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01x10 - Forgiveness and Stuff

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01x10 - Forgiveness and Stuff

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1.10 - Forgiveness and Stuff

written by John Stephens

directed by Bethany Rooney

CUT TO MISS PATTY'S STUDIO

MISS PATTY: People please pay attention. Now, I want my before Mary over here, and my after Mary over here. Wise men, shepherd line up for the processional. I only have half a donkey? I need the rest of the donkey!

[Kirk standing on stool while Lorelai hemming]

KIRK: Ow!

LORELAI: Hold still Kirk.

KIRK: You stuck me.

LORELAI: I did not stick you.

KIRK: You did to.

LORELAI: Ok, be quiet now. [looks at Rory]

RORY: Um, Taylor, the baby Jesus is missing an arm again.

TAYLOR: What?

RORY: I was just getting it out of the trunk and -

TAYLOR: Let me see that. Oh for Pete's sake! [to everyone] Ok listen up! The arm is missing! I repeat the arm is missing!

RORY: Maybe it's just time to get a new baby Jesus, you know, one that's a boy.

TAYLOR: It's a doll, no one can tell.

RORY: Well it has a bow.

TAYLOR: This has been the baby Jesus in every Christmas pageant since 1965. Were you here in 1965?

RORY: No I wasn't.

TAYLOR: Find the arm [Rory looks at Lorelai]

LORELAI: What are you doing?

KIRK: Nothing.

LORELAI: You're flinching.

KIRK: You stuck me once. There's nothing to say you won't do it again.

LORELAI: Ok you know what? You're done.

TAYLOR: Well?

RORY: I swear, I've looked twice.

TAYLOR: Look again.

MISS PATTY: Taylor come quickly. Our 'before' Mary is about to become an 'after'. Who else in town is knocked up?

[Lorelai and Rory look at each other awkwardly then look away. Pan to them leaving]

LORELAI: Find the arm?

RORY: Nope.

LORELAI: [sourly] It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas. [pan to dog with doll arm in mouth]

CUT TO RORY STANDING IN A GAZEBO

[Lane runs up to her]

LANE: Hey, I thought we were meeting at Luke's.

RORY: We were? Oh my God, I'm so sorry. I forgot.

LANE: Let me guess. You and Lorelai haven't made up yet?

RORY: Nope. Things are still Miracle Worker at my house. God, how did everything get so screwed up?

LANE: I think you staying out all night with Dean had something to do with it.

RORY: And my grandmother being there to witness it didn't help.

LANE: Never does.

RORY: It sucks. Things were good. School was good, Dean was good. Now my mother and I are barely speaking. Mom and Grandma are barely speaking. Dean's new name is 'Narcolepsy boy'.

LANE: How's he taking it?

RORY: I don't know. I haven't talked to him since it happened.

LANE: That was four days ago.

RORY: I know.

LANE: Has he called?

RORY: I told him not to.

LANE: And he listened?

RORY: No.

LANE: Good boy.

RORY: Ok, I really need to talk about something else now.

LANE: You went shopping.

RORY: Yes I did. I got a mow-ing cow shaped timer for Sookie, some cardio-salsa tapes for Michel, a book for Dean -

LANE: You got Dean a book?

RORY: Yeah. □Metamorphosis'.

LANE: □Metamorphosis.'

RORY: It's Kafta.

LANE: Very romantic.

RORY: I think it is romantic.

LANE: I know I've always dreamed that some day a guy would get me a really confusing Czechoslovakian novel.

RORY: I think he'll appreciate it.

LANE: A book sends the wrong message.

RORY: What are you talking about?

LANE: You have to look at what a gift says to the other person, not to you. Remember two years ago, I got my mom that perfume?

RORY: Yeah.

LANE: Ok, to me that said, □Hey mom, you work hard, you deserve something fancy'. Now to my mother, it said □Hey mom, here's some smelly sex juice, the kind I use to lure boys with' and resulted in me being sent to Bible camp all summer.

RORY: Yeah but -

LANE: Just imaging that you actually gave Dean something really romantic, and he gave you a football. Your hypothetical romantic present is saying that you really, really like him. And his present is saying □Hey man, let's just be friends'.

RORY: And you're saying that this book is -

LORELAI: Is a Czechoslovakian football, yes.

RORY: So then what do I get him?

LANE: What you should do is find out what he's getting you and gauge your gift accordingly.

RORY: But doesn't that kinda take the fun out of it?

LANE: Gift giving is serious business. If you don't believe me try spending a month at Korean Bible camp.

CUT TO INN

MICHEL: Yes right there. Now flip the elf and the fairy.

GUY: Which one is the fairy?

MICHEL: The one with the wand [Guy goes for one] What are you doing?

GUY: Isn't this a wand?

MICHEL: No, that is a staff.

GUY: So this isn't a fairy?

MICHEL: That is Little Bo Peep.

GUY: And you don't want to move her.

MICHEL: I would prefer that you didn't.

GUY: Ok, so we're still looking for a fairy.

MICHEL: The search continues.

GUY: No chance you're going to help me.

MICHEL: None whatsoever.

[phone rings]

LORELAI: Independence Inn, Lorelai speaking.

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Mom, hello.

EMILY: I wanted to talk to you about the Christmas dinner this Friday.

LORELAI: Ah, Christmas dinner.

EMILY: You forgot.

