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## 02x03 - Red Light On The Wedding Night

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### 02x03 - Red Light On The Wedding Night

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#### 2.03 - Red Light on the Wedding Night

written by Daniel Palladino

directed by Gail Mancuso

OPEN AT A BAKERY

[Lorelai and Rory are taste-testing cakes.]

LORELAI: Oh my God, here!

RORY: Wow.

LORELAI: With a crunch and a zing and a hm hm hm hm, hello!

RORY: Okay, our house is burning down, and you can save the cake or me. What do you choose?

LORELAI: Well that's not fair. The cake doesn't have legs.

FRAN: So how are we coming here?

LORELAI: Oh Fran, so good. This cake is amazing.

RORY: Beyond amazing.

FRAN: Well, I should hope so. We've been doing this for a 112 years.

LORELAI: Huh. Well, you don't look a day over a 106.

FRAN: No, I meant my family's been doing it for that long.

LORELAI: Right. Okay, well, I'm glad we got that cleared up.

RORY: The raspberry, the raspberry, the raspberry!

FRAN: So, when is the big day again?

LORELAI: Two weeks from tomorrow.

FRAN: Have you picked a flavor?

LORELAI: Oh, I don't know. They're all so good.

FRAN: Well you have to try them again.

LORELAI: Oh no. I've already eaten so many.

FRAN: This is a very crucial decision, young lady. Cake is the glue of the wedding, so you will stand here and eat until you decide.

LORELAI: Okay, if you insist.

FRAN: I do. After all, what's more important then your wedding day?

LORELAI: Well, it ain't Guy Fawkes day.

FRAN: Yes, well, I'll just go and see if there's anything else in the back. [leaves]

LORELAI: Thanks.

RORY: So how was in seeing Max last night?

LORELAI: Well□

RORY: No gory details.

LORELAI: Like I've ever shared that part of my relationship with you.

RORY: You've alluded, you've insinuated, you have tiptoed to the brink of impropriety.

LORELAI: Hm, that Chilton has taught you some big words.

RORY: That's kind of the point.

LORELAI: It was really great. I'm glad he's back.

RORY: And he's on board with the whole smallish wedding thing?

LORELAI: Oh yeah. We want fun, we want simple, we want fast. We've been completely in sync, without the slightly gay boy band affiliation.

RORY: Oh, I printed up some sample invitations for you. I made them on my computer

LORELAI: Aww.

RORY: All you have to do is pick out a quote for the front page, and I'll print 'em up. [shows Lorelai the sample invitations]

LORELAI: Okay. Um□ "What is love? It is the morning and the evening star." Ugh.

RORY: Sinclair Lewis.

LORELAI: Sinclair Sappy Lewis.

RORY: Fine, next.

LORELAI: "And all went merry as a marriage bell. But hush! Hark! A deep sound strikes like a rising knell!" What is it with poetry?

RORY: Lord Byron.

LORELAI: Byron and Lewis, together again.

RORY: Okay, last one.

LORELAI: "We have buried the putrid corpse of liberty." Perfect!

RORY: Mussolini it is. Um, can I ask you an ethical question?

LORELAI: Mmm.

RORY: Is it right to be sampling wedding cakes when Sookie's making ours for free?

LORELAI: What is right anyway, you know? Who defines right? And if eating cake is wrong, I don't want to be right.

FRAN: [calls] I'm bringing out a mocha crunch cream.

LORELAI: So, ethics?

RORY: Highly subjective and completely overrated.

LORELAI: That's my girl.

[opening credits]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Max are in the living room talking to Kirk.]

KIRK: And here's a sample of some of my black and white sh\*ts.

MAX: Hm.

LORELAI: Wow Kirk, I didn't know you were into photography.

KIRK: It's my passion.

LORELAI: Have you ever shot a wedding before?

KIRK: Actually, this would be my first official wedding gig. Or photography gig, for that matter. But believe me, I've got the eye. And my Nikon is state of the art.

MAX: Oh, I've got a Nikon too. It's an N64 with 3D matrix metering, 35 to 210 zoom. What have you got?

KIRK: It's a Nikon.

LORELAI: I gotta tell you Kirk, these are really good for amateur sh\*ts.

KIRK: Thanks. That's me and my parents on vacation in the Berkshires.

MAX: Hm, nice looking family.

KIRK: And those are some self-portraits.

LORELAI: Aahh! Kirk, you're nude!

KIRK: No no, I'm wearing Speedos. They're kind of flesh colored.

MAX: Wait a minute. I recognize this.

KIRK: Nice photo, huh?

MAX: This is VJ Day, New York, 1945.

KIRK: Right. I include it as an example of the excellence that I aspire to.

LORELAI: How much for your services?

KIRK: How about a hundred and fifty an hour?

LORELAI: How about lunch and the cost of the film?

KIRK: You won't be sorry.

LORELAI: Done.

KIRK: I thank you.

LORELAI: Bye. [Kirk leaves]

MAX: Oh, uh, what time is it?

LORELAI: Ten<sup>0</sup>

MAX: Ten of?

LORELAI: Three.

MAX: I have to go.

LORELAI: No!

MAX: I have to.

LORELAI: You're always going.

MAX: Well, luckily that'll all change soon.

LORELAI: Yes it will. Two weeks from now you won't have to get going 'cause it's here you'll be going. To. Going or going to?

MAX: I'd add the to.

LORELAI: Hm. Going to. You make me smarter.

MAX: Hm, well, I am a teacher.

LORELAI: Hey, hey, don't. Stay longer.

MAX: I can't.

LORELAI: Take me upstairs and see if you can get me into Mensa.

MAX: It's gonna take me forever to get back into the city, and I gotta get up early to let the painters in.

LORELAI: Hey, do you have to be there while they work?

MAX: What do you mean?

LORELAI: Well, isn't your apartment gonna be all paint fumeey?

MAX: Yeah, so?

LORELAI: So, maybe you should stay here.

MAX: Here?

LORELAI: Yeah. Instead of driving back and forth all weekend, sleep over. I mean, it's gonna be your place too soon enough. Look at it like a trial run.

MAX: A trial run.

LORELAI: It'll be fun.

MAX: You think you're ready for me?

LORELAI: I'm always ready for you.

MAX: Full time?

LORELAI: I insist.

MAX: He was not wearing Speedos.

LORELAI: Ugh, don't talk about the photo.

MAX: The man was buck naked.

