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04x18 - Tick, Tick, Tick, Boom

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OPEN AT LUKE'S DINER

LORELAI: All right, Davey, here comes the airplane.

JACKSON: What did they say to kids to get them to open their mouths before there were planes?

SOOKIE: "Here comes the choo-choo."

JACKSON: And before there were trains?

LORELAI: "Here comes the spoon."

JACKSON: That's so on the nose.

LORELAI: One more bite, honey. Come on, now. Here comes the airplane again. It's flying through the air. It's beginning its descent. It's commencing its approach. It's lowering the landing gear.

LUKE: [approaches the table]. It's signaled the ground crew. They're flipping their flashlight thingies. Would you shove that in the kid's mouth?

LORELAI: Oh, look -- it's Bilbo Baloneypuss just in from the shire.

LUKE: Just hurry up and order.

LORELAI: What's the rush?

LUKE: I don't like babies.

JACKSON: [jumps to his feet] Hey! Huh. I suddenly felt violently protective. [pause] It's gone. [sits again]

LUKE: It's the noise they make.

LORELAI: This baby has not made a peep.

LUKE: He will and at the worst possible moment.

LORELAI: Like when you're defusing a b*mb or something?

SOOKIE: [gasps] That would be awkward.

LUKE: You've got one minute to order, then six minutes to eat.

LORELAI: Yessiree, come on down to Luke's, where the motto is "eat it, then beat it."

LUKE: One minute.

[Taylor enters wearing a toupee.]

TAYLOR: Hello, all.

LORELAI: Taylor.

TAYLOR: Top o' the morning to you.

LORELAI: Top o' the -

SOOKIE: Yeah, on top there, you got the -

JACKSON: It's definitely -- it's a -

SOOKIE: Beautiful top. It's --

LORELAI: Top o' the morning right back at you. You were just on a cruise, weren't you?

TAYLOR: Yes, and it was heaven. The Caribbean -- ever been?

LORELAI: I'm sorry. What did you say?

TAYLOR: Ever been to the Caribbean?

LORELAI: God, I'm sorry. I missed it again.

TAYLOR: Never mind. Uh, Luke, I have an issue I need to discuss with you.

LUKE: Good -- something to write about in my diary.

TAYLOR: There is a distinct odor outside our establishments, and I have to assume it's coming from the diner.

LUKE: There's no odor coming from my diner.

TAYLOR: It wasn't there when I left for my trip. Where else could it be emanating from?

LUKE: I don't know. Have you checked underneath that thing on your head?

TAYLOR: I'm combing it differently.

LUKE: The comb didn't loosen the glue?

JACKSON: You know, I smelled something, too, but it was across the square.

SOOKIE: Me, too, over by the hair stand -- newsstand.

MAN SITTING AT COUNTER: I smelled it by Gypsy's -- horrible.

TAYLOR: So the whole town smells? How can that be possible?

LORELAI: It is an old town -- 200 years.

JACKSON: So, it's decaying from age?

TAYLOR: Or we've got skunks again.

KIRK: [from a nearby table] I think you're right, Taylor!

TAYLOR: Ten years ago we got infested. They crawled under houses, met their fate, and the town smelled for weeks.

KIRK: That must be it, Taylor! Good work. Good work!

TAYLOR: Thank you, Kirk. I'm going to have to mobilize the community. We've got the flower show coming up. We have to deal with this quickly.

KIRK: Let me go door to door and make sure every townsman looks under his house, Taylor. I'll even knock some heads together -- get medieval on their ass.

TAYLOR: That's a nice offer, Kirk, but the block captains will see it gets done. I better start making my calls. [leaves]

LUKE: [walks back to the table] Your minute's up. Order.

LORELAI: We're not ready.

LUKE: Then it's coming out of your eating time.

SOOKIE: Hey, get violently protective so Luke will back off.

JACKSON: I don't know if I can summon it like that.

SOOKIE: Try.

JACKSON: Argh-eee! Luke.

LUKE: In five minutes, you're all gone. [walks off]

JACKSON: [Sighs] I let you down.

LORELAI: The "argh" was good, and then you kind of petered out.

JACKSON: I need to practice more.

SOOKIE: You'll get it there.

LORELAI: Read, read. [glancing nervously at impatient Luke]

CUT TO DRAGONFLY INN

[Michel and Dean are moving a bookcase.]

LORELAI: Try it against that wall there.

MICHEL: We've already tried it there.

DEAN: It's no problem.

MICHEL: No problem for you, but this is giving me cuticle damage. Do you know how long cuticle damage takes to heal?

DEAN: Thank God, no.

LORELAI: No, it doesn't work there either.

MICHEL: What an enormous shock. Anywhere else you want to try it -- maybe at the Lincoln Memorial on his giant lap?

LORELAI: How 'bout over there?

SOOKIE: Yeah, there.

MICHEL: I'm sending you my manicure bill.

DEAN: Yes, mine, too.

MICHEL: Don't be snotty.

TOM: [enters carrying clipboard] Seems a little out of place no matter where you put it.

LORELAI: Yeah, unfortunately.

TOM: If you'd ordered it from me, I would have guaranteed it. You didn't order it from me.

LORELAI: I know, we ordered it before we hired you. We should have waited.

TOM: It's always best to do it through your contractor. [exits]

DEAN: I don't think it fits here.

MICHEL: Oh, my God, I'm getting a blister.

SOOKIE: Hey, how about by the front desk?

LORELAI: We could give it a shot.

MICHEL: That's it! I'm jumping off the Amistad. This is heavy, my back hurts, I'm not moving it again.

DEAN: No problem. [grabs bookcase] I can do it. [carries to front desk]

MICHEL: It's not me. It really is heavy.

DEAN: You mean here?

TOM: They already tried it there.

SOOKIE: I think it's a lost cause.

LORELAI: We've got the Dennis Kucinich of bookcases.

TOM: I wish you'd gone through me.

LORELAI: I could just give it to Rory. She could use it at Yale.

LINDSAY: [enters from front door] Hi, everybody.

SOOKIE & LORELAI: Hi!

LINDSAY: Hi, Michel.

MICHEL: Hi, Lindsay. [standing slightly hunched]

LINDSAY: Are you okay? You're standing kind of funny.

MICHEL: It's nothing funny. It is how you stand in these pants.

[Lindsay walks over to Dean]

LINDAY: Keys, please.

DEAN: You got it. [They kiss.]

[Sookie and Lorelai watch from afar]

LORELAI: Annette and Frankie really found each other.

SOOKIE: They float together. Y'know, they just sort of float.

LORELAI: It's off-the-charts adorable.

