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04x16 - The Reigning Lorelai

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04x16 - The Reigning Lorelai

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OPEN AT ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[The four Gilmores are seated at the table. The maid serves dinner.]

LORELAI: Don't tell me this is what it looks like.

EMILY: It's escargot.

LORELAI: Ugh. That's what it looks like.

RORY: Snails?

EMILY: Escargot.

LORELAI: Slimy thing by any other name...

RICHARD: They taste like garlic and butter.

LORELAI: Don't say "they." Food should not have pronouns.

RICHARD: Give it a try.

LORELAI: But if I do and we're having road k*ll for the main course, then I will already have used up my allotment of gross-out food for the day, so I'll abstain.

RICHARD: I guess we should strike escargot off the list of Friday night dinner foods.

EMILY: Sweetie loved escargot. That's funny how we remember those things.

RICHARD: Hm.

LORELAI: Sweetie?

RORY: Sweetie who?

EMILY: Sweetie Nelson, one of my oldest friends. She passed away yesterday.

RORY: Oh, I'm sorry, Grandma.

LORELAI: Yeah, I've heard you mention her.

RORY: Was she sick?

EMILY: She'd been ill for some time, but still...

RICHARD: The family is pretty overwhelmed.

EMILY: By the way, Davis called late today. The funeral is going to be Sunday.

LORELAI: Was that her real name -- Sweetie?

EMILY: No, her name was Melinda. Sweetie was a nickname.

LORELAI: Why?

EMILY: What do you mean, why?

LORELAI: I mean, how did they get Sweetie from Melinda?

EMILY: They didn't get Sweetie from Melinda. Sweetie is a nickname.

LORELAI: Yes, I know Sweetie was a nickname, but usually, a nickname comes from a version of your name, or there's a story behind the name or something.

EMILY: She was sweet. That's the story.

LORELAI: Okay.

EMILY: She had a very sweet nature.

LORELAI: Hm.

EMILY: Well, what kind of story did you want, Lorelai?

LORELAI: No, that's fine. She was sweet. They called her Sweetie. It's a good story.

EMILY: No, really. Exactly what kind of story about my recently departed friend would amuse you?

LORELAI: Mom, it's not to amuse me. It's --

EMILY: All right, fine. Sweetie's father was a very poor man -- so poor that Sweetie and her four siblings all had to sleep in a hollowed-out tree trunk because the house was only big enough for their parents. One winter, there was no food, so Sweetie crawled out of her trunk, wrapped her feet in newspaper, and walked forty miles in the snow to the nearest town, where she stumbled into a candy store. The owner took pity on her and gave her bags of candy, a dill pickle, and drove her back to her family. He promptly offered a job to her father, who gladly accepted and eventually owned that store and turned it into one of the most important candy emporiums in the world. And that is how she got the name Sweetie. There, how was that?

LORELAI: Now, that was a pretty good story.

RICHARD: I'm sorry, Emily, did you say the funeral is Sunday?

EMILY: Yes. Is that a problem?

RICHARD: Well, Mr. Hamoto is in town, and Jason has set up golf for him, and then there's lunch

after that. What time is the service?

EMILY: Noon.

RICHARD: Oh, noon. That's cutting it very close. How important is it for me to be at the funeral?

EMILY: Not important at all.

RICHARD: Well, fine, then. Be sure to give them my condolences.

EMILY: Of course. Eat your food.

LORELAI: [Gasps] I think one of them is still alive.

EMILY: Lorelai!

LORELAI: No, seriously. He was over near the radish like five minutes ago.

[Opening Credits]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lane is serving customers.]

KIRK: This doesn't smell right.

LANE: Smells fine, Kirk.

KIRK: I think the eggs were bad.

LANE: The eggs are fine, Kirk.

KIRK: Were they cooked in the fish pan? They smell like they were cooked in the fish pan.

LANE: No, the eggs were not cooked in the fish pan. They were cooked in the egg pan.

KIRK: Was the fish pan sitting next to the egg pan? Because perhaps -

[Lorelai walks in the door.]

LORELAI: I need something with cheese!

KIRK: Lorelai, smell my eggs.

LORELAI: Not today, Kirk. Hey, where's Luke? I want him to make that breakfast quesadilla thing he made yesterday.

LANE: Luke's not here.

LORELAI: Where is he? He knows the exact right jack-to-cheddar ratio.

KIRK: He's out there. [Kirk points out the window.]

LORELAI: Where?

KIRK: Over there with Nicole.

LORELAI: Oh, looks like a serious talk.

KIRK: And there have been zero light moments.

LORELAI: I wish I knew what they were talking about.

KIRK: Oh, I can tell you what they're saying.

LORELAI: How?

KIRK: I read lips. My girlfriend taught me. It's so we can have quiet time and keep the conversation going at the same time. Okay, she just said, "Hardwood sponge is the authority of the hostile biographer." And then he responded, "Just phone cords to original samovars."

LORELAI: Kirk, that doesn't make any sense.

KIRK: Must mean they're on to us and they've switched to some sort of code.

LORELAI: I don't think they're speaking in code.

KIRK: Oh, I think Luke's heading back. He just got up and said, "Feel your taters."

LORELAI: Is it possible he said, "I'll see you later?"

KIRK: No, I'm pretty sure about this one.

LANE: Kirk, I'm so sorry, we accidentally made the eggs in the fish pan. Here's new eggs.

KIRK: I don't know why everybody in this town always thinks I'm crazy.

CUT TO YALE NEWSROOM

RORY: You've got to be kidding.

DOYLE: I certainly am not kidding. This is serious.

RORY: It's not plagiarism.

DOYLE: Hey! Do you also like to shout "fire" in a crowded theater? This is a newsroom. Do not use the "p" word.

RORY: Every single word in my piece was written by me.

DOYLE: Was it? Look at this. "Small band of followers." "Rain-soaked highway." I've seen both of those before.

RORY: Of course you've seen them before. Those are phrases used to talk about a small band of followers or, you know, a rain-soaked highway. They're not even clichés like "shouting fire in a crowded theater."

DOYLE: I'm sorry, can you say "Stephen Glass?" The entire climate of journalistic ethics is under a microscope right now. We can't afford anything that looks shady. I'd rather not have Tobey Maguire playing me in a movie about the Yale Daily News scandal, thank you very much.

RORY: I get that, but I don't think my "rain-soaked highway" looks shady.

DOYLE: [Scoffs] Typical. It's your attitude.

RORY: What attitude?

