

# Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

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

## 04x07 - The Festival of Living Art

<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/viewtopic.php?t=6366>

### 04x07 - The Festival of Living Art

by **bunniefuu**

written by Daniel Palladino

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

Posted: **11/16/03 06:41**

directed by Chris Long

transcript by Stacy with assistance by Canopus

OPEN AT LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is sitting at the kitchen table clipping coupons. Rory walks out of her bedroom carrying a bag of laundry, and Lorelai hides the coupons.]

LORELAI: Morning.

RORY: Morning.

LORELAI: Hey, would you be horrified if I started clipping coupons again?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Oh, well, then, I won't.

RORY: Wait, did you say again?

LORELAI: I meant ever.

RORY: When did you clip coupons before?

LORELAI: I didn't. I misspoke. Whoops.

RORY: Uh huh.

LORELAI: Hey, how is it that your dirty laundry has increased exponentially since you started Yale?

RORY: 'Cause I'm a dirty, filthy Yale girl now. [she grabs the page of coupons from the table]

LORELAI: I told you I'm not gonna clip them!

RORY: Then I don't see the problem.

LORELAI: Just for the Fig Newtons, please!

[Rory opens the back door and listens to the music coming from the garage]

RORY: Whoa! That is -

LORELAI: Sucks.

RORY: That is totally sucks. And they're like on their two hundredth guitarist audition.

LORELAI: Well, they must be down to the deaf, dumb, and blind ones. Ah, he found it.

RORY: Found what?

LORELAI: The lost chord.

RORY: So, the washer's broken.

LORELAI: Yup.

RORY: You didn't mention that when you saw me walk out with my exponential amounts of laundry.

LORELAI: Sorry.

RORY: Or when I called from Yale to say that I had exponential amounts of laundry to do.

LORELAI: You've totally co-opted my word.

RORY: Okay, plethora - that's my word. I have a plethora of dirty laundry and nowhere to do it.

LORELAI: But you don't come home to do your laundry. You come home to see your mama.

RORY: No, this time I came home to do my laundry.

LORELAI: All right. I'll call the repairman A.S.A.P.

RORY: Hey, you hear that?

LORELAI: What?

RORY: No music.

LORELAI: And the band stopped playing, too.

[Lane walks in through the back door]

RORY: Hi, Lane.

LORELAI: How's it going there?

[Lane walks to the sink, turns the faucet on, and sticks her head under the water.]

RORY: You think she can hear us?

LORELAI: I think out of self-defense her ears have become vestigial organs.

[Lane walks back outside. Rory grabs another page of coupons from the table.]

LORELAI: I'm not clipping coupons!

RORY: Then I don't see the problem.

[Lorelai finds another page of coupons on the table]

LORELAI: Ha.

[opening credits]

CUT TO SOOKIE'S HOUSE

[Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Hey, it's your friendly neighborhood Lorelai.

SOOKIE: I'm in the kitchen!

[There's a man sitting in the living room]

LORELAI: Good morning.

BEAU: Is it?

SOOKIE: Just spreading that love and sunshine around, huh, buddy? Lorelai, this is Beau, Jackson's brother. Beau, this is our friend Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hi.

BEAU: Hm.

SOOKIE: Come on. Let's leave Oscar Wilde here to his reading.

[Lorelai and Sookie walk to the kitchen]

LORELAI: What's with the 'tude?

SOOKIE: Jackson asked Beau to be here for the birth.

LORELAI: Uh huh.

SOOKIE: Which was supposed to happen a week ago.

LORELAI: Uh huh.

SOOKIE: So Beau's missing way more work than he thought he would, and he's letting me know it.

LORELAI: Yeah, it would be nice if God gave us women a pop-up thing when a baby's done like on a turkey, but he chose not to. Hey, Jackson.

JACKSON: Hi. This extra time is great, huh? I'm getting so much done.

SOOKIE: I know. I'm still storing meals. I've got two weeks worth.

BEAU: Hey, Jackson?

JACKSON: Yeah, Beau?

BEAU: What day is it today?

JACKSON: It's Saturday, Beau.

BEAU: I get time and a half on Saturdays.

JACKSON: Uh huh.

BEAU: It gets me my fun things. Otherwise, it's all just bill paying.

JACKSON: [to Sookie] Have I apologized to you enough?

SOOKIE: Yes, Daddy, you have.

JACKSON: So, I got the plastic sheet on the bed. It fits perfectly.

SOOKIE: Excellent.

LORELAI: What's that for?

JACKSON: She doesn't know?

LORELAI: Know about what?

SOOKIE: You ready? This is big. It's really good, and I want you to slowly drink it in. No big gulps.

LORELAI: I'm ready to take a sip.

SOOKIE: We're skipping the hospital and having the baby here.

LORELAI: Here in your house?

SOOKIE: In our bed.

LORELAI: Hence the sheet.

JACKSON: Got a honey of a sheet. It's the top of the line. The little thing will come out and carom right down into the catcher's arms.

LORELAI: While we all yell, "hey, batter, batter, batter"?

SOOKIE: He means the midwife. Got the best one on the eastern seaboard.

JACKSON: You look mystified.

LORELAI: No, it's just. . .uh, you guys have done a lot of research on this, right?

SOOKIE: Millions of babies have been born this way.

JACKSON: It's a great tradition.

SOOKIE: And hospitals are so cold, you know, so full of infections.

JACKSON: And dead people.

SOOKIE: And sometimes the dead people have infections.

JACKSON: And if they're not dead yet, they die.

LORELAI: All true.

JACKSON: But the best thing about having little Davey or Colgate here - zero chance of bringing home the wrong baby. What comes out of her here, stays here. Oh, I got something for you. [hands Lorelai a pager] It's a baby pager. It'll go off when Sookie's close.

["The Entertainer" plays from the pager]

LORELAI: Oh, cute.

JACKSON: Scott Joplin seemed appropriately sunny.

SOOKIE: I want you to be here even if home birth disgusts you.

LORELAI: Of course I'll be here. Nothing could keep me away.

JACKSON: Ohh! Extra buckets - I gotta put it on the list.

LORELAI: Extra buckets? What's that. . .hm. Never mind.

CUT TO THE DANCE STUDIO

[Townspeople are gathering for a town meeting]

KIRK: Excuse me. Can my girlfriend and I sit here? This is my girlfriend.

LULU: Hi.

MAN: Hi.

KIRK: My girlfriend and I appreciate it.

