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01x01 - The Pilot

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1.01 - Pilot

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OPEN IN STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai walks down the sidewalk. She passes a sign that says "Stars Hollow Founded 1779" and crosses the street. She goes into Luke's Diner. Inside, she takes off her coat and picks up an empty mug from a table, then walks up to the counter]

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

LUKE: How many cups have you had this morning?

LORELAI: None.

LUKE: Plus...

LORELAI: Five, but yours is better.

LUKE: You have a problem.

LORELAI: Yes, I do.

[Luke fills her cup]

LUKE: Junkie.

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

[The phone rings as Lorelai goes back to her table. Luke answers it.]

LUKE: Luke's. [pause] Yeah.

[A young guy seated at the counter turns and watches Lorelai sip her coffee, then gets up and approaches her.]

JOEY: You make that look really good.

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

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

LORELAI: Good plan.

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

LORELAI: You're a regular Jack Kerouac.

JOEY: Yeah.

LORELAI: Yeah.

JOEY: Hey, you mind if I sit down?

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

[Joey sits down at her table]

JOEY: I'm Joey.

LORELAI: Okay.

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

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

JOEY: So I guess I should get going.

LORELAI: So soon?

JOEY: What?

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

JOEY: Enjoy your coffee, mystery woman.

LORELAI: Hm. I like that.

[As Joey goes back to the counter, Rory walks in and sits across from Lorelai.]

RORY: Hey. It's freezing.

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

RORY: Lip gloss.

LORELAI: Aha.

[Lorelai pulls a makeup bag out of her purse.]

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

RORY: Anything in there not resembling a breakfast cereal?

LORELAI: Yes.

[Lorelai pulls out another bag.]

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

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

LORELAI: Wow, you're crabby.

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

LORELAI: Ooh, I have your CD. [pulls the CD out of her purse]

RORY: Thief.

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

[Lorelai picks up another coffee cup and goes back to the counter. Luke gives her a look.]

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

LUKE: You're shameless.

[Behind Lorelai, Joey approaches Rory's table.]

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

[Lorelai turns to point to Rory and sees Joey talking to her. Luke fills the coffee cup.]

LORELAI: Ah. He's got quite a pair, this guy. [Lorelai takes the cup.] Thanks.

[Lorelai goes back to the table.]

JOEY: [to Rory] Yeah, I've never been through here before.

LORELAI: Oh, you have, too.

JOEY: Oh, hi.

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

JOEY: I was just, uh. . .

LORELAI: Getting to know my daughter.

JOEY: Your. . .

RORY: Are you my new daddy?

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

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

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

LORELAI: She's sixteen.

JOEY: Bye.

LORELAI: Drive safe.

[Joey and his friend exit the diner.]

[opening credits]

CUT TO THE INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai walks into the lobby and hands a key to a bellboy.]

LORELAI: Oh, here you go.

BELLBOY: Thanks.

[Lorelai walks to the front desk, where Michel is on the phone and sorting mail]

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

[Michel puts the phone down, continues to sort the mail, then picks the phone back up.]

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

[Drella pushes her harp through the crowded lobby.]

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

[Lorelai walks over to her]

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

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

LORELAI: Yes, I did.

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

LORELAI: Yes, I did.

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

[Lorelai backs off and walks away. Drella goes back to pushing her harp into its place.]

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

[Lorelai walks back to the front desk where Michel is still on the phone]

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

booked. [Michel looks at the phone, as apparently the woman has hung up on him]

LORELAI: Has the plumber attended to room four yet?

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

[Lorelai picks up the phone and dials a number.]

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

[Rory comes in. Lorelai kisses her hello.]

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

MICHEL: What is your offspring doing?

RORY: I need stamps. Can I have these?

MICHEL: No.

LORELAI: Take them. What's with the muumuu? [gestures to Rory's baggy sweater.]

RORY: Stop.

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

RORY: And now we say goodbye.

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

MICHEL: Excuse me?

RORY: That'd be great.

MICHEL: No.

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

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

LORELAI: [in a French accent] Oh, please, Michel. Pretty please with sucre on top. I will stop talking like this.

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

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

[Rory leaves. Lorelai stares at Michel.]

MICHEL: I despise you.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Rory and Lane are walking to school. Lane puts a Woodstock '99 shirt on over the shirt she left

home in.]

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

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

[The girls stop by a sign that says "Teen Hayride" so Lane can put on her jacket.]