DOYLE: Look around this room. People writing their anthro papers on our computers, people Xeroxing their phone bills on our copy machines. No one's running, no one's sweating. Every single person in this room looks extremely well-rested. No one spell-checks. No one fact-checks. This is the breeding ground for the next Jayson Blair! Fix it. And tidy up your desk!

[Doyle stomps away.]

GLENN: And my month is up.

RORY: What?

GLENN: You're the new dog to kick around here. I feel bad, 'cause you tend to be a pretty decent person, but my nose has been whacked with a newspaper so many times this month, it almost makes me miss my mother.

RORY: Doyle's just in a bad mood, that's all.

DOYLE: "Herd mentality?" Are you freaking kidding me?!

GLENN: Welcome to the dollhouse.

CUT TO SOOKIE'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Sookie are sitting at the table going over paperwork. Michel is seated on the floor in front of the TV.]

LORELAI: Michel, come on, we've got to get into these budgets.

SOOKIE: Now.

MICHEL: Does the red light mean it's programmed?

SOOKIE: I explained it a hundred times.

LORELAI: Michel, you've been setting that machine for 20 minutes now.

SOOKIE: The man can't live without his dog show.

MICHEL: Ugh. I could just k*ll my cable provider. "No Westminster dog show, but please enjoy Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle 24 hours a day." Ah, there, it's recording.

LORELAI: Well, get over here.

MICHEL: I just want to see the Chows. [Laughs] Look at that one strut. [Baby talk to the TV.] You know you're a pretty girl, don't you? Yes, with those "I need some loving" eyes.

SOOKIE: Is he doing tricks?

LORELAI: It sounds like they're turning them. [Lorelai's cell phone rings.] Hello.

EMILY: Lorelai, it's me. Do you have a moment?

LORELAI: Uh, sure.

EMILY: Your grandmother. She's gone.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Last night. She apparently had a heart attack. The maid found her in the morning.

LORELAI: But I didn't even know her heart was a thing. Was her heart a thing? Did we know that?

EMILY: No, it was quite unexpected. There wasn't any warning at all.

LORELAI: But we just - we just saw her.

EMILY: I know. It's a complete shock.

LORELAI: Ohh. I -- how is Dad?

EMILY: He's completely fallen apart. From the moment he heard the news, he's been almost incoherent.

LORELAI: Oh, no.

EMILY: He's in his office now with the Scotch, and he wants turtleneck soup -- asks for it over and over.

LORELAI: What's turtleneck soup?

EMILY: Apparently something his mother used to have made for him when he was a little boy, and now he wants some, and I can't seem to find anybody who has any idea what it is.

MICHEL: All right, the pugs are up next. They're ugly. Let's do this.

LORELAI: [Whispers to Michel] My grandmother.

SOOKIE: [Whispers] Heart attack -- grandmother.

MICHEL: [Whispers] What?

LORELAI: Dead grandmother, Michel. Mom, have you looked on the internet?

EMILY: For what?

LORELAI: For turtleneck soup. You could Google it.

EMILY: Can I? Can I Google it?

LORELAI: Okay, never mind. Sookie, do you have any idea what turtleneck soup could be?

EMILY: You mean mock turtle soup?

LORELAI: Mom, do you think he means "mock turtle soup?"

EMILY: Maybe that's what he said. Is there such a thing?

LORELAI: I think so. [to Sookie] Can you make mock turtle soup?

SOOKIE: I never tried, but I think I have a recipe for it somewhere here.

LORELAI: So, Mom, Sookie's tracking down the soup. What else can I do?

EMILY: Nothing. If you can find the soup, that'll be enough. You'll tell Rory?

LORELAI: Yeah, I'll tell Rory.

EMILY: All right, I have to go. Your grandmother left very specific instructions on exactly how she wants her funeral to be, so I have a hundred things to do.

LORELAI: I'll be there with the soup as soon as I can, Mom.

EMILY: All right, bye.

LORELAI: Bye. [Hangs up] I'm gonna have to go.

SOOKIE: No problem. One huge vat of mock turtle soup coming up.

MICHELL: Do you need a hug?

LORELAI: Thanks, I'm okay. I have to call Rory. You'll call me when the soup's ready?

SOOKIE: I'm on it.

LORELAI: Have to go. Michel, you'll take care of the papers and the landscaping plans?

MICHEL: Yes, I will. Go, go.

LORELAI: Okay. Purse, coat, keys. I'm gone. Michel?

MICHEL: Yes?

LORELAI: [Sighs] I think I'll take that hug now. [They hug then step back.] A little weird, huh?

MICHEL: Yeah, extremely.

LORELAI: Heart in the right place, but never again?

MICHEL: Thank God.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Emily is on the phone.]

EMILY: Yes, I understand the reverend's retired. You said that four times. But my mother-in-law specifically requested him for the service, and... [The doorbell rings.] Well, isn't there any forwarding information?

[Emily opens the door for Lorelai.]

LORELAI: I got the soup.

EMILY: Well, I will hold while you look. [to Lorelai] Thank God. He's in his study. Take that into him

and see if you can get him to eat. [to person on the phone] Yes, I'm still here. Miraculous, isn't it? A phone number! How...

[Lorelai goes into Richard's study. He's lying on the leather couch with a drink in his hand.]

LORELAI: Hey, dad.

RICHARD: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Yeah, uh...I have something for you. Mock turtle soup.

RICHARD: Mock turtle soup?

LORELAI: Yeah. Sookie made it.

RICHARD: Mock turtle soup. [Chuckling] Mock turtle soup. [Voice breaking] Mock turtle soup. [Crying] Mock turtle soup.

LORELAI: Oh, hey, soup's gone. No soup here. Who mentioned soup? This is definitely a no-soup zone. Uh, the music's nice.

RICHARD: Oh, she loved Kay Kyser. She wasn't really a musical woman. Music was a little frivolous for her. But Kay Kyser.

LORELAI: Yeah. Well, she's great.

RICHARD: Kay Kyser's a man.

LORELAI: Oh, well, his parents had an ugly sense of humor then. [Richard sobs.] Oh, boy.

RICHARD: She was a saint -- the woman was a saint.

LORELAI: Here, Dad.

RICHARD: I learned everything from that woman. "Life is a battle, and you either enter it armed or you surrender immediately." That is what she told me...on my 10th birthday. I never forgot that. No, no one...was as strong as that woman. That wonderful woman...that saint of a woman.

LORELAI: Oh, Dad.

