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01x02 - The Lorelai's First Day at Chilton

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01x02 - The Lorelai's First Day at Chilton

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The Lorelai's First Day at Chilton

Transcribed by Jeannette Haworth

(Lorelai and Rory are sitting on the couch on the porch in front of the house. Lorelai is painting Rory's toenails red. Rory squirts whipped cream into her mouth.)

Lorelai : (sarcastically) That's nice.

Rory : Thank you.

L : Don't move, please.

R : So, Why are you insisting on doing this.

L : Well, because you're going to be starting private school tomorrow.

R : Yes, but I'm going to be wearing shoes. Nobody's going to see my feet.

L : Okay, But everybody knows that private school girls are bad. And bad girls always wear red nail polish.

(There is a lull in the conversation.)

L : Are you nervous?

R : About what?

L : About starting Chilton.

R : Well I wasn't until I heard about all those bad girls.

(They both laugh.)

(Lane Kim, Rory's friend runs up.)

Lane : You guys! XTC. Apple Venus Volume 2.

(Lorelai and Lane run into the house.)

R : But you only finished half my toes!

L : Who cares?! You're going to be wearing shoes anyway!

(Rory rolls her eyes and goes into the house.)

(Opening Sequence Starts.)

(Commercials)

(Shows an opening shot of the house.)

(Lorelai is sleeping. Rory, dressed in her Chilton clothes, opens the door to her mom's bedroom.)

R : Mom!

L : (gasps) What? God! Hi. (in a whiny tone)

R : What are you doing?

L : Having a heart attack.

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

L : What?

R : It's 7:10.

(Rory grabs her pillow.)

L : Stop it! It's a quarter to six. (grabs back pillow)

R : No it's not!

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

(Rory grabs clock and shows her the time.)

L : It's 7:10!

(Lorelai jumps out of bed and stumbles around, disoriented. Rory slams down clock.)

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

(Lorelai is rummaging frantically through her dresser for clothes.)

L : It's shorter?

R : They're labeled 'The late girl'.

L : Ohh! So dramatic. Where's the bathroom?

(Rory takes her by the shoulders and steers her through the door.)

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

(Lorelai runs into the bathroom and shuts the door.)

L : I had this all planned. I was gonna get up early. I was gonna get coffee. I was gonna take a shower. I was gonna pick up my clothes from the dry cleaners.

(Lorelai opens the door.)

L : (sighs) Oh my god. My clothes.

R : What?!

(Lorelai walks down the hall with Rory trailing after her.)

L : I don't have any clean clothes.

R : It's 7:15.

L : All my nice things were dirty.

R : It's 7:16.

(Lorelai look in her closet, then turns away.)

L : I was gonna wear my blue suit with the flippy skirt. I look so great in the flippy skirt.

R : It's 7:17.

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

R : Just hurry!

(Rory goes downstairs, Lorelai rummages through a drawer.)

L : This sucks! This sucks!

R : It's 7:18 (Rory calls from below.)

L : Oh, for the love of god! (sighs) She sits on the bed and puts on socks. This is the last time I ever buy anything just because it's furry. (talking about clock)

(scene changes)

(Lorelai is running down the steps in cowboy boots, really short frayed shorts, and a bright pink tie-dyed tight tee-shirt. She's hurriedly putting her hair into a messy ponytail. Rory is standing at the foot of the stairs and looks up.)

R : It's 7--

L : Don't even think of finishing that sentence. (sighs) What?!

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

L : All right, that's it. (grabs a picture frame) I'm bringing the baby pictures.

(Lorelai runs out the door with Rory in pursuit.)

R : No! I'm sorry! I love the rodeo! The rodeo rules!

(scene changes)

(camera pans through town, finally settling on the jeep, and then the Stars Hollow sign.)

L : I am so done with plans. I am never ever making one again. It never works. I spend the day obsessing over why it didn't work and what I could've done differently.

(scene changes)

(inside jeep, Lorelai is driving, Rory sitting in passenger seat.)

L : I'm analyzing all my shortcomings when all I really need to be doing is vowing to never ever make a plan ever again which I'm doing now. Having, once again, been the innocent victim of my own stupid plans.

(they go past her old school and Rory looks out at all the kids having fun.)

L : God, I need some coffee. (sighs)

(screen shows Jeep driving down several different roads, and then a road sign that says Hartford, 14 miles.)

(screen switches to show different gargoyles, and then the outside of Chilton.)

(Rory and Lorelai sit in Jeep, peering out at Chilton.)

R : I remember it being smaller. (she looks worried)

L : Yeah. And less.. (she looks intimidated)

R : Off with their heads.

L : Ah. (tilts her head, peering up.)

R: (glancing at her mom, does the same.) What are you looking at?

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

R : So, how do I look?

