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06x01 - New and Improved Lorelai Gilmore

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06x01 - New and Improved Lorelai Gilmore

by **bunniefuu**

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Previously on Gilmore Girls. Scenes from the previous season.

(OPEN in Luke's Diner)

LORELAI: Luke, will you marry me?

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Luke will you...

LUKE: Yes!

LORELAI: Well, you don't have to answer so...

LUKE: Yes!

LORELAI: We can take a minute to...

LUKE: No!

(they look at each other happy & surprised)

LORELAI: So..what now?

LUKE: I don't know. This is new for me.

LORELAI: We should do something official.

LUKE: Official..

LORELAI: Yeah! Something to commemorate the moment. I mean we're getting married (Lorelai rises from her chair), Luke. Married..You and me...Luke-table-for-one-Danes and Lorelai-I'm-sorry-can-I-get-an-industrial-forklift-for-my-emotional-baggage-Gilmore are getting (deep breath) married. Uh?

(They look at each other awkwardly. After a beat)

LUKE: (after a beat) We could toast.

LORELAI: Toast! Yes! Toast, good. What do we toast with? (Luke looks around) I mean I know you won't have champagne (Luke goes in the kitchen) but maybe some wine or beer or something?

LUKE: Nothing. I got nothing!

(Lorelai goes behind the counter and starts looking)

LORELAI: No, you must have something.

LUKE: Grapefruit juice or Worcestershire sauce

LORELAI: Neither sounds very festive.

LUKE: We can cut it with some festive ketchup

LORELAI: No, we need something sparkly! (after a beat) Come on (she grabs his arm and starts dragging him to the door)

LUKE: Where are we going?

LORELAI: To Funkytown

LUKE: Hey! Wait! (they stop in front of the door)

LORELAI: What? Did you change your mind? Oh! How did I screw up so fast! Was the Funkytown thing too quippy, cause I thought you liked that about me but...

LUKE: No, the Funkytown thing was fine! I just...Are you sure you wan to celebrate now? I mean a minute ago when you came in here...

LORELAI: I just want to be happy right now. Okay?

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: Good! Come on!

LUKE: where are we going? (they exit the diner)

(CUT outside in front of the gazebo. Taylor is standing in front of the trophy table and Kirk is giving one of the bikers a massage)

KIRK: (to biker) Hey, am I doing this right?

BIKER1: What?

KIRK: Never mind.

TAYLOR: That's great grandpa! Take your time, I have no home life! (Taylor looks at his watch) Six hours I've been standing here waiting for this ridiculous race to end! OK! That's it! Race is OVER! (to woman standing behind the trophy table) Maggie I want you to start breaking all this stuff down. If I don't get these tables back by midnight I pay for another day.

MAGGIE: But we haven't given out the trophies to the winners yet!

TAYLOR: Who cares about giving out the trophies? There's noone here to see the winners get them except the losers, who I'm sure could give a rat's tushy if the winners get a trophy or not.

MAGGIE: OK. So do I put them back in the bubble rap..?

TAYLOR: (takes trophy out of Maggie's hand) Just give it to me! Hey who was first?

BIKER2: (rises hand) Here.

TAYLOR: Congratulations (throws the trophy at him)! Who's second?

BIKER3: (gets up from a bench) Right here.

TAYLOR: (throws the trophy at him also) Here! Third? (throws the trophy to a random biker)

RANDOM BIKER: I wasn't third?

TAYLOR: Rat's toushy, party of one. OK, everybody listen up. I want this square packer up and cleared out in 10 minutes! (looks over at Dosee's Market. Luke & Lorelai are standing in front of the door. Taylor yells at them) Hey we're closed! The market is closed! What is wrong with people tonight?

(In front of the market door)

LUKE: It's closed!

LORELAI: Huh! These small town hours! I hate small town hours! As soon as we get married we have to move.

(Taylor walks up to them)

TAYLOR: Hey you two, what are you doing there?

LORELAI: Taylor, great! We need to get in.

TAYLOR: We open at six tomorrow.

LORELAI: OK, Taylor listen. You're going to be the first one to hear the big news.

TAYLOR: Do I have to hear it now? I have so many things to do...

LORELAI: Luke and I are engaged. (Luke puts his arm over Lorelai's shoulder and starts rubbing her back gently)

TAYLOR: You are?

LORELAI: As of just a few minutes ago.

TAYLOR: Well what do you know! I thought there was a better chance of all four of the Beatles getting back together than you two ever coming down enough to get engaged.

LORELAI: Oh well...Wonder of wonder, Miracle of miracles. Right? (Lorelai starts pointing to the door anxiously)

LUKE: Can you just open this door Taylor?

TAYLOR: What do you need in the store?

LORELAI: We need something to toast this moment with.

TAYLOR: Something alcoholic?

LORELAI: Yes!

(Taylor starts pulling Lorelai aside)

TAYLOR: You know, Lorelai, if you feel you have to be drunk to be with him maybe...

LUKE: (frustrated) Taylor will you just open the door?

TAYLOR: Oh, all right. (Taylor gets his keys out unlocks the door and lets them in)

(CUT in the market)

LORELAI: Where do you keep the champagne?

TAYLOR: (points at an aisle) Over there. Top shelf.

LORELAI: Where? (moves where he's pointed)

TAYLOR: Top shelf, top shelf!

LORELAI: Here?

TAYLOR: Well I'm out of ways of saying top shelf Lorelai.

(they reach the shelf. Lorelai grabs a bottle of champagne)

LORELAI: Taylor, its 5.99!

TAYLOR: It's inexpensive, yes, but you'll still get a buzz!

LORELAI: Luke did you find anything yet?

LUKE: Nothing! No wine, no beer, no cooking sherry! It's like Dylan Thomas just blew through town.

TAYLOR: I'm sorry. These bikers just wiped me out. They may look like health nuts, but they knock it back.

LORELAI: Oh, Taylor, you have to have something!

TAYLOR: Lorelai I'm sorry but...ooooohhh wait a minute! I think I have a case of Zima in the back (goes to the storage room)

LORELAI: (very excited starts jumping up and down) Really? Luke! He's got Zima in the back! He's got Zima in the back! (Luke puts a calming had on her arm)

TAYLOR: Yup! (Taylor comes out from the storage room holding up a case) Babette had me stocking it for a while. I was using it for a step stool, but I'm sure it's OK.

LORELAI: We'll take it!

LUKE: Let's just drive to Woodbridge. They have a liquor barn there.

LORELAI: NO! I don't want to drive to Woodbridge. I want to celebrate now.

LUKE: But men aren't supposed to drink Zima.

LORELAI: Pay the man.

TAYLOR: You can forget the tax. Consider it an engagement present. (Luke drops some cash on the

case of Zima)

LORELAI: Thank you Taylor. (to Luke) Come on, get the Zima! (Lorelai stats to leave, Luke takes the case from Taylor, Taylor takes the cash of the box. They start moving to the door)

(CUT outside)

TAYLOR: Get those cables on the truck. Hustle, people! Hustle!

