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02x06 - Presenting Lorelai Gilmore

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02x06 - Presenting Lorelai Gilmore

by **bunniefuu**

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2.06 - Presenting Lorelai Gilmore

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OPEN AT ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[The doorbell rings, the maid answers it; Lorelai and Rory are standing there.]

MAID: Yes?

LORELAI: Hey.

MAID: Hello.

LORELAI: You're new.

MAID: Uh, I started yesterday.

LORELAI: What's your name?

MAID: Liesl.

LORELAI: Okay, Liesl. I'm Brigitta, this is Gretl. And, uh, Emily and Richard are expecting us.

LIESL: Oh, I'm sorry. Please come in.

[Lorelai and Rory walk inside; they hear Emily and Richard arguing upstairs.]

LIESL: Uh, can I, uh, get you a drink?

LORELAI: You know what, that's okay. I can get it. Why don't you go hide in the kitchen?

LIESL: Really? Thank you. [walks away]

RORY: What is going on?

LORELAI: I don't know. I think George and Martha are joining us for dinner.

[Lorelai and Rory watch Emily and Richard fighting on the steps.]

RICHARD: I didn't know that my every conversation needed to be reported to you. I stand corrected.

EMILY: I have been the co-chair of the Starlight Foundation for the last eight years.

RICHARD: I know this, Emily.

EMILY: And the Black and White Ball is the main fundraising event of the season.

RICHARD: It's one year.

EMILY: The co-chair cannot miss the main fundraising event.

RICHARD: Why? Won't the chair be there?

EMILY: Is this a joke to you?

RICHARD: Emily, I have too many things to take care of at work. I don't have time for frivolous parties.

EMILY: Frivolous parties? Friv. . . .[walks up the steps]

RICHARD: Well, where are you going? Oh, come back here. [follows her]

RORY: Wow, this is bad.

LORELAI: I know, I wish we had popcorn.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Shh. Incoming.

[Emily and Richard come back down the steps. Emily reads from a stack of invitations.]

EMILY: The Hartford Zoological Silent Auction, the Mark Twain House Restoration Fund luncheon, the Harriet Beecher Stowe Literacy Auction.

RICHARD: I can read those myself, you know.

EMILY: This is the fourth event you've taken upon yourself to turn down on our behalf. And I am on the board of all of those foundations. Now how do you think that makes me look?

RICHARD: Like your husband is busy and has a great deal of responsibility.

EMILY: Well, I have responsibilities too.

RICHARD: I understand that your social engagements are important.

EMILY: They're not just social engagements.

RICHARD: Anything at which you serve tea is a social engagement.

EMILY: That's it. I am gonna get a tape recorder so you can hear how pompous and condescending you sound.

RICHARD: Wha...uh...Emily.

EMILY: No, I wouldn't want you to take my word for it. I might be delirious from all that tea I've

been drinking. [walks upstairs]

RICHARD: Oh stop this. [follows her]

RORY: Maybe we should leave.

LORELAI: Are you kidding? We've got dinner theater here.

RORY: But Grandma and Grandpa are obviously in a fight.

LORELAI: Yeah?

RORY: One that they probably wouldn't want us to see.

LORELAI: Hey, we stumbled in here completely innocently. We came for dinner as usual, per their request. We had no idea we were walking into The Lion King without the puppet heads.

[They come back downstairs. Emily follows Richard holding out a tape recorder.]

RICHARD: Get that thing out of my face.

EMILY: Just say the tea thing again.

RICHARD: You are behaving like a child.

EMILY: Turn around when you talk, would you? I'm not sure how good this microphone is.

RICHARD: [sees Lorelai and Rory] Oh.

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: [claps] Brava! Encore! I'm sorry, does Terrence McNally know about you too? Get me the phone!

[opening credits]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting at the counter. Lorelai is reading Rory's homework.]

RORY: It sucks. I know it sucks, just tell me it sucks.

LORELAI: It's great.

RORY: No it's not.

LORELAI: It's an A.

RORY: Don't lie.

LORELAI: A-plus.

RORY: You're my mom.

LORELAI: Is anything higher than an A-plus?

RORY: You have to say that.

LORELAI: It's an A-plus with a crown and a wand.

RORY: This is not how you raise a child. You don't send them out there with a false sense of pride because out there, in the real world, no one will coddle you. I'd rather know right now if I'm gonna be working at CNN or carrying a basket around it's offices with sandwiches in it.

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: Yeah?

LORELAI: It's great.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Really really.

RORY: Thank you.

[Luke walks over and fills their mugs.]

LUKE: Coffee☐coffee. Okay, what do you want? Eggs, toast, combo?

LORELAI: What's the rush there, Zippy?

LUKE: I'm just swamped this morning. I was supposed to have help but I don't. So order right now or I'm bringing the both of you an egg white omelet with a side of steamed spinach.

LORELAI: Pancakes.

RORY: French toast.

LUKE: Thank you. [Jess walks into the diner from the stairway] Jess, you were supposed to be down here. . . .what the hell is that?

JESS: What?

LUKE: That.

JESS: That is a shirt.

LUKE: Change.

JESS: What?

LUKE: Go upstairs and change your shirt.

JESS: I like this shirt.

LUKE: How can you like that shirt?

JESS: It brings out my eyes.

LUKE: Hey, part of the deal of you staying here is that you work here, and when you work here you will wear proper work attire, and that is not proper work attire. Now go upstairs and change into

something that won't scare the hell out of my customers.

JESS: Whatever you say Uncle Luke. [goes upstairs]

LORELAI: Gross shirt.

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: Good band.

RORY: Oh yeah.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Emily is having tea on the back patio with three friends.]

EMILY: Thank you.

MAID: Mm hmm. [walks away]

LADY 1: Another new one, Emily?

EMILY: Yes. The last one only made it through one evening. Thoroughly nervous creature.

LADY 2: What do you do to them, Em?

EMILY: Oh, the usual. Clean this, cook that, sacrifice a virgin on your way out.

LADY 1: [laughs] The things you say.

LADY 2: We could've done with some of that at the ball the other night.

EMILY: Why, was it dull?

LADY 2: I felt as if my shoes were going out of style as I sat there.

EMILY: What a shame.

LADY 3: Now, Nattie, it wasn't all dull. Are we forgetting Truly Bishop?

NATTIE: Oh, that's right.

EMILY: What, what about Truly Bishop?

LADY 3: Well, you know she and Eugene split up last month.

EMILY: What?

