

Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

Thousands of current or popular TV shows and movie transcripts for online research and education.
<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/>

06x09 - The Prodigal Daughter Returns

<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/viewtopic.php?t=6440>

06x09 - The Prodigal Daughter Returns

by **bunniefuu**

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

Posted: **11/27/05 02:48**

Previously on Gilmore Girls. Scenes from previous episodes.

(OPEN in Lorelai's house. Lorelai opens the front door, which is chained and tries to get in the house)

LORELAI: Luke, hello? Luuuke! My door is chained! Which is especially funny, since I don't have a chain on my door. Luke!

LUKE (OS): Lorelai?

LORELAI: No. Land shark. Candygram. Here's Johnny. (frustrated) Uh! Luke, open the door!

LUKE (OS): Stay there.

LORELAI: Oh, oh, okay. (tries to put her hand through the door and open it) God. (her hand gets stuck) Ow. Ow, I have a cramp. Luke, I have a cramp.

LUKE (OS): Sorry.

LORELAI: Huh... (Luke comes up to the door) I'm permanently stuck like this. (starts to wave her arm frantically)

LUKE: All right, get your arm out of the way so I can unchain the door.

LORELAI: Sure. Just yell, "stand up already!" to the guy in the wheelchair. (Luke unchains and opens the door)

LUKE: I chained the door earlier to test it. Here. (hands her a glass of wine)

LORELAI: (taking the wine and coming into the house) Oh, what an odd reward system you have.

LUKE: Come with me. (leads her to the living room)

LORELAI: What's going on?

LUKE: We...are celebrating.

LORELAI: Celebrating! What?

LUKE: Listen.

LORELAI: ...Are you cooking?

LUKE: Is that listening?

LORELAI: Well, I'm hungry.

LUKE: Focus.

LORELAI: I'm hungry.

LUKE: Ssshhhh.

LORELAI: Fine. (they listen for a beat) I don't hear anything.

LUKE: Exactly.

LORELAI: OooK...Simon, Garfunkel.

LUKE: It's done.

LORELAI: What's done?

LUKE: The house. It's done.

LORELAI: No, it was supposed to take another week.

LUKE: I know. I paid Tom a bonus to get the guys out of here early.

LORELAI: And he finished everything?

LUKE: Yep! No more banging or sawing, no more paint cans lying around, cigarette butts in the potted plants.

LORELAI: Well, they didn't put the light-socket covers back on. They'll have to come back to put the light-socket cov...(Luke start pointing at the light socket covers)

LUKE: Light-socket covers are on.

LORELAI: What about the skinny, tiny, molding in the closet? They have to fix the skinny, tiny molding in the closet.

LUKE: Skinny, tiny molding is done.

LORELAI: Mmmm...Well, I'm sure they did not pick up all their tools. They'll have to come back and pick up their tools...

LUKE: You're not happy they're gone.

LORELAI: No, I am. I just...I wanted to say "goodbye".

LUKE: Goodbye?

LORELAI: Yeah, I wanted to have a, you know, "we're done" party. Buy 'em some pizza.

LUKE: More pizza.

LORELAI: And I had going-away presents for them.

LUKE: I gave them a going away present. A \$2000 going-away present. That's got to bring some smiles.

LORELAI: But I bought paper hats and noisemakers.

LUKE: The place was covered with dust. You were getting woken up at six am every morning by the hammering. I thought you'd be happy.

LORELAI: I am. I'm just sad at the same time. You've never been with a woman before?

LUKE: OK, fine. I've got another surprise for ya.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: Upstairs.

LORELAI: Where?

LUKE: Bedroom.

LORELAI: (gasps) Upstairs in the bedroom? Whatever could it be? (they walk toward the staircase)

(CUT to upstairs hallway, continuous. Luke and Lorelai are walking towards the bedroom)

LUKE: Close your eyes.

LORELAI: I'm not scared of it anymore, Luke.

LUKE: Would you please just close your eyes?

LORELAI: OK. (she closes her eyes)

(CUT to inside bedroom, continuous. Luke opens the doors and they enter. Lorelai still has her eyes closed)

LUKE: (stops her as she keeps on moving in the room) Ah, nuh uh. You ready?

LORELAI: Ready.

LUKE: Take a look. (Lorelai opens her eyes and looks around surprised, not in a good way)

LORELAI: Wow! What is this? (we see inside the bedroom, which is filled with old creepy looking furniture)

LUKE: This is my grandmother's bedroom set. It's in perfect shape. Can you imagine?

LORELAI: (forced interest and delight) Wow! (noticing the carving on the bed) Look at all the cherubs.

LUKE: People have been trying to buy it off me for years, but I always felt that I would eventually find the perfect place to put it, you know?

LORELAI: (walking around the room) Uh-huh.

LUKE: And then the room was done and just sitting there, and I remembered the day you came down to that storage unit, and you saw the furniture, and you said you liked it.

LORELAI: I did?

LUKE: Yeah! And since you liked it and I've been looking for a place to put it, I figured...

LORELAI: When did I come to your storage unit?

LUKE: Five years ago. You needed to borrow that space heater.

LORELAI: Oh, right.

LUKE: And look. (picks up an old painting of a boat - assuming there are a few more of those) I haven't had a chance to put these up. Aren't they great?

LORELAI: (same forced tone) Yes. Yes, they are.

LUKE: Yeah, I was tempted to get them reframed, but it just didn't seem right. (Lorelai notices the mirror of the dresser. It looks like it belongs to a fun House)

LORELAI: Oh. I've got one big eye. That's fun.

LUKE: Yeah, that's the original glass. You can't find that anymore. So, you sure you like it?

LORELAI: I love it.

LUKE: Great. OK. Well...let's get downstairs, 'cause I am making risotto. (they chuckle and Luke exits the room)

LORELAI: (a bit disappointed walk out after him) I just love it.

(OPENING CREDITS)

(CUT to Gilmore mansion dining room, morning. Emily is sitting at the table reading her newspaper. Rory walks in and heads towards the kitchen. They don't exchange a word. The maid -Sumatra- starts pouring Emily some coffee as Rory walks out of the kitchen with a muffin in hand. She starts to exit the dining room as Emily starts to talk to the maid)

EMILY: Sumatra, please get my granddaughter a plate.

RORY: That's all right, Sumatra. I'm just going up to my room.

EMILY: Sumatra, please tell my granddaughter that all food is to be consumed in the dining room.

RORY: Sumatra, please tell my Grandmother "What?!"

EMILY: That's the rule in this house, Rory.

RORY: I'm late for community service.

EMILY: Food in this house is meant to be consumed in the dining room or not at all.

RORY: What about when you take your tea outside on the patio?

EMILY: That is in the afternoon. This is morning, and in the morning you eat your food at the table, in the dining room...

RORY: (cuts Emily off by leaving the muffin on the table with a tude) Fine. I'll be back this afternoon. (exits the dining room while Emily stares at the muffin. She turns to look at the maid and the maid looks back)

EMILY: (to Sumatra) Well, if you expect that muffin to fly back to the kitchen, you better go get it a cape. (Sumatra takes the muffin and exits to the kitchen. Emily goes back to reading her newspaper, looking upset)

(CUT to Dragonfly Inn kitchen, morning. Sookie is cooking when Lorelai walks in holding a stack of papers and envelopes)

LORELAI: Hey!

SOOKIE: I have to go to China.

LORELAI: Enjoy your flight.

