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KITCHEN - UNKNOWN HOUSE

[Lorelai and Chris are looking at a new house, they are acting]

CHRISTOPHER: I got a meeting in half an hour, so I better run.

LORELAI: Okay, well, have a great day.

CHRISTOPHER: Thanks again for breakfast.

LORELAI: My pleasure.

CHRISTOPHER: You make a hell of a Frittata.

LORELAI: Well it is my specialty what time?

CHRISTOPHER: Around sixish.

LORELAI: Alright I might make a Frittata for dinner.

CHRISTOPHER: Ooh, sounds good.

LORELAI: Have a great day, honey.

CHRISTOPHER: Bye, hon. [Chris walks off, then returns] So what'd you think?

LORELAI: Frittata?

CHRISTOPHER: Felt pretty good, huh?

LORELAI: No, it did. It's homey. Home-ish. Home-like. Margaret, what did you think?

MARGARET: Oh, you seemed like real people in a real house.

LORELAI: Wow. What about the lighting?

MARGARET: Well as you can see there's lots of windows, lots of natural sunlight.

LORELAI: But how do we look?

MARGARET: Excuse me?

LORELAI: In the lighting, how do we look?

MARGARET: Oh, right. At least 10 years younger.

LORELAI: Than...

MARGARET: Hmm?

LORELAI: Well, if you think we're 60 and the lighting makes us look 50, then this room is aging us, and that's not good.

MARGARET: You look 20.

LORELAI: Very good!

MARGARET: This house was originally built in 1790 but obviously has been completely remodeled. All new appliances. Three fireplaces. Proximity to an excellent school district. The large backyard. Great tree-house-building trees.

LORELAI: Ooh, fun.

MARGARET: So I'm gonna make a quick call. Take your time. Look around. Make yourselves at home. Well, I don't have to tell you two that. I'll be right outside so just holler if you have any questions.

LORELAI: Thank you. We will.

CHRISTOPHER: So...

LORELAI: So?

CHRISTOPHER: I told you it was a really cool house.

LORELAI: It is.

CHRISTOPHER: And that yard?

LORELAI: Oh, love the yard.

CHRISTOPHER: And I know it's not Stars Hollow, but it's a really cool town and bigger. Lots of places to eat and shop.

LORELAI: Three bookstores? I mean this is a well-read community. We might be the dumbest people in town.

CHRISTOPHER: Yep we could be the town dunces. We'll buy caps.

LORELAI: We'll put "the dunces" on our mailbox.

CHRISTOPHER: That mailbox!

LORELAI: What is that, a hollowed-out Birch tree or something?

CHRISTOPHER: And the second-floor bedroom -- that's perfect for Gigi And the third-floor room - with the really cool windows that could be Rory's room.

LORELAI: Honey, I can't imagine a better house.

UNKNOWN HOUSE - EXTERIOR

[Lorelai and Chris exit the house]

LORELAI: Big front yard.

CHRISTOPHER: Could be our front yard.

LORELAI: Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah. [Chris looks at Lorelai] What's with the face?

LORELAI: Face? What face? My face, you don't like my face?

CHRISTOPHER: Lor.

LORELAI: Hmm?

CHRISTOPHER: You want to stay in Stars Hollow.

LORELAI: Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: You want to stay in your house. You don't want to move at all.

LORELAI: Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay.

LORELAI: Yeah?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah...It's a hell of a mailbox, though.

LORELAI: Sure is.

OPENING CREDITS

GILMORE MANSION

[The front door rings and Emily opens it]

EMILY: You're here.

LORELAI: I'm here!

EMILY: You're 37 minutes late, but you're here.

LORELAI: Uh, traffic.

EMILY: It's Sunday morning Lorelai. The roads are empty.

LORELAI: Well let me finish, mom. Traffic cones everywhere. I mean you wouldn't believe it's like a crazy obstacle course out there. It's a miracle I survived. Maybe we should do this another day when I'm less stressed from the traffic-cone dodging.

EMILY: I have the most exciting news.

LORELAI: You're canceling my wedding party?

EMILY: I got Randall Farber as your party planner.

LORELAI: And he's canceling my wedding party?

EMILY: He spent the last 15 years as designer-in-residence at the Connecticut opera house.

LORELAI: Boss.

EMILY: This is a real coup, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Well...

EMILY: Your father and I have been fans of his work for years, and he's only just begun designing parties. Two months ago we went to Abigail Hirschfeld's granddaughter's bat mitzvah,

LORELAI: Mm-hmm

EMILY: And it was the most spectacular event. The whole decor was inspired by Britten's "a midsummer night's dream." I swear I felt like I was in an enchanted forest the entire night, except for the children running around with braces. Randall, this is my daughter, Lorelai. Lorelai, Randall Farber.

LORELAI: Hello.

RANDALL: Ah, the star of our show.

LORELAI: Oh, well...

EMILY: I apologize for her tardiness. It's rather habitual.

RANDALL: Oh, stop. You're talking to an opera man. I've worked with Renée Fleming. The personality of a pit bull, that one, but all is forgiven when she sings, am I right.

LORELAI: Well, heads-up, I'm not much of an outside-the-shower singer.

EMILY: I hope you realize how lucky you are to have Randall, Lorelai. He's a genius.

RANDALL: Oh, stop. [Leading them into the dining room] Shall we?

LORELAI: Please.

[Now in the dinning room]

RANDALL: Well the first order of business is deciding on a theme around which I can design the evening.

LORELAI: How about "man's inhumanity to man"? It always worked well for my term papers in high school.

EMILY: Why don't you show us what you're thinking?

RANDALL: Well I've done a few mock-up tables. Just tell me which one jumps out at you.

LORELAI: Um, they all jump out at me. Kind of aggressively.

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Well I just don't want it to be a big production, mom. It's just a party.

RANDALL: My dear, every party's a production. If it's a lousy production, it's a lousy party and everyone leaves by 8:30.

LORELAI: What about that as a theme? "Everyone leaves by 8:30."

