

Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

Thousands of current or popular TV shows and movie transcripts for online research and education.
<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/>

02x07 - Like Mother, Like Daughter

<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/viewtopic.php?t=4956>

02x07 - Like Mother, Like Daughter

by **bunniefuu**

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

Posted: **11/25/01 17:02**

2.07 - Like Mother, Like Daughter

written by Joan Binder Weiss

directed by Dennis Erdman

transcript by Stacy

OPEN AT LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and Rory walk in and sit at a table.]

LORELAI: Wow, busy today. Has Luke been advertising or something?

RORY: He gets good word-of-mouth.

LORELAI: Well, we have to start spreading bad word-of-mouth so we can always have a table.

RORY: Well, that would be wrong, but sure. Vermin?

LORELAI: Or no potable water.

RORY: Or no potable vermin.

LORELAI: That would scare them away.

RORY: Or confuse them away.

[Lorelai sees Luke talking with one of the customers.]

LORELAI: It's so weird to see him talking like that.

RORY: Like what?

LORELAI: Just all friendly. He's usually only good for a quick couple of gruff monosyllables, and then he's off.

RORY: He is the master of the monosyllable.

LORELAI: He never flirts with any of the women, do you notice that?

RORY: He's flirted with you numerous times.

LORELAI: Don't start.

RORY: Hey, flirt with him now, we need coffee.

LORELAI: Oh Luke, we're just dying for some refreshments.

LUKE: Keep your pants on.

LORELAI: Hmm. He can turn it off and turn it on so fast.

RORY: Hey, I found a CD under the front seat of our car. Did you lose one?

LORELAI: Not that I know of, but I'm kind of sloppy with them.

RORY: So, you didn't hide it?

LORELAI: Why would I hide a CD?

RORY: I don't know. Bay City Rollers?

LORELAI: It's not a Bay City Rollers CD.

RORY: How do you know?

LORELAI: Because I know what's not hidden under that seat.

RORY: Ha! Because you know that Barry Manilow is under that seat.

LORELAI: Ugh.

LUKE: Where's Barry Manilow?

RORY: Under Mom's seat.

LORELAI: All right, I confess, I was hiding Barry Manilow.

RORY: You confess!

LORELAI: But he was very big when I was very small and it's the live version where he does a medley of all the commercial jingles he's written.

RORY: Don't worry. Everyone's allowed a guilty pleasure now and again.

LORELAI: Hm, very diplomatic from the girl who had the Bryan Adams poster above her bed for two years.

RORY: Fink.

LORELAI: Do you have a guilty pleasure Luke?

LUKE: Nah.

LORELAI: Are you into music?

LUKE: Sure.

LORELAI: Monosyllabic man strikes again.

RORY: We'll have two muffins please.

LUKE: You got it. [walks away]

LORELAI: Do you think he's dated anyone since Rachel?

RORY: I don't know. Where would he meet anyone? He's either here or in his apartment.

LORELAI: Maybe he has a secret life. Maybe he's got a little chippy stowed away in Mount Pilot.

RORY: Well, we'll know eventually.

LORELAI: I say he's a bachelor for life.

RORY: I say there's someone for everyone. [starts laughing]

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Uhh, Barry Manilow.

LORELAI: Ugh, stop.

RORY: [sings] Looks like we made it

LORELAI: Oh yeah? Spice Girls.

RORY: Duran Duran.

LORELAI: Dido.

RORY: Olivia Newton John.

LORELAI: The Macarena. You and Lane for hours and hours, for weeks on end.

RORY: Hey, we were mocking. You can't mock the mocking.

LORELAI: All right. It's getting ugly. Let's stop.

RORY: Let's be friends again.

LORELAI: All right.

RORY: [giggles]

LORELAI: Stop it.

[opening credits]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory is in the kitchen, Lorelai walks in.]

LORELAI: Agh.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: The car won't start.

RORY: What happened?

LORELAI: I don't know. It's just dead. I turned the key and it makes a horrible sound.

RORY: What kind of sound?

LORELAI: Like rrrar, rrrar, rrrar. You know, but less feminine.

RORY: That's the battery.

LORELAI: Well, what did I ever do to make the battery mad?

RORY: Let's see. You've kept the radio on all night, k*lling the battery. You've kept the lights on all night, k*lling the battery. You've kept the door open, which keeps the ceiling light on, all night, k*lling the battery.

LORELAI: Okay, well then I've done multiple things to make the battery mad.

RORY: You gonna walk?

LORELAI: I'm wearing heels.

RORY: Change your shoes.

LORELAI: I'd have to change my outfit.

RORY: Change your outfit.

LORELAI: I'd have to walk upstairs.

RORY: Suddenly I'm living with Zsa Zsa Gabor.

LORELAI: I'm gonna call Michel.

RORY: This thing is too small.

MICHEL: Independence Inn.

LORELAI: Hold on Michel. That backpack is not too small.

RORY: It's miniscule.

LORELAI: Just take your schoolbooks and leave some of the other books.

RORY: I need all of my other books.

LORELAI: You don't need all of these.

RORY: I think I do.

LORELAI: Edna St. Vincent Milay?

RORY: That's my bus book.

LORELAI: Uh huh. What's the Faulkner?

RORY: My other bus book.

LORELAI: So just take one bus book.

RORY: No, the Milay is a biography, and sometimes if I'm on the bus and I pull out a biography and I think to myself, 'Well, I don't really feel like reading about a person's life right now' then I'll switch to the novel, and then sometimes if I'm not into the novel, I'll switch back.

LORELAI: Hmm. Still there Michel?

RORY: Yes, I. . .

LORELAI: Hold on. What is the Gore Vidal?

RORY: Oh, that's my lunch book.

LORELAI: Uh huh. So lose the Vidal or the Faulkner. You don't need two novels.

RORY: Vidal's essays.

LORELAI: Uh huh. But the Eudora Welty's not essays or a biography.

RORY: Right.

LORELAI: So it's another novel, lose it!

RORY: Unh uh. It's short stories.

LORELAI: Ugh. This is a sickness. Michel.

RORY: I am growing very old.

LORELAI: Come pick me up?

MICHEL: I am already here.

LORELAI: Put Carol on the desk and come pick me up.

MICHEL: I am not speaking to Carol. She ate my low-fat cheese.

LORELAI: Michel, come pick me up and I will buy you some cheese.

MICHEL: Low-fat cheese.

LORELAI: Low-fat cheese.

MICHEL: Low-fat American cheese.

LORELAI: Low-fat American cheese.

MICHEL: And a meringue cookie.

LORELAI: Just get over here.

MICHEL: Fine.

RORY: Ha! I made it all fit. Edna, Bill, Gore and Eudora, all safe and sound.

LORELAI: Cool. That's your French book.

RORY: Hmm? Oh, I know. I'm carrying my French book.

LORELAI: Mm hmm. You so thought that French book was already in there.

