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1.19 - Emily in Wonderland

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OPEN AT ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

(It's the weekly Friday dinner. Lorelai, Rory and Emily are sitting at the dinner table eating.)

RORY: Grandma, can I have some baby pictures of you and Grandpa?

EMILY: Any particular reason?

RORY: Yeah, we're doing this visual family history project for school.

EMILY: Oh. Well, if it's for school I suppose I could dig something up.

RORY: And I need some of Mom too.

LORELAI: I thought we already had this conversation.

RORY: Yeah, but I don't believe you.

LORELAI: Mother tell her.

EMILY: I don't have any baby pictures of your mother.

LORELAI: Thank you.

RORY: How could you not have any baby pictures of Mom?

EMILY: Because when your mother was seven, I came downstairs and found her burning all of her baby pictures.

R: Why would you do that? I'm sure you were a cute baby.

EMILY: She was. She was very cute.

L: Four, three, two, one.

EMILY: In most respects.

L: Then we have lift off.

R: What does that mean?

L: Nothing.

EMILY: I don't see what the problem is. You certainly grew into it.

R: Grown into what?

EMILY: As a child, your mother had an unusually large head.

L: The best thing about it was that she would tell me constantly. My first complete sentence was, "Big head want dolly."

R: I can't imagine it being that bad.

EMILY: It wasn't. It just affected her balance a little so. . .

L: Okay, can we please talk about something besides my formerly huge head?

R: Are these new chairs Grandma?

EMILY: Why, yes Rory, they are.

LORELAI: They are?

EMILY: I got them from a dealer up in Maine last summer. He just finished restoring them.

LORELAI: They look exactly like the old ones.

RORY: They're nice.

LORELAI: Are you sure they're new?

EMILY: Of course I'm sure. I bought them.

LORELAI: I don't see any difference at all.

EMILY: Well, the arch in the back is higher and they have a completely different leg.

L: Hmm, no difference.

EMILY: Of course I could only get ten of these, so I'm two chairs short of a set.

L: You're telling me.

EMILY: Lorelai, do you realize how rare these chairs are?

L: No.

EMILY: I've searched for three years or them. I've combed every fine antique store on the East Coast and this is all I could find. I blame Peg Mosley.

L: Hm, Peg Mosley. Evil, evil woman.

R: What did Peg Mosley do?

L: She lured these two German children to her gingerbread house and then she tried to eat them.

Pass the artichokes please.

EMILY: I made the mistake of telling Peg all my favorite special spots and that woman moved in and completely wiped them out. You can't find a decent Biedermayer hutch in all of Connecticut. I'm desperate for new sources.

R: What about Kim's Antiques?

EMILY: What's Kim's Antiques?

L: Didn't that burn down?

R: My best friend Lane, her parents have this great antiques store in Stars Hollow.

EMILY: Is that so? (To Lorelai) Why haven't you ever told me about it?

L: Oh, I don't know Mom. I guess it just got lost in my big head.

R: Maybe you should come to Stars Hollow and I'll take you there. Like Saturday. You can come see the town.

EMILY: Well, won't you have to study?

R: I can put off studying for one day.

L: I'm working.

EMILY: No one is asking you to do anything Lorelai. This is between Rory and me. I accept your offer Rory. I would love to spend Saturday with you.

R: Great.

L: Well, I'm just sorry that I'm gonna miss it.

EMILY: Eat your artichoke Lorelai.

(Opening credits)

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

(Rory and Lorelai are sitting at a table. Luke brings their plates to them.)

LUKE: Okay, French toast with bacon crispy. Pancakes, two eggs over easy.

L: Oh.

LUKE: What?

L: You put the eggs on top of the pancakes.

R: Oops.

LUKE: What?

L: Yeah, well, it's like two eyes staring at me. See, I can't eat it like this.

R: Hence the oops.

LUKE: What are you talking about? You always order the same thing.

L: Yeah, but you usually put the eggs on the side so that my breakfast is not ogling me.

LUKE: It's the same food.

L: Hmm, yeah, I need the eggs put on the side.

LUKE: You want a brand new plate.

L: Yes.

LUKE: How about if I take this plate in the back, I take the eggs off the pancakes, I put the same eggs on the side and bring the plate back out. What happens then?

L: Then I can eat my breakfast.

LUKE: It's the same food just a different configuration.

L: I won't know that.

LUKE: I'm gonna take the plate in the back.

(Luke picks up the plate and walks away.)

L: So what time does the judgmental express arrive?

R: Grandma gets here at noon.

L: Hmm.

R: Are you sure you won't do lunch?

L: Oh no, I can't, lunch is bad.

(Rachel walks over to the table.)

RACHEL: Lorelai, you're here. Good. Don't move.

L: I won't.

(Rachel walks away)

R: What are you doing at lunch?

L: Oh, I have very important things to do.

R: Like what?

L: Well, at noon I have to not have lunch with my mother.

R: Very nice.

(Rachel walks back with a pile of photographs.)

RACHEL: So I'm developing my pictures from the Firelight Festival. Some amazing stuff. And I'm thinking maybe there's a book here, faces of small town America. . .

L: Ah, you should feel safe, you don't live near these people.

RACHEL: Exactly. And the very last shot on my roll was this.

(Rachel hands Lorelai a picture of Luke and Lorelai sitting on a bench.)

L: Wow. When did you take this?

RACHEL: When you weren't looking.

(Luke walks over with Lorelai's plate.)

LUKE: What's that?

L: Oh, it's a picture of us.

LUKE: Us?

RORY: Rachel took it.

RACHEL: At the Firelight Festival.

LUKE: Oh, sure, yeah. (hands Lorelai the plate.) So, uh, here's your plate, no eyes.

L: Thank you.

RACHEL: Do you wear contacts?

L: Me? No.

RACHEL: God, you've got amazing eyes. Doesn't she?

LUKE: Oh, yeah. Sure, I guess. . . I mean, they're, you know, placed good. . . . symmetrical. I'm gonna get some more coffee.

RACHEL: Yeah.

(Rory hands Lorelai a photo of an old building.)

R: Oh wow. Mom, look at this.

L: What is that?

RACHEL: It's an old abandoned inn I ran across when I was exploring the other day.

L: This is Dragonfly. I totally forgot about this place.

RACHEL: Well, it doesn't look like it's been operational in years.

R: Look at all the trees. It's pretty. Oh, I'm buzzing. (takes her pager out of her pocket)

L: What have I said about buzzing in public?

R: It's Lane. 911. That's trig. Gotta go.