LORELAI: Offer rescinded if this line of conversation proceeds.

MAX: I'll be back.

LORELAI: Bye hon.

CUT TO CENTER OF STARS HOLLOW

[Rory and Dean are walking around the middle of town.]

DEAN: So, what are we doing tonight?

RORY: I'll do whatever.

DEAN: Well, what movies haven't we seen?

RORY: We haven't seen just about all of them.

DEAN: Yeah, they all stink this year.

RORY: They definitely do underestimate our intelligence.

DEAN: Plus they stink.

RORY: There are at least five of them featuring someone doing something disgusting with a cow.

DEAN: Yeah. I mean, they should at least do something disgusting with a different animal.

RORY: We can watch "Holy Grail" on tape again.

DEAN: Okay, but I am not talking in an English accent for the rest of the evening.

RORY: No fun. Hey, tomorrow night?

DEAN: "Life of Brian?"

RORY: Max is staying over.

DEAN: Really?

RORY: First time. And to kind of celebrate, he and my mom wanted to go on a double date.

DEAN: But tomorrow's our anniversary.

RORY: No it's not, it's on the twenty-fourth.

DEAN: No, that was our old anniversary. We broke up and got back together on the sixth. So using the twenty-fourth wouldn't be an accurate account of how long we've been together.

RORY: Unless you consider our time apart as a temporary moratorium on our relationship. You know, like the time kept passing, and we were on a sabbatical.

DEAN: Yeah, it's complicated.

RORY: Very.

DEAN: So a double date, with adults?

RORY: No, just with Mom and Max.

DEAN: What'll it be, like dinner and dancing?

RORY: Yes, and then we'll enjoy brandy and cigars. No, we'll probably just grab a bite.

DEAN: All right, we can do that.

RORY: Hey, let's have two anniversaries. We can celebrate twice a month. They're well spread apart, the sixth and the twenty-fourth.

DEAN: We can't do that.

RORY: Who's gonna stop us?

DEAN: Twice a month?

RORY: Dare to be different.

DEAN: Twice a month it is.

CUT TO LORELAI'S KITCHEN

[Max is cooking dinner while Lorelai sits at the table.]

LORELAI: Why won't you let me help?

MAX: Because you're a danger to the process.

LORELAI: That's not true!

MAX: I've got numerous scars.

LORELAI: I cut you that one—two times, and I've helped you tons of times.

MAX: You helped me twice and both time you cut me.

LORELAI: Well, I do like watching you cook.

MAX: I like you watching me cook.

RORY: [walking into kitchen] What's that weird smell?

LORELAI: It's food!

MAX: It smells weird?

RORY: No, just weird for this house. It smells great.

MAX: Rory, could you get that?

RORY: What?

MAX: Uh, right down there. Uh, shiny handle.

[Rory opens the broiler]

LORELAI: Ugh! Did you know we had that?

RORY: Not a clue.

MAX: Oh come on.

LORELAI: Hey, it's on fire!

MAX: It's the broiler.

RORY: Wow.

MAX: What fallout shelter have you guys been living in?

RORY: He has much knowledge.

LORELAI: We shall form a cult around him.

RORY: Build a statue many stories high.

LORELAI: We shall grow our hair long and stop bathing.

MAX: Please, don't do any of that.

RORY: Are we eating at the table?

MAX: Wherever you want.

LORELAI: TV?

RORY: I'll get a tape.

LORELAI: Can I at least grab some dishes?

MAX: Far away from me.

LORELAI: Alarmist.

CUT TO LIVING ROOM

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting on the floor, Max is sitting on the couch, all are watching a movie.]

TV: 'You don't learn very fast Injun.'

LORELAI: How fast do you learn Billy Jack?

TV: 'Fast enough.'

RORY: Billy Jack, I'm gonna k\*ll you if it's the last thing I do.

LORELAI: Ugh, he so jinxed himself with that one.

RORY: Yeah, he should've said 'Billy Jack, I'm gonna k\*ll you or buy myself a lovely chenille sweater.'

LORELAI: Ooh, yeah, either way he wins.

MAX: How many times have you seen this movie?

LORELAI: I'm out of digits.

RORY: You can't see a Billy Jack movie too many times.

MAX: Who's the guy Billy Jack's. . .

LORELAI: Shh shh shh!

TV: 'All right you cats. Very slowly now.'

LORELAI: Let's do some jumping jacks.

TV: 'Spread out. One.'



RORY: Oh it's the counting part.

TV: 'He means it Daniel.' 'Two.'

LORELAI: Ooh, here comes my favorite and my least favorite line all rolled into one.

TV: 'I'm gonna cut your bowels out.'

LORELAI: Ughughugh.

RORY: Ahh, yuck!

TV: 'Three.'

LORELAI: Ooh, comeuppance time!

MAX: You guys talk throughout the whole movie and then when I say something, you shush me.

LORELAI: That's because you're talking through parts we talked through last time, so we haven't seen those parts in awhile.

MAX: Ah, well now it's clear.

[phone rings]

LORELAI: Max?

MAX: What? The phone?

LORELAI: Whoever's closest answers.

RORY: House rule.

MAX: You're both closer.

LORELAI: Oh, but I'd have to walk around the coffee table so my path would be farther.

RORY: And my foot's asleep.

LORELAI: Plus you're taller.

RORY: With longer legs.

LORELAI: Yes, so even if we all left for the phone at exactly the same time

MAX: I got it. [goes to answer phone]

LORELAI: I'm gonna like having him around.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE LATER THAT NIGHT

[Lorelai and Rory are still on the floor. Max is asleep on the couch.]

LORELAI: You want a refill?

RORY: Sure, same thing.

LORELAI: Max?

RORY: Uh oh.

LORELAI: We wore him out.

RORY: We tend to do that.

LORELAI: Well, we are ElectraWoman and DynaGirl.

MAX: ElectraWoman.

RORY: I think it's time to turn in.

LORELAI: Yeah.

MAX: I'm awake.

RORY: You don't look it.

MAX: No, I am. I'm just waiting for the guy with the thing on the

RORY: Mom, get him to bed.

LORELAI: Yeah, okay. Come on hon.

MAX: What happened to Billy Jack?

LORELAI: I'll explain it to you later.

RORY: Goodnight.

LORELAI: Goodnight.

MAX: Goodnight.

LORELAI: [whispers] Is this weird?

RORY: [shrugs]

PAN OVER LORELAI'S BEDROOM

[Max is asleep while Lorelai lay awake staring at the ceiling.]

