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04x03 - The Hobbit, the Sofa and the Digger St

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04x03 - The Hobbit, the Sofa and the Digger St

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Page 1 of 1

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OPEN AT YALE DORM

[There's a knock on the door of Rory's suite. Rory opens it and Lorelai is there, holding a box and a rolled-up rug]

LORELAI: Hey, you know what's great about you going off to college?

RORY: My newfound independence?

LORELAI: Oh, no. My new batch of youth-oriented catalogs. For example, where on Earth could I put this fabulous purple flowered rug? It's so young and cool but doesn't really go with my room, so.
. .

RORY: My room.

LORELAI: Ooh! The matching beanbag chair arrives next week.

RORY: I love it when you miss me.

LORELAI: Oh, it's not that I miss you. It's just since you've been gone, I finally realized how the living room stayed so clean.

RORY: Mmhmm. What do you think?

LORELAI: It works.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: You're welcome. So, Sookie sent marshmallow cookies, Luke sent muffins, and I got you a copy of the Stars Hollow Gazette.

RORY: You don't have to bring that to me anymore. I subscribed.

LORELAI: You subscribed to the Stars Hollow Gazette? The editor of the Stars Hollow Gazette does not subscribe to the Stars Hollow Gazette.

RORY: I didn't want to get cut off from the town.

LORELAI: That's very sweet of you. Hey, you wanna grab some coffee before I head back?

RORY: Can't.

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: It's shopping week.

LORELAI: Isn't it always?

RORY: The first week of school is called shopping week. You get to try out as many classes as you want before you pick the ones you want to stick with for the semester. I picked over fifty classes I'm gonna try out, plus another ten I'm gonna squeeze in if I have the time. They all sound completely amazing. I stayed up all night reading the class subscriptions over and over.

LORELAI: You do know that if you weren't so pretty, you would've gotten the crap kicked out of you every day of your life.

RORY: Walk me out?

LORELAI: Because you need the protection. Hey, what time's your first class?

RORY: Oh, you know, soon.

LORELAI: Uh oh.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: You're not gonna rush to your first class and get there like an hour early, are you?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: You are.

RORY: I am not.

LORELAI: When you started elementary school, you told me the teacher wanted to meet all the parents at 6:30, and when we got there, the school wasn't open yet.

RORY: I did that once.

LORELAI: No, you got away with it once. You tried it every year.

RORY: I'm not gonna be early.

LORELAI: You know, if you took all the time you wasted being early for things. . . [she looks around the room]

RORY: What?

LORELAI: My mother was here.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: My mother - she was here. I can feel it.

RORY: Grandma hasn't been here.

LORELAI: Smell that?

RORY: Smell what?

LORELAI: The room - it smells like guilt and Chanel No. 5.

RORY: Mom, I'm telling you, you're wrong.

LORELAI: You put the coffee table like that?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Ha!

RORY: I have three other roommates. One of them probably did it.

LORELAI: Three roommates?

RORY: Yup.

LORELAI: When'd the other one come?

RORY: Last night. Her name's Janet.

LORELAI: What's she like?

RORY: She jogs.

LORELAI: Enough said.

RORY: Come on, let's go.

LORELAI: You seriously don't smell that?

RORY: We can get one cup of coffee, and then I have to get to class.

LORELAI: I knew you were early.

RORY: I'm not that early.

[they walk out of the room. Lorelai sticks her head back in and sniffs]

[opening credits]

CUT TO YALE CLASSROOM

[Rory walks into an empty classroom and sits down. She's very early for her class. She starts to leave, but another student walks in, so she stays. A teacher walks in and hands out some papers]

TEACHER: Freshmen.

CUT TO SOOKIE'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Sookie are sitting at the kitchen table going over some paperwork.]

LORELAI: Sign and date.

SOOKIE: Signing and dating.

LORELAI: Oh, do you have your last check stub?

SOOKIE: Yeah. Uh, here. Oh, remember that?

LORELAI: Income.

SOOKIE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Those were the days, huh? Okay, my hand is cramping, and I'm done signing now.

JACKSON: Sookie, can you hand me that screwdriver?

LORELAI: Oh, hey, um, tomorrow we have to meet with Ted Oldaman and get our liability insurance instated before we can break ground on the inn. And that reminds me. . .um, Tom sent over the initial proposal for the work.

SOOKIE: How much?

LORELAI: I'll tell you later.

SOOKIE: When?

LORELAI: After you blow.

SOOKIE: Come on.

LORELAI: Once you have the baby, then you can have the cow.

JACKSON: Okay, I think I got it.

SOOKIE: Is it really that much?

JACKSON: Here. I'm going to the nursery.

LORELAI: Uh, it's \$20,000 more than we thought.

SOOKIE: \$20,000? That sucks.

LORELAI: I got the chimney report back.

SOOKIE: Oh, sh**t.

[Jackson's voice comes over a speaker]

JACKSON: Hello? Hello?

LORELAI: What is that?

SOOKIE: Jackson. He's trying to hook up the house's central sound system to the baby monitor.

JACKSON: I am in the baby's room. I repeat, I am in the baby's room. Copy that.

LORELAI: This is probably the cutest creepy thing he's done yet.

JACKSON: Can anyone hear me? I repeat, can anyone hear me?

LORELAI: Yes, Jackson!

SOOKIE: You're supposed to use the walkie-talkie. [she speaks into the walkie talkie] Roger, roger, Jackson. We're receiving some feedback. I repeat, we're receiving some feed-

JACKSON: Hello? Sookie?

SOOKIE: Jackson, I'm receiving feed-

JACKSON: Do you hear me? Sookie?

SOOKIE: Yes, I can hear you. I -

JACKSON: Sookie, just tell me if you can hear me.

SOOKIE: Jackson, I can hear. . .I can hear you just fine!

LORELAI: Oh yeah, this system's gonna work great.

JACKSON: Why aren't you using the walkie-talkie?

SOOKIE: It's not working.

JACKSON: Here.

SOOKIE: Hey, you know, I had a thought.

LORELAI: Yes?

SOOKIE: Well, obviously, it's gonna take some time to get the inn up and running, right?

LORELAI: Right.

SOOKIE: And until we do, we have absolutely no money coming in whatsoever.

LORELAI: So it's a happy thought.

SOOKIE: What do you think about starting a catering company?

LORELAI: A catering company.

SOOKIE: Yeah. You could plan the events, decorations, themes, and I can cook.

LORELAI: Well. . .

SOOKIE: And it wouldn't be for very long - just until the baby came.

LORELAI: Yes, but. . .

