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03x16 - The Big One

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3.16 - The Big One

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OPEN AT LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory are both reading in the living room. Lorelai glances out the window]

LORELAI: Mail!

RORY: Mail!

LORELAI: Hurry up! Where are your shoes?

RORY: I'll get them later.

LORELAI: No, get them now.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: Why? Because if your Harvard acceptance letter is in that batch of mail and you do not have shoes on, we can't run off immediately and celebrate. All of our happiness will be on hold until you come back inside and put on your shoes. Is that what you want to put a hold on happiness?

RORY: What's the difference if we wait then or we wait now?

LORELAI: Because we are not happy now.

RORY: Right, okay. [runs to her bedroom]

LORELAI: No laces, just get them on your feet.

RORY: [runs back with shoes on] Let's go!

[they run outside to the mailbox. Kirk is going through his mailbag]

LORELAI: Kirk!

RORY: Kirk!

KIRK: Good morning, ladies.

LORELAI: Is there an envelope in there?

RORY: A big envelope, not a little envelope.

LORELAI: Yeah, a big envelope means she's in, a little envelope means she needs to marry rich.

KIRK: Just one second, please.

RORY: Aren't you supposed to go through the mail before you get here?

KIRK: Some work that way. Personally, I think it takes the spontaneity out of the job.

LORELAI: Need some help?

KIRK: Sorry, federal law prohibits it.

RORY: Any chance you could go faster?

LORELAI: Yeah, you got a girl's future in that sack of yours, Santa.

RORY: Thank you for adding the Santa.

LORELAI: Any time.

KIRK: You know what I've noticed?

LORELAI: It wouldn't be any mail in there with our names on it, would it?

KIRK: I've noticed people don't slow down anymore.

RORY: Guess I've got time to tie my shoes.

LORELAI: Yes, well, cobble yourself a new pair Daniel Day Lewis.

KIRK: No one stops to smell a nice flower or look at a puppy.

LORELAI: You're absolutely right.

[Kirk pulls a large envelope out of his mailbag]

KIRK: No one stops to ask how you're doing. . .is your family well, did you see that game last night?

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah, people suck. Is that ours?

KIRK: What? Oh. [checks envelope] Mrs. Rita Flora. Nope.

RORY: Rats.

LORELAI: It could still be in there.

KIRK: Rita Flora □ didn't she die?

LORELAI: While you were delivering her mail?

KIRK: She did die. She died last week.

LORELAI: Kirk.

KIRK: They're supposed to put your mail on hold when you die.

LORELAI: Okay, let's go back inside.

RORY: What about the envelope?

LORELAI: We'll check back on our way to Luke's. . .for dinner.

KIRK: [pulls out another envelope] Hey, one for Kirk.

[opening credits]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai, Rory and Lane are sitting at a table. Lane is tapping her drumsticks on a jar]

LANE: It's getting frustrating. I mean, there's so many great songs that have been written post-Cobain, but try and convince Zach of that. I mean, he's impossible, stubborn, and just a tad intellectually challenged, in case you haven't noticed.

LORELAI: Lane, honey?

LANE: Yeah?

LORELAI: Just, could you, with the sticks there, I can't. . .

LANE: Oh, sorry. Nervous habit.

RORY: Mom's a little crabby this morning.

LORELAI: I'm not crabby, I'm very, very ill.

RORY: With allergies.

LORELAI: Deadly allergies.

RORY: Sorry, didn't mean to minimize your condition. Should we make funeral arrangements now?

LORELAI: Yes. [pulls some medicine out of her purse] But make sure you can get your money back in case this stuff works.

RORY: Where did you get those?

LORELAI: Found them in your room.

RORY: These expired in '98.

LORELAI: So, what, I should take four?

RORY: Yes, that's exactly my point.

[Luke walks over and sets some menus on the table]

LUKE: Here.

RORY: New menus.

LANE: Very fancy.

LORELAI: Why'd you get new menus?

LUKE: It was time.

LORELAI: But I had made little doodles with my name hidden in them on each one of the old ones just like Hirschfeld.

LUKE: Sorry.

LORELAI: It took me years to hit every menu. And these have super heavy plastic over them. How am I gonna doodle?

LUKE: Has it ever occurred to you that the super heavy plastic is there to discourage the doodling?

RORY: Hey, this looks different.

LUKE: It's not different.

LANE: It's totally different.

LUKE: It's not that different.

LORELAI: There are more salads.

RORY: Three more salads.

LORELAI: Three more salads □ who needs three more salads?

RORY: One was enough.

LUKE: Well, Nicole said □

LORELAI: Nicole said.

LUKE: There wasn't really that much for her to eat on the menu, so I just. . .

LORELAI: Oh, you added three more salads just for Nicole. When I asked you to add chili-topped Pringles, you said no.

LUKE: And I stand by that.

LORELAI: How come Nicole gets three salads and I still get a no?

RORY: Because Nicole is his girlfriend.

LUKE: Nicole is not my girlfriend, Nicole is the woman that I am dating, that's it.

LORELAI: So what happens when you guys get serious, the whole place goes soy?

LUKE: Just order, please.

LANE: Did you take off the Monte Cristo sandwich?

LUKE: Well, I ▯

RORY: No!

LORELAI: You did, you took off the Monte Cristo sandwich.

LUKE: I omitted a few obsolete dishes.

LORELAI: I can't believe Nicole made you take off the Monte Cristo. She's got you menu-whipped.

LUKE: She does not have me menu-whipped. I took off a disgusting ridiculous sandwich that no one has ever ordered, including the three of you.

RORY: But just having it there made us feel like we always could.

LORELAI: It was comforting.

RORY: Like soup.

LORELAI: Exactly. It was comforting like deep-fried ham and cheese soup.

RORY: And even though I never ordered it, I talked about ordering it, haven't I?

LANE: On several occasions.

LORELAI: So you've not only eliminated a sandwich, you've eliminated a conversation piece.

RORY: Now what will we talk about?

LUKE: Fine.

[Luke walks to the counter and returns with some old menus]

LUKE: Here. Old menus, everything's there. Knock yourselves out.

LORELAI: How come everybody else gets a new menu? [Luke walks away] I feel much better now.

CUT TO CHILTON CLASSROOM

[A teacher is passing back papers]

TEACHER: Well, I must say I'm glad to see that simply because the SATs are over, most of you are still taking your classwork seriously. Most of you.

LOUISE: Michael Mason. Worth every wrong answer.

TEACHER: All right, before we continue, I would like to remind you that the Chilton Bicentennial celebration takes place next week.

LOUISE: Number four. [shows off her hickey]

MADELINE: Well done.

