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## 02x12 - Richard In Stars Hollow

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### 02x12 - Richard In Stars Hollow

by **destinyros2005**

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

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2.12 - Richard in Stars Hollow

written by Frank Lombardi

directed by Steve Gomer

OPEN AT ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai and Rory have just arrived]

LORELAI: Thanks. Man, is it cold out there.

RORY: I know, I'm freezing.

EMILY: Well, come on in and sit by the fire. I'll make you both a drink and then we can talk.

RORY: About what?

LORELAI: Antennas up.

RORY: Aye aye, captain.

[they walk to the living room]

EMILY: So Lorelai, how are you?

LORELAI: Um, I'm fine Mom.

EMILY: Rory?

RORY: I'm fine too, Grandma.

LORELAI: How are you Mom?

EMILY: Also fine.

LORELAI: Oh, look at that. All three of us fine, just like the Judds.

EMILY: So Lorelai, are you dating?

LORELAI: Uh, hm, no, I'm not dating.

EMILY: Really? There's no one at all?

LORELAI: No, totally single.

EMILY: Any chance you'd get back with Max?

LORELAI: No Mom, there's no chance.

EMILY: What about the man at the diner, the one who refuses to shave?

LORELAI: Luke, he's just a friend Mom.

EMILY: Do you think you'll be single your entire life?

LORELAI: Excuse me?

EMILY: I mean, in terms of your finding someone, what do you think the odds are?

LORELAI: Okay, what is going on?

EMILY: Well, I visited the family mausoleum today.

LORELAI: Never what you think it's gonna be!

EMILY: I just wanted to check on things, make sure they were keeping it up, changing the flowers, you know.

LORELAI: Uh huh.

EMILY: So I went inside and looked around and it occurred to me that there's a very limited space there.

LORELAI: Oh.

EMILY: Now of course there's a slot open for me and Richard and you and Rory, but after the two of you □ that's it. No more room for anyone else.

LORELAI: Ah.

EMILY: Yes. So if you actually do meet someone someday, I don't know where to put him.

LORELAI: Well, maybe we could just dump him at the local pool hall.

EMILY: Don't be silly.

LORELAI: No, because this is definitely not a conversation for that.

EMILY: I looked into expanding into the crypt next door but the family that owns it wouldn't even discuss it with me.

RORY: I'm getting a little creeped out here.

EMILY: So I talked to the head of the cemetery and he suggested that we buy an annex.

RORY: An annex?

EMILY: Yes.

LORELAI: You know, like an outlet store, it would specialize in the irregular family members.

EMILY: So if we do get the annex and you do eventually someday get married□

LORELAI: Mom, just say it □ fat chance □ will you?

EMILY: I just meant that we'll have to decide who to move.

LORELAI: Oh, oh. Well, uh. . .ugh, why don't we move Aunt Cecile? She was always so annoying at parties. She loved the knock-knock jokes.

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: What?

RORY: You can't just kick out Aunt Cecile.

LORELAI: Knock-knock. Who's there? Pineapple. Pineapple who? That's where it ended. Never fully grasped the knock-knock concept.

EMILY: She was a complete idiot. Okay, it's decided □ Cecile goes.

LORELAI: Good.

RORY: Look - put me in the annex.

LORELAI: Unh uh. No way. You are not leaving me alone in there with Cecile.

RORY: Well I'm not gonna be held responsible for somebody being kicked out of their eternal resting place.

LORELAI: Ooh, I have an idea. I'll probably go first, right? So when Rory kicks, just throw her in with me.

RORY: I'd like my own space if you don't mind.

LORELAI: Why? It'd totally be fun to be there together. Plus I plan to be buried with all the good CD's and my rock star belt.

[Richard comes down the steps]

RICHARD: Sorry I'm late. What did I miss?

EMILY: We were just discussing who to move to the annex.

RICHARD: Oh. I vote for Cecile. Horrible woman, and those terrible jokes.

LORELAI: What'd I tell you?

RORY: This is a cold, cold family.

[Opening Credits]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Later that night, Lorelai, Rory, Richard, and Emily are at the table eating dinner.]

LORELAI: This is really good.

RORY: Yeah, what is it?

EMILY: Well, it -.

LORELAI: No, don't tell us.

RORY: Why not?

LORELAI: Because every time in my life that I've tasted something great but I didn't know what it was, it turned out to be something really disgusting that had I known what I was eating I never would've tried it in the first place.

RORY: Example?

LORELAI: Snails.

RORY: Gross.

LORELAI: Eat in ignorance and enjoy it, my friend.

RORY: Gladly.

LORELAI: So Dad, how's the retired life treating you?

RICHARD: Well, fascinating actually. I find myself noticing things, everyday things that I must've witnessed a hundred times before but just walked right past. Like yesterday, your mother moved a vase, the one in the hall, and she didn't do it in front of me.

LORELAI: Oh no, 'cause nice girls never move vases in front of men.

RICHARD: And she only moved it a little but as I passed it by I noticed it had been moved.

RORY: Impressive.

RICHARD: And every day's a new discovery. Your mother changed her hair. Or she wore shoes that didn't match her purse.

EMILY: Richard.

RICHARD: Last Thursday.

EMILY: Oh, for heaven's sake.

RICHARD: You know what else I noticed?

RORY: What?

RICHARD: A first edition Flaubert, mint condition, shoved behind several of my Churchill biographies.

RORY: No!

RICHARD: Interested?

RORY: My life is good.

RICHARD: Follow me.

LORELAI: Ooh Dad, see if you can find a pair of the new Chanel patent leather pirate boots stuffed back behind your Churchills.

RICHARD: Hmm.

[Richard and Rory leave the room]

LORELAI: What's up Mom?

EMILY: Nothing's up.

LORELAI: You were twitching. I saw you.

EMILY: You did not see me twitching.

LORELAI: Mom, when Dad was talking about the vase, you were pulling a full-on Tabitha.

EMILY: I did not pull a Tabitha.

LORELAI: Something wrong?

EMILY: No, nothing's wrong.

LORELAI: Hm, okay, nothing's wrong.

EMILY: It's just that things are a little strange lately.

LORELAI: What is?

EMILY: Having him home.

LORELAI: Ah.

EMILY: We've never really been home at the same time. I mean, we got married, we went to Europe, we came back, he went to work, and it's been that way ever since.

LORELAI: Well, so now it's different.

EMILY: It's very different. He's always here ▯ watching me and noticing when I move a vase and. . . I don't know. It's silly. So he noticed my hair was different. Women die for that sort of thing.

LORELAI: Aw Mom, it's just an adjustment. You've had your routine, he's had his routine. You guys just need to figure out a new routine.

EMILY: I guess so.

LORELAI: Yeah, it'll just take some time. Then you'll find your rhythm and he'll go back to ignoring your hair, all will be well.

EMILY: Yes, you're probably right.

LORELAI: Mm, I am right. Okay, I give. What is this?

EMILY: Sweetbreads.

