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03x21 - Here Comes The Son

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03x21 - Here Comes The Son

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3.21 - Here Comes the Son

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OPEN AT WESTON'S BAKERY

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting at a table with books spread open in front of them]

LORELAI: "Where's the ladies room?" "More coffee, please." "Does Antonio Banderas live near here?"

RORY: We do not need to know how to say "Does Antonio Banderas live near here?"

LORELAI: Oh, yes, we do.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: When we're in Spain, we need to know how to say, "Does Antonio Banderas live near here?"
When in France, "Does Johnny Depp live near here?"

RORY: When in Rome, "Does Gore Vidal live near here?"

LORELAI: You know, you look like me, yet my ways are completely lost on you. Come on, honey, put that down. You've been studying all day.

RORY: I can't put it down, I've got finals coming up.

LORELAI: I know you have finals coming up, but you also have a piece of pie sitting there that you've been completely ignoring.

RORY: Just let me get to the end of this chapter.

LORELAI: Oh, fine. Hey, how important do you think it is to be able to say, "Help, I'm bleeding from the head"?

RORY: Just bring the phrase books.

LORELAI: No. If we learn all the phrases we need, then the phrase books are one less thing we have to lug around.

RORY: We will never be able to learn all the phrases in every language that we're going to need. Bring the books.

LORELAI: We can learn enough. Plus, doesn't everybody speak English over there anyway?

RORY: Ugly American, party of one.

LORELAI: Fine, we'll bring the books.

RORY: Okay, five minutes for pie.

LORELAI: Finally.

[Lane walks in and sits down with them]

LANE: They're here, I've got them.

LORELAI: You've got what?

LANE: The brochures for my college.

RORY: You seem chipper.

LANE: I am. I have decided to make this whole Seventh Day Adventist College experience a good one. I'm gonna look on the bright side, find the silver lining, and make myself some lemonade.

LORELAI: Well, good for you.

RORY: The campus looks pretty.

LORELAI: Very pretty.

LANE: It's got two huge parks with gardens and lakes.

LORELAI: Two parks.

LANE: One for boys and one for girls.

RORY: Huh.

LANE: And you know, I had originally thought that this was gonna be a suffocating place with out of date rules and insane restrictions, but boy was I wrong. For example, curfew is up to 9:30. 9:45 if you're going for your Masters. Makeup will be permitted, as long as it identically matches your skin tone. And owning a Rolling Stones CD is no longer grounds for expulsion. You can work the demerits off in the campus clean-up crew.

LORELAI: There's a separate park for boys?

LANE: My life is over.

LORELAI: Oh, no, no, I didn't say that.

LANE: You didn't have to. [leaves]

LORELAI: Well, it is over.

RORY: It's not over.

LORELAI: Every kid in that brochure was awkward and panicked. It looked like the Academy Award

audience during Michael Moore's speech.

RORY: Hey, why don't you add the phrase "Just sit there and look pretty" to that list of yours there, okay? I've gotta go back to studying.

LORELAI: "Does that sexy guy in the Peugeot ad who had a bit part in Armageddon live near here?"

[opening credits]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai walks down the steps carrying her shoes. She quietly walks to the kitchen and fills up the coffeepot with water, then walks over to the coffee maker as Rory walks out of her bedroom]

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: [startled] Oh! Oh, God, Rory, you scared me.

RORY: Sorry.

LORELAI: I've been sneaking around here like an idiot trying not to wake you up.

RORY: I've been up for hours.

LORELAI: Why? Did you have a bad dream? The one where you finally meet Christiane Amanpour and she's really stupid?

RORY: No, I realized last night that at this rate, I will never finish all the work I have to do.

LORELAI: What work?

RORY: What work? What work, she asks.

LORELAI: Well, you know me and that dippy Christiane, takes a little while to catch up.

RORY: Here. [hands her a list]

LORELAI: Things to do before graduation. A list, of course. Study for finals, senior breakfast, senior awards, finish final edition of the Franklin, organize a new student government, convince Paris to give up student gavel.

RORY: Oh, and I forgot - man the yearbook distribution table this afternoon at the stupid Senior Palooza. Unbelievable.

LORELAI: Well, I'll be manning the Booster Club Grad Night table at the same time, so we can feel stupid and abused together.

RORY: I can't finish all this and sleep at the same time.

LORELAI: You have to sleep, it's what keeps you pretty.

RORY: Who cares if I'm pretty if I fail my finals?

LORELAI: Okay, you've got this so completely backwards. What is all this?

RORY: Hm? Oh, I found that if I focus too much on one subject, I start to get a little punchy. This

way, when I hit Bolshevik Revolution overload, I just shift over here and, oh, hello, Anne Boleyn is going down, and then when that gets too depressing, it's right over to calculus.

LORELAI: Saving the party subject for last, huh?

RORY: This shifting back and forth seems to produce better results.

LORELAI: I think you're pushing yourself too hard.

RORY: I made out a schedule. Every single moment of every single day from now until graduation is accounted for.

LORELAI: You left off the Kiwanis Luncheon.

RORY: I did? Are you sure?

LORELAI: It's on Monday.

RORY: How could I forget the Kiwanis Luncheon? They gave me their scholarship.

LORELAI: Oh, yes, a two hundred and fifty dollar scholarship. That'll keep you in microwave popcorn for a week.

RORY: I'll just have to move something around. And I'll have to work Grandma in.

LORELAI: Excuse me?

RORY: Grandma called and asked if I could come over and help her pick out a dress to wear to my graduation.

LORELAI: No.

RORY: I have to.

LORELAI: Rory, my mother's been dressing herself for years and she has yet to show up at a function with her bra on the outside of her clothing.

RORY: She asked, I can't say no.

LORELAI: Tell her about the koala bears. She'll understand.

[Luke appears at the back door window and waves to get Lorelai's attention]

RORY: Please stop making fun of them. We need every cent we can get. Yale is expensive.

LORELAI: I know Yale is expensive.

