

# Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

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

## 06x11 - The Perfect Dress

<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/viewtopic.php?t=6442>

### 06x11 - The Perfect Dress

Page 1 of 1

by **bunniefuu**

Posted: **01/22/06 15:08**

(OPEN in Luke's diner, morning. The place is busy but not too much. Kirk is sitting at a table. Suddenly he gets up, goes behind the counter, gets the coffee pot goes back to his table fills up his cup and then goes behind the counter again to put the coffee pot in it's place. Luke watches him.)

LUKE: What in the hell do you think you're doing?

KIRK: I was just getting some coffee.

LUKE: You came behind my counter.

KIRK: I saw Lorelai do it the other day.

LUKE: Lorelai is my fiance.

KIRK: So only people you're sleeping with are allowed to go behind the counter?

LUKE: Yes.

KIRK: Well...I don't really know you that well, Luke. I mean, I know what you do for a living, and I know you're a Scorpio, and you smell OK, but we've never really connected on a deeper level...

LUKE: Get out from behind my counter, Kirk.

KIRK: Well, now it's a definite "no". (goes back to his table as Lorelai and Rory enter the diner holding some bags)

LORELAI: Oh, my God. Look who's back.

RORY: Well, I believe it's those adorable Gilmore Girls.

LORELAI: My, how we have missed them.

RORY: I hear they're different now. (Luke comes up to them) A little sad.

LORELAI: A little broke.

LUKE: Don't you two believe in jet lag?

LORELAI: No way. We're still flying on the Atlantic City buzz. Hey, (they kiss) handsome. Were you bad while I was gone?

LUKE: I was. I went to bed every night at 10:15.

LORELAI: Grandpa! what am I gonna do with you?

RORY: Hey, Luke. (they hug)

LUKE: Hey, Rory. (they all start walking over to a table to sit)

LORELAI: We, on the other hand, have not been to bed at all since we left.

RORY: We did fall over once, though.

LUKE: Did you have a good trip?

RORY: I believe it was the best belated 21st-birthday party on record. (they sit, and Lorelai sips some coffee, that the Asian looking waiter who's always in the background brought over)

LORELAI: What's different?

RORY: No kalua.

LORELAI: Oh, right. Which reminds me. (to Luke) Sorry about all the drunken late-night phone calls.

LUKE: What drunken late-night phone calls?

LORELAI: Uh, so, um, do you want to hear about all the things we can tell you about our trip?

LUKE: I'm not sure.

LORELAI: OK, well first of all, video poker is my calling. (Luke goes over to sit on one of the chairs at the girls' table) I think I'm totally gonna dedicate my life to it. Especially the third machine in the second row of machines as you hit the entrance of Trump Taj Mahal.

RORY: I'm more of a roulette girl myself.

LORELAI: And we did the whole thing up right, you know. We did the martinis at the blackjack table.

RORY: And we pretended I was turning 21 while we were playing 21.

LORELAI: And we actually won and bought our 21 items.

RORY: Shot glasses, glow-in-the-dark coasters, salt and pepper shakers, pasties.

LORELAI: Oh, and look. (gets out a piece of paper and hands it over to Luke)

LUKE: What's that?

RORY: 21 guys' phone numbers.

LORELAI: I must say I'm pretty proud of how quickly we got them and also of the fact that no one questioned us when we said our names were Wendy and Lisa.

LUKE: Uh, huh. So, tell me, how was Paul Anka, the person, not the dog?

LORELAI: We didn't get to see him.

LUKE: Why not? It's all you talked about.

RORY: The billboard was old and his show had actually closed a week before we got there.

LUKE: So, who'd you end up seeing?

LORELAI: Well, it came down to Journey without their original lead singer, INXS without their original lead singer, Queen without their original lead singer, the Supremes without Diana, and, weirdly, the James Brown band without James Brown.

RORY: But we wound up seeing Tony Danza, who was sublime.

LORELAI: Oh, the tap dancing.

RORY: Why "Taxi" never utilized his musical-comedy skills is astonishing.

LUKE: Sounds great.

LORELAI: Oh, and we snagged you a Paul Anka T-shirt. (gets the T-shirt out to show Luke)

RORY: Had some left over.

LORELAI: (in a fake seductive tone) Wear it tonight.

LUKE: (takes the T-shirt) OK. I'm making you burgers. (about to get up)

LORELAI: Wait, wait. You haven't seen the best part yet.

LUKE: What?

RORY: Oh! We were walking...

LORELAI: Well, sort of walking, sort of drunk girls in high heels stumbling.

RORY: ...down the street, and we see this guy.

LORELAI: And, Luke, my hand to God, it's you. (Luke seems surprised)

RORY: It's totally you. Luke 2.0.

LORELAI: We came face-to-face with your doppelganger, my friend.

RORY: So we followed him.

LORELAI: Yeah, 'cause we had to. And he went into this nightclub, so we followed him.

RORY: 'Cause we're now stalkers obsessed with getting his picture.

LORELAI: So we follow him through this kinda grungy place. And he goes backstage.

RORY: 'Cause he's in the biz.

LORELAI: Yeah. So we sneak behind the curtain, and we track him down. And we told him all about you, and then I showed him your picture, and he totally freaked out.

RORY: Wait I got it. (takes a picture out of a bag and hands it to Luke. He takes it and looks at it)

LORELAI: Luke, I want you to meet Derek McKinney, your twin separated at birth.

LUKE: (shows them the picture) This is a man dressed like Dolly Parton.

RORY: You should hear him do "Jolene". Amazing.

LUKE: You think I look like a guy dressed as Dolly Parton?

LORELAI: No, I mean a little less with the makeup, but check out the chins. (start pointing from Luke to the picture)

LUKE: I'm gonna get your burgers. (gets up and goes to the kitchen)

LORELAI: He missed us.

RORY: Definitely.

(OPENING CREDITS)

(CUT to outside Lorelai's house, morning. Rory is waiting in front of her car, which is full of her stuff)

RORY: Mom, I got to go!

LORELAI: (comes out of the house and runs over to Rory holding a paper bag) Hold on. Wait. I'm coming. Here's sustenance for the road.

RORY: For the very long thirty-minute drive back to school? (takes the bag and walks over to the car) Thank god. I don't think I would have made it. (opens the car door to put the bag in)

LORELAI: Do you have everything?

RORY: I think so. (gasps) Oh, no! (starts to throe out of the car a bunch of boxes)

LORELAI: What? What are you doing? Why do you hate the boxes?

RORY: Oh, no! Oh, no! Oh, no! (takes out her Community Service vest) I accidentally forgot to turn in my community-service vest.

LORELAI: So?

RORY: So? This vest belongs to the state. I have now stolen state property. They're gonna give me community service for stealing my community-service vest.

LORELAI: OK freaky link. Hand me the vest. I will personally deliver it to the state. OK? What's next on your agenda?

RORY: I'm just gonna head straight over to Paris' apartment.

LORELAI: I can't believe you're gonna live with Paris again...again.

RORY: Hey, she's got an empty room, and the price is right. And all the housing on campus is taken, so it's that or a cardboard box.

LORELAI: OK, but how big a cardboard box?

RORY: After I dump my stuff at Paris's, I have to hit campus. I still have some class begging to do. I have to add two courses to my schedule if I'm gonna make up all the work I've missed this year.

