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05x13 - Wedding Bell Blues

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05x13 - Wedding Bell Blues

by **bunniefuu**

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[Episode opens with scenes from previous episodes.]

LUKE'S DINER

[Luke is on the phone.]

LUKE: Uh-huh. Uh-huh. You don't? Well, when are you going to get it in? Fine. Two boxes of annular thread silicon pronged boat pads. [Lorelai enters.] A band saw. A wood rack, and a jack plane. Yeah, I'll hold.

[Lorelai waves. Luke grunts.]

LORELAİ: Eh? Apparently now we've been married for forty years?

LUKE: Sorry. This stupid boat supply place does everything but actually supply anything.

LORELAİ: Oh, catalogues. I love catalogues.

LUKE: It's boating parts. Yes, yes, I'm here! [Pause.] None of them. Man, you must have a lot of room in that place of yours. Yeah, sure. Backorder it. What the hell.

LORELAİ: Oh! Look at these boots!

LUKE: Let's try twenty C-clamps, five inches or larger. A box of quarter inch teak buns, marine caulk.

LORELAİ: And the boots. Get the boots.

LUKE: Yeah, go check. I'll hold. [To Lorelai] What are you babbling about?

LORELAİ: I want these boots.

LUKE: Those are work boots.

LORELAİ: They're yellow and cute. I'll look like the Morton's Salt girl.

LUKE: How the hell did you find something to buy in my boat supply catalogue?

LORELAİ: Size nine, please?

LUKE: Yes, I'm here. None of them? Well, at least you're consistent. Okay, backorder all of them. Yes, the C-clamps, the teak buns, the marine caulk - [rolls his eyes at Lorelai, who is kissing the boots in the catalogue.] - and one pair of fisherman's boots, size nine. [Lorelai raises a fist in victory.] Of course, those you have. Okay. Send them right along. Uh-huh. [He hangs up the phone.] They'll be here Tuesday.

LORELAI: Aw, you didn't have to do that.

LUKE: Hey, is it okay if I come over tonight and work on the boat a little?

LORELAI: With what? Sheer masculinity and some imaginary sandpaper?

LUKE: I have plenty to do until the backorder stuff gets here.

LORELAI: All right. I thought you were going to spend the evening trying to figure out how to fling yourself down the stairs just hard enough that you won't have to go to my parents' thing tomorrow, but not so hard that you actually die.

LUKE: No, I thought instead that I'd try to find a wild boar to maul me just enough that I'll need medical attention so I won't be able to go to your parents' thing tomorrow, but after some stitches and a transfusion, I'll still be able to make you coffee.

LORELAI: Oh, much better plan.

LUKE: I've started to run the rigging. I just wanted to get a little further on it.

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah, that's fine. Rory's spending the night. We're having a Cop Rock marathon.

LUKE: Okay. Here's your donuts.

LORELAI: Thank you.

LUKE: And your coffee.

LORELAI: Thank you.

LUKE: And my final plea to not make me go to this thing tomorrow.

LORELAI: [Pause.] You do not have to go.

LUKE: Fine. I'll go.

LORELAI: I love it when I break you with just the sheer anticipation of a wear-down!

LUKE: Hold on, did you say Cop Rock marathon?

LORELAI: Yeah, I got 'em all on tape. [Pause.] Trying to figure out what you see in me?

LUKE: Yep.

LORELAI: Wait'll you see me in the boots.

[She exits.]

OPENING CREDITS

LORELAI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

[Rory and Lorelai are preparing a feast of frozen waffles, pop tarts and similar food. Rory's laptop is set up at the table and she is burning CD's as they "cook".]

LORELAI: Okay, I know I was the one that said I was craving mashed potatoes, but, oh my God,

they're a lot of work.

RORY: It's instant mashed potatoes. Key word: instant.

LORELAI: Oh, no, not instant. I have to mix water and butter into it, not to mention the adding of salt and pepper.

RORY: OK The Best of Super Furry Animals complete.

LORELAI: Oh! Plus I have to rip the package open, dump it into a bowl and, oh my God, are they serious? I have to stir the mixture to combine? What is this, the Gulag?

RORY: Hey, do you want the Arcade Fire?

LORELAI: I don't know, do I?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Then yes. So basically once I'm finished with all this manual labor, I still have to clean the bowl.

RORY: And the spoon.

LORELAI: What do I use the spoon for?

RORY: Stir to combine.

LORELAI [Waves her hand around in the bowl.]: Pfft. Right. What do I use the spoon for?

RORY: Oh, my mistake. Carry on.

LORELAI: So let's cut to the chase. How badly do you want these mashed potatoes?

RORY: You wanted the mashed potatoes.

LORELAI: 'Cause with tater tots I can just rip and dump.

RORY: Then stick with your strengths. Brain Master Eno coming up next.

[There is a knock at the back door.]

LORELAI: Who is it?

LUKE [OS]: It's me.

LORELAI: Me who?

LUKE [OS]: Rory, can you just open the door? [She does.] Do you have an extension cord I can use?

RORY: I'll go look.

[Rory exits.]

LORELAI: Hi! Come on in.

LUKE: No, that's all right. I don't want to disturb you guys.

LORELAI: Oh, you're not disturbing us.

LUKE: Well, I'm dirty.

LORELAI: Well, so's the house.

LUKE: And if I come in there I'll see what you guys are planning on eating and I'll want to k*ll myself.

LORELAI: It just so happens I am making a garden spring salad with three bitter lettuces and a breaded French country chicken.

LUKE [Sarcastic]: Really, you are?

LORELAI: No. So how's the boat coming?

LUKE: Slow.

LORELAI: Oh, well, you should've built a motorboat.

RORY [returning]: Extension cord.

LUKE: Thank you. I'll let you get back to taking five years off your life.

LORELAI: Meh. They were the five where I would've been wearing fuschia lipstick way beyond my lip line, so I wouldn't want 'em anyhow.

[They kiss.]

LUKE: See you tomorrow.

LORELAI: Ten-thirty sharp.

[Luke leaves. Lorelai puts the tater tots in the oven.]

LORELAI: Okay. First course ready?

RORY: Ready!

LORELAI: Let's Cop Rock.

[They head for the living room. The phone rings. Lorelai answers it.]

LORELAI: Hello?

EMILY: I picked up my dress from the dressmaker and it's a disaster.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: I got it home and it's falling apart. I need you to fix it.

LORELAI: Uh, but -

EMILY: I'm coming over.

LORELAI: No, Mom, I -

EMILY: Yes, I need you to fix this.