(Luke and Lorelai keep walking to the gazebo)

LUKE: where are you going?

LORELAI: I know the perfect toasting place.

LUKE: Is it far?

LORELAI: Which one of us is not getting into the romantic spirit?

LUKE: The one with the case full of chick beer under his arm.

(Some bikers are sitting around at the gazebo. Lorelai shoos them away)

LORELAI: Shoo! Shoo! Come on, Shoo!

(they are now standing on the nicely lit gazebo)

LORELAI: Here!

LUKE: Right here?

LORELAI: Right here!

LUKE: Oookay! (he puts the case down, and gets two bottles of Zima out. Hands one to Lorelai)

LORELAI: OK! So, Here's to us.

LUKE: To us!

(they are about to cling their bottles when the lights go out, and the town square is completely dark)

LORELAI: TAYLOR!

TAYLOR: The light guys go on golden time in five minutes!

LUKE: Taylor turn the light back on!

TAYLOR: Well fine! Apparently there's an oil well in the middle of Stars Hollow that no one told me about. Turn them back on Bugsy!

(lights come back on)

LORELAI: OK! I believe we were right about...(they cling their bottles) there. (they drink. Luke puts his hand on Lorelai's waist and starts to pull her in) Really? You're gonna kiss me now? You're so incredibly predictable.

(they kiss as the camera starts to pull back for a greater view of the gazebo)

OPENING CREDITS

(CUT to Luke's apartment, same night. Lorelai & Luke are lying in bed. Lorelai is about ready to fall asleep. Luke is sitting up, looking a bit anxious)

LORELAI: Was this mattress always this comfortable?

LUKE: I think so.

LORELAI: It feels so much more comfortable. We should drink Zima and have sex every single night.

LUKE: OK.

LORELAI: OK. Goodnight.

LUKE: Night. (Luke waits a beat and starts in full rant mode) So I said "What about the kids?", I didn't mean "What about our kids?". I mean yes obviously "What about *OUR* kids?". But I didn't mean we had to have any kids, cause we don't, but we can, I just didn't want you to think that I was laying down some kind of a mandate, I mean kids it's plural so it sounds like a lot, but we can just have one kid, one's fine, or more if you want more, or we don't have to have any kids. We could just get a plant.

LORELAI: (sleepy) What?

LUKE: Nothing.

LORELAI: OK.

LUKE: I bought a house, Twickham House. I bought it for us, I don't have it any more, I could probably get it back, but I just thought you should know that I bought it. For the kids that we don't have to have. It's a big house and we don't have to fill it up with kids, we could get furniture, you know, go shopping for a couch or get some end tables. I hate shopping for furniture. For me kids are easier.

LORELAI: (still sleepy) I love shopping.

LUKE: Go to sleep.

LORELAI: OK.

LUKE: Is this really happening?

LORELAI: Yes it's really happening. (Luke starts to lie down. Lorelai suddenly is awake) You bought a house without telling me?

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: A house? I mean a house is huge!

LUKE: Yeah, I know that's why I told you.

LORELAI: A house full of kids?

LUKE: And a plant! Don't forget the plant.

LORELAI: Please don't do that, OK? I mean any other address or life changing decisions, please include me in.

LUKE: I will! I am! I'm sorry! I won't! I will.

LORELAI: OK.

(they settle back in bed not facing each other)

LUKE: Sorry.

LORELAI: Kids would be good.

(they both smile)

(CUT to Luke's Diner, morning. Luke is serving customers. He's really pleasant)

LUKE: All right. Blueberry pancakes scrambled eggs

CUSTOMER WITH THE PANCAKES: I didn't ask for blueberry.

LUKE: Any oxidants are on the house today. Who wants coffee? Aahh! (Luke approaches a table)
Here you go Trudy (pours her coffee). Hey, top that off for you Mac? HEy what do you say? Cup'o joe Jo?

(Patty & Babette enter the diner)

BABETTE: Where the hell is he?

PATTY: There! He's right there!

BARBETTE: Get over here you!

PATTY: I can't believe it! (both ladies are very excited they hug Luke and he hugs them back)

BABETTE: You finally did it you dumb son of a b*tch! You finally got in there and closed the deal!

PATTY: Took you long enough!

LUKE: All right easy you two (Luke guides them to an empty table and they sit)

PATTY: You know we should be very mad at you.

LUKE: Why?

BABETTE: Because we had to find out from someone else that you and Lorelai are engaged.

PATTY: East Side Tillie (patty does a spitting sound)

BABETTE: She was spreading it around town like she was gonna be a bride's maid or something.

LUKE: Tillie is not going to be a bride's maid.

BABETTE: But it's true. You are engaged, right?

LUKE: Right.

BABETTE: So we want to hear the whole thing!

PATTY: The whole play by play.

BARBETTE: How did't happen?

PATTY: How'd you do it?

LUKE: Do what?

BARBETTE: How'd you propose to Lorelai?

LUKE: Oh...I..well...

BABETTE: Did you get down on one knee?

PATTY: Did you take her somewhere special?

BABETTE: Did you hide the ring in anything?

PATTY: Oh! like a glass of champagne or a canoli.

LUKE: Actually, I'm still working on the ring.

BABETTE: OH! so the proposal was spontaneous, huh?

PATTY: Oh the spontaneous proposals are the best, you know.

BABETTE: Yeah! Morey proposed to me spontaneously. (to Luke) Did I ever tell you the story?

LUKE: Um..No!

BABETTE: It was a brisk fall night, and Morey was on top (Luke reacts), no...wait, I was on top

LUKE: (wierded out) What?

BABETTE: Hold on! Stony Morrison was on top

LUKE: Babette!

BABETTE: We were playing Twister! Did I not mention that?

LUKE: No!

BABETTE: I probably should have

PATTY: Well enough about us, honey. Come on Luke, tell us how'd you do it?

LUKE: Well actually I didn't. Lorelai proposed to me.

BARBETTE & PATTY: (clearly disappointed) Oh...!?

PATTY: You went modern.

BABETTE: Well that's still OK sugar (puts a hand on his arm and starts rubbing it in comforting way). The important thing is you're getting married!

PATTY: (sounding very sorry for him) We're very happy for you Luke.

BABETTE: Yes we are.

PATTY: Yeah!

LUKE: Well thanks (looks a bit uncomfortable), I've got some work to do. I'll talk to you guys later.

(Luke gets up, and Patty & Babette watch him leave)

PATTY: She proposed...

BABETTE: Yeah. Well thank God he's got a good ass.

