

(Name of Project)

by  
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(Based on, If Any)

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(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

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LORELAI: There goes the fire chief, the police chief and the one paramedic with a valid license. I feel safe, don't you?

LUKE: Look at them, all relatively intelligent men, but there they are dressed up in costumes, standing out in a snowstorm, and for what?

LORELAI: Because it's tradition.

LUKE: Tradition is a trap, it allows people to stick their head in the sand. Everything in the past was so quaint, so charming. Times were simpler. Neighbors knew each other. Teenagers didn't have sex. It's a freaking fairy tale. Things sucked then, too. It just sucked without indoor plumbing.

LORELAI: I think some traditions are nice. Birthdays. Holidays. Taking a walk in the first snow of the season.

LUKE: I didn't get the Hallmark card for that one.

LORELAI: When I was five, I had a really bad ear infection and I had been home in bed for a week and I was very sad. So I wished really hard that something wonderful would happen to me, and I woke up the next morning and it had snowed. And I was sure that some fairy godmother had done it just for me. It was my little present.

LUKE: Your parents never explained the concept of weather to you?

LORELAI: I am making a point, Mouthy McGee. Of course, many years later, I realized that logically, the snow was not there for me personally. But, still, when it snows, something inside me says, 'hey, that's your present.' I don't think it'll ever change.[Luke glances at the reenactors]

LUKE: My father used to be one of those guys.

LORELAI: Yeah?

LUKE: Yeah, he even had his own musket.

LORELAI: Really?

LUKE: Never had to rent it.

LORELAI: Where is the musket now?

LUKE: He was buried with it. LORELAI: Wow.

LUKE: Yup. He loved that musket.

LORELAI: That's nice. . .in a disturbing sort of way.