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## 06x16 - Bridesmaids Revisited

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### 06x16 - Bridesmaids Revisited

by **bunniefuu**

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LUKE'S DINER

[It's busy and Luke is serving customs there meals, Lane is doing something at the counter]

LUKE: Lane, we're getting backed up here.

LANE: Done in a sec.

[Lorelai comes in the front door]

LUKE: Hey.

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: No bacon today. I had to fire my meat guy.

LORELAI: How could you fire pepper pot? He's so cute, and his mother has that skin condition they can't diagnose.

LUKE: He never brings what I order. I have 16 pounds of corned beef and no turkey.

[Lorelai goes to the counter and sits, Luke continues to work]

LORELAI: He's so sweet, and his father has that foot-grafting operation coming up next month.

LUKE: I can't keep a guy on because his parents are falling apart.

LORELAI: I know, but he tells those funny little limericks, and his sisters were surgically separated two weeks ago. [Kirk is sitting next to Lorelai and start is sniff Lorelai] What are you doing, Kirk?

KIRK: Did you just eat a 3 musketeers?

LORELAI: No.

KIRK: You really smell like nougat.

LUKE: Stop sniffing my fiancée.

KIRK: I can't help it my senses are more finely tuned these days.

LORELAI: What is the scary man talking about?

LUKE: He's on a juice fast.

LORELAI: Why?

KIRK: Wanted to clean out the pipes, refocus the arteries. I want to get the healthy glow of someone who consistently goes to the gym...without having to go to the gym of course.

LORELAI: Of course. You look positively radiant.

LUKE: You want eggs?

KIRK: [Slowly like he is hungry] Eggs...

LORELAI: Err, scrambled and a couple pancakes, please.

KIRK: [Quietly to Lorelai] Blueberry pancakes, blueberry pancakes.

LORELAI: Kirk, eat something.

KIRK: What? Oh, no, I'm doing fine.

LORELAI: Yeah, okay. [To Luke] Hold on there, speed racer.

LUKE: I have to get these orders [To Lane] since I'm the only one serving here.

LANE: Almost done, Luke.

LORELAI: I just want to remind you about Rory's panel...

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Ah the panel I'm going to today, the young voices of journalism panel.

LUKE: Rory's thing?

LORELAI: Well, it looks like Christopher is going to be there, also, and I just thought you should know.

LUKE: He's been showing up a lot lately.

LORELAI: He's trying to make good... for Rory, so...

LUKE: I'm good. I'll get you those pancakes.

KIRK: Blueberry pancakes. Blueberry pancakes!

LANE: Okay, what do you think?

LORELAI: [Gasps] Oh, nice. Very "white rabbit."

LANE: Well, I want it to stand out.

LORELAI: It does. It's great.

LANE: What do you think of the picture?

LORELAI: The picture's great. What's wrong with the picture?

LANE: I photograph so Asian.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, I think Ming-Na has that same problem.

LANE: I have to get back in a band. I'm going crazy not playing.

LORELAI: I can imagine.

LANE: You go from having band practice every day and seeing [Choking up a little] certain people every day, and then suddenly you're not.

LORELAI: You mean Zach?

LANE: And Brian and Gil.

LORELAI: Yeah. You guys still aren't talking? [Lane shakes her head] Well, the flyer is great.

LANE: Thanks.

LORELAI: I like the shiny, fancy pens you used.

LANE: They're Luke's daughters, actually. She left them here last week, and I snagged them.

LORELAI: Good score. [Chuckles] So she's been coming around a lot lately, huh?

LANE: Yeah, she comes in here and studies or draws. We even play some games when things get slow. She kicks my ass at scrabble.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah?

LANE: When we play Monopoly, I rule, because she's a kid and hasn't gotten the monopoly concept. She still thinks park place is a good buy.

LORELAI: Sweet.

LANE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Huh...I used to play board games with Rory a lot. She'd get very upset when I'd cheat. Huh, so cute.

LANE: It's hard to cheat with April. She spends the first 20 minutes reading the rules manual right in front of you.

LORELAI: Rory was obsessed with battleship. I always thought she was gonna join the navy when she grew up.

LANE: Well, there's still time.

LORELAI: Yes, fingers crossed.

LUKE: [Walking up to them] Hey, Lane, how about a raise?

LANE: Sorry, Luke. [To Lorelai] I got to go.

KIRK: Peach shampoo?

[Lorelai moves down one stool away from Kirk.]

## OPENING CREDITS

### YALE NEWSROOM

JONI: You hate it.

RORY: Joni I don't, and I promise I'm gonna run it. I just need you to cut about 400 words. Don't give me that look. Simplify your prose. You'll still get your point across, and I won't have to publish a newspaper the size of a David Foster Wallace novel. [Comes to Paris's desk] Paris?

PARIS: Yes?

RORY: I wanted to give you some notes on your campus safety piece.

PARIS: Fine.

RORY: Um, well, I think it's good. It's really good, actually, um, but the lead's a little flabby. Getting into an example might give it more punch up top.

PARIS: If you say so. Anything else?

RORY: Uh, some of the quotes read too long. I'd cut two or three and trim, Paris, what are you doing?

PARIS: I don't know. What am I doing?

RORY: You're not making eye contact with me.

PARIS: I'm looking right at you.

RORY: No, you're not.

PARIS: Want to test me? Brown hair, blue eyes.

RORY: Here's your hard copy. I think those notes will help.

PARIS: Of course you do. They're your notes.

RORY: Not because they're my notes, because they're good notes.

PARIS: Says the note giver. It'll take half an hour.

RORY: Fine. [walks away from Paris] That was unpleasant.

DOYLE: Try sleeping with her.

RORY: I'll take your word for it.

DOYLE: No, it's impossible because she doesn't sleep anymore. She makes damn sure I don't, either. Last night she decided it would be fun to watch "Saw II" at 3:00 in the morning. Then when I woke up and asked her if she could turn it down, she berated me for being a film snob.

RORY: How are you handling it?

DOYLE: I believe the term for it is "keeping my mouth shut."

RORY: I don't know what to do with her. She's one of the best reporters we have, but she has gone way beyond her normal level of nuts.

DOYLE: She's on the warpath right now. She'll calm down. She just needs some time.

RORY: You know, maybe I could give her more to do. That piece she just wrote would make a great series. Giving her something like that might help her rebound faster, make her the normal Paris again. What do you think.

DOYLE: Um, sure.

RORY: That wasn't very convincing.

DOYLE: It's your call.

RORY: Doyle come on former editor to current editor. What do you think?

DOYLE: [Sighs] Would you do that for any other staffer who was treating you the way she is?