(CUT to outside, in front of the gazebo. Town Troubadour is singing. Lorelai walk past him and the camera follows her. She Stops and looks towards the TH)

(CUT to in front of the TH. A realtor is putting up an "For Sale" sign)

LORELAI: (to realtor) Hi

REALTOR: Oh! Hello there!

LORELAI: For sale again, huh?

REALTOR: Yes. We had an offer but the buyer backed out. (whispering) Toxic bachelor type. (back to normal volume) But we think it will move fast. It has all the original fixtures, great lighting, a ton of terrific potential.

LORELAI: Yeah it does.

REALTOR: You interested?

LORELAI: Oh..well, maybe.

REALTOR: (gives Lorelai an advertising flier. Lorelai takes it) It would be a great house for kids.

LORELAI: Oh..Please! Not you too.

REALTOR: I'm sorry, What?

(Lorelai's phone rings)

LORELAI: Oh, nothing. Sorry. Thanks!

(the realtor waves pleasantly and Lorelai walks away to answer the phone. She checks her caller ID, picks up the phone and keeps on walking. Scene cuts between Lorelai walking in the street and Richard at the mansion)

LORELAI: Hello.

RICHARD: Lorelai! Wonderful! How lucky that I caught you! Now a few things to go over. As you

know Rory's court appearance is Tuesday at three. I've retained the services of Charlie Davenport as her attorney. Well you remember Charlie, Lorelai. He bought you a doll for your birthday once. Well he's coming over here tomorrow morning to discuss Rory's case. About eight thirty?

LORELAI: (sounding distant and standoffish) Sounds super.

RICHARD: You know Charlie doesn't usually take small cases like this. He's doing the family a great favour.

LORELAI: (same attitude) Charlie sounds like a swell guy.

RICHARD: (starting to get upset) He is a swell guy and a top lawyer. You must remember him?

LORELAI: Sure he bought me a doll for my birthday once.

RICHARD: Well, do you have any questions?

LORELAI: Nope!

RICHARD: I have to say I thought you would have had more interest in this subject than you seem to.

LORELAI: Really? Huh? So is there anything else?

RICHARD: No, there isn't anything else! I just wanted to fill you in! Will we see you tomorrow morning?

LORELAI: For what?

RICHARD: (in the verge of yelling) For the meeting with Charlie Davenport!

LORELAI: (a bit sarcastic) Oh!? No! It sounds like you have everything under control.

RICHARD: (now obviously mad with her) Fine! I'll talk to you later!

LORELAI: Tell Charlie thanks for the doll for me!

(Lorelai hangs up. Richard puts the phone down clearly upset with how the conversation went).

(CUT to pool house. Rory is sleeping. Emily and a maid come in the room)

EMILY: (very brightly) Good morning! You're still sleeping? My goodness, you're young! These are the good days (Emily opens the curtains)! There is plenty of time to sleep when you've gone up a couple of dress sizes. (Rory rubs her eyes) Is it stuffy in here? (Emily opens up more curtains. Rory is about to lay back down but the maid pulls the pillows from under her head) So, let's talk about this room. (Emily picks up some painting samples) Now that you're staying here I thought we could spruce the place up. Individualize it to your taste.

RORY: You don't have to do any...

EMILY: I've been dying to get my hands on this dump for ages. And now I finally have an excuse (pins up a paint sample on a door and looks at it). Huh? Well that's insane (rips the paper off the door and throws it down. To Rory) You want Hosanna to draw you a bath?

RORY: No.

EMILY: Hosanna, draw Rory a bath please. Hosanna has a pot of coffee for you in the other room. Interested?

(Rory nods. They walk to the main room of the pool house. The kitchen counter is filled with breakfast goodies)

RORY: Wow!

EMILY: I brought some fabric samples to flip through.

RORY: The coffee smells amazing!

EMILY: There's cream in the fridge.

RORY: When did you have time to do all this?

EMILY: Oh! It's amazing what you can get done before eight thirty in the morning. Now I've got some things for you. (Emily opens up a small envelope with keys and notes) Key to the pool house, key to the main house, key to the garage (holds up some keys). The security alarm code, the security alarm password, the number of the security company (Emily points the numbers on a small piece of paper). Now the code to the panic room is: 1, 1, 1, 1, 1. Don't write it down. And whatever you do, don't tell the maid. They tell their children and then their children grow up and rob you. Now is this all your things or is there more still at school?

RORY: Uh...No. I have a lot more...at mum's.

EMILY: Oh! Well don't you worry, I'll take care of that. Did you try the danish? I bought it at an organic bakery. (Rory picks at a danish)

RORY: So...How'd it go last night?

EMILY: Hum?

RORY: With mum? Was she mad? I mean of course she was mad. But was it a bad mad?

EMILY: Well you know your mother, Rory. Everything is the end of the world. So dramatic. Ladies and Gentlemen Lorelai Barrymore. But don't you worry. She'll calm down, just give it some time.

RICHARD (through the intercom): Hello? Is anyone there? (Rory looks surprised, Emily looks very happy) Come in please?

RORY: What's that?

EMILY: It's just the intercom. (to Richard through the intercom) Yes Richard we're here and we read you!

RICHARD (through the intercom): Copy that Emily. Is Rory up yet? Charlie Davenport is here for our meeting.

EMILY: Well of course she's up, Richard. Please! Do you think she'd still be asleep at eight thirty in the morning? I have her here looking at fabric samples. We'll be done in a minute and I'll send her right in. (to Rory) We better get you in that bath.

(they start walking back to the bedroom)

RORY: I didn't know there was an intercom.

EMILY: Isn't that wonderful? We're just a push button away. Like Star Trek. (yells at the maid)
Hosanna! We're coming in.

(CUT to Richard's study they are all drinking coffee. Richard & Charlie are telling old stories laughing. Rory looks bored)

RICHARD: I don't think that duck stopped flying until it hit Paraguay

CHARLIE: If then...

RICHARD: And then of course we came home completely empty handed. Nothing but our whistles in our hands.

CHARLIE: You came home empty handed. I came home with the Mittland case.

RICHARD: Yes, that's right! On this trip we met Argus Mittland, CEO of Windermier Technologies. Paid for his 32 million dollar main estate and his wife's new lower half, with the companies pension funds.

CHARLIE: 94 million dollars in accounting fraud.

RICHARD: They had him red-handed. On tape, e-mails. The man was guilty as sin. Where is he now Charlie?

CHARLIE: Los Angeles. He just bought Ellen DeGeneres's house.

RORY: So, you got him off?

RICHARD: And successfully sued for deformation of character. If you knew the number of truly guilty criminals put back on the street by this man here, you'd never believe in the criminal justice system again.

CHARLIE: Now Richard, I just realised we've spent so much time talking about ourselves we haven't discussed Rory's case at all. She must have a million questions. Go on Rory. What would you like to know.

RORY: Well, I guess I would just like to know, what's going to happen?

CHARLIE: (approvingly) Good question. Richard, that is a good question!

