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06x07 - Twentyone is the Loneliest Number

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06x07 - Twentyone is the Loneliest Number

by **bunniefuu**

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Previously on Gilmore Girls. Scenes from the previous episodes.

(OPEN on Lorelai front porch, night right after the last scene in the previous episode. Richard is standing outside with Lorelai's dollhouse and Lorelai walks out on the porch)

LORELAI: What about Rory?

RICHARD: I don't like what I see in that girl.

LORELAI: My eyes?

RICHARD: She's lost focus. She's drifting, aimless. You know she's joined the DAR?

LORELAI: I saw the picture in the paper.

RICHARD: She's running around, planning tea parties like she's the mad hatter. All she talks about are seating charts and canapes and fund-raisers and that boy.

LORELAI: You mean Logan?

RICHARD: She's heading in the wrong direction, and I don't like it. Now, I've thought long and hard about this, and I've come to a decision. We need a plan.

LORELAI: But...(takes a deep breath) We...I had a plan. You changed the plan. Plan's gone, baby.

RICHARD: I don't appreciate your tone.

LORELAI: Apparently the proper tone went out with the plan.

RICHARD: Do you understand what I'm saying? Rory's not headed back to school.

LORELAI: Not yet, anyhow.

RICHARD: Not yet? Not now, not ever. Listen to me for just a moment. We can fix this. First of all, I can change the terms of Rory's trust fund. Currently, she's set to receive it when she turns twenty-five, but I say we tell her it's contingent on her returning to Yale.

LORELAI: Dad...

RICHARD: Or we can use the opposite approach, if you think it's better. Maybe we offer her a car or the down payment on a town house. Or I'll buy her the town house. Don't you see? If there's something in it for her, maybe we can get her to change her mind.

LORELAI: Thank you for the dollhouse, dad. It's greatly appreciated.

RICHARD: I don't believe this. Aren't you listening to me?

LORELAI: Uh, no.

RICHARD: Lorelai, Rory is turning twenty-one years old in ten days. Do you realize that?

LORELAI: Yes, dad, I realize it.

RICHARD: She's twenty-one. That's not a child. Twenty-one-year-olds need to be working towards something.

LORELAI: Rory will figure it out.

RICHARD: Oh, please, she's twenty-one. I couldn't tie my shoe at twenty-one.

LORELAI: Well, Rory's advanced. She had the shoe thing down at three.

RICHARD: I'm getting a little tired...

LORELAI: No, I'm getting a little tired of this conversation. I'm not interested in your plan. I'm not going to bribe my daughter with cars and money, mainly because it wouldn't work, and if you'd ever met Rory, you would know it wouldn't work. Rory can't be bought, and I'm not gonna try and buy her. I want Rory to want to go back to school. She used to love to learn and read and study. And that was freakish, but it was her. And she's got to get herself back there.

RICHARD: But...

LORELAI: No, when Rory wants help, she will ask for it. And the minute she does, I will fly in faster than the gulfstream I'm sure you're gonna offer to buy her next. But until then, I'm sorry, you're on your own.

RICHARD: Impossible girl.

LORELAI: My native American name, I believe. (Richard leaves frustrated)

OPENING CREDITS

(CUT on Lorelai's front porch, same night. Luke is trying to lift the dollhouse as Lorelai stands nearby)

LORELAI: Unbelievable. He's unbelievable.

LUKE: He sure is. How did he lift this thing?

LORELAI: Pretending like it's an accident that Rory's still floundering. Nothing's an accident. He caused this. He made this happen.

LUKE: It must weigh a thousand pounds.

LORELAI: That was a low blow, bringing up Rory's birthday like that. "She's turning twenty-one, Lorelai. Did you know that?". (she scoffs) Of course I know that. I was there when she was turning nothing. I know she's turning twenty-one.

LUKE: Does this thing have, like, a real foundation or something?

LORELAI: It's just like my parents, you know, to double-cross me then get mad when I won't help them undo the double cross.

LUKE: Did he have guys with him?

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: Guys, to help him lift this thing.

LORELAI: No, no guys.

LUKE: No guys? Your dad is Hercules.

LORELAI: We had plans.

LUKE: (grunts as he tries to pick the dollhouse up) What? (Lorelai sits on the porch rail)

LORELAI: We were gonna go to Atlantic City. We were gonna sit at a blackjack table at 11:59, we were gonna order martinis, and we were gonna be playing 21 when she turned twenty-one. (Luke walks over to her) And then hopefully we'd win, and we'd take our winnings and we'd buy 21 things. And then there was a thing about 21 guys that wouldn't really be appropriate anymore since the engagement, but it was a good plan. (Luke starts to play with Lorelai's hair in a comforting way) She probably doesn't even remember the plan.

LUKE: She remembers the plan.

LORELAI: It wasn't like we talked about it every day. It was just something we thought of.

LUKE: She remembers the plan.

LORELAI: I'm hungry. I'm ordering pizza. (they hug and Luke kisses the top of her head) The top comes off. (Lorelai goes in the house)

LUKE: Of course it does.

(CUT to Rory's room, night. Rory is lying in bed sleeping and the clock says the time is 4:03 in the morning. Madeleine Albright walks over and kisses the top of her head. Rory wakes up and Madeleine Albright lies in bed with Rory)

MADELEINE ALBRIGHT: Happy birthday, little girl.

RORY: Hey.

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

RORY: Really? Feels slow.

MADELEINE ALBRIGHT: Trust me, it's fast. So, what do you think of your life so far?

RORY: I think it's pretty good.

MADELEINE ALBRIGHT: Any complaints?

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

MADELEINE ALBRIGHT: I'll work on that.

RORY: So, do I look older?

MADELEINE ALBRIGHT: Oh, yeah. Walk into Denny's before five, you got yourself a discount.

RORY: Good deal.

MADELEINE ALBRIGHT: So, you know what I think?

RORY: What?

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

RORY: Back at ya.

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

RORY: Oh, boy, here we go.

MADELEINE ALBRIGHT: Only I had a fat stomach and huge ankles and I was swearing like a sailor...

RORY: ...on leave.

MADELEINE ALBRIGHT: On leave, right. And there I was...

RORY: ...in labour...

MADELEINE ALBRIGHT: ...and while there's some who call it the most meaningful experience of their life...

RORY: ...you compare it to something more akin to doing the splits on a crate of dynamite.

MADELEINE ALBRIGHT: Right.

RORY: I wonder if the Waltons ever did this.

(CUT to Rory and Logan in bed, continuous. Rory wakes up - so obviously she was dreaming. Logan wakes up a bit too)

LOGAN: What?

RORY: I just had a dream that Madeleine Albright was my mother.

LOGAN: Hmm. (Logan falls back to sleep. Rory sighs and follows his lead, looking a bit preoccupied)

(CUT to Stars Hollow outside, morning. Lorelai is walking down the street and sees Morey and Babette coming out of the market each of them holding quite a few bags)

LORELAI: Hey, there.

