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07x09 - Knit, People, Knit!!

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07x09 - Knit, People, Knit!!

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Posted: **12/10/06 21:01**

GILMORE MANSION - LIVING ROOM

RICHARD: Lorelai couldn't have been more than, what, 8 or 10years old? But she was very definite about the whole thing. She looked me directly in the eye, and she said, "when I grow up, I'm going to marry Tip O'Neill."

CHRISTOPHER: [Laughing]

RICHARD: I swear to you, I nearly had a heart attack.

LORELAI: I liked the name "tip." I thought it was cute, like a puppy or a bunny.

RICHARD: Anyway, I'm happy that you two got married, and quite relieved not to have had Tip O'Neill as a son-in-law. Here's to your marriage -- our heartfelt congratulations. We also got you a little gift.

LORELAI: Oh, yes, which is crying out to be opened.

RICHARD: It's just a little token to commemorate the occasion.

CHRISTOPHER: Thank you.

LORELAI: Thank you. I love the look of this wrapping paper.

RICHARD: To the happy couple...

LORELAI: Oh, well, not the time.

RICHARD: ...To Lorelai and Christopher.

RORY: Hear, hear!

EMILY: To Lorelai and Christopher.

LORELAI: Long may they live. Okay, time to open?

EMILY: Yes, you may open your present. For heavens sakes you're like a dolphin at feeding time.

LORELAI: [in shock at the gift which is a picture] Wow. I mean, d-- I -- it's -- it's like, "wow."

EMILY: It's an etching by Kiki Smith.

LORELAI: Oh it's extraordinary, this item.

CHRISTOPHER: Wow.

LORELAI: Wow, right?

EMILY: It's called "Wolf Girl."

RICHARD: Baldwin, our dealer, is a big fan of Kiki Smith. Apparently she's all the rage in New York.

CHRISTOPHER: That was very generous of you.

RICHARD: Oh it's our pleasure. All young couples should cultivate an art collection.

LORELAI: Well, this is gonna start our collection off... with a bang. [Showing the picture]

RORY: [Gasps]

EMILY: I'm so happy you love it. We were flying blind without a gift registry.

LORELAI: Well, you flew great, mom.

EMILY: Of course I imagine it's difficult to have the forethought to register when you decide to suddenly elope. Everything changes when a couple elopes, doesn't it? Nothing is done in quite the traditional manner -- for instance, informing your parents of your marriage by leaving them a message on their answering machine.

CHRISTOPHER: What? You told me you told them.

LORELAI: I didn't say they were home when I told them.

RORY: Mom, you're such a chicken.

LORELAI: You left a message on their machine?

RICHARD: She certainly did.

EMILY: I come home, and I push "play" on the machine, and what do I hear between a message from Lily Margulies about her fund-raiser for Tanzanian children and one from my tennis pro, but my very own daughter telling me, guess what -- she's married.

LORELAI: Mom, I'm sorry. I just...

EMILY: Well why just talk about it? Why not share it?

LORELAI: No, no! Hey, hey!

[Emily presses play on the answering machine, Lorelai voice "Hey, just wanted you guys to know, Christopher and I are back from Paris. Gigi's all set. And, uh, we just ended up, uh...getting married. So, anyway, see you Friday. Bye!"]

EMILY: Isn't that lovely?

LORELAI: Mom, erase that, please.

EMILY: I most certainly will not. Your father and I plan to treasure it forever. We're going to have it as a keepsake or a memento. "Remember when Lorelai told us she was married?"

RICHARD: "Ah, yes, and what was it exactly that she said?" "I think it was something like this."

[Playing the message again "Hey, just wanted you guys to know, Christopher and I are back from paris. Gigi's all set. And, uh, we just ended up, uh...getting married..."]

OPENING CREDITS

GILMORE MANSION - DINING ROOM

CHRISTOPHER: The lamb is delicious, Emily.

LORELAI: Look who's being Mr. "Favorite son-in-law happy smile face"?

EMILY: I'm glad you're enjoying it Christopher. My butcher had it flown in from New Zealand.

LORELAI: First class I hope.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, the dinner is very nice.

RORY: It is.

RICHARD: It ought to be. We have cause to celebrate.

EMILY: Yes we do speaking of which, we have decided that we would like to throw you two a wedding party.

LORELAI: Oh, that's very sweet.

CHRISTOPHER: Very sweet.

LORELAI: Very sweet mum, but you know what -- it's totally unnecessary. Look you already gave us "wolf girl," which, I mean, ah? How do you top that?

RICHARD: We insist.

LORELAI: Dad we're already married. Isn't it too late?

EMILY: No but soon it will be. We need to get on this right away.

RICHARD: We don't want it to look as if there's anything to be ashamed of here, if we don't through a party who knows what people will think?

LORELAI: Why don't you give us an anniversary party? Ha like a 10th? Wouldn't that be nice, honey? I mean, what is 10 -- bronze, sandstone, particleboard?

RORY: Actually, it's tin.

EMILY: But that's not for 10 years.

LORELAI: Giving you plenty of time to plan. [Too Rory] Tin?

RORY: Things just stick in my brain.

EMILY: Lorelai, you ought to celebrate your marriage.

LORELAI: Mum we did, we did celebrate -- right after we got married, we had a beautiful meal, didn't we?

CHRISTOPHER: We had a beautiful meal.

LORELAI: Yeah we had chocolate mousse and Para liqueur and a cheese plate.

EMILY: A cheese plate? Since when is a hunk of fermented milk a suitable means for celebrating a marriage?

LORELAI: Look mum we're good. Honestly we're celebrated out.

EMILY: But what about us?

LORELAI: Hey if you and dad want a party, it's fine by me. Buy some 40s, rent an inflatable bounce house. That's great knock yourselves out.

EMILY: Well what about Rory?

LORELAI: What about Rory?

EMILY: Rory tell me don't you think this marriage should be officially celebrated?

RORY: Well... yes, actually. I think it would be nice.

RICHARD: Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER: Well I think it would be fun. And I'm not one to turn down a free cocktail.

EMILY: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Okay, then, let's celebrate. Let's have a party.

EMILY: Wonderful. Now if we book the harbor club, we can't have more than 400. So Lorelai, I'll need a list of your people as soon as is Earthly possible -- you too, Christopher.

LORELAI: well I can give you my list right now. It's me, Chris, Rory, Logan -- if Rory wants him there -- Sookie, Jackson, and Michel.

RICHARD: That's it?

EMILY: You can invite more people than that, it's your day.

LORELAI: That's my list.

EMILY: Why don't you invite some of your charming Stars Hollow friends?

LORELAI: That's okay, mom.

MEGAN: We can make it black-tie optional, if that will help.

LORELAI: It's not because they don't have black ties.

EMILY: Suit yourself now, what do you think -- a string quartet, or something more fun, like a swing band?

