the bathroom?" See? Interchangeable.

RORY: Not exactly interchangeable.

LORELAI: How are they not interchangeable?

RORY: To go potty is an action. To go to the bathroom is to go into a specific place.

LORELAI: I hate the word "potty."

RORY: Well, what did you teach me to say?

LORELAI: "Bathroom."

RORY: You did?

LORELAI: Yes, of course.

RORY: I'm 2, I come up to you and I say, "Mommy, Mommy, I have to go to the -" --

LORELAI: The room where legends die.

[Luke walks up with ordering pad in hand]

LUKE: What can I get you?

RORY: A foster home.

LORELAI: You'll thank me one day. [sexy smile to Luke] Hi.

LUKE: I'm working.

LORELAI: Come on. This is the beginning of a relationship. You're supposed to act stupid.

LUKE: I'll do the chicken dance on my lunch break. [to Rory] Heading back to school?

RORY: Yeah, sophomore year.

LUKE: Anything you want - on the house.

LORELAI: [too bright smile] I can't believe you won't flirt with me in front of my daughter. She's gonna think there's something wrong with me.

RORY: Please. I got that confirmation letter a long time ago. Scrambled eggs with cheddar cheese and half bacon, half sausage.

LORELAI: I'll have the same, and put it on her tab.

LUKE: You get your own tab.

LORELAI: [dryly] Oh, thank God you don't have a Latin accent, or you'd be completely irresistible.

LUKE: Coffee will be ready in a minute. [backs away while subtly signaling Lorelai with his head.]

LORELAI: Be back in a second. [She walks over to the counter. Luke stands behind the counter writing in his ledger book.]

LORELAI: [Clears throat] You gestured?

LUKE: [continues to look down while speaking quietly] Those jeans are really working for you.

LORELAI: Yeah?

LUKE: They're working for me, too.

LORELAI: You're flirting with me.

LUKE: Something like that.

LORELAI: Finally. Do it some more.

LUKE: Your shoes work well with that - shirt. [briefly glances up]

LORELAI: Gee, Carson, thanks.

LUKE: That's all I can do right now. People are watching.

LORELAI: Okay.

LUKE: [meaningfully raises his eyes] But tonight I will give you my extremely positive views on other aspects of your being.

LORELAI: Tonight?

LUKE: Are you free?

LORELAI: Yeah, I'm free.

LUKE: Good. 7:30.

LORELAI: What are we gonna do?

LUKE: I've got some thoughts.

LORELAI: Alright, but no taking me to an art museum after hours and then to an empty Hollywood bowl where you give me a pair of diamond earrings that you bought with your college money when all the time you're really in love with your best friend, the drummer, who's posing as our driver for the evening.

LUKE: [pause] Okay, I'll think of something else.

LORELAI: So, what do we say?

LUKE: Say?

LORELAI: To people, to the town. Do we tell them we're dating?

LUKE: I don't know. Do we?

LORELAI: I don't know. I guess we could keep it quiet for a while.

LUKE: We could -- if that's what you want.

LORELAI: No, that's not what I want.

LUKE: Why don't we just play it by ear?

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah. People will know when they know.

LUKE: Okay, sounds good.

LORELAI: Okay, so, 7:30?

LUKE: 7:30

LORELAI: Are you gonna watch me walk away?

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: I'll add a little jaunt to it for you.

[she struts back to Rory and glances back before she sits]

RORY: What was that all about?

LORELAI: We were just talking about our date for tonight.

RORY: A real date? Finally!

LORELAI: Yeah, finally.

RORY: What are you gonna wear?

LORELAI: Mmm, glass slippers, a backwards baseball cap...

RORY: ...and nothing else.

LORELAI: Exactly.

RORY: I'm very excited.

LORELAI: Me too. Hey, have you talked to --

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Do you think you're going to before you - [Rory shakes her head no to end the topic as Luke walks up.] Oh, food. Thank God.

LUKE: Hot plates.

LORELAI: See? He called me "Hot Plates." He so likes me.

LUKE: Jeez. [embarrassed, he looks around before exiting]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[Emily is seated at a small desk looking through paperwork. Maid works busily nearby. High pitches barking is heard in the distance]

EMILY: The mail must be here. [Door bell rings] The Farthingtons' dogs are apoplectic. Ridiculous choice of animal -- a vicious 3-inch ball of hair and a bow -- a ridiculous pink bow for the vicious K*llers. "Oh, watch out! Cecil Beaton and the Duke of Windsor are headed straight for my shoes!" [maid enters with a handful of mail] Thank you. I'd like some coffee when you get a chance. [the maid nods and exits. Emily shuffles through the mail - opening one envelope]

CUT TO KITCHEN

[Maid is preparing coffee when Emily enters]

EMILY: Did we ever hear back from Mr. Gilmore about the Heart Association luncheon?

MADONNA LOUISE: I told his valet about it.

EMILY: And what a help that was. Well, call his valet back and tell him I need a meeting with Mr. Gilmore this afternoon.

MADONNA LOUISE: Yes, Mrs. Gilmore.

EMILY: Thank you. [Barking continues] Oh, shut up!

CUT TO YALE COURTYARD

[Rory directs two moving men carrying a sofa into her dorm lobby]

RORY: Careful. If you stain that, my grandmother will hunt you down and k*ll you. I wish that I was kidding. I'll get the door.

MARTY: Rory!

RORY: Marty, hi! It's nice to see you! [they hug] So, are you living here?

MARTY: I'm living here.

RORY: That's great. So am I. [notices the impatient movers] Oh, sorry. I have to let these guys in. So, how was your summer?

MARTY: I met Nicole Richie, and then spent the next six weeks showering.

RORY: [holds an interior hall door open for the movers] It should be open.

MOVING MAN: [balances sofa and checks knob] Door's locked.

RORY: Oh, really? Sorry. I thought that Paris would be here already. [opens door and Marty follows her in before the movers.]

MARTY: Nice room.

[Movers set sofa down and exit]

RORY: I can't believe I beat Paris here. I mean, normally, she would want to get dibs on the best

room first and set up the furniture exactly the way she wants it.

MARTY: Maybe she's just late.

RORY: Paris is never late. [dials number on her cell phone] Paris, hey, it's Rory.

PARIS: Rory. Hello.

RORY: I'm in our room, and I was just wondering how I could have beat you here.

PARIS: I'll be there later.

RORY: Are you okay? You sound funny.

PARIS: Asher's dead.

RORY: What?

PARIS: He died two weeks ago in Oxford.

RORY: Oh. Paris, I'm sorry. How?

PARIS: Heart attack. It was quick.

RORY: Heart attack?