BABETTE: Oh, hi, sugar. Couldn't see you over the bags.

LORELAI: Wow, you got a lot of stuff there. You hunkering down for winter?

BABETTE: Nah, we're getting our supplies for our gallows.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, you're gonna hang Morey again?

MOREY: Do it every year.

LORELAI: You're always the hit of the neighbourhood.

BABETTE: So, what about you, honey? What are you gonna do?

LORELAI: Oh, you know, the same thing I always do.

BABETTE: (disappointed) Oh. Gonna hang caramel apples from the tree again?

LORELAI: The kids love 'em.

BABETTE: Yeah. They're not that scary.

LORELAI: Well, to a diabetic, they're downright terrifying.

BABETTE: Huh? Okay. Caramel apples.

LORELAI: And I will be handing out candy, which, you know, is the entire point of Halloween.

BABETTE: Sure. Sure, honey. Well, we got a lot to do. We got to go.

MOREY: No rest for the doomed.

BABETTE: See you later. (Babette and Morey start to walk off as Lorelai calls after them)

LORELAI: You know, I-I-I bought a haunted house CD to play in the background. (Babette politely laughs a bit and she and Morey walk away, as Lorelai leaves looking a bit pissed)

(CUT to pool house, evening. Rory and Logan are making out on the couch. Rory breaks the kiss for a bit)

RORY: What time is our reservation?

LOGAN: Now.

RORY: Oh. It's amazing what happens when you can't find your keys.

LOGAN: I think we should order in tonight.

RORY: And the purse is down.

(Rory throws the Birking bag on the floor and the continue smooching. After a bit there is a knock on the door)

RORY: Who is it?

EMILY (OS): Emily Gilmore. (the kids get off the couch and Rory gets the door and lets Emily in)

EMILY: I'm so sorry to bother you, Rory. Hello, Logan.

LOGAN: Hello, Emily.

EMILY: Rory, could you check your closets? The maid hung up your dry cleaning today and I am missing a blouse, and I want to know whether or not to add this to the list of reasons I'm firing her.

RORY: Of course. I'll be right back. (she walks off to the bedroom)

EMILY: Thank you, Rory. I'm so exhausted with incompetent people, I don't know what to do anymore. I feel like every person I hire immediately gets hit in the head with a mallet on their way out of the employment office. (quickly and quietly to Logan) Logan, do you have anything special planned for Rory's birthday next week?

LOGAN: Uh...no, no plans.

EMILY: Oh, good. Because I would love to throw her a party here. A 21st birthday is so special. But I didn't want to order twelve pounds of crab legs if you had plans to whisk her off to Santorini.

LOGAN: No whisking plans in the works.

RORY: (walking back out from the bedroom) Sorry, grandma, your blouse isn't in there.

EMILY: Say, Rory, how would you like a birthday party next week?

RORY: Oh, well...

EMILY: It doesn't have to be a big, formal affair. Just something fun with your friends and a few of the DAR ladies, whoever you want.

RORY: Sure, grandma, a party sounds fine.

EMILY: I'll go right in and call the caterers. 21 years old...time flies, doesn't it? All right, you two, back to what you were doing. (Emily walks out and Rory starts to lead Logan back to the couch)

RORY: Hey, grandma says.

LOGAN: So, a 21st birthday. Big event.

RORY: I guess.

LOGAN: Would've been nice if I had known about it.

RORY: Oh, I didn't tell you?

LOGAN: No.

RORY: Oh. I'm just not into birthdays.

LOGAN: You're not into birthdays? You, who wore green head to toe on St. Patrick's day and bunny ears on Easter?

RORY: I have stock in hallmark.

LOGAN: What's up, Ace?

RORY: We should probably call the restaurant if we still want to try and eat there.

LOGAN: Ace.

RORY: I'm just not excited about this particular birthday.

LOGAN: Why not?

RORY: Because I'm turning 21.

LOGAN: Yes...?

RORY: My mom and I have been planning for my 21st birthday since, well, my first memory is kindergarten, but I have a feeling she was talking about it before then. We had this whole big thing planned.

LOGAN: Yeah...?

RORY: We were gonna go to Atlantic City and sit at a blackjack table at 11:59, and we'd be playing 21 when I turned 21. We were gonna drink martinis and win money and go buy 21 things, and there was this thing including 21 guys that would be totally inappropriate now that I'm with you. But it was a pretty big thing, and...and now we're not talking, so it's not gonna happen. I'm just a little bummed. That's all.

LOGAN: I know you miss your mom. The concept's a little hard for me to grasp, but I know you do.
(he sits)

RORY: Well, you never got to know her. She can be pretty cool.

LOGAN: Hey, I know. I'll take you to Atlantic City.

RORY: What?

LOGAN: We can still play 21 when you turn 21. We can buy the 21 things. I'd still vote to put the kibosh on that thing with the 21 guys. But other than that, I'm good to go.

RORY: You're sweet, but it's OK. (she sits next to him)

LOGAN: Come on. We'll get a car. 21 cars, if you like.

RORY: No. No, I appreciate the offer a lot, but I'll just have the party and let this birthday pass.

LOGAN: You sure?

RORY: Yeah, yeah, I'm sure. And I'm hungry. You ready to go? (she picks the Birkin bag from the floor and stands up. Logan doesn't follow) Where did I put my keys?

LOGAN: Oh, I think I saw them on the couch.

RORY: Here we go again. (she sits next to him again and they start making out again)

(CUT to Gilmore mansion dinning room, morning. Emily and Rory are sitting at the table, with all sorts of pieces of birthday cake, which Rory's trying, flowers, napkins and invitation cards. The seem to be planning the party)

EMILY: (talks as Rory eats on of the cake samples distracted) You know, when I was turning 21, I somehow got it into my head that I simply had to have my invitations trimmed with real pearls. I could not be convinced that it was at all tacky or impractical. I was right, and that was the way it had to be. My mother was beside herself. I never heard so much sighing in my whole life. But in the end, she found me invitations lined with real pearls, and I felt like the most important girl in the world. So, come on, tell me, which ones are your pearl-trimmed invitations? Rory!

RORY: Hmm?

EMILY: You're supposed to try them all.

RORY: What?

EMILY: The cake. Alfonso made us those samples. The least we can do is try them all.

RORY: Oh, OK, sure. (takes a forkful from another cake)

EMILY: Well, I like the lace. Do you like the lace?

RORY: Sure.

EMILY: All right. The lace it is. Now, the food. I think we should go buffet. Much more youthful. And what do you think of sushi? Sushi feels young, doesn't it?

RORY: I certainly hope so. You don't want any old sushi hanging around.