SOOKIE: I need inspiration. I need ideas. I'm tapped-out. Boring. You know what's on the menu tonight?

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: Goose with oyster stuffing.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: I know. But that's all I could come up with. And then the only reason I thought of that was because Davey just learned "duck duck goose," and the ducks looked puny, so there you go.

LORELAI: Well say "Hi" to Yao Ming for me.

SOOKIE: Will do. (takes an envelope that Lorelai has brought in and starts to open it) What is this?

LORELAI: This is a formal invitation, written by me, on the dragonfly notepad, about five minutes ago, inviting you and Jackson to a housewarming dinner at my newly completed pad.

SOOKIE: (Gasps) It's done.

LORELAI: Done!

SOOKIE: Saturday night.

LORELAI: I've heard it's all right for fighting. Get a little action in.

SOOKIE: Wow. Your house is done. This is so exciting! How does it look?

LORELAI: It, uh, looks great.

SOOKIE: It, uh, does?

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: Why do you hate it?

LORELAI: I don't hate it. It's beautiful. It's just...What if Jackson brought home a set of his grandmother's pots and pans? Now, obviously, you need some pots and pans, and these are free and all, but they're really old. And you don't want to hurt Jackson's feelings 'cause he feels very sentimental about the pans, but they've got fat cherubs carved all over them, and you just don't want them.

SOOKIE: Do the cherubs interfere with the actual cooking function, or are they just decorative?

LORELAI: Well, decorative is a wildly generous description, but function's fine.

SOOKIE: What happened to my old pots and pans?

LORELAI: Uuh...Gone. Thrown out.

SOOKIE: Can I get them back?

LORELAI: Babette's nephew, Gary, is sleeping on them.

SOOKIE: Sleeping on them?

LORELAI: I'm not really talking about pans, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Well, what are you talking about?

LORELAI: I'm talking about Luke's grandmother's bedroom furniture that he set up in my brand-new bedroom.

SOOKIE: Oh.

LORELAI: And he loves this furniture.

SOOKIE: And you don't?

LORELAI: No, I don't. But it shouldn't matter, right?

SOOKIE: Why not?

LORELAI: Look at everything Luke has done for me. I mean he bought and then he un-bought the Twickham House, and then he almost bought it again, and then he decided to live at my house because I wanted to live at my house.

SOOKIE: Yeah, he did.

LORELAI: He has turned his whole life upside down for me. He does everything in his power to make me happy and give me what I want, so can't I just give him this one little thing?

SOOKIE: Yes, you can.

LORELAI: No, I can't. The bed is small and really low, perfect for tiny, shrunken limbs that can't be too far off the ground. And then he has this ancient dresser with the original fun-house mirror in it so that when I wake up every morning, and I am at my most visually vulnerable, I'll look in there and think I'm that kid from "Mask."

SOOKIE: You can replace the mirror.

LORELAI: Oh, no. He loves the mirror. And the bed, and the dresser, oh, and the paintings! Did I say about the paintings?

SOOKIE: No.

LORELAI: Of sailboats?

SOOKIE: Ohh.

LORELAI: There's six of them. Six sailboats waiting to sail me away to an old-folks home. And then, when the wind's right, drop me off at the pearly gates. I'm hateful and selfish.

SOOKIE: No, you're not.

LORELAI: I just want my new house to be perfect. Half that crap in there was hand-me-downs to begin with. You know I had that old bed that Mia let me snag from the Independence Inn. I just wanted something new.

SOOKIE: You have to tell him.

LORELAI: I can't tell him.

SOOKIE: Maybe it's not so bad.

LORELAI: Well, you'll see for yourself

on Saturday night. 7:30?

SOOKIE: Aye, aye, captain.

LORELAI: Huh...(exits the kitchen and Sookie goes back to her cooking)

(CUT to Gilmore mansion, morning. Richard walks in the house and starts walking around and looking through mail while talking loudly in what seems to be an empty house)

RICHARD: Emily! Sorry to be so late. Jenson wouldn't stop talking. The car will be here in 20 minutes to take me to the airport. Remember, I'm not going to be back until Tuesday, so you're going to have to deal with Alejandro yourself. (walks into the sitting room area and sits on a small desk to write a check) I will leave you the check. All you have to do is hand it to him and tell him that if there are any problems I will be back to talk to him on Wednesday. I hope you told the maid to pack my raincoat. Forecasts are predicting Armageddon, apparently. Now, I have a stopover in Las Vegas. Is there anything that you want me to bring you back? (Finn and Colin start walking down the staircase holding boxes full of stuff)

FINN: Your safe return, darling, is all I need. (Richard looks around at the boys with a surprised and confused look)

RICHARD: Who the hell are you?

FINN: Well, if I knew that, I could dismiss my therapist, couldn't I? Though she's very hot.

COLIN: I'm Colin McCrea.

RICHARD: How wonderful for you. (get up from the desk and approaches the boys) What are you doing in my house? Put that box down. Both of you. (the boys put the boxes down) Explain yourselves.

COLIN: Mr. Gilmore, I'm Colin McCrea. You know my father, Andrew McCrea.

RICHARD: Yes, I know Andrew McCrea. What are you doing in my house? Where's Mrs. Gilmore?

FINN: Don't know, mate. Rory let us in.

COLIN: We came over to help her move her stuff.

RICHARD: Move her stuff where?

FINN: To her new place of residence.

RICHARD: What do you mean "new place of residence"? Rory's moving out?

FINN: I hope so. Otherwise, she'll have nothing to wear tomorrow.

RICHARD: That's preposterous! A person doesn't just move out without a word. Where is she? Rory!

FINN: She already left.

RICHARD: Well I want an explanation.

COLIN: We'll have her call you. (starts to pick up his box)

RICHARD: You! You'll ha...What are you doing with that? (pointing at the box) That's my tennis racket.

FINN: I told you she didn't point to the closet on the right.

COLIN: Well then I have no idea what closet she was pointing to.

FINN: I suppose these humidors aren't hers, either. Pity. (to Richard who looks very confused) Any chance you're sick of them? I promise to give them a nice home and show them a picture of you every year at Christmas. (Richard points upstairs and walks away. The boys look at him go) Very tall man, that one. (Colin picks up his box and starts going back upstairs)

(CUT to Luke's diner, morning. Lorelai is sitting on a table examining the nachos that she has on plate in front of her. Luke comes by her table)

LUKE: They're gonna to get cold.

LORELAI: Are they different?

LUKE: Different than what?

LORELAI: They seem different.

LUKE: They're nachos. Now eat them.

LORELAI: You used baked chips.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: You did, didn't you? You used baked chips and low-fat cheese.

LUKE: I did not... use low-fat cheese.

LORELAI: Ha!

LUKE: How can you tell?

LORELAI: How could you lie?

LUKE: They taste the same!

LORELAI: Oh, the trust, Luke. How are we gonna to make it if you're constantly trying to keep me healthy?

LUKE: Fine. Forget it. Die at 60. (takes the plate and walk away)

LORELAI: Bring me a doughnut while I wait. (Lane notices Lorelai and tries to avoid and ignore her) Hey, Lane. Yoo-hoo! Lane! Whoo! (wildly gesturing) Lane, seriously. Landing planes over here. (Lane gives up and goes over to her table)

LANE: Lorelai. Hey.

LORELAI; Hey. Fill me up here. (Lane fills up Lorelai cup with coffee while avoiding eye contact) Sooo, how's it going?

LANE: Good.