CUT TO RORY'S BEDROOM

[Rory is sleeping. Lorelai walks in and sits on her bed.]

LORELAI: Hey.

RORY: What? What is it?

LORELAI: Oh nothing. Whatcha doing?

RORY: Taking back Poland.

LORELAI: Oh, good luck with that.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: I have a boy in my room

RORY: So?

LORELAI: So I have a boy in my room.

RORY: It's Max.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: You like Max.

LORELAI: No, uhh, yes, I do, but it's weird. We've never had a man in the house like this up there.

RORY: He's your fiancé.

LORELAI: Very true.

RORY: So all you need to do is adjust. It's like that time you got the green stripes in your hair.

LORELAI: I hated those green stripes.

RORY: Well, I'm tired. I can think of a better example tomorrow.

LORELAI: No, wake up, wake up. We've not properly talked about this.

RORY: About what?

LORELAI: About having Max in the house. About the effect on you. Don't cover up anything. Let's get it all out in the open.

RORY: I don't have anything to cover up. I like Max.

LORELAI: I know you do, and that's good. But you know, once we are married, nothing will ever be the same again.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: It won't just be the 'me and you secret special clubhouse no boys allowed' thing anymore.

RORY: It will be different.

LORELAI: Not just different. Our lives as we know them will be over.

RORY: Mom, we're not dying.

LORELAI: No, we're not dying. But the life we had is gonna morph into this like mutation that we could never possibly have conceived.

RORY: Like the giant ants in "Them"?

LORELAI: Metaphorically speaking, yes. And I don't want it to be like giant ants, so that's why I'm talking about it now.

RORY: I am in no way anticipating being att\*cked by giant man-eating ants because Max is living here.

LORELAI: Good. Good.

RORY: Weirdo.

LORELAI: You know, you can't walk around in the buff anymore.

RORY: I don't remember ever walking around in the buff.

LORELAI: I know one time you did.

RORY: Was I three?

LORELAI: Somewhere around there.

RORY: Does he hog the bed?

LORELAI: No. He's a very 'stay on his side' kinda guy.

RORY: Good.

LORELAI: He's cute. He wears pajama bottoms.

RORY: Stop.

LORELAI: Not funny ones. I hate funny bottoms.

RORY: I'm gonna call you Funny Bottoms from now on.

LORELAI: Nuh uh!

RORY: Aren't you happy?

LORELAI: Yes. I'm happy.

RORY: Well, then it'll be fine. You'll get used to it, having Max there.

LORELAI: I know. You're right. I will. I will get used to it. [closes her eyes]

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Hm?

RORY: You're falling asleep.

LORELAI: So?

RORY: You need to be a big girl and go to your own room.

LORELAI: Okay. [pretends she can't get up] Uh, uh...

RORY: Fine, ten more minutes

LORELAI: Thank you.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Luke is walking around serving coffee.]

LUKE: More?

TAYLOR: Absotivalutely.

LUKE: What's up Taylor?

TAYLOR: Up, I know of nothing up.

LUKE: What's up Taylor?

TAYLOR: I'm just happy.

LUKE: That's what makes me nervous.

TAYLOR: You're a paranoid man Luke. I feel very sad for you.

[Lorelai and Rory walk in.]

LUKE: Over there.

LORELAI: Uh, can you clear that one off?

LUKE: Why?

LORELAI: 'Cause it's bigger.

LUKE: So.

LORELAI: Well, we're three today.

LUKE: Three?

LORELAI: Yeah, Max is with us.

LUKE: Max, huh? So when did Max become invisible to the human eye?

LORELAI: He's on a paper hunt.

RORY: Max likes his three papers in the morning. The Hartford Courant, the New York Times, and the Wall Street Journal.

LUKE: Three papers.

LORELAI: He likes to be well informed.

LUKE: Yeah, well, reading three papers all reporting the same news is a terrific use of trees.

LORELAI: You be nice Luke, I mean it.

[Max walks into the diner]

MAX: Hey there.

LUKE: Max, buddy, top of the morning to you! Hey, you look good today. Brown is your color, my friend.

MAX: Thanks.

LORELAI: So?

MAX: I got two out of three.

RORY: Not bad

MAX: No one has the Wall Street Journal.

RORY: Well this isn't a very financially oriented town.

LORELAI: Yes, it's more oriented to coffee.

LUKE: I've got the blueberry pancakes this morning.

LORELAI: Bring 'em.

RORY: Bring 'em twice.

LUKE: And you?

MAX: I'm gonna need a minute.

LORELAI: Oh. Well, then, hold off.

RORY: Same here.

LUKE: I might run out of the pancakes.

MAX: Go ahead, order. I'll just be a minute.

LORELAI: No that's okay. We'll wait.

LUKE: I'm almost out and I can't make more.

LORELAI: Set some aside.

LUKE: It's first come, first serve.

RORY: We'll take our chances.

LORELAI: Yes, we'll wait.

LUKE: Whatever. [walks away]

MAX: You didn't need to do that.

LORELAI: Aww, happy to.

[Max reads over the menu while Rory and Lorelai watch him.]

LORELAI: Okay, yeah, that's still eggs and all your basic breakfast stuff up there.

MAX: Just order.

RORY: We're fine.

MAX: I want you guys to go at your normal pace. My rhythm might not necessarily be your rhythm.  
[Luke walks over, hands Max another menu] What's this?

LUKE: It's the lunch menu. I stop serving breakfast in an hour.

LORELAI: Luke.

MAX: I'll have poached eggs.

LORELAI: And blueberry pancakes!

RORY: Did we make it?!

LUKE: I already set 'em aside.

LORELAI: Love ya!

[Luke notices a work crew outside.]

LUKE: What the hell they doing out there?

TAYLOR: What? Who is that?

LUKE: What are they doing Taylor?

TAYLOR: Looks like they're coning off the street.

LUKE: Taylor.

TAYLOR: Well, if you must know, they are a county work crew here to install Stars Hollow's first traffic light and metered crosswalk. [Luke rushes outside] Luke!

LUKE: [to work crew] Hold it!

TAYLOR: [to work crew] Keep going. [to Luke] You have no controlling legal authority over this matter.

LUKE: Stuff it Taylor. Hold it!

TAYLOR: Keep going. And I will not stuff it.

LUKE: What authority did you have to authorize this? You're supposed to inform local business owners of major projects per the town's rules, meaning me.

