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07x16 - Will You Be My Lorelai Gilmore?

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07x16 - Will You Be My Lorelai Gilmore?

by **bunniefuu**

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STARS HOLLOW BABY SHOP - EXTERIOR

[Lorelai and Rory exit]

RORY: Are you sure we got enough plain onesies?

LORELAI: Let me see. 40 people have RSVP'ed yes to Lane's shower, and we bought 60 onesies for them to decorate. I don't want to go all "Beautiful Mind" on you, but according to my calculations...

RORY: Yes, Mr. Nash, but you are forgetting about the first-pancake phenomenon.

LORELAI: Eh?

RORY: Yes the first pancake - you know you always throw it out. What if people start decorating their onesies and they hate what they do, so they want to start over and we don't have enough onesies because we only estimated one each?

LORELAI: Why do you throw out the first pancake?

RORY: Well the griddle's too hot. It gets burned.

LORELAI: Oh, my god. Next year, no excuses. We are making you that audition tape for "Top Chef."

RORY: This is pretty basic stuff.

LORELAI: Do you do it with hamburgers and waffles, too?

RORY: No, it's pancake-specific.

LORELAI: Oh, my goodness. Well, that's good news, because onesies are the exact opposite of pancakes. They're totally impossible to screw up. You can slap anything on a onesie and it looks cute.

RORY: Anything?

LORELAI: Yeah. Alligator, fried egg, tools -- these are not generally considered cute items.

RORY: "I'll take the adorable Phillips-head --" not something you hear normally.

LORELAI: [In a high pitch voice] But you put that on a little onesie...

RORY: You're right - it's pretty damn cute.

LORELAI: So cute. All right, we got streamers and balloons, and the cake's in the fridge. The chairs are getting delivered later. All we have to do now is go home and decorate.

RORY: But did we agree on one table for presents or two?

LORELAI: One.

RORY: Well, don't you think two would be better?

LORELAI: One is fine.

RORY: Okay. But I'm not going for "fine," you know? Lane's shower cannot be fine. I want it to be great.

LORELAI: It will be.

RORY: Yeah but how do you know? I don't have the best track record. Lane's bachelorette party, we ended up in Brian's Aunt's basement. [Rory's cell phone rings]

LORELAI: Well, it was your first pancake.

RORY: Hmm. Hold on. [Answering the phone] Hello? Yes, this is Rory. Um... [mouthing to Lorelai] New York Times. [Both girls are excited] Hi. Um, thank you for calling me back. Thank you so much. Um. Yes. Uh...a-as a matter of fact, I will be. The corner of 9th and -- great. Um, okay. Uh, I'll see you then. [Ends the call] Oh, my god.

LORELAI: The New York Times?

RORY: The New York Times!

LORELAI: They called you?

RORY: Oh my...

LORELAI: Why did they call you?

RORY: Well...

LORELAI: Don't even answer. I mean if I was the New York Times, I would be like, "get me Rory Gilmore on the phone, stat."

RORY: "Stat"?

LORELAI: Whatever the equivalent of "stat" is in the news.

RORY: "Now"?

LORELAI: No! At the New York Times, the language is very fancy. You say "promptly," "presently," "two shakes of a lamb's tail." Why did they call you?

RORY: Well, okay, remember that guy Hugo Gray that I met at Logan's work party, the guy who edits the online magazine?

LORELAI: Yeah, you're writing pieces for him.

RORY: Exactly. well Hugo has an in at the times -- this guy A.J. Abrams. He's an assistant managing editor -- really big. And he gave me A.J.'s number and said that I should call him and see if he would get together with me for coffee so I could pick his brain.

LORELAI: A.J.'s brain?

RORY: Well, Hugo's brain had been picked clean.

LORELAI: Hmm.

RORY: But, yeah, I called A.J., And I never heard anything back. I didn't think he was gonna call me, but that was him just now on the phone, and he said that if I was gonna be in the city tomorrow around 1:00, he could meet me for coffee. And I said, "oh, well, as a matter of fact, I will be." He said something about a place on 9th, and I said, "okay," and he said, "see you tomorrow," and I said, "see you then."

LORELAI: Oh, my god, if this is any indication of the crackling spitfire dialogue to come at your coffee tomorrow -- ha!

RORY: Well this is the worst possible time, but I just couldn't say no.

LORELAI: No, you couldn't say no. I mean, let's face it. "Top Chef" is a long shot. This is the New York Times.

RORY: I know but I have so much to do to get ready for Lane's baby shower.

LORELAI: I'll take care of it.

RORY: Are you sure?

LORELAI: Yes, I'm like a professional party-thrower.

RORY: Well, I know, but...

LORELAI: No buts.

RORY: Okay, I mean -- that would be great. I should probably spend the night at Logan's tonight. My laptop's there. I need to print out my résumé. I should. God, I need to prepare. I mean he's gonna expect me to ask him really intelligent questions.

LORELAI: Honey you've been asking intelligent questions since you were 3.

RORY: Yeah I know, he's probably expecting something a little more sophisticated.

LORELAI: Than "what is a color?" 'cause that one, like, blew my mind.

RORY: Mm. Something a little more newspaper-related, at the very least.

LORELAI: You're gonna be great.

RORY: I hope so I mean even if they don't have an opening there, he knows people all across the country, you know? If I impress him, he can set me up with some really good leads.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, tell him your mother thinks you're spectacular.

RORY: I will do. Oh, my god. The New York Times called me -- and not the subscriptions department.

OPENING CREDITS

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[Lorelai is decorating]

LORELAI: How's the sign? Is it straight?

SOOKIE: Oh, it's cute. Oh the S, that's funny.

LORELAI: Thanks.

SOOKIE: Not what you asked.

LORELAI: No.

SOOKIE: Hit me again.

LORELAI: Is the sign straight?

SOOKIE: Uh, perfect.

LORELAI: Great.

SOOKIE: Ooh, Angelina and Brad had their baby... months and months ago!

LORELAI: Yeah, you're a little behind the times.

SOOKIE: This is the problem with having two kids under the age of 4 -- world events just, you know, pass you by.

LORELAI: Are you done with those favors?

SOOKIE: Mm-hmm. I cannot believe Britney is driving with her baby on her lap like that. What is she doing with that guy, by the way?

LORELAI: Well, you'll be glad to know they've since broken up, although it turns out he was kind of a stabilizing influence in her life. Who knew!

SOOKIE: You're kidding.

