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## 06x04 - Always a Godmother, Never a God

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### 06x04 - Always a Godmother, Never a God

by **bunniefuu**

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(OPEN in Lorelai's house, night. Lorelai is going through some boxes filled with tapes and clearing them out)

LUKE: (OS) Oh, now come on. Come on! You have got to be kidding me.

LORELAI: Luke, come down here.

LUKE: (OS) This baseboard's not level. I can tell just by looking at it.

LORELAI: Tom told you. It's a work in progress.

LUKE: It's a disaster in progress. This baseboard belongs in a fun house.

LORELAI: Luke, going up there is like busting into an operating room in the middle of a heart transplant. You know, and getting mad at the surgeon because the guy's heart is on the outside. And you're like, "Hey, his heart should be in his chest", and the surgeon's like, "Dude, I'm not done yet, get out of the operating room".

LUKE: I've got to check the bathroom fixtures.

LORELAI: Hey...uh, help. Fire, fire. We're on fire down here. Help. Flames crackling, marshmallows toasting. Save us.

LUKE: (comes down from upstairs) What are you doing yelling "fire"? You can't do that.

LORELAI: No, that only pertains to movie theatres. Crowded ones. If you're watching a Wednesday matinee of "Deuce Bigalow," you can yell "fire" all you want. Hell, you can start a fire, and no one will complain.

LUKE: So, how is your project going?

LORELAI: Like gangbusters.

LUKE: Looks like it. You're getting rid of a ton. (picks up a box full of tapes)

LORELAI: (stops him from picking up the box) Oh! No, no. Whoa, whoa, there, mister. Huh! Those are the keepers. These are the ones I'm tossing. (picks up another box that looks very light)

LUKE: There's two videotapes in there.

LORELAI: Every journey begins with a single step.

LUKE: This was your idea, remember. Use the remodel to purge yourself of useless stuff.

LORELAI: Yeah, useless. I'm keeping what I need.

LUKE: (picks up a tape) You need an episode of "Magnum PI", from 1986?

LORELAI: Of course not. That tape is mislabelled. That's "A Knots Landing" from 1981. All the women are held hostage at gunpoint during Ginger's baby shower, classic.

LUKE: (pick up a bunch of tapes tied together) "21 Jump Street", season one. You do not need this.

LORELAI: I need my "Jump Street."

LUKE: So buy the DVDs. It'll save you a ton of space.

LORELAI: No. The DVDs won't have the commercials on them. The original commercials, which is half the fun. Spuds Mackenzie, Clara Peller, "nothing comes between me and my calvins". I mean, they don't make them like that anymore. (walks over to another box)

LUKE: You're gonna be one of those weird old people who hoards empty film canisters and laundry measuring scoops.

LORELAI: Uh, gonna be. (picks up a tape) Hey, I've been looking for this. Check it out.

LUKE: (reading the label on the tape) "Riding The Bus With My Sister."

LORELAI: Rosie O'Donnell plays a Ret\*rded woman who's obsessed with riding the bus, and Andie McDowell is her uptight, big-city sister.

LUKE: Sister?

LORELAI: Yeah, and it gets better. In the ads I saw, the Rosie character was calling herself the sheriff, and she was bragging about her sex life and buying toilet seats. And Angelica Huston directed it. Maerose directed it.

LUKE: OK, fine. Watch it tonight after I leave. Then you can dump it tomorrow.

LORELAI: You kidding? You don't just sit down and watch a movie like this. This is a Friday-night special. I'd have to have takeout, pizza, red vines, mallomars, the works. Plus, there's no way I would watch this by myself. This is exactly the kind of movie I would watch with someone. Someone else, you know? (looks at the tape she's still holding)

LUKE: Yeah, right. (changes the subject) Well, at least try to pare this box down a little, please?

LORELAI: I'll try. I will. I promise.

LUKE: Good. (starts walking towards the staircase)

LORELAI: If you promise not to go upstairs again.

LUKE: I just got to check on one thing. (stops at the bottom of the staircase)

LORELAI: (picks up a tape) Oh, look at that! "America's Castles", the special Florida edition. Seen it five times, keeping it. (puts the tape in the keepers box)

LUKE: One thing.

LORELAI: (picks up another tape) Oh, "The History Of Paper", a documentary by Ted Burns, distant relative of Ken Burns. Oh, seven hours. Dull, dull, dull. Keeping it! (puts it in the keepers box)

LUKE: I'm not going up. (retreats from the staircase)

LORELAI: Good. Oh! "Please Don't Eat The Daisies," seasons two and four. I've been looking for this.

(OPENING CREDITS)

(CUT to pool house bedroom, morning. Rory is getting ready. There is a knock on the door and Rory answers it)

RORY: Come in.

MAID: (enters with a clothes rack and head for the closet) Good morning, Miss Gilmore.

RORY: Good morning. (surprised) Oh, wow, need help?

MAID: No, thank you.

RORY: What's that for?

MAID: Mrs. Gilmore instructed me to help you with your summer things.

RORY: My summer things?

MAID: Mrs Gilmore says that autumn is the time for sweaters and wool, not for sundresses and flipper-floppers.

RORY: Oh. Well, I don't really dress seasonally. I just sort of go with the flow.

MAID: That is what Mrs Gilmore would like to correct.

RORY: Oh, well... (cell phone starts ringing and Rory answers it) Hello?

EMILY: (on the phone) Hello, Rory, it's your Grandmother.

RORY: Grandma, we were just talking about you. (that maid starts filling up the rack, and Rory looks shocked) How are you? How's Helsinki?

EMILY: Cold, unaccommodating, a population of walking dead.

RORY: Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. (puts the speaker on, walks towards the rack and starts going through the clothes that maid has already hung)

EMILY: The cab driver from the airport was a thief, and the cuisine isn't fit for a stray cat. Kippers and cabbage rolls. And the weather! It snowed 6 feet last night, and apparently they can't fly under those conditions. Can't or won't, it's hard to say. I defy you to read a Finn.

RORY: (picking up a few hangers from the rack) Yeah, they can be pretty stoic in those northern climes. (to maid as Emily keeps talking) Excuse me, but I actually use a lot of this in autumn. You know, light layers. (the maid smiles politely and continues to do her job)

Emily: ...Anyway, your Grandfather and I are going to be delayed a couple of days.

RORY: (a bit distracted) I'm sorry. That stinks.

EMILY: I'm in a real bind. I've got that mixer with the girls I'm hosting tomorrow. With the curators of the Gilbert Stuart Exhibit?

RORY: (distracted) Oh right. (Rory picks out a dress and addresses the maid again as Emily keeps talking) I wear it with tights.

EMILY: I've planning it for weeks. Everybody's counting on me. But here I am thousands of miles away, stuck in a land of reindeer stew. And I'm loathe to cancel because there's nothing Constance Betterton would like more than for me to slip up so she can destroy my reputation, run me out of the DAR, Then jump in the air like a cheerleader and land doing the splits.

RORY: (obviously not paying any real attention) Uh, wow. That's...the splits, huh? Um, whatever I can do to help, Grandma. (to maid) I wear white after Labor Day.

EMILY: Rory?

RORY: (to maid) I'm a rebel. Just go with it.

EMILY: Are you still there?

RORY: Yeah! still here, Grandma.

EMILY: I was wondering if you could possibly fill in for me. I would be so grateful.

RORY: (disbelievingly) Me? At the mixer? (picks up the phone and takes it off speaker)

EMILY: It's all ready to go. The menu is set, and these new caterers I found are fabulous. All you have to do is smile and make sure everyone's cocktails are replenished.

