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06x18 - The Real Paul Anka

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06x18 - The Real Paul Anka

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[Before the teaser there is a montage of scenes from previous episodes.]

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

[Rory answers her cell phone]

RORY: Hey, you.

[Lorelai is on the bed in the house]

LORELAI: Okay, so weird dream. Weird, weird dream.

RORY: Weirder than the one where you step into a boxing ring and your hands are suddenly giant cream puffs?

LORELAI: Weirder, scarier.

RORY: Let's hear it.

LORELAI: Well I was home, and I was finishing up my usual morning routine you know, coffee, shower. And then - picture this, very weird - I take Paul Anka for a walk.

RORY: You walk Paul Anka every day. What's weird about that?

LORELAI: Not the dog Paul Anka. The real Paul Anka.

RORY: Whoa.

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: Was he nice?

LORELAI: Very pleasant, natty dresser. Then suddenly, he sees something, a cat or something, and darts right into the middle of the street.

RORY: The real Paul Anka?

LORELAI: The dog Paul Anka. So I call him and call him, but he completely ignores me and runs right into Doose's Market.

RORY: You didn't train him well enough. Too much affection, not enough discipline.

LORELAI: I go after him into Doose's, and apparently he's got a job there.

RORY: The dog Paul Anka?

LORELAI: The real Paul Anka.

PAUL ANKA: You picked yourself some beautiful cucumbers, Mrs. Clancey. You have the cucumber eye.

LORELAI: So I run out of Doose's, and I'm approaching Luke's apartment, I guess to get help or something, and I'm walking to the door, and I open it, and there's Paul Anka in front of a microphone giving a little concert.

RORY: The real Paul Anka.

LORELAI: The dog Paul Anka.

RORY: Couldn't have been happy, you interrupting his show like that.

LORELAI: He didn't notice, so I go down to the diner, and there, lo and behold, is Paul Anka sitting on Babette's lap.

RORY: Please don't tell me it was...

LORELAI: The real Paul Anka.

BABETTE: [stroking Paul Anka] Good boy. Who's a good boy?

RORY: This is crazy.

LORELAI: Coming to the end. So the real Paul Anka looks outside, and there, sitting in the middle of the street staring at him is dog Paul Anka.

RORY: Uh Oh! So real Paul Anka gets up and runs out of Luke's. They're both in the street now, real Paul Anka walking toward dog Paul Anka, dog Paul Anka toward real Paul Anka. You can sense that something very bad is about to happen, when suddenly they meet in the middle of the street, and bam! An otherworldly white light engulfs the whole town, and there's a loud expl*si*n and two barks, and everything goes dark.

RORY: And?

LORELAI: And then I woke up.

RORY: Wow.

LORELAI: Yeah

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: So I guess I was wondering if you'd heard anything about a small Connecticut town being sucked up into an evil demon vortex or cast into the fourth dimension or anything.

RORY: Nope.

LORELAI: Real Paul Anka still kicking?

RORY: Haven't heard otherwise. Check your hands

LORELAI: No cream puffs.

RORY: I think you're good to start your day.

LORELAI: Thanks, hon.

RORY: Anytime.

LORELAI: Bye. [Hangs up and looks at the dog Paul Anka]

OPENING CREDITS

LUKE'S DINER

[Morning, busy, Luke and Caesar enter]

LUKE: You're gonna do fine.

CAESAR: Says you.

LUKE: And everybody else. You know the place backwards and forwards, Caesar.

CAESAR: You've never been gone this long.

LUKE: You're gonna do fine.

CAESAR: Stop saying that. It's bad luck.

LUKE: Well then you're gonna stink. You're gonna blow up the stove and give everybody salmonella.

CAESAR: Why do you say that?

LUKE: Because if it's bad luck to say good things, it's good luck to say bad things.

CAESAR: You're rooting for me to fail.

LUKE: I am not rooting for me to fail, Lorelai, tell him he's gonna do great.

LORELAI: And jinx it for him? No way.

CAESAR: Thank you.

LUKE: You're both nuts.

KIRK: I could run the place if you want, Luke.

LUKE: Hmm, let me search down to the very depth of my being to see if there's the slightest inclination I would want that. Nope.

KIRK: Just checking.

LUKE: What's that?

LORELAI: Oh I bought it over last night I figured you'd need it for hanging stuff.

LUKE: I'm not bringing hanging stuff.

LORELAI: Well, you should bring some nice clothes just in case. I threw in some slacks and your

black jacket.

LUKE: It's a field trip with a bunch of 12-year-olds. I'm not gonna need nicer stuff.

LORELAI: Just in case.

LUKE: It's 10 days of diners and fast food, nothing requiring slacks or jackets.

LORELAI: See, that's what the phrase "just in case" covers, the times you think you've anticipated every possible need.

LUKE: Alright, I'll bring it.

CAESAR: You know, there was a flash flood in El Salvador last night.

LUKE: No, my Salvadoran paper didn't come today.

CAESAR: They didn't see it coming.

LUKE: That's the flash part of flash flood.

CAESAR: So what do I do if I see a flash flood coming strait at the diner?

LUKE: Make sure all the customers have settled up.

CAESAR: It's all a big joke to you.

LORELAI: So you're taking this, huh? [Pointing at the Anna bag]

LUKE: The old one's a mess.

LORELAI: Hmm.

LUKE: You don't think I should?

LORELAI: No, it's just you think it's sturdy enough?

LUKE: Yeah, I think it should be.

LORELAI: Well, it's always best to take something that a gorilla could jump up and down on and not wreck.

LUKE: I don't think a gorilla has tested it, but if it busts, I'll just pick up something on the road.

LORELAI: That will work.

LUKE: All right, I should get going. Anna's stuck at the house until I pick up April.

LORELAI: Well, let's get you on the road.

LUKE: It's good timing, too. Caesar's in the back.

KIRK: Sure you don't want to reconsider my offer? I've got a hairnet on me, so I can start immediately.

LUKE: Offer declined.

LORELAI: You take that. I'll take this. [Pointing at the Anna bag]

LUKE: Perfect. [Luke picks up the hanging bag]

LORELAI: [Lorelai is swinging the bag] Oh. Oops. [It hits the edge of the door.]

CAESAR: Whoa hold up, wait! Wait!

LUKE: He's unstoppable.

LORELAI: It's cute.

CAESAR: We need to confirm the itinerary.

LUKE: As we've done 1,000 times? Sure, let's confirm it.

