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07x07 - French Twist

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07x07 - French Twist

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LORELAI'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR

LORELAI: Okay sweetie what do we say to mommy when we see her at the airport.

GIGI: Bonjour!

LORELAI: "Bonjour, mama! What's the haps?" I don't know the French word for "haps." [too Chris] Passports?

CHRISTOPHER: Got 'em. [too Gigi] Sweetie even after we meet up with mommy, we're gonna stay with you all day, okay?

LORELAI: All day you will not be able to shake us. [too Chris] Cash?

CHRISTOPHER: Check.

LORELAI: Confusing shorthand.

CHRISTOPHER: Check -- I've got cash.

LORELAI: Thank you.

GIGI: Will there be food on the plane?

LORELAI: There will be food, but airplane food is one of life's cruel jokes, so, just in case, we have snacks up the whazoo. [too Chris] Are you sure the departure's 3:30? Why did I think it was later?

CHRISTOPHER: 3:30-ish.

LORELAI: That's what it says on the ticket? "Departure 3:30-ish"?

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, it doesn't matter. Traffic this time of day's impossible.

LORELAI: All right, honey. Let's go.

[Chris comes out with the last suitcase]

CHRISTOPHER: You choose a trip to France to start using free weights?

LORELAI: Those are my shoes -- of course it's heavy. You teach them and teach them, but they never learn, do they, Gigi? Why do I feel like the departure was 6:15?

CHRISTOPHER: Let's go.

LORELAI: Now, Gigi, You are gonna love Paris. You know, they call it "the city of love."

GIGI: Why?

LORELAI: Why? Well, because it's romantic, and there's just love everywhere. Of course, there's also pigeons everywhere, but nobody would want to visit the city of pigeons, now would they?

CHRISTOPHER: I think we're ready.

LORELAI: Are you gonna tell me what time this flight actually leaves?

CHRISTOPHER: Soon.

LORELAI: Your daddy is very vague, Gigi

CHRISTOPHER: How cool is it that we're going to France? You're going to have such a good time staying in Paris.

LORELAI: I am green with envy. Am I green?

CHRISTOPHER: It's more of a teal.

LORELAI: Well it goes great with my eyes. Driver, take us to France! Au revoir, house!

GIGI: Au revoir, house!

CHRISTOPHER: We're pretty low on gas. Gonna have to stop and get some.

LORELAI: Honey how do we have time to stop for gas?

CHRISTOPHER: Our flight's not for 3 1/2 hours.

LORELAI: Oh!

CHRISTOPHER: [Laugh]

LORELAI: We knew it, Gigi, Didn't we? Gigi And I knew it.

YALE NEWS ROOM

[Laughter]

BILL: So, as your newly elected editor in chief, it is my great honor to... honor...

SHEILA: okay.

BILL: ...The stepping down...

RAJ: "stepping down."

A.K.: Eloquent.

BILL: ...Of our former leader.

SHEILA: Anyone else thinking "recall"?

[Laughter, Paris looks on]

RORY: That's okay, bill. Keep going.

BILL: As I was saying, in recognition of Rory's hard work and devotion to the daily news, we have a few tokens of our appreciation. A.K.?

A.K.: This is just something to hang on your wall when you become editor of the New York Times.

RORY: Oh, thank you.

BILL: It's the front page of the last edition you edited.

A.K.: Yeah, she needed that explained.

RAJ: Rory... this is to commemorate all those articles of ours that you carefully, thoughtfully ripped to shreds.

[Laughter]

RORY: Thank you, Raj. Now I think I have to go out and buy a freakishly large pencil sharpener.

[Laughter]

JONI: I have a confession to make. I only joined the Yale Daily News as a way to meet cute guys, but after watching you handle the job of editor with intelligence and... and grace... I became inspired to become a journalist.

SHEILA: Aw!

JONI: Thank you. [Hugs Rory]

RORY: Oh! Whoa, Joni, I'm touched and a little damp.

[Laughter, Joni spilt her drink on Rory]

RORY: It's okay.

PARIS: I have a Rory story. [Others look worried] When I was running the paper, I was dying to do an article about everybody's asinine obsession with Boho Chic, but Rory had the guts to tell me that the idea for my article was trite and passé, because that's who Rory is -- honest, direct, and to the point. Like, when you all turned on me and decided you didn't want me in charge anymore, and you all chewed me up and spit me out, Rory was the one who broke the news to me. Thank you, Rory, for being the one person with integrity among a collection of cowardly backstabbers.

[Everyone is quite for a few seconds]

RORY: These are all such great stories.

BILL: To Rory.

EVERYONE: To Rory!

RORY: Thank you very much. I didn't write a speech or anything, although I could recite "The Charge of the Light Brigade," or the lyrics to "Rebel Rebel"...

A.K.: Let's hear it.

RORY: ...Neither of which I think are appropriate, but, um... look, I've really enjoyed being editor. It's been great. But it's time for a change, right? So sayeth the Yale Daily News bylaws. Um, so... [Sighs] Ladies and gentlemen, I give you your new editor in chief -- what's your name again?

BILL: Ha ha. Anyway, my first editorial move is to take everyone to Rich Man's Shoe. Drinks on me.

A.K.: All right, that's what I'm talking about!

OTHER TOGETHER: All right!

[Paris looks on with a "big deal" look on her face]

RAJ: Coming?

RORY: Huh?

RAJ: For drinks?

RORY: Uh, no. I think I'm gonna pass.

RAJ: How come?

RORY: Um, well, new editor, new regime -- I don't want it to seem like I'm still trying to be your boss.

RAJ: Yeah, no one likes someone hanging around, telling us how to get drunk.

RORY: You know what I mean.

RAJ: Yeah. See you around.

RORY: You too.

PARIS: Well, now we're both ousted leaders. Welcome to club Nixon.