RORY: I did not.

LORELAI: You have a problem.

RORY: No I don't.

LORELAI: You're gonna tip over from the weight of that backpack.

RORY: No I'm not.

LORELAI: I'm gonna have to buy you a forklift. Bye.

CUT TO CHILTON CAFETERIA

[Rory walks in carrying her lunch tray. She sits down at a table, puts on her walkman, and starts reading a book. A woman suddenly taps her on the shoulder.]

MRS. VERDINAS: I startled you. I didn't mean to.

RORY: That's okay. I'm easily startled.

MRS. VERDINAS: I'm Mrs. Verdinas, the guidance counselor. Your name's Rory, isn't it? Rory Gilmore?

RORY: Yes. Hello.

MRS. VERDINAS: Hello. I'd love to sit and talk to you. Can we do that?

RORY: Sure. Anytime.

MRS. VERDINAS: How about after you finish your lunch?

RORY: Oh, that soon?

MRS. VERDINAS: I think soon would be good.

RORY: Okay, what's this about?

MRS. VERDINAS: We'll talk about it then.

RORY: Not even a hint?

MRS. VERDINAS: See you in a little bit.

RORY: Right. Right.

CUT TO MRS. VERDINAS' OFFICE

[Mrs. Verdinas is sitting at her desk; Rory knocks at the door.]

MRS. VERDINAS: Come in. Hello Rory, have a seat.

RORY: Thank you.

MRS. VERDINAS: So don't worry about being late for your next class. I'll write you a note if you are.

RORY: Okay.

MRS. VERDINAS: I know from your record you're a stickler for punctuality.

RORY: I am a stickler, yes. I only slipped one time last year. I hit a deer. Actually, he hit me. Or she did. Or not me, my car. But, um, then he or she ran away, and I think it turned out okay. I didn't see it again, so I can't definitively say but I did look for him or her. It's a big story for me, I'm surprised I don't tell it better.

MRS. VERDINAS: Why don't we get to the reason I asked you here?

RORY: Okay.

MRS. VERDINAS: Headmaster Charleston brought you to my attention a few weeks ago. He's worried, and after observing you a bit, I'm worried too.

RORY: You've been observing me?

MRS. VERDINAS: We've been concerned about your social behavior here at school.

RORY: What about it?

MRS. VERDINAS: You don't seem to interact much with the other students.

RORY: I do sometimes. In class, all the time.

MRS. VERDINAS: But rarely outside of class. At lunch, you're always by yourself.

RORY: That's when I catch up on my reading.

MRS. VERDINAS: And that walkman, it makes you very unapproachable.

RORY: You approached me.

MRS. VERDINAS: And you almost jumped out of your skin. What does that tell you?

RORY: That I'm jumpy. On the Fourth of July, forget it, I'm a wreck. And when the Stars Hollow orchestra begins to play in the gazebo, the guy banging the cymbals, I'm. . .it drives me nuts.

MRS. VERDINAS: Denying a problem doesn't solve a problem, Rory. Unless something changes, this could affect your future.

RORY: But I don't understand. I get good grades, isn't that enough?

MRS. VERDINAS: You know, it's not. Rory, when we make recommendations to universities on behalf of a student, that student's social skills are a big part of it. Now, I assume you want to go to a university?

RORY: Absolutely.

MRS. VERDINAS: Well, universities do not look kindly on loners.

RORY: But I'm not a loner.

MRS. VERDINAS: Really? Well, what do you think a loner is?

RORY: Loners are those guys that you see walking around wearing, I don't know, out of date clothing, bell bottoms, and they tend to carry a duffel bag with God knows what inside. That's a loner.

MRS. VERDINAS: Loners come in all different shapes and sizes, even pretty girls. Just try to improve Rory. Mix it up with others. You may even enjoy it. Start with lunch.

RORY: I don't suppose there's a lunchtime reading/walkman-listening club I can join, is there? I guess that's no.

CUT TO LORELAI'S FRONT YARD

[Lorelai and Rory sit on the porch as Kirk fixes Lorelai's Jeep.]

LORELAI: So what does she expect you to do?

RORY: She said mix it up.

LORELAI: Mix it up, what does that mean?

RORY: I guess that means going up to strange kids at school and saying, 'Hey, mind if I awkwardly butt in where I don't belong and don't want to be?'

LORELAI: The whole thing's ridiculous. Chilton is a cult.

KIRK: Lorelai, do you know what this is? [holds up a bundle of wires]

LORELAI: Um, no.

KIRK: Damn.

RORY: I don't know. Maybe there is something wrong with me.

LORELAI: Oh, don't say that.

RORY: Maybe I am a loner. I mean, you were mocking my backpack today. I might just be one step away from carrying a mysterious duffel bag.

LORELAI: Oh no, no you don't. Don't you go doubting who you are or how you should be. How dare that woman do this to you!

RORY: It wasn't just her. The whole meeting was Charleston's suggestion.

LORELAI: Well, good. It's time I called on old Schnickelfritz Charleston to tell him to stop messing with my kid's mind.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: No, I'm sorry. I don't like this. Schools like Chilton try to stamp out every vestige of individuality and I'm not gonna let that happen.

KIRK: It's all fixed. I found a loose terminal. I reconnected the battery and jumped it, so it's set to go.

LORELAI: Oh, thanks Kirk.

KIRK: And I'm not gonna charge you for the time I spent stuck underneath the car.

LORELAI: That's great Kirk.

KIRK: And I just want you to know that I overheard, and you're absolutely right. I carried a duffel bag and ate lunch by myself my entire school career, and I turned out just fine. [leaves]

LORELAI: I'm still going down there.

CUT TO CHILTON

[The secretary walks Lorelai into the Headmaster's office.]

SECRETARY: Ms. Gilmore is here. [leaves]

LORELAI: Hello Mr. Charleston.

HEADMASTER: Ms. Gilmore, so good to see you.

LORELAI: It's good to be here.

HEADMASTER: You know, I checked my records to remind myself why I asked you in only to discover that you had actually called for this meeting.

LORELAI: Yes I did.

HEADMASTER: I'm surprised. We don't see you often. We'd forgotten what you'd looked like.

LORELAI: Well, I'm pretty much the same. Rosy cheeks, strong of bone, sly of wit.

HEADMASTER: How nice. So why did you want to see me?

LORELAI: Well, I wanted to talk to you about Rory and uh, this ridiculous accusation about her being a loner and how that's somehow something bad.

HEADMASTER: Well, it is bad.

LORELAI: No, it's not bad, it's just her. I raised Rory to do what she wants as long as it doesn't hurt anyone else. And I don't see how her reading a book or listening to a walkman is hurting anyone.

HEADMASTER: It's hurting her.

LORELAI: I respectfully disagree.

HEADMASTER: That doesn't surprise me, based on my research.

LORELAI: What research?

