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02x15 - Lost and Found

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02x15 - Lost and Found

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

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2.15 - Lost and Found

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directed by Gail Mancuso

OPEN IN STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai and Rory are walking toward Luke's]

LORELAI: It still hurts.

RORY: Do you need stitches?

LORELAI: Probably.

RORY: Well, then we should go to a doctor.

LORELAI: No, no doctors. You go into a hospital, you don't come out again.

RORY: Well said, Ida Morgenstern.

LORELAI: I'm starving. I need pancakes.

RORY: Can I just ask □ .

LORELAI: No.

RORY: What on earth you thought you were doing?

LORELAI: I thought I was being a self-sufficient woman.

RORY: You hate ladders, you hate heights.

LORELAI: We needed our rain gutters cleaned.

RORY: Yeah, well, hire somebody.

LORELAI: Oh, well, aren't we suddenly a Rockefeller.

RORY: Well, it's better than you k*lling yourself.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm fine. I'm just being dramatic. It's what I do.

RORY: No more ladders.

LORELAI: I promise.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: I think I have gangrene.

RORY: You do not.

LORELAI: And vertigo.

RORY: Oh boy.

LORELAI: And one leg suddenly feels shorter than the other.

RORY: This is gonna be the Vanity Fair paper cut incident all over again, isn't it?

LORELAI: Wow!

RORY: Leave your bandage alone.

LORELAI: Look, it's turning purple, but a really glowy purple. Look!

RORY: No, thanks.

LORELAI: Hm. Maybe our rain gutters are radioactive or made out of some kind of alien metal so that when I cut my hand I got infected with an extraterrestrial substance which is altering my internal makeup. Ugh, maybe I'll turn into a superhero.

RORY: Maybe.

LORELAI: Like, maybe tomorrow I'll wake up and suddenly be able to shower really fast.

RORY: We'll go pick out your cape after breakfast.

CUT TO INSIDE LUKE'S

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting at a table]

LORELAI: God, I'm starving. Must be from the loss of blood.

RORY: Yes, that must be it.

LORELAI: I'm getting pancakes with a side of pancakes. Where's Luke?

RORY: I don't know. Storage room?

LORELAI: Oh no.

RORY: Caesar's cooking.

LORELAI: Why is Caesar cooking?

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: That's bad.

RORY: His pancakes stink.

LORELAI: They do stink.

RORY: Well, what do we do? Resort to doughnuts.

LORELAI: Wait here.

[Lorelai walks over to the stairway to Luke's apartment]

CUT TO UPSTAIRS

[Lorelai knocks on Luke's apartment door]

LORELAI: Hey Luke, are you in there?

LUKE: Ow!

LORELAI: Luke, are you okay?

LUKE: Stupid box! Stupid lamp!

LORELAI: Hey Luke, are you being att*cked by your possessions again?

[Luke opens the door]

LORELAI: Hi.

LUKE: Hi.

LORELAI: Whatcha doing?

LUKE: I'm looking for my supply ledger.

LORELAI: Is it going well?

LUKE: It's going fine.

LORELAI: You have a sock on your shoulder. Is it helping you look?

LUKE: What are you doing up here?

LORELAI: Rory and I are starving. We need you to cook us breakfast. [she walks into the apartment]
Oh my God.

LUKE: Caesar can make you breakfast.

LORELAI: What happened to this place?

LUKE: Nothing.

LORELAI: This is what I always pictured the inside of my head to look like.

LUKE: See if you can find a brown leather ledger.

LORELAI: I've never seen so much stuff. It looks like a white trash Hearst Castle in here.

LUKE: On second thought, I'll find it myself.

LORELAI: Where'd all this come from?

LUKE: Jess. Liz shipped the rest of his stuff last week. He finally unpacked.

LORELAI: Well, he did a very nice job.

LUKE: I know it's crazy now, but I just have to get it all organized, figure out where to put everything, buy another dresser, a portable wardrobe, some storage bins.

LORELAI: Can of gasoline, box of matches.

LUKE: Did I mention that Caesar can cook you breakfast?

LORELAI: But he doesn't make the good fluffy pancakes like you do.

LUKE: Then order eggs.

LORELAI: No! See, I had a near death experience today.

LUKE: Really?

LORELAI: Yes. I almost fell off the roof of my house trying to clean the rain gutters, so I have to have pancakes. Please? I'll help you shower when I become a superhero.

[Jess walks out of the bathroom]

LUKE: You've been in there for two hours.

JESS: Yeah, well my hair just ain't bouncin' and behavin' today.

LUKE: There are other people living here too, you know.

JESS: Huh, learn something new everyday. [leaves]

LORELAI: Well, his people skills are really improving.

LUKE: Go downstairs. I'll be there as soon as I can.

LORELAI: How long is that?

LUKE: I don't know.

LORELAI: An estimate.

LUKE: I don't know.

LORELAI: Ballpark figure.

LUKE: I - .

LORELAI: Off the top of your head.

LUKE: Will you □

LORELAI: Did I mention that I almost fell off my roof today?

LUKE: I'd lie down if I could find the bed.

[Lorelai sees the supply ledger and picks it up]

LORELAI: Oh, is this what you're looking for?

LUKE: Yes, great, thank you.

LORELAI: Not unless you make me the pancakes.

LUKE: Give me the book.

LORELAI: Give me the pancake!

LUKE: Come on.

LORELAI: Thank you.

LUKE: You sure you weren't almost pushed off the roof of your house today?

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[That night, Lorelai and Rory are walking down the street]

LORELAI: Well, I think I'm finally ready to get a tattoo.

RORY: Oh please.

LORELAI: I am.

RORY: You've been saying that for the last five years.

LORELAI: I know, but I mean it this time.

RORY: Fine, what are you getting?

LORELAI: Mel Brooks.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: What do you mean, why? The Two Thousand Year Old Man, Young Frankenstein, Silent Movie □ you don't think Mel has earned the right to have his face on my butt?

RORY: I am so sorry, Mel.

LORELAI: Oh, he'll love it, trust me. So, rocky road hot fudge sundaes and two cans of whipped cream to go with the movies?

RORY: Trying to give Mel a bigger canvas to work with?