LORELAI: Um Hmm. I know -- why don't you blow up some more balloons or hang some streamers?

SOOKIE: I would love to, but it seems like the baby really wants me to just keep sitting here and reading "In Touch".

LORELAI: You know that excuse expires the minute you pop that baby out.

SOOKIE: Yep, but I've got 128 lazy days left.

LORELAI: Hey, why don't you go through the stack of pictures? 'Cause Rory is looking for one of Lane that she wants to blow up.

SOOKIE: Ooh, baby pictures -- fun! What do we got? Oh, god. Ooh! This one is so cute.

LORELAI: That's just of Rory, though.

SOOKIE: I know. She was just an itty-bitty, teeny, little, cutie-patootie, wasn't she?

LORELAI: Yeah, she's cute.

SOOKIE: Oh, she weally, weally was, wasn't she?

LORELAI: Seriously, with the voice...

SOOKIE: Well, sorry. I'm hormonal. [Gasps] I just can't believe this wittle girl might be working at the New York Times.

LORELAI: Yeah she's not so wittle anymore. Hey, less Rory, more Lane.

SOOKIE: Don't blame me. I'm not the one that got camera-happy for this Rory kid.

LORELAI: Alright you know what I'm gonna call Mrs. Kim. She'll have some good ones. Have you seen the phone?

SOOKIE: See, the thing is, when I sat down, I realized it was behind me, kind of right on my lower back, and normally I would have, you know, pulled it out, but it's really kind of hitting just the right spot where I've had a knot for like a week. Did I mention I was pregnant? [Hands Lorelai the phone]

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

[Logan comes home, it's night and the room is dark. Logan enters and throws his coat which knocks over something, waking up Rory.]

RORY: Logan?

LOGAN: I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Go back to bed. Go back to bed.

RORY: Logan, it's really late.

LOGAN: I know. I know. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Go back to bed. [Looking in the fridge] Is this all the cheese that we have? I could have sworn we had more cheese.

RORY: It's 3:00 in the morning.

LOGAN: I know. [chucking something to Rory] Here, keep that closed. We're gonna need that in the sandwich-making process.

RORY: Where were you?

LOGAN: What? I was at work.

RORY: What you were at work till 3:00 in the morning?

LOGAN: I work till 3:00 all the time. I mean, not tonight -- tonight, I worked till about 10:00, and that's when Philip and I. We got something to drink, and then a little something turned into a lot of something.

RORY: Yeah!

LOGAN: Who keeps bread in the refrigerator? I hate cold bread. God, these twist ties are impossible.

RORY: Okay, move.

LOGAN: What?

RORY: I'll make you a sandwich.

LOGAN: You will?

RORY: Yes, I will.

LOGAN: Oh, you're so sweet.

RORY: Well, I'm not being sweet. You're just making a mess.

LOGAN: I should have called you.

RORY: Yes, you should have.

LOGAN: Uh-oh. You're mad.

RORY: Yes, I'm mad. I was worried about you. I called you four times before I went to sleep, okay? You didn't answer, no call back.

LOGAN: I'm sorry.

RORY: You're sorry?

LOGAN: Well, my phone was on "off." Which totally sounds like it's on, but it's not. It's on "off," which is on "off." On "off," got it?

RORY: I get it.

LOGAN: What, I'm not allowed to go out with my friends every once in a while? I work hard, okay? I, Life is hard. I just -- I need to...

RORY: You need to what?

LOGAN: I need to not be doing this right now, okay? You know what, forget the sandwich. I'm just gonna go to bed.

[Logan takes off his jacket and climbs into bed fully dressed]

RORY: [Sighs]

LUKE'S DINER

ZACH: So you're telling me you won't eat this oatmeal?

CUSTOMER: These are rolled oats repeatedly cut, twice steamed, and processed extensively.

ZACH: And the oatmeal you thought you were ordering was...

CUSTOMER: Steel cut, which are whole-grain oats, retaining the more natural, nutty flavor of the original oat kernels.

ZACH: Okay, okay. I think I got it. You're like an analog guy with a CD. You miss the vinyl's cool scratches and pops. I think I can work with that. [Goes to the counter. Too Luke] This dude over

here wants to replace this with some sort of steel oatmeal.

LUKE: Tell him we've got it but it takes forever to cook, and then deliver those plates to table 5.

ZACH: I'm on it.

KIRK: Luke, check it out. I've been published.

LUKE: You have?

KIRK: Mother wanted to sell her dinette set, so I put pen to paper, got my creative juices flowing, and voil.

LUKE: You put a want ad in the stars hollow gazette?

KIRK: It's a powerful feeling seeing yourself immortalized in print. Sure, it's only newsprint. It rips easily, it comes off on your fingers, and the next day, people use it to wrap fish, but, hey, it's how Dickens got started.

LUKE: In want ads?

KIRK: Man, this thing really flows -- "Vintage dinette set, Formica, barely chipped, priced to move." It's precise, efficient, Hemingwayesque in its terse simplicity. [Too Zach] Hey, with two buns in the oven, you wouldn't be interested in a dinette set, would you? Seats four.

ZACH: No, thanks, man. Hey, Luke, you still haven't RSVP'ed for the baby shower.

LUKE: Yeah, I don't think I'm gonna go.

ZACH: Oh, really?

LUKE: Yeah, it's not my thing, you know? But there's a gift for you in the back. You should take it before you leave.

KIRK: Wait -- gifts are required?

ZACH: Oh yeah, that's kind of the whole point. I mean at least that's how Lane talked me into the whole thing.

KIRK: Damn. It's my first baby shower. I've been so caught up with the wardrobe question. Just to clarify, people don't actually dress like babies, do they?

[Luke looks up]

ZACH: I think what you're wearing is fine, dude. Luke, you should come.

LUKE: Yeah, thanks.

ZACH: Look, it's not gonna be too much of a rager -- real mellow vibe, and I promise not too much baby stuff. There won't be anything weird or q*eer about it at all.

LUKE: I'll think about it.

KIRK: Listen to this one -- "Does the spray of the open ocean call your name?" Evocative, huh? This guy can write. "Sturdy 15-foot fishing boat. Back-to-back seats, closed bow, meticulously handcrafted." How far out of town is 1211 Elmwood?

LUKE: 1211 Elmwood?

KIRK: That's what it says here.

LUKE: Let me see that. That's my boat!

KIRK: Really? How much are you asking? Because I wasn't looking for a boat, but that ad is so snappy, it makes me think I wouldn't mind owning one.