[Lorelai looks amused]

PARIS AND DOYLE'S APARTMENT

[They are moving Rory in]

LOGAN: My god, woman, is there a book you don't own?

RORY: I'm so sorry.

DOYLE: I think I may have re-activated my scoliosis.

PARIS: Suck it up, people. That was the last of it.

LOGAN: So much for one trip, huh?

RORY: Well who knew I had nine trips' worth of stuff? Your place is so big, it made my stuff look small and inconsequential. Did I mention I'm so sorry?

LOGAN: Two copies of "The Norton Anthology"?

RORY: They were gifts. I can't get rid of gifts.

PARIS: Okay, looks like all that's left to do now is the paperwork.

RORY: Paperwork?

PARIS: The lease.

RORY: You want me to sign a lease?

PARIS: We you are subletting from me and the last time you lived here, you just up and left in the middle of the year.

RORY: Um, you kicked me out, you moved all my stuff out in the hallway and locked the door.

PARIS: Well now you'll have a legally binding contract that will negate my ability to do that in the future.

RORY: All right. What does it say? Standard boiler-plate stuff -- just sign here and here.

RORY: Mm-hmm.

PARIS: And initial here and here.

RORY: Okay. What is this? "Rights and privileges of Logan Huntzberger or any other paramours"?

PARIS: If Logan is going to be spending an in audient amount of time here, it's fair to assess a daily tariff for water and power use.

RORY: Ah, Paris!

PARIS: It's a very simple formula, based on the number of nights he spends per month in the apartment times the approximate minutes per day he spends showering, brushing his teeth, and/or surfing the internet. And Sundays no charge.

LOGAN: It's okay. I'll kick in, Paris.

PARIS: Thataboy, Rockefeller.

RORY: All right.

PARIS: Okay. Welcome back to the hood.

RORY: Thanks.

DOYLE: It's good to have you back, Rory.

RORY: Aw, thanks, Doyle.

LOGAN: Alright I better take off.

RORY: Oh, no. You just got here, and we spent the whole time moving.

LOGAN: Why don't you come in on Thursday? I've got to wine-and-dine some clients. You should join us it should be fun. We'll rack up an obscene bill at Nobu and charge it all to my dad.

RORY: Oh I can't. It's Lucy's 21st birthday. We're throwing her a big party. I was hoping you might be able to come.

LOGAN: I can't -- Nobu.

RORY: Nobu, schmobu. It's a college party. Don't you miss college parties? Our theme's 2002.

LOGAN: Why?

RORY: Just because. Why what's your theme?

LOGAN: Contracts.

RORY: Boring. 2002's so much better. Just bring your clients, and we'll let them tap the keg.

LOGAN: Rory.

RORY: Come on. It's a 2002 party, right? In 2002, you were a college freshman. You would have been bored by businessmen and thrilled to go to a party thrown by hot senior girls.

LOGAN: It's all very tempting, but I have to go.

RORY: I know.

LOGAN: I love you.

RORY: Love you, too.

[They kiss, Logan leaves and Doyle comes in with the giant pencil Rory got whe she left the Yale paper.]

PARIS: I'll put you down for half a day, Logan.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[Lorelai is knitting on the couch]

LORELAI: Good morning.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, good morning, Madame Defarge.

LORELAI: Good morning, Mr. "I remember stuff from English class in high school."

CHRISTOPHER: Can I ask how long this Mr. "Long sentence of words strung together" thing is gonna last?

LORELAI: I'm not sure, Mr. "Doesn't understand "the more annoying you tell me a bit is, the more I want to do it."

CHRISTOPHER: Look at you, knitting away, just like a proper married lady the picture of domesticity.

LORELAI: Ha ha ha.

CHRISTOPHER: So what's for breakfast, Martha Stewart? Poached eggs, blue berry muffin, oh is there gonna be fresh-squeezed orange juice? "Cause I'd really appreciate it if you could strain the pulp.

LORELAI: Yeah I got your strained pulp right here, buddy.

CHRISTOPHER: So what exactly are you knitting?

LORELAI: It doesn't matter what I'm knitting. I'm knitting just to knit.

CHRISTOPHER: Someone's philosophical.

LORELAI: No, someone is in training for the Knit-a-thon. And we get pledged by the skein, so I'm just working on my speed.

CHRISTOPHER: "Knit-a-thon"?

LORELAI: Yeah, you didn't hear about the Knit-a-thon?

CHRISTOPHER: I did not hear about the Knit-a-thon. Do you want something?

LORELAI: Yeah. Poached eggs and some orange-juice pulp.

CHRISTOPHER: How about coffee?

LORELAI: Sold. So, we are holding a Knit-a-thon the day after tomorrow to raise money to rebuild the old muddy river bridge.

CHRISTOPHER: What's wrong with the bridge?

LORELAI: Well we rebuilt it a couple years ago, but now it's started to rot.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh yeah.

LORELAI: Yeah, it's too bad, too, 'cause it was gorgeous. We all loved, loved, loved it. It was sturdy and strong, made out of this beautiful Japanese maple - which it turns out is exactly the kind of wood that attracts beetles, and I'm not talking British-invasion kinda Beatles. I'm talking the kind of beetles that like to eat wood. So now we're gonna make it out of a less-delicious wood.

CHRISTOPHER: Ah. So, how goes the training? Are your fingers getting strong and muscly?

LORELAI: My fingers are fine. It's these needles. I keep dropping stitches 'cause they're slippery. I need non-slip needles.

CHRISTOPHER: Do they make non-slip needles?

LORELAI: I don't know but you know what I'm gonna go into town and see if anyone's selling them.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah I'll come with.

LORELAI: No that's okay.

CHRISTOPHER: No, no. I could use some air.

LORELAI: Yeah, but I have errands to run. And ah plus I got to go to the dry cleaner's.

CHRISTOPHER: So.

LORELAI: So I don't want to subject you to Lizzie the crazy dry cleaner. It's very intense. You know she starts complaining about...

CHRISTOPHER: Why don't you want me to come into town with you?

LORELAI: Oh. Well, you know... I just want to give people... time to adjust.

CHRISTOPHER: To?

LORELAI: To you and me. I mean, I just want to be sensitive, you know? You're not who they expected, and I-I just don't want the marriage to seem sudden. You know I-I want to kind of ease them into it.

CHRISTOPHER: Is that why you didn't want to invite any of your friends to your mother's party?

LORELAI: No. Well, I mean yeah, but 90% of it was I didn't want them to have to deal with salsa dancing and the Peabody's and the Sandborn's. You know but I guess 10% is I didn't want to feel like I'm shoving our marriage down their throats.

CHRISTOPHER: By inviting them to a party?

LORELAI: So soon. I don't want it to seem like we're flaunting. You know, I want to give them time to adjust.