RORY: Well, we haven't heard from Yale financial aid yet.

[Luke gestures for Lorelai to come outside]

LORELAI: We will, relax.

RORY: Well, we had better hear from them soon because I have a deposit to send in for my room and I have a bunch of supplies to buy and I wanna get all of that out of the way before we go to Europe, otherwise I'll be obsessing about it the entire time.

LORELAI: Okay, uh, listen, I'm gonna go out and get the paper.

RORY: Okay, well, don't show it to me because I have no time for recreational reading until June.

LORELAI: Hey, could we move your, uh, chill session from four o'clock tomorrow afternoon to, uh, right now? That'd be great, thanks.

[Lorelai walks out the back door where Luke is waiting for her]

LORELAI: Okay, um, little tip - the whole stalking thing works infinitely better when you don't actually smash your face in the window.

LUKE: I need to talk to you.

LORELAI: Come inside.

LUKE: No, Rory's in there.

LORELAI: Since when are you scared of Rory? 'Cause seriously, Luke, I think you can take her.

LUKE: I just need to tell you something. Can she hear us?

LORELAI: Through the walls? No, I put some kryptonite in her waffles. We're good.

LUKE: Come over here.

LORELAI: You're freaking out the freaks this morning.

LUKE: Jess is gone.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: And I don't think he's coming back.

LORELAI: What do you mean gone? Like gone gone?

LUKE: Exactly like gone gone.

LORELAI: But when?

LUKE: Last night, this morning, I don't know. I went up there to get some money out of the safe and I noticed that all of his stuff was gone.

LORELAI: Oh, Luke, I'm so sorry.

LUKE: Yeah, well, forget it. I'm through with him. He's eighteen, he can do whatever the hell he wants. He's on his own, I'm through.

LORELAI: Luke.

LUKE: No, it's a relief. That kid was driving me crazy. Let him make his own way from now on. Let him see how far that smart mouth of his gets him without someone watching his back. I couldn't be more relieved. I'm just worried about Rory. I assume she doesn't know.

LORELAI: She hasn't said anything.

LUKE: I can tell her if you want me to.

LORELAI: No, it's okay. I can do it. I just have to figure out when. She's got a lot of things on her mind right now.

LUKE: Well, don't wait too long. She'll notice eventually.

LORELAI: Yes, okay. Well, thanks for coming over.

LUKE: No problem.

LORELAI: Luke?

LUKE: I failed him.

LORELAI: You did not fail him. You supported him, you defended him, you gave him a chance, and if he chose not to take it, there's nothing more you could do.

LUKE: Yeah. Well, I should go.

LORELAI: Do you have any idea where he went?

LUKE: Yeah, I got a pretty good idea.

[Luke leaves. Lorelai walks back into the house through the front door, and Rory walks up to her]

RORY: Hey, there is no chill time scheduled for four o'clock tomorrow, and the one thing I really don't have time for are your jokes, missy. [walks back to kitchen]

LORELAI: Later's good.

CUT TO CALIFORNIA

[Jess gets off a bus and starts walking down the street]

MAN: Do you need some help, friend?

JESS: Nope.

MAN: Lived here 25 years. I can certainly point you in a direction, make your journey easier. [Jess walks away] Enjoy this beautiful day.

JESS: [to himself] I'll have the alfalfa sprouts and a plate of mashed yeast.

[Jess stands on the beach and watches the ocean]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai pulls up and checks the mailbox. She opens a letter.]

CUT TO INSIDE LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is on the phone in the living room]

LORELAI: Yes, I've been holding for Mr. Hennings. I'm Lorelai Gilmore. . .oh, great, hi. Listen, um, I

just received this letter saying that my daughter did not qualify for financial aid. Rory Gilmore. .
.Uh huh. . .Okay, yes, we did recently receive seventy-five thousand dollars, but, uh, here's the
thing - that money is gone. I gave it to my parents, so I don't have it anymore, I swear. You could
come over here and search me. We could open a bottle of wine and put on some Motown and. . .
Uh, yes, that was very inappropriate. Look, um, I owed my parents that money because they
helped me put Rory through Chilton, and I wanted her to go to Chilton so that she could get into. .
.well, Harvard, but then Harvard became Yale - long story - and now that she's gotten into Yale, I
paid them back for Chilton. Just kind of a funny, wacky circle we could all laugh about someday. . .
Yes, but, since I don't have the money anymore, it just seems like it shouldn't count. There must be
something we can do. I mean, Rory is the most deserving kid there is, just seriously. You know, I
don't know if you know the Kiwanis, but they gave her their scholarship and. . .mmhmm. . .I
understand. . .okay. . .well, we'll just have to figure something out. . . thank you. Goodbye.

CUT TO CALIFORNIA

[Jess walks up to a house. He starts to walk through the front gate, but a bunch of dogs run up and
start barking at him.]

JESS: Hey! Hello, is anybody home? Hey!

[a woman is standing on the roof of the house]

SASHA: [to dogs] Pipe down! [to Jess] You selling something?

JESS: No. Does Jimmy Mariano live here?

SASHA: Does he owe you money?

JESS: No, I'm his. . .Jess. I'm Jess.

SASHA: Jess?

[a dog starts barking]

JESS: Jess Marian -

SASHA: Frodo, back off now! I'm sorry, what were you saying?

JESS: I just wanna see Jimmy, okay?

SASHA: Hey, did you ever see The Wizard of Oz?

JESS: Yes.

SASHA: Remember when they go to the Emerald City and they ring the bell and the guy with the
beard stuck his head out and they said that they wanted to see the wizard, and he said no, and
they said, 'She's got the ruby slippers', and he said 'Well, that's a horse of a different color. Come on
in.'

JESS: Yes.

SASHA: Well, I'm the guy with the beard and I'm saying the no unless you can come up with the ruby
slippers.

JESS: I'm his son.

SASHA: His son?

JESS: Yes, his son.

