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## 06x02 - Fight Face

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### 06x02 - Fight Face

by **bunniefuu**

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Previously on Gilmore Girls. Scenes from the previous episodes.

(OPEN in front of the Twickham House, night. Lorelai & Sookie are standing there, looking up at it)

LORELAI: It's big

SOOKIE: That's what she said.

LORELAI: Good one

SOOKIE: Hey, I'm still twelve.

LORELAI: I meant the house. It's very big.

SOOKIE: Very sweet of Luke to have that dream of his. You two living in this house!

LORELAI: What do you think there are? Twelve rooms?

SOOKIE: At least! I mean you can really go to town in this place. You could have a dedicated sewing room. I mean, that's a no-brainer.

LORELAI: Are you kidding? I could put a whole loom in one of those rooms. Indulge my long harboured desire to make tapestries

SOOKIE: You've been long harbouring that one?

LORELAI: I just thought of it, but yeah!

SOOKIE: So it's all feeling good, huh?

LORELAI: Well it's a little on the Versailles side. I mean I have to keep an eye out for peasants with pitchforks.

SOOKIE: I meant the relationship. You're engaged for Gosh sakes!

LORELAI: Yes! I'm aware!

SOOKIE: And sticking?

LORELAI: Yes, Sookie, it's sticking!

SOOKIE: Good, good!... How 'bout now?

LORELAI: I'm totally re-evaluating the whole thing.

SOOKIE: Really?

LORELAI: (exasperated) NO!

SOOKIE: Well...You've got priors!

LORELAI: Sookie!

SOOKIE: You say one thing, but your heart says another.

LORELAI: Please! Don't give me the whole litany. Especially one that sounds so much like a Kenny Chesney song.

SOOKIE: I'm just being honest.

LORELAI: (determined) I'm not going to bolt. I'm staying put.

SOOKIE: Good. (knowingly) Because the eyes will give you away.

LORELAI: What do you mean?

SOOKIE: If you're thinking of bolting they'll pop out on you, like that runway bride. It's like the eyes are trying to run away first.

LORELAI: Sookie look at my eyes.

(Sookie looks into Lorelai's eyes)

SOOKIE: OK...

LORELAI: How do they look?

SOOKIE: Pretty socked in there.

LORELAI: And there they will remain. Everything's good. Promise

SOOKIE: Good. Pretty eyes too.

LORELAI: I'm taken.

SOOKIE: Sorry!

LORELAI: (turns to look back at the house) WOW!

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: Is it me or...

SOOKIE: (looks up at the house too) Nope! I think it just got bigger.

LORELAI: That's what she said.

SOOKIE: Good grief.

LORELAI: What!? You can be twelve, but I can't be twelve?

SOOKIE: No...You can be twelve.

LORELAI: Thank you.

(OPENING CREDITS)

(CUT to Community Service orientation. A supervisor is walking around the room, explaining the rules. All the "felons" are sitting on desks))

SUPERVISOR: Remember to sign in at the get-go. If you do not sign in your work that day will not count against your community service hours, so do it! Same thing at the end. Sign out. Don't forget! Each shift is three and a half hours. Double shifts will include a half hour lunch break and it's bring your own. (picks up a stack of papers and hands them to a person sitting at one of the front desks). Take one down and pass it around. (camera pans to the "felons" sitting and follows as the papers get passed around the room). These are your guidelines. They outline safety procedures, behaviour requirements etc. If you cause any trouble you will come back here to see me, something I do not want to happen. Now lets talk about what you will not bring. First on the list weapons of any kind. I'll state the obvious first. You will not bring a g\*n. You will not bring chains. You will not bring knives of any kind, including penknives, nail files, razor blades, carpet cutters. (camera pans to Rory, she looks out of place with all the other people in the orientation) You will not bring rope, you will not bring brass knuckles or anything that can be used as a truncheon.

(CUT to Luke's diner, morning. Luke & Lorelai come down from the apartment talking)

LUKE: And they have those flash light thingies

LORELAI: Yeah! That's the right name for those. Flash Light Thingies.

LUKE: And Jedi powers of mind control, and they can move things, so they're telekinetic. And they hover on their jet saucers over molten lava, and they can jump and fly around like they're in Cirque Du Soleil...

LORELAI: Ah! Coffee, please. (Luke goes behind the counter to get the coffee, Lorelai sits on a stool)

LUKE:...But what gives one Jedi knight the edge over the other, huh? The ultimate advantage? They stand on a mound of dirt and declare, "you can't win. I've got the high ground."

LORELAI: Dude, if he said it that's the way it is. It's a fictional world.

LUKE: He's four feet up a little slop, and that wipes out all the other guys powers to fly, jump around, move things with his brain, use his flashlight thingy?

LORELAI: You've got to learn the right term for that flashlight thingy!

LUKE: This has been bugging me!

LORELAI: For months! We saw that movie months ago. You've got to let it go.

LUKE: I can't!

LORELAI: George Lucas owns San Fransisco now. That's a city! You can't argue with a man who owns a city.

LUKE: All the other guy has to do is scurry onto land, run up a hill a bit, and then he has the high ground. I mean, they can fly jetpods, but they can't scurry?

LORELAI: Go on a website or something, OK? Cause there are thousands...no, millions of your kind out there debating all the minutiae of, not just this Star Wars movie, but every Star Wars movie!

LUKE: You drag me to see these movies.

LORELAI: No, you wanted to see that movie.

LUKE: So I can't critique it because I wanted to see it?

LORELAI: That's how it works.

LUKE: What about "Bewitched"?

LORELAI: (closes her eyes and breathes deep in restrain) Okay, I'm sorry. They screwed up "Bewitched". Nicole Kidman, good choice. But that concept?

LUKE: You should go on a website

LORELAI: No! but "Bewitched" is iconic!...Dr. Bombay, Larry Tate. There was no Larry Tate.

LUKE: (a bit condescending) Hey! Let it go! We saw this months ago!

LORELAI: This is different. You can't have "Bewitched" without Larry Tate.

LUKE: Here's your coffee.

LORELAI: (sighs and takes the to go cup) So should we stop going to movies?

LUKE: We should stop caring.

LORELAI: OK! Bye doll!

LUKE: Bye

(They kiss and Lorelai exits the diner. Camera follows as Luke walks behind the counter and as he reaches to clean a table we see TJ cleaning up some shelves. He starts to stroke them lovingly)

TJ: You see these?

LUKE: Yeah, I saw them before TJ. Stop doing that. It's creepy.

TJ: (stands up straight by the shelves proudly) Some of my best work these shelves.

LUKE: They seem very shelfy.

TJ: You're not excited.

LUKE: I tend not to get too excited about things like shelves.

TJ: I hate that you've lost the little boy in you.

LUKE: Don't cry for me

(They walk away from the table. Luke goes behind the counter. TJ follows from the other side of the counter)

TJ: By the way, I'm throwing in my top shelf as an engagement gift for you, brother-in-law.

LUKE: Great! Thanks.

