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03x13 - Dear Emily And Richard

by **destinyros2005**

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Posted: **02/16/03 12:03**

3.13 - Dear Emily and Richard

written by Amy Sherman-Palladino

directed by Gail Mancuso

transcript by Stacy

OPEN AT ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai, Richard and Emily are sitting in the living room]

LORELAI: Mom, I swear, it was Aunt Maureen.

EMILY: Aunt Maureen would never hike up her skirt in public.

LORELAI: She would after half a gallon of eggnog.

EMILY: Richard, who was the one who got drunk at our Christmas party and hiked up her skirt in front of the Town and Country photographer?

RICHARD: I'm sorry, did you say something?

LORELAI: I don't know about you, Mom, but I've never felt so fascinating in my entire life.

[Rory walks in]

RORY: I'm so sorry I'm late. Hi Grandma, Hi Grandma.

RICHARD: Hello Rory.

LORELAI: Oh, now he closes the paper.

RORY: Hey, Mom, I stopped by the bookstore on the way here.

LORELAI: You got them?

RORY: I got them!

EMILY: Got what?

LORELAI: Rory and I are starting to plan our Europe trip.

RORY: The day after graduation, we are gone.

RICHARD: Well, that sounds very exciting.

EMILY: Lorelai, what are these?

LORELAI: Those are guidebooks.

EMILY: "Europe Through the Backdoor." "The Rough Guide to Europe." What kind of guidebooks are these?

LORELAI: The cheap kind.

RORY: They have all the good information about backpacking and staying in hostels.

EMILY: Backpacking and staying in hostels?

RICHARD: Who's backpacking and staying in hostels?

LORELAI: We are.

[Emily and Richard laugh]

EMILY: No, you're not.

RICHARD: What a ridiculous thought.

RORY: We are. We're going to backpack around Europe.

EMILY: Yes, I know, it's fun to tease your grandmother, dear. They're going to backpack across Europe, Richard.

RICHARD: I heard, sounds delightful. Perhaps we should join them.

EMILY: That sounds wonderful. Tomorrow I'll go out and buy some cutoffs.

LORELAI: Guys, we're not kidding.

EMILY: You're telling me you're seriously going to traipse across Europe with your possessions strapped to your back and sleep in a room with thirty other people?

LORELAI: Yes.

RICHARD: No.

RORY: Grandpa.

RICHARD: It's not safe. I forbid it. Call our travel agent.

RORY: But we want to be spontaneous. Jump a train to Paris, head off to Spain.

LORELAI: Oh no, it's raining in Spain. But since the rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain. . .

RORY: Looks like Italy for us!

LORELAI: Mamma mia!

RICHARD: You can still travel around aimlessly and stay in a decent hotel.

LORELAI: We wanna do it cheap.

EMILY: We'll pay.

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Grandma, it's going to be fun, really.

LORELAI: Kids do this all the time.

EMILY: Yes, but you're not a kid, you're a grown woman. What are people going to think when they see a grown woman bunking down with a bunch of twenty-year-olds?

LORELAI: Well, if the twenty-year-olds are cute, they'll probably think, "Lucky!"

RORY: Grandma, don't be upset. It really is going to be great.

EMILY: [reads from book] What's so traumatic about a night without a bed anyway? My survey shows those who have had the opportunity to be a refugee for a night have their perspectives broaden and actually enjoy the experience." Richard, this book is encouraging them to sleep in a park like a squirrel.

LORELAI: It's okay, Mom.

EMILY: My first trip to Europe, I went to Paris and stayed at the Ritz.

LORELAI: Well, I tell you what, if it'll make you happy, we'll go to Paris and eat out of their dumpster.

[opening credits]

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[The construction crew is working in front of the soda shop]

TOM: All of this goes in there. Let's move, we're getting backlogged.

DEAN: Tom, I brought over the nails you asked for.

TOM: Good. Get the guy's lunch orders, will ya?

DEAN: Already done.

TOM: You're a good kid, Dean. You hardly bug me at all.

DEAN: High praise.

TOM: Yeah, yeah, go, get the food. And don't forget the pickles.

DEAN: I wouldn't dare.

TOM: Oh, what do I gotta say to get this crap inside where it belongs? You got a language I'm not privy to? □Cause I'm a fast learner.

MISS PATTY: Dean-o, Dean-o, Dean-o. If you grow any taller, I'm gonna have to get myself some mountain climbing equipment.

DEAN: You're getting dangerous to even walk near, you know that, Patty.

MISS PATTY: I've been told.

DEAN: You looking for Mr. Doose?

MISS PATTY: Oh, precious, no. I'm just looking.

DEAN: Ah.

MISS PATTY: Yeah.

DEAN: Okay. Well, uh, enjoy.

MISS PATTY: Oh, I always do. Ahh.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Luke is leaning on the counter, reading a book]

JESS: Move.

LUKE: What? Oh, sorry.

JESS: What's that?

LUKE: It's nothing.

JESS: You reading?

LUKE: It's nothing.

JESS: I never see you reading.

LUKE: Will you just. . .I read.

JESS: What are you reading?

LUKE: I read, I read.

JESS: What do you read?

LUKE: Invoices, expiration dates.

JESS: I stand corrected. [takes Luke's book]

LUKE: Hey!

JESS: "Hidden Romantic Gems of the Restaurant World." Well, well, well.

LUKE: I would like my property back, please.

JESS: Planning something special?

LUKE: No, nothing special. I'm just taking Nicole to dinner on Friday and I wanna find a place.

JESS: A place you don't normally go to?

LUKE: Yes.

JESS: So a special place.

LUKE: Will you stop saying that word, please? And yes.

JESS: Find anything good?

LUKE: Every single description in here talks about tablecloths and dish design, nothing about the food.

JESS: You are really going through an awful lot for this lawyer.

LUKE: She's not a lawyer. I mean, yes, she's a lawyer, but she's also a lady, and a very nice lady who probably expects good food with her fancy plates and sparse yet elegant décor.

JESS: You're pathetic when you're in love.

LUKE: I'm not in love, I'm dating. This is what you do when you're dating.

JESS: It's not what I do when I'm dating.

LUKE: Well, Rory's a lucky girl. Work. I'm going upstairs.

JESS: Fine, but if a horse-drawn carriage shows up here, my throwing up will be eternal.

[Dean walks up to the counter]

DEAN: I gotta place an order.

JESS: Talk into the clown.

DEAN: I am.

JESS: What do you want?

DEAN: Six burgers, three with cheese -- two cheddar, one Swiss. Two plain, one with chili, cheese and onions on the side. Your memory's that good?

JESS: You're screwing with me.

DEAN: I'm placing an order.