MICHEL: [frowning] Yep. The Deans of the world always get the Lindsays. The pretty little things just like the bookcase lifters.

LORELAI: That's a category -- jocks, nerds, bookcase lifters?

MICHEL: I was born with this bad back. It was heretical.

LORELAI: Congenital.

MICHEL: Ugh! Well, I hate that bookcase. I wish you had never ordered it. I wish you had never thought of it. I can't even be in the same room with it, mocking me for how alone I am.

LORELAI: It's mocking you?

SOOKIE: It's three pieces of wood.

MICHEL: Well, I hate it -- hate it, hate it, hate it!

TOM: [appears] If you had ordered it from me, he wouldn't be experiencing this psychological trauma.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE DINING ROOM

LORELAI: I mean, they were extremely common until just recently -- historically recently, not recently like "metrosexual is a word now" recently, but recently.

EMILY: Are we still talking about anvils?

LORELAI: Yes, where did all the anvils go?

EMILY: You're talking about those big, heavy, metal things?

LORELAI: That blacksmiths hammered horseshoes and stuff on. Everyone had them. They were featured prominently in every movie western, so where did they all go?

RICHARD: I don't know that they were that common.

LORELAI: Wile E. Coyote used them. That's how common they were.

EMILY: Who?

LORELAI: The cartoon. He was always trying to drop an anvil on the Road Runner's head or sh**t it at him out of a giant slingshot or fire it at him out of a cannon. Inevitably, the cannon tilted up, shot it in the air, it fell down, and made an anvil-shaped impression on Wile E. Coyote's head.

EMILY: This is a cartoon?

LORELAI: No, no, this just happened to me the other day. I was walking down the street, and this giant anvil -- yes, mother, it's a cartoon.

RORY: I know she sounds nuts, but it's a very common cartoon.

RICHARD: But that doesn't prove that anvils were so common.

LORELAI: It does. It proves that anvils were so ubiquitous at one point -- is that the word, ubiquitous?

RORY: It depends on where you're going.

LORELAI: That they knew that children would know what they were and delight in them. That's how common they were -- children watching cartoons.

RORY: That was the word.

RICHARD: I've forgotten your point.

LORELAI: Where are all the anvils? I mean, is there some sort of secret anvil storage facility the government is keeping from us?

RICHARD: Or they fell into disuse with the advent of other technologies, and so they melted them down and they're gone.

LORELAI: But they're not supposed to melt. They were made to withstand the red-hot hammer of the town blacksmith.

EMILY: This is easily the most pointless conversation we've ever had.

LORELAI: I don't hear anyone chiming in with rational theories.

EMILY: Please change the subject, I beg of you, anyone.

RICHARD: Well the girls don't know the big news about Jason and me.

LORELAI: You're pregnant?

RICHARD: We're acquiring another company.

LORELAI: I was close.

RORY: Already? You just started yours.

RICHARD: The insurance business is changing so rapidly, you have to adapt to keep up.

RORY: It's a dog-eat-dog world, Grandpa.

RICHARD: Don't get the wrong idea. It's not a big company. It's smaller than ours, but very powerful.

LORELAI: Wait, the company is smaller than yours? Your company is two guys -- you and Jason.

RICHARD: This company is a one-man operation -- Bob Sutton.

LORELAI: So, you're acquiring Bob?

RICHARD: We're acquiring his company, and his company is him.

LORELAI: Did he have to give himself two weeks' notice? [Rory snickers.]

RICHARD: No.

LORELAI: Is there gonna be a sad little going-away party where he brings in his own cake and blows out his candles?

RICHARD: We are all celebrating with a dinner tomorrow -- us and the wives.

EMILY: Ugh.

LORELAI: You're not big on the Bob?

EMILY: Bob's fine. We've known him for years. It's that dolt he's married to -- classic trophy wife.

RICHARD: She is quite young.

LORELAI: How young?

EMILY: Her car looks [high, squeaky voice] just like Barbie's.

RICHARD: Regardless, I hope you will be kind to her at dinner.

EMILY: I'll have to bring my English-to-dumbbell dictionary.

RICHARD: Try and focus on Bob. Bob's as sharp as they come.

EMILY: He's very brilliant, I'll give you that.

LORELAI: Bob's brilliant, huh?

RICHARD: He's a Rhodes scholar.

LORELAI: Ask him where the anvils went. ...Or not.

CUT TO TAYLORS SWEETS SHOP

TAYLOR: And forty-seven cents comes to \$5. Thank you, Mrs. Cassini.

MRS. CASSINI: Thank you. I don't know what it is about you, Taylor, but you look so healthy, so invigorated, so youthful.

TAYLOR: Thank you, Mrs. Cassini. [big grin] Must be the vacation.

MRS. CASSINI: Or the fake hair.

TAYLOR: [smile dissolves] Come again, Mrs. Cassini. Tracy, change out the scoop water. It's an unsightly color. And tell Franklin when he gets here - [sees Kirk hovering] tell him that he keeps forgetting to punch out -- Kirk, something wrong?

KIRK: Well, I-I - [fiddles nervously]

TAYLOR: don't touch the candy.

KIRK: I'm sorry. I didn't want to touch the candy. It's just...

TAYLOR: Kirk, I just had a spat with my sourball distributor, and I'm not in the mood. Now, what's the trouble?

KIRK: It's eggs.

TAYLOR: What? What's eggs?

KIRK: In the square -- the smell. It's not skunks, it's eggs. Easter eggs from the Easter egg hunt.

TAYLOR: But Easter was over a week ago.

KIRK: And I did it just like you told me. I personally hid 300 eggs around the town square, and the kids had a blast hunting them down, except the Banyan boys. They're bad seeds. Going to hell -- both of them. But the kids only found 241 of them.

TAYLOR: Are you telling me that there are fifty-nine rotting eggs hidden in the square?

KIRK: I thought they would naturally decompose and just disappear.

TAYLOR: Eggs smell when they decompose.

KIRK: I just found that out. [Angry and speechless, Taylor walks away. Kirk follows him.] I find your hair very believable.

CUT TO EXCLUSIVE GOLF COURSE ON FAIRWAY

[Richard completes his drive with big swing.]

JASON: Nice shot. Beautiful!

RICHARD: You're being extremely charitable.

JASON: Oh, Richard, if I get that far on four sh*ts, it would be a miracle on the order of loaves and

fishes.

BOB: Yeah, and I'm in the sand.

RICHARD: I don't think any of us are gonna make Tiger shake in his spikes.

JASON'S CADDY: I'd go with a driver or 3-wood.

JASON: Whatever is gonna make me look less like Dorf.