RORY: [Sighs]

LANE, ZACH AND BRIAN'S APARTMENT

[Lane and Zach are looking at a sonogram]

LANE: Twins, Zach.

ZACH: Right

LANE: We're having twins.

ZACH: Yeah, it's heavy, but we can handle it.

LANE: Twice as many mouths to feed, twice as much to clean up after...

ZACH: Yeah, all that -- plus, there's gonna be prejudice, but we can fight that.

LANE: What?

ZACH: And they have surgeries now, babe. This does not have to be permanent.

LANE: What doesn't?

ZACH: As long as the babies don't have some vital organ attached, they can be separated -- easy-breezy.

LANE: What are you talking about?

ZACH: Until the operation, we'll just get specially made clothes.

LANE: Zach...

ZACH: Unless they're attached at the head. Then they can wear just about anything. We just slip it on from the feet up --

LANE: Zach, we're having twins, not Siamese twins.

ZACH: [Looks at the sonogram] Oh! Dude, that is such a load off my mind! So why were you freaking out at the doctor's office?

LANE: Because we're having twins!

ZACH: Yeah but they're separate. It's, like, way easier.

LANE: Easier than what? Triplets? Siamese triplets? Yeah, Zach, twins is way easier than Siamese triplets.

ZACH: I think we have to tell your mother you're pregnant now.

LANE: Ugh... she is so going to k*ll me!

ZACH: I mean you're starting to show.

LANE: Of course I'm starting to show! My body's filling up with two growing people! She is so gonna think we had sex before the wedding, and she'll convince me we did.

ZACH: But we didn't. Believe me. I'd remember.

LANE: You don't understand. This is what she does to me. She gives me this look, and I get all panicky and start sweating. Once, at a church picnic, someone had taken a bite out of six deviled eggs and put them back on the platter. My mother accused me of doing it, and I almost confessed!

ZACH: But you hate deviled eggs.

LANE: That's the point! After she gave me that look, I wasn't sure. Maybe I had taken those bites. She gets in my head. It's like Korean voodoo.

ZACH: It's gonna be okay. It is. [Looking at the sonogram again] Whoa... you know what this picture is? Our first album cover.

LANE: Zach...

ZACH: Yeah, it's like a prenatal "Nevermind." [He kisses her on the cheek]

FRANCE - DIFFERENT SCENE OF PARIS

[Woman singing in French]

HOTEL ROOM

LORELAI: Merci... monsieur...bellhop. Jeesh.

CHRISTOPHER: Did you see that? He literally sniffed at my tip and sauntered off.

LORELAI: Yeah, he sniffed and sauntered. He did not hop.

CHRISTOPHER: The bellhop was a gem compared to the concierge. I mean isn't it his job to be polite?

LORELAI: You would think the concierge would be polite.

CHRISTOPHER: It's not like we're being obnoxious and asking someone to take a picture of us in front of Jim Morrison's grave.

LORELAI: Which, by the way, I promised Rory we would do.

CHRISTOPHER: I hope Gigi Picks up the language and the customs, but none of the rudeness.

LORELAI: Oh, no, Gigi's too sweet. She's got an impenetrable coat of sweetness around her. You shouldn't have called her Gigi, You should've called her M&M's.

CHRISTOPHER: You were great with her the whole flight. You were also great with Sherry today. Thank you.

LORELAI: She was great with me.

CHRISTOPHER: So, it's not just me, right? She does seem to have it together?

LORELAI: Yeah, she seems grounded and sincere. She was nice. I couldn't believe how prepared for Gigi She was.

CHRISTOPHER: She was. She had her favorite "Madeline" book. She knew where the nearest park was. And did you see? She already had a booster seat.

LORELAI: Very impressive, by the time I got Rory one of those, she was 60 pounds. It got stuck on her butt. [Sighs] Oh, my god.

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LORELAI: We're in Paris!

CHRISTOPHER: You were thinking it was phoenix?

LORELAI: I just wasn't thinking anything. I mean, I was focused on getting Gigi All settled in. It slipped my mind that we're in the most beautiful city in the world!

CHRISTOPHER: The Phoenix of Europe.

LORELAI: Alright first we have to go to Harry's bar and smoke Gauloises cigarettes and get in a fight about cubism and gesticulate wildly.

CHRISTOPHER: I am going to call our friend the concierge and make a reservation at the most

romantic restaurant in Paris.

LORELAI: Ask him why these beds are so insanely comfortable.

CHRISTOPHER: [On the phone] Yes, can I... [Too Lorelai] no, no, no, no, no! Hey, hey, hey! No sleeping. We are in Paris now. We are on Paris time.

LORELAI: Yes.

CHRISTOPHER: Fight the jet lag.

LORELAI: Fighting the jet lag. Jet lag strong.

CHRISTOPHER: [On the phone] Yes, I'm sorry, sir. Could I make a 8:30 reservation at L'Arpge? Yes... uh-huh, I-I understand. Thank you.

LORELAI: Did he book it?

CHRISTOPHER: He did. He also reminded us to wear shoes. I sense he has a very low opinion of Americans.

LORELAI: Well, the French might be rude, but they know how to make a very cozy bed.

CHRISTOPHER: Lorelai?

LORELAI: What?

CHRISTOPHER: I know you're tired.

LORELAI: A tad.

CHRISTOPHER: I know you've been awake for something like 30 hours...

LORELAI: 32 1/2.

CHRISTOPHER: ...Just to help me make the transition easier for Gigi, And I really appreciate it.

LORELAI: Aww, don't mention it.

CHRISTOPHER: And I just want to show you the best possible time that you can have in Paris because you deserve it.

LORELAI: Aww, you're sweet.

CHRISTOPHER: Lorelai...

LORELAI: hmm?

CHRISTOPHER: Lorelai!

LORELAI: Okay, all right. Yes, we're gonna get up, 'cause we're in Paris, and we're gonna have a great Parisian time.

CHRISTOPHER: We are!

