

Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

Thousands of current or popular TV shows and movie transcripts for online research and education.
<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/>

07x04 - 'S Wonderful, 'S Marvelous

<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/viewtopic.php?t=6489>

07x04 - 'S Wonderful, 'S Marvelous

by **bunniefuu**

Page **1** of **1**

Posted: **10/29/06 06:31**

LORELAI'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR

[Night time - Chris and Lorelai get out of the Volvo]

LORELAI: [Car door closes] Let me bottom-line it for you. Snakes are gross. Snakes are scary and slithery, and do you know where snakes do not belong?

CHRISTOPHER: On a plane?

LORELAI: They do not belong on a plane.

CHRISTOPHER: It's not an ideal situation.

LORELAI: They do not belong anywhere except in cages stuck in safes buried deep, deep underground. I hate snakes!

CHRISTOPHER: So I'm gathering. With their gross, no-legged bodies, and their scaly, scaly skin, and their wiggling, and their hissing.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay Lor I respect your very valid feelings about snakes.

LORELAI: Thank you.

CHRISTOPHER: But I have to say we were fairly warned.

LORELAI: No! No! A movie should not just be its title. "Driving Miss Daisy" didn't all take place in the car, "Dances With Wolves" wasn't one long wolf dance. But this was nothing but snakes, snakes, relentless snakes, snakes on a plane. Snakes, snakes, snakes on a plane!

CHRISTOPHER: This was our fifth bad movie in a row. It's got to be some kind of a record.

LORELAI: We got to face facts - movies have gotten bad.

CHRISTOPHER: Unless it's our fault.

LORELAI: What? No, we didn't make the bad movies.

CHRISTOPHER: No, we made the movies bad. Think about it we are the common factor.

LORELAI: Ohh.

CHRISTOPHER: All the movies -- very different. Different genres -- different languages, even. We saw them in different theaters at different times. What do they all have in common?

LORELAI: They were all seen by us. Wow!

CHRISTOPHER: Huh?

LORELAI: We can never see "Casablanca" together. I mean I'm very sorry. I don't care how much I love it, but I will not be responsible for ruining "Casablanca."

[Both chuckling]

CHRISTOPHER: So...

LORELAI: So... we should divvy up the candy.

CHRISTOPHER: Divvy...

LORELAI: The candy.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah.

LORELAI: [Inhales, exhales sharply] Got half the milk duds. Sour patch kids -- hmm, a third. Twizzlers -- you got about 5 -- 4 3/4 -- you pick.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, I'll take the Twizzlers.

LORELAI: No, I meant besides the Twizzlers.

CHRISTOPHER: I tell you what -- you can have it all.

LORELAI: Such a gentleman.

[They Kiss]

LORELAI: We should...

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, I should, uh...

LORELAI: I should...

CHRISTOPHER: Okay.

LORELAI: Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay.

CHRISTOPHER: Good night, Lor.

LORELAI: Good night, Chris.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - INTERIOR

[Lorelai comes inside]

LORELAI: Hi.

RORY: Well, well, someone is cutting it pretty close to curfew. Did you guys have a good time?

LORELAI: Yeah, really good. Ooh, is it weird that he didn't come in?

RORY: Weird for me?

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: Oh, I saw the guy two days ago. I'm sick of him. [giggles] Is it weird for you?

LORELAI: No. No.

RORY: He could come in if you wanted him to. I could make myself scarce.

LORELAI: Oh, you wouldn't have to make yourself scarce.

RORY: Oh then I could be un-scarce. I could be here in all my plentiful gLory. That's more normal. God I forget what the protocol is when your mom is dating your dad.

LORELAI: Yeah, me too. We'll have to consult Emily Post again.

RORY: Yeah. But I really don't think it would be weird.

LORELAI: It wouldn't?

RORY: No. I mean, if it was, it wouldn't be weird in a bad way. If that's what you want.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: Is that what you want?

LORELAI: I don't know. No. Not now. Maybe...I want it. I don't know. Twizzler?

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Okay.

[They both sit on the couch, facing each other.]

LORELAI: [Sighs] It's good, though. You know? He and I, between us -- it's -- it's going good.

RORY: Well, good.

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: When I had lunch with him the other day, he said things were really go.

LORELAI: He did?

RORY: Mm-hmm.

LORELAI: What'd he say?

RORY: Um, nice things.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah?

RORY: Yep.

LORELAI: Like what?

RORY: Nice things.

LORELAI: Did he talk about my sparkling eyes and my glossy, raven hair?

RORY: Look I'm not gonna pass notes between you guys.

LORELAI: What if Emily Post says that's part of the appropriate protocol?

RORY: If you can get it in writing from the ghost of Emily Post, then I will pass as many notes as you want. But, mom...

LORELAI: Yeah?

RORY: I'm really glad things are good between you.

LORELAI: Me too.

RORY: I'm just...

LORELAI: Yeah?

RORY: I just want you to be careful.

LORELAI: Is this the safe-sex talk? Because even if the ghost of Emily Post says it's okay, it is just plain weird.

RORY: No. Mom, I want you to be careful with you, with him. I just don't want to see you get hurt again.

LORELAI: I am. I am being careful.

RORY: Okay. Good.

LORELAI: Oh, my gosh. Am I coming with you to college?

RORY: Excuse me?

LORELAI: You totally want me to come to Yale with you, don't you?

RORY: What? No.

LORELAI: Then why are you packing all of my clothes -- my pink t-shirt?!

RORY: Where'd that come from?

[Lorelai starts pulling cloths out of a bag]

LORELAI: Oh, my goodness. That is so nice of you to think of me in school -- my sweet skirt! I hope you brought a toothbrush 'cause, boy, oh, boy, are we gonna have fun! My cozy sweater...

