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07x12 - To Whom It May Concern

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07x12 - To Whom It May Concern

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MANSION - FRONT ENTRANCE - INTERIOR

[Lorelai, Rory, Richard, Emily and Chris approach the front door.]

RICHARD: So the hunter comes out of the tent, looks around, and says, "ah, very well then. Now, where's that gorilla?"

[Laughter]

LORELAI: Well now you've heard dad's big game-hunter- and-the-gorilla joke. You're officially part of the family.

RORY: It's not too late to back out.

EMILY: Yes, Richard, I beg you -- get some new material.

CHRISTOPHER: I actually like the joke, and the family is not bad, either. Thanks for a great meal, Emily.

RORY: Yes thank you, grandma.

EMILY: You're quite welcome. Did you really like the meal?

LORELAI: It was incredible, mom.

EMILY: On our recent trip to Mexico, your father and I were served Quail Mazatl*n, and I insisted that Bridget find the recipe.

LORELAI: Well, she found it.

RORY: Yeah tell that Bridget that that Quail Mazatl*n was a triumph.

LORELAI: Mm-hmm

EMILY: It's the tequila-cactus sauce that makes it special.

LORELAI: So special.

CHRISTOPHER: Really just great.

RICHARD: Well, young lady, I'll see you around the campus.

RORY: Yes, you will.

EMILY: Oh and Lorelai, it turns out that I have an emergency D.A.R. Board meeting on Tuesday, so I won't be able to get together to finalize the seating chart for the party.

LORELAI: No seating-chart get-together? How will I live?

CHRISTOPHER: I'll help you get through it.

RICHARD: Christopher, are you sure you can't stay for a cigar? Cuban. Montecristo. Perfect complement to a tequila-cactus sauce.

LORELAI: Dad, we really have to get going.

CHRISTOPHER: She's right, but maybe I could get a Montecristo to go.

RICHARD: Oh, nice try, nice try.

CHRISTOPHER: I thought I'd give it a shot.

EMILY: Another time for cigars. I'll see you, Rory.

RORY: Bye, grandma.

LORELAI: Bye, mom.

CHRISTOPHER: Bye, bye.

RICHARD: See you in class, Rory.

RORY: See you!

MANSION - EXTERIOR

LORELAI: Oh, my god!

CHRISTOPHER: I thought for sure your mom saw me put mine in here.

LORELAI: How could so tiny a quail have such a big, awful taste?

RORY: I think the sauce burned through my napkin.

CHRISTOPHER: And now we just throw it in the bushes?

LORELAI: No, no, no...

RORY: No!

LORELAI: We tried that before.

RORY: The chicken Kiev. The Baklava, too.

LORELAI: Yeah the neighbor's cat found it and dragged it to the back patio.

RORY: So busted.

CHRISTOPHER: Alright so how do we get rid of it?

LORELAI: We take it with us in the car.

RORY: Then we give it the old heave-ho over Tyler's bridge.

LORELAI: Got to make sure we get every piece in the water, though.

RORY: Oh yeah one stray piece of Quail Mazatl*n, and grandma will have the river dragged.

LORELAI: We need something to weigh them down. How attached are you to that watch?

[They get into the car to leave]

OPENING CREDITS

LORELAI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

[Lorelai is starting to make coffee when she hears knocking on the front door]

SOOKIE: Morning!

LORELAI: Uhh.

SOOKIE: Ow! What was that for?

LORELAI: Thought maybe I was dreaming.

SOOKIE: Then you're supposed to ask me to pinch you. You're not suppose to pinch me.

LORELAI: Well I'm confused. I haven't even had my coffee yet. I have your coffee and muffins hot from the oven.

LORELAI: Okay.

SOOKIE: Well, actually, they're not really muffins. They're muffin tops because the muffin tops are the only parts you like.

LORELAI: You baked me a whole basket of muffin tops?

SOOKIE: Yep. I have got apple-cinnamon-walnut, lemon-poppy seed, apple spice, and double chocolate chip, which is really more cake than muffin. [gets some plates] But if calling them a muffin means you can eat them in the morning, then I am all for it. So, which would you like?

LORELAI: Um, the cake one, please.

SOOKIE: Ooh, good choice. [placing the plate on the table] Ta-da.

LORELAI: Sookie?

SOOKIE: Mm-hmm?

LORELAI: What are you doing here? It's not even 7:00.

SOOKIE: What?! Why can't a girl get up superearly on her day off, make some muffin tops, and bring a hot cup of coffee over to the best friend and business partner a girl could ever have?

LORELAI: I guess.

SOOKIE: I mean, I had to get up early anyway. Jackson and I are going skiing. We're so excited. We

haven't done that since before the kids.

LORELAI: [Taking a drink of coffee] Hmm. That's cool.

SOOKIE: Yeah, Jackson loves to ski, and I love to dress up in those cozy clothes, the furry boots, and curl up with a Sue Grafton mystery. I got "'R' is for 'Ricochet'" and "'S' is for 'Silence.'" If the ski conditions are good, I can get a good eight hours of Kinsey Millhone in. Yeah, we were so excited.

LORELAI: "Were"?

SOOKIE: Our, uh, babysitter called last night, and she's got mono.

LORELAI: Ahh.

SOOKIE: Yeah. How is that, uh, muffin top?

LORELAI: It has the faintest aftertaste of bribe.

SOOKIE: I know it's a lot of work to take care of the kids, and I know that it's your day off, too, but I would really, really appreciate it, and I would really, really, really owe you big.

LORELAI: I'd love to take care of Davey and Martha.

SOOKIE: Oh, did I happen to mention that you're the best friend and business partner a girl could ever have?

LORELAI: I believe you led with that.

SOOKIE: Oh, good, because you are. Thank you.

LORELAI: No problem. God, this coffee is good.

SOOKIE: Well, yeah, it should be. I... got it from Luke's. Sorry. Is that weird?

LORELAI: Oh, no, that's not weird.

SOOKIE: Good.

LORELAI: I mean, it shouldn't be weird.

SOOKIE: No, it shouldn't be weird.

LORELAI: It would be weird if I intentionally didn't drink the coffee. You know that would be weird.

SOOKIE: Yeah, that would be weird.

