I take it back…

Went to see “Sex and the City” last night with Jill and I take it back, I liked the movie very much. I trashed the series on The Mom Blog and here , but I’m not too proud to say I misjudged those four girls. They were funny, loyal and adorable—all things I look for in a girlfriend. SJP’s personality broke through the frivolousness and I loved how she couldn’t see anything w/out glasses—which she refused to get.

The only thing I’m going to stick-by is my impression of “Big.” I didn’t give a flying flip if they ended up together or not. There was no draw there. He still seemed like an arrogant weasel to me. (…and he needed to button his shirt up just one more button…come on…you can do it…just one more—oogie.)

After the movie we went to get a coffee. The guys in front of us were ordering theirs and the barista asked, “What name would you like for your drinks?”

Because we are both like-silly-ed, Jill and I instantly laughed and thought of things to say:

Jill, “I’ve always been fond of Sarah.”

Me, “Oh, I don’t know, how about Bruce and Connie?”

When it came time to order, we were shaky with expectation—would she ask us the same question?
But, with great disappointment she said, “What is your name?” to Jill.

Can’t have everything I suppose…