RORY: No.

DOYLE: Look I have more interest in Paris snapping out of this than anyone. I think it's something she's gonna get to on her own.

RORY: Yeah... Yeah, you're probably right.

DOYLE: I got to go. I'm gonna sneak back to the apartment, see if I can get a few hours of sleep before Paris comes home and spends the rest of the night wanting to play the jazz trumpet. Yeah, she bought a trumpet.

LANE: Hey, Lou. Okay if I put an ad up?

SOPHIE'S MUSIC SHOP

[Live banjo music is playing, Lane comes in]

LOU: They come down after two weeks.

LANE: I can abide by that.

ZACH: [Singing] Take me riding in the car, car take me riding in the car, car take me riding in the car, car I'll take you riding in the car. [Notices someone asleep in the small audience, not singing] Joel.

JOEL: Mom, come on. That's not cool.

ZACH: [Singing] Click-clack, open up the door, girls click-clack, open up the door, boys front door, back door, clickety-clack. [He notices Lane leaving. Music stops] Joel, take it.

JOEL: Take what?

ZACH: The song. Take it. [Zach gets up]

JOEL: Well, unh! Yeah! [Tambourine jingles & rock and roll] Unh! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Come on!

[Zach goes to the notice board and rips down what Lane put up]

## LOGAN'S APARTMENT

["Kool Thing" by Sonic Youth plays loudly, Rory is checking her outfit in the mirror.]

LOGAN: Hey. [Rory cant hear him]

[Music "Now you know you're sure looking pretty"]

RORY: Aah! Oh, you scared me.

LOGAN: Sorry.

RORY: What?

LOGAN: Sorry!

RORY: What?!

[Logan turns the volume down]

LOGAN: Sorry.

RORY: I guess that was a little loud.

LOGAN: What?!

RORY: Sorry!

LOGAN: I'm telling you, we should take this on the road. [Rory giggles] I see you went with Faye Dunaway in "network."

RORY: And Maureen Dowd "come hither" pumps for good measure.

LOGAN: I wish I could be there for you.

RORY: Oh, you do not.

LOGAN: I do, too.

RORY: You'd be asleep in three minutes.

LOGAN: The pumps would've kept me going for at least four. [Finishes a drink] I'm in a suit at 2:00 in the afternoon. Honor has to have everyone dressed for a wedding rehearsal. How'd I get conned into this?

RORY: Into what?

LOGAN: Being one of Josh's groomsmen.

RORY: You like Josh.

LOGAN: I don't even know Josh.

RORY: He's gonna be your brother-in-law.

LOGAN: Yes, exactly "going to be". Key word is "going." He's not now.

RORY: Your tie is crooked.

LOGAN: [Sighs]

But as of today, josh is simply the guy who holds my sister's purse when she goes shopping, and because of that, I have to spend the next six hours practicing to walk in a straight line.

RORY: You have yet to accomplish that, so practice wouldn't hurt.

LOGAN: [Sighs] I'm not there, and I'm bored already.

RORY: You can always talk to your good friend "flasky".

LOGAN: Right. Thanks for the reminder. I just don't understand wedding rehearsals. The bachelor party, I get.

RORY: I bet you do.

LOGAN: The actual ceremony, I get. But the rehearsal, I don't get.

RORY: Wallet.

LOGAN: And after we finish rehearsing, I have to sit through a 5-course dinner surrounded by my new family and honor's brigade of moronic bridesmaids.

RORY: Oh, come on, you love honor. Her friends can't be that bad.

LOGAN: Oh, no. Blondie, dipsy, bubbles, four nose jobs, charm McGee, all great gals.

RORY: Meow.

LOGAN: Can't you just do the panel, blow off the mixer, and meet me for the dinner?

RORY: Logan, come on. By the time I get out of there and get back here to change, drive all the way to New York, dinner would be over.

LOGAN: No, it wouldn't. Dinner's never gonna be over. It's gonna last forever.

RORY: I will be here waiting for you when you get back, and I will have aspirin.

LOGAN: Fine. I'll be back by 11:00 ten to 11:00, possibly 10:30.

RORY: Go.

LOGAN: Fine.

RORY: Did you forget something? [They share a long kiss]

LOGAN: You look incredible. Knock 'em dead. [They kiss again]

[Door closes, Rory goes to the remote and turns the volume up.]

AUDIENCE FOR THE EDITORS PANEL

[Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Hey.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey. [He kisses her on the cheek]

LORELAI: Nice seats.

CHRISTOPHER: I got here early and scouted out the best ones. [They sit down] We were more towards the middle, but then two people, I'm pretty sure it was Brigitte Nielsen and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, sat right in front of me.

LORELAI: Brigitte and Kareem showed up, huh?

CHRISTOPHER: I swear, any place with free cheese and crackers, they are there.

CHRISTOPHER: You look nice.

LORELAI: Thanks.

CHRISTOPHER: I think this haircut cost more than all the haircuts I've had in my life combined.

LORELAI: Hmm. Well, it was worth it. It looks very, very short.

RORY: Mom, dad.

LORELAI: The woman of the hour.

RORY: You made it.

CHRISTOPHER: Of course we did.

RORY: [Lorelai and Rory huge] Careful! The hair, it's pinned perfectly.

CHRISTOPHER: Whoa.

LORELAI: Yeah. Sorry... So, are you excited?

RORY: Yeah, and nervous. I've got a lot of talking points. I feel like I'm gonna get up there and forget everything.

CHRISTOPHER: You're gonna do great, hon.

LORELAI: Yeah, you are. You're a natural at this kind of thing. And just remember if things don't go well, we will stop loving you.

RORY: I better get up there. I'll see you guys afterwards.

LORELAI: Yeah. We'll be rooting for you.

RORY: It's not really a root-for-me kinda thing, but thank you.

LORELAI: Well, we brought foam fingers.

CHRISTOPHER: We're doing the wave if things get dull.



LORELAI: Yeah. [They take their seats, Lorelai offers a Dud to Chris] Dud?

GORDON: Welcome, everybody, to the young voices of journalism panel. I'm Arthur Gordon, a professor of English here at Yale, and I shall be moderating today's panel. We're joined today by the editors of the country's most prestigious collegiate newspapers.

CHRISTOPHER: [To Lorelai] Whoo-hoo! [Lorelai taps Chris on the arm]

GORDON: We have before us editors from the Harvard Crimson, the Daily Princetonian, the Cornell Daily Sun, the Daily Pennsylvanian, and the Yale Daily News all here today to tell us what's on their minds, to hear where they think ivy-league journalism is heading, and more broadly, to share their views on the future of the free press in America.