EMILY: Tell me about this one.

LUKE'S DINER

KIRK: You've got you stocking plaid, your festive ornament collage your snowman trio, your Peekaboo Santa.

MISS PATTY: Well it's lovely, Kirk, but I already bought my wrapping paper from the kids from the Stars Hollow middle school.

KIRK: Well, then, you got ripped off.

MISS PATTY: What?

KIRK: Those kids are gouging you. I'm selling the same wrapping paper for 20% less.

LUKE: Aren't the kids selling the wrapping paper to help raise money for a new gymnasium?

KIRK: Yeah.

LUKE: Well, why are you?

KIRK: To raise money for myself. I'm not a school, Luke. No one's raising money for me. I saw the opportunity to enter the market at a lower price point and I took it.

MISS PATTY: Ho, ho, ho.

KIRK: What schoolchildren are the only ones allowed to sell wrapping paper? It's a free country. [A kid comes into the diner] Hey, Jacob! Beat it. This is my territory.

JACOB: Fathead.

KIRK: Yeah, keep walking.

LIZ: Look who's here.

MISS PATTY: Oh, my god!

LIZ: She's precious.

MISS PATTY: Oh, those eyes, that skin -- she's gorgeous.

LIZ: That's what everyone says.

LUKE: Hey, Liz.

LIZ: Hi, Luke.

LUKE: Oh, she's bigger.

LIZ: 11 pounds, 4 ounces.

LUKE: Oh she looks great.

LIZ: I know. She's really strong, too. She can practically hold her head up. Most kids don't do that until they're two months.

LUKE: Really

LIZ: Yeah.

LUKE: Come on over and sit down.

LIZ: Oh, sure. [They move to the counter] Oh he's really strong to she takes after T.J., he's really strong you know. We've been watching "Survivor" sometimes, you know, and he does the challenges, you know like standing on one leg or dragging the sandbags around, and he lasts longer than the guys on the show.

LUKE: Wow.

KIRK: You know, baby's first Christmas is approaching. Have you given thought to what baby's first Christmas gift will be wrapped in?

LIZ: No.

KIRK: I have baby Santa, cuddly reindeers, Frosty's world...

LUKE: Kirk.

KIRK: Yeah, okay. [He leaves]

LIZ: So is April excited about being a cousin?

LUKE: Yeah. I showed her the pictures you sent. She's gonna frame the one of her in the orange jumper.

LIZ: Oh, that is such a good one! [Laughter] She looks like a little creamsicle.

LUKE: [Laughs]

LIZ: She's very photogenic, huh?

LUKE: Yeah.

LIZ: And how are things with Anna?

LUKE: Yeah we're trading calls. It'll work out. I mean, I've calmed down a little since the fight. It'll all work itself out.

LIZ: I'm sure.

LUKE: Actually, I made a list. Okay I think it's pretty reasonable. Alright I was thinking I could have April either Thanksgiving or Christmas -- Anna can choose. One month of the summer. And I think I would like April to come to Stars Hollow one weekend every other month. In between, I can travel to New Mexico. I mean that sounds fair, right?

LIZ: Very reasonable. But I definitely think you need to get a lawyer.

LUKE: No lawyers. Anna and I are gonna work this out on our own.

LIZ: That's what you think now, big brother, but trust me -- custody issues are tough.

LUKE: Well, I don't like lawyers.

LIZ: Well, nobody does. Wait. She's staring at you. She is! She's staring at you, and she's falling asleep. Great. I'm gonna leave her with you, and I'll be back in an hour.

LUKE: What?

LIZ: Oh, I'm going crazy. I just need a minute to myself.

LUKE: Liz...

LIZ: She's been attached to my boob for two weeks, and T.J.'s decided to finally get a "work ethic."

LUKE: You can't just leave her here. I can't watch her.

LIZ: I fed her. She'll be fine. She'll sleep the whole time.

LUKE: [now panicking a little] Wait, Liz...

LIZ: I'll be back in an hour, maybe an hour and a half.

[Luke looks a little worried as the door closes.]

GILMORE MANSION - DINNING ROOM

[They are still looking at tables]

RANDALL: So why don't we take our inspiration from the world of "la bohme," fin de sicle Paris? A little birdie told me you had quite the romantic Parisian adventure.

EMILY: Tweet, tweet.

RANDALL: I must confess -- this is my personal favorite. I must admit I have a soft spot, for it was while I was doing "la bohme" at the staatsoper in Vienna that I met the incomparable Franco Zeffirelli, whose meticulous attention to detail has been a yardstick for which I measure all my work.

EMILY: Your details are simply astounding, Randall.

LORELAI: What about instead of "la bohme," we took our inspiration from "rent" -- east village, 1985, rickety tables, chipped glassware... [Cell phone rings]

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Excuse me. [Answers her cell phone] Hello?

RORY: How goes the party planning?

LORELAI: What? What happened?

RORY: That good, huh?

LORELAI: Is he okay?

RORY: I'm not participating in this.

LORELAI: Oh, my god. What can I do? What do you need?

RORY: You're not using this call to get out of party-planning hell.

LORELAI: Oh, I'll be right there.

RORY: Mom!

EMILY: I can hear Rory

on the other end, Lorelai.

You're not as clever

as you think you are.

LORELAI: [Too Rory] You rat. [Holds up the phone]

RORY: Hi, grandma.

EMILY: Hello, Rory. [too Randall] That's my granddaughter, Rory. Delightful girl. She's a senior at Yale.

RANDALL: Fantastic theater program -- Meryl, Jodie.

LORELAI: [Back on the phone] Uh, I thought we had a deal.

RORY: We had no deal.

LORELAI: No, a deal for life. You've got my back. I've got yours.

RORY: I plan on having a good time at your wedding party. More importantly, I plan on making sure you have a good time at your wedding party. Therefore, it's important you be involved in the planning, of you wedding party so in the big picture, I do very much have your back.

LORELAI: Yeah, whatever.

RORY: Okay. Bad news. I'm afraid I have to bail on you and dad for dinner tonight.