LORELAI: Sweetbreads. So that's uh. . .

EMILY: Pancreas.

CUT TO CHILTON

[At a meeting of the Franklin, Paris is going through a stack of stories that people have submitted.]

PARIS: No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: I'm not done.

RORY: Sorry.

PARIS: No.

LOUISE: Glad she finished that one.

PARIS: Why am I the only one who cares?

RORY: You're not the only one who cares.

PARIS: No. I know you care, but I need everyone in this stupid room to care because I can't be the only one to care. Besides you.

LOUISE: It's just a contest Paris. It's not like you get a car or a lifetime supply of Rice a Roni.

MADELINE: God, I love that stuff.

PARIS: The Oppenheimer Award for Excellence in school journalism is not a contest. It's a statement. It says you're the best. The best writers, the best reporters, the best editors. It says that you have crushed all others who have dared to take you on. It says that every other single school in the United States of America is feeling nothing but shame and defeat and pain because of the people who won the Oppenheimer plaque. I wanna be those people, I wanna cause that pain.

RORY: Our paper is good.

PARIS: Not good enough.

RORY: Last week's issue - .

PARIS: Was a fine effort by a bunch of kids.

MADELINE: We are a bunch of kids.

PARIS: Not when we're in this room, we're not. Flescher Prep Gazette, Broadmouth Banner, Richmond Heights Chronicle - these publications are not our competition.

LOUISE: Geez.

PARIS: The New York Times, the Wall Street Journal, the Washington Post - these publications are our competition.

MADELINE: Paris has gone bye-bye.

PARIS: We need to raise the bar. We need to be better, think harder, dig deeper. I don't wanna just submit a good issue. I wanna submit a great issue, the best issue.

RORY: When's the deadline?

PARIS: One week from today.

RORY: Okay, so, then we better get brainstorming. Doe anyone have an idea for a theme?

PARIS: Yes.

RORY: What?

PARIS: The one that wins.

RORY: Okay, good, big help. All right everyone, we should get working. You're going to give yourself a stroke one of these days, you know that.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Emily walks through the hall into the living room.]

EMILY: Graciela, I'm leaving the shopping list on the table here. And remember we need the low sudsing detergent. I have drawn a picture of what the box looks like, so for heaven's sake pay attention this time.

[Richard walks in]

EMILY: How was your walk?

RICHARD: Carl Lambertson needs a new roof. I'm going to drop him a note.

EMILY: Good idea.

RICHARD: Busy day?

EMILY: Mm, very.

RICHARD: Is that the same cup of coffee you had when I left?

EMILY: What?

RICHARD: When I left an hour ago, you were having a cup of coffee.

EMILY: Oh, no, this is a different cup of coffee.

RICHARD: So then that's your third cup of coffee this morning?

EMILY: I guess.

RICHARD: Interesting. I just realized you have three cups of coffee in the morning.

EMILY: I don't drink three cups of coffee every morning.

RICHARD: Every morning this week.

EMILY: Well, so what?

RICHARD: Nothing. Just an observation, that's all. That's a lot of coffee to drink early in the morning.

EMILY: Any thoughts on what you'd like for dinner tonight?

RICHARD: Oh no, anything's fine.

EMILY: All right. [writes something down in her day planner]

RICHARD: What are you writing down?

EMILY: Lamb chops.

RICHARD: Is that for tonight?

EMILY: Yes.

RICHARD: Oh.

EMILY: Do you not want lamb chops tonight?

RICHARD: Oh, no no, lamb chops is just fine for tonight. I just thought a nice roast would also be nice for a change.

EMILY: Roast it is.

RICHARD: Of course, if you want lamb chops □

EMILY: We're having roast, Richard.

RICHARD: Okay, if that's what you want.

EMILY: I'm going by the dry cleaners, anything you want me to drop off?

RICHARD: You're going to the dry cleaners?

EMILY: Yes.

RICHARD: Well I'll go with you.

EMILY: I can bring in whatever you have.

RICHARD: I know, but it'd be nice to go together.

EMILY: That would be terribly romantic, but I won't have time to get back here before my DAR meeting so it's probably better if I go alone. You can come to the cleaners with me next week.

RICHARD: Well yes, well I can go to the meeting with you.

EMILY: You want to go to my meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution?



RICHARD: Well, well yes, I think it'd be fascinating.

EMILY: But I go straight from there to the symphony luncheon.

RICHARD: Well, I'll tag along there too.

EMILY: Yes, but from there I get my hair done, and you certainly don't want to sit around while I have my hair done.

RICHARD: No, I don't.

EMILY: There you go.

RICHARD: Well, you can cancel that.

EMILY: I can't cancel that. I get my hair done every Wednesday at three.

RICHARD: Well, your hair looks fine.

EMILY: My hair looks fine because I have my hair done every Wednesday at three.

RICHARD: Well then what am I going to do?

EMILY: Why don't you go to the club?

RICHARD: What?

EMILY: Yes, the club! You spend a fortune to belong there and you never got to go much before. Why don't you go there now?

RICHARD: Go to the club on a Wednesday afternoon?

EMILY: I think it would be perfect.

RICHARD: I don't even know what they do at the club on a Wednesday afternoon.

EMILY: No time like the present to find out.

RICHARD: All right, I'll go to the club.

EMILY: Wonderful. [starts walking him to the front door]

RICHARD: Go to the club on a Wednesday afternoon. Life certainly is an interesting game of cards, isn't it?

EMILY: It certainly is.

RICHARD: Well, um, I'll see you, uh, tonight.

EMILY: Have a good time. [closes door] Graciela, I need more coffee now!

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW VIDEO

[Rory and Lorelai walk around the video store trying to decide on a movie]

LORELAI: How about a triple feature? Three Days of the Condor, Shoah and The Jerk?

RORY: Uh, Shoah's like nine and a half hours.

LORELAI: But The Jerk is short.

RORY: Hmm, next.

LORELAI: The three faces of Costner □ Bull Durham, Dances with Wolves, The Postman. Tom Petty playing Tom Petty, that great big speech about 'Once upon a time there was a thing called mail.' It'll make you laugh, it'll make you cry, it'll make you wanna mail something.

RORY: Ooh, we could do a Ruth Gordon film festival. Harold and Maude, Rosemary's Baby, and that really great episode of Taxi.

LORELAI: Got it. The worst film festival ever. Cool as Ice, Hudson Hawk, and Electric Bugaloo.

RORY: Sold.

LORELAI: I'll get the Hawk.

RORY: I'll get the Bugaloo.

[Rory leans down to look through the shelf of videos. Two boys are sitting on the floor looking at a movie box.]

BOY 1: See, I told you.

BOY 2: Wow.

RORY: Hey guys, can I get in there?

BOY 1: Oh, yeah. [both boys walk away]

[Rory finds the movie and stands back up]

LORELAI: Got it, plus four boxes of Red Vines.

RORY: Let's go.

LORELAI: Hi Kirk.

