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01x18 - The Third Lorelai

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01x18 - The Third Lorelai

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1.18 - The Third Lorelai

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CUT TO GRANDMA'S HOUSE

[Lorelai, Rory and Grandma sitting at the dinner table]

GRANDMA: Everyone's awfully quiet tonight.

LORELAI: Sorry Mom, I'm just tired.

RORY: Me too - school.

LORELAI: Work.

RORY: Life.

LORELAI: Dig it man.

RORY: Peace out Humphrey.

GRANDMA: Mystery. [pause] Well this is just ridiculous. Three intelligent women sitting here in complete silence. There must be something to talk about. Do you know that every night at dinner, the Kennedy clan would sit around the table having lively debates about everything under the sun? They would quiz each other about current events, historical facts, intellectual trivia. Now the Gilmore clan is just as smart and worldly as the Kennedy's so come on - somebody - say something.

LORELAI: Do you know that butt models make \$10,000 a day? [Rory chuckles]

GRANDMA: Camelot is truly dead.

GRANDPA: Emily!

GRANDMA: In here, just follow the crickets.

GRANDPA: I am sorry I'm late, but I come bearing wonderful news.

GRANDMA: Siri bring Mr. Gilmore a plate! [getting up and following him to his seat]

GRANDPA: I just got off the phone.

GRANDMA: Would you like to change first?

GRANDPA: No, no, no I'm fine. So I -

GRANDMA: Siri, Mr. Gilmore is hungry! [placing napkin in his lap]

GRANDPA: Emily, I am perfectly capable of putting a napkin on my lap.

GRANDMA: Alright I'm sorry. You were on the phone.

GRANDPA: Long distance.

LORELAI: God?

GRANDPA: London.

LORELAI: God lives in London?

GRANDPA: My mother lives in London.

LORELAI: Your mother is God?

GRANDPA: Lorelai.

LORELAI: So, God is a woman...

GRANDPA: Lorelai.

GRANDPA: And a relative, that's so cool. I'm gonna totally ask for favors.

GRANDPA: [to Rory] Make her stop.

RORY: Oh that I could.

GRANDMA: You spoke to your mother.

GRANDPA: Yes I did. She's fine, she sends her love and...she's coming to visit.

GRANDMA: What?

LORELAI: You're kidding?

GRANDMA: When?

RORY: I'm gonna get to meet my great-grandma?

GRANDPA: Lorelai I.

GRANDMA: When?

LORELAI: I was named after her.

RORY: I figured.

GRANDMA: Richard when?

GRANDPA: You're going to love her. My mother is brilliant, absolutely brilliant.

LORELAI: We share that also.

GRANDMA: I'm asking a question here, does no one hear me? Am I suddenly invisible?

GRANDPA: I'm sorry. What was the question?

GRANDMA: When is your mother arriving?

GRANDPA: A week from today. Rory, I'm telling you, it's going to be such a treat.

GRANDMA: Excuse me. [leaves]

LORELAI: I still can't get over that I'm related to God. It's gonna make getting Madonna tickets so much easier.

[Pan to basement]

LORELAI: Mom? Mom?

GRANDMA: It's just like that woman, no warnings, no discussions, then out of the blue 'I'm coming next week'.

LORELAI: What are you doing?

GRANDMA: I have to unpack these things.

LORELAI: What things? Excuse me boys [to statue of two dogs]

GRANDMA: I have to get out everything she's ever given us. 35 years worth of fish lamps and dog statues, lion tables and stupid naked angels with their...butts!

LORELAI: Whoa! Stupid naked angel butts? What did David Manic just stop by.

GRANDMA: Leave please.

LORELAI: Mom calm down.

GRANDMA: I can't calm down! That lamp shade is missing, the china is cracked and I can't remember which table it is that she gave us for our 10 year anniversary!

LORELAI: Mother, Grandma is a very old woman, I highly doubt that she's going to remember everything she ever bought you.

GRANDMA: She will remember down to the very last shrimp fork and do you know why?

LORELAI: No. [to dogs] Do you guys know why?

GRANDMA: Because she doesn't just give you a present, she 'gives' you a present and she tells you where to put it, how to use it, what it costs - for insurance purposes of course - and God forbid you should have a different opinion or you don't think it works in the space or you just get tired of waking up every morning with those horrifying animals staring at you!

LORELAI: [to dogs] She's just upset.

GRANDMA: Stop talking to the dogs!

LORELAI: Mom! You're freaking out. I've never seen you freak out before.

GRANDMA: Yes you have you were 12, it was the last time that horrible woman came to visit. [tries to pull a rug off a shelf.]

LORELAI: Do you want some help?

GRANDMA: No! [sighs] Please.

LORELAI: Where's it going?

GRANDMA: Third floor.

LORELAI: How about second floor?

GRANDMA: Third floor.

LORELAI: How about first floor on a ladder?

CUT TO INSIDE CAR

RORY: So tell me more about her.

LORELAI: I don't really know that much.

RORY: Well you know more than I do.

LORELAI: Well let's see. She moved to London when Grandpa died but she didn't like to travel so once a year Mom and Dad would go to visit her, usually leaving me behind, much to my relief by the way, and that's it. The rest I know from stories just like you.

RORY: Grandpa says I remind him of her.

LORELAI: That is the biggest compliment that can be wrenched out of Grumpy McFarlen believe me.

RORY: I hope she likes me.

LORELAI: She'll love you.

RORY: I hope she and Grandma get along.

LORELAI: She'll love you.

CUT TO CHILTON

[Paris, Madeline, Louise, Tristin, Rory and two other guys sitting in a circle working]

PARIS: I think that the basic structure of the Elizabethan government is relatively sound. The division of power between the monarchy, the privy council and the parliament all seem to work. Agreed?

MADELINE: Agreed.

LOUISE: Ditto.

PARIS: Ok, so in establishing our own government, I think duplicating a similar structure would be good, with a few alterations. Queen Elizabeth chose to remain unwed. She took on the burden of leadership all by herself at a time when possibly marrying the Prince of France or the King of Spain would solidify her throne while expanding her empire. And though it obviously worked for her, and the concept of a woman ruling without man is certainly politically correct these days, I think we need to take a different tact. [in the background while Louise and Madeline talk] I think we need to devise a nation with a truly solidified royal alliance...

MADELINE: [over Paris] She does know this is a make belief government right?

LOUISE: [over Paris] You ask her, I'm afraid.

PARIS: [in foreground] So in addition to the different political branches, we'll also need a King and Queen. Rory, Tristin, what about you?

TRISTIN: Us?

RORY: Oh.

TRISTIN: No.

RORY: Yes, no.

PARIS: Why?

TRISTIN: Because..