LORELAI: Yes! Hey, is the tour de France still going on? 'Cause we could stand on a little Paris street

and yell "whoo-hoo" when the guys go by, or I could pour a cup of water on one of them. As he goes whipping by.

CHRISTOPHER: Actually, the tour de France was a couple of months ago.

LORELAI: Aw...

CHRISTOPHER: But we are going to a beautiful, intimate restaurant, and after we finish our meal, you can throw water on me.

LORELAI: Whoo-hoo!

CHRISTOPHER: [Chuckles, kisses her cheek.]

YALE - HALLWAY

[Rory and Paris are walking]

PARIS: What are you doing right now?

RORY: Not much.

PARIS: Would you mind swinging by the library to drop these off? I'd do it, but I just got cornered by professor Edwards. She wants to meet for coffee in five minutes to discuss me being her T.A. Second semester. I got to start thinking about life after graduation. Cozying up to professor Edwards could be a fast pass to a fellowship.

RORY: I guess that's true.

PARIS: What about you?

RORY: What about me?

PARIS: You looking into fellowships? Scholarships? Grad schools?

RORY: Not really. I mean, not yet. I will, probably.

PARIS: Time's running out. They only give the LSAT one more time before spring. Anyway thanks for dropping off the books. I don't mean to make you run out of your way I just thought you have a lot of free time since you don't work at the paper anymore.

RORY: That is true.

PARIS: What are you taking, by the way?

RORY: Taking?

PARIS: Just remember, Tricyclic antidepressants are better than your Monoamine Oxidase inhibitors, since those are for panic attacks. It doesn't look like you're there yet.

RORY: I have no plans of going there.

PARIS: You will. I know when I was finished as editor, I went into a major tailspin, couldn't you tell?

RORY: Well you masked it so well with your generally gloomy disposition.

PARIS: The first day is hard. Then it just gets worse.

RORY: As it happens, I am totally relieved that my job at the paper is over.

PARIS: Yeah I did the denial thing, too. I even tried smiling a lot. That got old, and I think it made this line.

RORY: That'll teach you to smile.

PARIS: You really shouldn't be alone at a time like this. Why don't you call your "girls gone wild" friends? They seem delightful in a "get crazy-drunk in Cancun and flash your breasts" kind of way.

RORY: Your take on Lucy and Olivia is so not them.

PARIS: Whatever. Later. Oh, and Lexapro is fast-acting, but side effects are weight gain and noticeable drop in sexual appetite. Of course, with Logan gone, that's moot.

RORY: Always a pleasure, Paris.

MRS KIMS ANTIQUES - KITCHEN

[Lane, Zach and Mrs Kim are having dinner, they are very quiet, no one is talking.]

MRS KIM: How's the Maeun-Tang?

LANE: Good!

ZACH: Yeah! Really good Maeun-Tang.

MRS KIM: How was work?

ZACH: Oh, yeah, my work is good.

LANE: My work is good.

MRS KIM: That's good.

LANE: [Sighs] This is great dinner, mama.

MRS KIM: I'm glad you like it. It's been too long since we had dinner together.

ZACH: Way too long.

MRS KIM: I think you've been avoiding me, and I know why.

LANE: We haven't been avoiding...

MRS KIM: Do not try to fool me. I know what's going on. [Lane and Zach look at each other concerned] You have no new music to show me, and you are ashamed.

ZACH: Music?

MRS KIM: Yes, music -- the thing you say you want to do for a living.

ZACH: Oh, no, I do! Yeah I've been working on some stuff.

MRS KIM: What kind of stuff?

ZACH: Actually I've been experimenting with different instruments. Like I've been playing the electric mandolin, which sounds really far out...

LANE: Mom, I'm pregnant! [Mrs Kim is surprised] We waited until after we were married! If you don't believe us, we have a note from our doctor, which doesn't prove anything, but it does!

[Lane and Zach talking over each other]

ZACH: Hit me! Hit me!...

LANE: Firmly established...

ZACH: It's my fault!...

LANE: It happened during the...

MRS KIM: a new child is a great blessing.

LANE: Really?

MRS KIM: Chuka hamnida, Lane and Zach.

LANE: She says, "congratulations."

ZACH: Really? Then you should say "chuka hamnida hamnida" because we're having twins.

MRS KIM: Twins?

LANE: Twins.

MRS KIM: Oh, that's wonderful. So, Monday, you move in with me.

ZACH: Cool.

MRS KIM: I must go e-mail this good news to our relatives in Pusan. They just got wi-fi.

LANE: "Cool"?!

PARIS - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

[Siren wailing]

LORELAI: [Gasps] No! Oh, no, no, no! No, no, no!

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LORELAI: Honey, get up! Get up!

CHRISTOPHER: I'm up! I'm up! I'm up! I'm up! What? We got to go, right? I-I got to shave?

LORELAI: No, not unless you're a werewolf!

CHRISTOPHER: What? It's the middle of the night!

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LORELAI: It's 4:00!

CHRISTOPHER: What's 4:00?

LORELAI: That. It.

CHRISTOPHER: It's 4:00?

LORELAI: Yes! It's 4:00! We fell asleep! Damn the French and their comfortable beds!

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, we must've dozed off around 7:00. We just had ourselves a 9-hour nap.

LORELAI: Nine hours?! That's not a nap -- that's a coma.

CHRISTOPHER: Wow, the city looks really beautiful... and dead.

LORELAI: Ugh, okay -- this place is very tastefully decorated and everything, but would it k*ll them to put a minibar in here? I'm starving.

CHRISTOPHER: Me too.

LORELAI: [Sighs] You don't think they're still holding our table at L'Arpge, do you?

CHRISTOPHER: I'm guessing our table at L'Arpge smells of disinfectant and has two chairs on top of it.

LORELAI: Ohhh!

CHRISTOPHER: It's okay, it's okay! I can fix this! Um room service! What are you in the mood for?

