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## 07x05 - The Great Stink

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### 07x05 - The Great Stink

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LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[Lorelai is packing a bag, Chris and Paul Anka are sitting on the couch, Chris looks bored]

LORELAI: Okay. Toothbrush, hairbrush, hypoallergenic pillow, chenille blanket... ooh, comfort shoes. Got them.

CHRISTOPHER: Those are your comfort shoes?

LORELAI: Not mine -- Paul Anka's.

CHRISTOPHER: We're staying in tonight. You can probably get away with flats.

LORELAI: He loves, loves, loves chewing on these. They remind him of a squirrel carcass.

CHRISTOPHER: Yummy.

LORELAI: Don't judge. You eat jerky like it's going out of style.

CHRISTOPHER: So, all this stuff is for Paul Anka?

LORELAI: No, not all. The toothbrush is mine.

CHRISTOPHER: Lorelai.

LORELAI: What? It's his first night staying at your house. I want him to have all the stuff that makes him comfortable. Ooh -- tennis balls!

CHRISTOPHER: I actually have tennis balls.

LORELAI: Penn or Wilson?

CHRISTOPHER: You're joking.

LORELAI: Paul Anka's must be Penn. They must be new, they must be green -- not orange and green, just green. And FYI, you might want to watch that sarcastic tone of yours because dogs are very attuned to tone. It's kind of like Chinese, in that respect, dog language. It's very tone based. And you are stressing him out right now with your tone.

CHRISTOPHER: The dog is stressed?

LORELAI: Look at him. And when he gets like this, you need to talk to him in sweet and dulcet tones. [High-pitched voice] Hi, Paul Anka. Ooh, hi, boy! Hi! [Normal voice] Get it?

CHRISTOPHER: Got it.

LORELAI: Good. Sunglasses. [goes to get them]

CHRISTOPHER: [To Paul Anka] This is not normal. I want you to know that. [To Lorelai] The dog wears Ferragamos?

LORELAI: Oh, please. Don't give him any ideas. These are mine. All right, let's go. You take this, this, and this. Come on. What are you waiting for?

[They go out and close the door, Paul Anka whimpers a little, then Lorelai comes back]

LORELAI: Oops. Here, Paul Anka. [Claps]

OPENING CREDITS

HALLWAY TO LOGAN'S APARTMENT

[Rory's phone rings]

RORY: [answers cell phone] Hey.

LOGAN: Hey, you watching it?

RORY: What?

LOGAN: The meteor shower.

RORY: What meteor shower?

LOGAN: It's on the news the BBC said there's some huge meteor shower tonight. I thought we could watch it together.

RORY: Uh, Logan, I have been in the library for the past nine hours. I don't know anything about any meteor showers. But I could use a regular shower, though.

LOGAN: Go up on the roof and check it out.

RORY: Now?

LOGAN: Yes, now! It's supposed to start in like two minutes.

RORY: But...

LOGAN: Ace! This is once-in-a-lifetime celestial event. Get going.

RORY: Okay, okay. I'm getting. I'm going.

LOGAN: Are you running?

RORY: I'm running! I'm running! Who knew you were such an astronomy buff?

LOGAN: Hurry!

RORY: What has gotten into you?

[Rory makes it to the roof]

LOGAN: Nice night.

RORY: Oh, my god! You're here! What are you doing here?

LOGAN: [Chuckles] Happy to see me?

RORY: Beyond happy! [They hug] Ecstatic! I can't believe you're here! And look at me -- I'm covered in highlighter ink and I smell like Fritos and ginger ale.

LOGAN: It's an aphrodisiac.

RORY: You're here and you did all this?

LOGAN: You like?

RORY: I love, but you didn't have to do this. I mean, you're here. It's enough. It's more than enough.

LOGAN: Could you shut up now so I can kiss you?

[They Kiss]

RORY: So there is no meteor shower?

LOGAN: No meteor shower.

RORY: So you used the entire cosmos to trick me?

LOGAN: I like to think big.

RORY: So, what is going on? What, Why are you here?

LOGAN: I'm kissing my girlfriend on the roof. Mmm.

RORY: But why?

LOGAN: The Fritos and Ginger Ale thing. I told you, huge turn-on.

RORY: [Sighs] Explain yourself.

LOGAN: I'm just here for a quick business trip.

RORY: How quick?

LOGAN: Too quick.

RORY: How quick is "too quick"?

LOGAN: I have 10:00 flight back to London tomorrow night.

RORY: Oh, that is too quick.

LOGAN: That website my team has been trying to buy -- the owners finally agreed to sit down, talk to us tomorrow over breakfast.

RORY: Logan! That's great, right? I mean, three weeks ago, they weren't even taking your calls.

LOGAN: It is great. However, not as exciting as kissing my girlfriend on the roof.

RORY: Um, so, what's that amazing smell?

LOGAN: Food from Ibiza.

RORY: The island?

LOGAN: The Tapas plAce downtown.

RORY: Ooh, did you get the duck?

LOGAN: I did.

RORY: And the short ribs?

LOGAN: Yes. And...

RORY: [Gasps] Ooh! A 2003 red something. Oh I bet it's very oaky and corky and full of fruity legs.

LOGAN: Know a lot about wine, do you?

RORY: Not so much, but the label's pretty.

LOGAN: There's also gazpacho, that cheese-pie thing you love, plus flan.

RORY: Ooh, flan! You got me flan?

LOGAN: Doesn't take much to make you happy, does it?

RORY: Not when you're on this continent.

LOG: Okay, why don't you open this wine? I want to taste those fruity legs, and I'll make you a plate with extra flan.

RORY: Okay. [starts to open the bottle but then runs to Logan] Ooh, I'm so glad you're here!

LOGAN: [Sighs]

CHRIS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

[Lorelai is on the couch, playing with the Tivo remote, Chris walks in]

CHRISTOPHER: Ha-ha! You're k\*lling my Tivo.

LORELAI: I'm not k\*lling it. I'm composing on it, I'm composing a symphony. Finally, an instrument I can play.

CHRISTOPHER: Give me that.

LORELAI: No, no, no!

CHRISTOPHER: Give me!

LORELAI: Not until you explain your choices.

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LORELAI: "The View"? "Girlfriends"? "S\*Bado Gigante"? Who controls this thing, you or Pedro Almodóvar?

CHRISTOPHER: It's the nanny.

LORELAI: Sure, it's a likely story.

CHRISTOPHER: Give me, give me, give me.

LORELAI: Did Gigi Get to sleep okay?

CHRISTOPHER: She did. I tried to skip to the end of "Cinderella," but she wouldn't let me. It's my own fault. My wicked stepsister voice kills.

