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07x14 - Farewell, My Pet

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by **bunniefuu**

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HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

[Richard is walking with Lorelai, Rory and Emily down the hall.]

LORELAI: You're looking good, dad. I'd say you shaved a few minutes off your last lap. If I had to guess, I'd think you're clocking in at about a 45-minute mile, which puts you just behind Mrs. Abalone.

EMILY: Lorelai, really.

RICHARD: I think that's an unfair comparison. Mrs. Abalone had her bypass two whole days before mine.

LORELAI: No, no, no excuses. You just gonna have to dig a little deeper.

RORY: Come on grandpa, just visualize Mrs. Abalone eating your dust.

EMILY: Rory, honestly.

RICHARD: No, it's all right. [Richard walks faster] How's this?

LORELAI: Wow, I would say we have a new slow-walk leader in the cardiac-recovery wing. Hey, do you hear that? [makes a sound]

RORY: What, the crowd cheering?

LORELAI: Whoo!

RORY: Yeah, grandpa!

EMILY: Would you two stop? You're making a scene.

LORELAI: [using her hand as microphone] Mr. Gilmore, congratulations on your recent victory. Any opinions about the allegations of steroid use among your fellow athletes?

RICHARD: Well I consider myself proof positive that it can be done... and done clean.

EMILY: Richard, must you encourage them?

RORY: Well excuse me, Emily. I'm getting a little stir crazy in this place.

EMILY: Well you'll be getting out of here soon enough. Oh, I forgot to tell you -- Kate and Daniel Urman called to send their regards.

RORY: Oh, hey, Mr. Gavelle.

LORELAI: Looking good, Ira.

EMILY: Well they sent a lovely floral arrangement to the house. Although personally I find white roses a little uninspiring. I think my favorite arrangement is still the one that Christopher sent. It was very tasteful and appropriate and so colorful. I mean, we're not in mourning, for heaven's sake. I'm getting very tired of white flowers. You thanked him for us?

LORELAI: Uh, yeah. Hey, so you know that young guy who's been visiting Miss Santiago in room 236? Not her son. Her boyfriend.

RORY: No!

LORELAI: Yes.

RICHARD: Girls, I don't think that's any of our business.

EMILY: But he's at least 20 years younger than she is. 32 according to the night nurse.

RORY: 32?

EMILY: He's just a boy. What could they possibly have to talk about?

LORELAI: I don't think they're doing a whole lot of talking, if you know what I mean.

EMILY: I most certainly do not know what you mean.

RICHARD: All right, that's enough. Rory, when are you heading back to Yale?

LORELAI: Oh yeah you should hit the road, huh?

RICHARD: Yeah, now remember, you owe me a full report on the T.A. That's taking over my spot. The whole semester should concentrate on microeconomics, so if this Culbertson fellow even mentions Ben Bernanke, give me a call.

RORY: I promise I will. But actually I was thinking maybe I'd hang out here with you guys a little longer and go back next week.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Don't be silly, Rory.

RICHARD: You're going back today.

RORY: I've only missed two days.

LORELAI: Two days? That's plenty.

RORY: But it's just the beginning of school. It doesn't matter. It's not a big deal.

LORELAI: It is a very big deal. Plus, we already decided.

RORY: Well yeah but haven't you ever decided something and then changed your mind?

[Lorelai and Rory hand back]

LORELAI: [Just to Rory] Honey, listen, everything is gonna be fine. Grandpa's doing great. There's no

reason for you to stay.

RORY: Well what if he needs something?

LORELAI: Grandma has got this place wired. She's already slipped the nurses something to keep the ice chips coming. Really, he's fine.

RORY: Okay well what about you?

LORELAI: What about me?

RORY: Well I don't want you to have to go home alone.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm fine.

RORY: Yeah but dad hasn't been home.

LORELAI: Well, he's with Gigi At his mom's.

RORY: Okay, but for how long?

LORELAI: I don't know, honey. He just said he needed some time.

RORY: How much time?

LORELAI: He didn't say. L-look, I've had my hands full here, so I really didn't want to get into it over the phone.

RORY: Well do you want me to call him and just see what's going on?

LORELAI: Absolutely not.

RORY: Well, what is his problem? I mean it was just a character reference.

LORELAI: Hey, don't worry about it. It's between me and your dad. And we're gonna work it out, okay?

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: "Okay" like you're gonna go back to school like our original deal?

RORY: I will go back to school. However, for future reference, the next time we have a conversation where I say, "maybe Friday," that does not mean that we have struck a deal.

LORELAI: See I remember you saying "absolutely, definitely, positively Friday."

RORY: Oh, so it's you know, your word against mine?

LORELAI: It's a classic case of she said, she said.

RORY: Hmm.

LORELAI: Hi, Mrs. Santiago.

RORY: Her boyfriend, really?

LORELAI: She's got a nice butt.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: What? It's the hospital gowns. Believe me. I wish I did not know that.

OPENING CREDITS

DRAGONFLY INN - INTERIOR

[Lorelai enters the front door]

MALE STAFF: You're back.

LORELAI: I'm back, thanks for the call.

CHRISTY: Hey, how's your dad?

LORELAI: Oh he's great, thanks. How was the Wilson wedding?

I can't believe she added

15 people at the last minute.

CHRISTY: I know right it took us an hour to get the extra rooms ready, but we sent welcome baskets up like you said, and everyone seemed fine.

LORELAI: Even the mother-in-law?

CHRISTY: She was awful.

LORELAI: She's a beast.

[Lorelai enters the kitchen]

LORELAI: Hey!

SOOKIE: There she is!

LORELAI: yeah.

SOOKIE: So?

LORELAI: Well, he made his nurse go get him a wall street journal this morning.

SOOKIE: That's good! That's a good sign!

LORELAI: Yeah, he's doing better. And hey thanks for the cookies. They were a big hit.

SOOKIE: Oh, good. [Giggles] With these cravings, all I feel like cooking is chili with cayenne pepper and extra onions, but I didn't think chili with cayenne peppers and extra onions, cookies would go over well with your parents.

LORELAI: Well tell them it's exotic and expensive, and they'll love it.

