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## 05x21 - Blame Booze and Melville

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### 05x21 - Blame Booze and Melville

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ELDER GILMORE'S DINING ROOM

[Lorelai, Rory and Emily are eating chocolate fondue.]

EMILY: This feels so decadent. Isn't this decadent?

RORY: Very decadent.

LORELAI: Are there more marshmallows?

EMILY: All you two have been dipping is the marshmallows! You haven't touched the kiwi, or the pineapple, or the tangelo slices.

RORY: But it's fruit.

EMILY: Fruit is good for you.

RORY: We're fondue purists, Grandma.

LORELAI: Yeah, we dip old school.

EMILY: The government says you should have nine servings of fruit and vegetables per day.

LORELAI: Imperialist propaganda.

RORY: I think Noam Chomsky would agree.

LORELAI: I bet Noam doesn't dip fruit.

RORY: Or laugh. Ever seen that punim on him?

LORELAI: Easter Island.

EMILY: Luminista, please bring more marshmallows.

LORELAI: Bless you.

EMILY: So, I'd love to get your opinion on something.

RORY: Sure.

EMILY: The City Ballet is in trouble. We've given so much over the years, but it's never enough to cover everything they need.

RORY: I hate that.

EMILY: So, we're trying something new. Select patrons, such as myself, are sponsoring individual dancers. Help me pick one.

[Emily opens up a blue folder next to her and hands Rory and Lorelai cards out of it.]

LORELAI: Pick what?

EMILY: My dancer! I get to take one home. Bios are on the back.

LORELAI: And this is legal?

EMILY: Of course it's legal.

RORY [shrugs]: Do you want a boy or a girl, Grandma?

EMILY: I'm thinking a little girl. Cute and petite.

RORY: They're all petite.

LORELAI: But not all cute. This one should fouetter over to the dermatologist.

EMILY: Oh, yes, I'd rather not look at that.

LORELAI: Really, Mom, this is a little bit creepy.

EMILY: It's not creepy! We're endowing dancers so that they don't have to worry about money. It's nice.

LORELAI: Well, Gregorio here looks pretty well-endowed already. [She passes his card to Rory.]

RORY: Here's a little cutie patootie. [She passes the card to Emily.]

EMILY: Oh, she's darling! Look at those little feet!

RORY [to Lorelai]: Whoa, you were right! This Gregorio guy, what's up with that?

EMILY: Rory!

LORELAI: Just a little girl talk, Mom. Who are we offending?

EMILY: Let's make two piles. One for the maybes, one for the nos.

LORELAI: Sandpaper face is a no?

EMILY: Definitely.

RORY: What about Endowment Boy?

EMILY [pause]: The maybes.

RORY: You go, Grandma.

LORELAI: I bet Gregorio would be good dipped in chocolate.

[Rory laughs. Emily looks on, disapprovingly.]

LORELAI: Sorry.

## OPENING CREDITS

### ELDER GILMORE'S MANSION - DRIVEWAY

[Rory and Lorelai are transferring boxes from Rory's trunk to the back of Lorelai's Jeep.]

LORELAI: I don't know. Adopting a ballet dancer? The whole thing sounds very shady.

RORY: It's good to support the arts any way we can, even the shady-sounding ways. Hey, you took my book bag! I need that!

LORELAI: Oops, sorry. [She pulls the book bag out of her Jeep.] So you really think that transferring your stuff bit by bit like this is the way to go, huh? Easier than renting something, doing it all at once?

RORY: Oh, you really want to re-live the U-haul incident of May 2004?

LORELAI [indignant]: Ah! You make one iffy u-turn.

RORY: We were in a tunnel!

LORELAI: A wide tunnel.

RORY: Going the wrong way down a one-way street.

LORELAI: They don't let you forget.

RORY: Yeah, I've got that elephant's memory when it comes to nearly dying. Hey, you took my book bag again!

LORELAI: Ah!

RORY: So, hey. Let's finalize our plans for Thursday.

LORELAI: Right. So Jackson says that Sookie has been napping between eleven and twelve-thirty every day. We can count on it.

RORY: Must be nice to nap without feeling guilty.

LORELAI: Get pregnant and you'll have an excuse.

RORY: No thanks.

LORELAI: So, meet me at their house at noon. Bring decorations and she'll wake up to a nice, fun, surprise baby shower.

RORY: You got it.

LORELAI: I think it's cool we waited this long to throw it. She's totally not going to expect it.

RORY: Plus we forgot.

LORELAI: But only we know that.

RORY: And I'm not telling.

LORELAI: Good. Bye, hon.

[They kiss on the cheek. Rory closes her trunk.]

RORY: Mom, my purse!

LORELAI: Oh, sorry.

[She gestures hopelessly at the packed-full Jeep.]

LUKE'S DINER

[Kirk is sitting at one of the tables.]

KIRK: Luke, can I have a word with you?

LUKE: Yes.

KIRK: You overcharged me for the toast. It's only supposed to be a dollar.

LUKE: I didn't overcharge you, Kirk. I raised the price of wheat toast. It's a dollar ten.

KIRK: You're kidding.

LUKE: I don't do toast humor.

KIRK: A dollar ten from a dollar? That's a ten percent bump.

LUKE: It's a dime, Kirk.

KIRK: I could refuse to pay.

LUKE: Then I'll steal your bike.

KIRK: That's never worked before.

LUKE: I haven't raised the price of my toast in seven years, Kirk. It's still a bargain.

KIRK: I'll give you a dollar four.

LUKE: No.

KIRK: A dollar five. That's my last offer.

LUKE: Do I look like E-bay?

KIRK: I take my toast dry. Isn't there a butter and jam discount?

LUKE: No.

KIRK: What about your chairs? I'm light, and I tend to plop my butt directly on the chair without sliding, so there's practically no wear and tear.

LUKE: There's no discount for direct butt-plopping.

KIRK: What about -

LUKE: Fine. A dollar five. It's a dollar five. You got it.

KIRK: Thanks. That's very nice of you.

[Lorelai enters.]

LORELAI: Hey!

[They kiss.]

LUKE: You raise something from a dollar to a dollar ten, is that such a big deal?

LORELAI: Well, that's ten percent, so percentage-wise it's not so tiny -

[Luke and Kirk gesture at each other.]

LORELAI: Did I step into something here?

LUKE: You know, I shouldn't have gotten into a business that involves dealing with people. [He points at Kirk above his head.]

LORELAI: Hey. [She holds up a magazine.]

LUKE: Hey! Your cover!

LORELAI: I got an advance copy!

LUKE: Oh, look at the inn! It looks beautiful.

LORELAI: I know.

LUKE: I've got to get a new pair of pants.

LORELAI: Okay. That didn't exactly follow.

LUKE: You know, for the party they're going to throw you.

LORELAI: You don't need new pants. You just need pants. And the party's in New York, so you may not even need pants.

LUKE: I've got to get a copy.

LORELAI [hands him a copy]: You've got a connection.

LUKE: I want to get a bunch, though. Frame one or two of them. How's the article? What's it say?

LORELAI: It was then, sadly, that I discovered Luke could not read.

LUKE: You know what I mean.

LORELAI: People are going to think I wrote it. I mean, it's big. I nearly cried when I read it.

LUKE: Good.

LORELAI: And the fact that when Emily Gilmore reads it, she's going to hire men to attack me with tire irons, well, that's something else altogether.

LUKE: What'd they put in?