RORY: I just don't want to be queen.

TRISTIN: Me either [pause] King - I don't want to be king.

RORY: What about you? You be queen.

PARIS: I'm going to be head of Parliament. I can't be queen.

RORY: Be both.

PARIS: I can't be both.

RORY: Why not? It's our government.

PARIS: It's not done that way.

RORY: It can be though, let's vote.

PARIS: Rory.

RORY: Henry VIII started a new church when the old one wouldn't allow divorce.

PARIS: He also cut off his wife's head. Is he still your role model?

RORY: I'm just saying we have the opportunity to make any kind of government we want here.

PARIS: Why won't you be queen?

MADELINE: I'll be queen.

RORY: There, make Madeline queen.

PARIS: Fine, you're queen, Tristin's king.

LOUISE: I'll be the lady-in-waiting. The one with the low-cut blue velvet renaissance dress.

PARIS: Lady-in-waiting is not a political office.

LOUISE: No but they get all the sex.

PARIS: What?

LOUISE: Watch a movie.

PARIS: We are talking about government class not the movies. God why can't I get one person to care about this as much as I do?!

LOUISE: Ok fine. I'll be the head of the Quarter Sessions court, but I'm still wearing the dress. Happy?

PARIS: Out of my mind. Ok, so, I secured us the class room to work tomorrow and Sunday so that by Monday we'll be ready.

MADELINE: We're working all weekend?

LOUISE: You're kidding. [Bell rings]

PARIS: Take this. It's an outline for the entire system - point of methods, some basic laws and penalties plus some random ideas. Please be ready to discuss it tomorrow 9:00 in the morning, don't be late.

MADELINE: Wow, she designed the flag.

PARIS: [in the hallway] Question.

RORY: Ok.

PARIS: What's up with you and Tristin?

RORY: What do you mean?

PARIS: You just seem weird around each other.

RORY: Nope, no weirder than usual.

PARIS: I disagree.

RORY: You usually do.

PARIS: I just think it's strange that you don't wanna be queen.

RORY: You know, not all girls want to be queen Paris. Even Barbie ended up being a stewardess.

PARIS: Ok, if you say so. Read my manifesto, I want your thoughts.

RORY: First thought - lose the word 'manifesto'.

PARIS: Too cabin-in-the-woods?

RORY: Don't open your mail.

PARIS: Right. How about doctrine?

RORY: Better.

PARIS: Ok, see you tomorrow.

RORY: Bye. [realizes she left her notebook and heads back to the classroom. She runs into Tristin]

TRISTIN: Uh...you left this [handing her her notebook.]

RORY: Oh yeah I did. Thanks.

TRISTIN: Sure. [both try to go through the doorway together and backup]

RORY: Well, that could have been a potential Marx Brothers moment.

TRISTIN: You go first.

RORY: Ok. [starts to exit but then turns back] I think we need to talk.

TRISTIN: About what?

RORY: Tristin you know about what?

TRISTIN: No I don't.

RORY: Look, we have a lot of work ahead of us. We also have about two and a half years of being in the same school. I don't want things to be weird between us. Don't you think it'd be good to at least try to talk about this?

TRISTIN: Ok.

RORY: Good. [They both try to go through the doorway at the same time again] I'm gonna go first.

TRISTIN: Right [chuckles]

CUT TO INN

LORELAI: Ugh! It's still not working.

MICHEL: Well you did something wrong.

LORELAI: I didn't do anything wrong. I did the same thing I always do when I'm pulling up reservations for the upcoming month but nothing happened.

MICHEL: You typed in the name?

LORELAI: I typed in the name.

MICHEL: You clicked on the April 5?

LORELAI: I clicked on the April 5.

MICHEL: You double clicked on confirmation?

LORELAI: I double clicked.

MICHEL: Are you sure?

LORELAI: Yes I double clicked.

MICHEL: You clicked twice.

LORELAI: No I double clicked but I didn't click twice.

MICHEL: Because to successfully double click you must click twice.

LORELAI: I know what double click is.

MICHEL: Well apparently you do not or we wouldn't be having this conversation.

LORELAI: Ooh, I'm going to pinch you so hard right now.

MICHEL: Well I don't know what you have done!

LORELAI: Well - ah! [as Michel pushes her out of the way]

MICHEL: Well I can't fix it if you don't move.

LORELAI: I double clicked. [as Michel starts to type] Ooh, what's that?

MICHEL: What?

LORELAI: That flashy red thing [speaks at the same time as Michel] with an 'x' through it.

MICHEL: [speaks at the same time as Lorelai] I do not know.

LORELAI: Ooh, it happened when you pushed something funky.

MICHEL: I pushed nothing 'funky'.

LORELAI: You have the funk my friend. [phone rings] Independence Inn.

GRANDMA: I need the hat rack.

LORELAI: [whispers] The fish flies at night.

GRANDMA: What?

LORELAI: I don't know, who is this?

GRANDMA: This is your mother.

LORELAI: Oh well hi Mom, I didn't recognize your voice.

GRANDMA: I need the hat rack back.

LORELAI: What hat rack?

GRANDMA: The hat rack I gave you.

LORELAI: What hat rack?

GRANDMA: The hat rack I gave you for Christmas five years ago.

LORELAI: Uh, well...

GRANDMA: It's large, bronze with dragons or weasels - I don't know, some sort of lizard type animal that you hang your coats on.

LORELAI: Yes, yes, I remember it.

GRANDMA: Thank God. I need it back.

LORELAI: You need a Christmas present back?

GRANDMA: Temporarily.

LORELAI: Why Mom?

GRANDMA: I need it back because Richard's mother gave it to us and she'll notice if it's not there.

LORELAI: You gave me a used present?

GRANDMA: No, we never used it.

LORELAI: I can't believe it.

GRANDMA: You'll get it back.

LORELAI: You gave me a second hand present, like something you got at the junk store.

GRANDMA: You're being a little dramatic. It was still in the crate.

LORELAI: You actually went "Huh, what should I get Lorelai this year. You know what, I can't be bothered. Let's give her something we don't want anymore."

GRANDMA: You're not funny.

LORELAI: What would Miss Manners say about this?

GRANDMA: If she met your grandmother she'd understand. Now please, just bring the rack with you when you come tonight ok?

LORELAI: [sighing] Ok, sure.

GRANDMA: Thank you.

LORELAI: You're welcome. Bye.

CUT TO OUTSIDE CHILTON

TRISTIN: [sighs] So we're supposed to talk.

RORY: Yeah. Look about the other night.

TRISTIN: Look, I was upset over Summer.

RORY: Yes and I was upset over Dean.

TRISTIN: So, then it doesn't mean anything right?

RORY: Right.

