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02x22 - I Can't Get Started

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02x22 - I Can't Get Started

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2.22 - I Can't Get Started

written by Amy Sherman-Palladino and John Stephens

directed by Amy Sherman-Palladino

OPEN AT INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai, Rory, Michel, and Sookie are sitting at a table in the dining room listening to music]

SOOKIE: Huh?

LORELAI: Sookie, you've gotta be kidding.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: You cannot walk down the aisle to that.

SOOKIE: Why?

LORELAI: It's depressing.

SOOKIE: It's Ella.

LORELAI: It's morbid.

SOOKIE: It's a classic song.

LORELAI: A classic song with lyrics about a woman who can't make her relationship work, whose life is filled with emptiness and regret and pain.

SOOKIE: Oh, who listens to the lyrics?

LORELAI: Anybody not hanging out with Annie Sullivan by the water pump.

RORY: What are these?

SOOKIE: Oh, those are some alternative songs, but I really like this one the best.

LORELAI: Alternative songs, good. Let's see. Hey Jude.

SOOKIE: Paul wrote it for Julian to cheer him up.

LORELAI: Seasons in the Sun?

SOOKIE: Oh, a sentimental favorite.

LORELAI: Cat's in the Cradle?

SOOKIE: Oh, it makes you re-examine your priorities.

LORELAI: Don't Cry Out Loud? Sookie, do you even like Jackson?

MICHEL: Okay, I have a wonderful suggestion.

LORELAI: Great, let's hear it.

MICHEL: Okay, here we go. How about I leave?

LORELAI: And then do what?

MICHEL: That's it. I leave and I don't have to listen to this insanity anymore. What do you think, huh? Because I love it.

LORELAI: Michel, I am in the wedding, which means you have to run the wedding all by yourself, something you've never done before.

MICHEL: Oh, please.

RORY: I'll tell you what, Sookie. How about Lane and I come up with a few more suggestions for you? Still melodic, but not quite as Girl, Interrupted.

SOOKIE: All right, fine.

LORELAI: Great. Michel, how's the RSVP list coming?

MICHEL: Well, I must say this has been especially challenging for me. I mean, when you are talking about a wedding with up to forty people all living within a five mile radius, how can one person be expected to keep track of all of that?

LORELAI: Just an answer will do.

MICHEL: I mean, it got a little hairy there for a moment □ I almost had to use a second sheet of paper, you know.

LORELAI: You know, I'm not gonna let you annoy me out of making you handle this.

MICHEL: Oh, we'll see.

SOOKIE: Hey, my cousin Carl canceled so I have two empty seats. Anyone else you wanna invite?

RORY: I've got Lane, I've got Dean, I'm good.

SOOKIE: What about Emily and Richard?

LORELAI: Emily and Richard who?

SOOKIE: Your Emily and Richard.

LORELAI: Oh, Sookie, you are way too sweet.

SOOKIE: What? She went to all that trouble to help me plan the first phase of the wedding.

LORELAI: The crazy phase of the wedding.

SOOKIE: It was still sweet and I appreciated it. I mean, if it wasn't for your mother, I never would've settled on the color pink.

LORELAI: Why is that?

SOOKIE: Well, I wanted yellow and she said no.

LORELAI: Oh, with logic like that.

SOOKIE: Come on, just ask her. I want you to.

LORELAI: Okay, I'll ask her.

SOOKIE: Good.

LORELAI: What are you doing?

SOOKIE: It's get happier the second time you hear it.

LORELAI: Unh.

SOOKIE: Huh? Snappier, isn't it?

[opening credits]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Rory, Lorelai, and Emily are sitting in the living room before dinner.]

LORELAI: Huh. You know what I just realized? Oy is the funniest word in the entire world.

RORY: Huh.

LORELAI: I mean, think about it. You never hear the word oy and not smile. Impossible. Funny, funny word.

EMILY: Oh, dear God.

LORELAI: Poodle is another funny word.

EMILY: Please drink your drink, Lorelai.

LORELAI: In fact, if you put oy and poodle together in the same sentence, you'd have a great new catch phrase, you know? Like, oy with the poodles already. So from now on, when the perfect circumstances arise, we will use our favorite new catch phrase.

RORY: Oy with the poodles already.

LORELAI: I'm telling you, it's knocking 'whatcha talking 'bout, Willis?' right out of first place.

EMILY: Lorelai, for God's sake, be quiet.

MAID: Dinner's ready, Mrs. Gilmore.

EMILY: Bless you, Inga. Please go tell Mr. Gilmore. He's in his den.

MAID: Yes, ma'am.

EMILY: Shall we?

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Oh, hey Mom, uh, Sookie wanted to know if you and Dad would like to come to her wedding.

EMILY: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah, it's gonna be great. Small, low key, but fun. She's catering it herself so the food'll be fantastic, and you'd get to see me and Rory walk down the aisle in two of the least obnoxious bridesmaid dresses ever created.

EMILY: Well, that sounds very nice. When is it?

LORELAI: A week from Sunday.

EMILY: A week from Sunday?

LORELAI: Yes.

EMILY: The wedding is in one week?

LORELAI: Yes.

EMILY: So this is a pity invite?

LORELAI: A what?

EMILY: Someone canceled at the last minute and rather than being left with two empty seats, Sookie asked you to ask us. How nice.

LORELAI: That's not what happened.

EMILY: No, that's quite all right. Far be it from me to be invited with the first batch of actual wanted guests. This is just fine.

LORELAI: Mom, it's not a pity invite. She really wants you to come.

EMILY: Is that so?

LORELAI: Yes, that's so.

EMILY: Where's our invitation?

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Our invitation. I mean, she must've at least given you an invitation to give us.

LORELAI: She thought it would be more special coming directly from me.

EMILY: So she was out of invitations. I never felt so special.

LORELAI: Mom, she wants you to come. There's no reason to be insulted here.

EMILY: I guess I should be thrilled that I didn't just get a call from the road as you were on your way there.

LORELAI: Do not turn this into something that it's not.

EMILY: Do we have a choice between chicken or fish, or at this point do we just bring our own?

LORELAI: Stop.

EMILY: Perhaps she would also like us to pick up some extra ice along the way, or help out parking the cars.