LULU: Yes, thank you.

KIRK: I got a pretty polite girlfriend.

BABETTE: Should we be nervous about this?

ANDREW: I don't know. Did Taylor tell anyone why he called an emergency meeting?

KIRK: He said nothing to me or my girlfriend.

MISS PATTY: I can't remember the last town emergency meeting he called.

KIRK: Me and my girlfriend can't either.

RORY: Home birth?

LORELAI: I was horrified and I hid it horribly. I wanted to be supportive but throw up at the same time.

RORY: A plastic sheet?

LORELAI: I saw it. It was the same one that boy who couldn't hold it had to use in that after-school special. What was that called?

RORY: "It's Not Benny's Fault."

LORELAI: Oh, God. It was so insane. It's what hospitals are for.

KIRK: Hey, Lane, there's a seat behind my girlfriend.

LANE: That's okay, Kirk. Hi.

LORELAI: Hi.

RORY: Hey.

LANE: Get this. I just found the most amazing guitarist - a phenom. He was cool on the phone, and we're meeting him tomorrow.

RORY: That's great.

LANE: I'm trying not to get my hopes up, but I've already figured out that our Spin cover should be against a bloodred backdrop with a skull hovering over us.

LORELAI: Oh, well, very Norman Rockwell.

RORY: That woman's staring at me.

LORELAI: Oh, Mrs. Van-uppity? Well, maybe you're just her type.

TAYLOR: People, thank you for assembling on such short notice.

BABETTE: What's up, Taylor?

KIRK: My girlfriend was wondering that, too.

TAYLOR: As you know, every year, one lucky town in Connecticut gets to host "The Festival of Living Pictures," a show which presents onstage recreations of famous works of art - statues, paintings, et cetera, with real people posing as the figures in the art. We hosted it seven years ago - successfully, I might add.

BABETTE: Yeah, it was a blast.

LORELAI: Definitely.

KIRK: My girlfriend's gonna love this.

TAYLOR: The town of Woodbury was supposed to host it this year, but because of recent flooding, they canceled at the last minute, and I offered Stars Hollow to be the host. How does that sound?

RORY: Cool.

BABETTE: Yeah, sign us up.

MISS PATTY: Yeah, Taylor, you finally did something right. Your beard is so sexy.

ANDREW: How much time do we have?

TAYLOR: One week. And as per tradition, we need to come up with one original recreation to go with all the others that are in the show every year.

MISS PATTY: Well, that's not a lot of time.

LORELAI: Yeah, Taylor, is it even possible?

TAYLOR: Well, it'll have to be. I've already assured Hank, who is the Taylor Doose of Woodbury, that we'd take it over successfully. It's a challenge, people, but doable. Now, I would like to introduce you to a key player in our execution of this endeavor, the head of the Connecticut Arts Council, Buff Otis.

LORELAI: Hey, it's your future wife.

RORY: Shut up.

TAYLOR: Would you like to say a few words, Mrs. Otis?

MRS. OTIS: Your enthusiasm. . .shocks me.

LORELAI: Is that good?

RORY: Hard to tell.

LANE: It might be.

BABETTE: Scary broad.

TAYLOR: I will be managing the event and emceeing. Uh, Miss Patty, you will be stage-managing. Uh, Lorelai, if you could help organize the costumes?

LORELAI: I'm here for you and your sexy beard, Taylor.

TAYLOR: Um, everyone should sign up now if you want to be considered to be cast in one of the recreations. Mrs. Otis and I will make the final decisions.

BABETTE: Hey, you're gonna be the girl in that Renoir painting again, right? You were such a doll in that.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm sure I can be persuaded.

TAYLOR: This is an enormous challenge, people, but I say we do it and do it well. Meeting adjourned.

LORELAI: Wait.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: I want to see if she asks you out.

RORY: Ugh.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting at a table]

LORELAI: I wonder if I want to be something other than the Renoir girl.

RORY: I'm sorry, the audience has come to expect you in the role of Renoir girl. You can't disappoint them. It's a plum role.

LORELAI: True, true.

LUKE: Sorry I took so long. I was dealing with more divorce-lawyer stuff.

LORELAI: Good Lord, is Nicole's lawyer still harassing you?

LUKE: No, mine was. And please don't point out the irony of my paying a lawyer to work for me.

LORELAI: Okay, but then you're gonna owe me something else I can ironically comment on.

LUKE: Fine. Hey, what was that emergency meeting all about?

RORY: We're hosting "The Festival of Living Pictures" again.

LUKE: Oh, joy.

LORELAI: His lack of enthusiasm shocks me.

LUKE: You're involving yourself in this thing? It's such a stupid waste of time.

LORELAI: I just thought of the perfect painting for Luke to be in. "Cranky Guy in Baseball Cap."

RORY: Was that Manet or Monet?

LORELAI: That was mustard on my hamburger and a side of fries, please.

RORY: She's the queen of segues.

LUKE: She's the queen of something. You want your usual?

RORY: Yes, please. Maybe I'll just be a backstage person this year. There's less pressure. You don't have to get made up, and. . . [sees Taylor and Mrs. Otis staring at her through the diner window] What are they doing?

LORELAI: Well, I bet she's coming to -

RORY: Hey, and no more inappropriate lesbian references, please.

LORELAI: All right. Oh, you know what? I bet you're in line for the new painting they're cooking up.

RORY: I feel like a used car.

TAYLOR: Turn to the side.

RORY: What?

TAYLOR: Turn to the side. We need to see your profile.

LORELAI: Just what I thought.

RORY: This is a violation of my civil rights.

LORELAI: You better do what John Ashcroft says or they may just follow us home.



RORY: Unbelievable.

TAYLOR: Other way. Other way.

RORY: I'm a Yale student, for God's sake.

TAYLOR: Thank you.

RORY: Crazy, doofus town.

LORELAI: Yeah.

CUT TO THE DANCE STUDIO

TAYLOR: Let's not loiter around the cast sheets, people. Find your name and then move on.

ANDREW: Oh, cool. I'm gonna be some statue.

TAYLOR: You're "The Reaper," Andrew - a prize work at Versailles and a prize role, not some statue.

ANDREW: So I get to be painted all white, huh?

TAYLOR: Yes, that's what that means.

LORELAI: Hi, Taylor. When are the costumes getting here?

TAYLOR: Hank in Woodbury swears they're en route, but you gotta double and triple-check with that guy.