LORELAI: Good. I haven't seen you the last couple days.

LANE: I've been working the lunch shift.

LORELAI: Oh. Something wrong?

LANE: Wrong?

LORELAI: Yeah, you're giving me a Valerie Cherish, you know, and "I don't wanna see that!". (Lane doesn't get it and seems uncomfortable) It's a great show. You should watch it.

LANE: I will.

LORELAI: It's cancelled.

LANE: Oh, sorry.

LORELAI: Well, it's your fault, so...Wow, what's going on here? Usually when I come in, you say "hi", and then I say "hi", and you tell me what's going on in your life, and I tell you what's going on in my life. It's not curing the bird flu or anything, but it's been a nice tradition.

LANE: Rory moved in with me.

LORELAI: She...But why? What happened?

LANE: I don't really know. We haven't had the in-depth conversation yet. She just said she moved out of her grandparents' house and needed a place to crash.

LORELAI: Wow, that's pretty big.

LANE: Yeah. And she didn't tell me if I could say anything to you, so I just assumed I shouldn't.

LORELAI: Right, I get it. I heard nothing. So, it's nice of you to let her crash.

LANE: Hey, she's small. How much room can she take up, right?

LORELAI: Did she bring her books?

LANE: Good point. Are you okay?

LORELAI: Me? Sure. I'm fine. A little curious, but I'm fine.

LANE: Well, when I know more...

LORELAI: Right.

LANE: OK.

LORELAI: OK.

LANE: OK.

LORELAI: OK (Lane walks away and Lorelai is left alone at the table)

(CUT to Lane's apartment, morning. Rory is sitting on the kitchen counter working on her computer. Lane is fussing with prepping a sandwich, which she serves Rory)

LANE: Lunch is served.

RORY: Such service.

LANE: I'm just in it for the tips.

RORY: Underwear first, then pants.

LANE: What a shame I'm away from my snare drum. Want a soda?

RORY: Please. Soda me. (Lane goes over to the fridge to get that soda as Zach walks in)

ZACH: Shampoo's looking low.

LANE: I'll get more tomorrow.

ZACH: (to Rory) Four people in the house sure makes the shampoo go away faster, huh?

RORY: I brought my own shampoo, Zach.

ZACH: Hey, not a judgment, just an observation. (looking at Rory's sandwich on the counter) Two paper towels, huh?

LANE: Relax, Zach. (gives Rory the soda and starts fussing with making her own sandwich)

ZACH: Hey, it's cool. Just paper towels don't grow on trees. They cost money. Use two a day for a month, that's like 60 paper towels. You're looking at 24 rolls per year.

RORY: I'm not staying that long, Zach.

ZACH: Hey, Lane's casa es su casa, apparently. (picks up a box of serial) Oh, cool! Don't have to strain myself by lifting a full box. Excellent.

RORY: I'm not staying that long, Zach.

LANE: She's not staying that long, Zach.

RORY: A couple of days, tops.

ZACH: Yeah? (to Lane) Remember Don? He came for a couple days, tops, once. Six weeks later, he's still here. Ate all my cheese nips. But when I confronted him with the box, he said they were just settling. Dude had cheese-nip breath as he told me they were just settling.

RORY: (her phone starts ringing) Oh my God, Zach, I am not staying that long. (picks up her cell and walks away from the kitchen counter) Hello.

STUART: (on phone) Rory Gilmore, please.

RORY: This is Rory Gilmore. (scene cuts between Lane's apartment and Stuart's office)

STUART: Rory, this is Stuart Woltz, of the Stamford Eagle Gazette.

RORY: Mr. Woltz, yes. Thank you so much for calling me back.

STUART: No problem. Listen I got your message and of course I'll be happy to give you a reference. I'll even make it a great one.

RORY: Really?

STUART: Look, I don't really know what happened with you and Mitchum, but from me to you, you're a sharp kid, and you got a lot going for you. Anybody'd be lucky to have you working for them.

RORY: Thank you so much.

STUART: I know this'll shock you, but you're not the first person who couldn't get along with Herr Huntzberger. It's a pretty big club, actually. Ignore him.

RORY: I plan on doing just that.

STUART: Good. OK, so, just have whoever you want call me, and I'll sing your praises. Sorry I can't hire you at the Gazette, but we don't have any openings right now anyhow, so...

RORY: That's okay. The reference will be plenty.

STUART: Good luck, Rory. I expect to hear great things about you someday.

RORY: I promise not to let you down. Goodbye, Mr. Woltz. (they hang up. Rory starts walking back to the kitchen) Yes!

LANE: Good news?

RORY: References are now officially in order, which is a relief because I've already sent out 125,000 resumes.

LANE: Oh, listen. I forgot to tell you. I may have done something stupid.

RORY: What?

LANE: Well...I kind of told Lorelai that you've moved in here.

ZACH: I'm sorry? "Moved in here"?

LANE: Zach! There must be something else you can do.

RORY: When did you see my mom?

LANE: This morning at Luke's. I'm sorry. I didn't know what to say. I didn't know if you wanted her to know or didn't want her to know.

RORY: It's OK. It's fine that she knows.

LANE: Oh, good.

RORY: OK! It's time to get dressed and hit the pavement. (starts to walk away. Lane stops her)

LANE: Wait. Your sandwich. (passes her the sandwich and Rory takes it)

RORY: Thank you. (exits)

ZACH: Sure, just leave your computer plugged in, sucking up all our energy.

LANE: Zach!

ZACH: What? I'm just writing a song.

(CUT to Lorelai's kitchen, night. Lorelai and Sookie are setting the table for dinner)

SOOKIE: I can't believe you didn't do anything to the kitchen.

LORELAI: What are you talking about? Look at the brand-new napkin holder. It used to be a cow. Now it's a much bigger cow.

SOOKIE: Fine. Forget it. (putting a platter in the oven) Chicken and dumplings going in.

LORELAI: You do know the pile of burgers sitting in the refrigerator is intended for human consumption.

SOOKIE: I never go anywhere without a casserole.

LORELAI: Must make dining out rather awkward.

SOOKIE: Look, if by some chance Luke happens to burn the chicken or overcook the burgers, then we won't starve. If everything turns out perfect, then you can freeze the casserole and eat it for the rest of your life.

LORELAI: Perfect plan. (we hear some arguing from outside and a then Luke and Jackson enter through the kitchen door)

LUKE: Forget it.

JACKSON: There is no shame in using a charcoal chimney.

LUKE: (taking the uncooked burgers out of the fridge and passes one plate to Jackson) It's a gadget. I don't do gadgets.

JACKSON: It takes twice as long.

LUKE: You got someplace to be? (takes out another plate)

JACKSON: No, you just go right ahead and rub those sticks together. I'll just go learn a language or something.

LORELAI: (to Luke) Bernardo.

SOOKIE: (to Jackson) Riff.

LUKE: And a real man doesn't use a charcoal chimney.

JACKSON: Oh, so now I'm not a real man?

SOOKIE: He is too. I have pictures to prove it.

JACKSON: Do you have a spray bottle?

LUKE: For what?

JACKSON: To spray the flames down if they get too high. Or do you just use a hose?

LORELAI: No, he blows them out with his man-breath.

SOOKIE: And then he challenges them to an arm-wrestling contest.

LORELAI: And then he insults the flame's mother and sleeps with its girlfriend. (the men exit the kitchen through the kitchen door) And the next time you come back, you better be carrying food!

