

W2. Gilmore girls 1.01 - Pilot

LORELAI: Please, Luke. Please, please, please.

LUKE: How many cups have you had this morning?

LORELAI: None.

LUKE: Plus...

LORELAI: Five, but yours is better.

LUKE: You have a problem.

LORELAI: Yes, I do.

LUKE: Junkie.

LORELAI: Angel. You've got wings, baby.

LUKE: Luke's. Yeah.

JOEY: You make that look really good.

LORELAI: Oh, it is really good. It's the best coffee in town.

JOEY: Oh yeah? I'll have to get a cup.

LORELAI: Good plan.

JOEY: Yeah, I've never been here before. Just, uh, passing through on my way to Hartford.

LORELAI: You're a regular Jack Kerouac.

JOEY: Yeah.

LORELAI: Yeah.

JOEY: Hey, **you mind if I sit down?**

LORELAI: Oh, you know what? Actually, I'm meeting someone so I. . .

JOEY: I'm Joey.

LORELAI: Okay.

JOEY: What, you don't have a name?

LORELAI: No, I do have a name. I just, I'm really meeting someone, so. . .

JOEY: So I guess I should get going.

LORELAI: So soon?

JOEY: What?

LORELAI: **I'm just screwing with your mind**, Joey. It's nice to meet you. Enjoy Hartford.

JOEY: Enjoy your coffee, mystery woman.

LORELAI: Hm. I like that.

RORY: Hey. It's freezing.

LORELAI: Oh, what do you need? Hot tea, coffee?

RORY: Lip gloss.

LORELAI: Aha.

LORELAI: I have vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, and toasted marshmallow.

RORY: Anything in there not resembling a breakfast cereal?

LORELAI: Yes.

LORELAI: It has no smell but it changes colors with your mood.

RORY: God, RuPaul doesn't need this much makeup.

LORELAI: Wow, you're crabby.

RORY: I'm sorry. I lost my Macy Gray CD and I need caffeine.

LORELAI: Ooh, I have your CD.

RORY: Thief.

LORELAI: Sorry, and I will get you some coffee.

LORELAI: What? It's not for me. It's for Rory, **I swear**.

LUKE: **You're shameless.**

LORELAI: Look, Officer Krupke. She's right at that table, right over there.

LORELAI: Ah. He's got quite a pair, this guy. Thanks.

JOEY: Yeah, I've never been through here before.

LORELAI: Oh, you have, too.

JOEY: Oh, hi.

LORELAI: Oh, hi. You really like my table, don't you?

JOEY: I was just, uh. . .

LORELAI: Getting to know my daughter.

JOEY: Your. . .

RORY: Are you my new daddy?

JOEY: Wow. You do not look old enough to have a daughter. No, **I mean it**. And you do not look like a daughter.

LORELAI: That's possibly very sweet of you. Thanks.

JOEY: So. . .daughter. You know, I am traveling with a friend.

LORELAI: She's sixteen.

JOEY: Bye.

LORELAI: Drive safe.

MICHEL: Independence Inn, Michel speaking. No, I'm sorry, **we're completely booked**. We have a wedding party here. No, there is really nothing I can do. Yes, I'm sure. Positive. No, I don't have to look ma'am, I -- Yes, of course I'll look.

MICHEL: No, I'm sorry, we're completely booked.

DRELLA: Oh, no, don't move. Just ignore the tiny woman pushing the 200-pound instrument around. No, this is good, I like this. After this I'll, uh, bench press a piano, huh? Oh, that's it, lady, tie your shoe now. Yeah, don't worry, I'll wait.

LORELAI: Hi, Drella, hi. I was just wondering, um, could you be, uh, nicer to the guests?

DRELLA: I'm sorry. Did you not want a harp player?

LORELAI: Yes, I did.

DRELLA: And did you not want a great harp player?

LORELAI: Yes, I did.

DRELLA: Okay. I am a great harp player, and this is my great harp, okay. So if you're looking for someone to just be nice to the guests, get a harmonica player, or maybe some guy who whistles through his nose. Okay? Capisce?

DRELLA: Oh, that is a great spot for a table. Decorator's a genius.

MICHEL: Madame, you have no idea how desperately I'd like to help, but see, I'd have to build a room for you myself, and I am not a man who works with his hands, so the best I can do is suggest that you please, please try for another weekend. Any weekend. Ah, good, fine, the twenty-first. Hold on, I'll look. No, I'm sorry, we're completely booked.

LORELAI: Has the plumber attended to room four yet?

MICHEL: He was here, he did nothing, it's a hundred dollars.

LORELAI: Hi Marco, Lorelai. Talk to me about room four. What was wrong with it?

LORELAI: Uh huh. I thought you replaced that already. Well, because you told me you did and I never forget anything, so **this one's on you**, right? Pleasure doing business with you.

MICHEL: What is your offspring doing?

RORY: I need stamps. Can I have these?

MICHEL: No.

LORELAI: Take them. What's with the muumuu?

RORY: Stop.

LORELAI: No, I'm just saying, you couldn't find one made of metal in case anyone has X-ray eyes?

RORY: And now we say goodbye.

LORELAI: Ooh, hey, have Michel look at your French paper before you go.

MICHEL: Excuse me?

RORY: That'd be great.

MICHEL: No.

RORY: Come on, Michel. I'll tell all the ladies what a stud you are.

MICHEL: Hm. I believe that memo has already been sent.

LORELAI: Oh, please, Michel. Pretty please with sucre on top. I will stop talking like this.

MICHEL: Leave it. I'll look at it if I get a chance.

RORY: It's due tomorrow. And pay special attention to the grammar.

MICHEL: I despise you.

RORY: When are you going to let your parents know that you listen to the evil rock music? You're an American teenager, for God's sake.

LANE: Rory, if my parents still get upset over the obscene portion size of American food, I seriously doubt I'm gonna make any inroads with Eminem.

LANE: I have to go to that.

RORY: The hayride? You're kidding.

LANE: **My parents set me up with the son** of a business associate. He's gonna be a doctor.

RORY: How old is he?

LANE: Sixteen.

RORY: So he's gonna be a doctor in a hundred years.

LANE: Well, my parents like to plan ahead.

RORY: God, you have to go to the hayride with him?

LANE: And his older brother.

RORY: Oh, now you're kidding.

LANE: Koreans never joke about future doctors. So, I guess you're not going, huh?

RORY: No, I'm still fuzzy on what's fun about sitting in the cold for two hours with a bundle of sticks up your butt.

LANE: Don't expect me to clear it up for you.

MRS. TRAISTER: For those of you who have not finished the final chapters of Huckleberry Finn you may use this time to do so. For those of you who have, you can start on your essay now. Whichever task you choose, do it silently.

GIRL #1: Maybe it's a love letter.

GIRL #2: Or her diary.

GIRL #3: Could be a slambook.

GIRL #4: It's the assignment.

DRELLA: Nice, huh?

WOMAN: Beautiful.

DRELLA: Yeah, well, **tell it to the tip jar.**

LORELAI: Take Mrs. Langworthy's bags up to 314. Make sure the drapes are closed and there's extra soap and she wants her pillow mints now.

LORELAI: Sookie!

SOOKIE: I'm okay, I'm okay.

LORELAI: What did you do now? Oh, why aren't you watching her? No estabas cuidandola?

SALVADOR: Eh, no, she's this - bad food in the head.

LORELAI: Oh. I need you to be more careful.

SOOKIE: I know, I'm sorry. Hey, I fixed the peach sauce.

LORELAI: That's blood, you're bleeding. Why are you bleeding?

SOOKIE: Oh, **my stitches opened**. I was using too much maple syrup. It strangled the fruit.

LORELAI: When did you get stitches?

SOOKIE: Friday night. Radish roses.

LORELAI: Okay, stop moving.

SOOKIE: You gotta taste the sauce. You have to try it while it's still warm.

LORELAI: Okay. Oh, Sookie, I need you to be more careful. I need there to be fewer accidents.

SOOKIE: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

LORELAI: Oh, dear God Almighty. That's incredible!

SOOKIE: I want to put it on the waffles tomorrow morning for breakfast.

LORELAI: I want to take a bath in that sauce!

SOOKIE: I will make more!

LORELAI: Someday when we open our own inn, diabetics will line up to eat this sauce.

SOOKIE: Won't that be great?

LORELAI: Yeah. But the key to someday achieving that dream is for you to stay alive long enough so we can actually open an inn, you understand?

SOOKIE: Yes, I understand.

LORELAI: All right. So, now, let's get you up and to the doctor, on three. One-two-three.

SOOKIE: Ow!

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: Stepped on my thumb. I'm fine. On three. Okay.

LANE: Well, was it a good color at least?

RORY: It had sparkles in it.

LANE: Wow.

RORY: And it smelled like bubble gum when it dried.

LANE: Oh, well, there's no way Mark Twain can compete with that.

LANE: Mom, we're home. Did you hear something?

RORY: I'm not sure.

LANE: Mom? Are you here?

MRS. KIM: We're open! Everything's half off!

RORY: We have contact.

LANE: Mom?

MRS. KIM: Lane?

LANE: Mom?

MRS. KIM: Lane?

LANE: Mom, where are you?

MRS. KIM: Lane, where are you?

LANE: Back here!

MRS. KIM: Over here!

RORY: I think she's that way.

LANE: Are we closer?

MRS. KIM: I'm by the table!

RORY: She's kidding, right?

LANE: Look, we'll meet you in the kitchen!

MRS. KIM: What?

RORY: The kitchen!

MRS. KIM: Who's that?

LANE: It's Rory, Mom.

MRS. KIM: Oh.

RORY: Wow, I can hear the disappointment from here.

LANE: Oh, come on. Stop it.

RORY: You know, **it sucks** that after all these years your mom still hates me.

LANE: She doesn't hate you.

RORY: She hates my mother.

LANE: She doesn't trust unmarried women.

RORY: You're unmarried.

LANE: I'm hayriding with a future proctologist. I have potential.

MRS. KIM: Go upstairs. Tea is ready. I have muffins - no dairy, no sugar, no wheat. You have to soak them in tea to make them soft enough to bite but they're very healthy. So, how was school? None of the girls get pregnant, drop out?

LANE: Not that we know of.

RORY: Though come to think of it, Joanna Posner was glowing a little.

MRS. KIM: What?

LANE: Nothing, Mama. She's just kidding.

MRS. KIM: Boys don't like funny girls.

RORY: Noted.

MAN: Hello? Anybody here?

MRS. KIM: We're here! We're coming! Have the muffins. Made from sprouted wheat. Only good 24 hours. Everything's half off!

MAN: Where are you?

MRS. KIM: Over here!

MAN: Where?