PARIS: Yes.

RORY: Um...it wasn't during, um...was it?

PARIS: No, Rory. This great man was not brought down by my vag*na, okay?

RORY: Okay. Sorry. I just -- that's terrible.

PARIS: He was teaching a Shakespeare class -- "A Midsummer Night's Dream." He was doing Puck, and then suddenly he wasn't.

RORY: Oh, man.

PARIS: And the class was so into his reading, they didn't even get it. They thought he was acting. It was d*ck Shawn all over again.

RORY: Where are you?

PARIS: I'm in his flat trying to get his effects squared away, and, of course, his family is acting like spoiled children. All they care about is what they get. If I have to moderate one more argument about the Chippendale desk, I'm going to freak out. And the lawyer handling his affairs is a moron, and don't even get me started on the funeral. He wanted to be cremated, but if you had seen how filthy that crematorium was -- so I shipped him to Cambridge, which apparently is known for its cremation facilities. That was a transportation nightmare, and, of course, his daughter was upset with the move, but where was she at Thanksgiving, huh?

RORY: Is there anything I can do to help?

PARIS: No. Thanks. [long pause] I'm sad.

RORY: I know.

PARIS: Bye.

RORY: Bye. [to Marty] Asher Fleming died.

MARTY: In bed?

RORY: No.

MARTY: Damn. I lost the pool.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW STREET

[Lorelai crosses street seeing some friends gathered close sharing gossip by the news stand]

BABETTE: Are you sure?

MISS PATTY: Jerry found her birth certificate stashed in her bathroom.

MRS. CASINI: I am not surprised. She knew way too much about sushi to be from Kentucky.

LORELAI: Hi, ladies. What's the dirt today?

BABETTE: Jerry Cutler's new wife, Annabel.

MISS PATTY: Oh, that name alone.

BABETTE: Turns out the 24-year-old former Miss Magnolia Blossom had a little secret.

LORELAI: What?

MISS PATTY: Her birthday! [bursts out laughing]

BABETTE: Seems that 24 is actually code for 36.

LORELAI: No!

BABETTE: Yep. Jerry the moron wound up with a tramp who's actually a year older than the wife he dumped her for. [they all laugh] You got to love the karma.

LORELAI: How's Jerry taking it?

MRS. CASINI: He's getting his eyeglass prescription checked.

LORELAI: CNN's got nothing on you gals. See ya. [walks off]

BABETTE: See you later, sugar.

MRS. CASINI: So, you heard that Marilyn Horne is actually a man?

BABETTE: I'm not surprised.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE HOME - INTERIOR

[They sit at opposite ends of the polished dining table - formally discussing various topics - each

with a calendar planner before them]

RICHARD: I sent the check off to the landscaper a week ago.

EMILY: He claims he hasn't received it.

RICHARD: Well, he's lying.

EMILY: Shall I tell him that?

RICHARD: I will stop payment on the check and issue another one.

EMILY: Fine. There's the issue of the Gregorys' cocktail party on the fourth. Even though they did miss our Christmas party last year, you are currently involved in a business deal with Hamilton, so one of us should probably attend.

RICHARD: Jancy will definitely want you to be there.

EMILY: Fine. I'll go. [prepares to make a note]

RICHARD: No, that's all right. I should go.

EMILY: Fine, then you'll go

RICHARD: Though I had to go to the Newmans' Zoo Auction last week.

EMILY: Fine. Then I'll go.

RICHARD: No, it's my business. I'll go.

EMILY: Fine.

RICHARD: Unless you would like to go.

EMILY: Moving on to the subject of your car -

RICHARD: Excuse me?

EMILY: You parked the Cadillac in the driveway when you worked on it this weekend, and it leaked oil all over the place.

RICHARD: It's a tiny stain, Emily.

EMILY: It's a large stain, and I see it every day when I walk in and out of the door.

RICHARD: Really? You can see the driveway with your nose way up in the air like that? [Emily stares stonily in silence] I apologize. That was uncalled for.

EMILY: I think you should restrict your cars to their garages at all times.

RICHARD: I will park my cars anywhere I like.

EMILY: You never used to leave your cars in the driveway before.

RICHARD: I park there when I work on them.

EMILY: Well, work on them somewhere else.

RICHARD: Like where?

EMILY: What about the filling station? It's already filthy there.

RICHARD: Are you seriously suggesting that I drive a priceless antique car 12 blocks away, park it next to a broken-down Chevy, and do my restoring there?

EMILY: Yes.

RICHARD: So this is the way it's going to be from now on.

EMILY: I suppose it is.

RICHARD: A filling station will be fine.

EMILY: Thank you.

RICHARD: I suppose we should discuss the insurance papers.

EMILY: I suppose we should.

CUT TO YALE COURTYARD

[Rory and Marty take coffee from vendor]

MARTY: I mean, I always thought I looked a lot like my Uncle Jerry, and, gee, Mom seemed to really like him.

RORY: I cannot believe this. After all this time, your mother tells you now.

MARTY: My dad looked relieved.

RORY: He did not.

MARTY: I heard him say, "whew!"

RORY: Oh, that is amazing.

MARTY: So, what did you do over the summer?

RORY: [uncomfortable] Well, we so should have started with me.

[A student in red jacket purposefully bumps into Marty as he passes]

MARTY: Oh, sorry.

COLIN: No, seriously, you couldn't see me there?

FINN: Not everyone's staring at you, Colin.

[Colin is also walking with a blond guy: Logan and his even blonder girlfriend]

LOGAN: Hey, I know you. No, wait-wait, don't tell me. I'm seeing a uniform of some sort.

FINN: [sarcasm] Maytag repairman.

MARTY: I've bartended for you -- for your parties.

LOGAN: That's right, you have. You're a talented man. [to Rory] He makes a kick-ass margarita.

MARTY: [chuckle] thanks

LOGAN: It's good to see you again. What's your name?

MARTY: Marty. Uh, this is Rory.

LOGAN: Hi. So, assuming your services are still for hire this year, your financial situation hasn't changed at all?

MARTY: Nope.

LOGAN: Good. Okay, I'll give you a call. Where are you living now?

MARTY: Branford.

LOGAN: Oh, excellent -- Branford. All right. Good running into you.

[He exits with blond girl in tow, his friends slowly following]

COLIN: [dryly] Excellent shirt. [to Rory] I can see what you see in him.

LOGAN: Don't be an ass, Colin.

COLIN: Me? Never. I'm a friend to all people, large and very, very small. [walks off to catch up to Logan]

MARTY: I kind of hate those guys.

RORY: Really? I can't see why.