RORY: Well...

EMILY: Just picture that snake doing the splits.

RORY: Um, okay, Grandma. I'll help you out.

EMILY: Oh, bless you. I'll check in a little later and give you a briefing about some of the canapes.

RORY: Good, 'cause I'm rusty on canapes.

EMILY: Call you later.

RORY: Okay, bye, Grandma. Stay warm. (hangs up and looks over to her closet in shock. It is now almost empty) Maid? N...This is not going to work. Maid?! (exits to look for the maid)

(CUT to Dragonfly Inn kitchen, morning. Sookie and Jackson are arguing)

SOOKIE: A bath?! A baptism is nothing like taking a bath!

JACKSON: I'm not saying it's a bath! I'm just saying if you don't believe in the religious aspect of it, then it's like a bath. As simple and as brief as a bath.

LORELAI: (walks in with a mug in hand) Coffee.

SOOKIE: It is so not like taking a bath! When you take a bath, there are candles and water-warped entertainment weeklies to read, and soap. There are not people standing around praying over you, at least not when I take a bath.

LORELAI: Who's getting baptized?

SOOKIE: Oh, our kids are. Because apparently we're suddenly super-religious.

LORELAI: No kidding? Hey, would you guys mind moving over just a little bit? Thanks (squeezes herself between Sookie and Jackson to get to the coffee pot)

JACKSON: Sookie, look at the baptism as a bargaining chip. If we give my mother this, then it'll soften the blow when she finds out that we're not having any more children because of the vasectomy.

SOOKIE: They'll want to stay at the house, if we have this baptism. Your whole family.

JACKSON: We'll just have to make room.

SOOKIE: How? The house is barely big enough for us and the kids. And we'll end up sleeping on a leaky air mattress in the kids' room and getting horrible creaks in our neck while your mother blasts her "Flatt And Scruggs" CD. And your cousins are gonna be picking their teeth with my Reida paring knives.

JACKSON: Oh, like your family is so easy! What about the time we had to see your stuttering cousin Odell in the worst production of "Nicholas Nickleby" known to man?! That was like nine hours of pure hell! And did I get to fake a heart attack during intermission? No!

SOOKIE: I'm sorry. There is a difference between nine hours and three full days. There's 48 hours plus 24, whatever that is, minus 9 hours. What does that equal? 48 and 24, so that's, uh... eight and four... and that's two...(puts her hands on her forehead, seems like he's getting a headache) and 10 over.

LORELAI: Whoa! Whoa! Sookie, don't do math. You know that hurts your head.

SOOKIE: (still holding her head) Ow.

LORELAI: Hey, I have an idea. If you're gonna have the baptism and you've got three days of family in town, how about if they all stay here?

SOOKIE: At the inn?

LORELAI: Yeah. Just give me the dates. We'll work it out.

SOOKIE: And that would be okay?

LORELAI: Sookie, you're part owner of the place.

SOOKIE: Oh, yeah.

JACKSON: That would really help.

LORELAI: So, cool. I'll take care of the arrangements. Sookie, you just deal with the post-baptism party.

SOOKIE: Oh. I didn't know anything about a post-baptism party. (to Jackson) You didn't tell me anything about a post-baptism party.

JACKSON: I didn't know myself.

SOOKIE: (excited) I've got some late-summer salad recipes I've been wanting to try out.

LORELAI: Oh, perfect. Okay, well, just let Michel know how many rooms you need, and I'll see you guys later.

JACKSON: Thanks, Lorelai.

SOOKIE: Yeah, thanks, hon. (Lorelai starts to exit)

JACKSON: I just need the invoice signed for the zucchini and I'm off.

SOOKIE: (picks up a zucchini) Oh, you think I'm taking this zucchini? (Lorelai turns around and approaches the couple again)

JACKSON: You ordered them.

SOOKIE: You stressed them out.

JACKSON: Don't point that thing at me.

LORELAI: Guys.

SOOKIE: I can tell. Get them out of here.

JACKSON: No! You give me the invoice. (Lorelai turns around and leaves)

SOOKIE: I'll just have one of my guys get them out of here.

JACKSON: This isn't about the zucchini. This is about the baptism.

SOOKIE: Well, I christen these vegetables sucky!

(CUT to Gilmore mansion, afternoon. Rory is hosting the DAR mixer. The waiters circulate the room with trays full of canapes and the DAR ladies seem to be enjoying themselves)

RORY: (to one of the ladies) Oh, hello, Sarah. Thank you so much for coming. (to a waiter with a half empty tray) Excuse me. Hold on a sec. This tray is half empty. Should we fill it up to make it look less sad?

WAITER: Uh, this is the last tray.

RORY: (shocked) What? Oh, no. (checks a small note book) Oh, boy, there are only eight trays of salmon puffs allotted for the whole night? (waiter nods) This is not good. This is really not good. Do you think I should have staggered their release? I should have. I should have staggered their release. Okay, well, just spread them out, and then push the shrimp. Okay, you can circulate now. Circulate. (waiter walks off and Rory approaches another waiter) Uh, excuse me. There's garnish on this tray. There shouldn't be. My grandmother hates garnish. Here, I'll just, uh...(takes the garnish from the tray and puts it in her pocket) there you go. Okay, go, circulate. (the waiter walks away and Rory approaches a group of women) Circulate. (to one of the DAR ladies in the group) Hello, Lana.

LANA: Hello.

RORY: Nice to see you. Carole, hello. Great dress.

CAROLE: Thank you.

RORY: Darla, does the pearls council know about you? Fabulous. (walks away and approaches two other women) Everything all right over here, ladies?

DAR LADY1: Everything's perfect, Rory. This is a lovely party. And those salmon puffs? Insane.

RORY: Aren't they, though? Eight trays, and they're almost gone. I might have to go grab a pole and do some fishing. (the ladies giggle) Let me know if you need anything. (walk over to the paintings where Nora, the curator and another DAR member are discussing)

NORA: I like the way he paints Washington's hair. It looks so luminous. If Gilbert Stuart were alive today, I would absolutely commission him to paint a portrait of my Henry.

CURATOR: Well, Martha Washington had the same impulse. In 1796, she commissioned Stuart to do a portrait of her husband along with the one of herself to hang at Mount Vernon.

DAR LADY2: Henry's not Nora's husband. He's her Springer spaniel.

CURATOR: Oh.

RORY: May I freshen your drink, Nora?

NORA: Well, thank you, Rory. That's awfully sweet of you. (hands Rory her glass) Vodka tonic. (whispering) No ice and light on the tonic.

RORY: I'll be right back. (walks off)

NORA: Isn't she just darling? (as soon as Rory's out off site she starts running towards one of the waitresses)

RORY: (hands Nora's glass to the waitress) Excuse me? Hi. The woman with the red hair over by the paintings, could you get her a vodka tonic, please, ASAP? (waitress nods and walks away) Thanks. (calling after her) No ice and light on the tonic.

(CUT to patio, continuous. Rory walks outside. Two women ask for her attention)

NANCY: Oh, Rory, perfect. Maybe you could help us with something.

RORY: Absolutely.

NANCY: We're admiring this plant here, this one with the waxy leaves, and yet the name for it has gone right spot out of our heads.