L: Bye. Take a . . . yeah.

R: Bye Rachel.

RACHEL: Bye. (Rory leaves.) See, that is one really not annoying kid.

L: Yes, she really is not.

RACHEL: See, I might consider doing the whole mom thing if I could be guaranteed that I could get one just like her.

L: Oh you can, you just have to go to Sears. God, where is this again?

RACHEL: Uh, it's kind of behind the mill. You go over the little footbridge with the mean duck family living under it.

L: Yes, the Armbrusters. Wow, it's really amazing.

RACHEL: Do you want to see it?

L: What?

RACHEL: The inn. I'm gonna head out that way in a little while.

L: Oh, well. . .

RACHEL: Come on, finish your breakfast. I'll drive us out there.

(Luke walks to the table carrying a coffee pot.)

LUKE: Drive her out where?

RACHEL: Oh, Lorelai and I are going to cruise the docks.

L: Yeah, we're gonna see how many sailors we can get to tattoo our names on their butts.

RACHEL: So what do you think?

L: Well, I have to check in at the inn first.

RACHEL: Well that's okay. Good. I'll pick you up there.

L: Okay. Good.

(Rachel walks away.)

LUKE: So what was all about?

L: Oh nothing. We're just gonna go check out this old inn Rachel found.

LUKE: Hmm.

L: What?

LUKE: Nothing. I didn't know you guys were friends.

L: Hm, well we're not really friends. I mean, I don't know her that well. But we're just hanging out. She seems really great.

LUKE: Oh yeah, she is. She's great. She's just, you know, a lot different from you.

L: 'Cause I'm not really great?

LUKE: No, you're great. Just in a different way.

L: In a not really great way?

LUKE: That's not what I meant. The two of you are just completely different people. Both great, but I'm just a little surprised that, you know, you're different types of greatness are, you know, melding and you're comfortably great together.

L: Is this bothering you?

LUKE: This conversation, yes.

L: No. Um, the idea of Rachel and I hanging out together. Is there some reason that's weird for you or something?

LUKE: Why would it be?

L: No reason I can think of.

LUKE: Okay, well then it's not weird.

L: Good, well I was just checking.

LUKE: Okay, well then, you checked.

L: Okay. So are you gonna be pouring that coffee anytime or. . .

LUKE: Oh.

L: I'm glad it's not weird though because . . . (Luke overflows her coffee cup.) . . . that would be bad.

LUKE: Oh, I'll get a rag.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

(Lorelai is talking to a group from Japan, while a translator repeats everything she says in Japanese.)

LORELAI: Welcome Ichiro Motors to the Independence Inn. So the dining room is right through there. And breakfast is served 6 to 11:30, although our chef is an amazing overachiever and she'll be happy to prepare you anything you want any time of day. Now your itinerary for the conference will be in each of your rooms. And if you have any questions at all, just please feel free to ask, uh . . . (gestures toward Michel at the counter.)

MICHEL: No. (Michel walks away)

LORELAI: . . . somebody else. Not him. Okay, so ask Roger. Roger will be happy to help you. Thanks so much.

(Lorelai walks away from the group. She sees Rune sitting on a couch in the lobby. She walks past him hiding her face.)

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

(Sookie is mixing something. Lorelai walks in.)

L: Rune is in the lobby.

SOOKIE: Lorelai, hello. I made some coffee.

L: Rune is in the lobby.

SOOKIE: Oh, I also made those little orange glazed muffins you like with warm cinnamon butter.

L: Sookie, Rune is in the lobby.

SOOKIE: Uh huh.

L: Why?

SOOKIE: Your muffin's getting cold.

L: My muffin's fine. My muffin wants to know what the fruitcake is doing in the lobby.

SOOKIE: Well, he's staying with Jackson.

L: Again?

SOOKIE: Still.

L: I thought he was only here for a weekend.

SOOKIE: Yes, the lost weekend.

L: Okay. Explain Yoko, because he's out there with the normal people and he's going to scare them

SOOKIE: He won't leave.

L: Jackson's house?

SOOKIE: Yes. Jackson's house. He won't leave and it's driving me crazy.

L: Well tell Jackson to kick him out.

SOOKIE: Jackson won't do it.

L: Why not?

SOOKIE: Because he says it's family and somehow he feels responsible for him.

L: Well, okay yes, but has Jackson met him? I think that would change his mind.

SOOKIE: Apparently, Rune had a rough childhood. His parents don't talk to him, his brothers and sisters don't talk to him, no one talks to him.

L: So, then what's wrong with Jackson?

SOOKIE: I don't know. But he's determined to stand by him and I have to respect his decision.

L: Well, that part I can understand.

SOOKIE: Good.

L: But the part I can't understand is what is Rune doing in the lobby?

SOOKIE: Yeah, well, I don't . . .

(Jackson walks through the door carry a crate of berries and a jar of jam.)

JACKSON: Lorelai.

L: Jackson.

JACKSON: These are for you.

L: For me?

(Sookie stands behind Lorelai and starts waving a spoon back and forth to get Jackson's attention. Jackson doesn't notice.)

JACKSON: Yeah and I also brought some of my raspberry peach jam. I think you're gonna like it. Put it on ice cream.

L: Okay.

JACKSON: Or take a graham cr*cker, spread a little on it, break up a chocolate bar, throw it in the broiler for a couple of minutes, and you're gonna be singing show tunes all evening.

L: Must be some good jam.

JACKSON: Yeah, well, it's just my way of saying thanks for helping out Rune.

L: Thanks for helping out Rune.

SOOKIE: Okay, I'm doing the spoon signal.

JACKSON: Oh, I didn't notice.

SOOKIE: Okay, I'm waving around like an idiot here.

JACKSON: So you haven't. . .

SOOKIE: No.

JACKSON: Ah.

SOOKIE: Yeah.

JACKSON: So I should . . .

SOOKIE: Good idea.

JACKSON: Right. Um, enjoy the jam. (Jackson leaves)

L: Well, uh, would you mind explaining the thank you jam.

SOOKIE: Well, I was supposed to ask you something about Rune.

L: Like what?

SOOKIE: Well, he just not too long ago lost his job.

L: Oh, attitude problem?

SOOKIE: Something like that.

L: Uh huh.

(Lorelai starts eating the jar of jam with a spoon.)

SOOKIE: Anyway, when he lost his job, he couldn't pay his rent so then he got evicted. None of this was known to us when he came to stay with Jackson. I mean, but this is the situation. So I was thinking that if he could get another job and then he could save up some money and afford his own place and move out, and then I wouldn't end up stabbing him in the neck with a grapefruit spoon.