LORELAI: Hey, the man's a legend, he deserves the best.

[As they pass the diner, Lorelai notices Luke inside sitting at a table]

LORELAI: Hey.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Luke.

RORY: What's he doing?

LORELAI: I'm not sure. Hey, will you go get the ice cream and make sure they give us a ton of maraschino cherries?

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Thanks.

CUT TO INSIDE LUKE'S

[Luke is sitting at a table watching a very small television set as Lorelai knocks on the door]

LORELAI: Hey

LUKE: Hey, what are you doing?

LORELAI: Oh, uh, Rory and I just hit the video store. Now we're on our way home to eat a large amount of something you would not approve of.

LUKE: Sounds good.

LORELAI: What are you doing?

LUKE: Oh, watching TV.

LORELAI: Ah. Wow, that's cute. Is this the first time it's been away from its mother?

LUKE: It's a very good TV.

LORELAI: Hm, black and white, coat hanger antenna, really bad reception.

LUKE: It's fine.

LORELAI: Don't you have a fully grown TV upstairs?

LUKE: Yeah, well, Jess is upstairs.

LORELAI: So?

LUKE: So when Jess is upstairs, that means the stereo's blaring and the place is a mess. I just needed a little privacy.

LORELAI: So you came downstairs.

LUKE: Yes.

LORELAI: To sit on an uncomfortable chair in an empty diner that smells like onion rings.

LUKE: Yes.

LORELAI: Calgon, take me away.

LUKE: It was very peaceful until two minutes ago.

LORELAI: Hey Luke, do you ever think that, uh, maybe you should get a bigger apartment?

LUKE: I don't need a bigger apartment.

LORELAI: That place upstairs was your father's office. You turned it into an apartment. It was never meant to be lived in.

LUKE: It's fine.

LORELAI: It's too small for two people. It's too small for one person if they have any kind of life.

LUKE: We'll make due, we just need to organize.

LORELAI: No, you don't need to organize. You need to move.

LUKE: I like my apartment.

LORELAI: It's not just your apartment. Jess lives there also.

LUKE: Jess is fine.

LORELAI: Are you sure? Because he could be pinned down under a box for a year in that place and you wouldn't know it until the neighbors started to complain about the smell.

[Rory walks in]

RORY: Hey Luke.

LUKE: Rory, perfect, get her out of here. Go.

LORELAI: But, uh, okay, fine. I'm leaving. Think about what I said.

LUKE: Oh, hey, did you ever hire anybody to do that work for you?

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: The rain gutters.

LORELAI: Oh, no, not yet. Are you offering?

LUKE: No, actually, I was thinking about Jess.

LORELAI: Uh, Jess?

LUKE: Yeah, he's always looking for a little extra cash. He doesn't make that much here, and, you know, I hate to think of where else he might try to get it, so

LORELAI: Huh.

LUKE: I mean, you don't have to pay him the same as would someone else, and you save a little, he

keeps busy.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, maybe. Um, I actually have to check with a couple of people I'm supposed to hear from, but if they can't do it, then sure.

LUKE: Great, just let me know.

LORELAI: I will. Bye.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai and Rory walk out of the diner]

RORY: So who are all these people you asked to clean out our gutters?

LORELAI: Oh, well, you know.

RORY: I do?

LORELAI: Sh-yeah.

RORY: Remind me.

LORELAI: Okay, well, there's Sid.

RORY: Oh, Sid, right.

LORELAI: And then there's Lou.

RORY: Yeah, a good man, Lou.

LORELAI: Oh, and also Moose. That is, if Doris will let him out of the house again, you know, after that incident at Chicky's bachelor party.

RORY: I thought you said you were gonna give Jess a chance.

LORELAI: I am.

RORY: Then why don't you hire him?

LORELAI: I'm just not very comfortable with him, Rory.

RORY: Well, try and get comfortable.

LORELAI: Well, I don't know if I can.

RORY: But you said - .

LORELAI: I know what I said, but I can't help it.

RORY: How many times do I have to tell you □ .

LORELAI: That I don't know the real Jess?

RORY: You don't.

LORELAI: Well, fine, I don't know him, but I'm not too fond of his stand in.

RORY: People are different once you get to know them. If you'll remember, you weren't too fond of Luke when you first met him.

LORELAI: That's not true.

RORY: You called him Duke for two years just to make him mad.

LORELAI: And let me tell you, it worked.

RORY: But then you guys talked and eventually, time went by, and now you love him.

LORELAI: Well. . .

RORY: I'm just asking you to give Jess that same chance.

LORELAI: Rory, you like him. I don't have to like him.

RORY: Please?

LORELAI: Can I at least call him Tess for a little while?

RORY: You'll give him the job?

LORELAI: I'll give him the job.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: You're welcome. Tell me something.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Why is it so important to you that I like him?

RORY: Well, I just think that he's Luke's nephew and we like Luke and we eat at Luke's everyday, and we see Jess when we eat there everyday, and that it just might make things nicer if you liked him.

LORELAI: And that's the only reason?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: It's all about Luke and the diner?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: It has nothing to do with you?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: So you and Jess aren't friends?

RORY: Well, yeah, we're friends.

LORELAI: Uh huh.

RORY: I mean, we're not good friends but we're friends. We're friendly. But that doesn't mean that we're friends in the traditional Webster's dictionary definition of friends.

LORELAI: Right.

RORY: Friendish might be a better term.

LORELAI: Okay, friendish. Got it.

[They pass by a group of walkers that Miss Patty is instructing from a golf cart.]

MISS PATTY: And walk, and walk, and pump your arms and walk. And shoulders back, tucus in, think about that double chin and walk and walk and walk and tummies tight and walk. Match me sweetheart.

CUT TO LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Luke walks in, Jess is asleep, music is blaring.]

LUKE: Jess? [Luke turns the music off] How can anyone sleep through that? It's like the Huns are attacking and you're just □ well, you're oblivious and that's why you can just lie there while the rest of the world is going - . [he knocks over his little television] Great! Dammit! Dammit! Dammit! Dammit!

JESS: Whoa, geez, what the hell?

LUKE: I can't stand it, I'm going crazy. This place is awful. I can't live like this anymore.

JESS: Just relax.

