

Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

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

01x05 - Rory's Birthday Parties

<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/viewtopic.php?t=5016>

01x05 - Rory's Birthday Parties

by **bunniefuu**

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

Posted: **11/14/00 02:49**

Rory's Birthday Parties

(Rory, Lorelai, and Emily are at Friday night dinner.)

EMILY: Tomorrow our lawyer, Joseph Stanford, is coming by.

LORELAI: Ugh. Crazy Sissy's dad.

EMILY: That's terrible. Sissy was a good friend of yours.

LORELAI: Mom, Sissy talked to her stuffed animals and they answered her.

RORY: Let's just start a new topic.

EMILY: Not possible!

LORELAI: She said a new topic, Mom.

EMILY: Everything's a joke. Everyone's a punch line.

LORELAI: OK, I'm sorry.

EMILY: My daughter -- Henny Youngman.

(Richard comes in late.)

RICHARD: Sorry for that. A little trouble with our China office. Well. What did I miss?

LORELAI: I was being impossible and then I turned into a Jewish comedian.

RICHARD: Ah. Well, continue.

EMILY: Thank you. Where was I?

RORY: Uh, Joseph Stanford is coming tomorrow.

EMILY: Yes. So, Rory, your grandfather and I thought it might be nice after dinner for you to go around the house and pick out what you'd like us to leave you in our wills.

RICHARD: Take a look at that desk in my office. It's a really fine Georgian piece.

LORELAI: Why don't I ever bring a tape recorder to these dinners?

RORY: Oh, well, anything you want to leave me is fine.

EMILY: Nonsense. You should have what you like. So look around and when you see something you

like stick a post-it on it.

LORELAI: OK, you two have officially hit a new level of weird that even I marvel at.

EMILY: You can pick out things too, you know.

LORELAI: Oh, well now it's way less creepy.

EMILY: Did you hear that Richard? Apparently we're creepy.

RICHARD: Yes, well, live and learn.

(The maid comes in with a tray.)

RORY: Oh cool!

LORELAI: What's that?

EMILY: It's dessert.

LORELAI: It's pudding.

EMILY: Well if you knew what it was why did you ask?

LORELAI: You don't like pudding.

EMILY: Yes, but you like pudding.

LORELAI: Oh, I love pudding. I worship it. I have a bowl up on the mantel at home with the Virgin Mary, a glass of wine, and a dollar bill next to it.

RORY: I've never had pudding from a crystal bowl before.

EMILY: You like the bowl?

RORY: Mmm.

EMILY: Put a post-it on it when you're done.

(Lorelai and Rory are putting post-its on things in the living room.)

LORELAI: So what do we think of this?

RORY: Where would we put it?

LORELAI: I don't know. The Emily and Richard Gilmore Psycho Museum?

RORY: This is the strangest evening I've ever spent here.

EMILY: So, how's it going?

LORELAI: Great, just getting ready for the big day.

EMILY: Very nice.

LORELAI: So, um, it's getting late, Mom. Unless you've got some funeral plots for us to decorate we

should really be going.

EMILY: Any special requests for dinner next week?

RORY: Oh, well --

LORELAI: Mom, I want to talk to you for a minute, and Rory, why don't you go say goodbye to Grandpa...

RORY: Very smooth.

(Rory leaves the room.)

EMILY: Should I sit down?

LORELAI: Yeah, but not there, OK? We got a post-it on that. We'd like to keep it nice.

EMILY: It must be very exhausting to be you.

LORELAI: Mom, Rory's birthday is next Friday.

EMILY: I know that.

LORELAI: So we were thinking that maybe we could push our dinner next week to Saturday.

EMILY: What are you going to do on Friday?

LORELAI: Oh I don't know.

EMILY: Well perfect. You'll come here and we'll have a little party.

LORELAI: I was just hoping we could do it another night.

EMILY: Well why come on another night when her birthday falls on the exact night that you do come here.

LORELAI: Saturday's a pretty good night, Mom.

EMILY: Not as good as Friday.

LORELAI: Pretty damn close.

EMILY: Not from where I'm standing.

LORELAI: Well, move then.

EMILY: I'm sorry. Friday nights are my nights. That's what we agreed on when you borrowed money for her school. The rules haven't changed.

LORELAI: Mom, I didn't intend for this loan to become a constant source of blackmail, OK? Now this is my kid's birthday and she will have her party at home on Friday and that's it? End of story.

(Cut to Rory and Lorelai sitting in the car.)

LORELAI: So, how would you like two parties this year?

RORY: You couldn't get her to cave.

LORELAI: No, but she did agree to make the string quartet to learn "Like A Virgin."

RORY: Well, you tried.

LORELAI: Sweetie, I promise, Saturday night we'll do it up right at home. A Stars Hollow extravaganza.

RORY: So, is this party Grandma's having going to be a big deal?

LORELAI: Not really. The government will close that day. Flags will fly at half-mast. Barbra Streisand will give her final concert...again.

RORY: Uh-huh.

LORELAI: Now, the Pope has previous plans, but he's trying to get out of them. However, Elvis and Jim Morrison are coming and they're bringing chips.

RORY: You ask a simple question...

(Cut to the inn. Lorelai is in the kitchen with Sookie.)

SOOKIE: Mini orange biscuits with honey-mustard ham and cheddar cheese.

LORELAI: Yum.

SOOKIE: Angel wings with dipping sauce.

LORELAI: Good, good.

SOOKIE: Oh, did you bring me the picture?

LORELAI: Oh, yes.

SOOKIE: Too bad you couldn't get your mom to relinquish Friday night.

LORELAI: No, she has her Vulcan death grip on that one.

SOOKIE: Not that surprising though.

LORELAI: Emily Gilmore -- you could set your watch by her. Oh, you know what she did do last night?

SOOKIE: Wore jeans?

LORELAI: Served pudding.