LORELAI: [To Chris] Whoa. Heavy.

GORDON: I will begin by posing a series of questions to our panel. Now let's begin. I was wondering how the panelists would describe the state of journalistic ethics on a collegiate level in the post-Judy Miller era, and...

QUENTIN: Wonderful question. Quentin Walsh, Daily Princetonian. The ramifications of the scandal to which you obliquely alluded ought not to be underestimated.

CHRISTOPHER: [To Lorelai] I hate this guy already.

LORELAI: Rory told me about him. That's "pompous Princeton guy."

CHRISTOPHER: Well if your parents name you that, what chance do you have? [Lorelai giggles]

QUENTIN: The struggle to preserve the fundamental principles and rights upon which our free press depends was made far more difficult by the choice of certain reporters who shall remain unnamed [Laughs] To capitulate to governmental pressure and divulge their sources.

LORELAI: He's unbelievable.

CHRISTOPHER: He's wearing a bow tie.

LORELAI: Should I dud him?

QUENTIN: I myself have, on occasion, felt tremendous pressure to divulge unnamed sources, but I've stood my ground, knowing that while I may suffer for my principled stand, there was a much greater issue at stake.

RORY: If I may? Rory Gilmore, Yale Daily News. While I agree there is no greater or more important tool for a free press than confidential sources, I also think it unwise for us to presume from our limited experiences editing college newspapers that we really have any true understanding of what it must feel like when the Federal Government of the United States puts the screws to you. I just think it would be the height of hubris for us to claim that we know what we would do when faced with that kind of pressure. But that's just one reporter's opinion.

LORELAI: We created her.

CHRISTOPHER: Out of thin air.

[Later at the Panel discussion.]

RORY: I just don't care how funny the picture is. If it's not newsworthy and I can't see how it would

be, I would not publish a picture of the university president stuffing his face with key lime pie at the drama club bake sale.

GORDON: I'm sure president Levin will be pleased to hear that.

[Laughter from the audience.]

RORY: If someone pushed key lime pie in the president's face as a statement, that I would print.

QUENTIN: Me, too, front page.

RORY: Quentin, you agreed with me. I didn't think you were capable.

[Laughter from the audience.]

GORDON: On that note calendula, we have to end our discussion. I'd like to thank all our panelists for a terrific discussion and thank you all for coming.

LORELAI: Our girl's got skills.

CHRISTOPHER: She even had her archrival laughing with her by the end.

LORELAI: She's keeping her enemies close and giggling.

CHRISTOPHER: Very devious.

RORY: So?

LORELAI: If I had a cooler of Gatorade, I'd pour it over your head.

RORY: Sounds refreshing. So, I was pretty good, wasn't I?

LORELAI: You dazzled.

CHRISTOPHER: You totally wiped the floor with "pompous Princeton guy".

RORY: Well, the floor looked a little dirty.

LORELAI: So, can we take you out for an ice-cream soda?

RORY: Sorry. I gotta go we have this editors' mixer thing now. Rain check?

LORELAI: Yeah, go. Mix well.

CHRISTOPHER: Bye, hon.

RORY: Bye.

LORELAI: We were just rain-checked.

CHRISTOPHER: Yep.

LORELAI: I don't know how I feel about that.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, so I kept track, wrote 'em down. I got 16 words that she used that I have never heard before.

LORELAI: Perspicacious?

CHRISTOPHER: 17 words that I have never heard before. My god, she's smart.

LORELAI: She is smart. She's Anthony Michael hall in "breakfast club" smart.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm very proud and mystified. [Pager beeps]

LORELAI: Well, me, baby, all me.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, it's my new nanny.

LORELAI: Oh, does sienna know about this?

CHRISTOPHER: Actually, this is the fourth new nanny in six months. I'm telling you, pickings are slim out there for someone decent to look after your kid.

LORELAI: I think that's why they invented parents.

CHRISTOPHER: Ah, crap, she can't work Sunday.

LORELAI: What's going on Sunday?

CHRISTOPHER: I promised my mother I'd take her to the cemetery to visit my dad's grave. I'm thinking it might not be the thrill for G.G. That it's gonna be for the rest of us.

LORELAI: Not without noisemakers, it won't.

CHRISTOPHER: This s single parent stuff.

LORELAI: Fun, huh?

CHRISTOPHER: I tell you, I can't wait till G.G. Starts school.

LORELAI: G.G.'s starting school? You're so old. Where is she gonna go?

CHRISTOPHER: Not sure yet. These snotty private schools are impossible. There are waiting lists and psychological tests and blood samples and sworn oaths and dark back-room promises, and every single headmistress looks like d\*ck Cheney.

LORELAI: You can always send her to public school.

CHRISTOPHER: Yes, I could, if I wanted to k\*ll my mother.

LORELAI: Well, you will be at the cemetery tomorrow.

CHRISTOPHER: Lor.

LORELAI: [Chuckles] You know um, If you're ever stuck and you need somebody to watch her, I'd be happy to fill in.

CHRISTOPHER: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah, I'm fun. I like Teletubbies.

CHRISTOPHER: Sober?

LORELAI: [Scoffs] I have got plenty of Rory's old books and games, and I'm totally at your service.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, well, I just may take you up on that.

LORELAI: Good.

CHRISTOPHER: So, what does "perspicacious" mean?

LORELAI: I don't know. "Persp", to perspire? Am I close?

CHRISTOPHER: Close enough for me.

BAT MITZVAH

[Band plays introduction to "holl\*back Girl", Zach walks in and listens as they play.]

GIL: [Singing] So, that's right, dude meet me at the bleachers no principals, no student teachers  
both of us want to be the winner but there can only be one so, I'm gonna fight, gonna give it my all  
gonna make you fall, gonna sock it to you that's right, I'm the last one standing another one bites  
the dust a few times I've been around that track so it's not just gonna happen like that

I ain't no holl\*back girl

I ain't no holl\*back girl

A few times I've been around that track so it's not just gonna happen like that 'cause I ain't no  
holl\*back girl

I ain't no holl\*back girl

ooh, ooh, that's my shh that's my shh

ooh, ooh, that's my shh that's my shh

ooh, ooh, that's my shh that's my shh

ooh, ooh, that's my shh that's my shh

ooh, ooh

[Cheers and applause]

GIL: Thank you, everyone. That's our Bat Mitzvah girl Julia Lowman's favorite song in the world, and  
I can see why, because it's full of strong female attitude, which I dig. Let me tell you, Julia, guys  
are turned on by that. Don't think they aren't. They like girls with legs and brains, like smart biker  
chicks, you know? So keep on the path you're on, keep up with school, and, baby, you're going  
places. [Applause] I see the cake coming out of the kitchen, everybody, so we're gonna break for a  
couple minutes to sugar up. Back in a few.