CAESAR: Today's the kids' math contest in Newark. In my day, you learned two plus two and you stayed home. Today they go on the road like they're Metallica.

LUKE: And then tomorrow night's Philadelphia. [Turning to Lorelai] Did I tell you we're dropping in on Jess?

LORELAI: Jess? No.

LUKE: Yeah, this place he works. They put out this Zine and books and whatever else. They're having an open house. I'm taking April. It'll give Jess a chance to meet his little cousin.

LORELAI: [Sounding taken back] Oh, sounds great. So anywhere in the back?

LUKE: Anywhere's fine. [Lorelai throws the bag in the truck, Luke gives a weird look.]

CAESAR: Hey, day six, if your cell dies, is there a phone in Gettysburg I could reach you at?

LUKE: Yeah the one that used to call Lincoln -- number's in the book.

CAESAR: Oh, good. He's a funnyman today. He's Jerry Lewis.

LORELAI: Caesar, calm down. You're gonna do great. You're the best cook Luke's ever had. You so make better pancakes than he does.

CAESAR: True.

LUKE: No he doesn't

LORELAI: You just have to be confident.

CAESAR: It's just when I'm working the grill, sometimes I get a locked elbow. And Luke's the only one who knows how to rub it to get it working.

LORELAI: He rubs your elbow?

LUKE: It's like a sports injury. It's okay if it's sports. You want to step back about 3 feet so I can say goodbye to my girl?

CAESAR: Fine.

LUKE: You gonna miss me?

LORELAI: Especially if my elbow hurts.

LUKE: I'm gonna call you a lot.

LORELAI: Same here.

LUKE: You know, I was happy when she asked me, but now it just struck me I'm gonna spend 10 days with a bus full of teenagers.

LORELAI: I think you're ready. [They kiss]

LUKE: Thanks for seeing me off.

LORELAI: Your pancakes are better, by the way.

LUKE: Thanks.

CAESAR: Don't worry, Luke. Just a momentary panic. I'm gonna be fine, I promise.

LUKE: Good. Now go back in there and reclaim your turf.

CAESAR: Reclaim my turf?

KIRK: [Kirk is serving coffee and wearing the hair net.] My name is Kirk, I run the place.

CAESAR: Kirk! [Caesar runs inside, Luke and Lorelai share a final wave Luke gets in the truck.] What are you doing Kirk, you don't work here. [The struggle, Lorelai watches on.]

KIRK: That's my favorite hair net! [Kirk chases Caesar through the diner.]

CAR PARK

[People are getting ready to leave on the bus]

LUKE: I'm bad with names, so help me with the names.

APRIL: You ever use mnemonic devices?

LUKE: Uh, maybe.

APRIL: They help you remember things. Uh, like Curtis Shuran. He's from Kurdistan.

LUKE: Really?

APRIL: No, he's from Detroit. That's a mnemonic device.

LUKE: Curtis Shuran from Kurdistan. Got it.

APRIL: Jamie Alvarado likes to try avocados. Meg Shatsworth, Haywood's Fatsworth.

LUKE: Shatsworth, Fatworth. Alvarado, avocado.

APRIL: And those are your fellow Grups.

LUKE: The what?

APRIL: Grown-ups. You never saw the original "star trek"?

LUKE: Oh, yes, Grups. Yes, I did.

APRIL: The one in the cords is our math teacher, Mr. Munster. Good guy, he's a little nerdy, likes to wow us with his Chris Rock impersonation. It's borderline r*cist.

LUKE: Well, let's leave the bags here, get the lay of the land first.

APRIL: Well, this is pretty much the land.

LUKE: There must be some kind of check-in point and protocol to follow, so just stick with me. Or you just run on the bus. That's really good.

EARL: Hello, there. You our pilot?

LUKE: Your what?

KELLY: Are you the driver?

LUKE: Me? No. I'm Luke Danes.

EARL: Oh, you're Luke Danes. Sorry. We thought you were our driver.

LUKE: No, no, sorry. I, uh, you know, I have nicer clothes than this. I won't always be wearing these.

EARL: That's okay. I'm Earl Stepton. This is Kelly Turlington. You probably know Roy Munster, your daughter's teacher.

LUKE: Actually, no. I'm April's new father, I mean, not new, but new to her. So, hey.

ROY: She's a bright one.

LUKE: Go figure. [They all laugh]

APRIL: [From the Bus window] Hey, Luke! Some people in here are wondering who you are.

LUKE: Oh, well, go ahead and tell them.

APRIL: That's Luke.

KELLY: So here's the detailed itinerary.

EARL: Lunch stops, snack stops.

ROY: Wander time, exploring time.

KELLY: TV time.

EARL: Porn will be preblocked at all our lodgings.

LUKE: Okay so no porn.

ROY: Study breaks, check-in with parents.

KELLY: Bedtime hours.

LUKE: So we go to bed at 9:00?

EARL: The kids do. You don't have to.

LUKE: Right, but I can?

EARL: Sure.

LUKE: Okay great.

ROY: Shall we get on board so they don't leave without us?

LUKE: Well, I still have my bags.

KELLY: Okay, see you on the bus.

LUKE: Kelly Turlington from Burlington. Arr Roy Munster's a punster.

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

LORELAI: Hey, you.

RORY: Hey.

LOGAN: You get in late last night?

RORY: I was studying.

LOGAN: Hmm. Missed my class this morning.

RORY: Bummer.

LOGAN: Clock didn't go off. I thought I set it right.

RORY: Oh, I reset it. I had to catch up on some sleep. I didn't know you set it for early.

LOGAN: Honest mistake.

RORY: Maybe we should get a second clock.

LOGAN: Might be wise. You gonna be available to grab a bite later?

RORY: Maybe.

LOGAN: You can't see that far into the future?

RORY: It's crazy right now.

LOGAN: I'll check in with you later.

RORY: We'll see how it goes. [Logan grabs Rory's arm to pull her in close for a kiss]

LOGAN: Have a good day.

RORY: You too. [Rory leaves]

SCHOOL BUS

[The kids are singing the elements song, Luke is looking out-of-place]

KIDS: There's holmium and helium and hafnium and erbium and phosphorous and francium and fluorine and terbium and manganese and mercury, molybdenum, magnesium dysprosium and scandium and cerium and cesium and lead, praseodymium, platinum, plutonium palladium, promethium, potassium, polonium and tantalum, technetium, titanium, tellurium [Inhale deeply] And cadmium and calcium and chromium and curium there's sulfur, californium and fermium, berkelium and also mendelevium, einsteinium, nobelium and argon, krypton, neon radon, xenon, zinc, and rhodium and chlorine, carbon, cobalt copper, tungsten, tin, and sodium these are the only ones of which the news has come to Harvard and there may be many others but they haven't been discovered. [the applaud them selves]

LUKE: What was all that?