TEACHER: The official sign up sheet for the speech contest has gone up in the back of the room.

The contest will be held on Friday, and the winner will present their speech at the ceremony next week. Now, some of you may be saying to yourself, "Hey, I already turned in my college application. Why should I spend all this time entering a speech competition, which if I win means I have to give up a Friday night, when I can't even use it for my resume? What's in it for me?"

MADLINE: Wow, that was spooky.

TEACHER: Yes, the speech will not go on your record. However, the bicentennial is going to be quite a prestigious affair. Past alumni and faculty will be there, some of these people are now professors at the same schools you're planning on attending. Plus, C-SPAN will be broadcasting the event live. All in all, it's shaping up to be a very exciting event. Think about it. [bell rings] Oh, I almost forgot to welcome back Brad Langford. He returns to us fresh from Broadway where he's just completed a successful run of Into the Woods. Welcome back, Brad.

BRAD: Thank you. It's good to be back.

PARIS: Sit down, Mary Martin.

TEACHER: All right everyone, have a lovely rest of the day. I will see you tomorrow.

[the students start to leave. Brad walks up to Rory]

BRAD: Rory, hi.

RORY: Hey Brad, good to have you back. How was Broadway?

BRAD: It was great, but Nathan Lane is a very bitter man.

RORY: I've heard that.

BRAD: You know, I tell you, even more than the actual experience of performing live, the confidence it gives you in every aspect of your life, that's the most amazing thing.

RORY: Well, you do look rather confident.

BRAD: Hey, it's the new me.

[Madeline and Louise walk over]

LOUISE: So, Brad. . . Broadway, I must know.

BRAD: Yes?

LOUISE: Did you get to keep your makeup?

MADLINE: What about your costumes, 'cause that seems great.

LOUISE: Ooh, unless you're doing Les Mis.

MADLINE: Or Cats.

LOUISE: Furry spandex with a tail and jazz shoes?

MADLINE: Hurrah. So, do you?

BRAD: Do I?

MADELINE: Get to keep the makeup?

BRAD: I didn't ask.

LOUISE: You didn't ask?

MADELINE: How do you leave the house every morning and not have a piano fall on your head?

BRAD: Well, I make a left on Federal and then □

RORY: Brad, that really didn't require an answer.

[Paris walks over]

PARIS: You're blocking the list.

RORY: What's that? Will we please move so you may sign up for the speech contest? Why, yes, Paris, we'd be happy to. How kind of you to phrase it in that very respectful manner.

PARIS: Are you going to move, or do you need a five, six, seven, eight?

BRAD: Paris, this time on stage has been a very growing experience for me. I'm no longer intimidated by you or people like you.

PARIS: I'm thrilled to hear it, Chita Rivera. Move. Well, Gilmore, I certainly hope you're signing up, too. It'll be my last chance to trounce you with anything at this school.

RORY: My decision to do this will in no way depend on you, Paris.

PARIS: I'm only saying it won't be a totally satisfying victory just beating Jerome Robbins and the rest of the losers here. I'd really like to take you down also.

BRAD: Boy, she is really up on her theater references.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Sookie, surrounded by her kitchen staff, has several plates of food on the counter in front of her]

SOOKIE: This is outrageous. I am beyond offended. Did you tell them I'm beyond offended? Sending my food back? That's it, get their names, they're never eating here again.

WAITER: Okay.

SOOKIE: Wait, what wine was he drinking?

WAITER: 1952 Chateau Petrus Bordeaux.

SOOKIE: Hm. Okay, never mind.

[Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Hey, is everything okay?

SOOKIE: No, we have got to have a better screening system for customers here.

LORELAI: Yes, we do, since we currently have no screening system for customers here.

SOOKIE: They sent it back. My food. My four star, 'you haven't lived 'til you've eaten there, says Ruth Reichl,' food.

LORELAI: What did they say was wrong?

SOOKIE: You name it. Too salty, too hot, too sewer-y.

LORELAI: Honey, calm down. Some people are just stupid.

SOOKIE: Yes, they are stupid, and stupid people have stupid friends, and they all have to come here and be stupid together.

LORELAI: Okay, now, don't be mad at me, but I have to ask this - are you sure there's nothing wrong with the food?

SOOKIE: Of course there's nothing wrong with the food. You don't think that I would know if something was wrong with my food? You don't think that I tasted every last dish that was sent back. I tasted it, Manuel tasted it, Rico tasted it, Louella tasted it. We all tasted it and it tastes fine.

LORELAI: Okay. Do you mind?

SOOKIE: You don't believe me?

LORELAI: I believe you completely, but it's easier for me to take on those who doubt you if I actually tasted it myself.

SOOKIE: Fine, go ahead.

[Lorelai tries the food]

LORELAI: Okay, now I get the sewer-y reference.

SOOKIE: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: Come here. [to waiter] Just, uh, send them out some free desserts.

SOOKIE: Free desserts? You're giving the stupid people free desserts.

LORELAI: Sookie, I love you.

SOOKIE: I love you, too.

LORELAI: Okay, and I love your food, you know that.

SOOKIE: Yeah.

LORELAI: But I have to tell you that that bite I just had over there is one of the worst things I've ever tasted, and I've tasted some very bad things.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: Are you sure you didn't just accidentally drop something in the food tonight, like, I don't know, uh, strychnine or manure?

SOOKIE: No, I tested each dish every step of the way. I mean, the base, the stock, the sauce, the seasonings.

LORELAI: Are you sick? □Cause sometimes the flu or a cold or even allergies can throw your tastebuds off.

SOOKIE: No, I'm not sick. I mean, I had a little bug last week, but nothing today.

LORELAI: Well, I think you should think about getting a checkup. Maybe it was more than a little bug.

SOOKIE: The food was really bad?

LORELAI: Oh, honey, it was just. . .well, yeah, it was really that bad.

SOOKIE: I don't understand it.

LORELAI: Ah, I'm sure it was nothing. Just have Manuel help you with the tasting for the rest of the night, okay?

[Rory walks into the kitchen]

RORY: Paris is going to drive me completely insane. Ooh, that looks good.

ENTIRE KITCHEN STAFF: No!

RORY: Geez.

LORELAI: Be happy you're loved, hon. I got a Kit Kat in my purse.

[Lorelai and Rory walk into the lobby]

RORY: What's up?

LORELAI: I don't know. It's weird, Sookie must be sick or something.

RORY: Sookie never gets sick.

LORELAI: She'll be fine. So, tell me, what did Paris do now?

RORY: It's nothing, it's just Paris. There's this speech contest for the bicentennial, and I wasn't even going to enter it, but I don't know □ with the whole □it's my last chance to crush you before graduation' comment, I want to enter, I want to win, and I wanna dance around her saying □I win, I win, I win!

LORELAI: Wow, you're getting more and more like me everyday.

RORY: But I know, it was petty and stupid and I should probably just ignore her.

LORELAI: Yes, that is what you should do.

RORY: Okay, that is what I will do.

LORELAI: How come you weren't gonna enter the contest?

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: You love doing school things.

RORY: I don't love doing school things when it involves the entire school staring at me while I'm doing them.

LORELAI: You had to give your vice presidential acceptance speech in front of the entire school.

RORY: Yeah, but I had to do that.

LORELAI: Oh, so you're just gonna go through life only doing what you have to do.

RORY: Well, no.

LORELAI: Because a person who wants to be a foreign correspondent for a living should probably embrace the opportunity to practice her speechin' skills in front of a crowd.

RORY: You had the motherly edge going there until you threw in the speechin' skills comment.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, you know what I mean.

RORY: I know what you mean. Okay, I'll go out for the speech.

LORELAI: Good.

RORY: And if I get to do the I win, I win, I win' dance, then so much the better.

LORELAI: For everyone involved.

RORY: Mmhmm.

LORELAI: Oh my God. Oh my God.

[Lorelai walks across the lobby. Sookie is walking toward her]

LORELAI: You're pregnant!

SOOKIE: I'm pregnant!

[they scream and jump up and down]

SOOKIE: Oh my God, I'm pregnant!

RORY: You're pregnant?

SOOKIE: I'm pregnant!

LORELAI: That's why!

SOOKIE: I'm pregnant!

RORY: That's great!

[they all scream and hug]

CUT TO CHILTON HALLWAY

[Students are outside a classroom awaiting their turns in the speech contest. Paris walks up to a girl and looks at her speech]

PARIS: Huh.

GIRL: What?

PARIS: That just looks like more than four thousand words, but I'm sure you counted them.

GIRL: I did.

PARIS: Good. [to another girl] Hey Shelly, good luck. Although I'm sure you're going to be great. After all, there's hardly anything on stage for you to trip over this time, right? [sits down next to Brad; sings] I've got my beans at Grandma's house, my magic beans at Grandma's house.

BRAD: Stop it.

PARIS: [sings] I'll take my beans, my magic beans, who's got the beans, we need some beans, I love the beans.

BRAD: You can't rattle me.

PARIS: [sings] Into the woods at Grandma's house.

BRAD: Look, I'm proud of my part, okay? The New York Times called me winningly naïve.

PARIS: [sings] Into the woods, into the woods, into the woods.

RORY: Stop it right now.

PARIS: I know, that is one annoying song.

RORY: Leave Brad alone, and stop terrorizing everyone in this hallway.

PARIS: Terrorizing? What are you talking about, terrorizing? I'm simply talking to my fellow classmates.

RORY: You're trying to scare them into doing badly so you'll win easier.

PARIS: I am not.

RORY: Oh really? And that magical bean recital back there?

PARIS: Hey, I was trying to give the kid some human contact. He's been talking to nothing but a cow for a year and a half.

BRAD: There was a person inside that cow, I've told you that!

TEACHER: [walks out of classroom] Brad Langford.

BRAD: I'm winningly naïve.

TEACHER: Okay.

PARIS: Brad, you got your beans?

RORY: Stop. Go Brad, you'll do great.

[Brad walks into the classroom]

RORY: It's amazing how you manage to hide those bolts on the side of your neck. What is that, just really good cover up?

PARIS: Rory, lower your voice. People are trying to concentrate.

RORY: Wow.

PARIS: Wow what?

RORY: Your speech must really suck.

PARIS: Excuse me?

RORY: I mean, if you're going to all this trouble to psych out everyone else, then you must know you have a loser there.

PARIS: Mind games. Not your forte, cupcake. Stick to talking to losers off the train tracks, will you?

RORY: You're horrible.

PARIS: And I'm going to win. [a girl sits next to her] Cherry, hi. Man those braces are shiny.

CUT TO LORELAI'S FRONT YARD

[Lorelai walks out of the house toward the Jeep; her cell phone rings]

LORELAI: [answers phone] Hello

SOOKIE: It's me.

LORELAI: Every detail, leave nothing out.

SOOKIE: Well, I told him.

LORELAI: Did he flip? Did he cry? Did he scream?

SOOKIE: No.

LORELAI: No? Did he hear you?

SOOKIE: Yeah, he heard me.

LORELAI: I don't understand, what happened?

SOOKIE: Well, I came home and I got some flowers and I chilled some glasses and I put some music on and I opened a bottle of champagne, and the cork broke the window so I had to clean up the glass, and then I taped some cardboard over the hole, and then I knocked over the bottle of champagne, so I had to get out the mop.

LORELAI: My finger's hitting the fast forward button, hon.

SOOKIE: So, he came home and I handed him a beer, and I smiled and I kissed him and I told him he was gonna be a daddy.

LORELAI: And then he did what?

SOOKIE: Then he got out the calculator.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: He's been crunching numbers for two hours.

LORELAI: He didn't say anything?

SOOKIE: No.

LORELAI: Mr. 'I-want-four-in-four' hears he can check off number one and he says nothing?

SOOKIE: Okay, not nothing.

LORELAI: Thank you.

SOOKIE: Every fifteen minutes, he says, 'Oh, boy.'

LORELAI: 'Oh, boy' like 'Oh, boy!'?

SOOKIE: No, 'Oh, boy' like 'Oh, boy.'

JACKSON: [in background] Oh, boy.

SOOKIE: Did you hear that?

LORELAI: Well, maybe he's in shock.

JACKSON: Oh, boy.

SOOKIE: Maybe.

JACKSON: Oh, boy.

LORELAI: Honey, I'd go in there and take that calculator away from him if I were you.

SOOKIE: This wasn't how it was supposed to go.

LORELAI: I know, sweetie, but give it time. It's a big thing.

SOOKIE: He said he wanted this.

LORELAI: He loves you, he wants this.

JACKSON: Oh, boy.

SOOKIE: Uh huh.

LORELAI: Hang in there, I'll call you later.

SOOKIE: I'll be here.

JACKSON: Oh, boy. Oh, boy. Oh, boy.

CUT TO DOOSE'S MARKET

[Several people are standing around Kirk, who has the mail spread out in a pile on the floor.]

DEAN: It's right there!

KIRK: Just a second.

DEAN: I see it. Can I just ▯

KIRK: Yeah, I can do it.

DEAN: Kirk, it's right there!

KIRK: You are yelling at me, and I have to tell you that that is not the way to get results.

DEAN: You keep passing it.

KIRK: You are making me crazy.

[Lorelai walks up to them]

LORELAI: Dean, I just need. . .oh, hey, that's my water bill.

DEAN: He's been down there for twenty minutes.

LORELAI: Kirk, you have to sort the mail first.

KIRK: Everybody is always telling me what to do. Everybody else is always right. Well, I'm sorry, but I am the mail carrier in this town and I will carry the mail the way that I carry the mail, and if you don't like that, then you can carry the mail. But you'll have to apply for the job first and get hired. And there's a test, and it is a hard test, my friend. Ow, paper cut.

LORELAI: Dean, I need some of that non-drowsy allergy medicine stuff.

DEAN: Did you check in the back with the aspirin?

LORELAI: Yeah, nothing.

DEAN: Then we're probably out. I could tell you when they're expected in, but I haven't gotten the mail yet.

KIRK: Shut up.

LORELAI: Okay, nevermind, I'll just grab some when I get to Hartford. See if you can get my water bill for me.

DEAN: All right, I'll do my best. [to Kirk] I'm giving you five minutes to get up, then I'm getting the mop.

KIRK: You will not touch this. This is the property of the United States Government.

CUT TO HARTFORD DRUGSTORE

[Lorelai walks to the allergy medicine aisle and looks at the selection]

LORELAI: Okay, okay, okay. Okay, okay, show me a difference, people. Why can't I pick one? Ooh, on sale, that's it, good, done.

[Lorelai picks a medicine, then walks to the end of the aisle, where she sees Max]

LORELAI: Max.

MAX: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hi.

MAX: Hi back.

LORELAI: I didn't know you had a cold.

MAX: I just recently found out myself.

LORELAI: Well, wow. You. Hi. How have you been?

MAX: I've been good.

LORELAI: Good.

MAX: I've been in California.

LORELAI: Well, cowabunga dude.

MAX: Yes, that's my official California name.

LORELAI: So, California, huh?

MAX: Stanford, actually. I was teaching a class there.

LORELAI: Well, good. It's about time that dump got some decent teachers.

MAX: Yes, they're really trying to turn the place around.

LORELAI: Well, so, if you were living in California, then what are you doing back here?

MAX: Well, this place has the best selection.

LORELAI: In Hartford.

MAX: My class ended, and I thought I'd come back for the Chilton Bicentennial.

LORELAI: Ah.

MAX: What are you doing here in Hartford?

LORELAI: Friday night?

MAX: The infamous Gilmore dinners.

LORELAI: Yeah.

MAX: How's that going?

LORELAI: Uh, great. We had to add on an extra room for all the emotional baggage, but other than that, there's been no bloodshed as of yet.

MAX: Well, I'm glad to hear it. And Rory's good?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, she's the Encyclopedia Britannica definition of good.

MAX: Grades?

LORELAI: Perfect.

MAX: Same boyfriend?

LORELAI: Different boyfriend.

MAX: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah.

MAX: You hate him.

LORELAI: No, I don't.

MAX: You really hate him.

LORELAI: I smile, I say hi, I let him eat the good cookies.

MAX: You wanna have him k*llled.

LORELAI: Only if I get a really good price.

MAX: She's young, she'll move on, she's got college next year.

LORELAI: Great. Frat boys, I cannot wait.

MAX: Just get a keg, keeps them distracted.

LORELAI: Oh, well, thanks for the advice. I'm gonna lock her up in a tower when I get home.

MAX: Glad I could help. Well, listen, I, um, have this dinner I have to get to.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, yeah. Me, too. Me, too. So. . .

MAX: It was nice to see you.

LORELAI: It was nice to see you, too.

MAX: Bye.

LORELAI: Uh, bye.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai rings the doorbell, Richard answers the door]

RICHARD: Ah, you're here.

LORELAI: And you are by far the most masculine-looking maid my parents have ever had.

RICHARD: It's chaos here. The second maid called in sick, the first is busy with dinner, and your poor mother is at the hospital. Her DAR group suffered a surfeit of strokes this week.

LORELAI: Come again?

RICHARD: Three of her friends had strokes. And now she is hopping from sick bed to sick bed offering whatever comfort she can.

[they start walking to the living room]

LORELAI: Three DAR strokes. What's in that water they're drinking?

RICHARD: Well, a little whiskey, usually. Oh, and you're forgetting Liesl.

LORELAI: What?

RICHARD: Our East-German maid. She was much more masculine-looking than me.

LORELAI: Right, the muttonchops.

RICHARD: Here is Rory.

LORELAI: Thanks, I wouldn't have recognized her. Hi hon.

RORY: Hi. Did you hear about the strokes?

LORELAI: Yes, stay away from whiskey and the DAR.

RICHARD: Your mother would make you throw that out at this point.

LORELAI: How about I exchange it for a martini?

RICHARD: Ah, coming up. [phone rings] Oh, good I'm expecting an important call. This could be it.

LORELAI: Uh, Dad, if the maid is busy with dinner and the second one's out and Mom's at the hospital. . . you know.

RICHARD: Oh, right, right. I'll get it! [leaves room]

LORELAI: Alone at last. Have I got something to tell you.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Or maybe you have something to tell me.

RORY: Don't do that, I have nothing.

LORELAI: Or are you minimizing what you know? Maybe you should maximize it.

RORY: I'm confused.

LORELAI: Maximize it.

RORY: I'm maximum confused.

LORELAI: I ran into Max.

RORY: Medina?

LORELAI: At the pharmacy. Did you know he was back?

RORY: No. He was, like, on loan somewhere.

LORELAI: Yeah, at Stanford. But he's back now, for a little while at least, and I am happy to report that either he's forgiven me for treating him so badly or it wasn't that bad and I just built it up worse in my head.

RORY: Oh no, you treated him like crap

LORELAI: Well, he was very big about it. He didn't recoil or blow me off. We had a nice chat. It was good to see him.

RORY: He's a great guy.

LORELAI: He is.

RORY: And a great teacher, too. I'm glad he's back.

LORELAI: Good. He seems glad, too.

[Richard returns to the room]

RICHARD: That was not my call, and for a second there, I thought a fourth friend of your mother's had had a stroke.

RORY: Oh, no.

RICHARD: But then I realized that it was one of the original stroke ladies' husband's calling to inform me of her stroke, which we already knew about, so here we are.

LORELAI: Thank God.

RICHARD: So, Rory has been telling me about the Chilton Bicentennial and her speech.

RORY: Well, it's not my speech yet. I have to qualify for it.

RICHARD: Oh, you'll get it.

LORELAI: She'll be on C-SPAN if she does.

RICHARD: Very good.

RORY: It's not like anyone would watch it.

LORELAI: Yes, they will. You're a hell of a lot more interesting than that usual shot they have of all

the white men walking around that big empty chamber with the numbers all over them.

RICHARD: That's a televised house vote, and I find that fascinating.

LORELAI: It's like watching the Men's Warehouse security camera.

RICHARD: When is your speech? I'd like to be there.

RORY: Again, it's not my speech yet, but it's Friday at five.

RICHARD: Oh, well, that's tough. Could they move it to six?

RORY: I don't think so.

RICHARD: Well, maybe I'll move my thing.

RORY: That might be best.

[phone rings]

RICHARD: Oh, I've got it, I've got it, I've got it!

[As Richard rushes out of the room, Lorelai laughs]

RORY: What?

LORELAI: [holds up her cell phone] Speed dial. I just like seeing him do that.

RICHARD: [from other room] I've got it.

CUT TO SOOKIE AND JACKSON'S HOUSE

[Lorelai walks up to the house, Sookie is sitting on the front porch swing]

SOOKIE: Ah, thank God, someone sane. Come on up.

LORELAI: Your phone has been busy all night and I am dying to know what the doctor said.

SOOKIE: He said, "Congratulations, it's an It!"

LORELAI: Ah, I loved being pregnant.

SOOKIE: You'll give me lots of tips?

LORELAI: Oh, what I can remember.

SOOKIE: Get your diary out from that year 'cause I wanna know it all.

LORELAI: A lot of my diary from that year was, um, a debate over which member of Tears for Fears I loved more at that particular moment.

SOOKIE: That's probably not going to help me much.

LORELAI: What are you doing out here? It's cold.

SOOKIE: Well, we finished eating and I needed a break. Rough day. We didn't get home until eight.

LORELAI: Eight? Your appointment was at six.

SOOKIE: Jackson won't drive home faster than seven miles an hour. He doesn't wanna jiggle Baby.

LORELAI: Oh my God.

SOOKIE: We spent ten minutes on one speed bump. I could've walked home faster. And he's got this wild look in his eye like he's some kind of death rocker or something, and he's making lots of calls, and he punched the calculator so much he broke it.

[Jackson walks out of the house]

JACKSON: We're selling the truck.

SOOKIE: What?

JACKSON: It's the only way we're going to afford the minivan.

SOOKIE: I thought you broke the calculator.

JACKSON: I'm using a pencil. Hi Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hi Jackson, congratulations.

SOOKIE: We don't need a van.

JACKSON: And I'm getting a haircut and buying a second tie. [the phone rings] Oh, I'll get it. It's probably the contractor.

SOOKIE: What contractor?

JACKSON: The add-on.

SOOKIE: What add-on?

JACKSON: The expansion, Sookie, the expansion. [walks into the house]

SOOKIE: He's expanding something.

LORELAI: He's, uh, being very cryptic.

SOOKIE: I don't wanna expand anything. And did you see his eyes?

LORELAI: Tasmanian devil.

SOOKIE: When I came home, he was baby-proofing the house, he'd thrown away all our prescription dr*gs, and he was stuffing newspaper into the electrical sockets. He's insane.

[Jackson walks out with the phone]

JACKSON: [oh phone] Hold on, Tom. [to Sookie] He says we have to move out for three months to do the add-on. We probably don't wanna do that.

SOOKIE: Probably not.

[Jackson walks back into the house]

LORELAI: Have you tried slapping him?

SOOKIE: No, he won't let me lift my arm above my head in case it stretches Baby. This stinks. We never even got to celebrate. He went straight to budgets and minivans.

LORELAI: Aw, well, what he's doing is sweet in its own obnoxious way.

SOOKIE: I guess I'll have to let him be male.

LORELAI: So, listen, um, I ran into Max Medina.

SOOKIE: Oh my God, really? How weird was that?

LORELAI: A little. Not as much as I would have thought.

SOOKIE: He's such a good guy.

LORELAI: Yeah, people are pretty unanimous on that.

SOOKIE: Well, was he nice to you?

LORELAI: Very. I mean, what happened with us was so long ago. Do you think what I did to him was really horrible?

SOOKIE: You mean dumping him in the gutter? Sure.

LORELAI: Yeah, people are pretty unanimous on that, too.

SOOKIE: So, Max Medina's back.

LORELAI: Not for long, though. I just hope he doesn't hate me. He was probably just being nice. I just don't want him to hate me.

SOOKIE: You didn't mean to hurt him.

LORELAI: I'll write him a note or something. I owe him that.

[Jackson walks out of the house and holds up a cleaver.]

LORELAI/SOOKIE: Oh!

JACKSON: What is this?

SOOKIE: It's my cleaver.

JACKSON: What if Baby fell on it?

SOOKIE: You mean, what if Baby rolled off the sink and into the open second drawer? It wouldn't be good.

JACKSON: It has to go.

SOOKIE: I need it to chop stuff.

JACKSON: We're switching to plastic.

SOOKIE: I can't use plastic.

JACKSON: And the Saran Wrap's history, too.

SOOKIE: Jackson!

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory walks through the front door. The phone is ringing]

RORY: [answers phone] Hello?

WOMAN: Rory Gilmore, please.

RORY: This is Rory Gilmore.

WOMAN: Please hold. I'm connecting Headmaster Charleston and Paris Gellar.

RORY: What? You're what, hello?

WOMAN: Miss Gilmore?

RORY: I'm here.

WOMAN: Miss Gellar?

PARIS: I'm here.

WOMAN: Please hold, I'm connecting Headmaster Charleston. [pause] Miss Gilmore, Miss Gellar, you have Headmaster Charleston.

HEADMASTER: Ladies, hello. I hope you're having a pleasant evening.

RORY: Yes, sir.

PARIS: Very pleasant.

HEADMASTER: Wonderful to hear. Well, let's get down to it, shall we? I was very impressed with both of your speeches today. They were well written, well researched, and eloquently delivered. You should be very proud.

RORY: Thank you, we were.

PARIS: Who won?

HEADMASTER: Just the simple act of completing a task well is in itself a win, is it not Miss Gellar?

PARIS: Yes, sir.

HEADMASTER: Wonderful. Anyhow, as I was listening to you both this afternoon, a thought kept rolling around in my head. I was thinking what a pity it is I will have to choose just one. But then I realized, 'Hold on a minute here. I'm the headmaster at this school, I'm in charge of this competition, I can change the rules if I wish to.' So I am.

RORY: You are?

PARIS: You are what?

HEADMASTER: I am changing the rules. Instead of having one speaker at our bicentennial, we will have two. You will combine your speeches and present them together.

PARIS: You're kidding.

