

Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

Thousands of current or popular TV shows and movie transcripts for online research and education.
<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/>

05x02 - A Messenger, Nothing More

<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/viewtopic.php?t=6384>

05x02 - A Messenger, Nothing More

by **bunniefuu**

Page 1 of 1

Posted: **10/10/04 16:42**

written by Daniel Palladino

directed by Daniel Palladino

transcript by Patti Jo with assistance by Canopus

OPEN TO STARS HOLLOW SIDEWALK

[Lorelai walks very quickly down the sidewalk passing some of the vendor stands]

LORELAI: Morning, Al. Morning, Fred. Morning, Sam.

[She drops envelope in a corner mailbox and continues past a man handing out pamphlets.]

MAN: Cider Mill's opening Saturday. Big parade and free cider for one and all.

LORELAI: Thank you. [Never slowing her pace, she takes the offered paper and quickly hands it out to the next person she passes.] Cider mill's opening Saturday. Big parade and free cider for one and all.

WOMAN: Thank you.

[Lorelai approaches Miss Patty's dance studio where Patty is instructing several small dancing apples.]

PATTY: Keep it going, kids. You're red, you're delicious. You're about to have the juice sucked out of you. [She smiles as Lorelai passes] There she is -- our spunky entrepreneur.

LORELAI: I am the uber-Trump-Murdoch-Maximus. [She glances back] Oop. Apple down.

PATTY: Apple down. [pauses before reacting] Apple down! Hold it, everybody! Apple down! Okay, roll her over. [calls after the rapidly disappearing Lorelai] Have a nice day.

MAN: [OS, continues to call out] Big parade, free cider for one and all.

[OPEN TO LUKE'S DINER]

[Lane is standing behind counter taking a food order from a woman]

LANE: ...and two eggs over easy, got it. Just be a couple minutes. [takes order from her pad and places it on the kitchen ledge] Caesar, order.

[Lane smoothly walks around the counter, passing Zach and Brian sitting at a corner table.]

BRIAN: Since they were both actually royalty, their child would have a real claim to the Judean throne, see? So Mary Magdalene goes to Gaul to have the kid. She's also supposed to run the church

after his death, but that's not what Peter wants, right? But all that got covered up later by Constantine after the council of Nicea purged the Christian --

ZACH: Oh, my god! Will you stop talking about this!

BRIAN: This is, like, the number-one book in the country.

ZACH: Well, it's my number-one bummer.

[Lane approaches]

LANE: Okay, guys, what'll you have?

ZACH: Burger for me -- nothing healthy on it, extra cheese -- and, of course, an order of...wink-winkers.

LANE: [slightly annoyed] You don't have to call them that, Zach.

ZACH: Just want to make myself clear.

LANE: Look, I told you guys I'd throw you free fries -- not a big deal since they're usually the ones we wind up throwing out anyway from making too many, which means you don't have to call them wink-winkers or nudge-nudgies or know-what-I-meanies or anything else in verbal code, especially if it's cute-cutesy.

ZACH: I will abide by that.

LANE: Brian?

BRIAN: Same thing -- burger and fries. [wiggles eyebrows knowingly]

ZACH: Dude, that's cute-cutesy.

BRIAN: She said not to be verbally cute-cutesy.

ZACH: It was a blanket moratorium on anything cutesy concerning the fries.

LANE: I'll be back. [walks away]

ZACH: Cokes, too.

BRIAN: Better get my money ready. [pulls hands full of loose change onto the table]

ZACH: That's not embarrassing.

[Lorelai enters the diner and greets Lane]

LORELAI: Hi, Lane.

LANE: Lorelai, hi. Would you like your usual to go?

LORELAI: Yes, and quick-quick, please.

LANE: [picks up coffee pot] You know, people are calling you "the blur."

LORELAI: That's mean. Or is it? What is that?

LANE: [pours coffee into a To-Go cup] You're not around, and you're always running -- swoosh, blur.

LORELAI: Well, that's business, baby. If you slow down, they might catch up with you. [glances around] Still no Luke, huh?

LANE: Liz and T.J. are still not back up on their feet. Luke's calling the Renaissance Faire his "Vietnam without all the fun sh**ting." [hands Lorelai her cup]

LORELAI: Oh, poor guy.

LANE: I made it extra strong. It should blacken your teeth and rot your stomach. [continues working]

LORELAI: Bless you. [glances at a chain of colorful postcards on the nearby bulletin board]

LANE: [appears] All from Rory.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm sorry. Just being nosey.

LANE: No, go ahead, read. I'm sure it's stuff she already told you.

LORELAI: [adds cream to her coffee] Yeah, probably.

LANE: [hands Lorelai a small sack] You are ready to swoosh.

LORELAI: The blur is off. [gathers items and begins to leave]

LANE: And don't overtip.

LORELAI: Try and stop me. [sneaks some dollar bills on the counter as she quickly passes]

LORELAI: Hey, guys.

ZACH: Hey, Lorelai. Get yourself a wink-winker?

LORELAI: What?

LANE: Please erase this from your brain. [sets plate of fries on Zach and Brian's table as she passes]

LORELAI: I will definitely try.

[CUT TO RENAISSANCE FAIRE - LIZ AND T.J.'S BOOTH]

[Liz talks to two fellow Renaissance Faire merchants dressed in period costumes]

LIZ: I'm telling you, I was going crazy. I was in pain for six weeks. It was fractured in three places. That's why it took so long to heal. But thank God for my big brother. [Women giggling as Luke passes]

HENRY: Morning, Lucas. [approaches carrying large box]

LUKE: Hey, Henry. How's your beard?

HENRY: [Laughs] You always ask that, and I always laugh.

LUKE: Well, it's our thing.

HENRY: Hey, come here. Got some dish. [motions Luke to come closer] You know Hay Bale Bill, the guy that totes the hay bales?

LUKE: I seen him around.

HENRY: Got caught in a tent last night with Annie from the grog booth.

LUKE: Hm. Isn't she engaged to the fruit-ice guy?

HENRY: Yeah, and the fruit-ice guy comes back, and there's Annie and Hay Bale, so he tears the tent to pieces.

LUKE: Hm.

HENRY: Now the grog people have to hide her. They set up a fort made out of kegs.

LUKE: [intrigued] Crazy stuff.

HENRY: I'll keep you posted. [exits]

LUKE: All right. See you later.

[Luke pulls necklace merchandise from a box and drapes each on wooden display branches. T.J., in full costume, reclines nearby, arm in a sling - blanket in his lap.]

T.J.: Llllllllllluke?

LUKE: What, T.J.?

T.J.: You're putting the pewter next to the turquoise?

LUKE: Looks like it.

T.J.: We don't usually put the pewter next to the turquoise.

LUKE: Well, I'm a maverick.

T.J.: Mm-hmm. [Slurps from his tankard] Ahh. Might be why the pewter ain't moving.

LUKE: Pewter's moving just fine, T.J.

[Woman dressed in period garb approaches Luke]

WOMAN: Excuse me?

LUKE: Oh, hi, there. Can I help you?

WOMAN: Yeah. I'm looking for the Shakespeare stage.

LUKE: Okay, uh, you walk past the Calumba booth, veer right at the drinking horns, then left at the antler ark.

WOMAN: Thank you. [thankful look then leaves]

LUKE: Mm-hmm.

[Walks around booth to organize table items]

T.J.: Luuuuuke?

