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01x04 - The Deer Hunters

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01x04 - The Deer Hunters

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

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The Deer-Hunters

CUT TO RORY AND LORELAI WALKING ACROSS THE STREET.

LORELAI: Shopping for school supplies - party.

RORY: Nobody demanded that you come.

LORELAI: Are you kidding? How of ten do you get to do things like this? I was thinking, while we're going crazy, we should get some toilet paper and a plunger next.

RORY: I'll just do this later.

LORELAI: No, I'm teasing. Come on, get that list of your.

RORY: Ok [puts out a list] I need legal pads,

LORELAI: Got it.

RORY: Tons of pens,

LORELAI: Right.

RORY: Some number 2 pencils, three highlighters, an eraser a staple remover and a folder.

LORELAI: You need 3 highlighters?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Three?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: That's a very random number.

RORY: Three is not a random number.

LORELAI: No but I mean how did you get to the number 3?

RORY: One dries up, one gets lost, I have one left.

LORELAI: You have really thought this out.

RORY: Yes, I have.

LORELAI: What came first - the chicken or the egg.

RORY: Can we get back to this list please.

LORELAI: Alright. Ooh, hey, legal pads.

RORY: No. Those are purple.

LORELAI: Yes, purple is festive.

RORY: I can't have purple

LORELAI: Yes you can, they're on sale.

RORY: I'm going to a serious school now, I need serious paper.

LORELAI: Paper's paper.

RORY: Not at Chilton.

LORELAI: Alright, fine. Here is your serious paper.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: Ooh and here are you somber highlighters, your maudlin pencils, your manic-depressive pens.

RORY: Mom

LORELAI: Now these erasers are on lithium so they may seem cheerful but we actually caught them trying to shove themselves in the pencil sharpener earlier.

RORY: I'm going home now.

LORELAI: No wait! We're going to stage an intervention with the neon post-its and make them give up their wacky crazy ways.

RORY: You're never coming shopping with me again.

LORELAI: Ooh here's a card tray - [fades into intro]

CUT TO BUS OUTSIDE CHILTON

[Rory gets off the bus with bags, runs back into the bus for two more bags, then runs back into the bus a third time for another two.

CUT TO MR. MEDINA'S CLASSROOM

MAX: Decent effort by most [handing back tests] Good effort by some, exceptional effort by two. Miss Geller, Miss Grant. Ms. Graham. Miss Gilmore [hands Rory her paper with a "D"] Take these home, learn from your mistakes. Look at the large red circles around various parts of your paper as friendly reminders that to err is human. And that here at Chilton we try to beat that humanity right outta ya! Ok, next up. The test - the dreaded test. Shakespeare! The man we've been droning on about for the last three weeks, finally comes back to haunt us on Friday. This is a big one my friends - multiple choice with an essay section that will count for 20% of your grade for this semester. And don't be fooled by my kind face and charming personality. This test will be hard, and there will be no makeups. [bell rings] Refer to the study materials that I gave you at the beginning

of the month and those extensive notes I know you've been taking.

PARIS: Hard paper.

LOUISE: k*ller.

PARIS: How'd you do?

LOUISE: □A'

PARIS: Me too.

LOUISE: Oh small world.

PARIS: Isn't it? Madeline what'd you get?

MADELINE: You know I got a □B'

PARIS: A □B's not bad.

LOUISE: Oh not at all.

PARIS: Respectable even

LOUISE: I'd be proud.

PARIS: A □D' however, that would be cause for concern.

LOUISE: A cry for help.

PARIS: A job application at McDonald's.

LOUISE: Would you like fries with that?

PARIS: Hey, you know, not everybody can be smart. As my mother always says, somebody has to answer the phones.

MADELINE: Ok, I have no idea what you two are talking about.

PARIS: No, but Rory does. [as the three go in another direction]

TRISTAN: Hey Mary.

RORY: And it just keeps getting better.

TRISTAN: Oh you look sad.

RORY: I'm fine.

TRISTAN: Bad grade?

RORY: I have to go.

TRISTAN: You know what Mary, [stopping her] see I can't figure out why we're not friends. I think it's because I make you nervous.

RORY: I think it's because you can't learn my name.

TRISTAN: Do you have a boyfriend?

RORY: None of your business.

TRISTAN: Is that a "no"?

RORY: Is there no one else at this school you can bother?

TRISTAN: See, I think you like me, you just don't know how to say it.

RORY: Oh boy.

TRISTAN: What are you doing Friday night?

RORY: I'm busy.

TRISTAN: What, you gotta be back at the convent by 5.

RORY: Please leave me alone.

TRISTAN: Well...since you said please [steps aside] Later...Mary.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Drella runs her harp into Michel.]

MICHEL: Aah! You imbecil!

DRELLA: Back off chevalier.

MICHEL: You're stupid, blind and clumsy.

DRELLA: Well at least I'm not French.

LORELAI: Hey, what's going on?

MICHEL: She ran over my shoe.

DRELLA: He got in the way.

MICHEL: You aimed for me.

DRELLA: Yeah well.

LORELAI: Ok, hold on.

MICHEL: She scratched my shoes.

DRELLA: What a baby.

MICHEL: These are \$300 Italian loafers.

DRELLA: Wonder if Versace makes a pacifier.

MICHEL: You're fired.

LORELAI: Excuse me?

DRELLA: You can't fire me.

MICHEL: Then I dock your pay.

LORELAI: Alright.

MICHEL: Can I k*ll her.

LORELAI: Not before high tea.

MICHEL: Fine, then I will curse you constantly and in several languages.

DRELLA: Going for the other foot.

LORELAI: Oh no! Drella, to your corner now [Drella leaves]

MICHEL: I win.