JACKSON: Okay, here.

LORELAI: Sookie, I'm not really a party planner. I've never done that.

SOOKIE: What are you talking about? You put on all those beautiful weddings at the inn. And the conventions -- the men in the hats and the buttons.

LORELAI: Yes, but I had a staff at the inn and I had resources.

SOOKIE: Oh, come on. It'll be so fun to work together again. Just think about it.

LORELAI: Fine, I'll think about it.

SOOKIE: Good.

LORELAI: How long do I have to think about it?

SOOKIE: About a week.

LORELAI: Sookie.

SOOKIE: Helen Thompson's son, Aaron, is having a birthday party and she asked me to cater, and I suggested that you plan it. She thought it was a fabulous idea. So she offered us the job and I just took it. It's Thursday. She wanted to do it on Aaron's actual birthday and I thought that was so sweet. Helen's like that, you know?

LORELAI: Yes, I know.

SOOKIE: I can call her right now and tell her no if that's what you want. I mean it, you say the word and it's off. Maybe we could just try this one just to see if you like it. Maybe.

JACKSON: Okay, Sookie, can you hear me now? Hello?

SOOKIE: Jackson, I can hear you.

JACKSON: Use the monitor!

SOOKIE: Sorry!

CUT TO YALE DORM

[Rory walks into the dorm. Another student rushes past her]

STUDENT: Russian economics sucks.

RORY: I will make a note.

[Rory walks into her suite to find the common room completely redecorated]

RORY: Tanna? Tanna?

TANNA: What?

RORY: Where did this come from?

TANNA: What?

RORY: This - the furniture, the couch, the chairs, the rug.

TANNA: I don't know. It must've been here when I got back.

[Rory's cell phone rings]

RORY: [answers] Hello?

EMILY: I was going to wait until you called me, but my life isn't as long as yours. Did you sit on the couch?

RORY: The couch?

EMILY: I didn't want to get it too soft because I knew you would be studying there as well as watching television, and you would need a little bit of support.

RORY: You did this?

EMILY: Of course I did it. My granddaughter's a Yalie now. She needs to live like a Yalie.

RORY: But how? When?

EMILY: I snuck in yesterday when you were in classes just to measure to make sure everything would fit. Then I had to butter up your dippy freshman counselor so she'd let the movers in. Did you look in the entertainment center yet?

RORY: No. Oh.

EMILY: That's a plasma TV with a VCR and a DVD player. There's also a five-CD changer and a turntable, and the whole thing is wired in 5.1 surround sound. Now I have no idea what that means, but the man who installed it said to get Pink Floyd's Dark Side of the Moon. It's supposed to be amazing.

RORY: Grandma, this is all really sweet, but I have roommates, you know? And this might make them a little uncomfortable.

EMILY: Uncomfortable about what?

RORY: Well, um, this is a common room. It is common to all of us.

EMILY: Mmhmm.

RORY: Four of us who live here. There are four of us who live here together. And the common room. . .it's what we all have in common.

EMILY: Oh, just show them how to use the remote. I'm sure they'll be fine with everything.

RORY: Grandma, I worry that by you giving me all these things, it kind of makes it my room.

EMILY: Exactly.

RORY: What?

EMILY: Never underestimate the value of the upper hand, Rory. You are in the real world now. Status matters.

RORY: But -

EMILY: Your grandfather and I are very proud of you. Enjoy the furniture. We'll see you on Friday.

RORY: Okay, see you Friday. [hangs up] My grandmother broke into our room and furnished it.

TANNA: Did she put that fireplace in, too?

RORY: No, Tanna, the fireplace was always. . . hey, why don't we take a little tour of the place, okay?

TANNA: Great.

RORY: Yeah.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai enters the house carrying some takeout. She goes into the kitchen, grabs a plate and a napkin, then heads to the living room. She grabs the cordless phone, and as she sits down on the couch, it rings]

LORELAI: [answers phone] They burnt my fries, forgot to give me an extra side of barbecue sauce, the jeep is making that crunchy sound again, and I have to spend my evening making elf ears for Aaron Thompson's Lord of the Rings party.

RORY: Grandma broke into my dorm and redid the entire common room in \$25,000 worth of furniture and stereo equipment.

LORELAI: You win.

RORY: It's unbelievable. You should see this place. I feel like I'm at Uday's house.

LORELAI: Okay, tell me the whole story.

RORY: I came home and all the normal furniture was gone and all this stuff was in here.

LORELAI: What did your roommates say?

RORY: Tanna still doesn't know she's at Yale, Paris saw it and said nothing.

LORELAI: Oh, so that's coming.

RORY: Janet's out jogging so I don't know what she thinks, but I have to hope she's pleased 'cause that girl's in shape and can kick my butt.

LORELAI: Well, just make sure there's something she likes on the TV when she gets home. Something soothing to runners - maybe something that goes in a circle over and over.

RORY: This is bad. This is a total invasion of privacy.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: She didn't even ask. She got rid of everything that was in here. What if some of that furniture belonged to someone and they wanted it? I don't know what she was thinking.

LORELAI: She was thinking, "Rory's life - mine. Must cover with chenille."

RORY: I can't believe she did this.

LORELAI: Oh, yes, you can.

RORY: Excuse me?

LORELAI: Well, Rory, come on, it's my mother. It's Emily Gilmore. This is what she does. You've seen her pull stunts like this on me for years.

RORY: Yeah, but that was you.

LORELAI: I told you when you borrowed that money from her that this is what you were getting into.

RORY: I can't believe you're gloating.

LORELAI: I'm not gloating. I'm just saying, when you sleep with dogs, you wake up with an entertainment center.

RORY: Fine, so what do I do?

LORELAI: Well, you could come out and say, "Grandma, this furniture is very nice. I appreciate the gesture, but this is a dorm room, and I cannot guarantee that the other people will love it as much as I do, and I worry about expensive equipment getting stolen, and it's just maybe too much right now."

RORY: That sounds good.

LORELAI: Okay. And then my mother will say, "Rory, your grandfather and I are paying for you to go to Yale. We are enabling you to have this rarefied education, and you're being ungrateful and small-minded, and I resent it. I am hurt on a level you will not be able to understand until you yourself have a daughter or a granddaughter who will cut your heart out the way you've just cut mine out, and I hope that small veneer of independence that you've extracted from this incident is worth the complete and total alienation of the grandparents who have done nothing but love you and thought of you only."

RORY: Or I could keep the furniture.

LORELAI: Yes, you could.

RORY: This is great.

LORELAI: Hon, seriously, if you feel strongly, say something. I just want you to be prepared, that's all.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: And take heart in knowing that when it comes to controlling a person, my mother targeted my soul, my independence, and my entire future, and at least with you, she threw in an ottoman.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Richard arrives home and walks to the living room where Emily is looking through swatches of fabric]

RICHARD: Emily? I'm home.

EMILY: I keep wanting to give this room a little spruce, but for the life of me, every one of these fabrics gives me a headache. What do you think of this one?

RICHARD: Hm? It's fine.

EMILY: Well, that's just the sort of enthusiasm I was looking for.

RICHARD: Emily, you have excellent taste. I'm sure whichever one you pick will look lovely.

EMILY: Do you need some ice?

RICHARD: Uh, no. A taller glass.

EMILY: You sound tired.

RICHARD: It's been a very long day.

EMILY: You know, some men retire.

RICHARD: Yes, and some men tattoo their mother's names on their biceps.

EMILY: I don't think the two are necessarily linked.

RICHARD: I'm fine, Emily. I just need a drink and a nice meal, and I'll be good as new.

EMILY: You got a call from Jason Stiles today.

RICHARD: Digger Stiles? What did he want?

EMILY: To talk to you.

RICHARD: I have nothing to say to him.

EMILY: He might have something interesting to tell you.

RICHARD: What - that the turncoat company I used to work for is cutting my pension? That the stock they gave me when they unceremoniously forced me out has been rescinded?

EMILY: Yes. That, or hello.

RICHARD: He's probably been sent to do his father's dirty work. It's not enough to fire me, they have to continue to harass me now that I'm gone.

EMILY: I thought you always liked Digger.

RICHARD: Yes, I liked Digger when he was fetching my coffee. I liked Digger when he was refilling my stapler. But I do not like Digger now that he is his father's heir apparent and sent to annoy me. And I certainly don't understand your need to defend him.

EMILY: I'm not defending him. If you don't want to return the boy's call, don't return his call.

RICHARD: Thank you.

EMILY: I invited him over tomorrow anyway. You can find out what he wants then.

RICHARD: You did what?

EMILY: Well, he was absolutely insistent that he talk to you.

RICHARD: Why would you do that?

EMILY: It was the polite thing to do. If you don't want him to come over, I have his number. You may call him and disinvite him. It's up to you.

RICHARD: Fine, he can come over, but he is not staying for a drink. He can come in and deliver his message and then leave.

EMILY: Whatever you say.

RICHARD: That's it - no drink, no handshake, nothing.

EMILY: I'll even hide the liquor bottles so he doesn't get any bright ideas.

RICHARD: It's extremely comforting to have such a supportive wife in times like these.

EMILY: I'm so glad.

CUT TO YALE DORM

[Rory is on the couch in the common room when Paris walks in]

PARIS: Did you hear?

RORY: Hear what?

PARIS: The first party of the year is going to be on our floor.

RORY: Oh yeah?

PARIS: Technically, it's to celebrate the first week of classes, but I'm anticipating the themes quickly degenerating to "Hey, walking works -- let's drink." The important thing is that this party, the first party, is going to be on our floor. Our floor.

RORY: Yes, our floor.

PARIS: Anyhow, the way it works is that anyone who wants to be apart of the party will just leave their door open so people can just wander in and out. So what do you think?

RORY: About what?

PARIS: Leaving our door open. It's the perfect opportunity to solidify our social standing at Yale. It'll virtually guarantee invitations to every other party thrown this year, and we'll get our faces in people's heads.

RORY: I don't know.

PARIS: What, what don't you know? I've explained the entire thing to you.

RORY: Well, I'm not sure I want to leave our door open to a bunch of strangers.

PARIS: Well, they won't be strangers once they come in and say howdy.

RORY: Yeah, but I'm not sure how I'm gonna feel that night. I might be tired.

PARIS: For God's sakes, Grandpa, you're eighteen. Sleep when you're dead.

RORY: Look, we can still go to the party. We can meet people, you can solidify your social status, get your face in people's heads, and I can bail when I feel like it.

PARIS: Going isn't the same. Going is passive. Opening your door, you are giving the party. You are responsible for the fun. People owe you. Don't you want people to owe you?

RORY: I'm good, actually.

PARIS: Oh, sure, you're good. You're fine. After all, you have all this fancy furniture and a big TV to lord over people. It's the rest of us who are screwed - the ones whose grandparents hadn't thought to provide suck-up furniture.

RORY: This is not suck-up furniture.

PARIS: You're being selfish. You don't care about anybody but yourself.

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: No. I hate college!

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Sookie are sitting at the kitchen table]

LORELAI: Okay, we've got costumes, we've got cutouts, we've got rings, ladies and gentlemen. We've got fairy necklaces, we've got tree heads. I'm picking up table decorations tomorrow. Oh, do you need me to order a Lord of the Rings cake?

SOOKIE: The cake is under control.

LORELAI: Okay, cake's off my list. So you've got the menu going, right?

SOOKIE: Yes.

LORELAI: Just festive kiddie food. You know, like, uh, bagel dogs, tater tots, mini pizzas, mac and cheese. Oh, you know what would be great? Those colored popcorn balls. Rory used to go mental over those things.

SOOKIE: Hey, how many adults are gonna be there?

LORELAI: Probably about ten.

SOOKIE: Okay.

[Lane walks in the back door]

LORELAI: Hi.

LANE: Hey. Okay, so I've scoured the entire store and here's what we got.

LORELAI: Hit me.

LANE: Horn of Gondor, Legolas' bow, and a cape.

LORELAI: Cape for who?

LANE: There's 4,000 people in that movie who wear capes - you can't pick one?

LORELAI: Wow, you're crabby.

LANE: Well, I wore a bracelet to school today. My parents were called. There was a special service in chapel, and I've been ordered to a soul-searching seminar next week. I'll be sitting between the nail-polish-wearing girl and the spicy condiment user.

LORELAI: I'm sorry.

LANE: That's okay.

LORELAI: Leave the horn, the bow, and the bill.

LANE: Right.

[the phone rings]

LORELAI: [answers] Hello?

PARIS: I need to talk to you about Rory.

LORELAI: Paris?

PARIS: She's not adjusting well. I'm actually concerned about her.

LORELAI: Well, that's very -

PARIS: The socialization process in college is vitally important. The connections we make here can last a lifetime. They can alter the course of our future. That's how important they are.

LORELAI: Okay.

PARIS: Now I'm sure it's tempting to emotionally stunt your daughter so she'll move back home and take care of you in your old age, but I thought you wanted better for her.

