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## 07x08 - Introducing Lorelai Planetarium

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### 07x08 - Introducing Lorelai Planetarium

by **bunniefuu**

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LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai on the phone]

LORELAI: It's me and you father, we're home. I don't know if you forgot, but we've been in Paris, and we flew across oceans and oceans just to see you again. And, so, we would really like to see you again -- today, tonight, A.S.A.P., Okay? So please call me, call me back. S.T.A.S.A.P -- sooner than as soon as possible. Okay, honey, call me. Call me. Call me. Call. Okay. Bye.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, that was your last one. I'm cutting you off. She will call you when she wakes up.

LORELAI: [groans]

CHRISTOPHER: Now sit.

LORELAI: [Sighs]

CHRISTOPHER: I need an open mind. Are you giving me an open mind?

LORELAI: Okay, it's open.

CHRISTOPHER: Wide open?

LORELAI: Yeah, blue skies, green grass, vistas as far as the eye can see.

CHRISTOPHER: Good, because I want you to picture, on this wall, a waterfall.

LORELAI: Huh?

CHRISTOPHER: You know like one of those wall waterfalls -- they're really soothing.

LORELAI: Slam.

CHRISTOPHER: What.

LORELAI: The sound of my mind closing.

CHRISTOPHER: Come on we could get a Barcalounger right here and just lean back and listen - it would be like living in Hawaii.

LORELAI: Are you serious -- a Barcalounger?

CHRISTOPHER: Soft leather, adjustable footrest. You know what else would be awesome?

LORELAI: Not having a Barcalounger?

CHRISTOPHER: Flat-screen TV here -- high def, day and night. And you know what else might work? One of those electronic fish -- what do they call it? -- The Big-mouth Billy Bass fish. You know what they are right. When somebody walks by, they flap their mouths and sing songs like "don't worry, be happy" and "take me to the river."

LORELAI: You're kidding.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm totally kidding, except for the flat-screen. We need a flat screen.

LORELAI: No! I'd rather have the Big-mouth Billy Bass fish.

CHRISTOPHER: What's wrong?

LORELAI: It's so "meet George Jetson, his boy, Elroy" -- Leroy?

CHRISTOPHER: Elroy -- and it's not. Look, I'm all for small-town charm. I'm happy to move here, sit out on the front porch, and give the mailman a real chipper "howdy-do."

LORELAI: Don't you dare.

CHRISTOPHER: But there's a line. I'm not gonna cobble my own shoes, churn butter, or watch a TV from 1976.

LORELAI: What? This baby has a remote that has 19 buttons on it.

CHRISTOPHER: You do have running water, don't you?

LORELAI: Hardy har har.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, you can say "hardy har har," but I can't say "howdy-do"?

LORELAI: Life's not fair.

CHRISTOPHER: What's your problem with a giant flat-screen? I mean you love TV.

LORELAI: Yeah but just because I love something doesn't mean I want it to be giant. I love grapes, you know, but I don't want to sit down and eat one humongous gr-- no, that would be fun. [Phone rings] Hello?

RORY: Hey. Welcome home.

LORELAI: Finally! I have been calling and calling.

RORY: Yes, I know, since 5:00 A.M.

LORELAI: Well, that's noon Parisian time.

RORY: Well then you should call your Parisian daughter because your American one was asleep.

CHRISTOPHER: Hi, honey.

LORELAI: Your dad says hi.

RORY: High dad how was the trip?

LORELAI: Um tonight, I'll tell you everything when you come for dinner tonight.

RORY: I can't come tonight.

LORELAI: What you have to.

RORY: I have a study group. My major English quotes professor's trying to k\*ll me.

LORELAI: Well, all the more reason to stay away from him. Seriously, he sounds dangerous.

RORY: I'll come over the weekend.

LORELAI: No, Rory, it has to be tonight.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: Uh...s-snails.

RORY: Snails?

LORELAI: W-we -- your dad and I brought back snails.

RORY: Like for eating?

LORELAI: Yes, and if we don't cook them tonight, they'll go bad.

[Chris looks on amused]

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Well, it's true. It has to be tonight. Please.

RORY: Fine. I'll be there.

LORELAI: Good!

RORY: I'm going back to bed.

LORELAI: Oh what at 1:00 in the afternoon? Lazy girl. My Parisian daughter's such a go-getter. She's been up and around for hours.

RORY: See you tonight.

LORELAI: All right, she's coming.

CHRISTOPHER: Snails?

LORELAI: Well, I just -- as long as she's coming.

CHRISTOPHER: So you said snails?

LORELAI: Well I had to say something.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, at least we have a plan now. We'll sit her down in the kitchen, feed her snails, and tell her we got married. [Chuckles]

LORELAI: Oh, my god. [Sighs] I just hate that she doesn't know.

CHRISTOPHER: Well she's gonna know tonight when we tell her.

LORELAI: Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: Lor?

LORELAI: Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: She's gonna be happy...

LORELAI: [Chuckles]

CHRISTOPHER: Her parents just got married. It's the dream.

LORELAI: Yeah. Maybe I should tell her by myself.

CHRISTOPHER: Together -- we agreed. We're gonna tell her together.

LORELAI: Yeah No, you're right, you're right. I'm sorry. I'm just so used to it just being me and her. I'll feel better when she knows.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, she'll know tonight when we tell her...

LORELAI: Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: With snails.

LORELAI: [Chuckles] Now we have to get snails.

CHRISTOPHER: We'll find snails.

LORELAI: Where do you get snails.

CHRISTOPHER: Maybe Doose's has snails.

LORELAI: Doose's doesn't have snails.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, then, we'll go to a snail store -- emporium. We'll find snails.

LORELAI: And a recipe.

CHRISTOPHER: They will have a recipe at the snail emporium.

LORELAI: Really?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah.

LORELAI: All right.

OPENING CREDITS

LOGAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR

[The doors opens, Rory is on the phone, she gets out and walks along the hall to the apartment.]

LOGAN: So you really liked the chamber music?

RORY: The part I was awake for, anyway. And then, after that, we went to see a basketball game.

LOGAN: Slightly less obscure.

RORY: Yeah right, a lot of people seem to be into the sports thing. And I can see why -- the fast pace, the school spirit.

LOGAN: You liked it?

RORY: Again, the part I was awake for.

LOGAN: Wow, a real basketball fan, huh?

[Enters the apartment]

RORY: Ah! Oh, my god!

LOGAN: [Chuckles]

RORY: What is wrong with you!

LOGAN: You're not happy to see me.

RORY: Well, of course I am, but why do you insist on scaring me half to death every time you're in town?