ZACH: Hey, guys.

BRIAN: [To Gil] I think you used too much whammy bar during "my humps."

GIL: I was out of control.

ZACH: So, you guys aren't gonna talk to me?

BRIAN: What's there to talk about?

GIL: Yeah, man. You're way deep in my bogus bag, and it's zip locked shut.

ZACH: Well, you guys sounded great.

GIL: Yeah, I get what you're saying. It's a West Hartford Bat Mitzvah, not the Albert Hall. Well, a gig's a gig.

ZACH: Totally. A gig's a gig. This crowd is lucky. I'm telling you, it was tight. You could've played that at the Albert Hall... [To Brian] So, uh, I reached a new level on Soulcalibur 3.

BRIAN: Uh-huh.

ZACH: Level 50 assassin.

BRIAN: Really?

ZACH: Yeah I just low-kicked my way through and chalked up a mess of perfects.

BRIAN: You're gonna take the sword master mantel soon.

ZACH: But you're, like, the original sword master.

BRIAN: I beat the last boss. Hit him middle, high, middle, low, middle, high. Took forever to figure out all his specials.

ZACH: I know. I was sitting next to you when you did it. It was awesome... Listen, this thing with us, I want to fix it.

GIL: It's too late.

ZACH: It's not. Look, I know I was an idiot. If I could turn back time, I would.

BRIAN: Oh, hey, "turn back time." We should add that to the set. Cher is always a slam dunk.

ZACH: I want to get the band back together. We were going somewhere, you know? About to play for a label, and, well, I miss you guys. I don't mean to get all "Brokeback Mountain" on you, but we're buds, you know, and I miss you, and you're not gonna believe it, but that kid over there is about to down a whole cup of maraschino cherries.

GIL: That's Aton, the Feldman's boy.

BRIAN: He's gonna do it, man. He's gonna do it.

KIDS: [Chanting] Go, go, go! Yay!

GIL: He did it!

ZACH: I didn't think he had it in him.

BRIAN: He is gonna be puking.

ZACH: So, what do you say, guys? You want to re-form Hep Alien?

GIL: Maybe, if you can get lane.

BRIAN: She'll never come back.

ZACH: Leave lane to me. I'm gonna reason with her.

BRIAN: Well, if lane's in, I'm in.

GIL: Me, too. Hep Alien has got to rock again.

ZACH: Cool. [The 3 of them shake hands together]

MAN: Excuse me, Gilbert. [Talks in Gil's ear]

GIL: Oh it's time for the big one.

BRIAN: Let's do it.

ZACH: Kick ass, guys.

GIL: All right. Let's bring this whole mishpachah down to the dance floor, 'cause it's time to rock-a-dila!

Hava naGila, hava naGila, hava naGila, venis'mecha, hava naGila, hava naGila, hava naGila, venis'mecha

[Zach, dances in the crowd]

HONOR'S WEDDING

[Logan and Rory enter]

RORY: This place is like a labyrinth.

LOGAN: Well if you get lost, keep your hand on the wall and keep walking. You'll find your way out or get eaten by a Minotaur.

RORY: Thanks, chum.

LOGAN: Josh, my man, what's going on?

JOSHONOR: My cuff links have been stolen.

LOGAN: Don't worry. I'm good at finding things. At Easter-egg hunts, they used to make me wear an eye patch to keep things fair.

JOSHONOR: Okay, but I suspect thievery.

LOGAN: You sure you'll be okay hanging out by yourself for a while?

RORY: For at least a fortnight. I'm good. Go, put on your eye patch, and find some cuff links. [They Kiss]

LOGAN: I'll see you later. Come on, josh. Dead man walking!

RORY: Excuse me. I'm trying to find the library.

MAN: Oh, sure, it's in the east wing.

HONOR: Rory!

RORY: Oh, hey, bride. You look beautiful.

HONOR: You like my wedding sweats? [They giggle] I'm beginning think town & country might not approve.

RORY: How are you doing?

HONOR: Okay. You have to come back and hang out with me and the bridesmaids.

RORY: Oh, that's sweet, but I can't. I have all this work.

SOFIA: Ladies, come on. Makeup time. And whoever took Josh's cuff links, hand them over.

HONOR: Look, the girls have cracked open a case of champagne. I need you to be my designated dresser. I'm the bride, you can't say no to a bride. It's bad luck.

RORY: I guess I can do my work tomorrow.

HONOR: That's always been my motto. Come on. All day, if anyone does something I don't want them to, I'm saying it's bad luck. I swear, getting married is so fabulous!

[They go into the dressing room]

HONOR: Everybody, so, this is my lovely friend Rory. Rory is gonna hang out with us while we get ready. Some of you might have met at the shower, but this is Alexandra, Walker, Megan, and Claude.

[They all say Hi.]

WALKER: Welcome to the final hours of honor's maidenhood.

ALEXANDRA: Yeah right, Honor's maidenhood didn't make it to upper school at Brearley.

HONOR: Not true. Turks and Caicos -- 1996.

MEGAN: Anyway, we're here to celebrate these last precious hours before we lose Honor to the dark side.

WALKER: And to celebrate, we drink booze.

[Together, Whoo!]

HONOR: Not me. I'm having one glass right before the ceremony.

ALEXANDRA: Whatever you need to tell yourself.

CLAUDE: Ooh, I love that dress, Rory.

RORY: Oh, thanks.

MEGAN: Is that Carolina's?

RORY: Um, no, it's mine.

HONOR: Oh, Rory, this is Italo. Italo's a total genius. If they gave Macarthur grants for hair, he'd get one.

WOMAN: Okay, girls, I need to get you in these chairs pronto.

WALKER: Bridezilla?

HONOR: [Laughs] Okay, but just one now and one right before the ceremony.

ALEXANDRA: Whatever you need to tell yourself.

HONOR: I need it to make a toast. [Clears throat] To friends, old and new, borrowed and blue. You guys are awesome.

[Together, Yay!]

WALKER: To honor and to honor's honor. The missing maidenhood. [Cheering and laughing]

LORELAI AND LUKE'S HOUSE

[Doorbell rings]

LORELAI: Hi.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey.

LORELAI: What's all this?

CHRISTOPHER: G.G.'S pillow. Here's her blanket and duvet cover.

LORELAI: Err, what no mattress and box spring?

CHRISTOPHER: She never goes anywhere without her duvet cover. She calls it her scrunchy-bunchy because she likes to scrunch it...

LORELAI: and bunch it. Hey I get it. Um, did you forget the kid?

