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04x20 - Luke Can See Her Face

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04x20 - Luke Can See Her Face

by **bunniefuu**

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OPEN AT LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai walks downstairs and opens the front door to pick up the newspaper. A cat is sitting on the porch. Lorelai goes to the phone and dials.]

RORY: Hello?

LORELAI: They know.

RORY: Who knows?

LORELAI: The cats -- they know that I've broken up with Jason and that I'm alone and they've decided it's time for me to become a crazy cat lady.

RORY: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: There's a cat on my doorstep.

RORY: Well, that's better than a bun in your oven.

LORELAI: It's just sitting there, staring at me, like he knew this moment was coming. It's still there. Why is it still there?

RORY: Mom, it's a stray. It's passing through. It's hanging out. Relax. Move away from the window and go back to bed.

LORELAI: It's not fair. We just broke up. It just happened. I'm still young. It's still possible that I'm gonna have a successful relationship. You don't know. My eggs are still viable.

RORY: Are you yelling at me or the cat?

LORELAI: The cat. I think he flipped me off with his tail. I'm Babette.

RORY: Babette's not single.

LORELAI: Whose side are you on? Circle the wagons.

RORY: Sorry.

LORELAI: Everyone knows. They can see it in my face. "She's single again. She couldn't make it work

again. She picked the wrong guy again." [to cat] Hey, do not lick yourself in front of me.

RORY: Mom, I need you to get a grip. You're tired, you're stressed out, and you're not seeing things clearly.

LORELAI: Oh, my God!

RORY: What?

LORELAI: There are two of them. They're not even easing me into this, those b*stards. I give up. I guess I need to start collecting newspapers and magazines, find a blue bathrobe, lose my front teeth.

RORY: Well, obviously, you've got a busy day ahead of you, so I'm gonna let you go.

LORELAI: Yarn balls. I need to find some yarn balls.

RORY: Bye.

[Lorelai opens the front door.]

LORELAI: [to cats] Hey, I am a young, desirable woman.

CUT TO LORELAI'S BEDROOM

[Lorelai is asleep. She wakes up and dials the phone.]

LORELAI: Michel, curtains. Tom, banister and mud-sink valve. [Tries to go back to sleep but dials the phone again.] Um...Sylvie, horse feed. Jackson, garden stone. Sookie, too much salt in gazpacho. [Sighs] Oh, boy.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Luke is taking chairs off the tables when he sees Lorelai sitting outside the diner waiting for him to open.]

LUKE: What are you doing?

LORELAI: I need coffee.

LUKE: It's 5:00 in the morning. Make coffee at your own house.

LORELAI: I did. I drank it all.

LUKE: You drank all the coffee in your house before five in the morning?

LORELAI: Big gulps, lots of sugar.

LUKE: Alright, get up. [Pulls her up and takes her inside.]

LORELAI: And just a little bit of cream 'cause it makes it cold.

LUKE: Keep moving.

LORELAI: [Sighs] I can't sleep. I can't turn my mind off. It keeps running and thinking and making lists.

LUKE: Maybe if you drank a little less coffee, you'd make a little less lists.

LORELAI: Oh, I can't stop drinking the coffee. I stop drinking coffee, I stop doing the standing and walking and the words putting-into-sentence doing.

LUKE: I'll make you some coffee.

LORELAI: [Sighs deeply] If I could move, I would hug you. In fact, in my mind, I am hugging you, and also, I'm telling the plumbers that there's no water pressure in rooms 10, 12, and 15.

LUKE: I'm making you some oatmeal.

LORELAI: I don't like oatmeal.

LUKE: You've got to eat something healthy.

LORELAI: Oh, man, I'm so completely stressed. I can't remember what I'm doing from one moment to the next. It's never gonna get done.

LUKE: It will get done.

LORELAI: No, it won't get done, and the inn won't open, and then I'll go broke. How do you do it?

LUKE: Do what? Go broke?

LORELAI: No -- run this place, handle all the stress?

LUKE: The place isn't stressful.

LORELAI: It's not?

LUKE: Well, actually, at this moment, it is a little.

LORELAI: Ohhh. Maybe I can't handle it. Do you think I can handle it?

LUKE: I already told you you could handle it.

LORELAI: When?

LUKE: Quite a while ago.

LORELAI: Did I believe you?

LUKE: Apparently, you didn't even listen to me.

LORELAI: Oh, hey. I want you to take a tour of the inn.

LUKE: Why don't I just wait till the place is repossessed? Then I can see it at public auction.

LORELAI: How can you be so mean to me when I only managed to line one of my eyes?

LUKE: I apologize.

LORELAI: Seriously, I want to give you an official investors tour. You should see the place. It's looking really good.

LUKE: I heard the water pressure sucks in rooms 10, 12, and 15.

LORELAI: What do you say?

LUKE: You eat the oatmeal, I'll take the tour.

LORELAI: Fine, I'll eat it. But I'm making a face the entire time.

LUKE: Looking forward to it.

[Kirk walks in.]

LORELAI: Oh, hey, Kirk. [Kirk stands beside Lorelai's table.] Something wrong?

KIRK: I wanted to sit there.

LORELAI: Seriously?

KIRK: Of course seriously. Why do you think I'm here this early? I wanted to get that table.

LORELAI: Every single other table in here is empty.

KIRK: Except the one I want.

LORELAI: [Sighs] Fine. [Gets up to move.]

KIRK: You have to understand that on days when Lulu is working, I have very little in my life.

LORELAI: I know, Kirk.

KIRK: This table is a small thing, but it makes me happy. It gives me a sense of power over my life, a little control in a world where very little is controllable.

LORELAI: Kirk.

KIRK: What?

LORELAI: I moved. Your table's free.

KIRK: Oh. Well...thanks.

LORELAI: You're welcome.

KIRK: Boy, the light over here is excellent.

CUT TO DRAGONFLY INN

[Michel sits on the floor of the lobby.]

MICHEL: Is this your voice?

LORELAI: [on answering machine] Michel, curtains. Tom, banister and mud-sink valve.

LORELAI: [present] Yes, that's my voice. I left myself a couple of messages last night.

MICHEL: You left yourself 25 messages last night, and the funny thing is, you didn't listen to any of the messages. I listened to the messages.

LORELAI: Just hand them to me, please.

MICHEL: Every day that you breathe, you make my life harder.

LORELAI: Got a solution for you, Michel.

MICHEL: And when is the desk coming? I don't find the whole conducting-business-on-the-floor thing amusing anymore! I want a desk and a chair and a bell. Where the hell is my bell?!

[Luke walks in.]

LUKE: Hey.

LORELAI: Hi. You came by.

LUKE: You told me I had to.

