

TEASER

EXT. LUKE'S - DAY

This is LUKE'S DINER, a small mom and pop place in the middle of a two hundred year old town in Connecticut. The building used to be a barn in the eighteen-hundreds and the pig-pens and troughs are still standing outside except that the pig troughs are now full of flowers instead of slop. It's early morning and the air is crisp. A woman in a long warm coat, hat and scarf, carrying the world's largest purse, goes into the diner.

INT. LUKE'S CUP - DAY

The woman enters. She rushes over to a table and dumps the purse on a chair and starts unraveling herself. We meet LORELAI GILMORE, a very attractive, vibrant, thirty three year old woman, though she could easily pass for twenties. She sits down and looks around her. sprints across the diner, she spots something. Her eyes widen. LUKE DANES, the owner, is taking a fresh pot off the coffee machine. Luke is a scruffy though handsome man in his thirties with the body of a fireman under that apron. Lorelai grabs her coffee cup and sprints across the diner to the counter.

LORELAI
(holding out her coffee cup)
Please, Luke. Please, please,
pleeeeeeeese?

LUKE
How many cups have you had this
morning?

LORELAI
None.

LUKE
Plus...

LORELAI
Five. But yours is better.

LUKE
You have a problem.

LORELAI
(holding the cup out further)
Yes, I do.

Luke shakes his head and pours.

LUKE
Junkie.

LORELAI

Angel. You're a Goddamn angel.

Lorelai goes back to her table. She drinks her coffee happily for a beat before she realizes that there's a VERY ATTRACTIVE MAN in his twenties standing over her.

JOEY

You make that look really good.

LORELAI

It is really good. Best coffee in town.

JOEY

Yeah? I'll have to get a cup.

LORELAI

Good plan.

JOEY

I've never been here before. I'm just passing through on my way to Hartford.

LORELAI

You're a regular Jack Kerouac.

JOEY

(no idea what she's talking about)

Yeah. Hey, you mind if I sit down?

LORELAI

Actually, I'm meeting someone.

He sits down next to her.

JOEY

I'm Joey.

LORELAI

Okay.

JOEY

You don't have a name?

LORELAI

I have a name. But I really am waiting for someone so...

JOEY

So, I should get going.

LORELAI

So soon?

JOEY

What?

LORELAI

Just screwing with your mind.

(she smiles at him)

It's been nice meeting you Joey. Enjoy Hartford.

JOEY

Enjoy your coffee, mystery woman.

LORELAI

Oh, I like that.

Joey smiles at her and moves off. The door opens and another bundled up young woman comes in. She makes her way over to Lorelai's table. This is RORY. She looks a bit younger than Lorelai, but is also tall and pretty. Rory's more serious and shy than Lorelai, but just as sharp.

RORY

Freezing.

LORELAI

What do you need, hot tea? Coffee?

RORY

Lip gloss.

LORELAI

Here.

Lorelai rifles through her purse.

LORELAI

Cocoa, strawberry, vanilla, or toasted marshmallow?

RORY

You've got to go back on sugar.

Rory peers into Lorelai's bag.

RORY

Anything in there not resembling a breakfast cereal?

LORELAI

Boring, but yes.

She pulls out a jumbo size make-up bag.

RORY

God, RuPaul doesn't use that much make-up.

LORELAI
You're crabby.

RORY
Sorry. I lost my Macy Gray CD and I
need caffeine.

LORELAI
Ah, well...
(she rifles through the bag
again)
I have your CD...

RORY
Thief.

LORELAI
(hands over the CD)
...here. And I'll get you some coffee.

Lorelai grabs an empty cup and heads to the counter. Rory
starts looking through Lorelai's make-up bag.

LORELAI
It's not for me. It's for Rory. I
swear.

LUKE
You're shameless.

LORELAI
(pointing)
Hey, Officer Krupke, look. Over there
at that table.

ANGLE ON Lorelai's table where we see that Joey has returned
and is now chatting up Rory. Lorelai shakes her head in
disbelief.

LORELAI
(to herself)
He's got quite a pair, this guy.

Lorelai walks up behind Joey.

JOEY
(talking to Rory)
Yeah, I've never been through here
before.

LORELAI
Oh, you have too.

Joey whirls around surprised.

JOEY
Oh, hi.

LORELAI
You really like my table, don't you?

JOEY
I'm just...

LORELAI
Getting to know my daughter.

JOEY
Your...

He looks at Rory. Rory smiles at him.

RORY
Are you my new daddy?

JOEY
(to Lorelai)
Wow, you do not look old enough to have
a daughter. I mean it.
(to Rory)
And you do not look like a...daughter.

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

JOEY
So...daughter, huh?
(beat)
You know I'm traveling with a friend.

LORELAI
She's sixteen.

JOEY
Bye.

LORELAI
Drive safe.

Lorelai and Rory wave good-bye to the nice man, then look at each other and laugh.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF MAIN STREET, STARS HOLLOW, CONNECTICUT.

This is a historical old town with white clapboard houses, huge trees, rolling hills, and no fences. Everywhere you look things are perfectly maintained. The residents obviously love this place where hayrides, pumpkin patches, town parades, and fourth of July picnics are the way of life.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE INN - MORNING

ESTABLISHING SHOT of a beautiful old inn with tall white columns and a wrap around that Mark Twain could've written on. Lorelai is with a very harried looking older woman, MRS. LANGWORTHY, who is wearing an expensive fur coat and an even more expensive facelift. This is no longer the jeans wearing caffeine junkie we met earlier. Lorelai is now in a chic black suit looking calm and completely in control.

MRS. LANGWORTHY

Three hundred is the final count as of yesterday. Now, is the cake ready? Margie's frantic about the cake.

LORELAI

The cake is ready and gorgeous. It's going to be a beautiful wedding. You just have to relax.

MRS. LANGWORTHY

Relax. Yes. Oh God, just let her stay married to this one.

INT. INDEPENDENCE INN - MORNING

An oil painting of A VERY SCARY OLD GUY WEARING A POWDERED WIG AND KNICKERS fills the screen. We pull out to reveal the foyer of the Independence Inn. Behind a beautifully carved wood front desk stands JUDY TOLAN. Judy's the young, brand new and very unsure desk clerk. She has a handful of keys and is putting them in the corresponding slot on the wall. Next to her is MICHEL GERARD, the concierge. Michel is a very attractive, extremely intolerant black man in his late thirties. Michel has a beautiful French accent which helps with his pursuit of the ladies. Michel is on the phone.