RICHARD: She's a Gilmore.

CHARLIE: Well, Rory, the first that's going to happen is, I'm going to have a little face to face with the prosecutor that's handling your case. We'll go over things, I'll take him out for a cup of coffee..

RICHARD: Just don't take him duck hunting!

CHARLIE: (he laughs a bit) And then we will agree on a plea bargain.

RORY: Really? No trial?

CHARLIE: Hell, no! Considering you're first time offender with demonstrably excellent character. Not to mention your family is standing in the community. The most you'll get is a little Community Service, ten hours give or take. Sound good?

RORY: Yeah, sounds very good.

RICHARD: Embezzle a pension fund and you'll really see what he can do.

CHARLIE: Now Richard, I'm afraid I must be going. (they all start to get up)

RICHARD: We appreciate you coming over like this.

CHARLIE: Of course. It's a pleasure meeting you Rory.

RORY: You too.

RICHARD: I'll walk you out Charlie.

CHARLIE: And I'll see you on Tuesday young lady.

RORY: Thank you Mr Davenport. I swear I will never need your help again.

CHARLIE: I'm sure you won't.

(Rory exits)

CHARLIE: Charming girl

RICHARD: She certainly is.(they start walking out of the study)

(CUT to pool house same day. Rory enters it and she looks around surprised. It is now empty, but a few arm chairs with some fabric samples and notes saying "Sit On Me" pinned on them. Rory sits on one of the chairs and looks around)

(CUT to pool house bedroom, night. Rory walks in. We hear a door opening)

PARIS: Rory?

RORY: In here!

(Rory puts on her jacket, Paris walks in)

PARIS: You live here?

RORY: Home, sweet home.

PARIS: Aren't you worried that one night you're gonna sleepwalk right into that pool and drown?

RORY: I am now.

PARIS: Stuff's in here (points at the closet)?

RORY: Go to town.

PARIS: I'm meeting more of Doyle's family tonight. I've been meeting people for months. (she goes through Rory's clothes) He's got like five hundred cousins, and you know what? He's the tallest one in the family.

RORY: Really?

PARIS: Yup. Family get-together is like a Lollipop guilt convention. I have to stop myself from asking how it's going at the chocolate factory.

RORY: Good, good. Get it all out now.

PARIS: (picks out a dress) This isn't half bad.

RORY: There's a belt in there somewhere that matches.

PARIS: So I have a matter to discuss with you. Doyle and I have decided to move in together.

RORY: Hey! Congratulations!

PARIS: Thanks. We found a great duplex right near campus. Lots of room, separate bathrooms and it's a two bedroom. So I was thinking maybe, you'd like to move in with us?

RORY: Very Bob, Carol, Ted and Alice. Minus Bob.

PARIS: Now, it wouldn't be till school started, cause it's rented till then, but I think it could be a perfect situation.

RORY: It's a nice offer Paris, but I can't. I'm not going back to school.

PARIS: You're pregnant.

RORY: NO!

PARIS: Sick? You look pasty.

RORY: I'm not sick.

PARIS: Well I know your National Guard unit didn't get called up, so what's the story.

RORY: I'm just taking some time off.

PARIS: No! You don't take time off.

RORY: Did you find what you need, cause I have to finish getting ready. (Rory leaves, Paris follows her)

(CUT to pool house main room, continuous)

PARIS: What happened? Something must have happened!

RORY: Nothing happened. People take time off. Einstein took a year off.

PARIS: Yeah. After he discovered three laws of physics.

RORY: (pours herself a cup of coffee) I do not have to defend my life to you. I'm a grown up! I'm independent! I'm on my own!

PARIS: You have no furniture.

RORY: Well I'm redecorating. I want to individualize it, to my taste.

PARIS: Oh! I get it. I know what this is all about.

RORY: No you don't!

PARIS: Sure I do.

RORY: Paris just take what you need and go, ok?

(Logan walks in the pool house)

LOGAN: Hey! Sorry I'm late (kisses her cheek)

RORY: It's ok.

LOGAN: Paris.

PARIS: (looks at him in a funny way, and starts to walk out. As she's passing by him) YOU! (exits)

LOGAN: (looks at Paris confused. To Rory) I think vacations are coming at just the right time for her.

RORY: I'm ready. Lets go.

LOGAN: (looking around at the pool house) Did you get robbed? (Rory makes a dismissive gesture and they exit)

(CUT to Luke's diner. Luke is wrestling with the cash register, Joe is sitting on a stool at the counter)

LUKE: Come On!

JOE: You should get a real cash register, Luke.

LUKE: It's called character, Joe. It's items like this that give a place character.

(Kirk comes in the diner with a suitcase in hand)

KIRK: Good evening Luke!

LUKE: Sit down Kirk. I'll be right with ya.

KIRK: I am not interested in food Luke. I'm here on business. I hear you might be in the market for a ring. Or should I be talking to Lorelai?

LUKE: Go away Kirk.

KIRK: Well then it's your lucky day. (Kirk opens up the suitcase) Because I happen to be in posetion of the finest estate ring collection in Connecticut. And since you are a friend, I'm prepared to make you a great deal. Or will Lorelai be the one paying for it?

LUKE: No, she will not be paying for it Kirk.

KIRK: Aaahhh! East Side Tillie called it wrong this time.

LUKE: Look! I'll take care of finding the ring, OK? (Luke approaches Kirk's table)

KIRK: You sure you don't want to take a look before you toss me out?

LUKE: No I don't! (Luke takes a glance at the suitcase filled with rings, and starts staring)

KIRK: Nice, heh?

LUKE: (takes a closer look at the rings) Well...Yeah. They are nice (sits down). Really nice! Wow! Look at this one (picks up a ring). This is perfect! It looks like Lorelai.

KIRK: It sure does.

LUKE: And these are real?

KIRK: Yes they are.

LUKE: I mean real diamonds, not "They exist" real?

KIRK: Diamond and platinum. I have a certificate of authenticity for every one of these babies.

LUKE: Kirk, where did you get all these rings?

KIRK: I befriend really old women.

LUKE: Excuse me?

KIRK: Really old women need companionship, Luke. They are really old. Most people they know are dead. So when someone comes along, and they are not dead and they'll listen to their stories and care about their dosage, they are grateful.

LUKE: Are you serious?

KIRK: Serious as a heart attack. Which is how I got that ring you're holding right now. So what do you think?

LUKE: I think you've got some great choices here.

KIRK: Good. Actually I have a lot of sympathy for what you're going through.

LUKE: What are you talking about, Kirk?

KIRK: Well, Lorelai proposing to you like that. Stealing your thunder. It's gotta be embarrassing and a little upsetting. Now you'll never have that moment. You don't get to be the romantic one, the one to sweep her off her feet. That's gotta hurt.

LUKE: I'm fine Kirk.