RICHARD: Oh, I'm fine, I'm fine. I -- I just have to deal with this... [Sighs] regret.

LORELAI: What regret? Dad, you and Gran were so close.

RICHARD: The last words we exchanged, we exchanged in anger.

LORELAI: Oh, but, dad, that's -

RICHARD: I lost my temper and I was disrespectful. And that's the way -- that's the way it ended. With an argument and hateful words.

LORELAI: Dad, you know, that was one little fight. I mean, one little fight between you and Gran doesn't wipe away years of -

RICHARD: That woman raised me and she taught me. And she took care of the family even after Father died. And I spoke her as if I owed her nothing, as if she was like anyone else in the world

and not the saint of a woman that she was.

LORELAI: Oh, Dad.

RICHARD: You only have one set of parents, Lorelai. Remember that. I forgot and now I have to live with that for the rest of my life. [Sighs] You mentioned soup.

LORELAI: What?

RICHARD: When you came in.

LORELAI: Yes, soup. I have soup. Um, Mom mentioned that you were talking about mock turtle soup and you really should eat something, Dad.

RICHARD: I need a spoon.

LORELAI: Oh, my Go-- yes, I'll get you a spoon. I'll get you -- you just sit right there. I'll be right back with your spoon.

[Lorelai goes back out to the living room where Emily is on the phone.]

EMILY: [talking on the phone] But it used to be Martelli's Florist, yes? Okay, do you have any idea where Martelli's moved to? Oh, well, before he died, did Mr. Martelli pass his trade on to any of the other Martellis? Yes, I'll hold. [to Lorelai] How is he doing?

LORELAI: He needs a spoon.

EMILY: He's going to eat?

LORELAI: He's going to eat.

EMILY: Thank God. Take an apple. See if you can get him to eat an apple. [into the phone] I'm here. Yes, I will take the simple stepson's number. Thank you. I will speak slowly. Thank you. [hangs up] Not that one. And take some bread, too.

LORELAI: How are the arrangements coming?

EMILY: Well, she made them twenty years ago, so the reverend is retired, the florist has moved, and two of the pallbearers are no longer with us. Luckily, they both had sons who look remarkably like them, so I think we can get away with it.

LORELAI: All right, I'm gonna bring this stuff to Dad.

EMILY: I'm going to call the florist's idiot stepson.

RICHARD: Emily? Emily!

EMILY: I'm right here, Richard. What's wrong?

RICHARD: This is outrageous! They've completely ruined it!

EMILY: Who ruined what?

RICHARD: Trix's obituary. The Courant just faxed it through. It's disgraceful! I'll sue them!

EMILY: Just calm down.

LORELAI: [taking the paper and reading] "Lorelai Gilmore died this week at age 86. A member of the prominent Gilmore family and widow of Charles Abbott Gilmore, she is survived by a son, Richard Gilmore, and numerous other family members and devoted friends."

EMILY: Well, it's -

RICHARD: It's an insult! That's all they write? Nothing about her charity work or her collecting or her travels? And not a word about the new maternity wing that she donated to St. Joseph's! You tell me where all of the fine people of Hartford are supposed to have all their babies if it weren't for my mother, tell me that!

EMILY: All right, all right, calm down. We will take care of it.

RICHARD: She was a saint, that woman!

EMILY: I know. Absolutely, we will make sure it says "saint" somewhere in the article.

RICHARD: You're sure?

LORELAI: Don't worry, Dad.

RICHARD: Because it's very, very wrong!

LORELAI: Dad, I got your spoon.

RICHARD: Well, I'm not hungry. [leaves]

EMILY: Wonderful. Yet another thing I have to take care of.

LORELAI: Mom, why don't you let me help out a little?

EMILY: That's all right.

LORELAI: I'm happy to do it. I'll bring coffee, a Danish. You've never had so much fun with death in your life.

EMILY: I appreciate the offer, but I have it all under control.

LORELAI: I should probably take off then.

EMILY: Goodbye. Thank Sookie for me. [picks up the phone and dials] Hello, I'm looking for Manny Martelli, please. Well, what time do you expect him back from the science-fiction convention? Yes. Would you hold on a minute, please? [to Lorelai] Lorelai, I have to go to Gran's house tomorrow to sort through her personal papers.

LORELAI: Two cherry Danish coming up.

EMILY: [into phone] Yes, I would like to leave a message.

CUT TO YALE DORM

[Rory is watching TV in her room when the phone rings.]

RORY: Hello?

LORELAI: Hey, it's me.

RORY: Nigella just made a raisin cake that looked so good, the fact that raisins make me gag became totally irrelevant.

LORELAI: Well, good, more ordering choices.

RORY: Oh, my God, she's about to deep-fry a Bounty Bar. I want to move in with her and call her Mommy. Do you mind?

LORELAI: Honey, I -- I have to tell you something.

RORY: You sound sad.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, Gran died.

RORY: What? When?

LORELAI: Last night. She had a heart attack. Are you okay?

RORY: How's Grandpa?

LORELAI: Well, he's been better.

RORY: What should I do? Can I do something?

LORELAI: No, it's all being taken care of.

RORY: When's the funeral?

LORELAI: Friday, and there's a wake after. I don't remember if you have a class.

RORY: Doesn't matter. I'll make it work.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: I was just getting to know her.

LORELAI: Well, I think you got a pretty good snapshot.

RORY: Shouldn't I be crying? I feel like I should be crying.

LORELAI: Well, you didn't know her that well.

RORY: Still, she was my great-grandmother. I mean, I should feel more. [gets more and more upset] Oh, God, what if I don't cry at the funeral? Then everyone will see that I'm not crying, and Grandpa will be upset.

LORELAI: Well, honey, if you can't cry, at least you know you can work yourself up into a very respectable panic attack.

RORY: It might have to do.

LORELAI: You're an amazing kid. She was so lucky to have you as a great-granddaughter. Hey, do you want me to come by tonight, pick you up, take you to Tijuana, get you drunk and laid?

RORY: That's okay. I've got too much work to do.

LORELAI: Okay, well, call me if you want to talk or whatever.

RORY: I will.

LORELAI: I love you, hon.

RORY: I love you, too, Mom.

CUT TO GRAN'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Emily are going through Gran's papers.]

LORELAI: This looks like -- what a shock -- another incoherent legal document.

EMILY: Hand it to me.

LORELAI: Uh..."house insurance policy."

EMILY: Hand it to me.

LORELAI: You know, Mom, seriously, I can do more than just hand you stuff.