LORELAI: Hank's the you in Woodbury.

TAYLOR: A real ninny. He's praying we don't pull this off, but that only inspires me to work harder.

KIRK: I need to see the list.

JOE: Watch the elbows, Kirk.

KIRK: I just need to see the list.

MISS PATTY: He's going to be very happy.

KIRK: Woohoo!

LORELAI: What'd you get, Kirk?

KIRK: Christ in "The Last Supper."

LORELAI: The big kahuna.

KIRK: I'm gonna do it right, too. Lots of research. What's a good book to read?

LORELAI: Uh, the bible?

KIRK: Right. Yo, where are my apostles? Where are my homeboys? James, son of Alpheus, give me five.

JOE: All right.

KIRK: Simon, the Canaanite, don't leave me hanging. I say we go celebrate. How 'bout Shakey's?

MAN: All right.

JOE: Cool.

MISS PATTY: That is one happy Christ.

LORELAI: Oh, well, it was nice of you guys to give him that.

MISS PATTY: Oh, I wanted to show you this. It's our original picture. Well, we think Rory would be perfect for it. It's called "Portrait of a Young Girl Named Anthea."

LORELAI: Wow, that's Rory.

MISS PATTY: Do you think she'll do it?

LORELAI: Well, you got some sway with me.

MISS PATTY: Good, good.

LORELAI: Okay, I'm confused.

MISS PATTY: I should go make my calls.

LORELAI: I'm not the, uh, Renoir girl.

MISS PATTY: Oh, really? I didn't realize that. . .

LORELAI: Patty, I'm the spitting image of the Renoir girl. I played her seven years ago and received the proper accolades. This is a mistake.

MISS PATTY: Maybe.

LORELAI: Um, Taylor?

TAYLOR: Yes, Lorelai?

LORELAI: I'm not listed as the Renoir girl. Is that a mistake?

TAYLOR: Frankly, no, it's not.

LORELAI: Okay, I'm not listed as anything else, either.

TAYLOR: That's also correct. You'll be helping with costumes.

LORELAI: I don't get it. Why am I not the Renoir girl? I'm the spitting image.

TAYLOR: You are. Your look is perfect.

LORELAI: Then why am I not the Renoir girl?

TAYLOR: I really have to tell you why?

LORELAI: Yes, you do.

TAYLOR: You flinched.

LORELAI: I what?

TAYLOR: Seven years ago, the curtain opened. You were posed in the painting, then you flinched noticeably.

LORELAI: I did not flinch.

TAYLOR: We thought you were having an attack.

LORELAI: I did not flinch!

TAYLOR: You almost knocked Terrence over.

LORELAI: I did not!

TAYLOR: The whole town saw it. And with Hank from Woodbury looking over my shoulder, I'm not taking any risks.

LORELAI: Patty, please, back me up here.

MISS PATTY: Oh, honey, I'm sorry, you flinched!

TAYLOR: Big-time.

MISS PATTY: You almost knocked Terrence over.

TAYLOR: Yeah, you screwed the pooch, so you're out. I'm sorry.

MISS PATTY: So, you'll ask Rory about the painting?

CUT TO THE YALE LAUNDRY ROOM

[Lorelai and Rory are doing laundry]

LORELAI: It's humiliating!

RORY: You and the Renoir girl - it was a lock.

LORELAI: Yeah, until this smear campaign. There's a lot of tension in the air here.

RORY: Well, it's midterms.

LORELAI: You seem calm.

RORY: Well, on the outside. Is this what you're using, Dream Fresh laundry powder?

LORELAI: It's a new brand.

RORY: It's an off-brand.

LORELAI: It leaves your clothes with that Dream-Fresh scent.

RORY: You used a coupon, didn't you?

LORELAI: Thirty-five cents off or not, I still would have chosen Dream Fresh.

RORY: So, who'd they pick for the Renoir girl?

LORELAI: Carol Dandridge.

RORY: Carol Dandridge?

LORELAI: Carol Dandruff from now on!

RORY: Okay, now, don't take it out on poor Carol. It's not like she lobbied for it.

LORELAI: I bet she did. That would be just like that old porky, doody-dridge.

RORY: Oh, wow. You're really bummed about this, aren't you?

LORELAI: On the outside, I am a mature adult who's able to put setbacks like this in their proper place, and on the inside, I just wanna wear that pretty dress again!

RORY: You will.

LORELAI: Yeah, if a brick lands on Taylor's head and he suddenly likes me again. Ooh, a brick.

RORY: You don't need a brick. You have me. I'll take care of it.

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

RORY: You are going to be the Renoir girl - end of story.

LORELAI: How?

RORY: Well, if they want an Anthea for "Portrait of a Young Girl Named Anthea," then they're going to have to have you for the Renoir girl.

LORELAI: Well, look at you folding your laundry all haughty and powerful.

RORY: Bada-bing all over his nice ivy-league suit.

LORELAI: Rory, you couldn't do that. Come on. It would be embarrassing, it would be manipulative, and can you do it tonight?

RORY: I think I'll wait until the Anthea costume is perfectly fitted to my specifications. Then we won't have no surprises.

LORELAI: I am in awe.

RORY: Pass me the Dream Fresh?

LORELAI: I wouldn't dare not to.

CUT TO LORELAI'S GARAGE

[The band is setting up]

LANE: I don't know about you, but I'm completely jazzed about this.

ZACH: This is the first time I've been excited about playing since Dave.

BRIAN: If he's half as good as this tape, I'm gonna plotz.

[A man enters the garage]

LANE: Can we help you?

GIL: Yeah, I'm looking for Lane.

LANE: I'm Lane.

GIL: Am I late?

LANE: For?

GIL: The audition.

LANE: For?

GIL: I'm Gil!

ZACH: Gil.

BRIAN: Gil.

LANE: Gil. No, you're right on time. Come on in.

GIL: Primo space.

ZACH: Yeah.

BRIAN: Primo.

GIL: How you guys doin'?

BRIAN: I'm Brian.

ZACH: Zach.

GIL: Where do you guys want me?

LANE: Uh, right there's good.

GIL: Cool.

CUT TO THE TOWN SQUARE

[A tent has been set up for the costume fittings for the festival]

LORELAI: How's your research coming along, Kirk?

KIRK: Good, although I got off to a slow start. I didn't realize Jesus wasn't in the Old Testament 'til I

hit page 368.

LORELAI: Hey, Taylor.