MICHEL

(into phone)

No, I'm sorry we are completely booked this week. We have a wedding party here. No, there's really nothing I can do. Yes, I'm sure. Positive. I don't have to look ma'am I...

(MORE)

MICHEL (CONT'D)

Yes of course I'll look.

(he puts the phone down takes a deep breath and puts it back to his ear again)

No, I'm sorry, completely booked...Yes, life is full of disappointments...No, I don't know what the point of living is...Yes, well, at least you're taking it well.

Lorelai and Mrs. Langworthy walk into the lobby.

MRS. LANGWORTHY

Two of the flower girls are allergic to tuberose so they can't be in their baskets or they'll die.

LORELAI

No tuberose. I'll take care of it. Now, you need to go up to your room, relax, unpack, and I'll send a masseuse up to take care of you.

MRS. LANGWORTHY

You're a dear. See if someone tall and Antonio Banderas-like is available.

Mrs. Langworthy goes up the staircase. Lorelai heads over to the front desk. Michel is still on the phone. He's desperately trying to keep from killing himself.

MICHEL

Madame, you have no idea how desperately I'd like to help but I'd have to build a room for you myself and I'm not a man who works with his hands so the best I can do is suggest that you please, please try for another weekend. Any weekend...The twenty first? Hold on I'll look.

He looks in the reservation book.

MICHEL

No, I'm sorry we're all booked.

Lorelai goes behind the desk.

LORELAI

Judy, get the florist on the phone.

JUDY

Okay. Judy stands there looking confused.

LORELAI

Ask for Gee. Tell him tuberose for the Langworthy wedding are out. Substitute the climbing roses he used for us in the dining room arrangement he did last week. Tell him to do one and send it over for approval by four o'clock and why aren't you moving?

JUDY

I don't know where I put his number.

LORELAI

716-6872.

JUDY

716...sorry. Numbers throw me.

Lorelai writes the number down for Judy.

LORELAI

There. Now, when the arrangement gets here, find me immediately. Has the plumber attended to room four yet?

JUDY

I don't know. I was doing the keys.

MICHEL

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

Lorelai dials the phone. Rory enters. She's wearing jeans and a bulky sweater that goes down to her knees.

LORELAI

(into phone)

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

She covers the phone, reaches out, grabs Rory's sweater and pulls her toward her. Kiss. Rory kisses her. Lorelai goes back to the phone.

LORELAI

I thought you replaced that last time...Because you told me you did and I never forget anything. So, then this one's on you, right?...Pleasure doing business with you.

She hangs up. Rory comes behind the desk poking around. She's obviously very comfortable back there.

LORELAI

Judy, please go up and check on room four. Make sure it's working.

JUDY

Okay.

She looks around for someplace to dump the rest of the keys. Lorelai impatiently takes them from her.

LORELAI

Judy, listen to me. I've been working for your aunt and uncle a long time. And they've been good to me. So, when they asked me to give you a job, train you in the family business, I was happy to do it. Happy. See, the smile? Okay, but this is a really busy week, and I need you to be faster and more organized or please God in heaven find yourself a rich husband.

ANGLE ON Michel who crosses over to Judy and whispers to her.

MICHEL

Don't you listen to her. Find yourself any husband, he doesn't have to be rich.

Judy looks at him dejectedly and exits. Lorelai starts filing the keys back in their place at lightening speed. Rory starts rooting around in the drawers. Michel notices.

MICHEL

(to Lorelai)

What is your offspring doing?

RORY

I need stamps.
(holding up stamps)
Can I have these?

MICHEL

No.

LORELAI

Take them.
(off Rory's sweater)
What's the deal with the muumuu?

RORY

Stop.

LORELAI

No, I'm just saying you couldn't find one made of metal in case anyone has x-
(MORE)

LORELAI (CONT'D)
ray eyes?

RORY
Who here heard me say stop?

DERECK an eighteen-year old absolutely adorable valet comes up to the desk.

DERECK
Man, there's a lot of people here today. I've got cars backed up all the way down the driveway.

RORY
Well, good thing you're in here.

DERECK
(to Lorelai)
Oh, well, I just wanted to tell you that I don't have to go to my Aunt's funeral tomorrow. She didn't die yet.

LORELAI
Well, maybe next week.

DERECK
Yeah, maybe.
(beat, to Lorelai)
That's a real nice outfit you're wearing.

LORELAI
Thank you, Dereck.

Dereck smiles at her. He's smitten. He takes off out the front door. Rory shakes her head.

RORY
God, he is so puppy faced around you.

LORELAI
Dereck's sweet. You should take a crack at him.

RORY
He's not into me, Mrs. Robinson.

LORELAI
Well, he could be if you weren't wearing an entire flock of sheep.

RORY
And how we say good-bye.

LORELAI
Wait - give Michel your French paper to
look at before you go.

MICHEL
Excuse?

RORY
That would be great.

MICHEL
No.

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

MICHEL
I believe they already know.

LORELAI
Please, Michel? Please?
(in Betty Boop-ish baby talk
voice)
Pretty please with sucre with top? I'll
stop talking like this.

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

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

Rory exits. Lorelai looks at Michel smiling. Michel tries to
ignore her, pretending to be busy. She keeps staring and
grinning.

MICHEL
I despise you.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

The kitchen is huge and chaotic with fabulous things cooking
and bubbling. On the floor under an avalanche of pots and
pans is SOOKIE ST. JAMES, the chef and Lorelai's best friend.
She's a brilliant cook with no hand-eye coordination
whatsoever. Right now her forehead's bandaged, there's a
splint on her left little finger and Band-Aids all over her
arms. The sous-chef, SALVADOR, and a couple of the kitchen
helpers are trying to untangle her.

SOOKIE
I'm okay.

LORELAI

What did you do now? Are you hurt? How did this happened.

(in Spanish)

Weren't you watching her?

SALVADOR

(in Spanish)

I turned around for one second.

LORELAI

Sookie, damn it, I told you to be careful.

SOOKIE

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

LORELAI

This is blood. You're bleeding. Why are you bleeding?

SOOKIE

Oh, I think my stitches opened. I used too much maple syrup. It strangled the fruit.

LORELAI

When did you get stitches?

SOOKIE

Friday night. Radish roses.

Lorelai grabs a couple of kitchen towels and starts wrapping them around Sookie's hand. Sookie tries to reach up to the counter to get a pan.

LORELAI

Stop moving.

SOOKIE

I want you to taste the sauce. You have to try it while it's warm.

She reaches up again. She manages to grab a spoon and pull it down.

LORELAI

Sookie, I mean it. You have to stay...