EMILY: Now, we'll have a bar, heaters on the patio to stem the crowd. Oh, do you want a special tray-passed drink, like a sidecar maybe or a gin fizz? I used to love a nice gin fizz. (noticing Rory isn't paying attention) Am I boring you?

RORY: No, the lace is fine.

EMILY: Rory, where is your head today?

RORY: I don't know. I'm sorry.

EMILY: There are a million other little details I need to go over here. Would you like me to just do it myself?

RORY: Um, sure. You've got great taste. I trust you completely.

EMILY: All right. Then the only thing I need from you is a little guidance on the guest list. Now, I have the information for the DAR ladies, of course, and Logan. I have Logan's information. I believe I have the address of your Asian friend.

RORY: Lane.

EMILY: She hasn't moved?

RORY: Not that I know of.

EMILY: All right

RORY: She'll want to bring her boyfriend.

EMILY: Her boyfriend? How wonderful. Rory's Asian friend...

RORY: Lane!

EMILY: ...has a boyfriend. All right. Now, what about Paris? Are you two friends? I never really can tell.

RORY: Paris should be on the list.

EMILY: Then Paris is on the list.

RORY: She'll want to bring her boyfriend, too.

EMILY: My goodness. I guess there's something in the air. All right. I have the Cheevers, your cousins from Bridgeport. Now, do you want me to put your mother on this list?

RORY: Mom?

EMILY: It's completely up to you. I just thought I should ask.

RORY: Yes, put mom on the list.

EMILY: All right. She's on the list.

RORY: And the chocolate praline crunch is the cake.

EMILY: A chocolate praline crunch cake. (wistful) A chocolate praline crunch cake completely covered with pearls. Ah, to be 21 again.

(CUT to outside Lorelai's house, night. Lorelai drives up and gets out of the car. Morey and Babette are prepping for Halloween)

LORELAI: Wow! Looks great, guys.

BABETTE: Yeah, we made it bigger this year. And we added a great new light effect to help Morey's face look more distorted when he drops because, you know, when you really get hanged, your eyeballs sometimes explode and your tongue splits down the middle. It's disgusting. Wanna see?

LORELAI: Uh...

BABETTE: Morey, shake a leg.

MOREY: Okay. (takes his spot and puts his head in the rope) All set.

BABETTE: Okay! Bombs away! (pulls a lever and Morey falls)

LORELAI: OH!

BABETTE: Now, remember, you got to twitch around a lot, make the kids think you're dying real slow and painful.

MOREY: Okay

BABETTE: Now, obviously there'll be some blood sh**ting out and some screams, but you get the picture.

LORELAI: I-I-I do.

MOREY: (twitching around a bit, obviously uncomfortable) Babette? Tight, babe.

LORELAI: Do you need help, Babette?

BABETTE: Oh, no. As soon as he passes out, his muscles relax and I can slide him right out. We'll be good.

LORELAI: Okay. See you guys later. (walks off to the house)

(CUT to Lorelai's house inside, continuous. Lorelai comes in and makes her way to the kitchen, where Luke is cooking)

LORELAI: Luke, are you here?

LUKE: In the kitchen.

LORELAI: Where's Paul Anka? He didn't meet me at the door.

LUKE: Peas scare him.

LORELAI: Really? Huh. Peas? (puts down her purse, takes off her coat and looks at a list on the fridge) Cooked or raw?

LUKE: Doesn't seem pleased with either form.

LORELAI: Okay, peas are out. (writes something - peas - on the list) What smells so good?

LUKE: Fried chicken.

LORELAI: Luke, will you marry me?

LUKE: Set the table?

LORELAI: Okay, first, I have some very exciting news to tell you.

LUKE: sh**t! (Lorelai starts to take things out to lay the table)

LORELAI: This year, I have decided do a whole new thing for Halloween.

LUKE: You're not gonna hang the caramel apples again?

LORELAI: Caramel apples aren't scary.

LUKE: Well, what's scary is you opening your house up to a mob of insane, sugar-laced kids wearing masks that conveniently hide any identifying features.

LORELAI: I have decided to do something totally different, and I'm gonna need your help.

LUKE: Sure.

LORELAI: Okay. I want to do a skit.

LUKE: Skit?

LORELAI: Yes, I want to be a mad scientist. I'm gonna come out in a blood-stained white lab coat and freaky makeup and big, giant, Don King kind of hairdo, and I'm going to turn the whole front yard into my laboratory.

LUKE: Wow.

LORELAI: Yes, I'm gonna have a huge electric chair and an operating table and test tubes and wires.

LUKE: Sounds elaborate.

LORELAI: But you haven't heard the half of it, okay? And so I come out and I do mad scientist "banter", like, "Hey, who here is from Bellevue?" and "'Girl Interrupted'? Now that's my idea of a feel-good movie". I'll work on it. But anyway, after that, I'm gonna drag you out.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: You're strapped in an electric chair, and I'm gonna throw the switch and totally electrocute you. And you're flailing around. We'll rig something where smoke and sparks sh**t out of your nose. And then once you're dead, I'll throw you onto the operating table and I'll cut you open, and I pull link sausages out of you and throw them into the crowd.

LUKE: That's it?

LORELAI: Well, I mean, we can take a bow or something, but, yeah, that's it.

LUKE: Okay. Uh, just a couple of questions here. Once you've electrocuted me, and I'm dead, um, how exactly do I get to the operating table?

LORELAI: huh. Good question. Maybe I can position the operating table like right near the electric chair so I can just flop you over onto it after you die.

LUKE: Okay, let's say we work that out. Now I'm on the table. You're gonna cut me open with what?

LORELAI: A big, rusty saw.

LUKE: And then you're gonna pull link sausages out of me.

LORELAI: Real slow and creepy like.

LUKE: Okay, great. Last question. Uh, what are the odds of you getting me to do a skit where you electrocute me, cut me open, and pull link sausages out of me? 'Cause I'm thinking they're right up there with Pia Zadora making a big comeback.

LORELAI: Oh, come on. This will be fun.

LUKE: No way, not happening.

LORELAI: But this is our first Halloween together as a full-blown, committed, soon-to-be-married couple. We need to start our own traditions.

LUKE: Tell you what. I'll build you the chair, help with the test tubes, and then I'm done.

LORELAI: But you would be so scary with smoke coming out of your nose. I really want to see that.

LUKE: Well, we're gonna be together the rest of our lives, so odds are you will.

LORELAI: Luke!

LUKE: Chicken's burning. I got to concentrate. Why don't you go find your psychotic dog, and I'll set the table?

LORELAI: Okay, but this discussion is not over. (walks over to the fridge and takes out some raw broccoli) Here, Paul Anka. Mommy's got your broccoli. (walks out of the kitchen to find PA)

(CUT to Gilmore mansion driveway, night. Logan's car pulls up. We CUT in the car. Logan is dropping Rory off)

LOGAN: Out.

RORY: Oh, come on.

LOGAN: Beat it!