TAYLOR: Hello.

LORELAI: I took a quick survey of the costumes. Looks like everything's here and accounted for.

TAYLOR: And the Renoir girl dress still fits you?

LORELAI: Like a glove.

TAYLOR: So help me, if you make me look bad in front of Hank from Woodbury, there is gonna be hell to pay. Sorry.

TROUBADOUR: Hey, I'm here for a fitting.

LORELAI: Oh, well, you've come to the right place. What are you in?

TROUBADOUR: "The Last Supper."

KIRK: Oh, you must be one of my missing apostles. Still haven't met them all. I'm Christ.

TROUBADOUR: It's gonna be a lot of fun, huh?

KIRK: Definitely. Which apostle are you?

TROUBADOUR: Judas.

KIRK: Judas.

TROUBADOUR: So, uh, where do I go for my fitting?

KIRK: Oh, I think you know where you're going, pal.

LORELAI: Right through that flap. I'll meet you back there.

TROUBADOUR: Thanks. So I heard you and all the apostles are going to Shakey's later.

KIRK: You heard wrong, friend. We're not going to Shakey's.

TROUBADOUR: Oh, okay. Well, maybe some other time.

KIRK: Yeah, some other time.

CUT TO LORELAI'S GARAGE

[The band is playing a song with Gil]

GIL: Man, you guys are fantastic!

ZACH: Uh, yeah, you, too.

BRIAN: Yeah.

LANE: Really good, Gil.

GIL: I mean it's tight, you know. It feels right.

LANE: Definitely.

ZACH: It's got a feel that. . .

LANE: Feels right.

BRIAN: Yeah.

GIL: You want to do another one?

LANE: Sure.

GIL: Just give me one minute to call work. I own a sandwich shop in Salisbury and I gotta check in every once in a while or it's chaos. I'll be right back. Awesome, guys! Really!

LANE: Back at ya!

[Gil walks out of the garage]

ZACH: Whoa.

LANE: Yeah.

BRIAN: He's. . .he's. . .

ZACH: Old. Just say it, dude. Grandpa's old.

LANE: He's not a grandpa.

BRIAN: Did you know how old he was?

LANE: He sounded young on the phone.

ZACH: Right here, he's got some lines. That blows my mind.

BRIAN: What is he, late thirties?

ZACH: Approaching forty.

LANE: Forty?

BRIAN: He was alive before man walked on the moon.

ZACH: Don't do that, man. You're freaking me out.

LANE: Let's not be over-dramatic, guys. I mean, he is an incredible guitarist.

ZACH: He's had a lot of time to practice.

BRIAN: And the bicentennial - he was alive for that.

LANE: This is the best we've sounded since Dave, and he's really -

ZACH: Elderly.

LANE: Excited.

BRIAN: He was our age when we were born.

LANE: He thinks we're great

BRIAN: There were no cd's when he was born.

ZACH: Stop it, man. I mean it.

LANE: Maybe there's a way to offset his oldness. Put a hat on him. Dress him up like Angus Young in AC/DC - that schoolboy outfit.

BRIAN: He could have seen AC/DC with their original lead singer.

ZACH: And 1980 is when that guy choked on his own vomit. That's old.

LANE: You want to stop the audition?

BRIAN: We shouldn't be rude.

LANE: Good.

ZACH: Fine, we'll keep going, but remember, any new member has to be approved by all of us. So one vote against, and he's back at bingo.

LANE: I know.

[Gil walks back in]

GIL: [on phone] Cindy knows where the extra prosciutto is, Kevin. Ask her. Come on, I've told you before, when I'm not there, Cindy is me, okay? I'll check in later. Bye. [hangs up] Kids, man. In one ear and out the other. Okay, come on. Let's rock!

CUT TO SOOKIE'S HOUSE

[Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Hey.

JACKSON: Hi.

LORELAI: Ooh, balloons! Sad, little, droopy balloons.

JACKSON: We got 'em too soon.

LORELAI: Oh. Hey, you feeling okay?

SOOKIE: Fine. Bruce just suggested a little afternoon rest.

LORELAI: Bruce? Who's he?

JACKSON: She.



SOOKIE: It's a last name.

LORELAI: Who's she?

JACKSON: Best midwife on the eastern seaboard.

LORELAI: Ah.

BEAU: [on phone] Uh-huh. So it's gonna be another fifty bucks to change the flight again? That's six and a half hours take-home after taxes, disability, and FICA.

SOOKIE: And the Oscar for biggest blubber baby goes to. . .

BEAU: [on phone] No, no, go ahead. Put me down for it. I got no choice. Thanks. [hangs up] She sounded hot.

SOOKIE: Hey, Beau, why don't you go take a little walk? You know, go do something.

JACKSON: Yeah, good idea.

BEAU: But there's nothing to do in this hick town, not like back in Bogalusa.

JACKSON: Hey, Beau, why don't you come help me pick the zucchini in the back? I got a couple of giant Miracle Gro ones out there. Huh? It'll tickle you.

BEAU: That might be something.

[Jackson and Beau leave]

LORELAI: Wow, you can cut the sexual tension with a knife.

SOOKIE: Ugh! Don't joke.

BRUCE: The bedroom is now prepared for the baby. Your husband tried, but he screwed up, so I fixed it.

SOOKIE: Thank you, Bruce.

BRUCE: There's someone new here.

SOOKIE: Oh, Bruce, this is my best friend I was telling you about, Lorelai.

BRUCE: Hello.

LORELAI: Hi, oh, hey. I heard you were the, uh, best midwife on the eastern seaboard. May I call you Bruce?

BRUCE: Everyone does.

LORELAI: Then I will call you Bruce.

BRUCE: You're anti-midwife.

LORELAI: Pardon me?

BRUCE: There's anti-midwife energy in this room and it wasn't here when I left it.

LORELAI: Oh, well, it's not coming from me.

SOOKIE: Yeah, Bruce, Lorelai is pro-you, all the way.

BRUCE: Uh huh. I'll be in the bedroom.

LORELAI: Uh, wow, that woman's got strong hands.

SOOKIE: She ate a whole jar of crunchy peanut butter in one sitting.

LORELAI: I would want a woman just like that yanking the baby out of me.

BRUCE: Please lay on your side, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Yeah, sorry. This is the position I'm going to be in for the baby. She wants me to get used to it.

BRUCE: Less tearing this way.

LORELAI: Ohh, smack that image right out of my head.

