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07x11 - Santa's Secret Stuff

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07x11 - Santa's Secret Stuff

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LORELAI'S HOUSE - LORELAI'S BED ROOM

[Lorelai is pacing and looking out the window]

LORELAI: [Gasps] Ooh!

[Sees a car pull up in the drive way. Runs down stairs to the front door shouting]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

LORELAI: The redcoats are coming! The redcoats are coming!

GIGI: The redcoats are coming!

CHRISTOPHER: Whoa, whoa. Hold on there, missy. Got to put on your jacket first, okay?

[Lorelai runs outside]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR

LORELAI: Hi!

RORY: Hi!

LORELAI: I'm so mad at you!

RORY: What kind of greeting is that?

LORELAI: What kind of daughter doesn't let her mother pick her up at the airport?

RORY: The kind who parks her car at the airport car park.

LORELAI: But I'm the kind of mother who picks her daughter up at the airport, you know with flowers and coffee and a fake chauffeur's sign. Why would you mess with my sense of self?

ORY: My car was parked at the airport car park.

LORELAI: So what, I could have driven to the airport, picked you up, brought you back. Then we both could have driven to pick up your car and come here.

RORY: Yeah 'cause that wouldn't be a waste of gas or anything.

LORELAI: [picking up a bag] Oh, god. Did you pack Big Ben? I still think it was kind of risky.

RORY: What's risky?

LORELAI: Well you've spent a lot of time across the pond. You might get confused and forget which side of the road to drive on.

RORY: Yeah it was a near escape.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey! Welcome home!

GIGI: The redcoat is here!

RORY: Hi, dad!

CHRISTOPHER: How are you doing?

RORY: Good. [they kiss] Hi, little sister. Oh, hello. Okay. Oh. [Gigi is holding on to her leg] Oh. Well, all right.

[Laughs]

CHRISTOPHER: So, you made it here okay?

RORY: Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: I was thinking -- all that time in England, you might forget which side of the road to drive on.

LORELAI: Hey, don't steal my material.

CHRISTOPHER: What do you mean, your material?

LORELAI: I just made that joke.

CHRISTOPHER: They driving on the other side of the road thing, that's my joke. If you just made it, you ripped me off.

LORELAI: I ripped you off?

RORY: Guys.

LORELAI: That's like saying Lenny Bruce rips off carrot top or Woody Allen gets his material from what's his name -- the guy with the watermelons.

CHRISTOPHER: I did not rip you off -- no way, no how, sister. I made that joke this morning at breakfast. When we were sitting there. We were drinking coffee.

RORY: Guys, not that that's not a hilarious joke, but the guy at the car park made the same one. Hey, Gigi, Would you want to take this inside for me? [Handing her a small bag]

GIGI: Okay.

CHRISTOPHER: Come on, Geege.

RORY: Ohh!

LORELAI: What?

RORY: You took the Christmas lights down.

LORELAI: I didn't take them down. I haven't put them up yet. I saved Christmas for you.

RORY: You...

LORELAI: Before you left we said we were gonna wait and do Christmas together.

RORY: Okay, yeah, but...

LORELAI: [Noticing the earrings Rory is wearing] What are those?

RORY: What are what?

LORELAI: Are those a Christmas present from Logan?

RORY: No, I mean -- well, yeah, but it's more like a late birthday/new year's present. What stop sniffing me.

LORELAI: I smell Christmas cookies.

RORY: Well there's no way you can smell cookies from six days ago.

LORELAI: So there were Christmas cookies.

RORY: There may have been a little Christmas.

LORELAI: Unbelievable!

RORY: London, as a city, is very Christmas-obsessed. Okay I couldn't help what was going on around me. But inside, I assure you, I was devoid of the Christmas spirit -- a complete scrooge.

LORELAI: I didn't let any Christmas happen. I grinched it up so hard, I didn't even let it snow.

RORY: What it hasn't snowed yet?

LORELAI: Thanks to me thinking of you and our agreement, our pledge, our oath.

RORY: You stopped the snow?

LORELAI: Yes sheer force of will. We said we would have no Christmas, so I had no Christmas.

RORY: You must have had a little Christmas.

LORELAI: None.

RORY: What no presents?

LORELAI: No presents.

RORY: No tree?

LORELAI: No tree.

RORY: No eggnog?

LORELAI: No egg, no nog. I sat in the dark with the lights off and ate gruel.

RORY: Okay, mom.

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: I hereby apologize for any accidental Christmas celebrating I may have done. I'm now ready to celebrate Christmas for real.

LORELAI: Yeah?

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: Okay!

[Laughter]

RORY: So, you stopped the snow?

LORELAI: Yeah. I did an anti-snow dance. It was humiliating and arguauus, but I had made a promise to my daughter.

RORY: Humiliating?

LORELAI: Two words -- coconut bra.

OPENING CREDITS

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[Chris, Rory, Gigi and Lorelai enter]

CHRISTOPHER: Where am I taking this?

LORELAI: Living room.

RORY: I love our trees!

GIGI: Me too!

CHRISTOPHER: You don't think our trees are...

LORELAI: What?

CHRISTOPHER: Maybe a little homely?

LORELAI: Homely?!

CHRISTOPHER: I'm just saying.

RORY: What!

LORELAI: What are you saying?

CHRISTOPHER: That our trees are not classically good-looking. I mean if you were to look up "tree" in the dictionary, you would not find one of these fellows.

LORELAI: Why would you look up "tree" in the dictionary?

RORY: So we don't have classically good-looking trees.

LORELAI: You don't know what a tree is.

RORY: Come on look at that tree.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm looking.

RORY: That tree has character.

LORELAI: It does.

RORY: That tree has earned character by persevering through freezing winters and forest fires and floods.

LORELAI: This tree's a fighter.

RORY: Woodpeckers, I mean maniacal woodpeckers just pecking at its trunk.

LORELAI: Survivor.

RORY: Peck, peck, peck, day in and day out.

LORELAI: That tree's a champion.

RORY: [changing her tone and smiling] It smells so good in here with all our trees.

LORELAI: It's like a dozen car air fresheners.

RORY: Just imagine how good it's gonna be once all our trees are here.

CHRISTOPHER: This is crazy!

LORELAI: Seven trees.

CHRISTOPHER: Which was crazy.

LORELAI: What? Buck a tree.

RORY: Dad, we have to have at least one tree in the kitchen.