OPENING CREDITS

LUKE'S DINER

LUKE: Okay, two eggs over-easy, hash browns cooked well, whole-wheat toast buttered, and with a

side of marmalade.

KIRK: [Sighs loudly]

CUSTOMER: Thank you.

LUKE: You're welcome. [To Kirk] All right, what can I get you?

KIRK: [Sighs loudly]

LUKE: Kirk, you're scaring away the customers.

KIRK: [Sighs loudly]

LUKE: I am not gonna ask you what's wrong. Either eat or go.

KIRK: Women troubles, Luke. Haven't slept in days. See the bags under my eyes? See the glazed look? Women.

LUKE: See this glazed look? Don't care.

KIRK: Mom's been incredibly possessive lately, as has Lulu, and it's very tense. I noticed they were beginning to snipe at each other, but I figured it was a friendly competition I could work to my advantage, you know? When you've got two women making you cherry cobbler, you're likely to end up with some pretty good cobbler.

LUKE: Basic capitalism.

KIRK: That's not how they see it. Oh, no. Apparently, it's mom's cobbler or Lulu's cobbler. I've got to choose.

LUKE: Are you gonna order something?

KIRK: I'd love to order something. I'm starving. But what should I get? Lulu would want me to get something hip, like a bagel.

LUKE: Hip?

KIRK: But mom would say a growing boy needs something more substantial, like pancakes.

LUKE: Well, neither of them are here, so what do you want?

KIRK: I don't know! Bagel, pancakes, bagel, pancakes... it's like their voices are blocking out my voice, and I don't know what I think anymore. I'll have a bagel and pancakes, I guess.

LUKE: Yeah, what kind of bagel?

KIRK: Lulu would k*ll me if I got the onion, you know, 'cause of all the kissing...

LUKE: [Looking discussed]

KIRK: And mom would freak over the poppy seed 'cause she thinks poppies are a gateway drug.

LUKE: What about... [Asian Caesar hands Luke a plate] egg? Egg, it is.

[Anna comes into the diner]

ANNA: Hey.

LUKE: Hey. I didn't expect you till later.

ANNA: I know, but I wanted to go over April's schedule before I brought her by.

LUKE: Okay.

ANNA: Is this a good time?

LUKE: Sure, let's sit.

ANNA: Great. [Sighs] So, this is her schedule. I think I erred on the side of too many details.

LUKE: I like details.

ANNA: These are some of the phone numbers you might need -- pediatrician, dentist, orthodontist -
- if her retainer breaks -- optometrist...

LUKE: If her glasses break.

ANNA: So, my mom has her back surgery on Monday, but, apparently, the recovery process is really slow, so I'm gonna be in New Mexico for at least two weeks.

LUKE: It's fine. April can stay with me as long as you need her to.

ANNA: Thanks. I really appreciate this.

[Luke smiles back]

LUKE: All right, so what's this packet?

ANNA: Registration forms, some waivers -- April will need to have this when she goes to school tomorrow. And she will tell you she needs to be there at 7:30, but she really doesn't need to be there until 8:00. Anyway, it's all in the notes.

LUKE: Don't worry.

ANNA: I'm not worried. [Chuckling] Okay, maybe a little. It'll be fine?

LUKE: It will be fine. I promise.

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

LORELAI: Wow! Today's secret ingredient is gourds!

SOOKIE: Aren't they beautiful?

LORELAI: I guess that depends on the beholder's eye.

SOOKIE: Jackson's whole squash crop went crazy this year. We had such a hot summer, and these babies love the sun. You've got to try this soup.

LORELAI: Wait, is that gourd soup?

SOOKIE: It's so good. It's sweet and rich. It's like pie, only it's soup. It's like pie soup!

LORELAI: Na, I don't eat orange food, except for candy corn.

SOOKIE: You eat Cheetos.

LORELAI: I don't eat food that's naturally orange.

SOOKIE: You eat oranges.

LORELAI: Okay I eat food that's naturally orange, but I don't eat gourds.

SOOKIE: Fine.

LORELAI: What else is going on at home?

SOOKIE: Ooh! [Gasps] Martha is so close to walking. She's right on the verge. Why don't you come over tomorrow night for dinner? Maybe you'll see the inaugural steps.

LORELAI: Um, I'd love to, but...

SOOKIE: But you want to wait to see if Christopher calls and asks you out first, and then if he doesn't, you'll come over.

LORELAI: Something like that, yes.

SOOKIE: You two have been seeing quite a bit of each other lately.

LORELAI: Yeah, we're just dating.

SOOKIE: Right, 'cause you can just date the father of your child.

LORELAI: Turns out you can. It's been a fun six weeks. We're taking things slowly and just getting to know each other again.

SOOKIE: Except for the fact that you've known each other for more than 30 years.

LORELAI: [Imitating Sookie] Okay, I get it. Please get off my back, and stop talking like this.

SOOKIE: Okay, it's just that you and Luke haven't been broken up all that long.

LORELAI: I know. I remember. I was there.

SOOKIE: Okay. It's -- you know, after breaking up out of a big relationship it's normal to have a rebound thing. You know, a big, bouncy, rubber ball of a rebound thing. It's...good.

LORELAI: But?

SOOKIE: But a rubber ball is a 28-year-old surfer or a jazz saxophonist who drives a V.W. Bus or a really cute guy that can't even spell his last name. It's not the father of your only child. Christopher is not your rubber ball.

LORELAI: Okay.

SOOKIE: He's a big, heavy bowling ball.

LORELAI: I'm gonna tell him you said that.

SOOKIE: I just want you to be careful.

LORELAI: Okay god, I feel like I should set up traffic cones around me for all the people worrying about my safety. I am being careful, okay? [Cell phone rings]

SOOKIE: That's all I want.

LORELAI: All right.

SOOKIE: Great.