APRIL: It's all the chemical elements. At least the ones that have come to Harvard.

BOY: [OS] 1468...

LUKE: Any idea what's going on here?

BOY:...14201995611...

APRIL: That's frank.

MARCIA: Huge show-off.

APRIL: Always rubbing our faces in the fact that he knows the first 300 digits of pi.

LUKE: Of course

APRIL: [To Marcia] Hey, did you bring my sweater?

MARCIA: I think so.

APRIL: It's important. I need that sweater.

FREDDIE: What is it, your lucky sweater?

APRIL: No, Freddie.

MARCIA: Is Munster gonna wear that creepy lucky tie of his at competition?

SUE: Oh, god, I hope not.

MARCIA: Supposedly, there's lucky underwear to match.

APRIL: Mental image, be gone.

MARCIA: I heard he lives with his mother.

SUE: I heard he plays the trombone for fun.

FREDDIE: He's a liar, too, he says he was a red sox fan, but he didn't even know they traded Damon.

LUKE: Really? He didn't know Damon was with the Yankees now?

FREDDIE: No.

LUKE: You see Steinbrenner made him cut his hair?

FREDDIE: Yeah, he looks way less scary.

LUKE: Yeah, less intimidating to pitchers. It's gonna shave 20 points off his batting average. Hey, what's that kid's name?

APRIL: Freddie. His name is Freddie.

LUKE: Freddie, Freddie, apple-brown betty, nice kid.

APRIL: Yeah, well, I should study.

LUKE: You got it.

DRAGONFLY INN

LORELAI: Mr. And Mrs. Moore, your horses are saddled and ready. Now, Cletus is very gentle, but they're both sweethearts. Rob is outside to help you get started.

MRS MOORE: Thank you.

LORELAI: Okay, have fun. Mrs. Kim, hi.

MRS KIM: You let women ride horses?

LORELAI: Yes.

MRS KIM: [Sighs] I have a request.

LORELAI: Alright

MRS KIM: This is a wedding dress. It's the dress I wore when I married Mr. Kim 28 years ago.

LORELAI: Hmm, khaki with a big zipper down the middle. Fashion is a fluctuating thing, huh? Oh, oh, the dress is inside.

MRS KIM: Right. I would like Lane to wear it at her wedding.

LORELAI: Well how nice.

MRS KIM: But it's a tad big. Lane is smaller than me. It might need a hem, and the sleeves should be shortened.

LORELAI: Makes sense.

MRS KIM: I would like you to alter it for Lane.

LORELAI: Well, of course. I would love to.

MRS KIM: Lane would like that, too.

LORELAI: Anything for her.

MRS KIM: Alterations should be minor. Take it in a little here and there, and that should do it.

LORELAI: Okay, I'll give lane a call and bring her in for a fitting.

MRS KIM: Not necessary, here's her height and arm length -- that's all you need.

LORELAI: I'll get right on it.

MRS KIM: Thank you. Do they at least ride sidesaddle, the women?

LORELAI: Yes, every single one of them.

MRS KIM: Good. [she leaves, Lorelai looks at the dress and gasps]

YALE NEWS ROOM

RORY: Uh, Paris, what's going on here? [Looking at a jar on the desk]

PARIS: I just need 10 more minutes. I took a delete-boring-answers pass on my interview with professor Whittington and ended up with a tidy 16-word piece. His wife must want to suck a tail pipe every night. I'm putting stuff back in now.

RORY: I meant with the big jar of disgusting insects. Oh. They're fruit flies. I'm finishing an important paper on population genetics, and I have to monitor how often *Drosophila Melanogaster* do the nasty.

RORY: Gross.

PARIS: Complain to god, not me.

RORY: Well did you have to bring them into the newsroom?

PARIS: I can't just leave them home. They could escape and infest my apartment.

RORY: Meaning they could escape and infest the newsroom.

PARIS: At least no one sleeps in the newsroom, and if they bring food and flies get in the food, they'll learn to follow the "no food in the newsroom" rule.

RORY: We don't have that rule.

PARIS: We should.

RORY: Get them out of here.

PARIS: I need 9 minutes.

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: 8 1/2. Come on you want the interview, I got to keep typing.

RORY: Okay, 9 minutes.

PARIS: Thanks.

LOGAN: Hey, chief, got a minute?

RORY: Um, a minute.

LOGAN: I'm a little confused about something.

RORY: How can I help.

LOGAN: I was working on the piece about textbook prices. You assigned it to me a couple of weeks ago.

RORY: Ua-hu

LOGAN: It wasn't gonna earn me my Pulitzer, but I already put a lot of work into it, and I just checked the server and noticed that a piece on the same topic's been written.

RORY: Yes, it has been.

LOGAN: Our wires get crossed?

RORY: Nope.

LOGAN: Who wrote it?

RORY: I did.

LOGAN: Why?

RORY: It's topical. It affects every student. It's an important story I wanted to be sure that it would get done.

LOGAN: It wasn't due for two more days.

RORY: I didn't think you'd meet the deadline.

LOGAN: Based on what?

RORY: Based on past performance.

LOGAN: Past performance is no indication of future performance.

RORY: Wise men call that a sucker's maxim.

LOGAN: I did a lot of research on this thing, I interviewed textbook publishers, I interviewed authors. I was gonna get more quotes from students.

RORY: I know. I used your research. A lot of it came in handy.

LOGAN: Really.

RORY: The stuff that I could make sense out of.

LOGAN: Good.

RORY: Look, you'll get your by-line, if that's what this is about.

LOGAN: You know that's not what this is about.

RORY: I thought I was doing you a favor.

LOGAN: Everyone knew I was assigned that piece, and now they know it's been taken away from me.

RORY: Logan, I'm sorry. It's as you said. Our wires got crossed. It happens. Let's move on.

LOGAN: Okay, we'll move on. [Picks up Paris's jar] And what's with this?

PARIS: Keep walking, whitey.

LOGAN: You let fruit flies in the newsroom?

PARIS: It's not hurting anybody.

LOGAN: It's disgusting.

PARIS: I just need five more minutes.