LORELAI: Michel you're a grown man, now go to your desk and act like one.

[Lorelai r*fles through mail]

LORELAI: Oh my God! [goes to kitchen]

LORELAI: Sookie, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Ok, ok, just a minute.

LORELAI: I've got it.

SOOKIE: The review?

LORELAI: It's here.

SOOKIE: Ooh, where it is?

LORELAI: I'm looking.

[Rory enters with tons of bags]

LORELAI: Oh, behold in theaters now, the thing that reads a lot

[Rory drops all the bags at once]

RORY: Chocolate?

SOOKIE: Glass measuring cup. Lorelai look, look.

LORELAI: I'm sorry.

RORY: Jeez, who's naked?

LORELAI: Uh, Lucent Mills - food critic.

RORY: Yeah? How's his butt?

LORELAI: Oh, no. He's supposed to do a review of the restaurant - oh, here it is.

SOOKIE: Is it - its it good? Is he mean, should I cry?

LORELAI: Here we go. 'The words divine, delectable and delirious don't begin to describe the delicious experience of dining at the Independence Inn.' Oh I'm smelling rave!

SOOKIE: Really?

LORELAI: 'Only chef Sookie St. James can make a simple salad of hot house tomatoes and assorted fresh herbs seem like a religious experience. Her lobster bisque is worth every sinful cream filled rich sip'

SOOKIE: See I don't use that much cream. I just use a very concentrated lobster stock and it really makes it -

LORELAI: Sookie, he's not here.

SOOKIE: Ok, go on.

LORELAI: 'The entrees are as heavenly as the starters. Though the much lauded risotto was perfectly fine, it was the simple handkerchief pasta with brown sage in a butter sauce that sent me through the roof' Sookie this is unbelievable! I'm going to have this framed for the dining room!

SOOKIE: Oh, yeah. That'd be swell. Can I see that again?

LORELAI: Yeah. So we should celebrate huh? [doing a little twisty dance step towards Rory] Girls on the town?

RORY: I can't. I have to study.

SOOKIE: You know I should really get started on this shopping list.

LORELAI: What is going on here? We are young and fiery women. Studying? Shopping lists? Where's 'to hell with it all'? Where's 'Throwing caution to the wind'? Where's - oh sh**t - the linen delivery [leaves]

RORY: You go girl.

CUT TO GILMORE HOUSE

LORELAI: News is on.

RORY: One sec.

LORELAI: [to herself] For our top story tonight, a grisly horrible thing that happened in a small town where not grisly horrible things ever happen. Everyone's shocked. House slides down hill. Liposuction kills, stay fat. [turns off tv] Hey let's get ice cream. I'm bored. [goes into kitchen where Rory is studying] Hello?

RORY: Mom, I'm studying.

LORELAI: Yeah, but I'm talking ice cream. Can't you take a break?

RORY: I can't take a break right now.

LORELAI: Ok, when?

RORY: Are you four?

LORELAI: No, I'm hungry!

RORY: Have some more pizza.

LORELAI: It's cold.

RORY: Heat it up.

LORELAI: It's not the same.

RORY: Lorelai go to your room!

LORELAI: Wow, smart girls are mean.

RORY: If you let me study now, I'll play with you this weekend.

LORELAI: Promise.

RORY: Yes, we can do anything you want.

LORELAI: Will you go to the shoe sale with me.

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Will you let me try on anything I want.

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Will you help me push other people out of the way if they're going for my size?

RORY: I'll even run interference for you.

LORELAI: Alright, you've got a deal. [leaves kitchen]

RORY: Good.

LORELAI: [comes back in] So - I'm sorry - where did we land on the whole ice cream issue?

[Rory gets up and goes to her room]

LORELAI: What?

CUT TO RORY ON HER WAY TO LANE'S

[enters house]

RORY: Lane?!

LANE: Rory?!

RORY: Right or left?!

LANE: Left!

[Rory goes left]

RORY: I thought you said left!

LANE: Sorry - my left, your right!

RORY: Ok. Marco...

LANE: Polo!

RORY: Marco□

LANE: Polo!

RORY: Hey Marco.

LANE: Hey Polo, you're late.

RORY: Sorry. What is that?

LANE: 12 calories.

RORY: Here [gives her a snickers]

LANE: Oh my God bless you!

[Rory pulls out a big binder]

LANE: Man, what's that?

RORY: My notes.

LANE: Really?

RORY: I don't think Shakespeare knew himself this well

WOMAN: Ooh, I like, how much?

MRS. KIM: \$500

WOMAN: Is that the best you can do?

MRS. KIM: \$450

WOMAN: I'm not so sure [turns to leave]

MRS. KIM: \$375 and you take it right now.

WOMAN: Sold

MRS. KIM: We appreciate your business. [to girls] Move.

RORY: [as they pack up their books] I really miss Stars Hollow High.

LANE: You're kidding right?

RORY: No. Chilton's just - I don't know, hard.

LANE: What do you care? You were always miss everything-so-easy-at-school. This should be a snap for you.

[They start to put their books down on a table]

MRS. KIM: No, this is sold. Move. What's that? [at snickers]

RORY: Oh, that's mine.

MRS. KIM: That is chocolate covered death.

RORY: With a creamy caramel surprise.

[they move again]

LANE: Um, so this guy asked about you today.

RORY: What guy?

LANE: The new kid - tall, perfect.

RORY: What'd he want to know?

LANE: Where you were.

RORY: Well what'd you say?

LANE: Oh I told him you were just too smart for us and that you had to go to the genius school.

RORY: Oh.

LANE: He really like that. I guess he must be into brainy chicks.