NATTIE: Oh Em! You knew about that. They had this huge fight at the. . oh that's right, you missed the Schafer's cocktail party.

EMILY: They broke up at the Schafer's cocktail party?

NATTIE: He has another family in Salisbury.

EMILY: No!

LADY 3: She's 26, with a 2 year old.

EMILY: How did Truly find out?

NATTIE: The little tart sent her a letter.

EMILY: Oh my God.

LADY 1: So Truly confronted Eugene after consuming a bottle and a half of Cristal, and he admitted it. He said he was going to leave her and marry the Salisbury concubine.

EMILY: What did she do?

LADY 1: She threw an ice sculpture at his head.

EMILY: I can't believe I missed that.

LADY 1: You've missed everything lately.

LADY 3: Yes, where have you been? Is everything all right?

EMILY: Yes, it's just, uh, Richard.

NATTIE: He hasn't been hanging out in Salisbury, has he?

EMILY: No, he's been swamped at work. Night and day, weekends. You'd think he was the only person who worked at that company. Plus, he hasn't been feeling very well. His back and knees. Very bad knees. [Sees Rory at the patio doorway] Oh Rory, what a nice surprise.

RORY: Hey Grandma. Sorry to butt in like this.

EMILY: Nonsense, come and meet my friends. Ladies, I'd like you to meet my granddaughter Rory.

LADY 3: Well, hello Rory.

RORY: Nice to meet you.

NATTIE: My goodness, what a pretty girl you are.

LADY 1: She looks just like Lorelai, doesn't she?

NATTIE: The eyes.

LADY 3: The nose.

LADY 1: Walk around sweetie.

EMILY: Sally, leave the girl alone.

LADY 1: I just wanna see the walk. Lorelai had such a specific walk.

LADY 3: Fast.

LADY 1: That was it.

EMILY: Come, sit, would you like some tea?

RORY: Oh, no. I just came to pick up a book that Grandpa was supposed to leave for me.

EMILY: Go check his study. It might be on his desk.

RORY: Okay, thanks. [walks inside]

LADY 3: Emily, your granddaughter is just lovely. How old is she?

EMILY: Sixteen.

LADY 3: Sixteen, that's a nice age.

LADY 1: So, have you thought about her debut?

EMILY: Oh, uh, no, not yet.

LADY 3: Well you know, the Daughters of the Daughters of the American Revolution Debutante Ball is next week.

EMILY: It is? I hadn't realized.

LADY 3: Why don't you present Rory there?

EMILY: Oh. . uh. . Well, I don't know. Isn't it a little late?

LADY 1: Oh please. For Emily Gilmore, I'm sure they'll bend the rules.

LADY 3: Oh you have to. With a girl like that Emily, you'll be the hit of the ball.

NATTIE: She'd definitely be the prettiest one there.

LADY 1: Except for Katie Heathington.

LADY 3: No, didn't you hear? Katie fell off her horse, has a scab on her face.

NATTIE: Oh, well then, if Katie Heathington has a scab on her face, Rory will definitely be the prettiest one there.

LADY 3: It'll be your crowning moment.

[Rory returns with the book]

RORY: I found it. [pause] Yay.

CUT TO LORELAI'S KITCHEN

[Lorelai sits at the kitchen table doing homework as Rory comes home.]

RORY: I'm coming out.

LORELAI: Out of what?

RORY: Out into society.

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

RORY: I went to Grandma's house after school.

LORELAI: Okay, right away, bad.

RORY: And, um, her DAR friends are all there and they're talking about this debutante ball that's being thrown.

LORELAI: Oh no.

RORY: And when I got back from Grandpa's office, they all invited me out onto the patio.

LORELAI: No no no, please tell me you did not go out onto the patio.

RORY: I went out onto the patio.

LORELAI: Ugh, Rory, that's like accepting the position as the drummer in Spinal Tap.

RORY: Before I knew it, Grandma was telling me how important it is for a person to be properly presented to society.

LORELAI: Ugh.

RORY: And how every young girl dreams of this day.

LORELAI: Agh.

RORY: And how there are flowers.

LORELAI: Oh Lord.

RORY: And music.

LORELAI: Please.

RORY: And cake.

LORELAI: Oh yeah, the cake's actually good.

RORY: And before I knew it, Grandma was bringing out your old dress and I was trying it on and. . . what are you doing?

LORELAI: I'm getting you out of this. [picks up phone]

RORY: Mom, wait.

LORELAI: I swear, there is nothing in the world my mother is better at than getting someone to agree to something that in any other universe, they would never ever consider.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: I am still convinced she had something to do with Lily Tomlin doing that movie with John Travolta.

RORY: I'm doing this.

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: Because you should've seen the look on Grandma's face when she asked me. It's just really really important to her.

LORELAI: But. . .

RORY: Now if it's that important to her, and it's not that important to me, then why shouldn't I do it?

LORELAI: Rory, do you now what a coming out party says?

RORY: It says I'm a woman now.

LORELAI: No. It says, 'Hi, I'm Rory. I'm of good breeding and marriageable age, and I will now parade around in front of young men of similarly good breeding and marriageable age so they can all take a good long look at me.'

RORY: You're exaggerating.

LORELAI: No, it's like animals being up for bid at the county fair, except sheep don't wear hoop skirts.

RORY: Look, I promised, but you don't have to be apart of it if you don't want to.

LORELAI: No, no, if you wanna do it, I'll help. It's just weird. This is all the stuff I ran away from. I just assumed you'd be running with me.

RORY: Well, I would, but I heard debutantes don't run. Something about the heels.

LORELAI: All right then. If you're sure, where do we start? Uh, let's see. Well, you have a dress. You need a dowry, I guess. There you go. And uh, you'll need shoes, hose, gloves, some mice, a dog, a pumpkin. What's wrong?

RORY: Oh, nothing.

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: Oh, no, it just says that your father is supposed to present you at the ceremony.

LORELAI: Oh.

RORY: Whatever, it's no big deal. I can get someone else to do it. Grandpa probably.

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: Or Taylor.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: Or the cable guy looked pretty friendly last week. Maybe he has a tux.

LORELAI: Hand me the phone.

RORY: I was kidding about the cable guy. What are you doing?

LORELAI: [dials phone] Look missy, there are plenty of things that should weird you out about coming out, but inviting your father shouldn't be one of them.

OPERATOR: The number you have dialed. . .

LORELAI: Umm, wra. . . gum wrapper.

RORY: He's not going to come.

LORELAI: You don't know until you ask.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: [dials new number] Look, we call, we ask, there's no harm. Trust me. Cable guy's not going anywhere.