CUT TO RORY'S DORM ROOM

[Door opens and Rory enters to see the dorm rearranged, and almost fully set up and decorated. Paris enters from one of the bedrooms.]

RORY: Wow.

PARIS: I moved some things around. I also switched our rooms. Now, mine may seem bigger, but yours gets less sun, so you don't have to worry about melanoma.

RORY: Hey.

PARIS: What?

[Rory pulls Paris into a warm hug]

RORY: Sorry.

PARIS: Thanks.

RORY: So, how are you holding up?

[Paris fusses around the room, hanging up a picture, making small adjustments.]

PARIS: I'm fine. I'm actually relieved to be anywhere that people aren't arguing over the first-edition Faulkners. His granddaughter Sarah is the worst. If she thought the casket was worth anything, she would have stuffed it in her purse.

RORY: You know Paris, you don't have to take care of all this. It's not up to you.

PARIS: I know. It's just I want his memory to be respected. [fidgets with décor]

RORY: It will be.

PARIS: I still can't believe he's gone. He left me his manuscripts.

RORY: [impressed] Wow.

PARIS: Yeah. If Sarah finds out, it's going to be the mountain girl trial all over again. Listen, I want to have a wake.

RORY: A what?

PARIS: A wake in Asher's honor here. We'll give others the chance to pay their respects, to say goodbye. People are going to want this closure. I just think it's the right thing to do.

RORY: Sure.

PARIS: Thank you. [Cellphone rings] Hello? Larry, Larry, no. I'm sorry. Did you take the bar or just hang out in one?

CUT TO LORELAI'S FRONT PORCH - EVENING

[Lorelai exits the front door. As she turns, Luke pulls up in his truck. They both seemed stunned to see the other. Lorelai pauses on the front steps, Luke exits his truck]

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: Oh, hey. I was --

LORELAI: [pointing back to the door] No, I was just coming to...

LUKE: -- pick you up. Was I not supposed to?

LORELAI: No, I figured I'd meet you at the diner.

LUKE: Oooh.

LORELAI: Yeah..

LUKE: I guess we should have discussed.

LORELAI: No-no, I should have assumed -

LUKE: I mean, we u-usually --

LORELAI: Yeah, but this is a date, so the guy usually does - in the truck, and so -

LUKE: Sorry.

LORELAI: No, I'm sorry. [awkward pause] I could go back inside.

LUKE: No, no, this is fine. You're out now, so... [another awkward pause]

LORELAI: We should go.

LUKE: We should go.

[After an awkward 'who goes where?' moment, Luke guides Lorelai around the front of the truck to open the door for her]

LORELAI: You don't have to get the -

LUKE: [scoffs and opens the door. They both nervously chuckle]

LORELAI: okay.

LUKE: There you go.

LORELAI: We'll get better at this.

LUKE: Yeah.

CUT TO INTERIOR OF A HOMEY YET STYLISH TAVERN

[Luke and Lorelai enter]

LORELAI: Oh. Oh, wow. Very 'Prancing Pony'.

LUKE: This way, please. [gently guides her toward a round-tabled booth] Your table, Miss.

LORELAI: Oh. Why, thank you, sir.

[He removes his jacket and sets aside as they both slide into the booth and sit. Lorelai notices a small sign on the table.]

LORELAI: [impressed] "Reserved."

LUKE: I told you I'd planned the evening.

LORELAI: Weren't we supposed to let someone who works here seat us?

LUKE: Not necessary.

LORELAI: Is this like a Mafia thing?

LUKE: Excuse me?

LORELAI: The whole coming in, special table, reserved sign. Are you gonna have to whack someone before the soup course?

LUKE: No, I've filled my whacking quota for the week. [cringes] Dirty?

LORELAI: [wicked grin] Extremely.

LUKE: Thought so.

MAISY: [OS] Lucas!

[An older woman walks up to their table with menus]

LUKE: How you doing, Maisy?

MAISY: You just seat yourself now?

LORELAI: I told him!

[Luke stands and gives Maisy a warm hug]

MAISY: We run a nice place here, Lucas, not like that hash joint of yours. And this must be your young lady. Hello, there. I'm Maisy.

[they shake hands]

LORELAI: Hi. I'm Lorelai. I love your place.

MAISY: It used to be a whorehouse.

LORELAI: Oh - my.

MAISY: I like that it's got a tarty history. The best places do.

LORELAI: And the best people.

MAISY: 'The best people'. I like that. [calls out loudly] Buddy! [shoos Luke] Will you sit down?

LUKE: Well, you pulled me up. [sits]

[Older man walks up]

MAISY: Buddy, this is Lorelai.

BUDDY: Lorelai. Well, hello, Lorelai. [shakes hands]

LORELAI: Hello, Buddy.

MAISY: This is very exciting for us because Lucas never brings his girls here. [calls out] Lori, some sparkling water and champagne.

LUKE: And a beer.

MAISY: You're on a date, you drink champagne. You're at a ball game, you drink a beer.

LORELAI: My goodness, what a big menu.

LUKE: Don't bother looking. Whatever you order, they'll just bring you something different.

MAISY: Hey, what about the, uh - [hand gestures]

BUDDY: Oh, yeah, good. With garlic and --

MAISY: No, no, no garlic. I mean, give the boy a chance.

[Disappointed, Buddy exits]

MAISY: Lorelai, nice to meet you, and, uh, he's a special one, this guy.

LORELAI: That's the word on the street. [Maisy exits] They know you.

LUKE: Actually, I come here two, three times a week. Yeah -- breakfast, dinner, whenever I have the time.

LORELAI: Oh, my God, Luke has a 'Luke's'.

LUKE: Yeah, well, y'know. I've known Maisy and Bud my whole life. Maisy went to school with my mother.

LORELAI: Really?

LUKE: Yeah. And then later on when my dad died and I wanted to turn the hardware store into a diner, you know, Buddy really helped me out.

LORELAI: That's so nice.

LUKE: He's a good guy. He really showed me how to run a restaurant, how to order -- everything, basically. I mean, I couldn't have done it without him.

[Lorelai looks around]

LORELAI: I love this place.

LUKE: It's a great place -- very old.

LORELAI: How long have they owned it?

LUKE: Actually, the story of that is on the back of the menu.

LORELAI: Oh, cool. [flips over the menu and clears throat] Oh, look -- "Sniffy's Tavern: A story of love." Oh, a story of love. "Maisy Fortner and Bertram 'Buddy' Linds met at a high-school basketball game. She was playing, he was not. They fell in love, got married. Buddy went to work at a dairy, and Maisy worked at the school, but they dreamed to someday own a restaurant so that all of their friends and family could come and eat and visit and laugh with them every single day."