LORELAI: Mom, look, isn't Rory pretty?

RICHARD: Apologies all around. I could not get Adamson off the phone.

LORELAI: Dad, glad you're here. We're just talking about how pretty Rory is. Big eyes, baby. Give him the Bambi face.

RICHARD: Oh, Rory gets lovelier every day.

RORY: Why, thank you, Grandpa.

EMILY: Oh Richard?

LORELAI: Oh my God.

EMILY: Guess what Lorelai just told me?

RICHARD: What?

EMILY: We are invited to Sookie's wedding.

RICHARD: Oh, how nice. When is it?

EMILY: A week from Sunday.

RICHARD: Oh, so it's a pity invite.

EMILY: Ha!

LORELAI: Oy with the poodles already.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Rory and Dean are at a table eating breakfast.]

RORY: How are your pancakes?

DEAN: Good.

RORY: Good or really good?

DEAN: Good.

RORY: So, not really good?

DEAN: Fine, really good.

RORY: Okay. But are they great?

DEAN: Rory, uh, would you perhaps like to trade breakfasts?

RORY: You mean, your pancakes for my eggs?

DEAN: Yup.

RORY: Um, okay. Wow, you're crazy, these pancakes are great.

[Lorelai walks by the window outside]

DEAN: That's twelve.

RORY: Mm, two more and she'll come in.

DEAN: I don't know. She's been walking back and forth out there for twenty minutes and she still hasn't made it to the door.

RORY: Yeah, but look how much closer to the building she's gotten.

DEAN: Why don't we just bring her something out?

RORY: No. She and Luke have been in this fight for too long, she's gotta do this.

DEAN: You're cruel.

RORY: Tough love, baby. Oops, I think she's coming in.

DEAN: How can you tell?

RORY: She's got shoe sale face on.

[Lorelai walks in and sits down]

LORELAI: Okay, I did it, I'm in.

RORY: Good girl.

LORELAI: It wasn't so bad. Took awhile, but not so bad. Wait, why are you eating?

RORY: You took thirty minutes to come in.

LORELAI: But I'm here now and hey, I'm like cheese.

DEAN: What?

RORY: She gets better with time.

DEAN: Ah.

RORY: Sorry gouda, we've got school.

LORELAI: But □

RORY: Order breakfast and I'll leave you the paper.

LORELAI: No, but □

RORY: I'll see you tonight.

LORELAI: Dean, don't leave me.

RORY: You'll do fine. You'll do fine.

[Rory and Dean leave; Lorelai walks up to Luke at the counter]

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: Hello.

LORELAI: Oh, good donut selection this morning, really. Good variety, good color, good goodness, good . . . Well, so the choices are there. It all comes down to what I'm in the mood for. Sprinkled or chocolate or jelly or glazed, maple or kiki or apple or, uh, raised. Little donut rhyme there. Never mind. Can I have a chocolate and a sprinkled please?

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: So, this is how it's gonna be with us now, huh?

LUKE: No idea what you're talking about.

LORELAI: You're pulling a Mr. Freeze on me.

LUKE: I'm not pulling a Mr. Freeze on you.

LORELAI: Please. I'm gonna need snow chains just to get out of here.

LUKE: I assume you want coffee with your donuts.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, Luke. It was a bad night. I completely freaked out. I said some things. . .did you get my note? I wrote you a note.

LUKE: Got your note.

LORELAI: You got my note. Did you read my note?

LUKE: Read your note.

LORELAI: And?

LUKE: It was very well-written

LORELAI: That's it?

LUKE: I also enjoyed the Garfield stationary. That's one funny cat.

LORELAI: I said I was sorry, Luke.

LUKE: Yes, you did.

LORELAI: I said it like a million times.

LUKE: You said it four times, but I understand you're embellishing for dramatic effects.

LORELAI: Stop.

LUKE: Stop what?

LORELAI: Oh, stop this robot talk. If you're mad, just act like you're mad at me.

LUKE: I'm not mad at you.

LORELAI: You're being really, really unfair. Rory was in the hospital.

LUKE: Lorelai, what is it exactly that you want me to do? I'm not mad, I'm not holding a grudge, I heard your apology, I feel I'm being polite, I listened to your donut bit, I got you your coffee. What would make you happy?

LORELAI: I want Luke back.

LUKE: He's standing right here.

LORELAI: No, he's not.

[Lorelai walks out of the diner]

CUT TO CHILTON AUDITORIUM

[Paris is at a podium on stage addressing a room full of students]

PARIS: Better drinking fountains, updated lockers, clearly marked boys' and girls' restrooms, non-dairy and wheat-free alternatives to the cafeteria, a larger voice in the monetary dispersal of charitable funds donated to our institution □ because it is our institution, yours and mine. Remember people, if Chilton soars, we soar. If Chilton fails, we fail. It is up to us, we must get involved, we must care. It is not enough to sign a petition to get a Little Debbie machine installed in the senior corridor. Snack cakes will not change the world. Cream filling will not decide our legacy. How will future generations of Chilton students remember the class of 2003? John F. Kennedy once said, ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country. Those eloquent words are just as relevant to here in this hall today. What can you, the future of Chilton, of America, of the world, what can you do for your school? I will tell you what you can do. You can vote for me, Paris Gellar, for student body president, and let me start tomorrow for you today. Thank you.

MRS. O'MALLEY: Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to thank Reese McGinly, Schatzi Leason and Paris Gellar, your presidential candidates for next year. Elections will be held this Friday. Good luck to all of you. This concludes today's assembly. You are all dismissed.

[As people exit the auditorium, Paris walks over to Rory, who is writing in a notebook]

PARIS: Hey.

RORY: Hey.

PARIS: Did you get the Little Debbie comment?

RORY: Uh huh.

PARIS: All of it? The cream filling, the snack cake?

RORY: Every delicious morsel.

PARIS: Good, good. So, how do you think it went?

RORY: I think it went fine.

PARIS: Fine, as is better than Reese and Schatzi?

RORY: Fine as in fine.

PARIS: Well, how are you skewing the article?

RORY: Well, you'll have to wait and read about it in the Franklin like everyone else.

PARIS: Fine, write whatever you want.

RORY: I will.