RORY: Well I'll keep my eyes open for one for him. [putting stuff down on another table]

MRS. KIM: No - sold.

LANE: Mom.

MRS. KIM: Move.

LANE: Well where do you want us to go?

MRS. KIM: Library.

LANE: I hate sales!

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Drella is playing the harp]

LORELAI: No Black Sabbath.

DRELLA: No one is listening.

LORELAI: No Black Sabbath, no Steely Dan, no Boston and no Queen.

DRELLA: What happened to make you so cold?

LORELAI: We like that Mozart [heads towards the kitchen.]

DRELLA: I am the Artie Shaw of harpists.

[Lorelai enters kitchen]

LORELAI: Sookie, I need coffee to go.

SOOKIE: [holding her head in her hands] There's fresh over there.

LORELAI: Ooh, good. [picks up an empty pot] Fresh in my first lifetime as Joan of Arc.

SOOKIE: Oh sorry. I thought I made fresh. Here. [pours water]

LORELAI: Bless you. I'm so exhausted and I have to drive into Hartford tonight to go to a parent/teacher meeting.

SOOKIE: [sadly] Sounds great.

LORELAI: Yeah. This school is so different from Stars Hollow you know. They send home like a thousand pages of updates every week. It's a very intense place.

SOOKIE: Uh - huh.

LORELAI: Last week there was a huge debate over whether plaid scrunchies were acceptable head wear. People took sides, things got ugly, the scrunchie motion finally passed and I'd like to think I was the tie breaker.

SOOKIE: That's nice.

LORELAI: Hey, what's the matter sweetie?

SOOKIE: He said it was fine.

LORELAI: Who said it was fine.

SOOKIE: Lucent Mills.

LORELAI: The restaurant critic.

SOOKIE: He said my risotto was fine.

LORELAI: Well isn't it?

SOOKIE: No it's not fine. Fine is a word you use when someone stops you on the street that you sort

of know but you don't wanna talk to, so they ask you how you are and you say fine and that's just enough so they don't have to keep talking because they don't want to. And then they can feel good about themselves because they've been considerate enough to ask and then if God forbid something actually is wrong they'll actually sit down and take the time to listen, even though they don't want to.

LORELAI: Sweetie, I don't think he meant 'fine' as a slam or as a monologue.

SOOKIE: He couldn't have meant it any other way.

LORELAI: Sookie, I hate to see you get so upset over one little review.

SOOKIE: This is pride Lorelai. I mean you know about this risotto. I mean on my mother's deathbed -

LORELAI: You made the risotto and she lived three more years.

SOOKIE: She was supposed to be dead. The doctor said she wouldn't make it through the night.

LORELAI: And she lived because of the risotto - the magic risotto.

SOOKIE: And this guy had the nerve to say it was 'fine'

LORELAI: I don't think he knew the story.

SOOKIE: Urgh! [Jackson comes in]

JACKSON: Ok, now before you get all goofy on me, I don't have your procini's. I forgot them. I don't have any other excuse other than plain old stupid human error. And I have the morels, which I know you don't want. So come on - let me have it.

SOOKIE: Morels are fine.

JACKSON: [putting box down] Did anyone else feel the shift in the space-time continuum?

LORELAI: A reviewer didn't like the risotto.

JACKSON: The magic risotto? You're kidding.

LORELAI: Well, I gotta go, so try and cheer her up would you?

JACKSON: Uh sure.

LORELAI: [to Sookie] Sweetie please don't worry about it. Everyone knows you're the best.

JACKSON: So, I hear the huckleberry crops are gonna totally suck this year!

[Sookie just looks at him.]

CUT TO CHILTON

MAX: We are gonna be focusing on Elizabethan literature. Shakespeare, Marlowe, Bacon, Ben Jonson, John Webster -

DAD #1: Yeah, is Marlowe really that significant?

MAX: Well we wanna give as complete an overview as possible.

MOM #1: Yes but will he be included on the Advance Placement test?

MAX: Well we can't know exactly what will be on the AP test, but it will definitely be important for future studies when your kids hit their universities.

DAD #1: But to get there, they need to pass the AP test.

MAX: Right, well it's all important and it could all be on the test.

MOM #2: How do we find out?

MAX: Well you can bribe somebody on the AP committee [parents start to discuss amongst themselves]

MAX: I was just kidding. I'm just kidding.

[Lorelai enters]

LORELAI: I'm so sorry. I had this terrible pot hole incident. And - you don't care. Please go on.
[walks into globe]

MAX: Whoa, whoa.

LORELAI: What in the world? [attempt at a joke that no one laughs at]

MAX: You ok?

LORELAI: Uh huh. I'll just sit now.

MAX: I don't think we've met.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm Lorelai Gilmore - Rory's mom.

MAX: Glad you could join us. [to parents] Rory is one of our new students.

MOM #1: How nice. Now the AP test -

MAX: Right well, we are preparing them as best we can [Lorelai serving herself some coffee]

MOM: I've hired a tutor for Bethany.

MAX: Always a valid option.

LORELAI: Mmm. Jesus, Mary, Joseph and a camel [whispers] This is really bad coffee. [louder] So this AP test, what are we going to do about it huh?

MAX: Well the next test is scheduled for next month, um, the 25th, Saturday at 7:00 am. [Lorelai raises her hand] Ms. Gilmore?

LORELAI: Uh, where is the test?

MAX: It will be given here.

LORELAI: Here.

MAX: Right.

LORELAI: Great.

MAX: Great, any other questions?

LORELAI: Yeah, um, can parents come?

MOM #1: What?!

LORELAI: Yeah, it's a big exciting test. I just thought - I'm sorry is that stupid?