LORELAI: Fine.

SOOKIE: Good.

LORELAI: Good.

SOOKIE: Better.

LORELAI: [Answering the phone] Hi, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER: Lore what's your life looking like tomorrow night? You available?

LORELAI: Well I don't know, is there some particular reason you're checking my availability?

SOOKIE: [Bangs pot lid] Sorry.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, I have an idea for a really fun date, and if, in fact, you are available, I will put thought into action.

LORELAI: I thought our last date was pretty fun.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, this will be even more fun.

LORELAI: "Snakes on a boat"?!

CHRISTOPHER: [Chuckles] I'll pick you up at 6:00.

LORELAI: Okay, I'll be there at 6:00 to be picked up.

SOOKIE: [Bangs knife] Sorry. These gourd rinds are really thick.

LORELAI: [to Chris] What is the, uh, fun date?

CHRISTOPHER: No hints.

LORELAI: I hate not knowing things.

CHRISTOPHER: I know. I'll see you tomorrow.

LORELAI: Okay. Bye.

SOOKIE: [Singsong voice] Sounds like somebody's got a date.

LORELAI: [Imitating Sookie] Sookie.

SOOKIE: [Normal voice] Sorry. [Deep voice] Sounds like somebody's got a date.

LORELAI: Nice.

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

[Rory is unpacking, and gets the Rocket out and places it on a table, Looks at a clock, gets out her phone and calls Logan.]

LOGAN: [answering service] Hey, this is Logan Huntzberger. Leave a message.

RORY: Hey, it's me. I just got back to Yale. I thought I would try you and see if you're there, but you're not. [Chuckles] I thought you would be, but you're not. Fascinating, my thought process, isn't it? Okay, I'll talk to you later. Bye.

[Hangs up then the cell phone rings]

RORY: Hey!

RICHARD: Well, hello, Rory. You sound chipper.

RORY: Oh, hi, grandpa.

RICHARD: You're back at Yale?

RORY: Yep. Back at Yale.

EMILY: [In the back ground] Tell her the good news, Richard!

RICHARD: I'm coming to that.

EMILY: [Yelling] It's very exciting!

RORY: What's exciting?

RICHARD: Well, when I was at my Yale class reunion, I had a chance to meet one of my former classmates, Harold Laken. You know him as the dean of undergraduate education. Harold was also a fellow Whiffenpoof.

EMILY: The news, Richard!

RICHARD: Yes, right well I-it seems there was a sudden vacancy in the economics department, and they need someone to teach a course this semester, and Harold immediately thought of me.

EMILY: Can you believe it? Your grandfather, a professor!

RICHARD: I'm just a visiting lecturer.

EMILY: [Looking at a jacket] Too starchy. Too starchy?

RICHARD: No, I like -- I like --

EMILY: Too starchy.

RICHARD: What I want to know is whether you'd be okay with this. I'm gonna be on the campus at the same time you are, and there's a chance we might run into one another.

RORY: I promise, you will not cramp my style.

RICHARD: Well, that's wonderful, because I have to admit, I'm really quite excited about it.

RORY: That's great, grandpa. Congratulations. Well, why don't we meet up after your first class and grab dinner and celebrate?

RICHARD: Oh, I would love that, but I've already scheduled dinner with Harold.

EMILY: But, Richard, we have dinner with the Sudburys on Thursday. Remember? We're going to the hill house.

RICHARD: Well, I'm sorry, Emily, but I have dinner with the dean, and you can't expect me to include the Sudburys in that. They are insufferable bores.

EMILY: No, of course not. I'll just have to have dinner with the sudburys alone. Oh, the life of a faculty widow!

RICHARD: Did you hear that, Rory? She's already turned on me.

RORY: I heard it, grandpa.

LUKE'S DINER

LUKE: [Reading] Razor blades? They've expressly forbidden razor blades?

KIRK: That's sound policy.

LUKE: Are kids at this school showing up with razor blades? I mean listen to this list of stuff they've had to ban. Drug use, bullying, graffiti, theft, spitting, fighting - including but not limited to punching, kicking, gouging, and biting. Seems to me like they're just giving the kids ideas. "Gee, I can't think of any other bad things to do today. Let me look at the manual. Hey, gouging sounds fun!"

MISS PATTY: No one at that school is gouging anyone.

LUKE: Well, sure. Why bother with that when they've got access to g*ns, Tasers, knives, and Nunchakus?

KIRK: Nunchakus are cool -- and deadly.

CAESAR: That's ridiculous. Nobody's bringing Nunchakus to April's school.

MISS PATTY: Of course not.

CAESAR: They're way too bulky to fit in your sock. Now, mace, on the other hand...

LUKE: Mace! kids are walking around with mace?

MISS PATTY: Oh, honey, calm down. Nothing's gonna happen to April. They just spell out that stuff for their legal protection. Whenever you're taking care of kids, that's a lotta liability. It's the same with my dance school.

LUKE: And nothing bad ever happens?

MISS PATTY: Nothing ever happens. Oh, except for that one time.

LUKE: What one time?

MISS PATTY: Well, I took my senior ballerinas to try out for a performance of "The Nutcracker," and one of the girls pulled a Tonya Harding and knocked the front-runner for Clara out of the competition. Broke her leg in three places.

LUKE: That is not nothing. That is the opposite of nothing.

MISS PATTY: It's totally different. That was a much rougher crowd.

LUKE: Rougher crowd? They're ballerinas.

MISS PATTY: Oh, yeah. I know. Everyone thinks, "ballerinas -- so sweet, so fragile." Trust me, they're dancing on stress fractures and ingrown toenails, and they haven't eaten in weeks.

[The door bell rings]

APRIL: Hey.

ANNA: Sorry we're late. We were half way here and April remembered the avocado pit was still in the kitchen, so we had to go back.