KIRK: Evening Lorelai.

LORELAI: Um, I forgot my card at home but I think my number's 6247.

KIRK: You forgot your card?

LORELAI: I might've lost it.

KIRK: You lost your card?

LORELAI: I might have.

KIRK: Was it temporary or laminated?

LORELAI: Laminated.

KIRK: That's a permanent card. You lost a permanent card.

LORELAI: You can just get me a new card Kirk.

KIRK: Fine, but I hope you understand the gravity of the situation here.

LORELAI: I'm trying to grasp it.

KIRK: I mean, these cards are agreements. It's an agreement between you and the Stars Hollow Video Store stating that you will take care of your card, that you will honor your card, that you will very, very nice to your card...

[Lorelai's cell phone is ringing]

LORELAI: Kirk.

KIRK: I'll be right back.

LORELAI: Thanks. [answers phone] Hello? Hello? [to Rory] Reception sucks in here, I'll be right back.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Hello? [walks away]

KIRK: It'll be ready in a minute.

RORY: Hey Kirk, there are a couple of little kids over there and they're, uh, looking at this tape cover that's kind of mature. You might wanna put that stuff on a higher shelf or something.

KIRK: Mature? How mature?

RORY: Uh, it's a half-naked woman just standing there.

KIRK: Is she a blonde?

RORY: What?

KIRK: I'll check it out right now. [walks away]

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai walks out of the video store to talk on the phone]

LORELAI: Hey Mom, I can hear you now. What's up?

EMILY: You have to take your father.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Tomorrow, for the whole day, just take him.

LORELAI: Take him where?

EMILY: I don't care -- the zoo, the mall, Rhode Island, just get him out of my house!

LORELAI: What happened?

EMILY: He's going to join my water aerobics class.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: He bought some new swim trunks today. He's out of control.

LORELAI: Okay, Mom, calm down.

EMILY: I can't calm down! I can't turn around without him being there, following me, staring at me.

LORELAI: Well, he likes you.

EMILY: Don't be cute, do not be cute. The man is driving me insane. I am going to go insane, and if you don't help me, I will take you with me.

LORELAI: Okay, Mom, I would like to help you but wh --.

EMILY: You owe me!

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: I pay for Rory's school!

LORELAI: Are you serious?

EMILY: And I cosigned your loan! You still have a house because of me!

LORELAI: Are you hearing yourself?

EMILY: I'm sorry but I'm desperate. I just need one day of peace and I will do anything to get it, anything.

LORELAI: Okay Mom, fine, uh, I'll take him.

EMILY: I can't tell you how much I appreciate this.

RICHARD: [calls from another room] Emily! Where are you?

EMILY: I have to go. Tomorrow morning.

LORELAI: Tomorrow morning. Bye.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory is in her bedroom getting ready for school as Lorelai walks in.]

LORELAI: Oh my God, the most horrible thing just happened. Headmaster Charleston's office called, he's been kidnapped! Two guys broke into his house and threw him in a hefty bag, used those twisty ties and carted him off. Classes have been canceled until further notice.

RORY: I am going to school Mom.

LORELAI: Rory, come on, it's just one day. I'll write you a note. "Dear Nazis, Rory had to miss school today on account of saving her mom from spending the entire day with her father who often looks

at her like she has three heads.'

RORY: Out of my way please.

LORELAI: Do you know the last time my father and I were alone together for any extended period of time?

RORY: Unh uh.

LORELAI: I was kicked out of summer class for refusing to call the camp counselor Peaches because I thought the entire concept of the counselors choosing summer fruit names was stupid. So they called my dad and he came to get me and it was just the two of us alone in the car all the way from Maine with nothing to talk about but my camp failure. Luckily I had also flashed the swim team or even that subject would've gotten stale.

RORY: Mom, I have the Franklin today. I cannot miss it.

LORELAI: Rory, please. I can't handle the entire day with him. I can't, I can't, I caaaaaan't.

RORY: Mom, I promise. Just make it till the afternoon, and then I promise I'll come right home and I'll take Grandpa off your hands.

LORELAI: All right.

RORY: It'll be fine.

LORELAI: It is not going to be fine. It's going to be horrible. It is going to be a bad, depressing Lifetime movie and Nancy McKeon will be playing me. I am Jo.

[the doorbell rings]

LORELAI: And that would be him.

RORY: It's not going to be that bad. Hey. Be nice.

LORELAI: Be nice.

RORY: Oh, very good.

[they answer the front door, Richard is standing there]

LORELAI: Hi Dad.

RORY: Hey Grandpa.

RICHARD: Good morning girls.

LORELAI: Did you have any trouble getting here?

RICHARD: Not at all, the directions were fine.

RORY: Well I have to be going, but I'll see you this afternoon.

RICHARD: I look forward to it.

RORY: Have fun. [leaves]

LORELAI: So good drive, huh?

RICHARD: Very good.

LORELAI: Oh, here. [takes Richard's coat] Would you like some coffee?

RICHARD: I'm fine. Do you want coffee?

LORELAI: Oh yes, God yes, thank you.

[They walk into the kitchen]

LORELAI: So you sure you don't, um. . .

RICHARD: Coffee? Uh, no, no, no, no.

LORELAI: Well, uh, can I offer you anything else? Some Pop Tarts or. . .well, that's pretty much it.

RICHARD: You don't have to entertain me Lorelai. I just came here to see you and your house and your town. You don't have to do anything special for me.

LORELAI: But you're my guest.

RICHARD: No, I'm your father. Just do whatever it is you would normally do.

LORELAI: What I would normally do.

RICHARD: Yes. Like for instance, this morning if I wasn't here, you would wake up, obviously get some coffee and. . .then what?

LORELAI: Well, um, I'd probably read the paper for a little while and then have some breakfast.

RICHARD: Let's read the paper then.

LORELAI: Okay, let's read the paper. [they sit down at the table] Um, what sections would you like?

RICHARD: Oh, you go first. I'll take what's left.

LORELAI: Oh, okay. Well, um, normally I read the Arts and Leisure and the Lifestyles.

RICHARD: Perfect. Well, that leaves Business, Sports, and World News.

LORELAI: Oh. That worked out well.

RICHARD: Yes it did, didn't it?

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and Richard walk in]

LORELAI: Well, this is it, Luke's.

RICHARD: You know, when I was in college, there was this horrible little diner across from my apartment building. It was run by this terrible little couple, they were very angry. They would fight, break plates, curse, and I went in there every morning for three years and I had the most

dreadful breakfast, just awful. I really miss that place.

LUKE: Morning.

LORELAI: Hey. Um, Luke, you remember my father?

LUKE: Oh yeah, nice to see you again.

RICHARD: Nice to see you. This is quite a place you've got here.

LUKE: It pays the bills.

RICHARD: Always a plus in business.

LORELAI: Dad, do you know what you want?

RICHARD: Oh, I already ate.

LORELAI: You did? When?

RICHARD: Oh, I had breakfast at home. I get up at 5:30 every morning.