LORELAI: Not every heinous thing I said about her, but enough. I mean, it's good stuff, it's funny. Maybe if I just told them not the face.

LUKE: Who?

LORELAI: The guys, with the tire irons.

LUKE: I think you should just show it to her and get it over with.

LORELAI: Mm, maybe. Yeah. You're probably right.

[The phone rings. Caesar picks it up.]

CAESAR: Hello. [Pause] Hold on. [He presses the phone to his chest.] Hey, Luke, it's for you. It's Taylor.

LORELAI: Caesar! You just broke Luke's standing 'when Taylor calls I'm out even if he can see me through the stupid connecting window' rule.

[Taylor gestures excitedly through the window.]

CAESAR: I can tell him you're out, and that Duke, your evil identical twin is in town.

LUKE: No, no. I'll take it. I actually have to discuss something with him. [He takes the phone.] Hello.

TAYLOR: Luke! Hey, buddy!

LUKE: Hey. Buddy.

TAYLOR: So the powers that be have signed off on you purchasing the Twickham house! All that's left is dotting the i's and crossing the t's.

LUKE [calmly]: Okay. Fine.

TAYLOR: Ooh, sorry. Lorelai's there, can't talk now, right?

LUKE: Pretty much.

TAYLOR: You know I'm a bit of a romantic, Luke. The thought of you buying this house for your burgeoning family is quite touching. I almost tear up. Heh. Adds to the tax base, too.

LUKE: Well, good. Talk to you later.

TAYLOR: Goodbye!

[They hang up.]

LORELAI: Wow. You and Taylor seem to be getting on very well these days.

LUKE: Yeah, well. He's been cooperating with me on certain matters.

KIRK [at a table]: Luke! I think the sales tax is off by a penny! In fact, I'm sure of it. I'm ready to go to the mat on this one.

LUKE [to Lorelai]: Those guys with the tire irons. Where did your mother get them?

LORELAİ: The D.A.R. And they don't work for outsiders.

LUKE [sighs]: Show me the penny, Kirk.

STAMFORD EAGLE GAZETTE

[Rory gets off the elevator with her arms full of files. She smiles at some men that walk by, and begins hurrying around, busily.]

RORY: Hey, Al. Hey, Pete. Hey, Lance. [Hands a file to a woman.] This goes to metro, a.s.a.p.

WOMAN: Okay.

CHARLIE: Rory, if you see Patel, tell him I'm looking for him.

RORY: Got it.

[She delivers some files to an office full of reporters.]

RORY: Need 'em back by five, gentlemen.

MAN: Thanks, beautiful.

RORY: Manners, boys.

HARRY: Rory, you got those obituaries?

RORY: Yeah, just give me five minutes.

HARRY: Lot of dying today.

RORY: I hear that.

[She hands off her last file to a man rushing down the hall.]

MAN: Thank you!

RORY: Oh, Patel. Charlie wants to see you.

PATEL: You remember Audrey?

RORY: I can.

PATEL: Give her this.

RORY: Okay, will do.

[Logan steps off the elevator.]

LOGAN: Hey, Ace!

RORY: Hey! You're early.

LOGAN: Well, there's a first for everything. Where's the fire?

RORY: Oh, just south of the ninety-five. It's a four-alarm. We've got Kessler on it. [She delivers the file to Audrey.] This is from Patel.

AUDREY: I'm not talking to him.

RORY: I'll tell him. [To Logan] How did you know about the fire?

LOGAN [laughing]: I didn't. I meant where are you going in such a hurry?

RORY: Oh. I'm at half-speed compared to this morning. [They arrive back at her workstation.] Oh, no.

LOGAN: What?

RORY: I'm gone for five minutes and this place becomes a dumping ground.

LOGAN: I'm loving the totally non-generic feel of your space, here.

RORY: I have customized it somewhat. [She points to a picture on the wall.]

LOGAN: Eccentric uncle?

RORY: Brian Eno.

LOGAN: I was close. So let's go.

RORY: It's four-thirty.

LOGAN: So cut out early. There's nothing going on here.

RORY: We're doing our rough front page. We're picking our leads, our photos. It's our busiest part of the day.

LOGAN: So the people of Stamford don't get their paper tomorrow, they'll turn on the radio.

RORY: I can't go.

LOGAN: I know the boss.

RORY: So do I.

LOGAN: But I know how to work the boss. At least a little. I know he's somewhere in the vicinity.

RORY: Who, your dad?

LOGAN: Can't you sense it? The flurry, the shuffle of sycophants -

MITCHUM: Hey! Someone new. Have we been introduced?

[They shake hands over the partition.]



LOGAN: Jose Canseco, post-steroids. Should be a warning to people.

MITCHUM: Are you keeping Rory from her work?

RORY: I was just about to call security.

MITCHUM: Does everyone know about the -

RORY: Noon on Friday, main conference room, come with your game.

MITCHUM: Good. [To Logan] You call your mother about the Vineyard?

LOGAN: She's on my list.

MITCHUM: Push him on that, won't you? [Rory nods.] I'm going to four if you want to catch up.

RORY: Okay.

MITCHUM: See you.

[Mitchum walks down the hall.]

LOGAN: Enjoy four. [To Rory] What's four?

RORY: Fourth floor.

LOGAN: You news people and your jargon.

RORY: We have our own language.

LOGAN: So he treating you all right?

RORY: Who, your dad? They've been great.

LOGAN: You sure?

RORY: Yeah?

LOGAN: Just checking. So what do you think about Friday.

RORY: An excellent alternative to Thursday.

LOGAN: My sister's engagement party?

RORY: Oh, right. I'm going to try. I'm dying to see the yacht.

LOGAN: Well, it's going to be full of Honor's ditzy friends, but the harbor's cool. Try and leave your grandparent's dinner early. They get you every Friday night, why not let me have one?

RORY: You're very one-note today.

LOGAN: Well, I miss you, Ace.

RORY: Well, I'll have more free time once finals are over and summer's here, unless I get that summer job here.

LOGAN: Well, you're probably a shoo-in. My father seems to like you.

RORY: Oh, I hope so! I love it here.

LOGAN: Okay. So, I'll just go hang somewhere till you're done?

RORY: I'll be done six-thirty, seven at the latest.

LOGAN [whining]: Ace!

RORY: Six forty-five.

[They kiss.]

LOGAN: So, maybe I'll be hanging on two, or five. Is that the right terminology?

RORY: You're getting it!

[He leaves.]

NEW YORK STREET

[Luke and Lorelai are riding around in a limo.]

LORELAI: Come on! Please.

LUKE: I'm done.

LORELAI: No, you can't be done.

LUKE: I'm done!

LORELAI: There's more, I know it! It's germinating.

LUKE: I'm done, I'm at peace. There is no more. [Pause.] Just the smell of Manhattan!

LORELAI: I knew it. There was more.

LUKE: I mean, forget about the smells you can't identify. The ones you can identify are putrid! I mean, if it's not that rank smell of hot dog gushing out of those dirty sidewalk carts, it's the stench of the subway pouring out of the dirty grates! I mean, the manhole-cover steam? God knows what that steam is. You can't get a breath of fresh air!

LORELAI: Go, Luke! Rant, Luke!

LUKE: The whole city is a decaying heap. It's too many people crammed into too many buildings on too small a piece of land. It's an experiment that's failed. They should just give the whole island a push and float it over to Europe.

LORELAI: But after we see Spamalot! Right? I paid a lot for those tickets.

LUKE: I'm fine with an urban environment. But you need land around your space. Air to breathe. [He takes a deep breath.] I'm done again.

LORELAI: I love ranting Luke.

LUKE: Why does this song keep playing?

LORELAI: Because I put the CD player on repeat with my fancy remote in my fancy limo. Hey, do a limo rant. I bet that's a good one.

LUKE: No, that's right they sent you a limo. You deserve it.

LORELAI: And it enabled us to drink and not drive.

LUKE: That's good too.

LORELAI: Hey, I heard there was good food at this party.

LUKE: I heard that too.

LORELAI: Huh. Never made it to the food, did we?

LUKE: I had three peppermints I took from the bowl in the men's room, gave the attendant a five, 'cause it's all I had.

LORELAI: Made it to the bar, though.

LUKE: Yeah. We should've eaten something before we went.

LORELAI: Who knew we'd keep missing the trays?

LUKE: But I'm not hungry. But I'm something, what am I?

LORELAI: You're drunk.

LUKE [laughs]: Right. I haven't been drunk in years.

LORELAI: Hey, have I thanked you enough for escorting me, and being such a good sport and shaking hands with all the big city folk you don't like, and putting extra cherries in my Manhattan?

LUKE: Yeah. You did.

LORELAI: There'll be more thanking. Later on tonight.

[They make out.]

LORELAI: Tastes like peppermint.

LUKE'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

[Lorelai wakes up with Luke's arm over her. She gets up, wrapped in a sheet, and looks around. She finds her dress on the floor near the open door. She looks alarmed.]

SOOKIE'S HOUSE - OUTSIDE

[Lorelai walks around the front of Rory's car.]

LORELAI: Hi, you're late.

RORY [getting out of the car]: Sorry. Oh, it's only a little after noon. I'm not that late.

LORELAI: Well, we have very limited time during Sookie's nap, here. I just don't want to blow it. Hold on. [She notices the bags Rory is carrying.] You went to Doose's for baby shower decorations?

RORY: Well, I didn't know where else to go.

LORELAI: A decoration store.

RORY: Is there such a thing?

LORELAI: Yes. What did you get?

RORY: Um, poppers. Taylor had nine left.

LORELAI: Okay, well, there's ten of us, so someone doesn't get to pop.

RORY: Well, I'll pass on the pop. And there's plates, and cups, and -

LORELAI [grabbing the cups]: Chicks being hatched? That's Easter.

RORY: No, I know, but I figured hatching is birth, so we're right on topic there. Seventy percent off, too.

LORELAI: What else?

RORY: Uh, New Year's Eve balloons with Father Time and the New Year's baby on them. We'll blow them up and cheat the old man side to the wall so we can't see it, and then change the word 'year' so it says 'happy new baby'.

LORELAI: Oh, that's just sad.

RORY: Hey, what's with the attitude?

LORELAI: No attitude.

RORY: You've been Anne Sexton since I pulled up.

LORELAI: Sorry. Think I just slept a little funny. All right. Come on, let's get up in there while we still have the chance.

RORY: Okay.

[They begin to go into the house, but Sookie and Jackson burst through the door. Rory and Lorelai scream as they get pushed out of the way.]

JACKSON: Look out! Coming through!

SOOKIE: It's happening! It's happening!

LORELAI: Oh my God, it's happening?

RORY: You mean it's happening, happening?

SOOKIE: It's coming round the mountain.

RORY: Oh, I can't watch this!

JACKSON: Go get her suitcase! It's by the front door.

RORY: I'll grab her suitcase! [She runs into the house.]

SOOKIE: Oh, I'm freaking out Rory!

LORELAI: It's okay. She's a traditionalist. When she has a baby, she's going to be out in the waiting room, pacing and smoking.

RORY [returning with the suitcase]: We should have thrown her the baby shower earlier! Then I wouldn't have had to watch this.

SOOKIE [getting into the van]: Oh, you guys were going to throw me a baby shower?

LORELAI: We were going to set it up during your nap.

JACKSON: Want a boost?

SOOKIE: I can make it.

RORY [eyes closed tight]: Oh, God.

LORELAI: Watch it.

RORY: Sorry, I just really don't want to see what's coming round the mountain.

JACKSON [getting into the driver's seat]: See you guys at the hospital?

LORELAI: Yeah, you'll see me.

RORY: Yeah, I have to go back to Yale.

LORELAI: Plus she's thoroughly sickened by what's happening to you right now.

RORY: I'm not sickened, it's finals time. I'm stressed.

SOOKIE: Ooh! Contraction!

RORY: Oh, that's pretty sickening.

JACKSON: Hang on.

LORELAI: Sorry you didn't get your party.

SOOKIE: One little no-name to come.

JACKSON: We'll see you there.

LORELAI: See you there.

RORY: Mm-hm.

[Jackson and Sookie drive away. Lorelai looks at Rory, who still has her eyes squeezed shut.]

LORELAI: You are going to open your eyes when you drive back to Yale, right?

RORY: Yes. I'm just giving them a five minute head start. We're taking the same road.

LORELAI: Good thinking, honey. [She kisses her head.] Bye.

RORY: Bye.

[Lorelai leaves. Rory opens one eye and peeks down the street.]

LUKE'S DINER

[Luke serves coffee. Kirk is reading the paper and laughing.]

KIRK: I know he wants the bone. I know there's going to be a complication getting the bone, but Marmaduke still cracks me up every time.

[Luke fills Kirk's coffee cup.]

KIRK: Refills are still free, right?

LUKE: Yep. They're still free.

[The phone rings. Luke picks it up.]

LUKE: Luke's.

TAYLOR: Luke, it's Taylor.

LUKE: Oh, hey, Taylor, how's it going?

TAYLOR: Not so well. I mean, for you. It's going very well for me. I just had a group of German tourists come in and they've been shoveling it in since they sat down.

LUKE: What do you mean, it's not going well for me?

TAYLOR: It's the Twickham house. Someone has put in a competing offer.

LUKE: A competing - Taylor! You promised that house to me!

TAYLOR: And I did all that I could! But this other offer includes a substantial down payment in cash! The powers that be are seriously considering selling the house to this fellow townsman of yours!

LUKE: I'll up my offer.

TAYLOR: This guy'll just up his, then! He's got vast resources!

LUKE: How many resources can he have? He's living in Stars Hollow!

TAYLOR: Luke, he's willing to put down a quarter of a million dollars!

LUKE: What? That can't be right!

TAYLOR: That's what it is.

LUKE: I know everyone in this stinking town. What fellow townsman has a quarter of a million dollars in cash?

TAYLOR: I'm not sure I'm at liberty to say.

LUKE: Tell me, Taylor.

TAYLOR: Okay.

[Camera shows Luke's shocked expression.]

LUKE: Say that name again? [Pause. Blank stare.] I'll talk to you later.

[He walks over to Kirk's table.]

KIRK: Sally Forth is on fire today. On fire!

LUKE: Where did you get a quarter of a million dollars!

KIRK: What? I don't have a quarter of a million dollars.

LUKE: You don't?

KIRK: No. Just shy. It's \$247, 868. Sixty-seven, if I get a couple of donuts to go. Those chocolate raised are calling my name.

LUKE: Where the hell did you get that much money?

KIRK: I've been working for eleven years, Luke. I've had fifteen thousand jobs. I've saved every dollar I've ever made. That and the miracle of compound interest has created a bounty of a quarter of a million dollars. Again, just under. I don't want to brag.