MRS. KIM: By the chair!

MAN: What chair?

SALVADOR: Careful!

SOOKIE: I'm okay. Peppers, peppers, peppers.

SALVADOR: Mike!

SOOKIE: Okay, hello little vegetables, come with me. I got it. Okay, where's my glaze.

SALVADOR: In the counter.

SOOKIE: On the counter. On, not in, not in the counter. Okay, good, all right. My sauce. Whoo, that's pretty good. Hello, a little bit of greens. Okay, okay. Hello, my little babies. You like that? A little bit of juice. Okay. You're very pretty. Okay.

SALVADOR: Mike, Mike!

LORELAI: Sookie!

LORELAI: Ooh. It's here! It happened! She did it!

SOOKIE: Okay, I'm gonna need a little bit longer sentence.

LORELAI: The Chilton school. Rory got in.

SOOKIE: Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!

LORELAI: I know. Look. "Dear Ms. Gilmore, We are happy to inform you that we have a vacancy at Chilton Preparatory starting immediately. Due to your daughter's excellent credentials and your enthusiastic pursuit of her enrollment" - I offered to do the principal to get her in - "we would be happy to accept her as soon as the first semester's tuition has been received."

SOOKIE: This is very exciting!

LORELAI: Is something burning?

SOOKIE: My bangs, earlier. Go on, go on, go on.

LORELAI: This is it. She can finally go to Harvard like she's always wanted and get the education that I never got and get to do all the things that I never got to do and then I can resent her for it and we can finally have a normal mother-daughter relationship.

SOOKIE: Oh, good.

RORY: Mom?

LORELAI: Oh!

RORY: You're happy.

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: **Did you do something slutty?**

LORELAI: I'm not that happy.

LORELAI: Here.

RORY: What's going on?

LORELAI: Open it.

RORY: I'm gonna be in a Britney Spears video?

SOOKIE: You're going to Chilton! Oh, sorry.

RORY: Mom?

LORELAI: You did it, babe. You got in.

RORY: How did this happen? You didn't. . .with the principal, did you?

LORELAI: No, honey, that was a joke. They have an open spot. You're gonna start on Monday.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Really.

RORY: I don't believe this! Oh my God, I'm going to Chilton!

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: Sookie, I'm going to Chilton!

SOOKIE: I'll make cookies. Protestants love oatmeal.

RORY: I have to call Lane.

RORY: I love you.

LORELAI: I love you.

LORELAI: My girl's going to Chilton

SOOKIE: Yeah. Rory's going to Chilton!

SOOKIE: Rory's going to Chilton! Rory's going to Chilton! Rory's going to Chilton!

W3. Gilmore girls 1.01 - Pilot

LORELAI: Michel, the phone.

MICHEL: Mmhmm. It rings.

LORELAI: Can you answer it?

MICHEL: No. People are particularly stupid today. I can't talk to any more of them.

LORELAI: You know who's really nice to talk to? The people at the unemployment agency.

MICHEL: Independence Inn, Michel speaking. No, I'm sorry, we're completely booked.

LORELAI: I'm holding for Miss Bell. I've been trying to get a hold of her all day. Lorelai Gilmore. Hi! Oh, hi, hi. Yeah, uh, my daughter Rory has just been accepted - yay. Thank you, and, um, I got the invoice for your enrollment fee. Wow, that is lots of zeros behind that five. Uh huh. Okay, well, I guess what I'm wondering is if you couldn't take, say, part of it now, just to get her going? Well, but she's supposed to start Monday. It just doesn't give me a lot of time to pull a bank job. Well, never mind, I was just kidding. No, a bank job is robbing a bank but -- Uh-huh. Oh, no. No, no, no. I don't want you to give up her space. I'll just -- **I'll have to figure it out**. Okay. No, thank you. It's been a real treat talking to you. Yeah. Bye-bye.

LORELAI: What do I do? What do I do? What do I do?

SOOKIE: You can have anything I own. My car! Sell my car.

LORELAI: Oh, sweetie, no one wants your car.

SOOKIE: Yeah.

LORELAI: There's something I haven't thought of, I know there is. There's something out there staring me right in the face. I just. . . I haven't seen it.

SOOKIE: You know, you might consider calling your par--

LORELAI: No.

SOOKIE: But I don't think you have a --

LORELAI: Stop.

SOOKIE: You can at least go and --

LORELAI: Uh.

SOOKIE: Okay, can I say one more thing? I think it's your only option.

LORELAI: Sookie, there are several chapters from a Stephen King novel I'd reenact before I'd resort to that option.

SOOKIE: Okay, dropped. Dropped.

LORELAI: Thank you.

RORY: Mom? So what do you think?

SOOKIE: Wow, it makes you look smart!

RORY: Okay, no more wine for you. Mom?

LORELAI: You look like you were swallowed by a kilt.

RORY: Fine, you can hem it. A little.

LORELAI: Ooh.

RORY: Only a little.

LORELAI: Okay. Or I could hem it a lot.

RORY: No, you're not. I don't want it to be too short.

RORY: I can't believe tomorrow's my last day at Stars Hollow High.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: Today I was so excited I dressed for gym.

LORELAI: You're kidding!

RORY: And I played volleyball.

LORELAI: With other people?

RORY: And I learned that all this time I was avoiding group sports?

LORELAI: Yeah?

RORY: Was very smart because **I suck at them.**

LORELAI: Well, yeah, you got that from me.

SOOKIE: Where's your paté?

LORELAI: At Zsa Zsa Gabor's house.

SOOKIE: Right. I'm going to the store because you have nothing. You feel like duck?

LORELAI: Ooh, if it's made with chicken, absolutely.

SOOKIE: I'll be back.

LORELAI: Bye.

LORELAI: All right. This will give you an idea. Go see how you like it.

RORY: Okay. I love being a private school girl.

LORELAI: Hi, Mom.

EMILY: Lorelai, my goodness, this is a surprise. Is it Easter already?

LORELAI: No, I just, uh, finished up my business class and I thought ***I would stop by.***

EMILY: To see me?

LORELAI: Yes.

EMILY: Well, isn't that nice. Come in.

LORELAI: Thanks.

LORELAI: The place looks great.

EMILY: It hasn't changed.

LORELAI: Well, there you go. How are the girls at the bridge club?

EMILY: Old.

LORELAI: Well...good.

EMILY: You said you were taking a business class?

LORELAI: Yeah, mmhmm, yeah. I'm taking a business class at the college twice a week. I'm sure I told you.

EMILY: Well, if you're sure then you must have. Would you like some tea?

LORELAI: I would love some coffee.

RICHARD: Emily? I'm home.

EMILY: We're in here.

LORELAI: Hi, Dad.

RICHARD: What is it, Christmas already?

EMILY: Lorelai was taking a business class at the college today and decided to drop in to see us.

RICHARD: What business class?

EMILY: Well, she told us about it, dear, remember?

RICHARD: No.

LORELAI: Well, actually, I came here for a reason. Dad, would you mind sitting down for a minute?

RICHARD: You need money.

LORELAI: ***I have a situation.***

RICHARD: You need money.

LORELAI: Dad, will you just please let me get this out, okay? Um, Rory has been accepted to Chilton.

EMILY: Chilton? Oh, that's a wonderful school. It's only five minutes from here.

LORELAI: That's right, it is. She can start as early as Monday. Um, the problem is that they want me to put down an enrollment fee plus the first semester's tuition, and I have to do that immediately or she loses her spot.

RICHARD: So, you need money.

LORELAI: Yeah. But it's not for me, it's for Rory. And I fully intend to pay you back every cent. **I don't ask for favors**, you know that.

EMILY: Oh, yes, we know.

RICHARD: I'll get the checkbook.

LORELAI: Thank you. You have no idea. Thank you.

EMILY: **On one condition**.

LORELAI: So close.

EMILY: Since we are now financially involved in your life, I want to be actively involved in your life.

LORELAI: What does that mean, Mother?

EMILY: I want a weekly dinner.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Friday nights, you and Rory will have dinner here.

LORELAI: Mom...

EMILY: And you have to call us once a week to give us an update on her schooling and your life. That's it. That's the condition. If you agree, you'll come to dinner tomorrow night and leave here with a check. Otherwise, I'm sorry, we can't help you.

LORELAI: I don't want her to know that I borrowed money from you. Can that just be between us?

EMILY: Does seven o'clock work for you?

LORELAI: Perfect.

RORY: And we get to wear uniforms. No more having people check you out to see what jeans you're wearing 'cause everyone's dressed alike in boring clothes and just there to learn.

LANE: Okay, there's academic-minded and then there's Amish.

RORY: Funny.

LANE: Thank you! So I told my mom you're changing schools.

RORY: Was she thrilled?

LANE: The party's on Friday. I gotta go. I have to have a pre-hayride cup of tea with a future doctor. How do I look? Korean?

RORY: **Spitting image**.

LANE: Good. Bye.

RORY: Bye.

RORY: God! You're like Ruth Gordon just standing there with a tennis root. Make a noise.

DEAN: Rosemary's Baby.

RORY: Yeah.

DEAN: Well, that's a great movie. **You've got good taste**. Are you moving?

RORY: No, just my books are.

DEAN: My family just moved here from Chicago.

RORY: Chicago. Windy. Oprah.

DEAN: Yeah. Yeah, that's the place. I'm Dean.

RORY: Hi. Oh, Rory. Me. That's -- that's me.

DEAN: Rory.

RORY: Well, Lorelai technically.

DEAN: Lorelai. I like that.

RORY: It's my mother's name, too. She named me after herself. She was lying in the hospital thinking about how men name boys after themselves all the time, you know, so why couldn't women? She says her feminism just kind of took over. Though personally I think a lot of Demerol also went into that decision. I never talk this much.

DEAN: Well, I better go.

RORY: Oh, sure.

DEAN: I have to go look for a job.

RORY: Okay, good. You should check with Miss Patty.

DEAN: What?

RORY: About the job. You should check with Miss Patty. She teaches dance. She was actually on Broadway once.

DEAN: I. . .I don't really dance much.

RORY: No, no, she just kind of knows everything that's going on in town. She'll know if someone's looking.

DEAN: Oh, great. Uh, thanks. Hey, what are you doing now?

RORY: Nothing...much. I should throw this away at some point.

DEAN: Well, maybe you could show me where this Miss Patty's place is.

RORY: Yeah, I guess so. I really don't have anything important to. . .let's go.

DEAN: So, have you lived here all your life?

RORY: Yes. Well, pretty much. I was actually born in Hartford.

DEAN: Well, that's not far.

RORY: Thirty minutes with no traffic.

DEAN: Really?

RORY: I timed it.

DEAN: Okay, then.

RORY: So, do you like cake?

DEAN: What?

RORY: They make really good cakes here. They're very...round.

DEAN: Okay, I'll remember that.

RORY: Good. Make a note. You wouldn't want to forget where the round cakes are.

DEAN: So, how are you liking Moby Dick?

RORY: Oh, it's really good.

DEAN: Yeah?

RORY: Yeah, it's my first Melville.

DEAN: Cool.

RORY: I mean, I know **it's kind of cliché** to pick Moby Dick as your first Melville but. . .hey, how did you know I was reading Moby Dick?

DEAN: Uh, well, I've been watching you.

RORY: Watching me?

DEAN: I mean, not in a creepy, like, "I'm watching you" sort of way. I just -- I've noticed you.

RORY: Me?

DEAN: Yeah.

RORY: When?

DEAN: Every day. After school you come out and you sit under that tree there and you read. Last week it was Madame Bovary. This week it's Moby Dick.

RORY: But why would you --

DEAN: Because you're nice to look at, and because you've got unbelievable concentration.

RORY: What?

DEAN: Last Friday these two guys were tossing around a ball and **one guy nailed the other right in the face**. I mean, it was a mess, blood everywhere, the nurse came out, the place was in chaos, his girlfriend was all freaking out, and you just sat there and read. I mean, you never even looked up. I thought, "I have never seen anyone read so intensely before in my entire life. I have to meet that girl."

RORY: Maybe I just didn't look up because I'm unbelievably self-centered.

DEAN: Maybe, but **I doubt it**.

RORY: So, did I ask if you like cake?

DEAN: Yeah, you did.

RORY: Oh. 'Cause they have really good cake back there.

LORELAI: So, you were late getting home tonight.

RORY: Yeah, I went to the library.

LORELAI: Oh. Oh, I forgot to tell you, we're having dinner with your grandparents' tomorrow night.

RORY: We are?

LORELAI: Mmhmm.

RORY: But it's September.

LORELAI: So?

RORY: So what holiday's in September?

LORELAI: Look, it's not a holiday thing. It's just dinner, okay?

RORY: Fine, sorry.

LUKE: Red meat can kill you. Enjoy.

LORELAI: So, I finished hemming your skirt today. A grunt of acknowledgment might be nice.

RORY: I don't understand why we're going to dinner tomorrow night. I mean, what if I had plans? You didn't even ask me.

LORELAI: Well, if you had plans I would have known.

RORY: How?

LORELAI: Well, you would have told me.

RORY: I don't tell you everything. I have my own things.

LORELAI: Fine, you have things.

RORY: That's right. I have things.

LORELAI: Hey, **I had dibs on being the bitch tonight**.

RORY: Just tonight?

LORELAI: What the hell is wrong with you?

RORY: I'm not sure I want to go to Chilton.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: The timing is just really bad.

LORELAI: The timing is bad?

RORY: And the bus ride to and from Hartford, it's like thirty minutes each way.

LORELAI: I can't believe what I'm hearing.

RORY: Plus, I don't think we should be spending that money right now. I mean, I know Chilton's got to be costing you a lot.

LORELAI: Oh, you have no idea.

RORY: All of your money should be going toward buying an inn with Sookie.

LORELAI: What about college? What about Harvard?

RORY: We don't know that I can't get into Harvard if I stay where I am.

LORELAI: Okay, enough. Enough of the crazy talk, okay? I appreciate your concern but I have this covered_.

RORY: I still don't want to go.

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: Because I don't.

LORELAI: I have to get out of here.

RORY: We have to pay first.

MISS PATTY: One-two-three. One-two-three. One-two-three. It's a waltz, ladies. Susie, do you have to tinkle? Then uncross your legs, darling. Oh, Rory, good. I think I found a job for your male friend.

LORELAI: What male friend?

MISS PATTY: They need a stock boy at the supermarket. I already talked to Taylor Doose about him. You just send him around tomorrow.

RORY: Okay, thanks.

LORELAI: What male friend?

MISS PATTY: Oh ,he's very cute. You have good taste. Hands in the air, not in the nose.

LORELAI: Oh, you're gonna have to walk faster than that. You're gonna have to turn into friggin' Flo Jo to get away from me.

LORELAI: This is about a boy, of course. I can't believe I didn't see it. All this talk about money and bus rides. You got a thing going with a guy and you don't want to leave school.

RORY: I'm going to bed.

LORELAI: God, I'm so dense. That should have been my first thought. After all, you're me.

RORY: I'm not you.

LORELAI: Really? Someone willing to throw important life experiences out the window to be with a guy. It sounds like me to me.

RORY: Whatever.

LORELAI: So who is he?

RORY: There's no guy!

LORELAI: Dark hair, romantic eyes? Looks a little dangerous?

RORY: This conversation is over.

LORELAI: Tattoos are good, too!

RORY: I don't want to change schools because of all the reasons I've already told you a thousand times. If you don't want to believe me, that's fine. Goodnight.

LORELAI: Does he have a motorcycle? 'Cause if you're gonna throw your life away, he better have a motorcycle!

LORELAI: Well, I think that went pretty well, don't you?

RORY: Thanks for the knock.

LORELAI: Listen, can we just start all over, okay? You tell me all about the guy and I promise not to let my head explode, huh? Rory, please talk to me. Okay, I'll talk. **Don't get me wrong.** Guys are great. I am a huge fan of guys. You don't get knocked up at sixteen being indifferent to guys. But, babe, guys are always going to be there. This school isn't. It's more important. It has to be more important.

RORY: I'm going to sleep.

LORELAI: Rory. You've always been the sensible one in this house, huh? I need you to remember that feeling now. **You will kick your own butt later if you blow this.**

RORY: Well, it's my butt.

LORELAI: Good comeback.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: You're welcome. Rory, come on.

RORY: I don't want to talk about this. Could you please, please just leave me alone?

LORELAI: Okay, fine. We always had a democracy in this house. We never did anything unless we both agreed. But now I guess **I'm going to have to play the mom card.** You are going to Chilton whether you want to or not. Monday morning, you will be there, end of story.

RORY: We'll see.

LORELAI: Yeah, we will.

W4. Gilmore girls 1-2/ 2-1

SOOKIE: I swear I don't know what happened.

LORELAI: It's not important.

SOOKIE: I made that dish a hundred times. It never exploded.

LORELAI: Please, forget it.

SOOKIE: Oh, God, I killed a Viking. Oh, you should fire me, or make me pay the cost of a new stove out of my paycheck.

LORELAI: Well, whatever you want.

SOOKIE: **I can't afford a new stove!** Those things are expensive.

LORELAI: Sookie, please, I am begging you, **pull yourself together**, okay? I got no sleep last night and I think I put my contacts in backwards.

SOOKIE: Rory's still mad at you, huh?

LORELAI: Hey, I'm not so crazy about her either.

SOOKIE: It was a fight. Mothers and daughters fight.

LORELAI: No, we don't fight. We never fight.

MICHEL: You told me to tell you when your daughter arrived. Well, she's here and she's sitting in my chair.

LORELAI: Hold on just a minute.

MICHEL: And you are the one left standing. That is a funny, funny thing, no?

LORELAI: Hey, no muumuu today. You know what's weird, I kind of miss it.

RORY: You left me a note to meet you here.

LORELAI: Yeah, I thought you might want to work a couple hours, make a little extra cash.

RORY: Fine.

LORELAI: Aw, you're not gonna give me the "Mommy Dearest" treatment forever, are ya?

RORY: You wanted me here, I'm here. Should I do something or what?

LORELAI: Yeah, go home. Dinner's at seven. Be ready to go.

RORY: Fine.

LORELAI: Fine.

MICHEL: Ah, my chair.

RORY: So, do we go in or do we just stand here reenacting The Little Match Girl?

LORELAI: Okay, look, I know you and me are having a thing here and I know you hate me but I need you to be civil, at least through dinner and then on the way home you can pull a Menendez. Deal?

RORY: Fine.

RORY: Hi, Grandma.

EMILY: Well, you're right on time.

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah, no traffic at all.

EMILY: I can't tell you what a treat it is to have you girls here.

LORELAI: Oh, well, we're excited, too.

EMILY: Is that a collector's cup or can I throw it away for you?

LORELAI: Oh.

EMILY: In the kitchen, please. So, I want to hear all about Chilton.

RORY: Well, I haven't actually started yet.

EMILY: Richard, look who's here.

RICHARD: Rory. You're tall.

RORY: I guess.

RICHARD: Well, what's your height?

RORY: 5'7".

RICHARD: That's tall. She's tall.

LORELAI: Hi, Dad.

RICHARD: Lorelai, your daughter's tall.

LORELAI: Oh, I know. It's freakish. We're thinking of having her studied at M.I.T.

RICHARD: Ah.

EMILY: Champagne, anyone?

LORELAI: Oh, **that's fancy.**

EMILY: Well, it's not every day that I have my girls here for dinner on a day the banks are open. **A toast** - to Rory entering Chilton and an exciting new phase in her life.

RICHARD: Here, here.

EMILY: Mmm. Well, let's sit everyone. This is just wonderful. An education is the most important thing in the world, next to family.

LORELAI: And pie. Joke, joke.

EMILY: Ah.

EMILY: Rory, how do you like the lamb?

RORY: It's good.

EMILY: Too dry?

RORY: No, it's perfect.

LORELAI: **Potatoes could use a little salt**, though.

EMILY: Excuse me?

RORY: So, Grandpa, how's the insurance biz?

RICHARD: Oh, people die, we pay. People crash cars, we pay. People lose a foot, we pay.

LORELAI: Well, at least you have your new slogan.

RICHARD: And how are things at the motel?

LORELAI: The inn? They're great.

EMILY: Lorelai's the executive manager now. Isn't that wonderful?

RICHARD: **Speaking of which**, Christopher called yesterday.

LORELAI: Speaking of which? How is that a speaking of which?

RICHARD: He's doing very well in California. His Internet start-up goes public next month. This could mean big things for him. Very talented man, your father.

LORELAI: She knows.

RICHARD: He always was a smart one, that boy. You must take after him.

LORELAI: Speaking of which, I'm gonna get a Coke. Or a knife.

LORELAI: Hi, how are you doing?

RORY: I think I'm gonna go talk to her -

EMILY: No, I'll go. You stay and **keep your grandfather company**.

EMILY: Lorelai, come back to the table.

LORELAI: Is this what it's gonna be like every Friday night? I come over and let the two of you attack me?

EMILY: You're being very dramatic.

LORELAI: Dramatic? Were you at that table just now?

EMILY: Yes, I was, and I think you took what your father said the wrong way.

LORELAI: The wrong way? How could I have taken it the wrong way? What was open to interpretation?