LORELAI: Wow. Why?

RICHARD: Well I've gotten up at 5:30 for as long as I can remember.

LORELAI: Yeah, but that was when you had to work. Now you can afford to get a little crazy, get up at quarter to six.

RICHARD: Go ahead and order Lorelai.

LORELAI: Okay. I'll have a banana, pancakes, side of bacon, and lots and lots of coffee.

LUKE: Coming right up. [walks away]

RICHARD: You didn't order any grapefruit.

LORELAI: Yeah, I don't really like grapefruit.

RICHARD: Oh, I always start my breakfast off with half a grapefruit.

LORELAI: Hm, do the Florida people know about you? Because Anita Bryant left this huge gap that has yet to be filled.

RICHARD: It's important to start the day off correctly, Lorelai. A grapefruit is brain food. It has vitamin C and folic acid and it helps with your digestion. It really is a terrific fruit.

LORELAI: I feel like you're about to break into song.

RICHARD: I'm serious about this Lorelai.

LORELAI: I know you are but I still don't like grapefruit.

RICHARD: Well, there are many things in life that we don't like, but the benefits they bring us far outweigh the temporary discomforts we have to endure.

LORELAI: Okay. Hold on a sec.

[Lorelai walks up to Luke at the counter]

LORELAI: Hey, I need a grapefruit.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Yeah. Before my pancakes this morning I need half a grapefruit, uh, preferably one that tastes like a donut.

LUKE: I don't have grapefruit.

LORELAI: How can you not have grapefruit?

LUKE: I've never had grapefruit.

LORELAI: I need a grapefr. . .Listen, I have my father with me all day, and so far there's been no major drama or yelling or ugliness but there will be if I don't somehow find a way to get half a grapefruit for breakfast this morning.

LUKE: I could go next door to Doose's and buy a grapefruit.

LORELAI: I would be eternally grateful.

LUKE: I'll be right back.

LORELAI: Thank you.

[Lorelai walks back to the table]

LORELAI: Okay, the grapefruit is coming.

RICHARD: Oh, you won't be sorry.

LORELAI: So listen, I was thinking, um, maybe after we're done here, you might like to walk around town a little, see the sites. And then Rory usually gets home around four. The two of you can hang out at the house until I get off work and the three of us can hook up for dinner. How does that sound?

RICHARD: Very sensible.

LORELAI: Well yeah, I had to make up for my shoes.

RICHARD: Is that your second cup of coffee?

LORELAI: Uh, third. Why?

RICHARD: No reason. That's a lot of coffee first thing in the morning.

CUT TO CHILTON

[Rory is at her locker. She slams it shut and finds Paris standing there.]

RORY: Okay, you have got to stop doing that.



PARIS: So I've been doing some research on the Oppenheimer Award, and I've noticed something. All of the winning schools had an extremely strong human interest story on page one.

RORY: Okay.

PARIS: And I think that's what we need. I mean, we've got the teen issues down, we've got a decent op-ed and political page, but human interest □ that's what we're missing.

RORY: Ideas?

PARIS: Yes.

RORY: Do tell.

PARIS: According to the papers, there's been a huge increase in the number of families fleeing the major cities in favor of small towns. Hundreds of thousands of city slicking yuppies carting the trophy wife and the asthmatic kids off to small towns in search of the simple life. Milk a cow, pet a pig, find yourself, all that kind of crap.

RORY: Interesting.

PARIS: Yeah, and I thought about it. There's a romantic aspect to small towns. White picket fences, low crime rate, smaller classrooms, better tomatoes. It all seems perfect.

RORY: But?

PARIS: But nothing is perfect, nothing is safe, nothing is ever what it seems. And then it hit me - our story. We are going to blow the lid off the seedy underbelly of small town life, starting with yours.

RORY: Stars Hollows?

PARIS: Yes.

RORY: You are going to uncover the seedy underbelly of Stars Hollow?

PARIS: Yes.

RORY: Paris, Stars Hollow doesn't have a seedy underbelly. We don't even have a meter maid.

PARIS: Look, you may be blind to it because you live there, but trust me, it's there and it's ugly and I'm going to find it. I'll meet you out front after school.

RORY: I can't today.

PARIS: Why not? Are you hiding something?

RORY: No. I promised my mom that I would help her with something.

PARIS: Well, help her tomorrow. We have work to do.

RORY: Paris!

PARIS: Hey, this could be our chance to nail this thing. Now I have a hunch that there's a story here and a good one, and I'm going to find it. I was even going to share a byline with you on it, but if you wanna bail out, that's fine. I'll just do it myself.

RORY: But -.

PARIS: Am I meeting you or not?

RORY: I don't think you're gonna find anything.

PARIS: Well, then the worst that can happen is that I spend some time in your town and suddenly have an urge to enter a pie in the county fair. I'll meet you out front, don't be late.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Michel is at the front desk on the phone as Lorelai walks over]

MICHEL: As soon as I can, I will send someone up. . . Yes, I will. . . I understand. . . I understand. . . I understand. . . I understand. . . Okay. . . I understand. Goodbye. [hangs up]

LORELAI: What do you understand?

MICHEL: I have no idea. I tuned him out at the first screech.

LORELAI: Have we heard from Manny yet?

MICHEL: No, and I have paged him twice.

LORELAI: We only have enough linen for one seating tonight. Hand me the phone.

MICHEL: Plus we are completely out of clean towels.

LORELAI: [oh phone] Hi, Sophie, it's Lorelai. I need to talk to Manny. . . Well, when will he be back? . . . Okay, I need him to call me really, really soon, like five minutes ago. Okay, thanks. [hangs up]  
We need a backup plan.

MICHEL: Mm hmm.

LORELAI: Call Patty's and see if she has any party rental tablecloths we can use for tonight and then pull all the towels from the pool and call Gandolfi's and order a case of champagne. Send a bottle to every room that's towel-less and just page him every two minutes and oh no! [sees Richard walk into the inn]

RICHARD: Hi.

LORELAI: Hi Dad, what are you doing? Uh, I thought you were gonna tour the town.

RICHARD: Oh, I did, I did. I went into all the stores, the cat one twice. And then I walked around a little and then I was done.

LORELAI: But what about the park □ did you see the park?

RICHARD: Yes, I saw the park.

LORELAI: Uh, what about the giant slinky over on Klump? We're mighty proud of that.

RICHARD: I saw the slinky, yes. And the hundred-year-old oak tree and the life-size yarn person. I even stopped by your house and had Babette introduce me to all of her gnomes.

LORELAI: Oh.

RICHARD: And then I realized the only thing I had not seen is my daughter at work.

LORELAI: Oh, well, watching me at work is not very interesting, trust me.

RICHARD: Oh, you underestimate yourself.

LORELAI: Okay, well, um, there's books on the shelves over there.

RICHARD: No no, I have my newspaper, I'm fine.

LORELAI: All right, I'm just gonna. . . what's the matter?