MRS KIM ANTIQUES

MRS KIM: So what's it going to be, yes or no?

CUSTOMER: Well I really like them. I'm just not sure how they're gonna work in the room.

MRS KIM: They will work they are teak. Teak is a hard working wood.

CUSTOMER: How about I take them out on memo?

MRS KIM: Memo?

CUSTOMER: You know. Bring them home, see how they look, if I like them, then I'll buy them.

MRS KIM: No I do not work with memos, I work with money. You buy them then and you take them home.

[Lorelai enters from the front door.]

CUSTOMER: What if they don't fit next to the bed.

MRS KIM: Then you get a new bed.

LORELAI: Hi Mrs Kim.

MRS KIM: Lorelai.

LORELAI: How's business?

MRS KIM: People die, go bankrupt, there is always furniture to sell.

LORELAI: Sounds good.

MRS KIM: You come for pictures of Lane?

LORELAI: Yeah.

MRS KIM: Here you are.

LORELAI: Thanks.

MRS KIM: [holding off handing them over] I am giving these to you in pristine condition and I expect that is how they will be returned. Do not cut them up or put glue on the back.

LORELAI: I will do my best. [Mrs Kim pulls them away from Lorelai's hand again] I will return them in the condition they were received. [She hand them over] See you at the show.

[Lorelai starts to leave]

MRS KIM: Ah, no you won't.

LORELAI: Why?

MRS KIM: I'm not going.

LORELAI: Not going to you daughters baby shower, why not?

MRS KIM: Lane knows why.

LORELAI: Oh there's a problem between you two?

MRS KIM: Yes.

LORELAI: Maybe you could put it aside for one day?

MRS KIM: No.

LORELAI: It's that bigger deal?

MRS KIM: Yes.

LORELAI: Well is there anything Lane can say or do that can change your mind?

MRS KIM: Yes.

LORELAI: Does Lane know what it is?

MRS KIM: Yes.

LORELAI: What do I have, like 14 questions left?

MRS KIM: I have work to do.

LORELAI: Mrs Kim, I know Lane would really like you to be at the shower.

MRS KIM: Well life is full of disappointments. You can show yourself out. [Too the customer] Too late you cannot buy those tables any more.

LORELAI: Okay then.

[Lorelai looks at the packet of pictures]

LANE AND ZACH'S APARTMENT

[Lane opens the front door]

LORELAI AND LANE: [together] Hi!

LORELAI: Wow. Sorry, but, hoo! Wow.

LANE: I know every day, I think I can't possibly get any bigger, and then I do.

LORELAI: Hmm, It's looking homey in here.

LANE: Thanks. According to my book, I'm nesting. I hope it stops soon. It's sort of creeping me out. So, what's up?

LORELAI: Um, well, I wanted to talk to you about your mom.

LANE: Oh.

LORELAI: What happened with you guys?

LANE: Ask her.

LORELAI: No, no, no. I've already been through that. You tell me what happened.

LANE: We got in a fight. And now she says she's not coming to my baby shower. So, fine. She's not coming. I don't care.

LORELAI: Lane.

LANE: I don't. Why should I? She doesn't.

LORELAI: Of course she does.

LANE: Not more than she cares about fried shrimp.

LORELAI: You lost me there.

LANE: Well, last night, my mom was over. Zach had cut out an ad for the sea food festival Red Lobster. He was trying to figure out, if we went there after we had the babies, could we get the endless shrimp but at the kids' price?

LORELAI: No. You can only get the kids' price when accompanied by an adult paying full price.

LANE: That blows.

LORELAI: I know. So then what happened?

LANE: So then my mom sticks her nosy head in and said, "The children are not gonna be eating fried shrimp." And I said, "Not only are my children gonna be eating fried shrimp, they're gonna listen to whatever music they want and go to school dances, and they're not gonna spend their whole lives in church hearing about how doing all that makes them evil. In fact, they'll probably never set foot in a church at all. My kids are gonna have total freedom. End of story."

LORELAI: Total freedom, huh?

LANE: Yep.

LORELAI: You're just gonna let them follow their passion, no matter what it is?

LANE: Exactly.

LORELAI: What if you get kids who are passionate about religion? I mean you may have kids who want to study the bible.

LANE: Trust me -- my kids are not gonna want to study the bible.

LORELAI: You don't know what your kids are gonna want. You think your mom thought she was gonna get a kid who loved Jane's Addiction?

LANE: Well...

LORELAI: You might get kids who are nuts for Exodus, crazy for Deuteronomy, and then what? You want them hiding their bibles under the floorboards?

LANE: Well, look, if my kids want to go to bible study, they can go to bible study.

LORELAI: Well, see? And then what about church? If they want to go to church, you're not gonna let them, even at Christmas, when they have the manger you know and the petting zoo with the sheep and the donkeys?

LANE: Well, I might take them at Christmas.

LORELAI: Okay so when you say they're never going to church, you don't really mean they're never going to church.

LANE: Okay, not never, never, but mostly never.

LORELAI: Can't you tell your mom that?

LANE: No way.

LORELAI: Can I tell your mom that?

LANE: Okay, if you want, but tell her I am not bending on the shrimp thing.

LORELAI: Well I got you there Fried shrimp is one of the best things on the planet.

LANE: A double whammy -- unclean meat fried in unclean oil.

LORELAI: That doesn't sound as good, but look at it this way. For the first year, your kids probably won't be eating solid food anyway, and I don't think they make mashed fried shrimp.

LANE: So?

LORELAI: So, you could tell your mother that your kids will not eat fried shrimp for at least a year, right?

LANE: Well, technically.

LORELAI: "Technically" is good enough for me. You sit tight. I'll be back.

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

[Rory is dressed for her meeting, Logan is in bed asleep.]

RORY: [Sighs] It's after 12:00. Is anyone alive in there?

LOGAN: I'm alive, but I think my brain is dead.

RORY: I'll alert the transplant team.

LOGAN: You gave away my organs?

RORY: They're waiting on the roof with a cooler.

LOGAN: Ah-ha.

RORY: Take these.

[Hands Logan some aspirin and water]

LOGAN: I do will I wake up in a bathtub full of ice with no kidneys?

RORY: If you did, would you feel better or worse?

LOGAN: About the same.

RORY: Your dad's secretary called three times this morning.

LOGAN: Okay, now I feel worse.

RORY: Logan, what's going on?

LOGAN: Nothing.

RORY: You're not gonna call your dad back?