L : (sighs, sits back and beams with motherly pride.) You look great.

R : Really? (skeptical)

L : Really. You are an amazing kid. You have earned this. You just go in there and show them what smart really is. I love you. Call me if you need me. (reaches for gear)

R: (looks worried) You're kidding, right?

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

R : You have to go in with me.

L : Rory, come on. (looks at her clothes meaningfully.)

R : You have to meet the headmaster.

L : Well, look at me! I can't meet anyone who does anything in there. I look like that chick from the

'Dukes of Hazzard'.

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

(Rory and Lorelai get out of the jeep. Two moms walking by stare at Lorelai, who drops her coat. They scurry away.)

L : Good morning!

L : (to Rory) Oh, well, we're gonna be best friends.

(Lorelai puts her coat on as they walk into the Chilton courtyard.)

L : So, where do we go.

R : (looks at paper in her hand) Uh, the Ambroise building.

L : Which is?

R : The big, scary one.

L : Oh great! Thanks for the input.

(man walking by looks over at them, especially with some interest to Lorelai.)

(they look around, slightly bewildered)

Man : lost?

L : Oh, yeah. We're looking for the headmaster's office in the Ambroise building.

Man : Ah, okay. Well, this is it right here. (he points beside them) Down the stairs, make a left and the headmaster's office is at the end of the hall.

L : Great. Thank you.

Man : You're welcome.

(Rory grabs Lorelai's arm to go, but the man extends a hand.)

Man : Uh, I'm Ian Jack. My daughter Julia goes to school here. (they shake hands)

L : Hi! I'm Lorelai Gilmore. This is my daughter, Rory. (Rory looks slightly uncomfortable.)

Ian : Your daughter? Really. (surprised) Wow, that's great. Uh□ I mean, daughters are a great thing.

L : We're big fans. (they're flirting)

Ian : (laughing) Yeah. So, is your husband here? I'd love to meet him.

L : Um, no. I'm not married. I'd love to meet your wife, though.

Ian : I'm divorced.

L : Shame.

R : Excuse me. I really got to..

L : (grabs Rory's arm) Right! We gotta go meet the big guy, and I gotta get back to work.

(they rush off)

Ian : (calls) Where do you work?

L : (rushes back) At an inn. The Independence Inn. I run it.

Ian : Really?

L : In a different outfit, of course.

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

R : Great, thanks.

Ian : See you.

(Lorelai waves a little, smiles, mouths 'bye'.)

L : What a nice, nice man.

R : You're feeling pretty good about yourself right now, aren't you.

L : Yeah (still smiling)

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

L : I'm back. Let's go. (smile is gone, they rush off)

(scene changes)

(Lorelai and Rory are walking down the stairs in Chilton. They look around.)

L : Oh, good. More big stuff. (sarcastically)

R : Turn left.

L : Oh

(Rory and Lorelai walk out of the screen. The camera is on three sour looking girls, staring after them. They roll their eyes, look expressively at one another, and continue on their way.)

(screen changes)

(Lorelai and Rory are walking down a hallway, almost to the headmaster's office. They look at their surroundings with apprehension. They get to the door and stand in front of it, just staring.)

L : You ready?

R : No.

L : You ready?

R : Yes.

(They open the doors, and step into a room that contains a desk with a strict looking woman wearing library glasses sitting at it. They stop in front of her.)

L : (clears throat) Um.. Excuse me. (Secretary looks up suddenly. She jumps back slightly.) Oh! How.. Wow. Hi. I.. I'm Lorelai Gilmore. This is my daughter, Lorelai Gilmore. I named her after me. I was in the hospital all whacked out on Demerol. (glances at Rory, realizes she's rambling.) Never mind. B-B-But we call her 'Rory'. It's short for Lorelai or even 'Hey, you' depending on the.. (Rory nudges her) Is the headmaster here?

Secretary : (gets up, removes her glasses) One moment. (Walks briskly away.)

(The Gilmores watch her until she closes the door.)

L : (whispering) See, that's what happens when you go to bed with your makeup on.

(Rory grins, Lorelai sighs)

(Door opens behind them, Secretary stands there stiffly, as if announcing a guest.)

Secretary : Headmaster Charleston will see you now.

L : (clears throat) Great. Thanks.

(They walk into room, secretary shuts door.)

Headmaster : (extending hand) Ms. Gilmore, I'm headmaster Charleston.

L : Hi. Wow. It's really nice to meet.. (looks around, looks again at corner, sees her mother on couch) Mom. Uh, ex.. What are you doing here?

Grandmother : (sweeps past Lorelai) I came to wish my granddaughter luck on her first day of school. (Lorelai looks exasperated) Rory, you look wonderful in that uniform!

L : You didn't have to come all the way out here, Mom.

Grandmother : This gave me a chance to make sure that Hanlin here takes good care of Rory.