Sookie puts the spoon in her mouth.

LORELAI

Dear God almighty that's incredible.

SOOKIE
I thought I'd put it on the waffles
tomorrow for breakfast.

LORELAI
I swear, I want to bathe in this sauce.
You know, someday, when we open our own
inn? Diabetics will be lining up to eat
this sauce.

SOOKIE
Oh, won't that be great?

LORELAI
But the key to achieving that dream is
you staying alive long enough to
actually open the inn with me,
understand?

SOOKIE
Yes. I understand.

LORELAI
Okay, now, let's get you up and to the
doctor. On three. One, two, three.

SOOKIE
Ow.

LORELAI
(panicked)
What?

SOOKIE
I stepped on my thumb. I'm fine. On
three.

Lorelai shakes her head and they try again.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Rory is walking with her best friend LANE KIM. A bright quiet Korean girl, Lane has the constant dilemma of having very traditional Korean parents while being an Americanized girl. Lane hands Rory her jacket and backpack. She opens the backpack, takes out a "Woodstock '99" tee shirt, and puts it on over her pink thermal tee. She takes back her stuff.

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

LANE
Rory, if my parents still get upset
over the obscene portion size of
(MORE)

LANE (CONT'D)
American food, I seriously doubt I'm
going to make any inroads with Kid
Rock.

They reach the school. Kids mill around the front in a frenzy
of pre-class activity. A large sign announcing the weekend
hayride is draped across the front.

LANE
(re:sign)
I have to go to that.

RORY
The hayride? You're kidding.

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

RORY
How old is he?

LANE
Sixteen.

RORY
So, he's going to be a doctor in a
hundred years?

LANE
My parents like to plan ahead.

RORY
God, and you have to go to the hay ride
with him?

LANE
And his older brother.

RORY
Oh, now you're kidding.

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

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

LANE

Well, don't expect me to clear it up
for you.

They turn up the walk and enter the school building.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

MRS. TRAISTER, a tall, thin sharp-featured American literature teacher is pacing the front of a packed classroom.

MRS. TRAISTER

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

Mrs. Traister sits down and starts grading papers. We PAN
DOWN the row of students. We reach the back of the room where
Rory is seated in the second to last row. She writing
feverishly, extremely concentrated on her task. She is
surrounded by a gaggle of girls who are all deeply fascinated
by a bottle of nail polish. One girl tries it on, looks at
it, shows it to the others, and then passes it on to the next
girl, who does the same. Rory doesn't even look up. One of
the girls notices Rory. She motions to the others to look.
What is she doing that is so important? The girls lean into
each other to conference.

GIRL ONE

(whispers)

I bet it's a love letter.

GIRL TWO

Or her diary.

GIRL THREE

Could be a slam book.

Girl One motions the girl on Rory's right, GIRL FOUR, to take
a peek. Girl four leans over and starts at Rory's paper. She
frowns. She turns to the others with a puzzled look. They all
lean in to each other again.

GIRL FOUR

(incredulous)

It's the assignment.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Rory and Lane walk toward a large house with a sign on front
lawn that reads "ANTIQUES. THE BEST IN TOWN."

LANE
Was it a good color at least?

RORY
It had sparkles in it.

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - AFTERNOON

This is Lane's house. The Kims have devised a very interesting living arrangement for themselves. The family lives upstairs except for the kitchen. The downstairs is their antique store. It's crammed from top to bottom with antiques. Tables are piled on top of each other, chairs are piled on top of tables. Sofas are hung from the ceiling. There's not an inch of open space anywhere. Nor is there a clear path for people to walk through. The whole place is an elaborate, dusty maze. Rory and Lane enter.

LANE
(calling off)
Mom? We're home.

The girls listen.

LANE
Did you hear something?

RORY
I'm not sure.

LANE
(calling again)
Mom?! Are you here?!

MRS. KIM (O.S.)
(very muffled)
Lane?

RORY
We have contact.

LANE
(calling toward the voice)
Mom? Where are you?

MRS. KIM (O.S.)
Lane? Where are you?

The girls head toward the voice.

LANE
Back here!

MRS. KIM (O.S.)
Over here.

The girls change direction.

RORY
I think she's that way.

LANE
(yells)
Are we closer?

MRS. KIM (O.S.)
I'm by the table.

Rory looks around at the sea of tables.

RORY
She's kidding, right?

LANE
(calling to mom)
Look, we'll meet you in the kitchen!

MRS. KIM (O.S.)
What?!

RORY
The kitchen!!

MRS. KIM (O.S.)
Who's that?

LANE
It's Rory, Mom.

MRS. KIM (O.S.)
Oh.

RORY
(to Lane)
Wow. I could hear the disappointment
from here.

LANE
Come on.

The girls start to make their way to the back of the house.

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

LANE
She doesn't hate you.

RORY
She hates my mother.

LANE
She doesn't trust unmarried women.

RORY
You're unmarried.

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

The girls reach a small door in the back and go through it.

INT. KIM KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

The girls enter to find MRS. KIM busy at the stove. Mrs. Kim is tiny with a slight Korean accent. She wears sneakers at all times since she moves about a thousand miles a minute.

MRS. KIM
Tea is ready. I have muffins with no
dairy, no sugar, and no wheat. You have
to dip them in the tea to make them to
soft but they're very healthy.

Lane and Rory sit at the table. Mrs. Kim puts tea cups in front of them.

MRS. KIM
How was school? None of the girls get
pregnant and drop out?

LANE
Not that we know of.

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

MRS. KIM
What?

LANE
Nothing Mama. She's kidding.

MRS. KIM
(to Rory, stern)
Boys don't like funny girls.

RORY
Noted.

The tinkling of the front door is faintly heard.

CUSTOMER (O.S.)
Hello? Anybody here?

MRS. KIM
(yelling)
We're here! We're coming!
(to the girls)
(MORE)

MRS. KIM (CONT'D)
Have more muffins. Only good for
twenty-four hours.

Mrs. Kim exits. We hear "Is anybody here? "Over here."
"Where?" "Follow my voice." As Mrs. Kim plays Marco Polo with
the customer, Rory and Lane dunk a muffin in their tea, take
a bite, and quickly spit the disgusting inedible things out
into their napkins.

INT. HOTEL OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Lorelai is sitting at her desk opening a large stack of mail.
Judy pokes her head in.

JUDY
Hi. Uh, a man just called and said the
angels for the Langworthy wedding
aren't in yet. Is this...bad?

