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07x21 - Unto The Breach

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07x21 - Unto The Breach

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

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STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai and Sookie are walking through town]

SOOKIE: How did you get roped into bringing the cake to your parents' party?

LORELAI: I made the mistake of telling my mother how much Rory loves the chocolate-raspberry one from Weston's.

SOOKIE: That's my favorite.

LORELAI: I know me too. So now I'm allowed to handle the cake. Drycleaners, help me remember to pick up my dress from the dry cleaners.

SOOKIE: Dry cleaners -- got it.

LORELAI: And heels -- I need to find a pair of heels that will not sink into the grass at Yale. It's all grass at Yale, unless it's cobblestones. Between the grass and the cobblestones, you can't barely walk around there. So in fact don't help me remember heels. Help me remember wedges.

SOOKIE: Dry cleaners and wedges.

LORELAI: Thank you so much for helping me. I have so much on my mind between Rory's graduation and Logan asking me for her hand. Ooh, Champagne and ice -- I need to bring both of those to Yale.

SOOKIE: Dry cleaners, wedges, champagne, and ice.

LORELAI: Although everyone knows it's a rhetorical question...

SOOKIE: Ha?

LORELAI: Logan asking my permission. Have you ever heard of anyone who says no?

SOOKIE: Why did you want to say no?

LORELAI: No, he can ask her anything he wants. I think she's too young to get married but, oh. Plastic champagne flutes -- I can't forget those. I know he asked me out of respect, but I'll tell you what's not respectful is asking for my permission and then making me wait. Every time the phone rings, I think it's gonna be her, telling me that it's happened, but it's not. It's just my mother calling with some boring party detail, like asking me about the ratio of devil to egg.

SOOKIE: Ooh, that's easy. It's one part yolk and two parts mayonnaise. Oh my God you don't care at all, do you?

LORELAI: No.

SOOKIE: No.

[They enter Weston's]

LORELAI: Ooh I have to remember my beaded clutch. Don't let me forget my beaded clutch.

SOOKIE: Got it.

LORELAI: Hey, Sue. I'm here to pick up the cake.

SUE: Oh great. Thanks.

LORELAI: And then, on top of everything, there's this whole Luke thing.

SOOKIE: [Gasps] Oh, thank god. I have been waiting and waiting all morning. I didn't think you were gonna say anything, and then I didn't think I should say anything. So there is a Luke thing?

LORELAI: I don't know Sookie. I can't figure out what happened. I mean clearly something came up when I sang that song.

SOOKIE: Clearly.

LORELAI: But I don't know if it was a new, now feeling or the residue of an old feeling that came up because of the drinks and the lyrics and the hat.

SOOKIE: That was a deadly cocktail.

LORELAI: So that's why I'm going to the diner today -- to see how I feel, sober and without the lyrics of "I will always love you" streaming in front of me.

SOOKIE: Gotcha. But just so you know I think it was a new, now feeling. The way you were singing to him...

LORELAI: Sookie you weren't even there.

SOOKIE: I know but I had enough people describe it to me.

LORELAI: Oh, no!

SOOKIE: No we're just excited for the possibility of you and Luke.

LORELAI: Look I know everyone's heart is in the right place, but I need to figure out what I want.

SOOKIE: Gotcha.

LORELAI: Seriously Sookie I need your help - keeping all these people off my back.

SOOKIE: Understood. But, for the future, the next time you want other people to stay out of your relationship...

LORELAI: Don't serenade your ex in front of the whole town?

SOOKIE: [Gasps] You admit it was a serenade.

LORELAI: Sookie...

LORELAI: Sorry.

SUE: There you go.

LORELAI: Thanks. We can check the cake off our list. What else do I need to remember?

SOOKIE: Don't worry, 'cause I prefer footballs, basically.

[They leave Weston's]

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: Don't worry, 'cause I prefer footballs, basically.

LORELAI: Huh?

SOOKIE: It's a mnemonic device. Dress, wedges, champagne, ice, plastic flutes, beaded clutch. "Beaded clutch" is one word.

LORELAI: And panty hose.

SOOKIE: Don't worry, 'cause I prefer footballs, basically, Polly.

LORELAI: And tissues and my camera.

SOOKIE: "Don't worry, 'cause I prefer footballs, basically," Polly teased Chad.

LORELAI: Why would Polly tease Chad about preferring footballs?

SOOKIE: I don't know. Maybe Polly prefers soccer balls.

LORELAI: That doesn't make any sense.

SOOKIE: Well then stop adding stuff to the list.

[Lorelai giggles]

OPENING CREDITS

LIZ'S SHED

LUKE: Hiya.

LIZ: Wow. It's so great to see you.

LUKE: This place looks totally different.

LIZ: Well T.J. And I fixed it up.

LUKE: You guys did a really great job.

LIZ: Thanks we worked our butts off, but it came out really nice.

LUKE: What's gonna go here?

LIZ: Nothing. T.J. Put those up.

LUKE: Yeah didn't want to tempt fate, huh?

[They laugh]

LIZ: Well, you know, he means well. He also built this coat-rack lamp, and it works.

LUKE: Nice.

LIZ: So, what brings you here?

LUKE: Well you know I want to get Rory a graduation gift, and I just thought earrings might be the right thing you know.

LIZ: Cool. I got a whole lot of them, take a look around. So I heard about Lorelai's karaoke serenade. I wish I had been there.

LUKE: It wasn't a serenade.

LIZ: That's not what I heard. I was at Weston's a couple of days ago, and half the town was talking about it.

LUKE: Well half the town should get a hobby. What do you think about these?

LIZ: Ah, those aren't Rory's taste. They're too trippy. She's not trippy. So, what have you done?

LUKE: What do you mean, what have I done?

LIZ: About the love serenade.

LUKE: It wasn't a serenade, and I haven't done anything. I've worked real hard to try to get that stupid song out of my head.

LIZ: Aren't you gonna respond in some way?