TRISTIN: So then - right, so then that's it. We just chalk it up to a bad night.

RORY: Ok. I'm sorry I cried.

TRISTIN: No problem.

RORY: I swear it had nothing to do with the kiss.

TRISTIN: I kissed you, you cried. That had to do something with the kiss.

RORY: No, I cried because I was confused. Because I hadn't cried. I didn't cry because of the kiss. It was a nice kiss.

TRISTIN: Yeah?

RORY: Very nice. Not at all crying material.

TRISTIN: Really?

RORY: Absolutely.

TRISTIN: Wanna try it again?

RORY: Well I think someone's recovering from their heartbreak just fine.

TRISTIN: Yeah I'm all better. [small pause] I think I'm going to swear off girls for a while.

RORY: Ha!

TRISTIN: What?

RORY: Uh, sorry, nothing. You said you were going to swear off girls - it's funny.

TRISTIN: You don't think I can?

RORY: No I think you can, I just think it would be hard for you. It'd probably involve some kind of lock up facility, one of those Hannibal Lector masks.

TRISTIN: Ok yes, it would be hard but not impossible.

RORY: Maybe it's not so much swearing off all girls but swearing off a certain kind of girl.

TRISTIN: Meaning?

RORY: Meaning next time maybe you should pick a girl with a little more substance. You know, a girl who's smart and is driven and has ambition. You know like Paris.

TRISTIN: Are you serious?

RORY: Yeah why not? Paris is smart and cute and interesting and yes she does bring her own unique set of baggage into the mix.

TRISTIN: A matching set.

RORY: But she likes you. She's crazy about you. She thinks you're amazing.

TRISTIN: You want me to date Paris?

RORY: Just think about it.

TRISTIN: [exhales loudly] Me and Paris.

RORY: Louis, I think this is the beginning of a wonderful friendship.

TRISTIN: Who's Louis?

RORY: Just think. [leaves]

CUT TO GILMORE HOUSE.

LORELAI: [sighs] Come on, let's go.

RORY: Relax, I'm almost ready.

LORELAI: We're gonna be late.

RORY: No we're not.

LORELAI: Well it's Friday night and traffic's bad on Friday night.

RORY: Since when?

LORELAI: Since the beginning of time. Here let me do that. [puts on necklace for Rory]

RORY: What's up with you?

LORELAI: Nothing.

RORY: You've been ready and bugging me for almost an hour. Usually I have to drag you out of here kicking and screaming to go to dinner.

LORELAI: Now then.

RORY: You whine, you complain, you act like a child.

LORELAI: I do not.

RORY: I had to pay you five bucks once so you wouldn't go in sweats.

LORELAI: Make your point and make it fast, as we move quickly to the front door.

RORY: My point is that you are mean.

LORELAI: I am not mean.

RORY: You are. You want to go to dinner to see Grandma uncomfortable, that's mean.

LORELAI: Oh, ok, look. I will admit, I work very hard and sometimes I am a little tired come Friday night for the Gilmore family dinner. But I had a light day today and my grandmother who I have not seen for years is going to be there.

RORY: And it has nothing to do with the fact that Grandma hates Great-grandma?

LORELAI: Not at all.

RORY: And when you see Grandma miserable and uncomfortable you're going to be sad and sympathetic?

LORELAI: Not at all.

RORY: Mean.

LORELAI: I'm kidding.

RORY: I want you to be nice.

LORELAI: I will be nice.

RORY: And no outward reveling in someone else's pain.

LORELAI: I promise, internal reveling only.

RORY: Ok then, we can go.

LORELAI: Ok good. Oh wait [grabs a camera] So the internal reveling can continue for years to come.

RORY: Mean.

LORELAI: Ha!

CUT TO INSIDE CAR

[Lorelai starts to laugh to herself.]

RORY: Mean, mean, mean.

CUT TO GRANDMA'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory are carrying the hat rack]

RORY: God, this thing weighs like a 1000 pounds.

LORELAI: I know, I know. Here, put down.

RORY: What are we doing?

LORELAI: Well, in case Gran comes to the door you know.

RORY: Good thinking.

LORELAI: I mean she's 80. The eyes have got to be gone right?

RORY: Let's just try to keep her inside the house.

LORELAI: Good thinking [knocks]

GRANDMA: Do you have it?

LORELAI: We got it.

GRANDMA: Hurry up, bring it in here.

LORELAI: Ah!

RORY: Sorry.

GRANDMA: Ok, quiet, be quiet.

LORELAI: Ok mom, thanks for the direction and all but, um, we need some help.

GRANDMA: Oh yeah sorry.

LORELAI: [to Rory] Careful honey.

GRANDMA: Watch it, watch your head. Get it over here. Ok yes, yeah I think that was about - no I think it was maybe a little more on the left. Oh God I should have put tape down.

LORELAI: Mom, you don't think that the coat rack could've moved a quarter of an inch in five years?

GRANDMA: Yeah you're right. That's it. Ok, put your coats on it.

LORELAI: How'd you get her in here without her noticing it wasn't there?

GRANDMA: Well I brought her in through the back way then I had Stella wax the floors, also she napped so that took up about an hour.

RORY: Where is she now?

GRANDMA: In the living room scratching the diamond pendant I bought her against a mirror.

LORELAI: So we shouldn't keep her waiting huh?

GRANDMA: No you're right, we shouldn't. Oh, heaven help me! [they head for the living room. Lorelai chuckles.]

RORY: Stop.

GRANDMA: Mom, look who's here?

TRIX: Who?

GRANDMA: Well, look.

TRIX: If I wanted to look, I would look. I haven't looked therefore you must draw your own conclusions. Ah, thank you, dear boy. [Grandpa gives her a drink]

GRANDPA: You're welcome Trix.

RORY: Trix?

LORELAI: Dad's pet name for Gran.

GRANDMA: Isn't it just darling?

LORELAI: Hi Gran.

TRIX: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Yes, it's so good to see you again.

GRANDPA: Trix, this is Rory. You haven't met her yet.

TRIX: No, I don't believe I have.

RORY: Hello.

TRIX: Come. I want to get a very good look at both of you. They're tall.

GRANDPA: Well yes they are.

TRIX: How's your health?

LORELAI: Oh, good.

RORY: Very healthy.

LORELAI: Mm-hmm.

TRIX: Good. That means that the majority of your blood is Gilmore blood. Gilmore's don't get sick. Am I right Richard?

GRANDPA: Oh we wouldn't dare Trix.

TRIX: That's right. Your mother is always sick.

GRANDMA: I'm hardly always sick.

TRIX: You're sick right now.

LORELAI: Are you sick now Mom?

GRANDMA: Headache.

TRIX: Gilmore's don't have headaches, our heads are perfect. You don't drink?