SOOKIE: OK. Boys are busy. The chicken's in the oven. Show me the bedroom set.

LORELAI: Sookie.

SOOKIE: I want to see the creepy granny bed.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm trying to rise above it.

SOOKIE: Rise above it later. Let's go. (they start walking towards upstairs)

(CUT to bedroom, continuous. Sookie and Lorelai enter)

LORELAI: Here it is.

SOOKIE: Huh.

LORELAI: It's terrible, right?

SOOKIE: Well, it's...

LORELAI: Terrible?

SOOKIE: Reeeeeeally terrible.

LORELAI: I told you.

SOOKIE: (sits on the bed) Ow. Oh, my god. (she lies back starts trying to roll around a bit to test it)

You can't sleep in this.

LORELAI: Don't worry, I won't. I'm convinced it's haunted, and one night Luke will come back from the bathroom and find nothing but a bloody hook hanging from the cherubs.

SOOKIE: Oh, my God. I just saw the cherubs. (gasps, gets up quickly and stands next to Lorelai) OK, let's think. Maybe if you stripped the wood.

LORELAI: And lit a match?

SOOKIE: Throw on a little gasoline.

LORELAI: I can't tell him I hate it.

SOOKIE: Yeah, you have to. It's horrible.

LORELAI: Yes, but Luke loves this furniture.

SOOKIE: Right. Luke loves this furniture. Luke loves this furniture. Luke loves this furniture?

LORELAI: Yes.

SOOKIE: Has he seen it? (pointing at the dresser) Has he seen this? And that (pointing at one of the paintings) has he seen that? (from downstairs the phone starts to ring)

LORELAI: (chuckles) Come on. (they start to exit)

SOOKIE: (while walking towards the door points at the bedside table with a lamp on it) Oh, now, I know he hasn't seen that.

(CUT to living room, continuous. PA is sitting on the stairs as Lorelai and Sookie walk down. The phone keeps ringing)

SOOKIE: I'm going to check on the chicken. (as they reach the living room the machine beeps)

CHRIS (On answering machine): Hey, Lor (Sookie and Lorelai look a bit surprised), haven't said that in a while.

SOOKIE: Is that... (Lorelai nods)

CHRIS (On answering machine): Anyway, hope you're good. Hope Rory is good. I wanted to talk to you. Nothing terrifying. I think I have good news. (Luke starts to walk in from the kitchen and as he hears the message he stops) In fact, I know I have good news. (Lorelai notices Luke and quickly goes to turn off the machine) Anyhow I'm hoping you'll call me back and...

LORELAI: Hey. How's the food coming? I'm starving.

LUKE: Who was that?

LORELAI: Uuuhh...

LUKE: It sounded like Christopher.

SOOKIE: Bye-bye. (walks away into the kitchen quickly, as Luke moves closer to Lorelai)

LORELAI: Well, if you knew who it was, why'd you ask?

LUKE: Were you going to tell me he called?

LORELAI: Luke, yes.

LUKE: Then why'd you turn the machine off when I walked in?

LORELAI: It was a reflex.

LUKE: Reflex?

LORELAI: Yeah, I panicked. I didn't think. I looked up, and you were standing there.

LUKE: How long has this been going on?

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: You talking to Christopher. I assume it's just talking, right?

LORELAI: Yes. No, no. No talking, no anything. There's nothing going on.

LUKE: Fine. (turns to walk away)

LORELAI: Are you leaving?

LUKE: Burgers are done.

LORELAI: Let's talk about this.

LUKE: I don't want to argue in front of guests.

LORELAI: Last time we were over, Sookie breast-fed Martha during appetizers. We owe them.

LUKE: I won't discuss this with people in the house. It's rude.

LORELAI: No, it's rude to silently sulk through dinner and make them feel uncomfortable because they know we're fighting and we're pretending we're not fighting.

LUKE: We're not fighting...Yet. (Luke walks back into the kitchen)

(CUT to Lorelai's kitchen, night. Lorelai, Luke, Sookie and Jackson are having dinner. Jackson is narrating a story, Sookie is quiet and Lorelai and Luke don't really seem to be into the mood)

JACKSON: So, we're standing in a giant pile of manure, and I am screaming, "I asked for extra fish heads!". And he's like, "No, you did not ask for extra fish heads". Oh, I tell you. It was hilarious! (an awkward pause) And of course all the celery guys are staring, and then "tomato" George - we call him "tomato" George. He's got extra time on his hands right now 'cause tomatoes are out of season - anyhow, he steps in and says, "I don't want to hear another thing about the fish heads". (Jackson chuckles as he expects a reaction from his punch line. He gets none) He's from Kansas.

SOOKIE: The burgers are delicious, Luke.

JACKSON: Oh, yeah, I like them burnt. You can't get anyone to really burn a burger anymore.

LORELAI: The chicken and dumplings are good, too. (Luke looks t Lorelai accusingly) What? (he snorts) Nice snort.

LUKE: I didn't snort.

SOOKIE: (nervously) People in Kansas talk funny. (chuckles to relieve the tension. It doesn't work)

JACKSON: Did I miss something?

SOOKIE: Always, honey.

LORELAI: It's nothing, Jackson.

JACKSON: Oh. I bet I know what's going on.

LUKE: Nothing's going on, Jackson.

JACKSON: Oh, yes, it is. It is not lost on me that the burgers with my world-famous rub are almost gone, while your butter burgers are still sitting there on the plate. You a little humbled now?

SOOKIE: Jackson.

JACKSON: My burgers are better! (to Luke) Admit it! I demand satisfaction.

SOOKIE: Sorry. He's just so excited to be around grown-ups.

JACKSON: Hey.

LUKE: No. That's fine. He's right. His burgers are better.

JACKSON: Thank you. I crown thee burger king.

LUKE: I can admit it. I have no trouble telling someone something no matter how uncomfortable it might make them.

LORELAI: Wow. They'll be debating the subtle complexities of that comment for years.

JACKSON: Okay, I did miss something.

SOOKIE: Lorelai and Luke are fighting.

LUKE: We're not fighting.

LORELAI: No, we don't fight in front of company.

LUKE: It's rude.

LORELAI: Yeah, and we wouldn't want to be rude.

LUKE: It's fine. Just eat. What's that?

LORELAI: Chicken and dumplings?

LUKE: Who the hell made chicken and dumplings?

LORELAI: Sookie, our guest, who we don't want to be rude to.

LUKE: I'm not the one who started this.

LORELAI: I'm sorry. Are we talking about this now?

LUKE: You knew how I'd feel about it...

LORELAI: And you have absolutely no reason to be upset.

LUKE: I don't? You were hiding...

LORELAI: I wasn't hiding anything.

LUKE: You hung up the phone just as I came...

LORELAI: You didn't let me explain. I was about to tell you what happened

LUKE: At that moment, it was not appropriate to talk about it...

LORELAI: So you'd rather just sit and stew and be mad for no reason?

LUKE: So, it was just a weird coincidence that I walk in and Christopher happens to be leaving a message, and it happens to be the first time you've had contact with him in a month?

LORELAI: In a year, Luke! The last time I saw him was the last time you saw him!

LUKE: Well, I don't believe in coincidences.

LORELAI: This is not fair!

LUKE: I have a right to expect honesty from my fiance!

LORELAI: OK! You want honesty? I'll give you honesty. I hate that bedroom set. It's old and creepy, and I hate it.

LUKE: You told me you loved it.

LORELAI: I have absolutely no memory of coming to your storage unit five years ago and telling you I love that furniture. (Sookie and Jackson loom on the argument quiet and uncomfortable)

LUKE: Well thank you very much for your honesty about my grandmother's furniture. Too bad you're not a little more forthcoming about the other men in your life.

LORELAI: Oh, my god. Enjoy Wisteria Lane, you major drama queen.

LUKE: I'm done. (gets up off the table and walks out of the house)

LORELAI: (yelling after him) Wrap yourself in a towel and trip over a hedge on your way out!

SOOKIE: Are you okay?

LORELAI: I'm fine. I'm sorry, you guys. I'll give Paul Anka the burger. (gets up, takes her plate and walks out of the kitchen)

JACKSON: Was it because I brought up my meat rub?

SOOKIE: Yes, it was.

(CUT to Luke's apartment, same night. Luke is sitting on his armchair drinking a beer, and we hear a knock on the door)

LUKE: Come in. (Lorelai enters holding a plate and approaches him)

LORELAI: OK, see...Once we're married, you're not going to be able to run away to your clubhouse anymore. You're going to have to join a rotisserie baseball league with the rest of the men.

LUKE: When we're married, huh? Gee, when's that going to be?

LORELAI: I brought you something to eat. You're going to need sustenance if we're going to go another 10 rounds.

LUKE: I'm never going to be okay with Christopher being in your life.

LORELAI: I'm always going to have Christopher in my life.

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: (sits on the coffee table opposite Luke and puts the plate down) He is... Rory's father. I can't change that. Today was the first day I heard Christopher's voice in a year, and I would have told you.

LUKE: We can't hide things from each other.

LORELAI: I know.

LUKE: I'm not going to like it when Christopher calls, but we have to tell each other everything.

LORELAI: Agreed.

LUKE: That's the only way this is going to work.

LORELAI: I know.

LUKE: You really hate the bedroom set?

LORELAI: Oh, I really hate the bedroom set. But I'm sorry I told you like that.

LUKE: Yeah, well... (takes a deep breath) So, how are Sookie and Jackson doing?

LORELAI: I think they enjoyed watching a show for once that didn't have la-la playing the guitar.

LUKE: Come here.

LORELAI: (sliding over to sit on Luke's lap) I want a barbie and a pony and roller skates and roller skates for the barbie and for the pony. (they kiss)

LUKE: No secrets?

LORELAI: Cross my heart and hope to die.

LUKE: Oh, I hate that saying.

LORELAI: No secrets. (they kiss again) Luke.

LUKE: (gives her peck on the lips) Yeah?

LORELAI: When I was in fifth grade, I told everybody Erik Estrada was my boyfriend and that we used to make out on his motorcycle.

LUKE: Shh. (they kiss again)

(CUT to Stamford Eagle Gazette reception desk, morning. Audrey, the receptionist, is answering several calls, the office looks busy. Rory is sitting by the desk waiting. Stuart Woltz walks quickly to the reception desk and when Rory notices him perks up)

AUDREY: (on phone head set) Stamford Eagle Gazette... I'll transfer you. Stamford Eagle Gazette... I'll transfer you. Stamford Eagle Gazette... I'll transfer you. Stamford Eagle Gazette...I'll transfer you.

STUART: (to Audrey) Did Bergman call?

AUDREY: Stamford Eagle Gazette. (passes a note to Stuart, and then point over at Rory) Try the New York Times.

STUART: What?

AUDREY: Trust me. You want the (points again at Rory) Times.

STUART: (confused) What!? What are you pointing to?

RORY: She's pointing at me. (Rory gets up from her seat as Stuart turns around to see her)

AUDREY: Stamford Eagle Gazette.

STUART: Rory Gilmore.

RORY: As you live and breathe.

STUART: (walks up to her) Uh...I'm sorry. Did we, uh...?

RORY: No, we didn't have an appointment. I thought I would come down and talk to you about a job.

STUART: A job?

RORY: A beginning staff writer job, to be exact.

STUART: OK, I think maybe we got our signals crossed earlier. I thought I was clear. I don't have any jobs available.

RORY: No, you were very clear. You said you didn't have any jobs available, and I heard you. I have excellent hearing, among my many other qualifications, which I have listed here on my resume (gives him a big brown envelope)

STUART: (taking the envelope) Your...?

RORY: And my portfolio. (turns and picks up two huge files) Samples of all my writing. All my work from the Yale Daily News, plus a couple spec pieces that I've just recently finished. Ideas, potential pitches, theatre reviews...(Gives him the files)

STUART: Well, I'm sure this is all...

RORY: Look, I know this is very spur-of-the-moment, but I thought maybe we could find a minute to sit and talk with me.

STUART: About what?

RORY: About a job.

STUART: But I don't have any job openings.

RORY: I know, but see earlier, when we were on the phone, you were so positive and optimistic. You said so many complimentary things. I mean, frankly, you made me sound great, so great that I thought, "Hey, you should hire that girl".

STUART: But...

RORY: I already know most of the staff. The rhythm of this place, how it runs. I know where you keep the pens. I have personally fixed the copier in that coffee room on more than 10 occasions. But the bottom line is... Mitchum was wrong. I am a very good writer, and I have great organizational skills, yes, but I know how to come at an article. I have a point of view. A voice. And - huh, big selling point - I am a huge bargain.

STUART: Rory, these are wonderful points, but I have nothing at this moment.

RORY: If you could sit down and talk with me, I bet we could work that out.

STUART: I have no time to sit and talk with you today. I'm sorry.

RORY: Look, I have sent my resume to several other papers. I'm not worried about finding a position. I'm worried about finding the right position. The right place for me. I think this is the right place for me.

STUART: Well it's not the right place for you, because there is no place for you. I have no job openings.

RORY: Give me ten minutes of your time, and I bet I can change your mind.

STUART: I don't have ten minutes. (gives back her portfolio)

RORY: I would be invaluable to you here.

STUART: If I gave you a job, I'd have to fire Harry. (sets the brown envelope with her resume on top of her portfolio that he's just handed back to her)

RORY: Five minutes.

STUART: Sorry.

RORY: That's okay. I can wait. (sits back down. Stuart looks at her frustrated for a bit and then walks away)

AUDREY: Stamford Eagle Gazette...Yes, how may I help you?

(CUT to Luke's diner, morning. It seems to be the lunch rush. Luke is running around taking orders and serving customers)

LUKE: (setting two plates on an occupied table) Steaks and eggs, tuna melt.

CUSTOMER1: I ordered onions on this.

LUKE: Yes, you did. I'll be right back. (walks over to the counter and yells into the kitchen) Caesar, I got onions coming.

CUSTOMER2: This is not rare/medium-rare. It's more like just rare.

LUKE: Caesar, onions. Gimme. (takes the plate with the "more like rare" order and passes the plate to Caesar) Add a little medium to this rare.

CAESAR: The stove is going blinky.

LUKE: No excuses. Let's go, go, go. (walks over to another table and prepares to take an order)

CUSTOMER3: Cobb salad, no avocado, no bacon, no blue cheese, Italian dressing on the side.

(outside we see through the window a girl on a bike and a very weird bike helmet on riding up to the diner and parking her bike)

LUKE: Something to drink?

CUSTOMER3: Iced tea, two lemons.

LUKE: Got it. (walks back to the counter to pass the order) Caesar, cobb salad, no cobb, just turkey. Where's that burger? (the girl with the helmet still on her head walks in the diner and goes up to the counter)

CAESER: The stove is going...