LUKE: Well there's nothing to respond to. She drank a truckload of tequila, and she sang a sappy song.

LIZ: Time. Okay. "I will always love you" is not a sappy song. It's classic Cyndi Lauper.

LUKE: Whitney Houston.

LIZ: It doesn't matter. The point is, she will always love you.

LUKE: I heard the song.

LIZ: She's waiting for you to make a move.

LUKE: Look if it had meant something, she would have come in, you know. What do you think of these?

LIZ: The teardrops -- Rory will love those.

LUKE: Good.

LIZ: Look, all I'm saying is, from everything I've heard and know, Lorelai would like you to respond. I

mean Crazy Carrie was there, and she said Lorelai definitely gave you the love look.

LUKE: I wouldn't trust information coming from a woman who wears a cardboard hat. You got a box for those?

LIZ: I certainly do. [Luke looking at something else] You like that?

LUKE: Yeah. Well, it's nice.

LIZ: It is. It would really match Lorelai's eyes. In fact, I was actually thinking of Lorelai when I made that.

LUKE: Well, I wasn't thinking -- it's a nice necklace, is all.

LIZ: [Chuckles] It is. All right. This is on me.

LUKE: Oh, what? No, no. Come on.

LIZ: After everything you've done for me...

LUKE: I'm not gonna not pay.

LIZ: After everything's T.J.'s put you through?

LUKE: That's very nice of you. You know what? Maybe I will get this necklace as a backup for Rory.

LIZ: Right.

LUKE: yeah she has blue eyes, right?

LIZ: Yes, she does.

LUKE: Find a box for that.

PARIS AND DOYLE'S APARTMENT

[They are packing, Doyle is fixing the wall, Paris is on the phone.]

PARIS: Yes, we still have the kitchen table, but the chairs went about a half-hour ago. Yeah let me stop you right there if you want to haggle, go to a flea market, because my other line is ringing. Fine. It's yours. Be here in 20 minutes, or I'll reactivate the listing. [Hangs up the phone] Sold for \$15 more than I paid 2 years ago see, the key to haggling is you put your hands around their throat and keep on squeezing.

DOYLE: You've got skills, baby.

PARIS: I know. Think of how useful I'll be when we're in India. Oh remind me -- we have to pack Advil. If I get a headache over there, I'm not about to get some Ayurvedic massage.

DOYLE: Sure, just to clarify, you are gonna tame it down a little when we're in India, right? I mean we are tourists.

PARIS: No way. My philosophy is "travel aggressively." Otherwise, you get taken advantage of.

DOYLE: All these textbooks, backpacking? I thought we agreed this is a vacation.

PARIS: I'm not about to drop the ball now that I've gotten into Harvard medical school. This is the time to turn up the intensity.

DOYLE: Paris...

PARIS: It's not gonna be like this forever, I promise, but these next four years are critical. I've got to do well so I can get a great tier residency. After that, I promise I'll rest. What? Why are you smiling?

DOYLE: Because I love you.

PARIS: Shut up. I love you, too.

[They start kissing, Rory enters]

RORY: Happy last day! Oh. Well, hello, lovebirds.

APRIL: Where were you?

RORY: I went to a theater party with Lucy and Olivia, and I spent the night at their place. Hey, Doyle.

DOYLE: Hey, Rory.

RORY: Ah man, you guys are almost done packing up your stuff?

PARIS: Getting there.

RORY: Can you believe we graduate tomorrow? I can't believe it. I can't wrap my head around it.

PARIS: Oh God. You're not gonna start getting sentimental already, are you?

RORY: That wasn't sentimental. That was incredulous. I'm allowed to be incredulous. I mean can you believe it?

PARIS: Ah yeah, I can, actually. I checked out of this place the second I got into Harvard. God, I never get tired of saying that.

RORY: Well, I can't believe it, and I intend to savor every moment of it.

PARIS: Well, savor while you spackle. I will take you to small-claims court if I don't get back my full deposit. Hey, do you need any boxes? Someone overestimated.

DOYLE: Let it go, Paris.

RORY: Ah no, I'm just taking all my stuff back home, so I'm just gonna throw it all in suitcases. You know what I should take a picture of you packing up the apartment.

PARIS: And that's not sentimental?

RORY: Oh, shush. I'm allowed a little bit of sentiment on my last day of college. Now smile.

PARIS: Are you done?

RORY: No, no. I need a picture of Doyle. He's packing up the toaster. Oh, no toast tomorrow. That's so sad.

PARIS: Rory.

RORY: One more of you with that annoyed face. [Looking annoyed] That's not cute. Make the annoyed face again. Oh, you're so good. You're a natural. I love it.

LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai enters]

LORELAI: Oh, hey.

MISS PATTY: Hello!

BABETTE: He's upstairs. I'm sure you can go right on up.

LORELAI: Oh no that's okay. I'm just here for coffee.

MISS PATTY: Sure you are.

LORELAI: I am.

BABETTE: Honey, we were there.

MISS PATTY: We heard the song.

BABETTE: It gave me goose bumps.

MISS PATTY: The way you locked eyes with him.

BABETTE: All of that pent-up emotion -- ooh.

LORELAI: No, no, no. It's just karaoke. You know I got swept up in the lyrics and the moment. It didn't mean anything.

LUKE: [Over hearing Lorelai] What can I get for you?

LORELAI: Hi. Um, a coffee.

LUKE: To go, right?

LORELAI: [Unsure and confused] Okay.

BABETTE: Is Rory all excited?

LORELAI: Um yeah. She is.

BABETTE: I can't believe she's done. I still got memories of her as a little girl running around in my head.

LORELAI: Me too. [Too Luke, sounding happy.] Hey, should I have a doughnut or a muffin?

LUKE: [sounding a little annoyed] Whatever you want.

LORELAI: How about a doughnut with a side of muffin?

[Luke nods and leaves, Lorelai is confused still.]

MISS PATTY: So, uh, what time are we supposed to be there, anyway?

