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## 02x18 - Back In The Saddle Again

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### 02x18 - Back In The Saddle Again

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Page **1** of **1**

Posted: **05/05/02 11:20**

2.18 - Back in the Saddle Again

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directed by Kevin Dowling

OPEN AT ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai, Rory and Emily are sitting at the table staring at the food.]

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: No.

LORELAI: We're starving.

EMILY: We're waiting for your father.

LORELAI: It's gonna get cold.

EMILY: We are waiting for your father.

LORELAI: We've been waiting forever.

EMILY: We have not been waiting forever.

LORELAI: Forever. Godot was just here. He said 'I ain't waiting for Richard,' grabbed a roll, and left. It's been forever.

EMILY: When we gather as a family, we eat as a family. We don't eat in shifts - you know that and Richard certainly knows that.

RORY: When did he get that antique car anyhow?

EMILY: A couple of horrible weeks ago.

LORELAI: What happened to the oil painting hobby of his?

EMILY: Ah, you know your father. When he couldn't foresee rivaling Cezanne, he lost interest so he bought that car. Lorelai!

[Lorelai spits out the piece of candy she was about to eat]

LORELAI: Mom, it's not dinner, it's just my private stash.

EMILY: It's eating and we're not eating.

LORELAI: You know, you're bound by the rules of the Geneva Convention, Mother, just like everyone else. Hey, no one told me it was casual Friday.

RICHARD: Hello everyone. You haven't started?

EMILY: Of course we haven't started, we were waiting for you. I thought you were almost done.

RICHARD: Well, I was but this car has a mind of its own. As I turned to leave it began spraying some sort of green solution at me.

RORY: Yuck.

RICHARD: Yuck, indeed. Well, go on, start.

LORELAI: Ooh!

RICHARD: No sense in waiting for me.

LORELAI: Coolness!

EMILY: Stop!

LORELAI: Gomer said!

EMILY: We are waiting for you, Richard. In thirty-five years, I have never ever started a dinner without you unless you were out of town or seriously ill. Elsa, take everything away and keep it warm! Now please go upstairs and get ready so we can all enjoy a nice family dinner. . .together.

RICHARD: I'll be right back.

LORELAI: Right back, Dad, like right back. In fact, change on the way upstairs. And make it a Navy shower □ quick soap, quick rinse and no excessive posing! Hungry.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Rory and Lorelai walk through the door]

LORELAI: Hey there. Anywhere?

LUKE: Anywhere you want.

LORELAI: Could you move please?

CUSTOMER: What?

LUKE: Anywhere where there's not people.

LORELAI: Oh, well, like I'm a mind reader. I was just joking. Hmm, that's funny.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Something's different here, something's changed.

RORY: Impossible.

LORELAI: No, I swear, there's something.

RORY: You know, I'd be very disappointed if something changed in here.

LORELAI: Why are you so anti-change?

RORY: Because most change sucks.

LORELAI: That's true, it does. Uh! The chalkboard!

RORY: What about it?

LORELAI: Luke's special omelet. That is brand new.

RORY: A new special? His four-slice French toast has been up there since I was born!

LORELAI: You just gotta let that go, baby.

LUKE: What can I get you?

LORELAI: You have a new special.

LUKE: I sure do.

LORELAI: Nice. What is the special omelet?

LUKE: You won't like it.

LORELAI: How do you know?

LUKE: Because you've been eating here for years and I know what you like, and you won't like it.

LORELAI: Can I at least hear what it is?

LUKE: Fine. It's three eggs with bits of bacon.

LORELAI: I like bacon.

LUKE: Cubed tomatoes.

LORELAI: Sounds good.

LUKE: Swiss cheese and a dash of oregano.

LORELAI: A dash, he says.

LUKE: I've got other customers here.

LORELAI: I'm gonna go with the special omelet.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: With a side of bacon.

LUKE: There's bacon in the omelet.

LORELAI: Oh, then skip the bacon.

LUKE: The side of bacon?

LORELAI: The bacon in the omelet.

LUKE: Hold the bacon.

LORELAI: Can I get Jack cheese?

LUKE: On the side?

LORELAI: Instead of Swiss, Swiss is so stringy.

LUKE: Fine, Jack cheese.

LORELAI: Also, I think I'm allergic to oregano so hold that, too, and some coffee.

LUKE: So, just the eggs, tomatoes, and Jack cheese.

LORELAI: Not too many tomatoes.

LUKE: Light on the tomatoes.

LORELAI: Very light, just a teeny-tiny amount, practically none.

LUKE: I'm skipping the tomatoes. It's an omelet with Jack cheese.

LORELAI: Perfect.

LUKE: You did this on purpose.

LORELAI: Did what?

RORY: French toast for me. That was cruel.

LORELAI: I know. Look how hard he worked on that sign and everything. Look at the handwriting, it's so precise, so determined. It's focused-Luke.

RORY: That's Jess' handwriting.

LORELAI: Really? How do you know Jess' writing?

RORY: Oh, well, I lent him a book and he wrote some stuff in it.

LORELAI: He vandalized one of your books?

RORY: No, he didn't vandalize it. He wrote in the margins, thoughts and stuff.

LORELAI: Like what, like play basketball, eat a sandwich □ stuff like that?

RORY: No, stuff, like margin stuff. People like Mark Twain wrote in margins.

LORELAI: Pilot a steamboat, write Huckleberry Finn?

RORY: Forget it.

LORELAI: No, no, I'm sure margin writing is very common. Oh, hey, you didn't tell me Dean was joining us.

RORY: Dean?

LORELAI: Hey.

DEAN: Hi.

RORY: What are you doing here?

DEAN: I just dropped by to say hello.

RORY: How'd you know we were here?

DEAN: □Cause you're always here.

RORY: We're not always here.

LORELAI: Uh, do you wanna eat with us, Dean?

DEAN: Rory?

RORY: Huh?

DEAN: Is that okay?

RORY: Yes. Oh, yes, you don't have to ask.

LORELAI: Hey, we're three.

LUKE: I did the math. You gonna eat something?

DEAN: Sure, yeah, I'll take the special omelet, I guess.

LUKE: You put him up to this?

LORELAI: No, I did not!

LUKE: Sure. You don't even know what's in it.

DEAN: I'm not picky.

LUKE: So you'll send it back after I make it?

DEAN: No.

LUKE: Right. I'll come back when I've got time for this.

DEAN: What was that all about?

LORELAI: I think it was a little something in your attitude, mister.

CUT TO CHILTON CLASSROOM

[The students are sitting in several separate groups around the classroom]

RORY: So is everything in the materials clear to everyone?

CHIP: Pretty much.

LOUISE: Oh, were we reading these now?

RORY: Yeah, that's why we've all been kind of quiet for the past ten minutes.

LOUISE: I thought it was, like, prayer time or something.

PARIS: Good grief.

MADELINE: I'm still reading mine.

