

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

LORELAI

Mother, where are you going?

EMILY

I'm just going to get something out of the car.

LORELAI

But you don't know the safe streets. You walk down the wrong one, you die.

Emily exits, to Lorelai's frustration. Taylor is shooting daggers at Lorelai.

LORELAI (cont'd)

Commence writing me up, Taylor.

26 INT. JESS'S PHILADELPHIA WORK/LIVING SPACE - LATER - DAY (DAY 4) 26

A guy, a POET, is in the performance area, reading from a piece of paper.

POET

Benzedrine, and a muscled fist,
turned to hand, turned to handout,
turned fish, and loaves, and a
lazy day in Galilee.

We pan off the poet, through the audience.

POET (cont'd)

Herman Melville, poet, customs
officer, rubber stamps, and
Hawthorne daydreams, craving Tahiti
and simple sun and the light of
the Berkshires...

We find Luke and April, sitting on the floor amongst the crowd.

LUKE

(to April; sotto)

This any good?

April makes the "so-so" hand gesture, as the poet continues reading. We pick up Jess with Matthew.

MATTHEW

I don't know what she's going to write.

poet
* DIRECTION:
Straight forward
& interesting. Not
pretentions!

AB

start

END

1681