TAYLOR: Not when it's a matter of dire public safety, where the city charter clearly states that I can

function unilaterally in the town's best interest.

LUKE: Dire public safety! We haven't had an accident here in ten years!

TAYLOR: You can't stop progress Luke.

[Taylor walks away. Lorelai comes out of the diner.]

LORELAI: Traffic light, huh?

LUKE: It's unbelievable.

LORELAI: Well, it can always be taken out□with your bare hands or your teeth.

LUKE: Yeah, I guess.

LORELAI: Hey, did you get my invitation?

LUKE: The what?

LORELAI: My wedding invitation for my wedding 'cause I'm wedding Max.

LUKE: Oh yeah, yeah. It's in a pile upstairs somewhere.

LORELAI: Good, good. So are you coming?

LUKE: You know, I gotta make some calls about this thing before it's too late. I'll see you later.

LORELAI: Okay. Uh□

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[It's nightttime. Lorelai, Rory, Max, and Dean are walking along the sidewalk.]

MAX: Ugh, I can barely walk.

LORELAI: Bad shoes?

MAX: I ate a cow.

LORELAI: You had a steak.

MAX: Plus the sides. Four people, six baked potatoes.

LORELAI: Uh, you always exaggerate.

MAX: Am I exaggerating?

DEAN: Nope.

RORY: Ooh, ice cream! [runs off]

LORELAI: Ooh, I'm right behind you! [runs off]

MAX: How can they possibly eat more?



DEAN: Kind of surprised.

MAX: I know. They're bottomless pits.

DEAN: I mean at you. You've known them long enough not to be so confused.

[They both sit on a bench.]

MAX: Oh, I'm not confused. I'm just . . . what do you mean?

DEAN: Their eating habits are just the start of what you're gonna have to get used to. There's tons of stuff you should be aware of.

MAX: Really?

DEAN: Oh yeah. Like, don't ever use the last of the parmesan cheese. And never get into a heavy discussion late at night 'cause that's when they're at their crankiest. Oh, and uh, go with their bits.

MAX: Their bits?

DEAN: Yeah, like, if you're eating pizza with them and Lorelai decides that the pepperoni is angry at the mushrooms because the mushrooms have an attitude and then she holds up a pepperoni and the pepperoni asks for your opinion...don't just laugh. Answer the pepperoni.

MAX: Answer the pepperoni.

DEAN: And don't let them near puppies 'cause they'll want to take home every one.

MAX: Oh, that one I knew.

DEAN: Oh, and uh, here's a big one. If you ever think that they're doing something crazy, they're not. You see, after a while, their thinking becomes clear, but by the time it's clear, they've already done two other totally crazy things that you can't figure out. So there's no catching up.

MAX: You have much knowledge.

DEAN: You got that from Rory.

MAX: Right.

DEAN: Oh, and hey, does Lorelai know what kind of ice cream you like?

MAX: Yeah, chocolate chip. But I already told her that I

LORELAI: Hey, chocolate chip. [hands him an ice cream cone]

MAX: Thanks.

LORELAI: You're welcome.

CUT TO LORELAI'S FRONT PORCH

[Lorelai, Rory, Max, and Dean walk up to Lorelai's house.]

LORELAI: Ugh, I'm so full. Why'd you let me eat so much?

DEAN: Yeah, they'll blame you.

[Lorelai goes inside]

MAX: It's past eleven guys.

RORY: Okay.

[Max goes inside]

CUT TO LORELAI'S BEDROOM

[Lorelai is lying on her bed. Max walks into the room.]

LORELAI: Mm.

MAX: How ya doing?

LORELAI: Mm, I'm stable.

MAX: You're a lovely shade of puce.

LORELAI: Don't say puce. It sounds too much like another word I don't wanna hear right now.

MAX: Sorry. You know they're still outside.

LORELAI: Who?

MAX: Rory and Dean.

LORELAI: Oh.

MAX: How long you think they'll be out there?

LORELAI: I don't know.

MAX: So there's no time limit or anything?

LORELAI: Yes. As soon as they both get tired of saying 'No, you're prettier' to each other, then the night's over.

MAX: Lorelai, come on.

LORELAI: What?

MAX: Well, I'm gonna be living here soon.

LORELAI: I know that.

MAX: So I just thought I should know what the procedure is when stuff like this comes up.

LORELAI: Stuff like what?

MAX: Say you're not here, I come home, there's Rory and Dean in the dark all alone after eleven. I mean, how do I handle stuff like that?

LORELAI: Oh, Max, Rory is very low maintenance. Kind of like that robot kid in A.I., only way less mother-obsessed. Oh my God, that kid was so annoying. I would've pushed him out of the car while it was still moving.

MAX: Well, what if I catch them one night making out on the couch?

LORELAI: Umm—well, turn off the light?

MAX: You're not being serious.

LORELAI: Max, they're teenagers. They can kiss a little bit.

MAX: Okay, well, what do I do if Rory comes home drunk?

LORELAI: Come on!

MAX: It happens.

LORELAI: Not to Rory it doesn't.

MAX: I know. But theoretically, just in a make believe world, if she did, what would I do?

LORELAI: Nothing.

MAX: Excuse me?

LORELAI: No, you would do nothing. I would handle it.

MAX: So basically, I have no role in Rory's life.

LORELAI: Max, Rory's done. She's brought up, she's Rory. You don't need a role.

MAX: Fine.

LORELAI: I don't see the problem here.

MAX: Clearly. So, I should do nothing around here ever.

LORELAI: No, not nothing ever.

MAX: What then?

LORELAI: Well, making the garlic bread the other night was really good.

MAX: So other than making the garlic bread and answering the phone, what else is my role around here?

LORELAI: Well, you're my fella. You're my guy, you're my old man.

MAX: What does that entail?

LORELAI: All things dirty.

MAX: I'm not joking here. We're getting married Lorelai.

LORELAI: I know.

MAX: Well, that means we're taking two separate lives and melding them together. I mean, how do you think that's gonna work?

LORELAI: I don't know.

MAX: Well, have you given it any thought at all?

LORELAI: Not really. No, I mean, but I will! But I'll start now.

MAX: How would you feel if I told you I haven't thought about our future at all?

LORELAI: Terrible, I would feel terrible, I'm sorry. I mean it, I'm sorry. Please come here. Remember, it's all those little annoying quirks that make me the fascinating woman you fell in love with. Hmm? [they kiss]

MAX: Really not fair.