LUKE: Buddy hated working at that dairy.

LORELAI: [continues to read] "One day Sniffy, their beloved dog, ran away. Maisy and Buddy searched high and low for him. Finally they stumbled past a dilapidated old tavern that had been boarded up for years. They heard a dog howling. They forced open the door, and there was Sniffy, stuck underneath a fallen beam. Maisy and Buddy pulled Sniffy free and rushed him to the vet, where he immediately went into emergency surgery." Oh my God, did Paul Thomas Anderson write this? Edit, people.

LUKE: You don't have to read the whole thing. There's not gonna be a quiz.

LORELAI: I'm almost done. [continues reading] "Four hours later... Sniffy was dead." Sniffy was dead?! Are you serious? Where's the happy ending?

LUKE: Well, that's what happened.

LORELAI: Well, people don't read the back of the menu to find out what really happened. They read the back of the menu to be happy, to be uplifted. That's why they read the back of the menu.

LUKE: Not that many people read the back of the menu.

[waitress pours champagne into two flutes.]

LORELAI: [to waitress] Did you know about the whole Sniffy thing? [she nods]

LUKE: If it makes you feel better, Sniffy was 150,000 years old.

LORELAI: [feigns a pout] You're lying.

[Luke grins as he hands her a glass of champagne]

LORELAI: Thank you.

LUKE: Hey, here's to you.

LORELAI: I'll drink to that. [they both sip]

LUKE: Yep, I definitely hate champagne.

LORELAI: This is nice.

LUKE: Good.

LORELAI: Hey, do you remember the first time we met?

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: I'm just trying to remember the first time we met. It must have been at Luke's, right?

LUKE: [nods] It was at Luke's, it was at lunch, it was a very busy day, the place was packed, and this person -

LORELAI: [gasps] Ooh, is it me? Is it me?

LUKE: This person comes tearing into the place in a caffeine frenzy.

LORELAI: [gleeful] Ooh, it's me.

LUKE: I was with a customer. She interrupts me, wild-eyed, begging for coffee, so I tell her to wait her turn. Then she starts following me around, talking a mile a minute, saying God knows what. So finally I turn to her, and I tell her she's being annoying -- sit down, shut up, I'll get to her when I get to her.

LORELAI: Y'know, I bet she took that very well, 'cause she sounds just delightful.

LUKE: She asked me what my birthday was. I wouldn't tell her. She wouldn't stop talking. I gave in. I told her my birthday. Then she opened up the newspaper to the horoscope page, wrote something

down, tore it out, handed it to me.

LORELAI: [dryly] God, seriously. You wrote the menu, didn't you?

LUKE: So I'm looking at this piece of paper in my hand, and under "Scorpio," she had written, "you will meet an annoying woman today. Give her coffee and she'll go away." I gave her coffee.

LORELAI: [grinning] But she didn't go away.

LUKE: She told me to hold on to that horoscope, put it in my wallet, and carry it around with me - [pulls a small scrap of paper from his wallet and holds it out to Lorelai] one day it would bring me luck.

LORELAI: [teasing] Well, man, I will say anything for a cup of coffee [unfolds the scrap and reads it with new remembrance] Um...I can't believe you kept this. You kept this in your wallet? [sees his serious expression] You kept this in your wallet.

LUKE: Eight years.

LORELAI: [touched] Eight years.

[Luke sighs and returns the precious scrap to his wallet]

LUKE: Lorelai, this thing we're doing here -- me, you -- I just want you to know I'm in. I am all in. [carefully watches her reaction] Does that, uh -- are you, uh, scared?

[Lorelai blushes with sudden shyness, but looks back and smiles.]
CUT TO LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Camera pans from the main living area, with stray clothes strewn over furniture to his bed. Following their lovemaking, Luke and Lorelai lie snuggled together covered by only a thin blanket. Lorelai toys with his hand.]

LORELAI: I can't believe you kept that horoscope.

LUKE: You're just lucky I never clean out my wallet.

LORELAI: You can't take it back now. You've exposed yourself. You've been pining for me.

LUKE: [Chuckles] I have not been pining.

LORELAI: I'm your Ava Gardner.

LUKE: God help me. [Sighs] Okay. Let's get something out of the way right now. [reaches over to the nightstand and picks up a pad of paper and pencil]

LORELAI: What? What are you doing?

LUKE: Tell me what CD's to get so I don't have to hear about it.

LORELAI: Seriously?

LUKE: And skip any '80s groups where the guys dressed up like pirates. I draw the line at pirates.

LORELAI: [kisses his shoulder] This has been a really great first date.

LUKE: It only took us eight years to get here.

[They kiss and kiss again. Lorelai then taps on the pad to remind Luke about the list]

LUKE: Okay. So, U2, right?

LORELAI: Yeah, Bono is a must, and Blondie and, um, ooh - Sparks, especially the new one, plus Bowie.

LUKE: Okay, I know he dressed up like a pirate.

LORELAI: Space man.

LUKE: Space man I can deal with.

CUT TO SAME LOCATION - LUKE'S BEDROOM - HOURS LATER

[Things look different. All pillows and blanket are now piled on Lorelai's side of the bed. Luke is asleep with only the edge of the sheet covering him.] [Alarm buzzing]

LORELAI: Mmm.

LUKE: Sorry. I forgot to turn the alarm off.

LORELAI: Bad alarm. Bad, bad alarm.

[Luke reached and turns off alarm, then scoots closer to Lorelai, who now uses him as a pillow]

LORELAI: [groggy] What time is it?

LUKE: Early.

LORELAI: Hate early. Must k*ll early.

[Luke sleepily strokes her hair and kisses the top of her head]

LORELAI: Okay. I gotta get up.

LUKE: Why?

LORELAI: Work. Inn. Buy shoes. Oh, my God, I can't move. I need coffee.

LUKE: I don't have coffee up here. It's all downstairs.

LORELAI: [whimpers] Downstairs. Mmm. Mmm. Mmm. [kisses his chest before slipping out of bed and donning Luke's plaid shirt]

LUKE: [remains in bed with eyes closed, half-asleep] Where are you going?

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER - BOTTOM OF STAIRS

[Humming quietly, Lorelai reaches bottom of stairs, tousled bed-hair in her face, fastening the top button of the flannel shirt. She freezes when she sees a diner-full of people all staring at her. Backs away and runs back up the stairs.]

CUT TO LUKE'S BEDROOM

[Door closes [OS]. Luke is fast asleep. Lorelai enters]

LORELAI: Well, I think people are gonna know.

LUKE: [startled] What? What are you talking about? [fully awake now] Why are you wearing my shirt?