LORELAI: I mean, it's good coffee.

SOOKIE: Yeah, and there's no reason you shouldn't enjoy good coffee.

LORELAI: Exactly.

SOOKIE: Good.

LORELAI: Yeah, so it's not weird. What did you do with the muffin bottoms?

SOOKIE: I made a muffin-bottom pie. It's actually pretty good. I'm thinking about patenting it.

LORELAI: Mmm, muffin-bottom pie -- sounds dirty.

CHRISTOPHER: Mm-mmm! There are baked goods in here. At first I thought I was dreaming.

SOOKIE: Please don't pinch me.

CHRISTOPHER: When I realized I wasn't, I thought, "somebody must've broke in here and started baking."

LORELAI: Baking and entering -- a crime wave sweeping the nation.

CHRISTOPHER: Just not used to that smell.

LORELAI: Well, enjoy. Sookie brought us coffee and freshly baked muffin tops.

CHRISTOPHER: Muffin tops?

SOOKIE: They are the best part.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay.

LORELAI: You got to be careful, though, because they induce a sugar coma where it makes you say, "yes, yes, anything, yes."

SOOKIE: I needed her to babysit today.

CHRISTOPHER: You need anything from me?

SOOKIE: Nope.

CHRISTOPHER: Then we're good to go. Actually, this is gonna work out well. Ship the daughter unit off to her grandmother, get rid of the wife unit. leaving the husband unit free to do some good, old-fashioned manual labor.

LORELAI: He's putting up a flat-screen.

SOOKIE: Oh, flat-screen what?

CHRISTOPHER: Come on. Are you serious?

LORELAI: TV.

SOOKIE: Oh.

LORELAI: Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: You'll see. You're gonna love it.

SOOKIE: Well, I should get going. I have to get ready for skiing. Oh, hey, do you have any magazines in case I get through both "R" and "S"?

LORELAI: Yeah, on the hall table.

SOOKIE: Okay, great. I'll get them on the way out. [Sighs] Thank you, Lorelai. [Sookie hugs Lorelai] I

really, really appreciate it.

LORELAI: It's okay.

SOOKIE: [They hug again, Lorelai is feeling a little weird and looks at Chris] No, I mean, it takes a special person to, you know, on her day off.

LORELAI: No problem.

SOOKIE: Okay. Look what you're making me do. Okay. Bye. [Hugs Chris]

CHRISTOPHER: Okay. [Chuckles]

SOOKIE: Okay.

LORELAI: Bye.

SOOKIE: Bye.

CHRISTOPHER: Bye, Sookie. [Laughing] What was that?

LORELAI: I don't know. She's really excited about her skiing/reading trip. [Sighs]

CHRISTOPHER: This is good coffee.

LORELAI: It is good. It's from Luke's.

[awkward moments]

CHRISTOPHER: Oh.

LORELAI: Is that okay?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah. [pushes the cup away]

LORELAI: Sookie brought it. Are you sure?

CHRISTOPHER: Of course. Why wouldn't it be?

LORELAI: Because.

CHRISTOPHER: It's fine.

LORELAI: Okay.

CHRISTOPHER: So, what do you do with the muffin bottoms?

LORELAI: Oh, she turned them into a pie, you know? She's like an Indian. They use all the parts of the buffalo.

CHRISTOPHER: I don't fully understand that woman.

LORELAI: She bakes good stuff.

CHRISTOPHER: That I get.

LORELAI: Hmm.

YALE

[Students are returning to school after the holidays, Rory pins her letter to the notice board on Lucy and Olivia's door and leaves.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[Chris is unpacking the Plasma TV]

LORELAI: Oh, my god, the eagle has landed.

CHRISTOPHER: Yep, they delivered it while you were in the shower.

LORELAI: Did they deliver it or throw it?

CHRISTOPHER: Comes with a lot of equipment. Isn't it beautiful?

LORELAI: Yeah. And big.

CHRISTOPHER: All the better to watch Reggie Bush score touchdowns on.

LORELAI: I forget. Which one of the bush daughters is Reggie?

CHRISTOPHER: Ah you're gonna love it. Hey, have you seen the level?

LORELAI: The thing with the green bubble that goes back and forth?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah.

LORELAI: Yeah, Paul Anka and I were playing with it.

CHRISTOPHER: You were playing with it with the dog?

LORELAI: Yes I was trying to hypnotize him with the bubble.

CHRISTOPHER: Ah-ha

LORELAI: See if I could talk him out of the habit of chewing on the corner of the welcome mat, or I was gonna give him a wacky posthypnotic suggestion, like the doorbell rings, and he spins around in circles.

CHRISTOPHER: Were you able to hypnotize him?

LORELAI: No, Chris, he's a dog. All right. I think you've got this under control. I'm gonna go sit on some babies.

CHRISTOPHER: Alright you do that, when you get back, we'll sprawl out on the couch and watch flat-screen plasma TV, and the world as you know it will never be the same.

[They kiss]

LORELAI: You smell good.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah?

[They kiss again]

LORELAI: Familiar. Is that my conditioner?

CHRISTOPHER: Maybe. I don't know.

LORELAI: Are you using my conditioner?

CHRISTOPHER: Sometimes. Why? You don't like to share?

LORELAI: No, I'm married now. I love to share.

CHRISTOPHER: So, why is it so funny?

LORELAI: You don't have that much to condition.

CHRISTOPHER: I know that, but...

LORELAI: it's just been really unruly lately?

CHRISTOPHER: All right. I got work to do here.

LORELAI: All right, listen, I love that you're using my conditioner, and I love that you're putting up this Jumbotron thingy all by yourself, and I can't wait to watch flat sports with you, and I love you -
- goodbye.

CHRISTOPHER: I will be here.

LORELAI: Hey, if you feel like shaving, I've got a brand-new Lady Schick in the drawer. Feel free to use it.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh I might just do that.

COURT HOUSE - HALLWAY

[Luke is sitting on a bench alone, a court officer opens a door.]

COURT OFFICER: Danes vs. Nardini?

LUKE: Hmm?

COURT OFFICER: Custody case.

LUKE: Oh, yeah, right. Uh, no, Nardini is not here. Nobody is here. [the officer goes back in the room] I mean, well, nobody from -- okay.

JIM: Luke.

LUKE: Oh, hey, Jim. Hey.

JIM: Been waiting long?

LUKE: No, no, no, I got here early. I wasn't sure where to park, so I got here early.

JIM: Always a good idea.

LUKE: Yeah, listen, uh, I meant to ask you -- will I start with a statement or?

JIM: No, no, you won't start with any statement.

LUKE: Okay.

JIM: Actually, the less you say, the better, which is good because the more you say, the more they can, well, you know.

LUKE: Right, right, um will they make a decision right away? Do they tell us?

JIM: Listen, I got to make a quick call. Give me a sec?

LUKE: Oh, yeah, no. Go. Go right ahead.

[The elevator opens and Anna approaches]

LUKE: Oh, hey.

ANNA: Hello, Luke.

LUKE: They're not -- we're not --

ANNA: Oh, are we early?

LUKE: Yeah, I guess, or they're behind.

[Small nervous laugh, Luke watches Anna sit then joins her on the bench, the following conversation starts out nervous with lots of pauses.]

LUKE: Did you park in the garage?

ANNA: Hmm?

LUKE: Yeah, do I get this thing stamped or what?

ANNA: I don't know. I didn't park in the garage.

LUKE: Oh. Okay. [Put the parking pass in his pocket.] Man, this place, huh?

ANNA: Yeah, what a waste of time.

LUKE: Yeah.

ANNA: Especially since there's no reason for it.

LUKE: Well, I mean...

ANNA: But you have to finish what you started, right?

LUKE: What I started?

ANNA: Yes, when you hired a lawyer.

LUKE: Well, I had to hire a lawyer. It was the only way I could see my kid.

ANNA: [Scoffs] I mean, come on. You really think you have a chance?

LUKE: Yeah, well, that's for a judge to decide.

ANNA: Well, step back. Take a look at it. I mean, look at yourself. You're...you -- a hermit living above a diner in some old, converted hardware store. It doesn't exactly paint a picture of "capable father."

LUKE: It doesn't matter where I live, and I have been nothing but a good father to April.

ANNA: And you know what you're not gonna get any points for your history with women, either.

LUKE: I don't know what you're talking about.

ANNA: Bailed on Lorelai, got divorced in a heartbeat.

LUKE: I did not bail on Lorelai.

ANNA: You have had no long-term relationships, Luke. Why would a judge trust you to have one with April?

LUKE: April...huh!...Knows...

BARBARA: Hi. Anna, all set?

JIM: Hello, Barbara.

BARBARA: Jim. Can we go in?

COURT OFFICER: The judge is ready for you.

JIM: Perfect timing.

[They all enter lead by Luke, the door is closed by the court officer]

PARIS AND DOYLE'S APARTMENT

[Rory enters, Paris is busy and has a number of large white boards set up.]

RORY: Hey, Paris.

PARIS: Hey Rory, just a second. I'm in the middle of something.

RORY: Did you have a good...

PARIS: No -- I have to set up the Goldman Sachs interview before spring break. My Christmas was fine, thank you. I assume yours was, too?

RORY: It was nice.

PARIS: Good. We've got the pleasantries out of the way. Can we move on?

RORY: I hope so. I am emotionally spent. What's all this?

PARIS: This is the game plan for what I call operation finish line.

RORY: Need more.

PARIS: Okay. We only have five months left before we leave the warm and comforting bosom of this university and face the bitterly cold shoulder of the real world.

RORY: "We"?

PARIS: You and I. You're the green marker. Green was a random choice, not a subtle comment about how inexperienced you are with real-life matters. Then again, maybe it was.

RORY: Hmm. Oh so I'm applying for an oceanography fellowship?

PARIS: And I might point out the application is due by February 28.

RORY: Yes but I know nothing about oceanography. I can't even tell you which direction the ocean is.

PARIS: You apply, you get the fellowship, then you decide if you want it.

RORY: I already know I don't want it.

PARIS: It's a defensive move. It's like monopoly. Your little wheelbarrow lands on St. James place. You think, "I don't want St. James place, "but I don't want some other schmo to get it, so I'll stick a plastic house there." Am I getting through to you?

RORY: You're making me want to play monopoly.

PARIS: Look, come the semester's end, you're gonna thank me for this chart. We cannot graduate unprepared.

RORY: Paris there is no way we're gonna have time to do all this stuff.

PARIS: I'm not saying it's not gonna be time-consuming, but there's two of us, so we'll divide it all up and report back to each other. I think we should have weekly report-back sessions. How about Friday afternoons at 5:00?

RORY: There's something to look forward to at the end of the week.

STARS HOLLOW - SOOKIE'S HOUSE

[Lorelai arrives at Sookie and Jackson's house and knocks]

SOOKIE: Jackson!

JACKSON: One minute.

SOOKIE: Jackson, get the door!

JACKSON: One minute!

LORELAI: That's okay. I'm fine.

SOOKIE: Get the door!

SOOKIE'S HOUSE - INTERIOR LIVING ROOM

JACKSON: Getting it, getting it. [Answering the door, Davey is hiding behind Jackson hold on to hit jumper.] Sorry, Lorelai.

LORELAI: That's okay.

JACKSON: I just put Martha down for a nap, and Sookie is getting dressed.

LORELAI: Okay.

SOOKIE: [From the other room] Ohh!

JACKSON: Ah, she's picking out an outfit now...

LORELAI: Gotta.

JACKSON: Thanks again for doing this.

LORELAI: Sure. So, where is Davey?

JACKSON: I don't know. I haven't seen him all day long.

LORELAI: Well that's too bad I brought over something special for him, but if he's not here, I'll just take it back home.

DAVEY: No!

LORELAI: Oh, there you are. Check out what's in my bag.

JACKSON: So, how's Christopher?

LORELAI: He's putting up a ginormous flat-screen as we speak.

JACKSON: Cool. What's the pixel aspect ratio?

LORELAI: It's got two remotes.

JACKSON: I'll ask him.

LORELAI: Good idea. [Sookie enters] Hey.

SOOKIE: Hey. [Too Jackson] Do you like this sweater on me?