CHRISTOPHER: Hello?

LORELAI: Ugh, hi. Where the hell are you?

CHRISTOPHER: Boston.

LORELAI: Boston? [walks into living room]

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, Boston. Baked Beans, cream pie, tea party, strangler.

LORELAI: Oh, that Boston.

CHRISTOPHER: And you?

LORELAI: Me.

CHRISTOPHER: Where are you?

LORELAI: Helsinki.

CHRISTOPHER: Really.

LORELAI: Yeah, I finally got the girl band together and after a week opening stateside, we headed across the Atlantic and now we're huge with the Nordic set.

CHRISTOPHER: It's good to hear from you. We haven't talked in awhile.

LORELAI: You could've called too, you know. Or do you have one of those special phones that only receives calls?

CHRISTOPHER: Well, I figured you had a lot going on what with the engagement and the canceling of the engagement. How's that going, by the way?

LORELAI: No, still canceled.

CHRISTOPHER: You okay?

LORELAI: Good. And I'm even better when I'm not talking about it.

CHRISTOPHER: Moving on then.

LORELAI: So I have some shocking news. Rory's coming out.

CHRISTOPHER: Out of what?

LORELAI: Coming out. White dresses, gloves, curtsies.

CHRISTOPHER: Stop it.

LORELAI: I swear to God.

CHRISTOPHER: I can't believe you're letting her do it.

LORELAI: Oh, well, I wasn't about to let her use my method of getting out of it.

CHRISTOPHER: This is crazy.

LORELAI: She's doing it as a favor to my mom, there's no talking her out of it.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, did you tell her about Barbara Hutton, Doris Duke, Gloria Vanderbilt?

LORELAI: Yes, and she's perfectly willing to marry Cary Grant, get offed by her crazy butler and start designing blue jeans as soon as the ball ends.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, okay, if that's what she wants.

LORELAI: Now comes the reason for my phone call.

CHRISTOPHER: All your regular 976 numbers are busy.

LORELAI: Now I know this is totally not your thing, but as you will remember, part of the whole coming out process involves the girls being escorted around the dance floor by their Dads.

CHRISTOPHER: Ah.

LORELAI: Now, I know you would rather sit through "Endless Love" than ever be apart of this scene again. But this is very important to your daughter and she has never asked you for anything, and although no one's keeping track, it would seem that your constant non-presence in her life and your lack of ever showing up when you say you're going to or calling when you say you're going to or basically doing anything when you say you're going to would tend to indicate that you owe her, big time. Now before you say no, I want you to take a minute and remember you have a great daughter who needs you and she has a mother who will hunt you down like a half-priced Kate Spade purse if you disappoint her.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, I'm there.

LORELAI: By there, do you mean the Daughters of the American Revolution Annual Debutante Ball?

CHRISTOPHER: Yes.

LORELAI: Oh Chris, please don't make this promise if you can't.

CHRISTOPHER: I wouldn't miss it.

LORELAI: It's next weekend.

CHRISTOPHER: I'll clear my schedule.

LORELAI: You swear?

CHRISTOPHER: Oh wait, next weekend?

LORELAI: Christopher!

CHRISTOPHER: I'm kidding, I will definitely be there.

LORELAI: Okay, and in exchange for that I will refrain from saying the ten things that came to mind for making fun of your schedule.

CHRISTOPHER: Thanks.

LORELAI: Bye.

CHRISTOPHER: Bye.

[Rory walks into living room]

LORELAI: Hey Little Debbie, your dad is definitely gonna be there.

RORY: You're kidding!

LORELAI: No, he's gonna walk you down the stairs, and turn you in a circle, watch you curtsy, and announce that Rory Gilmore is officially open for business.

RORY: I can't believe it. And he definitely said definitely?

LORELAI: Definitely.

RORY: So there's a fifty/fifty chance.

LORELAI: I don't know. He sounded pretty sure, I'd say sixty/forty.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Dean, Lane and Rory are on the couch watching TV while Lorelai walks around the living room talking on the telephone.]

LORELAI: No Mom, I'm sure one crinolin will be plenty. No, she doesn't. I'm sure she doesn't. Yeah, in what scenario would I have bought Rory elbow length kidskin gloves, Mom? Oh, I'm sorry, I meant what scenario on my planet would I have bought Rory elbow length kidskin gloves?

RORY: So?

DEAN: So what?

RORY: It's good huh?

DEAN: It's the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame induction.

RORY: And doesn't Neil Young look cool?

DEAN: I guess.

RORY: If you'll notice, he's wearing a tux.

DEAN: Neil Young looks cool because he's Neil Young, not because he's wearing a tux.

LORELAI: No, I don't have to ask her mom 'cause I know the answer. I know the answer Mom, I know the answer. Yeah, no, okay, well I don't have to ask her Mom=Hold on. Rory, would you like Grandma's hairstylist to come and set your hair before the ball? . . Oh, I did not coach her Mom, go back to talking about gloves.

RORY: I think you're gonna look great in a tux.

LANE: Tails.

DEAN: What?

LANE: Yeah, according to this it says that all escorts must be properly attired in black tails, white cumberbuns, and white gloves.

DEAN: What?

RORY: I'm sure the gloves are optional.

LANE: Not according to this.

DEAN: Tails? Gloves?

RORY: Remember Neil Young. Remember that you love me. Remember that I'll be watching BattleBots with you for a month.

DEAN: Show me Neil Young again.

[Horn honks from outside]

RORY: Dad!

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Christopher is getting out of his car as Rory and Lorelai walk out the front door.]

RORY: Dad! [runs to the car]

CHRISTOPHER: Whoa! Hold it right there. A lady never runs out to meet a gentleman caller who hasn't been announced.

RORY: Sorry, we haven't tamed my wild ways yet.

CHRISTOPHER: Thank God I'm here now.

RORY: I missed you! [hugs him]

CHRISTOPHER: Me too.

LORELAI: Hey.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey.

LORELAI: What is this?

CHRISTOPHER: What? Oh my God, where did this come from?

LORELAI: What happened to your bike?

CHRISTOPHER: A crazy game of key exchange at the car wash.

LORELAI: This is a car.

CHRISTOPHER: Yes it is.

LORELAI: It has four wheels and a roof and airbags and seat belts and my God, it smells like a forest.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, I needed a little more space. Had something big to haul. I believe this belongs to you. [hands Rory a box from the trunk]

RORY: The Compact Oxford English Dictionary!

