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## 05x18 - To Live and Let Diorama

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### 05x18 - To Live and Let Diorama

by **bunniefuu**

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

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STARS HOLLOW

[Town residents are standing in a long line going into a large brick house with massive white columns. Lorelai and Sookie are near the back of the line, with Davey asleep in his stroller.]

LORELAI: Ugh, raisins. What are the pruney red things?

SOOKIE: Dried cranberries.

LORELAI: Gone. What's this?

SOOKIE: Carob.

LORELAI: Adios.

SOOKIE: Okay, why do we buy trail mix if you're going to pick everything out?

LORELAI: Well, they've ruined trail mix. Used to be simple. Now they put too much stuff in it. Your mouth doesn't know what to expect with any given bite. Will it be fruity? Will it be granola-y? Will it be chocolate substitute-y? What's this?

SOOKIE: Soybean.

LORELAI: Bah, squirrel food! [She throws the soybean on the ground.]

[Taylor, ahead of them, turns around.]

TAYLOR: Ladies, please. We're saying good-bye to Mr. Twickham.

SOOKIE: So?

TAYLOR: The man's on his deathbed. Show a little respect.

LORELAI: Taylor, Old Man Twickham's been dying for twenty years.

MISS PATTY: This is my seventeenth time saying adios.

LORELAI: Yeah, I think you have the record, Patty.

SOOKIE: I forget, when was the last time we thought he was dying?

MISS PATTY: It's been a good two years.

LORELAI: I remember now. The last time - the rain?

SOOKIE: We got drenched.

LORELAI: Made the whole "he's dying" thing a total bummer.

TAYLOR: Ladies, please! You may not be respecting this moment but all the rest of us are.

[Kirk walks by carrying an assortment of flags, beach balls, hats, and other souvenirs.]

KIRK: Get your Twickham souvenirs here! Twickham souvenirs! I've got your bats! I've got your balls! I've got your foam fingers! Get 'em before he's gone!

[Andrew walks by.]

LORELAI: Oh, how's Mr. Twickham looking, Andrew?

ANDREW: A little tired.

LORELAI: Well, dying is exhausting.

ANDREW: Yeah, he's thinking of taking a break and picking up again tomorrow.

SOOKIE: Ugh, no.

LORELAI: We've been waiting for an hour.

ANDREW: He's kind of distracted anyway. The whole time I was there he was Tivo-ing through a fresh Summerland.

[Andrew leaves. Sookie turns to Lorelai.]

SOOKIE: Do we have time to come back tomorrow?

LORELAI: Uh, no. Not really. [She calls out.] Hey, everybody? Um, keep it quick in there, okay? "Good morning, Mr. Twickham. Good-bye Mr. Twickham." And then vamoose.

SOOKIE: He should really start dying earlier in the day.

LORELAI: Yeah. [Digging in the bag of trail mix.] Ugh, green stuff? Come on! [She throws it.] What's green?

OPENING CREDITS

YALE DORMS - RORY'S BEDROOM

[The score from a Star Wars movie is playing loudly from the common room. Rory's cell phone rings.]

RORY: Hello?

[Scene cuts between Lorelai's kitchen and Rory's room.]

LORELAI: He's dead.

RORY: Who?

LORELAI: Old Man Twickham.

RORY [disbelief]: No!

LORELAI: Yes!

RORY: It's got to be a mistake.

LORELAI: It's not. The man is gone.

RORY: I don't believe it. I mean, are you sure?

LORELAI: There's no breath left in him. The light's gone out of his eyes. He smelled the burnt almonds. He's feeding the worms. He's chatting up his grandpa. He is the old man formerly known as Twickham.

RORY: Wow. I can't believe he's gone. I mean, he's been dying my whole life.

LORELAI: And I just got my good-bye in. He was about to close shop for the day but we got in, told him good-bye and that we'd miss him, we left and then apparently he just closed his eyes. Muttered something about Lori Loughlin and that was that.

RORY: Wow.

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: He's never died before.

LORELAI: I guess there's a first time for everything. Kirk's happy, though. His dying caused a run on souvenirs. [She looks at the beach ball, hats and flags on her counter.]

RORY [disapproving]: Tacky.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. Tacky. So, are you coming home this weekend?

RORY: Probably not. Maybe next week.

LORELAI: Okay. I just always like to check.

RORY: So, I should go. Sorry about Old Man Twickham.

LORELAI: Got to move on. I hear Old Man Ketchum has a nasty cough. Could turn into something.

RORY: That's the spirit. Bye.

[She hangs up the phone and goes out into the common room. Paris is slumped on a chair, wearing pajamas, remote in hand.]

RORY [shouting over the movie]: Pathetic!

PARIS: What?

RORY: Nothing important, I just wanted to inform you that you're pathetic!

PARIS: Back at you, sister.

RORY: I am not pathetic.

PARIS: Oh, come on. We're in the same situation, except you're in denial.

RORY: I'm not in denial!

PARIS: I haven't seen Logan lately.

RORY: Well, why don't you call him up, then? Bet he misses you.

PARIS: Is he missing you?

RORY: Good-bye.

PARIS: Have fun pretending the sky is green.

RORY: Yeah, have fun re-enacting the Maxell tape ad.

[Rory slams the door behind her. Paris furiously turns up the already-too-loud volume.]

STARS HOLLOW - SOPHIE'S MUSIC SHOP

[Lane and Zach enter. Sophie is behind the counter.]

ZACH: Hey Soph.

SOPHIE: You wash your hands?

ZACH: Front and back.

SOPHIE: Let's see 'em.

ZACH: So we're never going to forget the peanut butter on the sitar? [He holds up his hands.]

SOPHIE: Good God, man, have you heard of hand cream?

ZACH: Okay if we walk around?

SOPHIE: Carefully. Hi, Lane.

LANE: Hi, Sophie.

[Zach and Lane take a few steps. Zach starts whispering to Lane.]

ZACH: Show her the thing.

LANE: Something like that's very self-conscious.

ZACH: It's why you brought it.

LANE: I know.

ZACH: So, show her.

[Lane walks back over to the counter.]

LANE: So, Sophie Bloom. Your last name's Bloom.

SOPHIE: Thanks for the info.

LANE: I was looking through some old vinyl I have. I don't have much, because I was born right on the cusp of the CD revolution. But I originally had a record player. A Snoopy record player. Boy, I love this record player. And shutting my door and listening to music on it -

SOPHIE: Oh, my God, Garrison Keillor, what is your point?

LANE: I saw the name "Sophie Bloom" on this album - the one non-Christian one my mother allowed me to have. It just popped out at me and I was wondering - [She hands the record to Sophie.]

SOPHIE [a little repulsed]: Oh, this thing.

LANE: So, it's you. You wrote these songs.

SOPHIE: Long time ago.

LANE [gushing]: I think this is amazing! Because I want to do more than just drum. I would like to write and compose and I was wondering if we could sit down sometime and just talk about music, because I think you have so much you can pass on to me. Woman to woman. Really, just coffee sometime. My treat.

SOPHIE: Well, I suppose sometime when I'm not working or out of town, if my boyfriend's busy and my laundry's done, and I'm not sick and there's nothing on TV, we could maybe meet up for a couple of minutes.

LANE: It's a date.

[Smiling, she re-joins Zach as he browses.]