TJ: Of course, my per-shelf rate's gone up since we last talked. So it all comes out to the same money.

LUKE: Yeah...well, funny how that works.

TJ: It's very exciting that Lorelai's gonna be my sister-in-law. Having another hot girl in the family is gonna be tres cool.

LUKE: Uh-huh.

TJ: People are really gonna stare when the two of us are squiring our delectable wives around.

LUKE: I don't know just how much mutual squiring you and I are going to be doing.

TJ: You got to admit our wives are hot. (draws in the air with his hands a woman's body) Va-va to the voom.

LUKE: (disturbed) T.J... Your wife is my sister.

TJ: That don't make you blind, does it? Va-va...(starts to do the air drawing thing again)

LUKE: Don't go to the voom again!

TJ: Mr. Sensitive.

LUKE: You're done here, right? Don't you have somewhere to go?

TJ: I'm pretty free. I was gonna go home and watch "Bewitched" on dvd, but your woman spoiled that for me.

LUKE: Yeah...I got to check something out in the storeroom. (starts walking towards the storeroom. TJ follows him and stops him before he leaves)

TJ: Wait, wait, wait, wait! Wait. Wait. Wait. I need your okay on something.

LUKE: As long as it doesn't involve my sister.

TJ: It pays to advertise, right? I want to put a sign up on the shelves to let people know who did them. "Shelves by AJ"

LUKE: AJ? Why AJ? Why not TJ?

TJ: 'Cause I'm going in the yellow pages, and I want to be up at the top. "T" puts me after everything except "u," "v," "w," "x," "y," and "z" and I think a few others. Smart, huh?

LUKE: Yeah, well I just don't want you advertising here, T.J.

TJ: Well, is it okay if I give out my card to any inquiring party? (gets out a card from his toolbelt and gives it to Luke)

LUKE: Sure, if they inquire, give them a card. (reads the card) You crossed out "Ralph's Shoe Repair" and wrote in "AJ Construction." That's your card?

TJ: I don't technically have cards. So I take them from other businesses and write my own stuff in it.

LUKE: You wanna...You might want to cross out the picture of the guy shining the boot. It might confuse things.

TJ: Thanks. (Luke exits to the storeroom) What a team, huh? What a team? (TJ approaches two customers sitting on the counter) How about those shelves, huh? You plus your fat cousins could sit on them. They wouldn't break. They're that strong. Here, take a card. (gives them a card)

(CUT outside to Stars Hollow pet fair, same day. Lorelai is walking around looking at the animals)

LORELAI: Hello, porky! Hello. O-h-h-H! Well, I'm feeling a little guilty because of the you-L.T I had yesterday. That's right, I'm sorry. Please forgive me. Hi, fellas. What's up? You both look like K\*llers. (sees a cage with a cute furry mutt) Hey. Hey, you! Oh, someone seems very happy.

FAIR SALES PERSON: He likes you, and he's picky.

LORELAI: He's cute. You're cute. You're shaggy cute. Oh, we got a love thing going on, don't we? (Miss Patty approaches Lorelai)

MISS PATTY: (accusingly) What are you doing?

LORELAI: I'm just enjoying the animals, Patty.

MISS PATTY: (to fair sales person) Honey, this is not right. She can't have a love thing with a dog.

FAIR SALES PERSON: She can't?

LORELAI: Yes, I can. Go about your business there, Patty.

MISS PATTY: You must have her name on some blacklist back there, don't you?

FAIR SALES PERSON: We don't have a blacklist.

MISS PATTY: But this is Lorelai Gilmore.

LORELAI: Ignore her. (to Patty) This dog loves me. And the pig...the pig loved me.

MISS PATTY: It looks dead.

LORELAI: It's sleeping. (to fair sales person) They sleep, right?

FAIR SALES PERSON: Actually, that's very unusual for her to be sleeping. (to another fair member) Meg, make sure the pig's okay.

LORELAI: Yeah, the pig's fine.

MISS PATTY: (accusingly) You didn't touch it, did you?

LORELAI: I did not k\*ll the pig, Patty.

MISS PATTY: You got a bad record. You got to admit it.

LORELAI: That thing with the hamster was a long time ago. It was a long time ago! And..and it was

only a hamster. I mean it's not really in the same category as dog or pig, now, is it?

MISS PATTY: What about the rabbit?

LORELAI: Okay, the rabbit was sick when I got it. It was sick when I got it! It was actually very humanitarian of me to take it in the first place.

MISS PATTY: And that poor turtle. It was supposed to outlive you.

LORELAI: Kay! You're really kind of bringing down the pet fair here, Patty.

MISS PATTY: Honey, go see "March Of The Penguins." That's really as close to the animals as you should get. (walks away)

LORELAI: (to fair sales person) She's a comedienne, that one. She just gets a bit, and then she keeps on going, you know, even with one that's not funny. It's a (far sales person walks away)...(to the dog) Hi. See you later, kiddo.

LIZ: (running towards Lorelai) Lorelai!

LORELAI: Liz, hi. (they hug)

LIZ: You and Luke engaged!

LORELAI: Yes, we are!

LIZ: I want to eat your face.

LORELAI: Is that good?

LIZ: You're my sister-in-law. Mrs. Danes, not that you're changing your name. You don't got to. Go modern.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm not sure what I'm gonna do.

LIZ: (takes Lorelai's hand in hers and inspects the ring) This ring. My brother has good taste.

LORELAI: Yes, he does.

LIZ: You ever see my ring?(hold out her ring finger) It's a beaut, huh?

LORELAI: Definitely.

LIZ: Had a problem with it for a while. It turned my finger green.

LORELAI: Well, that's common with metal.

LIZ: No, it's worse than that. The finger turned green, then it turned blue, then purple. So, I went to this doctor, and he's talking amputation.

LORELAI: Oh, my god!

LIZ: But TJ picked it out for me, so I love it, I really do.

LORELAI: It's the thought that counts.

LIZ: Well, I got to get going. I actually have a finger-therapy session I have to go to. Sister-in-laaaws! (hold up her ring, and Lorelai reluctantly joins her)

LORELAI: Sister-in-laws!

LIZ: Oh, I'm a jerk.

LORELAI: What?

LIZ: I forgot to ask you about Rory.

LORELAI: Right.

LIZ: So, is she staying here with you during the summer break?

LORELAI: (uncomfortable) Oh, well, actually...Luke didn't tell you about all this?

LIZ: All what?

LORELAI: She's staying with her grandparents for the summer.

LIZ: Really?

LORELAI: For a change of pace. And she'll be working and...yeah.

LIZ: Ah! Your whole extended family. You, your parents, so close. It's nice.

LORELAI: Yes, it is.

LIZ: Ow.

LORELAI: What?

LIZ: My finger. Gotta run. Bye. (walks away)

LORELAI: Uh...Bye, Liz. (sighs) Looks back at the furry mutt. To fair sales pesron) I'll take him.

(CUT to Gilmore mansion dinning room. Emily and Richard are having a rather rich breakfast and are working on their schedules)

EMILY: So the 14th works?