L: Ouch.

SOOKIE: Its gonna happen.

L: You want me to give him a job?

SOOKIE: Nothing important.

L: Oh good, 'cause I was gonna put him in charge of legal.

SOOKIE: I know it's a lot to ask, but I can't think of anything else.

L: What can he do?

SOOKIE: Lots of things! He's always fiddling around, using screws. Once I saw him use a hammer.

L: A hammer?

SOOKIE: I bet he could be a handyman. You are always looking for a good handyman.

L: Well I couldn't pay him very much.

SOOKIE: Well, that's okay. Maybe he could just work for, uh, room and board.

L: You want him to live here?

SOOKIE: No! Well, what about the old potting shed?

L: The old potting shed? That's where Rory and I lived when she was a baby. It has memories and little rosebud wallpaper. I don't want Boo Radley touching my rosebud wallpaper.

SOOKIE: The job is enough. You're right. He can save up money and eventually move out. I'll just have to deal with it.

L: The potting shed's fine.

SOOKIE: Really?

L: Yes.

SOOKIE: I love you!

L: But I swear to God Sookie, the minute the guests start complaining or disappearing, he's out of there.

SOOKIE: More than fair.

L: Mm, it's really good jam.

(Lorelai hands Sookie the jar of jam.)

SOOKIE: Yeah. It is isn't it?

(Lorelai leaves)

CUT TO OUTSIDE LORELAI'S HOUSE

(Rory is sitting on the porch. Emily pulls up the driveway. Rory walks to her car.)

R: Grandma.

EMILY: Rory, hello. What a lovely day to. . . ugh. (Emily's heel gets caught in the grass.) I guess putting in a walkway never occurred to your mother.

R: Oh actually it occurs to her every day on the way to work. Here. (Rory helps pull her heel out of the grass.)

EMILY: Thank you.

(They start walking towards the house.)

CUT TO INSIDE LORELAI'S HOUSE

(Rory and Emily walk in through the front door.)

R: Are your shoes okay?

EMILY: They're fine. Just a little muddy that's all.

R: Here give 'em. I'll clean them for you.

EMILY: Oh you don't have to do that.

(Rory takes the shoes and walks into the kitchen. Emily follows.)

R: My mom found this great shoe cleaner. It's gets out pretty much anything. Do you want something to drink, there should be some iced tea in the fridge.

EMILY: Iced tea would be nice. (opens fridge) Oh my god. There's nothing in here.

(Rory pours some cleaner on a cloth and starts wiping off Emily's shoes.)

R: I know, it's a little sparse.

EMILY: It's the Grapes of Wrath.

R: Don't worry. We eat fine.

EMILY: No food, no drink. Do you at least have plates?

R: Yes, we have plates.

(Emily pulls a plate out the cabinet.)

EMILY: There are women in bikinis on them.

R: The original Charlie's Angels. It took us years to get a complete set. You can find the Kate Jackson's and the Shelly Hack's pretty easily. Even the Cheryl Ladd's. But the Farrah Fawcett's and the Jacklyn Smith's are a little harder to come by, but still accessible. The real trick however is to find the Tanya Roberts. We have three.

EMILY: You have three Tanya Roberts?

R: Yup.

EMILY: And I was worried, silly me. (She puts the plate away) How are you doing with those shoes?

R: All done. (hands Emily the shoes)

EMILY: That's amazing. What is that you used?

R: I don't know. We got it off one of those late night TV ads. Apparently it also gets rust off nails and hinges, waxes your car perfectly, and weatherproofs windows and doors.

EMILY: Well, isn't that nice?

R: Okay, about today. I think I should just give you the grand tour of the town. So we can start by walking to Kim's Antiques, which takes us by all the good sites.

EMILY: Well, uh, Rory, I don't think I wore the right shoes for the grand tour. Why don't we just drive?

R: You can borrow some of my mom's shoes.

EMILY: Uh, no, I don't think so. Rory hold on a minute.

R: Grandma, you will be missing the true Stars Hollow experience if you don't walk. Trust me.

(Rory starts walking upstairs)

EMILY: All right, but I won't wear anything with rhinestones or zebra stripes or anything that has batteries or that sings or make animal noises or moves on its own.

R: Grandma, I got it.

CUT TO DRAGONFLY

(Lorelai and Rachel are standing in front of an old, rundown building.)

LORELAI: Must have been something when it was all fixed up and nice.

RACHEL: Can I ask what the fascination with this place is?

L: Oh, well, me and my friend Sookie, we've been kind of toying with the idea of opening our own place together.

RACHEL: Really?

L: Yeah. I mean someday, obviously not now. We're still saving up.

RACHEL: Are you close?

L: No, not at all.

RACHEL: Well, this looks like this could be a great place.

L: Yeah it really does. God. A little paint, some pretty curtains, 150 thousand dollars of construction. We're open for business.

RACHEL: Did you always want to own an inn?

L: Uh no, I was still dreaming of owning a red Camaro when Rory appeared on the scene.

RACHEL: Ah. Right

L: It's a new idea in the last couple years actually. How about you? Did you always want to be a photographer?

RACHEL: Not specifically. I just remember growing up thinking I want to be anywhere but here.

L: Ah, that was you in the other room.

RACHEL: I made sure to pick something that would keep me moving, constantly.

L: Sounds exciting.

RACHEL: It is. Tiring too. And now that I'm here, back with Luke, I don't know.

L: Things seem to be going pretty well for you guys.

RACHEL: I guess. But I tell you, these last couple weeks, it's become increasingly apparent to me that things just can't continue the way they've been.

L: What do you mean?

RACHEL: I mean, I think it's time we get serious. I'm ready to settle down, I guess, is the creepy old

fashion term for it. Pretty damn scary, huh?

L: Pretty damn scary.

CUT TO SIDEWALK

(Emily and Rory are walking through Stars Hollow.)

EMILY: I feel ridiculous.

R: You look great.

EMILY: I feel like a Clydesdale.

R: You look like you're comfortable.

EMILY: People are staring.

R: Because you look great.

EMILY: Yes, what a shame your grandfather isn't here. He'd fall in love with me all over again.

CUT TO KIM'S ANTIQUES

(Emily and Rory walk in through the front door.)

EMILY: I think we came in through the storeroom.

R: Nope, this is it.

EMILY: This is the antique store?

R: You have to dig but you can find some great stuff here.

EMILY: This is ridiculous. No one can run a quality business like this. This place is dusty and disorganized and you can't possibly. . . . Oh now that is gorgeous. Look at the woodwork. It's exquisite. I wonder if it has mate.