RORY: I can't believe you're not gonna come in.

LOGAN: I told you I'm meeting my father at 7:30 in the morning in New York.

RORY: I loved the dinner tonight.

LOGAN: I'm glad.

RORY: I've never had Sri Lankan food before.

LOGAN: I thought you'd like it.

RORY: And I appreciate you lying to me and answering "chicken" every time I asked you what I was eating.

LOGAN: Well, fifteen courses. One of them was bound to be chicken.

RORY: And that dessert.

LOGAN: Do you really think you can keep talking long enough that I forget I can't come in?

RORY: Well, I've seen my mom do it before. I thought maybe it was a family trait. (Logan leans over her and they kiss) Just for an hour.

LOGAN: No. (Rory leans in a gain and kisses him)

RORY: Half an hour?

LOGAN: No.

RORY: Fifteen minutes?

LOGAN: No.

RORY: Okay, an hour.

LOGAN: You're getting better at this. (they start making out and then someone - Richard knocks on Logan's window. They break the kiss quickly and pull away from each other)

RORY: Ow, you bit my lip. (Logan lowers his window)

RICHARD: I didn't mean to startle you two. I heard a noise out here and just came to check it out. Everything all right?

LOGAN: Everything is fine Richard, I was just dropping Rory off.

RORY: Hi, Grandpa.

RICHARD: Hello, Rory. Well, I'll just say good night, then.

RORY: Good night, Grandpa.

LOGAN: Good night, Richard. (Richard smiles and leaves)

(CUT to inside Gilmore mansion, continuous. Emily is looking at a catalogue as Richard comes in)

EMILY: Was it the Mortigans' Dalmatian trying to mate with our lion statues again?

RICHARD: No, it was not the Mortigans' Dalmatian. It was Rory and Logan. (he sits opposite her)

EMILY: How natural selection hasn't wiped out dogs like that, I'll never know. Rory and Logan?

RICHARD: It was Rory and Logan. They just came home. Logan was dropping Rory off.

EMILY: Well, that's nice. Oh, look at this bedroom set. Richard, you would love these pillows.

RICHARD: Seems I interrupted their goodbyes.

EMILY: Oh, Richard, now they're going to think we were spying on them. This settee is lovely, also.

RICHARD: They were engaged in a round of serious necking.

EMILY: What do you mean?

RICHARD: You know exactly what I mean.

EMILY: You know, Richard, Rory's growing up.

RICHARD: Mm-hmm.

EMILY: She's turning 21 next week.

RICHARD: Oh. Is that what the flotilla of party planners outside our door was about?

EMILY: Logan is certainly a very experienced young man.

RICHARD: Man of the world, Emily, man of the world.

EMILY: You know, Richard, it might be that time.

RICHARD: What time?

EMILY: She might be getting ready to have relations with that boy.

RICHARD: Oh, Emily, please. Have you seen the size of that sports car of his? There's no room to cross your legs, much less anything else.

EMILY: The car is not the only place they're getting affectionate, Richard. I walked in on them the other day in the pool house. They were very cozy on the couch, and they certainly weren't looking for her keys.

RICHARD: Do you really think?

EMILY: I really think.

RICHARD: Oh, we have to do something. If she's getting ready to take that step, we have to do something.

EMILY: I couldn't agree more.

RICHARD: Tomorrow.

EMILY: Tomorrow. I am in love with this bedroom set.

(CUT to Dragonfly Inn kitchen, morning. Sookie and Lorelai are looking at sausages)

SOOKIE: Okay! So...what kind of link sausage would you like to pull out of Luke?

LORELAI: I'm not sure. Nothing too wimpy. Luke's a big guy, so he needs big-guy sausage.

SOOKIE: Don't we all.

LORELAI: Don't make my man's sausage dirty.

SOOKIE: Well, you could go kielbasa. That's a big-guy sausage.

LORELAI: I guess. Technically, Luke hasn't agreed to let me pull anything out of him.

SOOKIE: Small detail.

LORELAI: Minuscule roadblock.

SOOKIE: Well, personally, I love the Louisiana sweet sausage 'cause it has the nicest flavour. A little bite, but not too overwhelming.

LORELAI: But, I'm not gonna eat the sausage. I'm going to pull it out of Luke. (an Dragonfly employee comes in the kitchen holding an envelope)

RON: Mail just came.

LORELAI: Oh, thanks, Ron.

SOOKIE: Well, if you're just going by looks, I'd go Cajun because it's red. (they both chuckle as Lorelai opens the envelope - Rory's party invitation) What's the matter?

LORELAI: Nothing.

SOOKIE: It's not nothing.

LORELAI: It's an invitation to Rory Gilmore's 21st birthday party.

SOOKIE: Wow, look at all that lace. Man, that's a pretty invitation.

LORELAI: Sure is.

SOOKIE: Are you going to go?

LORELAI: This isn't from Rory. This is from my Dad via my Mom.

SOOKIE: It is?

LORELAI: Oh, yes. It's just my Dad trying to manipulate me and get me involved in a plan to manipulate Rory.

SOOKIE: But you had a plan.

LORELAI: I know.

SOOKIE: Boy, they are determined.

LORELAI: Determined, demented, de-lovely.

SOOKIE: I can't believe Rory's turning 21. It seems like just yesterday she was crying because you told her Charlotte Bronte couldn't come to her sleepover because she's dead.

LORELAI: I'm gonna go check the reservation book.

SOOKIE: Too much Rory talk.

LORELAI: Oh, just a tad. It's making me bummed, so...

SOOKIE: We could go back to our sausage talk.

LORELAI: Maybe later. (Lorelai exits the kitchen)

(CUT to Gilmore mansion, night. Emily is serving drinks as Rory comes in from the patio and walk up to Emily)

RORY: Oh, my god, it smells good in here.

EMILY: Well, I see someone got our dinner invitation.

RORY: Yes, I did, and thank you. It's been weeks since I've had anything that hasn't been supersized for dinner.

EMILY: Well, you've been so busy lately, I had to resort to pot roast and mashed potatoes to get you here.

RORY: Pot roast and mashed potatoes?

EMILY: With baby carrots, parker house rolls, and ice cream sundaes for dessert.

RORY: Wow. Am I dying?

EMILY: Would you grab that bottle of wine? (walks off with two drinks in her hand)

RORY: Sure. (grabs the wine and follows Emily)

(CUT to dinning room, continuous. Emily and Rory enter. Richard is seated at the table, but he's not alone. A man - Rev.Boatwright - is with him)

RICHARD: Rory, how lovely that you could join us. Do you know the Reverend Boatwright?

RORY: Uh, no.

EMILY: Oh, I can't believe that. Reverend Boatwright has been our minister for years. By now he's

more of a friend than a minister.

RORY: Well, it's nice to meet you, Reverend Boatwright.