MAX: No it's not stupid.

LORELAI: I just thought I'd like to see the excitement.

DAD #2: It's a test.

LORELAI: Yeah I know.

DAD #2: What's exciting about a test?

LORELAI: Do you play golf?

DAD #2: Yes I do.

LORELAI: You explain yours, I'll explain mine.

MAX: Ok, why don't we get back to the meeting.

MOM #1 [to Mom #2] That's the one who voted for the scrunchies.

MOM #2: Must be a scholarship student.

LORELAI: Um excuse me -

MAX: You know, I think this would be a good time for a break. There's coffee in the back.

[Lorelai stand up by the black board]

MAX: What were you gonna do - hit her?

LORELAI: No, I just - I had some good verbal comebacks ready.

[sips coffee]

LORELAI: It - it just keeps getting worse.

MAX: Well you know not drinking it is always an option.

LORELAI: Not in my world.

MAX: I'm Max Medina.

LORELAI: Nice to meet you.

MAX: I apologize for the behaviors of some of our guests tonight. It's a tense time for some people.

LORELAI: The SAT season?

MAX: The waking hours. [Lorelai giggles]

LORELAI: Hey, are you this nice to my kid?

MAX: Yeah, it's easy. Rory's a sweet girl.

LORELAI: Yeah she is, she is.

MAX: [pulling her aside] How is she liking Chilton?

LORELAI: Oh, she loves it.

MAX: Really?

LORELAI: Oh yeah. I mean it's an adjustment of course, but she's always wanted to go to Harvard and this is how she'll get there.

MAX: Harvard?

LORELAI: Yeah. Ever since she could crawl, I've really wanted her to go there.

MAX: It's a great school.

LORELAI: I actually bought her a Harvard sweatshirt when she was 4, which of course was way too big for her, so she used it as a blanket for a while and then as a make shift diaper on this really ill-fated shopping trip and now I've told you a story that would so mortify her, she'll k*ll me when she finds out you know.

MAX: Don't tell her then. It'll be our secret.

LORELAI: Well I appreciate that.

MAX: So are you a B-52's girl?

LORELAI: What? [looks at her shirt and giggles] No, I'm a klutz girl who should not drive with a coffee in her hand. I, uh, had it in the car.

MAX: You know I hope Rory adjust to this place. We need her here.

LORELAI: Thank you. That's so nice.

MAX: And I hope she's not too disappointed about her paper. Because it's very hard to catch up on all that reading material. I know a 'D' seems pretty dismal -

LORELAI: Rory got a 'D'?

MAX: Yeah, but -

LORELAI: She's never gotten a 'D'.

MAX: It's the first paper she's had to turn in, she's bound to falter a little.

LORELAI: Oh man, this totally explains the 'no ice cream' thing. God I'm such an idiot!

MAX: The ice cream thing?

LORELAI: Look, I-I've gotta go.

MAX: Well I'm sorry if I've said something to offend you.

LORELAI: Oh no-no-no-no. It's just that if Rory got a 'D', she's not feeling too good right now and I'd really like to be there.

MAX: I understand.

LORELAI: So, it was nice meeting you.

MAX: You too.

LORELAI: Um, keep up the good work.

MAX: I will.

LORELAI: Don't ever make coffee ever again.

MAX: I won't I promise. Oh - [Lorelai almost walks into globe again.]

LORELAI: Oh, ha ha ha. Thanks. [grabs purse] Bye.

MAX: Bye.

CUT TO LUKE'S

[Rory's sitting at a table, tries to write but the tip of her pencil breaks. She throws it in frustration.]

LUKE: Here.

RORY: What's that?

LUKE: You look like you need pie.

RORY: I do?

LUKE: Violent pencil tossing usually signals the need for pie.

RORY: What if I'd thrown a pen?

LUKE: I would've brought you a trout.

RORY: What?

LUKE: I don't make the rules, I just carry them out.

[Lorelai comes in]

LORELAI: Hey, Backwards baseball hat - new look for you. [looks at Rory] She's eating pie? Did she even have dinner?

LUKE: You raised her, I just serve.

[Lorelai goes and sits with Rory]

LORELAI: Oh hello, bookworm.

RORY: Finally, where were you?

LORELAI: Well, um, actually I was in Hartford.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: I was there for the... [signals Rory to finish the sentence]

RORY: Parent/teacher meeting. Oh, my God. I forgot.

LORELAI: It went very well. I was extremely charming. I won the whole crowd over. They made me queen.

RORY: So I guess you talked to Mr. Medina.

LORELAI: Mm-hm. Why did you let me whine about ice cream and shoe sales when you had something major going on?

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: I hate when I'm an idiot and I don't even know it. I like to be aware of my idiocy - to really revel in it, take pictures. I feel we missed a prime Christmas card opportunity.

RORY: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: You should've told me.

RORY: I couldn't.

LORELAI: You couldn't tell me? You tell me everything.

RORY: It was too humiliating.

LORELAI: Oh, honey, you once told me that you loved 'Saved by the Bell'. What could be more humiliating than that.?

RORY: I couldn't form the words. I couldn't even say it. I couldn't even comprehend it. It was a 'D'. I got a 'D', I've never gotten a 'D' - ever.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: Even when I broke my arm and couldn't write for a month, I still got an 'A'.

LORELAI: That was a different school.

RORY: I know. It was Stars Hollow High. A 'D' at Stars Hollow is like an 'F' at Chilton. It's worse, it's like a 'G' or a 'W'.

LORELAI: So I'm guessing the spelling test didn't go well either?

RORY: A 'D'. I suck.

LORELAI: You don't suck.