PARIS: Just make sure you mention that Schatzi pulling the Sharon Stone/Basic Instinct bit was a cheap attempt to distract the whole student body from my mandatory recycling program.

RORY: Go away, Randolph.

[Madeline and Paris enter the auditorium]

MADELINE: We got it!

PARIS: [walks over to them] You do? Well, come on, tell me.

LOUISE: Okay, a hundred and fifty students were polled.

MADELINE: A total cross section.

LOUISE: We talked to people that we should never have even had to stand near.

MADELINE: The hairstyles alone proved the Farrelly brothers are not making this stuff up.

PARIS: I'm sorry, have I ever been mistaken for a patient person?

MADELINE: Right, sorry. Okay, so we added the votes up.

PARIS: You added?

MADELINE: She added.

PARIS: Good, continue.

MADELINE: Okay, when asked which of the three candidates is the most qualified for the job of president, ninety percent said you.

PARIS: Really?

LOUISE: And when asked who of the three candidates would be the most competent president, overwhelmingly the answer was once again you.

PARIS: So that's it, I'm in.

MADELINE: Not quite.

PARIS: How is that not quite? Most competent and most qualified, what else is there?

LOUISE: Well, we also polled likability.

PARIS: And?

MADELINE: And while people think you're smart. . .

PARIS: And competent.

LOUISE: And competent, they also find you, well, a tad. . .

MADELINE: Scary.

LOUISE: Someone thought a Halloween mask of you would sell big.

PARIS: Well, fine, they don't like me. Big deal, right? I'm still most competent.

LOUISE: Yes, but when asked if the likability issue would affect their voting choice, almost a hundred percent said yes.

PARIS: That's crazy. You mean, people would rather vote for a moronic twink who they liked over someone who could actually do the job?

LOUISE: Sad, but true.

PARIS: Well, what do I do?

MADELINE: Hope for a sex scandal?

PARIS: Louise?

LOUISE: Oh, I'm on it.

[Louise and Madeline leave. Paris walks back over to Rory.]

PARIS: Hey.

RORY: Tomorrow with everyone else.

PARIS: So, I have been wracking my brains for weeks trying to figure out exactly who should be my vice presidential candidate, you know? Who would be yin to my yang, Joel to my Ethan, Damon to my Affleck, and then suddenly, it hits me □ the perfect person.

RORY: Who?

PARIS: You.

RORY: What?

PARIS: It's genius. We could announce it in the Franklin tomorrow, Gellar and Gilmore. We even have the g-thing going. Never underestimate the power of alliteration, my friend.

RORY: I don't wanna be vice president.

PARIS: Oh, come on. Every little girl wants to be vice president.

RORY: Not this one.

PARIS: But you have to. It's the only way. Please? I'm begging you.

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: They hate me, okay?

RORY: Who hates you?

PARIS: Everyone. Everyone in the whole school hates me. Oh, yeah, they think I'm the best for the job, but they don't want to go to the mall with me so they won't vote for me and that means I'm going to lose.

RORY: Well, how is my running with you gonna change anything?

PARIS: Because people think you're nice. You're quiet, you say excuse me, you look like little birds help you get dressed in the morning. People don't fear you.

RORY: Hey, I haven't been dressed by a bird since I was two.

PARIS: You will soften my image.

RORY: You're crazy.

PARIS: Please!

RORY: No, I don't want to be in politics. I just want to write about politics.

PARIS: You wouldn't have to do anything. I'll do all the work and make the speeches. You just have to sit there and be nice.

RORY: No.

PARIS: But □

RORY: Bye.

PARIS: Harvard loves this kid of crap. Being vice president is just one more thing to put you ahead of the rest of the hundreds of thousands of straight□A students who are applying for the same spot you are. Think about it. You say no, then comes the day when the letter from Harvard arrives. They've turned you down. Enjoy Connecticut State, sucker. Tell me you won't be thinking, what if I had just run with Paris? What if the one thing that could've ensured my place behind those ivy

covered walls I just walked away from?

RORY: Fine.

PARIS: Yes! Okay.

RORY: I guess the thought of just being nice to people never occurred to you, huh?

PARIS: See, that is exactly what I need from you, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm for the new millennium. Hey, wear some braids tomorrow with bows. I mean, hell, let's sell it, sister!

CUT TO DOCTOR'S OFFICE

[Rory sits on the exam table as Lorelai stands next to her]

LORELAI: So, how do you feel?

RORY: Great.

LORELAI: Not at all sad?

RORY: About getting my arm back? No.

LORELAI: Really? 'Cause I've kind of gotten used to Casty over here. I mean, we decorated him, we talked to him, we protected him from getting wet in the shower.

RORY: Okay, it's time to wean you off of getting attached to inanimate objects.

LORELAI: Casty, no one understands you like I do. What? No, I did not know Mr. Band-Aid said that to you. Ugh, I will talk to him when we get home.

[The doctor walks into the room]

DR. SUE: How you doing?

RORY: Dr. Sue, thank God.

DR. SUE: Okay. So Rory, let's get this thing off your arm, huh? What do you say?

RORY: Not a word.

CHRISTOPHER: [from hallway] This one here? Wait, which one? Hey, you in the white, come on, point a finger.

RORY: Dad?

LORELAI: Christopher? [pulls open the door]

CHRISTOPHER: Aha, there you are. Is it still on?

LORELAI: What are you doing?

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, great, I didn't miss it. Hey, doctor, I'm the dad.

DR. SUE: Hey, nice to meet you, Dad.

LORELAI: I can't believe you're here.

CHRISTOPHER: Why? I told you last week I wanted to come down for the big unveiling.

LORELAI: I know, but I didn't think you would drive all the way from Boston again. You were just here.

CHRISTOPHER: You getting sick of me?

LORELAI: Frankly, yes.

DR. SUE: Okay, is everyone here now?

RORY: I think so.

DR. SUE: Okay, then let's do it.

CHRISTOPHER: Great, and doctor, if at all possible, we'd like to keep the arm.

DR. SUE: Oh, I'll try my best.

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Lorelai, Rory, and Christopher walk down the street]

CHRISTOPHER: So where to next?

RORY: Um, actually, I have to get home. I have to review my campaign platform.