Rev. BOATWRIGHT: Well, it's nice to meet you, too, Rory. I hear pot roast is your favourite, too.

RORY: Yes, it is.

EMILY: (as she takes her seat) Rory, sit, sit. (Rory sits) It's amazing. All the wonderful foods in this world, the greatest chefs with the most exotic ingredients, and yet this girl still wants pot roast. Roll, reverend?

Rev. BOATWRIGHT: Well, thank you. Don't mind if I do.

EMILY: Hmm. I wonder where that salad is. Will you excuse me? I'll be right back. (gets up and exits the dinning room)

RICHARD: You know, Emily ordered some of that wonderful Irish butter. You haven't tasted rolls until you've had them with Irish butter. I'll be right back. (gets up and exits the dinning room)

RORY: And then there were two.

Rev. BOATWRIGHT: Your grandparents have told me a lot about you, Rory.

RORY: Oh, yeah?

Rev. BOATWRIGHT: They're very proud of you, you know.

RORY: Well, then it's a mutual admiration society.

Rev. BOATWRIGHT: You have a birthday coming up next week?

RORY: Twenty first.

Rev. BOATWRIGHT: Must be wonderful being a young woman, just turning 21. The world is out there, just waiting to be conquered.

RORY: I guess so.

Rev. BOATWRIGHT: I hear you have a boyfriend.

RORY: Yes.

Rev. BOATWRIGHT: Ah, young love. It can be so exhilarating, so intense. All those feelings rushing around inside of you. I remember being young and having all those crazy feelings.

RORY: Oh, yeah?

Rev. BOATWRIGHT: Oh, yes. You know, Rory, being a young lady comes with many gifts. Your virtue, for example, is a gift, a precious gift. Possibly the most precious gift you possess.

RORY: (looking the way Emily and Richard went off) Uh-huh.

Rev. BOATWRIGHT: You want to give this gift very carefully. It is a gift you can give to only one man. Once you give it, it's gone. You can't re-gift it. If you give it away too soon to the wrong man, then when the right one does come along, you have no gift to give. You'll have to buy him a sweater. Do

you understand what I'm saying?

RORY: No.

Rev.BOATWRIGHT: Think long and hard about when and to whom you want to give the ultimate gift you have to give away.

RORY: Oh.

Rev.BOATWRIGHT: Yes.

RORY: Oh, dear.

Rev.BOATWRIGHT: Oh, dear, indeed.

RORY: Um...well, (chuckles a bit uncomfortably) listen, Reverend. I really appreciate you taking the time out of what I assume is a busy day to come here and talk to me about...all of this, but, um, I'm afraid the ultimate-gift ship has sailed.

Rev.BOATWRIGHT: What?

RORY: A while ago. It's probably in Fiji by now.

Rev.BOATWRIGHT: Oh.

RORY: Yeah.

Rev.BOATWRIGHT: Well...

RORY: So, have you seen "The 40-year-old Virgin"? 'Cause you might like it.

(CUT to outside of the pool house, morning. Rory is walking up to the pool house after her community service, takes out her keys and unlocks the door, but has trouble opening it. When she manages, she sees that inside the place is full of stuff. She looks around stunned and then runs off)

(CUT to inside mansion continuous. People are prepping up the house for the party. Emily talking to the planner - Claire - as Rory comes in)

EMILY: Well, it can't go next to the sushi, so I guess the cake will have to go in there. Maybe in the corner?

CLAIRE: Sounds good

RORY: Grandma.

EMILY: Oh, Rory, good. Do you think we should have a carving station in case some people find sushi unappealing, or will the passed hors d'oeuvres be enough?

RORY: Either way.

EMILY: "Either way" is not an opinion Rory, just for future reference. (at Claire) Let's have a carving station. Just beef, no turkey.

RORY: What happened to the pool house?

EMILY: What do you mean?

RORY: It's full of stuff.

EMILY: Oh, yes, the rentals. I had absolutely nowhere to put them. They said it might rain tonight, and we couldn't leave them outside, so I just put them in the pool house.

RORY: But I live in the pool house. What am I supposed to do?

EMILY: Oh, I packed up your things and put them in your old room upstairs.

RORY: Upstairs?

EMILY: Uh-huh. The room right next to ours. We can knock secret-code messages to each other at night, like we're in camp. (notices something in the other room and yells at someone) No, I didn't tell you to put that there. You're fired.

RORY: Grandma, has mom RSVP'ed?

EMILY: I don't know, Rory. Check the list. (as Rory checks the list Emily talk to the worker she was previously fired) Yes, out now, please. Thank you.

RORY: The list says no.

EMILY: Then I guess the answer's "no".

RORY: Well, that's just wrong. When an invitations says "RSVP", you RSVP. That's what you do. It's not rocket science.

EMILY: Maybe she's still coming.

RORY: But how do we know? If she doesn't call, how will we know whether or not to make an extra chocolate box, huh? If she doesn't call, she won't have a chocolate box.

EMILY: We can make an extra chocolate box, Rory.

RORY: No. Why should we make an extra chocolate box? I mean, we're paying for these things. Chocolate boxes do not just grow on trees. They are made. They're made by these hardworking people right here, and it is not right to make these people spend hours making extra chocolate boxes because people are too lazy to make a stupid phone call! (exits very upset)

EMILY: Rory!

(CUT to Luke's diner, morning. Lorelai is sitting at the counter, putting LOTS of whipped cream on a pancake. Luke is behind the counter watching her)

LUKE: You're gonna be sick.

LORELAI: No.

LUKE: It's already loaded with chocolate chips. That's candy, and you're adding whipped cream. That's more candy.

LORELAI: Got any jelly beans?

LUKE: I'm gonna be sick. (the telephone rings)

LORELAI: Oh, and a cherry. (Luke answers the phone)

LUKE: Luke's.

RORY (on the phone): Luke, is my mother there?

LUKE: Rory?

LORELAI: Rory?

(CUT to Gilmore mansion patio. Rory is on the phone. The scene cuts between Luke and Lorelai in the dinner and Rory at the patio)

RORY: Yes, it's Rory. Is my mother there?

LORELAI: That's Rory?

LUKE: I'll give her to you.

LORELAI: To me? That's Rory for me?

RORY: No! I just want to know if she's coming to my birthday party.

LUKE: She wants to know if you're coming to her birthday party.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: We're making the chocolate boxes right now, and I need to know if she's coming so I know whether or not to make her one.

LUKE: They're making the chocolate boxes right now, and she needs to know if you're coming so they can make you one.

LORELAI: I didn't know I was invited.

RORY: I sent her an invitation! Where the hell did she think it came from?! The invitation fairy!?

LUKE: She said she sent you an invitation.

LORELAI: I didn't know it was from her. (a bit louder and closer to the phone, Luke holds the phone up for her) I didn't know it was from you!

RORY: Well, it was. Is she coming or not?

LUKE: Are you coming or not?