RORY: I can't do this.

LORELAI: Listen, a 'D' is bad, ok. But all this talk about 'I suck' and 'I can't do this' and self pity - that's worse. That's not you. You didn't feel sorry for yourself when it took you three months to learn how to ride a bike, and you won't now.

RORY: Four months.

LORELAI: Huh?

RORY: It took me four months

LORELAI: Really? Four months?

RORY: Yeah, you wanna belabor the conversation?

LORELAI: Alright, forget about the bike. Listen, a 'D' is one grade. It's not the end of the world. You'll catch up, you'll do better. You are of hardy stubborn stock, my dear. If there's one thing I gave you, it's my stubbornness.

RORY: I'm not stubborn.

LORELAI: Yes you are.

RORY: No I'm not.

LORELAI: Fine you're not.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: You're welcome. You can do this Rory and I will help you. I will get you through this, now put that 'D' behind you. Now what's next?

RORY: I have a test on Friday.

LORELAI: Ooh a test! Great!

RORY: It's on Shakespeare.

LORELAI: Bard with a beard - love it!

RORY: It's worth 20% of my grade.

LORELAI: Just makes life interesting. Now what do we have to do to get you an 'A' on that test.

RORY: Do you really think I can do this?

LORELAI: I bet you a dollar.

RORY: That's it? That's all my future's worth - one dollar.

LORELAI: Well you did get a 'D'.

[Rory chuckles]

CUT TO CHILTON

[Rory is sitting on a bench reading. Paris comes up behind her]

PARIS: 'Tis not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments, love is not love which alters when it alterations finds or bends with the remover to remove - oh no! It is an ever-fixed mark that looks on tempests and is never shaken. It is the star to every wandering bark who worth's unknown although his height be taken' You're going down.

CUT TO INN KITCHEN.

LORELAI: Hey, Sookie, do you know what the menu's gonna be - [Sookie shoves risotto into her mouth]

SOOKIE: Good?

LORELAI: Hot.

SOOKIE: Wait, I got another one [shoves more into Lorelai's mouth.] Better?

LORELAI: Hotter!

SOOKIE: Wait, I got one more - one more [shoves more into her mouth again]

LORELAI: Sookie! What's with all the risotto? Have we gone 'theme' now? Ooh, is it gonna be like the scotch tape store?

SOOKIE: Look, I've made 40 recipes, ok, 40. And every single time I come back to the same conclusion.

LORELAI: That you're is better?

SOOKIE: Yes!

LORELAI: It is!

[Waiter, Brian, comes into the kitchen.]

BRIAN: You were looking for me?

SOOKIE: Yes, great! Three weeks ago, guy comes in, Lucent Mills, orders the risotto, doesn't like it.

BRIAN: The magic risotto? You're kidding.

LORELAI: Not helping.

SOOKIE: He's a restaurant critic. He ordered lots of things - probably didn't finish them. Now in his review he said his waiter had a goatee. Now you've got a goatee, and so you waited on him and I need info.

BRIAN: Well what did he look like?

SOOKIE: Like he's unhappy with the risotto! Or maybe he had an annoying table companion with him that wouldn't let him concentrate on what he was eating.

BRIAN: Well I serve a lot of people.

SOOKIE: He had a beard, or false teeth, or wig, or those glasses with a big nose.

BRIAN: [to Lorelai] May I be fired now?

LORELAI: Absolutely. [Brian leaves, Sookie follows]

SOOKIE: What about a guy with an annoying companion and a fake wig who was sitting underneath an air conditioning vent next to a woman with too much perfume on?!?

CUT TO GILMORE HOUSE

LORELAI: 'The Comedy of Errors' - written?

RORY: 1590

LORELAI: Published?

RORY: 1698

LORELAI: Ooh 1623 - close

RORY: How is 1623 close?

LORELAI: You got the '16' part right.

RORY: I was off by 75 years

LORELAI: Well anything under 100 years is close.

RORY: What kind of rule is that?

LORELAI: I'm running the study session here. Ok. Richard III?

RORY: 1591

LORELAI: [Makes buzzer sound]

RORY: '93?

LORELAI: [Makes buzzer sound]

RORY: '96?

LORELAI: [Makes buzzer sound]

RORY: Ok, that's getting really annoying now

LORELAI: [Makes small buzzer sound]

[Pan to later the save evening]

[Lorelai comes into living room with coffee]

LORELAI: Go on, I'm listening.

RORY: The sonnets are 154 poems of 14 lines

LORELAI: Except?

RORY: Except for 126 which is 12 lines.

LORELAI: Good.

RORY: They are written in iambic pentameter.

LORELAI: Except?

RORY: Except 145 which is in tetrameter.

LORELAI: Rock on sister.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Not one mistake.

RORY: Wow.

LORELAI: How do you feel?

RORY: Nauseous.

LORELAI: Yeah well, I don't think the fries and the horseradish sauce was the best idea we ever had.

RORY: It was satisfying in the moment though

LORELAI: I think you're going to blow that class away tomorrow.

RORY: You think?

LORELAI: I think. What do you say we call it a night and get some beauty sleep?

RORY: You go, I wanna review my notes one more time.

LORELAI: Oh that's ok, I'll stay up.

RORY: [as she goes into the kitchen] Mom, go to sleep.

LORELAI: No, I'm not even tired. I was just thinking of you.

[Pan to later that night, Rory goes into the living room and finds Lorelai asleep on the couch. She covers her with a blanket and goes back to the kitchen. Later that night, Lorelai wakes up and goes into the kitchen to find Rory asleep at the table. She sits down and puts the blanket around Rory as well and falls asleep as well.]