LANE: [points to sign] I have to go to that.

RORY: The hayride? You're kidding.

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

RORY: How old is he?

LANE: Sixteen.

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

LANE: Well, my parents like to plan ahead.

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

LANE: And his older brother.

RORY: Oh, now you're kidding.

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

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

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

[Lane and Rory have arrived at school. They walk inside as a guy standing on the steps watches them.]

CUT TO CLASSROOM

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

[The girls around Rory pass a bottle of nail polish back and forth as Rory concentrates on writing in her notebook.]

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

GIRL #2: Or her diary.

GIRL #3: Could be a slam book.

[Girl #4 peers over Rory's shoulder.]

GIRL #4: It's the assignment.

[The girls turn away, Rory smiles to herself.]

CUT TO THE INDEPENDENCE INN

[Drella is playing the harp. A woman stands nearby and listens.]

DRELLA: Nice, huh?

WOMAN: Beautiful.

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

[Lorelai and a bellboy are crossing the lobby.]

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

[There's a crash from the kitchen. Lorelai rushes in.]

LORELAI: Sookie!

[Sookie is on the floor near the stove.]

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

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

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

LORELAI: Oh. [to Sookie] I need you to be more careful.

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

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

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

LORELAI: When did you get stitches?

SOOKIE: Friday night. Radish roses.

LORELAI: Okay, stop moving.

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

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

SOOKIE: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

[Sookie feeds Lorelai a spoonful of the sauce.]

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

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

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

SOOKIE: I will make more!

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

SOOKIE: Won't that be great?

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

SOOKIE: Yes, I understand.

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

SOOKIE: Ow!

LORELAI: What?

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

[Lorelai and Salvador help Sookie up.]

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lane and Rory are walking home from school.]

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

RORY: It had sparkles in it.

LANE: Wow.

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

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

[Lane and Rory walk into Kim's Antiques.]

LANE: [calls] Mom, we're home. [to Rory] Did you hear something?

RORY: I'm not sure.

LANE: [calls] Mom? Are you here?

MRS. KIM: [from another room] We're open! Everything's half off!

RORY: We have contact.

LANE: [calls] Mom?

MRS. KIM: [calls] Lane?

LANE: Mom?

MRS. KIM: Lane?

[Lane and Mrs. Kim call to each other as Lane and Rory walk around the cluttered store trying to follow the sound of Mrs. Kim's voice.]

LANE: Mom, where are you?

MRS. KIM: Lane, where are you?

LANE: Back here!

MRS. KIM: Over here!

RORY: I think she's that way.

LANE: Are we closer?

MRS. KIM: I'm by the table!

RORY: She's kidding, right?

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

MRS. KIM: What?

RORY: The kitchen!

MRS. KIM: Who's that?

LANE: It's Rory, Mom.

MRS. KIM: Oh.

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

LANE: Oh, come on. Stop it.

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

LANE: She doesn't hate you.

RORY: She hates my mother.

LANE: She doesn't trust unmarried women.

RORY: You're unmarried.

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

[Lane and Rory wind their way through the antique furniture and come out in the kitchen where Mrs. Kim is waiting.]

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

the girls get pregnant, drop out?

LANE: Not that we know of.

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

MRS. KIM: What?

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

MRS. KIM: [very seriously] Boys don't like funny girls.

RORY: Noted.

[A bell rings, signaling that someone has just opened the shop door.]

MAN: [calls] Hello? Anybody here?

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

MAN: [calls] Where are you?

MRS. KIM: [calls] Over here!

MAN: [calls] Where?

MRS. KIM: [calls] By the chair!

MAN: [calls] What chair?

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

[Sookie is chopping vegetables. Salvador pulls Sookie's hand away from the cutting board]

SALVADOR: Careful!

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

SALVADOR: Mike!

[As Sookie moves around the kitchen the other cooks move things out of her way and prevent disasters.]

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

SALVADOR: In the counter.

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

SALVADOR: Mike, Mike!

[Mike helps Sookie reach an iron skillet; Lorelai rushes into the kitchen]

LORELAI: Sookie!

[Sookie turns around and lifts the hand with the skillet. She hits Salvador in the face with it and knocks him over.]

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

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

LORELAI: The Chilton school. Rory got in.

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

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

SOOKIE: This is very exciting!

[They both giggle and hug]

LORELAI: Is something burning?

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

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

SOOKIE: Oh, good.