BOB: You know, my wife's very excited about the merger, Richard -- very excited.

RICHARD: Oh, do give Trish our best. Emily and I were just talking about her -- terrific girl.

[Jason swings and misses ball. Bob and Richard laugh.]

BOB: At least he held onto the club this time.

RICHARD: Now, it's hard to know whether he should yell "fore!" Or "duck!"

JASON: Why can't businessmen do deals over air hockey? I am great at air hockey. [A man approaches the group.] Oh, looky here.

RICHARD: Hmm? Your father?

JASON: One of the many hazards on this golf course.

FLOYD: I thought that was you. Groundskeeper must be unhappy that you're here today.

JASON: Aha. Divots -- I do produce a lot of divots. Good one.

FLOYD: Richard, nice to see you. [approaches and shakes hands]

RICHARD: Same here, Floyd.

FLOYD: And, Bob, didn't know you were a duffer.

BOB: More like spoiling a good walk.

RICHARD: You want to play through, Floyd?

FLOYD: Actually, I was heading back to the clubhouse, and you caught my eye. How's Emily?

RICHARD: She's fine.

FLOYD: Good health?

RICHARD: Very good. And Carol?

FLOYD: Fine, fine. You know, she really misses Emily -- misses her company.

RICHARD: And vice versa, I'm sure.

FLOYD: You couldn't drag those two apart at a function.

RICHARD: They were like conjoined twins.

FLOYD: I know she'd love to see Emily again.

RICHARD: I'm sure the feeling is mutual.

FLOYD: Well, then, perhaps we should get those two together.

RICHARD: Well, we could arrange that.

FLOYD: I can tell Carol to give her a call.

RICHARD: Any time.

FLOYD: You know, if it's a meal, we men could tag along if they'd let us.

RICHARD: That's a big "if," but that could happen.

FLOYD: Maybe Jason could tag along, too.

RICHARD: That would be a nice little gathering.

FLOYD: I'm out of town next week, but this Friday's free.

RICHARD: Friday would be perfect.

FLOYD: I hope it happens.

RICHARD: I hope so, too.

FLOYD: Glad to run into you.

RICHARD: Same here, Floyd.

FLOYD: Bob, Jason. [leaves]

RICHARD: [joins Jason] He wants to have dinner.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE HOUSE - KITCHEN

EMILY: Was it Carol's idea or Floyd's?

RICHARD: It's hard to say.

JASON: This is very good, Richard.

RICHARD: It was public. The whole club saw.

EMILY: But did he say that Carol had wanted it or that he had wanted it? [to Jason] What did you hear?

JASON: I was out of earshot.

RICHARD: Rapprochement with Floyd Stiles. Never in my wildest dreams.

JASON: And it came from him. Who saw this coming?

EMILY: Did he bring up Carol before or after he brought up the dinner?

RICHARD: I didn't have a tape recorder, Emily.

EMILY: I'll offer to host it here. I've got the perfect menu. Friday, right? So it's Lorelai and Rory, too.

RICHARD: Well, Friday was his suggestion. I wasn't in a position to counter.

EMILY: No, of course not. That's fine.

RICHARD: And he saw us with Bob, too.

JASON: And still he made the offer.

RICHARD: Acquiring Bob was a great idea.

EMILY: There'll be seven of us. That's an unbalanced table, but that's okay. Oh, this is wonderful!

RICHARD: Floyd wants peace.

JASON: So it seems.

[Richard chuckles.]

CUT TO RORY'S YALE DORM ROOM

[Rhythmic knocking on door]

RORY: [opens door] Dean.

DEAN: Surprise.

RORY: What are you doing here?

DEAN: Um, I come bearing gifts.

RORY: A bookcase?

DEAN: [carries it into dorm] Yeah, the one from the inn. Do you see what's going on out there?

[They both look into the hallway where Glenn struggles to drag a beer keg up the stairs.]

GLENN: [muttering to himself] Almost there, almost there. [breathing heavily as another student passes him on stairs] Thanks for the help.

DEAN: Should I give him a hand?

RORY: If he doesn't work for his inebriation, he won't appreciate it. There's a big party on Friday night. It must be for that.

DEAN: Yeah? You going?

RORY: I have two papers due, so I'll be in Stars Hollow avoiding the fray. I'll just have a brewski there.

DEAN: [Laughs] So, uh, which way's your room?

RORY: Thataway. [Dean carries the bookcase to her room.]

RORY: So, where did this come from?

DEAN: Well, your mom had it made for the Dragonfly, but it didn't fit, so she thought you could use it here. She didn't tell you?

RORY: Nope.

DEAN: Small.

RORY: Yes.

DEAN: There's no place to put this.

RORY: Yes again.

DEAN: What was your mom thinking?

RORY: That I have books, and that's probably the extent of it.

DEAN: Right. So, I guess I'll take it back.

RORY: I'm sorry you had to make the trip.

DEAN: No, it's okay. It's kind of nice seeing where you live.

RORY: So, are you on your way back to school?

DEAN: Oh, no, I'm just off from work. I'm actually gonna take a little break from that.

RORY: From what, school?

DEAN: Yeah, just for a semester or two, you know.

RORY: A semester or two? But I thought it was going so well.

DEAN: It was. It's just that Lindsay and I really need some extra money right now, and this job with Tom has been perfect.

RORY: Extra money for what?

DEAN: What do you mean? For life, things.

RORY: What kind of things?

DEAN: Well, um, Lindsay's got her heart set on having a townhouse by the end of the year, and we're kind of cramped where we are, so I think it's a good idea.

RORY: You do?

DEAN: Yeah.

RORY: I don't.

DEAN: What?

RORY: I think it's a horrible idea.

DEAN: It's just temporary.

RORY: Maybe.

DEAN: Rory.

RORY: A lot of people who drop out say that it's just temporary. It usually doesn't work out that way.

DEAN: I'm gonna go back.

RORY: I hope so.

DEAN: Have some faith, will you?

RORY: I just think this is a mistake.

DEAN: Rory, I'm married, remember? I have responsibilities.

RORY: You'll lose your momentum.

DEAN: I need the money.

RORY: Can't the townhouse wait?

DEAN: Jeez, lighten up.

RORY: I just think this is a really bad idea.

DEAN: Graduating from college doesn't guarantee you a job anymore. It's not like it was with our parents.

RORY: So you're not going back?

DEAN: You're twisting my words.

RORY: And you're just gonna work in construction?

DEAN: What, are you gonna get all elitist on me now?

RORY: We're friends, so I get to tell you what I think.

DEAN: Fine.

RORY: You should go to school.

DEAN: Great. Now you've told me three times. I get it. You don't need to tell me again, okay? [long pause] You want me to take this now?

RORY: Yes...no. Whatever you want.

DEAN: I'll take it now.

RORY: Fine.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW TOWN SQUARE

[A crowd has gathered.]

TAYLOR: Attention, please! Everybody, if I may!

KIRK: [yelling above the crowd's murmuring] Let's have some attention, people!

TAYLOR: We all know why we're here. There are fifty-nine rotting Easter eggs hidden throughout the square, and we've got to find them. I know what you're thinking -- what about the map, the careful, detailed map of where the eggs are hidden made each year to avoid catastrophes such as this? [Kirk stares at his shoes] Well, a map was not made this year, good townsfolk. One was not made. Now, this work is going to be exhausting and, yes, disgusting, but as my way of thanking you, help yourself to lunch at Doose's market, where everything in our prepared-foods section will be discounted 5%, 20% for our day-old sushi. Now, with the flower show due in three days, we have a clock on this, people, but when I look out at this fine group of volunteers, my heart races with pride. I see America, and I am proud. Now, are there any questions?

GYPSY: What's with the toupee? [crowd laughs]

TAYLOR: It's not a toupee.

GYPSY: And I'm blond and leggy.

TAYLOR: Are there any legitimate questions from anyone? [man raises his hand] Yes, Joe?

JOE: I'm Jewish.

TAYLOR: Well, that's swell.

JOE: Is it okay for a Jew to hunt Easter eggs?

TAYLOR: That's between you and your Rabbi. [Jackson raises his hand] Jackson, a question?

JACKSON: Toupee guy says what?

TAYLOR: What? [laughter from crowd] What are you laughing about?

KIRK: Jackson said, "Toupee guy says what?" Inspiring your understandable response of "what?" Thus soliciting their childish laughter. It's infantile and a total clam.

TAYLOR: Please report every found egg to me, and I will keep the running total. Now, good luck, and let the hunt begin.

KIRK: We won't let you down, Taylor, because not only are we gonna find twenty eggs within the hour, [voice raises louder] but we're going on to find twenty-five... and then thirty... and then thirty-five... and then forty... [at the top of his lungs] and then forty-five and then fifty until we find all fifty-nine and take back the square! Yeeeeee-ahhhhh!

JACKSON: Hurt your throat?

KIRK: [hoarsely] Very badly.

JOE: Found one!

TAYLOR: Fifty-eight to go.

KIRK: [Hoarsely] Good job, Joe. [proceeds to run madly through the crowd around the square]

CUT TO JASON'S TOWNHOUSE -- KITCHEN

JASON: Okay, dinner is ready when the cow moos.

LORELAI: Mmm. Okay. [carrying potted plant] How about here? [set plant under stairs]

JASON: Not there.

LORELAI: Why not?

JASON: It's dark.

LORELAI: Yeah, that's the point. It's a dark corner. The plant livens it up.

JASON: Plants need light.

LORELAI: They do?

JASON: It's the "photo" part of photosynthesize.

LORELAI: Oh, don't some plants just synthesize?

JASON: They really need the photo part.

LORELAI: None of the plants I ever had needed light.

JASON: Any of them live?

LORELAI: No. [brief pause] Whoa, insight!

JASON: Poor thing doesn't stand a chance.

LORELAI: Hey, so, you ready for Friday?

JASON: Ohh, dinner with my parents?

LORELAI: You haven't seen them in a while.

JASON: Well, I've seen Mom occasionally, but Floyd and I really haven't spoken since the great schism, not that Harry Chapin isn't dying to rise from the grave and write a song about us. I'm a little nervous.

LORELAI: Yeah, I get that.

JASON: And he's gonna call me "Digger." Oh, he loves calling me "Digger." And he has hated every girl I have ever dated.

LORELAI: Um, really?

JASON: Yeah, mom, too. It's some sort of reverse Oedipal thing. And not just the ones I pick. They set me up with a girl they loved, and as soon as they found out I liked her, they turned on her

viciously. She moved to Alaska.

LORELAI: Why are you telling me this?

JASON: Just a heads up.

LORELAI: All it's gonna do is make me nervous, and it has.

JASON: They don't know I'm going out with you, so it doesn't matter.

LORELAI: Well, they'll find out eventually.

JASON: Well, impress them now when they don't know. Preempt their gathering hatred.

LORELAI: Unless they end up hating me retroactively.

JASON: Oh, I have seen that, too.

LORELAI: Tony Robbins has nothing on you. [walks into living room]

JASON: Sorry.

LORELAI: Ooh, how about here? [sets plant on chair]

JASON: On the chair?

LORELAI: Yeah, it's not a very comfortable chair.

JASON: How about I just get a new chair?

LORELAI: That'll work.

JASON: You know, in a warped way, you being nervous has made me less nervous.

LORELAI: So there's a bright side.

JASON: Not that that was my intent.

LORELAI: Good to know. [cow moos in background]

JASON: Dinner.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW MAIN STREET

LANE: There was a death-to-disco movement in the late '70s -- very intense. We had Donna Summer on the run.

RORY: "We?" You weren't born yet.

LANE: I'm a kindred spirit.

RORY: Gotcha.

LANE: So where's the passion now, huh? Where is it?

RORY: There's disco to k*ll anymore. They wiped it out.

LANE: But there are other things that need wiping out -- phony rappers, most techno, alt country, Christian rock, anything fusion, classic alternative radio, where all they do is play the same Nirvana song over and over -- the Rubens, the Clays, the Clarksons. [they stroll past the center square where people still wander in search of eggs]

RORY: It's gonna be a bloodbath. What are they doing?

LANE: You smell that smell?

RORY: Yeah.

LANE: Taylor left Kirk in charge of the Easter egg hunt, and they didn't exactly find them all.

RORY: They lose the egg map?

LANE: They didn't make an egg map.

RORY: They didn't make an egg map?

LANE: I was just as shocked.

RORY: They always make an egg map.

CUT TO TOWN SQUARE

[Taylor patrols the square with Joe and Kirk following]

TAYLOR: Let's have the hourly report, Joe.

JOE: Well, you know -

KIRK: [interrupting] We found three more, Taylor.

TAYLOR: I said, "Joe."

JOE: We found three more, Taylor.

TAYLOR: That's not good! That is not good! More than half are still missing, and every minute we have people deserting the cause. [stops in front of tree] What's this?

JACKSON: There's a couple in the tree. [Gypsy assists Jackson while he prods branches with a long pole)

TAYLOR: You hid them in a tree?

KIRK: Oh, right.

TAYLOR: They're completely out of reach of the children.

KIRK: The others I hid for the delight of the children. These I hid for me.

TAYLOR: [sighs] Get them down. This is not good. We are losing men, and we are losing -

JACKON and GYPSY: [simultaneously] Hair!

TAYLOR: Time.

JACKON and GYPSY: [simultaneously] Jinx, jinx, jinx, jinx! jinx, jinx, jinx, jinx!

TAYLOR: [groaning] Oh, I miss the Caribbean. [walks off]

[CUTS TO DOOSE'S MARKET]

[Rory and Lane enter and wander aisles with shopping baskets]

RORY: So, what are we looking for?

LANE: Well, we still have no fridge, no stove, and no microwave, so nothing perishable, nothing that requires boiling water, and nothing that needs to be cooked.

RORY: I'm guessing the day-old sushi is out.

LANE: It was never in.

RORY: Beef jerky?

LANE: Definitely.

RORY: And protein bars.

LANE: Oh, I'm sorry. When did I win the lottery?

RORY: Protein bars are a luxury?

LANE: They are when you live with guys that eat ten of everything when one's the correct portion. Got to keep that proportion cost low.

RORY: Pretzels.

LANE: Perfect.

RORY: And, of course, the perennial Pop-tart.

LANE: Oh, load up on those.

RORY: Did I tell you that Dean stopped by?

LANE: Where, Yale?

RORY: He was delivering a bookcase for my mom. Hey, you want a bookcase? It's free.

LANE: I'll take it. So, how's old Dean-boy doing?

RORY: He dropped out of college.

LANE: What? You're kidding!

RORY: Says he needs money. How about marshmallows?

LANE: Sure, and throw in a Park Avenue mansion while you're at it.

RORY: Another luxury -- got it.

LANE: So, he's just working full-time?

RORY: It's such a waste. Dean is so smart. He can do so much more. Hey, melba toast.

LANE: Cheap, tasteless, and filling.

RORY: I'll grab a bunch.

LANE: And I'll get one bag of marshmallows so the boys can have a treat afterwards.

RORY: I'm mad at Dean about doing this, but I'm more mad at Lindsay. She's so selfish.

LANE: Women.

RORY: She's his wife. She should be encouraging him to go to school and think about his future, but, no, she needs a townhouse and a Rolls-Royce.

LANE: [incredulous] They're buying a Rolls-Royce? [they continue strolling down aisle]

RORY: No, but they are the townhouse, and he didn't even seem that excited about it. It's just Lindsay. I mean, why doesn't she get a job. [they turn corner] What does she do all day? [Lindsay stands in the aisle speechless. After a pause she stomps off and out of the store.] So, you think -- you think she heard?

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Kirk stumbles in looking dazed.]

LUKE: Kirk?

KIRK: That's me.

LUKE: You want something?

KIRK: Why?

LUKE: Well, you usually get something here. You're in the diner.

KIRK: Oh, yes.

LUKE: Kirk?

KIRK: That's me.

LUKE: You want some coffee?

KIRK: Yes, please.

LUKE: Your eyes are spinning in different directions.

KIRK: I've been up for one and a half days straight. I haven't done that since the "Petticoat Junction" marathon in '97.

LUKE: Right. Caught a little of that myself.

[He guides Kirk to a chair. Taylor enters the diner.]

TAYLOR: Luke, turkey sandwich on rye, please -- lettuce, tomato, cucumber.

LUKE: Coming right up.

KIRK: We're gonna do it, Taylor! We're gonna find those last twelve eggs!

TAYLOR: [ignores Kirk] Cole slaw, too.

KIRK: Every last one of them!

TAYLOR: And a pickle -- make it two.

KIRK: Joe and I can divide the square in two and sweep it clean till the job's done.

TAYLOR: I'm going to pay now and wait outside if you don't mind. [places sugar container on top of his money]

LUKE: I guess not.

KIRK: I'll take the east side, he'll take the west. That way we can --

TAYLOR: [slams sugar container on the counter] That's enough, Kirk!

KIRK: Hey, watch it.

TAYLOR: You're not satisfied that I'm suffering for what you've done to this town. You have to continue to personally t*rture me?

KIRK: We'll find the twelve!

TAYLOR: We won't find the twelve! You have brought disaster down upon us! Are you happy?!

KIRK: No.

TAYLOR: I left you in charge of things because I thought I could trust you, but you let me down. Now I have to cancel the flower show.

KIRK: No.

TAYLOR: I'm making the call tomorrow. The flower show is history.

KIRK: But we're only missing twelve!

TAYLOR: We have to find every last egg.

KIRK: Well, then, Joe and I --

TAYLOR: Joe just left for Cabala class. I have no men left.

KIRK: You have me left.

TAYLOR: I have no men left. [disgusted] I've lost my appetite.

[Taylor takes his money and leaves. Kirk looks forlorn.]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE PATIO

[Lorelai and Rory enter from the house.]

LORELAI: Hi, guys. Wow, love the heaters.

EMILY: It's not too cold, is it? We thought we'd start the evening out here.

RORY: It's nice. [They wander to sit near Jason.]

RICHARD: No, no. I'm not seeing the olives that Floyd likes.

EMILY: They're in the back on the right. Is this cart in the best place?

RICHARD: Move it back?

EMILY: Move it back.

JASON: [murmuring] They keep moving everything back and forth -- the cart, the heater, me. I used to be over there.

LORELAI: They're perfectionists.

JASON: It's like watching an ant farm.

RICHARD: Oh! I should go grab that gin that Floyd likes. I've got some in the freezer.

EMILY: Maybe it was better in the other spot.

LORELAI: Patio looks great, Mom, really.

EMILY: I guess. Where's that awful light coming from?

RORY: I think it's the moon?

LORELAI: You're not thinking of having the moon moved, are you, Mom?

EMILY: I suppose it will move on its own at some point. [looks at Lorelai] You look nice.

LORELAI: Thank you.

EMILY: Why do you look so nice?

LORELAI: Because I knew this was an important night for you guys, I thought I would dress up a little.

[The doorbell rings.]

EMILY: They're here. Richard, they're here! [walks off]

RORY: You do look especially nice tonight.

LORELAI: What is with everyone? It's not like I'm always in dirty sweats fresh from slopping the pigs.

RORY: You know what I mean. You don't have that just-came-from-work look about you.

LORELAI: A girl can't dress up a little?

JASON: Your mom's a little nervous.

LORELAI: [shushes Jason] Ta-ta-ta-da.

RORY: Oh, right. You're meeting the parents. I actually had not put that together before. That's why you showered.

LORELAI: That's not why I showered.

[Richard, Emily, Floyd and Carol walk out onto the patio.]

RICHARD: Here we are!