LORELAI: I put it on to go get coffee.

LUKE: Downstairs?

LORELAI: Well, you don't keep it upstairs.

LUKE: The diner's open.

LORELAI: You're kidding!

LUKE: You walked into the diner like that?

LORELAI: I didn't think the diner could open without you.

LUKE: I had Caesar open.

LORELAI: Well, he did, with a floor show.

LUKE: Okay, so, maybe nobody noticed.

LORELAI: Look at me!

LUKE: Okay, yes. Well, but you wear crazy outfits all the time.

LORELAI: They usually include pants.

LUKE: Okay, so they know. So what? I mean, they're gonna find out eventually, right?

LORELAI: Right. So, we'll hear about it for a few days.

LUKE: Few weeks.

LORELAI: Six months of hearing about it, but then it'll die down.

LUKE: We'll be used to it.

LORELAI: And everything will get back to normal, so, okay, well, they know. It's out.

LUKE: It's out. [Lorelai chuckles] Where's your coffee?

LORELAI: [indicates her clothes - err, lack of] Mm-hmm.

LUKE: [without hesitation] I'M getting your coffee.

CUT TO RORY'S DORM ROOM

[Paris rushes into the main room]

PARIS: I need more candles.

RORY: Check my trunk. I think my mom put some in there. [watches Paris stack hardcover books]
That's a lot of books you got there.

PARIS: The very fact that the bookstore had any in stock shows the sad nature of American reading habits.

RORY: Do you need some help with those?

PARIS: I got this, but here -- you can put these up.

RORY: You made flyers.

PARIS: Anyone who wants to pay tribute to this great man deserves the opportunity.

RORY: I'm on it. [she exits to dorm hallway with handful of flyers]

CUT TO DORM HALLWAY

[Rory exits her dorm room. She looks for empty space on any of the nearby bulletin boards, already crammed with notices, notes and advertisements, Three students enter the dorm hall]

COLIN: Okay, Finn, last building. Please say it looks familiar.

FINN: [eagerly looking around] Ahh, uh...

LOGAN: Apparently it doesn't look familiar.

FINN: No, hold on. Hold on. Yes. Here. [walks around a corner] This is where she lives.

RORY: Excuse me. Can I help you?

LOGAN: No thanks. [follows the other two boys]

RORY: Hey.

[Rory follows the boys around the corner and see them standing before a dorm door. Hers.]

COLIN: Don't put your number. Don't put your number!

FINN: I'm not putting my number, I'm putting your number. [indicates Logan]

RORY: [confused] That's my room.

[They turn to see Rory. Logan grins]

LOGAN: Okay, put my number.

FINN: Are you sure this is your room?

RORY: I'm sure.

FINN: I could have sworn it was her room.

RORY: What's her name? Maybe I know her.

FINN: Uh, it was short.

RORY: [dryly] I can understand your disappointment, losing a potential soul mate like that, but that is my room.

LOGAN: I'm sorry about the mix-up. My friend here means no harm. He just has to learn that Guinness and blondes - they don't mix.

FINN: Redheads!

LOGAN: We sincerely apologize, and we will now leave you to finish putting up your poster of... this really old guy. [looks closer at the papers in Rory's hands]

RORY: Professor Asher Fleming.

LOGAN: What, they were out of Orlando Bloom?

RORY: Professor Fleming died last week. We're throwing him a wake.

LOGAN: Okay, so were you and Fleming - [pauses for effect]

RORY: No!

LOGAN: Sorry. Just you're putting a poster of him up in your hallway. You can see where I get the impression he's a little bit more than a teacher.

RORY: Well, he was more than a teacher. He was a great writer and an inspiration in many other things that you couldn't possibly understand.

LOGAN: [surprised] You don't like me. You don't know me, but you don't like me.

RORY: [darkly] I know you.

LOGAN: You do?

RORY: We met yesterday. With Marty.

LOGAN: Marty?

RORY: [slightly annoyed] Marty -- my friend Marty. He bartended for you.

LOGAN: Yes, Marty. I'm sorry. It slipped my mind. Of course I met you yesterday with Marty. Nice to see you again...

RORY: [exasperated] Rory!

LOGAN: Nice to see you again, Rory. You're looking well. Angry works for you.

RORY: I'm not angry, I'm just irritated.

LOGAN: By me?

RORY: Yes.

LOGAN: Because I forgot for a moment who you were?

RORY: No, because you speak to people as if they're below you.

LOGAN: People?

RORY: Marty.

LOGAN: Ah, your friend Marty?

RORY: Yes, my friend, Marty. You talked to him like he was dirt, and that's why I'm looking at you like this.

LOGAN: I'm sorry. What did I say that was so bad? I said hello and I think I said he made a kick-ass margarita

RORY: It's not what you said, it's how you said it.

LOGAN: How'd I say it?

RORY: Like Judi Dench.

LOGAN: Ouch.

RORY: Just because somebody doesn't have money or a fancy family doesn't mean they're inferior to you.

LOGAN: I agree.

RORY: And just because somebody is a bartender at a party for you and your friends, that doesn't mean that you can talk to them like a servant. [turns to leave]

LOGAN: Well...

RORY: What?!

LOGAN: I hired him. I paid him. He served. That's what a servant does.

RORY: [incredulous] Are you serious?

LOGAN: For the sake of argument.

RORY: He was doing a job.

LOGAN: A job he took willingly.

RORY: Some people have to work.

LOGAN: And I bet if you ask him he'll tell you he made excellent tips that night. Because my friends - they tend to enjoy their re-fills.

RORY: Not the point.

LOGAN: To a bartender, tips are very much the point.

RORY: Just because you pay somebody, it doesn't mean that you can speak to them as if they're beneath you.

LOGAN: Actually, the fact that this is a free country means I can speak to anyone in any manner which I choose. However, the rules of a civilized society may frown upon a certain obvious show of snobbery, so if that's your argument --

RORY: I don't have an argument.

LOGAN: I can give you a moment to formulate one if you want to continue.

RORY: I'm busy!

LOGAN: You concede.

RORY: I don't like it when people hurt my friends.

LOGAN: And you react when goaded.

RORY: I am not goaded. I am so far from goaded. Get out your compass, and I will show you how far from goaded I am.

LOGAN: I think we got a serious debater in our midst.

[one of his friends appear on the stairs]

FINN: Logan, I think we've found it.

LOGAN: Tell Marty I said hi, and I promise to remember you instantly next time. [no reaction from Rory. He gives her a winning smile] Now, tell me that wasn't fun? [Sighs as he moves toward the stairs] Master and Commander.

RORY: [confused] The movie?