[They giggle again. Rory walks in]

RORY: Mom?

LORELAI: Oh!

RORY: You're happy.

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: Did you do something slutty?

LORELAI: I'm not that happy.

[Lorelai and Sookie giggle.]

LORELAI: Here. [hands Rory a gift bag.]

RORY: What's going on?

LORELAI: Open it.

[Rory pulls out a plaid skirt.]

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

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

RORY: Mom?

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

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

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

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Really.

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

LORELAI: Yeah.

[Lorelai and Rory hug.]

RORY: Sookie, I'm going to Chilton!

[Sookie and Rory hug.]

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

RORY: I have to call Lane.

[Rory starts to leave then hugs Lorelai again.]

RORY: I love you.

LORELAI: I love you.

[Rory leaves.]

LORELAI: My girl's going to Chilton

SOOKIE: Yeah. Rory's going to Chilton!

[As Lorelai leaves, Sookie starts a little dance and begins to sing.]

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

[Sookie tosses a dish towel over her shoulder. It lands on the stove and catches fire. Salvador covers it with a lid.]

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN LOBBY

[The phone is ringing, Michel is ignoring it.]

LORELAI: Michel, the phone.

MICHEL: Mmhmm. It rings.

LORELAI: Can you answer it?

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

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

[Michel answers the phone.]

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

[Lorelai opens an envelope and pulls out a letter. She reads it and gasps]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is walking around while on the phone.]

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

CUT TO LORELAI'S FRONT PORCH

[It's nighttime. Lorelai and Sookie are talking on the porch.]

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

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

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

SOOKIE: Yeah.

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

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

LORELAI: No.

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

LORELAI: Stop.

SOOKIE: You can at least go and --

LORELAI: Uh.

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

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

SOOKIE: Okay, dropped. Dropped.

LORELAI: Thank you.

[Rory comes outside in her Chilton skirt, which is too big on her.]

RORY: Mom? So what do you think?

SOOKIE: [enthusiastically] Wow, it makes you look smart!

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

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

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

LORELAI: Ooh.

RORY: Only a little.

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

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

[They all walk inside.]

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

LORELAI: I know.

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

LORELAI: You're kidding!

RORY: And I played volleyball.

LORELAI: With other people?

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

LORELAI: Yeah?

RORY: Was very smart because I suck at them.

[Lorelai begins to pin up the skirt.]

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

SOOKIE: Where's your paté?

LORELAI: At Zsa Zsa Gabor's house.

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

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

SOOKIE: I'll be back.

LORELAI: Bye.

[Sookie leaves.]

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

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

[Rory heads to her bedroom to check her skirt. Lorelai stares at pictures on the mantle.]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai sits on the runner of her Jeep outside a large, imposing house]

[Cut to the door opening from the inside of the house. Lorelai is standing on the porch.]

LORELAI: Hi, Mom.

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

LORELAI: [laughs nervously] No, I just, uh, finished up my business class and I thought I would stop by.

EMILY: To see me?

LORELAI: Yes.

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

LORELAI: Thanks.

[She walks inside and they walk to the living room]

LORELAI: The place looks great.

EMILY: It hasn't changed.

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

EMILY: Old.

LORELAI: Well...good.

[Emily and Lorelai take seats opposite each other.]

EMILY: You said you were taking a business class?

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

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

LORELAI: I would love some coffee.

RICHARD: [calls from another room] Emily? I'm home.

EMILY: We're in here.

[Richard enters the room]

LORELAI: Hi, Dad.

RICHARD: What is it, Christmas already?

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

RICHARD: What business class?

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

RICHARD: No.

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

RICHARD: You need money.

LORELAI: I have a situation.

RICHARD: You need money.

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

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

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

RICHARD: So, you need money.

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

EMILY: Oh, yes, we know.

RICHARD: I'll get the checkbook.

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

EMILY: On one condition.

LORELAI: [mumbles to herself] So close.

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

LORELAI: What does that mean, Mother?

EMILY: I want a weekly dinner.

LORELAI: What?

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

LORELAI: Mom...

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

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

EMILY: Does seven o'clock work for you?

LORELAI: [with a forced smile] Perfect.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW HIGH

[Rory is cleaning out her locker with Lane.]

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

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

[They start walking down the hallway. Rory is carrying a box full of books and papers.]

RORY: Funny.

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

RORY: Was she thrilled?