SOOKIE: The little one has a spicy palate, huh? Yeah, except for the cauliflower thing. He or she has

got a huge cauliflower thing.

LORELAI: Also not a good cookie. [Too Michel] Oh, hi.

MICHEL: Hello, Lorelai. Welcome back.

LORELAI: Thanks. What's with the dog?

SOOKIE: Yeah why is that here?

MICHEL: I assume you're talking about Paw-Paw.

SOOKIE: I'm talking about the furry thing that you know you're not supposed to bring to work due to the fact that many of our guests do not enjoy finding dog hairs in their Lobster bisque.

MICHEL: I had no choice but to bring him in today. Paw-Paw could not be left alone. His brother Chin-Chin passed away last night.

LORELAI: Michel, I'm so sorry.

MICHEL: Paw-Paw is beside himself.

SOOKIE: I'm really sorry, Michel.

MICHEL: You didn't even like him.

SOOKIE: Sure, I did. That little guy!

MICHEL: You called him a walking flea circus.

LORELAI: Yeah. Chin-Chin was a wonderful dog, Michel.

MICHEL: Thank you.

SOOKIE: Yeah, yeah. Remember at the labor day picnic, I dropped my sandwich, and I was like, "oh, great, now I've got to clean this all up." And Chin-Chin just came in and scooped it up, and saved me that trip.

MICHEL: That was Paw-Paw.

SOOKIE: What? No!

MICHEL: [getting angry] I was standing right there. That was Paw-Paw who ate your sandwich. Chin-Chin didn't even like barbecue.

SOOKIE: Oh, well, still.

MICHEL: [more angry] Still what?! Are your two stinky little children interchangeable?

SOOKIE: [now angry also] Hey! Excuse me!

LORELAI: What Sookie means to say and what I mean to say is we're very sorry for your loss.

MICHEL: Thank you, Lorelai. He was always such a sweet little dog. What a personality. So warm.

LORELAI: Warm. Yes. And, um, fuzzy and...

MICHEL: I just can't believe he's gone. It doesn't feel real. I miss him so much.

LORELAI: Well, you should have a memorial or something.

SOOKIE: Yeah, that's a good idea.

MICHEL: Oh. I suppose it is.

LORELAI: Yeah it'll give you and Paw-Paw a chance to say goodbye.

MICHEL: That might be nice. Could you do it by tomorrow?

LORELAI: Me? What?

MICHEL: If you're going to put together a memorial, it should be soon.

LORELAI: Uh...yeah, sure. Tomorrow would be fine.

MICHEL: All right, that sounds fine. Well, I guess I should get started on the guest list. There are so many people who will want to pay their respects. Paw-Paw, come on.

[Michel leaves, Lorelai and Sookie go to the front desk]

LORELAI: Any objections to holding a chow funeral, speak now, although it's already too late.

SOOKIE: Oh it's a nice idea, though. He was so upset.

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: I could have sworn the sandwich dog was Chin-Chin.

LORELAI: It was hard to tell the difference between them. They were both so...

SOOKIE: Aloof.

LORELAI: I was gonna say obnoxious.

SOOKIE: Well that too.

LORELAI: I think Chin-Chin was the one who was aloof, obnoxious, and a biter.

SOOKIE: That's right.

LORELAI: Yeah.

PARIS AND DOYLE'S APARTMENT

[Rory comes home, Paris still has the whiteboards everywhere.]

PARIS: Oh, good. You're back.

RORY: Yeah, I'm back.

PARIS: I went to the Sigma Chi party without you. I was going to wait, but I didn't know when you'd be back, so I decided to just go ahead and do it.

RORY: Well, that's fine, Paris.

PARIS: I know it's fine. It was on the schedule. What was I supposed to do, stop my life because you were gone?

RORY: Ah no, but I'm glad that you went. Um, that's great. How was it?

PARIS: Asinine. You didn't miss anything. Here, I wrote a summary. And here's your mail. I flagged your bills.

RORY: Oh, thanks, Paris.

PARIS: So, how are you?

RORY: Oh, I'm okay.

PARIS: And Richard?

RORY: Oh he's really good. They're gonna keep him for another night, then he should be able to go home.

PARIS: It was a myocardial infarction?

RORY: Yeah, a heart attack.

PARIS: Is he going on beta blockers?

RORY: I don't know.

PARIS: If he can tolerate them, he should. They reduce the risk of death following a heart attack by about 25%. Of course he'll have to implement a few lifestyle changes, but you tell him if Bill Clinton can give up cheese fries and pork grits, he can get by without his 5:00 martini.

RORY: I will pass that along.

PARIS: Good. Anyway, I'm glad he's okay.

RORY: Yeah, me too. That was scary.

PARIS: I'll bet. [pause] So, I downloaded your reading lists, and I went to the bookstore and hid copies of your books so you wouldn't get stuck buying used ones with some idiot's comments in the margins. And here, I made you a copy of the notes from our "history of feminism" seminar since you missed the first class.

RORY: Oh, thanks, Paris. What's with the blacked-out section?

PARIS: Well I'm happy to share the things the teacher said to the general public, but I'm not about to share my insights into the material.

RORY: Mmm.

PARIS: Don't give me that look. If there's one thing I learned in that lecture it's there's not room for many women at the top.

RORY: Gloria Steinem would be so proud.

PARIS: Whatever. The facts speak for themselves. Nadine Strossen is the head of the ACLU, not Nadine Strossen and her very best friend. Oh, we're supposed to choose a paper topic by Friday, but I'm sure you can swing an extension if you play the grandfather card.

RORY: I will have a topic picked. I don't need to play the grandfather card because my grandfather is fine.

PARIS: Okay. So, are you ready to trade?

RORY: Trade what?

PARIS: Résumés. It's on the schedule. We're supposed to trade résumés today and get back to each other by tomorrow morning with questions or comments.

RORY: I forgot. I've been at the hospital for two days.

PARIS: So much for not playing the grandfather card.

RORY: No, there's no card. I just mean that I haven't gotten around to it. I will get you my résumé by tomorrow.

PARIS: Fine. By "résumé" you mean "résumés," right?

RORY: How many do we need?