SASHA: Well, that's a horse of a different color. Come on in.

JESS: Do they bite?

SASHA: Just those two. [walks away]

JESS: Which two? Hey, which two? Great. I swear I will bite you back.

[He walks into the yard. The woman walks over to greet him]

SASHA: I'm sorry, I didn't know you were coming.

JESS: Neither did I.

SASHA: I'm Sasha. This is Angus, Chowder, Rufus, Legolas, Caligula, Mudball, General Lee, Jimmy Jam, Terry Lewis and Spot. Jimmy's not here right now.

JESS: Okay, well, I can just hang out, walk around for awhile. Just tell me what time he gets home.

SASHA: Why don't you come in? I'll call his work.

JESS: Oh, well. . .

[they walk inside]

JESS: You have a lot of pets.

SASHA: Ah, they're not all mine.

JESS: No?

SASHA: No, some of 'em followed me home, some of 'em hang out, some of 'em just needed a place to crash. They drive Jimmy crazy, actually, but what can you do? Someone's gotta take care of 'em, right? I'm just gonna try and track him down, so just wander.

[Sasha walks to a phone and picks it up]

SASHA: Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay. [she dials a number] Okay. Lee, hi, I'm looking for Jimmy. . . okay, I'll hold. . .

[Jess looks around the house]

JESS: Clowns, cats, dogs. I wonder where his tap shoes are.

[He walks into another room and looks around. He opens a cabinet door and finds a young girl reading inside]

JESS: Whoa!

[Sasha comes to the doorway]

SASHA: He wasn't at work, but his guy said he'll be back any second. Lil, Koko's gonna come over

and stay with you while I'm gone, okay? And put those books back in there when you're done, I mean it. Ready?

JESS: Yeah.

LILY: Hey. . . the door.

JESS: Sorry.

[Jess shuts the cabinet door and leaves]

CUT TO CHILTON

[Louise and Madeline are talking in the hallway]

LOUISE: Shut up.

MADELINE: I swear.

LOUISE: Jean jackets are out? How is that possible?

MADELINE: I just opened the magazine and there it was.

LOUISE: This is horrible. Who decides these things?

MADELINE: Marie Claire, apparently.

[Rory walks over]

LOUISE: I feel so helpless. Did you hear? Jean jackets are out.

RORY: Out of where?

MADELINE: Vogue.

LOUISE: No, Marie Claire.

MADELINE: Whatever. We still can't wear them.

RORY: Oh, you guys, thank you so much for passing out the yearbooks for me. I really need the study time.

LOUISE: No problem.

RORY: Do you want me to at least help you bring the boxes in?

MADELINE: Oh, we've got that taken care of.

[Two guys walk by carrying some boxes]

BOY: Halfway through.

LOUISE: Yeah, well, hurry up, 'cause we need to get started.

MADELINE: God, he carries those boxes sexy.

[Rory's cell phone rings]

RORY: [answers] Hello?

EMILY: Rory, you haven't returned my calls.

RORY: Oh, Grandma, I'm so sorry. I've been really busy.

EMILY: I don't care how busy you get, young lady, you have to call your grandmother back.

RORY: I'm sorry.

EMILY: I won't be around forever, you know.

RORY: I'm really sorry.

EMILY: When are you coming over? I need to discuss what to wear to your graduation. I thought about a suit.

RORY: A suit seems nice.

EMILY: But perhaps it's too formal.

RORY: Formal's fine.

EMILY: Well, what are your friends' families wearing?

RORY: I don't know.

EMILY: Can you find out?

RORY: Um, sure, hold on. [to Louise] Louise, what's your grandmother wearing to graduation?

LOUISE: Hopefully the pearls I get when she kicks.

RORY: [to Emily] Why don't I just come over?

EMILY: Oh, that would be wonderful. Today?

RORY: Yes, as soon as I can get away.

EMILY: And bring a color swatch of your cap and gown so I don't clash.

RORY: Bye, Grandma.

[Rory hangs up, then dials a number]

LORELAI: Hello?

RORY: I just got another call from Grandma.

LORELAI: Rory, no.

RORY: I'm gonna go over there now.

LORELAI: And leave me here alone?

RORY: Where are you? I can't even see you.

LORELAI: I'm over here by the Old Spice ad.

[Rory walks to the doorway of the cafeteria and sees Lorelai across the room]

RORY: Hi.

LORELAI: Hi. Come over.

RORY: I have to go.

LORELAI: You can't come over and talk for one second?

RORY: The minute I walk into that room, I'm suddenly gonna have to sign yearbooks, and since I'm severely crunched for time, I'm gonna have to resort to classic clams like, "Hey, have a good summer. Let's keep in touch. Best friends forever," and I do not wanna be that person. Plus, Paris will immediately shanghai me and give me a million things to do.

LORELAI: You know what, you need to stop being intimidated by that girl. You're going to college for God's sake. You need to be able to stand up for yourself and say, you know, "Paris, go. . ."

[Paris walks up behind her]

PARIS: Hey.

LORELAI: Paris!

PARIS: What are you doing?

LORELAI: I was just. . .the phone rang. . .your hair is really shiny.

PARIS: We're not even set up yet. The box isn't out, the tickets aren't in order. Where's the list?

LORELAI: Uh, it's uh. . .in my purse.

PARIS: Well, terrific. I can't think of a better place for the list to be except, oh, maybe out here on the table where we could actually look at it.

LORELAI: Your hair is really shiny.

PARIS: I'm going to go make the rounds. I'll be back in a minute. Have you seen Rory?

LORELAI: No.

PARIS: I'll go look outside.

[Paris walks away]

LORELAI: [to Rory on phone] Run, run, run!

RORY: Okay, I'm gonna be at Grandma's for about an hour. Can you pick me up?

LORELAI: If Paris hasn't had me flogged, then yes, I'll be there.

RORY: Thank you. Bye.

[they hang up]

LORELAI: Please, God, tell me I didn't forget the list.

