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02x10 - The Bracebridge Dinner

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by **bunniefuu**

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2.10 - The Bracebridge Dinner

written by Daniel Palladino

directed by Chris Long

transcript by Stacy

OPEN IN STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai and Rory are building a snowman in the center of town.]

LORELAI: How do you like that mouth?

RORY: Um, it's not very mouthlike.

LORELAI: Oh, I think it works.

RORY: It's tilted to the side.

LORELAI: Yeah, no, it was intentional. It gives her a unique expression.

RORY: Like she had a stroke?

LORELAI: Fine, I'll just use the Mrs. Potato Head lips.

RORY: No, forget it, leave stroke-mouth. It's not like we're gonna win this anyway.

LORELAI: Whoa, bad attitude.

RORY: Mom, face it. That is the single most incredible snowman I have ever seen. [looks at a man working on an elaborate snow sculpture]

LORELAI: I'm sorry, that snowman is way over the top, way too showy. It's screaming 'I'm incredible, I'm special, look at me.'

RORY: Kind of the point of a snowman-building contest.

LORELAI: Hmm, I hate this man with every fiber of my being.

RORY: He looks nice.

LORELAI: He's a ringer.

RORY: How do you figure?

LORELAI: Someone recruited him, promised him a handsome sum, financed his theatrical snowman accoutrements, so he could snatch victory away from a deserving local in order to bag the contest prize for himself.

RORY: Seems a little elaborate considering that the prize is a set of new US quarters.

LORELAI: Oh, we're ignoring him now. So, what are we gonna do on your school break?

RORY: A lot of nothing.

LORELAI: Sounds good.

RORY: Plus some homework.

LORELAI: And a lot of movies.

RORY: Oh, we have to rent Godfather 3 on DVD.

LORELAI: You're kidding.

RORY: In the audio commentary, Coppola actually defends casting Sofia.

LORELAI: Now that is fatherly love. What's all this homework you have to do?

RORY: Just stuff for the paper.

LORELAI: What? Why?

RORY: Because Paris wants the first issue back to be a double issue, so we have to prep over break and she says the news never sleeps.

LORELAI: What about Paris, does she ever sleep?

RORY: I think she periodically makes a whirring noise and then just shuts down.

LORELAI: Well, you can't work the whole time.

RORY: I won't, I promise. Oh my God.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: He's power buffing.

LORELAI: Aw, now that is just wrong.

RORY: We're competing against the Michelangelo of snow.

LORELAI: And we're Ernest Builds a Snowman.

RORY: We shouldn't look at him anymore.

LORELAI: Heads down, stay focused.

RORY: We can do this.

LORELAI: Absolutely.

[their snowman's head falls off]

RORY: Let's get some coffee?

LORELAI: Right behind you.

OPENING CREDITS

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Michel is at the front desk on the phone. In the background, Rune is jumping up and down trying to dust a picture frame.]

MICHEL: [oh phone] Yes, you can rent a car in Manhattan and return it in Hartford. That's—that's no problem, sir. Yes. Yes, you can return it to Bradley International. That's—that's very convenient. Or you—you can—um, you - hold please. [puts phone down, walks over to Rune and grabs his arm]

RUNE: Ah!

MICHEL: Stop that.

RUNE: Stop what?

MICHEL: Stop jumping like a Mexican bean.

RUNE: Well, Lorelai asked me to dust the picture frames. How do you suggest that I clean the top, smartie? [Michel takes the picture off the wall] Well, I didn't know that you could do that.

MICHEL: Yes, I am miraculously talented, aren't I?

RUNE: I thought an alarm would go off like in The Thomas Crown Affair.

MICHEL: That would be if this was a museum, and you were a man allowed in museums.

LORELAI: Hey, no bickering in the lobby, guys.

RUNE: Where are we allowed to bicker?

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

SOOKIE: You've got all the mushrooms? You double checked?

JACKSON: I've triple checked. I've quadruple checked.

SOOKIE: The shitake, the nameko, the chanterelle?

JACKSON: Once again, I've got it all.

SOOKIE: The matsutake? The makeniya?

JACKSON: Uh wait.

SOOKIE: What?

JACKSON: I don't have makeniya.

SOOKIE: You don't have makeniya?

JACKSON: I don't have makeniya.

SOOKIE: I made it up. [giggles] You passed the test.

JACKSON: Don't test me.

[Lorelai walks in the kitchen]

LORELAI: Hey, the auditions are starting. You wanna come watch?

SOOKIE: Ooh, yes!

JACKSON: Auditions for what?

SOOKIE: Musicians.

LORELAI: For the Bracebridge Dinner.

JACKSON: Geez, you guys are going crazy with this dinner.

SOOKIE: Jackson, I told you, this dinner is not just about food. We are recreating an authentic 19th century meal.

LORELAI: The servers are all gonna be in period clothing, they're gonna speak period English. Here, look at the costumes.

JACKSON: Nice.

SOOKIE: We're talking seven courses here. Soup, fish, Peacock Pie, the Baron of Beef, the salad, then the Plum Pudding and the Wassail.

LORELAI: And there's gonna be a big raised platform where the Squire of Bracebridge is going to preside over the festivities.

SOOKIE: Yeah, he tastes the foods and makes pronouncements. He's like the host of the evening, and his costume is the coolest.

LORELAI: Ah.

JACKSON: It all sounds great.

SOOKIE: Oh, it is, it is. By the way, you're playing Squire Bracebridge. Ready?

LORELAI: Let's go.

SOOKIE: Yeah. [they leave]

JACKSON: Huh? What was that?

CUT TO LOBBY

SOOKIE: What are we looking at today?

LORELAI: Okay, this is the last on our list. We've already got our trumpets, our madrigal singers

JACKSON: Uh, sorry to interrupt but I'm not playing Squire Bracebridge.

LORELAI: We've got all our servers lined up. This is just for recorder players and harpists. Hi. Uh, lay some on us guys.

[two recorder players play]

SOOKIE: Hey, you cats really know how to blow those things.

LORELAI: You've got the gig. I will call you later with the details. Thanks.

[the recorder players leave]

JACKSON: So are we clear on this? I'm not playing Squire Bracebridge. Sorry you were under the impression that I'd do this.

SOOKIE: When do the guests arrive?

LORELAI: Thursday at four - on their own jet.

SOOKIE: After buying out the whole inn.

LORELAI: Must be nice to have money.

SOOKIE: Uh! Hey, you know what struck me today?