LORELAI: Where?

MISS PATTY: Yale.

BABETTE: Oh, yeah, hon, I need directions, 'cause Morey MapQuested it, but the campus is big.

LORELAI: I didn't know you guys all wanted to come.

MISS PATTY: Of course we do.

BABETTE: We wouldn't miss our little girl's graduation.

[Luke drops of the to-go bag for Lorelai, distracting her again.]

LORELAI: Oh well I have to call her and see, make sure there's enough tickets.

BABETTE: Thanks, doll.

MISS PATTY: [Too Babette] How many do you think we need?

BABETTE: Well, let's see. There's Morey and me and you and Lane and Zach and Mrs. Kim -- Lulu and Gypsy, plus one, she said.

LORELAI: That's a lot of people.

BABETTE: Yeah maybe we should charter a van.

LORELAI: [Lorelai's cell phone rings] Ooh, speaking of the graduate.

BABETTE: Say hello to her from us!

LORELAI: I will.

BABETTE: And ask her how long the ceremony is, 'cause I got to plan my snacks.

[Lorelai goes out side and answers the phone.]

LORELAI: Hey!

RORY: Hey. You are not gonna believe it!

LORELAI: Okay. Hold on. [Takes the phone away from her hear and exhales] Believe what?

RORY: Milan Kundera is speaking at our graduation.

LORELAI: [No the news she was expecting] Oh.

RORY: What? You're not a big Kundera fan?

LORELAI: Uh, no. I'm unbearably light on him.

RORY: I see.

LORELAI: Speaking of which, do you think you can get some more graduation tickets? It seems like the whole of stars hollow wants to come.

RORY: Oh, that's sweet, but we only get four, and people have been trying to get extra ones since September.

LORELAI: Oh, no. Anything on the black market?

RORY: No I think we're probably priced out of that.

LORELAI: All right well, you do know the house is gonna get egged.

RORY: I'm sorry. There's nothing I can do. I'll help you scrub it when I get home.

LORELAI: Wait a minute. Four? There's me, your dad, your grandparents, Logan.

RORY: Logan's sitting with his friends - there're like 20 guys he hasn't seen since last spring.

LORELAI: Mm gotcha.

RORY: So, are you nervous?

LORELAI: About Logan seeing his friends? Not really.

RORY: No. About seeing dad.

LORELAI: Oh, that. No. Ah we talked last night, mostly about our beautiful daughter.

RORY: Oh.

LORELAI: We're both just so proud of you. I think we're gonna be fine.

RORY: Good. What about Luke?

LORELAI: Oh, well, I was just in there, you know. Trying to figure out how I feel.

RORY: And?

LORELAI: And the point is totally moot, because he barely even looked at me.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Yeah I must have completely embarrassed him, in addition to completely embarrassing myself. I've given you the "don't drink to excess" speech, right?

RORY: Well if you haven't, you've certainly taught me by example.

LORELAI: So, anyway, that's that.

RORY: Are you okay?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. I mean, I didn't know what I wanted, anyway, so...

RORY: Okay if you need anything...

LORELAI: Yeah. Thanks, hon.

RORY: All right listen I'm gonna go. Logan and I have this romantic afternoon planned.

LORELAI: Oh? Really?

RORY: We're spackling.

LORELAI: Oh. Well, spackle well, or whatever one says to encourage a successful spackle.

RORY: Have a good spackle?

LORELAI: Spackle on.

RORY: Break a spackle?

LORELAI: Knock on spackle if things work out.

RORY: Okay I'll talk to you later.

LORELAI: Tell him I said hi.

RORY: Bye, mom.

LORELAI: Bye. [Sighs after she hangs up.]

TOWN MEETING

TAYLOR: all right, everybody! That's enough! The meeting has come to order. Now before we get down to official business, I would like to unofficially thank all of you for your concerns over my health. I'm doing much better, thank you.

BABETTE: We never heard. What did you do?

LORELAI: Yeah what happened?

MISS PATTY: I heard you slipped in the tub.

TAYLOR: That's right, I did. Let that be a lesson to all of you. Bathroom safety is a serious business. One can never be too careful. Now, onto...

GYPSY: I thought the paramedics found you in your living room.

TAYLOR: Well, yes. The tub was, in fact, a pedi-spa. I have bunions, and I was soaking, but it still was exceedingly slippery. Onto the next order of business. Our esteemed friend and neighbor Kirk would like a permit to do his performance-art piece called "Kirk-in-a-box" in the town square.

KIRK: It isn't a performance-art piece. It is a feat of endurance -- an attempt to stretch the bounds of human possibility.

MISS PATTY: And what exactly is "Kirk-in-a-box"?

KIRK: I will be suspended 20 feet above the street in a clear Lucite box with no food or water.

LORELAI: Like David Blaine.

KIRK: Not at all. My box is smaller.

BABETTE: Why?

KIRK: Because Lucite is very costly.

BABETTE: No. Why are you doing it?

KIRK: To see if I can.

TAYLOR: Let me point out that something like this could draw a crowd.

GYPSY: Hey if Kirk wants to sit in a box, let him sit in a box.

MOREY: Yeah, what do we care?

BABETTE: Yeah you don't have to look. It's a good idea! Let's vote!

TAYLOR: Very well. All those in favor.

[All Aye!]

TAYLOR: All right, all right. But don't complain to me when and if we run into a parking situation...

BABETTE: [Quietly to Lorelai as Taylor continues to talk.] Is there special parking at Yale?

LORELAI: Oh, I meant to tell you. I couldn't get any extra tickets.

BABETTE: What? We don't get to go to Rory's graduation?

LORELAI: I tried.

BABETTE: Isn't there anything you can do?

LORELAI: Well I asked.

TAYLOR: Excuse me, ladies. What is going on over there?

BABETTE: None of us gets to go to Rory's graduation.

[All groan]

LORELAI: I'm sorry. I tried.

TAYLOR: Order! Order! Everyone, quiet down. Clearly, this is an issue of importance to some of you, so let's just add it to tonight's agenda.

LORELAI: No, no, no. Taylor, we don't have to do that.

TAYLOR: Too late. It's already been added. Lorelai, state your case.

LORELAI: I don't have a case.

TAYLOR: Fine. Then just explain how this mishap occurred.

LORELAI: What mishap?

TAYLOR: Clearly, you dropped the ball.

LORELAI: I didn't. They get four per kid. That's how it works. What could I do? I tried.

TAYLOR: Were there no orphans, no children of divorce? Are you telling me that every single student at Yale has at least four people coming to see him or her graduate?

LORELAI: Look, I'm sorry okay, but you'll all get a chance to congratulate her at the graduation party I'm having at my house in a week.

BABETTE: But it's not the same thing. We've all known the kid since she was that high. We want to see that special moment when she gets handed her diploma.

LORELAI: I'm really sorry, guys. I mean maybe I could hand her the diploma again you know, at the party at my house.

BABETTE: You would do that?

LORELAI: Of course.

GYPSY: Well what about the music? You can't have the pomp without the circumstance.

TAYLOR: That's an easy one to solve. The stars hollow high school band will play. It will be a wonderful dress rehearsal for their own ceremony in two weeks.

[All Yeah!]

LORELAI: I don't know if I can fit the whole band inside the house.

TAYLOR: Absolutely not -- your house is not zoned for gatherings larger than 15 people. We'll do it in the town square.

[All exclaim]

LORELAI: Oh, that sounds...

KIRK: Lulu can play Rory. She's a terrific actress.

RORY: What are you, nuts? No way. Rory's gonna play Rory.

BABETTE: Oh, and at the ceremony at Yale, don't forget to take a lot of pictures, 'cause then we can blow them up for the re-enactment!

LORELAI: [Looking worried] Uh, uh, okay.

TAYLOR: I would suggest taking a notebook along. Attention to detail is very important in re-enactments.

LORELAI: [Whimpers]

YALE - RORY'S GRADUATION PARTY

[Several dozen people are celebrating with her, Rory is talking with a few ladies.]

WOMAN 1: We'd love to have you back at the D.A.R.

WOMAN 2: So much, you were a breath of fresh air.

WOMAN 1: We want to start a little outreach program.

WOMAN 2: You wouldn't believe your generation's apathy when it comes to such things as the preservation of this nation's history.

RORY: Oh really yeah that's a shame.

WOMAN 2: We were thinking of renting out a roller rink...

LOGAN: I'm sorry, ladies. Mind if I steal my girlfriend away for a minute? Some rather urgent business.

WOMAN 2: Of course not.

WOMAN 1: We'll talk later.

RORY: Excuse me. [Away from the ladies] Oh you really are my shining, armored knight. You know that.

LOGAN: I saw you dying, and I did want to tell you something rather urgent.

RORY: What's up?

LOGAN: You look beautiful.

RORY: Oh!

[They kiss, Lorelai is watching from a distance]

WOMAN 3::I just can't believe you're old enough to have a daughter in college.

LORELAI: Yeah...

WOMAN 4: Neither can I. What is your skin-care ritual?

LORELAI: Oh, just soap, you know?

WOMAN 3: What kind?

[Lorelai's cell phone rings]

LORELAI: I just get it at the drugstore. Will you excuse me? [Answering the phone] Chris, hi.

EMILY: Where are you going?

LORELAI: I'll be right back.

EMILY: That wasn't the question.

[Lorelai goes outside]

LORELAI: Where are you? Oh. There you are.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey.

LORELAI: Hey.

CHRISTOPHER: Sorry. I just didn't want to do this in front of everyone.

LORELAI: No, no. I think that's a good thing.

CHRISTOPHER: Hi.

LORELAI: [Sighs] Hi.

CHRISTOPHER: You look good.

LORELAI: You look good.

CHRISTOPHER: So, how is she?

LORELAI: Oh, she's excited. She's good. She's excited.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah? And you?

LORELAI: I'm excited, sad, and nostalgic. Terrified. Logan asked my permission to ask her to marry him.

CHRISTOPHER: What?

LORELAI: Yeah. I know. I mean he hasn't done it yet, you know so maybe he'll back out, but he definitely asked.

CHRISTOPHER: Wow.

LORELAI: Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: She's so young.

LORELAI: I know.

CHRISTOPHER: So what did you say?

LORELAI: I told him he could ask her.

CHRISTOPHER: Right. Yeah.

LORELAI: What do you think?

CHRISTOPHER: I'm just letting it sink in. You know, you hear about people asking the father. Not that you don't deserve to be asked -- you do. It's just more stuff I've missed.

LORELAI: We're gonna figure out this whole divorced-parenting thing eventually.

CHRISTOPHER: She might be 60.

LORELAI: Well, 60-year-olds are notoriously needy. At least we'll be in sync by then.

CHRISTOPHER: [Sighs]

LORELAI: You want to come see her?

CHRISTOPHER: Let's do it.

LORELAI: Okay.

[They go back inside]

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, kiddo!

RORY: Hi, dad.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey.

[Smooches]

CHRISTOPHER: Hey it's good to see you.

LOGAN: Good to see you, too, sir.

CHRISTOPHER: So, are you getting excited?

RORY: Yeah, I can't believe it's tomorrow.

[Tapping glasses]

RICHARD: Ladies and gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen, first let me thank you for coming to celebrate my granddaughter's graduation. [Emily pinches Richards arm] Ouch! I do beg your pardon. Celebrating our granddaughter's graduation.

[Chuckles from the gathering]

EMILY: I can't let him take all the credit. Have you seen her? Can you blame me?

[More chuckles and laughter]

RICHARD: So, when my wife and I sat down to write our toast, we ran into something of a problem. All of our words sounded too mundane, too insignificant to mark such an auspicious occasion as Rory's graduation from Yale. So instead... maestro...

EMILY: Please excuse us. We're not singers.

[Piano playing]

RICHARD: Never let them see you sweat, dear.

RICHARD: [Singing] You're the top you have graduated.

EMILY: [Singing] You're the top your grandparents are elated.

RICHARD: [Singing] Newspaper editor. Phi Beta Kappa wow!

EMILY: [Singing] You're a revelation. A huge sensation.

RICHARD: [Singing] You should take a bow.

EMILY: [Singing] You are done. No more school for you.

RICHARD: [Singing] There is nothing. Now that you can't do.

EMILY: [Singing] You'll make us proud, we'll sing it loud.

RICHARD: [Singing] It's true!

RICHARD AND EMILY: [Singing] 'Cause now, Rory you're a Bulldog through and through.

[Laughter, applause]

LOGAN: Yeah!

EMILY: Please stop.

RICHARD: Oh, thank you, thank you.

RORY: Wow. Thank you for that.

EMILY: We meant every word of that song.

RICHARD: We certainly did, even the ones we sang off-key. We are so proud of you.

RORY: Oh thank you so much. You know that none of this would be possible without your help so. You should all know that there's no way I could be a Bulldog through and through if it weren't for these two, so thank you so much, grandma and grandpa.

RICHARD: Congratulations, Rory. [They clink glasses] To you.

LORELAI: Cheers.

ALL: Cheers.

CHRISTOPHER: [Cell phone rings, leaving a message] Oh, it's the babysitter, checking to see if Gigi Can watch an hour of television. I don't think she's ready for "The Pussycat Dolls." I'll be right back.

LOGAN: Actually, would you mind waiting?

CHRISTOPHER: Sure.

LOGAN: trust me you'll want to stick around for this.

CHRISTOPHER: [To Lorelai] Okay. Is he gonna...

LORELAI: [To Chris] Not here. Not now.

LOGAN: If I could, I'd also like to say a few words about my girlfriend of the past three years. You amaze me, Rory Gilmore, every day -- everything that you do, everything that you are.

RORY: [giggles]

LOGAN: This past year, I realized that I don't know a lot more than I thought I knew, if that makes sense. I'm a little bit nervous. I didn't think I would be. What I'm trying to say is that... I don't know a lot. But I know that I love you... and I want to be with you... forever.

[All Sighs]

LOGAN: Rory Gilmore... ...will you marry me?

RORY: Um... um, wow. Um, wow. I -- wow.

LOGAN: Is there a "yes" in between those "wows"?

RORY: Um, I'm just... I'm so...surprised. I-I just -- um, would -- um... w-will you come talk to me outside?

LOGAN: Sure.

RORY: Yeah. Okay.

[Guests murmuring]

EMILY: [To the pianist] Play something -- now.

[Piano plays mid-tempo music, Emily watches them go outside, Richard and Lorelai look worried. Outside Logan and Rory talk.]

RORY: Sorry. I-I didn't want to talk in front of everybody.

LOGAN: No. I completely understand.

RORY: [Seeing a white carriage and 2 white horses] Is that...

LOGAN: For us? Yeah.

RORY: [Shocked by it all]

LOGAN: I'm sorry I know you said you were over big gestures, but that's what wedding proposals are. And night with your parents here and your grandparents, I just thought...

RORY: No, it's not the size of the gesture. It's the gesture itself.

LOGAN: Rory, I got the job out in silicon valley.

RORY: What? You did? When?!

LOGAN: They offered me the position about 45 minutes after the meeting, but I wanted to save the news until after I proposed.

RORY: Wow. You've been thinking about this for a while.

LOGAN: Yeah. Back when everything was up in the air business-wise, I realized as long as I had you, I'd be okay. You would love Palo Alto, Rory. We could go hiking in the Dish on weekends, biking at the Baylands.

RORY: Wow. California sounds really athletic.

LOGAN: Or coffee drinking on university avenue.

RORY: That's much easier to imagine.

LOGAN: I went exploring a little, and there is this house that we could rent. It has a backyard with an avocado tree.

RORY: I do like guacamole.

LOGAN: And it's only 35 miles south of San Francisco -- just a straight shot up the 101.

RORY: Wow you've done a lot of research.

LOGAN: Yeah you could work at the Chronicle, The San Francisco Bay Guardian.

RORY: Wow. Oh, it sounds amazing. Logan, it sounds wonderful. I just -- I don't know. I mean, you've had time to think about this and research. It's so sweet and wonderful. I just -- I'm hearing about it for the first time.

LOGAN: So you're saying in the past three years, you never thought about marrying me?

RORY: No, of course I have.

LOGAN: And?

RORY: And it's always a really wonderful thought, but it was always hypothetical and...

LOGAN: I know. For me, too. But then it hit me -- why wait? Remember when we were in the life and death brigade and we stood on top of that tower, and we held hands and we jumped? Let's do that again, Rory. Let's jump.

[Rory smiles at Logan, meanwhile back inside.]

EMILY: Well I don't what to do, should I continue to stagger the hors d'oeuvres or just tell the kitchen to send everything out?

LORELAI: I don't know.

EMILY: What didn't she just say "yes"?

LORELAI: I think she's not sure she wants to marry him, mom.

EMILY: That's ridiculous. He's a Huntzberger. An offer like this doesn't come around every day.

LORELAI: It's a marriage proposal, not a sale on linens.

RICHARD: Clearly, Rory was caught off guard. All of us were. [Lorelai cell phone rings] I'm sure she just needs a moment to get her bearings.

LORELAI: Hi, hon.

EMILY: Is that Rory? Did she say yes?

LORELAI: [To Chris] Hey, it's Rory. Do you want to come?

CHRISTOPHER: No. You go.

LORELAI: Okay. [Too Rory] Hi.

HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE

[The girls are riding along]

RORY: I just couldn't answer him. You know I just kept saying, "I don't know. I'll have to think about it." It was awful. He was obviously disappointed and upset. You know he made all these plans about the house we would live in and the avocado tree in our backyard.