HEADMASTER: When I saw your name on the appointment list, I decided to have a look at the file.

LORELAI: Ah yes, Rory's file's been of a lot of interest to you guys lately, hasn't it?

HEADMASTER: I wasn't talking about Rory's file. I was talking about yours.

LORELAI: I have a file?

HEADMASTER: You most certainly do.

LORELAI: It's tiny.

HEADMASTER: It's very thin.

LORELAI: Well that's good, right? It means I haven't gotten into a lot of trouble.

HEADMASTER: On the contrary, a thin file for a parent indicates lack of participation.

LORELAI: Oh, now wait a minute. I've participated in stuff.

HEADMASTER: You attended the bake sale.

LORELAI: And I sold stuff.

HEADMASTER: Then promptly left.

LORELAI: I was busy.

HEADMASTER: Without fraternizing with the other Chilton parents at all.

LORELAI: Busy, busy, busy like a really tall bee.

HEADMASTER: Like mother, like daughter.

LORELAI: Okay, hold on.

HEADMASTER: Ms. Gilmore, active participation in Chilton activities for a parent is vitally important.

LORELAI: But□

HEADMASTER: This is a list of organizations sponsored by Chilton. Parent groups dedicated to certain specific tasks.

LORELAI: Uh, my□

HEADMASTER: Any one of them would be honored by your participation.

LORELAI: Okay, my schedule is□

HEADMASTER: We're all tremendously busy, Ms. Gilmore. I hope you're not too busy to do what's best for you or what's best for Rory, are you?

LORELAI: No.

HEADMASTER: Excellent. Let us know what it will be.

LORELAI: I will. [stands up to leave] Oh, may I go?

HEADMASTER: Yes, you may.

LORELAI: Okay.

HEADMASTER: I'm glad you came in today. It was a good idea.

LORELAI: Yes. I'm just full of good ideas.

CUT TO LORELAI'S KITCHEN

[Lorelai sits at the table going through papers as Rory comes home.]

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Hey.

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Yeah, look Fat Albert. Get me a soda, will you?

RORY: Mom, what are you doing here? You were supposed to meet me in my Latin class after meeting with Headmaster Charleston.

LORELAI: Oh my God. I was. I totally forgot. Ugh, I'm so sorry.

RORY: Mom, come on, what happened. Did you talk to him?

LORELAI: I did. I told him that he was completely out of line with this treatment of you, that you are not a loner freak, you have plenty of friends, and you don't own a long black leather Matrix coat, and they should fall down on their kneesocks everyday that you deign to show up at that loser school.

RORY: And?

LORELAI: And then he yelled at me.

RORY: He what?

LORELAI: He pulled out a file and told me I was a bad Chilton mom.

RORY: He did not.

LORELAI: And that I don't participate in school activities.

RORY: Well, you work.

LORELAI: And I don't make posters.

RORY: You have no artistic capabilities.

LORELAI: And I don't chaperone school dances.

RORY: Does he know that you got pregnant at sixteen?

LORELAI: Basically I'm not doing my part to help further your educational future.

RORY: So we both got busted.

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: Great.

LORELAI: Now I have to pick a group or a cause or sponsor a club or something.

RORY: This sucks.

LORELAI: But hey, I've been thinking. I mean, the whole reason we did this Chilton thing is for you to get into Harvard, right?

RORY: Right.

LORELAI: And these fanatics that run your school, they're the ones that write the letters to the fancy colleges saying things like, 'Hey she's keen, look at her' or 'Have you seen the L tattooed on her forehead, 'cause it sure is a big one.'

RORY: So you're saying we should just go along with this?

LORELAI: Yeah, go along with it. Talk to some kids, I'll hang out with their moms, and we'll get into Harvard, take over the world, then buy Chilton and turn it into a rave club. What do you say, deal?

RORY: Deal.

LORELAI: Oh, look, the Chilton Cheer Society wear matching hats. Eh? Go Harvard.

CUT TO CHILTON CAFETERIA

[Rory walks in with her tray and is about to sit down at a table by herself, but then walks over to another table.]

RORY: Hey.

FRANCIE: Hey.

RORY: There's a bad draft over there where I usually sit. It's kind of like a big downward gust. It's not exactly 'Toto, we're not in Kansas anymore', but it's still pretty darn uncomfortable, especially when you're just gotten your hair to behave. So can I sit here?

FRANCIE: Uhh, yeah.

RORY: Thanks. [sits down] Nice table. It's much more level than the one over there.

FRANCIE: Your name is Lori.

RORY: Rory.

FRANCIE: Right, Rory.

RORY: What's yours?

IVY: Francie.

RORY: You're Francie?

IVY: No, she's Francie, I'm Ivy.

RORY: Francie's spokesman.

FRANCIE: Well, I am a very important person, and everyone knows very important people never speak for themselves.

RORY: I did not know that, but I do now.

FRANCIE: That's Dijur, Lily, Seline, Lana, Asia, Anna, and Lem.

RORY: Lem.

LEM: Short for Lemon.

RORY: Oh sure.

FRANCIE: We were just discussing homecoming. Thoughts?

RORY: Great movie. Oh wait, that was Coming Home. Sorry.

FRANCIE: I truly believe the whole homecoming dance ritual's be put to sleep.

IVY: Or at least assigned a new color scheme.

[Paris walks by with her lunch tray, walks back to stare at Rory for a moment, then walks away.]

FRANCIE: Hmm. Rory, huh? Do they call you Ror?

RORY: Not unless provoked.

IVY: No nickname?

RORY: Actually, Rory is a nickname. My full name is Lorelai.

LEM: Lorelai. That's a weird name.

RORY: Well, Lem, what can I say?

FRANCIE: Sounds southern. Are you a belle?

[bell rings]

RORY: Uh, no, but apparently I command them.

FRANCIE: Well, see you later your highness.

CUT TO HALLWAY

[Rory walks out of the cafeteria and runs into Paris.]

RORY: God! You're like a pop up book from hell.

PARIS: You were sitting with the Puffs. How did you do it?

RORY: The who?

PARIS: The Puffs, the Chilton Puffs. You were at their table and I wanna know how.

RORY: I don't know, I just sat down.

PARIS: Nobody just sits down with them, you have to be invited.

RORY: Paris, it's not the cosa nostra.

PARIS: No, they're the Puffs, the most influential sorority at Chilton.

RORY: Chilton has sororities?

PARIS: Only ten worth mentioning, and the Puffs, they have been number one for at least the last fifty years. My mother was a Puff, my aunt was a Puff.

RORY: I thought only colleges had sororities.

PARIS: And the connection you make with the Puffs, they last the rest of your life. My cousin Maddie got her internship at the Supreme Court because of Sandra Day O'Connor.

RORY: Sandra Day O'Connor was a Puff?

PARIS: Yes. She was puffed in 1946, became the president in '47, and in '48 she actually moved the group to the very table you sat at today.

RORY: God.

PARIS: It was quite a controversial move at the time, but she was just that powerful.

RORY: I had no idea.

PARIS: What did you say about me?

RORY: What?

PARIS: Did you tell them you hated me?

RORY: I didn't mention you.

PARIS: Because I have been k*lling myself trying to get invited in. I spent all of last year sucking up to Francine Jarvis.

RORY: You mean Francie?

PARIS: You call her Francie?

RORY: Oh, no, someone else did.

PARIS: I have helped her with her homework, secured her a prime spot in the parking lot, organized her locker, scrunched up the plastic strands on her pom-poms to make them fluffy. I have done everything except give her a manicure, and by God, if I had any talent with an orange stick, I

would've done that too.

RORY: I know I'm not the first one to say it to you, but you're insane.

PARIS: Okay, look, I know you and me, we. . .

RORY: Shouldn't be around each other armed.

PARIS: Yes. But you have to understand. I have to get into that group, I just have to. My family's name and reputation, not to mention my entire future, all depend on me getting into that group.

RORY: It's just a clique, that's all.

PARIS: Look, all I'm asking is please don't say anything horrible about me. Don't tell them that you hate me.

RORY: Paris, come on, I'm not in their group. They don't care what I say.

PARIS: They let you sit at their table all the way through lunch, you're in.

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: You know what, never mind. Do what you want, I don't care.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai and Rory get out of the car and walk to the front door.]

LORELAI: Who the hell names their kid Lemon?

RORY: Someone really into citrus.

LORELAI: Ugh, crazy crazy people.

RORY: It's just so weird that the one table I sit down at is home to the secret society.

LORELAI: I know. It's like waking up one day and realizing that everyone else in your family can pull their face off.

RORY: Yes, it's exactly like that.

[The maid opens the door]

MAID: Your mother would like you to head out to the patio. We're barbecuing tonight.

LORELAI: Thanks.

[they walk inside and head towards the patio]

RORY: Does Grandma have a barbecue?

LORELAI: I don't know. Maybe she keeps it in the secret room with the paper napkins and the mismatched sheets. Wow, she really is barbecuing.

[they walk out onto the patio, where a chef is cooking on the grill]

RORY: Hey, cool!

LORELAI: What's up, Poppin' Fresh?

RORY: Ooh, corn!

LORELAI: Nice!

[They each take a corn on the cob from the pile]

LORELAI: Thank you.

[they start eating the corn]

RORY: Mm.

LORELAI: Mmm.

[Emily walks out onto the patio]

EMILY: What is this, a refugee camp? Come inside and eat at the table.

LORELAI: Mom, the whole point of barbecuing is to eat outside.

EMILY: Animals eat outside. Human beings eat inside with napkins and utensils. If you want to eat outside, go hunt down a gazelle. Make your decision, I'll be inside. [leaves]

LORELAI: What are the odds of finding a gazelle around here?

RORY: Slim to none.

LORELAI: Okay, let's go.

CUT TO DINING ROOM

[Emily is sitting at the table as Lorelai and Rory walk in]

EMILY: I'm extremely disappointed in you Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hold on Mom. [takes off her coat, sits down at the table, puts her napkin on her lap.] Okay, go ahead.

EMILY: I had lunch with Bitty Charleston today and she told me what happened with you and the headmaster.

LORELAI: What? Geez, does that woman do nothing all day but hide under his desk with a tape recorder?

EMILY: After all we've gone through to get Rory in that school, and then you humiliate all of us by not being involved. That is just incomprehensible.

LORELAI: Hey, she wasn't involved either.

RORY: Wow, just sitting here.

EMILY: You are a grown up, you have to set an example. If she's not involved with school, then she

learned it from you.

RORY: Yeah.

EMILY: How hard is it to help out just once in awhile? Join a group, attend a meeting, and all for the sake of□

LORELAI: Mom, stop already, please. I have joined a group, okay?

EMILY: You have?

RORY: You have?

LORELAI: Yes.

EMILY: Which one?

LORELAI: I'm gonna join the Booster Club, mmkay? The Booster Club, I'm going to boost.

EMILY: Well, the Boosters are a very fine organization.

LORELAI: That's why I picked 'em.

EMILY: They do very good work for the school.

LORELAI: All went into the picking process.

EMILY: And the matching sweatshirts they wear are just darling.

CUT TO CHILTON

[At the Booster Club Meeting, five women are sitting at a table in the cafeteria.]

AVA: Well, we're certainly not doing it like last year.

GINGER: God, was that awful!

MENA: It wasn't that bad.

AVA: Wasn't that bad? Mena, by the time we got finished paying for everybody's stomach to be pumped, there was no money left to buy the new bleachers.

MENA: But the salsa band was wonderful.

GINGER: This is giving me a migraine. I just□

AUBREY: I vote we take a break.

[Lorelai walks into the room.]

LORELAI: Hi. Sorry to interrupt.

AVA: It's all right. Can we help you?

LORELAI: Uh, yes, actually. . . this isn't the Booster Club, is it?

AVA: Yes it is.

LORELAI: Oh, thank God you're not wearing the sweatshirts.

AVA: Excuse me?

LORELAI: Uh, you know what, never mind. I'm Lorelai Gilmore, sorry I'm late.

AVA: Oh please, you haven't missed a thing. So far, we've had coffee, debated Carolyn Masters' nose job□

MENA: Too pug.

AUBREY: Too smushed.

GINGER: Who cares?

AVA: And we started arguing about our fall fundraiser.

AUBREY: I suggested we take a break.

AVA: I ignored the suggestion, and now here we are. You're all up to date. Have a seat.

MENA: Lorelai Gilmore. So you're Emily's daughter?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. You know my mother?

MENA: Oh, very well. We're on the philharmonic committee together. She told me to keep an eye out for you.

LORELAI: Huh, that's nice.

MENA: She wasn't sure you'd show up.

LORELAI: So, uh, fall fundrasier, what do we do?

AVA: Well, last year we had the usual luncheon with silent auction and a salsa band.

MENA: A terrific salsa band.

AVA: But every guest ended up in the hospital with food poisoning before the auction even started, and we wound up losing money.

LORELAI: Whoops.

AVA: Yes, it's quite a whoops, isn't it? Anyhow, this year we decided to do a fashion show.

LORELAI: Oh, that sounds fun.

AVA: Yes, well, Aubrey here works at Saks.

AUBREY: Uh, used to work at Saks.

AVA: Oh, sorry. Used to work at Saks, and she got several designers to donate their clothes, so now we're just trying to find a suitable caterer and location and someone to plan the event.

GINGER: Oh, it's all going very well.

MENA: I still say we approach Chateau Mimsy.

AVA: That space is too small, Mena.

AUBREY: How about something more young and fun? You know, my stepdaughter Kimberly...

AVA: Sarah.