LUKE'S DINER - NIGHT

[Luke is cleaning up when Lorelai enters.]

LUKE: Hey, there she is, the woman of the hour!

LORELAI: Apparently that's me. [They hug.]

LUKE: I am blown away by this!

LORELAI: Yeah, well, my hugs are that powerful.

LUKE: Well, well, I'm talking about the article. You're going to be on the cover of a magazine! That's a big deal!

LORELAI: Well, it's the inn, it's not me, but yes, it is a big deal!

LUKE: So, how'd they tell you? They phone you, or they, you know, they e-mail you?

LORELAI: They just said they were so impressed by the inn, they were so impressed by my story-

LUKE: It's a great story.

LORELAI: Well, it's a little thin, when you compare it to w\*r and Peace, but

-

LUKE: What? You started with nothing. It's a great story. The magazine's pretty good, too. I did some research.

LORELAI: Oh. Research?

[He pulls out a few magazines from under the counter.]

LUKE: Yeah, I got a bunch of back issues and I read them. I tried to figure out who should interview you. Okay. Alicia Kensington. Staff writer, too green and way too stiff. Too many adverbs. Frederick Fairmount. Pff, he talks more about himself than the person he's interviewing. Something boozy about him, too.

LORELAI: I don't think they let you pick who's going to interview you.

LUKE: Well, just in case they offer. But this is big. [He touches her arm.]

LORELAI [smiles]: Yeah, I guess it is.

[She sees the window between the Diner and the ice cream shop, taped up with newspaper.]

LORELAI: Oh! What happened there?

LUKE: Eh, what do you think? Taylor.

LORELAI: How did Taylor break the window?

LUKE: How do you think? By being Taylor.

LORELAI: Taylor's Taylor-ness can now break glass?

LUKE: You know what I mean. He's doing something, and crash, bang, there you go. Hey, is it, uh, six yet?

LORELAI: Uh, a little past.

LUKE: Ah, sh\*\*t. Town meeting's started.

LORELAI: So?

LUKE: So I thought we'd go. I mean, you like those things, right?

LORELAI: Uh, yeah, but you don't.

LUKE: Yes, but, this is your big night, you know, with the article and everything. Look, why don't we hit the town meeting and then we'll go get something to eat, like a little celebration?

LORELAI: Oh, sounds good!

LUKE: Yeah, great! Let's go, we got to, we got to hurry.

LORELAI: Okay.

[He hurries her out the door.]

STARS HOLLOW TOWN MEETING

[Taylor is addressing the town with Kirk standing next to him.]

TAYLOR: Come on, people! It's not that complicated.

KIRK: I don't want to be a burden.

TAYLOR: Patty? What about that couch you have at the back of your studio?

[Patty opens her mouth to respond, but is cut off by Kirk.]

KIRK: In her freezing cold studio with no insulation and no heat. Sounds great.

[Taylor continues as Luke and Lorelai sneak in the back and sit next to Sookie.]

SOOKIE [whispers]: Hi.

LORELAI: Hi, what's happening?

SOOKIE: Problems with Kirk's schedule.

LORELAI: Ah. Can't Sheriff Taylor just let him share a cell with Otis for the night?

MISS PATTY: Well, maybe the Morris' will take him again.

KIRK: Their kids stuck things in my nose.

MISS PATTY: Well, then, lock the door when you sleep!

KIRK: It wasn't while I was asleep.

SOOKIE [whispering to Lorelai]: Hey. How'd you drag Luke here?

LORELAI: He wanted to come.

KIRK: I'll just sleep outside in the gazebo. I would ask, though, that if I die from exposure, don't just dump me in the landfill.

MISS PATTY: No one's dumping you in a landfill, Kirk.

TAYLOR [regretfully]: It's against regulations. Let's pigeonhole this matter for now, people. Get on to our next order of business. It's the matter of the estate of the late Joshua Twickham. As you know -

LORELAI [whispers to Sookie]: You bring food?

SOOKIE: After the trail mix fiasco, I wouldn't dare.

[Luke shushes her.]

SOOKIE: Sorry.

[Lorelai and Sookie exchange an amused look.]

TAYLOR: I am happy to say that this beloved elder was generous even on his deathbed. Mr. Twickham has left his beautiful home to the town.

[The townspeople murmur.]

KIRK: Is his deathbed still there? I'm not picky.

LUKE: What does that mean, to the town?

TALYOR: Luke! What are you doing here?

LUKE: Just keep going, Taylor.

TAYLOR: He left the house to the Historical Society along with his ample collection of valuable memorabilia. His will stipulates that the house is to be converted into a museum.

LUKE: A museum?

TAYLOR: Are you going to interrupt me the whole meeting?

LUKE: I'm just asking.

TAYLOR: A Stars Hollow museum. We will display his personal historical artifacts for a period of two months. After two months, the house is to be disposed of at the discretion of the head of the Historical Society, he meaning me.

LUKE: Oh, goody.

TAYLOR: So now you're going to talk under your breath.

LUKE: I'm sorry.

TAYLOR: Funny, I didn't hear those words come out of your mouth this morning after you tried to k\*ll me.

LORELAI [looks at Luke]: What?

TAYLOR: So, we're going to need strong volunteers to make this dream a reality. Now, anyone with appropriate skills, let's see a show of hands.

[Several men, including Luke, raise their hands.]

LORELAI: Uh, you're really going to have to fill me in on the gag, here.

TAYLOR: Luke, don't come to these things just to mock our business.

LUKE: I'm not mocking anything, I'm volunteering.

TAYLOR: After you threw a frying pan at my head.

LORELAI: You threw a frying pan at Taylor's head?

TAYLOR: Just for playing my Muzak too loud. I mean, who doesn't love Muzak?

SOOKIE [raises her hand]: Oh! Music lovers?

LUKE: The thing slipped out of my hand.



TAYLOR: Right after you said, quote, um, "you better duck, Taylor, because I'm going to throw this frying pan at your head"?

LORELAI: You threw a frying pan at Taylor's head without me there? I hate you.

LUKE: I'm volunteering. Take it or leave it.

TAYLOR: Patty, take down the names of the legitimate volunteers, please. Now, whoever's actually going to show up, our day starts at seven sharp. To the rest, shame on you. Now, onto item number three. The budgetary concerns about the new snowplow.

LORELAI [to Luke]: I'm sorry, does Taylor have compromising pictures of you or something?

LUKE: It's no joke.

LORELAI: Why on earth are you volunteering for Taylor?

LUKE: Well, um -

LORELAI: Luke.

LUKE: How well did you know Old Man Twickham?

LORELAI: Somewhat.

LUKE: Well, I knew him all my life. He was like another dad, in a way.

LORELAI: Oh. Nice.

LUKE: And I didn't show up to say good-bye, and I'm feeling a little guilty about it, you know. He's a good guy. I just want to do right by him.

LORELAI: Well. You are a terrific fellow, Luke Danes.

TAYLOR: No, Kirk. If you build an igloo to sleep in, and the town plow runs over it, it kills you, we are not going to just leave your corpse in the snow.

KIRK: Okay, but I don't want to be a burden.

STARS HOLLOW - TWICKHAM HOUSE

[Taylor walks down the front step talking to a man who is writing on a clipboard.]

TAYLOR: Let's store all the boxes inside. Sort through them in there, then store what we don't need in the garage.

[The man nods. Luke gets out of his truck.]