BRUCE: I beg your pardon?

SOOKIE: Hey, you know, Bruce spent two years in China educating poor villagers on female issues.

LORELAI: Oh, I hear they got great Chinese food there.

SOOKIE: A card.

BRUCE: You're the friend who's going to be there, right?

LORELAI: With rings on my fingers and bells on my toes.

BRUCE: You'll leave the negativity at home?

LORELAI: Bruce, I swear, I am Miss Positivity.

BRUCE: Uh huh.

LORELAI: I swear, I am not anti-midwife. I mean, that would be as dumb as being, I don't know, anti-best friend. Don't you think?

BRUCE: Uh huh.

[Jackson and Beau walk back in]

BEAU: You're the one who asked me out to pick zucchinis.

JACKSON: Right. Pick them, not kick them.

BEAU: You used to be fun. Now you're just a big-city phony.

BRUCE: Beau!

BEAU: Huh?

BRUCE: What did I say before?

BEAU: I wasn't listening.

BRUCE: The baby will come when the baby comes. We're all here to serve the baby. Jackson!

JACKSON: What?

BRUCE: How are you serving the baby?

JACKSON: I could go get more balloons?

BRUCE: Good. And, Beau, how are you serving the baby?

BEAU: I could help Jackson with balloons.

BRUCE: You need two men for that?

BEAU: I could get. . . I could get flowers.

BRUCE: Good!

JACKSON: Okay, we're going to get balloons and flowers.

LORELAI: She didn't give me any instructions.

SOOKIE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Should I move?

SOOKIE: I wouldn't yet.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai and Sookie are walking down the street]

SOOKIE: This is nice.

LORELAI: It is a beautiful day.

SOOKIE: Good suggestion.

LORELAI: You think Bruce was just trying to get rid of us?

SOOKIE: You, yes. But Bruce is there for the baby, and I've got the baby.

LORELAI: Have you checked that recently?

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: Are you sure she hasn't taken the baby and shoved a pillow under there when you weren't looking?

ANDREW: Oh my God!

SOOKIE: What?

ANDREW: You haven't popped yet.

SOOKIE: Not yet.

ANDREW: It's like an elephant's gestation.

SOOKIE: Thanks for the very welcome perspective on that, Andrew.

LORELAI: Hey, how's the research going, Kirk?

KIRK: Good. I'm using the clothing to get into character and I've been focusing on historical foods. Christ ate a lot of lentils.

LORELAI: No utensils back then?

KIRK: No, they had utensils.

TAYLOR: This is a disaster, an unmitigated disaster!

LORELAI: What happened?

TAYLOR: We're missing half the table for "The Last Supper."

LORELAI: Drag.

TAYLOR: This is Hank from Woodbury's doing. That little fink only shipped half the table on purpose.

MISS PATTY: No, I just talked to him, Taylor, and he swears he shipped everything they had.

LORELAI: Well, let's think here. There's gotta be a way to do this.

SOOKIE: Just add a card table to the end or some TV trays. It'll be like a funky Last Supper.

TAYLOR: "The Last Supper" cannot be funky.

MISS PATTY: Or we could just make do with what we have and crowd all the apostles around it.

ANDREW: Or eliminate some of the apostles.

TAYLOR: This is not going to work. I think we're just gonna have to throw in the towel.

MISS PATTY: Well, I think you might be right, Taylor. This just might be a sign to pack it in.

ANDREW: So no festival?

TAYLOR: No festival.

SOOKIE: I have to keep moving.

TAYLOR: Okay, start packing it up, people.

KIRK: You would fold?

TAYLOR: What was that, Kirk?

KIRK: You would fold due simply to hardship?

TAYLOR: Not now, Kirk. Uh, keep everything where it is, guys. No reason to unload it just to load it again.

KIRK: Would you follow blind guides which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel?

MISS PATTY: Oh, that's your blood sugar talking, sweetie. Eat a candy bar.

KIRK: This is but a crisis of faith.

TAYLOR: I said not now, Kirk.

ANDREW: Let him talk. What's the harm?

KIRK: When the road to your destination is revealed to be long and dusty, is your destination's value so diminished?

TAYLOR: Well, I suppose not, but still -

KIRK: If a storm mars your camp for the night, is it wise to search for high ground or hold your camp 'til the light of new day?

MISS PATTY: Well, it's something to think about.

KIRK: A crisis of faith can be delivered, but one must believe to be delivered.

[Lorelai and Sookie walk over to Luke]

LUKE: No way am I building that table out for them, no way.

LORELAI: Anyone ask you to, Jose?

LUKE: Nope, but they're going to.

LORELAI: They'll just get Tom to do it.

LUKE: The contractor? No, he's too busy with his own stuff. You having twins?

SOOKIE: No.

LUKE: You sure?

SOOKIE: Uh, let me think about it for another millisecond - no!

LUKE: It looks like you're having twins.

SOOKIE: You're gonna make me fall in love with you, Luke.

LUKE: It would take me hours.

LORELAI: What would?

LUKE: The table. It's gotta be built out in forced perspective. It's complicated.

LORELAI: Throw a stick and you can find someone to fix that table.

LUKE: So grab a stick and throw it because I'm not doing it.

LORELAI: No one asked you to.

LUKE: Not yet.

SOOKIE: I'm hungry. Let's get something.

LORELAI: Whoa, check out the group. There might be loaves and fishes.

SOOKIE: Hm. I had fish last night.

KIRK: . . .Do not heed the naysayers. They will not lead you down the proper road.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory pulls up out front. Babette walks over to her]

BABETTE: Hey, Rory. Dig the sounds coming from that garage.

RORY: They sound amazing.

BABETTE: I was over there before. That new guitarist - yum yum, like a long-haired cake.

RORY: Sounds like a winner.

BABETTE: You gonna check him out?

RORY: Yeah, Lane called and asked me to come down and drink in the whole picture.

BABETTE: Well, I got dibs on the new hunk. Rrrr!

[Rory walks to the garage and watches the band play]

GIL: Really tight, guys, but it's getting late. I gotta go.

ZACH: Go rest.

LANE: Hey, uh, Gil, this is my friend Rory. It's her house.

RORY: Hey, you guys sound great.

GIL: Don't you think? These guys are gonna be as good as Pink Floyd.

ZACH: Nice topical reference.

GIL: Well, Lane, you got my number?

LANE: Yeah, Gil, I've got your number.

GIL: Great. So, we'll talk later?

LANE: We'll talk later.

GIL: Take it easy.

LANE: Bye.

[Gil leaves]

LANE: Okay, Zach, shut up for a minute. I want to hear what Rory has to say. I didn't tell her what she was walking into, so she's our fresh eyes here.

RORY: He's great.

ZACH: And. . .

RORY: Experienced. And, um, Babette thinks he's really cute, so she's got dibs, and, um, he moves great. The jump was cool.

ZACH: I was afraid he was gonna break a hip.

LANE: Well, he's our only prospect.

BRIAN: And maybe that schoolboy outfit's worth a shot.

LANE: Yeah?

ZACH: Look, you're all fooling yourselves here. Bottom line - dude rocks, but dude's too old. I vote "no."

LANE: Okay, I guess that's that, then.

ZACH: That's that.

LANE: And that could be that for the band.

ZACH: That could be that, too.

LANE: Okay.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[There's a knock at the door in the middle of the night. Lorelai walks down the steps]

LORELAI: Identify yourself!

SOOKIE: It's me!

LORELAI: Who?

SOOKIE: Me!

LORELAI: Sookie?

SOOKIE: It's not coming out!

LORELAI: My God, it's one in the morning.

[Lorelai opens the door and Sookie walks in]

SOOKIE: It's lodged in there! It's stuck, for God's sake! It's not coming out!

LORELAI: You're insane.

SOOKIE: And it's growing all the time, just getting bigger and bigger. I've forgotten what it's like not to be expanding. I'll get so huge, I'll be the fat guy in "Monty Python's Meaning of Life." I'll explode and slime the whole room. People could die.

LORELAI: Honey, sit down, wrap this around you.

SOOKIE: Ooh! That Andrew. I hate that he was right, that pasty-faced bastard!

LORELAI: Right about what?

SOOKIE: Oh, no, I can't sit.

LORELAI: Right about what?

SOOKIE: I looked up an elephant's gestation period - 22 months!

LORELAI: You're not an elephant.

SOOKIE: But Baby doesn't know that.

LORELAI: Why would Baby think you're an elephant?

SOOKIE: Because he's tiny and stupid and floating around in a sack of fluid. He doesn't know his butt from a hole in the ground.

LORELAI: What happened?

SOOKIE: You know, an elephant squirted me once at the zoo. Maybe it shot something on me - some kind of elephant-gestation juice.

LORELAI: Honey, I mean tonight. What happened? You were fine when I left you. Where did the freak-out come from?

SOOKIE: Are you listening? It's not coming out! The ship's too big and the bottle's too small!

LORELAI: You have to sit down and rest.

SOOKIE: For two hours, I've been doing everything I can to make it come out. I mean, I've jumped, jiggled, shimmied.

LORELAI: Add a feather boa and I could book you on the burlesque circuit.

SOOKIE: My pain is funny to you.

LORELAI: No, but you should not be hopscotching all around town trying to get the baby out. That's not how it works.

SOOKIE: This is my mother's fault. She fed me too much roughage as a kid. Bran and granola and rapini. And now my insides are all rough and grabby, and Davey can't work his way out of my sandpaper innards. I want booze. I want a Manhattan and a scotch and a beer and a Rob Roy and a sidecar. But I can't, and I'm mad about that. I want to give birth!



LORELAI: I would give you a hug if you would sit still for one second.

SOOKIE: Yours came out. How'd you get yours out?

LORELAI: I swallowed a map.

SOOKIE: Cut the freaking vagueness. Why is it you mothers don't want to pass down your wisdom to other mothers? You're selfish.

LORELAI: Please, stop jiggling.

SOOKIE: Not 'til I'm skinny.

LORELAI: All right, bouncy San Pedro, can I just show you something here?

SOOKIE: You can show me your sweet tokus as long as I can keep jiggling.

LORELAI: Fine, keep jiggling. I was just going through something, I thought you might be interested. It's from 1984.

SOOKIE: The book?

LORELAI: No, the year. It's my baby box. It's full of all these little things, mementos and stuff from the night Rory was born. I haven't taken it out in ages.

SOOKIE: Mine's not getting a box because mine's not coming out.

LORELAI: Mm. My walkman with the homemade compilation tape still in it. "99 Luft Balloons," some R.E.M., some Thompson Twins.

SOOKIE: I never cared for them.

LORELAI: The magazine I was reading that night, with a special feature on who's hotter - Andrew McCarthy or Emilio Estevez.

SOOKIE: They're both dogs.

LORELAI: My Bubblicious-gum necklace, my Chunky wrapper.

SOOKIE: Ooh, I do like the Chunky's. I'd like bourbon better, but I do like the Chunky's.

LORELAI: John's digits.

SOOKIE: John who?

LORELAI: He was volunteering at the hospital for high school credit. He said, "Call me when you get your figure back."

SOOKIE: Sweet-talker. And for me, it was always Emilio 'cause he was kind of nasty.

LORELAI: Same here. Rory's first jumper.

SOOKIE: Bananarama?

LORELAI: I made it out of one of my t-shirts. It was the first thing I ever made her - ever made, ever. It was post-Gilmore economy. Look how tiny.

SOOKIE: Tiny.

LORELAI: She was the most beautiful pink all over. She even smelled pink. That sounds weird. I can't describe it - that little, pink, baby smell. The first time her eyes focused on me and her little fingers reached out. . . I was someone new. She had me.

SOOKIE: Emilio.

LORELAI: Rory.

CUT TO BACKSTAGE AT THE FESTIVAL

MISS PATTY: We're five minutes away from the starting gate, people. Five minutes.

RORY: Oh, my God, you guys look so cute. You know, it was just seven short years ago that I was a little Chinese acrobat just like you.

KID: You smell!

RORY: And we respected our elders when I was a little Chinese acrobat.

ANDREW: I hate kids.

KIRK: Lookin' good, lookin' good.

TROUBADOUR: Hey everybody, big night, huh? Hi, Kirk.

KIRK: Hello.

TROUBADOUR: Anyone sitting here?

KIRK: Yes. You have to go somewhere else.

TROUBADOUR: But Miss Patty said I -

KIRK: You have to go somewhere else!

TROUBADOUR: Okay.

KIRK: Perhaps there's an empty chair next to one of your friends, say, the high priest Caiaphas? Maybe he can accommodate you, hm?

TROUBADOUR: I guess so.