CHRISTOPHER: Campaign platform?

LORELAI: Yes, our little Hilary Clinton here is running for student body vice president.

CHRISTOPHER: Wow.

RORY: Elections are on Friday, but I can honestly say that I'm very torn about which way I want it to go.

LORELAI: I spent four hours making picture buttons. You wanna win.

RORY: But if I win then I have to be vice president next year. Plus, I'll have to spend my summer in Washington for some junior leadership program, which means six straight weeks of me and Paris together in a dorm room.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, how about this? I'll come back here on Thursday night and I'll take you guys to dinner, and then we'll break into Chilton and tamper with some votes.

RORY: We can't.

LORELAI: Thursday's Sookie's rehearsal dinner.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh well, I guess you'll just have to put your trust in a democratic system. Good luck with that.

LORELAI: But if you're gonna be in the area Thursday night, you can come with us to the dinner.

CHRISTOPHER: But it's Sookie's rehearsal dinner.

LORELAI: Oh, she would love it. She's cooking for a thousand. It'll be fun.

RORY: Yeah, I'm bringing Dean.

LORELAI: I mean, if you can't do it, then. . .

CHRISTOPHER: What time?

LORELAI: Seven thirty.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm there.

LORELAI: That's great. I'll tell her.

CUT TO SOOKIE'S HOUSE

[The house is full of people for the rehearsal dinner. Kirk starts tapping on his glass]

MISS PATTY: Ooh, ooh, a toast, everybody, a toast!

KIRK: Ladies, gentlemen, honored guests. Who owns the silver Volvo because you're blocking me in?

MISS PATTY: Well, it's better than the toast he made at the Ubromowitz wedding.

CHRISTOPHER: How long before I move the car?

LORELAI: Hm, give it another ten minutes.

KIRK: Come on, I've gotta go. My mom is waiting. This isn't funny!

[Jackson walks up to Sookie in the kitchen]

JACKSON: We need to talk.

SOOKIE: What's the matter?

JACKSON: Uh, the bedroom, please.

SOOKIE: Honey, I'm melting chocolate here.

JACKSON: Oh, the chocolate can wait. My father just took me aside and handed me this. [holds up a kilt]

SOOKIE: He handed you a skirt?

JACKSON: Oh, it's not a skirt, it's a kilt.

SOOKIE: Oh. Why did he hand this to you?

JACKSON: He gave this to me to wear on my wedding day.

SOOKIE: No.

JACKSON: Oh, yes. He wore it on his wedding day, my grandfather wore it on his wedding day.

Apparently, there's a long-standing tradition where the men in my family get very airy on the big day.

SOOKIE: Well, honey, if it means that much to him.

JACKSON: Are you crazy?

SOOKIE: Well, he's your father.

JACKSON: You won't let me wear shorts in public and you're gonna let me get married in this?

SOOKIE: Well, what're you gonna do?

JACKSON: I'm gonna wear pants. If he doesn't like it, he doesn't have to come.

SOOKIE: He has to come, he's the best man.

JACKSON: Too bad! [walks away]

SOOKIE: [follows him] Jackson, come on. Shorts are different, they cut you funny!

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, that's it, I need some air. Grab the bottle.

LORELAI: Bossy. I like it.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai and Christopher walk out and sit on the front porch]

CHRISTOPHER: Wow. I hope the second act's as good as the first one.

LORELAI: Oh, well, it's a wedding. Things are supposed to be horrible.

CHRISTOPHER: When Jackson came out holding that kilt □ man, I felt for him.

LORELAI: I know, so did I.

CHRISTOPHER: Please, I saw what your face was doing.

LORELAI: What? What was my face doing?

CHRISTOPHER: It was counting up how many Brigadoon references you could come up with to t*rture him with at a later date.

LORELAI: How dare you accuse my face of that! My face is calling Gloria Alred when we get home.

CHRISTOPHER: How many references?

LORELAI: None.

CHRISTOPHER: How many?

LORELAI: Twelve, including a few bars of I'll Go Home with Bonnie Jean.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, I'm begging you, take plenty of pictures of this wedding because I have a feeling it's gonna be a classic.

LORELAI: You know, if you're gonna be in town for the day, you should just come with us and. .
.thanks. . .see all the fireworks for yourself.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay.

LORELAI: Okay?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah.

LORELAI: Just like that, okay?

CHRISTOPHER: Well, if Sookie doesn't mind.

LORELAI: What's going on with you?

CHRISTOPHER: What do you mean?

LORELAI: I mean, mister 'suddenly I'm everywhere'. How come you can just agree to come to the wedding?

CHRISTOPHER: Because I can.

LORELAI: Don't you have to check your appointment book?

CHRISTOPHER: It's on a Sunday.

LORELAI: Don't you have to check with Sherry? Chris, what's up?

CHRISTOPHER: Nothing. Sherry's not in town.

LORELAI: Oh.

CHRISTOPHER: And even if she was, I still don't think she'd mind if I went.

LORELAI: Because she's the coolest chick in the world?

CHRISTOPHER: Because things aren't going too well for us lately.

LORELAI: Oh, no.

CHRISTOPHER: She had this big business trip planned and before she left, we had a talk.

LORELAI: Yikes.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah. We tried to come up with some answers but we couldn't think of anything, so she left and we said we'd take this time apart to think.

LORELAI: What have you been thinking?

CHRISTOPHER: About finding an apartment.

LORELAI: Wow, um, that's so weird. Last time I saw you two, you were. . .well, nauseating, actually.

CHRISTOPHER: Believe me, we made ourselves sick a few times.

LORELAI: I don't know what to say.

CHRISTOPHER: No, there's nothing to say. It's nobody's fault. It just isn't it.

LORELAI: You okay?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, I'm okay. Thanks.

LORELAI: Well, then, it's decided. You'll come with me to Sookie's wedding and you'll make sure I stop one or two Brigadoon-isms shy of Jackson taking me out with a bagpipe.

CHRISTOPHER: It would be my pleasure.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[The next morning, Rory is sitting in the living room as Lorelai walks down the stairs]

LORELAI: Oh my God, I'm so tired.

RORY: Hey Mom?

LORELAI: Yes, angel?

RORY: Do you happen to know where the almonds I made for table five went?