LORELAI: I'm not the woman who made it. Make her fix it.

EMILY: When a woman gives birth to a crack baby you do not buy her a puppy.

LORELAI: What does that mean?

EMILY: I want this dress to be perfect for tomorrow, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Yes, Mom, but -

EMILY: It's the most important day of my life, Lorelai!

LORELAI: It's not even the most important day of your marriage!

EMILY: I'll be there in half an hour, Lorelai. [She hangs up.]

LORELAI: No. Hello? Mom? But - [She hangs up.] She's coming over.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: Because she won't buy her seamstress a puppy.

RORY: Oh, sure.

LORELAI: Something about her dress. Crap, what are we going to do?

RORY: I don't know!

LORELAI: We can't eat all of this before she gets here.

RORY: Most of it.

LORELAI: Sure, most of it.

RORY: But not the tater tots or the pizza tower.

LORELAI: Okay, we'll have to do the evening in two parts. We'll watch one Cop Rock, eat this stuff here, she'll come over, I'll get her dress done as fast as I can, then we'll continue with our evening.

RORY: Maybe we should put it off.

LORELAI: She comes, I fix, she goes, we Rock. Now eat.

RORY: Hmm. [She reaches for a pop-tart.]

LATER - OUTSIDE LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Luke is sanding the boat in the garage. Emily drives up. She notices him there, and walks up to Luke. When he notices her behind him, he is surprised and drops the sander, still running, on the ground. He struggles to turn it off.]

LUKE: Oh! Hi, Emily. I just - I didn't see you standing there. I'm just working on my boat.

EMILY: You're building a boat?

LUKE: Yes.

EMILY: Does it float?

LUKE: Not yet.

EMILY: Aren't boats supposed to?

LUKE: Eventually, yes.

EMILY: Well, at least you have a hobby.

LUKE: Yes. Thank God for that, huh?

EMILY: Idle hands, and whatnot.

LUKE: It will float eventually.

EMILY: Oh, I'm sure it will.

LUKE: I just have to do a little more -

EMILY: Well, I should get inside.

LUKE: Yeah, it's nice seeing you again.

EMILY: Yes.

LUKE: Oh! Uh, congratulations.

EMILY: For what?

LUKE: You know, your thing tomorrow, renewing your vows.

EMILY: You congratulate the groom. You offer the bride best wishes.

LUKE: Oh. [Pause.] Uh, best wishes.

EMILY: Why, thank you, Luke. How sweet of you to say. I'll see you tomorrow.

LUKE: Hey, I'm looking forward to it.

[Emily frowns a little, then walks toward the house.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - INSIDE

[Emily knocks on the door. Lorelai answers it.]

LORELAI: Mom, great. Come on in. Okay, so, is that the dress?

EMILY: Yes, yes -

LORELAI: Okay, well, let me take a look here.

RORY: Hi, Grandma. Big day tomorrow, huh?

EMILY: That wasn't your dinner, was it?

RORY: No, that was just the appetizer.

EMILY: Oh, well that's a relief.

LORELAI: Mom, I don't see anything wrong.

EMILY: Lorelai, are you blind? Look!

LORELAI: Where?

EMILY: Right there. [She points.] That bead and that bead and that bead, all loose.

LORELAI: Okay, I see it now. I don't know how I missed it. Well, this is going to take me no time at all, five minutes tops.

EMILY: Well, don't rush it.

LORELAI: No, no, no rush. It's an easy job. Three and a half minutes and you're on your way. You don't even need to sit down, because by the time you do, this'll be done. In fact you should have just left the car running 'cause that's how quick this is going to be. [She bolts up the stairs.]

RORY: So how you holding up, Grandma?

EMILY: I'm a wreck, actually.

RORY: Why?

EMILY: Well -

LORELAI [From upstairs]: Two minutes and we're done!

EMILY: I still can't decide exactly what to do with my hair, and I have absolutely zero faith that my wedding planner is going to be able to pull this off -

LORELAI [returning with her sewing things]: Thirty seconds - someone clock me. [To Emily, who is taking off her coat.] What are you doing?

EMILY: Do you have anything to drink?

LORELAI: No, no, Mom, why are you taking off your coat?

EMILY: Some wine, or some chilled vodka, perhaps?

LORELAI: Yeah, but you might want to hold off on having a drink, Mom, 'cause you're going to be driving in two shakes of a lamb's tail.

EMILY: Well, I could use a little something. Calm my nerves about this wedding planner I hired.

LORELAI: I'm sure everything's going to be fine.

EMILY: I don't see how it can be, everything is so last minute, and I didn't even get a decent

rehearsal!

LORELAI: Mom, I promise you, I have successfully walked in a straight line at least once before. I can get you the cop's name if you want to talk to him.

EMILY: Oh, well, it's too late to do anything about it now. [She gets up to go into the kitchen.]

LORELAI: No, no, Mom. Wait, I'm almost there, I'm almost there! I'm done, I'm done, I'm done!

[The phone rings.]

LORELAI: Stop her from getting a drink.

RORY: How?

LORELAI: Show her Nick Nolte's mug shot. [Answering the phone.] Hello?

[Scene cuts between Lorelai's living room and Richard's study, where there is a group of men smoking cigars and playing cards in the background.]

RICHARD: Lorelai! How are you?

LORELAI: I'm fine, Dad, how are you?

RICHARD: Oh, don't you worry about me. I am in good hands. Isn't that right, boys?

MAN: Right!

LORELAI: Geez, Dad, hanging out at the bath house again?

RICHARD: I am at my bachelor party, Lorelai, and I just thought I'd call and see how your little gathering was going.

LORELAI: My -

RICHARD: Now, I want you to have a wonderful time, and go as crazy as you think is necessary. But make sure your mother doesn't mix her alcohol. Sometimes when she has a little bit too much vodka, she forgets and she goes on to gin. I need her sober and looking beautiful for tomorrow.

MAN: Otherwise you don't have to go through with it. [They laugh.]

LORELAI: So, Dad, Mom told you we were having a party?

RICHARD: Well, she told me she was heading over to your house this evening to spend a little time with "the girls", so I put it all together. I'm a very brilliant man, Lorelai. Anyhow, I won't keep you any longer. Just return your mother in one piece, sans tattoos, please.

LORELAI: Okay. Will do.

RICHARD: Have a scandalous time. I'll see you girls tomorrow.

[They hang up.]

LORELAI: Okay, so here's a fun twist for your viewing pleasure. My father thinks my mother is here for her bachelorette party.

RORY: What? Why does he think that?

LORELAI: I think she told him that.