LOGAN: Well besides the fact that it's really fun -- well, actually, that's it. It's just really fun.

RORY: Oh man just once, you could call me and tell me you're coming home, like a normal person. Normal's boring. Normal's overrated. Normal's not why you love me.

[They kiss]

RORY: So, what's going on? Why are you here?

LOGAN: You know that space we've been trying to book for our launch party?

RORY: The orchid room.

LOGAN: Yeah, the problem is, it's booked till like 2008, or it was until Nadine Maybrooke broke up with Jamie Erman, thus canceling their engagement party and freeing the space up tonight.

RORY: Poor Nadine and Jamie.

LOGAN: Hey, I invited them. The more the merrier, it's gonna be hugh.

RORY: So, you're having your launch party tonight.

LOGAN: Well, actually, it's our prelaunch launch party. Our launch party will take more than 48 hours to plan. It starts at 9:00. You can be there, right?

RORY: Oh yeah I'm having dinner with my parents, but I can stop by right after.

LORELAI: When did they get back from France?

RORY: Last night. I would just skip it, but my mom really wants to see me and, apparently, make me snails.

LOGAN: Okay. Well, then, I guess I'll see you post-snails. It should be a pretty good time. We've got a huge guest list. Bobbi's pulled out all the stops. She's she's contracted five of the hottest P.R. Agents in the city and has them hunkered in a w\*r room. I'd be surprised if she lets them take bathroom breaks.

RORY: hum you can't stop Bobbi.

LOGAN: Ace.

RORY: What, no, I like Bobbi. I do. I don't like the fact that she's not a big, swarthy dude. But I recognize that my issues with Bobbi have nothing to do with her. She's lovely, she's you colleague It doesn't matter that her legs come up to my nose.

LOGAN: "A big, swarthy dude"?

RORY: With a cheesy goatee.

LOGAN: Well, maybe she'll agree to the goatee. And, hey, you want to come with me tomorrow and check out apartments?

RORY: Apartment, like, to live in?

LOGAN: I know it is cliché, but, yes, I intend to live in my apartment.

RORY: In Manhattan?

LOGAN: Unless I strike you as a Staten island kind of guy.

RORY: You're moving to New York...

LORELAI: Pretty much.

RORY: Which is an hour away?

LOGAN: Actually an hour and 20 minutes.

RORY: That's so much closer than London!

LOGAN: You've been brushing up on your geography hu?

RORY: No I just can't believe it. I mean, it's huge. It's amazing. I...

LOGAN: Are you happy?

RORY: I'm so happy!

[They hug]

LOGAN: Come on. Let's get something to drink.

RORY: But why do you have to get your own apartment, why can't you just live here with me?

LOGAN: I'd love to, ace, but I think I'd end up seeing more of the I-95 than I would of you. I mean my hours are gonna be crazy. If I live near the office, I can crawl home at 3:00 in the morning and crawl back to work at 7:00.

RORY: That's a lot of crawling.

LOGAN: It just doesn't make sense logistically.

RORY: So it's just gonna be me here?

LOGAN: Well you were gonna live here by yourself anyway.

RORY: I know, but if you're gonna have your whole new apartment, then you're gonna need all your stuff.

LOGAN: Don't worry I'm not gonna clean you out, ace.

RORY: I'll be fine. Take your stuff.

LOGAN: It's not gonna happen, new apartment, new stuff.

RORY: Really?

LOGAN: Yeah. I-I want a fresh start.

RORY: Hey well I mean, you should take some of your stuff, like your favorite stuff.

LOGAN: Like what?

RORY: Like, you know, you can't live without your suit of armor, can you? I mean you really want to take that.

LOGAN: You don't like Henry?

RORY: Well it's not that I don't like Henry it's just that he creeps me out.

LOGAN: Oh man now you just hurt Henry's feelings.

RORY: Well he's gonna have to grow a little tougher chain mail then if he's gonna make it on the mean streets of New York.

LOGAN: You're heartless, Gilmore.

LUKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LUKE: You hungry?

APRIL: Uh-huh.

LUKE: You want some juice?

APRIL: Uh-huh.

LUKE: Notice my hair is green?

APRIL: Uh-huh. Uh, hey?

LUKE: Dinners ready.

APRIL: Five more minutes?

LUKE: After dinner -- wash your hands. So what's so interesting, anyway?

APRIL: Hyperphagia.

LUKE: Oh, right. Cool.

APRIL: That's just a fancy term for overeating. It's what bears do in preparation for hibernation.

LUKE: Oh hey did I tell you about the time I saw a grizzly bear on a camping trip?

APRIL: Are you serious?

LUKE: 500 pounds, easy. [putting dinner on the table] Turkey burgers, sweet potato fries, broccoli.

APRIL: Thanks. So, what did you do?

LUKE: Just backed away real slow, avoided eye contact -- that's how you show you're submissive.

APRIL: Really?

LUKE: Yeah it's all about body language. And you've got to try to stay calm.

APRIL: Hm. Were you?

LUKE: No.

APRIL: I forgot to tell you what happened with Rachel today.

LUKE: Did she apologize to Melissa? Are they talking again?

APRIL: Yeah, but they won't be as soon as Melissa finds out that Rachel asked Joanna to come with her to Florida to visit her grandparents.

LUKE: [Nods to agree]

APRIL: Did you remember to wash my jean skirt?

LUKE: It's hanging in the bathroom.

APRIL: Cool I want to wear it to Sabrina's party. I was going to wear that purple dress, but last time I wore it, Adam called me "Purple Nardini" all day.

LUKE: [Nods to agree]

APRIL: Yeah, it's a pretty uninspired insult, but the way he said it was so annoying. And now, since he knows it bugs me, he's probably just gonna keep saying it all night.

LUKE: "All night"?

APRIL: At Sabrina's party.



LUKE: Why would Adam be at her party?

APRIL: Because he was invited.

LUKE: To Sabrina's birthday?

APRIL: Well, yeah.

LUKE: Wait Sabrina's a girl, right?

APRIL: Yeah.

LUKE: And Adam's a boy?

APRIL: Yeah.

LUKE: And he'll be at her party?

APRIL: Yeah, it's a boy-girl party.

LUKE: What's that mean?

APRIL: [moving the salt and pepper as she talks] Well it means there will both be boys... and girls at the party.

LUKE: Yeah. All right. I just didn't know you were going to boy-girl parties, that's all.

APRIL: Well It's my first one. I only got invited 'cause Sabrina's parents made her invite the whole class. But I'm not about to look a gift horse in the mouth.

LUKE: So, you're mom's okay with you going to a boy-girl party?

APRIL: Of course. I'm 13.

