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03x18 - Happy Birthday, Baby

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3.18 - Happy Birthday, Baby

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OPEN AT ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai, Rory, and Emily are sitting at the dining room table]

EMILY: Richard, please, we are starving!

RICHARD: [calls from kitchen] I will be right there, Emily.

EMILY: This is ridiculous.

LORELAI: Mom, relax.

EMILY: He woke up this morning and suddenly just had to have this dish that his grandmother would make him.

LORELAI: Yeah, we all understand the cravings.

RICHARD: [calls] It's a family secret.

EMILY: Well, last time I checked, I was family.

RORY: He's having fun, Grandma.

EMILY: I saw an open can of cream of mushroom soup. Nothing good can come of that.

[Richard walks in carrying a casserole dish]

RICHARD: Here we are, a treat for the masses.

RORY: Smells good.

RICHARD: Oh, this is my favorite thing to eat as a boy. My gran used to make this for me whenever I was feeling a little sad. You know, if my cricket team lost or a girl I fancied turned up her nose at me.

LORELAI: Well, then load me up because there was this really cute chick at the pharmacy today. I used my best material on her and nothing.

EMILY: Richard, at least let Pina serve it.

LORELAI: No comment on my lesbian hilarity. My, how far we've come.

RICHARD: Pina will serve tiny, proper servings. Johnny Machete needs to be presented in a heap.

RORY: Johnny Machete?

EMILY: That's the name of this vile concoction.

RORY: It's delicious.

LORELAI: It's not bad.

EMILY: It's twelve different colors.

LORELAI: Come on, Mom, eat it.

EMILY: It looks like someone already did.

RICHARD: Emily.

EMILY: I'm sorry. I'm happy you're happy, and to prove it, I will take exactly three bites of this before I throw it out.

RICHARD: Thank you.

EMILY: You're welcome.

RICHARD: So, good food, good company. Now, let's move onto good conversation. Rory, what is new in your life?

RORY: Well, funny you should mention it. . .

LORELAI: Now?

RORY: Why not?

LORELAI: Okay. Mom, Dad, we have some really big news.

RORY: I got my college acceptance letters back.

LORELAI: Harvard, Princeton, and Yale.

RORY: And after giving it a lot of thought, I have decided. I'm going to Yale.

LORELAI: Did you hear that □ Yale!

RORY: I'm going to Yale!

LORELAI: That's where you went, Dad.

RORY: You liked it, remember?

EMILY: Pass the Johnny Machete, please.

LORELAI: Pass the. . .

RORY: I don't understand. I thought you wanted me to go to Yale.

EMILY: No, we didn't.

RICHARD: Absolutely not.

EMILY: What gave you that idea?

LORELAI: Mom, Dad, look, I know we've had our differences over where Rory should go to school, but that's behind us now. She's going to Yale, and that's good. Really good.

RORY: Nothing but smiles.

LORELAI: We're both very happy about it.

RORY: Both.

LORELAI: Her and me.

RORY: She and I.

LORELAI: Everybody in this room named Lorelai is over the moon about the 'going to Yale.'

RORY: Which means that everybody else in this room not named Lorelai can be equally over the moon about the 'going to Yale.'

RICHARD: I'm getting the champagne.

EMILY: I'm calling the Talbotts.

RICHARD: Oh, make sure you gloat over that dimwitted son of theirs who couldn't even get into Brown.

EMILY: She's going to Yale!

RICHARD: She's going to Yale!

[they start to walk away, then both turn back to kiss Rory]

RICHARD: When I get back, I'll teach you the fight song.

[opening credits]

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai is in the lobby talking with the construction worker]

LORELAI: So?

TOM: It looks burned.

LORELAI: Thank you. How long to make it not looked burned?

TOM: Uh, geez, maybe two □

LORELAI: Tom, let me help you out. The answer I'm looking for is ten days because that's when I have to get guests back in here again.

TOM: Okay, ten days.

LORELAI: Are you lying to me?

TOM: What's the answer you're looking for there?

LORELAI: Never mind, just go fast.

TOM: Go fast, huh? Never heard that one before.

[Sookie walks over]

SOOKIE: Well, everything's fine in the kitchen. We just have to get the gas line reconnected.

LORELAI: How long's that gonna take?

SOOKIE: I don't know. The plumber's in there now looking at everything.

[Michel walks over]

MICHEL: We forgot to call the Rappaports and they showed up.

LORELAI: Oh my God, what did you do?

MICHEL: Well, luckily they are not too bright so I convinced them they got their days mixed up and I sent them home.

LORELAI: You sent them home? You didn't even try to get them a room somewhere else?

MICHEL: You're welcome.

LORELAI: [to worker] Hey Laura, try to track down the Rappaports and see if you can get them into the Bunnyhop Inn. Thanks. [to Michel and Sookie] Okay, grab a seat and let's get the meeting started.

[a man walks into the lobby]

TOBIN: I'm here, I brought bagels.

LORELAI: Oh, Tobin, great. I'm starving.

TOBIN: Normally I wouldn't think of it, because what bagel stands a chance next to Sookie's magical muffins and scones?

SOOKIE: Oh, Tobin, stop!

TOBIN: Two full pants sizes, my friend, all because of you.

MICHEL: What is he doing here? He is the night manager ▯ it's day.

LORELAI: Michel, this is an emergency staff meeting, I need him here.

MICHEL: I told you I cannot be in the same room with him.

LORELAI: It's an hour out of your life, deal with it.

TOBIN: Hold it. In case of soot. [spreads a handkerchief on the seat of Lorelai's chair]

LORELAI: You're very sweet.

TOBIN: Wait, wait. [wipes off the back of Lorelai's chair] Let's let the dry cleaners drum up their own business, huh?

[Tobin starts to sit down]

MICHEL: My chair!

TOBIN: Oh, I'm sorry. [sits in another chair]

[Michel sits down and scoots his chair close to Lorelai]

LORELAI: Okay, so, should we get a room or what?

MICHEL: Will you just start your meeting?

LORELAI: All right. Here's the situation.

TOBIN: Excuse me, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Yeah?

TOBIN: Michel, did you get a bagel?

MICHEL: I don't want a bagel.

TOBIN: Are you sure? They're Kosher.

MICHEL: I don't eat bagels. Bagels are like glue in your intestines and ensure that everything that enters your body will remain there until you die.

SOOKIE: Ew, shut up.

LORELAI: Okay, let's focus. As you know, the fire pretty much wiped out the dining room and five of the upstairs rooms.

[Tobin sighs]

LORELAI: Tobin, are you okay?

TOBIN: I'm sorry, I just. . . I just love this place so much. I've been the night manager here for five years and I've spent so much time walking these halls, listening for friendly ghosts flying around, playing □

MICHEL: Make a point, bagel boy.

TOBIN: It just hurts me to see it wounded, that's all.

LORELAI: Well, it won't be wounded forever. We will rebuild and we'll be back and better than ever.

We just need to keep it going until then. So I need some ideas on what to do.

TOBIN: You know, I was thinking. . .I'm sorry, may I?

MICHEL: No.

LORELAI: Go ahead.

TOBIN: Well, if we could get a celebrity in here, that would generate a lot of publicity.

LORELAI: Hm. But how could we get a celebrity in here?