LORELAI: Uh, well...

TRIX: Emily, get this woman a drink.

GRANDPA: Oh I'll do it.

LORELAI: Oh thanks Dad. White wine.

GRANDMA: I'm going to go get the hors d'oeuvres.

TRIX: So you're Rory.

RORY: Yes ma'am.

TRIX: My son speaks of you constantly. He seems very fond of you.

RORY: Oh well I'm very fond of him too.

GRANDPA: This little girl is as smart as a whip Mom. I think she has a great deal of you in her.

TRIX: Really?

GRANDPA: Mm-hmm.

TRIX: How nice. [Grandma enters with a tray of cheese] Is this cheese?

GRANDMA: Yes it is.

TRIX: Am I supposed to eat that cheese?

GRANDMA: Well only if you like.

GRANDPA: Emily, where are those spiced nuts that Trix likes so much?

GRANDMA: I'll get some.

TRIX: So Lorelai, since I've seen you last, you've grown up, gotten pregnant out of wedlock, raised a child and still haven't bothered to get married. Have I left anything out?

LORELAI: Well sometime in between growing up and getting pregnant, I got my ears pierced.

TRIX: I've always hated a scandal. However I've always appreciated self-sufficiency. Tell me, how do you support this child?

LORELAI: I run an inn.

TRIX: Hard work?

LORELAI: Yes it is.

TRIX: Good. Hard work is good for a woman - makes her stronger. I admire people who enjoy hard work.

GRANDMA: Here we go, spiced nuts.

TRIX: Thank you Emily. I suppose I can just put these nuts in my hand.

GRANDMA: I'll be right back.

LORELAI: So Gran, um, when was the last time I saw you?

TRIX: You were still in your teens, wild hair flying everywhere. I see you've taken care of that.

LORELAI: Yes, I joined a support group, bought a hair brush and just taking it one day at a time.

TRIX: That was a joke?

LORELAI: Yes it is.

TRIX: Very good.

LORELAI: Thank you.

GRANDMA: I have dishes and napkins.

TRIX: Good for you. Richard, I would like to be escorted into the dining room now.

GRANDPA: Your wish is my command.

GRANDMA: Well, uh, I'm not sure that dinner is ready just yet.

TRIX: Well perhaps our presence in the dining room will teach your help that when one is told dinner is at 7:00, people often expects dinner at 7:00.

GRANDMA: But it's only five after Mom.

TRIX: Only five after? Richard, in the even that I am kidnapped and a ransom is demanded at a certain time, I would prefer that Emily not be in charge of the drop off. [Lorelai and Rory get up and follow. Lorelai gives Emily a 'what can you do' shoulder shrug]

[Pan to later that evening.]

RORY: Grandma, this dinner's delicious.

TRIX: Very good young lady, well all believe you. Now, let's talk about your education. Where are you attending school?

RORY: Chilton.

GRANDPA: Rory is in the top ten percent of her class.

GRANDMA: We're very proud of our Rory. She's going to Harvard.

TRIX: Harvard?

RORY: Yes ma'am.

TRIX: Richard, how can you allow this girl to go to Harvard?!

GRANDPA: Now Trix -

TRIX: You're a Yale man, your father was a Yale man!

LORELAI: Well we want Rory to be whatever kind of man she wants to be.

TRIX: That's enough jokes for this evening Lorelai.

LORELAI: Sorry.

TRIX: Now if you don't mind my asking, Chilton is rather an expensive institution, I'm curious how the manager of an inn can afford such a luxury?

LORELAI: Ah well...

GRANDMA: We're helping Lorelai out a little.

GRANDPA: Yes, we've seen to it that Rory's education is taken care of.

LORELAI: But it's temporary. It's a loan. I plan to pay them back every cent. They know this.

TRIX: That's it, I'm done. Richard. Tomorrow, Rory, I shall plan the menu. When you've lived in Europe you learn a thing or two about food.

RORY: Oh, I can't. I'm studying tomorrow. I'm in a study group and our presentation is due on Monday

TRIX: Oh very well, your mother can tell you all about it.

LORELAI: I will, I promise.

GRANDMA: Won't you have dessert?

TRIX: I once traveled to a small village in Cambodia, I did not eat dessert there either.

CUT TO CHILTON

[Louise is laying across several desks with her eyes closed]

LOUISE: What time is it?

MADELINE: It's almost nine. Hey maybe I'll own a magazine some day. Then I'll get all my nail polish for free.

LOUISE: I'm going back to sleep. Tell Paris I hate her.

MADELINE: Ok.

PARIS: Hi.

MADELINE: Hey Paris. Louise hates you.

PARIS: You'll thank me when you get into Sarah Lawrence.

LOUISE: Wanna bet?

RORY: Hey.

MADELINE: Wow, did you bring coffee?

RORY: And doughnuts in the shape of clowns.

MADELINE: Hey they've got hats.

RORY: Well a clown just isn't a clown without a hat. [to Paris] Here is your decaf with soy milk.

PARIS: Thanks.

RORY: You're welcome. So I read your doctrine and I thing our imaginary kingdom is off to a pretty good start.

PARIS: Yeah?

RORY: Yeah. I mean the taxes are a little high and the landowner's power should be regulated a little more.

PARIS: It was a different time back then.

RORY: Yeah but the fundamental human needs were the same.

PARIS: We're supposed to set it up within -

LOUISE: Ding, ding, ding. No debating until I've had coffee.

MADELINE: And a clown.

TRISTIN: Ladies.

MADELINE: Hi Tristin.

RORY: Hey.

TRISTIN: Paris, can I talk to you for a sec?

LORELAI: Oh, sure ok.

LOUISE: And that is about what pray tell?

MADELINE: I don't know. The project - maybe?

LOUISE: They could've talked project here. It's something else. Something private.

MADELINE: Scandal.

LOUISE: Maybe. Though it is Paris.

MADELINE: Scandal lite.

LOUISE: All the taste, but much fewer calories.

MADELINE: We could spy.

RORY: Or we could wait for her to come back in to see if she wants us to know.

LOUISE: Those who simply wait for information to find them, spend a lot of time sitting by the phone. Those who go out and find it themselves, have something to say when it rings.

RORY: Nietzsche?

LOUISE: Dawson.

RORY: My next guess. [Paris comes back in.]

LOUISE: So, what was with the confab in the hallway?

MADELINE: We're dying here.

PARIS: Well, Tristin, he...asked me out.

MADELINE: No!

LOUISE: My, my, my.

MADELINE: Wow, this is amazing. God I'm jealous.

LOUISE: Details please. Don't leave out anything. We want every comma, apostrophe and ampersand.

PARIS: Well he just asked me out.

MADELINE: When?