LORELAI: Um... I would like a cheeseburger with a side of cheeseburger, and see if they can make me a cheeseburger smoothie.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, if they can make goose innards into a tasty spread, I'm sure they can make a cheeseburger smoothie.

LORELAI: Ha-ha

CHRISTOPHER: [On the phone] Yes, sir, hi. I would like to order some room service.

LORELAI: What'd he say?

CHRISTOPHER: He didn't say, so much as chortle.

LORELAI: No room service? And no minibar? But two toilets. Where are their priorities?

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, let me float another plan.

LORELAI: Don't say "float" unless "root beer" is attached to it.

CHRISTOPHER: It's after 4:00. Why don't we get a few more hours' sleep, we wake up early, feast on a delicious French breakfast, and then we hit Paris totally refreshed

LORELAI: Oh, fine... crummy Europe. Crummy time change. We switched to the metric system --

why don't they switch to our time zone?

CHRISTOPHER: We didn't actually switch...

LORELAI: I know!

CHRISTOPHER: [Groans]

LATER...

LORELAI: Never been so wide awake.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm more wide awake.

LORELAI: So wide awake I could watch the Ken Burns documentary of "sod" and not drift off.

CHRISTOPHER: There are 104 fleur-de-lis stencils on the ceiling -- that's how wide awake I am.

LORELAI: I tried Humming Brahms' "Lullaby" in my head, but it kept morphing into "Purple Rain," and "Purple Rain" made me think of grapes, which made me think of grape jam, which made me think of English muffins slathered in grape jam.

CHRISTOPHER: Hold it -- this is the greatest city in the world. There is a restaurant out there, still open, with candles and soft lighting and great food, and I'm gonna find it for you.

LORELAI: My hero.

CHRISTOPHER: Besides, just being out on the Paris streets late at night -- what could be more romantic?

[They kiss]

LORELAI: Being out on the Paris streets late at night eating a big, fat cheeseburger.

CHRISTOPHER: [Chuckles]

LOGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

[Rory is alone in the apartment, it's very quiet]

RORY: [Sighs]

[She dials a number on her Sidekick]

OLIVIA: Hello?

[Music is playing in the background]

RORY: Hey, it's Rory.

OLIVIA: Hey, what's going on?

RORY: Not a lot. What's up with you?

OLIVIA: I'm sitting here making a mobile for my sister's baby. But it's turning out really good, so I might just keep it for myself and give the baby socks.

RORY: Or make her a mobile out of socks.

OLIVIA: Oh, that's genius.

RORY: What's Lucy doing?

OLIVIA: Watching "Real World: Denver." Lucy's eating it up with a fork and spoon 'cause boyfriend's working, and you know how much he hates reality TV.

RORY: Does he?

OLIVIA: I keep forgetting -- you still haven't met boyfriend.

RORY: Yeah, I'm beginning to wonder if he really exists, or if he's just Lucy's Snuffleupagus.

OLIVIA: Lucy, it's Rory!

LUCY: [Gasps] Hey! What's up, girl?

RORY: Hey, Lucy!

OLIVIA: Rory says "hey." [She puts the phone on speaker]

RORY: You guys feel like doing something?

LUCY: We should go somewhere!

RORY: Cool, where do you want to go?

LUCY: I want to go to the country, get off campus. It's the weekend. Let's get out of here.

OLIVIA: I'd so love to go to, like, a cabin in the woods.

LUCY: Or just a house.

RORY: We could...go to my house.

LUCY: Yeah?

RORY: I mean, it's in Stars Hollow. It's this really small town, and there's not a lot to do...

LUCY: Oh, my god. Does your house have a yard?

OLIVIA: And a porch?

RORY: The house has a yard and a porch with a swing, and the swing makes this little creaking sound.

LUCY: That sounds so perfect.

OLIVIA: When we get there, I'm definitely mixing up a batch of lemonade and flirting with slim, the hired hand.

RORY: Slim the hired hand is a hottie, but he's missing a hand. Irony, huh? Pick you up in a little bit?

LUCY: We'll be here.

RORY: Bye.

PARIS - NIGHT

[Woman singing in French plays as they show sh*ts of Paris, Lorelai and Chris are walking the streets looking for food.]

CHRISTOPHER: So, class, the word for "closed" is...

LORELAI: You know after seeing this sign in seven different restaurants, it's no longer informative -- it's just mocking.

CHRISTOPHER: This place looks good.

LORELAI: Even the sound of it -- Fermé.

CHRISTOPHER: Let's try around the corner.

LORELAI: It has a mocking tone. "Ha ha, fermé." Do you hear that?

CHRISTOPHER: I hear a woman who's delusional with hunger. Come on.

LORELAI: See, this is why French people are so skinny -- they have no late-night snacks.

CHRISTOPHER: How do you explain Gérard Depardieu?

LORELAI: Oh, that's obvious. Gérard Depardieu has hogged all the food.

[They spot some one eating]

LORELAI: Ooh, ooh!

CHRISTOPHER: Did you see that?

LORELAI: Yeah. Oh, I saw that.

CHRISTOPHER: Come on.

LORELAI: What do you say? You hit him high, I hit him low.

CHRISTOPHER: Monsieur?!

LORELAI: Hello.

CHRISTOPHER: Wait -- attendez! We just want to know where you got the sandwich!

LORELAI: Oh, look what you did!

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LORELAI: You charged him. Everyone knows you don't charge a bear or a man with a sandwich.

CHRISTOPHER: [Sniffs]

LORELAI: [gasps]

CHRISTOPHER: That's a lot of bread.

LORELAI: What are the chances there's a butter truck nearby?

CHRISTOPHER: Uh, pardonne-moi. Bonsoir. Nous avons, hungry, hungry, hungry...

LORELAI: I got it. I got it. Mmmm! Mmm! Ahhh!

BREAD GUY: [French accent] Funny Americans, huh? [Chuckles]

LORELAI: Yeah, funny. Hungry Americans, huh?

