COFFEE SHOP DIALOGICS:
Sex and the City and Third Wave Feminism.

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by

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Abstract

The third wave feminism has been characterized by its multiplicity of voices from diverse pockets of women and advocating a heterogeneous myriad of positions rather than a monolithic ideology. While several terms could be used to name the “messy” debate that third wave feminism fosters, this thesis identifies “feminist dialogics” as theorized by Dale M Bauer and Susan J. McKinstry, as the primary mode of navigation. This work focuses on situating the HBO series *Sex and the City* within a specific historical and discursive context, that of the third wave, concentrating on the “brunch” and “laptop” sequences which appear in virtually every episode, as the dramatization of third wave feminist dialogics. More specifically, the “brunch scenes” are read as a forum where the question of female sexuality, one of the central issues of the third wave, can be debated and collectively reconceived. However, the thesis concludes that its dramatic form ultimately undermines the dialogic project of the series.

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Introduction: Why *Sex and the City*?

When *Sex and the City* premiered in June 1998, audiences knew they were witnessing television history.
(Sohn, 2004, 26)

Shortly after the HBO Original Series, *Sex and the City* debuted on June 6, 1998 a flurry of activity sprung from both the popular press and academic circles. Here, academics and avid viewers alike began debating whether the new series was progressive in its depiction of modern, urban females or deceptive, actually reinforcing conservative ideals for women under the guise of empowerment. Critical assumptions viewed the show as deceiving, as it seemingly presented progressive female characters with agency, but ultimately undermined this agency as the women fell into conservative aspirations of romantic love and domesticity. Ariel Levy, stated for example, “*Sex and the City* was great entertainment, but it was a flawed guide to empowerment” (Levy, 2005, 176) and Charlotte Raven, columnist for *The Guardian* condemned the series as “a worthless pile of swill with no cultural relevance.” (Raven, 1999, 5). Conversely, as the series was well into its second season, the stars of the show seductively posed on the cover of *TIME Magazine* accompanied by the headline, “Who Needs a Husband?” The cover story focussed on single women across the United States “deciding that marriage is not inevitable, [and] that they can lead a fulfilling life as single. It’s an empowering choice, but for many not an easy one.” (Edwards, 2000, 47) Even though the protagonists are on the cover, the actual article has very little to do with the content of the show directly - indirectly however, the eight page spread under banner “Single by Choice” speaks volumes as to the impact of the show. The article maps out the challenges of the processes of the empowerment and choice that face women, using the show to talk about these values and invariably crediting the series with opening the discussion and disseminating

this message. An article such as this would not have been able to surface had it not been for the influence of the characters that graced its cover.

Regardless of what critics were debating, audiences responded, resulting in one of HBO's most successful series. In fact, the final episode garnered the premium cable network its second highest original series rating ever, with 10.5 million viewers tuning in. (*The Associate Press*, 24 February, 2004) This thesis however, does not seek to address the relationship between the show and the empirical reality of contemporary women nor does it wish to reconcile oppositions or reinforcements regarding the series' cultural merit - whether it contributes to female empowerment, or to the sexualization of women, as such projects have already been undertaken. Amanda Osterhaus Ream's work *Only the Lonely: A rhetorical analysis of 'Sex and the City'* for example, concludes, "*Sex and the City* serves a hegemonic function in perpetuating a hierarchy that oppresses women through objectification and commodification." (Osterhaus Ream, 2003, Abstract) Additionally, the work *Blurred Sex and the City: An Analysis of Language and Gender in 'Sex and the City'* posits that the show "has been an inspiration to later TV-shows and has had an impact on the way women are portrayed in television. [It has] set new standards for what is acceptable for women to do." (Anderson, Arildsen, Kohl, Mastilo, von Hedemann and Johan, 2005, 61) Rather, my interest lies in situating the series within specific historical context; firstly, the historical discourse of feminism and secondly the historical moment of its broadcast lifecycle. An article in the Providence Journal states, "Clearly, *Sex and the City* had put a face to a new phase of women's liberation...it was more than a TV show, it was a cultural marker." (*The Providence Journal* [Rhode Island], 23 February 2004) which is what this thesis aims to illustrate - namely, that *Sex and the City* is a "cultural marker" of a signified shift in feminist issues, marking a new trend of feminist discourse.

In the early to mid 1990s, it was apparent amongst young women that the concerns and circumstances of feminism's second wave simply were no longer applicable to this new generation. A very public exchange of varying positions was evident, and although the opinions expressed were as heterogeneous as women themselves, one aspect was consistent – feminist issues had significantly changed from the days of the women's movement. Susan Faludi's seminal work *Backlash: The Undeclared War Against American Women* (1991) pointed the finger at the mainstream media for perpetuating the stereotype that the "newly liberated" woman was more miserable than ever. *TIME Magazine* released an article entitled "Feminism: It's All About Me!" which mourned the death of the "legitimate" politically-active feminism of the second wave and stating, "feminism has [now] devolved into the silly...grown single women [are] frazzled, self-absorbed girls." (Bellafante, 1998, 56) Naomi Wolf, in her work *Fire with Fire* (1993) called for women to shed the "victim" label and petitioned for a new "power feminism." The beginnings of the third wave of feminism were spun into motion. Just as the discourse around this "new feminism" began gaining momentum, *Sex and the City* debuted, and in its exclusive focus on issues of sexuality in an urban environment, appeared to be representing varying voices of this discourse, actively debating. Series' star, Sarah Jessica Parker, perfectly captures the sentiment of the third wave climate as follows:

These characters, and the actress playing them, reap enormous benefits from the women's movement. The characters have sexual freedom, opportunity, and the ability to be successful. They have the ability to be leaders and to be strong, assertive, and confident. If you grow up with the right to choose, vote, dress how you want, sleep with who you want and have the kind of friendships you want, those things are the fabric of who you are. But I don't think of it as a feminist show, because true feminists may take issue with certain things about the women and would want things to be different for them. Cleverly or not, we have steered clear of labelling ourselves, but that's also reflective of who we are as women. (Sarah Jessica Parker in Sohn, 2004, 24)

It is significant that Parker maintains that the series is “not a feminist show”, as many of the women of the third wave were reluctant to subscribe to the label “feminist” due to the many connotations associated with it. However, in acknowledging how the protagonists within the series, and the actresses portraying them, have all been affected by the gains of the feminist movement and, furthermore, addressing the issues pertinent to women, Parker inadvertently labels the show as feminist.

At the root of the discussions on the show is the issue of sex, which is one of the primary issues addressed by third wave feminism. The website "The 3rd wwWave" confirms the primacy of the sex issue which had been curtailed by second wave predecessors:

We're interested in recovering sex from the politics that have taken it away from us...[We] struggle against the entrenched feminist attitude that [women] are more morally pure, more perfect [than men] never lustful...So it's not surprising at all that sex has been one of the hot button topics, and one that...most clearly divides the second wave from the third. The second feels a lot more comfortable with defining certain kinds of sexuality as bad or wrong for women. The third has a more strongly held belief that what we do in our bedroom is no one's business but our own, but at the same time, we recognize that sex *has* been turned into something bad and confused. Like the second wave, we think sex has been turned into something that is bad for all parties concerned, especially women. Unlike the second wave, we think it's high time that this was addressed. (<http://www.3rdwwave.com/sxltv.cgi>)

Sex and the City therefore, is intentionally selective in its debates, focusing on issues that centre on sex and sexuality rather than delving deeply into other prevalent third wave issues of race, class and age. Feminism as a whole, regardless of its sub-issues of examination, work toward one primary objective – that is defining what a woman's role in society is and debating what it should be. The infinite feminist positions, regardless of their corresponding “wave”, appear to centre on this basic concern. In order to ascribe meaning to the show, this work seeks to position the series within the paradoxical framework of third wave discourse, and in order to navigate through what is often seen as a formless mass of heterogeneous

voices, I look to the theory of "Feminist Dialogics," based on conception of Mikhail Bakhtin, as my theoretical grounding.

In her book, *The Dialogic and Difference* (1989) Anne Herrmann argues,

Unlike the dialectic, which seeks to transcend oppositions by means of a synthetic third term, the dialogic resist reconciliation of opposites by insisting on the reciprocity of two or more voices. (Herrmann, 1989, 15)

Feminist dialogics is further expanded on by Dale M. Bauer and Susan Jaret McKimstry in their book, *Feminism, Bakhtin, and the Dialogic* (1991). The power of the dialogic is that it allows for contradictions, does not seek reconciliation, and it is in the acknowledgement that agreement is not necessary that dialogic feminists find a common ground. Feminist dialogics function in a way that is always in response to the dominant monologic discourse-patriarchy. The political and social impact that the movement can have is to constantly undermine the stagnating certitudes of the established power. Bakhtin's theories are not bound by any specific historical referent, and in the interest of this project, they prove transcendent in the examination of the nature of society today as reflected through the series. In the prologue to his work *Rabelais and his World*, Michael Holquist confirms the adaptability of Bakhtin, stating:

[Bakhtin's work is] directed to scholars anywhere at any time, it is a contribution to historical poetics with theoretical implications not limited by its origin in a particular time and place. (Holquist, 1984, xv)

In the first section of this thesis, I will chart third wave feminist discourse, establishing the discursive contexts in which I will situate the show and introducing how I will incorporate the Bakhtinian notion of feminist dialogics. I will also identify and further expand on the third wave archetypes that are embodied by the show's protagonists. Although I do not make the claim that these archetypes are necessarily dominant voices of the third wave, they do function in dramatic counterpoint to one another when juxtaposed,

and therefore understanding the ideals behind each archetype provides further insight into the effect of the overall series. In the second chapter I will be focusing exclusively on the "brunch" and "laptop" sequences that are apparent in almost every episode. Here I will establish their centrality in conjunction with the discursive contexts that are previously outlined in chapter one. I will also address the position of the spectator as partaking in the dialogic process. Finally, my third chapter will address the notable shift in the latter seasons of the series, with particular attention to the alteration of the dialogic process as the show ends its run. In the final seasons of the series, seasons five and six, a discernable shift is perceived in the format of the show's brunch and laptop sequences. The brunch dialogues are decidedly more reliant on propelling the narrative of each episode rather than promoting a contentious debate. Carrie's laptop monologues are also far more narrative-based and her typed questions become increasingly closed-ended in comparison to the earlier seasons; her questioning is also explicitly silenced nearing the end of the series. As such, Bakhtin's notion of the dialogic no longer seems to be a productive theoretical framework to interpret these latter seasons. Rather, his conception of the carnivalesque, particularly the distinctions between the Renaissance and Romantic carnivalesque, offers as a more serviceable approach to understanding the shifts that take place. The carnivalesque could be interpreted as playing the same function in the social sphere as the dialogic plays in the discursive field. Like the dialogic destabilizes hierarchies of meaning and narrative closure in discourse, the carnivalesque challenges social hierarchies, shatters dominant modes of behaviour and celebrates the regenerative role of sex, food and irreverent merriment. For Bakhtin, the Renaissance carnivalesque achieves a genuine undermining of traditional power relations, just like the dialogic defies monolithic logic. The Romantic carnivalesque, however, only *pretends* to attack established order, but in fact merely reasserts prevailing structures. The

playful assault on authority delivered by the Renaissance carnivalesque becomes in the Romantic era a vacuous performance safely contained behind the footlights of dramatic spectacle. By season five and six, I argue, *Sex and the City* moved away from the messy, but lively and regenerative dialogic battles of the Renaissance carnivalesque to ensconce itself in the comfortable space of the Romantic carnival.

My intention in locating the series within the historical and discursive terrain with which it engages, is to interpret it as a cultural marker. During its initial broadcast, pivotal historical events caused a reverberation across culture. *Sex and the City* is an indicator of how the effects of history were manifested in public discourse. The show consciously addresses issues of sexuality from distinct perspectives in a public arena, and these isolated viewpoints allow for the debates inherent during the show's run to be presented in an understandable and consumable fashion in the public domain. Examining the arch of the entire series within this context reveals the limitations of its plurality. This thesis seeks to account for the contradictory nature of the series. On the one hand, this study proposes that *Sex and the City* offered a forum where issues of sexuality, prevalent in third wave discourse, could be vigorously debated, at least vicariously through its protagonists. On the other hand, I demonstrate that the show's dramatic form itself jeopardizes the political impact of these debates, as it locates them behind the footlights of the Romantic spectacle. Thus, this thesis might ultimately suggest that the arguments as to whether the show is conservative or progressive result less from the actual politics of the *Sex and the City* than from the form it adopted to convey its meaning.

Chapter One: Charting the Third Wave

Many modifiers now appear before feminism – anti-, post-, post-modern, third-wave -, power-, without more specific definition, and often in a manner indicating interchangeability... but such discussions are frequently short-circuited by the confused and contradictory understandings of various versions of third-wave feminism.

(Lotz, 2001, 2)

In February of 1992, Rebecca Walker poignantly declared in her article for *Ms.* Magazine, “I am not a postfeminist feminist. I am the third wave.” (Walker, 1992, 5) Having been credited with coining the term “third wave” by many recent feminist scholars, Walker represents one of the many voices that comprise this “new feminism” that emerged in the early to mid 1990s. The history of feminism in the United States is generally captured in three metaphoric “waves” or periods. The first wave is said to have begun around 1848 when women started fighting for legal identity, the right to own property and most importantly, for the right to vote. (Dicker and Piepmeyer 2003, 8) The second wave, which had its heyday in the 1960s and 1970s, focused on equal rights and opportunities in employment and education for women, access to child care and abortions and the evocation that difference between the sexes was not innate or biological, but socially constructed. As such women were grouped together, as a ‘united sisterhood’ fighting against the common enemy of patriarchy. Unlike these previous waves, however, the issues that the third wave focuses on are not as easily defined. The new wave of feminism began gaining momentum as criticism of the second wave became more prevalent. Since the perceived root of second wave feminism was the notion of a unified sisterhood of women, this notion soon became problematized and thus acted as a springboard allowing for third wave to emerge.

Since the chief proponents of early second wave politics were white, middle-class, educated women, there was always a grave risk that female identity would become as

homogenized as it is in male discourse, and that countless women would be marginalized by a movement that claimed to champion their rights. (Whelehan 1995, 19) If one of the main goals of the women's movement revolved around favouring alternatives to traditional roles, it quickly became apparent that the opinions of women were as varied as women themselves – and most times the majority of women did not experience the opportunities open to white, heterosexual, middle-class women. Furthermore, situating gender difference as the most crucial issue for all women, denies the equally prevalent issues of race and class. Marginalized women were unable to assert how racism plays an important role in the shaping of their lives and politics. (Whelehan 1995, 138) Women of colour began carving out their own feminism and are sometimes credited as the pioneers of the third wave. They were the first to provide an extensive critique of second wave feminism from within the feminist movement. (Mann and Huffman 2005, 59) Soon, other women joined black women's critical challenges and investigated how sex, race, and class functioned as factors that structured the social meanings of feminism and femininity. (Whelehan 1995, 19)

As feminism expressed by minority women began to culminate, so did the attack on second wave feminism as the mass media joined in disseminating criticism of the women's movement. Susan Faludi describes this attack in her 1991 work, *Backlash*. Exponents of this "backlash" against feminism blamed the second wave for the new afflictions that plagued women. Women were said to suffer emotional distress as the emphasis on equality between the genders had "robbed them of their romantic and maternal rights and forced them to make 'sacrifices'." (Faludi 1991, 78) Other women felt like failures if they were unable to have succeeded professionally, or if they neglected to achieve the self-realization that autonomy, independence and a career had promised. (Faludi 1991, xii) In opposition to the unitary movement of the second wave in the '60s and '70s, in the early '90s there appeared to

be a dispiriting climate of confusion, division, cynicism, and above all, exhaustion. (Wolf, 1991, 10) Proponents of the backlash proclaimed to women “You may be free and equal now...but you have never been more miserable.” (Faludi 1991, ix) It perpetuated the war among women, making them question whether they really wanted equality after all, and that they were in fact unhappy because they were “free” and enslaved by their own “liberation.” (Faludi 1991, x) Second wave feminism was blamed for women’s disappointment while unsuccessfully trying to balance work and home life.

One of the effects of this backlash was a propagation of the idea that feminism was dead – or should be – and that society had now entered a “postfeminist” era. But Faludi exposed the mainstream media's involvement in promoting the postfeminist backlash and urged women to question what was being disseminated. In her article “The Big Lie: False Feminist Death Syndrome, Profit and the Media” (2003) Jennifer Pozner agrees, stating:

Clearly, the mainstream media – not the women’s movement – heralded these mass-marketed, pop-culture prima donnas as postfeminist poster girls. Equating the movement with the media is ludicrous. (Pozner 2003, 34)

In their work “The Myth of Postfeminism” (2003) Hall and Rodriguez conduct an extensive research study dispelling the bullet points of the backlash argument. They take a representative sample of various young American women to disprove the postfeminist/backlash myth. They state:

Our research shows that postfeminism currently is a myth; women continue to support feminism and find it relevant in their lives. However, the emphasis on postfeminism in the popular media may create a future reality in which collective struggle is deemed unnecessary. This possibility is the ultimate danger of the postfeminist argument. (Hall and Rodriguez, 2003, 899)

But while Hall and Rodriguez’s research demonstrates that feminism did not die in the 1990s, there is little doubt that the once solid ground of feminism that women stood on in solidarity was dissolving, resulting in fertile ground for multiple positions of what would

constitute the new feminism to cultivate. The united sisterhood began fracturing into individual groups, all questioning the unitary goal they were working toward. As a result, multiple pockets of women who advocated their own individual brands of feminism defined the third wave. A pure definition of feminism simply does not exist in the third wave.