LORELAI: Hey, Paris, did something happen between you and Rory?

PARIS: She won't open the door for the party.

LORELAI: The -

PARIS: There's a party on our floor, and if you open your door, you get to be apart of it, but she won't open the door because she's busy being Heidi's grandfather, and if you were a real mother --

RORY: Paris, you called my mother?

PARIS: Well, you wouldn't listen to me.

RORY: Give me that phone! Hello?

LORELAI: Hi, honey. How's school?

RORY: I'm rooming with a Stephen King novel.

LORELAI: What's she talking about?

RORY: Oh, just some ridiculous party. I don't want to let a million strangers traipse through my room, so she's having a meltdown. I'm sorry she bothered you.

LORELAI: That's okay.

RORY: I'm gonna k*ll her.

LORELAI: Remember, you cut off one head, she'll just grow another. So tell me about the party.

RORY: It's nothing, it's just a "first week of class" kind of thing.

LORELAI: Are you going?

RORY: Maybe.

LORELAI: You know, it might not be such a bad idea to get to know the people in your building, see who's gonna be the ones to have the emergency Pop Tarts on hand.

RORY: I'll get to know them.

LORELAI: A party might be kind of a fun way to do it.

RORY: I'm sorry, are you telling me to let Paris open the door to the world?

LORELAI: I'm not telling you anything. I just want to make sure that at the end of four years, you've not only read every book in the Yale library, you've also had some fun.

RORY: I will have fun.

LORELAI: But I can see you the night of the party holing up in your room with a book for the entire evening.

RORY: You know when I do that, I'm not hiding. I enjoy it. And I'm making friends - you saw me make friends.

LORELAI: I know, but I'm not just talking about making friends. I'm talking about experiencing things. Parties, football games, protests, barn burnings.

RORY: Very big amongst the kids these days.

LORELAI: Those are all experiences. Maybe dumb experiences, but you never know when you're accidentally gonna stumble across something that could be. . .something.

RORY: Fine, I'll open the door.

PARIS: Yes!

RORY: This isn't for you!

PARIS: Like I care about the reason.

LORELAI: You might have fun.

RORY: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

LORELAI: Call me later.

RORY: If I don't, I'm sure Paris will.

PARIS: Tell her thanks for me.

RORY: I will not!

CUT TO YALE DORM

[Rory is in the common room when Tanna walks in wearing Rory's old Chilton uniform]

TANNA: What do you think?

RORY: What is that?

TANNA: Well, you said I could borrow something to wear to the party.

RORY: Yeah, I did, but that's my Chilton uniform. My mom probably threw it in for a joke. It's my high-school uniform. I wore it every day to. . .you know, there's a tie in there that goes with it.

PARIS: Okay, I've scoped out the other open rooms and no one seems to have copped a clear identity yet, which leaves the field wide open. So what do you think we should be? We've got a lot of seating, so we could be the make-out room. Or we could crank the stereo up and push the furniture aside and be the dance room. Or we could throw down some towels and be the keg room.

RORY: I don't want an identity. You already made me open the door. I opened the door. We're the open-door room. That's it.

PARIS: How about some low lighting and some candles? We could be the meaningful-conversation room.

RORY: No themes.

PARIS: But -

RORY: No.

PARIS: No one knows me here, Rory. Do you understand what that means? It means I can start all over. I can wipe out the last eighteen years and introduce people to the new Paris Geller, the fun Paris Geller. I just want everything to be different this year, that's all.

RORY: One candle.

PARIS: Thank you, thank you.

CUT TO THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

[Lorelai is talking to a little boy]

LORELAI: No, seriously, give me the ring.

ROGER: No way.

LORELAI: Five bucks.

ROGER: No.

LORELAI: Just let me hold it.

ROGER: Forget it.

LORELAI: Come on, I promise I'll give it right back, my precious. I mean, Roger.

ROGER: You're crazy.

LORELAI: What? You're the one with the pointy ears, my friend.

[A woman walks two more boys over to Lorelai]

HELEN: Here we go. I'd like you to meet Redmond and Riley James.

LORELAI: Redmond, Riley, nice to meet you. I'm Julie, your cruise director. I'm here to help you with your costumes.

REDMOND: I want to be Legolas.

RILEY: I want to be Gimli.

REDMOND: I want to be Gimli, too.

LORELAI: Okay, two Gimlis coming up.

BOY: Lorelai, my hood is loose!

REDMOND: Her name is Julie, stupid.

BOY: No, it's not, ret*rd!

LORELAI: Hey, hey, hey.

RILEY: She just told us her name was Julie. She's our cruise director.

BOY: What's a cruise director?

REDMOND: I don't know, but you fart with your face.

LORELAI: Hey, love, guys. Love, okay? Lord of the Rings is all about the love.

BOY: Nuh uh, it's about the destruction of all mankind.

LORELAI: And who doesn't love that? You're fixed. Go play - lovingly.

HELEN: Lorelai, some of the kids are asking for swords. Did you bring swords?

LORELAI: Oh, no, I didn't.

HELEN: Oh, thank God. Oh, the Raymonds - I forgot we made up. Will you excuse me?

LORELAI: Absolutely.

[A little girl walks up to her]

GIRL: Riley said only boy hobbits can travel to Mount Doom. Is that true?

LORELAI: In the movie, only boy hobbits travel to Mount Doom, but that's only because the girls went to do something even more dangerous.

GIRL: What?

LORELAI: Have you ever heard of a Brazilian bikini wax?

SOOKIE: [calls from across the yard] Lorelai!

LORELAI: Oh, great, you're here.

GIRL: So girls go on adventures, too?

LORELAI: And they go in heels.

GIRL: Good.

SOOKIE: Are Rawley and Cheech here?

LORELAI: Yup, they've been chopping away for an hour.

SOOKIE: Perfect. Wow, there is a full house, isn't there? You have enough costumes?

LORELAI: We're good - the screen's up, the tables are set, and four kids are crying, so we're right on schedule.

SOOKIE: Well, I better get in the kitchen.

LORELAI: All right, because it's coming up on elevenses and the hobbits are hungry, right?

KIDS: Right!

SOOKIE: I'm going, I'm going.

MAN: Hey, who wants a sword?

KIDS: Me!

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Emily opens the front door]

EMILY: Well, Jason Stiles, look at you.

JASON: Look at me - look at you. I've just got a trainer. You have cheated God.

EMILY: You've been here one minute and you're already starting with the flattery.

JASON: I apologize. It is lovely to see you, Emily.