JACKSON: Was it the fact that I'm not the Squire - did that strike you?

SOOKIE: We are crazy for doing this.

LORELAI: We're beyond crazy. We are 'Anne Heche speaking her secret language to God and looking for the spaceship in Fresno' crazy.

SOOKIE: Oh Quiness, nokka don atta.

LORELAI: Il ek notra doska donne.

JACKSON: And springing this on me at the last minute too, I mean, that's just manipulative.

[a chef comes out of the kitchen]

CHEF: Sookie, fire! [leaves]

SOOKIE: I gotta get back in the kitchen. You'll handle the harp?

LORELAI: You got it.

JACKSON: All right, okay, I'll do it. I'll play Squire Bracebridge if that's what you want. Geez.

SOOKIE: Thanks Sweetie. [walks to kitchen]

JACKSON: As long as it's not just because I fit the costume. It's because I fit the costume, isn't it? [leaves]

LORELAI: [to harpist] Go ahead.

[Lorelai's cell phone rings while the harpist is playing]

LORELAI: [answers phone] Hi, it's Lorelai.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey Lor, it's me.

LORELAI: Oh, hi Chris, how are you?

CHRISTOPHER: Good, good. You, uh, got a minute?

LORELAI: Uh oh.

CHRISTOPHER: It's not an uh oh, I just wanted to run an idea by you.

LORELAI: Run it.

CHRISTOPHER: Now it's totally your call and I don't want to step on any plans you've already made, but I know Rory has a break in school coming up, and I was wondering if you'd be cool with her coming to visit for a couple of days.

LORELAI: Uhh, a couple of days? You mean she'd stay the night?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, it's totally your call. Where are you, heaven?

LORELAI: Do you even have room for someone to stay?

CHRISTOPHER: Not just room - a room. A designated guest room. Sherry fixed it up really nice.

LORELAI: Aww, good for her.

CHRISTOPHER: So what do you think?

LORELAI: I don't know. It's awfully last minute.

CHRISTOPHER: It's totally last minute. You can say no and there'll be no hard feelings.

LORELAI: Well, it's really up to Rory to say yes or no.

CHRISTOPHER: So you're cool with it?

LORELAI: Yeah, sure, if Rory is, yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: Great, that's great. Uh, thank you. I'll let you run it past her and you can get back to me whenever. No pressure.

LORELAI: No pressure.

CHRISTOPHER: Talk to you later.

LORELAI: Yeah, talk to you later.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Emily, Richard, Lorelai and Rory are eating dinner silently. Rory get Lorelai's attention and gestures

for her to say something.]

LORELAI: So what are your travel plans Dad?

RICHARD: Hmm?

LORELAI: You and mom, you always go out of town this time of year.

RORY: Last year it was the Bahamas.

RICHARD: Yes, that's right, it was.

LORELAI: I remember you had fun too. You said the Bahama□mians were real nice. The Bahamites? The Bahamamamamians?

RORY: The Bahamians.

LORELAI: Yes. They were nice.

EMILY: They were nice.

LORELAI: So, what are your plans?

EMILY: We're not going anywhere this year.

RORY: Why not? Oh, well yeah, it can be really nice just to stay at home sometimes because you can do fun things that you normally wouldn't have time for.

LORELAI: Yeah, like play Running Charades, and get out that Slip 'n Slide.

RICHARD: We'll see.

EMILY: Yes, we'll see.

RICHARD: Would you all excuse me? I have to make some calls. Say goodbye before you leave, will you?

LORELAI: Yeah, sure Dad.

[Richard leaves]

LORELAI: When is this awfulness with work gonna resolve itself?

EMILY: I don't know. The man is so sensitive. He reads so much into every little perceived slight.

LORELAI: Yeah. I remember one time when I was a kid, Dad had put on some weight, and he bought a new suit to try to cover it up. And he wore it for us and he said, 'How do I look?' and I said, 'You look fat.' [pause] But I guess that wasn't really a perceived slight□so, I'll think of another example.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN LOBBY

[Sookie is lecturing to a group of people; Kirk is transcribing everything she says on his laptop.]

SOOKIE: Keep in mind during the Bracebridge Dinner, we are not just servers, we are performers, so any time you're with a guest, you must be in character and you must speak Old English. It's a world we're creating here, so whatever we can do□Kirk, you're driving me crazy!

KIRK: Who me? [reads transcript] 'Whatever we can do to Kirk you're driving me crazy.' Yeah, me. Ah, sorry.

SOOKIE: Okay, now guys, look at the materials I gave you, and tell me if a guest asks you how the food's coming, what would be the appropriate Old English response? Rune!

RUNE: Greetings!

SOOKIE: You just read the first thing on the list, didn't you?

RUNE: Maybe.

SOOKIE: Guys, the correct response: Ah, oven's day with baked meat choke!

RUNE: Question?

SOOKIE: Yeah?

RUNE: What color dress will I be wearing when I say this?

JACKSON: Rune, don't be an idiot.

RUNE: Well, this is stupid.

JACKSON: Shut up and pay attention to Sookie. She worked very hard to bring this about.

KIRK: Yes, but unfortunately we don't all share intimacies with her, so she doesn't cut us any slack.

JACKSON: She doesn't treat me differently.

KIRK: She's called you Peaches three times. It's all in the transcript.

RUNE: Sookie, instead of talking in Old English, can I just talk like an old man?

SOOKIE: What?

RUNE: Hey you kids, get off my lawn!

SOOKIE: No, no you cannot just talk like an old man.

[Lorelai walks into the lobby]

SOOKIE: Hi, honey, what's the matter?

LORELAI: They're snowed in.

SOOKIE: Who's snowed in?

LORELAI: The Bracebridge group. They're stuck in Chicago. The dinner's off.

SOOKIE: No.

LORELAI: Yes.

SOOKIE: I'm gonna cry.

LORELAI: I offered to fund the instant invention of a molecular transport device but they just didn't go for it.

SOOKIE: Oh, that makes me so mad. And so sad. I'm smad!

RUNE: Sookie, does this mean that my pockets wileth not with money get choked? That sounded like Old English. Cool, huh?

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai, Sookie, and Rory are sitting at a table]

SOOKIE: I've got thirty pounds of aged beef, trays and trays of trout, mountains of pruned tarts. I diced pumpkins until my hands turned orange. I've got pumpkin hands.

LORELAI: Take a sip

SOOKIE: How can you stay so calm about this?

LORELAI: There's nothing we can do about it.