RORY: Oops.

LORELAI: Ah, were we supposed to throw her a bachelorette party?

RORY: I don't know. You're the maid of honor. Aren't you supposed to plan these things?

LORELAI: I didn't think you had a bachelorette party when you hadn't been a bachelorette for forty years. Oh my God, she is going to hold this against me for the rest of my life.

RORY: So what do we do?

[Lorelai sighs and looks in the direction of the kitchen.]

LATER - INSIDE LORELAI'S HOUSE

[The doorbell rings. Lorelai answers it. Sookie is standing outside, holding a dish and leaning her head against the doorframe.]

SOOKIE: Davey had just fallen asleep.

LORELAI: I know, I'm sorry. Thank you for coming over at the last minute. Is that -

SOOKIE: Potstickers.

LORELAI: Ah, I love you.

RORY [Walking by, in the hall]: Hi, Sookie!

SOOKIE: Mmhmm.

LORELAI: Go on in the living room.

SOOKIE: Okay. [She starts walking out the door.]

LORELAI [Turning her around]: The other living room.

SOOKIE: Okay.

LORELAI: You're going to have to open your eyes now.

SOOKIE [entering the living room]: Okay.

[Gypsy arrives at the front door.]

GYPSY: Hey, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hey, Gypsy. Thanks for coming on such short notice.

GYPSY: I'm always up for a good party.

LORELAI: Emily is in the living room with the others.

GYPSY: Great. Who's Emily?

LORELAI: Follow me, I'll point her out.

GYPSY: Okie dokie.

[They enter the living room. Emily is laughing on the couch with Patty and Babette, drinking from plastic cups.]

LORELAI: Look, everyone, it's Gypsy!

EMILY [drunk]: Gypsy! Gypsy's here! Everyone, Gypsy's here!

LORELAI: Gypsy, that's Emily.

EMILY: Come on, Gypsy, come over here and sit by me.

GYPSY: Okay.

[Babette moves. Gypsy sits next to Emily.]

EMILY: I have to say, Lorelai, I am loving this drink. Have you ever had one of these, Gypsy?

GYPSY: I don't know.

EMILY: It's called a rum and coke.

BABETTE: You know, you may look high-brow, Emily, but underneath, you're just a broad.

[Rory walks in with a plate of tater tots.]

EMILY: Did you hear that, Gypsy, I'm a broad.

GYPSY: Yeah, I always suspected.

RORY [To Lane and Kyon, sitting quietly]: How's it going?

LANE: Great.

KYON: What are we doing here?

LANE: I tried to explain it to her, but it's not working.

RORY: We are throwing my grandmother a bachelorette party.

KYON: But she is married.

RORY: Yeah, but they're doing it again.

KYON: But why?

RORY: Because they want to tell each other that they love each other all over again.

KYON: But why?

RORY: Because they do.

KYON: But why?

RORY: Because it's fun.

KYON: But why?

RORY: Because - [She looks at Lane.]

LANE: Hey, you lasted one more 'But why' than I did.

PATTY: So, Emily, tell us about this party of yours tomorrow.

EMILY: It's going to be fabulous. Isn't it, Lorelai?

LORELAI: Ab fab, sweetie darling.

EMILY: Isn't she hilarious? I never have any idea what she's talking about, but she's so entertaining! Like a chimp. Isn't she like a chimp, Gypsy?

GYPSY: Please make your mother stop talking to me.

LORELAI: If only I had that power.

EMILY: The party is going to be very, very big. Flowers everywhere, and my dress is incredible. The woman who made it is a genius.

[Lorelai and Rory exchange a look.]

BABETTE: So where's it going to be?

EMILY: The Windsor Club.

SOOKIE: Ooh, fancy.

BABETTE: Well, that ain't no toilet bowl.

EMILY: No, it certainly is not. It is the perfect place to have my perfect wedding. And what I had to go through to get it, let me tell you. [She goes to take a sip of her drink.] Lorelai, the cup's empty!

[Lorelai gets up immediately to refill her drink.]

EMILY: It was booked up two years in advance, and the Sheldrakes had the Rose Room. They were having a retirement party or something like that, [Lorelai pours extra rum in Emily's cup] and they simply refused to let us have the room. They were stubborn, and selfish, and now, after all the strings I pulled, they are across town at the Bluestone Club, with their piped-in music and their pornographic fountains.

[Emily and Patty laugh.]

PATTY:

EMILY: I must say this is the best bachelorette party I ever had.

SOOKIE: I really feel like we should play games or something, or have naughty gifts like edible underwear or dirty-shaped pasta.

LORELAI: Yeah, too bad - oh, oh! [She gets up.] Just a sec.

EMILY: Where is she going? Gypsy, where is she going?

[Gypsy looks uncomfortable.]

LORELAI: Aha!

SOOKIE: What are you doing?

RORY: No way!

SOOKIE: Where did you get that?

LORELAI: You gave it to me.

SOOKIE: Oh, yeah. [She giggles.]

LORELAI [handing Emily the box of pasta]: Mom, for you on your special night.

EMILY [taking it]: What's this? Oh my God! Oh my God!

[She laughs, along with Patty and Gypsy.]

KYON: What are they laughing at?

LANE [picks up a plate]: Have a tater tot, Kyon.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - MUCH, MUCH LATER

[Rory is cleaning up dishes in the living room. Babette is passed out on the chair. Lorelai tiptoes down the stairs.]

LORELAI: My mother is fast asleep in my bed, clutching my Hello Kitty pillow, and yes, I have pictures!

RORY: I cannot believe how much rum Grandma drank tonight.

LORELAI: How much rum she drank? [She opens up a purse.]

RORY: Hey, that's Grandma's bag. [Lorelai pulls out a book.] What are you doing?

LORELAI: I have no idea, I am drunk. [She skips into the kitchen.]

RORY: Hey! Come back here with that. [She follows her mother into the kitchen, looks in her room where Sookie is asleep. She closes the bedroom door.] What are you doing?

LORELAI: There is no way I'm sitting next to Missy Hollargan.

RORY: Stop that, that's Grandma's seating chart! [She goes to the fridge to get Lorelai some water.]

LORELAI: I know, I'm just fine-tuning it. Oh, the Ramsey's divorce must be legal by now. Time for a little reunion.

RORY: You're evil and I'm going to tell.

LORELAI: Well if you tell, then I'm going to tell cousin Drew, aka the Power Spitter, that you like him.

RORY: You're mean.

LORELAI: Hmm. Man, I'll say one thing for my parents, they certainly command a good turnout.

