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05x06 - Norman Mailer, I'm Pregnant

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05x06 - Norman Mailer, I'm Pregnant

by **bunniefuu**

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[Interior Lorelai's house: front door]

(Knock, knock)

(Lorelai answers.)

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: Hey, you back. (They kiss.) Ready?

LORELAI: Almost.

LUKE: Almost?

LORELAI: I just have to find my keys, and finish the laundry...

LUKE: That doesn't sound like almost, that sounds like we're gonna have to speed to the movies, park illegally, you hit the bathroom while I grab the popcorn, we'll meet back at the seats all sweaty and aggravated -

LORELAI: Well of course I'll be aggravated, you forgot the Red Vines. No, no keys here. (Searching)

LUKE: You know the lights are on in your Jeep?

LORELAI: Oh yeah, the porch light's out and it was dark so I left the Jeep on for the light. Could you lift, please?

Luke (lifting couch while Lorelai looks under it): But the battery's going to die.

LORELAI: Oh, no, I timed it. It takes 12 hours for the battery to wear out. I go to work at eight o'clock, giving me two hours to spare and a whole day to recharge. Not here either. Down, please.

(Luke sets the couch down.)

LUKE: Why don't you just change the porch light?

LORELAI: Have you seen how dirty it is up there? With those creepy moths that fly in your face, and you could swallow one, and end up with some weird hand-to-mouth-to-moth disease -

LUKE: There's no such thing.

LORELAI: Oh, no? Did you see Mothman Prophecies?

LUKE: Yes.

LORELAI: Oh, well, okay then. Did you see the sequel?

LUKE: There's a sequel?

LORELAI: Yes. It is a heartbreaking saga in which Richard Gere gets a life threatening disease from changing a dirty porch light.

LUKE: There was no sequel.

LORELAI: Well, it's still really gross up there.

LUKE: How long has it been out?

LORELAI: Uh, since Rory broke up with Dean, the first time.

LUKE: Not the sequel.

LORELAI: Yes, he was the last one to change it. Jess never changed the porch light, by the way. Okay, this room is definitely keyless. Kitchen!

(Lorelai walks into kitchen and opens oven.)

LUKE: You left your keys in the stove?

LORELAI: No, my socks.

LUKE: Your socks, of course. How naïve of me.

LORELAI: It makes them warm and slightly toasty. (She puts them on.) Huh, that's weird.

LUKE: What's weird? There's so much to choose from.

LORELAI: They're still damp. I followed the recipe. Bake at two-fifty, ten minutes on one side, ten on the other, they should be done by now. Think my oven's broken?

LUKE: What about your dryer?

LORELAI: No, dryer's fine.

LUKE: I think we should get to the movies.

LORELAI: All done, let's go.

LUKE: Keys!

LORELAI: Ah, forget about them. I'll just leave the door unlocked.

LUKE: You can't leave the door unlocked. That's not safe.

LORELAI: Sure it is.

LUKE: Just because you say it's safe doesn't make it safe.

LORELAI: If you build it, they will come.

LUKE: Have you checked out the... Your keys are in the door!

LORELAI: Huh, they are? That's right, I had to go in the back way because the porch light was out!

LUKE: They're stuck.

LORELAI: Yeah, that happens. (She hangs a towel over the doorknob.) There. You ready?

LUKE: I can never pick you up here again.

[Opening credits.]

[Yale newspaper office]

PARIS: I had a dream about you last night.

RORY: If this gets dirty, feel free to keep it to yourself.

PARIS: I dreamed that in spite of the fact that you knew I wanted to be assigned the religion beat, you went behind my back to Doyle, cooked him dinner and stole it from me.

RORY: It's just a dream, Paris.

PARIS: You made veal parmigiana, and it felt very real.

RORY: I don't make veal parmigiana. I don't make anything, and I don't want the religion beat. I want features, you know that.

PARIS: You say you want features -

RORY: And I mean it.

PARIS: Dreams tell you things. It's our subconscious talking to us. Warning us, telling us about things that are happening.

RORY: Paris -

PARIS: My dream was telling me that you are stabbing me in the back with your veal parmigiana.

RORY: Well I must have really overcooked it then.

PARIS: Let me smell your hands.

RORY: Oh, go away!

PARIS: You used a lot of garlic.

RORY: Bye.

PARIS: Rory, listen to me. We're close, like, friends, and I would hate for something as trivial as competition for the religion beat to come between us.

RORY: Oh, my God, I don't want the religion beat!

PARIS: We could end up like the Van Burens.

RORY: As in Mr. and Mrs. President?

PARIS: As in Abby and Ann.

RORY: Right.

PARIS: Sisters in blood, but bitter rivals. They don't even speak anymore.

RORY: That's 'cause one of them is dead.

PARIS: You don't want the religion beat?

RORY: Oh! I'm sorry, you meant the religion beat - No! I don't!

(A blonde girl walks by.)

PARIS: Tenora Thomas was in my dream too, she was pouring the wine - Yo! Tenora! Where's the fire? (She chases after her.)

DOYLE: Hey Rory, did you see this?

RORY: See what?

GLENN: It's no big deal.

DOYLE: Glenn here got himself published in the New York Times.

RORY: You're kidding!

GLENN: It's no big deal.

DOYLE: It's no big deal, he says.

RORY: Oh, but this is the article you wrote about the reprinting of The Anarchist's Cookbook.

GLENN: It's no big deal!

RORY: This was in our last issue.

DOYLE: The Times picked it up. They do that every now and then, they pick up something and they publish it, and that's what they did with our boy Glenn here.

GLENN: Please don't pat my back again.

RORY: Well, congratulations, Glenn.

GLENN: Don't say it loud, people are looking.

RORY: You should be proud!

GLENN: Why, it's not even my best piece.

RORY: It's still pretty amazing.

DOYLE: It is amazing. It's absolutely amazing that I spent all summer in Indiana working my ass off for the Muncie Messenger, and you went from Star Trek Convention to Boba Fett Fan Club Symposium, and yet, lookie here. The New York Times. Isn't that great, Rory? Aren't you seeing how great it is?

GLENN: Look! Get off my bus, okay? I don't know why they picked it, I didn't ask them to pick it, I don't even read the New York Times!

DOYLE: You don't read the New -

RORY: Well Glenn, it's great, and we're all just really happy for you. (She runs back to her desk.)

GLENN: Whatever. (His cell phone rings, Glenn sighs.) Oh man, it's R.W. Apple again. God, does he have anyone else to talk to? (Answers phone while exiting) What?

DOYLE: It's like Being There. And he's Chauncey Gardiner.

RORY: Hey, Doyle, you have to look at it this way. You edited that piece, and if it hadn't been edited well, the Times never would have picked it.