LORELAI: I've got a lingerie drawer full of not fair, mister.

MAX: Okay. I mean, we didn't need to get into this tonight. I definitely broke Dean's late night cranky rule.

LORELAI: Who's what?

MAX: Nothing.

CUT TO OUTSIDE LUKE'S DINER

[A crowd is standing around the new traffic light.]

TAYLOR: Welcome townspeople! [a crumbled up piece of paper hits him in the head] So you're gonna spoil it for all of us right off the bat, huh Luke?

LUKE: Why waste time?

SOOKIE: What about dinner?

LORELAI: Oh, you don't eat dinner at a bachelorette party.

SOOKIE: You gotta eat.

LORELAI: No, you gotta drink, dance, party and drink some more.

SOOKIE: We'll all hurl before the night's half over.

TAYLOR: This is all very fascinating.

LORELAI: Oh, sorry Teach. We'll keep it down.

TAYLOR: How about keeping it silent?

LORELAI: [whispers] Way down.

TAYLOR: Or zipping it shut?

LORELAI: [in high voice] Little tiny mice voices.

TAYLOR: Townspeople, we should all be proud of the new addition to our streets. I know many of you have wanted a traffic light and a crosswalk for many years□

LUKE: What?

TAYLOR: □and now, your dream has come true.

LUKE: It's like Hitler's Germany.

TAYLOR: Luke!

LUKE: You're trying to brainwash us, Taylor. Telling us we want something that we don't and not giving us any choice.

LORELAI: Luke, shish! We're planning.

LUKE: I heard, and you're idiots if you don't eat first.

TAYLOR: Everybody, let me segue into the informational portion of our gathering. If I can turn your attention to the pole here, you will see a yellow button with an instructional panel right above it.

MISS PATTY: Oh my God. That's the biggest yellow button I've ever seen.

TAYLOR: Now if you'll read the panel above the button, you'll learn how the system works.

MISS PATTY: 'To cross street, push yellow button, wait for walk signal. When signal reads walk, step into street and proceed to the other side.'

LUKE: It's written for morons.

BABETTE: In big stupid letters too!

MOREY: I hate being infantilized.

TAYLOR: Does no one here care about this fate of near accidents we have suffered over the past year?

LUKE: Near accidents. Meaning they didn't happen.

TAYLOR: Just because they didn't happen doesn't mean that we shouldn't ward against them.

LUKE: There's lots of things that don't happen that we don't ward against.

TAYLOR: Like?

LUKE: Like everything.

TAYLOR: So that everything doesn't happen here, meaning nothing happens?

LUKE: No, it's not nothing happens. Stuff happens. It's that it□it's not everything that's□it's□Dammit Taylor!

TAYLOR: Ha! Now, for some interesting stats□[voice fades into background]

LORELAI: So let's see. That's you, me, Miss Patty, Rory, Babette. Babette, you're coming right?

BABETTE: Doll, I'm sorry. I'm not gonna be able to make it.

LORELAI: Babette, no.

BABETTE: We're having Morey's parents over for dinner, and if you cancel on 'em last minute, they'll stick a red-hot poker up your 'you know where'.

LORELAI: Oh, well, we'll miss you.

BABETTE: Yeah, well stick your hand down the front of some guy's pants for me, would ya?

LORELAI: I hope you're talking about a stripper.

BABETTE: Whatever.

TAYLOR: ▯Now the length of the walk signal's duration has thoughtfully been timed to accommodate the pace of Stars Hollow's oldest living resident. So, to inaugurate the signal, our beloved Mrs. Lanahan is going to push the button and lead the first historic group across the street. Ready with the camera Kirk?

KIRK: Rolling. [starts taking pictures]

MISS PATTY: Uh, the cap is still on the lens, dear.

KIRK: Oh thanks.

LORELAI: I'm not wearing a veil at the party.

SOOKIE: But the bride always wears a veil at the bachelorette party.

LORELAI: I'm not wearing a veil at the wedding.

SOOKIE: You're not? I love veils!

LORELAI: Nah, we're going cas Sook.

SOOKIE: But it's a big day, you gotta have some pomp.

LUKE: You should elope and get it over with.

SOOKIE: No one asked you.

LORELAI: Believe me, eloping was not out of the question.

SOOKIE: But you don't get a wedding over with.

LUKE: Why not? It's a bureaucratic civil ceremony, a pretty pointless one.

SOOKIE: Agh! Don't listen to him.

LORELAI: Ah, he's just being Luke

LUKE: It's not biologically natural for people to mate for life. Animals don't mate for life. Well, ducks do, but who the hell cares what ducks do?

LORELAI: Luke.

LUKE: I mean, people grow and evolve their whole lives. The chances that you're gonna grow and evolve at the same rate as someone else...too slim to take. The minute you say 'I do', you're sticking yourself in a tiny little box for the rest of your life. But hey, at least you had a party first, right?

SOOKIE: Okay, I'm tired of you now. We're gonna finish this conversation away from Crotchety Guy.  
[Sookie pulls Lorelai away]

CUT TO OUTSIDE NIGHT CLUB

[Lorelai, Sookie, Rory, Miss Patty, and Michel are standing in line outside a night club.]

MISS PATTY: Oh, this place looks like fun!

RORY: They're never gonna let me in.

LORELAI: They will let you in.

MICHEL: This is a felony, you know, corrupting a minor. We'll all end up in the bookie.

RORY: He's right. We're all going to the bookie.

LORELAI: Sweetie, don't say bookie. It's creepy.

SOOKIE: Just try to look older.

RORY: How?

SOOKIE: Look like you're thinking about retirements or 401Ks and stuff.

MICHEL: Yes, you should've brought your fake beard and mustache.

LORELAI: Who invited Mister Schnickelfritz?

SOOKIE: He heard us planning and wanted to come.

MICHEL: I did not know the evening included babysitting.

LORELAI: She's going to get in. [cell phone rings] Sorry. Hey!

MAX: So my bachelor party's come to a screeching halt.

LORELAI: What? Why?

MAX: There's been an accident. I'm fine, but we're at the hospital.

LORELAI: Oh my God, what happened?

MAX: We're coming out of the restaurant and we're heading toward our next stop when my brother decides to leap frog over a parking meter.

LORELAI: Why did he do that?

MAX: Middle child.

LORELAI: Poor Jan.

MAX: Anyway, he didn't make it.

