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## 03x17 - A Tale Of Poes And Fire

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### 03x17 - A Tale Of Poes And Fire

by **destinyros2005**

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3.17 - A Tale of Poes and Fire

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OPEN IN LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting at a table with papers and books spread out in front of them.]

LORELAI: Okay, let's see. Looks like Harvard definitely has the smallest class sizes.

RORY: Okay, we've got our first entry here. It's a pro for Harvard.

LORELAI: Oh, whoa, whoa, those are not the final official pro/con lists.

RORY: Why? What's wrong with them?

LORELAI: Well, the lines are crooked, the printing's all sloppy. Harvard, Princeton and Yale cannot see them looking like that.

RORY: They're not going to see our pro/con lists.

LORELAI: What if they subpoena them?

RORY: Then I'll roll them up in a ball and eat them.

LORELAI: Oh, a big pro for Yale □ they have 1100 members of the maintenance staff. Clean, clean, clean.

RORY: All three of these places probably have the same number.

LORELAI: But Yale must be crowing about it for some reason. Princeton might only have two.

RORY: Two?

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: You think there're a total of two guys cleaning all of Princeton?

LORELAI: Write "Princeton's stinking filthy" in big letters.

RORY: Yeah, I'm pretending to write it as we speak.

[Kirk walks over carrying a box of T-shirts]

KIRK: Good morning, ladies. May I interest you in a shirt?

LORELAI: Oh, Kirk. You're not selling your laundry again, are ya?

KIRK: No, these are part of my latest money-making endeavor. I'm going to print daily T-shirts featuring a humorous topical headline of something I witness around town.

RORY: Neat.

KIRK: I got the idea when I read about something a man was doing in Portland.

LORELAI: What was he doing?

KIRK: He was printing daily T-shirts featuring a humorous topical headline of something he witnessed around town.

RORY: Is that today's?

KIRK: Sure is. [he holds up a shirt]

RORY: [reads] "Babette ate oatmeal." Huh.

LORELAI: Yeah.

KIRK: I'm keeping it real.

RORY: It's good.

LORELAI: It paints a picture.

RORY: I can just see her. . . eating oatmeal.

[Luke walks up to the table]

KIRK: They're \$14.95. How many can I put you down for?

LUKE: No solicitors, Kirk.

KIRK: How about if I cut you in for a piece of the action?

LUKE: How about I toss the shirts out the door first so you can have something to land on?

KIRK: Got it. [walks away]

LUKE: What's with the lists?

LORELAI: You ready? My Rory, our Rory, Stars Hollow's Rory. . . got into Harvard, Princeton, and Yale.

LUKE: Wow, wow, wow, I can't believe it. I ▯ I feel like I. . .

RORY: Yeah.

[Luke awkwardly hugs Rory's head]

RORY: Oh.

LORELAI: Oh.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Wow.

[Luke pulls back]

LUKE: Oh, I'm not good at hugging.

RORY: Oh, I thought it worked.

LUKE: Thanks. Man, this is big, right?

RORY: Very big.

LUKE: But what's with all the pro/con lists?

LORELAI: That's how we make our important decisions, you know that.

LUKE: But you know what it's gonna be, Harvard.

RORY: Probably.

LORELAI: But not necessarily.

LUKE: But Harvard's all you've talked about for years.

LORELAI: Well, who knew she'd be wanted by everyone?

LUKE: Hey, which school best teaches how to make an important life decision without doing a stupid pro/con list? Whichever one it is, add it to the pro column.

LORELAI: Do not mock the sciencificity of our selection process.

RORY: I've gotta head to school.

LORELAI: Hey, why go anymore? You're in college. Let's go truffle hunting or something.

RORY: Maybe after I graduate.

LORELAI: All right, but if all the good truffles are gone, don't say I didn't warn you.

RORY: Bye. [leaves]

LUKE: I can't believe how great that is, all three.

LORELAI: Well, they have good taste.

LUKE: Well. . .you know, uh, Jess also. . .well, it's so tiny compared to this, it's gonna sound dumb.

LORELAI: What? Tell me.

LUKE: Well, you know how Jess works at Wal-Mart.

LORELAI: Yes, I do.

LUKE: Well, it seems he was actually chosen Employee of the Month.

LORELAI: Really?

LUKE: I knew it would sound tiny.

LORELAI: No, Luke, that's not tiny. That's really good.

LUKE: Yeah. I mean, there's probably hundreds of people working at that branch, and they singled him out.

LORELAI: Yeah, it shows he can work hard and get along with people and all that. You should be proud. Did you tell him you're proud?

LUKE: Well, he didn't even tell me about it. I got a letter addressed to the family of Jess Mariano inviting me down to some little ceremony they're having.

LORELAI: Are you going?

LUKE: Oh, he'd hate it if I was there. You know, seeing him participating in some corporate ceremony like that, being called upstanding and responsible, it would k\*ll him. Yeah, I'm going.

LORELAI: Good boy.

[Luke sees that Kirk is trying to sell his shirts at another table. Kirk quickly pushes the shirts off the table into a box]

[opening credits]

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

[Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Hey Sookie, Sookie. . .where's Sookie?

SOOKIE: Down here.

LORELAI: Down where? Marco?

SOOKIE: Polo.

[Lorelai finds Sookie kneeling on the floor next to a cat]

LORELAI: Why are you down there?

SOOKIE: Papaya won't eat, so I'm pretending to eat out of her bowl so she'll copy me.

LORELAI: Sookie, you named the cat?

SOOKIE: She looks like a Papaya, doesn't she?

LORELAI: But it's a stray. You'll get close to it and it'll wander off and you'll be sad.

SOOKIE: I'm keeping my distance. Come on, Papaya. Lap, lap, lap.

LORELAI: All right, we're getting you up here. Come on.

[Lorelai helps Sookie stand up]

SOOKIE: Oh boy, being a cat is hard on the knees.

LORELAI: Since when are you a cat person?

SOOKIE: Well, ever since I got pregnant, I've become very nurturing toward all living things. Jackson, too.

LORELAI: Well, both your bodies are changing.

SOOKIE: Yesterday.. .ugh, it was awful. Jackson moved a table and just kind of nicked this spider. He didn't see the little thing, and just clipped one of its legs. And it was having trouble walking and we were so upset, but Jackson made a new leg for it out of a paper clip, but jamming the clip into the spider k\*llled it instantly. Little Satchmo.

LORELAI: You named the spider Satchmo?

SOOKIE: After Jackson's uncle.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm sure he'll be very touched.

SOOKIE: Maybe if I wore ears!

LORELAI: What?

[Sookie holds two napkins up behind her head to look like cat ears, then kneels back down on the floor]

SOOKIE: Papaya! Look at Mommy, look at Mommy, look at Mommy.

[Lorelai walks into the lobby]

LORELAI: Oh, is this everyone from the Edgar Allen Poe Society?

MICHEL: If you mean the I-should-be-sterilized-so-that-my-disturbing-idiosyncrasies-aren't-passed-onto-the-next-generation society, then yes, that's them.

LORELAI: [to guests checking in] Hi, welcome to the Independence Inn.

MR. HATLESTAD: Thank you. We're Jim and Milly Hatlestad.