LORELAI: She's amazing, you know?

CHRISTOPHER: That reminds me.

LORELAI: Oh, no! You're not gonna show me some of her art, are you? I never know what to say in those situations. I mean, even when it was Rory's art, you know? Three blue finger smudges and some construction paper. It's not precocious. It's just messy.

CHRISTOPHER: Here. This came a couple of days ago. It's from Sherry.

LORELAI: From Sherry?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, it's the first I've heard from her since the divorce was final. Go ahead and read it.

LORELAI: Wow, how "Dangerous Liaisons" of her. She doesn't call. She doesn't e-mail. Then she sends you a letter with a wax seal that weighs roughly the same as a porterhouse.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, she had a lot to say.

LORELAI: Gosh. It's a lot of sorry.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, 15 pages worth. Believe me, I was not expecting this. Humility is not a side of Sherry I've ever seen before. I don't know if it's the yoga or the yoga instructor or...

LORELAI: Yoga instructor?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, she's dating her yoga instructor, Jean-Claude or Jean-Pierre -- one of those names that always sounds fake. Anyway, it sounds like she's really changed. She feels awful about what happened, run away like that and she wants to find a way to be part of Gigi's life again.

LORELAI: Honey, that's great.

CHRISTOPHER: Right?

LORELAI: Yeah... So, you got this two days ago and you're showing it to me now.

CHRISTOPHER: Well I was gonna show it to you, a couple of days ago but I figured you were coming over so...

LORELAI: No, I'm not criticizing.

CHRISTOPHER: You're not?

LORELAI: No, I'm complimenting -- badly, obviously. But I'm complimenting. You shared it with me.

CHRISTOPHER: Well I kind of thought that was how the whole adult-relationship thing worked. You know, openness, honesty.

LORELAI: Interesting. And you're sure you don't want to stash it away somewhere and then I find it - - accidentally, of course -- months from now, and I get all weird and insecure about why you didn't show it to me sooner?

CHRISTOPHER: I'm good with the sharing.

LORELAI: All right. It's another way to go.

[They sit back to watch TV]

CHRISTOPHER: [Evil voice] That glass slipper will fit my foot. [Normal voice] That was my wicked stepsister voice.

LORELAI: Yeah, I figured.

[Lorelai looks happy]

ROOF TOP

[Rory and Logan are laying on the floor]

RORY: I'm so happy.

LOGAN: Me too. [Kisses Rory on the head] You know you can't do this in London? The city lights are so bright, you almost never see the stars.

RORY: Yeah, but it's London.

LOGAN: Ah.

RORY: Wait, are you tired of London?

LOGAN: I'm tired of not being around you.

RORY: Yeah, but you can't be tired of London. Samuel Johnson said, "when you're tired of London, you're tired of life."

LOGAN: Obviously, the man was never in a long-distance relationship.

RORY: That's true. Boswell did keep quite close.

LOGAN: [Smooches] What are you doing?

RORY: Nothing.

LOGAN: You're trying to sneak a peek at my watch.

RORY: Well, I just can't believe it. I can't believe you're here. And I-I can't believe that you're leaving in only 26 hours and 45 minutes.

LOGAN: Come on think positive -- that's an entire lifetime to a fruit fly.

RORY: Actual you're thinking of a mayfly. Fruit flies can live for up to a month. So what do you think, can you stay for a month? I mean what if your meeting tomorrow goes really, really well?

LOGAN: I hope it does.

RORY: It will. It's a great idea.

LOGAN: It's basically MyspAce.

RORY: But by invitation only. And it'll be like an online version of the Algonquin group, like throwing a party in your head where everyone you've ever wanted to talk to is there -- Ira Glass, Sofia Coppola, Flaubert, Danger Mouse.

LOGAN: The deal's not done yet. Far from it. These guys aren't just gonna hand over their website because we buy them breakfast.

RORY: They might. Tell them that they can order pancakes and eggs. Don't make them choose. Sausage, bacon, fruit, potatoes -- let them get the whole combo. 'Cause Then they will have to sell it to you. It'd be rude not to.

LOGAN: You are a business genius, Ace.

RORY: Well, I'm taking econ with my grandpa.

LOGAN: Whatever happens, we'll be ready. We've been working our asses off on this one -- Nick, Bobby, Phillip.

RORY: Oh, yes -- Phillip, Nick, Bobby. The team. Starting lineup.

LOGAN: It is a classic win-win. They give us a foothold in new media. We give them a huge influx of capital, which they need. Believe me when it comes to debt versus equity, they're screwed. They have no liquidity, huge expenses, zero revenue. I mean, the target advertising potential alone -- what? What are you staring at?

RORY: You, "Mr. Debt versus equity."

LOGAN: Are you mocking me?

RORY: Yeah, but I like it. Tell me more about this um, targeted advertising potential.

LOGAN: What do you want to know? There's pay-per-click, pay-per-lead, banner ads, pixel tagging.

RORY: Oh, stop. I'm getting weak at the knees.

[They kiss]

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

[Next morning, Rory is still in bed]

RORY: [reaching for Logan] Logan?

LOGAN: Shh. Go back to sleep. It's only 6:00.

RORY: In the morning?

LOGAN: Yes, in the morning. Go back to sleep. I'm sorry I woke you.

RORY: Hey, where you going? Come back here.

LOGAN: I can't I promised Nick, Bobby, and Phillip I'd meet up with them for breakfast before the pitch.

RORY: I thought the pitch was at breakfast.

LOGAN: It is, but we can't walk in there unprepared. We got to go over our notes, talk strategy. It's a pre-breakfast breakfast.

RORY: Work dork.

LOGAN: Did you just call me a work dork?

RORY: Admit it, just admit that you're a work dork.

LOGAN: I'll admit that I'm a work dork, if you admit that you love I'm a work dork.

RORY: Done. [they kiss]

LOGAN: Now I really have to go.

RORY: Hey, I have ways of making you stay, you know.

LOGAN: I know, I know, but take pity on me, please. After work, I promise I'm all yours. Dinner?

RORY: Is it a pre-dinner dinner or a real dinner?

LOGAN: As many dinners as you want.

RORY: Aw, man, I can't believe we've wasted 4 1/2 hours on sleep. What are we down to now, like 15 hours?

LOGAN: Rory, I'm actually gonna need both arms for this pitch.

RORY: Okay, I'll let go. Just one more kiss.

LOGAN: I don't believe you.

RORY: Try me.

[Logan moves in to kiss, then doesn't and walks off.]

RORY: [Gasps] Hey! No fair!

LOGAN: I'll call you later.

RORY: Work dork!



LOGAN: Work dork lover.