LUKE: ...blinky, I know. Use the broiler.

APRIL: (to Luke) Luke Danes? Excuse me. Are you Luke Danes?

LUKE: Yeah, grab a seat. (pouring iced tea in a glass) I'll be with you in a moment. (passing the glass to a customer sitting on the counter) Iced tea, two lemons.

CUSTOMER4: But I didn't...

APRIL: You're Luke Danes.

LUKE: (starts to write something on his order pad) Yes, kid, I'm Luke Danes. (notices the funny helmet) What the hell are you wearing?

APRIL: A bike helmet.

LUKE: For what kind of bike?

APRIL: A Schwinn.

LUKE: OK.

APRIL: When you fall off your bike, you fall on your face.

LUKE: Fine.

APRIL: You could lose your teeth or hurt your neck.

LUKE: Whatever. What do you want to eat?

APRIL: Nothing.

LUKE: Then I need the stool space.

APRIL: You told me to sit here.

LUKE: Well, I thought you were going to order something.

CAESER: Burger, rare!

LUKE: Yeah! (runs back up at Caesar, April follows) Where's my onions?

CAESER: I forgot the onions.

LUKE: Get my onions! (passes back the plate and notices April smiling at him. He walks to her on the other side of the counter) Look, kid, whatever you're selling...

APRIL: I'm not selling anything.

LUKE: I know, but I'm working, I'm bus...Will you take that thing off?

APRIL: OK...(starts to take off the helmet. It seems to not be so easy) it takes a minute. (Luke sighs as he waits for her to take the thing off. Finally she does and sets it on the counter) OK...it's off. Can I talk to you now?

LUKE: Talk fast.

APRIL: I need your hair.

LUKE: Excuse me?

APRIL: With the roots.

LUKE: For what?

APRIL: I go to Martin Van Buren Middle School over on Woodbridge. Do you know it?

LUKE: No.

APRIL: Well, every year Samuel Polotsky wins the science fair. Now, it's very important that I beat him this year because I hate him. This year I have the perfect project. I'm going to take hair samples from three men, run DNA tests on them, and figure out which one's my father.

LUKE: What?

APRIL: My uncle works for a lab in Hartford, so he's going to oversee me. But I'll be doing all the actual work myself.

LUKE: I'm sorry. Did you say your father?

APRIL: Yeah, see, science fairs have gotten so political lately. It's no longer the simple act of science being appreciated. There's got to be a twist, a gimmick. Something flashy. I figure this is perfect. Real science, DNA testing, with a flash of human drama. "Who's my daddy?". Huh? Catchy, right?

LUKE: I don't understand. I'm not...

APRIL: I already have the other two samples. This is my last stop. I go to the lab tomorrow, and the fair's on the 16th. And, if I win, there's going to be a banquet on the 18th, and you get to choose any two kinds of spaghetti that you want. There's going to be at least ten options, though I know what I'm getting. Split order, half mushroom, half mizeethra cheese.

LUKE: No!

APRIL: Yes, that's what I'm getting.

LUKE: No. I mean, no. I'm (April reaches out and grabs some hair off Luke)...Ow! (she takes out a camera and takes a picture of him)

APRIL: Thanks. (picks up her helmet and leaves) Wish me luck! (Luke is left looking after her very confused)

(CUT to Stamford Eagle Gazette reception desk, morning. Rory is sitting at the reception desk area reading a paper. Stuart and Harry pass by her and are talking about something work related)

STUART: We can't print the letters, Harry.

HARRY: But if they're true? What if Gonzalez really is taking these payoffs? It would finally make the city-council elections interesting.

STUART: We have no idea who's making these accusations. It could be a hoax. Kids with too much time on their hands, no dates for the prom.

HARRY: Or it could be a rival candidate. Now wouldn't that be fun?

STUART: Yes, that would be fun.

HARRY: Then let's have some fun. (notices Rory) Hey, Rory.

RORY: Hi, Harry. (Stuart notices Rory sitting in the reception area and looks at her surprised. She gets up from her seat and starts to follow them around)

HARRY: OK, so, we don't print the letters, but if we can track down the person who's sending them.

STUART: How?

HARRY: I don't know. We do a paper analysis, rummage through trash cans.

STUART: Very dignified.

HARRY: Or maybe we can just call the guy up. Tell him we know he's sending the letters, lie, see if we can smoke him out.

RORY: You know, you can use language-analysis software to ID an author by comparing his writing style to known writing samples.

HARRY: What?

RORY: Yeah. That's how Joe Klein was unmasked as the author of "Primary Colours."

STUART: Hell, it's worth a try.

HARRY: Great. (Harry walks away looking pleased)

STUART: Good idea, Rory.

RORY: Thanks, boss.

STUART: I'm not your boss.

RORY: Not yet, boss, but give me five minutes of your time...

STUART: I don't have five minutes. (starts to walk away from her)

RORY: OK, I can wait.

STUART: Oh, boy.

RORY: (calls after him) You know where to find me. (watches Stuart walk away for a bit and then turns around to leave)

(CUT to Dragonfly Inn, morning. Michel is organising the bookshelves. Lorelai walks in with more books in her hand)

LORELAI: More books.

MICHEL: Urgh. What is wrong with people? Don't they know the written word is dead?

LORELAI: Uh, books are back. Oprah says. Did we order the new box slips yet?

MICHEL: Yes, and the envelopes. And the linen-delivery service has been replaced by one that actually has trucks that turn on. And I hired a horse whisperer because Cletus has been acting very needy lately, and I get enough of that from you.

LORELAI: Well, you're just perfect.

MICHEL: Oh. And I got a call from someone who wanted a job reference for Rory.

LORELAI: What?

MICHEL: Don't worry. I said nice things. I did not mention how she used to steal stamps and sit in my chair. I said she was very responsible and a hard worker, and now you owe me the weekend off.

LORELAI: A job reference?

MICHEL: Yes.

LORELAI: From who?

MICHEL: Excuse me?

LORELAI: Who was calling? Who was inquiring? Who was asking?

MICHEL: Someone who needed to hire someone.

LORELAI: What kind of job was it?

MICHEL: I don't know.

LORELAI: What was the name of the company?

MICHEL: he told me but I do not remember.

LORELAI: Michel.

MICHEL: What? I'm not an answering machine. I do not have "Sony" stamped on my forehead.

LORELAI: Miche... (her cellphone starts ringing) Forget it. Hello?

(CUT to Gilmore mansion, continuous. Richard is on the phone. The scene cuts between Lorelai at the Dragonfly and Richard back at the mansion)

RICHARD: Lorelai, your mother's missing.

LORELAI: What?

RICHARD: I came home from Seattle, and she wasn't here. The bed doesn't look like it's been slept in.

LORELAI: You have maids, dad. They probably made the bed.

RICHARD: Your mother fired the maid. As far as I know, a new one hasn't been hired yet. Plus, I haven't heard from her in two days. I had a couple of phone calls yesterday, but they were fuzzy. I couldn't hear the other person, and then they hung up.

LORELAI: Well, that could have been mom.

RICHARD: Rory's moved out. Did you know this?

LORELAI: Yes, I heard. What happened?

RICHARD: Oh, I don't know what happened. I came home the other day and two strange boys were in my house moving Rory's things. She didn't even tell me she was going.

LORELAI: Did she and mom fight?

RICHARD: How would I know? I don't know where your mother is.

LORELAI: Did you call her cell?