RORY: Don't rush, Paris. [To Logan] The fruit flies are not hurting anybody, and Paris is working on something that I'm waiting on. I would prefer it if she weren't interrupted.

LOGAN: [Looking at Rory and sounding a little mad] Sorry, Paris.

SNACK AND SODA - DINNER

LUKE: Alright guys, just remind me, who's allergic to dairy? [He answer] There you go. No mayo. Who's allergic to wheat? [She answer] There you go, Tori, bound for glory. And who's low sodium? [He answer] There you go, apple-brown betty Freddie, no salt.

[Luke goes and sits at a table with April, Sue and Marcia]

APRIL: Uh, hey.

LUKE: Hey. You know, I'm still mad about that math competition.

APRIL: Arr, you win some you loose some.

LUKE: Those buzzers in the countdown round were rigged. I know they were. The judges were on the take.

APRIL: He's called a moderator, actually.

LUKE: Yeah, well, whatever they are. I'm lodging a protest.

APRIL: Luke, could we talk for a sec?

LUKE: Sure.

[They get up and move]

LUKE: What's up?

APRIL: You know Freddie, right?

LUKE: Yeah, good kid.

APRIL: Well, I-I like him.

LUKE: Oh, well, I like him, too. He seems less insane than the others.

APRIL: I don't mean like him the way you like him, I hope.

LUKE: You've known him longer.

APRIL: And I'm a girl.

LUKE: I know that.

APRIL: And he's a boy.

LUKE: I know that, too. [April looks at Luke] Oh! You like him.

APRIL: Shh!

LUKE: Sorry

APRIL: I'm not quite ready to proclaim it to the world yet.

LUKE: Are you old enough to like a boy?

APRIL: I'm not sure.

LUKE: I'll have to look it up in a book to see whether you're supposed to like boys yet or not.

APRIL: It's a fact either way.

LUKE: Okay, so what do you want me to do?

APRIL: For starters, it would help if you stopped calling him Betty.

LUKE: [Laughing a little] Right.

APRIL: And you sitting next to me all the time is kind of getting in the way.

LUKE: Oh, jeez, I didn't realize.

APRIL: I know you're pretty oblivious.

LUKE: It seems like Freddie is...

APRIL: Don't look at him!

LUKE: Sorry. It just seems like you pay less attention to Freddie than any of the other boys.

APRIL: That's because I like him.

LUKE: You like him, so you ignore him?

APRIL: That's the way it works.

LUKE: But you're always palling around with Kevin.

APRIL: Kevin makes me sick.

LUKE: I'm confused.

APRIL: You're over thinking this.

LUKE: I must be.

APRIL: Don't look at him!

LUKE: I'm sorry. [Sighs] I-I, shouldn't be sitting next to you, then, huh?

APRIL: Maybe not.

LUKE: Guess I'll go sit with the parents.

APRIL: I think that's a good idea.

LUKE: Okay. Well, you want to go back together, or should we stagger it a little?

APRIL: Give me a four-second head start.

LUKE: You got it. [April leaves, Luke sighs a short while later]

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

[Rory comes home]

LOGAN: [OS] The bottle is dry.

COLIN: [OS] You cannot be out of wild turkey.

LOGAN: [OS] I've got everything else under the sun. Pick one and stop your nagging.

COLIN: You cannot be out of wild turkey.

LOGAN: No matter how many times you tell me I'm not out doesn't change the fact that I'm out.

FINN: Hands.

ROBERT: Jerk.

RORY: Hi, everyone.

Hey, Rory. Get yourself a drink. Anything but wild turkey.

RORY: I'm okay.

LOGAN: Yeah forget it. She doesn't drink on school nights.

RORY: I sometimes do.

COLIN: I'm getting a sense that the woman of the house had no idea we were going to be here.

FINN: Okay that we're here, love?

LOGAN: Of course it's okay.

FINN: Logan I haven't called you love since that sultry night in Bimini.

RORY: It's fine that you're here. What's with the maps?

COLIN: Graduation is imminent, Rory. So we are planning the ultimate life and death brigade event.

FINN: Not only the ultimate, but the penultimate.

COLIN: Penultimate means next to last, Finn. This is the last one.

FINN: I thought it meant super-ultimate.

ROBERT: How did you get into Yale?

FINN: Slept with the recruiter.

RORY: What's the stunt?

COLIN: We're flown on a twin-engine plane to a remote spot in Costa Rica. We don parachutes, base-jump off a cliff whose height is...

ROBERT: Exactly 3,624 feet, unless that's a 2.

COLIN: We land on the banks of the San Juan river.

FINN: Hopefully not in the river.

ROBERT: Or on the Nicaraguan side of the river.

LORELAI: Or in Panama

COLIN: We inflate a raft, white-water three miles down to a meeting point, where a blowout party will take place.

ROBERT: It's a 2, gents. I'm pretty sure it's a 2...or an 8.

RORY: Where do you get the inflatable raft?

LOGAN: One of us will parachute with it in our packs.

FINN: Not me I've got the DVD player.

COLIN: Not me I've got the champagne and the bong.

ROBERT: If I take it, it'll crush the cigars.

LOGAN: Stand down, boys. I'll jump with the raft.

RORY: You're planning this all very carefully, right?

COLIN: Luckily we have a topographical-map expert in our midst.

ROBERT: It's a 3. I'm 90% sure.

RORY: Why don't you make extra sure you have the right number there Robert?

LOGAN: Hey, let the man do his thing.

RORY: Well, I would if the man doing his thing weren't drunk and hadn't forgotten to put on his reading glasses.

ROBERT: Oh, my god. I'm not wearing my glasses.

COLIN: They flew off when you did that impression of the old guy getting shot by d*ck Cheney.

RORY: Who's flying this twin-engine airplane, and who's supplying the parachutes? I mean, there must be a weight limit to make that jump, right? Do you guys know what the weight limit is?

LOGAN: So you came home just to piss on the fun?

RORY: No, I came home because I live here.

COLIN: You know, guys, maybe we should resume our planning another time.

LOGAN: Yeah, I guess maybe we should.

ROBERT: I'll never be able to refold these.

COLIN: Just grab them and let's go, Robert.

FINN: [Holding up his class] Okay if I return this another time?

LOGAN: Sure.

RORY: Go with them if you want.

LOGAN: Is it your life mission to embarrass me at every opportunity you get?

RORY: It's Robert, Colin, and Finn, Logan. I've seen them all dance naked with underwear on their heads. There's no embarrassing you in front of them.

