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02x20 - Help Wanted

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2.20 - Help Wanted

written by Allan Heinberg

directed by Chris Long

OPEN IN STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai and Rory are walking past the gazebo toward Luke's]

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Nothing. Are you tilting?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: I think you're tilting.

RORY: I'm not tilting.

LORELAI: Do you wanna hold onto my purse? It might even you out.

RORY: Stop anytime you like. What are you doing?

LORELAI: Well, I'm gonna get a pen and put it on top of your head and see if it rolls off.

RORY: Okay, see, this is not how you console the injured.

LORELAI: You're right, I'm sorry. [pulls a book out of her purse] How about this?

RORY: The Little Locksmith!

LORELAI: And I got it at the bookstore, paid full price.

RORY: Thank you!

LORELAI: You're welcome □ feel better?

RORY: I do.

LORELAI: Good. . .now can I put a pen on top of your head?

RORY: No. Mom?

LORELAI: Oh good, hold still.

RORY: Forget the pen.

LORELAI: Drat!

RORY: When are you gonna tell me what happened between you and Luke? Was it bad? I mean, I'm sure it was bad, but how bad is bad?

LORELAI: It was nothing.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Look, I was upset, he was upset, we had a thing. It's over, we're fine.

RORY: A thing?

LORELAI: A tiny thing.

RORY: A tiny thing?

LORELAI: A thinglet, if you will.

RORY: You and Luke don't have thinglets very often.

LORELAI: Oh no, Rory, everybody has thinglets, it's part of being a grown up.

RORY: Well, what did he say? What did you say?

LORELAI: Rory, please.

RORY: Well, okay, fine, just answer me this ▯ we are on our way to Luke's, right?

LORELAI: Right.

RORY: And when we get there, will we get in?

LORELAI: Of course we'll get in.

RORY: Will we get served?

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: Will we get coffee?

LORELAI: Maybe.

RORY: Refills?

LORELAI: Eventually.

RORY: Free refills?

LORELAI: In about a month.

RORY: Okay, the thinglet has grown into a thing.

LORELAI: Rory, Luke and I have fought before, God knows we'll fight again, but it's over, it's history.

We'll go in, he'll be crabby, I'll be adorable, he'll forget everything and that, as they say, will be that.

RORY: Okay.

[They reach Luke's Diner □ there is a crowd out front]

LORELAI: Hey, is there a line?

KIRK: Closed.

LORELAI: What?

KIRK: It's closed.

LORELAI: Luke's is closed?

RORY: Luke's is never closed.

KIRK: I know.

LORELAI: Are you sure it's closed?

KIRK: Well, first I read the sign and then I tried the door in case it was some sort of elaborate ruse.

LORELAI: Designed to keep only you out?

KIRK: There's precedent.

LORELAI: Well, Luke's gone fishing. I think that's great.

RORY: It is?

LORELAI: Yes. He works hard, he needed a break, he took it. I think it's good, healthy.

KIRK: For who? I have blood sugar issues.

RORY: Mom -.

LORELAI: Don't.

RORY: It's because -.

LORELAI: No, it isn't.

RORY: But he never --.

LORELAI: Well, now he did.

RORY: But --.

LORELAI: Rory, he took a trip. Don't read anything into it.

RORY: It's because of the other night.

LORELAI: No, it isn't. And even if it is, it'll go away. Everything'll be fine.

KIRK: Speak for yourself. I left my wallet in there yesterday.

[opening credits]

CUT TO THE HUNGRY DINER

[Lorelai and Rory are in another restaurant, standing near the door]

LORELAI: Why are we standing here?

RORY: Because the sign says 'wait to be seated'.

LORELAI: Yeah, but we're not automatons, we are rule breakers, and there are like fifty open tables.

RORY: You're exaggerating.

LORELAI: One, two, three, four, fifty - no I'm not.

RORY: I'm sure someone will help us soon.

LORELAI: We should be eating, I'm hungry, this is crazy. Don't they want us eating? Isn't that what the point of The Hungry Diner is - to feed the hungry diner? Or is the point of The Hungry Diner to keep the hungry diner hungry, in which case they should call it The Eternally Hungry Diner - cause you're not gonna get any food here, loser.

RORY: That would be quite a sign.

LORELAI: Ugh, I'm giving one of these paper-topped turkey heads three seconds to seat us or I swear, I'm gonna start to just -

WAITRESS: [walks up to them] Two?

LORELAI: Yes, please.

[they follow the waitress toward a table]

RORY: You're gonna what?

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Well, you said you were gonna do something if somebody didn't help us in three seconds.

LORELAI: I did?

RORY: Yes, you did, and then the waitress came over and you never finished saying what you were gonna do.

LORELAI: Honey, we gotta get some food into you, you're imagining things.

RORY: What were you gonna do?

LORELAI: Shh! You're getting screwy!

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Mom? I'm not your mom. Do you need help little girl?

RORY: Oh my God.

WAITRESS: How's this?

LORELAI: It's, uh, perfect, thanks.

WAITRESS: Can I bring you some coffee to start?

LORELAI: To start and finish.

WAITRESS: Need a little pick me up?

LORELAI: Do I!

WAITRESS: Back in a jif! [leaves]

LORELAI: Okay, when she comes back, we're gonna grab her and hold her down and you tell her really ugly things about the world.

RORY: Why don't you get your daughter to help you out with your evil plan?

LORELAI: Okay, now, make nice. [opens menu] Oh, how convenient. They have pictures of all the food in case you've been living in a cave for the last fifty years and you have no idea what a stack of pancakes looks like.

[waitress brings them their coffee]

LORELAI: Oh, excuse me, I'm sorry.

WAITRESS: Yes, Sweetie?

LORELAI: What are the tiny cups for?

WAITRESS: They're coffee cups, they're for coffee.

LORELAI: What, are you running out or something?

WAITRESS: I'm sorry?

LORELAI: Never mind. Listen, we are very sleepy this morning, so would you happen to have something in a larger size, say a mug, a tureen, a small bowl of some kind?

WAITRESS: A coffee bowl?

LORELAI: Yes, a coffee bowl.

RORY: Bring two, please.

WAITRESS: We don't have coffee bowls, I'm sorry.

LORELAI: Okay, well, then would you mind bringing. . . what do you think ▯ two, three?

RORY: Three's good.

LORELAI: Yeah, three of these cute little cuppy things? Oh, and could you leave the pot in the meantime?