PARIS: I have 21 versions, each one tailored to a particular job in a particular field -- grad school, law school, med school, fellowships, jobs on newspapers, jobs on the business side of newspapers, jobs working for multimedia conglomerations, jobs working for quote unquote "the little guy," jobs in the public sector, I.E. Internships in Washington, for which there are three different versions based on whether or not I'm applying to work for a democrat, a republican, or a Joe Lieberman.

RORY: Wow. [Sees a box on the counter] When did this get here?

PARIS: Yesterday. Anyway, like I was saying it's important to tailor your résumés to your potential employers. You think Harvard law school is looking for the same skill set as NASA?

RORY: [Starts opening the box] Probably not. Funnily enough, neither Harvard law school nor NASA are on my list. So, I'll get you my résumés tonight. Oh, look, it's from Logan -- second-semester senior survival kit. There's a datebook and a stress ball, a magnetic poetry kit, bags and bags of coffee beans, something called an inspirational marble keepsake with the words "anything's possible" engraved on it. Don't worry. I'll keep it in my room.

PARIS: Oh! This is a beer funnel. I saw one at the party last night.

[Rory picks up the phone and using speed dial makes a call]

RORY: Logan, thank you.

[Logan's in a coffee shop in New York City]

LOGAN: You got the package?

RORY: Yeah, finally someone gave me an inspirational keepsake.

LOGAN: Are you inspired? Next year, baby, anything's possible.

RORY: Yeah, I know I hear you loud and clear and heavy.

LOGAN: Good, because the world is your oyster, to quote the other inspirational keepsake I was considering. How's it being back? How you doing you doing okay?

RORY: Yeah, I'm fine.

LOGAN: Because if you want me to come up tonight...

RORY: Oh no, I'll see you on Sunday.

LOGAN: Okay, but if you change your mind...

RORY: You'll be here. Logan, I cannot thank you enough. You've just been really great throughout this whole thing.

LOGAN: No way you don't get to thank me for that. It comes with the territory. Hey Rory, my 10:00 coffee just showed.

RORY: Go. I've got a 10:00 cereal waiting for me.

LOGAN: I'll call you later?

RORY: Sounds good.

LOGAN: I love you.

RORY: You, too. [ends the call]

PARIS: What's with the gooney look?

RORY: Hmm?

PARIS: Your face. It's right out of a harlequin romance.

RORY: He's just been so great. I mean he's really been there for me for the past couple days. I had to practically send him away from the hospital yesterday.

PARIS: I know. It's amazing. I never thought you guys were gonna last.

RORY: What?

PARIS: I'm just being honest. I mean Logan Huntzberger? Between the women and the drinking, that kid was on the Colin Farrell freeway about to pull over into the Robert Downey jr. Rest stop.

RORY: I get it, Paris.

PARIS: What I'm trying to say is, he's changed. You changed him. It's amazing. I'm rarely this wrong.

RORY: Well, thanks.

PARIS: Don't get me wrong. Doyle was quite the ladies' man, as well. Now, he's down for the count. The other night, he wanted to play "let's think up baby names" in bed.

RORY: Really?

PARIS: Yeah. I mean, let's face it. We took two wild stallions, and we broke them.

RORY: I don't think I really "broke" Logan.

PARIS: Oh, you broke him. You broke him hard. You can open the gate, and he's not going to bolt. You can kick him with a spur, and he's not going to spook. You own him.

RORY: Paris, stop. That's ridiculous. I think I'm gonna go work on my résumés.

PARIS: Hey, let's make them go out and get tattoos. It'll be like we branded them.

DRAGONFLY INN - FRONT DESK

[Lorelai is helping some customers. Michel is waiting off to the side.]

MR. CANNOLD: It says here "12% sales tax." And that is?

LORELAI: The percentage of sales tax Connecticut mandates. I know. It's outrageous.

MRS. CANNOLD: Harold, I've already paid the bill.

MR. CANNOLD: And this is the room rate.

LORELAI: Times three nights. Yep.

MR. CANNOLD: Okay, and what is this charge for, exactly, under room service?

LORELAI: That's...for the room service that you ordered. Would you like to see an itemized copy?

MRS. CANNOLD: No.

MR. CANNOLD: Yes.

MRS. CANNOLD: That's it. I'm leaving. Thank you for your patience.

LORELAI: No problem.

MRS. CANNOLD: Are you coming?

MR. CANNOLD: Yeah.

LORELAI: Thank you. Bye.

MICHEL: So, are you ready to talk?

LORELAI: Oh, sure.

MICHEL: Let's go to the library.

LORELAI: Okay.

DRAGONFLY INN - LIBRARY

[Sookie is waiting]

MICHEL: Please sit down. [They all sit down, Michel has a large folder.] Okay, I'm ready to hear your ideas for the funeral.

[Lorelai and Sookie clearly have nothing ready]

LORELAI: Okay. Um...gosh, our ideas. Well, we've got so many ideas.

SOOKIE: So, so many. Why don't you start with, uh, the ideas?

LORELAI: Okay. Um, well, first of all, we thought we'd put him in a box.

MICHEL: A box?

LORELAI: A bag?

MICHEL: A bag?

LORELAI: Sorry animal disposal is not my area of expertise.

MICHEL: Chin-Chin has been cremated at the animal hospital. After the memorial, his ashes will be scattered under the poplar tree behind my house where he so often went to think.

LORELAI: Oh, okay. Cool.

SOOKIE: A tree. That's nice.

MICHEL: Why don't you just talk me through the particulars of the event?

LORELAI: Right. Okay. Um, well, we, uh, thought we would have it here.

MICHEL: That sounds good.

LORELAI: Okay. During lunch.

MICHEL: During lunch?

LORELAI: Or before lunch.

SOOKIE: Or after lunch.

LORELAI: Either way. Before or after lunch it doesn't matter.

MICHEL: Why must it relate to lunch at all?

LORELAI: No it doesn't have to. We were just using lunch as a measure of time.

SOOKIE: A way to break up the day.

LORELAI: Yes totally arbitrary.

MICHEL: I was thinking twilight might be nice.

LORELAI: Great. Well, then 5:00 it is. That's a wonderful... idea. Sookie, what else was on our list? Do you have yours with you?

SOOKIE: No I don't. Sorry. I left mine with yours, so...