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

RORY: Spitting image.

LANE: Good. Bye.

RORY: Bye.

[Lane leaves. Rory drops a book and some papers. As she bends down to pick them up, she turns and sees a guy standing right beside her. It's the same guy who watched her and Lane walk into the school a few days earlier.]

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

DEAN: Rosemary's Baby.

RORY: Yeah.

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

RORY: No, just my books are.

DEAN: My family just moved here from Chicago.

RORY: Chicago. Windy. Oprah.

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

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

DEAN: Rory.

RORY: Well, Lorelai technically.

DEAN: Lorelai. I like that.

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

DEAN: Well, I better go.

RORY: Oh, sure.

DEAN: I have to go look for a job.

RORY: Okay, good.

[Dean starts to leave.]

RORY: You should check with Miss Patty.

DEAN: [turns back] What?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[They walk out of the school and down the street. Dean carries Rory's box of books for her.]

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

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

DEAN: Well, that's not far.

RORY: Thirty minutes with no traffic.

DEAN: Really?

RORY: I timed it.

DEAN: Okay, then.

[They walk past the bakery]

RORY: So, do you like cake?

DEAN: What?

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

DEAN: Okay, I'll remember that.

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

DEAN: So, how are you liking Moby d*ck?

RORY: Oh, it's really good.

DEAN: Yeah?

RORY: Yeah, it's my first Melville.

DEAN: Cool.

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

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

RORY: Watching me?

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

RORY: Me?

DEAN: Yeah.

RORY: When?

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

RORY: But why would you --

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

RORY: What?

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

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

DEAN: Maybe, but I doubt it.

[They smile at each other.]

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

DEAN: Yeah, you did.

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

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Rory and Lorelai are sitting quietly at a table.]

LORELAI: So, you were late getting home tonight.

RORY: Yeah, I went to the library.

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

RORY: We are?

LORELAI: Mmhmm.

RORY: But it's September.

LORELAI: So?

RORY: So what holiday's in September?

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

RORY: Fine, sorry.

[Luke brings their main courses to the table.]

LUKE: Red meat can k*ll you. Enjoy. [leaves]

LORELAI: So, I finished hemming your skirt today. [no answer] A grunt of acknowledgment might be nice.

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

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

RORY: How?

LORELAI: Well, you would have told me.

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

LORELAI: Fine, you have things.

RORY: That's right. I have things.

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

RORY: Just tonight?

LORELAI: What the hell is wrong with you?

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

LORELAI: What?

RORY: The timing is just really bad.

LORELAI: The timing is bad?

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

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

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

LORELAI: Oh, you have no idea.

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

LORELAI: What about college? What about Harvard?

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

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

RORY: I still don't want to go.

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: Because I don't.

LORELAI: I have to get out of here.

[Lorelai stands up and starts to leave.]

RORY: We have to pay first.

[Lorelai drops some money on the table. They walk out of the diner and start walking down the street. The hayride wagon passes by them, with a glum Lane sandwiched between two Korean boys on the back. Miss Patty stands in the doorway of her dance studio watching over a class of little

girls.]

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

LORELAI: What male friend?

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

RORY: Okay, thanks.

LORELAI: What male friend?

MISS PATTY: Oh ,he's very cute. You have good taste.

[Miss Patty turns back to her dance class.]

MISS PATTY: Hands in the air, not in the nose.

[Rory starts walking quickly down the street, and Lorelai follows her.]

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

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory enters and slams the front door. Lorelai follows her inside.]

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

RORY: I'm going to bed.

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

RORY: I'm not you.

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

RORY: Whatever.

LORELAI: So who is he?

RORY: There's no guy!

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

RORY: This conversation is over.

LORELAI: Tattoos are good, too!

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

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

[Lorelai walks into Rory's bedroom]

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

RORY: Thanks for the knock.

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

RORY: I'm going to sleep.

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

RORY: Well, it's my butt.

LORELAI: Good comeback.

RORY: Thank you.

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

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

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

RORY: We'll see.

LORELAI: Yeah, we will.

[Lorelai slams the door on her way out. Rory turns on her CD player. Macy Gray's I Try plays. Lorelai goes to the living room and turns on the same song.]

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

[There is smoke coming out of the broken stove as some workers start to remove it. Sookie sits sadly at the counter.]

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

LORELAI: It's not important.

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

LORELAI: Please, forget it.