LORELAI: You don't have to make up everything right away.

RORY: I do if I want to graduate the same time I would have before the detour. Anyway, I have tons of books to buy. I have a meeting with the Dean. Oh, and, of course, I have a meeting with the school psychologist.

LORELAI: Oh, uh. Back up. I'm sorry. You... A meeting with who?

RORY: I told you about this.

LORELAI: No, you did not.

RORY: Every student who unexpectedly takes time off and wants to come back has to have a one-time meeting with the school psychologist.

LORELAI: You did not tell me this.

RORY: I did too.

LORELAI: No you did not, because I would have remembered if you told me you had to have your head shrunk.

RORY: It's just a formality. They just want to make sure I'm stable and that everything's cool.

LORELAI: I can't believe you're going to a therapist. You know they're totally gonna ask you about me.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: They always want to ask about your mother. It's OK. Say whatever you want. But make sure you start with, "My mother's very hot"...

RORY: Yes, that won't seem at all disturbing to the doctor. I have to get going. (picks up the boxes she threw out and puts them back in the car)

LORELAI: I don't want you to go.

RORY: Mum!

LORELAI: No! You just got here.

RORY: But you're gonna come see me in three days.

LORELAI: I know, but with our stupid fight, I got cheated this year. (they start walking over to the drivers door)

RORY: I know. Me too.

LORELAI: OK. (they hug) All right. That's enough affection for you. Paul Anka, come say goodbye.

RORY: I haven't seen him all morning.

LORELAI: Paul Anka! Oh, well, I guess he doesn't like you better than me.

RORY: A fickle pooch, that one.

LORELAI: Well, he knows who pours the kibble. (points to herself)

RORY: Well say goodbye to him for me, and I'll call you tonight.

LORELAI: OK. Bye. (they kiss goodbye and Lorelai notices something in the car) Hey!

RORY: What? (turns around to look. It's PA) He does like me better!

LORELAI: Oh, you put bacon in your laundry.

RORY: Paul Anka likes me better. Paul Anka likes me better.

LORELAI: First Tony Danza tosses you the corsage, and now this. (Rory opens the car door, and PA comes out) Get out here, you. Yeah. That's right. Avoid my glance there, buddy.

RORY: It's the sugar-on-the-toe thing. A dog never forgets his first sugar toe.

LORELAI: I thought you had a million things to do today.

RORY: Hmm. Suddenly not so sad to see me go, huh?

LORELAI: What? No. Don't be a stranger. Bye-bye. (start to sorta push her in the car)

RORY: Bye, Paul Anka. If you squint really hard, she kind of looks like me.

LORELAI: Take off, lady. (Rory gets in the car and starts to drive away. Lorelai waves and PA gets up starts barking and following the car as Rory drives off) Hey, Judas, get back here right now! (runs after PA)

(CUT to Luke's diner, morning. Lane is walking around serving coffee. Lorelai and Sookie are sitting at a table and have some paper, magazines and brochures in front of them)

SOOKIE: So, what are your initial thoughts about your wedding?

LORELAI: Well...it should be legal.

SOOKIE: Good. OK. And after that?

LORELAI: After that, I'm out.

SOOKIE: Oh! How about a hometown wedding? Town square, ceremony in the gazebo.

LORELAI: Gaze-blah.

SOOKIE: OK. Boring. I got it. How about a church wedding?

LORELAI: Maybe.

SOOKIE: Ooh, a beach wedding, huh? No shoes, Luke can wear shorts.

LORELAI: No. But I want to be with you when you pitch the shorts idea to Luke.

SOOKIE: OK, no consensus on the locale. Let's move on to the dress.

LORELAI: OK

SOOKIE: Any thoughts?

LORELAI: There should be one.

SOOKIE: OK. Doing great here. (Luke comes up to their table)

LUKE: Um, are you gonna eat that cake?

LORELAI: Why, you want it?

LUKE: Well, it's just sitting there. It doesn't look like you're gonna eat it.

LORELAI: Oh, my god. You want our table don't you?

LUKE: Yeah, we're swamped.

LORELAI: Luke, I'm your fiance. That doesn't buy me a little extra table time?

LUKE: You've been sitting there for two hours.

LORELAI: We're planning our wedding.

LUKE: Well, plan it at the counter.

LORELAI: You want a counter-planned wedding, seriously?

LUKE: (calling back at the kitchen) Coming right up. (back at Lorelai) Forget I said anything.

LORELAI: Yeah. (Luke walks away)

SOOKIE: (looking at a magazine) Hey, that's a pretty dress.

LORELAI: Hum...Maybe. It's very white.

SOOKIE: You don't want to wear white?

LORELAI: Uh, maybe. I'm not sure. (Luke comes back up to the table)

LUKE: Of course you're gonna wear white. Brides wear white. That's the rule.

LORELAI: Says who?

LUKE: Well, uh, you have to wear white. My mother wore white. Her mother wore white.

SOOKIE: Luke, Luke, Luke, Luke, Luke! Do you know who I am?

LUKE: Of course I know who you are.

SOOKIE: Who am I, Luke?

LUKE: You're Sookie.

SOOKIE: No, Luke. I'm not "Sookie." I'm "Sookie B-F-O-T-B".

LUKE: What?

SOOKIE: Best Friend Of The Bride. It is my responsibility to help plan this event. To talk through all the details, to taste the cake and pick the invitations, and to keep you, the fiance of the bride, from having to pretend to be interested in things that he has no interest in.

LUKE: I have an int...!

SOOKIE: No you don't!

LUKE: I have an interest!

SOOKIE: B-F-O-T-B.

LUKE: But I'm not...!

SOOKIE: AaaHhh!

LANE: Luke, your turkey melt is up.

SOOKIE: Oh! Luke, your turkey melt's up.

LUKE: Fine. (walks away)

LANE: Refills?

LORELAI: Yes. See, I can make decisions. (Lane starts to our coffee)

LANE: What's all this?

SOOKIE: We are planning a wedding.

LANE: Oh, super. Well, at least there'll be cake. (walks away)

LORELAI: Well, it's nice that my outlook on life is sunnier than a 21-year-old's.

SOOKIE: OK, let's start with something simple. A date for the wedding.

LORELAI: OK, that does sound simple.

SOOKIE: Now, some people have mentioned some conflicts, and I think we should take those into consideration.

LORELAI: OK

SOOKIE: Miss Patty is going to be in Baja the first two weeks in April. And Babette said the last two weeks in April are bad because her cat's expecting kittens.

LORELAI: That little tramp.

SOOKIE: Michel's bad every Saturday from now until February, because he signed up for his booty boot camp again. Kirk has no conflicts, but Lulu is going to Florida sometime between May 15th and June 1st. (Luke overhearing comes back up to their table)

LUKE: Yes...who's Lulu?

LORELAI: Kirk's girlfriend.



LUKE: Yeah, we're not moving wedding plans around for people whose last names I don't even know.

SOOKIE: Luke!

LUKE: WHAT!?

SOOKIE: Who am I?