CHRISTOPHER: I promised you I'd get it. I'm just sorry it took so long.

RORY: That's okay.

CHRISTOPHER: On the bright side, this is the new edition. If I'd gotten you the old one, you wouldn't have the word 'jiggy' in it.

RORY: Thank you. I love it, I'm gonna go look things up right now.

CHRISTOPHER: Wait wait. [hands her magnifying glass]

RORY: Thanks.

CHRISTOPHER: Go. [Rory goes inside]

LORELAI: That was really great of you.

CHRISTOPHER: Thank you. So back to mocking my car?

LORELAI: Oh yeah. A Volvo sedan, are you kidding?

CHRISTOPHER: This is a great car.

LORELAI: For driving to bingo.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, it just seemed like time. I couldn't keep showing up for work on my bike.

LORELAI: Work?

CHRISTOPHER: You've heard of it.

LORELAI: Yes, but I didn't think you had.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, it took awhile. I kept getting it mixed up with nap, but I finally figured it out.

LORELAI: So, you bought a car and got a job?

CHRISTOPHER: Actually, job then car.

LORELAI: Oh, 'cause it's more responsible that way.

CHRISTOPHER: Exactly.

LORELAI: Wow, so tell me about the job.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, I show up everyday, drink bad coffee, exchange lame pleasantries in the break room with Linda from marketing, and then at the end of two weeks they give me a paycheck. It's a pretty cool system.

LORELAI: You're serious?

CHRISTOPHER: Well, you know how us working types are. Get in.

LORELAI: Well uh. . .I'm not supposed to take rides with strangers.

CHRISTOPHER: Trust me.

LORELAI: Yes, but only if you promise we won't go over 25 miles an hour on the motorway. [Lorelai gets in as Christopher blasts some music] Oh my God, George Lucas wishes he had this sound system.

CHRISTOPHER: I've got Alpine head units, two subs, and two twelves. In exchange, no passenger-side airbag.

LORELAI: Ah, so the old Christopher still lives.

[Rory leans in the car window.]

RORY: Could you please attenuate the cacophony out here?

LORELAI: Huh?

[Rory reaches in and adjusts the volume]

RORY: Turn down the music. [goes back inside]

LORELAI: Next time instead of a dictionary, just slip her a crisp twenty.

CHRISTOPHER: Deal.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai and Emily walk through the front door carrying several shopping bags.]

LORELAI: Twelve pairs of pantyhose.

EMILY: It's going to be a long night. She's bound to have a run.

LORELAI: Twelve pairs.

EMILY: There's the presentation, the circle, the curtsy, the fan dance.

LORELAI: Mom, there'd have to be a 12k run and a jujitsu demonstration for her to go through twelve pairs of pantyhose.

EMILY: Does it really hurt to be prepared, Lorelai?

LORELAI: No, Mom, it doesn't hurt to be prepared.

EMILY: Thank you.

LORELAI: And the good news is, now she is prepared for her high school graduation, her college graduation, her marriage, three to five anniversaries, a hostess gig, and jury duty, especially if she's sequestered.

EMILY: You make me tired.

[Richard walks down the stairs.]

EMILY: Oh Richard, I didn't know you were home.

RICHARD: Yes, well, we learn something everyday.

EMILY: You didn't have to work?

RICHARD: I am working.

LORELAI: Hey Dad, guess how many pairs of pantyhose we bought today?

RICHARD: I'd rather not, if you don't mind.

EMILY: Oh Richard, I got you some beautiful new cufflinks for this weekend.

RICHARD: I already have cufflinks.

EMILY: I know, but these have bulldogs on them. Come look.

RICHARD: I'll look at them later.

EMILY: All right, fine. Just remember to pick up your tux from the cleaners tomorrow.

RICHARD: I won't have time.

EMILY: It's right around the corner from your office.

RICHARD: I have to go in early tomorrow.

EMILY: Well, go now.

RICHARD: I am busy now.

EMILY: Doing what?

RICHARD: Emily, I am not going to qualify my time with you. I am not going to pick up my tuxedo. You planned this ridiculous affair, you pick up my tuxedo. Or I simply don't have to go. Either one of these options is fine with me. [leaves]

LORELAI: Hey Mom, I might be reading too much into this, but um, is something going on between you and Dad?

EMILY: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: I don't know, he just seems a little less jolly than usual.

EMILY: He's just busy.

LORELAI: He seems upset.

EMILY: Well, he's not.

LORELAI: You seem upset.

EMILY: Well I'm not. We're both fine.

LORELAI: Okay, my mistake.

EMILY: I better go pick up his tux.

CUT TO MISS PATTY'S DANCE STUDIO

[Rory and Dean are practicing dancing.]

MISS PATTY: Now, keep counting in your heads. Look each other in the eye. Dean, are you leading?

DEAN: I have no idea.

MISS PATTY: Okay okay, stop stop stop. Now remember, one of the most important things in ballroom dancing is to remember to spot, otherwise you're gonna get dizzy. So, what you wanna do is you wanna pick out something to focus on. I usually like to find a lonely seaman. Then when turning, whip your head around and find your spot again. [spins around] Hello sailor, hello sailor, hello sailor. Now you try it.

DEAN: You've gotta be kidding me.

RORY: I think you can do it without the 'hello sailor' part.

DEAN: Rory.

RORY: BattleBots.

DEAN: For the rest of your life.

MISS PATTY: Now take it from the top.

[Rory and Dean start dancing again as Lorelai and Christopher walk in with coffee.]

LORELAI: Hey, you guys are really improving. Now you're actually facing each other.

CHRISTOPHER: Anyone need a break?

MISS PATTY: Okay, take five, but don't sit down because your muscles will get cold.

LORELAI: So how's it going?

RORY: Actually, I'm not very good.

DEAN: Yeah, which is really holding me back because I'm a natural.

LORELAI: Well, maybe you just need a glittery glove and a really freaky face.

RORY: At one point Miss Patty thought Dean was gonna get hurt, she made me sit in the corner and watch.

LORELAI: Hey! Nobody puts Baby in the corner.

CHRISTOPHER: It's not your fault. Ballroom dancing is a wonderfully sexist thing. Any woman can do it, all she needs is a strong male lead. No offense Dean. [He pulls Lorelai towards him, but she stumbles.]

LORELAI: Oh, agh!

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, well, most any woman can do it.

LORELAI: I wasn't ready, I wasn't ready. I want a do over.

CHRISTOPHER: Fine. May I have this dance?

LORELAI: I don't know. Do you have a trust fund? Always make sure.