LORELAI: Well mom, there's been a lot going on around here lately, your Christmas shindig's not

exactly high on my list of things to obsess about.

EMILY: Well I'm sorry if the timing is bad Lorelai, but the world doesn't always revolve around you.

LORELAI: Well thanks for the tip.

EMILY: Cocktails are at 6, dinner's at 8.

LORELAI: I probably won't be there for cocktails.

EMILY: Why not?

LORELAI: Because I have to work.

EMILY: You can't leave work early?

LORELAI: No I can't.

EMILY: Why not?

LORELAI: Because it's not in my job description.

EMILY: Well then don't come.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Don't come. It's obviously an enormous burden for you.

LORELAI: Yeah but -

EMILY: Just send Rory.

LORELAI: You're telling me not to come to the Christmas party?

EMILY: Well you're obviously too busy.

LORELAI: I had the German measles in the 5th grade, I still had to show up to the Christmas party.

EMILY: Lorelai let's be honest here, I'm not too happy with you right now and I assume you're not too happy with me.

LORELAI: My polka dot dress matched my face and still I had to sit through 12 courses.

EMILY: I am tired of forcing you to do all those terrible things that infringe upon your life and I do not have the energy to pretend that the way you treated me the other day was in any way acceptable.

LORELAI: So you're uninviting me to Christmas dinner?

EMILY: Yes I am.

LORELAI: Fine.

EMILY: Fine.

LORELAI: Ok, anything else?

EMILY: I believe that's all.

LORELAI: Ok well, great mom, it's been swell talking to you.

EMILY: Bye Lorelai.

LORELAI: Bye.

[Pan to Michel and guy]

GUY: This one?

MICHEL: No.

GUY: This one?

MICHEL: No.

GUY: This -

MICHEL: No.

[guy points]

MICHEL: No.

CUT TO GILMORE HOUSE

RORY: I wish you'd change your mind.

LORELAI: It's not my mind that needs to be changed.

RORY: I don't think she meant it.

LORELAI: Oh she meant it.

RORY: Well maybe she thinks she meant it at the time, but I bet she won't mean it later when I show up there without you.

LORELAI: And without a map to follow that reasoning I say, "Take a hot it's cold outside".

RORY: You just wanna hold a grudge.

LORELAI: Yes, it burns more calories.

RORY: That's not true.

LORELAI: Yes it is, how do you think your grandma got those legs of hers? She's not exactly a Stairmaster gal.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Never saw her on the running track.

RORY: Ok.

LORELAI: I don't remember the country club organizing a Tae-bo class.

RORY: Fine, forget it. Should I put your name on Grandma's present?

LORELAI: Yes, sign it the inn keeper formally known as her daughter.

RORY: You know what I think?

LORELAI: What?

RORY: I think you're acting a little immature.

LORELAI: I'm not acting.

RORY: Well what about the apple tarts? You wait all year for those apple tarts.

LORELAI: I can live without the apple tarts.

RORY: You've made up songs after eating five of them with lyrics that contradict that last statement.

LORELAI: Oh you know what? You have to go, you're late.

RORY: You really won't come?

LORELAI: What, I'm sorry, is somebody speaking? Couldn't be Rory, she's already half way to Hartford.

RORY: Fine, I'm going.

LORELAI: Drive carefully. Watch out for ice. And bring me back one of those [door closes]..tarts!

CUT TO GRANDMA'S HOUSE

[Doorbell]

RORY: Hi Grandma.

EMILY: Rory, come in. You look lovely.

RORY: This is from me and mom.

EMILY: Well aren't you thoughtful? I'll just put it under the tree.

RORY: You know mom actually picked it out.

EMILY: Rory, do you know Holland Prescott?

RORY: I met her last year.

EMILY: Holland, look who's here.

HOLLAND: Hello Rory.

RICHARD: That's not my proposal.

ALAN: Yes, I know. Henry toned it down a little.

RICHARD: Henry did! Henry is a toddler!

ALAN: He thought your take was a little conservative.

RICHARD: And a moron!

ALAN: Richard, be very careful. This man may be our boss one day.

RICHARD: Oh that will never happen.

ALAN: Alright.

RICHARD: Why have you heard something?

EMILY: Richard, Alan, look who's here.

RICHARD: Hello Rory.

RORY: Hi.

ALAN: Where's your mother?

RORY: Oh, well, she...

ALAN: Over by the apple tarts I assume.

EMILY: Lorelai couldn't come tonight.

RICHARD: She couldn't?

EMILY: No, she had to work. [Rory looks at her]

RICHARD: Ah. Speaking of which, I'm going to give that man a call.

ALAN: Richard, you're getting yourself all worked up.

RICHARD: As long as I've been with this company, it has been run by gentleman. Revising a man's work without so much as a phone call would've been unheard of!

ALAN: It's a new world out there Richard.

RICHARD: Oh!

EMILY: Please stop all this shop talk. We are here to celebrate.

RICHARD: I'm going to call him.

ALAN: Richard, it's past midnight in London.

RICHARD: Oh, even better.

RORY: Grandma, could I talk to you alone please.

EMILY: You need something to drink.

RORY: I want to apologize about the other night.

EMILY: Rory please, this is a party.

RORY: I messed up, it's my fault.

EMILY: This is not the time or place to discuss this, your mother should have taught you that.

RORY: Please don't be mad at her.

EMILY: I'm not mad at anyone. Now go back in and join the party.