LORELAI: Okay, I've got you right here. Well, once again, welcome, and let me assure you there are no human body parts buried in the floor of your room to keep you awake tonight. Sound good?

MR. HATLESTAD: I guess.

LORELAI: Room 8.

[The Hatlestads walk away]

LORELAI: The Tell-Tale Heart. That's a Poe story. Did they not get that?

MICHEL: The Hatlestadts are not with the Poe Society.

LORELAI: Why didn't you tell me that?

MICHEL: If I had thought to, I still would not have.

FRED: Hi, my name is Larson, I'm checking in.

LORELAI: Poe Society, right?

FRED: That's me.

LORELAI: Good. Well, welcome to the Independence Inn. There will be a complimentary cask of amontillado on the table in your room, and if you're expecting your friends Doctor Tarr and Professor Fether, I'll send up another one. [pause] You said you were with the Poe Society.

FRED: Yeah, but it's just a hobby. We're not Trekkies.

LORELAI: No, no, I didn't mean to imply. . . I mean, you're not freaks, no way. Here, room six.

FRED: Thank you. [walks away]

MICHEL: You might want to stop trying to cute things up.

LORELAI: I hear that.

MICHEL: [to guest] Hello sir.

CUT TO WAL-MART BREAK ROOM

[The manager walks to the front of the room. Luke walks in and sits down in back.]

MANAGER: Hello everybody. Hope you're having a good day today. You folks know we do this every month, just a little get together to honor our new Employee of the Month. Nothing fancy, just a quick 'thanks' and a 'way to go.' Oh, and there's two hundred bucks in it. I think that's how we got our honoree to even show up to this thing. You know him as a trooper, our Mr. Reliable. The first time this young man sat down on that forklift, well, it was like an extension of himself. And yeah, he's not one for small talk, but this boy's production is out of sight. It's Jess Mariano everybody.

[The other employees applaud as Jess walks up to accept a plaque]

MANAGER: Would you like to say anything Jess?

JESS: Nope.

MANAGER: Well, that's our Jess. Give him another hand folks, and, uh, have a good one.

[Jess walks to the back of the room and sees Luke]

JESS: What are you doing here?

LUKE: [pinches Jess' cheek] I'm so proud of my boy.

JESS: Stop it.

LUKE: Do you have a tissue because I think I'm gonna be emotional.

JESS: I mean it, stop, now. It came with cash, it's the only reason I'm here.

LUKE: Don't forget the plaque. You should hang that over your bed, shine a little spotlight over it.

JESS: I gotta get back to work.

LUKE: Yeah, the forklift's going □where's the extension of me?'

[Jess leaves. The manager walks over to Luke]

MANAGER: Hey. Saw you jawboning with our boy there. I'm Bill Borden.

LUKE: Luke Danes, I'm Jess' uncle.

MANAGER: Nice meeting you.

LUKE: Yeah, so he's doing good, huh?

MANAGER: Wish I had a dozen more Jesses. He's my go-to guy.

LUKE: That's great to hear.

MANAGER: Works like a dog on his regular shift, and if someone calls in sick □ and they always do □ Jess is there even if he's already done forty hours that week.

LUKE: Wow, I am so . . .forty hours? He never works forty hours.

MANAGER: More like forty-five, that's what I'm saying. Good boy, that one.

LUKE: Wait, how is that possible? He's got school, he works for me, it can't be forty.

MANAGER: Well, I can't say I sign every time card, but I'm pretty sure it's at least that. Uh, maybe I'm mistaken.

LUKE: Yeah, maybe.

MANAGER: Oh, thought you might like this. A little keepsake for ya. [hands him an Employee of the Month sign with Jess' picture on it]

LUKE: Great, thanks.

CUT TO MISS PATTY'S DANCE STUDIO

[A man dressed as Poe is reciting The Raven at the front of the room.]

POE 1: Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling, by the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore, "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven."

LORELAI: [quietly to Rory] That Poe was downright funalicious.

RORY: He was a troubled man. He enjoyed a little bit too much of the hmm-hmm. [makes a drinking gesture]

LORELAI: Mime?

RORY: You know what I meant.

LORELAI: Oh, mime. That reminds me □ Yale, best drama school bar none. Put that in the pro column.

RORY: I'm not taking drama.

LORELAI: No, but it means you'll have the best on-campus productions. You'll get to see the next Meryl Streep all goofy and eighteen and doing crap like, "Hey, name an occupation!" "Plumber!" "Name a farm tool now!" "Tractor!" "Hey, I'm a tractor doing. . .plumbing."

RORY: That's what the do at the Yale drama school?

LORELAI: So I've heard. Oh, that's weird.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Over there. [points to another man dressed like Poe seated in the audience]

RORY: A second Poe?

LORELAI: It's like a Poe story in itself.

RORY: The Case of the Two Poes.

LORELAI: The Messrs Poe and Poe.

RORY: Oh, that's good.

LORELAI: Oh, hey, there's Dean. Hey, is that, uh. . .

RORY: That's Lindsay.

LORELAI: Hm.

[Dean sees them and waves. Lindsay glances at Rory]

LORELAI: Oh, I think she's ready to go to the ghetto on you.

RORY: Well, I don't have a problem with her. She's really nice. And, you know, once she □

LORELAI: Bought you a magnet shaped like Mark Twain's head? Yes, I've heard the anecdote.

RORY: Sorry.

LORELAI: I think she should just mellow. I mean, you've both moved on. What's the problem?

POE 1: But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only that one word. . .

LORELAI: I don't remember The Raven being this long.

RORY: It could've used some editing.

LORELAI: Oh, hey, did you put drama school on the Yale pro list?



RORY: Nope.

LORELAI: Come on, do it, we'll forget.

RORY: I don't have a pen.

LORELAI: Aw, jeez. [leans toward Luke and Nicole sitting across the aisle] Hey, psst. Hi, Nicole.

NICOLE: Hi, Lorelai.

LUKE: Hey, how long is this thing?

LORELAI: He's got at least five nevermores to go.

LUKE: Ah, jeez.

LORELAI: Do you got a pen?

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: Come on, cough it up.

LUKE: I don't have a pen.

LORELAI: You've got a restaurant. Where's the pen you take orders with?

LUKE: I wasn't anticipating taking orders at the Poe reading.

LORELAI: Hm, there goes your Boy Scout badge.

RORY: Uh, Mom.

[Poe 1 gives her a look, then continues]

POE 1: Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy. . .

LORELAI: Busted by a Poe.

RORY: Hope he doesn't put a curse on us.

LORELAI: Or complain when he goes back to being Fred Larson, Tampa dentist.

NICOLE: Hey, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hm? [sees Nicole holding out a pen] Oh, you're an angel, thanks.

NICOLE: I'll need it back.

LORELAI: Yeah, sure.

RORY: Hm, looks like Nicole's got a little Lindsay attitude going.

LORELAI: Not really. Really?

MISS PATTY: Hey, how many nevermores do you think he's got to go?

LORELAI: We're guessing four.

MISS PATTY: Poor Edgar Allen Poe, he suffered so much. And now we gotta suffer along with him.

RORY: Yale drama, got it.