LORELAI: Mm-hmm. Logan?

RORY: Yeah, he's coming to stay with me for a couple days. He's been so busy with the start up, I've hardly gotten to see him lately.

LORELAI: Okay can't see you through the phone, but I'm pouting.

RORY: I'll make it up to you.

LORELAI: Hey is he coming to the party? I'm trying to pad the guest list if he's coming, I'm in the

double digits.

RORY: He'll be there.

LORELAI: Awesome.

RORY: So okay, I'll call you later, okay?

LORELAI: The stairs are rickety, and you think you might fall down them?

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: The pool is empty, and you've hit your head?

RORY: Goodbye.

LORELAI: Okay, bye.

EMILY: Lorelai, come look at these invitations.

LORELAI: [Sighs] Can we just send an Evite?... No? Okay.

DOOSE'S MARKET

[Lorelai and Chris are shopping]

LORELAI: Two hours we spent picking out invitations. Two hours.

CHRISTOPHER: Wow.

LORELAI: Not counting the one hour we spent picking out the calligraphy -- for a party.

[Lorelai puts pop tarts into the cart]

CHRISTOPHER: This is gonna be some shindig.

[Chris puts the pop tarts back on the shelf without Lorelai seeing]

LORELAI: "Would you like the brown card with the cream-colored detail and the parchment insert, or would you like the cream-colored card with the silk lining and the clear paper insert?" How about I'd like some cyanide and a 30-story building to jump off of?

CHRISTOPHER: Ah no, we said one sugar cereal.

LORELAI: You're gonna deny me the captain?

CHRISTOPHER: We've got a whole box of Froot Loops at home.

LORELAI: [pouting] In my fragile state you're gonna deny me peanut butter Cap'n crunch?

CHRISTOPHER: It rips your gums...

LORELAI: In a delightful, sugary way. Look it's got 5% real peanut-butter- flavored chemicals.

CHRISTOPHER: No.

LORELAI: Oh, fine. Corn flakes.

CHRISTOPHER: Which one do we get again?

LORELAI: Avoid the words "made with real vegetables." I cannot take another day of Emily and Randall, and I have nine more days of it. That's nine more days than I can take.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, you're doing great.

LORELAI: I'm not doing great. I'm going nuts. Tomorrow we have the food-and-wine tasting at the Mildred Manor ballroom.

CHRISTOPHER: At least you get to drink your way through it.

LORELAI: No. Fancy people make you spit out the wine. That's what fancy people do. But not me. I'm gonna drink them under the ballroom.

CHRISTOPHER: What time's the tasting?

LORELAI: 3:30 till the end of never.

CHRISTOPHER: Well I've got a meeting in Hartford at 2:00, but I can meet you there afterward.

LORELAI: Really?

CHRISTOPHER: Yes.

LORELAI: Honey, that would be so great. I will never eat peanut butter Cap'n crunch again. Yes, I will. That's a lie. But together, we can defeat them.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey this is serious I don't want to get the wrong-colored deck mint parchment insert. The guys at the gym would never let me live it down.

LORELAI: No.

CHRISTOPHER: Well we got everything?

LORELAI: Yeah, we're good. Oh, no.

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LORELAI: Bonnie.

CHRISTOPHER: Who?

LORELAI: Taylor's niece, Bonnie, working the register. She couldn't be slower or care less about her job.

CHRISTOPHER: I thought life in a small town was supposed to be leisurely.

LORELAI: There's leisurely, and then there's Bonnie. [Sighs] We're never gonna get out of here.

CHRISTOPHER: Go wait outside.

LORELAI: Really?

CHRISTOPHER: Go.

LORELAI: [Clicks tongue] Honey, buy me Tic Tacs. Hi, bonnie.

BONNIE: What's up, Lorelai?

LORELAI: That's cabbage, hon.

BONNIE: Um... I'm gonna need a void here.

DOOSE'S MARKET - EXTERIOR

[Lorelai comes out just as Luke is walking Doula in her stroller past the store]

LORELAI: [Noticing Luke] Hi.

LUKE: Hey.

LORELAI: Who's -- who's this?

LUKE: That's Liz's baby.

LORELAI: Oh, wow. Congratulations. You're an uncle again, huh?

LUKE: Yeah, thanks.

LORELAI: Oh. Well, she's cute. She looks just like T.J.

LUKE: Hopefully she will grow out of that.

LORELAI: She's adorable. She's sweet. So what's her name?

LUKE: Doula.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: Doula.

LORELAI: Oh, is that...

LUKE: A weird name.

LORELAI: Weird name. A little bit. But, no, it's special. It's one-of-a-kind, distinctive. Can I?

LUKE: Oh, sure, of course.

LORELAI: [Leans in and pick up Doula] Hi. Hi, bubbly. Hi. Oh, precious. How old is she? Two weeks?

LUKE: 11 days.

LORELAI: Oh, wow. And how's Liz?

LUKE: Oh, they're great. They're both doing great. They're gonna make very strange parents but you know good ones, I know.

LORELAI: Nothing wrong with a strange but loving household.

LUKE: Yeah, I guess.

LORELAI: Look at her long fingers.

LUKE: Yeah, I noticed that, too.

LORELAI: What are you gonna be -- a pianist when you grow up? Is that what you're gonna be, pretty girl? Or a pickpocket. Well, yes, you might. You might be a pickpocketing pianist.

LUKE: Oh, look what she did.

[Chris comes out of Doose's and looks at them for a few seconds]

LUKE: [Laughs]

LORELAI: Pretty.

LUKE: She's trying to take my finger.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey.

LORELAI: Hey. Look. It's Liz's new baby.

CHRISTOPHER: Cute.

LORELAI: Yeah. Well, thanks, um, for letting me..

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Hold her. And tell Liz congratulations for me, okay?

LUKE: Will do.

LORELAI: Alright see you.

LUKE: See you.

LORELAI: Want me to...

CHRISTOPHER: I got it.