CAROL: Oh, your patio is beautiful, Emily!

EMILY: Thank you, Carol.

CAROL: [to Jason] Hi, honey. [They hug.]

JASON: Hi, Mom.

RICHARD: Floyd, Carol, our daughter, Lorelai,

FLOYD: How do you do.

RICHARD: And our granddaughter, Rory.

FLOYD: Hello.

RORY: Hi.

LORELAI: We've met before, but a long time ago. Hi.

FLOYD: We remember you well.

CAROL: You didn't dress up for our benefit, I hope.

LORELAI: No, no. This is nothing weird.

RICHARD: How 'bout some beverages, everybody? Extra dry martini still your drink, Floyd?

FLOYD: Absolutely.

LORELAI: Same here, Dad.

RICHARD: And bourbon with a splash of branch water, right, Carol?

CAROL: Thank you, Richard. [looks around the patio] Oh, here, Emily. You've redone the patio. It's gorgeous!

EMILY: Don't you think?

CAROL: Oh, and those trees -- I love them. What are they?

EMILY: They're African. Come see.

[They walk off together. Jason, Lorelai and Floyd sit down with Rory.]

FLOYD: I'm trying to remember when we saw you last.

LORELAI: Ah, probably at camp.

FLOYD: Right, the day we came to pick up Jason. There was a talent show. You sang a duet with a pimply fellow.

LORELAI: "Crater Face" Cutler.

JASON: He's a litigator now. Very bitter man.

FLOYD: Well, the pimply fellow stank, but you were wonderful -- very charming.

LORELAI: It was from "Grease."

JASON: How Crater Face got his pimples?

LORELAI: No, my song -- "Summer Lovin'." I had to sit on his lap. It was very uncomfortable.

JASON: Crater Face had very bony knees.

FLOYD: [to Jason] And you did a dance with somebody, if I remember correctly.

LORELAI: Oh, yes, he cha-cha'd.

JASON: Well, thank you for bringing that up.

RORY: [to Lorelai] And thank you for never sending me to camp.

LORELAI: You were great. I liked when you and your partner knocked heads.

JASON: "Clubfoot" Cindy -- she married "Crater Face" Cutler. Beautiful children.

LORELAI: Huh.

RICHARD: Here are your drinks everybody. [approaches with drinks on tray, humming] Uh, Rory, we left your soda inside.

RORY: Oh, I'll go get it.

FLOYD: I actually had a barbershop quartet at Yale. I was by far the weakest link. That reminds me. I have a story I've been dying to tell you ever since I heard it, Richard, about Herb Benson.

RICHARD: Oh, what's the rogue up to now?

FLOYD: Later. I don't want to bore the others.

RICHARD: I can't wait. Help me take the drinks down to the ladies?

FLOYD: Absolutely. Excuse us.

[Lorelai sighs.]

RICHARD: [in the distance] Alright, ladies?

JASON: [Sighs] Wow, look at that.

LORELAI: Groucho, Chico, Harpo, and Zeppo together again.

RORY: [enters] Excuse me, Grandma.

EMILY: Yes, sweetie?

RORY: Elsa said to say that dinner's in fifteen minutes.

EMILY: Did she ask you to do some vacuuming, too?

RORY: Um...no.

EMILY: She sends my granddaughter out to do her job.

FLOYD: How many maids has Emily been through, Richard? We used to keep a running count.

RICHARD: No, I'm afraid western mathematical principles cannot accommodate such a task.

JASON: My father is in a particularly good mood tonight.

LORELAI: Very.

JASON: He's only said two passive-aggressive things to me since he got here, which is astounding for him. By the way, may I be the fourteenth person this evening to say how great you look?

LORELAI: It's the shower. I gotta try that more often.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE DINING ROOM

[Carol and Floyd share grandchildren photos with Emily and Richard]

CAROL: Oh, this is our grandson's first step. We were so lucky to have the camera ready.

EMILY: Oh, that's darling.

RICHARD: Oh, ho, ho. He's gonna be big.

FLOYD: He's gonna start on the defensive line for the Bulldogs in 2021.

CAROL: [giggling] Floyd has it all worked out.

LORELAI: I believe that's you very lovingly holding your nephew, who looks very happy in your arms.

JASON: I just told him I'd opened a no-load mutual fund for him. Tracks the S&P.

LORELAI: You sentimental fool.

EMILY: You know, I have some terrific pictures of Rory. I should go get them.

RORY: But, Grandma, I'm right here.

EMILY: I know, but you're so big now.

LORELAI: Slouch down in your chair for Grandma, honey.

RORY: You know, if it's okay, I actually thought I might leave soon.

LORELAI: She's got a big paper due next week and lots of reading.

EMILY: Oh, yes, Rory. We've made you stay too long already.

RICHARD: Oh, yes, go, go.

CAROL: Thank you for looking like you weren't too bored all evening.

RORY: Oh, no, I wasn't, really. It was fun. Bye, Grandma. [kisses Emily's cheek]

RMILY: [to Lorelai] You have to go, too?

LORELAI: Oh, no, we came separately.

EMILY: Good.

RORY: Bye, Grandpa. [gives Richard a kiss]

RICHARD: Goodbye, Rory.

FLOYD: Lovely girl.

EMILY: Oh, she's a doll.

RICHARD: Well, I think this is the perfect time for those who are so inclined to enjoy a cigar. [rises from table]

LORELAI: All right, let's fire 'em up!

RICHARD: I meant the men, but would you like a cigar?

LORELAI: No, you guys go. Circle the fire. Pound your chests. We'll be waiting.

RICHARD: Floyd, Jason. [exits]

JASON: Let's do it.

EMILY: Well, let's let Elsa clean up and maybe keep her job. The living room all right?

LORELAI: We can bring the coffee?

EMILY: I was going to pour brandy.

LORELAI: Even better.

CAROL: Ooh, let's go. Oh, this evening has been so wonderful, Emily -- the two of us together again.

EMILY: Yes, it has.

CAROL: All those horrible things that happed with the business -- now, let's not let business come between us again.

EMILY: All that ugliness is in the past now, so we don't have to worry.

CAROL: Yes.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE DEN

[The men are puffing on cigars.]

FLOYD: Smooth. '63?

RICHARD: '65. You can't get a '63 to save your life.

JASON: Still does the trick, though.

RICHARD: Oh, good port was as caught up in that ridiculous cigar boom a few years ago, remember?

FLOYD: Yes, yes.

RICHARD: Amateurs -- babes in diapers talking big in those cigar clubs, smoking Churchills down to the ring. Tobacco farmers harvested their crop green just to keep up with the demand.