[Lorelai and Christopher start dancing. When they're done, Rory and Dean clap.]

RORY: Okay, I'm adopted.

DEAN: Yeah, I'm never gonna be able to do that.

CHRISTOPHER: No, you guys just need some practice.

MISS PATTY: Listen to your father, Rory. Your adorable, adorable father.

LORELAI: Come on, let's get you out of here before you become Patty's next husband.

CHRISTOPHER: See you guys later. Bye Patty.

MISS PATTY: Oh, the way you toy with me.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai and Christopher walk out of the dance studio each holding a coffee cup.]

LORELAI: Did you know you still knew how to do that?

CHRISTOPHER: I wish I didn't. Imagine what we could do if we freed up the brain space that holds onto the Vianese Waltz.

LORELAI: Yeah, it's right up there in between old Brady Bunch reruns and the lyrics to Rapture.

CHRISTOPHER: Ooh, I gotta say, this isn't like the chai lattes in Boston.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, expecting Luke to make a chai anything was completely insane.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, I'm pretty sure he just threw a cinnamon stick in some tea.

LORELAI: I'm pretty sure it's not a cinnamon stick.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, throwing this out now.

LORELAI: So chai latte, when did that happen?

CHRISTOPHER: I don't know. Everyone at work drinks them.

LORELAI: Huh. Well, since you still haven't told me what exactly it is that you do, I'm gonna go with yoga instructor or chiropractor.

CHRISTOPHER: No, it's actually pretty interesting. I'm working for this firm that helps those overblown tech companies scale back and stay afloat now that they're facing leaner times.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, uh, what's the interesting part?

CHRISTOPHER: We dress like superheroes when we do it.

LORELAI: Oh, nice. So how long do you think you'll be able to keep this going?

CHRISTOPHER: Well, I'm pretty happy there. I'd say at least 'til Tuesday.

LORELAI: Oh, so long term.

CHRISTOPHER: You know, it's weird. I always hated the idea of having to be somewhere at a specific time day after day, but as it turns out, I like the stability.

LORELAI: Really?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah. I like that at the end of the day, I feel like I've done something. I've earned something.

LORELAI: Well, I think that's really great.

CHRISTOPHER: Only took me ten years and several failed business ventures to figure out what I wanted.

LORELAI: Which is?

CHRISTOPHER: Not my parents' life.

LORELAI: Ah.

CHRISTOPHER: Something you figured out at sixteen.

LORELAI: Actually, six months, but I just couldn't vocalize it yet.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, you knew what you wanted, you went out and got it. I was always a little jealous of you.

LORELAI: Well, you seem to be catching up. We did good.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah. Well, I did good. The fact that she can't follow a lead is all you.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory sits on the couch painting her toenails, Christopher helps Dean tie his bowtie, Lorelai walks around with a book on her head eating Chinese food.]

LORELAI: See now, only a lady can gracefully walk around a room with a book on her head while eating Kung Pao chicken. And a great lady can even spit the peanuts back into the container without anyone noticing.

RORY: Wow.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, don't be intimidated. You have to practice and practice to get to my level.

RORY: Anyone want the last eggroll?

DEAN: Uh, no.

LORELAI: Heh. Where are you going?

RORY: To get the eggroll.

LORELAI: You're getting the eggroll yourself?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: No! Ladies never get their own eggrolls. Ladies never get their own anything. They don't even get their own ideas.

RORY: Oh boy.

LORELAI: They just sit helplessly and wait for some young strong man to come by and assist them. They don't step in puddles, they don't step over puddles. They can't even look at puddles. They actually need to be blindfolded and thrown in a sack and carried over puddles.

RORY: Isn't there a moratorium on how long ladies are supposed to talk?

LORELAI: Uhh, no. Now repeat after me, I am completely helpless.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, so you pull the left side through the back loop and tug a little bit on both sides, and you my friend, might just be mistaken for a gentleman. Or a waiter.

DEAN: So, how do you know how to do this?

CHRISTOPHER: Seventeen cotillions, a dozen debutante balls, and a brief but scarring experiment with the Children of the American Revolution.

LORELAI: Where you wore nothing but the bowtie.

CHRISTOPHER: A good idea on conception, but the sudden snowstorm instantly dampened the effect.

DEAN: Hey, uh, do you think it's cool when Neil Young wears a tux?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, of course, but it's Neil Young.

DEAN: All right. I should get going. I'll see you at three.

RORY: Okay. Oh wait. [hands him a box]

DEAN: What's this?

RORY: Your gloves.

DEAN: I thought you were kidding.

LORELAI: No no. Ladies never kid.

DEAN: Bye. [leaves]

LORELAI: Bye.

RORY: I think I'm going to bed too.

LORELAI: Do you need help?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Wrong! The correct answer is yes. Ladies need help with everything.

RORY: Goodnight.

LORELAI: [sighs]

CHRISTOPHER: Night.

RORY: Night.

LORELAI: I don't know about that girl. I don't know how she's ever gonna make it in society. At this rate, she's gonna actually get a job and only marry once.

CHRISTOPHER: You calling your mom again?

LORELAI: I don't get it. For the last week, every five minutes she's calling me checking on shoe fittings and curtsy progress, and have I talked Rory into putting her hair up yet, and then tonight, nothing.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, I'm sure they had a lot of getting ready to do for themselves tonight.

LORELAI: She's been acting so weird lately. They're fighting. Openly fighting. I don't think they've ever done that before. I'm not sure what to do about it.

CHRISTOPHER: Move to California. That's what I do when my parents fight.

LORELAI: You know, my father doesn't even want to go tomorrow. His perfect angle granddaughter is being presented to society in front of all his friends and colleagues, something he never got to do with his bad, loser, evil daughter.

CHRISTOPHER: Maybe you should talk to them. I'm sorry, was that me that said that? I must've had an aneurysm.

LORELAI: Well, nothing more I can do tonight. I'm gonna head up to bed. Do you want me to turn off the lights?

CHRISTOPHER: Actually, I have to stay up and do a little work tonight.

[Lorelai laughs]

LORELAI: I'm sorry. I keep forgetting that's not a joke anymore.

CHRISTOPHER: Goodnight.

CUT TO BALLROOM

[Lorelai and Rory arrive at the ballroom.]

RORY: Wow, this place is huge. Do I have to walk down those stairs?

LORELAI: Oh, I'm afraid so. Unless you wanna make a really memorable entrance and just sliiide down the banister. Which I totally encourage, by the way.