LORELAI: Okay.

CHRISTOPHER: [Too lorelai] Looks good on you...

YALE - CAFETERIA

[Rory and Logan are waiting in line]

LORELAI: We don't have to eat here.

RORY: Oh, yes, we do. You're on my turf now.

LOGAN: Your turf?

RORY: My turf.

LOGAN: You know, I did go to school here.

RORY: Yeah, you graduated from Yale. You can eat from their cafeteria at least once.

LOGAN: I stopped by for the occasional bowl of cereal.

RORY: Yeah cereal does not count. Okay you need to get something hot, mushy, and meaty.

LOGAN: You're not making it sound too appetizing.

RORY: Oh, it's not. I have an extra family pass from parents' weekend.

LOGAN: Oh, so when your parents came, they got to eat real food?

RORY: Mm-hmm I'm gonna tell them that you're my brother and that you're gonna get your meal comped.

LOGAN: I don't mind paying for my mushy meat.

RORY: No, that's not the issue. I mean I know how to work the system.

LOGAN: Oh, you do.

RORY: Yeah, you know me -- I can be crafty.

LOGAN: You can make a necklace out of macaroni, but this is high-stakes deception.

RORY: What's my middle name? Rory "high-stakes deception" Gilmore.

DENNIS: Card.

RORY: There you go. And this is my family pass for my brother here.

BRANDON: Logan! What's up, brother? What the hell are you doing here, I thought you moved to London to run the world or something.

LOGAN: Just back for a visit.

RORY: My brother went here, too.

BRANDON: Is this your girlfriend, Rory?

LOGAN: I don't know. Is it?

RORY: [Too Dennis] Um I'm a terrible liar.

DENNIS: Ah-ha

LOGAN: Apparently so.

RORY: So hi. I'm Rory.

BRANDON: Brandon. Nice to meet you.

RORY: You too. So, Dennis, how much is a lunch pass?

DENNIS: \$9.75.

LOGAN: So you're still with Nicole?

BRANDON: Yeah, till I die or she kills me.

LOGAN: Well, give her my best.

BRANDON: Will do, buddy. Good to see you, Logan.

LOGAN: You too.

BRANDON: Nice to meet you, Rory.

RORY: You too. Bye.

LOGAN: [Too Rory] Smooth.

RORY: Shut up.

LOGAN: Way to work the system.

RORY: You totally left me hanging there.

LOGAN: What could I do? You were working the system. In fact, you were working the system so well, I think the system needs a day off.

RORY: I'll have the chicken, and he'll have the meat loaf with extra gravy.

LOGAN: Nice.

RORY: Mm-hmm. Oh, hey, there's Lucy. Lucy!

LUCY: Hi! You must be Rory's imaginary boyfriend, Logan.

LOGAN: Hi, Lucy.

LUCY: Hi. I would give you a proper hug, but my pockets are full of apple jacks. I have art history in a few minutes, and my professor sounds like Garrison Keillor on Quaaludes, so I need a constant intake of sugar just to stay awake.

LOGAN: I was just treating Logan to his first Branford dining hall meat loaf.

LUCY: Oh, you're in for a treat and a stomachache.

LOGAN: I can tell.

LUCY: So congratulations on buying the Internet or something.

LOGAN: Thank you, although al gore and I are still negotiating so it's not a done deal yet.

RORY: It's too bad that you have class. You could have eaten with us.

LUCY: Sad. Hey, why don't we have dinner? I have a lecture tonight, but what about tomorrow

night?

RORY: Sure.

LOGAN: Sounds good.

LUCY: Fun! We'll have to go to Panchali's. It's this new Indian restaurant right off campus. It's awesome and I swear no matter how much food you order, you cannot spend more than 7 bucks.

LOGAN: Sounds like stomachache number two.

RORY: Huh-huh

MARTY: [Entering the room] Hey, babe. Come on.

LUCY: Boyfriend! [Marty is surprised to see Logan and Rory, Lucy waves him over] Boyfriend, this is Rory's imaginary boyfriend, Logan.

LOGAN: I know Marty. How you doing, man?

MARTY: Hey.

LUCY: How do you two know each other?

MARTY: Oh we met when I was bartending one of Logan's parties.

LUCY: What a coinkydink.

RORY: Yeah.

LOGAN: More than one, he did a couple blowouts for me, and if I'm not mistaken, at the last one, cops were called.

MARTY: That sounds familiar.

LUCY: You know, you probably met Marty, too, and you just didn't even know it.

MARTY: We should go. I need to stop by the library before class.

LUCY: Right. Okay, bye, guys. We will see you tomorrow for Basmati and Vindaloo.

RORY: Okay. Bye.

LOGAN: Later.

RORY: Okay. Come on. [They go over to a table and sit] Is this okay?

LOGAN: Fine. So what's with the whole "you must have met Marty"?

RORY: Oh, I meant to tell you.

LOGAN: Tell me what?

RORY: It's kind of embarrassing. It's so juvenile and lame. It's like high school -- not even high school. It's junior high.

LOGAN: I'm listening.

RORY: Well, I've been hanging out with Lucy and Olivia and I keep hearing about Lucy's boyfriend, and they never actually said his name. And then when I finally met him, it was Marty. And before I could even say anything, he just pretended like we've never met. And I just didn't know what to do, so I went along with it, but now Lucy still doesn't know that we know each other. It's just kind of weird and awkward. And did I mention juvenile?

LOGAN: Why did you go along with it?

RORY: I don't know. It just happened so fast. I was caught off guard.

LOGAN: So why would he pretend not to know you?

RORY: I don't know. I mean, maybe because he used to like me, and maybe he still does a little. But that's stupid, because he's with Lucy now, and she's amazing. They're great together and it's all so annoying. I mean they don't call people by name. They don't call anyone by name, French-fry guy -- I don't know who that is. That could be you.

LOGAN: So what happened?

RORY: What do you mean?

LOGAN: Well he must have said or done something right to make you think he's still into you.

RORY: I don't know. He said I was beautiful. To me, he said it.