EMILY: That's all right. I have a system.

LORELAI: Yes. You don't think I can work within the system, but I can! I have no plans to overthrow the system. Just teach me the system. Teach it!

EMILY: Just hand me some papers.

[Lorelai groans. A woman walks into the room.]

GEORGIA: Emily, excuse me. We finished cataloging the second floor, and we're about to move to the third.

EMILY: That's fine, Georgia.

GEORGIA: And we have bubble-wrapped those bar glasses. Where do you want us to put them?

EMILY: In the trunk of my car, along with the candlesticks. My keys are in the foyer.

GEORGIA: All right.

LORELAI: What was that about?

EMILY: I'm preparing for the funeral.

LORELAI: Stashing bar glasses is preparing for the funeral?

EMILY: Those bar glasses are supposed to stay in the family. They go to us, then to you. However, every time a certain relative of your father's comes to visit, things tend to disappear.

LORELAI: Dad's got a Winona in the family? How cool. Who is it?

EMILY: His cousin Marilyn. She has been systematically pilfering those bar glasses for the last five

years.

LORELAI: Really.

EMILY: Plus, I saw her eyeing the candlesticks last Easter, and I'll be damned if I let her get them. So much to do. [Sighs] Did I tell you about the burial-slash-cremation clause?

LORELAI: Now you're just making stuff up.

EMILY: Your grandmother is to have an open-casket ceremony, displayed in all her glory, then is to be cremated and have her ashes divided in two -- half to be buried with her husband in the family crypt, and the other half to be put in an urn and placed on our mantelpiece.

LORELAI: Half of Gran is going to be on your mantel forever.

EMILY: Staring at me, judging me, disapproving of me.

LORELAI: So apparently, it's the top half.

EMILY: When I first found out, I almost had a coronary, but I've accepted it. From now on, it's going to be a 3-person household -- your father, me, and her urn.

LORELAI: You know, it's so weird. I know so little about Gran. I mean, like, what was her maiden name?

EMILY: Gilmore.

LORELAI: No, no, her maiden name.

EMILY: Gilmore.

LORELAI: Wait. Y-you're not saying -

EMILY: She and Charles were second cousins.

LORELAI: Ew! What?!

EMILY: Oh, don't act so scandalized. It was not at all uncommon for prominent families to keep the bloodlines closed.

LORELAI: Keeping the bloodlines closed. Is that what we're calling it?

EMILY: Well, what would you call it?

LORELAI: Oh, I don't know. How about "Good morning, Appalachia, I got a mighty cute sister and an extra set of toes."

EMILY: No one has any extra toes.

LORELAI: I have a double-jointed thumb.

EMILY: Remarkable. Use it to hand me some more papers, please.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, but I don't understand how everyone was so okay with this. I mean, what, did they just go, "What a cute couple. They look so much alike." [no answer] Mom?

EMILY: This is to your father. It's a carbon copy of a letter she sent to your father.

LORELAI: Hmm. That's nice.

EMILY: [reading] "My Dearest Richard, It is with heavy heart that I write you this letter tonight, but I cannot stand by and let you make a terrible mistake. Until now, I had thought, hoped, prayed that you would come to the same conclusion that I have. But you have not, and therefore, I feel it is my duty as your mother to beg you to reconsider your impending marriage." [Lorelai gasps.] "I'm sure that Emily is a very suitable woman for someone, but not for you. She will not be able to make you happy. She does not have the Gilmore stamina or spark. She is simply not a Gilmore."

LORELAI: Well, sure, 'cause you weren't directly related to him.

EMILY: [continues reading] "I don't know the circumstances surrounding your breakup with Pennilyn Lott, but it is still my belief that she is much better suited for you than Emily." [Voice breaking] "I know that the timing of this is particularly awkward, since you are to be married tomorrow."

LORELAI: No way!

EMILY: [reading] "But your happiness is too important to me, so timing be damned."

LORELAI: She wanted Dad to leave you at the altar.

EMILY: She begged him to leave me at the altar! She begged him in writing, and then she saved the carbons!

LORELAI: Holy moly. Can I see that?

EMILY: I can't believe this. I'm standing here in her basement, covered in dust. I'm organizing her estate and cataloging her things. I've been on the phone for days, trying to make sure that everything was exactly the way she wanted it, and all this time, she never even wanted me in her family!

LORELAI: Man, she sure used a lot of exclamation points.

EMILY: Well, fine. That's just fine, because I am done.

LORELAI: Done?

EMILY: I'm done planning and running around and calling people. I'm done with anything having to do with that woman.

LORELAI: But Dad...

EMILY: Skipped my best friend's funeral to golf -- that's what your dad did!

LORELAI: Mom, we have to plan this funeral.

EMILY: Find a box, throw her in, we're done!

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: Better yet, throw the old harpy's carcass in a ditch! Let a wolverine eat her.

LORELAI: Okay, but, see, finding a wolverine near a ditch -- that takes planning.

EMILY: Do whatever you want! I'm going to have a drink. Would you like a drink?

LORELAI: I can't do it, Mom! I don't know the system!

CUT TO LORELAI'S KITCHEN

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting at the table going through Gran's papers.]

RORY: Bank info?

LORELAI: Hand it to me.

RORY: I cannot believe that story.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, trust me, the brothers Grimm were over in the corner, yelling, "No way!"

RORY: And she just walked out?

LORELAI: Yep.

RORY: Jewelry appraisal?

LORELAI: Hand it to me.

RORY: Why don't you just tell me where to put it?

LORELAI: No, because I have a system.

RORY: Oh. Well, that letter sounds awful.

LORELAI: It was.

RORY: And really cruel.

LORELAI: So cruel -- so completely cruel that I'm kind of wondering if Gran didn't know Mom was gonna find it.

RORY: Stop. It's too mean. I don't wanna think that there's that meanness in my genes. I don't wanna inherit something like that.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, who knows what we've inherited from that woman. Count your toes lately?

RORY: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: Well, I've been saving the best for last.

RORY: You're kidding.

LORELAI: Do you know what Gran's maiden name was?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Gilmore. Grandpa Charles was her second cousin!

RORY: No!

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: What does that mean about us? What if that's caused, like, a horrible genetic mutation that hasn't shown up yet? Oh, our eyes!

LORELAI: What? We each have two of them.

RORY: I always thought it was neat that our eyes look kind of similar, but now I don't know. Is it creepy?

LORELAI: I don't know.

RORY: I think it's creepy.