PARIS: Tonight.

LOUISE: Hmm.

PARIS: What?

LOUISE: Nothing.

PARIS: No, you ◻hmm'ed. Why did you ◻hmm'?

LOUISE: Forget it.

PARIS: Louise tell me why you ◻hmm'ed.

LOUISE: He asked you out for tonight.

MADELINE: Less than 24 hours notice.

PARIS: So? What does that mean?

LOUISE: Usually that someone else cancelled.

RORY: Or maybe he just got up the nerve to ask her out.

MADELINE: Maybe.

LOUISE: This is so amazing. I mean you are so far from Tristin's type.

MADELINE: So, so far.

LOUISE: Tristin usually likes his girls bad.

MADELINE: Looks like we're going to have to do the Pink Ladies makeover on you.

LOUISE: We'll turn you from a sweet Sandy to a slutty Sandy. Dancing at the school fair with high heels, black spandex and permed hair.

MADELINE: You can borrow my water bra.

PARIS: Excuse me?

MADELINE: My water bra. It's like a padded bra but it's filled with some sort of liquid so it moves.

PARIS: It moves?

MADELINE: Yeah.

PARIS: On it's own?

MADELINE: It makes you look natural.

PARIS: Great. Thanks, but I'll pass. Everyone come on, let's get to work.

RORY: I think you're gonna have a really good time.

PARIS: Yeah well, it's just a date right?

RORY: Oh, right.

PARIS: Ok, focus people.

RORY: Do you want one? [point at the clowns]

CUT TO GILMORE HOUSE

LORELAI: [running into the house and upstairs] Hi! Five minute talking break while I change.
[upstairs] My day - big leak third floor, lots of things going squish that should not be squishing.
Michel is not help. And now I'm late for dinner which by the way I'm completely bummed you're not coming to - [holding up shirts] which one - blue, black, good, bad?

RORY: Black.

LORELAI: Ok. Are you sure you can't come?

RORY: Yeah I'm sure. If I'm not prepared tomorrow, Paris is gonna have me sent to the Tower.
Although if things go well tonight, I bet it'll help tomorrow.

LORELAI: Tonight?

RORY: Yeah, she's going out on a date with Tristin.

LORELAI: How'd that happen?

RORY: I did a little matchmaking.

LORELAI: [in Ricki Ricardo voice] Lucy, how many times have I told you not to butt into there people's business?

RORY: Never.

LORELAI: [normal voice] Good going.

RORY: That's all.

LORELAI: Alright, well I want details tomorrow now how do I look?

RORY: Beautiful.

LORELAI: [sighs] Ok. My five minutes are up. [grabbing shoes] Let's go. [going downstairs] There is money on the kitchen table and there's really good chocolate cake that I took out and defrosted for you specially this morning and call me if you need me and I'll be home early and what else?

RORY: Don't be mean to Grandma.

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah broken record. Ok, I'm gone.

RORY: Be good.

LORELAI: Bye.

RORY: Bye.

[Pan to later, Rory studying and eating cake. Knock]

PARIS: [holding clothes] I don't know what to wear.

RORY: Ever?

PARIS: On my date with Tristin. I'm not trendy girl ok? I don't haunt the boutiques hoping to find that one fabulous little top. I study and then I think about studying and then I study some more.

RORY: Do you want to come in?

PARIS: I only have one lipstick at home ok? And it's barely even a color. You put it on and it looks like you're not wearing anything which is why I liked it in the first place. But to date you need the fabulous little top and you need a lipstick that you can actually tell you're wearing.

RORY: Do you want to put that stuff down?

PARIS: You said once that if I ever needed to talk to anyone I could come talk to you.

RORY: Yes I did.

PARIS: Well here I am.

RORY: Ok, can I ask you a question?

PARIS: Ok.

RORY: Why didn't you go to Madeline or Louise about this? I mean they seem to get that 'fabulous little top' thing.

PARIS: Oh yeah that they get. The whole supportive 'You're going to be fine and not throw up 12

times on the way to his car' thing - that they don't get.

RORY: Ok, let's just see what you got.

PARIS: I brought everything just in case there was some sort of hidden potential in something that I just didn't see. So?

RORY: Well you'd be one well dressed widow.

PARIS: Forget it. I'm not going.

RORY: Yes you are. Come on now. This is your entire wardrobe?

PARIS: Yes.

RORY: Nothing's left at home.

PARIS: Nothing but my Chilton uniform and my bat mitzvah dress which has menorahs on the collar.

RORY: Ok let's think. Come on. [going upstairs]

PARIS: Where are you going?

RORY: to our one stop shopping store.

[Upstairs in Lorelai's room.]

PARIS: Is this your mother's room?

RORY: Yes it is.

PARIS: I can't wear your mother's clothes.

RORY: Yes you can, I do it all the time. What about this? [holding up pink blouse]

PARIS: My mother says the color pink makes my head look small.

RORY: Ok, no pink.

PARIS: This whole thing is so insane.

RORY: Why?

PARIS: Tristin asking me out? Why would he do that?

RORY: Why would he not do that?

PARIS: Because he's gorgeous and experienced and only dates those most likely to become a trophy wife.

RORY: Tristin would be lucky to go out with someone like you. He's not going to have to read the menu to you or explain that the dancing trash bins in the movie theatre previews aren't real. It's going to be much less stressful.

PARIS: All these years I've hoped this would happen and now it has and I feel...I don't know. I don't have a lot of experience in the dating department. I mean if you can't put it on your transcript

what's the point right?

RORY: I know. Before Dean I'd never had a boyfriend. Or a kiss.

PARIS: Yeah.

RORY: I never even thought about dating.

PARIS: Then you met Dean.

RORY: Yeah. And he was so special and nice and made me completely nauseous.

PARIS: The best ones do.

RORY: I couldn't even talk around him.

PARIS: I saw you at the dance. You didn't seem to have any trouble talking. Or gazing annoyingly into each others eyes.

RORY: But that was after we'd been dating a little. After we started going out and spending time together, I don't know, it just kind of got easier. And then by the third date everything was perfect.

PARIS: Do you miss him a lot?

RORY: Yeah, a lot, a lot.

PARIS: Sorry.

RORY: Thanks. But tonight is not about me. Tonight is about you going out with Tristin in this outfit. What do you think?

PARIS: It's ok. [Rory gives her a look] It's great.

RORY: Put it on.

PARIS: Are you sure?

RORY: Yeah. Bathroom's down the hall and I'll get you a lipstick with some actual color in it.

PARIS: Ok. [throws her jacket on the bed and note cards fall out of it.]

RORY: Uh, Paris. What are these cards that fell out of your jacket?

PARIS: Oh yeah. Those are notes for tonight.

