

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

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

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

RORY: Mom? What are you doing up?

LORELAI: I couldn't sleep.

RORY: Its freezing in here.

LORELAI: Wait, close your eyes and breathe. I smell snow.

RORY: Ah, it's that time of year.

LORELAI: Can't you smell it?

RORY: You know, it's like dogs and high-pitched noises. I think it's something only you can smell.

LORELAI: I love snow.

RORY: Really, I had no idea.

LORELAI: Everything's magical when it snows, everything looks pretty. The clothes are great. Coats, scarves, gloves, hats.

RORY: Thermal underwear, wool socks, ear flaps.

LORELAI: Do you know that the best things in my life have happened when it snowed?

RORY: Why, yes, I do.

LORELAI: My best birthday.

RORY: Your first kiss.

LORELAI: Your first steps. They all happened when it snowed. I feel good. Tingly.

RORY: That's called frostbite.

LORELAI: You're mocking your mother, the woman who birthed you

RORY: I'm sorry. So, how soon is it supposed to hit?

LORELAI: Hm. Tomorrow. . .definitely tomorrow.

RORY: Okay, then, tomorrow it is. You, me, donuts, coffee, standing out in a snowstorm.

LORELAI: At midnight?

RORY: At midnight.

LORELAI: You are my favorite daughter.