LOGAN: Well, you embarrassed me tonight.

RORY: How, by pointing out that the stunt you're planning doesn't exactly sound safe?

LOGAN: It's called the Life and Death Brigade, Rory

RORY: Yeah, and you're supposed to try to avoid the death part.

LOGAN: This is not your business, and why aren't you at the paper? You're always at the paper at this time of night.

RORY: Finished early.

LOGAN: How? You delegate a little let people actually write their own articles?

RORY: That's old news.

LOGAN: It's not old news you knew that would embarrass me, and you didn't care.

RORY: Please.

LOGAN: Even when we're together, you're someplace else. You leave, and you don't kiss me goodbye. Were at dinner, you're on your cell phone the whole time. You never leave notes anymore about where you're gonna be. So I have no idea where you are. You haven't forgiven me

RORY: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: For the girls I was with when we were separated.

RORY: I said I forgive you. Yeah, you said it, but you haven't, though. You haven't. I'll be at the pub.
[Logan leaves]

OUTSIDE LUKE'S

[Lorelai is walking down the street]

LANE: Lorelai!

LORELAI: Hi, Lane.

LANE: You're in possession.

LORELAI: Of what?

LANE: Of the wedding dress.

LORELAI: Oh, um, yeah. It's safe and sound. I was just starting to dig into it.

LANE: Don't dig. Slice, k*ll, maim, destroy.

LORELAI: What?

LANE: Sic a mad pack of wolves on it. Douse it with lighter fluid and turn it in to ash. I cannot wear that dress.

LORELAI: Yeah, I know. It's a little old-world.

LANE: Have you looked at it?

LORELAI: Parts of it.

LANE: Exactly you can't take it in at once. The eyeball is not capable.

LORELAI: Aw, It's not that bad.

LANE: It's got pants.

LORELAI: [Gasps] No!

LANE: You didn't look at it very carefully.

LORELAI: Well, I will remove the pants.

LANE: Oh, it's every girl's dream to hear the woman altering her wedding dress say, "I'll remove the pants."

LORELAI: I'm sure once I alter it a little...

LANE: No, don't alter it. Have an accident. Leave a warm iron on it. Spill a vat of acid on it. Run your car over it.

LORELAI: Lane, Lane, I haven't even put it on the mannequin yet. Now, let me start work on it, and I will keep you fully posted every step of the way and...[Lorelai see something in the reflection of the window] Oh my God!

LANE: What? My mom?

LORELAI: No, my mom and dad. I thought I saw something.

LANE: Well, focus, focus. Important topic we're discussing here.

LORELAI: All right, I got to run. I'll call you later.

LANE: Lorelai! [Lorelai goes of to look for her parents]
[cut to a little bit up the street, Lorelai see Emily and Richard going about the corner.]

LANE: I'm not above bribing.

LORELAI: Don't sneak up on me like that.

LANE: [Waving some \$10 notes] It's all about the Hamilton's, baby.

LORELAI: You can't pay me to ruin your dress.

LANE: Look forget about your parents and concentrate on this.

LORELAI: Wait, so you saw them, too? I'm not insane?

LANE: They've been walking around town all morning.

LORELAI: All morning. Any guess as to why?

LANE: Shred the dress, and I'll tell you.

LORELAI: Do you really know why?

LANE: No.

LORELAI: Well, then I'm not gonna ruin the dress.

LANE: Well, I did see them talking to Kirk earlier.

LORELAI: Kirk?

LANE: Yeah, and he was wearing his maroon jacket.

LORELAI: His real-estate jacket. This is not good! This is not good!

LANE: My life is in your hands. I don't think you're fully comprehending that fact.

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

[Logan's is packing]

LORELAI: I guess I'm going.

RORY: Okay.

LOGAN: I'll be out of cell phone range for a couple days.

RORY: I know.

LOGAN: I'll see you. [He leaves]

OLD HOUSE

[Lorelai busts her way in though the damaged door, the house is a mess]

LORELAI: Kirk! Kirk!

KIRK: Mask!

LORELAI: What?

KIRK: Mask.

LORELAI: What is this?

KIRK: I've done it, Lorelai. I finally landed my first listing.

LORELAI: Where are my parents?

KIRK: This is the beginning of my rise to the top of the real-estate industry.

LORELAI: Where are my parents?

KIRK: Do you happen to be in the market for a house? 'Cause this baby's a honey.

LORELAI: Something in the corner just moved.

KIRK: Just a rat. I'd have told you about them before you bought the place. The law also requires me to inform you that the house has toxic mold, asbestos, methane gas, buckling floors, a crumbling foundation, visible fungus, a collapsed fireplace, [a piece of the ceiling falls and just misses them] ceiling damage, water damage, and it was the recent site of a Wicca convention and a particularly grisly m*rder/su1c1de. nothing we can't work with.

LORELAI: I'm not in the market. Now, listen, I know my parents are shopping for houses. Lane saw you with them and I need to know where they are right now.

KIRK: I'm sorry. That's confidential information. In fact, the fact that I was with them was confidential. So I'm gonna have to ask you to pretend that I haven't already confirmed that I was with them, which I wasn't.

LORELAI: [Fluttering] Oh, god, what was that?

KIRK: Bat. Don't worry. When you spray for cockroaches, the bats die, too, usually. At the very least, it knocks the wind out of them so they wind up wobbling on the floor, so you can just whack them with a hammer, nothing we can't work with.

LORELAI: Kirk, I am your friend, but they are my parents, and I need to find them right now. It's important.

KIRK: Well, I shouldn't tell you this, but I know they were looking at two properties on maple drive. They're probably around there right now. Too bad I couldn't get them interested in this property. It has great bones. Literally. There's an Indian burial ground underneath it.

LORELAI: Thanks. See ya. [Lorelai leaves in a hurry]

KIRK: Don't run. It scares the bat.

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

[Rory is checking the mail, and finds something she likes, from Jess]

STARS HOLLOW STREET

[Lorelai is still looking for her parents and spots them]

LORELAI: [Gasps] Mom, dad! Wow...

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: ... what are you doing here? Hey, did we have something set up?

RICHARD: Uh, no.

EMILY: No.

RICHARD: No.

LORELAI: No? Then what's up?

RICHARD: Oh Well, we're here to, um...

EMILY: Do a little antiquing.

LORELAI: Antiquing

RICHARD: Right, antiquing.

EMILY: We're hitting Litchfield, Woodbridge, Washington depot.