RICHARD: Is your jacket in the back?

LORELAI: My jacket?

RICHARD: Your work jacket?

LORELAI: I don't have a work jacket.

RICHARD: So that's your working outfit?

LORELAI: Yeah.

RICHARD: And your boss doesn't mind?

LORELAI: Oh, well considering my boss is me, no, she doesn't. I mean, she did at first but then I bought her a cup of coffee and I realized all the hostility she was expressing toward me was just jealousy and we've been best friends ever since. Just take a seat Dad. [walks to the front desk] Hey, will you get me an extra bottle of champagne and smack me over the head with it?

MICHEL: Absolutely.

[phone rings]

LORELAI: [answers] Independence Inn.

RORY: I need you to sit down, breathe, and remember that you're at work, so screaming and crying is not an option.

LORELAI: Why, what are you doing?

RORY: I can't meet you after school today.

LORELAI: What? You promised.

RORY: I know but I have to work on this story for the Franklin and I swear I tried to get out of it, but I couldn't.

LORELAI: Oh great.

RORY: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: Oh no, school comes before Mommy's mental health.

RORY: Just tell Grandpa to wander around for awhile.

LORELAI: He already wandered.

RORY: Did he see the slinky?

LORELAI: Yes, he saw the slinky.

RORY: Wow.

LORELAI: He's here now.

RORY: Oh.

LORELAI: And he hates my shirt.

RORY: Give him a book and have Sookie make him lunch and I swear I'll be home by dinner and you won't have to say a word.

LORELAI: Okay, bye.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW BUS STOP

[Rory and Paris get off of the bus]

PARIS: I think I got rabies.

RORY: It's just a bus, Paris.

PARIS: It smelled.

RORY: It smelled like a bus.

PARIS: I'm gonna have to burn my clothes when I get home.

RORY: You know Paris, you have a car. We could've driven.

PARIS: We have to get the feel of the small town world. You're not going to get the feel of a small town world in a BMW. Is there something crawling in my hair?

RORY: All right, so we're here now, where do you wanna go?

PARIS: I don't know, where's the bad part of town?

RORY: Uhh, over there.

PARIS: What?

RORY: Uh, people - they're very upset with the color of that fence.

PARIS: Come on.

RORY: This is the town Paris, this is it. It's not seedy, it's not rundown, it's just Stars Hollow.

PARIS: Well, where's the local bar?

RORY: In Woodbridge.

PARIS: Why aren't you helping?

RORY: I'm trying, you're just looking for something that's not here.

PARIS: What's this?

RORY: Luke's Diner.

PARIS: Diner. Okay, good, good.

CUT TO INSIDE LUKE'S

[Paris and Rory walk in and sit at the counter. Paris starts looking at a menu.]

RORY: What are you doing?

PARIS: Trying just to blend in, fade away, observe.

LUKE: Hey Rory. Coffee?

RORY: Thanks Luke.

LUKE: Who's your friend?

RORY: Angela Landsbury.

LUKE: Oh.

PARIS: You're the owner here?

LUKE: Yup. You want some coffee Angela?

PARIS: No thanks.

LUKE: Okay.

PARIS: So, you run the diner, huh?

RORY: Oh boy.

PARIS: You get a lot of truckers through here?

LUKE: Truckers?

PARIS: Yeah. You know, guys on the road for weeks, lonely, looking for company, a little pick me up. Things like that.

LUKE: What's she talking about?

RORY: Your guess is as good as mine.

PARIS: It's pretty common knowledge that diners are breeding grounds for prostitution and drug dealers.

LUKE: What?

PARIS: Have you ever seen anything like that going down here?

LUKE: Have I ever. . .

PARIS: What about that guy over there? What's his story?

LUKE: Reverend Nichols?

PARIS: Reverend Nichols, huh? What is that, like Dr. Feelgood?

LUKE: Rory, how much do you like this person?

RORY: Do what you gotta do, Luke.

[Jess comes down the steps into the diner]

PARIS: Hey, where'd he come from? What's up there? Is that where you keep the girls? You got yourself a little cathouse up there?

JESS: Wow, I think she got you Uncle Luke. You better give up now.

LUKE: Do not add to this insanity.

JESS: An innocent boy like me should not be raised in an atmosphere like this.

LUKE: Jess!

JESS: I wanna be good, life's just not letting me.

LUKE: Rory, get her out of here.

RORY: Okay, let's go. [pulls Paris towards the door]

PARIS: Why do you need me to leave? What have you got to hide?

RORY: Paris, let's go!

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai and Michel are at the front desk, each talking on a phone]

MICHEL: Yes, we're aware of it.

LORELAI: Yes, we're working on it.

MICHEL: As soon as towels arrive, yours will be the first room we come up to.

LORELAI: I swear to you, no one gets a towel before you do.

MICHEL: Did you get the complimentary champagne we sent you?

LORELAI: Just open the champagne and drink and relax and enjoy and before you know it ▯ of course it's free. Yes.

MICHEL: Yeah, we'll call you soon. [hangs up]

LORELAI: We'll talk to you soon. [hangs up] I'm k\*lling Manny.

MICHEL: I'm helping.

LORELAI: I'm gonna strangle him with one of his own towels, I swear to God.

RICHARD: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Yeah Dad?

RICHARD: Do you realize there are no tablecloths in the dining room?

LORELAI: Yes I do. We're having a problem with our linen delivery.

RICHARD: Well, it doesn't look very professional.

MICHEL: [in background] Ah, it's Manny.

LORELAI: Okay, I have to take this dad.

[Michel hands her the phone]

LORELAI: Manny, my mysterious man, where have you been? . . . Oh, me Manny? I'm just a desperate woman. Yes. Honey, I know you're up to your ears in problems but I have to have some towels or linens or I'm gonna be lying on the street talking about the pretty inn I used to work at and you don't want that do you? . . . Well, just, anything you can do to get me through the night. . . Uh, Manny, I love you. You rock. I am devoted to you. I'm never gonna look at another towel without thinking of you. . . Thank you. Bye Stud. [hangs up] He'll be here in twenty minutes.

RICHARD: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Yes Dad?

RICHARD: May I speak to you for a moment please?

MICHEL: Someone is in trouble.

LORELAI: Uh, is something wrong Dad?

RICHARD: Was that a business call I just overheard there?

LORELAI: Oh, that was my linen delivery guy.

RICHARD: So it was a business call?

LORELAI: Yes, it was a business call.

RICHARD: And that's how you handle a business call?

LORELAI: I've known Manny for ten years, Dad.

RICHARD: I don't care how long you've known him. You never talk to a business associate like that, especially not one that you employ.

LORELAI: Okay Dad.

RICHARD: These people have to respect you.

LORELAI: He does respect me.

RICHARD: You were flirting with him.

LORELAI: I said what I needed to say in order to get the linen before somebody else did. And I did, so I won.

RICHARD: This is not about winning, this is about proper procedure. You need to listen to me Lorelai. If there is one thing I know about, it is the correct way to conduct yourself in a position of authority. Do you understand what I'm trying to tell you?

LORELAI: Mm hmm.

RICHARD: Because I'm only telling you this for your own good.

LORELAI: Mm hmm.

RICHARD: All right, go back to work. I'll be right here if you need me.

LORELAI: Okie dokie.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Rory and Paris are walking down the sidewalk]

PARIS: Nothing, not even a cigarette butt on the ground, I can't believe it. This town would make Frank Capra wanna throw up.

RORY: Sorry, I tried to tell you.

PARIS: I know. I know, it's just. . . I was just so sure.

RORY: We'll think of something else to write about, I promise.

PARIS: We're going to lose.

RORY: We're not going to lose.

[As they walk past the video store, Taylor and Kirk walk out.]

TAYLOR: There she is, the girl of the moment.

RORY: Me?

TAYLOR: You, young lady, are my hero.

RORY: Why is that Taylor?

TAYLOR: Because in this day and age when the kids are willy nilly with their clothes and hair and morals, it is heartwarming to see a sensible girl like you still exists. A girl who has the gumption and the guts to stand up and say, 'why are we allowing this trash out where all our children can see it?'



KIRK: And a few selected adults also.

RORY: What are you talking about?

TAYLOR: Well, come on in and see for yourself.

CUT TO INSIDE VIDEO STORE

RORY: What happened? Where is everything?

TAYLOR: Well, thanks to your brilliant suggestion, they are all safely stashed behind the Rory Curtain.

RORY: The what?

KIRK: We thought it was only fitting to name it after you.

RORY: No! I don't want a Rory Curtain, I never asked for a Rory Curtain!

TAYLOR: You told me to put that movie where the kids couldn't see it.

PARIS: You did?

RORY: Well, yeah, but I just meant to put it on a higher shelf, not to get fabric involved.

TAYLOR: Oh, this is much better than a higher shelf. Now all the movies that we deem objectionable will be safely hidden from the eyes of the children. Plus, it'll make the adults think twice before they go back there.

RORY: No, I did not mean to do this! What are you doing?

PARIS: This is it.

RORY: This is what?

PARIS: Our story. Censorship in a small town, it's perfect.

RORY: Paris, stop it. You know I don't believe in censorship.

PARIS: Even better, small town minds run amok. This is genius, it's gold. We're going to win. Now Taylor?

TAYLOR: Yes?

PARIS: On the record, how long have you been working here?

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai walks through the front door followed by Richard.]

LORELAI: Rory, we're home!

RICHARD: Next time, stop the car completely before you get out.

LORELAI: Rory, for the love of God, be home!

RORY: I'm here, sorry! I was on the phone. How was your □ [Lorelai grabs Rory and hugs her tightly]  
Ooh, okay.

LORELAI: I don't think I've ever loved you quite as much as I love you right now.

RORY: Ah, ribs cracking, organs crushing.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, love hurts. [walks past Rory towards the kitchen]

RORY: Hey Grandpa.

RICHARD: Oh, lovely to see you Rory.

RORY: How was your day?

RICHARD: It was very pleasant.

RORY: I heard you saw Mom in action.

LORELAI: Oh yes he did.

RORY: She's great, isn't she?

RICHARD: She's. . uh, spirited.

LORELAI: Spirited.

RORY: Spirited is nice. Hey, let's talk dinner. How about Chinese?

LORELAI: Very spirited food.

RORY: Grandpa, do you like Chinese food?

RICHARD: If prepared properly, yes, I like it very much.

LORELAI: I'll go call Al's. [walks into kitchen]

RICHARD: Al's?

RORY: Al's Pancake World.

RICHARD: [follows Lorelai into the kitchen] I thought you said we were having Chinese food.

LORELAI: Al's has the best egg fu yung in Stars Hollow.

RICHARD: Is that, um, saying anything?

LORELAI: Rory, come entertain your Grandpa while your spirited Mommy orders please!

RORY: Hey Grandpa, do you um. . .do you wanna see my room?

RICHARD: Yes, I would.

RORY: Okay.

[Richard walks into Rory's room.]

LORELAI: Twenty bucks if you lock him in there.

RORY: Thirty if you chill.

CUT TO INSIDE RORY'S BEDROOM

[Richard is looking at Rory's bookshelf as Rory walks in]

RICHARD: Interesting.

RORY: What are you doing?

RICHARD: Oh, there are some holes in your collection here and I'm just making a list to fill them.

RORY: Oh, well these aren't all of my books.

RICHARD: Oh?

[Rory shows him several stacks of books under her bed]

RICHARD: Oh my goodness!

RORY: And. . . [opens two drawers filled with books]

RICHARD: Ah, well possibly I should concentrate on acquiring you a bookcase first.

RORY: That's okay. I kind of like my system.

RICHARD: Ah, organized chaos?

RORY: Exactly.

RICHARD: Very well, carry on. Well, I'm glad not to see any death rockers on your walls.

RORY: Grandpa, where did you learn the term death rockers?

RICHARD: Well, I'm not entirely unfamiliar with the music world in which you live.

RORY: I don't exactly live in the death rock world, Grandpa.

RICHARD: Good.

RORY: But if I do move there, I will send you a card.

RICHARD: Oh, I appreciate that. Ah, Harvard.

RORY: Yeah. We started the obsession board a few years ago. And then when we took that trip to Harvard, the student store was having a two for one flag sale, so that kind of sent us into the final stage of the psychosis. Hospitals were called, medications were prescribed, there is no cure.

[Lorelai walks in with a notepad]

LORELAI: Okay, I made the menu for the evening.

RICHARD: My God.

RORY: Looks good.

RICHARD: Who could eat all that food?

LORELAI: I almost added the garlic chicken.

RORY: Add it.

RICHARD: There are only three of us.

LORELAI: Yes, but we like choices.

RORY: Let's call, I'm starved.

[they walk into the kitchen]

RICHARD: Lorelai, you cannot order all of that food. You're teaching your daughter wastefulness and gluttony.

LORELAI: Um Dad, we do this all the time. We order way too much and then we eat like a third of it and live off the leftovers for a week and a half. It's a finely honed system. Now please, just sit and read something or watch TV.

RICHARD: So I uh. . .I noticed all the Harvard paraphernalia in Rory's room.

LORELAI: Oh yeah.

RICHARD: You know, you might not want to get her settled on one specific college quite so soon.

LORELAI: Why not?

RICHARD: Well, she's young. She hasn't investigated her options.

LORELAI: Dad, she wants to go to Harvard.

RICHARD: Well yes, because she thinks you want her to go to Harvard.

LORELAI: I do.

RICHARD: Well, there are a lot of other good schools out there. You know I went to Yale.

LORELAI: Yes, I do know.

RICHARD: Yale is a very fine school, some might argue a better school than Harvard.

LORELAI: Some meaning you?

RICHARD: I just think Rory should explore it, and I can make some phone calls and set up an appointment.