RORY: Notes?

PARIS: Yeah. Just some reference points really - you know subjects to bring up in case the conversation lags.

RORY: Well can I suggest that you leave this one about the Spanish Inquisition out?

PARIS: It's not very romantic?

RORY: Not really.

PARIS: Ok, I'm dressed.

RORY: How's it look?

PARIS: Bad.

RORY: Well I don't really trust your opinion on that subject so come out here please.

PARIS: Fine but it looks bad. [opens bathroom door]

RORY: You look great!

PARIS: I feel weird.

RORY: Well then weird works for you because you look amazing.

PARIS: Really? You're not just saying that?

RORY: I swear to God.

PARIS: Are you atheist?

RORY: Excuse me?

PARIS: Because that affects the validity of your swearing to God.

RORY: You look great. And I wouldn't tell you you did if you didn't.

PARIS: Ok, well if you think it looks ok.

RORY: I believe the word 'amazing' was used.

PARIS: Then I'll wear it. Thanks.

RORY: Anytime.

PARIS: I have to go.

RORY: Lipstick.

PARIS: You're going to hold this evening over my head for the rest of my life aren't you?

RORY: Probably.

PARIS: Bye.

CUT TO GRANDMA'S HOUSE

TRIX: What did you think about the rabbit?

LORELAI: Oh, I thought it was wonderful.

TRIX: You know I brought it with me.

LORELAI: Excuse me?

TRIX: From London. London has the best game.

GRANDPA: Mm.

LORELAI: You brought it with you from London?

TRIX: Yes.

LORELAI: What, did you get it a seat?

GRANDMA: Dry ice.

LORELAI: Wow! That's inventive.

TRIX: Well it looks like we're finished here.

GRANDPA: Let's retire to the living room for a brandy.

TRIX: Yes. Lorelai, walk with me. I have something that I want to discuss with you.

LORELAI: Ok.

TRIX: I've been thinking about something I heard the other night.

LORELAI: What was that?

TRIX: That you borrowed money from your parents for Rory's school.

LORELAI: Well if you're worried about them getting the money back -

TRIX: You know Shakespeare once wrote 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be'. Do you consider Shakespeare a wise man?

LORELAI: Uh, sure, yeah.

GRANDMA: We certainly don't mind loaning Lorelai the money if that's what you're worried about.

GRANDPA: Certainly not. Rory is first priority in this house.

TRIX: I'm not concerned about whether you mind or not. Loaning money is a dirty business. It's distasteful and I don't care for it. As you know, I came into town to check up on the family investments and to talk with our lawyers. I have some things to put in order, and one of them is setting up a trust fund for Rory.

LORELAI: Wh - that's amazing. Really?

TRIX: Now normally I would set up a fund that she would have access to when she's 25. However, considering the situation, if you like, I will arrange for her to get it now.

LORELAI: Now?!

GRANDMA: Now?!

TRIX: That way she can use it to pay for Chilton.

LORELAI: Oh Gran, I don't know what to say, that is so generous of you.

GRANDPA: My mother is a very special woman isn't she?

TRIX: You talk about me like I'm dead.

GRANDPA: Oh you're never going to die! You're too stubborn!

LORELAI: Gran this is - I don't know what to say.

TRIX: Nothing now would be preferable. I have arranged for you and your mother and I to have tea tomorrow before I leave. Say it then. Good night Emily.

GRANDMA: Good night.

GRANDPA: Well I'll just uh, walk mother upstairs and be right back.

LORELAI: Wow! That was quite a b*mb she just dropped.

GRANDMA: It certainly was.

LORELAI: God! Um, I guess I should be going. Thanks for dinner Mom. I'll see you tomorrow. [leaves]

GRANDMA: Lorelai...[follows her to foyer] You're not honestly considering accepting that money are you?

LORELAI: Um yeah, of course I'm considering it.

GRANDMA: I don't think that's very wise.

LORELAI: Why not?

GRANDMA: Because she's a young girl. She won't know the first thing about managing that money.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, I'll help her.

GRANDMA: You don't know the first thing about managing that money either.

LORELAI: No, but I've very familiar with the second thing.

GRANDMA: How can you not see the pitfalls in accepting that money?

LORELAI: Mom.

GRANDMA: I mean you're the one that brags about how special your relationship with Rory is. I'm stunned that you want to jeopardize it like this.

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

GRANDMA: Well you know as well as I do that money is freedom.

LORELAI: And?

GRANDMA: If Rory has that money she won't need you anymore.

LORELAI: I don't know Mom, she's 16. There's still a couple of ways I might come in handy, you know buying the beer that kind of stuff.

GRANDMA: Well I'm glad you thing losing your daughter is so funny.

LORELAI: Mom.

GRANDMA: She'll be self sufficient, she won't need you to pay for anything, she won't have to turn to you.

LORELAI: Everything in a relationship isn't about money mom.

GRANDMA: She'll move out as soon as she can.

LORELAI: So what.

GRANDMA: She won't need your help to put her through college, she won't need you to buy a car.

LORELAI: Ok you know what? Say goodbye to Dad for me as soon as the voices in your head subside.

GRANDMA: Why should she wait to backpack around Europe with you? She could afford to go herself. And she could take a friend or a boyfriend or anyone.

LORELAI: Yeah well she wants to go with me.

GRANDMA: Well now of course she does she doesn't have options. But the minute you give her options...

LORELAI: Ok, that's it. You're nuts and I'm going - in that order. [leaves]

GRANDMA: It's terrible not to be needed. You'll see!

[Pan to Gilmore house, Lorelai walks in and goes into Rory's room to find her asleep. She takes away the books from Rory and covers her. She holds up a Harvard brochure and we see Rory's room has posters of places from Europe up.]

CUT TO STREET

[Sookie and Lorelai at flower shop]

SOOKIE: That is amazing!

LORELAI: I know. One minute it's 'pass the pot roast' the next minute it's 'hey, here's have a pile of money'. Things are never boring at the Gilmore house.

SOOKIE: What did Rory say when you told her?

LORELAI: I haven't told her yet.

SOOKIE: What?!

LORELAI: She was asleep when I got home.

SOOKIE: Hi, for that much money you wake her up! You hire a singing telegram! Women jump out of cakes! People dress up like bankers and dance around with those toasters!

LORELAI: Well she's been working her butt off all week on this Chilton paper, so I let her sleep and I'll tell her tonight.

SOOKIE: Call her now. Ooh, page her, or page her and have her call my cell phone and we can sing the money song from 'Cabaret'. You be Liza, I'll be Joel.

LORELAI: I don't know.

SOOKIE: Hey I'm Joel.

LORELAI: I don't want to bother her while she's at school. I can never decide, carnations tacky or trendy?