CUT TO CALIFORNIA

[Jess and Sasha are walking down the street]

JESS: So the kid in the bookcase back there. . .

SASHA: Lily.

JESS: Is she yours?

SASHA: Mine, yes. Not Jimmy's.

JESS: Oh.

SASHA: I was married for the longest minute and a half in the world and. . .[to woman walking by] .
. . hey sweetie, how's everything?

WOMAN: Everything's fine.

SASHA: I love that. Give Riley a kiss. [to Jess] Then I came to my senses and ran for the hills but I got Lily so I win, ha ha. Short cut. Anyhow, I met Jimmy about five and a half years ago, but Lily's just crazy about him, so. . .[to man] . . . Ronnie, I found your keys again.

RONNIE: Oh, good. Thank you, baby doll.

SASHA: You have got to sew that hole in your pocket up, I mean it. Today, drop your coat by my house. I'll do it for you if you don't have the time. [to Jess] Got any brothers or sisters?

JESS: Apparently not.

SASHA: Lily submitted a written request for a brother by the end of this year, but I think I should be married before we have any kids.

JESS: You guys aren't married.

SASHA: You didn't know that.

JESS: No.

SASHA: You guys had quite a talk, didn't you?

JESS: Yeah, well.

SASHA: Okay, we're here.

CUT TO HOT DOG STAND

[Jimmy and a worker are looking at a jar of pickles]

JIMMY: Well.

LEE: It looks like a jar of pickles.

JIMMY: I know it's a jar of pickles, but is it that jar of pickles?

LEE: Yes.

JIMMY: You're sure.

LEE: No.

JIMMY: Look, the Chicago dills were the original pickles they sold here back in 1922.

LEE: 1922. Yes, I listen.

JIMMY: Now I finally tracked down the family that sold them, I paid a substantial premium to use the original labels, I waited weeks for them to arrive, and now they're here and I look at them and they don't look the same. Too many bumps.

LEE: Jimmy, I'm begging you, play golf.

JIMMY: Just call the guy and tell them they look different, please.

LEE: Whatever you say.

[Sasha and Jess walk up to the stand]

SASHA: Jimmy.

JIMMY: Hey Sash.

SASHA: You have a visitor.

JIMMY: Yeah?

JESS: Hey.

JIMMY: Hey. You, uh, just get here?

JESS: Just got here.

SASHA: So, Jess, I assume you'll be staying for dinner?

JESS: Oh, well. . .

JIMMY: Yeah, sure, stay. You'll stay. He'll stay. We'll get Abbott's, right?

SASHA: Whatever you want. Well, I have to get back, so I will see you guys later. [leaves]

JESS: Sorry I didn't call.

JIMMY: Hey, life's about the spontaneous, right?

JESS: This your place?

JIMMY: The Inferno. . .yes.

JESS: It's nice.

JIMMY: Thanks. Hey, why don't I come out there?

JESS: Oh, I didn't mean to interrupt your work.

JIMMY: No problem. Hey Lee, I'm gonna take a break for awhile.

LEE: Thank God.

[Jimmy walks out of the hot dog stand and over to Jess]

JESS: You didn't have to do that.

JIMMY: It's fine. So, first time on the West Coast?

JESS: First time on the West Coast.

JIMMY: Okay. The sites. Ocean.

JESS: I wondered what that was.

JIMMY: Sand.

JESS: Keeps the ocean in its place.

JIMMY: Sky.

JESS: We've got one of those back east.

JIMMY: And then you have the boardwalk. Sunglasses, smoothies, bootlegged CD's.

JESS: Good ones?

JIMMY: Not bad, I guess. I never actually bought one. My neighbor Stan did. He's not my neighbor anymore. He used to work at Lockheed, but they shut down the Burbank plant, so he went to a trade school out in the valley. He installs cable now. Sends me a postcard at Christmas time. He's Dutch. Currently, we're in Santa Monica. You keep walking, you hit Venice - that's technically where we live. Past that, you got Marina Del Rey - lotta bike sh*ts in that area. And then you're getting near the beaches - Manhattan, Redondo, and basically that's it.

JESS: That's it. That's all of LA.

JIMMY: Well, there are these crazy rumors that if you get in your car and you actually drive east away from the beach, there's some city and other stuff, but personally I don't believe it.

JESS: I take it you like the beach.

JIMMY: I would marry the beach if man and property were allowed to mate.

JESS: Sounds serious.

JIMMY: I've lived a lot of places all over this country, and nothing, absolutely nothing, compares to this.

JESS: So where else have you lived?

JIMMY: What, where else? Let's see. Minneapolis, Chicago, Biloxi, Maine - worked on a lobster boat.

JESS: Yeah?

JIMMY: Yeah. Let me tell you, I smelled great. Did a stint in New Jersey, New Hampshire...

JESS: New York?

JIMMY: Oh, yeah, well, obviously, New York. New York was. . .well, you know what New York was, so. . .

JESS: Jimmy?

JIMMY: Yeah?

JESS: I didn't come here to bust your balls, man.

JIMMY: Okay, good to know.

LEE: [calls from hot dog stand] Jimmy, I got the pickle guy. He's as worried about you as I am.

JIMMY: I should take this.

JESS: Go ahead. I can just hang out.

JIMMY: You sure?

JESS: I got my book, I'm good.

JIMMY: Okay, you're good.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[The doorbell rings and the maid opens the front door. Rory is on the porch]

RORY: Hi, I'm here to see my grandmother.

MAID: She's in the living room with Miss Celine.

RORY: With who?

MAID: Right this way.

[In the living room, there are clothes everywhere. Emily is wearing an evening gown and is checking herself in the mirror]

MISS CELINE: It's stunning.

EMILY: Really?

MISS CELINE: Chills, I've got chills. Turn for me, dear. Oh, it moves, it just moves. Ginger Rogers always insisted her dresses move just like that.

EMILY: Ginger Rogers, well.

MISS CELINE: Of course, she didn't have your legs.