LORELAI: Hey, Rory, one of those little acrobat boys told me my breath smells stinky. They're running wild.

RORY: Acro-brats, I call them.

LORELAI: Ha, nice!

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: Got your ferret.

RORY: Oh, he looks mean.

LORELAI: Aw, I don't think there's any such thing as a friendly ferret and definitely not a cute one.

RORY: Yeah, they got dealt a rough card, those ferrets.

LORELAI: Oh, hey, art nouveau clock girl, hands off the face.

TAYLOR: What? Art nouveau clock girl touched her face? This place is bedlam.

MISS PATTY: Oh, relax, Taylor. We're right on schedule. Have a cigarette.

TAYLOR: I don't smoke.

MISS PATTY: Could you start?

LORELAI: Taylor, look, your cousin came to visit you backstage to say hello. [high-pitched voice] Oh, hello! What a pretty night it is for a festival! Do you have a mouse? I'm feeling a bit peckish.

TAYLOR: Put that down.

LORELAI: Just trying to lighten the mood.

TAYLOR: It's too late. That Hank from Woodbury is sitting front-row center just trying to psych me out.

LORELAI: Everybody's ready, Taylor, really.

TAYLOR: I hope everybody is ready.

LORELAI: [high pitched voice] Hey, let's all be friends. Can I nibble your neck?

MISS PATTY: He's really got his knickers in a twist tonight.

RORY: Hey, talk more like a ferret.

LORELAI: Sorry, time to attach it.

MISS PATTY: So, is Sookie okay?

LORELAI: Oh, she's great. Still big, still waiting, but she's fine.

MISS PATTY: Oh, good.

RORY: Was she the one shaking me in the middle of the night yelling, "what motivated you to come out of your mother" over and over?

LORELAI: She got a little spooked. There. Wow. You're beautiful, Anthea.

RORY: I feel very painty.

LORELAI: I gotta go change. Freeze good.

RORY: I will.

KIRK: The time approaches. I am ready.

LORELAI: Aw. You might want to check that Gumby/Pokey watch, Kirk.

KIRK: Right. Sorry. And it's a collectible, not a toy. It's an adult, uh. . .it's very valuable.

CUT TO THE STAGE

[Taylor walks up to the podium]

TAYLOR: Ladies and gentlemen, I am Taylor Doose. Welcome to the 43rd annual Connecticut Festival of Living Pictures. [applause] As you may know, the town of Woodbury was supposed to host this year's festival, but due to their recent flooding, Woodbury backed out. They got a little moisture over there and basically said, "Oh, well, whatever, never mind." But the town of Stars Hollow was happy to step in because this vital tradition must continue. [applause] "The Festival of Living Pictures" has a storied history...

[cut to backstage]

ANDREW: Cecilia - that's a very pretty name. Very pretty.

MISS PATTY: Keep it in your pants, Andrew. Okay, listen up, people. The fire department is out here because some dingbat parked in the red zone. Now, I warned you guys about parking there. So, who is it? Come on, speak up or you're gonna be towed. Who is it?

TROUBADOUR: I saw it when I came in, I think that's Kirk's.

KIRK: You Judas!

MISS PATTY: Go move it, Kirk!

TROUBADOUR: Just trying to help.

KIRK: Shouldn't you kiss me on the cheek before you betray me?

TROUBADOUR: You're gonna get towed.

KIRK: Just keep away from me, pal!

TROUBADOUR: You know, I'm getting a little tired of this holier-than-thou attitude of yours.

KIRK: I mean it.

MISS PATTY: Rory, go, go, you're on. Hey, art nouveau clock girl, you got your Zippo on you?

[cut to the stage]

TAYLOR: Our first tableau was created by the talented craftsmen in our little town. It is a painting by the Italian master Girolamo Parmigianino. He was born in Parma and was of the mannerist school, becoming a master portraitist, blending the sensual style with the classical style of Raphael, as you can see in his "Portrait of a Young Girl Named Anthea." [applause]

[cut to backstage]

MISS PATTY: Five minutes to "The Last Supper", people, five minutes. Oh, my God! Christ, Judas, stop fighting! Shame you apostles, why couldn't you get in there and stop 'em?

KIRK: If I've re-pulled my calf muscle, you are so getting it!

TROUBADOUR: So perform a miracle and unpull it, you jerk!

KIRK: You're a blasphemer! You're a blasphemer and a traitor! And let's face it, you're unattractive.

MISS PATTY: Okay, we got no time for this. Get your butts on that stage! And, apostles, keep Christ and Judas apart!

[cut to the stage]

TAYLOR: Da vinci's "Last Supper" has become one of the most revered masterpieces in the world. This majestic fresco was completed in 1498 and its prestige has never diminished.

[cut to backstage]

TROUBADOUR: You've been a jerk from the start! What about Shakey's? You all went out without me, and you lied about it.

KIRK: You're imagining things.

TROUBADOUR: Well, Simon Peter said so. James, the son of Alpheus, Lebbeus - they all said so.

KIRK: When did you speak with Lebbeus?

MISS PATTY: God help me, if you two don't shut up, I'm gonna stick these papier-mché rolls down your throats! That's it! That's it! Curtain!

[cut to the stage]

TAYLOR: And so now may we present "The Last Supper." [applause]

[Rory walks up to Lane in the audience]

RORY: So I was good? The ferret didn't upstage me?

LANE: The ferret underplayed it nicely.

RORY: Hey, isn't that that guitarist?

LANE: It is. It's Gil. Rats, I was gonna call him tomorrow with the bad news.

RORY: Well, you could just walk away rudely.

LANE: I'll say a quick hello and tell him I'll call him tomorrow.

[Lane walks over to Gil]

GIL: Hey, Lane. Trippy, huh?

LANE: Totally. How you doin', Gil?

GIL: Great. I saw the flyers, I thought I'd come check it out.

LANE: Cool, great, yeah.

GIL: Hey, don't sweat it, okay?

LANE: What do you mean?

GIL: It's okay. I know I'm not in the band.

LANE: Oh.

GIL: I picked up the vibe. The age difference - it doesn't bother me, but it's a little weird, I know.

LANE: Maybe a little.

GIL: It's cool, really.

LANE: Good. Well, you're a great guy, Gil, and a great guitarist. Someone's gonna scoop you up quick.

GIL: I hope so. I'm gonna keep going no matter what, not like last time.

LANE: Last time?

