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## 01x03 - k\*ll Me Now

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### 01x03 - k\*ll Me Now

by **bunniefuu**

k\*ll Me Now

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(The scene opens at the Gilmores' weekly dinner.)

RICHARD: Dinner was lovely, Emily.

EMILY: Mira does make a perfect cassoulet.

LORELAI: Who's Mira?

EMILY: Our cook.

LORELAI: I thought the cook was Heidi.

EMILY: Oh, no, we let Heidi go months ago. She had a problem closing things -- the door, the refrigerator --

RICHARD: The liquor bottle.

EMILY: Then it was Trina, then Sophia.

RICHARD: Oh, I liked Sophia.

EMILY: You did not.

RICHARD: I didn't?

EMILY: She was the one who sang.

RICHARD: That's right -- terrible woman.

EMILY: And after Sophia we had Anton.

RICHARD: That's right. Anton was the one that I liked.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, Dad, how do you mix up Anton and Sophia?

RICHARD: What do you mean?

LORELAI: Well, one is a man and one is a woman.

RICHARD: And your point being?

LORELAI: That one is a man and one is a woman.

RICHARD: I have a lot to do in a day, Lorelai, I don't have time to keep up with a multitude of

people that your mother employs.

LORELAI: But one is a man and one is a woman.

(The cook brings in a cake.)

LORELAI: The dinner was so wonderful, Mira.

SARAH: It's Sarah.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm sorry.

(Sarah leaves.)

LORELAI: Mom! Her name is Sarah!

EMILY: I thought she said Mira.

LORELAI: Ugh!

RORY: Hey, Grandma, these plates are really pretty.

EMILY: Thank you, Rory. They were your great-grandmother's.

RICHARD: Lorelai the first.

RORY: I thought Mom was the first.

EMILY: Not in the name.

LORELAI: No, but in so many other things I was a regular trailblazer. Just finishing your thought, Mom.

RICHARD: Lorelai the first was my mother. She was an extremely accomplished equestrian, a distinguished patron of the arts, and she was also world-famous for her masquerade balls. She was quite a woman, my mother.

EMILY: Yes she was. Mira, come cut the cake please.

LORELAI: Yes, and why don't you bring Sarah out here with you?

EMILY: So, Lorelai, how are things at that charming little inn of yours?

LORELAI: Mm -- they're still charming and little. We're just crossing our fingers it doesn't assert itself and become rude and large.

RORY: Mom's having a huge wedding there this week.

EMILY: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah, actually there's people coming from all over the country.

EMILY: Well, isn't that nice?

LORELAI: Yeah.

EMILY: Rory, how's Chilton?

LORELAI: OK, done with me now.

EMILY: I'm sorry, was there more to the story?

LORELAI: Uh, Rory has to pick a team sport to play.

RORY: It's a requirement.

RICHARD: Physical fitness is as important as intellectual fitness. So says Plato and so say I.

EMILY: What sport are you going to pick?

RORY: I'm not sure. I'm not really the athletic type.

LORELAI: I told her she should go out for the debating team.

RORY: It's not a sport.

LORELAI: It is the way the Gilmores play.

EMILY: So, what are your choices?

RORY: God, there's like a thousand of them: basketball, lacrosse, swimming, track, golf --

EMILY: Golf?

RORY: Yeah.

EMILY: Well your grandfather is a golf player.

LORELAI: Oops.

EMILY: He plays every week at the club. He could teach you to play like a pro.

RICHARD: Emily.

EMILY: Why, he could take you there on Sunday. It's perfect.

RICHARD: It's not something you can teach in an afternoon.

LORELAI: That's OK. Rory can pick something else.

EMILY: Why should she pick something else? She needs to learn a sport and Richard can teach her a sport. (to Rory) You can use your mother's old golf clubs. They're upstairs gathering dust along with the rest of her potential.

LORELAI: OK, Mom, can I maybe talk to you for a minute?

EMILY: We're having dessert.

LORELAI: I know but I'd like to talk to you fast before the sugar sets in and makes me crazy.

EMILY: You are the oddest person.

LORELAI: Too easy.

(Lorelai and Emily get up from the table and go into another room to talk.)

EMILY: What is so important it can't wait for cake?

LORELAI: Keep moving.

EMILY: This is as far as I can go unless you'd like me to bore my way through the wall.

LORELAI: Don't do this, Mom.

EMILY: Do what?

LORELAI: Force Rory and Dad to go golfing.

EMILY: I'm not forcing anybody.

LORELAI: Well you're manipulating the situation in a way that gives no one a way out. That's force. Look it up.

EMILY: I'm just trying to help your daughter get an education.

LORELAI: Thank you. She'll find another sport.

EMILY: Why should she?

LORELAI: Because she doesn't want to go and Dad doesn't want to take her.

EMILY: Oh, your father doesn't know what he wants. He'd get his hair cut at the butcher if I let him.

LORELAI: Let it go please.

EMILY: Well, isn't this interesting? You're afraid.

LORELAI: Of what?

EMILY: That Rory will enjoy the club and have a good time without you.

LORELAI: That's crazy.

EMILY: I agree.

LORELAI: I'm not afraid.

EMILY: Then let her go.

LORELAI: She won't enjoy it, Mom.

EMILY: Well why don't you just let Rory decide?

LORELAI: Because Rory is the sweetest kid in the whole world and she won't tell you that she doesn't want to go because she's too afraid of hurting your feelings.

EMILY: Oh I'm sure you can give her some coaching to help her get over that.

LORELAI: I'm not trying to hurt your feelings, Mom. Believe it or not, this is not about you.

EMILY: Of course it's about me. If Rory goes and has a good time without you, then I win.