EMILY: Oh, Celine.

RORY: Hey, Grandma.

EMILY: Rory, perfect. What do you think?

RORY: You look beautiful.

EMILY: Well, if I do, it's all because of this lady here. Rory, I'd like you to meet Miss Celine. She's been our fashion consultant for years.

RORY: Oh, well, how do you -

MISS CELINE: Oh my God, it's Audrey Hepburn.

RORY: What?

MISS CELINE: You're Audrey Hepburn in Sabrina. Just a waif with eyes.

RORY: Uh, thank you.

RICHARD: Celine, I don't think the handkerchief works with this. Oh, Rory, I didn't know you were here.

MISS CELINE: Richard, look at this girl, what do you see?

RICHARD: Well. . .

MISS CELINE: It's Audrey Hepburn in Sabrina.

RICHARD: Hm, now that you mention it, there is a touch of Audrey in her.

EMILY: But even prettier.

MISS CELINE: Yes, without that ridiculous affected accent. For years I kept telling her, "Audrey, get a speech therapist." She was very stubborn. But could she wear capris.

EMILY: You know, Rory is starting Yale in the fall.

MISS CELINE: Yale, that is exciting. You'll need a whole new wardrobe, huh?

EMILY: Oh, Celine, I love this one.

MISS CELINE: Yes, I had that exact suit made in mint for Mrs. Walter Cronkite just last week. A darling woman. We've been friends since the Big Bang.

RORY: Uh, that's nice.

EMILY: What do you think of this, Richard?

RICHARD: Well, I like the green one with the beads. It made you look like a mermaid.

RORY: But you guys know that this is just a casual graduation. Folding chairs on the grass.

MISS CELINE: There's going to be grass?

RORY: Well, yeah, it's going to be outside.

MISS CELINE: Oh, you cannot wear green around grass. I learned that from Tova Borgnine the hard way. Go try the red one on. Red goes wonderful with nature.

EMILY: All right.

RICHARD: I'm gonna try the grey linen.

MISS CELINE: Ah, yes, yes, with this white silk shirt.

RICHARD: Oh, very nice.

MISS CELINE: Yes, I had that exact shirt on Jimmy Stewart the night before his colonoscopy. He came through it clean as a whistle.

RICHARD: Hm, hm.

MISS CELINE: Never underestimate the power of a good shirt.

RORY: I never will again.

CUT TO CHILTON

[Louise and Madeline are at the yearbook distribution table handing out yearbooks]

MADELINE: Kathy Kim.

LOUISE: Check.

[Madeline takes a yearbook from the stack, rips a page out, then hands the yearbook to the student]

MADELINE: Next. Greg Agulara.

LOUISE: Check.

[Madeline rips a page out of another yearbook and hands the yearbook to him]

MADELINE: Next. Brad Langford.

LOUISE: Check.

[Madeline rips a page out of another yearbook and hands the yearbook to Brad]

BRAD: Why did you do that?

LOUISE: It has a really bad picture of us on it.

BRAD: Yeah, but that page had the only picture of me in the entire book.

MADELINE: Oh. [looks at the ripped-out page, then rips off a picture and hands it to him.] There. Next.

[pan to Lorelai and Paris sitting at the Grad Night ticket table]

PARIS: No one is going to buy our tickets.

LORELAI: Give it time, Paris.

PARIS: We've been sitting here for an hour and have sold eight tickets.

LORELAI: Grad Night is a big deal, Paris. They will buy the tickets.

PARIS: Unbutton your top.

LORELAI: What?

PARIS: Teenage boys are controlled by one thing. Unbutton your top.

LORELAI: No.

PARIS: Well, me doing it isn't going to help any.

LORELAI: Paris, you need to relax. You need to stop worrying. You need to stop obsessing. You need to stop looking at my boobs.

PARIS: Fine. Oh, man, even the stupid class poster table has a line.

LORELAI: Okay, time to play "Let's distract Paris." Look at me. Let's talk.

PARIS: About what?

LORELAI: Anything. Tell me what college you finally landed on.

PARIS: I didn't.

LORELAI: Well, what's it between?

PARIS: Princeton, Columbia, and Yale.

LORELAI: Good choices.

PARIS: I'm really not that interested in Columbia, but the thought of me going there horrifies my mother so I have to keep it in the mix, you know?

LORELAI: Do I ever.

PARIS: Princeton's a good school, but Jamie goes there.

LORELAI: That's your boyfriend?

PARIS: Yes. He goes there, and if I go there, it's going to look like I went there just to be with him. Suddenly I'm Felicity without the hair issues and I'm not terribly comfortable with that.

LORELAI: But look at it like this - not going to a school you wanna go to just because your boyfriend is there is just as bad as going to a school you don't wanna go to just because your boyfriend isn't there.

PARIS: I guess.

LORELAI: If you wanna go to Princeton, go to Princeton. If you wanna go to Yale, go to Yale. Leave Jamie out of it. Leave your mother out of it. Just decide whatever it is you wanna do and do it.

PARIS: I can try that, I guess. Thanks.

LORELAI: You're welcome.

[Lorelai leans forward to hug Paris]

PARIS: Uh, what are you doing?

LORELAI: I'm giving you a hug.

PARIS: Why?

LORELAI: Just give into it, baby. Come on, you can do it. That a girl. Unclench the fists, Paris. Unclench the fists. Yeah, there you go.

CUT TO CALIFORNIA

[Jimmy and Jess walk into Jimmy's house]

JIMMY: Sash, I'm home!

[he walks to a cabinet to put his hat away. Lily is inside reading a book]

JIMMY: What's up, Lily-Lou? Want some pineapple on your pizza?

LILY: Yes.

JIMMY: Yes. [closes the cabinet door]

JESS: Does she do that a lot?

JIMMY: All the time.

JESS: You ever find it a little weird?

JIMMY: All the time. Uh, listen, why don't you give me a minute here.

JESS: Okay.