KIRK: Well, sure! What else are you going to say? You know I've been getting pretty close to proposing to Lulu myself. And when I heard what happened to you, it really freaked me out. I mean if Lorelai can just spring it on you like that, what's to stop Lulu from springing it on me?

LUKE: Your creepy friendships with really old women might do the trick.

KIRK: Well I've been avoiding her for two days. Hanging up on her really quickly when she calls. She may be mad, but there's no way she's going to rob me of my moment.

LUKE: Well, don't you feel sorry for me, Kirk. I'm going to have my moment.

KIRK: But it's gone.

LUKE: Trust me, I'll have it. Case closed. Now here (hands him the ring he was holding), I'll take this one.

KIRK: Ah! Old widow Mason. Thought she was Frida Chalo toward the end.

(CUT to alley. We see a sign that says "Rich Man's Shoe Bar & Grill". Rory and Logan are walking down the alley towards the bar)

RORY: So drink, dinner, movie? That's really what we're doing tonight?

LOGAN: I don't understand why you just won't believe me? I'm tired. I just want a mellow evening with my girlfriend.

RORY: Last time you were mellow you had a 104 fever. And even then we went bar hopping for an hour before you fainted.

LOGAN: Men do not faint. Men pass out. Drink, dinner, movie. That's it.

RORY: Fine

(Logan kisses her and leads her to the bar door. The door opens and the bar is filled with people dressed like the Daltons when in prison. They start singing "For she's a jolly good felon". Logan conducts them a bit. Gives Rory a hug and a kiss. Rory seems happy with the surprise)

LOGAN: After the party that is

(Juliet puts one of the felon caps on Rory and Finn gives her a hug and a kiss)

(CUT to Lorelai's house, living room, same night. Luke is sitting on an armchair looking bored and flipping through a magazine)

LUKE: (exasperated) How much longer?

LORELAI (OS from upstairs): Oh..Sorry! There is a purse-shoe incident that threatened the entire outcome of the ensemble. It's technical. You wouldn't understand.

LUKE: I don't want to understand. I want to leave. I'm starving.

LORELAI (OS from upstairs): Watch TV.

LUKE: How is that a response to I'm starving?

(someone knocks on the door)

LORELAI (OS from upstairs): Heeey! Why don't you answer the door? That will be fun for ya!

LUKE: I'm not bored because I'm six. I'm bored because you told me to pick you up at seven and it's eight thirty!

(Luke walks to the door and opens it. Paris is there)

PARIS: Who are you?

LUKE: Well, I...

(Paris cuts him off and barges in)

PARIS: I need to talk to Lorelai. Where is she?

LUKE: Well she's...

PARIS: Lorelai? Where are you?

LORELAI (OS from upstairs): Who's that?

PARIS: It's Paris, and I need to talk you right now! (to Luke) Who are you?

LUKE: Well I tried to tell you...

(Lorelai comes down the stairs)

LORELAI: Paris! Hey, what are you doing here?

PARIS: Are you busy? Is this a bad time?

LORELAI: No we're just getting ready to go out. It's fine. Have you met Luke?

PARIS: No.

LUKE: I'm Luke.

PARIS: Paris.

LUKE: Nice to...

(Paris diverts her attention from Luke and turns to Lorelai)

PARIS: Rory's quitting Yale! I just went to see her and she told me she's quitting Yale. Did you know about this?

LORELAI: Yes, I did.

PARIS: It's Logan. That Christopher Atkins wannabe is the reason that she's suddenly Blue Lagoonning it right out of school.

LORELAI: Paris...

PARIS: I don't understand? Why are you letting her do it?

LORELAI: I have no choice.

PARIS: Yes, you do. You can stop her. You can pull some of that Super Mum crap that you always do and get her to change her mind.

LUKE: Yup!

PARIS: Rory can't quit Yale! We have to do something.

LUKE: I agree.

PARIS: I mean we should kidnap her. Drag her back here and tie her up, and not let her loose until she oblistens to reason.

LUKE: Yes!

LORELAI: Luke!

LUKE: Hey, my suggestion first.

PARIS: I need her to be at Yale. (Paris & Lorelai sit on the couch) Rory has been my only real competition since she showed up at Chilton. She's the only one who's ever challenged me. She's my pace car. She's my Bjorn Borg. Without her I'll get lazy. I'll fall apart. I'll have frosted hair and dragon lady nails, I'll achieve nothing. I'll become my mother.

LORELAI: Paris, listen to me. You are a very smart, driven young lady. You can be anything you want. Except a diplomat. You don't need Rory to push you.

PARIS: Rory is my only friend. She stays in the room until I'm completely done saying something. I need that.

LORELAI: Listen. I know I'm not Rory, but if you need to talk to someone you can always call me.

PARIS: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah! I mean I'll give you my cell phone number. It's basically my lifeline. You take it and you use it.

PARIS: I can really call you?

LORELAI: Anytime, anywhere! (writes the number down and give it to Paris)

PARIS: I'm going to hold you to that.

LORELAI: It's not a threat sweetie. It's somebody who makes the offer willingly.

PARIS: OK! Thanks! Sorry to bother you. (walks to the door) Bye Luke. (exits)

LUKE: Nice to...(Paris is already gone)

LORELAI: And that concludes the floorshow portion of the evening. I'll get my purse and we'll go.

(CUT to kitchen. Lorelai walks in Luke follows)

LUKE: So what are you gonna do?

LORELAI: About what?

LUKE: You know about what.

LORELAI: Nothing.

LUKE: Come on!

LORELAI: Come on, let's just go!

LUKE: no, we haven't talked about this.

LORELAI: Because there's nothing to talk about.

LUKE: Yes there is.

LORELAI: Luke, this is Rory's decision, OK. She knew exactly how I felt about the situation and she chose to ignore me, she chose to move in with my parents, she chose not to tell me about it...

LUKE: She's a kid.

LORELAI: She's not a kid. She's twenty. She's going to be twenty-one in October. She's been living on her own for two years now. She's not a kid.

LUKE: OK fine. But she's young.

LORELAI: And young people have to be allowed to make mistakes. I much a bigger mistake than this when I was much younger.

LUKE: Oh, so what!? Just because you made it on your own Rory has to also?

LORELAI: That's not my point.

LUKE: Then what is your point?

LORELAI: My point is, that I wouldn't have listened to anyone in that situation, even if there was someone to listen to. I had to go through that. And Rory has to go through this. Now she's smart and she's strong and hopefully she'll figure it out but I'm not going to force my way in. She wants to be on her own? Fine she's on her own.

LUKE: Really?

LORELAI: Tough love baby.

LUKE: So, that's it?

LORELAI: That's it.

LUKE: And you are OK with this?

LORELAI: I'm totally OK with this. Come on let's go. I thought you were starving.

(they walk towards the door)

LUKE: Did you give Paris your really cell number?