LOGAN: Well can't blame the guy for that. You are beautiful.

RORY: The way he said it.

LOGAN: Right.

RORY: Yeah.

LOGAN: So what? You guys have been hanging out?

RORY: No. No, I mean, just when he's around with Lucy.

LOGAN: So you have been hanging out.

RORY: Just with Lucy.

LOGAN: So why the secrecy?

RORY: I told you, I was caught off guard.

LOGAN: No, with me. Why did you never mention that you and Marty were hanging out again?

RORY: Oh I just didn't think it mattered.

LOGAN: Well you're not the secret-keeping type. Of course that is before I knew you were Rory "high-stakes deception" Gilmore.

RORY: No, it wasn't a secret. I mean, I didn't tell you. That's it. I swear. I mean I didn't not tell you. I just didn't think there was anything to tell.

LOGAN: Well, you have to tell Lucy.

RORY: I know. I will. Just I need to figure out the right time and way to do it. I just don't want to screw anything up.

LOGAN: A little brotherly advice -- tell her sooner rather than later.

RORY: Yeah, I will. I'll figure something out. We don't have to go to dinner with them though. I can cancel that.

LOGAN: No, it's fine. We can go to dinner. Unless there's something on your end.

RORY: No. Logan, god, no.

LOGAN: Good. Then let's go to dinner.

RORY: Okay.

LOGAN: Really, they charge 10 bucks for this?

RORY: Hum

LORELAI'S HOUSE - BED ROOM

[Lorelai and Chris are in bed in each other arms.]

CHRISTOPHER: Let's make a baby.

LORELAI: What do you mean?

CHRISTOPHER: Seriously.

LORELAI: Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

CHRISTOPHER: Why not?

LORELAI: What?

CHRISTOPHER: Why not?

LORELAI: Because we haven't talked about it at all -- ever.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, well, let's talk about it.

LORELAI: Okay.

CHRISTOPHER: You want another kid, don't you?

LORELAI: Oh, god. Uh, I don't know. I, um... sure, maybe.

CHRISTOPHER: Me too. And, you know, last one turned out pretty good, so...

LORELAI: Last one didn't turn out pretty good. Last one came out and a lot of work went into getting her to pretty good.

CHRISTOPHER: You're right. You're right. I'm -- I'm sorry.

LORELAI: It's okay.

CHRISTOPHER: No, you're right. You're absolutely right. But, um, it's different now. We're adults. We're married. It'd be easier.

LORELAI: Yeah. I guess. I don't know. I think... I want... another... kid.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, well, we're on the same page. Let's go for it.

LORELAI: [Chris starts to kiss Lorelai] Honey... Chris... honey... seriously -- seriously, I don't want to go for it right now.

CHRISTOPHER: Why not?

LORELAI: Why not? We just got married. I mean, Gigi's not even back from France.

CHRISTOPHER: So you don't want to because of Gigi?

LORELAI: No, I mean, it's not because of Gigi

CHRISTOPHER: Because financially, we're good. We're set. We could have a thousand kids, feed them, send them to Harvard undergrad, law school.

LORELAI: No, I know.

CHRISTOPHER: Do you not think we'll work?

LORELAI: What?

CHRISTOPHER: Because if that's what you're thinking, I mean it's a little late.

LORELAI: Oh, my god, no. That's not what I'm thinking. That's not what I'm thinking at all.

CHRISTOPHER: What are you thinking?

LORELAI: I just -- what is this? What is the rush? Why right now? [Chris exhales like he doesn't believe Lorelai.] Chris.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah. No, it's fine.

LORELAI: Honey...

CHRISTOPHER: No, you're right. We should we should wait. We should. You're right.

[Chris turns over with his back to Lorelai and goes to sleep]

LUKE'S DINER - DAYTIME

LUKE: Cesar, what time you got?

CAESAR: 10 after 2:00.

LUKE: As soon as April gets here, we're gonna have to run, 'cause we're gonna miss the movie.

CAESAR: I'm feeling you.

LUKE: Stop feeling me.

KIRK: So business has been going like gangbusters.

LUKE: Congratulations.

KIRK: Yeah, I'm destroying those Stars Hollow middle school kids. Destroying -- outselling them by three or four times. I think it's safe to say they won't be getting their new gym anytime soon.

LUKE: You must be very proud.

KIRK: I am. Sure there's been an increase in prank phone calls, but so what? I can answer the phone all day long.

LUKE: I'm sure.

KIRK: And so they've ordered pizzas to my house day and night. You know what? I love pizza. Bring it on. They think they're intimidating me, but I'm not scared.

LUKE: 12-year-olds don't scare you.

KIRK: Not at all.

JACOB: Kirk!

KIRK: I thought I told you to get lost.

JACOB: We want to talk.

[Short pause]

KIRK: So talk.

JACOB: Not here. Outside.

KIRK: All right. Let's go. [Luke picks up his pack of wrapping paper] But I'm warning you -- if it gets physical, I will show no mercy.

[Luke calls Anna, who is wrapping things for Christmas.]

ANNA: Hello?

LUKE: Hey, Anna, it's Luke.

ANNA: Yeah.

LUKE: Yeah I was just wondering if April took off. She's not here yet, and she's never late. I'm just getting a little worried.

ANNA: April's fine.

LUKE: Is she on her way?

ANNA: No, she's not coming.

LUKE: What does that mean?

ANNA: Luke, you can't just come to my house, threaten me, and then expect me to send April off to see you.

LUKE: Look, things got a little heated the other night.

ANNA: Yes they certainly did, and I'm not comfortable with April being with you right now.

LUKE: Anna, wait...

ANNA: No, Luke, I won't, because this is my decision. Goodbye.

[Luke looks at the phone and is a little mad]

MILDRED MANOR BALLROOM

[Lorelai, Chris, Emily and Randall are there.]

RANDALL: So we moved away from a literal theme as per our star's request.

LORELAI: Star -- that's me.