GIGI: Yeah, dad.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm in a forest of crazy.

RORY: Hm-hmm.

LORELAI: Buck a tree.

RORY: Genius.

LORELAI: So genius we better be careful, or word will get out and everyone will start celebrating Christmas after Christmas, which will really drive up the post-Christmas Christmas-tree prices.

RORY: Then we'll have to keep celebrating later and later.

LORELAI: Yeah before we know it, we'll be having Figgy pudding in July. Look! Gigi! You know who made this? Rory. Rory made this when she was right about your age.

GIGI: That's nice.

RORY: Someone's not impressed.

LORELAI: Well she doesn't understand abstract art.

RORY: Philistine.

LORELAI: Hey, look at this. Here's Santa's costume. Wow. That's seen better days.

GIGI: Why do you have Santa's clothes?

LORELAI: Because...I...used to do Santa's dry cleaning.

GIGI: You did?

LORELAI: Yeah.

GIGI: Wow.

LORELAI: I know.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, everybody can relax. There's now a Christmas tree in the kitchen.

LORELAI: Thank you.

RORY: Oh! My antlers! I love my antlers!

GIGI: Oh, neat! Let me try!

RORY: Wow, okay.

GIGI: [running off to the kitchen] On vixen! On blisters!...

RORY: Kid took my antlers, she took my antlers and galloped away.

LORELAI: Alright now tell me more about London. Did everything work out with Logan after the whole Marty/Lucy/dinner debacle?

RORY: Well I was pretty angry for a while, especially after he blurted out all that stuff the way he did, but he apologized a lot and even admitted that he was a little jealous, so I forgave him.

LORELAI: Well, that's good.

RORY: Yeah well, plus I realized a lot of it was my fault. I was Lucy's friend. I should have been straight with her about knowing Marty. I can't believe I got suckered into that whole thing I mean for so long. I don't blame her for hating me.

LORELAI: Have you talked to her now?

RORY: I've left messages.

LORELAI: Oh, hon.

[Entering room]

CHRISTOPHER: Wow! Look at all this!

LORELAI: Yeah, we have a lot of Christmas stuff.

CHRISTOPHER: Cool. Mistletoe.

LORELAI: Where are you going?

CHRISTOPHER: I'm gonna hang it up in the doorway.

RORY: Oh, that's not where it goes.

CHRISTOPHER: Where does it go?

RORY: We tape it up to one of the blades of the ceiling fan upstairs. That way, the kissing is more like a sport.

LORELAI: One of our traditions.

CHRISTOPHER: That's a tradition?

RORY: Our traditions are important to us.

CHRISTOPHER: What other traditions am I in for?

RORY: On Christmas morning, we put red and green M&M's in our cereal.

CHRISTOPHER: Down with that.

RORY: We string up our stockings on the banister.

LORELAI: Yes we used to string them up in the traditional traditionally place of the fireplace, but there was that fire incident, and they nearly burned to bits. So now we put them on little nails on the banister.

RORY: Oh, we always go to Weston's for a cup of holiday candy-cane coffee, which is so delicious.

LORELAI: Delicious. And we bake cookies.

CHRISTOPHER: You bake?

RORY: Well we put on Christmas music, drink eggnog, and pretend to bake the cookies we bought from Weston's.

LORELAI: We do, however, make our own frosting. We use a handheld electric mixer from the dark ages so that Rory can continue the tradition of licking the beaters.

RORY: Yes, a skill which I have perfected over the years.

LORELAI: And then on Christmas eve, we leave the cookies out for Santa's reindeer.

RORY: Santa prefers gum.

CHRISTOPHER: Well I am very excited about these traditions, but you know because it's our first Christmas together as a family, I thought maybe it was time to start some new traditions.

LORELAI: Like what?

CHRISTOPHER: Well, for starters... I got us these. [holds up new stocking]

LORELAI: Wow.

RORY: Oh, they're so big and flashy.

CHRISTOPHER: Ha, I got one for each of us.

LORELAI: But we have stockings already.

RORY: [holding up the old stocking] I mean they're a little singed from the fire, but they're still usable.

CHRISTOPHER: But not stockings like these. Ha.

RORY: That's true.

CHRISTOPHER: Alright this will be a new tradition. I'm gonna hang them up.

You know what else we should do? We should go caroling.

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Are you kidding?

CHRISTOPHER: It'll be fun.

LORELAI: Well It wouldn't be fun for strangers to hear us sing.

RORY: It'd be cruel that's what it would be.

LORELAI: And embarrassing.

CHRISTOPHER: Guys, carols are beautiful. [singing badly, the girls look amused] Gl-o-o-o-o-o-o- o-o-o-o-o-o-o-oria in excelsis deo

DRAGONFLY INN - RECEPTION DESK

[Michel is on the phone as Luke enters]

MICHEL: yes, sir. Thank you. [seeing Luke] Oh. You. I thought we were done with you.

LUKE: Hi, Michel. Is Lorelai here? [on the phone] Hey. Can you tell Lorelai that... someone is here to see her? [hangs up, silence for a few second] Well, this is awfully awkward. We should make some sort of conversation. I see your sense of style has not changed.

LUKE: Nope.

MICHEL: I've often wondered, does someone in your family own a flannel company?

LUKE: Uh, no.

MICHEL: Oh. You know what? I cannot do this. Let us just stand here and let the awkwardness wash over us.

LUKE: Fine by me.

[a few seconds of silence before Lorelai enters]

LORELAI: Hi.

MICHEL: Ahh, here she is. It's been a delight chatting with you.

LUKE: I'm sorry to just barge in like this.

LORELAI: That's okay.

LUKE: Can we talk somewhere?

LORELAI: Um, sure.

DRAGONFLY INN - LIBRARY

[Luke and Lorelai sitting on the same couch, face to face]

LUKE: [Sighs] Anna wants to move to New Mexico with April.

LORELAI: New Mexico?

LUKE: Anna's mother had major surgery, and she's not doing so well. And Anna wants to be near her, which I get. It's just I'd like to see April on some weekends and vacations.

LORELAI: Of course.

LUKE: But Anna says no. In fact, right now, she's not letting me see April at all, so I have to fight for custody, and I'm going to court.

LORELAI: Wow.

LUKE: Yeah, it's the whole thing. I got to get a lawyer and wear a tie. It's not fun.