DOYLE: Oh. That's a great way to look at it. Thank you! You know, it's because of me that he's going to be Bob Woodward. I made it happen. So, some day when I'm running the circulation desk at the Muncie Messenger and Glenn is accepting his Pulitzer Prize, I can point up at the screen at the local bar where I regularly stop on my way home to get drop dead drunk, and say, "I helped him get there." Then I can fall off my stool and throw up. Thank you so much for that, Gilmore. I never would've thought to look at it that way if it hadn't have been for you!

(Doyle storms off; Rory sighs and pick up Glenn's copy of the New York Times.)

[Rory's dorm room]

(Rory flops onto her bed, sighs and looks again at the article in the New York Times. Her cell phone rings.)

RORY: Hey Mom.

[Scene cuts between Rory's dorm and Lorelai's kitchen. Lorelai sits at the table while Luke has his head in the oven.]

LORELAI: So, how are you? Do you wanna laugh?

RORY: Oh, laughing would be good.

LORELAI: Luke did the funniest bit before, I thought you would so be -

LUKE: Would you stop? I did not do a bit.

LORELAI: What are you talking about? The bit! It was a riot.

LUKE: It wasn't a bit! I banged my head on the stove and it hurt like hell.

LORELAI: No... no, you said it funnier before. Do it again!

LUKE: I told you, I never did it in the first place. You did it, it's your bit.

LORELAI: How could it be my bit when it's your head in the oven?

LUKE: Exactly. My head, my conk, no bit.

RORY: Mom, just wondering, did you call for any particular reason?

LORELAI: Just checking in, seeing how you're doing. How are you doing?

RORY: I'm fine.

LORELAI: Aw, what's wrong?

RORY: What makes you think something's wrong?

LORELAI: You've got Bambi voice.

RORY: I do not have Bambi voice.

LORELAI: Spill, please.

RORY: I'm just... really behind.

LORELAI: Behind what?

RORY: I'm behind at the paper. Way, way behind at the paper. Everyone else had these amazing, productive summers. Internships at hometown papers, getting articles reprinted in the New York Times, and me, the person who's been talking about being a journalist her entire life, what did I do? I wasted two whole months running away to Europe with Grandma.

LORELAI: Whoa, slow down. First of all, Europe - waste? You had major invaluable experiences, the architecture, the food, seeing my mother without her makeup on in the morning.

RORY: But this is the time for work, for learning. I didn't even consider an internship anywhere, I was so wrapped up in my own personal... whatever. I can't believe I did this.

LORELAI: Well, okay, let's take a step back here. You say you're behind -

RORY: I am behind.

LORELAI: - so, you'll catch up.

RORY: You say that like it's easy.

LORELAI: No, I say that like it's what you're going to do. You've done it before. You were behind at Chilton - you remember? And then you hit a deer, and everything was fine.

RORY: The two incidents were in no way connected.

LORELAI: But you caught up, right?

RORY: That was high school. This is college, a very big, important college.

LORELAI: Okay, different school, but same Rory. You're great at the catch up thing, you're the "catch up girl" - not to be confused with "ketchup girl", 'cause that's not you at all. You were strictly a mustard and relish girl from day one - there's a little condiment humor for ya.

RORY: I'm really going to have to work - constantly. Maybe I'll have to look for something part-time at a local paper.

LORELAI: Good, that's good... Or you could work for a fishmonger.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: 'Cause there's lots of newspapers there.

LUKE: - Ow! Geez! What the - Doh!

Lorelai (laughing): He did it! He did the bit! Luke, do it again. Do it louder for Rory.

RORY: Hey, Mom?

LORELAI: Yeah?

RORY: You sound happy.

LORELAI: I am, kid. (She smiles at Luke.)

LUKE: What?

[Dragonfly Inn: dining room]

STEPHEN: Mr. Mailer, it's just such a great honor to be doing this interview, so I just want to thank you.

NORMAN MAILER: Can I give you a tip?

STEPHEN: Yes, sir.

NORMAN MAILER: I wouldn't start that way for a simple reason - I don't trust compliments. I've been getting them for years. Sometimes I deserve them, sometimes I didn't. But generally when people give you compliments there's one of two things wrong with them. Either they're false, or what's worse is they're sincere. They really mean the compliment. And then they're offering you their loyalty. And I'm kind of a stingy... Well, I don't necessarily want to give all that loyalty back. So either way, let's skip the compliments.

STEPHEN: Let's talk about, uh, what are you working on now?

NORMAN MAILER: I'm gonna say no to you, I can't tell you what I'm working on. A novel is like a secret affair, you don't bring other people in on it.

[Dragonfly Inn: kitchen]

LORELAI: Norman Mailer's back, for the third time this week!

SOOKIE: Yep, sure is.

LORELAI: This is so exciting. I've got to call and tell Rory. You know, she read *The Naked and the Dead* while she was still wearing footsie pajamas.

SOOKIE: (yells) Chicken's burning!

LORELAI: This is our first step on the road to being Solon. I mean, as soon as word gets out that Norman Mailer is having lunch at the Dragonfly, it's just a matter of time before the rest of the literati comes sweeping in.

SOOKIE: Sounds great.

LORELAI: So, of course, we'll have to keep Gore Vidal on the other side of the room, but, you know, probably Gabriel Garcia Marquez will run interference for us -

Sookie (irritably, to staff): Butter bath, boys, butter bath!

LORELAI: Are you okay?

SOOKIE: Sure. And I'm thrilled and delighted that Norman Mailer is coming in here every day and sitting at a table for four and ordering nothing at all, but tea!

LORELAI: Tea?

SOOKIE: Iced tea. Glass after glass after glass!

LORELAI: I'm sure he orders more than iced tea.

SOOKIE: Are you, now?

LORELAI: All right, you make great iced tea. I mean, legendary, so can you blame him?

SOOKIE: All I know is when Billy Joel came in to the Independence Inn he would pack it away. Appetizers! Main course! Two, three desserts! That was a man that knew how to eat! And he was almost able to hide it.

LORELAI: Yes, but have you ever read his novels?

SOOKIE: This is a restaurant, not a coffee shop.

LORELAI: Come on, Sookie, this is fun! We're the cool place where Norman Mailer likes to hang. It'll give us street cred, you'll see.

SOOKIE: Fine. Waiter: We need some more iced tea.

SOOKIE: Gee, I wonder who that's for?

[Yale newspaper office]

DOYLE: Lena, economic development. Seng, Woodbridge Hall. Benji, legal issues. Paris, religion beat.

PARIS: Me? Really? Huh, I hadn't thought. All right.

DOYLE: Jerry, city arts; Rory, features; Glenn, crime. (Glen clears his throat.)

DOYLE: What, Glenn, you don't want crime?

GLENN: I don't care. Maureen Dowd told me it's all the same, not that that flirt has any idea what she's talking about.

DOYLE: All right, that's it. Congratulations if you got what you wanted, and if you didn't, I could

care less. Get cracking. (Meeting breaks up.)

RORY: Thank you so much for features beat. I can't tell you how excited I am.

DOYLE: And please don't try.