LUKE: So, um, listen. This is probably a stupid question, but... is there gonna be kissing at this party?

APRIL: Okay! Ew, dad!

LUKE: What?

APRIL: Oh, gross!

LUKE: What's gross -- kissing?

APRIL: No, you talking about kissing.

LUKE: What? All right, all right, I won't say "kissing."

APRIL: Ew, ew, ew, ew, ew! Stop! Stop!

LUKE: All right! I-I'm not saying it at all. Done -- new topic. I promise.

APRIL: The fries are really good.

LUKE: Good, good. Then eat your broccoli, too.

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory comes in the front door and is greeted by Lorelai]

RORY: Hello?!

LORELAI: [Gasps] Honey! Oh, hi! [She kisses Rory in both cheeks] That's how we do it on the continent.

RORY: But of course. Hey, dad.

CHRISTOPHER: Hi, honey. [They hug]

LORELAI: Come on. Come in! Come in!

RORY: What are you wearing?

LORELAI: I hear it's called an apron.

RORY: Interesting why are you wearing that?

LORELAI: Well because I've been cooking snails...

RORY: You're kidding me.

LORELAI: Been cooking snails and dealing with snail spatter.

RORY: [To Chris] She really cooks those?

CHRISTOPHER: She really did.

LORELAI: What do you mean I told you I was gonna cook them.

RORY: Yeah but I thought it was just like a euphemism.

LORELAI: A euphemism for what?

RORY: A euphemism for "I'm ordering a pizza."

CHRISTOPHER: Come sit, sit.

RORY: So, how was your trip?

LORELAI: Oh, no. First, a glass of wine -- we went to the Chateau Du Nozet in the Loire valley, and this is Pouilly Fumé. It's supposed to be one of the best in the land, and after trying 10 varietals -- note the use of "varietal"...

RORY: Noted.

LORELAI: ...Believe me, you tend to believe them.

CHRISTOPHER: We were drunk by the end of the tour, we bought a case.

RORY: Cool so you went to a winery? What else, what else did you do?

LORELAI: Um, here. Try a snail.

RORY: Uh, no.

LORELAI: Please? Come on. I made them.

RORY: You try one.

LORELAI: I'm full i've been snacking on them all day.

RORY: Well see and I had a lunch of bugs and lizards, so I'm good, too.

CHRISTOPHER: All right you know what, I'll try one.

RORY: You sure you don't want a lime and some salt so you can do it like a tequila shot?

CHRISTOPHER: I'm good. All right, you ready? One, two...

RORY: Well, how's it taste?

LORELAI: Well.

CHRISTOPHER: Sort of like a buttered gummi bear.

RORY: Pass. So, what else? Tell me -- France.

LORELAI: Okay, here it is. Um... while we were in France, your dad and I -- we got married.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: We got married.

RORY: You got married married?

LORELAI: Married married.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: [Nods]

RORY: Um... wow. Wow. Um... hey, congratulations. T-that's -- that's so great.

CHRISTOPHER: Thanks. We're so excited.

RORY: Um, how? When?

LORELAI: UM...

CHRISTOPHER: Two days ago, in Giverny. It's about an hour outside Paris. It's where Monet had his studio, where he painted the water lilies.

RORY: Oh, so y-you guys just went there to get married?

LORELAI: Oh, no, we just went there to walk around, to see the lilies. And, um, then it started raining, and there was this little church, and, uh...

CHRISTOPHER: It was so beautiful, and we were so happy, and we got married.

RORY: Wow.

CHRISTOPHER: The ceremony was in French, so there's only a 90% chance that we're actually married. There's a 10% chance we were issued a very expensive dog license.

RORY: Wow. Wow. Um... oh, I'm -- I'm so happy for you guys.

LORELAI: Really?

CHRISTOPHER: You know, we need champagne.

LORELAI: Yes.

CHRISTOPHER: Do we have champagne?

LORELAI: Uh, in the c-cooler in the garage, maybe.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay

LORELAI: Okay.

CHRISTOPHER: I'll be right back.

LORELAI: Okay! [Sighs as the door closes] Well?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: What do you think?

RORY: Um, what do you mean?

LORELAI: I mean, what do you think?

RORY: I don't know, mom. I can't believe that you did this.

LORELAI: You're mad?

RORY: Yes, I'm mad.

LORELAI: Rory...

RORY: Just stop, okay? Don't.

LORELAI: Okay, but...

RORY: I can't do this right now. Because Dad is about to come back in here, and I just can't.

LORELAI: Okay.

CHRISTOPHER: Unfortunately, we went all the way to France and didn't come back with a bottle of champagne, so we're gonna have to make do with California's finest.

RORY: It's okay.

[Lorelai looks at Rory as the cork pops]

PRE-LAUNCH PARTY

[Rory enters]

FEMALE GUEST: [talking to another guest] And she showed me her ring, this huge canary diamond. Looked like something Paris Hilton would wear.

LOGAN: Hey, you made it.

RORY: I made it.

LOGAN: You look beautiful. [They kiss] How was dinner did your mom really make snails?

RORY: Well not only did she make snails, she got married.

LOGAN: What?

RORY: In France -- to my dad.

LOGAN: Wow.

RORY: Yeah.

LOGAN: Wow!

RORY: I know.

LOGAN: How do you feel about it?

RORY: Ah you mean besides really bad?

LOGAN: Well do you want a drink?

RORY: No, I'm good for now.

LOGAN: Let's go outside and talk about it.

RORY: Um no, I'm okay. I mean I will want to talk about it, but right now I'm still processing.

LOGAN: Well it's a lot to process, don't feel like you have to stay if you don't want to.

RORY: Oh, no. I want to be here.

LOGAN: Are you sure?

RORY: Yeah, little-known fact -- I am quite the compartmentalizer. In fact, I have a blister on my heel. I've been ignoring it all evening.

LOGAN: Alright well if you change your mind, you want to talk about it...

RORY: I'm fine, this is your night. So how can I help?

LOGAN: Just be your charming, blister-ignoring self.

RORY: I can do that. So, who's here? Or, rather, who's not here?

LOGAN: Yeah we got a pretty good turnout, huh?

RORY: Yeah.

LOGAN: Alright see that guy right there? He's a Rockefeller. He doesn't like you to talk about the fact, that he's a Rockefeller but we want you to know he's a Rockefeller. So if you talk to him make sure he knows you know, but don't say you know.

RORY: I'm gonna try to work in the phrase "standard oil."

LOGAN: Behind us - Boykin and his fiancée, Celery. And, no, I'm not kidding. Those are their real names.