LORELAI: I'm so glad you're here.

LUKE: Wow. The staircase is beautiful. Hey, Tom.

TOM: Luke.

LUKE: Yeah, nice work here. But you used glue. I thought with a banister --

TOM: Oh, are you gonna kibitz?

LUKE: What?

TOM: Guys who know a little about construction -- they build a birdbath, install a towel bar -- makes them think they know something, so they come in, they kibitz, offer a lot of free advice on things they don't know anything about. I got a low tolerance for that right now.

LUKE: I'm not gonna kibitz.

TOM: Okay. And stop touching my banister.

LORELAI: He won't let me touch the banister either. Hey, you want to see the kitchen? The stove is a thing of beauty. We're thinking of just ordering out for everything so we never have to use it.

LUKE: Great idea. And I wasn't gonna kibitz.

[Lorelai and Luke walk into the kitchen where Sookie is talking to a man.]

SOOKIE: Exciting, isn't it? [Laughs] Ohh. Lorelai, great. I've been looking for you. Hi, Luke.

LUKE: Hey, Sookie. Nice kitchen. Did you use the original tiles?

SOOKIE: I don't know. Ask Tom.

LUKE: Never mind.

LORELAI: What's up?

SOOKIE: Lorelai, I would like to introduce you to Shel Sausman. Shel, this is Lorelai Gilmore.

SHEL: It is really nice to meet you.

LORELAI: Well, it's nice to meet you, too.

SOOKIE: Shel is going to be our poultry supplier.

LORELAI: Oh, that's great.

SOOKIE: He sells only free-range, hormone-free, and he's recently divorced.

LORELAI: Oh, well, I assume that one doesn't have anything to do with the other.

SHEL: [Chuckles] You're funny. She's funny. You know, they say pretty women usually aren't funny because they never had to be. Were you a fat child?

SOOKIE: Um...I'm gonna go out and check with Michel on something, and you guys just talk till I get back.

LORELAI: Hey, uh, what do you need to talk to Michel about?

SOOKIE: Tablecloth supplies.

LORELAI: I can do that.

SOOKIE: Michel likes me better. Talk! Just talk!

SHEL: Listen, Lorelai --

LORELAI: Shel, have you met Luke? Hey, Luke...Get up! Uh, Shel, this is Luke.

SHEL: Nice to meet you.

LUKE: Yeah, you too.

LORELAI: Luke is my...special friend.

SHEL: Oh?

LORELAI: I have to tell you, renovating this place has been a real nightmare. I just don't know how I would have gotten through it without him. [Lorelai leans against Luke and forces him to put his arm around her waist.] Have I said thank you to you recently?

LUKE: Uh...no.

LORELAI: Oh. Well, thank you.

LUKE: You're welcome.

SHEL: Well, it was nice meeting you both. I'm just gonna go say goodbye to Sookie.

LORELAI: Oh. Bye, Shel.

LUKE: Bye, Shel.

LORELAI: [shoves Luke's arm away.] Don't touch my stomach.

LUKE: You put my hand there.

LORELAI: She's trying to set me up with Shel, the poultry guy? Why would she do that? I just broke up with someone.

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: We'd been dating for a few months now.

LUKE: I figured there was someone in the picture.

LORELAI: You did? How?

LUKE: Just clues. You know, you never dressed weather-appropriate, that kind of thing.

LORELAI: Well I can bundle on up now.

LUKE: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: Cats came to my house today.

LUKE: Really.

LORELAI: Because they know I'm a loser and I'm destined to be alone.

LUKE: You're not destined to be alone. You have Shel.

LORELAI: Why is it so hard?

LUKE: What, relationships? Look who you're asking.

LORELAI: At least you got married.

LUKE: At least you had a kid.

LORELAI: It makes me sad sometimes. Does it make you sad?

LUKE: I don't know. Maybe.

LORELAI: Mm-hm. I see Dr. Phil books in our future.

LUKE: Unless they stock them at Home Depot, they're not likely to cross my path.

LORELAI: All this sad talk is putting a serious damper on my stressing.

LUKE: The place is great.

LORELAI: Do you think I can do this?

LUKE: I already told you you can do this, and I already told you that I already told you you can do this.

LORELAI: You're making me long for Shel.

LUKE: You'd never want for chicken.

LORELAI: Hmm.

CUT TO YALE -- ASHER FLEMING'S CLASSROOM

[Rory sits in class listening to the discussion.]

STUDENT: Isn't political writing just another form of propaganda?

ASHER: Absolutely not. Political writing confronts your assumptions.

STUDENT: Propaganda can do that.

[Paris appears in the doorway and waves to get Rory's attention.]

ASHER: No, it cannot. Propaganda merely reinforces what that person wishes to be told.

STUDENT: That means the definition is determined by the audience.

ASHER: That's one way of looking at it, yes.

STUDENT: You can't do that. You can't define literature in terms of the audience.

ASHER: Far be it from me to expect reason and common sense to triumph above youthful omniscience, so for today, we shall stop until next week.

[Most of the students gather their books and start leaving the classroom. A few stop in the front of the room to talk to Asher. Paris comes in.]

PARIS: Rory, hi.

RORY: Stop it.

PARIS: You know, I thought I would do some laundry tonight, and I don't quite have a full load of whites, so if you have some whites, toss them in.

RORY: I don't want to be your beard anymore, Paris. Why don't you just go talk to Asher?

PARIS: I don't take his class. People will get suspicious. [looks at Asher, who is still busy with students] Jeez. What, is he taking confession or something? [Rory turns to leave the room.] You can't go.

RORY: Paris, come on. You know, I'm not gonna be in this class forever, which means next year you're gonna have to find some other idiot to stand here until the coast is clear.

PARIS: That's alright. It's all going to be coming out eventually. Asher asked me to go to Oxford with him this summer.

RORY: Oxford? Really? Oxford? That's -- wow. Oxford.

PARIS: Yep.

RORY: So, this is really getting serious.

PARIS: Well there's now travel involved and as soon as news of the trip gets around, then I guess the secret is out.

RORY: I guess so.

PARIS: [sees Asher leaving] Oh, crap. Pretend you have to see him in his office.

RORY: No!

PARIS: You were confused on the last point he made.

RORY: No.

PARIS: You were gonna ask him after class, but Toby from "American Splendor" wouldn't stop yapping and you couldn't.

RORY: I feel my mouth moving, something's coming out and yet --

PARIS: Walk faster. We'll miss him.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW BOOK

[Luke pulls several audio books off the shelves and puts them under his arm.]

ANDREW: Did you find what you need?

LUKE: Oh, yeah. Fine. [Andrew reaches for the books] What are you doing?

ANDREW: I have to ring them up.