RORY: But -

EMILY: And take this to Gigi on your way back.

CUT TO GILMORE HOUSE

LORELAI: Yes Joe, I know it's Friday night, but I ordered my pizza an hour ago...Oh no I did not hear about the delivery van...Well I am very, very sorry to hear that. Now was it a fairly new van? Great, ok, well Joe, as with most tragedies in life there come a time when you just need to pick up and move one. So what's the next phase of the delivery saga? Mm-hmm...Well how long until your brother's back with the razor scooter? Ok, uh-huh, alright, just call me when it gets there. Bye Joe.

[Goes into the kitchen, grabs a salad bag, pours dressing into it, shakes it and sits down to read a magazine and eat. Hears a knocking at Rory's window. Goes into Rory's room and sees Dean at the window. Opens window]

LORELAI: Well, hi there.

DEAN: Hi.

LORELAI: How you doing?

DEAN: Fine.

LORELAI: Good, good. Shouldn't you have a squeegee with you or something?

DEAN: I was just -

LORELAI: Looking for Rory?

DEAN: Yeah.

LORELAI: She's not here.

DEAN: Ok.

LORELAI: [sighs] I'll tell her you tapped.

DEAN: Thanks.

LORELAI: Mm-hmm [goes to close window but Dean hasn't moved] Something else?

DEAN: I just wanted to say that things got all messed up.

LORELAI: Yes they did.

DEAN: And I'm sorry.

LORELAI: Uh-huh.

DEAN: But nothing happened.

LORELAI: Ok, I have to go.

DEAN: We sat down and we were reading this book and then we fell asleep.

LORELAI: Pick a more interesting book next time.

DEAN: So am I like public enemy #1 with you?

LORELAI: #1? I don't know, would you settle for top five? Because I'm still a little hot for that crazy bomber guy who's been living in a cave for a year.

DEAN: Please just tell me where I stand.

LORELAI: I don't know where you stand ok? All I know is my 16 year old daughter didn't come home one night and you had something to do with that.

DEAN: I told you - nothing happened

LORELAI: [overlaps Dean] Happened, I heard.

DEAN: Look you can hate me but you have to believe me, I would not let anything happen to her.

LORELAI: You happened to her.

DEAN: I won't hurt her.

LORELAI: You know, I was 16 when I had Rory.

DEAN: I know.

LORELAI: That is the same age she is now.

DEAN: I know.

LORELAI: She wants to go to Harvard.

DEAN: She will go to Harvard and if she doesn't it won't be because of me. [sighs and stands to leave]

LORELAI: I don't hate you.

DEAN: No?

LORELAI: No. Though I did imagine 20 different ways to remove your head from your body.

DEAN: Yeah? Well which one looked the best?

LORELAI: Hedge clippers.

DEAN: Huh.

LORELAI: Dull ones.

DEAN: Well, I mean sure you wouldn't want it to go quick.

LORELAI: Exactly.

DEAN: Ok, uh, I'm gonna go.

LORELAI: Dean.

DEAN: Yeah.

LORELAI: You know we have a really nice front door. You might want to use it some times.

DEAN: Got it.

LORELAI: See ya.

CUT TO STREET OUTSIDE LUKE'S

[Lorelai walking to Luke's while people ring bells to the tune of The First Noel]

DIRECTOR: Henry, you ring on 3.

HENRY: I thought I was 2.

DIRECTOR: No, Chuck rings on 2, you ring on 3.

CHUCK: I'm on 1.

DIRECTOR: Are you sure?

CHUCK: Nope. Sorry. You're right. I'm 2.

DIRECTOR: From the top. [they start again] Henry!

CUT TO INSIDE LUKE'S

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: Rory coming?

LORELAI: No.

LUKE: She on a date?

LORELAI: No.

LUKE: Good so you've forbid her to see the bag boy.

LORELAI: I'd really rather not talk about it right now.

LUKE: Just tell me you forbid her to see the bag boy.

LORELAI: I did not forbid her to see the bag boy.

LUKE: Are you crazy?

LORELAI: Well, he looks like he's moving up to produce, so he's suddenly become quite a catch.

LUKE: That kid is trouble.

LORELAI: Can I order please.

LUKE: First time I looked at him, I thought he was trouble.

LORELAI: Excuse me, I'm the one who told you I thought he was trouble and you told me you thought I was crazy.

LUKE: You are crazy and he is trouble.

LORELAI: He is not trouble! He's 6'2...he's beautiful and he's completely in love with my daughter.

LUKE: Trouble.

LORELAI: Big time.

LUKE: I'll get your burger.

LORELAI: Wait. Can I see a menu?

LUKE: You need to see a menu?

LORELAI: Yes.

LUKE: You come here everyday.

LORELAI: I know, but I usually order the same thing, and tonight I'm in the mood for something a little different.

LUKE: Menu.

LORELAI: Piece of paper, list of food offered.

LUKE: Ok, here. [gives her a menu] It's not in Japanese.

LORELAI: Don't you have any kind of holiday special? Something festive?

LUKE: I just got some Grey Poupon. That's French.

LORELAI: Tonight's my parents big Christmas celebration. There's good food, these amazing apple tarts, big tree. It's the only holiday I actually enjoy going over there for and this year, I'm uninvited.

LUKE: Why the hell would anyone celebrate Christmas two weeks early?

LORELAI: Did you even hear the part about me being uninvited?