LORELAI: Well, you do like guacamole.

RORY: I just had to explain to him how out of the blue this is. I mean this is seriously out of the blue -- out of the deepest, darkest, naviest blue. And why are you so calm, by the way?

LORELAI: Oh, well, he asked my permission a couple days ago.

RORY: What? You knew?

LORELAI: I was dying to tell you.

RORY: Oh man you are a good secret keeper.

LORELAI: Not really. I told Sookie. I told your dad. Paul Anka and I discussed it at length.

RORY: So what do you think I should do?

LORELAI: Oh, honey, I think it's your decision.

RORY: I know, but tell me what you think I should do.

LORELAI: Well, I think you should take a few days, you know, let the shock wear off.

RORY: You're really not gonna give me your opinion?

LORELAI: Only you know what you want.

RORY: Yeah. [Sighs] I love him. I do. I mean, things have been really amazing lately. But, on the other hand, we are so young. I'm only 22. On the other hand, what does age matter when you're in love? On the other hand, what is the rush?

LORELAI: Well, you're like a circus freak with all the hands.

RORY: Won't you just tell me what to do?

LORELAI: Honey, I'm sorry.

RORY: Oh! Okay. You don't have to say anything. Just blink one eye if you think I should do it.

LORELAI: No.

RORY: 'Cause you don't?

LORELAI: 'Cause I won't.

RORY: This is like the bird-versus-turtle Halloween costume all over again.

LORELAI: Well I didn't crack then, and I'm not gonna crack now. I just think you need to figure it out. And remember -- that flying turtle bird was the most original costume in the third grade.

RORY: Yeah. [Sighs] But this time I have to choose -- turtle or bird?

LORELAI: Well, you're not in third grade anymore.

RORY: Yeah, I guess not.

LORELAI: Hey, how many hours do we have the carriage for?

RORY: Um, a couple more, I'm guessing.

LORELAI: Want to drive through the center of town and do the queen wave?

RORY: Yes.

STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai is walking the darkened street towards Luke's, she sees Kirk in the Lucite box. Luke comes out of the diner with some trash.]

LUKE: How's it going?

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: What are you doing out here so late?

LORELAI: I needed to take a walk to clear my head, and I wanted to see if Kirk was still in the box.

LUKE: Yeah apparently he is you know, I wouldn't know. I've decided to ignore him. Gawking only encourages his asinine behavior.

LORELAI: What about you? You're usually long gone by now.

LUKE: The softball team's celebrating their first win. I couldn't get them out the door. Clearing your head about what?

LORELAI: [Sighs] Logan proposed to Rory.

LUKE: No way. Wow. Wow. I guess you would need a walk for that. What did she say?

LORELAI: Well, she said she needed time to mull it over.

LUKE: Good answer.

LORELAI: I thought so.

LUKE: Yeah. So, did she ask for your advice?

LORELAI: She did. Yeah.

LUKE: And?

LORELAI: I told her it was her decision. My mother's picking out china patterns.

LUKE: Oh, I bet she's all over that. So, you're leaning toward "no"?

LORELAI: Oh, uh, no. I'm not really leaning. I'm kind of upright.

LUKE: Oh well I just, I could understand if you were leaning away from "yes."

LORELAI: Why?

LUKE: Well I mean she's really young and it's the most important decision of your life -- you know, her life.

LORELAI: Well, they love each other. He's been great. Maybe they got it together young. Some people do.

LUKE: Right and others need time.

LORELAI: Sure. Or they're never ready.

LUKE: I wouldn't say "never." Just they want to be a little more careful. They're a little slower, you know, just to make sure it's right.

LORELAI: Well you can't always be 100% sure it's right. Sometimes you just have to take a leap of faith.

LUKE: You got to know what you're leaping into.

LORELAI: After all this time, how could you not know?

LUKE: How could who not know?

LORELAI: Rory.

LUKE: Right.

LORELAI: Right.

LUKE: Rory.

LORELAI: Well, that was my walk, and, uh, I'm gonna head home.

LUKE: Good enough. Oh, I almost forgot something. Hang on.

[Luke goes into the diner.]

LORELAI: Are you allowed to talk in there?

KIRK: Rules are a little gray on that!

[Inside Luke's, behind the counter he gets the earrings for Rory, the other box for Lorelai is also in the draw, he hesitates and leaves it. And goes outside.]

LUKE: I got this for Rory.

[Lorelai is surprised]

LORELAI: Oh.

LUKE: Yeah. I just thought it would be better if she got it on the day of her actual graduation.

LORELAI: Oh, that's -- that's -- that's nice.

LUKE: Yeah, so...

LORELAI: Thoughtful. So, good night.

LUKE: Good night.

LORELAI: Good night, Kirk.

KIRK: Good night.

[Kirk lies down]

PARIS AND DOYLES APARTMENT

[Rory is finishing the spackle work. Stops to look for food, finds some cereal and gets a bowl and spoon from a box. Checks the fridge for milk, but it has "For! Paris! Only!" on it, so puts it back and has it dry. She tries on the ring and smiles.]

YALE - GROUNDS

[Emily, Richard and Lorelai are walking.]

RICHARD: I'm just saying he's a superb writer.

EMILY: I'm just saying that a superb writer does not a superb speaker make. I could barely stay awake.

RICHARD: I told you to start with coffee. It's a two-ceremony day.

LORELAI: Maybe it's just a cultural thing. Maybe Milan Kundera is the Robin Williams of the Czech republic.

EMILY: With that voice? So soporific it was as if he were trying to perform a mass hypnosis.

LORELAI: We should hurry up if we want to get good seats to watch Rory get her diploma.

EMILY: My point is, with all the potential speakers out there, why choose someone so dull?

LORELAI: You know for a while, Rory said they were considering Henry Winkler. That would have been neat.

EMILY: Who?

RICHARD: You mean Henry Kissinger?

