

CUT TO GRAN'S HOUSE

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

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

EMILY: Hand it to me.

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

EMILY: Hand it to me.

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

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

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

EMILY: Just hand me some papers. *So much to do*

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

~~GEORGIA: ^{Oh} Emily, ^{When you} excuse me. We finished cataloging the second floor, and we're about to move to the third.~~

~~EMILY: That's fine, Georgia.~~

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

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

~~GEORGIA: All right.~~

LORELAI: What was that about?

EMILY: I'm preparing for the funeral.

LORELAI: Stashing bar glasses is preparing for the funeral?

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

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

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

LORELAI: Really.

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

LORELAI: Now you're just making stuff up.

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

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

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

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

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

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

EMILY: Gilmore.

LORELAI: No, no, her maiden name.

EMILY: Gilmore.

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

EMILY: She and Charles were second cousins.

LORELAI: Ew! What?!

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

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

EMILY: Well, what would you call it?

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

EMILY: No one has any extra toes.

LORELAI: I have a double-jointed thumb.

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

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

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

LORELAI: Hmm. That's nice.

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

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

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

LORELAI: No way!

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

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

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

LORELAI: Holy moly. Can I see that?

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

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

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

LORELAI: Done?

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

~~LORELAI: But Dad...~~

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

ORELAI: Mom, we have to plan this funeral.

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

ORELAI: Mom.

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

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

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

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