LUKE: To your parents' fake Christmas party?

LORELAI: Yes.

LUKE: I did hear that.

LORELAI: Do you care?

LUKE: Obviously you do.

LORELAI: Yes, I do and I don't know why.

LUKE: You liked going...

LORELAI: I did.

LUKE: Rory's there without you...

LORELAI: She is.

LUKE: You and Rory aren't getting along right now and you feel bad at being separated during a time you usually share together.

LORELAI: Wow.

LUKE: Did I mention you come here every damn day?

LORELAI: I'll have a burger.

LUKE: Coming right up.

CUT TO GRANDMA'S HOUSE

GIGI: Emily, you've out done yourself yet again.

ALAN: Yes, I can't imagine the hours you spent slaving over a hot stove.

EMILY: You're teasing me, Alan.

ALAN: It's delicious Emily.

EMILY: A compliment for my chef is a compliment for me, thank you Alan.

RICHARD: I for one would like to know where Henry is at this hour. Probably gallivanting around London like a bull out to stud.

EMILY: Richard please.

RICHARD: Well how is he supposed to negotiate the contract tomorrow morning if he's been out at all hours with some cheap tramp.

ALAN: Knowing Henry, she wasn't cheap.

EMILY: This is wildly inappropriate dinner conversation especially in front of a young lady.

RICHARD: Is it unbearably hot in here?

EMILY: Richard don't loosen your tie at the table.

HOLLAND: So what are your plans for the Christmas holidays Rory?

RORY: I'll probably just be hanging out with my mom.

GIGI: Oh it's such a shame she couldn't come, she's always such a kick.

EMILY: Lorelai wasn't feeling well so I suggested she stay home.

RICHARD: It is hot in here, I'm going to lower the thermostat [leaves].

HOLLAND: Poor thing, what's wrong with her?

EMILY: She has a touch of the flu. Richard forget the thermostat! [Rory looks at her again]

GIGI: I thought you said she was working?

EMILY: Well she was supposed to work but then she caught the flu so one way or another she couldn't have made it.

GIGI: Tell her we missed her.

RORY: I will.

EMILY: Richard! For heaven sake [getting up to find him]. Richard!

CUT TO LUKE'S

[Slides a Santa face hamburger in front of Lorelai]

LORELAI: What did you do?

LUKE: You wanted something festive.

LORELAI: You made me a Santa burger.

LUKE: It's not big deal.

LORELAI: He has a hat and everything.

LUKE: Yeah, I just cut a piece of wonder bread, you know, poured a little ketchup, piped on a little cream cheese.

LORELAI: No one has ever made me something quite this disgusting before. I thank you.

LUKE: You're welcome.

[Cell phone rings. Luke point at the 'no cell phone' sign]

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: Outside!

LORELAI: Are you kidding? It's like the North Pole out there.

LUKE: Hey, this sign isn't just a decoration.

LORELAI: Honey, nothing in here is a decoration.

LUKE: It's disturbs the other customers.

LORELAI: Oh really? Maybe we should take a vote. [to customers] Who thinks we shouldn't use cell phones in here? [all raise their hands] Well screw democracy. [goes to answer but stops ringing] Perfect, Now I have to check my voice mail.

[Taylor and carolers enter]

ALL: ♪...the new born king'.

LUKE: Whoa, what's going on?

TAYLOR: Well we were caroling around town and we got a bit chilly and we thought maybe we could trade you a song for some hot chocolate.

LUKE: You want free hot chocolate?

TAYLOR: No no, we'll sing for it, any tune you like.

LUKE: And then I give you free hot chocolate.

TAYLOR: Yes.

LUKE: Tell you want, you can have your hot chocolate, and pay for it, then go next door and sing for the marshmallows.

LORELAI: Oh my God!

TAYLOR: These are your neighbors Luke!

LUKE: Shut up Taylor. What's going on? [to Lorelai]

LORELAI: My father's in the hospital.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Yeah, he collapsed or something. I don't know. I need a cab. I need to call a cab. Where's the phone? I need - can anyone give me - I'm holding a phone.

LUKE: Whoa, calm down.

LORELAI: No I can't calm down. I need a cab. What's the numbers? God, it's something-cabs, cabs-something-something, 1-800-cabs? Can somebody tell me the damn number of the cab guy?!

LUKE: I'll drive you.

LORELAI: But there's food and there's people and there's a burger with a face.

LUKE: Ok, everybody out! We're closed, let's go. Food's on me. [to Lorelai] Put on your coat and get your stuff. [to Taylor] Taylor, have your hot chocolate then lock up. [to Lorelai] Come on, my truck's out back.

LORELAI: Luke, I'm -

LUKE: I know, let's go.

CUT TO INSIDE TRUCK

LORELAI: Look.

LUKE: Relax.

LORELAI: We're being passed by senior citizens.

LUKE: I'm going as fast as I can.

LORELAI: Bye Grandma, bye.

LUKE: There's ice on the road, those people aren't being safe.

LORELAI: Well maybe they're not being safe but at least they're getting somewhere.

LUKE: You checked it five times already, I've listened to it twice, it's not changing.

LORELAI: "Grandpa's in the hospital, please come." No details, no info. Who taught her to leave a message like that?

LUKE: I'm sure she was in a hurry.

LORELAI: A person needs details. Why is he in the hospital? How bad is it? What are the circumstances involving him being in the hospital? These are simple questions.