LORELAI: Well, we have some great antique stores right here in little old stars hollow.

RICHARD: That's what brings us.

LORELAI: So you've been to Madison house?

EMILY: Where?

LORELAI: Madison house, Oh, amazing stuff, lots of colonial. It's not in my price range, but I love to browse around. I'll take you there right now.

RICHARD: Oh, uh, I don't know if now is a good time.

EMILY: Err we have an appointment to keep.

LORELAI: An appointment huh, I thought you were just walking around shopping.

EMILY: We are. We made an appointment at an appointments-only antique shop.

LORELAI: We have those here?

RICHARD: Well obviously we do because we have an appointment at 1:00.

LORELAI: Well, I'll go with you.

RICHARD: They're only expecting two of us.

LORELAI: Wee they can squeeze in one more. Huh, promise I won't break anything. Come on, take me there.

EMILY: It's actually not for a while, so we can't take you there now.

LORELAI: Perfect, then we'll hit Madison house first. It's just a 10-minute walk. Come on.

RICHARD: All right. Lead the way.

LORELAI: Cool you know I'd say let's drive, but our streets, forget about it.

EMILY: What about the streets?

LORELAI: Oh, they're clogged night and day. Yep, total gridlock. It's not gonna help when they build that big box store.

EMILY: They're building a box store?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, right in the center of town.

RICHARD: Those things are hideous.

LORELAI: Yeah, it's gonna wipe out all our local businesses. This place will be a ghost town. Ooh, hold your breath. Oh, god, sorry. Sewer problems.

RICHARD: Your public-works department needs to be notified.

LORELAI: No, they're on strike. Well, they're always on strike. [Coughs] Excuse me.

EMILY: Allergies?

LORELAI: Meth lab.

[Richard and Emily look at each other concerned]

TRUNCHEON BOOKS

MATTHEW: We need our own bar.

JESS: You say it like I'm fighting. I'm not fighting you.

CHRIS: Same here.

MATTHEW: We need a public place where the next De Kooning can run into the next Franz Kline and dis the next Jackson Pollock while the next Charlie Parker sh**t up in the corner.

JESS: So a nice family place.

MATTHEW: I'm not kidding. We'll call it "Cedar Bar Redux."

JESS: I would kick my own ass if we called it that.

CHRIS: Why don't we call it "Devoid of Original Ideas Poseur Bar"?

JESS: [Laughs]

MATTHEW: Go to hell, both of you.

JESS: Hey, come back for a hug, man.

CHRIS: Hey, there's Alicia Matheson from the weekly.

JESS: Whoa. Grab Matthew. Get him off the bar thing. Have him show her around. That's what he does best.

CHRIS: Cedar bar redux.

JESS: Yeah. [Chris walks off, then see someone] So my eyes don't deceive me.

LUKE: First thing's first. What the hell is that?

JESS: It's an abstract painting.

LUKE: But what is it supposed to be?

JESS: Check the title.

LUKE: I did. It's called "untitled."

JESS: There you go.

LUKE: I give up.

JESS: So you got the invite.

LUKE: I got the invite.

JESS: I guess I didn't think you'd come.

LUKE: You guessed wrong, nephew.

JESS: Cool. So you want the tour?

LUKE: Give me a tour.

JESS: All right, well, this is where we work, truncheon books. There's usually desks and crap piled up everywhere, but we cleaned up for today. Those are the books that we put out. We publish our Zine once a month, except last august, when my partner forgot to pay the printer. We let local artists hang their stuff up without ripping them off on commissions. We do performances over there, and a few of us live upstairs. That you don't want to see. It's a disaster zone.

LUKE: This is yours, right?

JESS: Yeah.

LUKE: I wanted to get it, but I couldn't find it.

JESS: Yeah, it's not exactly "the Da Vinci code."

LUKE: Well, I will definitely get it today. By the way, that is your cousin.

JESS: Right, Liz filled me in on all that, daddy.

LUKE: She just calls me Luke. Total brain.

JESS: You confirm paternity?

LUKE: Don't be a wiseass. Hey, April. I want you to meet somebody. Meet your cousin Jess. He's my sister's kid.

APRIL: Hi.

JESS: Hey.

APRIL: Men in this family aren't chatty.

JESS: Sorry.

APRIL: I'm gonna go explore a little more.

LUKE: Cool.

JESS: How are you adjusting to all that?

LUKE: Okay, I guess. I like her, and she just sort of tolerates me.

JESS: Seems like it.

LUKE: Thanks for the perspective.

JESS: That's why I'm here. Hey, come on. I got some sculpture over here you're really gonna hate.

STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai followed by Emily and Richard are walking down the street.]

LORELAI: Ooh, that garbage smell.

EMILY: What garbage smell?

RICHARD: I don't smell garbage.

LORELAI: Yeah, the wind shifted right after I said it. Allowing a landfill within a mile of city limits, crazy.

RICHARD: It's within a mile?

LORELAI: Yeah, destroying everyone's land values. Oh, well. Where did you park?

RICHARD: Over on Peach Street.

LORELAI: Oh, you mean carjack lane.

EMILY: Carjack lane?

LORELAI: Better than chop shop alley. Here, follow me. Oh, god, watch out for the pothole. [jumps over very small hole in the street] Ooh, I tell you. The roads are just the things in between potholes, huh?

EMILY: Oh, dear.

RICHARD: You should talk to your mayor about all these issues, Lorelai.

LORELAI: You mean Gropey McGee? I cannot, will not ever put myself in that position again! Mind if we stop by the store? [Emily and Richard look worried]

[Cur to inside the Doose's Market]

LORELAI: Well, I'm running low on a lot of basics, and I just want to see if they got them in.

EMILY: This is a cute little store.

LORELAI: Well, if you can be cute and unclean at the same time. All right, let's see. No. No. No. Nope, and this is the only store in town.

EMILY: What are you looking for?

LORELAI: What am I looking for? Everything. They have nothing. The little they have is off-brands, which wouldn't be so galling, except everything's so far past its expiration date. Hey, help yourself to some little George's chips. Yum, yum. Little George -- pass. Oh, and look. Here we have some Aunt Molly's ice cream. You'll notice there's no picture of Aunt Molly on the carton. I Googled her and got a mug shot, and all I could think was, "I hope she hasn't been selling that stuff to kids."

TAYLOR: Excuse me. Lorelai, what are you doing?

LORELAI: Shopping, Taylor. Why?