RICHARD: Yeah, works for me. My god, we're busier than that Anne Coulter.

EMILY: Who?

RICHARD: That blond bean pole on TV. If she walked over a subway grate, she'd fall right through.

EMILY: We need to talk to the gardener.

RICHARD: Try! I've given up.

EMILY: I told him to take that mp3 device off his head while he worked, and he did. Then I hid behind the curtains, and he put his mp3 device right back in his ears. (Rory walks in the dinning room and stand around awkwardly)



RICHARD: We're paying him too much if he's able to afford an mp3 device.

EMILY: Well he's got to focus on the lawn. Morning, Rory.

RORY: Hi.

RICHARD: The patches of brown. Good morning, Rory.

RORY: Morning.

EMILY: OH, speaking of which, we have a cocktail gathering on Wednesday.

RICHARD: How was "patches of brown" speaking of which?

EMILY: It's the Sterling-Olivers.

RICHARD: The age spots.

EMILY: You worship the sun, you pay the price.

RICHARD: (chuckles) So, Wednesday with the Oliv...wait a minute. We already have cocktails with the Bransons on Wednesday.

EMILY: We'll do a drink at each.

RICHARD: Huh, we've done it before.

EMILY: Rory, sit, sit!

RORY: OK. (sits at her usual place)

RICHARD: We're staying on top of your car, by the way.

RORY: My car?

RICHARD: Mmmm. It's still in the shop. What is with our government? Impounding a car and damaging it in the process.

EMILY: Then refusing to pay for the damage.

RICHARD: I should tell Scooter Libby about this. I keep forgetting I know a man on the inside. I'll give him a call.

EMILY: Before an indictment comes down.

RORY: I'm sorry.

EMILY: For what?

RORY: Well my car is impounded because of the thing with the yacht.

EMILY: (dismissive) That's forgotten.

RICHARD: (equally dismissive) Totally forgotten.

EMILY: (continuing to be dismissive) It didn't happen.

RICHARD: We'll get you through this community service. Then we'll be through with the matter.

EMILY: Was the orientation horrible?

RORY: No, it went fine. I start my first hours in a couple days.

EMILY: You're bearing this angelically.

RICHARD: (looks at his watch) Oh, I've got to run!

EMILY: (looks at her watch) Oh, look at that. Me too. (Richard & Emily stand up)

RICHARD: Goodbye, Rory. Have a nice day.

EMILY: Eat the rest of this.

RORY: (Richard kisses the top of her head) I'll try.

EMILY: And give the fabric samples in the pool house a good look. The longer we wait, the longer it takes.

RORY: I'll give them a good look

(as Richard and Emily start to exit music starts to play)

EMILY: What's that?

RICHARD: That's my new ring tone.

EMILY: I love it.

RICHARD: I'll have Katie come up with some appropriate suggestions for yours. Maybe some Burt Bacharach.

EMILY: Wonderful. (the grand parents leave. Rory is left alone in the huge dinning room)

(CUT to pool house. Rory is sitting on one of the armchairs with the fabric samples on them watching the pool scene from "The Graduate" wearing a bathing suit and a skirt)

(CUT to main house. We hear the vacuum. Rory enters walking around bored. The vacuum stops working and the maid walks by. Rory waves at her the maid smiles and walks away. After a beat Rory follows her)

(CUT to the mansion's kitchen. The maid is doing some work as Rory walks in)

RORY: (pointing at the coffee maker) May I?

ESPERANZA: Si.

RORY: (pours some coffee) Esperanza, right?

ESPERANZA: Si, Esperanza.

RORY: Tu nombre es muy bonito.

ESPERANZA: Hablas español?

RORY: Um, no hablo bien, y no hablo mucho.

ESPERANZA: Lo hablas muy bien.

RORY: De dónde eres?

ESPERANZA: De Guatemala.

RORY: Guatemala. Tienes familia allí?

ESPERANZA: Oh, sí, tengo mucha familia, y quiero traer a mi mamá aquí.

RORY: Oh, sí. Y cuántos años tiene tu mamá?

ESPERANZA: 72 años.

RORY: Oh! (they chuckle)

(CUT to kitchen later on. Rory & Esperanza are in deep conversation polishing silver together. Emily walks in)

RORY: Le gusta ver fútbol en la televisión o le gusta jugar?

EMILY: Rory!

RORY: Oh! Grandma, you scared me.

ESPERANZA: Hello, Mrs. Gilmore.

EMILY: What is going on in here?

RORY: Um, we were just...well, we were polishing silver.

EMILY: Esperanza, the vacuum is still sitting in the foyer. (at the maids' blank stare) The vacuum!  
THE VACUUM!

ESPERANZA: Oh, sí! Sí. (exits in a rush)

EMILY: (to Rory) Tell me she didn't ask you to help.

RORY: Oh, no, no. She didn't. I just...I don't know. I just thought, I would pitch in.

EMILY: Well, you shouldn't. This is her job, she's paid to do this.

RORY: I know.

EMILY: And what was that language?

RORY: Spanish.

EMILY: Spanish? They don't like it when you talk to them, Rory. It throws them off their axis.

RORY: She seemed fine.

EMILY: (inspects Rory's outfit) Is that a bathing suit?

RORY: Yeah. Yeah, I was gonna go swimming earlier. (seeing Emily's stern face) In fact, I think I'll go do that now.

EMILY: Yes, a swim would be good.

RORY: OK. Well, see you later. (Rory exits. Emily looks around at the silverware Rory was polishing and sighs)

(CUT to Lorelai's house, night. There is a knock on the door. Lorelai answers. Luke comes in)

LUKE: Hey! You ready to go?

LORELAI: Come in, come in, come in! I want to show you something.

LUKE: OK.

LORELAI: (giggles) Or...more accurately, I want to show you someone. (they walk in the living room, which is filled with doggie stuff) Ta-da! Where'd he go?

LUKE: Where'd who go? What's all this crap?

LORELAI: (disappointed) Aaaww! Yoo-hoo! Come on, dude. We had it all rehearsed and everything. A! Aha! Ha ha. Yeah. Okay. (produces the dog from behind an armchair) Ta-da!

LUKE: (surprised and weirded out) It's a dog.

LORELAI: Yeah! Very good. (to the dog in a funny voice) He's smart, too. Not as smart as you. (carries him to the coffee table and sets him there, sits next to him and starts to pet him)

LUKE: What are you doing with a dog?

LORELAI: I bought him. Doesn't he look happy?

LUKE: Yeah, I guess. (disbelievingly) You bought a dog!

LORELAI: Yeah, and he loves me. And he doesn't give his love easily. The only drawback is the name. Cocoa. It's too cutesy. But he's a rescue, so I don't want to freak him out by giving him a new name right away, so, I'm gonna get to the name I want to give him in baby steps. For the first week, I'll call him Cocoa to get him acclimated.

LUKE: Acclimated.

LORELAI: Second week, I'm gonna call him Cokey. Third week "Kooky". Fourth week "Tooky".