LORELAI: Not unless he played the Fonz.

EMILY: I'm assuming that Logan will join us for the actual commencement at Branford.

LORELAI: Nope.

EMILY: No?

LORELAI: He's sitting with his friends. Plus, I think it would be awkward, you know?

EMILY: I don't know. No one knows. Only Rory.

LORELAI: Well, mom...

EMILY: Well I just can't believe you don't have more information.

LORELAI: She said she's thinking about it so she's thinking.

EMILY: What is she thinking?

LORELAI: I don't know.

EMILY: Why not?

RICHARD: Actually, Kissinger would be duller than Kundera with that foghorn voice and that accent. Of the two, I'd vote for the Fonz.

EMILY: Do you even know who the Fonz is?

LORELAI: Oh, wait, wait. Oh, sh**t.

RICHARD: What's wrong?

LORELAI: I promised Patty and Babette that I would get lots of extra programs for the re-enactment.

EMILY: Oh here. You can have mine.

LORELAI: [Groans]

EMILY: What? It was hot. I needed a fan.

RICHARD: Sweetheart, I'm sure I can use some of my many contacts to procure as many programs as you need.

LORELAI: Really? Could you? That would be great.

EMILY: Can I have my program back, then? As my friend Sylvia Rosenblat is saying, I'm "Shavitzing."

LORELAI: Shvitzing, mom. Shvitzing. Never mind.

YALE - GROUNDS

[Rory, Paris, Lucy and Olivia (who is opening a bottle of champagne.)]

OLIVIA: So, seriously, 90% of the class was at this party...

LUCY: More!

OLIVIA: And everyone's watching. He starts to -- swear to god -- do the robot.

RORY: Professor Watley?

LUCY: Uh-huh.

PARIS: Wait isn't he like 150?

LUCY: I know, right. At first, we thought he was having a seizure, which you know would have been easier to take.

OLIVIA: That was so funny, an awesome party, by the way. I thought you were gonna come after your grandparents' little cocktail bash.

LUCY: Yeah, Gilmore, you're so lame for blowing it off.

PARIS: Yeah at least I had an excuse. My boyfriend and I went to "Star of Bombay" as a little warm-up for our trip to India. It turns out Doyle's stomach and Vindaloo are not bunk buddies. It's gonna be a long trip.

RORY: Well I would have gone to that party if somebody hadn't insisted that I finish spackling all the holes in our apartment, upon pain of death.

PARIS: Hey, each unspackled hole is deposit money that our hygienically challenged, sleazebag of a landlord will use to supply his freaking porn habit.

RORY: College has mellowed Paris.

LUCY: How was your grandparents' cocktail party? Were there great huzzahs in your honor?

RORY: Oh it was fine. People walked around, had grown-up drinks, and my grandparents sang me a song. I turned a deep shade of red. It was fine.

OLIVIA: Uh-oh it looks like you guys are lining up.

LUCY: We better get over to Saybrook. [Holding the champagne bottle high] To our future!

TOGETHER: Huzzah!

LUCY: I wonder if I'll actually get my diploma in my envelope.

RORY: Why? Do you have some overdue library books?

OLIVIA: And she has no idea where they are.

LUCY: Please forward my mail to Argentina. I'll be hiding out until the heat blows over. I love you guys!

OLIVIA: Bye!

RORY: Bye!

YALE

[The ceremony is about to get under way. Lorelai, Emily and Richard are finding their seats.]

EMILY: Did she try on the ring?

LORELAI: I have no idea.

EMILY: I can't believe you have no idea what she's going to do. I mean aren't you two "bosom

buddies" Isn't the sharing of intimate information your thing?

LORELAI: Mom our thing right now is letting Rory make her own decisions.

EMILY: What did you tell her to do?

LORELAI: Mom I didn't tell her to do anything. I'm letting her make her own decision.

EMILY: But you must have at least...

RICHARD: Emily can we focus on the ceremony?

LORELAI: So, are these seats okay? Can you both see the stage?

RICHARD: Perfectly.

EMILY: Well, I'm sure someone will take a photo of Rory receiving her diploma close-up.

LORELAI: Mom, if you don't like these seats, we can go look for others.

EMILY: No. Then we'll lose these.

LORELAI: Well we can have dad wait here while I try to find better seats...

RICHARD: Lorelai, these seats are fine.

LORELAI: Hey!

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, guys. Sorry I'm late.

EMILY: You're not late. The ceremony is starting late, of course, after Lorelai drove us like cattle to get here.

LORELAI: [To Chris] You be the deciding vote. Are these seats okay, or do you think we should look for better ones?

CHRISTOPHER: These seem great.

LORELAI: [Giggles] Really? Because that lady has long hair, and if a breeze blows up, it might...

RICHARD: Lorelai, Lorelai, the seats are perfect.

LORELAI: All righty.

CHRISTOPHER: Any answer from Rory?

LORELAI: Not yet.

EMILY: Apparently Lorelai has decided to invoke the "don't ask, don't tell" rule.

LORELAI: Oh mom.

RICHARD: Bill Clinton -- that's a speaker I would have enjoyed. I can't stand his politics, but he has a commanding presence and a nice voice. I wonder if he records books on tape.

[Lorelai and Chris look at each other, amused at Richard]

YALE

[Paris and Rory line up]

PARIS: So have you thought about what you're going to say?

RORY: What?

PARIS: When he hands you the diploma. I can't decide between "thank you" and "thank you so much."

RORY: Oh.

PARIS: It's a significant moment, and I want to do it right. If I say just plain "thank you," it sounds kind of casual, like he's handing me a slice of pizza. But "thank you so much" sounds weird, like I'm acknowledging applause after singing a love ballad.

RORY: I think I'm just gonna do a polite smile and a "thank you." Okay. This is it.

PARIS: Yeah. We've been drafting off each other since high school, and now it's each woman for herself. Who knows when we'll see each other again, right?

RORY: Paris I haven't been able to shake you off all these years. We're gonna be friends for a very long time.

