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03x20 - Say Goodnight, Gracie

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by **destinyros2005**

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3.20 - Say Goodnight, Gracie

teleplay by Amy Sherman-Palladino & Janet Leahy

story by Amy Sherman-Palladino

directed by Jamie Babbit

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OPEN AT KYLE'S HOUSE

[Kyle and Marshall are cleaning up litter in the front yard.]

KYLE: Get the wrapper.

MARSHALL: What wrapper?

KYLE: The Tootsie Roll wrapper.

MARSHALL: What Tootsie Roll wrapper?

KYLE: The one at your feet.

MARSHALL: I don't see it.

KYLE: It's right there.

MARSHALL: Where?

KYLE: Marshall, stop arguing with me, my parents are watching.

[Lorelai is waiting on the sidewalk; Rory walks out of the house with a backpack]

LORELAI: Have you see these guys? They're hilarious.

RORY: I got it, we can go.

LORELAI: Why are you holding it like that?

RORY: Because when Lane left it here last night, it was a very different color.

LORELAI: Are you sure she's gonna want that back? It's been left alone all night at a keg party. There's no getting it over that. That backpack is permanently scarred. That backpack is Zelda Fitzgerald.

RORY: Well, Zelda's going home.

LORELAI: Okay. Your first cop-raided party. I am just so proud.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: I just wish I could've been there.

RORY: It was no big deal.

LORELAI: Did they bring the paddywagon?

RORY: Yeah, but then we snuck out the backdoor of the speak-easy and headed straight for the Algonquin.

LORELAI: How was Benchley?

RORY: Drunk again.

LORELAI: So tell me more about this party last night. I mean, I know the end, but what happened in the middle?

RORY: Lane's band played, they were great, and then people just hung out and talked, and then, uh, there was some sort of fight, I guess. The cops came, that's it.

LORELAI: Hm.

[Luke walks up to the house]

LORELAI: Hey, Luke.

LUKE: I'm in bed. I have ten more minutes to sleep. Not a lot of time in the grand scheme of things, but still, ten minutes is ten minutes. You know what I mean.

LORELAI: Sure, yeah.

RORY: Ten minutes is great.

LUKE: And then the phone rings, and it just rings and rings and rings and rings, so I pick it up.

LORELAI: And then hopefully got your hearing checked.

LUKE: Can I finish my story?

LORELAI: I'm just saying, that's a lot of rings.

LUKE: And on the other end of the phone is someone named John who says he's Kyle's father, and Kyle threw a party last night without permission. And two guys got into a fight and tore the place apart, so John wants me to come down and take a look at the damage and discuss some sort of solution to the problem of the damages. Now, I don't know John, and I certainly don't know Kyle, but I do know someone who would get into a fight at a party and leave the place completely trashed. It's a wild guess, but I think his name rhymes with Tess. So here I am, heading in there to talk to John about Kyle and discuss what is to be done about the Hummel.

LORELAI: The what?

LUKE: Exactly.

[Luke walks toward the front door]

LORELAI: Uh, so let's get back to the party recap. Any little details you wanna tell Mommy?

RORY: Jess and Dean got into the fight.

LORELAI: Over you.

RORY: I was a contributing factor.

LORELAI: Was anyone hurt?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: And that's why the cops came and broke up the party?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: So not only did you go to a cop-raided party but you started the raid?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: This fence is broken because of you, this crap is on the ground because of you.

RORY: What's your point?

LORELAI: [sings] Did you ever know that you're my hero?

RORY: Oh my God!

LORELAI: [sings] You're everything I would like to be. And I could fly higher than an eagle, 'cause you are the wind beneath my wings.

[opening credits]

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Guests are gathered in the lobby for breakfast. Two of them walk up to Lorelai.]

DENNIS: Oh, these muffins, they're brilliant.

PEG: Tell us you sell your muffin mix.

LORELAI: Sookie, these people wanna throw roses at your feet.

SOOKIE: And I will let them.

PEG: Listen, Sookie, Dennis and I and a bunch of us others wondered if you offered cooking classes.

SOOKIE: Cooking classes?

DENNIS: Some of the better B&B's have them on the itinerary.

SOOKIE: Oh, of course they do. So, we do, too.

PEG: We will be your disciples.

SOOKIE: Oh my gosh, we're gonna have so much fun. We'll start with some spreads and jams, and if there's time - desserts. I have this chocolate balm. . .oh, but breads. . .and soups!

LORELAI: Um, Sookie, hon, we don't have a kitchen.

SOOKIE: Oh, right.

PEG: There's no kitchen?

SOOKIE: Okay, not a problem. You'll all come to my house.

PEG: Can't wait.

DENNIS: Cheers.

[Lorelai and Sookie walk to the front desk]

LORELAI: Uh, make a note - if the guests are gonna wear those robes downstairs, we need to buy ones with thicker material.

SOOKIE: Really.

LORELAI: Seeing the sunlight hit Dennis gave me a whole new respect for Peg.

SOOKIE: Hey, listen, uh, Jackson's up in Rochester today helping his cousin rebuild his Nova. He's not getting home 'til late, so you know what that makes me?

LORELAI: Available.

SOOKIE: Like an intern.

LORELAI: Oh.

SOOKIE: What are you and Rory doing tonight?

LORELAI: I'm open. Rory's got plans with the grandparents.

SOOKIE: I didn't know you guys were back in touch.

LORELAI: I'm not, Rory is.

SOOKIE: Ah.

LORELAI: Mmhmm, yeah.

SOOKIE: Well, at least the family pressure's off you now. That's good, right?

LORELAI: I don't know. I mean, before this whole Friday night dinner thing, I didn't see them regularly and we didn't talk regularly, so it wasn't weird when I didn't see them or talk to them regularly.

SOOKIE: You miss them.

LORELAI: No, I just feel like I'm not doing something I'm supposed to do. I feel guilty.

SOOKIE: So what are you gonna do about it?

LORELAI: I'm gonna hope it passes.

SOOKIE: Sounds healthy.

CUT TO CHURCH

[The priest is leading a service at the front of the room. Rory walks in with Lane's backpack and takes it to Lane, who is sitting at a table at the back of the church]

PRIEST: Blessed are they who mourn, for they will be comforted. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they. . .

RORY: Hey.