FLOYD: If I remember correctly, you found a way to rectify the problem.

RICHARD: I couldn't get Hennessy's to put my favorite cigars aside for me -- this after twenty years of giving them my business.

FLOYD: Big mistake.

JASON: Love these kind of stories.

RICHARD: So I bypassed the b*stards. I found their supplier. I swooped in and bought all of my favorites in bulk -- hundreds of boxes, cash on the barrel, so now Hennessy's couldn't get them.

JASON: Hundreds of boxes?

RICHARD: Oh, I couldn't have smoked them in three lifetimes, so I kindly offered to sell Hennessy's my excess supply. They leapt at it like dogs for a bone. And I made enough to pay for the boxes that I kept.

JASON: You're creative, Richard. It's one of your many strengths.

FLOYD: I'd say it's his main strength.

RICHARD: Who ever said an insurance man can't be creative?

FLOYD: It's one of the fallacies about what we do. People think it's dry, wooden, a bunch of automations shuffling papers. On the contrary -- it breeds daily. It's life and death, what we do. [Richard nods.] It's a new drama every day -- almost Shakespearean.

RICHARD: "Richard III," "Macbeth."

FLOYD: What day doesn't necessitate courage, tenacity, and sometimes, like your cigar story,

Richard, a little vengeance?

RICHARD: And that's all before lunch.

FLOYD: Our work is wonderful. I've always felt that way -- protective of what I do, protective of what I have.

JASON: I think my cigar is out.

FLOYD: That's why I'm suing you.

JASON: Dad.

RICHARD: You're joking.

FLOYD: I'm not joking. I'm suing your company. My lawyers will be contacting you Monday morning.

RICHARD: Floyd, you're not serious.

FLOYD: Richard, you didn't think I'd let Digger walk away with some of my oldest clients and not respond, did you? Are you that naive?

JASON: Dad, this is crazy.

FLOYD: You signed a noncompete clause with me, Digger.

JASON: And I didn't break that clause.

RICHARD: He didn't, Floyd. I studied Jason's contract, and only certain clients were off limits, and those remained off limits.

FLOYD: Alexander Barnes was off limits.

JASON: That was a social lunch, and you can't prove otherwise. You have no case.

FLOYD: Maybe, maybe not. But by the time the courts figure out the situation, I'll have buried you in legal fees. I know your financial situation, Richard. You can't survive a lengthy legal process.

RICHARD: So, this is just revenge, Floyd? Are we stooping that low?

FLOYD: You just described how strongly you felt about a bunch of cigars. How did you think I was going to feel about my business?

JASON: How did you know I had lunch with Alex, Dad? You have a private investigator tailing me?

FLOYD: This whole business is so distasteful, but what was I to do? I did what I had to do -- what Richard Gilmore would do. I think I should go now.

JASON: Don't -- Dad, don't leave. Call this off!

FLOYD: Sorry I didn't get to that anecdote, Richard. Maybe some other time. [exits]

JASON: Dad! [follows]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE SITTING ROOM

EMILY: Rory did come out and she was a beautiful debutante -- the hit of the night.

LORELAI: She did so well, we had her go back in and come out again.

[loud voices approach]

RICHARD: Floyd, wait.

JASON: Dad, I will block the door if I have to.

FLOYD: I wouldn't suggest you do that, son.

EMILY: What is going on?

CAROL: I should get my purse. [She sets her drink down and rises.]

EMILY: Carol, no.

FLOYD: Excuse us, Emily. This is rude, but we have to go.

JASON: Mom, stay.

CAROL: It's too late, Jason.

EMILY: What's going on? Richard?

FLOYD: I apologize, for how this ended.

RICHARD: We are not unprepared for a fight. We are capitalized.

FLOYD: Only because you put your pension up as collateral on all your loans, Richard.

RICHARD: How did you -

FLOYD: It's a small community, our community. Endangering your pension, Richard -- it's reckless.

JASON: Which PI did you have on me? Paluso, I assume?

FLOYD: He's the best. He gets everything. It's how I found out your daughter is dating my son.

EMILY: That's not true.

[Richard looks at Lorelai]

FLOYD: Sorry we spoiled your secret, son. We'll see ourselves out. Come on, Carol.

JASON: Dad, wait! Richard, Emily, this isn't gonna happen, period. It will resolve quickly and in our favor. Excuse me. Dad! [dashes off] Okay, now, forgetting the insufferable way that you presented this subject --[becoming more faint]

[There is a long uncomfortable silence until Jason returns.]

RICHARD: We need to talk. [He exits with Jason following.]

EMILY: You brought your own car, didn't you?

LORELAI: Yes.

EMILY: You don't need to stay. You can go.

LORELAI: I'm blocked in.

EMILY: Oh.

[Another long silence. Emily eventually walks off leaving Lorelai alone.]

CUT TO DEN

JASON: Richard, you have every right to be angry.

RICHARD: Oh, you're damn right I do. To be humiliated like this in my own house?!

JASON: It was unconscionable.

RICHARD: Why didn't you see this coming?

JASON: You know him, Richard. He doesn't show his hand. He sweet-talked us on the golf course, got himself invited to dinner. The man is a sociopath!

RICHARD: Tell me if you've done anything -- anything illegal.

JASON: Nothing, Richard, I swear to you -- nothing.

RICHARD: The lunch with Alex?

JASON: Social -- we're friends.

RICHARD: Why should I believe you?

JASON: Because I'm not stupid enough to do anything illegal or think that I could get anything illegal by you. I do push boundaries, Richard, but I never cross them -- ever.

RICHARD: How long have you been seeing my daughter?

JASON: Five months.

RICHARD: For five months you've been lying to me.

JASON: Yes, but it was a white lie. [Richard gasps] It was a timing issue. It would have complicated our relationship, yours and mine, and we didn't know if it would last, so we took a path. It was the wrong path, and I am sorry about that, too.

RICHARD: You've got a lot to be sorry about.

JASON: I do. My damned father. I should have seen this coming. As well as I know him, I keep underestimating him.

RICHARD: [Sighs] We both should have seen this coming.

JASON: I can make this go away.

RICHARD: How?

JASON: It's a bluff. You know my father. He hates giving money to lawyers, and this action is gonna cost him big.

RICHARD: That is true.

JASON: So we will counter sue. It's a wrongful lawsuit. We will make him pay.

RICHARD: Possibly.

JASON: And I will do anything to win back your trust, Richard. You have been so good to me. Please...let me try.

RICHARD: Okay. You've got my trust. Go get him.

JASON: Thank you, Richard. Thank you. And also, I'm gonna work on my golf game -- get it up to snuff so I stop embarrassing you around the greens.