BREAD GUY: [French accent] "Everybody loves Raymond." [Chuckles]

CHRISTOPHER: No, no, no! Wait, wait, wait!

BREAD GUY: [Laughs, gets in the truck and drives off]

CHRISTOPHER: Happy people, the French. [Looks at Lorelai and giggles] What?

LORELAI: Nothing. It's weird... it's just being this hungry makes me think of this time when we were in 10th grade, and, for some reason, I had to make up this chemistry exam during lunch, and it went on and on and on forever, and then finally, when I was done, I came out.. and there you were, waiting for me. And you took this slice of pizza from the cafeteria out of your coat pocket, and you gave it to me.

CHRISTOPHER: Pepperoni -- I remember.

LORELAI: Even then, you were so sweet.

CHRISTOPHER: Head back to the hotel?

LORELAI: Mm-hmm. You don't still have that pizza anywhere, do you?

CHRISTOPHER: Different coat. Darn!

LUKE'S DINER - NIGHT

ZACH: Babe, could you check on my order?

LANE: Oh, I did. I asked Luke where it was, and Luke said, "from now on, if Zach wants to eat here, "he has to stand on his head in the middle of the diner and eat out of a rusty bucket." So I said, "cool!"

ZACH: I couldn't help it, Lane! I was so relieved that your mother wasn't pissed off about the pregnancy. "Cool" just came out, like a happy vocal burp.

LANE: Next time, cover your mouth! Jeez! [She walks away from the table, Kirk puts his hand on her stomach.] Kirk, what are you doing?

KIRK: Trying to feel a kick.

LANE: You're gonna feel a kick if you don't get your hand off my stomach.

KIRK: So, I don't know if you've decided where you're gonna drop this little load, but I highly recommend Woodbury memorial, where I was born.

LANE: Good to know.

KIRK: The maternity suites there are primo, and they let the mother hold the baby post-delivery as long as she wants. Explains a lot about the relationship between me and my mother.

LANE: Yes, it does.

LUKE: Kirk, go away and stop harassing my employees. [Too Lane] You should sit awhile.

LANE: No, I'm fine! Standing's no problem.

LUKE: All right, but from now on, no more serving heavy food -- your meat loaves, your bowls of stew. Somebody who orders that -- let Caesar carry it. He needs the workout.

LANE: Well, that's not really...

LUKE: And if you have any questions or are worried about anything having to do with... you know, what's going on there, call my sister, Liz -- she's a veteran.

LANE: Thanks, Luke.

LUKE: Anyway, uh... you two are gonna be great. You'll be great parents.

LANE: Zach... we're gonna be parents.

ZACH: Yeah, it's like... we're not just kids anymore. We're one of them now.

LANE: Parents don't have to be told what to do. Parents do the telling.

ZACH: That's right. Besides, if we say no, what's the worst your mother could do? [Lane give Zach a worrying look and walks away] Seriously, b-babe, w-what is the worst she could do?

WARNING - the following scene may contain disturbing dialogue.

PARIS - HOTEL - NIGHT

LORELAI: [Lorelai sighs]

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah.

LORELAI: What, "yeah"?

CHRISTOPHER: That's at I'm talking about.

LORELAI: Yeah?

CHRISTOPHER: I'll say.

LORELAI: I can barely talk.

CHRISTOPHER: Uh-huh, which is, uh...

LORELAI: Saying something?

CHRISTOPHER: [Chuckles] I could just live in this room forever.

LORELAI: Let's.

CHRISTOPHER: Except...

LORELAI: No "except." It's decided. Call the guy. Come seal the doors.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm too hungry!

LORELAI: Me too.

CHRISTOPHER: My stomach is a pit.

LORELAI: I know. If I don't eat something, my stomach's gonna eat me.

CHRISTOPHER: We need to food food! [Gets out of bed]

LORELAI: We do! [Sighs, sits up in bed] Look at that view. It's so beautiful, I could eat it.

CHRISTOPHER: [Sighs] Oh, my god.

LORELAI: What?

CHRISTOPHER: I could totally fix this!

LORELAI: How?

CHRISTOPHER: I'm not gonna tell you. [they kiss] Let's shower.

LORELAI: Tell me.

CHRISTOPHER: It's a surprise.

LORELAI: Tell me.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm not gonna tell you.

LORELAI: Come on!

CHRISTOPHER: Not telling.

LORELAI: Is this your fix? To get me to think about what your fix is instead of thinking about food, huh?!

CHRISTOPHER: Is it working?

LORELAI: A little.

CHRISTOPHER: All I can tell you is it's bigger than a breadbox.

LORELAI: Mmm, bread.

CHRISTOPHER: Come on!

LORELAI: Okay!

LORELAI'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR - NIGHT

[the girls are sitting on the swing, they have foil in there hair.]

RORY: There's Dean.

LUCY: Ooh, Dean is smokin'.

OLIVIA: Oh, yeah. Dean's a fox.

LUCY: He looks tall.

RORY: He is. How can you tell from a picture of his face?

LUCY: Oh it's a talent I have.

RORY: Spooky.

LUCY: Yeah right I figure I'll be recruit by the FBI any day now.

RORY: It's a very specific specialty.

OLIVIA: Oh wait, there you are.

RORY: That was my first year at the Chilton paper.

OLIVIA: Look at you and your big Rory smile.

LUCY: Um what are you there -- 5'2"?

RORY: More like 5'7".

LUCY: Are you sure, you don't look 5'7"?

RORY: I'm sure. Hey is this dye supposed to smell all vinegary?

LUCY: Mm-hmm.

OLIVIA: It means it's working.

RORY: I feel like an easter egg.

LUCY: Boyfriend is gonna totally freak when he sees this color.

RORY: Freak, like, be mad?