RICHARD: No, I did not call her cell. In addition to losing my wife, I lost all control of my faculties. Of course I called her cell!

LORELAI: Well I don't know what to tell you dad. I haven't heard from mom or Rory.

RICHARD: I'm calling the club. If you hear anything, you must call me immediately.

LORELAI: I will.

RICHARD: Don't be smart.

LORELAI: I'm not being smart. If I hear anything, I'll call.

RICHARD: Fine. (they hang up, and Lorelai goes to the Inn's kitchen)

(CUT to Dragonfly Inn kitchen, continuous. Sookie is cooking as Lorelai walks in heading for the coffee maker clearly distracted)

SOOKIE: Hey. What's wrong? Is something wrong? (walks up to Lorelai) Are you upset? Did Luke bring home his great-aunt's living room set?

LORELAI: I don't want coffee.

SOOKIE: OK, well, that's your choice.

LORELAI: Something's going on, Sookie.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: I don't know. Rory moved out, and my mother is awol. So they must have had a fight or something. Something happened there, something big. And of course I don't have Rory's cellphone number because I had to give her space like a big, stupid idiot. (takes her cellphone out and dials someone) I should have my head examined. Remind me to have my head examined.

SOOKIE: Wait...Rory moved out?

LORELAI: And my mother is missing, and my father's a basket case, and I don't know what to think. (on phone) Hi, mom, it's Lorelai. You have got to call me when you get this message. OK. Dad is frantic, and we don't know where you are, so just call my cellphone as soon as possible. We just want to know that everything's all right. OK, bye.

SOOKIE: What do you think all that's about?

LORELAI: I don't know, but I'm going to go find out. (exits the kitchen through the back door and Sookie returns to her cooking)

(CUT to outside, morning. Lorelai is walking up to Lane's apartment. We hear music coming from inside. Lorelai knocks the music stops and Brian answers the door. Zach is also in the house)

BRIAN: Hey, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hey. Brian, I'm looking for Rory.

BRIAN: Oh, she's not here.

LORELAI: She is staying here?

BRIAN: Right.

ZACH: And if you see her, you might want to mention that we're mysteriously out of dish soap.

BRIAN: We're also out of sponges.

ZACH: We are? You didn't tell me we were out of sponges. Lorelai, come on.

LORELAI: Come on what, Zach?

ZACH: I'm just saying. She's your daughter. Maybe you should chip in a little rent.

LORELAI: Zach, didn't you guys use my garage as rehearsal space, rent free, for about two years?

BRIAN: Three, actually.

LORELAI: Three years. Thank you, Brian. Yeah, so, I'll tell you what, Zach. Why don't I give you \$40 for Rory, and you can give me \$1,200 for the garage? What do you think? We got a deal?

ZACH: Hey, whoa, relax. I was just joking. We're cool. (Lorelai cell starts ringing)

BRIAN: You wanna to come in and wait for her?

LORELAI: I'm good. Thanks for the offer. (gets her phone out and answers it) Hello?... Mom, thank God. Have you called dad?... Where are you?...What? What are you... OK, just stay there, mom...Now, what was the hangar number again?

(CUT to inside plane, morning. Lorelai comes on the plane seeking Emily)

LORELAI: Mom?

EMILY (OS) : I'm in the cockpit!

LORELAI: Oh. Add that to the list of things I never thought I'd hear my mother say.

EMILY: (comes out from the cockpit and starts to examine the plane) Well, hello, Lorelai. What are you doing here?

LORELAI: Oh, I was just in the neighbourhood, you know. How about you? What are you doing here?

EMILY: I'm looking at a plane.

LORELAI: Because?

EMILY: Because you don't do something like buy a plane without looking at it first. I'm not Elvis.

LORELAI: Ah. My mistake. I thought you were. I apologize for sending those policemen badges for Christmas. Mom, dad is pretty worried about you.

EMILY: He is?

LORELAI: Yes, he said you didn't come home last night.

EMILY: I didn't?

LORELAI: Well, he said the bed looked like hadn't been slept in, and you're between maids.

EMILY: Oh, for heaven's sake! I did that. People don't even think I can make a bed? I can make a bed. I usually wind up remaking the bed after the maid makes it because she made it wrong the first place. I wonder if these seats could be moved around.

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: Yes?

LORELAI: You're not going to buy a plane.

EMILY: Tell your father I'm fine and I'll be home in an hour.

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: If you're not going to leave, then help. (takes a measuring tape and gives one end to Lorelai) Hold this up to the window. This plane is a time-share. We'll share it with three other people. The pilot is always on call, which means we can go anywhere we want at the drop of a hat.

LORELAI: Where would you want to go at the drop of a hat?

EMILY: Anywhere, everywhere. I could travel with your father when he works.

LORELAI: You can do that now.

EMILY: Well, I can join him later if I don't want to leave when he leaves.

LORELAI: You can do that now.

EMILY: Well, you and Luke can borrow it. You can take it up to Maine for lobster rolls or down to Florida for some sun. This fabric is just horrible. It has to go. It all has to go.

LORELAI: Mom, you can't replace the fabric.

EMILY: (mocking tone) "Mom, you can't replace the fabric! Mom you can't buy a plane".

LORELAI: It's a time-share. You have to share it with three other people.

EMILY: Then I'll buy the whole damn plane myself!

LORELAI: OK, sorry.

EMILY: You know what? I am tired of all this. I am tired of your attitude toward me. You look at me as a thing of amusement...

LORELAI: I don't.

EMILY: ...Something to be pitied. To feel sorry for. "Poor, out-of-touch Emily. She has nothing. She lives to organize parties and frivolous affairs. Who would want to do that? To be that?".

LORELAI: Mom, I've never thought that.

EMILY: If I want a plane, I'll buy a plane!

LORELAI: OK! Good! Go for it.

EMILY: It's my fault that Rory dropped out of Yale. It's my fault that she didn't go back. It's my fault that she's with Logan. It's my fault that she's not happy. It's my fault. It's all my fault.

LORELAI: It's not your fault.

EMILY: That's right, it's not my fault! I did nothing but take care of her. I bought her clothes. I got her a job. I guided her. I threw parties for her and introduced her to new people, new things, and

she just... The way she talked to me, you would have been very proud.

LORELAI: No.

EMILY: Oh, yes. She looked at me just like you used to. With that defiant, "who are you to be telling me what to do?" sort of look. Then she left. Packed her things and moved out when I wasn't even there to see her go. No "thank you", no "goodbye". You would have been very, very proud.

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: Just let me buy my plane, Lorelai. Let me be frivolous and shallow, won't you, please?

LORELAI: OK. (starts to exit, but turns around) It's not the same, mom, what happened with Rory. It's not the same.

EMILY: I lost her like I lost you. Feels remarkably similar to me.

LORELAI: You didn't lose her like you lost me. She was never supposed to be there in the first place, she was always supposed to be at school. She just went back where she belonged. (turns) And you didn't lose me. (exits. Emily sits on one of the chairs and starts to cry)

(CUT to Stamford Eagle Gazette reception desk, morning. Rory comes out from the coffee room holding two paper cups. She gives one to Audrey who's on the phone)

AUDREY: (on phone) You're going to have to take that up with Mr.Abrams. Hold, please.

RORY: Three sugars, non-fat milk.

AUDREY: Thank you, sweetheart. (they both sip) God, you make good coffee.