JIMMY: Make it two, two minutes. Three, and do a special knock before you come in, maybe a -

JESS: I'll tell you what, I passed a bookstore back on the boardwalk, why don't I just go check it out for awhile?

JIMMY: Okay. But I thought the knock idea was kind of cool.

[Jess leaves. Jimmy walks into the kitchen where Sasha is sitting on the counter]

SASHA: So, last week when you said you were going to Sacramento to check out a potential supplier, you actually went. . .

JIMMY: To Connecticut to see Jess.

SASHA: That was quite an elaborate story you made up.

JIMMY: Well, I do have a gift.

SASHA: Of course I didn't believe you.

JIMMY: Okay, it's not a big gift, but . . .

SASHA: Why didn't you tell me?

JIMMY: I don't know. You're nodding your head. Why are you nodding your head? You're shrugging your shoulders. You're nodding your head and shrugging your shoulders. Why are you nodding your head and shrugging your shoulders? Will you stop nodding your head and shrugging your shoulders? Sasha, come on.

SASHA: I'm gonna pick up the pizza.

JIMMY: Just have it delivered.

SASHA: The delivery guys are too stoned after six to find the house, it'll take forever.

JIMMY: I didn't know how it was gonna go, okay? I didn't know if he was even gonna be there or if he was gonna wanna talk to me or slug me or -

SASHA: I get it.

JIMMY: Sash.

SASHA: I'll see you later, roomie.

JIMMY: Do not do that. We are not roomies. We are partners, we're soul mates.

SASHA: You just traveled cross-country to see your son for the first time since he was born and you didn't tell me. We are roomies.

JIMMY: I'm sorry.

SASHA: Get the extra mattress out of the closet.

JIMMY: What for?

SASHA: For Jess.

JIMMY: For Jess to do what?

SASHA: For Jess to sleep on.

JIMMY: Jess is sleeping here?

SASHA: Isn't he?

JIMMY: I don't know.

SASHA: Jimmy, you didn't ask him if he's staying the night?

JIMMY: No.

SASHA: Well, did you ask him how long he's here for?

JIMMY: No.

SASHA: Did you ask him anything?

JIMMY: Should I have?

SASHA: Jimmy, he could be in trouble.

JIMMY: What, he's in trouble? What kind of trouble?

SASHA: How would I know what kind of trouble?

JIMMY: Well, you're the one that just said he was in trouble.

SASHA: I said he could be in trouble. He could be running from the cops, or attempting to hop across America on one foot, or he really did come all the way from Connecticut just to have pizza with his father who he's not seen or heard from in seventeen years.

JIMMY: What are the odds it's the last one?

SASHA: Do what you want. Talk to him, don't talk to him, I am not your mother. I don't care. I'll be back. Lily, come on.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Rory and Miss Celine are sitting in the living room]

MISS CELINE: Now, Sabrina, college is a very important time in a young girl's life. You need to be properly attired.

RORY: I'm sure, but -

MISS CELINE: Trust me, a young girl is completely and solely judged by her appearance. All right, let's begin. I always start every wardrobe from the top. The hat. Remember Sabrina, it's the first thing that God sees when you walk outside in the morning.

[Emily walks down the steps into the living room]

EMILY: Well, I'm exhausted. I feel as if I've tried on every dress in town.

RORY: So is it the blue?

EMILY: Yes, I think it's the blue. I think it's quite suitable for my granddaughter's graduation.

[Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Hey. Hi hon, hi Mom.

RORY: Hey.

EMILY: What are you doing here?

LORELAI: I just came to pick Rory up. Miss Celine.

MISS CELINE: Oh my God, it's Natalie Wood! Look Sabrina, it's Natalie Wood.

LORELAI: Oh, Miss Celine, I can't believe it, you're still. . .uh, working.

MISS CELINE: Oh, I tried to retire once. Olivia deHavilland wouldn't hear of it.

LORELAI: Well, how are you? How's Mrs. Walter Cronkite.

MISS CELINE: Lovely. Thank you for asking, Natalie.

EMILY: I left the suits upstairs. I'll just go up and get them.

MISS CELINE: No, no, I'll get them. It's who I am, the keeper of the clothes. Delight to see you again.

LORELAI: Same here, Celine.

[Celine goes upstairs]

LORELAI: Oh my God, she was like a thousand when I was ten, I can't believe it.

RORY: You should've seen all the clothes that Grandma tried on today.

LORELAI: Yeah?

RORY: She picked out a beautiful blue dress for graduation.

LORELAI: Aw, I'd like to see that, Mom.

EMILY: It needs to be altered.

LORELAI: Oh, sure. I'll see it at graduation, I guess. So I'm sorry I didn't give you advanced notice that I was coming over.

EMILY: I don't need advanced notice, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Okay, you just seem tense.

EMILY: No, I'm just tired. And busy. I have a very busy evening ahead of me.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm sure you do.

[the maid comes to the doorway]

MAID: Dinner's ready, Mrs. Gilmore.

EMILY: No, it's not.

MAID: I just checked it and it's -

EMILY: I was in there ten minutes ago and it still had another forty minutes to go.

MAID: But it's really brown and -

EMILY: Lupe, please do not argue with me. It's not ready. Now go in there and make the salad. What?

MAID: The salad's ready.

EMILY: Lupe!

[the maid walks away]

LORELAI: Mom, it's seven o'clock.

EMILY: So?

LORELAI: That's your dinnertime.

EMILY: I don't have a dinnertime, Lorelai.

LORELAI: You don't have a dinnertime?

EMILY: No, I don't.

LORELAI: So all the years I grew up in this house, we did not sit down to dinner at exactly seven o'clock every single night?

EMILY: No.

LORELAI: I just imagined that?

EMILY: Lorelai, I don't know what your obsession with dinnertime is.

LORELAI: My obsession with dinnertime is that it was always at seven o'clock, now all of a sudden, it's not. Is it because I'm here?

EMILY: That's ridiculous.