One “branch” of third wave feminism is what has been labelled “postfeminism”¹ or more bluntly “antifeminism”, acting as continuation of the backlash argument. Born in a generation where the activism of the second wave had become the party line of progressive politics there were those women who resented being expected to embrace the traditional feminist ideals when in reality they were questioning whether the struggles were still relevant or applicable. An acerbic disdain is apparent in Ariel Levy’s statement: “There is a widespread assumption that simply because my generation of women has the good fortune to live in a world touched by the feminist movement, that means everything we do is magically imbued with its agenda.” (Levy 2005, 5) As opportunities of equality appeared entrenched in their lives, it is not a surprise that many felt the feminist momentum had stalled or was fast approaching complete irrelevance. (Denfeld, 1995, 14) This irrelevance caused this new emerging group of women to adopt the term ‘postfeminism’ using the prefix ‘post’ to connote that which has past or ended, thereby marking the death of second wave feminism.

While many feminists argued strongly that postfeminism constitutes a betrayal of the feminist struggle, and rejection of all it has gained, (Gamble 1998, 44) the term still gained

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¹ What appears to be consistent with most definitions of the “third wave” is that no comprehensive definition exists. In many third wave writings, the terms “postfeminism” and “third wave” are used in a myriad of different combinations. Most often, they are either used interchangeably in reference to the same concept, or as representing polar opposite ideologies. In the interest of clarity, I will be using “third wave” to connote the movement of feminist discourse from the mid 1980s up until the present day, while “postfeminism” will refer exclusively to the antifeminist “branch” of the third wave. It is important to note that “postfeminism/antifeminism” are ultimately *a part* of my definition of the “third wave”, which in the confines of this thesis acts as an umbrella term. I will also be focusing primarily on the discourse as it applies in North America, where “third wave” and “postfeminism” more consistently hold two separate definitions as I refer to them, as opposed to outside North America, where the definitions are much more ambiguous and arbitrary.

some currency in the popular imagination. Within mainstream media,² a certain discourse promoted the idea that second wave politics were no longer moving, no longer vital, and no longer relevant. The term suggests that the gains forged by previous generations of women have so completely pervaded all tiers of our social existence that those still “harping” about women’s victim status are embarrassingly out of touch. (Siegel 1997, 75) Perhaps the best-known critic of the “victim” argument put forth by earlier feminists was Naomi Wolf.

In her 1993 book *Fire with Fire* Wolf describes at length what she terms “victim feminism” (second wave) and “power feminism” (emerging facet of third wave). Victim feminism maintains that all women are potential victims of male power. Women are “cast as sexually pure and mystically nurturing, and stresses the evil done to these ‘good’ women as a way to petition for their rights.” (Wolf, 1993, xvii) Ultimately, by acknowledging that women are powerless to prevent falling victim, women are infantilized and robbed of any sense of responsibility. Wolf’s conception of victim feminism is not confined to the women’s movement, but she describes it as “what all of us do whenever we retreat into appealing for status on the basis of feminine specialness instead of human worth, and fight underhandedly rather than honourably.” (Wolf 1993, 135) Furthermore, the feminist ‘liberation’ remains within male defined parameters. Women can succeed but only on men’s terms in a man’s world. (Coppock, Haydon, and Richter 1995, 191) Rather than subscribing to victim feminism, Wolf calls for women to embrace her notion of “power feminism”, a feminism where women themselves are responsible for determining their own lives. With her newly inscribed brand of feminism, Wolf encouraged women to claim their individual voices rather

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² As far back as the early 1980s, articles were starting to present Postfeminism as the new, more open-minded, less dogmatic ideology for modern women, thus declaring the death of second-wave feminism. See for instance, J.D. Reed, “Postfeminism: Playing for Keeps,” *TIME Magazine* 10 January 1983. Reed writes: “While some, like Marilyn French *The Women’s Room*, continue to dissect the feminine psyche and situation, a growing cadre of women has enlarged and honoured the literary mainstream. Their books, characterized by less dogmatic treatments of both men and women, and with themes expanded to include family, children and political events, are what New York City Literary Agent Lynn Nesbit calls ‘postfeminist writings’.”

than merging their voices in a collective identity, for only strong individuals can create a just community. (Wolf 1993, 15) This dispelled the notion that there existed an umbrella of sisterhood to which all women belong. As such, Wolf's feminism prefigures some of the central characteristics of third wave feminisms. However, power feminism was criticized for this emphasis on individual achievements, as they tend to benefit those women who are already privileged – white, middle-and upper class-straight women- and do little to change the status of women who are structurally more disadvantaged such as women of color and poor women. (Piepmeier, 2006, 335)

While Wolf's "power feminism" could be blamed for being exclusive and monolithic, it at least proposed an alternative to second-wave feminism. But other critics focused exclusively on harshly criticizing what the second wave had 'achieved,' essentially calling for the end of feminism altogether. Rene Denfeld's *The New Victorians: A Young Women's Challenge to the Old Feminist Order* (1995) and Katie Roiphe's *The Morning After: Fear, Sex and Feminism* (1994) are often referred to as defining the antifeminist branch and are examples of postfeminism at its most extreme. Roiphe's work argues that the second wave discussion of rape and sexual harassment ultimately painted women as nothing more than powerless victims, questioning the viability of the statement "I was raped." Denfeld on the other hand, is more explicit in her attack on the second wave. She essentially accuses the second wave as of being anti-male, anti-heterosexual and defining all challenges to women as being rooted in patriarchy. To Denfeld, the movement is far outdated, alienating and completely irrelevant to contemporary young women.

While antifeminists were anxious to sever all ties with second wave feminism, other women emerged who were not so quick to deny their feminist predecessors. Criticism soon rose against the antifeminists, and it became apparent that the third wave consisted of many

plural voices in dialogue and debate with one another. In her 1997 article, “Charting the Currents of the Third Wave”, Catherine Orr points out that antifeminists’ neglect to navigate through the contradictions inherent in the new era of feminism. She states, “They imagine there is some pure outside where women can stand free of both gendered oppression and other forms of exploitation.” (Orr 1997, 35) Antifeminists lock second wave and postfeminism in dialectical opposition, with both parties attempting to lay claim to some kind of ‘pure’ or ‘correct’ version of feminism. (Gamble 1998, 48) Amanda Lotz also critiques the selective and often simplistic understanding of the second wave that antifeminists hold:

[Antifeminist writers] do not present uniform ideas nor do they advance a particular theoretical tradition. Rather, they each write polemics harshly indicting second wave feminism on such grounds as constructing women as victims rather than empowering them, and overemphasizing the epidemic of acquaintance rape. The use of a very generalized understanding of second-wave feminism and representing second-wave feminists as being of one mind serves as a key tactic in composing their criticisms. (Lotz 2001, 4)

These critics spoke for women who did not want to be defined by the binaries that antifeminism seemed to focus on. The term “third wave” proved much more inclusive in that it acknowledged that a new feminism was indeed emerging, but also that it was not necessarily as stringent as the postfeminist position. Sarah Gamble explains:

Increasingly, feminists in their twenties and thirties are distancing themselves from the problematic politics of postfeminism by describing themselves... as participating in a ‘third wave’; a term in with the twin imperatives of continuity and change are neatly entwined. (Gamble 1998, 52)

An early advocate of this participatory movement was Rebecca Walker.

It was her hope to work toward an inclusive feminism that favoured plurality over a monolithic ideology. She published a collection of personal accounts by women in her book *To Be Real* (1995) further expanding the third wave mentality in her introduction:

My hope is that this book can help us to see how the people in the world who are facing and embracing their contradictions and complexities and creating something new and empowering. From them are important voices leading us away from divisiveness and dualism. I hope that in accepting contradiction and ambiguity, and using it much more than we use either/or, these voices can help us continue to shape a political force more concerned with mandating and cultivating freedom than with policing morality. (Walker 1995, xxxv)

Third wave centres around the creation of an inclusive feminism that respects not only differences between women based on race, ethnicity, religion, and economic standing but also makes allowances for different identities within a single person. (Heywood 2006, xx)

Significantly, the third wave uses much of the same language as seen in the previous waves, and so avoids the defensive relationship adopted by antifeminists. (Gamble 1998, 54) The criticism against antifeminists allowed for another branch of the third wave to emerge - a branch that wanted to incorporate and reinscribe the work produced by the second wave. Understanding that the second wave was not an agreeable whole as the antifeminists were presenting it was the first step in its incorporation into the third wave. Thus, the third wave is characterized by inclusion of a number of diverse and analytically distinct approaches to feminism, which includes aspects of the second wave and these approaches share general properties that have fundamentally transformed our understanding of gender today. (Mann and Huffman 2005, 57)

In her article, "Reading between the Waves: Feminist Historiography in a 'Postfeminist' Movement" (1997) Deborah Siegel explains her desire to make peace with the earlier waves in the following passage:

I cannot tolerate the thought of those purporting to 'take back' feminism taking it back from me, for feminism was never mine alone to begin with. Feminists of different stripes must stop jockeying for control and ownership, must cease mistaking each other for the enemy, must begin to forge links with their feminist predecessors, if the movement is to continue moving forward. (Siegel 1997, 76)

The second wave and third wave are therefore not mutually exclusive, but fall under the larger conception of "feminism." In fact, the second wave is still very much alive and

prevalent within the third wave discourse. The waves of feminisms should not be seen as laying claims to more correct representation of feminism, rather as chronological periods of feminism that are indicative of the shifting cultural assumptions about the role of women in society.

Among the ‘shifting cultural assumptions’ that have marked the chronological passage from the second to the third wave, sex and sexuality have been among the most often debated and become the primary issue of interest in this thesis as I will be focusing on the HBO television series *Sex and the City*. The ethos of the show was all about women getting themselves the best and the most, sexually and materially. (Levy, 172) The very title of the show suggests the primacy of sexuality as a catalyst for representing feminism in its third wave connotation. The series exclusively presents themes of sex and sexuality of the third wave vis-à-vis protagonists, Samantha Jones (Kim Cattrall), Miranda Hobbes (Cynthia Nixon) Charlotte York (Kristin Davis) and Carrie Bradshaw (Sarah Jessica Parker) who archetypally embody various third wave feminist “branches”. From its pilot episode, the show outlines its scope, that of financially successful, white women, and therefore is not primarily concerned with what women have yet to gain or larger third wave issues. As such, there is little comment on race or class in this thesis as the series itself addresses the sexuality of white women who live in the city of New York, and have reached a certain level of monetary success. Bonnie Dow sees the narrowly drawn parameters of the series as indicative of the form of feminism which women were accustomed in Prime Time television in her book, *Prime-Time Feminism: Television, Media Culture, and the Women’s movement since 1970* (1996):

Television’s representations of feminism are almost exclusively filtered through white, middle- class, heterosexual, female characters’, creating a racially, sexually and economically privileged version of feminism, that, for the American public, has come to represent feminism in toto. (Dow, 1996 xxiii)

"Do-Me" Feminism

Samantha Jones represents the most sexually “controversial” third wave feminist, which was rarely seen as a protagonist on mainstream television. Her character was indicative of what was often coined a “pro-sex feminist.” These women actively reclaimed their sexual desire, trumpeting the merits of pornography, sexual freedom, sex work and sadomasochism. (Johnson, 2006, 260) The multiplicity of voices prevalent of the third wave feminism made room for those women who wished to embrace the sempiternal archenemies of traditional feminism: pornography, prostitution and perverse sexuality. These were women who were eager to transpose the power that they have achieved in the professional world in their private lives. This translated into a feminism which sex activist Lynn Phillips calls “a discourse of female pleasure without penalties.” (Johnson, 2006, 260) Pro-sex feminists offer a nuanced analysis of sex, power and fantasy and are consistently more interested in discussing sex *as it is*, rather than as it should be. (Johnson, 2006, 261)

Additionally, the sex-worker activists constitute a major subset of pro-sex feminism, which question notions of proper womanhood and conventional sexuality. (Johnson, 2006, 261) Sometimes labelled “orgasms politics” or “do-me feminism”, this facet of the third wave has been known to reclaim words such as “slut” and “whore” from their derogatory connotations. Ntozake Shange explains in an article for *Ms. Magazine*:

I'm taking words that men have used to make us dirty. I'm taking them to make us able to use them any way we chose...I can get myself in a big bind and never be able to write anything that is honest if I can't somehow uproot words or images that have been malignant and make them constructive for me. (Shange, 1994, 34)

“Whore” is often invoked as a symbol of women's sexual autonomy and, much like how the term “bitch” was re-appropriated by another branch of the third wave, is used as a potential threat to patriarchal control over women's sexuality. (Chapkis, 1997, 30) Furthermore, reclaiming prostitution from the confines of male domination is also prevalent in pro-sex

feminism literature. Often equated with other forms of commodification and consumption, the practice of prostitution was placed under a new lens - as site of ingenious resistance and cultural subversion. (Chapkis, 1997, 29) Wendy Chapkis expands as she states:

The position of the prostitute cannot be reduced to one of a passive object used in a male sexual practice, but instead can be understood as a place of agency where the sex worker makes active use of the existing sexual order." (Chapkis, 1997, 30)

In reclaiming these words, pro-sex feminists challenged notions of proper womanhood and conventional sexuality. In their book *The Ethical Slut: A Guide to Infinite Sexual Possibilities* (1997), co-authors Dossie Easton and Catherine A. Liszt proudly reclaim the word "slut" as "a person of any gender who has the courage to lead life according to the radical proposition that *sex is nice and pleasure is good for you.*" (Easton and Liszt, 1997, 4) *The Ethical Slut* acted as a kind of guidebook for pro-sex feminists. The introduction states:

Being openly sexual and intimate with many people is not only possible, but can be more rewarding than they ever imagined...If you dream of freedom, if you dream of sex, if you dream of an abundance of friends and flirtation and consensual conquest, of following your desires and seeing where they take you, you've already taken the first step. (Easton and Liszt, 1997, 3)

Although it appears that the authors are against the notion of a monogamous relationship, further reading indicates that the objective of an "ethical slut" is not to deny the companionship of a partner, but that the act of sex should not be limited to that one partner. The notion of sex for sex's sake and the pleasure it provides is at the forefront of this work and of pro-sex feminism. They state:

We believe that sex...is possible even essential to most people's sense of self-worth, to their belief that life is good. We have never met anyone who had low self-esteem at the moment of orgasm... Sex is for pleasure, a complete and worthwhile goal in and of itself. People have sex because it feels very good, and then they feel good about themselves. The worthiness of pleasure is one of the core values of ethical sluthood. (Easton and Liszt, 1997, 19- 21)

Porn star Nina Hartley echoes this sentiment in the following personal account found in Chapkis' *Live Sex Acts* (1997):

The funny thing is, given the objections some feminists have to porn; I really see my work as important for women. I think sex is a very valid area to explore on an artistic level and women need to reclaim that. We need to be less afraid of our sexuality, of becoming frenzied, our eyes glazing over, getting sweaty, and feeling out of control. This is a good state; it's called approaching orgasm. (Nina Hartley, Film Actress, 1991 in Chapkis, 1997, 36)

Pro-sex feminism is also manifested via CAKE, a New-York city based group founded in 2000 by Melinda Gallagher and Emily Scarlet Kramer. In the mission statement found on their website, CAKE defines itself as follows:

CAKE takes the next step in achieving female sexual equality. The act that women are truly coming into their own- financially, socially and sexually – is a direct result of previous feminist movements... We believe the next wave of feminism will be our generation of women demanding that sexual empowerment leads to gender equality. CAKE fulfils the ever-growing need of a new generation of women (and their partners) who enjoy and want to explore their sexuality... Our mission [is to] promote female sexual pleasure and provide choices for women to explore and enjoy sexuality as part of an empowered and informed lifestyle.
(<http://www2.cakenyc.com/about>)

In order to fulfill their mandate, CAKE throws monthly parties in which women can “explore female sexuality” where members can sign up to meet and essentially partake in scheduled orgies. Like many pro-sex feminists, the members of CAKE acknowledge the achievements of the second wave and recognize that their current sexual freedom owes much to the work of earlier feminists, even if their precursors might not approve of their “slutty” ways.

Pro-sex feminism also includes those women who adopt a male sensibility in regard to actualizing their sexual desire. Ariel Levy further expands on this stating, “these women find it more efficient to identify with men than to try and elevate the entire female sex to their level.” (Levy, 2005, 95) She coins the term “Raunch Culture” to describe the increasing trend of women who freely objectify themselves in a sexual manner as a further manifestation of their empowerment. She states:

This new raunch culture didn't mark the death of feminism...it was evidence that the feminist project had already been achieved. We'd *earned* the right to look at *Playboy*; we were *empowered* enough to get Brazilian bikini waxes. Women have come so far [that] we no longer needed to worry about objectification or misogyny. Instead, it was time for us to join the frat party of pop culture, where men have been enjoying themselves all along. If Male Chauvinist Pigs were men who regarded women as pieces of meat, we would outdo them and be Female Chauvinist Pigs; women who make sex objects of other women and of ourselves. (Levy, 2005, 4)

The pro-sex movement, however, is not without its contradiction or doubt. Sex worker, "Susanne" provides a commentary in *Live Sex Acts* that is tinged with the sense of regret and sadness even though she claims to be empowered:

The fact is that I charge a lot. I don't sell myself, my services cheap. That's not an excuse for being in this profession, but I pretend it is. I try to convince myself that I'm not so bad because I charge so much. I have to find something positive in this. I'm afraid of getting caught, but if I do, at least I can say, 'Look at how much money I made. Don't you think this is a very high-class activity?'...We're businesswomen and we have a plan. I'm not a sad story. I've succeeded. (Susanne, "high class" call girl, 1995 in Chapkis, 1997, 96)

In the introduction to *Jane Sexes it Up: True Confessions of Feminist Desire*, editor Lisa Merri Johnson states, "*Jane Sexes It Up* - a book of confessions and kinks- begins with this recognition of the very real limits on what a woman can say about her sexuality without putting herself in physical danger and/or social exile." (Johnson, 2002, 1) Even though Easton and Liszt do not believe one can have too much sex, nor do they desire to incorporate notions of moderation or abstinence in their ideology- they continually maintain that all sexual encounters must be consensual. (Easton and Liszt, 1997, 25) The acknowledgement of "getting caught" or putting oneself in potential physical danger, calls into question the true uninhibited-ness that the pro-sex feminists advocate.

