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## 04x13 - Nag Hammadi is Where They Found Them

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### 04x13 - Nag Hammadi is Where They Found Them

by **bunniefuu**

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OPEN AT LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is coming down the stairs into the living room. She is zipping up the extra cardigan she's wearing on top of her pajamas]

LORELAI: Cold, cold, cold, cold ! Icy feet, stupid frozen-tundra house! Oh. [She picks up a shawl and wraps herself in it. She sees someone sleeping on the couch, bundled in blankets.]

LORELAI: Honey, why are you sleeping in here? Your room is way warmer. [She turns up the thermostat and goes into the kitchen.] Okay, here's the question for today, kids. What the hell are the Eskimos thinking? I mean, yes, the hoods are cute, but it's always cold. Always! Plus you have to eat fish for breakfast and you have to eat whales and then polar bears and penguins and Santa Claus... [Comes back from the kitchen, towards the couch and sits on the sleeping figure] Okay, coffee's on, Pop-Tarts are pop-tarting! If you're just going to lie there, I'm going to have to sit here. I'm going to make myself very comfortable on a nice, warm Rory!

[Rory comes out of her room]

RORY: Why is it so cold in here?

LORELAI: Ahh!

RORY: Ahh!

[Rory ties the belt of her cardigan and comes near the couch]

LORELAI: I thought I was sitting on you!

RORY: Oh, really? Good trick...

LORELAI: Well, if you are there, then who is this?

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: We've got a stranger in our house.

RORY: Robert Downey, Jr?

LORELAI: Or a m\*rder\*r.

RORY: ... who needed to take a nap before committing his crimes?

[Lorelai lifts the blankets to see Lane sleeping on the couch.]

LORELAI: I think this belongs to you.

RORY: She must have followed me home from Yale. I told her she could hang out there this weekend.

LORELAI: But why do that when you can come here and sleep where penguins need a coat?

RORY: Yeah, why is it so cold in here?

LORELAI: I broke that stupid window trying to lock it last night.

[They walk to the kitchen.]

RORY: Well, get it fixed, woman.

LORELAI: I left Luke a message just now. He'll do it.

RORY: Before or after the re-enactment of Alive?

LORELAI: Hopefully before.

RORY: Why don't you call a guy?

LORELAI: What guy?

RORY: A window fixing guy.

LORELAI: Ah, Luke always gets mad when I pay someone to do something that he could do for free. And then he lectures me about it every time I see him and it's annoying. "Oh, you paid him how much to fix the window? What, you couldn't just find someone to steal your purse that day? Hey, while you're at it I've got an idea, why don't you go down to a Versateller and let them charge you five bucks to take your own money out of the bank? Or buy some tickets at Ticketmaster and wind up paying more in service charges than it would cost you to see the band? Oh, here's a great fifty buck mark up on a bottle of wine that it would have cost you ten dollars in the supermarket you're missing!"

RORY: Oh my God, Luke is annoying.

LORELAI: So...

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Just wondering what you're thinking about.

RORY: I'm thinking about nothing.

LORELAI: Nothing wouldn't happen to wear a leather jacket and be able to pull off an extremely convincing "Adrian!" would it?

RORY: No, it wouldn't. You think he froze to death?

LORELAI: No, He wasn't sleeping here.

RORY: Right.

LORELAI: I'm sure Luke took care of it.

[Lane walks in.]

LANE: Hey, did somebody sit on me just now?

LORELAI: No, why?

LANE: My hip hurts.

LORELAI: Oh, getting old...

[Lane walks out of the room.]

LORELAI: Hey, did anyone ever think that maybe Sylvia Plath wasn't crazy, she was just cold?

[opening credits]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW STREET

[Luke's driving his truck in the middle of a traffic jam. Horns are honking, people are yelling complaints. Luke pulls over, gets out of the truck and walks down the street to find out what's causing the traffic jam.]

JESS [in his car]: Come on guys, push harder.

KIRK [into a walkie-talkie]: We need more stars in the gazebo area. I repeat: We need more stars in the gazebo area. Do you copy? Roger.

JOE: I'm supposed to say roger, Kirk.

KIRK: I don't think so. Copy. Roger.

JOE: Roger means I heard you, Kirk. I was supposed to say roger.

KIRK: Negative. I am in charge here and I say roger! ROGER.

JOE: No, you don't.

WOMAN ON THE WALKIE TALKIE: Just let him say roger, Joe.

JOE: If he says roger, what the hell am I supposed to say?

WOMAN: Who cares?

JESS: Get out of the way, Kirk.

KIRK: Hold on. Roger.

JESS: This car is not stopping.

KIRK: I am planning the Firelight Festival. Taylor left me in charge, and I have to make sure everything is perfect.

JESS: MOVE!

KIRK: Roger.

LUKE [to Jess]: Shouldn't you have a marching band behind you?

JESS: Go away.

LUKE: The Budweiser Clydesdales prancing along, Ann Jillian waving in the back.

JESS: I've got to get my car to Gypsy so she can fix it and I can leave.

LUKE: So you decided to push it there.

JESS: I didn't have a choice.

MAN IN A CAR: Just push this piece of junk out of my way!

JESS: I'm going as fast as I can, jerk!

LUKE: Jess, do you at all find this ridiculous?

JESS: Why, yes, as a matter of fact, I do find this ridiculous. I find it ridiculous that Gypsy won't walk twenty feet to take a look at my car.

LUKE: Hire a tow truck.

JESS: It costs eighty bucks to hire a tow truck. Oh, come on, it's like freakin' Carnivale out here.

LUKE: I'll give you the eighty bucks.

JESS: No.

LUKE: You're blocking the whole street.

JESS: I don't want your money.

LUKE: You wanna get out of here, let me pay the eighty bucks.

MAN PUSHING THE CAR: I'll pitch in ten.

JESS: Hey, how about more walkie, and less talkie.

LUKE: You're making a spectacle of yourself.

JESS: Go home, you won't have to watch.

LUKE: Fine.

[CUT TO GYPSY'S GARAGE]

JESS: Well?

GYPSY: Still looking.

JESS: What's the matter with it?

GYPSY: Still looking.

JESS: You've been circling around the thing for fifteen minutes. You waiting for it to tell you where it hurts?

GYPSY: I've seen dumber things talk.

JESS: Just tell me what's wrong with the car.

GYPSY: You need a carburetor.

JESS: So how long until it's fixed?

GYPSY: Not sure.

JESS: It has to be today. I have to walk out of this half-mile, four-block, freakhole of a medical experiment.

