

22 CONTINUED: (3)

*Matthew*  
*sc. 1*

22

They walk for a couple beats.

LORELAI (cont'd)  
We're clear. Sewer problems.

RICHARD  
Well, your public works department  
should be notified.

LORELAI  
They're on strike. They're always  
on strike.  
(coughs)  
Excuse me.

EMILY  
Allergies?

LORELAI  
Smog.

Lorelai continues coughing, as she leads them down the street.

23 INT. JESS'S PHILADELPHIA WORK/LIVING SPACE - DAY (DAY 4)

23

*GG*

A cool, old house, furnished with cool, old furniture and rugs. The area we see is the downstairs, where JESS and a couple of his partners work; upstairs is where they live. It is moody and artily lit. Even though there are windows and daylight outside, practically no light gets in, so the space is always atmospheric. There's a bookcase of books, zines, and graphic novels that Jess's group has published. There is original art on the walls, along with a couple sculptures, and all is for sale. People mill about, drinking, looking at the art, sitting around, talking, flipping through books. Since it's the day, there's some variety to the ages of the group. We find Jess having an animated discussion with his two cohorts in the venture, the over-enthusiastic MATTHEW, and the more laid-back CHRIS. They obviously have these kinds of good-natured disagreements all the time.

*Start* →

MATTHEW  
We need our own bar.

JESS  
You say it like I'm fightin' you.  
I'm not fightin' you.

~~CHRIS~~  
~~Same here.~~

*183*

23 CONTINUED:

23

MATTHEW

We need a public place where the next de Kooning can run into the next Franz Kline and dis the next Jackson Pollock, while the next Charlie Parker shoots up in the corner.

JESS

So, a nice family place.

MATTHEW

I'm not kidding. We'll call it the Cedar Bar Redux.

JESS

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

~~CHRIS~~

~~Why don't we call it "Devoid of Original Ideas Peseer Bar."~~

MATTHEW

(walking away)  
Go to hell, both of you.

JESS

Hey, come back for a hug, man.

~~CHRIS~~

(spots someone)  
Hey, there's Alicia Mattheson from the Weekly.

JESS

Grab Matthew, get him off the bar thing, and have him show her around. It's what he's best at.

CHRIS

(crossing away; shaking his head)  
Cedar Bar Redux.

Chris crosses away. Jess turns and, to his surprise, he spots Luke in another area, studying a painting on the wall. Luke wears the nicer slacks that Lorelai packed, "just in case." Jess approaches him. He is a bit stunned to see Luke there.

JESS

So, my eyes don't deceive me.

LUKE

First things first -  
(more)

*end*

*2063*

28 CONTINUED: (6)

*Matthew*  
*SC. 2*

28

As Emily makes her way to the door, she spots Caesar behind the counter. She points to him, scaring the crap out of him.

EMILY (cont'd)

You! You could have told me that wasn't Luke's daughter.

Emily marches out.

CAESAR

Come back again!

Caesar continues working. Lorelai reflects on Emily's words.

29 INT. JESS'S PHILADELPHIA WORK/LIVING SPACE - NIGHT (NIGHT 4)

29

It's late-ish. Things are wrapping up. The last few people are leaving.

*start* → CHRIS

All I'm saying is, control your poet.

MATTHEW

So suddenly he's my poet.

JESS

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

MATTHEW

It wasn't bad.

CHRIS

It was rambling.

MATTHEW

It was a little rambling.

CHRIS

What was that whole part about desiring Golda Meir?

JESS

Please tell me that was symbolic.

MATTHEW

I'll talk to my poet.

*End* *2003*