EMILY: Keep your voice down.

LORELAI: No, Mother. I can't take it anymore. Tonight just seems like a nightmare.

EMILY: You're dripping all over the floor.

LORLEAI: Why do you pounce on every single thing I say?

EMILY: That's absurd. You barely uttered a word all night.

LORELAI: That's not true.

EMILY: You said pie.

LORELAI: Oh, come on.

EMILY: You did. All I heard you say was pie.

LORELAI: Why would he bring up Christopher? Was that really necessary?

EMILY: He likes Christopher.

LORELAI: Isn't that interesting? Because, as I remember, when Christopher got me pregnant, Dad didn't like him so much.

EMILY: Oh, well, please, you were sixteen. What were we supposed to do – **throw you a party**? We were disappointed. The two of you had such bright futures.

LORELAI: Yes. And by not getting married we got to keep those bright futures.

EMILY: When you get pregnant, you get married. A child needs a mother and a father.

LORELAI: Oh, Mom. Do you think that Christopher would have his own company right now if we'd gotten married? Do you think he would be anything at all?

EMILY: Yes, I do. Your father would have put him in the insurance business and you'd be living a lovely life right now.

LORELAI: He didn't want to be in the insurance business and I am living a lovely life right now.

EMILY: That's right, far away from us.

LORELAI: Oh, here we go.

EMILY: You took that girl and completely shut us out of your life.

LORELAI: You wanted to control me.

EMILY: You were still a child.

LORELAI: I stopped being a child the minute the strip turned pink, okay? I had to figure out how to live. I found a good job.

EMILY: As a maid. With all your brains and talent.

LORELAI: I worked my way up. **I run the place** now. I built a life on my own with no help from anyone.

EMILY: Yes, and think of where you would have been if you'd accepted a little help, hmm? And where Rory would have been. But no, you were always too proud to accept anything from anyone.

LORELAI: Well, I wasn't too proud to come here to you two begging for my kid's school, was I?

EMILY: No, you certainly weren't. But you're too proud to let her know where you got it from, aren't you? Well, fine, you have your precious pride and I have my weekly dinners. Isn't that nice? We both win.

RORY: Mom?

LORELAI: I'm okay. I just. . .do I look shorter? 'Cause I feel shorter.

RORY: Hey, how 'bout I buy you a cup of coffee?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. You drive, though, okay, 'cause I don't think my feet will reach the pedals.

RORY: So, nice dinner at the grandparents' house.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, her dishes have never been cleaner.

RORY: You and Grandma seemed to have a nice talk.

LORELAI: How much did you hear?

RORY: Not much. You know, snippets.

LORELAI: Snippets?

RORY: Little snippets.

LORELAI: So basically everything?

RORY: Basically, yes.

LORELAI: Well, the best laid plans.

RORY: I think it was really brave of you to ask them for money.

LORELAI: Oh, I so do not want to talk about it.

RORY: **How many meals is it gonna take 'til we're off the hook?**

LORELAI: I think the deli spread at my funeral will be the last one. Hey, wait, does that mean...

RORY: Can't let a perfectly good plaid skirt go to waste.

LORELAI: Oh, honey, you won't be sorry.

LORELAI: Wow, you look nice. Really nice.

LUKE: I had a meeting earlier at the bank. They like collars. You look nice, too.

LORELAI: I had a flagellation to go to.

LUKE: So, what'll you have?

LORELAI: Coffee, in a vat.

RORY: I'll have coffee also. And chili fries.

LUKE: That's quite a refined palate you got there.

LORELAI: Behold the healing powers of a bath. So, tell me about the guy.

RORY: You know what's really special about our relationship? The total understanding about the need for one's privacy. I mean, you really understand boundaries.

LORELAI: So tell me about the guy.

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Is he dreamy?

RORY: Oh, that's so Nick at Night.

LORELAI: Well, I'm gonna find out anyway.

RORY: Really? How?

LORELAI: I'll spy.

LUKE: Coffee. . .fries. **I can't stand it.** This is so unhealthy. Rory, please, put down that cup of coffee. You do not want to grow up to be like your mom.

RORY: Sorry, too late.

LORELAI: So tell me about the guy.

RORY: Check, please.

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: What? God! Hi.

RORY: What are you doing?

LORELAI: Having a heart attack.

RORY: I thought you were up. It's 7:10!

LORELAI: What?

RORY: It's 7:10!

LORELAI: No.

RORY: It's 7:10!

LORELAI: Stop it! It's **a quarter to six.**

RORY: No, it's not!

LORELAI: Yes, it is! I set the clock for a quarter to six so it's. . .

LORELAI: It's 7:10! Dammit.

RORY: I can't be late on my first day of school. Do you know what happens to people when they're late on their first day?

LORELAI: It's shorter?

RORY: For the rest of the year, they're labeled 'The late girl'.

LORELAI: Oh, so dramatic. Where's the bathroom?

RORY: We have to go! What if there's traffic? Mom!

LORELAI: Ugh, I had this all planned, you know. I was gonna get up early. I was gonna get coffee. I was gonna take a shower. I was gonna pick up my clothes from the dry cleaners. Oh my God. My clothes.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I don't have any clean clothes.

RORY: It's 7:15.

LORELAI: All my nice things were dirty.

RORY: It's 7:16.

LORELAI: Oh my God, I was gonna wear my blue suit with the floppy skirt. I look so great in the floppy skirt.

RORY: It's 7:17.

LORELAI: Okay, you know what, time lady? Why don't you go downstairs and warm up the car? That would be really super. Thank you.

RORY: Just hurry!

LORELAI: This sucks! This sucks! This sucks!

RORY: It's 7:18!

LORELAI: Oh, for the love of God! This is the last time I buy anything just because it's furry.

RORY: It's 7--

LORELAI: Don't even think of finishing that sentence! What?

RORY: Nothing. I just didn't know the rodeo was in town.

LORELAI: All right, that's it. I'm bringing the baby pictures.

RORY: No! I'm sorry! I love the rodeo, **the rodeo rules!**

RORY: I remember it being smaller.

LORELAI: Yeah. And less. . .

RORY: Off with their heads.

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: What are you looking at?

LORELAI: I'm just trying to see if there's a hunchback up in that bell tower.

RORY: So, how do I look?

LORELAI: You look great.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Really. You are an amazing kid. **You have earned this.** You just go in there and show them what smart really is. I love you. Just call me if you need me.

RORY: You're kidding, right?

LORELAI: No. Call me if you need anything. I'm great at making up dirty cheers.

RORY: You have to go in with me.

LORELAI: Rory, come on.

RORY: You have to meet the headmaster.

LORELAI: Well, look at me, Rory. I can't meet anybody who does anything in there.

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: No, I look like that chick from the Dukes of Hazzard.

RORY: This is my first day. **You are not getting out of going in there with me. Period.**

LORELAI: Good morning.

LORELAI: Oh, well, we're gonna be best friends.

LORELAI: So, where do we go?

RORY: Uh, the Ambroise building.

LORELAI: Which is?

RORY: The big, scary one.

LORELAI: Oh, great. Thanks for the input.

IAN: Lost?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. Uh, we're looking for the headmaster's office, the Ambroise building.

IAN: Ah, okay. Well, this is it right here. You just go inside, down the stairs, make a left, and the headmaster's office is at

the end of the hall.

LORELAI: Great. Thank you.

IAN: You're welcome.

IAN: Um, I'm Ian Jack. My daughter Julia goes to school here.

LORELAI: Hi. I'm Lorelai Gilmore. Um, this is my daughter, Rory.

IAN: Your daughter? Really?

LORELAI: Yup.

IAN: Wow, that's great. Uh, I mean, daughters are a great thing.

LORELAI: We're big fans.

IAN: Yeah. Uh, yeah. So, is your husband here? I'd love to meet him.

LORELAI: I'm not married.

IAN: Ah.

LORELAI: I'd love to meet your wife, though.

IAN: I'm divorced.

LORELAI: Shame.

IAN: Yeah.

RORY: Excuse me. I really gotta. . .

LORELAI: Right! We gotta go meet the big guy, and I gotta, uh, get back to work.

IAN: Oh, where do you work?

LORELAI: At an inn. The Independence Inn. I run it.

IAN: Really?

LORELAI: In a different outfit, of course.

IAN: Well, it was nice to meet you, Lorelai. Good luck in school, Rory. I'll tell Julia to look out for you.

RORY: Great, thanks.

IAN: See you.

LORELAI: What a nice, nice man.

RORY: You're feeling pretty good about yourself right now, aren't you?

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: Do you want me to get you a mirror?

LORELAI: I'm back. Let's go.

LORELAI: Oh, good, more big stuff.

RORY: Turn left.

LORELAI: You ready?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: You ready?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Um, excuse me.

LORELAI: Oh! How. . .wow, hi. I'm Lorelai Gilmore. This is my daughter, Lorelai Gilmore. . . 'cause I named her after me. I was in the hospital all whacked out on Demerol. Never mind. Um, but we call her Rory. It's short for Lorelai, but she'll answer to either one, or even 'Hey, you' depending on the. . . Uh, is the headmaster here?

SECRETARY: One moment.

LORELAI: See, that's what happens when you go to bed with your makeup on.

SECRETARY: Headmaster Charleston will see you now.

LORELAI: Great, great. Thanks.

HEADMASTER: Ms. Gilmore, I'm Headmaster Charleston.

LORELAI: Hi. Wow, it's really nice to meet. . Mom. Um, excuse me. What are you doing here?

EMILY: I came to wish my granddaughter luck on her first day of school.

LORELAI: But -

EMILY: Rory, you look wonderful in that uniform!

LORELAI: Uh, you didn't have to come all the way out here, Mom.

EMILY: Well, this gave me a chance to make sure that Hanlin here takes good care of Rory.

LORELAI: You're Hanlin.

HEADMASTER: Hanlin Charleston.

EMILY: Hanlin's wife and I are on the symphony fundraising committee together.

LORELAI: Wow, that's great.

HEADMASTER: Your father and I are golf rivals. We're still fighting it out to see which one is worse.

EMILY: Oh, yes. We're all old friends.

LORELAI: Well, there's nothing like friends. Especially if they're old. . .ones.

HEADMASTER: Well, would you like to take off your coat and have a seat?

LORELAI: Oh, no. No, I'm fine.

HEADMASTER: I'm afraid they were a little overzealous with the furnace this morning. It's quite warm in here.

LORELAI: I like it warm.

EMILY: Lorelai, take off your coat and sit down. You don't want Hanlin to think you're rude.

LORELAI: Laundry day.

EMILY: Hanlin, did you know that Rory has a 4.0 grade average?

LORELAI: I'm sure he does, Mom.