GYPSY: You are delightful. I'll have you out of here tonight. Go away and come back at closing.

JESS: Fine.

GYPSY: And bring a lot of money because I'm going to overcharge you like you've never been overcharged before.

JESS: I'll bet you say that to all the guys.

GYPSY: On second thought, maybe I'm closing early tonight.

JESS: I'm going.

[Jess turns to leave but stops when he sees couple standing across the street. He can only see the girl's back. She has long straight brown hair like Rory used to.]

GYPSY: That's not her.

JESS: What?

GYPSY: She cut her hair.

JESS: Don't know what you're talking about.

GYPSY: Okay, my mistake.

[Jess turns back to look at the couple. The girl turns around. It's not Rory.]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is taping plastic wrap over the hole in the window with pink Barbie doll Band-aids.]

LORELAI: Okay, now. Hold it. Oh, okay, how does it look?

LANE: Festive and femme.

LORELAI: Yes, and completely ineffective.

LANE: Maybe it just needs another layer.

LORELAI: Yes, of glass.

RORY: Nice. Something to protect us from freezer burn.

LORELAI: Come over here and help us.

RORY: I'm not going to help you Barbie Band-aid our window. I will, however, help you to call one of the many extremely qualified window repairmen that I've circled for you in the phone book.

LORELAI: Hey, if we fix the window before Luke comes over, he will have his feelings hurt. Do you want that?

RORY: Phone book's on the kitchen table.

LORELAI: Where are you going?

RORY: I'm going to take a walk, get a Danish, hit the bookstore, and I'll be back for lunch.

LORELAI: Okay.

LORELAI: [to Lane] Maybe if we add a layer of tinfoil.

RORY: Hey, professional window guys are driving by, pointing and laughing. I just thought you should know.

LORELAI: Thank you.

[RORY walks out.]

LORELAI: So, listen, I have some errands to run today. Do you need anything?

LANE: No, I'm fine.

LORELAI: Okay. I'll probably be heading down Elm.

LANE: Well, that's a good street.

LORELAI: Yes, it is. If there is anything you'd want me to do on Elm, or anyone you wanted me to see, I could...

LANE: That's okay. Has she said anything to you?

LORELAI: No, but she's wanted to.

LANE: How can you tell?

LORELAI: Let's just say it's a mom thing.

LANE: Yeah, well...

[The phone rings.]

LORELAI: Okay, well maybe tomorrow then.

[Lane nods. Lorelai goes over to pick up the phone.]

LORELAI: Hello?

EMILY: It's a complete disaster!

LORELAI: My existence?

EMILY: Not everything is about you, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Oh, sorry.

EMILY: The rare manuscripts acquisition fundraiser is tonight and we still haven't filled our table. I'm four people short.

RICHARD: The Burles are going to visit their daughter in New Hampshire.

EMILY: Well then they can just go straight to hell, then, can't they?

LORELAI: Mom, I already said I'd go.

EMILY: But we still have a half empty table.

LORELAI: Well, fewer people to fight over the centerpiece.

EMILY: Stop it. This is not funny. The last person who didn't fill her table was Loretta Bobbins. Do you remember Loretta Bobbins?

LORELAI: No.

EMILY: Exactly! Once you do not fill your table, you do not get another table to fill. You are off the list.

LORELAI: Mom, that's not gonna happen to you.

EMILY: You said you would come.

LORELAI: I am coming.

EMILY: And you're bringing someone.

LORELAI: I never said I was bringing someone.

EMILY: Well, I'm telling you to now.

LORELAI: Mom, it's tonight.

EMILY: I need you to bring someone, Lorelai.

LORELAI: But I...

EMILY: Loretta Bobbins, Lorelai.

[Richard walks in the room.]

RICHARD: All right, the Dartmores are trying to change Bitty's viewing. They'll call back in a minute.

EMILY: They owe us, Richard. Remind them that they owe us.

[Richard gestures soothingly while Emily finishes the conversation with Lorelai.]

EMILY: All right. I'll see you tonight at six o'clock sharp and don't wear those pantyhose with the seams up the back. You look like ten cents a dance.

[Emily hangs up the phone.]

EMILY: Richard, I need a gimlet.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINNER

[Kirk and Miss Patty walk in and sit at a table.]

KIRK: After we light the bonfire, the dancers should come through.

PATTY: Okay, Kirk.

KIRK: They'll circle the gazebo. Jazz hands, jazz hands, jazz hands. Then out come the flaming batons.

PATTY: That sounds good, Kirk.

KIRK: Are you ignoring me?

PATTY: Since you were old enough to walk, Kirk.

[Over at the counter]

LIZ: What do you think?

CARRIE: I think it's good.

LIZ: Is there too much turquoise?

CARRIE: Are you kidding? Turquoise is timeless.

LUKE: What are you doing?

LIZ: Oh, hey, Luke. You remember my friend Carrie, right?

LUKE: Oh, yeah. Hey, Carrie.

CARRIE: Hi, Butch, good to see you. Been under any bleachers lately?

LUKE: No, I haven't. What is that?

LIZ: It's an earring tree.

LUKE: And what is it for?

LIZ: You hang earrings on it.



LUKE: And what is it doing here?

LIZ: I thought I'd put some of my earrings out, you know, and see if I could sell some to the good people of Stars Hollow.

LUKE: No.

LIZ: Why?

CARRIE: They're cute.

LUKE: This is a diner. People come here to eat, not shop.

LIZ: But now they can do both.

LUKE: Uh-huh. Hey, Liz, can I talk to you for a moment?

CARRIE: Hey, Liz, you want me to negotiate with him for you?

LUKE: No, she doesn't, Carrie. Thanks for the offer. Liz, please?

LIZ: Sure, my brother.

[They go to the other end of the counter.]

LIZ: Why are you so stressed about this?

LUKE: Liz, do you remember when you decided to make those ceramic pots?

LIZ: Yes.

LUKE: Without a kiln?

LIZ: Yes.

LUKE: And how did that go?

LIZ: Pretty bad.

LUKE: You were depressed for a month, you cut all your hair, you threw out all your clothes...

LIZ: I remember the bad times.

LUKE: You put those earring out on my counter and nobody buys them...

LIZ: They sell great at the fairs.

LUKE: I'm sure they do, but this is not a renaissance fair. Look around. Everybody here has a life. No one's gonna buy them. Please, just--

PATTY: Oh, look at this. Oh, these are so cute! Luke, are you selling these?

LIZ: He sure is.

PATTY: Well, I'll take 'em.

KIRK: Excuse me, I wanted those.

PATTY: Turquoise? With your complexion?