CHRISTOPHER: They're not gonna adjust if they never see me.

LORELAI: Yeah. You're right.

CHRISTOPHER: Come on let's go for a stroll.

LORELAI: Okay, but a stroll. Not a strut.

CHRISTOPHER: Yes I promise I will keep my chicken-walking to an absolute minimum.

LORELAI: Al right.

LUKE'S DINER

[The place is packed with people knitting.]

LUKE: How long is this gonna go on?

CAESAR: Couple more days.

LUKE: It's ridiculous already. Somebody's gonna poke an eye out.

CAESAR: You're just bumming 'cause April's gone.

LUKE: First, get your hand off my shoulder. Second, I'm not bumming, and April is not gone. She just went back to living with her mother.

CAESAR: I'm just saying, I'm feeling you, Luke.

T.J.: Luke.

LUKE: T.J.

T.J.: I need a drink.

LUKE: We don't serve alcohol.

T.J.: Well, then, anything that's carbonated. If I drink fast enough, bubbles tend to have the same effect.

LUKE: Boy what are you doing here? Is Liz okay? She's gonna have a baby at any moment.

T.J.: It's not good, Luke.

LUKE: What?

T.J.: We're having a baby at our house.

LUKE: No we talked about this. You're gonna be a great dad T.J.

T.J.: No. You don't understand. We're having a baby at our house any minute now. Liz wants to have our baby in our living room!

LUKE: What? Why? What about a hospital?

T.J.: She won't go! She's got it in her head that this should be done at home.

LUKE: My sister is gonna have her baby at home?

T.J.: [Takes a drink] She got the idea from -- phew! -- Marcy hedges, who plays the midwife at the renaissance festivals. Only Marcy has five kids -- all born in hospitals -- and now she's telling Liz how amazing and natural it is for her to do it at home.

LUKE: This is crazy.

T.J.: Liz said she had Jess at a hospital, and she wants to have this one at home. She has this a, birth coach, called a Doula. That's not her real name. Don't call her that. She's very touchy. Her real name is Sandy.

LUKE: Okay. Sandy the doula.

T.J.: Anyway, Sandy's done about 200 of these home births, and she says statistically, they're every bit as safe as hospital births.

LUKE: I can't believe she's having her baby at home.

T.J.: Anyway, she wants you to be there at the birth. She wants the baby to be born around family. So I promised I'd get you to come.

LUKE: Of course. Sure I'll be there. Just call me whenever, and I'll come right by.

T.J.: Great. [Thumbs up sign from T.J.] Thanks, Luke. [Takes a swig of the drink again] Whoo! That feels good.

LUKE: Yean alright I'll see you later, T.J. Just let me know when the water breaks. Go take care of her, all right?

T.J.: All right.

LUKE: See you, man. [Looking across the street he see Chris and Lorelai, he slams the door shut, tangled in some yarn.] That's it! All right, this diner is now a knit-free zone! Stop knitting or get the hell out!

[People murmuring]

TOWN SQUARE

[People are setting up for the Knit-a-thon, there are large fake balls of yarn banners and stuff]

BABETTE: Needle in, yarn around, new loop through, old loop up. Needle in, yarn around, new loop through, old loop up. Keep a gentle tension on the strand!

KIRK: Humongous needle!

TAYLOR: Careful! Just because it's decorative doesn't mean it's not sharp!

LORELAI: I don't like root beer...

CHRISTOPHER: No.

LORELAI: Not without carbonation. You want it?

CHRISTOPHER: Your used dum dum?

LORELAI: It's not used. It's vintage.

CHRISTOPHER: It was nice of Lizzie, though.

LORELAI: Yes dude, 15 minutes of perchloroethylene talk? We earned those dum dums fair and square.

BABETTE: All right, knit and purl, like brick and mortar!

LORELAI: Hey, Babette!

BABETTE: Oh, hey! [Too the ladies knitting] Keep going with the rib stitch there. [back to Lorelai]

How are you, sweetheart? Hey, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER: How you doing, Babette?

BABETTE: Congratulations on the getting-married thing. I'd give you a hug, but my hands are kind of full here. So, you eloped.

LORELAI: Yeah we were in Paris and we eloped.

BABETTE: Well that's smart, eloping. Smart. Who needs the hassle of a real wedding, you know?

LORELAI: Yeah.

BABETTE: All the planning and the fuss, so much stress.

CHRISTOPHER: Exactly.

BABETTE: Plus the dress. I mean, why would anyone want to buy a big, expensive wedding dress you could only wear once? Except for me. I got to wear mine twice. But once was for Halloween. I was the bride of chucky.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, yeah? Did Morey go as chucky?

BABETTE: Huh?! No, he was a futuristic pirate! So, welcome to Stars Hollow!

CHRISTOPHER: Thank you. It's good to be here.

BABETTE: Uh-huh. [Back to the ladies knitting] Knit and purl!

[Chris and Lorelai walk off.]

MISS PATTY: Lorelai, Christopher, there you are.

LORELAI: Hey, patty.

MISS PATTY: I'm sorry I didn't get this to you sooner. Part of my job as town social chair is greeting all newlyweds with the Stars Hollow welcome wagon.

CHRISTOPHER: Look at all this. Thank you so much.

MISS PATTY: Just a few odds and ends from our town merchants to say "welcome."

CHRISTOPHER: This is so cool I didn't know the welcome wagon came in a real wagon.

MISS PATTY: Yeah. Well... so there you go.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, terrific. Thank you.

LORELAI: Thank you, Patty.

MISS PATTY: So, how are you adjusting to Stars Hollow, Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, it's terrific.

MISS PATTY: I'd bet you're bored senseless here.

CHRISTOPHER: [Laughing] No, no. Not at all.

MISS PATTY: Well there's hardly any nightlife. I mean a worldly guy like you must feel like he's out in the sticks.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, my discothequing days are mostly behind me.

MISS PATTY: Anyway, I probably should run. Enjoy the wagon.

CHRISTOPHER: Thank you.

LORELAI: Bye, Patty.

CHRISTOPHER: You want a ride?

LORELAI: No. That's okay. [Chuckles]

CHRISTOPHER: [Chuckles]

LUCKY AND OLIVIA'S CAMPUS ROOM

[Marty is hanging a poster, Rory comes in the open door, she looks nervous, Marty is not.]

RORY: Hey.

MARTY: Hi.

RORY: Um, I have some 2002 paraphernalia here.

MARTY: Okay.

RORY: Are Lucy and Olivia home?

MARTY: No.

RORY: 'Cause they said to bring this stuff by. Do you know when they'll be back?

MARTY: No.

RORY: Do you know where they went?

MARTY: Just down the hall.

LUCY: Rory!

OLIVIA: Yay! Rory's here!