Reclaiming the "Bitch"

Although it appears that the pro-sex feminists have a stronger presence in the third wave, they were still represented in the second wave, especially in regard to the "feminist sex

wars”³ that pitted them against anti-pornography feminists. Feminist positions, like the “waves” of feminism, do not exist in vacuums separate from one another. Equality feminists, as represented in the series by Miranda Hobbes, who, although they still hold on to prevalent second wave values such as equality among the sexes, are still considered to be third wave feminists. Like the pro-sex feminists, equality feminists embrace female sexual power and agency in regard to sex and sexuality. The primary difference however, lies in the condition of equality among the sexes in the third wave era. Pro-sex feminists maintain that equality has essentially been achieved by the second wave activist movement, therefore validating their positions on sex and sexuality. For the equality feminists, however, the quest for equality is a battle that has yet to be won. The strong objections against the limitations imposed on women by patriarchy continued throughout the third wave. The Riot Grrl movement, for example, was highly critical of the consumerist/media-based society that dictated what women should be. Riot Grrls fought against patriarchal ideals that may have changed forms but were still present. The spelling of Grrl is meant to subvert the image of girlhood innocence and evoke an angry grrrrowl. (Orr, 1997, 38) The tone of most Riot Grrrl rhetoric is angry, the content is highly personal, and the emphasis is on creating safe and supportive spaces for grrrls to express themselves. Equality feminists are most often categorized as a less extreme pocket of this vehement brand of feminists. Known as “bitch feminism” (or more extremely “femi-nazi feminism” which tended to be used by more feminist-hating men than by bitch feminist themselves) this branch of the third wave is best reflected in the pages of *Bitch* Magazine.

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³ Samios, a lesbian-feminist organization established in 1978 is perhaps one of the most well known players in the feminist sex wars. The counter-group to Samios, “Women Against Violence in Pornography and Media” (WAVPM) often stages pickets and protests outside sex clubs, and other sex-based establishments. Samios members felt that their practices of S&M for example, were in line with feminist ideologies. The open confrontation between the two groups concerning sexuality, pornography etc., are seen as the earliest battles which eventually became known as the “feminist sex wars.” Samios are often attributed as the fore-mothers to the pro-sex feminist movement which flourished in the third wave. (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Samios>)

In a recent 2006 anthology, *Bitchfest: Ten Years of Cultural Criticism from the Pages of Bitch Magazine* Margaret Cho explains in the forward, the need for feminists to reclaim the once derogatory label of “bitch”. She consciously acknowledges a still prevalent gender imbalance, as “When men are aggressive and dominant, they are admired, but when a woman possesses those same qualities, she is dismissed and called a bitch.” (Cho, 2006, xv) The editors of *Bitch* magazine continue as they state:

When it’s being used as an insult, the word is most often aimed at women who speak their minds, who have opinions that contradict conventional wisdom, and who don’t shy away from expressing them. If being an outspoken woman means being a bitch, we’ll take that as a compliment, thanks. And if we do, the word loses its power to hurt us. (Jervis and Zeisler, 2006, xxi)

Traditional gender stereotypes are therefore still in existence according to equality or “bitch” feminist, even though other groups, like the pro-sex feminists, argue that the women's movement had achieved the equality it fought for. Cho warns these feminists stating:

There is a dangerous myth going around this country that sexism doesn’t exist anymore, that we have gotten past and that ‘alarmist feminists’ are an outdated nuisance. [...] Not being a bitch means not having your voice heard...Not being a bitch means since Eve ate the apple, we will forever have to pay for her bitchiness with complacency, obedience, acceptance, closed eyes and open legs. (Cho, 2006, xv)

Although she does not explicitly say it, her comments suggest that if women are to obtain any kind of validity or integrity, they must invariably don traditional masculine characteristics. A prevalent third wave issue is that of femininity, however, many feminists, like Cho, acknowledge that the male-defined confines are still in place in today's society.

"The Rules"

At the other end of the spectrum were those women who actively embraced the gender stereotype of "domestic goddess". They did not wish to take the route of the aggressive antifeminist stance against second wave, nor did they want to be perceived as man-hating bitches. They did, however, agree with antifeminists in that they wanted to

disassociate themselves from the negative connotation that the second wave and bitch feminism had spawned. The result was “almost a return to a pre-feminist state.” (Jaffe Feinberg, 2006, 252) embodied in the show by Charlotte York. This branch was probably best incarnated by the “Rules Girls,” a movement that grew as a result of the 1995 self-help book *The Rules: Time-tested Secrets for Capturing the Heart of Mr. Right* authored by Ellen Fein and Sherrie Schneider. In it, the authors, who maintain the only professional credentials needed was the fact that they are both happily married⁴, map out thirty-five rules, promising the newly ‘liberated’ woman “a real, lasting marriage, not just loveless mergers.” (Fein and Schneider, 1995, 3) Targeted toward those women who triumphed in professional sphere but failed at “having it all” (i.e. a husband) Fein and Schneider open their book by acknowledging that their rules are a throwback to pre-feminist ideals. They state:

No one seems to remember exactly how *The Rules* got started, but we think they began circa 1917 with Melanie’s grandmother who made men wait nervously in her parents’ parlour in a small suburb of Michigan. Back then they called it ‘hard to get’ ... We quietly passed *The Rules* on from friend to friend, somewhat embarrassed because they seemed so, well, ‘50s. Still, we had to face it: as much as we loved being powerful in business, for most of us that just wasn’t enough...We didn’t want to give up our liberation, but neither did we want to come home to empty apartments. Who said we couldn’t have it all? (Fein and Schneider, 1995, 1-2)

The Rules are based on the assumption that equality between men and women, especially in regard to romance, simply does not exist. The authors continually advocate that although men and women should be on an equal playing field in the professional world, they are to remain unequal in the private sphere. They maintain that men are the biological aggressors

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⁴ By the time the third “Rules” book was published in 2001, *The Rules for Marriage: Time-Tested Secrets for Making your Marriage Work*, an ambiguous footnote was added in the introduction that co-author Ellen Fein had separated from her husband. It follows: “Between the writing of this book and its publication, Ellen has separated from her husband. The lessons learned in working on this book have taught her the true value of a *Rules* marriage, and she is more committed to *The Rules* than ever.” (Fein and Schneider, 2001, 4) The possible undermining of the credibility of the authors is sloppily dispelled as Fein’s unsuccessful marriage was not a “Rules” marriage.

and robbing them of that power results in lonely single women. The reason why these women have been unsuccessful in having both a successful career and a happy marriage is that they are applying the rules of equality in both the private and public spheres. They state:

Men are different from women. Women who call men, ask them out, conveniently have two tickets to a show, or offer sex on the first date destroy male ambition and animal drive. Men are born to respond to challenge. Take away challenge and their interest wanes. That, in a nutshell, is the premise of *The Rules*. . . We understand why modern, career-oriented women have sometimes scoffed at our suggestions. They've been MBA-trained to 'make things happen' and to take charge of their careers. However, a relationship with a man is different from a job. In a relationship, the man must take charge. He must propose. We are not making this up- biologically, he's the aggressor. (Fein and Schneider, 1995 7, 9)

The result are rules such as "Don't talk to a Man First," "Don't Call Him and Rarely Return his Calls," "Don't See Him More than Once or Twice a Week," "Let Him Take the Lead," and "Don't Meet Him Halfway or Go Dutch on a Date," all ideologically laced in the concept that women hold little to no agency, remaining passive to men. Women must remember: "...men like women. Don't act like a man, even if you are head of your own company. Let him open the door...when you're with a man you like, be quiet and mysterious, act ladylike, cross your legs and smile. (Fein and Schneider, 1995, 19)

Furthermore, Fein and Schneider advocate the objectification of women as outlined in rule number one: "Be a Creature Unlike any Other." Here, women are told to emphasize their femininity in their physical appearances. They are told to exercise and diet, (Fein and Schneider, 1995, 16) growing their hair long, because men prefer long hair, as it gives them something to play with and caress, (Fein and Schneider, 1995, 19) and "...dress better, a little sexier...try to wear tight jeans, a miniskirt, or deep V-neck shirt in a bright color. Put on some makeup and perfume." (Fein and Schneider, 1995, 127) They state:

Always remember when you are shopping that you are unique, a creature unlike any other, a woman. Don't aspire to the unisex look. Buy feminine-looking clothes to wear on the weekends as well as during the workweek. Remember that you're

dressing for men, not other women, so always strive to look feminine. (Fein and Schneider, 1995, 17)

There are even rules for girls in high school, such as controlling one's acne by cutting out greasy foods, joining sports teams to be fit and slim, and spending one's babysitting money on "pretty clothes, makeup and manicures." (Fein and Schneider, 1995, 135-6) The authors continually advocate a consumerist mentality urging women to buy fashion magazines like *Cosmopolitan*, *Vogue* and *Glamour* and treat themselves to a makeover and buy anything that the cosmetician suggests. (Fein and Schneider, 1995, 17-18) Although these women maintain that their primary objective is to achieve marriage, rarely mentioning sex or sexuality as evidenced in the above quotes, "The Rules" are clearly grounded in the importance of sexual attraction. What is characteristic of the "Rules girls" movement is this strategy of veiling deviant sexual intentions (i.e. appealing to the basest hetero-normative male sexual desire) under the guise of propriety (i.e. promising an idealized "pure and innocent" marriage.)

Naturally, many other third wave feminists confronted Fein and Schneider's rules with heated criticism. The authors address their potential critics by evoking the fear of being unmarried and single: "In the long run, it's not fun to break *The Rules*! You could easily end up alone." (Fein and Schneider, 1995, 9) To Fein and Schneider, being single equates to a painful existence, spending Saturday nights alone waiting for the phone to ring, fantasizing about the man who got away. (Fein and Schneider, 1995, 162) They even occasionally acknowledge their rules as a regression into being objectified, desired and controlled by men. They state in response:

Some of the smartest women...think that [they] are too educated to be passive, play games or do *The Rules*. They feel their diplomas and paychecks entitle them to do more in life than wait for the phone to ring. These women, we assure you, always end up heartbroken when their forwardness is rebuffed...Highly educated girls have the hardest time with *The Rules*. They tend to think all this is beneath them...if you think you're too smart for *The Rules*, ask yourself, "Am I married?" If not, why not?

Could it be that what you're doing isn't working? Think about it. (Fein and Schneider, 1995 28, 120)

After its publication in 1995, *The Rules* became a bestseller and spawned the release of two sequel books, *The Rules II: More Rules to Live and Love By* (1997) and *The Rules for Marriage: Time-tested Secrets to Make Your Marriage Work* (2001). “*The Rules* became not just a best-selling book, but a phenomenon, revolutionizing dating practices both here in America and abroad.” (Fein and Schneider, 1997, 1) Women who subscribed to Fein and Schneider’s manual were soon named “Rules Girls”, forming support groups across North America, paying to attend “Rules Seminars” and even spending \$250 for an hour phone consultation with Fein and Schneider themselves.

In their second book, Fein and Schneider further expand on the criticism that Rules Girls are ultimately anti-feminist:

Women have turned to *The Rules* because it's the only advice they can count on that works. They're not retro, they're fabulous! Antifeminist? No, as far as we are concerned, there is no conflict between *The Rules* and feminism. *Rules* girls can be feminists. *We are feminists*. We believe in and are grateful for the advances women have made in the last century...Feminism is also about women believing in their own importance. It is about being fulfilled by our jobs, our hobbies, our friendships... But with all due respect, feminism has not changed men or the nature of romantic relationships. Like it or not, men are emotionally and romantically different from women. Men are biologically the aggressor. They thrive on challenge – whether it's the stock market, basketball, or football – while women crave security and bonding. This has been true since civilization began! These women are happy that feminism has helped them get ahead in business and given them financial independence, but they agree that trying to be as aggressive in relationships with men as they are in their careers doesn't work. (Fein and Schneider, 1997, 8-9)

“Rules Girls” are grateful for the achievements that second wave feminism has afforded, especially in regard to their careers. However, they are happy to revert to a pre-feminist state in their private lives. Although the Rules Girls can appear extreme in their ideology, they are indicative of a large percentage of women who desired to be mothers and wives in addition to empowered feminists. There were third wave writers who were anxious to reclaim the

validity of the housewife such as Joan Williams in her work, *Unbending Gender: Why Family and Work Conflict and What to Do About it* (2000). Here, Williams is critical of second wave foremother Betty Freidan's description of the housewife:

The Feminine Mystique reflects housewives' lack of status by the 1960s. "What do I do?...Why nothing. I'm just a housewife," Freidan. In a world where adult "success" was define by work, housewives lost a sense of self...Freiden's belittlement of housewives was an ingenious use of misogynist stereotyping in the cause of women's liberation. She deployed misogynist images of women as evidence that the breadwinner/housewife model hurt not only women but their families as well. She skilfully turned the literature attacking housewives into evidence in favour of the need to eliminate the housewife role. (Williams, 2000, 43)

In Daphne De Marneffe's *Maternal Desire: On Children, Love and the Inner Life*, (2004) she similarly calls out for a feminist need to champion the rights of the mother to be incorporated in the feminist agenda:

Feminism has understandably focused on loosening the grip of women's conventionally defined roles, working to secure the right *not* to have children (birth control, abortion) and the choice *not* to stay home caring for them (universal daycare). But if feminism's broadest goal is to address problems that affect women as a class, to free them from unjust incursions into their bodies and psyches, and to lift restrictions on their opportunity, then there is every reasons that mothers' desire to care for their children and the political mechanisms to help them attain that goal should also be on the feminist agenda. (De Marneffe, 2004, 25)

These women seem to be treading closely to the heavily criticized "victim feminism" camp, arguing that women should be given certain privileges due to their ability to bear children; however, they are in line with the third wave goal in that they acknowledge contradiction. These women are aware of the confusion and guilt in desiring to stay at home while their second wave mothers had fought for the ability to achieve a public success. De Marneffe states:

Wanting "special" treatment as a mother, when stripped of its sanctimony, is really a desire to be worshipped for one's femininity or coddled like a pampered child. This point of view may sound vaguely acceptable before you have children, but it become enormously confusing, even damming once you do. Here you are, trying to care for your child, wanting the overwhelming importance of what you are doing to be acknowledged, yet simultaneously feeling that in relinquishing

your job, you have relinquished all claim to adult respect. (De Marneffe, 2004, 41)

In her essay “The Feminist Wife: Notes from a Political Engagement” (2002) Patricia

Payette further dispels the notion that women who long to be married are “unfeminist.”

Payette's goal is to move away from a binary mentality and embrace the potential multiple incantations of what a feminist can be:

Portraying women as either domesticated victims of male patriarchy or angry, man-hating feminists doesn't permit the nuances of real women's lives to come into clear view, just as the assumption that single women who long to be married must be “unfeminist” obscures a more complete picture of contemporary women's psyches. I endorse a new approach to the marriage bond that undermines the power dynamics of male-female relationships in which we must choose between master or slave... Marriage is not a sign of the failed feminist; it's the healthy recognition that a loving partner can make a sweet life sweeter. The key to a “feminist engagement” is to be truly engaged with one's own developing sense of marriage, gender roles and personal desires. (Payette, 2002, 142, 164)

Payette's call for the boundaries between and around loaded feminist terms to be fluid and flexible is very much in tandem with the multiplicity of the third wave. Although not as set in their belief as the Rules Girls, the antifeminists or the bitch feminists, all of these women are part of the collective whole that is the third wave, which allows and encourages the individual pockets of women.

With such varied positions under the third wave umbrella, it is apparent that the third wave has been primarily characterized by its lively debate rather than consensus.

(Lynch 2006, 2) As such the third wave feminist condition could easily be perceived as a formless mass of dissonant voices, which, in its reluctance for unity and lack of a clear objective, was diluting its political agency. Deborah Siegel urges women to:

... recognize that there can be no single representative subject of feminism, while, at the same time, we must continue to speak in a collective voice that articulates political demands on behalf of a group called “women.” (Siegel 1997, 62)

These women did not wish to discredit the existence of multiple voices in debate with one another:

One of the strengths of feminist criticism has been and continues to be its diversity. The polyphony within the discourse of feminism- between formalist, reader-response, psychoanalytic, socialist, poststructuralist, lesbian, black, chicana, third-world, and working class feminists, to name a few- represents an important space in contemporary criticism where dissident and marginal voices can find a genuine forum. (Herndl 1991, 19)

Thus, the ‘feminist dialogics’ position may be seen as an attempt to navigate through the difficult third wave environment of heterogeneity and contradiction.