RORY: Un here "Meet my boyfriend, Boykin." Try saying that five times fast.

PHILLIP: Rory, you made it!

[They kiss on both cheeks.]

RORY: Yeah.

LOGAN: Hey.

NICK: Hey, Rory.

RORY: Hi.

PHILLIP: You look beautiful, absolutely beautiful.

NICK: Careful man you're drooling.

PHILLIP: How are things at Yale? Only six months until you're sprung free, right?

RORY: Yeah. Don't remind me. I'm so not ready to be sprung.

PHILLIP: Oh stop you'll be brilliant. Can I get you a drink?

RORY: Oh, thanks.

PHILLIP: I'll be back.

BOBBI: Hello, Rory, darling.

RORY: Hi.

[They kiss on both cheeks.]

BOBBI: I'm so happy you made it. That dress is so cute.

RORY: Oh, thanks. Um, your dress is cute, too.

BOBBI: [Chuckles] Thank you, sweetheart. So, bit of exciting news -- "page six" is here.

LOGAN: Really?

RORY: Wow. Congratulations.

NICK: It's all Bobbi.

BOBBI: Oh, rubbish. Oh before I forget, you sent a case of champagne to Joe McMillan. His website's trash, but we need him to write something smashing about us.

LOGAN: Sounds good.

NICK: Damn, Oscar Schroeder's limo didn't show. I've got to find him another one, the gentleman can't be expected to walk three whole blocks.

BOBBI: Ooh, Tripp Cavanaugh?

LOGAN: Tripp! Hey, man, glad you could make it. [they shake hands] Bobbi, you know Tripp.

TRIPP: Hey sweetheart. [They kiss on both cheeks.]

LOGAN: And this is my girlfriend, Rory Gilmore.

TRIPP: Nice to meet you.

RORY: Nice to meet you to.

[He leans in to kiss Rory on the cheek]

RORY: Oh.

[Then the other]

RORY: Oh.

BOBBI: Tripp's just back from Tortola. He's building an incredible house there.

LOGAN: Wow congratulations.

TRIPP: Well we'll see construction on the island is such a joke. I mean try getting anyone to meet a schedule.

LOGAN: I've heard that.

TRIPP: Plus, my property's totally isolated, which will be great once the house is built, but it's a construction nightmare. [Logan and Rory look on like they are only half interested in what Tripp has to say] Turns out, the bridge that accesses my land can't take the weight of the truck carrying the supplies. So we had to off-load the supplies onto a smaller vehicle. That necessitated 2 forklifts, none of this is covered in the estimate, of course.

BOBBI: It never is.

TRIPP: Anyway, so we finally got the materials -- finally.

RORY: Oh, great.

TRIPP: Yeah unfortunately, that's when the real trouble began. Without consulting me they decided

to move the pool over 10 feet 'cause the excavation crew needed more room for their equipment. Well of course, I flip. I mean who ever heard of a pool right in the middle of the backyard?

RORY: Well, not me.

TRIPP: Right I told them that was unacceptable and they have to move.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Can I get a picture of you guys?

BOBBI: Oh sure.

LOGAN: Absolutely.

[They move in close together, the photo is take.]

BOBBI: I've got correct names and spellings. [Goes of with the photographer.]

TRIPP: Where was I?

RORY: Um, your pool.

TRIPP: So we shifted the thing back 10 feet, thank God, but when they started digging in the right place, we found out that the soil in Tortola is far more porous than we initially thought.

LOGAN: Oh, god.

RORY: Bummer.

TRIPP: Yeah bummer is right, so we had to lay down a drainage system, or at least that was the plan. But it turns out in Tortola they have these building codes that specifically...

BOBBI: Tripp, have you met Natasha Wolfe?

TRIPP: No I don't think so.

BOBBI: Oh god you have to meet her. She has a house in Tortola, as well. Come come.

TRIPP: Will you excuse me?

LOGAN: Absolutely.

RORY: Nice meeting you.

RORY: Um, can we please never go to Tortola?

LOGAN: I don't even want to meet John Turturro.

RORY: Or eat tortellini.

LOGAN: Hey, you'll actually like this guy. Hugo.

HUGO: Logan. Hey. How you doing, man?

LOGAN: Not to bad, this is my girlfriend, Rory Gilmore.

HUGO: Hey Hugo Grace, nice to meet you.



RORY: You to.

LOGAN: Hugo spent two years working at the New York Times, another couple at Slate, and then the Paris Review under George Plimpton.

RORY: Wow did you just worship at his feet?

HUGO: I tried, but he kept telling me to get off the ground.

LOGAN: Hugo's starting a new online magazine -- lots of buzz.

HUGO: It could mean nothing.

LOGAN: Could mean something.

HUGO: See why I like this guy?

RORY: You don't have to convince me.

LOGAN: Rory's the editor of the Yale Daily News.

RORY: I was the editor I just abdicated my throne -- or, rather, my swivel chair.

HUGO: That's impressive.

PHILLIP: Your drink -- sorry it got waylaid. [Too Logan] Need you help buddy, Dan Cryer's about one drink away from hitting on Jerrickson's wife.

LOGAN: That would be bad. [The group laughs] Excuse me.

HUGO: Hey I'm gonna monopolize you a little bit longer. If you don't mind, once you find somebody that can talk about something other than stock quotes at one of these things, you kinda hold on for dear life.

RORY: Oh God I know what you mean.

HUGO: It's pretty different from parties at Yale?

RORY: Fewer drunken musings on Roland Barthes. Although, on the plus side, I am learning a great deal about the tackiness of the canary diamond.

HUGO: They're not teaching that these days? Tell me they at least have a course in piloting the family jet.

RORY: Sadly, no.

HUGO: Man, no wonder we're falling behind the Japanese. Is it the Chinese now? I know we're definitely falling behind someone. So ah, what kind of pieces you write at Yale?

RORY: Um a little bit of everything, that's the great thing about being editor -- you can pretty much give yourself the best pieces. I got to interview Barack Obama a couple weeks ago. He came to speak at campus

HUGO: Really? Did you ask you buddy Barack if he's gonna run in 2008?

RORY: Well what kind of journalist would I be if I didn't?

HUGO: And?

RORY: Standard answer -- "no current plans." But I saw a twinkle in his eye.

HUGO: Well, you can't quote a twinkle.

RORY: But you can describe it.

HUGO: Good point. Hey, listen. If you want to submit something to my site, I'd be happy to take a look at it.

RORY: Really? Wow that would be great, what kind of pieces are you looking for?

HUGO: Ah ,cultural and social observations. We're sort of Slate meets New York Times' "lifestyle" section, before they sold out.

RORY: Ha-ha cool.