LORELAI: Ugh. Ouch. How drunk was he?

MAX: He claims he wasn't drunk. He's saying that the parking meters in Hartford are taller than the parking meters in Deluth so he just miscalculated.

LORELAI: Huh.

MAX: Yup.

MAX'S BROTHER: I've got a concussion. I'm good. Let's drink.

MAX: Hold on a second. You got a concussion?

MAX'S BROTHER: Yeah, it's a little one□

LORELAI: What is he saying?

MAX: It's a mild concussion. We're gonna take him home.

LORELAI: All right, well take him home, and then go hit a strip club.

MAX: Excuse me?

LORELAI: I am telling you, this is your last chance to look at another woman's breastage.

MAX: Point well taken. I'll call you tomorrow. [they hang up]

SOOKIE: Okay, new rule for the evening. No calls to fiancés or boyfriends or anything else like that. It's girls' night out. Plus Michel.

[They reach the club entrance]

LORELAI: Hey.

BOUNCER: It's twelve bucks. And it's eighteen and over.

SOOKIE: Oh, she's eighteen.

RORY: That's right. Last week. So it's a new eighteen, but it's eighteen, yup.

BOUNCER: You got some ID?

LORELAI: Hey, uh, sir, make way for Rory. That's her name. And her only name. Rory. Single name, she's that important. Internationally known international supermodel and sometimes spokesperson for international products.

SOOKIE: She's very big in Germany.

LORELAI: Yah, yah, yah, with the leichter hosen and such.

BOUNCER: Twelve bucks.



LORELAI: Thank you.

SOOKIE: Danke shane, cutie.

CUT TO INSIDE CLUB

MICHEL: This is a drag club.

SOOKIE: It's called the Queen Victoria. What did you expect, tea and crumpets?

LORELAI: Aw, you guys, I guess we're gonna have to stand.

SOOKIE: Wait, that one looks open.

LORELAI: Oh.

[They walk towards the table. Emily is sitting there.]

SOOKIE: Oh my God.

LORELAI: What in Lucifer's reach is my mother doing here?

MICHEL: Oh, I invited her.

LORELAI: You what?

MICHEL: Just a little surprise for you. I thought it would be a kick.

[They walk over to Emily.]

LORELAI: Excuse me sir, you look just like my mother.

RORY: Hi Grandma. Come here often?

EMILY: I should say not. How did you get in?

RORY: Oh, apparently, I'm an internationally known supermodel.

EMILY: Happy bachelorette party, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Thank you Mother.

EMILY: And in the future, when you plan one of these things, and you tell a person to show up at eight o'clock, it is considered good manners for you to also show up at eight o'clock.

LORELAI: Well, I didn't exactly invite you mother, Michel did.

EMILY: Ah, well, I feel much better now.

LORELAI: Huh, let's drink.

MISS PATTY: Looks like Emily's gotten a head start. What are you drinking honey?

EMILY: Manhattan. Good too. Not too sweet. I ordered it from that nice fellow dressed as Joan Crawford.

MICHEL: So, is there no dancing here? I was hoping there'd be dancing.

SOOKIE: You need to strut Tony Minero?

MICHEL: It is a weekend and on the weekend I like to move, and the ladies, they like it too.

LORELAI: Especially when you move out of town. Ba zing!

EMILY: Has she eaten?

SOOKIE: Yeah. About a quart of wine.

[A waitress comes to the table]

LORELAI: Hmm, hi Mae West.

WAITRESS: What can I get for you?

MICHEL: My dignity back.

LORELAI: We'll have a rum and coke, a margarita no salt, martini with olives, a Shirley Temple

WAITRESS: Love her!

RORY: I'll have her on the rocks please.

LORELAI: And uh, I will have a giant Long Island iced tea.

WAITRESS: Coming up. [leaves]

EMILY: So Lorelai, how are you feeling?

LORELAI: Um, well, I'm tipsy, but just short of seeing pink elephants.

EMILY: No, I mean about you getting married. It's only a week away.

LORELAI: I'm fine. Everything's fine. I figured once I got the shoes to match the dress, the rest was just gravy.

EMILY: I must say, I admire your composure. The week before my wedding, I was a wreck.

MISS PATTY: So was I, before all of mine.

SOOKIE: How many was that?

MISS PATTY: Well, uh, there was Sinjin, John, Sergio, Sinjin. Three men, four times.

SOOKIE: Do you regret any of them?

MISS PATTY: Well, Sinjin was a let down the second time, but he was my Burton and I was his Taylor. Just wish I could've found a little Mike Todd there in the middle.

EMILY: You know, I can't believe it was 34 years ago that I married Richard. I remember it so distinctly.

SOOKIE: Ooh, this is gonna be a romantic story.

EMILY: My stomach was not my friend. It was full of butterflies, I couldn't eat a bite the whole week.

LORELAI: Hmm, what a bummer.

EMILY: I was actually weak in the knees. Trembling all the time, can you imagine?

RORY: Really?

EMILY: When I wasn't actually with Richard, I was thinking about him. Constantly. Imagining what he was doing, was he thinking about me? Making up little scenarios in my head about how we'd run into each other accidentally at the club. And he would be playing golf and I would walk by and he would be so distracted that he'd completely miss the ball. Silly.

SOOKIE: It's sweet.

EMILY: I was in love

MICHEL: It is wonderful to be in love

EMILY: But the thing I remember most was that for the entire week before my wedding, I'd wait 'til my mother went to sleep, and I'd sneak out of bed and I'd put on my wedding dress and my tiara and my gloves, and I would stare at myself in the mirror and think how very safe I felt. How very right and wise and honored. This is a very good drink. I highly recommend it.

SOOKIE: Okay, I have got to make a call.

MISS PATTY: Are you calling Jackson?

SOOKIE: No. Well yes, but it's only because I need to pick up something I left at his house, that if it's still there, I should. . .hi honey, it's me. [leaves table]

EMILY: And who are you writing to?

RORY: I just want to see if Dean's around.

EMILY: And thinking about you?

MISS PATTY: Oh no, not you too.

LORELAI: No, it's just..it's—I'll be quick. [walks away from the table, dials her cell phone] Hi.

CHRISTOPHER: Hi. Who's this?

LORELAI: It's Trixie from the other night. You never called me.

CHRISTOPHER: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Uh, you got me. Whatcha doing?

CHRISTOPHER: I'm just hanging out. What are you doing?