LANE: Hi.

RORY: So, how are you? How were things last night?

LANE: You mean, after my drunken call to my mother?

RORY: Yeah. What happened when you got home?

LANE: I'm not sure.

RORY: What do you mean you're not sure?

LANE: Well, after I finished with my Farelly brothers' audition in the bushes - thank you for the hair-holding, by the way.

RORY: Anytime.

LANE: Dave dropped me off at home. He wanted to come in, but he's an only child and I saw no reason for his family line to end with him, so I went in and he left.

RORY: And?

LANE: The place was dark.

RORY: No Mrs. Kim?

LANE: No Mrs. Kim.

RORY: No Mrs. Kim.

LANE: So, of course, I panicked. What does this mean? I mean, when I come home ten minutes late from bible study, she has a cow. But I call her drunk, tell her I'm at a party, I'm a drummer in a band, and I'm in love with a non-Korean. . . I expected there to be backup - aunts, uncles, cousins pulled out from villages I've never heard of, but nothing.

RORY: I don't understand.

LANE: So I go upstairs to make sure everything's okay. I look in her room and she's in bed asleep.

RORY: No.

LANE: Then this morning, I get up, I go in the kitchen where she's making breakfast and I say, "Good morning, Mama."

RORY: And?

LANE: She turns around, looks right at me and says, "Good morning, Lane."

RORY: Really?

LANE: And those were the last words she's said to me all day.

RORY: So she's freezing you out?

LANE: No, it was more Stepford than cold. You know, very calm, very serene.

RORY: Okay, well, let's think. Maybe she didn't hear you.

LANE: I was drunk, I could've slurred.

RORY: Exactly. Maybe she thought you said you were at a smarty, playing clock music, drinking fear, and in love with Rave Smitchalsky.

LANE: And how would that be better?

RORY: It's much less clear.

LANE: What is that smell?

RORY: Your backpack.

PRIEST: Blessed are they which are pers -

[The priest sees the rabbi at the back of the church gesturing for him to speed things up.]

PRIEST: [speaks quickly] Uh, blessed are they who are persecuted for the sake of righteousness, for theirs are the Kingdom of Heaven.

RORY: You have to talk to her, Lane.

LANE: I can't talk to her.

RORY: Well, what are you going to do?

LANE: Well, first off, I volunteered to work this table for the next two months. Plus, I told her I'd go to that Seventh Day Adventist college in Hartford and live at home.

RORY: Lane, no.

LANE: And I told Dave to forget about the prom. There's no way that's gonna happen.

RORY: I'm sorry.

LANE: Don't be, it's my fault.

[The rabbi enters with a group of people]

PRIEST: And utter every kind of evil against you falsely because of me, Amen. Okay, let's go. Sorry, David.

RABBI: No problem, Archie.

[The priest leaves, the rabbi starts his service.]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Jess rushes around the crowded diner serving people]

WOMAN: Excuse me, I'd like some ham.

JESS: Be right back.

WOMAN: But I'd like some ham!

[Jess delivers a plate to a table]

MAN 1: Is this what I ordered?

JESS: Yes. [walks to the table by the door] Know what you want yet?

MAN 2: Oh, uh, no, not yet.

JESS: You know what might help?

MAN 2: What?

JESS: Opening the menu.

MAN 2: Yes, thank you for the tip.

[Jess walks to the counter]

JESS: I need ham.

CAESAR: No ham.

JESS: We got a shipment of ham yesterday.

CAESAR: No ham.

JESS: Caesar, there's a lady over there that has been saying she wants ham for the last twenty minutes and if I go back there empty handed, there's a fifty-fifty chance that she will eat me.

CAESAR: No ham.

JESS: Then sew some bacon together 'cause that woman is getting ham.

[Jess picks up a plate and walks toward the tables]

MAN 1: Excuse me, I don't think this is what I. . . [Jess exchanges his plate with the one he's

carrying] Thank you.

JESS: [holds up the plate] Who ordered this? Look in front of you. If there is nothing there and there should be, then this is yours.

KIRK: Oh, here.

[Jess gives Kirk the plate, then walks back over to the man at the table by the door]

JESS: Well?

MAN 2: What?

JESS: You know what you want yet?

MAN 2: I'll just have more coffee.

JESS: More coffee coming up. Glad to make your dining dreams come true.

[Taylor walks in]

TAYLOR: [sings] "Oh, who can take a sunrise, sprinkle it with dew. Cover it in chocolate and a miracle or two, the candy man. Oh, the candy man can!" Yes, that's right, the candy man can 'cause he mixes it with love and makes the world taste good, and I, ladies and gentlemen, am the candy man. Your candy man. I'm mixing it with love and making Stars Hollow taste good.

JESS: Move.

TAYLOR: Uh, in a second Jess. Give him a taffy. I come to announce to one and all that the day we all thought would never get here has arrived.

KIRK: Arbor Day?

TAYLOR: No.

KIRK: The Day of Reckoning?

TAYLOR: No

KIRK: The day the music died?

TAYLOR: Kirk.

KIRK: Give me a taffy.

TAYLOR: What?

KIRK: I've got a million of 'em. Give me a taffy!

TAYLOR: As I was saying, the big day has arrived. The opening of Taylor's Old Fashioned Soda Shoppe and Candy Store! Tomorrow from noon to six, there will be fun, balloons, ice cream, and old fashioned penny candy for just one dollar a piece. Come at noon, stay all day. . .

[Luke walks in]

JESS: Where the hell have you been? The place is a freaking zoo. Every table's full and I've got

Sammy Davis Jr. here thinking it's the Desert Inn.

LUKE: I had to run an errand.

JESS: Everybody's complaining, we're out of ham, Caesar's suddenly decided to join the Slow Food Movement, and I've got a guy who's moved in at a table for four. He just sits, making it impossible for me to turn over that table, and if I can't turn over that table, then that cuts way back on my tips.

LUKE: I'm sorry, don't you mean my tips?

JESS: What?

LUKE: You know where I was this morning?

JESS: No.

LUKE: I was at Kyle's. His parents called me this morning.

JESS: Oh, yeah?

LUKE: Seems a little party you went to last night got a little Animal House, huh?

JESS: Dean started it.

LUKE: Oh, you're not really gonna use that one, are you?