LUKE: Aw, geez. (walks away)

(CUT to outside Paris and Doyle's apartment. Paris and Rory, who is carrying some bags, come up the staircase as Paris is giving her a tour)

PARIS: Apartment 5 is Mrs. Holiday. She steals mail. Apartment 6 is the chilli cheese boys. Take the description at face value. I don't know who's in apartment 7 because meeting 5 and 6 was enough "it takes a village" for me. Here we are, apartment 8. (walks to the apartment door)

RORY: 8 is great. (follows Paris)

PARIS: OK, now, you have to unlock the middle bolt first...the bottom bolt second...the top lock third...the bottom lock fourth. You got to kick the door twice. And that's it. (explains while demonstrating)

RORY: Wow, you really have to earn it, huh?

PARIS: It's just a precaution. It isn't really necessary. This neighborhood is only as scary as you make it. Those guys downstairs, they just look deadly. Believe me, they don't bother you if you don't bother them. When you have guests over, just tell them they're a Doo-Wop group.

(CUT to inside apartment, continuous. The girls enter)

PARIS: We keep the door fully locked, (starts locking the door) even when we're home. We actually added the chains after there were a couple of break-ins on the street, but we've never had any trouble. We've actually got a very sophisticated crime-prevention system set up here. When we leave, we always keep the radio on, rush Limbaugh of course, so they know we have g\*ns in the house. The lights are all on a timer, so don't touch the switches, and there's a motion detector in the hallway, so don't freak out when it goes on at night. Now, over here is our trusty dog, Bloodhound. (presses play on a tape recorder and we hear barking) Excellent for magazine pushers and pamphlet bearers of all types.

RORY: You've got it all covered.

PARIS: Pretty much. That's our room. That's your room. They're both the same size, but we have an extra window 'cause Doyle has dreams about walls collapsing in on him, so he needs to sleep near glass. (a loud noise startles Rory)

RORY: Oh, my god! Were those g\*nshots?

PARIS: No, that was just a car backfiring. The real g\*nf\*re actually sounds fake. You'll pick it up eventually. They call it "ghetto ear."

RORY: Something to look forward to.

PARIS: Now, Doyle sleeps very deeply, so don't worry about the hours. I, as you know, haven't slept through the night since the first time I saw "The Wizard Of Oz", thank you Mum, so I tend to do my crafts in the middle of the night, but the walls are very thick. You won't hear a thing. Oh, now, the

hot water in the bathroom...(Doyle comes out of their room and starts to attack Paris throwing her on the floor)

DOYLE: AAAAAHHHH! (they wrestle a bit rolling around on the floor as Rory observes a bit stunned. Doyle eventually pins Paris down) Aha! You let your guard down, Geller, and I did it. I got the best of you.

PARIS: I was giving a tour!

DOYLE: Admit your defeat!

PARIS: Never. Rematch.

DOYLE: Challenge accepted. (releases her and they both get up)

PARIS: Helmets on.

RORY: What are you doing? What's going on? (Paris and Doyle start getting some protection wear out of a trunk and start to put them on)

PARIS: When we moved into the neighbourhood, we thought it would be good to take some self-defence classes.

DOYLE: Krav Maga, official self-defence, hand-to-hand combat style of Israel.

RORY: Oh.

DOYLE: Krav Maga is not about being a tough guy or fighting in a ring. It's about going home alive, no matter what.

PARIS: And it's the rush. (now both in full gear)

DOYLE: Pads on.

PARIS: Attack on 3. 1...2... (they start to fight)

RORY: OK, I'm gonna go get the rest of my stuff, so I'm just gonna...(as they fight Paris gets Doyle in a headlock)

DOYLE: Ugh! Steinbeck! Steinbeck!

PARIS: That's not your safety word.

DOYLE: (with a manoeuvre pins Paris down again) I know. It's "Saroyan".

PARIS: You've been practicing behind my back. I love you. (Rory exits)

(CUT to outside, morning. Lorelai and Sookie are walking down a street and they seem to be looking for something. Sookie is holding a piece of paper with an address written on it and Lorelai has a cup of take out coffee)

SOOKIE: 3418. 3418. Did we pass 3418?

LORELAI: Boy, this is some weak coffee.

SOOKIE: Maybe I wrote it down wrong. "Across the street from a butcher". Or a "barber". Or a

"Barbara". "Across the street from a Barbara". Ooh, I wonder if it's a famous Barbara, like Streisand or Mandrell.

LORELAI: OK, I give. (throws the coffee away)

SOOKIE: Oh, I think we passed it. This was supposed to be the best place to find wedding invitations, and now we've passed it!

LORELAI: And since we passed it, it's just vanished from the face of the earth, never to be seen again. Here. Let me see the paper. (takes the paper from Sookie and reads) Oh, yeah, we passed it.

SOOKIE: Of course we have.

LORELAI: And we're on the wrong side of the street.

SOOKIE: Of course we are. (notices something - a bridal store) Ooh! Look, look.

LORELAI: What? Aw geez!

SOOKIE: Let's go in. (they walk up to the store window)

LORELAI: Why?

SOOKIE: To look at dresses!

LORELAI: Oh, Sookie, I don't even know what kind of dress I want. I may even make my own dress.

SOOKIE: So what? We can just go in and look around.

LORELAI: They're gonna look at us funny.

SOOKIE: What are you talking about? (sing songy voice) You have the golden ticket (points at the ring)

LORELAI: (holding up her left hand) I do, don't I?

SOOKIE: (sing songy voice and bouncing up and down) You have the golden ticket on your hand

LORELAI: Alright, alright. You're gonna stop singing when we go inside, right? Otherwise, they really will look at us funny. (they enter the store)

(CUT to inside store, continuous. The women enter)

LORELAI: Wow. There's a lot of white.

SOOKIE: (picks up a ugly dress from a rack) Ooh! Try this on. I dare you.

LORELAI: I think this is the one Divine turned down for being too over-the-top. (Sookie puts the dress back) Are we allowed to touch these?

SOOKIE: I don't know. Do you see anyone here?

LORELAI: No (looks around the store and notices something)

SOOKIE: Maybe they're in back. Maybe they've been taken hostage by the tulle. (Lorelai start walking towards a dummy dressed in a wedding dress) Where are you going? (Sookie follows) What

are you doing?

LORELAI: Look.

SOOKIE: Pretty.

LORELAI: Not pretty. It's perfect. It's the perfect dress.

SOOKIE: Really? You think?

LORELAI: I don't believe it. I just turned around, and there it is, the perfect dress.

SOOKIE: It's your size.

LORELAI: The perfect dress is my size. That is weird. (looking around, while Sookie examines the dress) Does anyone work here? (calling out) Hello! Does anyone work here?!

SOOKIE: Oh, my God.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: It's on sale. (the girls looks excited and gasp a bit)

LORELAI: It's the perfect dress. That's it. I'm trying it on. (Sookie squeals, and they both giggle) Oh my God, look at this. (at the dress) Don't get the wrong idea. I'm not looking for anything serious.

(CUT to Kim's antiques, evening. Mrs.Kim is fussing with some merchandise as Lane comes in)

Mrs.KIM: Look. Woman come in here. Tell me this is full set of 1950s milk glass. Does she think my mother dropped me on my head when I'm a baby? I know Nigella Lawson when I see it.

LANE: I'm going upstairs. (starts to move towards the staircase)

Mrs.KIM: Wait. Talk. How was work?

LANE: I handed people food for six and a half hours. It's every little girl's dream.

Mrs.KIM: I'm making kimchi dumplings tonight.

LANE: I smell like burgers and fries, so I'll have to shower.

Mrs.KIM: OK

LANE: which means I won't be ready for dinner for at least 45 minutes.

Mrs.KIM: Fine. I need to make the dumplings. Dumpling don't make themselves.

LANE: And you might want to put on your Korean television show. Because I'm gonna listen to music, and it's going to be music that you don't approve of. But I'm 21 now, so I'll listen to the music I like when I like, and that's just the way it's gonna be. (Lane goes upstairs as Mrs.Kim breathes deeply and looks concerned)

(CUT to Yale, evening. A professor comes out of her office. Rory tries to catch up with her)

RORY: Professor Jolene! Professor Jolene!

Prof.JOLENE: Sorry. I'm in a bit of a hurry.

RORY: That's OK. Don't slow down. I'll catch up. (runs up to her) Hi. Rory Gilmore. (they talk as they walk)

Prof.JOLENE: Nice to meet you, Rory.

RORY: And you. Really! I'm actually hoping to get a spot in your class. It was full by the time I got my name in, not that my delay in registering should be taken as lack of enthusiasm.

Prof.JOLENE: Apparently not.

RORY: So, anyhow, I'm really hoping to score a spot in your class.

Prof.JOLENE: Well, add/drop begins tomorrow.

RORY: I'm aware of that. I just thought I would start putting in a good word for myself right now. So here's the good word: I'm dying to be in your class. I even bought your book, see (show the books she's holding), the one you wrote for the class. I bought it new, not used, so you get full royalty payment on it.

Prof.JOLENE: Well, thank you.

RORY: I want to be in your class.

Prof.JOLENE: I can't make you any promises, but I appreciate your enthusiasm. And, by the way, I get full royalties whether you buy me book new or used.

RORY: See how much I've learned already?

Prof.JOLENE: Goodbye, Rory.

RORY: I will see you tomorrow. (Prof.Jolene walks away and Rory makes her way to the coffee cart. She comes closer and sees that Logan is sitting, waiting next to the coffee cart. She stops, he gets up)

LOGAN: I knew you'd have to hit the coffee cart eventually. (she turns and walks away. Logan looks disappointed)

(CUT to Luke's diner, night. Luke is closing up as Lorelai knocks on the diner door holding a box. He opens the door, she enters)

LORELAI: Well, we're done.

LUKE: We're done with what?

LORELAI: With the wedding preparations. We're all done. (Lorelai walks over to the counter and leaves the box)

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: I just dropped off a deposit check to the caterer, and I brought you some duck-sausage rolls, by the way. (gives him a small take out box)

LUKE: Duck-Sausage rolls. (he takes the take out container and moves behind the counter)

LORELAI: I know. They sounded weird to me, too, but they're incredible.

LUKE: I don't understand. How did this happen? This morning, you didn't know whether you were gonna wear a white dress or not.

LORELAI: I know. But then Sookie and I went to check out these invitations, you know, and right next door, there was this little bridal shop, and we thought, "Oh, we'll just go in, look around, you know no big deal", you know, just girl fun, right? And I went in, and I turned around, and there it was. The perfect dress.

LUKE: The...

LORELAI: The bodice is this blush-coloured silk tulle, and it has all these little crystal beads on it, and the skirt is a blush silk tulle with a blush silk/satin lining, and the back goes into a train. And, oh, it has a cream, satin sash, so you get a little white in there, which I know is very important to you. I tried it on, and it fit me perfectly, and it was on sale, and so I bought it. And from the minute I bought the dress, everything else fell into place.

LUKE: What does that mean?

LORELAI: Well, the dress is strapless, so, hello, summer wedding. And summer means daisies, so flower choice done. And we went into the stationery store, and there was the perfect daisy invitations, which I know sounds a little girly, but, seriously, there are no macho wedding invitations, so please just give me this one, OK?

LUKE: OK.

LORELAI: OK, so I bought the invitations, the place is running a special. They print the invites and mail them for you and handle the RSVP list, so that's done. Then we go to get some coffee, and in the window of the coffee shop, there is a picture of a beautiful rose-covered church. And I thought, "gee, that's pretty. I wonder where that is". And do you know where it is?

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: Right around the corner from the coffee shop. So we went in and talked to Pastor Todd.

LUKE: Pastor Todd?

LORELAI: And the church is perfect. And out back, there's a separate function hall with these floor-to-ceiling windows and doors that open out. And behind the hall is this old carrousel.

LUKE: A carrousel?

LORELAI: From 1850. And it should be fully restored and working by June 3rd, which, by the way, is the date of our wedding.

LUKE: June 3rd?

LORELAI: Yes. Which is also miraculously a date that absolutely no one in Stars Hollow has a conflict with, and the Pastor was running a special.

LUKE: A special?

LORELAI: Yeah. I rented the church. And he gave me the hall for half price, and he threw in the use of the carrousel for nothing. And his sister runs a catering company, and Sookie blessed it, and so basically that's it, we're done!

LUKE: Huh!

LORELAI: It was so weird how this happened, you know. It's like the dress was a sign or something.

LUKE: There are no signs.

LORELAI: (notices that it started snowing) Oh, my god!

LUKE: What!?

LORELAI: Oh, my god! It started snowing. (Luke starts to walk back to her side of the counter) It started snowing right as I started talking about signs. That, my friend, is a sign.

LUKE: (now on her side of the counter) That is not a sign. That is weather.

LORELAI: No, this is more than weather. This is fate.

LUKE: June 3rd, huh?

LORELAI: June 3rd.

LUKE: That's soon.

LORELAI: I know.

LUKE: It's less than five months away.

LORELAI: I know. (they kiss) OK, I better get this back home before the snow gets any worse. (picks up the box and walk towards the door) Oh, and I picked out your tuxedo. You can stop by the place anytime you want, and they were running a special, so the alterations are free.

(Lorelai exits the diner, and Luke is left alone he sits on chair looking a bit concerned)

(CUT to Yale Daily News, morning. The staff, including Rory and Doyle, are sitting around as Paris is handing out the beats)

PARIS: City beat, Martha Billings. Editorials, Peter Brooke. Sports, Russ Tamblen. Religion beat, Heather Torrance. Religion beat, my former beat. Good luck, Heather. And features, Arlen Sather, Nick Scott, and the returning Rory Gilmore. Also joining our ranks this year, our former editor Doyle McMaster and his new column "the world according to Doyle". It's going to be a great term, people, an important term, a term to change the history of the Yale Daily News. The work will be hard. It has to be hard. Nothing less than perfect will be tolerated. Please remember that I am your editor. I am not your mother or your hugger. If you need some love, get a hooker. If you're having a bad day, find a ledge or a way to deal. My door is not open to you ever. You have five minutes to enjoy your cookies. Welcome to the Yale Daily News. (the meeting breaks up, the staffers go back to their desks as Rory goes up to Paris)

RORY: Thanks for the features beat, Paris.

PARIS: You deserve it. You're a good writer.

RORY: Thank you. And, I know, you're gonna be a great editor.

PARIS: I plan on it.

RORY: Yeah. But, you know, you might want to ease up just a tad.

PARIS: What do you mean?

RORY: You know, the "five minutes for the cookies", the "no talking" signs posted everywhere, the "no decorating your desk" rule, the new demerit system, the locks on the bathroom doors. It's just all a little, um, harsh and restrictive. This is a newsroom. People should be able to talk, yell, joke around...