L : (gestures to Headmaster) You're Hanlin.

Headmaster : Hanlin Charleston.

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

L : Wow. That's great.

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

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

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

(Everyone looks a tad oddly around at her remark.)

Headmaster : Would you like to take off your coat and have a seat?

L : (looks frightened) Oh, no. No, I'm fine.

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

L : I like it warm. (nodding her head like an idiot)

Grandmother : Lorelai, take off your coat and sit down. You don't want Hanlin to think you're rude. (commanding tone of voice)

L : (looking extremely uncomfortable and embarrassed, takes off coat. Everyone stares, grandmother rolls her eyes. Exhales loudly.) Laundry day.

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

L : I'm sure he does, Mom.

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

Headmaster : We'll do our best, Emily.

(everyone sits down)

L : Rory's not going to be a problem. She's totally low maintenance. You know, like a Honda. You know, they're just easy, just.. (Rory looks embarrassed) Nice office.

Grandmother : Well, I don't think we should take up anymore of your precious time. It was lovely to see you. Give Bitty our love. (kisses cheeks with headmaster)

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

Grandmother : Have a wonderful day, Rory. I want to hear all about it. Do you need a ride or is your horse parked outside? (to Lorelai) (walks out of room)

L : It's so nice to meet you. (shakes hands with headmaster, kisses Rory's forehead.) Have a great day.

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

L : (turns) Oh no, 'cause that would be embarrassing. (laughs, walks out of office.)

(scene changes)

(Lorelai and Grandmother are walking down the hall.)

Grandmother : How do you leave the house looking like that? What kind of an impression did you think you were gonna make?

L : (sighs) What are you doing here, mother?

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

L : She didn't need a good word.

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

L : I didn't say that.

Grandmother : I'm allowed to pay for it. But I can't actually set foot on the premises. I just want to get the rules straight. How about the street. Can I drive down the street? Maybe I should just avoid the neighborhood altogether. Although my doctor is right down the block. Maybe I can get special permission if I'm bleeding.

L : (looking incredibly annoyed, her patience is wearing thin.) I'm sorry. I was just surprised to see you here.

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

L : A very good thought.

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

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

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

(Lorelai walks away, thrusts out her arms in annoyance.)

(Commercials)

(Shows opening shot of the outside of Chilton.)

(Headmaster and Rory are sitting in his office.)

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

Rory : Thank you.

Headmaster : Good grades. Teachers like you. Not a lot of social activities, though.

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

Headmaster : Nothing in your school appealed to you?

Rory : I work at my mother's inn after school sometimes. And I was in the German Club for a while. But there were only three of us. Then two left after seeing "Schindler's List".

Headmaster : What are your aspirations?

Rory : I want to go to Harvard to study Journalism and Political Science.

Headmaster : On your way to being

Rory : Christiane Amanpour.

Headmaster : Really?

Rory : Yes.

Headmaster : Not Cokie Roberts?

Rory : No.

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

Rory : No.

Headmaster : Why do you wish to be Christiane Amanpour?

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

Headmaster : Which is?

Rory : Travel, see the world up close, report on what's really going on, and to be part of something big.

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

Rory : Being on TV has nothing to do with it. Maybe I'll be a Journalist and write books or articles about what I see. I just want to be sure that I see something. (Headmaster looks at papers.) You'll notice the debating teams also missing from my resume.

Headmaster : (nods and stands up) I've known your Grandparents for quite some time.

Rory : I know.

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

Rory : That's nice.

(Headmaster sits down across from her.)

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

R : (looking more and more unsure of herself.) So, you liked the lobster puffs, huh.

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

(he hands her the folder, she takes it and leaves the room, he puts on his glasses.)

(scene changes)

(Rory walks into the administration office, she goes up to the desk and puts down the folder.)

R : Hi, I'm looking for Miss James?

Miss James : Name?

R : Lorelai Gilmore. But I go by Rory.

Miss James : Fill this out, please.

(Miss James takes the folder and gives Rory a sheet and a pencil. Miss James puts down the folder on a desk to the side. The girl at the desk looks around and stealthily takes the folder and gives it to somebody out the window.)

(scene changes)

(It is in the bushes, outside the window. There are three girls there, the same ones that stared at Rory on the stairs.)

Girl 1 : Well?

Girl 2 : Shut up.

Girl 3 : Hurry. Please. Spiders.

Girl 2 : Lorelai Gilmore.

Girl 1 : Nice stripper name.

Girl 2 : Formerly of Stars Hollow High School.

Girl 1 : Where's that?

Girl 2 : Make a left at the haystacks and follow the cows. Perfect attendance, 4.0 grade point average.

Girl 3 : Bugs, dirt, twigs.

Girl 2 : She's a Journalism major.

Girl 1 : That means she's going out for the school paper.