RORY: No, I'm gonna kick butt. You just wait and see.

DOYLE: You're a reporter now, Gilmore. You've gotta learn to say ass.

RORY: I'll work on that. Hey, listen, um, I have about a million ideas for my first story, so I was wondering if I could run some of them by you, see what you think?

DOYLE: Two minutes. Go.

RORY: Okay, well, first I thought I could do an update on unionizing the janitorial staff, you know, a classic power struggle; haves versus the have-nots.

DOYLE: Okay.

RORY: Or - and I already have the headline for this one - "Yale's Liberal Activist Network: A thing of the past?"

DOYLE: Catchy, catchy

RORY: Then there's the issue of illegal music downloading on campus, which I imagine is a major -
(Logan walks in with his crew.)

DOYLE: Oh no.

RORY: What?

DOYLE: He's back.

LOGAN: Doyle, my friend. (They shake hands.) You're looking very, very well, how ya been?

DOYLE: I've been great, Logan. Great to have you back.

LOGAN: Yeah, well, I stayed away as long as I could, but the Yale Daily News called to me.

DOYLE: Oh, sure. So how's everything? How's the family?

LOGAN: Everything's fine, the family's the family... Ah, my desk. Beautiful.

DOYLE: Um, you know, Logan, I didn't know exactly when you were coming back, and I gave out the beats.

LOGAN: That's fine, Doyle, I'll take whatever you've got left. (He sits with his feet up on the desk.)

DOYLE: Actually, there's none left.

LOGAN: Perfect, just the one I wanted. Relax, Doyle. I'm just here for the pretty picture in my father's head. I'm not going to be any trouble at all.

DOYLE: Oh, Logan, please. You, trouble? Stop. We're just glad to have you here.

LOGAN: Careful, boy, you might hurt yourself, kid. Better get back to work, right boss? Rory, nice to see you. (Doyle crosses over to Rory's desk.)

DOYLE: You know Logan? How do you know Logan?

RORY: No, I don't know him, I met him. A friend introduced us.

DOYLE: So you're not friends.

RORY: No, definitely not friends.

Doyle (hushed): That guy's a real piece of work. He took last year off with a bunch of his friends. He was going to sail Daddy's yacht around till he sank it.

RORY: He sank his father's yacht?

DOYLE: Right off of Fiji. They spent six months of gallivanting and partying and God knows what in there till Daddy sent one of his planes to bring him back.

RORY: I'm guessing his father's rich.

DOYLE: His father's Mitchum Huntzberger.

RORY: Mitchum Huntzberger? The newspaper guy?

DOYLE: The newspaper magnet. The man owns at least twelve different papers. I've spent two years kissing Logan's butt.

RORY: Don't you mean ass?

DOYLE: Whatever. Guess it's time to pucker up again. Man, I hate those kind of guys.

RORY: What kind of guys?

DOYLE: Those privileged, white males.

RORY: Doyle, you're a privileged white male.

DOYLE: Well, he's more privileged. And way more whiter. Why am I talking to you? Meg, why am I talking to Gilmore?

RORY: My story - we were picking a story.

DOYLE: Right. Well, they all sound fine to me.

RORY: Then I think I'll go with the downloading story.

DOYLE: Good. Go with your gut. And get to work. (He turns to leave. Logan puts on an old "press" hat.)

LOGAN: (1920's reporter voice, on the phone.) Hello, city desk? Smitty here, take this down. I got a hot scoop on a tall blonde and I gotta put it to bed on the double! (He hangs up, laughs at Doyle, winks at Rory, then puts his feet back on the desk and leans back for a nap with the hat over his face.)

[Dragonfly Inn: dining room]

STEPHEN: How do you see your position in American letters?

NORMAN MAILER: I'm either the best, or I'm not. And I have no idea. And in fact I don't even worry about it anymore, because it doesn't matter whether you think you're the best, there are twenty of us around. Twenty American writers right now - I could name them but I won't - who think they're the best living American writer. And I'm one of those twenty. (Sookie enters dining room.) On the other hand, I don't want to make friends with some of those guys, because they're b*stards.

STEPHEN: Okay, so who is your favorite author of all time?

Sookie (interrupting): So, how are we doing over here?

NORMAN MAILER (irritated): We're fine.

SOOKIE: Hey, you know what goes great with iced tea? Pork tenderloin!

STEPHEN: Maybe later, thanks. Sookie; We have a great menu here. I'm holding a couple as we speak.

NORMAN MAILER: We're fine, thank you.

SOOKIE: Okay. Hey, I don't know if the waiter told you, but today is Wednesday. And on Wednesday at the Dragonfly we play a little something I like to call "Stump the chef"! Which is me. And the way we play is that you name any dish in the world and I will make it for you, and if I don't know what it is, then you get your lunch completely free!

NORMAN MAILER: What the devil is she talking about?

STEPHEN: Actually, you know what, could we have some lemon for the iced tea?

SOOKIE: Lemon? ... oh, sure. One plate of lemon coming up. (She turns to leave) If you change your mind, I'll be in the kitchen. You know, with the food.

[Rory's Dorm Room: common room]

Rory (on the phone): I already have a ton of data and pages of research and, ooh, the best thing is, Nancy, this girl on the fourth floor, her father was the guy who ran security at the gallery when Lars Ulrich sold all his art and he said he would try to get him on the phone for an interview and I've gotta breathe now.

[Scene cuts from Rory to Dean, who is at the register at Doose's Market in a cowboy hat.]

Dean: I think that was a record.

RORY: So what do you think? You think it sounds big enough, important enough? Dean: Yes, I do.

RORY: I think so too. I feel very, very good about this, Forester. Dean: Excellent to hear, Gilmore. (Paris enters dorm, also talking on the phone.)

PARIS: Monsignor, why is my asking you keep your cell on vibrate during mass in case I need to fact check a quote outrageous? Rabbi Feldman's doing it for me on Shabbat and he's flying against the Talmud there. (Into her bedroom) Dean: So, when do I get to read this story of yours?

RORY: Well, I figured I'll finish a rough draft in time for our date tomorrow night. So you can have a romantic night of proofreading. Huh? Pretty hot, don't ya think? Dean: Yeah, listen -

RORY: I'm kidding; you don't have to read it. I'll read it to you. Dean: I have to work tomorrow night.

RORY: What? Dean: Sorry.

RORY: But it's Thursday. Since when do you work on Thursday? Dean: Since Taylor decided to cash in on the 24-hour trucker crowd.

RORY: What trucker crowd? Dean: The trucker crowd off Highway 84.

RORY: Since when does the trucker crowd off Highway 84 come through Star's Hollow? Dean: Since we installed an icy machine.

RORY: Wow. Dean: Yep. I'm stuck here pulling the new shifts until we see how it's catching on.

RORY: Sounds rough. Dean: Yeah. You haven't lived until you've heard Taylor belt out "Stand by Your Man".

RORY: You deserve hazard pay. Dean: I've already submitted for it.

