

(Name of Project)

by  
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(Based on, If Any)

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in Order of Work Performed)

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(Current Writer, date)

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LORELAI: Ah. Who wants to hear about my night?

SOOKIE: Oh, me!

LORELAI: Well, it started with Rory's baby chick getting loose in the house and ended with Rory and I up at one in the morning looking for Morey and Babette's new kitten, who we found asleep in the piano.

SOOKIE: Wow, that's very Wild Kingdom of you.

LORELAI: Yeah. I'm like the Marlin Perkins of Stars Hollow.

SOOKIE: You want some coffe?

LORELAI: Please.

SOOKIE: So how's Rory's chick?

LORELAI: Uh, better than my lemon lamp.

SOOKIE: What's the matter with your lemon lamp?

LORELAI: Luke killed it.

SOOKI: On purpose?

LORELAI: Well I can't prove it, but I will.

SOOKIE: What was Luke doing there?

LORELAI: Well I called him when I got home and Stella wasn't there.

SOOKIE: Stella is the chick?

LORELAI: Yes.

SOOKIE: I like that name.

LORELAI: 'Streetcar Named Desire'.

SOOKIE: Vivian Leigh or Jessica Tandy?

LORELAI: Hello -- Tandy.

SOOKIE: Of course. Continue.

LORELAI: So I evaluated the situation in my usual calm, collected manner --

SOOKIE: Hmm.

LORELAI: And then I called Luke to help me track her down.

SOOKIE: That's when he broke the lamp?

LORELAI: Yeah, he's not very graceful. You know, he said the weirdest thing.

SOOKIE: 'May I break your lamp?'

LORELAI: Well he got there and I was looking for Stella and he said, 'Oh, you really do have a baby chick loose in the house,' like I made that up, or -- I don't know.

SOOKIE: Well.

LORELAI: Well what?

SOOKIE: Well you call someone and you say, 'Can you come over and help me look for my loose chick?' It's a little...

LORELAI: A little what?

SOOKIE: It sounds a little like the code for, 'I'm not wearing any underwear.'

LORELAI: That's not the code for 'I'm not wearing any underwear.'

SOOKIE: OK.

LORELAI: Sookie, you're not serious? So you're saying Luke thought I made up a crazy story about a chick being loose in the house just to get him in bed?

SOOKIE: Not just to get him in bed, but maybe he thought you wanted to see him and you didn't know how to say it.

LORELAI: That's nuts.

SOOKIE: A woman asking a man to come over late at night to her house. Come on.

LORELAI: Yeah. But this is Luke we're talking about.

SOOKIE: Uh-huh. Why did you call him?

LORELAI: Because I needed help.

SOOKIE: Yeah. Why didn't you call me?

LORELAI: Because I assumed you would be with Jackson.

SOOKIE: Uh-huh.

LORELAI: Well I did.

SOOKIE: Why didn't you call Rory?

LORELAI: Because she would have been furious to find out that Stella was missing.

SOOKIE: Why didn't you call Patty? She raises chickens.

LORELAI: Sookie.

SOOKIE: Or Andrew? He lives right around the corner, doesn't he?

LORELAI: What is your point?

SOOKIE: My point is that you called Luke. Out of all the people in town that you could have called that would have come over and dropped what they were doing, you called Luke.

LORELAI: Because I had just been with him. We were picking out paint samples. He was on my mind. It was purely a timing thing.

SOOKIE: Picking out samples.

LORELAI: Yes.

SOOKIE: For Luke's place.

LORELAI: Yes.

SOOKIE: So you could paint together.

LORELAI: Once again, yes!

SOOKIE: Mm-hmm. Which I believe was your idea.

LORELAI: OK, so now the fact that I suggested painting Luke's diner also means that I wanted to get him in bed. All of a sudden I'm trying to get any poor, unsuspecting person in bed with me. I'm like -- I'm Michael Douglas!

SOOKIE: Lorelai. This --

LORELAI: Just -- thanks for the omelette.

SOOKIE: No, honey, I'm sorry. I don't want you to be mad. Don't be mad at me.

LORELAI: I'm not mad, I'm not mad. I'm tired.

SOOKIE: OK. You know, Luke is a really nice man.

LORELAI: Bye, Sookie