LADY: You are▯

RORY: Lorelai Gilmore.

LADY: Late.

LORELAI: Sorry, my fault. Took me awhile to get pretty. Not all of us are sixteen anymore, you know what I mean? No.

LADY: You are to head up the stairs. The preparation room is on the right.

LORELAI: Look for the toxic cloud of Chanel and Final Net.

[Rory starts walking towards the stairs. She looks back at Lorelai.]

LORELAI: [mouths] Sliiide.

CUT TO PREPARATION ROOM

[Rory and the lady enter the room. Other girls are walking around getting dressed and doing their makeup.]

LADY: Hang your dress there, put your makeup on over there. You'll have to make do with a non-lighted mirror. The lighted ones went to the girls that were here before dawn. Listen up ladies, everyone must be beautiful and ready to go by 7:30.

[Rory sits down at a mirror. She talks to the girl next to her.]

RORY: I can't believe we have an hour and a half.

LIBBY: I know, I am never gonna be ready in time. God only knows if the swelling on my nose is gonna go down. I had to go and inherit my father's nose. I'm Libby.

RORY: Rory.

LIBBY: Uh, which one should I wear? I've thought about this all month, and I cannot decide.

RORY: Oh, well, that's a tough one.

LIBBY: I know. This is red red, and this is orange red. The wrong one and I will end up looking like a hooker. Or a teacher.

RORY: That's a lot of pressure.

LIBBY: The two minutes you are standing on those stairs tonight will determine the social status for the rest of your life.

RORY: Wow, what if you trip? I mean, not that you would. You wouldn't. I might. Probably will actually. Could be a real Cirque du Soleil kind of night.

LIBBY: You should not even joke about stuff like that. Ow. There's a head under there, you know.

CUT TO BALLROOM

[The bartender hands Lorelai a drink.]

LORELAI: You are a wonderful, wonderful man. I have a feeling we're going to be very close tonight.
[sees Emily] Hmm. Mom, you're here.

EMILY: Where should I be, Spain?

LORELAI: Oh. I tried calling you all night last night.

EMILY: I was very busy.

LORELAI: And then we got here before you.

EMILY: What is your point, Lorelai?

LORELAI: Nothing. It's just weird.

EMILY: Well, I'm here now, so it's not weird anymore. Look at these flowers. Baby's breath. What is this, County General?

LORELAI: You look very nice Mom. I like your dress.

EMILY: Cotton tablecloths, folding chairs. It's not supposed to be like this. In my day, people sat in real chairs.

LORELAI: Mom, what's the matter?

EMILY: I wanted my granddaughter to be presented to society in a beautiful elegant ballroom, not a Shakey's.

LORELAI: The room is beautiful Mom. You're being too critical.

EMILY: There's Nan. I'm going to have a little talk with her about the proper height for a taper.

LORELAI: Mom.

CUT TO PREPARATION ROOM

[Rory is sitting down reading when Libby walks over to her holding a flask.]

LIBBY: Midori sour?

RORY: Oh, no thanks.

LIBBY: More for me. At my last coming out, I shared with this girl who couldn't handle her booze. Neon green puke all over her white dress.

RORY: Your last coming out?

LIBBY: Oh, this is my fifth one this year.

RORY: Wow.

LIBBY: You know, they say four out of five debs marry their escorts.

RORY: Kind of like the dentists with Trident.

LIBBY: Well I figure, five coming out balls, five escorts, one of them has to stick, right?

RORY: Good logic.

LIBBY: So, is your escort the one?

RORY: The one what?

LIBBY: The one you're gonna marry.

RORY: Oh, well□

LIBBY: Is he cute?

RORY: Yes, he is very cute but□

LIBBY: Where are you guys planning to live when you get married?

RORY: Okay, hold on a second.

[Another girl walks over]

LIBBY: Katie, hi. Too bad about your face.

KATIE: Is it horrible?

LIBBY: No, you can hardly tell. Just walk sideways.

CUT TO BALLROOM

[Lorelai is standing with some women.]

LADY 1: These things will be the death of me.

LADY 2: Oh I know. And we've had no time to prep. Janet just got out of Rainbow Hills two days ago.

LORELAI: Rehab?

LADY 1: Fat farm.

LORELAI: Ah.

[Christopher walks up to Lorelai]

CHRISTOPHER: Hi, sorry to interrupt. Could you come with me? My cumberbun and I aren't seeing eye to eye.

LORELAI: Men, totally helpless. Excuse me.

[They walk away from the women]

LORELAI: You saved me. I love you. I wanna have your baby. Oops, too late.

CHRISTOPHER: I saw the look. Same one you had that time you ended up on homecoming court.

LORELAI: Ugh, someone's idea of a sick, sick joke. Hey, by the way, Neil Young's got nothing on you.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah?

LORELAI: Yeah.

[Emily walks over to them]

EMILY: Lorelai, have you seen your father?

LORELAI: Uh, no.

EMILY: He promised me he'd be here by now.

LORELAI: Wait, you didn't come together?

EMILY: I swear, if he misses this□

LORELAI: Well, Mom, did you call him?

EMILY: Yes I called him. Of course I called him. I wouldn't go this long without calling him.

CHRISTOPHER: Emily, he's here.

EMILY: Where? [he points to him] Oh. [walks to Richard] Richard, where have you been?

RICHARD: Where have I been?

EMILY: Yes, where have you been?

RICHARD: I'm here, aren't I?

LORELAI: I can't look. Did she beat him with the baby's breath?

CHRISTOPHER: No, they're just energetically practicing their sign language.

LORELAI: Oh God.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, I think this is a really good time for a martini. Hello. Thirsty people here.

[Lorelai goes behind the bar] Ah, what are you doing?

LORELAI: Steve won't mind.

CHRISTOPHER: Little tip. Never a good idea to let people know you're on a first name basis with the bartender. Wow, this is really something.

LORELAI: What?

CHRISTOPHER: You and I together at a debutante ball.

LORELAI: Huh, yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: Just like it would've been sixteen years ago.

LORELAI: Fancy dress.

CHRISTOPHER: Sneaking booze.

LORELAI: Parents acting crazy.

CHRISTOPHER: You look great.

LORELAI: I'm so glad you're here.

CHRISTOPHER: So am I.

ANNOUNCER: All fathers please report to the debutante staging area upstairs. Fathers to the staging area.

CHRISTOPHER: Showtime. You gonna be all right?

LORELAI: Absolutely.

CHRISTOPHER: I'll see you later.

LORELAI: Curtsy pretty.