LORELAI: No.

RORY: □Cause they were here last night before Sookie's dinner.

LORELAI: Really? How odd?

RORY: Yeah. And this morning, I found some tulle on the staircase leading up to your bedroom.

LORELAI: Hmm. Ghosts?

RORY: It took me six hours to make those almond bundles, Mother.

LORELAI: Well, see if you can beat that next time.

RORY: So you got home late from Sookie's?

LORELAI: Yeah, I stayed to help her clean up a little. Hey, guess what?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I know something you don't know.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Okay, just remember, it's really wrong to gossip, unless it's true or just way too good not to tell everyone you see, whether you know them or not.

RORY: Got it, what is it?

LORELAI: Well □ [phone rings] Aw, if that's my conscience calling, tell it enough already, I heard it

the first time.

RORY: [answers phone] Hello?

PARIS: How's this sound for a template? I have done my best. I have lost. Mr. Nixon has won. The democratic process has worked its will, so now let's get on with the urgent task of uniting this country.

RORY: What is that?

PARIS: Hubert Humphrey's concession speech. Now, other than the part about Nixon, parts of it really seem to apply here.

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: Hey, I'm not going to steal it. I'll paraphrase and I'll give him credit.

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: Not that the person who actually wins will even know who Hubert Humphrey is, but hey, I bet they'll organize one boffo senior ditch day.

RORY: Where are you?

PARIS: In the auditorium. I wanted to be here for one last meet and greet, get them right before they walk in the booth.

RORY: Leave that place right now.

PARIS: But □ .

RORY: People will think that you're insane and generally people are scared of the insane, so see where I'm going here?

PARIS: I'm going to lose.

RORY: You don't know that.

PARIS: Yes, I do. Because even if I win, I only won because of you. Therefore, either way I lose.

RORY: Come on. Go get a cup of coffee, relax. You deserve this job, I swear. Put away the concession speech.

PARIS: Hubert Humphrey must not have been considered very fun either.

RORY: I'll see you at school. [hangs up] God, she wants to win so badly, and me, not so badly. I feel terrible.

LORELAI: Aw, come on. You know you wanna win so you can spend your whole summer in Washington far away from me.

RORY: Please, don't even talk about Washington. It gives me a stomachache.

LORELAI: It might be wonderful.

RORY: Good, then you and I will go someday.

LORELAI: Aw, look at you, trying to make Mommy feel like you don't spend every night tunneling out of here with a spoon.

RORY: Get back to the gossip, please.

LORELAI: Oh yeah. Okay. So, guess who's in the process of breaking up?

RORY: Brad and Jen?

LORELAI: Bite your tongue.

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: Sherry and your dad.

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: Dad told you that?

LORELAI: Last night.

RORY: Wow. But they were so together.

LORELAI: I know. Well, now they're not.

RORY: Well, is he □ oh, look at you.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: You're totally gloating.

LORELAI: I'm not gloating.

RORY: Then why are you smiling?

LORELAI: I'm not smiling. I had a little stroke.

RORY: Smiling.

LORELAI: Oh, look, if he was all broken up about it then I would be sad, but he's not, so ha ha.

RORY: Fourth rung of hell, party of one.

LORELAI: Well, at least my feet won't get cold.

[Lorelai pulls something out of her pocket and puts it in her mouth]

RORY: Where'd you get that?

LORELAI: What?

RORY: That. The Jordan almond that you pulled out of your pajama top and ate □ where did you get it?

LORELAI: Hm, Santa Claus.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN LOBBY

[Michel pulls on his coat and walks up to Lorelai near the front desk]

MICHEL: All right, the piano movers will be here at eight and the chairs will be set up at nine. All the rooms are made up and ready. I will be in at ten. Now I am going home unless you would like me to stay.

LORELAI: Actually, I would, thanks.

MICHEL: No, I'm sorry, I think I said that wrong. I am going home now unless you would like me to stay.

LORELAI: I would love you to stay, thanks for offering.

MICHEL: Okay, see, once again, my English not so good. One more time. I am going home now after working six hours longer than I usually work and performing tasks I despise and am ashamed of, and now I am going home to wash off the stench of this horrifying day, that is, unless, for some unknown Godforsaken reason, you need me to stay.

LORELAI: Well, actually □ .

MICHEL: Goodbye. [leaves]

LORELAI: Hey, can I grab my bag? I'm gonna go in the back and change.

EMPLOYEE: [hands her the bag] Sure.

LORELAI: Thank you.

SOOKIE: Hey, I went with the sugared daffodils for the top tier. Let me tell you, they look great. Ooh, I've outdone myself this time.

LORELAI: What are you still doing here?

SOOKIE: I just wanted to double check everything for tomorrow. Don't worry, I'm done, everything's fine. I'm now going straight to bed.

LORELAI: Your last night as a single woman.

SOOKIE: Yup.

LORELAI: You still look good.

SOOKIE: I still feel good.

LORELAI: Just think of it. As of tomorrow, you can start wearing cold cream to bed and stop shaving your legs.

SOOKIE: That's right, □cause I already got me a man.

LORELAI: Go to sleep.

SOOKIE: Okay, see you tomorrow?

LORELAI: See you tomorrow.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Later that night, Lorelai is decorating the lobby as Christopher walks down the steps.]

CHRISTOPHER: Well, look who's got Martha Stewart locked in a basement. Did you do all this?

LORELAI: Yeah, I did. How's it look?

CHRISTOPHER: It looks great.

LORELAI: Good. What are you doing up?

CHRISTOPHER: Couldn't sleep. I sweet-talked the maid into leaving me about ten thousand pillow mints and then I proceeded to eat them all.

LORELAI: Serves you right. Oh God, I'm so exhausted.

CHRISTOPHER: Need some help?

[they sit down on the couch]

LORELAI: No, I'm almost done. I got up and went back to work just now, didn't I?

CHRISTOPHER: Yes, you did.

LORELAI: Oh, good, because this is not the time to loaf. I'm so happy for Sookie. I mean, it's like a real live love story, and I saw it all happen. I mean, I hired Jackson. I watched them meet. I watched them have several bizarrely intense arguments over mustard greens. I watched them fall in love. I got to see it all. It was a nice show. Hi.