[Rory sees Logan Huntzberger's name on the seating chart. She smiles.]

RORY: Hey, do you think the Sheldrakes will be unhappy at the Bluestone Club?

LORELAI: Oh, I have no idea. However, I do know that Dinky Shaw is going to be sitting next to her ex-husband's daughter from his second marriage. This is the daughter whose conception caused the second marriage. And everybody should bring an extra roll of film.

RORY: Seems mean. Getting them kicked out like that. Seems mean.

LORELAI: Seems Gilmore.

RORY: Mom -

LORELAI: Rory, this is how it works in my parents' world. Trust me, the Sheldrakes are busy screwing someone at the Bluestone out of something as we speak.

RORY: If you say so.

LORELAI: These people live in a universe where they feel entitled to get what they want, when they want it, and they don't care who's in their way. I hate that world. Vapid. Selfish. It's like that Life and Death Brigade you wrote about.

RORY: What do you mean?

LORELAI: You know, like a bunch of selfish rich kids, the children of entitlement, blowing off school. Drinking for days. Spending thousands on a stupid and potentially dangerous stunt, knowing full well that they're not going to get in trouble, 'cause Daddy is important. They're all the same.

RORY [Defensive]: They're not all the same. You don't even know them. And that's not what I wrote. I didn't say all those things about them. You're just reading whatever you want to into it.

LORELAI [confused]: Okay, sorry.

RORY: Just because you have money, that doesn't automatically make you a jerk.

LORELAI: I know. I didn't mean it like that. [She sighs] So, new subject?

RORY: Yeah, new subject.

LORELAI: Hey, I wonder if my mother would notice if she and Dad were suddenly at different tables. [Rory gives her a look.] Okay.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - MORNING

LORELAI [Calling downstairs]: Hey, have you seen my Sparkly Venom lip gloss?

RORY [OS]: Yes, I have, it's at school.

LORELAI [OS]: Well, as long as it's safe.

RORY [OS]: Hey, what time is it?

LORELAI [OS]: Ten thirty-five. Rats!

[Someone knocks on the door.]

LORELAI [OS]: Rory, can you get that?

RORY [OS]: I'm not dressed yet!

LORELAI [OS]: You're not? It's ten thirty-five!

RORY [OS]: So?

LORELAI [OS]: Finally, that childish punctuality of yours has worn off.

RORY [OS]: Stop.

LORELAI [OS]: My baby's a woman.

[Luke tentatively opens the door.]

LUKE: Hello?

LORELAI [OS]: Luke?

LUKE: Uh, yeah. The front door was open.

LORELAI [OS]: I'll be right there.

RORY [OS]: Hi, Luke!

LUKE: Hey, Rory. You know your front door was open? It wasn't like that all night, was it?

LORELAI [Coming down the stairs.]: Hey! You look nice!

[They kiss]

LUKE: You're not dressed.

LORELAI: No, I'm getting dressed there.

LUKE: I didn't know you could get dressed there.

LORELAI: Rory, let's motor!

[Rory comes out of her room.]

LUKE: I would have gotten dressed there.

RORY: 'Kay, I'm ready. Hey, you look nice.

LUKE: Yeah, I didn't know you could get dressed there.

LORELAI: Don't worry about it.

LUKE: You didn't mention there was a place to get dressed there.

LORELAI: Oh, we're late. Let's go!

LUKE: Wait, aren't you going to lock up?

LORELAI: Babette, lock up when you leave?

[Babette's head pops up from the other side of the couch.]

BABETTE: You got it, honey! [To Luke] Oh, you look nice.

WINDSOR CLUB

LORELAI: Oh, please let them not be here yet.

RORY: They'll be here.

LORELAI: Well, you tell them you were running late.

RORY: You were running late too.

LUKE: My pants are all wrinkled from the ride.

LORELAI: Do you see them?

RORY: No.

LUKE: It looks like I slept in them.

LORELAI: Hey, stop being such a Nancy-boy about the pants. Think Hemingway ever gave a crap what his pants looked like?

LUKE: Hemingway blew his brains out, also. How much of a role model do you want me to make this guy?

[Emily and Richard walk toward them.]

EMILY: Well, there they are.

RICHARD: Hello, girls.

LUKE: Apparently they're going to change here also.

LORELAI: Sorry, um, Rory had a little emergency.

RORY: So did Mom.

EMILY: I hope everything's all right.

LORELAI: Yes. Just fine. How is everything going?

EMILY: Utter disaster. That moronic wedding planner finally fulfilled her potential. I get here and I

go through my seating chart, and it's a mess. It looked like a drunken psychopath took a s*ab at it. I had to re-do the entire thing. It took me two hours and years off my life.

LORELAI: Maybe she just got confused.

EMILY: She did get confused. Confused about what her profession should be. Anyway, I fired her. That should help clarify things for her.

RORY: Third realm of hell, party of one.

LORELAI: Mom, how could you fire her now? Who's going to run the wedding?

EMILY: Well, luckily Marilyn came into town early for the ceremony, and she offered to help out.

RICHARD: You know that Marilyn was a very intimate friend of Cecil Beaton. He named an end table after her.

LORELAI: Hmm.

EMILY: And on top of all that, even though we managed to get the Sheldrakes out of the Rose Room, the women's club that owns this place has their still life painting class at four today in the Salon, and they refuse to give it up.

LORELAI: Are you using the Salon?

EMILY: Of course we're not using the Salon. What on earth would we use the Salon for? Oh, Luke. You're here.

LUKE: Uh, have been, actually.

EMILY: Richard, did you see Luke?

RICHARD: No. Why, Luke, there you are.

LUKE: Hey, Mr. Gilmore. Best wish- congrat- nice suit.

RICHARD: Thank you, Luke. I can have my tailor steam out those trousers for you.

EMILY [laughing]: Oh, Richard, that's not what he's wearing to the ceremony. I'm sure he's going to change. All right, girls. Let's go get settled.

LORELAI [to Luke]: Are you okay to hang here for a while?

LUKE: I'm sure. I'm fine. You go.

[A woman walks over to them.]

MARILYN: Emily. The florist is here and everything looks fabulous.

EMILY: Really?

MARILYN: No. But it will. [gushing] Lorelai, you look divine. Oh, and Rory. That skin. Gorgeous, I can't find the words. And who is this?

LORELAI: Oh, Marilyn, this is Luke. Luke, this is my cousin Marilyn.

LUKE: Nice to meet you.

MARILYN: You, too. [Pulls Lorelai aside.] Is he a gardener?

LORELAI: Uh, no, he owns a diner.