[Pan to morning]

RORY: No! Oh no! [Rory runs into her room]

LORELAI: Oh jeez [lifting her head] Such a bad sleeping idea.

RORY: I'm late!

LORELAI: What?

RORY: I'm late, I'm late. I woke up late!

LORELAI: Rory calm down.

RORY: I can't calm down! I missed my bus! Get up.

LORELAI: Sweetie, mommy can't get up right now. Mommy's been sleeping at a right angle all night.

RORY: I'm gonna miss the test! [comes out with her uniform over her t-shirt and jogging pants, putting on her shoes]

LORELAI: No you're not [Shoves a binder into Rory's school bag and give it to her] I'll get the keys. We'll go right now. Let's go! Let's go! [grabs her purse] Oh! I can't take you!

RORY: You have to!

LORELAI: I have a meeting at the inn at 8!

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Ok, wait. Ok. Think, listen. Here, you drive.

RORY: What?!

LORELAI: Yeah, you drive. I'll get a ride with Sookie. Take the phone, take the keys, go!

RORY: Are you sure?

LORELAI: Go, go, go, go!

RORY: I'm gone!

LORELAI: Good luck!

CUT TO RORY DRIVING

[She stops at a stop sign and calls Lane who's listening to music]

LANE: Hello?

RORY: Did I leave a set of my notes at your house yesterday?

LANE: Where are you?

RORY: I'm driving to school. I need to check something and I can't find some of my notes.

LANE: Ok, hold on let me check [comes out of her closet and looks around her room] I don't see

anything.

RORY: What did I do with them?

LANE: Well, maybe it's downstairs in the store?

RORY: Maybe I just - [loud bang and car moved]

RORY: Oh my God!

LANE: Are you alright?

RORY: I just got hit by a deer.

LANE: You hit a deer?

RORY: No! I got hit by a deer!

LANE: How do you get hit by a deer?

RORY: I was at a stop sign and he just hit me! Oh my God! [Getting out to look for deer]

LANE: Was it a 4-way stop?

RORY: What does that matter?

LANE: I don't know. I don't know what to ask after you've been hit by a deer.

RORY: I don't see him.

LANE: Well put salt down. Deers love salt.

RORY: Where am I gonna get salt from?

LANE: Do you have a lunch?

RORY: Lane?

LANE: Sorry.

RORY: I don't see him any where. [as she tries to take off her jogging pants] What if he's hurt.

LANE: Rory your test

RORY: What time is it?

LANE: It's 7:40

RORY: No! [runs back to the car with one pant leg on, one off.]

CUT TO CHILTON

[Rory's running down the hall pulling her socks up, taking out her ponytail ad tucking in her shirt]

[Enters classroom]

RORY: I'm sorry.

MAX: Everyone back to your tests. Miss Gilmore you're gonna have to wait in the library.

RORY: But what about the test?

MAX: I'm afraid you've missed the test.

RORY: No.

MAX: We start class promptly at 8:05

RORY: No.

MAX: That's when I need people to be in their seats.

RORY: Please.

MAX: I'm sorry but it's the rules.

RORY: But you don't understand! I was up all night studying and then I missed my bus so I had to drive--

MAX: Let's discuss this outside.

RORY: So I'm driving down this road and I stop and I get hit by a deer.

MAX: You hit a deer?

RORY: No I got hit by a deer. You don't believe me? I've got antler prints on the side of my mother's car.

MAX: Rory, come on.

RORY: No! You have to let me take this test. I'm ready for this test. I know everything there is to know about Shakespeare.

MAX: Ok, ok, you have to calm down now.

RORY: I know his birthday and his mothers name and that kind of -

PARIS: [whispers to Louise] Loser.

RORY: [turning around to her] And just what is wrong with you huh?! You already have everything! You already have the grades and the status. What the hell is wrong with you that you have this constant need to be the biggest jerk in the entire world?!

MAX: Ok, let's go.

RORY: Huh?! What's ?! What's up quippy?! Why so silent?

MAX: Outside - now

[walks by Tristan who's smiling]

RORY: And for the last time - the name's RORY!

[storms out.]

CUT TO INN

LORELAI: Make sure that carpet is replaced perfectly before they go

MICHEL: Ok.

LORELAI: I mean perfectly. Nailed down and everything.

MICHEL: Oh you mean that perfectly. Oh I thought you meant the other perfectly. You know the one that could be misinterpreted by the other Michel. You know the one who couldn't understand what you meant by perfectly. [Lorelai closes book and leaves]

DRELLA: Hey what do you think about Pat Benatar?

LORELAI: Great idea, can she play the harp?

SOOKIE: Whoo! Whoo-hoo! [Sookie is dancing around in the kitchen] I knew it! I knew it! I knew it! I knew it! I knew it! [Lorelai comes in] I found it, I found it!

LORELAI: You found what?

SOOKIE: His bill! I found his bill!

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

SOOKIE: It wasn't the risotto, it was the wine! He ordered the wrong wine!

LORELAI: Oh, well great!

SOOKIE: See in the review, he mentioned something about a summer tomato salad which I've only made once in the last 3 weeks because Jackson of course decides to get into a fist fight with his tomato grower - that's a different story.

LORELAI: Yes - save it for Christmas time.

SOOKIE: So Brian, the goatee waiter, only worked one shift last week because his girlfriend kicked him out and he had to move.

LORELAI: Celia kicked him out?

SOOKIE: Well, he didn't want kids.

LORELAI: But she knew that when they moved in.

SOOKIE: Women always think they can change men.

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: So anyhow, I checked the dates, I narrowed the day down and I found a party that had ordered practically everything on the menu including -

LORELAI: The magic risotto!