(CUT to the bar. Rory, Logan, Finn, Colin, Rosemary & Juliet are sitting at the bar drinking beer. They're sharing stories. Logan doesn't look very amused)

FINN: My best sloth year I believe was sophomore year. I went to Spain for a week to immerse myself in Cervantes, wound up staying for two months and almost join the French foreign legion.

RORY: But you were in Spain!

FINN: Yes! But Sinatra didn't sing about the Spanish foreign legion.

JULIET: Could you pass me three peanuts (Rory gives her the peanuts)?

COLIN: Two months is nothing!

FINN: OH! So you think you can outdo me?

COLIN: Freshman year, four and a half months cross country road trip. This was pre-navigational systems people.

FINN: Junior year. I dropped my things off at my dorm room, jumped on a plane to Australia and surfed until Christmas.

COLIN: You did not!

FINN: I did!

COLIN: Where was I?

FINN: In class like a good little boy.

ROSEMARY: Amazing! They're actually having a loser off!

COLIN: Oh, look how she mocks! The girls stayed home for a month after she had a tragic haircut.

ROSEMARY: It wasn't a tragic haircut! It was apocalyptic highlights. I looked like a Tim Burton character!

JULIET: Two more peanuts. Little ones.

COLIN: Hey, Logan! Do you remember that time that you left the classroom to make an entrance for that mock debate, and you ended up in Atlantic City?

LOGAN: Vaguely!

FINN: Now this man here, my darling, is long reigning King Of the Sloths!

COLIN: That's right. Noone can waste time like this man here.

RORY: Really?

LOGAN: No! Now who wants to drink?

COLIN: Oh! He's just being modest! Logan has the talent for doing nothing, yet to be matched by man or actual sloth.

JULIET: OK! I feel a lipstick crisis coming on. (Gets off her stool) I'll be right back!

ROSEMARY: I'll go with you.

RORY: (to Logan) King Of the Sloths, huh? I don't know? This year I might give you a run for your money.

COLIN: Oh, really?

RORY: Yes! All kings must be dethroned eventually. And this year that crown will be mine.

COLIN: All hail Rory Gilmore future Queen Of the Sloths!

FINN: All hail! All right, time to make the rounds. See which one of these lovely females is soused

enough to find my arrogance charming.

RORY: Finn. Have you ever thought about just wooing a woman? Flowers, chocolates a little slow jam in the background?

FINN: Slow jams are for the subtle Rory. One too many has a delightful immediacy. You coming Colin?

COLIN: Absolutely!

(the boys leave)

RORY: I wonder how beer tastes with ice cream in it.

LOGAN: I give you one month.

RORY: To do what?

LOGAN: Before you are back in school. One month.

RORY: You are wrong!

LOGAN: Nope!

RORY: (mock disappointment) I cannot believe how little faith you have in me! I mean what kind of match would I be for you, if I just went running right back to a life of respectability, without even attempting to join the French foreign legion.

LOGAN: You love school.

RORY: Not anymore!

LOGAN: NO! You love school! I saw it! That doesn't just go away!

RORY: Well I have reformed! All right? From now on no more scheduling, no more planning I am just going to spend my days making ice cream-beer floats and just taking life as it come. You'll see! New me.

LOGAN: If you say so.

RORY: I do say so!

(she kisses him. Rosemary & Juliet are back)

JULIET: (to Rory) Come on, come on! I love this song!

ROSEMARY: We need to dance the booze off and sober up a little or else one of us (points to her chest) is going home with Finn.

RORY: (to Logan) This is for a good cause.

LOGAN: Take her!

RORY: OK! Save my seat. And order me a scoop of vanilla

(the girls go to the dance floor and start dancing and leave Logan at the bar)

(CUT to Dragonfly Inn, morning. Michel is sitting behind the front desk and looks irate. A biker is flipping through a magazine, leaning on the front desk. He appears to be very sweaty and very cheery)

BIKER: (to Michel) You have a really nice place here. Really! I slept incredible last night. I woke up to birds singing. Seriously! This town is so great. I just had to take one last early morning ride around the town before I checked out. I can't wait to tell people about this place!

MICHEL: Could you move your arm please?

BIKER: Huh?

MICHEL: Your arm. That one.

BIKER: OK!

(the biker removes his arm. Michel gets a spray and a cloth out and starts to clean the desk, in front of the biker. Lorelai approaches)

LORELAI: (to biker) Hi! (starts to drag him away from the desk area by taking his bill out of his hands) So how is your bill looking? Everything OK?

BIKER: Yeah, my bill's fine.

LORELAI: OK, well I'll put this in an envelope for you and I'll be right back. It's been a pleasure having you stay with us. (the biker leans against the wall and Lorelai walks back to Michel) Hand me an envelope and don't do that again.

MICHEL: He's sweating all over the desk.

LORELAI: Plus he's paying a six hundred dollar hotel bill.

MICHEL: I don't care! He smells. They all smell. The whole Inn smells like sweat socks and dampened nylon shorts. It's making me sick. I have to work at that desk. And I have no intention of catching jock itch on my forearm because Mr Breaking Away over there can't shower before he invades my den space.

LORELAI: Michel, just chill out with the spray. OK?

MICHEL: Fine!

LORELAI: Thank you.

MICHEL: By the way your mother called a few minutes ago. She says she wants to pick up the rest of Rory's things and she will be at your house at eleven.

LORELAI: Fine. (the biker is about to sit on the little sofa on the den area. Lorelai stoops him just in time) Hey! Oh! There's your bill there (hands him the envelope)! So everything all set with your bags?

BIKER: Yeah!

LORELAI: Good! Well thank you for staying at the Dragonfly we hope to see you soon and the carts outside to take you to your car.

BIKER: OK, Thanks! (Puts the magazine down at a table in the den area)

LORELAI: Thank you! (the biker leaves. Lorelai looks at the magazine he put down, gets a trash can from near by and throws the magazine in the garbage with her foot). Michel!

MICHEL: I'm all over it! (Michel approaches the wall the biker was leaning on with the spray and the cloth and starts cleaning)

(CUT to Lorelai's house. Emily is walking up the stairs to the door. She knocks. Michel opens the door)

MICHEL: Hello. Won't you come in.

EMILY: (a bit shocked) All right. Thank you. (they walk to the living room) What are you doing here?

MICHEL: I was sent to open the door like a servant. (he sits on the couch and starts reading a magazine)

EMILY: What? Where is Lorelai?

MICHEL: I don't know. She doesn't keep the help informed.

EMILY: She's not here?

MICHEL: Nope. I am here. I am here and not at the Dragonfly Inn, which I theoretically run, when I'm not busy answering doors like Benson.

EMILY: I don't understand. You gave her my message?

MICHEL: I gave her your message and she told me to come over here and let you in. Like I'm a puppy fetching slippers and giving my puff for a liver treat.