HUGO: You can definitely write about a party like this.

RORY: Really.

LOGAN: [Coming back] I got Cryer talking golf -- disaster averted.

RORY: Good job.

HUGO: Oh listen I've got to take off, man. I got an early morning.

LOGAN: All right, man. Thanks a lot for coming out. I really appreciate it.

HUGO: No thank you. It was nice to meet you, Rory.

RORY: You to.

HUGO: And here's my card. There you go.

RORY: Thanks.

HUGO: We'll see you guys around

RORY: Bye.

LOGAN: Thanks. Look at you, getting a card.

RORY: I know, he said I should submit a piece for him, like something about this party.

LOGAN: Seriously you have to do it.

RORY: I know. I am.

TRIPP: Logan, Rory I am so sorry I got pulled away. Natasha Wolfe actually has a house on another one of the beef islands. No Tortola. Still, she had an interesting experience when she was building.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR

[Lorelai is in her cell phone]

LORELAI: Okay, I'm just gonna leave you one more message, and then I'm gonna start sending telegrams. [Sighs] Honey, I-I know you think this marriage was a big step, and... and it seems impulsive to you, and we talked about going slow, and this seems like the opposite of slow. And, in some ways, it is. And, in some ways, it really isn't. And I really want to talk to you about it. So, please, call me back... or respond to any of my forthcoming telegrams. Okay. Bye-bye.

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

RORY: I don't know I think the piece is good. I was just on a roll. You know I mean, I was hopped up. I couldn't sleep. I was just way too excited, and I drank way too much coffee -- way too much coffee. Oh, I should, I should really stop talking and let you finish reading.

[Rory's cell phone beeps. "one new message"]

LORELAI: Okay, I'm just gonna leave you one more message...

[Rory ends the message and puts the phone down]

RORY: So... what do you think?

LOGAN: I don't know what to say.

RORY: Oh, yeah I know the ending is a little convoluted, but I...

LOGAN: It's not convoluted. You made your feelings perfectly clear.

RORY: What do you mean.

LOGAN: Just that it must have been really hard for you at my party, surrounded by all those people with -- how do you put it? "Who can no more imagine a world without trust funds than a world without water -- imported and bubbly, of course."

RORY: Oh no that was meant to be funny...

LOGAN: It sounds like it was torturous, being stuck there with "these overprivileged sons and daughters of somebodies" who fail to grasp how out of touch they seem "to those of us who don't have an errant domestic employee or a construction problem on Beef Island."

RORY: You're mad?

LOGAN: You're damn right I'm mad.

RORY: But you were making fun of these people all night.

LOGAN: I joking I wasn't standing there judging everyone.

RORY: I didn't judge everyone.

LOGAN: The title is "Let Them Drink Cosmos." I was joking with my girlfriend. I wasn't comparing a whole class of people to Marie Antoinette.

RORY: I'm so I really didn't think that this would upset you.

LOGAN: You didn't think it would upset me?

RORY: No, no. I was just writing. I mean I was worked up. I was mad at my mom. Maybe that kind of got into the piece somehow. But, no, this was meant to be funny. I didn't think you would take it personally. I mean you're totally different from these people.

LOGAN: No, I'm not, and you know what I don't want to be.

RORY: Logan...

LOGAN: What I'm a rich trust-fund kid. I'm not ashamed of it.

RORY: No and you shouldn't be. That's not what I meant. I mean, the point or the point I was trying to make was that people use connections to get ahead.

LOGAN: Oh give me a break, you act like making connections is something nefarious. It's just people meeting people.

RORY: Well, it's certain people meeting certain people. It's not like anyone's meeting Joe bus driver.

LOGAN: And you're Joe bus driver.

RORY: Well, no, but...

LOGAN: Exactly, I mean where do you get off acting all morally superior?

RORY: That is not what I intended to say at all.

LOGAN: You clearly think you are. Why? Because you read "Ironweed"? 'Cause you saw "Norma Rae"?

RORY: Logan...

LOGAN: Wake up Rory whether you like it or not, you're one of us. You went to prep school. You go to Yale. Your grandparents are building a whole damn astronomy building in your name.

RORY: That is different, okay? It's not like I live off a \$5-million trust fund my parents set up for me.

LOGAN: Yeah well, you're not exactly paying rent, either.

RORY: [Scoffs] Screw you, Logan.

LORELAI: [Sighs]

LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Luke is washing dishes]

LUKE: So you're getting ready for the party, huh?

APRIL: Yep.

LUKE: I can get you some real wrapping paper.

APRIL: Did you not see "An Inconvenient Truth"?

LUKE: Are you okay?

APRIL: Yeah, I just have a little stomachache that's all.

LUKE: [Sounding a little worried] Yeah.

APRIL: Okay what do you think. I put this article on Darfur on the front, you know to put things in perspective in case Sabrina doesn't like the CD that I picked out for her.

LUKE: Oh that's looks pretty good. So, I wanted to talk to you about tonight. [April holds her side] Hey, are you sure you're okay? Maybe you should get something to eat.

APRIL: I'm not hungry. Hand me the tape, please.

LUKE: Sweetie, you don't look so good.

APRIL: Well that's not a nice thing to say to someone who's on her way to her first boy-girl party.

LUKE: Oh yeah, sorry.

APRIL: Tape please...

LUKE: So, look, about the party.

APRIL: Yeah? [reaches for the tape]

LUKE: I want to talk to you about that thing we were talking about the other night. I'm not gonna use the "k" word, okay? Instead, I'll just use "juggiling," okay?

APRIL: "Juggiling"?

LUKE: "Juggiling"

APRIL: Okay.

LUKE: Okay, so here's the thing. Even if all the other kids are juggiling and you might feel like you want to juggile, too, I don't think you should juggile before you're ready.

APRIL: I know.

LUKE: And I don't think you're ready.

APRIL: How do you know?

LUKE: Well let's put it this way. I'm not ready.

APRIL: Well that seems arbitrary, since you're not the one doing it.

LUKE: Yeah, it may be, but, still, if I let you go to this party, you have to promise me that you won't juggile with boys.

APRIL: Fine.

LUKE: "Fine"?

APRIL: Yes. Fine.

LUKE: Okay.

APRIL: [Sighs] sh\*\*t, where'd I put Sabrina's card?

LUKE: Oh I...

APRIL: Oh, there it is. [Sighs]

LUKE: Hey, are you sure you're okay?

APRIL: I feel fine.

LUKE: Here let me feel your forehead.

APRIL: I feel fine.

LUKE: Y-- April, you have a fever.

APRIL: I swear, dad, I feel fine.