R: Grandma, look at this. It's got like little flowers all over it.

EMILY: It's very pretty.

R: Is it something special?

EMILY: Do you like it?

R: Yeah.

EMILY: Then it's something special.

(Lane walks over.)

LANE: Hi.

R: Lane, this is my grandma. Grandma, this is my friend Lane.

EMILY: Well, I've heard a lot about you.

LANE: It's nice to meet you. Uh, Rory can I talk to you for a sec?

EMILY: Go, talk. I have a lot of looking to do here.

(Rory and Lane walk to the kitchen.)

LANE: Problem.

R: Hit me.

LANE: It's been a week since that party, and still he has not called.

R: Henry.

LANE: He said he'd call.

R: Maybe he's been busy.

LANE: Maybe he has a girlfriend.

R: Lane.

LANE: A tiny perfect Korean girl that his parents would love and approve of.

R: Lane, you are a tiny perfect Korean girl that his parents would love and approve of.

LANE: No, they'd know.

R: Know what?

LANE: Know that I listen to the wrong music and wish I could go blond without looking like an idiot. Or that I'd take a whopper over kimchi in a heartbeat.

R: Now you're just going crazy.

LANE: So he doesn't like me, he's not gonna call. It's not the end of the world. I'll live. I'll go one. There's always college. Unless my parents get their way, and then it's 'I take thee Jesus to be my lawful wedded husband.'

R: Lane, with all due respect to your fiancé, Henry will call.

LANE: No he's not.

R: Well then why did he talk to you all night. .

LANE: Well. .

R: . . and follow you around everywhere you went. .

LANE: 'cause . . .

R: . .and ask you to dance six times?

LANE: Was it six times?

R: It was six times. And he did not ask you to dance six times because you're a good dancer, because to tell you the truth and as much as I love you, you're not.

LANE: Really?

R: You are an embarrassment to the art of dancing.

LANE: Thank you.

MRS. KIM (in background): That's mid nineteenth century, four different kinds of wood.

(Cut to Mrs. Kim and Emily bartering over a cabinet. Lane and Rory watch them from the kitchen.)

EMILY: Is it missing an inlay?

MRS. KIM: No.

EMILY: I thought it was missing an inlay.

MRS. KIM: Perfect condition!

EMILY: How much?

MRS. KIM: Thirty-five hundred for the pair.

EMILY: You must be joking!

MRS. KIM: No. No joke.

EMILY: Well, they're nice, but they're certainly not that nice.

MRS. KIM: Not a better pair on the East Coast.

EMILY: Two thousand.

MRS. KIM: You're from Hartford.

EMILY: Yes.

MRS. KIM: Ah.

EMILY: It hardly matters where I'm from. I know these pieces are overpriced.

MRS. KIM: Look on the bottom.

EMILY: They're not signed.

MRS. KIM: Look on the bottom.

EMILY: Are they signed?

MRS. KIM: Look on the bottom!

(Emily leans down and looks.)

MRS. KIM: They're signed.

EMILY: How do I know that's authentic?

MRS. KIM: You have my word.

EMILY: And a letter of authentication?

MRS. KIM: That too.

LANE (to Rory): It's like watching the Williams' sisters.

R: I wish we had popcorn.

MRS. KIM: . . .Insulting!

EMILY: I won't take it.

MRS. KIM: Then someone else will!

EMILY: Eventually, maybe.

MRS. KIM: I can wait.

EMILY: So can I.

MRS. KIM: That's my last offer.

EMILY: I'll think about it.

MRS. KIM: I'll waive the tax.

EMILY: And throw in delivery.

MRS. KIM: We appreciate your business.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

(Emily and Rory walk out of Kim's Antiques)

EMILY: I like that woman. And you know what? I like these shoes.

R: You're becoming one of us Grandma.

EMILY: This way?

R: Yeah.

EMILY: I love this street.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

(Michel walks through the lobby as Rune walks through the front door carrying a duffel bag.)

RUNE: Hey.

MICHEL: May I help you?

RUNE: Yeah, I need to know where my room is.

MICHEL: Uh, are you sure you are in the right place? Perhaps you want the YMCA or the local bus station.

RUNE: You speak English?

MICHEL: Do you have a reservation?

RUNE: I work here.

MICHEL: Hm, I do not think so. You see, we have standards, and even if they were much much lower, you would still be poor boy out of luck.

RUNE: I'm the new handyman. Lorelai hired me

MICHEL: Oh, you know Lorelai?

RUNE: I dated her.

MICHEL: Oh you did?

RUNE: Yeah, but hey, don't spread it around, it's not one of my shining moments.

MICHEL: Yeah, and you probably have so many to pick from.

RUNE: You're rude.

MICHEL: You've caught me to the quick, out of here teeny tiny man.

RUNE: Look I will only be pushed so far.

MICHEL: And obviously it's down.

(Lorelai runs over to them.)

LORELAI: Rune, you made it, great.

RUNE: Finally. Will you tell this guy who I am?

L: This is Rune.

MICHEL: You know him?

L: He's gonna be our new handyman.

RUNE: See! Handyman.

MICHEL: Be quiet.

RUNE: Go build us another statue.

MICHEL: You hired this man?

L: Yes.

MICHEL: Did you date him also?

L: What! No, I didn't date him. Rune, I didn't date you. It was one night. .

MICHEL: One night, you and him together?

L: I'll explain later.

MICHEL: Oh, I cannot wait.

L: Yeah. Listen, Rune, here, come with me, I'll show you where you're gonna stay.

RUNE: Can you ask your bellboy here to grab my stuff? I think I might've sprained my shoulder on the way over here.

L: Relax. I got it. (picks up the duffel bag) Uh. Geez. Move it Rune.

(Lorelai and Rune leave. Emily and Rory walk through the front door.)

RORY: So, what do you think?

EMILY: Well, I think it's very nice.

RORY: Mom's office is right back there. Oh and you have to see the dining room. They got the chandeliers from one of Martha Washington's houses.

EMILY: Do you spend a lot of time here?

RORY: Yeah. I work here a couple afternoons a week, and I help out with special occasions. They have a lot of weddings here. I wonder where mom is.

EMILY: Oh, don't bother your mother. I'm sure she's busy.

R: Oh no, she'd want to say hi.

(Rory and Emily walk over to Michel, who is behind the front desk.)

R: Michel, where's Mom?

MICHEL: Off with her boyfriend.

R: What boyfriend?