PARIS: What?

MADELINE: I read slow so I don't miss anything.

PARIS: It's not the Bhagavad Gita, Madeline. It's simple instructions for the business fair.

LOUISE: Someone's not taking to Elba too kindly.

PARIS: What does that mean?

LOUISE: Just that Rory's the leader of this group, Napoleon, and you're not.

PARIS: Excuse me, leader? You wanna lead here, you've got anarchy.

RORY: I'm just enjoying the show.

BRAD: Hi, I think this is my group.

RORY: Brad, hey.

BRAD: Oh, you remember me.

RORY: Of course I do.

BRAD: Cool.

RORY: So you're back at Chilton now?

BRAD: Oh, yeah. My psychiatrist convinced my parents that I should face my fears instead of running away from them and my rabbi agreed, so here I am.

RORY: Well, nice to have you back. Take a seat.

BRAD: Paris. Her name is Paris, right?

RORY: Brad, let me catch you up here. There's going to be an intra-school business fair in three weeks. Each group has to come up with a consumer product that's geared toward high school kids.

BRAD: Neat.

RORY: So we pick our product and we make a prototype of it, then we use our imaginary million dollar budget to mass produce, market, and distribute it, and we'll present all of this at the fair.

BRAD: Cool.

PARIS: Hey Brad? Your festive interjections are a real kick in the pants, but we're low on time, so can it.

RORY: That's it. In two days we're going to reconvene and pitch product ideas.

LOUISE: Class dismissed?

PARIS: Whoa whoa whoa, we haven't even discussed business advisors.

RORY: Right. We're supposed to get a parent who's in business to advise us. Anyone score?

CHIP: My dad's got scheduling conflicts up the wazoo.

RORY: No for Chip.

PARIS: My dad's in Hong Kong for the month but he can video-conference in if need be.

RORY: No for Paris.

MADELINE: My dad's traveling.

LOUISE: My dad's in court for the next six weeks.

RORY: Lawyer?

LOUISE: Defendant.

RORY: We won't pry.

LOUISE: I have no idea what he's up on anyway.

RORY: And no one's mom works?

MADELINE: Working moms are so nineties.

BRAD: My mom works. She's a curator at the Hartford Natural Museum.

PARIS: We need experienced business advisors, Brad □ not someone who poses animal carcasses.

MADELINE: What about your mom?

RORY: My mom?

PARIS: Yeah, that's right. She runs a hotel.

RORY: It's just an inn, a small inn.

MADELINE: It's still a business.

CHIP: She must keep books and stuff, right?

RORY: Yeah, but they're really small books.

PARIS: Look, it's not perfect but it's a better option than Brad's mom, the buffalo stuffer.

BRAD: She doesn't stuff the animals. That's taxidermy.

PARIS: Who is this rabbi that encouraged you to come back here? Give me his address, I'm gonna go over there and pop him one.

RORY: Okay, hold it. Now, I don't think my mom is right for this.

PARIS: Well, she's all we've got so you need to do whatever it takes to make it happen, otherwise maybe you shouldn't be the group leader.

LOUISE: A coup d'état, how exciting.

RORY: There's no coup d'état. I'll ask her.

PARIS: Good.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

[Sookie is stirring a bowl of meringue as Lorelai walks in with a box]

SOOKIE: Thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two. . .

LORELAI: Sookie, look!

SOOKIE: Thirty-three, thirty-four, thirty-five, can't look, I'm making meringue, thirty-seven, fine science.

LORELAI: You got a package!

SOOKIE: Thirty-nine, gotta count, forty, can't over-whip.

LORELAI: I think it's your wedding invitations!

SOOKIE: Whooooooo! Gimme it! Ohh, I wanna see them! Oh, you're gonna love these. They're pearly white with this beautiful lavender stripe - . . .

LORELAI: Aw.

SOOKIE: I'm gonna choke somebody by the neck until brains ooze out of their ears.

LORELAI: What, they're beautiful.

SOOKIE: The name, look at the name.

LORELAI: The marriage of his daughter. . .

BOTH: Susie St. James.

SOOKIE: Who is Susie St. James?

LORELAI: I think it's you.



SOOKIE: What am I gonna do?

LORELAI: It can be changed.

SOOKIE: No, and these have to go out in a week.

LORELAI: We're calling right now.

SOOKIE: I am so not a Susie.

MICHEL: Good morning, beautiful morning.

SOOKIE: It sucks from where I'm sitting.

MICHEL: Heartbreak. Lorelai, do you remember I have tomorrow afternoon off?

LORELAI: I remember, big plans?

MICHEL: Yes, my mother is coming to visit.

LORELAI: [on phone] Hello, yes, customer service please, thanks. [To Michel] Sorry.

MICHEL: About what?

LORELAI: You said your mother's coming for a visit.

MICHEL: But I'm excited, I never get to see her.

LORELAI: Oh, I must be projecting. Your mother's coming for a visit!

MICHEL: She's coming down for three days.

LORELAI: Is she staying here?

MICHEL: No. She stays with me, of course.

LORELAI: In your tiny place?

MICHEL: Oh, she's fine with it. I mean, we stay up all night gabbing and watching movies. We have a ball.

LORELAI: Wow, I can't wait to meet her. [on phone] Oh, hello. Yes, we have a problem with some wedding invitations we ordered. Okay. [to Sookie] They're transferring me.

SOOKIE: I heard that.

LORELAI: He's really happy about his mother coming to visit.

SOOKIE: I heard that, too.

LORELAI: Totally foreign to me. [on phone] Hi. Oh great, I'm gonna pass you over to my friend who has a problem with some merchandise she ordered. Hold on one sec. [to Sookie] Listen to me, I've had a lot of experience dealing with people who have screwed something up. You have a better chance of getting them to help you if you don't get all hysterical.

SOOKIE: Okay.

LORELAI: Okay.

SOOKIE: [on phone] How dare you do this to me! You're ruining my wedding! It's the most important day of my life! It's my life, it's not Susie St. James, are you listening to me?

LORELAI: Good girl.

SOOKIE: You better be listening to me! Do you □ look, no, you be quiet, listen!

CUT TO LOBBY

[Lorelai walks out of the kitchen as Rory walks into the inn]

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Oh, hi. Thought you couldn't get here □til later.

RORY: Our Franklin meeting didn't go as long as I thought it would.

LORELAI: Well, lucky for me, more work for you. Here, chronological order, please. So how was your day?

RORY: I got an A on my physics test.

LORELAI: Aw.

RORY: And I finished Candide and I convinced a boy that Paris would probably never attack his rabbi.

LORELAI: So uneventful, huh?

RORY: Pretty much. Mom, um, I know you're probably not gonna wanna do this.

LORELAI: Yes, I will. . .unless it's something that I don't wanna do.

RORY: Do you wanna be the parent advisor on my economics project?

LORELAI: Ooh, Rory, gosh.

RORY: I'm kind of in a spot.

LORELAI: No one else can do it?

RORY: Nope.

LORELAI: You checked?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: You double checked?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: And no one else can do it so you came slumming after me and I'm your last choice?

RORY: Of course.

LORELAI: I appreciate that.

RORY: I'm totally stuck.

LORELAI: Well, if you're stuck, I'll do it.

RORY: Thanks.

LORELAI: But □ ooh, hey, what about your grandfather, retired business titan?

RORY: What about him?

LORELAI: He'd be perfect.

RORY: But this is a business project and the word business has been kind of taboo in that house since he left the firm. Asking him might remind him of that and upset him.

LORELAI: Or he'll be thrilled that you thought of him.

RORY: Hm, you're not just saying that because you don't wanna do it?

LORELAI: No, I really think he would enjoy helping you. You would be doing me a big favor □cause then I wouldn't have to feel guilty about being so reluctant to help you out myself.

RORY: All right, I'll give it a shot.

LORELAI: Good girl.

RORY: Would you really have felt guilty?

LORELAI: No, but I would've felt guilty about not feeling guilty and you can see how that could just go on forever.

RORY: Miss Gilmore and the vicious circle.

LORELAI: Mm hmm.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Richard is outside working on his antique car as Rory walks up to him]

RORY: Hey Grandpa.

RICHARD: Rory, this is a surprise.

RORY: I was just in the area and I thought I'd pay a call.

RICHARD: Well, how very continental of you. I would hug you, but I have various forms of viscous fluid on my clothing.

RORY: I'll take a rain check.

RICHARD: Very good.

RORY: How's she running?

RICHARD: Ah, she's a bit, oh, obstinate today.

RORY: Well, girls can get that way.

RICHARD: Mm, indeed. So you were in the neighborhood?

RORY: Yeah, and I actually have a little favor to ask you, if it's okay.

RICHARD: Oh, ask away.

RORY: Okay. There's this project at school and, uh, it's for my economics class.

RICHARD: Good subject, pragmatic.

RORY: Yeah, and we have to come up with a consumer product, all make believe, and there's sort of a contest at the end and we sort of need an advisor.

RICHARD: An advisor?

RORY: Yeah, someone who's experienced in business who can come to a few meetings, make suggestions. I mean, I totally understand if you can't do it, but I just thought I would ask.

RICHARD: Well, I'm not sure how much help I could be. I've never actually created a consumer product.

RORY: That's okay, we kids haven't either.

RICHARD: Yes, I suppose you haven't.

RORY: If you can't do it or if you don't wanna do it, I totally understand.

RICHARD: Well, things are a little bit hectic right now.

RORY: Oh, yeah, I know.

RICHARD: And it is short notice, after all.

RORY: Very short, very short. Um, you know what, forget I even asked.

EMILY: Rory, I didn't know you were here!

RORY: Hi Grandma.

EMILY: You didn't hug your grandfather, did you?

RORY: I took a rain check. Well, I better go.

EMILY: But you just got here. We have cookies, would you like cookies?

RORY: No, thank you. Mom's expecting me at the inn. And Grandpa, really, don't worry about it. I just thought I would ask.

RICHARD: I'm fine, Rory. Thank you for asking.

RORY: Bye. [leaves]

EMILY: Ask what, what did she ask?

RICHARD: Oh, something for her economics class. It's nothing really.

EMILY: That doesn't sound like nothing. What about her economics class? Is she having trouble?

RICHARD: No, Emily. She merely asked me to participate in some, uh, project at school and I respectfully declined.

EMILY: You declined?

RICHARD: Leave it, Emily.

EMILY: Why did you decline?

RICHARD: Let's talk about it later, Emily. I'm busy.

EMILY: Busy? You've been poking around that stupid engine for the last three weeks and all it does is spray at you. You're not too busy.

RICHARD: Emily, I am in the middle of something here and I don't expect you to understand it.

EMILY: You're not going to help her?

RICHARD: Can we talk about this later?

EMILY: Well, I never thought I'd see the day.

RICHARD: What day?

EMILY: The day Richard Gilmore would disappoint his granddaughter like this.

RICHARD: Oh, Emily, please.

EMILY: So, tell me Richard, is this how it's going to be from now on?

RICHARD: What are you talking about?

EMILY: I just want to know what to expect from you. Because the bouncing from one thing to another, the moping and silence in your den for days, all of that I accepted. . .but your turning your back on Rory!

RICHARD: I did not turn my back on her.

EMILY: You adore that little girl, she means everything to you, remember?

RICHARD: Emily!

EMILY: Are you that lost? I'm incredibly disappointed in you Richard!

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Rory and Lane are walking down the street]

LANE: Sales!

RORY: Lane.

LANE: Sales!

RORY: It's just a stupid test.

LANE: Lane Kim, you have shown a genuine aptitude for sales.

RORY: It doesn't mean anything.

LANE: Hello ma'am, I see you're eyeing the Whip-o-Matic, nice choice! This baby's right off the truck, and let me tell you, if you're looking for something to fulfill all your whipping needs, you've come to the right place because as Devo says □ if a problem comes along you must whip it, as long as you whip it with a Whip-o-Matic!

RORY: Wow, you are good.

LANE: Stop it.

RORY: I'll take two.

LANE: I don't wanna be in sales!

RORY: You don't have to be.

LANE: I wanna do something cool.

RORY: Sell refrigerators.

LANE: You are not funny.

RORY: Look, you are taking this aptitude test way too seriously.

LANE: It's the fourth time I've taken it and it's the fourth time it's come up sales.

RORY: Lane, in ten years, we will be having lunch in Paris and we will not be discussing whether or not you made your quota.

LANE: Right, so I'm gonna be a sucky salesman?

RORY: Changing subject now.

DEAN: Hey.

RORY: Oh, hey.

DEAN: How are ya, Lane?

LANE: Only as good as my last sale, Dean.

RORY: Ignore her, she's lost her mind.

DEAN: Got it. So, uh, what are you doing?

RORY: We're going over to Sissy's to buy some shoes.

LANE: And pick up a job application.

RORY: You will now face the wall quietly please.

DEAN: Well, after you're done shoe shopping, come by my softball game.

RORY: Oh, well □ .

DEAN: You haven't been to a game in awhile.

RORY: I know, but □ .

DEAN: You said you missed seeing them.

RORY: I do, but I thought we were getting together tonight.

DEAN: We are.

RORY: Well, then I should really get my philosophy homework out of the way.

DEAN: Do it at the game.

RORY: My homework?

DEAN: Yeah.

RORY: But if I'm doing my homework, doesn't that defeat the point of going to see you play?

DEAN: You can't glance up in between nihilistic theories?

RORY: I can, but what's the point?

DEAN: What?

RORY: Why don't I do my homework at home and I will go see you play next week.

DEAN: Well, I □ .

RORY: I promise I'll be there.

DEAN: Okay, sure.

RORY: Great, so, tonight?

DEAN: Yeah, I'll be by at seven.

RORY: Okay. So, have a good game. Do that pointing to the outfield thing, that's always very popular.

DEAN: I will. Bye Lane.

LANE: Come again soon.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[At the front desk, Michel is giving Lorelai some papers to sign.]

MICHEL: Here and here.

LORELAI: What □ .

MICHEL: Cleaning supply order. Here.

LORELAI: That's the □ .

MICHEL: Staff insurance forms. Initial here, date it here.

LORELAI: And I just □ .

MICHEL: You just okayed the vaccination of all those filthy ducks in the south pond.

LORELAI: Oh, aren't I nice.

MICHEL: Yes, a regular Dr. Dolittle.

[Michel's mother walks into the inn]

GISELLE: Uh! Michel!

MICHEL: Zeelee!

GISELLE: Ah! Mon dieu, you are gorgeous! Come, come! Embrassez maman!

MICHEL: Maman, j'aime ton visite. What are you doing here? I was going to pick you up at the airport, you wicked creature.

GISELLE: I had to come early. I wanted to buy presents before I see you since I know you are a materialistic vulture. All right, back up. Turn turn turn. Thank God I have the perfect son. If you had been ugly, I don't know what I would've done.

MICHEL: Boarding school?

GISELLE: In Switzerland.

MICHEL: Come. Lorelai, this is my mother, Giselle.

LORELAI: Well, it's very nice to meet you.

GISELLE: Oh my God, those eyes. Are they real?

LORELAI: Yes, they are.

GISELLE: Well, then, if there's a God, he is terribly cruel to bestow those eyes and that face to one person.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, can you be my mom, too?

MICHEL: I'm going to show her around, okay?

LORELAI: Yeah, make sure you see Sookie.



MICHEL: Why?

LORELA: Sookie wants to meet your mom.

GISELLE: Yes, Michel, I must meet your friends. I did not raise you to be rude.

MICHEL: You did, too.

GISELLE: I did, didn't I? Come, show me off.

MICHEL: Oh, have you been using those free weights I sent you?

GISELLE: Yes, they hold down my papers beautifully.

MICHEL: A lazy, silly woman.

GISELLE: A cruel and vicious boy, I'm so proud.

CUT TO CHILTON

[Rory and Richard walk down the hall toward a classroom]

RORY: I really appreciate you doing this, Grandpa.

RICHARD: Oh, well, of course.

RORY: I mean, I know you weren't really thrilled with the idea.

RICHARD: No, no, no, no, that's not true.

RORY: But I told everybody to have their idea pitches prepared so that we can get you in and out of there as quickly as possible.

RICHARD: Rory, this is an assignment. We will give it the time that it requires.

RORY: Okay.

RICHARD: However, efficient is always best.

RORY: I totally understand.

[they walk into the classroom]

RORY: Hey. Everyone, this is my grandfather, Richard Gilmore. This is Louise, Madeline, Paris, Brad, and Chip.

RICHARD: Nice to meet you all.

RORY: So, do you wanna say a few words before we start?

RICHARD: Uh, oh, no no no, I'm here to advise. I'll uh. . .I'll sit back here and observe and advise, uh, if necessary.

RORY: Okay. So I guess we can start with the idea pitches. Who wants to go first?

LOUISE: I will.

RORY: Okay, Louise has the floor.

LOUISE: I couldn't find my new lip gloss this morning. I had just bought it and it's the perfect shade of pink. Plus, it has this major shine with minor stickiness, meaning no fear of your hair attaching itself to your face when the wind kicks up.

MADELINE: A coup.

LOUISE: I know. So, of course, fifteen minutes later, tardy and glossless, I left the house and I had to rely on Madeline for my source of lip color for the day. Not an ideal solution.

MADELINE: Major skin tone mismatch.

PARIS: I'm sorry, group leader, could you ask the Pigeon sisters if there is a point to this opus?

RORY: Louise, what's your idea?

LOUISE: A lipstick Lo-Jack.

RORY: Excuse me?

LOUISE: A lipstick tracking device. You attach it to a tube and you hook it up to a remote and next time you're searching, you just point and sh\*\*t.

MADELINE: I'd buy one.

RORY: Okay, um, Louise, that's a very interesting idea, but I think we should think of something that appeals to both boys and girls. Anyone else?

MADELINE: Okay, I've got one ▯ a locker robot. It would talk and tell you facts, help you with your homework, carry your stuff. And you could fit it in your locker until you're ready to go home.

RORY: Okay, but that means that we would actually have to build a robot.

MADELINE: Yes, we would.

RORY: Who knows how to do that?

MADELINE: I don't know. He looks like he should know.

BRAD: I've never built a robot.

LOUISE: But you've tried, haven't you?

BRAD: Yes, I have.

RORY: Okay, let's just try to keep the ideas down to things that we can actually accomplish. And I guess Paris is next.

PARIS: The average teenager spends seven hours a day at school. Seven hours where he or she is busy walking from class to class ▯ indoors, outdoors, in all types of weather. At the same time, that same teenager is going through major physical changes within his or her own body. The combo of the action with the environment in addition to the hormonal imbalance can only lead to one thing ▯ accidents.

MADELINE: What are you talking about?

PARIS: Monday morning, Muffin wakes up and looks in the mirror. "Oh no, I have a zit on my face. I'll just look down when I walk so hunky football player won't notice." And bam " Muffin smacks right into the cafeteria wall. Ouch, that's gotta hurt.

MADELINE: Who's Muffin?

PARIS: This is why I'm proposing manufacturing something that no teenager should be without " a first aid kit.

LOUISE: A first aid kit?

PARIS: Specially designed to fit in a locker with minimum space disruption. Band-aids, antiseptic, cotton balls, q-tips, ace bandages, aspirin.

RORY: I don't know, it's possible. Does anyone have any questions about it?

RICHARD: They sell these things in every drug store, do they not?

PARIS: Yes, they do.

RICHARD: There's also a registered nurse on every campus. Her office would contain the products that you're talking about, correct?

PARIS: Possibly.

RICHARD: Well, what makes you think you can get a young person to spend good money on something that they could get for free, or at least at a lower cost?

PARIS: Because I know one thing about the modern teenager.

RICHARD: And what is that?

PARIS: That you can get them to buy anything as long as it comes in a leopard print.

LOUISE: True.

MADELINE: Very true.

PARIS: We get them with style. We dress up the kits with sparkles, colors, pictures of bands. Sport themes for the boys, animal pictures for the puppy and unicorn bunch, chess boards for the Bobby Fischer freaks " a style for every taste. Plus, we use neon band-aids, pink or blue gauze for the bandages, anything that seems young or flashy or bright.

RICHARD: And that is how you intend to set the business world on its ear?

PARIS: That's right.

RICHARD: Tricked out first aid kits?

PARIS: For the locker.

RICHARD: And you really think that's going to work?

PARIS: Yes, I do.

RICHARD: So do I.

PARIS: Really?

RICHARD: It's perfect. It's simple, it's easy to produce, the possibilities are endless. I love it.

RORY: Well, I think we've got our product.

RICHARD: Now, we need to go through this point by point.

PARIS: Okay, let's do it.

RICHARD: Now, the secret to a great campaign is a great idea. Now, we've got that, let's move on to finances. Um, uh, do any of you have dinner plans, because we're gonna be here for awhile. Let's all turn to page four. Here we go. Now, the January projections. . .

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is sitting on the couch reading as Rory walks through the front door. The phone is ringing]

LORELAI: Agh!

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Gah!

RORY: Mom! [answers phone] Hello? [hangs up] That ringing is not in your head, you know.

LORELAI: Uh, you've gotta read this Motley Crue book. I swear, you get to the point where Ozzy Osbourne snorts a row of ants and you think, it cannot get any grosser, and then you turn the page and oh, hello, yes it can! It's excellent!

RORY: Why didn't you answer the phone?

LORELAI: Because I firmly believe that once you've experienced something five thousand times, you need to move on.

RORY: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: I knew who it was.

RORY: Who was it?

LORELAI: The same person who's called the machine so many times now that I actually heard it sigh.

RORY: Dean?

LORELAI: Dean the determined.

RORY: Oh man.

[phone rings]

LORELAI: Five bucks says I know who that is.

RORY: [answers phone] Hello?

RICHARD: Rory, it's your grandfather.

RORY: Oh, hey Grandpa.

LORELAI: He did that on purpose.

RICHARD: I'd like to discuss tomorrow's meeting.

RORY: Okay.

RICHARD: I was thinking that we should relocate.

RORY: Midtown?

RICHARD: Here.

RORY: Your house?

RICHARD: It'll be more comfortable with infinitely better snacks.

RORY: Yeah, that sounds great.

RICHARD: Wonderful. I'll call the group.

RORY: Okay, well, then I guess I'll see you tomorrow.

RICHARD: Tomorrow.

RORY: Bye. [hangs up]

LORELAI: What'd he want?

RORY: He wanted to move the location of our meeting to his house tomorrow and to cost you five bucks.

LORELAI: So that's going well, huh, Grandpa doing that thing with you at school?

RORY: Yeah, I think he's having fun with it.

LORELAI: See? Did your brilliant mother call it or what?

RORY: Yes, she did.

LORELAI: You're damn lucky to have that magnificent woman in your life, you know that, don't you?

RORY: It's whispered in my ear every night when I'm about to go to sleep.

LORELAI: Well, you won't let me write it in your underwear anymore. Hey, check the machine so I can erase the messages.

RORY: Oh, right.

LORELAI: Agh!

DEAN: [on answering machine] Hey, it's me. Uh, it's four o'clock, call me when you got home.  
[beep] Hey, uh, it's four thirty. I'm home, call me. [beep] It's quarter to five □ where are you? I'll try paging you. [beep] It's five-thirty. Did you get my page? Call with the answer.

RORY: They are not all from him.

DEAN: [on answering machine] Hey, I totally forgot you were getting home at six.

LORELAI: And yet, oddly, even after remembering that information. . .

DEAN: [on answering machine] Hey, it's five forty-five and I just thought I'd see if you got home early.

LORELAI: I swear, that boy would make a good drinking game.

RORY: This is crazy. Ten messages?

LORELAI: Plus the four that I took from him personally before I stopped answering the phone.

RORY: Right.

LORELAI: Honey, you gotta ease up on that love potion you've been giving him or he's gonna start showing up at David Letterman's house soon.

RORY: Ugh.

LORELAI: What's the matter?

RORY: Fourteen messages.

LORELAI: Yeah, so, it's a little □ .

RORY: It's a little too much.

LORELAI: So, what's up? Are you guys fighting or something?

RORY: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: I mean, did something happen to set off the phone craze?

RORY: No, everything's been fine, everything's been calm. No more incidents, I don't get it.

LORELAI: Well, if I had to guess, I would say he's feeling a little insecure about something.

RORY: But why?

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: But I spend every free moment with him, I call him, I page him.

LORELAI: I know, you've been good.

RORY: And nothing seems to be enough, nothing seems to make things normal again.

LORELAI: Give it some time.

RORY: I just want things to be the way they were.

LORELAI: Oh, honey, relationships are hard. Sometimes you go through a weird patch and things get funky for a little while, but just give it a chance. Ride it out, things will calm down again.

RORY: I hope so. I'm gonna erase the messages.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai is at the front desk as Michel and his mother walk into the inn laughing]

GISELLE: Oh, stop it, stop making me laugh! You are trying to k\*ll me! You are trying to make your mother laugh herself to death so you can get away with a grisly crime.

MICHEL: Your mind is evil.

GISELLE: Your soul is empty.

MICHEL: You want some coffee, Zeelee?

GISELLE: Yes, darling, thank you.

MICHEL: I'll be right back.

GISELLE: Ah, hello, blue eyes.

LORELAI: Hi Giselle. How was lunch?

GISELLE: Ah, champagne, caviar, the usual.

LORELAI: Ah, sure.

GISELLE: And then came out the pasta with terrible things in it. It was perfect.

LORELAI: You seem to be having a wonderful time.

GISELLE: I am. I will miss him so much when I go home, but thank goodness, he will have an extra five pounds to remember me by after eating all my pasta today, that dirty thieving boy.

LORELAI: Michel ate pasta?

GISELLE: Well, yes. Michel loves pasta, he eats it all the time.

LORELAI: Not around us. Here it's all no-carb, low-cal, let me see if I can eat less than the lab rats do.

GISELLE: Lab rats?

LORELAI: Better not explained. Anyway, I'm glad you've got him eating pasta, he seems really happy.

MICHEL: Coffee, coffee, coffee.

GISELLE: Oh, mm, mm. This is horrible.

MICHEL: You will drink it and you will like it.

GISELLE: You are a curse.

MICHEL: Let's go shop.

GISELLE: Oh yes, let's go buy something completely useless and pay way too much money for it.

MICHEL: I love it.

GISELLE: Au revoir.

MICHEL: Au revoir.

LORELAI: That is so wrong.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Rory, Louise, Madeline, Brad and Chip walk to the front door]

RORY: We should've waited for Paris.

LOUISE: Hey, she's the one who threw a fit about leaving no later than 3:10.

RORY: But she could be standing outside the school right now waiting for us.

MADELINE: She has my cell number.

LOUISE: I thought you lost your phone.

MADELINE: I did. Oh.

RORY: We'll call her when we get inside. [rings doorbell]

BRAD: Tell her I wanted to wait, okay?

[Paris answers the door]

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: Hey, you're right on time. Come on in.

RORY: Uh, okay.

RICHARD: In the dining room, everyone.

RORY: Wow.

RICHARD: Welcome, everyone, to the first official board meeting of the StyleAid Corporation. Will everyone please take a seat?

CHIP: I feel like Ivan Bosky.

RICHARD: Rory, you are group leader which translates into chairman of the board, which means you sit at the head of the table.



RORY: But that's where you sit.

RICHARD: No, not today. Come on. Now, at this point, I would like to turn the meeting over to Paris who will bring us up to date on our latest developments.

PARIS: Thank you, Richard. First, let me say that I'm glad to see you all here today, at the beginning of what I think is going to be a very exciting experiment.

BRAD: She doesn't have a baseball bat in her hands, does she?

PARIS: Now, I'd like everyone to turn to page one in your presentation booklets. Hey, we haven't gotten to the pencil part yet.

BRAD: Oh, sorry.

PARIS: Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the RX-2002.

LOUISE: Nice.

RORY: Very nice.

PARIS: Now, listed in front of you are all the contents contained in the RX-2002, plus the additional style options, twelve in all. Every one of them waterproof, fireproof, and comes with a five-year warranty.

RICHARD: Which is longer than most of your high school careers.

PARIS: He is funny.

RICHARD: Now there is also a deluxe model with extra features designed to personalize your kit even more specifically for your needs. There will be a snap-in CD case which can hold up to ten CDs, there's a lighted vanity mirror, and a divided compartment for makeup and knickknacks. A picture frame and a hidden mini vault for valuables which can be locked for safety.

PARIS: Terrific idea, Richard, really □ top notch.

RICHARD: Thank you, Paris.

RORY: This is really amazing. I want one of these.

RICHARD: Exactly the point. Now, let's check in with our marketing department. Uh, Madeline, Louise □ what have you got for us?

MADELINE: Okay, well, first we go for the obvious □ magazines.

LOUISE: You know, Teen, Young Miss, Seventeen.

MADELINE: Spin and Rolling Stone, especially to hit the guys.

RICHARD: I hear that Jane magazine also has a young, hip following.

RORY: How do you know about Jane magazine?

RICHARD: I have my ways, young lady.

CHIP: We should also check about placing them in certain mall stores.

RICHARD: I also think we should go straight to the source.

PARIS: The schools?

RICHARD: Why not? School bulletin boards, websites. We can set up tables at football games and pep rallies.

EMILY: Well, how is everyone doing here?

RICHARD: Just fine, Emily.

EMILY: Good. Is there enough food?

RICHARD: Yes, there is plenty of food.

EMILY: What about ice cream? Would anyone like some ice cream?

RICHARD: Emily, we're in the middle of a business meeting.

EMILY: Oh, ah, well, I'm very sorry. Uh, go back to your business meeting.

RICHARD: Now, I think your projections for. . .

EMILY: [to Rory] He's smiling.

RORY: I know.

EMILY: He's smiling and there's no oil on the carpet.

RORY: Life is good.

EMILY: Yes, it is.

RICHARD: Emily, please.

EMILY: I'm going, I'm going.

PARIS: Richard, do you have the third-year projections?

RICHARD: Well, yes, Paris, I do. I have them right here.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai pulls up to the house. Dean is washing Rory's car.]

LORELAI: Dean.

DEAN: Hey.

LORELAI: Hey, how's it going?

DEAN: Uh, just washing Rory's car.

LORELAI: I can see that.

DEAN: Well, I mean, I came by to see her and she wasn't here, so I was just gonna wait on the porch but then I noticed that her car looked dirty, so I thought I'd wash it.

LORELAI: Mm hmm.

DEAN: Well, because sometimes things can get on your car like dirt and certain kinds of sap. It can get into your paint, makes it really hard to get off.

LORELAI: Sure.

DEAN: Even water spots, you know. . .after it rains, that can be a real problem.

LORELAI: Okay. Would you like a soda?

DEAN: No, I'm fine.

LORELAI: Let's go get a soda.

DEAN: But I have to wash □ .

LORELAI: Put the squirty water thing down and come on in the kitchen. Squirty thing down. . . that's it. . .come on.

CUT TO LORELAI'S KITCHEN

[Dean and Lorelai walk through the back door]

DEAN: Look, I really didn't mean to bother you. I can just wait outside until Rory gets home.

LORELAI: Honey, Rory's working on her school project today.

DEAN: Oh yeah. I guess I forgot. I mean, she must've told me that she . . . I'm sorry, I forgot.

LORELAI: That's okay.

DEAN: So, I'll just go.

LORELAI: No no, come here, just sit down for a sec, okay? Are you all right?

DEAN: Yeah, I'm fine. I just don't remember Rory telling me about her studying today. I swear I wouldn't have come over.

LORELAI: Can I maybe give you a little advice?

DEAN: Sure.

LORELAI: Okay. First, I just wanna tell you I think you are a great guy. You're so good to Rory. And even though I'd always hoped that she'd be the one girl in the world who wouldn't look at a boy until she was thirty-eight, I'm really glad she found you.

DEAN: Thanks.

LORELAI: And I know things have been a little off between you two lately.

DEAN: Did she say that?

LORELAI: No, I'm saying that. I can see it, and by the way, I get it. But sometimes when things are out of whack, it freaks us out a little and makes us feel like we're losing something that's really important and that scares us even more so we try really hard to hold onto whatever it is we think we're losing and sometimes we hold on a little too hard.

DEAN: Too hard?

LORELAI: Like calling ten times in a three hour period, too hard.

DEAN: Fourteen times.

LORELAI: Okay, now, see, I was gonna let you slide but hey ▯ an honest man, I like that.

DEAN: You think I'm holding on too hard to Rory?

LORELAI: I don't think you mean to.

DEAN: You think I'm losing her?

LORELAI: I think you think you are.

DEAN: Well, I just feel like nothing I do is. . . you know, I just want things back the way they used to be.

LORELAI: I know you do, and they can be.

DEAN: How?

LORELAI: I know it sounds crazy but sometimes giving people a little bit of space is actually the best thing to do.

DEAN: Space?

LORELAI: Just a little.

DEAN: Like what? Like don't call her, don't see her?

LORELAI: No, just let her breathe, let her relax, let her come to you for a change.

DEAN: You're not telling me this to get rid of me, are you?

LORELAI: Please, if I was trying to get rid of you I would've started this conversation with, ▯Let me tell you about my family'. I'm not telling you this to get rid of you, I'm telling you because I think it might help things between you guys. Just try it. If it doesn't work, I promise you can wash my car, too.

DEAN: Okay.

LORELAI: Do you want a soda?

DEAN: No, thanks. I'm gonna go. Uh, don't tell Rory I was here, okay?

LORELAI: Hey, I'm just sitting here at the table talking to myself. . .again.

DEAN: Thanks.

LORELAI: Bye Dean.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Sookie is in the kitchen on the phone as Lorelai walks in]

SOOKIE: You know what, forget it! If that's how you run your business, then I deserve this for picking you in the first place. I hate you! [hangs up]

LORELAI: Hey.

SOOKIE: Okay, new plan for the invites. We're getting married May fifteenth, four o'clock, front lawn □ pass it on.

LORELAI: Sookie.

SOOKIE: That's it, word of mouth. They used it for the Revolutionary w\*r □ who the hell am I to poopoo history, huh? I ask you.

[Michel enters the kitchen]

MICHEL: What the hell is wrong with you?

LORELAI: With me?

MICHEL: Yes, you! Are you out of your mind?

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

MICHEL: Why in God's name would you tell my mother that I do not eat carbs?

LORELAI: Because you don't.

MICHEL: That is private information, private about me.

LORELAI: Michel, everybody in Stars Hollow knows you don't eat carbs.

MICHEL: So what?

LORELAI: Calm down, have some toast.

MICHEL: Do not talk to my mother ever again, do you understand me?

LORELAI: No, I don't understand. Michel, you and your mother seem crazy about each other. I just assumed since you gave up carbs a year ago, she knew.

MICHEL: Yes, well, you know what happens when you assume.

LORELAI: What?

MICHEL: I don't know. Something about a donkey □ it's a stupid American phrase.

LORELAI: I don't understand, Michel. You and your mother seem to have the perfect relationship.

MICHEL: Yes, because I tell her nothing. We keep all subjects light and fluffy. We talk about clothes and food and Posh Spice and David Beckham and that is all. Nothing of value, nothing of substance.

LORELAI: I'm sorry.

MICHEL: Now she knows I've been hiding something from her. Suddenly she's asking questions. Why did I leave France at eighteen? Where do I go at night? Who are my friends? What do they do? Where do they live? Why have I chosen this career? On and on and on and on ▯ it never ends! I can't stand it, she's a complete pain. She won't stop. I took a six hour bath last night just to escape the incessant nagging. You did this to me! You turned my Giselle into a mother, and I hate you for it! I hate you very, very much! [leaves]

SOOKIE: So, feel better now?

LORELAI: Yeah, I do, thanks.

SOOKIE: Mm hmm.

CUT TO CHILTON BUSINESS FAIR

[All of the student's projects are displayed on tables throughout the auditorium]

PARIS: Okay, I swept the room and I have to tell you, all sad. I think we're a lock.

RORY: Really? I actually thought the locker alarm was pretty good.

PARIS: Please, no one even looks when a car alarm goes off. How effective do you think a locker alarm's going to be? Nope, I feel it, we are it. What's the word?

RICHARD: Every single idea in this room is completely worthless.

PARIS: Yes.

RICHARD: There's a lot of wasted cardboard in here, my friend.

PARIS: We are going to win.

RICHARD: Yes, we are.

RORY: Okay, the two of you need to take a time out.

HEADMASTER: Richard? Richard, hello.

RICHARD: Hanlin, good to see you.

HEADMASTER: What are you doing here?

RICHARD: Well, I'm actually advising Rory on her business project ▯ the RX-2002.

HEADMASTER: Oh, well, that's wonderful. You look great.

RICHARD: I feel great.

HEADMASTER: We don't see you at the club that much anymore.

RICHARD: No, I've been very busy lately.

HEADMASTER: Now, did I hear correctly ▯ did you retire?

RICHARD: Right before Christmas.

HEADMASTER: So it's true. I told it to Bitty and I couldn't believe it when we heard that.

RICHARD: Well, a man can't work forever.

HEADMASTER: No, that's true. I just can't picture you retired.

RICHARD: It's been wonderful lately. Best move I've ever made. It's given me a lot of time to do a lot of wonderful things.

HEADMASTER: Well, that does sound nice. What kinds of things are you doing?

RICHARD: Well, this.

HEADMASTER: Well, there you go. Unfortunately, some of us aren't living the good life quite yet. I've got to get back. It's been wonderful seeing you, Richard. Let's have dinner soon.

RICHARD: I would like that very much.

HEADMASTER: I'll have Bitty give Em a call.

RICHARD: You do that.

PARIS: Did you see the brilliant hose hook idea over at table five? A hook on your belt for your garden hose. There's a Buster Keaton routine waiting to happen.

RICHARD: So how are we doing?

RORY: Paris is practicing spiking the football then doing a backflip.

RICHARD: Well.

HEADMASTER: Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, all the projects have now been reviewed.

PARIS: Here we go.

HEADMASTER: And before we announce the winner, I must commend everyone for their fine work. There are many, many good ideas here today. It makes me proud.

PARIS: Move it along, padre.

HEADMASTER: Now I'd like to announce the winner □ table 10, Miss Traster's class with the locker alarm.

RICHARD: I don't understand, how is that possible?

PARIS: This is so lame. That alarm doesn't even work, I was just over there.

RICHARD: This is the most ludicrous thing I've ever heard.

RORY: Grandpa, it doesn't matter.

RICHARD: It certainly does matter. You've all put in an extraordinary amount of time and effort and thought into this project. It deserved to win.

PARIS: Yeah.

RORY: Well, I wanted to win too, but we didn't.

RICHARD: I'm going to talk to the headmaster about this.

RORY: I wish you wouldn't.

RICHARD: You were robbed, Rory, and I'm not going to sit back and simply watch it happen. [walks over to headmaster] Hanlin, good, I want a word with you.

HEADMASTER: Is something wrong?

RICHARD: This contest is a disgrace.

HEADMASTER: I beg your pardon?

RICHARD: I have been in the business world for thirty-five years.

HEADMASTER: I know this.

RICHARD: And in those thirty-five years, I've seen ideas come and I've seen ideas go, and I've learned a few things about what flies and what doesn't.

HEADMASTER: I'm sure you have.

RICHARD: I am telling you that out there in the real world, there is no way that a locker alarm that doesn't even work properly would be a viable business investment.

HEADMASTER: Richard, we're not in the real world, we are in a school.

RICHARD: Yes, a school that should be training children for the real world.

HEADMASTER: Richard, calm down.

RICHARD: I demand a recount.

HEADMASTER: Very well. I just recounted, the alarm still wins.

RICHARD: Hanlin!

HEADMASTER: Richard, your project was very good. It was definitely in the running. You should be proud.

RICHARD: This is not my project, this is their project, the children's project.

HEADMASTER: Really?

RICHARD: Yes! This has nothing to do with me, it's for the children!

HEADMASTER: But they're not the ones who are causing the public scene right now, you are.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai and Rory pull up and walk to the front door]



RORY: It was awful. He looked so upset. His face was turning red and he was practically shaking.

LORELAI: Hey, did you notice when he gets mad he gets taller?

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: I don't know how he does it but he actually grows.

RORY: Stop.

LORELAI: The day I told him I was pregnant, twenty-four feet tall. It freaked the birds.

RORY: Hey, I'm upset here.

LORELAI: Honey, you did nothing. You went to your grandfather, who you greatly admire and actually like hanging out with, to ask for his help and advice. That's lovely and thoughtful.

RORY: Please help me out tonight ▯ no mention of work or Chilton or school or retirement.

LORELAI: Nothing but politics and religion, got it.

EMILY: [opens door] Hello girls.

LORELAI: Hi Mom.

RORY: Hi Grandma.

EMILY: Come in, come in. Dinner's almost ready. Richard, the girls are here. Richard? He came home today, didn't say a word, stomped off to his study, slammed the door, and he's been holed up in there ever since.

RORY: Really?

EMILY: I can't even get him to answer me.

LORELAI: Well, are you sure he's still in there?

EMILY: Of course he's still in there. The door's right there. I would've seen if he came out.

LORELAI: Sorry.

EMILY: Not everyone leaves this house by climbing out the window and jumping into a waiting hot rod.

RORY: Maybe someone should go talk to him.

EMILY: I don't know what to do. What on earth happened today?

RORY: Things didn't go very well at the business fair.

EMILY: What happened?

LORELAI: It was terrible ▯ the tenth graders staged a hostile takeover of the eleventh graders.

RORY: Our project didn't win and Grandpa took it badly.

EMILY: Well, I am at my wit's end if that man is going to fall apart over a high school project.

LORELAI: It's just a weird time for him, Mom.

RORY: I feel so awful.

LORELAI: Maybe he should go talk to somebody.

EMILY: Like whom?

LORELAI: Like a psychiatrist?

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: Well, maybe it would help.

EMILY: We do not go to psychiatrists.

LORELAI: Mom, there's nothing wrong with getting help.

EMILY: Lorelai Gilmore, are you seriously suggesting that your father go to a complete stranger and talk about his personal life?

LORELAI: Lots of people swear by it.

EMILY: Yes, disturbed people, deviants, people with multiple personalities who see things and hear talking to them and roam the streets talking to themselves and licking parking meters.

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: Next thing you know, you'll be suggesting I go to a psychiatrist.

LORELAI: Too many comebacks □ I cannot pick.

EMILY: Richard, is that you?

RICHARD: Of course it's me. Oh Rory, you're here, wonderful. Hello Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hey.

RICHARD: Well, I am starving. What's for dinner?

EMILY: What's for dinner? What do you mean, what's for dinner?

RICHARD: Well, I thought the question was relatively clear, but I'd be glad to rephrase it for you. Eh, what sort of food products will appear on various plates this evening?

EMILY: Richard Gilmore, you come home in a huff and you lock yourself in that study all afternoon.  
..

RICHARD: Well, I had a lot of thinking to do, a lot of thinking. I owe that to you young lady.

RORY: I'm sorry.

RICHARD: You should certainly not be sorry.

EMILY: Richard, what □ put that roll down and explain yourself!

RICHARD: This whole week, this whole experience with Rory and the locker first aid kit □ that is a damn good idea, by the way, no matter what those yarnheads at that school of yours say. Anyway, this whole week made me realize something □ I don't want to be retired.

EMILY: You what?

RICHARD: I don't like it. I hate it, as a matter of fact.

LORELAI: But Dad □ .

RICHARD: It's boring. I have absolutely no idea what to do with myself. And frankly, I am tired of trying to find something to fill up my time.

RORY: So what are you going to do?

RICHARD: I am going to work.

EMILY: Are you thinking about asking for your job back?

RICHARD: Oh, God no! No no no no no no. I have decided to go into business for myself.

LORELAI: Wow.

EMILY: What?

RORY: Cool.

RICHARD: It is cool, isn't it?

EMILY: But what are you going to do?

RICHARD: Well, I'm not sure yet. Perhaps I'll consult, maybe take on a partner, maybe I'll even teach.

LORELAI: What?

RICHARD: Well, you don't have to say it like that.

LORELAI: Sorry. What?

RICHARD: I think thirty five years of experience will qualify me to teach a course or two at that local business college of yours.

LORELAI: Oh my God. It's Who's the Boss, the later years.

EMILY: Richard, are you serious about this?

RICHARD: As a heart attack.

EMILY: But, but □ .

RICHARD: I haven't felt this good in a very long time, Emily. I have the buzz, and I owe it all to you.

RORY: Glad to be of service.

EMILY: He's going to teach.

LORELAI: Or consult.

EMILY: Or consult.

LORELAI: So licking a parking meter is just around the corner.

CUT TO INSIDE JEEP

[That night, Lorelai and Rory are driving home]

LORELAI: Okay, that dinner was good.

RORY: All of Grandma's dinners are good.

LORELAI: I know, but this one had the rolls.

RORY: Aw, those were excellent rolls.

LORELAI: Weren't they? Hot and buttery with that split top thing going on. I miss the rolls.

RORY: Well, she can make more next week.

LORELAI: That's okay. I got four in my purse.

RORY: You do not.

LORELAI: Go ahead and check.

RORY: Have you no shame?

LORELAI: Ha!

[Rory's pager goes off]

LORELAI: Ah, who's that?

RORY: It's Dean.

LORELAI: Really? How many pages does that make for today?

RORY: Just one.

LORELAI: You're kidding.

RORY: In two days.

LORELAI: Wow!

RORY: I know. He hasn't called or mysteriously appeared by my side or anything.

LORELAI: Hmm, maybe he's calming down.

RORY: I hope so. I actually got a chance to miss him today.

LORELAI: That sounds good.

RORY: It is good.

LORELAI: Do you wanna grab my cell phone and give him a call?

RORY: Oh, no, tomorrow's fine.

LORELAI: Are you sure? It's still early. You guys could hook up for a little while.

RORY: I'm hanging out with Lane tonight.

LORELAI: Lane?

RORY: Yeah, we have some serious CD listening to do. We're way behind on all the Elvis Costello reissues coming out.

LORELAI: I didn't think Lane could hang out past nine.

RORY: Her mom's at an antique fair in Woodbury until Sunday, and her grandmother's staying with her but she's asleep by six so we thought we'd be really bad and sneak out to Luke's.

LORELAI: You're going to Luke's?

RORY: Yeah, maybe.

LORELAI: Honey, why go to Luke's? Um, I mean, you just had ten rolls.

RORY: No, you had ten rolls, and I don't even know if we'll go to Luke's. It's just a maybe.

LORELAI: Okay, okay. Well, you guys have fun.

[they pull up to Lane's house and Rory gets out of the car]

RORY: Okay, see you later.

LORELAI: Sure you don't wanna call Dean?

RORY: Nope, tomorrow's fine.

LORELAI: Yeah, tomorrow's fine.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai pulls up to the house and finds Dean sitting on her front porch]

LORELAI: Dean.

DEAN: She likes Jess, doesn't she?

THE END