LORELAI: OK, Bob Barker. Listen, Rory knocks herself out all week at Chilton. Weekends are the only time she has to unwind and have fun.

EMILY: With you?

LORELAI: I'm there.

EMILY: So let me get this straight. There's no way that Rory can possibly enjoy a weekend day with her grandfather.

LORELAI: You're just going to twist it all around, aren't you?

EMILY: And you know your daughter so well that you don't even have to ask her opinion on this. She'd be miserable and you know it.

LORELAI: I am so setting myself up here, but yes, she would be miserable.

EMILY: That sounds a little controlling to me.

LORELAI: Yeah I walked right into that.

EMILY: Interesting, isn't it, you being the one who's controlling?

LORELAI: I am not being --

EMILY: According to you I was the only one in the family with that particular gift.

LORELAI: Mom I never said that!

EMILY: I guess you and I are more alike that you thought, aren't we?

LORELAI: You win.

(Later, Lorelai and Rory are leaving for home.)

LORELAI: (sighs) Oh, man, did you get blindsided? I'm so sorry.

RORY: That's OK.

LORELAI: I tried to stop it, I swear.

RORY: I know. Maybe it won't be that bad.

LORELAI: Maybe it won't.

RORY: Maybe I'll like it.

LORELAI: Maybe you will.

RORY: Maybe you could come with me.

LORELAI: Oh, is there a "you're crazy" team? 'Cause I think they'd make you captain.

RORY: Please?

LORELAI: Rory, I love you. I would take a b\*lllet for you. But I'd rather stick something sharp in my ear than go to the club with you.

RORY: Fine.

LORELAI: I'd rather slide down a banister of razor blades and land in a pool of alcohol than go to the club with you.

RORY: I got it.

LORELAI: Don't stop me, I'm on a roll. I'd rather eat my own hand than go to the club with you. Ooh, I'd rather get my face surgically altered to look like that lunatic rich lady with the lion head than go to the club with you.

RORY: Would you like me to drive so you can continue your diatribe?

LORELAI: Would ya? Thanks. I'd rather cut off my head and use it as a punch bowl than go to the club with you.

(Cut to the inn. Lorelai escorts the brides, Jackie and Jessica, and their mother around the grounds.)

LORELAI: You'll walk down here over the bridge with the swans floating by and the music playing --

JACKIE: What are they doing with those purple flowers?

LORELAI: Just decorating the bridge.

JACKIE: I didn't want purple flowers. I wanted pink.

JESSICA: And I wanted blue.

LORELAI: So I thought violet would be a nice compromise.

JACKIE: But we paid for pink flowers.

JESSICA: And blue flowers.

MRS. SHALES: You did not pay for anything. I told her to decorate with violet flowers and while it's very nice of her to try to take the heat for me it's certainly not necessary. If you don't like it, buy your own flowers. (silence) Yes, I thought so. Now go away. My Advil is wearing off.

(The twins walk away.)

MRS. SHALES: Their father spoiled them.

LORELAI: Oh, they're just excited.

MRS. SHALES: They're spoiled. And they won't move away.

MRS. SHALES: Now, disaster list. What if it rains?

LORELAI: We'll put up tents.

MRS. SHALES: What if it's too windy?

LOREAI: Well, then we'll secure everything and put extra hair spray in everybody's hair.

MRS. SHALES: Too hot?

LOREAI: We'll use umbrellas and fans that won't cause any damage because of the things that have been secured and the hair that has been sprayed.

MRS. SHALES: So I have nothing to worry about.

LOREAI: Nope.

MRS. SHALES: Well there must be something.

LOREAI: Listen, I have everything under control. Why don't you go up to your room and have a fabulous bubble bath and I'll send up some wine and a masseuse who bears a remarkable resemblance to Antonio Banderas.

MRS. SHALES: How remarkable?

LOREAI: Get ready to applaud.

MRS. SHALES: This is my favorite place in the whole world.

(Inside the inn Michel is handling gift baskets.)

LOREAI: (to an employee) Could you send Maury up to room twelve in about twenty minutes? Thanks. (to Michel) So, any problems?

MICHEL: With the wedding or my life?

LOREAI: One guess -- and I'll give you a hint: it's not your life.

MICHEL: Do you stage these events to t\*rture me?

LOREAI: Yes.

MICHEL: Job well done.

LOREAI: OK, let's start again. Any problems?

MICHEL: Guests are checked in, baskets are given out, and 200,000 tons of Jordan almonds have been delivered.

LOREAI: OK, good. Did Rory call?

MICHEL: No.

LOREAI: Hmm. She's golfing all day with my father and I'm half expecting this big "save me" call to come in -- you don't care at all do you?

MICHEL: To me you are the teacher in the Charlie Brown cartoon.

LOREAI: OK, forget it. So, have the grooms arrived? Their plane was supposed to get in a 7 so I'm

surprised they're not here by now.

MICHEL: Well maybe they made a run for it.

LORELAI: Ooh, somebody got stood up at the prom.

MICHEL: Oh. Dear.

LORELAI: What?

(Male twins have just walked in the front door.)

MICHEL: Are those -- ?

LORELAI: No. It would be too --

(The brides rush into the grooms' arms.)

LORELAI: -- weird.

MICHEL: You kept this from me on purpose.

LORELAI: It's like a really snooty Doublemint commercial.

MICHEL: Just let me know when the midgets and clowns arrive.

(Michel tries to leave.)

LORELAI: Oh, no, no, no. You have to get them all settled in.

MICHEL: I'm not talking to them.

LORELAI: Yes you are.

MICHEL: Well I'm not talking to them nicely.