MICHEL: Small, dark, wanted in four states.

R: Okay, well, do you know when she's coming back because my grandmother's here and we want to say hi.

MICHEL: Your grandmother?

EMILY: Emily Gilmore.

MICHEL: Michel Gerard.

(They shake hands.)

EMILY: Enchantée. D'où venez vous?

MICHEL: Paris.

EMILY: J'adore Paris. Nous y allons chaque printemps.

MICHEL: Oh, oui, le printemps à Paris...

EMILY: Un cliché, mais pourtant...

MICHEL: C'est si vrai, c'est si vrai...

RORY: Okay, well, we better go find mom.

EMILY: It's been a pleasure meeting you.

MICHEL: The pleasure is all mine.

(Emily and Rory walk towards the center of the lobby.)

EMILY: What a charming man.

R: Uh okay. (sees Lorelai ahead) Mom, hi.

L: Mom, hi.

EMILY: Lorelai, it's quite a place you've got here.

L: Oh, well it's not really my place, I just work here, so. . I thought you were gonna go antiquing.

R: Yeah we did. And then we had lunch.

L: Oh, really? Where?

EMILY: Teriyaki Joe's.

L: You're kidding.

R: She picked.

L: You did?

EMILY: It looked festive.

L: I can't picture you at Teriyaki Joe's . . .or in jogging shoes. What's up working girl?

EMILY: Well, Rory decided that we should take the grand tour of the town; that meant walking. I hope you don't mind, I borrowed your socks also.

L: Oh, I don't mind. I wish I had a camera, but I don't mind.

R: I'm gonna go show her the grounds.

L: Oh yeah, good. On the way back, show her the gym. Jump on the treadmill.

R: See you later.

L: Make sure you stretch first.

(Lorelai walks over to the front desk.)

MICHEL: I just love your mother.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

(Rory and Emily are walking along the pond on the inn's grounds.)

RORY: So the horses are up on that hill, and the tennis courts are over there.

EMILY: It's certainly impressive.

(They walk towards the potting shed.)

RORY: And this is my favorite place.

EMILY: The tool shed?

RORY: No, this is where we used to live.

EMILY: What?

R: Right when mom and I moved here, this was our apartment.

EMILY: But. .

(Rory opens the door and walks in. Emily looks in from the doorway.)

R: I know it's looks small, but it's really pretty. Come on. See we had our bed right over there, and mom put up this really pretty curtain around the tub so that it looked like a real bathroom. And we would just sit outside at night when the Inn would have parties and we'd just listen to music and feed the ducks and. . . (Emily walks away) Grandma? Grandma wait, what's the matter?

EMILY: Nothing.

R: Did something happen? Are you sick? Is it the teriyaki?

EMILY: I'm fine. Its just getting late, I have to go.

R: But. . .

(Rory watches as Emily walks away. Rune walks towards the shed carrying some sheets.)

RUNE: Hey. Do you mind?

R: What? Oh sorry. (She moves out of the way so that Rune can go into the shed.)

CUT TO HALLWAY

(Lorelai walks down a hallway and knocks on a door that says "Williams Hardware, Office, Private". Rachel answers the door.)

RACHEL: Hey! Good, you got my message.

LORELAI: Hail the glory of the answering machine.

RACHEL: Come on in. (Lorelai walks inside) I just developed some sh*ts of the Dragonfly I think you're gonna love. Maybe they can help inspire you a little more.

L: Oh, great! Hm, I've never been in Luke's apartment before.

RACHEL: Really? How long have you two known each other?

L: Oh god, years. But our relationship is strictly "Please can I have coffee?", 'No,', 'Come on!', 'No, it makes you short.' Blah blah blah.

RACHEL: Well, then let me give you the grand tour. This, is it.

L: It's, uh, not how I pictured it. I mean, not that I've been picturing Luke's apartment. I haven't been picturing it at all.

RACHEL: I know what you meant.

(Lorelai walks over to the window and touches the curtains.)

L: Hmm. Nice touch.

RACHEL: Oh, those aren't mine.

L: You're kidding.

RACHEL: Nope. Frankly, a little too frilly for my taste.

L: I'm gonna give him so much crap about that.

RACHEL: Have a seat.

L: Thanks. (sits down on the couch) Man, you guys are living in pretty tight quarters here.

RACHEL: Well this was originally his dad's office, so it was never really meant for anyone to actually live in.

L: But tell that to Luke.

RACHEL: Exactly.

L: Do you think about moving to a bigger place?

RACHEL: I don't think so.

L: No? Oh right. Because tight quarters, romantic. Hello Lorelai.

RACHEL: Yeah, well I don't think romance has a lot to do with it.

L: No?

RACHEL: I'm not sure I'm gonna be in Stars Hollow much longer.

L: Oh. But I thought. . .

RACHEL: I know, I just, I can't seem to make Luke believe that I really want to stay this time.

L: Did you tell him all that stuff you told me?

RACHEL: Till I was blue in the face.

L: Well you just have to keep trying until he hears you.

(Rachel sits down next to Lorelai on the couch.)

RACHEL: Hey, I don't blame him. I've given him no reason to believe me. I just hope that magically somehow he'd, I don't know, forget that I'd skipped out on him a million times before.

L: Have you told him that you're thinking of leaving?

RACHEL: Nope.

L: Are you going to?

RACHEL: I don't know. I mean, I feel like I've been trying so hard to make everything good. But this town, you know, it's like living under a microscope. Everyone here is just waiting for you to screw up.

L: No that's not true.

RACHEL: Miss Patty?

L: Oh, well yeah.

RACHEL: I don't know how long I can stick around here waiting for Luke when I feel like I don't have a friend in the world.

L: Hey, if you can French braid hair, I'll be your friend.

RACHEL: Sorry.

L: Oh, well, see ya.

RACHEL: I cannot find your pictures here. They must be in the bathroom.

L: So do not wanna know why.

(Rachel starts walking towards the bathroom, then stops and turns around.)

RACHEL: Hey, I know this is not so not cool to ask. But if the situation comes up and it's not too weird, a little word of encouragement from you might help a lot.

L: Oh, yeah, sure. If it comes up.

RACHEL: Thanks

(Rachel goes into the bathroom. Luke walks in the front door.)

L: What, you don't knock?

LUKE: What are you doing here?

L: Rachel invited me.

LUKE: Oh.

L: To look at some pictures.

LUKE: Good.

L: Yeah. And go through your underwear drawer.

LUKE: Where is she?

L: Freezing your bra.

LUKE: Where?

L: In the bathroom.