CHRISTOPHER: [sounding a little annoyed] Yeah, I got it.

RANDALL: But we did manage to squeeze some favorite colors out of her, didn't we.

LORELAI: Yellow, like my sunny disposition.

RANDALL: Eh, eh, eh. Not yellow. Buttercup and buttercream.

LORELAI: Do you like buttercream and buttermilk, honey or would you like a nondairy color?

RANDALL: Please say you like them.

CHRISTOPHER: It's fine.

RANDALL: So of course this area will be for the tables, as discussed. The orchestra -- excuse me -- band will be over there. And obviously, the dance floor is right here.

LORELAI: Actually, I'm morally opposed to dancing, so that's not gonna work for me.

CHRISTOPHER: She's just kidding.

LORELAI: [Giggles]

RANDALL: Aha.

EMILY: I'm so glad you're here. Maybe you can help keep Lorelai's snarkiness in check.

CHRISTOPHER: Let's see what he's got planned.

RANDALL: So we still have to decide on the score. Have you made a list of your favorite music?

LORELAI: No list necessary. It's going to be Burt Bacharach and nothing but.

RANDALL: Really?

CHRISTOPHER: We'll make a list.

RANDALL: Wonderful.

LORELAI: [Too Chris] Hey, you okay?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah. I'm fine.

RANDALL: Now, for the fish course, I believe we have either a Pouilly Fuissé or a Muscat, if you go with the salmon, and I do think you should go with the salmon.

EMILY: Agreed. Now, as far as the vows go...

LORELAI: [Coughs] I'm sorry. The vows?

EMILY: Wedding vows.

LORELAI: Ah what are you talking about?

EMILY: They can be traditional, or you can write your own, which seems to be the style now day, although if you ask me it's rather garish. Cecily Pendelem's daughter actually promised to cook her husband lasagna once a month. Who wants to hear the word "lasagna" at a wedding?

LORELAI: Well you make a good point but this is not a wedding. It's just a party.

EMILY: A party to celebrate a marriage, which is why a simple exchange of vows is entirely appropriate.

LORELAI: Mom, we agreed to a party, okay? Just a party.

EMILY: A wedding is a party.

LORELAI: Yes, but we are already married.

EMILY: Yes, and no one got to witness it. Did it ever occur to you that your father and I might like to see our only child get married?

LORELAI: [Begging voice] Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER: I don't think it's such a bad idea.

LORELAI: What?

[Emily looks on very happy]

CHRISTOPHER: Might be kind of nice.

LORELAI: Wait a minute. Is this an ambush and you guys ambushing me?

EMILY: No one is ambushing you, Lorelai. The idea of your exchanging vows in front of all your

family and friends isn't so outrageous.

LORELAI: Mom, the whole reason we eloped is to avoid the wedding thing.

CHRISTOPHER: Ah now that's not the reason we eloped, we eloped because we love each other and we wanted to get married.

LORELAI: Well you know what I mean.

CHRISTOPHER: No, I don't.

LORELAI: Chris.

CHRISTOPHER: What is the big deal?

LORELAI: The big deal is I don't want to do it and we're already married.

CHRISTOPHER: So that's it.

LORELAI: Well...

CHRISTOPHER: I don't even know why I'm here. It's not like my opinion really matters.

LORELAI: Of course it does.

CHRISTOPHER: You're gonna do what you want to do. House, wedding, kids -- it's all your call, right?

EMILY: Are you talking about having more children?

LORELAI: Thank you.

EMILY: Wait! Are you pregnant?

LORELAI: No.

CHRISTOPHER: That's nice.

LORELAI: What?

CHRISTOPHER: You don't have to act like it's the most horrible thing in the world.

LORELAI: Can we not talk about this now?

CHRISTOPHER: Why you don't want to be spur-of-the-moment? Lets discuss things.

EMILY: Randall perhaps we should give them some privacy.

RANDALL: Of course.

LORELAI: What is wrong with you?

CHRISTOPHER: What's wrong with you?

LORELAI: You're airing all our business in front of my mother of all people.

CHRISTOPHER: What is your problem with a wedding?

LORELAI: We're already married.

CHRISTOPHER: Exactly, so what's the big deal? You planned a huge wedding with that diner guy.

LORELAI: [mocking voice] "That diner guy"?

CHRISTOPHER: I'm sorry should I be more respectful to the guy who punched me in the face?

LORELAI: Is that what this is about?

CHRISTOPHER: No, this is about us. At least that's what I thought, but apparently it's just about you.

LORELAI: What is that supposed to mean?

CHRISTOPHER: You know what? I'm going back to work.

LORELAI: No, no. Christopher, hey.

LAWYER'S OFFICE

[Luke and the lawyer]

LAWYER: So you want to sue for custody.

LUKE: No, I don't want to sue her. I just want... [gets a note from his pocket] this or something like this.

LAWYER: You want partial custody.

LUKE: Is that what that is?

LAWYER: Yeah.

LUKE: Yeah, fine. Then I want partial custody.

LAWYER: Then you have to sue for it.

LUKE: Really?

LAWYER: Really. But you're not gonna get this.

LUKE: Why not?

LAWYER: From everything you've just told me, this is a best-case scenario, and I'm not really in the best-case-scenario business.

LUKE: What does that mean?

LAWYER: It means you haven't been in April's life for the past 12 years.

LUKE: But that wasn't my fault. I didn't know she existed.

LAWYER: Doesn't matter.

LUKE: How can it not matter?

LAWYER: Because she has a history with her mother. This is not about what you want, Luke. This is not about what Anna wants. The court only cares what's best for April, and in these types of cases, they almost always side with the mother.

LUKE: So what can I do?

LAWYER: You can fight. You can make your case.

LUKE: Okay.

LAWYER: Okay. What about Anna's history?

LUKE: Anna's?

LAWYER: Any police records? Incidents?

LUKE: Uh, no.

LAWYER: Erratic behavior? dr*gs? Alcohol?

LUKE: I don't think so.

LAWYER: So you don't know. Well we'll look into it. What about you?