CUT TO STAGING AREA

[Rory's waiting in line. Dean walks up to her.]

DEAN: Hey. I just wanted to see you before you became a proper lady of society.

RORY: So what do you think?

DEAN: I think you look like a cotton ball.

RORY: Why, thank you Jeeves.

DEAN: But a really cute cotton ball.

[Libby walks up to Rory.]

LIBBY: Oh my God, is this your escort?

RORY: Yeah, it is.

LIBBY: You are totally getting married. [walks away]

DEAN: What did she say?

RORY: Oh, well...[sees Christopher] Dad, great, let's go.

DEAN: I'll, uh, I'll meet you downstairs. Good luck. [leaves]

RORY: Okay.

CHRISTOPHER: Last chance to shimmy down the drainpipe.

RORY: Do me a favor?

CHRISTOPHER: Anything.

RORY: Just don't let me fall.

CHRISTOPHER: Right back at ya.

CUT TO BALLROOM [The ball begins as a lady addresses the audience from a podium on the staircase. Lorelai sits at a table; Emily and Richard stand near the bar.]

LADY AT PODIUM: Good evening. On behalf of the Daughters of the American Revolution, I would like to welcome you to our annual debutante ball. Oh this brings back so many memories. I myself came out in this very hall in nineteen—well, let's just say, a number of years ago. Now the word debutante comes from the French word debuter, which means to lead off. . .[fades into background]

EMILY: Just come sit down.

RICHARD: I am going to finish my drink.

EMILY: You won't be happy until you've spoiled this entire evening, will you?

LORELAI: Um, guys, hi, there's a lady up there with a rock the size of Neptune around her neck talking about the debutantes of ancient Greece. It's a lot easier to fall asleep if you're sitting down, trust me.

RICHARD: I will sit down when I'm ready to sit down.

EMILY: Richard, lower your voice.

RICHARD: No, I will not lower my voice. I paid a fortune to be here, and I will speak just as loudly as I like.

EMILY: You're embarrassing us. You're embarrassing Rory.

RICHARD: Embarrassing Rory? This wasn't Rory's idea. This was your idea. This whole ridiculous evening was your idea, Emily.

EMILY: You don't want your granddaughter presented to society?

RICHARD: To hell with society. [people look at him] Yes, I'm talking about you!

LORELAI: Come on, that's it.

[Lorelai leads them into another room]

LORELAI: Are you two completely out of your mind? There is a ceremony going on in there. Young girls in ugly dresses and stupid fans are parading around in circles for God knows what reason, and you two are ruining it.

RICHARD: I didn't want to come here. You knew I didn't want to come here.

EMILY: Well, that's too bad. We have a social responsibility Richard.

RICHARD: I am so tired of hearing you say that.

EMILY: People expect us to be certain places and do certain things and we can't just withdraw from all of that.

RICHARD: Do you know what I'm going through at work?

EMILY: Your whole life isn't that damn company, Richard.

RICHARD: I have told you what I'm going through, but somehow, you just don't seem to hear it. You don't listen to me. You don't listen to anybody.

EMILY: That is not true.

RICHARD: It is true. Isn't it true? Has she ever listened to a word you've said?

LORELAI: Oh, well, hey, people listen in different ways, right? I mean, some people listen with their ears, and some people listen with not their ears, but that doesn't mean some actual listening hasn't happened in some form.

EMILY: I have listened to you Richard. I know exactly what is going on with you.

RICHARD: Really, what?

EMILY: You lost an account.

LORELAI: What?

RICHARD: No, I didn't lose an account. I was taken off an account. I was taken off an account that I personally brought into this company ten years ago.

EMILY: There are other accounts, Richard.

RICHARD: I have been in charge of that account for ten years!

EMILY: How can you be so angry? Yes, they took you off that account, but they also gave you a promotion.

RICHARD: Oh, Emily.

EMILY: You said they moved you upstairs to a larger office and gave you a new title and a better parking space.

RICHARD: Emily, dammit, I am being phased out.

EMILY: You are not.

RICHARD: What do you mean I'm not? I know whether I'm being phased out. I invented phased out for this company. Don't you think I did the exact same thing to Alan Parker?

EMILY: Alan Parker retired.

RICHARD: Alan Parker was phased out. I now have his office, I now have his parking space. Do you know what happens from here? I lose more accounts, slowly but surely. They will put a younger man on them with me to be trained by the best. And then, one day they'll call and ask me to let that young man take a meeting without me, just to see how fast he's learning, and then suddenly that young man is given that account. And this happens again and again and again until I'm nothing, but a symbolic figurehead that they roll out for banquets and group pictures. And then one day, Emily, I will be asked to leave.

EMILY: Well, so what?

RICHARD: Excuse me.

LORELAI: Dad, I don't think Mom meant exactly

EMILY: So what if that's true?

LORELAI: Or maybe she did.

EMILY: There are other options.

RICHARD: I don't want other options. I want to get up every morning and put on my suit, and go to my office, and do my work, like I've done everyday for the past thirty years. That's what I want to do. That's the only thing I want to do.

[Rory leans into the hallway.]

RORY: Um, excuse me, hi, sorry to interrupt, but I'm next.

[They walk back into the ballroom]

LADY AT PODIUM: Elizabeth Dotie, daughter of George Edward Dotie the fourth, and Elenor Dotie.
[pause] Lorelai Gilmore, daughter of Christopher Hayden and Lorelai Gilmore.

[Christopher and Rory walk down the stairs as Dean waits at the bottom. Christopher kisses Rory's hand, Rory curtsies, Christopher walks away, Dean walks Rory down the aisle.]

EMILY: That should've been you up there. Nothing's turning out the way it was supposed to. [walks away]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[Later that night, Lorelai, Christopher, Rory, and Dean walk down the sidewalk.]

RORY: So did you know that you're considered a hot Dad?

LORELAI: Hah!

CHRISTOPHER: Really?

RORY: Libby said that it's too bad you're my real Dad because if you were my stepdad, I could steal you away from mom.

LORELAI: Ugh.

CHRISTOPHER: That Libby's got a good life ahead of her.

LORELAI: Well, I was very proud of all of you. You made it through the entire ceremony with a completely straight face. Almost all of you.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm sorry, but that fan dance was more than I could take.

LORELAI: Hey, I need a burger.

RORY: Me too. Dean?

DEAN: Honestly, the only thing I can think of is taking off this tux.

LORELAI: Hey, watch it, you're talking to a lady now.

DEAN: Well, how about if I do it at home?