LUKE: Right.

L: It's a nice place you have here.

LUKE: Thank you.

L: I like the curtains.

LUKE: Yeah, yeah, Rachel picked them out.

L: Oh, she's got good taste.

(Rachel comes out of the bathroom)

RACHEL: Oh. Hey.

LUKE: Hi. I just had to put something in the safe.

RACHEL: We were just. . .

L: I told him about the underwear drawer.

RACHEL: And the baseball cap fashion show?

LUKE: Okay. I'm gonna go now.

(Luke leaves.)

L: I think he's going to buy a matching rug.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

(Lane and Rory are lying on Rory's bed)

RORY: I like this song. It makes me gloomy.

LANE: Gloom is good.

R: Really gloomy.

LANE: Like Joy Division Gloomy? Nick Cave gloomy? Robert Smith gloomy?

R: Johnny Cash gloomy.

LANE: So kind of like a San Quentin-y, it's a long road home and my horse just got shot but I've still got my girl by my side gloomy?

R: You read my mind.

LANE: I'm deep in a Charlie Parker gloomy.

R: Henry still hasn't called?

LANE: Oh no, he called.

R: He did? Why didn't you tell me?

LANE: Well I didn't talk to him. He left a message. I listened to it eight-and-a-half times, but then my mom came home and I had to erase it. But I was so panicked that I broke it, which is better because now all evidence that a boy called me is in the trash.

R: Eight and a half times.

LANE: Well it was a good message the first couple times. Then I started parsing it for subtext.

R: What did he say?

LANE: He said, and I quote, "Hey Lane, it's Henry." Not a good start.

R: How do you figure?

LANE: It's so gender neutral. It's how you start a conversation with a bowling pal.

R: He asked you bowling?

LANE: Then he said "It was fun meeting you the other night."

R: What?

LANE: He didn't say which night. Like he didn't remember which night. Like he's mixing me up with another girl from another night. For all I know, he thought he was calling the hot blonde he met at a hopped up night at Balthazar's.

R: He's a 16 year old Korean boy.

LANE: Or so he led me to believe.

R: What's the bottom line here?

LANE: Okay, the bottom line is that he wants me to call him back. But if I do that then he's probably gonna ask me out on a date. And if we go out on a date then it could lead to another

date, and then I'll have to introduce him to my parents. And once I do that, they're gonna like him. Because he's Korean and he's gonna be a doctor. And then once that happens, that's it. It'll be over. He'll be hideous to me. Now I'm a Lou Reed gloomy.

(phone rings. Rory answers it.)

R: Hello?

EMILY: Rory, hello. Do you have a minute?

R: Uh, sure.

EMILY: Now I know this will probably seem silly but I was wondering what your favorite color is.

R: Oh, I don't really have one. Blue I guess.

EMILY: Okay. What about flowers? Do you like flowers?

R: Sure.

EMILY: Which would you say you like better, roses or lilies?

R: Hmm, sunflowers.

EMILY: Sunflowers it is. Now, what about music? N'sync or 98 degrees?

R (to Lane): Uh, N'sync or 98 degrees?

LANE: What kind of sick joke is this?

R: I don't think I could choose.

EMILY: What about that other group? The Backside Boys?

R: You mean the Backstreet Boys?

EMILY: Yes that's it.

R: Um, I guess if I really had to choose, I'd say N'sync.

EMILY: Wonderful.

R: Are you writing this down?

EMILY: Maybe.

R: What for?

EMILY: You'll see. I'm looking forward to dinner on Friday.

R: Okay, yeah, me too.

(hangs up)

R: What was that?

LANE: Sounded like some sick take on the Gallup survey. I gotta go

R: Call him.

LANE: I already left him a message, he's probably parsing it right now.

R: I'm sure.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

(Luke is behind the counter. Lorelai comes down the back steps and walks behind the counter.)

LUKE: Hey.

L: Hey.

LUKE: Want some coffee?

L: Oh, yeah coffee would be great.

(Luke fills up a carryout cup and hands it to her.)

L: Thanks.

LUKE: Watch the lid there.

L: Yeah. Wow, it really looks, um, different from back here, ya know? All this is yours, as far as the eye can see.

LUKE: Yes, it's quite an empire I've built for myself. I'm thinking of conquering the flower shop next door and expanding the freezer.

L: Hey, I didn't mean to kick you out of your own apartment.

LUKE: Oh, you didn't.

L: Well you left pretty fast.

LUKE: Yeah, you guys looks like you were talking girl talk.

L: Girl talk.

LUKE: Yeah.

L: What's girl talk?

LUKE: You know, pantyhose, nail polish.

L: Curtains.

LUKE: Yes. That stuff.

L: You didn't like me being up there?

LUKE: No big deal.

(Luke walks away. Lorelai follows him.)

CUT TO STORAGE ROOM

(Luke is in the storage room unloading boxes. Lorelai walks in.)

L: So, this is the fascinating storage area where fascinating acts of storage take place.

LUKE: Yup, this is it.

L: Some good looking pickles.

LUKE: What are you doing?

L: I'm admiring your pickles.

LUKE: You shouldn't be in here.

L: Why not?

LUKE: 'Cause my insurance covers only me.

L: That's not true. You're kidding right?

LUKE: Its not safe, something might fall.

L: You don't like me hanging out with Rachel do you?

LUKE: Oh, come on.

L: Am I right?

LUKE: You can hang out with anybody you want.

L: Not my question.

LUKE: Well that's my answer.

L: Well, we're eight.

LUKE: Just a friendly piece of advice. Don't get too attached to her.

L: Rachel?

LUKE: Yeah. She's got an interesting habit of getting bored and then leaving, usually without saying goodbye.

L: People break habits.

LUKE: Not often.

L: So you're just convinced that that's what she's gonna do?

LUKE: I'll bet you that's exactly what she does.

L: Well, let's say that is what she does. Don't you think there's the teensiest possibility that if

Rachel leaves Stars Hollow this time its because she thinks you don't want her to stay?

LUKE: Are you guys talking about me?

L: No . . . Yes.

LUKE: Okay, I don't mind if you hang out with her, but you will not talk about me.

L: Why? It's fun. We wear plaid, take turns not shaving.

LUKE: There will be no Luke talk period.

L: Do you wanna know what I think about this situation?

LUKE: No.

L: Are you sure?

LUKE: Look, if you're gonna tell me at least help me unload.

L: Can I use the fun cutter thingy?

LUKE: Not if you call it the fun cutter thingy.

L: Please.

LUKE: Cut the box, not your hand.