MARILYN: Oh, I've always wanted to have an affair with a gardener. Apparently that's very 'in' now.

EMILY: Marilyn, we're going to the bridal room now.

MARILYN: And I have gardenias to deal with.

RICHARD: I'll see you in a little while. I'll be the handsome one holding the ring.

EMILY: My favorite kind of man.

[The women go. Richard calls Lorelai back.]

RICHARD: Psst, Lorelai. I need you to do something.

LORELAI: Oh, spy voice. Cool.

RICHARD: Focus, please?

LORELAI: I am a camera.

RICHARD: I want to give your mother a present. But I don't know what her dress looks like. So, I need you to take these [He pulls out two necklaces], wait till she's not looking, hold them up to the dress, pick the one that looks best, bring it back to me and I will give it to her. Got it?

LORELAI: Got it.

RICHARD: Go.

[She goes. Richard looks at Luke, who is fidgeting with his pants. He walks away.]

BRIDAL ROOM

[Lorelai walks in with her hands behind her back. She pulls out the necklaces.]

LORELAI: Which one do you want?

EMILY [points]: That one, the other for my birthday.

RORY [gasps]: Look at that, it's so fancy.

EMILY: Your grandfather has perfect taste in necklaces and earrings. It's very important to find a man who can pick out your jewelry.

LORELAI [whispers to Rory]: Or steal it.

[Lorelai heads for the door.]

EMILY: Where are you going?

LORELAI: Uh, to give Dad back the necklaces.

EMILY: Hang your dress up first.

LORELAI: Oh.

RORY: I'm going to go change.

LORELAI: Great. Come back as Thora Birch.

EMILY [sits down at the vanity]: Oh, Lord, look at that. Pierre has his work cut out for him today.

LORELAI: Stop it, Mom, you look gorgeous.

EMILY: Lorelai, why am I doing this?

[In reply, Lorelai holds up the necklace.]

EMILY: Oh, yes. It is pretty, isn't it?

LORELAI: It's pretty frickin' awesome is what it is.

EMILY: Oh my God, I'm so nervous, I haven't eaten a thing all day.

LORELAI: Do you want me to whip up a little pasta for you, Mom?

EMILY: Stop that. Maybe I should take a Seconal.

LORELAI: Excellent idea, Judy. All right, my dress is hung.

EMILY: Make sure you hurry back. Lisette will be here to do your hair any minute.

LORELAI: My hair is already done.

EMILY: Don't worry. She can fix it.

[Lorelai gives her a look.]

EMILY: I'm sorry, I didn't mean that. I'm just so nervous, I can't think.

LORELAI: Why are you nervous?

EMILY: I'm getting married!

LORELAI: For the second time. Mom, it's a pretend wedding. J.Lo has them all the time!

EMILY: Well, it certainly feels like a real wedding. After all, we've been separated for months. I'd almost forgotten what it was like to have a man around the house. Oh, God, I missed him. It's a wonderful thing to have a husband, a partner, somebody who's always there. Oh, Lorelai, don't you think you'll ever want to be married?

LORELAI: Well, um - [smiles] actually, I do.

EMILY [shocked]: Well, that's nice.

RORY [coming out of the dressing room in her 'tux']: Best man in the house!

EMILY: Oh, my goodness, Rory, you absolutely look adorable!

LORELAI: Say, aren't you the culture q*eer Eye guy?

EMILY: Ignore her, you look dashing.

LORELAI: Yeah, now go buy me some earrings.

RORY: I like it.

LORELAI: Hey, it's not fair that she gets to dress like that.

EMILY: Your dress is beautiful.

LORELAI: Yeah, but she gets to wear, like, a costume. Can't I dress like your maid? It'll be whimsical and I can wear flats.

EMILY: Go give the necklaces back to your father.

LORELAI: You so like her better.

[Lorelai leaves.]

MAIN ROOM - CEREMONY

[A string quartet plays as the congregation waits for the ceremony to begin.]

MARILYN: So, tell me, Luke, have you ever considered being a gardener?

LUKE: Uh, I'm not much good at growing things.

MARILYN: Oh, Luke. That's the least important part of being a gardener.

[The judge, Richard and Rory enter from a side door and take their places at the front. The congregation turns around to watch for the women to come from the back. Lorelai walks down the stairs and down the aisle, winking at Luke before she takes her place. Rory notices Logan, and smiles happily. The congregation rises to welcome Emily, who smiles as she takes Richard's hand at the front.]

JUDGE: May you all be seated, please. [They sit. As the judge talks, Rory notices the girl next to Logan lean over and whisper in his ear. Logan laughs. She appears jealous.] I have known Richard and Emily Gilmore for twenty years now. I know them to be two of the most formidable opponents the world has ever seen. They complement each other. They defend each other. They were made for each other. And today, in front of friends and family, Richard and Emily have chosen once again to say to each other, "I choose you". [Luke and Lorelai smile at each other.] How many of us in a lifetime even get chosen once for something we really want? [Christopher enters late and sits down, trying not to draw attention.] Richard and Emily, will you please face each other. Please repeat after me. I, Richard Gilmore.

RICHARD: I, Richard Gilmore...

[Fade to black.]

RECEPTION HALL

[Lorelai and Luke enter with Rory. Joyous music and laughter can be heard.]

LORELAI: And over here we have the Romanov table.

LUKE: Wow. Look at those flower arrangements. This thing must've cost a fortune! They're real orchids.

LORELAI: A little gayer, please.

LUKE: I'm just saying.

MARILYN: Oh, wasn't the ceremony perfect? The candles and that judge. I should have married him. I was such a snob, I wouldn't have a civil servant. [To Luke] You're saving a dance for me. [She leaves.]

LUKE: Oh my God, there's dancing?

LORELAI: Yeah. We're doing the one from Pulp Fiction. Do you want to be Uma, or should I?

RORY: I'll meet you guys at our table later.

LORELAI: Table five, hon.

[Rory goes.]

LORELAI: Aw, man. I've already seen ten people I hate, twenty people I know whose names I can't remember, and forty people I don't know but who will expect me to know them anyhow.

LUKE: A bar. Thank God. [They go over to the bar.]

LORELAI: Hey, I need you to run major introduction interference for me.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Well, you have the advantage. No one knows you here, you can't insult them by forgetting their names. [To the bartender] Vodka tonic.

LUKE: And a beer.