EMILY: It's lovely to see you also.

JASON: So, did you sell your soul to the devil or. . .

EMILY: How's your mother?

JASON: She is exactly the same.

EMILY: And her horses?

JASON: Have a better life than I do.

EMILY: Well, Richard is in his study.

JASON: I would expect no less.

[they walk to the study and knock on the door]

RICHARD: Come in.

[they walk in]

EMILY: Richard, there's someone here to see you.

JASON: Hello, Richard. I appreciate you taking the time to do this.

EMILY: Well, I'll leave you two alone. Jason, be sure and say goodbye before you leave.

JASON: I'll do that.

[Emily leaves]

JASON: So, how have you been?

RICHARD: Fine.

JASON: May I sit?

RICHARD: Your choice.

JASON: I hear your business is going well.

RICHARD: You hear correctly.

JASON: No reason for it not to be going well. You were always the best.

RICHARD: Is that what you came here to tell me, how competent I was at my job?

JASON: Nope, I came here to make you a proposition.

RICHARD: Go ahead and make it.

JASON: I want to be your partner.

RICHARD: Excuse me?

JASON: I want to join forces with you. You know, put a desk in your office, get a copy of the key, maybe snag some of that fancy stationery to write on.

RICHARD: You're not serious.

JASON: I'm prepared to buy my way in. I am also prepared to bring all of my current clients, and that should be appealing to you, even if sharing an office and parting with some stationery is not. Think about it. I could make your company an instant contender, with my youth and my clients and your reputation and respectability. It's a pretty interesting package, don't you think?

RICHARD: You want to become my partner.

JASON: Yes.

RICHARD: You want to pay me and bring a whole slew of high-paying clients with you.

JASON: You keep leaving out the stationery.

RICHARD: Thank you for coming, Jason.

JASON: Is something wrong?

RICHARD: Yes, something's wrong. I don't appreciate you wasting my time.

JASON: I didn't know that I was.

RICHARD: Am I such a joke to you that you feel you can come in here. . .

JASON: You're no joke.

RICHARD: . . .and take my time away from important things?

JASON: I assure you you are no joke. You were the best my father's company ever had.

RICHARD: You're damn right I was the best that company had, and now I am the best competition they will ever have.

JASON: Not yet. But with me, you could be.

RICHARD: Why? Why would you think I'd believe you were serious about this?

JASON: When was the last time I stuck a whoopee cushion on your chair, Richard?

RICHARD: Your father started that company. He made that company.

JASON: With you.

RICHARD: You've been working there since you were a kid. All the way through Harvard, you worked there. You've been groomed to take that company over, and now you're telling me you want to leave?

JASON: Yes.

RICHARD: Why?

JASON: Because I want to do something on my own. I want to work someplace that hasn't known me since I was six. I'd like to get through an entire day without being called Digger. And I really, really want to piss off my dad.

RICHARD: You what?

JASON: Can you imagine his face? No, really, take a moment. Picture it. I walk into his office, he's sitting in his enormous red-leather chair, and I say, "Dad, I am leaving. I am taking all of my high-paying clients with me, and I am getting into business with Richard Gilmore, the man you forced out to make room for me." Can you see that face?

RICHARD: I can see it.

JASON: It's a pretty good face, isn't it?

RICHARD: It is rather satisfying.

JASON: So, what do you say?

RICHARD: You hate your father that much?

JASON: I don't hate him. I just don't want to be him.

RICHARD: Jason, would you care to join me for a drink?

JASON: Gladly.

[As they exit the study, Jason's pager goes off]

RICHARD: Emily, Jason's going to join us for a drink.

EMILY: He is? Well, how nice.

JASON: Richard, would you mind if I borrowed your phone?

RICHARD: Not at all. You can use the one in my study.

JASON: Thank you. I'll be right out.

[Jason walks back into the study. Emily and Richard walk to the living room]

EMILY: So, I see your meeting went well.

RICHARD: It was actually very interesting.

EMILY: Really?

RICHARD: He wants to be my business partner.

EMILY: What? But what about his father and his company?

RICHARD: He wants to leave. He wants to work with the best.

EMILY: Well, good for Digger.

RICHARD: Well, I always did like that boy.

EMILY: So what did you say?

RICHARD: Well, I told him I would have to think about it. I mean, it's not as if I need anyone working with me. Things are going very well. I'm building a very solid client base.

EMILY: It would be nice for you not to have to work so hard.

RICHARD: I don't mind hard work, Emily.

EMILY: I know you don't mind it. I just said that it would be nice if you didn't have to do it.

RICHARD: Well. . .

EMILY: Jason's a very nice boy.

RICHARD: Yes, he is. He is a very nice boy.

CUT TO THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

[Sookie is setting up in the dining room.]

LORELAI: What are you doing?

SOOKIE: I'm getting the tables ready.

LORELAI: They were ready.

SOOKIE: No, ready for the food.

LORELAI: They were ready for the food.

SOOKIE: No, they weren't.

LORELAI: Yes, they were. I set them myself.

SOOKIE: But where were the tablecloths?

LORELAI: Right here. There.

SOOKIE: They're paper.

LORELAI: Yes, they are.

SOOKIE: And there's monsters on them.

LORELAI: No, they're Lord of the Rings characters, which is rather appropriate since this is a Lord of the Rings party.

SOOKIE: So this is the table?

LORELAI: Yup.

SOOKIE: And the paper cups and plates. . .

LORELAI: All there on purpose.

SOOKIE: I thought you just put them out for the kids to see.

LORELAI: And use.

SOOKIE: But the chafing dish looks so much better on the white tablecloth.

LORELAI: Um, you shouldn't have a chafing dish out here.

SOOKIE: Why not?

LORELAI: Because a chafing dish has a candle, and a candle has a flame, and a kid could stick his finger in there and get hurt.

SOOKIE: Isn't that how they learn?

LORELAI: Let's heat things up in the kitchen.

SOOKIE: Fine.

LORELAI: You made brie.

SOOKIE: Oh. With lavender honey and, uh, bourbon-sugared pecans. I thought it would go nicely with the crudités platter.

LORELAI: Please tell me you made food for the kids.

SOOKIE: I did make food for the kids.

LORELAI: These kids - not the Romanov kids.

SOOKIE: I just put this out in case anyone over the age of ten gets hungry. There are parents here, too, you know.

LORELAI: I know.

SOOKIE: Parents whose responsibility it would be to keep their kid from hitting another kid or putting their fingers under a chafing dish.

LORELAI: Sookie. . .

SOOKIE: Fine.