EMILY: But...I don't...Did she leave anything for me?

MICHEL: She left me.

EMILY: (confused) But...I just...I can't...Well this is absolutely incredible! Does she think this is a funny thing to do? (starts walking to Rory's room) I drive all the way from Hartford. (CUT to Rory's room. Emily walks in, the place is a mess) She did nothing! Nothing is packed! Nothing is ready to go! (Emily exits the room. CUT back to living room) Where are Rory's good clothes?

MICHEL: I don't know. But I will continue to search for them frantically.

EMILY: Are you just going to sit there?

MICHEL: I was instructed to stay until you leave.

EMILY: Like a need to be watched. Like I'm a meth-head stealing a television set to support my habit. Well this is completely unacceptable. RORY NEEDS SOMETHING TO WEAR TO COURT!

MICHEL: I'm sorry if you're talking to me you have to do it in woofs.

EMILY: You've been working with my daughter way to long.

MICHEL: Dooon't I know it!

(CUT to courtroom. Emily is fussing over Rory's outfit. Richard & Charlie are chatting)

CHARLIE: Well, I have to say this is a charming little courtroom. Reminds me of my early days practising law.

RICHARD: It is quaint. (the men laugh a bit)

EMILY: I hope we picked out the right outfit here. It's coming off a little more Mennonite than I had hoped.

RICHARD: The girl looks fine Emily. Leave her alone.

CHARLIE: (to Rory) Are you nervous.

RORY: NO.

CHARLIE: And you shouldn't be. Everything will be fine. It will be over before you know it.

POLICE OFFICER: Court calls the state versus Lorelai Gilmore.

(Richard & Emily leave and sit at the back Rory and Charlie sit on the defendant's table)

CHARLIE: (to Rory) Who is Lorelai Gilmore?

RORY: I am. That's my real name.

CHARLIE: Good thing I found out about that now. It could have been a little embarrassing latter.

EMILY: (whispering) Rory! Rory! Unbutton the sweater a little.

RICHARD: Emily, stop it.

EMILY: I don't want it to look like she's trying too hard.

JUDGE: I understand that a plea agreement has been reached.

PROSECUTOR: That's correct your honour.

JUDGE: Miss Gilmore please stand. (Rory and Charlie stand up) You understand that you're pleading guilty to criminal mischief in the 3rd degree in violation of section 117A of the penal code? (Rory looks around in the courtroom in search of someone)

CHARLIE: Yes your honour.

JUDGE: You further understand that by so doing you waive your right to a trial via jury of your peers?

RORY: I do.

JUDGE: I see that Community Service is recommended.

PROSECUTOR: Miss Gilmore has no prior record, your honour. No history of getting into trouble.

JUDGE: (with disbelief) Twenty hours of Community Service?

CHARLIE: this was a youthful indiscretion your honour. A one time childish lark. My client is duly remorseful, and I can assure you it will never happen again. (Richard & Charlie looked pleased with

each other)

JUDGE: (to Rory) I see you're a student at Yale.

RORY: Yes your honour.

JUDGE: That's a very nice school. Prestigious.

RORY: Yes your honour.

JUDGE: I understand that the defence is portraying this as a childish lark. A youthful indiscretion. Well I take the law very seriously. And if there is one thing I have very little tolerance for, it's rich, privileged children viewing the world as their private playground. I don't care who you are. I don't care who your family is (Richard & Emily don't look pleased). When you commit a crime Miss Gilmore, there must be consequences. Period. Twenty hours of Community Service won't do it! I'm ordering three hundred hours of Community Service, to be completed in no more than six months (Richard & Emily react), and one year's probation.

RORY: But, I can't do three hundred hours. I have to get a job.

JUDGE: Well add that to your list of things you should have thought about before you decided to joy ride on someone else's boat.

RICHARD: Three hundred hours? This is outrageous. Charlie? (Charlie gestures to Richard to calm down)

JUDGE: Now, assuming this is indeed a one-time occurrence, at the end of five years time Miss Gilmore can petition the court to have this expunged from her record.

EMILY: Record? She's going to have a record? Oh my God!

RICHARD: (stands up and approaches Charlie) You never said anything about a record?

CHARLIE: Richard, please!

RICHARD: Oh, don't Richard please me you two-bit double-talker!

JUDGE: (to Richard) Who are you? Sit down!

RICHARD: I am her grandfather, Richard Gilmore. This is outrageous. (starts pacing in the courtroom)

EMILY: I never should have let her go with the ponytail.

JUDGE: You are going to have to restrain yourself, sir.

RICHARD: I will not restrain myself. I will not stand by, and let this girl walk around with a record for five years.

EMILY: Richard! You're standing on my foot!

RICHARD: (to Charlie) I should have never listened to you. Making deals with a twenty-year-old child in a cheap suit.

PROSECUTOR: Hey!

JUDGE: I'm not duty bound to do so, but I'm happy to give Miss Gilmore the opportunity to withdraw her plea and go to trial. If she does so she'll face additional felony charges. Given the undisputed facts, I'd think very hard about that course of action

RICHARD: Well I think it's something to consider.

RORY: Grandpa, NO! I don't want to go to trial. I'll do the Community Service. Please, just sit down.

EMILY: Richard, sit down.

RORY: I do not want to withdraw my plea your honour.

JUDGE: All right. I will consider this matter settled. Court will recess for twenty minutes. (exits)

POLICE OFFICER: All rise.

CHARLIE: This is not that big a deal. We got a little more Community Service than we wanted.

RICHARD: (approaches Charlie & Rory. To Charlie) You're a lousy duck hunter Charlie. It wasn't the weather and it wasn't the duck call, it was you.

CHARLIE: I was doing you a favour Richard.

RICHARD: Well do me some more favours, Charlie. Let's see if we can get the girl twenty to life at Sing-Sing.

CHARLIE: That is it.

RORY: (drags Richard away) Grandpa.

RICHARD: I'm hiring a lawyer to sue that man.

RORY: Grandpa, did you tell mum about the court date?

RICHARD: Of course I did.

RORY: You did? You told her the time, and where it was and everything?

RICHARD: She knew all about it Rory. She simply showed no interest in the matter. (Rory reacts) Abe Rosenstein!

RORY: Who?

RICHARD: That's who I'm going to get to sue Charlie.

CHARLIE: (picks up his briefcase) Goodbye Emily. Go to hell Richard. (exits)

RICHARD: I'm not through with you yet! (follows Charlie)

EMILY: Richard, you can't k*ll him here! We're in a courthouse! (follows Richard)

(CUT to Lorelai's house, night. Lorelai reaches the door there is note stuck on the door, she tears it and throw the pieces down. She gets in the house and finds another note. She throws that one away without reading it also. She reaches the answering machine, a note is stuck on that too. She throws it down again. Plays her messages and goes to the kitchen)

EMILY (on answering machine): Lorelai it's your mother. I want to thank you for the lovely little surprise you gave me this morning (Lorelai keeps on ripping away notes, without reading them as she moves around the kitchen, and the fridge, without reading them). I can't wait to tell the girls at the club all about it. I mean they're always bragging about their daughters did this, and their daughters did that. Well finally I get to go in there and say "Oh really? Well today my daughter invited me over and then didn't show up. And then she had me watched by a surly, barking Frenchman so that I didn't steal anything".