LUKE: I can't relax. I can't sleep. I'm having nightmares about being chased around by boxes with arms and they tackle me and pile clothing on top of my face and secure it around my head with packing tape and I'm just lying there choking while you're sitting in the corner laughing, putting gel in your hair with a switchblade!

JESS: Should I be putting a tongue depressor in your mouth right about now?

LUKE: We're moving.

JESS: What?

LUKE: Tomorrow.

JESS: What are you talking about?

LUKE: I'm talking about you and me going out, getting a paper, and finding a new place to live.

JESS: But I □ .

LUKE: No buts. Ten o'clock tomorrow morning I want you up, washed, moussed, and ready to leave, end of story. Now go back to bed. What?

JESS: I need the music on to sleep.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[The next day, Luke and Jess walk out of an apartment building]

JESS: Forget it.

LUKE: Why, what was wrong with that one?

JESS: It was pink.

LUKE: We can paint it.

JESS: You mean I can paint it.

LUKE: We can paint it together.

JESS: Great, then we can hold hands and skip afterwards.

LUKE: Fine, which one do you like?

JESS: The one before.

LUKE: The one with the two fridges?

JESS: No.

LUKE: Well, the one before was the one with two fridges.

JESS: No, the one we saw before was the one with the cat.

LUKE: I hate cats.

JESS: Well, I don't think the cat came with the place.

LUKE: Yeah, but it had carpeting which means it's always gonna smell like a cat.

JESS: Clean the carpet.

LUKE: Paint the pink.

JESS: Fine, the one next to the bank.

LUKE: Too many windows.

JESS: What?

LUKE: Six windows all on one side, three o'clock in the afternoon □ we're sitting in an oven.

JESS: So we get curtains.

LUKE: Well, you'll have to help me put them up.

JESS: Great, then we can hold hands and skip afterwards.

LUKE: Stop saying that.

JESS: You know what, I don't care. Pick whichever one you want.

LUKE: I'm not picking by myself.

JESS: You're the one who wants to move.

LUKE: Oh, so you like living the way we do?

JESS: Fine by me.

LUKE: No space, no privacy.

JESS: I got plenty of privacy.

LUKE: Yeah, because I'm sitting downstairs in the dark watching a two-inch V.

JESS: Hey, you're the one with the problem, you make the choice.

LUKE: Jess, come on.

JESS: I have to go.

LUKE: We got three more places to look at.

JESS: I'm supposed to be at Lorelai's in twenty minutes, remember?

LUKE: Oh, yeah.

JESS: I mean, if you want me to bail on her, fine.

LUKE: Nah, you go. I'll look at the places all alone.

JESS: Great idea.

LUKE: I'll take some Polaroids and you can take a look at them later.

JESS: Take a Polaroid, paint a still picture, whatever you want.

LUKE: Jess, come on.

JESS: Hey, nobody asked me if I wanted to move to Stars Hollow, but I'm here. Pick whatever place you want and I'll be there too.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is sitting on the couch as Rory walks through the front door]

RORY: Mom?

LORELAI: Come here, come here, come here.

RORY: I'm here, what's the matter?

LORELAI: Sit, sit, sit. Okay, that should do it.

RORY: Do what?

LORELAI: Wait.

RORY: What are we waiting for?

LORELAI: Patience, grasshopper.

RORY: Are we close?

LORELAI: Very close. Hm, getting closer.

RORY: Should I get chips?

LORELAI: Ready, and □ .

[They stare at a digital clock. When it changes, the clock starts making pig noises.]

RORY: The clock is grunting.

LORELAI: This, my friend, is a state of the art CD/clock radio that enables you to wake up to the barnyard animal of your choice.

RORY: That is great.

LORELAI: I have selected the perky piggies. You might choose the cheery chickens or the goofy goats.

RORY: That is closest to a farm that I ever wanna get.

LORELAI: Amen, sister friend.

[There's a knock at the front door]

RORY: I'll get it. [answers the door] Hey.

JESS: Here. [tosses her a CD]

RORY: The Shaggs?

JESS: Trust me

RORY: Okay. So you're very punctual.

JESS: Yeah, well, it was this or continue apartment hunting with Luke.

RORY: You're moving?

JESS: I don't know. Luke flipped out last night and next thing I know, he's dragging me all over town banging on pipes and measuring square footage. It's crazy.

RORY: A new place might be nice. More space, maybe you'll get your own room.

JESS: You change your hair?

RORY: What?

JESS: Your hair looks different.

RORY: So, segue's not your thing, huh?

JESS: Is it?

RORY: Well, um, no, I wear it like this a lot. Why?

JESS: Just looks different.

RORY: Oh, bad different?

LORELAI: [from living room] Hey, ducks!

RORY: We just got a new alarm clock.

JESS: Huh. Bet I know what the lead story in the Stars Hollow Gazette's gonna be tomorrow.

[Lorelai walks to the front door]

LORELAI: Hey, did you hear the ducks 'cause they're great. Oh Jess, you're here, terrific.

RORY: So, um, would you like to come in?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, come on in. Sorry, it's just. . .so excited about the ducks that, uh. . .do you want something to drink? You have good timing 'cause we shopped yesterday, and in addition to a case of Maybelline Fresh Lash Mascara, I also bought some of that new, uh, freaky Coke with the lemon in it. It's very addictive.

RORY: You can sit, you know.

JESS: No thanks.

LORELAI: So, Jess, what's new?

JESS: Not much.

RORY: Jess and Luke are looking for an apartment.

LORELAI: Oh, you guys see anything good yet?

JESS: Nope.

LORELAI: Well, you know, there's some really cool places over on Peach. Or on Plum. Hm, Orange. Basically, any of your fruit named streets are pretty nice. Okay, well, I guess you should get started. Um, there's a ladder right out front and some buckets and gloves and stuff on the porch. You need anything else, just walk against the wind.

RORY: Come on, I'll show you.

[Jess walks out the door]

LORELAI: I'm trying.

RORY: Well, keep it up.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Rory walks out of the house and over to Jess]

RORY: Question.

JESS: Yes?

RORY: You come over. You seem to have a very firm grasp of the English language. You put together several full sentences, even using a couple of words that contain two or more syllables, and then my mother appears and suddenly we need a thought bubble over your head to understand what you're thinking. Can you tell me why that is?