LUKE: I'll just tell you the prices. This one is \$24.99.

ANDREW: That high?

LUKE: They're your prices.

ANDREW: Can I just see the book?

LUKE: I'm reading you the book. It says right here. [looks at the price again] Oh, wait -- that's the Canadian price. \$14.99.

ANDREW: Will you just let me scan the book?

LUKE: When you scan the book, do you see the title?

ANDREW: Yes.

LUKE: Then no.

ANDREW: Luke, come on. What do you got there, porn?

LUKE: You sell porn?

ANDREW: No!

LUKE: You think I brought my own porn in here to buy?

ANDREW: I don't know what you're doing. I just need to scan the books.

LUKE: [hands Andrew some money] This should cover it.

ANDREW: A hundred bucks? That's way too much.

LUKE: Take it. [leaves but comes back to the counter] Bag.

CUT TO LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Luke enters the apartment, locks the door behind him, and gets out a cassette player. He puts one of the tapes he just bought in it.]

MAN ON CASSETTE: Love!

LUKE: Jeez!

MAN ON CASSETTE: You want it? You can have it. And not compromised, stifling, soul-k*lling love, but open, honest, life-affirming love. But how do you get it? How do you get this love?

LUKE: If I knew that, what the hell would I need you for?

MAN ON CASSETTE: It's going to take work. It's going to take introspection. You're gonna have to learn new things -- how to be your own best friend, how to treat your damaged psyche with a little kindness, how to say, "hey, pal, you're worth it. You mean something to someone, and you deserve love." That is the key. If you crave love, then you deserve love. Say that to yourself. If I crave love, I deserve love. [Luke sighs deeply.] Now, how did that feel coming out? I'll bet it was hard. I'll bet you felt ridiculous. Some of you may even have been incapable of saying it at all. Try again.

LUKE: I'm not incapable. I just haven't been hit in the head with the Oprah stick lately.

MAN ON CASSETTE: Trust me, my friend -- it will get easier, until one day, you turn around, and you are not alone. Ready to begin the journey? It's going to be one hell of a ride. Okay, let's go. Open up your workbook to page one.

LUKE: [opens his workbook] It doesn't get lower than this.

CUT TO DRAGONFLY INN

LORELAI: You know Dean, we appreciate you working late all this week.

DEAN: Hey, I appreciate the extra cash. [starts to hang a picture] Oh. Uh...the wire snapped. I can fix it.

SOOKIE: [Gasps] He's like a superhero.

LORELAI: He's like Super Mr. Fix-it man.

SOOKIE: We'll work on a name.

LORELAI: Your tool belt would glow.

DEAN: I can't wait. [leaves to fix the wire]

SOOKIE: Hey, what did you think of the onion soup I made today?

LORELAI: Oh, it was good.

SOOKIE: Good enough for the opening?

LORELAI: No, no, no -- we have to serve your critically acclaimed zucchini soup for the opening.

SOOKIE: I know, but Jackson has some concerns about the zucchini crop, so I want to have a backup.

LORELAI: No, Sookie. We've got to serve the zucchini soup. People are expecting it. The zucchini have got to be there.

SOOKIE: Well then, I'll just tell Jackson he has to have them.

[Sookie and Lorelai turn as they hear Lindsay and Dean arguing in the next room.]

LINDSAY: Dean, come on.

DEAN: Lindsay, I'm working.

LINDSAY: Are you? Well, how shocking.

DEAN: What do you want me to do?

LINDSAY: We're supposed to go out with Erika and David tonight.

DEAN: I can't!

LINDSAY: So why would you say you could?!

DEAN: Lindsay, I told you, if there was a chance for some extra hours --

LINDSAY: Oh, come on!

DEAN: -- that I was gonna take it.

LINDSAY: We never do anything, Dean.

DEAN: We need money! God! You know that, Lindsay!

LINDSAY: You are so incredibly selfish. You never think about me -- never.

DEAN: You want a town house? You want a new car? We need money to pay for these things.

LINDSAY: I sit at home all day waiting for you. You never call during the day, like you always promise you will.

DEAN: God, Lindsay!

LINDSAY: I'm bored, Dean. Don't you care about that? I want to go out with my husband. Hello! We're married here!

DEAN: Well, I'll be done in a couple of hours. If you want to--

LINDSAY: I'm going out with Erika and David.

DEAN: Fine. Go. When will you be home?

LINDSAY: When I get home.

DEAN: That's nice, Lindsay. That's real nice.

LINDSAY: Whatever, Dean.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW STREET

[Luke is in his truck listening to his self-help tapes. He stops the truck but continues listening.]

MAN ON CASSETTE: Complete the following sentence -- I feel angry because...

LUKE: I am listening to this tape.

MAN ON CASSETTE: I feel hopeful because...

LUKE: This tape must end eventually.

MAN ON CASSETTE: I feel helpless because...

LUKE: I wonder if anyone's ever kicked an audiotape's ass. [Liz runs up to the truck and knocks on his window. T.J. is with her.] Jeez. Hold on. [Luke stops the tape and gets out of the truck.] What are you doing here?

LIZ: Look how happy he is to see me.

LUKE: I just didn't expect it, that's all.

LIZ: Oh, my brother. You remember T.J., right?

T.J.: I'm still here.

LUKE: How you doin', T.J.?

T.J.: How am I doing? Huh. Lizzie, I don't know. How am I doing?

LIZ: He's doing great! 'Cause we're getting married.

LUKE: Married? Really?

LIZ: And we're doing it right here next week.

LUKE: Wow, that's fast.

LIZ: I know but we wanted to do it before the circuit got going so all our friends could come. It gonna be so beautiful. Wait till you see.

T.J.: You ever been to a Renaissance wedding?

LUKE: No, I haven't.

T.J.: Oh, it's great -- horses, costumes, really big turkey legs. You're gonna love it.

LUKE: Okay, you gotta slow down here.

LIZ: No way. You slow down and you die.

LUKE: When did this happen?

LIZ: Last week. T.J. asked me, I said yes, we made a few phone calls, and here we are, grabbing life by the ping-pongs, as T.J. says.

T.J.: Hey, there's gonna be a bachelor party, too. My brother's coming down, got a couple of friends dropping in. It's going to be a blast. You have to go.

LUKE: Oh, sure, if you want me to.

T.J.: Want you to? Of course I want you to. What are you talking about? I want you to be my best man also.

LUKE: You're kidding.

T.J.: Of course I am. You'd be like 800th on the list. But you can come to the bachelor party if you want.

LIZ: Are you happy for me? Say you're happy for me.

LUKE: Sure, I'm happy for you. Of course I'll go to your bachelor party.

T.J.: Good. Keeping up appearances that we like each other -- very classy for the wedding.

LUKE: T.J., come on.

T.J.: Okay, I'm going to get some beer. [He walks away. Liz and Luke start walking towards the diner.]

LUKE: Where's he going? He doesn't know where to go.

LIZ: He's got a nose for these things. Oh, wait till you see this wedding. Oh, my God. It's unbelievable. I'm wearing a white dress...

LUKE: That is unbelievable.

LIZ: Oh, stop it. It's about a zillion years old with flowing sleeves. I'm like Vanessa Redgrave in "Camelot." Seriously, I love myself in this dress.

LUKE: Sounds like a good dress.

LIZ: I'm so excited. I'm getting married...again.

LUKE: So, how are you gonna do this so quickly?

LIZ: Well, we're gonna have the ceremony right out there in the square. We've got our Renaissance Fair buds all pitching in. We got the Scotch-egg guy to cater it and T.J.'s gonna write the vows. You won't have to do a thing.

LUKE: Oh, sure.

LIZ: I swear -- everything's taken care of. Carrie's gonna be my maid of honor.

LUKE: Terrific.

LIZ: She's a good friend.

LUKE: To one and all. So, does Jess know?

LIZ: He knows.

LUKE: Did he take it well?

LIZ: Took it like Jess.

LUKE: Meaning?

LIZ: He's not coming.

LUKE: Why not?

LIZ: He's young, he's busy.

LUKE: Busy doing what?

LIZ: I don't know. It's okay. I just thought -- but it's no biggie. I mean, hey, I got you there, right?

LUKE: Yeah, you do.

LIZ: Are you gonna dress up?

LUKE: Absolutely.

LIZ: As a minstrel?

LUKE: Sure. Who's the guy who jumps around in bells and a pointy hat?

LIZ: The court jester.

LUKE: Yes, the court jester. I will come as a court jester.

LIZ: You're a good brother. You got any of that terrible peach pie you make? I'm starving.

CUT TO GILMORE HOUSE

[Lorelai places a pizza on a candy-filled coffee table as Rory walks in the front door.]

RORY: Hello.

LORELAI: Did you bring the Nutter Butters?

RORY: Well, I'm fine, Mother. I missed you, too.

LORELAI: Ah, we have achieved culinary perfection.

RORY: What's with the carrots?

LORELAI: I was afraid you weren't eating right at school.

RORY: Ah.

LORELAI: Marshmallow?

RORY: Thank you. Oh, man, I've missed Al's Chinese night.

LORELAI: Oh, he's got a new thing now -- chicken chow mein sandwich.

RORY: Oh, Al.

LORELAI: Oh, Al.

RORY: So what exactly was Grandma's excuse for canceling Friday night dinner?

LORELAI: That Dad was traveling and she had a function.

RORY: It was that generic?

LORELAI: She put no thought into it, and it was muffled, but at the end of the call, I do believe I heard a knock and someone yelling, "turndown service."

RORY: Living in a hotel.

LORELAI: And hiding it.

RORY: Poor Grandma. We should talk to them.

LORELAI: "We"?

RORY: Well, you. I'm a child.

LORELAI: Talking is not my parents' thing. It would humiliate them if they knew that we knew that they are...whatever they are.

RORY: So, we do nothing?

LORELAI: I guess we wait until one of them cracks.

RORY: Okay. Man, how many tapes are we watching tonight?

LORELAI: Well, every time I started watching something that I thought you would like, I stopped watching it and I saved it for when we could watch it together, so I watched the first 10 minutes of 12 movies.

RORY: So which one are we gonna watch?

LORELAI: Mmm...the absolute funniest movie known to man -- "Fatso."

RORY: I'm loving the title.

LORELAI: Anne Bancroft wrote and directed it.

RORY: Well, Annie Sullivan, look at you go. So how's everything at the inn coming along?

LORELAI: Everyone's freaking out because I got a million things to do, but we finally got the

pictures up, and the beds were delivered today. Oh, I forgot -- a little bit of gossip.

RORY: Oh. What?

LORELAI: No, it's not fun gossip.

RORY: What? What?

LORELAI: Well, Sookie and I overheard Dean and Lindsay having a major fight. It was ugly.

RORY: Really? About what?

LORELAI: Well, she was mad because he was working late to make some extra cash, and she wanted to go out, and it got heated and vicious, and the whole thing ended with a "Whatever, Dean."

RORY: That sounds bad.

LORELAI: It wasn't good.

RORY: Maybe they'll make up.

LORELAI: I hope so.

RORY: Yeah, me too.

THE MOVIE: Fat! Fat! Fat! Fat!

RORY: This is the greatest thing I've ever seen.

LORELAI: Kiss for Mommy.

THE MOVIE: Fat! Fat! Fat! Fat!

CUT TO HALLWAY

[Luke walks up to apartment F and knocks on the door. Jess opens it.]

LUKE: Hey, neighbor, the guys next door just ran out of crack to sell, so they sent me over to borrow a cup. Hey, nice place. You put those holes there yourself?

JESS: What are you doing here?

LUKE: Just wanted to see how you were doing.

JESS: Doing great.

LUKE: Great, you're doing great. Wow, you're doing great. I'm not doing great, and I have running water.

JESS: The place is fine.

LUKE: Fine. Not great? What happened to great?

JESS: All this and no housewarming gift.

LUKE: Okay, okay. I'm sorry. I just thought you were going absolutely nowhere with your life. Glad

I'm wrong. Hey, which filthy mattress is yours?

JESS: Right there.

LUKE: Oh. Well, you got the good corner, with a view of the mold.

JESS: Yeah, I won the toss. Now, if you don't mind, I've got places to be.

LUKE: Let's get down to it. Liz told me you weren't coming to the wedding.

JESS: No way you're here about that.

LUKE: I am here about that.

JESS: Why?

LUKE: Why? Your mother's getting married, and you're not coming.

JESS: No biggie. I'll just catch the next one.

LUKE: Jess, this guy is different.

JESS: Come on.

LUKE: Well he could be different. He seems different.

JESS: Jeez, man.

LUKE: I've seen him with Liz. They seem to work. We need to support this thing to give it a chance.

JESS: No, we don't.

LUKE: You are gonna regret this.

JESS: I doubt it.

LUKE: No, you are. If you ever manage to grow up and get yourself together and drop this selfish self-destructive behavior that you are so fond of, if that ever happens, you are gonna look back on this moment and you are gonna feel like a big steaming mound of crap that you missed this. This could have been a turning point. You could have witnessed something good for your mother who, yes, has screwed up a bit in her life but now seems to have found something to make her happy, and you miss that, you refuse to be a part of that, you are gonna be very sorry. [Beeping] What, are you a drug dealer now?