RICHARD: [Chuckling] Yeah, do that.

JASON: Thank you, Richard.

[Door closes as Jason exits]

CUT TO EXTERIOR OF ELDER GILMORE HOUSE

[Lorelai attempts to escape tight parking in her Jeep]

LORELAI: [sighs as she move forward an inch] God. [sighs as she moves back an inch]

JASON: [approaches and talks through car window] I have a gigantic bottle of vodka at my place -- the largest bottle of vodka known to man.

LORELAI: But what will you drink?

JASON: Gin.

LORELAI: Let's go.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

[Delirious, Kirk staggers though the square. He's still searching for eggs, still empty-handed.]

KIRK: Eggs. Gotta get the eggs. [He almost runs into a couple.]

GIRL: Whoa.

GUY: Whoa, buddy.

KIRK: Eggs. [He turns and frightens an old woman on the sidewalk.] Aaah!

WOMAN: Aaah! [She runs away.]

KIRK: Aaah! [He stumbles further and collapses to ground. He looks up and sees Luke standing before him.] Flower show's tomorrow. Flower show's tomorrow, and I can't find the last twelve eggs. [crying] I let Taylor down. He's like a father to me. I think he is my father.

LUKE: He's not your father.

KIRK: No, my father's my father, which means Taylor's my tailor. I wonder how much he charges to hem pants.

LUKE: He's not your tailor.

KIRK: I let him down! I let Taylor down. I let the whole town down. He won't like me anymore.

[Luke drops a plastic bag full of eggs on the ground before Kirk.]

KIRK: What's this?

LUKE: It's the last twelve eggs.

KIRK: The last --

LUKE: you picked some screwy places to hide them. Don't do that again.

KIRK: The last twelve?

LUKE: Tell Taylor you found them. Be the hero. [walks away]

KIRK: [climbs to feet] Thank you. Thank you! [shouting] I love you, Luke Danes! I love you!

LUKE: [muttering to himself] I'm stupid.

KIRK: [yelling loudly] I love you! I love Luke Danes! Love, love!

CUT TO INTERIOR OF RORY'S CAR - SAME NIGHT

[Rory is driving down Stars Hollow's main street. She slows to a stop when she sees Dean run out of an alley toward her car.]

DEAN: Hey. Come on.

RORY: What? Where?

DEAN: I want to talk to you. Come on. [Rory follows Dean into an alley.] I've been trying to call your cell.

RORY: I didn't have it on.

DEAN: I'm sorry, okay? I'm really sorry.

RORY: About what?

DEAN: I was a jerk at your dorm. I yelled.

RORY: You didn't yell.

DEAN: I got upset, and I shouldn't have.

RORY: No, Dean, I'm the jerk. Hounding you about school like that -- it all came out wrong. It's your life. It's your decision.

DEAN: No, I shouldn't have sniped like that.

RORY: I deserved it.

DEAN: You were concerned.

RORY: I want the best for you, and I think school is it. I still think that, but it's not up to me. I just don't want you to settle.

DEAN: Yeah, I know you don't. Sometimes it seems like you're the only one who doesn't. [Sighs]

RORY: I think Lindsay may have overheard me saying stuff at Doose's.

DEAN: Yeah.

RORY: I feel even worse about that. I've got such a big mouth.

DEAN: No, it's okay.

RORY: She must have been really upset.

DEAN: Kind of.

RORY: I didn't mean to hurt her feelings.

DEAN: She'll be okay.

RORY: She knows we talk, right -- that we're friends?

DEAN: She does now. She doesn't want me talking to you anymore.

RORY: Oh. Well, I guess that's understandable.

DEAN: I don't want that to happen.

RORY: I don't want that to happen either.

DEAN: Then it's not gonna happen.

RORY: Should you get home?

DEAN: Yeah.

RORY: Me too.

[Rory watches as Dean walks away.]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE HOUSE BACK PATIO - SAME NIGHT

[Richard stands by the fence with drink in hand. Emily joins him.]

EMILY: Is it true? Did you put your pension up as collateral? Are we in trouble?

RICHARD: It's going to work out, Emily. It'll be okay.

EMILY: You and Jason talked?

RICHARD: It's going to be okay.

CUT TO JASON'S TOWNHOUSE - SAME NIGHT

[On sofa, a tipsy Lorelai uses hand signals to a tipsy Jason.]

JASON: Uh, three words. Four words. Two words. Okay, you suck at charades.

LORELAI: We're playing charades?

JASON: Yeah, weren't we?

LORELAI: You're drunk.

JASON: You're drunk.

LORELAI: Don't drunk and drive.

JASON: I would not thunk it.

LORELAI: That's a fun game to play.

JASON: What?

LORELAI: The "changing words into funny words" game.

JASON: [Sighs] Oh, I'm sleepy.

LORELAI: Hey, you know, your father was terrific until the end.

JASON: Yeah, the end was kind of bad.

LORELAI: It's like falling 600 feet to your death. You know, it's fun the first 599 feet, but it's just the last foot -- total sucko.

JASON: Yeah, it's a bummer -- that last foot. But, you know, there is a bright side to this evening.

LORELAI: The moon?

JASON: No, but the moon was very bright. At least our relationship is out in the open -- no more hiding.

LORELAI: Yeah, no more hiding. I'll drink to that.

JASON: And I got Richard calm, and I'll work my magic, which is what I do.

LORELAI: Dad's head looked like it was gonna go full-out piñata.

JASON: It'll be okay. He and I are going golfing in a couple days. That always puts him a good mood.

LORELAI: Yeah. Your plant is dead. How did it die so quickly?

JASON: It may have been self-inflicted.

LORELAİ: Poor thing. Are you okay, though? Am I being enough supportive? Reversed those last two words.

JASON: No, I'm fine. In a weird way, my father trying to destroy me is the first time I've ever gotten any real respect out of him.

LORELAİ: Hmm. Cool. Clink. [glasses clink]

CUT TO SAME EXCLUSIVE GOLF COURSE ON FAIRWAY

[Richard completes his drive with a big swing.]

FLOYD: Nice shot! Beautiful!

RICHARD: Your charity is limitless

FLOYD: You're just warming up. You've always been a closer.

RICHARD: Too true. So, we're done with the broad strokes?

FLOYD: I believe so. I'll drop the lawsuit. We'll split the clients evenly. You'll come back to the firm -
- have your own company under our umbrella.

RICHARD: And Jason is out.

FLOYD: Jason's out. You'll be returning a hero, Richard.

RICHARD: Hmm. Music to my ears.

FLOYD: Beautiful day today.

RICHARD: Beautiful.

THE END

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