LORELAI: Someone comes up, I'll take a drink. My mouth will be full, I can't talk. How would that look, right? Then you jump in, offer your hand. [In a deep, "man" voice] 'Hi, Luke Danes. And you are?' 'I'm Mr. Blockenfeffer.' By then I will have swallowed. 'Oh hi, Mr. Blockenfeffer, I'm Lorelai, remember me?' 'The bane of your mother's existence?' 'Exactly. Nice to see you again.' 'Nice to see you again. And nice to meet you, Luke.' 'Nice to meet you, Mr. Blockenfeffer.' 'You kids have a lovely evening.' 'No, you have a lovely evening. Our love to Mrs. Blockenfeffer.' Oh, look.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: My Aunt Totsy. Mmm. Lovely woman. She hugs you, you smell like her for a month.

LUKE: Yep. [To the bartender] Keep these coming.

LORELAI: Thanks.

[Rory is standing in the middle of the room, looking around. She sees Logan getting a drink at the bar, and follows him discreetly to his table. She hides behind a man and peeks around him to get a better view of Logan and the blonde girl he is with.]

MAN: Actually, it's not that difficult at all. You just start with the siblings and count down even generations. The children of siblings are first cousins, the grandchildren of siblings are second cousins and so on. That makes you and Ceci third cousins, because Mee-maw and your great-great aunt Mary were sisters. See? Now, if the generations aren't even, that's where you indicate with 'removed'. For example, you're Trip's second cousin, but Trip's daughter is your second cousin, once removed. So if Ceci ever has grandchildren, you'll be third cousins twice removed, whereas they will be my second cousins thrice removed, and my great-grandchildren's fifth cousins. See, it's not

[Rory wanders away. Lorelai and Luke are talking to a couple.]

BRUCE: I'm Bruce McAllister, and this is my wife, Susan.

LUKE: Well, it's very nice to meet you, Bruce, and Susan.

LORELAI [swallowing]: Hi, Bruce, remember me? Lorelai?

BRUCE: Yes, it's nice to see you again.

SUSAN: Well, we should find our table. We'll talk to you later?

LUKE: Okay. 'Bye, Bruce. [They shake hands.]

LORELAI: 'Bye, Susan. [They walk away.] That's what I'm talking about. [They look around.] Mmm. Whoops, Marilyn's getting Totsied. [She forces Luke to turn around to avoid someone.] Oh! How are you doing? You having a good time?

LUKE: It's okay.

LORELAI: Um, I have to tell you something.

LUKE: Are you okay?

LORELAI: Yeah, um, [whispers] Christopher's here.

LUKE: Oh, well, I guess he knows your parents, so —

LORELAI: Yeah, but, um, so Christopher's father died a couple weeks ago, and, um, he took it pretty hard. He had a terrible relationship with the man. [She looks over at Chris.] I went over there one night. The night before the re-enactment. Um, I brought tequila and we talked and drank, just two old friends hanging out. That's all.

LUKE: You went over there?

LORELAI: To comfort him. I know I should have told you about it, I just didn't because I didn't want you to read anything into it, or think anything weird, and I'm only telling you now because he's here and it might come up, and I don't want you to feel shanghaied.

LUKE [glaring]: Yeah, that would be bad.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, Luke. Nothing happened. Please believe me.

[Christopher joins them.]

CHRIS: Hey, Lor.

LORELAI: Hi, Chris. You know Luke.

CHRIS: Uh, no, not really. I'm Christopher.

LUKE: Yeah. Heard a lot about you.

CHRIS: You, too. The coffee is legendary.

LORELAI: Luke and I are dating.

CHRIS: That's great.

LORELAI: Have been for, what, four months now? Man, time, it flies when you're having fun, huh? Big fun. Nothing sexual intended, although —

LUKE: Sorry about your dad.

CHRIS: Yeah. Thanks.

LORELAI: I told him about your dad, and the tequila.

CHRIS: Oh, yeah. It was rough, Lorelai helped me a lot, just being there.

LUKE: She's a very considerate person.

LORELAI: Hey, who likes my dress? 'Cause, man, you should have seen the one my mother wanted me to wear.

LUKE: You're cutting off my circulation.

LORELAI [Letting go of his arm]: I'm sorry.

CHRIS: Hey, so where's that kid of ours?

LORELAI: Uh —

EMCEE: Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to present to you for the first time, this century, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gilmore.

[Everyone claps.]

LORELAI: Well, we should take our seats, now, see you later, Chris.

CHRIS: We'll have a drink.

LORELAI: Be great.

[Chris watches Lorelai and Luke head to their table and Emily and Richard make their entrance.]

LORELAI: Something wrong?

RORY: Coffee sucks.

[Richard takes the microphone. Emily takes a seat facing him.]

RICHARD: Thank you. [clears his throat.] On behalf of myself and my second wife, Emily, I would like to thank you all for coming here to help us celebrate. You are good friends, and we are very,

very lucky. Now, in planning our traditional first dance, I gave a lot of thought to the song that would represent the next phase in our marriage. The best phase in our marriage, I believe. [Emily blows him a kiss.] I went over all the greats – Bennett, Sinatra, Chuck Berry – and a story popped into my head. Now, most of you know my daughter, Lorelai. When Lorelai was three, she went through a period of having chronic ear infections. It was terrible. Screaming all night long, we couldn't keep a nanny longer than a week.

LORELAI [to Luke]: Yeah, that was the terrible part. The searing pain was just a side note.

RICHARD: And so, it fell to Emily to sit with her all night long. She tried everything to calm her down. Finally, she found a song that seemed to soothe her. It was a popular song on the radio and it soon became Emily's favorite. Of course, it drove me crazy – some woman complaining about how she wanted to marry a man named Bill. Not exactly Cole Porter. Emily would tease me, saying, 'If only your name was Bill, then this could be our song.' Well, Emily, for tonight, and tonight only, my name is Bill, and this is our song. Hit the button, Johnny. [He pulls her to her feet.] Your hand, madam.

EMILY: I cannot believe you remembered this song.

[Richard and Emily dance. Chris stares over at Lorelai and Luke, and orders another drink. Rory stares at Logan and the blonde.]

Bill, I love you so, I always will

I look at you and see the passion eyes of May

Oh, but am I ever gonna see my wedding day? (Wedding day)

I was on your side, Bill, when you were losing

I'd never scheme or lie, Bill, there's been no fooling

But kisses and love won't carry me till you marry me, Bill

EMILY: We should separate more often.

RICHARD: Oh, bite your tongue.

I love you so, I always will.

And in your voice I hear a choir of carousels

EMCEE: At this time, if you're in love, I invite you to join Emily and Richard on the dance floor.

Oh, but am I ever gonna see my wedding day?