KIRK: They're for Lulu. She's a sweetheart.

PATTY: Does she have pierced ears?

KIRK: Um, I can check. [Speaks into the walkie-talkie.] Joe, have you ever noticed my girlfriend's lobes?

JOE [over walkie-talkie]: What?

LUKE: Okay, thank you both for the show of support. It's very kind but you don't have to do this.

PATTY: Do what?

LUKE: Pretend that you like them because Liz made them.

PATTY: Who's pretending?

KIRK: Yeah, they're phat.

LUKE: They're gonna fall apart.

LIZ: No they're not.

LUKE: They're gonna make people's ears green and send them to the hospital.

LIZ: You cannot design my ad campaign.

LUKE: Liz!

LIZ: You need to nap, Jack. I'm cool, they're cool, everybody's cool.

PATTY: Stop, Kirk!

KIRK: Ouch! She slapped me! Who saw her slap me?

LIZ: Okay, relax you two. I can make you whatever you want!

CARRIE: I want these ones in fuchsia pink. I want these in purple...

CUT TO WESTON'S BAKERY

[Rory walks in.]

RORY: Hi, I'd like a large coffee and a cherry Danish, please.

[An employee hands her a paper cup. She walks over to the coffee pots and sees Jess sitting at a nearby table. They stare at each other for a few seconds.]

JESS: I'm leaving.

[He grabs his coat and walks out.]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW SQUARE

[Kirk is talking into the walkie-talkie. Joe is yelling from across the square. ]

KIRK: A little farther back. Roger.

JOE: What?

KIRK: It's gotta go back farther. Roger.

JOE: I can't hear you.

KIRK: Speak into to your walkie-talkie. Roger.

JOE: Kirk, what are you saying?

KIRK: [into the walkie-talkie.] Speak into your... [Gives up and yells] Speak into your walkie-talkie! Roger!

JOE: I lost my walkie-talkie. I told you that.

KIRK: Well, then it's your own fault! Roger!

[Lorelai comes over. She sees Luke's truck about to pull out of its parking space and runs over to it.]

LORELAI: Hey, Luke, hey Luke, hold on! Please, I know you owe us nothing but our dead frozen carcasses may someday haunt you in your old age, or not... because... [She sees Liz on the driver's seat.] you don't know who I am. Hi. Sorry. I thought you were Luke.

LIZ: I should put on some lipstick.

LORELAI: No, I just saw the truck.

LIZ: Well, I borrowed the truck.

LORELAI: Right.

LIZ: He knows.

LORELAI: I'm sure he does.

LIZ: I'm Liz, Luke's sister.

LORELAI: Oh, Luke's sister, yeah, I knew you were here. Hi, I'm Lorelai. So, is Luke in the diner?

LIZ: No, he just stepped out for a sec. You need him for something?

LORELAI: I just needed to tell him something, I ...

LIZ: You want me to give him a message?

LORELAI: Sure, yeah, um, tell him Lorelai wanted to gently remind him about the window. I'll be home until five-thirty and tell him I looked cold.

LIZ: Oh, you're the wife.

LORELAI: The wife?

LIZ: Yeah, I knew he got married, but I hadn't seen the face yet. So, oh wow, it's good to meet you.

LORELAI: No, no, no. I'm not the wife. I'm the friend and the customer, not the wife.

LIZ: Oh, sorry. You look like his type, so...

LORELAI: No, no, not his type or his wife, just his friend. And his customer.

LIZ: Well, still good to meet you.

LORELAI: You too. Luke has told me a lot about you.

LIZ: Yeah, like what?

LORELAI: Oh, like you're his sister...

LIZ: He admits it!

LORELAI: And that, you know, you're here visiting him, and how happy he is that you're visiting him.

LIZ: He did not say that.

LORELAI: I think he did.

LIZ: He's not probably too thrilled I'm here. I'm kind of pain in his ass.

LORELAI: Well, aren't we all?

LIZ: Yeah, but I'm special. I kinda screw up a lot and then he has to fix it and then we fight and then I screw up again and he fixes it - it's a pattern.

LORELAI: Well, Luke likes his routine.

LIZ: He's pretty amazing though. No matter how much I screw up, he just keeps fixing it. I need money, he gives me money. No place to live, Luke finds an apartment. Even my kid when I was having trouble with him -- did you ever meet Jess?

LORELAI: Oh yes, I did.

LIZ: I tell you, he was hell on wheels. I couldn't do a thing with him. I didn't know what to do, so...

LORELAI: Luke fixed it?

LIZ: He tried. He wasn't entirely successful. I don't know, maybe if I had sent Jess to him a little sooner... Well, anyhow, Luke did what he could. He always does. He's like my hero, you know. Like one of those Greek gods with the golden helmets and the shields and the sandals.

LORELAI: And the little white toga dresses.

LIZ: I sound silly.

LORELAI: No, you don't. Take it from someone who's run to Luke many a time. He's definitely one of the good ones. Maybe THE good one.

LIZ: Yeah, I miss him. I've even been thinking of moving back here.

LORELAI: To Stars Hollow?

LIZ: Maybe. I've discussed it with my boyfriend. I'm not sure how Luke would like it, but I sure would. Well, I should get going.

LORELAI: Sure.

LIZ: Well, it was nice to meet you, friend and customer, not wife.

LORELAI: Nice to meet you too.

LIZ: I'll be sure and give him your message.

LORELAI: Don't forget, human popsicle.

[Liz drives away.]

CUT TO BABETTE'S HOUSE

[Babette is pouring drinks for Lorelai and Rory.]

BABETTE: Well, I have to tell you this is a real treat having you two girls over, like spur of the moment, I don't know what I did to get so damned lucky.

LORELAI: Well, we just realized we hadn't seen you very much lately and we thought "Hey, today is the perfect day to catch up with Babette."

RORY: Oh, yeah, the perfect day.

BABETTE: Well I am tickled pink. Here you go-- hot cocoa.

RORY: Thanks, Babette.

LORELAI: Ahh, we don't deserve such treatment.

BABETTE: Of course you do -- two young hotsy-totsies like yourselves hanging out with an old bird like me. You deserve a lot better. So, you kids going to the Firelight Festival tonight?

RORY: You bet.

LORELAI: We're going to be late though because we have to make a pit stop at one of my mother's charity events.

BABETTE: Ooh, sounds ritzy.

LORELAI: Like the cr\*cker.

BABETTE: Well, the festival should be quite a shindig. Just watching Kirk trying to get those stars hung was worth the price of admission. You know, he insisted on demonstrating the correct way to hang 'em and treed himself. It took the fire department and two cans of tuna to get him down.