RORY: I can't believe they got snowed in.

LORELAI: All that work, all that extra help we hired. Oh well. At least they paid for it already. We didn't lose any money.

SOOKIE: Yeah I guess. You know, I could still make up the dinner for the three of us.

RORY: Yeah, but then it would be like the three of us, all alone in the dining room.

LORELAI: It would be like The Shining, except instead of Jack Nicholson, we have Rune.

[Luke walks over to them]

LUKE: You girls want anything besides coffee?

SOOKIE: Hey, what about Luke?

LUKE: What about him?

SOOKIE: He eats, and Jess eats. Doesn't Jess eat?

LUKE: What's she doing?

LORELAI: I think she's inviting you for dinner.

SOOKIE: Yeah, come on, join us. It'll be fun. You like Peacock Pie?

LUKE: I'm a hundred percent sure I don't.

LORELAI: There'll be normal food too.

RORY: And decorations.

SOOKIE: And music.

LORELAI: Come on, it'll be fun.

LUKE: Well□

LORELAI: Hey, you know what? Let's invite everyone.

SOOKIE: Everyone who?

LORELAI: Everyone everyone.

SOOKIE: Everyone everyone who?

LORELAI: Everyone we know, everyone we like.

RORY: And they could even stay in the inn. All those empty rooms, all those uneaten pillow mints.

LORELAI: An out of control, over the top slumber party!

SOOKIE: I love it!

RORY: Me too!

LORELAI: Done! Spread the word.

LUKE: I haven't said I'd come yet so I'm certainly not gonna suddenly become your messenger boy.
[Lorelai stares at him] Eight o'clock?

LORELAI: Seven.

LUKE: Right.

CUT TO FRONT OF STARS HOLLOW HIGH

[Dean walks out of the school, Lane walks over to him.]

LANE: Deano.

DEAN: Hey Lane. Are you going to this big shindig at the inn tonight?

LANE: Yeah, I'm just trying to trick my mom into not going with me.

DEAN: How's that coming along?

LANE: How's that Pixies reunion coming along?

DEAN: Well, I'll see you and your mom there.

LANE: Bye.

DEAN: Bye.

[Lane leaves. Dean sees Jess fighting with another kid and goes over to break it up.]

BOY: Keep it up pal, you'll get hurt.

DEAN: Whoa, hey guys! Guys, come on, break it up guys! Quit it! Hey, hold it man, get off me!
[Dean tries to pull Jess away; Jess tries to punch him] Whoa, hey, get off me man, I'm not fighting you! Jess, knock it off man! What the hell is your problem?

JESS: Nothing.

DEAN: You saw it was me, Jess. Why'd you keep punching?

JESS: Had momentum.

DEAN: Well I was trying to help you.

JESS: I don't need you help, but thanks for offering.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai sits on the couch as Rory walks in with some drinks.]

LORELAI: Hey, did Bootsy RSVP?

RORY: Yeah, he's coming.

LORELAI: Thanks. Is he bringing anybody?

RORY: He's coming solo.

LORELAI: Okay. I'm gonna put him in room 16 with Luke.

RORY: You can't do that.

LORELAI: Come on, let me have my fun.

RORY: Luke's coming with Jess.

LORELAI: Well, I'll put Jess in with Miss Patty.

RORY: There will be no Jess left in the morning.

LORELAI: You stink.

[Rory sits in the armchair and picks up a pile of cards]

RORY: Are these last year's cards or this year's?

LORELAI: This year's, of course.

RORY: Don't scoff. Last year's set were still sitting here 'til Halloween.

LORELAI: Hey, if that's a crack at my housekeeping skills...well then, okay.

RORY: Wow.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: This is one ugly looking baby. Whose baby is this?

LORELAI: That's your second cousin's Stan's. Poor kid.

RORY: Ugh, he got Stan's everything.

LORELAI: That's not even the ugliest baby in the bunch.

RORY: You're kidding. [looks through the pile] Ouch!

LORELAI: That's the ugliest baby in the bunch.

RORY: I don't understand why people put pictures on cards.

LORELAI: Do they not understand we are unapologetic mockers?

RORY: There's an unexplained innocence in the world. Hey, I didn't see this.

LORELAI: See what?

RORY: Dad.

LORELAI: Oh.

RORY: And the woman I'm assuming is Sherry.

LORELAI: Uh, did I not show you that? Huh.

RORY: They've got a cute little puppy and everything.

LORELAI: Oh, I must've put it in the stack and forgotten to tell you about it. Well, there it is.

RORY: Nice looking lady.

LORELAI: Mm hmm. Like a young Tammy Faye Baker.

RORY: But prettier than that.

LORELAI: Oh, I didn't mean not pretty. Hey, question about the room list.

RORY: Yeah?

LORELAI: Room 31 - why is it empty?

RORY: Oh yeah, I wanted to run an idea by you.

LORELAI: Run it.

RORY: I thought maybe a certain depressed man and his wife could stay there.

LORELAI: Woody and Soon-Yi?

RORY: Grandma and Grandpa.

LORELAI: Ugh, you've got to be kidding.

RORY: But this could help to cheer him up.

LORELAI: I'll send him a Def Jam Comedy tape. That'll cheer him up.

RORY: It's a really good thing to do.

LORELAI: We'll donate money to charity, that's a good thing too. We'll stop kicking dogs.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: All right, I'll pencil them in, but they'll probably say no.

RORY: Yeah, but we're not gonna hope that they say no, right?

LORELAI: Right.

RORY: Right, because that would be really bad karma, especially on top of making fun of the ugly babies.

LORELAI: Uh, I have a new year's resolution for you: become more cynical and self absorbed.

RORY: I'll work on it.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[The night of the Bracebridge Dinner, Lorelai and Rory are in the lobby]

RORY: Hey, how's Sookie doing in there?

LORELAI: Ah, well, she's paper bagging it.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: You know... [Lorelai breathes into a pretend paper bag]

RORY: Oh, so she's right on schedule.

[Babette and Morey walk into the inn.]

BABETTE: Hey dolls.

LORELAI: Hey!

RORY: Hi, welcome.

MOREY: Are we the first ones here?

LORELAI: Yes, you are.

BABETTE: Now don't you freak out. Morey hates being the first anywhere. He thinks it hurts his street credibility.

MOREY: Charlie Parker was late to everything.

BABETTE: Charlie Parker had more dr*gs in him than a Rite-Aid. Forget Charlie Parker.