JACKSON: Yeah, honey, it's great.

SOOKIE: I don't like it. I'm gonna change.

JACKSON: So, the four of us should go out sometime soon.

LORELAI: Sounds good.

JACKSON: I mean, I was gonna ask you two to join us next week in Woodbury for couples-bowling night, but you don't really seem like the couples-bowling type.

LORELAI: Why? What's the couples-bowling type?

JACKSON: I don't know, sort of boring married people.

LORELAI: But I am a boring married person now.

JACKSON: Do you even like bowling?

LORELAI: Not when I was single, but maybe now that I'm boring and married, it would be right up my alley.

JACKSON: You have to wear the shoes.

LORELAI: Forget it.

SOOKIE: How about this?

JACKSON: Ooh, that I really like. That's nice, the style and the color.

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: No, it's all wrong. I'm gonna change.

LORELAI: Is she okay?

JACKSON: Sookie? Um, yeah, she's fine. So, buddy, what did Lorelai bring?

DAVEY: Her magic socks.

JACKSON: Wow.

LORELAI: I could tell you what they do, but it's kind of private between me and Davey. [Sookie comes back] Oh, yeah.

JACKSON: That's perfect -- perfect, perfect, perfect. Let's go.

SOOKIE: Are you sure?

JACKSON: Absolutely. Kinsey Millhone is waiting for you.

SOOKIE: You don't think it's a little too...

LORELAI: Looks pretty...

JACKSON: No, I love that sweater. Don't you, Lorelai?

LORELAI: Yes, I love, love, love it.

JACKSON: Great. See? Everything is great. See you later, buddy. Thanks again for doing this. Come on. Let's go.

SOOKIE: I can't leave them.

JACKSON: You can.

SOOKIE: No, I can't. They need me.

JACKSON: They're going to be fine. Come on. Let's go.

SOOKIE: Don't you want mommy to stay here and play with you?

Wouldn't that be fun? Wouldn't it Davey?

JACKSON: Come on let's go hit those slopes and crack those books. Thanks again, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Okay. Bye.

[Jackson and Sookie leave in a hurry]

LORELAI: All right. Come here. Let's see your magic socks. Let's see 'em. Come here. Where do you want to go?

DAVEY: The jungle.

LORELAI: The jungle? You better start kicking. Start kicking to get to the jungle. Kick! Kick! You got to kick to get there. Where's your tiger...

YALE - HALLWAY

[Rory is waiting on a bench, Richard comes out of his office]

RICHARD: Don't apologize, Connor. That's precisely why I have office hours. Oh, and I'm supposed to tell you that you can also query me by e-mail, although to be honest, I check it about as often as I do the daily racing form. [Laughs]

CONNOR: [shaking hands with Richard] Thanks.

RICHARD: Yeah. Mm-hmm. [Connor leaves] Miss Gilmore, I believe you're next. The visiting lecturer will see you now.

[They go inside]

RORY: Thank you. Oh, I like your office. It's cozy.

RICHARD: Hmm. That's one way of describing it. So, have you come as a loving granddaughter visiting your grandfather or as an obsequious student trying to butter up her professor?

RORY: Well, I'm not buttering up.

RICHARD: Oh, good.

RORY: Well, actually...

RICHARD: Oh, I thought I smelled butter.

RORY: You know my, uh, roommate, Paris?

RICHARD: Oh, I've met Paris.

RORY: Well, and you don't have to do this, but she wanted me to ask you if you might be able to help her to set up an informal get-together with Dean Kerrigan.

RICHARD: To what end?

RORY: I think she wants some kind of recommendation for after graduation.

RICHARD: I see.

RORY: And I guess it wouldn't hurt for me to meet him, as well. But you don't have to.

RICHARD: No I suppose I could speak to Dean Kerrigan. He's an affable gentleman. He's probably not averse to getting together for wine and cheese and meeting a pair of bright, soon-to-be graduates. I'll look into it.

RORY: Really? Okay. Thanks, grandpa.

RICHARD: So, I'm looking forward to having you in class again.

RORY: Me too.

RICHARD: I think you'll find this class more stimulating than last semester's. I'm expanding on some economic principles here, like pricing strategies under varying economic conditions that can be actually useful to -- sorry. I shouldn't bore you until you're sitting in my class, getting credit for it.

RORY: No, I'm not bored. I'm sorry, grandpa. I just have a lot on my mind.

RICHARD: Is everything all right?

RORY: I just -- it's senior year, you know, last semester. There's charts all over my apartment, and I'm going through something with a friend, so.

RICHARD: Paris?

RORY: No, someone else. I hurt her feelings, and even after writing her a very long letter of apology, she hasn't gotten back to me, and I just feel terrible.

RICHARD: I see. Well, I doubt it's as bad as you think it is. I'm sure the girl will get back to you. Maybe she's just a very slow reader.

RORY: [Sighs]

RICHARD: Oh, honey, anybody who knows you knows you would never do anything to purposely hurt someone's feelings.

RORY: Well that's just it. We don't know each other that well. She's a new friend. We don't have a history.

RICHARD: Hmm. Well, I wouldn't worry about it. Rory, you're a person of great heart and great character. And that combination will always win the day.

RORY: I hope so.

RICHARD: So, can I interest you in a syllabus?

SOOKIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[Lorelai is on the couch watching TV]

MAN ON TV: Did you blow on the dice again?

MAN#2 ON TV: Yeah.

MAN ON TV: That's what I thought.

MAN#2 ON TV: This is my good friend Al Capone from Brooklyn....

[Lorelai gasps as she hears Sookie and Jackson outside]

JACKSON: I was just trying to be helpful.

SOOKIE: Cut it out, you're bugging me.

LORELAI: Hi. Wow, you're home early. I'm sorry it's such a mess. Um, the magic socks took us back in time. We were cavemen. It was really bleak, so we lived like this. I would've cleaned up, but when they woke up, the magic socks were gonna take us to an orphanage in England where they had to tidy up in exchange for one teaspoon of gruel.

JACKSON: Sounds fun. Don't worry about the mess.

LORELAI: So, how was the skiing/reading?

SOOKIE: Oh, uh, terrible.