RORY: Oh, hey, guys.

LUCY: You brought stuff.

RORY: As promised.

OLIVIA: Let's see.

LUCY: Boyfriend. [They kiss] Nice poster work.

MARTY: I went with double-sided tape rather than thumbtacks. I think it gives it a cleaner look.

LUCY: I think you're right. Plus, double-sided tape is so 2002. You're a genius.

MARTY: You're my inspiration.

OLIVIA: [Looking at CD's] You brought J.Lo?

RORY: Of course. And I have boots.

LUCY: Oh, my god, so did we!

[Giggling]

OLIVIA: We are gonna ugg-up!

RORY: My feet were so much more comfortable in 2002.

LUCY: What do you think, boyfriend?

MARTY: Very Clydesdale.

LUCY: Hey, compliments only from boyfriends on birthdays.

MARTY: You're beautiful.

LUCY: Thank you.

[Rory looks uncomfortable again.]

LUKE'S DINER

[Anna enters]

ANNA: Hey, Luke.

LUKE: Hey, Anna. How's April doing?

ANNA: Oh she's doing great. I'm pretty sure as of Friday, she had shown her appendix scar to every one of her teachers and classmates. She's quite proud of it.

LUKE: [chuckles] I'm just glad she's doing good.

ANNA: Yeah me too. Um, can we talk in private?

LUKE: Sure. Come on up. Caesar, I'll be back!

LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Luke and Anna enter]

ANNA: Oh, the place looks nice.

LUKE: April's handiwork.

ANNA: Right. She told me -- cerulean. [They sit at the table] So, um...my mom...

LUKE: Yeah. How's she doing?

ANNA: Still recovering.

LUKE: Oh.

ANNA: I think I have her care all worked out, but it is an ongoing Rubik's cube of day, night, and weekend nurses.

LUKE: Yeah that's tough.

ANNA: Especially being on the other side of the country. She's really lonely. I thought about moving her up here. But she's been living in that house for 42 years, and I just feel like it would be cruel.

LUKE: Yeah say, April can stay with me any time. Whatever you need.

ANNA: Luke... I've decided that April and I are gonna move to New Mexico.

LUKE: Oh. Really? Wow.

ANNA: I-I'm sorry, but my mother is all alone.

LUKE: Yeah. Yeah. Uh, it's, uh... wow.

ANNA: But you know it's where I grew up, so I know the area. They have a lot of really good schools.

LUKE: Yeah does, does April know?

ANNA: I told her last night.

LUKE: How's -- I mean... is she okay with it?

ANNA: Well, she's not thrilled. It'll take some getting used to, but...

LUKE: So, when? How soon?

ANNA: As soon as possible.

LUKE: Mm-hmm.

ANNA: Tina, my assistant manager, is gonna run the business for me and I've already been looking online at houses, found a nice little neighborhood.

LUKE: Huh.

ANNA: And I just to - I wanted to, you know, let you know.

LUKE: Yeah. Hey, uh, I guess you got to do what you got to do. You know I mean, when my dad was sick...

ANNA: Yeah.

LUKE: Yeah.

ANNA: Mm-hmm.

LUKE: Mm-hmm.

ANNA: I should go. [Luke nods] I have some things.

LUKE: Sure. Sure. Yeah.

[Luke looks stunned]

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Sookie is cooking, Lorelai enters]

SOOKIE: Drat you, you dratted spaghetti, you slippery, slithery, uncooperative...

LORELAI: am I interrupting something?

SOOKIE: No.

LORELAI: Seriously if you and spaghetti need privacy, I can come back later.

SOOKIE: In the middle of the night last night, I woke up with an idea.

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: For days, I've been trying to figure out what to serve at my Knit-a-thon booth, right? So, it's 2:00 A.M. Flash! I have a vision. Balls of yarn made out of spaghetti, with breadsticks stuck in the middle, like knitting needles. It's brilliant! Brilliant! Horrible!

LORELAI: Not that appetizing. Why don't you just make regular spaghetti?

SOOKIE: 'Cause that's not theme-y.

LORELAI: Oh.

SOOKIE: Why are you in early? I thought you were not coming in till late.

LORELAI: Well, I was, but I had some paperwork and...

SOOKIE: And, um...

LORELAI: Christopher and I just walked through town.

SOOKIE: And?

LORELAI: Everyone was very cordial.

SOOKIE: Ooh. Cordial?

LORELAI: Yes. They said hello. They shook his hand. They welcomed him to Stars Hollow.

SOOKIE: Jeez, really? Cordial?

LORELAI: Yes. Creepy, right? I saw miss patty and Babette. Neither one of them pinched his butt.

SOOKIE: Well honey, you married an outsider.

LORELAI: I know.

SOOKIE: We just -- we all thought you and Luke...

LORELAI: I knew people thought me and Luke. I thought me and Luke. But it's not me and Luke. It's me and Christopher.

SOOKIE: I know. It's just - people really loved you and Luke.

LORELAI: Right but it's not their life. It's my life. And frankly I don't see why I should have to go around feeling bad that my life didn't turn out the way everybody wanted it to.

SOOKIE: I know...

LORELAI: I'm sick of it. I really am. And, look, I understand that you liked Luke and you're not so sure about Christopher, but, Sookie, you're my best friend. I really need your support here. I - I mean, Christopher is my husband, and it would be great if you would just get on board.

SOOKIE: Okay.

LORELAI: Okay?

SOOKIE: Yeah I'm on board. I mean what do you need? I'll swab the deck, I'll hoist the sail -- anything nautical.

LORELAI: Okay I need you to help me get the rest of the town on board.

SOOKIE: Okay.

LORELAI: Okay what do we do?

SOOKIE: We need a campaign.

LORELAI: Right. A campaign.

SOOKIE: Oh, he could walk Paul Anka around town. Cute guy, cute dog -- very appealing.

LORELAI: Paul Anka's not good with sidewalks -- sensitive paws. He could pull him in the welcome wagon -- or Jackson.

SOOKIE: You want him to pull Jackson around on a wagon?

LORELAI: No maybe he and Jackson could do something together. You know Jackson's got a lot of clout. If people see that Jackson likes Christopher, then maybe they'll like Christopher.

SOOKIE: You think Jackson's got a lot of clout?

LORELAI: Jackson has tons of clout. He's lousy with clout.

SOOKIE: Okay. What should they do?

LORELAI: Something where they'll be seen.

SOOKIE: Ooh, how about a movie?

LORELAI: Too dark.

SOOKIE: Yeah, yeah.

LORELAI: Pancakes at Al's?

SOOKIE: Jackson is off of wheat. But, ooh, how about country night at miss patty's?

LORELAI: Chris and Jackson?

SOOKIE: Well I mean, Jackson is a fiendish two-stepper, but he's handsy.

LORELAI: What do regular guys do?