LUKE: So, you're gonna name him Tooky?

LORELAI: No. I'm gonna name him Paul Anka, but it's gonna take a while to get to Paul Anka.

LUKE: Yeah, I'd say so.

LORELAI: (gets up from the table) And, you know, this little guy has already taught me something I didn't know! Just because they make it for a dog doesn't mean a dog is gonna like it. Toys, including squeakies (picks up a toy and squeezes it, makes a sound) and the "whazzup" variety (picks up another toy that looks like a monkey, squeezes it and it says "whazzup?"): No interest. Rawhide

bones: no interest. Popcorn: scared of it.

LUKE: Scared of popcorn?

LORELAI: Yeah, and also of tissue holders, paperbacks, cds, framed pictures, and lint. Oh! And when I drink something, he gets freaked out like I'm gonna die, and I have to pick him up and rock him like a baby until he calms down. It's been quite a first day for us.

LUKE: Look, should I ask the question

that immediately came to mind

when I first saw the thing,

or should I just shut up?

LORELAI: No. sh\*\*t.

LUKE: Is it okay for you to...

LORELAI: (cuts Luke off)...That hamster was defective. Period. Plus, they only live like three years, I looked it up. And...and...and he would have been dead by now anyway. So, world, stop with the hamster already.

LUKE: But the turtle...

LORELAI: (cuts him off again) The same thing with the turtle.

LUKE: Yeah, but they live to be 90.

LORELAI: I will take care of this dog. I promise. Now, would you like a beer?

LUKE: Sure.

LORELAI: OK. Just distract him while I'm drinking. And don't let him see the (whispers) bottle opener. (they walk to the kitchen. PA is left in the living room)

(CUT to Lorelai's kitchen, continuous. Luke and Lorelai enter. Lorelai goes to the fridge)

LUKE: How much did you spend on all this?

LORELAI: Tons. (gets two beers out of the fridge and gives one to Luke)

LUKE: For a stupid dog.

LORELAI: You're acting like you don't like dogs.

LUKE: I don't like dogs.

LORELAI: (PA enters the kitchen) Shh! He heard you.

LUKE: He speaks English?

LORELAI: Since when do you not like dogs?

LUKE: Since all the times I made that really, really clear, which is every time I've ever been around

a dog.

LORELAI: What is there not to like about dogs?

LUKE: (sits at the table. Lorelai puts some food for PA) They're dirty, they're a pain to train, they're a pain to wash, they bark when they shouldn't, they jump on you when you don't want them to, they chew things, they shed, they lick themselves, they make your house smell, they make your car smell, and they make you smell.

LORELAI: (sighs and joins him at the table) You know I think it's very sad that you've lost the little boy in you.

LUKE: The little boy didn't like dogs, either.

LORELAI: Oh! You know. I just realized what this is. This is our thing.

LUKE: What thing?

LORELAI: This tradition of ours. You claim to hate everything at first, but it's just your initial stance in a negotiation. And then we talk, and our opinions merge, and we find a happy middle.

LUKE: No. A lot of times, it's just how I feel, and my mind doesn't change. (PA goes over to his food bowl)

LORELAI: OK, oh! he's eating. Come on, let's go! (she gets up and gestures Luke to follow) But don't make any sudden movements, and don't drink and don't look at him. He's very self-conscious about his eating. I'm the same way. That's how I know this is gonna work! Go! Go, go, go! (they exit the kitchen and stare at PA while he's eating through the kitchen door window)

LUKE: You do realize your dog has just driven us out of the house?

LORELAI: Don't worry. He's a quick eater. Come on. (they start walking)

(CUT to Lorelai's porch, continuous. Lorelai and Luke are walking on the porch)

LORELAI: Shh.

LUKE: This is silly.

LORELAI: What? We can hang out here.

It's a nice night. (they sit on the couch on the porch) Okay. Now, fill me in. How was your day?

LUKE: Well, I talked to some contractors about the Twickham House.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah?

LUKE: As soon as we make the offer, they'll let us in. We can start planning stuff. Remodelling, whatever.

LORELAI: Good.

LUKE: And as soon as we're out of escrow, we can start work.

LORELAI: Cool. Excellent.

LUKE: I was thinking we could even pull the crew over here. Do some quick touch-ups before selling.

LORELAI: Wait. Touch-ups? Where? Here?

LUKE: Yeah. It hasn't been painted in a while. Fixing it up will help it sell.

LORELAI: Right. You know, I've been thinking?

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Maybe...we should...hang on to this house.

LUKE: To rent?

LORELAI: No! Not to rent. To use...in some other way.

LUKE: What other way?

LORELAI: Uh...I don't know. we...It could be, like, a paint studio.

LUKE: We don't paint.

LORELAI: Well, maybe we'll start. Maybe it's the lack of a studio that's kept us from realizing our love of watercolours.

LUKE: I don't have a love of watercolours.

LORELAI: Or I could use it as my recording studio. That would be cool, huh? And when I'm not laying down tracks, I could rent it out to Korn or Iggy Pop or someone. Right? You and me just hanging with Iggy Pop, rocking out, telling stories. Ig's got stories!

LUKE: (understanding drawing on him) Uh-huh.

LORELAI: Or we could use it as a safe house, in case we decide to take up a life of crime. (through the window PA walks up on the staircase and lies down)

LUKE: I doubt we're going to do that.

LORELAI: Well, we could be wrongly accused of a crime we did not commit. And then we'd have to hide out until society realized the mistake, and then we'd be like, "Hey, no hard feelings. It happens. This is a great country, and thank god we had the safe house."

LUKE: If you want, we can just hang on to it and rent it out.

LORELAI: I don't want anyone else living in it.

LUKE: They can't live in it, but they can record songs in it?

LORELAI: I just think we could use this place. Think about it, OK?

LUKE: Yeah, sure. We'll think about it.

LORELAI: OK. (looks around into the living room and gasps) Oh, look, he's done. And he's in there fast asleep.

LUKE: Great! Let's go back in.

LORELAI: OK. Just be careful because he gets scared when you wake him up.

LUKE: Of course.

LORELAI: OK. (they start walking back to the house) Oh, and try not to say any words that begin with the letter "Q".

(CUT to Gilmore mansion, night. Rory walks in and enters the living room. Richard & Emily seem to be waiting for her)

RORY: Hi. I got your note.

EMILY: Come in, dear.

RICHARD: We just wanted to speak to you for a minute.

EMILY: Sit, sit. (Rory sits on one of the couches)

RICHARD: We have a club soda all ready for you here.

EMILY: Is that all right? We can make you something else.

RORY: No, that's fine. My drink of choice, thank you. (Rory drinks, Emily & Richard stare at her. He hear a grandfather clock ticking in the background. Rory seems a bit uncomfortable) Refreshing!

RICHARD: Now, you said something before about wanting a job.

RORY: Yes!

RICHARD: You're low on money, and I know you'd prefer to earn it rather than be given it...You're a Gilmore.

RORY: Mmhuh.

RICHARD: Your grandmother and I are ready to help you with that.