Girl 2 : Not necessarily. She's got a thousand recommendations in here. Popular with the adults.

Girl 1 : And going out for the school paper.

Girl 2 : You don't know she's going out for the paper. She'll never catch up. She's a month behind.

Girl 1 : You can tutor her. Be like a big sister.

Girl 2 : You're funny.

Girl 3 : Okay, lizard, goodbye.

Girl 2 : Why are they letting all these extra people in? They just take up space and screw up the curve. We don't need any new kids here.

Girl 1 : Too late.

(Girl 2 says psst out the window, someone takes the folder.)

(scene changes)

(back in the office, Miss James is giving stuff to Rory.)

Miss James : Here's your locker number, here's your schedule. Here's the rules of the school and the Chilton code of honor. Here are the words to the school song, which must be recited upon demand. This can happen anytime, anywhere. If you do it in Latin you get extra credit. Do you have any questions?

R : Uh, not at the moment.

Miss James : If you do, you can make an appointment with your guidance counselor, Mr. Winters. He handles everything but Bulimia and pregnancy. For that, you have to go to the nurse, or Coach Rubens. Welcome to Chilton.

(scene changes)

(Lorelai is walking down the road by Luke's diner with her dry cleaning. She goes into the door and passes a man on his way out, smiling at him.)

L : (sighs) I already had the longest day of my life and it's only ten o'clock.

Luke : (fixing what looks like a toaster) There's no coffee.

L : That's not funny.

Luke : I can give you herbal tea.

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

Luke : Every morning for you is a coffee morning.

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

Luke : I can give you tea and a balance bar.

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

Luke : I'm kidding. (goes back and gets the coffee pot.)

L : You're sick.

Luke : Yep.

L : You're a fiend!

Luke : For here or to go.

L : To go please.

Luke : You want to know what this stuff does to your nervous system?

L : Do you have a chart? Because I love charts.

Luke : Maybe next time. What happened this morning that was so awful.

L : Rory started Chilton.

Luke : Really?

L : Yeah. (sees him looking at her strangely) What?

Luke : That's how you dressed to take Rory to Chilton? That's a fancy school.

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

Luke : It didn't purr?

L : It's fuzzy. It purrs. Never mind. I gotta go. I had a plan, damn it.

Luke : Me too. Next time you're getting tea.

(Lorelai st*lks out of the diner. Luke pulls what looks like a chicken bone out of the toaster.)

(scene changes)

(Miss Patty is standing next to the street and lots of little girls in pink outfits are twirling batons.)

Miss Patty : Visualize, Ladies. It's thanksgiving day parade. You're standing on fifth avenue. There's 100 beautiful boys marching in place behind you. And there you are. You are out in front with your fabulous legs and your perfect tush. Your baton is on fire and the crowd goes nuts! Okay, cookie time. (looks around and sees Lorelai walking down the street) Lorelai, hi.

L : Hi, Patty.

Miss Patty : Isn't today Rory's first day at Chilton?

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

Miss Patty : Is that what you wore?

L : Oh, look at the time. See you, Patty.

Miss Patty : Bye.

(Lorelai walks around the jeep and gets in. Miss Patty walks back into the studio.)

Miss Patty : Ladies, what do I see. Naked girls. No, no, keep those leotards on. This is not Brazil.

(scene changes)

(Jeep is pulling up to the Gilmore house. Lorelai gets out of the car somewhat uncoordinated with her coffee and her dry cleaning, dropping clothes everywhere. She staggers up to the house and goes in. The phone is ringing, she struggles to find the cordless. Finally finding it in a heap of junk and falling back down onto the couch.)

L : Hello?

Grandmother : Lorelai?

L : Mom?

Grandmother : I'm going shopping this afternoon and I'd thought I'd pick up a few things for Rory.

L : Like what?

Grandmother : A couple of extra skirts and tops for school.

L : Ok, I already took care of that Mom. I got her two skirts and a bunch of tops.

Grandmother : But there a five days in a school week.

L : Are you sure? My days of the week underwear only go till Thursday. (is struggling to pull cowboy boots off.)

Grandmother : Is that a joke?

L : Two skirts are fine. Don't bother.

Grandmother : What if she gets one dirty?

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

Grandmother : What if she gets them both dirty?

L : We'll use this newfangled thing called a washing machine. The town just chipped in and bought one. My turn's Tuesday.

Grandmother : What about socks? Chilton has these special logo socks. Rory should have them. And what about the school sweater. She might want that. And there's a sweater vest and a bookbag.

L : Are you getting a cut of the merchandise?

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

L : She'll have them.

Grandmother : I'm at least getting her the Chilton coat. Is she a size 6?

L : Mom, please.

Grandmother : This is a simple question, Lorelai.