RORY: I've had years of training. You got someone on hold. (leaves to sit down)

AUDREY: Right. (on phone) Thank you for calling. How may I help you? (Stuart walks up to Rory not looking too pleased)

STUART: Rory Gilmore.

RORY: (perking up) Yes, boss?

STUART: (holding up one of the huge files) Is this your portfolio?

RORY: Part of it. I've got more here if you need it. (picks up a seemingly heavy book bag) Clippings and pitches...

STUART: You do not go into other people's offices and leave things on their desks.

RORY: I know. I'm sorry.

STUART: I'm the editor of this paper. For God's sake, my office is private!

RORY: And very tidy.

STUART: Stay out of my office. (gives her the file and starts to walk away. Rory looks a bit upset. He turns around) Five minutes.

RORY: You read it?

STUART: I don't see you moving.

RORY: Did you like it?

STUART: I remember something about you being a bargain? (walks back to his office)

RORY: (following him) Oh, thank you, boss. You won't be sorry, boss. Hey, you're not going to have to fire Harry, are you?

(CUT to science fair, morning. Luke walks in and starts looking around the booths. He spots April at her booth reading a book. He walks up to her and notices his picture on the top of the booth is circled while there are two other pictures of two other men who's faces are crossed out. She looks up from her book and notices him)

APRIL: Hi?

LUKE: Hi.

APRIL: What are you doing here?

LUKE: Oh, I just came down to see the potato clock.

APRIL: Hmm.

LUKE: It's amazing a potato can do that.

APRIL: Potatoes are extraordinary.

LUKE: So, I guess, uh...

APRIL: Yeah. It's you.

LUKE: And you're sure?

APRIL: Absolutely. You want to see my report? (gives him the report)

LUKE: Uh, yeah. (he takes it and starts going through it a bit) Oh. It's big. (chuckles a bit) Wow, you...sure wrote a lot of...things here. Hey, wait. There's a word in here I know. (chuckles again a little more nervously) So, you're, uh...smart, huh?

APRIL: I've never been tested.

LUKE: But you...you did all this, so you must be smart. (looks at the cover of the report) April Nardini? So, your last name is Nardini?

APRIL: Yes.

LUKE: So, your mom is... (putting two and two together) Anna.

APRIL: Yes.

LUKE: Oh, Anna. Wow. I haven't seen Anna in...

APRIL: ...about 12 years?

LUKE: Yeah. So, uh...how is she? Is she good?

APRIL: Yes.

LUKE: Well, you know, that's...Anna Nardini. Oh, boy. Uh, I think I...I have to sit down.

APRIL: You want my stool.

LUKE: Yeah, thanks. (April gets up, Luke sits) Thanks...I'm just, uh, a little overwhelmed here.

APRIL: You want a capri sun?

LUKE: No, that's OK. So, I'm your father.

APRIL: Yes.

LUKE: I didn't know about you.

APRIL: I know.

LUKE: If I did, I would have, uh...(some people pass by and notice Luke under his picture. Luke to them) Yeah, it's...it's me. Hi. I...I think I'm better now. (get up from the stool)

APRIL: Are you sure?

LUKE: Yeah. That's fine.

APRIL: OK. (sits back)

LUKE: So, sorry you didn't win.

APRIL: It's okay.

LUKE: I feel a little responsible.

APRIL: The solar pizza oven took first. Environmentalism is very in right now.

LUKE: Right, well...Oh. Here. (hand her the report)

APRIL: Oh, you can keep it. I've got copies.

LUKE: OK, thanks. (exhales uncomfortably) So, you want to get some ice cream or something?

APRIL: I can't. The winners have to give a presentation at six.

LUKE: Right. (with a "not so sure" expression on his face) Should I stay?

APRIL: Why?

LUKE: Right. OK. So, I guess...I'll go.

APRIL: OK. Thanks for coming by.

LUKE: Yeah. Thanks for the report. I'll pick up a scientific dictionary on the way home, see if I can figure out what it says.

APRIL: Norton makes a good one.

LUKE: Norton! Got it. OK. OK. (clears his throat) OK. (walks away)

(CUT to Lorelai's house, night. Paul Anka is sitting on the staircase doing nothing. Lorelai aimlessly walks around the house and sits on the couch. She turns on the TV and then after a bit turns it off. Picks up a magazine and goes through it for a bit but closes it not long after. She picks up one of PA's balls and calls him)

LORELAI: Hey. Paul Anka. Huh? Fetch! (throws the ball. PA does nothing) Ah, that's it. Let it get a head start. (the telephone starts to ring and Lorelai quickly picks it up) Yes, hello?

RORY: (on the phone) Mom?

LORELAI: Rory!?

RORY: (on the phone) I got a job!

LORELAI: What? Where?

(CUT to Rory in her car, continuous. Scene changes between Rory in her car and Lorelai at home)

RORY: At the Stamford Gazette. It pays less than I'll spend on gas to get there, but it's a job! A writing job.

LORELAI: Yes!

RORY: And I'm going back to Yale. I already called them and talked to my Dean, and it's all arranged. I just have to find someplace to live, but, who cares. I'll figure it out.

LORELAI: And this is what you want?

RORY: Yes!

LORELAI: Are you sure?

RORY: Yes!

LORELAI: Aw, Rory!

RORY: I moved out of grandma's house.

LORELAI: Yeah, I know. I heard.

RORY: Are you home?

LORELAI: Oh, no, I'm not.

RORY: OK, I know you're home, but can I come over?

LORELAI: Yes! Yes! Come over!

RORY: 'Cause I'm staying at Lane's, and I don't know if you want me to, but...

LORELAI: Tell Lane you're moving out and get your butt over here right now.

RORY: Well, okay, if you insist. (takes a turn)

LORELAI: Oh... (hears a car approaching from outside and goes over to the window. She sees Rory's car pulling in the driveway) Oh, my God.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: You look just so much more silver than I remembered. (camera follows Lorelai as she walk to the door to go outside and great Rory)

RORY: Now, come on. Is it too much to expect after a lengthy separation to get some sort of heartfelt greeting? (Lorelai comes out from the house, Rory gets out of the car and they run to each other arms -Lorelai throws the phone on the lawn- and fall into a warm and tight hug) I'm sorry.

LORELAI: You're sorry? I'm sorry.

RORY: I was so mixed-up.

LORELAI: I should have pulled you out of there.

RORY: I was stupid.

LORELAI: No, I was stupid.

RORY: I was more stupid.

LORELAI: Oh, boy. Time to get you back to Yale.

RORY: Love you, mom.

LORELAI: Oh...kid, you have no idea. (they hug tighter)

(CUT to Luke's diner, night. Luke seems distracted as he's wiping one of the tables. Lorelai comes rushing in all excited)

LORELAI: Rory's back.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: She's back. She's back at home, she's back at school, she got a job, and she did it all on her own. (goes behind the counter and starts putting some donats in a take-out container) She's at Lane's picking up her things, and then we're going to pull a major all-nighter. We need burgers, fries, onions rings, and anything else you can think of. Oh! I'm going to go next door and pick up some ice cream at Taylor's. (walks out from behind the counter and up to Luke) She's back. (she kisses him) We can set the date. We can get married now because Rory's back. (goes over to the diner door) Don't skimp on the fries. We don't want to lose her again. (she exits and Luke is left alone and looking miserable)

END Of Episode 6.09 - The Prodigal Daughter Returns

Powered by phpBB® Forum Software © phpBB Limited

All times are UTC-05:00
Page 1 of 1