JESS: The verbal thing comes and goes.

RORY: I would really appreciate it if you would try to get along with my mom.

JESS: I took the Coke.

RORY: I know.

JESS: Personally, I think it's a little crazy to put lemon in Coke but I took it anyhow.

RORY: Stop it.

JESS: Ooh, stern face.

RORY: Look, I went out on a limb for you trying to get my mom to give you the benefit of the doubt, okay? So I don't think it would hurt you to try to be nice.

JESS: Why?

RORY: Why?

JESS: Yeah, why?

RORY: Because she's my mom and she's a friend of Luke's.

JESS: So?

RORY: What do you mean, so?

JESS: So just because she's your mom or Luke's friend doesn't mean that I automatically have to get along with her.

RORY: Jess, my mother is a great person. She's also my best friend in the world, so if you care about me at all, you will take that into consideration and you will be mildly polite to her.

JESS: What makes you think I care about you?

RORY: I don't mean care care, like care. I mean if you like me at all. . . not like like. I just meant that if. . . if you think of me remotely as the sort of person that you could occasionally stand to talk to then you will try to get along with my mom, that's all.

JESS: Okay.

RORY: Okay?

JESS: I can't guarantee that it'll work, but I'll try.

RORY: Thank you.

JESS: You're welcome. I should probably get to work.

RORY: Right. Sorry, go ahead.

CUT TO FRONT OF STARS HOLLOW LIBRARY

[Several tables and racks of books are set up for the Buy a Book Fundraiser. Dean is sitting on the steps of the library as Rory walks over with some books.]

RORY: Inherit the Wind, seventy-five cents.

DEAN: Great.

RORY: Now, here's a copy of Rilke's Letters to a Young Poet □ which I already have, but in hardback. This is a paperback □ fits perfectly in a coat pocket and it's only a dollar. I'm torn. Opinions?

DEAN: Get it.

RORY: You look bored.

DEAN: I'm fine.

RORY: You sure you don't wanna look around? They have great stuff here.

DEAN: I looked.

RORY: For five minutes.

DEAN: No, I looked for twenty minutes and then I stopped and you continued for another two hours.

RORY: It has not been that long. Oh, sorry.

DEAN: No big deal.

RORY: Let's go.

DEAN: Are you done?

RORY: Yup, I've looked enough.

DEAN: You're not done.

RORY: No, I'm fine, really. Let's go.

DEAN: Rory, stop it. You wanna keep looking, I know you.

RORY: No, I wanna hang out with you.

DEAN: Are you sure?

RORY: Yes, I'll just pay for these and then we can go.

DEAN: I thought maybe we can go see The Lord of the Rings again.

RORY: Oh, okay.

DEAN: What?

RORY: Nothing.

DEAN: Well, I thought you loved The Lord of the Rings.

RORY: I do.

DEAN: You said you wanted to see it a hundred times.

RORY: Yes, and apparently we're being very literal these days.

DEAN: Fine, we'll see something else.

RORY: Lord of the Rings is fine. Can you help me with these?

[They walk to the cash register]

KIRK: I'll give you fifty-five cents.

GYPSY: It's sixty-five.

KIRK: Fifty-five cents.

GYPSY: Kirk, it's for charity. There's no haggling.

KIRK: Oh no, there's always haggling. Sixty cents.

GYPSY: No.

KIRK: That's my final offer.

GYPSY: I'm sorry, I can't.

KIRK: Fine.

GYPSY: Kirk, come on.

KIRK: No.

GYPSY: Cough up another nickel.

KIRK: Forget it □ it's the principal of the thing. [walks away]

GYPSY: Wow, you made out like a bandit.

RORY: Well, you've got great stuff this year.

GYPSY: Hey, did you see the astronomy section over there?

RORY: Oh, yeah.

GYPSY: Didn't find anything?

RORY: Nope.

DEAN: Wait, I didn't see you look over there.

RORY: Well, I did.

DEAN: Go look.

RORY: I told you I'm done.

DEAN: Hey, where. . . where's your bracelet?

RORY: What?

DEAN: You're not wearing your bracelet.

RORY: Oh.

DEAN: Where is it?

RORY: I took it off.

DEAN: Why?

RORY: Well, because I got this weird rash on my wrist.

DEAN: From the bracelet?

RORY: Oh no, just a fluke thing. Actually, I think my Spanish midterm gave it to me.

DEAN: Oh.

RORY: But it's getting better □ it's almost gone.

DEAN: Well, good.

RORY: And as soon as it's completely gone, that bracelet goes right back on.

DEAN: So, uh, compromise.

RORY: What?

DEAN: You go look at the astronomy section, we'll go see Lord of the Rings, and on the way home we'll rent Autumn in New York and mock it for the rest of the afternoon.

RORY: With full-on impressions?

DEAN: With full-on impressions.

RORY: Deal.

DEAN: Go, I'll wait here. Smiling, not at all bored.

KIRK: Sixty-two cents.

GYPSY: Get out of here Kirk.

KIRK: Damn.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai walks into the kitchen, takes several containers of Chinese food out of the refrigerator, then walks outside.]

LORELAI: Jess? Hey, Jess!

JESS: Sorry, too loud?

LORELAI: Oh, no, it's fine. Uh, it's just. . . I got a ton of leftover Chinese food in the kitchen. I thought you might like some lunch.

JESS: No thanks.

LORELAI: Okay.

JESS: Chinese sounds great.

LORELAI: Really?

JESS: If you're sure you have enough.

LORELAI: There's plenty. Rory and I decided to take on the entire chicken column last night.

JESS: Ambitious.

LORELAI: Well, it's all out on the table, so come in when you're ready.

JESS: I'm ready now.

LORELAI: Okay, then I'll see you inside.

CUT TO KITCHEN

LORELAI: So, um, basically everything here is chicken. You've got garlic chicken, Kung Pao chicken, Szechuan Chicken, chicken in brown sauce, which looks and tastes remarkably like the Szechuan Chicken except it's got these red peppers in it and if you eat them, you die. Plate?

JESS: I thought I'd, uh. . .

LORELAI: Oh, soap's on the counter.