RORY: So, no tomorrow night. Bummer. How about Saturday? Dean: Saturday I'm here. Uh, what about next week? I've got Tuesday and Wednesdays off.

RORY: I have this article, and I'm already behind on my reading. Next weekend? Dean: Going to Maine for my grandparent's wedding anniversary.

RORY: Well, it was nice knowing ya. Dean: Way to stand by your man.

RORY: So I guess that's week after next, huh? Dean: Yeah, I guess so.

RORY: I turn in my article on that Monday. Dean: Monday night it is.

RORY: They say absence makes the heart grow fonder. Dean: Yeah. Sex can do that also.

RORY: Amen, brother. Dean: Okay, I've got to go. You have to stir the nacho cheese every twenty minutes or it forms kind of a rock.

RORY: Go stir the cheese. Dean: Call you tomorrow.

RORY: Okay. Bye. (Paris comes back into the common room.)

PARIS: Did you know that priests have a fabulous sense of humor?

RORY: Just stay one lightning bolt's length away from me at all times please.

PARIS: You want to go check out some Mormon bingo around 5th?

RORY: No thanks.

PARIS: How's your article coming?

RORY: Very good.

PARIS: Good. So you must have found a new angle on it. Right?

RORY: Right. New angle.

PARIS: Yeah. Downloading stories are everywhere and they all say exactly the same thing. Downloading's up, CD sales are down, but up from last year. It's not hurting the music industry but the music industry's hurting. Blah, blah, blah. You know. It always seems like there's got to be more to it than that, but there never is. But, you have a fresh angle. So good.

RORY: Yeah. Good.

PARIS: Okay. I'll be back late. If Rabbi Feldman calls, tell him I got the stats from Edward James Olmos' office, so I'm good. Bye.

RORY: Yeah, bye.

[Dragonfly Inn: office]

ANN: What's this? Never mind, I see the noted pink, thank you Lorelai.

LORELAI: You're welcome.

ANN: Okay. I see a lot of growth this month. The initial drop off, which we all knew was going to happen after the opening has sort of settled and you're doing a good seventy to seventy-five percent occupancy, which is pretty good.

LORELAI: Yeah, and the holidays are coming up, we're booked solid the last three weeks of November.

ANN: Well that's all positive news. So let's just talk about the couple of things we can do to help till then.

LORELAI: So, we need help?

ANN: Well, yeah. Some. It's the first year, and you're going to building the business so there's not a lot of profit right now, and personally I'd feel better if we could just lighten some of the financial load.

SOOKIE: Financial load.

LORELAI: That sounds bad. Michel: I could put in for overtime and I don't.

ANN: Look, you need to get some of these burdens off you. For example, lunch.

SOOKIE: What about lunch?

ANN: Well, breakfast seems to be breaking even, and you're doing fine with dinner but, lunch?

SOOKIE: What about lunch, Ann?

ANN: You're hemorrhaging money at lunch. You have a full staff for a basically empty dining room. I think it might be a good idea to drop lunch until you get your occupancy rate up higher and -

SOOKIE: Drop lunch, did she say drop lunch?

LORELAI: Just until we get our occupancy rates up a little higher.

ANN: A lot higher.

SOOKIE: I don't understand. That's the only thing we can do?

ANN: Well -

SOOKIE: I mean, I just think it's extremely coincidental that the only thing we can do to save the inn is to get rid of lunch.

LORELAI: Well, I'm sure it's not the only thing.

SOOKIE: I mean, lunch is my thing. Why do we have to get rid of one of my things? Why can't we get rid of one of Michel's things? Michel: What things? I stand behind a desk and answer a phone. What of mine can you possibly get rid of?

SOOKIE: The desk! Put the phone on the wall! Michel: What?

SOOKIE: And write on your shoe, because he goes through a lot of paper.

LORELAI: Okay! Ann, would you just, uh...

SOOKIE: It's not fair! It's not fair that everybody else gets to keep their thing and I have to get rid of my lunch.

LORELAI: Sookie, Ann's just trying to help.

SOOKIE: Oh, Ann hates me.

ANN: No, I don't!

LORELAI: Okay, Ann, how would you like to go in the kitchen and get yourself a cup of coffee?

ANN: I don't hate her.

LORELAI: I know. Michel can you get Ann some coffee? Michel: Oh, absolutely. And then I'll go hang my phone on the wall. (He gets up to escort Ann to the kitchen.) Oh, I have to tell you, looking good is so important when you represent the face of the company. I mean, I am the first thing that a customer sees when they walk through that door.

ANN: Your suits are not a deduction, Michel. (They leave.)

LORELAI: What are you doing?

SOOKIE: She's taking my lunches away.

LORELAI: She's trying to help us.

SOOKIE: This is all Norman Mailer's fault. He just sits around, ordering nothing and yammering on and on and on. I mean, so he was married to Marilyn Munroe. Who wasn't?

LORELAI: That was Arthur Miller.

SOOKIE: I'm going to kick him and pinch his nose.

LORELAI: Hey, get a grip. Sookie, we're trying to launch a business here.

SOOKIE: The restaurant is part of the business.

LORELAI: I know.

SOOKIE: And cutting out lunch is not the...

LORELAI: Temporarily cutting out lunch. Temporarily. Just until things perk up, which they will, and when they do, the lunches will go back, just like before. Sookie? Okay?

SOOKIE: Fine. (Gets up to leave.)

LORELAI: Just give it time.

SOOKIE: Mmhmm.

LORELAI: And we're going to leave Mr. Mailer alone, right? 'Cause I don't care how old he is, he can take you.

SOOKIE: I know. (She goes.)

[Yale dorms: an unfamiliar common room.]

LEN: So, we're booted up, and we're searching the network for other clients, right? And then you enter the album you want in this search field, right? Let's say, it's the new Interpol, you heard it?

RORY: I think so.

LEN: A little less joy divisioning this time, more Nick Cave got mugged by Paul Whiler with some Seventeen Seconds Eric Cura thrown in. But anyway, for better quality you choose the file with the highest bit rate. It's a trade off 'cause it's a bigger file size. The lower the bit rate, the smaller the file, but lower quality. Got that?

RORY: Higher smaller, lower larger.

LEN: Higher larger, lower smaller. Ooh, check this out. I can download a band's entire catalog with the push of a button. I'm gonna take down all twenty-two Chicago albums, boo-ya! There's Chicago One, Chicago Two, Chicago Three, Chicago Four... neat, huh?

RORY: Yeah. Really neat. Len: Chicago nine, Chicago ten... I hate Chicago. Use a trombone, go to jail. But, my goal is to get it all, from Abba to Zappa. There's the Christmas album.

RORY: Um. Okay, that's really fascinating stuff, but let me ask you, do you still buy CD's?

LEN: Yeah.

RORY: Mmhm. Anything to add to that?

LEN: CD sales are up this year, you hear about that?

RORY: Yes I did.