MISS PATTY: Rory, why do you waste your time on those pro/con lists? It's going to be Harvard, we all know it.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: If the list says it is.

RORY: Right.

MISS PATTY: When you were six and took my cheerleading class, you wouldn't even cheer for any other school than Harvard.

RORY: That's true. That is true.

LORELAI: Well, then the list will reflect it.

POE 1: And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor shall be lifted. .  
.nevermore.

[the audience claps]

LORELAI: Excellent. Bravo, bravo.

RORY: Very nice.

WOMAN: That was wonderful, wasn't it? Thank you very much for that rendition.

POE 1: Thank you.

[he goes to sit down and the second Poe walks to the front]

LORELAI: What's with the Poes?

RORY: They look upset.

MISS PATTY: Wanna hear the scoop?

RORY: Please.

MISS PATTY: I was here when they both arrived. They got their signals crossed. They were supposed to perform different things, but they both came to do The Raven.

LORELAI: If the Poes start fighting, does that punch a hole in the space/time continuum?

RORY: And throw us into a universe where everything is the exact opposite of what it is here?

LORELAI: Cool. There'll be funny sitcoms there.

WOMAN: Ladies and gentlemen, we have a special treat for you. It'll allow you to compare and contrast interpretations of Poe's most famous work.

RORY: Oh no.

LORELAI: Compare and contrast?

RORY: That can only mean. . .

WOMAN: Please enjoy this second recitation of The Raven.

LORELAI: Do we bolt?

RORY: Do we dare?

LORELAI: At least if I'd brought a flask, we could've played the nevermore drinking game.

RORY: Oh, maybe this is what drove Poe to the bottle.

LORELAI: His own work.

POE 2: Once upon a midnight dreary while I pondered weak and weary, over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore, while I nodded, nearly napping. . .

[Lorelai and Nicole share a look; Rory and Lindsay share a look]

LORELAI: Weird vibe in here. Very Poe.

RORY: Very Poe.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai and Rory walk out of the dance studio]

RORY: Well, that was pretty good.

LORELAI: Oh, come on. You can't do that thing where you complain, then when you walk out you reassess based on the relief you're feeling that it's over.

RORY: Well, I was able to compare and contrast between readings.

LORELAI: I was able to nap for twenty minutes.

[The first Poe walks over to them]

POE 1: Good evening, ladies.

LORELAI: Oh, hi Poe.

RORY: Good job in there.

POE 1: I thank you. Young miss, do correct me, but I heard tell that you are considering attending Harvard University.

RORY: I am.

POE 1: I myself attended West Point.

LORELAI: Wow.

POE 1: I'm embarrassed to say that I was court-martialed in 1832 and forced to leave.

[The second Poe walks over]

POE 2: Excuse me, but I was expelled from West Point in 1831, not 1832.

LORELAI: Oh.

POE 1: No, I do believe it was 1832. It was an election year.

POE 2: It was not an election year. President Jackson was to serve five more years

POE 1: I'm sure it was '32. I'm sad to say it was the same year my older brother William passed away.

POE 2: Okay, that's not right either, Fred.

POE 1: Fred? I don't know this Fred you speak of.

POE 2: Oh, knock it off. I'm tired. [walks away]

POE 1: Will you excuse me?

LORELAI: Yeah. [he walks away] Poes are very testy people.

RORY: Mmhmm.

[Kirk is sitting at a table with stacks of T-shirts]

KIRK: I've got your latest topical T-shirts here, people. Brand new topical T-shirts for sale.

RORY: What's this one say?

[Kirk holds one up]

LORELAI: [reads] "Faux Poes foes."

RORY: Very clever, Kirk.

KIRK: It was an inspiration. But they're not selling much better than the "Babette ate oatmeal" shirts.

LORELAI: Keep the dream, Kirk.

[Dean and Lindsay walk out of the dance studio]

DEAN: Hey guys.

RORY: Oh, hi. Mom, this is Lindsay.

LINDSAY: Hi.

LORELAI: Hi. The Mark Twain magnet-head girl!

LINDSAY: The what?

LORELAI: You don't know the anecdote? You're the star.

LINDSAY: The anecdote?

RORY: It's nothing, really. Um, it's the field trip we took to Mark Twain's house in the fourth grade, and I wanted this magnet and you lent me the money and I got the magnet.

LORELAI: She usually tells it better.

LINDSAY: I kinda remember.

DEAN: So, uh, congratulations on Harvard.

RORY: Oh, yeah, thanks.

DEAN: I got into Southern Connecticut State.

RORY: Oh, that's great.

LORELAI: It is. That's great, Dean.

RORY: You're. . .you're. . . wow.

DEAN: Yeah, thanks.

LINDSAY: I've gotta get home.

DEAN: And I gotta take her, so I'll see you guys.

LORELAI: See ya.

RORY: Bye.

[Dean and Lindsay walk away]

LORELAI: So you say she was nice?

RORY: Was, I guess, being the operative word. So are we going?

LORELAI: No, you go on ahead, I'll catch up.

RORY: Okay. Try and make it home in time for Charlie Rose. Billy Joel's on, and he might cry or something.

LORELAI: Okay.

[Rory leaves. Luke walks over to Lorelai]

LORELAI: So, how was Jess' Employee of the Month thing?

LUKE: Oh, it was okay.

LORELAI: Just okay?

LUKE: There was punch.

LORELAI: So the punch wasn't good?

LUKE: No, it was just. . .the manager came up afterwards when Jess was gone and he was talking about how Jess is working forty, forty-five hours a week.

LORELAI: What? That's full time.

LUKE: That's what I said.

LORELAI: How does he swing it?

LUKE: He must be pulling double shifts on the weekends. It's all I can think of.

LORELAI: No, he's pretty much duding it with Rory on the weekends.

LUKE: Well, then he must be getting up super early on weekday mornings and going in.

LORELAI: Have you ever seen him do that?

LUKE: No, but I don't trail him either.

LORELAI: Yeah, but you sleep in the same room with him.

LUKE: Oh, the manager must be getting Jess confused with somebody else.

LORELAI: Or. . .

LUKE: Or what?

LORELAI: I don't wanna say, forget it.

LUKE: No, say it, go ahead.

LORELAI: Or he's working when he should be in school.

LUKE: Impossible, no way.

LORELAI: Why?

LUKE: Because he knows the rules □ he's gotta graduate to stay living with me. He's going, he's getting everything done, he's doing his work.

LORELAI: You've seen this work he's doing?

LUKE: Not for awhile, but I just know that he is. No, no way he's cutting school, it's suicide, no way.

LORELAI: I shouldn't have brought it up

LUKE: Ah, that's okay.

LORELAI: Okay.

LUKE: Goodnight.

[Kirk walks up to the second Poe]

KIRK: Say, how can I have a career as a Poe?

POE 2: It's not a career, this is just an event that we do. I write technical manuals for a living.

KIRK: Yes, but how can I have a career as a Poe?

CUT TO LORELAI'S BEDROOM

[Lorelai is sleeping when Rory walks in with the cordless phone]

RORY: Mom. Mom, wake up.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Mom, it's Tobin at the inn, something's wrong.

LORELAI: What's wrong?

RORY: The fire alarm's going off.