JESS: I'm a messenger. I gotta go. Hey, Todd, it's 4:00.

LUKE: You owe me. I was there for you when no one else was, and I want you there...and you owe me.

JESS: I gotta go.

LUKE: So do I. I'm going first. [Storms out the door.]

JESS: Hey, Todd. [Follows Luke out.]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Luke is on the phone when Lorelai walks in.]

LUKE: No, Roy, I know what I'm talking about. I'm looking for st*lks of wheat, not processed wheat, st*lks. That's putting it another way. I need bare-ass st*lks. [to customer] Sorry. [to Roy] I know you can't eat it like that. I just need it for decoration. No, I'm not going poofy on you, damn it! [to another customer] Sorry. [to Roy] I just need to know whether you have it or not. No? Okay, whatever. Thanks. [hangs up] Is there no wheat left in this country? What happened to Kansas? Isn't Kansas lousy with wheat?

LORELAI: I do recall Toto running through fields of it. Coffee to go, please.

LUKE: That I can get.

LORELAI: Why do you need wheat?

LUKE: Liz's wedding.

LORELAI: Liz is getting married?

LUKE: She and T.J.

LORELAI: Did I know this?

LUKE: I guess not.

LORELAI: In New York?

LUKE: Here in the square, a Renaissance thing.

LORELAI: Could I be a little more behind?

LUKE: I got sucked in, just like always. First day, their cellphone died, so I let them use the phone. Then I offered to make the call 'cause I happened to know the person they were calling, and I had to go pick something up because I couldn't find T.J. to do it. And kapow, I'm hunting down wheat st*lks and looking for local pewter craftsmen. Do you have any idea where I can find myrtle?

LORELAI: Did you check the bingo parlor?

LUKE: The plant.

LORELAI: Hey, don't add stuff from your to-do list to my to-do list.

LUKE: Sorry. Here's your coffee.

LORELAI: Thank you. So, I can't believe I didn't know about this wedding. I'm caught up on everything now, right?

LUKE: I'd say so.

[Jess walks in and heads for the stairs.]

JESS: I'm not paying for a motel, so I'm staying with you.

LORELAI: Liar!

LUKE: I wasn't sure he was coming. I went to see him in New York.

LORELAI: You went to New York? I needed things picked up in New York.

LUKE: Hey, don't add stuff from your to-do list to my to-do list.

LORELAI: Sorry.

LUKE: It's okay.

LORELAI: I should go. Hey, do you know that if the entire population of China walked by, the line would never end because of the rate of population increase?

LUKE: No, I didn't.

LORELAI: That's my list -- every Chinese person in the world.

LUKE: Scary.

LORELAI: Scary.

CUT TO YALE

[Glenn sits on the back of a couch talking to a girl.]

GLENN: What do you think? Friday night good?

GIRL: I'm busy, Glenn.

GLENN: You're never busy on Friday nights. You always eat dinner early on Fridays and watch TV and go to bed around 10:30.

GIRL: You're spying on me?! [Gets up and walks away.]

GLENN: Close your blinds if you're gonna be so sensitive.

[Rory walks by, her cell phone ringing.]

RORY: Hello? Paris, slow down. Where are you? Stop saying "the hospital." There are tons of hospitals. Which hospital?

CUT TO LUKE'S APARTMENT

JESS: Ah, you're here.

LUKE: I do show up occasionally.

JESS: The place looks the same. Is that your dinner?

LUKE: Couldn't book my usual table at Le Cirque.

JESS: Right. I wasn't sure what food I could eat. [looks in the refrigerator]

LUKE: Eat what you like. Start with the expired stuff.

JESS: Maybe I'll go out.

LUKE: I'm hearing a good buzz about a chow mein sandwich.

[Jess sees Luke's tape player and starts to press play. Luke jumps up to stop him.]

JESS: What's on the playlist these days? I'm guessing Jethro Tull or Jethro Tull.

LUKE: Just stay away from that.

JESS: What's with you?

LUKE: Never mind. Look, eat my food, use my shower. Just don't go poking around my stuff.

JESS: Mr. Sensitive. [goes to the door]

LUKE: Whatever. Enjoy your evening.

JESS: Don't wait up.

[Luke locks the door behind Jess and puts the tape on.]

MAN ON CASSETTE: You're a road in need of some repair. If your score is between 30 and 40 points, then you're a road laden with potholes and you need a double striping. And if your score is 40 or above, it's jackhammer time because your road is impassable.

LUKE: [sarcastically] Yikes.

MAN ON CASSETTE: Chapter 7. Men, a question -- what is fantasy? The answer -- fantasy is the imaginative fulfillment of your heart's desire. And one of the most common fantasies for single men is the fantasy of your ultimate companion.

LUKE: Yada yada yada.

MAN ON CASSETTE: Story time. I had a friend -- let's call him Phillip -- who couldn't make up his mind amongst three different women that he liked. I developed a test for him...and for you.

LUKE: [sarcastically] Oh, goody.

MAN ON CASSETTE: Whose phone calls or visits are never unwanted or too long? Do you see her face? Who would you most like to have in your life to ward off moments of loneliness? Do you see her face? When you travel, who would make your travels more enjoyable? Do you see her face? When you're in pain, who would you most like to comfort you? Do you see her face? When something wonderful happens in your life -- a promotion at work, a successful refinancing -- who do you want to share the news with? Do you see her face? Whose face appears to you, my friend? Whose face?

LUKE: Whoa.

CUT TO HOSPITAL

[Rory enters an elevator with some hospital staff.]

RORY: Excuse me, I'm sorry, but I'm not sure which floor to go to. I've been getting conflicting advice. A friend of mine is here, but she didn't say exactly where, so I'm just wondering -- [trails off as she hears Paris's voice through the elevator doors]

PARIS: Why do I have to say everything twice? Huh? Why? I don't want my time wasted that way. You

don't want your time wasted that way. Lives are dependent on you very people not wasting your time. I came here because of your reputation. Don't make me destroy that reputation.

DOCTOR: Miss, you have to lower your voice.

PARIS: That is Professor Asher Fleming in there, of Yale University. He's an important man, and you're acting like you're about to sell his spleen to UCLA.

DOCTOR: The procedures are the procedures.

PARIS: Oh, really? I thought the procedures were a hat. Hit me with some more lame tautology, Socrates.

DOCTOR: That's enough. Now, calm down, take a seat, and let us continue our work.

PARIS: Oh, you men, always telling us to calm down. Me, Hillary, Martha -- the second we make a squeak, you're pushing us onto the fainting couch.

NURSE: Honey, please.