LUCY: No. First, he'll be like, "whoa," then like, "I like it," and I'll be like, "thanks," and he'll be all, "I thought you looked pretty good before, too," and I'll be like, "better?" And he'll be like, "I think you look good no matter what you do," and I'll be like, "what if I got a Mohawk?" And he'll be like, "even if you had a Mohawk," and then we'll look at each other all goony-eyed, and we'll kiss, and he'll say, "don't get a Mohawk."

OLIVIA: And too bad if he doesn't like it. Serves him right for working all the time.

LUCY: Boyfriend's got great hair.

OLIVIA: Oh, the best. It's, like, beyond human.

RORY: Like, Conan O'Brien's?

LUCY: No, it's, like, really full. It's more like a cartoon character.

OLIVIA: Yeah, it's like snap's hair from snap, crackle, and pop. Wait, am I thinking of crackle?

RORY: Is crackle the one who wears a hat?

LUCY: They all wear hats. It's like part of their uniform.

RORY: Yeah, but one of them wears it all the way on his head, and one wears it further back so his bangs swoop out.

OLIVIA: That's pop. The blond one's definitely pop.

LUCY: Okay so boyfriend's got the color of crackle and the style of pop.

RORY: Ooh! We should make Rice Krispy Treats.

LUCY: Oh, my gosh!

OLIVIA: Yes!

[They go inside]

RORY: I think there is a cake pan in that broom closet.

OLIVIA: Broom closet?

RORY: Yeah, my mom's not really into baking or booms. Okay, so the butter's in the fridge, and I will get the marshmallows and the Rice Krispies.

OLIVIA: Oh, my god! Come here, you guys! It's Rory through the ages.

RORY: Oh, I totally forgot that was there.

LUCY: How cool is this? Can you believe you were this short in 1991?

RORY: No.

OLIVIA: Check out the next year, you shot up like a weed.

RORY: That's when I finally quit smoking.

LUCY: This is awesome you have a record of you literally growing up, and here you are when you're, like, 7, and then here you are when you're ready to graduate college.

RORY: Yeah. It's freaky. Oh! There's the cake pan. Let's get cookin'!

PARIS - NIGHT

[Lorelai and Chris come to an empty restaurant]

LORELAI: Well, well, what do you know? Fermé. [Chris knocks] Listen, honey, if they weren't open at 11:00, I don't think they're gonna be open at 5:00 in the morning.

CHRISTOPHER: Trust me.

LORELAI: Trust is not the point. The point is food and finding some, not standing in front of closed restaurants feel...

MAITRE D': Monsieur Hayden...Mademoiselle Gilmore.

CHRISTOPHER: That's us.

MAITRE D': Welcome to L'Arpge. Please come in. Your table is ready.

LORELAI: [Gasps]

CHRISTOPHER: After you, mademoiselle.

LORELAI: Oh.

[They are seated]

LORELAI: Thank you.

CHRISTOPHER: Thank you.

LORELAI: Thanks. [too Chris] What is this?

CHRISTOPHER: [Chuckles]

WAITER: I'll give you a moment to peruse the wine list. Please let me know if you have any question.

CHRISTOPHER: Thank you. We will.

LORELAI: Merci.

[The waiter opens the curtains to reveal the Eiffel Tower in the view]

LORELAI: [Inhales deeply]

CHRISTOPHER: Pretty cool, huh?

LORELAI: How did you...

CHRISTOPHER: I'm thinking the '78 Latour. Sounds like a classic car.

LORELAI: Honey, how did you do this?

CHRISTOPHER: I have my ways.

LORELAI: Tell me!

CHRISTOPHER: You really want to know?

LORELAI: Yeah!

CHRISTOPHER: It might take away some of the magic.

LORELAI: I'll risk it.

CHRISTOPHER: Well I was lying in bed and I was just thinking about us and how, when we were 16, we planned our trip to Paris, but it kind of got derailed.

LORELAI: [Laughs] I'll say.

CHRISTOPHER: And then I was thinking about how amazing it is that after everything -- the years, the distance, the screw-ups, everything -- we finally managed to make it here and how, in some ways, it feels like nothing has changed and no time has passed.

LORELAI: I know.

CHRISTOPHER: But then I started thinking about all the things that have changed.

LORELAI: When did you do all this thinking?

CHRISTOPHER: And I realized the one big thing that has changed is that now... I'm totally loaded.

LORELAI: [Chuckling] Okay.

CHRISTOPHER: And I guess, in some ways, I'm not quite used to it because I didn't even think, earlier, that I might be able to use that.

LORELAI: You totally bribed them to open.

CHRISTOPHER: Not bribed -- gave financial incentive.

LORELAI: Oh, my god!

CHRISTOPHER: [Chuckles] I know.

LORELAI: You totally bribed them to open!

CHRISTOPHER: You don't have to whisper. Everybody here knows.

LORELAI: [Chuckles] I just can't believe that people really...do this.

CHRISTOPHER: Apparently.

LORELAI: Cool!

CHRISTOPHER: Right? And I was prepared to do other things to get you fed. I had backup plans that included theft and chicanery.

LORELAI: Ooh. Chicanery? For me?

CHRISTOPHER: Anything for you. Anything. So, you happy?

LORELAI: Really happy. This is wonderful. You didn't have to do it, you know?

CHRISTOPHER: I wanted to.

LORELAI: I would've been happy with a croissant.

CHRISTOPHER: Or a park bench. I know.

LORELAI: Why a park bench?

CHRISTOPHER: Remember when we were 16 and planning to go to Paris? We always said we'd sleep on a park bench.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah! Well, because we didn't have any money, so we couldn't afford a hotel we'd have to sleep on a park bench. I can't believe you remember that.

CHRISTOPHER: I'd still sleep on a park bench with you.

LORELAI: Name the bench.

MAITRE D': Compliments of the chef... Langoustine on a bed of mush and candied carrot cannelle. Have you decided on the wine?

CHRISTOPHER: Yes. We're gonna go with the '78 Latour.