RORY: I hate that I missed that.

BABETTE: Plus, the whole town is buzzing about Jess coming back. Stupid little pisher, trying to sneak out of town without anyone knowing. This town, what is he kidding? Oh, I'm so sorry, sugar. Here I am, going on and on about Jess.

RORY: It's fine, Babette. I'm fine.

LORELAI: She's fine.

BABETTE: You sure?

RORY: Yes. I'm sure.

LORELAI: She's fine.

RORY: I saw him.

LORELAI: Who?

BABETTE: Jess?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: When?

BABETTE: Where?

RORY: Today at Weston's.

LORELAI: He went into Weston's?

BABETTE: That little bastard.

LORELAI: What happened?

RORY: I went in, he saw me and he left.

BABETTE: No!

LORELAI: He said nothing?

RORY: No, he said something. He said, "I'm leaving."

LORELAI: Way to state the obvious.

RORY: It was so weird. I mean, he's the one who left town. He's the one who didn't call and now he just gets up and walks out like he's mad.

LORELAI: What does he have to be mad about?

RORY: Exactly! I should be mad. It's my town. I should be the one to walk out in a huff.

BABETTE: You still stuck on him, honey?

RORY: No, I'm not. I just wasn't expecting him to come back, that's all.

LORELAI: He'll be gone soon.

RORY: Yeah, I know. He'll be gone soon.

BABETTE: Oh my God, I forgot the marshmallows!

RORY: He'll be gone soon.

CUT TO STREET OUTSIDE LUKE'S DINER

[Kirk is chasing some kids down the street.]

KIRK: Mayday! Mayday! The Morrison kids have stolen the bonfire again! I repeat: the kids have stolen the bonfire again!

[Luke walks in his diner.]

LUKE: Cesar, I'm back. What did you burn? Liz!

LIZ: Luke, hi!

LUKE: What are you doing?

LIZ: I just needed some things.

LUKE: Steaks?

LIZ: Yeah.

LUKE: You needed steaks?

LIZ: Well, I'm making dinner upstairs and you don't have anything.

LUKE: Then go to a store.

LIZ: Oh, come on, a couple of steaks. What's the big deal?

LUKE: The big deal is, I run a diner. I sell food, that's how I make my living. It's how I can afford all this.

LIZ: Oh, you can spare a couple of things.

LUKE: How do you know what I can spare? That's a whole pie.

LIZ: It's a peach pie. Nobody eats the peach.

LUKE: A lot of people eat the peach.

LIZ: I'll buy a pie tomorrow. Tonight I'm making a feast for my guys.

LUKE: Your guys? Who are your guys?

LIZ: You and T.J.

LUKE: T. J.?

LIZ: Yep, you're really gonna like him. He's upstairs right now waiting for us and he--

LUKE: Upstairs in my apartment? You left some guy named T.J. alone in my apartment? Ah, Liz!

LIZ: I've been gone twenty seconds.

LUKE: That's all it takes.

LIZ: To do what? Steal the singing "Be Happy" Bass?

LUKE: Hey, that is my singing "Be Happy" Bass and it had better still be up there, including the batteries.

CUT TO LUKE'S APPARTMENT

[Luke walks in. T.J. has his back to the door.]

T.J.: Hey, I thought I'd make chili. [T.J. turns around and sees Luke.] You are not Liz.

LUKE: Already smarter than the last guy.

[Liz walks in with the groceries.]

LIZ: Hi, baby. Look what I found downstairs.

T.J.: You must be Luke.

LUKE: I think she's talking about the steaks.

LIZ: I was not talking about the steaks. This is my "Him." This is my guy. This is T.J.

T.J.: Guess what it stands for?

LUKE: What?

T.J.: T.J. Guess what it stands for?

LUKE: I don't know.

T.J.: Just guess.

LUKE: I can't.

T.J.: Come on.

LUKE: Thomas Jefferson?

T.J.: No. Thomas Jefferson? Wow!, that's a weird guess.

LUKE: Okay, you know, I've gotta go back.

LIZ: Oh no, come on, Cesar's there, sit down.

T.J.: You want a beer?

LUKE: You mean one of my beers out of my fridge? Sure, why not.



T.J.: Coming right up.

LIZ: Oh, I'm so excited. My two favorite guys are here with me, drinking, talking...

T.J.: And soon, there will be chili.

[Jess comes in.]

JESS: I forgot something.

LIZ: Oh my God, this is freaky. It's like fate. Jess didn't know we were here. I had no idea that Jess would come by and now look at us together. All the men in my life are drawn here to me. This is positive. This means something. Do you feel it?

T.J.: I sure do.

LIZ: Baby, this is my kid. This is Jess. Jess, this is T.J.

T.J.: Guess what it stands for.

JESS: No.

LIZ: Oh, you'll stay for dinner.

JESS: I've gotta go check on my car.

T.J.: Come on, we're making a ton of food. There's beer.

LUKE: My beer.

JESS: I'm not hungry.

LIZ: Oh please, stay for a little while. I think you guys are really gonna get along great.

[Jess sits down reluctantly.]

LIZ: Oh, T.J. is really enjoying Stars Hollow. Aren't you, baby?

T.J.: Oh yeah, this place is great. It reminds me of New York.

JESS: How?

T.J.: You know.

LUKE: Neither one is in space.

T.J.: No, that's not it.

LUKE: Of course not.

T.J.: There's an energy, right?

LIZ: There is. I feel it. A very similar energy.

T.J.: Liz showed me your old house and your school. Like the picture of you in the shorts.

LIZ: My brother was very big in athletics in his day. And the ladies loved him. Ask Carrie. They went out.

LUKE: Crazy Carrie and I did not go out.

LIZ: They just made out.

LUKE: We did not make out. We did not go out. We did nothing that involved the word out.

T.J.: I think he's still hung up on her.

LUKE: A lightening bolt, please.

JESS: I gotta go.

LIZ: Oh, okay, but come back after you've checked your car. We'll save you some food. You look good. Handsome.

T.J.: If I was some girl, I wouldn't kick him out of bed.

LIZ: Come back, okay?

JESS: Okay.

T.J.: Yeah, if you do, I'll draw your portrait on my Etch-A-Sketch.

LUKE: Hey, can't miss that.

JESS: We'll see.

LUKE: Hey, Jess wait a sec.

[Luke and Jess go out in the hall. Liz waves goodbye.]

LUKE: So, wow.

JESS: Yep.