LORELAI: You wanna dance?

LUKE: No, thanks.

LORELAI [serious]: Please? I promise I will dance just as spazzy as you will.

LUKE: I do not dance spazzy.

LORELAI: Then I will be the only spaz on the floor. Please?

LUKE: I do not dance spazzy.

LORELAI [smiles]: Thank you.

[They get up. Christopher glares after them.]

But kisses and love won't carry me

Till you marry me, Bill

I love you so, I always will

And though devotion rules my heart I take no bows

But Bill, you know I wanna take those wedding vows

Come on, Bill, Oh, come on, Bill

[Rory sees Christopher get up and leave. She follows him.]

SALON

[The still life painting class is meeting.]

RORY: Want some company?

CHRIS: Hey, kiddo. Have a seat.

RORY: Quite a party, huh?

CHRIS: I would expect nothing less from your grandparents.

RORY: Pretty flowers.

CHRIS: Yes. Not at all fake.

RORY: Like my suit?

CHRIS: I do. It's very Buggy Malone.

RORY: So how you doing?

CHRIS: Me? Oh, I'm fine. Just — [pause] Did your mother ever tell you about our first kiss?

RORY: No.

CHRIS: We were fourteen. It was after school in the parking lot of the AM/PM. She just walked right up and kissed me.

RORY: Really?

CHRIS: Yep. Said she just wanted to know what it would be like.

RORY: I hope you at least bought her a Moonpie.

CHRIS: You know, it never would've crossed my mind to do something like that. Just walk up and

kiss someone, 'cause you wanted to. But Lorelai — she always knew what she wanted. And she'd go out and get it.

RORY: She never told me that story.

CHRIS: No. Probably wanted to make me seem more manly.

RORY [smiles]: Did you —

CHRIS: Did I what?

RORY: Did you like it that she kissed you first?

CHRIS: Who could not like being kissed by a Gilmore girl? It was the greatest day of my life. [Rory looks thoughtful. He finishes his drink.] I'm going to get a refill, can I get you something?

RORY: No. I'm fine.

CHRIS: Okay, well, I'll see you back in the center ring.

RORY: Okay.

[Chris goes. Rory sits for a minute longer.]

RECEPTION HALL

[Lorelai and Luke are dancing.]

LUKE: Okay, there's a touch of spazzy in there. Can we stop dancing now?

LORELAI: We can. Uh, but Marilyn is standing right behind you and if we swap she's going to swoop in, there's nothing I can do to save you.

LUKE: Well, funny how Marilyn's been standing right behind me where I can't see her for the last two songs.

LORELAI: Yeah, I know. That woman is spooky.

LUKE: This wouldn't be some underhanded ploy of yours to keep me dancing, would it?

LORELAI: Why, Luke Danes, I am appalled at the insinuation. I should walk off this dance floor right now and leave you to your fate. But I'm much too sweet a person to do that.

LUKE: Uh-huh.

[The song ends and a slower one starts.]

LUKE: Much better. Lowers the spaz quotient.

[Rory walks purposefully across the dance floor, straight to Logan's table.]

LOGAN: I like the suit, Kashmir.

RORY: I didn't know you were going to be here.

LOGAN: Really? I thought you put my name on the list.

RORY: No.

LOGAN: Oh, well, it must be your grandparents invited me. My parents are around here somewhere.

RORY: Oh, so you came with your parents?

LOGAN: Yup.

RORY: And —

LOGAN: And, what?

RORY: Where's the blonde?

LOGAN: She's at the bar.

RORY: Oh, yeah, she's pretty.

LOGAN: Yeah? You want me to hook you up?

RORY: No, I was just saying —

LOGAN: What are you just saying?

RORY: That she's pretty. That you brought a pretty girl. She's pretty, and the two of you are pretty together. In case you were wondering.

LOGAN: Jewel's a friend of the family, I've known her forever. She's visiting her parents in town, and she had nothing to do, so she asked to tag along. We're not dating.

RORY: Do you want to dance?

LOGAN [gets up]: After you.

[They walk past Luke and Lorelai.]

LUKE: What's that?

LORELAI: Ugh, Totsy alert! Move, move!

[They rush off the floor. Rory and Logan look at each other while dancing.]

LOGAN: What?

RORY: Why did you come?

LOGAN: Open bar.

RORY: Quite a draw for a guy with an American Express black card.

LOGAN: Live band, salad, butter pats —

RORY: Logan —

LOGAN: Little knit bags full of those Jordan almonds —

RORY: Are you ever going to ask me out? [No answer.] You flirt with me. You act like you like me a little. You show up here, with a friend, not a date. I mean, aren't you? Ever? [Pause.] You do like me, right? [Logan smiles.] Oh. Okay. Uh, no problem. [She tries to pull away; he doesn't let her.] I'll just, um, let you go back to your table, and I'll just start burrowing directly into the ground.

LOGAN: Rory.

RORY: I should be in China by midnight.

LOGAN: Rory.

RORY: You called me Rory.

LOGAN: I want to be clear.

RORY: Oh, good.

LOGAN: I have thought about asking you out, several times. I just don't think it's such a good idea.

RORY: Why not?

LOGAN: Because you're special.

RORY: Special, like 'Stop eating the paste', special?

LOGAN: You are beautiful. You are intelligent. You are incredibly interesting. You're definitely girlfriend material. I, however, am definitely not boyfriend material. I can't do commitment, and I don't want to pretend to you that I can. If I were to date you, there would be no dating. It would be something, right away, and I'm not that guy.

RORY: But I'm not looking for anything something like.

LOGAN: Rory.

RORY: I'm not. I've done that. As a matter of fact, I just did that, and that's not what I want.

LOGAN: I'm not saying you want that right now.

RORY: No, I don't want that at all. No, I'm not expecting anything. I'm just I like you, and I want to spend some time with you. No strings attached.

LOGAN: No strings attached, huh.

RORY: Hey, girls just wanna have fun. Stringless fun.

LOGAN: You may feel like that now, but —

RORY: I do feel like that now.

LOGAN: Okay, but —

[Rory grabs his hand and pulls him off the dance floor.]

LOGAN: Where are we going?

RORY: How should I know? What, do you think I have a plan or something? Geez. [She grabs a bottle of champagne from the bar.] Live in the moment, Huntzberger. [She walks toward the exit, then looks back at him.] Coming?

[Logan looks around, then follows her.]

BRIDAL ROOM

[Rory enters, followed by Logan. She closes the door.]

RORY: Champagne?

[Logan takes a sip and gives the bottle back. Rory drinks.]