TOBIN: I know Tony Randall and Renee Estevez. I'd be happy to put in a call.

MICHEL: Okay. Look, I hate to bring this up, especially since □ I mean, how do you top Renee Estevez? But we have a small number of rooms, yes?

LORELAI: Yes.

MICHEL: And the lobby's fine, and Sookie can make certain things at home □ muffins, baked goods, jams, et cetera.

LORELAI: So?

MICHEL: So that's breakfast, and we have beds, and if we add some free wine and cheese around five in the afternoon. . .

LORELAI: Uh, no. We're not becoming a bed and breakfast. Who's next?

MICHEL: You're being stubborn.

LORELAI: Bed and breakfasts are cutesy and annoying.

SOOKIE: It forces people to mingle.

LORELAI: I do not support the mingling.

MICHEL: Adding a little gimmick will be an incentive for people to keep their reservations.

TOBIN: You know what, I hate to say it, not being a B&B man myself, but Michel is making sense.

MICHEL: Get off my side immediately.

LORELAI: All right, I'll consider it.

MICHEL: Sure, if he says it, you will consider it.

[Tom walks over]

TOM: I gotta show you something.

LORELAI: Is it bad?

TOM: No, it's great. You're gonna be thrilled, really. Warm up, cartwheels are coming.

LORELAI: Keep talking. Be right back.

[Lorelai starts following Tom. Tobin walks up to her]

TOBIN: Excuse me, Lorelai? Listen, I know you're crazed right now, but I also remembered that your birthday is coming up on Friday, and well, I got you a little something.

LORELAI: Oh, you didn't have to do that.

TOBIN: It's very small.

LORELAI: Tobin, I love candles.

TOBIN: And it's scented, cappuccino.

LORELAI: God, that smells great.

TOBIN: I'm really glad you like it.

LORELAI: I do, thanks.

TOBIN: And listen, I'm the night manager here and I'm very proud to be the night manager, but with everything so wacky crazy around here right now, if you need some extra help during the day, please call me.

LORELAI: I may take you up on that offer, Tobin. Thanks.

[Lorelai walks away. Michel and Tobin share a look]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory walk down the stairs into the living room]

LORELAI: Stairs squeak.

RORY: Stairs squeak.

LORELAI: There's a chip on the banister.

RORY: Chip on the banister.

LORELAI: The paint's chipped in the archway, and there's a board loose in the entryway. Ooh, and the chimney needs to be swept.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Luke cannot sweep our chimney.

LORELAI: Why not?

RORY: Because you need to be a chimney sweep to sweep a chimney.

LORELAI: Please. If d*ck van d*ke can do it, so can Luke.

RORY: Luke is going to be very sorry he ever made this offer to you.

LORELAI: Hey, Luke has given me five free hours of handyman work for my birthday for the last five years.

RORY: And you have grossly exploited that gift every year for the past four years.

LORELAI: Well, I need to make up for that first year where I didn't milk it like I should've.

RORY: The spirit of giving is completely lost on you.

LORELAI: But the spirit of getting is alive and well and it wants its chimney swept. Ooh, put down laundry, too.

RORY: Fine, then can he also build me another bookshelf?

LORELAI: I've never been prouder of you than I am right at this moment.

[the phone rings]

RORY: And tell him to paint little flowers on it.

LORELAI: "Cause he's so good with the florals.

[Lorelai walks toward the kitchen as Rory answers the phone]

RORY: Hello?

PARIS: I finished the paper on Dickinson, the Physics test was for a third grader, and I picked the history of the Egyptian political process as my International History project.

RORY: You've been very busy.

PARIS: I've been very bored.

RORY: When are you coming back to school?

PARIS: My parents return tomorrow. I think my mom's bringing home a new face.

RORY: Really?

PARIS: There's a doctor in France who injects some kind of gel into your head and then molds it to give you better cheekbones.

RORY: You are kidding me.

PARIS: She has to sleep on her back for a month, otherwise her face will flatten like a crepe.

RORY: Oh my God, it's Brazil.

PARIS: Anyway, I'll probably have to go back to school when they get home, so. . .

RORY: It will be fine.

PARIS: Are people still talking about my meltdown speech?

RORY: No.

PARIS: Great.

RORY: Who cares what they're saying, Paris?

PARIS: Just give me more homework, it will keep my mind off my life.

RORY: There is no more homework. In fact, I think you've almost finished your first year of college.

PARIS: Well, I just can't sit here thinking. I'll go crazy.

RORY: Why don't you go out and do something fun?

PARIS: Like what?

RORY: I don't know, but it's your last day of freedom. Go be wild. Go crazy. Don't think, just do.

PARIS: Do what?

RORY: You're thinking.

PARIS: But □

RORY: Still thinking.

PARIS: What if □

RORY: Paris, don't think.

PARIS: Okay, I won't think.

RORY: I'll see you tomorrow.

[hangs up and walks to the kitchen]

LORELAI: Hey, do you think Luke can knock this wall out and build us a bigger kitchen in five hours?

RORY: You'll have to drop the laundry.

LORELAI: Never mind. Oh my God, I'm exhausted.

RORY: Are you too exhausted to talk about birthday week?

LORELAI: I'm never too tired to talk about birthday week.

RORY: Okay, so, Monday I thought we'd start with facials at Sloopy's after school.

LORELAI: Mudpack Monday, I love it.

RORY: Then we'll have double feature Tuesday, Sephora Wednesday, complimentary makeover Thursday, and then, big fat fabulous Friday.

LORELAI: D-day!

RORY: BD-day!

LORELAI: Culminating in the fabulous blowout of a party you're planning.

RORY: Oh, I'm sorry, you wanted a party? I told everyone you didn't wanna make a big deal out of your birthday this year.

LORELAI: You're not funny.

RORY: Miss Patty and Babette wanted to hire these two hot guys to carry you around all day and feed you Bon-Bons, and Kirk wanted to hire the Red Hot Chili Peppers to play a concert in the square, but I said, "Hey, please respect the lady's wishes. She deserves that at her age."

LORELAI: Why are you so cruel to Mama?

RORY: I have to go.

LORELAI: Where?

RORY: None of your business.

LORELAI: You are planning something for Friday night, aren't you?

RORY: I'll bring back Chinese for dinner.

LORELAI: And you tell people no matter what they say, I just couldn't accept a new car. It would be beneath me and I'd be completely humiliated. And a convertible would just make me fling myself off a building.

[the phone rings]

RORY: Bye.

LORELAI: Bye.

[Rory leaves]

LORELAI: [answers phone] Hello?

KAREN: Lorelai Gilmore?

LORELAI: You got her.

KAREN: I'm calling from Richard Gilmore's office.

LORELAI: Never heard of him.

KAREN: Richard Gilmore, your father.

LORELAI: Oh, tall, bow tie?

KAREN: Yes.

LORELAI: Yes, I'm with you now, go ahead.

KAREN: Okay. Well, he'd like to set up an appointment to meet you for coffee. Would tomorrow work for you? Two o'clock?

LORELAI: Well □

RICHARD: Make it three, Karen. I have that conference call at two.

LORELAI: Is that my father?

KAREN: Excuse me?

LORELAI: Put him on the phone, please.

KAREN: But □

LORELAI: Hand it over, honey.

