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05x04 - Tippecanoe and Taylor Too

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OPEN IN LORELAI'S KITCHEN

[Lorelai sleepily walks in and discovers Luke busily cooking at her stove.]

LUKE: Hey, you're up.

LORELAI: Hey, you're cooking.

LUKE: Yep, making the works. Even threw a couple blintzes in there to confuse you.

LORELAI: Wow. Where did all this come from?

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: The food, the pans, the bowls, the spatula.

LUKE: Food's from Doose's, pans and bowls, you had, and the spatula's mine.

LORELAI: You travel with a spatula? [pulls coffee mug out of nearby cabinet]

LUKE: Sometimes.

LORELAI: You've actually found yourself in scraping and flipping situations without the trusty spatula before?

LUKE: [Unfazed, he continues stirring food in the pan.] Your coffee should be ready in a minute.

LORELAI: [too bright smile] Smells good. Hey, Luke?

LUKE: Yep?

LORELAI: You cooking this is so sweet - .

LUKE: [steels himself and rolls his eyes] But?

LORELAI: I just figured, you know, we'd go to Luke's for breakfast.

LUKE: Why?

LORELAI: Because I like Luke's breakfast.

LUKE: I am Luke.

LORELAI: I know

LUKE: This is the same stuff I make at the diner.

LORELAI: I know.

LUKE: So what's the difference?

LORELAI: Well, the difference is, while you are Luke, we're not at Luke's.

LUKE: So?

LORELAI: Well, I have my things, you know? I have certain things. And one of my things is going to Luke's. And just because I now have "Dating Luke" doesn't mean I want to lose my "Cooking Luke."

LUKE: But I am cooking, and I am Luke.

LORELAI: Look, it's like Tommy Lee having a Starbucks at his house.

LUKE: [lost, but resumes cooking] What?

LORELAI: On the surface, it sounds great. But half the reason you go to a Starbucks is to go to a Starbucks, you know, to go out and see the people.

LUKE: Tommy Lee has a Starbucks in his house?

LORELAI: "Cribs," baby. Watch it.

LUKE: Like a whole Starbucks with workers and everything?

LORELAI: The point is that, while some things have changed -- and that's great -- I don't want everything to change completely.

[Telephone ringing nearby]

LUKE: [resigned] Okay. I'll see you at Luke's.

[Luke turns off stove and begins cleaning up as Lorelai celebrates]

LORELAI: Ah, I'll see you at Luke's! [picks up phone] Hello?

CUT TO RORY'S DORM ROOM AT YALE

[Rory scrambling around searching while talking on her phone. Scene switches between Yale and Lorelai's kitchen]

RORY: "Cultural Disenfranchisement with Women's Role Models" -- do you have it?

LORELAI: Oh, God, I hope not.

RORY: It's the book for the class I'm officially late to.

LORELAI: Oh.

[Lorelai begins searching around the kitchen as Luke continues to clear table - putting cooked food in plastic storage containers then into a sack to bring to "Luke's".]

LUKE: What are you looking for?

LORELAI: A big, boring book.

RORY: Who is that?

LORELAI: It's Luke?

LUKE: Who's that?

LORELAI: It's Rory.

RORY: Luke. It's pretty early in the morning for Luke to be there. Unless, perhaps, he woke up there.

LORELAI: Well, he did.

LUKE: "He did" what? Are you talking about me?

RORY: Man, that's weird.

LORELAI: What's weird?

LUKE: Who's weird? I'm weird?

RORY: The thought of Luke running around naked in my kitchen. It's weird.

LORELAI: Luke is not running around naked in your kitchen. He is sitting at the table, and, yes, he is naked.

LUKE: [cringes] Don't do that. Don't tell her I'm naked. I'm not naked. [calls out] I'm not naked!

RORY: [teasing] He sounds naked.

LORELAI: Well, the chairs are cold.

RORY: Huh?

LORELAI: He actually tried to make me breakfast.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah, naked.

LUKE: [drops what he's doing and starts to leave] Okay, that's it, I'm gone.

LORELAI: Oh, no, no, no. Sorry, don't, no. Rory, Luke is fully dressed. He never came in the house. He just stood outside all night playing "In Your Eyes" on a boom box.

[Luke gapes and stares at the ceiling]

RORY: I have to go. If you find the book, bring it to Friday-night dinner, okay? Go back to your

dirtiness. [grabs her keys and exits]

[Luke grins as Lorelai takes the paper sack from him.]

CUT TO YALE - RORY AND PARIS' DORM ROOM

[Rory enters as Paris watches movers leave a large wooden structure which dominates the main room. As they leave Paris calls after them.]

PARIS: Thanks a lot. I photographed it before you moved it, so if there's any damage, you'll be hearing from my lawyer. [to Rory] Hi.

RORY: Hi. Introduce me to your friend.

PARIS: This is a Blou printing press, 18th century.

RORY: And it's here because?

PARIS: It's Asher's. He left it to me. It's beautiful, don't you think?

RORY: Yeah. Think it goes great with the entire width of the room.

PARIS: I know it's a little cumbersome, but we don't have to leave it right here. We could move it about six inches in any direction.

RORY: Paris, we can't just leave it here.

PARIS: I have nowhere else to put it.

RORY: But -

PARIS: You have to think of the benefits of having it here.

RORY: Like?

PARIS: No one else will have one, which means it's unique, which makes us unique. Kids our age do crazy things to make themselves unique -- piercings, blue hair, Kabbalah. It will be a great conversation piece. We'll be the talk of Branford.

RORY: I believe we will.

PARIS: We can print our own newsletter, if you'd like.

RORY: [dryly] "The Eccentric Gazette". I love it.

PARIS: It's from Asher. Just try it for a while. I promise if it gets in the way, we'll get rid of it.

[Rory looks down and begins struggling to pull on a trapped object]

RORY: Paris, it's on my book bag. I'm late for class, and you put a printing press on my book bag?

[Rory unzips the bag and removes her books, stacking them in her arms]

PARIS: Well, sorry. It's from my dead boyfriend, okay? I apologize if my grief is inconveniencing you. Maybe I'll just put myself on an iceberg and float myself out to sea so that no one will have to deal with my suffering.

RORY: Well, just get that thing off my bag before you go.

CUT TO DRAGONFLY INN - LIBRARY - STREWN WITH STACKS OF BOOKS AND CARDBOARD BOXES]

[Michel enters, speaking on phone as Lorelai stocks shelves with books]

MICHEL: [speaking on cordless phone] This is outrageous, and he will call me back and it had better be in a timely manner, or I will come down there and introduce myself, and, oh, the fun we'll have. Tst! [clicks off the phone and tosses it on the nearby chair] I hate this chair!

LORELAI: What's the matter honey - Justin and Cameron having trouble again?

MICHEL: I just got off the phone with the very promising young man working as Taylor's assistant to try and talk to the man about this. [hold out official looking papers]

LORELAI: [approaches and take the papers] No, no. He rejected it again?

MICHEL: I believe that is what the bright red letters say.

LORELAI: We only need two lousy parking spaces. What is his problem?

MICHEL: Oh, the list is long.

LORELAI: This is the third time, Michel.

MICHEL: I know.

LORELAI: This is the third time that "Bus-and-Truck-Tour Mussolini" has rejected our permit.

MICHEL: [dejected] And I was there for every show.

LORELAI: What is rejection code "M"?

