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07x13 - I'd Rather be in Philidelphia

by **bunniefuu**

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LORELAI'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR

[Lorelai and Babette are moving potted plants, Lorelai's cell phone rings]

BABETTE: Ooh! What is that?

LORELAI: It's just my phone.

BABETTE: Holy smoke! I don't know what I thought that was -- some alarm on your pants or something.

LORELAI: No, the pants alarm, pants alarm sounds more like a siren.

BABETTE: You want to answer that? Should we put this down?

LORELAI: No, no...

BABETTE: We could just...

LORELAI: No that's okay. I'm afraid if we put it down, we won't pick it up again.

BABETTE: Oh, this is gonna be good, what with this one here and the two palms. Oh, boy, Morey's eyes are gonna pop out of his head!

LORELAI: Why? Does he find plants particularly startling?

BABETTE: I'm making a jungle.

LORELAI: A jungle?

BABETTE: For the bedroom.

LORELAI: Ugh! Enough said.

[Telephone rings]

BABETTE: Hey, is that your inside phone?

LORELAI: Yeah I'll call them back.

BABETTE: So, anyway, I got this negligee with sort of a snake pattern.

LORELAI: Oh, boy! Is this heavy!

BABETTE: It is. It is. I'm sorry, doll. I wasn't hoping that you would lug this with me. I was planning on asking Christopher.

LORELAI: Oh yeah.

BABETTE: Yeah I haven't seen him much lately.

LORELAI: Oh well, his work keeps him busy.

BABETTE: Yeah what's he do -- something with computers? Very mysterious.

LORELAI: Yeah, he's a man of mystery.

BABETTE: Ohh, you know who's a man of mystery? Morey. [Lorelai cell phone rings] After decades in the bedroom, who would have thought that the idea of dressing up like a Howler monkey would be such a turn-on?

LORELAI: Right, I'm gonna get this, Babette.

BABETTE: All right.

LORELAI: [On the phone] Hello? Rory? Honey, what's wrong? [pause] Oh, no. On my way. [Ends call] Sorry, Babette!

BABETTE: [Breathing heavily] Morey!

OPENING CREDITS

HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM

[Rory is sitting and her cell phone is ringing]

WOMAN ON P.A.: Dr. Forrest, dial 182, please.

WOMAN: Excuse me, miss. Is that your phone?

RORY: Oh. Um, sorry. H-hello?

LORELAI: Hey.

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: I'm here.

RORY: Good.

LORELAI: Where are you?

RORY: I'm here. I'm in the waiting room.

LORELAI: Ah, okay. I must be in the wrong waiting room.

RORY: I'm not in the E.R. anymore, I'm in the cardiac intensive-care unit, the C.I.C.U.

LORELAI: That's where I am, I think. First floor?

RORY: First floor.

LORELAI: There's a red stripe on the floor.

RORY: It's kind of orange here.

LORELAI: Orange?

RORY: Reddish-orange, so maybe.

LORELAI: Well yeah maybe orangey red. Maybe the lights make it look more red. [Lorelai sees Rory]
Oh. Hi.

RORY: Hey. [Exhales deeply] Um, they're doing tests, so that's where he is -- blood tests and another E.K.G. They did an E.K.G. In the ambulance, but I guess they're still trying to determine how much damage was actually caused by the heart attack. But that's definitely what it was. It was a myocardial infarction, which is a heart attack. And I guess the E.K.G. Tells them how bad the blockage of his arteries is and what degree of coronary-artery disease he has, or C.A.D., As they're calling it, because, apparently, everything is -- what do you call it? An anagram? What's the thing with the letters? Acronym. The C.A.D., C.I.C.U., The E.K.G.

LORELAI: Come here.

[They hug]

RORY: Ohh. Mom, it was awful. He just fell down.

[Lorelai rubs Rory's back]

LORELAI: [Sighs] It's gonna be okay.

HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM

[Later Lorelai is on the phone]

WOMAN ON PA: Dr. Forrest, dial 182, please.

LORELAI: Hi, Chris, it's me again. Uh... I'm at the hospital now, and, um, it was a heart attack, but dad's okay. He's just getting some tests. So, um...we're in the C.I.C.U. At John Skinner Medical Center. It's on the first floor, and there's a red stripe running down the hallway. Just please call me when you get this, okay? Thanks. [Lorelai ends the call and sits with Rory, exhales sharply] Wow.

[The table is full off junk food]

RORY: Mm-hmm. Well, my brain wasn't up to choosing between things, so I got one of everything.

LORELAI: You do me proud. So, ah, grandma's on her way. I didn't talk to her, but the girl at the club said she's en route.

RORY: Oh, okay. And what about dad?

LORELAI: Oh, he's probably... en route.

RORY: Hmm. Is everything okay?

LORELAI: Yeah, I don't think he's gotten my messages yet, but he'll be here when he does.

RORY: Okay. Well... what is your pleasure?

LORELAI: Well, let's see. Uh...nothing sweet, I don't think.

RORY: No? A salty thing? A fluorescent-orange ersatz-cheese thing?

LORELAI: I guess I'm not hungry.

RORY: Yeah, me neither. I keep thinking this is all just a nightmare.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: But it's not.

LORELAI: No I mean it's a nightmare but not a nightmare nightmare. I know 'cause I have shoes on. In my nightmares, I never am wearing shoes.

RORY: I didn't know that.

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah, It's the worst thing in the dream, too. I could be chased by snakes or in a nuclear expl*si*n, but then I look down, and, "oh, my god! I'm not wearing shoes!"

RORY: I wonder what that means.

LORELAI: Well it probably means I have a fear of you know hurting my bare feet or fear of losing my shoes.

RORY: Hmm. Not so Freudian, huh?

LORELAI: No for me, a snake is just a snake, a slingback is just a slingback.

DR. GOLDSTEIN: Gilmore?

LORELAI: Oh.

DR. GOLDSTEIN: Hi. I'm Dr. Goldstein. You're Richard Gilmore's family?

LORELAI: Yes. Is he okay?

DR. GOLDSTEIN: He's doing all right. He's conscious, cogent, and not in significant pain now.

RORY: Oh, good.

LORELAI: Good.

DR. GOLDSTEIN: We just sent him to the cath lab to get an angiogram. After that, we should be able to get a better sense of what kind of blockage is around his heart. And then we'll figure out where to go from there.

LORELAI: Like where would we go?

DR. GOLDSTEIN: Uh, pardon?