KAREN: I -

LORELAI: Come on, let's go, chop chop.

RICHARD: What are you doing?

KAREN: She wants to talk to you.

RICHARD: Just tell her I'll meet her tomorrow.

KAREN: I tried, it didn't work.

RICHARD: But I pay you to make my appointments.

LORELAI: Dad!

RICHARD: Lorelai, hello.

LORELAI: Are you telling me that you were sitting right next to this woman while she called me?

RICHARD: She is my secretary, Lorelai.

LORELAI: You were sitting right there?

RICHARD: This is the way a proper business is conducted.

LORELAI: Two feet from the phone?

RICHARD: I'm not going to argue with you. Are you available tomorrow or not?

LORELAI: What is this Dad?

RICHARD: I have something I need to discuss with you.

LORELAI: Well, discuss it now.

RICHARD: I don't have the time now.

LORELAI: Well, put Mrs. Huh-wiggins on the phone. Have her tell me.

RICHARD: Please, Lorelai, can you meet me tomorrow at three o'clock or not?

LORELAI: Fine, where?

RICHARD: I will have Karen call you tomorrow to confirm it and tell you the place.

LORELAI: Why can't you just tell me now?

RICHARD: Leave me just a semblance of my structure, please.

LORELAI: Fine. I'll talk to the woman sitting right next to you tomorrow.

CUT TO WESTON'S BAKERY

[Rory is at the counter placing an order]

FRAN: So, that's a four foot chocolate cake with individual vanilla cupcakes on top spelling out "Happy 16th Birthday Lorelai"?

RORY: That's right.

FRAN: Would you like butter cream or whipped cream frosting on that?

RORY: Can you do both?

FRAN: That's a lot of frosting.

RORY: I know, but it's my mom's favorite part. Once we tried to make a cake entirely out of frosting, which turned out to be better in theory than in actual execution.

FRAN: Well, both frostings it is then. What time do you want to pick it up?

RORY: Miss Patty will pick it up around five.

FRAN: All right, you're all set.

RORY: Thanks, Fran.

[Lane walks in]

LANE: We have a glitch.

RORY: What?

LANE: Well, apparently, the world's largest pizza was 122 feet, 8 inches.

RORY: What?

LANE: It says it right there.

RORY: Well, obviously we can't do that.

LANE: Obviously.

RORY: So, then, we'll have to make it the largest pizza in Connecticut.

LANE: Actually, Litchfield made one last year that was 98 feet.

RORY: Pete said the biggest they could do was a twelve footer.

LANE: Maybe you could make her the world's biggest something else.

RORY: Like what?

LANE: I don't know. Taco?

RORY: I think the world's biggest taco would be a little difficult to serve, don't you?

LANE: Well, it would definitely be more of a commitment.

RORY: We'll just have to tell her it's the world's biggest pizza.

LANE: Lie to her on her birthday?

RORY: It's for her own good. So, how's the music selection coming?

LANE: Good. I've decided to choose one song from each year in Lorelai's life. I'm almost done, though I've hit a snag in 1974.

RORY: Bad year?

LANE: It's making the year of the Macarena look inspired.

[Rory and Lane come out of the bakery and start walking down the street]

RORY: Hey, can you stash this at your house 'til the party? It's just favors and stuff. [hands Lane some shopping bags]

LANE: Irony, isn't it? You having to hide things at my house for a change.

RORY: Life has come full circle. [they run into Jess walking out of the video store]

JESS: Hey.

RORY: Hey.

JESS: I got the video for tonight.

RORY: What'd you get?

JESS: Almost Famous.

RORY: No, not again.

JESS: I can't help it, I'm addicted.

RORY: Fine, but if I'm going to spend two hours sitting there watching Kate Hudson commit suicide again, then we are ordering Indian food.

JESS: Oh, come on.

RORY: Hey, last night when we watched Ed Wood we got burgers like you wanted to.

JESS: Okay, fine 'til tonight, Indian food, but tomorrow, Saturday Night Fever and Thai food.

LANE: That's so cute. You're like a really sweet old agoraphobic couple.

JESS: Thank you very much.

LANE: Okay, I've gotta go. Bye.

RORY: Bye.

[Lane leaves. Rory and Jess walk down the street]

JESS: So, it's been a couple days since you made the big decision. You still going to Yale?

RORY: Yes, I am. It's got all the classes I want and some really great teachers, and plus, you know, as an added bonus, it's really close to here.

JESS: 22.8 miles.

RORY: How'd you know that?

JESS: Do you Yahoo?

RORY: You looked it up?

JESS: Yeah.

RORY: You looked it up.

JESS: I just hit a couple buttons on the computer.

RORY: You looked it up.

JESS: I was bored. There was nothing on TV and I was fooling around, it was something to do, that's it.

RORY: You looked it up.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Taylor and Nicole are sitting at a table going over some paperwork]

TAYLOR: I'd like the wording to be a little harsher.

NICOLE: Taylor, it already says that if Aunt Tilly's Taffy delivers even two hours late, they forfeit all payment for that particular shipment and are liable for any loss of income that may result from that late delivery. It's pretty extreme.

TAYLOR: Well, it may seem extreme, but these candy people are shifty characters.

NICOLE: Why don't we leave the wording like it is for now and see how things go? We can always get tougher later if necessary.

LUKE: Yeah, you can send over a couple of Oompa Loompas to kick the crap out of Aunt Tilly.

TAYLOR: Are you still dating him?

NICOLE: Yes, I am.

TAYLOR: Why?

NICOLE: Oh, Taylor.

TAYLOR: I mean, if you're lonely, I have a nephew I would love to introduce to you. He just got back from a three-year stint in a biosphere in Arizona. Can I give him your number?

LUKE: No.

TAYLOR: I'm not talking to you.

LUKE: It's my lucky day. Is he done?

TAYLOR: All right, fine. We'll leave it your way and see how it works out. [leaves]

LUKE: So, listen, after I dispose of Taylor's body, are we hitting a movie tonight?

NICOLE: Yeah, we are.

LUKE: Okay.

NICOLE: Uh, Luke, could you sit for a second, please?

LUKE: I could.

NICOLE: Could you do it soon?

LUKE: Okay, listen, if I sit down, are we gonna have the conversation?

NICOLE: The conversation?

LUKE: Yeah, you know, the conversation.

NICOLE: Luke, please.

LUKE: Here comes the conversation.

NICOLE: My parents are coming into town and I am going to have lunch with them and I thought maybe you'd like to join me.

LUKE: Join you?

NICOLE: What do you say?

LUKE: It's not that I don't wanna meet your parents, it's just that I haven't met any parents for a long time.

NICOLE: Well, you don't have to. I'm just giving you the option.

JESS: Jeez, man, just meet her parents already.

LUKE: Do you mind?

JESS: So what if they hate you? You've been there before.

NICOLE: You know what, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to put you on the spot.

LUKE: I'm not on the spot. Really, I'm completely off the spot. I'm spotless. Uh, what time's the lunch?

NICOLE: Two o'clock on Thursday.

LUKE: Two o'clock on Thursday. Okay, two o'clock on Thursday, I'll be there.

NICOLE: That's great. So I'll see you tonight?

LUKE: I'll see you tonight.

[Nicole leaves]

JESS: I have to go.