LUKE: We'll be there very soon and you'll know everything.

LORELAI: What if he's dead?

LUKE: He's not dead.

LORELAI: How do you know?

LUKE: I know.

LORELAI: Oh, you're psychic now? You're suddenly getting visions while you're driving 20 mph in the oldest truck known to man? [pause] I'm sorry, you're k*lling yourself to get me there and I'm yelling at you. I don't mean it.

LUKE: I know.

LORELAI: I feel like this is one of those moments when I should be remembering all the great times I had with my dad, you know. The time he took me shopping for a Barbie or to the circus or fishing and my mind is a complete blank.

LUKE: Well I'm sure it happened.

LORELAI: No it didn't. We never did any of that. He went to work, he came home, he read the paper, he went to bed, I snuck out the window. Simple. He was a very by the numbers guy. I was never very good with numbers.

LUKE: I'm sure he loves you.

LORELAI: You know my dad is not a bad guy.

LUKE: I'm sure he's not.

LORELAI: He lived his life the way he thought he was supposed to. He followed the rules taught to him by his non-fishing-non-Barbie-buying dad. He worked hard. He bought a nice house. He provided for my mom. All he asked in return was for his daughter to wear white dresses and go to cotillion and want the same life that he had. What a disappointment it must have been for him to get me.

LUKE: I can't imagine anyone seeing you as a disappointment.

LORELAI: I bet you'd buy a Barbie for your daughter.

LUKE: Yeah, well, I'd probably give her the cash to buy it herself and meet her by the baseball cards.

LORELAI: Hmm. You'll make a great dad.

LUKE: You make a great mom.

LORELAI: Yeah. It's just the uh, daughter part I don't have down yet.

LUKE: Ok, hold on. That Camaro is dust.

CUT TO HOSPITAL

EMILY: But why can't I see him.?

NURSE: They're running some test.

EMILY: Well I would like to meet this doctor who's testing him.

NURSE: You will.

EMILY: Some strange man is working on my husband, I have a right to meet this person.

NURSE: You will.

EMILY: And I want to see the room you're going to put him in.

NURSE: You will.

EMILY: And stop saying "You will". Put a proper sentence together for God's sake.

NURSE: Ma'am, please wait here.

RORY: Did you find out anything?

EMILY: Please! They run this place like the CIA [Joshua comes up] Joshua, thank God! This place is infuriating.

JOSHUA: It's alright, I'm here, I'm going to check on him right now. Have you filled out the forms yet?

EMILY: I don't care about the forms, I want to see my husband.

JOSHUA: [to Rory] Is she being obstinate?

RORY: Very.

JOSHUA: Let me see what's going on and then we'll take it from there.

EMILY: And there he goes through the doors.

RORY: Maybe I should call mom again.

EMILY: Never mind, I'm sure she's very busy.

RORY: That's not true, I bet she'd -

EMILY: Rory, go get your Grandfather a paper -

RORY: But -

EMILY: The Wall Street Journal or Barron's. Whatever they have, he'll want something to read when he gets back to his room.

RORY: Ok, can I get you something? Maybe a coffee?

EMILY: No dear, I'm fine.

[Grandma goes around the corner and calls Lorelai's house but gets the answering machine and hangs up. Goes back to the waiting area]

NURSE: Ms. Gilmore, uh, I need you to -

EMILY: It's not 'Ms. Gilmore', it's Mrs. Gilmore! Mrs. Gilmore, I'm not a cosmo woman!

NURSE: I know this is difficult for you, but if you don't fill out these forms -

EMILY: What? You'll do what? I'd like to hear in your most condescending tone what my punishment will be for not filling out these forms in a timely manner. Are there bamboo sh**t involved? Some sort of dark deep hole in the ground? Rats nibbling at my toes?

[Pan to Lorelai and Luke in the hospital]

LUKE: Ok, we're supposed to follow the blue line, around the corner and then we should be -

LORELAI: Where's the scarecrow when you need him?

LUKE: Ok, we have to ask someone else.

LORELAI: No! No! We just have to pick one.

LUKE: Ah, well can't just wander around here aimlessly.

LORELAI: Luke, listen to me, somewhere in this hospital are my mother and my father. Now I know I don't get along with them but there has to be some sort of intuition, some sort of blood bond that will somehow lead me to them.

LUKE: That's crazy.

[overhear]

EMILY: My great uncle founded this hospital -

LORELAI: And that's Emily.

EMILY: You insensitive paper peddler! His portrait is hanging in the lobby, go look. It's right above the sign that says 'Founder'!

LORELAI: Mom!

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: What's going on? How is he?

EMILY: You came!

LORELAI: Well of course I came. How's dad?

EMILY: That's what I've been trying to find out but this woman keeps pestering me with idiotic questions like 'What's the number of my insurance policy and how long have we had it.'

NURSE: I need to get this information.

EMILY: You need to get sensitivity training!

LORELAI: Well, what if I fill out this information and you can go find someone who can tell us how my dad is.

NURSE: I'm not supposed to -

LORELAI: Or, I could go and you can stay here and continue to discuss this with my mother

[Nurse looks at Emily]

NURSE: I'll go.

LORELAI: Thank you.

EMILY: You got rid of her.

LORELAI: Yes, so tell me what happened.

EMILY: That's amazing.

LORELAI: Mom, please.