LORELAI: Okay, just hand me some more stuff. Stop staring at my eyes. Come on.

RORY: What else do you have to do?

LORELAI: Oh, well, I haven't tracked down this Reverend Wilder yet, and I got some mysterious message from the place that made her headstone, so I have to go see about that. And then there's just the random stuff.

RORY: What random stuff?

LORELAI: Well, for instance, Gran requested that she be buried in fresh clothing.

RORY: What is fresh clothing?

LORELAI: I don't know. Clean clothing? Clothes fresh from the cleaners? New clothes? Clothes with a mountain-fresh scent?

RORY: I think it's new clothing.

LORELAI: It's safest, isn't it? So add that to the list with the headstone. Oh, and then there's the obituary. I almost forgot about the obituary.

RORY: What about the obituary?

LORELAI: The paper wrote something, but Dad thinks it's not good enough, so I have to rewrite her death announcement. I should let Mom do it. I believe it would go, "yay."

RORY: Hey, can I do it? I want to help, and we have access to a database at the Yale paper that would make it really easy to research.

LORELAI: Oh, honey, that would be great. Thank you.

RORY: My pleasure. I just feel really bad for Grandpa, losing his mother.

LORELAI: Well, they were really close.

RORY: Yeah. It's sad. So, Gran and her husband had the same great-grandfather.

LORELAI: Try not to think about it.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[The doorbell rings. No one answers so Lorelai opens the door and walks in. Sookie follows her in.

The entry is filled with flowers.]

LORELAI: Hello? Oh. Mom, Dad?

SOOKIE: Look at all this stuff! Oh.

LORELAI: Mom, are you here?

EMILY: In the living room, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Uh, yeah. Where's the maid? You got a condolence moat going on out here. [Lorelai and Sookie make their way into the living room to find Emily smoking and drinking and reading a book in her robe.] Whoa.

EMILY: I told Hilda to take the day off. Nothing's happening here.

LORELAI: I think every delivery boy in town would beg to differ.

EMILY: What? Oh, those. Just put those anywhere. I have to finish reading The Crimson Petal and the White for my book club. Sookie, what a pleasant surprise! What are you doing here?

LORELAI: I brought Sookie so she could check what equipment she's going to need for the wake. And who the hell are you?!

SOOKIE: I'm so sorry, Emily.

EMILY: About what?

SOOKIE: Well, about Richard's mother dying.

EMILY: Are you? Huh. Would you like a cigarette?

SOOKIE: No, thank you.

EMILY: Well, then, more for me.

SOOKIE: I think she broke.

LORELAI: Mom, what's going on?

SOOKIE: I am just gonna go to the kitchen.

LORELAI: Mom!

EMILY: Lorelai, please, I'm reading.

LORELAI: Uh...okay.

[The doorbell rings.]

EMILY: If you're going by the bar, my drink could use a little freshening up.

LORELAI: Your drink is fresh enough! And put that cigarette out!

[Lorelai opens the door to Jason.]

LORELAI: Hi, Jason.

JASON: Hey, I didn't know you were gonna be here.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, well, the white rabbit ran by. I chased him, fell down a hole, and here I am.

JASON: So, how's everybody doing?

LORELAI: Uh, well, Dad's a mess, and Mom starts work at the truck stop next week.

JASON: Are you holding up?

LORELAI: Yeah, I am. Thanks for asking.

JASON: Well, it's what I'm here for.

LORELAI: Really?

JASON: No. I have to get your father's signature on some papers.

LORELAI: Mom, where's Dad?

EMILY: How the hell do I know?

JASON: [sarcastically] Boy, she sounds really upset.

LORELAI: He's probably in his study.

JASON: Okay, thanks.

LORELAI: Mm-hmm. Careful.

[Jason knocks on the door of Richard's study. Richard comes to the door unshaven and wearing a bathrobe.]

RICHARD: Oh, Jason.

JASON: Richard, I am so sorry to hear.

[Richard sobs and hugs Jason. Lorelai turns away and goes back to Emily.]

EMILY: Who was that at the door?

LORELAI: It was Jason. Dad needs to sign something.

EMILY: Uh-huh.

LORELAI: You know what? Why don't I start putting some of these baskets away?

EMILY: Whatever.

LORELAI: And then maybe I could start writing some thank-you notes.

EMILY: Fine. I think there's some Post-its in the kitchen.

LORELAI: Mom, uh...I know how hurt you are. That letter was terrible. But there's still a lot of stuff

that has to get done.

EMILY: I know. You're right. Say, I've got an idea. Why don't you call Pennilyn Lott and have her plan the funeral?

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: I mean, she's the one that was supposed to be planning it anyhow, so I say let her do it. You need something, Sookie?

SOOKIE: I was just wondering if it's going to be okay to set up a buffet in the dining room.

EMILY: I don't know. What do you think Pennilyn Lott would do? You think she'd set it up in the dining room? Because personally, I think we should just toss some cheese cubes in the coffin, stuff some toothpicks in her mouth, and let the people go to town.

SOOKIE: Is she serious?

LORELAI: The dining room's fine, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Okay. Good.

[Jason comes out of the study. Lorelai goes over to him.]

LORELAI: Um, uh, excuse me.

JASON: Did you see that hug?

LORELAI: Yes, I saw the hug, I saw the hug.

JASON: It didn't end. It was the hug that wouldn't end, and he was wearing a robe.

LORELAI: Yes, apparently, we're a robe family now.

JASON: And he was crying. I am really, really bad at comforting people. I say completely inappropriate things -- bad jokes with words like "Nantucket" in them.

LORELAI: Did you get what you needed?

JASON: Yeah, thanks.

LORELAI: Okay. Well, then I guess I'll see you at the funeral tomorrow.

JASON: Yeah. About the actual funeral

LORELAI: Jason.

JASON: I can't do funerals.

LORELAI: You have to do funerals. This was your partner's mother.

JASON: I understand, but funerals have way too much emotion for me -- the death and the hugging.

LORELAI: You serious?

JASON: When I was 10, my family went through a terrible period. Once a month, somebody died.

For a year, they were dropping like flies. It completely freaked me out.

LORELAI: Okay, fine, don't come, but you had better lie to my father and tell him you did.

JASON: I am very comfortable with that compromise.

LORELAI: [goes back to Emily] That was Jason again. He had to go, but he wanted me to tell you hello for him.

EMILY: Jason. Your father loves that boy.

LORELAI: I know he does.

EMILY: You know who else would love that boy? Pennilyn Lott.