PARIS: I don't agree.

RORY: ...Go to the bathroom.

PARIS: Journalism is an art form, and the best art is created under repression, like Stalin's gulag. You think Solzhenitsyn could have written "One Day In The Life Of Ivan Denisovich" on a yoga retreat?

RORY: Paris, I don't really think...

PARIS: Oh, great. (Rory looks around and we see Logan just entered the news room and greets another staffer) I got a call saying your boyfriend was coming back.

RORY: He's not my boyfriend anymore, Paris. We broke up.

PARIS: Hey, keep your personal stuff at home, OK? I can't be seen caring about this. (calling out to Logan) My door is not open! (gets Logan's attention) Huntzberger! My office, now! (Paris goes to her office and Logan follows her, he tries to greet Rory who avoids him. She goes over to her desk and starts collecting her stuff)

(CUT to Paris's office, continuous. Paris is standing as Logan walks in)

PARIS: Sit down, Logan. Let's have a little talk about your future.

LOGAN: Sure, Paris. (Paris goes behind her desk and sits. Logan sits on a chair opposite her)

PARIS: Now, I know you think your sugar daddy runs the world, and that includes this paper, and possibly in the past that was true, but not anymore. You don't scare me. (Logan leans back on his chair to get a clear view of Rory's desk, which he sees is empty) Your daddy doesn't scare me. Your mommy doesn't scare me. If you have a brother, a sister, or a really angry cat, they don't scare me, either. Hey, either spin a plate on your nose while you do that or cut it out, 'cause I am speaking.

LOGAN: Sorry.

PARIS: Oh, you will be. Now let's talk about deadlines, emphasis on "dead".

(CUT to outside Rory, Paris and Doyle's apartment, morning. Rory is giving Lorelai a tour. They come up the stairs)

RORY: So, the elevator's getting fixed on Monday, but I'm thinking I may not even use it 'cause the stairs are excellent exercise. And I love having a hallway. I've never had a hallway before. And I am really lucky that Paris and Doyle hadn't rented out that other room yet. I mean, this location is really in demand.

LORELAI: Really?

RORY: (starts to unlock the door) Oh, yeah. I mean, it is literally 10 minutes from campus. You know how hard I'm gonna have to work to be late for class?



LORELAI: Those guys down there, are they your neighbours?

RORY: Um, no. They're a Doo-Wop group.

LORELAI: Um. (seeing all the locks on the door) You have some plutonium back there or something?

RORY: Uh, no, just Paris, you know. She's quirky. (kicks the door, and opens) OK, welcome to my place.

(CUT to inside apartment, continuous. The girls enter)

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Mom, give it a chance.

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Look, we have a really big living room.

LORELAI: Uh, No.

RORY: I know it just looks rundown, but everything works fine.

LORELAI: (looking at the kitchen) No!

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: No.

RORY: (Lorelai starts to walk around the house) OK, tour's over. Time for lunch.

LORELAI: (pointing at stuff around the house) No.

RORY: Let's go.

LORELAI: (keeps on pointing) No. No. (opens Paris and Doyle's bedroom door. They are fighting, well actually Paris is kicking Doyle's ass. Lorelai covers Rory's eyes)

DOYLE: Saroyan! Saroyan!

LORELAI: Aah!

LORELAI: No, no, no.

RORY: OK, OK. (they start to exit)

(CUT to Kim's antiques, morning. Lane is trying to make a sale)

CUSTOMER: It's very nice.

LANE: It's one of a kind.

CUSTOMER: Will you take two fifty?

LANE: For that chair?

CUSTOMER: Well, it does have some nicks.

LANE: That chair is two hundred years old. It's gonna have some nicks. It sat in James Madison's bedroom. This chair is a piece of history. We shouldn't even be allowed to sell it to you.

CUSTOMER: Well, I didn't mean to insult you.

LANE: You didn't insult me. You insulted the chair and the United States of America.

CUSTOMER: All right. Three hundred's fine.

LANE: Forget it.

CUSTOMER: That's what the price tag says.

LANE: The price just went up flag burner. If you want the chair, it's three fifty. If you don't, please leave, because I have a lot of work to do.

CUSTOMER: Well...

LANE: Bye.

CUSTOMER: Three fifty. Here. (starts to get money out of her purse) Do you take cash?

LANE: Exact change only.

CUSTOMER: I don't suppose you have a delivery service. (Lane sternly looks at her) Oh, that's okay. I'll...I'll take it with me right now. (takes the chair and starts to leave. Lane goes off to put the money away. Mrs.Kim come up to her)

Mrs.KIM: You forgot to kick her in the pants as she walked out.

LANE: I made the sale, didn't I?

Mrs.KIM: Yes, but with a little less bite. A customer might come back.

LANE: You always drive a hard bargain.

Mrs.KIM: Yes, I do.

LANE: OK, then!

Mrs.KIM: We do have a delivery service.

LANE: Yeah, me in a minivan. Not in the mood, no matter how exciting the prospect of a \$2 tip is.

Mrs.KIM: Too bad it's not Christmas. That smiley face of yours would cheer up children for miles around. (Zach comes in the store)

LANE: Oh, Zach (walk up to him)...Zach! You have a lot of nerve just to walk into my place like this.

ZACH: What are you talking about? This is like a place of business. Maybe I want to buy some antiques.

LANE: Oh, right!

ZACH: You're not wearing your glasses anymore.

LANE: What do you want, Zach?

ZACH: I think you have a CD of mine.

LANE: What CD?

ZACH: You know, the one with like a crazy-looking chick on it.

LANE: I don't have any of your CDs, Zach.

ZACH: I think you do. I can go up to your room and check it out. (start to walk upstairs)

LANE: (stops him) No! Zach, you can't go up to my room and check. I'll look and if I find a CD with a crazy-looking chick on it, I'll mail it to you.

ZACH: Seriously? Let's go upstairs and look now.

LANE: I'm working, Zach.

ZACH: Yeah, I can tell there's a major rush on ancient crap going on her... (Mrs.Kim walks up to assist a customer and notices the scene going on)

LANE: (pushes him towards the door) Bye, Zach!

ZACH: Five minutes, Lane.

LANE: Out, Zach!

ZACH: It's my favourite CD.

LANE: Out!

ZACH: Fine! (he leaves)

Mrs.KIM: (to customer) I'm sorry

LANE: (at the customer) Hey, you break it, you buy it!

(CUT to Rich Man's Shoe pub, morning. Lorelai and Rory are having lunch)

LORELAI: Oh, Rory.

RORY: Come on. It's not so bad.

LORELAI: It's "Angela's Ashes".

RORY: It's basic.

LORELAI: It's "Sanford and Son".

RORY: Mom, the neighbourhood is safe. A ton of kids from school live there. And they have a safety van that goes to and from campus, so I don't have to walk home at night.

LORELAI: That wasn't a Doo-Wop group, was it?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Let's call daddy. Make him pay for an apartment with one lock.

RORY: No. Look, this is the way it's supposed to be. I am in college. Don't you see? I'm supposed to live in a crappy apartment. I'm supposed to eat ramen noodles and mac and cheese for months. I've been living in a pool house with maids and fresh-cut flowers and mints on my pillow every night.

LORELAI: You got to love my mother sometimes.

RORY: This is good and right, and I'm happy, and I have roommates who are learning to k\*ll people, so where is the bad? Now let's talk about you. How are the wedding plans going?