LORELAI: Better.

RORY: Thanks again for going with me.

DEAN: Tomorrow you start paying. Bye. [leaves]

LORELAI: Bye. And then there were three.

CHRISTOPHER: Actually, I have to get back to Boston first thing in the morning so I'm gonna call it a night too.

RORY: What? Not even time for fries?

CHRISTOPHER: I'll tell you what. I'll get up a little early and have coffee with you before I go. Deal?

RORY: Deal.

LORELAI: Honey, go ahead and order for us. I'll be there in a sec.

RORY: Okay. [leaves]

LORELAI: I just wanted to tell you how amazing you were tonight. Really, you completely came through for her.

CHRISTOPHER: She deserves it.

LORELAI: I haven't always given you a lot of credit in the past, but I'm giving you credit now. Big credit. Major credit. Buy yourself a sofa.

CHRISTOPHER: Thanks. I will.

LORELAI: You know, um, I happened to be looking through some old maps this afternoon and I

couldn't help but notice that Boston is not that far away.

CHRISTOPHER: Aw, you needed a map to tell you that?

LORELAI: I also noticed that that, um, I-84 is a very good road. Solid, paved.

CHRISTOPHER: Uh huh.

LORELAI: And I put this information in my pretty little head, I was thinking, if you wanted to maybe drop by occasionally, it wouldn't be too difficult.

CHRISTOPHER: You realize I'll be driving the Volvo?

LORELAI: Actually, I'm coming around to the Vovlo.

CHRISTOPHER: Really?

LORELAI: Yes. I think it's sort of a Catholic schoolgirl thing, you know? It's conservative on the outside, bad on the inside.

CHRISTOPHER: I like that image.

LORELAI: I've also heard the I-84 can get jammed on the weekends.

CHRISTOPHER: It can.

LORELAI: So if you wanted to stay a little longer, just to avoid the traffic, it might be a good idea. I mean, Rory would definitely love it, and I wouldn't mind either. CHRISTOPHER: That is a tempting offer, but I really have to get back.

LORELAI: To work?

CHRISTOPHER: To work—and to someone.

LORELAI: Oh.

CHRISTOPHER: I know I should've told you.

LORELAI: Oh no, that's fine. That's totally your business.

CHRISTOPHER: No, I meant to, but—Lor, it's just that you and I are so connected and...

LORELAI: Chris, please, I get it. I think it's really great, I really do.

CHRISTOPHER: Thank you.

LORELAI: So who is it? Ooh, let me guess. Linda from marketing got to you, didn't she?

CHRISTOPHER: Her name is Sherri.

LORELAI: Sherri from marketing?

CHRISTOPHER: Sherri from Boston.

LORELAI: Ah, hence the move.

CHRISTOPHER: Yes.

LORELAI: Is it serious?

CHRISTOPHER: It's getting there.

LORELAI: Seeing you in just a bowtie serious?

CHRISTOPHER: We're living together.

LORELAI: Wow, you really have changed.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, well, Sherri made it pretty clear that I was gonna lose her if I didn't start getting it together, so...

LORELAI: Yeah, well if you find a girl who's good with dating a square in a Volvo, you do what it takes to keep her.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, uh, so I'll. . .I'll see you back home.

LORELAI: Yes you will.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Rory is about to bite into her burger as Lorelai walks in.]

LORELAI: [gasps] Hey!

RORY: What?

LORELAI: After all you've been through tonight and I come in here and find you eating like that.

[Rory raises her pinkie]

LORELAI: There you go.

RORY: Being a lady is hard.

LORELAI: So tonight, what's the consensus?

RORY: The fan dance was humiliating, I'm never doing a curtsy again, but having Dad around was great.

LORELAI: Yeah, it was.

RORY: He's got a new girlfriend, you know.

LORELAI: Sherri.

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: Poor girl's named after a Journey song, that's gotta be rough.

RORY: He seems happy.

LORELAI: He does. He really does.

RORY: I'm glad.

LORELAI: Me too.

RORY: I feel kind of bad for Grandma though. She was so into this night and then she ended up being so miserable.

LORELAI: Don't worry. She'll have more fun at the next one.

RORY: Excuse me?

LORELAI: Yes, we have you signed up for the next six balls.

RORY: Not funny.

LORELAI: Hey, you're doing this until you bring home a prize.

RORY: Ignoring you now.

[Luke brings Lorelai her burger.]

LUKE: So, back from the ball huh?

LORELAI: Yes, I left behind a glass slipper and a business card in case the prince is really dumb.

LUKE: Good and desperate thinking.

LORELAI: Thank you. Hmm, Luke.

LUKE: What?

[Lorelai nods towards Jess, who is wiping down the counter dressed like Luke, complete with flannel shirt and backwards baseball cap. Luke walks over to him.]

LUKE: What do you think you're doing?

JESS: Working.

LUKE: So you think this is funny, huh?

JESS: I'm sorry. I thought this was the uniform.

LUKE: Okay, you know what, that's fine. Have your little joke, you know. It doesn't bother me at all. You just go over there and clean off that table, okay? I'm ignoring you. You do not exist.

JESS: Okay.

LUKE: That's it, get upstairs and change.

JESS: Whatever you say Uncle Luke.

LUKE: It's Luke, just Luke. Mister Luke. In fact, don't address me at all.

LORELAI: You know, I'm really lucky.

RORY: Yeah, why?

LORELAI: I have someone to complain to when life sucks or work sucks or just everything sucks. I have someone I can talk to.

RORY: Yeah, who?

LORELAI: Oh Shecky, you k*ll me. It just must be really lonely not to have that.

RORY: Are you thinking about Grandma?

LORELAI: I'm just. . .thinking.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Emily is gardening on the back patio as Lorelai walks out the back door.]

LORELAI: Hey Mom.

EMILY: What are you doing here?

LORELAI: Oh, nothing much. I had a little time before my business class and I thought, 'Hey, why don't I just go over to Mom's house and just hang.'

EMILY: Just what?

LORELAI: Just hang, you know. Hang out. Talk, don't talk, whatever. Just hang.

EMILY: Oh.

LORELAI: So you're gardening, huh?

EMILY: Yes.

LORELAI: Okay. Well, don't let me stop you. I'll just sit here and just hang.

EMILY: Are you sure you don't need something?

LORELAI: Nope. I'm just here to hang.

EMILY: Hang. Well.

LORELAI: You know Mom, if there's ever anything you want to talk about with me, you can.

EMILY: All right.

LORELAI: Okay. So□

THE END