LUKE: You can't go to the party if you're sick.

APRIL: I'm not sick!

LUKE: Yeah, you are, sweetie.

APRIL: You just don't want me to go!

LUKE: That's not true.

APRIL: It is! You don't trust me!

LUKE: Of course I do. Look there will be other parties.

APRIL: NO!

LUKE: I'm sorry, April. You're sick.

APRIL: I'm not!

LUKE: Yeah, you are, sweetie.

APRIL: I can go!

LUKE: No, you can't. [goes off to her bed]

APRIL: You suck as a dad!

LUKE: [Sits down a sighs]

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai at the answering machine]

ANSWERING MACHINE: You have no messages.

CHRISTOPHER: I think this is the last of the clothes.

LORELAI: Oh yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: Uh-um.

LORELAI: Aah! Come here. What is that?

CHRISTOPHER: What? It's a shirt. What's wrong with a shirt?

LORELAI: Let's start with the color. It's peach.

CHRISTOPHER: I look good in peach.

LORELAI: Exactly. Men who buy peach shirts buy it 'cause think they look good in peach, which means they really thought about it, which means they're obsessed with their looks!

CHRISTOPHER: I'm not obsessed with my looks!

LORELAI: Ladies and gentlemen, I give you a peach shirt.

CHRISTOPHER: Alright just leave my stuff alone.

LORELAI: Oh, my god, you dirty thief.

CHRISTOPHER: Excuse me?

LORELAI: You stinking, lying, stinking, ratty, dirty thief!

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LORELAI: This is my Police "Synchronicity" t-shirt. I have been missing this for 22 years! I asked you if you had it! I looked you right in the face, and you denied it!

CHRISTOPHER: I lied.

LORELAI: Oh, you lied! You lied! [Chris laughs] Do you know how long I looked for this?! Days and days and then I accused my mother of throwing it out, and she said she didn't, and, oh, my god, I hated her. Oh my god I could have had the best relationship with my mother if only you hadn't stolen my shirt. Well, keep laughing, buddy, because, I'll tell you, the laugh's on you now! You better get used to seeing this shirt, because I have to make up for 22 years of not wearing it. Where do you think you're going?

CHRISTOPHER: I'm dropping this stuff off in Rory's room. Actual I guess it's Gigi's room now. Wow, that's weird, huh?

LORELAI: Really weird.

CHRISTOPHER: A big selling point -- the proximity of this room to the kitchen. I don't know why but Gigi was incredibly psyched about that.

LORELAI: Why? You feed her, don't you, Hmm?

CHRISTOPHER: I knew there was something I was forgetting. [Chris moves a lap off the desk]

LORELAI: Wow what are you doing?

CHRISTOPHER: I'm just seeing how heavy it is, Thought maybe we could move it in the garage, get Gigi's coloring table in here.

LORELAI: Yes, or we could just leave it right here.

CHRISTOPHER: Nah, Gigi's not gonna need it for a couple years. Oh you know what I was thinking, trundle beds.

LORELAI: Trundle beds?

CHRISTOPHER: For when Rory comes to visit.

LORELAI: Uh, okay. Wait. I'm sorry. Slow down.

CHRISTOPHER: Why?

LORELAI: Um... I just -- I don't want to change Rory's room all around without consulting her.

CHRISTOPHER: She's not gonna care. She's graduating in the spring.

LORELAI: Right and lots of college graduates end up back home, where they need their desks.

CHRISTOPHER: Lor.

LORELAI: What I'm just being realistic. Okay it's not like she's gonna be an investment banker. You know she's gonna be a journalist, and journalists get paid crap.

CHRISTOPHER: So if she needs money, we'll help her out.

LORELAI: Right. Okay. That's fine. But, still, why not just leave Rory's room as it is? Give Gigi something to aspire to. Things worked out pretty well for Rory. I mean, she went to Yale.

CHRISTOPHER: Lor...

LORELAI: Chris?

CHRISTOPHER: I know it's difficult, but things around here are gonna change.

LORELAI: You think I don't know that? I just, uh... I don't want Rory to feel like the rug's being pulled out from under her, you know, like she's being kicked out.

CHRISTOPHER: Rory's gonna be fine.

LORELAI: You don't know that. She's already upset.

CHRISTOPHER: About what?

LORELAI: About you and me, about the marriage.

CHRISTOPHER: She seemed fine when we told her.

LORELAI: In front of you, and then you left, and... [Sighs] ...She told me she was really upset.

CHRISTOPHER: What? H-how could you not tell me that?

LORELAI: Well, honey, I...



CHRISTOPHER: No, I'm her father, Lorelai. We're married now.

LORELAI: Okay, well, I'm telling you now. [Sighs]

CHRISTOPHER: Let's call her. We should talk about it.

LORELAI: I did.

CHRISTOPHER: And?

LORELAI: And she's not answering right now. But it'll be okay, you know? It'll be fine. It's just -- it's a sensitive thing, and, uh... and I-I just feel like we should give it time, you know, before we spring trundle beds on her.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, okay.

LORELAI: I mean she just needs time to adjust.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay.

LORELAI: Okay?

CHRISTOPHER: There's a few more things I got to bring in from the car.

[Lorelai places the lamp back on the desk how it was]

OLIVIA AND LUCY'S APARTMENT

RORY: He's the one who insisted I move in with him, begged me practically and now he throws it back in my face, like I'm some kind of leech.

LUCY: That's such a low blow.

RORY: So low. Uh I hate everyone today.

OLIVIA: Including us?

RORY: Well no, not you guys, but don't cross me, sister.

LUCY: Keep reading, Liv.

RORY: I'm practically homeless. Obviously, I can't live there.

LUCY: You can move in with us.

RORY: Is that allowed?

LUCY: Well not technically.

OLIVIA: But we have a hot plate, and we're not allowed to have that either.

LUCY: Will you finish reading that article so I can read it?

OLIVIA: Okay, okay.

LUCY: Seriously Rory, you should just move in here with us. We'll make a smaller common room. We'll put up a temporary wall.

RORY: You know how to do that?

LUCY: I don't, but boyfriend's super handy.

RORY: Oh, right.

LUCY: He put up those bookshelves, and they're fine for, you know, paperbacks.

RORY: You know what don't worry about me you guys are taking enough of a risk with that hot plate. I will figure something out.

LUCY: Well, if you need to...

RORY: Yeah. Thanks.

OLIVIA: Here. [Hand Lucy the article.]

RORY: So, what did you think?

OLIVIA: It's a really great piece.

RORY: You think.

OLIVIA: Yeah you're an awesome writer.

RORY: Thanks.