JACKSON: Oh, come on. You had fun all morning.

SOOKIE: I could've had fun all day. We meet up for lunch. He spills my hot toddy all over the table, and he won't let me order another one.

LORELAI: "Let you"?

SOOKIE: Yeah, let me. He said if I ordered another, he'd do it again.

JACKSON: I just don't think drinking is appropriate at lunch.

SOOKIE: It was one drink.

JACKSON: Sometimes that's all it takes.

SOOKIE: And he wouldn't let me ski.

LORELAI: You mean read?

SOOKIE: No. Ski. "'S' is for 'silent'" sucked, so I thought, "why don't I strap on some skis and try a little downhill?" This one wouldn't let me.

JACKSON: Conditions were terrible. It was really icy.

SOOKIE: Well, apparently you make all the rules, your highness. Could I go check on my children? Could I do that, huh?

JACKSON: No, that's fine. Sounds good. [Sookie leaves and Jackson goes to the kitchen] So, thanks a lot for sitting. We really appreciate it.

LORELAI: Jackson, seriously, what's going on with you two?

JACKSON: Nothing much. You?

LORELAI: Jackson, why wouldn't you let her drink?

JACKSON: It's a bad precedent.

LORELAI: Or ski?

SOOKIE: I didn't want her to get hurt. You know there's all these snowboarders on the hill these days, and they just come tearing down...

LORELAI: Jackson!

JACKSON: Lorelai!

LORELAI: What is going on with you two?

JACKSON: Nothing.

LORELAI: You're acting strange.

JACKSON: No, I'm not.

LORELAI: So is Sookie. She's all over the place she's all weird and moody. The last time she was like that, she was pregnant.

JACKSON: What?

LORELAI: What?

JACKSON: What?

LORELAI: No.

JACKSON: No.

LORELAI: No?

JACKSON: Maybe?

LORELAI: [Gasps] Jackson, I thought you got a vasectomy.

JACKSON: Oh, so she says, "go get a vasectomy," and I'm just supposed to go get a vasectomy?

LORELAI: Well no you shouldn't do it if you didn't want to do it, but if you didn't want to do it, you should've told her you didn't want to do it.

JACKSON: I didn't see the point. Now I see the point.

LORELAI: Jackson.

JACKSON: She said she was staying on the pill. She said it gave her skin a healthy glow.

LORELAI: Yeah, she went off it last month.

JACKSON: I know that now you'd think that's the kind of thing a wife would tell her husband. Not when she thinks the husband had a vasectomy.

JACKSON: I know, I know.

LORELAI: Jackson, you have to tell her she's pregnant.

JACKSON: I was going to today after we had a great time and she was in a great mood, but then she wanted to ski and drink.

LORELAI: Well you wouldn't let her.

JACKSON: [whispering] She's pregnant.

LORELAI: Well I know that and you know that, but don't you think Sookie should be let in on the good news?

JACKSON: All right, all right.

LORELAI: Good luck.

JACKSON: Yeah. Thanks.

LORELAI: [Sighs]

[Jackson leaves the room to tell Sookie]

JACKSON: Honey? Honey?

[Speaking indistinctly]

SOOKIE: No!

[Coming back to the living room]

JACKSON: You can't just order someone to go get a vasectomy...

SOOKIE: You know what? J-just be really quiet right now! [Looking for her coat]

JACKSON: ...Like it's a haircut.

SOOKIE: Don't speak. Don't breathe. Don't even look at me. I'm gonna go for a walk, and while I'm gone, you're gonna have that taken care of.

JACKSON: But...

SOOKIE: No. No talking. Just do it, or when I get home, I will. Lorelai, let's go!
COURT HOUSE - HEARING ROOM

[Luke, Anna, the Judge and Lawyers are seated at a table.]

BARBARA: As we all know, your honor, custody cases must center on what's in the best interest of the child.

JIM: And as we all know, "best interest" is a subjective term.

BARBARA: For Mr. Danes to have as much access to April as he's seeking would certainly not be in her best interest.

JIM: To deny the child access to her father would be psychologically damaging.

BARBARA: Why? The child has only seen Mr. Danes on spur erratic occasions whenever he found time in his schedule to allow her to visit.

JIM: He made himself available to her as often as she liked.

BARBARA: Truth be told, during the past year, April has spent more cumulative hours with the man who drives her school bus than with Luke Danes. Why don't we ask my client to allow the bus driver shared custody of the child?

JUDGE: Bit of a stretch there, Miss Campbell.

BARBARA: My point, your honor, is that April's connection to Mr. Danes is superficial at best. To her, he's a man who works in a diner who only recently revealed himself to be her father.

LUKE: Owns. I own the diner. I don't just work there, and April came to me.

ANNA: Yeah, without my knowing it.

LUKE: Exactly and you had no intention of letting me know I had a daughter.

JUDGE: Excuse me. I suggest you let your attorneys speak for you. It is why you pay them all your hard-earned money.

ANNA: I apologize, your honor.

LUKE: Yeah. Sorry.

STARS HOLLOW

[Sookie and Lorelai are walking down the street]

SOOKIE: I just -- and he really -- ohh! You know? And he didn't, and then I-I can't believe that he -- ohh! Ooh! You know, 'cause he didn't have -- he didn't, and I can't believe that he could've.

LORELAI: Sookie, you know you can't walk off a pregnancy, right?

SOOKIE: I had just delivered his baby, and then what? I'm supposed to go and hold my husband's hand while he gets a vasectomy to make sure he does? No. It's too much. I mean, I-I-I'm not his mother. I'm already a mother. You know I don't have the time to baby a grown man.

LORELAI: I know.

SOOKIE: I mean what am I supposed to do -- start watching him brush his teeth? Does he want me to start cutting his meat?

LORELAI: I don't think he wants his meat cut at all.

SOOKIE: Well, how could he do this?

LORELAI: I guess he didn't really want to have a vasectomy.

SOOKIE: Well, then, tell me.

LORELAI: I agree.

SOOKIE: Uhh!

LORELAI: I know. Uhh!

SOOKIE: I mean I didn't -- there was less than 4,000 left.

LORELAI: 4,000?

SOOKIE: Diapers.

LORELAI: Ah

SOOKIE: Diapers. For the last year and a half, I've been changing 20 diapers a day, I mean and finally -- finally I've got Davey. You know he's potty-trained. It's good. You know Martha has always gone through a little more. I mean, girls -- it's a boy-girl thing. I don't know. Boys seem to be perfectly happy sitting in their own filth.

LORELAI: I didn't know that.

SOOKIE: Yeah, and Martha is 12 diapers a day. And then if you add the -- but that's not the point. The point is that there was a light at the end of the tunnel, and now the light at the end of the tunnel is no more because you can't do that with 23 diapers a day. [Gasps] 26. If it's a girl, that's 26 diapers a day.

LORELAI: Well you could use cloth diapers, you know? You wash them and -- that's not the point. I mean that's not the point. I get it that's a lot of diapers. But, you know, babies are more than diapers, right?

SOOKIE: No, no.

LORELAI: Sookie.

SOOKIE: No, all I remember is eat, sleep, poop, eat, sleep, poop.

LORELAI: Well, there's other stuff.

SOOKIE: Yeah, like oh like diaper rash and colic and potty-training.

LORELAI: No, the good stuff.

SOOKIE: Well, I'm having trouble remembering that.

LORELAI: For one thing, they're pretty cute.

SOOKIE: Well, but cute is not gonna help me sleep through the night.

LORELAI: They smell great -- that newborn smell I mean, you can't beat that, right?

SOOKIE: The smell is pretty good.

LORELAI: How about, you know, when you give them their first bath? And I remember when I gave Rory her first bath, she looked up at me like, "what the hell is going on?" And I kept saying, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry."

SOOKIE: You know Davey loved his first one. Martha screamed bloody m*rder. Oh, my god, all the screaming.

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah, yeah, but how about the first time when they're crying and crying, and you go in to pick them up, and then they stop crying because they recognize you?

SOOKIE: That's pretty cool.

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: I'm not gonna sleep, though.

LORELAI: Well, you won't sleep, but you'll get another first smile.

SOOKIE: You know, Davey had his at three weeks. It's really advanced.

LORELAI: Aww, how about when you're lying down, you're holding the baby, and the baby falls asleep on your chest?

SOOKIE: They're all warm and cuddly. Oh, god, I know what you're doing. You're trying to make this sound good.

LORELAI: In the middle of the night, when you're rocking the baby, and everyone is asleep. And then they fall asleep, and you fall asleep.

SOOKIE: I'm hormonal, and you are playing dirty.

LORELAI: It's pretty good stuff, huh?

SOOKIE: I guess.

LORELAI: Really good.

SOOKIE: Are you talking memory, or are you thinking ahead?

LORELAI: Oh, uh, I don't know -- a little of both, I guess.

SOOKIE: Really?

LORELAI: Well, the subject has come up. It might come up again.

SOOKIE: Oh, my god, I'm gonna have another baby.

LORELAI: Yes, and I will be there to help you, no muffin tops required.

SOOKIE: Thank you. I know. Oh, god, I hope I have a girl. Ooh! Or a boy.

LORELAI: Well, chances are pretty good you'll have one or the other.

YALE - CAFETERIA

[Rory and Paris are having lunch, Paris has mini charts on the table]

PARIS: So, we seem to have a block of eight days here in late March that is disturbingly free of résumé-building activity -- might be a good time to commit to some volunteer work.

RORY: Sure.

PARIS: I'm not crazy about wheeling around elderly in their revelling bathrobes, so I'm leaning towards tree planting.

RORY: Sounds good.

PARIS: I'll check out some local community-service sites online. Now I found out the cut off for the Lawrence Way journalism fellowship application is March 1st, so we have to get on that. And have you written your sample for the Iowa poetry prize?

RORY: Yeah, I think that one's a little farfetched. I mean, I only took one poetry class -- sophomore year.

PARIS: Hannah freeman is applying for a fulbright to study space travel in Luneberg, Germany. Do you think she's ever travelled to space? Besides, the writing sample is a poem -- takes 20 minutes to write, 2 if it's haiku.

RORY: I know but...

PARIS: You could've told me you were going to be so resistant to operation finish line when we agreed to it.

RORY: I'm sorry. When did we agree to it?

PARIS: And this is not about making charts. It's about our careers. It's about life. I'm trying to help you here. Did you talk to your grandfather about hooking me up with Dean Kerrigan?

RORY: [Distracted by seeing Lucy] Hmm? Um, yeah, I did. I did that.

PARIS: And?

RORY: Um, he said he'd look into it.

PARIS: "Look into it"? That's not going to cut it. You have got to put the screws to the guy. I don't care if he's your grandfather. He's part of our game plan, and he's got to play ball.

PARIS: Why do you keep...is that Lucy?

RORY: Yeah.

PARIS: Have you heard from her yet?

RORY: No.

PARIS: Oh, so now she's decided to just ignore you? How very "Heathers" of her.

RORY: I don't think she saw me. [Paris gets up and walks to Lucy.] Paris, no.

PARIS: Okay, look, it's time to put an end to this little junior-high game you're playing.

LUCY: Hey, Paris.

PARIS: Have you read Rory's letter or not?

LUCY: Um, yeah, I just...

PARIS: Well would you please tell her you forgive her and kiss and make up, because it's really messing with her head?

RORY: Um, sorry, Lucy, I didn't...

PARIS: Don't apologize. I've got her on the ropes.

LUCY: Look I just got back an hour ago, so I just read your letter.

PARIS: Yeah? And?

LUCY: Well, it's not really fair, I mean, you being a writer.

PARIS: Yeah, yeah, life's not fair. Can you let her off the hook, for god's sakes? In case you didn't know it, Rory is a great person, and she does not deserve to be treated this way.

RORY: Paris...

RORY: Anyone should feel lucky to call her a friend. I know I do, and you're throwing away one of the best.

RORY: Paris, please. I appreciate where this is coming from, but can we just have a minute?

[Paris leaves]

LUCY: It was a really beautiful letter.

RORY: Thanks.

LUCY: Look, I know that Marty put you in a really crappy position and...

RORY: Yeah, but I -- well, he did.

LUCY: Totally crappy.