LOGAN: No, that's what I want you to call me from now on. [climbs stairs]

RORY: Ugh.

CUT TO RORY'S DORM ROOM

[Rory enters. Paris sits on sofa smoking a pipe]

PARIS: [sadly] I just wanted to smell like him again.

[Rory closes the door, joins Paris on the sofa and puts a comforting arm around her. Paris continues to puff on the pipe]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW - SAME SIDEWALK AS PREVIOUS

[Lorelai approaches her gossiping friends.]

[Laughter]

MRS. CASINI: You didn't! You didn't.

LORELAI: Morning, ladies. [cringes waiting for reaction]

BABETTE: Oh, morning, Sugar.

MRS. CASINI: Samson and Delilah Sapperstein got back together.

BABETTE: I'm not surprised. Those two belong together.

MISS PATTY: Well, its nice that they made up. That means they're bound to have one of their fabulous fights very soon, which we need because things are slow around here.

[Lorelai looks puzzled]

BABETTE: I hear that.

MRS. CASINI: They're lowering the free-parking limit at the drugstore. [Lorelai looks around puzzled] You only get 20 minutes free with validation instead of 30.

BABETTE: Well, times, they are a-changin'.

[All three women nod. Lorelai backs away]

LORELAI: Well, so, I'm gonna go. I got to get to work. [hesitates, waiting for reaction]

MISS PATTY: Bye, honey.

BABETTE: Give Rory a kiss for us.

LORELAI: I will. [long pause waiting. They stare blankly back] Okay.

[The ladies resume their gossiping as Lorelai walks away slightly disappointed.]

BABETTE: Did you notice that one side of Rosella's butt implant deflated?

MISS PATTY: Well, if your doctor accepts a co-pay of... [fades]

CUT TO DRAGONFLY INN - FRONT LOBBY

[Agitated, Lorelai walks in with a cordless phone to her ear]

LORELAI: Nobody knows. I swear.

LUKE'S VOICE: How do you know?

LORELAI: Well, I walked by "Hello! Magazine" this morning. They mentioned nothing.

SCENE SWITCHES BETWEEN INN AND DINER

LUKE: Well, maybe they're just trying to be, I don't know, respectful about it.

LORELAI: Babette? Miss Patty?

LUKE: Well, maybe they're trying not to embarrass you.

LORELAI: Babette? Miss Patty?

LUKE: Well, maybe -- I'm out.

LORELAI: Has anyone mentioned it to you?

LUKE: No, but, seriously, who's gonna mention it to me?

LORELAI: Babette? Miss Patty?

LUKE: No, it's been very quiet.

LORELAI: They have to know.

LUKE: Maybe they don't care.

LORELAI: That's kind of a bummer.

LUKE: Why?

LORELAI: I don't know. You at least want them to have some interest.

LUKE: Let's just look at it this way. It's out. We don't have to worry about it. We can just go on. Are we still on for tonight?

LORELAI: Liz Taylor and Richard Burton couldn't go outside without people noticing.

LUKE: Well, I'll get drunk, you gain 500 pounds, and we'll give it another go.

LORELAI: Pick me up at 7:00?

LUKE: I'll pick you up at 7:00.

LORELAI: Okay, bye.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE DINING ROOM

[Emily sits alone at the elegantly dressed table - eating alone. Tony Bennett music plays in the background. Emily dabs her mouth with an expensive linen napkin]

EMILY: Madonna Louise!

[Maid enters and clears her dinner setting]

MADONNA LOUISE: Can I get you some dessert, Mrs. Gilmore?

EMILY: No, thank you.

MADONNA LOUISE: Very good, Mrs. Gilmore.

EMILY: And don't run the dishwasher. It's not full.

MADONNA LOUISE: I won't, Mrs. Gilmore.

EMILY: I smelled something funny earlier in the northeast corner of the kitchen.

MADONNA LOUISE: I sprayed for ants this afternoon.

EMILY: Oh, Madonna Louise, I told you never spray that poison all over the place. You simply have to k*ll the scout ants so they don't go back and tell the rest of them where the food is.

MADONNA LOUISE: I know Mrs. Gilmore.

EMILY: You k*ll the scouts, or you use the chalk that we bought in Chinatown last month.

MADONNA LOUISE: Okay, Mrs. Gilmore.

EMILY: Madonna Louise?

MADONNA LOUISE: Yes, Mrs. Gilmore?

EMILY: It was a lovely omelet.

MADONNA LOUISE: Thank you, Mrs. Gilmore. [exits]

[Emily rises and blows out the candle tapers on the table. Idly wanders to the living room, and picks up her nearby book to read. Unsatisfied, she puts the book down and wanders about the room, bored. She prepares to climb the stairs to go to bed, when she hears a noise outside. Vehicle door closes, engine turns over. Curious, she walks to the window to look out. What she sees makes her gape from shock.]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW - EVENING

[Luke and Lorelai walk together across the town square toward Miss Patty's]

LUKE: How did I get rooked into this?

LORELAI: Uh, I'm irresistible?

LUKE: Yeah. Well, have I mentioned I hate town meetings?

LORELAI: No. I thought you said you hate clown bleedings, which I totally agree with.

LUKE: Oh, no. Is tonight raffle night? I can't deal with raffle night.

LORELAI: No, it's not raffle night. Look, I promise we won't stay for the whole thing. It'll be like a stop by. We'll just run in and get the headlines so I have something to tell Rory, and then we're off to the movie.

LUKE: Do not get used to me going to these town things. Just because you like them does not mean that I will ever like them or tolerate them or go to them.

LORELAI: Hmm. Other than tonight?

LUKE: Yes, other than tonight.

LORELAI: And next Thursday.

LUKE: I did not say I would go next Thursday. [Cellphone rings] What the hell is next Thursday?

[Cellphone continues to ring as Lorelai grins and answers the phone]

LORELAI: Hello?

EMILY'S VOICE: Lorelai? Oh, thank God I found you. [Lorelai curses silently and mouths the words "my mother" to Luke.]

LORELAI: Hi, Mom.

[She points an accusing finger to Luke, who shrugs innocently]

SCENE SWITCHES BETWEEN EMILY'S HOME AND LORELAI

EMILY: The most bizarre thing has happened. At 7:30 at night, I had just finished my dinner. I was about to go upstairs and read, and I suddenly heard a car.

LORELAI: Uh-huh.

EMILY: I ran to the window just in time to see your father driving away. He was driving away at 7:30 at night.

LORELAI: Uh-huh.

EMILY: [exasperated] Lorelai!

LORELAI: Was he driving backwards or with his feet?

EMILY: Where was your father going at 7:30 at night?