LORELAI: It's good you're doing it, though.

LUKE: Well, I can't not. You know I can't not do it.

LORELAI: Right.

LUKE: So, anyway, um, the court date is coming up. And I need a character reference. And Liz wrote one, but my lawyer read it, and he said it was sweet, but it was filled with all these weird childhood anecdotes that I probably don't want to share with anyone, much less a court of law. And I need another one, and I just don't know who to go to. And I know it's an awful lot to ask. And if it's weird or whatever...

LORELAI: Yes...

[Luke continues talking like he didn't hear Lorelai]

LUKE: I mean, I totally understand.

LORELAI: Yes.

LUKE: But if you could, uh...

LORELAI: Yes, I'll do it.

LUKE: Yeah? Okay. All right, well, this is my lawyer's address, and you can just mail the letter directly to him.

LORELAI: Okay

LUKE: Yeah, and, look, if you don't mind, if you could do it as soon as possible... [Lorelai nods] the court date's right around the corner.

LORELAI: Definitely.

LUKE: Thanks. Thank you.

LORELAI: You're welcome.

LUKE: Yeah. Um, okay, well...I'll just... thanks.

LORELAI: Sure. I'll get right on it.

LUKE: I send it to here. Okay. [They shake hands, Lorelai looks a little weird about it] All right. Thanks. Okay.

DRAGONFLY INN - LIBRARY

[Later, Lorelai is on the couch and is trying to write the letter, with a note pad and pen but can't, she leaves]

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Sookie is on the phone]

SOOKIE: No, that should do it. Thanks.

LORELAI: Ugh!

SOOKIE: It's hard, huh?

LORELAI: Yeah, the pressure is a lot, you know?

SOOKIE: Yeah, of course.

LORELAI: I mean I just keep thinking that whatever I write might help save Luke's relationship with his kid, which is huge and important, so the pressure's really getting to me -- that and a lack of sufficient caffeine.

SOOKIE: Of course. Totally. I mean plus I mean, it's Luke, and after all you've been through, it's got to be hard.

LORELAI: Well, yeah.

SOOKIE: You're having to dig up all those feelings for him. That can't be fun. You must be feeling overwhelmed.

LORELAI: I really don't think it's about digging up my feelings for Luke.

SOOKIE: Okay.

LORELAI: I think it's really about writing an amazing letter. I mean the stakes are really high for him, and I want it to be something amazing and powerful, like Gettysburg address powerful or "I have a dream" powerful. So, I'm thinking I'll look a couple of those up online and just pop the name "Luke" in there and be I'll done with it.

SOOKIE: Sure. I don't think anyone will notice.

LORELAI: All right, back to work.

SOOKIE: Good luck.

DRAGONFLY INN - LIBRARY

[Lorelai enters with here coffee and gets to writing again but can't get started. Cuts to Lorelai returning to the couch with strawberries, she eats one, tries writing again. Then tried to juggle some strawberries. More writing and she rips out the sheet form the pad and screws it up. She plays the "bendy pen" trick with the pen before throwing it away]

LUKE'S DINER

[Lane is serving customers and VERY pregnant]

WOMAN CUSTOMER: Is it twins? It's got to be twins.

LANE: Is what twins?

MAN CUSTOMER: [pointing to Lanes belly] Are you...

LANE: Pregnant? You think I'm pregnant? Oh Yeah, it's not acceptable in this society to be a plus-sized woman who happens to carry her weight in her belly.

WOMAN CUSTOMER: So you're not -- oh, gee. Well, I need new glasses. I'm sorry.

LANE: Of course I'm pregnant. Turkey with Swiss. [Puts plates down hard. Moves on to other customers] Hey! Hey! What's up with this tip?

2ND WOMAN CUSTOMER: Oh, I'M...sorry.

LANE: This is 50%. I don't need your pity tips. Okay I'm pregnant, not homeless.

LUKE: April!

APRIL: [small laugh, they hug]

LUKE: Hey Wow. What are you doing?

APRIL: Well I biked over because... [sees Lane] oh, my gosh. Lane is gigantic.

LUKE: Yeah well I wouldn't mention that to Lane.

APRIL: Hey did you know the gestation period for an elephant is 22 months?

LUKE: Yeah well I wouldn't mention that to Lane, either. So what are you doing here, does your mother know you're here?

APRIL: She doesn't have a clue. See I told her I was gonna spend the whole day at the Boston museum of science with Melissa and her dad. And it's perfect because mom confirmed things with Melissa's dad two days ago. But then yesterday, I told Melissa's dad that I couldn't come because I had gotten the curse,

LUKE: The...

APRIL: Which is perfect, 'cause you know how awkward men get about menstruation.

LUKE: yeah ah look so it's really great to see you, but this isn't gonna work.

APRIL: But there's no way mom will ever figure it out. I even read all about cotton-topped Tamarin monkeys and the Van De Graaff generator, so I'll have plenty to tell her when I get back. Yeah I'm gonna have to take you home.

APRIL: No!

LUKE: I'm sorry.

APRIL: Dad, no. Please, no. I've missed you so much.

LUKE: Yeah well I missed you, too.

APRIL: I haven't seen you in ages and ages. Plus, if you take me home now, mom will know that I lied, and I'll get into so much trouble. Please?

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

APRIL: Here. This is for you. Merry belated Christmas. Sorry it looks like this. I couldn't exactly wrap it in wrapping paper without arousing maternal suspicions, if you know what I mean.

LUKE: Thanks. I actually got you something, too.

APRIL: You did?

LUKE: Yeah. [small pause as the look at each other] So, are you hungry or what?

APRIL: Tuna-fish sandwiches?

LUKE: That's what I was thinking, too. [April giggles] Come on. Let's go upstairs.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

[Lorelai, Rory and Gigi are sitting at the table, Gigi wearing Rory's antlers, they are all dressed in Christmas design clothes. They are making cranberry and popcorn Garlands]

LORELAI: Be very careful with your needle.

GIGI: I know.

LORELAI: Okay because it's really, really pointy.

GIGI: I know.

RORY: Okay so, what guidelines did he give you?

LORELAI: None. No guidelines, no guidelines whatsoever. I'm supposed to write a character reference, so I thought I'd reference his character.

RORY: Sounds like you're on the right track.

LORELAI: No, I'm not because it turns out I can't write.

RORY: Oh, sure, you can.