AUBREY: Right, Sarah. Sarah. Anyhow, she told me about this new club called The Digs [fades into background]

MENA: [whispers to Lorelai] She's been married a month and still can't remember the names of her stepchildren.

AUBREY: "so the booths are like in these pits, and then there's sand everywhere"

GINGER: Stop her.

AVA: I don't think that's exactly what we're looking for.

LORELAI: Um, I run an inn.

AVA: You do?

MENA: Which one?

LORELAI: The Independence Inn, it's in Stars Hollow.

AVA: Oh, I've been there. It's lovely.

LORELAI: And we have a terrific chef who's never once hospitalized an entire function. And, well, I mean, I don't know exactly what you're looking for, but we do functions there all the time.

AVA: Who's your function coordinator?

LORELAI: I am, actually. And since it's for charity, I could get you a really good price.

AVA: I'm sorry, I forgot to ask you, are you from heaven?

LORELAI: You like the idea?

AVA: I love the idea. I love it so much, we can finally take that break Aubrey's been dying for.

[Everyone stands up and walks away. Ava walks over to Lorelai.]

AVA: Well, this is very exciting.

LORELAI: Oh.

AVA: Would you mind if I come out there tomorrow to take a look at the place? You know, make sure it's big enough for the runway.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, sure, I'll be there all day. So, a fashion show, huh? Are we gonna get any famous models?

AVA: Excuse me?

LORELAI: You know, to model the clothes. Any chance I'm finally gonna get to see Kate Moss eat something?

AVA: Oh, no no. We're the models.

LORELAI: We? Who's we?

AVA: We, the women in this room. Me, you, we.

LORELAI: Me?

AVA: Yes.

LORELAI: Oh well□

AVA: By the way, welcome to the Boosters. We're thrilled to have you. [hugs Lorelai]

LORELAI: Oh, ugh, thanks. That's great.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai and Rory are walking down the sidewalk]

RORY: Ha ha, yours is worse than mine.

LORELAI: Ugh, they totally just snuck that modeling thing in.

RORY: Hmm, my mom's a model. Maybe you'll get to date Leonardo DiCaprio now.

LORELAI: Plus, now I have to plan the whole stupid thing.

RORY: Lorelai Gilmore. Nope, doesn't sound model-y enough. You need something that stands out more. How about Waffle? We could call you Waffle and say you're from Belgium?

LORELAI: [dials her cell phone] Okay, I'm crabby. I need to do something about it. [on phone] Hey Mom.

EMILY: Well, hello.

LORELAI: So I went to my first Booster meeting last night, did Bitty tell you?

EMILY: No, she did not.

LORELAI: Oh, well, maybe she's still stuck under that desk. You might want to send someone out there to look.

EMILY: Well, it's certainly nice to hear you finally getting involved.

LORELAI: Yes, in fact we're planning a charity fashion show next weekend, and I volunteered to organize it.

EMILY: Well, good for you.

LORELAI: Yes, and since I know how concerned you are about how Rory's perceived at Chilton, I

knew you'd want to be involved somehow, so you're gonna be one of the models.

EMILY: Excuse me?

LORELAI: Yeah, so it's next Saturday, be there at four, and we'll provide hair and makeup.

EMILY: Lorelai, you can't be serious.

LORELAI: Oh, and we'll need your measurements also.

EMILY: This is ridiculous.

LORELAI: Mom. You said you wanted me to be involved. Well, I'm involved, now don't you want to do your part to ensure Rory's future?

EMILY: All right.

LORELAI: Start measuring. [hangs up]

RORY: You feel better now?

LORELAI: Waffle's very happy.

CUT TO CHILTON CAFETERIA

[Rory starts to sit alone at her regular table when Francie walks over to her.]

FRANCIE: Sit with us, please. [walks away]

RORY: Um, okay.

[Francie sits down at her table.]

FRANCIE: Here she comes.

[Rory walks up the Puffs' table]

LEM: Welcome.

FRANCIE: We talked. We find you fascinating.

IVY: Like the monkey habitat.

FRANCIE: So we've decided to extend an invite to you. You can eat here anytime you like.

RORY: Wow, that's nice of you, thanks. So can I ask about this whole sorority thing?

FRANCIE: Pardon?

IVY: Sorori-what?

RORY: I thought you guys were

LEM: We have no idea what you're talking about.

FRANCIE: That's right. After all, what's the point of a secret society if it's not a secret?

RORY: The whole school apparently knows about it.

[Paris leans against the wall behind their table and reads.]

FRANCIE: Well, no one has proof. It's just folklore.

IVY: Like Snow White and Rose Red.

FRANCIE: Or Mariah Carey's crackup.

LEM: Have you heard her fan message recently? She's fine and is currently staring at a really beautiful rainbow.

IVY: Survivor, hello.

[Francie sees Paris standing behind them]

FRANCIE: Friend of yours?

RORY: Paris? Oh well□

IVY: Too intense.

LEM: Way too intense.

FRANCIE: She comes from a long line of us though.

IVY: I hate nepotism.

LEM: It, however, does make the world go round.

RORY: You know, Paris, while, yes, a little intense, is also very smart.

FRANCIE: So I drop a box of matches on the floor, she can tell me how many there are?

RORY: She's editor of the paper. Amazing writer, plus funny.

IVY: She's funny?

RORY: Oh yeah. Hilarious. I mean, the times that we have spent laughing together. I tell ya, she's a regular Gary Muledeer.

FRANCIE: She asked you to talk her up, didn't she?

RORY: No, not at all.

IVY: Right.

RORY: No, really. I think she's actually thinking of joining another non-existent group.

FRANCIE: What?

IVY: But her family's fully puffed.

RORY: I don't know. Maybe I heard her wrong, but I think that's what I heard her say.

FRANCIE: A voluntary defector.

IVY: Francie.

FRANCIE: I know. [turns to Paris] Paris?

PARIS: Yeah?

FRANCIE: I think the wall can hold itself up just fine, don't you?

PARIS: What?

FRANCIE: You should sit.

PARIS: Sit?

FRANCIE: Here.

PARIS: Sit there?

IVY: Or here.

LEM: Or anywhere for that matter.

PARIS: Well□

RORY: Unless you've got somewhere else to be. Another table, perhaps.

PARIS: Another table?

FRANCIE: No, you have to sit, right here. Come, come. [moves down to make room for Paris]

PARIS: Uh, okay. I guess I can sit, for a little while anyhow. [sits down]

FRANCIE: Okay, so, have we discussed homecoming yet?

IVY: Not to my knowledge.

FRANCIE: I truly believe the whole homecoming dance ritual's be put to sleep.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[The day of the fashion show, Lorelai walks through the lobby over to Michel at the front desk.]

LORELAI: Uh, in the dining room, and don't drip water on the floor please. Michel, did the□

MICHEL: Five minutes ago.

LORELAI: What about the□

MICHEL: He brought the wrong color, I sent him back.