OLIVIA: It was sharp and funny, and I could totally see everything and imagine everyone.

RORY: Thanks. And it's not mean, right?

OLIVIA: No, no, it's mean.

LUCY: Yeah, it is mean, and I'm only on the first paragraph.

OLIVIA: Keep reading it gets meaner.

RORY: It's mean?

OLIVIA: Sort of Lynn Hirshberg meets -- I don't know, someone really mean.

RORY: What? No! No, I'm Fran Lebowitz. It's supposed to be fun, frothy, lighthearted satire, social anthropology. I'm Tama Janowitz.

OLIVIA: A mean Tama Janowitz.

RORY: Oh, god. I'm mean? I'm mean and judgmental, and I didn't even mean to be. I was just trying to sell an article. Well no wonder he's upset.

OLIVIA: Come on! He knows you. It wasn't intentional.

RORY: That's worse! I didn't even mean to be mean, and I was mean, mean and judgmental and insensitive. I really do hate everyone today, including myself. Great. The circle's complete.

LUKE'S APARTMENT

LUKE: You sure you don't want some ginger ale? It'll settle your stomach.

APRIL: I feel fine.

LUKE: Okay. How about a movie? I could rent us a movie. Come on, April. Look I know you're a little upset. But, I promise you, there will be other parties.

APRIL: [Groans]

LUKE: Come on, talk to me. [Sighs, feels April's forehead] Wow! Okay, you're really hot, sweetie. Hang on a minute.

[Goes to the phone and dials a number]

LORELAI: Hello?

LUKE: Yeah April's really sick, and I don't know what to do. She's got a fever, and it's her stomach. And she's really pale so I don't...

LORELAI: Okay. Slow down. Did she throw up?

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: Did she eat something bad?

LUKE: No she hasn't eaten all day.

LORELAI: Aw, where does it hurt?

LUKE: She's holding her side.

LORELAI: Which side?

LUKE: Her right side. It seems to be getting worse.

LORELAI: Oh wow it could be appendicitis.

LUKE: Appendicitis -- really?

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah it's gonna be okay, but you should take her right to the hospital. Take her to St. Joseph's.

LUKE: Okay. Okay.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM

[A man and woman sitting behind a counter are talking]

WOMAN: We have five minutes left.

MAN: No, we don't.

WOMAN: I checked my watch before I fed the meter.

MAN: So did I.

WOMAN: You couldn't have because we've got five minutes left.

NAM: No we don't.

LUKE: [Sounding annoyed] Five minutes have passed since you started this inane conversation. So if I were you I'd put another quarter in and call it a day!

WOMAN: You need to check your watch battery.

MAN: Check my watch? This is a Quartz Timex. You wind it.

LORELAI: [Sighs] Hey.

LUKE: Oh, hey. Hi.

LORELAI: How is she?

LUKE: Okay. It was appendicitis, like you said. But she's okay. I mean the operation went really great. They got it out, no problem. And she's gonna be fine. And I'm gonna be able to see her pretty soon.

LORELAI: Good, good.

LUKE: Yeah you didn't -- you know you didn't have to come, but thanks for coming.

LORELAI: There's nothing worse than taking your kid to the emergency room. You know I remember Rory had food poisoning, and they had to hook her up to an I.V. And she just looked so little and scared. It made me feel like they were gonna have to hook me up to an I.V.

LUKE: I was almost out of my mind, I was so scared. I mean at one point, I got so panicked, I was thinking maybe I'd give her my appendix, you know if they could do some kind of a transplant or something. But I was a little out of my mind.

LORELAI: Well, I'm glad she's gonna be okay.

LUKE: She's gonna be alright...

DOCTOR: Mr. And Mrs. Nardini?

LUKE: Oh, no. Hi, I'm Luke Danes. I'm April's dad.

DOCTOR: Well, she's a little out of it right now, but you and your wife can go in and see her.

LUKE: No, she's not my...

LORELAI: No, I'm not, uh...

[Luke see the wedding ring on Lorelai's finger]

DOCTOR: Oh. Sorry. I just assumed. [pause] So, would both of you like to go in and...

LUKE: I'll just...

LORELAI: You go.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: Okay.

LUKE: All right.

[Lorelai looks at her wedding ring and leaves]

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

[Logan is on his cell phone]

LOGAN: Trust me. Don't call him today. He's going to put his money down. He just doesn't like the aggressive stuff. We have to sit back, relax, let him come to us. If we don't hear from him in a week, then we panic. [Rory comes home] Yeah. Nick, I got to call you back. All right. Bye. [Hangs up] Sorry. [Sighs] I hope it's okay that I'm here.

RORY: Hey, it's your apartment.

LOGAN: Rory [Sighs] I'm so sorry I said that.

RORY: Yeah, well...

LOGAN: I was way out of line. I just...I love it that you're here. You know that I love it that you're here.

RORY: Yeah. No, I know.

LOGAN: I was just upset.

RORY: Well, you had every right to be. That article was awful.

LOGAN: It wasn't awful.

RORY: It was awful and mean and judgmental, as you said. I just, I don't even know why I didn't see that or what I was thinking, except that maybe I wasn't thinking.

LOGAN: Look it's okay.

RORY: No, it's not okay. I was just trying to write a clever article, and I didn't mean to upset you, but I should have thought about it. I should have know.

LOGAN: But if that's the way you feel...

RORY: But that's just it. It's not the way I feel.

LOGAN: You don't have to approve of everything I do.

RORY: I know that, but I actually do. I mean I have total respect for everything that you're doing. I'm so proud of you.

LOGAN: I know you are.

RORY: Do you? Because I really need you to know that.

LOGAN: I really know.

RORY: Because I really am.

LOGAN: I know.

RORY: Promise?

LOGAN: I promise, and look the truth is, I wouldn't be so upset if you weren't such a good writer. I mean, talk about the pen being mightier than the sword. It's true that pen of yours is a howitzer.

RORY: You don't have to say that.

LOGAN: I wouldn't if it wasn't true.

RORY: Can we talk about something besides the article?

LOGAN: Hey you got to compliment me. Let me compliment you.

RORY: We're complimenting each other now?

LOGAN: If you'll let me.

RORY: I guess that's okay.

LOGAN: [Chuckles] You're a really great writer, ace.

RORY: You have great hair.

LOGAN: You've got awesome teeth. I've always admired your teeth.

RORY: Really? I never knew.

LOGAN: Yep, particularly the bottom ones.

RORY: I love you so much.

LOGAN: I love you, too.

[They kiss]

RORY: Um, but here's the thing. I have to move out of this apartment.

LOGAN: No, you don't.