LUKE: You put a competing offer on the Twickham house.

KIRK: That's right. It's the perfect place for me and Lulu.

LUKE: You know I have an offer on that house.

KIRK [shrugs]: I've heard talk to that effect.

LUKE: Take it back. Take back the offer.

KIRK: No. You take yours back.

LUKE: I had a deal with Taylor before you even knew that house was available!

KIRK: You get it in writing?

LUKE: No! But -

KIRK: Mm. An oral agreement's only as good as the paper it's written on. Hey, that would be a good line for Dennis the Menace after he fails to mow Mr. Wilson's lawn. I should send that in.

LUKE: This is not going to go down this way. You are not getting that house.

KIRK: Au contraire, my friend. I happen to know that your credit's not exactly stellar.

LUKE: My credit?

KIRK: Granted, you've got some real estate holdings, but your cash flow's been flat for three years, and unless you're willing to sell off assets, you may be able to swing no more than a five percent down payment, which makes you a real estate risk.

LUKE: How do you know the state of my assets?

KIRK: That's the power of deep pockets, Luke. Put a solid buck in the right hands and they babble like parrots.

LUKE: Well, I am one of Stars Hollow Bank's oldest customers. I'm not anticipating any problems.

KIRK: Well, I'm Stars Hollow Bank's biggest customer. I think that means more.

LUKE: I don't believe this! You're swimming in cash and you fought me over a ten cent raise on toast!

KIRK: And you folded like a road map. That might explain the discrepancy in our net worths. So, I think I will have those donuts to go. You've got change for a hundred, right?

[Luke stares at him, then marches out, slamming the door.]

TAYLOR'S ICE CREAM SHOP

[Taylor is still serving the Germans.]

TAYLOR: Das ist gut, ya?

[Luke storms in.]

LUKE: I want to talk to the town elders!

TAYLOR: The town elders?

LUKE: You keep talking about the powers that be. That's the town elders, right?

TAYLOR: Yes.

LUKE: Well, they oversee the town assets, the real estate, I want to see them.

TAYLOR: They won't go for that, Luke.

LUKE: Why?

TAYLOR: It isn't how it's done! They don't deal with the public. They're the final arbiters. What they say goes.

LUKE: I'm seeing them.

TAYLOR: But -

LUKE: Arrange it.

[Luke glares, and then leaves.]



## HOSPITAL - MATERNITY WARD

[Jackson is walking alongside Sookie, who is being pushed in a wheelchair by a nurse. Lorelai follows behind. They arrive at Sookie's room.]

JACKSON: Are you breathing, honey?

SOOKIE: I'm breathing. Hey, was that Andy d\*ck out in the hallway?

JACKSON: No, honey. This happened last time. You go into labor, you start thinking you see famous people.

SOOKIE: Right. Suddenly my midwife was Wolf Blitzer.

LORELAI: Hey, you need me to unpack you?

NURSE: You probably don't have to. We have everything she needs all set up. [She leaves the room.]

JACKSON: You know, we guys always pack a suitcase. Useless. So, have you been thinking about names? I'm leaning toward Ethan for a boy. Or Glenda if it's a girl. Although I like Martha, too. And Rupert for a boy.

SOOKIE: They're all good, sweetie.

JACKSON: Hey, whatever we don't use, we just save for the next one, right?

SOOKIE: Right, right. The next one.

JACKSON [to Lorelai]: Hey, will you stay with her? I've got to go call my most delivery guys and let them know what's happening.

LORELAI: Yep. I'll be here. [Jackson leaves.] Comfortable?

SOOKIE: I am, Penelope Cruz.

[They laugh. Lorelai pulls an apple out of her purse.]

SOOKIE: Really?

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: You're eating an apple?

LORELAI: Oh, I'm sorry. I'll put it away.

SOOKIE: No, eat! I'm just surprised, it's not your thing.

LORELAI: I know! But we were by a vending machine checking you in. It was there, and it looked good. [She takes a bite.]

SOOKIE: It does look good. Oh, it looks like Ben Stiller.

LORELAI: Hm. [She examines the apple.] Um, hey, Sookie, um, when did you know for sure?

SOOKIE: About what?

LORELAI: That you were pregnant. How could you tell?

SOOKIE: Don't you remember? 'Norman Mailer!'

LORELAI: Mm. Right, right. Norman Mailer.

SOOKIE: I wonder how Norman is. I had a dream about him the other night, and he was yelling at someone to shut up and read Joyce.

LORELAI: How long was the Norman Mailer moment after you and Jackson, uh, conceived?

SOOKIE: Wow. Uh, well, I don't know, a few weeks?

LORELAI: It was weeks?

SOOKIE: I think.

LORELAI: And you didn't know before? Not a feeling, or anything?

SOOKIE: I don't know. You've had one before, don't you remember?

LORELAI: Yeah. It's been a while.

SOOKIE: Why are you asking?

LORELAI: Oh, I don't know. Just being in a maternity ward makes me wonder about these things.

NURSE [arriving]: I'm going to see how far along she is. We'll be a couple of minutes.

LORELAI: Oh, sure. [She whispers to Sookie] She looks like Marlo Thomas.

SOOKIE: See? It's not just me.

LORELAI: I'll be outside.

[Lorelai walks out into the waiting area. She interrupts a doctor who is walking by.]

LORELAI: Oh, excuse me, uh, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Yes.

LORELAI: Hi. You're not off to save a life, are you?

DOCTOR: Not at the moment.

LORELAI: Okay. Just, quick question. Um, pregnancy tests. What's the deal with them now? I haven't taken one in a couple of decades, and I was just wondering if they work any differently.

DOCTOR: No, they're more accurate now, but the process is similar.

LORELAI: Okay, so let's say you do it. Have sex. You know. How soon after can a test tell you anything?

DOCTOR: At least two weeks.

LORELAI: Not two days?

DOCTOR: It won't be definitive after just two days.

LORELAI: Boy. Sword of Damocles is really hovering over you for a couple weeks, there, huh?

DOCTOR: Pretty much.

LORELAI: Home tests can be pretty tricky, too. Can't buy one where I live, because people would see, and talk - it's a small town. And even afterwards, the garbage man could see the box in the trash, and blab, and you know, I like my garbage man, but again, it's a small town. It's not your problem. So, there's no machine?

DOCTOR: Machine?

LORELAI: Yeah, a machine you could stick me in. You know, putting pig vessels in people. Isn't there a machine that could tell me right away, away from the prying eyes of the garbage man?

DOCTOR: You really need to wait and take the test at the proper time.

LORELAI: Okay, see, I'm eating an apple. Now, normally, this would not be a sign of anything except hunger. Except I don't eat much fruit. I know I should, but I don't have a hankering for it. Had it when I was pregnant with my first kid, though. Kept craving those apples. And this morning, boy, was I craving an apple.

DOCTOR: Well, that could be a sign.

LORELAI: It could?

DOCTOR: Or not.

LORELAI: Okay. You're nice. You're sweet. I've taken up too much of your time. Thank you.

DOCTOR: No problem.

LORELAI: Okay.

[The doctor leaves her. Her cell phone rings.]

LORELAI: Hello?

[Scene cuts from Lorelai in the waiting room to Emily in her living room.]

EMILY: Lorelai, it's your mother. I just have a quick question.

LORELAI: Okay.

EMILY: Well, I got my ballerina.

LORELAI: Oh, which one? Sachenka?