LORELAI: I'm gonna go get started on those thank-you cards.

EMILY: Remember to thank Pennilyn Lott just for being Pennilyn Lott.

CUT TO YALE NEWSPAPER

[Rory is on the phone.]

RORY: I'm almost done. I promise I'll get it to the paper this afternoon.

LORELAI: This is a really big help, my friend. I owe you.

RORY: No, it was really interesting, actually. I mean, I never knew all of these things about Gran.

LORELAI: Really, was the extra-toe thing in there?

RORY: No, but did you know that she took care of wounded soldiers that were shipped back here during World w*r II? She also studied at the Sorbonne and at Oxford and met three presidents.

LORELAI: Oh. Which ones?

RORY: Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon. There's this amazing picture of her frowning at Nixon like she knew he was up to something.

LORELAI: Really?

RORY: Yeah, she was some kind of something, wasn't she?

LORELAI: Yes, she kind of was.

RORY: I just love that she wanted something so -- I got to go. [hangs up] Hi, Doyle. Hey, did you read the typo in the New York Times today?

DOYLE: This is personal.

RORY: Yes. Yes, it is.

DOYLE: You're using newspaper resources to work on something personal, in direct defiance of what I was warning everybody about just the other day.

RORY: But this is different.

DOYLE: Oh, it is?

RORY: If I can just -

DOYLE: Oh, goody, here comes the defense. What will it be? "I'm looking something up for a friend?" "The professor didn't give me enough time?" "I was just browsing through the archives, and I got distracted?"

RORY: My grandmother is dead.

DOYLE: Oh. Oh, no.

RORY: Yeah, she died two days ago, suddenly, and we were close. Okay? We were close, and I'm just trying to give her an obituary that is fitting for the great woman that she was.

DOYLE: Oh. That's -- I didn't know.

RORY: You didn't ask.

DOYLE: My grandmother died in December, and it was... [sighs] I'm still not over it. I know exactly what you're going through. Keep going, please. I'm sorry.

RORY: It's okay. And thank you.

DOYLE: Last week, you know what I did?

RORY: No.

DOYLE: I picked up the phone to call her. Isn't that sad? I actually forgot, and then, of course, it hit me all over again. I hope that doesn't happen to you.

RORY: Me too.

DOYLE: She smelled a little like coffee. I still can't walk past any place that makes coffee.

RORY: Oh.

DOYLE: The girl I was dating was a barista. I had to break up with her.

RORY: We weren't that close.

DOYLE: What?

RORY: And it wasn't my grandmother. It was my great-grandmother. I dropped the "great" to make the whole thing sound sadder. I don't know anything about her until today. [sighs] I'm so sorry. I'm just gonna pack up and go straight to hell now.

DOYLE: My grandmother was a very special woman. She drove me to my prom, and I'd be a poor man if I'd never known her. Finish the obituary.

RORY: What?

GLENN: What?

DOYLE: Everybody should get to know their grandmother.

GLENN: But it was her great-grandmother. Didn't you hear her?

DOYLE: Glenn, you take Rory's piece on the new parking rules, okay?

GLENN: My month lasts a month. Your month lasts three days. Yes, sirree, folks, that is my life!

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Everyone in the diner is quiet. They're listening to the sounds of yelling coming from Luke's apartment upstairs. Miss Patty walks in the door.]

MISS PATTY: Oh, Kirk, good, I've been -

CUSTOMERS: Shh!

MISS PATTY: What are we listening to? [Kirk points upstairs.] Again?

KIRK: Yep.

[Rapid footsteps approaching. Everyone pretends to be busy as Luke comes into the diner.]

LUKE: Who needs to order?

MISS PATTY: I do.

LUKE: Go ahead.

MISS PATTY: I'll have a chef's salad.

LUKE: Dressing?

MISS PATTY: Oil and vinegar on the side.

LUKE: Crackers or roll?

MISS PATTY: Um...

KIRK: Get the crackers, get the crackers.

MISS PATTY: Uh, I'll have the -

NICOLE: Luke!

LUKE: What?

NICOLE: Are you coming back?

LUKE: I'm working.

NICOLE: We were having a discussion and you just got up and left.

LUKE: I thought we were done.

NICOLE: I was in the middle of the word "September."

LUKE: [Sighs and points to the door.] Okay, come on. [They go outside.] Okay, go ahead.

NICOLE: We were in the middle of a conversation!

LUKE: We were yelling. It was a fight.

NICOLE: We weren't yelling.

LUKE: It felt like yelling.

NICOLE: Okay, we won't yell. We'll talk.

LUKE: Fine, talk.

NICOLE: Me? What about you?

LUKE: You're the one who wanted to talk. We're here. Let's talk.

NICOLE: You don't want to talk?

LUKE: I don't have anything to say.

NICOLE: Yeah. Me either. [Starts to walk away.]

LUKE: [Sighs] Nicole.

NICOLE: What?

LUKE: You going back to our place?

NICOLE: Our place? [Scoffs] Our place. Huh. Funny.

[As Nicole walks away, Luke turns to see everyone in the diner crowded at the window watching the fight.]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Richard opens the door to Lorelai and Rory.]

LORELAI: Dad, why are you answering the door?

RICHARD: Uh, well, I heard it ring, so, um...

LORELAI: The maid's taking the day off again?

RICHARD: Yeah, I suppose so. Rory, it's nice to see you.

RORY: I'm so sorry, Grandpa.

RICHARD: Thank you, Rory.

RORY: How are you?

RICHARD: Well, I'm having a devil of a time with this tie.

RORY: And you're not wearing any shoes.

RICHARD: What? Oh, yeah, shoes.

LORELAI: Dad, can't Mom help you with the tie?

RICHARD: Yes. Yes. Uh, I don't know where she's gotten to. There are a lot of plans to make. Oh, someone sent us four hams. Can you imagine? Four hams.

[Emily comes downstairs wearing her robe again.]

LORELAI: Mom, there you are.

EMILY: [Slurring] Rory, you look very nice.

RORY: I brought a dress to change into.

EMILY: Oh, what you're wearing is fine. [hands Lorelai a book] Lorelai, here, I just finished reading, and I think you'll really like it. It's about this prost*tute named Sugar in Victorian England. She starts rising through the ranks of society, and she meets these really vivid characters!

LORELAI: Okay, sure, you don't have to tell me the whole story now.

EMILY: I'm not giving anything away. That's all on the back cover.

LORELAI: Dad? [to Rory] Follow him. Point out doors and windows.