LORELAI: Done.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: All done.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: The dress, the cake, the place, the invitations. June 3rd, by the way.

RORY: Wow.

LORELAI: Yeah. I also bought your dress and shoes.

RORY: How did all this happen?

LORELAI: Well, I found this dress, which, at the time, seemed like the perfect dress, and from the dress, all the other details fell into place. By the end of the day I was done.

RORY: That's great.

LORELAI: Is it?

RORY: Isn't it?

LORELAI: I don't know. Yes, sure, I thought it was. I mean I thought it was a sign or something, you know, finding the dress. And then when, oohh when it started to snow, I was like, "somebody's telling me something".

RORY: So it would seem.

LORELAI: But then I started thinking...

RORY: Uh-oh.

LORELAI: It was all too easy. Planning a wedding shouldn't be easy because marriage isn't easy.

RORY: How do you know? You've never been married.

LORELAI: Exactly.

RORY: "Exactly" what?

LORELAI: I have never been married because it's not easy, and I usually freak out and screw everything up. I freaked out and screwed everything up with Max, remember?

RORY: Yeah, but...

LORELAI: But I haven't freaked out about Luke yet. Why haven't I freaked out about Luke yet? It's my pattern. It's what I do, and then I started freaking out about the fact that I hadn't freaked out.

RORY: Oh, dear! You got caught in the circle of freak out.

LORELAI: What if this dress is really a bad sign, not a good sign? What if the dress is telling me that it's so right, it's wrong?

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: What if I'm about to bail out and I don't even know it?

RORY: You are driving yourself crazy.

LORELAI: What if all the signs are saying things shouldn't be this easy, that I shouldn't get the guy I want? What if it's like that "Twilight Zone" where the woman on a horse is being chased by another woman on a horse who turns out is older her chasing younger her, trying to tell her that she should not run off with the guy she's going to run off with because it will be a terrible, terrible mistake.

RORY: OK, King George, take a breath, eat a fry, and listen to me. The dress is a good sign. Everything fell into place because it should. It's all right. The dress is right, the date is right, Luke is right. And the snow. Remember the snow? The snow never lies.

LORELAI: I guess.

RORY: Be happy. This is all good.

LORELAI: Thanks. I'm gonna miss you when you're m\*rd\*r\*d and stuffed into a dumpster by the Doo-Wop group.

RORY: So tell me about my dress.

LORELAI: Two words "hoop skirt"

RORY: Nice.

LORELAI: In a lovely shade of tangerine.

RORY: Excellent.

LORELAI: And the minute I saw it, I thought, "this would totally be Rory if only it had a few more ruffles".

RORY: A fry with your evilness?

LORELAI: Why, thank you.

(CUT to Nardini house, morning. Luke knocks on the door. Anna opens)

ANNA: Hello, stranger.

LUKE: Hey. Uh, can...can I come in?

ANNA: Why not?

(CUT to inside house, continuous)

LUKE: Sorry about barging in on you like that.

ANNA: Hey, it's fine. I'm making tea. You want some tea?

LUKE: Uh, sure. Tea sounds like tea. (Anna goes off to the kitchen to prep the tea)

ANNA: April's not here right now. She's tracking a grub migration. All inquiries stopped after the word "grub".

LUKE: That's okay. I came by to see you, actually.

ANNA: Oh, yeah?

LUKE: Yeah. (looking around the house) You got a lot of stuff here. You sell clothes?

ANNA: Clothes, pillows, candles, fabrics. It's one of those everything kind of boutiques that used to send you in a "what do people need with all this crap?" kind of rant.

LUKE: Oh, yeah. Well, that's nice.

ANNA: (walk up to him and hands him a cup) Thanks. Here.

LUKE: Thanks. (sips) It tastes like tea.

ANNA: Uh, this is weird.

LUKE: I know.

ANNA: It's been a very long time.

LUKE: I know.

ANNA: I actually saw you once about five years ago in the parking lot of some lumberyard.

LUKE: Yeah?

ANNA: Yeah, I waved, but you either didn't see me or didn't want to see me.

LUKE: I didn't see you. I would have waved back, unless I was holding stuff, and then I would have nodded or something.

ANNA: Sure. I'm sure. I thought about you when the Red Sox won.

LUKE: Really?

ANNA: I knew it would be a big day for you.

LUKE: It was.(after a beat) How come you didn't tell me, Anna?

ANNA: Luke...

LUKE: It was a phone call.

ANNA: We should sit down. (they sit)

LUKE: I've been in the same place forever. Haven't moved. You certainly knew how to find me.

ANNA: Luke, come on. We'd already broken up by the time I found out, and I knew how you felt about kids.

LUKE: What do you mean, "how I felt about kids"?

ANNA: You hate kids.

LUKE: I don't hate kids.

ANNA: What are you talking about?

LUKE: I don't!

ANNA: We couldn't go the movies before ten o'clock at night in case there were kids in the theatre.

LUKE: Well, kids talk during a movie, and they throw crap around. They run up and down the aisles. They're animals.

ANNA: We would move tables in a restaurant if they seated us near a family.

LUKE: Only if there was something crying or spitting up.

ANNA: You would flip out if you saw a woman breast-feeding in public, you couldn't stand to watch diaper commercials and you had an unnatural hatred of Macaulay Culkin.

LUKE: OK, fine. I hated kids, but I'm not that guy anymore.

ANNA: Thirteen years ago, you were that guy.

LUKE: It doesn't mean I would have been like that with my kid. I mean even if I would have been like that with my kid, I still had a right to know.

ANNA: I'm sorry.

LUKE: Yeah. Well, you know, I could have helped. I could have helped pay for stuff and take care of things.

ANNA: I didn't need you to pay for stuff or take care of things.

LUKE: This is my responsibility, too. And now that I know, I have to do something.

ANNA: What does that mean? It means I want to offer you whatever assistance I can.

ANNA: I don't...

LUKE: Monetary, of course, and compensation for the past 12 years.

ANNA: But we really don't need anything. It was not my idea for April to call you. It was all her thing. She got obsessed with winning that science contest, and she's really a smart, driven kid. She's already written a short novel, and she's got her own website. So she went through my old letters and put the whole thing together and, frankly, didn't tell me anything about it till way after the fact. I did not send her to you.

LUKE: I know you didn't, but she came to me, and now I know, and I want to help. I'm not talking about contact here. I know you've got your life, here. I don't want to mess things up. I just want to live up to my end of the bargain.

ANNA: You don't owe us anything, Luke. We want for nothing and always have. But if you want to chip in, then, sure, chip in.

LUKE: Really? Great. That's great. That's really...Thank you.

ANNA: Thank you.

LUKE: Yeah. OK, well, that's all I came to say, so...so I guess I'll get going. (they put the cups down and get up)

ANNA: Hey Luke, it was really great seeing you.

LUKE: You too. Tell April "hi" for me. (they start walking to the door)

ANNA: I will do that. Hey, Luke.

LUKE: Yeah?

ANNA: You happy?

LUKE: Yeah.

ANNA: Me too. This is pretty cool, isn't it?