JESS: For all of Connecticut?

DEAN: For the construction crew next door.

JESS: Oh, you're Taylor's errand boy now.

DEAN: And you're Taylor's waitress.

JESS: Say that a little closer.

DEAN: I thought you had a girlfriend.

JESS: Give me your order and get out.

DEAN: Service with a smile. Uh, six burgers, three cheese -- two cheddar, one Swiss. Two plain burgers, one chili burger with cheese and onions on the side. Three ham on ryes - one mayo, one mustard, one combo. A combo means mustard and □

JESS: I know what a combo means.

DEAN: Sorry, guess that confused look is just how your face is.

JESS: Do you wanna talk about this outside?

DEAN: Just as soon as I'm finished. Uh, four hot dogs. Two egg salads on white. One chicken salad on wheat. A chef's salad with ranch. Five fries. Five onion rings. Two chips. Extra pickles.

JESS: On what?

DEAN: Excuse me?

JESS: What are the extra pickles on?

DEAN: On the side.

JESS: On the side of what? On the side of the burgers, on the side of the sandwiches, or on the side of the road where the ditch I'm gonna dump your body into is?

DEAN: Just make sure there's enough for everyone.

JESS: Fine.

DEAN: Aren't you gonna read it back?

JESS: Nope.

DEAN: Okay, but these men were hired by Taylor, which means if they aren't satisfied with their orders, they will send them back. And they will continue to send them back until they are happy, which means you could be making this order until you die.

JESS: Six burgers, three with cheese □ two cheddar, one Swiss.

DEAN: Slower, please. I'm checking them off as we go.

JESS: Two plain burgers, one chili with cheese and onion on the side.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai is at the front desk on the phone]

LORELAI: [on phone] Hey, it's your party, we just want you to be happy. Okay. No problem. All right, I'll talk to you then. [hangs up] Ridgemont called.

MICHEL: No.

LORELAI: He's changing his mind about the theme for his retirement party again.

MICHEL: No!

LORELAI: We have to call the florist.

MICHEL: But this is the fourth theme he's picked. He had the fishing one, and the Kentucky Derby with the chocolate horsies, and the Tibet with the Richard Gere pictures everywhere.

LORELAI: I know.

MICHEL: And he promised that the golf would be the last one.

LORELAI: Well, he decided that golf was dull and he doesn't want to be remembered as dull.

MICHEL: Would he like to be remembered as limping, because I can be a fabulous help with that.

[They walk to the dining room, where workers are decorating the room in a golf theme]

LORELAI: Hey, guys. . .

[Everyone groans]

LORELAI: I'm sorry, I'm really sorry.

MICHEL: Here's an idea ▫ it's a retirement party, yes? Okay. So what happens after you retire? You die.

LORELAI: He changed his mind.

LANE: Again?

MICHEL: So, why don't we dig a big hole, throw him in, hand everybody a shovel, they take turns covering him up. We go inside, have dinner, the wife gets used to eating alone. . .

LORELAI: We are not going to bury him alive.

MICHEL: Well, fine then. What is the new theme?

LORELAI: He is calling me back at four.

RORY: I got the flags and. . .he changed his mind again.

LANE: He's worse than my mother at the Glory of Easter T-shirt stand.

LORELAI: You kept the receipt, I hope.

RORY: Yup.

LORELAI: Good God, this party is gonna be the death of me.

MICHEL: Or someone.

LORELAI: Go call the florist.

RORY: You're stressed.

LORELAI: You're observant.

RORY: Well, I was going to save this for later, but you look like you need it now.

LORELAI: What's that?

RORY: I have been cordially invited to Sherry Tinsdale's C-section.

LORELAI: No way!

RORY: [reads from invitation] Friday, February seventh, six o'clock p.m. Join the girls for a toast, a hug, a wave to the mommy as they wheel her off, dinner at Sushi Sushi, and then back to the hospital for a formal viewing of brand-new baby Georgia. RSVP at your earliest convenience. P.S. -- gifts are not necessary, but always appreciated.

LORELAI: I don't even know where to start.

RORY: I knew you would like it.

LORELAI: You have to RSVP to a C-section.

RORY: And bring a gift.

LORELAI: I wonder if Laura Mercier makes Demerol.

RORY: You wanna keep it?

LORELAI: Oh, yes, please.

RORY: But don't lose it. I need the phone number.

LORELAI: So, are you going?

RORY: Well, I don't know. I mean, I know it's weird, but I kind of wanna see Georgia. She's sort of my sister.

LORELAI: She's more than sort of your sister.

RORY: I just think it would be cool to meet her the night that she's born. It's a good story to talk about.

LORELAI: You should go.

RORY: I should, shouldn't I?

LORELAI: And you should take pictures and wear a hidden microphone 'cause I wanna hear everything.

RORY: I'll see what I can do.

LORELAI: Oh, sh**t.

[Lorelai walks to the kitchen, where Sookie is frosting a golf ball cake]

LORELAI: Sook. . .

[Sookie flips the cake into the garbage can]

SOOKIE: God!

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory walk up to the house with boxes of Beanie Babies]

RORY: I just need to go on record that a grown man should not throw himself a Beanie Baby retirement party.

LORELAI: Just hold your breath this one actually takes.

RORY: And how is Sookie supposed to plan a Beanie Baby menu?

LORELAI: Lots of beans.

RORY: I think this is ridiculous.

LORELAI: Angel face, you need to learn that there are going to be times in your life when you have to do ridiculous things for money. If you're Adrian Zmed, that includes everything that ever happens in your whole career. [sees a box on the porch] Oh Rory, come on. Did you order from Amazon again? 'Cause we're going to get your books their own house.

RORY: I didn't, I swear.

LORELAI: It's from my mother.

RORY: What is it?

LORELAI: It's heavy. Must be her hopes and dreams for me.

RORY: I thought she discarded those years ago.

[they walk into the house]

LORELAI: Just drop the Beanies by the door. [reads note attached to the box] "Girls, here are some travel books I stumbled across in your father's study. I thought they could help in the planning of your European adventure." She's insane.

RORY: We have travel books.

LORELAI: No, sweetie, these aren't our kind of travel books. These are Paris and Nicky Hilton's kind of travel books.

RORY: [pulls some books out of the box] "Selected Hotels of Europe," "Hotels, Restaurants and Inns of Great Britain and Ireland, 1986", "Myra Waldo's Travel and Motoring Guide to Europe, '78."

LORELAI: Wow, these will be an enormous help in planning our trip. Hey, you wanna go see the Berlin Wall?

RORY: Sounds great.

LORELAI: My God, I remember these books. I think the only person in my house who ever read them was me.