LUKE: [strained patience] What, T.J.?

T.J.: You didn't use the approved Faire language with that customer.

LUKE: Maverick -- me. Don't forget that.

T.J.: There's undercover Faire officials walking around. They look for that kind of stuff

LUKE: Well, they should get real jobs.

T.J.: Would it k*ll you to sh**t her a "Good-morrow"?

LUKE: Look, T.J. -- [approaches T.J.'s chaise and hears baseball announcer sounds coming from beneath T.J. lap blanket. He snatches away the cover to reveal a very small television set] I don't believe it.

T.J.: [feigns innocence] I know. The Yanks went with Mussina. They should have gone with Brown.

LUKE: You're watching T.V.!

T.J.: I'm not ready for my nap.

LUKE: You're milking it.

T.J.: I'm convalescing.

LUKE: And you're milking me. But no more. Find some help, get a crutch, because by week's end, I'm gone.

T.J.: Liz, you hearing this?

LIZ: What? [pulls ear phones out of her ears] I'm sorry. I was listening to my Deepak Chopra.

LUKE: I got things to do. I got a business, hopefully a life.

[people in costume walk by, noticing the disturbance]

T.J.: Uh, prithee, you jest, good sir, and leave us short of hand?

LUKE: I ain't jesting.

T.J.: But my arm!

LUKE: Had no trouble reaching into a tub of caramel corn last night while you were scratching yourself with the other. Your dexterity's fine.

LIZ: [resigned] T.J., It's time for him to go.

T.J.: [attempting to instill guilt] So, you're gonna break up the team?

LUKE: I'm no good to you. I'm not moving the pewter. [walks off... then returns and grabs the little television] Don't want you to get in trouble with the undercover squad.

[CUT TO ITALY - LUXURIOUS HOTEL SUITE]

[The Concierge enters followed by Emily, Rory and a plethora of bellhops with vast amounts of luggage.]

CONCIERGE LUCIANO: Hallo, and here we are -- room 518. A beautiful room -- very special for you, Mrs. Gilmore.

RORY: It's nice.

EMILY: It's hot.

LUCIANO: [quickly reacts to assist] I will adjust the air for you. No problem on my end. [watches Emily walk to the balcony opening to observe the view] It's a spectacular view. Very nice. A little balcony there.

EMILY: [frowns] It's different.

LUCIANO: Something is different?

EMILY: The view -- it's different.

RORY: [Rory and Luciano join Emily at the balcony wall] Wow. It's pretty spectacular.

EMILY: It's not the same.

LUCIANO: It's the same room you had two years ago, Signora -- 518.

EMILY: The ruins -- they used to be closer. Something move?

LUCIANO: I don't think so.

EMILY: That pillar is in a different place.

RORY: I think the ruins are probably where they've been for the past 2,000 years, Grandma.

LUCIANO: We can get you another room, signora. No problem.

EMILY: No, no, it's fine. [returns to the main room, pauses then frowns] Smokers.

LUCIANO: I despise smokers.

[Rory shuffles through the luggage cart valet]

EMILY: Rory, I told you before, you do not move luggage.

LUCIANO: Yes, yes, please. We will do that.

RORY: Sorry.

EMILY: Your high tea is still at the same time?

LUCIANO: Si, signora.

EMILY: We'll need to book some private tours -- the Vatican, the Villa Medici. And private -- just the two of us. The concierge in Florence stuck us with a Belgian couple at the Uffizi who didn't know a fresco from a ferret hole. And the ruins, of course. Make sure the guide's not too dry. [absently gazes out the patio window] So different. [quickly follows a luggage-laden bell hop another room] The hanging bags should be hung, not laid on the bed.

RORY: Excuse me. How far away are we from the catacombs?

LUCIANO: Close, but your grandmother would not like the catacombs. Bones disturb her.

RORY: It's for me. My grandmother usually takes a nap this time of day, so I go off and do my own thing.

LUCIANO: [wistful look] Ah, yes, a nap.

[Emily briskly returns to the main room]

EMILY: We need two more pillows.

LUCIANO: I will see to it. Anything else I can do?

EMILY: That should do it. Thank you, Luciano.

RORY: Yeah, thank you very much.

LUCIANO: Grazie mille. Buona notte. Good evening. Thank you. [exits]

EMILY: Let's sit down and pick our restaurants. That's three nights -- that's three lunches and three dinners. We'll take our usual passeggiata around the piazza navana, but let's pick the restaurants. [enthusiastically riffles through the brochures]

RORY: Do you want to pick them before your nap or after?

EMILY: I'm skipping my nap today.

RORY: Oh, really? [Disappointed, she joins her grandmother on the sofa.]

EMILY: Absolutely. I'm not the least bit tired. [covertly watches Rory's reaction]

RORY: Oh, good.

EMILY: Couldn't hide it any better than that, huh?

RORY: Hide what?

EMILY: I don't take my nap, you don't get to go out on your own.

RORY: Oh...[Scoffs] Grandma, I wasn't thinking that.

EMILY: Well, I was kidding. I'm exhausted. I'm not sure I'll even make it to the bedroom. I may just drop down here on the carpet.

RORY: Thank you, Grandma. It's all cultural stuff, I promise. Just kind of faster and funkier.

EMILY: Well, go enjoy your funk.

RORY: Thank you. [kisses Emily's cheek]

EMILY: Mm-hmm. [Rory walks over to the luggage cart] Say, when was the last time we called your mother?

RORY: Not sure. [shifts the shoulder strap of a leather tourist bag over her shoulder]

EMILY: Have we called her this week?

RORY: I think you did.

EMILY: We'll call when you come back.

RORY: Okay. Bye. [exits]

EMILY: Bye-bye. [calls after her and continues to read brochures]

[CUT TO DRAGONFLY INN - INTERIOR ENTRY]

[Lorelai briskly enters as a male guest crosses her path]

MALE GUEST: 'Morning.

LORELAI: 'Morning. [crosses over to reception desk]

ROB: Morning.

LORELAI: Oh hey Rob, I want to keep these brochures nice and neat in the rack here, none of them askew. Otherwise, it gives the place that "we'll leave the light on for you" feel that we're desperately trying to avoid.

ROB: Yeah, I checked it. [watches her shuffle the papers inside the display box]

LORELAI: That is, if we ultimately decide that we don't mind having brochures here in the lobby. The jury's still out on that. [very brief pause] You know what? Jury's back. Brochures are out. [picks up the wooden box] I'll just take this in the office and... [spies a figure crouching behind the reception desk] Michel...

MICHEL: Good morning.

LORELAI: Um, what are you doing? [impatient]

MICHEL: Hiding.

LORELAI: From me?

MICHEL: No.

LORELAI: From?

MICHEL: Suffice to say, my hiding is not costing the inn any income. In fact, I'm overdue for my 10. So consider this my 10, and you are now conducting business with an employee who is officially on his 10, which is in direct violation of union rules.

LORELAI: You're not in a union.

MICHEL: I'm in a union of oppressed Frenchmen.

LORELAI: Oh, the U.O.F. -- Got it. All right. Carry on.

[Sighs, then quickly walks to the next room and interrupts a maid dusting]

LORELAI: Oh, hey, there is a spot on the floor over here that the vacuum never quite reaches. Let's make sure it does. Thank you. [briskly continues walking though the inn. A family of four approaches Lorelai.] Hi. It's the Krumholtzes. How are you doing today?