LUKE: Well, if I had to pick anyone in the world for my sister to be with, that guy would definitely be his cab driver.

JESS: I don't know. He had a certain something.

LUKE: Yeah, lack of chromosomes.

JESS: That sounds right.

LUKE: So, what do we do?

JESS: About what?

LUKE: About that, them, him.

JESS: Nothing.

LUKE: Where are you going?

JESS: To check on my car.

LUKE: But Jess, don't you think that we should discuss this?

JESS: Discuss what?

LUKE: T.J.

JESS: I thought we just did.

LUKE: But we didn't come up with a solution.

JESS: A solution to what?

LUKE: Are we having the same conversation? A solution to him.

JESS: A solution would have been birth control. Too late, move on.

LUKE: Jess, we have to do something about this.

JESS: Like what?

LUKE: I don't know. We have to say something.

JESS: Like what?

LUKE: He's a grown man with an Etch-A-Sketch!

JESS: So shake him real hard. Maybe he'll disappear.

LUKE: Oh come on. What, do you like this guy?

JESS: Of course I don't like this guy. I don't like any of the guys, but she's gonna do what she's gonna do.

LUKE: No, I do not accept that. We can go to Liz together. We can tell her--

JESS: She does not care what we think. She really doesn't care what I think. I've got nineteen years of proof to back me up.

LUKE: Yes, she does. You just have to find the right angle with Liz.

JESS: Can I go please?

LUKE: No, you can't go. We have to fix this. I cannot watch her throw her life away again with a loser again.

JESS: You see, this is your problem. You're going to help people whether they want it or not. You have to fix everything. You have to fix everyone. You think it makes you a good guy, but really, it just makes you a pain in the ass. You make it so that when people fail you, you get to feel like the martyr and they get to feel like not only did they screw up, but they also disappointed you. You interfere and you make everything worse. No one is asking for your help. No one wants your help. Focus on your own life and leave everyone else alone.

[Jess goes down the stairs.]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW STREET

[Kids have taken the walkie-talkie from Kirk and are passing it around while Kirk tries to catch it.]

KIRK: Give it back! Give it back! I mean it! I'm in charge here guys! Come on! Give it back! I need that!

[Rory goes in the bookstore.]

RORY: Hey, Andrew. Can you track these down for me? They're all out of print.

ANDREW: You got it.

RORY: Thanks.

[Rory goes around a shelf to look at the books. Jess is sitting down against the wall reading. When he sees her, he puts the book down, gets up and leaves. Rory sighs.]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai comes in the house]

LUKE: Ow! Damn it.

LORELAI: Hello?

[She walks in the living room. Luke is standing at the broken window.]

LORELAI: Oh, Luke.

LUKE: Oh yeah. Hey.

LORELAI: How did you get in here?

LUKE: You left your bedroom window open.

LORELAI: My bedroom window is on the second floor. What did you do?

LUKE: Well, I promised to fix your window, so I'm here to fix your window.

LORELAI: Oh, my God, you cut yourself.

LUKE: Glass was broken.

LORELAI: Hence the need for fixing. I'm sorry. Are you drunk?

LUKE: I am not drunk. I do not get drunk.

LORELAI: Huh.

LUKE: I had some beer-beers. More than one. A few. And then I came here and I climbed your tree.

LORELAI: Well, good thinking.

LUKE: And then I fell out of your tree.

LORELAI: Hm, sit down.

LUKE: I landed flat on my back. I felt like Kirk.

LORELAI: Hold your hand up in the air.

LUKE: And then I climbed back up the tree. This time I made it. I got in. Sorry about the lamp.

LORELAI: You know, Luke, you could have broken your neck.

LUKE: You know, it would have been all right if I had. I would have fixed it because that's what I do: I fix things. Even when they don't want to be fixed.

LORELAI: Let me see your hand.

LUKE: Why?

LORELAI: Because it is bleeding and I need to look at it. [Luke shows her his hand.] Ew! Gross!

LUKE: It's fine, leave it.

LORELAI: I can't leave it, it's cut.

LUKE: That's my wrist.

LORELAI: Ah, sorry.

LUKE: You're very good at this.

LORELAI: I don't like blood okay?

LUKE: So leave it alone.

LORELAI: No, I can't leave it. [Lorelai puts a Band-aid on the cut.] Do you want to tell me what happened?

LUKE: Nothing.

[Luke gets up from the couch.]

LORELAI: What are you doing?

LUKE: I'm going to fix the window.

LORELAI: Forget the window.

LUKE: I can't forget the window. I made a promise and I'm the reliable guy who helps everybody out whether they like it or not.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: Oh, yeah. Nothing I can do about it, just the way I am. It is my big problem. Didn't know it was my big problem until today, but now I know. It is my big problem. [Luke looks at his hand] Got a handful of Barbie.

LORELAI: Luke, what happened today?

LUKE: Today I found out what a big, dumb, idiot guy I am. Just an imposing, judgmental know-it-all who blows around yelling and complaining and screwing up everybody else's life.

LORELAI: I hardly think you're--

LUKE: I'm dumb. Yeah, not like Jess. Jess is smart. You know, he doesn't care about anybody else's life. He just takes care of himself.

LORELAI: Did you and Jess have a thing?

LUKE: He informed me that I am nothing but an unwelcome burden to everyone around me.

LORELAI: Luke, that's not true.

LUKE: Yes, it is.

LORELAI: Luke, stop it. Liz was just saying today how grateful she is to have you as her brother and how much she looks up to you.

LUKE: You talked to Liz?

LORELAI: I thought she was you.

LUKE: I'm a man.

LORELAI: Well, she was in your truck.

LUKE: When I'm in my truck, I'm still a man.

LORELAI: I couldn't see who was driving, okay? I went over the truck and we met and we started talking.

LUKE: You shouldn't have talked to Liz.

LORELAI: She worships you. She said she even wants to move to Stars Hollow so she can be closer to you.

LUKE: She didn't say that.

LORELAI: She did say that. Jess is an unhappy kid, Luke. He's angry. He doesn't mean the things he says.

LUKE: He did me a favor.

LORELAI: Listen, why don't you hang out here and rest for little while, okay? We'll get you a real bandage.

LUKE: I like the Barbie ones.

LORELAI: Yes, honey, but the other kids will beat you up if they see you with one of those. I'll be right back.

LUKE: Hm.

CUT TO GYPSY'S GARAGE

JESS: You sure I can't help you? Can I hand you something? You know, it doesn't have to be perfect, it just has to run.

GYPSY: Just curious--have you noticed since you started standing there, there's been a lot less of the clinking sounds? And the clinking sounds are the sounds tools make when they fix things.