RORY: You guys are in room 8. It's all ready for you.

BABETTE: Thanks, doll. C'mon Morey. We can be late for dinner if it'll make you feel better.

MOREY: A little.

BABETTE: Yeah.

[they walk away as Lane walks into the inn]

LANE: Hey!

RORY: Are you alone?

MRS. KIM: Lane!

LANE: My wedding night's gonna be very interesting.

RORY: Hi Mrs. Kim. I'm glad you guys could come. You guys are in room 12.

MRS. KIM: Thank you. Hello Lorelai, thank you for inviting us.

LORELAI: Our pleasure. Do you need help bringing in the rest of your stuff?

MRS. KIM: This is my stuff. Don't need any more stuff. People have too much stuff.

LORELAI: You know you're right. People have too much stuff. Absolutely.

[Mrs. Kim and Lane walk away]

RORY: Says the woman with 64 pairs of shoes.

LORELAI: Thus proving my point. What is Paris doing here?

RORY: She had to bring me the newspaper stuff tonight. She just couldn't wait.

LORELAI: A robot, she's a robot. Hi! [walks away]

RORY: Hey.

PARIS: So here are the materials in the double issue. Some of the articles are gonna need complete rewrites.

RORY: Drag.

PARIS: Madeline's 500 words on test anxiety spends 400 of them arguing that stretch corduroy is the best material for low-rise jeans.

RORY: Well, let's see. Corduroy is a fabric, and the fabric of society is weakened when students

PARIS: You can't get there.

RORY: Yeah, it doesn't look like it. I'll get right on this tomorrow.

PARIS: What about tonight?

RORY: I'm busy tonight.

PARIS: Doing what?

RORY: Well, this.

PARIS: Oh. What is this?

RORY: It's kind of a big dinner party.

PARIS: Oh. Okay, well, I'll get out of your way. Call if you need to talk things through, and oh - she uses the Prince version of writing. A letter U for you and a picture of an eye for an I.

RORY: Wow.

PARIS: Yeah.

RORY: Hey Paris, do you have anything going on tonight?

PARIS: What's that supposed to mean?

RORY: It's supposed to mean, do you have anything going on tonight?

PARIS: Well, my parents are out of town, so my Portuguese nanny will make dinner and then I'll either get back to reading the Iliad or we'll play Monopoly. I crush her every time.

RORY: Well I was just thinking, maybe you want to stay for dinner?

PARIS: Here?

RORY: Yeah. We have a ton of food, and it's like a whole big show and everything, and if you're not doing anything

PARIS: Rereading the Iliad a third time is not not doing anything. I'm not pathetic.

RORY: I know you're not. I just thought it might be fun, that's all.

PARIS: Well, I'll have to make a call.

RORY: Good, make it.

PARIS: I just have to let Nanny know. [takes out cell phone and dials] Nanny? É Paris. Vou jantar com Rory hoje à noite. Eu telefono no caminho de casa. Tchau.

[Dean and Clara walk into the inn]

DEAN: Hey.

RORY: Hello there. Hey Clara. Nice, is that a Stella McCartney?

CLARA: It's a Wal-Mart.

RORY: Well, it's very pretty.

CLARA: My mom bought it for tonight.

RORY: She's got good taste.

DEAN: [sees Jess walk in] I didn't know he was coming.

RORY: Who?

DEAN: Jess.

RORY: Yeah. Is that a problem?

DEAN: Not really.

RORY: Dean.

DEAN: It's just that, he got into this fight with this guy at school, and when I broke it up he started in on me.

RORY: He hit you?

DEAN: He tried.

RORY: Why would he do that?

DEAN: Don't ask me to explain that jerk. [Jess waves] He better not do that all night.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

SOOKIE: No! It tastes too twentieth century guys. It's gotta shout Washington Irving, not Irving my accountant. It needs something, help me. What is it?

CHEF: Uhh□

[Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: How's it going? AGH!

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: Ooh! Ew, Rune naked, naked Rune.

[Rune is changing his pants in the corner]

SOOKIE: Ahh!

RUNE: These stupid pants won't go past my thighs.

LORELAI: Why are you dressing in here?

RUNE: The bathrooms are full and the lousy madrigal singers are bull guarding the supply closet so this is the only place.

SOOKIE: They're too small.

RUNE: My thighs are too big.

LORELAI: Ahh! Rune, yes, but in lieu of coming up with something that would immediately reduce the size of your thighs, why don't we get you a bigger pair of pants?

SOOKIE: And a different place to dress.

LORELAI: Definitely.

RUNE: Well, can you get me the supply closet?

LORELAI: We'll take it by force if we have to. Go. Ah. [Rune leaves] Is everything under control?

SOOKIE: Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, ye...no. This needs something and I cannot think of what it is. It's that tart, kind of spicy, white. . .salt! The word is salt!

LORELAI: You forgot the word for salt?

SOOKIE: Everything's under control.

LORELAI: Good.

SOOKIE: Absolutely, one hundred percent.

LORELAI: You're exuding confidence. Have the oxygen ready.

SOOKIE: Okay, easy. It's a bird, it's a bird.

CUT TO LOBBY

[Lorelai walks into the lobby as Emily and Richard arrive]

LORELAI: They're here.

RORY: Who?

LORELAI: The Joy-less Luck Club.

RICHARD: Hello girls. You look particularly lovely tonight.

RORY: Thanks Grandpa.

LORELAI: Thanks Dad. You guys look nice yourselves.

EMILY: Seems like the occasion called for it.

RICHARD: The air seems crisper here than Hartford. It's wonderful.

LORELAI: Hey Dad, you didn't grab the wrong prescription bottle earlier today, did you?

RICHARD: What?

RORY: Nothing.

EMILY: I think she was making one of her funny jokes.

RICHARD: Oh, went straight over my head.

LORELAI: Let me get someone to help you with your bags.

RICHARD: No, no, I've got them. Just point me to the room.

RORY: You guys are in room 31, best room in the place.

RICHARD: Oh, anything's fine. I'll, uh, see you in a bit. [walks away]

LORELAI: What got into him?

RORY: He's totally different.

EMILY: I know. He's been that way for two days. I have no idea why but I'm taking the credit.

LORELAI: Ugh, a hostess' job is never done. Hi.

CUT TO LOBBY

[All the guests are mingling in the lobby.]

LORELAI: Hey everybody, will you gather round? Everyone, everyone! First of all, I want to welcome you to the first annual and probably never ever to be held again because Sookie's on the verge of a nervous breakdown Bracebridge Dinner.