JESS: So when was the last time you had those gutters cleaned?

LORELAI: It's been awhile.

JESS: Yeah, I found an "I like Ike" bumper sticker up there.

LORELAI: Is it really bad?

JESS: Well, it won't be by tomorrow.

LORELAI: I like hearing that.

JESS: So you guys aren't too hot on vegetables, huh?

LORELAI: What are you talking about? There's green pepper in the Kung Pao.

JESS: My mistake.

LORELAI: So, are you a healthy eater like Luke?

JESS: No. No one's a healthy eater like Luke. Yule Gibbons wasn't a healthy eater like Luke.

LORELAI: Wow, it's been ages since I've heard a good Yule Gibbons reference.

JESS: Many parts of a pine tree are edible.

LORELAI: That's right. God, I wonder what the research process was like to get that information.

JESS: I'd say fairly painful.

LORELAI: Huh. Here. So how's school?

JESS: It's still there.

LORELAI: You on any teams or anything?

JESS: No, no, no.

LORELAI: Not a jersey guy?

JESS: No, definitely not a jersey guy. Though the thought of throwing a ball at some jock's head isn't entirely unappealing. Look, I'm not really good at this small talk thing.

LORELAI: You're doing okay. Cold egg roll?

JESS: Why not? [takes a bite]

LORELAI: Bad?

JESS: Oh yeah.

[the front door slams and Rory yells from off camera]

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Here ▯ right here! What?

RORY: Mom!

[cut to front entryway; Rory is looking through all the coat pockets as Lorelai walks over]

LORELAI: What's going on?

RORY: I don't know where it is!

LORELAI: Where what is?

RORY: My bracelet □ it's gone.

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

RORY: How could I do this? How could I lose that bracelet?

[Rory starts looking in the living room]

LORELAI: Honey, tell me which bracelet □ maybe I stole it from you.

RORY: Dean's bracelet.

LORELAI: The one he made you?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: It's gone?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Where?

RORY: I don't know where. If I knew where then I would have it.

LORELAI: Well, when did you first notice it was gone?

RORY: When he pointed out that I wasn't wearing it.

LORELAI: Oh, not good. What did you say?

RORY: That I had a rash and that I had to take it off until it healed.

LORELAI: Nice save, Gretzky.

RORY: It's not here, it's not here. God.

LORELAI: Okay, let's retrace your steps. When was the last time you remember wearing it?

RORY: Um, I don't know.

LORELAI: Think hard □ yesterday?

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: The day before?

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: The day before that?

RORY: Um, yeah.

LORELAI: Really?

RORY: No, I don't remember. I can't remember. Help me move the couch.

LORELAI: What about your locker at school?

RORY: I don't know why it would be there, I never take it off at school. I never take it off at all.

LORELAI: Anything?

RORY: Just Grandma's pen.

LORELAI: Leave it there.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: It makes life fun

RORY: I'm gonna freak out now.

LORELAI: We'll find it.

RORY: I'm gonna have to tell Dean that I lost his bracelet.

LORELAI: Let's not even go there yet.

RORY: He made it for me.

LORELAI: He'll make you another one.

RORY: But he's gonna be mad.

LORELAI: He'll understand.

RORY: How do you know?

LORELAI: I'm looking at the track record and all signs point to he'll understand. Did you look in your room?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: All right, I'll check the car. And don't worry □ if worse comes to worse and we can't find it, we'll follow Dean to work, hide behind the cantaloupes, jump him, blind him and he'll never find out.

RORY: As long as we have a plan.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Michel is standing at the front desk; Lorelai is on the floor behind the desk]

MICHEL: Who is Randy Mill?

LORELAI: Ugh, let me see. Maintenance.

MICHEL: Are you going to be down there long?

LORELAI: Uh, I just wanna to make sure Rory's bracelet didn't get kicked back behind something.

MICHEL: Hmm, and so earlier when you told me to look for the bracelet and I told you I did look and I did not find it, you

LORELAI: Just decided to double check.

MICHEL: Yes, though another theory is that you did not believe me.

LORELAI: I did too.

MICHEL: No, I believe you thought I was lying. That I did not actually get down on my hands and knees in a brand new Donna Karan suit and crawl around on a floor where people who have stepped in mud and garbage and animal waste have been traipsing all day long.

LORELAI: It's not there.

MICHEL: No? Why, I'm shocked.

LORELAI: Okay, I'm sorry I doubted you, Michel.

MICHEL: Well, that means a lot, thank you.

LORELAI: We turned the house upside down. Rory's having a heart attack. It's just awful.

MICHEL: Yes, well, as soon as my dry cleaning bill is paid for, you will have my sympathies.

LORELAI: I will pay for your suit, Michel.

MICHEL: Mm hmm.

[phone rings]

MICHEL: Independence Inn, Michel speaking. Hold on please. [to Lorelai] It's for you.

LORELAI: Lorelai here.

LUKE: I don't want a wood-burning fireplace.

LORELAI: Luke?

LUKE: But if I take an apartment with a wood-burning fireplace, even though I could give a rat's ass about a wood-burning fireplace, I have to pay an extra two hundred dollars a month for the wood-burning fireplace.

LORELAI: Yeah, but - .

LUKE: And three of the places make you put down a five hundred dollar deposit if you have a dog. Can you believe this?

LORELAI: You don't have a dog.

LUKE: I know, but it's wrong.

LORELAI: Agreed. What else?

LUKE: Parking.

LORELAI: Ah.

LUKE: How can people ask you for a monthly fee for a parking space? I mean, they're making money off your rent, off your utilities, when you use their coin-operated washer and dryer ▯ that's cash directly in their pocket. And by the way, it's not even that good a parking space. It's out in the open under one of those trees that drops the sap on your car that eats away your paint.

LORELAI: Luke?

LUKE: Who's gonna pay for my car, huh? Where's my five hundred dollar, paint-k*lling tree sap deposit?

LORELAI: You haven't found a place yet?

LUKE: And I've been looking all day.

LORELAI: There wasn't one place you liked?

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: Not one place that gave you a little feeling of, ▯Huh, well that has a nice vibe about it.'

LUKE: I don't use the word vibe.

LORELAI: Luke.