SOOKIE: Yes, the risotto and a riesling. Ha! A riesling

LORELAI: Why not just drink battery acid.

SOOKIE: Exactly! Changes the entire flavor of the dish. And the fact that Brian even served it makes me think Celia is a little bit better off without him.

LORELAI: I'm so glad hon, oh! [they hug giggling]

[Jackson comes in]

JACKSON: Ok, here are the zucchinis

[Sookie takes one and looks at it]

SOOKIE: Too small, take'em away!

JACKSON: Oh, it's good to have her back huh

LORELAI: Yeah.

JACKSON: Yeah [pause] You're still gonna have to pay for the zucchini

[Lorelai smiles. Turns to go as Michel comes in]

MICHEL: There is a man with a funny accent on the phone asking for you.

LORELAI: Really? Did you guys exchange the secret handshake? [giggles with Jackson] Lorelai here [into the phone]

CUT TO CHILTON

LORELAI: Rory what happened?

RORY: I got hit by a deer.

LORELAI: You got what?

RORY: And then I was late and they wouldn't let me take the test.

LORELAI: [gasps] What?!

RORY: They wouldn't let me take the test so I -

LORELAI: Oh no you're kidding me?

RORY: Mom...

LORELAI: No, it's ok. Just sit right here, I'll handle this.

[Goes into Headmaster Charleston's office. Pan to inside Headmaster's office]

LORELAI: Excuse me. Hello.

CHARLESTON: Ms. Gilmore. Please come in.

LORELAI: Thank you.

CHARLESTON: Have a seat.

LORELAI: Um, I think there's been a terrible mistake. Rory told me that she wasn't allowed to take her test.

CHARLESTON: She was late.

LORELAI: Right, well, see there were circumstances beyond her control. Rory is never late. She's almost annoyingly on time. I think if you checked your records -

CHARLESTON: Past performance has nothing to do with today's situation.

LORELAI: Ok, but see, she was up all night studying, I was there, she has a witness.

CHARLESTON: She's not on trial here.

LORELAI: Well your honor [pause] just a little trial humor, that won't happen again. Um, see, she got up late, she broke her neck to get here. We don't like locally as you know.

CHARLESTON: The dog at my homework -

LORELAI: Excuse me?

CHARLESTON: My computer crashed and I lost my midterm.

LORELAI: I wasn't making excuses.

CHARLESTON: My grandmother and 1st cousin died. My sister took my report to school instead of hers, my religion prohibits studying after sundown. I went blind last night but I'm fine now.

LORELAI: That's not Rory.

CHARLESTON: [getting up] Ms. Gilmore, rules are rules. When you're late, you forfeit the right to take the test.

LORELAI: Where are you going? [to Max] Where is he going?

MAX: Lorelai please, believe me if I could do anything I would.

LORELAI: Yes, you could let her take the test.

MAX: I'm afraid I can't.

LORELAI: Well that's not fair.

CHARLESTON: Ms. Gilmore, we are not here to be fair, we are here to educate.

LORELAI: Yes and I'm asking you to please educate my kid.

CHARLESTON: We will, when she's on time. Have a nice day.

LORELAI: Are you holding that door open for a reason?

CHARLESTON: Our meeting is over.

LORELAI: Like hell it is.

MAX: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Do you have any idea what we have gone through this week? We have been up all night every night studying. We haven't slept. We haven't talked about anything else except this school and this test for seven days. We have stretched ourselves as thin as humanly possible without going completely postal. My God! We're only one person!

CHARLESTON: Why don't we narrow our field conversation down to Rory.

LORELAI: Ok, yeah, why don't we. You sit up here in your snotty little school that's in desperate need of some extra heating vents and you nurture horrible kids who treat each other like mortal enemies. You set impossible standards that make normal people feel less than everyone else. And you take a great kid like Rory and you tear her apart!

MAX: I don't think that's completely fair.

LORELAI: [to Max] And you! You say she's smart and she'll be fine and this rotting stodgy rathole could use somebody like her and then you completely shut her out of a test that she's crammed for, that she's ready for, that she completely deserves to take!

MAX: I didn't call this place a 'rathole'

LORELAI: Oh no that's true. I added that. Wouldn't want you to get in trouble with 'Il duce' here. I thought this place was going to be so great! And now I guess this goes on the 'Boy was I wrong' list, right above gauchos but just below the 'Flashdance' phase.

CHARLESTON: My goodness you do like to throw fits in your family.

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

CHARLESTON: Your daughter threw a similar if not as manic fit of her own this morning.

LORELAI: Please. Rory doesn't throw fits. She's the most even tempered person I know.

CHARLESTON: Well then, she did a lovely impression of you.

LORELAI: Well I don't -

CHARLESTON: Ms. Gilmore, everything you said in your rant was absolutely true - without the colorful embellishments of course. We do set impossible standards, and such standards do foster highly competitive children. However that is life and that is Chilton.

LORELAI: Rules can change, you can change them.

CHARLESTON: I told your daughter when she came here that this place was not for everyone and might not be for her. I will now tell you the same thing. She doesn't have to be here. She doesn't have to go to Harvard, maybe she shouldn't if she can't handle the pressure, she should leave. Now you can take your daughter home now and decide what it is you intend to do. However, another outburst from either of you will not be on the options list. Thank you for coming in. That will be all.

CUT TO HALLWAY

LORELAI: You got hit by a deer?

[Pan to outside]

LORELAI: You did! You got hit by a deer.

RORY: It just came out of nowhere.

LORELAI: You couldn't just run into a wall like other kids.

RORY: Can we just go home please.

LORELAI: Yeah, sure. Jump in.