EMILY: I don't know what happened. He was hot and he went to turn down the thermostat and then - [see Luke] were you on a date?

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: You have an escort?

LORELAI: No, it's Luke, Mom.

LUKE: Which is her way of saying we weren't on a date.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like that.

EMILY: Well how am I supposed to know you weren't on a date. It's Friday night and you show up here with a man.

LORELAI: With Luke, Mom.

EMILY: It's not insane to assume a date was involved.

LORELAI: You're right, ok, it's entirely possible that I was out on a date.

LUKE: Just not with me.

LORELAI: I was eating at Luke's when I got the message. He gave me a ride, end of story. Is Dr. Reynolds here?

EMILY: Yes, Joshua got her a while ago. He was supposed to come back the minute he knew something but he hasn't been back yet.

LORELAI: Well let's go find him.

EMILY: You can't find him! You can't find anyone! Everyone just keeps disappearing behind those doors!

LORELAI: Well come on, let's go [goes through doors]

EMILY: I didn't know you could do that. [follows Lorelai]

LUKE: I'll wait here.

[Rory come up]

RORY: Luke.

LUKE: I gave your mom a ride. We weren't on a date.

RORY: Oh, ok.

LUKE: She and your grandmother just went back to see if they can find a doctor.

RORY: Did they find out anything else about Grandpa?

LUKE: I don't think so, but give your mom a couple of minutes back there, I bet she finds something out.

RORY: Thanks for bringing her.

LUKE: You're welcome. Hey, you ok?

RORY: I don't want him to die.

LUKE: Well you tell him that when you see him ok? People like to hear that.

[Lorelai comes through doors]

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Hey, you! Hi.

RORY: It was horrible! It happened so fast.

LORELAI: They're about to bring him out of the big test room any minute so just hang in there.

RORY: Where's Grandma?

LORELAI: Kicking some patient out of the room with the good view.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: I hope they get him unhooked fast, otherwise he's going without the life support machine.

RORY: So how long before they bring him back?

LORELAI: Very soon.

RORY: I'd like to do something?

LORELAI: Like rollerblade?

RORY: Like get some coffee or make phone calls or do something that isn't standing here waiting.

LORELAI: Ok, go it. Well as partial as I am to the phone, I'm voting for the 'get coffee' idea.

RORY: Ok, good. Luke tea?

LUKE: Ah, peppermint preferably.

RORY: I'll be right back.

LORELAI: Hey, he's gonna be fine.

RORY: I was just getting to know him.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: I don't want him to -

LORELAI: He's not. Go get your coffee. [Rory leaves] Oh man! [sits with Luke]

LUKE: You're very brave for her.

LORELAI: Yeah, well it's my turn. God this sucks.

LUKE: Hey come on, you gotta think positive here - bright side, good thoughts. Rainbows, unicorns, clowns, little cute...furry - ok I'm out.

LORELAI: Thank God.

[Grandma comes through doors]

EMILY: Alright, we've secured him the room but the pillows are completely unacceptable. I'm gonna see if I can find him some down ones and some slippers. I'll be right back.

LORELAI: We'll be right here [gurney passes. Luke breathes deeply, head back] Jeez are you ok?

LUKE: Yeah, I'm just not big on hospitals you know the smell, people being wheeled by with tubes sticking out of them, you know, drainage, fluids, gaping holes -

LORELAI: Ok, listen, why don't you go home.

LUKE: You want me to go?

LORELAI: You don't look so good.

LUKE: Thanks.

LORELAI: That's not what I meant. You know you always look good.

LUKE: Yeah?

LORELAI: I mean you always look healthy.

LUKE: Ok.

LORELAI: But you don't look so healthy now. Now you look...

LUKE: Unhealthy.

LORELAI: Yes.

LUKE: Ok.

LORELAI: Oh what? So I said you look good. We're not in 5th grade. ▯You look good', big deal. Stop staring at me.

[patient passes by]

LUKE: Ah, jeez.

LORELAI: See that's what you get for being cocky.

[Grandpa wheeled out]

LORELAI: Uh, how is he?

ORDERLY: He's a little groggy right now.

LORELAI: What's going on? How are the tests?

ORDERLY: The doctor will have to tell you that, I'm just the transport guy.

LORELAI: When is the doctor coming out?

ORDERLY: I'm not sure but you can go in with your dad until he gets here.

LORELAI: Thanks.

LUKE: Go ahead, I'm good.

LORELAI: That's ok, uh, I'm gonna go find my mom and Rory and tell them he's back up.

LUKE: I can tell them when they get here.

LORELAI: That's ok, uh, I think they'd like to know now [turns around and almost knocks over her mom] Ah!

EMILY: Lorelai, you almost ran me over.

LORELAI: Well, good thing we're in a hospital.

EMILY: Where were you going?

LORELAI: To find you, they just brought dad up.

EMILY: When?

LORELAI: Just now.

EMILY: Well how is he? Did you talk to him?

LORELAI: No not yet, I was coming to find you.

EMILY: Well come on.

LORELAI: You go ahead mom, I'm gonna go find Rory.

EMILY: Fine. [goes into room]

LORELAI: Ok.

LUKE: You know I could look for Rory.

LORELAI: No that's ok, I'll do it.

LUKE: I thought so. Hey look, it's Rory. [Rory comes up to them]

RORY: The coffee machine was jammed so I got us some chicken soup and some Pez.