LUKE: Morning, Taylor.

TAYLOR: What are you doing here?

LUKE: I volunteered.

TAYLOR: I don't get the joke.

LUKE: There's no joke! I'm at your disposal.

[Taylor frowns and turns back to the man with the clipboard.]

TAYLOR: Now, we're going to need a nice flat staging area, perhaps over there, [he points] because there's no space here out front.

LUKE: What about right here? [He points at a space right next to where they are standing.]

TAYLOR: My office is going here.

LUKE: Your office? Why do you need an office?

TAYLOR: So you came to complain?

LUKE: No, I was just -

TAYLOR: I'm organizing! I'm working! I need an office!

LUKE: Okay, fine. Sorry. Carry on.

TAYLOR [calling out]: Come on, everybody! [To the clipboard man] Let's hook up with people inside and I'll start handing out assignments.

[They start walking into the house. Luke follows. Taylor turns around.]

TAYLOR: Eh, where are you going?

LUKE: Inside.

TAYLOR: Why?

LUKE: I'm a volunteer!

[Taylor rolls his eyes and they all go inside.]

KYLE: Hey, Luke.

LUKE: Hey, Kyle.

KYLE: Just thought I'd lend a hand.

LUKE: Uh-huh, good one.

[Kyle has a hook instead of his right hand.]

TAYLOR: Is this everybody, people?

KIRK: I believe so, Taylor.

GYPSY [to Luke]: What the hell are you doing here?

LUKE: I can't keep answering this question.

TAYLOR: Come in, good folk. We are embarking on a wonderful adventure. Right here in this room, we will display Mr. Twickham's impressive collection of memorabilia. Upstairs, we'll house the

multimedia dioramas depicting the history of the town.

LUKE: Sounds good.

TAYLOR: Now, I took the liberty of doing up some fun shirts that we all can wear. Everyone, please. Put one on.

[Kirk starts handing out the bright orange t-shirts. The volunteers mumble as they put on the shirts.]

TAYLOR: Isn't that nice. Now, they all take a cold water wash and tumble dry. Low. Now, before we begin, I'd like us all to join hands.

LUKE: What?

GYPSY: He's a twisted little perv if you ask me.

TAYLOR: Come on, everybody, take hands.

[Luke rolls his eyes, but takes Taylor's hand on the right, and "hooks" up with Kyle on the left.]

TAYLOR: Let's close our eyes and visualize our goal. Picture a freckle-faced boy, eyes wide with curiosity, drinking in the history of the town as he wanders the room. He's by the door, he's going by the stairs, he's delighting -

KIRK: Luke's peeking.

LUKE: That means you're peeking too, snitch.

TAYLOR: Quiet! Please!

GYPSY: Hey, I've lost track. Where's the freckle-faced kid walking?

TAYLOR: Okay, I think that's enough visualizing, everybody. How about we start organizing all these boxes, okay?

[The circle breaks apart. Luke tries to pull away, but Taylor holds on.]

TAYLOR: I'd like a moment with you, Luke.

LUKE: Yeah, time to let go, there, Taylor!

TAYLOR: I want the straight skinny from you.

LUKE: Really, let go of my hand.

TAYLOR: Not until you tell me what you're doing.

LUKE: I'm really just trying to get my hand away from you.

TAYLOR: Why are you here? Why did you volunteer?

LUKE: Because I wanted to!

TAYLOR: Luke, you hated Old Man Twickham. I know that for a fact. You said despicable things about him your whole life!

LUKE: Well, okay. If you must know, Lorelai asked me.

TAYLOR: Lorelai?

LUKE: That's right. You know, we've been through a bit of a rough patch -

TAYLOR: Yes.

LUKE: Well, I want to make things right with her. Get off to a good new start. She really wants me to get involved with community things, so she asked me to get involved. So, I'm doing it for her.

TAYLOR: Well, I think that's very nice.

LUKE: So I'm here for you, Taylor. One hundred percent.

TAYLOR: Good. Because you're not untalented.

LUKE [trying unsuccessfully to take his hand back]: Thank you.

TAYLOR: How about I make you my right-hand man? Stick by me! Be me when I'm not here! What do you say?

LUKE: Well, I'll need my right hand back for that, I think.

TAYLOR: Of course. [He lets go of Luke's hand.] Okay. Good. This is a new side of you, Luke, and I like it. All right, let's get started, everybody! [He turns away.] Kirk, grab Kyle and come on over and help me start in this corner.

[Luke examines his hand.]

DRAGONFLY INN - LIBRARY

[Lorelai is being interviewed for the travel magazine. The reporter, Sandra, is writing as she talks.]

SANDRA: So, which is your favorite room?

LORELAI: Oh, that changes daily. Today it's the library.

SANDRA: What do you love about it?

LORELAI: It - hugs you. You know - does that sound silly?

SANDRA: Not at all.

LORELAI: Um, the kitchen turned out so wonderfully. So the kitchen and the library are duking it out right now.

SANDRA: I should definitely get the name of your designer.

LORELAI: Numerous. We went through quite a few.

SANDRA: Really? The design's so cohesive.

LORELAI: What you see is a lot of me. [Gestures at the notepad she is writing on.] Uh, she said that

so humbly.

SANDRA: Hey, credit where credit is due.

LORELAI: I put my soul into this place. My heart. My liver, a couple of kidneys. I had a great partner in Sookie, and, uh, we had a great community rooting for us -

SANDRA: That's what you feel here. Support, family, homeyness, warmth. It must reflect your upbringing.

[Lorelai snorts with laughter.]

SANDRA: No?

LORELAI: I am just happy I wasn't sipping coffee when you said that, it would have come out my nose.

SANDRA: Oh. Childhood wasn't so warm and fuzzy?

LORELAI: You know Superman's fortress of solitude? A Jamaican beach, compared to my mother's house.

SANDRA: So I'll cross your mother off your list of inspirations.

LORELAI: No, I actually did pick up some valuable lessons on running a staff from my mother.

SANDRA: How so?

LORELAI: Well, I consider what my mother would do in a given situation, then I dial it back, and I have what Mussolini would do, then I dial it back, and I have what Stalin would do, and then I dial that back and then it starts approaching what a sane person would do.

SANDRA: Ouch.

LORELAI: You're right. Let's find a topic happier than my relationship with my mother. Basically that would be anything short of famine. [Sandra laughs.] Okay. I will tell you one story about my mother on a family vacation. Jimmy Carter was there. And he had a bigger room.

TWICKHAM HOUSE - INSIDE

[Taylor is walking down the stairs, followed closely by Luke. Both are looking at clipboards.]

TAYLOR: All righty. Upstairs floors and walls cleaned, check. Blackout curtains delivered and ready to be installed, check. Uh, Luke?

LUKE: Yeah.

TAYLOR: It would really help to hear you say 'check'.

LUKE: Oh, I'm getting it, Taylor. [He points to his clipboard.]

TAYLOR: But how do I know that unless you say 'check' after I say 'check'?

LUKE: Fine.

TAYLOR: And audio equipment delivered, awaiting mounting brackets, check?

[He looks at Luke expectantly. Luke rolls his eyes.]

LUKE: Check.

TAYLOR: Excellent.

[There is a commotion involving Kirk by the front door. Taylor goes to check it out. Kirk and Kyle are carrying a naked mannequin into the house.]