DRAGONFLY INN - RECEPTION AREA

MICHEL: [Sniffs] Gah. [Sniffs]

LORELAI: You need a tissue? Oh, god, what is that?

MICHEL: I don't know, but it's horrible.

LORELAI: Oh, it is. It's foul. It's like rotten cabbage.

MICHEL: Or with dense but subtle undertones of olives.

LORELAI: There's nothing subtle about it. It's like a sledgehammer to the nose.

SOOKIE: Oh, my god! What is that?

LORELAI: It's not coming from the kitchen?

SOOKIE: Bite your tongue. Are we having heart att\*cks right now? Isn't smelling something strange the first sign of a heart attack?

LORELAI: I don't think we're having a communal massive heart attack.

MICHEL: Carcasses.

LORELAI: What?

MICHEL: Those strange, angry-looking guests -- I'm sure they are traveling with decaying animal flesh.

LORELAI: Yeah, 'cause that's the most logical explanation. Gonna open a window, see if we can air it out a little bit. [opens the window] Gah! No, no, no!

SOOKIE: Close it! Close it! Close it!

LORELAI: Ugh!

MICHEL: So glad we tried that.

LORELAI: All right, I'm going out there to see what's causing this.

SOOKIE: Out there?!

MICHEL: Are you crazy?!

LORELAI: Maybe, but the sooner we can find out what's causing this, the sooner we can run like hell to less stinky ground.

SOOKIE: Well I'm coming with you!

MICHEL: Me too! Let's hang for a minute. If she makes it to the end of the block, we'll join her.

SOOKIE: Michel!

MICHEL: What? Fine. Ugh! [Coughs]

STARS HOLLOW - TOWN SQUARE

[They whole town is out covering there noses]

LORELA: Kirk, where's everybody going?

KIRK: Taylor called an emergency town meeting. Not sure why.

SOOKIE: The smell, Kirk. The horrible, horrible smell.

KIRK: Really? [Sniffs] I just don't think it's that bad.

SOOKIE: Ugh. Well, come on, let's go.

LORELA: No. You know what? On second thought, I'd rather smell this smell for the rest of my life than see Luke at a town meeting.

SOOKIE: Oh, honey.

LORELA: It's okay. I'll go back to the inn. I'll be fine. Just call me when you want me to pick you up.

MISS PATTYS - TOWN MEETING

GYPSY: Finally!

MISS PATTY: It's about time, Taylor! We're dying here.

TAYLOR: I assure you, no one is dying. The substance causing this odor is not toxic in any way, shape, or form. It's pickles.

[The crowd begins to groan and continues to for most of the meeting]

SOOKIE: That's no pickle!

KIRK: Pickle? Like one giant pickle?

TAYLOR: Order! As those of you who take an interest in civic events may recall, three days ago a train derailed just east of town -- luckily, no one was injured. However, 3 1/2 tons of pickles and pickle brine were scattered along the tracks. And due to some inevitable delays in cleanup, those pickles have been baking in the sun for three days.

[The crowd groans]

MISS PATTY: And you knew about this?

GYPSY: It's a cover-up.

BABETTE: We got picklegate!

MISS PATTY: Ha ha ha!

TAYLOR: I did know about it, but it wasn't a problem until this morning when the wind shifted. And instead of wafting easterly toward our neighbors in Woodbridge, the smell seems to have settled on stars hollow. Now, there's no telling how long it will last.

[The crowd groans again]

GYPSY: What?! People are suffering here.

SOOKIE: How long does it take to pick up a few measly pickles?

TAYLOR: Picking up the pickles is not my main concern at the moment. Now, this is a matter of pride, people. A huge principle is at stake. There's absolutely no reason why we here in stars hollow should take responsibility for this mess. The pickles themselves hail from Ohio.

LUKE: Ohio?

TAYLOR: The railroad company is incorporated in the state of Delaware. And since all the pickles are on the Woodbridge side of the tracks...

LUKE: Just pick up the damn pickles, Taylor!

[Indistinct shouting]

TAYLOR: Easier said than done. Even if we wanted to do the wrong thing and assume fiscal responsibility for this fiasco, the cost is astronomical. \$2,500 for...

LUKE: Sold!

GYPSY: Done!

BABETTE: Pay, you big cheapskate!

[The crowd starts yelling "yeah!"]

TAYLOR: Fine! All those in favor of stars hollow taking a swift kick to the tush and shouldering the entire cost...

[The crowd raise the hands and say "aye!aye!"]

TAYLOR: Very well. Motion carried. Pickle smell gone in 48 hours... along with everything good about stars hollow.

[They crowd leaves]

PARK

[Children playing on different play ground equipment]

LORELAI: Breathe that in. Isn't that fantastic? Forgot what fresh, pickleless air smells like.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, so, you coming over to my neck of the woods for lunch is really no reflection on how desperately you needed to see me?

LORELAI: Hmm...10% desperate need to see you, 90% pickles.

CHRISTOPHER: [Chuckles]

LORELAI: You know, I'm actually looking forward to Friday night dinner. Because, as you well know, the Gilmore house, like very expensive vodka, is completely odorless.

CHRISTOPHER: And you still want me to come with?

LORELAI: Yes, you, me, Rory, numbers, babe.

CHRISTOPHER: Gigi, No. Skirt down! Gigi!

LORELAI: You may want to look into the whole skort concept.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, so, I spoke with Sherry this morning.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. What's the deal with her?

CHRISTOPHER: Well, first she and Gigi Spoke for almost half an hour.

LORELAI: That's as long as you can do anything when you're 4.

CHRISTOPHER: And then she and I talked. I thanked her for the letter. She said everything in it was true. She's totally serious about this new life thing. No more workaholic ways. She's gardening and meditating, all kinds of stuff. She's very self-actualized -- her words, not mine.

LORELAI: Good for her.

CHRISTOPHER: And the big news is, she wants me to send Gigi To Paris to stay with her for a couple of months.

LORELAI: Wow.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah wow, I mean, I know it seems kind of sudden, but Sherry's taken this huge leave of absence from work, and Gigi Got so excited. Why not, right? She's not in school, yet, just preschool, and she needs to get to know her mother sometime. [To Gigi] No, hey! Gigi, That's too high! Careful!

LORELAI: So, what -- would you go to Paris with her?

CHRISTOPHER: No, I was thinking the nanny could take her. She's dying to go. I mean, it's Paris, right? She's 25 years old. It's a chance of a lifetime.

LORELAI: Yeah, sure.

CHRISTOPHER: No, hey! Gigi, No, don't pick that up! I'll be right back.

LORELAI: [Sighs]

YALE NEWS ROOM

BILL: You can't put Paris in charge.

PARIS: She can and she should.

RORY: Guy's I just need someone to get the paper out tonight. Doesn't matter who. I want the chain of command to be clear.

BILL: When the editor in chief isn't here, the managing editor's in charge. That's standard operating procedure at every newspaper in the country.

PARIS: Yes, but I've done this 1,000 times, and you've never done it, bill. Experience.

BILL: Experience that led to a mutiny. It's not like anyone ever gave Captain Bligh another ship after the Bounty.

PARIS: Of course they did, multiple ships, and by the time he died, they promoted the guy to rear admiral. Do you think the British royal navy ruled the world in the 19th century by letting that much natural talent and leadership capability go to waste just because a few whiny complainers wanted more breadfruit and less scurvy?

BILL: [To Rory] Tell me you're not seriously considering this. The bunker. Do you not remember the bunker?

PARIS: I hardly see how my choice of workplace is relevant.

BILL: There was an insurrection, a revolt, an uprising. She was deposed.

PARIS: See how wordy he is? He overwrites. Plus, he's always been weak with gerunds.

RORY: [Sighs and then her cell phone rings] Sorry. Look, could you guys take this somewhere else?

BILL: Fine. Let's go to my desk.

PARIS: Your desk? Right, like I'm actually going to cede home-court advantage.

RORY: Oh, for god's sake.

RORY: [Answering the phone] Hey!

LOGAN: We did it, Ace! We bought the company!

RORY: What?

LOGAN: It's crazy we were just supposed to have breakfast. Next thing I know, we're sitting there with lawyers going over contracts.

RORY: Logan, that's amazing.

LOGAN: I know!

RORY: Was it all because of my breakfast-combo idea?

LOGAN: I'm pretty sure that's what sealed it. So will you come celebrate with me tonight?

RORY: I already cleared my schedule.

LOGAN: Great! I'll send a car. Tonight, you'll be dining with a captain of industry.

RORY: Wow, do you get to wear a uniform?

LOGAN: I'll have to check the fine print. Go home, get dressed. I'll see you soon.

RORY: Aye-aye, captain.

DRAGONFLY INN - RECEPTION

[Michel is on the phone]

MICHEL: Cancel? Well, I would say that depends. What exactly is your feeling about pickles? Uh-huh, yes, pickles -- gherkins, dills. For instance, if all the air around you smelled like pickles and there was no place to run, no place to hide, would you find that bothersome?

LORELAI: Michel, help. Let me in. [The door is chained to keep the smell out]

MICHEL: [On the phone] No, that is not a metaphor. Yes perhaps it would be better if you checked in tomorrow night. Uh-huh. Goodbye.

LORELAI: Michel, it's getting in my pores! My pores are pickling!

MICHEL: [Coughs, as he lets her in, he has put on a mask]

LORELAI: Sorry, I didn't mean to get you out of surgery.

MICHEL: Oh, mock the mask if you wish.

LORELAI: Oh, I will.

MICHEL: [Coughs, closes the door and sprays around it.] One is never too careful with toxic pollutants in the air.

LORELAI: Michel, it's just pickles.

MICHEL: Oh, so they say! Has anyone ever seen these pickles? Who's to say this is not some sort of chemical w\*apon the government is testing on us behind our backs?

LORELAI: That's a cheery thought.

MICHEL: I have much scarier scenarios if you want to hear them.

LORELAI: Yeah, maybe later.

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

LORELAI: Hey. Wow, the smell is amazingly not terrible in here. What'd you do?

SOOKIE: Well, after the town meeting, I decided to make some baked apples with cinnamon and nutmeg.

LORELAI: This is apples and cinnamon?

SOOKIE: Mnh-mnh. The apples failed me. I mean, a terrifically famous smell, right? A powerful tool in the hands of a real-estate agent. Against the pickles -- powerless.

LORELAI: What is it? It makes me happy.

SOOKIE: The apples failed. I tried cheeses and breads and chocolates. But nothing could mask the power of the pickles.

LORELAI: You know I think my sense of smell is ruined. The insides of my nose are burned out.

SOOKIE: Then, I decided if you can't beat them, join them. Embrace the pickle!

LORELAI: Milton Berle it smells like?

SOOKIE: Milton Berle, are you saying my kitchen smells like Milton Berle?

LORELAI: Milton Berle, "Broadway Danny Rose," Carnegie deli.

SOOKIE: Pastrami.

LORELAI: Pastrami!

SOOKIE: You want a sandwich? I'll make you a sandwich.

LORELAI: No, thanks.

SOOKIE: You sure? I've got pumpernickel. I've got rye. I've got this really nice mustard. I've even got dr. Brown's cel-ray soda in the fridge.

LORELAI: Nah, I filled up on lunchables in the park with Chris and Gigi

SOOKIE: Oh, yeah?

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: Lunchables, huh?

LORELAI: Don't judge what you do not understand.

SOOKIE: So, Friday afternoon in the park with Christopher, huh?

LORELAI: Yeah, you know I will have one. Soda that tastes like vegetables -- who would have thunk it? Hey, uh, this kind of weird thing happened today.

SOOKIE: Oh yeah.

LORELAI: So, apparently Sherry is trying to get back in touch with Christopher.

SOOKIE: Sherry "ex-wife" Sherry?

LORELAI: Mm-hmm.

SOOKIE: Sherry "abandoned her baby to go live the life of a bon vivant" Sherry?

LORELAI: The very one. She wrote him a letter -- "mea culpa, mea culpa." She's learned the error of her ways. She wants to get back in touch with Gigi.

SOOKIE: Translation -- she wants to get back with Christopher.

LORELAI: No, I don't think so. She's dating someone. She's doing downward dog with some French yoga instructor.

SOOKIE: Sherry "mani/pedi twice a week" Sherry is doing yoga?

LORELAI: Allegedly. Who knows? But then Chris went on about sending Gigi To Paris with this 20-year-old nanny so that Gigi Can reconnect with her mom.

SOOKIE: And you told him that's insane.

LORELAI: No.

SOOKIE: What? Why not?

LORELAI: I don't know. Not saying what I think is not what I'm known for. If you know what I mean.

SOOKIE: No, no, I don't it's not what you're known for. It's what you're not known for. I mean, it's not what your not... you're usually quite frank.

LORELAI: I know.

SOOKIE: It sounds like you're not quite comfortable talking to Christopher.

LORELAI: That's the thing. I am.

SOOKIE: Well, then why didn't you?

LORELAI: Because in my head, I wasn't talking to Christopher. I mean in the park I was talking to Christopher but in my head, I was talking to Luke.

SOOKIE: Oh, honey, of course you were.