LUKE: Where?

JESS: School.

LUKE: Oh, school, okay. Well, have a good day. . .at school.

JESS: I will.

[Jess leaves. Luke walks outside and watches him. Jess walks toward the school, then jogs to his car and drives off]

CUT TO CHILTON CLASSROOM

[Students are talking as they wait for class to start]

MADELINE: Mills College.

LOUISE: Isn't that the one where all those girls with bad hair cried because they were gonna let boys in?

MADELINE: Yes.

LOUISE: And why are you going there?

MADELINE: It's the one that took me.

LOUISE: But why'd you apply?

MADELINE: I needed a fallback option.

LOUISE: Well, fall back, baby, right into some big mama's loving arms.

MADELINE: Ooh, how depressing. Let's talk about you, did you decide?

LOUISE: Last night.

MADELINE: Brandeis?

LOUISE: Tulane.

MADELINE: The Big Easy.

LOUISE: Enough said.

[Paris walks in with a bandage on her nose]

RORY: Oh, Paris, hi, you're back. I. . .oh my God. What happened to your nose?

MADELINE: You had it done.

LOUISE: Finally.

PARIS: I did not have it done.

RORY: Did you fall?

PARIS: No, I didn't fall. I had it pierced.

MADELINE: You what?

LOUISE: Oh my God.

RORY: Why would you do that?

PARIS: Because you told me to go out and do something crazy.

RORY: Yes, but I meant have some ice cream, go see three movies, buy a new purse. I didn't mean go poke a third hole in your nose.

PARIS: Well, I didn't buy a new purse, I pierced my nose. And within an hour of having it done, my nose swelled up to four times its normal size, blocking all nasal passage, making it impossible to breathe. I went to the emergency room, where they pried the thing out of my nose and shot me up with antibiotics. I spent the night with an ice pack strapped to my face.

RORY: Oh, Paris.

PARIS: It seems that I was allergic to the crap metal hoop that I paid \$19.95 to have jammed into my nose.

LOUISE: Did you take a picture?

PARIS: No, Louise, I did not take a picture. I was a little busy trying to get air to my brain cells, a burden you've not yet faced.

RORY: Paris, I'm so sorry. I. . . [cell phone rings]. . .I didn't. . . [answers phone] Hello?

PETE: Rorino, good, I caught ya. Okay, there's a bit of a design flaw in the pizza here.

RORY: What kind of design flaw?

PETE: I'm a little concerned that the crust is not gonna be able to support all the toppings we talked about. We might need to put in a second crust.

RORY: A second crust?

PETE: About three-quarters of the way in, sort of like a retaining wall.

RORY: What about just making the crust thicker?

PETE: Okay, we're brainstorming, I got it. A thicker crust, a thicker crust, that might do it. Uh, let me noodle around with that for awhile and get back to you.

RORY: Okay. Bye Pete. [hangs up]

PARIS: [to boy] I will not let you look at my nose for ten dollars, you sick job. Beat it, now! Come back when you have a twenty. [to Rory] What? Just making lemonade here.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[There's a knock at the back door.]

LORELAI: I'm coming!

[Lorelai walks to the kitchen, where she finds the table decorated with cookies spelling out "Happy Birthday Lorelai".]

LORELAI: Aw! [there's another knock] Coming.

[She answers the door, Luke walks in with his toolbox]

LORELAI: Hiya.

LUKE: Your sl*ve is here.

LORELAI: And where's the French maid outfit I requested?

LUKE: I've got it on under the plaid.

LORELAI: So what else is new?

LUKE: So, how does it feel to be a year older?

LORELAI: Uh, I'm not a year older until Friday, Fifi.

[Lorelai eats a cookie from the table.]

LUKE: What the hell is this?

LORELAI: My birthday Mallomars.

LUKE: She says like I should just know this.

LORELAI: Here's your list. [hands him a notepad]

LUKE: What's wrong with the garbage disposal?

LORELAI: It's not disposing.

[Luke reaches into the sink and pulls out a spoon]

LUKE: Next.

LORELAI: You're so good!

[Lorelai pulls a box of Mallomars out of the cupboard]

LUKE: Did you ever consider the possibility of just pulling the spoon out yourself?

LORELAI: I did consider it, yes. Do you wanna start upstairs or down? □Cause there's actually more to do upstairs this time for some reason.

[Lorelai takes a Mallomar out of the box and puts it on the table]

LUKE: What'd you just do?

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: You put the cookie down.

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: You ate the cookie, and then you took a cookie out of the box and put it where the cookie you just ate was.

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: Well, that's nuts.

LORELAI: Rory made this for me, I don't wanna ruin it.

LUKE: Then why'd you eat the cookie?

LORELAI: □Cause I wanted a Mallomar.

LUKE: But why didn't you just eat one out of the box?

LORELAI: □Cause this one was right here. The box was all the way in the cupboard.

LUKE: But you had to go to the cupboard to get the box to replace the cookie you ate off the table.

LORELAI: So?

LUKE: Looking at the list now. Okay, stairs, gutters, da-duh-da-duh-da, electrical outlet. Which one?

LORELAI: In the bathroom.

LUKE: By the sink or by the bathtub?

LORELAI: Bathtub.

LUKE: Okay. So, I can do most of this list today, but, uh, I can't put up the towel rack until later. I didn't bring my drill.

LORELAI: Heh □

LUKE: Dirty, yes, I know.

LORELAI: Um, that's okay, I'll be here tomorrow afternoon if you wanna come by then.

LUKE: I can't tomorrow, I'm having lunch with Nicole's parents.

LORELAI: Really?

LUKE: They're coming into town.

LORELAI: Okay.

LUKE: So Nicole thought I should meet them.

LORELAI: Makes sense.

LUKE: Yeah, well, you know, we've been seeing each other fairly regular now, so. . .makes sense.

LORELAI: Yeah, I think it's great.

LUKE: Yeah, I do, too. I should get started upstairs. By the way. . .

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: You were right about Jess.

LORELAI: What about Jess?

LUKE: He's not going to school.

LORELAI: Are you sure?

LUKE: Yup. I watched him head right toward the school and when he thought no one was watching him, he got in his car and drove off. So I got in my truck and followed him.

LORELAI: Where?

LUKE: To Wal-Mart.

LORELAI: Oh.

LUKE: He's been lying to me this whole time.

LORELAI: What are you gonna do?

LUKE: I'm gonna tell him that I know what he's been doing, remind him that we had an agreement, that he's supposed to go to school, that he's supposed to graduate from school, and then. . .I'm gonna tell him I know what he's been doing.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, Luke.

LUKE: Yeah, well. I'm gonna be upstairs.

LORELAI: Okay. Call if you need anything.

CUT TO OUTSIDE THE MARKET

[Rory wheels a cart full of soda cases out of the market. Jackson walks up to her.]

JACKSON: Rory!

RORY: Hey, Jackson. Listen, could you □

JACKSON: What do you think you're doing?

RORY: Oh, well, I'm trying to transport all the sodas for the party in one trip, which seemed a little silly when I first come up with the idea and it's rapidly growing in its stupidity.

JACKSON: You know, I never took you for being thoughtless, but I guess I was wrong.

RORY: What are you talking about? I got the sugarless Red Bull just like you like.