SOOKIE: Grunt?

LORELAI: Scratch?

SOOKIE: Leave the toilet seat up?

LORELAI: Talk about sports?

SOOKIE: Talk about cars?

LORELAI: Burp?

SOOKIE: Beer!

LORELAI: Drink beer.

SOOKIE: At Casey's!

LORELAI: Perfect.

SOOKIE: Oh, like manly.

LORELAI: Simple.

SOOKIE: Ooh! And while they're scratching and grunting, we can actual go do something fun.

LORELAI: Country night at miss Patty's.

SOOKIE: Mm-hmm. Hee-haw.

LUKE'S DINER

[April is reading at the counter]

LUKE: So, what are you up for tonight? I was thinking we could rent "A Brief History of Time" again. Maybe I'll understand something more than the credits.

APRIL: Sure.

LUKE: Look...your mom told me you were moving.

APRIL: To New Mexico.

LUKE: Yeah it's not so bad. You've been there visiting your grandma before, right?

APRIL: I don't want to move to the desert! It's just, there aren't even any seasons! It's just it's hot, and it's a miserable place, that and I hate it!

LUKE: April let's take a walk. Come on. Come on. Come on. Come on.

[They go outside]

LUKE: Look I know you're a little upset, but this could be a really good thing - I mean the new people you'll meet, the teachers you'll impress.

APRIL: I'll never see my friends again.

LUKE: Oh of course you will - breaks from school over the summer.

APRIL: No, Janie Freedman moved to Virginia at the end of last year 'cause her dad got some teaching job. And she said she'd stay in touch with everybody, and she did for like a week. And then after that nobody ever heard from her again.

LUKE: It doesn't have to be like that.

APRIL: We're moving 2,000 miles away! That's how it's gonna work! Mom is ruining my life!

LUKE: April.

APRIL: You know I'm finally happy. I finally have friends. It took me forever, and now I'm just gonna be that weird, dorky loser girl all over again!

LUKE: I know. Come on. It's gonna be fine.

PARIS AND DOYLE'S APARTMENT

[Rory is making her bed]

PARIS: I don't get it.

RORY: What?

PARIS: 2002 party.

RORY: It's a theme.

PARIS: How is that a theme?

RORY: It's just supposed to be funny.

PARIS: I'm not laughing.

RORY: Well you don't have to go.

PARIS: Why not 2001?

RORY: It could be 2001, I guess.

PARIS: "Space Odyssey" -- that's a theme. People dress up like astronauts or apes.

RORY: I don't know what to tell you, Paris.

PARIS: Will there be dancing?

RORY: Yes there will be dancing.

PARIS: What kind of dancing?

RORY: I don't know. 2002 dancing?

PARIS: So we're talking mostly hip-hop.

RORY: Paris you don't have to hip-hop-dance at this party.

PARIS: I can hip-hop-dance. Don't you worry. Doyle and I will be scorching the floorboards.

[Cell phone rings]

RORY: Looking forward to that. [Answering phone] Hi, mom.

[Lorelai at home]

LORELAI: So what are you gonna pledge me?

RORY: Um, in the Knit-a-thon?

LORELAI: Yeah what do you say -- 10 bucks a skein?

RORY: How about \$5?

LORELAI: So, \$15?

RORY: Make it \$3.

LORELAI: \$20 a skein?

RORY: A buck 50.

LORELAI: 25 smackeroos?

RORY: 75 cents.

LORELAI: We have no idea how to haggle, do we.

[Nelly's "Hot in Herre" plays starts at Rory's place]

RORY: No idea. Why don't you just put me down for \$30 even?

LORELAI: I will not take less than \$30, and then you got a done deal.

RORY: The best I can do is \$30.

LORELAI: Alright you give me \$30, and it's a deal.

RORY: Do I have to pledge dad, too?

LORELAI: No, no he's just a spectator. You know what he's doing? He's going on a man-date with Jackson.

RORY: Cute. A mandated man-date?

LORELAI: Yes, it was suggested enthusiastically. What is that you're listening to?

RORY: [Laughing] That's Paris. She and Doyle are threatening to scorch the floorboards at Lucy's party.

LORELAI: Aw. Poor floorboards. He ah, how did the party prep go?

RORY: Good. We're just about ready to party like it's 2002. There's just one thing -- this whole Marty debacle. It's just so annoying to be around him.

LORELAI: Is he still acting all cold and weird?

RORY: Beyond cold and beyond weird.

LORELAI: Well you're a hard one to get over kid you know. He probably just feels bad. When guys feel rejected, they act all cold and weird.

RORY: Yeah but I rejected him, if that's even what happened, years ago. I mean isn't there a statute of limitations for being a jerk?

LORELAI: Well Marty just probably feels awkward. Maybe you should try to be nice.

RORY: He's not exactly being nice to me.

LORELAI: Well, you have to be the bigger person.

RORY: Why doesn't he be the bigger person?

LORELAI: Because you're 11 feet tall and he's a mere mortal.

RORY: I hate being 11 feet tall.

LORELAI: I know. It's hell finding jeans that fit, huh? [Chris comes down stairs] Uh I got to go. I got a man-date fashion disaster.

RORY: Alright I'll talk to you later.

LORELAI: So, uh, \$30 a skein?

RORY: Total -- \$30 total.

LORELAI: Yeah. [Hangs up, talking to Chris] Hey.

CHRISTOPHER: W-what?

LORELAI: Is that what you're wearing?

CHRISTOPHER: What, what's wrong with what I'm wearing?

LORELAI: Nothing. It's just that it's, um...

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LORELAI: ...Black.

CHRISTOPHER: It's a black shirt.

LORELAI: Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, then.

LORELAI: It's very Joaquin phoenix at the Oscars.

CHRISTOPHER: I have no clue what that means.

LORELAI: It's very fitted.

CHRISTOPHER: I should wear a shirt that doesn't fit?

LORELAI: No.

CHRISTOPHER: Should I tuck it in?

LORELAI: No!

CHRISTOPHER: Why are you grimacing at this shirt?!

LORELAI: Um...I don't know. Maybe it's not the best thing to wear on your man-date with Jackson.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay first of all, if you say "man-date" one more time, there is no way in hell I am leaving this house. And second, last I knew, I was about to go have a beer with a farmer. I don't think it really matters what I'm wearing.

LORELAI: um it is very important that you make a good impression.

CHRISTOPHER: Lore come on how great did our walk through town go? You were worried about that, and everybody was nice.

LORELAI: They were nice.

CHRISTOPHER: It went great.

LORELAI: Eh.

CHRISTOPHER: Didn't it?

LORELAI: Nah.

CHRISTOPHER: What are you saying?

LORELAI: I'm saying it didn't go so great. They were cordial, they were polite.

CHRISTOPHER: But the wagon...