LORELAI: I didn't invite you over mother!

EMILY (on answering machine): Top that, ladies! This was unforgivable Lorelai. Disgraceful behaviour even by your standards. And since I assume you've torn up all of my notes, I will read them to you. I made copies. (Lorelai enters Rory's room and angrily starts packing her stuff) "Dear Lorelai, I was shocked and saddened by your decision not to be at home when I came by for Rory's things.

(CUT to Richard & Emily's bedroom. It's dark and they are sleeping. The door opens forcefully Lorelai comes in holding a laundry basket and a big duffel bag. They wake up startled)

EMILY: My God!

LORELAI: There that's all of her stuff. (drops the basket) You happy?

(Richard turns on the light. Emily sits up in bed)

EMILY: Lorelai, you scared me half to death.

LORELAI: Yeah, well follow through, has always been my problem. Oh well! (drops the duffel bag) So! We've got clothes, books, stuffed animals. I even checked the laundry to make sure nothing was waiting to be washed. OK? We good?

RICHARD: What do you mean? Barging in here in the middle of the night. Are you crazy?

LORELAI: Mum just seemed extremely concerned, about getting the rest of Rory's things.

EMILY: She needed something to wear to court.

LORELAI: Yeah, so I figured I better bring them right over here. Now I did, so I'm done!

EMILY: Lorelai, stop this! I know you're upset. I know you hate us...

LORELAI: I don't hate you. Why would I hate you?

EMILY: Well...because we...because you thought we...

LORELAI: You were just being you. You couldn't help it.

EMILY: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: The scorpion and the frog. It's an old story. The scorpion says to the frog "Hey frog give a lift to the other side of the pond". Frog says "No way! You'll sting me and I'll die". Scorpion says "Will not! Cause then we'll both drown". Frog says "Cool". So the scorpion gets on the frogs back, and frog makes it to the middle of the pond and the scorpion stings him. As the frog is going down he says "Why would you do that? Now we'll both die". Scorpion says "Sorry. It's just my nature". Frog (points to herself), scorpion (points to her parents).

EMILY: I always thought it was a turtle.

LORELAI: Whatever it was. You guys couldn't help it.

RICHARD: Lorelai, why don't you sit and calm down.

LORELAI: I am calm. I'm fine. You guys must be pretty jazzed though, huh? I mean you finally did it. You finally got a shot at getting the daughter you've always wanted.

RICHARD: I'm too tired to have this conversation.

LORELAI: Rory! Here! Right under your roof. Excellent!

EMILY: You're being ridiculous.

LORELAI: Now you get your do over. A new and improved Lorelai. Congrats. Very well played.

RICHARD: Lorelai, listen to me. I know that you think some sort of con has been perpetrated on you...

LORELAI: Hey, it's only a paper moon dad.

RICHARD: That fact of the matter is, your mother and I were just trying to do the right thing. We're all striving for the same goal. We want Rory happy and healthy. Now she's taken a bit of a stumble. But we can get her back on the right track. All of us. Together. And we're going to need your input and your involvement to achieve that.

LORELAI: My involvement ends here. With the laundry basket.

EMILY: What is that flipper mark supposed to mean.

LORELAI: It's supposed to mean that I'm out. You've won. She's all yours. Of course the laundry basket I'm going to want back. (exits)

(CUT to Luke's diner, same night. Luke & Kirk are in the diner. Kirk is following Luke around. They are heading to the diner door)

KIRK: Please Luke, please! Please, please, please, please, please!

LUKE: Move (Kirk moves away from the door, outside and Luke locks)

KIRK: Luke, I have to have the ring back.

LUKE: I've paid you for the ring. In fact I've overpaid you for the ring. You gave me a certificate of authenticity and a promise that none of the heirs were gonna sue me for possession and then our business was done.

KIRK: Luke, you don't understand. I think that that was the ring that Lulu had her eye on. I totally forgot this until...Where are you going?

LUKE: I'm leaving Kirk! The diner is closed!

KIRK: You can't leave until I get that ring back. If I propose I'm gonna need that ring.

LUKE: You have a suitcase full of rings!

KIRK: But that's the one I sort of remember her liking.

LUKE: Pick another ring.

KIRK: But my backup ring pulled through. Plus now there's talk of her wanting to be buried with it.

LUKE: Goodnight Kirk.

BABETTE: (from across the square) LUUUUUKE! WAIT!

LUKE: Oh boy!

BABETTE: I HAVE TO TALK TO YOU!

LUKE: OK Babette! Slow down I'm not going anywhere.

(Babette is running across town, occasionally holding her breasts)

BABETTE: It's very serious!

LUKE: I'm right here! You just, You can walk Babette. Just walk Babette, please, walk. Slow down, just...(she reaches him)

BABETTE: (out of breath) Geez! Oh my God! I smell toast. I smell toast. And almonds. I smell almond toast.

LUKE: What do you need Babette?

BABETTE: I need confirmation on a rumour. That there is a rumour that there's been a rift between Lorelai and Rory.

KIRK: A rift?

BABETTE: A big rift. Very serious, that's right! Rory ain't home for the summer?

KIRK: Wow!

LUKE: Who told you this?

BABETTE: Well who else? East Side Tillie. That damn woman keeps tromping me. So come on? Is she right? Is it true? (Luke doesn't answer and looks uncomfortable) It is true! Oh my God! Well what happened? And how's Lorelai taking it? She must be a basket case? Is she a basket case?

LUKE: OK! Stop! Look! There's been a little incident, but all going to be fine. Lorelai has it completely under control.

BABETTE: She's OK?

LUKE: Trust me, she's just fine! OK

(Luke pats Babette on the shoulder and walks away. Babette tries to catch her breath. Kirk approaches her)

KIRK: Nice ring. (Babette looks strangely at Kirk and walk away)

(CUT to Lorelai's house, same night. Lorelai walks in the house. Puts down her purse and keys, goes

to the kitchen and gets a bottle of water out of the fridge. She turns the light of in Rory's now empty room and sits at the truck at the foot of the bed. She looks around a bit, and after a while throws the bottle out of frustration. She covers her face with her hands and starts to cry. Front door opens. Lorelai is startled)

LUKE (OS): Full moon! Moment's here! Let's go!

(Lorelai wipes her eyes, gets up tries to put on a happy face and walks out of the room).

END Of Episode 6.01 - New And Improved Lorelai