LORELAI
Well, let's see. The wedding's on
Saturday, the angels aren't in, now
even with a total lack of deductive
skills, doesn't this sound...bad?

JUDY
Yes. I'll call him back.

LORELAI
Tell him if they're not here by
tomorrow I'll take to court and if he
tries to give you any grief...

A letter has caught her attention. She opens it and reads.

JUDY
What? If he gives me any grief, what?
Please, I need the specifics.

LORELAI
(off the letter)
Oh my God! Oh my God!

Lorelai runs out of the room. Judy looks after her.

JUDY
Are you coming back?

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Sookie, with one arm in a sling, is moving quickly around the
kitchen. Salvador and two other guys are following her
closely, moving hanging pots she almost backs into, putting a
rag in her hand before she touches something hot - it's a
well orchestrated ballet. Lorelai bursts through the door.

LORELAI
Sookie! The Chilton school! She got in!

SOOKIE
Oh my God! Oh my God!!

LORELAI
(reading the letter)
"Dear Ms. Gilmore, we are happy to inform you that we have a vacancy at Chilton Preparatory starting up immediately. Due to your daughter's excellent grades and recommendations, and your enthusiastic pursuit of her enrollment..."
(to Sookie)
I offered to blow the principal to get her in.
(back to reading the letter)
"...we would happy to accept her as soon as the first semester's tuition has been received."
(smiling huge)
She did it. She's going to Chilton.

SOOKIE
I'm so happy for you.

She and Sookie hug.

LORELAI
Is something burning?

SOOKIE
My bangs. Earlier.

LORELAI
This is it, you know? From that school she'll be able to get into any college she wants. She's going to get the education I never had and do all the things I never did and I can resent her for it and we can finally have a normal mother daughter relationship. Okay, more hugs.

They hug again.

LORELAI
I love you. I really, really do!

Lorelai exits. Sookie, swept up in the moment, grabs a rag, waves it in the air doing her own little jig.

SOOKIE

Rory's going to Chilton, Rory's going
to Chilton.

Sookie happily tosses away the rag and goes back to work. The
rag lands on the stove and bursts into flames. Salvador
calmly clamps a lid down on it and it's doused.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. LORELAI'S HOUSE - EVENING

A charming, tiny old clapboard house, with a huge porch and tons of potted plants and flowers all over the front yard, sits happily on a hill. All the lights are on and the sounds of Keely Smith sing out strong in the night.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is small, but full of warmth and life. Old rugs, lived-in furniture and antique quilts everywhere. There's definitely not a set color scheme - just the organized chaos of two young women living under the same roof. There's a fireplace much smaller than the elegant ones at the inn, whose mantle is crammed with photos of Lorelai and Rory and their friends. A happy little fire is burning away. Lorelai goes around the room lighting candles. Rory enters.

RORY

Hey.

She sees the room.

RORY

Wow.

(looking at the fire)

Are those real logs?

LORELAI

Yep.

RORY

What, are we out of Duraflames?

LORELAI

Nope.

RORY

You're happy.

LORELAI

Yep.

RORY

Did you do something slutty?

LORELAI

I'm not that happy.

Lorelai pulls Rory into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

The beat-up round wooden dinner table is beautifully set with

candles, flowers, and a gorgeous meatloaf all on a silver platter. And on top of Rory's plate is a beautifully wrapped package.

RORY
You made meatloaf?

LORELAI
And mac and cheese. And that salad you like with the sugared walnuts and the blue cheese, and, Sookie made this unbelievable cherry rum cake that you are way too young to eat but what the hell.

RORY
What is going on?

LORELAI
Open your present, please.

Rory rips the package open and pulls out a blue and white plaid skirt.

RORY
I'm going to be in a Britney Spears video.

LORELAI
You're going to Chilton.

RORY
(floored)
What?

LORELAI
I got the letter today.

RORY
This is not funny.

Lorelai pulls the letter out of her pocket.

LORELAI
You're in, baby.

Rory is stunned. She smiles. She laughs. She starts to cry.

LORELAI
On no. Don't you dare cry.

Lorelai goes over and hugs Rory who is full-on crying now.

RORY
I don't...how did this happen? You didn't really...
(MORE)

RORY (CONT'D)
with the principal, did you?

LORELAI
No, that was a joke. They got an opening. I'm sending the check tomorrow and you're starting on Monday.

RORY
Oh my God! I can't believe this!!

LORELAI
I know!!

They hug big time.

RORY
Can we do this? Do we have the money?

LORELAI
Hey, you let me worry about the money, huh? You just worry about getting into Harvard. Now, we have a lot of fattening food to eat, so I suggest we get started.

RORY
Okay.

Rory sits back down in her seat and brushes the tears out of her eyes. Lorelai starts cutting the meatloaf. After a beat Rory can't control herself anymore. She rushes at Lorelai and gives her a huge flying hug that send both of them and the chair crashing to the ground.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

Rory and Lane are at their lockers.

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

LANE
Okay, there's academic minded and then there's eighty.

A guy comes down the hall. A very intense looking, dark eyed, weirdly amazing looking guy. His eyes lock on Rory. She doesn't notice. He stares at her as he goes down the hall. The girls close their lockers and head the other way.

INT. HOTEL FRONT DESK - MORNING

Michel is standing next to the phone which is ringing. He's

letting it ring. Lorelai storms out of the office.

LORELAI
Michel. The phone.

MICHEL
It rings.

LORELAI
Can you answer it?

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

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

Michel picks up the phone.

MICHEL
Independence Inn, Michel speaking.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lorelai is pacing, obviously very upset. Sounds of Musak are heard over the speaker phone. She's looking at the acceptance letter. A voice comes on the speaker phone.

VOICE (O.S.)
Chilton Prep.

LORELAI
(frantically dives for the phone)
Yes. Hi. I've been holding for Mrs. Bell. Okay, my daughter just got accepted and...no this semester. Right. Well, I was so excited when I read that she got in that I didn't read the whole letter and today I went to make out the enrollment check and, well, I read the whole letter and - that's a very high fee you got yourself there. I was wondering if you couldn't take, say, part now just to get her going... But she's supposed to start Monday and that doesn't give me much time to pull a bank job... I was kidding... A bank job is robbing a bank... You know what, never mind... No, no, no. Don't give her space away. I'll figure it out... Right. It's been a real treat talking to you. Bye.

Lorelai hangs up the phone frustrated.

EXT. LORELAI'S PORCH - NIGHT

LORELAI
(muttering)
What do I do, what do I do, what do I
do...

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

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

SOOKIE
You know, you might want to consider
asking...

LORELAI
No.