EMILY: No, I waited too long, and Mitzi Hertford sure scooped her up. It's okay, because Sachenka tore a ligament last year and is probably washed up. I got Paola.

LORELAI: Oh, Paola.

EMILY: Blond hair, b\*llet body. So petite, but thighs that could break concrete.

LORELAI: Sounds good.

EMILY: They delivered her this morning and I have to tell you, it's been so much fun! She speaks this charming broken English, and everything is so new and fresh to her.

LORELAI: I'm glad. So what's up?

EMILY: Well, Paola wandered into your room looking for the bathroom, she really doesn't know left from right, and she found that old toy of yours, the magic eight ball.

LORELAI: I can't believe that's still there.

EMILY: And she is mesmerized by it. She's been playing with it ever since, asking it questions. She won't put it down. And I was just wondering if I can let her keep it?

LORELAI: Oh, sure.

EMILY: It's practically glued to her hand.

LORELAI: Hmm. Whatever Paola wants, Paola gets.

EMILY: Good. Thank you!

PAOLA [from behind Emily]: It is yes! Yes! I'm going to be rich!

EMILY: I just want to hug the stuffing out of her! You'll meet her tomorrow night at dinner.

LORELAI: I'm looking forward to it.

EMILY: Bye, and thanks again!

LORELAI: Bye, Mom.

[She hangs up, and dials another number. Scene cuts to Rory in the dining hall at Yale.]

RORY: Hey, how's it going?

LORELAI: Oh, fine. She's all checked in, breathing normally, contracting painfully. The cursing should start any time now, everything's as it should be.

RORY: Good. I mean, that was weird, wasn't it? She was like, what, a week and a half early?

LORELAI: Yeah, those little buggers tend to come when they want to come.

RORY: I still can't get 'coming round the mountain' out of my mind. It's like one of those phrases, like 'drop it like it's hot' that I really wish I'd never heard.

LORELAI: Hey, um. [She glances at the guy sitting to her right, and gets up.] You're doing everything you need to do in that area, right?

RORY: What area?

LORELAI: Um, protection, to prevent something from coming round the mountain.

RORY: I hope so!

LORELAI: Hope? This is not an area where hope is good enough.

RORY: I think I have it covered, and that wasn't meant to be a euphemism.

LORELAI: Okay, 'think' is not good enough either. What kind of birth control do you use?

RORY: Um. [She glances around her.] I'm in the dining hall!

LORELAI: That was not my question.

RORY: People are, like, three feet away from me.

LORELAI: Listen, all I'm saying is you cannot leave it up to the guy, okay? They are not reliable.

RORY: I don't leave it up to the guy!

LORELAI: They get into this state, you know? Primordial. It's all very exciting, but so is eating a gallon of pudding, and believe me, you are going to regret that later. I use that as an example because I know you like pudding.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: You have got to figure, if he sh\*\*t, he scores. I mean, look around you. [She looks around.] There are babies popping out all over the place.

RORY: You are in a maternity ward! You've got a skewed sample there.

LORELAI: So you're caught up on the subject?

RORY: You've caught me up. Society has caught me up. The health channel on cable has caught me up. Miss Driscoll, the sad spinster gym teacher at Stars Hollow High has caught me up -

LORELAI: Miss Driscoll. Right, like she would ever need birth control.

RORY: I'm caught up. Honest.

LORELAI: Okay. Good.

RORY: Mom. What's going on with you?

LORELAI: Nothing.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI [sighs]: I might be pregnant.

RORY: Oh. [Pause] So, that's where this is coming from.

LORELAI: I blame Mom. She never sat me down for the talk. And Miss Driscoll. She had her chance too, all those PTA meetings, and all she ever talked about was golf.

RORY: How did this happen? I mean, if it's true?

LORELAI: Luke and I came home from the magazine party the other night. We were a little loopy and it got - primordial. All roadblocks down. I mean, I was always beyond careful. The last time I

had my roadblocks down was, I don't know, count how old you are to the day and add nine months.

RORY: But, that doesn't mean -

LORELAI: I just ate an apple.

RORY: Uh oh.

LORELAI: Yeah, and I liked it.

RORY: Whoa.

LORELAI: My body is telling me something.

RORY: Maybe it's not telling you what you think it is. Maybe it's just telling you to better comply with the government's recommendations for fruit and vegetable intake. That's not just propaganda, you know.

LORELAI: Maybe.

RORY: And -

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Well, would it be so horrible? I mean, it's Luke. [Pause.] It is Luke?

LORELAI: Yes, it's Luke!

RORY: Well, you guys are so close, it could be headed somewhere.

LORELAI: I know, but not right now, hon. It's early for us. You know? I mean, my life is going really good, just the inn and this new potential opportunity, and, you know. I just got rid of you. It's the first time in my life I've gotten to feel like a single, grownup woman. Now is just not the right time.

RORY: Okay. Well, maybe it's not true.

LORELAI: Yeah. Maybe.

RORY: But what are you going to do if it is?

LORELAI: I could really use my magic eight ball about now. I'm going to let you go, hon.

RORY: Keep me posted.

LORELAI: Okay. Bye.

[They hang up. Lorelai watches a pregnant woman get pushed by in a wheelchair.]

STAMFORD EAGLE GAZETTE - CONFERENCE ROOM

[Rory is setting out notepads and pencils around the empty table. Mitchum enters.]

MITCHUM: I'm early?

RORY: A little.

MITCHUM: It's not ten after twelve?

RORY: Oh, your watch must be fast.

MITCHUM: My wife probably set it ahead to get me home earlier. Never works.

RORY: It's eleven forty-nine.

MITCHUM [re-sets his watch, looks around]: Charmless, isn't it?

RORY: The room?

MITCHUM: Needs plants.

RORY: I can get plants.

MITCHUM: Ever been to the Tribunals? Chicago?

RORY: No.

MITCHUM: Cathedrals. Go if you ever get the chance.

RORY: I will.

[Her cell phone rings. She ignores it.]

MITCHUM: Going to get that?

RORY: Um, I'm not done here.

MITCHUM: You've got ten minutes. [He sits.] I'm going to stay here, catch up on e-mails and make everyone really uncomfortable that I beat them here.

RORY: Sounds good. [She answers her phone and stands outside the door.] Hey you!

LORELAI: It's a girl.

RORY: A girl? Oh good, we need a girl!

LORELAI: Why do we need a girl?

RORY: I don't know. Aren't there enough guys walking around out there?

LORELAI: Well, it's a beautiful girl, name to come, and Sookie's fine, Jackson's fine, everyone's fine.

RORY: Good.

LORELAI: Fourteen hours of labor was the downside, but Sookie has the rest of her little girl's life to get back at her for that.

RORY: I love the circle of life.

LORELAI: And there's more good news.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: It was a false alarm. I'm not pregnant. The crisis has passed.

RORY: Oh, Mom. Good. I'm glad.

LORELAI: You're glad? Huh. As the sight of babies isn't freaking me out anymore, I can enjoy the maternity ward again.

RORY: So what was with the apple?

LORELAI: I don't know. But I just had a Moonpie and a Ding-Dong and washed it down with an Orange Crush in the cafeteria, so no desire for anything nutritional.

RORY: Oh, thank God. I'm glad, Mom.

LORELAI: Yeah. So, listen. How about we reschedule Sookie's baby shower?

RORY: How? It's too late.

LORELAI: No. We'll throw a 'Welcome to the Earth, Baby Girl Belleville' party. Did you save the decorations?

RORY: Still in my car.