LORELAI: That stupid alarm. It's always doing that. Tell him if he doesn't smell smoke, to reset it, and tell him he's fired and I'm gonna kick his ass around the lobby for waking me up.

RORY: He sounds freaked.

LORELAI: Ugh. [takes phone] Tobin, what?. . .Oh my God. . .Okay. [hangs up] Get dressed.

RORY: What is it?

LORELAI: Get dressed, get dressed.

CUT TO FRONT OF THE INDEPENDENCE INN

[The inn staff and guests are all gathered out front as the fire department puts out the fire.]

CHIEF BAKER: [into a walkie talkie] We've got the first engine laddering the roof, first engine. Yeah, and we need PD for traffic control.

[Lorelai and Rory rush up to the crowd]

SOOKIE: Ah, Lorelai, thank God.

LORELAI: Hey, what's going on?

SOOKIE: This is Lorelai Gilmore.

LORELAI: What's going on?

CHIEF BAKER: In a minute, ma'am.

RORY: Yeah, Mom, let him do his thing.

LORELAI: You're right. Sookie, Michel, um, is everyone out?

MICHEL: Yes.

LORELAI: Are you sure?

MICHEL: Yes.

SOOKIE: Yes. We're sure, the fire department's sure, we did a head count.

LORELAI: We need to double check, triple check. Julio! He doesn't start 'til six but sometimes he comes here early because his sister-in-law Rita gives him a ride on her way to work in Salisbury.

SOOKIE: Oh! [points to Julio in the crowd]

LORELAI: [walks over and hugs him] Ah, Julio, Julio. Ah, I'm so glad to see you, you beautiful man.

[The fire chief walks over to Lorelai]

CHIEF BAKER: Ma'am, I'm Chief Baker.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm sorry I jumped on ya.

CHIEF BAKER: That's okay. The good news is that this is almost out. The structure's stable, and you're probably gonna be able to get back in in about 24 hours.

LORELAI: Excellent. Twenty-four hours, the structure's stable, thank you.

CHIEF BAKER: That's okay.

LORELAI: The statue of you is going up just as soon as we get back in. Eighty feet tall.

CHIEF BAKER: I'm looking forward to it.

LORELAI: Here we go guys, phase two.

SOOKIE: Loving the pace here.

LORELAI: Um, we need food, we need computers with Internet, we need phones. Michel, I need this on you stat. Hurry, hurry. Rory?

RORY: Yeah?

LORELAI: Um, help the guests with the kids, make sure they're not freaked out. Gather them up and entertain them for awhile so the adults can catch their breath.

RORY: Right. I have never entertained kids □ how do I do that?

LORELAI: Uh, take your socks off and do a puppet show.

RORY: You've clearly never entertained kids either.

LORELAI: It's all I can think of. Get cracking.

RORY: Yes, ma'am.

LORELAI: [to the guests] Hi everybody. Good morning, and uh, whoa, talk about your change of



plans here. Unfortunately, you, uh, can't get your stuff out for at least a day. However, if you wanna get home immediately, we will check planes, trains, whatever you need. We will send your stuff to you later as soon as we get it. But if you can't get home yet, we will provide everything short of anything illegal, and that's gonna start with the best breakfast of your lives. [to Sookie] Uh, Sookie, go to the market and get whatever food and supplies we need for breakfast.

SOOKIE: Going.

[Sookie leaves. Lorelai walks over to Michel, who is on his cell phone]

LORELAI: Hey, who are you on with?

MICHEL: The Cheshire Cat Inn.

LORELAI: Ah, great, find people places to sleep. Excellent. [walks away]

MICHEL: [on phone] Yes, my name is Michel Gerard, I used to work at the Independence Inn and I was wondering if there were any positions available.

[Lorelai walks back over and grabs the phone from him]

MICHEL: Phones, computer, I'm on it.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai, Sookie and the inn's guests enter]

SOOKIE: Morning.

LUKE: What, what is this?

SOOKIE: Phase two.

LUKE: Phase two?

SOOKIE: Into the back, guys. March!

[Sookie's cooking staff carries food and supplies into Luke's kitchen]

LUKE: Hold on, those guys can't go back there.

LORELAI: Oh, we're in luck, lots of empty tables. Go on and take your seats, guys.

LUKE: Lorelai, what is this?

LORELAI: We had a fire.

LUKE: Fire, where?

SOOKIE: Weston's Bakery.

LUKE: You're kidding.

SOOKIE: They'll have fresh blueberries.

LORELAI: Perfect. Um, Weston's, hurry.

LUKE: Where. . . Weston's caught fire?

LORELAI: No, the inn.

LUKE: Your inn?

SOOKIE: Just move all of Luke's stuff aside, we don't need it.

LUKE: Hey, wait a minute.

LORELAI: Everyone's fine, the inn's still standing, we're into phase two.

LUKE: What is phase two?

SOOKIE: Just shove it aside.

LUKE: What are you doing?

SOOKIE: Making breakfast.

LUKE: You can't make breakfast here.

SOOKIE: Got any plates that aren't cracked?

LUKE: You're the one that's cracked.

SOOKIE: Nice thing to say to a pregnant woman.

LUKE: You're pregnant?

LORELAI: Could you be any farther behind?

SOOKIE: Yo, Caesar, help my guys and there's a twenty in it for you.

LUKE: We both can't be making different stuff at the same time.

LORELAI: You know, you're right. Listen, all you people who were here before we invaded, are you willing to cancel your current orders for Sookie's famous blueberry-lemon pancakes, Belgian waffles or bananas foster?

MAN: Sure.

WOMAN: Sounds good.

SOOKIE: Okay, pull all of Luke's stuff off the grill and let's get cooking!

LUKE: I'm an island.

LORELAI: Luke, I'm sorry about all this, but I'm not anticipating the inn catching fire ever again, so it's a one time only thing, okay?

LUKE: Like I have a choice?

LORELAI: You do. Say the word and we go.

LUKE: Stay, cook, eat. I'll be upstairs.

LORELAI: You're a doll.

SOOKIE: No, get rid of it! Dump it, dump it! I don't wanna see it!

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Rory is entertaining some kids by using her socks to give a puppet show. Lorelai walks over]

RORY: "Where are you going? I told you to take out the garbage!" "Nag, nag, nag. I wanna watch football and sit in my reclining chair." "Get back here or I'm gonna get you. . ." [sees Lorelai] Oh, hey, guys, hold on a second.

BOY: No, keep going.

RORY: Oh, calm down there, little scooter. I'll be right back.

[Rory walks over to Lorelai]

LORELAI: Hey Shari Lewis, how's the show going?

RORY: Oh, they're riveted.

LORELAI: Good.

RORY: Yeah, but I stink. I keep repeating the same stuff over and over again.

LORELAI: Must be working.

RORY: But I named them Mr. and Mrs. Sock Puppet. I put no energy into this.

BOY: Come back, Rory.

RORY: You would think that a lame-o sock puppet show would bore them to tears.

LORELAI: It's your narrative skills. I mean, is he gonna take the garbage out, is he not gonna take the garbage out? I'm on the edge of my seat.

RORY: Yeah, but they won't let me stop and I have to get to school eventually.