APRIL: We had to make to make a pit stop.

LUKE: [Laughs]

MISS PATTY: Hey, honey.

APRIL: Hi!

LUKE: You remember Miss Patty.

APRIL: Sure!

LUKE: And Kirk.

KIRK: Yo.

LUKE: And Caesar.

CAESAR: Hey April.

ANNA: Look I hate to have to rush, but I actually have to rush.

LUKE: That's fine. You go.

[Anna and April hug]

APRIL: Bye, mom.

ANNA: Ooh, I love you, sweetie.

APRIL: Say hi to grandma.

ANNA: I will. I'll call you when I get there. [Too Luke] Take care of her.

LUKE: I will.

ANNA: Okay, then. Bye.

APRIL: So, is there somewhere I can put the pit down?

LUKE: Oh, you know what? Go on upstairs, and I'll bring the bags.

MISS PATTY: Look at that turnout. And the hips of Anna Pavlova. [In Russian accent] You must bring her to my ballet class.

LUKE: Where ballerinas are maiming each other to be in "The Nutcracker"? Fat chance of that.

LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Luke and April enter the apartment]

LUKE: Okay, here we are. You remember the place. All right. Here's your bed, and a here's the desk. I thought you could do your homework on it. A little chair for reading. I know how you like reading. And this is your dresser. Now, if you have a hanging bag for, like, dresses, you can just hang it in my closet, but I don't seem to remember you wearing a lot of dresses.

APRIL: Not big on dresses.

LUKE: All right, what else? Here's your kitchen, my bed, bathroom's back there, and the TV. I had a remote but I lost it, so you're gonna have to change the channel by hand by turning this knob here. And here's the telephone. If you're on it and you hear a beeping sound, that's call-waiting, so you've got to hit the flash button to switch over to the other call.

APRIL: Maybe I should write all this down.

LUKE: Oh, sure! Sure!

APRIL: I was just kidding. I know how call-waiting works.

LUKE: [Chuckling] Of course you do. You probably also know how to open up a refrigerator and turn on a sink. Okay, well, uh, I'll get out of your way, and you let me know if you need anything.

APRIL: Actually, my avocado pit needs light, and it's kind of dark in here.

LUKE: Well, there will be a little more light in the morning.

APRIL: Will there be less brown in the morning?

LUKE: You know, this place is kind of depressing, isn't it?

APRIL: [Laughs] I'd say. Sorry if that hurt your feelings. Mom says bluntness isn't my most attractive quality.

LUKE: Well, maybe we can pick up a few things. I don't know, some pillows, a rug. You know, lamps -- lamps brighten.

APRIL: Hey, we could go to "Targét."

LUKE: Oh, sounds kind of fancy.

APRIL: No. No, that's just how we say "Target."

LUKE: Oh, never been.

APRIL: [Laughs] Wow. Um... I don't think I've ever met a person who hasn't been to target.

LUKE: Well, now you have, so if you say that's the place to go, so that's where we'll go.

APRIL: It's the place to go.

LUKE: Okay, so how about tomorrow, after I close up?

APRIL: Cool.

LUKE: Cool! Alright I'll let you get settled in.

APRIL: Okay.

LUKE: All right.

[April puts the avocado pit experiment near a window, as Luke leaves, looking very proud.]

YALE NEWS ROOM

RORY: Everyone, congratulations. The first issue of the year is officially locked down. [Light cheering] And special kudos to bill for landing the front page with his campus housing exposé, "dormitory or death trap?"

SHEILA: Nice alliteration.

BILL: Slugline's half the battle.

PARIS: Dormitory renovations -- that's quaint. I recently had the opportunity to be a fly on the wall at the Hartford Courant as the editor selected their lead story. It was down to the wire, and I was on the edge of my seat when right at the last second, a local-corruption story broke. It was thrilling. It made this place look like a joke.

RORY: Your point, Paris?

PARIS: Oh, I thought I was clear. Compared to the courant, this place is a joke.

RORY: Okay. Assignments. Bill, you'll go with part two of the campus-housing series.

BILL: Got it.

RORY: We need someone to cover the board of trustees meeting.

JONI: I'm on that.

RORY: Thanks, Joni. And I want to do the traditional freshman class composition article, but I think we need to go deeper than just ethnicities and hometowns. I mean, what is the class of 2010 really about? Maybe take a different look.

PARIS: At the courant, they use Indesign to integrate the words into the photos.

Gee, do you happen to have an "in" at the courant?

JONI: Like, maybe your boyfriend, Doyle? What is he, a fact-checker?

PARIS: The most requested fact-checker at the paper. He works seven days a week just to keep up with the demand for his fact-checking.

SHEILA: Maybe he's looking to get away from a certain lunatic.

PARIS: Jealous much, Sheila?

SHEILA: Yeah. You got me.

A.K.: So, the art-show piece. I've got a problem.

RORY: Animal, vegetable, or mineral?

A.K.: I kind of had a thing with one of the artists in the show.

RORY: Okay. Animal.

A.K.: I just can't do it.

RORY: That's fine. I can do it. That's it. Class dismissed. So, you want to go to this art-show thing with me tonight?

PARIS: Sorry can't, Doyle's celebrating his one-month anniversary with the paper. Having drinks with the staff bigwigs over at Duffy's.

RORY: Cool.

PARIS: Yeah. He's pretty loved. Actually, we both are. We're like the Ephron and Bernstein of the group. I think it's going to be quite a fete. Doyle says the editor of the metro section might even show.

RORY: That's cool. Well, I can just go by myself.

PARIS: You know if you're desperate, you could force one of these staffers to go. I used to do that all the time when I was editor. I dragged Bill everywhere. That is, until the time I picked him up to go to the groundbreaking for the new chemistry research building, and he was wearing a cable-knit sweater that had "date" written all over it. As if.