CHRISTOPHER: Hi.

[they kiss]

LORELAI: What was that?

CHRISTOPHER: I have no idea.

[they kiss again]

LORELAI: Chris.

CHRISTOPHER: One more time and maybe I'll have an explanation.

[they kiss again]

LORELAI: Ah, this is not happening.

CHRISTOPHER: I hope to God you're wrong.

LORELAI: But it's us. I mean, you and I, we. . .

CHRISTOPHER: Have never been in the same place at the same time.

LORELAI: But now. . . [they kiss] My head is spinning.

CHRISTOPHER: It's all the plants in here, too much oxygen.

LORELAI: What do we do now?

CHRISTOPHER: You know, I've got a room upstairs.

LORELAI: You were that sure you'd get lucky?

CHRISTOPHER: I never dreamed I'd get this lucky.

LORELAI: Aw, that's good.

CHRISTOPHER: So what do you say?

[They walk toward the staircase]

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Later that night, Lorelai walks down the stairs and into the kitchen. Sookie is working on her wedding cake while wearing her wedding dress and veil.]

LORELAI: What are you doing?

SOOKIE: Daffodils. Am I insane? You can't have daffodils on your wedding cake. What was I thinking?

LORELAI: Stop what you're doing right now.

SOOKIE: There's too much pink.

LORELAI: Sweetie, there's not too much pink.

SOOKIE: Pink is for girls. Jackson's not a girl. Jackson doesn't like pink. I have all this pink, it's like saying, "Hey, screw you. You want a say in this? Well, grow some ovaries."

LORELAI: Hey, whoa, honey, hey! Put the pastry bag down.

SOOKIE: I can't, I have to fix this.

LORELAI: Sookie, down. Now step away from all things edible. Hey, what happened?

SOOKIE: I don't know.

LORELAI: When I left you, you were fine.

SOOKIE: I know. And when I went home, I was fine. And when I went to bed, I was fine. And then I had this dream where suddenly my dress is really, really short in back, you know? So I bolt out of bed and I put my dress on, and it looks okay. But then I panic "what if I'm remembering the dream wrong? What if my dress isn't really screwed up, what if it's my veil? So I put on the veil, then I remember I'm serving salmon puffs. Salmon puffs! Okay, completely wrong, so I had to rush over here and try to find another first course, and then I walk in and these daffodils just. . . something snapped and that's when you walked in here.

LORELAI: Honey, you're nervous. It's natural.

SOOKIE: Well, I wasn't nervous until tonight.

LORELAI: Well, that's okay.

SOOKIE: I'm scared.

LORELAI: I know.

SOOKIE: I don't wanna get divorced.

LORELAI: I know.

SOOKIE: I don't wanna fight all the time and end up bitter.

LORELAI: I know.

SOOKIE: I don't wanna be one of those women sitting around making jokes about husband number two. I want number one to last.

LORELAI: I know.

SOOKIE: I want a guarantee.

LORELAI: Sookie, you're gonna be fine.

SOOKIE: I know. No, I don't. Okay, I need to stop obsessing on this. Tell me something.

LORELAI: Like what?

SOOKIE: I don't know. Anything. Tell me something to make me stop thinking about this.

LORELAI: I just slept with Christopher.

SOOKIE: That'll work.

LORELAI: It just happened.

SOOKIE: When?

LORELAI: Tonight, in his room.

SOOKIE: Oh my God! Was it. . .?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah.

SOOKIE: Wow, what does this mean?

LORELAI: I don't know.

SOOKIE: I mean, is this a good thing?

LORELAI: I don't know. I think it is.

SOOKIE: Oh my God, can you imagine if you and Christopher got together after all these years?

LORELAI: Okay, hold on. We haven't even talked about that ourselves yet.

SOOKIE: Ah, ooh God! Oh God.

LORELAI: I know!

SOOKIE: Well, when are you gonna talk about it?

LORELAI: Probably when I go back up there with the snacks I promised.

SOOKIE: He's waiting for you?

LORELAI: Yes, he is.

SOOKIE: Ooh, you've gotta get back up there.

LORELAI: You have to get some sleep.

SOOKIE: I wanna hear all the details tomorrow.

LORELAI: Mmkay, I'll grab you in between the walking down the aisle and the getting married.

[Sookie starts to leave]

LORELAI: Hey Sookie.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: You're in your wedding dress.

SOOKIE: I am.

LORELAI: You're beautiful.

[Lorelai walks over and hugs her]

LORELAI: Now you go get some sleep.

SOOKIE: And you go get some.

CUT TO UPSTAIRS

[Lorelai walks into Christopher's room with a plate of food.]

LORELAI: Room service.

CHRISTOPHER: I do like this hotel. Oh my God, that's good. What is it?

LORELAI: I have no idea, but if Sookie asks, Michel ate it.

CHRISTOPHER: So, should we avoid the subject for awhile or just dive right in?

LORELAI: Call me Greg Louganis.

CHRISTOPHER: Greg. What just happened here □ amazing.

LORELAI: I'm not arguing.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, does that mean there's a chance for a repeat amazing?

LORELAI: Do you mean right now or just in general?

CHRISTOPHER: Both. Let's start with in general.

LORELAI: I don't know, Chris. It's weird, isn't it? We just found this great balance, I've been seeing you more, we've been getting along so well.

CHRISTOPHER: I know.

LORELAI: And this thing with Sherry is so recent.

CHRISTOPHER: I know.

LORELAI: And then there's Rory to think about. I mean, we can't just go changing everything on her now. Not unless. . .

CHRISTOPHER: Not unless it's gonna be a pretty permanent change.

LORELAI: Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: And you're so sure it can't be?

LORELAI: No, I'm not so sure.

CHRISTOPHER: The timing seems right, Lor.

LORELAI: I know it does.

CHRISTOPHER: Maybe all this stuff we went through □ that's the journey we needed to take to end up here.

LORELAI: Maybe.

CHRISTOPHER: Being a family □ Mom, Dad, kid, Volvo.

LORELAI: Ugh, the Volvo will have to go.

CHRISTOPHER: It has a nice ring to it.

LORELAI: Yeah, it does. I guess. . .