[Luke stands patiently listening to their conversation, tugging gently on the corner of her jacket]

LORELAI: Well, maybe he had a business meeting.

EMILY: At 7:30 at night? What, has he suddenly become a bootlegger?

LORELAI: Mom, I'm sorry. I'm about to go into a thing. Can we talk about this later? [Luke nods in agreement and pulls her closer by her jacket's corner]

EMILY: Oh, absolutely. Far be it for me to intrude on whatever vague event you're going to.

LORELAI: Great! Thanks, Mom. Bye. [click] Your fault.

LUKE: How was that my fault?

LORELAI: Because you preoccupied me with all your yammering about the meeting, so I wasn't thinking, and I didn't check to see who was calling before I answered. [grins] Boy, it's nice to finally have someone to blame.

[Lorelai giggles and Luke grins as he follows her to up the front steps.]

CUT TO TOWN MEETING INSIDE MISS PATTY'S STUDIO.

[Meeting is underway with much conversation. Andrew and Gypsy are standing in the front of the raised stage.]

ANDREW: And then looked, backed up -

GYPSY: No.

ANDREW: I did too back up.

GYPSY: You backed up. You didn't look. You got in, you turned on your car, and then you whipped out of that space like you were Lizzie Grubman.

[Luke and Lorelai quietly sneak inside and take seats in the back of the room.]

LORELAI: Do we have timing or what?

[more arguing in the front of the room]

ANDREW: I did not.

GYPSY: Andrew, you did too.

ANDREW: I distinctly remember looking in my mirror and seeing nothing.

GYPSY: Except me.

ANDREW: I didn't see you.

GYPSY: Liar

ANDREW: I am not a liar.

[Lorelai pulls licorice from her purse and offers one to Luke]

CUT TO RORY AND PARIS' DORM ROOM

[Paris greets two boys at the open doorway. The room is crowded with people. Hard cover books are stacked everywhere.]

PARIS: Thank you for coming. Please feel free to take a book. [The boys shrug and enter the room - walking straight for the beverage table, where cups, wine bottles, beer pitchers stand atop stack of books. Marty approaches Rory]

MARTY: Hey.

RORY: Hi.

MARTY: Interesting crowd.

RORY: Yeah, most of the people have no idea they're at a wake. They think it's some weird theme party. I've spent the entire evening trying to get people to stop referring to Asher as "the old dead dude."

MARTY: Does Paris know?

RORY: Paris, thank goodness, is Paris. [Marty nods]

[Paris approaches]

PARIS: Hi, Marty. Thank you for coming. Please help yourself to a book.

RORY: The wake seems to be going well.

PARIS: It is. [looking around] I'm very pleased with the turnout. I mean, I knew he was beloved, but this is overwhelming.

[Rory sees some students carrying in a beer keg and motions quietly for Marty to get rid of them]

PARIS: You know, it's funny, but Asher died right at the height of my passion for him. I kind of wonder what would have happened if he had lived. Would I have stayed in love with him forever?

RORY: I don't know.

PARIS: He died before I could find out. Now I'll always be in love with him. He's my Mike Todd. [Rory consoles Paris with a hug]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW TOWN MEETING

[Luke watches Lorelai munch on more snacks]

LUKE: We're going to dinner after the movie.

LORELAI: I know.

[Taylor speaks from the podium]

TAYLOR: All those who think Andrew was in the wrong, arms raised. [several people raise their hands] All those who think that Gypsy was at fault, arms raised. [More hands raise] The majority rules. Gypsy is at fault for the fender bender outside the Stars Hollow Garden Center and shall be responsible for all said damages.

GYPSY: Ha! We have got to get a courthouse in this town! [sits down in a huff]

TAYLOR: All right, let's move on to the next order of business. Hmm. A very serious matter has been brought to our attention, and I would like to bring to the floor for discussion the possible negative ramifications of the inn owner and diner owner dating.

LORELAI: [Gasps] That's us.

LUKE: They're talking about us.

TAYLOR: Now, as you all know, the relationship we have feared for some time has emerged, and we need to carefully consider whether or not we can support this.

LORELAI: Oh, my God.

LUKE: We're sitting right here!

TAYLOR: Yes, we see you, Luke, and, as a member of the town, you are welcome to voice your opinion.

LUKE: Voice my --

TAYLOR: [gavel bang] I open the floor up for discussion. [crowd murmurs and numerous hands raise] All right. I'll start. Luke's Diner is a staple in this town. Most of us eat there on a regular basis. The Dragonfly Inn, though newer than Luke's Diner, has also become very important in our community. [Luke and Lorelai exchange looks of disbelief] The co-mingling of the owners of these two establishments can only set the stage for disaster.

LUKE: What the hell is he talking about?

LORELAI: Well he's not happy with our co-mingling.

TAYLOR: Think of the consequences. What will happen when the relationship goes sour, as, let's face it, most of Lorelai's relationships do?

LORELAI: Hey!

TAYLOR: We'll have to choose. Suddenly you'll either be a 'Luke' or a 'Lorelai', or, if you're Kirk and you can't make a decision to save your life, you'll be neither.

KIRK: He's probably right.

TAYLOR: That's bad for the economy, bad for the town. I vote against this.

LORELAI: Are they gonna make us break up?

BABETTE: I think you're over reacting, Taylor.

TAYLOR: People, do I have to remind you about Fay Wellington and Art Brush, huh? Do I? [murmurs in the crowd]

LORELAI: Uh, yeah.

BABETTE: Fay owned a flower shop, and Art owned a candy store, and they fell madly in love about 10 years ago -- big romance.

TAYLOR: And for a while, it all worked very synergistically. Flowers and candy seemed like a perfect match...

MISS PATTY: Until Art met Margie.

GYPSY: The fudge queen.

BABETTE: Ooh, that was bad.

TAYLOR: The whole town split right down the middle. Suddenly you could buy flowers or you could buy candy.

MISS PATTY: Valentine's Day was a nightmare.

KIRK: Par for the course for me.

TAYLOR: Eventually, the hostility forced Art to move.

BABETTE: Fay never married. She stopped making candy. It was very sad.

TAYLOR: And those storefronts were empty for a year. No one wanted to be there.

LORELAI: God, this sounds terrible. Maybe they have a point.

LUKE: No, they don't have a point.

LORELAI: Well, what if something happens?

LUKE: This is crazy. I don't believe that the breakup of Fay Wellington and Art Brush affected the economy of this town one bit.

TAYLOR: Well, lucky for you, I brought charts.

LUKE: You have charts concerning the romance of two people who used to live here 10 years ago?

