

F/E

RORY: Gotta go. [hangs up] Okay, Paris, you have got to calm down.

PARIS: I had a black sweater and now it's gone.

RORY: I'm not just talking about right now – in general, you need to calm down.

PARIS: He's almost here, I'm not dressed, my makeup's not done, and I haven't gone through the Zagat yet to pick out a restaurant.

RORY: Why don't you just let him pick out the restaurant?

PARIS: What if he doesn't have a Zagat?

RORY: Well, then he'll wing it.

PARIS: Wing it? How come other girls get planned out dinners? Flowers, candy, rose petals thrown on the floors – and I get wing it?

RORY: Well, you don't know that you've got wing it.

PARIS: No, I do. I've got wing it. I can't do this.

RORY: What?

PARIS: Date. I can't date. I'm not genetically set up for it.

RORY: Not true.

PARIS: I get no pleasure out of the prospect or the preparation. I'm covered in hives, I've showered four times, and for what? Some guy who doesn't even have the brains to buy a Zagat so we don't wind up in a restaurant that's really just a front for a cocaine laundering ring?

RORY: Sit.

PARIS: It's a dare. He was dared to take me out. I bet Trent Lott was behind this.

RORY: Trent Lott did not dare Jamie to take you out. Close. Jamie likes you and he asked you out because he likes you. Now look up.

PARIS: Maybe I shouldn't go. I mean, what if I fall for him and he doesn't like me?

RORY: Then you'll find someone else.

PARIS: But what if there is no one else?

RORY: Then you'll buy some cats.

PARIS: I wish I knew if he was right for me, you know? So I don't put myself through all of this for nothing. I mean, women fall for men who are wrong for them all of the time, and then they get sidetracked from their goals. They give up careers and become alcoholics and, if you're Sunny von Bülow, wind up in a coma completely incapable of stopping Glenn Close from playing you in a movie.

RORY: I think you should wear your hair down.

PARIS: How do you know if a guy is right for you?

RORY: You just have to feel it.

PARIS: All I feel is my back breaking out.

RORY: You'll know, okay? You just have to let it happen. And then, probably when you're not looking, you'll find someone who compliments you.

PARIS: Meaning?

RORY: Someone who likes what you like, someone who reads the same books or listens to the same music or likes to trash the same movies. Someone compatible.

PARIS: Okay.

RORY: But not so compatible that they're boring.

PARIS: Someone who's compatible but not compatible.

RORY: Yeah, kind of. I mean, you respect each other's opinions and you can laugh at the

same jokes, but I don't know – there's just something about not quite knowing what the other person's gonna do at all times that's just really exciting. Look, just have a good time, you'll figure it out.

PARIS: Yeah, well, I hope I figure it out fast. . .before I throw up.

[there's a knock at the door]

PARIS: That's him.

RORY: Turn around.

PARIS: Well?

RORY: Perfect.

PARIS: Promise?

RORY: Swear.

PARIS: Thanks. Now get in the closet.

RORY: What?

PARIS: If he comes in here and sees you, he won't wanna date me anymore.

RORY: Paris, that's crazy! He's seen me – he's seen me for weeks.

PARIS: Yes, in conferences, crowded lecture halls, badly lit banquet rooms with crappy food smells, not at night when it's dating time and he's thinking about dating and you're standing there looking all datable.

RORY: I'm not looking datable.

PARIS: Please? I can't risk it. At least if there's nothing to compare me to, then I've got a fighting chance, please!

RORY: Okay, but when you get home, you need to get a new therapist because the one you have is really not working. [goes into the closet]

PARIS: Thanks for helping me get ready.

RORY: [from inside closet] Any time.