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LORELAI: I guess we'll never know until we try.

CHRISTOPHER: So, we try?

LORELAI: Yeah, we try.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Kirk walks through the door]

KIRK: Luke, I've only got ten minutes. How quickly can you make me a ham on rye?

LUKE: I've never clocked it, Kirk.

KIRK: Well, you think it could be fast?

LUKE: Yes, Kirk. Of all the sandwiches, I do believe the ham on rye is one of the faster ones to assemble.

KIRK: What about a patty melt? Same time frame?

LUKE: Probably a little longer.

KIRK: Really?

LUKE: Yes, I have to grill a hamburger whereas with the other one I just put the ham on the bread.

KIRK: What if I wanted the bread on the ham on rye toasted? Are we talking somewhere in between the patty melt and the untoasted?

LUKE: Probably.

KIRK: Closer to the melt or closer to the - .

LUKE: Kirk!

KIRK: Peanut butter and jelly to go.

LUKE: Coming right up.

KIRK: What do you think of this suit?

LUKE: It's fine.

KIRK: I got it for Sookie's wedding. I read an article in the paper recently that said that weddings are an excellent place to meet women.

LUKE: Well, if it was in the paper, it must be true.

KIRK: I hope so, 'cause I'm so damn lonely not even Animal Planet does it for me anymore.

LUKE: Your sandwich is coming right up. Caesar, I'm going upstairs for a minute.

CUT TO LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Luke walks through the door and finds Jess inside]

LUKE: Hey.

JESS: Hey.

LUKE: How'd you get in here?

JESS: The door was open.

LUKE: No, I mean, I was in the diner. I would've seen you come up the stairs. . . you know what, forget it, I don't wanna know. So, how's everything back home?

JESS: Fine.

LUKE: Your mom?

JESS: Fine.

LUKE: You in trouble?

JESS: Nah.

LUKE: Then what the hell you doing here, Jess? You know, I, uh, I called you six times. Now I didn't expect you to call me back so we could sit on the phone in bed and watch Sleepless in Seattle together. I just expected you to call me back, say you got home, say no one mugged me on the bus, say you were okay. Say. . .you know what, never mind. Just tell me what it is you want. I got work to do.

JESS: I wanna come back.

LUKE: You what?

JESS: I want to come back.

LUKE: Come back here?

JESS: Yes.

LUKE: Here to Stars Hollow?

JESS: Yes.

LUKE: To live in this apartment with me?

JESS: I said yes a million times already.

LUKE: You know what, you're the one asking for something so you don't get to be James Dean this time, okay? Now, one more time, you wanna come back?

JESS: Yes.

LUKE: Why?

JESS: I just, I. . . I just wanna come back.

LUKE: You know what people told me when I said you were coming here to live with me? They told me I was crazy, they told me I was insane, they told me to start writing letters to Jodie Foster □ but I ignored them. I was so sure that I knew what I was doing and then you showed up and you know what happened? You proved them right. I was crazy, and now after all that has happened, after all the chaos and havoc that you have wreaked, you're seriously standing there wearing a T-shirt with a picture of a butt with hands that are flipping me off, telling me you wanna come back?

JESS: You didn't pack up my stuff yet.

LUKE: Uh, no, I've been a little busy.

JESS: When were you planning on sending it back to me?

LUKE: What, hey, am I wearing a little brown uniform with UPS stamped on it?

JESS: So, what do you think?

LUKE: Things are gonna have to be different, Jess.

JESS: I know.

LUKE: Okay.

JESS: Okay?

LUKE: So you're staying?

JESS: I'm staying.

LUKE: Okay, then. Stay. I gotta get back to the diner.

JESS: I'll help you close up later, all right?

LUKE: Sure. She's not home.

JESS: Who?

LUKE: She's at Sookie's wedding with Dean, they're still together. They seem to have gotten through the whole car incident. They're doing really good, Dean and Rory.

JESS: Good.

LUKE: Just leave it alone, Jess. She's got a boyfriend. Just let it go.

JESS: I don't know what you're talking about. I'm just going out for a walk.

LUKE: You heard what I said?

JESS: Yeah, I heard what you said.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Before the wedding, people are mingling in the yard.]

MICHEL: The linen closet's the third door on the right.

[Rory watches Babette and Patty sing at the piano.]

DEAN: Hey you.

RORY: Hey. You look nice.

DEAN: Thank you. You look beautiful.

RORY: Thank you.

DEAN: So, uh, how many cocktails caused that?

RORY: Oh, they haven't had any cocktails yet.

DEAN: Really?

RORY: Oh yeah. When they start having cocktails, we're gonna have to hide you.

DEAN: I'm looking forward to that. [his cell phone rings] Huh, I'm not sure who'd be calling me now. Hello?

PARIS: Dean?

DEAN: Who is this?

PARIS: It's Paris. I need to talk to Rory.

DEAN: Uh, sure, hold on. [hands phone to Rory] It's Paris.

RORY: What? [on phone] Hello?

PARIS: We've got the band!

RORY: What?

PARIS: We got the band! I knew we had most of the academic clubs tied up, but band ▯ they were the wild card ▯cause believe me, if anybody's going to be truly scared of me, it's some artsy loser with a tuba wrapped around his neck.

RORY: Paris, how did you get this number?

PARIS: Oh, relax. I won't call you on Prince William's precious phone again. I just wanted you to know that we did it, we're in, welcome to the show. [hangs up]

RORY: I think we won.

DEAN: Wow. Uh, that's great.

RORY: Yeah.

DEAN: So I guess this means you'll be spending the summer in Washington.

RORY: Oh, nothing's decided yet, believe me. Let me do a little research and then I'll figure something out.

DEAN: Good.

LORELAI: Hey.

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: You know what's really great about being a grown up? This. [holds up drink]

RORY: Well, thanks for the life lesson.

LORELAI: You're welcome. Dean, you clean up really nicely.

DEAN: Uh, thank you.

LORELAI: You know, we're gonna have to hide him from Patty and Babette once they hit the hooch.

RORY: Already told him.

LORELAI: Okay, well, I gotta check on some things. See you guys later.

RORY: Bye.

[Lorelai turns around and walked toward the porch. Christopher is walking toward her.]

LORELAI: Stop it.