Feminist Dialogics

Feminist dialogics interprets Mikhail Bakhtin’s conception of the dialogic found in his literary theory. Simply put, the dialogic theory favours a conception of knowledge that is relational and collective as opposed to one that is singular and static. (What Bakhtin would refer to as ‘monologic’). In *The Dialogic Imagination*, Bakhtin’s discussion of language in the novel echoes the third wave condition:

The language of the novel is a system of languages that mutually and ideologically interanimate each other. It is impossible to describe and analyze it as a single unitary language [and]...it is impossible to lay out the languages of a novel on a single plane, to stretch them out along a single line. It is a system of intersecting planes. (Bakhtin 1992, 47-48)

These intersecting planes in feminist dialogics are represented by the third wave feminist voices in dialogue and debate with one another. In their 1991 introduction to *Feminism, Bakhtin and the Dialogic*, Dale M Bauer and Susan Jaret McKinstry define feminist dialogics as that which “challenges the assumption in contemporary culture of a monolithic or univocal feminism.” (Bauer and McKinstry 1991, 1) Since the third wave is not a fixed concept, it opens up the possibility – indeed, celebrates the necessity- of engaging in debates about apparent paradoxes that mark so much of what characterizes contemporary self-identified

feminism. (Braithwaite 2002, 342)⁵ The constant interaction of these multiple voices is essential to shaping the third wave mentality defining its unity through its multiplicity. It is able to recognize competing voices without making any singular voice normative. Bakhtin's conception of the "style of a novel" describes this principle:

These heterogeneous stylistic unities, upon entering the novel, combine to form a structured artistic system, and are subordinate to the higher stylistic unity of the work as a whole, a unity that cannot be identified with any single one of the unities subordinated to it. The stylistic uniqueness of the novel as a genre consists precisely in the combination of these subordinated, yet still relatively autonomous, unities into the higher unity of the work as a whole: the style of a novel is to be found in the combination of its styles. (Bakhtin 1992, 263)

The goal of feminist dialogics is not to eventually decide on a singular, monologic position, rather it embraces Bakhtin's notion of literary language as follows:

Literary language is not represented in the novel as a unitary, completely finished-off and indisputable language – it is represented precisely as a living mix of varied and opposing voices, developing and renewing itself. (Bakhtin 1992, 49)

Dialogic feminism sees feminism in its third wave as one that is constantly being reinscribed and reworked, no longer capable of existing as a singular monolithic conception. Bauer and McKinstry expand on the objective of feminist dialogics stating:

[It is not]...ultimately, to produce a feminist monologic voice, a dominant voice that is a reversal of the patriarchal voice (even if such a project were conceivable) but to create a feminist dialogics that recognizes power and discourse as indivisible, monologism as a model of ideological dominance, and narrative as inherently multivocal, as a form of cultural resistance that celebrates the dialogic voice that speaks with many tongues, which incorporates multiple voices of the cultural web. (Bauer and McKinstry 1991, 4)

Therefore feminist dialogics best characterizes and becomes the primary process of third wave feminism insofar as feminist issues are addressed in a process that attempts to equally give precedence to multiple and varying positions. It serves as the central conception of this

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⁵ In her 2002 article, "The personal, the political, third-wave and postfeminisms," Braithwaite refers to both the terms "third wave" and "postfeminism" as embodying these characteristics. For the purposes of this work I have altered her quote as referring exclusively to the term "third wave" omitting reference to "postfeminism."

thesis as it is also a critical rhetorical device employed in HBO's *Sex and the City*. Embodied in the show's "brunch scenes," which are found in almost every episode of the series, feminist dialogics are visually manifested through the protagonists in dialogue with one another in these scenes. Furthermore, the function of protagonist Carrie Bradshaw, particularly in her narration and "laptop scenes", is also of primary importance as she acts as instigator for feminist dialogics to continue long after the brunch debates have ended.

Chapter Two: Of Archetypes, Laptops and Brunches

What the show has to have, and has had to have in order to survive six years, is a soul. If the show was a heart, and you broke [it] in half, one half of the heart would be the four women, and the other half would be Carrie alone and her life in the city with her friends... I think that is the balance of the show.

Sarah Jessica Parker, *Sex and the City: A Farewell*

Debuting in 1998, HBO's *Sex and the City* premiered at a time when third wave feminism was increasing its visibility in both academic circles and the mainstream media. The series focused on the lives of four single, upper-class and sexually active female protagonists living in Manhattan. Each episode's narrative events are structured around Carrie Bradshaw's research for her weekly column in the fictional *New York Star*. As previously mentioned, almost every episode employs two consistent narrative strategies which embody the integral process of feminist dialogics: The "brunch" scenes⁶, where all four women gather to discuss the central issue of the episode, and the "laptop" sequences⁷ in which Carrie is seen working on her column accompanied by her voice over narration in which she ponders over what issues transpired during the brunch discussion. As Carrie's column, like the series, is entitled *Sex and the City*, the themes of each show centre exclusively around sex-related issues, rarely addressing other third-wave topics. These regular conversations, whether at brunch, over a cocktail, or while at one of the women's apartments, function as consciousness-raising sessions where each character expresses her thoughts and the group processes them, often by challenging each other's viewpoints. (Henry, 2004, 68) The pilot episode is particularly

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⁶ I will be using the term "brunch scene" to represent the roundtable discussion between at least three protagonists in any given episode. As the series progresses, the four women more consistently meet over brunch in the "coffee shop" to have these discussions. Although the actual locations and meal choices may vary from episode to episode, the function of these scenes remains.

⁷ More consistently established visually from episode to episode than the "brunch scenes", the "laptop" sequences are those scenes in which Carrie is seen typing her column on her laptop computer and asking questions via voice-over narration.

noteworthy as it establishes the foundation behind how the series as a whole will intend to deal with issues in each subsequent episode.

The Pilot: Establishing the Archetypes

Aptly titled “Sex and the City” (1:1), the pilot episode begins with Carrie recounting the story of a friend’s doomed relationship. We first see Carrie in her apartment, typing her column as she directly addresses the camera asking:

CARRIE: How the hell did we get into this mess?...It’s like the riddle of the Sphinx. Why are there so many great unmarried women and no great unmarried men?

The sequence is followed by a series of “streeter” interviews in which various characters, as if speaking directly to Carrie, address the camera⁸. During these interviews, we are introduced to Miranda and Charlotte, and although they speak openly to the camera/Carrie/audience, their archetypal function is not fully apparent until they appear in the first “brunch” scene, which immediately follows. Samantha Jones is the last protagonist to be introduced; however she opens the discussion confidently declaring her feminist voice as follows:

SAMANTHA: Look. If you are a successful single woman in the city- you have two choices. You can bang your head against the wall and try and find a relationship or you can say “screw it” and just go out and have sex like a man.

CHARLOTTE: You mean with dildos?

SAMANTHA: No, I mean without feeling.

CARRIE (v/o):   *Samantha Jones was a New York inspiration. A public relations executive, she routinely slept with good-looking guys in their twenties.*

Within her one statement, Samantha seeks to dispel the normative notion that women are incapable of having sex without emotional attachment or the desire for a monogamous, heterosexual relationship. Her position is further solidified as the dialogue continues:

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⁸ These characters, with the exception of Miranda, Charlotte and Skipper (Ben Webber) are only seen in this episode. In subsequent “streeter” sequences, characters are anonymous and again, do not appear in any other episodes. This strategy is only employed up until the early episodes of season two.

SAMANTHA: Sweetheart, this is the first time in the history of Manhattan that women have had as much money and power as men plus the equal luxury of treating men like sex objects...Listen to me! The right guy is an illusion. Start living your lives!

The scene continues as each woman chimes into the conversation with her respective position. Miranda argues that although she agrees with Samantha that the social condition of women has changed differences among the sexes still exists. She states:

MIRANDA: Yeah, except men in this city fail on both counts. I mean, they don't wanna be in a relationship with you. But as soon as you only want them for sex, they don't like it. All of a sudden they can't perform the way they're supposed to.

To Miranda, the objectification of either sex does not result in a favourable outcome. She tends to agree primarily with Samantha's sentiments throughout the scene, similar to the pro-sex and equality feminists tending to overlap in their ideologies. She differs, however, in that her comments are grounded in a vehement cynicism. This is also present in her "streeter" interview in which she laments about what she feels is a hopeless dating environment for successful women. This suggests that Miranda is still searching and is unsatisfied whereas Samantha appears to relish in her present condition. When Carrie asks the two women, "What about romance?" Samantha replies "Who needs it?" while Miranda replies as follows:

MIRANDA: It's like that guy Jeremiah, the poet. I mean the sex was incredible. But then he wanted to read me his poetry and go out to dinner, and the whole chat bit, and I'm like 'let's not even go there.'

It appears that Miranda, like Samantha enjoys pleasurable sex, however notions of traditional romance are unappealing to her as evidenced in her dissatisfied facial expression.

Miranda's displeasure is further emphasized when juxtaposed with Charlotte's facial reactions; As Miranda recollects about Jeremiah's conventional attempts to romance her, Charlotte looks on supportively, punctuated with puppy-dog eyes accompanied by an

exaggerated “Awwel!”, as if longing for such a man to treat her in such a way. Charlotte also advocates the importance of traditional romantic love throughout the sequence, stating, “What are you saying? Are you saying that you’re just going to give up on love? That’s sick!” Additionally, when Miranda and Samantha joyfully recount the sexually empowered Linda Fiorentino in the film *The Last Seduction* (Dahl, 1994) Charlotte looks on in disgust and states “I hated that movie.”

Filmic techniques in this scene are also suggestive of the women’s archetypes. The positioning of the women at the table (Miranda and Samantha side by side, Charlotte at the left end and Carrie at the right end) motivates the movement of the camera as well as the placement of the various cuts. As it is a discussion, the conventional shot reverse shot technique is consistently employed. The quick-pan, however, is often used to oscillate between the dialogue exchange of Samantha and Miranda, whereas the cut to close-up is more readily employed when showing a Carrie or Charlotte reaction. This visually suggests that Miranda and Samantha are more linearly aligned in their beliefs, as mentioned previously, mirroring the similarities between the pro-sex and equality feminists. The costuming of the women is also indicative of their varying positions, even though all of them are dressed in black. Samantha wears a plunging neck, halter-style cocktail dress, supporting the confidence in her female sexuality. Furthermore her long blonde hair is carelessly styled. Miranda is seen in a black pin-stripe business suit, with her red short hair perfectly slicked back and suggests a more androgynous characteristic similar to the stereotypical corporate businesswoman. Her dress is “determined by her professional persona and is a conventional rendition of the post-women’s movement career woman.” (Bruzzi, Church Gibson, 2004. 122) Charlotte appears in a lacy short-sleeved semi-sheer top. Her hair is well-groomed and

shiny, yet still long as her overall appearance clearly evokes a demure, conventionally romantic femininity.

Carrie's position, however, is not as clearly defined. She dresses in an off-the-shoulder, long sleeved jersey shirt. Her visible bra straps suggest certain sexuality; however, her conservative dress classifies her as an amalgamation of all three women. Her association with all three allows her to function as the instigator of feminist dialogics, primarily asking the questions rather than making statements during this scene, typified by "So you think it's really possible to pull off this whole, 'women having sex like men' thing?" Although she participates in the discussion, her position is more ambivalent than the other three women. Her subsequent laptop sequence further manifests the dialogics, as she continues the debate, expanding the issue to the viewing audience even though the "brunch" scene has ended.

The following laptop scene is connected to the brunch scene via Carrie's voice-over narrative where she asks, "Was it true? Were women in New York really giving up on love and throttling up on power?" She breaks the fourth wall by directly addressing the camera with "What a tempting thought." This strategy is employed in subsequent laptop scenes throughout the series, and the direct camera address is replaced with a screen shot of her typing a question on her laptop computer.⁹ The question mark on the screen serves as a visual indicator of the continuous character of the dialogic debate. Furthermore, the very nature of Carrie's column actively transposes her private diary into a public forum of discussion. At a basic level, the notion of voice-over narration also places the spectator into her publicized, private space. As such, Carrie's role is not as an archetype of the various positions adopted by third-wave feminists with regards to sexuality. Rather, as she oscillates

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⁹ Please refer to Appendix A for a summary of the typed, screen-shot question that is present in almost all of the episodes.

between each of her three friends, she embodies a *process* central to third wave feminism; an endless questioning of sexual politics.

Beyond the Pilot: Charlotte York, “Rules-Girl”

The pilot brunch scene acts as a starting point for the “brunch” scenes in successive episodes to further solidify the women's archetypes and Carrie’s functioning role. Charlotte, for example, is explicitly coined a “*The Rules*-y strategist” (Sohn, 2004, 41) in the show’s official companion book *Kiss and Tell*. She also maps out her Rules-based strategy in the episode “Secret Sex” (1:6):

CHARLOTTE: Wait a second. I thought you were serious about this guy. You can’t sleep with him on the first date!

MIRANDA: Oh God. Here she goes again with “The Rules”.

...

CHARLOTTE: But if you’re serious about a guy then you have to keep him in a holding pattern for at least five dates...because the number of dates you wait to have sex with a man is directly proportional to your age.

Later in the episode, she tells Carrie, “When you sleep with a man on the first date the relationship won’t be anything more than just sex.” This statement resonates of “Rule #15: Don’t Rush into Sex” (Fein & Schneider, 1995, 80) which states:

We know it can be excruciating to put sex off with someone you’re attracted to, but you must think long term here. If you play your cards right, you can have sex with him every night for the rest of your life when you’re married! (Fein & Schneider, 1995, 81)

It is clear that for Charlotte, the goal for her is exactly what *The Rules* promises to achieve as stated on the back cover of the book, “The goal? Marriage, in the shortest time possible, to a man you love, who loves you even more than you love him.” (Fein & Schneider, 1995, back cover) Sex, therefore, or dating in general, must ultimately lead to the primrose path of marriage. Charlotte also directly refers to *The Rules* when she tells Carrie, “[You] shouldn’t leave anything [at Big’s place]. It’s important to remain a creature of mystery.” This statements stems from the same principles which govern the Rules, “#5 Don’t Call Him and

Rarely Return His Calls, and #19, Don't Open Up Too Fast" to name a few. It also directly echoes "Rule #22 Don't Live with a Man or Leave Your Things in His Apartment" and invokes all important "Rule #1: Be a "Creature Unlike Any Other" and "Rule #20 Be Honest but Mysterious". Furthermore, Charlotte acknowledges that she can "never make the first move" (Boy, Girl, Boy, Girl, 3:4) which corresponds to "Rule #2: Don't Talk to a Man First. Never." (Fein & Schneider, 1995, 26)

The Rules girls are fully aware of the importance of strategy, even if it means going against their individual desires. Fein and Schneider directly state, "We know we're asking you to go against your feelings here, but you want to get married, don't you?" (Fein & Schneider, 1995, 62) As such, Charlotte acknowledges the importance of strategizing or game-playing when it comes to comporting herself in the dating world, as evidenced in the episode "The Games People Play" (2:13):

CARRIE:	She thought I was a game player.
CHARLOTTE:	But you have to be. It's the only way to deal with men.
MIRANDA:	Oh, that's healthy! Relationships are not about games. They're about mature and honest communication.
...	
CHARLOTTE:	Games are empowering if you know what you're doing. You can totally control the situation...I mean, you know, even if you're in a relationship you still have to play games.

For Charlotte, complete honesty, as Miranda leans toward, is not a way to achieve her objective of a Rules marriage. In the pilot, she tells Carrie that she "played it flawlessly," on one date, indicative of her constructed and calculated performance. In *The Rules II: More Rules to Live and Love By*, Fein and Schneider state that following the Rules is comparative to game playing:

Are we telling women to play games? Some people like to focus on the most superficial aspects in *The Rules*...but the book is really about self-esteem, about setting boundaries. Yes, in some ways, you're playing a game. The game is called *liking yourself*! The game is not accepting just any treatment from a man. The game is

being true to your heart. Everyone knows in their hearts that *The Rules* work, that this is the way it really is. (Fein & Schneider, 1997, 10)

Though not explicitly stated, at the root of “The Rules” strategies, is a method of manipulation in order to appeal to male sexual desire. The language of sex in the Rules mentality, however, is always inextricably linked to the concept of romantic love. In “The Drought” (1:11) Charlotte talks about the secondary role sex plays in comparison to the much more desirable ‘romantic love’:

CHARLOTTE: People put too much emphasis on the importance of sex. It’s not the most important thing in a relationship...take Kevin and I for example. We’ve been going out for weeks and we still haven’t done it. I mean, we touch, and we cuddle, but he’s sweet and he respects my boundaries. And I like it. It makes it special.

Charlotte actively asserts the stereotypical “traditional love” as disseminated through fairy tales and advocated in the pre-feminist era, where men would ultimately ‘take care’ of women. This is evident on many occasions, but most frequently re-asserted in the “brunch” scenes. In “Where There’s Smoke” (3:1) Charlotte laments over not having found her Prince Charming:

CHARLOTTE: Women really just want to be rescued.
CARRIE v/o: *There it was. The sentence independent single women in their thirties are never supposed to think, let alone say out loud.*

CHARLOTTE: I’m sorry, but it’s true. I’ve been dating since I was fifteen, I’m exhausted, where is he?

MIRANDA: Who, the white knight?

SAMANTHA: That only happens in fairy tales.

...

CARRIE: Charlotte honey, did you ever think that we’re the white knights and we’re the ones who have to save ourselves.

CHARLOTTE: That is so depressing.

Charlotte’s “happily-ever-after” includes an idealized mate that will ultimately fulfill and complete her. She talks about her delight in finally meeting her future husband Trey (Kyle MacLachlan), in “All or Nothing” (3:10) saying, “I think that having it all really means having some one special to share it with... My life wasn’t really complete until I met Trey.” For

Charlotte, having a man is a means of filling in the void of an incomplete self. Hers is a position that is far cry from the self-sufficient independence advocated by the equality feminists. This incomplete self would explain why Charlotte is so quick to run to the self-help aisle and subscribe to books like *The Rules*. She is incapable of defining her role as woman by herself, as she is constantly on a quest to find her perfect mate. Even after she has divorced Trey she picks up the self-help book *Starting Over, Yet Again* in the episode “Cover Girl” (5:4) She also specifically references another book during the brunch in “Drama Queens” (3:7):

CHARLOTTE: I don’t believe this! Now we’re dumping guys for being too available. This is all solid proof of what I’ve been reading in this great new book. It says that if you really want to get married, you shouldn’t be spending so much time around dysfunctional single women.

MIRANDA: (reads book cover) “Marriage Inc.: How to apply successful business strategies to finding a husband.”

CHARLOTTE: It’s a very smart book. It encourages professional women to approach finding a mate with the same kind of dedication and organization that they bring to their careers... Anyway, if you don’t see as much of me it’s because I’ll be spending more time with my married friends... Bachelor friends of married men are this city’s greatest untapped resources. But the only way to meet them is through the husbands. So that’s my first assignment. Befriend the husbands. It’s my new fulltime job.

“Marriage Inc.” functions much like “The Rules” where Charlotte’s method in subscribing to these strategies takes on a career-like dedication. Additionally, Charlotte goes to “Dr. Greyson’s Seminar” in “Unoriginal Sin” (5:2) a cult-like seminar in which single women flock to in order to capture that elusive true love. Greyson advocates “daily love affirmations” where the repetition of positive sentiments about finding true love will eventually manifest it. Although often played for comedic effect, the repeated presence of these self-help methods are indicative of Charlotte’s inability to function as a cohesive self that does not attach her to a man. She states in the pilot episode, when we first are introduced to her, “Most men are threatened by successful women. If you want to get these

guys, you have to keep your mouth shut and play by the rules.” The “rules” she mentions are represented by these various self-help methods.

On many occasions, Charlotte talks about the importance of having a man in one’s life that do not necessarily involve her parroting from a pop-psychology book. She maintains the belief that the man is the one who should possess the dominant power as evidenced in “Four Women and a Funeral” (2:5):

CHARLOTTE: Everyone needs a man. That’s why I rent. If you own and he still rents, then the power structure is off. It’s emasculating. Men don’t want a woman who’s too self-sufficient.
SAMANTHA: I’m sorry. Did some one order a Victorian straight-up?

Not only does Charlotte advocate the imbalance of power, but actively works toward maintaining it. She further condones the Victorian way of life in Carrie’s apartment in “Secret Sex” (1:6), supporting the desire to return to some pre-feminist mentality:

CARRIE: Well, there is something to be said for restraint.
SAMANTHA: When did you become such a Victorian?
CHARLOTTE: The Victorians were onto something. They valued romance.

The other women, however, are quick to criticize Charlotte’s idealism on many roundtable discussions. In “Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell” (3:12) Charlotte’s position of ‘romance’ over ‘reality’ is met with confrontation:

CHARLOTTE: I finally get to sleep with Trey!
CARRIE: Excuse me?
MIRANDA: You haven’t slept with him yet?
SAMANTHA: Honey, before you buy the car you take it for a test drive.
CHARLOTTE: Well, I wanted to save myself until we got married.
CARRIE: But sweetie, you’re not a virgin.
CHARLOTTE: But I am in this relationship and I think that’s romantic.
SAMANTHA: Yeah, it’s romantic until he can’t figure out where to put it in.
CHARLOTTE: No!
SAMANTHA: Honey, what if he’s terrible?
CHARLOTTE: He won’t be terrible! No, he is an amazing kisser. And, he is so sexy. And he loves me.

Later in the episode, Charlotte visits Trey on the eve of their wedding, but discovers that he has an impotence problem. Rather than cancel the wedding and resolve her apprehensions before marrying him, Charlotte chooses to go through with the ceremony advocating the appearance of a perfect marriage over the reality:

CHARLOTTE: I just should have slept with him on the first date!

...

CARRIE: Charlotte, sweetie, if you don't want to go through this you don't have to. All right? We'll just get a cab and everyone will just have to get over it. Okay?

CHARLOTTE: (looks at the crowd of people waiting) No. I'm getting married.

...

CARRIE v/o: *Charlotte was 34, single and standing in a \$14,000 dress. She was getting married. And not even a low libido was going to stop her.*

She even voices her displeasure in following "The Rules" (i.e. don't sleep with a man on the first date) as she thinks it may have saved her from this predicament. Her function as a Rules girl, however, must be maintained.

Charlotte is also criticized in the episode "The Fuck Buddy" (2:14) in which the women point out the dangers of her dating pattern and ultimately predict why her marriage to Trey will result in failure:

MIRANDA: You've got a very obvious pattern you know.

CHARLOTTE: I do? What? Tell me.

MIRANDA: You wait for a perfect guy to ask you on a perfect date --

CARRIE: And when he does you project this huge fantasy on him, setting up these enormous expectations--

SAMANTHA: Which promptly blow up in your pretty little face.

CHARLOTTE: That's a horrible pattern.

Although, it is important to note that Charlotte herself acknowledges her pitfalls and works to rectify her pattern in this episode, by dating multiple men at the same time, it ultimately fails when her dates discover what she is doing. This causes her to revert back to her original pattern, in line with her Rules Girls archetype, which she maintains the "brunch" sequences of subsequent episodes.

Miranda Hobbes, Equality Feminist

This pattern holds true for Miranda as well, who represents the feminist who still fights for equality. What characterizes Miranda throughout the series is that she is acutely aware of the sexism that still exists, especially in the dating world. In *Kiss and Tell* she is described as follows:

With her quick wit, pragmatism and deeply held opinions, Miranda Hobbes represents the reality in all of us...she is always the first of the four women to point out the sexual double standard. Her favourite coffee-shop topics are sexism, power, and hypocrisy – and she is utterly unafraid to say what she thinks. (Sohn, 2004, 82)

What appears consistent through Miranda's character development is her deeply-rooted cynicism and her reluctance to accept the status quo. It is evident that Miranda is always fighting for something, which can sometimes be seen as reinterpretation of the second wave foundations finding a new place in the third wave. In her debate with Samantha over brunch in "The Power of the Female Sex" (1:5) she directly channels the stereotypical second wave feminist:

SAMANTHA:	Sweetheart, men give, women receive. It's biological destiny.
MIRANDA:	HELLO! Do you really wanna be saying that? I mean that's exactly the argument men have used since the dawn of time to exploit women!

As such, Miranda, like the bitch feminists, is often characterized as exhibiting more 'masculine' attributes. Perhaps one of Miranda's most significant moments appears in the second season opener, "Take Me Out to the Ballgame" (2:1), when she expresses her disappointment that the women have nothing better to talk about than men:

MIRANDA:	Okay, that's it. I'm outta here. All we talk about anymore is Big or Balls or small dicks. How does it happen that four such smart women have nothing more to talk about than boyfriends? It's like seventh grade with bank accounts! What about us? What we think, we feel, we know? Christ! Does it always have to be about them? Just, you know, give me a call when you're ready to talk about something besides men for a change. (leaves)

Her frustration stems from her refusal to rely on men for her own self-definition. However, the condition of the fight for equality deems it necessary for women to situate themselves within male-defined parameters. These feminists reclaim the traditionally masculine characteristics so that they may also be applicable to women. Miranda's profession as a lawyer further exemplifies her attempt to define her success in an environment in which women are outnumbered. Cynthia Nixon comments in the show's official companion book, "Miranda is in the most male-dominated profession of the four women. She feels she is making a place for women where there wasn't a place before." (Nixon in Sohn, 2004, 85)

Miranda's struggle for recognition in the workplace is akin to her need for recognition in the bedroom – namely for her female pleasure to be of equal importance as male pleasure. This is evidenced in her discussions concerning sexual satisfaction particularly in regard to the clitoral orgasm. In "The Monogamists", (1:5) Miranda reveals she will only partake in oral sex, if she herself will be pleased as well:

MIRANDA:	But if you don't go down on him, how do you expect him to go down on you?
CHARLOTTE:	I don't.
MIRANDA:	Oh, well forget it! I only give head to get head.
SAMANTHA:	Me too.

For Miranda, in order to justify pleasuring the male, the fair exchange is that he will do the same for her. The value placed on cunnilingus recalls the central role that clitoral stimulation played in second wave feminist writing on sexuality, in that the clitoris was acknowledged as a distinctively feminist body part. "Cunnilingus therefore signifies active female sexuality, with the clitoris symbolising female potency." (Henry, 2004, 77) Furthermore Miranda laments about how her partner remains ignorant on how to bring her to orgasm in "They Shoot Single People, Don't They" (2:4)

MIRANDA: (watching porn) Look at this! He climbs on top of her and the next thing you know, she's coming. No wonder men are so lost. They have no idea there's more work involved.

...

SAMANTHA: Is he that bad in bed?

MIRANDA: No. He's just- he's a guy. They can rebuild a jet engine but when it comes to a woman- What's the big mystery? It's my clitoris! Not the Sphinx...The other night he told me he really likes that I can come while he's fucking me. How can he actually believe that's all it takes?

Miranda's irritation is based on her frustration that men are reluctant to consider how to pleasure a woman. Although Miranda is seen fighting for equality in the bedroom, it is important to stress that she does not believe that both sexes are to be equal in terms of the sexual acts they perform, but that her female pleasure be acknowledged as possessing the same importance that has been afforded to male pleasure. This is evident in the episode, "Baby, Talk is Cheap" (4:6) she expresses her apprehension of oral anal sex as she fears that her male partner will ask for it in return:

MIRANDA: Maybe I shouldn't have pulled away so fast. Was this my last shot you think? Am I out of the ass loop forever? I mean, I can't bring myself to ask for it.

SAMANTHA: You don't have to ask for it, just lean into it. No word necessary. He'll get the signal.

MIRANDA: But then do I have to reciprocate?

SAMANTHA: No! I would never do it back to them.

MIRANDA: Neither would I.

CARRIE: Me neither.

CHARLOTTE: You wouldn't?

In this sense, Miranda may appear to advocate a double standard in her refusal to reciprocate the act on her male partner, however what is significant is how she places her sexual needs before the wants of her partner. This is seen again in the episode, "The Fuck Buddy" (2:14) where her partner bosses her around on their dates, but also in the bedroom. Miranda admits that she finds forceful tone to be attractive in bed:

MIRANDA: The weird thing is, when he tells me what to do in life, it drives me crazy. But when he tells me what to do during sex, it really drives me

crazy. It's totally hot...I mean isn't that funny? That what I hate in life I love in sex?

Again, Miranda's pleasure takes precedence, as she continues to date him even after he repeated yells and belittles her on other dates. By the end of the episode, however, she breaks it off, because the humiliation he causes her in public can no longer be separated from their sexual life. Since she can no longer take pleasure in his 'dirty talk' she breaks free in order to find happiness that is balanced in both worlds.

In her quest for validation her sexual life becomes invariably linked to her professional success. Even though she feels she has achieved success in terms of her career, she is unable to say the same in her sexual relationships. This becomes most evident in her first break-up with Steve Brady, (David Eigenberg) In the episode, "The Caste System" (2:10) she tells the women about how she is unable to go on more extravagant dates because Steve is unable to afford it. He also insists on paying for their dates which results in Miranda feeling guilty about denying her wants:

MIRANDA: You're all missing my point. None of this matters to me. I just don't want it to matter to him. It's like when single men have a lot of money it works to their advantage. But when a single woman has money it's a problem you have to deal with. It's ridiculous. I want to enjoy my success not apologize for it.

Steve breaks it off with Miranda saying he "didn't feel good" because he was unable to purchase a designer suit in order to attend a dinner function with her firm. Miranda feels as if she is being punished for her success and is disheartened that her professional success is seen as impediment to a successful relationship.¹⁰ Miranda's constant struggle to combat gender stereotypes results in her views being imbued with a deep cynicism for the condition

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¹⁰ Steve and Miranda eventually get back together, however the problem of money is never brought up again. While it is not explicitly stated, it is inferred that Miranda need not be ashamed of her success, or that Steve no longer adheres to the male stereotype of sole provider. Eventually, Steve opens his own successful bar, and presumably reaches the same, or comparable, financial success as Miranda.

of the single women. In the episode, “My Motherboard, Myself” (4:8) Miranda is visibly distressed at her mother’s funeral, not only because of her mother’s death, but that she still cannot escape the stigma of being a single women even in her period of mourning. She tells the women while holding back tears:

MIRANDA: I’m fine. But everyone else is very concerned about me because I’m here alone. I didn’t realize I needed a date for my mother’s funeral.
 CHARLOTTE: Oh Miranda.
 MIRANDA: My sister and her husband want me to third-wheel with them down the aisle. Because God forbid I should walk it alone, because that would be the real tragedy, right? Ignore the coffin. There’s a single 35 year-old woman walking behind it.

Miranda’s cynicism also results in her reluctance to believe in the idea of traditional romantic love, which The Rules girls seem to hold dear. Whereas Charlotte tends to allow her emotions to rule her behaviour, Miranda takes a much more logic-based approach. This is evident when the women are discussing Charlotte’s prenuptial agreement in the episode “All or Nothing” (3:10)

CHARLOTTE: We haven’t even gotten married yet and already we’re talking about divorce.
 CARRIE: Sweetie, a lot of people do pre-nups these days.
 CHARLOTTE: Marriage is supposed to be about love and happiness -
 MIRANDA: -And the merging and protection of assets
 CHARLOTTE: That’s so unromantic.
 MIRANDA: And necessary. 50% of marriages end in divorces.
 CHARLOTTE: See? There it is again – “divorce.”
 MIRANDA: I’m sure you’ll live happily ever after, but I gotta tell you, I wouldn’t get married without one of these to protect myself...Listen, this is just their opening offer. It’s totally standard to go back in and negotiate.

Miranda, even if married, still desires to maintain her independence, and is also acutely aware that marriage has the strong possibility of ending in divorce. Her reluctance to ascribing the mentality that man will complete her is evidenced in “The Agony & the Ex-tasy” (4:1) when she dispels Charlotte’s notion of a perfect soul mate that will complete one’s life:

MIRANDA: But you're still looking outside yourself. It's saying that you're not enough.
 CHARLOTTE: Are you enough?
 ...
 SAMANTHA: Look, the bad thing about one perfect soul mate is that it's so unattainable. You're being set up to fail.
 MIRANDA: Exactly. And you feel bad about yourself.
 SAMANTHA: Yeah, and it makes the gap between the holy grail and the assholes even bigger.

Here both Samantha and Miranda agree with one another, and quickly dispel the fairy-tale notion of a perfect "other half". Nixon also describes the co-relation of her character and Samantha, as "...line[ing] up more naturally, Samantha and Miranda are the more masculine characters and Carrie and Charlotte are the more feminine." (Nixon in Sohn, 2004, 85)

Miranda's non-traditional views are also apparent once she finds out she has become pregnant with Steve's baby. She initially decides to have an abortion, thinking a baby is not at the top of her priorities in "Coulda, Woulda, Shoulda" (4:11) but later decides that she wants to keep the baby and become a single mother. When she tells Steve about the baby she informs him, "It's my decision and it's something I want to do for me – I just thought you should know." (Just Say Yes, 4:12) confirming her commitment to her role as an independent woman who does not need to have husband in order to have a baby. Later in the episode when Steve proposes marriage out of a sense of obligation, Miranda immediately rejects him:

MIRANDA: What are you fucking crazy?
 STEVE: That's your answer?!
 MIRANDA: Why are you proposing?
 STEVE: I thought this is what you wanted.
 MIRANDA: I don't want to marry you Steve.
 STEVE: I don't want to marry you either.
 MIRANDA: Then what are we doing?
 STEVE: Well, there's gonna be a baby. And I - I don't wanna be the guy who sees you at the playground. I want to help.
 MIRANDA: That doesn't mean we have to get married. You're not in love with me right?
 STEVE: No, especially not right now I'm not.

MIRANDA: Then you need to say that every day because when you see me with this baby you're gonna think that we belong together - your gonna think that you're in love with me.

STEVE; ...How are we gonna do this? Raise a kid together and not be together?

MIRANDA: We'll figure it out.

Miranda refuses to marry in order to conform to the traditional relationship of mother, father and child. Furthermore, she accuses Steve of possessing the more “female” attributes in thinking that he will automatically fall in love with her when seeing Miranda with the newborn baby.

Carrie is also quick to point out the role reversal when the two women are talking on her apartment steps in the episode, “A Vogue Idea” (4:17):

MIRANDA: I'm gonna be a terrible mother...I am! I have no maternal instincts, no patience...how is this kid ever gonna make it? A "type A" mother who works 50 hours a week and no father figure.

CARRIE: He does have a father figure.

MIRANDA: Steve.

CARRIE: I meant you.

Eventually, however, Miranda does fall in love with Steve and marries him. But even in that regard, Miranda's approach does not conform to the traditional gender roles. She is the one who ends up proposing marriage to Steve and it is presented as a passing thought in conversation (“The Ick Factor,” 6:2:2)¹¹ Although love can eventually lead to marriage, sex for Miranda does not require it as Charlotte does. In her exchange with Charlotte over brunch in “Attack of the 5'10” Woman” (3:3) she states that because she has a boyfriend it “doesn't mean I'm getting married. It means I'm getting laid.” In this regard, Miranda and Samantha have much in common.

Samantha Jones, Pro-Sex Feminist

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¹¹ This is in stark contrast to Charlotte's proposal to Trey (“Easy Come, Easy Go”, 3:9) Even though both women are shown proposing marriage, Charlotte is distraught that she has not be proposed to in the traditional fashion (i.e. Man asks, presents a ring and kneels)

For Samantha, as mentioned in the pilot "brunch" scene, sex is pleasurable and "without [emotional] feeling." *Kiss and Tell* explicitly states, "[Samantha has a] predilection for fast, emotion-free sex." (Sohn, 2004, 105) In the episode, "Three's a Crowd" (1:8) Samantha directly states that she has wonderful sex because it is not complicated by a relationship. Charlotte points out "You don't have relationships," to which Samantha responds, "Which is why I have great sex." What is only suggested as a point of importance for Miranda, female pleasure is clearly presented as the primary goal of Samantha, namely the quest for the female orgasm. While stressing the importance of self-gratification, Samantha most embodies the pro-sex feminists and co-opts the traditional "masculine" voice in her frank, uncensored discussions about sex. For Samantha, reclaiming her female power by obtaining her own female pleasure during the sex act is the only objective. Samantha embodies the following quote found in Lynne Segal's book *Straight Sex: Rethinking the Politics of Pleasure*:

Every time women enjoy sex with men, confident in the knowledge that this, just this, is what we want and how we want it, I would suggest, we are already confounding the cultural and political meanings given to heterosexuality in dominant discourse. Their "sex" is something "done" by active men to passive women, not something women do. (Segal, 1994, 266)

Her pleasure is denoted by the explicit references to her female arousal as evidenced in the following quotes, "I'm telling you, I don't think a guy's ever gotten me that wet." (Politically Erect, 3:1) and "I'm gonna need a napkin to dry off my seat, that waiter was hot." (Great Sexpectations, 6:8) Of course, the quest for achieving female orgasm is at the root of Samantha's sexual promiscuity. She even acknowledges that every times she has sex, it must result in orgasm, as seen in the episode "My Motherboard, Myself" (4:8)

SAMANTHA:	I just spent the last 2 hours fucking with no finale.
CARRIE:	It happens. Sometimes you just can't get there.
SAMANTHA:	I can always get there.
CHARLOTTE:	Every time you have sex?

CARRIE: She's exaggerating. Please say you're exaggerating?
 SAMANTHA: Well, I admit I have to polish myself off once or twice, but yes. When I RSVP to a party I make it my business to come.
 CARRIE: See, I've been a no show on more than one occasion.
 CHARLOTTE: Sex can still be great without an orgasm.
 SAMANTHA: Oh, that is such a crock of shit.
 CARRIE: She has a point.
 SAMANTHA: What's wrong with me?
 CARRIE: Listen, you've got plenty of orgasm under you're belt. You're gonna be fine. Now let's retrace your steps. Were you on the top?
 SAMANTHA: How is that relevant?
 CHARLOTTE: You can have them on the bottom?
 SAMANTHA: Top, bottom, upside down.

In her insistence on the female orgasm as fundamental right and essential part of sex, Samantha is challenging dominant media images of heterosexuality, such as pornographic ones, in which female orgasm is secondary to male pleasure. (Henry, 2004, 76)

She differs drastically from the equality feminist and the Rules Girl in that sex can be just as, if not more, enjoyable when completely detached from emotional connection or love. Indeed, Samantha's position is further confirmed in her willingness to not only watch pornography¹², but also participate in the production of it. In the episode "The Cold War" (6:17) Samantha makes a sex tape with Smith Jerrod (Jason Lewis) with the intention for it to be leaked on the Internet. She instructs Smith on exactly what to do and say in the tape, which further asserts her control. Here, she defends the acts of the sex workers as shown in the episode "La Douleur Exquise!" (2:12) when she defends service staff in an S&M theme restaurant, telling Charlotte, "Don't be so judgmental. This is just a sexual expression... They're just having fun with fetishes." She also enacts a rape-fantasy with Smith in "Pick a Little, Talk a Little" (6:4), in which she justifies to Charlotte in the following "brunch" sequence:

SAMANTHA: And then he pretended to tie my hands behind my back and the whole time he kept screaming "Shut the fuck up, shut the fuck up!" I

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¹² See "Baby, Talk is Cheap", 4:6

tell you, it is so refreshing to be with someone who likes to fuck outside the box.

CHARLOTTE: That's incredibly offensive. Violence against women is a very serious issue.

SAMANTHA: Oh please, it was a fantasy. Fantasies can't be censored. All fantasies are healthy and harmless.

In “The Agony and the Ex-tasy” (4:1) she defends her right to sexually fantasize and subsequently masturbate to her “priest” stating, “It’s a fantasy! I can masturbate to whomever I like. It’s imagination, it’s fun and perfectly healthy.” In adopting this position, Samantha gives voice to those feminists who accept all forms of sexual expression, even those that are considered perverse in comparison to the traditional notions of sex. For Samantha sex is for pleasure. It is a complete and worthwhile goal in and of itself, and it need not be justified by rationalization. (Easton & Liszt, 20) In addition to dispelling the myths attributed to traditional notions concerning sex, Samantha is equally dismissive of notions tied to romantic love. She never feels the pressure to get married when she is conversing with Richard Wright (James Remar) about Carrie’s impending engagement, in “Just Say Yes” (4:12) stating “Why does everyone have to get married? It’s so cliché!” In “Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell” (3:12), she tells Charlotte, “You know, marriage doesn’t guarantee a happy ending – just an ending.” And like Miranda, Samantha is not one to see marriage as a lifelong commitment, stating, “Look, you get married, you hope for the best. If it doesn’t work out you get divorced.” (Change of a Dress, 4:15)

Not only does Samantha claim she does not need a man, there are several instances when she advocates objectifying men, further solidifying her comments presented in the pilot bunch scene. In “Ex and the City” (2:18) she explicitly states, “I’ve never been able to be friends with any man. Why would I? Women are for friendships, men are for fucking.” In “The Fuck Buddy” (2:14) she disapproves of Carrie’s attempt to make her partner anymore than just a sexual partner. She states:

SAMANTHA: Carrie, you can't date your fuck buddy... You wanna take the only person in your life that's there purely for sex, no strings attached and turn him into a human being? Why?... He's like "dial a dick"

Not only does Samantha classify men simply as a means of achieving her sexual pleasures, she also advocates having multiple partners. She expresses her disdain for monogamy in "Sex and the Country" (4:9) at the brunch table:

SAMANTHA: Ugh – what is it about the weekends now? I swear to God, every guy I've fucked since Memorial Day wants to know what I'm doing this weekend. They just don't get it. My weekends are for meeting new guys so I don't have to be fucking the old ones.

But perhaps the most significant traditional notion that Samantha opposes is her disbelief that a man will lead her to a completed self. She bluntly tells Charlotte in "They Shoot Single People, Don't They?" (2:4)

SAMANTHA: Oh Charlotte, sweetie, we're all alone, even when we're with men... My advice to you is to embrace that fact, slap on some armour and go through life like I do – enjoying men but not expecting them to fill you up.

Samantha is parroting what Easton and Liszt say in *The Ethical Slut*, stating:

A great many people... believe that to be single is to be somehow incomplete, and that they need to find their 'other half.' ... We believe... that the fundamental sexual unit is one person; adding more people to that unit may be intimate fun and companionable, but does not complete anybody. The only thing in this world that you can control is yourself. Thus, a fundamental step in ethical sluthood is to bring your locus of control into yourself – to recognize the difference between your 'stuff' and other people's. When you do this, you become able to complete yourself (Easton & Liszt, 1997, 34-35)

Although Samantha's archetype is representative of an anti-monogamous relationship, she does reluctantly desire one with Richard Wright in season four. Initially, she is resistant to Richard's attempts to court her with traditional romantic notions.¹³ When he tries them, she replies, "Let's get something straight, I want no part of that. That turns everything into a big

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¹³ In "The Good Fight" (4:13) Richard gives Samantha a rose, prepares a candle-lit dinner on a balcony overlooking a pool in the moonlight.

screaming mess. We are work and sex, nothing more.” She even tells the other women that, “the only thing I like about Richard is his big, throbbing, rock-hard perfect dick,” as if to objectify him by trumpeting his only asset to be his penis and the sexual pleasure it provides for her. In the final scene of the episode however, when Richard thwarts her attempts to solely engage intercourse and convinces her to dance with him instead, she awkwardly tries to grab his penis, only to have him pull her hand away. As such, Richard’s attempts de-sexualize their relationship by slow-dancing rather than “just fucking.” As they dance, Samantha succumbs to her emotions and realizes that she is unable to simply see him as a sex object. Carrie’s accompanying voice-over states: “Samantha finally threw in the towel. All this time she’d been trying to make him just a perfect dick- fighting her feelings, that he may be the perfect Richard.” Their relationship continues over many episodes, and although Samantha has shifted away from the static borders of her archetype, the fact that she is still able to have pleasurable sex even with emotional attachment furthers the notion that stringent boundaries are not characteristic of the third wave. The grounding principles of the pro-sex feminist are still maintained via Samantha in subsequent episodes; however in this scene, the series exhibits the power of the dialogic in shifting the boundaries that tend to define the various facets of third-wave feminism.

The Power of the Dialogic Process

This is not the only example of how the dialogic “brunch” scenes have caused the women to shift away or question the foundations of their respective archetypes. Although Charlotte, for example, ultimately seeks to return to a pre-feminist ideology, she, like the Rules girls, is still quick to reap the gains that women’s liberation movement have afford to her in the third wave era. In the episode entitled, “Time and Punishment,” (4:7) Charlotte tells the women that she’s thinking of quitting her job because she soon desires to start a

family. The other women are united in questioning her decision, as she loves her job and it appears foreign for them to grasp the notion of just being a “wife and mother”. Charlotte takes a defensive position in the following scenes and later calls Miranda to vent her anger:

CHARLOTTE: You were so judgemental at the coffee shop yesterday.
 MIRANDA: Excuse me?
 CHARLOTTE: You think I’m one of those women
 MIRANDA: What? One of what women?
 CHARLOTTE: One of those women we hate who just works until she gets married... The women’s movement is supposed to be about choice. And if I chose to quit my job, that is my choice.
 MIRANDA: “The women’s movement”? Jesus Christ, I haven’t even had coffee yet.
 CHARLOTTE: It’s my life, and it’s my choice.
 MIRANDA: Okay Charlotte? This isn’t about me, this is your stuff.
 CHARLOTTE: Admit it! You’re being very judgemental!
 MIRANDA: ...If you have a problem quitting your job, maybe you should take it up with your husband!
 CHARLOTTE: See? There it is! “Your husband” There’s nothing wrong with having a husband!
 MIRANDA: Charlotte, I’m hanging up!
 CHARLOTTE: (gasp) Don’t you dare hang up! And stop saying Charlotte like that! I am quitting my job to make my life better and do something worthwhile like have a baby...
 MIRANDA: I’m hanging up!
 CHARLOTTE: Don’t you dare hang up! I’m interviewing girls to replace me and I really need you to get behind my choice.
 MIRANDA: You get behind your choice.
 CHARLOTTE: I am behind my choice! I choose my choice!
 MIRANDA: Charlotte, I don’t have time for this. I have to go to work. Some of us still have to go to work.
 CHARLOTTE: I choose my choice! I choose my choice! I – (Miranda hangs up)

It is extremely significant that Charlotte calls up Miranda, representative of the feminist who is still fighting for equality, to get behind her choice. The juxtaposition of the two women reveals Charlotte’s difficulty in ratifying her own position as a Rules girl while reaping the reward of the second wave women’s movement and simultaneously undermining their fight in advocating an ideology that promotes women being manipulative, censoring themselves, and reverting back to being objects that appeal to male heterosexual desire. Astrid Henry observes:

As Miranda, Carrie, and Samantha do not blindly validate Charlotte's choice just because she "chooses it." The episode seems implicitly to critique Charlotte's 'easy' choice-based definition of feminism. Ultimately, the episode revolves around Charlotte's ambivalence about her decision to leave her job and follow a more traditional path. (Henry, 2004, 72)

In this particular example, the boundaries that contain the women are not so clearly defined.

In the episode, "Oh Come All Ye Faithful" (1:12) Samantha goes a step further than question her archetype and appears to directly contradict it. She surprises the women by telling them she has fallen in love and appears to have favoured a relationship based on emotional connection rather than physical gratification:

SAMANTHA	Ladies, I have an announcement. Please don't laugh.
MIRANDA:	What?
SAMANTHA:	I'm in love.
MIRANDA:	What?
CARRIE v/o:	<i>Samantha, uttering those words to us, was an event as unfathomable as Moses parting the Red Sea.</i>
...	
SAMANTHA:	I mean, I'd totally given up on the idea that you could actually talk to a man. Before James, all my sentences consisted of two: "Give it to me" and "Go home." And I owe it all to Charlotte.
CHARLOTTE:	Me? What did I do?
SAMANTHA:	All that bullshit you spout about not sleeping with men right away actually paid off. I mean, if I'd fuck James already, who knows where we'd be?
MIRANDA:	Wait. You haven't had sex yet?
SAMANTHA:	Soon. You know? I think he's some one I could actually marry.
CHARLOTTE:	Samantha! That's great!

Ultimately, however, Samantha is unable to remain in the relationship with James because he has a small penis and is unable to satisfy her sexually. While it appears that her hedonistic sexual preferences are still of primary importance, she acknowledges and even attempts to integrate Charlotte's ideology into her own lifestyle, even though they are almost in stark opposition. In the episode "Secret Sex" (1:6), Samantha directly criticizes the author of *The Rules* and thus, their ideology, stating: "The women who wrote that book, wrote it because they couldn't get laid so they constructed this whole bullshit theory to make women who can

get laid, feel bad.” Samantha’s change of heart is indicative of the dialogic process, which allows seemingly static archetypes into a redefinition and even contradiction.

The Formal Techniques of Feminist Dialogics

It is not merely the dialogue spoken during the “brunch” sequences that reveals the embodiment of the dialogic process. The formal elements of these scenes are a significant indicator of how the archetypes interact with one another during the dialogic process. Since the “brunch” sequences vary in their locations throughout the series, it is impossible to claim that there is a coherent set of techniques that are used for each individual archetype. When the series enters its second season, however, the “brunch” sequences are more consistently seen in the “coffee shop” and the placement of the women at the table also becomes slightly regulated. Generally speaking, Samantha and Miranda are seated on the left side of the table, and Charlotte and Carrie on the right side. The camera is positioned in the middle of the table during the establishing shot, and entrance to the restaurant is usually seen in the background, directly opposite to the camera. During the discussion, the sequence takes on the traditional short-reverse-shot structure, oscillating between individual close-ups of the speaker, reaction shots, or two women in a same shot.

It is not surprising that Miranda and Samantha are seated on the left side, together, as they are representative of the bitch and pro-sex feminist respectively. This is also suggested in the pilot “brunch” scene where Samantha and Miranda are also seated together, but instead of cuts transitioning between the close-ups of the two women, quick pans are used. This can be seen as a visual technique linking the two ideologies that are more closely connected and sometimes overlapping in their views. Charlotte, who can easily be seen as more conservative and in opposition to the other voices, is seated with Carrie, who usually serves as the agent of the dialogic process. Carrie generally takes on an ambivalent stance,

possessing different aspects of each archetype from time to time. It can be argued that Carrie is merely placed with Charlotte the majority of the time because it is intentional to seat Miranda and Samantha together more consistently. In the pilot “brunch” scene, Carrie and Charlotte are seated across from one another, while Samantha and Miranda are positioned in the centre. It could be argued that the link between Samantha and Miranda is being established, while Carrie and most importantly Charlotte (whose close-ups are often transitioned by a deliberate cut) are meant to be seen as more segregated in their positions. Because the techniques used to construct the brunch scenes are almost always same, it is the deviations from the typical set up that are most meaningful. For instance, in the episode “Baby, Talk is Cheap” (4:6) Charlotte is seated next to Samantha, while Miranda is seated next to Carrie and questions the women about anal oral sex. Miranda is uncertain whether she wants to partake in this sexual act that is new to her sexual vocabulary. The dialogue is as follows:

MIRANDA: Well, he kind of, licked my butt...I thought it was weird. It's weird right? Are we doing this now?"
 SAMANTHA: Well, if the guy's willing, why not?"
 MIRANDA: Anyone other than Samantha?
 ...
 CHARLOTTE: Well, Trey likes to do it. We're married.
 MIRANDA: Okay, I'm definitely in the slow sexual group if even Charlotte is open to this.

It is surprising that Charlotte is the one who acknowledges that she has already partaken in what can be called a "perverse" sexual act, even suggesting that she's done it on multiple occasions. Samantha's response denotes her approval, but is ambivalent about having it performed on her. Furthermore, while all the women, including Samantha state that they would not reciprocate the act, Charlotte asks “You wouldn't?” again suggesting that she has not only had it done to her but that she has no problem in performing it as well. Her positioning beside Samantha suggests an intentional logic as she represents the most sexually

radical of them all. The exceptions to the traditional formal composition of the “brunch” scenes suggest that the dialogic debates are able to influence the position of the characters, both physical and metaphoric, and their respective beliefs.

There are other instances in which the techniques reflect this change as well. In the episode “The Power of the Female Sex” (1:5) the camera chooses to circle around the four women, while they speak, rather than employing the shot-reverse-shot structure. The dialogue of this discussion is as follows:

SAMANTHA:	Women have the right to use every means at their disposal to achieve power-
MIRANDA:	Short of sleeping their way to the top...
SAMANTHA:	Not if that's what it takes to compete.
CHARLOTTE:	But that's exploitation!
SAMANTHA:	Of men- which is perfectly legal.
...	
CARRIE:	So you advocate a double standard – Women can use their sexuality to get ahead whenever possible, but men should not be allowed to have advantage of it?
SAMANTHA:	No. I'm just saying that men and women are equal opportunity exploiters.
...	
CHARLOTTE:	What if you sense that some one is giving you a professional advantage because they find you charming?
MIRANDA:	Charming?
SAMANTHA:	This I gotta hear.
CHARLOTTE:	<i>(recounts meeting famous artist Neville Morgan who asks her to come to his house and see his works in progress.)</i>
CHARLOTTE:	So, if I could get him to show at the gallery, it would be an incredible coup. But what if he wants me to, you know...
CARRIE:	Hold his brush?
MIRANDA:	(to Charlotte) If he so much as suggest what she's suggesting, you give me a call and we'll sue the hell out of him. That's the only proper way to trade sex for power.