[Michel takes the papers and checks the reverse side]

MICHEL: "Applicant's name does not match name listed on articles of incorporation."

LORELAI: Ohh! Is he serious?!

MICHEL: Apparently you did not put your middle name on this application. However, you did put your middle name on the articles of incorporation. So the names don't match, and Taylor has no idea who you are.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm the person whose foot is going to prevent him from sitting down. That's who I am.

MICHEL: You always promise to hurt him, but then you don't. You're a Taylor tease.

LORELAI: I'm getting coffee.

MICHEL: [grunts]

CUT TO DRAGONFLY KITCHEN

[Lorelai enters and makes a bee-line to the coffee machine. Sookie, Jackson and several kitchen staff crowd around a box of tomatoes. Jackson slices one of the red fruit.]

SOOKIE: Ah, perfect timing! [waves her over]

LORELAI: Oh, Sookie, I really need some coffee.

SOOKIE: First this.

LORELAI: But it's right over there, and -- okay, what am I looking at?

SOOKIE: Jackson's tomatoes.

JACKSON: [ceremoniously passes the cutting board for everyone to take a slice] Here we go.

SOOKIE: Mmm. [Lorelai tries to slip away] Where are you going?

LORELAI: I was just gonna get a little --

SOOKIE: [hands Lorelai a big slice] Eat this. [Lorelai sighs and hurriedly takes a big bite] Isn't that the greatest tomato you've ever eaten?

LORELAI: It's good.

JACKSON: Good?

LORELAI: It's great.

JACKSON: Great?

LORELAI: All I wanted was a cup of coffee.

[Sookie instantly hands her a steaming cup] Oh, thank you. Sorry, Jackson. This is one rocking tomato.

JACKSON: This is the first batch grown in my brand-new hydroponic greenhouse.

SOOKIE: Jackson designed it himself.

JACKSON: Built most of it myself, too.

SOOKIE: You know what this means.

JACKSON: The best tomatoes on the East coast, and in October.

SOOKIE: Huh! October!

LORELAI: Heh - It sure ain't November.

JACKSON: This means year-round vegetables.

SOOKIE: I am never gonna be a sl*ve to Mother Nature again. If I wanna make it...

JACKSON: Then I'm gonna grow it.

LORELAI: [looks at them both] Aw, you two really found each other, didn't you?

JACKSON: [sexy voice to Sookie] Do you want another piece of tomato?

SOOKIE: Do I?

[Lorelai walks off]

JACKSON: [Chuckling as he offers her another slice]

SOOKIE: [Giggles as she takes a bite] Boys, leave us, please. [Giggles]

[The kitchen staff immediately disperse]

CUT TO YALE - RORY AND PARIS' DORM ROOM - EVENING

[Knock on door. Rory crosses room as Paris mutters to herself while polishing part of the ancient printing press]

PARIS: Ben Franklin was out of his mind.

[Rory opens the door to reveal Dean standing there]

DEAN: Hey.

RORY: Hey. [they kiss as Paris glances over with curiosity] So, come on in. Dean, you remember Paris.

DEAN: Yes, I do. Uh, how you doing, Paris?

PARIS: I'm fine.

DEAN: What's that?

RORY: Uh, that's a printing press. Haven't you heard? Tats are out, movable type is in.

DEAN: I've heard that.

RORY: So, my room's in there.

DEAN: Nice to see you again, Paris.

PARIS: Right back at you.

[Dean wanders back to Rory's room and shuts the door. Paris stops Rory.]

PARIS: You're back with Farmer Boy? What gives?

RORY: Paris --

PARIS: I thought he was married.

RORY: He was -- now he's not.

PARIS: Well, well -- Hoss returns. Who would've thunk?

RORY: I'm going in my room now.

PARIS: Just hold on. We have to figure this out.

RORY: Figure what out?

PARIS: You're going to be bringing boys home now. We need a system.

RORY: I'm not bringing "boys" home. I'm bringing "boy" home. That boy - that's it.

PARIS: I assume you're having sex.

RORY: [uncomfortable] Paris!

PARIS: You're having sex. Well, luckily, I just bought some noise-reducing headphones, so that'll help.

RORY: Oh boy.

PARIS: If I put the headphones on, then stuff towels under the door, that should do the trick.

RORY: Hey, if you've got extra towels to stuff, I got a location suggestion.

PARIS: How loud are you?

RORY: Paris, stop.

PARIS: Look, I don't care. I just need the information to formulate a good plan. I mean, you look all small and squeaky, but sometimes, it's exactly the bunny-looking girls who can blow the roof off the barn. I know, just give me a three-minute warning.

RORY: I'm walking away now.

PARIS: That way, I have time to put everything in place. Put headphones on, et cetera.

RORY: Bye [backs away]

PARIS: Is he gonna be coming over a lot? Probably, right? He's at his peak now, and it's probably one of the only things he's good at so...

RORY: Three-minute warning!

PARIS: Right. [quickly exits]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW - DOOSE'S MARKET

[Lane, Zach walk through the aisles with grocery cart loading it with items. Brian follows with a pad of paper writing busily.]

LANE: Bread.

BRIAN: That's \$1.10, so we're at \$17.33.

ZACH: And jam.

LANE: Generic.

ZACH: Yes, Mom.

BRIAN: \$1.40, so we're at \$18.73.

ZACH: Yo, John Nash, enough with the numbers.

BRIAN: I'm just keeping track so we don't go over.

ZACH: It's too much pressure. I can't think.

BRIAN: If we use coupons, it would stretch our money.

ZACH: Dude, the only thing more un-rock 'n' roll than coupons is that shirt you're wearing.

BRIAN: I've asked you about this shirt. You never said anything.

ZACH: We're not using coupons.

[Zach opens refrigerated case and stocks up on canned beer]

LANE: Get enough brewskis there, buddy?

ZACH: Don't worry, I'm using my own money for this.

LANE: Okay, just...

ZACH: Just what?

LANE: I'm not sure why you need all that beer, that's all.

ZACH: We've got gigs coming up, and I've kinda learned through experience that if you say to people, "Hey, wanna come back for some beers?" And you don't have beer, they get pissed and leave.

LANE: People?

ZACH: Right.

LANE: Meaning "girls."

ZACH: I would prefer it be girls.

LANE: [sarcasm] Good. Well then, stock up, then, Hef. Get some extra for Jimmy Caan.

[Jackson appears and attempts to move pass through them]

JACKSON: Hey, guys. How you doing?

LANE: [irritated] Great. Hope you're not here for beer. I think we're buying it all up.

JACKSON: I'm just here for diapers. [exits]

LANE: [to Zach] Any of your girlfriends need diapers?

ZACH: What is your problem? [exits with the cart]

LANE: Problem? No problem. [Still irritated, she opens the case again and grabs carton and follows.] Milk.

BRIAN: Lane, that was a real brand. [follows]

CUT TO DOOSE'S CHECKOUT LINE

[Taylor, the cashier counts back change to a man with child, a woman, Maggie, stands behind him in line, Jackson stands behind her.]

TAYLOR: That makes \$27, \$28, \$29, \$30, and \$10 makes \$40. And here -- here, take a balloon for the little miss. Election's on Tuesday. [Man and child exit with the balloon] Morning, Maggie. How's the family?

MAGGIE: A pain in my rear. Don't say I said that.

TAYLOR: Morning, Jackson. [as he continues to unload and ring up woman's groceries]

JACKSON: Hi, Taylor.