SOOKIE: I'm fine, everything's fine.

LORELAI: I also want to thank Mother Nature for snowing in the Trelling Paper Company in Chicago so I can throw this great party for all my friends instead. It's a very special night. And so, since I don't get to eat unbelievably strange food with my friends everyday, I have arranged a little surprise. Outside, as we speak, is a line of horse drawn sleighs and everybody gets a ride. So, uh, line up and keep it orderly. There's two per sleigh and no cutting in front of each other - that goes for everyone. Except me, 'cause I'll be damned if I'm gonna miss a ride in a horse drawn sleigh. Come on.

LUKE: You gonna go?

JESS: I think I'll wait for the clog dancing.

DEAN: Hey, hey, don't move.

CLARA: But we're gonna miss all the good horses!

RORY: Who is this brazen woman competing for your attention?

CLARA: Come on!

DEAN: Uh, I guess I'm spoken for.

RORY: I'll see you back here.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai is sitting in one of the sleighs as Luke and Bootsy stand near the horses]

BOOTSY: You see the horses?

LUKE: You mean the ones three feet from my face? Yeah, I saw 'em.

BOOTSY: I spent a summer training horses in Montana.

LUKE: You get kicked in the head a lot?

BOOTSY: Just the once.

LORELAI: Hey, you in the belt - get in.

LUKE: What? Oh, no, I was just sort of checking things out.

LORELAI: Come on. We can pull a Ben Hur and take down Taylor's sleigh.

LUKE: I don't know, I...

LORELAI: Aww, come on Luke. I can't be all school marm-y and ride by myself. Please?

LUKE: Well, okay. [gets in the sleigh]

LORELAI: Giddy up. [the sleigh starts moving] Uh! The horses heard me, I speak horse language! I'm Dr. Dolittle!

LUKE: Plus, I think the driver of the sleigh heard you.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah.

LUKE: I gotta say, sleigh ride's a little much, but these horses are really beautiful.

LORELAI: Yes, especially from this angle.

LUKE: Not just from this angle.

LORELAI: Oh seriously, don't backtrack. Horse has got a nice butt there.

LUKE: It's not what I'm saying.

LORELAI: Nice firm hiney.

LUKE: Stop talking about the horse's hiney.

LORELAI: God, the town looks beautiful.

LUKE: Same as always.

LORELAI: No, it's always different his time of year. It's magical.

LUKE: If you say so, sure. Oh look, there's the magical plumbing supply store where I bought a magical float for my toilet last week.

LORELAI: You disappoint me.

LUKE: Oh look. There's the magical Luke's Diner right underneath the apartment that Jess magically lit by leaving every stinkin' light on.

LORELAI: How's it going with you guys?

LUKE: Me and Jess? Great.

LORELAI: Great? Really?

LUKE: Really.

LORELAI: Well, good.

LUKE: It is good. I mean, it was hard at first, seemed impossible, you know, but I've learned a lot these past couple months.

LORELAI: Like?

LUKE: Like last week I discovered the secret of parenting.

LORELAI: You did?

LUKE: Yup.

LORELAI: The secret of parenting?

LUKE: The secret of parenting.

LORELAI: When last week? Last Tuesday?

LUKE: I don't know the exact day.

LORELAI: Tuesday at 5:15, is that when you discovered the secret of parenting?

LUKE: Don't mock.

LORELAI: Well, tell me. What is. . . oh wait, it's a secret, you can't tell me.

LUKE: No, I'll tell you. You visualize the reality you want.

LORELAI: You visualize the reality you want.

LUKE: And then if necessary, you lie to bring it about.

LORELAI: That is so much worse than I was expecting.

LUKE: You never lied to your kid?

LORELAI: Ahh, to save her from great physical pain, yes. When she was little and she would play in the kitchen, I told her that the burners were the devil's hands, but I would say it in a really scary evangelist voice, you know, 'Don't touch the devil's hands!' She still doesn't go near the stove.

LUKE: Yes, exactly. You told a little white lie for your kid's protection, very similar to what I've done.

LORELAI: Which was?

LUKE: Well, you know the winter break is coming up?

LORELAI: Yes I do.

LUKE: Okay, well that means Jess has some time off from school. His mom knew that and she never called.

LORELAI: Ugh, it makes me sick

LUKE: So I decided just to keep Jess with me, and I told him that his mom wanted him to come home but I thought since he just got there and was still adjusting that I thought he should stay, and his mom was really upset but I insisted. He bought it hook, line and sinker. Saved him a lot of hurt.

LORELAI: He didn't buy it.

LUKE: What? Of course he did.

LORELAI: He knows.

[cut to Richard and Emily's sleigh]

EMILY: I wish Lorelai had warned us about this.

RICHARD: What? This is wonderful..

EMILY: It's wreaking havoc with my hair.

RICHARD: Oh this is not bad for your hair, compared to the other thing.

EMILY: What other thing? [Richard tousles her hair] Richard, stop it! Stop it! Suddenly you're two years old.

RICHARD: Oh, I'm just having fun.

EMILY: I'm not complaining.

RICHARD: This is fun too. This is like a roller coaster.

EMILY: A little.

RICHARD: Say, when was the last time we were on a roller coaster?

EMILY: Never.

RICHARD: Didn't we ever go to Coney Island?

EMILY: That must've been your other wife.

RICHARD: Gosh, I used to love it when I was a kid. They were a lot faster then too.

EMILY: And less safe.

RICHARD: We should go on one.

EMILY: What?

RICHARD: A fast one.

EMILY: Fine. You go and I'll wait and hold your cotton candy for you.

RICHARD: You are going.

EMILY: It would take a whole day.

RICHARD: You are going.

EMILY: I'd be scared.

RICHARD: I'll hold your hand.

EMILY: Fine. We'll go on a roller coaster.

RICHARD: Good.

EMILY: Now where is this roller coaster we're going on?

RICHARD: I'm not sure. I'll get Rory to look it up on the Internet for us.

[cut to Rory getting in a sleigh]

DRIVER: That it miss?

RORY: I guess I'm alone.

[The sleigh starts going. Jess jumps into the seat next to Rory]

RORY: What are you doing?

JESS: Well, I heard it was two to a sleigh - no more, no less. You were breaking the rules.

RORY: You could've hurt yourself.

JESS: I live on the edge. I can jump out if you want.

RORY: Doesn't matter to me.

JESS: Are you mad at me or something?