L: Good tip, you should teach. (cuts open the box) Ha! Fun!

LUKE: Talk.

L: Well, I don't know exactly what's going on in Rachel's head because I'm not a Vulcan, but from the way she talks about you and the way she smiles when your name comes up, I'm pretty sure that she's serious about staying in Stars Hollow this time.

LUKE: Yeah, let me guess. Rachel told you she wanted to put down roots, that she's serious this time, that she's tired of the road, and realizes what's lacking in her nomadic existence.

L: She didn't use the phrase nomadic existence, but basically yes, that's what she said.

LUKE: I've heard the speech. I know the speech by heart.

L: Well, I think she means it this time.

LUKE: You don't know her like I do.

L: I don't. But she seems sincere.

LUKE: How do you know?

L: Her nose didn't grow.

LUKE: Why are you taking her side?

L: I'm not taking her side.

LUKE: Well it sounds like you're taking her side.

L: Well, wash out your ears, I'm not taking her side.

LUKE: I mean you're practically pushing her on me.

L: I just want you to be happy.

LUKE: And you know what makes me happy?

L: No, I just know that you've been carrying a torch for her for a really long time.

LUKE: I have not been carrying a torch for her.

L: Well, you wanted this to happen.

LUKE: How do you know what I wanted to happen?

L: Didn't you?

LUKE: Yeah, I guess.

L: Okay. So here it is, right in front of you. Just take it. Take the plunge. She could be ready. Just jump in and believe her. Unless, you know, there's some other reason you don't want to.

LUKE: Like what?

L: Like I. . . I don't know.

LUKE: There's no other reason.

L: Okay, well, fine. Then there's no other reason.

LUKE: I'll think about it.

L: Okay. Well, thanks for letting me borrow your thingy.

LUKE: You're welcome.

L: I'll see you later Luke.

(Lorelai leaves.)

CUT TO MOVIE THEATER

(Rory and Lorelai are sitting in the theater, waiting for the movie to start.)

L: She actually asked if you like the Backstreet Boys?

R: Except she called them Backside Boys.

L: Ha! That is high comedy. What inspired that woman?

R: I don't know. It was weird.

L: Sudden interest in pop music I sat her down to listen to a Prince song once, and she looked like she was having a stroke. Wait a minute. I know what she's doing.

R: What?

L: She's trying to be your pal now. Ah, that sneak. You spend one day together and she wants to know all about you. She's picturing you guys chatting about boys, and painting each other's toenails.

(Kirk, sitting behind them, clears his throat loudly. They turn around to look.)

L: Oh hey Kirk. You getting a cold? You know you should try that dinametichemphemital. Knocks it right out. Don't drive a forklift though, 'cause it'll make you drowsy.

(Luke and Rachel walk in holding hands. They sit down in the front row.)

R: Oh wow, when's the last time you think Luke's been to a movie?

L: I don't know but I think the guy had to crank the projector by hand.

KIRK: Do you mind?

(Lorelai turns around)

L: Kirk, the movie hasn't even started yet.

KIRK: I like to have silence in order to cleanse my mental pallet and achieve calm before enjoying a motion picture.

L: Oh you got that out of a book. (Turns around. She watches Luke and Rachel talking.) Luke looks happy, doesn't he?

R: Yeah, he looks happy.

L: And they seem really right together, don't they?

R: Just right.

L: Good, good, he deserves it. So I did the right thing by butting in the way I did.

R: You butted in for all the right reasons. You were concerned about a friend.

(The lights dim and the movie starts.)

L: So if Rachel turns out to be an evil fembot and murders Luke in his sleep, I'm not responsible am I?

R: Only in an intergalactic court.

L: Good. And Rachel seems really great. . .

KIRK: You are now officially disturbing not just me but every person in this theater.

L: Kirk, you're the only one who's disturbed.

(A cell phone goes off. Lorelai looks around and discovers that it's Kirk's. He tries to answer it, but the ringing won't stop.)

L: Uh! Shhh!

KIRK: Hello?

L: Shhh! Shh! God, don't you hate that?

KIRK: Hello? Dammit!

(Kirk runs out of the theater. Lorelai laughs. She sees Luke looking towards her and waves.)

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

(Lorelai and Rory ring the doorbell. Emily answers the door.)

EMILY: Hello, hello, hello.

L: Wow, Mom, hi. (to Rory) Uh, check the rubbing alcohol.

EMILY: How was the drive?

L: The drive was fine.

EMILY: Good.

L: The foyer looks great.

EMILY: I have a surprise for you.

L: The rest of the house ran away?

EMILY: No.

L: No.

EMILY: Rory, come with me.

(Emily pulls Rory in and leads her away.)

L: Okay, so, I'll. . . I'll follow you then. Great.

CUT TO UPSTAIRS

(Emily, Rory and Lorelai go into a bedroom, which Emily has redecorated for Rory.)

EMILY: Voila.

R: Oh my. Um Grandma what is this?

EMILY: This is your room.

R: What?

EMILY: Since you've been spending so much time here lately, I thought you should have a special place all your own.

R: But you didn't have to do this.

EMILY: Do you like it?

R: Yeah, it's beautiful.

L: (whispers to Rory) Do you see the N'Sync poster?

R: Thank you Grandma. (hugs Emily)

EMILY: You're welcome sweetheart. Now come on, lets go downstairs and see if dinner's ready. (Rory leaves.) (To Lorelai) Are you coming?

L: You bought her CosmoGirl.

EMILY: Well the young girls enjoy the articles.

L: You bought boy band posters and Hello Kitty notepads.

EMILY: A lovely young girl at the store helped me pick them out.

L: You filled the room with sunflowers.

EMILY: Rory likes sunflowers.

L: I know Rory likes sunflowers.

EMILY: What is the matter Lorelai?

L: Nothing. I don't know. It's just a little weird that's all.

EMILY: Why is it weird to do something for my granddaughter?

L: I don't know. I mean, it's not like you bought her a car. By the way, don't. It's a room and . . .you know, you're right. It's nice. I'm sorry. I'm just being silly.

EMILY: Maybe you don't like the fact that now she has a place away from you, some place that's just her own.

L: I said I was fine.

EMILY: Or maybe its because its so large and spacious and has four solid walls around the bathtub.

L: What?

EMILY: I mean, it may not be exciting or bohemian, but at least it doesn't have shovels propped up against the sofa either, now does it?

L: I'm sorry. I missed the checkered flag, when did the argument start?

EMILY: Is it because it's not a shack in the woods? Or is it the proximity to me that's making it so uncomfortable for you?