SOOKIE
But it seems like the only option.

LORELAI
Sookie, there are several chapters from
a Stephen King novel that I would re-
enact before I'd resort to that option.

SOOKIE
But...

LORELAI
Sookie, please.

SOOKIE
Okay. It's dropped.

Rory comes out of the house wearing the plaid skirt.

RORY
(indicating the skirt)
So, what do you think?

SOOKIE
Wow. It makes you look smart.

RORY
Okay, no more wine for you. Mom?

LORELAI
You look like Laura Ingalls Wilder.

RORY
Fine. You can hem it. A little. Only a
little.

LORELAI
Thank you.

Lorelai and Sookie follow Rory into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sookie goes into the kitchen. Lorelai gets her sewing basket and starts pinning the skirt up.

RORY
I can't believe tomorrow is my last day
at dormancy high school. I was so
excited today, I dressed for gym.

LORELAI
You're kidding.

RORY
And I played volleyball.

LORELAI
With other people?

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

LORELAI
Yeah?

RORY
Was very smart because I suck at them.

LORELAI
Yeah, you got that from me.

Sookie comes back out of the kitchen wearing an apron.

SOOKIE
Where's the pate?

LORELAI
At Zsa Zsa Gabor's house.

Sookie goes back in the kitchen. Lorelai finishes pinning the skirt.

LORELAI
Okay. Go see what you think.

RORY
I love being a private school girl.

Rory runs off excitedly. Lorelai sits on the couch. She looks over at a photo on the table next to her. ANGLE ON a picture of a six-year-old Lorelai standing in front of a brick house with an unusually ornate iron door. ANGLE ON Lorelai as she

picks up the picture. ANGLE ON the picture which fills the screen. We DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAME BRICK HOUSE WITH THE ORNATE DOOR - DAY

ANGLE ON Lorelai across the street from this house. She's drinking from a coffee container and pacing back and forth. She drinks the final swig, and takes a deep breath. CUT TO: BLACK SCREEN. A door opens to reveal Lorelai standing there.

LORELAI

Hi Mom.

We open out to find EMILY GILMORE holding the ornate door open. Emily is a distinguished looking woman in her early sixties. Her dress is impeccable, her hair is perfect and the pearls are real. She looks absolutely astonished to see her daughter.

EMILY

Lorelai. My goodness. This is a surprise. Is it Easter already?

LORELAI

I just got finished with my business class and I thought I'd stop by.

EMILY

To see me?

LORELAI

Yes.

EMILY

Well. Isn't that nice. Come in.

LORELAI

Thanks.

Lorelai enters and Emily closes the door.

INT. GILMORE HOUSE - DAY

A far cry from the chaotic but homey clapboard house of Lorelai's, this house is very elegant and upscale. Marble floors in the entry way, heavy drapes and crystal chandeliers make up a house that says "front page of Architectural Digest" and "don't touch anything" simultaneously. They walk down the hall. The place looks great.

EMILY

It hasn't changed.

LORELAI

Well, there you go.

INT. GILMORE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The living room is even more imposing than the entry way. Portraits of Emily and Lorelai's father Richard hang on the walls. Another portrait of a mischievously smiling little Lorelai also hangs on the wall. The women sit down stiffly.

LORELAI
So, how are the girls at the bridge club?

EMILY
Old.

LORELAI
Well...good.

EMILY
You said you were taking a business class?

LORELAI
Yeah. I take a business class at the college twice a week. I'm sure I've told you.

EMILY
Well, if you're "sure" then you must have.

An awkward beat passes.

LORELAI
So...I'm executive manager at the Inn now.

EMILY
Really?

LORELAI
I run the whole place.

EMILY
You must be busy.

LORELAI
It's just a matter of time before I can buy my own inn.

EMILY
Well, won't that be something.

The two women lapse back into silence for a beat.

EMILY
Would you like some tea?

LORELAI
I'd love some coffee.

We hear the front door open. A gruff voice calls out.

RICHARD (O.S.)
Emily? I'm home.

EMILY
We're in here.

RICHARD GILMORE enters. Richard is a tall, strong, opinionated man of few words. He doesn't need that many. He stops in his tracks when he sees Lorelai.

RICHARD
What is it, Christmas already?

LORELAI
Hey, Dad.

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

RICHARD
What business class?

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

RICHARD
No. He crosses to his very Blake Carrington bar and pours himself a drink.

(to Emily)
Is she staying for dinner?

LORELAI
No, she's not. Look, I actually came here for a reason. Dad, could you maybe sit down for a minute?

Richard stands at the bar going through the mail.

RICHARD
(not looking up)
You need money.

LORELAI
I have a situation.

RICHARD
You need money.

LORELAI

Would you please just let me get this out? Please? Rory's been accepted to Chilton.

EMILY

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

LORELAI

I know it is. I've been trying for two years to get her in there. And now there's an opening and we just found out about it. She can start as early as Monday. The problem is I have to put down an enrollment fee plus this semester's tuition and I have to do it immediately or she loses her spot.

RICHARD

(beat, then without looking up)
So, you need money.

LORELAI

(small)

Yes.

Richard puts the mail down. He and Emily look at each other.

LORELAI

It's not for me, okay? It's for Rory. This is a great opportunity for her, and it would simply be a loan, I fully intend to pay you back every cent. I just can't let miss out on something this important. I don't ask for favors, you know that.

EMILY

Oh, yes.
(pointedly)
We know.

Richard and Emily look at each other again.

RICHARD

I'll get the checkbook.

LORELAI

Thank you. I can't tell you...thank you.

EMILY

On one condition.

LORELAI
A condition?

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

LORELAI
What does that mean, Mother?

EMILY
It means that I want more contact. Not just holidays and birthdays. Rory's going to be going to school five minutes from here, and you yourself are in town at least twice a week, as you told us.

LORELAI
(exasperated)
I did tell you.

EMILY
I want a weekly dinner.

LORELAI
What?

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

LORELAI
Mom...

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

LORELAI
(a long beat)
I don't want her to know I borrowed money from you. I want this to be between us.

EMILY
Is seven good for dinner?

LORELAI
(beaten)
Perfect.

Richard goes back to the mail leaving mother and daughter
looking at each other.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Rory is cleaning out her locker. Lane is helping her.

LANE
So, I told my mom you're changing schools.

RORY
Was she thrilled?

LANE
The party's on Friday.

Rory puts the last book in her bag and closes her locker.

RORY
Well, that's it.
(regarding locker)
Twenty - five - thirteen. It's all yours. You're gonna like it. Great front door access.