(Cut to Emily and Richard's house.)

RICHARD: It's after 8:00. She should be here already.

EMILY: She'll be here.

RICHARD: You're supposed to tee off at your designated time.

EMILY: You pay good money to that place. You'll tee off when you tee off. Is that what you're wearing?

RICHARD: Yes.

EMILY: Hmm.

RICHARD: What's wrong with what I'm wearing?

EMILY: Nothing. It's fine.

RICHARD: This whole thing is absurd.



EMILY: She's your granddaughter.

RICHARD: She's a sixteen year old who would rather be at the mall.

EMILY: Make sure you show her all around the club, especially the rose garden.

RICHARD: I am not a guide.

EMILY: And make sure you take her to lunch and have her get dessert.

RICHARD: No one said anything about lunch.

EMILY: I hope Lorelai's clubs are still in good shape.

RICHARD: Emily you are not listening to me. I will teach her to play golf, as promised by you, but lunch is out of the question.

EMILY: You have to eat.

RICHARD: Yes, but --

EMILY: So you'll eat together. Do you have sunscreen?

(The doorbell rings.)

RICHARD: Emily.

(The doorbell rings again.)

EMILY: She's here.

RICHARD: Ah, 8:30. We must remember to buy her a watch.

EMILY: Richard, so help me God, you will be sweet to this girl and make this a memorable day for her. This is the first time we've gotten to show our granddaughter off at the club and it means a great deal to my happiness -- and yours -- that this day go well. Are we clear?

(Silence. Emily opens the door.)

EMILY: Rory, hello.

RORY: Sorry I'm late.

EMILY: Nonsense. You're right on time.

RORY: Hi, Grandpa.

RICHARD: Rory, nice to see you.

EMILY: This is a perfect day for golfing, isn't it Richard?

RICHARD: It was cooler at 8.

RORY: Am I dressed OK? I didn't have any of those short pant things.

EMILY: Well, actually there is something missing. Oh, wait a minute...

(She puts a hat on Rory's head.)

EMILY Here you go. Now you look just like Tiger Woods.

RORY: Wow, that's some hat.

EMILY OK, off you go, you two. Have a wonderful time.

RORY: We will.

RICHARD: You bet.

(Cut to Richard and Rory walking along the golf course.)

RORY: Is it hard to become a member here?

RICHARD: Everyone has to go through a thorough screening process.

RORY: Kind of like the FBI?

RICHARD: We're much more thorough than that.

RORY: Wow.

RICHARD: Yes. Did you know the merger of Forscape and D.S.S.

RORY: Really.

RICHARD: International finance will never be the same and all because of a lost golfing bet.

RORY: That's crazy.

RICHARD: Well that's high finance. Well, here we are. Now, what do you know about golf?

RORY: That it's a good walk spoiled?

RICHARD: (sighs) Well, your driver is the most powerful club in your bag, and as such, it can be your most valuable asset or your greatest liability. To wield it properly requires a precise combination of confidence and humility.

RORY: Confidence and humility. Got it.

RICHARD: There you are. That's a pretty good natural grip. Now, line the toe of your left foot up with the ball. That's right. Now, drop this shoulder a little bit. Now, keeping your left arm firm, draw the club back, swing it cleanly through the ball.

(Rory takes a swing and hits the grass.)

RORY: I'm betting that was wrong.

RICHARD: (wearily) There are no rights and wrongs to the learning process. Try that again.

(Rory does the same thing.)

RORY: I'm betting that was wrong.

(Cut to the kitchen at the inn.)

SOOKIE: These are blueberries. I think ordered strawberries.

JACKSON: I know but --

SOOKIE: Yeah, no, I did. I wrote it down. I got a copy. (reading) Yeah, mushrooms, melon, endive, peaches, kiwi.

JACKSON: Excuse me, crazy lady --

SOOKIE: Oh I should make some kiwi ice cream. That would be good sometime.

JACKSON: Sookie!

SOOKIE: What?

JACKSON: Listen. I know you ordered strawberries but they weren't any good so instead of selling you sub-standard strawberries, I brought blueberries.

SOOKIE: I've got to make strawberry shortcake for 200 people. I think I'm gonna need strawberries.

JACKSON: Use the blueberries.

SOOKIE: To make what?

JACKSON: Blueberry shortcake.

SOOKIE: There's no such thing.

JACKSON: Hey, the world was flat until someone took a boat trip.

SOOKIE: Can I see these strawberries?

JACKSON: No.

SOOKIE: Just one?

JACKSON: No.

SOOKIE: How about a Polaroid?

JACKSON: No.

LORELA: Coffee, coffee, coffee. Ooh, Sookie, can I take some of this cake home to Rory? She's going to need a special treat tonight. She's spending the entire day with my father golfing at the club.

SOOKIE: No.

JACKSON: Take the blueberries!

SOOKIE: No.

JACKSON: Ugh.

LORELAI: Golfing was masterminded by my mother, of course. One minute we're having an excruciating family dinner and the next she's manipulating my kid into spending her Sunday with my father at the country club. Oh, I can't talk about it anymore. It's making me too upset. Tell me something happy.

(Sookie is about to cry.)

SOOKIE: I can't make the strawberry shortcake.

LORELAI: Wow. You suck at this game.

MICHEL: The battle for soup versus salad is waging in the other room. Come quick and settle it, please, as I'm running out of French curse words that they won't understand.

(Lorelai and Michel go into the lobby where the twin brides are in each others' faces arguing between soup and salad.)

JESSICA: Soup --

JACKIE: Salad...why are you making such a scene, Jessica? Jessica you are making a --

(Mrs. Shales walks over to Lorelai and Michel.)