RORY: I'm not desperate.

PARIS: Look don't give me those Rory Gilmore puppy-dog eyes. Even if I am your best friend, I have to look out for my career first, then Doyle's, then you.

RORY: Go to your party, Paris. Be the couple whose divorce was so painful that it was memorialized in both literature and film. I'll be fine.

PARIS: Oh, yeah. Now it's just sad.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[Lorelai comes down the stairs as the doorbell rings]

LORELAI: Huh! Um... kind of, uh, casual, seemingly routine dating clothes.

CHRISTOPHER: Was that intended as a compliment? 'Cause it didn't come out like one.

[They kiss]

LORELAI: No, you look good. But how hard is it to look good when you know where you're going? Not that hard.

CHRISTOPHER: I could get some points.

LORELAI: I, on the other hand, had to come up with an outfit that could easily convert from totally formal to totally casual with just a few moves. Look, here I am, all ready for an elegant, New York night on the town, carriage ride through the park, dinner at Pastis, drinks at the Aalgonquin, but if I change my shoes and throw on a cardigan and add necklace number two, then I am ready for a concert at the new haven green, or I could use my cardigan to cover up the security camera in case the date turns into some sort of heist.

CHRISTOPHER: I'd prefer the sexy shoes to the sandals, but you should be comfortable.

LORELAI: Comfortable? "Comfortable" like we're gonna eat Moroccan and sit on the floor, or "comfortable" like we're gonna go up steps? [starts jumping] Steps? Steps? Steps? Are we going to the met?

[they kiss again]

CHRISTOPHER: No hints.

[leaving the house they go outside]

LORELAI: So, tell me now. Now! Tell me! [Gasps, as she see a classic old red Mustang convertible] Oh, hello, "b*lllet." Are you taking me on a car chase through the streets of San Francisco?

CHRISTOPHER: It's cool, right?

LORELAI: It's really cool.

CHRISTOPHER: You like it?

LORELAI: I love it. So is this the thing?

CHRISTOPHER: It's a thing.

LORELAI: But is this the special thing you planned? 'Cause if it is, I want to give it its due. If it's not, I want to have the proper level of enjoyment while still reserving myself for the actual special thing.

CHRISTOPHER: The car is part of the thing. It's not the whole thing.

LORELAI: Alright I don't want to peek too soon.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah that's never good.

LORELAI: Ooh, You're being a gentleman. Is that the special thing?

CHRISTOPHER: I always open your door.

LORELAI: Bucket seats -- is that the special thing? No? Take a good, long look at my hair now 'cause it's not gonna look like this for the rest of the night. [Chris gets in and starts the car.] Rumbly engine -- is that the special thing?

CHRISTOPHER: Buckle your seatbelt.

LORELAI: Buckling my seatbelt -- is that the special thing?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, that's it. You're all buckled up. Date's over.

LORELAI: Oh.

LUKE'S APARTMENT

LUKE: Look at this -- 12-pack of socks for \$6. 24 socks for 6 bucks. That's only 25 cents a sock.

APRIL: I knew you'd like it.

LUKE: Oh, this looks good.

APRIL: You picked it out.

LUKE: Well, you said tablecloth.

APRIL: That's true.

LUKE: What's the name of that blue again?

APRIL: Uh, cerulean. I'm really into cerulean.

LUKE: Yeah, I can see why.

APRIL: I used to be really into olive. Everything was olive, you know? It was my backpack, my pants, my sneakers. It was all olive. And then one day, I just -- I woke up, and I was like, "olive? I don't like olive. Not to wear, not to eat. Olive -- bleh."

LUKE: [Laughs] Well, you know what? I'm really glad we did it. We had fun, and the place looks great.

APRIL: And, you know, now, anytime you want, you can have a nice dinner on this table.

LUKE: That's true.

APRIL: You could put flowers in this vase and use it like a centerpiece.

LUKE: Uh-huh.

APRIL: You could dim the lights, light these candles.

LUKE: We can do it tonight if you want.

APRIL: Yeah. Or, you know, you could do it when you have a lady over.

LUKE: Oh?

APRIL: It'd be really nice. And she would be totally comfortable in here now.

LUKE: Right. Uh, you know what? Why don't we, uh, set up the desk lamp so you can get at your homework?

APRIL: Actually, they don't give homework on the first day of school. One teacher said he was gonna give us homework. He even wrote it on the board, but the homework was just, "cover your books." How lame is that?

LUKE: Very lame.

APRIL: I know.

LUKE: So I'll set it up so you can get to it tomorrow.

APRIL: Cool. Um, I'm gonna start covering my books. Can I grab some grocery bags?

LUKE: Yeah, go for it. It's under the sink.

UNKNOWN ROAD - NIGHT

[Chris and Lorelai and driving]

LORELAI: You know, you can admit it if you're lost. I will not lose any respect for you.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm not lost. Well, then, are you planning to m*rder me? Because people will notice I'm gone. They'll look for me. Paul Anka saw me leave with you. He'll bark. He will bark, and he'll sell you down the river. [Barking] Chris! Chris!

[They pull up at an old barn and Chris honks to horn]

LORELAI: Good, finally asking for directions.

CHRISTOPHER: We're here.

LORELAI: Here, where? Are we at Woodstock? I think we're late.

CHRISTOPHER: Shh! Just give it a minute.

LORELAI: [Gasps] Oh, are we meditating? I think you need a word to repeat. I don't have a word.

CHRISTOPHER: Stop talking.

LORELAI: That's two words.

CHRISTOPHER: Shh.

LORELAI: Oh. "Shh." I like it. Shh... [a projector starts up] Ooh! What the -- [Thematic music plays, Lorelai is surprised. "Funny Face" starts playing] I love this movie.