L: What are you talking about?

EMILY: You hated us that much?

L: What?

EMILY: You had to take that little girl away. That was bad enough. But to that? To live there, in a shed, like a hobo?

L: Who uses the word hobo anymore?

EMILY: I saw it. I saw that horrible little pit you so proudly ran to. I saw what you chose over your own family. You would've lived in the gutter, in the street, in a cardboard box, anywhere as long as you didn't have to be near us, isn't that true?

L: Mom. .

EMILY: Isn't that true Lorelai?

L: Mom, I was very young and I was very unhappy and I needed to be some place that wasn't here.

EMILY: Excuse me. (Emily, holding back tears, leaves. After a pause, Lorelai slowly starts to walk out.)

CUT TO STREET

(Later that night, Rory and Lorelai are walking along a sidewalk in Stars Hollow.)

R: You're awfully quiet.

L: I am.

R: You hardly said anything at dinner.

L: I was chewing.

R: You didn't say anything on the ride home.

L: I was concentrating.

R: So. .

L: Well, I feel I've gotten sloppy with this whole "10 and 2" hand position thing.

R: Mm hmm.

L: Yeah seriously, the other day I caught myself doing a "9 and 4."

R: Mom. .

L: Well, if left uncorrected, that can only lead to a "6 and 12", or worse yet, an "8 and 11", which is not only dangerous but damn uncomfortable.

R: Talk please.

L: I just wish sometimes that certain things could be different.

R: Like what?

L: Like, um, wouldn't it be great if once, just once, I could make my mother hear me. I mean really hear me even if it was just for one second.

R: Are you talking about the room?

L: The room, the potting shed, my entire life after age 6.

R: It's my fault.

L: How is it your fault?

R: I shouldn't have taken her there.

L: Oh Rory.

R: I just thought if she saw how we lived and how pretty it was with the lake and the swans. . .

L: That she'd do a happy dance?

R: That she'd feel included and then maybe . .

L: The whole me running away thing wouldn't be such a big deal? Oh honey, me running away from them is always gonna be a big deal. There is nothing you can do to change that.

R: Can I ask you a question?

L: Yes, I would date Steven Tyler.

R: Can I ask you a question whose answer wouldn't horrify me?

L: Oh, go ahead.

R: Do you think you and Grandma will ever be able to talk about all the things you've gone through?

L: No.

R: You didn't even consider it.

L: I'm sorry. . . . No.

R: Why?

L: Because it would just end badly.

R: It doesn't have to.

L: It would be like the first 15 minutes of Saving Private Ryan but at least those guys got to be in France.

R: You've never tried.

L: Oh no, that's not true. I have tried. I have tried my whole life. But my mother and I, we speak a different language. I talk, I think I'm being clear, and all she hears is 'Blah blah blah Ginger.'

R: But if you won't talk and she won't listen, then how is anything ever gonna change?

L: I don't know.

(They walk into Luke's Diner.)

CUT TO INSIDE LUKE'S DINER

(Rachel and Luke are cleaning up as Rory and Lorelai walk through the door. A man holds open the door for them.)

L: (to man) Thanks. (to Luke) Don't tell me you're closed?

LUKE: Would it change the outcome if I did?

L: No.

LUKE: Two coffees.

R: Yes please.

RACHEL: Any pie to go with that?

L: Oh, pie!

R: We just had cake at Grandma's.

L: Yeah, but that was crabby cake, let's have happy pie.

R: Have whatever you want as long as there's coffee.

LUKE: I'll put on a fresh pot.

(Luke goes to make the coffee. Rory follows him. Lorelai sits at a table. Rachel walks over to her and sits down.)

RACHEL: Hey, listen, I just wanna say thanks.

L: Oh, for what?

RACHEL: For whatever it was you said to Luke the other day.

L: It was no big deal.

RACHEL: It was a very big deal. I was sitting upstairs and suddenly he comes in, empties out his sock drawer and gives it to me.

L: Oh that's great. You got a drawer.

RACHEL: And a set of keys.

L: Well you can put the keys in the drawer.

RACHEL: He's accepting it. He's believing it. And it's all because of you.

L: Actually, it's because of you.

RACHEL: I'm not gonna screw it up this time.

L: I know you won't.

RACHEL: Well I owe you one. (gets up and starts to walk away)

L: So you're gonna be in Stars Hollow for awhile then?

RACHEL: Yeah, quite awhile.

L: Wow, that's great.

RACHEL: Yeah. You want any ice cream with that pie?

L: Well I did get you a drawer.

RACHEL: If I throw in a little hot fudge, you think you can weasel me half the closet?

L: I'll see what I can do.

RACHEL: Thank you.

(Rachel walks to the counter. Rory returns with two cups of coffee.)

R: Here.

L: Ah thanks.

R: Sure.

(They both take sips.)

R: Huh. Does it taste different to you?

L: Yeah. It does.

(Lorelai looks over to the counter. She watches Luke and Rachel smiling at each other.)

CUT TO DRAGONFLY INN

(Rory and Lorelai are sitting on a blanket in front of the old inn.)

L: So what do you think?

R: It's got a great view.

L: Yeah. And good highway access.

R: I love that window back in the . . .

L: Library? Oh no, lobby. No, uh, bathroom?

R: I'd get that decided before you open.

(Cut to Sookie is standing on the front porch.)

SOOKIE: There's absolutely no kitchen space here. How are we supposed to open a bed and

breakfast when there's no place to cook breakfast! It's just a bed. We'll have to charge half price.

L: We'll build a new kitchen Sookie.

SOOKIE: I'll need plenty of ventilation. And an area for an outdoor fireplace for barbecues. Plus storage. Where do these people put anything? Ooh! And a pantry. And a canning room. And I'd love to smoke our own meats.

L: Absolutely.

SOOKIE: I don't know if this is gonna work. I mean, I have to do some floor plans. Where is that plumbing? (Sookie walks away)

R: Wow, your own inn.

L: Cool, huh?

R: It's gonna be a really big job.

L: Yeah. Well, maybe I'll get Rune to manage the place for me.

R: How's he doing?

L: He put a tip jar on the reservation desk.

R: Ah.

L: Michel tried to beat him senseless with the reservation book.

R: Yeah, how did that go?

L: Oh, Rune got away.

R: Really?

L: Well Michel can't run in new shoes.

R: So how long you think before you guys own this place?

L: Oh sweetie, it's going to be a very very very long time.

R: You think it'll still be here?

(The front screen door falls down)

L: I think we got a shot.

THE END

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