CUT TO SOOKIE OUTSIDE OF LUCENT MILLS HOUSE

LUCENT: May I help you?

SOOKIE: Yes, hello [with her back to him] My name is Sookie St. James, I'm the chef at the Independence Inn.

LUCENT: I know who you are.

SOOKIE: You do? Well, I'm flattered, you write about a lot of chefs -

LUCENT: What are you doing here?

SOOKIE: Right. Well I know that this is a terrible intrusion but - are you cooking?

LUCENT: I'm making chicken.

SOOKIE: You used too much salt.

LUCENT: I did not

SOOKIE: Well it smells salty.

LUCENT: I'm closing the door.

SOOKIE: No wait. I found out your address from my network of culinary friends -

LUCENT: Look, this is really inappropriate. I gave you a good review, I suggest you go home.

SOOKIE: I don't care about the review. I just - I want you to try this dish, with this wine [handing them to him still with her back turned] I'll wait.

CUT TO LORELAI AND RORY DRIVING HOME

LORELAI: Quite a day huh?

RORY: I don't wanna talk - please.

LORELAI: You know, I just think that we should talk about it.

RORY: Stop the car.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Here - stop here. [jumps out]

LORELAI: You're just feeling like an impromptu nature walk?

RORY: I wanna see if it's ok.

LORELAI: If what's ok?

RORY: The deer.

LORELAI: Sweetie you're never gonna find the deer.

RORY: Well I'm gonna try.

LORELAI: Well I'm in heels!

RORY: Well stay in the car.

LORELAI: It's dangerous in the car with all the kamikaze deer running around [getting out of car]

RORY: I have to find it.

LORELAI: Alright, wait up! So what does the deer look like? Huh? Does it have any distinguishing marks - besides the word 'Jeep' imprinted on it's forehead.

RORY: It's just a deer.

LORELAI: I had a nice chat with Headmaster Charleston today. He said you went ballistic in class.

RORY: I was just tired.

LORELAI: You wouldn't have been so tired if you hadn't been k*lling yourself all week.

RORY: I was studying, I didn't have a choice.

LORELAI: Well maybe you shouldn't be studying that hard.

RORY: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: You're 16. You should get some sleep and eat a real meal and come up for air once in a while.

RORY: They kicked me out.

LORELAI: No, of course not. They love you. This is coming from me.

RORY: Are you saying I should quit?

LORELAI: I'm saying, if you wanted to go back to your other school with Lane, that would be fine with me.

RORY: You don't think I can do it.

LORELAI: You know that's not true. I think you can do anything. But you don't lose it in class. That's not part of the Rory personality description and if you're losing it in class because you're tired or stressed or working too hard, I'm worried about that. I have to be.

RORY: I lost it once.

LORELAI: Ok, fine. It's just I can't remember, you know, a time when we weren't talking about you going to Harvard. It was just a given, that's what we were working for. Everything went in that direction.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: And I'm forgetting where all that started.

RORY: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: I'm talking about - did it start with me? Or did it start with you? Was it my dream that you go to Harvard.

RORY: Mom. [shaking her head]

LORELAI: Because I never got to do the big fancy college thing? Maybe all this time I'm thinking it's all for Rory, when really it wasn't.

RORY: I'm not doing this because of you.

LORELAI: Because if you are, you don't have to.

RORY: I know that.

LORELAI: I'll still love you. Even if you can't support me in my old age in the fabulous manner to which I plan on growing accustomed.

RORY: I'll remember that generous gesture.

LORELAI: Thank you. I just want you to be happy.

RORY: I am.

LORELAI: No, I want you to be 'dancing through the woods crazy' happy. And if Chilton and Harvard is not gonna do that for you, then forget about them.

RORY: I was just behind. I never caught up with all the reading. That's why I got a 'D'. I can catch up. I will catch up and when I do, everything will be fine.

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: You know Harvard is my dream. I want it more than anything, I swear

LORELAI: Yeah but -

RORY: I appreciate all that you're saying. I do. But I'm not ready to give up on Chilton yet.

LORELAI: Fair enough.

RORY: I do however reserve the right to change my mind.

LORELAI: That's your prerogative as long as you remain a woman.

RORY: Thanks though.

LORELAI: For what?

RORY: For yelling at the Headmaster the way you did.

LORELAI: Oh, I didn't yell at him.

RORY: You called him 'il duce'

LORELAI: Which means 'kind sir' in Cantonese.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: You're welcome. How much longer are we gonna look for this crazy deer?

RORY: Just a little further. I just hope he didn't hurt himself.

LORELAI: I just hope he has insurance.

CUT TO GILMORE HOUSE

LORELAI: Go get that plaid skirt off and grab your books, we're going to Luke's.

RORY: Don't you have to get back to work?

LORELAI: Ah, they can last a little while longer without me. Plus Michel gets so cute when he feels like he's been overworked. His ears puff out, his nostrils flare, big fun. Go.

RORY: I'm gone.

[Phone rings, lets machine pick up]

LORELAI: [voice on answering machine] It's us, we're not here. We have a life, get over it.

[Lorelai closes books in the living room as she listens to the message, then sits on the couch]

MAX: Hi this is a message for Rory. It's Max Medina calling. I just wanted to say that I talked to Headmaster Charleston or 'il duce' as he's more affectionately know at the Gilmore household, and he's agreed to let you do some extra credit work to help make up for the missed test today. Now I'm not sure what the extra credit work is yet, but it probably will be time consuming and extremely painful. It will however get you back up to where you rightfully belong Rory, don't lose heart. Make this work. And if you're mother is listening, Lorelai it was a pleasure encountering you. I hope it happens again. Anyways, see you in class. Bye.