CUT TO YALE DORM

[Paris walks through the party]

PARIS: Hey, having a good time? I'm Paris Geller, suite five. It's open. It's got a candle - perfect for some deep conversation. Uh, prepare two to five subjects to discuss so that the conversation doesn't lag and totally ruin the vibe. Party on. [walks over to Rory] So, I did a survey of all the rooms and, by far, ours is the best.

RORY: Great.

PARIS: Three is way too cluttered. Four has developed a weird smell.

RORY: Uh huh

PARIS: Two was a contender for awhile until I started telling everyone that the girl who lives there was waitlisted. I'm gonna get out there and mingle. This is a great party. [walks away]

[Rory goes into her bedroom and tries to read a book, then goes back out to the party]

MADELINE: Rory!

RORY: Oh, my God! Madeline, Louise, what are you doing here?

LOUISE: Party, baby.

RORY: I thought you were supposed to be at Mills.

MADELINE: Where?

RORY: Mills?

MADELINE: Where?

RORY: No more Mills?

MADELINE: Mills went bye-bye before I unpacked my shoes.

LOUISE: She's been hanging out at Tulane with me.

MADELINE: I love New Orleans. I am so southern.

RORY: What are you doing here?

LOUISE: We went online and found out where all the first week of class parties were, and we're making the rounds.

MADELINE: We hit Harvard next.

LOUISE: That's where my boyfriend goes.

RORY: Oh, you're dating a Harvard man?

MADELINE: He's gonna be a writer.

LOUISE: Well, he hopes. Right now, he's totally freaked that The Simpsons are going to be off the air by the time he graduates.

RORY: Well, it's good to see you guys. Paris is around here somewhere.

MADELINE: I hope she's in back of that guy over there because that's where I'm heading.

LOUISE: We'll be back.

RORY: Good luck.

[Madeline and Louise walk away. Two girls walk up to Rory]

MICKY: Rory Gilmore?

KICK: Are you Rory Gilmore?

RORY: Yes, I'm Rory Gilmore.

KICK: Rory. . .what can we do with that?

MICKY: Ro-ro?

KICK: Ry-ror?

MICKY: Her last name might help.

KICK: Gilmore.

MICKY: Ro-gil? Gil-roy?

RORY: Excuse, me, what are you doing?

KICK: Giving you a nick.

MICKY: A nickname.

RORY: Do I know you?

KICK: We get so ahead of ourselves. We're like time travelers. I'm Kick.

MICKY: I'm Mickey. Your grandmother Emily told us to look you up.

RORY: My grandmother?

KICK: She's tight with our mom, D.A.R. darling. When she heard we were going to Yale, she laid down the law.

MICKY: To look you up and make sure you fell in with the right crowd.

KICK: Which would be us.

MICKY: But we never settled on a nickname.

KICK: I think we're still trying the last-first combo.

RORY: Listen, I really appreciate you guys seeking me out, and it was really nice meeting you, but I actually have to go find my roommate.

KICK: Do you have a middle name?

MICKY: Yes, that might help.

KICK: When's your birthday?

MICKY: Oh, astrological nickname. Very in. very, very in.

KICK: Seating.

MICKY: Ooh, great fabric.

KICK: This is the furniture Emily bought.

MICKY: That's right. That woman does have taste.

KICK: I wish she'd talk to Mom.

MICKY: Yeah, 'cause then we wouldn't have to.

KICK: Did Mom tell you about Christmas?

MICKY: Yes. Hawaii.

KICK: Can't even imagine what's going through her mind.

MICKY: Walt Disney could not imagine what was going through her mind.

CUT TO LATER AT THE YALE PARTY

GUY: You want the guy that pumps your gas voting?

GIRL: That is what America is about.

GUY: What ignorance!

GIRL: You're the ignorant one.

KICK: I had a terrible dream the other night that everything they say about sunscreen is true.

MICKY: I have had that dream.

PARIS: I don't think I'm having fun.

RORY: Well, the party's not over yet.

PARIS: I know. What's with the Gabor sisters?

RORY: Friends from my grandmother.

PARIS: Great. Everybody has a group but me.

RORY: What are you talking about?

PARIS: Janet's a runner, so she'll automatically be in the jock group. Tanna's a freak, so she'll be in the John Nash group. You've got your grandmother's obligation friends, and I'm stuck over there listening to a bad talk-radio session. This sucks.

RORY: Well, we could just kick everyone out and just go to bed.

PARIS: No. I'll just have to try a little harder. I'm determined. Things are going to be different this year.

GUY: [to Paris] Hey. pierce my ear.

PARIS: Okay, everybody out, now! This room is closed. Take your gross beer and your inane conversations somewhere else. Move!

MICKEY: What's going on?

RORY: I don't know. Looks like my roommate's kicking everybody out. Oh sh**t.

PARIS: Hey, Bim and Bim, up. Let's move, now.

KICK: Hey!

RORY: Sorry. She's my roommate. What can I do? Call me.

CUT TO THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

[The kids are gathered around the TV watching Lord of the Rings.]

HELEN: Lorelai, some of the kids are starting to get hungry. I think we should have the food ready to go the minute the movie's over.

LORELAI: I agree. I'll get right on that. [she walks to the dining room] Oh, hey. Um, Helen wants us to put the food on.

SOOKIE: Oh, one step ahead of you.

LORELAI: Good, good. So, uh, what do we have here?

SOOKIE: A little lemon-garlic aioli for the blanched veggies.

LORELAI: Oh, great.

SOOKIE: You think I should put the assorted charcuteries on this table or this one?

LORELAI: It depends. Which one is the kids' table?

SOOKIE: There are no designated tables. I'm mixing and matching here.

LORELAI: Okay.

SOOKIE: Oh, perfect. Right here. Well, hello, gorgeous. What's your name?

LORELAI: Oh, boy. Wow.

[a little girl walks into the dining room]

GIRL: I'm hungry.

SOOKIE: Would you like some gravlax?

GIRL: Some what?

LORELAI: Sookie, where's the kids' food?

SOOKIE: Okay, you need to relax. I haven't put the kids' food out yet because you wouldn't let me use the chafing dishes and I didn't want the food to get cold.

[the little girl tastes a carrot, then puts it back on the tray of food]

SOOKIE: What did you just do?

LORELAI: Sookie.

SOOKIE: You just stuck that carrot in your mouth and then put it back on the platter. Why would you do that?

GIRL: It tastes like diapers.

SOOKIE: It does not taste like diapers.

LORELAI: Honey, why don't you go sit down. I'll call you when dinner's ready.