LORELAI: No.

RICHARD: Why not?

LORELAI: Because she wants to go to Harvard.

RICHARD: But that's ridiculous. Who's going to help her get into Harvard?

LORELAI: Reese Witherspoon.

RICHARD: I am a Yale alumnus. I give a great deal of money to that school. Getting her in will be a breeze.

LORELAI: We don't like breezes, they mess up our hair.

RICHARD: Do not be petulant Lorelai.

LORELAI: Do not pick a fight with me Dad.

RICHARD: This is not about you, this is about Rory.

LORELAI: No, this is about Richard interfering.

RICHARD: Now please, just let me handle this. I know more about the Ivy League system than you do.

[a horn honks from outside]

LORELAI: This is not about the - .

RORY: Is that the food already?

LORELAI: No Sweets, I haven't ordered yet.

[Rory looks out the window]

RORY: Oh my God!

LORELAI: Who is it?

RORY: Oh my God!

CUT TO OUT FRONT

[They walk out the front door. Dean is standing in front of a car]

LORELAI: Oh my God.

RORY: Whatcha doin'?

DEAN: Just standing here.

RORY: Next to?

DEAN: A car. Your car.

RORY: No!

DEAN: Finished it yesterday.

RORY: No you didn't!

DEAN: Do you want them? [holds up the keys]

RORY: Ah! [Rory runs off the porch and hugs him]

DEAN: Now if you don't like it, I bet I can sell it to someone else.

RORY: Don't you dare!

LORELAI: Dean, that's amazing!

RORY: Let's drive, can we drive, does it drive?

DEAN: Does it drive?

RORY: Well, no, I know it drives but. . .oh my God! I can't believe you finished it! You built me a car!

LORELAI: Dean, now that you're done with that, will you build me a plane? One that looks like Shamu?

RICHARD: He made that car?

LORELAI: Isn't that incredible?

RICHARD: Well, she can't accept it.

LORELAI: Oh Dad, it's okay.

RICHARD: It's not okay, he's a child. She's not driving a car a child put together.

DEAN: Excuse me sir, but, uh, my father worked on cars and my grandfather worked on cars. I know what I'm doing.

RICHARD: A car is not a model airplane, young man.

DEAN: I know that.

RICHARD: It is a complex vehicle.

DEAN: I know that too.

RICHARD: And I will not have my granddaughter driving around in some contraption you put together in auto shop.

LORELAI: Okay, can I just say something here?

DEAN: I did not make this in auto shop. I am telling you this car is safe.

RICHARD: So, you are a certified mechanic?

DEAN: No.

RICHARD: But you had the assistance of a certified mechanic?

DEAN: No.

RICHARD: Well, then you drove it past a certified mechanic?

LORELAI: Dad, stop it. This is a nice thing Dean did here. Remember, nice things.

RICHARD: I'm sorry, she can't accept it. Now, if you will excuse us, we were about to order dinner.

DEAN: Mr. Gilmore, I understand you want Rory to be safe, but so do I. I would not give this car to her if I did not know for a fact that it was a hundred percent safe. I checked it, my father checked it, and Gypsy at Hewes Brothers checked it. It has been checked.

RICHARD: And I'm just supposed to take your word for it?

DEAN: Nope.

RICHARD: Agreed.

DEAN: Let's go.

RICHARD: Go where?

DEAN: To check it.

RICHARD: I don't think so.

DEAN: I've been working on this car for months. I'm giving it to Rory.

RICHARD: You're a very stubborn boy.

DEAN: Do you wanna drive or should I?

RICHARD: I'll take my own car, thank you.

DEAN: Fine with me.

RICHARD: And drive behind me. I don't want that thing blowing up right in front of the Jag.

DEAN: No problem. Try to keep your electrical system working long enough to get there.

RICHARD: They worked the kinks out of this electrical system years ago, young man. I'll be right back.

DEAN: So will I.

[Dean and Richard get in their cars and drive off.]

LORELAI: Don't you feel like one of us should've been standing between them waving a flag or something?

CUT TO HEWES BROS.

[The mechanic looks under the hood of the car while Richard and Dean stand nearby.]

GYPSY: It looks fine to me.

RICHARD: Check it again.

GYPSY: I already checked it again. This was checking it again. I checked it earlier, that means this was checking it again.

DEAN: Go ahead Gypsy, check it again. I've got all night.

GYPSY: I don't.

RICHARD: Check the transmission.

GYPSY: I did, it's all good.

RICHARD: The carburetor.

GYPSY: All good.

RICHARD: Manifold pressure?

GYPSY: Best manifold pressure I've ever seen.

RICHARD: You've missed something. I insist that you go over this entire car again.

GYPSY: But I'm telling you, there's nothing wrong with this car.

RICHARD: I am paying you for a service, I would like that service performed.

GYPSY: Okay, I look again.

DEAN: How many times are you gonna make her do that?

RICHARD: As many times as it takes.

DEAN: Look, I know you think I'm not good enough for Rory, but do you have to take it out on my car?

RICHARD: She's my only granddaughter. I have a responsibility to protect her. She's young, she's naïve.

DEAN: She's smart.

RICHARD: Yes, she's smart. . .about certain things.

DEAN: Look, I'm not about to do battle with you here. You can hate me - whatever, I don't care.

RICHARD: I hardly hate you.

DEAN: Really?

RICHARD: I don't even know you.

DEAN: Well, I'm right here. What do you wanna know? Besides what college I wanna go to or what I wanna do for a living, because I still have no answers for you on that front.

RICHARD: Those are not ridiculous questions to ask.

DEAN: No, but you could've waited until dessert to get to them.



RICHARD: Yes, well, perhaps the timing of the. . .

DEAN: Interrogation?

RICHARD: Conversation.

DEAN: Conversation.

RICHARD: Perhaps the timing was a little off. [pause] So, your father □ what does he do?

DEAN: Stereo systems.

RICHARD: Installing them?

DEAN: Selling them. He's got a shop a couple of blocks from here.

RICHARD: And your mother?

DEAN: She works part time transcribing medical records.

RICHARD: Interesting, interesting. So, you. . .you like my granddaughter quite a bit?

DEAN: No, I love your granddaughter quite a bit.

RICHARD: See Dean, I was beginning to feel a little better about this until you said that.

DEAN: Well, I'm not trying to make you feel better, I'm trying to be honest.

RICHARD: Yes, you are. It's an admirable quality.

DEAN: Thank you.

GYPSY: Okay, I found something wrong.

RICHARD: You did?

DEAN: What?

GYPSY: Windshield wipers came right off in my hand, very dangerous. Thank God I check it again.

DEAN: Gypsy, you broke those off yourself.

GYPSY: Yes I did.

DEAN: Put them back!

GYPSY: I can't look at this car anymore.

DEAN: Gypsy!

GYPSY: I miss my home.

DEAN: Put them back.

RICHARD: Now I suppose the car is safe.

DEAN: It is.

RICHARD: I'm still not sure it's an appropriate gift.