LUKE: Yeah, it is. (he exits)

(CUT to outside Rory, Paris and Doyle's apartment, morning. Rory is coming up the stairs, and notices something. It's Logan waiting outside of the apartment with coffee. She tries to ignore him)

LOGAN: I brought coffee, but it's cold. (she puts down her stuff without answering him and starts to open the door) It's a nice place you got here. I've been discussing the "baking soda to actual crack" ratio you can get away with your neighbours downstairs. 2 to 1 during the daylight, 3 to 1 at night.

RORY: I have ten minutes to change. Then I have someplace I have to be.

LOGAN: It's gonna take you twenty to unlock your door.

RORY: Bye, Logan.

LOGAN: This place is a dump, Rory. You can't live here.

RORY: (turns around to face him) You don't get to care about where I live anymore, Logan. You broke up with me...through your sister.

LOGAN: I didn't mean for that to happen.



RORY: You're a coward. Mr."Life and Death Brigade" can't even break up with his girlfriend.

LOGAN: Honor was bugging me, and I just told her we broke up to shut her up. I needed some time.

RORY: So you didn't mean it?

LOGAN: No, I did. I just...it was too much for me, OK?

RORY: It was a fight. People fight.

LOGAN: Yeah, well I don't fight, I don't want to be screaming at you at a bar. I can't take that. It's too much drama.

RORY: Well, if you can't take the drama, then you shouldn't even be in a relationship, which, by the way, you're not, so everything's good.

LOGAN: It's not that easy.

RORY: Sure, it is.

LOGAN: You want some help?

RORY: Nope.

LOGAN: I bet one of those guys downstairs could help you out getting into a locked apartment.

RORY: Ugh! (does the kicking the door part of opening the door) Just go be somewhere else, Logan.

LOGAN: (she starts to pick up her stuff) I thought that I wanted to break up. I thought that it was a stupid experiment, me trying to be a boyfriend, that it didn't work, and I'd just move on. And I didn't. Couldn't, actually. (as she's about to go in) Rory...I love you.

RORY: (stares at him for a beat) I have an appointment. I have to go. (she goes in the apartment and leaves Logan outside who's looking a bit upset)

(CUT to Dr.Shapiro's office - the shrink -, morning. The Doctor opens the door and Rory enters)

RORY: Sorry I'm late.

Dr.SHAPIRO: Well, considering how many times you rescheduled, I'm just happy you're here at all.

RORY: I was just spending some time with my mother, you know. We were apart for a while, so...

Dr.SHAPIRO: You were?

RORY: Yeah.

Dr.SHAPIRO: Falling-out?

RORY: Nothing major. Just mother/daughter stuff. (the Doc nods, Rory trying to get out of an uncomfortable situation) I don't have to lie down, do I?

Dr.SHAPIRO: No. That's not a "lying down" couch. (they walk over to sit down)

RORY: Good. (they sit and the doc take out his notes)

Dr.SHAPIRO: So, did this falling-out have anything to do with your dropping out of school?

RORY: Boy, we just jumped into this, didn't we?

Dr.SHAPIRO: You want to talk about something else first?

RORY: No.

Dr.SHAPIRO: I mean, we're here to talk about you leaving school, so I figured, "let's just start there". What happened?

RORY: Nothing. We fought. I'm fine. We're fine.

Dr.SHAPIRO: I hear you had some legal problems. (as he talks he takes notes)

RORY: My, those are some big ears you have there, grandma.

Dr.SHAPIRO: Stealing a boat is a pretty big deal.

RORY: I was upset.

Dr.SHAPIRO: About what?

RORY: About life and things and stuff.

Dr.SHAPIRO: You spent a night in jail?

RORY: Yes, I did.

Dr.SHAPIRO: How did that feel?

RORY: Great.

Dr.SHAPIRO: You don't want to talk about this, either?

RORY: I'm just...I'm sick of talking about it, that's all.

Dr.SHAPIRO: You seem very agitated.

RORY: I'm not agitated. I... So, I spent a night in jail. Big deal. So did Martin Luther King.

Dr.SHAPIRO: Are you comparing yourself with Martin Luther King?

RORY: No, I'm not. I just, I'm saying that he spent a night in jail, too.

Dr.SHAPIRO: You were arrested with your boyfriend?

RORY: Yes, I was.

Dr.SHAPIRO: Tell me about that.

RORY: About what? He was my boyfriend then, and now he's not.

Dr.SHAPIRO: He's not?

RORY: No, he's not. We broke up. No. Oh, no. I'm sorry. He broke up. I thought that we were just taking some time, but apparently I'm a moron.

Dr.SHAPIRO: (consulting his notes) Uh, this is Logan?

RORY: What, you have his name, too? Super. Do you also have the picture of him hijacking me in my hallway earlier today?

Dr.SHAPIRO: I'm sorry. What?

RORY: I mean how fair is that? He's gone, and then he shows up out of the blue. (mimicking Logan's voice) "You can't live here. This place is a dump. And, by the way, I love you". (normal voice) "I love you"?! Is he serious?!

Dr.SHAPIRO: I don't know.

RORY: (getting all worked up and in the verge of tears) Nothing for weeks, and then he just decides that he loves me. So, what happens now? I get another Birkin bag? And how long until he doesn't love me again, huh? (the doc passes her a box of tissues, because she's started to cry. Rory takes the box and takes a tissue) I stole a boat with him! I never stole a boat with Dean!

Dr.SHAPIRO: Who's Dean?

RORY: My married ex-boyfriend who I lost my virginity to!

Dr.SHAPIRO: Wow. (takes some notes)

RORY: Yeah. I'm a treat. I don't know what I'm gonna do. I-I don't think I can take running into him every day in the halls and the paper and the coffee cart. Oh, my god. I'm gonna have to quit drinking coffee, and I love coffee! (breaking down in tears and gabbing as many tissues as she can, as the doctor looks very concerned) I really love coffee.

(CUT to outside Stars Hollow, morning. Kirk and Luke are walking around town. Kirk is holding a laptop trying to find a wireless less internet, Luke is following him)

LUKE: I feel like an idiot.

KIRK: Just relax, Luke. It should only take a couple more minutes.

LUKE: I've been following you around the town square for half an hour.

KIRK: I know there's a wireless internet hub around here somewhere. Ah! (moves back and forth a bit) No. Encrypted. I used to use the bank's access, but I had to stand right in front of the versa teller machine, and they got very snippy about that. Then Doose's had it for a while, but Taylor but a block on it. It's sad what this world is coming to.

LUKE: You know what, why don't I just find someone who actually has the internet?

KIRK: Hold on. Hold on. We have achieved contact.

LUKE: We have?

KIRK: Yes, courtesy of Stars Hollow Books. (they sit at the edge of the sidewalk) OK. Now, tell me what you need.

LUKE: Uh, I just, uh, need to look up a website.

KIRK: OK. Give me the name, and I'll type it in for you.

LUKE: Well I...

KIRK: Hold on. Is this one of those websites? 'Cause if they'll come after Pete Townsend, no one is safe.

LUKE: Kirk, just tell me what to do,

and I'll do it myself.

KIRK: Are you sure?

LUKE: Yes. Just, (takes the laptop) here.

KIRK: OK, give me your hand, (reaches to grab Luke's hand) and I'll guide...

LUKE: (slaps Kirk's hand away) Stop it.

KIRK: Oouii! Alright. Just click here, then type in the name of the website here, then press here.

LUKE: OK.

KIRK: This makes the page go up and down...

