

# 2 women Comedy

daughter in pain/  
mother attempting to  
help

(Rory and Dean leave.)

EMILY: What do you know about this boy?

LORELAI: I know that Rory likes him and that his parole officer has high hopes for his rehabilitation.

EMILY: Does he drink?

LORELAI: Like a fish.

EMILY: That's not a crazy question.

LORELAI: It is a crazy question, Mom, because if I had knowledge of him being a drinker, he would not be with Rory now.

EMILY: Yes, De--

LORELAI: Mom, please relax. Dean is a good kid. Rory's gonna have a great time. You got your pictures and tomorrow I will call you and give you all the details.

EMILY: What are you going to do?

LORELAI: What do you mean?

EMILY: Well you certainly can't be left alone.

LORELAI: Yes I can.

EMILY: You can barely move. You've been sitting on that couch since I got here.

LORELAI: That's because this is a right comfy couch.

EMILY: Maybe I should stay.

LORELAI: No, no, Mom, you really don't have to do that.

EMILY: I'm not leaving my daughter stranded on the couch. What if you need to get to the bathroom?

LORELAI: I don't go anymore, Mom. I gave it up cold turkey.

EMILY: I'm staying.

LORELAI: No, Mom...Look -- I can stand, OK?

(Lorelai, obviously in pain, stands slowly.)

LORELAI: See? I'm up. OK, see? I'm fine.

EMILY: Move.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Move. If you're fine, than move.

LORELAI: I can move. This is me moving. (nothing happens) Any second now the moving will begin. (nothing happens) Rats.

(Lorelai flops back on the couch.)

EMILY: I'll go start some tea. Please tell me you have something besides Lipton.

LORELAI: (muttering to herself) Oh, a stroke would be so good right about now.

EMILY: (to Lorelai) Was that a pain?

LORELAI: Yes. A big one.

EMILY: (to Marta) Alright. That's it. Bye.

LORELAI: So, Mom, you really, really don't have to do this.

EMILY: Don't be silly. I couldn't possibly leave you alone like this.

LORELAI: What are you doing, Mom?

EMILY: I'm trying to find the candlesticks I bought you.

LORELAI: What candlesticks?

EMILY: The Baccarat candlesticks I bought you last year for Christmas. I assumed you stuffed them in the back of the closet somewhere.

(Lorelai sits up and looks worried.)

LORELAI: Uh, well, no, I did not stuff them in the back of the closet.

EMILY: Well then where are they? I don't see them out.

LORELAI: (hesitantly) Well, see, we didn't actually have a...big use for the crystal candlesticks so I kind of...exchanged them.

EMILY: For what?

LORELAI: A monkey lamp.

EMILY: Pardon me?

LORELAI: It's a lamp with a bunch of monkeys on it.

EMILY: Baccarat candlesticks for a moneky lamp?

LORELAI: They're really, really happy monkeys, Mom.

EMILY: Where is this lamp? I want to see it.

LORELAI: It's right there on the desk.

(Emily walks over to the lamp and looks closely at it.)

EMILY: Oh my God! They're holding coconuts and leering!

LORELAI: It's funny.

EMILY: You traded my lovely gift for for a semi-pornographic leering monkey lamp? How could you?

(Lorelai shrugs.)

EMILY: This is not just about the bad breeding of returning a gift. This goes right to the heart of the question of taste. You were given something of substance and you cast it off for a ridiculous, slightly sinister barroom decoration. Explain this to me, Lorelai.

(As her mother rants, Lorelai's smile turns to a frown. She sinks lower on the couch and covers herself with a blanket.)

LORELAI: My back hurts.