LEN: Down last year, up this year. Weird. Oh cool. Here's a 1986 bootleg of Chicago Live at the Cumberland Civic Center at Portland and Maine, boo-ya!

RORY: So, Len, tell me about when... er, ah... if...

LEN: Yeah?

RORY: Oh, I just, I lost my train of thought.

LEN: I hate that.

RORY: You know what, I think I'm going to get a cup of coffee. Coffee sounds good. I'll be back in a minute.

LEN: I'll be here. (She leaves)

[Yale dorms: Ladies washroom]

(Rory splashes some water on her face and stands in the corner. A drunk girl wearing a ball gown and a plastic gorilla mask enters the washroom. She doesn't see Rory. She touches up her lipstick. She notices Rory.) Gorilla Girl: Oops! Didn't see you there. (Giggles) Shhh. (She leaves. Rory follows her.)

[Yale dorms: Outside]

(Gorilla Girl opens the door to a black SUV, Rory watches from the door) Gorilla Girl: In Omnia Paratus! (She jumps in, giggling. They drive away)

[Outside Doose's market]

(Lorelai walks out of the store wearing a cowboy hat and carrying a huge plate of nachos and an Icy. Her phone rings.)

LORELAI: Oh boy. Okay, hold on. I get it, you're ringing. Howdy ma'am. (To a woman passing by as she sets down her food.) Hold on, hold on, hold on. (She answers.) Yes, hi, hello.

CHRIS: Lor!

LORELAI: Chris?

CHRIS: I can't get her to stop.

LORELAI: Stop what?

CHRIS: Crying, screaming. She's not hot, there's no fever, and I can't get her to eat.

LORELAI: We're talking about Gigi, right?

CHRIS: Yes!

LORELAI: Okay, 'cause, you know, Sherry's really thin, so I - (Gigi screams.)

LORELAI: Are you sure she's not hot?

CHRIS: No, I already checked. I don't know what to do. She's everywhere. She won't sit still, she keeps climbing out of her crib, she's moving really fast...

LORELAI: Oh, Chris, honey, calm down. Where's Sherry?

CHRIS: She's not here, she's out again.

LORELAI: When is she getting home?

CHRIS: I don't know what to do. I didn't know who to call, the nanny is not answering her pager, and Sherry's friends, they don't have kids or like kids, I just...

LORELAI: I'll be right there. Ah, bye. (She hangs up and rushes off.)

[Chris and Sherry's apartment]

(Chris answers the door)

CHRIS: I owe you so big.

LORELAI: Wow, you look, uh, great. (Looks around) Huh. How long ago did Axl Rose leave?

CHRIS: Yeah, the, uh, place is kind of a mess, I tried to clean up earlier but she keeps climbing out of the crib, if she's not climbing, she's screaming... I really don't know what to do here. I mean, I keep thinking she's hungry but she won't eat, and - (Gigi cries.) Oh, crap. There she goes again. C'mon, Gig, let's go back in the crib, huh? (Gigi screams again.)

LORELAI: You tell him, girlfriend.

CHRIS: She hasn't slept. She hasn't slept for days.

LORELAI: I'm guessing that makes two of you.

CHRIS: Yeah, well... C'mon, Gig, just a little sleep, huh?

LORELAI: Um, Chris, where is Sherry?

CHRIS: She's, uh, away. Oh, c'mon, seriously Gigi. Five hundred bucks if you stay in there for ten minutes.

LORELAI: Hold out, kid, you've got him on the ropes now.

CHRIS: She doesn't need your help.

LORELAI: No, she doesn't. Just... come here. (She picks up Gigi) Hi! Oh, wow! I hear strained spinach is the new pink! (Hands her to Chris)

CHRIS: It's okay... (Lorelai turns the crib toward the wall.)

LORELAI: There you go.

CHRIS: That's it?

LORELAI: Yeah.

CHRIS: You mean, she's going to stay in there?

LORELAI: Yeah, until her hair grows long enough for the prince to shimmy up. (Puts Gigi back in the crib.) Come on. (They sit on the couch.)

CHRIS: Oh, God, I am so sorry, Lor.

LORELAI: Oh, for what?

CHRIS: Well, I hardly ever call you, or Rory, but the minute I'm in trouble...

LORELAI: Well, that's what we're here for.

CHRIS: Yeah. Well, I've been traveling so much, and then I get home to this, and I didn't know what to do. I swear, I didn't know what to do.

LORELAI: Chris.

CHRIS: Yeah?

LORELAI: Where is Sherry?

CHRIS: Sherry is in Paris.

LORELAI: Wow, lucky girl. When does she get back?

CHRIS: She's not.

LORELAI: She's...

CHRIS: I got home from Seattle, and the nanny was here and she handed me a note. It said that Sherry had been offered a job in Paris and she had decided to take it.

LORELAI: What?

CHRIS: She said she had put her career on hold for almost two years. She said that I had been gone for most of that time, which, I guess is true, and she wasn't going to let this opportunity pass. She said it was my turn, she was sorry, but that she had to do this - for her.

LORELAI: Wow.

CHRIS: Yeah.

LORELAI: I'm stunned.

CHRIS: Pretty much my same reaction.

LORELAI: But Gigi - she just takes off on Gigi?... Okay, well. You smell as good as you look.

CHRIS: I haven't showered since Seattle.

LORELAI: Really, well, I'm hot. Okay, um, how about this for a plan. You - go take a shower. And I will, um, order some food and start to clean up and then we'll -

CHRIS: Hey, I can't do this.

LORELAI: Do what? Shower? Oh, you've done it before. Just turn the water on, step in. Oh, no wait, remove clothes, then step in.

CHRIS: I can't raise her. I cannot raise her all by myself.

LORELAI: Yes you can.

CHRIS: What makes you think so?

LORELAI: Because you have to, Chris. She's your daughter, and you're going to find a way. I did. I did

it with Rory.

CHRIS: Oh, you're different.

LORELAI: Yes, I was sixteen.

CHRIS: No, you're different, I mean, you're special. You're stronger. You're like a superhero with red boots and a golden lasso.

LORELAI: That was one Halloween, Christopher.

CHRIS: I mean, you raised Rory all by yourself, you had no one to help you and you didn't look back.

LORELAI: That's right. But if I had decided to bail on Rory and follow the Bangles around the world, which is what I planned to do when the Demerol kicked in, then you would've put on the red boots and golden lasso and you would have raised her and everything would have been fine. Except she wouldn't have introduced you to anyone, or let you go to the parent night at school 'cause you looked so freaky.

CHRIS: I don't know.

LORELAI: She is your daughter.

CHRIS: And I don't even know her. I've been gone so much.

LORELAI: Well, welcome home, babe.

CHRIS: I don't want to screw this up, Lor.

LORELAI: You're not going to. I know you can do this, Chris.

CHRIS: You ever get tired of being my cheerleader?

LORELAI: Hey, as long as I look cute in the skirt I'm good to go.