GIL: Yeah. I had another band, a great band, the hottest band in L.A. We sold out all the clubs - The House of Blues, The Whiskey. A&R guys were hanging out. We had an awesome demo with tunes. Then we got our big break - an opening slot on a national tour with Quiet Riot.

LANE: Wow!

GIL: But we blew it. We were fighting all the time over money, over chicks. We broke up before the tour even started.

LANE: Oh no.

GIL: It k\*ll'd me. I didn't touch my Axe for years. I just got a day gig and lived my life. Then a few months ago, I picked up my guitar, and I realized how much I missed it. So I went out looking again, and that's how you got my tape.

LANE: Wow.

GIL: But I'm not stopping this time for anything. I'm gonna keep going until it happens. But thanks for letting me play with you guys. It was a blast. You're fantastic.

LANE: Well, get used to playing with us, Gil, 'cause you're in the band.

GIL: Really?

LANE: Really.

GIL: No way!

LANE: Way.

GIL: Oh, my God! This is so cool! I can't believe it.

LANE: I'll call you tomorrow, okay?

GIL: Okay, I'll talk to you tomorrow. Honey, kids, I am in the band! Yes!

[Lane walks back over to Rory]

LANE: Our guitarist is married.

RORY: You made his kids happy, too.

CUT TO THE STAGE

TROUBADOUR: You guys watched the first two "Matrix"s on DVD together, too. I heard all about it.

KIRK: Get away from me.

TAYLOR: "The Last Supper," ladies and gentlemen. Serene, wasn't it?

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Luke is cleaning up when Nicole walks in]

LUKE: Better order quick. We're closing. . .soon.

NICOLE: Surprise.

LUKE: I'll say.

NICOLE: Lots of nuttiness going on out there.

LUKE: Yeah, it's the festival of nutty pictures, so. . .

NICOLE: You successfully avoid the nuttiness?

LUKE: Yeah, for the most part, yeah. Christ's table was broken, so I fixed it.

NICOLE: He's a carpenter, he should have fixed it himself.

LUKE: Yeah, well. . .

NICOLE: Speaking of nutty. . .all this, you and me.

LUKE: Yeah.

NICOLE: If it were happening to anyone else, I'd laugh.

LUKE: About what?

NICOLE: Well, getting married is what broke us up. You gotta love the irony.

LUKE: Yeah, it is a little ironic.

NICOLE: Luke, I'm not gonna say that getting married on that ship like we did wasn't wrong. We should have thought more about it, but maybe rushing into divorce would be just as wrong.

LUKE: What are you talking about?

NICOLE: Well, we're still you and me. Why can't we have what we had before?

LUKE: Which was?

NICOLE: Two people who loved being together.

LUKE: We're in the middle of a divorce.

NICOLE: We can postpone it.

LUKE: We can?

NICOLE: I'm a lawyer, I know these things.

LUKE: Postpone it and do what?

NICOLE: Date.

LUKE: Date?

NICOLE: Remember? That was the fun part.

LUKE: So what you're saying is we get back together, not divorced, but not be married, either?

NICOLE: I guess. I know it sounds stupid, but it doesn't feel stupid, does it?

CUT TO THE FESTIVAL

TAYLOR: Picasso's "Guernica," everybody. Wasn't that something? Our next work is found in the gardens of Versailles in the country of our former ally, France. It is one of more than two thousand sculptures to be found in that famed garden. I'd like to turn your attention now to our town's beloved gazebo for "The Reaper."

[cut to backstage]

MISS PATTY: Okay, our statue's done. Stamp it, ship it. Terrence and Lorelai, our Renoir couple, you're up next. Be ready.

LORELAI: Okay, I'm just about done here, Patty. Just give me one second.

MISS PATTY: Okay, I'm just saying, two-minute warning. Terrence, get into place. My aching feet will never forgive me.

RORY: You ready for your close-up, Miss Desmond?

LORELAI: Just about.

RORY: Grand finale. It's a great way to close this thing.

LORELAI: You know, I don't know why everybody's rushing me like this.

RORY: Mom. . .you okay?

LORELAI: Yeah. No.

RORY: No?

LORELAI: My heart is going a million miles a second. I feel hot. Is my makeup running?



RORY: No, Mom, you look great. What's wrong?

LORELAI: I flinched.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Seven years ago on this very stage in this very costume, I flinched.

RORY: No, you didn't.

LORELAI: Yes, I did. You weren't watching. I was in denial. I just didn't want Taylor to be right, but he was. I flinched.

RORY: Well, so what? You flinched a little. I bet most people didn't see it.

LORELAI: Stevie Wonder could have seen it. I almost knocked Terrence down. I flinched. I am a big, fat flincher!

RORY: But that was a long time ago.

LORELAI: Once a flincher, always a flincher.

RORY: No, no, Mom. That was seven years ago. You're different now.

LORELAI: Yeah, I am. I'm less stable. My muscles are weaker and my bones are more fragile. There are a dozen more ways for me to wobble now. I'm a Weeble, and Weebles wobble. I'm gonna blow the whole finale and the town is gonna hate me.

RORY: Mom, listen, you are in amazing physical shape. This is mental. You can beat it.

LORELAI: How?

RORY: 'Cause you can.

LORELAI: No specifics?

RORY: Not really.

LORELAI: Well, I need something.

RORY: Close your eyes and think of England.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: And know that I love you no matter what happens up there and go be still.

LORELAI: England, England.

RORY: England.

MISS PATTY: She's not gonna flinch, is she? Is she?

[cut to the stage]

TAYLOR: . . . made Pierre Auguste Renoir one of the world's most beloved painters. So to close our

triumphant evening, we give you his incomparable "Dance at Bougival." [applause]

RORY: Good girl. Keep it up.

[Sookie's baby pager goes off]

RORY: Oh, no. Oh, no. Oh, no, no, no, no.

MISS PATTY: What the hell is that?

RORY: It's Sookie's baby pager.

MISS PATTY: Oy to the vey!

["The Entertainer" continues playing from the pager]

MISS PATTY: I can't look.

RORY: Keep frozen. Keep frozen.

MISS PATTY: What's happening? That's it. Curtain!

TAYLOR: Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for making tonight such a success. On behalf of the town of Stars Hollow, we bid you adieu from "The Festival of Living Pictures." [applause]

[Lorelai and Rory run toward Sookie's house]

THE END

Powered by phpBB® Forum Software © phpBB Limited

All times are UTC-05:00  
Page **1** of **1**