RORY: What do you think?

JESS: I can't read your mind.

RORY: You got into a fight with Dean.

JESS: Dean?

RORY: My boyfriend.

JESS: Ah. He's still your boyfriend?

RORY: Okay, you can jump out now.

JESS: I wasn't fighting him. I was fighting someone else. He jumped in on his own.

RORY: He was trying to help you.

JESS: Oh, he should go into government service if he's so interested in helping people. But me, he can stop worrying about.

RORY: Why were you fighting in the first place?

JESS: 'Cause Chuck Presby's a jerk.

RORY: You were fighting Chuck Presby?

JESS: Yeah.

RORY: Oh, he is a jerk.

JESS: This whole town is weird and full of jerks.

RORY: Then why are you still here?

JESS: What do you mean?

RORY: I mean, school's out and you don't like it here, so why don't you just go home?

JESS: My mom didn't want me to.

RORY: I don't believe that.

JESS: That's your right, I guess.

RORY: Did Luke say she didn't want you to?

JESS: Luke told me it was his idea that I should stay. It wasn't his idea. That's good.

RORY: What?

JESS: Your snowman. Snowwoman, actually.

RORY: You know which one is ours?

JESS: It definitely has the most personality. Kind of looks like Bjork.

RORY: That's what we were going for.

JESS: Yeah?

RORY: But everyone thinks the one on the end is gonna be the winner.

JESS: Really? It's so overdone.

RORY: I agree.

JESS: You should win.

RORY: No argument.

JESS: Hey, what do you and Dean talk about?

RORY: What?

JESS: I mean, does he know Bjork?

RORY: I've played him some stuff.

JESS: Hm. So you got a teacher-student thing going?

RORY: Stop.

JESS: No, really, I'm curious. What do you guys talk about?

RORY: Everything.

JESS: Like?

RORY: Just everything, tons of stuff, whatever.

JESS: It's just in the brief non-pugilistic time I've spent with him in class, he just doesn't seem like your kind of guy.

RORY: Well, he is my kind of guy. He's exactly my kind of guy.

JESS: Okay. I guess I don't know him that well.

RORY: You don't. You don't.

CUT TO INN DINING ROOM

[All of the guests are seated at a long table. Lorelai stands at the head of the table with a camera.]

LORELAI: Quiet please, everybody. Before the, uh, button popping and the bloating can commence, say cheese.

EVERYONE: Cheese!

LORELAI: Uh, now, ladies and gentlemen, damen und herren, um, the moment you've been waiting for, I give you the Bracebridge Dinner.

SOOKIE: Whoa, whoa, hold it. We just need a quick minute, please.

LORELAI: Which will be starting in one quick minute.

BOOTSY: You ever think about that? You can't have a quick minute because it's always sixty seconds.

LUKE: Shut up.

MISS PATTY: Lorelai darling, who is the silver fox with the tight kneesocks?

LORELAI: Oh, that's Claude. He's one of our regular servers, divorced and on the market.

MISS PATTY: Oh, well the uniform is interesting.

LORELAI: All right. I'll have him bathed, powdered, and sent to your room.

MISS PATTY: What? Oh, you joke? Was that a joke?

RICHARD: Lorelai, this is just beautiful. It's like something out of Architectural Digest. You should be very proud.

LORELAI: Thanks Dad.

EMILY: Your dress needs pressing.

LORELAI: Thanks Mom.

[Lorelai sits down next to Rory]

LORELAI: Your pod Grandpa is still happy as a clam.

RORY: See, I told you this would be good for him.

LORELAI: When you're right, you're right.

RUNE: Welcome Lords and Ladies. I call upon these sprightly horns to commence our proceedings.
[horns play] Hey Chuck Mangione, you wanna back up a step?

LORELAI: And we're off.

RUNE: And now, fair people, I present my Lord and Master, the honorable Squire Bracebridge.

[Jackson enters the room dressed as the Squire]

JACKSON: Lo! Now has come our joyfulest feast. Let every man be jolly.

JESS: We should've eaten before we came.

LUKE: Shh! And yeah.

JACKSON: Humble servant, bring us the first course to dine with pleasure. Mmm, methinks it be a butternut squash soup.

RUNE: Ah, methinks you're right Squire Bracebridge, thus and verily.

JACKSON: And verily thus.

LORELAI: They're the Old England Abbot and Costello.

JACKSON: 'Tis perfection, but extremely hot.

RUNE: My Lord, do you need aid? Wouldst thou have thee ice thy tongue?

JACKSON: Ah nay, Rune, nay. To the guests thou shall serve the soup!

JESS: What's the white stuff?

LUKE: I think it's cheese - or cream.

JESS: And the green stuff?

LUKE: I think it's best picked off.

MRS. KIM: No one says grace?

LANE: I think they all do Mama, uh, silently.

MRS. KIM: Did you say silent grace?

BABETTE: [laughs] Good one!

[Mrs. Kim stares at her. Babette quickly bows her head and nudges for Morey to do the same. Cut to Kirk serving soup to Lorelai and Rory]

KIRK: Soup for mi'ladies?

RORY: Why thank you, kind sir.

LORELAI: Hey Kirk, nice blouse.

RORY: Don't let her make fun of you Kirk. You look great.

KIRK: Soup with garlands, gay and rosemary.

LORELAI: You're gonna stay in character no matter what, huh?

KIRK: 'Tis hot, so proceed daintily.

LORELAI: Hey, did you ever see that I Love Lucy where she goes to Buckingham Palace?

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: She tries to get the palace guard to break character. That was a funny one.

KIRK: 'Tis foreign to me good lady.

RORY: Hang in there, Kirk.

LORELAI: Those ones where she was in Europe, hands down, those were the best!

KIRK: No way, the Hollywood ones!

LORELAI: Ha!

KIRK: Damn!

RORY: I was rooting for you boy.

[Cut to later that evening]

RUNE: My Lord, shall dessert be served?

JACKSON: Anon, humble servant.

CLARA: Can I eat my dessert with the horses?

DEAN: Sure, uh, but put your coat on.

CLARA: Are you okay?

BOOTSY: I guess so. I've lost track of how many beers I've had.

CLARA: Seven.

LORELAI: Hey Paris, how's it going?

PARIS: Fine, good, thanks for having me.

LORELAI: Oh, it was our pleasure.

PARIS: Did you notice the anachronisms?

LORELAI: The what?