TAYLOR: Boys, boys, what's so funny?

KIRK: I took the mannequin by the arms and I said -

KYLE: Wait, wait, I'll tell him. He goes 'grab the other end' -

KIRK: No, no, I said, 'grab her end' -

KYLE: Right, so I grabbed her here. Right under her rear end -

KIRK: Her rear end!

KYLE: And I was walking with it like that!

TAYLOR: Really, do I have to separate you two? Now set that down and bring in the others. Modestly.

[Kirk and Kyle walk past him with the mannequin, and burst into laughter again. Kirk looks after them disapprovingly. He then joins Gypsy at a table, where she is sorting through antiques.]

TAYLOR: So, Gypsy. Find some interesting stuff?

GYPSY: How does a George Washington letter sound?

TAYLOR: Fantastic.

LUKE [joining them, and taking the letter]: Wow, that's great!

GYPSY: Mint condition, too.

TAYLOR: Let's frame it, and hang it in a place of honor.

LUKE: Eh, I'm not sure this is what you think it is.

GYPSY: What do you mean? It's a letter to the editor, signed 'George Washington'.

LUKE: It's dated '1944'.

TAYLOR: That's a little smudged, that could be 1744.

LUKE: It mentions Jack Benny.

GYPSY: Well, we could cross out the Jack Benny part.

TAYLOR: Let's put it on the 'to be displayed' pile and we'll authenticate it at a later date.

LUKE: Actually, why don't we put it in the 'maybe' pile, Taylor? There's got to be better than this.

TAYLOR: You're right! Let's keep our standards high. Good thinking, Luke. Now, Gypsy, as soon as we have everything catalogued, my man Luke here will liaise with you to co-ordinate your needs.

LUKE: Right, we'll liaise.

GYPSY: Fine. But I'm not doing nothing dirty.

TAYLOR: Carry on. [He walks out.]

LUKE: Hey, so we should start moving this stuff in the other room so we can clean here next -

KYLE [entering with Kirk and another mannequin]: Luke.

LUKE: Yeah?

KYLE: Taylor would like to see you in his office.

LUKE: What? He was just here.

KIRK: That's what he said.

LUKE [to Gypsy]: I'll be right back.

TWICKHAM HOUSE - OUTSIDE

[Luke leaves the front door of the house, walks down the steps and up into a large trailer which has been set up for Taylor's office. He knocks on the door.]

TAYLOR [OS]: Come in.

TAYLOR'S TRAILER

[Luke enters. Taylor is pretending to examine his clipboard.]

LUKE: You wanted to see me?

TAYLOR: Ah, Luke. Yes. Sit down, won't you? We need to talk. [Luke sits.] Now, if you're going to disagree with me, which you have every right to, please don't do it in front of the rest of the crew.

LUKE: What are you talking about?

TAYLOR: That George Washington letter. I was humiliated.

LUKE: No you weren't.

TAYLOR: Luke, we're a team. Don't forget that.

LUKE: Fine, okay. I won't disagree with you in front of the crew.

TAYLOR: Good. Although, it's probably safest for you not to disagree with me at all, don't you think?

LUKE: Ah, sure. I agree.

TAYLOR: Good. [His walkie-talkie beeps.]

KIRK [over walkie-talkie]: Taylor!

TAYLOR: This is Taylor Doose.

KIRK: The carpenter is here, Taylor.

TAYLOR: Copy that. [To Luke] Uh, liaise with him, would you?

LUKE: Mm-hm. You took the words right out of my mouth.

[He gets up and leaves.]

TWICKHAM HOUSE - OUTSIDE

[Luke leaves the trailer and breaks up a fight between Kirk and Kyle, who are attacking each other with the top halves of two mannequins.]

LUKE: Where's the guy, Kirk?

KIRK: Right over there.

[Luke sees that it is Dean. He waves. Dean glares. Luke looks confused.]

YALE DORMS - RORY'S COMMON ROOM

[Paris is watching a 60's era beach dance party movie. Rory comes out of her room, rolls her eyes and drops a duffel bag.]

PARIS: Every one of these people is dead. That makes me sad.

RORY: That movie is from the sixties. They're not all dead.

PARIS: Well, they're old. Osteoporosistic. These days if they shake it, they break it. That makes me sad.

RORY: Switch back to Moller.

PARIS: Hey, it was your idea for me to watch a movie.

RORY: It was my idea for you to do whatever it took to get your mind off Doyle.

PARIS: So, you're going away, huh? No Huntzberger this weekend?

RORY: Obviously not.

PARIS: You guys were hot and heavy for a couple weeks. What happened?

RORY: Nothing.

PARIS: Feast turned into famine, huh?

RORY: Fine. If you must know, yes. See, Paris, I am not in denial. Logan and I were hot and heavy, had a good two weeks, then it became about voicemails, then crickets. So, yes, he pulled back and I'm going crazy, but I'm not going to stay here and wallow and watch you be all depressed.



PARIS [sitting up suddenly]: You're right.

RORY: About what?

PARIS: About staying here. You should get out, I should get out. This place is poison.

RORY: It is!

PARIS: I don't want to be like this. I want to live my life so that I'll be able to read an in-depth biography about myself in later years, and not puke.

RORY: Good.

PARIS: I'm going to get up and pack, and I am going to have some fun this weekend.

RORY: Good.

[She heads for the door. Paris points at the TV.]

PARIS: How does this end?

RORY: They dance again.

PARIS: Okay.

[Rory leaves. Paris goes into her room.]

LANE'S APARTMENT

[Zach is reading a magazine on the couch. Lane rushes in.]

LANE: Hey, Zach? Grandy's closes at eight tonight, a little early because it's one of his kid's birthdays, but I checked with Luke and he's letting me off at seven, so we've got plenty of time.

ZACH: For what?

LANE: To shop at Grandy's. We set it up last week.

ZACH: We did?

LANE: Yes.

ZACH: Huh. Well, can we go next week?

LANE: Zach, we haven't hit Grandy's in four months. We're completely out of cleaning supplies.

ZACH: Well, I can't go tonight, so just go without me.

LANE: But you love shopping for cleaning supplies.

ZACH: I know, but tonight I've got something to do.

LANE: What?

ZACH: I'm just going to go chill with some friends.

LANE: Who?

ZACH: Well, okay, Officer, I confess. Body's in the trunk.

LANE: Zach.

ZACH: I'm just going to see some old friends. God, what do you want, names and addresses?

LANE: No. Fine. I'll go by myself.

ZACH: Good.

LANE: Good.

ZACH: And don't forget. Get a dishwashing liquid that's gentle on my hands.

LANE: I will.

[Zach pats her hand. She walks away.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory enters the front door.]

RORY: Hello!

LORELAI: Hi! Honey!

RORY: This is okay, right? Springing a surprise visit on you.

LORELAI: This is your definition of surprise? [Laughs.] This is not a surprise. Come on in, I'll show you a surprise.

[They walk into the living room.]

RORY: Paris!

PARIS: I packed my bags and was on the road before I remembered that parents don't own property in the United States anymore.

RORY: Since when?

PARIS: Since the IRS red-foxed my father. The place in Asylum Hill, the Nantucket cottage - even the crack-house in Harlem that we converted into a co-op was sold to one of the q\*eer Eye guys.

RORY: Where'd they go?