LORELAI: Yes, I-I'm coming. I want a chocolate box.

LUKE: She'll be there.

RORY: Fine. Bye. (hangs up)

LORELAI: Rory called.

LUKE: I know. She called and yelled at me.

LORELAI: No, she called and yelled at me.

LUKE: Yeah, but I'm the one who had to hear it, and she was loud. And she said "hell". I never heard her say "hell". I didn't even know she knew how to say "hell". She was mad and she yelled and she said "hell".

LORELAI: Yeah, but she called.

(CUT to Rory's bedroom, night. It's 4:03 am on Rory's birthday, and Rory is awake looking sadly at her clock)

(CUT to Lorelai's bed, night. It's 4:03 am on Rory's birthday, and Lorelai is awake looking sadly at her clock)

(CUT to Gilmore mansion, night of the party. Waiters are prepping up the house for the party, there are a few guests. Emily is walking around inspecting things)

EMILY: Keep those fans going. I don't want the whole house to smell of raw fish. Disgusting food. (welcoming two guests) Shelby, Martin, how wonderful that you've come.

SHELBY: We're a bit early, I'm afraid.

EMILY: Nonsense. Have a "rory". We'll chat later. (as she walks away from them) Tacky, horrid people. Why not just show up the night before with a sleeping bag? (as the doorbell rings Emily gives some instructions to the maid) May-May, you've got to get it down to a 1-bell answer. Bell rings once, door opens. Please help me on this. Mr. Gilmore is not here yet, and therefore I have no one to help me with the guests or the party. So, just make sure you get the door after one bell. (the doorbell rings) That's two bells. (as it rings again, Emily starts getting mad) That's three bells! (the maid quickly opens the door) Well, hello, Glory. Come in, come in. (the guests come in and Emily notices as Rory comes down from upstairs and walks up to her) Rory, you look wonderful. That dress is to die for.

RORY: Well, it's the one you laid out on the bed, so I assumed I was supposed to put it on.

EMILY: Well, it's perfect. So, how does it look?

RORY: Fine.

EMILY: I'll never forgive myself for being talked into votives, but that's what you get for taking calls at cocktail hour. Have you tried your drink?

RORY: My what? (Emily snaps her fingers and waiter comes up with a tray)

EMILY: Your signature drink. (takes a martini glass filled with a pink drink from the tray and offers it to Rory) I had the bartender concoct it for you. It's called "rory". It's got champagne, vodka, pineapple juice, and grenadine. Have one. You're old enough now.

RORY: Maybe later. Empty stomach.

EMILY: Well, there's plenty to eat, so that can be remedied.

RORY: Where's Grandpa?

EMILY: He'll be here soon. (Logan walks up to them)

LOGAN: Well, there they are. The two most lovely ladies in the room.

EMILY: (rather coldly) Hello, Logan. I have to check on your cake. (walks away)

LOGAN: Huh. Is it me or could the penguins march through here?

RORY: She's probably mad because she found out we're having sex.

LOGAN: She what?

RORY: She found out we're having sex.

LOGAN: How the hell did she find that out?

RORY: I told her minister.

LOGAN: But-but why would you do that?

RORY: Because he was going on and on about my virtue being a gift. And now you have it, so I'm gonna have to buy the next guy a sweater. I just wanted him to stop.

LOGAN: And all this without a drink in my hand.

RORY: Come on. Let's get you a "rory". (they start walking towards the bar)

LOGAN: Ohh, dealing with this family is stressful.

RORY: Oh! (chuckles) Tell me about it. And once you've had that drink, I can tell you how I've been moved out of the pool house and into a room right next to my grandparents. So from now on, we'll have to have sex in our invisible suits. (at the bartender) Two rories, please.

LOGAN: Does your grandfather know, also?

RORY: Oh, yeah.

LOGAN: (at bartender) Make it four.

LANE: (comes in dragging Zack behind her) Rory!

RORY: You came!

LANE: Of course I came. I wouldn't miss your 21st birthday. (they hug)

RORY: Oh, I'm glad. Hey, Zack, thanks for coming.

ZACK: Sure, no problem. There's food, right?

RORY: Oh, plenty of food. Lane, I want you to meet Logan. Logan, this is my best friend, Lane.

LOGAN: Hey, nice to finally meet you. (they shake hands)

LANE: Nice to finally meet you, too. (Lane mouths to Rory "He's cute" and Rory responds "I know") And this is my boyfriend, Zack.

LOGAN: (offers Zack a handshake) How you doing?

ZACK: What? (sees his hand and they shake) Oh, I'm hanging in there.

LOGAN: You guys want a drink?

ZACK: Well, I'm not sharing, so make it two drinks. (Logan turns over to the bar to order)

LANE: Wow, this house is amazing. I've never been here before.

RORY: I'll give you a tour.

BARTENDER: Two rories. Extra cherries for the lady.

LANE: Oh, my god, you have your own drink. (Rory give Lane a rory)

RORY: Wait till you see the bathroom. The guest soap has my face on it. (the girls walk off ahead as Logan gives Zack a rory)

ZACK: So, you're, like, rich, huh?

LOGAN: Uh... (the boys follow the girls)

(CUT to Gilmore mansion driveway, night of the party. Luke and Lorelai are walking up to the house. Lorelai is holding a present)

LUKE: This might be my least favourite door in the world to knock on.

LORELAI: What about death's door?

LUKE: The reception on the other side might be warmer. (Lorelai nods a bit. As Luke is about to knock on the door it opens)

LORELAI: Well, at least you didn't have to knock.

LUKE: Ready?

LORELAI: I was born ready.

(they enter the house)

LUKE: Ah, nice, low-key affair.

LORELAI: Okay, we're in and the gift's on the gift pile (puts the present on the gift pile) and, um, oh (looks around), yes. (takes two rories from a passing tray and gives one to Luke) Cheers. Okay, there. Checking things off the list. We should probably move deeper into the house now.

LUKE: What is this?

LORELAI: Do you see Rory?

LUKE: Not yet.

LORELAI: Boy, big turnout.

LUKE: Yeah. Maybe if we're lucky and we keep moving around, we can avoid...

EMILY: Lorelai, you came. You're here. There's a chocolate box for you in the hallway.

LORELAI: Thank you, mom.

EMILY: Hello, Luke. I didn't know you were coming. I don't have a chocolate box for you. You'll have to share with Lorelai.

LORELAI: Fat chance. Mom buys really good chocolate.

EMILY: I see you have a rory.

LORELAI: Excuse me?

EMILY: Your drink. It's called a rory. What's the matter, Luke, you don't like your rory?

LUKE: Oh, no, It's-it's great. It's a little pink, you know.

EMILY: Well, Rory's a girl. Girls like pink.

LUKE: I know. I was just saying.

EMILY: No one's asking you to wear it. It's not a skirt.