LORELAI: Was full of cleaning supplies and shoe trees. When Claude and Michael Davies got married, they got handmade clothing and homemade baked goods, and ah the pizza guy whittled them bookends in the shape of Senegalese tigers. That's a welcome wagon. We got a "we're tolerating that you're here" wagon. Sorry.

CHRISTOPHER: So, going out with Jackson is important because...?

LORELAI: Jackson is loved. Jackson is respected. If you're in with Jackson, if you're in with Stars Hollow.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, maybe I could wear the gray polo shirt.

LORELAI: [Gasps] I love that idea!

CHRISTOPHER: What about the jeans?

LORELAI: They're fine. They're just a little tight.

CHRISTOPHER: All right, I'll change the jeans.

LORELAI: Oh.

CHRISTOPHER: The shoes?

LORELAI: Ugh.

CHRISTOPHER: All right, I'll change the shoes. I hate to say this out loud, but all of a sudden, I'm very nervous about my man-date with a farmer.

LORELAI: You're gonna be great. Not too much stuff in the hair!

CASEY'S BAR - NIGHT

[Jackson and Chris are sitting at the bar]

JACKSON: So, what do you think?

CHRISTOPHER: I'm down with any place where you can throw your peanut shells on the floor.

JACKSON: Not exactly a Manhattan hot spot.

CHRISTOPHER: A beer in Stars Hollow tastes just as good as a beer in Soho, and it's a hell of a lot cheaper.

JACKSON: It's a microbrew. They brew it right here on the premises.

CHRISTOPHER: Ah. Wow.

[The TV can be heard in the back ground, "Dahntay Jones brings it into the front court."]

CHRISTOPHER: So, what's your best crop? Do you have a favorite?

JACKSON: Ah, don't get me started. I love them all. But it has been a standout eggplant year. Do you like eggplant?

CHRISTOPHER: Yep.

JACKSON: Don't say another word. I am your eggplant connection.

CHRISTOPHER: Guess I'm gonna have to get rid of my other guy, then. [Chuckling] It's just -- it's just a joke. [Chuckles nervously]

JACKSON: Oh. Yeah. [Chuckles]

[TV "They're just not playing aggressively. Here's Jones. That's Brian Williams. His shot rims out. He's sh**ting only 35% from the floor.]

JACKSON: So, you and Lorelai, huh?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah.

JACKSON: That's quite an achievement. I mean, many have tried, many have failed.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, I feel pretty lucky.

[TV "And scott padgett, working inside, has it batted away.]

JACKSON: You know what I love about farming? The commitment. [Chris nods in agreement] No shortcuts, no quitting. You have got to be there for your crops morning, noon, and night. I mean you can have the greatest soil and perfect seeds, but if you are not 100% committed, you might as well pave over those 32 acres and build yourself a strip mall. You know what I mean.

CHRISTOPHER: It's a lot of responsibility.

JACKSON: It sure is.

CHRISTOPHER: It sounds like you really love farming.

JACKSON: I do. Sookie and I, we both do.

CHRISTOPHER: Me too.

CAFÉ

[Luke is sitting at a table, Anna comes in and is on her cell phone]

ANNA: Yeah. If you want to come by, I'll be in all afternoon. Great. I'll see you then. Bye. [Hangs up, too Luke] Hey.

LUKE: Thanks for coming.

ANNA: Sure. What's up?

LUKE: Well, April -- she's pretty upset.

ANNA: Yeah, I know.

LUKE: I just wanted to make sure we were doing everything we could to make it as easy as you know it could be for her.

ANNA: So what have you got in mind?

LUKE: Okay well, I was thinking. Instead of pulling her out in the middle of the school year, maybe you could wait to move till the end of the school year?

ANNA: And you don't think I thought about that.

LUKE: No you could go back and forth, and still be there for you mum and I could help covering for April here.

ANNA: No, I have to be out there full time as soon as possible, Luke.

LUKE: Oh well, she could stay with me to finish the year. She's already been with me for two months, you know? I'd love it. It would be great, actually.

ANNA: Luke, I know you mean well, but that's not gonna happen okay. I'm not splitting apart from April for six months.

LUKE: No, I understand. Okay, so, maybe you know we could buy her some plane tickets so, so she'll know she's going back and forth and when?

ANNA: We can't make that plan now.

LUKE: No it doesn't have to include everything. But, like, I already told her she could stay with me for spring break and part of the summer, so if...

ANNA: Whoa. You told her that? You actually said that?

LUKE: Yeah.

ANNA: I have no idea what we'll be doing then.

LUKE: I just assumed that...

ANNA: You have no right making promises to my daughter.

LUKE: I just wanted her...

ANNA: I don't want you talking to her about this again. Are we clear?

LUKE: Anna.

ANNA: No, Luke. Listen, these are my decisions. I'm not gonna have you going behind my back, making promises to April that I can't keep.

LUKE: So, are you saying she's not coming back?

ANNA: I am saying I'm not ready to make decisions. And they are my decisions to make, not yours, Luke. Now I'm gonna go.

[Luke is left stunned, then his cell phone rings]

LUKE: Hello?

[At Liz and T.J. house Liz is screaming]

T.J.: It's showtime, Luke!

LUKE: What the hell's going on over there? Is Liz okay?

T.J.: She's amazing! We're having a baby, baby! It's beautiful! You got to get over here.

LUKE: I'm on my way!

TOWN SQUARE - KNIT-A-THON

["Old Fashion Show Business" music plays]

KIRK: Free needles. Free for everyone. Free needles! Free needles!

LORELAI: See? Who says Stars Hollow's not progressive? Hey.

SOOKIE: Hey, you guys.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, Jackson. What's up? [They shake hands]

JACKSON: Hey. How's it going? Wednesday night -- we still on to watch the game?

CHRISTOPHER: Sounds good.

LORELAI: Alright we're gonna stake out some prime knitting real estate.

JACKSON: See you later.

SOOKIE: Save us a spot!

LORELAI: We will. You're seeing Jackson Wednesday, huh?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, we were thinking maybe.

LORELAI: I guess that could work.

CHRISTOPHER: What do you mean?

LORELAI: I have some other plans for you.

CHRISTOPHER: Plans?

LORELAI: Yeah you got bird-watching with Morey, darts with Andrew. Ooh, and Glenn Belkin wanted to have coffee with you. He is the head coach of the peewee little league teams.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, yeah?

LORELAI: Yes. He thinks he might have a plum assistant-coaching job for you.

CHRISTOPHER: Assistant coach, huh?

LORELAI: Um-mm, all right, I'm feeling the knitting vibes right here.

CHRISTOPHER: Well okay.

MISS PATTY: Hello, hello!

BABETTE: Hiya, kids. Boy, it's a chilly one, huh?