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

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

L : Ok, well then, a six is great. I gotta go, Mom. Bye.

(scene changes)

(there is a classroom, with a teacher pacing in front lecturing)

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

Girl 2 : (raises her hand briefly) Dickens.

Teacher : Yes, and last week we discovered Dostoevski's main authorial influences.

Girl 2 : (raises her hand again) George Sand and Balzac. (Rory looks at her slightly apprehensively.)

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

Girl 2 : "David Copperfield"

Teacher : Correct. He would turn to "David Copperfield" for inspiration.

(door opens and cute guy walks in)

Teacher : Ah, Mr. Dugray.

Guy : Sir. (hands teacher note)

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

Guy : Much better, sir.

Teacher : Good. Take your seat please.

(guy walks over to his seat, leering openly at Rory, making her uncomfortable)

Teacher : "Great Expectations", "A Tale of Two Cities", "Little Dorrit", all major influences on Leo Tolstoy.

(guy leans forward to talk to his friend in the seat in front of him)

Guy 1 : Who's that?

Guy 2 : New girl.

Teachers : Both of these two literary masters, Tolstoy and Dickens. (bell rings) Class dismissed.

(Girls 1, 2, and 3 are all looking over at Rory's notes and her with disdain, Rory tries to smile at them)

Guy 1 : Looks like we got ourselves a Mary. (looking at Rory)

Teacher : Miss, uh, Gilmore, could you come up here please? (she goes up to him) This is last week's study material. (he hands her a huge binder crammed full of papers) There'll be a test on them tomorrow. But since you're new, you can take a makeup test on Monday. Will that be sufficient time?

R : Monday? Sure, that's fine. (looking overwhelmed)

Teacher : That's just an overview. You'll find it very helpful to you to borrow one of the other student's personal notes. They tend to be more detailed.

R : More detailed than this?

Teacher : It seems daunting right now, I know.

R : No, no. It's okay. I'll be fine. (moves to leave the room)

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

(scene changes)

(Rory is coming out of the room and almost walks into Girl 2)

Girl 2 : I'm Paris.

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

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

R : You can call me Rory.

Paris : Are you going out for the 'Franklin'?

R : The what?

Paris : Nice innocent act. At least I know you're not going out for drama club. The Franklin, the school paper, are you going out for it?

R : I have to find my locker first.

Paris : I'm gonna be editor next year.

R : Well, good for you. (tries to move away, but Paris steps in front of her)

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

R : Okay. I'm going now.

Paris : You'll never catch up. You'll never beat me. This school is my domain and the Franklin is my domain. And don't you ever forget that. (she walks off)

R : (looks after her strangely) I guess you're not going to let me borrow your notes, huh. (continues down hallway)

(Commercials)

(opening scene of the outside of the Independence Inn. Switches to kitchen where Sookie is smelling peaches with Fruit Man looking on)

Sookie : They're smaller than the last batch.

Fruit Man : No, they're not.

Sookie : Smaller means watery. No good peach taste.

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

Sookie : What about the ones on the bottom.

Fruit Man : Oh, great. Be sure to check them all. (sarcastically) That's it. Give every last one of them a nice good squeeze. You wouldn't actually want to leave me one that I could sell to somebody else. Wait a minute, you missed one. I'm not going to tell you which one it is. I'm just going to let your impeccably good radar▯ (she picks up peach) There it is, you got it. (throws up hands)

(Lorelai walks into kitchen)

L : Okay, I look great, right?

Sookie : Yes.

L : This is how I was supposed to look. Good morning Jackson (Fruit Man).

Sookie : This was Rory's first day.

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

Sookie : Nobody cares how you looked.

L : Everybody cared.

Sookie : Who?

L : The other moms, the Headmaster, my mom, Luke, Miss Patty, the new fire chief with the tiny head.

Sookie : (holds out a peach) Taste this.

L : (bites peach) A little watery.

Jackson : Oh! Now, you planned this!

Sookie : Did you say something about your mother?

L : I walked into the headmaster's office, and there she was.

Sookie : Really? Why?

L : Because she knew I'd wake up late and humiliate myself.

Sookie : Wow, she's good.

L : She's the best.

(Sookie takes peach and rolls it along the floor.)

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

Sookie : They're rolling differently, too. Because of the extra water.

Jackson : Makes perfect sense.

Sookie : I would ignore those women, cause the only thing that matters is that Rory got into that great school.

L : She looked so amazing in her uniform. She was so excited. I just admire her so much jumping into a new school. She's my hero.

Sookie : Mine too!

Jackson : Oh, yeah. Sign me up. Sookie, the peaches, please. (exasperated)

(Michel walks in)

Michel : (French accent) Excuse me. There's a phone call for you. If I'm to fetch you like a dog, I'd like a cookie and a raise.