LORELAI: Okay. [to kids] Hey, guys, go on over to the diner and have breakfast with your families, and then ask the nice man in the baseball hat and the flannel shirt to do sock puppets for you. And if he says no, just ask him louder □ it's part of the game!

BOY: Oh boy!

LORELAI: Go!

[the kids run toward the diner]

RORY: You're cruel and they love you.

LORELAI: Come check in at Patty's with me.

CUT TO MISS PATTY'S STUDIO

[A table has been set up with a computer, phone, and other supplies as the temporary inn headquarters. Michel, Babette, and Miss Patty are at the table.]

BABETTE: I love computers, I just know nothing about them. What does pushing that F3 button do?

MICHEL: Annoy me to no end.

BABETTE: What about the F4?

[the phone rings]

MISS PATTY: [answers] Hello, this is the Independence Inn emergency headquarters. I'm Miss patty, I'll be assisting you today. How may I help you? [pause] The printer will be here in half an hour, I'll let him know. Thank you. Goodbye. [hangs up] The printer will ▯

MICHEL: I heard, and you've got to shorten your greeting.

MISS PATTY: What?

MICHEL: You do not need to recite the Gettysburg Address every time you answer the phone.

MISS PATTY: I was Ricardo Montalban's receptionist for six months and he never complained.

MICHEL: Who?

MISS PATTY: Don't make me hit you.

[Lorelai and Rory walk in]

LORELAI: You all set up here?

MICHEL: Computer with Internet, phones forwarded here, printer on the way.

MISS PATTY: I'm the receptionist.

BABETTE: And I'm learning the computer.

MICHEL: And I'm looking for my cyanide capsule ▯ have you seen it?

LORELAI: It's nice of you to help guys, thanks. Now, at least half the Poe group needs to stay another night, so we're gonna need to find places to put them up.

MICHEL: Everything is booked.

LORELAI: You checked the Cheshire Cat, the Maiden's Teacup, the Cookie House, the Sugarbear Inn?

MICHEL: Every place that sounds like Glinda the Good Witch threw up, yes ▯ all booked.

LORELAI: Well, then, we're gonna have to take people in.

MISS PATTY: Well, I can take a couple in, sweetie.

BABETTE: I can, too. We got cots. Ooh-hoo-hoo, we got cots.

LORELAI: Great. Michel?

MICHEL: Forget it. The Poes are weird. I'd fear being k\*llled in my sleep. Plus, I don't like strangers using my toilet.

BABETTE: I bet the Kims could put people up. And Taylor. And Al.

LORELAI: And we've got our couch and my room.

RORY: Nope.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: They can have my room, not yours.

LORELAI: No, hon, mine's fine.

RORY: Mom, no, mine. You are stressed out enough without losing your room. You need your rest, so you keep your bed, period.

LORELAI: I'll look selfish.

RORY: Well, if anyone calls you that, I'll kick their sorry butts.

LORELAI: Okay, your room under protest.

BABETTE: Hey Michel, I just hit F4 and the num lock key and the one with the little apple on it and it's freaking out like it's on acid or something.

MICHEL: Oy vey.

[phone rings]

MISS PATTY: I got it. [answers] Yeah?

MICHEL: Well, you need to say more than that.

MISS PATTY: Well, make up your mind.

RORY: I've gotta go, but page me if there's any news or anything.

LORELAI: Okay. You mean, like if Michel kills Babette and then Patty then himself in a bizarre m\*rder-m\*rder-su1c1de pact?

RORY: Amongst other things.

[they hug]

LORELAI: We had a fire.

RORY: I know. Bye.

CUT TO CHILTON CLASSROOM

MRS. O'MALLEY: It'll be the last midterm of your high school careers, so rejoice over that if nothing else. [bell rings] Now, before you go, I just wanna mention that it looks like another banner year for Chilton grads seeking top colleges. I wanna congratulate all of those who have heard and advise

patience for all of you who have not. No one has escaped from Chilton without going onto another terrific school if that is his or her goal.

LOUISE: Good to hear.

MRS. O'MALLEY: And I know that at least one of you has been accepted to Harvard. It's an immense honor, that. Congratulations.

[students start to leave]

RORY: Have you guys heard from Paris?

MADELINE: Heard what?

RORY: Anything?

LOUISE: She's not here?

RORY: She's been gone for five days.

LOUISE: Huh.

MADELINE: Didn't notice.

LOUISE: Although, it did seem like there was a lot more air in here.

CUT TO PARIS' BEDROOM

[Paris is in bed watching television. There's a knock at the door. She ignores it, and there's a second knock]

PARIS: Come back for the tray later, Nanny.

RORY: It's not Nanny, Paris. It's Rory. Can I come in?

PARIS: I guess.

[Rory walks in]

RORY: Hi. I brought a bunch of school stuff from the past few days. If there's anything missing, I can bring it over later.

PARIS: Thank you. No offense, but my soap's starting.

RORY: So, you're sick, huh?

PARIS: You know what's wrong. You of all people. That's Martin. His sister-in-law got kidnapped and he thinks his former lover is behind it.

RORY: Juicy.

PARIS: So, don't you have an announcement?

RORY: What do you mean?

PARIS: Did you get in?

RORY: You know, we don't have to. . .

PARIS: I know you did. You've got that Harvard glow about you, the glow of destiny.

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: Just tell me.

RORY: I got in.

PARIS: Ugh, Amanda and Richard. I'm so over them.

RORY: So you've been incommunicado lately.

PARIS: I've had Nanny hold all my calls, and the mail. My parents are away, so I've been totally Howard Hughes-ing it.

RORY: So did you tell them about Harvard?

PARIS: No.

RORY: Don't you think you should?

PARIS: No.

RORY: Well, don't you think they'll find out?

PARIS: How?

RORY: Well, you not moving out might be a tip-off.

PARIS: I'll get an apartment in Cambridge, buy a Harvard sweatshirt, talk about Mira Sorvino a lot. It's doable. I did tell my mother about having sex with Jamie, and her only reaction was to talk about how my father hasn't pleased her in fifteen years.

RORY: Yikes.

PARIS: Like I couldn't tell.

RORY: And what's going on with your boyfriend?

PARIS: I haven't called him either.

RORY: So the only people in your life right now work at General Hospital?

PARIS: This isn't General Hospital. I don't deserve General Hospital.

RORY: Okay, you've got to stop doing this.

PARIS: What happened? Harvard was my destiny. I was flipping through Harvard class schedules when you were still delighting to The Adventures of Gumby and Pokie.

RORY: I was more of a Pee Wee Herman kind of gal.

PARIS: It's partly my parents' fault, they didn't brand me properly. I should've been at the 92nd Street Y or Brick Church.

RORY: Prep schools?

PARIS: Pre-schools. It decides everything. But I'm not totally blameless. I found a spot in my interview that I'm sure doomed me.

RORY: You recorded your Harvard interview?

PARIS: The plan was to archive everything, then donate it to the university upon my demise. Little did I expect that my demise would come this early.