RORY: With a job?

RICHARD: That's right.

RORY: Well, um, the job thing was before my court thing. 300 hours of community service in 6 months...it's a full-time job in itself, which kind of limits my options as far as work.

EMILY: That's where we come in. We can swing a couple of options for you that it'll give you the flexibility you need.

RORY: Really?

RICHARD: There are all sorts of things out there for a bright girl such as yourself. They'll bend their schedules for you.

EMILY: I'll make some appointments and let you know what they are.

RORY: All right. Well, thank you. Thank you very much. (a new maid enters with a tray)



EMILY: Have you met Draguta? She's from Romania.

RORY: Hi. (the maid looks at Rory in a stern manner and walks away, Rory is taken aback)  
(CUT to Lorelai's front porch, morning. Lorelai and PA exit the house. PA waits at the top of the few steps, while Lorelai goes down. She turns around as she realises the dog is not following her. She goes back up the steps and picks PA up)

LORELAI: That's right. I forgot. You don't like the stairs. Come on, Paul Anka. That's right. I'm skipping the fancy in-between thing and going straight for the gold. I'm calling you Paul Anka. Paul Anka the dog. (Lorelai walks off the screen with the dog in her arms. PA barks aggressively) You don't like mail boxes, got it!

(CUT to Gilmore Mansion patio, morning. Rory walks in and there are a bunch of ladies sitting with Emily, having drinks, tea, etc. They are chatting)

RORY: Oh, excuse me.

EMILY: Rory, what a coincidence. We were just talking about you earlier.

RORY: You were?

EMILY: Come in. Sit with us for a minute.

DAR LADY1: This is Rory?

NORA: She's made of porcelain.

RORY: Uh...I didn't mean to interrupt.

DAR LADY2: Beautiful skin. (Rory walks towards the ladies and sits on chair next to Emily)

DAR LADY3: Like one of your lladros.

NORA: I want to miniaturize her and set her on my mantel.

EMILY: You've interrupted nothing.

DAR LADY3: Nora was just defending her choice.

RORY: Her choice?

EMILY: Cover your ears, Rory.

NORA: It's Alexander Hamilton, no debate.

DAR LADY3: Over Washington.

DAR LADY! : And Jefferson.

NORA: Direct, proud. That chin and those blazing eyes.

EMILY: They're discussing the forefathers.

DAR LADY1: Choosing, to be more accurate.

RORY: Which was the greatest?

NORA: Lover.

RORY: Oh, dear.

EMILY: Girls, please. She's just a child.

DAR LADY3: Most of us picked Washington or Jefferson. There was one vote for James Madison.

EMILY: Two abstentions.

NORA: And I chose the stud on the 10.

EMILY: It's the drinks. I have to start watering them down.

DAR LADY1: So, we finally meet the famous Rory.

RORY: I'm famous?

EMILY: You're wanted.

DAR LADY3: She's perfect for us.

RORY: For what?

EMILY: A job's opened up at our DAR Office downtown.

NORA: We need someone smart, sharp-looking.

DAR LADY1: And the hours are extremely flexible.

EMILY: It just fell out of the sky into our laps. Isn't that something?

RORY: Yes.

EMILY: You can even work from home occasionally. It's mostly phone work.

NORA: You'd be perfect for us.

RORY: Well, thank you all for thinking of me. And, yes, it does sound perfect.

EMILY: Good.

DAR LADY3: When did you join, Rory?

RORY: Join?

DAR LADY3: The DAR.

RORY: Oh, um...well, I haven't.

EMILY: Yet.

DAR LADY1: She'd have to join to work in the office.

RORY: Oh.

NORA: Don't worry. The term "shoo-in" was coined for a figurine like you.

EMILY: Don't worry. The paperwork's all filled out and ready. It's a formality.

NORA: Do you not eat? Do you not drink? The Irish coffee is astounding.

EMILY: Oh, yes. Rory, our meeting's done. We're just gabbing. Go change and join us.

NORA: And be thinking of the forefather you fancy.

RORY: Well, um, I...I can't.

EMILY: Why not?

RORY: Uh, because I have my, um...

EMILY: Your...?

RORY: (gestures with her head) My thing.

EMILY: Your thing.

RORY: Um...(leans towards Emily and whispers in her ear) my community service. You were supposed to drive me.

EMILY: Oh, yes. Ladies, I'm sorry. Rory and I have a little outing, and we were having so much filthy fun I forgot the time. (the ladies get up and start to leave)

DAR LADY1: Doing a little shopping, Emily?

EMILY: Something like that.

DAR LADY1: Well, have fun.

DAR LADY3: Lovely gathering, Emily.

EMILY: Thank you, girls.

NORA: (to Rory) Oh, you're going to match the drapes in our office perfectly. (she exits)

(CUT to Lorelai's driveway, morning. Lorelai parks the Jeep in the driveway and gets out of the car)

LORELAI: Come on, boy. Jump out. (PA jumps out of the car) Good boy. Not afraid of jumping. That's something. (as she starts walking towards the house she notices a man standing outside her bedroom window on the roof) Uh, excuse me.

GEAORGE: Hello.

LORELAI: Hello. I'm Lorelai, the owner of the house you're standing on.

GEARGE: I'm George.

LORELAI: Hi, George. I'm just trying to think of how to ask this in a polite way. Um, are you committing some sort of crime?

GEORGE: No.

LORELAI: But if you were, would you tell me? (another man walks out to the porch from inside the house) Hello.

SAUL: Howdy.

LORELAI: (to herself) Fight or flight? Fight or flight?

LUKE: Hey!

LORELAI: (Luke joins George up on the roof) Luke!

LUKE: This is George.

LORELAI: Oh, we've met.

SAUL: And I'm Saul.

LORELAI: Hi, Saul.

LUKE: (to George) Get what you need?

GEORGE: Just about. Saul, you get what you need?

SAUL: Just about.

LORELAI: Wow. I was this close to screaming and siccing the dog on you. (turns to point at PA, who is now in the car with the door closed) How did you get the door closed?

LUKE: We're just about done.

LORELAI: Wha...Done with what?

LUKE: Sizing the situation.

LORELAI: What situation?

LUKE: About how many silent joists we need to carry out.

LORELAI: What's a joist?

LUKE: The things that support the load.

LORELAI: What load?

LUKE: The load from the extension.

LORELAI: Okay, this has officially become the worst first draft of "Who's on first?" in history.

LUKE: It's about enlarging the bedroom. To live here.

LORELAI: Here? You wanna live here?

LUKE: Sure. I don't have a lot of stuff. We just need a little more closet space. A bigger bathroom,

bigger bedroom.

LORELAI: I always wanted a bigger bedroom.

LUKE: Well, looks like we can do it.

LORELAI: But what about the Twickham House?

LUKE: Too damn big. We can get along fine here for a while. Maybe forever. It's a great house. You love this house.

LORELAI: I do love this house.

LUKE: I know. I figured that out from your sudden interest in laying down tracks and becoming a painter.