CHRISTOPHER: [Chuckling] Check the glove compartment.

LORELAI: Oh, my god.

CHRISTOPHER: Hold this.

[you can here the movie playing "...Your funny face"]

CHRISTOPHER: And... popcorn.

LORELA: Oh, my god. You're unbelievable!

CHRISTOPHER: I thought it was time we saw a movie we wouldn't complain about.

[Military march plays]

LORELA: I...

[Military march continues]

MOVIE: [woman speaking] Good morning, Mr. Ascot.

YALE - RICHARD'S OFFICE

RICHARD: [on the phone] mm-hmm. But I have to tell you, Emily, it's a whole new world from the one we remember.

EMILY: But the jacket was still appropriate?

RICHARD: Oh, the jacket was fine. Although I must say, I felt wildly overdressed. Boys in undershirts and filthy baseball caps -- the girls wearing pajamas and flip-flops.

EMILY: Well, it's the style, Richard.

RICHARD: Well, it's most peculiar.

EMILY: And you were firm with them? That's one thing that never changes. Young people respond to discipline. After all, you don't want your course to be known as a "gut." That's an easy class. I learned that term at dinner with the Sudburys, who learned it from their grandson, Paul.

RICHARD: And how are the Sudburys? I hope you gave them my regards.

EMILY: Of course. And they sent you theirs and then proceeded to bore me with the details of every stunning vista they witnessed on their recent cruise to Alaska. If you ask me, they saw more of the baked Alaska than anything else.

RICHARD: [Chuckles] You poor thing. You have a disappointing evening, and I have to give you the bum's rush to make my dinner with Harold at the faculty club.

EMILY: That's all right. You enjoy yourself. I probably won't wait up, so I'll say good night now.

RICHARD: Good night, dear.

[Police Siren chirps]

EMILY: Oh, for Pete's sake! What now?

[Emily pulls over]

POLICE OFFICER: License and registration, please?

EMILY: Why do you need to see my license? I wasn't speeding.

POLICE OFFICER: You were on a cell phone, ma'am.

EMILY: I don't see how that's your concern. Do my bills go to your office?

POLICE OFFICER: It is illegal in Connecticut to talk on a cell phone while operating a vehicle.

EMILY: Well, that is absurd. I can't talk on my own phone in my own car?

POLICE OFFICER: License and registration, ma'am.

EMILY: If I can manage to drink a cup of hot coffee and drive, I can talk on a cell phone. Or is coffee illegal, too? Can I listen to the radio? Can I open the glove compartment? Perhaps you should outlaw scratching your nose. That would certainly cut down on accidents.

POLICE OFFICER: Ma'am, have you been drinking?

EMILY: What? No! This is outrageous. You know, right now, someone is robbing a Kwiki mart, and you're standing there harassing me.

POLICE OFFICER: I'm going to need you to blow into this breathalyzer for me.

EMILY: Young man, I don't know where that's been, but I can say with absolute certainty it won't be going anywhere near my mouth.

ART SHOW

[Rory is waling through looking at the art displays and making notes]

RORY: Excuse me. Do you know what the light bulbs are all about?

[the lights come on and go out after a few seconds]

ELIJAH: Shock in your system.

RORY: Effective.

[Rory moves on and comes to a water cooler]

LUCY: What are you doing?

RORY: Um, me?

LUCY: She's touching your art.

OLIVIA: What are you doing? Are you actually drinking that water?

RORY: Oh, um, I didn't know it was art, I thought it was just a water cooler. There's no sign or anything.

OLIVIA: "Just a water cooler."

LUCY: That's her self-portrait. [Rory looks worried] I'm kidding! It's just a water cooler. [both girls start giggling]

RORY: Oh. Okay.

LUCY: We were messing with you. She is an artist, though.

OLIVIA: I made the horse.

RORY: Oh, I really like that one.

OLIVIA: Well, thanks.

RORY: It looks really big. It looks bigger than the doorway.

OLIVIA: Yeah well, it turns out it is, as I found out like four hours before the show was gonna start. I had to detach the head, then reattach it when I got here. Does it look crooked?

RORY: Um, not to me.

OLIVIA: No, it does.

LUCY: Oh if it does look crooked, which it doesn't, I think it looks better than it did before -- more jaunty.

RORY: What's it made out of?

OLIVIA: Cans mostly. Tinfoil. A couple hubcaps. I do stuff with found objects. I mean if you could call it trash, but that'd be kind of negative.

LUCY: She once made this sculpture of an old lady out of plastic sandwich bags and milk cartons, which was so cool. She's awesome.

OLIVIA: Oh, shut up!

RORY: So you're Olivia Marquont?

OLIVIA: Impressive.

LUCY: What are you, a spy?

RORY: Actually, I'm here for the paper. I'm Rory.

OLIVIA: Oh, the press. So what do you think?

RORY: Honestly, I don't know. I like your piece, and I think I like the robot in the underpants.

OLIVIA: The robot is genius.

LUCY: Olivia thinks everything is genius.

OLIVIA: Only genius stuff.

LUCY: Okay so, you're on the paper? Oh, my god, we used to be totally obsessed with this girl who was on the paper -- Paris Geller.

RORY: Sure.

LUCY: You know Paris?

RORY: I know Paris.

LUCY: Okay, freshman year, we were in this moral-reasoning class with Paris, and she was the most intense person we'd ever met.

RORY: Um, she's pretty much like that all the time. I actually went to high school with Paris.

OLIVIA: Paris Geller is a genius, and I will go to the mat on that one.

LUCY: Okay you've got to let us show you around the rest of the show.

RORY: That's cool.

LUCY: Come on we'll help you with your article, give you the skinny on everyone.

OLIVIA: Did you see the light bulb thing?

RORY: Um, my retinas are still ringing.

LUCY: Our friend Joel did that. He just transferred from M.I.T. Dude's wicked smart. His work is always about technology.

OLIVIA: I think Joel's a genius, but I'll admit, I could be biased by the fact that he's a total fox.

RORY: Is that the guy in the '70s prom tuxedo?

LUCY: No, that's Elijah. He's doing a performance piece. He's been doing it since we were juniors. Who knows if it'll ever end? Okay, you've got to see our friend kasha's piece. It's called "girl without clothes," and it's far out.

BARN MOVIE

[Movie is playing and there is music]

MOVIE: "You can't blame me for feeling avarice oh, S'Wonderful S'Marvelous that you should care for me [Music swells and ends]

LORELAI: Ooh, it's so good! It's so chock-full of...words like "chock-full." And even if Audrey Hepburn was 20 and Fred Astaire was, like, 80...

CHRISTOPHER: He's still Fred Astaire.

LORELAI: I mean, he could really tap-dance. That was so nice, Chris. That was so romantic and fun and wonderful.

CHRISTOPHER: S'wonderful?

LORELAI: S'Marvelous.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm glad you liked it.

LORELAI: I did. I really liked it.

CHRISTOPHER: You know, the evening doesn't have to end here. Gigi's staying with my mom. We

could go back to my place.

LORELAI: Oh. That's nice.

CHRISTOPHER: N-nice?

LORELAI: No, that's not what I meant. Um...

CHRISTOPHER: We don't have to.

LORELAI: No, I want to.

CHRISTOPHER: You do?

LORELAI: I do, but I don't know if...

CHRISTOPHER: ...you want to.

LORELAI: ...If I should.

CHRISTOPHER: Ok.

LORELAI: I mean, everything's good, you know? It's going really good.

CHRISTOPHER: It's really good.

LORELAI: Yeah, and I'm feeling good.

CHRISTOPHER: But?

LORELAI: I don't, uh... know if I trust you.

CHRISTOPHER: Really?

LORELAI: Not just you. Me too. I'm not sure if I trust us yet with this.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh.

LORELAI: It's scary.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm scared, too.

LORELAI: I just hoped maybe... we could stay here in this place for a little while longer.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, it's gonna snow eventually.

LORELAI: Right.

CHRISTOPHER: It's fine. We should wait. I can wait.

LORELAI: Are you sure?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah.

LORELAI: Thank you. All this is perfect.

CHRISTOPHER: [Chuckles] Okay. [Sighs]

LORELAI: [Lorelai's cell phone rings] Hello? This is she.

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LORELAI: Oh. Yes!

CHRISTOPHER: What is it? Who are you talking to?

LORELAI: Is she okay? What did she... okay. Where are you? Uh-huh. I know where that is. Oh... I'll be right there. Thank you. Okay, bye-bye.

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LORELAI: We have to go. We have to pick up my mother... from jail.

CHRISTOPHER: [Chuckles] Your mother's in jail?

LORELAI: Ooh, this night keeps getting better and better. Let's go.

LUKE'S APARTMENT

LUKE: [Sighs] You brush your teeth?

APRIL: They're brushed.

LUKE: So, there's a clear path to the bathroom. Can I get you a night-light?

APRIL: [Chuckling] I'm 13.

LUKE: I'll take that as a "no." I thought you didn't have any homework.

APRIL: I don't. This is more for pleasure.

LUKE: Sure. Sure, a little light reading before bed.

APRIL: I love my biology teacher. She is so smart, and she's really pretty. She has this long, brown hair that she kind of just whooshes up into a clip. She has all these piercings, but it's just on one ear, and she likes to fish.

LUKE: No kidding? A pretty fisher/scientist woman.

APRIL: And I know she's single because last year her name was Mrs. Johnson, and this year it's Ms. Kaplan, so I was thinking, one day, I could conveniently forget my biology book, and you could bring it by for me, and then maybe you could...

LUKE: Have dinner at the candlestick table with Ms. Kaplan?

APRIL: Exactly.

LUKE: [Sits on the end of April's bed and sighs] Look, April... [Sighs] I guess you know Lorelai and I broke up.

APRIL: Yeah, my mom sort of told me.

LUKE: Okay, well, sometimes that happens, you know? Sometimes it doesn't work out between people, and it's nobody's fault.

APRIL: It's all about pheromones.

LUKE: Right. [Chuckles] But I want you to know I'm okay, and you don't have to take care of me. I'm here to take care of you. Okay?

APRIL: Okay.

LUKE: Good night.

APRIL: Good night. Is it okay if I read a little more before I turn out the light?

LUKE: Real page-turner, huh?

APRIL: Oh, yeah. Mitosis is insane.

LUKE: Knock yourself out.

POLICE STATION

[Lorelai is really happy and taking photos on her cell phone of the officers]

LORELAI: Oh...got it! Thank you! Am I smiling too much?

CHRISTOPHER: You're smiling a lot.

LORELAI: All right, I'll try to bring it down a notch.

EMILY: Well, it's about time. Oh, good. I get to walk this filthy floor again. I don't need any help walking. Thank you! [an officer hands Emily her stuff, and puts on her shoes] Oh, thank you for giving me things that already belong to me. Well, you can all be very proud of yourselves. You're doing a crack job. You finally got menace-to-society Emily Gilmore off the streets. You'll be hearing from my lawyer. Come on. [pointing to Lorelai's phone] Put that thing away.

LORELAI: [takes a final photo] One, two, three! Ah! [Laughs] Smile! Cheese! Oh, I got you already. I'll get [Chris drags her away] okay, later. Bye!

DRIVING IN THE MUSTANG

[The top is still down, Chris and Lorelai are smiling and Emily is in the back not looking happy.]

LORELAI: Do you mind if I turn on the music, mom?

EMILY: That's fine.

LORELAI: Whatcha in the mood for? "Jailhouse rock"? "Folsom prison blues"?

EMILY: [sarcastically] You're very funny, Lorelai.

LORELAI: No, no, no. I know, I know. "Working on the chain g*ng."

EMILY: Yes, it's all quite amusing, isn't it? My being arrested, held behind bars, manhandled, and patted down? Hardee-har.

LORELAI: Aw. I just have one question for you, mom. Why on earth did you call me? I mean, thank you very much from the bottom of my heart for that incredible gift. You don't need to get me anything for the next five Christmases. But why did you call me, not dad?

EMILY: It was his first night teaching at Yale. He was having dinner with the dean. I'm not about to call him so he can excuse himself to come bail his wife out of jail. I can't begin to tell you how incompetent our police department is. That officer Peters who pulled me over -- he's going to be receiving a big, fat subpoena, and I'm not stopping there. [just noticing the car she is in] Wait. What is this? What's this car? What's going on here? Are you two on a date?

LORELAI: No way. You are not changing the subject. We're not talking about anything else except you in the clink. Now, come on. Spill. What was it like on the inside, huh? Did you try to tunnel your way out with a spoon? You know. Did they try to make you join a g*ng? And, mom, now that you're on the outside and they're still on the inside, are they gonna try to use you as some kind of prison mule? I just... so much I need to know! [Sighs]

HALLWAY TO LOGAN'S APARTMENT

LUCY: So, after my third callback, he says to me, "a girl can't play Oscar Wilde. I want people to take this production seriously," like he's Peter Brook

OLIVIA: or something and not some goateed sophomore from Arkansas.

LUCY: So I give him my most foppish stare and say, "life is too important to be taken seriously."

RORY: Nice.

LUCY: But on the way out, as I'm making my dramatic exit, I walk right into the glass door.

RORY: No. Ouch!

[they go into the apartment]

LUCY: So the next semester, he keeps hounding me about how I'd be perfect for his production of "California suite" because I have such a gift for physical comedy.

RORY: [Chuckles]

LUCY: [looking around] Holy crap! Your boyfriend is rich.

OLIVIA: And he's got some wild stuff. I mean, what's this about? [looking at the knight suit]

LUCY: Well, I must eat. I'm positively famished.

OLIVIA: Nice sound system [starts a CD]

LUCY: Do you have popcorn?

RORY: Um, yeah, there should be some in there.

LUCY: You have a hell of a lot of rice in here, Rory. White rice, brown rice, long-stem rice. You are simply crazy for rice.

RORY: Who doesn't like rice?

LUCY: Look who found an air popper!

OLIVIA: Genius.

LUCY: Now we just need some popcorn. Or something else that could be cooked in here. Rice. Who's up for a late-night snack of air-popped rice?

RORY: [Cell phone rings] Oh, wow, that must be my Logan call. I didn't realize it was so late already.

LUCY: Time flies when you're partying with artist.

RORY: Hey!

[Logan in his office]

LOGAN: Hey.

RORY: Hi.

LOGAN: What's going on? You having a party, Ace? Oh, no, I'm just hanging out with a few friends.

LOGAN: Just friends, huh?

RORY: Yeah.

LOGAN: Anybody I know or..?

RORY: No. Just some girls I met.

OLIVIA: Hi, Logan!

LUCY: Hi, Logan!

LOGAN: Just girls, huh? Your new boyfriend's not over.

RORY: Nope. Just us girls hanging out in our underwear, throwing pillows at each other - you know girl stuff.

LOGAN: Sounds very wholesome and loud.

RORY: Yeah, we're...

LUCY: Hey, Rory!

RORY: [to Logan] Um, hold on just a sec. [to Lucy] Yeah?

LUCY: This says it's popcorn, but it looks so fancy. Can I open it, or are you saving it for a special occasion or something?

RORY: Go ahead. [back to Logan] Hey, uh, sorry. Is it okay if I call you back later?

LOGAN: Sure, no problem. Have fun.

RORY: I will. Love you. Bye.

LUCY: Is that too much popcorn?

RORY: Uh, yeah.

LUCY: I'm really hungry. [continues filling the air popper and spilling it on the counter.]

OLIVIA: Okay. Someone's got some explaining to do. [holding up something that looks like you use to walk on snow.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR

LORELAI: I mean they escorted her out in her stocking feet.

CHRISTOPHER: Her shoes in a bag.

LORELAI: Somewhere in my youth or childhood...

CHRISTOPHER: ...you must have done something good.

LORELAI: The universe owed me this one.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm glad you had fun.

LORELAI: I did. Didn't you have fun?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, I did. It was great.

LORELAI: It was one of the "great" greats. What?

CHRISTOPHER: Nothing. I feel I may have gotten overshadowed a bit. I mean how's my little barn movie supposed to compare with your mom in jail?

LORELAI: Chris, no! It was just the cherry on top, the mint on the pillow of what was already a perfect night. No, I loved our date. It was amazing. I loved the movie. I'll never forget the movie I saw the night I picked my mother up from jail.

CHRISTOPHER: You're never gonna get tired of saying that, are you?

LORELAI: "Picked up my mom from jail"? No, I don't think I ever will. I'm just so glad you were with me tonight. I mean, anybody else who would have seen me laughing as I bailed my mother out of jail would have just thought I was completely deranged.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, I know you're deranged but for completely different reasons.

LORELAI: I mean, you just get it, and you make everything fun, and it's so nice to be with someone who understands you and makes you...

[they kiss]

CHRISTOPHER: I'll call you tomorrow.

LORELAI: Gigi's with her grandmother?

CHRISTOPHER: She is.

LORELAI: You want to come in?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah?

LORELAI: Yeah.

[they kiss as music from the movie plays again, "S'Wonderful S'Marvelous, That you should care for me"]