LORELAI: How about Saturday morning? That's when she gets home. Just come back with me tonight after dinner, we'll set it up at her house.

RORY: Sounds good. Hey, um, did you ever mention this pregnancy scare to Luke?

LORELAI: My God, no. Can you imagine? 'Uh, Luke, you're going to be a daddy.' Suddenly there's nothing left but a puff of smoke and a baseball cap spinning on the floor.

RORY: Yeah. He never seemed much like a family guy. This is for the best. Listen, um, I've got to get back. We have a big staff meeting in a few minutes and I want to get back and make sure everything's set up and ready.

LORELAI: I'll see you tonight, my one and only offspring.

RORY: Bye.

LORELAI: Bye.

[They hang up. Lorelai watches another woman in a wheelchair being pushed along. She smiles and calls out to her husband.]

LORELAI: Congratulations!

MAN: Thanks.

HOSPITAL -SOOKIE'S ROOM

[Jackson picks up the baby and walks over to Sookie in the bed.]

JACKSON: She's sound asleep.

SOOKIE: I'm not so bright-eyed myself.



JACKSON: Hey, before you go to sleep, we should probably decide on a name.

SOOKIE: I know. Names are so hard.

JACKSON: But the good thing, whatever names we don't use now, we just use on the next one.

SOOKIE: Yeah. You know, we need to talk about that.

JACKSON: Sure.

SOOKIE: I probably should have brought it up sooner, sorry.

JACKSON: No problem. What?

SOOKIE: You're getting a vasectomy.

JACKSON: What?

SOOKIE: You're getting a vasectomy.

JACKSON [laughs]: You got me. You got me. You're funny. Dark, but funny.

SOOKIE: I'm not joking, sweetie. We're cutting that tube. If it is a tube. I'm not really up on the procedure. The doctor doing it will be, though, so I'm sure he'll know.

JACKSON [stunned]: You're not kidding.

SOOKIE: I'm not kidding.

JACKSON: Sookie, come on!

SOOKIE: Jackson, we have one of each. We've kept the species going.

JACKSON: But I wanted four!

SOOKIE: And I wanted three. This is a good compromise.

JACKSON: I'm sorry. Two is not a compromise between three and four.

[A tall male nurse enters behind Jackson.]

SOOKIE: This is Reggie, he's going to take you down and have it done.

JACKSON: I'm having it done today?

SOOKIE: Yep.

JACKSON [looks at Reggie]: They sent the big nurse.

SOOKIE: Just in case.

[Another nurse takes the baby away from Jackson.]

JACKSON: Hey!

SOOKIE: You'll get her back afterwards. Now, it's just a quick outpatient procedure! You go in, lie

down, close your eyes, snip snip, and you're sh\*\*ting blanks.

JACKSON: Is this all I'm having done today, or do I need to get some glute implants or something?

SOOKIE: It's everything, I promise. Kiss before you go. [They kiss.] Hey, I just thought of the perfect name. First name Martha, middle name Janice-Lori-Ethan-Rupert-Glenda-Carson-Daisy-Danny.

JACKSON [smiles]: You got them all in.

SOOKIE: Now go get cut.

[Jackson goes. The nurse brings Sookie the baby.]

ELDER GILMORE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

[The doorbell rings. Emily answers it. Lorelai is holding a bag.]

LORELAI: Hi, Mom.

EMILY: Lorelai, come in, come in. I want you to meet my special guest.

LORELAI: I'm curious to meet her.

[Emily smirks and lets her in. A young man is standing in the foyer.]

LORELAI: Oh, boy. She sure looked different in her picture.

EMILY: This is Mikhail. Mikhail, my daughter Lorelai.

LORELAI [waves]: Hi.

MIKHAIL: Hello.

LORELAI: What happened to Paola?

EMILY: Oh, that annoying little stick? She drove me crazy.

LORELAI: Hm. You loved her.

EMILY: There was something wrong with her. So flighty, so skinny. She made no noise when she walked, so you couldn't hear her coming. I felt like I was being stalked by an elf.

[The maid quietly walks up beside Lorelai and takes her coat.]

LORELAI: Thank you.

EMILY: She had the mentality of a preschooler. If she was sitting when she laughed, she would clap her feet together. Smoked like a fiend, too.

LORELAI: Uh-huh.

EMILY: And she kept playing with that obnoxious magic eight ball of yours. She'd ask it the same question over and over until she got the answer she wanted. I told her that's not how it works. You're supposed to accept the first answer it gives you and that's that, but no. She kept going. I

wanted to stick the little twig in the garbage disposal. So I exchanged her for Mikhail.

LORELAI: Really? You can do that, just trade her in for another human being?

EMILY: I paid for her, Lorelai, and she wasn't what I wanted.

LORELAI: All right.

EMILY: Isn't he stunning?

LORELAI: He's easy on the eyes, yes.

EMILY: You should see him stretch. Do you want Luminista to take your bag?

LORELAI: No, I'm going to keep it with me. There's something I want to show you.

EMILY: Oh, good. Shall we go in the living room? He's learning English, so keep your words short.  
[Slowly] Living room!

MIKHAIL [gestures for them to lead the way into the room]: Yes, please.

EMILY: What a value.

STAMFORD EAGLE GAZETTE

[The staff meeting is going on. Mitchum has his feet up on the table and Rory is watching attentively from the corner.]

SAM: How interested are Stamford residents in a city forty miles away?

LUCILLE: They're interested.

SAM: That just takes resources away from covering local events.

LUCILLE: That are less interesting than events taking place in New York City.

SAM: If they're that interesting, we should take a couple of our own calendar staffers. Freelancers are a pain in the butt.

LUCILLE: So, Franz Ferdinand comes to New York, forget freelancers, you'll go cover it?

SAM: I didn't say that. Who's he?

[The other staff laugh at him.]

HARRY: He's a band.

SAM: Watch it, Pisher.

MITCHUM: Even I knew that, Sam.

SAM: Mitchum, please. Arbitrate.

MITCHUM: And spoil the fun? No way.

SAM: It's your money.

LUCILLE: Money well spent.

LLOYD: It's not your money, Lucille.

MITCHUM: Look, keep the system as is. We don't even have office space for extra people, let alone the budget. Go to Universities. [He glances at Rory. She nods back.] Yale, wherever. Get volunteers to pick up what our staff can't cover. Those kids jump at the chance.

HARRY: I'll pick up some slack.

SAM: After you pick up my dry cleaning, right?

HARRY: I'll pick that up too.

MITCHUM: Good, Harry, don't let him push you around.

CHARLIE: Are we going to end this marathon before we get to subscriptions? Please say no.

SAM: Charlie's feeling neglected again.

MITCHUM: Where are we with our sales department, Charlie?

CHARLIE: Abundant turnover. We have to start paying more.

MITCHUM: Oh!

LUCILLE: That got the boss where it hurts.

MITCHUM: Minimum wage plus twenty percent commission?

CHARLIE: And all the stale pastry they can eat.

MITCHUM: Up it to thirty.

LLOYD: Okay, now I'm in pain.

MITCHUM: Crunch the numbers, Lloyd, and get them to me. You never go behind the back of Captain Crunch!

LLOYD [to Charlie]: We should get together Monday.

MITCHUM: Let's all resume this Monday. Go home! [They get up to leave.] Meet your kids, feed your dogs! Have a good one.

[The room empties.]

RORY: That was fun.

MITCHUM: Yeah. Yeah, that's the way those things should go. Give and take. The less I say, the better.