[she presses play on a handheld tape recorder]

Paris: . . .shouldn't even be taken into account. This dovetails nicely into my feelings about population control. It's a little hot in here, can we do something about that? Anyway, population control has been dramatically successful in most European countries to the detriment of some, especially Italy, which is experiencing a marked drop □

Interviewer: Do you think this has anything to do with □

Paris: Whoa, whoa, just let me finish my thought here.

Interviewer: But Paris. . .

Paris: Please!

[Paris stops the tape recorder]

RORY: Well, you said please, that's very polite.

PARIS: I sound like a meth addict. I might as well record the new Justin Timberlake over this.

RORY: I hate that you're torturing yourself like this, in bed like this.

PARIS: Proust wrote all three thousand pages of *In Search of Lost Time* in bed. If it's good enough for him. [Rory grabs the remote and turns the TV off] Hey!

RORY: Bed is not a life plan, and you, my friend, need a life plan, so here it is. You need to tell your parents about Harvard. You need to start taking calls from people. You need to check the mail so that you can see the other millions of universities that have no doubt accepted you and that are probably dying to be in the Paris Gellar business. You need to call your boyfriend back because he's going to be worried about you and because none of this is his fault, and you need to start by getting the hell out of bed.

PARIS: You did not just say "be in the Paris Gellar business."

RORY: You know what I meant.

PARIS: There is no alternative to Harvard.

RORY: Except Princeton, Yale, Columbia, Stanford, Sarah Lawrence, et cetera, et cetera.

PARIS: Well, maybe you're right.

RORY: I'm unquestionably right.



PARIS: But I'm not jumping up this second.

RORY: You don't have to rush it.

PARIS: And I'm going to have to keep watching this, at least until Adriana's wrongful conviction for aggravated as\*ault is overturned.

RORY: I understand.

PARIS: Thanks.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai walks to the living room, where a little boy is on the couch]

LORELAI: You've got your remote, your water, your comic books. Looks like we've got you all set up here, Fred Junior.

FRED JR: Yes, ma'am.

LORELAI: Oh, ma'am. You make me feel old. Stop it.

FRED JR: Yes, ma'am.

LORELAI: No, I mean it, stop it.

FRED JR: Okay.

[Fred walks down the staircase]

FRED: I think we're out of toothpaste.

LORELAI: Oh, sorry, Fred. Below the sink there's plenty more.

FRED: Oh, thank you. This is kind of fun.

LORELAI: Oh, well, it's fun having you guys.

[Lorelai walks to Rory's room, where Rory's making the bed]

LORELAI: Aw, I would've done that.

RORY: I feel weird now.

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: About other people sleeping in my bed.

LORELAI: Oh, honey, don't worry. Fred and his wife don't seem. . .

RORY: Don't seem what?

LORELAI: Like they're feeling extremely romantic.

RORY: Oh, God, that didn't even cross my mind.

LORELAI: You're kidding! That's all I would've thought of.

RORY: Well, I'm thinking about it now, thank you very much.

LORELAI: Got all your stuff for Lane's?

RORY: Yeah, it wasn't a hard packing job.

[Lorelai glances at some of Rory's papers]

LORELAI: Wow, these have really changed.

RORY: What have?

LORELAI: The pro/con lists. In all the hubbub, they slipped my mind. Yale.

RORY: What about it?

LORELAI: Yale.

RORY: What do you mean?

LORELAI: Yale.

RORY: Stop saying Yale.

LORELAI: It has double the pros of the other two.

RORY: I wouldn't say double.

LORELAI: Triple over filthy, dirty Princeton. It's kicking butt.

RORY: But I'm not done collecting my data yet.

LORELAI: You have a document the length of Nicholas Nickleby here. Looks like you're done.

RORY: But. . .

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Look at my wall.

LORELAI: So?

RORY: So that wall says something.

LORELAI: Yeah, it says the Harvard merchandising department made a nice chunk of change off of us.

RORY: But how can I go to Yale with my wall looking like this?

LORELAI: It's a wall. Look, honey, Luke was right. The pro/con lists have to come to an end eventually.

RORY: But Luke also reminded us that it was supposed to be Harvard regardless of a list. Everyone thinks that.

LORELAI: I don't. I don't. I know I'm the one who said no to Yale loudly and a lot, but not anymore. Really, I just want what's right.

RORY: I know, but it has to be right for both of us.

LORELAI: If it's right for you, it's really right for me.

RORY: But I don't want you to hate the place I'm going.

LORELAI: Never.

[Fred and his wife come to the doorway]

FRED: Oh. Uh, are you not ready for us yet?

LORELAI: Oh, no, we're ready for you, Fred.

FRED: We hate to put you out.

RORY: No, it's perfectly okay.

LORELAI: I'm guessing you two are gonna fall sound asleep the minute your heads hit that pillow.

FRED: Oh yeah, we're exhausted.

RORY: Have a good night.

LORELAI: Yeah, guys, yell if you need anything. [quietly] I don't wanna hear you yelling for any other reason.

RORY: Shh!

[Lorelai and Rory walk into the kitchen]

LORELAI: Ah. So where's Jess tonight?

RORY: Working.

LORELAI: He works a lot, doesn't he?

RORY: He's saving a lot, too.

LORELAI: Good.

RORY: He wants a better car. The one he's got keeps stalling.

LORELAI: And he's still working at Luke's, too, right?

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: So is he down to part-time at school?

RORY: What do you mean?

LORELAI: Getting work credit or something?

RORY: No, he's going full time.

LORELAI: Oh yeah?

RORY: Why do you say that?

LORELAI: I don't know. It's just, Wal-Mart, working at Luke's, squiring you around town. . .it just seems like a lot of his time's accounted for.

RORY: Well, that's crazy. He's a senior, he's going to school full time.

LORELAI: Just wondering.

RORY: Rest.

LORELAI: I'll try.

RORY: And don't start the sock puppets with Fred Junior or he'll never let you stop. Bye.

LORELAI: Bye.

[As Rory walks out the back door, the doorbell rings; Lorelai walks toward the front door]

LORELAI: Excitement here never stops, Fred Junior.

[Lorelai pulls open the door]

MR. HATLESTAD: Hi there.

LORELAI: The Hatlestads, hi. I thought you went home.

MR. HATLESTAD: Well, breakfast was so great and the town's so nice, and you made staying over sound so fun, that we decided to take you up on it.

LORELAI: Oh.

MR. HATLESTAD: Is that okay?

LORELAI: It's more than okay. Come on in, 'cause you're staying here.

MR. HATLESTAD: Thank you. [they walk into the house]

LORELAI: Your bedroom's right upstairs, you can't miss it.

MR. HATLESTAD: Terrific, thanks. [they start walking up the stairs]

LORELAI: How much room you take up on that couch there, Fred Junior?

FRED JR: Pretty much all of it.

LORELAI: That's what I figured.

CUT TO KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Rory and Lane are making up their cots in the store area]

RORY: So, who do you have staying in your room?

LANE: The second Poe and his wife.

RORY: Well, for your sake, I hope they are very, very tired.

LANE: Why?

[cell phone rings]

RORY: Nothing. I shouldn't have said anything. [answers phone] Hello?

LORELAI: I'm a nomad.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I am the lonely wanderer. Hank Williams would be too sad to write a song about me.

RORY: Where are you?

LORELAI: Oh, I'm a Bedouin. I'm homeless!