TAYLOR: [At a podium] Welcome, fair citizens of Stars Hollow. We come together on this glorious autumnal day to rescue our beloved muddy river bridge. And the knitting will commence at precisely 10:00 A.M., And we will knit unceasingly until our long day's journey ends at the stroke of 10:00 P.M.

KIRK: Taylor, 10:00 A.M. Is 40 seconds away.

TAYLOR: What? No. I've got 3 1/2 more minutes. I've timed this speech to last exactly 3 1/2 minutes. Um, a bridge is not merely a feat of engineering and architecture. A bridge is also a metaphor.

KIRK: Taylor, I'm sorry. Your watch is wrong. I have precise atomic clock time. 28 seconds.

BABETTE: I'm with Kirk! 26 seconds!

TAYLOR: But I just got this watch.

KIRK: Make that 22, 21.

MAN: 20.

TAYLOR: As I was saying, [Speaking very fast] a bridge is a metaphor, a meeting place between here and there, between the past and the future. The Golden Gate, the Brooklyn... to raise funds... our duty as citizens!

KIRK: Nine seconds!

TAYLOR: Real-time accounting of the funds approved.

KIRK: Seven seconds!

TAYLOR: As we strive toward...

KIRK: 6...

THE WHOLE CROWD: [Chanting over Taylor as he continues to speak] 5, 4, 3, 2, 1!

TAYLOR: Oh, fine! Go ahead and knit!

[Music starts and crowd starts knitting and laughing]

LUCY'S PARTY

[The room is packed]

LUCY: [to some guests] Thank you! Thanks so much.

RORY: Hey.

LUCY: Hi.

RORY: How are you enjoying your first legal drink?

LUCY: Third, actually. I like it, although I kind of miss being a lawbreaker.

RORY: [Chuckles]

LUCY: Oh, my god. It's Paris Geller.

RORY: I told you.

LUCY: You totally delivered. Who's the dude?

RORY: That's her boyfriend, Doyle.

LUCY: I'm fascinated.

RORY: Well go talk to her.

LUCY: Really?

RORY: It's your party.

LUCY: How do I look?

RORY: You look tiara'ed, 21, and fabulous.

LUCY: [Too Paris and Doyle] Hi! Thank you for coming to my party.

PARIS: Nice party...

[Rory spots Marty and the bar and goes over.]

RORY: Barkeep, I'll have an upside-down tequila slammer with a twist.

MARTY: I don't know how to make that.

RORY: Yeah, I just made it up.

MARTY: Oh.

RORY: Really? Is this the way it's gonna be? I say something, and you grunt and make me feel like an idiot, really that's it?

MARTY: What do you want me to say?

RORY: Well, what I would like you to say is that you've put me in a really difficult position, and the least you can do is not be a jerk about it.

MARTY: I'm sorry.

RORY: Yeah?

MARTY: Yeah.

RORY: So you're done being a jerk?

MARTY: Y-yeah, I-I'm done.

RORY: Good.

MARTY: So you still want that upside-down tequila slammer?

RORY: With a twist.

MARTY: [Chuckles] Right. Probably has tequila in it.

RORY: Yeah.

[Both laugh]

MARTY: Um, the upside-down part, I'll have to improvise. But the slammer and the twist are pretty straightforward. You might want to stand back.

RORY: Oh, okay.

[Pink's "get the party started" plays and Paris and Doyle dance.]

CROWD: Go, Paris! Go, Paris! Go, Paris! Go, Paris! Go, Paris! [Cheering]

LIZ AND T.J.'S HOUSE

[Liz, T.J. and Luke are looking at the new baby]

T.J.: Shh! It's okay, sweet girl.

LUKE: Y-you sure about the name "Doula"?

T.J.: She's such a Doula. Isn't that right, gorgeous?

LIZ: It's cute, right?

LUKE: Yeah no, no.

T.J.: What's that, Doula? [High-pitched] I want my uncle Luke to hold me.

LUKE: [Chuckles]

T.J.: You heard her.

LUKE: Oh, no, no, no. You keep her.

T.J.: [High-pitched] Please! Uncle Lukey!

LUKE: No, really, really, really, I don't have...

LIZ: Come on Luke.

T.J.: Come on

LUKE: I-I don't have to.

T.J.: [Imitating crying] I want my uncle Lukey to hold me!

LUKE: Okay. Okay.

T.J.: [Normal voice] Here you go, Doula.

LUKE: Hey, Doula.

T.J.: Isn't she beautiful? Look at her eyes. She's got Liz's eyes.

LIZ: It's true.

T.J.: Ah and -- and aunt Sissy's chin, right? That's totally sissy's chin.

LIZ: No, Sissy was adopted.

T.J.: So?

LIZ: So.

T.J.: Ohh! Well, I-I don't know how she does it, but she's got her chin.

LIZ: [Chuckles] What do you think, Luke?

LUKE: [Smiling] She's great.

T.J.: That's your uncle Luke. And Luke's daughter is your cousin April. Now, I bet April is gonna be your number-one babysitter. Am I right, Luke?

[Luke is now thinking of April]

LUKE: Yeah. Sure.

TOWN SQUARE - KNIT-A-THON

[The knit-a-thon continues]

TAYLOR: \$2,200! Not bad, people! Not good, exactly, but not bad. And we have seven more hours to make up the rest, so keep on knitting! And as you do, think of the bridge!

CHRISTOPHER: Who wants coffee?

LORELA: Is that a rhetorical question?

MISS PATTY: Thank you, Christopher. We're not gonna make it, are we?

BABETTE: Not without doping.

LORELA: You guys don't talk like that! Think of the bridge. We'll never be able to look it in the I-bar again if we let it down.

JACKSON: How's it going?

[Chris walks to the podium]

SOOKIE: Well I can't tell if my hands are cramping or numb, but they just keep knitting. So I guess I'm trying not to think about it, although I guess, right now, I am thinking about it.

MISS PATTY: Maybe scheduling an outdoor event in November wasn't such a great move.

LORELA: It was a great move -- a Fred-and-Ginger-type move, it's just a brisk fall day.

[Taylor is seen thanking Chris]

BABETTE: Nah, it's a bad move, but it's part of a great tradition of bad moves by Taylor.

TAYLOR: Could I have everyone's attention, please? I just received a donation of \$7,800! Thanks very much to Stars Hollow's newest resident, Christopher Hayden, for bringing us up to our goal of \$10,000!

LORELAI: Honey?

BABETTE: Christopher, you did that?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah.

MISS PATTY: Well, yeah, I... well, tha-- thank you. Uh, I-it was really...

SOOKIE: Generous. It's generous, right?

BABETTE: Yeah, generous.

SOOKIE: Thanks, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER: You're welcome. I just figured...

MISS PATTY: So what do we stop knitting now?

TAYLOR: Okay pack it up, people.