SOOKIE: You take it back!

LORELAI: Okay, come on.

[Lorelai pulls Sookie into the kitchen]

SOOKIE: What are you doing?

LORELAI: Where is it?

SOOKIE: Where is what?

LORELAI: The food that doesn't taste like diapers.

SOOKIE: You mean the kids' food?

LORELAI: Yes, the kids' food. Did you make any?

SOOKIE: I'm not stupid.

LORELAI: I never said you were stupid.

SOOKIE: You know, I booked this gig. I'm the one who came to you and said, "Hey, you want to cater a kids' party with me?" [she pulls a dish out of the oven] Here. Here is the children's food for the children's birthday party, okay?

LORELAI: What is that?

SOOKIE: It's macaroni and cheese.

LORELAI: It's green. Why is it green?

SOOKIE: Because I made it with a jalapeno-chipotle cream sauce.

LORELAI: Kids aren't gonna eat this.

SOOKIE: When they try it -

LORELAI: They won't even try it.

SOOKIE: Why not?

LORELAI: Because it's green.

SOOKIE: You haven't even offered it to them yet. They may surprise you.

LORELAI: Where is the rest of it?

SOOKIE: The rest of what?

LORELAI: The rest of the kid food.

SOOKIE: This is it.

LORELAI: Sookie!

SOOKIE: They're small! How much can they eat?

LORELAI: We talked about this. I mentioned hot dogs and pizza puffs and chips. I told you to make popcorn balls. Where the hell are the popcorn balls?

SOOKIE: You were serious about that?

LORELAI: Oh, my God! Is that the cake?

SOOKIE: Of course it's the cake. You think I would go to a birthday party without a cake?

LORELAI: What kind of cake is it, Sookie?

SOOKIE: Chocolate. With a rum-raisin, tropical-fruit ganache.

LORELAI: Okay, um, Cheech? Uh, here. Go to, um, Doose's, okay, and get, like, five boxes of frozen mini pizzas and five boxes of those pigs in a blanket and all the chips you can find. And then go to Weston's, get a couple dozen cupcakes, and have Mamie give you a couple of big bags of jimmies - like chocolate, rainbow, whatever.

SOOKIE: What are you doing?

LORELAI: We'll have them decorate their own cupcakes. They'll love it. Okay, go.

SOOKIE: We're going to serve them cupcakes?

LORELAI: Maybe they have something to tide them over for a little while.

SOOKIE: Hey, hey, I'm talking here.

LORELAI: Yeah, I know. Just relax. It's gonna be fine.

SOOKIE: I know it's gonna be fine because I've been cooking all week long. I made four different cakes before choosing that particular one. So, yeah, I know it's gonna be fine.

LORELAI: But the kids won't eat that.

SOOKIE: You know what, I'm getting a little tired of you telling me what the kids won't eat. You are supposed to plan the party, and I'm supposed to do the cooking. That's the arrangement.

LORELAI: Yes, but you have to think about the client, Sookie.

SOOKIE: I am thinking about the client. That cake is incredible.

LORELAI: Not if you're an 8-year-old.

SOOKIE: How do you know?

LORELAI: Because I had an 8-year-old, and she hung out with other 8-year-olds, and my taste right now is not that different from an 8-year-old.

SOOKIE: Okay, you can't just walk in and take over. That's not the arrangement. You're not in charge here. We're partners.

LORELAI: I know that.

SOOKIE: I'm a great chef. A great chef does not have the client decorate his own cupcakes.

[a little girl walks in]

GIRL: Can I have a juice box?

SOOKIE: Hey, we're talking!

[the girl's face scrunches up like she's about to cry]

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. . . [she gets a juice box from the fridge]

SOOKIE: What's the matter with her? Is she sick? Why is her mouth open? Lorelai, look at her face.

LORELAI: [to the girl] Hi, honey. There's your juice. It's grape. Do you like grape? Me, too! It makes your tongue all purple. Now take your juice and go watch the rest of the movie, all right? You look very nice in your costume. [the girl leaves] Okay, Sookie, I didn't mean to just take over like that. I felt a crisis coming on so I snapped into problem-solving mode, and I didn't think.

SOOKIE: I can't do this.

LORELAI: Yes, you can. We just need to be clearer on the menu next time.

SOOKIE: No, not this. [points to her stomach] This.

LORELAI: Isn't it a little late?

SOOKIE: You saw me with that little girl. I mean, and her face - I made that face.

LORELAI: You were upset.

SOOKIE: This is not right. This is all wrong. I don't. . . I don't want to be pregnant anymore!

LORELAI: What are you gonna do, walk it off? Sookie, Sookie. . . hey, hey. . . where are you going?

SOOKIE: A child is not a duvet cover. You can't just take it back if it doesn't like you.

LORELAI: Luckily, duvet covers notoriously like whoever they go home with. They're like golden retrievers.

SOOKIE: You know what happens when kids don't like you? They tie you to a chair. They brain you with a bat. They set fire to the house and blame it on the neighbors.

LORELAI: Wow, now you can't have kids or live next door to them.

SOOKIE: I don't know how to talk to them, I don't know how to feed them, I cover up their party cloths, and I set their fingers on fire.

LORELAI: Just this once.

SOOKIE: I make them eat jalapeno-chipotle cream sauce. I'm Mommie Dearest.

LORELAI: Okay, back in the kitchen.

SOOKIE: No, I can't go back. I've got hummus in there.

LORELAI: Come on.

SOOKIE: God knows what I'll do with it!

LORELAI: Oh. Uh, hey, Rawley, could you just go make sure the kids have enough soda? [to Sookie] You just have to calm down.

SOOKIE: I can't have it.

LORELAI: Yes, you can.

SOOKIE: No, I can't. I'm gonna fail. Get it out, get it out, get it out!

LORELAI: Stop. Breathe. Drink. Everything's gonna be fine.

SOOKIE: Kids don't like me, and I'm not so sure I like them.

LORELAI: You'll like your kid.

SOOKIE: You know at family gatherings when everyone goes into the living room, gathers around, watches the kids? I read. Jackson's sister has a little girl, six years old. She likes to get up in front of the family after dinner and sing Mariah Carey songs. I heckle. I have no desire to play with them. Easter egg hunts bore me. I have never borrowed the neighbor's kid to look after for the afternoon.

LORELAI: Good. That's called kidnapping.

SOOKIE: "Come on, Jackson, let's have a baby. I wanna be a mommy." I'm pathetic.

LORELAI: You're not pathetic.

SOOKIE: I'm gonna be a bad mother. I should not be a parent.