LORELAI: No, I-I don't mean it like I missed him. I mean it like Luke is the one who didn't want me getting involved in his kid's life, not Chris. Chris is open to what I think. Chris is open to me.  
[Scoffs] Christopher is not Luke.

SOOKIE: Nope, Christopher is not Luke.

LORELAI: Why aren't all nutritious things in soda form?

SOOKIE: That's a good question.

LORELAI: I swear I would eat my vegetables if only they were fizzy. [cell phone rings] Yay, Rory! Hello?

RORY: Hey, what's going on?

LORELAI: Uh, well Stars Hollow smells like pickles.

RORY: Pickles?

LORELAI: Pickles.

RORY: Pickles pickles?

LORELAI: Pickles.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: Because a pickle train crashed.

RORY: Is this a joke, is this a long, boring joke that I'm not going to get?

LORELAI: No it's no joke the town smells like pickles because a pickle train was derailed.



RORY: A train full of pickles? Who knew there was such a thing?

LORELAI: Well, pickle-train conductors, for one. Sounds so fun. I would've been the greatest pickle-train conductor. Can you see me -- "all aboard, you pickles!"

RORY: Hmm. Clearly you missed your calling.

LORELAI: Well, luckily there's you. You're young, you're clever, you're our great pickle-train conducting hope.

RORY: I can't believe I'm missing this.

LORELAI: Well you can celebrate next year on the anniversary. Now what's going on with you?

RORY: Well, I can't make it to Friday night dinner tonight, but I have a very good excuse.

LORELAI: Pickle-train conducting seminar?

RORY: Logan's in town.

LORELAI: [Gasps] No way!

RORY: Yeah, he showed up last night. It was a total surprise.

LORELAI: I can't believe you let me go on about pickle-train conducting when you had actual news.

RORY: You had news. Stars hollow smells like pickles. I can completely see that scrolling along the CNN crawl.

LORELAI: Logan in town is totally pre-pickle news. How long is he here for?

RORY: 6 1/2 more hours. He flew in yesterday, bought a company, and he's flying back out tonight.

LORELAI: Oh my God, what are you guys gonna do with your precious remaining hours? Or don't I want to know?

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Well, because you might be farming rutabagas or something, and I wouldn't want to know 'cause -- boring.

RORY: Well, tonight I'm meeting him in Manhattan to celebrate.

LORELAI: Fancy restaurant?

RORY: Rutabaga farm, actually. Oh, but I'm sorry about dinner. I did not mean to abandon you in your time of need.

LORELAI: No worries I'm not gonna be defenseless. I'm bringing your dad.

RORY: Really? Wow!

LORELAI: Yeah, thought it was time he meet the parents.

RORY: Okay, that is pre-pickle news, my friend.

LORELAI: Oh, this conversation's been a disaster, hasn't it?

RORY: Yes, it has.

LORELAI: All right. Bring-bring. Hi, Rory. How are you?

RORY: Hi, mom. Logan's in town.

LORELAI: Oh, my goodness. That's wonderful.

RORY: We're farming rutabagas.

LORELAI: Oh, you're a filthy child. I will disown you. Bringing your father to dinner. Pickles, pickles, pickles, smell, pickle-train conducting.

RORY: Alas, alack.

LORELAI: Good talk.

RORY: The best.

LORELAI: Bye.

MANHATTAN RESTAURANT

[Rory enters]

MAITRE D': Good evening, I'll take that.

RORY: [handing over a wrap] Thank you. Um, I'm just meeting someone. Ahoy, my captain of industry!

LOGAN: Ace!

RORY: Hey, where is your uniform? I was expecting the whole works -- a spiffy hat, shiny shoes, epaulets with scrambled eggs on them.

LOGAN: Scrambled eggs on my clothes? What you must think of me. You look gorgeous.

RORY: Thanks.

[they kiss]

LOGAN: Though I was hoping you'd wear a nice little saiLor's middy. You look so cute in a middy.

RORY: Oh, I'd love to wear a middy. And a little sailor hat, like the stay puft marshmallow man.

LOGAN: Because who doesn't want to date a giant humanoid marshmallow?

RORY: I'm so proud of you.

LORELAI: Mmm. Come on. Our table's over here.

RORY: Okay.

LOGAN: Everybody, I'd like you to meet my girlfriend, Rory.

NICK: Such a pleasure, Rory. I'm Nick.

RORY: Hi

LOGAN: And this is Phillip.

PHILLIP: Nice to meet you.

RORY: You too.

BOBBI: And I'm Bobbi. So, so glad you could join us.

RORY: [taken back by the beautiful blond] Bobbi, um...yeah, me too. I'm so glad I could make it. How are you?

BOBBI: I'm brilliant, actually. We had quite a day. Shall we order another bottle of champers, boys?

LOGAN: Absolutely.

BOBBI: Good. I'm parched. [to Rory] Do you drink?

RORY: What? Um, yeah, sure.

LOGAN: Here. Sit, sit.

PHILLIP: Food let's please get food. I haven't eaten since the waffles.

NICK: Good god did you eat those?

PHILLIP: It would have been rude not to.

NICK: You eat anything. You astound me.

LOGAN: You're like a human garbage disposal.

BOBBI: It's appalling, Phillip. Really it is. You now what you should do, you should go on one of those, um, American reality TV series and showcase your talents.

LOGAN: There are these huge waffles at the breakfast this morning.

RORY: And Phillip ate them. I'm catching on.

NICK: Logan I know we're celebrating, but I'm concerned about our budget for this project. From a strictly economical perspective do we really want to blow everything on feeding Phillip tonight?

LOGAN: Somebody's got to crunch the numbers.

PHILLIP: It's true. The numbers do not crunch themselves. Ergo, the number cruncher must be fed.

[Laughs all round]

BOBBI: So, Rory, I've heard so much about you!

RORY: [flustered] Oh, yeah?

BOBBI: Logan has talked my ear off about you.

RORY: Oh, yeah, yeah. Me too. He's talked my ear off about you and all of you. All of you, I mean, I'm practically Van Gogh from my earlessness.

BOBBI: Did we order champagne? Logan, your girlfriend must be parched.

LOGAN: Oh, excuse me, miss. I think we'd like another bottle, over here please.

PHILLIP: Oh, and bring another bread plate.

BOBBI: [Gasps, scoffs] You're amazing.

NICK: Ridiculous.

PHILLIP: I'm hungry.

CHRIS' CAR - NIGHT TIME

[Music plays]

LORELAI: oh, no. You know my rule about hair bands.

CHRISTOPHER: My car, my tunes.

LORELAI: Really? You're gonna say, "tunes"?