MAGGIE: Hey, are these the best you got?

TAYLOR: Unfortunately, October's a terrible time for tomatoes.

MAGGIE: I guess I could always go with canned. I hate canned.

JACKSON: Hey, if you're needing more, Taylor, I got a nice crop of tomatoes. We could work something out.

TAYLOR: Well, that's nice of you to offer. You're growing them in that big new greenhouse, right?

JACKSON: [proudly] Built it with my own two hands.

MAGGIE: That's very industrious.

TAYLOR: Too bad about what's happening with all that.

JACKSON: Yeah... err, What?

TAYLOR: Nice cukes, though.

MAGGIE: Beautiful cukes.

TAYLOR: I love cukes in a tricolore salad -- adds a nice crunch.

JACKSON: Uh, "too bad about all" what, Taylor?

TAYLOR: Oh, you know -- the greenhouse.

JACKSON: The greenhouse? What about the greenhouse?

MAGGIE: Wait -- aren't the cukes three for \$1?

TAYLOR: They're two for \$1.

MAGGIE: It said three.

TAYLOR: Barry, I need a price check on cucumbers.

JACKSON: Taylor?

TAYLOR: Jackson, please. This is not the proper forum to discuss the problem with your greenhouse.

JACKSON: What problem?!

TAYLOR: Barry, if you hear me, yell "10-4."

JACKSON: I'll check the price on the stupid cucumbers! Just tell me what's up with the greenhouse!

TAYLOR: Jackson, this is my place of business. The unpleasantness with your structure will all be settled at the next town meeting. I'm not hearing a "10-4," Barry.

JACKSON: I can't go to the town meeting. I'm watching the baby.

TAYLOR: Oh, I'd get a babysitter if I was you.

BARRY: [OS]10-4.

JACKSON: You were out smoking again, weren't you, Barry?

BARRY: [OS] No.

JACKSON: Don't lie. I'll smell your breath.

BARRY: [OS] 10-4.

JACKSON: I don't like the tone of that "10-4." [Frustrated, Jackson leaves without the diapers]

CUT TO RORY'S DORM BEDROOM AND LANE'S APARTMENT BEDROOM

[Scene switches between the two locations.]

LANE: I usually like grocery shopping. This stripped it of all enjoyment.

RORY: I thought you hated grocery shopping with the guys. You always bicker.

LANE: But that's fun bickering. That's bickering we'll look back on in 20 years, slap each other on the backs and say, "wha-ho, good times."

RORY: So you'll be Dickens characters in 20 years?

LANE: You know what I mean. I know -- I have no right to be bothered by Zach luring women back to the apartment with cheap beer, because I haven't told him I like him. I mean, if I had told him I like him and he was doing that, he'd be a creep of the first order. As it is, he's just exhibiting basic guy behavior -- grunt, grunt, caveman stuff, which, to be honest, is a bit of the appeal of Zach.

RORY: So why don't you tell him?

LANE: There's a danger here.

RORY: The roommate thing.

LANE: The band thing. Need I mention the rock 'n' roll casualties from intraband dating?

RORY: I know they're numerous.

LANE: Not that there's not success stories. I mean, you've got your Cramps, your Yo La Tengo, your Kim and Thurstons.

RORY: Sonny and Cher, the Early Years.

LANE: Plus, you've got bands that have survived breakups - No Doubt.

RORY: Wish they hadn't.

LANE: X, Supertramp, The White Stripes. But in the negative, you have -

RORY: Sonny and Cher, the Later Years.

LANE: Jefferson Airplane, Fleetwood Mac. I know of two country music stars whose backup singers shot them in the groin.

RORY: Whoa. That's wicked hate.

[Paris bursts in Rory's room]

PARIS: My batteries are dead.

RORY: Hold on, Lane. [to Paris] Your batteries?

PARIS: For my headphones. When's Dean getting here?

RORY: Calm down Paris. We're just gonna watch a movie, and you're welcome to join us.

PARIS: Please. You're 19. Unless it's "Shoah," you two are getting carnal. [storms off]

RORY: [to Lane on the phone] Sorry. You were saying?

LANE: You've got the data. Now I need insight.

RORY: I think you should just tell him. This is not going away, so find the right moment, and see what he says. Don't mention that intraband dating stuff. Just follow your heart.

LANE: Heart. Ho, the girls in Heart really screwed things up big-time.

[Call waiting beeps]

RORY: Hang on. [click] Hello?

CUT TO DOOSE'S MARKET

[Dean, wearing an apron, is stocking produce. Scene switches back and forth between him and Rory.]

DEAN: Hey, it's me.

RORY: Oh, hey. You about on your way?

DEAN: Unfortunately, no. I have no way to get there.

RORY: Oh, what happened to your car?

DEAN: Uh, nothing. It's just, um... Lindsay needed it.

RORY: Oh, right.

DEAN: I don't know what for. She just needed it for some reason, and we're still kind of sharing it.

RORY: Right. Drag.

DEAN: I'll look to see if there's a bus or something.

RORY: That could take hours.

DEAN: Yeah. You want to come here?

RORY: To Stars Hollow? How?

DEAN: Drive. You got your car.

RORY: Oh, yeah, I do. Yeah, no, of course. Um, I have a car, and I'll drive to you.

DEAN: Good. I mean, if you want to.

RORY: Definitely. Yeah, and now Paris doesn't have to go get batteries.

DEAN: What?

RORY: Nothing. I'll see you in about an hour?

DEAN: My place?

RORY: See you there.

DEAN: Bye.

RORY: [clicks call waiting back to Lane] Sorry.

LANE: That's okay. Listen, I'm going to play two Rilo Kiley songs -- one pre-Jenny/Blake breakup, one post. Tell me if you hear a quality difference. [Hold up her phone to the boom box speaker]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW TOWN MEETING

[Taylor is standing on stage behind the podium deep into his lecture to the stunned townspeople]

TAYLOR: The ferocity of attack is not affected by whether they're in the larval or nymphal life stage or whether they're of the one-, two-, or three-host variety.

MISS PATTY: Oh, I hate this, Taylor. Every year.

BABETTE: Yeah, we get it -- ticks are bad.

TAYLOR: Maybe people who are new to our town -- thus, new to the town meeting -- don't know the hazards of the common tick.

GYPSY: [stands] Ticks are bad! Moving on! [sits]

TAYLOR: Don't hate the tick messenger. Hate the tick. Now, to continue...

[Taylor continues to lecture as Lorelai quietly speaks to Sookie]

LORELAI: He's ruined the word "nymphal" for me forever.

JACKSON: 4 bucks an hour to a babysitter for a tick lecture?

SOOKIE: Don't worry, honey. He'll get to us.

JACKSON: [under his breath] Waste of time.

TAYLOR: That's when a tick clamps onto his host, plunges his hypostome into the skin, and feasts on his next blood meal.

[The audience groans]

MISS PATTY: You take too much delight in this, Taylor.

KIRK: [riveted] Go on, Taylor. He's sucking out the blood...

TAYLOR: They feed for extensive periods, and at large volumes, up to 500 times their body weight. This would be the equivalent of a 150-pound man drinking 9,000 gallons of human blood.

[The crowd groans again as Kirk nods with grave interest.]

BABETTE: Taylor, please! We get it!

MISS PATTY: Let's just vote on whatever it is you want us to vote on.

ANDREW: Before I hurl.

JACKSON: Yeah!

TAYLOR: Fine. The question before us is, shall the town incur the expense of posting signs urging residents to tuck their pants into their socks during tick season? In favor? [three people raise their hands] Opposed? [the remaining room raises their hands] The measure is defeated by an irresponsible, devil-may-care majority. Now we move on to the next item -- the matter of the town Stars Hollow vs. Land parcel 11423-A. Is the parcel holder present?

JACKSON: [stands] If that's me, I'm here.

TAYLOR: The parcel holder is present. Now, said parcel is cited as being in violation of section 423, subsection 4c, subsection 32-b, formerly known as section 424, subsection --

JACKSON: Enough!

LORELAI: Yeah, this is more painful than ticks!

TAYLOR: So, the parcel holder requests the reading of the citation be waived?

JACKSON: Waive it. Waive it. Just tell me what the hell is wrong with my greenhouse.

TAYLOR: It's built too close to the edge of your property.

JACKSON: It's miles away from the edge of my property.

TAYLOR: It's 9 1/2 feet from the edge of your property.

JACKSON: Exactly.

TAYLOR: According to town codes, no new structure can come within 10 feet of the edge of your property.

JACKSON: [scoffs] Oh, that's a technicality.

TAYLOR: No, that's the law. And as town selectman, it's up to me to see that you abide by it.

JACKSON: Unbelievable!

TAYLOR: There's a simple solution, if you want to hear it.

JACKSON: I do, yes.

TAYLOR: Just move it over six inches.

JACKSON: Oh, well, you should have just said that before.

TAYLOR: Perhaps I should have.

JACKSON: Just move the greenhouse over six inches?

TAYLOR: That's right

JACKSON: Good thing I built it on wheels so I could just scooch it over.

TAYLOR: Oh, it's on wheels?

JACKSON: No, it's not on wheels!

TAYLOR: Because wheels would have been handy.

JACKSON: I would have to tear it down to move it over six inches, Taylor!

TAYLOR: Hmmm. Too bad you didn't check with me before you built it. Could have saved you some heartache.

JACKSON: [sputtering] Up -- ah -- ah --

SOOKIE: Okay, that's not English, hon.

LORELAI: Come on, Taylor. This is ridiculous.

TAYLOR: This issue is not open for debate.

LORELAI: This is a nice man who is growing some very nice tomatoes, and you just need to oil your knees and go see the wizard and get a heart and drop this!

TAYLOR: What is this, Lorelai -- lingering resentment over the parking space issue?

LORELAI: Well come on, you rejected it because I left out my middle name. How many other

Lorelai Gilmores do you know?

TAYLOR: Well, there's your daughter.

LORELAI: Okay. So you know two. Bet you can't name a third, unless you knew my grandma.

TAYLOR: I think it's about time to adjourn this meeting.

JACKSON: Oh, we're not done with this, Taylor!

TAYLOR: I think we are.

JACKSON: Don't bang that gavel!

TAYLOR: Your issue is not with me. I am merely the humble vessel for the municipal code.

JACKSON: Maybe it's time for a different vessel.

LORELAI: Where's he going with this?

SOOKIE: Not sure.

TAYLOR: A different vessel?

JACKSON: That's right. A different vessel. I'm running.

TAYLOR: For what?

JACKSON: For whatever it is you are. What are you again?

TAYLOR: Town Selectman.

JACKSON: I'm running for town selectman.

MISS PATTY: Nobody ever runs against Taylor.

GYPSY: He's our Papa Doc.

SOOKIE: Hon, shouldn't we maybe talk about this?

TAYLOR: Well, I accept the challenge. And I look forward to a lively race. Competition is the whetstone that sharpens the blade of democracy. Meeting adjourned.

LORELAI: Whatever you need, friend, I'm with you.

JACKSON: I need your vote.

LORLELAI: You got it.

[the crowd all stands and move to exit. Jackson shakes hands with a passing man.]

JACKSON: Jackson Belleville, running for selectman. I need your vote. [turns and shakes hands with Andrew] Jackson Belleville -- that's with four "L's".

ANDREW: I know. We went to high school together.

JACKSON: I still need your vote!

[they walk off as Lorelai and Sookie chat as they walk to the exit]

LORELAI: We're gonna need buttons and balloons and a slogan. How about something like -- I don't know -- "Taylor sucks like a tick"? [Sookie cringes] Don't worry. First blurb. We'll work it out.

CUT TO FORESTER RESIDENCE - EVENING

[Rory walks up to the door and rings the bell. Dean opens the door.]

RORY: Hey.

DEAN: Wow. You made good time.

RORY: No traffic.

DEAN: Come on in.

CUT TO INTERIOR OF DEAN'S PARENT'S HOME - ENTRYWAY

RORY: Your mom got a new plant.

DEAN: Yeah.

[view of living room reveals Dean's sister sitting on the sofa]

CLARA: Rory! [leaps to her feet and hugs Rory]

RORY: Oh, hi, Clara.

CLARA: I'm so glad you're back. I never liked Lindsay.

DEAN: Clara!

CLARA: I wouldn't say that to Lindsay.

DEAN: [shooes his sister] Go.

[Dean's mother enters from other room]

MAY: Dean! Was someone at the door? Rory!

RORY: Oh, hi, May. How you doing?

MAY: [forced politeness] Oh, fine. Can't complain.

RORY: Good.

MAY: [stiffly] Dean's father's in the basement. He says hello.

RORY: Oh, hello back. [uncomfortable pause] I like the...figus.

MAY: Thank you. We're done with dinner. But if you're hungry, I could scrounge up something to zap.

RORY: I'm fine, thank you.

DEAN: We're gonna go upstairs.

MAY: All right.

RORY: Bye.

MAY: Bye.

CUT TO DEAN'S BEDROOM

[Rory and Dean enter]

RORY: It's your old room.

DEAN: In all its glory.

[Rory wanders around and sees old and new objects in his room]

RORY: [teasing] Taking up dressmaking?

DEAN: [teases back] Yeah, I am.

RORY: [plays with a toy car] Vroom.

DEAN: I thought they'd gotten rid of all that stuff by now.

[They come together in an embrace and prepare to kiss. Avril Lavigne blasts from other side of his wall. Dean pounds on the wall with his fist.]

CLARA: [OS] What?!

DEAN: It's too loud.

CLARA: No, it isn't.

DEAN: Turn it down or I'm gonna come over and do it myself.

[Volume decreases]

RORY: You should really get her some Ramones.

DEAN: Hey, um... I'm sorry about my mom. This whole thing's been kind of a surprise to my parents. I mean, Dad's hardly left the basement.

RORY: That's okay. It's gonna take time for everybody.

[Music volume increases and Dean, again, pounds on the wall]

CLARA: [OS] What?!

DEAN: Turn it back down! [Volume decreases. Dean chuckles.] The college student and the divorcée.

RORY: We'd make a good adult film.

[Dean caresses her hair and move closer to kiss then: Knock on door]

MAY: [OS through closed door] Dean?

DEAN: [calls back] What, Mom?

MAY: [OS] Just wondering how late Rory's gonna be here.

DEAN: I - uh, don't know exactly.

MAY: Because I want to set the alarm before Dad and I go to bed. If the front door opens, it'll set it off.

DEAN: Uh, I'll turn it on when she leaves, Mom.

MAY: Okay. It's just that that will make the alarm panel in the bedroom chirp. That wakes us.

DEAN: Well, Clara's stereo is gonna keep you awake anyways, Mom.

CLARA: [OS] I turned it down.

MAY: Just as long as Rory doesn't stay too late, okay, Dean?

DEAN: Okay, Mom.

MAY: Okay. [after a pause, Dean's door opens a few inches and we hear footsteps fade away]

DEAN: [Scoffs] We could go to a movie.

RORY: I'd love that, but it's, like, 8:30 already. I have classes.

DEAN: Right. And you're not hungry?

RORY: Not really.

DEAN: Want to watch TV?

RORY: Sure.

[Rory settles on the floor, as Dean walks over to the TV and flips it on, closing his door before also settling on the floor opposite Rory. Indistinct voices on TV but no picture.]

DEAN: [Sighs] It takes a few minutes to warm up.

RORY: Oh, no problem.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER - THE NEXT MORNING

[Sookie walks around the diner and shakes hands with the other customers, while she hands out buttons.]

SOOKIE: So good to meet you. And see you at the polls! [pauses at another table] Hey, aren't you two handy with a knife and fork. [Squeals to the parents while handing out buttons] Cute kids. Yeah! There you go. Hi. Good morning. Go, Jackson. [she joins Lorelai at a decorated dining table. Lorelai is talking on her cell phone.]

LORELA: Well, when it comes to noise pollution, Jackson Belleville hears you loud and clear. That's

right. Thank you so much for your time, and we'll see you at the polls. [clicks off the phone] Okay, I think I can make it through the G's before my phone gives out.

SOOKIE: [holds up her phone] I got mine right here.

LORELAI: Great.

[Kirk enter Luke's Diner and approaches them. He is dressed in a suit and clipboard looking like a typical pollster]

KIRK: Ladies, I offer myself up to you and your cause.

LORELAI: What's this?

KIRK: I took it upon myself to poll the town, and I think you're gonna be pretty happy with the results.

SOOKIE: We are?

KIRK: Jackson is solidly in the lead.

LORELAI: Already? We just started bugging people.

KIRK: Well, I modeled my poll after the Gallup poll. The Gallup poll uses a sample of 1,005 voters to represent the 280 million people of the United States. Using that logic, the correct sampling size of the town of Stars Hollow would be 0.002. Rounding that up means one person needs to be polled, so I picked me.

LORELAI: You polled yourself?

KIRK: I was right there. Seemed like a perfect opportunity.

LORELAI: Okay. Well, first of all, thank you for dressing up to talk to yourself. And secondly, I think you're gonna need to poll more people to get a better sense of where we really are.

KIRK: Oh. Okay, I'll see what I can do.

LORELAI: Thanks, Kirk. [Kirk exit the diner] You did notice that the back of his pants are shorter than the front?

SOOKIE: How does that happen?

LORELAI: That's Kirk.

SOOKIE: It certainly is.

[Luke appears at their decorated table]

LUKE: [dryly] Hey, excuse me, but my customers aren't getting in the way of your thing here, are they?

LORELAI: [considers] Uh, no, they're fine.

LUKE: Good. 'Cause I can kick them out or close down for you, if you like.

LORELAI: [brightly] That's sweet, but we're good.

LUKE: So you'll tell me if my business is in your way?

LORELAI: You'll be the first to know. [Lane walks by carrying plates of food] Ooh, Lane. Great. Do you think your band could play at Jackson's rally next week? It's not a lot of cash, but it's a little something and it's primetime placement.

LANE: [grins] Absolutely.

[Luke shifts his feet impatiently]

LORELAI: Great. Jackson picked a song, so I'll get info that to you.

LANE: Cool. Thanks. [walks off]

LUKE: Okay, maybe you were missing my subtle sarcasm there when I mentioned my customers being in your way?

LORELAI: [continues to smile brightly] Oh, no. I didn't miss it at all.

LUKE: Get your w*r room outta here.

LORELAI: Hey, this is for a good cause. Taylor bugs you, too.

LUKE: Yes, he bugs me.

LORELAI: Okay then. We're trying to get rid of your little annoyance.

LUKE: By becoming my new little annoyance?

LORELAI: Oh, hey, the night of the rally, we're gonna need a sort of backstage gathering area.

LUKE: You cannot gather here.

[Lorelai glances out the window to the town square park]

LORELAI: But it's right across from the --

LUKE: [firmly] You cannot gather here.

LORELAI: See, the stage is right over -

LUKE: [very firmly] You cannot gather here.

LORELAI: Do you like my hair like this?

LUKE: [without skipping a beat] Yes, and you cannot gather here.

LORELAI: Wow. Sleeping with you is getting me nothing. [forms a "zero" with her fingers for emphasis]

LUKE: Just gather your crap up, get it out. I need the tables. [walks off]

[Jackson quickly enters the diner]

JACKSON: Quick, give me the baby. [picks up Davey from the stroller and walks out grunting] Ooh.

Oh ho ho.

LORELAI: Is he gonna sell it?

[They watch through the window and see people gather around Jackson "ooh-ing" over the cute baby.]

SOOKIE: Oh. That's it, Davey. Work it, work it. Do the clapping, do the clapping.

[As if on cue, Davey claps his baby hands together and the crowd "ahhs" impressed]

LORELAI: Hmm. Very "Manchurian Candidate" of you.

[Through the window, they watch Taylor exit his parlor ringing a bell]

TAYLOR: Free ice cream. Come and get your free ice cream, compliments of Taylor Doose of "Taylor's Old-Fashioned Soda Shoppe And Candy Store". [chuckles as people eagerly enter his shop] No need to rush, folks. There's plenty of free, fresh, handmade ice cream for every single registered voter in Stars Hollow.

SOOKIE: How dirty.

LORELAI: I know. All he needed were some lying swift boat captains to complete the ambush.

SOOKIE: Now we're gonna lose.

LORELAI: No, no, now -- he may have the edge, but we've got the heart.

SOOKIE: Who the hell cares about heart?

LORELAI: [determinedly] We do, and people will. We just have to stay focused and do this one vote at a time. [picks up her phone and dials]

SOOKIE: Who are you calling? Ben Affleck?

LORELAI: Oh, hello, my favorite daughter.

RORY: What do you need?

LORELAI: I need you to come home.

RORY: Now?

LORELAI: No, Tuesday.

RORY: What's on Tuesday?

LORELAI: Well, it's the town selectman elections, and we're desperate. Lane's band is playing, and I'll give you a button.

RORY: I'll be there.

LORELAI: Really?

RORY: You know I'm a sucker for a good button.

LORELAI: Thanks, kid.

RORY: Tell Jackson I'm rooting for him.

LORELAI: I will. [hesitates] Um, so, how's school?

RORY: So far, so good.

LORELAI: And how's Paris?

RORY: Asher left her a 300-pound antique printing press, which she put in the common room.

LORELAI: So, same?

RORY: Exactly.

LORELAI: Great. Okay. And, um...how's Dean?

RORY: He's fine.

LORELAI: Okay, well, good.

RORY: Mom, I have to study. I'll see you Tuesday, okay?

LORELAI: Okay, see you Tuesday. [clicks off the phone] Okay, so Rory's coming back to vote. So counting her, you, me, Jackson, and Kirk, that's five.

SOOKIE: Why did you say "how's Dean?" like that?

LORELAI: Like that?

SOOKIE: [Affected voice] "How's Dean?"

LORELAI: I did say it like that, didn't I?

SOOKIE: Yep.

LORELAI: I don't know. I think I'm trying so hard to make Rory think I'm totally cool with the situation that I end up sounding totally freaked out by the situation.

SOOKIE: You're totally cool with the situation?

LORELAI: Well, I'm totally on my way to being totally cool with the situation.

[Dejected, Jackson enters the diner with Davey in his arms]

JACKSON: Here. Take him. He's politically useless to me.

SOOKIE: Ooh.

CUT TO DEAN'S FRONT DOOR PORCH STEPS - EVENING.

[Dean sits alone on the steps. Rory pulls up in her car and Dean eagerly gets in. They drive off.]

CUT TO A REMOTE AREA OF STARS HOLLOW WOODS

[Rory and Dean are parked. Fumbling in the darkness.]

RORY: Oow!

DEAN: Sorry.

RORY: Oh, that's okay.

DEAN: You sure?

RORY: Yeah. I'm good. Just, um... [they kiss passionately] wait.

DEAN: What?

RORY: My hair.

DEAN: [shifts] Okay. Is that --

RORY: yeah, yeah. That's good.

DEAN: [bumps his head in the cramped little car] Damn it.

RORY: Let's just shift here. [leans across him]

DEAN: What are you doing?

RORY: I'm just trying to get your seat back.

DEAN: Oh, I can do that.

RORY: Oh! See, good, okay. So I'll just get, like, up here, and then now --

DEAN: ow. Wait. Ow. Ow! [Rory returns to the drivers seat, defeated. Dean is breathing heavily.] This isn't working great.

RORY: Sorry. [Chuckles and looks around uncomfortably]

DEAN: Yeah.

RORY: So... what do you want to do?

DEAN: I don't know.

RORY: We could try going to your house or --

DEAN: No, my parents are there.

RORY: Right. We could go to Luke's. He's dating my mom now, so I get seated right away.

DEAN: I don't want to go to Luke's.

RORY: Okay, then, I'm out. Your turn.

DEAN: Maybe you should just take me home.

RORY: Oh, okay. You know, Lane's band is playing at Jackson's rally, and I thought maybe I'd come

back to town to see it. Maybe we could go together.

DEAN: No, I don't think so.

RORY: It would be fun. At the least, it could be very loud.

DEAN: No, Rory! I don't want to go parading our relationship all over town.

RORY: I didn't say -

DEAN: I don't need to rub Lindsay's nose in it any more than I already have, okay?

RORY: [stunned] I wasn't trying to rub Lindsay's nose in anything. I was just - [seeing his sullen look] I'll take you home. [starts car and drives off]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE - INTERIOR ENTRYWAY

[Rory enters the front door and walks to the living room]

RORY: Hello?

LORELAI: [OS] Rory?

RORY: Yep.

[Rory settles on the sofa as Lorelai enters from kitchen]

LORELAI: Hey. Did I know you were coming home?

RORY: Nope.

LORELAI: That's a nice face.

[Lorelai joins her on the sofa]

RORY: I don't feel like driving all the way back to school tonight. I have to deal with James Joyce first thing in the morning. Is that okay?

LORELAI: The crashing or the dealing with James Joyce?

RORY: Crashing.

LORELAI: Absolutely. Crash away. Need a helmet?

RORY: Just a pillow.

LORELAI: So, just curious, what brings you to this neck of the woods this fine evening?

RORY: Dean had to give Lindsay the car tonight.

LORELAI: Ah.

RORY: So I came here to see him.

LORELAI: Well, you're a good girlfriend.

RORY: Well, it just made sense. I mean, I have a car.

LORELAI: [muttering under her breath] And classes first thing in the morning.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Huh?

RORY: What'd you say?

LORELAI: I said, "who wants Pop-Tarts?"

[she stands and exits]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW VOTING POLL OUTSIDE THE CURTAINED BOOTHS - EVENING

[Lorelai stands outside one of the curtained booths]

LORELAI: Oh, my God. Come on. How long is this taking you?

RORY: [exits the curtain] We do not harass the voters. This is not Florida.

SOOKIE: [emerges from the next booth] I just voted for my husband. [walks to nearby table] Gimme that sticker. When I married him, I never thought that someday he'd go into politics. Of course, his winning the line-dance championship was also a bit of a shocker, so what the hell do I know?

TAYLOR: [appears] Gee, I wonder who I just voted for. [Chuckling] Ah, this is a wonderful night.

[accepts a sticker] Thank you. Sookie, I just want to say good luck, and may the best man win.

SOOKIE: Yeah, you too, Taylor. [returns his "two thumbs up" as he exits] Ha ha. You know what -- this has been fun, even if we lose.

LORELAI: We're not gonna lose.

SOOKIE: Even if we do, I'm still glad we did it.

LORELAI: We're not going to lose. [to Rory] What's up with you? You taking off?

RORY: I'm gonna see Lane's band, then I'm gonna go.

SOOKIE: And I'm gonna make stew for Jackson. When he loses, he'll get stew. He likes stew.

LORELAI: He's not gonna lose.

SOOKIE: But if he does... then he'll get stew.

CUT TO BACKSTAGE AT JACKSON'S RALLY

[Lane, Gil, Zach and Brian listen to a tape playing "Believe it or Not" in a boom box and are stunned. Zach slaps the machine off.]

ZACH: This is the day the music died.

GIL: Seals & Crofts rock harder than this.

BRIAN: My mom likes this song.

LANE: It's the song Jackson picked. We have to play it.

ZACH: And then leave town immediately, because there's no way we can ever show our faces around here again.

BRIAN: We could wear masks. They wouldn't know it was us.

GIL: Dude, they wreak havoc with your hair.

LANE: And where would we get 'em?

BRIAN: My parents have a collection of wooden tiki masks they've picked up on trips. They're pretty cool. We'd have to peel the price tags off.

ZACH: I'm not wearing smelly wood on my face.

BRIAN: Well then, you come up with something.

ZACH: I say we walk because otherwise we're selling out.

GIL: We're already backstage. People will see us.

BRIAN: Not if we wear tiki masks.

ZACH: It's worth it to keep our street cred.

LANE: Look, Zach, it's for a good cause. And if, for one night, we have to give up our cool and not have girls jigglng up and down, wanting to come back to our place for sucker beer, then so be it.

ZACH: Whoa, Prohibition Sally. Part of the point of all this is appealing to chicks.

LANE: For you, not for us.

BRIAN: No, for me, too.

GIL: That's how I met my wife.

LANE: Well, then, not for me.

ZACH: Well, you're a chick.

LANE: Right, so I should know.

ZACH: I don't even know what you're talking about anymore.

GIL: We can't cancel the gig.

ZACH: Then what do we do?

GIL: We do what we do. We make rock 'n' roll. Hendrix rocked Woodstock with "The Star Spangled banner."

BRIAN: That's true.

GIL: No one saw it coming. It's a classic now. He turned it into an anthem.

LANE: It's "The Star Spangled Banner." It was kind of already an anthem.

GIL: Thanks to Hendrix.

ZACH: I'm confused.

BRIAN: So am I.

ZACH: Are we walking or what?

LANE: We're not walking.

[Lane and Gil "high five" their agreement]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER - ALL DECORATED WITH POST RALLY FESTIVITIES

[Luke approaches Lorelai from across the counter]

LUKE: Okay, I gotta get out of here. I'm going upstairs. I put out the coffee, I locked the storeroom and the fridge. [He places his diner keys in her hand and gently squeezes] Do not let anyone break anything or steal anything. And lock up when you're done.

LORELAI: [giggles] You really don't want to wait for the results?

LUKE: [dryly] I'm just afraid I'll get too emotional.

LORELAI: Good night. [Luke exits]

[Lorelai stuffs his keys into her back pocket as she watches her daughter exit the diner]

SOOKIE: [OS to Jackson] You want some more coffee?

LORELAI: [to Rory] Bye, hon.

SOOKIE: [consoling tone] How you doing, honey?

JACKSON: Oh, I'm fine.

SOOKIE: He's nervous. I can tell. His neck goes away.

JACKSON: I'm not nervous. I'm fine.

[Kirk enter the diner.]

KIRK: Where are they? Where are they? Oh, there you are. You won't believe it. Big news. [gasping out of breath]

LORELAI: Kirk, sit down.

KIRK: Can't. These aren't my pants. [Puzzled, Sookie glances at his pants] I have the results of my latest poll. I talked to every single person in town, and unanimously, they're all voting for Jackson.

SOOKIE: What?

JACKSON: Are you sure?

KIRK: I am sure. I talked to everyone except Taylor -- but I assumed he was voting for himself -- and they all told me the same thing.

SOOKIE: We're going to win? I'm gonna be the first town selectman lady.

JACKSON: I can't believe it.

LORELAI: Kirk, you're sure about this? Every single person?

KIRK: Every person except Taylor -- and even that's not a lock, 'cause hatred for Taylor runs very deep.

SOOKIE: Ooh, the rally started. Come on. Ooh, I'm so excited! I don't have to make stew! [She urges Jackson out of the diner with her. Kirk salutes Jackson and follows.]

LORELAI: [Chuckling] Right.

[Lorelai picks up her hat and notices through the wall window, Taylor sitting alone in the dark in his parlor. He raises a can of spray whipped cream to his mouth and takes a hit. Lorelai is sad as she exits the diner - locking the door as she leaves.]

CUT TO BRIGHTLY LIT STAGE - CAMERA PANS DOWNWARD TO SEE GATHERING CROWD

[Rory mills through the crowd. Indistinct chatter - Instruments tuning. Rory approaches the stage.]

RORY: Lane.

LANE: You're here!

RORY: Hey, I'm your groupie. But don't get any ideas. I'm saving experimentation for my junior year.

LANE: I love you.

RORY: If you need someone to stage-dive, give me a signal.

LANE: You got it.

[They part ways as Sookie walks onstage and speaks into the microphone]

SOOKIE: Hello, Stars Hollow! [the crowd all answers "Hello!"] Okay, so the man of the hour, Jackson Belleville -- [Cheers and applause] Oh. That's nice. Okay. Well, he's getting ready to come out here and talk to you, but before he does, I wanted to take the opportunity to say thanks -- wow. Again, wow. Okay, so thanks for all of the support and the nice thoughts. This is a great place to live, and I wouldn't want to live anywhere else the world! And now let's get this party started. I've got a real treat for you tonight. Right here, live onstage, playing one of Jackson's favorite songs of all time, put your hands together, and let's build the roof for Hep Alien!

[Camera shifts to the band. Zach counts off the beat softly]

ZACH: One, two, three, four... [sings] look at what's happened to me I can't believe it myself

GIL: [sings] Suddenly I'm on top of the world and it shoulda been somebody else! [Music changes and becomes fast paced hard rock] Believe it or not, I'm walking on air. I never thought I would feel so free flyin' away on a wing and a prayer

ZACH: [sings] Who could it be? Believe it or not, it's just me! It's just like the light of a new day it hit me from out of the blue.

GIL: [sings] Breakin' me out of the spell I was in, makin' all my wishes come true. believe it or not, I'm walking on air [Rory waves to Lane from the audience. Sookie watches the band from off stage as Lorelai joins her. Sookie appears a bit stunned.]

SOOKIE: It's different live, I guess.

LORELAI: I just saw Taylor in the soda shop.

SOOKIE: [still watching the band] Oh, yeah?

LORELAI: Yeah, I think he knows.

SOOKIE: Knows what?

LORELAI: Knows that he's gonna lose.

SOOKIE: Really?

LORELAI: He was sitting there all alone in the dark, downing spray whipped cream. He looked devastated.

SOOKIE: Yay!

LORELAI: I know -- "yay." But it's kind of sad, isn't it?

SOOKIE: Why? He deserves it.

LORELAI: I know, but no votes? None? That's humiliating. That's "Swept Away" kind of humiliating.

SOOKIE: [unconvincing] Yeah, you're right. Too bad.

LORELAI: You're stilling "yaying" in your head, aren't you?

SOOKIE: In 5.1 surround.

LORELAI: I'll be back in a minute.

[The band continues to play while Zach and Gil singing together. Two blonde groupies at the front of the crowd jiggle and giggle to the beat as they ogle Zach.]

ZACH AND GIL: [singing] Believe it or not! Believe it or not! Believe it or not!

GIL: [breaks out in a solo playing "The Star Spangled Banner" then...] [sings] Believe it or not! I'm walkin' on air!

CUT TO THE POLLING PLACE'S FRONT STEPS.

[Lorelai stands nervously at the steps and stops a friend]

LORELAI: Oh, Andrew. Great. Hi.

ANDREW: Hi Lorelai. Looks like it's gonna be a landslide for Jackson. Every single person I know is

voting for him. You must be really happy.

LORELAI: Oh, yes, I am. Could you, um, vote for Taylor?

ANDREW: [shocked] What?

LORELAI: Jackson's still gonna win. It's hard to explain. It involves spray cream. Just trust me. Great. Thanks. [Andrew walks off and a young woman walks by] Anna, hi!

ANNA: Hi, Lorelai. Big night, huh?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, real big. Could you vote for Taylor?

CUT TO RALLY STAGE - BAND STILL PLAYING

ZACH: [sings] Flyin' away on a wing and a prayer who could it be? Believe it or not it's just me!

[The band plays a finale slam. Zach flashes a smile to the blonde groupies, much to the chagrin of Lane. The groupies squeal their delight. After their last coordinated downbeat, they all come to the front stage to wave at the cheering crowd. Rory waves at Lane. Zach urges the two blondes to join him on stage.]

SOOKIE: Well, that was peppy. All right, ladies and gentlemen, what you've all been waiting for -- the man of the hour, the next town selectman of Stars Hollow, Jackson Belleville!

[The crowd cheers as Jackson walks on stage. He approaches Sookie and locks her in a passionate embracing kiss. She returns the kiss. Laughter erupts from the crowd as they break apart and face the stage grinning.]

JACKSON: Well, jeez. That was, uh... quite a welcome. Uh, thank you all for coming and supporting me in this... thing here. As I stand on this stage, looking at you all, I can't help but think... I have a job. I have a life. [Sookie glances at her husband while continuing to grin at the crowd] I don't have time to be selectman. [Sookie does a double take as her smile stales] I have a business. I have a kid. And Sookie and I are trying to have another one. [Sookie glances nervously at the quiet crowd] And the doctor has us on this schedule, and it's not flexible. And -- what was I thinking? What the hell am I doing here? I don't want to be selectman.

[After a long dramatic pause, a single voice rings out from the crowd]

MAN IN THE CROWD: [OS] An honest man!

ANOTHER MAN: [OS] Finally!

WOMAN IN CROWD: [OS] We're behind you all the way, Jackson!

ALL: [Chanting] Jackson! Jackson! Jackson! Jackson! Jackson! Jackson! Jackson! Jackson! Jackson! Jackson! Jackson! Jackson! Jackson! Jackson! Jackson!

[Sookie raises Jackson's hand in victory and joins the chanting]

CUT TO LANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

[Zach is celebrating on sofa with the two giggly blondes clinging to either side of him. Brian hovers nearby on the sofa's arm. Lane is in the kitchen scowling as she pours snacks into a bowl.]

ZACH: Whoo! Whoo! [Howls] Oh, man, I am flying. I mean it, I am two, three feet in the air.

BRIAN: It was tight, it was tight. [glances at Zach] That's the right term to throw in at this point, right?

CHERRY: No one plays guitar like you, Zach.

MIRA: Totally.

ZACH: It was more than just the gifts, sweetheart. It was the material.

[Lane watches from the kitchen and sullenly takes a bite from a chip.]

BRIAN: We found our sound.

ZACH: Cheese works. This is a turning point. We have to go for it.

MIRA: You are gonna be so famous.

CHERRY: Will you remember us when you're huge?

ZACH: No.

[After a pause the blondes burst out with laughter]

CHERRY: You're awful.

BRIAN: I'm awful, too.

[They all look over at Brian with no comment. After a long pause...]

ZACH: Okay, who needs refills?

CHERRY: I do.

MIRA: Me too.

BRIAN: I'm good. [Slurping from his beer can]

[Zach hops up and joins Lane in the kitchen]

ZACH: Grab us a couple beers, would you?

LANE: Okay.

ZACH: What are you doing in here? Come and join the party. [samples some chip dip from a bowl]

[Lane pull two cans from the refrigerator and braces herself before turning around]

LANE: I like you, Zach. I like you as more than a bandmate and more than a friend. I like you. I have liked you for some time now, and I don't think this feeling is going to go away. I just thought you should know. Here's your beer. [she hands him the two cans, takes a big breath and exits to her bedroom]

[Stunned, Zach walks to the sofa and dumps the cans into the girls hands]

ZACH: I gotta get some air.

[the girls watch him leave, puzzled]

BRIAN: I have Ken Burns' "Jazz" on DVD, if you're into that kind of thing.

CUT TO THE RALLY CROWD NEAR THE STAGE.

[Crowd still milling around as Rory looks on. Dean appears and approaches her.]

DEAN: Hey.

RORY: Hey. I didn't know you were coming.

DEAN: I'm so sorry.

RORY: It's okay.

DEAN: This whole situation's turning out to be a lot harder than I thought. Not you -- just Lindsay and moving back home and my parents. I'm not handling it as well as I should be.

RORY: It's a lot, Dean. You're doing fine.

DEAN: I didn't want to yell at you like that. I worked out the car thing. That's not gonna be an issue anymore. And I had a little talk with my mom, so I think things are gonna be better now.

RORY: Okay.

[Dean leans forward and kisses Rory warmly]

DEAN: I'm sorry.

RORY: It's good. Don't worry about it. [Dean smiles at her as she looks thoughtful] Dean, can I ask you something?

DEAN: Sure.

RORY: You won't get mad?

DEAN: No, I promise.

RORY: [hesitatingly] If Lindsay hadn't found that letter... would you... um, were you going... would you still have left her?

DEAN: Yeah. [looks at Rory puzzled before chuckling] Yeah. Yeah, of course.

RORY: [lets out a breath of relief] Okay. Good. [Chuckles]

[Their attention turns to the nearby stage]

MISS PATTY: Everybody, may I have your attention? The results are in. Jackson, come on out here.

JACKSON: [OS] No.

[Sookie dives behind the curtain and pulls Jackson on stage to join Miss Patty.]

MISS PATTY: [reads a small card] Okay. The votes for town selectman are as follows -- 1,114 for

Jackson Belleville. 10 for Taylor Doose. [applause from the crowd] Well, we have a new town selectman, ladies and gentlemen! [Jackson snatches the card from Miss Patty and stares at it in disbelief] Jackson, would you like to say a few words to your constituency?

JACKSON: No.

[Miss Patty snatches the card back as a voice from the crowd calls out]

TAYLOR: I would. [Crowd murmuring as Taylor climbs on stage. After shaking hands with Jackson, he turns to speak into the microphone] Friends and townspeople... today in Stars Hollow, democracy has spoken. The will of the people has prevailed, and new leadership has been instated. Your vote has counted. Free elections are a wonderful thing, a thing to be admired and cherished. Here in America, we have something else that is to be admired and cherished. It's called a recall election. [the crowd murmurs] I look forward to this other aspect of democracy, which I believe will happen any day now, when sanity and reason have been restored to Stars Hollow. So, in closing, friends, believe me when I tell you, you will have Taylor Doose to kick around again. Thank you, and God bless.

[He waves gaily to the silent crowd, looks around a moment before exiting]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER - AFTER RALLY FESTIVITIES

[People mill around food and balloons chatting happily while "Happy Days Are Here Again" plays in the background . Jackson looks very unhappy as Miss Patty continues talking. Andrew hovers nearby.]

MISS PATTY: Jackson, now that we're done with the sidewalk issue, I would like to talk to you about the permit for expanding my dance studio to include a Tae-Bo room.

ANDREW: I have the pictures of the hedges right here. They're at least a foot above where they're supposed to be, and ruby won't cut them down.

KIRK: [walks up and pats Jackson on his shoulder] If you need someone in charge of homeland security, I am your man.

[They all begin talking at once]

MISS PATTY: I have this great idea...

ANDREW: The sun sets five minutes earlier for me 'cause her hedges are in the way.

[Lorelai watches the festivities as she grabs a bottle and two wine glasses and heads up the back stairs to Luke's apartment]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER - UPSTAIRS.

[Lorelai approaches Luke's apartment door. No light shines from within, as she knocks. After a long pause, she bends closer to peer through the frosted glass. After another pause, the door opens. A groggy-looking Luke stands there in a t-shirt and sweat pants]

LUKE: Hey.

LORELAİ: Grabbed us a little victory champagne, and I thought -- you were asleep.

LUKE: Oh, no, no. I was just, uh, doing some bills and things.

LORELAI: Doing bills?

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: In the dark?

LUKE: Trying to - conserve.

LORELAI: So, when you went up earlier, you were going to bed. [Luke smiles sleepily] You go to bed early, which makes sense, because you get up early. And, ugh -- now I got it.

LUKE: Hey, it's no big deal. Just come on in, we'll, uh...

LORELAI: [leans over and kisses him tenderly] No, I can hold on to this till later.

LUKE: Yeah?

LORELAI: Yeah. Good night. [mutters to self] "Goes to bed early," I gotta remember that.

[Luke leans against the door frame shifting his weight]

LUKE: Only on some nights.

LORELAI: Hey, don't you also hate champagne? [holds up glasses]

LUKE: Kind of.

LORELAI: Yeah. [Sighs] I'm learning, I'm learning.

[She gives him another kiss before exiting, leaving him standing alone in his doorway. Sleepily, he turns and stumbles back inside.]

~~~ End ~~~