PARIS: The period discrepancies. They were pretty blatant. I mean, forget that the nineteenth century didn't include recessed lighting or the Fossil watch that your server was wearing, but water in that period would not have been served with cubed ice.

LORELAI: Right.

PARIS: And your servers are wearing nylon blend shirts, and nylon was invented by a scientist at Dupont in the 1920's. It shattered the illusion.

LORELAI: Floggings will be administered.

RICHARD: So there we are, it's a beautiful moonlit Prague night, and we're strolling across the Charles Bridge when we come across this group of kids blasting this song by that. . .oh, that awful woman. Who is she? The tall bony one, married to the deceased mustachioed congressman.

RORY: Cher?

EMILY: That's the one!

LORELAI: The year of 'Do you believe in life after love?'

RORY: A difficult time for all of us.

MICHEL: I like that song.

RICHARD: Well, I was appalled. Prague has played host to some of the greatest composers in history. Mozart named a symphony after it, for heaven's sake. So what did I do?

EMILY: I have tried so hard to forget this.

RICHARD: I stood beside them and their boombox and I hummed Mozart's Prague Symphony as loud as I could. [starts humming]

LORELAI: A bizarro Battle of the Bands.

TAYLOR: And did it work?

RICHARD: Well, they quickly packed up and went their way.

EMILY: But then he kept on humming the Mozart. He wouldn't stop.

RICHARD: Well, at that point I was hoping for some gullible tourists to drop money at my feet.

EMILY: And two of them did.

RICHARD: And I kept it!

TAYLOR: You know, this might be the most interesting conversation I've ever had with an insurance man.

RICHARD: Aww, I'm hurt.

TAYLOR: I'm sorry Richard. What I meant was that□

RICHARD: No, what you meant was that people in the insurance industry are drones. Well I agree. They are a dull, dull lot, and I am glad to be rid of them.

LORELAI: Rid of them?

TAYLOR: Oh, are you retired Richard?

RICHARD: Well, uh□

EMILY: Of course he's not. Richard? Richard?

RICHARD: Actually, I am.

CUT TO BEDROOM

[Later that evening, Lorelai and Rory are in their room at the inn getting ready for bed.]

LORELAI: Ah, it's always nice to end a big festive meal with a big festive pall hanging over the room.

RORY: Most people didn't notice anything.

LORELAI: I guess. Bootsy singing Hotel California accompanied by spoons drew people's attention away.

RORY: Did Grandma and Grandpa say a word to each other the rest of the night?

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Why didn't he tell anyone?

LORELAI: I'm sorry, are you asking me to interpret my parents' motives?

RORY: My mistake. So which bed do you want?

LORELAI: Take the one by the window.

RORY: Okay. [pulls back blanket] Mom!

LORELAI: What honey?

RORY: You put the picture of the ugly baby in my bed?

LORELAI: I didn't, I swear. That ugly baby is stalking us. Run away!

RORY: Poor baby, it's not his fault.

LORELAI: I think it's a she.

RORY: Poor baby, you picked the wrong parents. Hey, have you heard from Dad recently?

LORELAI: What dad - your dad?

RORY: Yeah, my dad.

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: Because he's my dad, and he usually checks in this time of year and he hasn't checked in yet. I mean, I know he's probably busy with Sherry and the new apartment and...what?

LORELAI: There may have been a call.

RORY: There may have been? You don't remember?

LORELAI: Well things have been so hectic, you know, with the Bracebridge Dinner, and um, building a snowwoman, and planning the ugly baby gag, that took time.

RORY: Mom?

LORELAI: Yes, he called! He called, he called, he called and invited you, and it's not too late to go. He called and invited you, so there you go. I'm sorry I didn't tell you, so there.

RORY: He invited me over?

LORELAI: Yes, are you deaf?

RORY: No, I'm just trying to separate the gist from the ubububububah.

LORELAI: Well, the gist is he invited you, okay?

RORY: Why didn't he invite me himself?

LORELAI: Because he's pretending to be considerate by running it past me first.

RORY: Was he maybe not pretending to be considerate, and actually being considerate?

LORELAI: Maybe. But I wouldn't put it past him to be inconsiderate. The guy doesn't have the greatest track record.

RORY: Why didn't you tell me this? He's probably waiting for my answer, and holding off making plans.

LORELAI: Because I have dibs on this time of year with you, not him! Me! And yes, he acknowledged that, and that was cool and all, but still - it stinks! Because he put me in a very difficult position because we were supposed to watch a lot of movies and make fun of Godfather 3, and the thing that I really, really hate about this is - is the idea of you not hanging out with me because you're hanging out there with your stupid stepmother.

RORY: You're calling Sherry my stepmother?

LORELAI: Well, she practically is.

RORY: You're wiggling.

LORELAI: There is something wrong with that woman.

RORY: You don't even know her.

LORELAI: You think I'm overreacting?

RORY: I think you're jealous of Sherry.

LORELAI: Ha, I'm not jealous of Sherry.

RORY: But I understand - your territory has been threatened.

LORELAI: Excuse me?

RORY: But relax, there are ways to work through situations like this - compromises can be struck.

LORELAI: Oh, what are you saying?

RORY: Well, you know, I can still call you Mom, and I'll call her Mommy Sherry.

LORELAI: Don't be mean.

RORY: And we can split up holidays evenly. Like, I'll be with you on Labor Day□

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: □ her on Memorial Day.

LORELAI: Enough.

RORY: I'll have to find out about her religion though to see how Chanukah will factor into this, unless you want to convert to Judaism and then take over Chanukah for yourself.

LORELAI: I get the point. I overreacted. Please stop.

RORY: You totally overreacted. God.

LORELAI: So do you think you're gonna go and stay with them?

RORY: I'll have to think about it.

LORELAI: Do you have to think about it because you know that it's k*lling me not to know whether you're going or not and you want to t*rture me like that?

RORY: Nope, I just don't know if I want to do it.

LORELAI: Oh.

RORY: It was nice of him to ask though.

LORELAI: It was very nice.

RORY: 'Cause we are rooting for Dad.

LORELAI: We are rooting for him. It was a very nice thing that Christopher offered. I was being a

little possessive.

RORY: And insanely jealous of his pretty girlfriend.

LORELAI: Well, I wanna know if she's good enough for him.

RORY: Me too.

LORELAI: So there was an altruistic streak to my madness.

RORY: We'll go with that.

[there's a knock at the door. Lorelai answers, Emily is there.]

EMILY: I need a new room.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: I can't stay in that room.

LORELAI: There are no other rooms, Mom.

EMILY: Well, then I'll go home.

RORY: Grandma, it's late.

LORELAI: And pitch black, and the roads are icy. You can't be driving.

EMILY: Well, I'm not going back to that room.

LORELAI: I'm guessing you and Dad had it out about the job thing?

EMILY: We haven't even spoken since dinner. I'm so upset, I wouldn't know where to begin. And I couldn't take being around him anymore. What he did is inexcusable. Not letting me know he left his job - as if it didn't affect me?

LORELAI: Aw mom, try to calm down. Here, take this bed, and Rory and I will share.

EMILY: I'm just a burden.

LORELAI: You're not a burden, Mom.

EMILY: Well, okay, thank you. Can I use the mirror in the bathroom for a second?

LORELAI: Yes, I'll use the one out here.

[Rory watches as Lorelai and Emily both apply cream to their face]

RORY: Wow.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Behold my future.

EMILY: How do you turn out the light?

LORELAI: I'll get it.

EMILY: I still can't believe it.

LORELAI: Try to relax Mom.

EMILY: I hope he doesn't sleep because I surely won't.

LORELAI: Oh, Mom.

EMILY: These slippers you have here are hardly one size fits all. They're too big.

LORELAI: Goodnight.

EMILY: It was so irresponsible.

LORELAI: Maybe he had no choice.

EMILY: Of course he had a choice. Go to sleep Lorelai.

LORELAI: That job was k*lling him, Mom. It was k*lling him.

EMILY: I'm going for a little walk.

RORY: Grandma, it's late.

EMILY: I'm not tired.

LORELAI: Like sands through the hourglass, so are the Gilmores of our lives.

CUT TO LOBBY

[Emily walks in and finds Richard sitting on the sofa]

EMILY: I didn't know you were here.

RICHARD: Emily, don't go.

EMILY: I'm very tired.

RICHARD: I want to talk to you, please. I don't need to remind you about how I've been feeling at work, and my frustration just built to the point where—again, you know this. So, I arranged to meet the CEO yesterday just to talk about the situation and about the rumors I'd heard floating around. So I met with Floyd. We shook hands, had coffee, then I started telling him about how unhappy I'd become. I detailed all my years with the company, all the travel I'd done, all the weekends I put in, the sacrifices I'd made, including time with my family, for the firm. And the more I talked, the angrier I became, and then suddenly I heard myself resign, just like that. Floyd was stunned. I'd never seen Floyd stunned. I enjoyed seeing Floyd stunned. So I finished my coffee and I walked out of that office, and I couldn't believe what I'd just done. I'd resigned, quit. I believe I even used a little profanity in the process. But you know what Emily? I was thrilled, elated, a giant weight had been lifted off my chest. I noticed Floyd's secretary staring at me, and I realized it was because I was smiling. Well, nobody had seen me smile there in a very long time. I was. . . I was happy.

EMILY: And you chose not to tell me? Your own wife.

RICHARD: Oh Emily, I know I've done nothing but disappoint you these past few months, what with

how isolated I've become and all the social engagements I've made you cancel, and all the friendships I've jeopardized. And you like order, you like lists, you like to know where you're going or what's coming. You like all things planned. And then suddenly I impulsively unplan our entire future in one fail swoop. Well, I couldn't face disappointing you again. I couldn't face telling you that I'd spoiled the plan. Not now, not at this time of year. I didn't want to fight, I didn't want to worry, I just wanted to keep being happy. I'm very, very sorry. Anyhow, um, I've been sitting here going over our financial situation. Now, um, we still have all of our retirement accounts, and our medical coverage is all there, By quitting though, we do forgo some of my pension and some stock options. Not a terribly significant amount, but an amount all the same.

EMILY: Richard, let's just go to bed.

CUT TO LOBBY

[The next morning, the guests are leaving]

RORY: See ya Bootsy.

BOOTSY: See ya, thanks. By the way, last night did I sing Hotel California?

RORY: From beginning to end.

LORELAI: While banging spoons on your head.

BOOTSY: Well that explains the lumps.

LORELAI: Bye.

MISS PATTY: Lorelai, darling, oh thank you for everything.

LORELAI: Patty, your timing is excellent. There's Claude over there. Want me to do some matchmaking?

MISS PATTY: Aww, he's wearing a golf shirt and cotton Dockers.

LORELAI: So it was the uniform, huh?

MISS PATTY: Aw, it's the Biloxi Naval Base all over again.

LORELAI: See ya.

MISS PATTY: Bye.

LORELAI: Hey Mom. You didn't make it back to the room last night. Did you get lucky?

EMILY: Could you be any cruder?

LORELAI: Yeah, I can be cruder. Hey mom, did you get la

RORY: Thanks for coming! It was fun. Is everything okay?

RICHARD: Everything's okay.

EMILY: We'll see you next Friday.

LORELAI: Bye. Bye Dad.

RICHARD: Bye Lorelai.

SOOKIE: You just had one grub too many. Just drink lots of water to rehydrate.

JACKSON: I will.

LORELAI: Jackson, thank you for being our Squire.

JACKSON: Oh, you're welcome. Hey, uh, by the way, last night when Bootsy was singing Hotel California and banging spoons on his head, did I

LORELAI: Lift up your shirt and play drums on your stomach? Yes you did.

JACKSON: Oh boy.

RORY: You kept a good beat.

SOOKIE: Yeah, 'cause God knows if the beat was off, you'd have embarrassed yourself.

CLARA: Thanks Rory.

RORY: Clara, I'm glad you came.

DEAN: So I'll see you later.

CLARA: Don't kiss.

DEAN: Aw, come on.

CLARA: Don't kiss.

[Dean covers Clara's eyes while he kisses Rory]

CLARA: Come on.

DEAN: So I guess we're off.

RORY: I guess so.

[Dean walks away, then glances back and sees Rory and Jess smiling at each other]

LORELAI: Bye you guys. Ugh, let's go home.

RORY: Are we coming to get our bags later?

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: Because we're walking home. I don't want to carry 'em.

LORELAI: Who says we're walking?

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai and Rory ride home in a horse-drawn sleigh.]

LORELAI: This is the only way to ride.

RORY: I wholeheartedly agree.

[Lorelai sees that the elaborate overdone snowman has been smashed]

LORELAI: Whoa, what happened there?

RORY: I have no idea.

LORELAI: Bad news for ringer guy. But guess who wins by default?

RORY: I guess that would be us.

THE END

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