LORELAI: I was just coming to look for you.

RORY: Why, is everything ok?

LORELAI: They just brought Grandpa back up. He's in room 202.

RORY: Well come on.

LORELAI: You go ahead, I just - I have to make a call.

RORY: Well hurry up.

LORELAI: I'll meet you there.

LUKE: So who are you gonna go find now?

LORELAI: Stop.

LUKE: How about Jimmy Hoffa? That'll keep you busy for a while.

LORELAI: I said stop.

LUKE: You can't avoid going into that room forever.

LORELAI: I'm not avoiding anything. I'm going to find coffee.

LUKE: The machine's jammed.

LORELAI: Well there are other machines.

LUKE: Admit you're afraid.

LORELAI: You have no idea what you're talking about.

LUKE: The truth hurts.

LORELAI: No you know what hurts? Having a screwdriver jammed in the side of your head [pointing behind Luke]

LUKE: What? [turns around] Oh my God!

CUT TO INSIDE HOSPITAL ROOM

RORY: □Year end optimism in recent earnings reports, have pushed shares of the telecommunications giant about \$65'.

RICHARD: [weakly] Oh, rubbish.

RORY: □However, some experts say that the stock is dangerously overvalued.'

RICHARD: Ahh. Hmm.

EMILY: [Comes into room] Well how are we doing?

RORY: We're done the front page of the Financial Times and all of The Wall Street Journal.

EMILY: Very good progress. Rory dear, why don't you save the rest of the paper till later hmm?

RORY: Ok. [to Grandpa] If I hug you, is it gonna hurt?

RICHARD: Pain is part of life. [she hugs him]

EMILY: This little girl likes you.

RICHARD: Well, she has good taste.

[Pan to Rory coming out of room and finds Luke sitting in the chairs beside the room]

RORY: Where's mom?

LUKE: Looking for coffee.

RORY: What are you doing?

LUKE: Staring at my shoes.

RORY: Ok, carry on.

[Pan back inside room]

EMILY: Well I finally found you some decent pillows, they're not down but at least they give a little.

RICHARD: Emily, we need to talk.

EMILY: Can you life your head at all?

RICHARD: This is serious.

EMILY: Just a little.

RICHARD: There is a key in my top desk drawer.

EMILY: Better yes?

RICHARD: It is to the safe.

EMILY: One more time.

RICHARD: All of our stock information is in there, plus all of the insurance information.

EMILY: Now if I could just find you some different sheets.

RICHARD: Our will is in my lower left drawer, Denis has a copy in case there's a problem.

EMILY: Maybe I could get Dava to bring some from home -

RICHARD: Emily, this is serious. We have to be practical.

EMILY: I'm gonna have Dava get those -

RICHARD: Emily listen to me, if I die -

EMILY: No!

RICHARD: Emily.

EMILY: Richard Gilmore, there may be many things happening in this hospital tonight but your dying is not one of them.

RICHARD: But -

EMILY: No! I did not sign on to your dying. And it is not going to happen. Not tonight, not for a very long time. In fact, I demand to go first. Do I make myself clear?

RICHARD: Yes Emily. You may go first.

EMILY: Good. I'm gonna get you those sheets. [picks up the phone as Richard takes her hand and holds it.]

[Pan to Lorelai and Rory by the coffee machine.]

RORY: No luck?

LORELAI: I think I'm wearing it down.

RORY: You're pathetic.

LORELAI: Is the doctor back?

RORY: Not yet.

LORELAI: So, you have a visitor tonight.

RORY: Yeah? Who?

LORELAI: Narcolepsy boy.

RORY: Dean came over?

LORELAI: Oh yeah. He pulled the old 'tapping on the window' bit.

RORY: Were you mean?

LORELAI: Excuse me, I am never mean.

RORY: You were mean.

LORELAI: He told me nothing happened.

RORY: Nothing did.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: You do? Really?

LORELAI: Rory, there are only two things that I totally trust in this entire world. The fact that I will never be able to understand what Charo is saying no matter how long she lives in this country - and you.

RORY: Hopefully not in that order.

LORELAI: You just have to understand the major panic factor that went on there.

RORY: I do, I really do and I'm so sorry. Nothing like that will ever happen again. I swear.

LORELAI: Don't swear.

RORY: Why not?

LORELAI: Because you are your mother's daughter.

RORY: What does that mean.

LORELAI: It means things can happen, even when you don't really mean for them to happen.

RORY: They will not happen.

LORELAI: Hmm. Ok

RORY: I hated going to that party tonight without you.

LORELAI: I hated you going to that party tonight without me. How were the apple tarts?

RORY: Oh, Grandma didn't make them this year.

LORELAI: Really?

RORY: Yup.

LORELAI: That's weird.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: Hmm, are you lying?

RORY: Through my teeth.

LORELAI: Good girl.

[pan to outside Grandpa's room]

EMILY: Oh, hello [sees Luke sitting there.]

LUKE: Hi.

EMILY: If you don't mind, I think I need to just -

LUKE: Oh sure. Sit, please. How is he?

EMILY: Oh you know he's - I don't know. [playing with Grandpa's tie]

LUKE: It's a nice tie.

EMILY: It's Brooks Brothers.

LUKE: Ah.

EMILY: It was bothering him tonight. I told him not to loosen it. I wanted him to look nice for our guests, so he didn't. And then well...The paramedics took it off him on the way here. I just haven't been able to put it down yet [sniffles] I must sound crazy.