RORY: But I could've said, "No, Marty, you're being stupid and immature."

LUCY: Which he was so being.

RORY: But I just -- I handled it wrong. I mean, can I say again how much I screwed up?

LUCY: No, you didn't screw up. Marty asked you to do something really weird and wrong, and you did it 'cause you're a great person. Ask Paris.

RORY: Well, I don't know about --

LUCY: Look I even tried to figure out what I would've done in your shoes, and, I mean, I even tried to act it out with Olivia playing the role of Marty.

RORY: Seriously?

LUCY: I know, right? Any chance to act. But um, it didn't really work because as much as I love Olivia, her Marty was so over-the-top.

RORY: Are things okay with you and Marty?

LUCY: Arr not so much. We broke up.

RORY: Oh, no.

LUCY: Oh, well, right?

RORY: I'm so, so sorry.

LUCY: No, I mean, it wasn't your fault. It wasn't meant to be. Listen, I got to go to my first class.

RORY: Oh, yeah, okay.

LUCY: But I'll call you, okay?

RORY: Okay. Yeah. See you.

[Back at the table]

PARIS: Everything okay now?

RORY: Yep.

PARIS: Good. Did you ask her about actresses she knows at Yale drama? Why have I even bothered to do all this?

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[Chris is finishing hanging the Plasma]

CHRISTOPHER: Perfect. Yeah. There we go.

PAUL ANKA: [Barks]

CHRISTOPHER: What? That's straight. It's straight. Fine, you want me to prove it? I'll find a level and prove it. [looks in his tool box] Where's the level, Paul Anka? The level! [Claps at Paul Anka to get up] Find the level, boy! All right. You've been absolutely no help.

[Goes up stairs]

COURT HOUSE - HEARING ROOM

JUDGE: All right, now, Miss Nardini, what kind of provisions have you made for your daughter in New Mexico -- house, schools?

ANNA: Well I've already rented a house in a nice area, um checked out the immediate neighborhood, and there's a lot of kids there that are April's age.

JUDGE: Hmm.

ANNA: I have enrolled her in a local school that is very highly recommended, um, put her up for swim team.

JIM: Your honor, we don't contest that Miss Nardini will make April's transition to the new living situation as seamless as possible. We contest the part where she cuts the child off from her father.

BARBARA: A father she barely knows, who does not have -- let's face it -- the most sterling personal history.

LUKE: Okay. Look. I know what you're talking about, and, yeah, I've made a few mistakes.

JIM: Luke, hang on.

LUKE: It's true. I was married before, and it only lasted a few months, but it ended amicably...pretty much.

JUDGE: Mr. Danes, I need you to refrain...

LUKE: And I may live above a diner, and some people may see me as a hermit.

JIM: Luke.

LUKE: And I'm the first person to admit that you know all of my relationships haven't exactly been long-term.

JUDGE: Mr. McNally.

LUKE: Yeah, you know, but this is different. We are talking about my daughter, who I didn't even know I had for the first 12 years of her life. And now that I know her, and I know I'm her dad, I just want to be with her and be her dad 'cause I know I will be a good dad.

JUDGE: Mr. Danes, be quiet.

JIM: I'm sorry, your honor. This won't happen again.

LUKE: [Sighs]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LORELAI'S BEDROOM

[Chris enters still looking for the level]

CHRISTOPHER: Mm-hmm. Nope. [Sighs, opens a drawer] Aha! All right. [then sees the note pad and picks it up]

COURT HOUSE - HEARING ROOM

JUDGE: Alright now that I've had the opportunity to hear from both sides in this case, I'm going to read some personal references into the court record. The first letter is written on behalf of Mr. Danes by a miss Lorelai Gilmore. This is dated January 9, 2007.

"To whom it may concern, In the nearly 10 years that I have known Luke Danes, I have come to know him as an honest and decent man. He's also one of the most kind and caring persons I have ever met."

[Cut to Chris reading the letter, we hear Lorelai's voice.]

LORELAI: "I'm a single mother, and I raised my daughter by myself, but once Luke Danes became my friend in this town, I never really felt alone. Luke and I have had our ups and downs over the years, but through it all, his relationship with my daughter, Rory, has never changed. He's always been there for her no matter what. He was there to celebrate her birthdays. He was there cheering her on at her high school graduation. Luke has been a sort of father figure in my daughter's life. With his own daughter, Luke wasn't given the opportunity to be there for her first 12 years, but he should

be given that opportunity now. Once Luke Danes is in your life, he is in your life forever."

[Back to the court room, still reading the letter, back to the judge speaking]

JUDGE: "I know from personal experience what an amazing gift that is, and not to allow him access to his daughter" [cut to shot of Luke's reaction] "would be to seriously deprive her of all this man has to offer, and he offers so much. Thank you for your time. Sincerely, Lorelai Gilmore."

[Closing shot of Chris finishing the letter.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR

[Night time, Lorelai pulls up in the Jeep and goes inside.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - ENTRY

[Lorelai enters]

LORELAI: Hiya! I want to see the TV. [Gasps] Holy cripes, that's big! Oh, my gosh. Does that come with a slushee machine and a gangly teenage usher? Honey, the deal with sookie...[sees the notepad] Chris?

CHRISTOPHER: I read your letter.

LORELAI: Honey, it's not a letter. It's just a character reference that Luke asked me to write for his court case.

CHRISTOPHER: Reads like a letter.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah?

CHRISTOPHER: Almost like a love letter.

LORELAI: No, it's a favor that Luke asked 'cause he needed...

CHRISTOPHER: You know what? Before you go through a whole list of excuses, let me just ask -- is our marriage for you basically just marking time?

LORELAI: What?

CHRISTOPHER: Come on, Lore.

LORELAI: Of course not.

CHRISTOPHER: I mean obviously you still have very deep feelings for the guy.

LORELAI: No, no, I just have known him a long time, and he's...

CHRISTOPHER: always been there, always will be there.

LORELAI: Luke needed a character reference for court to prove that he deserves partial custody of April, and I know him really well.

CHRISTOPHER: Yes, you do.

LORELAI: And so it just made sense that he would ask me to write that character reference.