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, uh, G.G. come on, honey.

LORELAI: What's she chasing?

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, that's a cat.

LORELAI: Err, just so you know, that cat bites, scratches, and sprays, and I'm pretty sure it's in heat.

CHRISTOPHER: G.G.? Come on, sweetie. Right now. [G.G. Comes to the door]

LORELAI: Hey, kiddo. I'm so excited to hang out with you today.

CHRISTOPHER: G.G., You want to give Lorelai a hug?

G.G.: [Yelling] No! [She drops her jacket, takes the scrunchy-bunchy and runs into the living room]



CHRISTOPHER: G.G., Please come back here and pick up your jacket. G.G.?

LORELAI: I'll get it for you.

CHRISTOPHER: Thanks again for doing this. I really appreciate it.

LORELAI: Please. I'm looking forward to it. I managed to find UNO and checkers and parts of battleship and most of the pieces of candy land, which I figure we can mix together to create a fabulous new game, candy ship battle land. w\*r never tasted so good.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, then. Well, I'm off. [Chris kisses Lorelai on the cheek]

LORELAI: Go. Get out of here. [Chuckles, closes the door and goes to find G.G. , Gasps] You already figured how to turn on the TV on? You smarty. [Sits on the couch next to her] So, what are we watching?

G.G.: Shh! [Which makes Lorelai back off]

LORELAI: "Shhhhh-indler's list"? [Chuckles] Oh, "Full House." You know, I think the Olsen twins weigh less now than they did on that show. [G.G. looks at Lorelai] Right. I get it. I don't like it when people talk to me when I'm watching TV either.

HONOR'S WEDDING - DRESSING ROOM

[The bridesmaids are dressed and standing around, drinking]

HONOR: Okay, so I don't look obese?

MEGAN: You look like a skeleton.

WALKER: A beautiful, blushing skeleton.

HONOR: Whoa.

RORY: What?

HONOR: All of a sudden the idea of marriage seems totally archaic and insane. Legally binding one woman with one man until they die? It's perverse. Why on earth do people do this?! Why am I doing this?!

WALKER: Uh-oh. Freak-out.

CLAUDE: You love Josh, remember?

HONOR: Oh, yeah, josh. Okay. Okay, freak-out over. [Laughs] I wonder if josh is freaking out.

MEGAN: We saw him before we took a smoke break. He looked nervous.

HONOR: Oh, adorable. Hey, can someone check my sling-back? It feels messed up, and I can't reach my own feet.

WALKER: Certainly. [Gets down on the floor, half drunk] Oh, yes, the sling-back is not slung back properly. I think I can remedy this if I just sling this back. [She knock the bottle of Champaign over she is holding and everyone gasps] Oops!

HONOR: Did that get on my dress? Someone tell me if I need to freak out.

MEGAN: It's fine.

[They all laugh]

HONOR: Get away from me, you lousy drunk.

WALKER: Hey, that's offensive. I'm a terrific drunk.

HONOR: I need my designated dresser.

RORY: At your service.

HONOR: Make sure it's secure because I plan on dancing tonight.

CLAUDE: Speaking of dancing, has anyone warned Rory about the quote-unquote dignitaries coming to the shindig? It's always the same culprits.

RORY: I need warning?

ALEXANDRA: The ambassador from Luxembourg is very handsy.

MEGAN: No, you have to watch out for that poet. What's his name?

WALKER: The dude with the red face?

MEGAN: He just did a translation of the "Bhagavad Gita." Anyway, he acts like he's gay, but it's such a ruse. Total perv.

RORY: Poet, red face, not gay, "Bhagavad Gita," perv. Got it.

SOFIA: I'm going to steal the bride to take a couple quick pictures. Honor, honey, grab your veil. The rest of you, 3-minute warning.

RORY: You are dance-floor ready.

HONOR: Thank you, my dear. See you soon, everybody.

SOFIA: Head that way, toward the sitting room. We don't want Josh to see you in your dress. It's bad luck.

HONOR: Please. Like I care about things like that.

[Door closes]

MEGAN: I look like a drag queen.

WALKER: My hair is insane.

ALEXANDRA: I want your hair. My hair looks like Linda Kers. Italo was punishing me.

WALKER: I'll tell you what I want, to hook up with someone tonight.

ALEXANDRA: Just remember that pinning guys in the corner and shoving your tongue down their throats can sometimes come off as desperate.

WALKER: But I am desperate, I swear. I might go home with the ambassador from Luxembourg.

CLAUDE: Come on. There'll be plenty of eligible bachelors tonight.

WALKER: Like who?

CLAUDE: The groomsmen, for starters.

ALEXANDRA: Tripp Wallison is looking good.

MEGAN: You always think he's looking good.

ALEXANDRA: 'Cause he always is. Anyway, so do you.

CLAUDE: Alexandra and Megan have both slept with Tripp.

RORY: Small world.

ALEXANDRA: I'm with Liam. You can have Tripp.

WALKER: Tripp's too short. I'm over the whole Mia Farrow, Woody Allen thing.

CLAUDE: How about Josh's brother?

WALKER: Poor man's josh? Really poor man's? He's the josh they give away at the soup kitchens.

ALEXANDRA: Oh, there's always Logan.

WALKER: Been there, done that.

CLAUDE: Shush!

WALKER: What "shush"? You should talk.

CLAUDE: Rory is Logan's girlfriend.

WALKER: Oops. Oh, my god, you're Rory-Rory. I'm so Ret\*rded. Don't worry. This was way before you guys started dating. This was back around Thanksgiving.

RORY: [Confused] Last Thanksgiving?

WALKER: It meant nothing. Believe me, meaningless.

MEGAN: Walker will have sex with anyone.

WALKER: I will.

CLAUDE: I'm sure you know Logan and I dated, but that was ages ago, eons, back when he drove a Z3. And then we had a stupid one-night stand this December, but there's nothing between us, I swear. We're just friends who drank too much spiked eggnog. Now he's met you, and you guys are so great together, really.

RORY: [Still in shock] Thanks.

ALEXANDRA: I didn't know you slept with Logan. I thought you two messed around.

WALKER: No, you said you just messed around with him. I said that he and I hooked up. I meant hooked up-hooked up.

ALEXANDRA: [To Walker] I thought you just meant messed around.

MEGAN: [To Alexandra] How come you never told me you messed around with Logan. Why am I not in the loop?

ALEXANDRA: I'm with Liam. Officially, nothing happened. These shoes are k\*lling my feet.

WALKER: Just scrunch up your toes a little bit. That's what I'm doing. It feels good.

RORY: Did you hook up with Logan around Thanksgiving?