SOOKIE: I was close!

LORELAI: I mean, I'm sure it was some expensive form of pudding, but nonetheless, it was pudding!

SOOKIE: That is amazing.

LORELAI: Right. That would mean that she actually made a mental note that we liked pudding, which would mean that she actually listened to something other than the judgmental conga line

going on in her head, and got over the fact that, to her, pudding is hospital food, and only acceptable when you've just had vital organ ripped out of your body.

SOOKIE: Wow, that's some journey she had to take there.

(Jackson rushes in.)

JACKSON: Open your mouth and close your eyes.

LORELAI: Who are you talking to?

JACKSON: Right, sorry. (goes to Sookie) Open your mouth and close your eyes.

SOOKIE: OK.

JACKSON: Now get ready for something truly amazing.

SOOKIE: Mmm!

JACKSON: Huh? Huh?

LORELAI: What is it?

SOOKIE: I don't know. It's like, um...

JACKSON: A what?

SOOKIE: It's like a berry, but way more exotic.

JACKSON: Yes! Good.

LORELAI: Jackson, have you been having reactions to your fertilizer fumes again?

JACKSON: For some time now I've been toying with cross-pollination. Finally I've got it. I figured out a way to cross a raspberry with a kumquat.

SOOKIE: Kumquat! That's what I taste! Are you serious? How did you do this?

LORELAI: You didn't build one of those machines like in "The Fly" did you? We're not going to find you wandering the streets wearing a raspberry head crying, "eat me!"

(Michel comes in and Jackson walks over to him.)

JACKSON You! You can make fun of me all you want to today, 'cause tday I am a god. Today, Mother Nature has bowed down to me.

MICHEL: How nice for her.

LORELAI: Michel, Jackson --

MICHEL: No need to fill me in. I'm quite happy being ignorant of whatever it is that is making him raise his arms over his head.

LORELAI: Do you need me?

MICHEL: The landscaper does.

LORELAI: Oh, hey, Rory's birthday party is Saturday night so start thinking up reasons why you can't come.

MICHEL: I'm going to be out of town.

LORELAI: Oh, you used that last year.

MICHEL: I'll work on it and get back to you

LORELAI: 7:00, presents mandatory.

MICHEL: Mm-hmm.

JACKSON: Rasquat?

(Cut to Lorelai's house. Rory is on the phone.)

LORELAI: Lucy, I'm home!

RORY: Kitchen.

LORELAI: 'And Justin is just so dreamy. He can't marry Britney, I'll just cry and cry and cry.'

RORY: (into the phone) OK, thanks. (hangs up phone) Pizza's on its way.

LORELAI: You're such a good provider. Hi.

RORY: I'm going to start my homework. Call me when the pizza guy gets here.

(Rory goes to her room. The phone rings.)

LORELAI: Hello?

EMILY: Lorelai, what is your work schedule?

LORELAI: Why?

EMILY: I want to go shopping.

LORELAI: With me?

EMILY: I think that goes without saying.

LORELAI: Only in your world, Mom.

EMILY: I want to get Rory a birthday present.

LORELAI: Well I'm sure whatever you get her, she'll love.

EMILY: Yes, but I want to get her something special, something she wants, something...that you would get her.

LORELAI: Oh, OK, fine. You can get her the bong then.

EMILY: This isn't funny. I hardly to see the girl and we only get to talk at dinner once a week and

then it's all about school and Jane.

LORELAI: Lane, Mom.

EMILY: I thought you might let me into her secret club just this one time and help me buy her something for her birthday.

LORELAI: You're serious?

EMILY: According to you I'm always serious.

LORELAI: OK.

EMILY: OK?

LORELAI: OK.

EMILY: Well, good, I'll meet you at Damion's tomorrow at 3:00

LORELAI: OK.

EMILY: And dress appropriately --

LORELAI: Don't finish that sentence Mom.

EMILY: I'll see you tomorrow.

LORELAI: Thatagirl.

(Cut to Chilton. Rory is opening her locker.)

TRISTIN: Hey.

RORY: What, Tristin?

TRISTIN: I just wanted to say 'happy birthday.'

RORY: It's not my birthday.

TRISTIN: No, but it will be. (reading from a paper) 'On Friday at 4:03 in the morning, Lorelai Leigh -'

RORY: What is that?

(Rory takes the paper. It's an invitation to her birthday party, from Emily and Richard.)

RORY: Who else got these?

TRISTIN: I don't know. Everyone in our class, I think.

RORY I have to go.

TRISTIN: I'll see you Friday, birthday girl.

(Rory walks down the hall.)

LOUISE: That's her.

GIRL #2: My parents are making me go.

LOUISE: Another obligation party.

GIRL #2: My life stinks.

(Cut to a department store. Emily points to a hat.)

EMILY: Oh, isn't this lovely?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. As soon as we have her crowned Queen of England we'll give it to her.

EMILY: You are so combative today.

LORELAI: Hatwear does that to me. Oh, Mom, look. This is good.

EMILY: What is that?

LORELAI: It's a purse shaped like a guitar. This is great.

EMILY: Great for what?

LORELAI: For Rory.

EMILY: What will Rory do with that?

LORELAI: She'll put stuff in it. Carry it around.

EMILY: In public?

LORELAI: Yeah.

EMILY: What will people think?

LORELAI: That she's an ax m*rder, of course.

EMILY: What about pearls?

LORELAI: Pearls?

EMILY A double string of pearls with a cashmere sweater set.

LORELAI: Mom, she's a young girl. Think of something young.

EMILY: A Mont Blanc pen?

LORELAI: To put on her desk at the law firm?

EMILY: She needs to write.

LORELAI: Well not with a \$200 pen, she doesn't. Oh, hey, look. These day planners are adorable. You could get her one of those funky erasers with a mermaid on it. She'll love that.