LUKE: I've kept my father's entire store just the way he left it.

EMILY: Really?

LUKE: Well I turned it into a diner, but I kept all his stuff on the walls, his pictures in the office, even the 'Hardware' sign.

EMILY: I'm sure he would've appreciated having his life's work being honored like that.

LUKE: He would've called me a damn fool.

EMILY: Oh, well. I don't know what Lorelai's told you about her father, I can certainly imagine, but he's a very good man. He always did the right thing for his family.

LUKE: That's what she told me.

EMILY: So what exactly is going on between the two of you?

LUKE: Nothing. Really. We're friends, that's it.

EMILY: You're idiots, the both of you.

[Lorelai and Rory come back]

EMILY: There you are, where have you been?

LORELAI: Coffee hunt. So what's going on?

LUKE: Your mother called me an idiot.

LORELAI: Wow, you must have sucked up good.

EMILY: Well I'm going to go wash my face [leaves taking Rory with her.]

[Lorelai stands in front of the door to Grandpa's room.]

LUKE: So whatcha gonna do?

LORELAI: [sighs] Ok, well, I'm just gonna...

LUKE: I'll be here.

[Lorelai looks at Grandpa who opens his eyes. They look at each other for a couple of seconds and are about to say something when the doctor, Rory and Grandma walk into the room.]

EMILY: ...I've heard for such a long time. Richard, how are you darling?

JOSHUA: Well Richard, it looks like we're gonna be stuck with you for a while longer. It was just a touch of angina.

EMILY: But you have to watch your diet.

JOSHUA: Yes, that's going to be very important. No more red meat, heavy desserts and you're going to have to exercise regularly.

EMILY: Golf doesn't count.

RORY: So can he go home?

JOSHUA: We'd like to keep him over night though, just to be sure.

RORY: But he's fine.

JOSHUA: As long as he does what he's told, yes. [Lorelai sneaks out]

[Luke comes around the corner]

LUKE: I heard, everything's ok.

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah. They're going to keep him over night but - but he's going to be fine. [cries]

LUKE: Hey. [Luke hugs her] Ok, see here's where the guy is supposed to give the girl his handkerchief but I don't have one...and plus I find the practice a little revolting so...

LORELAI: No, I'm ok.

LUKE: You sure?

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: Alright. Oh hey, I got this for you.

LORELAI: Ah, where'd you get that?

LUKE: Nurse's lounge.

LORELAI: Uh-huh.

LUKE: What? You're not the only one who can flirt [Lorelai laughs] The door was open.

LORELAI: Thank you.

LUKE: Anything else I can do?

LORELAI: Could you take Rory home?

LUKE: Yeah sure. What about you?

LORELAI: I'm gonna stick around here for a while and make sure everything's are settled you know. You take her and I'll drive the jeep back.

LUKE: Ok. [Rory comes out]

RORY: He's gonna be fine.

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah. I think it was those financial papers that really did the trick. [they giggle] So, um, Luke's gonna take you home ok, I'm gonna hang out here for a while.

RORY: I'll stay too.

LUKE: No, go, call Dean. Talk mushy to each other and then spend an hour arguing over who's going to hang up first.

RORY: You are gross.

LORELAI: I'll call you later.

RORY: Ok, well tell him good bye for me. And tell Grandpa I'll come back tomorrow.

LORELAI: Ok, I will, bye.

RORY: Bye.

LUKE: Ok, walk fast and look straight ahead.

[Grandma and Joshua come out, Joshua leaves]

EMILY: He's almost asleep.

LORELAI: Good.

EMILY: Where's Rory?

LORELAI: I sent her home with Luke.

EMILY: What about you?

LORELAI: I thought I'd stick around in case anybody needed anything.

EMILY: Really?

LORELAI: I mean not you. You obviously don't need anything, but somebody somewhere in this hospital might at some point need something and I'm gonna be the person who gets it for them.

EMILY: Would you like to go down to the cafeteria for something to eat?

LORELAI: Yes. Maybe somebody in the cafeteria will need something.

EMILY: Oh dear.

LORELAI: And won't they feel lucky when they see me. 'Hey I needed something and there you were', it's going to be a great moment.

CUT TO LUKE'S

LORELAI: Hello.

LUKE: Hey, how's your dad?

LORELAI: Better, though he says that life is not life unless it includes a steak. How come you're not out with everybody?

LUKE: I had some things to do.

LORELAI: Right, anyways, this is for you. [giving him a bag]

LUKE: What's it for?

LORELAI: Just thank you, Christmas, whatever.

LUKE: Christmas isn't for two weeks.

LORELAI: Do we really have to do this again? [he opens the present. It's a baseball hat] I just thought, you know, God forbid something happens to that one, you might need a spare. Here [put it on forwards] Does that look wrong. [puts in on backwards] There! Oh hey turn out the lights [going to the window]

LUKE: For what? It's not the real procession, it's just the rehearsal.

LORELAI: So, it's pretty.

LUKE: And why do they need to rehearse it? It's the same thing every year.

LORELAI: Come on Luke, please. [he turns out the lights and joins her by the window] It's hard to imagine living somewhere else isn't it?

LUKE: Thanks for the hat.

LORELAI: You're welcome. Looks good on you.

LUKE: Good how?

LORELAI: Just watch the procession.

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