MR. KRUMHOLTZ: Great. Are you always here?

LORELAI: I give that illusion. So, what's on the agenda today?

MRS. KRUMHOLTZ: Mike and I would love to hit some antique stores.

LORELAI: We can guide you to the best of them.

MR. KRUMHOLTZ: But the kids would love to stay here. You got games and books, and they'd be bored stiff with us.

LORELAI: They can absolutely stay here. There's always people around.

MRS. KRUMHOLTZ: Is Michel going to be here?

LORELAI: [sympathetic look] Yes.

MRS. KRUMHOLTZ: Oh, good. He is their favorite.

LORELAI: [disbelief] Michel? Have they met Michel? [to the children] Have you met Michel?

LITTLE GIRL: He's funny!

LITTLE BOY: Yeah!

MR. KRUMHOLTZ: They love him. He chases them around and shouts and pretends to be mad, and they laugh and laugh.

LORELAI: Well, Michel is here, and I'm sure he would be happy to look after you guys while your parents are gone. In fact, he's playing hide-and-seek right now, and if you go over to the reception area, I guarantee you'll be getting warm, warmer, hot.

LITTLE BOY: Goodie! Let's go! Come on!

LITTLE GIRL: [giggles]

LORELAI: Have a good day. [enters dining room and picks up a coffee pot on nearby table.] Morning! Who needs coffee? Oh, I'll get you some coffee right there. [a waiter approaches and takes pot from Lorelai.] Oh, hey, when Sookie gets in, tell her I want to go over the layout for the dinner menu. I want to go another way. I'll be in my office. Thank you. [busily walks off]

[Lorelai circles back to front lobby and sees Michel attached to two young children] Hey, you found him. Good job, Krumholtzes.

LITTLE BOY: [gleefully] He grounded us and told us to go do something to ourselves.

LITTLE GIRL: [grins] He used a dirty word.

MICHEL: And I'm destined to use many more.

LORELAI: No, you're not. Come here. [grabs and drags Michel aside by his lapel]

MICHEL: It is not my job to entertain little people.

LORELAI: Michel, the Krumholtzes are in our most expensive room. We need people like them to be happy so they tell other people like them they we're happy - because we are a new business, and we all have to go above and beyond the call of duty until we are established.

MICHEL: So you watch them.

LORELAI: I hate kids.

MICHEL: This isn't fair.

LORELAI: You're a profit participant. Happy Krumholtzes equal lots of profits, participant.
[physically turns him around and approach the children]

MICHEL: [fake charm] Who wants to play some insipid board game with me?

LITTLE GIRL: We want to play an insipid board game!

LITTLE BOY: Yeah! [running off] Let's play Chinese checkers!

[Lorelai climbs stairs as her cellular phone rings]

LORELAI: Hello?

EMILY: [loudly] Lorelai, it's your mother!

LORELAI: Hi, Mom.

EMILY: [loudly] I'm calling from Rome!

LORELAI: The line is crystal clear. You don't have to yell.

EMILY: Sorry -- I still think transcontinental calls are a bigger deal than they are.

LORELAI: You're coming in fine. So, Rome?

EMILY: Our last stop, and a good thing, too, because I don't know how long I can keep these randy European men off me.

LORELAI: Excuse me? [enters a room scrutinizing everything while maid puts fresh sheets on bed]

EMILY: They're terrible flirts here. Gorgeous, but so forward. Do you want to talk to Rory?

LORELAI: [unenthusiastically] Oh, um, sure. Is she there? [shoos away a maid and takes sheet herself. Maid looks unhappy.]

EMILY: Yes, she is. Hang on. Rory!

RORY: Hello?

LORELAI'S VOICE: [attempts cheer] Hi.

RORY: Hi.

LORELAI: So, Rome? [struggles with sheet while pinning cell phone between shoulder and ear]

RORY: Yep.

LORELAI: Weather good?

RORY: Hot in the day, cooler at night.

LORELAI: Uh-huh, that's kind of what we're having here.

RORY: Huh. Coinky-dink.

LORELAI: Yeah. So...

RORY: So...

LORELAI: Um, I guess I'll be seeing you in a couple of days. [attempts to smooth sheet unsuccessfully]

RORY: Yep.

LORELAI: Great, then. Be safe, and watch out for those Italian men, especially the ones named Randy.

RORY: I will. Bye.

LORELAI: Bye. [angrily yanks off flat sheet] Didn't look like a quarter would bounce off it. [hands sheet to the confused maid and hurries off] Got to have those bouncing quarters.

[CUT TO ITALIAN SIDEWALK CAFÉ]

[Emily and Rory carry shopping packages as they select an empty table]

EMILY: I think the pink purse with the gold clasp is my favorite.

RORY: We probably could have gotten all this stuff at home, Grandma. Now we have to pay duty on them.

EMILY: But if you buy them back in the States, then you can't say, "I picked this up in Rome." [young Italian waiter approaches]

WAITER: Buon giorno. Hello. May I help you, please?

EMILY: Buon giorno. [Speaking Italian]

WAITER: Ah, la bellissima signora parlo italiano molto bene.

EMILY: [extremely pleased as she sits] Grazie. He called me "pretty lady." It just never stops.

RORY: [still standing and looking around] You got the gams, Grandma.

EMILY: [Conversing with the waiter in Italian then -] Rory? Rory?

RORY: [distracted] Huh?

EMILY: What do you want?

RORY: Oh. A triple espresso. [She sits down with Emily.]

EMILY: [Speaking Italian]

WAITER: [Speaking Italian] Si, signora.

EMILY: [Chuckles] He won't stop.

WAITER: [Continues speaking Italian]

EMILY: [Laughing]

[CUT TO LUKE'S DINER]

[Lane, Zach, and Brian are seated at a table discussing their set lists]

ZACH: The fact is, we've got five original songs ready to play live. A 40-minute gig means we can fill it out with six or seven covers.

LANE: No problem.

ZACH: Problem. Our covers are tight and people dig 'em. We play "Fell in Love With a Girl" as good as the White Stripes, so how is one of our originals gonna stack up coming after it?

BRIAN: We could play all our originals up top, then close with our covers.

ZACH: That's asymmetrical, and we could lose our audience if we play a bunch of originals in a row.

BRIAN: Our covers are just too good.

ZACH: I say we cut any cover song that overpowers our originals.

BRIAN: So no "Suffragette City."

ZACH: And no White Stripes. "Lithium" is gone, the Radiohead, both Pixies.

BRIAN: No Dandy Warhols. [Lane stares at them both]

ZACH: Or Velvet Underground.

LANE: Wait, guys. You're cutting every good cover song we play.

ZACH: But maybe that's the key. Yeah, yeah -- if we play nothing but crappy covers, our originals will stand out.

BRIAN: Brilliant.

LANE: [incredulous] What?!

ZACH: Anything by Men At Work.

BRIAN: Or Chicago, Wings.

ZACH: Styx.

BRIAN: Culture Club.

ZACH: We throw in a Quarterflash, they'll be eating out of our hands.

LANE: Okay, this is just kooky. Now, I say we reconvene tonight and figure it out then.

BRIAN: I got to get to work, anyway.

LANE: I'll see you at home tonight.

[Brian puts on bicycle helmet and leaves. Zach begins to follow, while Lane resumes work]

LANE: [to customer at counter] I'll get you some more water?

[Bells jingles and the two female groupies, Trina and Cheryl enter]

ZACH: Well, hello.

CHERYL: Hey, there.

TRINA: Hi, Zach.

ZACH: Trina, how you doing? [kisses her cheek] Cheryl, come on. sh**t me some. [Cheryl kisses his cheek, while Lane watches, disgusted] Come this way. You sit there. I want you to sit right here.

[CUT TO DRAGONFLY INN]

[Michel sits across a Chinese Checkers board from the Krumholtz kids]

LITTLE BOY: It's your turn.

MICHEL: Really? That fact has not changed since you said it 10 seconds ago?

[Both children giggle]

LITTLE GIRL: If you lose, will you do that thing where you pretend to get all mad and you hit the board and send the marbles flying all around?

LITTLE BOY: Yeah!

MICHEL: [surly] I am not going to lose.

LORELAI: [enters] Hi, kids. Michel, do we have any double-A batteries?

MICHEL: How can a man play Chinese Checkers with all these interruptions?

LORELAI: [distractedly spies a distant spot on the carpet] Ugh! Man, they're still not vacuuming that spot.

LITTLE BOY: It's your turn, Michel.

MICHEL: [moves his checker piece] Redundant little rodent.

LORELAI: Michel, the batteries?

MICHEL: In the office -- far-right drawer of the credenza. [the boy triple jumps over Michel's game pieces] Damn!

LORELAI: [quickly interjects to the children] - Is where water is stored to power electrical facilities. Thanks Michel. [glances to next room]

LITTLE BOY: It's your turn again.

MICHEL: Grr.

LORELAI: Why are the dining room tables always, always out of place? [Sighs]

[She struggles to shift one of the dining tables, while Sookie notices from another table]

SOOKIE: Lorelai? [to patrons] Excuse me. [She hurries over to stop Lorelai's struggling tugs as the glassware almost topples. To Lorelai] Okay, okay. Table's perfect now.

LORELAI: Who keeps moving them out of place? I want a name.

SOOKIE: Uh, cruel, sadistic table fairies? Come into the pantry with me, here.

LORELAI: I can give you a minute. That's it. -- Ooh.

[She smoothly yanks an empty plate from a diner's place then joins Sookie]

SOOKIE: I've been trying to figure out a way to bring this up -- what's that? [notices the plate in Lorelai's hand]

LORELAI: I cleared a plate.

SOOKIE: You don't clear plates.

LORELAI: The plate was empty, so I grabbed it.

SOOKIE: Give me the plate. You've gone nutty!

LORELAI: What?!

SOOKIE: Now you're mad. I hate making you mad. I have the worst people skills.

LORELAI: I'm not mad or nutty.

SOOKIE: But you are, and you have been for weeks. The nutty don't usually know that they're nutty, thus the nutty.

LORELAI: Sookie, I'm very busy.

SOOKIE: Doing other people's work.

LORELAI: I am not.

SOOKIE: It's your job to change sheets, fluff pillows?

LORELAI: No.

SOOKIE: Brush the horses, fold the points on the toilet paper?

LORELAI: Sookie, we're breaking in new people. I'm picking up the slack.

SOOKIE: I'm new? Michel's new?

LORELAI: I'm not doing your jobs. [picks up nearby napkins and carefully folds each while listening]

SOOKIE: Two weeks ago, I come in, and my refrigerator, which is sorted by a system that I have honed for 10 straight years, is completely rearranged. The beets are on the top. The vegetables are on the bottom. It's "Apocalypse Now," baby! I yelled at the staff, but now I know. It was you. [pulls the folded linens from Lorelai's hands]

LORELAI: It was messy.

SOOKIE: It was my messy. I couldn't find anything in there for days. I kept reaching in for strawberries and coming up with liver -- that's not pleasant.

LORELAI: I promise not to touch the fridge again.

SOOKIE: You're yelling at the employees. You never yelled before.

LORELAI: I'm yelling?

SOOKIE: And you've got to go home once in a while.

LORELAI: Sookie, we're a new business. It's time-consuming.

SOOKIE: How many times have you fallen asleep at your desk in that stupid office of yours?

LORELAI: Once.

SOOKIE: No. Once, you fell asleep on a stapler. The whole next day, you had "Swingline" printed backwards across your face. But you've fallen asleep at that desk a hundred times.

LORELAI: Well, I'm here when I'm here. I can't change that. I'm sorry.

SOOKIE: Want to know the last time I saw staff and maids looking this scared of their boss? Your mother's house.

LORELAI: [hurt] Ow! Knife in the gut!

SOOKIE: Well, I'm sorry to deal from the bottom of the deck, but that's reality.

LORELAI: [sad look] Well... I am pretty burned out.

SOOKIE: Me too. We all are. It's been hard.

LORELAI: I will take a break.

SOOKIE: Good.

LORELAI: Not this week, 'cause stuff's been piling up. But... [pause] not next week. God. I don't know.

SOOKIE: Now. [Pulls Lorelai around and pushes from the room to the entry hall]

LORELAI: Uh-oh. Hey, stop! Wait, I'm being kidnapped!

SOOKIE: Go home and relax.

LORELAI: I have no one to hang out with.

SOOKIE: I'll hang out with you sometime this week. I need a break, too. We'll have a girlfriend day. We'll get manicures and jump rope and talk about boys. The whole cliché thing. Now go! [Lorelai pauses] Go and don't stop for nothing.

LORELAI: Okay, okay, I promise.

[Crash sounds and game pieces fly across the room]

MICHEL: [OS] Aaaah!

KRUMHOLTZ KIDS: [OS] Do it again! Do it again!

[Lorelai cringes]

SOOKIE: Hold it. [Lorelai flinches] Hold it! Good girl. Now, get your things and go.

[Lorelai holds up a hand to cover her view of the mess exits in a hurry. Sookie peeks in the next room, shakes her head and returns to the kitchen.]

[CUT TO DRAGONFLY FRONT PORCH]

[Lorelai stands on the doorway and notices the gardener potting plants on the porch]

LORELAI: [Sighs] Oh, hey. Um, Bob, are you sure you want to - nope. Keep going. [He nods and continues. Her cellular phone rings, she removes it from her purse and answers] Hello?

[The scene switches from Italy to the Dragonfly Inn]

RORY: [calling from her Italian hotel room] It's me.

LORELAI: [clipped tone] Oh. Hello.

RORY: Bad time? Are you busy?

LORELAI: Uh, trying not to be. How are you doing?

RORY: Good. You?

LORELAI: Good.

RORY: [After a long pause, she speaks hesitatingly] I was at the corner of Bark and Cheese today.

LORELAI: [smiling with remembrance, she sits on a porch wicker chair] Bark and Cheese? Really?

RORY: And it's exactly the same.

LORELAI: Exactly the same? Was there a tiny, little Italian dog in a basket barking the whole time you were there?

RORY: Not this time, but I definitely had flashbacks.

LORELAI: Did you have a nice piece of cheese with your coffee?

RORY: I still say I said the correct word for "cream" in Italian. I even pointed at my coffee when I asked for it. How could I be asking for cheese?

LORELAI: But cheese you were brought.

RORY: Stinky cheese. The worst, don't forget.

LORELAI: That you proceeded to eat.

RORY: Because I hate people who make mistakes when they order, especially in a foreign country, and then make a big to-do when they get the wrong thing. Ugly Americans. Yuck.

LORELAI: Aha! You admit it was a mistake. You did say "cheese."

RORY: I know French, a bit of Spanish, but my Italian -- not so good.

LORELAI: Being trilingual is plenty for a young lady.

RORY: Yeah. [Sighs sadly] Mom?

LORELAI: Yeah?

RORY: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: [Sighs with a motherly smile] It's okay.

RORY: I screwed up. I screwed up so bad. I handled everything wrong.

LORELAI: Oh, honey.

RORY: I keep reliving everything over and over. It's such a mess. I just want to fix it. I have to fix it.

LORELAI: You will.

RORY: I know. I just -- I need a favor.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: It's big.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: I wrote a letter... to Dean. Could you get it to him?

LORELAI: [stunned] Oh.

RORY: I don't know how else to do it. I can't just mail it to his apartment. It's a big favor.

LORELAI: Honey, I don't know.

RORY: It's a lot to ask, but I think that this will make everything better. Please. [desperate] Please. I can't wait until I get home. I have to do something now.

LORELAI: A letter, huh? Well, get it to me, and I will get it to him.

RORY: Thank you. Thank you.

LORELAI: Have some espresso and limburger for me.

RORY: I will. [sincerely] I love you, mom.

LORELAI: I love you, too. Bye.

RORY: Bye.

[They hang up.]

LORELAI: [to gardener] You know, I think if you made it a little fuller -

SOOKIE: [spies Lorelai through the window] Go!

LORELAI: Going. [exits the porch]

[CUT TO RENAISSANCE FAIRE]

[Pan down from a wooden sign carved with the words: "Lady Elizabeth's Accessories" spelled out in fancy lettering. Liz hands a small purchase to a Faire visitor.]

LIZ: [speaking with acceptable faire language] I want to thank thee, kind lady, for your purchase. Please take one of my cards. Note the website. And do enjoy your day at the Faire. [customer leaves as Luke walks up smiling at his sister] I am kickin' ass! [Luke chuckles] Who knew I was a master salesman?

LUKE: So, I'm all packed and ready to go.

LIZ: Good, and don't worry about nothing, 'cause we're all cool here.

T.J.: [overhears them and continues his conversation with a fellow renaissance vendor] Well, that's the thing. In 10 years, I could die, and they could very well trace it back to this moment. "He got back up on his feet too fast." That's what they can say. [glances back at Liz and Luke's expression] It's weird when people who aren't doctors start thinking they're doctors.

LIZ: He'll be fine.

LUKE: [insincerely] Gosh, I was so worried. [Liz chuckles] So, I'm gonna make a phone call, and then I'll go.

LIZ: Okay. [Luke exits] Hey, hon, could you try and get this cash box open? It's stuck again. [hands T.J. the metal box and a screwdriver]

T.J.: If you want. It's just I was holding this screwdriver before, and I almost blacked out. I'll try again.

LIZ: Thanks.

[T.J. struggles and grunts to open the box, then watches as Luke approaches while dialing his cell phone.]

T.J.: Luuuke! Don't forget the undercover guys. They look for cell phones.

LUKE: I'll keep an eye out.

T.J.: Luuuuuuuke, I'm being your friend here.

LUKE: [Sighs]

[CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE]

[Lorelai enters carrying the mail and hears her telephone ringing]

LORELAI: Hello?

LUKE: Hey, it's me.

[Scene switches between Faire and Lorelai's house]

LORELAI: Well, huzzah and prithee. Art thou -- ?

LUKE: Stop.

LORELAI: Sorry. How are you?

LUKE: Good.

LORELAI: Sorry, that was incomplete. How are you, you big, fat liar?

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: You said you would be home yesterday.

LUKE: I'm coming home today for sure.

LORELAI: "Oh, what's that, Lucy? A football for me to kick?"

LUKE: I mean it this time.

[T.J. feigns distress from his attempts to open the metal cash box]

T.J.: Oh, whoa! Man! Whoo!

LUKE: [rolls his eyes] It's a done deal.

LORELAI: I'll believe it when I see it.

LUKE: Did I tell you about Bill?

LORELAI: "Hay Bale Bill"? No. Spill. [shuffles through the mail]

LUKE: He crawled in a tent with "Grog Booth Annie".

LORELAI: No way!

LUKE: He did.

LORELAI: [appalled] But she's engaged to the fruit-ice guy!

LUKE: It's not gonna last.

LORELAI: [recognizes a familiar envelope] Oh, boy.

LUKE: You feeling okay?

T.J.: [thinking Luke is talking to him] I'm very nauseous.

LUKE: Not you, T.J.

LORELAI: I'm fine. I just have a little assignment I've got to do. So, what lie are you gonna tell me about coming home now?

LUKE: I'm coming home today.

LORELAI: So, next week?

LUKE: Today.

T.J.: [to a passing customer] Milady, dost thou have Pepto-Bismol on thee? Or breadstuffs?

LORELAI: This month at least?

LUKE: Today.

LORELAI: See you when Hillary's president.

LUKE: I'll see you later today.

LORELAI: Bye.

[Smiling, Luke clicks off the call with a beep and casually looks at the necklaces displayed]

LIZ: [limps closer] Looking for something specific?

LUKE: Nah. Well... you remember those earrings you got me before?

LIZ: Yeah.

LUKE: You have a necklace that would match that?

LIZ: Yeah, I think so. You give them to a girl?

LUKE: Yeah.

LIZ: Anyone I know?

LUKE: Oh, you know, it's just someone.

LIZ: Dark hair, bright, blue eyes? You were just talking to her? I could tell, 'cause you grin a lot when you do.

LUKE: [blushes and looks down grinning] It's Lorelai.

LIZ: It's Lorelai! Huzzah!

T.J.: Huzzah!

NEARBY FAIRE PEOPLE: Huzzah!

LUKE: I never got the whole "huzzah" thing.

LIZ: I am so happy for you. You've found your T.J.

LUKE: Please don't put it like that.

LIZ: I've had dreams about you two being together, and my dreams always come true.

T.J.: Dream me a healthy spine, sweets.

LIZ: [to Luke] You're not gonna be alone.

LUKE: [grinning but a bit embarrassed] Yeah, yeah. The necklace.

LIZ: [pulls off one from the tree] Perfect?

LUKE: Perfect.

LIZ: [Sighs and places gift into a silk pouch] So, go give it to her.

[Luke slips the pouch into his shirt pocket and wraps Liz in a big brotherly hug]

LUKE: take care, Sis.

LIZ: I love you, big brother. [Luke turns to T.J.]

T.J.: Whoa! One hug and my back would snap in eight pieces.

LUKE: [offers hand and shakes with T.J.] Good morrow, buddy.

["Huzzah!" sounds in the distance as Luke exits]

[CUT TO DOOSE'S MARKET]

[Lorelai enters and spots a nearby employee]

LORELAİ: Excuse me. I'm looking for Dean. [girl points] Thanks.

[Lorelai walks down main aisle and hears Dean's voice]

DEAN: We get lots of stuff from Marco Farms, but a lot of the time, it's hard to predict when it's gonna come in and how much of it we're gonna get. We're kind of at the mercy of [notices Lorelai nearby] -- of the um, guys -- of the farmers themselves, because they sell out a lot. But why don't you leave your name and number when you check out, and we'll give you a call as soon as the eggs you want come in, okay?

[the woman nods and exits as Lorelai approaches]

LORELAI: Dean.

DEAN: Hi.

LORELAI: Hi. [hands an envelope out to him]

DEAN: [suspicious] What's that?

LORELAI: It's a letter for you from Rory.

DEAN: [worried] What happened? Where is she?

LORELAI: Just take the letter.

DEAN: She went to Europe, right? Miss Patty said she went to Europe. What happened? What's she doing there? Who is she with?

LORELAI: Dean.

DEAN: When's she getting back?

LORELAI: Soon. Just take it.

DEAN: Where is she?

LORELAI: Europe.

DEAN: With who?

LORELAI: [gently] Her grandmother. Look, take it.

DEAN: No. Why did she go? Whose idea was it?

LORELAI: That doesn't matter.

DEAN: It does.

LORELAI: Dean, please. I'm a messenger, nothing more. Just take it.

[He hesitates, but takes the letter. Lorelai smiles with sympathy then leaves]

[CUT TO LUKE'S DINER]

[At the counter, Lane and Caesar are discussing the bowl of greens them]

CAESAR: Onion, guacamole, a little red pepper over butter lettuce and endive -- it could be a big seller.

LANE: But, Caesar, it's not the salad. The salad looks delicious. It's what you're calling it.

CAESAR: Caesar's salad.

LANE: Right.

CAESAR: So?

LANE: There's already a Caesar salad. It's kind of famous.

CAESAR: That's Caesar salad. Mine's got an apostrophe "S."

LANE: I don't think that makes it less confusing.

CAESAR: [points to the door] Customers. [exits]

[Zach enters talking with the groupie chicks: Trina and Cheryl]

ZACH: ...greatest book I've ever read.

CHERYL: Keep going, Zach.

TRINA: Yeah, this is da b*mb.

ZACH: So, Mary Magdalene goes to Gaul to have the kid.

CHERYL: That's the slutty one, right? Not the mom?

TRINA: It's so confusing 'cause they're all named Mary.

ZACH: She's not the mom, but she's not slutty. That's what this dude Constantine wanted you to believe, right? [Lane is listening to them from counter] He was purging the "E! True Hollywood Story" part of it for his own benefit. Turned the whole thing into Hollywood Babylon, and chicks got the short end. [snaps his fingers and beckons Lane to serve them]

CHERYL: God, I just want to spend, like, three straight years doing nothing but reading, you know?

LANE: [approaches the table] What book?

CHERYL: What?

LANE: [irritated] You're supposed to wait to be seated.

ZACH: Since when?

LANE: Since always. That's what what they do at Denny's.

ZACH: Okay, well, my usual table where I always sit. Okay, Lane?

LANE: Fine Zach. What will you have?

ZACH: Allow me to order for you girls. A ham sandwich for the lady on my right. Light mustard, right Trine? [strokes her forearm while Lane rolls her eyes]

TRINA: [Giggles]

LANE: Is that a "yes", Trine?

ZACH: That's a "yes." Burger, no cheese for Cheryl. Cheeseburger for me, and go ahead and sh**t everybody here some fries [winks].

LANE: Free fries are for friends and family only. Sorry.

ZACH: Another new rule?

LANE: Nope -- old. Old as Moses.

ZACH: Okay, just bring me my order, and we'll all share.

LANE: Sorry, no.

ZACH: What?

LANE: You get free fries, you have to eat them.

ZACH: I can't share my own fries?

LANE: That's right.

ZACH: That's bogus.

LANE: That's tough, they're for you, not these girls. They're to be consumed by you, and you alone.

ZACH: I don't believe this.

LANE: I'll be watching to see if you share, so don't get any big ideas.

ZACH: Just forget about it, okay? We'll go to "Al's Pancake World".

LANE: Fine! Go!

ZACH: We are.

LANE: Good.

ZACH: Come on, girls.

LANE: [Scoffs] Whatever. Like I care where you go to eat.

[Door closes]

[Lane huffs up to the counter and loads condiment trays. Moments later, the door rings. Cheryl enters and approaches Lane]

CHERYL: Hey.

LANE: [impatient] What?

CHERYL: Sorry. We didn't know.

LANE: Know what? [Cheryl smiles knowingly and glances out the windows before she leaves] Know what?

[Lane watches her leave with a clueless look that gradually changes to understanding]

[CUT TO STARS HOLLOW SIDEWALK]

[Sookie and Lorelai stroll down the sidewalk.]

SOOKIE: So... so, this is nice. Being away from the inn for a whole day.

LORELAI: Get some perspective.

SOOKIE: Just looking at something other than those same walls.

LORELAI: Oh.

SOOKIE: What a relief.

LORELAI: It all falls away. [they both walk and ponder]

SOOKIE: My meat guy better not screw me like he did yesterday.

LORELAI: Oh, my God! The gutters! That's what I forgot.

SOOKIE: I told Steve that if he doesn't leave by 3:00 --

LORELAI: Hey, hey, did I tell Michel to have the guy check all the radiators or just the one - [both chatter at once] no, no, I did. I did.

[Both giggle]

SOOKIE: Ah, now it's falling away.

LORELAI: It's starting to.

[They both overhear loud voices from a second story apartment window above]

LINDSAY: I hate you, Dean! I hate everything! [a bundle of clothing is thrown from the window, fluttering down to the sidewalk below.]

DEAN: Let's just talk.

LINDSAY: I don't want to talk! I don't want you here! [out of the window comes a hockey stick]

DEAN: I'm sorry, okay?

LINDSAY: Sorry?

DEAN: Yes, because it'll never happen again.

SOOKIE: Oh, my God.

LORELAI: Oh, my God.

LINDSAY: Get out now. Now.

DEAN: Don't! You've got my --

LINDSAY: Don't you dare! [another bundle of clothes exits the window]

DEAN: Can you not -

SOOKIE: Well, that's what happens when you get married too young. [flinches]

LORELAI: [uncomfortable look] Yeah, that must be it.

DEAN: [OS] I'm sorry. There's not much I can do but say I'm sorry.

LINDSAY: You know, there was a lot you could have done. [more clothing out the window] And you know what? You didn't do it!

SOOKIE: [fascinated] This is juicy. I usually only get to hear about these things. I never get to see them.

DEAN: [OS] I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I mean, can we do something? Can we get over this?

LINDSAY: [OS] Too late! Look out the window!

LORELAI: [uncomfortable] Yeah, lucky us. Come on.

DEAN: Let's just talk.

LINDSAY: I hate you Dean.

[Lorelai and Sookie continue walking down the sidewalk]

[CUT TO LORELAI'S KITCHEN]

[Sookie talks on the phone as Lorelai puts away items]

SOOKIE: You definitely prepped the sauce for the duck? Because the duck without the sauce, is a duck that we can't use. The sauce has to be prepped early. I know you said it. Say it again. Stop saying "let it go"! Stop saying "let it go," John. Stop it. Stop it! I am letting it go. I just need you to assure me that everything's getting done so that I know I can fully let it go.

[door slams]

RORY: [OS] Hello?

LORELAI: [Gasps] Kitchen!

SOOKIE: I am hanging up, but I am not letting it go!

[Rory appears in the kitchen doorway]

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Oh, my traveler. [they hug tightly]

RORY: I missed you.

LORELAI: I missed you, too.

RORY: Sookie!

SOOKIE: [Squeals and hugs Rory] You remember who I am!

[door shuts]

EMILY: [OS] Hello!

LORELAI: Hi. [calls out to signal their location]

[Emily enters the kitchen]

EMILY: Hello, Lorelai. Hello, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Hi, Emily.

LORELAI: Hi, Mom. [leans to hug her mother]

EMILY: Don't! I smell like airplane.

RORY: I should go get my bags.

EMILY: [scolding] Rory, you do not touch bags.

RORY: Oh, I thought that was just a Europe thing.

EMILY: The driver's bringing them in. [to Lorelai] We had such a trip. Rory will fill you in. Spare her the more salacious aspects.

LORELAI: [intrigued] Salacious aspects?

EMILY: Those European men -- young, old, in between -- they saw us coming.

SOOKIE: [puzzled] They saw you coming where?

EMILY: We were like magnets. Such high libidos.

LORELAI: You weren't wearing your "hot and wealthy" sandwich board, were you, Mom?

RORY: She was very popular.

EMILY: Well, I should go. I bring you back a charming, cultured, well-mannered young lady. Don't undo it.

LORELAI: I will definitely try not to not undo it.

EMILY: Well, goodbye, all. Goodbye, Rory.

RORY: Bye, Grandma. [leans forward to hug Emily]

EMILY: Nope. Airplane.

RORY: Oh, I can take it. Thanks, Grandma.

EMILY: Ciao. [leaves]

LORELAI: Come here, you. [urges Rory to join her at the kitchen table]

RORY: [giggle] So, what are you guys doing home?

LORELAI: We're trying to get some distance from the inn.

SOOKIE: And it's going through the roof. Not the inn's roof -- that's solid as a rock. You know what I

mean. We're booked to 90% capacity. And the restaurant -- we're turning people away. Oh, you know all that.

RORY: No, keep going.

SOOKIE: Well, customers agree that, despite Michel, we're their favorite Connecticut inn. That's nothing compared to the big town news.

[Lorelai gapes and tries to signal Sookie to silence]

RORY: [fascinated] Wow. What?

LORELAI: Sookie - [shakes her head to silence Sookie]

SOOKIE: We walked past Dean's place, and Lindsay was throwing his stuff out on the street. They were really going at it. It was like "Raging Bull." There's yelling and screaming.

[Rory is stunned]

LORELAI: Sookie, you're exploding all over the poor girl.

SOOKIE: Oh, sorry.

LORELAI: And she's probably hungry. You're hungry, right Honey? [Rory slowly nods]

SOOKIE: Oh, I'll whip us something up.

LORELAI: Oh no, you said you had to pick up Davey, so we'll go out, you know? We'll call you later.

SOOKIE: Okay.

LORELAI: Okay, let's go. [pushes the issue by standing and urging them all to the front door. She wraps her arm around Rory's shoulders.]

[CUT TO LORELAI'S FRONT PORCH]

[Sookie, Rory and Lorelai all exit the door]

SOOKIE: Talk to you later. [walks down steps and leaves]

LORELAI: See you later, Sookie. [She and Rory walk in the opposite direction down the sidewalk.]

RORY: What happened?

[CUT TO STARS HOLLOW TOWN SQUARE GAZEBO]

[Rory and Lorelai are walking slowly around it.]

LORELAI: It was unbelievable. It was bad. She was yelling. She was throwing things. He was yelling. She called him a jerk. It was very violent and very public. Other people saw it. It was horrible.

RORY: [miserable] This was not supposed to happen.

[They bump into Lindsay and her mother]

MRS. LISTER: You! You should be ashamed of yourself -- what you did!

LORELAI: Just wait.

MRS. LISTER: What did she ever do to you, huh? How did she hurt you? Why are you doing this?

LORELAI: Theresa, please. Calm down.

MRS. LISTER: Calm down? My little girl has to come home and find your heinous letter in Dean's jacket.

LORELAI: Listen, we're in the street --

MRS. LISTER: You little monster!

LORELAI: Hey! Pull back, lady!

MRS. LISTER: There aren't hundreds of other boys in the world? You have to go after her husband?

LORELAI: Okay, stop attacking my daughter right now. You're upset, I get it, but you do not do this.

MRS. LISTER: She slept with my son-in-law. She broke up a marriage. Are you proud?

LORELAI: She did not break up a marriage.

MRS. LISTER: What do you know of this?

LORELAI: Enough. I know Rory.

MRS. LISTER: All I know is that now my Lindsay is devastated, Dean is back with his parents, lives are destroyed, and you and your daughter can go to hell! [She storms off dragging her daughter with her]

[Rory wipes her eyes and pushes her hair from her face in silence.]

LORELAI: [Clears throat] Okay, I have got to know what was in that letter.

RORY: Um... I... I told him...that... that night was special and...that I wasn't sorry that it happened. But he's married, and... he has to figure out his life. So I was going to make it easier for him and take myself out of the mix.

LORELAI: [sympathetic] Well, that was a very good letter.

RORY: I can't believe she found it.

LORELAI: [looking around] We can't keep standing here.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: These streets are dangerous right now.

RORY: Very.

LORELAI: Come on. [They walk off]

[CUT TO SIDWALK IN FRONT OF LUKE'S DINER]

[Lorelai and Rory approach and walk in]

LORELAI: Anything you want is on me. Pie, cake, pancakes, pan pie, cake pan, panacockin. Say the word or make one up. It's yours. [they sit]

RORY: Chair feels good.

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah. A chair does feel good.

RORY: [slowly considering] I think a root beer might be good.

LORELAI: Root beer sounds good!

[Luke appears at their table]

LUKE: It's on the house, so go crazy.

LORELAI: [surprised] Luke!

LUKE: [grins at Lorelai] Hey. [to Rory] Hi, Rory. Welcome back.

RORY: Thanks.

LUKE: [looks at Rory concerned] Are you okay? You look a little pale.

LORELAI: You know, pale's the new tan.

[Luke smiles warmly at her]

LORELAI: [Chuckles and smiles back] So, you're here. [smacks him on the chest] You're not a mirage.

LUKE: I told you I was coming back.

LORELAI: But you lied to me repeatedly for weeks, so your credibility's been shattered.

LUKE: I know. It's been seven weeks.

LORELAI: [grins and smacks him again] Seven weeks.

LUKE: [Chuckles nervously and looks at the ground before clearing his throat] You know, I just remembered -- I have an errand to run.

LORELAI: [skeptical] Oh, yeah?

LUKE: I got to go to the pharmacy. I'm gonna go now. [to Rory] Lane's here. She'll bring you your root beer. [calls out to the kitchen] Hey, Lane, I got to run down to the pharmacy! Got an errand.

LANE: [OS] Okay!

LUKE: [to the Gilmore girls] So... I'll be back in a bit.

[As he exits, he glances back at Lorelai before hurrying off. Lane rushes up to their table.]

LANE: Rory?!

RORY: Hey, you!

LANE: You're back! [to Lorelai] Our girl's back.

LORELAI: I know.

LANE: We need to consult.

RORY: Oh, sounds serious.

LANE: I'm in a quandary.

RORY: Other people's quandaries. I'm all ears.

[Lorelai gazes out the window to where Luke disappeared]

LORELAI: Hey, you know, I just remembered -- I have to go to Doose's to... pick something up. You need a banana or anything?

RORY: I'm good.

LORELAI: Are you sure?

RORY: Yeah, I'm consulting on a quandary. Go.

LORELAI: Okay. I'll be right back. [she leaves]

LANE: So, my quandary -- are you ready? And I need honesty.

RORY: sh**t.

LANE: Am I in love with Zach?

RORY: What?

LANE: I need to know if you think I'm in love with Zach, 'cause a dirty trollop suggested it, and they're generally reliable about these things.

RORY: A dirty trollop?

LANE: She said something to me and gave me this sort of knowing, worldly look that seemed to suggest I was acting in a way that said I have a thing for Zach, or she was hitting on me. I just need to know your thought on this. [Rory stares at her mutely] Hey. Are you listening?

[CUT TO STARS HOLLOW SIDEWALK - NEAR THE WESTON BAKERY]

[Luke stands nervously beside a tall, shady bush, shifting his weight from foot to foot clutching a small paper sack. Lorelai briskly walks around the corner and spies him.]

LORELAI: Hey. There you are. [walks up to him]

LUKE: Hi.

LORELAI: So -- [notices the sack] oh, you really ran an errand.

LUKE: I didn't run an errand, but I sort of kept up the pretense. So I went in the pharmacy. So, I was

in the pharmacy, so I had to buy something, so I... I feel kind of dumb.

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: [chuckles nervously]

LORELAI: But you didn't really have an errand, right?

LUKE: Naw, It was just getting kind of crowded back there, you know?

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: So, I brought you something. [Luke hands her the paper sack while he digs around in his shirt pocket]

LORELAI: Oh. [pulls out a pack of cigarettes and gasps with pretense of delight] My own smokes. Ginchy. [looks up and sees Luke holding a beautiful dangling necklace.] Oh. [takes the fine chain] That's beautiful.

LUKE: [shyly] I think that'll match the earrings I got you before. If they don't, I'll take them back.

LORELAI: [pulls aside her hair and displays necklace beside her earrings] Definitely goes.

LUKE: Oh, yeah, look at that. Perfect match.

LORELAI: Perfect match.

[They lean closer ready to kiss. Suddenly, cymbals crash, marching band plays and appears around the corner followed by a whole parade.]

LUKE: [irritated] I don't believe it. What the hell is this?

LORELAI: Cider mill.

LUKE: Oh for the love of...

[People walk past carrying balloons, clown juggles a large apple. Michel appears being dragged by the Krumholtz children]

LITTLE BOY: Hurry up, Michel!

MICHEL: What are you doing here?

LORELAI: What are you doing here?

MICHEL: I'm enjoying the cider mill parade. Such culture I've been missing all these years. This band -- so subtle. Like a polo mallet hitting your head.

LITTLE BOY: Come on!

LITTLE GIRL: Yeah, Come on!

MICHEL: Don't pull! I'm fragile!

[people continue to walk past, several dancing apples waltz by]

LUKE: This town...

LORELAI: "-- is our town. This town is so glamorous".

LUKE: [hesitant] So, we'll hook up later, maybe.

LORELAI: We'll hook up later. Definitely.

LUKE: Good.

LORELAI: I love the necklace.

LUKE: Good.

LORELAI: Good. [distractedly bumps into a spectator, causing him to release a fistful of red balloons] Oh, I'm sorry. Oh, no! Oh, let me pay you. I don't have any cash. Um, well, would you take an I.O.U.? Have you been to the Dragonfly Inn? The food is great. Would you like to -- oh, I know. [pulls out the cigarettes] Do you smoke?

[CUT TO THE OUTSIDE OF THE FORESTER HOUSE - FRONT DOOR]

[Rory knocks on the door and stands waiting. Dean opens the door.]

RORY: Hi. [Dean exits and quietly closes behind him] I hope this is okay. I wasn't sure where to call, and I just had to -- are you okay?

DEAN: [Scoffs] Am I okay?

RORY: Yeah, I mean... how do you...feel? [Dean scoffs again looking around] I'm sorry. That's a stupid question.

DEAN: No. It's not a stupid question. Um...let's see. How do I feel? Actually...I feel like an idiot.

RORY: Why?

DEAN: Why? Because I was married, ...Rory. Married. And I threw it all away for someone who dumped me once and then just bailed on me.

RORY: I didn't just bail. I --

DEAN: I hurt everybody. I hurt Lindsay, I hurt her parents, I hurt my parents, and now I'm back at home, and you're in Europe with your grandmother. And what the hell was I thinking? I mean, what am I doing? What's wrong with me?

RORY: [looks miserable] Nothing.

DEAN: I got to get ready for work. [long pause then turns and goes inside.]

[Rory sighs, then turns around and gazes up in misery. A group of escaped red balloons float by and higher into the sky.]

[CUT TO LORELAI'S HOME - EXTERIOR NIGHT]

RORY: [OS from inside] So, finish your story.

LORELAI: [OS from inside] Everybody knows you don't mess with Hay Bale Bill.

[CUT TO LORELAI'S HOME - LIVING ROOM]

LORELAI: [OS from kitchen] So Hay Bale goes off and punches the guy, and it turned out to be the wrong guy -- all over this perceived insult about his girlfriend's legs.

RORY: Wait -- which one had hairy legs -- Annie the Grog Girl or Ocarina Jane, who secretly sold pot behind the brass-rubbing booth?

LORELAI: You mean "hairiest."

RORY: Egads.

LORELAI: I'm thinking bathing-suit season at the Renaissance Faire is only enjoyed by the blind.

RORY: Hmm.

LORELAI: Hey, I should bring steak sauce, right?

RORY: For what?

LORELAI: Pizza.

RORY: I just got back from Italy.

LORELAI: So?

RORY: So they'd sh**t you in Italy for that.

LORELAI: But this is America, where we unapologetically bastardize other countries' cultures in a gross quest for moral and military supremacy.

RORY: I forgot. Bring on the imperialistic condiments.

LORELAI: Hey, do you think Annie the Grog Girl made a pass at Luke? I'm sure he rebuffed her, but he was there a long time. I hope not. I'd joust the little sl*t.

RORY: [Chuckles] Hmm.

LORELAI: So, you want to talk about --

RORY: Something to watch?

LORELAI: Uh, yes. Something to watch.

RORY: You pick.

LORELAI: Will you be mad if it's "Showgirls" again? I got the deluxe edition with shot glasses and a drinking game. [Rory looks up sadly. They sit in silence for a few moments] Sanctuary.

RORY: [takes a big breath] Let me show you one thing before "Showgirls," okay?

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Home movies from my trip with Grandma.

LORELAI: You have home movies?

RORY: [clicks on TV and tape] She was in fine form.

[playing on the TV is an old movie. An elder woman and a young girl gaze out a patio window]

OLDER WOMAN IN MOVIE: Signora distinctly wrote, "south rooms with a view and close together." Instead of which, she has given us north rooms without a view and a long way apart.

LORELAI: She gets very British when she's abroad.

RORY: Oh, yes.

OLDER WOMAN IN MOVIE: Hurry and get dressed, dear, or we'll miss our dinner, on top of everything else.

LORELAI: And you look very innocent and pretty.

RORY: It was a great view. I don't know what she was talking about.

OLDER WOMAN IN MOVIE: ...What we were led to expect. I thought we were going to see... the signora distinctly wrote, "south rooms with a view"...

~~~ End ~~~