CHRIS: Okay. Uh, I really need to shower.

LORELAI: Yeah. I'll clear a path, and order some food?

CHRIS: Yeah. No applesauce.

LORELAI: You got it.

CHRIS: So, you really think I can handle this?

LORELAI: No doubt in my mind. (Gigi cries.) Go. I've got the crying.

CHRIS: Hey, Lor?

LORELAI: Yeah.

CHRIS: I don't know what I do without you.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, you're going to find out real soon if you don't -

CHRIS: Take off clothes, get in shower, turn on water. I'm going.

Lorelai (singing to Gigi): Just another manic Monday...

[Yale newspaper office]

DOYLE: Gellar! Do you see what I have here in my hand?

PARIS: I'm busy, Doyle.

DOYLE: Rabbi Baron says he's changed his number twice.

PARIS: Oh, please.

DOYLE: Father Callahan is threatening a restraining order.

PARIS: If I had a nickel...

DOYLE: And the honorable Muhammed Abdul Aziz says that you stole his flip-flops.

PARIS: What a lie. He leaves them out in his hallway and I have told him a million times that people suck, and -

DOYLE: Paris!

PARIS: What?

DOYLE: You have threatened, stalked and basically freaked out every religious leader within a hundred mile radius. This paper has never received so many complaints in the history of its existence. And how the hell did you get Jesse Jackson's barber's number? How?

PARIS: Hey, you gave me this beat to find the story, not to cow-tow and make nice, and -

DOYLE: Gellar!

PARIS: What!

DOYLE: Way to go.

PARIS: Thanks.

DOYLE: Don't you dare give back those flip-flops.

PARIS: Not a chance, they fit perfectly. (Doyle walks away.)

RORY: Hey, Doyle, I think I want to change my story.

DOYLE: Yeah?

RORY: Yeah. The downloading story was a dead end, there's nothing there.

DOYLE: You're telling me.

RORY: What?

DOYLE: I got bored just hearing you pitch it. So what do you got now?

RORY: Okay. Well, last night I was in one of the bathrooms over at Berkeley, and this girl came in, slightly toasted, and she was wearing a full on ball gown with one of those plastic gorilla masks.

DOYLE: Huh. Not something you see every day.

RORY: Exactly what I thought. So I followed her out to the parking lot, and she got in this fancy black SUV, and said "In Omnia Paratus", which means "Ready for anything". I know, I took Latin.

DOYLE: Quel impressed. Continue

RORY: All this seemed a little weird, but interesting weird, you know? So, I don't know. Maybe it's all this hanging out with a real newspaper man like yourself, but my antennae went up. I felt there was a story there. Did you catch the subtle sucking up?

DOYLE: Caught it. Continue.

RORY: So, I googled the phrase, not quite sure what I was looking for, but then I found this. See, it links the phrase with a club here at Yale. It's sort of a secret society kind of Skull and Bones kind of creepy group dating back to the 1800's. This phrase was their motto. Now, that alone, not that interesting. But here. Look. (Shows him a picture of people jumping off a bridge holding umbrellas, with the phrase In Omnia Paratus scrawled across the bottom.)

DOYLE: (interested) Huh.

RORY: I found this in a 1996 edition of the Yale Daily News. It's an article on whether or not this club actually exists.

DOYLE: "The Life and Death Brigade." Yeah, I know these guys.

RORY: Oh, you do?

DOYLE: Well, I've heard of them. They're apparently even more elusive than the Skull and Bones crowd. 'Course they've never been linked to masturbating in a coffin so I automatically like these guys better.

RORY: Hm. Well, what do you know about them?

DOYLE: Not much. Paper's tried to track them down before, and we've gotten a few leads, but no one's ever gotten close enough to confirm anything. We all know they exist, but, we don't know they exist. It's all just too-too. God I hate those stupid clubs.

RORY: I want to do this story. I want to find this club, track them down, get on the inside. What do you think?

DOYLE: Go with your gut.

RORY: You said that about my downloading story. Hey, you don't trust my gut!

[Elder Gilmore's house: outside.]

(Lorelai is waiting by her Jeep for Rory to arrive.)

LORELAI: Finally.

RORY: What are you doing out here?

LORELAI: Am I wearing the same thing I wore last Friday night?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Halfway here I was struck by the overwhelming feeling that I wore this exact outfit to last Friday night, and there's no way I'm going in there to see my mother wearing the same thing I wore last Friday night because I may not remember but she sure as hell will.

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: You don't know?

RORY: You don't remember but you expect me to?

LORELAI: Well, you look at me more than I look at me; you sit across from me at dinner. You had more of a chance to imprint my ensemble in your brain.

RORY: Sorry, no imprint.

LORELAI: Oh, that hurts.

RORY: Oh, I'm sure you don't remember what I was wearing.

LORELAI: I most certainly do.

RORY: Okay, what was I wearing?

LORELAI: You were wearing a lovely and delicately understated, uh, outfit... well, you were definitely wearing these arms.

RORY: Oh, way to imprint, lady.

LORELAI: Stand I front of me, just in case. (Rings doorbell.)

MAID: Hello.

LORELAI: Hi, we should be on the guest list. Holstein and Liza are expecting us. (Maid looks confused.)

LORELAI: Okay. Let's try it straight. Hi, we're here for dinner. I'm Lorelai the daughter, this is Rory the granddaughter.

MAID: Oh! Okay, I'm sorry. Right this way. (They walk in.)

[Elder Gilmore's house: inside]

RORY: She's acting weird.

LORELAI: She knows I'm wearing the same outfit as last week.

RORY: She wasn't here last week.

LORELAI: The world's small, maids talk.

RORY: About you?

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: Oh. With all that's going on in the world, all the maids in existence are talking about you.

LORELAI: Huh. 'Kay, now you're making me seem a little stuck up.

MAID: Can I get you something to drink?

LORELAI: Yes, a martini please.

RORY: Coke, please.

LORELAI: Oh, you know, maybe we should wait for my mother. Is she coming down soon?

MAID: No.

LORELAI: Oh. Okay. Do you know if she saw what I was wearing through the window?

MAID: Mrs. Gilmore isn't here.

LORELAI: She's not?

RORY: Where is she?

MAID: She's at a dinner for the Children's Hospital.

LORELAI: Oh! So she's not going to be here at all tonight.

MAID: No, I'm afraid not.

RORY: Okay. Well then I guess we can just...

LORELAI: You know, we'll just... go have dinner in the pool house with Dad.

MAID: Oh.

LORELAI: Oh?

MAID: Mr. Gilmore is out of town.

LORELAI: He is?

MAID: 'Till Tuesday.

LORELAI: Aha. We've officially become afterthoughts.

MAID: Would you like me to make you two something for dinner?

RORY: Um, well, since everyone's gone, maybe I'll just head back to school. I have a lot of work to do at the paper.