LUKE: Hmm?

LAWYER: Any record?

LUKE: No. Well, yes, actually. I beat up this guy's car this -- this one time. It was no big deal.

LAWYER: Did you attend anger-management classes?

LUKE: No.

LAWYER: Would you be willing to?

LUKE: I don't need to.

LAWYER: You might.

LUKE: Look... I don't want this to get ugly. I just want what's fair.

LAWYER: Custody battles get ugly, Luke, and they're not about what's fair. The truth is this will be long, it will be expensive, it will be unpleasant, and you'll probably lose. But if you want your daughter, it's the only way. And time is of the essence here, because once Anna moves April out of state, it becomes infinitely more complicated.

[Luke looks worried]

PANCHALI'S RESTAURANT

[Lucy, Marty, Logan and Rory are having dinner]

LUCY: So I beg and plead with him, he says he'll try and come but I'm afraid he won't, and I just can't wait any longer. So I take the ticket, and I go running off. I run all the way back to the theater. When I get there, I burst through the doors. There's sweat pouring off of me and I'm gasping for breath.

LOGAN: And everybody's gone?

LUCY: No, the director is still there.

LOGAN: No!

LUCY: I know, right.

MARTY: [Too Rory] Can you pass the Raita?

RORY: Sure.

LUCY: So I say to him, "you have to let me audition." And he says, "you can't audition, because the auditions are over." And I say, "the auditions can't be over, because I haven't auditioned yet." And he says, "you're two hours too late." And I say, "that's because I was in a traffic accident, and I have the cop to prove it." Just as I'm about to say, "and he'll be here any minute," and, you know, not really believing it, officer Frick comes waltzing through the door.

LOGAN: No!

LUCY: Like Fred Astaire.

LOGAN: Officer Frick came through.

LUCY: Officer Frick came through.

LOGAN: So you got the part?

LUCY: Oh, no. I was totally wrong for it. But officer Frick introduced me to his nephew Drew, and we went out a few times, so that was cool.

LOGAN: Lucy, hands down that is the best "dedicated to my craft" story I've ever heard.

LUCY: Why, thank you.

LOGAN: Hard-working and beautiful -- she's something special. You got yourself a good one here, Marty.

MARTY: Thanks.

LUCY: Oh Rory's got way better stories than I do.

LOGAN: Did she ever tell you about the time she drove out to her English lit professor's house in Albany to replace the last page of her final?

RORY: Well it was in the wrong font, and I got an "A" on that paper.

LOGAN: Wasn't that the professor who had a crush on you?

LUCY: Hey! Are you saying that she didn't deserve the "A"?

LOGAN: I'm just saying the woman is the object of many strange crushes.

RORY: Oh, that's not true.

LOGAN: The oddball who works at Baskin-Robbins? She can't walk within a block of the place without the guy running out with a triple scoop of mint chocolate chip.

RORY: So not true.

LUCY: [Laughs] Hey, she's something special.

RORY: Hey you know I put four pages of endnotes on that final. I deserved that "A."

LOGAN: I'm not saying you're not dedicated to your schoolwork. You're the hardest worker I know, see I was always about doing just enough, or maybe a little less.

LUCY: Well, look at you now, Mr. Slaving away.

LOGAN: It's true. My rep is ruined.

LUCY: Boyfriend works insanely hard.

LOGAN: Is that true, Marty?

MARTY: I just have a couple jobs.

LUCY: Four! The man has four jobs. And a full class load. It's nuts! Right, Rory?

RORY: It does seem a bit excessive.

MARTY: It's not four.

LUCY: Four. Rory?

RORY: I think so.

LUCY: Finnegan's, the bookstore, tutoring, and landscaping.

MARTY: The landscaping is seasonal. I haven't done that for months.

LUCY: But you will, and that will be four.

LOGAN: That's a lot of jobs, my boy.

MARTY: Hey, I'm just waiting for that trust fund to kick in. [Rory's napkin falls on the floor] I got it. There.

RORY: Thanks.

LOGAN: So how did you two meet?

LUCY: Tell him.

MARTY: What?

LUCY: Tell him!

MARTY: Why?

LUCY: He stalked me.

LOGAN: That's charming.

LUCY: I was playing Portia in "The Merchant of Venice" at the rep, and every night, I see this guy in the front row -- same seat, same intense gaze. And after the fifth show, I went up to him and I said, "next time I see you, you better bring flowers or have a knife and s*ab me." And...

MARTY: The next time I saw her, I had daisies and a butter knife.

LUCY: [Laughs]

LOGAN: Sweet.

LUCY: I can't believe I don't even know this. How did you two meet?

LOGAN: Actually, Marty introduced us.

LUCY: What?

LOGAN: I'm sorry. I can't be a part of this.

LUCY: A part of what?

RORY: Logan.

LOGAN: They've known each other since freshman year.

LUCY: I don't understand.

LOGAN: Rory and Marty, they used to hang out all the time at Branford and watch "Duck Soup."

LUCY: What are you talking about? W-what is he talking about?

MARTY: Lucy...

LUCY: You guys know each other?

RORY: Yes.

MARTY: It was freshman year. It's no big deal.

LUCY: You've been keeping this from me? Why? I-I don't understand. You guys are friends? You know each other?

RORY: I'm sorry, Lucy.

MARTY: We just didn't think...

LUCY: So you both have been lying to me about this? I don't understand. Why? For what?

MARTY: I don't know.

LUCY: Oh, my god. This is so messed up. I have to go.

MARTY: Lucy...[Followers her out]

RORY: What is wrong with you?

LOGAN: I was asked a direct question. I'm not gonna lie. She's a nice girl.

RORY: Yeah, I know she's a nice girl. She's my friend.

LOGAN: You were gonna tell her anyway.

RORY: Not here. Not like this. You totally humiliated her.

LOGAN: Lucy's humiliated because of what you and Marty did to her, not me. I told her the truth, which is something she could use more of from her supposed friend and her boyfriend.