LORELAI: Come down here so I can kiss you. All of you.

LUKE: We'll just be a minute.

LORELAI: (walks back to the car to get PA. As she reaches to open the door) You locked the door? Dude, come on! I mean, I've got the key, but I'm really curious how you did this.

(CUT to outside, morning. Emily's car drives up to the community service's get-go. Rory and Emily are having a conversation as Emily parks the car. Emily is reading some things from a sheet of paper)

EMILY: Let's see what else. "When you're eating in the mess hall, never reach across the prisoner next to you". It's a provocation. It'll get you a fork in your hand.

RORY: I don't think there's going to be a mess hall.

EMILY: Well, wherever you're eating, that would apply. What else? "Don't be arrogant". But you're not arrogant. "Don't let anyone give you anything or lend you anything, period. It can get you injured, or k\*llled or turned out". I'm not sure what "turned out" means, but they're very careful to warn you off it.

RORY: Got it.

EMILY: Now, "if somebody approaches you with a shiv..."

RORY: Do you know what a shiv is, grandma?

EMILY: No, what is it?

RORY: It's like a crude knife, carved from a soda can.

EMILY: Oh!...that must be why they advise you to "yell for a hack to come help you." What's a hack?

RORY: Where did you get this, grandma?

EMILY: I had your grandfather's secretary find me info on interacting with fellow prisoners.

RORY: But we're not prisoners. We're just doing community service.

EMILY: (eyeing the rest of the people of the Community Service) They look like prisoners.

RORY: Well, you know, sitting here in the jag staring at them is probably not going to help my popularity.

EMILY: Oh, you're right. That's on the list, too. Staring: it's bad. You shouldn't do it for more than one or two seconds.

RORY: I won't.

EMILY: And they really emphasize that you should "keep your fight face at home". I'm guessing that's any sort of aggressive expression, whether you're staring at the person or not. Fight face...remember that.

RORY: Okay. I'll be fine, Grandma. Thanks for driving me.

EMILY: Wait. (gives Rory a fancy paper bag, probably with Ror's lunch) Here. That's better than a paper bag.

RORY: (looking at it in a weird way) Yes, it is.

EMILY: Oh, and here. (gives Rory a pack of cigarettes)

RORY: Cigarettes?

EMILY: To barter. It's currency to these people.

RORY: Thank you, Grandma. I'll call you when I'm done.

EMILY: Bye, now. And remember, don't stare.

(Rory nods and gets out of the car. She walks towards the rest of the group. They eye her in a funny way)

RORY: (uncomfortable offers the pack of cigarettes) Anyone want a smoke?

(CUT to Luke's diner, morning. Luke and George are sitting at a table discussing the remodel. Liz is sitting at a table near by)

GEORGE: Then you've got to decide on your extras. We can slap up some molding.

LUKE: Yeah, molding's good. Lorelai'll like that.

LIZ: She will. She will like that.

LUKE: (stares at Liz for a beat) Let's figure on molding of some kind.

GEORGE: Good.

LIZ: Good.

GEORGE: We can add a wainscot, too. And we could do a lugged architrave on the overdoor.

LUKE: Great!

LIZ: Oh! I love a lugged architrave.

LUKE: (frustrated) Liz.

LIZ: (turns to Luke & George's table) Oh, hi. (extends a greeting hand to George) I'm Liz.

LUKE: My sister.

GEORGE: Hi, Liz.

LIZ: You're an architect, huh?

GEORGE: Yep.

LIZ: How long have you been an architect?

LUKE: This is not your interview, Liz.

LIZ: Oh, I'm buttoning it now. I'm sorry.

GEORGE: I need to go anyway, Luke. (Luke and George stand up. George starts gathering his things)

LUKE: What's your time frame here, George?

LUKE: It's going to take me at least two weeks to draw up a plan. I'll keep you posted.

LUKE: Good deal. (the men shake hands)

LIZ: (pats George on the back as he's exiting the diner) Good deal, George.

LUKE: (to George as he's leaving) I'll talk to you later. (to Liz) What is wrong with you?

LIZ: Whaaa...I'm just excited about all this. A new adventure!

LUKE: (walks behind the counter, Liz follows him) But it's not your adventure. It's my adventure. You're in the employee section.

LIZ: I want to talk to you about something, Luke.

LUKE: You've done nothing but talk since you got here. Why announce it now?

LIZ: You're going to need a contractor for your remodel, right?

LUKE: Yes.

LIZ: And you know who I'm married to.

LUKE: Yes.

LIZ: He'd be perfect for this!

LUKE: TJ? He's not a contractor.

LIZ: Oh, but he is.

LUKE: Since when?

LIZ: Since he almost passed the test for his contractor's license last month. I mean, he was so close.

If he hadn't used all those curse words during the written exam, he'd have had it.

LUKE: He used curse words?

LIZ: When he's enthusiastic about something, he gets very foul. But I blame his mother. She has got a mouth on her. Garbage mouth!

LUKE: I don't think he can do the job, Liz. (he walks to a table to clean it up. Liz follows him around)

LIZ: Oh, but, my brother, he's working so hard for his license. You should see him! It is so cute. He sits up in bed at night poring through his books and his manuals. He's got this system where he reads a chapter then rewards himself with a junior mint. It's been working great for him.

LUKE: There is no way in the world that he is getting this job, Liz.

LIZ: But what about the shelves he made you? I thought you liked them.

LUKE: They're just shelves.

LIZ: Oh, what happened to the little boy in you?

LUKE: Look, the shelves are nice, but this is a big job. Lorelai loves this house. This is a great house. (he walks back behind the counter, Liz follows him yet again)

LIZ: Luke, his life depends on it.

LIZ: How?

LUKE: Because if he doesn't get his ass out of the house and work more...I'm gonna k\*ll him.

LUKE: There's a housing boom out there. There's plenty of work for a good carpenter like TJ.

LIZ: But every time he interviews for jobs, he starts cursing. He can't help it. People mistake it for him being weird or something.

LUKE: Imagine that.

LIZ: Please, big brother! For your little sister.

LUKE: Liz!

LIZ: Just don't say "No", OK? Just think about it.

LUKE: I don't need to think about it.

LIZ: For me! Think about it.

LUKE: OK! Fine! I won't say "No" for the time being.

LIZ: Yes! Thank you. That's all I needed was a big fat "Not a 'No'".

LUKE: Whatever. (Liz sits on a stool at the counter and stares at Luke. Luke looks at her and walks away)

(CUT to Community Service, morning. Rory is cleaning up trash at the side of the road with the rest



of the group. She stabs a piece of garbage another person was aiming for)

RORY: Sorry! (Takes the piece of paper she just stabbed and throws it back down. The guy picks it up. Rory backs up and bumps onto another girl from the Community Service) OH!