EMILY: This is a very special girl. You take good care of her.

HEADMASTER: We'll do our best, Emily.

LORELAI: Oh, God. Rory is not gonna be a problem. **She's totally low maintenance.** you know, like a Honda. You know, they're just easy, just. . . nice office.

EMILY: Well, I don't think we should take up anymore of your precious time. Hanlin, it was lovely to see you. Give Bitty our love.

HEADMASTER: Tell Richard I'll see him at the club Sunday.

EMILY: Have a wonderful day, Rory. I want to hear all about it. Do you need a ride or is your horse parked outside?

LORELAI: It's so nice to meet you. Have a great day.

HEADMASTER: Oh, you don't want to forget your coat.

LORELAI: Oh, no, 'cause that would be embarrassing.

EMILY: How do you leave the house looking like that?

LORELAI: It was not planned, believe me.

EMILY: And on Rory's first day of school. What kind of an impression did you think you were gonna make?

LORELAI: What are you doing here, Mother?

EMILY: I told you, I came to put in a good word for Rory.

LORELAI: Well, she didn't need a good word.

EMILY: I'm not allowed here, is that it?

LORELAI: I didn't say that.

EMILY: I'm allowed to pay for it, but I can't actually set foot on the premises. I just want to get the rules straight.

LORELAI: Oh boy.

EMILY: How about the street? Can I drive down the street?

LORELAI: Forget it.

EMILY: Maybe I should just avoid this neighborhood altogether. Though my doctor's just down the block. Maybe I can get special permission if I'm bleeding from the head.

LORELAI: I'm sorry. I was just surprised to see you here.

EMILY: I just thought it was important for this school to know they had a Gilmore amongst them.

LORELAI: A very good thought.

EMILY: And that some of the Gilmores actually own clothing.

LORELAI: And **on that note**, I have to get to work. I'll see you later.

EMILY: Dinner, Friday night. No spurs, please.

W5 Gilmore girls 2-2

HEADMASTER: You're obviously a bright girl, Miss. Gilmore.

RORY: Thank you.

HEADMASTER: Good grades, the teachers like you. Not a lot of social activities, though.

RORY: Oh, well, just living in Stars Hollow is kind of a social activity, actually.

HEADMASTER: Nothing in your school appealed to you?

RORY: I work at my mother's inn after school sometimes. And I was in the German Club for a while, but there were only three of us, and then two left for the French Club after seeing Schindler's List, so. . .

HEADMASTER: What are your aspirations?

RORY: I want to go to Harvard and study journalism and political science.

HEADMASTER: On your way to being. . .

RORY: Christiane Amanpour.

HEADMASTER: Really?

RORY: Yes.

HEADMASTER: Not Cokie Roberts?

RORY: No.

HEADMASTER: Not Oprah, Rosie, or one of the women from The View?

RORY: No.

HEADMASTER: Why do you wish to be Christiane Amanpour?

RORY: Well, I don't wish to be her, exactly. I just want to do what she does.

HEADMASTER: Which is?

RORY: Travel, uh, see the world up close, report on what's really going on, be a part of something big.

HEADMASTER: And to be part of something big you have to be on TV? Why not lead the police on a high-speed chase? That's a quicker way to achieve this goal.

RORY: Being on TV has nothing to do with it. Maybe I'll be a journalist and write books or articles about what I see. I just want to be sure that I see. . .something. You'll notice the debating team's also missing from my resume.

HEADMASTER: I've known your grandparents for quite some time.

RORY: I know.

HEADMASTER: In fact, I was at a party at their house just last week where I had the most delicious lobster puffs I've ever eaten. ***I'm very fond of them.***

RORY: That's nice.

HEADMASTER: None of this, however, will be of any benefit to you. Chilton has one of the highest academic standards of any school in America. You may have been the smartest girl at Stars Hollow, but this is a different place. The pressures are greater, the rules are stricter, and the expectations are higher. If you make it through, you will have received one of the finest educations one can get, and there should be no reason why you should not achieve all your goals. However, since you are starting late and are not used to this highly competitive atmosphere, there is a good chance you will fail. That is fine. Failure is a part of life, but not a part of Chilton. Understand?

RORY: So, you liked the lobster puffs, huh?

HEADMASTER: Take this to Miss James in the administration office across the hall.

RORY: Hi, I'm looking for Miss James.

MISS JAMES: Name?

RORY: Lorelai Gilmore. But I go by Rory.

MISS JAMES: Fill this out, please.

LOUISE: Well?

PARIS: Shut up.

MADELINE: Hurry, please. Spiders.

PARIS: Lorelai Gilmore.

LOUISE: Nice stripper name.

PARIS: Formerly of Stars Hollow High School.

LOUISE: Where's that?

PARIS: Drive west, make a left at the haystacks and follow the cows.

LOUISE: Ooh, a dixie chick.

PARIS: Perfect attendance, 4.0 grade point average.

MADELINE: Bugs, dirt, twigs.

PARIS: She's a Journalism major.

LOUISE: That means she's gonna go out for the school paper.

PARIS: Not necessarily. She's got like a thousand recommendations in here.

LOUISE: Popular with the adults and going out for the school paper.

PARIS: Would you stop? You don't know she's going out for the paper.

MADELINE: Ow, something's biting me!

PARIS: Quiet down.

MADELINE: I hate nature.

PARIS: **She'll never catch up.** She's a month behind already.

LOUISE: You can tutor her. Be like a big sister.

PARIS: You're funny.

MADELINE: Okay, lizard, goodbye.

PARIS: Why are they letting all these extra people in? They just take up space and screw up the curve. We don't need any new kids here.

LOUISE: Too late.

PARIS: Psst.

MISS JAMES: Here's the dining room, the science hall, and the theater. Here's your locker number, here's your schedule, take this map. Here's the rules of the school and the Chilton Honor Code. Here are the words to the school song, which must be recited upon demand. This can happen any place, any time. If you do it in Latin you get extra credit. Do you have any questions?

RORY: Uh, not at the moment.

MISS JAMES: If you do, you can make an appointment to see your guidance counselor, Mr. Winters. He handles everything but bulimia and pregnancy. For that, you'll have to go to the nurse or Coach Rubens. Welcome to Chilton.

LORELAI: I already had the longest day of my life and, oh, look, it's only ten. How nice.

LUKE: There's no coffee.

LORELAI: That's not funny.

LUKE: I can give you herbal tea.

LORELAI: This is not an herbal tea morning. This is a coffee morning.

LUKE: Every morning for you is a coffee morning.

LORELAI: This is a jumbo coffee morning. **I need coffee in an IV.**

LUKE: I can give you tea and a Balance bar.

LORELAI: Please, please, please tell me you're kidding.

LUKE: I'm kidding.

LORELAI: **You're sick.**

LUKE: Yup.

LORELAI: You're a sadist, you're a fiend!

LORELAI: You're pretty.

LUKE: For here or to go?

LORELAI: To go, please.

LUKE: You wanna know what this stuff does to your central nervous system?

LORELAI: Ooh, do you have a chart? 'Cause I love charts.

LUKE: Forget it, kill yourself. So what happened this morning that was so awful?

LORELAI: Rory started Chilton.

LUKE: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah. What?

LUKE: That's how you dress to take Rory to Chilton?

LORELAI: No, but -

LUKE: I mean, that's a fancy school.

LORELAI: My clothes were at the cleaners, and I had the fuzzy clock and it didn't purr on time.

LUKE: It didn't purr?

LORELAI: It's fuzzy. It purrs. You know what, never mind. I gotta go. I had a plan, damn it.

LUKE: Me, too. Next time you're getting tea.

MISS PATTY: Visualize, ladies. It's a Thanksgiving Day parade. You're standing on Fifth Avenue. There's a hundred beautiful boys marching in place behind you. And there you are. You are out in front with your fabulous legs and your perfect tush. Your baton is on fire and **the crowd goes nuts!** Okay, cookie time. Lorelai, hi.

LORELAI: Hey, Patty.

MISS PATTY: Isn't today Rory's first day at Chilton?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, she's there right now. **I just got through dropping her off.**

MISS PATTY: Is that what you wore?

LORELAI: Oh, look at the time. See ya, Patty.

MISS PATTY: Bye. Oh, ladies, what do I see? Naked girls. No, no, keep those leotards on. This is not Brazil.

LORELAI: Hello?

EMILY: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: Lorelai, good. I'm going shopping this afternoon and I'd thought I'd pick up a few things for Rory.

LORELAI: Like what?

EMILY: Oh, you know, a couple of extra skirts and tops for school.

LORELAI: Mmkay, I already took care of all that, Mom. I got her two skirts and a bunch of tops.

EMILY: But there are five days in a school week.

LORELAI: Really? Are you sure? Because my days of the week underwear only go to Thursday.

EMILY: Is that a joke?

LORELAI: Mom, two skirts are fine.

EMILY: I never know with you.

LORELAI: Really, don't bother.

EMILY: Well, what if she gets one dirty?

LORELAI: Well, then, she'll wear the other one.

EMILY: What if she gets them both dirty?

LORELAI: Well, then we'll use this newfangled thing called a washing machine. **The town just chipped in** and bought one. My turn's Tuesday.

EMILY: Well, then, what about socks? Chilton has these special logo socks. Rory should have them.

LORELAI: Mom, please.

EMILY: And what about the school sweater? She might like that. And there's the sweater vest and the bookbag.

LORELAI: Are you getting a cut of the merchandising?

EMILY: Rory should have these things. She'll be the only one who doesn't.

LORELAI: She'll live.

EMILY: Well, I'm at least getting her the Chilton coat. Is she a size six?

LORELAI: Mom, please.

EMILY: This is a simple question, Lorelai.

LORELAI: She's a six, but I'd get an eight in case she grows.

EMILY: If she grows, I'll buy another.

LORELAI: Okay, well then, a six is great. I gotta go, Mom. Bye.

TEACHER: And while French culture was the dominant outside cultural influence, especially for Russia's monied class, English culture also had its impact. Tolstoy's favorite author, for instance, was. . .

PARIS: Dickens.

TEACHER: Yes. And of course, last week we discovered Dostoevski's main authorial influences. . .

PARIS: George Sand and Balzac.

TEACHER: Good. As Tolstoy commenced writing both War and Peace and Anna Karenina, Count Leo would turn to. . .

PARIS: David Copperfield.

TEACHER: Correct. He would turn to David Copperfield for inspiration.

TEACHER: Ah, Mr. Dugray.

TRISTIN: Sir.

TEACHER: Nice to have you back. I hope your Grandfather's better.

TRISTIN: Much better, sir.

TEACHER: Good. Take your seat, please. Great Expectations, A Tale of Two Cities, Little Dorrit, all major influences on Leo Tolstoy. Tomorrow we will focus on. . .

TRISTIN: Who's that?

STUDENT: New girl.

TEACHER: . . .writing styles of these two literary masters, Tolstoy and Dickens. Class dismissed.

TRISTIN: Looks like we got ourselves a Mary.

TEACHER: Miss, um, Gilmore, could you come up here please? Here are last week's study materials. There'll be a test on them tomorrow, but since you're new, **you can take a makeup on Monday.** Will that be sufficient time?

RORY: Monday? Sure, that's fine.

TEACHER: Good. That's just an overview. It would be very helpful to you to borrow one of the other student's personal notes. They tend to be more detailed.

RORY: More detailed than this?

TEACHER: It seems daunting right now, I know.

RORY: No, no. It's okay. It'll be fine.

TEACHER: Remember to get those notes. They'll be a lifesaver.

RORY: Oh.

PARIS: I'm Paris.

RORY: I didn't see you there. Where'd you come from?

PARIS: I know who you are, too. Lorelai Gilmore from Stars Hollow.

RORY: You can call me Rory.

PARIS: Are you going out for the Franklin?

RORY: The what?

PARIS: Nice innocent act. At least I know you're not going out for drama club.

RORY: I'm confused.

PARIS: The Franklin, the school paper, are you going out for it?

RORY: I don't know, I have to find my locker first.

PARIS: I'm gonna be editor next year.

RORY: Well, good for you.

PARIS: I'm also the top of the class, and I intend to be valedictorian when I graduate.

RORY: Okay, I'm going now.

PARIS: You'll never catch up. **You'll never beat me.** This school is my domain and the Franklin is my domain. And don't you ever forget that.

RORY: Guess you're not gonna let me borrow your notes, huh?

SOOKIE: They're smaller than the last batch.

JACKSON: No, they're not.

SOOKIE: Smaller means watery. No good peach taste.

JACKSON: No, there's plenty of peach taste being as they're, you know, peaches.

SOOKIE: What about the ones on the bottom?

JACKSON: Oh, great. No, be sure to check them all. That's it. Give every last one of them a nice good squeeze. You wouldn't wanna actually leave me one that I could sell somebody else. Oh, wait a minute, you missed one. Now I'm not gonna tell you which one it is. I'm just gonna let your impeccably good radar. . There it is! You got it!

LORELAI: Okay. . .I look great, right?

SOOKIE: Yes.

LORELAI: Yes, see. This is how I was supposed to look this morning. Good morning, Jackson.

SOOKIE: Oh my God, today was Rory's first day!

LORELAI: Yes, and I was supposed to look together and fabulous, and not like I'd been up all night playing quarters.

SOOKIE: Oh, nobody cares how you looked.

LORELAI: Everybody cared.

SOOKIE: Who?

LORELAI: Uh, the other moms, the headmaster, my mom, Luke, Miss Patty, the new fire chief with the tiny little head.

SOOKIE: Taste this.

LORELAI: Hm, a little watery.

JACKSON: Oh, now, **you planned this!**

SOOKIE: Did you say something about your mother?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. I walked into the headmaster's office and there she was.

SOOKIE: Really? Why?

LORELAI: Because she knew I'd wake up late and dress like a cowgirl and humiliate myself.

SOOKIE: Wow, she's good.

LORELAI: The best.

JACKSON: Oh, I would love to know what you're doing.

SOOKIE: They're rolling differently, too.

JACKSON: Oh, because of the extra water.

SOOKIE: Exactly.

JACKSON: Makes perfect sense.

SOOKIE: Well, I would ignore those women because the only thing that matters is that Rory got into that great school.

LORELAI: I know. She looked so amazing in her uniform, and she was so excited. And I just admire her so much jumping into a new school. She's my hero.

SOOKIE: Mine, too.

JACKSON: Oh, yeah, sign me up. Sookie, the peaches, please.

MICHEL: Excuse me. There's a phone call for you, and if I'm to fetch you like a dog, I'd like a cookie and a raise.

LORELAI: Thanks for the peach.

WOMAN: This will be absolutely wonderful. There are supposed to be darling shops all up and down this street. Oh, excuse me sir. Can you tell me where we can find the best antiques?

MICHEL: At your house, I'd guess.

LORELAI: Mom, did I give you this number, 'cause I don't remember giving you this number. Yeah, well, I must be losing my mind. What can I, uh. . . I'm sorry Mom, can you hold on one second? Um, Drella, could you just, uh, take it down just a notch? Thanks. Okay, I'm back.

EMILY: I wanted you to know that I just bought a parking space for Rory at Chilton.

LORELAI: You what?

EMILY: They are very hard to come by, but **I pulled a few strings** and it's all hers.

LORELAI: Mom, uh, Rory doesn't have a car.

EMILY: No, but she's got a birthday coming up soon.

LORELAI: Okay, hold on a second. Um, Drella? Drella! Please, a little softer.

DRELLA: Hey, do I look like I got Panasonic stamped on my ass?

LORELAI: Mom, you are not buying Rory a car.

EMILY: Why not? She's a smart girl, she's responsible.

LORELAI: Well, she doesn't need one.

EMILY: She needs to have a way to get around, to get to school.

LORELAI: She'll be taking the bus.

EMILY: I know. I hate that she takes the bus. Drug dealers take the bus.

LORELAI: You know what, Mom? I gotta go.

EMILY: Fine. We'll discuss this at a later date.

LORELAI: Okay. Bye.

TRISTIN: Hey, Mary. Hey, Mary.

RORY: Me?

TRISTIN: Yeah, you.

RORY: My name is Rory.

TRISTIN: I'm TRISTIN.

RORY: Hi.

TRISTIN: So, you're new?

RORY: Yeah, first day.

TRISTIN: Well, Remmy's class is rough.

RORY: Yeah, it seemed very intense.

TRISTIN: You know, I could loan you my notes if that would help.

RORY: Really? That'd be great.

TRISTIN: Yeah? How great?

RORY: I don't know. Mr. Remmy said that getting someone's notes would be. . .

TRISTIN: I could even help you study if you want.

RORY: Um, I kind of view studying as a solitary activity, but thanks.

TRISTIN: Bye, Mary.

RORY: It's Rory.

LORELAI: I completely understand.

MAN: Oh, do you? Because this is a brand-new car.

DEREK: But I swear -

MAN: He brings the car up and it's scratched!

DEREK: I just backed the car up and then -

MAN: I'd know if my car was scratched before I parked it or not.

LORELAI: Okay, okay, let's - let's calm down. Sir, why don't I have your car looked at tomorrow, and I'm sure we can find a way to resolve this.

MAN: I. . .no, I. . .

LORELAI: In the meantime, I would love for you to have lunch here, on me. Dessert is a must. Anything with our homemade ice cream is absolutely delicious. I promise you life as you know it will never be the same. What do you say?

MAN: Well, all right, I think I will. Thank you.

LORELAI: Thank you.

DEREK: Lorelai, I swear, I didn't scratch his car.

LORELAI: Derek. . .

DEREK: I mean, if you thought I was unreliable or a bad driver, I just. . .

LORELAI: It's okay.

DEREK: 'Cause I can drive.

LORELAI: Oh, sweetie, I am sure you can. Listen, we'll just take it over to Musky's tomorrow and have the guys look at it. I'm sure they can buff it out for nothing, okay?

DEREK: Okay. That's a real nice outfit you're wearing today.

LORELAI: Thank you, Derek.

MICHEL: Once again, your faithful pooch is here to say, please come back to the desk, someone needs to talk with you.

LORELAI: It's not my mother, is it?

MICHEL: It's possible.

LORELAI: It's possible?

MICHEL: There's a resemblance.

LORELAI: Hm.

LORELAI: Hi.

IAN: Hi. Is this a bad time?

LORELAI: No, not at all. What are you doing here?

IAN: Well, I had to meet an associate for lunch and he was coming up from New York, so I thought, why not meet him at a beautiful inn?

LORELAI: Well, good. Enjoy your lunch.

IAN: Thanks, I will.

LORELAI: Okay.

IAN: And I was also wondering if maybe I could take you out to dinner sometime.

LORELAI: We're a little food-obsessed, aren't we?

IAN: Well, it's the company more than the food that interests me.

LORELAI: **I'm flattered.**

IAN: Is that a yes?

LORELAI: That's a . . .you're a dad.

IAN: And you're a mom. Although I'm still finding that really hard to believe.

LORELAI: No, I mean, you're a Chilton dad.

IAN: Ooh, that sounds bad.

LORELAI: Not bad, just tricky. You know, Rory just started there, and I think I should let her fall in with the bad crowd before I start hooking up with the P.T.A.

IAN: Well, I'm not on the P.T.A.

LORELAI: Oh, see, there you go, I can't date anybody not on the P.T.A.

IAN: Look, it's just a casual dinner.

LORELAI: Sorry.

IAN: Okay, I'll tell you what. I'm going to China for a week on business, and when I get back, I'm gonna try again

LORELAI: China, wow.

IAN: Impressed?

LORELAI: No. Rome, I'd be impressed. China, I'm just "China, wow".

IAN: Okay, Lorelai Gilmore, General Manager, I'll talk to you soon.

LORELAI: Have a safe trip.

IAN: I will.

LORELAI: He does that so well.

MICHEL: You are making me sick.

LORELAI: Aw, now, honey, you try it. I'll watch you walk away, too.

MICHEL: Stop it.

LORELAI: Go on now, walk. It can't be that bad.

MICHEL: Leave me alone.

LORELAI: Hm, no. You have to do it with a little more attitude. Make me think you mean it!

DRELLA: That's lunch.

RORY: I'm sorry, but you're going to open.

RORY: Oh no! I am so sorry. Paris, please, I'm so sorry. It was an accident. My locker, it just slipped. I pulled too hard. I didn't mean to. . .is there water in that moat?

PARIS: Get away from me.

RORY: Excuse me, I need Mrs. Ness, History?

BOY: It's right behind you.

RORY: Of course it is.

PARIS: Oh, you've got to be kidding me.

TEACHER: Seats now, please.

TRISTIN: Hey, Mary.

TEACHER: Okay, we left our projects off on Friday with Mr. Gaynor, so today we will pick up with Miss Gellar.

PARIS: I don't have my project.

TEACHER: Miss Gellar, did you have sufficient time to complete your project?

PARIS: Yes.

TEACHER: And yet you don't have it done?

PARIS: Nope.

TEACHER: All right, you will receive an incomplete for this project.

RORY: It's my fault.

TEACHER: Who are you?

RORY: Rory Gilmore. **I wrecked her project.**

PARIS: Shut up.

TEACHER: I don't have a Rory Gilmore. I have a Lorelai Gilmore.

RORY: That's me.

TEACHER: You are Rory and Lorelai Gilmore?

RORY: Yes. And I wrecked her project. **My locker got stuck.**

PARIS: Just stay out of this.

TEACHER: Do you go by Rory or Lorelai?

RORY: Whatever. It's not her fault.

TEACHER: I need you to pick one.

RORY: One what?

TEACHER: One name.

RORY: Rory.

TEACHER: Fine, thank you. Rory, you wrecked Paris' project when?

RORY: Just before class.

TEACHER: Very convenient.

RORY: No, I did. My locker got stuck and when I opened it. . .

PARIS: Stop it!

TEACHER: Miss Gilmore, since you say you wrecked Miss Gellar's project, then you may help her fix it. You have until tomorrow.

RORY: Fine.

PARIS: No.

RORY: Why not?

PARIS: I don't want your help!

RORY: But I don't mind doing it.

PARIS: Just stay out of this.

RORY: What is wrong with you? I'm trying to help you.

PARIS: Well, don't!

TEACHER: Ladies, enough. Miss Gellar, if you don't want Miss Gilmore's help, then you may have until tomorrow. If it's not done, you will receive an incomplete. Is that understood?

PARIS: Yes.

TEACHER: As long as you're standing. . .class, we have a new student. Say hello to Rory Gilmore.

CLASS: Hi, Rory.

TRISTIN: Hello, Mary.

W6 Gilmore girls 2-2/3-1

MISS PATTY: Now, walk smooth. That's the new Harry Potter on your heads. If they should drop, Harry will die, and there won't be anymore books. Now that's how you should've dressed this morning, Missy.

LUKE: What are you doing here?

LORELAI: See, now, that's why you were voted Mr. Personality of the New Millennium. Where's your crown?

LUKE: I just mean you don't usually come in at this time.

LORELAI: Well, I have to pick up Rory from school. Thank you.

LUKE: You're welcome.

LORELAI: No lectures?

LUKE: My blood sugar's low. I'll eat an apple and get back to you.

LORELAI: Hm. God, this has been one hectic, bizarro day for me.

LUKE: Yeah?

LORELAI: Yeah. This morning with the being late, and my mother with her existing. Oh, and this father, this father from Chilton, he, uh, drove out to the inn all the way from Hartford just to ask me out.

LUKE: Really? You going?

LORELAI: No. He's got a kid in school with Rory, and the whole thing just seemed a little weird.

LUKE: Oh, good.

LORELAI: Good?

LUKE: Yeah, I think it's good that you turned him down.

LORELAI: Okay.

LUKE: I mean, he's probably old, right?

LORELAI: Old?

LUKE: Yeah. I mean, he's got a kid in high school.

LORELAI: Well, so do I.

LUKE: Yeah, but you were young when you had Rory. Most people aren't that young. Most people are, uh. . .

LORELAI: Old.

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Like this guy who asked me out.

LUKE: But you're not going.

LORELAI: No, I'm not going.

LORELAI: Oh, that's me.

LORELAI: Ugh. Hello? Hi Babette. What? Okay. No. No, I'll be right there. Thanks. Um, I have to go.

LUKE: Keep it. I gave you decaf.

LORELAI: Hey.

BABETTE: Oh, Lorelai, I'm so sorry I had to call you like this.

LORELAI: Oh, that's okay, Babette. I appreciate it.

BABETTE: All of a sudden, they pull up, get out of the truck, and **start sniffing around**. It's very strange.

LORELAI: All right, let me go talk to them.

MOREY: Tell her about the gnome, baby.

BABETTE: They kicked the gnome.

LORELAI: What?

BABETTE: Right in the head.

MOREY: That's just not cool.

LORELAI: I'm very sorry. Is the gnome okay?

BABETTE: Oh, he's fine, sugar, thanks for asking. But I wouldn't trust these boys. Gnome kicking says a lot about a man's character.

LORELAI: Yes, well, I'm gonna go take care of this. Thanks.

LORELAI: Hey. Um, what are you doing?

MICK: You live here?

LORELAI: Yes, I do.

MICK: I'm supposed to install a DSL for a Lorelai Gilmore. Is that you?

LORELAI: Yes, that's me.

MICK: I'm Mick.

LORELAI: Hi Mick, nice to meet you. Could you get off my porch?

MICK: I was told that you wouldn't be here, but to look for a ceramic frog with a key in it.

LORELAI: I don't understand.

MICK: We can't find the frog.

LORELAI: I didn't order a DSL.

MICK: Uh, the order was placed by an. . .Emily Gilmore.

LORELAI: Ugh, no!

MICK: We would've been done by now, but the frog search has put us way behind.

LORELAI: Well, look. . .

MAN: Hey, Mick, I found it.

MICK: You found the frog?

MAN: It wasn't a frog, it was a turtle.

MICK: It says here it's a frog.

LORELAI: It's a turtle.

MICK: Really?

LORELAI: Trust me. Listen Mick, I'm afraid I'm gonna have to cancel that DSL order.

MICK: You sure? It's already paid for.

LORELAI: Yeah, I know, but, uh, we don't need a DSL, so thanks for coming, and, uh, you guys can just go.

BABETTE: Is there a problem?

LORELAI: Oh, nothing Shakespeare couldn't turn into a really good play.

TEACHER: Let's try another passage. "The Romanists have, with great adroitness, drawn three walls round themselves, with which they have hitherto protected themselves, so that no one could reform them, whereby Christendom has fallen terribly." Who said this?

RORY: Martin Luther.

TEACHER: Very good, Miss Gilmore. And what year did Martin Luther address the Christian nobility?

RORY: 1520.

TEACHER: Very good, Miss Gilmore. Until next time, class.

PARIS: **Stay out of my way**. I will make this school a living hell for you.

TRISTIN: See you tomorrow, Mary.

RORY: The name is Rory.

RECEPTIONIST: Can I help you?

LORELAI: God, I wish.

EMILY: What on earth. . .

LORELAI: You're not buying us a DSL.

EMILY: Lorelai, this is hardly the place.

LORELAI: I canceled the order, and it's not happening.

EMILY: But Rory needs the Internet for her school.

LORELAI: We have the Internet.

EMILY: Well, this is faster.

LORELAI: Well, we like our Internet slow, okay? We can turn it on, walk around, do a little dance, make a sandwich. With DSL, there's no dancing, no walking, and we'd starve. It'd be all work and no play. Have you not seen *The Shining*, Mom?

EMILY: What on earth are you talking about?

LORELAI: Also, there will be no cars, no parking spaces, and all the uniforms will be supplied by me, the mother. That's final. There will be no discussion.

EMILY: You're being stubborn, as usual.

LORELAI: No, Mom, I'm not being stubborn as usual, I'm being me! The same person who always needed to work out her own problems and take care of herself because that's the way I was born. That's how I am!

EMILY: Florence, I'm dripping.

LORELAI: I appreciate what you have done for Rory in paying for her school, That will not be forgotten. You won't let it. But she is my daughter, and I decide how we live, not you. Now then, **do they validate parking here?**

EMILY: There's a stamp at the desk.

LORELAI: Thank you.

LORELAI: Mm. Hey, you.

LORELAI: Oh.

RORY: So, this whole plaid-skirt thing. . .my idea?

LORELAI: My day sucked, too.

RORY: Promise?

LORELAI: Swear on my mother's life.

RORY: Not yet.

LORELAI: Ooh, still hugging, still hugging. So, I brought us some coffee.

RORY: Wows, I'm shocked.

LORELAI: **Triple caps, easy foam.**

RORY: Wow.

LORELAI: And if that doesn't work, we'll stick our fingers in a light socket. Come here. Wow. What, do they expect you to get smart all in one day?

RORY: Oh, they expect a lot of things.

LORELAI: Well, so tell me.

RORY: I don't know. It was just one big, long, scary, tweedy, bad eight hours.

LORELAI: Add some hair spray, and you've got my day.

RORY: One of the girls already hates me, the guys are weird.

LORELAI: Weirder than other guys?

RORY: Yeah, they kept calling me Mary.

LORELAI: You're kidding me. Wow, I can't believe they still say that.

RORY: Why? What does it mean?

LORELAI: Mary, like Virgin Mary. It means they think you look like a goody-goody.

RORY: You're kidding.

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Well, what would they have called me if they thought I looked like a slut?

LORELAI: Well, they might have added a Magdalene to it.

RORY: Wow, biblical insults. This is an advanced school.

LANE: It was so weird not having you in school today. I mean, I finally noticed some of the other kids, and let me just say, they are a sad lot.

RORY: Yeah, well, add a couple of plaid skirts, and you've got the Chilton freaks.

LANE: I totally miss you.

RORY: I miss you.

LORELAI: Hey guys, I have an idea. What about, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, you know, when I go into Hartford for my business class, what if Lane comes along, and you guys can shop and study and join a cult and shave your heads.

LANE: Really?

LORELAI: All except the shaving your heads part.

LANE: Oh, no. What time is it?

RORY: 6:30

LANE: I'm late for dinner.

LORELAI: Again? Lane, your mother is gonna kill me if I keep sending you home fed and happy.

LANE: I'm sorry, but she found a web site that sells Tofu in bulk.

LORELAI: Oh, you're kidding, right?

LANE: Yesterday, she went out and bought a bigger fridge.

LORELAI: Boy, now, your life is scary.

LANE: Can I have your crust?

RORY: It's **at least I can do.**

LANE: Thanks. Bye.

RORY: Bye.

LORELAI: Bye.

LORELAI: Pizza for your thoughts.

RORY: I wish I could figure out a way to get Paris off my back.

LORELAI: Yeah, angry chicks are the worst. When I was in high school I had a Paris.

RORY: Yeah?

LORELAI: Yeah, she was horrible.

RORY: How did you get rid of her?

LORELAI: I got pregnant and dropped out.

RORY: What if I just learn to French braid her hair?

LORELAI: Even better. Sweetie, you can't let those kids get you down.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: Do you want me to talk to anybody? A parent, a teacher, a big guy named Moose?

RORY: I'll just figure it out for myself.

LORELAI: Okay.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: I was just thinking about the way Paris' face looked when I beat her to that Martin Luther question.

LORELAI: Good, huh?

RORY: Fourteen shades of purple.

LORELAI: Cool.

RORY: Tomorrow I'm shooting for 15.

LORELAI: Hey, what do you think of Luke?

RORY: What do you mean?

LORELAI: I mean, do you think he's cute?

RORY: Oh, no. No way.

LORELAI: No way what?

RORY: You cannot date Luke.

LORELAI: I said nothing about dating Luke.