MISS PATTY: I guess we stop knitting now.

TAYLOR: We've reached our goal. Our work is done here. If we get that llama back in the next half-hour, we're gonna save a bundle.

LORELAI: Wait, wait you guy, what are you doing? W-why are you leaving?

MISS PATTY: You heard Taylor.

LORELAI: Yeah but nobody ever listens to Taylor. Come on we got to keep knitting, there's seven more hours.

BABETTE: What's the point?!

LORELAI: The point is, it's fun. It's a festival. We haven't even gotten rowdy, we haven't even wrapped Taylor in yarn yet.

SOOKIE: Like a big Taylor cozy.

LORELAI: Yeah.

BABETTE: We already got all the money. Thanks very much, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER: You're welcome.

LORELAI: Gypsy?

GYPSY: 7,800 buckaroos. Wow. You must really love bridges, Christopher.

LORELAI: What are you doing?

GYPSY: I'm gonna go catch a movie.

LORELAI: Wait a minute. Where is your Stars Hollow spirit, huh? Where's the love of knitting just for knitting's sake?

GYPSY: At the movies?

LORELAI: [Exhales]

SOOKIE: Sorry, honey.

LORELAI: Yeah.

MISS PATTY: I wonder what's playing.

BABETTE: I don't know but I'll bet it's nice and toasty in there. Thanks again, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER: Sure. Happy to help.

TAYLOR: Okay, let's get those needles down! And careful, there, fellas! Just because they're decorative doesn't mean they're not sharp.

[Every one is now packing up]

LUCY'S PARTY

[Rory and Olivia are sitting on the couch]

RORY: How is she still dancing?

OLIVIA: Paris?

RORY: No -- Lucy. Paris I understand, 'cause Paris has been training for this like it's an Olympic event.

OLIVIA: [Chuckles]

RORY: But Lucy, Lucy weighs 11 pounds, and I'm pretty sure most of that is tequila by now.

OLIVIA: The girl loves to move.

RORY: uh-mm. Oh, buzz-cut boys going through.

OLIVIA: Mmm! I'm going in. I've got time for one or two more awkward interactions before the night is through.

[India Arie's "video" plays]

MARTY: [Sitting on the couch] The bar is closed!

RORY: You finally quit.

MARTY: Nope, just ran out of booze.

RORY: I think I drank most of it. That upside twisted slammer was living up to its name, man. I don't know if I'm more twisted or slammed.

MARTY: I'm both. I think I had three of them. Or was it four?

RORY: You know, the last time I saw you drunk, you were passed out and naked outside my dorm room.

MARTY: So, the truth comes out after all these years. You checked me out.

RORY: I did not. No it was uncomfortable and weird.

MARTY: Well, it's for the best. I was quite the scrawny freshman. I think I actually weighed 98 pounds.

RORY: [Laughs]

MARTY: But, you know, now...

RORY: Oh you've been working out.

MARTY: Can't you tell? I'm huge. I'm massive. I'm Marty Schwarzenegger.

RORY: I can tell. You're looking good.

MARTY: And you are more beautiful than ever.

[uncomfortable silence]

RORY: Um, you should be out there with Lucy.

[Marty gets up and goes to Lucy]

LUCY: Hi!

[They kiss and an annoyed or confused Rory looks on.]

STARS HOLLOW - STREET

[Night time]

CHRISTOPHER: Why should I feel bad that I donated \$7,000 to help save the bridge?

LORELAI: You shouldn't.

CHRISTOPHER: I don't. I thought the point was to save the bridge.

LORELAI: Well, the point was to save it with knitting.

CHRISTOPHER: That doesn't make any...

LORELAI: I know it doesn't make any sense. That's Stars Hollow. That's just how it is. It's hard for outsiders to understand.

HONOR: So I'm an outsider?

LORELAI: For now.

CHRISTOPHER: I thought I was doing a good thing.

LORELAI: I know you just don't have to drop all that money like that.

CHRISTOPHER: I know I don't have to.

LORELAI: I mean you don't have to try so hard to get people to like you.

CHRISTOPHER: [Laughing]

LORELAI: What.

CHRISTOPHER: That's funny.

LORELAI: Why?

CHRISTOPHER: 'Cause you're the one who's making me try so hard. [Lorelai gasps] Bird-watching, backgammon, darts, assistant-managing a peewee baseball team?

LORELAI: Oh I just want...

CHRISTOPHER: I know. You want people to like me. You know what? I'm a likable guy. I always have been. I may not be the smartest guy or the toughest guy, but I'm the guy that people like.

LORELAI: You are.

CHRISTOPHER: And you know why people in Stars Hollow are gonna like me?

LORELAI: Why?

CHRISTOPHER: Because I love you. And I'm gonna be here, loving you.

LORELAI: You are?

CHRISTOPHER: You bet. You know, when you're a farmer, you got to be there for your crops. It's not about the seeds or the soil. It's about being there, being committed, all day, every day, forever.

LORELAI: Farmer, huh?

CHRISTOPHER: Why not?

LORELAI: You know what, Mr. "Doesn't seem like he knows what he's talking about but is actually pretty wise"?

CHRISTOPHER: What's that, Mrs. "Goes through 500 emotions every hour of the day"?

LORELAI: I love you a lot.

[They kiss]

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, you're okay, too.

ANNA'S HOUSE

[Luke arrives, gets out of his truck and knocks on the door.]

ANNA: Hey.

LUKE: Hey.

ANNA: April's not here.

LUKE: I know. She's sleeping at Gabrielle Wilder's tonight.

ANNA: So, what's up?

LUKE: I also know that Gabrielle has a peanut allergy, and before I drop her off, I check that April isn't packing a snickers bar. I also know that she likes Gabby's coin collection, so I thought I might take her over to a coin shop in Stamford, 'cause she'd like it.

ANNA: What are you doing here, Luke?

LUKE: You're always telling me I can't do this with your daughter and that I can't do that with your daughter. Well, she's not just your daughter, Anna. She's my daughter, too.

ANNA: Luke...

LUKE: No. No. I know I wasn't around for all those years. But, you know, that was your decision. That was your choice, Anna. And, frankly, it was a damn lousy one. Okay I didn't get to see her born or take her first steps or take her to her first day of school -- none of it. And I can never get any of that back. It's gone! That's not gonna happen anymore. That, I can guarantee you.

ANNA: What are you saying?

LUKE: That she's my kid, all right? She's our kid. She's not just yours. And I'm not gonna let you treat me this way. I'm her father. God, why do I even have to say that? I mean, April and I, we have this relationship, okay? A-and you can't just decide things. That's not how this works, okay? I mean we have to make decisions together, decisions about April. And I will fight you. I will fight you for that, Anna, if I have to. I have rights. I'm her father, and I have rights.