LORELAI: Sookie, look at me. There are many people in this world who should not have been parents. Mr. and Mrs. Hitler, for example. The bin Ladens could have just watched TV that night. Richard and Emily might have taken a pass at procreating. But you. . .no way. You're gonna be a great parent.

SOOKIE: Yeah?

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: How do you know?

LORELAI: Because I know you, and I watched you with Rory when she was growing up.

SOOKIE: Well, who could not like Rory?

LORELAI: You're gonna be amazing. That little boy of yours is very lucky.

SOOKIE: Okay. I guess it's gonna be okay.

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: Okay. Okay. I'm really, really okay.

LORELAI: Yeah, okay.

[Sookie goes into the dining room, then walks right back into the kitchen]

SOOKIE: Someone threw up on the table.

LORELAI: Oh, God.

SOOKIE: I'm okay. I'm just gonna go over there and be. . .okay.

LORELAI: Good idea.

CUT TO YALE DORM

[Rory wakes up in the middle of the night. She hears a noise out in the hallway and walks out of her suite. A naked guy is sleeping on the floor. She wakes him up]

MARTY: Hi.

RORY: Hi.

MARTY: I'm on the floor.

RORY: You were sleeping.

MARTY: I have no clothes on.

RORY: No, you don't.

MARTY: I'm on the floor, I have no clothes on, and you're a girl, so I must be. . .

RORY: On the wrong floor.

MARTY: Oh, boy.

RORY: Where's your room?

MARTY: I think up. Are we on the first floor?

RORY: Yes.

MARTY: Then up. Any idea how long I've been here?

RORY: No.

MARTY: So you have no idea how many people have walked by while I've. . .

RORY: Sorry.

MARTY: Great. Now for the rest of my time at Yale, I'm gonna be "the naked guy."

RORY: I'm sorry.

MARTY: And you know what's really great? Tomorrow, when the "naked guy" nickname starts spreading around campus like wildfire, I'm gonna be in my third hour of throwing up.

RORY: Well, it's been really quiet out here for a while now, so there's a chance that no one but me has actually seen you yet.

MARTY: Oh yeah?

RORY: I promise I won't say anything. And if there's a chance that you could refrain from, you know, being naked again in the wrong hallway at the next party, then there's a chance you might get a completely different nickname, like "the never-naked guy."

MARTY: You're a very kind person. [he starts to stand up]

RORY: Wait. Hold on. Um, you can borrow this. [she hands him her robe]

MARTY: Thanks.

RORY: Mmhmm.

MARTY: Hey, weren't you in my Japanese Fiction class today?

RORY: Yeah, that's right.

MARTY: I thought so. Hi, I'm, uh. . .Marty.

RORY: Um. . .Rory.

MARTY: I won't remember that tomorrow.

RORY: That's perfectly understandable.

MARTY: So I should probably try and find my room. And my pants, 'cause that's where I kept my keys.

RORY: So pants first.

MARTY: Right, pants first.

RORY: Night.

MARTY: Yup. I'm officially stupider than my brother. I never thought that would happen.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Rory is waiting out front by her car when Lorelai pulls up]

LORELAI: Hi.

RORY: I decided I'm going to do it.

LORELAI: To do what?

RORY: I'm going to go in there and I'm going to tell Grandma that she's going to butt out of my life.

LORELAI: Mmhmm. Can I. . . [she sniffs Rory's travel mug]

RORY: What are you doing?

LORELAI: Just checking. So you have soberly decided to confront my mother?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Are you sure you want to do this?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: All right, then I support you one hundred percent.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: Just make sure you wait for the right moment.

RORY: Oh, the right moment is now. The right moment arrived in a big pink hat full of feathers screaming, "Notice me because I am here!"

LORELAI: Oh, well, if it was wearing a hat. . .

[they ring the doorbell. Emily answers the door]

EMILY: There they are.

LORELAI: Hi, Mom.

EMILY: Come in. I tell you, this day has been an absolute circus. I misplaced every single thing I needed - my grocery list, my ticket for the shoe repair. It was a nightmare. What will you girls have?

LORELAI: Wait for the moment, wait for the moment.

RORY: Grandma, I have to talk to you about something.

EMILY: Yes, Rory, what is it?

[There is silence as Rory tries to bring herself to confront Emily. Richard enters the room]

RICHARD: I have an announcement. I am going into business with Jason Stiles.

LORELAI: Who?

RICHARD: You've met him - the Stiles boy.

LORELAI: Oh, Digger.

RICHARD: Nobody's called him Digger in years, Lorelai. And yes, I just got off the phone. We're going to get together later and hash out the details.

EMILY: Richard, that is wonderful.

LORELAI: I didn't know you were looking for a partner.

EMILY: He wasn't. Jason came to him.

RICHARD: That's right. He said he wanted to strike out on his own, he wanted to work with the best, and he wanted to screw over his father.

LORELAI: What?

RICHARD: Oh, excuse me, Rory.

EMILY: You never told me about this.

RICHARD: Well, I was a bit surprised at the beginning, but I have to admit that when he told me that part of his motive was revenge, I was intrigued. No, I was tickled. I thought it was wonderful. What a wonderful world we live in that the son of my enemy hates his father and that I benefit from it all. It's downright Elizabethan.

EMILY: I don't think this is very funny, Richard.

RICHARD: No, no, I suppose not. However, I can't stop smiling.

EMILY: I don't think you should go into business with this boy.

RICHARD: Oh, now, Emily.

EMILY: He's obviously very troubled. You certainly don't need to hand over your business to a troubled youth.

RICHARD: He's 37 years old.

EMILY: Yes, he's 37 years old, and all he can think about is how to get back at his father. I don't understand that kind of thinking.

RICHARD: Well, you know Floyd - he's horrible.

EMILY: He is the boy's father. He raised him. He clothed him. He fed him. He does not deserve to be paid back for all of his love and devotion like this.

RICHARD: Why are you getting so upset?

EMILY: I don't want to talk about it anymore.

RICHARD: Oh, Emily, be reasonable.

EMILY: I never liked that Digger in the first place.

RICHARD: Oh, Emily, come back here.

[Emily and Richard leave the room. Lorelai clucks like a chicken at Rory]

RORY: It wasn't the right moment.

[Lorelai clucks at her again]

RORY: I was about to when Grandpa came in. He interrupted, and now Grandma's mad, so I'm sorry if it seems to you like I chickened out, but I didn't, and now it's just gonna have to wait.

LORELAI: Mmhmm. [clucks again]

THE END

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