LORELAI: I mean, where -- where would we go?

DR. GOLDSTEIN: Well, if the blockage is more serious, we will have to consider an emergency bypass surgery.

LORELAI: Okay.

DR. GOLDSTEIN: I promise to let you know as soon as we get the results from the cath lab. Try not to worry.

LORELAI: No, no, not worried. Just normal amount of worried you know for someone whose father's had a heart attack, but not excessively worried.

DR. GOLDSTEIN: Okay

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: Okay thank you, doctor.

DR. GOLDSTEIN: I'll see you in a little bit.

LORELAI: [Sighs]

WOMAN ON PA: Dr. Battaglia, extension 198.

[Emily enters the waiting room and see the girls.]

EMILY: Have you seen him?

LORELAI: Oh, hi, mom.

RORY: Oh no, not since he was in the E.R.

EMILY: Where is he?

LORELAI: Ah the doctor came out and said he's in the cath lab, getting an angiogram. He's gonna let us know when he's done.

EMILY: Nonsense.

[walks off the girls follow]

RORY: Oh no It's true. He said he would come back when he had the results.

[They come to the nurses station]

EMILY: I'm Emily Gilmore. And I would like to see my husband.

NURSE: Now lets see what is your husband's name?

EMILY: Gilmore! Richard Gilmore! I'm his wife, and I would like to see him now.

NURSE: I'm sorry he's in the cath lab right now getting an angiogram. But the doctor will come find you as soon as they're done.

EMILY: There's no need to be cheery about it.

NURSE: I didn't mean...

EMILY: Honestly someone with your chipper personality ought to be a weather girl or a preschool

teacher.

NURSE: I'm sorry you feel that way.

EMILY: Oh, please. Don't mope.

[Emily walks off and Lorelai mouths "I'm Sorry" to the nurse]

EMILY: What happened to all the competent people? That's what I'd like to know. Was there some giant hole they all fell into or a virus that struck them all down, leaving the morons of the world to sit behind the desks?

LORELAI: Mum wouldn't you like to sit down, have a cup of tea?

EMILY: I don't want a cup of tea, what I want is the most perfunctory level of competence from the people with whom I interact. That apparently is far too much to ask for.

RORY: Grandma we have snacks.

LORELAI: Yes mum, snacks. We have salty snacks and sweet snacks and sweet/salty hybrid snacks.

EMILY: I mean even at the club, I'm tell you the young men and women that work there must have a combined I.Q. Of a grapefruit. You ask them for a towel, and they look at you with the most vacant eyes. I'm telling you I thought the girl at reception was blind the entire first month she worked there - blind but very enthusiastic about the application of eyeliner.

LORELAI: Sounds pretty.

EMILY: My husband has a heart attack, and how long does it take them to find me? 40 minutes. The nitwit probably got lost between the front desk and the tennis courts.

RORY: I'm sorry grandma that sounds terrible.

EMILY: I mean none of this would have been a problem if I'd been allowed to keep my cell phone. But no cell phones have been banned allegedly because of noise pollution. Well if that's the reason, they should ban John Abbott. Because I'm telling you every time that man hits a ball, he grunts like a rutting hog. [The girls look amused] I mean he's twice as loud as my cell phone. And they won't even let you leave your cell phone on vibrate, it preposterous. I mean what do they think we're doing, making drug deals?

LORELAI: I doubt that's it.

EMILY: Which, by the way, are absolutely, 100% taking place. I saw Devorah Inwood handing Cardum Kelly a small, blue pill in the ladies' locker room while they made shady eyes at each other.

LORELAI: Drug deals at the club? Mum I don't think so.

EMILY: Absolutely. The whole place is going to the dogs. Oh, and now apparently they want to start charging us for meals, on top of the king's ransom in dues. It's appalling. I mean the very idea of charging extra for the junk they serve there. Oh, and you know what really irks me?

LORELAI: Hmm?

EMILY: They very rarely serve fish.

LORELAI: That's terrible, especially for people who love fish.

EMILY: In a way it's their fault that Richard's here.

LORELAI: Mum what do you mean?

EMILY: 2 1/2 months ago, I read an article that said fish has been shown to prevent heart att*cks and stroke and has innumerable other health benefits.

RORY: [Sees Logan] Hey. [Goes to him and they hug as Emily continues to talk.]

EMILY: It's the omega-3 fatty acids -- that and it's an incredibly lean source of protein. So I had the maid cut out the article so I could show it to Richard. He agreed to eat more fish, but he said not for dinner. My spineless kitchen staff caved.

LOGAN: Emily, Lorelai, I'm so sorry. How are you holding up?

LORELAI: We're holding.

EMILY: Logan, it's so good of you to come.

LOGAN: Is there anything I can do? Could I get you a cup of tea maybe?

LORELAI: Oh I just asked. She doesn't want tea.

EMILY: I would love a cup of tea. That's very kind of you.

LOGAN: I'm on a tea hunt, then. That's a fine young man, Rory -- very sweet, very considerate.

RORY: I like him.

EMILY: He's one of the good ones. Lorelai, where's Christopher?

LORELAI: Oh, he's on his way.

EMILY: From where?

LORELAI: Um, uh...Dr. Goldstein.

EMILY: I'm Emily Gilmore.

DR. GOLDSTEIN: Good. I'm glad you're here. The blockage is worse than we'd hoped. I think the best course of action -- really the only course of action -- is to do an emergency bypass surgery.

LORELAI: Open-heart surgery?

EMILY: Let him finish, Lorelai.

DR. GOLDSTEIN: We'd like to go into surgery as soon as possible. So now would be the time if you'd like to visit him.

RORY: Yes, yeah, we'd like to see him.

DR. GOLDSTEIN: If you'll follow me please.

HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

DR. GOLDSTEIN: Feel free to ask me any questions you might have.

EMILY: Are you the one who will be performing the surgery?

DR. GOLDSTEIN: Yes, along with a team. I'll be the chief surgeon.

EMILY: And where did you go to school?

DR. GOLDSTEIN: I'm sorry?

EMILY: You did attend school, didn't you?

LORELAI: Mom.

DR. GOLDSTEIN: No, it's okay. Yes, I got my B.A. At Yale. I went to medical school at Harvard. I did my residency at Columbia Presbyterian before I became chief of cardiothoracic surgery here.

EMILY: See?

LORELAI: See what?

DR. GOLDSTEIN: Now here we are. I'll let you visit. A nurse will be by shortly to begin prepping Richard for surgery.

EMILY: Thank you, doctor.

[Emily and Rory enter, Lorelai pauses for a moment at the door]

EMILY: Richard how are you doing.

RORY: Hi grandpa

EMILY: I meet you doctor now think he's quite competent And I watched his hands closely and they're steady as a statue's. Oh, and, Richard, he's Yale undergrad, Harvard medical school.

RICHARD: You don't say. Well, if he does a good job I'll, I'll forget the Harvard part. I'll write that off as a youthful indiscretion.

[Chuckles]

EMILY: This room is rather intimate.

RICHARD: It's just fine, Emily. I promise you. Now, Rory, I'm sorry I gave you a scare in class today.

RORY: No don't be silly. I'm just glad you're okay. And you're gonna be more okay after the surgery.

RICHARD: Thank you.

LORELAI: Are you okay, dad? I mean how are you feeling, considering everything? You look okay.

RICHARD: Well all in all, I think I'd rather be in Philadelphia.

RORY: [Chuckles] Ronald Reagan.

RICHARD: Quoting W.C. Fields.

RORY: Oh, I didn't know that.

LORELAI: It would be great now. You know winter is a great time to see the Liberty Bell and the cream cheese. That's all I got on Philadelphia.

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Well the cheesesteaks -- the Philly cheesesteaks.

EMILY: Lorelai please, Richard, is your neck getting enough support? It looks like you need another pillow.

RICHARD: Ah I don't know I think it's all right.

EMILY: Ah you need another pillow.

LORELAI: I got it, mom.

EMILY: I can take care of it.

LORELAI: I'm just handing you a pillow.

EMILY: I don't want that pillow.

LORELAI: What wrong with this pillow.

EMILY: It doesn't have a pillowcase.

LORELAI: Yes It does. What's this, it's a pillowcase.

EMILY: Yes, it has one pillowcase. It should have two pillowcases one facing each way so the pillow is never exposed. Now I have to ring for a pillow.

LORELAI: Mother we have a pillow right here, why would...

RICHARD: Tucson.

LORELAI: What?

RICHARD: Tucson is extremely hot, and it has a dry climate that doesn't agree with me, and I really don't think much of the way they dress out there. And I have a deep aversion to cacti of all kinds. And yet Tucson is a place where I think I would rather be.

LORELAI: Anywhere but here, right, dad? Although, it's awfully dry.

RORY: And so hot.

EMILY: And you're right about the fashion -- ponchos and all that turquoise. Oh, and men in sandals. Spare me.

[Chuckles]

LUKE'S DINER

[Zach is filling in for Lane]

LUKE: So, how's it going there, Zach?

ZACH: Aces. [To customers] Pastrami on Rye -- mustard, no mayo. Cheeseburger -- Swiss, double pickles, fries. If you need anything else, just holler. My name's Zach, and, uh...I'll be your waiter.

LUKE: So you holding up okay?

ZACH: Oh yeah. I'm tell ya, I was not looking forward to filling in for Lane deal. So I was like oh no! and she's like, "it's either this, or you fill in during the whole childbirth deal."

LUKE: Which would probably be a bit more difficult.

ZACH: Yeah right plus handing out food is cake compared to having a human being come out of you -- no offense.

LUKE: None taken. You're doing a good job.

ZACH: Oh, man, I gotta tell ya it's been great. I mean, it's been enlightening. Like always In the past, I was the one sitting at the table, and now I'm the one with the notepad and the pencil.

LUKE: You're on the inside.

ZACH: It's cool.

LUKE: Don't let the power go to your head.

ZACH: No kidding. You know what was freaking me out before? I'm about to hand people the food they're going to eat, and I could do anything to it, and they would have no idea. I mean they would just eat it. Not that I would, of course, but it's just intense. Plus, everything smells so good. I can see why Lane digs this job.

LUKE: Well, your enthusiasm is appreciated.

ZACH: Right on. Hey, you have another rag? [hands him one] Cool.

BABETTE: Hey, Luke?

LUKE: Hey, Babette. What can I get you? You still stocking the jungle with snacks, whatever that means?

BABETTE: Luke, I got to tell you something. Or, I don't know if I got to, but I want to. Well it's not that I want to like it's a good thing. Lorelai's dad had a heart attack.

LUKE: [Stunned] Oh, my god.

BABETTE: Rory called Lorelai and I was there.

LUKE: Is he okay?

BABETTE: Well, he's not -- he's okay...I think...right now. They're at John Skinner, and I don't know, that's all I know.

LUKE: Oh, my god.

BABETTE: Yeah I-I thought you would want to know.

LUKE: Yeah, yeah, thanks.

BABETTE: All right. Well, I'm gonna go.

LUKE: Yeah. Thanks.

ZACH: You know what it's like? Working here is like having a backstage pass at a show. It's all-access, man.

LUKE: [still in shock] Right. Right.

HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

[Lorelai is on the phone]

LORELAI: Hey, it's me again. I don't know if you got my other message. Uh...we're still here at the hospital, and, uh... dad's gonna have surgery. He's having a coronary bypass pretty soon. I just came from his room, and, um...he doesn't look bad, you know? He looks okay, considering. But, uh... he's lying down. He just -- just looks so small. It just made me think of this time. There was a tree in our yard I would always climb, and one day, I climbed up really, really high. Dad came home from work. I watched him go into the house. I thought, "he looks so small." It was so strange to see him look like that. Um...[Sighs, the phone beeps for call waiting] Anyway, I should go, but, uh... call me when you get this, okay? Bye. [switched to the other call] Hello?

SOOKIE: How are you? How is everything? What can I do?

LORELAI: Oh no it's okay. I'm okay. Um dad had a heart attack, and he's gonna have surgery. But I guess it's a pretty common operation, so...

SOOKIE: And how are you?

LORELAI: I'm okay, considering.

SOOKIE: What can I do?

LORELAI: Oh, nothing, hon. I'm fine.

SOOKIE: Well can I send you anything? You know I made lemon bars and, ooh, pecan squares, I packed them up and I'm sending them over with Katie right now.

LORELAI: Oh, that was so sweet.

MICHEL: Is that Lorelai?

SOOKIE: Yes. Her dad's in surgery, but he's fine. [Too Lorelai] How is Rory doing?

LORELAI: Rory's doing fine, thanks.

MICHEL: Tell Lorelai I say hello.

SOOKIE: Michel says hello.

LORELAI: Tell Michel I said hello.

SOOKIE: She says hello.

MICHEL: Tell Lorelai I am thinking of her father and wishing him well.

SOOKIE: He's thinking of your father and wishing him well.

LORELAI: Tell Michel "thank you."

SOOKIE: She says "thank you."

MICHEL: Tell Lorelai the Zimmerman's in room 4 are not a married couple, as we had thought, but a brother and a sister.

SOOKIE: No I'm not telling Lorelai that. She's in a hospital.

MICHEL: Tell her they requested a rollaway bed, and we do not have any rollaway beds left.

SOOKIE: I am not talking to Lorelai about rollaway beds.

MICHEL: Tell her the Zimmerman's are demanding, very big, and they need a bed!

LORELAI: The Murray's are checking out at 3:00. and he can use the bed from their room.

SOOKIE: She said you can take the rollaway bed from the Murray's. They're checking out at 3:00.

MICHEL: Ahh! Very good. Tell her "thank you."

SOOKIE: He says "thank you" and apologizes for being such a pest.

MICHEL: Tell her I miss her here very, very much!

HOSPITAL - NURSES STATION

[Emily is on a phone and the nurse is not looking happy, Lorelai arrives]

EMILY: Well then don't stick us in the back corner next time. Oh you did you absolutely did, Anthony. I was so close to the kitchen, I could have reached in and gotten my own plate without standing up, just stretched out my arm like Rubberman, and... [Chuckles] No, no, I'm just kidding. So, tell me, what's your special tonight? Sea scallops? Oh, you're torturing me, Anthony, torturing me. Well, give my love to your wife. Oh, I will. Oh, just one of those last-minute business trips. [Lorelai doesn't look happy either] All right, then. Bye-bye.

LORELAI: Well somebody's very chipper on the phone. Somebody should consider a career as a weather girl.

EMILY: Oh please I've spent years cultivating my relationship with the maitre d' at Persephone's. I'm hardly about to let it go down the drain in one night. [Marking off a check list] "Call Persephone's" -- done. We're missing the sea scallops. Persephone's does the most wonderful job with seafood. I wish we'd eaten there more often. It's such a shame. They make a cedar-plank salmon that is -- I don't know if you like salmon.

LORELAI: Ah no, but I love a nice, juicy cedar plank.

EMILY: Salmon is one of the best fish in terms of the omega-3s. It's marvelous for you, and it makes your skin positively glow.

LORELAI: Beauty tips are not really big on my list of priorities right now, mom.

HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM

[Logan's cell phone is vibrating on the table]

RORY: So I tell Paris, "I don't care if it would theoretically increase my chances of getting a grant to study in Russia. I am not willing to pretend to be an accomplished rhythmic gymnast."

LOGAN: How do you pretend to be a rhythmic gymnast, anyway?

RORY: I don't even know. Do you whirl around some ribbons? Balance a ball on your nose? She's taking our impending graduation with a pinch of total insanity. Logan you should answer that.

LOGAN: Nah.

RORY: It's practically buzzing off the table. Really I don't mind.

LOGAN: I'll text them back in a minute.

RORY: But you need to...

LOGAN: I don't need to do anything but be right here with you.

RORY: Well, are you sure? Aren't people gonna be mad you're not answering your phone?

LOGAN: Well that's their problem.

RORY: You know who's gonna be mad at me? Paris. Because right now, I'm missing a G.R.E. Prep course and tea with the Branford librarian.

LOGAN: I imagine she'll understand.

RORY: Um Paris?

LOGAN: Maybe you better start balancing a ball on your nose.

[Emily and Lorelai come around the corner]

EMILY: I need to cancel Richard's tennis match. And I guess I'm not gonna make it to my book club tomorrow. Which is just as well -- I haven't even cracked the cover. Whatever gives Suzanna Shaw the idea that the rest of us share her barbaric interest in Cormac McCarthy is beyond me. Now let's see. I need to return the dean's call, and -- [spotting Luke] oh, no. Not him again. What's he doing here?

LORELAI: I don't know.

LUKE: Hey...

LORELAI: Hi.

LUKE: I was just in the diner. Babette came and told me your dad had a heart attack.

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: I swear I didn't even know what I was doing. I just walked right out the diner and drove straight here. Now that I'm here I realize I might be in the way, but if there's anything I can do, I want to do it.

LORELAI: Uh...well...

RORY: Hi, Luke.

LUKE: Hey, Rory, Logan.

LOGAN: Want some coffee?

LUKE: No, I'm okay. Thanks very much. [back to Lorelai] Look, I don't want to cause any kind of weirdness here. I mean, I don't want to make him feel...

LORELAI: Christopher isn't here, but he will be any second, so...

LUKE: Okay I'll just get out of here.

LORELAI: I mean thanks. There's just not much for you to do.

EMILY: Oh, yes, there is, absolutely. There's plenty for you to do Luke. You can drive to the Yale campus and pick up Richard's car.

LORELAI: Mom, he can't do that.

LUKE: No it's no problem.

EMILY: I'm not exactly sure where it's parked, but it shouldn't be too hard to find. Check the faculty lot and wherever they have parking. It's a 2006 jaguar. It's green. Oh, and I think it's a little low on gas. [Lorelai looking upset at Emily] So if you wouldn't mind filling the t*nk on the way back to the house, that would be great.

LUKE: Okay sure.

EMILY: Okay I'll get the key.

LORELAI: Mum is he supposed to drive the car to the house, then what take a cab all the way back to Yale to get his truck?

EMILY: I have no objection to that.

LUKE: Seriously It's no problem.

EMILY: See, now fill it with premium, not whatever sludge they try to pass off as regular.

LUKE: Premium, you got it.

EMILY: You do know how to drive a European car, don't you?

LORELAI: Mom.

LUKE: Absolutely. Don't worry.

EMILY: There's nothing to yank. It's a jaguar, not a lawn mower.

LORELAI: Oh, my god!

EMILY: Now just leave the key with Soledad. And...here. You can keep the change.

LUKE: oh Emily thanks, really, really, it's my pleasure.

EMILY: If you insist. If you don't mind terribly, I need someone to make sure that the path to the front door is shoveled.

LORELAI: Mother, stop.

EMILY: [Answering her cell phone] Hello? Oh, hello. You got my message about the fish.

LORELAI: Sorry. We're all a little... and she read an article about how fish can prevent heart att*cks. Now she thinks it's the key to everything.

LUKE: Ah well, fish is good.

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: All right, I should get going.

LORELAI: Okay. Well, thanks.

EMILY: Yes! Goodbye! [end phone call] Another incompetent. Lorelai go and get Luke back. I need him to bring a check for the fish man.

LORELAI: Mom I'm not. He's done enough already. Why don't you reschedule the fish man for later in the week.

EMILY: Because this is important.

LORELAI: It's important to have fish at the house right now?

RORY: Well Logan and I can meet the fish man, with the check if you want.

EMILY: Oh that would be marvelous.

RORY: Okay I want to get some of grandpa's stuff so he has it when he wakes up.

LORELAI: Wait a minute I'll do that.

RORY: Do what?

LORELAI: You pay the fish man, and I'll get some of grandpa's stuff.

RORY: Oh mum that's silly. They're in the same place.

LORELAI: Yes but then we'll both have a job. You have a job and I have a job.

RORY: Yeah but going to grandma and grandpa's is one job. Somebody needs to look after grandma.

LORELAI: Fine.

RORY: I mean if you really want...

LORELAI: No fine, she's my mother.

RORY: Well, you're my mother.

LORELAI: Exactly. It's a tangled web.

EMILY: Here you go, Logan. Now have him put the Salmon, Swordfish, King Mackerel, and Tuna in the downstairs freezer and the Trout, Sea Bass, Snapper, and Bluefish in the butler's pantry.

LOGAN: Salmon, Swordfish, King Mackerel, Tuna downstairs. Trout, sea bass, snapper, Bluefish upstairs. If you rode in the ambulance, you and I don't have a car here.

LORELAI: Oh take it before I change my mind. [Hands Rory the Jeeps keys] Level 3.

RORY: Thanks. Bye.

LORELAI: Bye. I'll be here doing my job.

RORY: How come you don't have a car?

LOGAN: Well I came by chopper.

RORY: Chopper motorcycle or chopper helicopter?

LOGAN: Helicopter.

RORY: You came here in a helicopter?

LOGAN: Yep. [voices fade as they walk away]

EMILY: Oh, I do need to call Quentin. I wonder if they have a fax machine here. And I'm hungry. Are you hungry?

LORELAI: I don't know, probably. I should be. Don't feel hungry.

EMILY: Alright then we should get something to eat. But first, I want to see if those addled nurses will allow me to use their fax machine.

LORELAI: [Looks at her phone for any messages, then sighs when she sees none]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR

[Babette is trying to get Paul Anka of the porch, she is on the phone.]

BABETTE: [Grunts]

LORELAI: Hello?

BABETTE: It's me -- Babette. How you doing, sweetie?

LORELAI: Oh, hey. I'm okay.

BABETTE: What's the news with your dad?

LORELAI: Well he's in surgery right now, but we think he's gonna be okay.

BABETTE: Oh yeah, I'm sure. Don't you worry about a thing. He's a very vital man you dad -- lots of chi, you know?

LORELAI: Oh...really? I didn't know you noticed his chi.

BABETTE: Are you kidding me? Prana, chi, life force -- whatever you call it, your daddy's got it in spades. Sexy men like him often do. That's what makes them so sexy. They're ripe with life.

LORELAI: O-kay.

BABETTE: He's gonna be fine.

LORELAI: Thanks, Babette.

BABETTE: He's like Warren Beatty, your dad -- or Sean Connery or -- who's that one I always found so sexy? The evil politician with the glasses -- Henry Kissinger!

LORELAI: Oh yeah I know him.

BABETTE: You might not agree with his politics. You might have lived through Vietnam and thought, "wow that man is the devil," but you can't deny he's sexy. You know why? Chi.

LORELAI: I get it. So, how's Paul Anka?

BABETTE: Oh, yeah, he's great, just great.

LORELAI: What's wrong?

BABETTE: I don't want to bother you.

LORELAI: Go ahead.

BABETTE: Oh, nothing to worry about. It's just... I'm afraid his bladder's gonna explode. I can't get him to come with me. I'm sure he needs to relieve himself, but it's a no-go. He's a no-go.

LORELAI: Oh Babette I should have told you he's probably afraid of the porch steps. You just lay something down for him.

BABETTE: Oh, yeah?

LORELAI: Yeah.

[She takes off her coat and puts it on the steps]

BABETTE: Wow! Yeah, that worked great. Wow. He's got some chi of his own, this one. Ooh. Only problem is...

LORELAI: What?

BABETTE: Nothing, nothing. It's just a little cold without my coat, that's all. Not your concern. So um, sweetie, if you need anything else, you'll call me?

LORELAI: Okay, I'll call you.

BABETTE: Okay. Give my love to your father.

LORELAI: I will, Babette. Hey, thanks for calling.

BABETTE: Oh, sure thing, hon. Bye.

GILMORE MANSION - RICHARDS OFFICE

[Logan and Rory are getting things for Richard, Logan is on the phone.]

LOGAN: Uh-huh, right. No, it's not a problem. It's perfectly understandable. So from there you want to take a right on Sycamore, left onto old Sawbrook, and then... that's right. No, I mean a left into the driveway. I mean that's correct -- making a left. I mean, a left is the correct choice. Right. That's correct, I mean. Okay, great. Great. Alright we'll be here. See you soon.

RORY: Well sounds like Abbott and Costello got nothing on you and the fish man.

LOGAN: You liked the "right/right" business? It could use polish, but me and the fish man have plans to bring back vaudeville.

RORY: Oh I'm gonna book the Palace theater, "Logan and the fish man".

LOGAN: "The fish man and Logan."

RORY: He gets top billing?

LOGAN: He's the one who can juggle. [Logan's cell phone starts to vibrate] Anyway the snow delayed him, but he should be here in 15 minutes.

RORY: Okay, I think your blackberry is going to explode.

LOGAN: Ah it's business stuff -- nothing that can't keep.

RORY: Business stuff, huh? Business stuff that has to do with the chopper you flew in on?

LOGAN: We don't have to talk about it now.

RORY: Oh come on I'm interested. I want to know. And also, I could really use the distraction. Besides, I want to make sure you haven't stolen a chopper.

LOGAN: I didn't steal it, it was loaned to me by a hedge-fund manager.

RORY: Ohh, well...

LOGAN: I was at his country home in Montauk when you called, and he just...

RORY: Loaned you his chopper, as they say.

LOGAN: Pretty much.

RORY: Well I think loaning someone your chopper is a sign of trust in many cultures. That sounds like a good sign.

LOGAN: Yeah, I think it is a good sign.

RORY: So come on what do you need funding for? Just tell me something. I don't want to be nosy, but I'm really interested. Come on. Come on.

LOGAN: Okay, you asked for it, so here it goes. I want to buy another Internet company.

RORY: I see.

LOGAN: It's a web-based, interactive-media platform. This guy in Austin created it. And it's amazing, and fast, and so easy to use, that even I can use it. The idea is to build on the web presence we have and then turn into ourselves into a user-generated media hub where the members can share videos, articles, ideas anything.

RORY: That sounds like a good idea.

LOGAN: Yeah and it's a deal, too. The guy who created this platform is such a true blue computer geek, that he just wants to get started on his next project, so he's willing to sell for only \$5 million.

RORY: Oh, only.

LOGAN: I know. I know. But in this world, that's relatively cheap. I mean Chad Hurley and Steve Chen sold YouTube for \$1.65 billion, and who knows how much Mark Zuckerberg will get for Facebook?

RORY: Well yeah, comparatively.

LOGAN: Anyway so I'm planning on putting up \$3 million of my own money. And I'm just trying to line up a hedge fund to kick in the other \$2 million.

RORY: You have \$3 million?

LOGAN: Yeah, in my trust fund.

RORY: Yeah but I thought this was a business thing, I mean haven't you asked your dad? I thought you were working for him.

LOGAN: I went to him I pitched him the idea, and he rejected it. I have to move fast I have to take this deal off the market before one of the big-dog companies sniff me out and try to outbid me. You still want to take this chess thing?

RORY: Yeah, we should. Well, you sound really excited.

LOGAN: I am. It's exciting. The economies of scale are incredible. I just need to prove out the business model first.

RORY: Yeah and the barriers to switching for your current clientele will probably increase, too.

LOGAN: Yes exactly that's what my father doesn't understand. The opportunity cost of not doing it is that somebody else will, and the barriers to switching -- hey.

RORY: What?

LOGAN: Are actually you using business-speak? Are we speaking businessese?

RORY: I believe we are.

LOGAN: Color me impressed.

RORY: I take economics.

LOGAN: Sure, with professor Gilmore.

RORY: Yeah. We learned about ideal business theory last semester. I'm actually really enjoying his class. I've learned a lot. He's a really good teacher, which isn't always a given, you know. I mean

some smart people can't translate their smarts to other people, but he is really good at explaining things, and he makes you want to learn more. Next week, we're gonna split up into 10 groups, and each of us have to create a business plan.

LOGAN: Like "The Apprentice."

RORY: Yeah and he's gonna be like Donald Trump, which is ridiculous. [Logan chuckles] Actually, we don't know what's gonna go on next week, do we?

LOGAN: I guess not. But it's good -- you got him a bunch of stuff to read.

HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA

[Lorelai and Emily in line for food]

EMILY: I hardly know what anything is. That pale misshapen thing, is that a sandwich or a piece of chicken.

LORELAI: Maybe it's a chicken sandwich, oh no it's Quiche.

EMILY: That's a Quiche?

LORELAI: Quiche.

EMILY: That blobby white thing is suppose to be Quiche Lorraine.

LORELAI: Doesn't say it's Quiche Lorraine, maybe it's Quiche blobby white thing.

EMILY: The audacity charging money for this.

LORELAI: Well it's hospital food.

EMILY: What's that suppose to mean?

LORELAI: I'm just saying it's a cliché.

EMILY: What is?

LORELAI: Hospital food being bad.

EMILY: Exactly!

LORELAI: What.

EMILY: It's a cliché for a reason, clichés are just true things people are tired of being true. Like a "penny saved is a penny earned", well it is invested wisely.

LORELAI: I don't think that's a cliché mom.

EMILY: What do you mean, of course it's a cliché.

LORELAI: It's not a cliché its more an over used saying like um "Sweating b*ll*ts" or "It's as cold as ice".

EMILY: Well some over used sayings are true, like "Children should be seen and not heard".

LORELAI: "Mother knows best"

EMILY: "If you don't have anything nice to say, don't say anything at all"

[Emily's cell phone rings]

EMILY: Hello, oh Quentin hello.

[Emily walks off leaving Lorelai with the food trays, she follows Emily to a table]

EMILY: No I'm not busy at all, you haven't interrupted a thing, thank you for returning my call so promptly. Oh that's very kind Quentin, that's right, yes. Oh I'm fine, thank you. Listen it's been a while since some of the paperwork, yes I was wonder if you could fax some things over here to the hospital, I think I have access to a machine. Well the first thing I'd like you to fax is his will. [Lorelai looks surprised] That's right both the standard Will and the living Will. Well I'm not sure about the DNR provisions he established. Oh that would be wonderful, thank you Quentin, talk to you soon bye.

LORELAI: Mom who was that?

EMILY: Do we like this table or are we too close to that man with the IV. Honestly shouldn't there be a separate dining area for sick people, doesn't seem right.

LORELAI: Mother you're getting dads will faxed here?

EMILY: Yes.

LORELAI: Why you need to read it right now?

EMILY: Well yes.

LORELAI: You want to make sure he left you the Mercedes and Jag?

EMILY: I don't care what you think I'm being pragmatic.

LORELAI: You know what, I'm not hungry any more.

[Lorelai gets up and leaves]

GILMORE MANSION - FRONT DOOR

[Logan is saying good bye to the fish man]

FISH MAN: Yeah, that's a good one.

LOGAN: [Laughing] Yeah, all right.

[Closes the door, Rory coming down the stairs]

RORY: Here's this. I also found a bunch of his albums -- Bobby Short singing Cole Porter, a couple of his favorite Gershwin ones -- "Rhapsody in Blue" and "An American in Paris" -- also a couple of Scott Joplin records, although Scott Joplin might be a little zazzly for the hospital.

LOGAN: Yeah, I don't know what their policy about ragtime is.

RORY: Oh, I also found "Chuck Berry at the Fillmore," which I gave him for his 60th birthday. Also, a

little Schubert and Debussy, which should be nice and relaxing. Although I didn't find the Bing Crosby album I wanted. It's with his son Gary. It's this song called "When You and I were Young, Maggie Blues." And when grandpa hears it he sings along and says, "I always wanted to be a crooner."

LOGAN: Maggie Blues, you want me to help you look?

RORY: Well I looked, I looked in two closets and under a couch, and all I found was the sleeve. I mean I could take it just for decoration, but then it might underline the fact that we don't have "Maggie Blues."

LOGAN: Yeah I'd bring it.

RORY: Yeah?

LOGAN: Yeah. So the fish man successfully unloaded all the fish per your grandmother's request.

RORY: Oh good and everything worked out with the check?

LOGAN: Yep, the fish man was happy because I laughed at his C.O.D. Joke.

RORY: Hmm?

LOGAN: C-o-d -- cod.

RORY: Ohh.

LOGAN: Yeah, just like that.

RORY: Hmm. That fish man, he's a funny one.

LOGAN: Believe me, I know. I'm Hardy to his Laurel.

RORY: Okay we have a deck of cards, we have the chessboard. We have what I think is a backgammon set. I grabbed grandma two outfits, grabbed her a pair of pants because I wanted her to be comfortable, but then I thought that might be offensive to her.

LOGAN: Offensive how?

RORY: I have no idea. So then I grabbed a skirt, but then that opened up the whole stockings, pantyhose, "going through my grandma's underwear drawer" can of worms. And each outfit needs a different top and a pair of shoes. Do you want to know who rivals Imelda Marcos?

LOGAN: Emily Gilmore?

RORY: It's unbelievable. No biped needs that many pairs of shoes. Oh do you know what else I wanted to grab? By grandpa's bed, there is a bookmarked copy of "A Monetary History of the United States."

LOGAN: Because who doesn't love Milton Friedman?

RORY: Well I saw Milton Friedman's name on the syllabus, so I thought maybe he'd want it.

LOGAN: Hey!

RORY: What, what's that?

LOGAN: Bing Crosby and Gary Crosby.

RORY: Oh, no way!

LOGAN: It was in the wrong sleeve. He can croon with "Maggie Blues."

RORY: Oh, perfect.

LOGAN: Alright I'm gonna start loading this stuff in the car.

RORY: Okay. Logan?

LOGAN: Ace.

RORY: Thank you. Thank you so much for everything.

LOGAN: Of course. But you don't have to thank me. There's nowhere else I'd rather be.

HOSPITAL - GIFT SHOP

[Emily enters]

EMILY: There you are. I've been looking for you everywhere.

LORELAI: [Sighs] Oh, yeah?

EMILY: I just got these faxed, and...

LORELAI: Oh mum please, can we drop this?

EMILY: I need to verify your social-security number.

LORELAI: I don't want to give you my social-security number right now. Why don't you help me pick out a little gift for dad.

EMILY: What do you think I'm trying to do, run a con, steal your identity?

LORELAI: No mum I've just had enough of talking about social securities and wills, okay?

EMILY: Your father's lawyer faxed these over from the bank, and I need your social-security number.

LORELAI: You have got to be kidding me.

EMILY: What would I be kidding about?

LORELAI: You're acting like dad is dead. Dad is not dead.

EMILY: Lorelai, six years ago, when your father was in the hospital, we were completely unprepared, and we agreed to never let that happen again. So we made a plan, and I am simply following through on the plan.

LORELAI: So your plan was to chat up Persephone's to make sure you don't lose your special table and to order tons of swordfish and salmon to keep your skin glowing and to happily discuss with Quentin whether or not dad should be resuscitated?

EMILY: These are things that need to be dealt with.

LORELAI: No what has to be dealt with is that dad could be dying. What you're dealing with is phone calls and a checklist. You're not his secretary. You're his wife.

EMILY: Yes and what do you know about being a wife? You've been married for what -- 40 days? That's nothing. Your father and I have been married for over 40 years. For 2/3 of my life, I have been the wife of Richard Gilmore. I run his household. I plan his meals. I buy his clothes, entertain his business associates. When he loses his reading glasses, I find them. When he wants a nightcap. I make it for him. If he can't remember the name of a colleague's wife, I whisper it in his ear. That's what I do -- I take care of him. That's my job. That's who I am. If I could be performing his surgery right now, I would be, but I can't -- it's out of my hands. [Voice breaking] It's out of my hands, and there's nothing I can do but wait. I could lose him, Lorelai. He's my whole life, and there's nothing I can do!

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: I'm sorry. This is inappropriate.

LORELAI: No, it's not. It's fine.

[Lorelai takes some tissues off the shelf and hands some to Emily]

EMILY: [Sniffles] Oh, god, I'm a mess. [Sniffles] Did you just take those?

LORELAI: Don't worry about it. Pay for it later.

EMILY: [Sighs]

HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM

[Lorelai, Rory, Emily and Logan are sitting.]

EMILY: Just a few more?

LORELAI: Mm-hmm. [handing out some milk duds] They're good, right?

EMILY: They stick in your teeth. [eating one] But, yes, they are good. Are there any more?

LORELAI: Are you kidding? There's a ton.

EMILY: Not too many.

LORELAI: Oh mum there's no such thing.

EMILY: I wonder why they call them "duds."

LORELAI: I don't know. Do you guys know?

LOGAN: Nope.

RORY: I could make something up, but no.

EMILY: Seems a rather counterintuitive name for a type of candy.

DR. GOLDSTEIN: So, he's out of surgery, and it went extremely well. His recovery won't be

immediate. He still has several days here at the hospital. But we can go over more of that later. He's groggy now and tired. After he gets some rest, you can all visit with him, but for now, maybe just his wife.

EMILY: Thank you, doctor.

LORELAI: Tell dad "Hi" from us, mom.

EMILY: I will, Lorelai. [hands back the duds]

HOSPITAL - RICHARDS ROOM

EMILY: Everything's in order, you'll be glad to know. I called Harold Larkin and the chairman of the economics department. They both send their best wishes for a speedy recovery. I canceled our dinner reservations for the next couple of weeks. Oh and I sent regrets to Sarah Osgood, who's hosting the D.A.R. Spring fling this year. I left word for the Sudburys that we won't be able to host bridge this week. [Chuckles] Uh, what else? Oh, and I've been in touch with Quentin. He's been kept abreast of the whole situation. And I bought fish, Richard, so much fish -- uh, Tuna and Trout and Snapper and Salmon and...

RICHARD: [Drowsily] Sounds just fine, Emily. That sounds just fine.

HOSPITAL - EXTERIOR

[Lorelai is on the phone]

LORELAI: [Sighs] Hi, it's me -- again. Um, dad's out of surgery, and it went well, and he's doing fine, so... it's good news. I just -- I wanted you to know... because... I don't know why. 'Cause you haven't returned any of my calls. But I just thought I would, uh, tell you what's going on because... I'm your wife and... I think that's what I'm supposed to do. No idea how to be your wife, but I'm trying. You're my husband, you know, and... it seems like you should be here or call me back. I mean, I'm pretty sure that's what married people do, is be there for each other. But I know you're upset, and I know we had a fight, but this is just bigger than that, you know? It's my dad, and he's had a heart attack. And everybody's been here. I mean, I've talked to Sookie and even Michel and Patty and Babette, and they've all been here for me, but... [Exhales sharply] My husband's...not here. That's not okay, Chris, you know? It's not okay.

[Lorelai ends the call and goes back inside]

HOSPITAL - RICHARDS ROOM

RORY: Here we go -- a little "Maggie Blues." ["Maggie blues" plays]

RICHARD: Ahh.

RORY: [Chuckles] That is Bing and Gary Crosby.

LORELAI: Bing, why doesn't anybody name their kid "Bing" anymore?

RORY: You could have named me "Bing."

LORELAI: I thought about it but you didn't look like a Bing.

RORY: I don't even know if I should be insulted.

RICHARD: I wish I were a crooner.

RORY: I also brought you some Gershwin, some Chuck Berry, and the Andrews Sisters. Ooh, and some Milton Friedman.

LORELAI: The guy who sang "Spirit in the Sky"?

RICHARD: No, that was Norman Greenbaum.

RORY: No, Milton Friedman's the economist who won the Nobel prize in the '70s. I figured when you're sick of reading Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, you can pick up Friedman for a real mystery and deduce the disadvantages of government intervention in economic policy.

LORELAI: So what do you say, dad -- here or Philadelphia? What's the call?

RICHARD: I don't think I'd like to be in Philadelphia. I think I'd rather be in New Haven.

LORELAI: Yeah, it's okay here. We can import cream cheese and cheesesteaks and any other kind of cheese. You look good, dad. This outfit's not really up to your usual J. Press standards, unless it's got some brass buttons I can't see, but...you look good. You look tall.

RICHARD: I think I'm just gonna... close my eyes for... just a little minute.

RORY: Is he asleep?

LORELAI: I think so. Should we draw a mustache on him?

RORY: He's already got a mustache.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. The music's nice.

RORY: Yeah, it is, isn't it?

LORELAI: Hey, Rory?

RORY: Hey, mom?

LORELAI: You know, I'm glad to see you doing so well with Logan. I'm happy that you're happy. Thanks. He's not half bad, that kid. He's almost okay.

RORY: Yeah, he's all right. [Chuckles] Hey, uh, mom?

LORELAI: Hey, uh, Rory?

RORY: Um, do you...know where dad is?

LORELAI: No, hon. For all I know, maybe he's in Philadelphia.

HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM

[Dr Goldstein, Emily, Lorelai, Rory and Logan are walking to the waiting room]

DR. GOLDSTEIN: So we should be able to move him out of the C.I.C.U. In 24 hours. And if everything goes as planned, he should be home in five or six days.

EMILY: Everything will go as planned. I'm sure of it.

DR. GOLDSTEIN: now if you like I can show you the room where we'll be moving Richard tomorrow.

EMILY: Absolutely, does it have a window? The room he's in has a window so small, it's almost a peephole.

DR. GOLDSTEIN: I believe it does have a window.

LORELAI: [spotting Luke] Go ahead. I'll be right there.

RORY: Okay, mom.

LUKE: Make sure they get it, just be careful of this bag here, 'cause it's leaking a little bit.

LORELAI: Hey, you're back.

LUKE: Oh. Hey. I just I didn't want to bug you. I just wanted to drop off some food for you guys and get going.

LORELAI: Luke you didn't have to do that.

LUKE: No it's all right. Just I wanted to make some stuff anyway, so... all right, I'm gonna get out of here now.

LORELAI: He's okay. The surgery went well.

LUKE: Oh, that's terrific. That is such good news.

LORELAI: He's doing really well they think he'll be able to go home in a couple days.

LUKE: Oh, that's so good. Yeah. So, how's he looking?

LORELAI: Um...he looks good... big...tall.

LUKE: That's good. Yeah, he's tall. He's a big man. He is a big, tall man.

HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, excuse me.

NURSE: Can I help you?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, I'm looking for Richard Gilmore.

NURSE: And you are?

CHRISTOPHER: I'm his son-in-law.

NURSE: Okay he's in room B-10. It's just down the hall. Take a right at the nurses' station.

CHRISTOPHER: Is he, uh...

NURSE: the surgery went really well. He's resting comfortably, He's gonna be fine.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay good. Alright so down the hall, right?

NURSE: Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: Thank you.

HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM

LUKE: Okay so look, I got a couple of burgers, assortment of sandwiches. There's some salads in case all of a sudden you want to eat some salad.

LORELAI: Mm hmm.

LUKE: All right, couple pieces of pie, half a dozen chocolate-chip cookies, and, of course, there is the fish bag.

LORELAI: You brought a fish bag?

LUKE: Well I heard somebody talking about fish. There's two fillets, okay, Lobster roll, fish tacos, two Tuna-fish sandwiches, some fried fish, and fish sticks.

LORELAI: [seeing Chris] Hi. You're here.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm here.

LUKE: All right, I'm gonna get going.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, you should.

[Chris and Luke share looks]

LUKE: I'm glad your dad's doing good.

[Luke leaves]

LORELAI: Why didn't you call me? I didn't think you were coming.

CHRISTOPHER: Clearly.

LORELAI: No, he just brought food. I didn't call him.

CHRISTOPHER: I don't want to talk about this here...

LORELAI: What...

CHRISTOPHER: Not now.

RORY: Dad. Hey.

EMILY: Christopher, I'm so glad you're here.

CHRISTOPHER: Of course, of course. I'm so glad to hear that Richard's okay. How you doing, kiddo?

RORY: I'm okay. I think we're gonna go visit grandpa again. Do you want to come? I'm sure he'd be happy to see you.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah that'd be great.

RORY: Okay, come on.

EMILY: It'll be all right. Every cloud has a silver lining.

LORELAI: Thanks, mom.

EMILY: Well, blood is thicker than water.

LORELAI: Hmm.

[Lorelai looks at the bags of food Luke left]

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