L : Thanks for the peach. (hands the peach to Jackson, Sookie takes the peach, Lorelai walks out)

(scene changes)

(parlor at Inn, old women are looking at book and walking by, Lorelai walks by them with Michel trailing)

Woman 1 : This would be absolutely wonderful. There are supposed to be darling shops all up and down this street. Oh, excuse me sir (to Michel). Can you tell me where we'd find the best antiques?

Michel : At your house, I'd guess. (walks off, women are dismayed)

L : Mom, did I give you this number? Because I don't remember giving you this number. Yeah, well, I must be losing my mind. What can I, uh, sorry Mom, can you hold on one second? Um, Drella, can you take it down just a notch? (Drella is the harp player, and is playing very loud, she ignores Lorelai) Thanks. Okay, I'm back.

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

L : You what?

Grandmother : They are very hard to come by. But I pulled a few strings and it's all hers.

L : Mom, Rory doesn't have a car.

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

(Drella is still playing loudly and Lorelai can't hear)

L : Okay, hold on a second. Um, Drella. Drella! A little softer please.

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

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

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

L : She doesn't need one.

Grandmother : She has to have a way to get around. To get to school.

L : She'll be taking the bus.

Grandmother : I hate that she's taking the bus. Drug dealers take the bus.

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

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

L : Okay. Bye.

(Drella plays much softer now that Lorelai is off the phone.)

(scene changes)

(Rory is walking down a Chilton hallway and Guy 1 comes up behind her.)

Guy 1 : Hey, Mary.

R : Me?

Guy 1 : Yeah, you.

R : My name is Rory.

Guy 1 : I'm Tristin.

R : Hi.

Tristin : So you new?

R : Yeah, first day.

Tristin : Remmy's class is rough.

R : Yeah, it seemed very intense.

Tristin : I could loan you my notes, if that would help.

R : Really? That's be great.

Tristin : Yeah? How great? (he's walking forward, pushing her up against the wall)

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

Tristin : I could even help you study. If you want.

R : Uh, I kind of view studying as a solitary activity. But thanks.

Tristin : Bye Mary. (he walks off)

R : It's Rory.

(scene changes)

(it's the parlor again, with Drella playing harp and people listening to her. Lorelai is talking to a man and a teenage guy)

L : I completely understand.

Man : Oh, do you. Because this is a brand-new car. (the boy tries to say something) He brings the car up and it's scratched!

Boy : I just backed the car up.

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

L : Let's calm down. Sir, why don't I have your car looked at tomorrow. I'm sure we can find a way to resolve this. In the meantime I would love for you to have lunch here, on me. Dessert is a must. Anything with our homemade ice cream is delicious. Life as you know it will never be the same. What do you say?

Man : I think I will. Thank you.

L : Thank you. (man walks off)

Boy : Lorelai, I swear, I didn't scratch his car. If you thought I was unreliable or a bad driver..

L : Derek. It's okay.

Boy : 'Cause I can drive.

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

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

L : Thank you, Derek.

(Derek walks off, Michel walks up)

Michel : Your faithful pooch is here to say "Someone needs to talk with you".

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

Michel : It's possible.

(Lorelai looks around him, standing at the counter is Ian Jack, from Chilton)

L : It's possible?

Michel : There's a resemblance. (walks off)

L : Hi.

Ian : Hi. Is this a bad time?

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

Ian : Well, I had to meet an associate for lunch, and he was coming up from New York so I thought, "Why not meet him in a beautiful inn?"

L : Good. Enjoy your lunch.

Ian : Thanks. I will. I was also wondering if maybe I could take you out to dinner sometime.

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

Ian : It's the company more than the food that interests me.

L : I'm flattered.

Ian : Is that a yes?

L : That's a□ You're a dad.

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

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

Ian : Ooh, that sounds bad.

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

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

L : See? There you go, I can't date anyone not on the P.T.A.

Ian : It's just a casual dinner.

L : Sorry. (she walks around the counter)

Ian : Okay, I'll tell you what. I'm going to China for a week on business. When I get back I'm going to try again

L : China. Wow.

Ian : Impressed?

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

Ian : (laughs, picks up a card from the desk, puts it in his suit) Lorelai Gilmore, General Manager, I'll talk to you soon.

L : Have a safe trip.

Ian : I will. (walks off)

L : (walking him walk off) He does that so well.

Michel : You are making me sick.

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

Michel : Stop it.

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

Michel : Go away. (he walks off, she follows)

L : No. You have to do it with a little more attitude. Make me think you mean it! (she walks off)

(people are listening to Drella play the harp, she suddenly stops)

Drella : That's lunch. (walks off, people look around surprised)

(scene changes)

(Rory is in Chilton, finds her locker, tries to open it, It's stuck, she pulls really hard and it opens, she stumble backward right into Paris who was holding a really big project of a intricate castle and dropped in when she got bumped into. The project broke into a million pieces)

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

Paris : Get away from me! (she st*lks off into a classroom)

(Rory picks up her books and puts them in her locker, and then taps a boy walking by)

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

Boy : It's behind you. (points to the classroom Paris walked into and leaves)

R : Of course it is. (slams locker and walks into classroom)

Paris : (sees Rory) Oh, you've got to be kidding me.