PARIS: They're going to wire me when they're safe. Anyway, I'm here. Should I leave?

RORY: No, stay. Uh, if it's okay with Mom.

LORELAI: It's okay with me.

RORY: So I guess you can have the couch.

LORELAI: Ah, sorry. That's spoken for.

RORY: What?

[Kirk comes down the stairs behind them.]

KIRK: Hey, Rory. This is a nice surprise.

LORELAI: The Maddis' were supposed to have him tonight. They have goldfish. Kirk's afraid of goldfish.

KIRK: They're always staring at you. All gold and unblinking.

PARIS: I like sleeping on the floor anyway. It's good for my back.

RORY: Okay. Enjoy. Can I, um - [She gestures for Lorelai to follow her.]

LORELAI: Mm-hm.

[They go into Rory's room.]

KIRK [OS]: How do you feel about goldfish?

LORELAI: So, what inspired your visit?

RORY: Just nothing else to do.

LORELAI: Ah, well, don't I feel special.

RORY: Sorry. You know what I mean.

LORELAI: You mean, I love you mommy, I miss you mommy.

RORY: That's what I meant.

LORELAI: So, no parties or anything? No dates?

RORY: No. Just a nice quiet weekend. It's perfect. Oh, wait, you didn't have anything planned with Luke tonight? Don't cancel it on my account.

LORELAI: No, it's okay. He's busy. Taylor's making him drive out to fetch an historical cannonball that Old Man Twickham had lent to his sister in Mystic.

RORY: What would you borrow a cannonball for?

LORELAI: It's been bugging me too.

RORY: Hm. So, how'd your magazine interview go?

LORELAI: Good, I think. I mean, I've never done one before. She didn't s\*ab me with her pencil or anything.

RORY: Good thing.

LORELAI: My interviewer was really cool. Sandra. It was more like friends chatting than being interviewed. She loved the inn, and she asked some good questions, and she loved, loved my Emily stuff.

RORY: Your Emily stuff?

LORELAI: Yeah, she asked me questions about my background. I gave it to her, unplugged.

RORY: You didn't.

LORELAI: She asked.

RORY: But you couched it, right?

LORELAI: What do you mean?

RORY: I mean, you described it in so many words, colorful but unemotional?

LORELAI: I called her the female Pol Pot.

RORY: Mom, you didn't.

LORELAI: She laughed, for like, a minute.

RORY: That's so harsh.

LORELAI: Harsh, but true.

[Kirk stands at the door with his hand over his eyes.]

KIRK: Can I get some water?

LORELAI: Why are you covering your eyes, Kirk?

KIRK: In case you're naked.

LORELAI: You thought I'd walk into my daughter's room and get naked?

KIRK: I don't know your domestic routine.

LORELAI: Glasses are above the sink.

[He leaves the doorway.]

RORY: So you attribute any w\*r crimes to Grandma? Any environmental disasters?

LORELAI: What? We were just talking. She won't print any of it.

RORY: Why? Was it off the record?

LORELAI: Yeah. Technically. It wasn't about the inn.

RORY: But did you say 'it's off the record'?

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Then it's fair game, so she can print all of it.

LORELAI: Including the limerick?

RORY: You did your limerick?

LORELAI: I am very proud of it. I found two dirty words that rhyme with Emily.

RORY: Oh, boy.

LORELAI: Well, can't I call the reporter and tell her it was off the record?

RORY: You can't take things off the record once they're on.

LORELAI: Well, so what? The chances that my mother reads American Travel are extremely slim.

RORY: Yeah. Except for the fact that I told her about it tonight. [She clears her throat.] I needed some small talk.

LORELAI: What, and 'how are the girls at the club' and 'ooh, that's gorgeous, is it new' doesn't work anymore? Those are tried and true standbys.

RORY: Well, I told her about it and she jotted down the title. She's going to read it.

LORELAI: Okay, well, you know what? Fine. Let her. It's all true. I'm tired of protecting people. Of being polite, of worrying about other people's feelings. Let her get all Condoleezza Rice to my Barbara Boxer if she wants.

KIRK [OS]: Ow!

LORELAI: Kirk, you can open your eyes!

KIRK [OS]: I'm fine. Ow, my head!

LORELAI: Kirk.

KIRK [OS]: I'm fine! Ow, my toe!

LORELAI [goes into the kitchen]: Kirk!

[We hear a loud crash.]

KIRK [OS]: Oh! My knee!

LORELAI [OS]: Kirk!

STARS HOLLOW STREET

[Luke's truck is driving down the street. He brakes for a pedestrian. There is a rolling sound, and then a bang. He pulls up in front of the Twickham house with Taylor in the passenger seat. As he stops, there is another rolling sound and another bang.]

TAYLOR: You were right. We should have tied the cannonball down.

LUKE: Taylor, you don't like to drive after dark, so we didn't have time to tie the cannonball down.

TAYLOR: You didn't have the proper tools to secure it with anyway. Netting, twine -

LUKE: Yes, well, drat my luck. I took all my cannonball securing tools out of my truck just yesterday.

[They get out of the truck and walk around to the back.]

TAYLOR: Must weigh about a hundred pounds.

LUKE: Something like that.

[Taylor notices Dean on the front step of the house.]

TAYLOR: Oh, good. We're in luck. Hey, Dean!

LUKE: No, Taylor, I'll move it myself.

TAYLOR: Luke, don't be headstrong. Once I strained my pecs lifting a birdbath and they were no good to me ever again.

DEAN: What do you need, Taylor?

TAYLOR: Got a big heavy ball here. How are your pecs?

DEAN [pause]: They're fine.

TAYLOR: Help us to the house?

[Luke rolls the ball to the edge of the tailgate, and he and Dean carry it toward the house. Luke notices the look he is getting from Dean.]

LUKE: Look, buddy -

DEAN: Where do you want it, Taylor?

TAYLOR: Uh, on the lawn is fine. We'll put it in place tomorrow morning.

[They set the cannonball down.]

TAYLOR: Lucky you were here.

DEAN: Yeah. Lucky.

[He glares at Luke again, then walks away. Luke rolls his eyes.]

STARS HOLLOW STREET

[Lane is walking home in the rain carrying bags of cleaning supplies. She sees Zach talking to Sophie outside of the music store. She looks hurt.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

[She reaches up above the fridge for a box of cereal.]

LORELAI [Calling]: Breakfast!

[Paris comes in from the living room.]

PARIS: Morning.

LORELAI: Morning! Hey, Rory, are you up?

PARIS: She's probably on the phone.

RORY: I'm not on the phone. I'm just getting dressed.

LORELAI: Coffee?

RORY and PARIS: Definitely. Yes.

LORELAI: So, did you get any rest?

PARIS: Kirk talks in his sleep.

LORELAI: Anything juicy?

PARIS: He deals blackjack.

LORELAI: Hm. Kirk?

KIRK [OS]: Yeah?

LORELAI: Turn off the TV, come have your breakfast.

KIRK [OS]: In a minute.

LORELAI: Now.

PARIS: How old is he?

RORY: You'd have to cut him open and count the rings.

KIRK [entering]: Morning.

LORELAI: Morning.

RORY: Morning.

PARIS: You really should see a sleep therapist.

KIRK: Roulette?

PARIS: Blackjack.

KIRK: Sorry. [He sits down.]

LORELAI: Kirk, is the TV still on?