LORELAI: I'm at a bachelorette party.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh cool. Who's?

LORELAI: Mine.

CHRISTOPHER: Yours? Wow.

LORELAI: I know. I'm still kinda 'wow' about it myself.

CHRISTOPHER: Well who's the lucky guy?

LORELAI: Oh, you don't know him. His name's Max.

CHRISTOPHER: Right. Max.

LORELAI: You do know him?

CHRISTOPHER: Uh, Rory mentioned him. She didn't mention it was serious.

LORELAI: Well, it wasn't. We hooked up, and then it was going good, then we broke up 'cause one of us kinda freaked out□

CHRISTOPHER: You freaked out.

LORELAI: I freaked out. And then we got back together and it suddenly got very serious.

CHRISTOPHER: So is he worthy?

LORELAI: Is anyone?

CHRISTOPHER: Bono, maybe? Brian Ferry?

LORELAI: Get serious.

CHRISTOPHER: A young Tom Waits?

LORELAI: Now you're talking.

CHRISTOPHER: So what's he like?

LORELAI: He's great.

CHRISTOPHER: Could you be a little more vague?

LORELAI: I don't know. He's Max. He's great.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, what's his CD collection like?

LORELAI: Don't read into his CD collection.

CHRISTOPHER: Jazz, classical, what's the story?

LORELAI: It's a kind of a general collection.

CHRISTOPHER: Uh oh.

LORELAI: Uh, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER: Are we talking a dozen soundtracks, a few Beatles, a Bob Dylan, plus a generic fifty?

LORELAI: I said don't.

CHRISTOPHER: Alanis Morissette?

LORELAI: Hey, a lot of people knee-jerked and bought that first one of hers. Cut him some slack.

CHRISTOPHER: Dave Matthews?

LORELAI: A couple of his things are good.

CHRISTOPHER: Buena Vista Social Club?

LORELAI: Stop it.

CHRISTOPHER: Enya?

LORELAI: I'm gonna hit you.

CHRISTOPHER: We're on the phone.

LORELAI: I'm gonna come over there and hit you.

CHRISTOPHER: You're at your bachelorette party.

LORELAI: Right. Right.

CHRISTOPHER: So why are you calling me?

LORELAI: Um, because you know me really well.

CHRISTOPHER: Yes I do.

LORELAI: And I just wanted to tell someone who knows me really well that I am getting married.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, as someone who knows you really well, I say congratulations. If you found the guy, I think that's great.

LORELAI: And you can picture me married, right?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah. To the right guy, I can picture you married.

LORELAI: Thanks.

CHRISTOPHER: You should get back to your party.

LORELAI: Right, right. He's a great guy, Max.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, I'm sure he is. I was just kidding around.

LORELAI: I know. Well, I'll talk to you later.

CHRISTOPHER: Bye. Hey, can you put Trixie back on the phone?

LORELAI: Bye.

[Lorelai walks back to the table.]

LORELAI: Hey.

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Michel leave?

SOOKIE: Nope. He said he had to shake his thing. So how's your guy?

LORELAI: Hmm?

SOOKIE: How's Max doing?

LORELAI: Fine. Fine, everything's just fine.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

[Lorelai and Sookie are sitting down drinking coffee.]

LORELAI: I think I know what an aneurysm feels like before you have it.

SOOKIE: Like a baseball the size of a cantaloupe in your head.

LORELAI: [giggle] Good one.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: Baseball the size of a cantaloupe.

SOOKIE: Yeah.

LORELAI: 'Cause a baseball can only be one size, so it's a Yogi Berra type thing.

SOOKIE: Yogi Bear?

LORELAI: No. Forget it.

[Michel walks into the kitchen]

MICHEL: I feel like crap on toast.

LORELAI: Hey, where were you after you broke off from the group?

MICHEL: Oh, I sat at a table with Janet Jackson and Celine Dion. Very nice guys. Oh, by the way, your husband-to-be is out there looking annoyingly perky. Slap him or I will.

[Lorelai walks into the lobby]

MAX: Hey!

LORELAI: Ahhh.

MAX: So what'd I do?

LORELAI: You spoke in a normal volume

MAX: Sorry.

LORELAI: You did nothing wrong, I'm just mad you're not more hungover.

MAX: I tried, I did.

LORELAI: Ah, liar.

MAX: I drank copiously.

LORELAI: People who drank copiously the night before do not use words like copiously.

MAX: Ask my brother.

LORELAI: How is Mr. McMeterHopper?

MAX: Ironically, he feels better than you.

LORELAI: Uh, it's so wrong.

MAX: He's fine. So I was gonna drop my printer off at the house but Rory wasn't there, and guess who doesn't possess his own set of keys yet.

LORELAI: Ahh, guessing it's you.

MAX: Still me.

LORELAI: Max, I'm sorry, I forgot.

MAX: Again.

LORELAI: Again. You're mad.

MAX: No. A little.

LORELAI: They're just keys.

MAX: Try being without them and say that.

LORELAI: I've lost my keys before.

MAX: Well, I haven't lost them. I never got 'em.

LORELAI: You'll get them.

MAX: I'm trying really hard not to read too much into this.

LORELAI: Like what?

MAX: Like you don't want me having keys or you don't want me coming in the house.

LORELAI: Max, that's crazy.

MAX: Well, I need keys.

LORELAI: Well, I need an assistant.

MAX: No, you need to think about someone other than yourself for a few minutes a day.

LORELAI: Ouch.

MAX: That was too strong. Maybe I am a little hungover.

LORELAI: It's not a good day for keys or communication.

MAX: You know what, I'll just bring the printer by later.

LORELAI: Yeah, bring it tomorrow.

MAX: I'll bring it tomorrow.

LORELAI: Okay. I'll have the keys.

CUT TO LORELAI'S KITCHEN

[Lorelai is sitting at the table paying bills. Rory is at the counter.]

RORY: I can't believe school's already starting.

LORELAI: Ugh. I used to hate school starting. I once flipped the pages back in a calendar my mom kept in the kitchen and tried to convince her it was June and not September.

RORY: Didn't work?

LORELAI: Hmm, oddly enough.

RORY: I got an interesting call today. [sits at the table]

LORELAI: Oh yeah, who?

RORY: Dad.

LORELAI: Cool. How is he? I..I..I talked to him last night.

RORY: He mentioned that.

LORELAI: Yeah, I was about to mention it myself.

RORY: That's quite a coincidence.