RORY: This hotel is five hundred dollars a night.

LORELAI: Five hundred dollars a night twenty years ago.

RORY: What could a hotel possibly have that would make it five hundred dollars a night?

LORELAI: An English menu?

FLASHBACK ▢ ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Young Lorelai and Christopher walk through the front door]

LORELAI: Christopher, stop it, I'm trying to open the door. Graceful and lovely they enter.

CHRISTOPHER: Is she home?

LORELAI: I don't know. Mom, are you home?

CHRISTOPHER: Mom, are you home?

LORELAI: Shh, she'll hear you.

CHRISTOPHER: So, she likes me.

LORELAI: Oh, that's right. Mom, it's me, Lorelai, I'm home! I'm home and I'm taking my sweater off. I'm taking my sweater off and dropping it on the floor. I'm dropping it on the floor and walking away from it. I'm walking away from it and leaving it on the floor, and in two years I'm gonna register Democrat. Looks like no Emily.

CHRISTOPHER: Where's Sofia?

LORELAI: Fired.

CHRISTOPHER: Already.

LORELAI: She touched the Baccarat unicorn.

CHRISTOPHER: My God, is she insane?

LORELAI: Apparently so.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, so, to recap, there's no Emily and there's no Sofia.

LORELAI: And there's no supervision whatsoever. What will we do?

CHRISTOPHER: Let's celebrate.

LORELAI: Celebrate what?

CHRISTOPHER: No more midterms.

LORELAI: Hear, hear.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, I say that we drink to it.

LORELAI: Hear, hear.

CHRISTOPHER: Scotch, vodka, or gin?

LORELAI: Hear, hear.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay.

LORELAI: And put a cherry in it. It looks like the Gilmores are planning a trip again.

CHRISTOPHER: Where to this time?

LORELAI: Someplace fabulous where they'll stay at a fancy hotel with a lot of other rich Americans so they won't have to talk to anyone who actually lives in that country.

CHRISTOPHER: "Myra Waldo's Travel and Motoring Guide to Europe." Hello Myra.

LORELAI: Oh God, I hope they go over Christmas. That would be as holly jolly as it gets. Smooth.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, guess what I decided ▯ I'm not gonna go to college.

LORELAI: Are you serious?

CHRISTOPHER: I'm taking a year and I'm going to Europe. I'm gonna backpack, train it, sleep on a bench, see the world.

LORELAI: And you've told Straub and Francine about your big plans, I'm sure.

CHRISTOPHER: Ah, it doesn't matter.

LORELAI: Mmhmm.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm outta here the second that diploma's in my hand.

LORELAI: Sounds good.

CHRISTOPHER: You're coming with me.

LORELAI: Oh, I am?

CHRISTOPHER: Yup.

LORELAI: I'm sleeping on a bench? Okay, how does that picture look to you, ▯cause to me it looks like a big no.

CHRISTOPHER: Fine, you we get a room for, and then I'll just sleep on the bench outside.

LORELAI: Much better arrangement.

CHRISTOPHER: So you'll go?

LORELAI: Christopher, you're supposed to go to college. I'm supposed to go to college. Then you're supposed to join your dad's firm where you'll get a corner office and big stick to shove up your butt.

CHRISTOPHER: Change of plans.

LORELAI: You can't just change the plans. The plans came over on the Mayflower.

CHRISTOPHER: Come on, Lor. Let's get out of here, let's get away from this place. Let's take Myra and just bolt. Leave a note on the dining room table. "Dear Richard and Emily, I don't belong here, I'm going somewhere else, I'll call you when I get there. Love, Lorelai." How does that sound?

LORELAI: Well, the word "whoopie" comes to mind.

CHRISTOPHER: So, then, it's a plan.

LORELAI: It's a plan.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE (PRESENT)

[Lorelai and Rory are still looking through the guidebooks]

RORY: Hey, I want to sleep amongst thirteenth century tapestries and chocolates made by local artisans.

LORELAI: Okay, then, it's settled. We're not staying at any place that wasn't built for Napoleon the third's doctor or doesn't have a Chagall in the bathroom.

RORY: Hear, hear.

LORELAI: Now we just have to figure out how we're gonna pay for it. Hey, how good's your organ grinding?

CUT TO CHILTON

[Students are gathered in a meeting room]

MADELINE: I called last night and I asked her to talk me through the Korean w*r and she said she was busy.

LOUISE: Oh, she's definitely got a boyfriend.

MADELINE: I know.

LOUISE: Well, I for one think it's about time.

MADELINE: I agree.

LOUISE: It wasn't healthy, all that non-dating.

MADELINE: It definitely didn't help that whole skin thing she was going through.

LOUISE: How come she didn't tell us?

MADELINE: I think she just wanted to make sure it was gonna take.

LOUISE: So, tell us, what's this Jamie like?

RORY: You know, I really don't feel like talking about Paris right now. Or ever.

MADELINE: Oh, come on, you know him, we don't.

LOUISE: Is he sexy?

MADELINE: Does he have a good car?

LOUISE: How's the trust fund?

MADELINE: How's the profile?

LOUISE: Will the prom pictures work?

MADELINE: How are his friends?

LOUISE: Yes. Is there spin-off potential? [Paris walks in] Whoops.

MADELINE: Bye.

PARIS: Okay, everyone, gather around. I have in my hand the 2002 Franklin Yearbook photos. I got copies for everyone, so let's leave the Barney's clearance sale reenactment for another day, shall we? And, please take note of the fact that the idea of posing under the new school banner was a major, major success.

RORY: Um, Paris.

PARIS: Yes?

RORY: I'm sneezing.

PARIS: What?

RORY: In the picture. I'm sneezing and my head is turned.

PARIS: Oh, yeah, I noticed that, but every picture had something wrong with it and I had to pick the one that was the best for the largest number of people.

RORY: We took ninety pictures.

PARIS: What's your point?

RORY: My point is in ninety tries, there wasn't one other picture that was good for the group and didn't have me looking like I'm in Cirque du Soleil.

PARIS: Sorry. Life can play some cruel tricks sometimes.

RORY: Life had a little help from the Gellar camp this time. [cell phone rings] We are not done. [answers phone] Hello?

MAUREEN: Rory, hi, listen. I just got the call and □ hold on a sec. I'll call him back. I'm back, sorry. Where was I?

RORY: Who is this?

MAUREEN: Maureen Rollins, Sherry's friend.

RORY: Oh, yes, uh, right, Maureen, I'm sorry, I -

MAUREEN: Don't worry about it. Listen, I know the invitation said that we were all gathering at the c-section next week, but Sherry just went into labor.

RORY: What?

MAUREEN: She screwed up, she's in labor, and she wanted me to call all the girls and beg them to get down to the hospital ASAP.

RORY: Oh.

MAUREEN: It's a big screw-up.

RORY: I guess.

MAUREEN: Can you come?

RORY: Well. . .

MAUREEN: You're a child, right?

RORY: What?

MAUREEN: School?

RORY: Huh?

MAUREEN: School, you have school?

RORY: Uh, yes, I have school, but □

MAUREEN: Is there anyway you could reschedule school just for today? She completely screwed up, but she's still our Sherry.

RORY: Well, I'm actually done with school now. I could grab a train and □

MAUREEN: That would be the best, the absolute best. You are a great kid. She's at Boston Memorial. I will meet you there. Listen, I have Graydon Carter on the other line.

RORY: Who?

MAUREEN: Graydon Carter. I have to go.

RORY: Okay, bye.

FLASHBACK □ ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[A photographer is setting up in the living room]

EMILY: Please make sure the light is very soft. I want a luminous quality.

PHOTOGRAPHER: I'm gonna have to see the young lady before I can set the final lighting.

EMILY: Yes, of course. Arletta, did you call Lorelai?

ARLETTA: Yes, ma'am. Twenty minutes ago.

EMILY: And what did she say?

ARLETTA: She said she was still getting dressed. Do you want me to go up there again?

EMILY: No, I'll do it. I swear, you'd think that it was my coming out portrait, not hers, for the amount of concern she has about all of this. I'll be right back. Don't scratch the floor.

[Cut to upstairs □ Young Lorelai is in her bedroom trying to fit into her debutante gown. There's a knock at the door.]

LORELAI: Yeah?

EMILY: Lorelai, the photographer needs you downstairs.

LORELAI: I'll be there in a sec.

EMILY: He needs you now, not in a sec.

LORELAI: Okay.

EMILY: I don't hear you walking toward the door.

LORELAI: Mom, please.

EMILY: I'm coming in.

LORELAI: No.

[Emily walks into the bedroom]

EMILY: I don't have time for your attitude young lady. This man is being paid by the hour. Why aren't you dressed?

LORELAI: I just. . . I think the zipper's too new or stiff or something.

EMILY: Turn around, I'll do it. [tries to zip up the dress] Oh my God.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: It's not the zipper, it's the dress. It's too small.

LORELAI: Are you sure?

EMILY: Of course I'm sure. It's too small. How can it be too small? We had a fitting three months ago. Have you gained weight?

LORELAI: No.

EMILY: Hold your breath.

LORELAI: I am.

EMILY: Hold your breath!

LORELAI: I am!

EMILY: The only thing I can think of is the dressmaker must've written the measurements down wrong. Well, what are we supposed to do now? I certainly can't take a picture of you like that.

LORELAI: Sorry.

EMILY: I'll just have to have him come back next week. And I'm going to call that woman at the dress shop and give her a piece of my mind. My God, is everyone in the world completely incompetent? Put on your sweats and run around the block. You're gonna fit into the next dress no matter what.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER (PRESENT)

[Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Okay, I have five minutes to drink as much coffee as I can before I have to drive to Hartford to spend the evening with my mother alone and. . .who am I saying this to?

KIRK: I was listening.

LORELAI: Where's Luke?

KIRK: I don't know.

LORELAI: Well, is he here? Is he coming back? How fresh is that pot?

KIRK: I don't know, I don't know, it was sitting there when I got here but that's only been a minute so I don't know.

[Luke walks down from upstairs]

LORELAI: Oh, thank God. Hey, I desperately need a massive cup of coffee to go and □ what happened to your face?

LUKE: What do you mean?

LORELAI: It's visible.

LUKE: Oh, I shaved.

LORELAI: You going to the bank?

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: Funeral?

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: Drag club?

LUKE: Let's get you your coffee, shall we?

LORELAI: Hey, isn't that the sweater that □

LUKE: Yes, it is.

LORELAI: You look nice.

LUKE: Thank you.

LORELAI: What's the occasion?

LUKE: Oh, well ▯

[Nicole walks into the diner]

NICOLE: Hi.

LUKE: Hi.

LORELAI: Oh, it's a girl. It's a. . .

LUKE: Nicole, this is Lorelai.

NICOLE: Nice to meet you. I'm Nicole Leahy.

LORELAI: Lorelai Gilmore.

NICOLE: Wow, you look nice.

LUKE: Yeah, you, too.

NICOLE: So, you ready or should I sit down?

LUKE: No, let's go, I'm ready.

NICOLE: Okay. [her cell phone rings] Oh, I'm sorry. I'll just ▯

LORELAI: Oh, hey, hey Luke. . .

LUKE: She's a lawyer.

LORELAI: So what? Luke!

LUKE: Shh!

NICOLE: Hello? Yes. No, I'm sorry, Monday's not gonna work, it'll have to be Tuesday. Yes, well, your client breaking a contract is fairly annoying also, but we're all dealing with that. Terrific to hear. Bye Michael. [hangs up] Sorry. The phone is going off now.

LUKE: It's okay. Make as many calls as you want.

NICOLE: Nice meeting you.

LORELAI: You, too.

CUT TO HOSPITAL

[Rory steps off the elevator and walks up to a woman]

MAUREEN: [on phone] As soon as I can. All right, bye.

RORY: Maureen?

MAUREEN: Yes?

RORY: I'm Rory. I'm Christopher's daughter. You called me to come down.

MAUREEN: Rory, yes, sweetie, thank God you're here. Sherry's gonna be so happy to see you. She's a basketcase. Well, who wouldn't be, right?

RORY: Where's everyone else?

MAUREEN: Oh, they're working.

RORY: What?

MAUREEN: Well, we had all planned on next week, but Sherry screwed up, so what can you do? Thank God you're here. She'll be thrilled. She's feeling a little abandoned. Now, she's right in there. Do not mention how fat she is. For some reason, she's extremely sensitive about that today. Okay, kiss. I'll call you later to find out how everything's going.

RORY: Wait, where are you going?

MAUREEN: I've gotta get back to work. I'm swamped today.

RORY: You're leaving me here alone?

MAUREEN: Believe me, I would love to stay hon □ impossible. What can I say? Sherry screwed up. Anyhow, you'll be fine. If you need anything, call.

RORY: I don't have your number.

MAUREEN: Sherry's got it. [walks away]

[Rory walks into Sherry's room]

RORY: Sherry? It's Rory.

SHERRY: Rory? Oh my God, I'm so glad you're here.

RORY: How are you?

SHERRY: This wasn't supposed to happen now.

RORY: I know.

SHERRY: Christopher's out of town. I think Maureen called him and left a message but it doesn't matter because he's not here. Where's Maureen?

RORY: Oh, well, she had to go back to work, but she said she'd call later.

SHERRY: She's at work?

RORY: Yes.

SHERRY: I'm lying in a bed. God knows what's gonna happen.

RORY: Well, you're going to have a baby.

SHERRY: And she goes back to work. I would love to go back to work, but I can't because I have to

stay here.

RORY: Well, yeah, because you're going to have a baby.

SHERRY: She's not here. None of my friends are here. Christopher isn't here. No one is here. No one but you. Thank God you're here, Rory. I don't think that I could do this by myself because this wasn't supposed to happen until next week. I wrote it down. I wrote it down. I wrote it down!

RORY: Boy, do you look thin.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE (PRESENT)

[Emily opens the door for Lorelai]

EMILY: Well, it's a rare treat to have an evening alone with my daughter uncoerced.

LORELAI: Yes, it is, isn't it?

EMILY: So Rory's at the hospital?

LORELAI: Uh, yeah. She's gonna see her new half-sister fresh from the oven.

EMILY: Well, that's about an unpleasant a description as I've ever heard. I thought we'd have martinis.

LORELAI: Very good thought.

EMILY: Olives?

LORELAI: Twist.

EMILY: So how's Rory feeling about Christopher's new baby?

LORELAI: She's very excited. It's kind of cute.

EMILY: You should've gotten her a puppy.

LORELAI: Stop. No maid tonight?

EMILY: Leloni usually takes Sundays off, but she wanted to switch and seeing as it's just you and I, I said yes.

LORELAI: Leloni, huh? Very exotic name.

EMILY: She's from Honolulu.

LORELAI: Cool. Does she know Don Ho?

EMILY: No.

LORELAI: Charo?

EMILY: No.

LORELAI: The C&H Pure Cane Sugar dancers?

EMILY: Lorelai, please, we don't have a buffer here tonight.

LORELAI: So who cooked dinner? Ugh, please don't tell me it's you because we can always. . .diet.

EMILY: Leloni made a roast before she left and I heated it up.

LORELAI: You did?

EMILY: I even added a little wine to the pan to keep it from drying out.

LORELAI: Well, who died and made you Sara Moulton?

EMILY: Drink this and be quiet.

LORELAI: So, um, how long is Dad gone for this time?

EMILY: Two weeks.

LORELAI: Didn't he just come home last week?

EMILY: Yes, he did.

LORELAI: So business must be pretty good?

EMILY: I suppose. He has to work twice as hard as he ever did, and I'm still not sure that he's actually made a dime yet. However, he does seem to be having the time of his life, so what can you do?

LORELAI: Nothing, I guess. Hey Mom, can I ask you something?

EMILY: Of course you can.

LORELAI: What do you do while Dad is gone?

EMILY: Well, I do all sorts of things.

LORELAI: Like what?

EMILY: Well, I keep this house running.

LORELAI: Uh huh.

EMILY: And I have my DAR meetings and there's always a thousand calls to make. I have functions and fundraising events to organize. A million different things.

LORELAI: Okay, but what do you do at night?

EMILY: Excuse me?

LORELAI: I mean, you don't organize functions at night, do you?

EMILY: What are you insinuating?

LORELAI: I'm not insinuating anything, Mom. I'm just trying to find out a little bit about your life.

EMILY: Well, your father calls every night at nine o'clock and we talk.

LORELAI: So, you spend fifteen minutes talking to Dad and then you hang up the phone and you □ what? Watch television?

EMILY: I don't watch that much television. I don't find forensic work quite as fascinating as the rest of the world.

LORELAI: But you have cable, right? I mean, you could watch movies.

EMILY: Yes, but I never know where the maid puts that guide they send you, so I always wind up turning it on after a movie has already started and I don't like to come in on the middle of things.

LORELAI: But you could tape the movies, or get a DVD player.

EMILY: I don't need a DVD player.

LORELAI: Well, why not? Then you could buy all those musicals you love and watch them whenever you felt like it.

EMILY: I'm not an invalid, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Well, of course you are, Mother. Why else would I suggest a DVD player?

EMILY: I can fill my time all by myself and I'd like you to drop this conversation right now.

LORELAI: Where are you going?

EMILY: We're going to eat. [starts walking toward the kitchen]

LORELAI: [follows her] Just because you leave the room doesn't mean the conversation's over. I started the conversation. The conversation's in me. Therefore, when I get over there, the conversation's just gonna start up again.

FLASHBACK □ ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Emily, Richard, and Christopher's parents are talking in the living room]

STRAUB: This is unbelievable. Absolutely unbelievable.

FRANCINE: I feel sick.

STRAUB: Everything's gone. It's been tossed right out the window. Stop crying.

EMILY: Here Francine, drink your water. We all need to calm down. Getting upset isn't going to get us anywhere.

FRANCINE: What do we tell people?

EMILY: Well, who needs to know?

STRAUB: What do you mean, who needs to know?

EMILY: You don't have to yell at me, Straub.

STRAUB: Everybody has to know, Emily. Everybody will know. We can't pretend this didn't happen.

FRANCINE: You could send her away.

EMILY: Excuse me?

FRANCINE: Aren't there places that take girls like that?

EMILY: Girls like what, Francine?

FRANCINE: Well, girls in. . . I can't handle this, I can't handle this at all.

STRAUB: Stop crying, dammit.

EMILY: Christopher is just as much to blame as Lorelai is.

STRAUB: Like hell he is.

EMILY: They are in this together.

STRAUB: I don't see why. Why should Christopher sacrifice everything we've planned for him just because □

EMILY: Choose your words extremely carefully, Straub.

FRANCINE: Emily, you know we love Lorelai, you know that. But Christopher's so young, he's a baby.

EMILY: Well, Lorelai's not exactly collecting social security.

STRAUB: Why doesn't she get rid of it?

EMILY: What?

FRANCINE: Straub.

STRAUB: It's an option.

EMILY: It certainly is not an option.

STRAUB: Why not?

EMILY: Because I say so.

STRAUB: Then what the hell are you suggesting, Emily? What's your great solution to this problem?

RICHARD: They will get married, they will live here, and Christopher will go to work at my company. That is the solution. Now, we have a plan so we can all stop talking about it. Please excuse me, I have work to do.

EMILY: I think Richard's plan sounds very sensible.

STRAUB: I just have one question □ why his company?

EMILY: What do you mean, his company?

STRAUB: Well, I have a law firm. Christopher could go to school.

[pan to Young Lorelai and Christopher sitting on the staircase]

LORELAI: I know we're all upset here folks, but maybe we should ask the kids what they think.
Lorelai, Christopher, anything to add here?

CHRISTOPHER: Quiet, they'll hear you.

LORELAI: Not likely. I don't know how much longer I can just sit here like this.

CHRISTOPHER: It's okay, let them talk.

LORELAI: They're talking about us.

CHRISTOPHER: They're trying to figure out what to do.

LORELAI: What to do with our lives □ our lives! Yours and mine and. . .its.

CHRISTOPHER: We're gonna need their help.

LORELAI: We can take care of ourselves.

CHRISTOPHER: How?

LORELAI: We'll figure it out.

CHRISTOPHER: It's okay. It sounds okay.

LORELAI: What sounds okay?

CHRISTOPHER: You know, working for your dad, living here. It sounds okay.

LORELAI: Chris, no! What about Europe? What about sleeping on a bench in Paris?

CHRISTOPHER: We can't do that now. I have to get a job.

LORELAI: No!

CHRISTOPHER: I have to make money.

LORELAI: No!

CHRISTOPHER: It's okay, really.

EMILY: [in background] You're not even listening to each other.

STRAUB: [in background] Oh, for God's sake Francine, shut up!

CUT TO HOSPITAL ROOM (PRESENT)

[Rory is sitting next to Sherry's bed talking on a cell phone]

RORY: [on phone] So, we'll see you next Friday at three. And once again, sorry for the short notice.
Okay, bye. [hangs up]

SHERRY: Great, who's next?

RORY: Um, Sheldon Harnick.

SHERRY: Try and set him for Wednesday.

RORY: Okay.

SHERRY: Oh, and don't tell him I'm pregnant. He hates pregnancy.

RORY: Oh, how about a plumbing problem?

SHERRY: Sounds good.

[A nurse walks into the room]

NURSE: Okay, so how are we doing?

SHERRY: I'm not sure.

NURSE: Well, don't be nervous. Everything's going to be just fine. I just wanted to check on you and to see who's going to be with you in the delivery room while it's happening.

SHERRY: Oh, my fiancé's on his way. He's on his way, right?

RORY: Yes, he's on his way.

SHERRY: Okay, so when he gets here, he'll come in with me.

NURSE: And if he doesn't get here in time?

SHERRY: Then we'll just have to wait.

NURSE: I'm afraid that's gonna be a little tough to arrange. Once it starts, that's it.

SHERRY: Okay, well, then I guess it's Rory. Right?

RORY: Oh. Absolutely.

NURSE: Okay, then I'm gonna get you a gown and some gloves so you'll be all set in case you have to go in.

RORY: That sounds great.

NURSE: I'll be right back. [leaves]

SHERRY: Okay, where were we?

RORY: Um, listen, Sherry, I really need a cup of coffee. Would you mind if I ran out really quick?

SHERRY: Oh, no, go ahead. I'll make the next few calls myself.

RORY: Okay.

[Rory walks into the hallway and calls Lorelai on her cell phone]

LORELAİ: Hello?

RORY: Mom, they're giving me gloves!

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

RORY: I don't want gloves, I don't want a gown, I don't wanna be in there.

LORELAI: In where?

RORY: In the delivery room with Sherry.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Dad's not here yet and she's freaking out and she told the nurse I'm going in and □

LORELAI: Where are her other friends?

RORY: They had to work. I'm here all by myself and I'm trying very hard to be calm but I'm starting to feel nauseous, and the hospital has a smell, and there are noises, and those gowns do not stay closed and I've seen a lot of butts today! And -

LORELAI: Okay, sweetie, calm down.

RORY: I need you.

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: I need you, I need you here, I need you now. I cannot do this alone. I need my Mommy, and dammit, I don't care who knows it!

LORELAI: What hospital is it?

RORY: Boston Memorial.

LORELAI: I'll be right there.

RORY: I really, really like you.

LORELAI: Tell Sherry to keep her legs crossed □til I get there.

RORY: Does that work?

LORELAI: No. Bye. [hangs up] Mom, I gotta go, I'm sorry. Dinner was great.

EMILY: Where are you going?

LORELAI: Sherry's freaking out and Rory's the only one with her, so I'm going to the hospital.

EMILY: You're going to be with Rory's father's girlfriend while she has his baby?

LORELAI: Gee, Mom, I can't at all tell what your opinion on that might be.

EMILY: Why would you do this? This woman pulled Christopher away from you, away from Rory. She destroyed any chance you might have had □

LORELAI: Rory asked me to come, that's why I'm going.

EMILY: I don't understand what Rory's doing there either.

LORELAI: She's going to have a sister.

EMILY: Half-sister.

LORELAI: Thank you for a lovely dinner. I'll see you next week.

FLASHBACK ▢ LORELAI'S BEDROOM

[Young Lorelai is watching television and eating a sandwich when she feels a pain in her stomach.]

LORELAI: Ow!

[cut to hospital ▢ Young Lorelai is sitting in the waiting area filling out a form]

NURSE: Are you done?

LORELAI: Yes.

NURSE: Okay. Is anyone with you, hon?

LORELAI: No.

NURSE: Well, someone will be up to get you in just a second.

LORELAI: Thanks.

CUT TO HOSPITAL (PRESENT)

[Lorelai steps off the elevator and walks up to the nurse's station]

LORELAI: Um, excuse me, Sherry Tinsdale's room please?

NURSE: Right through there.

LORELAI: Thank you.

[Rory walks down the hall]

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Hey.

RORY: Thank you, thank you, thank you.

LORELAI: You're welcome, and I will be holding this over you for the next ten years. What are you doing?

RORY: Xeroxing.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Sherry had some status reports she promised to fax to people by tomorrow but she didn't bring enough, and so I've been trying to find a Xerox machine. I finally conned someone in ICU into letting me use theirs. I haven't found a fax machine yet, but ▢

LORELAI: Okay, come on.

RORY: I have to fax these.

LORELAI: Uh huh, let's go.

RORY: But we have a deadline.

LORELAI: Mmhmm.

[they walk into Sherry's room]

SHERRY: [on phone] Yes, I'm having them faxed over right now. Yes, that's right. Well, I'm not sure if the numbers I have are the numbers that you have. That's right, that's bad. Uh huh. Well, I think you should, too. [to Rory] Did you get those things faxed?

LORELAI: Sherry, hang up.

SHERRY: No, I have to finish this call.

LORELAI: Just say goodbye.

SHERRY: But □

LORELAI: You'll call them back.

SHERRY: I □

[Lorelai takes the phone from her]

LORELAI: Hi. Uh, Sherry's gonna have to call you back. Yeah, I promise. Okay, goodbye. [hangs up]

SHERRY: No, that was work.