KIRK: Oh, I forgot! [He starts to get up.]

LORELAI: No, no. I'll get it. You'd forget your head if it wasn't screwed on. [She goes into the living room.]

PARIS: Don't deny that you were on the phone.

RORY: Phone's in the living room.

PARIS: Oh, that's your phone? It rang about an hour ago.

RORY [hopeful]: It was ringing?

PARIS: No.

RORY: Knock it off.

KIRK: What are you guys talking about?

[Rory and Paris look at each other, but don't answer.]

KIRK: Fine. [He boxes himself in with the cereal.]

LORELAI: No forts. Now, I don't know what all your plans are, but the grand opening of the Stars Hollow Museum is this morning. Any takers?

PARIS: It's always amusing when provincials grasp for legitimacy. I'm in.

RORY: I wouldn't miss it.

KIRK: I helped build it.

PARIS: Bully.

LORELAI: All right, well, finish up here, grab your jackets and we'll go.

KIRK: I don't need a jacket.

LORELAI: Well, it's chilly, Kirk.

KIRK [whining]: I don't want to wear a jacket.

LORELAI: Well, then, maybe you won't go to the grand opening of the Stars Hollow museum.

KIRK: I'll put on my jacket. [He stomps out of the kitchen.]

LORELAI: Finish your breakfast first. Kirk. Do not turn that TV on.

[We hear cartoons from the living room. Lorelai goes in.]

LORELAI: Kirk! I mean it, Kirk!

TWICKHAM HOUSE - OUTSIDE

[Miss Patty is welcoming visitors.]

MISS PATTY: Please enjoy the museum, and come back for some punch. [Rory, Lorelai and Paris are next in line.] Good morning, ladies!

LORELAI: Hi, Patty.

RORY: Hi, Patty.

MISS PATTY [to Paris]: Oh, I remember you! You poor thing.



PARIS: Thanks.

MISS PATTY: It's three dollars each. That includes the punch. Would you like yours now?

LORELAI: Oh, how about later? After I eat a loaf of bread, a pound of crackers and chase it with a quart of olive oil.

MISS PATTY [laughs]: Well, it's not my punch if it's not strong.

LORELAI: Hey, are you guys coming? [She sees Luke and Sookie waiting on the porch.] Oh, looks like we're the first group in.

RORY: I'll catch up. I told Lane I'd meet up with her.

LORELAI: 'Kay, see you.

RORY: Bye.

[Lorelai joins Luke and Sookie.]

PARIS [to Rory]: How are you doing?

RORY: I'm fine.

PARIS: Doyle's probably called me at the dorm, and my not calling him back means he may never call me again. There you go. There you have it.

RORY: Paris, you've come this far. Don't buckle.

PARIS: I don't want to buckle. I really don't want to buckle. [She pulls her cell phone out of her pocket and hands it to Rory.] Here. Keep it for me.

RORY: Your cell phone? Are you sure?

PARIS: Remove the temptation.

RORY: You got it. There's Lane.

LANE: Hello.

RORY: What's wrong with you?

LANE: I don't want to talk about it.

RORY: Well, we're a fun group.

[Paris passes out cups of Patty's punch.]

RORY: Paris -

PARIS: We paid our three dollars.

RORY: Miss Patty's leftover punch is used to remove tar from construction sites.

PARIS: Then let it remove the tar from our souls.

[They drink.]

TWICKHAM HOUSE - INSIDE

LUKE: Here it is.

LORELAI: Oh, it's nice! You really turned this around fast, huh?

LUKE: Well, it was a team effort.

SOOKIE: Hey look, old letters!

LORELAI: Oh, I love those! [Reading] Letter from Olivia Taft. Reported grand-niece by marriage to president William Taft. Written to Chester Hobart, assumed distant relative to Garret Hobart, vice-president to William McKinley. Wow.

SOOKIE: Oh, I love history. Ooh! Possibly rare 48 star American flag!

LORELAI: Ah, look at that.

LUKE: Oh, someone was supposed to take the Sears tag off of that.

SOOKIE: What's this?

LORELAI [reading]: Civil w\*r era cannonball! Ah, where's the cannonball?

[They peer into a roped-off hole in the hardwood.]

LUKE: Flashlights! [He hands them flashlights from a nearby table.]

SOOKIE: I don't see it!

LORELAI: Oh, wait, right there! Right there!

SOOKIE: Ooh! Yeah! Yeah, yeah, yeah, cool!

TAYLOR [on overhead speakers]: Ladies and gentlemen. Our audio-visual presentation will commence in five minutes. Five minutes, everybody.

LORELAI: Hey, check out that painting!

LUKE: Oh, yeah, actually that's pretty cool. It's a possible circa nineteenth century portrait of what we think may have been the founder of a school that possibly educated Ben Franklin's cousin.

[Lorelai and Sookie make appreciative noises.]

TWICKHAM HOUSE - OUTSIDE

[Rory, Lane and Paris have found a table and chairs and are surrounded by several empty punch glasses. They slur.]

LANE: He just flat out looked out of his face right into my face and said to my face that he was lying.

RORY: Zach said that he was lying?

LANE: No. He lied from his face into my face about where he was going. That's what hurts the most, the lie! Except for seeing him with that woman! That hurts most, more than the lie.

PARIS: You'd think they'd stumble onto the truth. Just accidentally. Say something like two plus two equals four. Just because they say so many things just accidentally, that's like - man!

LANE: I know!

PARIS: They just have to repopulate the species. You know? Just spread it around.

RORY: Oh, they like to spread it around, all right.

PARIS: I bet you Doyle's spreading it right now.

RORY: You don't know that he's spreading it.

PARIS [pointing at her cup]: This - is tasty.

LANE [jumps up suddenly]: I've had it!

RORY: Had what?

LANE: I'm getting to the bottom of this.

PARIS: Spank his bottom!

LANE: He can't do this! We're friends too, as well as lovers if we ever get married! [She storms off.]

PARIS: She walks funny.

RORY: I'm thirsty. This punch makes you thirsty.

PARIS [sighs]: Where is the nearest bathroom?

RORY: No. Paris, no. Stay.

PARIS: I need to go to the bathroom.

RORY: You're going to call Doyle.

PARIS: What? You've got my cell phone.

RORY: We're low-tech here in the Hollow, but we do have payphones.

PARIS: I'm not going to call Doyle.

RORY: Yes you are.

PARIS: I don't even have money on me.

RORY: Uh-huh.

PARIS: Fine. [She takes her shoes and socks off.] Take my shoes, okay? How far can I get without my shoes? Now, bathroom?

RORY [pointing]: Over there.

PARIS: I'll be right back.

RORY: Good.

STARS HOLLOW STREET

[Paris walks barefoot to a payphone. A man walks by her.]

PARIS: Excuse me? Could I trouble you for some change? [He keeps walking. To a girl] Excuse me, I just need some change to make a call. Could you - [She ignores Paris.] I just need to make a call!

[She looks around hopelessly.]

TWICKHAM HOUSE - UPSTAIRS

[Luke, Lorelai and Sookie enter a dark room, followed by the rest of the tour group.]

SOOKIE: Where are we going?

LUKE: You'll see.

LORELAI: What is this?

LUKE: You wouldn't want me to spoil it.

TAYLOR'S VOICE [on the intercom]: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Stars Hollow dioramic history room presentation. Please stand toward the center of the room, and remember, no talking, no smoking, and please, no lewd behavior of any kind during our presentation.