CHRISTOPHER: You got a lot of rules, lady.

LORELAI: Not a lot. It's just no saying "k\*ller," no saying "whack," no saying "rockin'" or "pimping" or "slamming," capisce?

CHRISTOPHER: Fo' shizzle.

LORELAI: There's got to be an eject button here somewhere.

CHRISTOPHER: How's this for an idea -- weekend away, the two of us?

LORELAI: [Gasps] That's great for an idea. Ooh! Ooh! I know the perfect place.

CHRISTOPHER: Don't say "Dollywood." Please don't, don't say "Dollywood."

LORELAI: The ice hotel.

CHRISTOPHER: The what?

LORELAI: The ice hotel. It's amazing. I read about it in the travel section. It's a hotel totally made of ice. The roof is ice. The floors are ice. The chairs are ice. Chandeliers are ice.

CHRISTOPHER: I think I'm beginning to get the picture. Wouldn't it be amazing if you went down the hall and the ice machine was empty?

LORELAI: It is amazing.

CHRISTOPHER: Amazingly cold.

LORELAI: No. You get to wear parkas and fur hats.

CHRISTOPHER: "Get to"?

LORELAI: And you sleep under reindeer skins. You eat reindeer meat.

CHRISTOPHER: Again, "get to"?

LORELAI: You drink Vodka. That's a good "get to."

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, how's this for an idea? We can drink vodka in Bermuda.

LORELAI: [Chuckles] The ice hotel in Bermuda would totally melt.

CHRISTOPHER: We'll do two weekends away. First the ice hotel. Then once we've been treated for frostbite and had our stomachs pumped of reindeer meat, we'll go defrost on a beach somewhere. I mean, we've got the time. Gigi's gonna be in Paris for a couple of months.

LORELAI: [Sighs]

CHRISTOPHER: What? You're not down with the whole beach thing?

LORELAI: No, it's...more the whole Paris thing.

CHRISTOPHER: Yes?

LORELAI: I-I'm just... I'm not sure it's such a good idea that Gigi Goes to Paris.

CHRISTOPHER: Meaning?

LORELAI: Well, she's only 4 years old. She barely even knows Sherry.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, but Sherry's her mother.

LORELAI: A mother she hasn't seen in two years.

CHRISTOPHER: Look, Sherry's doing really well. You read her letter. And I think I've been doing a really good job with Gigi

LORELAI: Oh, honey. Amazing.

CHRISTOPHER: But it's hard, you know? I-it's -- it's really hard, and Gigi needs her mom. And if I can help bring them both back together, I-I-I want to do that. I have to do that.

LORELAI: I know, I get that. I just -- I think maybe you should put a little more thought into it, you know, before you send a toddler on an airplane with an 18-year-old nanny who's totally psyched to go to France.

CHRISTOPHER: The nanny's 25.

LORELAI: Oh, oh, okay, then.

CHRISTOPHER: Like the nanny's really your problem here.

LORELAI: Well, I mean, it's not an un-problem, you know? I think you should just consider it more carefully or maybe go yourself.

CHRISTOPHER: Look, I read her letter --

LORELAI: oh, my god! Enough! Enough with the letter already.

GILMORE MANSION

[They pull up at the Gilmore mansion and get out of the car.]

CHRISTOPHER: I get it.

LORELAI: What do you get?

CHRISTOPHER: This is about you being threatened by Sherry.

LORELAI: Oh, no. Give me a break.

CHRISTOPHER: You never liked her.

LORELAI: No, I didn't, but I don't like the new mailman either. Doesn't mean I'm threatened by him. This is about me thinking I could speak openly and honestly about my concerns without getting freaked out on.

CHRISTOPHER: Nice. Real nice.

LORELAI: Honey, what is going on with you?

CHRISTOPHER: What's going on with you, Lor?

LORELAI: Look, can we drop this, please, and try and have a nice evening?

CHRISTOPHER: It's dropped.

[They door opens]

EMILY: Well, hello, hello! Richard, they're here. Don't you two look marvelous? Well, don't just stand there. Come in, come in.

MANHATTAN - RESTAURANT

LOGAN: It was the way he kept saying "intellectual property." Each time he said it I could feel the whole deal just slipping through our fingers.

PHILLIP: He was like, "intellectual property, intellectual property."

LOGAN: "Which is like my property, my property, my property."

BOBBI: "I invented it, I invented it."

NICK: "We won't sell, We won't sell."

LOGAN: "And it's slipping, slipping."

PHILLIP: I'm looking at Nick trying to convey through subtle dilations of my pupils that we simply cannot offer any more money.

NICK: And I'm looking at Phillip who's looking at me like, like he's hopped up on some sort of

methamphetamine.

LOGAN: Slipping, slipping, and it looks like we lost him, and then Bobbi.

PHILLIP: Bobbi makes a bold choice.

NICK: What does she do?

LOGAN: She just stands up.

NICK: She does.

PHILLIP: She just stands up!

RORY: Wow.

LOGAN: She stands up like she can't take it anymore, and she says, "meeting's over, boys."

RORY: That must have been crazy.

NICK: It was amazing. I'm sitting here, and she's here, and she stands up. And I look over, and all I see is legs, legs, legs and this look on her face like "ohh, no." It was brilliant Do it, Bobbi. Stand up.

BOBBI: Knock it off.

LOGAN: Come on, Bobbi. [to Rory] You got to see this.

PHILLIP: But we insist.

NICK: Please?

BOBBI: Fine. But just to shut you lot up. I suppose it was something like, um... [gets up]  
...meeting's over, boys.

NICK: Whoo!

LOGAN: Whoo! Well done! Amazing Hu!

NICK: We need another bottle!

PHILLIP: And dessert. Don't we need a little sweet or something?

BOBBI: So, Rory, we've barely had the opportunity to speak all night.

RORY: I know.

BOBBI: How's school? What's your major?

RORY: English.

BOBBI: Oh, god, how fantastic. I swear when I was at oxford, I did nothing but read literature. It was such a luxury.

RORY: That's one way to look at it.

BOBBI: Oh, I long for those days. Just reading books, thinking.

RORY: I do like thinking.

BOBBI: Enjoy it while it lasts. Before you know it, you'll be out in the real world, with the rest of us poor sods.

RORY: Seems like you manage to have some fun.

BOBBI: Well Logan is a big part of that. He is such a laugh.

RORY: He's actually a lot more serious than you might think. It probably takes a long time to get to know that side of him, the serious side.

BOBBI: Oh, you two are so adorable.

RORY: Thanks.

PHILLIP: Hey, not so fast! We're still working on getting the next round. Another sloe gin fizz, please. Oh, and don't get too excited, fellas. I'm just going to the loo.