LORELAI: It is. I'm here, and if you served dinner, Miss Manners would insist that you invite me to stay and you don't want to, so you're going to pretend that dinner is suddenly whenever you feel like it.

EMILY: Lorelai, do not get dramatic. Dinner is not ready, and even if it was, I would still not be able to invite you to stay because your father and I have plans tonight. We are eating quickly and then leaving.

LORELAI: To go where?

EMILY: The Thompsons.

LORELAI: For what?

EMILY: Book club.

LORELAI: What book?

EMILY: Lovely Bones.

LORELAI: Did you like it?

EMILY: It's not my taste but I respect the attempt.

LORELAI: Now I know where I get it from.

EMILY: We'll have dinner another time, all right?

LORELAI: Uh, so, are you kicking us out?

EMILY: I told you, we have plans.

LORELAI: Or do you just wanna get that dinner of yours that's been ready for ten minutes now on the table?

EMILY: Lorelai, please.

LORELAI: Tell me this - if I couldn't stay but Rory could, would you want her to?

EMILY: Of course I would, but as I told you, your father and I have plans.

LORELAI: So she can't stay even if I'm gone?

EMILY: No, she can't.

[Richard comes to the doorway]

RICHARD: Emily, for heaven's sake, it's 7:10. Why aren't we eating?

LORELAI: Oh, hi, Dad. Listen, um, Rory was gonna stay for dinner if you guys don't have plans.

RICHARD: Of course we don't have any plans. Oh, I'm thrilled, Rory is staying. You just livened up a very boring night in the Gilmore house.

LORELAI: Enjoy your dinner. And Mom, get yourself an agent 'cause you're wasting that talent of yours in dinner theater.

RORY: Mom, wait.

[Lorelai walks outside and Rory follows her]

RORY: Mom, wait. Where are you going?

LORELAI: I'm gonna drive in a circle backwards really fast to reverse the Earth's orbit to go back in time to before I made the insane decision to come here in the first place.

RORY: You came here to pick me up.

LORELAI: What was I thinking doing that?

RORY: You were thinking, 'Hey, wouldn't it be great for my daughter not to have to walk all the way back to Stars Hollow.'

LORELAI: Well, a thirty-mile hike never hurt anyone. God, I can't believe her.

RORY: And I can't believe you.

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: You were gonna leave me here?

LORELAI: So you could have dinner with them.

RORY: I never said I wanted to have dinner with them. You said I wanted to have dinner with them, and then you stormed out.

LORELAI: Okay, I'm sorry. I just, I finally realized that I can't do this anymore. I can't come back here anymore, I'm done.

RORY: Well, I'm sorry. I never should've asked you to pick me up.

LORELAI: It's okay. It's good, actually. Now I can stop feeling guilty for not talking to them. I can go back to the way things were before. We share a nose and that's it.

RORY: So we're going?

LORELAI: Yes, we're going.

RORY: Okay, I have to go get my books. Please be here when I come back.

[Rory walks back inside]

EMILY: Are you staying?

RORY: No, I have to go, Grandma.

EMILY: All right, I guess we'll just see you at graduation then.

RORY: I guess you will.

EMILY: I swear, I don't know what to do with that mother of yours, I really don't. Everything has to be such a scene.

RORY: I think you're being really stupid. [leaves]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai and Rory drive through the town square]

LORELAI: So, Souplantation. . .

RORY: Hang on, I'm almost at the end of this chapter. [pause] Okay, let the raving begin.

LORELAI: A room full of all you can eat food. Soup, salad, pizza, pasta, chicken wings, ice cream, rainbow sprinkles. How did I not know about the rainbow sprinkles?

RORY: I have no good answers for you.

LORELAI: We are going back with Tupperware.

RORY: It's turning yellow.

LORELAI: Ah, sh**t.

RORY: Come on, g*n it.

LORELAI: I can't.

RORY: Mom, we have to get home.

LORELAI: Rory, I already have two tickets. I cannot get another.

[Lorelai stops the car at the red light]

RORY: Oh, I can't believe you stopped.

LORELAI: I can't believe you wanted me to go.

RORY: There's no one around.

LORELAI: Now no one's around, but the second I run that light, a police car, four helicopters, the Canadian mounties and the crew of Cops jump out of a dumpster and I'm toast.

RORY: Paranoid.

LORELAI: Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they're not out to get you, my friend.

RORY: All right, I guess we wait.

[They see Luke sweeping the sidewalk in front of the diner]

RORY: Do you think Luke will know we went to Souplantation?

LORELAI: Not unless you tell him.

RORY: But maybe he'll be able to tell. They'll be a glow.

LORELAI: An all-you-can-eat glow.

RORY: He'll see the glow, he'll know we cheated, and he'll never give us extra fries again.

[Luke sees them and runs inside]

RORY: Um, Mom, why did just bolt away from us?

LORELAI: Maybe he saw the glow.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Okay, first of all, I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner. I just thought with all the stuff you were doing, maybe I should wait.

RORY: What's going on?

LORELAI: Jess is gone.

RORY: Gone where?

LORELAI: I don't know. Luke knows, but he didn't tell me. But he doesn't seem to think he's coming

back.

RORY: Neither do I.

LORELAI: Are you okay?

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: Ugh, forget this.

[Lorelai runs the red light and heads home. A police motorcycle pulls out and follows after her]

CUT TO CALIFORNIA

[Jess is browsing in a bookstore when Jimmy walks up to him]

JIMMY: Hey, when you say 'I'm going to check out a bookstore on the boardwalk', you be more specific.

JESS: What?

JIMMY: I have been wandering around for over an hour. I've been to three different bookstores. I have been worried sick about you, you hear me?

JESS: Sorry.

JIMMY: Outside.

JESS: But -

JIMMY: Outside.

[they walk outside]

JIMMY: Are you in trouble?

JESS: What?

JIMMY: You know, when you left home, were the cops after you?

JESS: No.