MRS. SHALES: It's been 45 minutes of soup or salad. Soup or salad -- I can't do it anymore. Get me a cab. I'm going to go far away now and never come back.

LORELAI: How about if the guests get a choice of soup or salad?

MRS. SHALES: That -- that will work.

LORELAI: Choice of soup or salad.

SOOKIE: Got it.

(The grooms join the brides.)

LORELAI: It's so weird.

SOOKIE: Which one is which?

LORELAI: I don't know. I think the one on the right is Matt.

MICHEL: No, the one on the left is Matt. The one on the right is Mark.

LORELAI: That's very impressive.

MICHEL: Yes, well, I'm very good at observing people, you know, learning the tics and traits, sound of their voices. It's a gift.

SOOKIE: That one has a Post-It on its back.

MICHEL: Oh, well, then that's Mark. The one on the right is Matt.

LORELAI: You will go and take that off of him.

MICHE: I will not. We can't all just call everyone 'sweetie' and get away with it.

SOOKIE: Now, go with me, here. Let's say Mark walks into a hotel room and he sees his wife naked, but it's not his wife, it's his naked sister-in-law, and he has sex with her. Would that be cheating?

MICHEL: My head hurts.

LORELAI: (laughing) I think no.

SOOKIE: Really? Lucky.

MICHEL: If you ask me this union belongs on a public access station. It's against the laws of nature and just this short of completely obscene.

LORELAI: Oh, you won't be giving the wedding toast.

(Lorelai is walking Mrs. Shales to the door.)

LORELAI: How did everything work out?

MRS. SHALES: Do you have children?

LORELAI: A daughter.

MRS. SHALES: Do you hate her?

LORELAI: No.

MRS. SHALES: Not ever?

LORELAI: Well I wasn't wildly fond of her during labor.

MRS. SHALES: That was the high point for me.

(Cut to Rory and Richard walking on the golf course.)

RORY: I can't believe I hit the ball!

RICHARD: Well it was quite impressive.

RORY: It landed in the water.

RICHARD: Yes, but the splash was quite impressive.

RORY: This place is so beautiful. I could see just coming here to think or read. But that probably defeats the purpose of the holes with the flag thing.

RICHARD: There is something rather serene about walking around here.

RORY: Do you come here every week?

RICHARD: No. When I can. I'm often working on the weekends.

RORY: Bummer.

RICHARD: Isn't it.

(Men in a golf cart pass by.)

MAN: Hi Richard.

RICHARD: Hello.

RORY: Can I ask you a question?

RICHARD: Go ahead.

RORY: What do you do?

RICHARD: I'm the executive vice-president of the Gehrman-Driscoll Insurance Corporation.

RORY: Wow.

RICHARD: Yes.

RORY: And as executive vice-president, what do you do?

RICHARD: Well, it's a very big company -- one of the largest in the United States as a matter of fact -- I have a myriad of duties which would bore you greatly to hear about.

RORY: Oh, OK.

RICHARD: I oversee our international division.

RORY: That sounds important.

RICHARD: Well, it rates a parking spot.

RORY: Do you get to travel a lot?

RICHARD: Quite a bit.

RORY: Lucky.

RICHARD: I suspect you have a yen for travelling.

RORY: I'm up to my ears in yens.

RICHARD: Any particular place you'd like to go?

RORY: Hundreds of places. Paris, Rome, London, Prague, Istanbul, Fez -- Have you ever been to Fez?

RICHARD: I can't say that I have.

RORY: I want to go to Fez.

RICHARD: I think travelling for a young girl is a very important thing. Your mother never got a chance to travel much.

RORY: I know. She talks about that all the time.

RICHARD: She does?

RORY: We've got a deal. When I graduate from high school we're going to go backpacking through Europe together. You know, do the whole hostel thing. I just hope it really happens.

RICHARD: Well we'll just have to make sure that it does.

(A golf cart pulls up beside them.)

GLORIA: Richard!

RICHARD: Gloria! You look wonderful.

GLORIA: Aren't you sweet? Is Emily here?

RICHARD: No, I'm taking my granddaughter for a round of golf.

GLORIA: Well, we must get together.

RICHARD: Absolutely.

(Gloria pulls away.)

RICHARD: The most odious woman alive.

(Time lapse.)

RICHARD: Now, we'll meet back here in forty minutes?

RORY: OK.

RICHARD: And then, if you like, we can get some lunch.

RORY: That would be great.

RICHARD: Fine.

RORY: Cool.

RICHARD: Yes.

(Cut to the men's steam room.)

MAN #1: And I'm telling him I've been coming here for twenty years my young friend, and for twenty years that cart, number 43, has been my golf cart.

MAN #2: He should have known that.

MAN #1: Everybody knows that.

MAN #3: Did he give you the cart?

MAN #1: Damn right he gave me the cart.

MAN #2: You should have never had to ask because he should have known that.

RICHARD: Hello, gentlemen.

MAN #1: Richard, good to see you.

RICHARD: Heard about your golf cart. Too bad.

MAN #1: Yeah, well, I'm still angry about it.

RICHARD: Well, yes.

MAN #3: Richard, who was that young lady I saw you on the golf course with?

RICHARD: That is my granddaughter.

MAN #2: Really? She's lovely.

MAN: #1: Lorelai's girl.

RICHARD: Mmm-hmm.

MAN #3: You're lucky. My granddaughter looks like she just fell off a potato truck.

MAN #2: My granddaughter would never be caught here. Might get in the way of the time spent at the tattoo parlor or getting something pierced or doing whatever she does while she runs wild through the streets like a rabid dog.

MAN #1: Cut her off! That would get her attention!

MAN #3: I can help you with the litigation.

RICHARD: Actually, Rory just started Chilton.

MAN #2: (impressed) Really?

MAN #1: Damn fine school.

RICHARD: Said she wanted to learn golf. I think she's taken to it quite well.

MAN #1: Yeah, well, just as long as isn't taken with a certain golf cart.

MAN #2: I'm writing a letter to the board.

MAN #1: I wish you would. If they would take --

(The men go back to their golf cart discussion. Cut to the women's steam room. Rory listens to the gossip.)

WOMAN #1: And you know she took the house.

WOMAN #2: She deserved it -- putting up with that tramp all those years.

WOMAN #1: Last year, Christmas, he bough them both the same bracelet.

WOMAN #2: She should have just shot him like his first wife did.

WOMAN #1: Oh I love Janie. Is she out yet?



(Gloria enters.)

GLORIA: Nanette, Peg.

WOMAN #1: Gloria, hi. Good game?

GLORIA: Not bad, you?

WOMAN #1: Oh, I just came for the steam. We must get together and play sometime soon.

GLORIA: Next week?

WOMAN #1: I'll call you.

(Gloria moves to a different area.)

WOMAN #1: (whispering) The most odious woman alive.

(Cut to the inn. The staff is still decorating for the wedding.)

LORELAI: OK, I need more tulle here. I need the feeling of a major tutu, OK? Oh, uh, hey, Gary, Gary! The ribbons go on the chairs, OK, not on the trees. Oh, great!

(Lorelai hears swans and goes down to meet the truck.)

LORELAI: Hey!

SWAN GUY: Where do you want the swans?

LORELAI: Well do you know where the pond is?

SWAN GUY: Nope.

LORELAI: You know that little road you came up?

SWAN GUY: Nope.

LORELAI: OK. Do you know how to say 'big help' in Chinese?

SWAN GUY: Nope.

LORELAI: Michel! (to Swan Guy) This is twenty swans?

SWAN GUY: Sure. Why not?

MICHEL: You screeched?

LORELAI: Yeah. I need you to show this guy where to put the swans.

MICHEL: Absolutely not.

LORELAI: Well I can't leave, OK? I've got a major tulle festival going on out here.

MICHEL: I will never go near those filthy birds.

LORELAI: Why?

MICHEL: I hate the swans.

LORELAI: These particular swans?

MICHEL: No, all swans. I was att\*cked by a band of swans in the Luxembourg Gardens when I was a boy. No one forgets that.

LORELAI: (laughing) Oh no -- not being att\*cked by a band of swans. Was it an all-boy band? Kind of a scary, feathery 'N Sync kind of fiasco?

MICHEL: This is not funny.

LORELAI: No, I'm sorry, it's not. It's not funny at all.

(The swans honk and Michel jumps.)

LORELAI: (laughing) Oh my God! Come on, you have to admit, that's a little funny.

DRELLA: Hey, Pepe le Pew, you wanna give me a hand with this?

MICHEL: No.

LORELAI: Listen, it's Drella or the swans.

MICHEL: So either one beast of terror or another?

DRELLA: What the hell is he babbling about?

MICHEL: (quietly, to Lorelai) Don't --

LORELAI: He's afraid of the swans.

MICHEL: (quietly) Thank you.

DRELLA: Of course he is. He's French.

LORELAI: Mmm.

MICHEL: (to Swan Guy) OK, I'll take you to the pond.

LORELAI: Thank you.

MICHEL: But stay far away from me.

(Drella watches as Michel leads Swan Guy away.)

DRELLA: Can't stand the talk -- love to watch the walk.

(Cut to the dining room at the country club.)

RORY: She caught him in the pool house with the tennis pro, not the riding instructor.

RICHARD: I had no idea.

RORY: That committee of yours is not looking at people as much as you think.

RICHARD: Why would they? From what you've told me they're all involved in one nefarious activity after another.

RORY: It's a conspiracy.

RICHARD: It's Peyton Place. Is there more?

RORY: Can you handle it?

RICHARD: I'll steel myself.

RORY: OK, Mr. Neville likes all things frilly.

RICHARD: Good God. He's my broker.

RORY: I don't think one will affect the other.

(Man #1 and Man #2 or 3 approach the table.)

MAN #1: Mind if we barge in?

RICHARD: Look who's here. Ah, Rory, this is Julian Johnson (MAN #1) and Edward James (MAN #2 or 3)

EDWARD: Call me "Ed".

JULIAN: You can call me "Ed" too.

(The two men laugh.)

RORY: It's nice to meet you.

RICHARD: Would you like to join us?

EDWARD: If Rory doesn't mind us intruding on her time with her grandfather.

RORY: No, that's fine.

JULIAN: Oh that's good. So, we hear you're attending Chilton.

RORY: I just started.

JULIAN: That's a hard school.

RORY: Yes sir.

RICHARD: Rory is an excellent student.

JULIAN: Really?

RICHARD: 4.0 grade point average.

JULIAN: Whoa! That's got me beat.

(Edward and Julian laugh.)

RICHARD: She's going to Fez someday.

JULIAN: Fez? What the hell is in Fez?

RICHARD: That's for her to find out.

(Cut to Luke's. Rory is waiting for Luke.)

LUKE: Interesting hat.

RORY: I went golfing with my grandfather today.

LUKE: Did you know that golf courses are an environmental blight because of the chemicals they use to keep the grass green?

RORY: Actually I did. (silence) Bad joke, sorry.

(Luke walks away just before Lorelai comes in the door.)

LORELAI: My God -- this day. The swans, the tulle, my head...Luke, I need the largest cheeseburger in the world. Let's break a record here, mister. (to Rory) So, the wedding is a nightmare. We got these ten boxes of creepy larvae that are supposed to swarm into beautiful butterflies on the wedding day. They swarmed a little early! What's with the hat?

RORY: Grandma gave it to me.

LORELAI: Oh, now, that's just mean.

RORY: It's not that bad.

LORELAI: Do you want a mirror?

(Rory takes off the hat.)

LORELAI: So, Rory's golfing adventure. Tell me!

RORY: It was fine.

LORELAI: Oh, honey, I brought you some of Sookie's chocolate cake to make you feel better.

RORY: It really wasn't that bad.

LORELAI: You are the sweetest kid in the whole world. Where on earth did you get that from? Luke, am I mistaken or did that sign on the door say "open"? (to Rory) So, where were we?

RORY: Me golfing.

LORELAI: Right -- go.

RORY: OK, well, uh, by the end of the day I could even hit the ball. Sometimes it wasn't my ball but the intentions were good.

LORELAI: Well good intentions and no physical exertion whatsoever is what the game of golf was built on. So, um, did you order?

RORY: I'm not hungry. I had a big lunch at the club.

LUKE: With all the other devastators of our land.

LORELAI: You had a big lunch at the club?

RORY: Yes, it was quite good.

LORELAI: Quite? What's with the quite?

RORY: What do you mean?

LORELAI: You don't ever say quite.

RORY: I've said quite plenty of times.

LORELAI: Whatever. So besides the "quite good" lunch you had, what else happened?

RORY: Nothing. We played, I met his friends, I took a steam.

LORELAI: You took a steam?

RORY: Yeah. I sweated out all my toxins and I stole a towel.

LORELAI: Wow! Sounds like you really had a good time.

RORY: I did.

LORELAI: Really?

RORY: Really.

LORELAI: Really?

RORY: Really.

LORELAI: Really.

RORY: OK, new word now.

LORELAI: Sorry -- I just -- I'm surprised. I thought you were gonna be bored.

RORY: I was kind of surprised too. I don't know -- it was pretty there and Grandpa and I talked a lot.

LORELAI: You talked? Really?

RORY: You're doing it again.

LORELAI: Sorry. You talked?

RORY: We talked about Fez.

LORELAI: And he thought it was a hat.

RORY: I told him about our backpacking trip. He thought it was a great idea.

LORELAI: Wow. So you really had fun.

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: That's great.

(Luke serves Lorelai's cheeseburger.)

LORELAI: That is really, really great.

LUKE: I thought you were starving.

LORELAI: Things change. Move on.

RORY: Does this hat really look bad on me?

(Rory puts the hat back on.)

LORELAI: No. I think it looks kind of cute.

(Cut to the lawn at the inn. Miss Patty is teaching the twin couples to dance.)

MISS PATTY: It's your wedding day. Feel each other. Use the thumping of your heart as a metronome. Let passion be your coreographer. Be as light on your toes as you are in your hearts. No, no, no, no darling. Let me show you.

(Miss Patty pulls one couple apart and begins dancing with the groom.)

MISS PATTY: You know, in some countries if you dance this close you're cheating on your wife.

MATT (or MARK): You're next.

MARK (or MATT): Take your time.

(Lorelai goes inside the inn to where Rory is working. The phone is ringing.)

LORELAI: Hey. Oh my God, you have good handwriting.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: You did not get that from me. You got your fabulous flair from me.

RORY: I also got my deviated septum from you.

LORELAI: Hey, focus on the flair.

MICHEL: It's for you. He says he's your father although why he'd volunteer that freely, I do not know.

LORELAI: My father?

MICHEL: Yes.

LORELAI: Are you sure?

MICHEL: Please just take the phone.

LORELAI: (takes phone) Dad? (pause) Yeah it's Lorelai -- who else calls you "Dad"? (pause) Yeah she's right here. Hold on. (to Rory) It's for you.

RORY: Thanks. (takes phone) Hello? (pause) Hey Grandpa...

(Lorelai watches as Rory moves away.)

RORY: That's great.

(Mrs. Shales and Drella come into the room.)

MRS. SHALES: Jackie wants Samuel Barber, John Cage, and Philip Glass and Jessica wants Shania Twain's "I Feel Like a Woman."

DRELLA: I'm not a jukebox.

MRS. SHALES: Oh please.

DRELLA: Hey, you think I started playing the harp 'cause I thought it would make me cool? You know, finally get me in with the in-crowd? Maybe I'd make for some great happy hour conversation. No, alright. The music drives me, lady. I will play what I feel and you will love it.

MRS. SHALES: I'll give you an extra \$100.

DRELLA: You just got yourself a jukebox.

(They walk away. Lorelai is still watching Rory talk on the phone.)

RORY: Yeah, yeah, I'd love to see it. (pause) No, if you want to. (pause) Sure. That sounds good. (pause) Yeah.

(Cut to Lorelai's house. She and Rory are sitting outside. Rory is looking in a handheld mirror while Lorelai reads.)

LORELAI: Should I leave you two alone?

RORY: I think I want to change my hair.

LORELAI: Really? I think it looks quite good.

RORY: You're funny. Do you want something to drink?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, water.

(Rory goes inside.)

LORELAI: So you talk to Grandpa today?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Grandpa -- he called?

RORY: Yep.

LORELAI: Anything wrong?

(Rory returns to the porch.)

RORY: No. He just found this book we were talking about.

LORELAI: Oh. And he just called to tell you?

RORY: Yeah, why?

LORELAI: Nothing. It's just weird. He doesn't call the inn that much. Or ever, actually.

RORY: Well he knew that I was looking for it, so --

LORELAI: Oh, sure. What book was it?