PARIS: You're gonna do such great things with your life, Rory.

[Paris surprises Rory with a hug.]

RORY: Oh! Wow. Okay.

WOMAN: Okay, G's, you're on the move!

[Rory see Logan in the distance, with his friends, he waves to her]

PARIS: Unto the breach.

YALE - CEREMONY

[The ceremony is underway]

MAN: Phoebe Elizabeth Gabner.

LORELAI: You ready to be parents of a Yale graduate?

CHRISTOPHER: I already got the bumper sticker picked out.

EMILY: Just so you know, I read in the New York Times that people are getting married younger and younger these days.

LORELAI: Well the good news is, if it was in the New York Times, Rory saw it and filed it away. What's wrong?

EMILY: This chair is faulty. Every time I lean from one side to the other, I almost slide off.

LORELAI: Do you want to switch seats?

RICHARD: Now Lorelai, you don't need to switch. Emily, your chair's fine. Just don't lean.

EMILY: I have to lean. This woman keeps rocking back and forth. It's like sitting behind Ray Charles.

MAN: Paris Eustace Geller.

LORELAI: Oh, Paris!

[They clap]

EMILY: I'm just saying you have pull. Use it. That's what parenting is.

LORELAI: Don't know if her family is here, I'm gonna take a picture for Rory.

EMILY: She looks up to you, and when a child looks up to you and has a difficult decision to make, you tell her what to do.

LORELAI: That's not how I do it.

EMILY: So you're just content...

RICHARD: Emily, please. Rory is next.

MAN: Roberta Gelson.

LORELAI: [To Chris] Honey, tell me what time it is. I told everyone I'd notice the exact time so that when we do the re-enactment they would have the...

RICHARD: Lorelai, I will note the time. I will take the photo. You just sit there and enjoy your daughter's graduation from Yale. This is as much your moment as Rory's. Enjoy it.

MAN: Lorelai Leigh Gilmore.

[Rory receives her diploma.]

LORELAI: Yay, Rory! [Lorelai yells out as she stands and claps over come with emotion, Rory looks over to see Lorelai and Chris standing and clapping.]

YALE

[Later, they are taking photo's, Chris is behind the camera.]

RICHARD: All right, everyone. Say "Fromage."

LORELAI: Dad.

EMILY: Must you always do that?

LORELAI: Entertain them with that in the Great w*r?

CHRISTOPHER: [Takes the photo] Got it.

RICHARD: Excellent.

EMILY: All right what other combinations haven't we done?

RORY: Um, duh. Me, mom, and dad.

EMILY: "Duh"? That's our Yale graduate.

LORELAI: She meant "Doy".

RICHARD: All right. Everybody, everybody say...

AS A GROUP: Don't!

RICHARD: ...Whatever you like. [Takes the photo] Got it.

EMILY: Good, make sure you save it. You erased the last one.

RICHARD: I don't trust these things.

RORY: [Seeing Logan] I'll be right back.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, Richard, Emily, can I get one with you guys?

[Meanwhile Rory approaches Logan, who is talking to someone.]

LOGAN: Thank you. Good to see you. [Too Rory] Hey. Congratulations.

RORY: Thanks.

LOGAN: Yeah you did great -- no tripping, no dropping the diploma.

RORY: No, nothing like that.

LOGAN: I remember when I graduated. I was a little tipsy -- that's a big surprise, huh? -- And I did trip, and I reached out and grabbed the robe of Marcia Hadley, who was so not the person to grab.

RORY: Logan... I'm sorry... I can't. I love you. You know how much I love you. I love the idea of being married to you... but... there are just a lot of things right now in my life that are undecided. And that used to scare me, but now I-I kind of like the idea that...it's just all kind of...wide open. And if I married you, it just wouldn't be.

LOGAN: So, what? I go to San Francisco, you stay on the east, and we see each other occasionally?

RORY: Well, we can try long distance. We've done it before.

LOGAN: You really think that's gonna work?

RORY: I think it would be hard, but...

LOGAN: I don't want to do that, Rory. I don't want to go backwards. If we can't take the next step...

RORY: What?

LOGAN: I mean...

RORY: Does it have to be all or nothing?

LOGAN: Yeah, it does.

RORY: But we could at least try.

LOGAN: What's the point?

RORY: So...

LOGAN: So... [Rory hand the engagement ring back, Logan reluctantly takes it.] goodbye, Rory.

[Logan walks away, Rory looks sad but not crying.]

PARIS AND DOYLE'S APARTMENT

RORY: Okay. Just one more trip.

LORELAI: No! I can't. This is why we don't exercise. It's too exhausting.

RORY: Well it wouldn't be so exhausting if we exercised.

LORELAI: Oh, darn your college-graduate logic. How you doing, honey?

RORY: Uh, okay.

LORELAI: Yeah?

RORY: Well, I'm not okay. I feel awful. I feel sick. I miss him already.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: And it just sucks, you know, because I graduated today. This was supposed to be a happy day in my life, and now when I look back on it, I'm just gonna think about this horrible thing that happened.

LORELAI: I'm sorry. I think you made the right decision.

RORY: You do?

LORELAI: I do. Someday you'll meet someone, and you'll just know it's right. You won't want to hesitate. You'll just know.

RORY: I hope so.

LORELAI: I really do believe it.

RORY: So I guess no avocado trees.

LORELAI: Well, no avocado tree.

RORY: You know, I think I'll get my own avocado tree.

LORELAI: See? You could get your own cherry tree, get your own peanut tree, just have peanut butter all day long.

RORY: Peanuts don't grown on trees. They grow under the ground.

LORELAI: Whatever. My point is you can have anything you want.

RORY: Oh, yes. It's wide open.

[Rory takes the last box out, looks at the apartment one last time. Rory sighs as she turns out the light and closes the door.]

LORELAI: What do you mean, peanuts don't grow on trees?

RORY: Mom, trust me. I'm a college graduate.

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