LORELAI: What? When will he be□

MICHEL: Twenty minutes tops, or I told him I will hunt him down and shave his beard.

LORELAI: Good, now we need the uh□

MICHEL: Oh, yes, thank you for reminding me.

LORELAI: Anything□

MICHEL: No.

LORELAI: Okay, well, I'm going in the dining room. Come and get me if you actually need me to finish a sentence for you.

MICHEL: Will do.

CUT TO DINING ROOM

[Lorelai walks in and goes over to the man fixing the runway.]

LORELAI: Hey, how's it coming?

MAN: Working on it.

LORELAI: This cannot tilt.

MAN: I know this.

LORELAI: Women in heels will be walking on it. Make it not tilt.

[Sookie walks out of the kitchen]

SOOKIE: The lettuce is dry.

LORELAI: What does that mean?

SOOKIE: How attached are you to salad?

LORELAI: It's free to see anyone it wants.

SOOKIE: I don't want to make a salad with dry lettuce.

LORELAI: What's the alternative?

SOOKIE: I can make soup.

LORELAI: Fine.

SOOKIE: Okay, great.

LORELAI: Ah, Sookie?

SOOKIE: Yeah?

LORELAI: Did we pay for the lettuce already?

SOOKIE: Yes, we did.

LORELAI: See if you can put it in the soup.

SOOKIE: Gotcha.

LORELAI: Okay.

[Luke walks in carrying his toolbox.]

LORELAI: Ah, thank God! You brought Bert.

LUKE: Right here.

LORELAI: My men, follow me.

LUKE: By the way, you do tell people that you're the one that named my toolbox, right?

LORELAI: Toolbox, dirty.

LUKE: Oh geez.

[they walk to the man fixing the runway.]

LORELAI: Okay, um, move.

MAN: What?

LORELAI: I want Luke to look at it.

MAN: Hey, I put this thing together.

LORELAI: Yes, and I loved your work in Pisa, now get out of the way, please.

[the man walks away]

LUKE: Okay, so what seems to be the problem?

LORELAI: Uh ha! The problem is. . .that's not funny.

LUKE: I like it when you're stressed. Oh man, he put this thing up all wrong.

LORELAI: Can you fix it?

LUKE: I don't know, I'll see.

LORELAI: You can fix it.

LUKE: You can say it all you want, it doesn't make it true.

LORELAI: You can fix it.

LUKE: Not with you hovering, I can't.

LORELAI: Okay, I'm leaving. You can fix it. [walks away and sees Ava] Oh, Ava, hi.

AVA: God, the place looks wonderful.

LORELAI: Thank you. Let me show you to the room where we're all getting ready.

AVA: All right.

[As they walk towards the changing room, they pass Luke]

LORELAI: Fix it yet?

LUKE: The moron used the wrong supports.

LORELAI: Please tell me you can fix it.

LUKE: If I told you I couldn't fix it, would you accept that?

LORELAI: No.

LUKE: I can fix it.

LORELAI: Thank you. So we're right back here□[Ava stops to stare at Luke] Uh, Ava, the room's right back here.

AVA: Him.

LORELAI: Who?

AVA: There, man with tools, who is that?

LORELAI: Oh, that's Luke.

AVA: Luke, I like Luke.

LORELAI: What?

AVA: Oh, he's adorable. And he looks strong, is he strong?

LORELAI: Oh I don't know. I don't think he's gonna be in a sideshow anytime soon, but he can get the lid off a pickle jar.

AVA: Is he single?

LORELAI: Well, uh yeah, he is single.

AVA: What kind of women does he like?

LORELAI: I don't know, ones with heads. You know, I don't really know what Luke's taste in women is.

[Emily walks into the dining room]

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Oh, um, Ava, why don't you go on in the back, go to the right, you'll find the dressing room, I'll be there in a sec. [Ava leaves] Hi Mom.

EMILY: The place isn't nearly done yet.

LORELAI: Ugh. Mom, why don't you just go on in the back and get ready.

EMILY: Did you see the clothes? What am I wearing?

LORELAI: I don't know. I just had them hang them up in the room

EMILY: God, I hope they're not tasteless or zebra striped or spandex.

LORELAI: Well, one good way to find out is to go on back and take a peak.

EMILY: You have to get ready too.

LORELAI: I'll be there in a sec.

EMILY: If I'm doing this, you're doing this. I mean it.

[Emily walks in the back, Lorelai walks over to Luke.]

LORELAI: Oh! You fixed it!

LUKE: Yup, for the time being, but I'm gonna stick around for awhile just to make sure nothing happens.

LORELAI: Oh. Okay.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: You don't want me to stick around?

LORELAI: I didn't say that.

LUKE: Is there a reason I shouldn't stick around?

LORELAI: Are you listening? It's fine.

LUKE: Because I'm just doing this for you. I mean, if this thing goes and someone breaks their neck

LORELAI: Luke, stick around.

LUKE: All right, if you insist.

CUT TO DRESSING ROOM

[Women are walking around getting ready. Lorelai walks in and over to Emily.]

LORELAI: Hey. Why aren't you dressed yet?

EMILY: I was waiting for you.

LORELAI: Oh, my God, you're a paranoid woman.

[Emily walks to the lady handing out clothes.]

EMILY: I'm Emily Gilmore.

LADY: [hands her a garment bag] Okay, here you go. Where's Lorelai Gilmore?

LORELAI: Oh, right here.

LADY: You two are together. [hands her a garment bag]

LORELAI: What?

LADY: You're the mother-daughter team.

LORELAI: Oh, no I'm

LADY: I have outfits for one mother-daughter team, your names are on the outfits, you're it.

LORELAI: [unzips the garment bag] Ugh! Oh my God!

CUT TO FASHION SHOW

[A lady at a podium begins the fashion show.]

LADY: I want to welcome you here to the Chilton Booster Club's Annual Fall Festival Fundrasier, where all the proceeds from the evening go directly into the refurbishing of the Chilton auditorium. But enough about the kids. Tonight is about us, and without further ado, ladies and gentlemen, Saks presents a fabulous fall fashion extravaganza.

[Music starts and ladies start walking down the runway. After a few models, Emily and Lorelai walk down the runway together wearing similar red outfits. They do several identical turns and motions, then walk off.]

CUT TO INN'S DINING ROOM

[After the fashion show, Lorelai, Emily, and 2 women are sitting at a table talking about the show.]

MENA: Well, I must say, this was definitely better than the salsa band.

GINGER: Oh, people loved it, did you hear them? God, who picked that music?

LORELAI: Um, that'd be me.

GINGER: It was terrific. The whole thing was terrific.

LORELAI: Well, thank you.

MENA: Oh, and hiring that actor to play a horrible, rude, annoying Frenchman. What a riot!

LORELAI: Oh yeah, I thought that'd be fun.

GINGER: You know, if you plan all these damn things, we wouldn't have to have anymore of those stupid meetings.

LORELAI: Oh come on. Don't you want to see how long it actually takes Aubrey to finally learn that kid's name?

GINGER: Eh, you're right. Okay, I'll see you at the next meeting. Great job, really. It's the best event we've ever had.

LORELAI: Well thanks Ginger. Bye Mena.

MENA: Buh bye.

[Ginger and Mena leave.]

LORELAI: What are you looking so ha-ha about?

EMILY: I'm not looking ha-ha.

LORELAI: Yes you are.

EMILY: All right. Whatever you say.

LORELAI: Come on Mom, fess up.

EMILY: Big success tonight.

LORELAI: Seemed to be.

EMILY: The ladies were thrilled. They adore you.

LORELAI: Yes, well, that's because I'm adorable.

EMILY: Funny isn't it?

LORELAI: What's funny?

EMILY: How nicely you seem to be fitting into the world that you ran away from. Well, goodnight Lorelai. Congratulations. [leaves]

[Lorelai looks around and gives a slightly sad look as she sees Luke talking to Ava]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory is on the couch reading as Lorelai comes home from the fashion show.]

RORY: Is that you?

LORELAI: Nope.

RORY: How was it?

LORELAI: Oh, fine. It ran smoothly, and the food was amazing. Michel only made three people cry.

RORY: How was the fashion show?

LORELAI: Oh, you know, I walked up and down the ramp, looked pouty and sexy, now I'm ready for rehab. I brought you some Booster cake.

RORY: Put it in the fridge please.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: How's Grandma?

LORELAI: Uh, mmm, good.

RORY: I'm assuming that's your piece of cake and mine is safely in the fridge.

LORELAI: Hmm, you're cute.

RORY: Uh huh. So what'd you wear?

LORELAI: Oh, look at the time. I'm going to bed.

RORY: Nobody took a picture of you?

LORELAI: Uh, no. Can you believe that?

RORY: You're holding onto that purse mighty tightly there missy.

LORELAI: Yes, well, I really love this purse.

RORY: You have pictures in there.

LORELAI: You calling your mother a liar?

RORY: Yes I am.

LORELAI: Mm, well, that's why I ate your cake.

[Lorelai hands Rory the purse, Rory takes out some pictures]

RORY: Oh my God!

LORELAI: Be nice.

RORY: You look like Nancy Reagan.

LORELAI: Oh, now how is that nice?

RORY: I don't believe this. You look so completely different. Elegant, understated.

LORELAI: Yes, well I was wearing underwear with propellers on them if that makes you feel any better. I'm going to bed.

RORY: I'll send the Secret Service up.

LORELAI: Oh, uh, by the way, I would put on your good pajamas, you know, the cute ones with the cakes on them. And brush your hair and put on a little lip gloss.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: You're being kidnapped tonight. [goes upstairs]

RORY: Excuse me? [follows her]

CUT TO LORELAI'S BEDROOM

[Lorelai walks in followed by Rory.]

LORELAI: I got a call today from Francie.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Yes, she said that she and her friends were gonna come in while you're sleeping, wake you up, kidnap you and take you out to breakfast in your pajamas.

RORY: Why would they do that?

LORELAI: Apparently it's fun.

RORY: Well, that doesn't sound fun.

LORELAI: She told me to leave a key under the mat and some money on the coffee table.

RORY: And you said yes to this insanity?

LORELAI: Hey, I told you not to become a soc, but you didn't listen.

RORY: I can't believe that you are going to let a group of strange girls come traipsing in here and take away your only child, your precious baby girl, and off to God knows where in the middle of the night.

LORELAI: If it's someplace with doughnuts, bring me one, okay?

RORY: Fine.

[Lorelai starts looking at her modeling pictures. Rory grabs them.]

LORELAI: Uhh! Hey!

RORY: Christmas Cards.

LORELAI: More like your grandmother every day!

CUT TO LIVING ROOM

[Rory is sitting on the couch reading when she hears a car pull up out front.]

RORY: Mom, my kidnappers are here.

LORELAI: Okay, have fun.

[Rory turns out the living room light, goes into her room and pretends to be sleeping in her bed. A few seconds later, several girls with flashlights walk in.]

FRANCIE: Hit the lights.

IVY: I can't find it.

FRANCIE: Shh.

[lights go on]

ALL: Surprise!

RORY: What's going on?

FRANCIE: Rise and shine.

IVY: You can grab shoes, but no socks.

RORY: Oh wow, this is totally unexpected. I'm completely surprised.

FRANCIE: You looked it.

IVY: Okay, let's move. We've still got a couple more girls to get.

[all the girls but Paris walk out]

PARIS: So, that's how you look when you've just woken up?

RORY: Um, yeah.

PARIS: Nothing in my life is fair.

CUT TO CHILTON

[The Puffs are leading several blindfolded girls, including Rory and Paris, through the halls.]

FRANCIE: Okay, just a little further.

GIRL: [bumps into lockers] Ow!

IVY: Shh!

GIRL: Sorry.

FRANCIE: Okay, that's far enough. Ladies, here on the spot, tonight in this place, where so many others have come before you, we invite you to join us.

IVY: Ladies, remove your blindfolds.

RORY: We're at Chilton.

FRANCIE: Keys please.

RORY: What are we doing at Chilton?

PARIS: Will you please be quiet. We are being puffed.

FRANCIE: What you are about to do and what you are about to say will remain forever between the members of the Puffs and only the members of the Puffs.

[She unlocks the door. Everyone goes inside except for Rory, Paris and another girl.]

RORY: This is the headmaster's office. How did she get the keys? I'm sure he didn't give them to her.

PARIS: Stop it. We are making very important social contacts here.

RORY: Hey, I'm not looking for social contacts. I have friends. I'm fine.

PARIS: Well, how nice it must be to be you. Maybe someday I'll stumble into a Disney movie and suddenly be transported into your body, and after living there awhile, I'll finally realize the beauty of myself. But until that moment, I'm going to go in there and I'm going to become a Puff. Now get out of my way.

CUT TO HEADMASTER'S OFFICE

[The girls stand around his desk as Lem lights a candle.]

FRANCIE: The historical bell of Chilton, 120 years old. Every member of the Puffs has stood here under the cover of night to pledge her lifelong devotion to us. 'I pledge myself to the Puffs, loyal I'll always be, a P to start, 2 F's at the end, and a U sitting in between.'

RORY: Anne Sexton, right?

FRANCIE: Once you've finished your oath, you will ring the bell three times.

IVY: Rory?

RORY: Yeah?

IVY: You first.

[Rory steps up to the desk.]

RORY: Um, I pledge myself to the Puffs□

IVY: You have to hold the candle.

[Rory picks up the candle]

RORY: I pledge myself to the Puffs, loyal I'll always be□

FRANCIE: Sing out Louise.