RORY: Mencken's "Chrestomathy"

LORELAI: Oh, that one.

RORY: Yeah.

(Babette comes running up on the porch.)

BABETTE: Hey! Cinnamon is stuck under the front porch again. Can I borrow some vegetable oil and a shoehorn?

RORY: I'll get it. (leaves)

BABETTE: I'm callin' him and I'm callin' him and I go around the porch and this big orange tush is just starin' me in the face.

LORELAI: I hate when that happens.

BABETTE: Yeah. He must've been meowin' for an hour but Morey was playing some Thelonious on the Steinway and when Morey plays I go into this trance where all I can see is blue and moon and stars --

(They hear a loud angry meow.)

MOREY: He's out Babs!

BABETTE: Oh! Never mind, Sugar. (calls to Morey) Play me home, baby!

(Piano music starts. Babette gets up to go home.)

LORELAI: Bye.

BABETTE: Oh God! It's k\*lling me!

(Rory comes back out with vegetable oil.)

RORY: Babette didn't take her oil.

LORELAI: Oh, keep it. Christmas is early this year. So you know what I was thinking?



RORY: That Madonna and Sean Penn should get remarried?

LORELAI: Besides that. I was thinking that your golfing expedition should totally count as a dinner.

RORY: What do you mean?

LORELAI: I mean I think I can get us out of dinner at the grandparents' on Friday. Maybe we could grab a movie.

RORY: Oh, well, that's OK.

LORELAI: It's no big deal, really.

RORY: No. It's just gonna get Grandma all freaked out.

LORELAI: Yeah but I can handle those freakouts. I've done that.

RORY: You know, I have to get the book from Grandpa anyway. Let's just go.

LORELAI: Oh. All right. If you really want to.

RORY: I do.

LORELAI: OK, fine. Is that my sweater?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: You're wearing my sweater.

RORY: So?

LORELAI: No, it's OK. It's just I thought I asked you to at least ask, you know, before you borrow my stuff.

RORY: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: It's OK. It's just not too much for a simple "Can I borrow it, Mom?" is it?

RORY: No, it's not. Jeez, lighten up.

LORELAI: It's my favorite sweater too.

RORY: Since when?

LORELAI: Since always.

RORY: This is not your favorite sweater.

LORELAI: Yes it is and now it's going to be all stretched out just like everything else you borrow.

RORY: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: I'm talking about that you take my sweaters and you wear them and you stretch them out.

RORY: I couldn't possibly stretch them out! Your boobs are way bigger than mine.

LORELAI: That is not true.

RORY: Yes it is.

LORELAI: Your boobs are totally bigger than mine!

RORY: You're crazy!

LORELAI: Do you want to measure?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I'm serious. Why don't you get the measuring tape right now?

RORY: I am not going to measure my boobs.

LORELAI: Because you know that you are totally bigger.

RORY: I'm going inside.

LORELAI: Fine, don't measure. We'll just compare bras.

RORY: Stop it!

LORELAI: I'll stop when you quit stealing my stuff.

RORY: You're cracked!

LORELAI: You're...bigger.

(Rory takes her books and slams the door as she goes inside.)

(Cut to Lorelai and Sookie walking down the street.)

LORELAI: "Your boobs are bigger than mine"? I'm a mental case.

SOOKIE: So apologize.

LORELAI: I was too mad and stupid to apologize last night and she was gone before I got up this morning. What is wrong with me?

SOOKIE: You're very possessive of your sweaters.

LORELAI: Sookie.

SOOKIE: No, I understand. I'm the same way. If somebody breathes too hard on my paring knife I'm like a crazy spider monkey.

LORELAI: It's not about the sweater. It's about the golfing thing and the liking it thing. She had fun, Sookie. Just like my mother said she would.

SOOKIE: Yeah, that's got to hurt.

LORELAI: She should have fun. I mean, I want her to have a good relationship with her grandparents. Just because I don't doesn't mean she shouldn't, right?

SOOKIE: Right.

LORELAI: Right. So then why was I trying to get her out of Friday night dinner? I mean, what am I trying to do -- undermine their relationship?

SOOKIE: No you weren't.

LORELAI: Yes I was.

SOOKIE: Yes you were.

LORELAI: Yes! I'm four years old!

SOOKIE: You're jealous.

LORELAI: Oh I'm not jealous.

SOOKIE: Yeah, you are. You're jealous 'cause they like Rory better than you.

LORELAI: Oh thank you for the hug.

SOOKIE: See, I'm bad at advice talks. Could we talk about soup? 'Cause I'm good with soup.

LORELAI: Oh I'm sorry. You're fine. I'm all mixed up. I left that life, you know, the club, my parents. I ran from it as soon as I could. It just -- it never occurred to me that she might want it. It occurred to my mother though. God, I hate that she was right.

SOOKIE: You don't know that she -- ooh! Oh my God!

(Sookie spots something across the street. Without looking to see if any cars are coming she crosses the street, causing a guy to fall off his bike to avoid hitting her.)

BIKE GUY: Hey, watch it!

LORELAI: Oh! Aah! (to Bike Guy) Are you OK? OK.

(Lorelai looks both ways before crossing the street to catch up to Sookie.)

SOOKIE: (to strawberries) Look at you! You're beautiful!

LORELAI: I have to be more adult about this. I mean, if the country club life is what she wants, more power to her, right? You know, little white gloves and coming-out parties. That makes some girls happy, right?

SOOKIE: (while admiring the strawberries) Sure, yeah. If they're on Prozac, absolutely.

LORELAI: I just never thought that I'd raise that kind of kid, you know? I mean, not that there's anything wrong with that kind of kid. I just never thought that was Rory. Maybe it's not. I don't know. Am I obsessing? Sookie? Hello? Do I have to put on my strawberry costume to get your full attention?

SOOKIE: No, I'm sorry. You have a strawberry costume?

(Jackson walks by and sees Sookie)

JACKSON: Unbelievable!

SOOKIE: Jackson!

JACKSON: So this is what we've come to? You sneaking around behind my back buying somebody else's strawberries?

SOOKIE: I was desperate!

JACKSON: You disgust me!

SOOKIE: I needed the strawberries!

JACKSON: Well now you have 'em. I hope you're happy together.

SOOKIE: Jackson -- wait!

JACKSON: No!

(Jackson walks away. Sookie follows him.)

SOOKIE: Come on Jackson.

JACKSON: No.

SOOKIE: Jackson, we can talk about it.

JACKSON: No.

SOOKIE: Jackson, get back here!

JACKSON: Get away from me!

(Sookie chases him down the middle of the street where they almost get hit by a car.)

(Cut to the wedding reception at the inn. Everyone is dancing. Mrs. Shales hugs Lorelai.)

MRS. SHALES: We did it!

LORELAI: We sure did.

MRS. SHALES: God, I feel wonderful.

LORELAI: I'm so glad it turned out the way you wanted it.

MRS. SHALES: Oh, you have no idea. They just told me they're going to share a condo in Tuscon. Arizona! That's hundreds of miles away!

LORELAI: Congratulations.

MRS. SHALES: Oh, thank you. Sister Sledge! Excuse me.

(Mrs. Shales runs off to dance. Lorelai walks over to where Rory is sitting with the guestbook.)

LORELAI: Hey, stranger.

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Good turnout?

RORY: Yep.

LORELAI: Do you want something to drink?

RORY: Are you trying to make up?

LORELAI: No, I'm trying to hydrate you.

RORY: I'm fine, thanks.

LORELAI: I'm sorry.

RORY: It's OK.

LORELAI: A crazy evil spirit obsessed with bra size took over my body.

RORY: It happens.

LORELAI: She's gone now.

RORY: Good to know.

LORELAI: You know, I'm glad you're bonding with your grandparents.

RORY: No you're not.

LORELAI: Yes I am. It's just weird for me is all. I just can't relate to it.

RORY: You could if you tried.

LORELAI: No, we're too -- too much has happened and I'm glad you are anyway.

RORY: OK.

LORELAI: I didn't mean to cut you off from them so completely, you know. It just happened. Not having them in my life just felt so right. I just never thought -- I'm sorry.

IRATE MOTHER: (to her daughter) I did not pay \$500 for this dress so you could run around and mess it up. Now you sit and be still. Cross your legs. You're a lady.

LORELAI: God, I must have had a million dresses like that when I was a kid.

RORY: It doesn't really scream "you."

LORELAI: No. I did all the screaming.

RORY: Thank you for not putting me in a dress like that.

LORELAI: You're welcome. Of course wearing those dresses -- not all bad.

RORY: No?

LORELAI: Oh no. They really fly up when you twirl around.

RORY: Huh.

LORELAI: And if you're wearing that ruffled underwear -- big crowd pleaser.

RORY: If it makes you feel better, I think I got a fungus from the steam room.

LORELAI: It does. Thank you.

(Cut to Emily and Richard's house. Rory and Lorelai are just arriving.)

EMILY: Oh, good, you're here.

LORELAI: Hey.

RORY: Hi, Grandma.

EMILY: My goodness, what is that?

LORELAI: We brought dessert.

EMILY: Really? How thoughtful. What is it?

LORELAI: Blueberry shortcake.

EMILY: I've never heard of blueberry shortcake.

LORELAI: Yeah, it's a Stars Hollow specialty.

EMILY: Why is it already cut?

LORELAI: It's left over. From the wedding. At the inn.

EMILY: Yes, I know where the wedding was.

LORELAI: Oh, sorry. You were just doing that staring thing.

EMILY: You brought us used dessert?

LORELAI: It's not used. It's left over.

EMILY: How nice. I'll just put it in the kitchen next to my half-empty box of Cheer.

LORELAI: (whispers to Rory) She's in a good mood tonight.

EMILY: Can I get you a drink?

LORELAI: Uh, white wine would be nice.

RORY: Coke.

EMILY: So, Lorelai, did Rory tell you all about the wonderful time she had at the club?

LORELAI: She sure did.

EMILY: Your father was simply flying all week. She really charmed him.

LORELAI: Ah, well, if anybody could, it would be her.

EMILY: I mean, in this age of MTV and 100 television channels who would've imagined that a young girl could still get a thrill spending a simple afternoon with her grandfather?

LORELAI: That wine would be real good right now, Mom.

EMILY: I think we should consider getting her a membership at the club, don't you?

LORELAI: If she wants, sure.

EMILY: I mean, to have a place to go where she can socialize, that's very important to a young girl.

LORELAI: Well, now especially that the crack den is closed down on the corner all her really good friends are gone. What do you think, Mom, should I pursue the career in comedy?

EMILY: It's just very interesting the way things turn out, isn't it?

(Richard comes in.)

RICHARD: Oh, you're here. Lorelai.

LORELAI: Dad.

RICHARD: Rory, I have a surprise. Not only did I find that copy of Mencken's "Chrestomathy" we discussed, I also found a first edition of his memoirs as well.

RORY: You're kidding?

RICHARD: It's in my office if you'd like to see them.

RORY: Oh my God, I totally would.

EMILY: I'd like to take a look at those myself.

(They leave Lorelai sitting alone in the room.)

The End

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