[Lorelai pinches Luke's butt. He jumps.]

LUKE Hey!

LORELAI: I'm just getting the lewd behavior out of the way before the presentation.

TAYLOR'S VOICE: It's the dawn of time. And whether you believe that a Supreme Being created the earth, or in the more and more discredited theory of evolution, one thing's for certain. Early man walked the land we are now on. And while no printed record survived, there's no proof that the first tools weren't invented right here in Stars Hollow.

[Behind them, a mannequin of a caveman is lit up by a spotlight. The caveman is grunting.]

LORELAI: Huh. That wrench is really getting him hot.

[The light goes off on the caveman. She pinches Luke's butt again.]

LUKE: Hey, there's people!

LORELAI: That's half the fun.

TAYLOR'S VOICE: Zooming forward in time to the founding of Stars Hollow. The very first people to live on this land, besides the Indians, was the Jebediah family.

[A light shines on a man, woman, boy, girl, and horse.]

TAYLOR'S VOICE: Good puritans, they were led by the humble Reverend Ezekiel. With him was wife Louisa, daughter Harriet, and young son Joseph, born without speech. I wonder what that first conversation was when they rode up to their new home?

[Lights shine on each member of the family individually as they speak.]

EZEKIEL: Whoa, boy. Good girl. You smell that air, mother?

LOUISA: It smells like home, Ezekiel.

EZEKIEL: Ho, ho, ho, ho. And look at this fertile soil. Just a-wantin' to yield crops.

LOUISA: It smells like home, Ezekiel.

EZEKIEL: But what of the young'uns? What have they to say of their new home?

HARRIET: We can run in the woods, play games, and be schooled at home!

[The light shines on Joseph, in silence for a moment.]

EZEKIEL: Hey! My divining rod is twitching! That means there's water a-plenty.

LOUISA: Better get inside, children, it's time for supper.

HARRIET: Okay, mother. I'm hungry. You hungry, too, Joseph?

[The light shines on Joseph again.]

EZEKIEL: Those stars. So bright. This forest, hollow. What name should I give this place? Hollow. Stars. Hollow. Stars.

[The light goes out on the Jebediah family. After a pause -]

LORELAI: No. Really? They're going to leave us on a cliffhanger?

STARS HOLLOW STREET

[Lane is walking quickly. She enters Sophie's music store. She walks over to Sophie.]

LANE: Sophie!

SOPHIE: Geez, Lane, I don't have time for coffee right now.

LANE: You owe me an explanation! You - woman!

SOPHIE: What are you talking about?

LANE: You know what I'm talking about. I look to you as a role model. Well, not anymore, except as a role model for heartbreak! I know what you can offer him. You're bohemian, and experienced, familiar with the world of sensual pleasure, champagne, Times Square. I bet you've even smoked a cigarette or two!

SOPHIE: Oh my God, your breath would stop an elephant!

LANE: You've not only been to New York, but you've lived there. You know where the best bagels are

and you've been with men. But you don't know him like I know him. It's cheap thrills for you, sister! But I know what cleaning products he likes. Do you?

SOPHIE: I'm not sure how to answer that.

LANE: It had to have been a moment of weakness, because he doesn't like you! He likes me!

SOPHIE: Who?

LANE: Zach!

SOPHIE: Zach?

LANE: Zach!

SOPHIE: Come here.

[Sophie pushes Lane toward the back of the store, where Zach is playing the banjo with a couple of other guys.]

LANE: Zach?

ZACH: Lane!

SOPHIE: Talk! [She leaves them alone.]

LANE: Why are you playing a banjo?

ZACH: It's a bluegrass band, okay? I like bluegrass. I like jamming with these guys, and yes, I like the banjo.

LANE [not making eye contact]: But why didn't you tell me?

ZACH [apologetic]: Because we're rock and roll, Lane. You and me. I was embarrassed. So the guys and I have been jamming on the sly here. Sophie let us. I like the banjo.

LANE: Well, I like the banjo too, when you're playing it.

ZACH: Really?

LANE: Yeah. It's kind of hot.

ZACH: The guys are watching.

LANE: Well, go back to your playing.

ZACH: Cool.

LANE: Oh! And I got three things of Pine-Sol. I've been dying to tell you! But there's been this weird thing between us.

ZACH: Lemon?

LANE: Yeah. Because I know that's what you like.

[They kiss. Zach sits down.]

ZACH: Let's hit it, boys.

[They start to play. Lane turns away, makes a weird face, and walks out.]

STARS HOLLOW STREET

[Paris is begging everyone who walks by for change for the phone.]

PARIS: Hey, I need some change here. Come on, damn it! Yeah, keep walking. Keep walking! [She kicks in their direction and blows a raspberry. She runs out into the street after a car.] Hey! Hey, I need fifty cents! Come on! Just fifty cents! Watch it! [She almost gets hit by a car, then runs back onto the sidewalk.] Hey! Give me fifty cents! [The people keep walking.] Fall in a hole! [She blows another raspberry.]

TWICKHAM HOUSE - OUTSIDE

[Rory is sitting at the table alone, finishing a cup of punch. She takes her phone out of her pocket and hits a speed-dial number.]

LOGAN'S VOICEMAIL: Hey, it's Logan. Leave whatever message you want. And if this is Finn? Buddy, your voicemail is full! Again! We're meeting at the Starwood, nine-thirty, then just club-hopping from there. There's eleven of us, so bring the Hummer. Don't be more than a half hour late, and erase those stupid messages. [Beep.]

[Rory hangs up suddenly. She starts chugging another glass of punch.]

TWICKHAM HOUSE - UPSTAIRS

[The diorama presentation continues.]

TAYLOR'S VOICE: Sanitation in wartime. No one likes to think about it, but in Stars Hollow that's all we thought about. A local manufacturer, Buff-Rite, was the sole supplier of all things pertaining to sanitation and hygiene for our boys in World w\*r two. Remember their snappy theme song?

[The light shines on two deliverymen carrying cardboard boxes labeled 'Buff-Rite'.]

WOMAN'S VOICE [singing]: Walk light, smell right, head held high with Buff-Rite!

TAYLOR'S VOICE: Closed due to a dramatic drop in demand for its chief products, urinal cakes, the Buff-Rite factory nevertheless afforded hundreds of Stars Hollow residents healthy livelihoods. [Lorelai's cell phone rings.] The Buff-Rite diorama is dedicated -

LORELAİ: Sorry, that's me. [She looks at the caller.] Oh, I've got to take this.

LUKE: I'll meet you outside. I've seen enough.

SOOKIE: I can't get enough. [Luke and Lorelai leave. Sookie sings to herself.] Walk light, smell right -

[Multicolored lights flash on two hippies.]

TAYLOR'S VOICE: Remember the sixties? The town of Stars Hollow does! What a headache! A veritable dark age, culminating in a sit-in that gathered over a thousand freaks from the Tri-county area.

[Lorelai stands in a corner by the caveman and answers her phone.]

LORELAI: Hello?

SANDRA: Uh, hi, Lorelai! It's Sandra from American Travel.

LORELAI: Sandra, hi. Thanks for getting back to me so quickly.

SANDRA: No problem, what's up?

LORELAI: Well, I was just thinking about -

SANDRA: Oh, it was great, by the way. Everyone just flipped for it here.