MAITRE D': Excellent choice, monsieur.

CHRISTOPHER: [Chuckles]

LORELAI: I love you.

CHRISTOPHER: I love you, too.

LORELAI: So, this fix? Not only bigger than a breadbox, also a lot better.

CHRISTOPHER: Told you.

LORELAI: Hey, when we're done, can we go back to that beautiful bed?

CHRISTOPHER: You don't want to sleep on a park bench?

LORELAI: Mmm... no park bench.

[They Kiss]

CHRISTOPHER: Thank god.

MRS KIMS ANTIQUES

MRS KIM: Oh this is very nice.

LANE: So, mama, the reason we wanted to talk to you is 'cause...

MRS KIM: If you're wondering about your room, it isn't ready yet.

LANE: We weren't wondering -- mama!

MRS KIM: You want two separate beds, correct?

LANE: Well, that's not really the issue.

MRS KIM: Better for Zach to have his own bed. Soon, you will be giant. Who can sleep with that?

LANE: Mama, could you stop for a minute? We really need to talk.

MARTY: I have to unload this shipment. I may be old, but I can multitask.

ZACH: The thing is, Mrs. Kim, when you said that we should move in with you and I said, "cool," what I meant was, "that's cool..." "that you're offering to have us move in, but... no."

MRS KIM: What do you mean, "no"?

LANE: We really appreciate the offer, mama, but Zach and I are going to be parents soon, and we're adults...

ZACH: You know, young adults. Not like I'm gonna be smoking a pipe, and she's gonna be all, "hey, let's watch '60 minutes.'"

LANE: ...And we're gonna be starting our own family, and it's important to us that we do that in our own home. We can do this, mama. We're ready.

MRS KIM: Very well. I respect your decision.

[Lane and Zach look at each other]

LANE: Cool!

LORELAI'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

OLIVIA: How much do you love this hair?

RORY: So much!

LUCY: Okay now we're gonna have to start a girl band.

OLIVIA: We so have to.

LUCY: We'll pretend we're a Norwegian girl band, and we can purposely lip-synch just slightly off.

OLIVIA: Oh, we'll be famous!

LUCY: We'll be huge! You can write articles about us in the Yale Daily News.

RORY: Yeah.

LUCY: You can say things like, we're the hottest thing to come out of Norway since... what came out of Norway?

OLIVIA: We got the Vikings, Edvard Munch, and that's all I got.

LUCY: I mean, you still have an in at the newspaper, right?

OLIVIA: Sure she does. It's like once you're president, you're president forever, unless you get assassinated.

LUCY: Actually, it's good Rory's not editor anymore. More time to be in "The Forbidden Fjords."

OLIVIA: Okay yeah.

LUCY: Wait. We need to discuss the name. Rory, where are you on "The Forbidden Fjords"?

[Rory starts to cry]

LUCY: Oh, my god. Rory, are you okay?

RORY: I'm fine.

OLIVIA: Do you hate your hair?

LUCY: 'Cause you can change it.

OLIVIA: So easy.

RORY: No, no, no, I love my hair. It's -- it's nothing. It's stupid.

LUCY: It's not nothing.

OLIVIA: What is it?

RORY: [Crying] Everything is just...ending. I just feel like everything is gonna be over. I'm done at the paper. Soon I'm gonna be done at Yale, and it's just like I'm standing on this cliff, looking out into this huge, foggy...

LUCY: Abyss?

RORY: [They starts to sit on the bathroom floor]...Like, a huge, foggy abyss, and, in my whole life, there's never been an abyss. It's been abyssless. I've always known exactly what is in front of me, and I've always known exactly where I'm going, and now...I don't know what's out there.

OLIVIA: Besides fog.

RORY: A ton of fog, and I hate not knowing what is out there. I mean, what's going to happen to my career and my relationship with Logan and the rest of my life?

LUCY: Rory...

RORY: I'm so sorry, I don't mean to... drag everything down.

LUCY: I so know what you're talking about.

OLIVIA: Totally!

RORY: Really?

LUCY: Are you kidding? Once I move that tassel to the other side, I have no idea what the hell I'm gonna do. I mean, besides that FBI gig.

OLIVIA: I'm an art major -- not like that's an obvious road sign to the rest of my life.

RORY: I can't believe you guys worry about this. I mean, you're so carpe diem-ish.

LUCY: But how could you not be worried about it?

OLIVIA: Everywhere you turn, someone's talking about their brilliant plans for next year.

LUCY: I mean even our friends that were laid-back -- English majors, philosophy majors -- they're talking about coming investment bankers. When did that happen?

OLIVIA: Traitors.

LUCY: The other day, somebody used the phrase "negative amortization." What the hell is that?!

RORY: [Sighs] I have no idea what I'm doing. Maybe I should be applying to grad schools. I mean... journalism school or law school. Maybe I should go to law school.

LUCY: Dude, you don't want to go to law school.

RORY: I so don't want to go to law school.

PARIS - RESTAURANT

[Music plays]

LORELAI: You're amazing.

CHRISTOPHER: No, you are.

LORELAI: Don't start a fight with me. I'm trying to say thank you.

CHRISTOPHER: You're welcome.

LORELAI: I mean, this is ridiculous. This is incredible. Here we are just finishing dinner, and the sun is coming up and people are just going to work. I mean, it's just all so unreal. I feel like any minute the waiters could break into song.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, if you want...what?

LORELAI: I'm just so happy.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah?

LORELAI: Yeah. I don't ever want to leave Paris.

CHRISTOPHER: I know.

LORELAI: I don't want it to be over, I don't want it to end.

CHRISTOPHER: Well it doesn't have to end. When we get back to Stars Hollow, we can sleep all day and wander the town in the night, and... that stuff we did back in the hotel room -- we can definitely do that back in stars hollow.

LORELAI: Are you saying we'll always have Paris?