EMILY: Please be serious, we're shopping for Rory.

LORELAI: No, Mom, I'm shopping for Rory. You're shopping for your imaginary granddaughter, Barbara Hutton.

EMILY: I want to get her something nice.

LORELAI: I know you do, but you're not listening to me.

EMILY: You wanted me to get her a Filofax and a mermaid eraser.

LORELAI: It's one suggestion

EMILY: Oh, yes, and there was a T-shirt with a Farrah Fawcett face.

LORELAI: A hero to many who aspire to the perfect feather fluff.

EMILY: Oh I don't know how to do this. Let's just go.

LORELAI: Oh, no, no. Come on, Mom. You do know how to do this. Think pudding.

EMILY: Pudding?

LORELAI: Come on. You asked for my help. You're reaching out. A little -- not a lot -- don't get freaked. But, Mom -- pudding.

EMILY: Why do you keep saying pudding?

LORELAI: Listen, just look around and pick up something she might like.

(Emily picks up a bracelet.)

EMILY: Here.

LORELAI: Oh, now that's really good.

EMILY: Really?

LORELAI: Absolutely.

EMILY: Doesn't look like something you could buy at a car wash?

LORELAI: Totally. That's half the charm.

EMILY: Oh, no, it's only \$12.

LORELAI: Six dollars more than a car wash.

EMILY: Twelve dollars is not a present.

LORELAI: Twelve dollars is a perfect present, Mom. She'll love that.

EMILY: Can I at least get her the pashmina also?

(Lorelai shakes her head no.)

EMILY: Fine, I'll get it.

LORELAI: Good choice.

EMILY Oh! It lights up.

(Cut to Luke's. Lorelai walks in with a garment bag. She looks around the diner and takes a seat at the counter.)

LUKE: She's not here yet.

LORELAI: All right. You'll have to entertain me until she arrives. OK, Burger Boy, dance.

LUKE: Will you marry me?

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: Just looking for something to shut you up.

LORELAI: You better be nice to me or I'm not inviting you to Rory Gilmore's birthday celebration this Saturday night.

LUKE: You don't have to ask me, you know.

LORELAI: I know. But I would like you to come.

LUKE: Yeah?

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: OK, I'll see.

LORELAI: 7:00. Don't be late.

(Rory walks in with her head down.)

LORELAI: Wow. Nice face you got on there.

RORY: Coffee.

LORELAI: Bad day?

RORY: I've now used the word 'sucks' so much that it's lost all meaning to me.

LORELAI: Well maybe this will cheer you up.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: You'll see.

(Lorelai unzips the garment bag and pulls out a dress.)

RORY: What is that?

LORELAI: These are our party dresses.

RORY: So it's a Halloween party?

LORELAI: Listen, you. So I'm shopping today with your grandmother and it's a whole three hours of "Who are you buying that for, Mom? Have you met Rory?" and then finally I talked and she listened and she wound up getting you something I think you're really going to like.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Yes, really. And of course she insisted on buying us these dresses but I think I can do something with them to make them better.

RORY: Wow. I've never seen you so cheery after spending time with Grandma.

LORELAI: Well it's been a long time since we got together and didn't end up fighting. It was refreshing. It wasn't exactly fun but I didn't get that sh**ting pain in my eye like I usually do.

RORY: Wow. That's great.

LORELAI :Yeah.

(Luke brings coffee to their table.)

LUKE: So I hear you're having a party Saturday.

RORY: Yeah. Mom's famous for her blowouts.

LORELAI: The best one was her eighth birthday.

RORY: Oh, yeah, that was good.

LORELAI: The cops shut us down.

LUKE: The cops shut down an eight year old's birthday party?

RORY: And arrested the clown.

LUKE: I don't want to hear any more of this.

(Luke walks away.)

LORELAI: So, now tell me, why Miss Lemonhead today?

RORY: Nothing. I-I'm fine. I just got an A- on a French test that I should have gotten an A on.

LORELAI: Oh, honey, an A- is awesome.

RORY: Yeah, it's - it's fine.

LOREAI: Let me see. Maybe we should really embrace the whole tulle thing. Go totally modern Cinderella. What do you think? It's your birthday.

RORY: Yeah. Lucky me.

(Cut to Lorelai tiptoeing into Rory's room. It's the middle of the night.)

LORELAI: Happy birthday. little girl.

(Rory wakes up and moves over. Lorelai gets into bed with her.)

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: I can't believe how fast you're growing up.

RORY: Really? Feels slow.

LORELAI: Trust me, it's fast. What do you think of your life so far?

RORY: I think it's pretty good.

LORELAI: Any complaints?

RORY: I'd like that whole humidity thing to go away.

LORELAI: All right. I'll work on that.

RORY: So do I look older?

LORELA: Oh, yeah. You walk into Denny's before 5, you've got yourself a discount.

RORY: Good deal.

LORELAI: So you know what I think?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I think you're a great, cool kid, and the best friend a girl could have.

RORY: Right back at ya.

LORELAI: And it's so hard to believe that at exactly this time many moons ago, I was lying in exactly the same position --

RORY: Oh, boy. Here we go.

LORELAI: Only I had a huge, fat stomach and big fat ankles and I was swearing like a sailor --

RORY: On leave.

LORELAI: On leave -- right! And there I was --

RORY: In labor.

LORELAI: And while some have called it the most meaningful experience of your life, to me it was something more akin to doing the splits on a crate of dynamite.

RORY: I wonder if the Waltons ever did this.

LORELAI: And I was screaming and swearing and being surrounded as I was by a hundred prominent doctors, I just assumed there was an actual use for the cup of ice chips they gave me.

RORY: There wasn't.

LORELAI: But pelting the nurses sure was fun.

RORY: I love you, Mom.

LORELAI: Shh. I'm getting to the part where he sees your head. So there I was...

(Fade out.)

(Cut to Rory and Lane entering Luke's.)

LANE: You should not have to go to school today.

RORY: Have to. Latin test.

(Rory and Lane go to the counter.)

LANE: Jeez. Every day you have a test. When do you have time to learn anything to be tested on?

LUKE: Hey, wrong table.

RORY: Since when is there a right table?

LUKE: Since the coffee cake I baked for you and the stupid balloons I blew up are at that table, over there.

RORY: You blew up balloons for me?

LUKE: Yep.

RORY: Oh, Luke, you old softie.

LUKE: I count to three, it's gone.

RORY: Thank you.

(Lane and Rory move over to the decorated table.)

LANE: Are you OK?

RORY: Yeah, I'm just...I'm getting old, Lane.

LANE: You seem a little quiet this morning.

RORY: I'm just dreading this whole night. I mean, it's bad enough that I have to see these stupid kids from Chilton every day. But tonight? On my birthday? I've never even talked to most of them. I mean, I've only been going to this school for a couple months. God, they're gonna think I am the biggest freak and I need my grandma to get people to come to my party.

LANE: Well what did Lorelai say when you told her?

RORY: I didn't.

LANE: Why not?

RORY: Because of the pudding.

LANE: Oh, the pudding. Right, I forgot about the pudding.

RORY: My grandmother served us pudding the other night and then she went shopping with my mom and they didn't fight. I don't know, I mean, they never get along, and now suddenly they're getting along, and I knew that if I told Mom about the invites she'd wig out and call Grandma and that would be the end of the pudding.

LANE: You know you can buy pudding.

RORY: It's one night, right?

LANE: Right.

RORY: I can stand it for one night.

(Dean walks into the diner. He looks over at Rory as he shuts the door then goes to the counter.

DEAN: Coffee to go, please.

(Dean looks at Rory while he's waiting for his coffee.)

LUKE: Here you go.

DEAN: Thanks.

(Dean mouths "happy birthday" as he leaves. Rory smiles to herself.)

LANE: Why are you smiling?

RORY: I'm just thinking about pudding.

(Cut to Emily directing the caterers.)

EMILY: No, not there. In the living room. Why are you touching that? Why are you touching that? Well don't. I want those six inches apart! Get a ruler.

(Richard comes in trying to fix his tie.)

RICHARD: Emily!

EMILY: Let me do that.

RICHARD: I hope the Larsons are coming tonight.

EMILY: Richard, no business. This is your granddaughter's party.

RICHARD: Five minutes of shop talk isn't going to spoil the evening.

EMILY: Five minutes, please.

RICHARD: Emily.

EMILY: If I ever heard you keep your shop talk down to five minutes, I'd drop dead.

RICHARD: Emily.

EMILY: In fact I could drop dead and you wouldn't stop talking business. You'd just step right over my

body to get to the speakerphone.

RICHARD: Emily.

EMILY: What?

RICHARD: You look very nice tonight.

EMILY: Thank you.

(Doorbell rings. Lorelai and Rory come in.)

LORELAI: Jeez, Mom. Leave some servants for the rest of the neighborhood.

EMILY: There she is -- the birthday girl.

RORY: Hi Grandma.

LORELAI: Wow, you really went all out, huh?

EMILY: Well, I wanted everything to be perfect. What do you think?

LORELAI: I think Edith Wharton would have been proud, and busy taking notes.

(Lorelai hands a garment bag to Rory.)

LORELAI: Here, babe, go change.

RORY: OK.

EMILY: Hurry!

(Lorelai takes off her coat.)

EMILY: What is that?

LORELAI: Oh, that's my dress.

EMILY: Where's the one I bought you?

LORELAI: This is it.

EMILY: I thought there was more of it.

LORELAI: Gee, Mom, the place looks great.

EMILY: Did you turn Rory's into a hat?

LORELAI: Nice candles. Six inches apart?

(Cut to the party.)

RICHARD: You're drinking white wine tonight? No Scotch?

LORELAI: (to a guest) Excuse me. I'm going to sit over there with my daughter.

GUEST: OK.

(Rory is sitting alone until Lorelai joins her and hands her a drink.)

LORELAI: Here.

RORY: What is it?

LORELAI: Shirley Temple.

RORY: What are you drinking?

LORELAI: A Shirley Temple Black.

(Lorelai lets Rory smell her drink.)

RORY: Wow.

LORELAI: I got your Good Ship Lollipop right here, mister. So do you want something to eat?

RORY: Everything smells funny.

EMILY: There you are. Come, there's some people I want you to meet.

(Rory goes with Emily.)

MITZI: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Yeah. Oh my God! Oh, Mitzie, wow, I haven't seen you since --

MITZI: Your seventh month.

LORELAI: I was going to say high school, but OK.

MITZI: Oh, no, did I say something rude?

LORELAI: No, no.

MITZI: No, I did. I said something rude. I've been trying to work on that.

LORELAI: Well, a noble goal.

MITZI: Ever since my divorce, I've been really trying to work on myself. You know, I just -- I want to grow.

LORELAI: Uh-huh.

MITZI: Lorelai Gilmore, the scandal girl! Now, tell me, what ever happened with Christopher?

LORELAI: Christopher is in California.

MITZI: Oh, do you hear from him?

LORELAI: Uh --

MITZI: I'm sorry, is this painful for you to talk about?

LORELAI: Uh, well --

MITZI: When did he last call you?

LORELAI: God, you're making progress with that rude thing, huh, Mitzi?

MITZI: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: It's OK. He calls like once a week and we see him at Christmas, sometimes Easter. It's all very civil.

MITZI: So are you married now?

LORELAI: No, it's just me and Rory.

MITZI: Your cat?

LORELAI: My kid! She's right over there.

MITZI: Oh. (turns to look) Wow! You can really see Christopher in her, can't you?

LORELAI: Yes, you can.