LORELAI: Oh, wonderful. Thank you. But I just wanted to let you know, I think I may have crossed a line with the stuff about my mother?

SANDRA: What? No! It was the best part!

LORELAI: Oh, so it's in the article?

SANDRA: It's not the dominant thing, but it's in. It's great color.

LORELAI: Right. Well, I was wondering if maybe you could lose some of that color. Would that screw things up too much?

SANDRA: Oh, but the stuff about your mother is great! My editor flipped.

LORELAI: Wow. So it's already gone to an editor?

SANDRA: We turn things around pretty quickly.

LORELAI: I guess so. You know, Sandra, I would really like you to cut all the stuff about my mother. Um, it would be a big favour.

SANDRA: I would really rather not. It was a lot of work.

LORELAI: Okay, couldn't you just do a quick re-write, for a friend?

SANDRA: We're not friends.

LORELAI: Oh, right.

SANDRA: Look. It's too late to change it. The only other option we have is pulling it altogether.

LORELAI: Pulling it?

SANDRA: Yeah, and just subbing in something else.

LORELAI: The whole article? The cover and everything?

SANDRA: The whole thing.

LORELAI: Oh.

SANDRA: Look, don't worry about it. It's great. It flies by. The readers are going to love it, okay?



LORELAI: Okay, sure. Thanks for calling me back. Bye.

MAN'S VOICE: I'm sure looking forward to work today!

WOMAN'S VOICE: Haley, put your Etch-a-Sketch away and come sit down.

[Lorelai joins Sookie.]

LORELAI: What's this?

SOOKIE: Modern life in Stars Hollow.

[The light is shining on a family around a breakfast table. The mother is standing at the stove.]

MAN: Great breakfast, mother.

BOY: Yeah, you've done it again, mom!

WOMAN: I just love serving breakfast to my family.

GIRL: And I love Jesus!

TWICKHAM HOUSE - OUTSIDE

[Taylor hurries down the steps, looking thrilled. He finds Luke on the sidewalk.]

TAYLOR: Look at these clamouring crowds, partner!

LUKE: Yeah, people seem to be having a good time.

TAYLOR: It was a rush job, but spectacular. It's more than I thought it would be.

LUKE: Oh, way more.

TAYLOR: I'm seriously considering going permanent with this.

LUKE: What?

TAYLOR: Well, I think we've got something here. Something big. A two-month run isn't enough! We've at least got to hold it over through the summer!

LUKE: Taylor -

TAYLOR: I'm thinking we should keep it open for at least a year. Even if it doesn't make money. At that point, we've got the publicity. We've made the guidebooks. My God! We'll have a Cooperstown-type attraction on our hands!

LUKE: Taylor, no!

TAYLOR: What?

LUKE: Are you blind? This place is a piece of crap!

TAYLOR: What? A piece of -

LUKE: Look at it! The old man's stuff - it's not even historical! It's all a bunch of stuff that may have belonged to people who may have distantly related to people who may have been historically meaningful! And the diorama

-

TAYLOR: Well, I'll admit, it's a little rough -

LUKE: It's a joke.

TAYLOR: Luke, I don't get it. You helped build this! You were so co-operative! Why are you turning on it like this? Turning on me?

LUKE: I want the house.

TAYLOR: What?

LUKE: I want this house, Taylor. All my life I've loved this house. They don't build them like this anymore. I mean, you saw the banisters, right?

TAYLOR: Well, yeah, but -

LUKE: No. I've always said to myself if you're going to have a family and buy a house, then it's got to be this house.

TAYLOR: Oh -

LUKE: It's why I volunteered, okay? I got involved with this whole thing to stay close to the house and keep on your good side. You had the control.

TAYLOR: I should have known that you were doing this for selfish reasons.

LUKE: Taylor, look. I know you don't like me, I can't change that. But I've got to be honest here. This museum is not going to make it. This property, these expenses, the taxes, the upkeep. I mean, the floor broke through from just the cannonball. It's going to take money. Do you want to keep a money loser on the books? Do you want that to be your legacy in Stars Hollow? Because that's what this is, Taylor. It's a money pit.

TAYLOR: Well, I don't want a money pit on the books.

LUKE: Just keep it open for the two months, then sell it to me. I'll give you the best price, I swear.

TAYLOR: A family. You mean, you and Lorelai -

LUKE: Me and - whoever. Yeah.

TAYLOR: Huh. Well, I'll think about it.

[Luke nods and smiles as Taylor returns inside.]

TWICKHAM HOUSE - BACK DOOR

[Lorelai and Sookie exit.]

LORELAI: We have got to bring everyone we know to this thing immediately, before the Nederlanders swoop in and whisk it away to Broadway.

SOOKIE: And at three bucks a pop. That crappy Epis show costs a hundred bucks.

LORELAI: I've got to make a quick call, maybe we'll go through again.

SOOKIE [gasps]: Once is not enough!

[Sookie goes ahead. Lorelai sighs and dials a number on her cell phone.]

LORELAI: Sandra, hi. It's Lorelai Gilmore, again. Listen, I was thinking, I think you should just pull the article. Yeah, I'm sure. But thanks. Okay. Bye.

[She hangs up. Luke joins her on the sidewalk.]

LUKE: So, was it all I said it would be?

LORELAI: Oh, and more! I've got to go through with Rory, have you seen her anywhere?

LUKE: Haven't seen her, no.

LORELAI: Wow.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: I just never really looked at this place before. Those columns, and that brick.

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: It's beautiful.

LUKE: Yeah. It's a great house.

[Rory comes up behind them.]

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Aw, Rory, honey, what's wrong?

RORY: I don't feel good. I really don't feel good.

LORELAI: I think I can, uh, guess why. Come on, let's get you home.

LUKE: You need help? Want me to drive?

LORELAI: It's okay, it's just five minutes. Come on.

[Rory and Lorelai leave. Luke walks toward a table on the side of the house, and packs up his toolbox. Dean walks by, giving him attitude.]

LUKE: Okay, Dean. Come on. Give me that attitude. What's up? What is this, still about the Pippi night? The Bop-it? Fine. You hate me, whatever. You want to punch me? Go ahead, I'm a terrible guy, I deserve it. Go ahead, take a shot. I won't even fight back. Make you feel better, huh, buddy?

DEAN: Just go back to your girlfriend.

LUKE: Fine. Whatever.

DEAN [mumbles]: While you've got one.

LUKE: What's that supposed to mean?

DEAN: What do you think it means?

LUKE: I'm not playing games here!

DEAN: Your situation is no different from mine. Buddy.

LUKE: I've got work to do.

DEAN: Then go. They want more than this. Don't you see that? And all you are is this.

LUKE: Rory was a kid, Dean. She grew up. She moved on. Accept it.

DEAN: You accept it. This town, it's all you are, and it's not enough. She's going to get bored, and you can't take her anywhere. You're here forever.

LUKE: It's different.

DEAN: It's not different. You and me. Same thing.

[Luke stares after him as he walks away.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

[Rory is lying on Lorelai's lap on the floor. She is crying.]

RORY: Why doesn't he like me? Why doesn't he call me? What did I do?

LORELAI: Sh, honey, it's okay. It's okay.

RORY: Logan - [she breaks off into a sob.]

LORELAI: Sh, it's okay.

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END