CHRISTOPHER: I can't believe I just had coffee from his place.

LORELAI: Coffee? Sweetie, I told you Sookie brought that, okay?

CHRISTOPHER: Do you still talk to him? I mean, do you see him?

LORELAI: This is crazy.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, I got a right. I have a right to know.

LORELAI: Occasionally I see him because we live in the same town.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, and I know you, Lore.

LORELAI: And?

CHRISTOPHER: And I know that you're not done with him.

LORELAI: Okay, this is ridiculous. This is -- hey, this is a ridiculous conversation, okay? I have a history with him, yes. I was engaged to him, yes. But I married you.

CHRISTOPHER: Tell me you're not in love with him.

LORELAI: I'm not in love with him.

CHRISTOPHER: [Sighs] I should've known. I mean, I mean, all the signs were there.

LORELAI: What signs?

CHRISTOPHER: The fact that you didn't want to leave stars hollow, that you were dead set against redoing the wedding, that you didn't want to have a baby with me. I mean, it's all because of him, right?

LORELAI: No. How can I tell... it's over, okay? What I had with him, it's over, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER: Then why did you hide the letter from me?

LORELAI: I wasn't hiding it. I put it in the drawer in case they lost the typed copy or the judge spilled coffee on it, the dog ate it. I don't know why I didn't tell you about it.

CHRISTOPHER: I think that it's because you're still in love with him.

LORELAI: No, I love you. I love you.

CHRISTOPHER: You know what? I-I'm sorry, Lore. I just -- I can't handle this.

LORELAI: Handle what?

CHRISTOPHER: This. You and him. I just -- I can't handle being your second choice. I thought I could, but I can't, all right? I can't be your rebound. I'm sorry.

[Chris leaves]

LORELAI: Christopher?

[The door closes]

LORELAI: Chris?

[Lorelai is left standing there in the kitchen]

PARIS AND DOYLE'S APARTMENT

[Rory and Paris are at work on "Operation Finish Line"]

RORY: Okay, I will check out the Poposaurus project at the Peabody, but there is no way I'm signing up for the LSATS.

PARIS: Sure you are. Don't get lazy on me now. The finish line is in sight.

RORY: I'm not being lazy, Paris. It's just I'm not interested in being a lawyer. I'm interested in journalism.

PARIS: Just because you go to law school doesn't mean you have to be a lawyer. Look at Dan Abrams he's a journalist but because of his law degree, he became the face of the Scott Peterson trial.

RORY: Well I don't want to be the face of the Scott Peterson trial, and I hate Dan Abrams. I will also not be taking the MCATS.

PARIS: Sanjay Gupta, senior medical correspondent at CNN, [Rory's phone rings] right now he's got the market cornered.

RORY: Well, good for Sanjay. [Answering the phone] Hello? Oh, hey, Lucy. Now? Um, yeah, yeah. Um no, that sounds great. I'll see you there. Okay. Bye. Grab your coats. We're going tray sledding.

PARIS: What?

RORY: We're gonna meet Lucy over at the dining hall, sneak out a couple of trays, and then go tray sledding down science hill. We can cross it off the list, come on.

PARIS: But tray sledding isn't slated to happen for a few more weeks.

RORY: Well that's okay there might not be as much snow in a couple weeks. And Lucy and Olivia happen to be going today, so let's go.

PARIS: Are you sure you want me to come?

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: Okay, okay.

RORY: Hey, uh, listen. Thanks for saying those things you said about me in the cafeteria.

PARIS: Oh, well, I just didn't want your juvenile hysterics to muck up the whole chart.

RORY: I know.

PARIS: I mean you two were behaving like children. I thought I was gonna have to put you on the naughty step.

RORY: Still, it's just nice to hear sometimes.

PARIS: You're not going to cry, are you?

RORY: No, I don't think so.

PARIS: Good.

RORY: Are you ready?

PARIS: I'm ready!

RORY: Let's go. Oh, wait. If you fall and break your face, as many tray sledders do, don't even worry about it 'cause you can spend the night in the infirmary, which is another typical college experience.

PARIS: Wait. What?

RORY: Come on.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LORELAI'S BEDROOM

[Lorelai is alone in bed and wakes up, she gets up and checks for Chris' car, it's not there, the phone rings]

LORELAI: Hello?

LUKE: [In his apartment] Hey, I didn't wake you, did I?

LORELAI: Uh, no, hi. No, I'm up.

LUKE: I just had to tell you. I won.

LORELAI: [still half asleep] You won?

LUKE: It's incredible. I thought I was screwed. I mean, her lawyer dug up every last bit of dirt she could find on me but.

LORELAI: Oh. Oh, yeah. Luke, that's great.

LUKE: Yeah, the judge waited until this morning to give us her decision. Oh, man, was that the longest night of my life. But I just got off with my lawyer. I get shared custody.

LORELAI: Wow. Congratulations.

LUKE: Yeah, I get to see April at least one weekend a month, every other major holiday, half the summer. We're gonna work it all out. It's so great.

LORELAI: So great.

LUKE: Yeah, I guess the judge just took everything into consideration and realized how much I wanted to be in April's life. And, of course, your letter was a big help.

LORELAI: Well, I just wanted to help you, help April.

LUKE: Well, you did, and I'm really grateful. Anyway, uh, sorry to call so early. Thanks again.

LORELAI: Congratulations.

[Lorelai hangs up then sighs]

YALE - CLASS ROOM

[Richard is teaching, Rory is there and looking on proudly]

RICHARD: Now, when it comes to papers, I'm guessing that some of you, of course, will be asking me for an extension. You will be happy to learn that I have no problem with extensions. [light laughter by the class] Here's what you do. You look at the due date of the paper, and then you mark it on your calendar two weeks prior to that date. And there you have it. I've just granted you a two-week extension. By the way, my office hours are every Tuesday morning, and you're welcome to come to me with any questions or problems, economic or non. My expertise extends beyond Keynesian theory, and I will be happy to lend an ear. So, let's get started. As you know, this course... [Breathless] Will take a specific look at... processes and determinants... of overall economic P...[Gasps softly and groans, falls to the floor as the screen fades to black]

WOMAN: [might be Rory] Someone call 911.

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