JESS: You've been fixing this car for hours.

GYPSY: And I'm not done, so, back off.

[Lorelai crosses the street.]

LORELAI: Jess!

GYPSY: Hey, she sounds mad.

LORELAI: You've been here less than twenty-four hours and already I wanna k\*ll you.

JESS: What did I do to you?

LORELAI: All the crap you said to Luke--

JESS: What crap?

LORELAI: A man who has done nothing but support you and try to help you.

JESS: I don't know what you're talking about.

LORELAI: You do know what I'm talking about. Don't act stupid. Why would you do that? What an incredibly insensitive, mean-spirited--

JESS: Oh, drop it. This has nothing to do with Luke. This is about Rory.

LORELAI: This is not about Rory. This is about Luke. Don't you have an ounce of sensitivity in that thick head of yours or are you so mad at the entire world that you don't care who you hurt?

JESS: And I suppose we're still not talking about Rory?

LORELAI: Wow, second "Rory" in ten seconds. You sure have Rory on the brain. I wonder why that is.

JESS: You started this!

LORELAI: Is that why you came back here? Are you still hung up on her Jess ? Is that why you came back?

JESS: No.

LORELAI: Good. Because she is over you. She has moved on and she is very happy.

JESS: [to Gypsy] Please hurry up so I can get the hell out of here.

LORELAI: I second that.

CUT TO THE CHARITY DINNER

[Lorelai and Rory walk into the room where the charity dinner is being held.]

LORELAI: Wow. I wonder where Demi and Ashton are sitting.

RORY: I think we're late.

LORELAI: We're not late.

RORY: Grandma said dinner starts at six.

LORELAI: Yeah, well that means seven.

RORY: In what universe?

LORELAI: They invite you at six knowing you won't be here until seven so dinner won't start until eight. Actually we're early. Oh, there they are. Hey. Hi Mom. Oh, that's a bad face.

RORY: Told you we were late.

EMILY: What is Rory doing here?

RORY: Hi, Grandma.

EMILY: You weren't supposed to bring Rory.

LORELAI: You're really helping the kid's self-esteem here, Mom.

EMILY: You don't know one man that would be willing to spend the evening with you?

LORELAI: I thought you liked Rory.

EMILY: We do like Rory but we're short of men.

LORELAI: Well so am I.

EMILY: Honestly, Lorelai. It's not your looks that keep them away. Think about that.

RORY: Excuse me, should I stay, or--?

EMILY: Of course you should stay. We can't do anything about that now. Come on, come on...

[She leads them to the table.]

LORELAI: So on a wigged-out level of one to ten, Mom is at--

RORY: Frances Farmer?

LORELAI: Yeah.

RICHARD: Rory, what are you doing here?

EMILY: Lorelai couldn't find a man.

LORELAI: You weren't specific, Mom. You didn't say, "Bring a man."



EMILY: And if I had, you would have been able to find one? Rory, sit over there. Marjorie, Shawna, this is my daughter Lorelai and her daughter Rory. This is Marjorie and Shawna.

LORELAI: Hi.

RORY: Hello.

[They sit down.]

LORELAI: [Whispers to Emily] Who are Marjorie and Shawna?

EMILY: [Whispers back] Richard and Jason's secretaries. Dull girls, like two rolling pins sitting across from you, but we were desperate.

JASON: Hello, Emily, Richard.

RICHARD: Ah, Jason.

EMILY: You're late, Jason.

JASON: I know, I'm sorry but I got hung up talking to Feriman in the lobby.

RICHARD: Feriman is here?

JASON: Yes, and he's three drinks ahead of everybody else.

RICHARD: Oh, marvelous.

EMILY: No, don't sit there!

JASON: Oh.

EMILY: Sit next to Lorelai. Rory move over.

LORELAI: Why?

EMILY: You two, pretend you're together.

LORELAI: What?

RICHARD: Emily, good idea.

EMILY: Shawna, Marjorie, for God's sake, look like you belong here. [They helplessly try to smile and please her.] Oh yes, that's much better.

[Rory points at the empty chair besides her.]

RORY: So who else is joining us?

EMILY: No one. We brought one of Richard's coats to hang over the chair.

RICHARD: We're saying it's Marjorie's husband.

EMILY: He's making the rounds and at about eight he'll get sick and have to leave.

RICHARD: Does everybody understand the story?

LORELAI: I think so. But then we'll have to hide his jacket. So I suggest I put it under my dress and pretend to be pregnant, then Jason can pretend to be the doctor, then Rory can dig a tunnel, and --

EMILY: I might have known you'd turn this into something ridiculous, Lorelai.

RORY: Yeah, I wanna be the doctor.

EMILY: Oh good Lord. And Jason, move closer to Lorelai. And for God's sake, you two, at least act like you like each other.

[Jason takes Lorelai's hand. Lorelai clears her throat.]

JASON: Hey, your mom said.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINNER.

[Luke is doing paper work at the counter. T.J. walks in.]

T.J.: Hey, there you are.

LUKE: Yes here I am, at my job. Will wonders never cease?

T.J.: Major party happening outside.

LUKE: So I hear.

T.J.: You gotta see it.

LUKE: Well, I'm sure you can see enough for the both of us.

T.J.: Big fire, crazy punch, too. Seriously, man, come on out. You won't believe it.

LUKE: No, T.J., actually, I will believe it, because, see, I live here, so I've seen this festival, oh let's say, about five thousand times.

T.J.: Yes, I see your point. Okay, well, Liz and I are taking off right after the festivities, so maybe you can come out and say sayonara.

LUKE: I'll come out as soon as I can.

T.J.: Great. How long do you think?

LUKE: How long I think what?

T.J.: How long do you think you will be doing that?

LUKE: I don't know.

T.J.: Looks like you're almost done.

LUKE: Well I'm not.

T.J.: The stack is getting pretty small.

LUKE: Look, I will be out soon, okay?

T.J.: Okay. I am going to hold you to that.

LUKE: I consider myself warned.

[T.J. leaves]

CUT TO CHARITY DINNER

SPEAKER: The importance cannot be overstated. Language is humanity's lifeline. That is why I thank each and every one of you for your loyal support of the Ephram Wordus Rare Manuscript Acquisition Foundation. Because without it, we would just be stuck rooting around Nag Hammadi.

[Audience laughs.]

LORELAI: Psst! I don't get it.

RORY: Me neither.

LORELAI: You go to Yale.

RORY: Well, I skipped Obscure Manuscript Humor 101.