LANE
Thanks. Oops, I have to go. I have to have a pre-hayride cup of tea with the future doctor. How do I look? Korean?

RORY
The spitting image.

LANE
Good. Bye.

Lane disappears around the corner. Rory bends down to pick up some trash that spilled out of her locker. When she gets back up the mystery boy is standing there.

RORY
(startled)
God!

DEAN
Sorry.

RORY
You're like Ruth Gorden in Rosemary's Baby. Just standing there with the tannis root. Make some noise.

DEAN
Are you cleaning out your locker?

Rory gets her first good look at the beautiful stranger.

She's struck. This is a very new thing for her.

DEAN
It looks like you're going somewhere.

RORY
Oh, right. I am.

She stares at him a beat.

DEAN
Where?

RORY
New school.

DEAN
You're moving?

RORY
No, just my books are.

DEAN
My family just moved here. From
Chicago.

RORY
Chicago. Windy, Oprah...

DEAN
Yeah. That's the place.

They stand there a beat. Rory stares at the ground.

DEAN
I'm Dean.

RORY
Hi.
(beat, then realizing)
Oh. Rory. Me. That's...me.

DEAN
Rory.

RORY
Well, Lorelai technically.

DEAN
Lorelai. I like that.

He smiles at her. She's melting.

RORY
It's my mother's name, too. She named
me after herself. She was lying in the
hospital thinking about how men name
(MORE)

RORY (CONT'D)
boys after themselves all the time, you know? So, why couldn't women? Her feminism just took over. Although personally I think a lot of Demerol also went into the decision.

(beat)
I never talk this much.

They stand there a beat.

DEAN
Well, I'd better go.

RORY
Oh sure. Bye.

DEAN
I have to go look for a job.

Dean takes a pen and a paper scrap out of his pocket and writes something down. He holds out the paper to her.

DEAN
If you hear of anyone hiring around here maybe you could give me a call.

RORY
Oh sure. If I hear.

They look at each other a beat. Dean starts to walk away.

RORY
You know you should check with Miss Patty. She teaches dance. She was actually on Broadway once.

DEAN
I don't really dance much.

RORY
No. She just kind of knows everything that's happening in town. She'll know if someone's looking.

DEAN
Oh. Great. Thanks.

Dean starts away again. Rory looks after him wishing he'd stop but not knowing how to make him. Dean stops.

DEAN
Hey, what're you doing now?

RORY
Nothing. Much.
(looks at the trash in her hand)
(MORE)

RORY (CONT'D)
I should throw this way at some point.

DEAN
Maybe you could show me where this Miss
Patty's place is?

RORY
(brightening up)
Yeah. I guess so. I don't really have
anything important to...let's go.

Rory drops the trash on the ground and they start off. Dean
grabs her backpack and swings it over his shoulder.

INT. LUKE'S CUP - NIGHT

Lorelai and Rory sit eating salads. Neither with a lot of
gusto. They're both a little preoccupied.

LORELAI
You were late getting home tonight.

RORY
(lying)
Yeah. I went to the library.

They sit a beat.

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

RORY
We are?

LORELAI
Yeah.

RORY
But it's September.

LORELAI
So?

RORY
What holiday is in September?

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

RORY
Fine. Sorry. God.

They sit there not eating a beat. Luke brings over their

burgers.

LUKE
(to Lorelai)
Rare meat can kill you. Enjoy.

Luke walks away. Lorelai and Rory just sit a beat.

LORELAI
I finished your skirt today.

Rory doesn't answer.

LORELAI
A grunt of acknowledgment might be nice.

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

LORELAI
If you had plans I would've known.

RORY
How?

LORELAI
You would've told me.

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

LORELAI
Fine. You have things.

RORY
That's right. I have things.

LORELAI
Hey, I had dibs on being the bitch tonight.

RORY
Just tonight?

LORELAI
What the hell is up your butt?

Beat.

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

LORELAI
(floored)
What?

RORY
The timing is just really bad.

LORELAI
The timing is bad?

RORY
And the bus ride to and from Hartford?
It's forty minutes each way. That's
time I could be studying, or helping
you out at the inn.

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

RORY
Plus, I don't think we should be
spending the money right now and I know
Chilton's gotta be costing you a lot.

LORELAI
(rubbing her temples)
Oh, you have no idea.

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

LORELAI
What about college? What about Harvard?

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

LORELAI
Okay, end of the crazy talk. I
appreciate your concern about the
money, but I've got all that covered.

RORY
I still don't want to go.

LORELAI
Why?

RORY
Because I don't.

LORELAI
I have to get out of here.

Lorelai gets up and heads for the door.

RORY

We have to pay first.

Lorelai comes back, takes a twenty out of her purse, throws it on the table and heads out. Rory follows her.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The two women walk in silence. Lorelai is still in shock. We hear the clip-clop of horses hooves getting closer. A horse drawn wagon comes into frame. The wagon is filled with bails of hay, and kids, including a miserable looking Lane flanked on both sides by two somber Korean boys. The hayride passes Lorelai and Rory. They walk past the old converted town hall that sports a big sign: "MISS PATTY'S SCHOOL OF BALLET, GYMNASTICS, ICE SKATING, CHEERLEADING, BATON TWIRLING, AND MODELING." The front door is open and we see a room full of tiny girls in black leotards, pink tights, and green tutu's. Standing just outside the front door is MISS PATTY. A two hundred pound, heavily made-up woman of indeterminable age, Miss Patty was formerly a professional dancer who at some point decided having a sandwich was more important than working with Bob Fosse. Miss Patty is smoking a cigarette and pounding a cane to help the girls keep time.

MISS PATTY

One two three, one two three it's a
waltz ladies. Susie you have to tinkle?
Then uncross your legs, darling.

Patty sees Lorelai and Rory walking by.

MISS PATTY

Rory, good. I think I found a job for
your male friend.

Rory looks up startled. Lorelai stops in her tracks.

LORELAI

What male friend?

MISS PATTY

They need a stock boy at the super
market. I already talked to Taylor
Doose about him. You tell him to go by
tomorrow.

RORY

(weakly)

Okay. Thanks.

MISS PATTY

Cute boy. You have good taste.
(back to the little ballerinas)
Hands in the air, not in the nose!

Rory starts walking faster. She walks right past Lorelai not looking at her.

LORELAI
What male friend?

Rory picks up her pace.

LORELAI
Oh, you're going to have to walk a lot faster than that. You're going to have to turn into friggin' FloJo to get away from me.

Lorelai takes off after her.