MEGAN: No way. I was in Biarritz.

SOFIA: Okay, ladies, time to line up. The processional is about to start. Rory, you better go find your seat.

MEGAN: I look like Rupaul.

WALKER: Where's my flowers? Does Sofia have the flowers?

CLAUDE: See you at the party, Rory.

[Rory still in shock goes and sits down]

ALEXANDRA: Oh, just F.Y.I. Before I got together with Liam, he slept with half the upper east side, and now he's loyal as a dog.

WALKER: I need my flowers. [Alexandra points to the bunch Walker is holding] Oh, I already have my flowers. Oops!

[All together the bridal part says "Bye, Rory" as she sits wondering what just happened]

LORELAI AND LUKE'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is cleaning up]

LORELAI: I don't know how you did it, kid, but every single thing I own is now broken or missing. Oh, G.G., Hon, you're coloring on the floor there. The, the it's not enough the paper's near the marker. It has to actually be under it. [small laugh] G.G., Give me, oh, that's a permanent marker, honey. Give me that.

G.G.: No!

LORELAI: Yes. Permanent marker causes permanent damage, which makes auntie Lorelai permanently bitter, now...

G.G.: No!

LORELAI: G.G. [Gasps as G.G. deliberately draws a line on the floor] Oh, my god! God, give me that. [Takes the marker from G.G.]

G.G.: [Screaming]

LORELAI: If that's your Donald Sutherland "invasion of the body snatchers" impression, it's a really good one. [Screaming continues] "I'm sorry, ma'am, those tonsils are gonna have to come out."  
[Screaming continues] G.G., Please, if you stop, I'll give you one of those caramel apples that I showed you, okay? They're delicious, but to get one you have to stop making the world's most annoying noise in 5, 4, 3, 2... [Screaming stops...Lorelai sighs] Thank you. Nothing a little eardrum replacement surgery won't fix. Come on, let's go in the kitchen. [she runs past Lorelai] G.G.? Hey, don't you go into Rory's room. You know you're not allowed in there. G.G.? Hey, you. [Door slams] I know this is a cliché, but just wait till your father gets home!

#### HONOR'S WEDDING - DRESSING ROOM

[Rory is still sitting on the same chair]

LOGAN: Here you are.

RORY: Here I am.

LOGAN: I was looking all over for you. I didn't see you when I was walking down the aisle. Looked for you during the ceremony. Where were you?

RORY: Here.

LOGAN: Here? You missed the wedding?

RORY: I'll apologize to honor later.

LOGAN: Forget Honor. What's going on? Rory.

RORY: You didn't say a word. You just let me walk into a room full of girls you'd had sex with. Oh, no, wait. I'm sorry. You only had sex with two of them. One you just "fooled around with," whatever that means. She spared me the parameters of the fooling around. You want to fill me in?

LOGAN: Rory.

RORY: You know what? Never mind. I've got a good imagination. I can figure it out.

LOGAN: Okay, look.

RORY: I can't believe it, you didn't just cheat on me, you really cheated on me.

LOGAN: I didn't cheat on you.

RORY: Oh, so you didn't sleep with...

LOGAN: No, I did, but we were broken up.

RORY: No, you were broken up, not me. I thought we were just taking some time.

LOGAN: Apart, not seeing each other.

RORY: Yes, taking some time, not seeing each other for a while. That doesn't mean "broken up."

LOGAN: Oh, come on.

RORY: No! When... To break up, you have to tell the other person. You can't just decide that you're

broken off and then just go off and...god, I can't believe I fell for all your stupid tricks, the coffee cart and going to my mother. You went to my mother. Why would you bother going through that? You had plenty of backup. What do you need me for?

LOGAN: Because I love you.

RORY: No. Don't.

LOGAN: Rory, I didn't cheat on you. I didn't lie to you.

RORY: You didn't tell me.

LOGAN: Of course not. Why would I want you to be hurt and upset and angry?

RORY: "Blondie, dizzy", I love the cover, pretending all those girls were worthless idiots.

LOGAN: They are worthless idiots, sh\*\*ting their mouths off in front of you like that.

RORY: It's not their fault.

LOGAN: It is their fault. They love doing crap like this, causing trouble.

RORY: We were only apart for like two seconds, and you managed to sleep with every one of your sister's friends. How did you even do that? I mean, did you work them in shifts? Were there charts, signals, b-12 sh\*ts?

LOGAN: I was depressed. I was lonely. I was upset. I've known these girls forever. It was just companionship, okay? It meant nothing.

RORY: Don't be at the apartment between 10:00 and 1:00 tomorrow so I can get my stuff.

[Rory leaves]

LUKE'S DINER - NIGHT

[It's busy]

CAESAR: Coffee on it's way.

[A customer leaves and Kirk snatches some toast off his plate]

KIRK: What?

LANE: You're disgusting, and you're cheating on your juice diet.

KIRK: I didn't cheat. I expanded the definition of "juice"... I feel dirty.

ZACH: Hey.

LANE: We're out of food.

KIRK: What?!

ZACH: I have to talk to you a sec. I went to a Bat Mitzvah last night.

LANE: [To Zach] Mazel tov. [To Babette] You want some more coffee?

BABETTE: What the hell.

ZACH: I talked to the guys.

LANE: I know you ripped my flyer down.

ZACH: What?

LANE: My "drummer wanted" flyer at Sophie's. It was ripped down, and Lou said he saw you do it. I just want you to know that I think that sucks.

ZACH: Well, "a," Lou's a fathead, and, two, I had my reasons. Come on, Lane, stop. I have to talk to you.

LANE: About what? What do you have to talk to me about, Zach?

ZACH: I have to talk to you about how it's all feeling wrong. I tried to write a song about it, and I was gonna bring my amp and axe and play it for you. But it was coming out way too Emo, so I decided to just say it. [takes a deep breath] I get up in the morning and I don't feel good. I go to work and I don't feel good. I come home and I don't feel good. I brush my teeth and I don't feel good. Then I go to bed and I don't feel good. Then I wake up and I don't feel good. And then I go to work and I don't feel good.

BABETTE: You don't feel good! We get it! Go on!

LUKE: Hey, is something burning down here?

LANE: Luke, shh!

LUKE: Okay, sorry.

LANE: Go on.

ZACH: Right. Where was I? Oh, yeah. Lane, will you marry me?

[People in the diner gasp.]

LANE: What?

ZACH: [Softly] Will you marry me?

LANE: But...do you even know what you're saying? I mean, have you even thought about this? [Zach pulls a ring from his pocket] Oh, my god, you have thought about this.