MITZI: Does that k*ll you?

LORELAI: You know, what? I see...someone...else...and it's been great.

(Cut to Richard standing with some business associates.)

RICHARD: Oh, no, those aren't the terms we agreed on.

LARS: They most certainly are.

RICHARD: Lars, you were at the same meeting I was. We specifically spelled out a five year extention, not a three year one.

LARS: I heard three.

RORY: Hi Grandpa!

RICHARD: Rory. Gentlemen, this is my granddaughter, Rory.

LARS: Happy birthday, Rory.

(The men all hand envelopes to Rory.)

LARS: I think we should Dennis on the phone right now.

RICHARD: Fine, I've got a phone in my office.

(The men leave.)

EMILY: Rory, there's a whole group of your school friends in the library. Let's go say hello to them.

(Emily and Rory go into the library where kids from Chilton are standing around looking bored.)

RORY: I have to go to the bathroom.

EMILY: Just say hello first. Come on, I'll hold those for you.

KID #3: Who's that?

KID #4: I think it's her party.

KID #3: Oh.

(Rory looks around the room and turns to leave.)

RORY: Paris?

PARIS: My parents made me come.

RORY: Oh God!

PARIS: Otherwise I wouldn't be here. You believe me, don't you?

(Rory walks away from Paris and sees Tristin coming in the front door.

TRISTIN: Oh, coming to greet me?

RORY: Hello, Tristin.

TRISTIN: So where's my birthday kiss?

RORY: It's my birthday.

TRISTIN: So I'll give you a birthday kiss.

RORY: What is wrong with you?

TRISTIN: Ok, I gotta tell you something. I'm madly in love with you.

RORY: Well, good luck with that.

TRISTIN: I can't eat, I can't sleep...I wake up in the middle of the night calling your name. Rory, Rory!

RORY: Would you shut up please?

RICHARD: Rory, who's your friend?

RORY: I don't know but this is Tristin.

RICHARD: Excuse me?

TRISTIN: Tristin Dugray, sir.

RICHARD: Dugray? Are you any relation to Janlen Dugray?

RICHARD: That's my grandfather, sir.

RICHARD: Well I've done business with Janlen for years. He's a fine man.

TRISTIN: That he is.

RICHARD: Rory, you've got very good taste in friends. I approve.

LARS: Richard, I've got Dennis on the phone and he heard the same thing I heard.

RICHARD: Well, one wrong man can always find a friend.

(Richard and Lars leave.)

TRISTIN: He likes me.

RORY: He's drunk.

TRISTIN: Let's take a walk.

RORY: This is stupid. you don't even like me! You just have this weird need to prove that I'll go out with you. That's not liking someone.

TRISTIN: Why are you fighting this? You're gonna give in eventually.

RORY: I'm going to go find my mother.

TRISTIN: Wow, meeting your mom. It's a bit sudden, but OK.

(Paris leans against a door and watches Tristin.)

(Rory walks up to Lorelai and Emily.)

EMILY: Oh there you are! I think it's time that you said a few words to your guests.

RORY: What?

EMILY: Just a little speech to say thank you and tell everyone how it feels to be one year older.

LORELAI: Mom, I don't she wants--

EMILY: She's the hostess, Lorelai. This is her responsibility.

RORY: I am not the hostess! You are!

LORELAI: Hey, honey, hold on...

RORY: This is your party and these are your guests and I don't have anything to say to them, so you give the speech.

EMILY: Rory!

RORY: Excuse me.

LORELAI: What was that all about?

EMILY: Lorelai, your daughter has no manners whatsoever. You should be ashamed of yourself.

(Emily walks away.)

LORELAI: OK, how did this become my fault?

(Cut to Rory lying on the bed in Lorelai's old room.)

LORELAI: Hey. Can I come in?

RORY: It's your room.

LORELAI: How are you doing?

RORY: I'm sorry I snapped at Grandma.

LORELAI: Yeah, huh? That was a pretty 'Freaky Friday' moment we had back there.

RORY: She just went ahead and invited all these kids from Chilton.

LORELAI: You're kidding. I thought she checked on that with you.

RORY: She didn't ask me or tell me.

LORELAI: Oh, man, I'm so sorry.

RORY: It just -- I don't know but it really made me mad.

LORELAI: Oh, honey, why didn't you tell me?

RORY: Because you were happy. I mean, it's not very often that there's peace between the two of you. I didn't want to screw everything up.

LORELAI: Rory, I appreciate you wanting you wanting Mom and I to get along but you shouldn't keep stuff like that from me.

RORY: I feel terrible. I mean, I've never yelled at her before.

LORELAI: Listen, you'll apologize, all will be forgotten. You'll see. Man. It's like time has stood still in this room.

RORY: It must be weird for you to be in this room now.

LORELAI: Yeah, it was weird for me to be in this room then. (points to a dollhouse) You know, they gave this to me with the glass on.

RORY: I now officially know what it feels like to have grown up here.

LORELAI: It's not official until you're huddled in the corner eating your hair.

RORY: Do you remember your last birthday here?

LORELAI: Yeah. We had just had a fight and I was lying on the bed just like you are now.

RORY: What did you fight about?

LORELAI: Well, I was pregnant.

RORY: Oh, that.

LORELAI: And I said something at the table about the pate smelling like Clorox and one thing led to another and I wound up here. I hadn't told anybody yet about me. And you.

RORY: That must have been really hard on you.

LORELAI: Yeah. I remember when I finally told them, it was the only time they ever looked small to me.

RORY: I guess I'd better go find Grandma.

LORELAI: Mmm. Give her a minute.

EMILY: There you are!

LORELAI: She'll find us.

EMILY: You are both being very rude. This isn't my birthday party, you know.

LORELAI: Sorry, Mom.

EMILY: Honestly, the way the two of you act.

RORY: Grandma, I just want to --

EMILY: We'll talk about this later. Now go.

(Cut to Emily saying goodnight to the last of the guests.)

EMILY: Thank you, good to see you. Lovely as always, Leeza. My best to Darren.

LORELAI: Hey, Mom. Great party. One of your best. I even liked those brown mushroom things.

RORY: Grandma, can I talk to you for a sec?

EMILY: Richard, the girls are leaving.

RICHARD: Well, Rory, I hope you had a good time.

RORY: Yes, I did.

RICHARD: Now, I know that your grandmother has already bought you a gift and signed my name to it. That was part of our agreement when we got married. However, I feel this occasion calls for something a little extra. (hands her a check) Put that towards your trip to Fez.

RORY: Oh, Grandpa!

RICHARD: You're a good girl, Rory. Happy birthday.

RORY: I don't deserve this.

LORELAI: Fine, hand it over.

EMILY: You girls should get going. You've got quite a drive ahead of you.

RORY: Grandma, we're having a party tomorrow at our house and -- I mean, it won't be anything like this but it will be fun and maybe you and Grandpa can come?

EMILY: That's very sweet, dear, but I'm afraid we already have plans.

RORY: Oh, Ok.

EMILY: Have a safe trip. Lock the door behind you, OK?

(Emily walks away.)

LORELAI: Hey, um, why don't you go help that guy out there put all the presents in the car.

RORY: OK.

EMILY: (to catering staff) All this can go in the dishwasher.

LORELAI: Mom, come to the party tomorrow.

EMILY: I can't. I'm busy. (to catering staff) Throw those out, we won't need them.

LORELAI: Mom, your granddaughter invited you to her birthday party. Please, come.

EMILY: I've already been to a party for my granddaughter and she humiliated me in front of all of my friends. I have no desire to relive that experience. (to catering staff) The cheeses must be put in individual bags, please.

LORELAI: Oh come on, give her a break. You invited all these Chilton kids without even asking her.

EMILY: They're her schoolmates. I assumed they were her friends

LORELAI: You know what they say when people assume things.

EMILY No, what do they say?

LORELAI: That -- you shouldn't.

EMILY: Very clever.

LORELAI: Mom, she didn't want them here. She doesn't like them.

EMILY: Well I had to invite them. That's just good manners, something that your daughter is sorely lacking.

LORELAI: God, you know, you're doing the same thing to her that you always did to me. You're trying to control her and when that doesn't work you just shut her out.

EMILY: I'm too tired for your accusations right now. Can we do this tomorrow?

LORELAI: I'm just --

EMILY: Here, I'll find you a pen so you can write down all your insults so that you won't forget them.

LORELAI: Mom, this is not funny. I have a crushed kid out in the car.

EMILY: What do you want me to say? Everything's fine, it's forgotten. There, I'll see you next week.

LORELAI: So I guess the whole pudding thing was just a fluke, huh? Trying to get to know us, easing up on the rules, smudging that bottom line of yours. It was just some weird phase. What, you were on cold medicine last week or something?

EMILY: Oh, so I'm a villan now, is that it? I spent a fortune on this party. I spent days planning it, making sure that every little detail was perfect -- the food, the linen, the music. And I did all this for Rory.

LORELAI: Well that's not what she needs. She needs you to accept her apology and come to her party. That's what she needs. You don't care what she needs.

EMILY: How dare you!

LORELAI: You don't even know what she needs because you don't know her. You've never tried to know her just like you never knew me.

EMILY: Oh I know you.

LORELAI: Oh, please. You don't know anything about me.

EMILY: Oh, you'd like to think that, wouldn't you? That you're just some huge mystery to me. 'Why does Lorelai do that?' 'I don't know, she's a mystery to me.' Well you're not so mysterious, Lorelai.

LORELAI: No! No! What am I then?

EMILY: Well right now you're very loud and disruptive to the entire cleaning process. (to catering staff) For God's sake! What do I have to do to get you to put the damn cheese in individual bags?

LORELAI: Fine, I give up

EMILY: Oh, you give up? If I had a dollar for every time you gave up --

LORELAI: Then you could pay for this party, couldn't you?

(Cut to Lorelai's house. Sookie is unpacking groceries when Lorelai walks into the kitchen.)

SOOKIE: I made coffee.

LORELAI: Mmm.

SOOKIE: Hangover?

LORELAI: Emily.

SOOKIE: Oh. Got it. Moving on...

RORY: Good morning.

SOOKIE: Morning, Popcorn. You want some pancakes?

RORY: No, I've gotta get going.

LORELAI: Where?

RORY: The college fair is this morning.

LORELAI: So you're going to get yet another Harvard brochure?

RORY: I just want to see if they've changed the pictures.

LORELAI: Weirdo.

RORY: I'll be back in plenty of time to help you decorate.

LORELAI: No, this is your party. You do not work. You lounge and mock those who are. Have I taught you nothing?

RORY: Sorry. I'll try to be better. Bye.

SOOKIE: OK, bye-bye.

(Cut to the college fair. Rory stops at the Harvard table.)

RORY: New brochure?

HARVARD REP: Yes.

PARIS: What are you doing here?

RORY: There's a college fair going on.

PARIS: No, I mean, what are you doing here?

RORY: I'm getting a new brochure.

PARIS: Why?

RORY: Because they're not selling pizza. (pause) Oh no.

PARIS: You can't.

RORY: You're applying to Harvard?

PARIS: Yes.

RORY: No!

PARIS: Ten generations of Gellers have gone to Harvard. I have to go to Harvard.

RORY: I can't believe this.

PARIS: You can go somewhere else. Go to Brandeis. Brandeis is nice.

RORY: I've only ever wanted to go to Harvard. That's it. Nowhere else. (pause) It's a big school.

PARIS: I guess.

RORY: We'll probably never see each other.

PARIS: You think?

RORY: And if we do, we duck.

PARIS: OK. So...

(Paris starts to walk away then stops.)

PARIS: Hey...Are you dating Tristin?

RORY: What? No. No way.

PARIS: Do you like him?

RORY: Not even a little.

PARIS: Really?

RORY: Really.

PARIS: OK.

(Paris turns away then stops again.)

PARIS: Hey...Nice party.

RORY: Thanks.

(Cut to Rory's second party. The house is filled with loud music and the people of Stars Hollow.)

MISS PATTY: Happy birthday Rory!

LORELAI: Open it, open it, open it!

(Rory is opening her presents. She gets an iBook from Lorelai.)

RORY: No!

LORELAI: You like it? You can take it back.

RORY: No! I love it! It's perfect.

LORELAI: It's blue and it has a handle.

RORY: It's way too expensive.

LORELAI: I know, that's what I told the guy at the store.

(Sookie brings in a cake with Rory's face on it.)

SOOKIE: OK! On three 'cause I'm gonna drop it. OK, One, two --

(Everyone sings "Happy Birthday.")

LORELAI: Make a wish.

(Rory blows out the candles.)

LORELAI: All right, everybody, I need your attention, your attention please. This is a very serious moment. Two priests, a rabbi and a duck --

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: All right, I'm kidding. Um, I would like to propose a toast to the one thing in my life that is always good, always sweet, and without whom I would have no reason to get up in the morning. My pal Rory. Cheers.

BABETTE: Happy birthday.

LORELAI: And in honor of this very special girl I now invite you all to help me eat her face.

(Doorbell rings. Sookie hands Rory a knife.)

SOOKIE: And you may have the first cut.

RORY: There's something very strange about hacking into my own head.

(Doorbell rings again.)

LORELAI: Jeez, who the hell's ringing the bell? It's a party! Get your ass in here!

(Emily and Richard walk in the door.)

LORELAI: Or asses I guess.

RORY: Grandma! Grandpa! I can't believe you're here. I'm so glad you came. Hey, no tie?

RICHARD: I thought I'd mix it up a little.

RORY: Grandma, look.

(Rory shows Emily that she's wearing the bracelet.)

EMILY: Why, it looks lovely.

RORY: I want you to meet everyone. Everyone, these are my grandparents.

EVERYONE: Hi.

RICHARD: Hello.

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Emily, Dad.

RICHARD: Lorelai, you look well.

MISS PATTY: I'm Patricia LaCosta. We just love your daughter and granddaughter.

EMILY: Thank you.

MISS PATTY: My God, you're a tall specimen of a man. Must be all that good air in Hartford.

LORELAI: Mom, Dad, can I get you a drink?

EMILY: No, thank you.

LORELAI: Oh, no, Mom, you're going to need one and I have wine glasses that say "Holiday Inn" on them.

EMILY: Stoli on the rocks with a twist.

LORELAI: Right.

(Lorelai goes into the kitchen.)

LORELAI: Um, OK, uh, my parents are here.

SOOKIE: No!

LORELAI: Yeah. I've cursed in front of them twice and Miss Patty already tried to hit on my dad, and I'm sure my mom is going to call Child Protective Services

SOOKIE: God, when was the last time they were here?

LORELAI: Never.

SOOKIE: Not once?

LORELAI: Not since we moved here. I mean, they'd come down and visit is occasionally when Rory was a baby and we lived at the inn, but they have never been here.

SOOKIE: Wow. That's big stuff. Is Rory thrilled?

LORELAI: Through the roof.

SOOKIE: Oh, that's great.

EMILY: Lorelai, I just tried some of these hors d'oeuvres. They're unbelievable. Who is your caterer?

LORELAI: Sookie.

EMILY: What's a Sookie?

LORELAI: That's a Sookie.

SOOKIE: Hi. Sookie St. James.

LORELAI: Sookie's the chef at the inn, Mom.

EMILY: My dear, you are very talented.

SOOKIE: Thank you.

EMILY: Well, you must cater my next party. When my friends get wind of you you're going to have so much business you won't know what to do with yourself. But remember -- I discovered you.

LORELAI: Mom, Sookie has a job. She's the chef at the inn. The inn where we work -- my inn. Six

days a week, Mom. (to Sookie) Just give her your number or we'll never get out of here.

SOOKIE: OK.

(Cut to Richard looking up the fireplace.)

LORELAI: So, how does it look?

RICHARD: Well, it doesn't look structurally sound.

LORELAI: Drink up, Dad.

(Richard walks away and Sookie runs into the living room.)

SOOKIE: OK, don't panic.

LORELAI: Good opening line. What's wrong?

SOOKIE: We're out of ice.

LORELAI: How could we be out of ice? We had a ton of ice. It was like a penguin habitat in there.

SOOKIE: I don't know how it happened, I just know it happened and somehow we have to deal with it.

LORELAI: I will go and get some then.

(Lorelai starts out the door. Luke comes in carrying ice.)

LORELAI: Oh! Oh my God! You're a vision! Sookie, we have ice!

SOOKIE: Hallelujah.

LORELAI: How did you know?

LUKE: Well, a good rule of thumb is you can never have too much ice.

LORELAI: Oh, you're the best.

(Lorelai hugs Luke just as Emily comes out of the kitchen.)

LORELAI: That's -- Oh, hi, Mom. This is my friend Luke

LUKE: How are you doing?

EMILY: Fine, thank you.

LUKE: Well I'd better get these in the freezer before they melts.

LORELAI: Well, not very likely in here.

(Rory finds Richard on the porch.)

RORY: Grandpa?

RICHARD: Rory, what a lovely party.

RORY: I brought you something to read.

RICHARD: Oh.

RORY: It's not the Wall Street Journal, but there's a quiz in there that determines whether you're a summer or a fall.

RICHARD: Well I appreciate this, thank you.

(Back inside, everyone is in the living room.)

BABETTE: Oh, Morey, you remember the time that Rory decided that our old tree stump was a fairy ring?

MOREY: I sure do.

BABETTE: How old was she then, sugar?

LORELAI: I think she was about 10.

RORY: Hey, all I know is that it matched the description .

BABETTE: Oh, God, she was cute. She used to sit out there with a peanut butter sandwich just waiting for the fairy to get hungry.

RORY: OK, new story.

MISS PATTY: I'm still crushed beyond belief that she quit her ballet lessons.

LORELAI: Oh, not me. Miss Perfect Work Ethic would prance around this room 24 hours a day.

RORY: And I still stunk.

LANE: I can vouch for that.

MISS PATTY: That's not true!

MOREY: She was pretty bad.

MISS PATTY: No, don't you listen to them. You had a true gift.

(Everyone laughs.

MISS PATTY: What? She did. She was talented.

(Everyone laughs. Emily gets up and goes up to Lorelai's bedroom. Lorelai follows her. Emily picks up a quilt.)

LORELAI: I made that.

EMILY: Really?

LORELAI: From Rory's old baby clothes

EMILY: How nice. Hope you washed them first.

LORELAI: Oh, rats. I knew I forgot something.

EMILY: That's quite an assortment of characters you've assembled down there.

LORELAI: They're great people.

EMILY: This Patricia --

LORELAI: Miss Patty.

EMILY: She teaches dance?

LORELAI: Among other things.

EMILY: And this man with the ice.

LORELAI: Luke.

EMILY: How long have you been seeing him?

LORELAI: Luke? I'm not seeing Luke. He's just a friend.

EMILY: Mm-hmm.

LORELAI: Mom, I swear. Luke keeps me in coffee, nothing else.

EMILY: He seems to like you.

LORELAI: And you're judging this by what?

EMILY: By the way he looked at you.

LORELAI: Which is how?

EMILY: Like you were about to give him a lap dance.

LORELAI: Mom, he did not look at me like that.

EMILY: You're pleased.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: You smiled. You're pleased that the ice man looked at you like a Porterhouse steak.

LORELAI: I'm smiling because you're crazy and that's what you do to crazy people to keep them calm.

(Emily picks up a picture of Lorelai on crutches.)

EMILY: What's this?

LORELAI: Well, that's me, Mom.

EMILY: I know that's you. You're wearing a cast.

LORELAI: Yeah, that's when I broke my leg.

EMILY: You broke your leg?

LORELAI: Yeah, three years ago during a yoga class. The headstand portion took a very ugly turn. The good thing was I brought the smug, blonde, pretzel chick down with me. I've since learned that I'm a bit too competitive for yoga.

EMILY: I never knew that you broke your leg.

LORELAI: It was no big deal, Mom. If I'd been really sick you would have known.

EMILY: Yeah, well...You know, could get a maid in here once a week to at least tidy the place up.

LORELAI: I like it cluttered.

EMILY: You can't even find the bed.

LORELAI: Yes I can. It's the thing that I crash into on the way to the closet.

EMILY: I should go check on your father.

LORELAI: It was nice that you came tonight, Mom. It meant a lot. To Rory. Really.

EMILY: Well, she is my granddaughter, after all. I should be here.

LORELAI: I totally agree.

(Emily starts to fold up the quilt.)

LORELAI: Leave it.

(Emily walks onto the porch. Richard is reading Rory's magazine.)

EMILY: It's time to go now.

RICHARD: In a minute, please.

EMILY: Rory, we're going to get going now.

RORY: Thank you for coming.

EMILY: Thanks for asking me.

RICHARD: Ah, lovely party. I enjoyed the reading material immensely.

RORY: So what's the verdict?

RICHARD: I am an autumn.

RORY: Interesting.

RICHARD: Isn't it?

LORELAI: Hey, so you guys leaving? The mud wrestling starts in ten minutes.

EMILY: Good night, Lorelai. We had a lovely time.

LORELAI: And with a straight face you said that.

RICHARD: I'd have that chimney inspected if I were you.

LORELAI: I'll get right on that, Dad.

(Richard hands Rory a check.)

RICHARD: For Fez.

RORY: But Grandpa, you already took care of that.

RICHARD: Fez is a very large city.

(Rory and Lorelai watch Emily and Richard walk to their car.)

RORY: So...

LORELAI: Food fight?

RORY: Absolutely.

(They run back inside.)

(Emily is silent in the car.)

RICHARD: Emily?

EMILY: She's right. I don't know my daughter at all. We should go. Traffic.

(Cut to the kitchen. Lorelai and Sookie are cleaning up.)

LORELAI: Next year, we are going to a McDonald's with one of those slides and that's it.

SOOKIE: The party was a hit.

LORELAI: And we'll be eating onion dip for breakfast for a week.

SOOKIE: You know, you mix that dip with some ground turkey and some garlic and it's really not too bad.

LORELAI: Hey, I'm not looking for a recipe.

SOOKIE: Ooh, reflex, sorry. OK, I'm gonna go check the living room.

LORELAI: OK.

(Standing at the sink, Lorelai looks up and sees Rory in the yard with Dean.)

RORY: You didn't have to get me anything.

DEAN: Sorry, that's the rules. You get older, you get a gift.

RORY: I'm sorry about this sort of sneaky thing. I just haven't told my mother yet about you. I mean,

not that there's to tell. I just --

DEAN: That's OK. This is better.

(Rory unwraps the gift.)

RORY: Oh my God. It's beautiful.

DEAN: Well, I bought the medallion and I just cut some leather straps and drilled a hole, and well, you like it?

RORY: I -- it's amazing.

DEAN: Good.

RORY: Thank you.

DEAN: Here.

(Dean ties it around Rory's wrist. They smile at each other. Lorelai is still watching from the window.)