LORELAI: [To Jason] Hey, why was that funny?

JASON: No -- no idea.

LORELAI: You were laughing.

JASON: Take a poll. No one in this room has any idea what this crazy old man is talking about.

LORELAI: What a bunch of poseurs.

SPEAKER: ...hundreds of literary artifacts which might otherwise have been lost.

JASON: How far do you think we can push this?

LORELAI: I'm not sure.

JASON: Dancing?

LORELAI: Possibly.

JASON: Stroll on the terrace?

LORELAI: Passable.

JASON: Making out in the coat-check room?

LORELAI: Oh, that's going to be tricky.

SPEAKER: So, once again, I thank you and I hope you all have a lovely evening.

[Everyone claps. Richard stands up.]

RICHARD: I'm going to go find Feriman.

EMILY: I have to say hello to Babe Wellington.

LORELAI: Mom, how much longer do Jason and I have to pretend to be together?

EMILY: Lorelai, don't do this to me. Until this evening is over, you are together and I don't want to discuss it again.

LORELAI: Fine.

LORELAI: [to Jason] I just secured us the coatroom.

JASON: Let's go.

LORELAI: I'm going to make out in the coatroom. Don't eat my chicken.

RORY: That's going on your tombstone.

FLOYD STILES: Jason.

JASON: Oh, hello. I didn't know you'd be here.

FLOYD: You look well.

JASON: Thank you. How is business?

FLOYD: Very good.

JASON: I'm pleased to hear.

FLOYD: How's your golf game?

JASON: Well it certainly can't match yours but I'm catching up.

FLOYD: Well, when you're ready...

JASON: I'll give you a call.

FLOYD: Fine. Good to see you again.

JASON: Same to you.

[Floyd walks away from the table.]

LORELAI: Well, who was that?

JASON: My father.

RORY: Your father?

LORELAI: And you two have met before?

JASON: Yes, briefly. I believe there was an Aquaman party involved.

LORELAI: Oh, man. This business thing must have been really bad for you guys.

JASON: What do you mean?

LORELAI: I mean, that was so cold. You talked like you barely knew each other.

JASON: Oh, no, no, we've always been like that.

LORELAI: You're kidding.

JASON: No, actually, asking me about my golf game was actually a little too touchy-feely for me.

LORELAI: Wow, who would have thought I would ever put my mother next to someone and think, "warm?"

RICHARD: Jason, I just heard your father was here.

LORELAI: How could you possibly have found that out this quickly?

RICHARD: Well, news travels fast here. People talk. So, what did Floyd say?

JASON: Well--

EMILY: Richard, Floyd was just here.

LORELAI: We know, Mom, we saw him.

EMILY: He came by the table? What nerve.

LORELAI: How dare he talk to his son.

EMILY: Be quiet, Lorelai.

RICHARD: If he's here he must have a motive.

EMILY: That's right. He never cared about rare manuscripts before.

RICHARD: Hm. He must be trying to get information.

JASON: Richard, I don't think he had an agenda.

RICHARD: What was his body language like?

LORELAI: Well, he was breathing and standing. I think all signs point to alive.

RICHARD: What did he ask you about?

JASON: He asked me about my golf game.

RICHARD: Not the business?

JASON: No.

RICHARD: Oh, oh, oh. He's tricky.

LORELAI: He didn't ask about the business, Dad, okay?

RICHARD: I know he didn't ask about the business, Lorelai. That was deliberate.

LORELAI: So he wanted to know nothing on purpose? The fiend.

EMILY: Please, stay out of it.

RICHARD: He is planning something. Jason, I think we should strategize.

JASON: Richard, I really don't think--

RICHARD: I have been doing this a lot longer than you have, my boy. If a man like Floyd Stiles comes over to you and does not ask about the business, you can be sure that something very big is coming.

JASON: Uh, I guess I have to go. If you'll excuse me, ladies.

EMILY: Bye. Nobody was believing you two as a couple anyway.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW FIRELIGHT FESTIVAL

[The troubadour performs with a band.]

KIRK: [into walkie-talkie] This is Bird Dog One to Bird Dog Two. The southwest corner is secure.

JOE: I'm at the southwest corner, Kirk.

KIRK: Then where the hell am I?

CARRIE: Well, look who finally came out of his cave.

LUKE: Oh, Carrie. What a coincidence.

CARRIE: You remember Anna, Jill.

LUKE: Hello, Anna. Hello, Jill.

CARRIE: We just came from the reunion so we're a little tipsy.

LUKE: Ah, well, you know, drink water, and take some aspirin before you go to bed.

CARRIE: I told them that you're trying to pretend that you don't remember the night.

LUKE: I don't remember the night.

JILL: I remember the night.

ANNA: The whole reunion remembered the night

JILL: We all talked about it.

LUKE: Terrific.

ANNA: Everybody had a crush on Butch Danes in high school.

JILL: So serious, so intense.

CARRIE: So hot in those tiny little shorts.

LUKE: Okay, I should go find Liz.

CARRIE: Oh, I'll help you find her.

LUKE: Oh, no, I don't wanna break up the party.

ANNA: Oh, well, there's always room for a foursome.

LUKE: So twenty years later, none of you are married?

CARRIE: Oh, no, we're all married.

ANNA: Oh, there's Liz.

JILL: They're not gonna run out of punch are they?

CARRIE: They never run out of punch.

LUKE: Oh, okay, well, I should go.

CARRIE: Wait, we're all going to the Styx/REO Speedwagon/Journey concert next week. We have an extra ticket if you're interested.

LUKE: Oh, wow. If it was just Styx and REO Speedwagon, I'd be there, but Journey freaks me out. Sorry. Enjoy the festival.

[Lukes walks away.]

T.J. : So there's a line a mile long, the place is going crazy for the earrings.

LIZ: Oh, come on T.J.

T.J.: Hey, I'm just telling it how it is. The last fair we went, the line was so long it blocked the fruit-ice stand. And traditionally the fruit-ice people are not the nicest people on the circuit but you block their stand and they really go crazy. They threw lemon rinds. But it didn't matter. Most people stayed and they bought plenty.

LIZ: Well, people seem to like my stuff.

T.J.: We're heading to Minnesota next month. Big fair there. And this time we're unveiling the booth.

PATTY: The booth?

LIZ: T.J. just built me the greatest booth. You should see it.

T.J.: Well, you've gotta have a good booth. It's the first thing people see. Earrings are small. You don't know they're there until you're right up on them, but a booth and a nice sign? A person's standing at the jousting match, they turn around and, "Hey, look at that booth with the nice sign." They come over, take a look at Lizzie's stuff, and bam, they're hooked.