JACKSON: You really hurt Sookie, you know that?

RORY: Why, what did I do?

JACKSON: What did you do, what did you do? Hm, let me see, what did you do?

RORY: Uh, Jackson, if you could stop moving around, it'd be a lot easier.

JACKSON: You know, I just heard you're making the world's largest pizza for Lorelai's birthday party, is that true?

RORY: Yes.

JACKSON: And it doesn't occur to you to consult Sookie?

RORY: Oh. Oh no.

JACKSON: The woman is a gourmet chef and Lorelai's best friend in the world, and you don't include her in this?

RORY: But Sookie's an artist □ pizzas didn't really seem to be her thing.

JACKSON: Everything's her thing, young lady.

RORY: Jackson, I swear, I would never purposely hurt Sookie. Besides, it's not the world's largest pizza. It's not even the tri-county area's largest pizza.

JACKSON: I have a sobbing pregnant woman at home, which is not unusual, except this time I didn't cause it!

RORY: I'm so, so sorry.

JACKSON: And by the way, there wouldn't happen to be vegetables on that pizza, would there?

RORY: Well. . .

JACKSON: Because I don't know if you got the memo or not, but I happen to be a produce man.

RORY: And a darn good one at that.

JACKSON: Yet, I don't remember a call asking me to handle the vegetables. Was there a call? Did I just miss it? Was I out?

RORY: Well, you see, the veggies were included in the price, so it just. . .

JACKSON: Hm. [storms off]

RORY: Jackson, I'm sorry!

JACKSON: I hope you and your world's largest pizza will be very happy together!

RORY: It's not the largest pizza in the world! We may beat Woodbridge, but that's it, I swear!
CUT TO RESTAURANT

[Lorelai is sitting at a table. Richard walks in and sits down with her]

RICHARD: Sorry, sorry, sorry.

LORELAI: Everything okay?

RICHARD: Oh, yes. I just had a few calls to make that took up a bit more time than I had anticipated. Have you been here long?

LORELAI: Twenty minutes and two pieces of pie.

RICHARD: Amazing. Well, then, let's get right down to it, shall we?

[a waitress walks over]

WAITRESS: Can I get you something to drink?

RICHARD: Uh, iced tea, please.

WAITRESS: Another cup of coffee, Lorelai?

LORELAI: Thanks, Sarie.

[the waitress leaves]

RICHARD: So, Lorelai.

LORELAI: So, Dad.

RICHARD: I appreciate you taking the time out to meet me like this.

LORELAI: And I appreciate you actually showing up and not sending your secretary.

RICHARD: I assume you're wondering why I asked you here.

LORELAI: Not at all.

RICHARD: Well, I have something for you. [places an envelope on the table]

LORELAI: Is it a hat?

RICHARD: No.

LORELAI: Is it a purse?

RICHARD: No.

LORELAI: Horse?

RICHARD: Lorelai.

LORELAI: George Foreman Grill?

RICHARD: When you were born, I decided to celebrate, so as soon as your mother went to sleep, I left the hospital, I called my business manager and I made a real estate investment.

LORELAI: You do know how to party, don't you?

RICHARD: I made this investment in your name.

LORELAI: Wow, most people just buy a stuffed bear. This is better.

RICHARD: I thought so. Anyhow, a little while ago, I got a letter from a lawyer who is representing the investment group informing me that the government is building a road right through the middle of your investment.

LORELAI: Sad.

RICHARD: Which means that the complex has been sold and all the investors will be receiving a check.

LORELAI: Happy.

RICHARD: Since you are one of the investors. . .

LORELAI: I get a check?

RICHARD: You get a check.

LORELAI: Wow! That's. . .[opens the envelope] Seventy-five thousand dollars?

RICHARD: Yes, it is.

LORELAI: I get seventy-five thousand dollars for being born?

RICHARD: I thought it would be a pleasant surprise.

LORELAI: This is seventy-five thousand dollars. Seventy-five. . .do you have a pen?

RICHARD: Why, yes, I do.

LORELAI: Seventy-five thousand dollars. Seventy-five thousand dollars. Oh my God, that's like 150 pairs of Jimmy Choos.

RICHARD: What are Jimmy Choos?

LORELAI: Shoes.

RICHARD: 150 pairs, that's it?

LORELAI: Dad, they're Jimmy Choos.

RICHARD: For seventy-five thousand dollars, you should be able to buy at least three or four hundred pairs of shoes.

LORELAI: Not Jimmy Choos.

RICHARD: But that's ridiculous. You are not going to spend seventy-five thousand dollars on Jimmy Choos when you could buy four hundred pairs of less prestigious but I'm sure equally stylish shoes. You will shop around first. Is that clear?

LORELAI: Yes, sir.

RICHARD: All right, then. It's settled.

LORELAI: Listen, Dad, this money isn't, um. . .

RICHARD: Isn't what?

LORELAI: It isn't some kind of gift, is it?

RICHARD: Gift?

LORELAI: Like a birthday gift. Because if it is, it's too much and I can't □

RICHARD: This isn't a gift. I made this investment in your name. You received a check, that's the way these things work. Legally, I'm obligated to give you that. This isn't charity or generosity, it is the law.

LORELAI: It's the law that I get to keep seventy-five thousand dollars.

RICHARD: Enjoy the shoes.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting on the floor by the coffee table]

LORELAI: We could buy a boat.

RORY: We could, but why?

LORELAI: Because rich people always have a boat.

RORY: We could park it in the front yard.

LORELAI: Yeah, like white trash rich people.

RORY: God, this is amazing. No more clipping coupons.

LORELAI: No more picking loose change up from the ground. No more driving around looking for cheap gas.

RORY: Which totally defeats the purpose since you wind up using more gas looking for the cheap gas.

LORELAI: Seventy-five thousand dollars. I feel so rich. And suddenly in complete agreement with everything Bush has to say.

[the phone rings]

LORELAI: I'll get it.

RORY: No!

LORELAI: Ah, more secret birthday calls.

RORY: Not everything is about you. It could be Jess.

LORELAI: It's about me.

RORY: It could be Lane.

LORELAI: It's about me.

RORY: It could be Paris, it could be Madeline, it could be Louise, it could be a myriad of other people wanting only to talk to me about me.

LORELAI: It's about me.

[Rory takes the phone to her room]

RORY: Hello?

PETE: Rory, we got a big problemo.

RORY: What's the matter, Pete?

PETE: We did a trial run of the pizza. You know, just wanna make sure everything was right there for the big day, you know.

RORY: I appreciate that.

PETE: So we made a trial pizza, and Kirk built a pizza rack on top of his car, you with me?

RORY: Like a bad habit, Pete.

PETE: So as Kirk's putting the pizza on the rack, the thing collapses, the pizza slips, long story short
□ Kirk has got some severe cheese burns.

RORY: Oh my God, is he all right?

KIRK: Ow.

PETE: Who knows? The point is. . .

KIRK: Oh.

PETE: I think the pizza needs to be cheeseless.

RORY: What?

PETE: And possibly sauceless.

RORY: Pete.

PETE: The thing's a hazard, babe.

RORY: Pete, did it ever occur to you that the problem may not be the pizza, it may be Kirk?

PETE: Did not occur to me.

RORY: Well, it should have.

PETE: Okay.

RORY: The pizza has to have cheese and sauce, otherwise, it's not a pizza. It's bread.

PETE: Okay, look, if you're gonna insist on the cheese and the sauce, you're gonna have to provide the transportation yourself.

RORY: Fine, Pete, I will figure something out.

PETE: Roger wilco, senorita.

[They hang up. Lorelai opens Rory's bedroom door]

LORELAI: Who was it?

RORY: Astrid from school. She's leaving for Europe for a week and she wants me to take notes and email her everything. She's afraid she's gonna fall behind.

LORELAI: It was about me.

CUT TO LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Luke is sitting at the table when Jess walks in]

JESS: Hey.

LUKE: Hey. You're home late.

JESS: Traffic.

LUKE: Traffic, right, okay. So, you hungry?

JESS: I'm meeting Rory.

LUKE: Want me to make you guys some sandwiches?

JESS: So we can brown bag it on our date? I don't think so.

LUKE: Just offering. How was work?

JESS: The cleaned-up version of The Eminem Show seems to be selling pretty well, so the world is basically coming to an end.

LUKE: So listen, I, um, wanna talk to you about something.

JESS: Talk.

LUKE: Could you stop grooming for just a second please?

JESS: I'm already late.

LUKE: Look, I was doing some thinking about your situation.

JESS: My situation?

LUKE: Yeah, you know, you're working here, you're working at Wal-Mart, you're dating Rory, going to school. It just seems like a lot. You ever worry that if a bird flies into your head it might never get out again?

JESS: I've got everything under control.

LUKE: Yeah, I'm sure you do. I just thought maybe I could make things a little easier.

JESS: How?

LUKE: Well, I could, uh, give you a raise at the diner.

JESS: A raise?

LUKE: Yeah. And maybe help out with some of the, you know, bigger money burdens, like your car insurance.

JESS: Why would you wanna do that?

LUKE: So you can quit your job at Wal-Mart.

JESS: No way.

LUKE: But you'd still be making money, and this way, you'd get to spend more time on Rory and school.

JESS: I'm fine.

LUKE: Jess, come on.

JESS: No.

LUKE: Jess, just take the deal.

JESS: I have to change.

LUKE: I know you're not going to school.

JESS: What?

LUKE: I saw you get in your car and drive off.

JESS: You spying on me?

LUKE: You lied to me!

JESS: Once in awhile I take an extra shift, it's nothing.

LUKE: You have to go to school, Jess.

JESS: I go enough.

LUKE: What does that mean?

JESS: It means I go enough. It's public school. My history teacher is also the football coach, get the picture?

LUKE: Jess, we had a deal. You go to school, you graduate.

JESS: I know. Relax. I got it all under control. I have to change.

LUKE: Jess.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai is on the phone at the front desk]

LORELAI: That's right, breakfast is included. Then at five, we invite all the guests to the lobby for complimentary wine and cheese and mingling. . . Yes, it is kind of like a B&B. . . Okay, great. We'll see you and Sweetie then. Bye.

[She hangs up, then walks over to a table where Tobin is standing with some staffers]

TOBIN: Any thoughts? So, as you know, we have to get this place up and running as quickly as possible for as little money as possible. So last night I pulled out the old Time Life series, and I have to admit, there's some pretty terrific ideas in here. For example, we can putty up the cracks in the drywall and then give the lower part of the wall a good coat of paint. Then we can take a strip of wallpaper, put it around the top, thus creating sort of a border, if you will. Also, I gathered up all the broken China from the dining room because I read here in Martha that chipped teacups make great votive holders, and we all know, when in doubt, it's candles, candles, candles, right? So I cleaned them up, filled them with tealights, and I think they look terrific. Oh, the pieces that were too far gone to save, I just smashed them up and used the pieces to make this nice picture frame.

LORELAI: Ah, that's a great idea, Tobin, really.

MICHEL: Uh, Lorelai. I have a little something for you.

LORELAI: For me?

MICHEL: Yes. I wasn't sure it would get here in time since I ordered it from Madrid, but thank God it made it. Happy birthday. [hands her a gift bag]

LORELAI: You bought me a present?

MICHEL: Yes.

LORELAI: You've never bought me a present.

MICHEL: I have, too.

LORELAI: Not once in the five years I've known you have you ever □

MICHEL: Just open up the bag, please.

[Lorelai pulls a journal out of the bag]

LORELAI: Oh, Michel, it's beautiful.

MICHEL: Yes, well, I wanted it to be special, you know. Not just some knick- knack you could pick up at the supermarket or the car wash.

LORELAI: Well, it's great. I love it. I must say, I feel very spoiled. A beautiful day book, cappuccino candle.

TOBIN: Oh, that reminds me, I got you something else. [walks over to the front desk]

LORELAI: What? Tobin, you already gave me a gift.

TOBIN: No, that was a pre-gift.

MICHEL: A what?

TOBIN: Hold on. [to Michel] Why don't you scooch just a little bit for me?

[Tobin retrieves a bag from behind the desk, then hands it to Lorelai]

LORELAI: Tobin, this is too much.

TOBIN: Yes, it is, but I saw it and it just screamed Lorelai.

LORELAI: Okay, well. . .God, this is exciting. I love my birthday.

TOBIN: I hope it fits.

MICHEL: Fits?

[Lorelai pulls a leather jacket out of the bag]

LORELAI: Tobin, it's amazing.

TOBIN: That is the jacket that Joe Strummer wore during the 1979 Pearl Harbor tour.

LORELAI: No.

TOBIN: Yes.

MICHEL: Who is Joe Strummer?

LORELAI: Tell me you're kidding.

MICHEL: Who is Joe Strummer?

LORELAI: You did not get me this.

MICHEL: Is he a Hell's Angel man?

TOBIN: Joe Strummer is from The Clash.

LORELAI: The Clash is a band.

TOBIN: And a band is a □

MICHEL: I know what a band is.

LORELAI: He just died, and Rory and Lane have been in mourning for months, and now I have his jacket. And, oh my God, this is by far the coolest thing I have ever gotten. God. Oh, smell it, it smells like Joe.

MICHEL: Well, this is wonderful, to smell like a dead guy. You'll have to beat them off with a stick.

TOBIN: And there's a letter of authenticity in the bag, and a picture of Joe wearing the jacket, and also, they threw in a beret just for the heck of it.

LORELAI: Tobin, you are getting a hug!

TOBIN: Well, I'd fight it, but what's the point, right?

MICHEL: I have to run an errand.

LORELAI: Why, where you going?

MICHEL: Just be here when I get back.

LORELAI: Oh, I just love this jacket.

CUT TO LEAHY RESIDENCE

[Luke and Nicole are sitting across from Nicole's parents in the living room]

MR. LEAHY: Nicole, you're being □

NICOLE: I am not being stubborn.

MR. LEAHY: You didn't let me get the stubborn out.

MRS. LEAHY: Luke, would you like a blini?

LUKE: No, thank you.

MR. LEAHY: When you sign up to become a surrogate mother, you enter into a business agreement, and the rules of business should apply. You as a lawyer should understand that.

NICOLE: As a lawyer, I do understand that. As a human being, I also understand that when a woman's alone □

MR. LEAHY: Here we go.

NICOLE: And in need of money, can do things that she'll later regret.

MRS. LEAHY: I could get you some cheese.

NICOLE: You cannot force a mother to give up her child.

MR. LEAHY: If she signed a paper saying, "On April the 12th I am giving birth and whatever comes out, I'm handing to you. . ."

NICOLE: What a lovely way to put that.

MR. LEAHY: And you pay her money and her medical expenses. . .

MRS. LEAHY: They always do this. They pick a subject and they argue until dinner, then they call a truce and they pick it back up for dessert. I could get you some nuts.

NICOLE: Okay, enough. I don't wanna argue with you anymore.

MR. LEAHY: What can I do with her, Luke? I ask you.

LUKE: Oh, well, uh, probably not much.

MRS. LEAHY: So Luke, I feel like we've been ignoring you.

LUKE: Oh, that's okay.

MRS. LEAHY: Nicole told us you've never been married.

NICOLE: Or we could talk about how he owns his own diner. That's a good opening topic.

MRS. LEAHY: Hush, sweetheart. You just sit there and pretend to be ashamed of us.

LUKE: Uh, no, I have never been married.

MRS. LEAHY: But someday, maybe, right? Marriage, children?

NICOLE: She means eventually and with the woman of your choice. They will not be involved in the picking.

MRS. LEAHY: Because there is nothing more wonderful than marriage.

NICOLE: You know, the others escaped out the bathroom window. Just a tip.

MRS. LEAHY: And then children. Well, there's nothing more rewarding than children. You just can't imagine until you've been there.

MR. LEAHY: That's true. And this one here made everything in life worth it.

MRS. LEAHY: The whole experience is like the most fabulous roller coaster ride you can imagine. From the time they're born to that first step. The first word. The first time they hug you. The first time they pick out their own outfits.

LUKE: The first time they tell you they're going to school and then you follow them, and they get in their car and drive to Wal-Mart.

MR. LEAHY: Wal-Mart?

LUKE: And they think you don't know. They think you're just a moron and you're going, "Hey, they must be telling me the truth, right?" And they don't think that maybe you know that they're lying to your face and that you're really mad because you guys had an agreement.

MRS. LEAHY: Oh dear.

LUKE: And that agreement was clear, very clear. And they know that breaking that agreement is a violation of everything you had talked about. Oh yeah, that is cute. That's just darling. I can't wait to experience that again. [pause] I'm sorry, did someone mention cheese?

CUT TO PIZZA SHOP

[Rory walks in. Kirk, Joe and Pete are at a table]

RORY: Hey guys.

PETE: Rory, good, just the lady we're looking for. We have a plan.

RORY: Good, because I've got a check.

PETE: We've solved the problem of transporting the big pizza thing.

KIRK: I was of little help since I'm currently in excruciating pain.

PETE: Instead of this whole one huge pizza concept, we're gonna do a hundred little pizzas all sitting next to each other.

RORY: What?

JOE: Like a pizza doily.

RORY: I don't want a pizza doily.

PETE: Okay, less a doily, more of a collage.

RORY: I don't want a pizza collage either.

JOE: Hey guys, I got another idea. How about we put the pizzas together, and then put pepperonis over the open spots.

PETE: So it looks like one big pizza, tricky.

RORY: Okay, hold on.

JOE: Or we could put cheese over the holes.

KIRK: Please don't say the C- word.

RORY: Guys.

PETE: Cheese might fall through the holes.

JOE: We can use slices.

PETE: That'll work.

RORY: That will not work!

PETE: Hey, Rory.

RORY: No. Now you three listen to me. We agreed that this was going to be the world's largest pizza. That was the concept. Now I realize it can't be the world's largest pizza because that pizza was insane, but it is still going to be large. Very large. Crazy large.

PETE: But we ▯

RORY: No buts! That was the concept ▯ get back to the concept! This is not Gangs of New York now with Cameron Diaz. This is Gangs of New York twenty years ago with Meryl Streep as Scorsese originally imagined it. Come back, refocus, remember the goal. Am I making myself clear?

JOE: Cameron Diaz is hot.

RORY: Not the point, Joe.

JOE: Okay, jeez.

RORY: Now tonight is my mother's birthday party and the whole town is going to be there and they are expecting music, favors, and a really large pizza and they will not be disappointed. I don't care how you do it, just do it!

KIRK: Somehow I can't picture Meryl Streep with Leonardo Dicaprio.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Luke is behind the counter on the phone]

LUKE: I really am sorry, Nicole. Your parents must think I'm a lunatic.

NICOLE: No, I don't think lunatic was one of the words they used. But they have a very extensive vocabulary, so there may just not have been time.

LUKE: It's the first time I meet them and I just. . . Jess was driving me crazy and. . .

NICOLE: I know this. I told them this.

LUKE: I swear, when they come back into town, I will do better.

JESS: I'm going to school. [leaves]

NICOLE: They may not be back in town for several months.

LUKE: Whenever.

NICOLE: Whenever? So I can make another lunch date with my parents even though it's several months away?

LUKE: Sure, make it.

NICOLE: Okay, I'll make it.

LUKE: Tell them I've gotten some medication, I'm much better now.

NICOLE: I'll do that.

[Jess walks back into the diner]

JESS: Get off the phone!

LUKE: What?

JESS: I need the phone, get off the phone!

LUKE: What's the matter?

JESS: Someone stole my car.

LUKE: Nicole, I'm gonna have to call you back. [hangs up] What do you mean somebody stole your car?

[Jess picks up the phone and starts dialing]

JESS: I parked it right around the corner and now it's gone.

LUKE: Why would you park it around the corner?

JESS: Because that's where I parked it. How the hell can the police department have an answering machine? [hangs up the phone]

LUKE: Look, let's just calm down.

JESS: Who would steal that car? It hardly ran.

LUKE: Well, you know these chop shops, they can make a buck out of anything.

JESS: I am gonna k*ll whoever did this. I'm gonna find them and k*ll them.

LUKE: Listen, just go on over to school, I'll take care of anything.

JESS: No, I gotta talk to the cops.

LUKE: I'll do that, go. You know, you don't wanna be late to your first class, right?

JESS: Well, yeah, but □

LUKE: I mean, you were planning on going to school, right?

JESS: Right.

LUKE: Okay, well, then just walk on over to school and I'll take care of the rest.

JESS: Fine.

LUKE: All right, have a good day. Study hard, don't worry. Just leave the car to me.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Emily, Richard, Rory and the maids sing □Happy Birthday□ to Lorelai in the dining room]

ALL: [singing] Happy birthday dear Lorelai, happy birthday to you.

EMILY: You can take the cake into the kitchen now, Teresa.

[the maid takes the cake away]

LORELAI: Wait, aren't I supposed to blow them out?

EMILY: Oh, Teresa can do that.

LORELAI: Mom, it's tradition for the person whose name is on the cake to do the blowing.

EMILY: Oh, I'm sorry, I thought only children liked to do that. Should we bring it back out and relight it?

LORELAI: No.

RICHARD: Well, would you like to make a wish and blow out the tapers?

LORELAI: Why am I being mocked on my birthday?

RORY: Because that's the Gilmore way.

LORELAI: Huh.

EMILY: Let's move into the living room for our dessert, shall we?

LORELAI: Let's shall.

[they all start walking to the living room]

LORELAI: [quietly to Rory] How're we doing on time?

RORY: We've got time for cake.

LORELAI: Are you sure? 'Cause I don't wanna miss the fancy party you're throwing me.

RORY: Don't worry, it's not that fancy.

EMILY: What are the two of you whispering about?

LORELAI: Nothing.

RICHARD: Champagne?

LORELAI: Trying to get me drunk so I forget that you wouldn't let me blow out my own candles?

EMILY: Oh, dear, is this going to be another one of those stories that you tell people for the rest of your life like the bunny story?

LORELAI: His name was Murray, Mom.

RICHARD: Oh, Emily, you had to bring that up.

LORELAI: How could you think I wouldn't notice you gave away my rabbit?

EMILY: Because you were four and terrified of the thing.

LORELAI: I was not terrified, I simply respected his space.

RICHARD: You slept in the maid's room for a week.

LORELAI: I wonder where Murray is now.

RICHARD: In a shoebox somewhere, I assume.

RORY: Grandpa.

LORELAI: Very nice, and on my birthday.

RICHARD: Once again, a toast to Lorelai on her 36th birthday.

LORELAI: 35th.

RICHARD: Really?

LORELAI: You're doing the math?

RICHARD: Right, sorry. To Lorelai on her 35th birthday.

RORY: Hear, hear.

LORELAI: Thank you for the toast, thank you for the dinner, and, uh, in the spirit of the evening □ Mom, I have something for you.

EMILY: For me? It's not my birthday.

LORELAI: I know, but here. [hands Emily an envelope]

RICHARD: Oh.

EMILY: What is this?

LORELAI: It's from Murray. It's taken him this long to write it partially □cause of the hurt and pain and partially □cause he has paws.

EMILY: What is this?

LORELAI: That is what I owe you.

EMILY: What you owe me?

LORELAI: For Rory's school. I promised you I'd pay you back and now I have, every cent. Thank you again for helping us out. There's no way Rory would be going to Yale if it wasn't for this money, if it wasn't for you.

EMILY: You're welcome.

LORELAI: Okay, so. . .

EMILY: You must be very relieved.

LORELAI: Excuse me?

EMILY: Your debt is paid, you owe us nothing.

LORELAI: Well, yeah.

EMILY: You don't need us anymore.

LORELAI: Um, I didn't say □

EMILY: You don't have to deal with us. You don't have to come over for Friday night dinners. It all works out beautifully, doesn't it?

LORELAI: This isn't about that, Mom.

EMILY: Oh no?

LORELAI: No, I owed you money and I paid you back.

EMILY: I don't want it.

LORELAI: I can't believe you're mad that I'm paying you back.

EMILY: I'm not mad, I just think it's extremely unkind of you to use this occasion to inform me you won't be coming over anymore.

LORELAI: I didn't say that.

EMILY: This says that!

LORELAI: Mom, let me ask you something □ wouldn't you rather we came over here because we wanted to, not because of some threat you're holding over our heads?

EMILY: Oh, and you would come here voluntarily?

LORELAI: I always said I would pay you back. This is not a surprise.

EMILY: No, it certainly isn't.

LORELAI: I was trying to do a good thing here. When Dad gave me the money, one of the first things that jumped into my head was to -

EMILY: When Dad gave you the money? When Dad gave her the money?

RICHARD: Now, Emily □

EMILY: You gave her this?

RICHARD: It was her money.

LORELAI: It was from that investment, Mom.

RICHARD: I'd appreciate it if you'd stay out of this.

LORELAI: Why are you mad at me?

RICHARD: I told you not to tell your mother about that money.

LORELAI: When did you tell me that?

RICHARD: At lunch.

LORELAI: You did not.

RICHARD: I did, too.

LORELAI: Dad, I swear you didn't tell me not to tell Mom.

RICHARD: Why do you think I met you in the day at a restaurant, Lorelai? Think.

LORELAI: I □

EMILY: You kept this from me, Richard?

RICHARD: I knew you would be upset.

EMILY: You lied to me.

RICHARD: I had to give it to her. I was legally obligated.

EMILY: You're also legally obligated to your wife.

LORELAI: Mom □

EMILY: Don't you talk to me!

RICHARD: Now, you're overreacting.

EMILY: Don't you talk to me either!

LORELAI: Don't be mad at Dad.

RICHARD: Stay out of this!

LORELAI: I just □

RICHARD: Well, don't!

LORELAI: Mom, please. Just because I gave you this money doesn't mean we're never gonna come over here again. We will come over. Maybe not every week, but there will be the occasional Friday night dinners.

EMILY: No, there won't.

RORY: Grandma □

EMILY: I don't need anybody doing me any favors. You are released from your obligation, Lorelai. Have a nice birthday, have a nice life, I'm going to bed.

LORELAI: Dad □

RICHARD: Not now!

[Emily and Richard leave the room]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai and Rory are walking through the town square]

LORELAI: You're quiet. I know they were upset, hon, but trust me, they'll calm down.

RORY: Why did you do that?

LORELAI: Excuse me?

RORY: Just giving them that check like that.

LORELAI: Rory, I borrowed that money.

RORY: I know you did, but you had to have known that they'd get upset. You had to know that Grandma would take it personally.

LORELAI: Well, what would you have me do, not pay them back?

RORY: Maybe.

LORELAI: Maybe?

RORY: Well, they didn't want the money back.

LORELAI: It's not the point.

RORY: Well, it's kind of the point.

LORELAI: No, Rory, it's not the point at all.

RORY: They were throwing you a party, Mom.

LORELAI: Sorry, did I miss something? Did I dance around saying "nyah, nyah, nyah, nyah, nyah" when I gave her the check?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Did, did I not thank her □ genuinely thank her for everything?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Did I not credit your getting into Yale with them giving us that money?

RORY: Yes, but □

LORELAI: Unh uh, no buts. Listen Rory, I'm not sure if you're aware of how hard it has been for me these past three years to be indebted to my parents. I decided a long time ago that I was gonna live my life without their help, but I went to them and I took their money and I'm not sorry I did, it was the right thing for you, but I don't need their help anymore.

RORY: Fine, but you don't have to just throw it in their faces like that.

LORELAI: I paid back a loan. You're supposed to pay back a loan. I have Polonius and then entire banking system on my side.

RORY: I just think you could've done it differently.

LORELAI: How?

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: Take a shot.

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: Rory, my relationship with my parents is very different from your relationship with them. You only know the warm and fuzzy Richard and Emily, and I only want you to know the warm and fuzzy Richard and Emily because they're your grandparents and they love you, but I have a different history with them and it was not all warm and it was definitely not all fuzzy. So do not judge me for repaying a loan that I always intended to repay, that I told them from the beginning I would repay, that I had to repay. I will not let them make me feel guilty for doing that and I will not let you make me feel guilty for doing that either.

RORY: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: It's okay.

[They walk down the street some more. Lorelai sees a large group of people gathered for her birthday party at the dance studio. A crane is lowering the huge pizza onto a table]

LORELAI: Oh my God. What is that?

RORY: The world's largest pizza. Almost.

LORELAI: That is amazing.

RORY: You like it?

LORELAI: I love it. Thank you honey. Hey, what happened to Kirk?

THE END

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