RORY: I can't believe you're trying to justify this. What you did was so obnoxious.

LOGAN: I was just being honest. I'm just gonna head back into the city tonight. I've got a lot of work to do tomorrow.

RORY: Fine.

DRAGONFLY INN - LINEN CLOSET

[Lorelai is counting, her cell phone rings]

LORELAI: [Goes to the phone] Ooh. [Answers the phone] Hi. 143.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I want to talk to you, but I'm gonna lose count, so remember 143.

RORY: 143 what?

LORELAI: Soaps.

RORY: What are you doing?

LORELAI: Inventory.

RORY: At the inn?

LORELAI: No, at the pentagon. I'm tracking soaps and nuclear missiles for general Abizaid.

RORY: Isn't it a little late?

LORELAI: The general's a sl*ve driver.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Well it had to get done at some point, so I thought I'd do it at this point. I count better at night.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: So what's going on? I thought it was an all-Logan week.

RORY: It was.

LORELAI: Was?

RORY: Boys suck.

LORELAI: Oh, hon.

RORY: They totally suck.

LORELAI: Sometimes they do.

RORY: Tell me it gets better when they get older.

LORELAI: It gets better when they get older.

RORY: It does?

LORELAI: Well, it gets more confusing, more complicated, and more complex. Does any of that sound better?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: So what happened?

RORY: It was awful. We went to dinner with Lucy and Marty, and I told him everything beforehand -- about how Marty pretended that we didn't know each other and I just had to go with it.

LORELAI: Uh-oh.

RORY: Yeah. So right in the middle of dinner, he decides that he can't lie to Lucy, and he tells her Marty and I have known each other since freshman year.

LORELAI: Yikes!

RORY: I know. Who does that, right? Right in the middle of dinner. He has no reason to be jealous. I mean, he knows that I love him.

LORELAI: Of course he does.

RORY: So why would he do it?

LORELAI: I have no idea. Mars and Venus, you know?

RORY: Yeah, see, I don't think that's right. Because Mars and Venus are both planets, right? So they have something in common. I think it's more like Mars and a bowl of soup.

LORELAI: Venus and a bowl of soup.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Venus is the woman. Venus and a bowl of soup.

RORY: Really, mom?

LORELAI: Well, I'm just saying. So um, how's Lucy?

RORY: I don't know. Not good. She ran out. And I've been trying to call her, but she won't answer her phone. I don't blame her I mean wouldn't want to talk to me right now.

LORELAI: Oh, she'll be fine. She probably just needs time to cool down, you know.

RORY: Yeah, I hope so. I mean, I feel terrible.

LORELAI: Of course you do. You want to come home? I'm about to start counting dust ruffles.

RORY: No. I should actually probably go over there and try, you know? See if she'll talk to me in person.

LORELAI: All right. Let me know what happens.

RORY: Yeah, I will. 143.

LORELAI: Ah, thank you. Sorry boys suck.

RORY: Yeah, stupid bowls of soup.

CASEY'S BAR - NIGHT

[Chris is drinking alone, the bar is empty, "The Joker" is playing. The bar tender comes and give Chris the tab, Chris pays, then leaves]

STARS HOLLOW - TOWN SQUARE NIGHT

[Chris walks to his car from the bar. Chris sees Luke's truck pulls up outside the diner and he gets out, the guy's lock eyes "Show down in Stars Hollow" style. Chris starts to walk toward Luke, Luke waits a few seconds and starts heading to Chris. Chris rips of his scarf and Luke takes of his leather jacket. Chris swings and misses Luke, Luke hits Chris and he goes down! Luke throws him against a Christmas display, which falls over. Chris tackles Luke and they wrestle on the ground. They get up and wrestle some more before Luke gets in 2 more punches sending Chris to the ground. They are both breathing heavily. Chris gets up and charges Luke "Ungh!", sending them into the Christmas tree. It is knocked over and "We wish you a merry Christmas" starts to play from the display. Chris gets up and jumps Luke and they wrestle some more. They both struggle to get up. "Deck the halls" starts to play. They both circle and eye each other off before walking away]

YALE - HALLWAY

[Rory knocks on Lucy's door]

RORY: Hey. Is Lucy here?

OLIVIA: She's here.

RORY: Can I see her?

OLIVIA: She doesn't want to see you right now, and, to be honest, neither do I.

RORY: Olivia, just let me explain, please.

OLIVIA: No.

[Olivia shuts the door, Rory walks away starting to cry]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR

[Night, Lorelai drives up, gets out of her Jeep and goes to the house]

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Oh, my god! Mom, you scared me half to death. What are you doing here?

EMILY: I want to talk to you, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Ugh. Is this about the party? Because I've had a really long day, and I don't want to talk about the party.

EMILY: It's not about the party. I've come to talk to you about your marriage.

LORELAI: My marriage?

EMILY: Yes, I'm concerned. I don't like what I'm seeing, and I've come to offer you some friendly advice.

LORELAI: Mom, I really don't want your advice.

EMILY: Well, then consider it unfriendly advice.

LORELAI: Okay.

EMILY: Christopher is immature, often foolish, and a little lacking in common sense. He doesn't always make the best choices.

LORELAI: Like with me? Are you saying he chose wrongly in choosing me?

EMILY: I'm saying he's your husband, Lorelai, for better or for worse. I like Christopher.

LORELAI: Okay.

EMILY: I think he's good for you. But it's not going to be perfect. He's not perfect, and god knows you're not perfect. But marriage is not about always being happy, and often it's about not being happy at all. It's about compromise, which is not your strong suit. Marriage is about swallowing your pride sometimes, about doing what he wants. It's not about winning an argument, which may make you sad, because that's what you love. But I don't want to see you ruin this. Marriage is serious business, Lorelai, and if you don't take this very seriously, then this whole thing could fall apart faster than you could possibly imagine. And he'll be gone, and you'll be alone again. A ring is no guarantee. [They exchange looks for a second] Sorry for scaring you.

[Emily leaves Lorelai to think about it]