SOOKIE: Oh, God, I k*llled a Viking. Oh, you should fire me, or make me pay the cost of a new stove

out of my paycheck.

LORELAI: Well, whatever you want.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Michel walks in]

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

LORELAI: [to Sookie] Hold on just a minute.

[Lorelai leaves]

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

[In the lobby, Lorelai walks up to Rory at the front desk]

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

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

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

RORY: Fine.

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

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

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

RORY: Fine.

LORELAI: Fine.

[Rory leaves. Michel walks over and sits in his chair.]

MICHEL: Ah, my chair.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai and Rory stand on the front porch staring at the door]

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

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

RORY: Fine.

[Lorelai rings the doorbell. Emily opens the door.]

RORY: Hi, Grandma.

EMILY: Well, you're right on time.

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah, no traffic at all.

[they walk inside]

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

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

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

LORELAI: Oh.

[Lorelai starts to toss her empty coffee cup into a nearby wastebasket.]

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

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

[As Rory and Emily walk away, Lorelai drops the cup into the wastebasket. Cut to the living room, where Richard is reading a newspaper. Rory and Emily walk in]

EMILY: Richard, look who's here.

RICHARD: Rory. You're tall.

RORY: I guess.

RICHARD: Well, what's your height?

RORY: 5'7".

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

[Lorelai enters]

LORELAI: Hi, Dad.

RICHARD: Lorelai, your daughter's tall.

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

RICHARD: Ah. [he returns to reading his paper.]

EMILY: Champagne, anyone?

LORELAI: Oh, that's fancy.

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

RICHARD: Here, here.

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

LORELAI: And pie. [silence] Joke, joke.

EMILY: Ah.

[There is a long silence. Richard hands Rory a section of the newspaper.]

CUT TO THE DINING ROOM

[Later that night, they're all sitting at the table eating dinner]

EMILY: Rory, how do you like the lamb?

RORY: It's good.

EMILY: Too dry?

RORY: No, it's perfect.

LORELAI: Potatoes could use a little salt, though.

EMILY: Excuse me?

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

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

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

RICHARD: And how are things at the motel?

LORELAI: The inn? They're great.

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

RICHARD: Speaking of which, Christopher called yesterday.

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

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

LORELAI: She knows.

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

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

[Lorelai storms out of the room. She goes into the kitchen and starts scrubbing a dish in the sink. The maid comes in and looks at her.]

LORELAI: Hi, how are you doing?

[Back at the dinner table, Rory starts to get up.]

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

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

[Emily enters the kitchen.]

EMILY: Lorelai, come back to the table.

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

EMILY: You're being very dramatic.

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

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

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

[Richard and Rory are able to overhear Lorelai and Emily arguing.]

EMILY: Keep your voice down.

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

EMILY: You're dripping all over the floor.

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

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

LORELAI: That's not true.

EMILY: You said pie.

LORELAI: Oh, come on.

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

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

EMILY: He likes Christopher.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LORELAI: Oh, here we go.

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

LORELAI: You wanted to control me.

EMILY: You were still a child.

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

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

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

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

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

[Rory overhears this]

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

[Back at the table, Richard is asleep in his chair.]

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai and Rory walk out of the house. Lorelai sighs and leans against the outside wall.]

RORY: Mom?

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

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

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

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai and Rory walk toward Luke's Diner]

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

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

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

LORELAI: How much did you hear?

RORY: Not much. You know, snippets.

LORELAI: Snippets?

RORY: Little snippets.

LORELAI: So basically everything?

RORY: Basically, yes.

LORELAI: Well, the best laid plans.

[They walk into the diner and sit at a table]

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Luke walks up to the table dressed in a button-down shirt]

LORELAI: Wow, you look nice. Really nice.

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

LORELAI: I had a flagellation to go to.

LUKE: So, what'll you have?

LORELAI: Coffee, in a vat.

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

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

[Luke walks away]

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

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

LORELAI: So tell me about the guy.

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Is he dreamy?

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

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

RORY: Really? How?

LORELAI: I'll spy.

[Luke returns with their order]

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

RORY: Sorry, too late.

[Rory and Lorelai smile at each other. Luke walks away.]

LORELAI: So tell me about the guy.

RORY: Check, please.

LORELAI: No, really, are you embarrassed to bring him home?

RORY: I'm not embarrassed.

LORELAI: Does he talk at all?

RORY: No, Mom, he's a mime.

THE END

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