TAYLOR: You're walking around disparaging my store, and not only is that insulting, it's against the law.

LORELAI: Against the law?

TAYLOR: Code 14/b/14 triple backslash x-8 state that a citizen of stars hollow cannot denigrate stars hollow while standing on stars hollow soil. It was established in 1792. The original penalty was death by 40 muskets.

LORELAI: Really, Taylor, you misheard me.

TAYLOR: You made a crude joke about Aunt Molly.

LORELAI: Well, you got to admit, Aunt Molly had it coming.

TAYLOR: I don't joke about Aunt Molly.

LORELAI: [To Emily and Richard] Can you say BTK?

TAYLOR: As town mayor, I could cite you on the spot.

RICHARD: This is Gropey McGee?

LORELAI: Sh-sh... [Tries to stop Richard]

TAYLOR: I beg your pardon.

EMILY: Oh, look at the time. Excuse me all, will you?

LORELAI: Mom, where you going?

EMILY: I'm just going to get something out of the car.

LORELAI: No, mom. Mom, you don't know the safe streets. You walk down the wrong one, you die.
[Looks at Taylor] Commence writing me up, Taylor.

TRUNCHEON BOOKS

POET: Benzedrine and a muscled fist, turn to hand, turn to handout, turned fish and loaves and a lazy day in Galilee. Herman Melville, poet, customs officer, rubber stamps, and Hawthorne daydreams craving Tahiti and simple sun and the light of the Berkshires.

LUKE: Is this any good?

APRIL: Mmm.

MATTHEW: I don't know what she's gonna write.

JESS: We're not supposed to know what she's gonna write. She's a member of the independent press.

MATTHEW: She played it close to the vest. You know, I hate that.

JESS: Go get a beer. Stop obsessing. [see someone walk in] Well, isn't this a day of surprises?

RORY: I didn't RSVP. Sorry.

JESS: Ah, this isn't an RSVP type thing. Showing up's cool.

RORY: Good thing. So this is Tuncheon Books?

JESS: Yeah. This is Truncheon.

RORY: I like it. It makes me feel like I instantly want to create something. Give me a pen. Give me a brush. [surprised] Luke.

JESS: Yeah, there's a definite "Jess Mariano, this is your life" vibe here today.

JESS: Hey, Luke.

LUKE: Bicycle?

JESS: No.

LUKE: Rory, hi. What are you doing here?

RORY: Same thing your doing here.

APRIL: Your books are really easy to skim.

JESS: That'll make a nice blurb.

LUKE: I was gonna take off, actually.

JESS: Uh, I got to get something. Don't leave till I get back. I'll just be a minute.

LUKE: Okay.

APRIL: [To Rory] You have a great face.

RORY: Thanks. So do you.

LUKE: Yeah, uh, Rory, this is April.

RORY: Oh, April. Hello there, April.

APRIL: Hi.

RORY: [To Luke] The famous April.

APRIL: I'm famous?

RORY: Kind of.

LUKE: Uh, April, Rory's an old friend.

APRIL: She doesn't look old.

LUKE: I mean, I've known her well since she was your age. She's from stars hollow. She's actually the daughter of the woman I'm with, my fiancée, Lorelai. You met her that one time. It's kind of complicated.

APRIL: I'll say.

LUKE: You probably want to get back to that boyfriend of yours.

APRIL: He's not my boyfriend. Jeez. [Rolls her eyes]

JESS: [To Luke Quietly] Hay come here. Here. [Hands Luke a copy of his book]

LUKE: Oh, let me, let me buy this. That way, you would get the money.

JESS: Ah, it's okay.

LUKE: What's this?

JESS: It's what's owed.

LUKE: You owe me nothing.

JESS: I owe you. Take it. If you rip it up, I'm just gonna send another.

LUKE: [Sighs] I'm very proud of you, of this, of what you're going for here. I don't get all of it, but I'm me.

JESS: Thanks. [They hug]

APRIL: [To Rory] All I said was that I liked him. I realized it was a mistake as soon as I said it.

LUKE: We should get going.

APRIL: Nice meeting you.

RORY: Nice meeting you, too. Good luck with everything.

LUKE: [To Jess] Good Luke with this, congratulations.

JESS: Okay thanks. [To April] See ya.

APRIL: Bye.

JESS: [Chuckles] So you here alone?

RORY: I guess.

JESS: Cool...Come on.

LUKE'S DINER

LORELAI: Oh, well, we'll be lucky to get a table. Huh, there's absolutely nowhere else to eat in town, and even being Luke's fiancée doesn't guarantee me a meal when I want one.

CAESAR: Oh, great, more customers.

RICHARD: Well, there seem to be a few tables available.

LORELAI: None of the good ones, unfortunately. All right, you phoned mom, you told her to meet us here. What, is she late?

RICHARD: No, she's right there.

LORELAI: Oh, all right. What is wrong with this picture? [Emily is at a table with at little girl]

RICHARD: They're playing cards.

LORELAI: I can see that be who is that she's playing with?

RICHARD: I have no idea. Do they have ham here?

LORELAI: Ham? Sure.

RICHARD: Get me a ham and Swiss on rye, dry, nothing on it.

LORELAI: Where are you going?

RICHARD: I'll be back in a bit.

LORELAI: Dad, wa-- dad.

EMILY: Do you have any 8s?

GIRL: Go fish.

EMILY: Oh, you. I was sure you had 8s. Hi, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hi, mom. What you doing?

EMILY: Oh, Sissy and I are playing go fish. She's good, too. It's your turn.

SISSY: Do you have any jacks?

EMILY: Unbelievable. She's won three games in a row. She's a little champ.

SISSY: I keep getting lucky.

EMILY: It's not luck. You said she was smart, but this is something else. You get to go again.

LORELAI: Oh my God, Mom.

SISSY: Do you have any 3s?

EMILY: Nope. Go fish.

LORELAI: Mom, who do you think this is?

EMILY: Luke's daughter. [Lorelai sighs] Isn't it?

LORELAI: No.

EMILY: You're not Luke's daughter?

SISSY: Unh-unh.

EMILY: I don't believe this. This isn't Luke's daughter?

LORELAI: It's definitely not Luke's daughter.

EMILY: And here I was bonding with it. Who is this? Who are you?

SISSY: Umm...

LORELAI: Never mind, honey. Do you live close by?

SISSY: Two blocks.

LORELAI: Okay, why don't you go home where it's safe?

SISSY: Okay.