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: Asher asked for a moistened towel 20 minutes ago, and no one's brought him a moistened towel. This man is an award-winning novelist, a sought-after lecturer. He deserves a moistened towel! Give me a towel! I'll moisten the damn thing myself!

RORY: Paris, come on. Fill me in here.

PARIS: Stat! Stat! Do you not know what "stat" means? They say it on all the hospital shows.

RORY: Come on, Paris. What's happening?

PARIS: It's Asher.

RORY: I know, what's happening?

PARIS: We were out getting some gelato and he dropped his spoon, and when I picked it up, he started to lean on me like he was about to fall, and he was having these pains.

RORY: Oh my God.

PARIS: So we sat down, and he said he was fine, but I got worried because he looked so pale, so I rushed him here to this chop shop masquerading as a hospital, and I can't get anyone to help him.

RORY: This is a really good hospital. They know what they're doing.

PARIS: He wanted a towel.

RORY: They'll get him one.

PARIS: And they wouldn't let me see even him because I'm not a blood relative. He's got two grown kids. Where are they? I mean, you put food on their table, a roof over their heads, and this is how they repay you?

RORY: What's doctor saying? Is it serious?

PARIS: It wasn't a heart attack. It was angina or something. I think he's gonna be fine.

RORY: Good.

PARIS: But...

RORY: But what?

PARIS: The wobbly, the look on his face, the angina...he's old.

RORY: What?

PARIS: Asher. He has pains, he wobbles.

RORY: Yeah?

PARIS: I spotted him through the curtain when the doctor came out, and he was just lying on that bed all alone, and he had his eyes open and was just staring at the ceiling. He looked so close to death.

RORY: He's not that close.

PARIS: He's closer than me.

RORY: An anvil could hit you on the head tomorrow, and he could live another 40 years.

PARIS: I'm 19. I should be rollicking. Asher doesn't rollick.

RORY: Well he probably didn't rollick when he was younger either. He's British.

PARIS: You should have seen the way he was staring at the ceiling, like he was looking at God.

RORY: He wasn't looking at God.

PARIS: You've probably been laughing at me all these months.

RORY: Paris, no, I haven't.

PARIS: I'm in a hospital. I should be at a discotheque. Are kids still into the discotheque?

RORY: Paris, come on. Let's go get you something to drink. Let the hospital do their work.

PARIS: He orders old gelato.

RORY: Old gelato?

PARIS: Vanilla. It's a very old flavor.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai, Sookie and Michel are working on Lorelai's to-do list for the inn.]

LORELAI: Oh, I hate these pillows with a passion.

SOOKIE: They look good.

LORELAI: Good, not great?

SOOKIE: They look great.

LORELAI: Great, not fabulous?

SOOKIE: Fabulous.

LORELAI: Fabulous, not mondo-fabulous?

SOOKIE: Come on.

MICHEL: They look good to me.

LORELAI: Good, not great?

SOOKIE: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Twenty-eight to go.

MICHEL: Does it bother you that the word "laundry" is misspelled?

LORELAI: [Gasps] No! I proofed these pages a million times. That breaks my heart. L-a-u-n-d-r-y. That's right.

MICHEL: No, it's d-r-i-e.

LORELAI: No, laundry -- l-a-u-n-d-r-y.

SOOKIE: There's a "u?" There's no "u."

MICHEL: There's a "u" but no "y."

LORELAI: There's a "y" but no "i-e," and a "u."

SOOKIE: Or a "u."

LORELAI: No, no. There's a "u." There's no "i-e." It's a "y" -- this is giving me a headache.

MICHEL: Does "consommé" have two m's?

LORELAI: Hey, Abbott, just assemble the books.

MICHEL: It's getting late.

LORELAI: How late can you stay, Sookie?

SOOKIE: As late as you want -- Davey's with his grandparents, and Jackson's sleeping with the zucchini tonight.

LORELAI: What's that, farm jargon?

SOOKIE: No, he's sleeping with the zucchini.

LORELAI: But what does that mean, sleeping with the zucchini?

SOOKIE: It means he's sleeping with the zucchini.

LORELAI: Sookie, fill me in here. Where's Jackson?

SOOKIE: Well, he checked the forecast today, and there's a potential cold front coming in from Canada, and he knows how important the zucchini is for opening day menu, so...

LORELAI: Are you saying that "sleeping with the zucchini" means...

SOOKIE: He's sleeping with the zucchini.

MICHEL: She's said it four times. You're very slow tonight.

LORELAI: Oh my God.

SOOKIE: Well, you said to do whatever it takes to make sure we have fresh zucchini.

LORELAI: Within the realm of reason.

SOOKIE: Oh. Now you add that. [Lorelai sighs and stands up.] Where are you going?

LORELAI: To the zucchini patch. [Sookie follows Lorelai.]

MICHEL: All of us or...

LORELAI: Michel!

CUT TO STRIP CLUB

[Luke enters with T.J. and a group of guys.]

T.J.'S BROTHER: Boys, we have arrived.

T.J.: You said it, brother, my brother. [sees Luke with his hand on his stomach] Stomachache?

LUKE: I'm fine.

T.J.: Check out the fresh nooks.

LUKE: Nice and fresh.

T.J.: Not your scene?

LUKE: Not really.

T.J.: Mine neither. This is for the guys. These days, there's nothing I'd rather do in the world than spoon with your sister. [Luke exhales sharply.] Stomach again?

LUKE: That time, yeah.

T.J.: Let's grab seats before they're all taken.

DANCER: Lap dance?

LUKE: Oh, no, thanks. I'm just here for a bachelor party.

DANCER: That's kind of why I'm here, too.

LUKE: Well, thanks for the offer, but, no, thank you. But thank you. It was nice. Thanks. Thank you.

DANCER: Thank you.

T.J.: Luke, come on. You should get a lap dance.

LUKE: I'm fine.

T.J.: Are you gonna stand all night?

LUKE: If I stand, there's no lap to dance on. Everything will be easier.

T.J.: Wow. That's something there.

LUKE: What's is?

T.J.: What you just said about your lap. The fact is, there is no such thing as a lap.

T.J.'S BROTHER: Come on.

T.J.: Think about it -- it's there when you're sitting, but it's gone when you stand, so where does it go? It doesn't go anywhere, meaning...it never was. So a lap is just an illusion.

T.J.'S BROTHER: Whoa. The way his mind works.

LUKE: Oh, it's something else. [Jess comes over to the group.] Where have you been?

JESS: Bathroom. It's best to use it before the puking starts.

LUKE: You left me hanging with the Lords of Flatbush here.

JESS: Sorry. Aren't you gonna sit?

T.J.: He doesn't want to make a lap.

T.J.'s BROTHER: A lap is an illusion.

JESS: What?

LUKE: Don't get him started.