(Rory sits down in a seat, Tristin sits right near her.)

Tristin : Hey, Mary.

Teacher : Ok, We left our projects off on Friday with Mr. Gaynor. So today we will pick up with Miss Geller.

Paris : (stands up) I don't have my project.

Teacher : Miss Geller.. Did you have sufficient time to complete your project?

Paris : Yes

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

Paris : No

Teacher : You will receive an incomplete on the project.

R : (stands up) It's my fault.

Teacher : Who are you?

R : Rory Gilmore. I wrecked her project.

Paris : Shut up.

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

R : That's me.

Teacher : You are Rory and Lorelai Gilmore?

R : Yes. And I wrecked her project. My locked got stuck.

Paris : Just stay out of this.

Teacher : Do you go by Rory or Lorelai.

R : Whatever. It's not her fault.

Teacher : I need you to pick one.

R : One what.

Teacher : One name.

R : Rory.

Teacher : Thank you. Rory, you wrecked Paris' project when?

R : Just before class.

Teacher : Very convenient.

R : No, I did. My locked got stuck□

Paris : Stop it!

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

R : Fine.

Paris : No. I don't want your help!

R : But I don't mind doing it.

Paris : Just stay out of this.

R : I'm trying to help you.

Paris : Well don't!

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

Paris : Yes. (sits down)

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

Class : Hi, Rory.

Tristin : Hello Mary.

(Rory sits down)

(Commercials)

(opening scene is the Welcome to Stars Hollow sign, Population 9,973. Scene shifts to Miss Patty next to the street and the girls in the studio, walking with books on their heads.)

Miss Patty : Walk smooth. That's the new Harry Potter on your heads. If they should drop, Harry will die, and there won't be anymore books. (sees Lorelai walking by) Now that's how you should've dressed this morning, Missy.

(Lorelai ignores her, scene shifts to Lorelai walking into Luke's diner. Luke is walking near the entrance and he has to squeeze by her to get through.)

Luke : What are you doing here?

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

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

L : I have to pick up Rory from school. (Luke pours her coffee without any argument) Thank you.

Luke : You're welcome.

L : No lectures?

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

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

Luke : Yeah?

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

Luke : Really? Are you going? (trying to appear like he doesn't care)

L : No. He's got a kid in school with Rory. The whole thing just seemed a little weird.

Luke : Good.

L : Good?

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

L : Okay.

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

L : Old?

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

L : Well, so do I.

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

L : Old.

Luke : Yeah.

L : Like this guy who asked me out.

Luke : But you're not going.

L : No. No, I'm not going.

(she kind of smiles a bit, thinks he likes her, her cell phone rings, he points to the sign that says no cell phones)

L : Oh, that's me. Hi Babette. What? Okay. No. No, I'll be right there. Thanks. (hangs up) Uh, I have to go. (pulls out wallet)

Luke : Keep it. I gave you decaf.

(she frowns and walks out the door)

(scene changes)

(A man and a woman holding a cat are sitting in their yard. They live right next to the Gilmores. Lorelai's jeep pulls up and she gets out)

L : Hey.

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

L : That's okay, Babette. I appreciate it.

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

L : Let me go talk to them.

(Lorelai pets cat, Man gets up and stands next to Babette)

Man : Tell her about the gnome.

Babette : They kicked a gnome.

L : What?

Babette : Right in the head.

Man : That's just not cool.

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

Babette: He's fine, sugar. But I wouldn't trust these boys. Gnome kicking says a lot about a man's character.

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

(she walks over to her house, men are on the porch, she goes up the steps to talk to them)

L : Hey. Um, what are you doing?

Man 1 : You live here?

L : Yeah.

Man 1 : I'm supposed to install a DSL for a Lorelai Gilmore. Is that you?

L : Yes, but..

Man 1 : I'm Mick.

L : Nice to meet you. Could you get off my porch?

Mick: I was told that you wouldn't be here, but to look for a ceramic frog with a key inside. We can't find the frog.

L : I didn't order a DSL.

Mick : The order was placed by an -- Emily Gilmore (grandmother). We would've been done by now, but the frog search put us way behind.

Man 2 : Hey, Mick, found it.

Mick : You found the frog?

Man 2 : It wasn't a frog, it was a turtle.

Mick : It says here it's a frog.

L : Turtle.

Mick : Really?

L : Trust me. I'm going to have to cancel that DSL order.