LORELAI: Sherry, you really shouldn't be working right now.

SHERRY: I can't just stop everything because I'm. . .

LORELAI: Having a baby. Admitting it is the first step, honey.

SHERRY: I'm not ready. I had it planned. Christopher was supposed to be here.

LORELAI: I know.

SHERRY: I don't know what to do.

LORELAI: Well, the first thing you have to do is calm down and stop working.

SHERRY: Okay.

LORELAI: And the second thing is, you need to tell me why you're sitting like that.

SHERRY: Maureen told me that Howard Stern said that if you squat, it makes the baby come out faster.

LORELAI: Okay, as long as you have a sane reason from a reliable source.

SHERRY: I'm scared.

LORELAI: I know. It's scary, and it hurts like hell. And remember, when it comes out not to look at it too hard until they give it a good cleaning, or you'll think you gave birth to phlegm. But, um, once they give it a good scrub, it's just unbelievably cool.

SHERRY: Yeah?

LORELAI: Well, and look how good they grow up. Not bad, huh?

SHERRY: I hope I get that lucky.

LORELAI: I've got a good feeling.

SHERRY: Thank you. Lorelai?

LORELAI: Yeah?

SHERRY: My ankles are starting to hurt.

LORELAI: Okay, grab an arm.

SHERRY: I'm glad you're here.

LORELAI: Well, at this moment, you probably should be.

CUT TO HOSPITAL HALLWAY

[Rory gets some coffee from the machine as Lorelai walks over to her]

LORELAI: She's jogging in place.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: I think she's hoping to aerobicize the thing right out of there.

RORY: Well, should we stop her?

LORELAI: I tried. She almost took an eye out.

RORY: Well, that can't be good for the baby.

LORELAI: Well, it's probably no worse than the guilt trip it's gonna get for showing up a week early.

RORY: You do know it's a girl.

LORELAI: Yes, I should probably stop calling it "it". Her "it".

RORY: I was just bringing you some coffee.

LORELAI: Thanks. Did you try calling your dad again?

RORY: His cell's not in service or out of range or something.

LORELAI: You do know if he doesn't get here, I have to go in with her.

RORY: Yes, I do.

LORELAI: Well, I don't want to go in with her.

RORY: At least you know what's gonna happen.

LORELAI: I had the cheap seat before. My view was quite a bit different.

RORY: Hey, should we buy a camera or something?

LORELAI: For what?

RORY: If Dad doesn't get here, shouldn't we maybe □

LORELAI: No.

RORY: But □

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: No.

RORY: I just thought it would be nice.

CHRISTOPHER: Lor, Rory!

LORELAI: Oh, thank God you're here, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER: Has it happened? Did I miss it?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: You have perfect timing.

CHRISTOPHER: I must've broken fifteen different laws getting here. I don't even remember where I left my car. I thought I wasn't gonna make it.

LORELAI: Well, take a breath, you did make it, and Sherry's gonna be thrilled.

CHRISTOPHER: Where is she?

LORELAI: Come on.

CHRISTOPHER: Is this. . .

LORELAI: Yeah.

[they walk into Sherry's room, where she's being transferred to a gurney]

CHRISTOPHER: Sherry!

SHERRY: Christopher, you're here! I can't believe you're here. I didn't think you'd make it.

CHRISTOPHER: Are you kidding? You think I'd miss this.

SHERRY: No, I'm sorry. It's just, I'm just in a lot of pain and I can't think straight.

NURSE: I take it this is your fiancé.

SHERRY: Yeah, this is him. This is my Christopher.

NURSE: Well, Christopher, are you coming in with us?

CHRISTOPHER: Try and stop me.

NURSE: Okay, let's go then.

[they start wheeling her out of the room]

RORY: We'll be right here, waiting.

LORELAI: Have fun.

RORY: Have fun?

LORELAI: Well. . .

FLASHBACK ▯ HOSPITAL

[A nurse is wheeling Young Lorelai down the hall on a gurney]

LORELAI: Okay, this is a big pain and I'd really like it to go away, please.

NURSE: Just breathe deep, honey.

LORELAI: Breathing doesn't help, can I hit you instead?

NURSE: What?

LORELAI: Or pinch you really hard, ▯cause that might make me feel better.

NURSE: No, you cannot hit me.

LORELAI: Can I bite you or pull your hair or use the Epilady on you ▯cause I really need to do something.

EMILY: Lorelai Gilmore!

LORELAI: Wheel this a little faster, please.

EMILY: Lorelai, you do not do this. You do not just leave a person a note.

LORELAI: Okay, see the timing here?

EMILY: "Dear Mom and Dad, I'm in labor. See you later, Lorelai."

LORELAI: Ow.

RICHARD: Emily, please, I feel ridiculous.

EMILY: You're having a baby □ do you know that, Lorelai?

LORELAI: Well, that explains the stomachache.

EMILY: You do not leave your house when you are having a baby without telling your mother. You say, "Excuse me, Mom. I'm having a baby, give me a ride to the damn hospital!"

RICHARD: Emily, please, I wore the wrong shoes for this.

EMILY: Of all the things in the world I had a right to do, driving my daughter to the hospital to give birth, especially since she's sixteen years old and doesn't have her driver's license yet, is definitely one of them.

NURSE: Ma'am, I need to wait out here, please.

EMILY: Why?

NURSE: Because we're going into the delivery room.

EMILY: I want to go in.

LORELAI: No, Mom, please.

RICHARD: Yes, Emily, please.

EMILY: Fine, we'll be right here when you're done.

LORELAI: Super.

EMILY: And do not think we're finished discussing this, young lady, because we are not!

RICHARD: Emily, let's just sit here.

CUT TO HOSPITAL (PRESENT)

RORY: I'm glad he got here.

LORELAI: Yeah. Me, too.

RORY: So I guess now we wait?

LORELAI: Yup, now we wait.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

JESS: Kirk, how long are you gonna sit here?

KIRK: What do you mean?

JESS: It's been four hours. Go home.

KIRK: It's boring at home. My TV's broken.

JESS: So do something else.

KIRK: Like what?

JESS: Read a book.

KIRK: What book?

JESS: Any book.

KIRK: I'm gonna need a suggestion.

JESS: Moby d*ck.

KIRK: That's about the whale?

JESS: Yes.

KIRK: No. What else?

JESS: Forget it, just sit there.

KIRK: Okay.

[Luke and Nicole walk in]

LUKE: So he just drove all the way to New York, picked up the cheese, drove back. Nobody talked about it ever again.

NICOLE: Oh, God, I love cheese.

LUKE: Well, you would've gotten along very well with my father. So, you want some coffee?