SOOKIE: You don't want to tell her.

LORELAI: Yeah I do. I think.

SOOKIE: Oh well I understand the hesitation.

LORELAI: You do?

SOOKIE: Absolutely. I mean who wants to be the bearer of good news. All that hugging and happiness - nightmare.

LORELAI: I was, I was thrilled when Gran told me about it and I was going to tell Rory about it right away.

SOOKIE: But?

LORELAI: My mother...

SOOKIE: Ah.

LORELAI: ...cornered me by the door saying all this stuff about how when Rory gets the money she's not going to need me and she's gonna move out of the house sooner.

SOOKIE: What? That's crazy!

LORELAI: I know it is, it's crazy and yet...

SOOKIE: Honey come on. The woman's just trying to mess with your mind, you know that.

LORELAI: I do.

SOOKIE: She just doesn't want to lose control of you. She wants you to be permanently obligated to her.

LORELAI: I know, I know that.

SOOKIE: So then what? You don't believe what she said do you?

LORELAI: I don't know. I mean you're right - what you're saying about she wants to mess with my mind and make me feel obligated but I mean, what if the money does change our relationship?

SOOKIE: Impossible.

LORELAI: Well anything's possible.

SOOKIE: Come on.

LORELAI: I couldn't stand that. I like things the way they are now.

SOOKIE: Lorelai, this is Rory we're talking about.

LORELAI: I know.

SOOKIE: She's like the most unmaterialistic kid in the world.

LORELAI: Not it's not about what she would buy. I don't care if she buys a house or a boat or the elephant man's bones. It's just that - you know, it's about the freedom. I mean if I had access to all that money as a kid I would have left the house so fast.

SOOKIE: Faster than 17?

LORELAI: No I mean - God I know this is crazy. I have my mother's voice stuck in my head. It's like that annoying Cranberries song. I hate that I let her do this! I have that I let her get to me!

SOOKIE: Well then don't let her. Call Rory and tell her about the money and you'll see that nothing will be any different.

LORELAI: I don't want her to go to Europe without me. That was going to be our thing.

SOOKIE: She's not going to go without you. I promise.

LORELAI: Hey - [looks at Sookie's watch] Aw! No! I've got to go home.

SOOKIE: Why? What are you doing?

LORELAI: I have to change and go to tea with Gran and the cast of 'Gaslight'.

SOOKIE: Wow, I'll see you later.

LORELAI: Bye.

CUT TO GRANDMA'S HOUSE

GRANDPA: You're hysterical, I can't talk to you when you're hysterical.

GRANDMA: Well you make me hysterical.

GRANDPA: I am tired of fighting about this.

GRANDMA: You have to get to get her to take that offer back.

GRANDPA: No.

GRANDMA: Richard Gilmore I have put up with a lot from this woman over the years...

GRANDPA: Keep your voice down.

GRANDMA: But this time she's gone too far!

GRANDPA: Emily please.

GRANDMA: I can go louder!

GRANDPA: If I do as you ask, I'll be insulting my mother. I will not do that.

GRANDMA: Now you listen to me. I don't care if she demeans me and looks down on me. I don't care if she thinks I've tarnished the Gilmore name. I don't care if she thinks I'm the whore of Babylon. I've long ago given up any hope of getting into her psychotic good graces, but that woman is horrible and selfish. And she's not going to get away with it. I won't let her.

GRANDPA: This is my mother you're talking about.

GRANDMA: Yes it is. Your mother, the one who stepped in without being asked and single-handedly wrecked everything!

GRANDPA: Emily, what is this about?

GRANDMA: She'll never come back here you know.

GRANDPA: Who? Mother, of course she will she -

GRANDMA: Lorelai.

GRANDPA: What?

GRANDMA: If she gets that money, Lorelai will never come back here. She won't have to.

TRIX: I've ordered a car, women shouldn't drive. Are you ready? [heads for the door]

GRANDMA: Yes I'm ready. [looks at Richard]

TRIX: I shall die soon you know!

CUT TO CHILTON

[Rory sitting outside classroom]

PARIS: Well aren't we early. Trying to suck up to Parliament?

RORY: Hey how'd it go last night?

PARIS: It went.

RORY: It went well?

PARIS: Well he picked me up. We went to dinner and a movie. I didn't use my note cards once and he kissed me good night.

RORY: Paris I'm so glad!

PARIS: It was a great kiss.

RORY: See? All that nervousness for nothing.

PARIS: Yeah. God this is so weird. I can't stop smiling.

RORY: Good, then it's a good time to talk about our over taxed peasants.

PARIS: Oh let them eat cake.

TRISTIN: [walking by them] Hey.

RORY: Don't look at me. I didn't kiss you.

[Paris follows him in.]

PARIS: Hi.

TRISTIN: Hey.

PARIS: I just wanted to tell you again that I had so much fun last night.

TRISTIN: Yeah, after five messages on my answering machine, I kinda got that impression.

PARIS: Too much, sorry.

TRISTIN: No forget it, it was cute.

PARIS: You know, maybe we could do it again sometime. I mean a different movie of course but the same basic plan.

TRISTIN: Absolutely.

PARIS: Great, because it was really fun.

TRISTIN: It was fun and we should do it again. I mean you know - as friends.

PARIS: Oh, yeah as friends. [disappointed]

TRISTIN: You noticed it too right? That we're sort of more friends material than dating material?

PARIS: Yes I did notice. I have excellent deductive skills.

TRISTIN: But hey, I'm glad we did it.

PARIS: Oh sure.

TRISTIN: When Rory first suggested us going out I thought the idea was crazy but she made some good points. We do have some history and well, you never know right?

PARIS: Yes you never know. Ok, so we're done here right?

TRISTIN: Uh sure.

PARIS: Great. Excuse me. [walks over to Rory who just entered classroom]

RORY: What?

PARIS: It was your idea?

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: So what, I get all your cast offs now?! I'm just that pathetic?! □Jee I don't want them so maybe I can con the suckers into taking out Paris the loser! Throw the dog a bone!

RORY: Ok let me -

PARIS: I am not your charity case!

RORY: No it's not like that, I swear. I just thought you guys would make a good couple that's all.

PARIS: We did make a good couple - for one night! But obviously we're more suited to just being friends or at least that was what was conveyed so humiliatingly to me just five seconds ago.

RORY: Paris, I'm sorry -

PARIS: I hate you! [storms out and Madeline and Louise who came in and caught the tail end follow her]

RORY: [goes up to Tristin] You told her?

TRISTIN: I didn't know it was a secret.

RORY: Why would you tell her? What is wrong with you?!

TRISTIN: Rory relax, we tried ok, it didn't work out, it's not big deal.