LORELAI: No, I can't. I stare at the blank page, and I keep staring and staring. And eventually I have to get up and lubricate my eyeballs. Otherwise, they would fall out of my head, like raisins.

[Gigi giggles]

RORY: Well, are you using a pen? You can't just stare at the paper. You have to have a writing implement of some kind.

GIGI: [Showing what she's done] Look.

LORELAI: Very pretty, honey.

RORY: Hey what a good job.

LORELAI: You know what I really like? Your cranberry-to-popcorn ratio. Rory's more of a 1-to-1 kinda gal, but I'm like you. I like a lot of cranberry, little popcorn thrown in for flair. [just to Rory] Yours is pretty, too.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: I have a writing implement. The problem is that everything I write sounds so schmucky.

RORY: I'm sure that's not true. We're running low on cranberries.

LORELAI: "Luke Danes is a highly regarded member of this community." [Makes sick sound] "Not an ill word can be spoken of Mr. Danes." It's like I'm some documentary narrator from the history channel. And you know what phrase I keep using? "Stand-up." "Luke Danes is a stand-up guy. "He's an upstanding member of stars hollow, a real stand-up citizen." People are gonna think he's turned into a comedian.

RORY: Sounds like you're over thinking this. Maybe if you just put pen to paper.

LORELAI: I tried that, I thought, "I'll just sit down and write whatever comes -- no judgment, no inner critic." Boy was that a bad idea.

RORY: Really? Why?

LORELAI: Because my brain is a wild jungle full of scary gibberish. "I'm writing a letter. I can't write

a letter. "Why can't I write a letter? I'm wearing a green dress. "I wish I was wearing my blue dress. "My blue dress is at the cleaners. "'The Germans wore gray. You wore blue. "Casablanca'. "Casablanca' is such a good movie. "'Casablanca.' The white house. Bush. "Why don't I drive a hybrid car? I should drive a hybrid car. "I should really take my bicycle to work. "Bicycle. Unicycle. Unitard. Hockey puck. Rattlesnake. Monkey, monkey, underpants."

[Gigi giggles again]

RORY: "Hockey puck, rattlesnake, monkey, monkey, underpants"?

LORELAI: Exactly, that's what I'm saying. It's a big bag of weird in there. So, I think I need inspiration. You know I need a muse. Perhaps I need "the muse." Maybe it would help if Sharon Stone would appear to me in an alarming caftan and coo inspirational words in my ear.

RORY: Just write what you feel. That's all writing is. Hey do you think there might be some reason why you're having trouble? I mean I would imagine that writing about Luke wouldn't be easy.

LORELAI: I know -- you should write it.

RORY: What? No.

LORELAI: Yes. You are a wonderful writer. Everything you write is so good. Your grocery lists are like shimmering haikus.

RORY: You write a pretty mean grocery list yourself. And it doesn't have to shimmer it just has to be authentic and real. Oh! You know what I'm gonna do?

LORELAI: Write my thing for me.

RORY: No, I'm going to write a letter to Lucy explaining how sorry I am. That way, she doesn't have to see me, and she can just read it and she'll still know.

LORELAI: That's great and after you do that, you can write my letter for me.

RORY: No, this is something you have to write yourself.

GIGI: What letter?

LORELAI: Uh...to Santa.

GIGI: Wow.

LORELAI: You know I bet my problem is? The whole writing-by-hand thing. You know I think what would help is if I got my old electric typewriter out. The soothing sound of that irritating buzzing -- that's what would help me.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm home!

LORELAI: [changing the subject, Rory notices] So, cranberries really stay on the string, and popcorn falls right off. Hi, sweetie.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, everybody.

RORY: Hey, dad.

GIGI: Hi dad.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey. [Chris and Lorelai kiss] Wow. Look at those.

GIGI: They're for the trees.

LORELAI: So what do you have in the bag?

CHRISTOPHER: No snooping. This is Santa's secret stuff.

GIGI: Lorelai knows Santa.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, yeah?

GIGI: She does Santa's dry cleaning.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, Lorelai is a remarkable woman.

[Lorelai chuckles]

STARS HOLLOW - OUTSIDE LUKE'S DINNER

[Lane exits and walks (waddles) down the street]

LANE: [to some people on the street] Uh-huh.

LANE, ZACH AND BRIAN'S APARTMENT - EXTERIOR

[Lane is coming home and enters the apartment, Lane is in a bad mood.]

ZACH: The yellow squash?

MRS KIM: Yes, they're a delicacy. We're going to steam them along with the broccoli.

ZACH: Is that adult broccoli? Can you do that with baby squash?

MRS KIM: Yes, it's very high in oxidants.

[at the same time]

ZACH: Welcome home, babe.

MRS KIM: Welcome home, Lane.

ZACH: So we went to the nature mart, and guess what we got you. Turnip greens - turns out they got a sick amount of folic acid. What else did we get? Squash, zucchini, tofu.

MRS KIM: Special calcium-fortified tofu.

ZACH: And the calcium's real important because you're not eating some of your previous calcium sources, like soft cheese. You're not eating soft cheese, are you?

LANE: No, no. I'm not having any soft cheese.

ZACH: And no sushi?

MRS KIM: And no duck. We don't want the babies to have webbed feet.

LANE: So the duck sushi I had for lunch was probably a mistake, huh? [they look shocked] I'm kidding, mama. I am beat. Today at work, it was absolutely ridiculous. [sits on the couch, Zach joins her] Every other customer was "baby" -- I'm gonna tell Luke tomorrow I quit...

ZACH: You should put your feet up.

LANE: I'm fine.

ZACH: How are your ankles?

LANE: They're fine.

ZACH: Oh you know what I was reading about? Compression pantyhose. A lot of pregnant women wear them to help with circulation.

MRS KIM: How's your bladder, are the babies putting pressure on your bladder?

LANE: What I don't know.

ZACH: Well how many times did you urinate today?

LANE: Oh, my god, Zach! I am so not answering that question!

MRS KIM: Here are some new prenatal vitamins we bought you. I'm going to put them on your bedside table.

LANE: Fine.

MRS KIM: You have to take two every morning the moment you wake up.

LANE: Fine!

MRS KIM: Maybe I need to make you a chart.

LANE: I don't need a chart.

MRS KIM: I happen to know that you forgot to take your calcium tablets for two mornings. That is not right, Lane.

LANE: Mama, you're counting my pills?

MRS KIM: Yes, of course.

LANE: [Sighs, then when Mrs Kim has left the room she sneaks out a candy bar from the pillow on the couch and opens it.]

ZACH: I'm serious about the whole compression-pantyhose thing. I could totally pick you up a pair. I mean do I relish the prospect of being seen skulking around the pantyhose aisle? No. But I'm sure you don't want varicose veins.

LANE: I don't want pantyhose!

ZACH: Oh. Okay.

[hearing her mother come Lane hides the candy bar]

MRS KIM: I have decided I will make a chart. I need a piece of paper, a ruler, and some magic markers.

LANE: I'm serious, mama. I don't need... what is that?

ZACH: Oh, it's the crib we ordered. Isn't it cool. It'll be big enough for both of them.

LANE: Where are my drums?

ZACH: They're good they're safe. We put them in the closet.

LANE: The closet? You put my drum kit in the closet?

ZACH: Yeah, we needed the space, and, Lane, we haven't had band practice for months.

LANE: [waddles over and opens the closet, shouting] We need to have band practice!

ZACH: Sure. And we will.

LANE: Now.

ZACH: Well if you want, we can call Gil and Brian, but I mean can you even play?

LANE: What do you mean, can I play?

ZACH: I mean, in your condition.

LANE: [getting angrier] I can play.

ZACH: Okay. Cool.

WESTON'S

[Rory and Lorelai are sitting at a table]

LORELAI: I melted three entire candy canes into this not-very-large cup of coffee, and still I can barely taste it.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: It's just the vaguest whisper of peppermint.

RORY: Peppermint. [makes hand gesture]

LORELAI: I swear I could get the same effect if I put Vaporub on my chest and drank coffee at the same time.

RORY: Peppermint. [makes hand gesture again]

LORELAI: I mean how arbitrary is it to decide to stop serving candy-cane coffee the day after Christmas? Christmas spirit is not something that can be turned off like a faucet on December 26th.

RORY: Yeah, it stinks.

LORELAI: On the plus side, any chest congestion I had is now totally cleared up.

RORY: So that's good.

LORELAI: Well, let's go Christmas-shopping.

RORY: Write your letter.

LORELAI: I can't. I need a treat.

RORY: This was your treat, coming to Weston's was supposed to buck up your spirits and inspire your writing.

LORELAI: No, candy-cane coffee was supposed to be my treat. This coffee is no treat. Let's face it - this is un-candy-cane-coffee coffee, and it's totally un-bucking up my spirits. So it's decided -- let's go shopping.

RORY: Write.

LORELAI: Rory, I can't. Ooh. I have an idea. Excuse me. Hi. Merry Christmas.

SUE: Christmas is over.

LORELAI: Okay. Sue -- pretty name. I have a hunch that there's some of the secret candy-cane-coffee mix just sitting in the back there, and I wonder if I could make it worth your while if you and I could come to some sort of arrangement.

SUE: Like I said before we stop selling candy-cane coffee when Christmas is over.

LORELAI: Right I'm not talking about selling it. I'm talking about maybe if you misplaced a canister or two.

SUE: Misplaced?

LORELAI: Misplaced. [winks at her]

SUE: Honey.

LORELAI: Yes?

SUE: Christmas is over.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: Are we gonna talk about this?

LORELAI: About what?

RORY: Why are you lying to dad?

LORELAI: I'm not lying.

RORY: He walked into the kitchen earlier, and you started prattling on about popcorn and cranberries.

LORELAI: I wasn't prattling. Come on, let's blow this popsicle stand. [Sighs]

STARS HOLLOW - TOWN SQUARE

[They girls are walking down the street]

RORY: But you're not telling him about this character-reference thing are you.

LORELAI: Well I haven't yet.

RORY: And you're not planning to.

LORELAI: Well

RORY: You're intentionally not telling him. That's kind of a lie of omission.

LORELAI: A lie of omission Isn't that an Ashley Judd/Morgan Freeman movie?

RORY: Look mum if there's anything to be learned from this whole thing with Lucy, it's that honesty is the best policy.

LORELAI: Err, It's an okay policy.

RORY: But how do you expect to have any kind of relationship if you're not honest with him?

LORELAI: Honey look, I have been around a long time, okay? I wore leggings the last time they were trendy. I knew Tom Hanks when he was a Bosom Buddy. I have lived, and I have learned.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: And I understand that you value honesty, and I applaud that value. But sometimes the truth is a little more complicated.

RORY: More complicated how?

LORELAI: More complicated. Look we don't have to talk about this.

RORY: I know but I want you to tell me what's going on.

LORELAI: Things with dad are great. They're better than great. It's just that...

RORY: What?

LORELAI: He's been a bit on edge about Luke. You know I ran into Luke outside Doose's the other day, and dad saw me holding Liz's baby. And it just wasn't great. It wasn't great timing.

RORY: Wow.

LORELAI: And this whole mom having the not-a-wedding-party thing caused tension, and we argued. So I just want to be sensitive and not worry him about something he doesn't need to worry about.

RORY: Well, that makes sense.

LORELAI: But everything is gonna be fine. Better than fine -- it's gonna be great.

RORY: Okay. Well, you know, mom, I've been around for a while, too. I remember tom hanks from his "Joe Versus The Volcano" days.

LORELAI: Yeah, you were like 5.

RORY: Yeah but the point is, I'm not a kid anymore you know. You don't have to create this whole Christmas illusion where everything in the world is magical and fine. It's okay if it's not.

LORELAI: You still believe in Santa, though, right?

RORY: Your best dry-cleaning client? Of course.

LUKE'S DINER - THE APARTMENT

[Luke is adjusting the gift April gave him]

APRIL: A little to the right. Okay. Too far. A little to the left, there.

LUKE: How's that?

APRIL: Good. It really livens up your apartment.

LUKE: It's a very lively mask. Thanks again, April. I love it. I really do.

APRIL: It's based on my real face you know.

LUKE: Oh, yeah?

APRIL: Oh I mean not the outside, but the inside. I made it in art class, and I had to lie still with straws up my nose while a partner put plaster strips on my face.

LUKE: Straws up your nose.

APRIL: I suffer for my art. Anyway, this kid Evan, he got Liz Alderman as a partner, who's a total wild child. And she laid the plaster strips all willy-nilly and ended up pulling off half his eyebrows.

LUKE: Oh, that's not good huh.

APRIL: Actually, Liz Alderman's on my swim team now.

LUKE: Oh yeah.

APRIL: She's got these really huge feet, which coach Bennett finds promising.

LUKE: Like built-in flippers.

APRIL: Exactly, hopefully they kick in -- no pun intended -- before our big swim meet in May.

LUKE: May huh.

APRIL: May 15th. 10 different clubs are sending teams. It's gonna be amazing.

LUKE: You know I hear they have really great swim teams in New Mexico.

APRIL: Yeah, right. New Mexico is a barren, dusty desert, and they probably don't even have water to swim in.

LUKE: You know what in hot climates, they actually have more swimming pools. I bet you a lot of kids there will be really into swimming.

APRIL: Well then they're probably too good for me. I mean the only reason I get to do so many events is 'cause everyone on my team stinks worse than I do.

LUKE: April.

APRIL: It's true.

LUKE: Go on. [putting a large present on the table] All right, go ahead and open up your Christmas present.

APRIL: Are you trying to bribe me out of a bad mood with the offer of material goods? 'Cause I'm amenable to that.

[Luke smiling and small laugh]

APRIL: [Gasps] Wow! A rock polisher! Thanks so much.

LUKE: You like it?

APRIL: It's the perfect present.

LUKE: Well you hinted at it pretty hard, so I figured it might be the right thing.

APRIL: It is. It is. But, dad, I kind already got a rock polisher from grandma.

LUKE: Oh. Well, then it's not the perfect present.

APRIL: No, it is. It is. This one looks more powerful than the one I already have. Plus, I mean who couldn't use two rock polishers?

LUKE: Yeah?

APRIL: Sure. You should see my rock collection right now. It's insane, I've practically got a quarry in my bedroom -- granite, of course, but also feldspar, quartz, mica, limestone.

LUKE: Cool.

APRIL: I know. I've been biking over to Beacon Falls and going rock-hunting around Naugatuck river. It amazing the other day I found an arrowhead in almost perfect condition. It's so sharp, I think I'd get in trouble if I brought it to school.

LUKE: You know, if you're interested in arrowheads, New Mexico has some incredible places...

APRIL: Dad.

LUKE: Okay. Okay. Let's open this thing.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LORELAI'S BED ROOM

[Lorelai is lying on the bed trying to write the letter]

CHRISTOPHER: Hey! I'm done with the lights. Do you want to see them now, or do you want to wait till after dark?

[Lorelai quickly hides the note pad]

LORELAI: Uh, I will wait -- to get the full effect.

CHRISTOPHER: What you got there?

LORELAI: Uh, nothing. Just some of Santa's secret stuff.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, yeah? What did you get me?

LORELAI: A Maserati.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh that's so sweet of you it's amazing how a Maserati can fit behind the bed like that.

LORELAI: Well I haven't put it together yet, which reminds me -- do you have any masking tape?

CHRISTOPHER: You're gonna assemble the Maserati with masking tape?

LORELAI: Don't ask questions! Just get out of here it's Santa's workshop!

CHRISTOPHER: All right!

[Lorelai gets the note pad]

LORELAI: Rory! We have to go shopping, get your dad a Maserati! [Exits room]

LANE, ZACH AND BRIAN'S APARTMENT

[Lane, Zach and Brian (who can't stop looking at Lanes belly]

LANE: So of course I spun the record for a week straight, because who wouldn't want to listen to Art Brut for a week straight? Oh Pass me your lyrics.

BRIAN: Yeah. Here they are.

LANE: As far as I'm concerned, "Formed a Band" could be the new national anthem. I swear I could literally stand and cover my heart if asked. Brian? Brian? [Lane hits a cymbal]

ZACH: Whoa! What's going on here, babe? Everything okay? You got to watch the loud noises.

LANE: Loud noises? We're about to play rock music, Zach.

BRIAN: Oh, check out the mandolin.

ZACH: Yeah, right. She's a beaut, huh?

BRIAN: Yeah cool. So what kind of stuff you been working on?

ZACH: Mostly I've just been messing around. I wrote one song that was kind of White Stripes' "Little Ghost" meets the Decemberists meets Gulag Orkestar meets, like, "Losing my Religion" meets Jethro Burns on that Steve Goodman album meets "Battle of Evermore" meets The Smiths meets... some other stuff.

BRIAN: That's a lot of meeting.

ZACH: Exactly. Whoa. Okay, this is eerie. You see the way I'm holding my mandolin. It's exactly one of the baby holds I've learned. See how I have it in the crook of my arm with its head supported?

BRIAN: That's how you're supposed to hold a baby?

ZACH: One of the ways. Lane, I wish your mom was here. This is so "rock-a-bye, baby."

LANE: [A little sarcastically] Fascinating.

BRIAN: So wait there are different ways to officially hold a baby?

ZACH: Yeah, sure -- you got your "hello, world," where you put the baby's back to your stomach and put your hand under here for support.

BRIAN: Hmm

ZACH: You got your belly hold, where you put the baby's chest down along one of your forearms. This is really great for gassy babies. Then you got your fruit basket, which is...

[Knock on door]

LANE: Finally. [Laughs while she goes and opens the door.]

GIL: Hey, hey, hey! How we doing? Long time no see.

BRIAN: Gil, how's it hangin'?

GIL: It's hangin' great, my friend. So, check it out. This is the youngest of my brood -- Macon. Macon, this is the band.

MACON: [does the peace sign] What up?

GIL: The sitter flaked, and I got Macon the bacon under my wing.

ZACH: That's cool.

GIL: Sorry for the short notice, but I figured you guys would be a little more understanding being that you're in the family way. Speaking of which... whoa! Check you out, Lane. You are some kind of serious fertility goddess.

LANE: Thanks.

GIL: Zach, nice work, man.

[They high 5]

LANE: I thought we should warm up by practicing some of our old songs. Then maybe Zach could show us what he's been doing with the mandolin.

GIL: The mandolin.

[Zach plays the mandolin]

GIL: Na-na-na-na-na-na-na right on. Oh, man! You got the alcmere 3000!

LANE: The what?

GIL: The breast pump. I'm psyched you guys picked this one. It's really gentle. I mean my wife's got

sensitive nipples. This one didn't bum her out at all.

[Lane is not impressed]

BRIAN: You use that to pump...

GIL: Milk. Sure. That's if you choose to go the breast-feeding route.

LANE: You guys, I'm sure Brian is not interested in this.

BRIAN: Breast-feeding, huh?

GIL: Yeah I mean, some people go with the formula deal, which is cool, too. Actually, for baby number two, we did use formula.

ZACH: Yeah.

GIL: I mean, if you use formula, the old lady can smoke, drink, eat as many tacos as she wants -- no problemo.

ZACH: You hear that, babe?

LANE: Yeah. Tacos. Thrilling.

MALL

[Lorelai and Rory are shopping]

RORY: Why can't they make books out of something lighter?

LORELAI: Lighter than paper?

RORY: I'm being punished for being generous.

LORELAI: That's what you get for having so many smart friends. So I think we're doing well.

RORY: Yeah I think we're done. Oh wait Babette do we have something for Babette?

LORELAI: The needlepoint pillow with the sassy saying.

RORY: Oh yeah, you know It's kind of impressive when people curse in needlepoint. There's something laborious about it.

LORELAI: And I got cologne for Michel and the same cologne for my mother.

RORY: Weird.

LORELAI: Well, they'll both hate whatever I give them, so I figured, why spend time picking out doomed gifts? Then I have whatever Williams-Sonoma sold me for Sookie -- a butter slicer, a bread warmer/wine maker.

RORY: Well, I'm sure she'll love her butter slicer.

LORELAI: If that's even what it is. I swear they could attach a stone to a piece of string and call it a poultry pounder, and I'd shell out 35 bucks.

RORY: So I guess all we need is dad.

LORELAI: Yeah I really want to get him something great. We have the sweater.

RORY: And the really heavy book.

LORELAI: But I want to get him something that he'll really love.

RORY: Well, we will. I mean we'll find something. We have a whole mall here full of post-Christmas prices. We'll find something.

LORELAI: Guys are tricky, but your dad's really tricky. I mean what does he need? What does he want?

RORY: Hmm, perhaps a poultry pounder.

LORELAI: Plus, he is my husband now. I've never bought something for a husband. I wish they had a special store for husband stuff.

RORY: Hey! [pointing to a telescope]

LORELAI: Huh.

RORY: What do you think?

LORELAI: Maybe.

RORY: I think he'd love it. Come on. [they enter the store] Oh, look at this one.

LORELAI: Oh! [looks through the eye piece] Doesn't work so good inside, though.

RORY: Well.

LORELAI: Solar systems, 50% off!

RORY: Oh that's not just a post-Christmas sale. That's a post-Pluto sale.

LORELAI: Poor Pluto.

RORY: Oh, poor Pluto. [spotting Luke] Hey, um, it's Luke.

LORELAI: Hmm? [Lorelai looks up to see Luke, he nods and she waves] Hi. I guess we should...

RORY: Yeah.

[They walk over]

APRIL: Oh! Hey!

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: Hey. Hey, Rory.

RORY: Hey, Luke. Hey, April.

APRIL: Hey. Hey.

LORELAI: Hi. Hi, April.

APRIL: Hi.

LORELAI: So.

LUKE: Yeah April showed up at the diner today out of the blue.

APRIL: You make it sound like Pearl Harbor or something.

LUKE: No, I mean, it was a surprise -- a nice surprise. So, how's it going?

LORELAI: It's -- I'm almost done.

LUKE: [looking serious] Done?

LORELAI: You're not talking about the letter. You're just asking in general.

LUKE: I meant, how's it going?

LORELAI: Good. I'm good. We're good.

APRIL: Hey, I like your sweaters. They're very festive.

RORY: Thank you. It's Christmas for us.

LORELAI: Rory was in London at the end of December, so we waited to do Christmas together.

LUKE: Of course you did.

CASHIER: Sir, do you have a return?

LUKE: Oh, yeah. Yeah.

RORY: So, April, how was your Christmas?

APRIL: Well, I'm 60% atheist and 40% agnostic, so Christmas isn't really a big deal for me.

RORY: Oh, really? 60/40, huh?

LORELAI: More of a winter solstice gal?

APRIL: Exactly. You went to London by yourself over Christmas?

RORY: Oh I wasn't exactly by myself. I met my boyfriend there.

APRIL: Oh. Meeting a lover in a foreign city -- how glamorous. I can't wait to be grown up and glamorous and make my own decisions about where I go and when. Being a kid is the pits sometimes.

LORELAI: It sure is.

APRIL: Oh, thanks.

LORELAI: What'd you get?

APRIL: Well, my dad got me the greatest present ever -- a rock-polishing kit -- but I had already gotten it from my grandma, who's very into Christmas. So we exchanged it for this microscope, which is also the greatest present.

LORELAI: Good.

RORY: Wow. That's great.

APRIL: My dad's always been a great gift giver.

LUKE: I guess I don't know if I was always considered good at picking out presents, right, Rory?

RORY: Oh, no, you've always been great.

LUKE: Towels?

APRIL: What towels?

RORY: You meant well.

APRIL: You gave her towels?

RORY: For my birthday.

LUKE: I had them monogrammed. I thought it was cool.

RORY: Yes you went through quite the monogramming phase.

LUKE: I believe you received monogrammed pencils, a monogrammed mug, a monogrammed backpack, and a monogrammed belt.

RORY: Well no one ever tried to steal that belt. Those were my favorite towels. I still have the washcloth.

APRIL: That's hilarious.

RORY: Hey remember the year you got me the unicorn marionette with the purple horn?

LUKE: You didn't like the unicorn marionette?

RORY: I've never really been that into unicorns.

LUKE: I thought you loved that.

RORY: I know because I was being polite.

APRIL: Being polite can be dangerous.

RORY: Yes, it totally backfired, because for the next five years, I only got unicorn items -- unicorn sweatshirt, unicorn pencil case, bumper sticker -- "I brake for unicorns." No but you were always so nice. You never forgot my birthday. And every holiday, there was a monogrammed unicorn item.

APRIL: Dad for the record I'm not really into unicorns, either.

LUKE: Well, I'm glad to know it. Anyway we should get going. I got to get you home, kiddo.

LORELAI: Well, we have to buy up all the Pluto stuff. It's really gonna be a collector's item.

LUKE: Sure.

APRIL: Bye, you guys.

LORELAI: Bye.

RORY: Have a merry Christmas.

LORELAI: Merry Christmas.

STARS HOLLOW - OUTSIDE DOOSES MARKET

[Lane and Zach exit]

ZACH: Honey, let me carry that.

LANE: No, thank you.

ZACH: Lane come on.

LANE: I'm perfectly capable of carrying a bag of groceries.

ZACH: Nutter butters? I put those Nutter butters back on the shelf.

LANE: Well I took them off of the shelf.

ZACH: You know your mom doesn't think you should be eating too many cookies.

LANE: Enough about my mom, okay? I'm so sick of her.

ZACH: Come on she's been pretty great, Lane. She cooks for us, she cleans for us. She's a total fount of baby information.

LANE: Well you know what maybe you should have married my mom, then, okay?

ZACH: Well, I'm sure when your mom was younger... [Lane looks at Zach] hey, I'm just saying, she's a handsome woman. What I'm just saying that I bet when she was younger, she used to look a little like you -- shorter hair, no glasses, maybe a bit more crabby maybe.

LANE: Well, I'm sick of her.

ZACH: That's kind of harsh.

LANE: I am. I'm sick of her. I'm sick of it all. I'm sick of being treated like I'm not a person, like I'm some incubator whose puffy ankles and varicose veins and bathroom habits are up for discussion. On what planet is it appropriate to ask a person how many times a day she urinates?

ZACH: Well you can ask me.

LANE: I don't want to ask you.

ZACH: Six times today so far. I had a lot of coffee.

LANE: I'm sick of being told what to eat and what I shouldn't and what side I should sleep on. I'm a person, Zach. I'm an adult. I don't want to be hiding things under the floorboards and behind cushions again.

ZACH: Yeah that's no good. Plus, we're starting to get ants and mites.

LANE: I don't want everything to change just because we're having these babies.

ZACH: But things are going to change. There's no getting around it. Really, really soon, we're gonna have two babies -- two alive human sons.

LANE: It was such a small window -- a peephole, really. For years, I was this repressed kid, and then there was the briefest of windows. And then -- slam. All of a sudden, I'm this overburdened mother. I barely got to do it, Zach. I barely got the chance to be a person.

ZACH: No, no you can still be a person and you can still be rock 'n' roll. Having babies doesn't mean you can't be rock 'n' roll.

LANE: I don't know.

ZACH: Give me a break, Sonic Youth has a kid, and they're still way cool.

LANE: Yeah.

ZACH: And Mick Jagger -- that cat has like 15 kids, and he still goes out and rocks.

LANE: Yeah, I guess.

ZACH: For sure the man rocks hard, and then he comes home and makes another kid.

LANE: I don't want to make any other kids ever.

ZACH: All I'm saying is, we can still go out and play. I mean that's one of the cool things about having your mother around -- built-in babysitter.

LANE: Yeah. I just don't think I can bear having her around all the time.

ZACH: What about weekends, what if she hung out with us on the weekends and spent the week back at her pad?

LANE: Yeah, I guess that'd be all right.

ZACH: Let me carry that bag for you.

LUKE'S DINER - EXTERIOR

[Luke and April arrive back from the mall]

LUKE: I had such a good time with you today.

APRIL: I was thinking that Tuesdays after school, I could tell mom that I have chess club. And I really only have chess club once a week, but I could pretend it's twice a week. As soon as school's over, I could bike halfway to stars hollow, and you could meet me. I could hide in the bushes and do prearranged bird calls, like a mourning dove or something -- a "coo-roo coo-roo coo-roo" as a signal.

LUKE: Yeah, I don't think so.

APRIL: Or I don't need to do the bird calls.

LUKE: It wouldn't be right, April. It wouldn't we can't lie to your mother.

APRIL: But.

LUKE: Your mother and I are not totally seeing eye to eye on certain things, and so we're sort of in negotiations to figure out how to share our parenting responsibilities.

APRIL: Do you have a good lawyer?

LUKE: A good...

APRIL: You better have a good one, 'cause mom hired a shark.

LUKE: We're gonna figure that out. Don't worry about it, okay? But the court case is the reason that it's really important that we do everything honestly and aboveboard.

APRIL: Yeah. I guess that makes sense.

LUKE: Okay. So...what should we do with the microscope?

APRIL: Keep it. I'll use it the next time I'm over -- soon.

LUKE: Okay.

APRIL: You can set it up if you want. Just make sure that you always remove the slide before you rotate the lenses, or you can grind things up. And always carry it with a hand under the base.

LUKE: I'll be very careful.

[They hug]

APRIL: Bye.

LUKE: Bye. Don't forget to put your helmet on.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LORELAI'S BEDROOM

[Lorelai is at her old electric typewriter, typing up the letter, she finishes and puts it in an envelope. Christmas music is playing, Bing Crosby "I'll be home for Christmas you can plan on me please have snow and mistletoe and presents on the tree..."]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[The room is in full Christmas mode, we can here Chris and the girls in the kitchen, Lorelai comes down the stairs, she listens for a moment and looks happy]

CHRISTOPHER: Look at this -- liquid sugar. It's good for you, this stuff. You think? You like the red or the green? Red? Red the best? I like red, too. Little. Little.

RORY: That's dripping.

CHRISTOPHER: That's dripping, I'm not very good at this.

RORY: You're making a mess, dad.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm not very good with the cookies.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

[Now in the kitchen, the same song continues]

RORY: And what do we say if anyone asks?

GIGI: We made, we made cookies by scratching.

CHRISTOPHER: [Laughs] "From scratch."

GIGI: From scratching.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, let's hope nobody asks.

RORY: Yeah. Hey, GIGI, You want to lick the beater?

GIGI: Yeah.

RORY: Here you go.

LORELAI: [entering room] Hey.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey. We're making some cookies by scratching.

LORELAI: Ha, that sounds appetizing. I'm gonna run out for a sec. I'll be right back.

RORY: Okay hurry back "Christmas in July" screening in 30 minutes.

CHRISTOPHER: Thought we'd start a new tradition.

LORELAI: Sounds good.

CHRISTOPHER: Gigi, I think we need some of the colors. Can you put some sprinkles on that one?

RORY: You want to decorate that one?

STARS HOLLOW - STREET SIDE MAILBOX

[Lorelai mails the letter and then notices it is starting to snow. The same song is still playing as she walks back home.]

BING CROSBY: [singing] Please have snow And mistletoe and presents on the tree Christmas eve will find me...