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

L : Yeah, I know. We don't need a DSL, so thanks for coming, and you guys can just go.

(the guys leave, Lorelai walks over to the jeep)

Babette : Is there a problem?

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

(Lorelai gets into jeep)

(scene changes)

(camera is on a piece of paper that says "Paris -- I am so sorry. Please let me help you." In Rory's handwriting)

Teacher : The Romanists have, with great adroitness, drawn three walls around themselves, with

which they have hitherto protected themselves so that no one could reform them, whereby Christians has fallen terribly. Who said this?

(Rory gave the note to Paris, who immediately crumpled it up and threw it on the floor)

R : (sees Paris about to give the answer) Martin Luther.

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

R : (again sees Paris lean forward) 1520.

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

(Paris goes up to Rory's desk)

Paris : Stay out of my way. I will make this school a living hell for you. (Rory swallows apprehensively.)

Tristin : See you tomorrow, Mary.

Rory : The name is Rory.

(scene changes)

(camera shows a street corner, then switches to the inside of a salon where Lorelai appears to be searching for somebody.)

Stylist : Can I help you?!

L : (brushes past her) God, I wish. (knocks on her mother's hairdryer)

Grandmother : What on earth..?

L : You're not buying us a DSL.

Grandmother : Lorelai, this is hardly the place.

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

Grandmother : But Rory needs the Internet for her school.

L : We have the Internet.

Grandmother : This is faster.

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

Grandmother : What on earth are you talking about?

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

Grandmother : You're being stubborn, as usual.

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

Grandmother : Florence, I'm dripping.

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

Grandmother : There's a stamp at the desk.

L : Thank you.

(Emily looks embarrassed and dismayed. Lorelai walks out.)

(scene changes)

(It's the outside of Chilton. Lorelai is drinking coffee and waiting for Rory to come out. Rory emerges.)

L : Mm. Hey, you.

R : (drops backpack and hugs Lorelai) So, this whole plaid-skirt thing▯ My idea?

L : My day sucked too.

R : Promise?

L : I swear on my mother's life.

R : Not yet. (doesn't want to stop hugging.)

L : Still hugging, still hugging. (smooch) So, I brought us some coffee.

R : Why, I'm shocked.

L : Triple caps, easy foam. If that doesn't work, we'll stick our fingers in a light socket. (laughs, picks up backpack) Come here. (staggers under weight) What, do they expect you to get smart all in one day?

R : Oh, they expect a lot of things.

L : So tell me.

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

L : Add some hair spray, and you got my day.

R : One of the girls already hates me. The guys are weird.

L : Weirder than other guys?

R : Yeah, they kept calling me Mary.

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

R : Why? What does it mean?

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

R : You're kidding.

L : No.

R : Well what would they have called me if they thought I looked like a sl*t?

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

R : Wow. Biblical insults. This is an advanced school.

(they laugh, Lorelai turns over the engine)

(scene changes)

(it's night, the town is lit up by lights along the streets. Lorelai, Rory, and Lane are all walking with food in hand.)

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

R : Yeah, well add a couple plaid skirts, and you got the Chilton freaks.

Lane : I totally miss you.

R : I miss you.

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

Lane : Really?

L : All except the shaving your heads part.

Lane : Oh, no. What time is it?

R : 6:30

Lane : Oh, no. I'm late for dinner.

L : Again? Lane, your mother is gonna k*ll me if I keep sending you home fat and happy.

Lane : I'm sorry. But she found a web site that sells Tofu in bulk.

L : Oh, you're kidding, right?

Lane : (shakes her head) Yesterday, she went out and bought a bigger fridge. (takes off her pink jacket, handing it to Rory, and shaking out her hair.)

L : Boy, honey, your life is scary.

Lane : Can I have your crust? (to Rory, pizza crust)

R : It's the least I can do.

Lane : Thanks. Bye.

R : Bye.

L : Bye. (watches her leave) A pizza for your thoughts.

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

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

R : Yeah?

L : It was horrible.

R : How'd you get rid of her?

L : I got pregnant and dropped out.

R : What if I just learn to french braid her hair.

L : Even better. Sweetie, you can't let those kids get you down. Do you want me to talk to anybody? A parent, a teacher, a big guy named Moose?

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

L : Okay. (sees Rory laugh) What?

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

L : Good, huh?

R: 14 shades of purple.

L : Cool.

R: Tomorrow I'm sh**ting for 15.

L : (they stop in front of Luke's diner) Hey, what do you think of Luke?

R : What do you mean?

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

R: Oh, no. No way. You cannot date Luke.

L : I said nothing about dating Luke.

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

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

R : Date Al from Pancake World, his food stinks.

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

(Luke comes out of the diner and stares after the Gilmores. Then he closes his restaurant and goes back inside.)

The End

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