LOGAN: Look, are you sure you want to do this?

RORY: I just want to know what it would be like.

[She kisses him. Logan looks her up and down.]

LOGAN: I feel like I'm kissing a guy.

[Rory rolls her eyes and kisses him again.]

LOGAN: And apparently I had no idea what I was missing.

[They kiss again.]

RECEPTION HALL

[Guests are clinking their glasses. Emily laughs, and she and Richard kiss. Lorelai returns to their table with drinks.]

LORELAI: Here you go. Oh, no. You've been Totsied.

LUKE: Well, you left me alone.

LORELAI: I warned you about her.

LUKE: I turn around, she's headed right for me, what am I supposed to do?

LORELAI: Ugh, man.

LUKE: It's not that bad.

LORELAI: Yeah, of course not.

[Christopher joins them.]

CHRIS: Thought I'd come by for that drink. Man, you've been Totsied! [He snickers.] Didn't you warn him?

LORELAI: I tried. Moves slow.

CHRIS: Don't worry about it, man, we've all been there. Lorelai and I went to a funeral, we got

Totsied twice! You remember?

LORELAI: Um, no.

CHRIS: No? Come on, it was raining. You were wearing your 'Hell is for children' t-shirt, your mom flipped because we snuck that flask in?

LORELAI: Huh, sorry, no memory at all. [To Luke] You want to dance?

CHRIS: Dance? Get second-hand Totsied, Lor. You know you should burn that suit when you get home. Hey, how's the Inn? [To Luke] You know, we had lunch at the Inn last month.

LUKE: I know.

LORELAI: The Inn is fine. Everything is fine.

MARILYN: Honey, so sorry to interrupt. Your parents want a picture of just the wedding party in front of the cake before they cut it.

LORELAI: Okay, I'll just, uh, go find Rory.

MARILYN: I think I saw her heading off that way with that darling blonde boy. I've forgiven her for not noticing that I was chatting with him earlier.

LORELAI: Really, well, I'll go get Rory and meet you back at the cake.

LUKE: I'll go with you.

[Chris tosses back the rest of his drink and follows.]

HALLWAY

[Lorelai looks for Rory. Luke is right behind her.]

LUKE: Listen, uh, I think we need to talk.

LORELAI: I know, I know. We will. I just — let me try to find —

[She opens the door to the bridal dressing room. Rory and Logan pull apart.]

LORELAI: Hm. Grandma wants a picture.

RORY: Of this?

LORELAI: Rory, what are you doing?

RORY: Mom —

LORELAI: You're at your grandparents' wedding! Renewal — vowal — thing. Whatever. They're right out there. God, Rory, I swear!

CHRIS: Rory? Rory's in here?

LORELAI: Okay, don't, Chris, it's all right.

CHRIS: What the hell are you doing in here with my daughter?

LOGAN: I –

CHRIS: Get away from her. That is my daughter! I will kick your ass! I will kick your ass, you little weasel!

[Lorelai pushes him out of the room.]

LORELAI: Get out!

LUKE: What the hell is going on?

CHRIS: Who's that guy, Lorelai?

LORELAI: Christopher, calm down! You're drunk!

CHRIS: Calm down? There's a guy in there pawing my daughter!

LUKE: What guy? There's a guy in there with Rory?

[He barges into the room. Logan and Rory are collecting their things.]

LORELAI: Oh, my God, Luke!

LUKE: Hey! Get your hands off her. I mean it. Right now! Hands in the air, I want to see hands in the air!

LORELAI: Out!

[She slams the door and smiles at Logan and Rory.]

LORELAI: I think you guys better use the back way out of here.

RORY: But, Dad – Luke –

LORELAI: I will take care of Dad and Luke. Please go, now, go! [Rory goes, Logan hesitates.] So, um, you must be Logan.

LOGAN: Uh, yeah.

LORELAI: I'm Lorelai.

LOGAN: Nice to meet you. Okay, well, I'd better –

LORELAI: Yeah.

[He leaves, she opens the door.]

CHRIS: It's none of your business what's going on with Rory.

LUKE: It sure the hell is my business.

LORELAI: Oh, guys, please!

CHRIS: Rory is my daughter. Mine.

LUKE: Oh, really? Well then, where the hell were you when she got the chicken pox and would only eat mashed potatoes for a week, or where were you when she graduated high school, or started college? Huh? Who the hell moved her mattress into her dorm, and out of her dorm and back into her dorm again?

LORELAI: Luke, please. This is not the time.

CHRIS: Where I was doesn't concern you. Rory is my daughter, and Lorelai's daughter, and that's it.

LUKE: Well, I'm with Lorelai!

CHRIS: For now!

LUKE: What does that mean, for now? What is that, a threat?

CHRIS: Lorelai and I belong together. Everyone knows it! I know it, Emily knows it!

LUKE: What?

CHRIS: Look, I blew it, okay? I know that I blew it. [To Lorelai] You waited, and I didn't come through, and now you're with him. But it's not too late!

LORELAI: Chris, don't.

CHRIS: It's not too late. I know it's not too late. Emily told me it wasn't too late! [Luke glares at Lorelai. She looks guilty.] I mean, that's why I'm here, okay? I know you're with him. But it's for now, it's not forever. It's just for now. I know that.

LORELAI: Luke, I don't know what he's talking about!

LUKE: I got to get out of here.

LORELAI: Oh, Luke, wait —

CHRIS: Please, just, just —

LORELAI: Christopher, get out of my way!

[She chases after Luke.]

RECEPTION HALL

[Lorelai is looking for Luke. Christopher is chasing after her.]

CHRIS: Will you stop?

LORELAI: Get away from me, Christopher.

CHRIS: I just want to talk.

LORELAI: Get some coffee, Christopher!

CHRIS: This wasn't the way I wanted it to go down. I wanted to get you alone and — what are you doing?

LORELAI: I'm going after Luke!

MARILYN: Oh, there you are! [Calling to Emily] I've got her! [She pulls Lorelai toward the cake.] Oh, you cannot keep a room full of Anglo-Saxons waiting for cake this long! They start to form more clubs. [To the photographer] Take her, take her, take her!

PHOTOGRAPHER: All right, wonderful. There we are. [The four of them are lined up – Rory, Richard, Emily and Lorelai.] Okay. Everyone, in just a little closer. That's perfect, hold that.

LORELAI [leaning into to whisper in Emily's ear]: You and me, we're done.

PHOTOGRAPHER: One, two, three.

[Emily is shocked, and turns to look at Lorelai as the camera flashes.]

END