LUKE: Maybe one place wasn't so bad.

LORELAI: Oh good, describe it to me.

LUKE: I don't know. It had walls with a kind of a floor with a light.

LORELAI: Okay, hold on here, mister. If you tell me it's got a roof, I'm stealing that baby out from under you.

LUKE: I just can't tell anymore. I need a second opinion.

LORELAI: Do you want me to come look at your apartment?

LUKE: It's not my apartment, and yes.

LORELAI: Done.

LUKE: Now.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: Please?

LORELAI: Uh, well -.

LUKE: I promised the woman I'd give her an answer today.

LORELAI: Okay, give me the address.

LUKE: Sixty-two and a half B Street. And that's another thing ▯ what's with this half business? Why do all these apartments have this half thing going? It's stupid. If sixty-two is taken, move on to sixty-three.

LORELAI: Luke, I'll meet you there in twenty and a half minutes.

LUKE: Thank you.

LORELAI: Bye. [hangs up] Michel, I have to go out for a little while. Cover the desk for me.

MICHEL: Mm hmm.

LORELAI: What?

MICHEL: Well, I mean, I'll say I'll cover the desk, but how will you know if I'm actually doing it?

LORELAI: I trust you, Michel.

MICHEL: I mean, it's just as possible I say I'll cover the desk, and the moment you've stepped away I'll put some fruit on my head and join a conga line somewhere.

LORELAI: I believe you looked for the bracelet.

MICHEL: And while I'm shaking it to the Miami Sound Machine, the phones here ▯ they would ring and ring and ring, and no one to answer, no one to assist.

LORELAI: Okay, bye Mom.

CUT TO APARTMENT BUILDING

[The real estate agent leads Luke and Lorelai through the apartment]

MARY: It's a very quiet street and the owner keeps the building up beautifully. He hasn't remodeled it at all. Plus, I bet he could be persuaded to give the floor a little spruce if you like.

LORELAI: Oh yeah, we'd like a spruce.

LUKE: A spruce is unnecessary.

LORELAI: Hey, you never turn down a spruce.

MARY: She's right ▯ listen to her.

LORELAI: Yeah, listen to me.

LUKE: You rarely give me a choice.

LORELAI: Come here so I can lick your face.

LUKE: What?

MARY: Now, I went over the square footage and the details of the lease with your husband this morning. Did he fill you in?

LUKE: What? Oh no, we're ▯ .

LORELAI: No, no, he didn't, but you know how men are. The minute that ball game comes on, all the realities of life just go right out the window.

MARY: Don't I know it.

LORELAI: I mean, I could answer the door wrapped in cellophane but unless I was wearing a Yankees cap. . .ugh, he wouldn't even notice.

LUKE: Geez.

LORELAI: Oh, don't be embarrassed Snuffy, I'm just teasing. It'd be a Mets cap.

LUKE: Hey Mary, could you possibly leave me and little missus alone for just a minute?

MARY: Why, of course.

LORELAI: I promise we won't do anything dirty.

MARY: Oh please, if my husband and I looked anything like the two of you, we'd never get dressed.

LORELAI: Oh, you are bad!

MARY: Let me just leave this rental agreement with you in case you decide to fill it out.

LUKE: Thanks.

MARY: Oh, I hope you take it. It's got a great vibe for a nice couple like you two. [leaves]

LORELAI: Oh, thirteen different shades of red!

LUKE: What is wrong with you?

LORELAI: You make it too easy.

LUKE: By standing here?

LORELAI: Oh, relax Snuffy. Let's talk. What do you think?

LUKE: She used the word vibe.

LORELAI: About the apartment.

LUKE: I don't know.

LORELAI: Okay then, break it down. List your concerns.

LUKE: Well, it's too big.

LORELAI: It's not too big. Next.

LUKE: I don't need two bathrooms.

LORELAI: Yes, you do. Next.

LUKE: I like being on the bottom floor.

LORELAI: The top floor's quieter. Next.

LUKE: You know, somehow I think this would be easier if you just listed your concerns first.

LORELAI: Okay. Um. . .I don't have any. I think it's great.

LUKE: You do?

LORELAI: Yeah, it's light and airy. It's got good windows but not too many so that the sun bakes you in the afternoon.

LUKE: Thank you.

LORELAI: You're close to work, the price seems good, you're taking the spruce, and it's a two-year lease. What's two years?

LUKE: I don't know. I - .

LORELAI: Luke, you need to do this. You and Jess will k*ll each other if you stay in that place of yours.

LUKE: Yeah, but who knows how long he's gonna be here.

LORELAI: Why? Did something happen?

LUKE: No, but you never know.

LORELAI: No, you don't, but I think his mom sending his stuff is a pretty good sign.

LUKE: And even if he does stay, it'll be only for another year, and then he'll go off to college or Attica or whatever, and it'll just be me again.

LORELAI: Yeah, but - .

LUKE: And stuck with a new apartment, probably with neighbors I hate who are constantly cooking really strong smelling food.

LORELAI: Okay, back up here. Yes, Jess may go off somewhere someday, but that doesn't mean you will be alone forever.

LUKE: I am not getting a pet.

LORELAI: I'm talking about a lady friend.

LUKE: Oh.

LORELAI: A red-hot mama.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: A big, pretty dish of lovin' with a spoon made especially for you.

LUKE: Boy, do I not feel good now.

LORELAI: Luke, Rachel's not the only woman in the world for you. You'll meet someone, someday -- probably at a Timberland store, you'll ask her out. You'll pick her up and take her on a patented

Luke Danes night of romance -- juice bar followed by the batting cages -- and then you'll ask her back to your apartment.

LUKE: Any amount of money if you stop right now.

LORELAI: You'll bring her back to your place, lead her upstairs to the apartment door. You pause, gaze into her eyes □ the stage is set, fate is waiting. You open the door, and she sees your teeny, tiny apartment □ one room and no closet space and Jess' feet sticking up in the air □cause you never did get rid of that body!

LUKE: Stop, please.

LORELAI: And to make matters worse, she spots it: the single bed.

LUKE: What's wrong with a single bed?

LORELAI: You know what they say.

LUKE: No, what do they say?