LOGAN: My head grew three sizes overnight. I'm in no condition to talk to anybody. Why are you so dressed up?

RORY: Coffee with the New York Times -- the whole reason why I stayed over last night.

LOGAN: Oh, yeah, that's right. That's today.

RORY: Yes, and Lane's baby shower. I'm gonna need you to be ready to leave for Stars Hollow the second I get back. We're gonna be cutting it really close. Lane's shower starts at 4:00. I should be back by 2:00 or 2:30 at the latest. Got it?

LOGAN: Got it.

RORY: Okay, I'll just come home, grab my outfit, and we'll go. I'm gonna need you to drive because I have to change in the backseat, "Dirty Dancing"-style. [Phone rings] Do you want me to get that?

LOGAN: Leave it.

RORY: If you don't want to get up, I can...

LOGAN: I said, "leave it." [small pause] I'm sorry. I'm sorry. [Ringing continues]

RORY: I better go. I don't want to be late.

ANSWERING MACHINE: It's Logan. Leave a message. [Beep]

DORIS: [leaving a message] Hi, Logan. It's Doris from your father's office again. If you could just give us a call back here at the office as soon as you get this message.

LOGAN: [Groans]

DORIS: [continuing] I know you have the number, but just in case...

LIZ AND T.J.'S GARAGE

[T.J. opens the door, Liz and Luke are behind him.]

T.J.: ee? Look at it. It's just sitting here gathering dust and taking up space.

LIZ: Yeah if we got rid of the boat, we could turn this place into a workshop for my jewelry, and I really could use the space. Doula's gonna be crawling around soon, getting into everything.

T.J.: And jewelry-making's really a dangerous business, Luke. You got all those tiny beads -- choking hazards galore.

LIZ: Yeah, babies really like to put stuff in their mouth.

T.J.: They can't help it. They get mesmerized. I mean the little suckers look so much like candy or pistachio nuts, you just want to pop them in your mouth.

LIZ: Yeah, so as you can see, we could really use the space.

LUKE: So you were just gonna sell the boat out from under me.

LIZ: Of course not.

T.J.: We just figured we'd take an ad, get an offer, see what you say.

LIZ: Yeah, could be great, huh? I mean you get a little extra cash, we get a little extra space.

T.J.: Plus, we were thinking maybe you could invest some of the profits from the boat in Liz's business.

LIZ: If you felt like it was the right thing to do.

T.J.: But it does kind of make sense since we went through the trouble of selling the boat... and storing it. [Doula fusses on the baby monitor] Whoa. Doula alert. Not up yet -- just a squawk.

LUKE: [Sighs] Look, guys, I appreciate your situation here, but I'm not selling the boat. Dad left it to me. It's my boat. End of discussion.

LIZ: Luke.

LUKE: Hey, look, don't worry, all right? I'll find another place to store it.

LIZ: Like where?

LUKE: I don't know. I'll find a place, another place.

LIZ: What's the point of hanging on to it? You're never gonna use it.

LUKE: I might.

LIZ: You might. Dad might.

LUKE: What are you talking about?

LIZ: The boat. Dad spent like what 20 years working on the thing. You spent another 20.

LUKE: So?

LIZ: How many generations are gonna cart this thing around town? Look, get rid of it for your own sake, before you end up like dad.

LUKE: What does that mean?

LIZ: Oh, okay. Okay, forget it.

LUKE: No, I want to know. What does that mean?

LIZ: He was stuck, Luke.

LUKE: He was happy.

LIZ: He was stuck doing the same thing at the same time the same way every day of his life.

LUKE: So? He did the things that made him happy.

LIZ: Dad didn't do stuff 'cause it made him happy. He did stuff because he was afraid to do anything else.

LUKE: Come on, that's crap.

LIZ: Luke, I loved dad as much as you did.

LUKE: Look, he was good to us.

LIZ: Of course he was. I'm just saying sometimes a little change can be a good thing.

LUKE: My boat, my decision. I'm not selling it. All right?

LIZ: Okay.

LUKE: All right.

LIZ: Okay.

LUKE: I'll have it out of here by tomorrow.

LIZ: [Sighs]

STARS HOLLOW - STREET

[Lorelai walking past Westons, her cell phone rings]

LORELAI: Hello?

RORY: How bald do you have to be to be bald?

LORELAI: Is this a Zen call? You know I hate those.

RORY: Does it mean completely bald, or does it count if there's no hair on top but a little on the

sides?

LORELAI: Well, in my experience, if a man describes himself as bald, there is nary a hair.

RORY: Nice use of "nary."

LORELAI: I'm trying to get you in the New York Times mood, use some fancy language.

RORY: Well, I will remember that if I can ever find the guy. Who knew New York was the bald-guy capital of the world?

LORELAI: Well I think that's on their license plate.

RORY: I'm telling you, they're everywhere, and since I don't know which one A.J. Is, every time one walks in the door, I just smile at him.

LORELAI: And let me guess -- they're all smiling back.

RORY: What's wrong with me? What kind of reporter am I going to be if all I got was "bald guy"?

LORELAI: Oh, relax. He knows what you look like, right?

RORY: I just hate this waiting you know. What should I do? Should I go order a coffee without him? Should I wait for him?

LORELAI: Order coffee. He won't mind.

RORY: Well, I can't, really. I'm at a table I don't even know if I should be sitting down already, but I walked in and it was really crowded, and this woman left her table, so I grabbed it, and now I'm scared to get up because maybe I'll lose it.

LORELAI: Keep the table, skip the coffee.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah and when he gets there, go decaf.

RORY: Yeah, I know I'm a little nervous, but it's only because doing well at this meeting could mean the difference between interviewing world leaders and standing on street corners with pictures of celebrities in matching outfits asking passersby who wore it best.

LORELAI: Pretty high stakes.

RORY: I know. Distract me. How's the shower stuff going?

LORELAI: Um...

RORY: Oh, something's wrong!

LORELAI: No, nothing's wrong.

RORY: Oh, I knew it. My second pancake's gonna suck, too.

LORELAI: I've got it all under control. You just focus on finding the right bald guy.

RORY: Oh, another one just walked in.

LORELAI: Oh, head-to-hair ratio?

RORY: Very low. Stand by while I attempt to make eye contact.

LORELAI: Look at it this way -- you're making a lot of bald men feel very good about themselves today.

RORY: I better go.

LORELAI: Knock 'em dead, kid.

RORY: Oh, god.