LIZA: (to Rory) Watch it. (walks away)

RORY: (to Liza) Sorry! (continues to pick up trash)

(CUT to Lorelai's bedroom, morning. Lorelai enters with a laundry basket filled with clothes. She puts in on the bed and starts going through the clothes. She notices something on the wall. She starts walking towards it in shock. The camera pans out and we see Lorelai standing in front of a big hole on her bedroom wall)

(CUT to Luke's diner, continuous. Luke is serving a customer while Lorelai walks towards the diner in shock)

LUKE: (taking order) So, it's an omelette, side of bacon...

CUSTOMER: What kind of cheese do you have?

LUKE: I've got your basics: swiss, cheddar, jack...(Lorelai enters, and grabs Luke's hand and starts dragging him out of the diner) Hey, what? What? Hey. Lorelai, what are you doing?

(CUT in front of Lorelai's house, continuous. Lorelai is still dragging Luke)

LUKE: Lorelai? This is weird, okay? I...Come on, what's wrong? Lorelai, say something. (they reach the front of the house)

LORELAI: (pointing at the hole) Hole!

LUKE: How...?

LORELAI: Hole!

LUKE: ...it...

LORELAI: Hole!

LUKE: I know it's a hole. How did it happen?

LORELAI: Dirt!

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Dirt, bed! Dirt, hole!

LUKE: OK, speak in sentences, come on. You...you found this when you got home.

LORELAI: Yes, a big hole!

LUKE: It was sledgehammered.

LORELAI: With a very big sledgehammer.

LUKE: God, who would...(realisation dawning on him) Oh, my god.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: (mad) Him.

LORELAI: Who?

LUKE: Him.

LORELAI: What him?

LUKE: (deathly whisper) k\*ll.

LORELAI: k\*ll who?

LUKE: TJ!

LORELAI: TJ did this?

LUKE: Who else?!

LORELAI: What do you mean, "Who else"? Why would TJ come over to my house and sledgehammer my bedroom?

LUKE: Damn it, Liz!

LORELAI: What did Liz do?

LUKE: Ah, she worked me over. She begged me to hire TJ as the contractor on the remodel.

LORELAI: TJ's a contractor?

LUKE: No, and I said "No"! But she made me promise to think about it. And then she sat in the diner staring at me, and then she started to cry, so I kicked her out. And then she went outside and cried and so I could see it through the window. And I couldn't take it anymore, so I said, "OK", knowing we had weeks to figure out how to get out of it. And no work could be done 'cause George hadn't made up the plans. And, in the meantime, TJ could've changed occupations or injured himself bouncing up and down on his trampoline and backed out of the job.

LORELAI: But how could you risk saying "oK" to anything with TJ?

LUKE: Did I mention the crying? Liz is a walking tear duct. Oh, TJ's good! You never see what's coming. Like a big, dumb tsunami. He's that good!

LORELAI: So, what do we do?

LUKE: I'm gonna talk to TJ, but I'm gonna be smart about it, I'm not gonna spook him. I'm gonna be like Michael Corleone dealing with that slimy brother-in-law of his. Get a couple of tickets to a ball game, invite him along. And we'll talk about the beer and the hot dogs we're gonna eat. And then I'm gonna get him to admit that he did this. And then when we get in the car on the way to the ball park, I'm gonna put a rope around his neck and pull it till he's (pulls an imaginary rope) Dead!

LORELAI: Wait, Wait! You're in the backseat?

LUKE: Yeah! That's the best for garroting. Yes!

LORELAI: No, he's gonna smell something fishy if you hop in the backseat especially if you're driving.

LUKE: No, he's not that bright. It'll work!

LORELAI: Why are you even buying the tickets? You could just sneak up on him and garrote him on the street. Save you the money.

LUKE: I can still go to the game the other way! I'll take my friend Ed. He hasn't been to a game in ages.

LORELAI: Yeah, you're in no state to deal with TJ right now.

LUKE: Maybe not.

LORELAI: And we need to do something about the fact that my bedroom is on display for all to see.

LUKE: I know.

LORELAI: So, let's figure out what we need to deal with the hole. First things first.

LUKE: (they start walking towards the house) You're right. We need tarp.

LORELAI: Tarp.

LUKE: And some plywood.

LORELAI: Plywood.

LUKE: Staple g\*n.

LORELAI: Staple g\*n.

LUKE: And rope.

LORELAI: You're not garroting TJ.

LUKE: Skip the rope.

LORELAI: No rope.

LUKE: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: It's not your fault.

LUKE: Eh...I'm dumb.

LORELAI: No, you're not.

LUKE: I'm gonna k\*ll him!

LORELAI: No, you're not!

(CUT to pool house, morning. Rory enters. She seems to be back from her Community Service. She looks filthy and tired. She walk over to the pool house kitchen counter where there is a DAR folder waiting for her. She opens it up and looks around miserably)

(CUT to Luke's diner, night. Luke is escorting a customer to the door. It seems to be near closing time)

LUKE: Goodnight, see you again. (he walks over to the counter and starts working on the bills. The diner door opens) Sorry. Kitchen's closed. (turns around and sees Rory at the door) Rory!

RORY: Hi, Luke.

LUKE: Hi.

RORY: So, kitchen's closed.

LUKE: No, no, no! It's not closed. Come on in. (he goes behind the counter to get the coffee pot and a cup, Rory sits on a stool at the counter)

RORY: (Luke starts pouring coffee) Oh!

LUKE: Oh, no. I...I just...I figured.

RORY: No! Yes! You figured right, thank you! (Luke fills up the cup) So, it looks like the town's been doing a little painting.

LUKE: Yeah, Taylor wanted to spiff it up. Those are his words. Put these obnoxious signs up. "Pardon our spiff, it'll just take a jiff". It's dumb.

RORY: Yeah! Dumb.

LUKE: But it...it needed a...spiff.

RORY: Yeah, it looks good. So, I started my community service.

LUKE: Right!

RORY: A little roadwork. Vest and all. 5 hours down, 295 to go.

LUKE: It's good you're chipping away at it.

RORY: Yeah.

LUKE: Yeah...

RORY: So...how are people? Are people good?

LUKE: Yeah, people are good. People are, uh...(Looks uncomfortable and sighs) Your mom and I are engaged.

RORY: Engaged?

LUKE: (nods) Yeah.

RORY: Wow. (holding back tears) Congratulations!

LUKE: Thanks.

RORY: So, I guess I'm gonna go. (gets up from the stool) Um...thank you, for the coffee. (exits the

diner. Luke looks miserable)

(CUT to Lorelai's house, early in the morning. Some sort of construction is going on and a ladder is standing up against the porch. Lorelai comes out of the house, she was obviously just woken up by the noise)

LORELAI: TJ.

TJ: Lorelai, hey. Am I glad to see you.

LORELAI: It's like seven a.m., TJ.

TJ: I know the sun ain't even warm yet, and here we are toting that barge. Mr. Taskmaster.

LORELAI: Who? Who has got you toting a barge?

TJ: Look. I need to explain my side in the whole hole thing here. It wasn't my fault.

LORELAI: It wasn't?

TJ: A guy says "OK", that means something to me. You know what it means? It's not so complicated, not like the TV guide or nothing. It means "OK".

LORELAI: It's really early, TJ.