RORY: Can I get you anything?

MITCHUM: No, I'm about to take off, here.

RORY: Okay.

MITCHUM: So, I'm going to be pulling back here soon.

RORY: From the paper?

MITCHUM: I've done my damage. It's time for them to take it and make something of it.

RORY: Oh. Okay.

MITCHUM: I'll probably be in Monday, maybe Tuesday, then not so much, after that.

RORY: Well, I'm happy to keep going. Even without you here.

MITCHUM: You know, you and I haven't really sat down and talked about the situation, about how you're doing here, and all.

RORY: Well, you've been busy.

MITCHUM: I've meant to. Offered you the job, took you under my wing. It's part of the deal.

RORY: Great! I'd love your feedback.

MITCHUM: Go on and sit.

[They sit down, Rory with a notepad.]

MITCHUM: I've worked with a lot of young people over the years. Interns, new hires. I've got a pretty good gut sense for people's strengths and weaknesses. Whether they have that certain something to make it in journalism. It's a tough business. Lot of stress.

RORY [smiling]: Definitely.

MITCHUM: And I have to tell you. You don't got it.

[Rory is stunned.]

MITCHUM: Now, guts can be wrong. Mine's been wrong before. But not often.

RORY: I thought I was doing okay.

MITCHUM: I just don't really think that you have the drive to put yourself out there, to be honest. To get a story. To dig. I mean, just now in this meeting, I encouraged everyone to say whatever they wanted. You said nothing.

RORY: I wasn't sure if I should.

MITCHUM: Exactly. I mean, you saw Harry. He jumped right into the fire. You didn't.

RORY: But Harry's not an intern!

MITCHUM: Doesn't matter.

RORY [near tears]: I've always done what's asked of me.

MITCHUM: See, the thing is, in the real world, it's not always good enough to do just what's asked of

you.

RORY: But I thought I was in a really good rhythm with everyone here.

MITCHUM: I'm not saying you're not competent. You're smart. You're terrific at anticipating needs. Actually, you'd make a great assistant.

RORY: Oh.

MITCHUM: I'm sorry. It's not my pleasure to disappoint someone like you. Especially you. What with the extenuating circumstances. But it's healthy. I don't know any other way. I don't B.S.

RORY: I should get back.

[She gets up and heads for the door. Mitchum stands up.]

MITCHUM: Hey, listen. I know this is rough, but, uh, I may have just done you a big favor.

RORY: Oh. Okay. Thanks.

[She walks out and back to her workstation. She looks extremely troubled.]

STEAM ROOM

[Kirk and Luke are standing before the town elders. Kirk is in a towel. Luke is fully dressed.]

KIRK: He had no contract. He had nothing in writing. Granted, his offer matched the fair market value of the property but it was a rigged bid situation. The house wasn't even officially listed for sale.

TAYLOR: It wasn't a rigged bid, Kirk!

ELDER #1: That's for the courts to decide.

ELDER #2: Get to the point, Kirk.

KIRK: The house should be re-listed. You should take the best offer from the person with the best chance of securing financing. That person is me.

ELDER #2: All right. Luke, what do you have to say to that?

LUKE: What the hell are we doing in a steam room?

TAYLOR: Luke, I explained to you that if you wanted to see the town elders you had to do it on their terms.

LUKE: This is ridiculous. I can't think in here.

ELDER #1: You should strip and get in a towel!

LUKE: I'm not getting in a towel.

KIRK: I think he's got body issues.

LUKE: I don't have body issues. I just don't agree with what's going on. How it's going on.

KIRK: Town elders, I don't think it's appropriate for the defendant to address you in this tone, is it?

LUKE: I'm not the defending, Kirk. This isn't a court. It's not even a room. It's a box full of hot air.

KIRK: Now he's insulting you.

LUKE: Listen. Old guys. I should get the house.

ELDER #2: Watch your manners, young man!

LUKE: I can get a loan -

KIRK: But I have deep pockets! Not now, I mean, right now I'm naked, but my pants have pockets.

LUKE: Who are you guys, anyway? What gives you the authority to make town decisions?

TAYLOR: Luke, this isn't helping.

KIRK: He's a hothead with body issues and shallow pockets.

LUKE: This isn't right. Taylor and I had an agreement.

KIRK: He needs therapy and probably pills.

[The elder in the back corner, who has kept his face hidden, speaks up.]

SUPREME ELDER: Luke should get the house.

LUKE: What?

KIRK: What?

SUPREME ELDER: It's the right thing to do. Kirk may have a better claim technically, but Luke wants it more.

KIRK: But -

SUPREME ELDER: I knew Luke's father. His grandfather. We all did. He'll care for the house because he cares so much about it. He wants it for him and Lorelai.

LUKE: For me and - [He points accusingly at Taylor] Did you -

SUPREME ELDER: We all watched Luke pine for Lorelai for nine long years. He waited for her while she went through her many relationships. He won her. Now he wants this for her. And for the others.

LUKE: Others? What others?

SUPREME ELDER: You'll bring children into the house.

KIRK: I'll bring children into the house, too! Maybe not my own.

SUPREME ELDER: It's right for Luke to have it. Kirk is young. There'll be other places for him to go. That's what I think.

ELDER #2: Well I agree.

ELDER #1: Me too. Luke should get the house.

KIRK: Rip!

LUKE: Thank you. Thank you, sir.

KIRK: Hey, Luke, it's a big yard you'll have there. A lot of lawn. I was wondering if we could talk about my rendering garden services? I have tools.

[Luke walks out of the steam room, followed by Kirk.]

ELDER GILMORE HOUSE

[Lorelai, Emily and Mikhail are in the living room.]

MIKHAIL: Sarrusta.

EMILY: Sarrusta.

MIKHAIL: Fantastic.

EMILY: And where is your town, Sarrusta?

MIKHAIL: Just outside Moscow.

EMILY: It sounds wonderful.

MIKHAIL: Our people die very young there.

EMILY: Oh. Well, that doesn't sound so good. [To Lorelai] What's in the bag?

LORELAI: Hm?

EMILY: You've been clutching that bag all night. What's in it?

MIKHAIL: She's got mystery bag.

EMILY: A mystery bag! Yes! What's in the mystery bag?

LORELAI: Oh. Well, um, this is my cover story.

EMILY: Your cover story? I thought it wasn't coming out for two weeks. Let me see that.

[She reaches out for it.]

LORELAI: Okay.

[She smiles nervously and pulls a magazine out of the bag. She passes it across to Emily.]

EMILY: Lorelai owns an inn, uh, what would you call it, maybe a dacha?

MIKHAIL: Dacha? Yes.

EMILY: This is it. [She shows him the photo on the cover.]



MIKHAIL: Ah, fantastic!

LORELAI: Thank you.

MIKHAIL: Great dacha, this dacha!

EMILY: Are there other pictures with the article?

LORELAI: Uh-huh. Go ahead and read it. We have time before dinner, right?

EMILY: We can't start dinner till Rory gets here. [To Mikhail] You're going to love my granddaughter. You'll just want to pick her up and throw her in the air. Give one to Mikhail, it's how he's learning English.

LORELAI: Got plenty to go around.

[She passes him a magazine. Emily flips hers open.]

EMILY: Oh, gorgeous!

LORELAI: Yes.

EMILY [smiles up at Lorelai]: It's a rave.

LORELAI: We got lucky.