LUKE: I know. I just...

LORELAI: Drink the drink. (Luke drinks)

EMILY: Well, nice of you two to come. I have some things to check on. We'll catch up later. Excuse me. (walks away)

LUKE: (disgusted) Ohh, it tasted pink.

LORELAI: She's gone. (they start walking through the house)

LUKE: I mean, like, really tasted really pink, like pink pink. Yech!

LORELAI: Come on, let's get something to eat.

LUKE: God, that's terrible. It's like drinking a "My Little Pony". (they walk off)

(CUT to Rory greeting some people. She spots Paris and Doyle and walks over to say "hi")

RORY: Hey, I'm glad you guys came.

PARIS: We had to stop and eat first in case the food here sucked.

DOYLE: Happy birthday, Rory.

PARIS: Yeah, listen, we have really big news.

RORY: Thanks Doyle. What Paris?

PARIS: You tell her.

DOYLE: Okay.

PARIS: But do it fast and don't embellish.

DOYLE: As you know, I'm a senior, and my reign as editor of the Yale Daily News is officially up at the end of the year and I'm stepping down. I'm going back to writing full-time.

RORY: Wow.

DOYLE: I'm gonna be writing a column in the Daily News called "The World According to Doyle".

RORY: I can't imagine The Daily News without you as editor.

PARIS: Yeah. It's going to be weird. Ask who the new editor is.

RORY: Oh! Who's the new editor going to be?

PARIS: Me.

RORY: You? (a bit taken aback)

PARIS: That's right. Paris Geller is the new editor of the Yale Daily News. I was worried about the intimidation factor, 'cause people tend to be afraid of me, but I campaigned hard and really worked the "my parents left me broke" angle, got a little sympathy vote, and the next thing I know, I am the man.

DOYLE: My woman is the man. (Rory looks around a bit uncomfortable)

PARIS: I mean, it's so incredible. Last year, I was sleeping with the editor.

DOYLE: And this year, I am.

PARIS: I can't wait. The changes I'm going to make.

DOYLE: Hold on to your hats, people. (Rory notices as Lorelai and Luke walk up to the kids)

PARIS: I'm going to crack that whip, raise that bar. The last person that ran the shop was too busy ironing his petticoat to put out a decent paper.

DOYLE: That's about to change.

PARIS: You know it is.

LORELAI: Hey, everyone. Hey, Paris.

PARIS: Hey, Lorelai. You remember my boyfriend, Doyle?

LORELAI: Good to see you. This is Luke.

PARIS: Nice to meet you, Luke.

LUKE: We actually met about two or three weeks ago...

PARIS: This is my boyfriend, Doyle.

DOYLE: It's nice to meet you.

LUKE: Yeah, it's nice to meet you, too.

LORELAI: Hey, birthday girl.

RORY: Hey.

PARIS: We were just talking about the big news.

LORELAI: (excited) What's the big news?

PARIS: I'm the new editor of the Yale Daily News.

LORELAI: (glances at Rory with a concerned look) Wow. Congratulations, Paris.

PARIS: Yeah. Last year I was sleeping with the editor.

DOYLE: And this year, I am.

RORY: (still a bit uncomfortable) Um...I have to go say hello to some people, so I'll catch up with you guys later. Have some food. There's tons of food.

PARIS: That doesn't mean I'm not gonna crack that whip on you too Doyle. (Rory leaves and Lorelai looks after her a bit worried)

(CUT to patio, later during the party. Luke and Lorelai are having some food)

LUKE: What's this?

LORELAI: You know they shouldn't be allowed to put just anything into a martini glass. Martinis should go into a martini glass. Gin martinis, vodka martinis, period. That's it.

LUKE: Do you know what this is?

LORELAI: It's raw fish, Luke. Dip it in soy sauce and swallow it real quick. We were gonna drink martinis. The Rat Pack drank martinis. James Bond drank martinis. You know, it's the sweet drinks that really k*ll you. It's the sugar that give you the hangover and makes you throw up.

LUKE: Yeah, 'cause no one's ever thrown up from a martini before. (puts the sushi in his mouth)

LORELAI: You seen my father?

LUKE: (chewing) Nope.

LORELAI: Wonder where he's hiding.

LUKE: Okay, I got the red piece down.

LORELAI: "Hello, 'page six'? Have I got a scoop for you". (two DAR ladies walk up to them)

VIVIAN: Excuse me, Lorelai?

LORELAI: Uh, yeah?

VIVIAN: Hi, I'm Vivian Lewis, and this is Catherine Thurston Moore. We're friends of Rory's from the DAR.

LORELAI: Oh, friends of Rory's. Wow. I didn't realize she ran with the bad girls. (the ladies laugh)

VIVIAN: We just wanted to tell you we love Rory.

CATHERINE: She introduced us to buffalo wings and jalapeno poppers, and for that we will be eternally grateful.

LUKE: What's the DAR? (the ladies laugh again, Luke looks at Lorelai quizzically, and she smiles) I'm gonna get a beer. Anyone want anything?

LORELAI: I'm good.

LUKE: Okay, I'll be back. (as he walks off inside the camera pans on Paris and Doyle saying their story...again)

PARIS: Last year I was sleeping with the editor.

DOYLE: (after a long pause) Now I am. (their companions laugh)

PARIS: Come in a little quicker next time.

(CUT to inside. Rory is with a group of ladies, but notices Luke and walks up to him)

RORY: (at ladies) Oh, excuse me. (at Luke) Hey, little tip: We have beer here.

LUKE: Oh, the magic words. I was just heading over to the bar.

RORY: Have you tried a rory yet?

LUKE: Yes, I have. Not my kind of drink.

RORY: Yeah, mine, either.

LUKE: Lorelai will be glad to hear it. So, you two haven't talked yet.

RORY: Nope, not yet.

LUKE: Well, it was nice of you to invite her here. It means a lot.

RORY: I'm glad she came. I'm glad you both came.

LUKE: Oh, uh, here. I've got something for you. (looks in his pockets, takes out a jewellery gift box and hands it over to her) Birthday present.

RORY: Really?

LUKE: Yeah, I brought it just in case your mother didn't bring one, but she did. It's the one on top of your present mountain over there. But since I already had it in my pocket, I just figured...(Rory opens it and looks at it touched)

RORY: Luke.

LUKE: It was my mother's. Liz can't wear it 'cause her neck's too fat, but your neck looks, you know, not fat. It was sitting around in my drawer, so I thought, "hey, give it to Rory". You know you're lucky 'cause Caesar's birthday is next month and I know he likes pearls, so...

RORY: (chuckles a bit) Thank you.

LUKE: You're welcome. (they hug. A lady - Tweeny - from the group Rory was previously talking to

walks over to them)

TWEENY: I saw a jewellery box and I couldn't help myself. What did you get? (Rory shows off her gift) Oh, it's fantastic.