HEADMASTER: I assure you I am not. I think it will be an excellent way to pay proper tribute to our school. So, what do you think of my little plan?

RORY: Well. . .

PARIS: It's, uh. . .

HEADMASTER: Brilliant. Yes, I think so, too. That's all. Congratulations. I would like the revised copy of your speech on my desk by Tuesday. Enjoy the rest of your weekend. [hangs up]

PARIS: Well, look who's suddenly decided to become Kofi Annan.

RORY: Excuse me?

PARIS: Charleston thinks we need to play nice with each other, so he screws up the whole bicentennial. This sucks.

RORY: Yes, it does suck.

PARIS: So, what do we do now?

RORY: Do we have a choice?

PARIS: Of course we have a choice. You could say no.

RORY: Why could I say no? You could say no.

PARIS: I could not say no. C-SPAN is going to be there.

RORY: Well, I like C-SPAN as much as you do.

PARIS: You do not.

RORY: I do, too. Ask my mom, it's all I talk about.

PARIS: So, I guess we need a game plan now.

RORY: Okay. We can meet at school tomorrow and work on it.

PARIS: Or we could do it over the phone.

RORY: Over the phone?

PARIS: We're just combining two speeches, Rory. There's no reason we have to sit in the same room and stare at each other.

RORY: Fine, whatever you want.

PARIS: Tomorrow night, six o'clock, I'll call you.

RORY: I can't wait.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[The doorbell rings. Rory answers the door, Paris is standing there]

RORY: What are you doing here?

PARIS: We have a speech to write.

RORY: Yes, but we were supposed to do it over the phone. That was the plan.

PARIS: Well, it's a ridiculous plan. We have to put two speeches together. We have to rehearse them, we have to hone our timing. None of that can be done effectively over the phone.

RORY: But it was your idea.

PARIS: Oh, like you fought me on it?

RORY: Of course I didn't fight you on it.

PARIS: Well, okay then.

RORY: What, okay then? Our conversation did not just come to a close. There was not a decision made back there just now.

PARIS: Look, I'm here, we should just do this and get it over with. Do you wanna study here or in your bedroom? Fine, I'll go to a payphone. Do you have payphones in this town or are you still using a town crier?

RORY: We'll do it here.

PARIS: Whatever you say.

[they walk into Rory's bedroom]

PARIS: So, I think the first thing to do is to acquaint ourselves with each others' speeches so we can judge who hit which point best. Here. [hands Rory her speech]

RORY: Mine. [hands Paris her speech]

PARIS: Good. Let's read. Why did you use this font?

RORY: Because I was on the crack.

PARIS: Did you check these facts?

RORY: Yes, I did.

PARIS: And the spelling of these names?

RORY: Yes, I did.

PARIS: Rory?

RORY: What, Paris?

PARIS: I slept with Jamie. Last night, after we talked.

RORY: Was it something I said?

PARIS: I went over there to study and he lit a fire and then we did it. What are your thoughts on that?

RORY: My thoughts?

PARIS: Because I'm not exactly sure how I feel about it myself yet. I've been going over it in my head. I mean, it seemed to go pretty well. The fire was nice and thank God he didn't try to put on any ridiculous makeout music, and then it just happened. I was actually fairly surprised at the timing of it because I wasn't wearing anything particularly alluring, and in the moments just before the act. . .

RORY: Oh, God.

PARIS: We were actually discussing modern day Marxism in America, which is not what I would have deemed a 'come and get it' sort of conversation, but nevertheless, he came and got it, and I have to figure out what that means to me on a psychological level. So, I thought maybe if you and I could have sort of a healthy debate about it, I could come to some sort of reasonable conclusion about how I should be feeling right about now. So, come on, talk. What do you think?

RORY: I □

PARIS: Are you pro?

RORY: Well □

PARIS: Con?

RORY: Well □

PARIS: Undecided?

RORY: Paris, just stop talking for one second and let me get my mind around this.

PARIS: Sorry, go ahead, focus.

[Lorelai walks in through the front door and overhears their conversation from the hall]

PARIS: Could you focus faster because I really need some feedback here.

RORY: Okay, so you are telling me that you and Jamie. . .

PARIS: Had sex.

RORY: Okay, so, were you safe?

PARIS: Yes, it was a regular after school special.

RORY: Well, was he nice to you?

PARIS: Yes, he was very nice to me.

RORY: And the two of you had discussed this. . .

PARIS: Well, I don't know that we actually discussed it, it was just sort of implied.

RORY: Implied?

PARIS: Yes, implied. When you're dating a boy and you're together for a given amount of time and you're not Amish, then the eventual occurrence of intercourse is inevitable. I mean, wasn't it with you?

RORY: What?

PARIS: With Dean.

RORY: No.

PARIS: No?

RORY: No. I never did it with Dean.

PARIS: Oh. Well, then with Jess, right?

RORY: Um, no.

PARIS: You're lying.

RORY: No, I'm not lying.

PARIS: You haven't?

RORY: No.

PARIS: Why not?

RORY: I just haven't. It's just not the time.

[Lorelai quietly walks back out of the house]

PARIS: Why is it not the time? I mean, if it's not the time for you, then maybe it's not the time for me either.

RORY: Paris, you can't judge what's right for you against what's right for me. I mean, we are different, and Jamie and Jess are different.

PARIS: Well, yeah.

RORY: Maybe it was the time for the two of you.

PARIS: I guess. I just wish I had the data to back it up.

RORY: Some things can't be analyzed.

PARIS: Listen, Rory, these last few weeks, Francie got things all twisted around.

RORY: You let her get things all twisted around.

PARIS: I know. I just tend to believe the worst in people, you know?

RORY: Oh yeah, I know.

PARIS: I'm. . .

RORY: That's okay.

LORELAI: [from kitchen] Hello, Mommy's home!

RORY: We're in here.

LORELAI: We're, who's we're? Oh, hey Paris. I didn't know you were coming over tonight.

PARIS: It wasn't planned.

LORELAI: Oh, well, I brought pizza if you guys are hungry.

PARIS: I have to take my retainer out first.

RORY: I'll get the plates.

[Paris walks toward the bathroom, Lorelai hugs Rory]

LORELAI: Hey.

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: I'm taking you shopping tomorrow.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: It just seems time. . .for new shoes.

RORY: Okay. [walks away]

LORELAI: I've got the good kid.

CUT TO CHILTON AUDITORIUM

[The headmaster is on stage addressing the audience]

HEADMASTER: . . .of two hundred years of tradition, Chilton begins its third century of educating this country's young students. . .

[Rory is waiting in the hallway outside the auditorium. Lorelai walks over to her]

LORELAI: Okay, I got the coats hung, and I slipped the girl a buck to get the really good hangers. You know, the ones with the dry cleaning foam strips still attached. Why are you frowning? Are you nervous?

RORY: What? No. I mean, yes. Paris is supposed to be here and she's not.

LORELAI: Well, maybe she's just had a clothing crisis.

RORY: Maybe.

LORELAI: Do you wanna call her?

RORY: I did, no answer.

LORELAI: I'm sure she's fine, there's traffic. Just relax.

RORY: Okay.

[Richard walks up to them]

RICHARD: There you are.

LORELAI: Hi.

RORY: Grandpa, you came.

RICHARD: Of course I came. I wouldn't miss my granddaughter talking on national TV. That's quite a nice turnout you have here.

LORELAI: Yes, well, we're very proud of the number of people who have nothing to do on a Friday night.

RICHARD: Your mind never tires for a moment, does it?

LORELAI: It will once people start talking.

RICHARD: Charming.

LORELAI: Okay, well, I'm gonna go track down some coffee 'cause there's no way they're not serving coffee at this thing. I'll be right back. Relax, she'll be here.

CUT TO ANOTHER HALLWAY

[On her way to the coffee table, Lorelai passes Max, who is talking to someone]

MAX: [to man] Stanford has been really fantastic.

LORELAI: Hi.

MAX: Hi. [to man] Will you excuse me for a moment?

MAN: Sure.

[Max follows Lorelai to the coffee table]

MAX: We seem to be running into each other a lot lately.

LORELAI: Oh, come on, you know where there's C-SPAN, there's. . . me.

MAX: Is Rory around?

LORELAI: Um, she's looking for Paris and panicking she's gonna have to do this alone.

MAX: Well, Paris'll come.

LORELAI: I told her that. Listen, do you have a second?

MAX: Sure.

LORELAI: I just, um. . .I just wanna talk to you about. . .uh. . .

[they walk to an empty classroom]

LORELAI: I just wanted to get away from. . .anyhow. We just haven't really talked since. . .

MAX: No, we haven't.

LORELAI: I always meant to call you, but I'm not good at calling when a call is really necessary. And then, you know, uh, if you don't call for awhile, it gets harder to call, and then after awhile, it feels like it's too late to call, and so you don't, although you always know that you should've called, and I should've called.

MAX: It's okay.

LORELAI: No, it's not. I never really explained what happened.

MAX: You didn't marry me.

LORELAI: Yes, I know, but I never really explained why. I just didn't.

MAX: You didn't love me.

LORELAI: I don't think I didn't love you. I think. . .I think I was not ready to get married.

MAX: Because you didn't love me.

LORELAI: No, I really don't think that was it. Sometimes the person you love is not the person you're ready to live with forever. I'm not saying this is right, but □

MAX: Lorelai, listen to me. I appreciate this, I really do, but there's no need for it. I'm really okay.

LORELAI: Oh, no, I know you're. . .no, I'm sure you're okay. I'm not saying this because you don't look okay. You look great. Really great. Although, I'm not saying this because you look really great, although you do. Did you join a gym in California?

MAX: Lorelai, look. I've always wanted to teach at a university like Stanford. And finally, the opportunity came up, I went, and it was wonderful. And, frankly, if we had been getting married, I wouldn't have been able to take it.

LORELAI: You're welcome.

MAX: And being away gave me time to think. I thought, and now I'm fine.

LORELAI: It's just, we never had any closure.

MAX: Life's not really about closure, is it?

LORELAI: No, I guess not. So, you're okay?

MAX: I'm okay. I'm over it.

LORELAI: You sure?

MAX: I am completely sure.

LORELAI: Well, then. . .boy, don't I feel stupid.

MAX: You are many things, but stupid is not one of them.

LORELAI: Well, I'm really glad I got to see you again.

MAX: Me, too. I better get back.

LORELAI: Okay.

CUT TO OUTSIDE THE AUDITORIUM

[Rory and Richard are waiting in the hallway. The headmaster walks over to them.]

HEADMASTER: Rory, you and Paris should get ready, you're going on next. Richard, I didn't know you were coming, how are you?

RICHARD: Very, very well, Hanlin.

HEADMASTER: Wonderful. Here, let me find you a seat.

RICHARD: Ah, I'm also with my daughter.

HEADMASTER: Well, then let me find you two seats. Rory, where's Paris?

RORY: I don't know, I haven't seen her and I called her house.

HEADMASTER: Oh, dear. Well, I hope you know both parts. [walks away]

RORY: Okay, great.

RICHARD: You are going to be wonderful, trust me. Now, did anyone ever tell you to picture the audience in their underwear?

RORY: Yes.

RICHARD: Well, don't do it. I did it once and I had nightmares for a week. Bulgarians in Speedos.

RORY: Say no more.

[Lorelai walks over to them]

LORELAI: Hey, they're rounding us up. Is she here yet?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Oh, well, just. . .oh, there she is.

RORY: Where? [sees Paris down the hall] Oh, thank you God.

LORELAİ: Okay, be great. We'll see you afterward.

RORY: [walks over to Paris] Where have you been? Paris, you okay?

CUT TO AUDITORIUM

[The headmaster is addressing the audience]

HEADMASTER: And it is with great pleasure that I introduce two young ladies that epitomize the very best of what Chilton has to offer.

RORY: Paris, are you okay?

HEADMASTER: Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you Paris Gellar and Rory Gilmore.

[The crowd applauds as Rory and Paris walk onto the stage]

RORY: "Apply yourself. Get all the education you can, but then do something. Don't just stand there, make it happen." Lee Iacocca. "Education's purpose is to replace an empty mind with an open one." Malcolm Forbes. "Education is an admirable thing, but it is well to remember from time to time that nothing that is worth knowing can be taught." Oscar Wilde. These are only three of many countless views on the expansion of the human mind. I personally believe in all of them, and fortunately for me, so does Chilton. An institution not just because of age and standing, but because of ideas. Because it encourages ideas and it will accept nothing less than everything you have to give. This is the place where our lives start.

PARIS: You know, it's funny, me standing here before you right now. I've thought about nothing else for four years but this school, this big important school with all of its history and tradition and really super teachers. And I dedicated myself to it completely, heart and soul, believing in its power, believing in its ability to get me where I needed to go. Harvard. I thought of nothing else. Many of you out there can attest to that fact. I was on my way and nothing could stop me. And here's the really funny thing ▯ after four years of slaving away, I go home today and I found this. [holds up an envelope] I'm not going to Harvard. I got the tiny envelope, the one that reads, "Sorry, Paris. We're not interested. Try again next year. Love, Harvard." And the thing that's really funny here is, who in the world deserves to go to Harvard more than me? Have you seen how hard I've worked over these past four years? I mean, can anyone here believe that I'm not going to Harvard? I can't. I'm not going to Harvard. I am not going to Harvard. I had sex, but I'm not going to Harvard.

RORY: Okay.

PARIS: And I have to tell you that if you asked me which of those two events I thought would be the least likely to happen, it would not be the not going to Harvard.

RORY: Thank you and good night.

PARIS: I'm being punished. I had sex, so now I don't get to go to Harvard.

RORY: Paris, come on. [leads Paris off the stage]

PARIS: She's never had sex. She'll probably go to Harvard. She's a shoe in. Pack your chastity belt, Gilmore ▯ you're going to Harvard!

RORY: Come on!

[In the audience, Lorelai glances at Richard, who is sleeping]

CUT TO BACKSTAGE

[Rory and Paris sit on a staircase. Paris is crying]

PARIS: How could I have not gotten into Harvard? Five generations of Gellars have gotten into Harvard. Even if I was the Billy Carter of the family, the name is still supposed to carry some weight.

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: They had to really not like me for me to not get in.

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: It's like they know me or something.

RORY: Stop. I know how much this meant to you, Paris, but you are going to get just as good an education at one of the other great schools you're destined to get into. And you know what? Maybe it's a good thing that you're going to a different school than the rest of your family. You'll be doing your own thing, starting your own tradition. Doesn't that sound exciting?

PARIS: I can't believe I slept with Jamie. I'm a sl*t.

RORY: No, you're not. You love him.

PARIS: What if he doesn't love me anymore? What if he doesn't think I'm special anymore? How am I going to tell him I didn't get into Harvard? What am I gonna do?

RORY: Paris, I don't know why you didn't get into Harvard, but you are so smart and so special and you'll see, everything's gonna be fine.

[Lorelai opens the door]

LORELAI: Hey, I just wanted to make sure everything was okay.

RORY: Yeah, we've got everything under control, thanks.

LORELAI: Okay. I'll be outside when you're ready. No rush.

RORY: Thanks.

[Lorelai leaves]

PARIS: Well, all I've gotta say is, after all the trouble this sex thing has caused me, I better have been good.

RORY: That's the perspective I know and love.

CUT TO HALLWAY

[Lorelai walks up to Richard by the coat racks]

LORELAI: Dad, hi, sorry. I was just checking on the girls.

RICHARD: Well, I hope they're feeling very good about themselves. They did a wonderful job.

LORELAI: Yes, well, I'm sure they'll be very pleased to hear you think so.

RICHARD: Listen, um, I need to get home. Uh, I'm expecting a very important call from China that unfortunately I cannot miss.

LORELAI: That's fine, Dad. I'll tell Rory you had to go.

RICHARD: All right. And tell her I'll call her later, and give her this. [hands Lorelai an envelope]

LORELAI: Aw, that's very nice. Now how about my finder's fee?

RICHARD: You're very amusing. Thank you for a lovely evening, and I'll see the two of you on Friday.

LORELAI: Good night. Sleep tight.

[Richard leaves]

LORELAI: [to coat-check woman] Um, excuse me, hi. I am not seeing my coat here, and it was very cute and it was on sale, and I will fling myself off a building if I lose it.

WOMAN: We put some of the coat racks in the classroom over there, take a look. Otherwise the staircase to the roof is on your right.

LORELAI: Thank you. Hm. Took two hundred years, but somebody at Chilton finally cracked a joke.

CUT TO CLASSROOM

[Lorelai walks in and finds her coat in the racks. Max walks in]

MAX: Okay. So, this is where they keep the coats they're ashamed of.

LORELAI: Well, this school has taken snobbery to a whole new level.

MAX: So, is Rory okay?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, I just went back there. She's taking care of Paris, but she's good, thanks.

MAX: I must say, I've been a teacher for ten years now, and it wasn't until today I realized, it must be really hard to be a girl.

LORELAI: And with the invention of Sephora, really expensive, too.

MAX: I'm very sorry.

LORELAI: Oh, don't be. At least we get to wear skirts without being Scottish or riding a float in the gay pride parade.

MAX: Well, that'll change someday my friend, and when it does, I still won't wear a skirt. But I'll applaud those that do, and then cross the street so nobody sees I'm with them.

LORELAI: It was nice seeing you.

MAX: Nice to see you, too.

LORELAI: Take care of yourself.

MAX: I will.

[They kiss]

MAX: And apparently, I'm not over it.

CUT TO SOOKIE AND JACKSON'S BEDROOM

[Jackson taps Sookie on the shoulder]

SOOKIE: I'm not getting rid of my knives, Jackson. I'm a chef, I have to have knives.

JACKSON: Sookie.

SOOKIE: And I'm also not cutting off the water supply and I'm not sanding down all the edges of my furniture. Now, I'm sorry that you think this house is a deathtrap, and I'm sorry that you think there is nothing in our lifestyles that is conducive to having a baby, but our kid is gonna have to be bright enough not to disconnect the water hose that goes to the a*t*matic ice maker and shove it up his or her nose. Now go to sleep.

JACKSON: Did I tell you how happy I am?

SOOKIE: No, you didn't.

JACKSON: I have never been happier about anything in my entire life.

SOOKIE: Really?

JACKSON: Our wedding day, but this is running a really close second.

SOOKIE: Jackson.

JACKSON: Now if you would just get rid of the knives, I think it could make it a tie. I wasn't kidding about the knives.

SOOKIE: Goodnight Jackson.

JACKSON: If I could read you the statistics just one more time.

SOOKIE: I love you, Jackson.

JACKSON: Hold on, I'll find them.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory walk across the yard toward the mailbox]

RORY: But □

LORELAI: I don't know.

RORY: What does this mean?

LORELAI: I don't know.

RORY: What are you gonna do?

LORELAI: I don't know.

RORY: What about Alex?

LORELAI: I don't know.

RORY: But is Max going to □

LORELAI: Oh, honey, have you gotten the clue? There's not gonna be a wealth of information tonight.

RORY: Sorry. [they stop at the mailbox] It's just so. . .

[Lorelai opens the mailbox. She pulls out a large envelope and hands it to Rory]

LORELAI: The big one.

RORY: Looks like Paris was right.

[Lorelai pulls out two more large envelopes]

LORELAI: Apparently, you are the biggest virgin in the world. Wow. So, what?

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: Well, what does this mean?

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: Which one are you gonna choose?

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: I guess we better go inside. We both have a lot of things to figure out, huh?

RORY: Yup.

LORELAI: Yeah. So what are the odds that Paris is ever gonna have sex again in this lifetime?

RORY: I don't know.

THE END

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