INT. LORELAI'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rory enters and slams the door. Lorelai enters right on her heels. The door gets slammed again.

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

RORY
I'm going to bed.

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

RORY
(emphatically)
I'm not you.

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

RORY
Whatever.

LORELAI
So who is he?

RORY
There's no guy.

LORELAI
Dark hair? Romantic eyes? Looks a little dangerous?

RORY
This conversation is over.

LORELAI
Tattoos are good too.

RORY
I don't want to change schools because of all the reasons that I already told you a thousand times. If you don't want to believe me, that's fine. Good-night.

LORELAI
Does he have a motorcycle? 'Cause if you're going to throw your life away, he'd better have a motorcycle!

Rory exits off to her bedroom.

INT. RORY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rory is changing into her sweats. Lorelai enters.

RORY
Thanks for the knock.

LORELAI
Rory, please, just talk to me.

Rory gets into bed, grabs a book and proceeds to read.

LORELAI
Fine, I'll talk. Look, don't get me wrong. Guys are great. I'm a huge fan of guys. You don't get knocked up at sixteen being indifferent to guys. But babe, guys are always going to be there. This school isn't. It's more important. It has to be more important.

RORY
Please, let me go to sleep.

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

RORY
Well, it's my ass.

LORELAI
Okay, you know what? We've always had a democracy here. Nothing happened unless we both agreed.

(MORE)

LORELAI (CONT'D)
But this time I'm gonna have to play
the "Mom" card.

She stands up.

LORELAI
You're going to Chilton. I don't care
whether you want to or not. Monday
morning you will be there, end of
story.

RORY
We'll see.

LORELAI
Yes, we will.

Lorelai exits the room. Rory turns on her CD player. Macy
Gray's "I Try" plays as Rory lays there miserable.

INT. LORELAI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lorelai enters and slams the door. She turns on her CD
player. The same Macy Gray song, "I Try", plays as she lies
down on her bed miserable.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. INDEPENDENCE KITCHEN - DAY

A team of burly men are moving an enormous stove out of the kitchen. Black smoke pours from it. Lorelai is signing a clipboard full of papers. A very distraught Sookie stands next to her.

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

LORELAI
It's not important.

SOOKIE
I've made that dish a hundred times.
It's never exploded.

LORELAI
It's fine.

SOOKIE
(tearing up)
Oh God, I killed a Viking.

Lorelai hands the delivery man back his clipboard. He exits.

SOOKIE
You should fire me. Or at least take
the cost of the new stove out of my
paycheck.

LORELAI
Whatever you want.

SOOKIE
I can't afford to pay for a new stove.
Those things are expensive.

LORELAI
Sookie, please, I'm begging you, pull
yourself together because I got no
sleep last night and I think I put my
pantyhose on backwards.

SOOKIE
Rory's still mad at you?

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

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

LORELAI
No. We don't fight. We never fight.

Michel enters.

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

LORELAI
I'll be back in minute.

Lorelai rushes out of the kitchen. Michel looks at the empty
hole where the stove once stood, and then at Sookie.

MICHEL
And you're the one left standing.
Life's a funny, funny thing, no?

INT. FRONT DESK - DAY

Rory is sitting in a chair reading. Lorelai walks over.

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

RORY
You left me a note to meet you here.

LORELAI
Yeah, I thought maybe you could help
out for a couple of hours. We've got
this wedding tomorrow, things are
crazy. You could make a little extra
cash.

RORY
(goes back to her reading)
Fine.

LORELAI
So, are you going to give me the "mommy
dearest" treatment forever?

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

LORELAI
(fed up with her)
Yeah. Go home. Dinner's at seven.
(MORE)

LORELAI (CONT'D)
Be ready to go.

RORY
Fine.

Rory exits. Lorelai looks after her. Michel comes over.

MICHEL
(happily)
Ah, my chair.

He sits at his chair. Lorelai goes in the back office and slams the door.

EXT. ORNATE DOOR - NIGHT

The huge ornate door fills the screen. We pull back to find a now very dressed up Lorelai and Rory standing there. As usual Lorelai is holding a unusually large container of coffee. The weather's cold but Lorelai still won't ring the bell. They stand there a beat. Finally Rory speaks.

RORY
So...do we go in or stand here
reenacting the "Little Match Box Girl"?

LORELAI
Okay, look, I know you hate me. I'm the
most horrible woman in the world.
Message received. But I need you to be
civil me, just for dinner. And then on
the way home you can pull a Menendez.
Deal?

RORY
Fine.

LORELAI
(mumbling to herself)
Fine. Everything's fine. That's her
favorite word lately.

Lorelai rings the bell. The door opens. Emily answers,
looking even more regal than she did before.

EMILY
Well, you're right on time.

LORELAI
Yeah, no traffic at all.

Lorelai and Rory enter.

INT. ENTRY WAY - CONTINUOUS

Lorelai and Rory enter.

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

LORELAI
Yeah. We're pretty excited, too.

Emily looks at Lorelai's coffee container.

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

LORELAI
Oh, I can do it. She starts to drop the
cup into a small waste basket.

EMILY
In the kitchen, please.

LORELAI
Right. Sorry.

EMILY
Rory. Just let me look at you. You are
just exquisite. Look at that skin. Oh,
it's so good to see you.

Emily gives Rory a long hug.

RORY
It's good to see you too, Grandma.

Lorelai and Rory take their coats off and hang them up.

EMILY
(grabbing Rory's hands and
leading her into the living
room)
So, I want to hear all about Chilton.

RORY
Well, I haven't actually started yet.

They exit into the living room. Lorelai drops her cup into
the forbidden trash can and follows them in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Richard is sitting reading a paper. Emily and Rory enter with
Lorelai right behind them.

EMILY
Richard, look who's here. He glances
up.

RICHARD
Rory. You're tall.

RORY
I guess.

RICHARD
What's your height?

RORY
Five eight.

RICHARD
That's tall. She's tall. He goes back
to his paper.

LORELAI
Hi, Dad.

RICHARD
Rory. Your daughter's tall.

RORY
Yeah. It's freakish. We're going to
have her studied at M.I.T.

Emily goes to the bar and starts pouring champagne.

EMILY
Champagne anyone?

LORELAI
Champagne. Wow. Fancy.

EMILY
Well, it's not every day that I have my
girls here for dinner on a day the
banks are open...A toast.

She hands a glass to Lorelai and a glass to Rory.

EMILY
To Rory entering Chilton. And an
exciting new phase in her life.

RICHARD
(still reading the paper)
Here, here. They all toast and take a
sip of champagne.