RORY: I'm so sorry. I'm not sure what it's called. But I promise to ask my Grandmother and let you know. (reaches in her pocket for the little notepad) Let me just get your phone number here. (the garnish from before falls out also) Oops! (they giggle as we see Logan in the back coming out on the patio) Garnish. You just can't get away from it, huh? Um, (notices Logan) excuse me for a minute. (walks towards him. He doesn't seem to be in a good mood) Hey, I didn't know you were coming. (they share an awkward hug)

LOGAN: Yeah. I forgot you had a thing today. (looks around miserably)

RORY: Oh, it's okay, 'cause now I get to show you off. (drags him over to the ladies she was talking to before) Nancy, Lucy, I'd like to introduce Logan Huntzberger. Logan, this is Nancy Osgood and Lucy Faxton-Field.

LUCY: How do you do, Logan? It's such a pleasure to meet the young Huntzberger.

LOGAN: Hey.

RORY: (surprised by his behaviour, tries conversationally) Uh, Logan, I think I've told you about Nancy. She's the one who insists I look like Clara Barton, which I'm still not sure is a compliment.

NANCY: Oh, it's a compliment, of the highest order. (the ladies chuckle while Logan is still unmoved)

RORY: Um, well, if you'll excuse us, I think I promised Logan one of the coveted salmon puffs.

LUCY: So nice to meet you, Logan. (Logan nods and then he and Rory walk away)

(CUT to Gilmore mansion kitchen, continuous. Rory and Logan walk in. Rory walks to the coffee pot and Logan spots a bottle of scotch he helps himself with)

RORY: (reaches for a mug) Want some coffee? (sees Logan pouring scotch) With your scotch?

LOGAN: Sorry. I'm just not in the mood to deal with this type of thing right now, these type of people.

RORY: Why? Did something happen?

LOGAN: So how long do you think this thing's gonna last?

RORY: Um...an hour, hour and a half tops. And then 15 minutes for me to pay the caterers, and make sure the cleaning staff knows what to do. Hey, I have an idea. Why don't you go hang out in the pool house, and then I'll come out as soon as I finish up here? We could talk. (walks over to him)

LOGAN: Yeah, okay. (kisses his cheek)

RORY: (goes over to the coffee pot and tries to pour coffee. The pot is empty) We need coffee! There's no more coffee. (a bit hysterical) Someone make me some coffee!(exits the kitchen)

(CUT to Lorelai's kitchen, night. PA is sitting waiting for dinner. Lorelai approaches him with a bowl)

LORELAİ: Okay, Paul Anka, dinner time. You need to eat tonight, okay? Now, this is the kibble you like, in the nice, new, yellow bowl that you picked. (puts the bowl down) I will now...(picks up a plate from the counter with her dinner) I will now back out of the room so you can eat...(turns the light off) in the dark, like you like. (walks out of the now dark kitchen)

(CUT to Lorelai's living room, continuous. Lorelai puts the plate on the bed and turns on the TV. She notices the tape with the movie "Riding The Bus With My Sister" - the one she was talking about with Luke. She sits in the bed, picks up the phone and starts dialing. It rings once, then beeps and an operator picks up)

OPERATOR: We're sorry. You have reached a number that has been disconnected or is no longer in serv...

(Lorelai hangs up and dials again. Same drill - ring, beep, operator)

OPERATOR: We're sorry. You have reached a number that has been disconnected or is no longer in service. If you feel you've reached this number in...(Lorelai hangs up and looks sad)

(CUT to pool house, night. We hear music and noises. Rory looks through the glass door and is a bit surprised. Rory enters the pool house holding a napkin and sees that apparently Finn and Colin have



now joined Logan, who's sitting on the couch. Finn is talking on the phone and walking around, while Colin pours himself a drink)

FINN: (on the phone) So, cancel with him, darling, is that so difficult? (notices Rory and waves. She waves back) I find the fact that you love him completely irrelevant.

RORY: (to Logan) What's going on?

LOGAN: (a bit tipsy) Hey, is that my salmon puff?

RORY: (presents him with the napkin) Yeah.

LOGAN: (taking the salmon puff) Anything is good in a puff. Hi. (reaches out to kiss her)

RORY: Hi. (they kiss)

COLIN: Hey, Rory.

RORY: Hey, Colin. I didn't know you guys were coming over.

LOGAN: I invited them over. I hope that's cool.

RORY: Oh, yeah, of course it's cool. I just...I would have brought more puffs.

LOGAN: You need a drink. (gets up from the couch to prep Rory a drink)

RORY: Ah

no, I...

FINN: Somebody give me a sonnet. Melissa's a poetry major.

COLIN: There once was a gal from Nantucket.

FINN: Stop it, Colin. I'm not trying to propose. (seductively) Melissa...do you miss me, darling? (a blond girl approaches the group)

RORY: (notices the girl and greets her) Hi. (the girl seems unmoved) Uh, Logan?

LOGAN: Yeah, Ace? (gives Rory a drink)

RORY: (taking the drink) Who's the skirt?

LOGAN: Ah. That is Colin's milkmaid.

RORY: He brought her back from Holland?

COLIN: Yes, he did.

RORY: Oh. (walk over to the milkmaid) Hi. I'm Rory. I've heard a lot about you.

COLIN: She doesn't understand English.

RORY: Oh. (to milkmaid) Sorry.

COLIN: Yes, aren't we all.

RORY: Colin, rude!

COLIN: Everywhere I go, everything I do, surprise!, there she is.

RORY: Well, you brought her here. What did you expect?

COLIN: I don't know what happened. When we were in the Netherlands, she seemed so amazing, you know? (Rory and Logan sit back on the couch) But the minute we left, she began to lose her appeal.

RORY: Well everything looks appealing when you're stumbling out of an Amsterdam coffee bar.

FINN: Tell me about it. One night I spent half an hour hitting on a bike. (on the phone) Maria! You're the only one that can save me.

COLIN: Rory, you have to understand. Milkmaids are, like, iconic over there. They're practically Dutch superheroes. Dating Katrinka was like dating Wonder Woman.

RORY: Katrinka.

LOGAN: Yeah. He's gonna be hearing about that one for a long time.

FINN: (on the phone) Oh...I see. Well, just so you know, I think you're an awfully sweet girl to date a guy with such an unfortunate skin condition. (hangs up and turns to Rory) Rory?

RORY: hmm?

FINN: Any chance you're breaking up with Logan in the next 20 minutes?

RORY: Sorry.

FINN: Damn. (starts dialling. On the phone) Veronica! (Kartika hugs Colin lovingly) Finn. Still engaged, darling? Well, I am, too, but I'm not going to say in what.

RORY: (to Logan) So, this is a surprise. The guys being here and everything.

LOGAN: Well, Colin just got back. I hadn't seen him. Is that okay?

RORY: Oh! Yeah, it's fine. I just...well you seemed like you were kind off in a bad mood earlier.

LOGAN: Well, this is how you get out of a bad mood, Ace. (to the group) Hey, let's get something to eat. I'm starving.

COLIN: Yes. (gets up quickly to get away from Katrika. She looks sad) Chinese food. No dairy in Chinese food.

FINN: Perfect. General Lee's has that adorable waitress with a very tiny intellect. Let's go.

LOGAN: (to Rory) General Lee's?

RORY: General Lee's. Just give me a minute, and I'll go change.

LOGAN: No way! You've got that hot librarian thing going on. I like it. Grab a book. Let's go.

RORY: (giggling) Kay...(they get up from the couch and the whole group, minus Katrika starts to

exit)

FINN: I've got shotgun.

COLIN: No, you don't. You're driving. (Rory turns the music off and sees that Katrika is not following)

FINN: I can reach over to steer. (the boys leave as Rory stays behind with Katrika)

RORY: (calling after the boys) Uh, Colin?! You forgot your milkmaid! (the girls sit and stare at each other. Katrika looks sad, and Rory gives her a faint smile)

(CUT to Dragonfly Inn, morning. Lorelai and Michel are at the front desk arranging Jackson's family rooms. Lorelai is corresponding rooms to people and Michel is putting the keys in envelopes)

LORELAI: Okay, room five just checked out, so let's give that to Jackson's sister Adele. Put cousin Rachel in room three and aunt Pat and uncle Rusty in room six. (Michel puts a key in the last envelope) Okay, that's two people in room six. Aunt Pat and uncle Rusty. They're gonna need two keys.

MICHEL: I gave them one. They can share. It's the least the freeloading hicks can do.

LORELAI: They're not freeloading hicks. They're our guests.

MICHEL: They are moochers. They go supermarket-hopping to gorge themselves on free samples and get their perfume from magazine inserts. You can recognize them from the paper cuts on their wrists.

SOOKIE: (running up to the front desk) Jackson not here yet?

MICHEL: No. But his family's arrival is imminent, so I'm off to nail the furniture to the floor. (walk way)

SOOKIE: (upset) I don't believe it. The whole clan will be here any minute.

LORELAI: (walks over to Sookie) Sookie, relax.

SOOKIE: I can't relax, it's Jackson's family. I try to say nice things to them, but they misinterpret it and they think I'm insulting them. So I've tried being really quiet, and then they get all like, "Why are you so quiet?". So I overcompensate and start cracking jokes like I'm carrot top, and I start doing funny things with props and I hate prop comedy.

LORELAI: We all do, honey. (Jackson storms in breathless, like he's been running)

JACKSON: They're right behind me.

SOOKIE: Jackson, you almost left me buffer-less. What happened?

JACKSON: Aphids happened. All over my tomatoes. And I was squirting them, and they're multiplying, and I lost track of time. So I start racing over here on foot, and I saw Bo's minivan just in front of me, so I cut through the thicket, and you know how I hate the thicket, just so I could get here first. Oh, my god, my breath. I can't catch my breath. I'm breathing out, but I can't breathe in.

LORELAI: Okay, Jackson, calm down. You're here, right? (to Sookie) He's here. Your buffer's here. (walks back to the front desk)

SOOKIE: I got my buffer. It'll be okay.

JACKSON: (to Sookie) Okay, so, did you tell hmm-hmm about hmm-hmm? (gesturing towards Lorelai who's now behind the front desk)

SOOKIE: No, he's your family. You tell hmm-hmm about hmm-hmm. (gesturing the same way as Jackson. Lorelai looks up at them)

LORELAI: Why do I get the feeling I'm at least one of the "hmm-hmm"s? (Sookie and Jackson start walking up to the front desk)

JACKSON: Lorelai, we need to tell you something. Remember my brother Bo?

LORELAI: Uh, dark hair, coarse stubble, Jefferson Davis tattoo?

JACKSON: He thinks you're a nympho.

LORELAI: A what?

SOOKIE: It's short for nymphomaniac. It means you really dig the fellas.

LORELAI: I know what it means, but how? I didn't say two words to the guy when I met him. I said one: "Hi". And that was not in response to, "What's your sex drive like?".

LORELAI: Apparently, cousin Rune told him.

LORELAI: Rune! Short guy, light hair, thought marijuana gave your salad zest?

JACKSON: That's the one. Bo said Rune said you're a horn dog.

LORELAI: A horn dog?

JACKSON: His word, not mine.

SOOKIE: His family, not mine. (Jackson's family start entering the Inn. Lorelai, Sookie and Jackson notice)

SOOKIE: Mom! (quietly to Jackson) Buffer. (to her mother in-law) Welcome to the Dragonfly! (they hug, as the rest of the family walk in and Jackson walks over to them)

JACKSON: Hi, everybody. (to a relative who has trouble holding up all his luggage, and it's quite a lot) Oh, my, that's quite a bit of luggage for three days. You are just staying three days, aren't you? (Bo walks up to the door)

BEAU: That's right, little brother. Three days! Why don't you all relax. I'll take care of checking us in. (walks over to the front desk where Lorelai is waiting to check them in) Well, hello, LG.

LORELAI: (uncomfortable) Welcome to the Dragonfly Inn.

BEAU: Welcome to Bo.

LORELAI: (trying to sound casual) Nice sunglasses. Very "Risky Business."

BEAU: Risky business, huh? (what would be a seductive tone) Are you into risky business?

LORELAI: No. All of a sudden I hate it. Tom Cruise in his underwear makes me want to barf. Would

you like to register?

BEAU: I would love to. (takes a pen and sings, without taking his eyes off Lorelai)

LORELAI: You just signed the blotter.

BEAU: Oh, whoops. Sorry. I was distracted.

LORELAI: Well, um, you're in room 7. So just take a right at the top of the stairs and enjoy your stay.

BEAU: Well, aren't you accommodating. Guess I'll just go get my duffel bag out of the minivan. (walks away, as Jackson approaches the front desk)

LORELAI: (to Jackson) That's the first time I ever heard the word "duffel" sound dirty.

JACKSON: I am so, so sorry.

LORELAI: All right, here are their keys. Names are on the envelopes. They can go up any time. (gives the envelopes to Jackson)

JACKSON: (takes the envelopes) I am so, so sorry. (Sookie walks up to the front desk area)

SOOKIE: (a bit disgusted) Ooh, uncle Artie hugged me too long.

JACKSON: Lorelai checked Bo in.

SOOKIE: (to Lorelai) We are so, so sorry.

JACKSON: Keys!

SOOKIE: Let's get them upstairs.

JACKSON: I got your keys, everybody. (walks over to his family to give away the keys) Come and get them. Come and get them. (as Jackson is passing out the keys Bo walks back in, and stops at the front desk area before he goes up the stairs. He knocks on the doorframe to get Lorelai's attention)

BEAU: Just thought I'd give you my room number, princess.

LORELAI: I have it. Remember, I checked you in about a minute ago?

BEAU: All right, then. See you soon. (licks his key in what he would think a suckive way. Lorelai shakes her head in disgust as she exhales sharply)

(CUT to Luke's diner, morning. Zach and Brian are sitting at a table as Lane works. Zach looks deep in thought as Brian is eating. Lane approaches them)

LANE: (to Brian) He asleep?

BRIAN: He's waiting for his muse.

ZACH: Don't say it like that.

BRIAN: Like what?

ZACH: All condescending. It's not cool.

BRIAN: I wasn't condescending.

ZACH: Songwriting is about making yourself open and vulnerable so that the lyrics come out true. If I'm being sensitive, that's a by-product of my craft.

BRIAN: I hear you.

ZACH: Okay, now you just patronized me.

BRIAN: I wasn't patronizing you.

LANE: Carry on. (walks away)

ZACH: What's with her being all dismissive?

BRIAN: Hey, you want to get more fries?

ZACH: Oh! Yes! Yes! Dude, you said "fries," and it hit me.

BRIAN: Really?

ZACH: Quick, get this down.

BRIAN: (rapidly cleans his hands gets ready to take notes) Go.

ZACH: (in melodical voice) Ah ah ah ah-ah oh-oh-oooh

BRIAN: (confused) Wait! What?

ZACH: Just get it down before I forget it. (sings the melody again) Ah ah ah ah-ah oh-oh-oooh

BRIAN: It's not lyrics.

ZACH: Duh! It's a melody. Come on. (melody) Ah ah ah ah-ah oh-oh-oooh

BRIAN: OK, OK.

ZACH: Get it?

BRIAN: I think so. (trying to imitate the melody) Up, down, further down, little higher up, down a smidge.

ZACH: (frustrated) Brian!

BRIAN: I don't read music.

ZACH: Great! Lane, come here. Ah ah ah ah-ah oh-oh-oooh. (Lane comes over)

LANE: What?

ZACH: I need your cell phone so I can call home and leave a tune on our machine.

LANE: I don't bring my cell phone to work.

ZACH: (frustrated) Ugh! Ah ah ah ah-ah oh-oh-oooh

LANE: Um, you're starting to freak out some of the customers. (pats Zach on the back and walks away)

BRIAN: I just want you to know I feel really helpless right now. (Sookie storms in the diner)

SOOKIE: (walking quickly towards the counter, behind which Luke is standing) Luke, Luke, Luke! look, look, look! Oh! Luke, Luke, Luke, look, look, look. Ha! That was kind of funny. It just came out.

LUKE: Sookie, I'm working.

SOOKIE: I know. I just came by to show you this. (holds up a wedding cake-topper)

LUKE: What's that?

SOOKIE: This is a vintage cake-topper. Porcelain bisque, hand-painted, I think the 1940s. Shoulder pads on the shoulders. A, ha! I found it at a flea market this morning. It's perfect.

LUKE: Perfect for what?

SOOKIE: For your and Lorelai's wedding cake.

LUKE: Oh, well, that's nice.

SOOKIE: Nice? Nice? It's not nice, it's fate. Look. (hold the cake-topper so the bride and grooms rear ends are facing Luke) Perhaps this looks familiar. His butt. It's your butt. (points to the porcelain butt) It's your butt, Luke. It's your butt.

LUKE: Sookie, stop screaming, "It's your butt". People are eating.

SOOKIE: What are the odds of me finding a cake-topper with exactly your butt? (bends over the counter to check out Luke)

LUKE: (serving an order) Turkey burger with Swiss.

SOOKIE: Oh, when I found this topper, your whole cake came to me, like in a vision. White and sparkly with beautiful daisies made of fondant on the top.

LUKE: (serving another order) Cow burger with cheddar.

SOOKIE: So, now that I know the cake, all you have to do is set the date. When is the date?

LUKE: I don't know.

SOOKIE: What do you mean, you don't know?

LUKE: I mean I don't know. (walks around the counter to clear a table and Sookie follows him)

SOOKIE: Luke, Miss Manners said you're not really engaged until you have a ring and a date.

LUKE: Yeah, and it's tacky to drink from a can, but there you go.

SOOKIE: Luke, please.

LUKE: Look, you know the drill here, Sookie. We're not setting a date until things are settled

between Lorelai and Rory.

SOOKIE: And when exactly is that going to be?

LUKE: I don't know.

SOOKIE: Well, what do you plan to do about it?

LUKE: Nothing.

SOOKIE: Nothing? What kind of an answer is that?

LUKE: Sookie, it's between them. (walks over behind the counter again, as Sookie sits from the other side of it) Me and my butt are staying out of it.

SOOKIE: Oh, come on. You know this whole non-talking thing between Lorelai and Rory is ridiculous, and you know it.

LUKE: I do know it. (serves an order at the far end of the counter) Grilled cheese, double order fries.

SOOKIE: Well, all I can say is that those two better make up before your butt falls and this gorgeous antique cake-topper is nothing more than a kitschy piece of junk from the 1940s. (a car starts honking and it catches her attention) Crap. I got to go. I left Jackson's mother in the car. Maybe I should have cracked the window. (exits the diner. Luke walks to the other end of the counter. Zach is on the diner phone singing his tune)

ZACH: Ah Ah Ah oh oh ohohoh (Luke takes the phone from him and hangs up)  
(CUT to outside of band's apartment, night. Lane walks up the drive way. She greets someone on her way to the door)

LANE: Hi, Mrs. Lamkin.

Mrs.LAMKIN: Hi Lane (enters the apartment)

(CUT to inside apartment, continuous. As Lane enters she stumbles on some boxes and electronical equipment. Zach and Brian are occupying themselves with said equipment)

LANE: What is going on? What is that?

ZACH: Hey! This is the G5 dual 2.3 with a one-Gig RAM upgrade.

BRIAN: And this 3 1/2-inch aluminum casing houses a 300-Gig hard drive.

ZACH: And we got pro tools, too. We're gonna be able to record like a million tracks every song. We can burn, mix, and edit our own CDs. It's gonna be nuts.

BRIAN: Yeah, just as soon as we figure out how to turn it on.

LANE: But how? When did...? (looks over to the boys and at their looks it hits her) Oh, my God! The tour money! (rushes over to her room. Yelling OS) You went into my underwear drawer?! (walk back in the living room) I cannot believe that you went into my underwear drawer.

ZACH: But that's where the tour money was.

LANE: But that was my underwear drawer.



ZACH: It was business, not pleasure, Lane.

BRIAN: I had my eyes closed the entire time. It was all by feel.

LANE: That was my room. My private inner sanctum, and you ransacked it.

ZACH: Hey! We could be mad too you know! Frankly the fact that you felt you had to hide the tour money from us is pretty insulting.

BRIAN: Yeah, and that money was for recording equipment, anyway. So what's the big deal?

LANE: But did you at least shop around? I mean, did you go through the stack of research I have on recording equipment, cost comparisons, audio magazine articles? Did you happen to look at any of that?

BRIAN: Jeez, we didn't go through all your stuff, Lane.

LANE: I can't believe you just went out and spent nine grand without talking to me.

ZACH: It wasn't the plan. I mean we just cruised by the store to get a microcassette recorder so I could preserve my tunes. And there was this sales guy...

BRIAN: (interrupts) a great guy.

ZACH: A really great guy. And we ended up talking to him about music.

BRIAN: And Zach sang him his tune.

ZACH: Which he totally dug. Reminded him of early Smiths.

BRIAN: Great guy.

ZACH: He was! And he was like, "You should get this". And he was like, "this is the last day of our once-a-year sale, and everything's 30% off", and he showed us this whole system.

BRIAN: He spent like an hour with us.

ZACH: Totally great guy.

BRIAN: He thinks we're gonna be huge.

LANE: Was there change?

ZACH: Huh?

LANE: Did the totally great guy give you any change? (the boys look at each other confused and then back at Lane you yells frustrated) Uuuugghh! (exits to her room a tad pissed and bangs the door)

ZACH: She totally would have liked him.

BRIAN: 'Cause he was a great guy.

(CUT to Drangonfly Inn, night. Lorelai walking the library with some board game sot put away. Michel is there)

MICHEL: I believe Jackson's aunt Pat is borrowing DVDs from our collection, and secretly burning copies for her own DVD library.

LORELAI: What makes you think she's not watching the DVDs?

MICHEL: The Belleville's are freeloaders. The whole lot of them. They are as cheap as tan panty hose with white sandals. Plus, I believe they have emptied all the booze from the minibars upstairs into their own flask and then refilled the bottles with water.

LORELAI: Can I interest you in a sick day?

MICHEL: Pssh! I would not give them the satisfaction. (starts exiting the library, Lorelai follows, and Sookie is walking towards them) Oh, how proud a family reunion must be for you. (walks away)

LORELAI: He's snarky.

SOOKIE: And sarcastic.

LORELAI: He's snarcastic.

SOOKIE: Hey, do you have a minute? I want to ask you something kind of important.

LORELAI: Sure, I've got nothing but minutes. (they walk over to a couch and sit)

SOOKIE: Well, I was wondering if you would honour me and Jackson by being Martha's godmother.

LORELAI: (gasps) Oh, wow.

SOOKIE: Oh! is that a good "oh, wow" or a bad "oh, wow"?

LORELAI: It's just "oh, wow!". The whole idea of me being a godmother. I never thought of myself as the godmother type. Would I need a wand?

SOOKIE: I think you can pull it off without it.

LORELAI: Aw, jeez, Sookie, I'm touched. I would love to be Martha's godmother.

SOOKIE: Great. Oh, I'm so happy you said yes. It's going to be great. And we're gonna baptize both kids at once, so Davey's gonna need a godmother, too, and I thought, "How about Rory?".

LORELAI: (a bit uncomfortable) Rory, huh?

SOOKIE: Yeah! I thought it would be fun. And I know it's weird with you two now, but there's really no one else I'm close to to ask.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah? Um, what about your friend Kat from the Culinary Institute? You guys roomed together in college.

SOOKIE: She's been institutionalised.

LORELAI: What? Really?

SOOKIE: Oh, yeah. She shaved her head. She thinks she's Susan Powter. Sad.

LORELAI: Well, how about Theresa? She lived next door to you growing up. Aren't her husband and

Jackson best friends?

SOOKIE: She moved.

LORELAI: She moved?

SOOKIE: To Peru.

LORELAI: When?

SOOKIE: Yesterday, actually.

LORELAI: Tall, skinny Margo?

SOOKIE: Has an inner-ear problem. Frankly, I'm a little worried that she'll lose her balance holding the baby and fall in the water. And she's taaall, so that's a long way to fall. But, hey, look, if you don't want to do it or you don't want me to ask Rory, then I'll totally understand. I'm sure Jackson will understand, too, and Martha. (looks away in mock disappointment and sounds that way too) Hey, you got to do what you got to do.

LORELAI: No, no, it's okay. Um, I'll do it.

SOOKIE: You will?

LORELAI: Of course I will.

SOOKIE: Oh, thank you. (pats Lorelai's knee gets off the couch and exits the room) It's gonna be a perfect day. (Lorelai doesn't look very pleased, or happy)

(CUT to Lorelai's living room, morning. The bed is still there, and Lorelai is lying in bed, wide awake, with Luke as the alarm goes off. She quickly turns it off, gets out of bed and picks out two dresses from a clothes rack as Luke is starting to wake up. She walks over to the bed and holds them up for Luke to see)

LORELAI: Which one goes better with a baby?

LUKE: (sleepy) I like the green one.

LORELAI: It's not too sheer? Because I'm gonna be in a church.

LUKE: Looks good from here.

LORELAI: Yeah, maybe. Man, she's good. She's really good.

LUKE: Who?

LORELAI: Sookie.

LUKE: Ah!

LORELAI: This whole baptism thing is just a ruse to get me and Rory together. She's played me! She's played me like a Stradivarius.

LUKE: So, don't go, then.

LORELAI: No! I got to go.

LUKE: Why?

LORELAI: Because she asked me to be a godmother. You don't say no to that.

LUKE: Why?

LORELAI: Look! I know what she's doing. And she knows what she's doing. But no one else knows what she's doing, so on the slight chance that she's not doing what I think she's doing, which is actually just doing what she wants to do, then I will be the jerk who wouldn't be the godmother to her best friend's baby 'cause she thought something was happening that wasn't. And that will be the story everyone remembers, understand?

LUKE: I like the green dress. (Lorelai is frustrated)

(CUT to pool house bedroom, morning. Rory is lying in bed, wide awake, with Logan as the alarm goes off. She quickly turns it off)

LOGAN: (sleepy) Go back to sleep.

RORY: I have to go to the baptism.

LOGAN: Blow it off.

RORY: I can't.

LOGAN: You can do anything. You just have to believe in yourself. Did we learn nothing from "Mad Hot Ballroom"?

RORY: I have to go to Stars Hollow. (whiney) I have to see my mom. (covers her head with a pillow)

LOGAN: One, two, cha cha cha.

RORY: Uuugh, okay. (puts the pillow away) Nothing left to do but get up and face the music. (gets out of bed and walks over to her closet, picks out two dresses and holds them up for Logan to see) Which goes better with a baby?

(CUT to Stars Hollow, morning. Rory drives up in her Prius. She parks the car get out and looks over the town wistfully. She looks at her watch and starts walking)

(CUT to band's apartment, continuous. Zach is watching TV, Brian is reading something and Lane is reading the manual of the equipment the guys bought)

ZACH: You're wasting your time, Lane.

BRIAN: That manual's just a bunch of gobbledygook.

ZACH: Got to be R2-D2 to understand that thing.

LANE: No, you just have to spend more than six minutes trying to figure it out before giving up.

ZACH: I can't believe there's a second C-span. (there is a knock on the door and Rory enters)

RORY: Hi.

LANE: (surprised) Rory!

RORY: Hi. Am I interrupting anything?

ZACH: Nah, there's nothing on.

LANE: No, you're interrupting nothing. Come on in.

RORY: (noticing the equipment) Wow, this looks very fancy.

LANE: Yeah, it's pretty fancy, all right. Apparently it does everything except turn on. You look pretty fancy, too.

RORY: Oh, I'm on my way over to Sookie's kids' baptism. I'm gonna be Davey's godmother.

LANE: Very religious. My mother would be impressed.

ZACH: Hey! Is it true you get to keep the baby if the parents die?

RORY: I'm just doing it as a favour for Sookie.

BRIAN: Godmother, huh? (imitating Marlon Brando) Did you make her an offer she couldn't refuse?

ZACH: (impressed) Dude! You nailed that!

BRIAN: Thanks.

LANE: (to Rory) Come on. I need a break from the ADD boys. (nudges Zach on the head as they walk towards Lane's room)

ZACH: Whoa! There's a third C-span!

(CUT to Lane's bedroom, continuous. The girls walk in)

RORY: Room looks the same.

LANE: Yeah.

RORY: How come there's a padlock on your dresser drawer?

LANE: Uh, wild story. Here, sit. (they walk over to the bed and sit)

RORY: So, you look great. Did you get a haircut?

LANE: Yeah. Well, maybe a month ago.

RORY: I like it.

LANE: Thanks! You look good, too. I like the bangs. Very Marianne Faithfull.

RORY: Thanks. I'm hoping Mick Jagger notices. (they giggle. They seem a bit uncomfortable) So, you went on tour!?

LANE: Yeah, we did.

RORY: And how was it?

LANE: Great.

RORY: Great. (after an uncomfortable beat) And, um...how are things in the Zach department? I mean, you two are still together, right?

LANE: We are, and it's good. He's good. We're good. How many times can I use the word "good"?

RORY: Have you guys...?

LANE: No, no, no, we're still not having sex. But I did tell Zach he could tell the guys we're doing it. It's a little more rock 'n' roll.

RORY: You are a good girlfriend.

LANE: So, how's Logan?

RORY: Logan is... a constant surprise. I have trouble keeping up with him. He moves a mile a minute, gets bored in two seconds flat. He started flying those scary little planes that seem like they're made of papier-mache, which is thrilling, by the way. And, Logan's good.

LANE: Wow! Is this serious?

RORY: Seriously exciting.

LANE: I love that. Is it hard with him still at Yale and you living with your grandparents?

RORY: No, not really. It's been fine, actually. Taking time off has been great. It was absolutely the right decision for me.

LANE: That's good. That's really good.

RORY: Yeah, yeah... I just wish, that my mom could understand that. She's so... I doubt that she will talk to me again until I am back in a dorm room with a course catalogue on my lap, if then. I don't know. Maybe we'll never talk again.

LANE: You two? Oh, please.

RORY: We haven't talked in weeks.

LANE: It'll blow over.

RORY: She didn't tell me when she and Luke got engaged.

LANE: Rory, look at me. You and your mom will talk again. This rift is just nature's attempt to find some equilibrium. You and Lorelai have gone too many years without fighting. So you had to have one big fight to make up for it. Now you've had it, and soon you'll make up and then this will all be just your lost weekend.

RORY: I've missed you.

LANE: I've missed you, too. (they hug)

RORY: We can never go this long without talking again.

LANE: Deal.

RORY: I'll do anything.

LANE: I'll raise carrier pigeons.

RORY: I'll learn Morse code.

LANE: I'll send you pigeons, and you can send me code.

RORY: Okay. (looks at her watch) Oh, it's 10:30. I have fifteen minutes before I have to go. Now, I want to hear all about that tour.

LANE: OK. Well let's start with the whole "three boys and no shower" thing.

RORY: Oh, Lord!

(CUT to outside of church, morning. The Church bells are ringing and we see the announcement for the baptism. Rory is walking towards the church and bumps into Kirk on her way in)

RORY: You look nice today, Kirk.

KIRK: Thanks! This is the suit they buried my dad in.

RORY: ( a bit stunned) Oh, well...I think I'm gonna let that one go.

KIRK: So, do you know which is the Davey side of church and which is the Martha?

RORY: Oh, I don't think there are sides, Kirk. It's not like a wedding. I think we're all on both kids' sides.

KIRK: I just didn't want to offend by taking a side if there are sides. I've had some contact with Davey, in passing. Couple of high-fives, one or two peekaboo sessions, but I haven't had much contact with Martha. She seems more reserved. Elusive. There's a bit of Garbo in her. (Kirk walks away, leaving Rory to look up at the Church door)

(CUT to front of church doors, continuous. Lorelai and Sookie are chatting and chuckling. Jackson walks up to them clearly upset about something)

JACKSON: (to Sookie) I just talked to my former mother, and, oh, you are going to love this. Guess who's getting baptized today?

SOOKIE: Who?

JACKSON: Me.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: No!

SOOKIE: (very happy) Is it Christmas already?

JACKSON: This isn't funny.

SOOKIE: Uh Huh!

LORELAI: You've never been baptized?

JACKSON: Apparently on the day I was supposed to be baptized, I stuck a quarter up my nose and had to be taken to the hospital. And they never rescheduled.

SOOKIE: Well, organizational skills were never your family's strong point.

JACKSON: You know what? I have had it with my family! (Lorelai notices Rory walking towards them) I want you to march right over there and tell my mother you're divorcing me if I get baptized.

SOOKIE: Oh, yeah, that will go over very well.

JACKSON: Okay, fine. Then just say we're getting separated. I guess I better go find out what it means exactly for a grown man to get baptized.

SOOKIE: (very excited) Oh, my God! Are you gonna wear a giant christening gown?

JACKSON: You're really enjoying this, aren't you?

SOOKIE: Ooh, you have no idea. (Jackson walks away, and Sookie notices Rory walking towards the church doors) Oh, Rory's here!

LORELAI: Yeah, I see that.

SOOKIE: Boy, that's a pretty dress she's wearing, don't you think?

LORELAI: Sure. It'll go good with a baby.

SOOKIE: Well, I better go check on the kids. (very rushed) Say "hi" to Rory for me if you see her first. (runs inside and away from Lorelai. Lorelai and Rory look a bit shocked and uncomfortable)

REV.SKINNER: (to the girls) Oh, there you two are. Good. Do you have a minute? I was hoping we could have a quick chat in my office before the ceremony.

RORY: Oh, well...

LORELAI: Um, sure.

REV.SKINNER: Wonderful. Right this way. (leads them inside)

(CUT to Rev.Skinner's office, continuous. He is sitting behind his desk, while Lorelai and Rory are sitting on the other side)

REV.SKINNER: So, I always like to take a few minutes before my baptisms to get to know the godparents a little bit. Of course I already know you two, but I just want to touch base and make sure you understand the obligations of what you're getting into here today. Now, basically, godparents are responsible for the spiritual upbringing of their godchildren. I certainly hope the parents throw their two cents in, but the godparents are vitally important figures in a child's life. So, tell me, what are your religious affiliations?

LORELAI: Oh, well, Reverend, you've known us forever.

REV.SKINNER: Well, yes, I have, and I still have no idea what your religious affiliations are.

LORELAI: Oh...

RORY: Well...



LORELAI: We're a bit lapsed.

REV.SKINNER: Yes. From...?

LORELAI: Well, um...religion. But, you know, I can't speak for Rory, but I have a strong belief in good...you know...over evil. I mean, if I was asked to choose a side...

RORY: I read "The Lion, The Witch, And The Wardrobe".

LORELAI: I have a bible. Although I may or may not have accidentally given it to goodwill, because I'm remodelling. But goodwill is a religious organization... I think. But even if it's not, good will. It's in the ballpark.

RORY: I buy tons of girl-scout cookies.

LORELAI: I have two "Mary is my homegirl" T-shirts.

REV.SKINNER: Well, these are all very positive if somewhat irrelevant things. And it seems like your hearts are in the right place.

RORY: Absolutely.

LORELAI: Definitely.

REV.SKINNER: And it says something good about you both that when a friend calls you up and asks a favour, you come through like this.

LORELAI: (obviously having figured something out) Right, right.

REV.SKINNER: Shall we?

RORY: We shall. (Rory and Rev.Skinner get up and start exiting the office. Lorelai remains seated)

(CUT to church main hall, continuous. Kirk enters the church and approaches a woman)

KIRK: (to woman) So, are you a Davey or a Martha? Davey, I bet, right? He's much more accessible. He's the Dandy Warhols to Martha's Brian Jonestown m\*ssacre. (in the back Bo enters the church. He walks a bit and some coins start dropping all over the place)

BEAU: Oh. Dang it. (starts picking up the coins. Lorelai, Rory and Rev.Skinner exit the office. Lorelai and Rory take the babies in their arms as Rev Skinner walk up to the podium)

SOOKIE: Hey, Rory. You look so pretty.

RORY: Hey, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Oh, I want a picture of this. (Bo rushes to the front row and sits)

REV.SKINNER: (speaking from the podium) Welcome, everybody. Jesus tells Nicodemus in the fourth gospel, "Unless one is born of water and spirit, one cannot enter the Kingdom of God". (Lorelai at Rory) Today we gather to honor three individuals as they dedicate themselves in the first sacrament of the faith and become members of the body of the church and the Kingdom of God. Here to bear witness and offer spiritual support are Lorelai Gilmore, godparent to Martha, Rory Gilmore, godparent to Davey, and, uh...Jackson?

JACKSON: (to Rev.Skinner) Yo.

REV.SKINNER: Acting as your godparent will be...?

JACKSON: Oh, uh... my brother Bo, I guess.

REV.SKINNER: And, uh, Bo Belleville will serve as sponsor and witness for Jackson. Will you come up here, please, Bo? (Bo gets up to join everyone else, and more coins drop)

BEAU: Oh! Oh, bananas.