[waitress walks away]

LORELAI: Well, looks like coffee, smells like coffee. . .

RORY: [takes a sip and makes a face] The comparison stops there!

LORELAI: This sucks.

RORY: Just put a lot of stuff in there so you can't taste it.

LORELAI: How am I gonna fit my three sugars into Barbie's Malibu dream cup here? It'll be all sugar and no coffee.

RORY: You may prefer it that way.

LORELAI: Man. [glances over and sees Michel at another table] Well, well, well.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I'll be right back. [walks over to Michel, who is reading a magazine] So, what's new for Fall? I hear the sailor suit is hot, hot, hot.

MICHEL: What are you doing here?

LORELAI: Luke's is closed this morning.

MICHEL: By the health inspector, no doubt.

LORELAI: So. . . this is where you have your breakfast, huh?

MICHEL: Until this morning, yes.

LORELAI: How's the grub?

MICHEL: They make an excellent egg white omelet, no oil.

LORELAI: Really?

MICHEL: They use the spray. Can you leave now?

LORELAI: How come you never told me about this place?

MICHEL: Because then you might actually eat here and there would be no corner of my life which would be free of your incessant scrutiny. What are you doing with the fork?

LORELAI: Can I have a bite?

MICHEL: Can you what?

LORELAI: Just a taste.

MICHEL: Get away from me. [stands up to leave]

LORELAI: Aw, Michel, don't go. Come eat with us.

MICHEL: You'd like that, wouldn't you?

LORELAI: No, not really.

MICHEL: Good, it's a date.

LORELAI: You, me, here tomorrow?

MICHEL: Never. [leaves]

[Lorelai walks back to Rory and sits down]

LORELAI: Hey, know what? I'm beginning to like this place.

RORY: I'm glad. Mom, I need to ask you a favor.

LORELAI: Ask away.

RORY: I need you to get me out of dinner tonight.

LORELAI: Oh, Rory.

RORY: Dean's coming home and he doesn't know about the accident and if I'm not there the second he gets home then someone else is gonna tell him about it and then that would be □ .

LORELAI: Horrible.

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: I agree.

RORY: I really hate to ask you this.

LORELAI: Ah, forget about it.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah, absolutely. Make things right with Dean.

RORY: I really appreciate this.

LORELAI: No problem. In fact, it gives me a little extra time to work on my □why Rory's wearing a cast' story for your grandparents.

RORY: Yeah? What do you got so far?

LORELAI: Really big bees.

RORY: Huh. Well, it's good you've got the time.

LORELAI: Yeah, it is.

CUT TO FRIDAY NIGHT DINNER

[Lorelai and Emily are walking toward the living room]

EMILY: I'm so sorry Rory isn't feeling well. Is it that flu that's been going around?

LORELAI: Oh, yes, it is.

EMILY: Horrible strain. Bunny Carlington-Munchausen has been bedridden for two straight weeks.

LORELAI: Huh. Well, it must wipe her out just toting that name around.

EMILY: I wonder if I should take a drink into Richard. I hate to disturb him while he's working.

LORELAI: He's working, like work working?

EMILY: That's right. His articles of incorporation arrived last week. He's rented an office. Your father is now the president and CEO of the Gilmore Group, an international insurance consulting firm.

LORELAI: Wow, that's great. So, um, what's the. . .like, how does. . . what's his job?

EMILY: He's a consultant.

LORELAI: Meaning?

EMILY: Your father is an international insurance consultant.

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah, but what exactly does that mean?

EMILY: He consults on matters relating to international insurance.

LORELAI: Wait, wait □ when Dad goes to his new office, he sits down and he. . .

EMILY: Consults with international clients on insurance matters.

LORELAI: I don't know why we're not opening for Rickles.

RICHARD: [from hallway] Dammit!

EMILY: Richard, are you all right?

RICHARD: [walks into the living room] No, I am not all right. That was Margie just now on the phone.

EMILY: Oh, how is she?

LORELAI: Who is she?

EMILY: You know very well who Margie is. She's been your father's secretary since you were a child.

LORELAI: Oh, Largie Margie. . .very clever when you're six.

RICHARD: In answer to your question Emily, Margie is well. So well, in fact, that she has decided not to join me in my new business.

EMILY: What?

RICHARD: She's staying with the old firm.

EMILY: But how could she? You were the only reason she even had a job at that firm.

RICHARD: I went to great pains to remind her of just that.

EMILY: Well, this is simply unacceptable. You and that rotund ingrate had an agreement.

LORELAI: There was an agreement, in writing?

RICHARD: Well, not in writing per se, but she helped me procure my new office, she arranged to have all my things sent over, all that was left was for her to accept my formal offer, a very generous one, if I may say so.

EMILY: And she just turned you down?

RICHARD: She had the gall to counteroffer. She kept insisting that I match her current salary.

LORELAI: Oh, Dad, you weren't even offering to match the poor woman's salary?

RICHARD: Well, Lorelai, the Gilmore Group is a fledgling enterprise. I can't afford to pay Margie her full salary right away.

EMILY: But after twenty years, where is the woman's sense of loyalty?

LORELAI: Oh, gee, I don't know. . . maybe with the company that's keeping her from having to stand in line for government cheese.

RICHARD: I'm afraid, at this point, I don't know how to proceed.

EMILY: Well, of course you don't.

RICHARD: I had counted on this.

EMILY: Of course you had.

RICHARD: Perhaps I should reconsider going forward.

EMILY: That may be best.

LORELAI: Excuse me?

RICHARD: I can't very well do it without Margie.

EMILY: No one would expect you to.

LORELAI: Guys, you can't be serious.

EMILY: I wonder if it's too late to get out of my lease.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: You should look into that immediately, Richard.

LORELAI: Whoa, whoa, whoa! There is a baby here desperately in need of some bath water.

RICHARD: What is she saying Emily?

EMILY: What are you saying Lorelai?

LORELAI: I'm just saying there are other options to consider.

RICHARD: Like what?

LORELAI: Like hire another secretary.

EMILY: Oh no. Your father's had other secretaries.

RICHARD: Three in fact, each one worse than the previous one.

EMILY: Until Margie.

RICHARD: Margie was a gem.

EMILY: Margie did everything for him.

LORELAI: Yes, but Dad, there are plenty of other Margie's out there dying to be in that kind of codependent relationship with you. You will find one, trust me. Now she might not be named Margie but if you pay her enough you can probably call her whatever you want.

RICHARD: I don't have time to find someone new. The office is a disaster. Everything is in boxes. I don't know where anything is or how anything works. . . the computers, the phones, even my office chair.

LORELAI: Okay, Dad, I'll tell you what. Tomorrow afternoon after my business class, I will come to your office and we'll get you unpacked, we'll get you settled, and we'll find you someone as good as Margie, or at least cheaper.

RICHARD: Oh, I hate to see you waste your time.

LORELAI: Well, I'll blindfold you then.

RICHARD: I don't know, I □ .

LORELAI: Dad, there's another Margie out there, honest. Just give it a chance.

RICHARD: An office without Margie. . .

EMILY: Seems inconceivable.

LORELAI: Dream with me here folks.

CUT TO DEAN'S HOUSE

[Rory is sitting on the porch as Dean and his dad pull up in an SUV]

DEAN: Hey.

RORY: Hey.

DEAN'S DAD: Hi Rory. [goes into the house]

DEAN: What happened? What'd you do to your arm?

RORY: [hands him an envelope] Here.

DEAN: What is this?

RORY: Just read it.

DEAN: What □ Rory, what's going on? Tell me how you hurt your arm.

RORY: It's all in the letter.

DEAN: But □ .

RORY: Read.

DEAN: Uh. . .[starts reading] Well, I love you, too.

RORY: Good □ now just hold onto that feeling for a minute.

DEAN: Why?

RORY: Just □ .

DEAN: Read, all right, I'm reading. [reads some more] What?

RORY: Keep going.

DEAN: [reads some more] What?

RORY: Turn it over.

DEAN: [reads some more] What!

RORY: Go on, you have like three more whats ahead of you.

[Dean kicks his duffel bag and reads some more]

RORY: It gets better at the end. I'll just stand here until you get there.

DEAN: [reads some more] Is he really gone?

RORY: Yes.

DEAN: Okay. You wanna come in?

RORY: What?

DEAN: You can stay for dinner, my mom's making a roast. You like roast, right?

RORY: Um, yeah, I like roast.

DEAN: Okay, come on.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Later that night, Lorelai and Rory are sitting at the kitchen table. Lorelai is covering Rory's cast with a plastic bag]

RORY: And then we just watched TV.

LORELAI: Oh, you mean you "watched TV." Use the air quotes, Sweetie.

RORY: His little sister was there.

LORELAI: Oh, so you watched TV. . .go on.

RORY: And then he walked me home.

LORELAI: That's it?

RORY: That's it.

LORELAI: Did he kiss you goodnight?

RORY: Yup.

LORELAI: But he didn't ask about the other night at all?

RORY: Nope.

LORELAI: Didn't ask about the car?

RORY: Not once.

LORELAI: And Jess?

RORY: He just asked if he was really gone and that was it.

LORELAI: Wow.

RORY: I thought he would yell and scream. I thought he would wanna break up "instead, he gave me his corn.

LORELAI: He did? When?

RORY: At dinner.

LORELAI: Oh, so you were already eating. It wasn't just an out of the blue, "And I give you my corn." Okay, got it.

RORY: Maybe it just hasn't sunk in yet, maybe he'll be mad tomorrow.

LORELAI: Maybe Dean is even more terrific than we thought he was.

RORY: It's not covering the whole cast.

LORELAI: Relax, I'm not done. [gets a box of Saran wrap]

RORY: Do you really think he's okay with it?

LORELAI: Sounds like it.

RORY: If the situation were reversed, I don't think I'd be okay with it.

LORELAI: If the situation was reversed, I don't think Dean would've let Jess drive his car.

RORY: I guess I should just be grateful then?

LORELAI: Grateful, absolutely.

RORY: [points to a stack of papers] What are these?

LORELAI: These are resumes for your Grandpa's new secretary.

RORY: There are like a hundred of them.

LORELAI: Yes, well, the world is full of eager young people just waiting to have the life sucked out of them by Richard Gilmore. Okay, I'm finished ▯ what do you think of that?

RORY: If we were gazelles, we'd be the first ones eaten at the watering hole.

LORELAI: Well, be thankful we're not gazelles. Now go take your shower. You're starting to look like you're starring in an independent film.

[Rory starts to leave the kitchen]

LORELAI: Hey?

RORY: Yeah?

LORELAI: Dean knows ya, hon. He knows you wouldn't do anything to hurt him, he gets it. So, you're lucky, just focus on that. Jess is gone, now you guys can start over.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: And, uh, hey, even though the box says it's safe, I want you to keep your arm out of the microwave for at least a week.

CUT TO RICHARD'S OFFICE

[Lorelai walks into an office crowded with boxes]

LORELAI: Dad?

RICHARD: Oh, come in, come in.

LORELAI: So, let me guess, the Wu Tang Clan had the office before you?

RICHARD: Yeah, it's a bit disheveled, I know.

LORELAI: Wow, it's freezing in here.

RICHARD: Uh, yes, it has been since I moved in.

LORELAI: Oh, did you try adjusting the thermostat?

RICHARD: Yes, that only seemed to make it angry.

LORELAI: So you've been just Nanooking it this whole time, just sending out for whale blubber and mukluks? [adjusts thermostat]

RICHARD: Well, I wouldn't touch that if I were you, Lorelai. You don't know what you're do□ .

LORELAI: Ah, the wind done gone.

RICHARD: So it would seem, for the moment.

LORELAI: No, no, I turned it off. Here, let me show you. [the phone rings] Do you wanna get that?

RICHARD: No, no, they've already hung up.

[phone stops ringing]

LORELAI: Okay, next time hold an envelope up to your head before you do that.

RICHARD: Well, it's been doing it all day. The phone rings once, and then poof, they're gone.

LORELAI: [walks over to the phone] Oh, that's because your messages are being forwarded to your voice mail. See where it says voice mail.

RICHARD: How could that happen?

LORELAI: I don't know, where's your manual?

RICHARD: Uh, manual. . manual. . .

LORELAI: Uh, came with the phone, probably has a picture of a phone on it. Aha, look what I found under your copper ball glued to the wood thing here.

RICHARD: Uh, it's brass. One of the firm's parting gifts as they nudged me into retirement.

LORELAI: So, in addition to being heavy and ugly, it's also insulting.

RICHARD: Quite.

LORELAI: There you go, that should work. You wanna call me from your office?

RICHARD: Well, this is my office.

LORELAI: Oh, well, whose office is that? [points toward an adjoining room]

RICHARD: Ah, yes, excellent idea. [walks toward the other office as the phone rings] That isn't me calling.

LORELAI: Didn't think so. Should I get that?

RICHARD: Yes, please.

LORELAI: [answers phone] Um, hello, the Gilmore Group. Mr. Hensen. . . why, yes, he...

RICHARD: Ooh! [gestures that he doesn't want to talk]

LORELAI: ...just walked out. May I take a message? Uh huh. . . [looks through the drawers for a

pen] Um, how are you spelling, uh, Larry? [Richard hands her a pen] Oh, traditionally, great. Okay, uh, thank you for calling. . .bye bye. [hangs up] Where the hell are your pens?

RICHARD: Uh, watch your language, young lady. What did Larry want?

LORELAI: He wanted to know where the hell your pens are.

RICHARD: Lorelai.

LORELAI: He just wants you to call him, Dad. Where are all the office supplies?

RICHARD: Well, I haven't gotten around to that yet.

LORELAI: Before anything else can happen, you need pens, you need paper, you need. . . everything else, don't you? Especially since I might be tempted to wash my hand at some point.

RICHARD: Well, where does one get these things?

LORELAI: Well, Dad, where did you used to get them?

RICHARD: From Margie.

LORELAI: From Margie. . .I saw that coming. All right, well, let's go.

CUT TO OFFICE SUPPLY STORE

[Lorelai pushes a cart down an aisle as Richard follows behind her]

RICHARD: Good Lord, this place goes on forever.

LORELAI: Oh, it goes on until chair mats and floor mats but if you're not careful, you'll loop back around into inks and toners and be here all day. Stay close. Hey, there's a seat in the cart if you want a ride.

RICHARD: I'll pass. Look at the scale of this place. I mean, no one needs all these options, it's oppressive. Hundreds of paper clips in every conceivable color and size. Now, who on Earth would buy these things?

LORELAI: We would. [puts them in the cart] All right, now, what's the first thing you do when you get to the office in the morning?

RICHARD: Uh, well, let's see, I return the calls from Asia first.

[walk over to a row of coffee makers]

LORELAI: That's right, you make coffee, so you'll need a coffee maker. Let's see. Ugly, crappy, German, ooh - pretty!

RICHARD: Oh, well, as long as it's pretty.

LORELAI: Why is everything worth having just out of reach?

RICHARD: Is there no one here whose job it is to actually assist paying customers?

LORELAI: No, that's how they can afford to sell this baby for forty percent off.

RICHARD: Forty percent off, I had no idea. [grabs the box from the top shelf and puts it in the cart]

LORELAI: Nicely done, Dad. You won't be sorry.

RICHARD: You know, it's suddenly becoming clear to me that I'm an old man. I don't recognize half the whats-its and dodads in here.

LORELAI: Well, Dad, here we have an assortment of magic sticks and when you press down on paper, writing comes out.

RICHARD: I know what pens are, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Good, you pick out your favorites and I'll try to figure out how to explain Liquid Paper to you.

[Richard picks up a couple of pens]

LORELAI: Oh, you're cute.

[Lorelai picks up several boxes of pens]

RICHARD: I can't possibly use all of those.

LORELAI: You won't. You'll lose half of them, then you'll be really happy to have the ones you have left. Now, paper.

RICHARD: All right. This oughta do nicely for now. [picks out a small package of paper]

LORELAI: What, are you going into business for two weeks? You are building an empire for crying out loud. Think big, Gilmore! Plus, if you get the box, it's cheaper. [puts huge box of paper into the cart]

RICHARD: Say, how do you happen to know all of this?

LORELAI: It's how we do it at the inn. You have to spend money to make money, my friend. It's a little tip from me to you.

RICHARD: Good point. What else?

LORELAI: I'd strongly recommend a stapler.

RICHARD: Stapler.

LORELAI: Some extra staples.

RICHARD: Ah, I'm way ahead of you.

LORELAI: Good man. Post-Its.

RICHARD: My goodness, look at all the Post-Its. I had no idea they came in so many shapes and colors. I'm gonna get a twelve pack for myself in various hues.

LORELAI: Wise move.

RICHARD: And one for Emily. I have seen her post notes on her vanity mirror to remind her of various activities.

LORELAI: Ah, she'll think it's Christmas.

RICHARD: Done. Now, what else is on the hit parade?

LORELAI: Well, it might be controversial, but I was thinking of something in the way of a three-hole punch if we can find one.

RICHARD: Well, I think we're both up to the challenge. Shall we?

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[Rory and Lane are walking down the street.]

LANE: Dawn Powell? I've never heard of her.

RORY: Nobody has, which is a shame because she wrote sixteen amazing novels, nine plays, and there are some who actually claim that it was Powell who made the jokes that Dorothy Parker got credit for.

LANE: Blasphemy.

RORY: I know. I'm trying not to hold it against Dawn though, until I have proof that she was involved with the whole smear campaign.

[they walk past an empty shop]

LANE: Hey, look! They finally took the boards off the windows.

RORY: Oh, I wonder what it's going to be.

LANE: I don't know.

[they look through a window]

RORY: What's that in the corner?

LANE: I think it's. . .a bass. It's a bass! And look, there are guitars on the wall! Oh my God, it's a music shop!

RORY: Wow, that is much better than the ceramic circus store we thought was going in there.

LANE: I can't believe it. Stars Hollow has taken its first steps toward being cool. I wonder how soon it's going to open.

RORY: If you keep pushing on the glass like that, much sooner than anticipated. Hey, hold on a sec?

LANE: Why, what's wrong?

RORY: Nothing, I'll be right back. [walks across the street to Taylor] Taylor?

TAYLOR: Rory, hello!

RORY: Hi. Listen, I just wanted to □ .

TAYLOR: Oh no, just look at that arm!

RORY: It's fine, really.

TAYLOR: Does it hurt?

RORY: No, not much.

TAYLOR: Well, I hope you're not getting addicted to painkillers like those Hollywood people do.

RORY: Um, I'm not, don't worry.

TAYLOR: Good, because pain is your body's way of saying 'I'm not okay now, but I will be soon.'

RORY: I will remember that.

TAYLOR: You don't wanna shut your body up too soon. That's called death.

RORY: Right. Um, Taylor, listen, I just wanted to apologize to you.

TAYLOR: About what?

RORY: About the other night. You know, my car hit the bench that had your brand new Dooze's Market sign on it and I know how much that sign meant to you and I'm just so, so sorry that it was ruined.

TAYLOR: Oh, well, it wasn't your fault.

RORY: But my car hit the bench.

TAYLOR: Your car hit the bench because that Jess was driving.

RORY: Oh, well, yeah, but □ .

TAYLOR: That boy is a walking natural disaster, they should name a tornado after him.

RORY: But he didn't cause it Taylor, there was □

TAYLOR: Rory, you don't have to explain a thing to me. I know that there is absolutely no way that you would be involved in something like that if it weren't for that Sal Mineo wannabe, believe me. Chachi, and Chachi alone, will be held responsible for that incident, okay? Good. Now take a peach.

RORY: Thanks.

[Taylor walks away as Lane walks over]

LANE: So, is he mad?

RORY: No, not at me.

LANE: Well, that's good.

RORY: Yeah, that's good.

CUT TO SOPHIE'S MUSIC

[Lane walks into the new music store. Kirk is standing at the counter talking to the owner]

KIRK: That's my home phone number, my pager number, my cell number, and there's a partial list of references.

SOPHIE: Yeah, okay, I'll hang onto this, but as I said before, we just opened, so I'm not really looking to hire anybody right now.

KIRK: I am licensed to carry a g*n, if that'll help.

SOPHIE: You have no idea how much.

[Lane walks over to a wall of guitars and starts to touch one]

SOPHIE: Can I help you?

LANE: Oh, no thank you. I was just looking.

SOPHIE: We like the looking, it's the touching we're a little iffy on.

LANE: Actually, I was just going. . .[almost bumps into a cello] That probably would've been construed as touching, huh?

SOPHIE: Yes.

LANE: Right. [stops to look at a drum set] Oh my.

SOPHIE: That's a DW drum set with Zildjian cymbals.

LANE: It's beautiful

SOPHIE: Do you play?

LANE: Oh, no. I wish.

SOPHIE: Sit.

LANE: What?

SOPHIE: Sit down, see how it feels.

LANE: Oh, I couldn't.

SOPHIE: Why, your legs don't bend?

LANE: No, they bend.

SOPHIE: Okay, if they bend then bend them.

LANE: Well, okay. [sits down] This is a good stool.

SOPHIE: Yes, it is. Here, you can't sit down at a drum set without your sticks.

LANE: Right □ □cause that would be stupid.

SOPHIE: And remember □ no touching.

LANE: Right. [pretends to play the drums]

SOPHIE: You look good.

LANE: Thanks.

CUT TO RICHARD'S OFFICE

[Richard is on the phone while Lorelai stacks his bookshelves]

RICHARD: Well, granted the European insurance market still needs some restructuring but it's growing at a remarkable rate. What am I basing it on? Well, Clive, surely you've seen the latest EuroStat. Yes, I've got it right in front of me. [whispers to Lorelai] EuroStat!

[Lorelai hands him a booklet]

RICHARD: Ah, yes, here it is. Let's see. Uh, the highest contributions in absolute terms were reached in the United Kingdom, Germany, and the Netherlands. Uh huh. Well, yes, I would have to look up those specific coding and reference numbers. [Lorelai brings over some books for him] Uh huh, yes, I've got them right here. Mm hmm. For the year, uh, 2001. . . uh, here they are. Uh, yes, are you interested in the Netherlands? I think that's a market that's gonna go through the roof.

[the phone rings in the other office, Lorelai goes to answer it]

LORELAI: Gilmore Group, may I help you? Oh, no, Margie doesn't work for the company anymore. I'm the one who called to schedule the DSL appointment. Well, no, no, we really need the DSL line installed today, it's just awful being without it. Uh huh. Okay, well, um, if you can make it before five, everything's good, but any later than that won't work because the cable modem people are dropping by about 5:05, so. . . well, thank you, that's great. Okay, bye bye. [hangs up] They'll be here in twenty minutes.

RICHARD: I must say, I'm impressed.

LORELAI: Well, I'm no Margie.

RICHARD: Oh, who needs here?

LORELAI: Speaking of which. [hands him a stack of papers]

RICHARD: What's all this?

LORELAI: The secretarial candidates for tomorrow's interviews. I've looked through them pretty carefully, and I think somewhere in there is a Margie for the new millennium.

[phone rings]

RICHARD: I'll get it.

LORELAI: No, get to know your new secretary, I don't mind. [answers phone] Gilmore Group, may I help you?

EMILY: Yes, Richard Gilmore, please.

LORELAI: [in high voice] Oh, um, uh, certainly, may I ask who's calling?

EMILY: Emily Gilmore.

LORELAI: And does he know what this is about?

EMILY: Well, I hope so, I'm his wife.

LORELAI: [giggles] Oh, but Richard didn't say anything about being married.

EMILY: What!

LORELAI: Mom, relax, it's me.

EMILY: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Yes.

EMILY: Well, you're crude and unprofessional.

LORELAI: Well, I'd like that on my tombstone, please. Now what can I do for you?

EMILY: I'm throwing a little cocktail party at the office on Friday to help launch the new business. Now, the caterers will be arriving at three o'clock sharp to set up, so □ are you writing this down? You should be writing this down.

LORELAI: I'm scribbling furiously.

EMILY: Margie always wrote everything down.

LORELAI: So does this mean no Friday night dinner?

EMILY: It means we'll see you both at the party.

LORELAI: Bye.

CUT TO LORELAI'S FRONT YARD

[Rory walks across the yard as Babette rushes over to her]

BABETTE: Oh! Rory, Sweetie, hold on there, baby!

RORY: Hey Babette. Is everything okay?

BABETTE: I should be asking you that question. Come here, let me see that arm. Oh, you poor little thing. How you doing, huh?

RORY: I'm doing fine.

BABETTE: Aw, look at ya, being brave like that after all you've been through. Geez, it's so hard being a woman, isn't it?

RORY: I guess.

BABETTE: I mean, you've got your morals and your standards and your good common sense and then bam! You meet some guy and all that goes right out the window.

RORY: But □ .

BABETTE: For every good woman there's a dirty little wolf just ready to lead her astray. You can't help it, he's got the eyes, the chin, the chest hair you could carpet your dining room with. . .I mean, what's a woman to do? We're not made of steel for God's sake.

RORY: Babette ▯

BABETTE: I was in a cult once, did I tell you that?

RORY: No.

BABETTE: I met this guy once ▯ gorgeous, tan, looked just like Mickey Holiday. We had coffee, he gave me a pamphlet. Next thing you know, I'm wearing a muumuu, playing a tambourine, jumping up and down at the airport.

RORY: Okay, I really have to get inside.

BABETTE: Oh, sure, honey, sure, you go take good care of yourself. And don't be embarrassed tutz, this has happened to all of us.

CUT TO INSIDE LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory walks through the front door]

RORY: Mom, you here? [walks over to answering machine and plays a message]

LORELAI: [on answering machine] Hey you, it's me. I'm gonna be home a little late today ▯ still trying to find Grandpa a Margie. So order pizza, money's under the rabbi, hope your arm's feeling okay, Sweets. Buh-bye.

[Rory gets some from money under a rabbi doll on the desk, then walks to the kitchen and gets a soda from the refrigerator. The phone rings]

RORY: Hello?

LANE: I have found my calling.

RORY: What are you talking about?

LANE: I am talking about my future, my path, my destiny, my thing, my scene, my bag. I'm talking about the number one item on my cosmic to-do list.

RORY: Which is?

LANE: I'm gonna be a drummer!

RORY: You're kidding.

LANE: I went into that new music store today -- I don't know why I went in, I just had to. Something told me, ▯Lane Kim, there's something in there that you need to see', and there it was, and it was red and shiny and I'm so excited I can't breathe.

RORY: That's amazing.

LANE: I know.

RORY: But how are you gonna do this?

LANE: I don't know.

RORY: How are you gonna buy a drum set?

LANE: I don't know.

RORY: And even if you do buy a drum set, where are you gonna play it?

LANE: I don't know, I don't know any of this. But I will figure something out, because I am Keith Moon, I am Neil Peart, I am Rick Allen, with and without the arm, because I am rock 'n' roll, baby! I'll call you later.

CUT TO RICHARD'S OFFICE

[Lorelai and Richard are interviewing a secretarial candidate]

KAREN: So when she opened her own office, she asked me to come along as her executive assistant and office manager, which was a terrific opportunity.

LORELAI: I bet! How so?

KAREN: In that I was able to build that office and its staff from the ground up and develop a system from scratch.

LORELAI: Wow, so you have a system.

KAREN: Which helped double productivity and billing hours, but then she got pregnant, and well, here we are.

LORELAI: Wow, story of my life ▯ literally.

RICHARD: Well, uh, thank you for coming in, uh. . .uh, Karen. Uh, we'll let you know once we make our decision.

KAREN: Thank you, Mr. Gilmore. It was a pleasure meeting you both.

LORELAI: Here, I'll walk you out. I love what's going on with your shoes, by the way. [walks Karen out, then returns with a bag] Hey, look what I found.

RICHARD: Oh, good, lunch, I'm starving. Uh, do you wanna eat in here today?

LORELAI: Sure, why not?

RICHARD: Oh, good, they threw in pickles like I asked. It's great having this place just across the street, isn't it?

LORELAI: You'll never starve.

RICHARD: Hm, maybe we should start a tab with them so we don't have to pay cash everyday.

LORELAI: Already done.

RICHARD: Amazing. You're like the tiny fellow on that Mash program, always anticipating.

LORELAI: So, what do we think?

RICHARD: Mm, that's tasty.

LORELAI: No, I mean about Karen.

RICHARD: Who?

LORELAI: Karen, the woman who was just here, the one with the system.

RICHARD: Mm, rather inexperienced, I thought.

LORELAI: Dad, she worked as an executive assistant for six years.

RICHARD: Well, she's young, and young women tend to be flighty.

LORELAI: She worked for the same woman for five of those six years.

RICHARD: This roast beef is delicious. It's lean, it's tender. What'd you get?

LORELAI: Cheeseburger.

RICHARD: Mm, I may get one of those myself if we order from the same place tomorrow.

LORELAI: Tomorrow?

RICHARD: Mm hmm.

LORELAI: You mean for more secretary interviews?

RICHARD: Well, whatever's on the agenda.

LORELAI: Dad, you've already seen like three people who would be absolutely perfect for the job.

RICHARD: You can't rush these things, Lorelai. A man's secretary sets the tone for the entire enterprise.

LORELAI: I know that, but □

RICHARD: It has to do with chemistry as much as anything else, which cannot be manufactured out of sheer necessity. Besides, you and I seem to be doing just fine for the moment.

LORELAI: Yes, for the moment, but the moment is coming to a rapid end.

RICHARD: Well, what do you mean?

LORELAI: I can't work here □cause I have my own job.

RICHARD: I know that, Lorelai.

LORELAI: And I need you to find an assistant soon, like now because I don't even know when I'm gonna be able to come back.

RICHARD: Well, I need to see more resumes. In the meantime, □

LORELAI: Dad, I cannot come back here tomorrow.

RICHARD: I see.

LORELAI: I didn't mean that to sound so harsh. I just. . .I meant □

RICHARD: I know exactly what you meant to say, Lorelai. I got the message. Well, I won't keep you any longer, I know how busy you are.

LORELAI: Dad, I didn't mean I have to go right now. We can finish our lunch.

RICHARD: Oh, I'm finished. Will you leave the phone number of the sandwich shop for me, please? I'll need it.

LORELAI: All the numbers you need are right there on your desk.

RICHARD: Oh, good. Now, if you will excuse me, I have some of my own work to attend to. Thank you for all your help.

LORELAI: You know, Dad, if it makes any difference, I thought that Karen was □

RICHARD: Thank you.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai gets some food from a takeout window]

LORELAI: Here.

RORY: You know, there will be food there.

LORELAI: Finger food, aka snooty little balls of attitude.

RORY: Oh boy.

LORELAI: I need real food, peasant food. Hearty bread, meat, cheese, a little pickle chips, a sauce, a special sauce. This is the food that sustains me, this is the food of my □

RORY: Oh my God, just eat the burger already!

LORELAI: How crabby.

RORY: I'm not crabby.

LORELAI: I didn't even get through my special sauce speech. That's crabby.

RORY: Sorry.

LORELAI: Does your arm hurt?

RORY: No, I'm just tired, I guess.

LORELAI: All right. We won't stay very long. Just long enough to get five or six withering stares from my dad, and be taken down three or four notches by my mother, then we're outta there. [takes a bite of her burger] Ugh.

RORY: Not good?

LORELAI: Really not good! I swear, Luke better come back soon or I'm gonna starve to death.

RORY: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: For what?

RORY: Luke's gone because of me.

LORELAI: Oh, honey, he is not.

RORY: Yes, he is. I got into an accident and then you guys had a fight.

LORELAI: Rory, it isn't your fault. If it's anyone's fault. . .

RORY: It's Jess' fault.

LORELAI: Well, yes.

RORY: Why does everyone in this town think that it is all Jess' fault?

LORELAI: Hey, let's not talk about this, okay?

RORY: I was there too, you know.

LORELAI: Rory, everyone here loves you. They know you're not the one who got in an accident and knock over a bench' girl.

RORY: I know that, and I appreciate that, but

LORELAI: I want you to stop beating yourself up about this. It's over, Jess is gone. Let's forget about this, okay, please?

RORY: Fine.

LORELAI: Good. Hey, hand me that burger again.

RORY: I thought you said it was bad.

LORELAI: Hey, that burger may be a disgusting burger but at least it considers me its equal. Ugh.

CUT TO RICHARD'S OFFICE

[Lorelai and Rory walk into the crowded office]

LORELAI: Oh geez. This is worse than the clowns in the Volkswagen.

RORY: A lot of people.

LORELAI: Yeah, do you want something to drink? I think we're three martinis behind everyone else.

RORY: Just water, I guess.

LORELAI: Coming up. [walks toward the drinks] Oh boy, I should've brought bread crumbs. Excuse me.

EMILY: Lorelai, there you are. You're late.

LORELAI: Well, you scheduled this beer bash during rush hour.

EMILY: When traffic is leaving Hartford.

LORELAI: Apparently not when Emily Gilmore is throwing a party.

EMILY: It's wonderful, isn't it? Everyone showing up for your father.

LORELAI: Yeah, Mom, but don't you ever think about scaling back a little?

EMILY: I scaled back a lot. I cut two appetizers, I canceled the champagne fountain, and I reduced the catering staff to six servers, not counting the pointman.

LORELAI: Well, you can't not have a pointman because then what's the point?

EMILY: If you make it look cheap, people will think you're unsuccessful.

LORELAI: Absolutely right. Better to deprive them of oxygen so they don't have to think at all.

EMILY: It is rather warm in here, isn't it?

LORELAI: Yeah, do you want me to get the air going?

EMILY: No, no, Karen knows how to do it.

LORELAI: Karen?

EMILY: Your father's new secretary. She's wonderful, very professional. [walks over to Karen] Karen, darling, would you mind turning on the air conditioning?

[pan over to Richard and a man talking]

RICHARD: No, I'll have Karen draw up the contracts today. That'll be in the morning.

[The man walks away, Lorelai walks over]

LORELAI: Hi Dad.

RICHARD: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Swell party.

RICHARD: Uh, yes, it's mostly your mother's doing.

LORELAI: So, um, what just went down there?

RICHARD: Down where?

LORELAI: Just now, the handshake with the man in the gray flannel suit - did you score a deal?

RICHARD: Well, one doesn't score deals in the insurance business, Lorelai. One builds relationships based on trust and fulfilling the client's needs.

LORELAI: Sorry.

RICHARD: Mr. Lundquist and I, uh, just were -

LORELAI: Uh, Mr. Lundquist?

RICHARD: Yes.

LORELAI: Lundquist from Aero International?

RICHARD: Yes.

LORELAI: You bagged the Swede?

RICHARD: Well, just as I didn't score the deal, I also haven't bagged the Swede. We simply talked, we came to an agreement, we shook hands.

LORELAI: You shook hands, that means □

RICHARD: I'm sending him the contracts in the morning.

LORELAI: Dad, that's big!

RICHARD: Yes, I suppose it is big.

LORELAI: That's gigantic! It's a whole new market for you. It opens up all of Scandinavia, doesn't it?

RICHARD: Beyond that. Lundquist is his company's rep for Russia as well.

LORELAI: Russia!

RICHARD: Da!

LORELAI: Look who's taking over the world.

RICHARD: I suppose that would be me.

LORELAI: I see that you hired Karen.

RICHARD: Uh, yes, well, I had to get someone in here.

LORELAI: She seems to be working out well.

RICHARD: Well, she's no. . .Margie, but we'll see. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have several more deals to score now that I have finished bagging the Swede.

[Richard walks away and Emily walks over]

LORELAI: He's really in his element, isn't it?

EMILY: And happier than he's been in years. Oh, there's Rory. I was wondering where she's □ what's that on her arm?

LORELAI: Oh, I was gonna tell you about that.

RORY: Hi Grandma.

LORELAI: That is a cast. She hurt her arm.

EMILY: When? How bad is it?

RORY: I fractured my wrist.

EMILY: Oh my God.

LORELAI: It's just a hairline fracture. . .it's just tiny.

EMILY: When did this happen?

LORELAI: Um, last week.

EMILY: Last week? Why didn't you call me? Last week, I can't believe you.

LORELAI: Um, well, I meant to.

EMILY: How did this happen?

LORELAI: Bees.

RORY: I got in a car accident.

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: I got in a car accident.

EMILY: Oh my God, how could you not tell us that she got into a car accident? Is this why she missed dinner? You said she had the flu.

LORELAI: I just didn't want you to worry, Mom.

EMILY: Yes, well, clearly there was nothing to worry about. It was that car, wasn't it? The one her boyfriend made. Richard was dead set against letting her drive that death mobile.

LORELAI: No, it wasn't the car, Mom.

EMILY: Well, then what was it?

RORY: A friend of mine and I went to get ice cream

EMILY: A friend? Which friend □ Lane?

RORY: Jess.

EMILY: Jess?

RORY: Luke's nephew.

EMILY: Him? I thought you were going to keep that boy away from her.

LORELAI: Mom, do we have to talk about this now?

EMILY: Yes, we have to talk about this now. The child has a cast on her arm. I don't understand how

you could've been so irresponsible.

LORELAI: Mom, please.

EMILY: Don't 'Mom, please' me. It was your responsibility to stop this, it was your responsibility to make sure that he did not

RORY: I gave him the keys. I told him to drive. He wanted to drive back to Luke's and I said no. I wanted to keep on driving and that's when we got into the car accident. This is just as much my fault as it is his, maybe more.

EMILY: Rory.

LORELAI: I've got this, Mom. Can I see you in the hall for a second? [they walk into the hallway] Hey, what the hell was that?

RORY: I'm sick of this. I'm sick of everyone treating me like I'm some kind of mindless idiot being led around by a guy.

LORELAI: No one is treating you like that.

RORY: Everyone is, the whole town is. . . Taylor, Babette, Dean. Everyone in my life, including you, is refusing to believe that I was just as responsible for what happened that night as Jess was.

LORELAI: Really? Were you driving the car?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Then you weren't as responsible.

RORY: What if it'd been Dean, huh? What if Dean had been driving? Would everyone be assuming that it was his fault?

LORELAI: No, because if Dean had been driving there wouldn't have been an accident because Dean is a much more responsible kid who loves you and would've been driving more responsibly.

RORY: How do you know that Jess wasn't?

LORELAI: Hi. . .it's Jess.

RORY: Oh, right, Jess is the antichrist, I forgot. He wanted to get into an accident. He was looking for something to hit because he's a m*rder*r with a death wish and he wanted to k*ll us both, right?

LORELAI: I know you think that Jess is your friend, but he's not. He is a completely out of control, really angry kid who has no respect for Luke, who has no respect for me. . .

RORY: It was an accident!

LORELAI: And he was driving!

RORY: So, what, no matter what I say, you're just gonna choose to blame Jess?

LORELAI: Yes, I choose to blame Jess.

RORY: Just because you hate him?

LORELAI: That's right! I'm sorry, but when my daughter comes home broken I get to hate the guy who broke her. That's how it works. He's gone, I win. You are wearing a cast and I get to hate him forever!

RORY: Fine!

LORELAI: Fine!

RORY: Fine!

LORELAI: I just had this image of thirty-five businessmen, six servers, one pointman all leaning up against that wall with glasses to their ears.

RORY: I don't think they needed the glasses.

LORELAI: We've got good lungs, you and I.

RORY: We're never gonna agree on this.

LORELAI: You have to understand -

RORY: I do.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: I don't wanna fight about this anymore.

LORELAI: Neither do I. Do you wanna go back inside?

RORY: No, I wanna go home. My wrist hurts and I'm grumpy and I just made a total idiot of myself in there so I just wanna go home.

LORELAI: All right, well, I'll tell Mom, I'll drive you.

RORY: No, it's okay. It's still early. I can catch my regular bus and. . .you go back in.

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: I just want some alone time now.

LORELAI: Are you sure?

RORY: Yeah, I'll see you back at home.

CUT TO SOPHIE'S MUSIC

[Lane is staring at the drum set]

SOPHIE: It's after six, we're closed.

LANE: Five more minutes?

SOPHIE: Nope, now.

LANE: So, you're from New York, huh?

SOPHIE: Yes, I am.

LANE: I wanna go to New York someday.

SOPHIE: Good for you.

LANE: Did you like it there?

SOPHIE: It was all right.

LANE: What part of New York did you live in?

SOPHIE: Okay, look, what's your name?

LANE: Lane Kim.

SOPHIE: Very nice to meet you, Lane Kim. Now you have got to get out of here because I am going to close and you are not going to schmooze me into forgetting that I am going to close.

LANE: Wait?

SOPHIE: What?

LANE: I have to have those drums.

SOPHIE: Great □ cash or credit?

LANE: No, see, I have no money. Plus, even if I did have money there's no way I could take those home with me because my mother would never stop crying, so I have a proposal.

SOPHIE: Uh huh.

LANE: Twice a week, on Wednesday and Friday nights at six o'clock, I could come and practice here.

SOPHIE: Wow, that sounds great.

LANE: Now, I'm not expecting you to let me do this for free or anything. I'll clean or do inventory or stock stuff or whatever it is that you need done.

SOPHIE: I don't need that much done.

LANE: Well, then, I can do other things also, like, uh. . .oh, hey, do you know Korean?

SOPHIE: No.

LANE: Well, then I could teach you.

SOPHIE: Why would I wanna learn Korean?

LANE: Why wouldn't you? It's an interesting language, and being bilingual in this day and age can only be a plus.

SOPHIE: Please, go home.

LANE: I can't. I can't go home until you say yes. I have to rock, I have to! Please, I'm so begging you □ let me rock!

SOPHIE: Why Wednesdays and Fridays?

LANE: Because that's when my mom has her Bible group.

SOPHIE: Okay, let's see what you got.

LANE: Really? Oh my God, thank you! [sits down at the drum set] Can I hit them this time?

SOPHIE: Go ahead.

LANE: Yes! A one, two, three, four! [starts to play]

SOPHIE: I'll be in the back in case the cops come.

LANE: Oh, hey, do you mind turning off the lights on your way out? My mom sometimes walks home this way.

[Sophie turns out the lights, and Lane starts playing again]

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Rory walks down the street and sees Luke in front of the diner]

RORY: Hey

LUKE: Rory.

RORY: You're back?

LUKE: I'm back.

RORY: You catch anything?

LUKE: Nah. Apparently the fish went fishing also.

RORY: Too bad.

LUKE: Yeah, well. So that's the, uh. . .

RORY: Yeah.

LUKE: Does it hurt?

RORY: No, not really. Just itches a little.

LUKE: Yeah, I can imagine. Make sure you don't use a pencil.

RORY: Excuse me?

LUKE: Your arm. . . you know, when it itches. I broke my arm once □ itching drove me crazy. Grabbed a pencil, shoved it down the cast to scratch, ya know...

RORY: Bad results?

LUKE: Bad results.

RORY: Got it. No pencils, I promise.

LUKE: Good. So, you want some coffee?

RORY: Sure.

[they walk into the diner]

LUKE: Where's your mom tonight?

RORY: At a party for my Grandpa.

LUKE: Oh, sounds nice. Grab yourself a donut.

RORY: So, have you heard from him?

LUKE: Oh, no. I talked to his mom, though. He got home okay.

RORY: Good, that's good.

LUKE: Yeah, good.

RORY: What about his stuff?

LUKE: Oh, I'm gonna send it.

RORY: Right, makes sense. Luke?

LUKE: Yeah?

RORY: It wasn't his fault.

LUKE: I know it wasn't.

THE END

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