RORY: It's from Luke, my stepfather-to-be. (Luke is pleasantly taken aback)

TWEENY: Well, you have exquisite taste, Luke. I'm Tweeny Halpern.

RORY: Tweeny works with me at the DAR.

LUKE: What's the DAR? (Tweeny laughs) I'm k*lling with that line tonight.

(CUT to patio outside. Emily walks up to Lorelai)

EMILY: Well, how's the party going so far?

LORELAI: Seems to be a big hit.

EMILY: Where's Luke? I hope he didn't get lost somewhere.

LORELAI: Oh, no, I'm sure he's just sizing up how much silver he can stuff into his pockets without it making too much of a bulge.

EMILY: I was not insinuating that he was a thief.

LORELAI: Ah.

EMILY: I was just making small, polite talk. That's what you do at parties. My commenting on his getting lost was in no way a swipe.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, I forgot. Luke went to get a beer. Take it. (Emily notices Lorelai's ring) Come on, Mom, it's all about timing. You know that. What are you...(realises what Emily is looking at)

EMILY: well, it seems congratulations are in order.

LORELAI: Well, that wasn't exactly congratulations, but, sure, close enough. (Claire comes to Emily)

CLAIRE: Excuse me, Mrs.Gilmore, but we really should cut the cake now.

EMILY: Have you seen Mr.Gilmore yet?

CLAIRE: No, I haven't.

EMILY: Of course not. He's going to sit all night long in that office of his, moping and sulking, missing his granddaughter's birthday party, and he's going to leave me out here all alone to host it. Fine. Come on, Claire. (Emily and Claire walk off, and Lorelai looks with concern towards the house and starts to make her way inside)

(CUT to Richard's study. There is a knock on the door and Lorelai enters. Richard is sitting in one of the armchairs drinking scotch and sulking)

LORELAI: Hello? Dad? You're missing a crazy party out there. You know someone forgot to cook the fish? Boy, is Mom gonna be mad.

RICHARD: Go away, Lorelai.

LORELAI: What's wrong, Dad?

RICHARD: You know what's wrong. Rory's wrong. It's all wrong. She's not going back to Yale. It's my fault. (Lorelai sits opposite him)

LORELAI: Rory made a choice, Dad.

RICHARD: I could've stopped her, and I didn't. I cleared the path for her to walk away from her goal, her life.

LORELAI: Dad...

RICHARD: She's having sex, Lorelai. She's having sex under my roof. I paid 40,000 dollars to redecorate her sex house. I bought her her sex mattress, her sex box springs. I provided everything she needs to waste her life.

LORELAI: Dad, Rory having sex is not your fault, really. She was having sex way before the big renovation.

RICHARD: I feel so much better now.

LORELAI: I'm sorry. I-I wasn't trying to...

RICHARD: I made a terrible, terrible mistake.

LORELAI: No, Dad, listen...(Emily walks in rather upset)

EMILY: Richard, you come out of here right now and make an appearance at this party.

RICHARD: I don't give a damn about the party, Emily.

EMILY: What is going on with you? You've been holed up in here for two days. Is it work?

LORELAI: It's Rory.

EMILY: What about Rory?

RICHARD: What do you mean, "What about Rory"? We've lost her.

EMILY: What are you talking about? I got her out of the pool house.

RICHARD: For a day. For two days, and then those rentals go back.

EMILY: Fine, then I'll have the place fumigated. That'll take a week. Then I'll have the place checked for mold. That'll be two weeks. Then I'll find rats. Then there will be carbon monoxide leaks, and plumbing issues and if I have to, I'll tear the damn place down. In the meantime, she's here where we can watch her.

RICHARD: That doesn't matter, Emily. We have lost her.

EMILY: No!

RICHARD: We've failed.

EMILY: No! We have not failed. We have not failed until that girl comes home pregnant. Then we've

failed!

LORELAI: And on that note...(Lorelai gets up and walks out of the study)

EMILY: Richard, I don't understand what's happening. Everything's been fine except the sex issue.

RICHARD: Everything hasn't been fine. (frustrated gets up and starts pacing) The minute we went against Lorelai, we lost.

EMILY: You're acting like this is my fault. Going against Lorelai was your idea. I was perfectly ready to go ahead with the plan that the three of us devised.

RICHARD: Running around with Logan, joining the DAR, planning parties.

EMILY: What's wrong with joining the DAR? We both agreed she needed a job.

RICHARD: Fund-raisers and tea parties? It's frivolous and meaningless. She has more to do, more to be. I don't want that life for her.

EMILY: (with an upset and a insulted look) You mean my life. You don't want her to be me.

RICHARD: Emily, no. That's not what I meant.

EMILY: We're cutting the cake now. Can't wait anymore. (Emily walks out clearly upset, and Richard is left alone also upset)

(CUT to living room. Lorelai walks around and spots Rory. They wave at each other and meet up half way across the room)

LORELAI: So.

RORY: So.

LORELAI: Your drink is disgusting.

RORY: Tell me about it.

LORELAI: Nice party, though.

RORY: Yeah, it's very nice.

LORELAI: You look great.

RORY: You look skinny.

LORELAI: Oh, well, it's the construction diet.

RORY: Construction?

LORELAI: Yeah, we're making the bedroom bigger.

RORY: You and Luke?

LORELAI: No, me and John O'Hurley. Luke doesn't know yet. I hope he takes it okay.

RORY: You guys are gonna live at our house?

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: Wow. That's nice.

So, what's new with you?

RORY: Oh, well, not much. I got my community service hours down from 300 to 104, so...

LORELAI: God, community should be well-served by now. They should build a statue of you when you're done.

RORY: Well, it's not just one community.

LORELAI: Right, yeah. That makes more sense, I guess. I got a dog.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Stop. He's fine.

RORY: He's alive?

LORELAI: Yes, he's alive, and I'm not discussing that hamster again.

RORY: But you asked Babette to double-check that you feed it in the morning?

LORELAI: That is so not necessary...and yes.

RORY: Wow, a dog. A lot has changed.

LORELAI: A lot, and then not so much, also.

RORY: Did you get your chocolate box? They're by the door.

LORELAI: No, I didn't. I'll get one on the way out.

RORY: They're good. I ate two.

LORELAI: It's a really pretty party. I actually like all the votives and the...(Lorelai is cut off by the "happy birthday song". Lane and Logan come to take Rory closer to the cake. Lorelai is left behind. As everyone is singing Happy Birthday Lorelai watches on sadly. As the song ends Luke walks up to her and looks at her with concern)

LORELAI: Ready to go?

LUKE: Sure. (they starts to leave)

(CUT to Luke's car, night. Luke and Lorelai are driving back in silence)

LUKE: Hey. You can pull link sausages out of me if you want. (Lorelai turns to look at him and smiles)

END Of Episode 6.07 - Twenty-One is the Loneliest Number

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