EMILY: You're telling me I played this insipid game for a half an hour and it's not even Luke's daughter?

LORELAI: What made you think it was Luke's daughter?

EMILY: Well, it told me it was someone's daughter here.

LORELAI: Well, she must have meant someone in town.

EMILY: Then she's a moron. Why would I play cards if there wasn't a family connection?

LORELAI: I guess she just thought you were being nice.

EMILY: The little idiot kept tipping her cards so I could see them. So I pretended I didn't and specifically asked for what I knew she didn't have. The kid's a moron.

LORELAI: Okay, mom. She's gone now.

EMILY: Is it so stupid to think that she's Luke's daughter? She looks like Luke.

LORELAI: Mom, you can trust me that there will be no contact between you and Luke's daughter anytime soon.

EMILY: What does that mean?

LORELAI: It means that I don't even see her. Luke and I have an arrangement.

EMILY: What kind of arrangement?

LORELAI: Well, he, I mean, you know, we mutually decided that I probably shouldn't have any contact with her.

EMILY: What? That's ridiculous.

LORELAI: No, it is what it is. It's what we want.

EMILY: Lorelai, you and Luke are in a relationship. You're going to be husband and wife, and sissy's his daughter.

LORELAI: No, no. That was sissy. April is his daughter.

EMILY: You know what I mean. You have to have a relationship with this girl. It's imperative.

LORELAI: Mom, you don't know the whole story.

EMILY: But I know your handiwork when I see it, playing cautious when you should be diving in. That girl is his blood relation, and you need to get to know her. You'll be in her life for the rest of your life.

LORELAI: Mom, it isn't just me.

EMILY: I can't believe Luke is letting you get away with this. The sooner you embrace your role in this girl's life, the better off you'll be, mark my words. Where's your father?

LORELAI: He ran off to something.

EMILY: That's right we had another appointment. I'll find him. Then we have to leave. He needs to get back to work.

LORELAI: All right, goodbye, mom.

EMILY: Goodbye. [To Caesar] You. You could have told me that wasn't Luke's daughter.

CAESAR: I hate customers.

[Lorelai if left thinking about what her Emily said.]

TRUNCHEON BOOKS

CHRIS: All I'm saying is, control your poet.

MATTHEW: So suddenly he's my poet.

JESS: He changed up on us. He wasn't supposed to premiere new material tonight.

MATTHEW: It wasn't bad.

CHRIS: It was rambling.

MATTHEW: It was a little rambling.

CHRIS: And what was that whole part about desiring Golda Meir?

JESS: Please tell me that was symbolic.

MATTHEW: I'll talk to my poet.

CHRIS: Hey, we're hitting that bar that we're not going to call "Cedar Bar Redux." You coming?

JESS: Yeah, maybe. You know, go on ahead. I'll catch up. [Goes over to Rory.] You know, you don't have to read it again.

RORY: I know I don't.

JESS: God, there are so many things I would change in it.

RORY: Like what?

JESS: I'd keep the back cover. Everything else goes.

RORY: You know why I love your book?

JESS: Why?

RORY: It doesn't remind me of anything. It's not a rip-off. It's just you.

JESS: High praise, miss Yale editor.

RORY: Yeah, well, I don't get to write as much as I would like, I, mostly assigning and motivating, hand-holding, and rewriting.

JESS: Yeah, and you love it, every minute of it. Come on, tell me you don't.

RORY: I do. I do love it. It's exciting.

JESS: Yeah, you look happier than when I saw you last.

RORY: I am.

JESS: So you fixed everything?

RORY: Yeah, everything's fixed.

JESS: I'm glad you're here.

RORY: Yeah, me too. {Jess leans in and they kiss, Rory pulls away}

JESS: What?

RORY: I'm sorry.

JESS: About what?

RORY: Uh, about coming here like this. I just got the flier, and I don't know. I just wanted to see your place, but then this... it's not fair to you. I'm such a jerk.

JESS: I don't know what you're talking about.

RORY: And I couldn't even cheat on him the way he cheated on me.

JESS: Who? Who cheated on y...that guy? [Sighs] You're still with him.

RORY: Yeah.

JESS: I thought everything was fixed.

RORY: Everything but him.

JESS: I hate this.

RORY: You should. I'm sorry.

JESS: You came here alone, to Philadelphia.

RORY: He was out of town.

JESS: I don't deserve this, Rory.

RORY: No, you don't. You don't deserve it. I just... I'm in love with him. Despite all the bad he's done, I can't help it. I'm in love with him.

JESS: Love, huh?

RORY: Yeah.

JESS: I guess I'll call Matthew's poet and have him explain love to me. Poets know all about it, right?

RORY: They're supposed to.

RORY: Well, I, I guess I better go.

JESS: Okay.

RORY: I'm so sorry that I came here.

JESS: I'm not. It's what it is, you, me. Where did you park?

RORY: Um, I'm right outside.

JESS: Hey, if, uh, if it makes you feel better, you can always tell him that we did something.

RORY: Thanks, jess. [Rory leaves.]

SCHOOL BUS

[Luke is sitting up front with the other adults and looks out of place]

KELLY: You know what I thought, I thought an apple stop would be fun today.

ROY: Oh, great idea.

EARL: The banana stop was a big hit yesterday. I don't see how an apple stop could fail.

LUKE: Yeah, they loved the banana stop.

KELLY: So I have pamphlets for the kids to read about Amish country. Should we hand them out now?

ROY: I think that's a good idea.

LUKE: Oh I'll do it, I've got something for April here, so I was about to sneak back there anyway.

KELLY: Thank you, Luke.

LUKE: [Luke goes to the kids] Hey, everybody. Sorry to interrupt. I got some pamphlets here, a little info on Amish country. It's got some pictures, but we're gonna see it, so you don't have to look at the pictures. It's got stuff to read, too. So go ahead and pass the rest around there. [To April] I thought you might need your sweater... Okay, then... See ya.

APRIL: My dad's ridiculously overprotective.

MARCIA: Ridiculously.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - BED ROOM

[Lorelai is looking at Lane's dress on the mannequin. The Spark's song "Angst In My Pants" is playing]

LYRICS:

I hope it doesn't show,
it'll go away,
it's just a passing phase,
it'll go away,
I hope it doesn't show,
it'll go away,
give it a hundred years,
it won't go away,
and I've got angst,
in my pants.

[Lorelai walks around the dress, lifts it to see the pants, then tips the coffee on it and smiles]