DEAN: I understand that.

RICHARD: How tall are you?

DEAN: Why, you wanna dance?

RICHARD: No, thank you. I appreciate the offer though.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory sit on the couch.]

RORY: How long are they going to be?

LORELAI: I don't know. Knowing my dad, he probably made Dean take the entire thing apart and put it back together again in front of him.

RORY: Poor Dean.

LORELAI: Poor Dean, he has to spend one evening with him. I share chromosomes with the guy.

[Richard walks through the front door]

RICHARD: Well, we had it thoroughly checked. We found a little problem with the windshield wipers. Dean is there now adjusting them. But once that is taken care of, I don't see any reason why, with proper insurance of course, why you can't have that car.

RORY: Really? Thanks!

LORELAI: Hey hon, why don't you run and pick up the food for us?

RORY: Oh sure.

RICHARD: Oh, I've got this.

LORELAI: Here you go, hurry! Before the mu shu congeals.

RORY: Okay. [leaves]

RICHARD: Why didn't you let me pay?

LORELAI: I didn't think it would be, um, appropriate under the circumstances.

RICHARD: What circumstances are those?

LORELAI: The ones where I'm about to get really, really mad at you.

RICHARD: Excuse me?

LORELAI: Dad, this is my house in my town, where I live my life.

RICHARD: Well, thank you for the geography lesson.

LORELAI: No, I'm - in the thirty two years we've known each other, have I once come to your work and criticized the way you handled your clients?

RICHARD: I don't remember you coming to my work at all.

LORELAI: Well, have I passed judgment on your breakfast habits or your clothing choices?

RICHARD: I was offering opinions.

LORELAI: Well, don't. I don't want your opinions, especially not in front of my employees and not in front of my friends.

RICHARD: I guess you can't take constructive criticism.

LORELAI: Nothing that came out of your mouth today might, in any universe visited by Kirk or Spock, be construed as constructive.

RICHARD: I beg to differ.

LORELAI: And this is absolutely the last time you come into my house and overrule my word.

RICHARD: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: I'm talking about Dean and the car.

RICHARD: I was being - .

LORELAI: You have no right being anything. Rory's my kid and I make the rules, so if she comes home one day and says, 'Hey, uh, I'm gonna spend the weekend with Patricia Krenwinkle' and I say, 'Okay, grab a sweater', you just have to deal.

RICHARD: Who is Patricia Krenwinkle?

LORELAI: And if I tell her that she can have the car that her boyfriend made for her, then she can.

RICHARD: I didn't think it looked safe.

LORELAI: You don't have to think it looks safe! I have to think it looks safe! God, why can't I make you hear what I'm saying?

RICHARD: Oh, I hear exactly what you're saying.

LORELAI: You came here not as a guest but as the judgment police, you kept your uniform on the whole time, and you know what, it comes off now!

RICHARD: Lower your voice.

LORELAI: No! I am a grown woman and you will treat me the way you treat people who have invited you to their house or you will not be invited again.

RICHARD: Invited?

LORELAI: Yes!

RICHARD: Don't you think I know why you invited me here?

LORELAI: Because - .

RICHARD: Because your mother asked you too. She called you up and said I was driving her crazy, and would you please take me off her hands for one day so she can get some peace. Isn't that true?

LORELAI: No.

RICHARD: You have never once invited me to your house Lorelai, never. And I can hardly point to an event that would prompt you to do so except my recent employment situation.

LORELAI: Okay Dad, Mom did call me but - .

RICHARD: You know, I never thought about retirement. I never thought about what I would do or what I would be once I wasn't working. I never once imagined that I would go from being a productive member of the human race to a decrepit old drone sitting at the club at three in the afternoon drinking brandy and playing cards.

LORELAI: Aw, Dad.

RICHARD: I am an annoyance to my wife and a burden to my daughter. Suddenly I realize what it feels like to be obsolete. I hope that you never have to learn what that feels like. Now, if you will excuse me, I'm afraid I'll have to take a rain check on dinner. I'm not very hungry.

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Rory walks past the video store, which her picture is in the window. As she stares at it, Jess walks over to her.]

JESS: Nice picture.

RORY: Gee, thanks.

JESS: You're very popular right now. I bet if you burn a few books, they'll probably make you mayor.

RORY: This is ridiculous.

JESS: I don't know, bet you have a lot of supporters on this. Pat Buchanon, Jerry Falwell, Kathie Lee Gifford.

RORY: Bye.

JESS: Aw, come on, it's a little funny.

RORY: No, being the poster girl for censorship is not a little funny. The only videos not behind that curtain are Bambi and Dumbo. I mean, they actually had a meeting earlier about whether or not Babe should be behind the curtain so as not to offend people who keep kosher.

JESS: It's a crazy world we live in.

RORY: And where did they even find that stupid picture?

JESS: Oh no, the picture's good. It's the people who are stupid.

RORY: I'm never gonna be able to leave my house again.

JESS: Well, at least you won't starve.

RORY: I can't look at it anymore.

JESS: Relax. I don't think it'll be around very long.

RORY: Why?

JESS: Just a guess.

RORY: Jess!

JESS: Enjoy the food.

RORY: Come back here.

JESS: Why?

RORY: I'll give you an eggroll.

JESS: Yes?

RORY: What did you do?

JESS: Nothing much. Just wanted to make sure whoever rented Dumbo or Bambi gets a little surprise.

RORY: What kind of surprise? What did you do?

JESS: You owe me an eggroll. [walks away]

RORY: Blech.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Richard walks in the front door.]

EMILY: Richard, there you are, sneaking in like that.

RICHARD: Hello Emily.

EMILY: It's nice to see you.

RICHARD: Well, you seem very happy.

EMILY: Well, I had a very nice day. Would you like a drink?

RICHARD: Uh, no thanks.

EMILY: I saw Cheeky Lennox today. She's redoing her entire house and I have to say, it's given me a few ideas about this place. I won't scare you with them tonight but I'm very excited about it.

RICHARD: Well I'm glad.

EMILY: Then I did a little shopping and I had my nails done.

RICHARD: Very nice.

EMILY: Sugar and spice, a little crazier than I usually wear but I don't know, I was just in that kind of a mood. So how was your day with the girls?

RICHARD: Wonderful.

EMILY: Tell me about it.

RICHARD: Well, I saw the town, I saw Lorelai's work.

EMILY: Did you eat? Because I can have Heloise whip up something for you.

RICHARD: No thank you, we had Chinese food.

EMILY: Oh, you love Chinese food!

RICHARD: Yes I do.

EMILY: Well I'm thrilled that you had such a wonderful time. It was good for you to get out like that.

RICHARD: Yes it was. In fact, I'm still a little energized from the day, so I think I'm finally gonna organize all those stamps that I've been talking about for ages.

EMILY: Now?

RICHARD: Why not?

EMILY: Well, I think that would be wonderful. Have fun.

[Richard walks into his office and sits down]

**THE END**

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