RORY: Okay, stop with that. Where are you?

LORELAI: I'm walking aimlessly around town.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: The Hatlestadts showed up.

RORY: But they went home.

LORELAI: Apparently I made the whole emergency fire accommodations sound so fun that they had second thoughts.

RORY: You're a terrific salesman.

LORELAI: And a terrific idiot.

RORY: So where are you right this second?

LORELAI: Oh, I'm in the middle of the street, a.k.a. my bedroom.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: I'm by the school, Luke's, that area.

RORY: Luke's, good. Go there.

LORELAI: It's closed.

RORY: But Luke is upstairs.

LORELAI: Oh.

RORY: Ask him if you can stay.

LORELAI: But □

RORY: I bet the answer's yes.

LORELAI: He'll make me eat a veggie burger!

RORY: Get moving.

LORELAI: Fine. Bye.

RORY: Bye.

[they hang up. Lorelai walks up to the diner and bangs on the door]

LORELAI: [yells] Luke! Luke! Stella!

[She throws a rock at his apartment window. Luke opens it and leans out]

LUKE: Who is that?

LORELAI: Lorelai.

LUKE: What are you doing down there?

LORELAI: Enjoying some air, getting some exercise, and freezing.

LUKE: Well, go home.

LORELAI: Home? I have no home. Hunted, despised.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: It's from Ed Wood, the movie.

LUKE: Have you gone bonkers?

LORELAI: People are bunking at my place and I need somewhere to stay.

LUKE: And it just occurred to you now to look for a place?

LORELAI: The stupid Hatlestad showed up.

LUKE: Who?

[A woman leans out a nearby window]

MRS. SLUTSKY: Pipe down out there!

LUKE: Go back to bed, Mrs. Slutsky!

MRS. SLUTSKY: Don't talk to me that way, young man!

LORELAI: Throw your keys down.

MRS. SLUTSKY: I will not!

LORELAI: No, Luke, Mrs. Slutsky.

LUKE: I'll just come down.

MRS. SLUTSKY: Do something!

LORELAI: Ditto.

LUKE: I'm coming down.

LORELAI: Okay.

[Luke leaves the window. Lorelai and Mrs. Slutsky stare at each other]

LORELAI: My □ my inn caught fire. [pause] Hurry, Luke.

CUT TO KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Rory and Lane are sitting in their cots. Lane is on the phone]

LANE: No, Young Chui, it was right to break up with her. Why stay in a relationship when it's not going anywhere? . . . Life's too short, exactly. . . . No, I told you a joke last night, I need more time to come up with another one. . . . Look, it's getting late. I got my math test tomorrow, I better go. . . . Yeah, I'll call you to tell you how it went. . . . Okay, night. [hangs up]

RORY: So Young Chui and his girlfriend are broken up, huh?

LANE: Yeah, and good riddance. She was very waspy.

RORY: What about you and Young Chui? Are you broken up?

LANE: No, my mom still thinks we're the perfect young Korean couple.

RORY: Weren't you supposed to be broken up by now?

LANE: Yeah, but Young Chui thinks it isn't time yet.

RORY: Why? This is a fake relationship. You were never really going out.

LANE: I don't know. I bring it up every night and he just changes the subject.

RORY: You talk every night?

LANE: Pretty much. He's a little needy right now.

RORY: That's a lot of talking.

LANE: Well, we're friends.

RORY: Just friends?

LANE: What are you getting at?

RORY: Just that he's calling you every night and he keeps putting off your break-up, so God knows

when you'll be able to date Dave Rygalski. He's asking you to tell him jokes and to let him know how your math test went. . .

LANE: So?

RORY: So. . . it sounds like he's in love with you.

LANE: No. No. Young Chui is not in love with me. And it's not for you to take an innocent friendship like Young Chui and I have, with its air of innocence and its. . .innocence. Oh my God, he loves me. That stupid boy's fallen in love with me!

RORY: It's not stupid. You're a catch.

LANE: But not his catch, I'm Dave's catch. I've already been caught.

RORY: You probably need to be more direct.

LANE: That fool. And I can't break up with him or my mom will never let me date. It's gotta come from him. What do I do?

[Jess knocks on the window]

RORY: Just a second? [she walks over to the window and opens it]

JESS: Hey.

RORY: Hey.

JESS: Bizarro day, huh?

RORY: Wouldn't wanna repeat it.

JESS: The inn's still closed?

RORY: Just ¼til tomorrow.

JESS: What caused it?

RORY: They're not sure. Something electrical, probably.

JESS: That's usually the culprit. Something the matter?

RORY: No.

JESS: Good.

RORY: So how was school?

JESS: Same ol', same ol'.

RORY: You're still doing okay?

JESS: Doing my reading, writing, and arithmetic.

RORY: And you're still going, right?



JESS: What? Where's this coming from?

RORY: There's been speculation.

JESS: From who?

RORY: My mom asked whether you're going full time to school.

JESS: Your mom?

RORY: Yeah.

JESS: Why's she so interested?

RORY: Because you're dating her daughter.

JESS: Oh, great, what else does she think I did? Start the fire, put Phil Spector up to it?

RORY: I told her yes, you were going.

JESS: Well, as they say on the Family Feud, good answer.

RORY: So, I didn't lie to her?

JESS: No.

RORY: No?

JESS: Look, don't worry, I got it under control.

RORY: Jess.

JESS: I'm going enough. I've been picking up some extra shifts here and there, but I'm fine. It's Mickey Mouse stuff anyway. What it takes the others hours to learn, it takes me minutes.

RORY: Well, if you're behind. . .

JESS: I'm not behind.

RORY: But if you get behind, I can help you catch up.

JESS: Got it covered.

RORY: If you say so.

JESS: I do.

RORY: Okay.

JESS: So how about you come out?

[Mrs. Kim walks into the room holding a bat]

MRS. KIM: What's this?

LANE: He was just leaving, Mama.

MRS. KIM: Why is he here at all?

LANE: He came to borrow something. Here. [she picks up something from the table and walks it over to Jess]

JESS: Thank you. [to Mrs. Kim] Baseball bat?

MRS. KIM: Cricket.

JESS: Night.

[Jess leaves, Mrs. Kim locks the window]

CUT TO LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Lorelai and Luke are making up the bed.]

LUKE: Oh, don't do that.

LORELAI: Don't do what?

LUKE: Don't pull the sheet back after I pull it. I need more for this side.

[they continue making the bed]

LUKE: You pulled it back again.

LORELAI: Okay, I need it for my side.

LUKE: I need it to tuck in.

LORELAI: Same here.

LUKE: I always tuck it in on this side.

LORELAI: Let's tuck it in on both sides.

LUKE: You tuck a bed in on both sides?

LORELAI: Yes, and then I slip down into it like I'm in a straitjacket or something.

LUKE: Oh, you must feel right at home there.

LORELAI: I so set you up for that.

LUKE: Fine, tuck it in on your side.

[Luke walks toward the couch]

LORELAI: You know, I really should take the couch. Me taking the bed doesn't feel right.

LUKE: Oh, now, come on.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: You browbeat me into giving you the bed and pretending you don't want it now isn't working.

LORELAI: I'm pretending to try to be polite.