RORY: Got it. [Rory follows Richard upstairs.]

LORELAI: So, Mom, you might want to go get ready now.

EMILY: Nonsense! We have hours. Want a drink? Today I learned how to make mojitos!

LORELAI: Mom, today especially, you might want to be early, since we're the ones throwing the funeral.

EMILY: Fine.

LORELAI: There you go. Go on upstairs. Put on a dress -- a black dress.

RORY: [comes back downstairs] I got him to sit down.

LORELAI: Okay, pillow. Soft. Good.

RORY: You're right, they're a little nutty.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. With extra nuts on top. Okay, I have to check and make sure that Sookie's kitchen stuff made it over here. And I have to call the airline and make sure the reverend got on the plane. I have to check in with the headstone -- [Gasps] Underwear.

RORY: Um, that took a turn.

LORELAI: Oh, my God. I delivered Gran's clothes to the funeral home, but I forgot to include underwear.

RORY: Gran's going commando?

LORELAI: Oh, no. I'll have to go buy some.

RORY: Well, wait a minute. Who's gonna know?

LORELAI: I'll know. Just stay here. Keep an eye on your grandpa. I'll be right back.

CUT TO STORE

[Lorelai looks at racks of underwear, unsure what to buy. A saleswoman comes up behind her.]

SHANNON: This whole section is our 2-for-1 sale.

LORELAI: Listen -

SHANNON: Shannon.

LORELAI: Shannon, um, I need to buy something for my grandmother.

SHANNON: Any particular style?

LORELAI: Something respectable, upstanding. You got anything that came over on the Mayflower?

SHANNON: We have this whole line of really terrific panties, and they have a built-in tummy panel that older women really love.

LORELAI: Oh, well, tummy panel sounds great.

SHANNON: What size is she?

LORELAI: Size? Uh, she's tiny but strong. She looks like she could take a punch. But she wears these big dresses, so who knows what's going on under there.

SHANNON: Okay, well -

LORELAI: I'm sorry, she wore big dresses. She wore big dresses, 'cause she's dead.

SHANNON: Oh.

LORELAI: Do you have any idea what "fresh clothing" means?

SHANNON: No.

LORELAI: Neither do I. I'm guessing it means "new," and that's why I'm here, because I have to do all the - all the planning now, because my mother found the note. [Scoffs] The stupid note. Who writes a note like that and keeps the carbon?

SHANNON: I don't -

LORELAI: Yeah, my grandmother -- that's who. My grandmother, who wants fresh clothing and a 4,000-year-old minister, who wants to be cremated and put in a jar on top of my mother's mantelpiece to sit up there and judge for all eternity. I bet your family's looking really great to you right about now, huh?

SHANNON: Yes, they are.

LORELAI: Yeah. [Chuckles] Oh, God. [Sniffles] I'm just babbling. I'm standing in underwire heaven

just babbling like a crazy person. I should just pick something, because, I mean, what difference does it make? She's dead. You know, the woman is dead. She can't tell what she's wearing or who bought it for her. She can't see the mess she's left behind, so I'll just -- I'll take this.

SHANNON: That's a small.

LORELA: Hello! She's dead! The woman is dead! She can't tell if it's the right size! She wanted fresh clothes, and I'm here buying her fresh clothes. So if she has a problem with the size or the strawberry print, then she can rise from the dead and come back here and yell at me herself. Because you know what, if anyone could, that tough, old, crazy, wonderful broad would be the one! [Sniffles] You take Visa, right?

SHANNON: Mm-hmm.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Rory helps Richard with his tie.]

RORY: Okay, so, according to this, we're almost home. I just pull this through there, which looks promising, and we're done. Now you just do the final adjusting.

RICHARD: Well, that's not bad.

RORY: Fourth time's the charm.

RICHARD: Very handy little sheet you've got there. Where'd you get it?

RORY: Off the internet. You can find anything there.

RICHARD: Hmm. Very nice.

RORY: Do you want to keep it -- the diagram? I don't think I'll be needing it much around the dorm

RICHARD: [Chuckles] Well, in that case, I will. Thank you, Rory.

RORY: Now I think all we need is your jacket and your shoes, and you're ready.

RICHARD: [Sighs] Yes, I suppose so. You know, the suit I wore when we buried my father -- I was never able to wear it again. It was brand-new -- a very nice suit. Custom-made. It was my first custom-made suit. I told your grandmother that it didn't fit anymore, but really, I just didn't want to see it again. And I suppose this is going to be it for this suit, too.

RORY: So, I hear you're doing the eulogy.

RICHARD: Well, I'm her son.

RORY: Are you gonna be okay doing that?

RICHARD: Well, I'll have to be, I suppose.

RORY: Because if you find yourself feeling, you know, unsteady about it, I can do it. I did a lot of reading about Gran for the obituary, and I think I can do her justice.

RICHARD: She had a life, didn't she?

RORY: She really did.

RICHARD: Well, I thank you for your offer, but this is my responsibility. I will be fine.

RORY: I'm sure you will.

RICHARD: However, if something happens, and I find myself, let us say, a tad more emotional than I would like -

RORY: I got your back, Grandpa.

[Richard sighs.]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE -- DOWNSTAIRS

[Lorelai walks in the front door with a shopping bag. Emily, dressed for the funeral, is sitting at the table.]

EMILY: Did you go shopping? I've been sitting here waiting for you.

[Lorelai sighs.]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

[After the funeral. Richard is greeting the mourners.]

RICHARD: Thank you. Thanks so much for coming. Appreciate it.

RORY: Nice job with the eulogy, Gilmore.

RICHARD: Well, I've always found that a well-tied bow tie can have a very steadying effect.

JENSON: Richard, she was a hell of a lady.

EMMA: I don't know what the hospital board will do without her.

RICHARD: I appreciate both of you coming. Have you met my granddaughter Rory?

JENSON: No, I don't believe we have.

EMMA: Nice to meet you, Rory.

RORY: Nice to meet you, too. I'm gonna go get a soda. Excuse me.

EMMA: She's lovely, Richard.

RICHARD: Inside and out.

[Rory walks over to Lorelai.]

LORELAI: How's he doing?

RORY: Not bad. He's holding it together -- partly because all these people are here, but I think he's doing better.

LORELAI: Good. So, what did you think of Gran's fabulous, fresh clothing?

RORY: I thought it was very sophisticated.

LORELAI: Thank you.

RORY: But don't think, for a second, that I didn't notice the Hello Kitty bracelet you put on her.

