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04x12 - A Family Matter

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04x12 - A Family Matter

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OPEN TO STARS HOLLOW SIDEWALK

[Lorelai walks down the sidewalk past people putting up decorations on streetlight for upcoming Firelight Festival. She enters Luke's Diner to find busy lunch hour customers everywhere.]

LORELAI: Unbelievable. [she pulls her cell phone from her pocket and hits speed dial]

CUT TO RORY'S DORM BEDROOM

RORY: Hello?

[Scenes change from dorm to diner]

LORELAI: There are no empty tables at Luke's.

RORY'S VOICE: And I can do what about that?

LORELAI: Well, I was hoping you'd develop mind control powers since I last saw you and you could will people to leave.

RORY: No. If I could do that, I'd be using it to play the ponies or something. Your table would be low on the list.

LORELAI: Selfish! [she looks around and sees Kirk alone at a table] Ooh, hold on a sec. [approaches Kirk] Kirk, may I?

KIRK: May you what?

LORELAI: Sit with you?

KIRK: Here?

LORELAI: Yes.

KIRK: I have a girlfriend.

LORELAI: I'm not flirting with you Kirk.

KIRK: Oh. Then, have a seat.

LORELAI: Thanks. [she gazes warmly at him and says breathlessly.] I love that shirt.

KIRK: It's an Arnold Palmer.

LORELAI: That was flirting.

KIRK: Oh, man. [looks uncomfortably around]

LORELAI: [returns to her cell phone call with Rory now ignoring Kirk] I'm back. So, what's going on with Lane?

RORY: She's here. She's fine. She's uh, still a little bit in denial. She hasn't talked to her mom since the kick-out.

LORELAI: Poor Mrs. Kim.

RORY: Poor Mrs. Kim? She kicked Lane out, I'm mad at her.

LORELAI: Why? She must be very lonely without Lane.

RORY: Well, Lane's getting along pretty well here. She kind of fallen into a - rhythm. [Lane rushes into the bedroom with travel tray of coffee] Hey.

LANE: Hey, Take. [she offers coffee tray to Rory]

RORY: Thanks you. Hey, you're out of breath.

LANE: There were incredibly slow people in the coffee line, and I promised to wake Paris. [hurries over to Paris' bed] Up and at 'em!

PARIS: Die.

LANE: I got you a triple espresso that I'm going to put here right out of reach, so sleepyhead has to get up to get it.

PARIS: Die twice.

LORELAI: Was she at the professor's again last night?

RORY: Yes, but she claims she was up all night cramming.

LORELAI'S VOICE: Well, she was.

RORY: Oh, ick!

PARIS: [eavesdropping] Ick what? Are you talking about me? Who is that?

RORY: It's my mom. We're not talking about you. You're so paranoid.

LORELAI: Uh, hold on a sec. Luke's here.

LUKE: [grumpy] I swear, it feels like these stupid Firelight Festivals happen every week.

LORELAI: And a happy, happy to you too.

LUKE: Order please.

LORELAI: Coffee and whatever muffin you have.

LUKE: Comin' up. You two an item now?

KIRK: [indignant] I have a girlfriend.

LUKE: Double dipping, you dog. [walks away]

CUT TO DORM

RORY: [loads her book bag while talking] You never told me why you're up so early.

LORELAI: Well, I've got a quick meeting at the Dragonfly, and then Jason is coming here for the day.

RORY: [disbelief] Jason?

LORELAI: He's taking the morning off, so I'm taking him shopping for new furniture for his office.

RORY: Sounds fun.

LORELAI: Yeah. He's never really seen Stars Hollow, so I uh - [quickly hushes as Luke returns to table to fill her coffee cup]

RORY: [she finishes Lorelai's sentence]...get to - show him around, right?

[Luke pours coffee]

LORELAI: Hm. Um-hm.

LUKE: Did I interrupt something?

LORELAI: No.

LUKE: Would my reminding you of the cell phone policy affect your behavior in anyway?

[Lorelai hold up her cell phone to the vicinity of Luke's face]

LORELAI: It's Rory.

LUKE: [he leans closer to the phone] Hello Rory! [to Kirk] How does it feel to be a step-dad?

KIRK: [scolding] Knock it off. [Luke walks away]

RORY'S VOICE: Gooooo thinking.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Clamming up. He's always had a problem with your guys. Best to ease into it.

LORELAI: Oh. No, no that's not why I stopped talking.

CUT TO YALE DORM ROOM

[Paris is now sitting up in bed taking first gulp of her espresso, Lane standing near by]

PARIS: Whoo, whoo! Good Morning Vietnam!

CUT BACK TO LUKE'S DINER

LORELAI: What was that?

RORY'S VOICE: Paris. She likes to do this thing in the morning with the triple espresso. It's like Jack Nicholson in Easy Rider.

PARIS: [leaps to her feet] Jumping Cattle Hockey!

RORY: Hey Paris, can you take this somewhere else, please?

LORELAI: Ahh, wait, wait, wait. We got a little something else goin' on here -- [An oddly dressed woman stands at the counter talking animatedly]

RORY: What's going on?

LORELAI: A kinda odd rock-and-roll, hippy-chick came in, she's deep in conversation with Luke, who is not looking too happy --

RORY'S VOICE: What are they saying?

LORELAI: Uh, they are rudely out of range. [to Kirk in a sweet voice] Hey hun, hun? Try to move in so you can hear 'em. Go.[motioning him to move closer to Luke]

KIRK: [With a nervous chuckle he says to anyone in earshot] She's joking. We're just friends, ha-ha.

RORY: A mystery woman!

LORELAI: Maybe she has something to do with his apartment? I mean he might be leasing out whichever one he's not using, or it's about his divorce with Nicole or the lack of one if the divorce is definitely off.

RORY: Or maybe she's a friend of Nicole's or another attorney if it's not definitely off.

[In the background, Lane straightens Paris' bed covers smoothly.]

LORELAI: Wait, Luke is the most complicated guy I know who also owns a Doobie Brothers record.

PARIS: [off camera] Sweet Mamma Jamma!

LANE: Oh! I've gotta wake Tanna. [rushes off]

LORELAI: Wait, wait... denouement! [whispers into her phone] He sent her upstairs!

RORY: Weird!

LORELAI: So what do you think? An early morning tryst with the county dominatrix?

RORY: [she takes a sip of her coffee] Hmm, does she have a bag?

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Then where would all her dominatrix stuff be?

LORELAI: Oh, maybe they're using all the stuff he keeps on hand?

RORY: Fishing pole?

LORELAI: Nolan Ryan's rookie card?

RORY: Mystery!

LORELAI: Mystery!

RORY: Go ask him!

PARIS: [off camera] Who's yer daddy!

LORELAI: [disappointed] He's in back.

RORY: So go back there and ask him! I have to know what's going on.

LORELAI: Okay. [loud crashing noise comes from the storeroom]

LUKE: [off camera] Aww, crap, crap crap!

LORELAI: Oh, maybe later, I don't think now is such a good time. I'll talk to you later.

RORY: Later.

[Lorelai puts her cell phone away and begins pouting and sighing at Kirk. He looks back dumbly. Lorelai winks and begins making loud kissing noises.]

KIRK: [looks away immediately] I have a girlfriend!

[Lorelai continues to make loud kissing noises much to Kirk's discomfort.]

OPEN TO YALE DORM COMMON ROOM

[Lane is finishing last touches on Tanna's hair.]

LANE: Okay, open your eyes.

TANNA: [holding up a hand mirror] Wow! I'm stunning.

LANE: Your stylist concurs.