EMILY
This is so exciting. An education is
the most important thing in the world,
after family.

LORELAI
And pie.

Emily and Richard look at her.

LORELAI
Joke.

EMILY
Ah.

The room sinks into silence with Lorelai and Emily avoiding each others eyes. Without looking up Richard hands Rory part of the paper.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The dining room is formal and a bit Citizen Kane-ish. Several large silver platters with domed lids have been set on the table.

EMILY
Rory, how do you like the lamb?

RORY
It's good.

EMILY
Too dry?

RORY
No.

EMILY
Tina always leaves it in too long. I'll have her make something else.

RORY
Please don't. It's fine.

EMILY
Well, alright then.

Beat.

LORELAI
The potatoes are a little salty though.

EMILY
Excuse me?

RORY
(jumping in)
So, Grandpa, how's the insurance biz?

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

LORELAI
Well, at least you've got your new
slogan.

RICHARD
And how are things at the motel?

LORELAI
The inn. They're fine.

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

RICHARD
Speaking of which, Christopher called
yesterday.

LORELAI
(incredulous)
"Speaking of which"? How is that a
"speaking of which"?

RICHARD
He's doing very well out in California.
He's got his own practice now.
(to Rory)
He's a very talented man, your father.

LORELAI
She knows.

RICHARD
(to Rory)
Always was a smart one, that boy. You
must take after him.

Rory shoots a look at her mother nervously. Lorelai's pissed.

LORELAI
Speaking of which, I'm going to get a
Coke...or a knife.

Lorelai exits into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is huge, with state-of-the-art restaurant quality appliances. There are dirty pots pans everywhere. Tina, the maid, is piping whipped cream on the dessert. Lorelai enters, fuming. She paces around trying to figure out what to do next. She spots a sink full of dishes. She grabs a pair of rubber gloves and furiously starts to wash them. Lorelai looks over at the stunned maid.

LORELAI
(gruffly)
Hey, how're ya doing?

She continues to scrub like a mad woman.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Emily and Richard continue to eat. Rory stares at the kitchen door. She starts to get up.

RORY
I think I'm going to go talk to...

EMILY
No. I'll go. You stay and keep your
Grandfather company.

Rory sits down reluctantly. Emily goes into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Emily enters to find Lorelai at the sink.

EMILY
Lorelai, come back to the table.

LORELAI
He's a piece of work, my father.

EMILY
He didn't mean anything by that.

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

EMILY
You're being very dramatic.

LORELAI
Dramatic? Were you at that table just
now?

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

LORELAI
How could you take that the wrong way?
What was left open to interpretation?

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Richard pursues the paper as Rory stares at the kitchen door. You can clearly hear the conversation going on inside.

EMILY (O.S.)
Keep your voice down.

LORELAI (O.S.)
No. I can't take it anymore. Tonight
has been like a nightmare.

EMILY (O.S.)
You're dripping all over the floor!

LORELAI (O.S.)
So, sue me. Hire Christopher to be your
lawyer. That would be cozy!

Rory is starting to get uncomfortable.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

LORELAI
Why do you pounce on every single thing
I say?

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

LORELAI
That's not true.

EMILY
You said "pie".

LORELAI
Oh, come on.

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

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

EMILY
He likes Christopher.

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

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

LORELAI

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

EMILY

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

LORELAI

Mom, do you think Christopher would be a lawyer right now if we had gotten married? Do you think he'd be anything at all?

EMILY

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

EMILY

That's right. Far away from us.

LORELAI

Oh, here we go.

EMILY

You took that girl and completely shut us out of your life. You moved, you wouldn't accept our help, our money...

LORELAI

You wanted to control my life.

EMILY

You were still a child.

LORELAI

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

EMILY

As a maid. With all your brains and talents.

LORELAI

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

EMILY

And think of where you would've been if you had accepted a little help, hmm? And where would Rory have been?

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The voices are crystal clear.

EMILY (O.S.)
If it weren't for your ridiculous pride
your life could've been better. But no.
You were too proud to take anything
from anyone. You were always too proud
to accept anything from anyone.

LORELAI (O.S.)
I wasn't too proud to come here to you
two, begging for money for my kid's
school, was I?

Rory looks up, stunned. This is big news to her.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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

Emily exits back in to the butler's pantry. Lorelai stands there exhausted.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rory doesn't know what to do now. She turns toward her Grandfather. ANGLE ON: Richard. His head dropped. He's fast asleep.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Lorelai drives silently. Rory looks at her mother a beat.

RORY
So...you want to get a cup of coffee?

LORELAI
Desperately.

INT. LUKE'S - NIGHT

Lorelai and Rory enter. They sit at their usual table.

RORY
So, nice dinner at the grandparents
house.

LORELAI
Yep. Her dishes have never been cleaner.

RORY
You and Grandma seemed to have a nice talk.

LORELAI
How much did you hear?

RORY
Oh, not much. You know, snippets.

LORELAI
Snippets.

RORY
Little snippets.

LORELAI
So you heard everything.

RORY
Basically. Yes.

LORELAI
(sighs)
Well, the best laid plans.

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

LORELAI
I so do not want to talk about it.

RORY
How many meals is it going to take till we're off the hook?

LORELAI
I think my funeral will be the last one.
(beat, then realizing)
Oh, wait, does this mean...

RORY
I can't let a perfectly good plaid skirt go to waste.

LORELAI
You won't be sorry.

Luke comes over. He's dressed in a clean button up shirt and a good pair of 501's. He cleans up good.

LORELAI

Wow. You look...nice. Really nice.

LUKE

Oh, I had a meeting earlier. At the bank. They like collars. You look nice too.

LORELAI

Yeah, well, I had a flagellation to go to.

LUKE

So, what'll you have?

LORELAI

Coffee. In a bowl.

RORY

I'll have Coffee also. And chili fries.

LUKE

That's quite a refined palate you got there.

Luke walks off. Lorelai watches him go a beat. She then turns back to Rory.

LORELAI

Behold the healing powers of a shower.
(turning back to Rory)
So.

RORY

What?

LORELAI

Tell me about the guy.

RORY

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

LORELAI

(beat)
So, tell me about the guy.

RORY

Mom...

LORELAI

Is he dreamy?

RORY
Oh, that's so Nick at Nite.

LORELAI
I'm going to find out anyhow.

RORY
Really, how?

LORELAI
I'll spy

Luke brings over the coffee and the fries.

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

RORY
Sorry. Too late.

Lorelai smiles at Rory, then sips her coffee happily as we:

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW