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06x12 - Just Like Gwen and Gavin

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06x12 - Just Like Gwen and Gavin

by **bunniefuu**

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Previously on Gilmore Girls. Scenes from previous episodes.

(OPEN in Lorelai and Luke's bedroom, night. PA is sleeping at the foot of the bed and Luke and Lorelai are sleeping in it. Suddenly bells start ringing, and the couple wakes up startled)

LORELAI: Oh, my god!

LUKE: What is that?

LORELAI: What is...Is it in the house?

LUKE: It's church bells.

LORELAI: Whe...How'd the church bells get in the house?

LUKE: They're outside.

LORELAI: Whe...In the yard?

LUKE: No, at the church. What time is it?

LORELAI: It's three twelve. Why are the church bells ringing at three twelve?

LUKE: I don't know. I was having a dream, too. I was shopping for a car and I wanted to see the trunk space, and... 'cause I have a truck and it's convenient to haul things. So I wanted to see what the deal with the car was, and the salesman opened it. I asked him how many cubic feet it was and he looked it up in the manual and I was satisfied. So when he closed the hood, the bells rang.

LORELAI: You have very mundane dreams.

KIRK (mumbled from outside): Town meeting.

LORELAI: Huh!

MAN (mumbled from outside): Town meeting.

LORELAI: What was that?

LUKE: Some dead guy yelling something.

LORELAI: Ghosts are yelling something outside the house?

LUKE: No, guys I'm gonna k*ll yelling stuff outside the house.

KIRK (mumbled from outside): Town meeting.

LORELAI: What are they saying?

LUKE: There was a clown beating?

LORELAI: Huh! Not again.

MAN (mumbled from outside): Town meeting,

KIRK (clearly from outside): Town meeting.

LUKE: Now, they're saying, "town meeting".

LORELAI: Town meeting? At this hour?

LUKE: What the hell is Taylor up to?

(At the same time)

LUKE: Lets get back to sleep.

LORELAI: All right. Guess we better go.

LUKE: What? I'm going back to bed.

LORELAI: What? You can't go back to sleep.

LORELAI: Come on, it's a town meeting.

LUKE: It's the middle of the night.

LORELAI: Uh, sorry, we might miss something. (Lorelai gets out of bed and starts pulling Luke's arm, he groans)

(CUT to Patty's studio during the town meeting, same night. People in pj's are taking their seats around the hall as Lorelai and Luke enter)

LUKE: Oh, good, full house. Just goes to show how easily manipulated we all are. You ring a bell, we drool like dogs. (they walk towards a couple of seats and sit in front of Babette)

LORELAI: Just don't drool where we sit. It'll be messy.

BABETTE: Hey, you guys hear the bells?

LUKE: No, we were just on one of our spontaneous three-in-the-morning strolls, saw everybody in here, and wondered, "hey, what's up?".

BABETTE: Really?

LUKE: No.

BABETTE: (to Lorelai) He's cranky at three in the morning.

LORELAI: Any idea what this is about?

BABETTE: No, Taylor's not even here yet, and Kirk's up there, futzing with something, but he won't tell us what's going on.

KIRK: (from the stage, fussing with a screen) We're just about ready here, folks.

LUKE: Ready for what? What is this?

KIRK: Here we go. (presses a button on the screen. Taylor appears on the screen)

TAYLOR (From Screen): Greetings, everyone.

LORELAI: Taylor?

BABETTE: He's in a little box.

LUKE: The nightmare continues.

TAYLOR (From Screen): Is it looking okay, Kirk?

KIRK: Yeah, you could use a little pancake.

PATTY: Weird. I can still smell his cologne.

TAYLOR (From Screen): People, we have a tremendous problem that needs our immediate attention. That's why I chose the extraordinary step of broadcasting to you tonight from this remote location. (a ping-pong ball hits him on the head) Ow!

LUKE: What was that?

LORELAI: Looked like a ping-pong ball.

TAYLOR (From Screen): Now, as we all know, the Annual Stars Hollow Winter Carnival is this weekend. (another ping-pong ball hits him) Ow! (turns to someone we can't see on the screen) Timmy, do not throw ping-pong balls at me.

TIMMY (OS): You're a Doo-doo head.

TAYLOR (From Screen): And do not call me a Doo-doo head. I'm in the middle of something important.

LUKE: Where the hell are you, Taylor?

TAYLOR (From Screen): I'm at my sister's in Maine. Anyway, we have never not had a Stars Hollow Winter Carnival. It's a hundred and twenty-five year tradition.

LORELAI: Is he getting to the point soon?

BABETTE: Yeah, come on, Doo-doo head.

TAYLOR (From Screen): Fine, let's cut to the chase. I run the winter carnival, it's this weekend, and I am snowed in, unable to get back into town. (gets no reaction from the town)

PATTY: So, what's this about, Taylor?

TAYLOR (From Screen): Maybe it's the lateness of the hour or the computer connection isn't clear. (another ping-pong ball)

TIMMY (OS): Doo-doo head!

TAYLOR (From Screen): We have never had to cancel a carnival, and it's absolutely impossible for me to get back into town to run it. (Luke yawns)

BABETTE: I must be tired. I'm not getting this.

PATTY: It's like a riddle or something.

TAYLOR (From Screen): People, are you not hearing me? I won't be there to run the carnival. Draw the obvious conclusion.

PATTY: Oh, OK, I got it now.

TAYLOR (From Screen): Thank you, patty.

PATTY: Kirk, could you take it over?

KIRK: Sure.

PATTY: Great. Anything else, Taylor?

TAYLOR (From Screen): Oh, well, good for you, people. I guess we don't have to cancel it after all.

LORELA! : Thanks, Taylor. (to Luke. Pats his knee) Come on, let's get you to bed. (everyone starts to get up from their seats)

LUKE: (as they start to exit the studio) I'm gonna fall back to sleep and dream about running Taylor over in that car I was looking at.

LORELA! : Oh. Is there enough room to put his body in the trunk? (Luke nods as they exit)

TAYLOR (From Screen): Now, then, I would recommend that we immediately start discussing some details. The sooner, the better is always best. Now, then, food. We'll obviously have the carnival staples. (people are no longer paying attention to Taylor and are slowly exiting the hall. It's almost empty) French dip sandwiches, corn on the cob, apple cider, et cetera. Now, we almost ran out of hot chocolate last year, so I would recommend upping the supply by 11%. Timmy! Put down that Rubik's cube. Timmy, do not throw that Rubik's cube at me.

OPENING CREDITS

(CUT to Luke's diner, morning. Luke seems very tired as he's pouring coffee to some customers)

LUKE: Here...here...here.

CUSTOMER 1: This was tea.

LUKE: Now you got a hybrid. That's very in right now. (walks over to Lorelai's table who's drinking coffee and is going over some papers and stuff)

LORELA! : I've gotten so much done this morning, it's scary.

LUKE: Coffee? (walks over to a nearby table to get an empty cup)

LORELA! : I already got some. I saw the sunrise. I paid all my bills. (Luke brings the cup over and starts to pour coffee) I already got some, hon. And, this is a first, I saw the beginning of Katie Couric. I don't think I've seen the first five minutes of her in my life. You know, she and Matt Lauer

are much more serious in the first half-hour than they are later on. I guess that makes sense. You know, you can afford to make people sad and angry about w*r and the economy and stuff when they first wake up. But then, just as they're heading to the office, you leave them with a dose of Matthew McConaughey, "people's sexiest man", and whoosh! they're rarin' to go.

LUKE: (yawning) Yeah, Matthew McConaughey always gets me rarin'. (Kirk outside is busy with the fair stuff)

LORELAI: And I'm even volunteering to, um, man a booth at the carnival this year. I got a great concept, too. What about you? You got anything special planned today?

LUKE: (startled and very nervous) Today? No, not today. It's a bunch of the same old, same old errands. The usual.

CUSTOMER 1: Not liking my "hybrid".

LUKE: Coming. (they peck on the lips) I'll call you later.

LORELAI: (pointing at the two cups of coffee) See what you did here?

LUKE: Sorry. (takes both cups and walks away)

LORELAI: Oh, no, wait, I want the one I had already. Oh, well, OK.

(CUT to hallway of Paris, Doyle and Rory's apartment, morning. Rory come up the stairs and stops as she notices something in front of their door. She goes over to pick it up as she nods her head disapprovingly. It's a vase of flowers. She unlocks the door)

(CUT to inside apartment, continuous. Paris is working on something in flower filled apartment as Rory enters. Paris notices the flowers)

PARIS: Oh, terrific. Bring 'em on in, Algernon. The more, the merrier.

RORY: It's Logan's doing. What can I do? (starts to chain the door)

PARIS: Tell him to stop.

RORY: We're not speaking, remember?

PARIS: Well, they're putting our lives in jeopardy.

RORY: Oh, stop it. (walks in the apartment)

PARIS: They scream bling, draw eyes to the apartment. Bad guys see roses, then they come for our diamonds.

RORY: We don't have diamonds.

PARIS: The Doo-Wop group doesn't know that. (as Rory is about to put the vase near the window) Yeah, by the window is good, next to the neon sign that says "come p*stol-whip us".

RORY: Fine, I'll hide them. (puts the flowers on the floor)

PARIS: You know, I see Logan at the paper a few times a week. I can lean on him, make him stop.

RORY: He's going to get the message eventually.

PARIS: Well, he better get it quick. Between the paper and classes, I'm only home a few hours a day, and I'd rather not spend them in mortal fear. (there is a knock on the door and Paris instinctively takes cover)

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: (to the person outside) Yeah?

MAN (OS outside the door): UPS. Got a package for Rory Gilmore.

PARIS: From?

MAN (OS outside the door): Harry and David.

PARIS: Great. Fancy fruit.

RORY: I'm sorry. (Paris walks over to the door)

PARIS: Step back from the door and keep your hands where I can see them. (starts to unchain the door)

(CUT to outside park, morning. The place is covered with snow. There are few people there. Two guys are throwing a frisbee around, as Luke walks up to April who's sitting on a bench her bike and bike helmet nearby)

LUKE: Surprise.

APRIL: Was this not a planned thing?

LUKE: Why?

APRIL: You said, "surprise".

LUKE: No, it was just...just a...how you doing? (extends his hand for a shake)

APRIL: Good. (she takes it and they shake hands) This is how the avian flu spreads, by the way.

LUKE: Oh, sorry! (quickly takes his hand away)

APRIL: I was just saying.

LUKE: No, I heard that, too. Heard a guy on CNN say it.

APRIL: Right. They fired my favourite, Aaron Brown. He was comforting.

LUKE: Yes, he was. Mind if I sit?

APRIL: No, go ahead. (Luke sits next to her. There is an awkward silence) So...do you like to hang out here?

LUKE: The park? No.

APRIL: Then why are we meeting here?

LUKE: I thought kids liked parks.

APRIL: It's 41 degrees out. Not exactly peak park-going season.

LUKE: But there's still stuff to do, right? I mean, we could have a snowball fight, or something.

APRIL: My friend Remi got into a snowball fight with a guy once, and she got a retina detached.

LUKE: Well, we'll skip that, then. Uh...sorry. I'll think of something better to do next time, OK? I don't really know what kids are into.

APRIL: Hey, whatever.

LUKE: Oh, and I said "next time". I don't know if you caught that.

APRIL: I did.

LUKE: Did your mom explain that this isn't necessarily a one-time thing? I was thinking maybe we could make it semi-regular or even just, you know, regular.

APRIL: Uh, OK.

LUKE: Good. So, what's your free time like?

APRIL: I've got no school this whole week. It's year-round, so we get weird times off.

LUKE: Well, then maybe we can do something tomorrow, too, something less cold.

APRIL: OK.

LUKE: So, what kind of things do you like to do?

APRIL: I like Morse code. I'm learning that. My mom gave me a putter, so I putt some. And I like talking to my Indian friend Shamilah in Bangalore over the internet.

LUKE: I wouldn't be much help with any of that. We could bowl, or go to a movie, or maybe there's a zoo around somewhere.

APRIL: How about I just come and hang out at the diner?

LUKE: (shocked and nervous) What diner? My diner?

APRIL: Yeah.

LUKE: Won't it be boring?

APRIL: No way. (Luke does not look pleased) Diners fascinate me. The hustle, the bustle, the monte cristos.

LUKE: The diner?

APRIL: Yeah, that'd be fun.

LUKE: Can't think of anything else, huh?

APRIL: I think it'd be great.

LUKE: Well, OK, sure. The diner. Tomorrow you will come to the diner. (he chuckles nervously and clears his throat) So, uh, what do you want to do right now?

APRIL: I've been counting how many times those frisbee guys over there have dropped it.

LUKE: Uuh, OK. Let's keep watching.

APRIL: The one with the hat's a big, fat butterfingers. (they watch the guys playing frisbee)

(CUT to Dragonfly Inn, morning. Lorelai is signing some papers and having a conversation with Kirk)

LORELAI: Kirk, you needed carnival-game volunteers and I volunteered. What's with the hassle?

KIRK: We do things like ring toss and rope ladder climbing. Your choice is unorthodox.

LORELAI: That's because I'm not orthodox. I'm liberal with a touch of reform and a smidgen of zippity-pow.

KIRK: You're aware that this is the first time I'm running the winter carnival?

LORELAI: I am aware. (they start walking to the reception desk)

KIRK: I can't afford to have anything go wrong.

LORELAI: Kirk, I promise! This booth will be a big hit. It will not embarrass you, OK? I promise.

KIRK: Your promise means nothing to me. You break them all the time.

LORELAI: (gasps) I do not.

KIRK: 1997, you promised to bring me back a souvenir pen and ink set from your trip to Colonial Williamsburg.

LORELAI: I...I did?

KIRK: 1999, you promised to put in a good word for me at Al's Pancake World when Al had that batter boy opening.

LORELAI: He calls them "batter boys"?

KIRK: Year 2000, you promised to teach me to swim. I still don't know how to swim. What if there's a tsunami?

LORELAI: Well...

KIRK: 2001, you promised to come to my birthday party, and I waited and waited and...

LORELAI: Kirk! Kirk, scout's honour, this booth will make you proud, OK? (as they enter the reception desk area Lorelai notices someone waiting) Now...excuse me, hi. Are you Liam Driessen by any chance?

LIAM: I am.

LORELAI: Hi, Lorelai Gilmore. I'm here to make your stay and the rest of the New England Maple Syrup Council's stay as comfortable as possible.

LIAM: So far, so good. Love the local colour here.

LORELAI: (noticing Kirk who's followed her and is standing close to them) Uh, Kirk, it's really not appropriate to be standing right next to me like this.

KIRK: But we work together.

LORELAI: But not here.

KIRK: Liam, can I ask you a question?

LORELAI: NO that's inappropriate too to ask a quest...

KIRK: Would you pay a dollar to have your fortune told by a dog?

LIAM: A dog?

LORELAI: It's for a carnival. It's very cute.

KIRK: A dog that has no previous experience telling people's fortunes?

LIAM: I don't know.

KIRK: Well, you're no help. (walks away)

LORELAI: Well, just part of our local colour. He's purple. (nervously laughs a bit) Get it? 'Cause local colour and he's a colour. And how about a tour?

LIAM: Sure. (they exit)

(CUT to Yale Daily News room, morning. The staffers are working, while Paris walks around inspecting)

PARIS: That's what we got?

JOHNIE: Yup.

PARIS: It's posed, staged. Get another and make it candid.

JOHNIE: Candid?

PARIS: Don't question me. (walks away and moves over to another desk)

JOHNIE: But it's a team photo.

PARIS: Bill, how's it hangin'?

BILL: It's hanging OK.

PARIS: Good, good. You like the Washington Post, do you?

BILL: Yes.

PARIS: Because they like to split their infinitives, at the Washington Post, especially their metro writers, but I don't.

BILL: I'm not seeing...

PARIS: (reading from his computer screen) "The council member chose to forcefully waive her right of veto".

BILL: (deleting the sentence) Consider it unsplit.

(Paris walks over to another desk, where a staffer is typing something. Paris pushes her aside and types something of her own, then turns to Rory who's getting ready to leave)

PARIS: Hey. You check in?

RORY: Check in?

PARIS: The board. The new system? This is the best way for me to know where anyone is at any given time. (they walk over to a board near the door) All the names are on the left. Each coloured magnet represents an activity. If you're out on assignment, it's a red magnet. If you're in the john, it's a blue magnet. If you're at home, a purple magnet. If you're at your desk, it's a green magnet.

RORY: But if they're at their desk, you can just glance over and see that they're at their desks.

PARIS: But I'd have to glance all around. This saves extraneous glancing. Look, it's not really for people like you. I know you're dedicated. I trust you, but I can't appear to be playing favourites.

RORY: I have a class.

PARIS: Orange magnet. (Rory takes the magnet and puts in on the board next to her name. Paris looks pleased and Rory exits)

(CUT to Yale hallway, continuous. Rory has just exited the newsroom. Her way is blocked by a coffee cart)

RORY: (to coffee cart vender, Ben) Excuse me.

BEN: You're Rory Gilmore?

RORY: Yes.

BEN: Someone pointed you out to me. This is for you. (pointing at the coffee cart)

RORY: What is?

BEN: The coffee cart.

RORY: For me?

BEN: Courtesy of Logan Huntzberger.

RORY: Oh, I see. Well, I don't want any coffee right now. (bypasses the coffee cart) Thanks anyway, and sorry you wasted your time, Ben. (starts to walk away)

BEN: No problem. (Ben follows her, with the coffee cart. Rory notices)

RORY: What are you doing?

BEN: I'm hired for the day.

RORY: What?

BEN: Yep, all day. Any time you want some coffee, biscotti, I will be here.

RORY: That's not necessary.

BEN: I've already been paid...a lot!

RORY: (sighs) Fine. (starts to walk and Ben follows her with the coffee cart)

(CUT to Nardini house, night. Anna is sorting some stuff, probably for her store as we hear a TV in the background)

ANNA: Kiddo, is that the TV?

APRIL (OS): Yes.

ANNA: You watching something stupid?

APRIL (OS): Yes.

ANNA: You promise?

APRIL (OS): Yes.

ANNA: OK. (the telephone rings and Anna picks it up) Hello?

LUKE (on phone): Hi, Anna. It's Luke.

ANNA: Hey there. So, she came back with all her fingers and toes. Very successful first outing.

LUKE (on phone): Yeah, it was nice. It was...it was real nice.

ANNA: She had a good time, too. And that's impressive 'cause she's picky.

LUKE (on phone): Good. Well, so did I.

ANNA: So, she's coming by your work tomorrow?

(CUT to Luke's apartment, continuous. The scene cuts between Luke's apartment and Anna at her house)

LUKE: Oh, she told you that, huh? Uh...Well, listen, here's the thing. I don't know if...it's gonna work out for her to come to the diner.

ANNA: Why not?

LUKE: Well, it's gonna be really hectic, lots of people swooshing around and all.

ANNA: She'll like that. She likes people swooshing around her.

LUKE: Pans of hot grease.

ANNA: There'll be pans of hot grease swooshing around her?

LUKE: If she's in the kitchen, yeah.

ANNA: Well, keep her out of the kitchen if there's any grease swooshing. I mean, that doesn't sound safe for you, either.

LUKE: I don't even know how much time I can give her.

ANNA: No problem. She's very low-maintenance. Just set her up at a table and she'll be fine.

LUKE: If there's a table, because some of the tables are reserved. I've got my regulars, you know? They want their tables, so there may not be room.

ANNA: She's little. You'll find room.

LUKE: You know, Anna, actually, I don't...I don't know if, uh, tomorrow is gonna be good at all for anything. I didn't realize how busy I was. Factor in all the people swooshing and the grease swooshing.

ANNA: Luke, no.

LUKE: "No" what?

ANNA: It doesn't work that way.

LUKE: What do you mean?

ANNA: Look, I don't know what the problem is here.

LUKE: What are you talking about?

ANNA: You say you're available one minute, and the next minute you're not?

LUKE: I told you, I was just...

ANNA: It's not cool, Luke. It's not happening this way.

LUKE: What way? It's just a bad time.

ANNA: There's no great time to be a parent, Luke, you just are one. And if you're gonna make plans with my kid and get her hopes up and then cancel, then our deal is cancelled.

LUKE: Anna, no.

ANNA: Yes, that's it. That's how it works. You're either all-in or you're all-out. We didn't ask for this. You did. You wanted contact, a relationship, and now...

LUKE: OK, OK, I hear ya. Have her come to the diner tomorrow.

ANNA: You're sure?

LUKE: I'm sure. I was just over thinking all of this. I'll see her tomorrow.

ANNA: OK, she will be there.

LUKE: Good. Thanks. It'll be good.

ANNA: It better be. Bye, Luke. (hangs up)

LUKE: Bye. (hangs up too)

(CUT to Rich Man's Shoe, evening. The Daily News staffers are sitting at table talking as Rory enters the pub, notices them and approaches)

AK: She's starting to go through trash cans. It's creepy.

BILL: That's a privacy violation, for God's sake.

SHEILA: What's she looking for?

AK: (notices Rory) Uh, buh, buh, buh, buh, buh.

RORY: (coming up to their table) Hi, guys.

AK: Hey, Rory.

RORY: Did I interrupt something? (the staffers look uncomfortable)

AK: No, no, nothing much. Just hangin'.

RORY: What's going on?

AK: Nothing. Just enjoying a tippie.

RORY: So all the senior staffers from the Yale Daily News are simultaneously enjoying a tippie?

JOHNIE: Tell her.

AK: No.

JOHNIE: Tell her!

RORY: Tell me what?

AK: This is a w*r council.

RORY: About what?

BILL: About Kaiser Geller and her reign of terror.

SHEILA: The paper is going to crap.

JOHNIE: It's unreadable.

BILL: She rewrites our stuff, then rewrites her rewrites.

JOHNIE: And to add insult to injury, the copy gets worse every time.

SHEILA: She used to be good, right? Wasn't Paris good at one point?

AK: Before she was editor.

BILL: Now she's Augusto Pinochet in a pantsuit.

SHEILA: Yeah, what's up with those pantsuits?

JOHNIE: We're seriously considering Howell-Raines-ing her.

RORY: You want to force her out?

AK: She's out of control.

RORY: And you have the authority?

SHEILA: We're the board.

BILL: And the board has the authority.

RORY: I'm a senior staffer, too. Why wasn't I asked to be here tonight?

BILL: You're in Paris's pocket.

RORY: I am not in Paris's pocket.

JOHNIE: You're friends.

SHEILA: Best friends, right? That's what Paris is always saying.

JOHNIE: And you guys live together. It didn't seem appropriate.

RORY: OK, let me set the record straight. I'm devoted to the paper, OK? Personal feelings cannot get in the way of things. Paris and I are not best friends. We're friends, for the most part, and I'm not immune to being driven crazy by her, believe me.

JOHNIE: Oh, we believe you.

SHEILA: I'm getting crow's-feet. I'm sorry, Paris Geller is not going to give me crow's-feet.

AK: So you do acknowledge a problem here?

RORY: I just did, AK. Where's the trust, dude?

AK: We just want to do this right.

RORY: Well, then, let's talk and maybe set the Howell-Raines-ing aside for now. Let's see if we can fix things before we blow them up.

AK: Fine. Sit.

BILL: But allow us our cathartic purging.

RORY: Purge away. (Ben approaches the table and clears his throat) Oh, but first would anyone like a refreshing coffee beverage? I have Ben till nine.

STAFFER GUY 1: Well I'll have a decaf latte.

BILL: Same here.

JOHNIE: Can he do mocha latte?

RORY: He does a great mocha latte.

JOHNIE: Oh, I'll have a mocha latte.

TALLIE: I will too.

(CUT to Stars Hollow outside, morning. Lorelai is walking down the street, looking through some mail-envelopes as she bumps into someone dressed in a sweat suit, with the hood on and wearing sunglasses...Taylor)

LORELAI: Uhh! Sorry. Taylor?

TAYLOR: Shh!

LORELAI: What are you doing back? I thought you were stranded at your sister's.

TAYLOR: Lorelai, please. (starts to push her back in an alley)

LORELAI: Weird time for line dancing.

TAYLOR: Fine. OK, I'm back. I got lucky last night and caught a plane out of Maine.

LORELAI: Even with the rain in Spain?

TAYLOR: Will you be serious for second?

LORELAI: What's with the sweats?

TAYLOR: I'm incognito. Don't you see? With the carnival coming up, this is my Huckleberry-Finn opportunity to observe things invisibly. You know, I'm not gonna be around forever, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Oh, Taylor, are you sick?

TAYLOR: No, just mortal. And eventually someone, maybe Kirk, is going to have to take over the many delicate tasks I perform for this town. The streetlamp illumination monitoring, the lawn-height measuring.

LORELAI: Now I'm just getting sad.

TAYLOR: Please keep my secret.

LORELAI: Mum's the word.

TAYLOR: Well, I should go.

LORELAI: Back to 8 mile?

TAYLOR: What?

LORELAI: Nothing. Ooh, behind you. (as she notices some passers-by, Taylor covers up a bit more. They kinda wave each other goodbye and Taylor walks away. Lorelai looks on a bit amused and then starts to leave to)

(CUT to Town Square, continuous. Workers are fixing up the square for the carnival. Zach, as one of the workers, carries a box with stuff and sets it down as Lorelai greets him. He's in a mood)

LORELAI: Hey, Zach. You helping out?

ZACH: Got to keep body and soul together.

LORELAI: Well, this is space 18 and that's my booth, so we're a team.

ZACH: We should get uniforms.

LORELAI: You OK?

ZACH: Yeah, I'm great. I lost my girlfriend, my band's broken up, my best friend won't speak to me, and I'm reduced to working as a five-dollar-an-hour carny. Bob Dylan should write a song about me.

LORELAI: I'm sorry about you and Lane.

ZACH: Yeah, well...

LORELAI: But you'll get through this rough patch and life will move on. Trust me. It's human nature to move on.

ZACH: What?!

LORELAI: What "what"?

ZACH: Are you saying Lane's moved on?

LORELAI: No!

ZACH: Have you seen her with someone else?

LORELAI: No, no, no! I'm just saying people have the ability to move on.

ZACH: Oh, my God, God, God. (hold his head in his hands in frustration) I got to go take a break. (walks away)

LORELAI: OK. (calling after him) Hope I cheered you up some. (turns and looks at the booth next to hers. She gasps as she sees it's the fortune-tellers booth) Kirk? Kirk!

KIRK: Yes, Lorelai? (walks up to her holding his clipboard)

LORELAI: Why are you putting the exact same booth right next to my booth?

KIRK: Well, frankly, I have my doubts about your dog's ability to predict the future.

LORELAI: You have your doubts?

KIRK: Yes, and in order to satisfy our guests, I'm hedging our bets by putting the real thing next door so that no one walks away bamboozled.

LORELAI: Kirk, there is no real thing. It's all fake. Those tarot cards are not real. My dog cannot predict the future.

KIRK: So you admit it?

LORELAI: I was never hiding it.

KIRK: That's fraud.

LORELAI: It's a Doggy Swami.

KIRK: My girlfriend says tarot cards are real.

LORELAI: Well, I like your girlfriend, but the cards are no more real than my dog. (her cell phone starts to ring and she reaches to her purse to get it) I got to take this, but I would like it if you would move the...(Kirk walks away from her as she answers the phone) Kirk? Kirk?!

LUKE (on phone): No, it's me.

LORELAI: No, I know it's you. I just was getting frustrated with Kirk.

(CUT to Luke's diner, continuous. Scene cuts between Lorelai outside and Luke at the diner)

LUKE: What else is new? So, um... I was wondering what your time was like today.

LORELAI: My time?

LUKE: Because there's something I need to run past you.

LORELAI: Oh, I have a minute now.

LUKE: I'd like to discuss it in person.

LORELAI: Oh, could it wait till tonight? 'Cause I have the syrup council in town and they've got a conference and a meal and Josh is out sick and Jamie's out sick and I just barely got away to come here and get in an argument with Kirk about what's more legitimate. Tarot cards or a fortune-telling dog.

LUKE: So you're not coming by the diner?

LORELAI: Not today, but I'm totally yours tonight. Is that OK?

LUKE: Uh, sure. So you definitely won't be coming by the diner today?

LORELAI: Not today, sorry.

LUKE: No, it's OK. Just if you were coming by, I wanted to know. And now I know you're not.

LORELAI: Right.

LUKE: OK, so give Kirk hell and I guess I'll see you tonight.

LORELAI: OK, see you tonight. (She hangs up, as Zach comes up to her holding some stuff) Hey, Zach, did you see where Kirk went?

ZACH: (pointing) Thataway. (Lorelai walks off, to the direction that he pointed, and Zach notices something. It's Mrs. Kim talking pleasantly to a relatively young, charming Korean man, Joe)

Mrs. KIM: Lane will be right here for the carnival. Six o'clock sharp.

JOE: Wonderful. Well, keep warm and tell Lane I'll see her later.

Mrs.KIM: All right. Bye now. (Joe walks away and leaves Mrs.Kim with a smile on her face, as Zach looks on quite sad)

(CUT to Luke's diner, morning. Luke is clearing up a table, as April rides her bike up to the diner and starts to talk to the postman. Luke notices her from inside, walks over to the door and goes outside)

LUKE: April.

APRIL: Hi, Luke.

LUKE: Get in here.

APRIL: Bye, now. (waves the postman goodbye and she starts walking to the diner)

LUKE: What are you doing talking to him? (as they enter the diner)

APRIL: He asked about my bike.

LUKE: You don't talk to him, you don't know him. He could be a strangler.

APRIL: He seemed to know you.

LUKE: Yeah, of course. That's Jake. I've known him fifteen years.

APRIL: You've known a strangler for fifteen years?

LUKE: He's not a strangler.

APRIL: Then why can't I talk to him?

LUKE: Because you didn't know that. Don't trust anyone, OK? Anyone.

APRIL: OK (puts her bike helmet on the counter), then I should go lock my bike. (starts to exit but Luke stops her)

LUKE: No, you don't have to lock it.

APRIL: You just said I can't trust anyone.

LUKE: You don't have to lock your bike. This is a safe town.

APRIL: Well, I'm confused.

LUKE: (exhales uncomfortably) So...here it is.

APRIL: I know. We met here.

LUKE: Right, right. So, what do you want to do? Sit and color?

APRIL: Color? (chuckles a bit) Wow. I haven't colored in six or seven years. But that takes me back. Coloring. Wow.

LUKE: OK, so you don't color. Did you bring a book?

APRIL: I don't really feel like reading.

LUKE: Well, I don't really have any toys or anything.

APRIL: (looks around a bit) Your salt and pepper shakers look a little low.

LUKE: Yes, they are. People salt stuff too much.

APRIL: Can I refill them?

LUKE; You want to refill the salt shakers?

APRIL: And the pepper. And possibly the sugar...we'll see how the salt and pepper goes.

LUKE: Oh, well, OK. Refill the salt and pepper? Whatever. I'll get the boxes.

APRIL: Great.

LUKE: Great. (Luke starts to walk to the kitchen as April sits on a stool at the counter. They both chuckle, and Luke exits to the back)

APRIL: (wistfully) Coloring.

(CUT to Dragonfly Inn dinning room, morning. The New England Maple Syrup Council are having their meeting. Liam is in charge as Lorelai and Sookie look on. The council seem to be tasting straight syrup)

LIAM: Well, it may surprise some of you, but that's a syrup derived from a black maple. Yes, it's sweeter than the first two, but it's a natural sweetness with a hint of orange. Very unusual and very good. Let's move on to number four, shall we? And number four is another little surprise.

LORELAI: Ugh, gives my skin that weird, tingly feel like something's bubbling underneath it.

SOOKIE: It makes the root of my tongue feel like it's retracting back into my throat.

LORELAI: What don't they pour it on something. A waffle, a pancake?

LIAM: So, let's go ahead and taste number four, shall we? Then we'll talk. (they sip)

LORELAI: Ew!

SOOKIE: Ew, drinking straight syrup!

LORELAI: We don't have to watch this.

SOOKIE: It's hard not to.

LIAM: A bit of a tobacco taste to it and a bit of marshmallow.

SOOKIE: Oh, good. Now I can't smoke a cigar or eat a marshmallow again.

LORELAI: How does one discover a talent for this?

LIAM: Remember, for anyone who wants one, we have spit buckets. (takwes the buckets out and starts to pass them around)

SOOKIE: That's it.

LORELAI: See ya. (they walk away)

(CUT to Dragonfly in sitting-room area, continuous. Lorelai passes by and notices Logan sitting and waiting for her. HE sighs as he sees her)

LOGAN: Hi.

LORELAI: Hello.

LOGAN: I was gonna call you, but then I figured you wouldn't take the call.

LORELAI: (walks up to him) Yeah, you figured right.

LOGAN: I just need a minute.

LORELAI: I can't fathom what a minute of my time is gonna do for you.

LOGAN: Just a minute, please, then I am gone.

LORELAI: OK. (they sit)

LOGAN: Look, I know I'm not your favorite person in the world.

LORELAI: No, you're definitely low on the list, right above the guy who thought up smallpox blankets.

LOGAN: Well, in my defense, I think I'm a notch or two higher than that.

LORELAI: You're not exactly in a position to comment on that, are you?

LOGAN: No.

LORELAI: No. In fact, let's take inventory of all the delightful things that have happened since you waltzed into my daughter's life. She was arrested, convicted, she's on probation, she'll have a criminal record unless we can get it expunged, she dropped out of school, moved out of my house, she didn't speak to me for five months, three weeks, and sixteen days. No, wait a minute. Come to think of it, you are my favorite person.

LOGAN: OK, I can defend myself on one or two of those points as well.

LORELAI: No, you can't. Why are you here?

LOGAN: I miss her, OK? I made a mistake and I'm trying to rectify it, but nothing is working. She won't talk to me.

LORELAI: Can you blame her?

LOGAN: No. I'm doing everything I can. Flowers, gifts.

LORELAI: All your old standbys, huh?

LOGAN: Books, coffee cart. I'm trying to show her how I feel.

LORELAI: And it sounds like she's trying to show you how she feels.

LOGAN: Look, I figured this was a suicide mission, OK? It's probably something you and Rory will

laugh about for years to come. But I'm not giving up until I exhaust all my options, and asking for your help is one of them.

LORELAI: Really?

LOGAN: Yes.

LORELAI: You're seriously here to ask for my help with Rory? This is not a joke?

LOGAN: I'm going for broke here.

LORELAI: Well...you got moxie, my friend, I'll give you that.

LOGAN: I think I get it from my dad.

LORELAI: I hate your dad.

LOGAN: Me too. See? We have things in common, you and me. Maybe this isn't so crazy.

(CUT to Luke's diner, morning. Lorelai enters the diner and notices April filling up the salt shakers. She approaches her)

LORELAI: Oh, hi.

APRIL: Hello there.

LORELAI: Oh, what are...what are you doing?

APRIL: Chores.

LORELAI: Yeah, I see.

APRIL: Are you a strangler?

LORELAI: No, no.

APRIL: Just checking. (Lorelai laughs a bit and April takes in her hands a bowl of rice) Rice. That's the key. Prevents clumping.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. I hate clumpy salt.

APRIL: That's universal.

LORELAI: So, who do you belong to. Caesar?

APRIL: Who?

LORELAI: You're not Caesar's?

APRIL: Not according to the lab results.

LORELAI: Well, how'd you land the gig?

APRIL: My father owns the place. The diner, at least. Not sure about the land.

LORELAI: Your father?

APRIL: My biological father. (Luke comes out from the kitchen and notices the scene taking place) Not really sure what to call him, it's kind of new. (Lorelai sees him too and they look at each other. Lorelai looks upset. Luke looks uncomfortable) Not the biological part, that was years ago. I wonder if brown rice would work, too. Brown might be more decorative or it might backfire. People might think there are bugs in the salt. I should put some brown rice in one of the shakers and use it as a control group against the other ones.

LUKE: I thought you couldn't get away.

LORELAI: I got away.

APRIL: She said she wasn't a strangler.

LUKE: Uh, you want to go outside and uh...?

LORELAI: Uh-huh. (walks outside)

LUKE: April, I'll be right back, OK?

APRIL: OK. (Luke follows Lorelai outside)

(CUT to Stars Hollow outside Luke's, continuous. Lorelai is standing there waiting as Luke exits and walks up to her)

LORELAI: So she's...

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Wow.

LUKE: I know.

LORELAI: That's...

LUKE: My daughter.

LORELAI: I don't believe it.

LUKE: I still have trouble believing it.

LORELAI: You have a...

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Right. And what is she, twelve?

LUKE: Yeah, twelve.

LORELAI: Twelve years. Twelve years! This is for sure?

LUKE: It's for sure.

LORELAI: When did you find out?

LUKE: I just found out.

LORELAI: Just? When just? She's in there filling salt shakers. It doesn't feel that new to me.

LUKE: Two months ago.

LORELAI: Two months?! That's a hell of a long time to go without telling me.

LUKE: I know. I should've told you.

LORELAI: She's cute.

LUKE: Lorelai, I'm sorry I didn't tell you. I'm sorry. It's all just a blur of stuff happening. I mean, she just came into the diner two months ago, no warning, talking about a science fair and how I may be her father, and she pulled my hair out and DNA-tested it, and then I wanted to forget the whole thing, but I went to the fair and found out the truth. And we were at the park, and she wanted to come here. And I called you today, wanting a moment to talk about it, but you were busy, and...so I put it off again. And here we are.

LORELAI: Here we are.

LUKE: It's stupid. I'm stupid.

LORELAI: Look...I need to digest this and you have to get back inside. So, uh, I'm just gonna go someplace where I can digest this and we'll just talk more later, OK?

LUKE: Sure. Whenever you want.

LORELAI: OK.

LUKE: I'm sorry. (Lorelai sadly nods and walks away. Luke doesn't seem to be pleased with himself)

(CUT to Yale Daily News, morning. All staffers are wearing caps with numbers on them while doing their work. Rory enters notices and approaches Johnnie's office)

RORY: "What's up with the caps", she asked, knowing it's probably not good.

JOHNIE: It's Paris. She's having trouble remembering everyone's names, or as she puts it, she has more important things to do with her brain.

RORY: Oh, geez

JOHNIE: Plus some of us have confused the issue by having the same first name. The three Johns?, the two Marthas?. So she's issued numbers.

RORY: Oh, geez

BILL: Martinet at three o'clock.

PARIS: (coming out from her cubicle and approaching a staffer) Nice job on Bienecki map theft article, number seventeen.

NUMBER 17: Thanks, Paris.

PARIS: Twenty-three and eighty, I need your stuff by five. (notices Rory) Ah, Rory! New system. Here's your number. (passes her a cap)

RORY: Paris, you know me. I don't need a number and I'm the only Rory.

PARIS: But you don't want me to play favorites, do you? we talked about this.

RORY: So we all have numbers?

PARIS: Including me. I'm number one. Don't need a cap for that. If they can't remember the number one, they shouldn't be here.

RORY: Hey, can we talk in a little more private place?

PARIS: Sure. (they start to walk outside) If you're looking for 1 and 2, we'll be in the hallway.

(CUT to outside hallway, continuous)

RORY: Paris, the atmosphere here, it's getting a little toxic.

PARIS: What?

RORY: Everyone here is very stressed. The greaseboard, the hats.

PARIS: I haven't heard any complaints.

RORY: That's because people are afraid to approach you. You rewrite everything they do. You don't delegate.

PARIS: That's not true.

RORY: Look, the staff and I had a little talk yesterday. It was very impromptu. I won't get into the hairy details, but it would really help if you could relieve some of the pressure here.

PARIS: They think it's that bad?

RORY: You've taken away the magnets that indicate people are in the bathroom, so now they're afraid to go.

PARIS: Well, they were going too much.

RORY: People are getting very nervous here.

PARIS: Yeah, I see. I'll go talk to them. Thanks for bringing it to my attention.

RORY: You're welcome. (they walk back in the office)

(CUT to Yale Daily News, continuous. Paris claps to get the staff's attention)

PARIS: Where's seventy-three and thirty-two? (the staffers gather around) People, Rory Gilmore has just informed me of the meeting held behind my back concerning my stewardship of the paper.

RORY: Oh, Paris.

PARIS: Am I tough? You're damn right I'm tough. You think it's going to be any easier entering the work force with every newspaper in the country cutting back on staff? Also, any chance that you'd attempt the same sort of flaccid coup if I were a man? I think not. You're trying to Howell Raines me? Well, forget it. Suck it up and get to work! Otherwise, there's the door. (Paris walks off. Rory resigned puts her cap on as a few of the staffers don't look that pleased with her)

(CUT to hallway of Paris, Doyle and Rory's apartment. Rory comes up the stairs and notices Logan waiting for her outside the apartment holding a take out box)

LOGAN: I come bearing gifts.

RORY: I have to unlock the door.

LOGAN: You can't say no to these. I know you. It's biologically impossible. (opens the box - doughnuts - for Rory to see)

RORY: Oh, yeah? (looks at the content of the box) No.

LOGAN: (as he closes the box and point to the locks) That seems very cumbersome.

RORY: You get used to it.

LOGAN: You get the coffee cart?

RORY: You really think we're gonna chitchat?

LOGAN: I just wanted to know.

RORY: Yeah, I got it. And the flowers and the books and the candles and the fruit. What's next on the list? A marching band? A parrot who says "I'm sorry"? You have to go.

LOGAN: Wait. (takes out an envelope and holds it up for Rory to see)

RORY: What's that, a subpoena?

LOGAN: It's a note from your mother.

RORY: You're kidding.

LOGAN: Check out the handwriting, Dragonfly stationery. Can we get out of the hallway? (Rory kicks door the door and opens it)

(CUT to inside apartment, continuous. They enter)

LOGAN: I went to see her at her inn. We talked a little. It was a tad humiliating. She told me to wait and she came back with this. She said to give it to you.

RORY: What's it say?

LOGAN: I was instructed not to read it. She even signed the seal on the envelope to make sure.

RORY: You have no idea what this says?

LOGAN: None. (Rory opens the envelope and starts to read) What's it say?

RORY: Shh. (she smiles)

LOGAN: What's it say?

RORY: Shh! (chuckles)

LOGAN: What does it say?

RORY: Shh!

LOGAN: Come on, Ace, you're laughing. Is that good or bad?

RORY: Hmm. Yep. Yep. (laughs)

LOGAN: Just give me some indication whether it's good or bad. Something, anything. (Rory stops reading and laughing and is silent) OK, fine. Just tell me. Is there anything in there about giving me a second chance?

RORY: I'd have to reread it.

LOGAN: Please don't do that, Ace, come on. Come out with me. Let me make it up to you.

RORY: Maybe dinner.

LOGAN: When?

RORY: I'll have to check my schedule.

LOGAN: Check it.

RORY: I can't do it right now.

LOGAN: So?

RORY: I'll call you.

LOGAN: Good enough. Good enough. You promise you'll call?

RORY: Leave the doughnuts. (takes the box from him and Logan exits,. She sits on a chair opens the box takes a doughnut and starts to re-read a letter. She chuckles a bit as she reads)

(CUT to Lorelai's house night. Lorelai is in the kitchen taking take-out food out of a brown paper bag looking sad. We hear the door. It's Rory)

RORY (OS): Margaret, I'm home.

LORELAI: Kitchen.

RORY: And I come bearing gifts. Laundry galore. Oh, and I've got some candles and some fancy fruit, too. (she comes in the kitchen loaded with stuff) I don't know who Harry and David are, but they sure do know how to grow a pear. (groans a bit as she carries her stuff in her room) So, your letter? Oh, my God. It was brilliant. It has got to be anthologized. I'm telling you. And he definitely did not read it because he looked flummoxed. (Lorelai sits on a chair and hold her face in her hands) Flummoxed! The whole time I was reading it, and I didn't tell him a thing about it. That's what he gets. So, come on. I want to hear all about his visit with you. (Rory comes back out to the kitchen and notices Lorelai) Mom?

LORELAI: Luke has a daughter.

RORY: And we'll talk about the letter later. What!? (walks over to the table and sits next to Lorelai)

LORELAI: He has a twelve-year-old daughter. I met her today, well I didn't formally meet her, but I

saw and I talked to her.

RORY: What?!

LORELAI: He has a daughter with some woman. We didn't get to that, the big who, but he's known for two months.

RORY: Two months?

LORELAI: A daughter.

RORY: A daughter.

LORELAI: What does this say about our relationship?

RORY: What do you mean?

LORELAI: He waited two months to tell me.

RORY: Did he say why he waited?

LORELAI: Yes, he said he was confused, and I get that. I mean, I'm confused, but what does it mean that he kept a secret like this? What does it say about him? What does it say about me? Doesn't he trust me? Why doesn't he trust me?

RORY: He trusts you, Mom. He's a guy. Sometimes guys are really dumb.

LORELAI: She's cute.

RORY: She is?

LORELAI: Yeah, she seems smart like you. What is it with the next generation? You're all smarter than the rest of us.

RORY: Not necessarily.

LORELAI: I'm freaking out.

RORY: I don't blame you.

LORELAI: What else is he hiding? I mean, how can you really know that you know somebody?

RORY: I don't think you can. Every relationship is just a big, honkin' leap of faith.

LORELAI: Yeah, I guess.

RORY: You didn't ask about the mother?

LORELAI: I just kinda ran off. I couldn't wrap my mind around it.

RORY: Well, Luke must be freaked out double what you're freaked out, you know? Mr. Responsibility? He must've put his baseball cap on backwards.

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: I'm sure he panicked. I'm sure his not telling you says nothing about your relationship. Maybe

this is a cheesy perspective to offer you, but Gwen Stefani and Gavin Rossdale went through the same sort of situation. He found out he had a kid that he didn't know about, but they made it work...as far as I know.

LORELAI: Meaning?

RORY: If they can, you can.

LORELAI: Really?

RORY: They're people. You're people. I mean, you don't sing and neither does Luke, but really, neither do Gwen or Gavin, but they're still together...I think. I haven't read anything to the contrary.

LORELAI: I guess.

RORY: You and Luke just need to talk some more.

LORELAI: Yeah. Maybe I'll tell Luke about Gwen and Gavin. I mean, if there's any people whose lives Luke would relate to, it's Gwen and Gavin. (they start to pass out their take out food as Lorelai sighs)

(CUT to Winter Carnival, night. The camera pans all the way through the carnival to end up at Kirk checking some tickets of Megan and Tillie)

MEGAN: They only cost fifty cents?

TILLIE: Yeah, how lame would it be to go to the trouble of counterfeiting?

KIRK: No mind games. They're legit. (he lets the girls pass)

TILLIE: Another crime thwarted.

MEGAN: Good job, Colombo. (As the girls walk away we see Taylor still in disguise inspecting the carnival. He approaches a vender)

TAYLOR (in German accent): Guten tag, there. I would like, uh, what you call them?...A hot dog?

VENDER: Coming up. (Taylor inspects the cart and stops quickly as the vendor comes back with the hot dog)

TAYLOR (in German accent): Ja. Oh, und we are having cold weather this year, nein? (he walks away and the vender looks after him a bit confused)

(CUT to Lorelai's booth. Lorelai and Rory are manning their booth)

RORY: It's a smashing concept.

LORELAI: And Kirk was doubtful.

RORY: We've already raked in eighteen dollars.

LORELAI: And the night is young.

RORY: Come on, Doggy Swami, break's over. (Paul Anka climbs up the booth)

LORELAI: He is liking his hat.

RORY: Well, it's very flattering. You know, I can man this myself if you don't feel like being here.

LORELAI: No, it's good for me. Nothing is a better distraction than a dog in a turban, telling fortunes.

RORY: It's a cliché for a reason.

LORELAI: (starts yelling to advertise the booth) Come see the Amazing Doggy Swami. Discover your future...

RORY: If you dare.

LORELAI: It's silly.

RORY: And fun.

LORELAI: And real. Very, very real. (stares pointedly at the tarot cards reader on the next booth)

(CUT to Mrs.Kim's booth. Lane is manning it)

LANE: Congratulations! Nice job! (at new visitor) Want to play? It's only a dollar.

MAN1: Sure. (he pays and then throws something that Lane gave him in a ?pit? that has cardboard flames on its edges)

LANE: Winner! We have a winner!

MAN1: Really? That's it?

LANE: That's it. Here's your prize. (hands him a piece of paper as Joe, the Korean young man from before approaches Lane)

MAN1: (reads the paper) "Hell is waiting for you, sinner".

LANE: Enjoy. (the Man walks away)

LANE: Alright! Who wants to win? Don't be afraid of playing! (we see that Zach is spying on Lane and Joe) Step up and play "toss the sybarite into the hellfire". Everybody's a winner!

JOE: I'm gonna go take a little walk, check out the competition.

LANE: Just don't let my mother see you play anything too decadent.

JOE: I'll be back in a bit. (as Joe leaves, Zach follows him and Lane keeps advertising her booth)

LANE: Come on people! Step right up! You can't lose. I'm guaranteeing you a good...

(camera pans on Taylor who is inspecting another booth and stops quickly when the vendor notices him and he sees Patty walking towards him)

TAYLOR (in French accent): Ahh! Oui! Look at ze games. It is so marvelous that I am 'ere to see it. What a great country. J'adore. (he walks away quickly as Patty and another visitor walk by)

PATTY: Taylor finally flipped his lid.

(CUT to Babette's booth)

BABETTE: (at visitor) Yeah, poor Morey couldn't make it. I made him drink thirty bottles of coke last night for the game here, so he's still throwing up. And then I ended up not using 'em. Shame, huh? But I'll tell him you said "hi". (The visitor leaves as Babette yells at Joe who's walking by) Hey, want to throw some balls?

JOE: (walks up to the booth and pays) Just don't laugh too hard at me.

BABETTE: Never, never. (gives him the balls) Come on up here. (Zach walks over to the booth all determined)

ZACH: Give me some balls.

BABETTE: Fresh balls coming up.

(Joe throws once and hits a bottle. Babette applauds, Zach mockingly laughs, throws harder and hits quite a few bottles)

ZACH: Yeah!

BABETTE: Watch it, honey. It could bounce off the back and hit the girls manning the dime toss. (after Joe's second toss) There you go. You're getting the hang of it.

ZACH: Yeah, cute little throw.

JOE: Excuse me?

ZACH: Pretty boy says what?

JOE: What?

(Zach throws the second one much harder)

BABETTE: Jeez, Zach, what's with being all goose gossage? (Zach starts to hit Joe's bottles and gets them all) Zach, those aren't your bottles!

ZACH: Yeah! Yeah! (in Joe's face) Welcome to the S.H., b*tch!

JOE: What's your problem?

ZACH: I don't got a problem, friend. My problem is I got no more bottles to knock down.

BABETTE: Who do I give the prize to?

ZACH: Give it to Asian George Clooney over here. I'm outtie. (walks away)

BABETTE: So, I...I...I got smurfs and dirty pasta.

(CUT to Taylor checking the cider booth. He has a thermometer to see the cider's temperature. Maggie who's manning the booth notices this)

MAGGIE: What'd you just put in there?

TAYLOR (in British accent): Nothing, lady.

MAGGIE: You stuck something in the cider.

TAYLOR: (in British accent) I did not. (in normal voice) Although if I did, it would be a thermometer and it might indicate that you are on the border of under-heating your cider.

MAGGIE: Get away from me.

TAYLOR: Gladly!

MAGGIE: Now. Right now.

(Taylor walks away as the camera pans over at Mrs.Kim's booth. Jo, from the pizza place and the arcade, is tossing the thingy in the "pit" and misses)

Mrs.KIM: Winner!

JO: But I missed.

Mrs.KIM: Everybody's a winner. (give Jo his price and as he walks away as Zach comes up to the booth)

ZACH: Mrs.Kim, I need a word with you.

Mrs.KIM: I'm busy.

ZACH: You just couldn't wait to put her on the market again, could you?

Mrs.KIM: What are you talking about?

ZACH: Who else? Lane! We only broke up a few weeks ago. What? You got her engaged already?

Mrs.KIM: Engaged to who?

ZACH: To who? (points at Lane and Joe who are talking and laughing) The Korean Brad Pitt guy there with the Italian loafers and super white teeth. He's hanging all over her.

Mrs.KIM: You mean her uncle?

ZACH: What?

Mrs.KIM: Joe. He's her uncle.

ZACH: That can't be her uncle. Uncles are old.

Mrs.KIM: My mother had me, waited long time, then had him. Joe is my brother.

ZACH: Whoa, OK. Oops.

Mrs.KIM: Yes, "oops".

ZACH: But just to be clear here, she's not hot on her uncle? (at Mrs.Kim's stern look) She's not. Got it. Well...sorry. (starts to leave)

Mrs.KIM: Wait! You accuse me of something? We settle this now. (walks out for behind the booth and up to Zach)

ZACH: All right.

Mrs.KIM: I am not going to get in your way.

ZACH: OK. (Mrs.Kim nods and walks away from him. He looks after her a bit stunned and then walks away too)

(CUT to Lorelai's booth. It's Lane's turn)

LORELAI: Ready?

LANE: Ready.

LORELAI: Spin the wheel. (she spins the wheel, and Paul Anka at some point stops it.

RORY: The Swami has chosen! (Lorelai takes the note that the swami has chosen)

LORELAI: Ready?

LANE: This is exciting.

LORELAI: (reads) "You will sing songs of gemstones".

LANE: Of gemstones!

RORY: How do you sing songs of gemstones?

LORELAI: Ah, I was a little tired when I wrote this one. Sorry. You want to pick another one? Swami do-overs are allowed.

LANE: (takes her fortune) No, I'll stick with this one. It's got an air of mystery. (Rory notices Luke walking up to them)

RORY: Hey, Luke, want Swami Doggy to read your fortune?

LUKE: Uh, maybe some other time. (at Lorelai) Hey.

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: Can we walk a little bit?

LORELAI: Yeah. (they walk off)

(CUT to Luke and Lorelai walking through the fair)

LUKE: I've got to apologize again. I should've told you immediately. I was just so confused. It's no excuse, but that's the excuse.

LORELAI: I know. I get it. Nothing can prepare you for this one.

LUKE: Yeah. I just didn't know how to tell you. I'm bad with things.

LORELAI: No, Luke. Listen, it's weird, you know, but we can make it work. I mean, she's there. April is there. Luckily you're with a woman who's raised a daughter and knows some of the ins and outs. I can help.

LUKE: I know you can. I guess it's just...Uh, it's just all so much right now. I've been dizzy for weeks.

LORELAI: Yeah, I know.

LUKE: Yeah, it's...

LORELAI: I felt like something was up.

LUKE: All too much, you know?

LORELAI: Well, what all? Everything or...?

LUKE: Well, I've got a kid. She's here. You know, June 3rd.

LORELAI: What about June 3rd?

LUKE: It's just so soon.

LORELAI: It's still months away.

LUKE: Well, it feels close. It's everything, you know? It's all piling up. It's all happening so fast.

LORELAI: Well, if it's all happening too fast, you know, we can just postpone.

LUKE: Postpone the wedding?

LORELAI: Yeah, I mean, it's not set in stone. It just happened to work out for a date that soon. I don't want you going into this all jumbled up, you know?

LUKE: And that would be okay with you?

LORELAI: Sure.

LUKE: Well, that'll help. Yeah, that'll really help. That'll give me time to resolve this other thing, and everything will be better later on.

LORELAI: Well...great, then it's a done deal. (they kiss) Think it might be a health-code violation, kissing this close to the cotton candy booth.

LUKE: Meet me back at my place later?

LORELAI: Yeah, see you there. (they peck on the lips and Luke walks away. Lorelai looks on sadly after him)