LORELAI: I just thought, a little something special from me and you for all eternity.

MARILYN: So, there she was, dragging poor Charles around Egypt, of all places. I mean, the man detested sand. So, of course, Lorelai wanted to go and see the pyramids right away. Well, he was dragging his feet. He wanted to go to the hotel. He said, "Lorelai, those pyramids have been there for thousands of years, so they can wait another day." And she said, "Well, you didn't marry the pyramids. You married me, and I won't wait another hour." And she jumped on a camel and rode away. Dragged the camel's owner behind her for over a mile. Man almost died. [Laughter] There she is. Lorelai, come here and say hello to your father's favorite cousin.

LORELAI: Hi, Marilyn.

MARILYN: Look at you. You look just like your picture. You know, your grandmother had this picture of you right smack-dab in the middle of her entryway. You would walk in the door, she would point to the picture, and she would say, "This is my granddaughter, Lorelai. She's not married."

LORELAI: Oh, that's a terrific story.

MARILYN: You are stunning! My god, tell me you're an idiot, I beg you.

LORELAI: I have my moments. How's that?

MARILYN: And you, miss. Am I possibly related to you also?

LORELAI: Yes, this is my daughter Rory.

MARILYN: It is a thrill to meet you both. Horrible circumstances, I suppose. Anyway angels, tell me: when you were last over at your grandmother's house, did you possibly notice some darling little bar glasses?

LORELAI: Bar glasses?

MARILYN: Crystal, with this little gold-leaf pattern around?

LORELAI: No, I don't think so.

MARILYN: Oh, well, I was just wondering. They weren't valuable, just sentimental. I used to admire them as a small child.

LORELAI: Well, sure, what little kid doesn't have a fascination with bar glasses?

MARILYN: Well, if you ever do see them -

LORELAI: Yes, I'll let you know. I -- I'm sorry, I have to go check the caterer.

MARILYN: Go, go, go. I can visit with Rory.

RORY: Okay. Hey, I heard you talking about Gran in Egypt.

MARILYN: Oh, she loved Egypt. Actually, she loved anyplace exotic. Did she ever tell you about the

time she was stranded in Istanbul?

RORY: No. Well, I actually didn't know her very well.

MARILYN: Oh, that's a terrible shame.

RORY: I think so, too.

DARCY: It was a lovely service. You did a wonderful job.

EMILY: Thank you.

DARCY: It seems like we're hitting that age, now aren't we, where we're going to be going to a lot of these things. Time to invest in a second black suit, I suppose.

EMILY: [to a passing waiter] Excuse me, please bring my husband a Manhattan, and make sure the hors d'oeuvres start with him. He has to eat something.

RORY: [to a boy her age] Yeah, I think philosophy may be one of my favorite subjects right now.

LORELAI: [whispers to Rory] Second cousin.

RORY: Got to go.

BOY: Wait, I'll come with you. [follows Rory]

LORELAI: [loudly] Reverend Wilder, hi. Thank you so much for coming all the way up here from Florida to be with us. Gran would have been so pleased.

REVEREND: Oh, thank you. I was happy to do it. And you are?

LORELAI: I'm Lorelai Gilmore.

REVEREND: Didn't I just bury you?

LORELAI: No, Reverend, I'm the one who talked to you on the phone, and I picked you up from the airport.

REVEREND: Oh, really?

LORELAI: Yeah.

MARILYN: That was a different Lorelai. This is her granddaughter. This is the reigning Lorelai.

REVEREND: Oh, how nice. And who are you?

LORELAI: This is Gran's niece, Marilyn.

MARILYN: You remember me from when I was younger. You married me to my first husband, Theodore.

REVEREND: I did?

MARILYN: It would be easier on all of us if you can just pretend to remember.

REVEREND: Oh, well, that's probably a good idea.

[Lorelai sits down next to Emily and sighs.]

LORELAI: How are you holding up?

EMILY: My feet are k*lling me.

LORELAI: How's the rest of you?

EMILY: The rest of me? The rest of me is fine.

LORELAI: Oh, you know, Mom, she may have written that letter, but he picked you.

EMILY: I can't believe you wore those shoes to a funeral.

LORELAI: I'm going to go get a stuffed mushroom now.

[Emily walks over to Richard.]

RICHARD: Hmm.

EMILY: Your tie is crooked.

RICHARD: Oh.

EMILY: Have you eaten?

RICHARD: Oh, yes. Every five minutes, it seems a young man would show up at my side with a tray of food. Your doing, I suppose.

EMILY: Could be. There, that's better.

RICHARD: So, I've been thinking.

EMILY: Yes?

RICHARD: I'm not so sure the mantel is the best place for Gran's ashes.

EMILY: What?

RICHARD: The ledge is too small. It wouldn't really be appropriate.

EMILY: But her wishes.

RICHARD: Being buried with my father seems right. Don't you agree?

EMILY: Whatever you want, Richard.

[Lorelai walks through the room.]

MARILYN: So, there she is, Aunt Lorelai -- already in her 70s, mind you -- and the blizzard has her trapped in that old house for a week with no heat, no running water. The local police finally came and dug her out and handed her some hot tea. And you know what she does? First of all, she complains that the tea is too hot, and then she sends them a bill for carpet cleaning, because they tracked in snow.

[Lorelai sees Rory and goes over to sit at a table with her.]

LORELAI: So, you ditched the cousin?

RORY: Yeah, we ran into a sister, and how could I compete?

LORELAI: Oh, sure. How are you doing?

RORY: I'm feeling sadder about Gran, but feeling sadder is making me feel less guilty about not feeling sad, so things are looking up.

LORELAI: Good. So, apparently, I am now the reigning Lorelai.

RORY: Huh. I guess you are.

LORELAI: It's a lot of responsibility.

RORY: Well, sure.

LORELAI: It's mostly ceremonial stuff nowadays -- declaring knighthoods, opening supermarkets -- but now and then, you get to banish someone or pose for a stamp.

RORY: Neat. And coins.

LORELAI: Yeah and coins. You know, someday you'll be the reigning Lorelai.

RORY: I don't like that idea.

LORELAI: Why not? You get a cape.

RORY: Because if I'm the reigning Lorelai, that means you'll be gone.

LORELAI: Gone? No, not me. I'll step down way before that. I'm not gonna pull a Queen Elizabeth on you, make you wait around forever, force you to develop interests in polo and architecture.

RORY: I am scared of horses.

LORELAI: I know that.

RORY: So, there's a cape, huh?

THE END

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