RORY: Yes, I do. I always thought that you would come back and live here. But now that you're getting your own place nearby, it's just different.

LOGAN: No, it's not.

RORY: Yes, it is. It's just something I have to do for me. But you should know that I plan on taking Henry with me.

[Knock on door]

LOGAN: You'll have to take that up with him. You did insult him earlier.

RORY: Did I? Hmm.

[Logan answers the door]

LOGAN: Hey.

LORELAI: Hi. I'm sorry. I would have buzzed up, but Um, I saw a delivery guy coming in, so I slipped in with him. Boy, they sure do eat well over in 4-F. Can I come in?

LOGAN: Oh, yeah. Sure. Come on in.

RORY: What are you doing here?

LORELAI: [Sighs] Well, I just -- I wanted to see you.

LOGAN: Look, I got to run out and take care of a few things. Good to see you, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Thanks. Good to see you. [Logan leaves] I'm guessing your cell phone's not broken, huh?

RORY: I just didn't feel much like talking.

LORELAI: I know. Look I know you're upset. I know this seems sudden and like we didn't think it through. And in a way, it was impulsive. But in other ways, it's been 20 years in the making.

RORY: That's not why I'm upset. I'm glad you're married.

LORELAI: You're glad?

RORY: Yes, I'm -- I'm happy for you. It's wonderful.

LORELAI: Yeah?

RORY: Yeah. You're great together. You love each other. I mean It's every kid's dream, right? Parents get back together. But I wasn't there.

LORELAI: You weren't there.

RORY: I should have been there when you got married.

LORELAI: Yes, you should have been there.

RORY: I mean how would you feel if I got married and you weren't there?

LORELAI: Awful, I would feel awful.

RORY: I feel awful.

LORELAI: Look I'm sorry. You know, I -- of course I wanted you to be there.

RORY: I could have been there. All you had to do was make one phone call. You could have picked up the phone and said, "come to Paris," and I would have come to Paris.

LORELAI: I know that and I did I wanted to call you. But then I thought, if I called you, then you'd want to talk about it, and I'd have to explain. And then maybe I would talk myself out of it. I mean

after everything that happened with the engagement, I didn't want a debate. I just wanted to do it, because I am so certain, Rory. I'm so certain that this is right. I really wanted to be married to your dad, and I didn't want to talk my way out of it. I just wanted to do it.

RORY: Well I wouldn't have tried to stop you. I wouldn't have tried to talk you out of it.

LORELAI: No?

RORY: No. I mean the only thing I might have said is maybe you guys would want to come back to the states to get married, so you could have some close friends there, like Sookie and Jackson, maybe grandma and grandpa, Gigi. Or maybe you would have wanted to live together for a while, like six months, just to try it out and...Yeah, I totally would have talked you out of it.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm sorry.

RORY: No, don't be sorry. I mean, I'm really happy for you and dad. It's amazing.

LORELAI: It is amazing.

RORY: You're married.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: It's big.

LORELAI: It's big. It's a big change. But nothing's gonna change between you and me. I don't want you to feel weird.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Of course, your dad is gonna put flat-screen TVs in every room in the house, but your house is still your house. Your room is still your room, though we did talk about putting a trundle bed in there for Gigi, So it'd kind of be your room and Gigi's room, but we don't have to do that.

RORY: No I'm down with a trundle bed.

LORELAI: You are?

RORY: Yeah, I love a good trundle. I'll trundle it up with Gigi.

LORELAI: Aw

RORY: Hey, you didn't take dad's name, did you?

LORELAI: No. No. "Hayden"? No. I don't want to be Mrs. Hayden planetarium for the rest of my life. I'm Lorelai Gilmore, okay? Lorelai Gilmore without the "Gilmore" is like... Gil, you know, less. Okay.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - RORY'S/GIGI'S ROOM

[Lorelai is moving the desk]

LORELAI: [Grunts]

CHRISTOPHER: What ya doin'?

LORELAI: Hey. I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to wake you up.



CHRISTOPHER: You probably shouldn't be moving furniture around at midnight, then.

LORELAI: I'm sorry. [They kiss]

CHRISTOPHER: When did you get back?

LORELAI: About half an hour ago.

CHRISTOPHER: How's April?

LORELAI: She's appendix-less, but she's gonna be okay.

CHRISTOPHER: Good.

LORELAI: I saw Luke.

CHRISTOPHER: Was it okay?

LORELAI: It was fine.

CHRISTOPHER: Good. It's good you went over.

LORELAI: But then I went to see Rory.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah.

LORELAI: Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: How is she?

LORELAI: She's good, we talked, and she's good.

CHRISTOPHER: Good.

LORELAI: And she's really happy that we're married.

CHRISTOPHER: I knew she would be.

[They kiss again]

LORELAI: Hey, I was thinking about the room.

CHRISTOPHER: Hum-um.

LORELAI: And I was thinking we should paint it...

CHRISTOPHER: Yes.

LORELAI: And we should let Gigi pick the color.

CHRISTOPHER: She's gonna pick pink.

LORELAI: Pink would be great in here. Come on, help me move this out.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay.

LORELAI: [Grunts]

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, so I was upstairs. I got an idea.

LORELAI: Oh.

CHRISTOPHER: How about a flat-screen in the bedroom?

LORELAI: The bedroom?

CHRISTOPHER: Come on.

LORELAI: No!

CHRISTOPHER: Think about it!

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL - RECOVERY ROOM

[Luke is watching April who is asleep after the operation]

TV: [Man talking] Let's take a look at the national weather map and see what's in store for the country over the next f...

[changes channel] The biggest males weigh over half a ton. [Luke smiles seeing the bear on TV and looks at April] And they're tall enough, at 10 feet, to see forever. The Russian brown bear is identical to our grizzly -- Ursus Arctos Horribilis, "the horrible bear."

[another channel, Woman speaking] Are your closets and drawers so cluttered you can't find a thing?

[another channel, Man] The killings were the latest in a series...

[another channel, this gets Luke's attention, "The Philadelphia Story"]

CARY GRANT: "two years ago, I did you out of a wedding in this house by eloping to Maryland."

KATHARINE HEPBURN: Two years ago, you were invited to a wedding in this house...

CARY GRANT: Just a loan.

KATHARINE HEPBURN: And then I did you out of it by eloping to Maryland...

CARY GRANT: "which was very bad manners."

KATHARINE HEPBURN:...Which was very bad manners.

CARY GRANT: "But I hope to make it up to you by going through with it now as originally planned."

KATHARINE HEPBURN: But I hope to make it up to you by, by going beautifully through with it now as originally planned.

[Luke is awestruck with the old movie]