LUKE: Yeah, I can figure out the rest, Kirk.

KIRK: Alright. I'll be over here if you need me. (gets up)

LUKE: I've never felt safer in my life. (Luke opens Aprils' site and snoops around a bit. Sees pictures of her -birthdays, with friends, with her uncle in a back brace- and looks very proud, happy and a bit sad)

(CUT to Kim's antiques, night. It's closing time. Mrs.Kim is saying goodbye to the last customer as Lane comes up to her)

Mrs.KIM: Thank you for coming. We appreciate your business. (locks the door)

LANE: Everything's dusted. The receipts are organized. I'm not hungry. I'm going upstairs. (starts to walk up the staircase)

Mrs.KIM: Lane Kim! Come down now! (Lane come back down. Mrs.Kim turns around the closed sign and closes the door window shutter) Follow me. (they start walking around the store for Mrs.Kim to close the curtains Help me. (they move a dresser to cover a window without curtains) Good. Come.

(they go to the kitchen. Mrs.Kim uses a chair to reach up to a high kitchen cupboard. Lane looks surprised as her mother gets out a hidden bottle of vodka and two sh\*\*t glasses. Mrs.Kim motions Lane to sit, they both do, and she serves the drink)

LANE: (picks up the glass and smells the content) Whoa.

Mrs.KIM: Lane, it's been six weeks since you come home. You have grieved, and now we move on. (they drink) Ahh. One more. (she pours some more)

(CUT to Lorelai's bedroom, night. Lorelai is looking at the dress, which is hanging on the closet

door, as PA come up and starts barking)

LORELAI: Hey, buddy. Yeah, there is something weird about it, right? What? What is it? (Lorelai opens the closet door and PA enters, picks up a shoe and leaves. Lorelai looks resigned with the concept of PA stealing shoes. The phone starts to ring and she picks it up) Hello?

RORY: (on phone) Guess who's crazy.

LORELAI: Who?

RORY: (on phone) Me.

LORELAI: You? Since when?

(CUT to Yale, continuous. Rory is at the dining room hall. The scene switches between Rory at Yale and Lorelai at home)

RORY: Since I went all Frances Farmer in my psychologists evaluation today.

LORELAI: Alright, I'm on the bed and comfortable. Should I get popcorn, or is it a shorter story than that?

RORY: I went home from class to get ready for the appointment, and Logan was there.

LORELAI: At your apartment?

RORY: In the hallway. And, of course, I couldn't get my door open fast enough, so he started talking.

LORELAI: What did he say?

RORY: He said he loved me.

LORELAI: No way.

RORY: And it completely threw me. And I got out of there as fast as I could. But then I got to Dr.Shapiro's office, and he started peppering me with all these questions, and I just got more and more upset. Then I exploded all over the place. I went through two boxes of kleenex, I started hyperventilating, and I had to breathe into a paper bag.

LORELAI: Do you believe him?

RORY: Believe who?

LORELAI: Logan. Do you believe he loves you?

RORY: I don't know. I guess I can figure that out next week in therapy.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: After my little meltdown, Dr.Shapiro thinks I should come see him once a week for the next two months.

LORELAI: You're kidding.

RORY: There are no jokes in the mental-health field, only hand puppets, inkblots, and inflatable anger bats.

LORELAI: I'm so sorry you're a nut.

RORY: That's OK. I'm sure Dr.Shapiro has a nice padded room for me.

LORELAI: Well don't let them put you on any of those pills. Tom Cruise will be very upset.

RORY: Alright. I should go. I have a massive amount of reading to do. I just wanted to call and say "hi".

LORELAI: OK. Remember. Blame it all on Grandma.

RORY: Will do.

LORELAI: Bye.

RORY: Bye. (they hang up)

(Lorelai looks over at the dress)

(CUT to Luke's apartment, night. Luke is looking at his phone like he's trying to make a decision. Finally he starts looking through his pockets and takes out piece of paper and dials, breathing "OK". He calls Anna, who is fussing with some pillows. The scene switches between Luke's apartment and Anna's house)

ANNA: (picks up the phone) Hold on. (throws it on the floor)

LUKE: Hello?

ANNA: Just a sec. Major pillow emergency happening here.

LUKE: What? Anna?

ANNA: (picks the phone from the floor) Sorry. Hi. Who's this?

LUKE: It's, uh, Luke.

ANNA: Luke? Wow, when it rains, it...

LUKE: I saw her website.

ANNA: Her...?

LUKE: I saw her pictures. The one in the lab and the one with the Christmas tree, and you never told me she wore a back brace. Why was she wearing a back brace?

ANNA: Oh, she had just read "Deenie". It was a phase.

LUKE: Well, still, I should have known.

ANNA: That she had just read "Deenie"?

LUKE: Yes, and that she was going through a phase and was a science wiz and wear crazy bike helmets and glasses and looked like me.

ANNA: Just the nose.

LUKE: The nose is something. I mean, there's no one else running around with my nose.

ANNA: That you know of.

LUKE: Is this funny to you?

ANNA: No. I'm sorry.

LUKE: You should've told me.

ANNA: Luke, we went through all this already. I...

LUKE: I want contact.

ANNA: What?

LUKE: I want a relationship. I want to talk to her and see her on a regular basis.

ANNA: But you said...

LUKE: I don't care what I said. This is what I want. I want to know my own daughter, and I want her to know me.

ANNA: OK.

LUKE: Really?

ANNA: Well, it's really up to April, but if she's cool, then I'm cool.

LUKE: Oh. So, uh, is, uh, April there now?

ANNA: No. But she'll be home pretty soon. Can I have her call you?

LUKE: Yes. No.

ANNA: No?

LUKE: I should call her.

ANNA: She'll definitely be home by eight.

LUKE: Then I will call back at eight.

ANNA: OK.

LUKE: Thanks.

ANNA: You're welcome.

LUKE: Hey, Anna?

ANNA: Mmm?

LUKE: What the hell is "Deenie"?

ANNA: The gospel according to Judy Blume.

LUKE: What?

ANNA: It's a book, Luke. And now would probably be a good time for you to read it. Bye.

LUKE: Bye. (they hang up)

(CUT to Lorelai's house, night. Luke comes in looking for Lorelai)

LUKE: Lorelai!

LORELAI (OS): Uuuuhh, Luke, I'm upstairs!

LUKE: Yeah, uh, can you come down? I have to talk to you about something.

LORELAI (OS): OK. Yes, I will come down, but I'm coming down in my wedding dress.

LUKE: What? No!

LORELAI (OS): Yes!

LUKE: It's bad luck for me to see the wedding dress.

LORELAI (OS): I know, but I need you to see this dress. There's something not right up here. It was too easy. I can't be objective anymore.

LUKE: But...

LORELAI (OS): Coming down.

LUKE: But I don't... (stops talking as he sees Lorelai coming down in the dress. She walks up to him)

LORELAI: Well?

LUKE: It's...you're perfect.

LORELAI: Really? Have you seen the back? I think the train's a little weird, and I can take it back if you don't think...

LUKE: It's perfect.

LORELAI: Are you sure? (he reaches out to kiss her and they do) OK. It's not bad luck if it's under five minutes. (she runs up the stairs and Luke is left alone looking upset with himself)

END Of Episode 6.11 - The Perfect Dress

Powered by phpBB® Forum Software © phpBB Limited

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