LORELAI: Yeah. Okay. That would be one option, going back to school. However, another option would be staying here, ordering pizza, and eating dinner on the living room floor on paper plates.

RORY: You're evil!

LORELAI: Would you bring us a phone book, please?

MAID: Right away.

LORELAI: Get crazy!

RORY: Okay! (They take off their shoes.)

LORELAI: We have to really live it up. Carpe Diem, baby.

RORY: I'm touching the rug with my feet!

LORELAI: Ooh, you're perverse!

RORY: Hey, and when she brings the drinks, let's not use coasters!

LORELAI: Hey, I wonder if there's anything in here that we could un-alphabetize.

RORY: [gasps] The rug is so soft! Oh, you would not believe!

LORELAI: Gluing everything in this room to the ceiling so that it's in exactly the same place, but upside down, be going too far?

RORY: A little.

LORELAI: So, dish?

RORY: Absolutely.

LORELAI: Sherry left your dad.

RORY: What? When?

LORELAI: A couple of days ago. She got a job offer in Paris and she packed her tiny pants in a bag and bailed.

RORY: What about Gigi?

LORELAI: Left her with Chris.

RORY: No way.

LORELAI: Yeah. He came home, and the nanny handed him a letter.

RORY: I can't believe this! How could she just leave like that?

LORELAI: I have no idea.

RORY: How do you know all this?

LORELAI: He called me.

RORY: When?

LORELAI: Yesterday. He was freaking out because he couldn't stop Gigi from crawling out of her crib, and you know, I do have to hand it to him, he gets extra points for the very original duct

taping of the diaper move. That place was a wreck.

RORY: You went over there?

LORELAI: Oh yeah. But I calmed him down, and, you know, we sort of got the place in order and I think everything's going to be okay. I'm going to go back on Monday and just make sure that everyone's still breathing.

RORY: Oh. Well, that's very nice of you.

LORELAI: Well, your dad is going to need a little help being... a dad. 'Cause, I mean... well he was your dad, so...no newflash here. But you should see Gigi. She's huge, and gorgeous, and a belcher. (Laughs, Rory looks worried. Maid returns with a phone book.) Oh, great! Dinner is served.

[Yale newspaper office]

(Late at night. Rory is alone. She finds an article in an old newspaper; headline: 'Police Nab Members of "Secret Society" '. She looks closer at the caption and reads the name 'Elias Huntzberger'. She copies the name onto a Post-It note.)

[Dragonfly Inn: Reception desk.]

(Lorelai is displaying a brochure to a couple.)

LORELAI: It's a beautiful one and a half mile hike, there's a waterfall around this bend here, and over here are some of the oldest birch trees in the area, a rare butterfly nature preserve is off to the right here - (her phone rings) Oh, excuse me. Michel, would you take over?

Michel: Oh, yes. Of course. (She leaves.) Okay, so over here, by this semi-polluted brook, you will find large scary spiders and a fascinating display of poison ivy.

[Dragonfly Inn: bottom of the staircase.]

LORELAI: Luke, slow down! ... I can't come now, I'm working. He what? ...Okay, fine. I'm on my way. Yes, I'm running. My feet are going like a cartoon character, there are dust clouds behind me and the background keeps repeating itself. Bye! (Hangs up.)

[Reception desk]

Michel: ...which brings you to the rattlesnake curve, where people have actually died painful but very picturesque deaths.

[Luke's Diner: Outside.]

(Kirk is dressed as a hot dog, passing out flyers to passersby; Luke is glaring at him.)

KIRK: Lunch at the Dragonfly! Get your lunch at the Dragonfly! You have not eaten lunch, till you have eaten lunch at the Dragonfly!

LUKE: I mean it, Kirk, get away from here!

KIRK: I am on the sidewalk, Luke! You do not own the sidewalk! The sidewalk is for the common people! The everyman! And every man and every woman would like to have a delicious lunch at the Dragonfly.

LUKE: I'm going to call the cops.

KIRK: Cops get free pie! With lunch at the Dragonfly! (Lorelai comes running up.)

LORELAI: Uh, Kirk, what are you doing? You're a giant hot dog.

KIRK: Technically I'm a giant wiener. The costume tag says "wiener".

LUKE: Get him away from my diner. I mean it.

KIRK: Don't you worry, Lorelai, I have no intention of abandoning my post, and I will not rest till every single person in Stars Hollow has tried lunch at the Dragonfly!

LORELAI: Kirk, I don't understand this.

KIRK: I'm trying to scrounge up a lunch crowd for you, so I figured I'd go where everybody already has lunch and get them over to you. And I'm doing a pretty good job, if I do say so myself!

LORELAI: But who asked you - ugh. Boy. Okay. Luke, I'm very sorry, this won't happen again. Come on, Kirk. I'm sorry, but why a hot dog? The Dragonfly doesn't serve hot dogs.

KIRK: Well, the kiesch made me look fat.

LUKE: If I see him around here again...

LORELAI: You won't. Let's go. (They walk away.)

KIRK: This is as fast as I can go in this outfit.

[Yale: courtyard]

(Rory is leaning against a pillar, waiting for Logan to walk by.) Logan's friend: It was funny, man, you should have been there.

RORY: Hey, Huntzberger!

LOGAN: Hey! You waiting on me?

RORY: Could be.

LOGAN: Wow, I'm flattered.

RORY: Your prerogative.

LOGAN: You here on business or pleasure?

RORY: I just thought maybe I'd give you a chance to respond to my article?

LOGAN: What article?

RORY: The article I'm doing on the Life and Death Brigade.

LOGAN: Don't really know what you're talking about.

RORY: You don't? Huh. I thought you would. It's a club. One of these super secret, super exclusive clubs here at Yale, membership spans a thousand centuries, secret handshakes and secret sayings, and a lot of running around in circles in your underwear, that kind of thing.

LOGAN: Sounds pretty secret.

RORY: Yeah. Anyhow, I'm doing sort of an expose on this one particular club and I figured, since you're in it, maybe you'd like to have your point of view included.

LOGAN: I'm in it.

RORY: Well aren't you?

LOGAN: I've yet to run around in a circle in my underwear.

RORY: Well. Okay. I mean, I have proof that your grandfather was in it, which means that your father was in it. Which should mean that you're in it. But maybe not. Okay.

LOGAN: Sorry to let you down.

RORY: No let down. It would have been nice, but I have plenty of stuff without you, and I'm sorry to have bothered you.

LOGAN: You have plenty without me, huh?

RORY: Oh yeah! I have the ball gowns, the girl in the gorilla mask, In Omnia Paratus - very fancy catch phrase, by the way - the license plate on the black SUV, and about a dozen other little things. I mean, getting an interview with an actual member would have been great. But I'm okay without it.

LOGAN: Well, great.

RORY: Yep. Plus I'm completely onto your routine now.

LOGAN: Wow.

RORY: Yeah. So I figure I'll just track you, and you'll eventually lead me there anyway. So, hey. I mean it would have been easier if you just would have talked to me now, but I can do it the other way if you want.