LUKE: I'm fine with the couch. You're the one that's exhausted.

LORELAI: You know, I'm actually not.

LUKE: Really?

LORELAI: I'm, like, strangely exhilarated. I mean, as awful as what happened today was, I'm happy with how I handled it. You know, you never know how you're gonna react in situations like this until something happens and I think I did pretty well.

LUKE: Yeah, I do, too.

[the phone rings.]

LUKE: [answers] Hello? . . .oh, hey, Nicole, hi. . .Yeah, I'm good. . . Oh, not much. There was a fire at the local inn out here and. . .Yeah, the one she works at, yeah. . .Everybody's fine. Yeah, just a lot of chaos for awhile. So how was your thing today? . . . All right, fill me in tomorrow. . . Seven's good. . .Okay. . . Okay, yeah. . .Goodnight. [hangs up] That was Nicole.

LORELAI: So I heard. Why didn't you tell her I was here?

LUKE: Didn't come up.

LORELAI: You mean, she didn't out of the clear blue and for no reason ask you if I was sleeping over?

LUKE: Just didn't seem necessary.

LORELAI: Well, you have nothing to hide here. You just took in a refugee.

LUKE: I know there's nothing to hide. It's just that. . .you've kinda become a. . .

LORELAI: Become what?

LUKE: A sore point with me and Nicole.

LORELAI: What, how?

LUKE: Well, on our first date, I was a little nervous and I wasn't having any luck coming up with topics, so I was just kinda blabbing a lot. And then she ordered extra fries at dinner, so it reminded me of you and I told her a quick story about you and French fries, and that seemed fine. And then later, she ordered a third cup of coffee. . .

LORELAI: Oh, Luke.

LUKE: And I mentioned you and your coffee thing, and I noticed that Nicole kind of reacted a little, and ever since then, she's been a little sensitive to the issue.

LORELAI: Well, of course she is, Luke. You don't talk about another woman on a first date.

LUKE: Even if it's just a friend?

LORELAI: They don't exist.

LUKE: Come on.

LORELAI: Not on a first date.

LUKE: No other women exist on a first date, not even my mother?

LORELAI: Do you really think talking about your mother on a first date is wise?

LUKE: Not really.

LORELAI: You can maybe mention a sister, maybe. And then you move on really, really quickly.

LUKE: This is why I hate dating.

LORELAI: Well, unless you wanna be Mountain Man all your life, you've got to abide by the rules and customs. Ooh, sorry, I have to get up super early tomorrow.

LUKE: No problem. What time?

LORELAI: Six.

LUKE: I get up at quarter to five every morning.

LORELAI: Why in the world would you get up that early?

LUKE: I don't know, to run my business?

LORELAI: Well, change businesses. Ooh, wow, total déjà vu.

LUKE: Really?

LORELAI: It's the alarm clock. I had a dream once that you set eighteen alarm clocks to get me up, which is not a bad way to get me up.

LUKE: Where were we?

LORELAI: We were, um, at my house. I got up, I went downstairs for coffee, and you talked to my stomach.

LUKE: Why on earth I do that?

LORELAI: Well, because I was pregnant. Twins.

LUKE: Mine?

LORELAI: What am I, dream tramp? Of course yours.

LUKE: We were married?

LORELAI: Um, yeah. Did I not mention that?

LUKE: No. You know, you shouldn't drink coffee when you're pregnant.

LORELAI: Uh, true.

LUKE: It's probably why Rory's a caffeine addict.

LORELAI: Right, you're right.

LUKE: Dream go beyond that?

LORELAI: No. Um, you talked to my stomach and then you ki. . .well, no.

LUKE: Oh, okay. Well. . .night.

LORELAI: Yeah, night.

CUT TO LATER THAT NIGHT

[Luke and Jess are snoring loudly. Lorelai has trouble sleeping, so she gets up and leaves]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Rory gets some coffee from the counter and sits down at a table with Lorelai]

RORY: Luke and Sookie have worked things out.

LORELAI: There does seem to be a grudging respect thing going on.

SOOKIE: Get the ricotta fritters started, guys. I wanna serve those first.

LUKE: Hey, we making the Cajun Eggs Benedict again?

SOOKIE: I don't know, we could.

LUKE: Let's do it, it was good.

SOOKIE: Well, the Cajun was all your doing.

LUKE: Only because I knocked the cayenne pepper into your hollandaise.

SOOKIE: Hey, how do you think they invented the Reese's cup and penicillin, my friend? We can win the Nobel here.

[Jess walks down from upstairs]

JESS: Morning.

LUKE: You're up early.

JESS: Gotta catch me that worm. See ya.

LUKE: Where you off to?

JESS: School.

LUKE: This early?

JESS: I got a lab project going on. Me and my team are meeting early.

LUKE: Well, have a good day.

JESS: If I have a choice. [walks over to Rory and Lorelai] Hey.

LORELAI: Good morning.

JESS: Talk to you later.

RORY: Later.

[Jess leaves; Lorelai's cell phone rings]

LORELAI: By the way, your boyfriend snores.

RORY: Didn't need to know that.

LORELAI: [answers phone] Hello. . .it is?. . .oh, I love you, I love you. . .thanks. [hangs up] We're open. Ladies and gentlemen, can I have your attention please. That was just Chief Baker on the phone who told me in that deep sexy voice of his that the inn is officially reopened. Uh, right now it's just me and the staffers, but soon, very soon, you will have your stuff back and you can go home.

FRED: Thank you, Lorelai. Listen, from our group, we want to give you this. [hands her a stuffed raven]

LORELAI: Oh, well, that's the nicest dead bird I've ever gotten. Thanks, Fred.

POE 2: It's from all of us.

LORELAI: Right. Thank you Poe Society. Coming Sookie?

SOOKIE: I'm coming. Okay, you need to caramelize the hazelnuts for the brioche French toast, add some Madeira to the pear-poaching liquid and add some chives to the cream for the sheared eggs.

LUKE: Don't burn anything, got it.

RORY: I've gotta change for school.

LORELAI: Go, go, we'll see you later.

SOOKIE: Let's go.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Michel and Chief Baker are waiting on the porch as Lorelai and Sookie walk up]

MICHEL: Ah, here they are.

LORELAI: Hi, Michel. Hi, Chief. Don't we love our chief?

SOOKIE: I bet he can beat up all the other chiefs.

LORELAI: For sure he can.

MICHEL: Can we get on with this?

CHIEF BAKER: Let me just unlock the door here.

LORELAI: Michel, the first thing I wanna do is get into all the rooms and get all the guests' stuff into the lobby and organized for them to pick up. Sookie, go to the kitchen and let me know what's what. Maybe we can open for dinner.

CHIEF BAKER: Dinner?

LORELAI: Yeah.

CHIEF BAKER: Anyone give you a heads up about what's inside?

LORELAI: No.

CHIEF BAKER: You might wanna wait 'til you get inside to make your plans. And go slow.

[Lorelai, Sookie and Michel enter the inn and survey the fire damage in the lobby. Meanwhile at Lorelai's house, Rory enters to find the Harvard paraphernalia on her bedroom walls has been replaced with Yale paraphernalia.]

THE END

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