LORELAI: Yeah. Did I not mention it last night?

RORY: Huh, no, not to my knowledge.

LORELAI: I could've sworn I did.

RORY: Why'd you call him?

LORELAI: Oh, just to check in.



RORY: At your bachelorette party?

LORELAI: Seemed as good a time as any.

RORY: To catch up on calls?

LORELAI: Yeah, pretty much.

RORY: Seems like a weird time.

LORELAI: Did he call just to fink on me?

RORY: No. He wanted to see what's up with you. He thought it was weird too.

LORELAI: Heaven forbid I ever use the phone again.

RORY: Was it when you told us you were calling Max?

LORELAI: Somewhere around there.

RORY: Why would you tell us you were calling Max?

LORELAI: Honey, someday when you're a little older you will be introduced to something that is extremely seductive but fickle. A fair-weather friend who seems benign but packs a wallop like a donkey kick, and that is the Long Island iced tea. The Long Island iced tea makes you do things that you normally wouldn't do, like lifting your skirt in public or calling someone you normally wouldn't call at really weird times.

RORY: I'm not looking forward to meeting the Long Island iced tea.

LORELAI: I'd definitely walk the other way.

RORY: You know, Dad wants you to be happy.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: And I really want you to be happy.

LORELAI: I know, sweetie.

RORY: You are happy about all this, aren't you?

LORELAI: Don't I seem happy?

RORY: I guess.

LORELAI: Okay then.

RORY: All right. I'll be in my room if you need me.

LORELAI: Okay.

CUT TO FRONT YARD

[Lorelai comes out the front door and sees Luke taking a large wooden archway off the back of his

truck.]

LORELAI: What is that?

LUKE: Oh, it's a chuppah.

LORELAI: A what?

LUKE: A chuppah. You stand under it, you and Max. It's for your wedding.

LORELAI: Did you make that?

LUKE: Yeah, I had some time, so—here, give me a hand, huh?

LORELAI: Luke, it's beautiful.

LUKE: Yeah, well, I saw a picture in a book. The picture looked better.

LORELAI: It's got carvings. Birds and flowers.

LUKE: Yeah, there's also a goat.

LORELAI: A goat!

LUKE: Yeah, I don't know what it stands for, but it was in the picture, and you like goats, right?

LORELAI: Yeah, goats are good.

LUKE: Okay, so there you go.

LORELAI: What on earth inspired you to do this?

LUKE: You're getting married. You can't just stand in the hot sun in the middle of a lawn that hasn't been mowed in weeks. I guess he doesn't mow.

LORELAI: No, Max isn't a mower.

LUKE: Okay, you needed something. Here it is. I'll mow it if you want.

LORELAI: We got a guy who does that. One of the Pete's from the nursery.

LUKE: Big Pete?

LORELAI: Little Pete.

LUKE: He's the better of the Pete's.

LORELAI: We've always thought so. Hey, aren't chuppahs Jewish?

[They sit on the front porch steps]

LUKE: Maybe.

LORELAI: Is it okay that Max and I aren't Jewish?

LUKE: It's okay by me.

LORELAI: No, but I mean to stand under it. God won't smite us or anything?

LUKE: I highly doubt it. Plus God'd probably have to get a license from Taylor to do any smiting in Stars Hollow on a weekend, so I'd say your safe. You know, I wasn't putting down Max. He seems like a really good guy.

LORELAI: He is, and you were putting him down.

LUKE: Yeah, well, I didn't mean to.

LORELAI: Did you mean all those things you said about marriage?

LUKE: What things?

LORELAI: You really want me to repeat them to you?

LUKE: No. I mean, I guess, for some people marriage, you know, isn't the worst thing in the world. I mean, it's probably better than being hobbled or something like that.

LORELAI: And people can evolve together, don't you think?

LUKE: Maybe.

LORELAI: Yoko and John Lennon did. They just got closer and closer as the years went by. At the end, they had the same face.

LUKE: Yeah, it got a little spooky.

LORELAI: But cool.

LUKE: Yeah, they were lucky. I guess if you can find that one person, you know, who's willing to put up with all your crap, and doesn't want to change you or dress you or you know, make you eat French food, then marriage can be all right. But that's only if you find that person.

LORELAI: Yeah, if you find that person.

[They both get up and stand under the chuppah.]

LORELAI: No one has ever made me a chuppah before.

LUKE: Well, you only get married once. Theoretically.

LORELAI: Yeah, you only get married once.

[Shot from behind of them standing together under the chuppah.]

CUT TO RORY'S BEDROOM

[Rory is on her bed reading as Lorelai rushes in.]

LORELAI: Pack!

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Pack.

RORY: What's going on?

LORELAI: We are hitting the road.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Pack everything. Traveling light is for girls.

RORY: What's going on here? Why are we hitting the road?

LORELAI: We haven't taken a road trip in forever and the weather is perfect.

RORY: We can't take a road trip. You're getting married this weekend.

LORELAI: Do you have my blue swimsuit?

RORY: What about Max?

LORELAI: Sunscreen, we need sunscreen.

RORY: Mom, stop.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Are you and Max getting married?

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Why?

[Lorelai starts crying]

LORELAI: Because I didn't want to try on my wedding dress every night.

RORY: Where are we going?

LORELAI: We don't have to.

RORY: Hot, cold, rocky, sandy, mountain, valley?

LORELAI: I didn't really have a particular spot.

RORY: Packing for all contingencies. Got it. Light layers.

LORELAI: Yeah, light layers.

RORY: Do you need a book?

LORELAI: Um, that Colette biography.

RORY: I lost your place in it.

LORELAI: That's okay. I have to start over anyway.

RORY: You got it.

LORELAI: And hurry.

RORY: Are we going tonight?

LORELAI: First thing in the morning.

RORY: Seven-ish?

LORELAI: Five-ish.

RORY: Wow.

LORELAI: It'll be more like six-ish.

RORY: Let's sh\*\*t for five-ish.

LORELAI: You are crazy, and I love it.

CUT TO LORELAI'S JEEP

[Early the next morning, Lorelai and Rory are in Lorelai's jeep driving through Stars Hollow.]

RORY: Wow, totally deserted.

LORELAI: We're the last ones left.

RORY: So are we almost there?

LORELAI: We're almost there and nowhere near it. All that matters is we're going.

RORY: We're practically gone already.

LORELAI: Look out world.

[They stop at the red light and stare at it, waiting for it to change.]

THE END

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