JIMMY: No 'cause they shouldn't be or no 'cause they haven't found the head yet?

JESS: What's up, Jimmy?

JIMMY: You just showed up here, man.

JESS: I know I did.

JIMMY: No call, no letter, just like -

JESS: Just like you showed up in Stars Hollow with no letter, no call.

JIMMY: Hey.

JESS: Were you in trouble?

JIMMY: We're not talking about me, we're talking about you.

JESS: I'm not running from the cops.

JIMMY: Then why are you here?

JESS: Why'd you come to Stars Hollow?

JIMMY: Hey, listen, Mr. Double-Talk, I need an answer here.

JESS: Well, so do I. You show up, you don't talk to me, you don't say anything. You just have a cup of coffee, then you left. Why'd you come if you didn't even wanna talk to me?

JIMMY: I did wanna talk to you.

JESS: You did?

JIMMY: Of course I wanted to talk to you. You think a person travels all the way across the country just to listen to a Bowie song? Granted, a classic off Ziggy, but still.

JESS: So, what, you're telling me you just chickened out?

JIMMY: Yeah.

JESS: Oh. Well, I came to see you.

JIMMY: Okay.

JESS: And I thought maybe I could crash here for a little while.

JIMMY: Uh huh.

JESS: Just a little while. I don't need my own room or anything. I can just sleep on the couch.

JIMMY: Or the extra mattress we keep in the closet.

JESS: Sure, that'd be fine, too.

JIMMY: You know, Sasha's always right. It drives me crazy. No matter what the situation, she's always right.

JESS: Jimmy.

JIMMY: I'd love to be right just once in awhile, you know?

JESS: It wouldn't be for long.

JIMMY: Do you know she called the Super Bowl five times in a row? Who does that? What is she, a witch?

JESS: You know what, say no if you want.

JIMMY: Jess, man, come on, you can't stay here.

JESS: Why not?

JIMMY: 'Cause you can't.

JESS: Why not?

JIMMY: 'Cause you can't.

JESS: Why not?

JIMMY: Because you can't.

JESS: Well, I'd ask "why not" but it doesn't seem to be getting me anywhere.

JIMMY: Look at me, Jess. I'm not a father. I was never a father. I left you because I wasn't a father. I mean it, the minute the cigar was finished, I was like, "What the hell are you doing? You can't take care of yourself. How are you gonna take care of someone else?"

JESS: That's not why -

JIMMY: I can't take you in, I can't raise you.

JESS: Raise me? I'm eighteen! I'm raised. I can vote, I can be drafted. It's a little late to throw me a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle birthday party.

JIMMY: I thought you didn't come here to bust my balls.

JESS: I didn't.

JIMMY: Well, then put the bat down, man.

JESS: I don't need a daddy. I just need a place to crash.

JIMMY: Do you even understand that it's only been the last five years that I've even started to put my life together? You don't wanna be around me. I am a screw-up. That is my genetic code.

JESS: Well, the apple doesn't fall too far from the tree.

JIMMY: Don't say that. You're young, you can do anything you want.

JESS: A month. Just let me stay a month.

JIMMY: Are you listening? I have nothing to offer you. Nothing.

JESS: You have nothing? I have nothing! I have no place to go. I can't stay at Luke's, I can't stay in Stars Hollow. My mother is a wackjob. I mean, you're saying you're this loser and what, you don't wanna take me off this terrific path I'm headed down right now? I'm not graduating high school. I don't know what I'm gonna do with the rest of my life, but something's telling me I better find out soon or I'm gonna be that guy out there on the boardwalk selling the hemp hats.

JIMMY: I have one of those. It's a good hat.

JESS: Well?

JIMMY: I have to talk it over with Sasha.

JESS: Just tell her I'm a dog.

JIMMY: Great idea. Maybe you can sit there and lick yourself while she decides, you know, help sell it.

JESS: Thank you, Jimmy.

JIMMY: If she says it's okay, then we'll see.

JESS: Fine, we'll see.

JIMMY: It may not work out.

JESS: I totally understand.

JIMMY: But I'll ask and if she says it's okay, then we'll see. We'll see.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory walk through the front door]

RORY: Oh my God, I'm so tired.

LORELAI: Here's a crazy thought, how about going to bed?

RORY: I have to study.

LORELAI: Or, better yet, make a pot of coffee and once again, get no sleep. Just as good.

RORY: What's this?

LORELAI: Oh, that's just. . .Yale needed my Social Security number for something.

RORY: Oh.

[Rory walks toward the kitchen. Lorelai looks through Rory's yearbook in the living room]

LORELAI: Look who became a soche.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: You have a lot of signatures in here, little girl.

RORY: Everybody signs everybody's yearbook. It's polite.

LORELAI: [reads] "Rory, have a great summer. BFF. Amber." Hey, Amber BFF'ed you.

RORY: Yeah, I feel truly blessed.

LORELAI: [reads] "Hey, Aurory Borealis." Okay, can't talk to this one ever again. [reads] "You have been my inspiration, my rock, my light. I loved you in South Pacific." When did you do South Pacific?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Some dipstick named Shauna thinks you were in South Pacific.

RORY: Oh, Shauna tends to get people mixed up.

LORELAI: Oh, okay.

[Lorelai looks at the yearbook some more, then walks to the kitchen]

LORELAI: Hey, you know what's weird? A lot of the kids in here are calling you a valedictorian. Is that anything like a dirty skank, 'cause if it is I'll kick their plaid butts up and down the sidewalk. Were you named valedictorian?

RORY: Yes, and you know what that means? One more stupid speech that I have to write, that I have no time to write, but nevertheless, I have to write.

LORELAI: Hey, listen, my little Holly Hunter in Broadcast News, I'm gonna let you freak out and study like a mad woman and stress yourself out until finals, but once they're over, we are gonna celebrate big time. . . 'cause this is amazing.

RORY: Yeah, it is.

LORELAI: Okay, now go make Mommy nervous.

THE END

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