RORY: It's a huge deal to Paris and you didn't try. One date isn't trying.

TRISTIN: Rory -

RORY: You said you'd try.

TRISTIN: Hey, I'm sorry Paris is upset ok? But is it better that I keep dating her even though I like somebody else?

RORY: Oh.

TRISTIN: Yeah.

RORY: I didn't realize. So...you're still not over Summer huh?

TRISTIN: [semi-sarcastically] Yeah, I'm not over Summer yet. [leaves, Rory looks confused or feels bad for him]

CUT TO TEA

LORELAI: Hi.

GRANDMA: Hello.

LORELAI: Where's Gran?

GRANDMA: Torturing the bathroom attendant I suppose.

LORELAI: Ah. So um, this place seems clean.

GRANDMA: Yes, it's famous for it's cleanliness. So what did Rory say when you told her? About the money I mean. She must have been very excited.

LORELAI: Yes she was. Rose tea. That's funny. That's not really tea is it? It's like rose petals in hot water. More like a bad floral arrangement.

GRANDMA: Well what did Rory say, fill me in?

LORELAI: She was happy.

GRANDMA: Happy?

LORELAI: Yeah - she screamed she did that air-lasso thing over her head.

GRANDMA: Lorelai be serious.

LORELAI: She was asleep when I got home Mom so I couldn't tell her.

GRANDMA: She doesn't know?

LORELAI: No.

GRANDMA: Well...something I said must've really struck a chord with you.

LORELAI: Excuse me?

GRANDMA: You didn't tell her so you must have had a reason.

LORELAI: Ah she was asleep Mom, I just told you that.

GRANDMA: The only thing I can think of is that you must have reconsidered based on our conversation.

LORELAI: I didn't reconsider.

GRANDMA: I mean yesterday you could hardly wait to get home to announce your great fortune to her. Today all you can talk about is rose petal tea.

LORELAI: Yes well, it's a little weird.

GRANDMA: And you haven't told her that now she has her own money to put herself through school, to go to Europe -

LORELAI: Stop right now. This is just like you to take something that should be great and twist it into something ugly. Why do you do that? What is wrong with you?

GRANDMA: There's nothing wrong with me.

LORELAI: Yes there is. There's something seriously wrong with you. You should be studied.

GRANDMA: I don't understand why you're getting so upset. I respect the decision that you made.

LORELAI: I made no decision.

GRANDMA: Whatever you say.

LORELAI: Ok, you know what? I'm going to call her and uh, tell her right now. [looks for her cell]

GRANDMA: No you're not.

LORELAI: Yes in fact I am. [moving phone around her]

GRANDMA: What are you doing?

LORELAI: The reception sucks in here.

GRANDMA: Stop it, you look like you're having a fit.

LORELAI: Ok, well I'm gonna go find a payphone. [gets up]

GRANDMA: [stopping her] You're grandmother will be back any second. Just have a sandwich.

LORELAI: Have a sandwich? That's what you have to say to me? Have a sandwich.

GRANDMA: Well what do you want me to say?

LORELAI: I want you to say that you are sorry you tried to talk me out of taking this money. That you realize that you're just being petty and controlling and mean and that you know there's no amount of money that can change the relationship Rory and I have. That's what I want you to say - say that.

GRANDMA: I will not.

LORELAI: Well say it Mom, or I'm finding a payphone.

TRIX: Lorelai - you're here.

LORELAI: Hi Gran.

TRIX: So have you ordered the tea yet?

GRANDMA: No not yet.

TRIX: Well good because I'm afraid I'm going to have to take my leave of you a little earlier than I had anticipated.

LORELAI: What, why?

TRIX: My train leaves tonight and I have a little last minute packing to do.

GRANDMA: Well I can help you with the packing.

TRIX: Plus I really don't wish to witness anymore of this ugly little fight you two seem to be having. Raising your voice during high tea, who ever heard of such a thing. It's like Fergi all over again.

LORELAI: Oh Gran please, I'm so sorry. We're done. Please don't leave.

TRIX: I can see now that offering that trust fund was a bad idea. After all, taking into account the maturity level of those involved, this large amount of money would probably not be safe.

LORELAI: No Gran, that isn't true. Rory is an incredibly mature kid.

TRIX: Oh I'm sure she is. It's you I'm worried about.

LORELAI: But -

TRIX: . [to Emily] And I'm sure she gets it from you.

GRANDMA: But -

TRIX: Tell Rory goodbye for me. You two are welcome to visit me in London anytime. Emily, please get my coat. I will meet you outside. [leaves]

LORELAI: Well you won.

GRANDMA: I did not win.

LORELAI: You didn't want me to take the money and I'm not taking the money. That's called winning.

GRANDMA: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: No you're not.

GRANDMA: Well...yes I am.

LORELAI: Forget it Mom, it's not big deal.

GRANDMA: No it is a big deal. Here Rory had this wonderful opportunity and we - and I...maybe I can talk to her.

LORELAI: Oh yes that'll work.

GRANDMA: Well I'll go to your father.

LORELAI: Mom...

GRANDMA: He can talk to her. He can fix it. I'll make him fix it. [takes out cell and dials] Ugh damn reception. Well I'll go to a payphone.

LORELAI: Mom, Mom, stay here.

GRANDMA: Yes but Chilton.

LORELAI: Rory can still go to Chilton unless you're rethinking our agreement.

GRANDMA: No, not at all. I'm not rethinking anything.

LORELAI: Ok then we're good.

GRANDMA: Are you sure?

LORELAI: We're good.

GRANDMA: Well I'd better get out there before she leaves me here.

LORELAI: I'm sure you'll be sorry to see her go.

GRANDMA: Oh yes, I don't know what I'll do with my self. We'll see you Friday?

LORELAI: See you Friday. [Emily turns to leave] Hey Mom?

GRANDMA: Yes? [turning back]

LORELAI: Can I ask you a favor.

GRANDMA: Anything, anything at all.

LORELAI: Don't make us take the coat rack back.

GRANDMA: Deal.

CUT TO BUS STOP

[Lorelai waiting, coffee in hand, as Rory gets off the bus.]

LORELAI: Hi.

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Here [giving her a coffee]

RORY: Thanks. I thought you were gonna have tea today.

LORELAI: Uh, we did, we finished.

RORY: Finished early.

LORELAI: Yeah well once you're done with those little sandwiches, there's not reason to pretend you like tea anymore.

RORY: Oh I totally understand. Listen there's something I have to tell you.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: I loaned Paris your black mini and there's a good chance you may never see it again.

LORELAI: Oh well there's something I have to tell you.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: You lost out on \$250,000 dollars today.

RORY: What?!

[Lorelai nods as they walk down the street.]

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