T.J.: Hey, I want to talk to you later.

JESS: I always enjoy a good palaver.

T.J.: Huh?

JESS: We'll talk. [pulls out a book]

CUT TO HOSPITAL

PARIS: Thanks for the drink. I owe you.

RORY: You don't owe me anything.

NURSE: You can go in now.

PARIS: Thank you. Well, I think I'm going to go talk to him.

RORY: Okay.

PARIS: And have the talk -- a real talk.

RORY: Oh. Now?

PARIS: This can't go on. It's too weird. Tonight's been sort of an eye-opener.

RORY: Well, it's up to you.

PARIS: We're supposed to leave for England in two weeks. I shouldn't string him along.

RORY: Right. Now is good, and to do it is good...for a number of reasons.

PARIS: What reasons?

RORY: I just meant all the reasons that you already know.

PARIS: Wait for me -- take me home?

RORY: Yeah. I'll be right out here.

[Paris goes into Asher's room.]

PARIS: Asher?

ASHER: Paris? Come, come. You needn't have stayed.

PARIS: Oh, no. I mean, I had the keys.

ASHER: Then it was very convenient that you did stay.

PARIS: Did you ever get your towel?

ASHER: Five of them. And I'm very grateful. Thank you, angel. [notices Paris looking uncomfortable]
Yes?

PARIS: Are you feeling better?

ASHER: Oh, I'm feeling much better.

PARIS: Good, good. I'm glad. I mean, you read all these awful stories in the paper -- you know, a guy comes in with a stomachache, and they amputate his foot.

ASHER: Paris...come sit down. You know, a hospital seems a wonderful place to discuss something serious, doesn't it?

PARIS: I guess.

ASHER: I want you to know that I'm grateful for every moment that we've spent together this past year. You're wonderful company. [Sighs] I don't think I've said that enough.

PARIS: No. You have.

ASHER: You know, I've had other relationships like this. You may have heard talk.

PARIS: Oh, I rarely listen to anything anybody says.

ASHER: I didn't want you to think that I was hiding anything. I want to be honest with you.

PARIS: Thank you.

ASHER: There's something very unique about you, Paris -- quite out of the ordinary.

PARIS: A lot of people have said I'm not ordinary.

ASHER: You know, I'm going to be very busy at Oxford. I've been writing down all the places that I wanted to take you, things you should see, but I'm afraid there's not enough time.

PARIS: Oh.

ASHER: So, I was thinking of going alone. Oh, I'd like you to go, but I don't want you to be bored.

PARIS: You've been writing down places?

ASHER: I'd forgotten how many there were. So, if you want to reassess, I will completely understand.

PARIS: Do you...want to reassess?

ASHER: No. I don't want to go alone, and I don't want to go with anyone else. But, then, I'm selfish. I get to be. After all, I'm...old.

PARIS: You're not so old.

[Rory reads a magazine in the waiting area. A woman about her age walks up to the nurse.]

ANDREA: Hi. I'm looking for Asher Fleming.

NURSE: He's getting dressed. He should be out in a minute.

ANDREA: Thank you. [sits next to Rory]

RORY: He'll be all yours in a minute, girlfriend.

[Paris and Asher come out of his room.]

ASHER: Miss Gilmore.

RORY: Hello, Professor.

RORY: You ready?

PARIS: That's okay. I'm going to go with Asher. We're going to do some more planning for England.

RORY: England? But I thought --

ASHER: Andrea, what brought you here?

ANDREA: Mom called.

ASHER: Paris, Rory, this is my granddaughter, Andrea.

PARIS: Hi.

ANDREA: Hi.

RORY: Hey, there. Wow. It's really nice to meet you. I'm gonna be going home now because there's no rest for the wicked. So I'll see you at home.

PARIS: See you there.

RORY: I'll just see you in class there, Asher -- uh, Professor. It's really nice meeting you. Bye.

CUT TO STRIP CLUB

T.J.'S BROTHER: I love mud, I love wrestling, I love girls. This is everything I love.

T.J.: In one neat package. [looks over at Jess, who is reading] Here's our boy. You having a good time?

JESS: Oh, I'm having a gay old time.

T.J.: You know, you read so much, I'm thinking of nicknaming you "Reads."

JESS: Good one.

T.J.: Tough guy, huh?

JESS: What?

T.J.: Listen, your mom has this thought she hasn't shared with you because she's afraid you wouldn't be into it.

JESS: Oh yeah?

T.J.: She'd like you to walk her down the aisle. Usually it's the father that would do that, but he's worm food.

JESS: I knew that.

T.J.: So, what do you say?

JESS: I don't think so.

T.J.: She really wants you to.

JESS: I really don't want to.

T.J.: I'd like it, too.

JESS: Oh, you too?

T.J.: Yeah.

JESS: I don't think so.

T.J.: It's a really short aisle. It'll be over in a flash.

JESS: Get Luke to do it.

T.J.: She wants you to do it.

JESS: I guess we're at a stalemate.

T.J.: I don't think we're at a stalemate.

JESS: There's girls wallowing around in slimy dirt, and you're looking at me?

T.J.: I don't want to tell your mom no.

JESS: Then I'll tell her.

T.J.: I don't want you telling her either.

JESS: Want to pitch in for a telegram?

[T.J. flips Jess' book away. Jess shoves T.J. and the bachelor party breaks out into a brawl.]

LUKE: Hey! Hey! Hey! Knock it off! Knock it off! Come on, knock it off!

BOUNCER: That's it. This whole group out.

T.J.: Best bachelor party ever!

CUT TO ZUCCHINI PATCH

MICHEL: Oh, my God. I hate nature.

LORELAI: Ow! Jackson!

JACKSON: What are you doing here?

LORELAI: What are you doing here?

JACKSON: I'm sleeping with the zucchini. Didn't you tell her that I was sleeping with the zucchini?

SOOKIE: She had a little trouble grasping that concept.

LORELAI: I do not want you to sleep with the zucchini.

JACKSON: You said it was important.

LORELAI: They are.

JACKSON: And to keep them safe, no matter what it takes. And there's a possibility of a cold front.

SOOKIE: I told her about the cold front.

LORELAI: That's why you have heaters.

JACKSON: But the heaters could fail, so I'm here to service them.

LORELAI: So technically, you're sleeping with the heaters?

JACKSON: I guess so.

LORELAI: But I don't want you to do that either.

MICHEL: It's cold.

LORELAI: Sit down here. It's warm down here. Jackson, I love you. I love that you're doing this, but I also feel like I should call the guys with butterfly nets to come get you...and me and all of us.

JACKSON: Well...

LORELAI: I'm so sorry, guys.

SOOKIE: For what?