CHRISTOPHER: I'm saying I love you, Lorelai.

LORELAI: I love you, too.

CHRISTOPHER: And, Lor?

LORELAI: What?

CHRISTOPHER: Remember when I told you that I would wait till we were both 80 for you to figure out us?

LORELAI: U-us?

CHRISTOPHER: You and me?

LORELAI: Right.

CHRISTOPHER: I don't want to wait.

LORELAI: Chris...

CHRISTOPHER: I mean it.

LORELAI: But don't you think it's -- it's too soon?

CHRISTOPHER: No.

LORELAI: We've only been dating a few months.

CHRISTOPHER: Try 25 years.

LORELAI: I know, but you know what I mean.

CHRISTOPHER: So it's taken us this long to work it out, to figure it out, but we're here now. We're ready. We're finally ready. Let's do it, let's do it right here in Paris.

LORELAI: No, n-not here.

CHRISTOPHER: Why not?

LORELAI: Well, Rory...

CHRISTOPHER: Rory? Rory will be thrilled.

LORELAI: Honey, I love you, I really do, but... I think we should wait.

CHRISTOPHER: Come on, Lor. We love each other. We belong together. What do you say? Marry me.

LANE, ZACH AND BRIAN'S APARTMENT - EXTERIOR

[Lane and Zach are coming home]

LANE: No

ZACH: But those are cool names, and whenever we call for "Marco," polo would answer with his name, so we'd always know where he was.

LANE: No.

[They enter the apartment]

LANE: We don't even know if they're going to be boys. [Stops] Mama!

MRS KIM: This place is a death trap!

LANE: What are you doing.

MRS KIM: We must think like a baby. Anything that can be grabbed with little baby hands must be put up high or locked away in cupboards.

ZACH: How'd she get in?

MRS KIM: Who couldn't get in? Hiding a key under the mat is like hosting a burglars-only open house.

LANE: Mama we're gonna baby-proof the apartment, but we've still got like months.

MRS KIM: Of course, the drum kit has to go into storage, and you must throw away all of these.

ZACH: My guitar picks?

MRS KIM: To you, they are guitar picks. To a baby, they are candy waiting to be choked on.

ZACH: That's true. One time, I was tuning to an open "e" and holding a pick between my teeth, and Brian made this really funny sound, and I snorted a laugh, so the pick went sh**ting to the back of my throat.

LANE: Mama, did you shop for us?

MRS KIM: Yes, and I will cook dinner as soon as I am finished unpacking.

LANE: Unpacking?

MRS KIM: My things. [They turn to see some suitcases] You are adults now. You should raise your children in your own home. It would be wrong for you to move in with me, so I will move in with you... Cool?

ZACH: Um...

LANE: [Worried] Mama? Where's Brian?

MRS KIM: Don't worry about Brian. Brian is fine.

[Cut to a scene of Brian having dinner with his new "Korean family"]

BRIAN: Um, could you please pass the Bulgogi?

YALE - HALLWAY

[The girls are walking]

LUCY: French fries.

RORY: Yep.

LUCY: Definitely French fries.

OLIVIA: Even if I haven't even gone within a mile of one...

RORY: Always smell like French fries after a road trip.

LUCY: Smell like? Feel like. A thin layer of vegetable grease all over me. [She unlocks the door and enters.] Boyfriend!

MARTY: Hey!

OLIVIA: I think boyfriend's here.

RORY: No way.

MARTY: Mmm!

LUCY: So once we saw the hair, it was like obvious -- girl band. Rory has the most awesome house. You have to meet Rory. Rory... this is boyfriend.

RORY: Oh! I...

MARTY: Actually, it's Marty. Nice to meet you.

RORY: [Confused] You too.

OLIVIA: Okay... I got to show you the dresses for our Norwegian band. So perfect.

LUCY: Go get yours. [Too Rory] You're going to be, like, "we have to wear these dresses."

[They go off to change]

RORY: What's going on?

MARTY: What do you mean?

RORY: Um...why did you just pretend like you didn't know me?

MARTY: Oh... I just thought it would be weird.

RORY: Weird? That we were friends? Why would that be weird?

MARTY: Well, what's the difference? I mean, it's not important.

RORY: But... yeah, but we used to hang out all the time you know...

LUCY: Ta-da!

OLIVIA: Give it up for The Forbidden Fjords!

LUCY: Aren't these perfect?

RORY: They are. They're perfect.

OLIVIA: Two Halloweens ago, Lucy and I went to a party as "and Dawn," without Tony Orlando.

LUCY: [Too Marty, now sitting on the couch together] Do you like me in this dress?

MARTY: Yeah, you look nice and shiny. Goes great with your hair.

LUCY: Thank you. [Too Rory] Was I right? Doesn't boyfriend have unreal hair?

RORY: [Smiling] He does.

LUCY: So, the road trip...

OLIVIA: It was so far out.

LUCY: The town where Rory grew up is, like, your perfect small town.

[Rory looks hurt but puts on a fake smile]

OLIVIA: You expect professor Harold hill to move there and sucker everyone into buying band instruments.

LUCY: It's, like, ideal, but not scary, "a serial k*ller lives next door" ideal. 4-h club ideal.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[Night time, Lorelai and Chris enter, Lorelai puts the keys down and looks around]

LORELAI: Bonsoir, house.

CHRISTOPHER: Feels good to be home, huh?

LORELAI: So good. [sits on the couch] It's funny when you go away, even on a short trip... everything looks a little different when you get back. [Chris sits next to Lorelai]

CHRISTOPHER: Yep.

LORELAI: Of course, now I'm seeing it with a French perspective.

CHRISTOPHER: How's it look in French?

LORELAI: American and dusty.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm gonna go get the rest of our stuff.

[They kiss]

CHRISTOPHER: Welcome home, Mrs. Hayden.

[Lorelai has an uncomfortable look on her face as she looks at the ring on her finger, Chris goes to get the bags.]