REV.SKINNER: The candidates for baptism will now be presented. (walk way from the podium and approaches the group. Lorelai looks at Sookie suspiciously) We are honoured with the privilege of being here today to witness and support in faith the baptism of David Edward Belleville, Martha Janice-Lori-Ethan-Rupert-Glenda-Carson-Daisy-Danny Belleville, and Jackson Matthew Belleville. I hereby charge Lorelai Gilmore, Rory Gilmore, and Bo Belleville with the responsibility of seeing to the spiritual welfare of these children and this believer. (Lorelai looks from Sookie to Rory and seems a bit peeved) We will now begin a series of ceremonial questions. Lorelai Gilmore, do you renounce Satan and all the spiritual forces that rebel against God? (Lorelai is distracted, looking at Sookie and doesn't answer. Rev.Skinner raised an eyebrow in shock and the audience starts murmuring)

SOOKIE: (whispering) Lorelai!

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: Why aren't you renouncing Satan?

LORELAI: (confused) Huh?

SOOKIE: He said, "Do you renounce Satan?", and you paused. That's not something you pause about.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm sorry. Uh, yes, I renounce Satan.

REV.SKINNER: OK. Rory Gilmore, do you renounce Satan and all the spiritual forces that rebel against God?

LORELAI: (whispering to Sookie) Did you call Rory?

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: Did you call Rory on her cell phone and ask her to be a godmother?

RORY: I renounce him.

REV.SKINNER: Bo Belleville, do you renounce Satan and all the spiritual forces that rebel against God?

RORY: (whispering to Lorelai and Sookie, overlapping Rev.Skinner) What are you whispering about?

LORELAI: I'm just trying to get some information.

RORY: What information?

BEAU: Satan can kiss my ass.

LORELAI: (whispering to Rory) How come Sookie had your phone number?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: She called you to ask you to be here, which means she must have had your phone number.

REV.SKINNER: Excuse me. Ladies?

LORELAI: I'm sorry, Reverend. Can you just give us a moment, please? (gestures to Rory to go outside. They walk towards the exit)

(CUT to outside, continuous. Rory and Lorelai exit the church through the side door)

RORY: What is wrong with you?

LORELAI: Look, it's not like I really care, okay? It's not like I was gonna call you up to chitchat or make a date to go shoe shopping, or something. But, shouldn't a mother have a way to contact her daughter, at least in case of an emergency? I mean what if I was in an accident and I had to have a blood transfusion? You're the only person in the world with the same blood type. It would really help to have your phone number.

RORY: We are holding up the service.

LORELAI: I just think it's weird you would give Sookie your number and not me.

RORY: I didn't give Sookie my new number. Sookie called Grandma, Grandma left me a note, and then I called Sookie back. And I didn't get a new number. I lost my phone.

LORELAI: If you lose your phone, you should suspend your service until you get a new one. That way, you get to keep the same number. Ever hear of that? It's ridiculous to get an entirely new number. No one gets an entirely new number.

RORY: Well, next time, I will suspend my service. (the door opens and Sookie appears)

SOOKIE: Um...Hi, guys. We kind of need the kids back.

LORELAI: OK. (Sookie takes Davey from Rory and goes back inside. Lorelai and Rory follow her)

(CUT to outside, after baptism party, morning. There are tables filled with food. Jackson is holding up Martha and Davey and talking Rev.Skinner, while Sookie walks over to Lorelai)

SOOKIE: Hey, godmother.

LORELAI: Hi. So sorry, again, for the drama.

SOOKIE: You always give me a good story to tell.

LORELAI: Well, I aim to please.

SOOKIE: You know, I have a little confession to make.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah?

SOOKIE: I kind of asked you and Rory to both be godmothers because I thought it might kind of bring you back together, patch things up.

LORELAI: (mockingly) Well, blow me down.

SOOKIE: Didn't fool you, huh?

LORELAI: No, but the salads are excellent.

SOOKIE: The salads are excellent! (Lorelai notices Bo who's calling her over in what he would think a suggestive manner)

LORELAI: OK, that's it. (to Sookie) I'll be right back. (walks over to Bo) Hi, Bo.

BEAU: Hey, darlin'. (licks his thumb and rubs it on Lorelai's sweater, then repeats licking his thumb and rubs it on his sleeve) What do you say we get out of these wet clothes?

LORELAI: (disgusted) Listen, Bo. Uh, there's been a misunderstanding here. What Rune told you about me, it's not true.

BEAU: Really?

LORELAI: None of it.

BEAU: Oh.

LORELAI: Yeah!

BEAU: So you don't have a kid?

LORELAI: Uh, Well, no, I do have a kid.

BEAU: But you didn't get knocked up when you were 16?

LORELAI: Well, that part technically is true.

BEAU: And he said you've never been married. That your single and dating around...

LORELAI: Well, I've never been married exactly, but I'm engaged now. That's pretty steady. Very permanent.

BEAU: He said you were engaged before.

LORELAI: You know what? It's all true. OK, I'm a horn dog. So if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna get some potato salad.

BEAU: (in that falsely suggestive tone) Potato salad. I get it.

LORELAI: OK. (walks away from Bo, as Rory comes up to her)

RORY: So, I'm leaving.

LORELAI: OK. Drive safe.

RORY: Look, I know this is lame at this point, but you can have my new number if you want it.

LORELAI: That's okay. I can call mom, and she can leave you a note.

RORY: OK.

LORELA: OK. (they walk in opposite directions)

(CUT to Rory's car, morning. As she's driving she picks up her phone and makes a call. Phone rings and we CUT to Yale classroom where Logan picks the phone up. The scene switches between Logan in class and Rory in the car)

LOGAN: Hello?

RORY: Hey.

LOGAN: Hey! How was the baptism?

RORY: Fine. I don't know. I don't know what's going on. I'm not handling things particularly well these days.

LOGAN: Yeah, I know what you mean.

RORY: Logan, are you okay?

LOGAN: I had a talk with my father the other day, and apparently I'm going to graduate this year. I'm going to get my act together and I'm gonna become a Huntzberger.

RORY: What does that mean?

LOGAN: I'm going to start attending shareholder meetings, letting the boys see my face around. It means my preordained life is kicking in.

RORY: Oh, I'm sorry.

LOGAN: Hey, always read the fine print on the family crest.

RORY: You know, maybe you can talk to your dad and tell him how you feel.

LOGAN: Hey, how far away are you from the airport?

RORY: Why?

LOGAN: Let's go to New York.

RORY: What?

LOGAN: New York, you and me, right now, by helicopter.

RORY: A helicopter? You're kidding.

LOGAN: We will spend the weekend at the Pierre. You don't have your community service till Monday, right?

RORY: Yeah, but...

LOGAN: Don't pack. We'll shop. Much more irresponsible.

RORY: Um...Logan...

LOGAN: I'll see you at the airport in 20 minutes, Ace.

RORY: OK, I'll see you in 20 minutes. (she hangs up and continues driving)

(CUT to Lorelai's living room, night. Lorelai is sitting on her bed with PA, a pizza and a bunch of junk food watching the Rosie O'Donnell movie. Lorelai looks very sad)

ROSIE O'DONNELL (On TV): I think he's gonna take me for a ride in it.

MAN (On TV): What about your boyfriend? What about Jesse?

ROSIE O'DONNELL (On TV): Jesse's delicious. He's gonna take me today to get a new toilet seat because mine got broken and was sliding. I would fall off of it. I go, "whoa!"

LORELAI: (very sad and disappointed) It's not the same. (takes a red vine and starts to eat it as she pets PA)

ROSIE O'DONNELL (On TV): What, am I scaring you? Want me to scare you? Boo boo boo!

MAN (On TV): Beth...

END Of Episode 6.04 - Always A Godmother, Never A God

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