LOGAN: Yes! That's it!

NICK: Amazing! Magnificent!

PHILLIP: We fold, we fold. Thank you, thank you very much. And feel free to say all sorts of cheeky things about me while I'm gone.

LOGAN: Isn't she a riot?

RORY: Hilarious.

GILMORE MANSION - DINNING ROOM

[Dinner is under way, Chris and Lorelai do not look pleased with each other.]

RICHARD: Well, naturally I thought they were referring to the archduke. So I jumped in, as who wouldn't? With some thoughts about the various conspiracy theories surrounding his infamous assassination in Sarajevo. Imagine my surprise when I learned that Franz Ferdinand was the name of a very popular rock-'n'-roll band.

EMILY: [Laughs] That's what he gets for trying to fraternize after class with his students.

RICHARD: One of them even offered to burn a CD for me. [Chuckles]

EMILY: So, tell me. How are the salads?

LORELAI: Good, mom.

CHRISTOPHER: I like the pear.

EMILY: Do you?

CHRISTOPHER: Umm.

EMILY: I'm so glad.



RICHARD: Tastes very fresh.

EMILY: Well, pears this time of year can dress up any salad. Oh, Richard, did you tell them about midterms? Lorelei, did your father mention midterms?

LORELAI: No, he didn't. How were midterms, dad?

RICHARD: Well as you know, midterms separate the wheat from the chaff. Although I don't actually have to grade any of their papers or tests. They have these marvelous teaching assistants that handle all that sort of things for you.

EMILY: Thank you, Hildegard. Christopher, I hope you like lamb. When I found out you were coming I decided we had to serve something special. And to me, special means lamb. Oh, it just makes me so happy to see the two of you sitting here together. It's so much fun.

CHRISTOPHER: It's very nice to be here.

EMILY: Tennis!

RICHARD: Emily?

EMILY: That's one of the things we can do together as a foursome, now that Lorelei and Christopher are an item.

RICHARD: That's right. We do need new people for doubles.

EMILY: We've been playing with that awful Bunny Ferguson and her husband, whatever his name is.

RICHARD: They are dreadful.

EMILY: The way Bunny Ferguson grunts -- oh! I mean, it's one thing if you're Maria Sharapova and you're 120 pounds and a 7-foot blond teenager. But if you're 5'3"...

RICHARD: And 53...

EMILY: and wearing plaid -- did you see that skirt she wore the last time we played them?

RICHARD: I can only think that it was designed to cause some sort of optic malfunction.

EMILY: So then you'll play with us? Lorelei?

LORELAI: Hmm? Yes, fine, great.

EMILY: It's a date. How does the Saturday after next work for everyone?

LORELAI: Sure.

EMILY: Ah, here's the lamb. You do like lamb Christopher? I'm afraid I never let you answer.

CHRISTOPHER: I do, the funny thing is, I never did when I was a kid, but I do now. I guess I've changed. People do that sometimes.

LORELAI: [Scoffs]

EMILY: That's so true. What a clever observation. It's like you and radishes.

RICHARD: Exactly.

EMILY: Your father used to hate radishes, thought they were discussing.

RICHARD: Well, they are roots. It's a little unappealing.

EMILY: And then one summer in aspen, he fell off a horse, and suddenly he loved radishes. That whole summer, he was radish-crazy.

RICHARD: It's true. I do like radishes to this day.

LORELAI: That's funny.

EMILY: Isn't it?

LORELAI: Yes. I don't like radishes. I guess it's because I find them threatening.

EMILY: What a peculiar thing to say.

LORELAI: Well radishes are a peculiar topic.

RICHARD: All right. Since this is a special occasion of sorts, I should like to propose a toast. To many more nights like this, and to Lorelei and Christopher. Who knew 20-some-odd years ago that we would be making dates to play doubles tennis?

EMILY: And bridge. You absolutely have to join us for bridge.

RICHARD: You two have come a long way since your days of rebellious youth, shall we say?

EMILY: Derelicts. The word is derelicts.

RICHARD: Emily! To Lorelei and Christopher.

[They toast and drink]

EMILY: They were derelicts. It's true. Remember when they stole that bottle of wine you'd been saving for 15 years?

RICHARD: Well, 10 years. It was a '75 Margot.

EMILY: And they had no idea how to use a corkscrew, so they just cracked the top off with a brick and slurped what they could off the patio.

RICHARD: And look at them now. All grown up and drinking very nicely out of glasses.

LORELAI: [To Chris] I need to see you in the bathroom.

CHRISTOPHER: Fine. Excuse me.

BATHROOM

CHRISTOPHER: [Sighs] Uh, would you mind telling me what the hell...

LORELAI: you're not Sherry.

CHRISTOPHER: Excuse me?

LORELAI: You've changed, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: Maybe we were derelicts back then. But we were 16. We were just kids. You were just a kid.

CHRISTOPHER: So?

LORELAI: So, you leaving Rory when you were 16 is not at all the same as Sherry, a grown woman, packing up and living Gigi So I get why you we upset with me. Because when I'm criticizing Sherry, you feel like I'm criticizing you. But I'm -- I wasn't. I'm not. You've changed. You're not 16. You're not a kid. You're not Sherry. I get it.

CHRISTOPHER: Wow, you get it. That's great, Lor. Thanks for telling me how I feel.

[Chris leaves]

MANHATTAN STREET

LOGAN: You tired?

RORY: I'm good.

LOGAN: I could always have the car come pick us up at the corner.

RORY: I'm fine.

LOGAN: Hey, I know. I could carry you.

RORY: Carry me?

LOGAN: Yeah, piggyback, fireman's carry, in both arms -- your choice.

RORY: No. [Chuckles] I'm really fine.

LOGAN: Wow, okay. So, I guess something's really wrong.

RORY: Just because I don't want to be fireman carried doesn't mean that something is wrong.

LOGAN: But something is wrong.

RORY: No, it's just...

LOGAN: Just?

RORY: This isn't exactly what I expected tonight. I was just a little confused, I guess. You called. You were so excited. You said, "celebrate." I thought it was gonna be just us.

LOGAN: Last night was just us.

RORY: I know, and it was also perfect and romantic. And the more I talk about it, the more I feel stupid for even bringing this up.

LOGAN: Look, I'm sorry I wasn't clear on the phone. I'm sorry that you didn't have a good time

tonight.

RORY: Well, no, it's not that. I mean, I get it. The guys are great. Okay. But, technically Bobbi, well, she's not exactly a guy.

LOGAN: Yeah, you got me there.