LORELAI: Never, ever date a guy who owns a single bed. It means he's not open to a commitment.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: It says there's no room in this life for anybody but me.

LUKE: No, it says there's no room in this bed for anyone but me.

LORELAI: Okay, see, that's not a whole lot better.

LUKE: This discussion is now over.

LORELAI: Luke, as long as you're in that apartment, you're gonna have a single bed. Don't you want the possibility of more? Come on Luke, it's time. Make a move, take a shot, entertain the possibility of a non-unabomber existence. What do you say?

LUKE: You got a pen? I'm not taking the spruce.

LORELAI: Yes, you are.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai arrives home and walks into the kitchen as Jess walks out of Rory's room]

LORELAI: Hey.

JESS: Hey.

LORELAI: Did you get lost?

JESS: No, I was looking at Rory's books.

LORELAI: Uh huh.

JESS: I wanted to see if she had Franny and Zooey. She does.

LORELAI: Okay.

JESS: I was gonna get it for her if she didn't.

LORELAI: That's very nice of you.

JESS: Yeah. Okay, so I should probably get back to work.

LORELAI: Mm hmm.

CUT TO DOOSE'S MARKET

[Luke is shopping as Taylor walks up to him]

TAYLOR: Luke, good good goody good good. I was just on my way over to the diner to talk to you.

LUKE: Great. Go on over, I'll meet you there.

TAYLOR: Oh, stop it, this isn't about anything that's gonna make you mad. I just have a couple of questions about your application.

LUKE: What?

TAYLOR: Your application. Now I called your bank - .

LUKE: What application?

TAYLOR: Your application for the apartment. Now you have two accounts here - .

LUKE: How did you get my application?

TAYLOR: Well, Mary gave it to me, of course. Now I'm assuming that one of those accounts - .

LUKE: Why would Mary give you my application?

TAYLOR: Because I own the building.

LUKE: What? When the hell did you buy an apartment building?

TAYLOR: Well, I bought this particular one about two months ago.

LUKE: I look at a thousand apartments, I choose yours. How is that possible?

TAYLOR: Well, count yourself lucky, you. With me as the owner, there is a level of quality control that is sorely lacking in this town. For example, at all my properties, we measure the grass before, during, and after mowing to attain a perfect inch and a half height, which is both pleasing to the eye and good for the grass.

LUKE: All of your properties?

TAYLOR: Ten in all.

LUKE: Ten properties? What are you, buying up the town?

TAYLOR: Not yet, but someday □ who knows?

LUKE: But why isn't anyone stopping you?

TAYLOR: Because, my friend, people are lazy. They don't wanna think about the proper fabric for an awning or the correct historical color for a building. They just slap any old thing up on a wall and sleep like babies. But soon, hopefully, the city council will put an end to that.

LUKE: Taylor, you cannot tell people what color to paint their buildings!

TAYLOR: Well, someone has to.

LUKE: No, they don't. We don't live in a fascist country.

TAYLOR: Oh, this isn't about the fascists □ who, by the way, had their faults but their parks were spotless.

LUKE: I have to get out of here. [leaves]

TAYLOR: Hey, eh, wait a minute.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Taylor follows Luke down the sidewalk]

TAYLOR: Luke, hold it! I still need to talk to you.

LUKE: Just tear up the application, Taylor. I'm not moving.

TAYLOR: What? Why?

LUKE: □Cause I'm the two-inch grass kind of guy.

TAYLOR: Well, that's too bad but I need to talk to you about something else.

LUKE: What?

TAYLOR: I'm thinking about purchasing the flower shop next to the diner, but we need to talk about that sign of yours.

LUKE: What about my sign?

TAYLOR: Well, you have a diner but you never took down the Williams' Hardware sign.

LUKE: That was my father's sign.

TAYLOR: I understand that you have a sentimental attachment to the sign, but it confuses the tourists.

LUKE: Back off the sign, Taylor.

TAYLOR: If I buy the building next to that sign, I run the risk of people being so busy trying to figure out if you sell hammers or burgers, that they never notice the nice collectible plate store right next door.

LUKE: Collectible plates?

TAYLOR: Isn't that a great idea? Elvis, The Beatles, Mary Poppins, all the greats. You can hang them

on the wall or you buy a little stand and set them up on the coffee table.

LUKE: Okay, you need to get away from me now. At least a good arm swinging length away.

TAYLOR: It's people like you who keep this town from becoming one of great towns in America, Luke.

LUKE: Arm swinging length!

TAYLOR: I wouldn't have approved your application anyway.

CUT TO OUTSIDE LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Jess climbs down the ladder as Rory comes home and sits on the porch]

JESS: You look good.

RORY: I'm fine.

JESS: Talk.

RORY: I lost my bracelet.

JESS: Uh huh.

RORY: Dean gave it to me.

JESS: How thoughtful.

RORY: I've been all over town looking for it. I've been to Lane's, I've been to Luke's, I've been to the bus stop, I've been to Miss Patty's, and I've circled Stars Hollow twice and nothing. I have no idea what I'm going to do.

JESS: It's really that big a deal?

RORY: What do you mean?

JESS: I mean, I know it's got an 'I've been pinned' Bye, Bye, Birdie kind of implication to it, but it was just a bracelet.

RORY: I don't think Dean will see it that way.

JESS: You didn't lose it on purpose.

RORY: I know, but things have been a little weird between us lately and. . .you couldn't care less.

JESS: Oh, yes, I could.

RORY: I just think Dean will read something into this.

JESS: Should he?

RORY: No.

JESS: I think you should keep looking.

RORY: Where?

JESS: Anywhere. Things you lose are usually right in front of your face. Check the house again.

RORY: I've checked the house.

JESS: It's probably just laying in your room somewhere.

RORY: No, I tore that room apart, it's not there.

JESS: Fine, give up then. No biggie. Dean'll just have to get over it.

RORY: I'll go look again.

JESS: You do that.

CUT TO INSIDE

[Lorelai is sitting on the couch reading as Rory walks in]

LORELAI: Hey, where have you been?

RORY: Scouring the town.

LORELAI: Nothing, huh?

RORY: Not yet. I'm gonna check my room again. [goes into room]

LORELAI: Haven't you already looked in there like a thousand times.