ZACH: I got it at the pawn shop. It belonged to like an Elk or a Moose or something. But it looked cool, and I could afford it, so I got it. [Hands the ring to Lane] You're smiling.

LANE: I know.

ZACH: Does this mean yes?

LANE: Yes. It means yes.

ZACH: Really? Cool.

BABETTE: For god's sakes, kiss him, sugar!

KIRK: [Eating] Yeah, kiss him, sugar! [Cheers and applause as they kiss.]

LANE: So...I should get back to work.

ZACH: It's okay. I wasn't thinking the ceremony should be today or anything.

LANE: I'm off at 8:00.

ZACH: I'll swing by.

LANE: [Walks behind the counter, to Luke] I'm getting married.

LUKE: I heard.

LANE: [Giggles, and starts handing food and a toaster to customers, she's in a daze. Luke puts the toaster back and plates to customer who are meant to get them.]

LORELAI AND LUKE'S HOUSE

[Doorbell rings, Lorelai answers it.]

LORELAI: Hey.

CHRISTOPHER: Hi, Mary Poppins.

LORELAI: [Chuckles] Sorry, the place is a mess.

CHRISTOPHER: It's okay. I left my white gloves at home.

LORELAI: So, how'd it go with you today?

CHRISTOPHER: Great. I got everything done. It was actually nice spending some time with my mom.

LORELAI: Good.

CHRISTOPHER: So, what, you lose my kid? Should I call the milk carton people?

LORELAI: Oh, she's asleep in Rory's room.

CHRISTOPHER: She's all tuckered out, huh?

LORELAI: Yeah, either that or she knocked herself out. She was throwing books around Rory's room.

CHRISTOPHER: What do you mean?

LORELAI: Well, when she was done drawing on the floor and pouring chocolate milk on Paul Anka, then she took to throwing books around for a while. This was before the spitting and the furniture kicking and the grand finale where she pulled all the sheets off the bed and tried to flush them down the toilet.

CHRISTOPHER: You're kidding.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm really not.



CHRISTOPHER: Well, she's a spirited kid.

LORELAI: Spirited, possessed. Potato, po-tah-to.

CHRISTOPHER: 3-year-olds can be a lot to handle. If you're not used it, I'm sure it can be overwhelming.

LORELAI: Oh, no, no, this wasn't 3-year-old hard-to-handle. This was feral hyena hard-to-handle.

CHRISTOPHER: So, you guys didn't click.

LORELAI: Chris, this is not about clicking. This is about spoiled.

CHRISTOPHER: Spoiled?

LORELAI: Yes, G.G. Has clearly never heard the word "no" in her entire life.

CHRISTOPHER: She's heard the word "no."

LORELAI: Well, at no time did me saying "no" elicit anything other than a scream. I said, "no coloring on the floor", she screamed. I said, "no pulling Paul Anka's tail", she screamed. I tried discussing Japanese Noh theater with her. She screamed.

CHRISTOPHER: So what?

LORELAI: I'm not saying it's her fault. I'm saying I think you could apply a little more discipline.

CHRISTOPHER: She's a kid. Kids are hard.

LORELAI: Yeah, I know kids. I raised one, okay?

CHRISTOPHER: Kids are different today. It's a different world. They need more nurturing, more space.

LORELAI: I'm sorry. Uh, yes, that was Dr. Spock turning over in his grave.

CHRISTOPHER: We're going.

LORELAI: [Sighs] Come on, Chris. It isn't just me. Those preschool interviews?

CHRISTOPHER: Those people don't know what they're talking about.

LORELAI: And the nanny?

CHRISTOPHER: Is a flake.

LORELAI: [Sighs] You know giving G.G. Whatever she wants isn't gonna make up for Sherry being a crappy mom and bailing.

CHRISTOPHER: You know what? I've had enough of your advice and your help. [Chris carries G.G. out]

RICH MAN'S SHOE

[Rory is drunk]

RORY: Hit me, barkeep.

BARTENDER: That's your third one.

RORY: What are you, my mother?

BARTENDER: No.

RORY: No, you're not. I'm not driving, and I live right over... there, or somewhere near there. Or there. But it's close, and I'm walking, and I want another drink.

BARTENDER: Okay.

RORY: [Sighs] Hey! These are mine.

WAITRESS: I was just gonna get them out of your way.

RORY: Don't take what's mine. These came with my drinks. He put them down in front of me. I did not ask you to move them, did I?

WAITRESS: Whatever.

RORY: Snappy comeback. Dorothy Parker know about you? Sick of people touching my stuff.

BARTENDER: [Hands Rory the drink] Here you go. [Puts a bowl of nuts on the bar] Eat something.

RORY: You eat something. [pays for the drink]

DOYLE: Well, hello, Rory. Fancy meeting you here.

RORY: Hi, Doyle.

DOYLE: I didn't see you sitting here, or I would've come over sooner. I've been here a while. I've been mixing beer and wine and Malibu rum.

RORY: That sounds bad.

DOYLE: Yep, it is bad. It's been a long, bad night. How about you? How's your night been?

RORY: [Sarcastically] Really excellent.

DOYLE: Okay, well, then, let's drink to really excellent evenings.

[They toast]

RORY: To really excellent evenings.

DOYLE: Paris threw me out.

RORY: What? No. Why?

DOYLE: I told her you were thinking of making her "Campus Safety" piece a series and that I told you not to.

RORY: Why would you do that?

DOYLE: I don't know. It just came out. We were fighting. She was miserable and not sleeping and just sitting at that craft table, hot-gluing bead after bead after bead. And then when I tried to take the glue g\*n out of her hand, all hell broke loose.

RORY: Oh, boy.

DOYLE: She kicked me out, told me to leave. I came here.

RORY: That sucks.

DOYLE: I drank a lot.

RORY: Love sucks.

DOYLE: Went and bought a car for that woman.

RORY: Me too.

DOYLE: Now I have to move out.

RORY: Me too.

DOYLE: You too, what?

RORY: I have to move out of Logan's apartment.

DOYLE: Why?

RORY: Because Logan had many, many blondes for thanksgiving.

DOYLE: Sounds terrible. Did you love him?

RORY: Yep.

DOYLE: It's terrible when you love 'em.

RORY: I don't know where I'm gonna go.

DOYLE: I'm staying with two guys who have black-light posters on every single wall. It's depressing.

RORY: You guys will get back together. You and Paris are perfect for each other.

DOYLE: I mean, there's socks hanging everywhere. I don't even know if they're clean socks. They're just hanging. I wonder what Paris is doing now.

RORY: I wonder how long till Logan sleeps with somebody else... Bet he already has. [Takes a last drink] Ohh, empty. Sad.

BARTENDER: How we doing?