In this “brunch” sequence, the usual positions of the women are somewhat less fixed. First Miranda and Samantha disagree on using sex when it comes to achieving success, Charlotte has the dilemma of whether she should sleep with the famous painter as a way to get him to have a show at her gallery. This is something that Charlotte would generally not consider,

but it would be such an “incredible coup” to have his show at her gallery that even the “Rules Girl” is willing to contemplate the option of exploiting sexuality outside marriage to achieve a professional goal. The circling around the table suggests the fluidity of these archetypes, and furthermore, Charlotte is given a flashback sequence in the middle of the sequence. The flashback serves as a means to show that her usual certitudes about proper behavior are destabilized by this situation. The exceptions to the traditional employment of filmic techniques during these sequences demonstrate how they can be used to mark moments when the archetypes shift positions. As mentioned previously, however, the demands of the narrative of the series cause the function of the archetypes to remain, even if they drift and re-shape their boundaries from time to time. As such, the archetypal positions are always re-established in subsequent episodes so that the debates can continue. However, while continuous dialogic debates characterize the series as a whole, as it approaches its fifth season, the nature of the brunch sequences seem to have shifted toward less contentious issues, to the point where said debates become, at times, entirely vacuous. The following chapter will seek to explain this shift in terms of the cultural context of the early 2000s where debate became anathema.

Chapter Three: From Feminist Dialogics to the Romantic Carnavalesque

"The show has no boundaries. Absolutely no boundaries."

-Judy Gold, Comedian. *Sex and the City - A Farewell*.

During the series' final two seasons, a discernible shift in the construction of both the brunch and laptop sequences is apparent. Previously, the general pattern of Carrie's voice over narration consisted of open-ended comments, pondering several questions before finally ending on a single typed question. This pattern is illustrated in many laptop sequences during the earlier seasons, such as the one found in "Easy Come, Easy Go" (3:9) as follows:

CARRIE (v/o): It's a pretty common belief that women tend to use the left more emotional side of their brain and men the right more, logical side. But is it really that cut and dry? It seems that when it comes to affairs of the heart, there's a battle between what we know and what we feel. So what do you do when you find yourself in a situation that leaps back and forth between the left and the right side? When it comes to relationships is it smarter to follow *your heart or your head?*

As previously mentioned, the construction of Carrie's subjective commentary allows the spectator to actively participate in contemplating the same question around which the episode's theme is based. The generality and scope of the questions are quite broad, again increasing the odds of audience participation. In the season four episode, "The Good Fight" (4:13) Carrie has the following monologue after having just fought with live-in boyfriend Aidan Shaw (John Corbett):

CARRIE(v/o): The hard thing about fighting in a relationship as opposed to Madison Square Garden, no referee. There's no one to tell you which comments are below the belt or when to go to your separate corners. As a result, some one usually gets hurt. And it seems the closer a couple gets and the more "stuff" they have between them, the harder it is to figure out exactly why they are yelling. When it comes to relationships, I couldn't help but wonder: *What are we fighting for?*

Her final question is not “*Why* are we fighting?” which would limit the discussion to the confines of the narrative. Rather, it invites a larger discussion as to why couples continue to participate in relationships even though the more time they spend together will inevitably lead to more fighting and dissonance. The question “What are we fighting for?” indeed seems to invite the spectator to reflect not only on the issue of conflict among couples, but also on the larger question of “Why do we continue to struggle to build relationships when the result is always increased grief?” What characterizes Carrie’s questions in earlier seasons is the impossibility of providing a singular, concrete answer. Even after the events of the episode have concluded, the question is usually left unanswered, or is given ambiguous closure. Other examples from earlier seasons include “Has monogamy become too much to expect?” (1:4); “What constitutes cheating?” (2:6); “Can you change a man?” (2:9); “Can we have it all?” (3:10); “Are men just women with balls?” (4:10) The nature of the ending question in the latter two seasons arguably appears to be much more narrow in their scope, usually focusing on narrative plot-points rather than larger, more contentious issues. The questions primarily refer to conflicts, which are only relatable and applicable to Carrie’s situations. These include, “Why does one minus a ‘plus one’ feel like it adds up to zero?” (5:5); “When did it stop being fun and start being scary?” (6:8); “When it comes to matters of the heart, did we have it right in high school?” (6:10); “When will waiting for the one be done?” (6:12); “When it comes to men, even when we try to keep it light, how do we end up in the dark?” (6:13). This sampling of questions are indicative of Carrie’s particular feelings and emotional state in a given episode, differing from the issue-based, broad questions asked in the earlier seasons. It is Carrie who “feels” like she adds up to a zero, that she is no longer having fun and is scared, and how she is the one who is invariably “in the dark” when it

comes to relationships. All of these sentiments are based in fear, which is indicative of her state of mind in these latter seasons.

Furthermore, the preceding commentary to the typed questions becomes increasingly sophistic in that the very phrasing of the questions has the answer built in it, rendering it difficult for the audience to participate in an open exchange of ideas. Carrie's line of logic has subtly shifted from open-ended statement to empty rhetorical questions. Such an example is seen in the episode, "Luck be an Old Lady" (5:3) in which she asks:

CARRIE (v/o):   People go to casinos for the same reasons they go on blind dates, hoping to hit the jackpot. But mostly you just wind up broke or alone in a bar. If we know the house always wins, *why gamble?*

The structure of the question is revealing. Carrie does not ask, "Why gamble in matters of love?" but rather, "If we know the house always wins, why gamble?" This epitrope does not leave room for discussion, since the premise of the house always winning forestalls the very possibility of gambling – gambling would entail at least some possibility of winning on the part of the gambler. A similar example is seen in "The Ick Factor" (6:14) in which Carrie outlines how New York City women have compromised with substitutes for the indicators of traditional romantic love as follows:

CARRIE (v/o):   One of the great things about living in New York City is that you don't have to sugar coat your feelings. But have New York women settled for a sugar free existence as well? We accept tasti-delight instead of real ice cream, emails instead of love songs, jokes instead of poetry. It's no wonder that when faced with the real thing, we can't stomach it. Is it something we could learn to digest, or *have we become romance intolerant?*

Her comments preceding the final question are not as introspective and open-ended as they are in previous seasons, conveying the answer implicitly in the question. Women have indeed become "romance intolerant" if they live in a world which actively establishes the various substitutions which she maps out before her final question. The audience-distancing

techniques employed by the laptop sequences are similarly displayed in the brunch sequences as well.

Interruptions

Although the women maintain their respective archetypes throughout the brunch discussions in all the seasons, those sequences in the fifth and sixth seasons are diluted in their content and especially their presentation. Debatable issues are still touched on, but for the most part, the debate is interrupted before any real sense of dialogic exchange has been achieved. Such examples¹⁴ can be seen in “Luck be an Old Lady” (5:3) when Miranda asks, “Why do we get stuck with old maid and spinster and men get to be bachelors and playboys?” which potentially can introduce a discussion around gender roles. Carrie, however, ceases the discussion abruptly in order to advance the subsequent plot point regarding Charlotte’s 35th birthday. Another example is seen in “Cover Girl” (5:4) when Miranda is interrupted, again by Carrie, as she states, “It’s a weird double standard I guess. I’d feel insulted if I’d just gone down on a guy and he wouldn’t kiss me. Samantha, do you kiss after a blow job?” Again, the potentiality for debate could branch out into issues of gender roles, however Carrie leads the discussion back to a plot point which happened earlier in the episode before Samantha has a chance to weigh in her opinion. Furthermore, such interruptions negate one of the essential characteristics of the dialogic process as outlined by Bakhtin – response. He states:

To some extent, primacy belongs to the response, as the activating principle: it creates the ground for understanding; it prepares the ground for an active and engaged understanding. Understanding comes to fruition only in the response. Understanding and response are dialectically merged and mutually condition each other; one is impossible without the other. (Bakhtin 1992, 282)

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¹⁴ Please refer to Appendix A for complete dialogue exchange.

Without the active response around the table, which are more frequent in earlier brunch sequences, the dialogic process has lost its prolific power in being unable to achieve this “active and engaged understanding.” If potentially debatable issues are not interrupted before dialogic fruition, often times they are handled much less contentiously, or even too light-heartedly to lead any productive debate in these latter brunch sequences. In the episode “The Big Journey” (5:7) Miranda states, “Its times like these I wish women could go to male prostitutes,” which serves as a starting point for a potentially heated debate. The discussion veers away into an unrealistic scenario, and somewhat humorous dialogue as follows:

MIRANDA:	We should open a brothel where the men are cute and the sheets are 500-count Egyptian cotton. Samantha, you can be the madam.
	...
CARRIE:	We could put one in every neighbourhood, like Starbucks.
SAMANTHA:	Starfucks!

Charlotte then interjects with her “Rules-girls” ideals; however, the discussion is again interrupted to focus on advancing the plot of the episode.

In the earlier episode “The Awful Truth” (2:2) the women discuss the true sentiment behind Mr. Big (Chris Noth) sending Carrie roses on her birthday after being broken up for several months. The sequence is motivated by a narrative element, however the brunch discussion uses it as a springboard to segue into other issues. In this exchange of dialogue, we can see how each woman perceives a different outcome indirectly referring to their outlook on relationships. The presence of the dog Henry abruptly ends the discussion as Charlotte must tend to his bad behaviour. Although he ultimately ends the debate, his behaviour facilitates the discussion as a distracted Charlotte pointedly states her position, without pretence so she can tend to the dog. Her matter-of-fact tone quickens the pace of the debate, and even when she has to leave, there maintains a sense that an adequate exchange of ideas was achieved, which appears to be lacking in the fifth and sixth seasons.

Much like the laptop sequences, the brunch scenes appear to have become more reliant on narrative circumstances than they were in previous seasons. This is especially evident during season six, where each brunch appears to be exclusively focused on propelling the story rather than introducing generalized issues. In the beginning of season six during the Jack Berger (Ron Livingston) arch (6:1, 6:2, 6:3, 6:6, 6:7), the brunch scenes are attentive to aiding Carrie through her Berger-specific problems ranging from how to handle their first date and what to do when they are not sexually compatible, to dealing with Berger's ex-girlfriend and their subsequent break-up. Although problems with men are consistent throughout each season, they differ here in that narrative progression is given precedence over controversial points of discussion. Both "Drama Queens" (3:7) and "Great Sexpectations" (6:2) deal with the similar issue of Carrie being unable to pinpoint what went awry in her relationship. The difference however, is that in "Drama Queens" the other women are much quicker to chime in their opinions and relay similar experiences¹⁵. As evidenced in her dialogue, Carrie herself attempts to find the root of the problem, stating,

CARRIE: It's just – well it just- it just it feels odd. You know, I'm used to you know, the hunt and this is just effortless. It's just it's freaking me out... Maybe I'm just not used to being with some one who doesn't do the ever-seductive withholding dance.

Conversely, in "Great Sexpectations", Carrie tries on several occasions to close the subject, stating that she is "Not worried," "There was no problem," "I don't really want to talk about it" and "I don't want to make a big deal of it." Clearly there is a problem, or she would not persist in bringing it up; however, she purposely precludes any possibility for debate as soon as the topic is brought up. She also conveys her confidence that the problem will resolve itself. Charlotte even agrees stating, "I wouldn't worry about it Carrie. If the kisses were good, then the sex will eventually be good." As such, the construction of this brunch

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¹⁵ Please refer to Appendix A for full dialogue exchange.

scene does not afford the opportunity for the viewer to participate in the discussion in comparison to the “Drama Queens” sequence. Carrie’s function has notably shifted from being the instigator of the dialogic process in these discussions to hindering their potential, either via interruption or by restricting their scope. Carrie’s change is most concretely illustrated in one of the final episodes of the series, “Splat!” (6:18) in which she explicitly calls for the end of debate by ceasing her line of questioning.

The End of Questioning

In “Splat!”, the brunch sequence revolves around Carrie’s decision to move to Paris with her Russian boyfriend, Aleksandr Petrovsky (Mikhail Baryshnikov) as Miranda, Samantha and Charlotte barrage her with question regarding the logistics of her potential move. It unfolds as follows:

CHARLOTTE:	Do you think you might get married?
CARRIE:	No, that’s – I don’t think that’s the point.
CHARLOTTE:	Then what is he promising you?
CARRIE:	Um the world?
MIRANDA:	But what about your job? Your column is all about New York. You’re all about New York. How would you-
CARRIE:	I don’t know! How can you people still have questions? I got all your questions answered and they were good answers by the way, so this is the time when everybody should be really excited for me.
SAMANTHA:	Well, we are excited. It’s fabulous.
CARRIE:	No, forget it. Forget it.
CHARLOTTE:	No, I think it’s really romantic.
CARRIE:	Then stop killing it with questions.

The line of questioning has shifted from its positive connotation of dialogic redefinition, to a negative, invasive attribute that renders Carrie defensive and results in an awkward and uncomfortable exchange. This is a noticeable shift from the earlier brunch sequences in which the women were welcome to present their opinions no matter how opposing they would be to one another. Fights between the women have been illustrated in previous

episodes, however the end of the episode usually resolves them.¹⁶ The objection to Carrie's potential move, expressed by Miranda in particular, remains in the subsequent episode until Carrie eventually returns to Manhattan.¹⁷ It is Carrie's laptop sequence in this episode that is most telling:

CARRIE (v/o):   They say the unexamined life is not worth living, But what if the
                                  examining becomes your life? Is that living or just procrastinating?
                                  And what if all those helpful lunches and late night phone calls to
                                  friends have made us all girl talk and no girl action? Is it time to *stop*
                                  questioning?

Here, Carrie equates her function within the series with stasis and inaction. In addition to her telling commentary, the sequence ends with a close-up of the screen in which Carrie erases the question mark from her final question, replacing it with a period. The erasure of the question mark is representative of the sophistic mode of address that characterizes the last two seasons. Questions are asked but only for the purpose of averting contentious answers. Moreover, this change in punctuation cleverly foreshadows events to come as Carrie has rendered the sentence grammatically incorrect, indicative of the mistake she will make should she move to Paris. It is also notable that this is the last time in the series that we will have a "laptop sequence". Although we do see Carrie briefly during a montage sequence typing at her laptop in the final episode, the shots are not accompanied by her internal monologue, nor are we privy to the questions she poses on her laptop. Furthermore, in the exchange she has with Miranda before she leaves for Paris in "Splat" Carrie adamantly declares that her column is only what she does, and it is not who she is¹⁸. She states, "As

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¹⁶ See "Take Me out to the Ballgame" (2:1), "Frenemies" (3:16), "Cock-a-Doodle-Do!" (3:18), "Time and Punishment" (4:7), "Coulda, Woulda, Shoulda" (4:11)

¹⁷ This is not to say that there is no closure achieved. At the end of "Splat" (6:18) Carrie and Miranda have an unresolved argument, however in the next episode, "An American Girl in Paris Part Une" (6:19) she is still on good terms with Carrie. Her disagreement in her decision is still, however mentioned.

¹⁸ Michael Patrick King states in the episode's commentary, that the line was intentionally showing how the fear of ending up like Enid (Candice Bergen) or Lexi (Kirsten Thompson) has influenced Carrie to say anything

long as I stay in New York and write my column then nothing has really changed... I can stay here and write about my life, or I can go with him and live my life.” Even though she has returned to New York, one cannot help but wonder if the paralysis that Carrie felt prior to her trip to Paris has been resolved, or is simply the lesser of two evils. Once Carrie is in Paris, we empathize with her loneliness and solitude in that there is a noticeable absence of any voice-over narration in the final two episodes (save the final narration at the end of the final episode.) The viewer no longer has a point of interaction and remains a passive spectator, it would appear that the dialogic process has been significantly diluted and stunted in the series’ final season, and subsequently silenced altogether in these final episodes.

The Elephant in the Room

The key behind the cause of such a shift in the construction and presentation of these once integral narrative devices lies precisely in what is absent or excluded during the pivotal historical event which took place during the broadcast dates of the fifth and sixth seasons. Trumpeted by the series creator Darren Star, as the “fifth lady,”¹⁹ New York City was at the centre of a significant event during 2001 – 2004 that invariably had a profound effect on the subtext of the series. The episodes, which comprise seasons five and six, are those, which were filmed after the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001. Although season four’s episodes beginning from “The Good Fight” (4:13) up until “I Heart New York” (4:18) were broadcast after the attacks, they were filmed long before September 11, 2001. (Smith, 2004, 255) In his episode guide, *Manhattan Dating Game: An Unofficial and Unauthorized Guide to Every Episode of Sex and the City* Jim Smith states how the series has subsequently ignored any

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that will justify the mistake she makes in moving to Paris. He also notes that he and all of his writers agreed that writing does indeed define who they are.

¹⁹ Starr states in the tribute *Sex and the City: A Farewell* that “There was no question that New York was going to be the fifth character. It’s called “Sex and the City” and the city is New York.”

reference to a post 9/11 New York as follows:

In the end the series...simply ignores that day and its repercussions and while, for example, Carrie's apartment (given its often-stated location on 73rd Street) is not much of a walk from what is now "Ground Zero", the repercussions of this are simply avoided. [The subsequent episodes after the attacks] move, without comment, from a pre-9/11 world to a post-9/11 one, but without acknowledging those events. This is because, simply they're too terrible to be incorporated into sitcom or light drama. (Smith, 2004, 255)

An interview in Ann Oldenburg's article "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About (the New Season of) Sex," series executive producer and head writer, Michael Patrick King, confirms that no direct reference to 9/11 will be made in the series and the "references to the terrorist attacks are subtle. You won't hear a character say '9/11'." (*USA TODAY*, [Fairfax County], 19 July, 2002.) The only noticeable reference to 9/11 is seen in the season five opener, "Anchors Away" (5:1) which aired on July 21, 2002 in the US. (Smith, 2004, 267) This consisted of a single statement from Carrie as follows: "If you want to do your patriotic duty as New York women you will come shopping with me right now and throw some much needed money downtown." Ariel Levy concurs, stating:

Sex and the City's idea of giving back was more in line with the Bush Administration's prescription to the nation after 9/11: The best thing you can do for your fellow man and your country is to shop till you drop. (Levy, 2005, 173)

Aside from this subtle reference, no other mention is explicitly made. This veiled reluctance to deal with the reality of the impact of such attacks is in line with the dilution of the dialogic process. A post-9/11 Manhattan simply does not allow for a dialogic process because of the sheer trauma the event had on its citizens. The utopic ideal of a plurality of voices and opinions in constant dialogue with one another was immediately abolished after the 9/11 attacks. CNN declared after President Bush's speech during a joint news conference with French President Jacques Chirac on November 6, 2001 that "there is no room for neutrality in the war against terrorism." Bush's statement, "You're either with us or against us in the

fight against terror," initially directed at allied nations, ultimately fostered a return to a stringent, monolithic ideology as conveyed throughout the US mass media. This climate, reverberated in many varying configurations throughout culture via the public arena, and *Sex and the City* was no exception. Notably, the negative mass media treatment of Michael Moore and The Dixie Chicks was indicative of post-9/11 mentality reflected in culture.