RORY: A P to start, 2 F's at the end, and a U sitting in between.

[Rory rings the bell twice before the office doors burst open]

HEADMASTER: I wouldn't do that again Miss Gilmore.

CUT TO HEADMASTER'S OFFICE

[All the girls are sitting down in the office as the Headmaster lectures them.]

HEADMASTER: Disappointment, disillusionment, frustration, astonishment. I suppose you could say I am experiencing all of these emotions. Finding some of Chilton's best and brightest acting in such a destructive, immoral and illegal manner will make all of us think long and hard about the manner in which we are educating you girls. But that is all in the future. How do we handle this now? Well, suspension will be considered, detention and extra credit to maintain your current GPA standing will be a given.

RORY: This is unbelievable.

HEADMASTER: What was that, Miss Gilmore?

RORY: Nothing.

HEADMASTER: No, I distinctly heard you mumbling something in a rather disgruntled tone, I'd like to know what it was.

RORY: I said this is unbelievable.

HEADMASTER: And why is this unbelievable Miss Gilmore?

RORY: Because I didn't even want to be here in the first place.

HEADMASTER: Oh, now Miss Gilmore

RORY: Things were going fine, my grades were good, I joined the paper. My routine was down.

HEADMASTER: Your routine was

RORY: And I have friends. I have a steady boyfriend, and my mother and I are freakishly linked, and Lane and I have been best friends since kindergarten. But you don't see that because I don't live in this town, and if you don't see it then it must not be true. And you call me in here to lecture me because I'd rather read at lunch then endlessly discuss the euthanasia of homecoming.

HEADMASTER: You're reading had

RORY: You told me and you told my mother that I needed to socialize, and if I didn't, it would be frowned upon and it would hurt me getting into Harvard.

HEADMASTER: Well, yes, we did say that.

RORY: So, I did it. I sat down at a table, a random table.

FRANCIE: Random?

RORY: And the next thing I know, I'm being pulled out of my bed in the middle of the night and I'm blindfolded and then before I know it, I end up here with the Ya-Ya Sisterhood, reciting poetry and lighting candles, and now I'm gonna be suspended because I was trying to do what you told me? What's fair about that?

SECRETARY: Headmaster Charleston, the parents are starting to arrive.

HEADMASTER: Thank you Mrs. Trager. All right ladies, we'll continue this conversation tomorrow and for many days after that. You may go. Miss Gilmore, I think that maybe you and I should talk some more. [the other girls leave]

RORY: About what?

HEADMASTER: About the fact that though I do feel it is important that students socialize, possibly we may have been a little hasty to judge in your case.

RORY: Really? So does that mean that you might reconsider my suspension?

HEADMASTER: You're an excellent student. You deserve to go to Harvard. I wouldn't want to stand in the way of that. We'll talk tomorrow.

RORY: Thank you.

CUT TO HALLWAY

[Parents are picking up their kids. Lorelai walks down the hallway over to Rory.]

LORELAI: What happened? The reception on the phone sucked, and all I heard was 'Rory' and 'Chilton' and 'get down here.' Who's butt do I have to kick?

RORY: We didn't go to breakfast.

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

RORY: We came here. They broke into the Headmaster's office as the big initiation.

LORELAI: Oh, those stupid girls.

RORY: Mm hmm. Part of the initiation was ringing a bell. So that's what I was doing when security showed up and they called you.

LORELAI: That's what you got busted for, ringing a bell?

RORY: Yeah, mm hmm.

LORELAI: That's it? Bell ringing?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Uh, were you at least smoking a Cuban cigar while you were doing it?

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: No, I mean, bad girl. How many times have I told you not to ring bells?

RORY: Let's go.

LORELAI: They can dent or scratch and they make dogs crazy. Who do you think you are, the hunchback of Notre Dame? Are you French, are you circular, I don't think so.

RORY: I'm walking to the car now.

LORELAI: Wait, hold on. How much trouble are you in? Should I go talk to the Headmaster?

RORY: No, I think it's gonna be okay.

LORELAI: Okay. Aw, was it a big bell at least?

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai walks in and sits at the counter.]

LUKE: Hey, good party yesterday.

LORELAI: Yeah, not bad.

LUKE: Yeah, I like the new look. It was very high-class substitute teacher.

LORELAI: Exactly what I was going for.

LUKE: Coffee?

LORELAI: Oh, to go.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: Hey Luke, uh, I feel a little weird even mentioning this to you.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Yesterday I saw you talking to Ava, you know, she's in my booster club?

LUKE: Yeah, I know who she is.

LORELAI: Oh, good. Well, good. So anyhow, I saw you guys talking alone and it seemed kind of private, and she mentioned earlier that you didn't make her, you know, gag, so I just figured you guys were making some sort of plans to hang out. And see, the thing is, I just think it would be a little weird if you started dating a Chilton mom. Look, I know I have no right to say anything to you, but it's just, um, if you did date her, well, I'm in the Booster Club with her, which means that I'll hear things, and I don't know, it's just, I'd like to keep that Chilton life separate from my Stars Hollow life, so if there's any way that you could not date her, that would be really great.

LUKE: Boy, I tell you, you've got nerve.

LORELAI: Okay. Well, I know this is your private business.

LUKE: It is my private business.

LORELAI: You don't see any validity to my side at all?

LUKE: I am a grown man. You cannot tell me who to date.

LORELAI: I'm not telling you who to date, I'm telling you who not to date.

LUKE: You can't tell me that either.

LORELAI: Look□

LUKE: I will date who I like, and if that screws with your plans, then sorry. And if you don't wanna hear things, then don't listen.

LORELAI: But□

LUKE: If you don't like it, you can just deal with it.

LORELAI: Okay, I'll just deal with it.

LUKE: Good.

LORELAI: I just thought that if something was going to affect our friendship in some way that you might care about that, because if the situation was reversed, then I would care, but hey, that's me, and so□go ahead, date her, marry her, make her Mrs. Backwards Baseball Cap, live happily ever after, see if I care. [starts to leave]

LUKE: And by the way, I wasn't asking her out. I was giving her directions for the quickest way back to Hartford. It was very romantic. I said you take a right at Deerfield, and you catch the I-5 and you take it south. Oh man, hot stuff.

LORELAI: That is so typical of you.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: That is not the quickest way back to Hartford. Everybody knows that you take Maine to Cherry to Lynwood and then grab the I-11. Everybody knows that Luke. Everybody, apparently, but you! [leaves]

CUT TO CHILTON CAFETERIA

[Rory walks in, sits at a table alone, puts on her walkman, and starts reading her book. A girl walks over to her.]

GIRL: Do you mind?

RORY: Oh, no.

GIRL: Thanks.

[The girl sits down with her lunch and starts reading. Rory smiles and continues reading.]

THE END

Powered by phpBB® Forum Software © phpBB Limited

All times are UTC-05:00

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