LOGAN: The other way.

RORY: Yes.

LOGAN: You tracking me.

RORY: Yes.

LOGAN: Following my every move?

RORY: Yeah.

LOGAN: I pick that way.

RORY: Okay, but -

LOGAN: We can start right now, if you want. I'm heading back to my room, I can keep the window open in case you feel the need to sneak in, and track me from the inside.

RORY: Thanks for the info.

LOGAN: Absolutely. (Turns to leave.) And hey, good luck with that article. Sounds like a hell of a scoop. (Walks away.)

[Dragonfly Inn: kitchen]

LORELAI: Sookie. What was the first thing we agreed on when we opened the inn?

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: Keep Kirk away from the business. Then I get a call from a not so jolly Luke and I run down there and find a giant hot dog handing out ten percent off flyers for lunch at the Dragonfly.

SOOKIE: Who was the giant hot dog?

LORELAI: Kirk was the giant hot dog.

SOOKIE: I didn't tell him to dress like a giant hot dog. Why would he dress up like a giant hot dog?

LORELAI: Because it's Kirk, Sookie - the giant hot dog suit was a given the minute you talked to Kirk. I don't understand what you were thinking.

SOOKIE: I was thinking we need to drum up some lunch business.

LORELAI: But, there is no lunch.

SOOKIE: Since when?

LORELAI: Since when? Sookie, we all agreed. Ann said.

SOOKIE: I did not agree. I did not agree to stop serving lunch.

LORELAI: Sookie, come on, it's the only thing we can do! We have to. You heard Ann, we can't afford this. Who's all this food for?

SOOKIE: All we need is a little time, and the people are going to come. And I paid Kirk out of my own money, by the way, so you don't have to worry about that.

LORELAI: I'm not worried about that, I'm worried about this.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: What are we going to do with all this food? Who's going to eat it? Why are there seven kitchen people working when the only person out there is Norman Mailer?

SOOKIE: Hey, this is what I do!

LORELAI: Sookie, we're dropping lunch. It's just temporary, but as of now, I'm sorry but it's gone.

SOOKIE: Fine. No lunch. From now on there's no lunch! Everybody stop what you're doing, because as of now there's no more lunch! (She storms out.)

[Dragonfly Inn: dining room]

SOOKIE: Boys! Yeah! Sorry to break up the party, but as of now, there's no more lunch! Yeah! It's

been cancelled. You happy, Norman Mailer? Huh? Lunch has been cancelled! That means no more iced tea, uh-uh! No more lemon slices! No more hanging out at a restaurant, ordering nothing because you're Norman Mailer and you can! I mean, that's just like me coming into a bookstore, reading your books, without buying them! Hey, can I borrow this? Huh? I'm not going to pay for it, nope. I'm just going to stand here and read! Ooh, yeah. Someone sure likes to use his big words. (Lorelai rushes in.)

LORELAI: Can I get some more iced tea for the table? Excuse me, Mr. Mailer, I'm so terribly sorry. (She pushes Sookie back to the kitchen.)

SOOKIE: Oh, yeah! Yeah! What? What? Ha ha. Yeah, write that down!

[Dragonfly Inn: kitchen]

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: This is his fault!

LORELAI: It is not his fault!

SOOKIE: He takes up space! He drinks iced tea! He scares the other people off.

LORELAI: Sookie, he does not! Why are you being so nutty about this?

SOOKIE: I don't know! I don't know why I'm getting so nutty about this! I mean, I hear myself getting nutty and I know that there's no one coming for lunch! And I know that Norman Mailer is not responsible for no one coming for lunch! And I tell myself it's just temporary, and there's still dinner, and breakfast, and that's good, and I can do a lot with that, and I try to calm myself down and that just seems to only make me crazier and all I want to do is cry, and scream, and Oh! My God, I'm pregnant!

Lorelai (gasps): You're pregnant?

SOOKIE: Ooh, I'm pregnant! (They hug.)

LORELAI: Oh, oh. (Sookie runs into dining room.)

[Dragonfly Inn: dining room]

SOOKIE: Norman Mailer! I'm pregnant!

NORMAN MAILER: Congratulations. (She hugs him, giddy, and runs back to the kitchen.)

[Yale newspaper office]

(Rory looks up as Logan walks by.)

Rory (to Paris): Hey, you okay?

PARIS: Yeah. I think I had some bad host at one of the masses yesterday. (She walks away.)

(Rory receives an instant message on her computer.)

L > Hey Ace. I've got a proposition for you.

(She looks around and sees Logan watching her. She replies.)

R > sh**t.

L > I'll help you with your article. Get you the inside scoop. You just have to agree to a few conditions.

R > What conditions?

L > The first condition is you have to agree before you know the conditions. (a beat) What do you say, Ace? You in or out?

(She smiles, then replies)

R > I'm in.

(She looks up and Logan is gone.)

[Luke's Diner: inside]

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: Is the hot dog with you?

LORELAI: No, Kirk is at home.

LUKE: Good. Make sure he stays there.

LORELAI: I will. So you still mad at me.

LUKE: Nope.

LORELAI: Seem mad.

LUKE: I'm not mad, just bugged.

LORELAI: Luke, I swear. Kirk will never bother your business on our behalf again.

LUKE: Oh, it's not that.

LORELAI: What then?

LUKE: I've got this table of bozos sitting over there all day long ordering nothing but iced tea. (Lorelai peeks over her shoulder at Norman Mailer and the reporter.)

STEPHEN: Why don't we focus on writing?

NORMAN MAILER: You know, I knew you'd come up with a question like that, it's like, why don't you push my Cadillac for me.

LORELAI: (Laughs) Aw, bummer.

[Chris' apartment]

(knock, knock, Chris answers.)

CHRIS: Rory, hey! What are you doing here? I - uh, here. Hey, it's good to see you, kiddo! (Hugs her)

Uh, come on in, sit down. Uh, Gigi is asleep, which is basically a miracle, but what the hell, for you I'll wake her up.

RORY: No, that's okay. I can't stay long.

CHRIS: Well, some sit down.

RORY: No, I can't stay.

CHRIS: Okay.

RORY: I don't want you calling Mom anymore.

CHRIS: What?

RORY: I want you to stay away from her.

CHRIS: Rory, I -

RORY: Mom's in a relationship now, and she's doing really great. He's kind, and, well, he's there. And she's happy.

CHRIS: I think that's great, Rory. I -

RORY: You'll mess it up! You'll mess everything up! Because every time you come back, it always ends up the same way. Mom's crying and you're not being there and I know it's not your fault, I know you don't mean it to be that way, but that's how it is.

CHRIS: I just needed some help. That's all.

RORY: Well, next time you need help, call a nanny, or a babysitter, or call me. Just leave Mom alone. I'm sorry, I have to go. Kiss Gigi for me.

(She leaves, Chris hangs his head.)

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