RORY: If you date him, you'll break up, and we'll never be able to eat there again.

LORELAI: I repeat, I said nothing about dating Luke.

RORY: Date Al from Pancake World, **his food stinks**.

LORELAI: I cannot believe what I'm hearing. Al's food does not stink, Al stinks.

EMILY: So, Lorelai, how are things at that charming little inn of yours?

LORELAI: Mm -- they're still charming and little. We're just crossing our fingers it doesn't assert itself and become rude and large.

RORY: Mom's having a huge wedding there this week.

EMILY: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah, actually there's people coming from all over the country.

EMILY: Well, isn't that nice?

LORELAI: Yeah.

EMILY: Rory, how's Chilton?

LORELAI: OK, done with me now.

EMILY: I'm sorry, was there more to the story?

LORELAI: Uh, Rory has to pick a team sport to play.

RORY: **It's a requirement**.

RICHARD: Physical fitness is as important as intellectual fitness. So says Plato and so say I.

EMILY: What sport are you going to pick?

RORY: I'm not sure. I'm not really the athletic type.

LORELAI: I told her she should go out for the debating team.

RORY: It's not a sport.

LORELAI: It is the way the Gilmores play.

EMILY: So, what are your choices?

RORY: God, there's like a thousand of them: basketball, lacrosse, swimming, track, golf --

EMILY: Golf?

RORY: Yeah.

EMILY: Well your grandfather is a golf player.

LORELAI: Oops.

EMILY: He plays every week at the club. He could teach you to play like a pro.

RICHARD: Emily.

EMILY: Why, he could take you there on Sunday. It's perfect.

RICHARD: It's not something you can teach in an afternoon.

LORELAI: That's OK. Rory can pick something else.

EMILY: Why should she pick something else? She needs to learn a sport and Richard can teach her a sport. You can use your mother's old golf clubs. They're upstairs gathering dust along with the rest of her potential.

LORELAI: OK, Mom, can I maybe talk to you for a minute?

EMILY: We're having dessert.

LORELAI: I know but I'd like to talk to you fast before the sugar sets in and makes me crazy.

EMILY: You are the oddest person.

LORELAI: Too easy.

EMILY: What is so important it can't wait for cake?

LORELAI: Keep moving.

EMILY: This is as far as I can go unless you'd like me to bore my way through the wall.

LORELAI: Don't do this, Mom.

EMILY: Do what?

LORELAI: Force Rory and Dad to go golfing.

EMILY: I'm not forcing anybody.

LORELAI: Well **you're manipulating the situation** in a way that gives no one a way out. That's force. Look it up.

EMILY: I'm just trying to help your daughter get an education.

LORELAI: Thank you. She'll find another sport.

EMILY: Why should she?

LORELAI: Because she doesn't want to go and Dad doesn't want to take her.

EMILY: Oh, your father doesn't know what he wants. He'd get his hair cut at the butcher if I let him.

LORELAI: Let it go please.

EMILY: Well, isn't this interesting? You're afraid.

LORELAI: Of what?

EMILY: That Rory will enjoy the club and have a good time without you.

LORELAI: That's crazy.

EMILY: I agree.

LORELAI: I'm not afraid.

EMILY: Then let her go.

LORELAI: She won't enjoy it, Mom.

EMILY: Well why don't you just let Rory decide?

LORELAI: Because Rory is the sweetest kid in the whole world and she won't tell you that she doesn't want to go because **she's too afraid of hurting your feelings**.

EMILY: Oh I'm sure you can give her some coaching to help her get over that.

LORELAI: I'm not trying to hurt your feelings, Mom. Believe it or not, this is not about you.

EMILY: Of course it's about me. If Rory goes and has a good time without you, then I win.

LORELAI: OK, Bob Barker. Listen, **Rory knocks herself out all week at Chilton**. Weekends are the only time she has to unwind and have fun.

EMILY: With you?

LORELAI: I'm there.

EMILY: So let me get this straight. There's no way that Rory can possibly enjoy a weekend day with her grandfather.

LORELAI: You're just going to twist it all around, aren't you?

EMILY: And you know your daughter so well that you don't even have to ask her opinion on this. She'd be miserable and you know it.

LORELAI: I am so setting myself up here, but yes, she would be miserable.

EMILY: That sounds a little controlling to me.

LORELAI: Yeah I walked right into that.

EMILY: Interesting, isn't it, you being the one who's controlling?

LORELAI: I am not being --

EMILY: According to you I was the only one in the family with that particular gift.

LORELAI: Mom I never said that!

EMILY: I guess you and I are more alike that you thought, aren't we?

LORELAI: You win.

LORELAI: Oh, man, did you get blindsided? I'm so sorry.

RORY: That's OK.

LORELAI: I tried to stop it, I swear.

RORY: I know. Maybe it won't be that bad.

LORELAI: Maybe it won't.

RORY: Maybe I'll like it.

LORELAI: Maybe you will.

RORY: Maybe you could come with me.

LORELAI: Oh, is there a "you're crazy" team? 'Cause I think they'd make you captain.

RORY: Please?

LORELAI: Rory, I love you. I would take a bullet for you. But I'd rather stick something sharp in my ear than go to the club with you.

RORY: Fine.

LORELAI: I'd rather slide down a banister of razor blades and land in a pool of alcohol than go to the club with you.

RORY: I got it.

LORELAI: ***Don't stop me when I'm on a roll.*** I'd rather eat my own hand than go to the club with you. Ooh, I'd rather get my face surgically altered to look like that lunatic rich lady with the lion head than go to the club with you.

RORY: Would you like me to drive so you can continue your diatribe?

LORELAI: Would ya? Thanks. I'd rather cut off my head and use it as a punch bowl than go to the club with you.

LORELAI: You'll walk down here over the bridge with the swans floating by and the music playing --

JACKIE: What are they doing with those purple flowers?

LORELAI: Just decorating the bridge.

JACKIE: I didn't want purple flowers. I wanted pink.

JESSICA: And I wanted blue.

LORELAI: So I thought violet would be a nice compromise.

JACKIE: But we paid for pink flowers.

JESSICA: And blue flowers.

MRS. SHALES: You did not pay for anything. I told her to decorate with violet flowers and while it's very nice of her to try to take the heat for me it's certainly not necessary. If you don't like it, buy your own flowers. Yes, I thought so. Now go away. **My Advil is wearing off. Their father spoiled them.**

LORELAI: Oh, they're just excited.

MRS. SHALES: They're spoiled. And they won't move away. Now, disaster list. What if it rains?

LORELAI: We'll put up tents.

MRS. SHALES: What if it's too windy?

LOREAI: Well, then we'll secure everything and put extra hair spray in everybody's hair.

MRS. SHALES: Too hot?

LORELAI: We'll use umbrellas and fans that won't cause any damage because of the things that have been secured and the hair that has been sprayed.

MRS. SHALES: So I have nothing to worry about.

LORELAI: Nope.

MRS. SHALES: Well there must be something.

LORELAI: Listen, I have everything under control. Why don't you go up to your room and have a fabulous bubble bath and I'll send up some wine and a masseuse who bears a remarkable resemblance to Antonio Banderas.

MRS. SHALES: How remarkable?

LORELAI: Get ready to applaud.

MRS. SHALES: This is my favorite place in the whole world.

LORELAI: Could you send Maury up to room twelve in about twenty minutes? Thanks. So, any problems?

MICHEL: With the wedding or my life?

LORELAI: One guess -- and I'll give you a hint: it's not your life.

MICHEL: Do you stage these events to torture me?

LORELAI: Yes.

MICHEL: Job well done.

LORELAI: OK, let's start again. Any problems?

MICHEL: Guests are checked in, baskets are given out, and 200,000 tons of Jordan almonds have been delivered.

LORELAI: OK, good. Did Rory call?

MICHEL: No.

LORELAI: Hmm. She's golfing all day with my father and I'm half expecting this big "save me" call to come in -- you don't care at all do you?

MICHEL: To me you are the teacher in the Charlie Brown cartoon.

LORELAI: OK, forget it. So, have the grooms arrived? Their plane was supposed to get in at 7, so I'm surprised they're not here by now.

MICHEL: Well maybe they made a run for it.

LORELAI: Ooh, **somebody got stood up at the prom.**

MICHEL: Oh. Dear.

LORELAI: What?

MICHEL: Are those -- ?

LORELAI: No. It would be too --

LORELAI: -- weird.

MICHEL: You kept this from me on purpose.

LORELAI: It's like a really snooty Doublemint commercial.

MICHEL: Just let me know when the midgets and clowns arrive.

LORELAI: Oh, no, no, no. You have to get them all settled in.

MICHEL: I'm not talking to them.

LORELAI: Yes you are.

MICHEL: Well I'm not talking to them nicely.

RICHARD: It's after 8:00. She should be here already.

EMILY: She'll be here.

RICHARD: You're supposed to tee off at your designated time.

EMILY: You pay good money to that place. You'll tee off when you tee off. Is that what you're wearing?

RICHARD: Yes.

EMILY: Hmm.

RICHARD: What's wrong with what I'm wearing?

EMILY: Nothing. It's fine.

RICHARD: This whole thing is absurd.

EMILY: She's your granddaughter.

RICHARD: She's a sixteen-year-old who would rather be at the mall.

EMILY: Make sure you show her all around the club, especially the rose garden.

RICHARD: I am not a guide.

EMILY: And make sure you take her to lunch and have her get dessert.

RICHARD: No one said anything about lunch.

EMILY: I hope Lorelai's clubs are still in good shape.

RICHARD: Emily you are not listening to me. I will teach her to golf, as promised by you, but lunch is out of the question.

EMILY: You have to eat.

RICHARD: Yes, but --

EMILY: So you'll eat together. **Do you have sunscreen?**

RICHARD: Emily.

EMILY: She's here.

RICHARD: Ah, 8:30. We must remember to buy her a watch.

EMILY: Richard, so help me God, you will be sweet to this girl and make this a memorable day for her. This is the first time we've gotten to show our granddaughter off at the club and it means a great deal to my happiness -- and yours -- that this day go well. Are we clear?

EMILY: Rory, hello.

RORY: Sorry I'm late.

EMILY: Nonsense. You're right on time.

RORY: Hi, Grandpa.

RICHARD: Rory, nice to see you.

EMILY: This is a perfect day for golfing, isn't it Richard?

RICHARD: It was cooler at 8.

RORY: Am I dressed OK? I didn't have any of those short pant things.

EMILY: Well, actually there is something missing. Oh, wait a minute...

EMILY Here you go. Now you look just like Tiger Woods.

RORY: Wow, that's some hat.

EMILY OK, off you go, you two. Have a wonderful time.

RORY: We will.

RICHARD: You bet.