MICHEL: The flowers.

LORELAI: Oh!

SOOKIE: Oh that was the first thing on our list.

LORELAI: There will definitely be flowers.

MICHEL: I was thinking Gerber Daisies would be nice, maybe in red, yellows, oranges to complement his fur.

LORELAI: Done and done.

MICHEL: Can I trust you to liaise with the florist?

LORELAI: I'll liaise with the florist.

MICHEL: Let's discuss the programs.

LORELAI: The programs.

SOOKIE: You want programs?

MICHEL: Do you think when the Princess of Wales was interred at Althorp the Spencer family was asked whether or not they wanted programs?

LORELAI: Probably not.

MICHEL: I assume there are no stationery selections for me to choose from yet.

LORELAI: Not yet.

MICHEL: You know what who cares? Why don't we just use fax paper? And hey why not print them out on the computer? After all, it's just a dog.

LORELAI: Hey, Michel, don't worry about the programs, okay? We'll make up something really nice for you.

MICHEL: Fine. Here's the picture I'd like to use for the cover.

LORELAI: Aw, well, isn't that cute?

SOOKIE: [Chuckling] Oh, yeah. Cute.

MICHEL: Shall we go over the menus?

LORELAI: Ah, the menus. Well, Sookie, take it away.

[Lorelai gets up to leave but Sookie stops her]

SOOKIE: Oh! Hey. Stay. I'd love your input.

LORELAI: You've always let me know that when it comes to food, you're the boss. Well, you're the boss.

[Lorelai breaks free and leaves in a rush]

DRAGONFLY INN - DINNING ROOM

[Lorelai leaves the library]

CHRISTOPHER: Hi.

LORELAI: Hi.

CHRISTOPHER: I guess we should talk.

LORELAI: I guess we should.

MICHEL: [Heard from the library] Crudités?

LORELAI: Not here. Come on.

MICHEL: [Heard from the library] If your child died, would you serve crudités?

SOOKIE: Hey, can my children not be your go-to?!

DRAGONFLY INN - ROOM 4

[Chris and Lorelai enter]

LORELAI: Okay, go. Talk.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, obviously we have some issues.

LORELAI: Issues? What issues? We got in a fight and you took off.

CHRISTOPHER: I was mad.

LORELAI: Oh you were mad. Then never mind. You should have left.

CHRISTOPHER: Don't be sarcastic.

LORELAI: Don't tell me what to do, not when I wake up after we have a fight and you've disappeared.

CHRISTOPHER: I needed some space.

LORELAI: Oh, you needed space? We're married. You need space, you walk around the block, you go get a beer. You don't take off. My father was in the hospital. You weren't there.

CHRISTOPHER: I turned my phone off after the fight. I was upset. I came as soon as I heard.

LORELAI: You came and then you stayed for an hour and then you left again.

CHRISTOPHER: Well I didn't feel like staying much when I saw who else was there.

LORELAI: I didn't ask Luke to come.

CHRISTOPHER: Well you didn't ask him to leave, either.

LORELAI: No, I didn't. He's my friend. He brought food. You weren't there!

CHRISTOPHER: I was there. I saw your dad. I checked in.

LORELAI: "Checked in." I'm not the 6:40 to buffalo.

CHRISTOPHER: Look I'm sorry. I'm sick of seeing that guy.

LORELAI: Well how do you think I feel? I mean for two days I'm in that hospital 18 hours a day. I didn't even know if you were coming back.

CHRISTOPHER: I needed time.

LORELAI: I needed you.

CHRISTOPHER: Lor.

LORELAI: You know what the worst part of it was? When you weren't there, part of me wasn't surprised.

CHRISTOPHER: That's not fair.

LORELAI: I can't do this now. I have a million things to get done. I just -- I can't.

CHRISTOPHER: So, when?

LORELAI: I don't know. Later.

[Lorelai leaves Chris standing there alone.]

DRAGONFLY INN - FRONT DESK

[Lorelai is on the phone and computers when her cell phone rings]

LORELAI: Okay uh, well, then, you're all set for the 16th. [answers the cell phone] Hang on.

RORY: [At Yale] Hanging.

LORELAI: Yes, sir. Well, that's wonderful. We're looking forward to it. Thank you. Okay, bye. [hangs up phone and continues with Rory] Hi, hon.

RORY: Quick, get me into a microeconomic mood.

LORELAI: Uh, okay. Uh supply and demand, profit margin, pork bellies.

RORY: You had me till pork bellies.

LORELAI: You're going to grandpa's class sans grandpa?

RORY: Yes, and I'm kind of dreading it. I mean I only signed up for this class because grandpa was teaching it. I'm not naturally econ crazy.

LORELAI: Is anyone really econ crazy?

RORY: Oh, yeah. First thing I learned last semester, people find the gross national product endlessly fascinating.

LORELAI: Weird.

RORY: Blew my mind. So, how's your re-immersion going?

LORELAI: Pretty good, loving the non-fluorescent lighting, although I kinda miss eating my meals out of a vending machine. How are you doing?

RORY: Not bad. Logan got me a marble plaque, and Paris hid books. It was sweet.

LORELAI: All right, must be a generational thing.

RORY: Must be, oh, any word from dad? [Too a vendor] Latte, please.

LORELAI: Um...yes, actually. He just came by the inn.

RORY: He did?

LORELAI: A couple hours ago.

RORY: What did he say?

LORELAI: Oh, you know, he said he's been needing some space.

RORY: That's ridiculous. He hasn't been home in two days.

LORELAI: Well he was upset about the letter, then he saw Luke at the hospital, you know?

RORY: Well so what if he saw Luke at the hospital? He should have been there for you.

LORELAI: He was. He came.

RORY: Yeah, but then he left.

LORELAI: Honey, look, don't be mad at your dad, okay? It's a complicated situation.

RORY: Mom, stop it. I'm not Switzerland.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: I'm on your side.

LORELAI: I don't want you to take sides.

RORY: Look, I'm not a kid anymore, okay? I get to have an opinion, and I get to pick a side. And I'm on your side, like it or not.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: And it's not just because you're right and he's wrong. I'm on your side, no matter what.

LORELAI: No matter what? I mean, even if I cut off all your hair while you were sleeping, would you still be on my side then?

RORY: Yep.

LORELAI: What if I signed you up for a camping trip and made you go?

RORY: Even then.

LORELAI: What if I put a secret clause on your birth certificate that says when you turn 23, your name changes to Hildegarde?

RORY: There's no such thing as a birth-certificate clause.

LORELAI: I had a really good lawyer.

RORY: Even then.

LORELAI: Oh, good to know.

RORY: So, talk to me. How are you feeling?

LORELAI: Oh, good. Fine. Medium. You know, rare -- medium rare. Rare. More like sashimi.

RORY: Yeah?

LORELAI: It's scary, you know? Your dad, um... tends to... avoid conflict when things get complicated.

RORY: Did you tell him that? You should tell him that.

LORELAI: I did. I mean, I tried. I was mad. I told him we'd talk later.

RORY: Well, you can call me after you talk to him. I mean I'm sure you guys will work everything out, but you can call me if you need anything.

LORELAI: Yeah. I got you on speed dial.

RORY: Really you programmed your speed dial?

LORELAI: No. It's metaphorically speaking. I can dial really fast, though.

RORY: Got you. I'm gonna run into class.

LORELAI: Okay, hon. Sounds good.

RORY: Okay, peace out, yo.

LORELAI: Bye, Hilde.

YALE - CLASSROOM

[Busy with students getting ready for class]

MALE STUDENT: Hey, Rory.

RORY: Hey.

MALE STUDENT: Good to see you.

TUCKER: Rory Gilmore? Heard your name. Just want to introduce myself. Tucker Culbertson, filling in for your grandfather until he's well enough to come back.

[Rory is flustered]

RORY: Oh. Well, hello, Professor Culbertson.

TUCKER: Thanks for the promotion. I'm not a professor yet. I'm just a T.A.

RORY: Oh. Uh, sorry -- not that you're a T.A., Just that I called you -- um, I'm Rory.

TUCKER: I know.

RORY: Right. [Chuckles]

TUCKER: So, how's he doing?

RORY: Great. Thanks.

TUCKER: I'm glad. I heard he's a terrific lecturer.

RORY: Oh, yeah, the best -- well, in my entirely biased opinion.

TUCKER: I'm with you. I can't believe this is his first year of teaching. He really put together a great syllabus. I'm looking forward to getting into it.

RORY: Me too.

TUCKER: Well, it's nice to meet you, Rory.

RORY: Yeah, well, good luck. Oh, I mean, not that you need it or anything. Okay, bye.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[Chris is watching basketball on the new TV as Lorelai comes home.]

ANNOUNCER ON TV: Kentucky's being overconfident against this Alabama team. This is a team that is second in the history of the SCC in wins.

LORELAI: Hey.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey.

LORELAI: Sorry I'm late. It was busy at work.

CHRISTOPHER: That's okay. I hope you don't mind. I saw you were using three of them, so I thought I'd program your universal remote.

LORELAI: Thanks. Want some coffee?

CHRISTOPHER: No, I'm okay... unless you want some. [Turns off the TV]

LORELAI: No, I'm okay.

CHRISTOPHER: So, uh...

LORELAI: So, uh...

CHRISTOPHER: I've been thinking about things, and you're right. I shouldn't have taken off.

LORELAI: No, you shouldn't have. But you got to understand, Lor, that letter --

LORELAI: ugh. "Character reference."

CHRISTOPHER: Whatever.

LORELAI: No, not whatever. There's a big difference between a letter and a character reference. I had to write that stuff for Luke for a judge so he could get custody of his kid.

CHRISTOPHER: Don't do that.

LORELAI: What?

CHRISTOPHER: Make me think this is all in my head.

LORELAI: It is!

CHRISTOPHER: It's not! I see the way you look at him.

LORELAI: Stop. I chose you. I married you.

CHRISTOPHER: It's not that simple.

LORELAI: What else is there?

CHRISTOPHER: Stuff! There's other stuff.

LORELAI: Like what?

CHRISTOPHER: I got into a fight with the guy, Lor.

LORELAI: What?

CHRISTOPHER: About a month ago at the gazebo, I just walked up to him. We started whaling on each other.

LORELAI: Why wouldn't you tell me that?

CHRISTOPHER: Well it's not something I'm exactly proud of. I mean this is what it's come to -- I'm fighting the guy in the street.

LORELAI: I don't, Isn't that the kind of thing you would tell a person? I mean, I could help. I could have been more sensitive.

CHRISTOPHER: It's not just about the fight, Lor. I should have given you more time. You asked me to. I said I would. I didn't.

LORELAI: No, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER: You were vulnerable, and I pushed you. And I think it's because we always had this timing issue. You know we were too young, and then Sherry got pregnant. You were with him and -- I don't know. I saw this opportunity, and I thought, "now, we should do this now while we have the chance, while you're free and clear." But you weren't. You're not.

LORELAI: Yes, I am!

CHRISTOPHER: You were engaged to him, Lor. You needed time to -- to disengage.

LORELAI: Stop. That's not what this is. We're together now. Maybe we did rush into it, but we can, we can work this out.

CHRISTOPHER: I don't think we can.

LORELAI: What does that mean? You're giving up?

CHRISTOPHER: I don't know what else to do.

LORELAI: There's lots else to do. We can work on this.

CHRISTOPHER: Work on what, work on you thinking that I'm the man you want to spend the rest of your life with? I've been asking you to marry me for 20 years. We're finally married. I still feel like I'm asking you.

LORELAI: That's terrible. I'm sorry if you feel that way, if I made you feel that way. That's not how I feel. I'm in this.

CHRISTOPHER: I want to believe that.

LORELAI: You should. It's true.

CHRISTOPHER: Look, I should probably get back to my mom's. Gigi's been there all day, so.

LORELAI: Yeah, you should be with her. How is she?

CHRISTOPHER: She's fine. She's good.

LORELAI: So, we'll talk more tomorrow?

CHRISTOPHER: Okay. Yeah.

DRAGONFLY INN

[staring in the dinning room but moving to the front desk, Michel is upset and gets mad as the scene goes on.]

MICHEL: Lorelai, I specifically sent out a memo asking that all pillows featuring cats be removed from this library.

LORELAI: What?

MICHEL: The cat pillows -- they're still there!

LORELAI: Oh yeah I'll take care of it, I promise.

MICHEL: And you have to talk to Sookie.

LORELAI: What about?

MICHEL: I asked her about the final menu. She said she didn't have it yet. I said, "when can I expect it?" She said she wasn't sure. I said, "might I ask what you are planning?" And she said -- and I quote

-- "let's see what's left over at the end of the day, and I'll whip up something delicious." Leftovers! Why even bother?

LORELAI: Oh Michel.

MICHEL: Is it too much to ask that the passing of my beloved dog be marked by food that has been prepared specifically with that occasion in mind?

LORELAI: I'm sure the food will be wonderful.

MICHEL: Well have you called about the flowers?

LORELAI: Ah I was just about to.

MICHEL: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Grayson's only needs a 2-hour heads up.

MICHEL: Well at least do you have a program for me to approve?

LORELAI: Uh, not yet, but I will.

MICHEL: The funeral is tonight.

LORELAI: I'm aware of that.

MICHEL: Then why has nothing been done?

LORELAI: Plenty has been done.

MICHEL: No! Nothing has been done. You are putting no effort into...

LORELAI: Michel, back off. I happen to have a few other things on my mind right now, so forgive me if I haven't put all of my energy into focusing on your dog funeral.

MICHEL: [still upset] I apologize that my loss has come at an inopportune time for you. I will try to schedule the next death when it is more convenient.

YALE - BOOK SHOP

PARIS: Let's see -- "Gender Trouble," Judith Butler. It should be here.

RORY: Are you sure this is where you hid it?

PARIS: Of course. I had an aunt Judy who loved to travel, hence the travel section. Then I used my standard covert alphabetizing system using the third letter of the author's last name, "T", followed by the third letter of the author's first name, "D." So it should be right here, after Tabin but before Thoreau. I don't understand why it's not here.

RORY: Okay I'm gonna go check the women's studies section again, see if I can find a used copy, just in case. Wait a minute. This whole shelf is a mess. Why is Congwen Shen before Tony Griffiths? [To a sales person near by] Excuse me. You. Come over here and explain yourself.

[Rory is looking for the book]

TUCKER: Rory.

RORY: Oh. Hey.

TUCKER: How you doing?

RORY: Good, thanks.

TUCKER: I'm glad. Ah I wanted to thank you. Seems you gave me a pretty good evaluation.

RORY: What?

TUCKER: I got a call from your grandfather. I think he was talking about class, unless you happened to see the econ grad students take out the comp. Lit grad students in ultimate Frisbee.

RORY: Oh, right. I'm sorry. I'm a little all over the place. New semester, you know.

TUCKER: Well I just wanted to thank you. It's always nice to get good feedback.

RORY: No problem.

TUCKER: See you around.

RORY: Okay. [short pause as Rory watches Tucker walk away.] That -- that's a good book.

TUCKER: Which one?

RORY: Um, "Eva Luna." Everyone loves "House of the Spirits," but I just think "Eva Luna" is Allende's best work.

TUCKER: Cool, I'm looking forward to reading it.

RORY: Yeah, me too. Oh, for you to read it. I'll see you around.

TUCKER: Bye, Rory.

[Paris comes rushing up]

PARIS: Where were you? The women's studies section is over there.

RORY: Um, yeah, I was on my way.

PARIS: The book's gone. Apparently they redid the travel section and alphabetized it according to destination instead of author. I ripped the salesman a new one, but it was too late. Hey. What's wrong with you?

RORY: What?

PARIS: You're all red and blotchy.

RORY: Oh, am I? It's probably just 'cause I'm a bit warm in here. So you found it?

PARIS: No. Weren't you listening? Here. It's used, but luckily, the previous owner was a dimwit slacker who only made it through chapter one.

RORY: Oh, great. That's good.

DRAGONFLY INN - DINNING ROOM

[People are moving things around]

KIRK: Flower delivery.

LORELAI: Oh. Kirk? Oh, I didn't know you worked for Grayson's.

KIRK: Oh, no, I don't work there. I'm volunteering.

LORELAI: How...noble.

KIRK: Yeah, I just thought it was time to give something back. Here's your bill. It's a little high because we had to do a little airbrushing. Small blemish on the nose. Probably wasn't visible to the naked eye, but when we blew the picture up -- wow.

LORELAI: Sounds great. I got a bunch of stuff to take care of. Bring the rest of the flowers in?

KIRK: Sure thing. [Clears throat] I don't want to embarrass you, but it is customary to tip the deliveryman.

LORELAI: I thought you were volunteering.

KIRK: Not for you.

LORELAI: Ask Rob at the front desk. He's got the petty cash. Ooo Hey, Christy, will we see you tonight at the memorial?

CHRISTY: Actually, I don't think...

LORELAI: Let me rephrase that. We'll see you tonight at the memorial. Attendance is mandatory. Thanks.

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

LORELAI: How's the food coming?

SOOKIE: Hey! I've got a Walnut Arugula Gorgonzola Crostini, a little Caraway Cornbread with apricots, bacon, and a little Jalapeno jam, Beef Tenderloin Chiffonade in little Focaccia rounds, and -- oh! -- Sweet potato biscuits with pork Tenderloin and a little Apple Chutney.

LORELAI: Wow.

SOOKIE: Yeah some of my finest work all wasted on a dog funeral and a petty little man.

LORELAI: Well, he said some things he didn't mean.

SOOKIE: You don't go after someone's children.

LORELAI: He's going through a very rough time, and he really will appreciate all of this.

SOOKIE: I know. I made him some fat-free brownies, too.

LORELAI: Aw.

SOOKIE: I know. I'm a softy.

LORELAI: And the whole kitchen staff's gonna be there, right?

SOOKIE: Those who value their jobs will be. I pulled out my "don't mess with me" face, which I use on the kids all the time. I'll be damned if they don't hop to and brush those teeth.

LORELAI: Good, I want a full house, and if they have minty-fresh breath, that's just a plus.

SOOKIE: They'll be there -- not that Michel will say thank you or modify his behavior in any way to show that he's grateful. But just so you know, you're doing a really nice thing.

LORELAI: Well, thanks. I feel bad about snapping at him.

SOOKIE: You have a lot on your mind. Want a brownie?

LORELAI: Mm, no, thanks. Um, so, I talked to Christopher.

SOOKIE: Wait. [To the kitchen staff] Get out. You're doing a great job, though!

LORELAI: Thanks.

SOOKIE: Keep it up.

LORELAI: Sorry.

SOOKIE: Go.

LORELAI: I talked to Christopher. I was really mad.

SOOKIE: But you were able to work it out.

LORELAI: Well we're working on working it out. He thinks that I don't want to be in it, he thinks that I don't even want to be in this marriage.

SOOKIE: But you do, right?

LORELAI: Of course I do.

SOOKIE: Yeah that's what I thought.

LORELAI: It's this Luke thing. Christopher's jealousy is blinding him, and I've been racking my brain to think of a way to convince him that I want to be in this marriage. And I think the only way is if I cut Luke out of my life entirely.

SOOKIE: No Luke at all.

LORELAI: No, I mean, it wouldn't be that big a difference. It's not like I see him a lot as it is.

SOOKIE: Well, that's true, although just because you don't see him a lot doesn't mean he's not a big part of your life. You know eight months ago, you were engaged to the guy.

LORELAI: I know. I try not to dwell on that because I've moved on. I-I married Christopher.

SOOKIE: Ah it's just that it's Luke. You guys were together a long time.

LORELAI: I know.

SOOKIE: You were friends for years even before you were together. And then, when you were together, you were really together.

LORELAI: Yes. We were.

SOOKIE: So all I'm saying is that you broke up with Luke and immediately started dating Christopher. And I know you're over it, and I know you've moved on, but all those feelings for Luke didn't just disappear overnight, right?

LORELAI: No that's what I'm saying. Of course they didn't.

SOOKIE: It's just, you moved really quickly.

LORELAI: Yes, I moved quickly to a man I love who loves me, who wanted to marry me. When Luke and I were together, he was kind and loyal and thoughtful. The guy built me an ice-skating rink, for god's sake.

SOOKIE: God, I forgot about that.

LORELAI: But he was also distant and uncommunicative, and he didn't want to marry me. And I tried everything I could to work it out. Of course I have feelings for him. That's what Christopher's responding to, and that's why, in order to save my marriage, the only thing I can do is cut Luke out, right?

SOOKIE: Right.

LORELAI: [Sighs]

SOOKIE: I'm sorry, it's just, I have a but.

LORELAI: Yes?

SOOKIE: If there were no Luke, I mean no Luke in the past, no Luke in the picture...

LORELAI: Yeah?

SOOKIE: Well, would it be Christopher? Would he be "the one"?

[Lorelai doesn't answer]

SOPHIE'S MUSIC SHOP

[Michel and Lorelai enter]

MICHEL: I don't even know why we are bothering to select music. Why not just turn on the radio and hope for the best? Maybe we'll get lucky and a hip-hop station will be playing Snoop Doggy Dogg.

LORELAI: Michel, come on. I said I'm sorry. We're gonna have a beautiful ceremony. Look, here's Zach. Hi, Zach.

ZACH: Hey. Lorelai. Hello, Michel. I'm very sorry to hear about your loss. It totally blows.

MICHEL: Thank you.

LORELAI: So, Zach's gonna do the music for the ceremony.

ZACH: I'm psyched, dude. At first I was thinking Mandolin, but then I'm like, "whoa, Zach, are you tripping? It's got to be the acoustic guitar." A way more soulful sound.

LORELAI: Um have you thought about the music?

ZACH: Yeah, I did -- vintage Bowie, originally recorded with Herbie Flowers on bass, Aynsley Dunbar on drums. You know where I'm going? "Diamond dogs"? [sings] Whoo-hoo-hoo! They call them the diamond dogs bow-wow, woof woof, whoo-hoo!

LORELAI: That sounds great. Um we didn't need a song that necessarily had dogs in the lyrics, right, Michel?

MICHEL: Whatever. David bowie sounds like a hoot.

LORELAI: More princess Diana, less dog.

ZACH: So you want Elton John?

LORELAI: We were thinking very dignified -- Bach, Mozart.

MICHEL: Céline Dion.

LORELAI: Or Céline Dion.

ZACH: [very serious] Please don't make me do that.

MICHEL: After all, "my heart will go on" was Chin-Chin's favorite song.

LORELAI: Oh, well, then, there you go, huh? We'll just find, uh, [looks through sheet music] "My Heart." "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," "My Heart Belongs to Me," "My Heart Belongs to You." My heart can't make up its mind.

ZACH: How about "Tears in Heaven"? That's a wicked song.

LORELAI: Well, "My Heart is Crying for You," "My Heart is Waiting," "My Heart Stood Still." People very interested in this whole heart thing.

ZACH: "I will always love you" -- it's got the cheese factor, but it's still at least a legitimate...

LORELAI: "My Heart Will Go On."

MICHEL: Oh, good! They have it!

LORELAI: So you get working on that, and, uh, we'll be moving on.

SOPHIE'S MUSIC SHOP - EXTERIOR

[Michel and Lorelai exit]

LORELAI: Okay, so, we're all set with the music, and the rest of the flowers should be delivered in about an hour. You got your suit from the cleaners. All we have to do now is stop by the printer's and approve the layout for the program.

MICHEL: Actually, as long as we're here, I think I'm gonna stop into Luke's.

LORELAI: Really? Why?

MICHEL: Do you remember last year when that troupe of Mimes took over the inn?

LORELAI: Yeah.

MICHEL: It was a very stressful time for me, guessing at what they wanted, watching to see what they were pointing at so I knew what to fetch them. When they finally left, I needed a bit of comfort, so I stopped at Luke's and I bought a hamburger.

LORELAI: [Gasps] You didn't.

MICHEL: I know. It was a moment of insanity. Thank god by the time I got home, I had already calculated that it would take me 55 minutes of medium-intensity interval training on my elliptical machine to work it off. Thought better of the whole thing and dumped the foul thing in the trash.

LORELAI: Well close call.

MICHEL: Yeah, extremely. Unfortunately, Chin-Chin, being the little rascal that he was, fished it out of the garbage.

LORELAI: Aw.

MICHEL: After all the exotic dog food I lavished on him -- homemade biscuits, fresh-ground lamb -- it was this burger that he seemed to enjoy the most. And today, I will eat one in his memory.

LORELAI: Well, what a sacrifice. Uh, go on in. You get your burger. I'll get started at the printer's.

MICHEL: Sounds good. Wish me luck.

LORELAI: Good luck.

[Lorelai stands there a few seconds and sees Luke at the counter, he sees her and wave. She waves back before turning to leave]

PARIS AND DOYLE'S APARTMENT

[Hallway outside, Rory comes home to see Logan waiting]

RORY: What are you doing here?!

[They hug]

LOGAN: Aw, I couldn't wait till Sunday.

RORY: Oh!

LOGAN: What's that look?

RORY: Oh, Paris calls it my harlequin romance face. Come on in!

LOGAN: Where is the infamous Miss Geller?

RORY: [looking at the chart] Now? Let's see. This afternoon, she is belly dancing with the Yale Belly Dance Society at the Payne Whitney gym.

LOGAN: Wow, how'd you get out of it?

RORY: I'm supposed to be at a wrestling match. We're supposed to trade notes later.

LOGAN: Use the term "half nelson."

RORY: I'll use the term "whole nelson." I'm not afraid.

LOGAN: Yeah, don't do that.

[They kiss]

RORY: Logan, um, I have to talk to you.

LOGAN: Sure, what's going on?

RORY: Well, uh, maybe let's sit. Yeah, come on. Sit down.

LOGAN: Okay.

RORY: Okay. Um... this is hard for me to bring up, but, um, because of the whole thing that happened with Marty. I just wanted to tell you about it now so that you don't think this is a big deal. Or, actually, maybe it is a big deal. I don't know that's why I want to talk to you about it.

LOGAN: What's going on?

RORY: Well, maybe it's just human nature. I mean, maybe we don't want to be happy.

LOGAN: You're not happy?

RORY: No, that's not what I'm saying. I'm so happy.

LOGAN: Okay, good, so what's the problem?

RORY: Um, I don't know. See I never thought of myself as a self-destructive person before, but I don't know -- maybe I do have this weird self-sabotaging streak.

LOGAN: What are you talking about?

RORY: Well, the grad student who's filling in for my grandfather -- I guess he's kind of good-looking. And I ran into him at the bookstore, and I told him I liked Isabel Allende, and it was disgusting!

LOGAN: You told him you like Isabel Allende?

RORY: But it was the way I said it. I was all nervous and weird. I mean I Googled him after class. I don't know even know why. I just, you're being so perfect, and I'm turning into this monster.

LOGAN: You're not a monster.

RORY: No, I am. I am. I just I think I got so safe and felt so good with you that I let my guard down, and this beast emerged.

LOGAN: Hey, make up your mind. Are you a beast or a monster?

RORY: Logan.

LOGAN: What it sounds like what you telling we you have a crush on this guy.

RORY: I'm so sorry. What why are you looking at me like that?

LOGAN: It's just a crush.

RORY: You're not upset?

LOGAN: I'd be a hypocrite, because I have on occasion found other girls attractive.

RORY: Yes, I know.

LOGAN: But I would never do anything about it because I love you and want to be with you.

RORY: That's good, I guess.

LOGAN: You guess.

RORY: No, it is good. It's just, did I break you?

LOGAN: What?

RORY: Paris said that I broke you, that if I kicked you with my spurs, you wouldn't spook. Is that true?

LOGAN: No, I'd definitely be a little spooked.

RORY: You know what I mean.

LOGAN: I honestly don't.

RORY: I guess she meant that you belong to me or something.

LOGAN: Well, do you belong to me?

RORY: Yeah, I guess I do.

LOGAN: Well, then I'm cool with that.

RORY: You are?

LOGAN: Yeah. This whole thing is my fault.

RORY: What? Why?

LOGAN: I was a jerk about Marty. I overreacted, and I obviously freaked you out so much I made you think you have to tell me when you recommend a book to a guy, and you don't, okay.

RORY: Yeah, okay.

LOGAN: Because I trust you completely, and I'm not worried about us.

RORY: Yeah, I guess I'm not either. It's weird.

LOGAN: But good weird?

RORY: Great weird.

[They kiss]

LOGAN: Can I ask you a question?

RORY: Yeah. Anything.

LOGAN: Has Paris ever belly danced before?

RORY: No, I think this is her first class.

LOGAN: Another question?

RORY: sh**t.

LOGAN: Why the hell aren't we over there watching her?

RORY: Yeah, we should.

LOGAN: [Chuckles]

DRAGONFLY INN - FUNERAL

[Most people are seated, Lane and Kirk are amount the mourners, Zach is playing "My heart will go on" on his acoustic guitar. Lorelai is standing in the door way, she is in deep thought.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[Night, Chris is waiting, Lorelai comes home]

LORELAI: Hi.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey.

LORELAI: [Sighs]

CHRISTOPHER: How was the funeral?

LORELAI: Sad.

[They both sit on the couch]

LORELAI: [Sniffles] It's not just Luke.

CHRISTOPHER: Lor...

LORELAI: I mean, you were right. There are feelings there, because... when that ended, I just jumped.

CHRISTOPHER: I pushed you.

LORELAI: I jumped. But if that's all there was -- if that's all it was, we could fix it, you know... with time.

CHRISTOPHER: But it's not.

LORELAI: You've always been this...possibility for me... ...this wonderful possibility. But it's just not right. And I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

CHRISTOPHER: [Nods] Yeah. [pause] I guess I should have known, huh? It took me 20 years to get you to say yes.

LORELAI: [Voice breaking] I need you to know... that you're the man... I want to want.

CHRISTOPHER: I know.

LORELAI: [Sniffles and starting to cry] You have no idea... how badly I wish...

CHRISTOPHER: I do. [pause] I do know.

LORELAI: [Sniffles]

[Chris squeezes Lorelai's hand]

CHRISTOPHER: I do.