MRS KIM ANTIQUES

MRS KIM: So, you're giving me a guarantee for Christmas and Easter.

LORELAI: As a minimum.

MRS KIM: And there will be a possibility of bible study and no unclean meats for at least a year. That's a start, at least.

LORELAI: So, do we have a deal?

MRS KIM: No, I never take first offer. This is what I want - attendance at weekly church services, bible study twice a week, Adventist summer camp, no unclean meats or hydrogenated oils, Christmas will be celebrated with no gifts, and there will be no sandboxes or parties with pony rides.

LORELAI: What's wrong with ponies?

MRS KIM: Flies buzzing around, carrying infectious diseases.

LORELAI: Alright no infected ponies, fine. But sandboxes? I mean, come on. Kids play, they go to the park. You have to be reasonable.

MRS KIM: It is not reasonable for Lane to think that she will raise my grandchildren as heathens while I stand by and do nothing.

LORELAI: I understand, Mrs. Kim. It's a really sensitive subject.

MRS KIM: No, you don't. Your daughter doesn't reject everything you stand for.

LORELAI: But Lane is not rejecting you. You guys are just different. God knows my mother and I had differences.

MRS KIM: Yes. God does know.

LORELAI: Look...there are times when you have to put those differences aside. Like, you know Joseph, from the bible, and how his brothers got all mad at him about that dreamcoat. Yes, and so they sold him into slavery.

LORELAI: Yeah. I don't think that was in the musical. The point is there are fights you can recover from and fights you can't, and not going to your daughter's baby shower -- I mean, I know it's hard, but I don't want you to draw a line in the sand now that you can't cross later. My mother missed so

much. I don't want that to happen to you.

[They smile at each other]

LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Luke is on the couch and dials the phone]

APRIL: Hello?

LUKE: Hey.

APRIL: Hey, dad.

LUKE: How was swim practice?

APRIL: Drills, drills, drills. Coach Scott made us swim with our fists closed.

LUKE: What does that do?

APRIL: Probably nothing -- just looks funny. Oh I did get to work on my backward racing start.

LUKE: How'd that go?

APRIL: Not so good. I think I ended up with half the pool up my nose.

LUKE: Eh, you'll get better.

APRIL: Can't get much worse.

LUKE: So, how's your mom doing?

APRIL: Good. Little stressed about the new store. She likes the space, but she's not sure about the location. Strip malls bum her out. So what's going on?

LUKE: Nothing. You know, business as usual. I saw your cousin Doula today. She looks good. She's getting bigger.

APRIL: You promised you'd send me new pictures.

LUKE: I will. I will. So, look, I was thinking about this summer when you come to visit.

APRIL: I can't wait.

LUKE: Yeah, me too. So, I was thinking maybe we should take a trip.

APRIL: A trip?

LUKE: Yeah, a big one, you know? I mean you're gonna be here for what like six weeks, right? So maybe we should just take off.

APRIL: And go where?

LUKE: You know, I don't know. I was thinking Florida.

APRIL: Florida?

LUKE: Yeah, you know, go down to [emphasizing] Disneyworld.

APRIL: You want to go to Disneyworld?

LUKE: Yeah. You know you've never been there. I've never been there. We could fly down to Florida and check out Miami Beach and then go to...[emphasizing] Disneyworld.

APRIL: I-I can't imagine you at Disneyworld -- or at the beach, for that matter.

LUKE: W-why not?

APRIL: I don't know -- riding roller coasters, getting your picture taken with Mickey Mouse. I'm just having trouble picturing it.

LUKE: Yeah, well...

APRIL: Look, dad, you don't have to do this. It's okay. I mean I'm looking forward to the summer and all, but it's not like I'm expecting anything.

LUKE: Oh, no, sure.

APRIL: I mean, I'm fine just hanging out at the diner like we always do -- wipe down tables, refill salt and pepper shakers. It's our thing. Really, honestly, it's fine.

LUKE: Uh...oh, okay.

APRIL: Oh, mom wants to talk to you real quick about some travel stuff for my spring break. But don't hang up, 'cause I want to read you something I wrote.

LUKE: Oh, yeah?

APRIL: We had to write a five-page fictional story featuring someone we know as the hero, and I chose Kirk. It's hilarious. I'll give you to mom, and I'll get the story.

LUKE: Okay, great.

LANE AND ZACH'S APARTMENT

[Lane opens the front door, Lorelai and Mrs Kim are standing there.]

LORELAI: Hi. Can we come in?

LANE: Sure. Whatever.

LORELAI: Isn't that nice? So great. Okay. [they sit down] Here we go. So...

MRS KIM: So.

LANE: So, what?

LORELAI: Your mother has something she'd like to say to you.

MRS KIM: You say it.

LORELAI: Me? Um...you'll jump in? Okay. Uh, Lane, um... your mother realizes that the two of you have differences. She might not always agree with all of your decisions.

MRS KIM: No "might." She doesn't agree.

LANE: I know. You've made yourself perfectly clear.

LORELAI: Lane.

LANE: Sorry. Go on.

LORELAI: She doesn't agree with all your decisions. However, she knows how much you love and respect her. Don't you, Lane?

LANE: Of course I do.

LORELAI: And she'd very much like to come to your shower.

LANE: Really?

LORELAI: Really.

LANE: [getting up] Thank you, mom. Oh!

MRS KIM: Lane?

LORELAI: You okay?

LANE: I think so.

MRS KIM: What's wrong? Are you going into labor?

LANE: I don't know. I've never been in labor before.

LORELAI: You might have had a contraction. We'll wait and see if you have another...

MRS KIM: There will be no waiting. You will drive us to the hospital right now. Hurry, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Okay.

MRS KIM: Careful, Lane. Wait. I'll get it. [opens the door]

LORELAI: Uh, well, okay.

MRS KIM: Careful

LORELAI: You got it. All right. Here we go.

LANE AND ZACH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

[Lane is in bed with Zach next to her, Lorelai and Mrs Kim are tucking her in.]

LANE: I can't believe I'm on bed rest. This sucks.

LORELAI: Oh, come on, haven't you ever had one of those lazy Sundays where you stay in bed all day? Just think of this as one long lazy Sunday.

ZACH: Yeah baby, plus you get to eat all your meals on trays, that's pretty cool. And I'm gonna hang

out with you, just like John and Yoko.

LANE: This is your fault.

MRS KIM: Mine? [Too Lorelai] See what I deal with?

LORELAI: Lane.

LANE: We shouldn't have gone to the hospital.

MRS KIM: Better I watch my daughter writhe in pain?

LANE: I wasn't writhing. Lorelai, tell her I wasn't writhing.

LORELAI: You know does it really matter who was or wasn't writhing? I mean your mom was worried about you.

LANE: Yeah, right. She's probably happy.

MRS KIM: Why would I be happy?

LANE: Because now I can't have my party.

MRS KIM: Lane Van Gerbig, what is wrong with you? Parties are not the most important thing in life.

LANE: I know.

MRS KIM: Do you?

LANE: Of course. It's just that this one is my last.

LORELAI: Why is it your last?

LANE: I'm about to be a mother.

LORELAI: Um, mothers can have parties.

LANE: Not for themselves. They only do things for their children. She did everything for me. And...I'm... gonna be the same way.

MRS KIM: You will have the party.

LANE: How?

MRS KIM: Uh...Lorelai will figure something out.

ZACH: Cool!

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

RORY: Hello. I'm home.

LORELAI: Hey. How'd it go?

RORY: Awesome. Logan! You're not dressed! It's 2:30. You were supposed to be dressed and ready.

LOGAN: I'm dressed.

RORY: But not for Lane's shower. Come on, get up. Let's go.

LOGAN: Wait, wait. Sit down. Tell me how it went.

RORY: I'll tell you on the way. Come on.

LOGAN: Wait. Sit down. I have to tell you something.

RORY: Well, that doesn't sound so good.

LOGAN: It's not. Look, I screwed up, okay? Big-time.

RORY: What's going on?

LOGAN: The company I bought, the new business I was trying to start? It's a bust.

RORY: What?

LOGAN: We're going belly-up because of me. I lost everybody's money -- my money, my dad's money, all our investors' money, the parking-lot attendant's money, the hot-dog vendor's money. I lost money I didn't even know I had.

RORY: Logan, be serious.

LOGAN: I am.

RORY: Well...if you are, then back up a step. Explain this to me.

LOGAN: There's nothing to explain. The second we bought this company, all these lawsuits came out of the woodwork.

RORY: So...

LOGAN: So one of them has merit, which means we're screwed -- no money, no jobs, no nothing.

RORY: Um... I don't understand. How long have you known about this?

LOGAN: Weeks.

RORY: Weeks? Why didn't you say something about it to me?

LOGAN: I don't know. I thought maybe I could fix it, you know? I was looking for loopholes.

RORY: Well, you can keep looking. You'll find one.

LOGAN: No, we can't. Look, it's over. Philip and I got the final call last night from our patent lawyers. Their case is solid. There's nothing we can do but settle. I screwed up, okay? I rushed in. I didn't do my research. It's all my fault.

RORY: Well, I'm sure that's not true. I'm sure there's something...

LOGAN: Rory, you're not getting this. This is huge. This isn't something you can fix with a plucky, good attitude and a can-do spirit.

RORY: Well, I'm just trying to help.

LOGAN: I know.

RORY: Well, what about your dad? What's he say about all this?

LOGAN: I haven't talked to him.

RORY: Logan, you're gonna have to talk to him.

LOGAN: Rory, don't give me any grief about this. Any minute now, Mitchum is gonna be busting through that door chomping at the bit to tell me what a gigantic failure I am.

RORY: God, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry about all this.

LOGAN: I know you are.

RORY: Well, you'll get through it. We'll get through it. I mean, whatever happens, we'll figure it out together.

LOGAN: Sure. And I'm sorry about today. I just can't deal with a baby shower.

RORY: No, I know. I get it. I mean the minute it's over, I will come back, and I'll bring cake.

LOGAN: You don't have to hurry.

RORY: I want to.

LOGAN: No it's cool, don't worry about it. I'm not gonna be here.

RORY: You're going out?

LOGAN: I'm gonna go to Vegas with Colin and Finn.

RORY: What?

LOGAN: Yeah I just need to blow off steam for a couple days.

RORY: With Colin and Finn.

LOGAN: It's perfect timing. Colin's got his dad's jet all gassed up at Teterboro. I'm gonna meet him in an hour.

RORY: To go to Vegas with Colin and Finn.

LOGAN: Yeah. Finn bought a racehorse with George Maloof. How hilarious is that? I'm gonna go take a shower.

RORY: Um are you kidding me? This is really what you want to do?

LOGAN: I just need a break, okay? [he kisses Rory in the cheek] Tell Lane I said congrats.

LUKE'S DINER

[Kirk enters]

KIRK: Word on the street is you want to sell your boat.

LUKE: I called you Kirk.

KIRK: Yeah but I was on the street what I got that call and to be honest with you, I was a little surprised to hear about this turn of events.

[They start walking out to the boat.]

LUKE: It's not a turn of events Kirk. I just want to sell my boat.

KIRK: But you've always been really attached to this boat. Hell I thought you'd take it to your grave with you, maybe you'd row yourself across the River Styx.

LUKE: Yeah well turns out I'm not using it, you interested?

KIRK: [Kicking the trailer tires] It does suit me and it would be great for water skiing. Lulu loves water skiing. She also loves carriage rides. You're not selling a carriage are you?

LUKE: Just the boat Kirk.

KIRK: Hmmm.

LUKE: You interested or not?

KIRK: How much we talking?

LUKE: \$600.

KIRK: I was thinking more around three.

LUKE: Price isn't negotiable.

KIRK: Okay 400.

LUKE: Non negotiable \$600 price includes everything Kirk, even the trailer.

KIRK: 590.

LUKE: \$600, Kirk.

KIRK: 595 and you throw in a life preserver and a captain's hat?

LUKE: 600 and you buy your own captain's hat.

KIRK: But you'll throw in a life preserver?

LUKE: Deal. Just have it out of here A.S.A.P.

[Luke goes back in the diner]

KIRK: Sucker.

MISS PATTY'S

[They are setting up for the baby shower]

LORELAI: Oh, plates and cups right by the food. Art supplies over at the onesies table. Thanks. Hey, Sookie, I forget -- are these edible or soap?

SOOKIE: Soap.

LORELAI: Hmmm. Oh, this is a party favor -- not near the candy pacifiers.

BABETTE: Sugar, what do you think? Is it straight?

LORELAI: It looks great. Patty, how are you doing?

MISS PATTY: Adorable. There is nothing cuter than a baby in a onesie -- except, of course, Anthony Quinn in a onesie.

LORELAI: I'll take your word for it.

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Hey! How'd it go?

RORY: Why did the baby shower get moved to miss patty's?

LORELAI: Oh, it's a long story. Now tell me about the meeting.

RORY: It was great. It was, it was so great. But what's going on here?

LORELAI: Okay "Great's" not gonna do it. I need big, juicy details. All right, Lane had contractions. She went to the hospital, but it was a false alarm. She's okay. She is on bed rest.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I know. But now, tell me, from the moment that the right bald guy smiled at you -- and walk.

RORY: Why are we going?

LORELAI: How are your shoes?

RORY: My shoes?

LORELAI: Good arch support? Good traction? Good.

RORY: What?

STARS HOLLOW STREET

[Lane is in her bed and it is being pushed down the street but Lorelai, Rory, Zach and Mrs Kim. They are going past Luke's.]

MRS KIM: Slow down. [to a car] Hold it! Hold it. Too fast.

LANE: Mom, I'm fine. Hey, this is fun. Don't they push a bed through the streets in the opening credits of "The Monkees"?

ZACH: I'm pretty sure it was a bathtub.

LORELAI: Actually it was both -- Davy's in the bed. Peter's in the bathtub.

ZACH: Are you sure? 'Cause I could have sworn...

RORY: Oh Zach, you don't want to go head-to-head with her about "Monkees" trivia.

MRS KIM: [too a car driver] You did not come to a full stop! And use your blinkers!

ZACH: Okay, we're turning around.

ALL OF THEM: Okay, hold on, Lane!

MRS KIM: Hold on. Are you ready? Here we go. Hold tight. You all right?

[They push the bed backwards up a ramp going over the front steps into Miss Patty's]

LANE: Yep. I'm good.

MISS PATTY'S

[They baby shower is underway, Rachel Sweet's "b-a-b-y" is playing]

MUSIC: Baby oh, baby I love to call you baby baby oh, my baby I love for you to call me baby, when it's sweet...

LORELAI: Looking good. You done there, Patty?

MISS PATTY: I'm done. How you doing, hon?

LORELAI: Oh, doing great.

MISS PATTY: Yeah? I mean about the whole Christopher thing.

[Babette, Lulu and Gypsy look up from the onesies table]

LORELAI: Oh, um...fine, you know, moving forward, moving on.

MISS PATTY: Good.

BABETTE: If you ask me, Gil's the one to beat.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, I saw him do that whole thing freehand.

LULU: [gushing] He's an amazing man. [Seriously] As is Kirk.

LORELAI: Don't worry, Lulu. It's the rock-star thing.

MISS PATTY: Dean martin singing "Mambo Italiano" -- I will never forget it.

GYPSY: Oh, great. I need another one.

LORELAI: Oh, no, no. What are you doing? Well, I was trying to make a little truck, but the flatbed kept running around to the back.

LORELAI: Well, no do-overs, so just turn that into something else.

BABETTE: Yeah I tried to make Snoopy -- figured he's easy to draw, and what kid doesn't like Snoopy, right? Plus, as the added bonus, he's black-and-white, and the onesie's already white, so I only got to add the black. But it's looking more like a chocolate-chip cookie, a big one -- which is okay, 'cause what kid doesn't like a cookie?

GYPSY: What am I supposed to turn this into?

BABETTE: I don't know -- a blob?

LORELA: Make it a bunch of blobs - you know, a baby's first Rorschach test.

MISS PATTY: Oh, yeah. I see a ballerina about to take flight.

BABETTE: I see cheese.

LORELA: See? Something for everyone. All right, have fun.

GIL: [looking at a picture] Whoa! This one's homely, man. Look it's got Zach's giant ears and Lane's glasses. I feel for that kid. Gonna have a rough life. But it will probably help to fuel his music. You know, you got to feel pain to create the really good stuff. Yeah, this one's gonna get the chicks, but that one's gonna be the genius.

BRIAN: You know these aren't what Lane and Zach's kids are really gonna look like. It's one of those computer morphing programs.

GIL: Yeah, dude. I have kids. I know how it works.

LANE: Thanks for coming.

GIL: Yo, hello. What's up, guys?

[Rory stands on a chair near the bed.]

RORY: Hi, everyone. Um I don't want to interrupt the fun. I just wanted to say thank you for coming to this somewhat unconventional baby shower, which is actually perfect, because when do Lane and Zach ever do anything that's conventional?

[Cheers and applause]

RORY: I've known Lane now for -- what has it been? 17 years?

LANE: Yeah.

RORY: And...I'm just sick of her already.

[Laughter]

RORY: No, actually, I just love you and Zach so much, and I just can't wait to meet those boys. So thank you so much for coming. Keep having fun. And just eat, drink, and keep decorating those onesies. [Hops of the chair]

[Cheers and applause]

ZACH: Thanks, Rory. This party rocks.

RORY: Ah, it's all due to my mom, though. I planned, she ex*cuted.

ZACH: Well, you both rock.

RORY: Well, how often does a girl's best friend have twins?

LANE: Just once, let's hope.

ZACH: Yeah, no kidding. You want a drink, babe?

LANE: Maybe a lemonade.

ZACH: Coming right up.

LANE: Seriously, Zach's right. This party is amazing. Everything you guys did -- truthfully, I didn't think it was actually gonna happen.

RORY: Yes well, that whole bed-rest thing really threw a wrench in.

LANE: Plus the fight.

RORY: What fight?

LANE: You didn't hear about the fight? Me and my mum, classic Kim family grudgefest? If not for your mom, we might have gone the way of Pretty Girls Make Graves. They were so young and had so many k*ller albums left in them.

RORY: So my mom brokered peace?

LANE: Hard-core. Listen... here's the thing. Um...my kids are gonna need that, too -- you know, when they're hiding bibles and they can't stand me. So what I wanted to know is... would you be their Lorelai Gilmore? I guess that's the proper term.

RORY: Real?

LANE: I can't think of anyone who would be better. Plus, you already have the name.

RORY: I'd love to. Yeah. Thanks.

[Lorelai looks on as Lane and Rory hug.]

MRS KIM: Here.

LORELAI: Hi, Mrs. Kim. What's this?

MRS KIM: Open it.

LORELAI: It's a doorknob.

MRS KIM: Not just any doorknob -- John Adams' doorknob. You are familiar with our second president, I assume?

LORELAI: Not personally.

MRS KIM: You're making a joke?

LORELAI: Little one.

MRS KIM: That's what I thought. Anyway, I'm glad to be here, and I wanted you to know that.

LORELAI: Hence the doorknob.

MRS KIM: Yes.

LORELAI: Thank you.

MRS KIM: Don't tarnish it, or its value will decrease.

LORELAI: Okay.

MRS KIM: Do you have my pictures?

LORELAI: I-I-I left them at home. I'll drop them off tomorrow.

MRS KIM: You do that.

[At the present table]

LORELAI: Hey, you guys.

JACKSON: Hey.

SOOKIE: Hey, you. Way to go. It's a great party.

LORELAI: It is, right? I could have used another gift table, though.

JACKSON: Yeah, somebody went crazy.

SOOKIE: I wouldn't say "crazy."

JACKSON: Wait -- that's all from us?

SOOKIE: Well, I felt bad. I had already promised them all of our old stuff from Martha and Davey, and then I had to renege.

JACKSON: So they get all new stuff, and we have to keep all the crappy hand-me-downs? How does that make any sense?!

SOOKIE: [Rubbing her belly] Whose fault is this, huh?

LORELAI: Nice talking to you. See you later.

KIRK: Ahoy, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Yeah, Kirk. What's with the hat?

KIRK: Oh, this? No big deal. Just bought myself a boat.

LORELAI: A boat?

KIRK: Yeah, the S.S. Lurk. It's a combination of my name and Luke's since it used to be his boat.

LORELAI: Oh, you bought Luke's boat.

KIRK: Yeah, she needs a little more work before she's seaworthy, but as soon as she is, I'll take you out. You can be Ginger to Lulu's Mary Ann. Let's lock down dates now. When are you free?

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Oh, well, we'll figure it out later. Bye.

[Kirk salutes goodbye]

MISS PATTY'S - EXTERIOR

[Lorelai and Rory put on coats as they exit]

LORELAI: Perfect timing. You save me from a three-hour tour of the S.S. Lurk.

RORY: The what?

LORELAI: Ah Kirk bought Luke's old boat.

RORY: Does he even have a driver's license?

LORELAI: I don't think so.

RORY: Well, I'm staying out of the water.

LORELAI: Good kid.

RORY: [Giggle] Why didn't you tell me about the whole drama with Mrs. Kim?

LORELAI: Honey you had your meeting. You were nervous enough already.

RORY: Yeah, I was, wasn't I? Oh you got the whole brunt of that freak-out. I'm so sorry.

LORELAI: That's okay. So do you think it went well?

RORY: I do I think it went really well. I mean, the Reston fellowship is a long shot. They only pick four people out of the whole country, and that's including college seniors and graduate students. So?

LORELAI: So you and three other people.

RORY: Yeah, but can you imagine it? I would be an intern at the New York Times. I would be up for bi-lines.

LORELAI: I can imagine it.

RORY: Well I don't want to get my hopes up, so I'm just not even gonna think about it.

LORELAI: Can I think about it?

RORY: Yes, but not around me.

LORELAI: Deal. So, when is Logan getting here?

RORY: Oh. He's not.

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: Um...it's a long story. I guess there was this huge disaster at his work.

LORELAI: Oh, no.

RORY: Yeah, I guess the company he bought is being sued, and he's losing all kinds of money -- not only his own money, his dad's money. It's awful, and he feels awful. At least that explains why he's acting awful.

LORELAI: What do you mean?

RORY: Well, right now, he's on a private jet to Vegas with Colin and Finn.

LORELAI: Ahh, "Got kicked out of Argentina with the Bush twins" Colin and Finn? I'm so sorry. You okay?

RORY: Yeah, I'm fine. I mean I just kinda wish that he'd told me about this earlier, you know that I'd known it was going on. Maybe I could have helped.

LORELAI: Honey I don't think there's anything you could have done.

RORY: Yeah, I know, but maybe I could have tried, you know? And now he just took off, which -- I get it. He needs to blow off some steam, but I just wish he could have come to the party. It would have meant so much. He could have met everyone.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: But I'm sure we'll figure it out. Oh, hey, Lane asked me to be her Lorelai Gilmore to her kids, like you were to her.

LORELAI: Oh!

RORY: Yeah. Big shoes to fill.

LORELAI: Well, luckily, we have similar feet.

RORY: [giggles]

LORELAI: Oh.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Oh, it's nothing.

RORY: Come on.

LORELAI: I just think my first pancake turned out pretty darn good.

[They smile and giggle]

ZACH: Hey. Sorry to interrupt.

LORELAI: That's all right.

ZACH: I was just wondering if we should bring the cake out now, because Lane's got that low-blood-sugar look in her eye.

RORY: Oh, yeah, let's do it.

[Zach and Rory go back inside, Lorelai looks at the picture collage near the door.]

LUKE: Seems like yesterday she was taking up three tables at the diner with those giant books of hers.

LORELAI: Hmm.

LUKE: Yep. She was something. Is something.

LORELAI: So, uh, what's this I hear about Kirk buying your boat?

LUKE: Oh, well... I just realized I was never gonna take that thing out. I mean, all that time I spent trying to fix it up... so I bought a new one.

LORELAI: Wha, Ah, When?

LUKE: Today -- got the idea in my head a couple hours ago, went down to the shipyard in Bridgeport, and just did it.

LORELAI: You just bought a boat.

LUKE: Yeah, yeah and it's even bigger and better than the old one. I mean it's got everything. It's got a little kitchen, a bathroom, even a place to sleep.

LORELAI: Wow.

LUKE: I'm just gonna keep it in the marina you know, And then when April comes to visit in the summer, you know I'll take it out on little trips, you know go away for a few weeks.

LORELAI: Luke, that sounds really nice.

LUKE: Right?

LORELAI: God, I can't believe you bought a boat in a day. It used to take you a week to buy a t-shirt.

LUKE: Yeah, well, things change.

[Tey look at each other for a few seconds]

LUKE: I'll see you inside?

LORELAI: Mm-hmm.

[Luke goes in, followed by Lorelai a few seconds later.]

RORY: All right, everyone, here comes cake!

ZACH: Ready, fellas. One, two, three, four...

SINGING: [Gil on guitar] Hush, little baby, don't say a word papa's gonna buy you a mockingbird and if that mockingbird don't sing papa's gonna buy you a diamond ring and if that diamond ring turns brass papa's gonna buy you a looking glass and if that looking glass gets broke papa's gonna buy you a billy goat and if that billy goat won't pull...

[Lorelai smiles as she looks at the singing.]

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