LORELAI: Anyway. I just don't want you to be mad at me. We're gonna be related, you and me.

LORELAI: Well, I'm not mad at you, TJ.

LUKE FROM OS: Hey, get away from her.

TJ: We're just talking.

LUKE: (from on the roof) TJ, stop bothering her, and get up here.

TJ: You want me to bring up a couple more trash bags? I'm figuring we need some.

LUKE: OK. Fine.

TJ: Now, is that OK in the sense that I know that word, Or is that a "Luke OK" that can mean whatever you want it to mean?

LUKE: Just get up here.

TJ: He knew I was a self-starter. OK to a self-starter is like glue to a horse. What else can you do but start galloping? (climbs the ladder to the top of the roof)

LORELAI: Hey, Luke?

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Are you aware of the time?

LUKE: I'm just trying to make it so you don't have to sleep on the couch for the next three months. If you want us to stop, we'll stop.

LORELAI: No, it's just...the sun ain't even warm yet.

TJ: Seven a.m. was Luke's idea. I'd have started at nine so as not to bother people. That's just one guy who thinks that OK means OK's opinion.

LUKE: Would you just keep working?

LORELAI: So, maybe tomorrow, if you're still doing this, it could be eight...ish. I mean, I love that you're doing it, but...

LUKE: Yeah, I needed to start early so I could get this done. Man!

LORELAI: Hey! What's with the 'tude?

LUKE: Nothing. It's just...You know you got a frisbee up here?

LORELAI: A what?

LUKE: A frisbee. Just sitting up here! I mean what are you thinking with that?!

LORELA: It's not my frisbee.

LUKE: So it just walked up here on its own?

LORELAI: Luke, there is a lost frisbee on the roof of every suburban home in America. No less a luminary than Garrison Keillor said that. It's not that big a deal.

LUKE: Every roof, huh? Well, that's a great use of plastic.

LORELAI: It's not my frisbee. I've never played frisbee. What the hell has gotten into you?

LUKE: I told Rory we were engaged.

LORELAI: What?! How? Where?

LUKE: She came into the diner last night. It was awkward and stupid. I ended up telling her we were engaged.

LORELAI: Why?! Why would you do that?

LUKE: Why? Because she had the face.

LORELAI: What face?

LUKE: The Rory face. You know the face.

LORELAI: Yes, but, Luke, you have to ignore the Rory face.

LUKE: That's easy for you to say.

LORELAI: You shouldn't have told her.

LORELAI: Yeah, you should've told her!

LORELAI: NO! She shouldn't have been told anything. So neither of us should've told her.

LUKE: But if one of us isn't gonna tell her more, then I'm the one that shouldn't.

LORELAI: Right. Meaning not you. I should've told her.

LUKE: Then we're in full agreement. You should've told her.

LORELAI: No! That's not what I'm saying.

LUKE: Well you said it, and I agreed, so I win.

LORELAI: How do you win?

LUKE: Because I have the high ground. That gives me the upper hand on anything you got.

LORELAI: Luke.

TJ: (holding up a drill) Something's wrong with this thing.

LUKE: There's nothing wrong with that thing! (picks up the frisbee)

LORELAI: Luke! Rory started this. And right now we're not talking. Remember, tough love? I'm on a path here.

LUKE: She would've seen it in the paper eventually.

LORELAI: Seen what?

LORELAI: Our engagement.

LORELAI: How would it have ended up in the paper?

LUKE: I don't know. She'd open up the paper to the back to one of these stupid pictures of a guy and a girl. Bill's a chiropractor. Nancy's a teacher. They met square dancing. They're on their honeymoon in Florida. And they got these smiles on their faces like their lives are gonna work out the way they dreamt or something...suckers! Those things.

LORELAI: You played right into her hands. You can't do that. She can't just play on our emotions. She has to undo what she's done. Get out of my parents' house. Go back to school.

LUKE: Fine! Maybe I shouldn't have told her anything. Maybe I should've kicked her out, ignored her, whatever! But you got to understand something: I'm in the middle! Yeah, she's your daughter, but I'm in the middle!

LORELAI: (apologetic) I know. You are in the middle.

LUKE: Good! Because you've been acting like you don't know, like you're alone in this or something.

LORELAI: I know.

LUKE: And I know you don't want my opinion on this, but you're both being dumb, and you should be talking. There. I won't say anything more about any of this again ever. (TJ seems to be having a hard time with the drill, Luke approaches him) TJ. the screw's not going in right 'cause you got the drill on counterclockwise. It's righty-tighty, lefty-loosey.

TJ: I've got to remember that.

LUKE: Ugh. (to Lorelai) Right! I got to get back to work. We're gonna be done with what we're doing here today. We won't be here tomorrow.

LORELAI: Luke?

LUKE: We're okay.

LORELAI: Good. (Luke throws the frisbee at her. Lorelai catches it)

LUKE: Nice catch. (Lorelai looks pleased)

TJ: Yes! That's what I'm talking about. Righty-tighty! (Luke takes the drill from TJ)

(CUT to Community Service, morning).

ROAD SUPERVISOR: OK guys ten minutes for lunch.

(Liza bumps into Rory provocatively as she's fiddling with a garbage bag. Rory bumps into Liza in the same manner. Liza pushes Rory. Rory pushes her back. The girls start fighting. Other people from the Community Service and the road Supervisor break them up)

ROAD SUPERVISOR: Whoa, whoa! Break it up! Come on! Break it up!

(CUT to the Community Service orientation classroom. The first supervisor is talking to Rory)

SUPERVISOR: You're on the side of the road. Cars rushing by, trucks, tractor trailers. You see my point? That's not a playground out there. It's a work environment with inherent dangers. Obvious dangers. And there you are pushing someone around. That's unacceptable. Now, I cannot have you out there with your fight face on. Do you understand me?

RORY: Yes, sir.

(CUT to Lorelai's Jeep, morning. Lorelai is driving listening to some music. She drives by the Community Service spot and she sees Rory. She stops the car and gets out. Rory is talking to the Road Supervisor)

ROAD SUPERVISOR: What's the problem?

RORY: We're gonna need another thing of bags for this next stretch.

COMMUNITY SERVICE ROAD SUPERVISOR: Well, then, you're gonna have to check back on the bus. (walks away)

RORY: Thanks for nothing.

LORELAI: (to Rory) Repaying your debt to society, I assume.

RORY: That's what this is.

LORELAI: System already hardened you?

RORY: So, I guess congratulations are in order.

LORELAI: So, how are things at the new digs?

RORY: You guys set a date yet?



LORELAI: Grandma redecorate the pool house yet?

RORY: Be sure to send me a picture.

LORELAI: Be sure to send me a change-of-address card. Grandma can print them out for you, with a little fleur-de-lis.

RORY: I'm not supposed to be talking to outsiders.

LORELAI: Fine. (turns around and walks away)

RORY: You and Luke getting engaged and not telling me about it. You hurt me.

LORELAI: Back at you

END Of Episode 6.02 - Fight Face