RORY: And until about three hours ago, I thought that she was a guy. You know why? Because you never use personal pronouns -- "she," "her." I mean, would that have been so unbelievably difficult to fit into a conversation? I don't know about you, but most of the Bobby's I know are guys -- Bobby Kennedy, Bobby Brady, Bobby Knight, Bobby Brown. You're smiling at me. Why are smiling at me?

LOGAN: Because you are very cute when you're jealous.

RORY: I'm not jealous.

LOGAN: Rory.

RORY: Oh, and it's not just that. I mean, it was everything. It was not feeling like I was included. I mean, no one all night asked me anything about me.

LOGAN: Bobbi asked you about you.

RORY: Yeah, and how condescending was she? [Imitating Bobbi] "It's such a luxury to read literature." And did you hear what she called us? "Adorable." She called us an adorable couple.

LOGAN: Wait, she said that out loud?

RORY: Yes, adorable.

LOGAN: Wow, you want me to go back there and kick her ass?

RORY: "Adorable" is what you say about a "full house" rerun. It's not what you say about something that lasts. The great wall of china, the pyramids -- no one ever called them "adorable." And excuse me, but how many times does a girl need to stand up at dinner? Yes, you have legs. We get it. "Oh, no, I'm not leaving. I'm just going to the loo." Here's a tip. You're in America now. Speak English.

LOGAN: Okay so just to clarify, in the future, you would prefer I work only with girls who have no legs.

RORY: You're not taking me seriously.

LOGAN: Because you're not being serious. Bobbi is my colleague. She's great at what she does. She's smart. She's talented. Nick has great legs, too. Maybe before you rush to judgment, you should check his out.

RORY: Great so now I'm not just an idiot, I'm an anti-feminist idiot, an anti-feminist who's standing here in the street arguing about things I don't really want to be arguing about.

LOGAN: You don't?

RORY: No. Do you think I like feeling this way? I mean, I haven't seen you for months and months, and now you're in town for what? 26 hours? And in that time, I can't just get happy and act like a fruit fly?

LOGAN: Mayfly.

RORY: I can't just live in the moment and enjoy the 26 great hours ahead of me? I have to be sulky and miserable while all the other fruit flies share private jokes with my boyfriend? You think I like this about myself? Wrong. I hate myself for being this way. I hate Bobbi for her professionally tweezed eyebrows and her oh-so-incredible ability to stand up at a moment's notice. And most of all, I hate the fact that in a few seconds you'll be in that car leaving me again.

LOGAN: That is a hell of a long way to go just to say, "I miss you."

RORY: Any thoughts in response?

LOGAN: I miss you, too, Ace.

RORY: Five words. You only used five words.

LOGAN: Yeah, well, I'm not done yet.

[they start to kiss]

GILMORE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[Chris and Lorelai look bored]

EMILY: Of course, this time of year, so many people start playing that awful winter tennis with the chicken-wire cages and the heated courts.

RICHARD: Platform tennis can be very enjoyable, Emily.

EMILY: Yes, but it looks ridiculous, like glorified ping-pong. If I wanted to play ping-pong, I would -- well, if I wanted to play ping-pong, I would k\*ll myself.

RICHARD: Well, I hope you're still good with a racket, Christopher. Lorelei was always hopeless. As a child, we took her to an ophthalmologist to test her depth perception. He could find no rational reason for it.

CHRISTOPHER: [Ignoring Richard and speaking to Lorelai.] I know I'm not Sherry.

EMILY: I'm sorry. Did he serve you Sherry? Richard there has been some mistake, Christopher's drink was supposed to be port.

CHRISTOPHER: [To Lorelai] Come to Paris with me.

LORELAI: What?

CHRISTOPHER: You were right. I should take Gigi myself, check everything out.

EMILY: Check what out?

RICHARD: Paris. I think they want to check out Paris.

CHRISTOPHER: Come on. You can't say "no." I mean, you can, but don't, and maybe there's even a Parisian ice hotel we can stay in.

LORELAI: Yes. I mean, no, there is no ice hotel. But I'll stay in one made of stone or bricks or whatever Paris hotels are made of.

CHRISTOPHER: We can blast the air-conditioning and drink all the vodka you want.

EMILY: What on earth...

LORELAI: Tat sounds great.

EMILY: What happened when you went to the powder room? One minute, we're sitting here having dessert. And the next, you're talking about Paris.

LORELAI: Well, Chris and I are going to Paris.

CHRISTOPHER: In just a couple of weeks, actually. I'm so sorry Emily we're gonna have to take a rain check on that tennis date.

LORELAI: Yeah, till the 12th of never 'cause we wouldn't play tennis or golf or bridge or any game that could be played in a foursome -- except hangman and sometimes Pictionary.

EMILY: What has gotten into you? You were being so pleasant.

LORELAI: Mmm, what is this? This looks good.

EMILY: "What is it"? I told you 20 minutes ago. It's Rhubarb pie.

LORELAI: Hmm. Is it still Rhubarb pie?

EMILY: I swear I was having the most wonderful time.

LORELAI: Is Rhubarb a root, dad?

RICHARD: No.

[Rory enters the room]

RORY: Hi, everyone.

LORELAI: Honey!

RORY: Hello.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey.

RORY: Am I late?

EMILY: Of course not, Rory.

LORELAI: You're just in time for Rooty Rhubarb pie, and for the viewing of mom's mug shot.

EMILY: Rory, stop her.

RORY: I'm sure you look very nice, grandma.

CHRISTOPHER: You are very photogenic, Emily.

LORELAI: Ooh! What am I saying? I have pictures on my phone. Gather 'round the phone, everybody.

[Richard gets up]

EMILY: Richard, what are you doing? Oh, nothing. Nothing. Oh! [Chuckles] These new phones are amazing.

RORY: Are those handcuffs? Grandma, are you wearing handcuffs?

EMILY: I certainly was not.

CHRISTOPHER: No they gave her one of those ankle things with like a chain and cannonball on the end.

EMILY: Christopher!

LORELAI: Oh and the stripy outfit, tell Rory how they made you wear the stripy outfit, mom.

[Laughs]

RICHARD: Oh!

CHRISTOPHER'S CAR

[Chris finds some music, Jewel "Who Will Save Your Soul"]

LORELAI: No.

[Changes the music, Slade "Come On feel The Noize"]

RORY: No.

[Changes it again.]

LORELAI & RORY: No!

CHRISTOPHER: [Chuckles]

[Changes it again, Jay and the Americans "Come a Little Bit Closer"]

LORELAI & RORY: Yeah, yeah, yeah!

LORELAI: Stop there!

[Lorelai looks happy, as does Chris and Rory, As the enter Stars Hollow they all smell the pickles again "Ugh. [Coughs]"]