NICOLE: I would love some coffee.

LUKE: Have a seat. Jess, coffee over here.

NICOLE: So, I have to say, I really hated that restaurant.

LUKE: Good, I like that we're on the same page here.

NICOLE: I did, however, have a really good time.

LUKE: Once again, I like that we're on the same page here.

JESS: Okay, coffee.

NICOLE: Thank you.

JESS: Did you have a good time?

NICOLE: Yeah, we had a really good time.

JESS: Okay, well, I'm going to go out for about an hour.

LUKE: What are you talking about? It's 11:30.

JESS: I know. I'm just gonna go out for about an hour.

LUKE: Where?

JESS: Out.

LUKE: Out where?

JESS: Out for about an hour.

LUKE: What are you talking about?

JESS: I'm talking about going out for about an hour. What do you need more time?

LUKE: Nicole, will you excuse me for a minute?

NICOLE: Sure.

LUKE: Okay.

[Luke and Jess walk outside; they argue in front of the window]

KIRK: They have amazing communication.

[Luke and Jess walk back inside]

JESS: I guess I'm not going out for about an hour.

LUKE: Say goodnight, Jess.

JESS: I don't understand you, man.

LUKE: My mystique is part of my charm.

JESS: You at least want me to take a walk around the block?

LUKE: Jess.

JESS: Take an extra long shower?

LUKE: Go upstairs.

JESS: Sorry, I tried.

CUT TO HOSPITAL

[Lorelai is reading in the waiting room, Rory is asleep next to her. Christopher walks over to them]

CHRISTOPHER: Lor?

LORELAI: Are you a daddy?

CHRISTOPHER: Come on, come look. We'll wake Rory later.

LORELAI: Okay.

[they walk down the hall]

LORELAI: So how was it?

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, man, Lor, in my wildest dreams, I never could've imagined. I've never been that nervous or terrified or nauseous in my entire life. It was like the most amazing thing ever in the world. It was like. . .well, you know.

LORELAI: Yes, I do know.

CHRISTOPHER: I've never seen anything like it.

LORELAI: Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: And Sherry was great. I'm flying, I mean it, I'm flying.

[they stand in front of the nursery window]

CHRISTOPHER: There.

LORELAI: Wow.

CHRISTOPHER: That's my daughter.

LORELAI: I can tell.

CHRISTOPHER: How?

LORELAI: I think she conned that one out of his blanket.

CHRISTOPHER: She's perfect.

LORELAI: Rory was perfect. She, however, is a good solid second.

CHRISTOPHER: I just can't believe it.

LORELAI: She's beautiful, really. Congratulations Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER: Thank you. Thank you for everything.

LORELAI: Of course.

FLASHBACK ▢ HOSPITAL

[Young Lorelai and Christopher are looking through the nursery window at baby Rory]

CHRISTOPHER: She's pretty.

LORELAI: She's perfect.

CHRISTOPHER: So, I guess we should get married.

CUT TO HOSPITAL ▢ (PRESENT)

[Lorelai and Christopher are still looking at the baby through the window]

CHRISTOPHER: I should wake Rory, don't you think?

LORELAI: Yeah, she'd like to see this.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE (PRESENT)

[Emily is going through the mail when the doorbell rings]

EMILY: I'll get it, Leloni. You find out where that smell is coming from. [answers door] Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hi, Mom.

EMILY: What on Earth are you doing here? What is this?

LORELAI: This is your new DVD player.

EMILY: My what?

LORELAI: Plus, I picked up Singin' in the Rain, Funny Girl, Easter Parade, An American in Paris, and as an added bonus, the new classic dance series □ Urban Cowboy, Saturday Night Fever, Grease, Footloose, and Flashdance. Trust me, you're gonna be cutting up your sweatshirts all weekend.

EMILY: Why did you do this?

LORELAI: □Cause I thought you'd enjoy it.

EMILY: But I don't know anything about a DVD player.

LORELAI: Mom, trust me, once it's hooked up, all you'll have to know is how to press play.

EMILY: But who's gonna hook it up?

LORELAI: I am.

EMILY: You know how to hook this up?

LORELAI: I know how to read an instruction manual.

EMILY: Since when?

LORELAI: Hm, please.

EMILY: Maybe we should get a professional.

LORELAI: I can do this. Just give me five seconds here.

EMILY: Well? Well, can you do it? Oh, just forget it.

LORELAI: Mom, please, just let me focus on this for one more second, and if I cannot do it, I'll get a professional DVD guy in here to install it, okay?

EMILY: I still don't understand why you got me this. [looks at the DVDs] I love this movie.

FLASHBACK □ ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Emily and Richard walk down the stairs]

EMILY: Lorelai, we're leaving! Well, what do you know? She finally put Rory's stroller away. It's the

first time in a year I haven't tripped over that thing.

RICHARD: Where's my scarf?

EMILY: I told Tina to put everything out for you, Richard.

RICHARD: Out where?

EMILY: Look on the table.

RICHARD: You have to be more specific with her, Emily.

EMILY: Fine, Richard.

RICHARD: There should be a designated place to put things.

EMILY: Whatever you say, Richard. Lorelai, we are leaving! Please acknowledge that! Where is that girl?

RICHARD: This is not the scarf I asked for.

EMILY: Well, it looks fine. Can you just wear it?

RICHARD: No, I'm gonna go back upstairs and get the scarf I intended to wear in the first place. Well, I'm surprised at you Emily. These are your friends we're seeing tonight. You would have thought that my appearance would be a priority for you. I didn't want to go to this thing in the first place. I have an early meeting in the morning, and I would much rather go to bed and ignore the fact that the symphony has to reupholster its mezzanine this year.

[Emily reads a note on the table and starts to cry]

RICHARD: Emily? Emily?

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE (PRESENT)

[Emily waits while Lorelai reads through the DVD player's instruction manual]

LORELAI: Okay.

EMILY: Well, can you do it?

LORELAI: I have no idea.

EMILY: Where are you going? Are you going to take it back?

LORELAI: I'm going upstairs.

EMILY: Why?

LORELAI: I think I should put this in your bedroom. That's your best TV.

EMILY: You just said you didn't know how to hook that up.

LORELAI: I'll figure it out.

EMILY: But there are wires involved and connections and electricity. You could hurt yourself or set

the house on fire.

LORELAI: [sings] In your Easter bonnet. . .

EMILY: You could ruin our television set.

LORELAI: . . .with all the frills upon it, you'll be the grandest fella in the Easter parade. Hoo! I'll be all in clover. . .

EMILY: I don't like being ignored, Lorelai.

LORELAI: . . .and when they look us over, we'll be the proudest people in the Easter parade.

THE END

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