LORELAI: For freaking out about dumb things like zucchini and not realizing that people would respond in very loving and nutty ways. This is not the way to do this. We're too stressed out. We're not having fun. This whole inn experience is flying by. Tonight it stops.

SOOKIE: Sounds good to me.

MICHEL: It is nice and warm here.

LORELAI: Here's what we do. We each have to drop something off our list -- something big -- and the others get to pick for the person, and the person cannot refuse a reasonable request to drop something.

SOOKIE: Like a game.

LORELAI: And we all win.

SOOKIE: You're dropping the pillows.

LORELAI: Okay, the pillows are history.

SOOKIE: Good.

LORELAI: Okay, you are dropping two desserts off the menu. A selection of six is all people need.

JACKSON: I'll second that.

SOOKIE: I can live with that.

LORELAI: And Michel, you're no longer asking for 10 references from every person we're hiring.

MICHEL: But they are all such imbeciles. How else will we know?

LORELAI: We're capping it at three.

MICHEL: Five.

LORELAI: Four.

MICHEL: I guess four's okay. It really is comfortable here.

LORELAI: I'm actually relieved about the pillows. [Jackson lays his head in Sookie's lap.]

SOOKIE: You'll do them later.

JACKSON: Are you guys seeing these stars? [They all look up, then lie back.]

LORELAI: Oh, wow, beautiful.

SOOKIE: I haven't looked at the stars in ages.

LORELAI: That's another rule. We all have to look at the stars more often.

SOOKIE: Done.

MICHEL: I'm very comfortable.

LORELAI: Me too.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Luke and Jess walk in the door.]

LUKE: Hmm. Tonight I got into a fight at a strip club with my nephew. A fight. I haven't been in a fight since sixth grade. Vince Williams called me a doodyhead. I took it very personally. But you know what? Tonight was good. Tonight something happened to me. I achieved this great sense of calm. No more anger, no more frustration. Live and let live. You are who you are. I cannot change that, and I'm gonna stop trying. I wish I'd felt this earlier. Then I wouldn't have dragged you down here. I apologize for that. But, I mean, if you really hate your mother that much, then you shouldn't be here, you shouldn't walk her down the aisle, and you shouldn't go to her wedding.

JESS: I don't hate my mother.

LUKE: You don't? Well, then, I don't get it. Why weren't you coming -- because of me? You hate me that much?

JESS: I don't hate you. [Sighs] I came here because of you.

LUKE: Stop that.

JESS: You said it was important to you. Remember?

LUKE: I didn't think you were listening.

JESS: I was listening.

LUKE: So, you don't hate your mom, you don't hate me, so...why weren't you coming? [Sighs] No. Rory still? That's ancient history. You haven't seen her in a year.

JESS: I saw her when I was here a few months ago.

LUKE: I didn't know that. So, what happened?

JESS: Nothing. I told her, uh...

LUKE: What?

JESS: I told her I loved her.

LUKE: Wow! What did she say?

JESS: Nothing.

LUKE: What, you just said it and walked away?

JESS: No. I got in my car and left.

LUKE: You just dropped the b*mb and ran?

JESS: I drove.

LUKE: You didn't want stick around to see what she said?

JESS: No. And obviously, she had nothing to say.

LUKE: How do you know?

JESS: She could have contacted me anytime in the last three months, but she didn't.

LUKE: What are you talking about? You change your phone number weekly.

JESS: [Scoffs] The ball was in her court.

LUKE: Oh, Jess, come on. You did this completely wrong. Open two-way communication is the foundation of love, and you cut that off. I had this friend -- let's call him Phillip -- who thought expressing intimacy was a favor to his partner, but expressions of intimacy should be given freely and frequently. He loved Judy, but he used his love as a bargaining tool.

JESS: Who the hell is Judy?

LUKE: Phillip's wife. We call her Judy.

JESS: I wasn't bargaining.

LUKE: You were bargaining. You had expectations out of line with what you deserved. You don't nurture.

JESS: Where are you getting this junk?

LUKE: Life. I've lived.

JESS: What, in a Bette Midler movie?

LUKE: I'm just trying to help you out.

JESS: Oh, please. You are the most dysfunctional person I know.

LUKE: Not anymore.

JESS: Your marriage to Nicole -- nothing but weird.

LUKE: I'm better now.

JESS: Yeah, right. Right. Oh, man. We're just a couple of losers.

LUKE: Well, things change, my friend.

JESS: Oh, yeah?

LUKE: Stay tuned. [starts to go upstairs] You really told her you loved her? Huh.

CUT TO ZUCCHINI PATCH - MORNING

LORELAI: Sook, Sook.

SOOKIE: Where are we?

LORELAI: Michel, wake up.

SOOKIE: Hon, wake up.

JACKSON: What happened?

LORELAI: We slept with the zucchini.

MICHEL: We slept with the zucchini?

LORELAI: We slept with the zucchini.

SOOKIE: I slept good. I mean, really good.

MICHEL: Me too.

LORELAI: That's the best night's sleep I've had in weeks.

MICHEL: My back isn't hurting. It's perfect now.

SOOKIE: It's like a magic zucchini patch.

LORELAI: How are the zucchini?

JACKSON: They can't wait to be soup.

[Lorelai goes around to the front of Sookie's house, where Luke has just pulled into the driveway.]

LORELAI: Luke, hi.

LUKE: Hey. Where are you coming from?

LORELAI: Oh, you know, the zucchini patch.

LUKE: Huh?

LORELAI: It's a long story. No, it's short. I slept in the zucchini patch.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: So, what are you doing here?

LUKE: Well, I wanted to talk to you.

LORELAI: Okay.

LUKE: I got that wedding coming up, Liz's wedding.

LORELAI: I know.

LUKE: I know you're busy with your to-do list and all, but I think you could use a little break.

LORELAI: Oh, I could use a little break.

LUKE: Take a break with me. Come to the wedding.

LORELAI: Really?

LUKE: It should be fun. There'll be turkey legs.

LORELAI: Oh, well, sure.

LUKE: Yes?

LORELAI: Yes.

LUKE: Good. Yes, good.

LORELAI: All right, then.

LUKE: I'll meet you at your house. We'll walk over together, okay?

LORELAI: Great.

LUKE: Okay. Good. I'll see you then.

LORELAI: Or before then.

LUKE: Either way is good.

LORELAI: Yeah, me too.

LUKE: Oh, and you don't have to wear a fruity outfit.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm gonna be a little fruity.

LUKE: That's good, too.

CUT TO LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Jess is watching TV. Luke walks in smiling.]

JESS: What is it with you?

LUKE: [picks up his tape player and workbooks and gives them to Jess] Here. I'm done with them. Enjoy.

THE END

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