CHRISTOPHER: Stop what?

LORELAI: Stop looking at me like that or everyone here will think we did it. [they kiss] There, that'll throw them off the track.

CHRISTOPHER: So this morning you woke up and felt sorry about last night?

LORELAI: No.

CHRISTOPHER: Embarrassed about last night?

LORELAI: No.

CHRISTOPHER: Eager and willing to repeat last night?

[Lorelai sees her parents walking toward them]

LORELAI: Ah, Mom, Dad, hi.

CHRISTOPHER: Richard, Emily.

RICHARD: Well, hello Christopher. What a pleasant surprise.

LORELAI: You came.

EMILY: Of course we came, we were invited. Hello Christopher. I mean, why did you think we would not come?

LORELAI: I thought you thought the invitation was rude.

EMILY: It was rude. However, it would've been equally rude for us not to attend the wedding when we were perfectly capable of doing so, so we came. That's called rising above it.

LORELAI: I see. Do you wanna come back down here long enough to get a drink?

EMILY: Yes, that would be nice.

CHRSTOPHER: I'll get it for you.

EMILY: Champagne, please.

CHRISTOPHER: Should I make that two?

LORELAI: Absolutely.

RICHARD: I believe I'll join you, see what sort of scotch they're serving here.

CHRISTOPHER: When I get back, you're gonna have to answer my last question.

[Christopher and Richard walk away]

EMILY: What on earth is Christopher doing here?

LORELAI: Um, well, he's visiting his daughter.

EMILY: That's very nice.

LORELAI: Yeah. Actually, he's been visiting his daughter quite a bit lately.

EMILY: Really?

LORELAI: Yes. In fact, Mom, you might be seeing a lot more of Christopher from now on.

EMILY: Because he'll be visiting his daughter?

LORELAI: Yes, he'll be visiting his daughter.

EMILY: Well, I'll be damned.

CUT TO WALKWAY

[Christopher and Rory are walking along a pathway]

CHRISTOPHER: So I'm guessing your mom talked to you?

RORY: She talks to me all the time, frequently when I'm begging her not to.

CHRISTOPHER: And she told you what we discussed?

RORY: She mentioned something about it, yes.

CHRISTOPHER: And what do you think about all this?

RORY: I don't know. What exactly are your intentions?

CHRISTOPHER: Excuse me?

RORY: Your intentions □ are they honorable?

CHRISTOPHER: Completely honorable.

RORY: Yeah? Because we have been waiting for this for a really long time and we take disappointment extremely hard. I mean it, property damage is often involved.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, I better follow through on this, huh?

RORY: I think that's an excellent idea.

CHRISTOPHER: Come here, you. [they hug, his cell phone rings.] It's probably work.

RORY: On a Sunday?

CHRISTOPHER: Hey lady, I've got a lot of responsibility now, okay?

RORY: Okay.

CHRISTOPHER: Be right back.

[Christopher walks away. Rory sees Jess and walks over to him]

RORY: What are you doing here?

JESS: Hello to you, too.

RORY: Is everything okay?

JESS: You look nice.

RORY: Thank you. What are you doing here?

JESS: I moved back.

RORY: What?

JESS: I moved back.

RORY: But □ what □ why?

JESS: Just wanted to.

[Rory kisses him]

RORY: Oh my God! Oh my God!

JESS: Rory.

RORY: Don't say a word!

JESS: Okay.

RORY: I have to go. [runs away] Oh, welcome home!

CUT TO BRIDGE

[Lorelai is standing on the bridge as Christopher walks up to her]

CHRISTOPHER: Lor!

LORELAI: Ah, hey there. We're starting any minute. Have you seen Rory?

CHRISTOPHER: Uh, yeah, I just left her over there.

LORELAI: Oh, good, okay, I'll find her. Go get a good seat. The wind's kicking up so this might be a

really good show.

CHRISTOPHER: I have to go.

LORELAI: Huh, what, why?

CHRISTOPHER: I have to take care of something.

LORELAI: Chris!

CHRISTOPHER: I'm sorry, really. I'll call you later to see how it went.

LORELAI: No, oh, whoa, whoa, whoa, wait a minute. What □ tell me why you're leaving? What □ what's going on?

CHRISTOPHER: Sherry called. She's back.

LORELAI: So you're going home. Gonna tell her you're moving out? No? Okay.

CHRISTOPHER: I can't believe this. I mean, I really can't believe this.

LORELAI: Uh, okay, I don't know. Um, just, uh, drive safe.

CHRISTOPHER: Drive safe?

LORELAI: Yeah, drive safe. I mean, you know, you're still Rory's dad, right? So whatever happens or doesn't happen between us, I still need you to drive safe.

CHRISTOPHER: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Just go, Chris!

CHRISTOPHER: Sherry's pregnant.

LORELAI: Oh. Oh my.

CHRISTOPHER: She just found out and she called me as soon as she found out, and that was her calling to tell me that she found out.

LORELAI: Pregnant.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah.

LORELAI: Wow. Well, uh, women all over the world will line up to see that tiny woman fat.

CHRISTOPHER: I don't know what to do. I was so happy last night and now. . .

LORELAI: Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: I missed it before with Rory. I wasn't there, I wasn't apart of it.

LORELAI: I know.

CHRISTOPHER: And I never forgave myself.

LORELAI: I know.

CHRISTOPHER: So, what, I'm just. . .I'm gonna do that again? I'm just gonna take off, disappear?

LORELAI: No. You're gonna go home.

CHRISTOPHER: This is absolutely unbelievable. I've waited years for this, Lor. You, Rory, the whole perfect picture and now - .

LORELAI: Listen, I have to walk down the aisle in a minute and be really happy for Sookie and right now I'm having a little trouble standing, so maybe it would be better if you would just go.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm so sorry.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. Me, too.

CHRISTOPHER: You'll tell Rory?

LORELAI: I will. Hey, congratulations.

CHRISTOPHER: Thanks.

CUT TO WEDDING

[The wedding ceremony is about to begin. Lorelai is waiting to walk down the aisle. Rory runs over and stands next to her, Lorelai gives her a bouquet.]

RORY: I think I'm going to Washington.

LORELAI: Oh. Okay.

THE END

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