[Rory enters from the bedroom looking around the common room.]

RORY: Wow, so organized out here.

LANE: I tidied up a little. Excess stuff went into the cabinet.

PARIS: [enters] Impressive.

[phone rings from bedroom]

RORY: I'll get it. [exits]

TANNA: [to Paris] How good do I look?

PARIS: Would a comedic reply crush you?

TANNA: [pause] Probably.

PARIS: Terrif.

RORY: [from bedroom] Where's the phone?

PARIS: Buried somewhere.

LANE: [proudly] Tanna's gonna knock boys out today.

PARIS: With what? Sheer peculiarity?

TANNA: I am hoping that one boy notices. Chester Fleet.

LANE: Chester Fleet?

TANNA: His father was instrumental in conducting research showing that neurons in the brain fire actively during REM sleep - with the exception of nerve cells involved with the transmitter chemicals serotonin and norepinephrine.

PARIS: I'd forgot the first part of that sentence by the time you finished, but I say jump him.

TANNA: [uncomfortable] Thanks Lane. See ya later. [she leaves]

RORY: [enters from the bedroom] Finally. [answers the phone] Hello?

JAMIE: Hi Rory, its Jamie. How you doin'?

RORY: Good Jamie. It's been a while. How's the second best school in the country?

JAMIE: Princeton's fine. Hard, not as easy as slacker schools like Yale.

RORY: I'm assuming you're looking for Paris?

JAMIE: Yeah. I'm actually in town for a couple of days, so I'll probably see you at some point.

RORY: Great. Here she is. [she hands the phone to Paris and prepares to exit.]

PARIS: [briskly] Hey, I was just stepping out the door, what's up? [pause] Fine. [pause] Your hotel room's good? [pause] Good. [pause] Well, probably not tonight, unfortunately. Things are really bad on my end. [pause] I know, I'm so sorry but tonight was tentative, remember? Tonight wasn't set in stone. [pause] Well, I'm - dead tired, I have tons of studying to do and we have a little drama going on here at the suite. Rory's small town friend, Lane, is crashing in with us. She got kicked out of her house, and she's in pretty bad shape. She's pretty heavy into the dr*gs, totally Nancy Spungening it, chasing the dragon, and I kind of have to be here for support. The chick's bouncing off the walls. [pause] Yeah. Tomorrow, sure, absolutely. [pause] Tonight was tentative, Jamie, I'm sure I told you to pencil it in. Pencil. Okay, bye. [Paris clicks off the phone while both Lane and Rory are frowning at her]

PARIS: What?

RORY: Nothing.

PARIS: I had to say something like that. He doesn't always respond to the fact that I have to study, which I do, you know that.

RORY: Oh, sure.

PARIS: And I'm seeing him tomorrow anyway.

LANE: What's "chasing the dragon?"

PARIS: I've gotta go [walks off with Lane pursuing]

LANE: But I don't think you should be saying that. [far away] it might get around and I don't...

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW WET STREETS

[Luke is driving his truck with an annoying tail-gaiter behind him. The black sports car's horn honks, with it's lights flashing - obviously in a hurry]

LUKE: Hey, take it easy! [Luke eventually pulls over to curb, and the flashy car roars past. Luke exits his truck.] Jerk!

CUT TO LORELAI'S LIVING ROOM

[Lorelai is sitting with her purse in lap, waiting. She checks a nearby clock then wanders to her front window and looks out. To her dismay, she sees Jason's black sports car is parked in the driveway with Jason inside.]

CUT TO OUTSIDE LORELAI'S FRONT DOOR.

[Lorelai approaches Jason's car with muffled sounds of Japanese voices coming from inside. Jason is on a business conference call via his car's speaker-phone. She softly taps the window glass. Jason lowers the window and motions for quiet from Lorelai. The voices sound increasingly agitated.]

JASON: Gentleman, gentlemen. There is no way to one hundred percent avoid liability for on-site accidents at any of your plants. It is unfortunate, but international accords preclude it. Uh, can you please translate Mr. Watanabi?

MR. WATANABI VOICE: Okay - [continues in Japanese]

JASON: [whispering] I'm sorry.

LORELAI: What happed to taking the morning off?

JASON: I have the morning off. Japan does not have the morning off. Here. [pats the seat next to him] Care to join me?

LORELAI: With all those Japanese business men in the car? Kinky.

MR. WATANABI VOICE: Kinky? I'm sorry, what is kinky?

JASON: Uh, y-you don't have to translate that, Mr. Watanabi. Where are we?

MR. WATANABI VOICE: They must confer.

JASON: [under his breath] Oh, they really dig conferring. [normal tone] Please tell them that I will call them again tomorrow. Minna-san domo arigato. Gozaimasu.

MR. MIDI VOICE: [responds politely in Japanese and disconnects transmission]

JASON: Here come on, get in here. It's cold out side.

LORELAI: I thought we'd take my Jeep. It holds more stuff.

JASON: That's good thinking. [he gets out of the black Mercedes and gives Lorelai and brief but warm kiss] Hello.

LORELAI: Hello.

JASON: So, where are we off today?

LORELAI: Well, I've got a fabulous little list here. [she pats her purse] Lots of places in neighboring Woodbury and we'll have to get a newspaper.

JASON: For --

LORELAI: -- finding dead people.

JASON: Ah, estate sales, got it.

LORELAI: Then we can come back, hit a few places here and then grab some lunch.

JASON: Do we have time for coffee now? I haven't had any for hours.

LORELAI: For hours? When did you get up?

JASON: Five.

LORELAI: Wow, they have one of those in the morning too?

JASON: You know how Asia is not taking the morning off? Neither is Europe.

LORELAI: Well, coffee, it is then.

JASON: How about you taking me to that place you're always talking about. What is it, um - Duke's.

LORELAI: [chuckles] Duke's. Sure. Or, uh, we could go some place else.

JASON: Why? Why not Duke's?

LORELAI: It's not so special.

JASON: You go there daily.

LORELAI: Yeah, but I think Duke's is closed... and it's Luke's.

JASON: Closed at eight in the morning on a Friday?

LORELAI: Yeah. Sabbath.

JASON: Duke's a Jew.

LORELAI: No, Luke's a Jew.

JASON: Sabbath's not 'til sundown.

LORELAI: Well, he likes to get an early jump on his - Sabbathing.

JASON: I bet he's open.

LORELAI: Okay, but we run the risk of going and then discovering it's closed.

JASON: Well, I say live dangerously or not at all.

LORELAI: Yeah. Yeah, you're right. All the other coffee in town sucks. Let's just go to Duke's - which is Luke's.

JASON: Which is Luke's?

LORELAI: [grinning] Dukes.

JASON: What? [Lorelai giggles]

CUT TO LORELAI'S JEEP IN STARS HOLLOW TRAFFIC

[Jason is talking on cell phone while Lorelai drives]

JASON: No, no Rietgaard, those documents were Fed-Ex'd to you on Wednesday. Uh, the dok-umen-ten were Fed-Ex'd, on - aw, sh**t, on... Monday is maandag, Tuesday is dinsdag... [to Lorelai] How's your Dutch?

LORELAI: Oh great. I just don't like to share it.

JASON: I'll just have the office fax it all over to you today. It's okay.

LORELAI: Hey, is he ice-skating under a windmill, that's the picture I have in my head.

JASON: Okay, Rietgaard, good bye. Bye. [closes cell phone and sighs] I am exhausted.

LORELAI: Aww, and on your morning off!

JASON: Yeah, I stink at taking mornings off.

LORELAI: Well, here we are. [she pulls up in front of Luke's diner and turns off Jeep]

JASON: Ahh, wait.[A pause as he recognizes Luke's green truck across the street]

LORELAI: No more calls.

JASON: Whose truck is that? [pointing] Duke's?

LORELAI: Yeah, Luke's.

JASON: Are they different people?

LORELAI: Same person.

JASON: And that's his truck.

LORELAI: Yes, it's practically an appendage.

JASON: [Indicating the familiar diner owner through the window] Sooooo, that would be Luke.

LORELAI: Boy, you sure like to do a lot of research before getting a cup of coffee. That's the doorknob. It twists to the right. C'mon. [starts to remove safety belt]

JASON: Ahhh -

LORELAI: What is with you?

JASON: Yeah, I'm not in the mood for coffee anymore.

LORELAI: [gasps at the obvious lie] You were jonesing not 5 minutes ago.

JASON: No, it's passed. My 5 a.m. coffee just kicked in again.

LORELAI: You drink time-released coffee?

JASON: [shrugs] It's all the rage.

LORELAI: Okay. Well, I want coffee. [pulls off safety belt and prepares to get out]

JASON: Okay, I'll wait for you here.

LORELAI: What is with you?

JASON: [Pause] I-I was kind of tailgating Duke on the drive in.

LORELAI: You were tailgating Luke?

JASON: Pretty rudely. There was honking.

LORELAI: Aw, geez.

JASON: Well, I didn't know it was Duke.

LORELAI: How fast was he going?

JASON: Snail's speed. Like twenty.

LORELAI: The speed limit here is twelve!

JASON: Okay See this is one of the problems I have with small towns - proximity. [During Jason's rant, Luke looks out the window, recognizes Lorelai's jeep out front. Looking closer he sees a man sitting next to her] You tailgate a guy in Manhattan and you never see him again, you tailgate a guy in a small town, he is the keeper of the coffee. [He looks over at the diner window]. And he is looking at us!

LORELAI: Who Luke?

JASON: Is that his name?

LORELAI: YES! [she peers past Jason to see Luke]

JASON: Okay, don't look at him! Don't look at him!

LORELAI: This is ridiculous!

JASON: Okay go, go, go! [motions for her to drive away]

LORELAI: Where?!

JASON: Anywhere - else - for coffee, please.

LORELAI: Okay. [starts up the engine and drives 5 feet and stops]

JASON: Why are we stopping?

LORELAI: Um, the next best place for coffee is at this place. [pointing to the next building]

JASON: Okay Please find us coffee at least fifty yards away from Duke's.

LORELAI: [mocking] Oh, oh okay finding coffee fifty yards from Luke's is another matter. [they drive away]

CUT TO YALE CAFETERIA

[Rory is taking her lunch tray to a table and almost bumps into Jamie.]

JAMIE: Hey Rory.

RORY: Oh, Jamie, hi.

JAMIE: Sorry to pounce on you like that.

RORY: That's okay, you're not pouncing. Wanna sit? [she sets her lunch tray on table]

JAMIE: Thanks. [they both sit] Listen, do you - ?

RORY: Do I what?

JAMIE: Look, I need to find out what's up with Paris, and I don't know who else to ask.

RORY: Oh.

JAMIE: I mean, I had to rearrange a million things to come here, and I could only manage two days and she won't see me.

RORY: Well, you're going to see her tomorrow, aren't you?

JAMIE: If she doesn't cancel.

RORY: She's not going to cancel. [Jamie gives her a doubtful look] She wouldn't.

JAMIE: Well, she's been canceling plans for weeks. She's not calling me as much - I know, I sound pathetic.

RORY: No you don't, and Paris has been so busy. You've been a freshman in college, you know what that entails.

JAMIE: Yeah. [unconvinced]

RORY: Plus, I heard her telling you about my friend, Lane. She's been living in our suite and it's been really unfair to all my roommates.

JAMIE: What is "chasing the dragon?"

RORY: I don't know, but that's what Lane says she's been doing. She's in cold turkey now - going it, I mean - cold turkey and -- um -- Paris has been really great helping out.

JAMIE: Has she been seeing someone else?

RORY: [shrugs] Not that I know of.

JAMIE: [smiles and rises to go] I'll let you go. Thanks, this actually helped.

RORY: Good. It will get better, Jamie. I really think that.

JAMIE: Good. [backs away] It's my birthday.

RORY: Oh wow, happy birthday.

JAMIE: Thanks. [Jamie turns and leaves. Rory watches him walk away]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Luke is at the cash register with a departing customer. Kirk is the only person left in the empty diner.]

LUKE: [He hands change to the customer who leaves] Thanks. [walks to the opposite end of the counter and rests his head on the cool surface. The mystery woman enters the diner from the back stairs.]

WOMAN: Hey!

LUKE: [startled] Oh yeah.

WOMAN: You forget about me?

LUKE: No, I'm just real, real busy, that's all.

WOMAN: [looks around] Looks like a lull to me.

LUKE: No, it can be deceptive. Hey, Kirk, you want another piece of pie?

KIRK: No, I'm fine. And this is the commencement of your classic mid-morning lull. People off to work, kids off to school. You may not have another soul in here for half an hour. It gets peaceful, quiet - kind of like a sweet death.

WOMAN: [murmurs] He's trippy.

LUKE: Kirk, are you sure you don't want anything else?

KIRK: A spider monkey, but there is probably nothing you can do about it.

WOMAN: Cool. C'mon. [disappears behind the drape to go back upstairs]

LUKE: Coming sis. [slowly follows her]

CUT TO LUKE'S APARTMENT - OPEN DOOR

LUKE: [He enters, closes the door and looks around] Liz? Liz?

LIZ: [her call is muffled and off camera] I'm in the closet. Oh my God. It's still here.

LUKE: What's still there?

LIZ: My pot.

LUKE: Your what?

LIZ: I used to stash it in a hole back behind Daddy's files cause it was the one place he wouldn't look. Isn't that wild? It's still here.

LUKE: [snatches it from her] Will you give me that.

LIZ: Relax, will ya. I don't do that any more. [Luke stuffs it in a kitchen drawer] What are you doing?

LUKE: I'm putting it away.

LIZ: Throw it in the trash.

LUKE: So the garbage man can see it?

LIZ: Isn't Hayward Donnelly still the garbage man?

LUKE: Yes.

LIZ: Well hell, he sold it to me.

LUKE: I'll get rid of it, okay Liz?

LIZ: Okay, Luke. [she smiles at him] Boy, you look good. What about me, don't I look good?

LUKE: [looks uncomfortable] You look fine.

LIZ: I do not look fine, I look good. I am good. I am really good, Luke.

LUKE: Well, I'm glad.

LIZ: [indicates the table] I made us some coffee.

LUKE: I don't drink coffee.

LIZ: [urges him to sit] Well, sit down and watch me drink it then. Come on, just for a minute. [Luke sits down with Liz and silently watches her pour coffee] Look at us - catching up, and all. I haven't seen you in two years.

LUKE: Three years.

LIZ: Three years, wow.

LUKE: Liz, I gotta know why you're here.

LIZ: To see you, I've missed you.

LUKE: C'mon.

LIZ: I did, plus it's my twentieth high school reunion this Saturday, I thought I'd maybe come back and I'd check out what the rest of the class of 84's up to.

LUKE: You're going to your high school reunion?

LIZ: I even sent in a picture for the program. Wrote a little thing about myself, about how things are going good, I've got a great job, I've just moved into a really cool apartment with a big patio so I can finally get a dog. Plus, I have got -

LUKE: Wait, wait, wait - let me guess. A new, a new boyfriend!

LIZ: Yes!

LUKE: And this one - Oh, let me guess - is different from the others.

LIZ: Yes, he is.

LUKE: I dare say, that he might even be the one!

LIZ: Well, yeah!

LUKE: [he stands and opens the refrigerator] C'mon, Liz.

LIZ: You should meet him.

LUKE: Well you know what? As long as, unlike the others, he leaves your TV when he takes off, I'll love him.

LIZ: Okay, fine. You have good reason to think, to doubt -

LUKE: Good reasons? Liz, every time you find the one you wind up with your bank account cleaned out, your stuff missing, crying on the phone to me to bail you out, which I do happily, but you'll understand if I hold off on planning for the bachelor party for a while. [pours orange juice and takes a drink from his glass]

LIZ: Sure. Well - anyway - let's talk about something else.

LUKE: Yes. Let's talk about something else. You said you had a new job.

LIZ: Yes, I do. I do. I'm making my own jewelry: beaded necklaces and earrings, some crystal, getting into feathers now.

LUKE: Feathers?

LIZ: I'm really good, very big on the renaissance fair circuit.

LUKE: What's that?

LIZ: That's where I sell them, the renaissance fair circuit. It's a total trip. I wear the long skirt, I have a hat and one of those corsets that squishes my boobs all up high. And I yell "Huzza for the

tipper!"

LUKE: And that's your great new job? You sell earrings at the renaissance fair?

LIZ: I know it sounds flaky -

LUKE: Oh no, what - huzzah for the tipper with your squished up boobs, not flaky at all. Look, I have to go back to work.

LIZ: Luke, come on.

LUKE: What come on, Liz? I mean, you're selling earrings in a booth and you're hooked up with another winner.

LIZ: You don't even know him.

LUKE: What about your son, huh? What about Jess, you talk to him lately? You notice he's not even here?

LIZ: Yeah, he sent me a letter. He's with his father.

LUKE: That's it? That's the extent of the contact?

LIZ: He's nineteen, you can't tell him anything.

LUKE: Well, you definitely can't if you don't try.

LIZ: I tried.

LUKE: No, I tried, you gave up.

LIZ: I thought you'd be better for him than I was.

LUKE: Oh yeah, I was great for him. I gave him a place to crash while he lied to me about everything, about going to school, about Wal-Mart - you know I stole his car?

LIZ: You what?

LUKE: In the middle of the night. I break into his car. I'm stealing it and hiding it in Dad's old garage.

LIZ: [chuckling] Why?

LUKE: Why? Because I'm crazy. Because I think now he'll have to go to school, now he'll have to graduate, now - [sigh] well, we saw how that all turned out, he went to live with the bum who abandoned him - that's how great a job I did. [he sighs deeply and takes a gulp of his orange juice]

LIZ: You tried.

LUKE: Well, I'm great at trying aren't I? [deep sigh]

LIZ: Well, I know you have a lot of work to do, so I'm gonna go. [she rises and starts to leave]

LUKE: Where you staying?

LIZ: With Carrie Duncan.

LUKE: Crazy Carrie Duncan?

LIZ: She's not crazy, she just likes the boys.

LUKE: I'll say.

LIZ: You should talk. You made out with her at the homecoming game.

LUKE: I did not. [Liz laughs in disbelief] I didn't not make out with Crazy Carrie Duncan at the homecoming game.

LIZ: It was really good to see you. And you do look good. [Luke stares at his hands] I will make sure Carrie knows that. [exits]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW STREET OUTSIDE KIM'S ANTIQUES.

[Lorelai and Jason pull up in her jeep and get out. Jason is still talking on his cell phone.]

JASON: Wait, wait, wait, wait the tracking says its in Atlanta. What is it doing in Atlanta?

LORELAI: Who is this country that speaks English?

JASON: It's America.

LORELAI: Everyday she learns something new.

JASON: Okay, Dennis, it is time to get proactive on this.

LORELAI: This is when mild mannered Jason Stiles suddenly darted into a phone booth and ripped off his shirt and became - Proactive Man.

JASON: What? I'm sorry I didn't get that last part.

LORELAI: Able to be proactive where ever there is activity of a pro nature.

JASON: Dennis, just do this. A messenger is coming in an hour to pick up the box with the checks -- the box with the checks in the drawer by the floor.

LORELAI: The vessel with the pestle holds the brew that is true.

JASON: [stares at her in disbelief and suppresses a chuckle] I'm sorry, I'm kind of distracted.

LORELAI: [hisses] Get off the phone!

JASON: [muffles the phone] It's the last one, I promise - two minutes tops.

LORELAI: Two minutes and I'm going to throw that thing in the lake.

JASON: There's a lake?

LORELAI: We just drove by the lake.

JASON: Aw, I missed the lake, can we drive by it again later?

LORELAI: Two minutes! [exasperated, she walks away to the entrance of Kim's Antiques]

CUT TO THE INSIDE ENTRANCE OF KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Lorelai enters and looks around. Mrs. Kim enters with a man following.]

MRS. KIM: My deliveryman is very good, very dependable. He will call you with a two hour window. Let me check his availability.

CUSTOMER: Thank you

MRS. KIM: [turns and sees Lorelai]

LORELAI: Hi Mrs. Kim. Hi.

MRS. KIM: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Wow, you've got a lot of new stuff in here. [She watches as Mrs. Kim searches for paperwork in a nearby drawer, then leans closer to speak quietly.] She's fine. She's at Yale with Rory.

MRS. KIM: [pulls out schedule book and smiles] Here it is. Let's see, we have Monday between one and three open.

CUSTOMER: Great.

CUT TO EXTERIOR OF KIM'S ANTIQUES

JASON: [still on cell phone] No, no, no. I don't see any reason why that can't work out.

LORELAI: [at the entrance - gasps when she sees Jason still on phone] Okay! Ah, I'm sorry but your two minutes are up. Asia, Africa and where ever Jvork is from is just going to have to wait because I'm putting a kibosh on that phone. [Jason waves and gestures wildly to her as she approaches him] I'm sorry mister but I'm clicking that thing off myself.

JASON: No, no, no. I am still here, Emily! [Lorelai gasps] There's just a lot of commotion around me. No, I'm not in the office. I took the morning off. Yes, Richard deserves a morning off too. Okay, I'll see you at the hotel. Okay, bye. [clicks phone closed and turns to Lorelai] I pulled a muscle waving at you.

LORELAI: How was I supposed to know you were talking to my mother?

JASON: It was a very personal wave. It was a big, broad, over the top personal wave.

LORELAI: She called you?

JASON: She called.

LORELAI: [Mock serious tone] Are you doing like a Mrs. Robinson thing with my mother?

JASON: [return mock serious tone] Yes. I was visiting Richard one day, and he stepped out and Emily lit a cigarette and did that triangle thing with her thigh.

LORELAI: Well, you said hotel.

JASON: Well, she wants me to come to some charity thing at a hotel tomorrow. [Lorelai's cell phone rings and moves to answer] Hey, wait, wait a minute. If I can't be on the phone then you cannot be

on the phon..

LORELAI: [she answers the call] Hello?

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE LIVING ROOM AND MOVES BETWEEN STARS HOLLOW AND LIVING ROOM

EMILY: Lorelai, its me.

JASON: Lorelai Gilmore's a hypocrite!

LORELAI: Hello Emily!

EMILY: Why are you calling me Emily?

LORELAI: 'Cause that's your name, ask me again and I tell you the same.

EMILY: And who was that yelling?

LORELAI: No one you'd know. What's up?

EMILY VOICE: Well, I'm having trouble filling these eight seats your father bought for the rare manuscript acquisition charity dinner tomorrow night.

JASON: [answers his ringing phone] This is Jason. Oops. [walks away from Lorelai]

EMILY: That's the same man I heard before. Is he harassing you?

LORELAI: [slowly walks away from Jason's conversation] Ah, err, yes. I'm on the street. Get away you! It's just insanity out here today.

EMILY: Well, that's not good. Walk down a different street.

LORELAI: I'm turning the corner as we speak. So, what, there's a manuscript thing?

EMILY: Yes, it's a fund-raiser, and we're stuck and I'm desperate for attendees.

LORELAI: I'll go. Sure. Yes.

EMILY: Really?

LORELAI: I'll be there. How much - how much do I give?

EMILY: Nothing. We've already paid.

LORELAI: Okay, why don't you leave the details on where to meet up and all on the home machine.

EMILY: I will, thank you, and please get out of the street.

LORELAI: I will, bye. [she walks back to where Jason is standing]

JASON: Okay, okay, bye. [hangs up] Did she hear me?

LORELAI: Yes, but she thinks you're a raving street loon.

JASON: Okay, this is exactly the reason why I hate hiding relationships

LORELAI: I know.

JASON: We're gonna get caught.

LORELAI: We can't tell them.

JASON: We're gonna get caught.

LORELAI: This is just a freak occurrence.

JASON: This is destined to be repeated.

LORELAI: They'll be mad that I hid it.

JASON: They'll be madder the longer you hide it.

LORELAI: They'll screw things up, I don't want that. I like us.

JASON: But, it's inevitable. They're gonna see us together someplace, or a traffic report will take pictures of cars on the expressway and we'll be sitting in the car - and then Richard will be watching the news and he will see us, so barring some sort of Star Trek-like cloaking device - which was problematic in every incarnation of Star Trek - I remember Kirk complaining about it, I remember Picard complaining about it - they will see us, and we'll get caught.

LORELAI: I'm very uncomfortable dating a Trekkie.

JASON: Ah, I-I just don't feel good about this. It makes me very nervous. Listen, I've a very difficult phone call this morning with our Japanese partners and I didn't ever break a sweat, I had that testy call from the client from California - not a drop, but your mother calls and I'm soaked through.

LORELAI: On your morning off too, I'm sorry.

JASON: That's okay.

LORELAI: Do you want me to wring your shirt out for you?

JASON: No, it's old - and I like us too, by the way which is why I feel so strongly about this.

LORELAI: I know.

JASON: I'm not mad.

LORELAI: I know that too. [guiltily shifts her feet]

JASON: And I'll do what ever you want, you know them better than I.

LORELAI: I'll tell them.

JASON: Really?

LORELAI: Yes. Yes. Tonight's our Friday night dinner. Dad's gone, but starting with Emily might be for the best.

JASON: I could talk to Richard, if you want.

LORELAI: Oh no, its my thing. I'll do it.

JASON: Good. Oh, look phone is off.

LORELAI: Oh. Good, let's go buy some furniture.
CUT TO DORM COMMON ROOM

[Rory enters and looks around. Paris is sitting by herself with C-Span playing on TV]

RORY: So, you're just sitting here watching TV?

PARIS: I'm studying. Look at Ted Kennedy, huh? I always admired him as a senator, but you see him and think: It's just so unfair that fat men look good in suits. We girls get a couple of pounds and every piece of fashion betrays...

RORY: [clicks off the TV] Off.

PARIS: What?

RORY: I want to talk to you about your boyfriend situation, Paris.

PARIS: Jamie?

RORY: I'm sorry, I should have clarified "boyfriends."

PARIS: Oh. You mean a certain other fella.

RORY: Let's cut the coyness. I want to talk about you having an affair with Professor Asher Fleming and at the same time stringing along poor Jamie, with no concern for his feelings.

PARIS: It's not an affair.

RORY: Affair. Relationship. Fling. Tete-a-tete. What ever you want to call it.

PARIS: Well, I'm very surprised by this.

RORY: How so?

PARIS: You've never wanted to discuss Asher before.

RORY: Well, I don't particularly want to discuss him now, but I'm forced to.

PARIS: What's forcing you --

RORY: I just ran into Jamie, and he's wandering around lonely, missing you, scared of losing you, and you're sitting here watching C-SPAN!

PARIS: Nobody watches C-SPAN. It's just on in the background.

RORY: Well you gotta choose Paris, because this is becoming pretty clear that the what-ever-you-want-to-call-it with the professor is not a short-lived thing.

PARIS: I'd say that's accurate, and you can just call him Asher.

RORY: No, he's my teacher, so I think I'll stick with professor.

PARIS: Professor just makes him sound old.

RORY: He IS old!

PARIS: He's sixty. Today's sixty is what fifty was twenty years ago and he's got the body of a forty year old.

RORY: I really don't want to talk about his body.

PARIS: I'm not denying that we've got a May-December romance going on here.

RORY: This is not May-December, this is May - Ming Dynasty.

PARIS: An age difference like this is very common. People dating people the same age are passe now.

RORY: My grandfather introduced you to him. Do you see how awkward this is for me?

PARIS: Well, hot men tend to run in packs.

RORY: Do not ever say anything like that again.

PARIS: Mary, you are such a prude.

RORY: Well, at least I'm not mean to people who love me. Where is your heart?

PARIS: I know I've mishandled the Jamie situation. He just can't take a hint.

RORY: Well, you gotta do something, because one of us here does care about Jamie and I think its me.

PARIS: I know. He's my first real boyfriend.

RORY: Well, you got lucky with him.

PARIS: And he's crazy about me, I never quite figured out why.

RORY: Oh, don't get so self-deprecating. It's obnoxious.

PARIS: He's been so forgiving. I've been pretty mean. [picks up cordless phone and starts dialing]

RORY: Just talk to him and see how it goes.

PARIS: [into phone] Hey, it's me. We've got to end this - now. [Rory is shocked.] There's just no reason to prolong it. Sorry you came all the way out here. Well, Rory show me the light. She made me see there's just no point in going on.

RORY: Paris!

PARIS: No, she just came home and we talked. She's right here if you want to ask her, yourself.

RORY: Do not give me that phone!

PARIS: Anyhow, I'm really sorry Jamie. Really. Bye.

RORY: That had all the tact of a n*zi storm trooper.

PARIS: It was your idea.

RORY: Breaking up was not my idea.

PARIS: Well, he'd be stupid if he thought that's why I'd do it. [stands and paces] This was good. It was right. I'm glad I did it. You can have the TV if you want. [exits to bedroom]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW OUTSIDE DAY

[Luke helps elderly Mrs. Cassini down the curb as she holds a bag of groceries]

MRS. CASSINI: Hello Luke. It's getting cold again isn't it?

LUKE: Yup, it's that unpredictable time of year, Mrs. Cassini.

MRS. CASSINI: Stay warm.

LUKE: Yeah, you too. [He approaches a small locked garage and searches for the key. He notices the lock has been cut. He opens the swinging doors and sees a large wide empty space inside. He expression changes from shock to disappointment.]

CUT TO INSIDE LUKE'S DINER

LUKE: [talking on phone] It's a Rambler Ambassador, four door, a rusty brown pretty much a beat-up clunker. [pause] No. I don't know how long its been missing. [pause] I mean I saw it for sure last week. Nah, I don't drive it much, it's a second car, okay? [long pause and he sighs] Just, just call me when you find it. Thanks, Bye. [he hangs up]

CUT TO DORM BEDROOM

[Rory is packing clothes as Paris enters]

PARIS: Oh hey.

RORY: Hey.

PARIS: Tanna just told me that that Chester Fleet guy liked her hair and asked her out. She's throwing up now.

RORY: Good for her.

PARIS: Going somewhere?

RORY: Home for the weekend.

PARIS: Just to get away from me?

RORY: No, I've got dinner at my grandma's tonight - obligatory thing - and our town's having its Firelight Festival tomorrow which I haven't missed since I was one, so not seeing you is - Well - quite frankly just a fringe benefit.

PARIS: Would it make you feel any better to know how awful I feel?

RORY: Nope.

PARIS: I don't understand why you're so upset about this.

RORY: I know you don't.

PARIS: I tried to call Jamie again, he won't pick up.

RORY: Can you blame him?

PARIS: No. I know I let it go too long. I just wasn't sure what Asher was thinking at first. I wasn't sure if it was just a fling for him. But over the past couple of weeks, he's been mentioning stuff about the future. He's spending a month teaching a couple of courses at Oxford over the summer and then he asked me what I was planning to do over the summer. I mean there is a definite implication that he was wondering if I was available during the summer. I think he might ask me to go with him to Oxford. I mean, why else would he ask?

RORY: Beats me.

PARIS: I'm not counting my chickens...

RORY: Its good thinking.

PARIS: But it is the first indication.

RORY: Look, I've gotta hit the road.

PARIS: It was his accent that did it. I'm such the total Anglophile. When I was a kid, I was in love with Neal Kinnock.

RORY: Who?

PARIS: The former head of the Labour party. Teeth like a horse, but oh that voice, and then there was Roger Moore -

RORY: English accents are nice.

PARIS: He TiVos Frontline.

RORY: Who does?

PARIS: Asher. So we can watch it together.

RORY: Terrific.

PARIS: You don't think he meant we'd be together this summer?

RORY: I wasn't there.

PARIS: I'm not counting my chickens.

RORY: I think that's smart. [starts to leave]

PARIS: I never wanted to hurt Jamie. I just don't know how to do these things. I'm not very nice sometimes. I hope Asher doesn't see that in me. [long pause] I didn't mean to hold you up. Have a good weekend.

RORY: [pauses at the door] I just want you to be happy. You know that, right?

PARIS: [smiles for the first time] Thanks. I'm happy.

CUT TO LORELAI'S INTERIOR FRONT DOOR

[Rory enters to hear loud music.]

RORY: [calls out over the blare of the music before turning volume down] Mom? Hello?

LORELAI: [comes down stairs] Oh, Rory. Good. I did not go suddenly half deaf. Were you supposed to meet me here?

RORY: No, I'm a surprise.

LORELAI: As was your conception.

RORY: I'll just be two minutes. [exits to go to her room to change]

LORELAI: As was your conception.

RORY: [call off camera] Hey, how was your day with Jason?

LORELAI: Fun! He makes me laugh.

RORY: Aww, I like that

LORELAI: [calls out so Rory can hear] He's very off-center. It's been a while since I've been with someone off-center.

RORY: Cool.

LORELAI: I'm telling Mom tonight - about us.

RORY: I think Grandma knows you're my mother.

LORELAI: About me and Jason.

[Rory walks into the front hall, putting on her coat.]

RORY: Very brave.

LORELAI: Yeah. [she joins Rory and they walk through the kitchen] Jason's wanted to from the beginning. It's the mature thing to do and that's why I didn't want to do it, but it's time.

RORY: That's weird [looking in kitchen cabinet]

LORELAI: What's weird?

RORY: This. [takes out loaf of bread]

LORELAI: Bread? Bread is weird?

RORY: It's weird when its here. It does not make a good snack.

LORELAI: It does when you add stuff to it, like cheese.

RORY: We have cheese? [moves to the refrigerator and opens]

LORELAI: Yeah. It's not "Donner Pass", we have cheese.

RORY: Whoa! It's like a frickin' cornucopia.

LORELAI: Yeah, there's the stuff.

RORY: There's the cheese!

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah. Why are you making such a big deal about this?

RORY: Because we never had real food in this house the whole time I was growing up.

LORELAI: What? We always had food. This fridge was never empty.

RORY: Well, yeah. We had left overs from take-out - cold pizza, Luke's fries, but never stuff you had to assemble.

LORELAI: Okay chill out on the inquiry. [pushes door closed]

RORY: Is that a cucumber?

LORELAI: Listen, you'd make a terrible private investigator, because you get hung up on all sorts of dumb stuff that does not matter - now come on. We're late, I'll drive. [leads her out the kitchen door]

RORY: Sounds good. [points to the basket on the stove] Oh my God, is that a tomato?

LORELAI: Enough already. Let's go.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE HOUSE - INTERIOR FROM DOOR

[Emily opens to greet Lorelai and Rory]

EMILY: Ah, my girls are arriving together.

LORELAI: Hi, Mom.

RORY: Hi, Grandma.

EMILY: You smell like coffee. [assists the maid with their coats]

RORY: We haven't had any.

EMILY: It's so strong.

LORELAI: Okay, Mom. I really don't like you sniffing me.

RORY: Hey where's Grandpa tonight?

EMILY: He's in Manhattan having dinner with clients. He just called. They're at some restaurant near Times Square. He said that Times Square just keeps getting cleaner and cleaner. They didn't stumble upon one prost*tute the whole night.

LORELAI: Oh yeah. I heard the Disney Company had them all k*llled.

EMILY: What I don't understand is why Jason wouldn't make this trip instead.

LORELAI: Oh. Well, he's maybe busy with his own thing.

EMILY: I know for a fact he wasn't. Richard said he took the whole morning off.

LORELAI: Well, everyone deserves an occasional morning off.

EMILY: Richard never takes a morning off. He's up every day at five-thirty on the phone then it's out the door to the office. I bet Jason doesn't roll out of bed until eight.

LORELAI: On the contrary - he - probably gets up earlier than eight. You know, I would think that he would have to, to keep up with Dad.

RORY: [frowning] Makes sense.

LORELAI: [uncomfortable] Just a guess.

EMILY: I just find that boy so irritating. He's always trying to get in good with me. Complimenting me, agreeing with me. He's absolutely prostrating himself at my feet. It's so weak.

LORELAI: Well you're a formidable opponent, Mom. They don't call you the Edie Amine of the DAR for nothing.

EMILY: He's so grating about it. I'm never fully comfortable around him.

LORELAI: Well you should maybe try harder.

EMILY: I try. But every time I see him a new facet of his Jason-ish comes out.

LORELAI: It's good to have different facets, and there's probably a lot you don't know about him.

EMILY: Oh, I'm sure about that. You two would be perfect for each other.

LORELAI: What? Who, me and Jason?

EMILY: A match made in heaven.

LORELAI: Well, thanks a lot!

EMILY: Don't get upset. [rises to go make drinks]

LORELAI: Well Mom, you just spent the last five minutes listing every off-putting quality Jason has, real or imagined and then you put me on his level and you say we're perfect together. [Emily begins laughing at the bar table] What's so funny?

EMILY: I'm sorry - [continues to laugh]

LORELAI: Did I miss something? Did a clown come in behind me and start doing funny pratfalls, what?

EMILY: Just the idea of you and Jason together, it's funny.

LORELAI: [to a grinning Rory] It's funny.

EMILY: It's really funny. I just said it as a joke.

LORELAI: You said it as a joke.

EMILY: You took it so seriously.

LORELAI: But why is it so funny?

EMILY: Well, think about it.

LORELAI: I am. I just trying to figure out what you're thinking.

EMILY: Well, it's obvious.

LORELAI: It's not obvious to me or to Rory. Rory's wondering, aren't you?

RORY: Yeah, why is that so funny, Grandma?

EMILY: It would just be so ludicrous.

LORELAI: But why, because he's a - you know, he's a hard-working guy from what I know.

EMILY: [continues to laugh harder] I'm sorry, you're making me laugh even harder about it. I just said it off hand.

LORELAI: I know.

EMILY: [offers drink to Lorelai] Martini?

LORELAI: You didn't have to shake it much with all that laughing, you know, the laughing just shook it on up for ya.

EMILY: It's good to laugh like that once in a while.

LORELAI: Oh yeah. I know.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE EXTERIOR FRONT DOOR

[Lorelai and Rory exit and walk toward their car. Lorelai appears unusually quiet.]

RORY: You okay? [Lorelai doesn't respond] You didn't tell her. Next time? How are your motor skills? I'll drive. [She takes the keys from her mother]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Police officer Cooper enters and approaches the counter where Luke is standing]

COOPER: Luke.

LUKE: Oh, Hey Coop.

COOPER: Good news, found the car.

LUKE: Oh good. Who would steal that thing. It's just a hunk of junk.

COOPER: It broke down on the expressway a couple of hours ago, the guy was in it.

LUKE: You got the guy?

COOPER: Yeah, but there's not a lot we can do, the guy's the owner.

LUKE: What do you mean? I'm the owner.

COOPER: Well, not according to the registration. It's registered to a --

LUKE: Jess Mariano. [watches the tow truck drive by]

COOPER: Yep. Says you're his uncle. Registration's long expired, too. It needs seeing to. But I just figured that since these seems like a family matter, I'd bring the car and the kid back to you. [Luke watches Jess step out of the police cruiser.]

LUKE: Yeah, a family matter.

CUT TO A VERY COLD STARS HOLLOW NIGHT - OUTSIDE NEAR THE FRONT OF LUKE'S DINER

[Voices are heard off camera while tow truck attendant is lowering Jess' car to the pavement.]

COOPER: Where do you want it?

LUKE: Right there's fine.

JESS: This isn't wasn't my idea.

COOPER: You'll take care of the registration?

[camera on Luke and Jess on the sidewalk. Officer Cooper is getting in his squad car.]

LUKE: Yeah, thanks Coop.

JESS: [sarcastic] Yeah, thanks Coop.

COOPER: [to his partner] Lets go, Frank.

LUKE: Well, look who's back.

JESS: I'm only here to retrieve my property.

LUKE: [crossed arms] You've got a lot of nerve.

JESS: You've got a lot of nerve.

LUKE: How so? [squad car drives away as they talk]

JESS: You stole my car. Coop should have arrested you, why didn't he arrest you?

LUKE: Free donuts.

JESS: Beautiful.

LUKE: So you got anything you wanna say?

JESS: You could have washed it once in a while?

LUKE: Okay fine, the car is yours, our business here is done, hasta la vista, have a nice life. [starts to leave]

JESS: Our business here is not done. My car is wrecked because of you.

LUKE: Oh yeah?

JESS: Three of the tires are leaking, its got no oil, the floats in the carburetor are probably cracked so it's back-firing like mad, I mean, people were ducking when I was driving by. Then it stalled and wouldn't start.

LUKE: Well, you can find Mr. Goodwrench in the Yellow Pages, I think it's under M or is it G? I can never tell with those kinds of things.

JESS: You're paying for the repairs.

LUKE: Oh, don't make me laugh.

JESS: It's broken because of you.

LUKE: That thing was a piece of junk to begin with, the paint is the only thing holding it together.

JESS: And the expired registration? I'm gonna have to pay a fine.

LUKE: So, I guess it didn't work out with your dad, huh?

JESS: It worked out fine.

LUKE: So, what are you doing back East, buddy? Still searching?

JESS: Been traveling.

LUKE: Well, thanks for all the swell cards and letters you sent while you were away.

JESS: You kicked me out, what were you expecting - a candygram?

LUKE: I didn't kick you out, you got yourself kicked out.

JESS: Nice spin, you should work for Bush.

LUKE: So what did you get out of this Kerouac trip of yours? You write the great American novel or something? You learn how to play the harmonica?

JESS: What do you care, you're not my guardian anymore.

LUKE: And I bless every day that I'm not.

JESS: Well, when you're not good at something, it's best to cut and run.

LUKE: Aww, I'm sorry I tried to give you a decent life, Jess. I'm sorry I didn't think driving a fork-lift for the rest of your life was good enough for you.

JESS: Oh that is condescending, isn't it? I thought you were a friend of the working man.

LUKE: Oh, that sister of mine, what a prize. What a prize.

JESS: What does she have to do with any of this?

LUKE: I tell her about the car, she runs and tells you. That's what happened, right? Her claiming she had no contact.

JESS: Again, the car is mine. Liz was doing the right thing, that's what family does.

LUKE: Family? What a joke coming from you.

JESS: Go clean your counters, I'm tired.

LUKE: So, you staying in town?

JESS: I don't know of any twenty-four hour auto shops around here, do you?

LUKE: Well, you're not staying with me.

JESS: It didn't cross my mind.

LUKE: Get it fixed quick.

JESS: Believe me, no one wants it fixed faster than me.

LUKE: You stay away from her while you're here.

JESS: Stay away from who?

LUKE: You know who I mean.

JESS: Gee, you're so cryptic.

LUKE: You've done all the damage there you're gonna, okay?

JESS: I'm here to get my car, then I'm gone. [walks away from Luke toward his stranded car]

LUKE: Where are you staying?

JESS: Backseat's as comfy as anywhere.

LUKE: Fine. [As Jess gets in his chilly car, Luke returns to his diner]

CUT TO ANOTHER PART OF THE STARS HOLLOW STREET

[Rory and Lorelai exit Taylor's Soda Shoppe and walk together]

RORY: Please do not say that word again.

LORELAI: It's a free country.

RORY: Just say hot chocolate or say nothing at all.

LORELAI: Mmm, terrific "Ho-Cho".

RORY: Oooh, I hate that. It's so cutsey-wootsey.

LORELAI: Do you hate it as much as my favorite summer treat?

RORY: Don't!

LORELAI: An ice-cold Fro-Yo! [takes out her cell phone]

RORY: Stop! Just stop - who are you calling?

LORELAI: I'm calling Jason, I promised I would check in. [cell phone rings] Hello.

CUT TO JASON'S APARTMENT AND BACK TO STARS HOLLOW.

JASON: I'm dying here, how'd it go?

LORELAI: Weeeell, it didn't.

JASON: [disappointed sigh] Oh.

LORELAI: Sorry.

JASON'S VOICE: You chicken out?

LORELAI: Na - it's a long story - the timing was very bad. [Rory stands shivering]

JASON'S VOICE: You chickened out.

LORELAI: No, no. I - ah, yeah - kind of. [Rory and Lorelai continue to walk down the sidewalk]

JASON: Lorelai, we've got to do it.

LORELAI: Well, the timing has to be right

JASON: It's going to be awkward no matter when you do it.

LORELAI: Not if they're both unconscious.

JASON: Yeah, but then you're going to be dealing with why both your parents are unconscious, and doctors consultations, and phoning friends and relatives - the timing is bad there too.

LORELAI: Listen, it's ah - trust me, this was not good timing, and I swear to you there'll be much better timing in the near future. [their stroll takes them to the front of Luke's diner where they stop. Rory notices a familiar car parked across the street. She slowly walks toward it.] Well, near is near - I can't define it more than that. Uh, it's closer than far, how's that?

RORY: [She stands close enough to see Jess asleep in the backseat.] I don't believe this.

LORELAI: [concerned] Uh, honey - I gotta call you back, okay? Bye. Um, is that - ?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Oh.

RORY: I don't believe this.

LORELAI: What is he doing here?

RORY: What is he doing - there? [indicating the car]

LORELAI: Asleep in his car - is he living in it?

RORY: I don't see stuff.

LORELAI: Does Luke know he's here?

RORY: Well, I know what you know.

LORELAI: [disbelief] He - may not know.

RORY: Well, it's right in front of his place. How could he not know?

LORELAI: Well, it's freezing out here. He could die, he must not know.

RORY: Or doesn't care.

LORELAI: Do you think David Blain put him up to this?

RORY: Why is he here? I mean, why did he come back?

LORELAI: Light's still on in there, Luke's in there somewhere - should we go talk to him?

RORY: [uncomfortable] No. It's too weird. [shivers] And it's - weird.

LORELAI: Definitely weird.

RORY: Well, I'll just see you at home. I'm - cause I don't want to deal with this. I'll see you at home.
[She quickly walks off, while Lorelai pauses a moment before walking to Luke's diner door.]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER INTERIOR - CLOSED

[Lorelai taps on the door's glass window and Luke approaches and opens it.]

LUKE: Hey, come on in.

LORELAI: Are you aware of whose out there?

LUKE: Yeah, I'm aware [continues to stack chairs on tables]

LORELAI: That he's sleeping in his car?

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: It's about thirty-five degrees.

LUKE: He's a tough guy, he can take it.

LORELAI: Luke, why is he back here?

LUKE: Because I'm stupid.

LORELAI: Meaning?

LUKE: Well his mom showed up -- for what reason I don't know -- I'm still waiting for that shoe to drop. I mention Jess' car and then - boom - there's Jess.

LORELAI: So the mystery woman from this morning? That's Liz?

LUKE: In all her glory

LORELAI: Quite a day you've had.

LUKE: Oh, it's been delightful. I think Bobby McFerrin's gonna write one of those happy boop-boopdy-doo songs of his about this. I mean, she lied to me about having contact with Jess, so she's lied about everything else.

LORELAI: But why is he sleeping in his car?

LUKE: Because he's going to wait to have it fixed, it's a point of pride with the little punk. But please, don't tell Rory, he'll be gone tomorrow, no reason to upset her.

LORELAI: Well, she's already seen him.

LUKE: [grimacing] Oh man!

LORELAI: She's fine Luke. She's over it.

LUKE: Well, he won't go near her, I'll make sure of that.

LORELAI: Again, I don't think it's necessary. She can fend for herself.

LUKE: [exasperated] What a lie it all is!

LORELAI: All what is?

LUKE: Families. I mean, they're just messes. It's like this - spilled drink that just keeps spilling, and ya gotta keep cleaning it up, and you scrub and you scrub and you just can't get the stain up! Show me a happy family - just one. Didn't that Tolstoy-guy say something about families?

LORELAI: Probably

LUKE: It's a famous thing he said. It's like: "all families are unhappy" ...or, or, or "happy on the surface"... or "unhappy in the same way"...

LORELAI: Sounds a little incomplete.

LUKE: Well, y'know, maybe he couldn't complete the thought because he was dealing with his stinkin' family.

LORELAI: Do the Hallmark people know about you? 'Cause you're a natural.

LUKE: (throws his hands up helplessly) I'm tired of cleaning up messes. I'm tired of helping people who do nothing to help themselves!

LORELAI: I'm sorry you're so upset. I just don't want you to have to deal with the frozen carcass in the morning

LUKE: He'll be fine.

LORELAI: Okay. Try to get some rest, okay? Relax. Watch a little TV - no family shows...

LUKE: (chuckles) Yeah, yeah... I'm going up now.

LORELAI: Bye. [she leaves and Luke, obviously upset, watches after her]

CUT TO LORELAI'S LIVING ROOM

[Lorelai enters front door shivering. Rory is studying on the couch.]

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Hey. So, do you want an update?

RORY: I guess.

LORELAI: Well, the whole thing - the mystery woman from this morning? Jess' mom.

RORY: Whoa.

LORELAI: Still a mystery though. Luke's not quite sure what she's up to.

RORY: She came with Jess?

LORELAI: She called him or something. It's very confusing. Luke was not in an expansive story telling mood. All he knows is that Jess said he came for his car and he's not leaving without it.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Yeah. Which means he might be here part of the day tomorrow, so uh, "Danger, Will Robinson."

RORY: I can live with it, really.

LORELAI: That's what I told Luke.

RORY: Good.

LORELAI: Okay. So, I'm going to go upstairs, get warm - Good night.

RORY: Hey, um, before you go.

LORELAI: Hmm?

RORY: What happened to our movie channels?

LORELAI: What do you mean?

RORY: Well, I was flipping through cable and a bunch of our channels are gone.

LORELAI: Oh. Well, that's not right.

RORY: And you have bread.

LORELAI: [chuckles] There's a connection?

RORY: Are you skimping?

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Cutting back on things, cable, eating out, the bread, the cheese, the tomato

LORELAI: Okay, hey - if you're going to try me in a court of law, the bread, the tomato and I will need to hire a lawyer.

RORY: There's no takeout in the fridge, no takeout containers in the trash.

LORELAI: You're going through the trash?

RORY: And I'm not seeing the stacks of magazines lying around. We always subscribe to everything.

LORELAI: Yes, we do. I've read them all, they're in recycle bin - you can go check.

RORY: It even seems a little darker in here - like you're using a lower watt bulb, or something.

LORELAI: Oh my God, you're reading into everything.

RORY: You're not having money problems?

LORELAI: No. I mean, I'm not going to be on the Fortune 500 list anytime soon, but I'm fine.

RORY: With the Inn and everything?

LORELAI: Yes. We're getting a horse.

RORY: Cool. And food for the horse?

LORELAI: He'll be well fed.

RORY: Just as long as you're well fed too.

LORELAI: Yeah, I'll call the cable company in the morning. I think we should be getting those channels.

RORY: Well, you'd tell me, right?

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: [closes her study folder and kisses Lorelai's cheek] Well, goodnight.

LORELAI: Good night angel. [Rory rises and leaves. When she is out of sight, Lorelai clicks off the nearby table lamp.]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER DARK INTERIOR

[Luke sighs as he looks out the front window at Jess' parked car. He shrugs and comes to a decision]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW EXTERIOR - STREET

[Luke approaches Jess' stranded car and pounds loudly on the window.]

JESS: [muffled inside as Luke continues pounding on the glass] Go away. [Eventually Jess impatiently rises and rolls down the window.] What?

LUKE: I'm spending the night with Nicole.

JESS: Thanks for the update.

LUKE: The hidden key is still in the same place. Now, you can stay out here and freeze to death if you want or you can go inside, I don't really give a damn, it makes no difference to me. [walks off without waiting for an answer]

JESS: Fine. [rolls his window up]

[Luke gets in his green pickup truck and drives off around a corner. After a pause, the door of Jess' car opens and he gets out heading straight for the diner. Luke quietly rolls around the block corner to secretly watch Jess' progress. Jess neatly finds the hidden key and enters the diner. Luke sighs and drives off.]

THE END

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