[Lorelai's cellphone rings]

KIRK: We think Fay still lives in the caves above the Clancys' Mill. We can't prove it, but every so often, we hear "Delta Dawn" playing over and over.

LORELAI: [quietly] Hello?

EMILY: Your father came home at 8:30. He went inside the poolhouse for five minutes, and he got back in his car, and he drove away again.

[Luke looks inquiringly and Lorelai silently mouths "my mother". Luke, satisfied returns his attention to the meeting.]

LORELAI: Mom, this is really not a good --

EMILY: Traipsing all over the place at all hours of the night.

LORELAI: Uh-huh. Mom, where are you? You sound very far away. [quietly walks outside]

CUT TO OUTSIDE TOWN MEETING

[Scene switches between Lorelai and Emily's car]

EMILY: Park Road.

LORELAI: Park Road. Why?

EMILY: I'm not gonna be the one that sits at home alone in the dark like an Italian widow. If he can go out, then I can go out, so I went out.

LORELAI: Well, good for you.

EMILY: I figured I'd have dinner. I already had dinner. But if Richard's having two dinners, then I can have two dinners, so I went to a place I used to eat at when I was in college. And do you know what I found? It's a 'Lube-And-Tune' with an X-rated T-shirt store next door.

LORELAI: Mom, this is silly. Why don't you just go home?

EMILY: I'm not gonna be the first one back.

LORELAI: Well, how long are you gonna drive around?

EMILY: Until I'm sure your father came home. Let him worry about where I was all night.

[Conversation gets louder inside at the meeting]

LORELAI: Look, I can't talk right now.

EMILY: Well, I'm not done.

LORELAI: I'll call you later.

EMILY: I could be dead later.

LORELAI: Call one of your friends.

EMILY: No one knows about the separation except you and Rory.

LORELAI: Well, I'm sorry, Mom. I'm in the middle of something very important.

EMILY: Well, this is important, too. Meet me for a coffee.

LORELAI: Mom, I can't, and Rory just moved in, and she's at school getting settled, so if you really can't talk to one of your friends, I'm sorry, but we're gonna have to finish this later.

EMILY: Fine. [Beep]

CUT TO INSIDE THE STARS HOLLOW TOWN MEETING

[The crowd is murmuring as Lorelai returns inside and sits beside Luke. Various poster-sized charts are set up on easels.]

BABETTE: I think that map's a little off. Luke would definitely take the Northwest block 'cause it's near the fishing hole.

LUKE: Okay, that's it. I've heard enough.

[Fed up, Luke walks to the stage and yanks up the charts off their easels, and yells at the towns people]

LUKE: This is my relationship -- mine, not yours, not yours, not yours, [looks at Lorelai] yours, but not yours. Mine and hers but not - (looking pointedly at Taylor) yours! There's not gonna be any more debating about whether or not it's a good idea if we're in a relationship, 'cause we're in a relationship.

LORELAI: Show them the horoscope!

TAYLOR: But in the event of a breakup -

LUKE: There's not going to be a breakup.

GYPSY: Well, isn't he the optimistic fellow?

LUKE: Fine. In case of a breakup, I'll move. I'll close up Luke's Diner, I'll go far, far away, and that way you won't have to choose, okay? Every section in town can be pink.

TAYLOR: Can we have your word on that?

LUKE: You can have my word and a couple of middle fingers on that, Taylor.

TAYLOR: Get that down. We have his word. Leave out the part about the fingers. All right, people, it seems that the issue of Gilmore and Danes vs. Stars Hollow has been resolved. [Lorelai grins and looks around proudly] See you all next week when everyone gets fingerprinted for the government. [gavel bangs] Meeting adjourned.

[Townpeople mill out chattering among themselves. Lorelai joins Luke near the stage.]

LORELAI: Wow!

LUKE: [nervous chuckle] Yeah. You still in?

LORELAI: You bet I am. [Then, a thought causes sudden panic] Oh, my God.

LUKE: [concerned] What? What's the matter?

[Lorelai quickly pulls out her cell phone and hits speed dial. She sighs impatiently while it rings.]

RORY'S VOICE: Hello?

LORELAI: I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, sorry, sorry.

CUT TO THE WAKE IN RORY'S DORM ROOM.

RORY: For what?

EMILY: Rory.

[Hearing her grandmother's voice, she turns in shock. Emily is standing in the open doorway]

RORY: Grandma.

LORELAI'S VOICE: I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

EMILY: [walks toward Rory looking around] What is going on here?

RORY: I have to hang up now.

LORELAI'S VOICE: Have I mentioned I'm sorry?

RORY: Bye. Well, this is a surprise.

EMILY: I simply had to get out of the house and your mother told me you were home, so I thought I'd come by and say hello. [looks around] Why are there pictures of Asher Fleming everywhere?

RORY: This is a wake for Professor Fleming. He died.

EMILY: [irritated] You'd think your grandfather could have mentioned that to me, but no. I bet he'll make me go to that insufferable man's funeral, though.

RORY: He was cremated.

EMILY: Oh, thank God.

[Paris rushes up and hugs Emily]

PARIS: Emily! It means so much to me that you came.

EMILY: Well, yes. Asher was very devoted to his students. [Paris bursts into tears crying] Oh, now, there's no need to cry. Yale is full of excellent teachers. [They both sit and Emily comforts Paris. Marty approaches Rory with two plastic cups]

MARTY: Root beer?

RORY: [takes one] Yeah. Thanks, Marty, for everything. You've been such a huge help tonight.

MARTY: For you, anything. Hey, Rory?

RORY: Hmm?

MARTY: Do you -- I mean, how come you don't have a-a -- do you have a boyfriend?

RORY: What?

MARTY: I'm just curious. You don't mention anyone. There's no one here you seem to be with, so I was just wondering what the deal was.

RORY: I don't know.

MARTY: You -- okay. So, what exactly does that mean -- "I don't know"?

RORY: I don't know.

MARTY: Okay. I mean, 'cause that's usually the kind of thing you know.

RORY: I know.

MARTY: So you don't know. Okay.

RORY: Um, will you excuse me for a minute, Marty?

MARTY: Sure.

[Rory walks out of the dorm room, picking up her purse as she exits. Scene pans to Emily and Paris conversing on the sofa.]

EMILY: And then he just takes off out of nowhere at 7:30 at night. [A young man hands Emily a beverage] Thank you, Thomas. I'll need a napkin.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW FORESTER RESIDENCE - EVENING

[Rory's Toyota Prius pulls up in front of Dean's parent's home. She walks up to the front door and knocks. After a pause, it opens. Dean is surprised to see Rory. They stare at each other a few moments, then he stands aside to welcome her inside. The door closes behind them.]

~~~ End ~~~