RORY: [from bedroom] A thousand and one. Mom, come here, hurry!

LORELAI: Rory?

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Are you okay?

[cut to Rory's bedroom]

RORY: I found it!

LORELAI: What?

RORY: I looked under the bed and there it was. I thought I had already looked under the bed, but I don't know, maybe I was too panicked or. . . I don't know, who cares, I got it!

LORELAI: Aw, that is amazing!

RORY: Put it on.

LORELAI: Hmm.

RORY: Make it tight.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm cutting off circulation here, baby.

RORY: Oh, look at it. It looks even better than before, doesn't it?

LORELAI: I think the time away from home did it some good.

RORY: Okay, when I get back, we celebrate.

LORELAI: Where are you going?

RORY: To tell Lane she can stop praying.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai walks out as Jess is getting ready to leave]

LORELAI: You leaving?

JESS: Yeah, all done.

LORELAI: You weren't gonna come get your money?

JESS: Ah, I figured I'd get it eventually. It's not like I don't know where you guys live.

LORELAI: That's true. You certainly do know where we live. Well here. After all, you earned it.

JESS: Thanks.

LORELAI: You took it, didn't you?

JESS: Excuse me.

LORELAI: Rory's bracelet □ you had it the whole time.

JESS: No idea what you're talking about.

LORELAI: How'd you get it?

JESS: I didn't get anything.

LORELAI: What, did you break into our house, you got all dressed in black and pulled a Mission: Impossible?

JESS: Actually, I came down the chimney and pulled a Santa Claus.

LORELAI: Very funny.

JESS: Thought a ridiculous accusation deserved a ridiculous response.

LORELAI: So it's just a great big ol' coincidence that I catch you coming out of Rory's room a half an hour before she mysteriously finds the bracelet under her bed?

JESS: Guess so.

LORELAI: Why would you do this?

JESS: I gotta go.

LORELAI: I mean, I know you hate the world, but I thought you liked Rory.

JESS: I didn't do anything.

LORELAI: Bull.

JESS: Whatever.

LORELAI: Oh, don't whatever me, you little jerk. You let Rory run around completely panicked, thinking she lost her boyfriend's bracelet. She was miserable, do you understand that?

JESS: I didn't take it.

LORELAI: I'm sure you're jealous of Dean because he's great and Rory's madly in love with him, but you taking the bracelet didn't hurt Dean, it hurt Rory. That bracelet is the most precious thing she owns. She never takes it off. It means everything to her. And you stealing it was unbelievably cruel.

JESS: The most precious thing she owns?

LORELAI: Yes.

JESS: If it's the most precious thing she owns, why did it take her two weeks to figure out it was gone, huh? You might wanna reevaluate how madly in love she is. I wouldn't start calling him son yet.

LORELAI: Get outta here.

JESS: You read my mind.

CUT TO INSIDE LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai walks in and sits down on the couch. There's a knock on the front door, Lorelai answers it]

LUKE: I just spent a hundred thousand dollars and it's all your fault!

LORELAI: Oh, good.

[They walk into the kitchen]

LUKE: I ran into Taylor at the market, and I found out he owns the building that apartment was in.

LORELAI: No way.

LUKE: That and several others all over town.

LORELAI: That is so weird.

LUKE: He's systematically buying up the town. He's gonna turn it into Taylorville where everyone'll wear cardigans and have the same grass height.

LORELAI: Luke, do you wanna sit down?

LUKE: And then he told me he's gonna buy the building next to the diner, turn it into a plate shop for freaks who don't have enough brain power to collect stamps. I lost it.

LORELAI: Uh, I can't picture that.

LUKE: I walked around in a blind rage. I was crazy. I bought one of those Belgian waffles with the ice cream dipped in chocolate.

LORELAI: You ate that?

LUKE: No, I didn't eat it!

LORELAI: Of course not.

LUKE: I'm upset, not suicidal.

LORELAI: Right.

LUKE: I knew I just had to do something, and I had your voice going round and round in my head.

LORELAI: Yeah, it's kinda like the Small World song.

LUKE: Take a chance, Luke. Make a move, Luke. Can't have a single bed, Luke. So I bought the building!

LORELAI: You ▯ you what?

LUKE: I went to the bank and got a cashier's check, signed the papers and I bought the building.

LORELAI: Wow

LUKE: I am the building's owner.

LORELAI: I heard.

LUKE: I own the building.

LORELAI: Okay, well, don't worry, maybe you can still get out of it. You can go back and tell them you lost your mind.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: Or I bet you can sell it to Taylor.

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: So, relax, you can still get out of this.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: Unless you don't wanna get out of it.

LUKE: Oh no, I wanna get out of this. Uh, why would I not wanna get out of this?

LORELAI: Oh, well, owning that building gives you some options.

LUKE: Like?

LORELAI: Uh, like you could expand Luke's if you wanted to.

LUKE: Yah.

LORELAI: Or you could rent it to someone else.

LUKE: Yah.

LORELAI: Someone else who might drive Taylor crazy.

LUKE: Maybe I should think about this.

LORELAI: Sure, sleep on it.

LUKE: Sleep on it, right, right.

LORELAI: You want some tea?

LUKE: Tea's good, sure.

LORELAI: Hey Luke, um, does Jess ever talk to you about Rory?

LUKE: Uh, what do you mean?

LORELAI: I don't know. They just. . .they seem to be thrown together quite a lot lately and I was just trying to figure out if that's a coincidence or - .

LUKE: Or if there's something going on.

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: I don't know.

LORELAI: Huh.

LUKE: Jess doesn't exactly confide in me.

LORELAI: Right.

LUKE: Of course, if there was something going on, I think that'd be really great.

LORELAI: You do?

LUKE: Yeah. Rory's a great kid, she'd be really good for Jess.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, she would.

LUKE: You really think there might be something going on?

LORELAI: I don't know

LUKE: Boy, that would be great.

LORELAI: Yeah, great.

CUT TO LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Jess is reading and listening to music as Luke walks in and takes a sledgehammer out of the closet. He walks across the room and swings the sledgehammer through the wall, then hands it to Jess.]

LUKE: That's your room. Finish up. We'll hold hands and skip afterwards.

THE END

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