JESS: Well, he did. He sucker punched me and I was just defending myself.

LUKE: Oh, apparently you defended yourself all the way through the house and out into the front yard. You defended yourself with a chair that is now broken. You defended yourself with a coffee table. You defended yourself with an ottoman.

JESS: I don't need a recap.

LUKE: Do you have any idea how much damage you caused?

JESS: Dean caused it, too.

LUKE: The place was trashed.

JESS: Dean trashed it, too.

LUKE: Are you trying to k*ll me?

JESS: Nope, it'll just be a perk.

LUKE: Okay, well, here's the deal. From now on, every cent that you make here goes toward paying them back.

JESS: Hey, what about -

LUKE: Dean's paying them back also.

JESS: How do you know?

LUKE: Because he was at Kyle's house when I got there.

JESS: You're kidding me.

LUKE: He had already worked out a financial agreement with the parents and was helping them put a fence back up.

JESS: Man, he's gonna make some woman a fine doormat someday.

LUKE: You are making good on this, Jess.

JESS: I have to get more coffee out of the store room.

LUKE: Every cent is getting paid back. I never want those people calling me again.

[The man at the table by the door gets up and leaves. Luke notices that the man left his wallet on the table. Luke picks it up, then walks out the door to catch him]

LUKE: Hey, you left your wallet! Hey!

[Luke opens the wallet and checks the ID]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai walks down the steps carrying some skirts. Rory is in the living room getting ready to leave]

LORELAI: Okay, here's the problem. Every single one of my skirts is either too long or too short for this season's acceptable lengths. Which means I either have to alter or shop.

RORY: To be or not to be.

LORELAI: Just wait 'til you hear what InStyle thinks of you, young lady. What time are you getting home tonight?

RORY: We have to go over the special graduation edition of the Franklin, and of course we're completely behind, partly because Paris can't let anything go to print unless she's proofed it a million times. Can you say crazy a**l micromanager?

LORELAI: Not five times fast.

RORY: I'll be home by ten.

LORELAI: That's all I needed to know.

RORY: I forgot my notes.

LORELAI: I put them in your bedroom.

[Rory walks to her bedroom. Lorelai picks up the phone and dials a number]

EMILY: Hello?

LORELAI: Hi, Mom.

EMILY: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Yup, it's me. So, how are you?

EMILY: I'm fine.

LORELAI: Good. How's Dad?

EMILY: He's fine.

LORELAI: Also good.

EMILY: May I speak with Rory please?

LORELAI: No, you can't speak with Rory.

EMILY: Why not?

LORELAI: Because I called you.

EMILY: So what?

LORELAI: You don't get to request a switch when a person calls you.

EMILY: I'm sure she's standing right there.

LORELAI: Not the point. If you wanna talk to Rory, you have to call. Then when I answer the phone, you can ask for Rory. But you didn't call, I called, so you cannot ask for Rory.

EMILY: What do you want, Lorelai?

LORELAI: I just wanted to see how you were. I haven't seen you for awhile.

EMILY: Your choice.

LORELAI: No, your choice, Mom.

EMILY: You're the one who called off Friday night dinners.

LORELAI: No, I'm the one who called off the obligation for Friday night dinners. You're the one who called off. . .ugh, you know what, I didn't call to argue.

EMILY: Fine, let's not argue.

LORELAI: Come on, Mom, this is silly. I mean, think back to before the whole Friday night dinner thing. We still had a relationship.

EMILY: You mean the one where I would trick you into calling me by leaving a message on your answering machine saying I had something important to tell you, but I wouldn't include the details so you had no choice but to call me.

LORELAI: Yes.

EMILY: And then when you did call, we'd talk about the weather, you'd ask about the DAR, and then you'd put Rory on the phone, even when she was too young to talk.

LORELAI: It was not always like that.

EMILY: It was always like that. Very well. The weather's fine, the DAR is staging a luncheon at the library next week. You already said I couldn't talk to Rory, so there, I think you've fulfilled your obligation.

LORELAI: Okay, Mom, fine. Have a nice day.

EMILY: Same to you.

[They hang up. Lorelai's phone rings]

LORELAI: It's for you!

CUT TO CHILTON

[Rory rushes into the Franklin meeting]

RORY: Sorry, sorry, sorry.

PARIS: The issue is a disaster. It's our last issue of the Franklin and it's a complete disaster.

RORY: I'm sure it's not that bad.

PARIS: And that's why you won't need to Botox your frown lines on your nineteenth birthday. [to another student] Not that picture, no, put it down. Put it down now! [walks away]

[Rory walks over to Madeline and Louise]

RORY: How's it coming?

LOUISE: Very frustrating.

MADELINE: We just can't seem to get exactly the right combination.

LOUISE: All right. How about blue dress, blonde guy, black limo? Works best for me.

MADELINE: Yes, however, green dress, red-haired guy, white limo works best for me.

LOUISE: White limo with blonde guy totally doesn't work. It's too washed up.

RORY: I'm assuming this conversation veered off of the cover page placement?

MADELINE: How about black-haired guy, green dress and tan limo?

LOUISE: Tan limo?

MADELINE: Good neutral backdrop.

LOUISE: Well, this opens up a whole new set of options. Bring the golf team back in.

RORY: Okay, why don't I just get these pesky Franklin articles out of your way. There we go.

PARIS: What are you doing?

RORY: I am working on the front page placement.

PARIS: What are they doing?

RORY: Staying true to who they are.

LOUISE: Look, prom is once. It happens, it's photographed, and then it's there forever.

MADELINE: Planning is essential.

LOUISE: By the way, Paris, we left a space for you in the limo. However, we're gonna need the color of your dress.

MADELINE: And a picture of Jamie.

LOUISE: And the amount of flexibility that you have with the color of your dress.

MADELINE: And with Jamie.

PARIS: Thank you, but we've already made our plans for prom night. Jamie hired a private car to drive us to the prom. We'll go in, take the picture, depending on the level of lameness, dance. Then he's taking me to dinner at Antoine's, followed by a helicopter ride to join his parents out in Martha's Vineyard for the weekend.

MADELINE: What color's the helicopter?

PARIS: As you were. [to Rory] So, have you figured out your plans for prom night yet?

RORY: Oh, no, but Stars Hollow is a much more casual kind of a prom. Less Cinderella, more Footloose.

PARIS: Still a prom.

RORY: It is still a prom.

PARIS: I can't wait.

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Lorelai and Sookie walk down the street]

LORELAI: It's my own fault. I poked a slumbering bear with a stick. I reached out and initiated contact with Emily Gilmore. I get what I deserve.

SOOKIE: You're a bad girl.

LORELAI: You know what really stinks? They're having Rory over tonight for a movie night.

SOOKIE: Movie night? That's your thing with her.

LORELAI: Exactly. What's next? "Stay home and dance around in your underwear to the Monkees' greatest hits" night?

SOOKIE: I wouldn't put it past them to steal that, too.

LORELAI: What's going on?

[They read a sign on the bakery door that says Fran has passed away]

LORELAI: Oh my God.

SOOKIE: Fran.

LORELAI: Poor thing.

SOOKIE: I don't believe it.

LORELAI: Such a great lady.

SOOKIE: Great lady.

LORELAI: Eighty-three on her last birthday. A good long life.

SOOKIE: We should all be so lucky.

LORELAI: I'm gonna miss her.

SOOKIE: Me, too. So. . .

LORELAI: Yeah?

SOOKIE: I guess this'll put that old inn of hers on the market.

LORELAI: Right, right. I mean, she wanted to keep it as long as she was alive, and now. . .

SOOKIE: Oh my God.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: You don't think that because we wanted the property so much, we k*llled Fran.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: Through the power of our minds.

LORELAI: No, no, we wished for the property, not this!

SOOKIE: Yeah, but you never know with karma.

LORELAI: Look, we loved Fran, right?

SOOKIE: Yes, we did.

LORELAI: And whether or not we get the Dragonfly Inn has nothing to do with her dying right now.

SOOKIE: Right. . .sort of.

LORELAI: Besides, we don't know what's happening with the inn.

SOOKIE: Fran has no heirs.

LORELAI: You never know. Some long lost gold-toothed cousin could come out of the woodwork, inherit it and turn it into a beauty salon or law offices.

SOOKIE: Not our Dragonfly!

LORELAI: The point is, if we are meant to have the Dragonfly Inn, then we are meant to have it.

SOOKIE: Right. Like Doris Day.

LORELAI: Que sera.

SOOKIE: Sera.

LORELAI: Let's focus on Fran and how much we loved her. Not think about the inn at all.

SOOKIE: Okay.

LORELAI: You're thinking about it.

SOOKIE: Just about where to put the woodburning oven.

LORELAI: We'll put it in the apartment that we're sharing in hell.

SOOKIE: Let's buy flowers.

LORELAI: Yeah, lots and lots of flowers.

CUT TO KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Lane and Mrs. Kim are polishing a set of chairs]

LANE: This is a really nice chair. Is it old?

MRS. KIM: Old enough.

LANE: Well, it's really nice. I mean, the back is very sturdy and the legs are all the same length and the wood looks like it was a tree at some point, which is good for wood, 'cause it was.

[There's a knock at the front door]

MRS. KIM: Could you get that please?

LANE: Yes, Mama.

[Lane walks to the door and answers it. Dave is standing on the porch]

LANE: What are you doing here?

DAVE: I'm here to see your mother.

LANE: What?

DAVE: Excuse me.

LANE: Dave, Dave, wait!

[Dave walks into the house and over to Mrs. Kim]

DAVE: Excuse me, Mrs. Kim, I need to speak with you.

MRS. KIM: I'm busy, David.

DAVE: A few weeks ago you told me that Lane had a crush on me. Well, I have a crush on her, too. Now, I know you have very strict rules about dating and boys, but I just want you to know that I'm a good person. I don't smoke, I don't drink, I've never gotten a ticket, I'm healthy, I take care of myself, I floss. I never watch more than 30 minutes of television a night partly because I think it's a waste of time and partly because there's nothing on. I respect my parents, I do well in school, I never play video games in case they do someday prove that playing them can turn you into a serial k*ller. I don't drink coffee. I hate soda because the carbonation freaks me out. I'm happy to give up meat if you feel strongly about it. I don't mind wearing a tie. I enjoy playing those hymns on my guitar, and I really, really want to take your daughter to the prom.

[Mrs. Kim doesn't say anything]

DAVE: Mrs. Kim? Please don't make me repeat that list again.

MRS. KIM: Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass, but still remember what the Lord hath done.

DAVE: Okay, thank you.

[Dave and Lane walk outside.]

DAVE: Did you hear what she said?

LANE: Yes, I did.

DAVE: What did it mean?

LANE: I don't know.

DAVE: Was it a yes, was it a no?

LANE: I'm not sure.

DAVE: Well, it's gotta be from the bible, right? So I'll just go home, do some research, look on the Internet, see what I can find. I'll call you when I know something.

LANE: Okay.

[He kisses her, then leaves]

LANE: I'm so writing him a song tonight.

CUT TO MOTEL

[The man who left his wallet in the diner is in his motel room. There's a knock at the door, he answers it, Luke is there.]

LUKE: Left your wallet in the diner. [tosses it to him]

JIMMY: Oh, wow, did I? Look at that. I guess I did. Thanks for bringing it back.

LUKE: No problem.

JIMMY: You know, I really like this driver's license picture, too, so you could imagine what a drag it would be to have to replace it.

LUKE: So what are you doing here, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Just passing through.

LUKE: Passing through from where?

JIMMY: California.

LUKE: California?

JIMMY: Yeah, I've been there for a few years now, seems to be working out.

LUKE: Well, glad to hear it.

JIMMY: Yeah.

LUKE: So what are you doing here, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Nothing, really, just. . .

LUKE: He hasn't missed you.

JIMMY: I'm sure that he hasn't.

LUKE: Never says a word about you.

JIMMY: I wouldn't expect he would.

LUKE: Do you know why he doesn't miss you, Jimmy? Because you're a loser and nobody missed a loser.

JIMMY: It's been seventeen years, Luke.

LUKE: Oh, you remember how long it's been. I am impressed.

JIMMY: Yeah, well, I always could count.

LUKE: And your list of attributes ends there.

JIMMY: Okay, so I guess we're not playing nice anymore.

LUKE: You know, the last time I saw you is right after Liz gave birth. You were gonna go out and buy some diapers and meet us back at the apartment. Remember that?

JIMMY: Yes.

LUKE: You went out, but you never came back.

JIMMY: A lot of time has passed and a lot of things have changed.

LUKE: Really, like what things? You?

JIMMY: Yes, me. Maybe. Why not?

LUKE: Oh, come on, you never called before. Why now? What do you want, you need money?

JIMMY: What?

LUKE: 'Cause he doesn't have any.

JIMMY: I don't need money.

LUKE: I don't have any either.

JIMMY: I don't need money.

LUKE: So the look is a choice?

JIMMY: No, I just wanted to. . .I don't know, see him.

LUKE: Why now?

JIMMY: I don't know, I just thought it was time. You don't think it was time?

LUKE: You really want my opinion on this subject?

JIMMY: Luke, give me a break.

LUKE: Give you a break? I am trying to keep this kid from falling off the face of the Earth. I'm trying to get him through school. I'm trying to give him a future. And I gotta be totally honest with you, Jimmy - I am not doing too well.

JIMMY: No?

LUKE: No, and the last thing he needs is a special appearance by his father who can't be here for any good reason.

JIMMY: There's no evil plan here. I have a job, a life. I just thought I'd come and...

LUKE: What? Say hello, see if he looks like you? Then what?

JIMMY: Well. . .

LUKE: What?

JIMMY: I don't know!

LUKE: Okay, well, while you're figuring it out, let me plant this little thought in your head - you do or say anything to upset Jess and make it harder for me to keep him on the right path, I'm gonna put your head through a wall. Any wall, you can pick the wall, but it's gonna be a wall, okay?

JIMMY: I just wanted to see him.

LUKE: Well, you saw him. Now get outta here.

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Lorelai and Rory are walking toward the church for the funeral]

LORELAI: You know, Fran was one of the first people I met when we moved here.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: The first day here, I stopped in. . .

RORY: And asked her for directions to the inn.

LORELAI: Yeah. She was so sweet. And oh my God, she loved you. I didn't think she was gonna let me leave the bakery with you. She just kept giving you cookies in a shameless attempt to buy your affections away from me. And let me tell you, for a couple weeks, it worked. For two weeks, you just kept staring at me like, "You're the lady who took me away from the cookies. I'm gonna k*ll you."

RORY: Mom, can I just meet you at the church?

LORELAI: Why, what are you planning? Is it finally payback time?

RORY: I just need to stop in at Doose's and get something. Kleenex, we'll need Kleenex.

LORELAI: Aw, I'll come with you.

RORY: Um, well. . .

[They approach a bench where Miss Patty is sitting, crying]

LORELAI: Aw, Patty. . .

MISS PATTY: Now it all starts.

LORELAI: What all starts, honey?

MISS PATTY: First Fran, then the rest of us.

LORELAI: Aw, Patty, it's not the plague. It was just her time.

MISS PATTY: I can't go.

LORELAI: Yes, you can. Come on.

MISS PATTY: No, just leave me.

LORELAI: I'm gonna get her to the church.

RORY: I'll meet you there. [walks away]

LORELAI: Come on, let's go.

MISS PATTY: You know, it's times like these that you realize what is truly important in your life. I'm so glad I had all that sex.

LORELAI: Hurry, honey.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[The diner is empty except for Jess at the counter. Rory starts to enter the diner, then stops herself. She walks away, then walks back to the door and stops herself again. Luke walks down into the diner and watches. Rory walks away. Jess sees her and starts to follow after her. He stops himself and walks back to the counter. He starts to go after her again, then walks back in and sees

Luke watching him]

JESS: What are you looking at? [goes upstairs]

CUT TO CHURCH

[People are entering the church for the funeral. Taylor is greeting people at the door]

TAYLOR: Thank you for coming, the grand opening has been postponed. Thank you for coming, the grand opening has been postponed. Thank you for coming. Thank you for coming, the grand opening has been postponed. Thank you for coming, the grand opening has been postponed. Thank you for coming, the grand opening has been postponed.

[Everyone takes their seats, and the priest starts the service]

PRIEST: Welcome all. The large number of people here today is a testament to how much Fran Weston has touched each and every one of us. We'd like to start by inviting Marjorie Rogers, Fran's close friend, to share a few words with us.

[Marjorie walks to the podium]

MARJORIE: In 1955, Fran opened Weston's Bakery. Back then, she was the new kid on the block, and soon thereafter, she hired me, a mother of three rugrats and a husband overseas, and we became best friends. Still are.

LORELAI: That's so sweet.

SOOKIE: You think we'll still be friends when we're dead?

LORELAI: I will if you will.

MARJORIE: Fran was and is Stars Hollow. And to ensure that her love and spirit continue, Weston's Bakery will remain open and run by those who have Fran's heart in their hearts.

[applause]

MARJORIE: Of course, Fran's family has been here long before even Fran. They opened the Dragonfly Inn back in 1893. The Dragonfly Inn was once regarded as the Violet Lady, the premiere inn in all of . . . [the microphone goes out].

LORELAI: What'd she say?

SOOKIE: I heard "premiere inn" then squat.

LORELAI: Is she still talking about the inn?

SOOKIE: I don't know.

KIRK: Shh!

[the microphone fades in and out as Marjorie continues speaking]

MARJORIE: Inn . . . ortant role. . . ing. . . it's special. . . all who. . .

LORELAI: She said "inn."

SOOKIE: And "ortant" and "ing."

MARJORIE: . . .set. . .World w*r. . .

SOOKIE: She said World w*r.

LORELAI: One or two? Where are we, where are we?

MARJORIE: . . .Fran. . .

SOOKIE: She's pointing to somebody.

LORELAI: Yeah, it's a man in a suit.

SOOKIE: Does he have a gold tooth?

LORELAI: I don't know.

RORY: You guys, people are turning.

MARJORIE: . . .to you all. [leaves the podium]

SOOKIE: Did she say who gets the inn?

LORELAI: I don't know.

[The priest returns to the podium and fixes the microphone]

PRIEST: Uh, thank you, Marjorie. And now, I'd like to point out that the time is twelve p.m., the time Fran would normally be opening her doors on Sunday after church, welcoming us to join her in friendship at Weston's Bakery. So, if we may at this time all bow our heads for a minute of silence to mark the passing of the soul and our dear departed friend.

[a marching band starts playing outside]

TAYLOR: No, no, the grand opening is canceled! Sorry, folks. [runs outside to stop the band] Stop, it is canceled. . .canceled!

CUT TO LATER AT THE FUNERAL

PRIEST: As we close, I'd like to honor a special request Fran had, and that is to take one final stroll around the Town Square before going to her final resting place. All those who would like to participate, please assemble outside.

MRS. KIM: [to Lane] Walking with dead people not my thing. Let's go.

RORY: Where's Sookie?

LORELAI: Just giving our condolences.

RORY: And asking what you missed when the mike cut out?

LORELAI: And giving our condolences.

[Sookie walks over to them]

SOOKIE: The man in the suit's name is Brink. He's a lawyer and he's here to get Fran's affairs in order.

LORELAI: Do you think we can talk to him?

SOOKIE: Yes, but Lorelai, you have to get back to the inn and I've got those B&Bers waiting at my home to learn how to make jam.

LORELAI: Okay, well, let's get him now.

SOOKIE: I think our window of opportunity just slammed shut.

[They see the lawyer helping carry the casket out of the church]

LORELAI: Great.

SOOKIE: Now what?

LORELAI: We very respectfully hover in his vicinity until the walk is over. . .

SOOKIE: Then we will politely ask him to get in touch with us.

LORELAI: Yes. Coming?

RORY: No, you guys go ahead. I'll be in the back of the line so that when the earth opens up and swallows you whole, I'll be here to tell a story.

LORELAI: Okay.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Rory walks out of the church and Dean walks up to her.]

DEAN: Hey, Rory.

RORY: Oh, hey. You were in there?

DEAN: Yeah. I got here late so I kind of just hung in the back.

RORY: It was nice of you to come.

DEAN: Well, she was a nice lady.

RORY: Yeah, she was.

DEAN: Listen, uh, can I talk to you for a sec? We'll catch up, I promise.

RORY: Sure.

DEAN: Good. Okay, um. . .

RORY: What?

DEAN: Come on.

RORY: Dean, what are you doing?

DEAN: Okay. Uh, are you ready?

RORY: Yes, I'm ready.

DEAN: I asked Lindsay to marry me.

RORY: You. . .you. . .

DEAN: And she said yes.

RORY: She. . .she. . .

DEAN: So what do you think?

RORY: I. . . I. . .

DEAN: I know, who woulda thought? I mean, it's weird, but Lindsay's amazing and I asked and she said yes, so. . .I'm getting married. Say something.

RORY: Why?

DEAN: What?

RORY: No, I don't mean why, I mean, why now?

DEAN: Why not now?

RORY: Well, you're eighteen, first of all.

DEAN: So?

RORY: So, you're young. I mean, you haven't even gone to college yet. Oh my God, you are still going to college, aren't you?

DEAN: Yes, Rory, I'm still going to college.

RORY: Well, how. . .

DEAN: Lindsay's gonna go with me.

RORY: But Dean, you're going to be studying and taking classes, you need to focus on that. I mean, you don't even know what you wanna do yet. And you guys haven't even been going out for that long. I mean, why don't you just date for awhile? Dating's fun.

DEAN: Thank you.

RORY: For what?

DEAN: For your deep heartfelt congratulations.

RORY: You just. . .you took me by surprise.

DEAN: So what? It's good news, you can't just be happy for me?

RORY: I can. I am. I just. . .

DEAN: You know what, I'm sorry if you have a crappy relationship with Jess.

RORY: Hey, that has -

DEAN: And I'm sorry if he treats you like dirt and everyone hates him, but that was your choice. I have a great girlfriend and I am really happy, and when you dumped me for that jackass, I thought I'd never be happy again.

RORY: Jess does not treat me like dirt.

DEAN: Whatever. I just wanted you to hear it from me before it got out. Now you know, so, um, have a nice life. [walks away]

RORY: Jess does not treat me like dirt!

CUT TO KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Mrs. Kim is making tea in the kitchen. Lane walks in]

LANE: Mama, do you need any help?

MRS. KIM: No, thank you.

LANE: I could get out the soy scones.

MRS. KIM: If you like.

LANE: Tofutter?

MRS. KIM: Fine.

LANE: Mama, I'm really sorry about the other night. I did everything wrong, everything you taught me not to do. I lied to you, I let you down. I never intended to do that and I don't know how to fix it, but I'm going to try my hardest because I am so, so sorry. I'll be upstairs if you need me. I'm gonna go in my room, gonna iron my dress for church and I'm gonna think about what I've done.

[Lane starts to go up to her room. The doorbell rings and Mrs. Kim answers the door. Dave is on the porch]

DAVE: I stayed up all night. I read the entire bible cover to cover. I don't know what it means.

MRS. KIM: David.

DAVE: You have to tell me what it means. Is it yes, is it no? I can't feel my right elbow anymore. I don't even know why, but I can't.

MRS. KIM: David.

DAVE: Please, just tell me. I'm so tired.

MRS. KIM: It's not from the bible.

DAVE: What?

MRS. KIM: It's Shakespeare, Henry VI. I like to goof off now and then, too, you know.

DAVE: Shakespeare.

MRS. KIM: That is a very difficult this to do, reading the bible in one night. I myself have only done it three times. You need great determination and excellent light. I'm very impressed. All right.

DAVE: All right what?

MRS. KIM: You can go to the prom, but you cannot get married.

DAVE: That seems fair to me.

LANE: And me! The person who is going upstairs to think about what she's done.

MRS. KIM: Lane is grounded until the prom and for two months after. You may call her on the phone every other day for ten minutes and that is all. Understand?

DAVE: Yes, ma'am. Thank you, Mrs. Kim.

[Mrs. Kim walks away. Lane and Dave smile at each other]

MRS. KIM: Lane!

LANE: Thinking about what I've done!

CUT TO TOWN SQUARE

[A line of mourners are slowly following behind the pall bearers carrying Fran's casket]

LORELAI: So apparently we're all supposed to walk like Fran.

SOOKIE: It's almost four.

LORELAI: Okay, I've gotta take some initiative here.

SOOKIE: What are you doing?

LORELAI: Just focus on the ground and look lost in grief.

[they move up so they are standing alongside Fran's lawyer]

LORELAI: It was a nice service.

LAWYER: Yes.

LORELAI: Yes.

SOOKIE: And this is a really nice idea, the walk around the square.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, a great idea. I may steal it when I die. You know, ask them to walk me around a benefit counter. Might freak out the makeover girls, but it's -

SOOKIE: It's nice.

LORELAI: Really nice. So listen, my name is Lorelai Gilmore and this is Sookie St. James.

SOOKIE: Hi.

LORELAI: I know this isn't exactly the best time for this, but we were wondering if you had any idea what's going to happen with the Dragonfly.

SOOKIE: Because we want it!

LORELAI: Sookie and I actually talked to Fran about buying it once.

SOOKIE: We work in the Independence Inn now.

LAWYER: The one that burned down?

LORELAI: Yes, but that was just an accident. It was a bad wire.

SOOKIE: A bad, bad wire.

LORELAI: It could've happened to anyone and should in no way reflect our inn-running abilities.

LAWYER: Yes, well, do you think we could discuss this a little later? This is a little heavy and I sort of need to focus.

LORELAI: Oh, let me help you here. [grabs onto the casket] Ooh, wow, for a little woman. .
.Sookie, will you just. . .

SOOKIE: Oh, right. [helps carry the casket]

LORELAI: Anyway, we were just wondering, did she leave the Dragonfly to anyone?

LAWYER: No, she didn't.

LORELAI: Oh, okay. And do you know what the family wants to do with it?

LAWYER: We haven't talked in depth about it, but I'm pretty sure they're gonna sell it.

LORELAI: Well, we would really like to buy it.

SOOKIE: And keep it as an inn.

LORELAI: Yes, a wonderful inn.

SOOKIE: Dedicated to Fran.

LORELAI: Yes, but keep it the Dragonfly.

SOOKIE: And we promise not to burn it down.

LORELAI: Oh, yes, that's right. Hey, we could put that in the agreement. Ow. . .

LAWYER: Uh, here, why don't you. . .

LORELAI: Thank you. Anyway, what do you say?

LAWYER: Well. . .

KIRK: Excuse me, but you're blocking her view.

LORELAI: Oh, sorry Kirk, sorry. So you were saying?

LAWYER: I'll tell you what, you contact me on Monday and we can discuss this. As far as I'm concerned, if the check clears, it's all yours.

LORELAI: It's all ours.

SOOKIE: It's all ours.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Jess is cleaning up when Jimmy walks in]

JESS: We're closed. Learn to read. You're the loser coffee guy.

JIMMY: Well, not as cool as Bono, but I'll take it.

JESS: We're -

JIMMY: Closed. Yeah, I heard.

JESS: Okay, so we're still -

JIMMY: I'm your father.

JESS: - closed. What?

JIMMY: I'm your. . .

JESS: Are you sure?

JIMMY: Am I. . .yes, I'm sure. I didn't mean to spring this on you. I thought Luke would've told you that I -

JESS: Luke would've told me?

JIMMY: Well, yeah, he came to see me last night. He didn't tell you. That's obvious because you're still doing the staring with the frown and. . .you look different.

JESS: You want some coffee?

JIMMY: Sure. Thanks.

JESS: It's old.

JIMMY: Okay.

[They sit down at a table and both silently listen to a song on the radio for a minute]

JIMMY: I gotta go.

[Jimmy quickly gets up and leaves]

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Lorelai and Rory are walking down the street]

LORELAI: I was negotiating at a funeral.

RORY: I saw.

LORELAI: Which might've been the most inappropriate thing to happen today until that gnat flew into Kirk's mouth and he freaked and dropped the casket.

RORY: It was a nice save.

LORELAI: I'm feeling so weird. I'm completely sad about Fran, but the inn. . .it's really gonna happen.

RORY: Yeah, seems like it.

LORELAI: Hey, come here.

[they stop in front of a store with a prom dress in the window]

LORELAI: That one would look great on you.

RORY: Oh, I don't know.

LORELAI: We should come back tomorrow and try it on.

RORY: Maybe.

LORELAI: Hey, prom's coming up, kid. We need to get you a dress. Unless you want me to make you one.

RORY: No, that's okay.

LORELAI: Maybe we could hit the mall tomorrow after school. I could meet you in Hartford and we could go to a fancy store where they'll follow us around like we're thieves.

RORY: I don't wanna talk about dresses anymore.

LORELAI: We've only been talking about dresses for two minutes.

RORY: Well, it feels like longer.

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: And I don't know if I even need a dress, okay, 'cause I don't even know if I'm going to the prom.

LORELAI: I thought Jess agreed.

RORY: Well, that was before.

LORELAI: Before what?

RORY: Before the party, before the fight, before the thing in Kyle's bedroom.

LORELAI: Okay, come with me.

[they both get into the Jeep]

LORELAI: Okay, we left off with the thing in Kyle's bedroom.

RORY: I don't understand. One minute he's happy, then he's not. And he doesn't tell me anything ever. I mean, you're supposed to tell your girlfriend things. That's the whole point of having a girlfriend, isn't it?

LORELAI: Yes, it is. Now, Kyle's bedroom, what happened there?

RORY: And I'm so tired of fighting. Or not even fighting because he won't fight. He just gets mad and disappears and then comes back and I don't like how I feel and I don't like what I do.

LORELAI: Like what you do where, in Kyle's bedroom?

RORY: I don't wanna feel like this, I don't wanna sit around wondering when we're going to talk, if he's mad, why he's mad. I hate this. I really, really -

LORELAI: Honey, you gotta tell Mommy what happened in Kyle's bedroom!

RORY: Jess was upset and I went to look for him and we were kissing and then it seemed like he wanted to. . .

LORELAI: Did you?

RORY: No, I didn't. And then he got all weird like he was mad at me.

LORELAI: Hey, if he was mad at you because you wouldn't have sex with him, then he's a jerk.

RORY: I know that, but I don't even know if that's why he's mad at me. I don't know if he's mad at me. I don't know anything because he won't talk. He just sulks then disappears, and just when you're through with him, he shows up at hockey games with Distiller tickets.

LORELAI: Distiller tickets? What Distiller tickets?

RORY: Oh, that's right, you don't know about that because I didn't tell you because I was embarrassed because I didn't wanna be that girl and you don't want me to be that girl, but after the hockey game, I was that girl.

LORELAI: What girl? Help me, drag me along, honey.

RORY: The girl who lets her boyfriend treat her like dirt and then lies to her mom about it.

LORELAI: Okay, you need a breath here.

RORY: Something's going on with him and it's been going on for awhile.

LORELAI: You can't make him talk, Rory. He has to want to.

RORY: But why doesn't he want to?

LORELAI: Because it's probably hard for him.

[There is a car waiting to take their parking spot. Lorelai leans out the car window to yell at the driver]

LORELAI: Hey, we're not leaving. We're gonna live in this car and we're gonna die in this car, so find another frickin' spot. [to Rory] Honey. . .

RORY: I don't wanna talk about it anymore. I'm tired of talking about it. I'm just. . .tired.

LORELAI: Okay. So. . .

RORY: Nothing happened.

LORELAI: Okay.

CUT TO LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Jess is sitting at the table, Luke walks in]

LUKE: Hey. You hungry? I can make us some eggs.

JESS: So I hear you went to see my father last night.

LUKE: Yeah, I did.

JESS: Were you gonna tell me?

LUKE: He came by?

JESS: He came by.

LUKE: I didn't think he'd have the guts.

JESS: So what were you thinking?

LUKE: Jess, I don't like your father very much.

JESS: So because you don't like him, that means I can't know he's here?

LUKE: You know he's here.

JESS: No thanks to you.

LUKE: Shouldn't have come from me in the first place.

JESS: So what, you don't think you owed it to me to tell me, prepare me?

LUKE: No, Jess, I didn't. With everything that's going on here with you, I kinda hoped he'd just walk away, but. . .once again, Jimmy makes the wrong move. What a shock.

JESS: Oh, who the hell are you to decide what the right move is?

LUKE: I'm the one who's saving your ass constantly. I'm the one who just wrote a check to Kyle's father so he wouldn't press charges against you. I'm the one trying to knock some sense into that thick head of yours about the future.

JESS: Oh, here we go.

LUKE: You don't take anything seriously. That's why you're doing so crappy in school. You're smart

enough, you read more than anyone I've ever seen. There's no reason why you should be barely graduating.

JESS: I'm not.

LUKE: You're not what?

JESS: I'm not graduating.

LUKE: Yes, you are.

JESS: No, I'm not.

LUKE: Yes, you are.

JESS: No, I'm not.

LUKE: Yes, you are, because we had an agreement that if you were gonna live here, you were gonna go to school and you were gonna graduate.

JESS: Well, I didn't and I'm not.

LUKE: What is wrong with you? What, did you do this just to spite me?

JESS: Look, forget it, it's done.

LUKE: What's your life now? Wal-Mart full time, that's your great future? Gonna take the plunge and buy yourself a second blue vest?

JESS: Maybe, why not? What's wrong with it? I mean, it's no diner.

LUKE: Hey, I own this business, kid! I built it, this is mine! I'm not at the mercy of some boss waiting and hoping to be chosen employee of the month for a couple extra hundred bucks and a plaque. I'm always employee of the month. I'm employee of the year, of the century, of the universe. You should be so lucky to have a job like mine. Okay, here's what we're gonna do. You're gonna live here one more year, you're gonna quit your job, you're gonna take twelfth grade over again, and you will graduate.

JESS: No.

LUKE: I'm not playing with you here, Jess. You quit your job, you go to school.

JESS: I am not going back to school!

LUKE: So that's it?

JESS: Yeah, that's it.

LUKE: Then you gotta go.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai has set up breakfast on the kitchen table; Rory walks out of her room]

RORY: I thought I smelled coffee.

LORELAI: Good morning your highness. I trust you slept well.

RORY: And to what do I owe this lovely display of domesticity?

LORELAI: Well, being brilliant and all, I figured you would probably still not be in the mood to go to Luke's this morning, so I thought we'd have a nice little breakfast here.

RORY: Wow, okay. Hey.

LORELAI: Good?

RORY: These are from Luke's.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: You got up this morning, went to Luke's and brought this back.

LORELAI: Well, I sure as hell am not gonna cook.

RORY: They're good, thank you.

LORELAI: Put 'em on a plate just the way you like 'em.

[Rory looks at the newspaper]

RORY: Well, there it is.

LORELAI: [reads] "Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lister announce the engagement of their daughter Lindsay Ann to Dean Forrester, son of Randy and Barbara Forrester." My God, they're a good looking couple. If their kids can sing there's no stopping 'em.

RORY: I still don't understand why they need to get married.

LORELAI: Maybe they have to get married before he grows so tall she won't be able to talk to him anymore.

RORY: I really do want him to be happy.

LORELAI: I know. You're good in that department.

RORY: Some people get married young and everything turns out fine.

LORELAI: Absolutely.

RORY: That'd be nice.

LORELAI: Well, we'll keep a good thought.

RORY: Hey, here's a picture of Kirk pinned by the casket.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, that's a good one.

RORY: Man, it's bad enough this had to happen, but his pants splitting on top of it?

LORELAI: Yeah. I hope he never takes too close a look at his life.

RORY: Amen. So this goes on the fridge, right?

LORELAI: Yeah, absolutely.

RORY: Good.

CUT TO BUS

[Rory is on her way to school. The bus stops and several people get off, and she notices Jess sitting in the back. She walks over to him]

RORY: Hey.

JESS: Hey.

RORY: Can I sit?

JESS: Uh, sure, sit. I thought you took an earlier bus.

RORY: My first class got canceled today.

JESS: Oh. So what's been going on?

RORY: Nothing much. Fran died.

JESS: I heard.

RORY: I went to her funeral yesterday.

JESS: Luke went, too.

RORY: I saw him there.

JESS: Yeah?

RORY: He was in the back.

JESS: I can't go to the prom. I couldn't get tickets.

RORY: Oh.

JESS: Sorry.

[the bus stops]

RORY: This is my stop.

JESS: Okay.

RORY: So, you'll call me?

JESS: Yeah, I'll call you.

[Rory gets off the bus. Jess pulls a book out of a large duffel bag and the bus pulls away]

THE END