PATTY: Well, Luke, nice of you to join us.

LIZ: Oh hi, Luke, I didn't see you there.

LUKE: Yeah, well, I heard you were leaving right after the festival, so--

LIZ: I'm so glad that you came out.

PATTY: See you later, Liz.

[Luke and Liz walk away from the group.]

LIZ: Can you believe this thing? It hasn't changed one bit since we were kids.

LUKE: Yeah, same crazy gathering that Mom would take us to.

LIZ: And then Dad after she died.

LUKE: He hated it worse than we did. He only took us 'cause Mom liked it.

LIZ: Of course, that Founder's Day punch...

LUKE: Lethal.

LIZ: The first time I ever threw up on booze it was Founder's Day punch.

LUKE: That's a nice story.

LIZ: Hey, listen, I'm sorry about Jess.

LUKE: Boy, that statement could encompass a whole myriad of things.

LIZ: I'm sorry I told you I wasn't in touch with him. It's just been the last six months he started calling and he asked me not to tell you, so I was trying to bond or something. I just mentioned the car to him. I didn't know he'd come back here and try to take it.

LUKE: It's okay. It's his car and he should have it.

LIZ: I'm just trying to make things better with us.

LUKE: You should. It's fine.

LIZ: I have a feeling about him. I think he's going to be okay. He's kinda like Dad, don't you think?

LUKE: Oh, I don't know.

LIZ: Oh, I do. I think he's like Dad. I want to thank you for everything that you did for him.

LUKE: Well it never hurts to take a shot. At least you know you tried.

LIZ: Sometimes things take a while before they sink in. It did with me. Sorry, I'm so boring tonight. I only had one cup of punch. Gary switched us over to club soda after that.

LUKE: You're not boring. Who's Gary?

LIZ: That's T.J.'s real name.

LUKE: T.J.'s real name is Gary?

LIZ: Yeah.



LUKE: Gary?

LIZ: Yeah.

LUKE: How the heck did he get - Never mind. I heard him talking back there, Gary. It sounds like things are going pretty good.

LIZ: They are. Really good.

LUKE: Good, good.

LIZ: Oh, hey, wait. I just made these last night. You can give them to your wife. Or Lorelai. Whoever...

[Liz hands Luke a pair of earrings.]

LUKE: Thanks.

LIZ: Well, I'm going get my stuff together. We need to leave soon. Tell Gary I went back to your place.

LUKE: I'll do that.

[They hug.]

LIZ: See you.

[Liz walks away.]

CUT TO THE STREET

[Lorelai and Rory are walking to the Firelight Festival.]

LORELAI: Gone for the rest of the night. We're stuck with the rolling pins. God! So boring!

RORY: I am starving.

LORELAI: What? The possibly beef and some sort of cream sauce did nothing to curb your appetite?

RORY: Do you want to start with burgers or do a cart-to-cart attack?

LORELAI: Well, there's two of us. I think we can accomplish both goals.

RORY: I'm going to get the burgers, you hit the carts.

LORELAI: I'll meet you by the bonfire.

RORY: Okay.

CUT TO THE BONFIRE

LUKE: T.J.

T.J.: Hi, you're here. Cool.

LUKE: Yeah, so, Liz is back at my place getting your stuff, she just wanted me to tell you.

T.J.: Okay. Thanks.

LUKE: So look, I kind of heard you guys talking, and things seem to be going pretty good for Liz which is different, and a nice change, and I know that you guys are thinking about moving here, and I just wanted you to know, it's okay by me.

T.J.: Okay. I didn't realize we needed your permission.

LUKE: Oh, no. You don't. Maybe you misunderstood me here. I was just trying to say that I assumed because my sister has a history with guys, you know, that, you know, you were like the others. But, well, you seem like a pretty good guy.

T.J.: Thanks. You're a d\*ck.

[T.J. walks away from Luke.]

LORELAI: So, I just heard the tail end of that conversation and I'm assuming you haven't changed your name to Richard?

LUKE: Long, long story. I'll tell you later, but here's a teaser: the word Etch-A-Sketch comes up.

LORELAI: I'm hooked.

LUKE: You're all dressed up.

LORELAI: Just for you.

LUKE: You go somewhere?

LORELAI: Well, my parents had a charity event and they needed a chair filled and who fills a chair better than I?

LUKE: No one comes to mind.

LORELAI: So, did Jess leave yet?

LUKE: I stopped by Gypsy's earlier and she was just about done then, so probably.

LORELAI: No good-byes?

LUKE: No. Liz has a feeling about him, though. She thinks he's gonna be fine.

LORELAI: He could be.

LUKE: Yeah. Oh, hey, here.

[He gives Lorelai the earrings Liz made.]

LORELAI: Pretty.

LUKE: Liz made them yesterday. She wanted you to have them.

LORELAI: Oh, great. Well, be sure to tell her thanks for me.

LUKE: I will.

[They smile at each other and turn towards the fire.]

CUT TO GYPSY'S GARAGE

[Jess hands money to Gypsy.]

JESS: There.

GYPSY: Thank you for your business. Do not come again.

JESS: Not likely.

[Jess gets in his car, finds an envelope with money, and gets out of the car. He stops when he sees Rory standing in line for burgers. They stare at each other for a few seconds.]

RORY: I get to leave first!

[Rory starts running away.]

JESS: Rory, wait! Stop!

[He runs after her.]

RORY: No, you don't get to walk away!

JESS: Hold on!

RORY: My town! I leave!

JESS: I just wanna--where are you going?

RORY: None of your business!

JESS: We look like idiots.

RORY: I don't care!

JESS: Stop running!

RORY: Stop following!

JESS: Oh, come on!

RORY: Go away, I'm leaving!

JESS: Rory, stop!

RORY: Why?

JESS: Because I wanna talk to you.

RORY: About what? What do you want to talk to me about?

JESS: When did you learn to run like that?

RORY: You know, I have actually thought about this moment. A lot. What would Jess say to me I ever saw him again? I mean, he just took off, no note, no call, nothing, how could he explain that? And then a year goes by. No word, nothing, so he couldn't possibly have a good excuse for that, right? I have imagined hundreds of different scenarios with a hundred different great last parting lines, and I have to tell you that I am actually very curious to see which way this is going to go.

JESS: Could we sit down?

RORY: No. You wanted to talk, so talk. What do you have to say to me?

[Jess pauses a second.]

JESS: I love you.

[Rory stares after him as Jess walks away, gets into his car and drives away.]

THE END

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