[Lorelai watches Emily read. Emily's expression gets more serious. Lorelai jumps up.]

LORELAI: I'll be right back.

[Mikhail stands politely.]

EMILY: Where are you going?

LORELAI: Uh, I'll just, I'll be right back. Sit, Mikhail. I mean, I didn't mean that as a command. But please, have a seat. I'll just, I'm going to -

[She leaves the room. Emily and Mikhail keep reading.]

RICHARD'S STUDY

[Lorelai enters and closes the door behind her. We hear Emily's reaction to the article.]

EMILY [OS]: Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Lorelai!

[Her brisk footsteps approach the door. Lorelai locks it.]

EMILY [OS]: Lorelai! Are you in there?

LORELAI: No!

[Emily jiggles the door.]

EMILY [OS]: Come out of there.

LORELAI: No.

EMILY [OS]: This is pathetic!

LORELAI: I know.

EMILY [OS]: The things you say in this!

LORELAI: I, I know.

EMILY [OS]: Calling me Pol Pot!

LORELAI: Mom, it was meant as a joke! The Pol Pot, the walking anthrax. I was just being edgy, like Chris Rock!

EMILY [OS]: Walking anthrax!

LORELAI: You haven't gotten to that part yet?

EMILY [OS]: No!

LORELAI: Well, something to look forward to!

EMILY [OS]: I'm not going to continue talking about this through the door.

LORELAI: Look, Mom, I was mad at you when I did the interview, okay? And I said things, but I didn't mean them, it just happened! And I'm not used to talking to reporters. I didn't know about the whole 'off the record, on the record' thing. But I know now. And I'm really sorry it happened.

EMILY [OS]: I did not force Jimmy Carter out of his room at that hotel.

LORELAI: See, now that I thought was just an amusing anecdote.

EMILY [OS]: I did not get into a, quote, b\*tch-fight with him. He's an ex-president! It was with that insufferable Rosalyn.

LORELAI: Again, Mom, I am really, really sorry, and unless you forgive me, I, I am going to camp out in here possibly forever. Mom, I'm just - don't tell your friends about the article, so they won't read it, and the ones who do, just tell them I was misquoted and I would recommend that you stop reading the article right now, and just look at the pictures. The pictures are really pretty. [Pause, Lorelai waits for a response.] If you are applying expl\*sives to the door, please tell me, so I can step away.

[Pause.]

EMILY [OS]: I'll stop reading.

LORELAI: And we won't talk about it again, ever?

EMILY [OS]: Fine. Come out.

[Lorelai cautiously opens the door.]

EMILY: Let's go back to the living room.

LORELAI: Okay, Mom.

[Mikhail puts his jacket on and walks angrily toward the front door.]

MIKHAIL: Goodbye, Mrs. Gilmore.

EMILY: Mikhail, where are you going?

MIKHAIL: I must leave!

EMILY: Leave? Why? Mikhail!

[She runs after him.]

EMILY: Mikhail!

YACHT CLUB

[Night. Rory walks down the dock. We can hear laughter from the party on the yacht. She sees Logan talking to a girl at the edge of the boat. He is happy to see Rory.]

LOGAN: Hey! You're here early!

RORY: I guess.

LOGAN: Way early. Did you skip your dinner?

RORY: Come down here, so I don't have to yell.

[Logan comes down.]

LOGAN: So there she is.

RORY: Who?

LOGAN: The boat. Calling them 'she' is one of the most fun nautical traditions.

RORY: Right. Something sexist in that, I'm sure.

LOGAN: I'm sure. [He kisses her.] So how'd you get away?

RORY: I don't know, I just got away.

LOGAN: I'm glad.

RORY: So, who is she?

LOGAN: Who?

RORY: The girl on the boat.

LOGAN: Okay, I'm sorry, we were just calling the boat a she. I'm a little bit behind but I'm catching up. She's a friend of my sister's.

RORY: Well, I didn't mean to interrupt anything.

LOGAN: You weren't interrupting anything.

RORY: Looked like I was.

LOGAN: I've known her forever.

RORY: Well, I didn't mean to pull you away.

LOGAN: We were just talking. Me, her, and her husband. If you want, I can have them pull out pictures of their two-year-old. Ben has them in his jacket pocket.

RORY: Do you even want me here?

LOGAN: Ace, I invited you here.

RORY: Right. On Friday night, when you knew I couldn't come.

LOGAN: It's my sister's party. I didn't pick the night.

RORY: Traffic sucked getting here.

LOGAN: Sorry, but I can't do anything about the traffic either. Can we just, um -

[He points down the dock, where they can talk without anyone overhearing. They go there.]

LOGAN: What the hell is wrong with you?

RORY: Nothing. I'm just in a weird mood.

LOGAN: I'll say.

RORY: I'm sorry, I just - can we go somewhere else?

LOGAN: What?

RORY: Let's go somewhere else. I don't really feel like being around people.

LOGAN: Okay, name it.

RORY: Will your sister mind?

LOGAN: I've been here for an hour and a half, I've talked to everybody. My duty is done. Where do you want to go?

RORY: I don't know. Somewhere. Far. Out there.

LOGAN: Where?

RORY: Out to sea.

LOGAN: Out to sea.

RORY: Yeah. Let's take that fancy-pants yacht of yours for a spin.

LOGAN: Tricky, since it's about to head out with all of my sister's friends on it.

RORY: Oh. Well, don't you have another one?

LOGAN: Not here.

RORY: Well, where's the other one?

LOGAN: Far away. Let's just drive somewhere. Let's go to New York.

RORY: I don't want to drive. I want to be out there, just the two of us. Alone.

LOGAN: Well -

RORY: You know the beginning of Moby d\*ck, when the narrator says that when he finds himself growing grim about the mouth and wanted to knock people's hats off, he takes to the sea?

LOGAN: Yeah.

RORY: Well I feel like knocking people's hats off.

LOGAN: So I guess we got to take to the sea.

RORY [nodding, looks around]: That one looks good.

LOGAN: Yeah.

RORY: Nice and seaworthy.

LOGAN: Not ours to take.

RORY [shrugs]: That ever stopped you before?

LOGAN [smiles]: I think I've been a bad influence on you, Ace.

RORY: Let's go, Huntzberger.

LOGAN: Let's go.

[Rory grabs his hand as they run down the dock.]

ELDER GILMORE'S LIVING ROOM

[Lorelai explains to Mikhail, who is sitting, arms folded across his chest, glaring at her.]

LORELAI: See, I was mad at Mom - Mrs. Gilmore, here, at the time, and I ended up saying things I shouldn't have said, because, you see, normally, I don't make jokes about Joseph Stalin. They're inappropriate. I just said it, and just to this writer, and she printed it. I mean, she's not Joseph Stalin. And, not that there's any excuse, but there is no way I could have known that a Russian man whose entire family and their village was k\*llled by Stalin would be reading this in front of me, I mean, there's just no way.

EMILY: She has this off-putting sense of humor, Mikhail. You'd know that if you spent time with her.

LORELAI: Yes, you would. You would know that.

MIKHAIL: Yes.

LORELAI: I mean, Joseph Stalin was a monster. So, please, stay. You just caught us on a bad day.

MIKHAIL: All right.

[Lorelai's cell phone rings.]

LORELAI: Um, this must be Rory. [She pulls the phone out of her bag.] Excuse me. [She gets up.] Hello?

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Hey, um, when are you getting here? I really, really want you here.

RORY: You need to come and get me.

LORELAI: Where are you?

END