RORY: Fine. We're fine.

DOYLE: I want to die.

RORY: I want more. You want more?

DOYLE: Uh-huh.

RORY: Oh, rats. I'm out of money. I had to take a cab back from New York, so of course I have no drinking money.

DOYLE: I've got money. It's in something in my pants, somewhere down here in this general area. I'll hold still while you look.

RORY: No, that's okay. I'm gonna go.

DOYLE: Yeah? Okay. I'll go, too. [Gets off the stool too quick.] Oh, bad move. Bad, bad move.

RORY: Come on. I got you.

[They exit the pub]

RORY: Doyle, use your feet.

DOYLE: It's cold. I'm cold.

RORY: You want my coat?

DOYLE: Okay. [Rory takes it off and Doyle puts it on] This is lovely.

RORY: Thank you.

DOYLE: Okay, well, thanks for the company.

RORY: Yeah, you too.

DOYLE: Bye, Rory.

RORY: Bye, Doyle. [They hug and Doyle starts to kiss Rory on the neck] Uh, Doyle? Doyle, what are you doing?

DOYLE: Uh...

RORY: You were kissing my neck.

DOYLE: Oh, god, I was. I was kissing your neck. And I was nuzzling, too.

RORY: There was definitely nuzzling.

DOYLE: I'm so sorry. I don't know what came over me.

RORY: And you used your tongue.

DOYLE: I just miss her so much.

RORY: Doyle, go home.

DOYLE: I don't have a home.

RORY: Yes, you do. You have a home with black-light posters and dirty socks. I don't have a home.

DOYLE: Oh, right.

RORY: Night, Doyle. [Starts to walk away] Oh, my god, could this day get any worse?

LORELAI AND LUKE'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is cleaning the floor, the telephone rings]

LORELAI: [Grows then answers] Yeah?

CHRISTOPHER: Lor?

LORELAI: Ah, well, if it isn't Da Vinci's daddy.

CHRISTOPHER: How's the floor?

LORELAI: Very festive.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm sorry about that. I'll have a floor guy come fix it.

LORELAI: Well, don't worry about it. The house was too perfect. Now it's lived-in.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, well...

LORELAI: You're awfully quiet. G.G. Got a g\*n on you or something?

CHRISTOPHER: I'm sorry, Lor.

LORELAI: Oh, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER: I was so far out of line.

LORELAI: Don't worry about it.

CHRISTOPHER: Everything you said, you were... so right.

LORELAI: I hate when that happens.

CHRISTOPHER: G.G. Is completely out of control. I can't say no to her. I'm just -- I'm just so... I don't know. I'm so mad at Sherry for taking off like that. I mean, who leaves a kid?

LORELAI: Well...

CHRISTOPHER: Yes, I know. I left a kid. I tell you, Lor, I don't think I really got how you felt about me until now because I want to k\*ll Sherry.

LORELAI: I never wanted to k\*ll you. I wanted to key your car, which I did once, by the way.

CHRISTOPHER: It's not right that G.G. Doesn't get a mom. It's not right that all she has is me. What a super bargain that is.

LORELAI: Oh, Chris, come on.

CHRISTOPHER: I don't want her to feel like she's missing anything. I want her to be happy.

LORELAI: I know.

CHRISTOPHER: I can't get her into a school. No one will take her. They say she's uncontrollable and aggressive and all sorts of other horrible-sounding terms.

LORELAI: Well, school is overrated. Ask Abraham Lincoln.

CHRISTOPHER: I suck as a dad.

LORELAI: No, you don't. Look, I get the single-parent guilt, but in the end, G.G. Needs you to say no.

CHRISTOPHER: I know. I've ruined her.

LORELAI: You haven't ruined her. It's not too late.

CHRISTOPHER: You sure?

LORELAI: I'm positive. You can turn this around. I know you can. You're a great guy with a great heart. You just need to be a little tougher.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah.

LORELAI: I'll help you in any way I can. I promise. We'll fix this.

CHRISTOPHER: You're amazing, Lor.

LORELAI: Only in the true sense of the word.

CHRISTOPHER: Thanks for being around.

LORELAI: Any time.

CHRISTOPHER: [Glass shatters, G.G. Screams. Sighs ] I got to...

LORELAI: I know. Go. [Ends the phone call]

HALLWAY TO PARIS'S APARTMENT

[Rory sighs and knocks on the door]

PARIS: Get the bowls and chopsticks out, guys. Somebody pick a movie already. [The door opens] I thought you were Hing Yee's.

RORY: Sorry.

PARIS: What do you want?

RORY: Can I talk to you for a sec?

PARIS: Fine. [Unchains the door and lets her in.]

RORY: Where is everybody?

PARIS: I ordered food for 10, and I didn't want the delivery guy to look at me like I was a hog. I don't need to display my pathetic ness to the world.

RORY: You're not pathetic, Paris.

PARIS: Doyle and I broke up.

RORY: I know. I sort of ran into Doyle earlier.

PARIS: Oh, yeah?

RORY: Yeah, he looked pretty upset.

PARIS: I don't care.

RORY: Okay.

PARIS: So, is that why you came over here, 'cause you heard that we broke up?

RORY: Well...yes.

PARIS: You're a really good friend.

RORY: Oh, not really.

PARIS: I throw you out, I treat you like dirt, no one else can stand me, but you come over to make sure I'm all right.

RORY: Well, Paris?

PARIS: Yeah?

RORY: In the name of full disclosure, I should tell you, Logan and I broke up, too, today. I'm moving out.

PARIS: How come?

RORY: He cheated on me...with an entire wedding party.

PARIS: Oh... Nice.

RORY: Yeah.

PARIS: Men suck.

RORY: They do suck.

PARIS: Can't count on them. They never have your back.

RORY: No, they don't.

PARIS: They make you love them, and then they let you down, and you're walking around with a stomachache for the next six months.

RORY: Is that how long it lasts?

PARIS: I don't know. I hope it's only six months.

RORY: Yeah, me too.

PARIS: You can stay here, you know, if you want.

RORY: Really?

PARIS: Sure. Take my room if you want. I've been sleeping at my crafts table lately.

RORY: Thanks, Paris.

PARIS: Sure... Hungry? I got food coming.

RORY: Starving.

PARIS: Hey, I just realized, when the food arrives, now I really can ask someone to get the bowls. Silver lining, huh?

RORY: Sure is.

LORELAI AND LUKE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

[Lorelai is in bed, telephone rings]

LORELAI: Hello?

RORY: Hey, it's me.

LORELAI: Hey, you! How was the wedding?

RORY: Sucko. I've got a new address for you.

LORELAI: Uh-oh.

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