In filmmaker Michael Moore's Oscar speech when he won Best Documentary for *Bowling for Columbine* (Moore, 2002) on March 23, 2003, he publicly criticized the President's decision to invade Iraq three days prior. In an interview with *Entertainment Weekly* on March 26, 2003, he explains his rationale:

I felt I had to say something about Bush and the war; it wasn't out of place because that's what my film deals with -- the American culture of violence and why we're such a violent people. It's about why and how our government manipulates us with fear. Specifically, the film [deals with] the Bush Administration manipulating people with fear to enact their agenda and to get money for war. So I thought whatever I'd say if I won would be along those lines because it was appropriate to the theme of the movie.

As he was walking up to receive his award, he was greeted with a standing ovation. During his speech, however, he was promptly met with "boos" and catcalls from the audience.

When asked what he thought of the people who booed him, Moore states the following:

It's a little disconcerting that I get 45 seconds to have my piece and there are those who would try to deny me my right to speak. The only people who looked bad here are the people who want to deny someone 45 seconds of free speech. The director of the show had told all the nominees those were our 45 seconds and it was completely up to us what we want to say and do. We were not threatened in any way to stick to any kind of a script.

In an attempt to drown him out, the harsh boos resulted in a tense, awkward moment, completely uncharacteristic of a highly constructed, escapist event such as the Academy Awards. The disapproval demonstrated how the American public was intolerant to expressions of free speech at a Hollywood event, denying the reality that they were on the brink of a questionable war. The instantaneous turnover from standing ovation to boos and

cat-calls is indicative of the public's desire for their mass media to suppress any contentious political views.

The country music group, the Dixie Chicks made a similar "anti-war" statement on March 10, 2003 at a concert in the UK. The subsequent backlash, however, was much more severe and prolonged than that encountered by Moore. Lead singer Natalie Maines told her audience, "Just so you know, we're ashamed the President of the United States is from Texas." This singular statement erupted in intense criticism, resulting in boycotts of Dixie Chicks music on many U.S. radio stations, and one station in Louisiana encouraged listeners to dump their old Dixie Chicks CDs in trashcans which would subsequently be run over by tractors. The band was quickly branded unpatriotic, and victim to public name calling such as "Saddam's Angels" and the "Dixie Sluts". But amidst the backlash, the group maintained their right for free speech. In an interview with Tom Brokaw for the *New York Times* on April 25, 2003, President Bush himself agrees stating:

I mean, the Dixie Chicks are free to speak their mind. They can say what they want to say. And just because - they shouldn't have their feelings hurt just because some people don't want to buy their records when they speak out. You know, freedom is a two-way street. But I have - don't really care what the Dixie Chicks said. I want to do what I think is right for the American people, and if some singers or Hollywood stars feel like speaking out, that's fine. That's the great thing about America. It stands in stark contrast to Iraq, by the way.

The President's comments may appear to advocate a society that accepts the free exchange of ideas and opinions; however the extreme criticism that the Dixie Chicks encountered by the American people suggests that the President's notion of an ideal America "in stark contrast to Iraq" simply did not exist in 2003. The President's comments suggest an explanation as to the changes that occur in seasons five and six of *Sex and the City* as previously outlined. Debate and discussion are only allowable under specific conditions, and any "unpatriotic" views such as those expressed Dixie Chicks and Michael Moore, were to

be publicly punished. Such a climate demanded that series alter its presentation, as reflected in the latter seasons. In refusing to directly state a position, in contrast to the actions of Moore and the Dixie Chicks, *Sex and the City* resisted public vilification but silencing, quite literally, Carrie's voice. As previously noted, the complete absence of voice-over narration is explicitly pointed out in the final two episodes of the series serving as an indirect commentary on the post-9/11 climate.

The Carnavalesque

With the change of mood from pre-9/11 openness to post-9/11 suppression of debate, Bakhtin's notion of the dialogic no longer offers the best approach to interpret *Sex and the City*. Rather, it is another concept formulated by Bakhtin that provides the best way to read the series' last two seasons: the Carnavalesque, or more precisely, the 'Romantic Carnavalesque' as outlined in his work, *Rabelais and his World* published in 1965. Bakhtin arguably developed these theories, the dialogic position and the carnivalesque²⁰, in a social climate not unlike that of post-9/11 America Bakhtin's theories proliferated while living under the suppressive Soviet Regime:

[Bakhtin's] own historical moment informed his treatment of the carnival and that what has often been thought of as his nostalgic view of a brutal past actually conflicts or engages dialogically with a much more oppressive idealism - that of Stalinism." (Holquist in Vice, 1997, 150)

It has been observed by many scholars that like Rabelais, who was attempting to change the stasis imposed from above through the parody of his novel, so too was Bakhtin in his study of Rabelais. (Holquist, 1984, xvi) Renate Lachmann expands in the following passage:

[Bakhtin] had lived through the revolutionary euphoria of the 1920s, participated in a text practice and culture that not only preached, but practiced openness, hybridization, and dehierarchization. At the same time, he was witness to the process of increasing closure, isolation, and hierarchization taking place in Soviet society, For

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²⁰ Herein the term "carnavalesque" will be used to refer to the representation of the carnival, in reflecting its characteristics.

Bakhtin, however, it was precisely the experience of revolution, the swirling up of meaning that it brought forth the experience of the plurality of worlds, of the intercrossing of cultures and languages, of texts and genres, in other words, the experience of the post-revolutionary avantgarde Russia- that determined his approach to Rabelais. (Lachmann, 1989, 117)

In his book, Bakhtin outlines two types of carnivals before he enters into his analyses of Rabelais' *Gargantua and Pantagruel*. For simplicity sake, I will label them as the Renaissance Era carnivalesque and the Romantic Era carnivalesque. The two are discussed in relation to one another, however, there is much precedence given to the relationship between traditional folk culture and the Renaissance carnival. Bakhtin's description of the Renaissance carnival embodies those characteristics of the "true carnival". In its purest form, the core objective of carnival festivities was to provide a

...temporary liberation from the prevailing truth and the established order; it marked the suspension of all hierarchical rank, privileges, norms and prohibitions. Carnival was the true feast of time, the feast of becoming, change and renewal. (Bakhtin, 1984, 10)

In keeping with the theme of renewal, change and rebirth, the symbols of the carnival are rooted in the logic of the "inside out", of the "turnabout" of a continual shifting from top to bottom, from front to rear, (Bakhtin, 1968, 11) As such, the body and the bodily functions are of primary importance. If the "upwards" (the head and the mind) were previously seen as the governing factors, during the carnival festivities, the "downwards" (the genitals and stomach) have taken over. Carnival was a time that encouraged bodily needs and pleasures different from those called upon by the ordinary rhythm of labour and leisure. (During, 2003, 382) Furthermore, there is a connection to the feminine, as the female womb is indicative of rebirth and renewal. The grotesque body as expressed through literature under "grotesque realism," becomes a primary theme expressed in Bakhtin's notion of the carnival. Degradation becomes a key factor in Bakhtin's notion of grotesque realism, stating:

To degrade an object does not imply merely hurling it into the void of non-existence, into absolute destruction, but to hurl it down to the reproductive lower stratum, the zone in which conception and a new birth take place. Grotesque realism knows no other lower level; it is the fruitful earth and the womb. It is always conceiving. (Bakhtin, 1984, 21)

The carnival-grotesque form exercises the function of freedom as outline in the true carnival spirit, it:

...liberates from the prevailing point of view of the world, from the conventions of established truths, from clichés, from all that is humdrum and universally accepted. This carnival spirit offers the chance to have a new outlook on the world, to realize the relative nature of all that exists, and to enter a completely new order of things. (Bakhtin, 1984, 34)

As such the aspect of ambivalence, particularly in regard to carnival laughter is also a noteworthy aspect. Bakhtin states,

(Carnival) laughter is ambivalent: it is gay, triumphant, and at the same time mocking, deriding. It asserts and denies, it buries and revives. Such is the laughter of carnival. (Bakhtin, 1984, 11-12)

The principles of material body, those of hunger, thirst, defecation, copulation; become a positively corrosive force, in conjunction with the festival laughter, enjoys a symbolic victory over death, over all that is held sacred, over all that oppresses and restricts. (Stam, 1989, 86)

Such comprised the carnival during the Renaissance era. And the *representation* of the Carnival in Renaissance literature – the Renaissance Carnivalesque – would include corresponding images and symbols of the regenerative, grotesque realism.

The Renaissance vs. The Romantic

In contrast Bakhtin outlines the characteristics of the carnivalesque as seen in the Romantic Era, which he also parallels with the officially sanctioned feasts of the Middle Ages. While the Renaissance carnival focused on bodily irreverence and challenge to hierarchy, it shifted in the Romantic period. The Romantic carnival abstracted the

Renaissance carnival, turning its taste for productive reversal into fear of change, and reinterpreting regenerative bodily joyfulness into a concern about physical decay. He states:

Folk culture brought the world close to man, gave it a bodily form, and established a link through the body and bodily life, in contrast to the abstract and spiritual master sought by Romanticism. Images of bodily life such as eating, drinking, copulation, defecation, almost entirely lost their regeneration power and were turned into "vulgarity." (Bakhtin, 1984, 39)

Just as the grotesque body had lost its link with its principles of rebirth, so had the ambivalent carnival laughter, which now leaned toward a private and isolated experience.

Bakhtin expands stating the following:

Unlike the medieval and Renaissance grotesque, which was directly related to folk culture and thus belongs to all the people, the Romantic genre acquired a private "chamber" character. It became, as it were, an individual carnival, marked by a vivid sense of isolation. The carnival spirit was transposed into a subjective, idealistic philosophy. It ceased to be the concrete (one might say, bodily) experiences of the one, inexhaustible being, as it was in the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance. However the most important transformation of Romantic grotesque was that of the principle of laughter. This element of course remained, since no grotesque, even the most timid, is conceivable in the atmosphere of absolute seriousness. But laughter was cut down to cold humour, irony, and sarcasm. It ceased to be a joyful and triumphant hilarity. Its positive regenerating power was reduced to a minimum. (Bakhtin, 1984, 37-38)

Bakhtin defines the primary difference between the Romantic and Renaissance carnivalesque, which is the element of terror that is apparent once the joyous carnival laughter has ceased and the grotesque has lost all regenerative meaning. He states:

The world of the Romantic grotesque is to a certain extent a terrifying world, alien to man. All that is ordinary, commonplace, belonging to everyday life and recognized by all suddenly becomes meaningless, dubious, and hostile.

...

The images of Romantic grotesque usually express fear of the world and seek to inspire the reader with this fear. On the contrary, the images of folk culture are absolutely fearless and communicate fearlessness to all. (Bakhtin, 1984, 39, 139)

The intention here is not to establish watertight connections between Bakhtin's discussion of the Romantic Era and the post-9/11 period. Such a direct correlation between the two eras would not likely survive scrutiny. Rather, I wish to propose that the turn to

abstraction, seriousness and fear, which marked the passage towards the Romantic carnivalesque, offers a productive analogy to read changes in the aftermath of the World Trade Center attack. Fear in which the ordinary and commonplace becomes that which is terrifying and alien, precisely describes the climate in a post-9/11 world. The “Homeland Security Advisory System,” a colour-coded terrorism threat advisory scale, which was unveiled on March 12, 2002, illustrates this creation of fear. Having no publicly released criteria for issuing a warning, there was no way to gauge the authenticity of it. Furthermore, the lower levels of green (“low risk of terrorist attacks”) and blue (“general risk of terrorist attacks”) were never issued. In her article, “Terror-Alert System: How’s it working?” Sara B. Miller criticizes the system as follows:

For some, the warnings, even though specific, still cause unnecessary panic - even beyond the target areas. Security measures have been ramped up in cities across the nation. Robert Butterworth, a trauma psychologist in Los Angeles, says the alert system creates "anticipatory anxiety," in which the public is scared long before anything happens.

This manufactured culture of fear finds its way into the latter seasons of *Sex and the City*, and as a result, embodies many characteristics of the Romantic carnivalesque.

Fear is most apparent in the episode “Splat” (6:18) confirmed in the episode's DVD commentary by Michael Patrick King. He states:

The entire episode is structured so that Carrie starts to feel afraid of the fact that whole world around her is changing and everybody’s seems to be paring up and she is left alone if [Petrovsky] leaves her. So it’s basically a fear based reaction...this entire episode was presenting Carrie with things that would scare her into making a knee-jerk reaction that is going with him to Paris.

The "Death of the Single Girl"

The fear centres around the issue of Carrie confronting the possibility that she will eternally remain the “single girl” who, at her worst, is represented by the character Lexi Featherton (Kristen Johnston). Lexi is constructed as a caricature of the partying single girl reminiscent

of the Carrie depicted in earlier seasons. The difference here, however, is that Lexi represents the grotesque that is devoid of its regenerative process. While the regenerative grotesque of Carrie and her friends in the first four seasons, revolves around the life-affirming playfulness of sexual experimentation, Lexi is seen thundering about the apartment in a short dress with an ample amount of cleavage and leg showing, snorting cocaine in the bathroom, and loudly proclaiming various expletives- all elements of the grotesque. Lexi trips over her designer high heels while smoking outside a window at a penthouse party, eventually falling out of it to her death. Right before the accident, she proclaims, "When did everyone pair off? This used to be the most exciting city in the world. New York is so over. O-v-e-r. God, I'm so bored I could die." The fun and exuberant single girl that Carrie embodied previously has become the terrifying character of the Romantic grotesque. King states in his commentary that Lexi was to be seen as "the worst-case scenario of what Carrie Bradshaw could become." The "single girl" here is depicted as a social outcast who must be dispelled; hence, she "accidentally" falls out of the window.

Lexi's death acts as spectacle, as she is slightly elevated while near the window, reminiscent of a stage performance, and her boisterous monologue has caused all the other party goers to stop and stare, almost as if waiting for the moment she falls out a large, door-sized, unscreened window. The "brunch sequence" which follows takes place outside Lexi's funeral in which Samantha proclaims "The party's officially over," which is followed by Carrie's sombre statement, "Ladies, if you are single in New York, after a certain point, there's nowhere to go but down." This exchange suggests once "the party" is over the single girl must leave, and her only choice is to jump out of a 24-storey window. This, of course, is when Carrie then tells the girls that she has finally decided to go to Paris, triggered by the fear of ending up as Lexi. King also acknowledges this very point in the commentary of this

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scene stating, “We wanted the audience to see that Carrie’s arch in the next two episodes (her trip to Paris) is an arch based on fear, not on choice.” This episode embodies Bakhtin’s notion of madness during the Romantic grotesque that he outlines as follows:

The theme of madness is inherent to all grotesque forms, because madness makes men look at the world with different eyes, not dimmed by "normal" that is by commonplace ideas and judgments. In folk grotesques, madness is a gay parody of official reason, in the Romantic grotesque, on the other hand, madness acquires a sombre, tragic aspect of individual isolation. (Bakhtin, 1984, 39)

Carrie’s isolation in Paris further accentuates the sombre tone of the series, which has now definitely turned away from the playful irreverence of the earlier seasons. The regenerative power of the carnivalesque dialogic has now become a morose maze of confusion and loneliness. This example is not the first time we have encountered the “death” of the single girl. In the season one episode, “The Baby Shower” (1:10) the character of Laney Berlin (Dana Wheeler-Nicholson) serves as an interesting counter-point to the Lexi Featherston example of post 9/11 *Sex and the City*.

When we are first introduced to Laney, she is seen in a flashback at a party, passionately kissing both male and female. Carrie’s accompanying voice-over narration describes Laney as a wild and sexy party girl. Soon, a male party-goer yells, “Hey Laney! Show us your tits!” which is accompanied by other party goers chanting “Tits! Tits! Tits!” Laney then hops up on a table and proceeds to strip seductively exposing her breasts to the horror of Carrie, Miranda and Samantha²¹ who clearly did not expect Laney’s antics to reach such a level. Carrie’s voice over also reveals that:

CARRIE (v/o):   Two years ago, Laney did the most shocking thing of all. She met a Wall Street investment banker, married him and moved to Connecticut. That wasn’t supposed to happen, She was supposed to have sex with Sid Vicious and move to heroin.

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²¹ Charlotte is curiously omitted from this flashback sequence.

Laney is depicted in a similar fashion to Lexi, however, in this instance she is seen as the life of the party rather than an outcast. When the girls go and visit the married Laney at her baby shower they find a squeaky-clean, stereotypical suburban pregnant wife, who explains her life path as follows:

LANEY: I know it's a big change. But at some point you have to get serious and settle down. I mean life is not a Jacquelin Susann novel – four friends looking for life and love in the big city.

Unlike Lexi's, Laney's "death" is a metaphoric one, in that her marriage and suburbanization result in what she later calls the "loss of her dream." The Renaissance grotesque is more acutely shown in the follow-up party scene at the end of the episode when a pregnant Laney attempts to re-enact the flashback party sequence in which we are introduced to her. She proclaims, "Hey you fuckers who wants to see my tits?" in which the party-goers (now shown in natural light apartment accompanied by ambient music which is in stark contrast to the strobe-light, heavy metal music and harsh camera angles depicted in the first party scene) stare at her awkwardly. One man raises his hand amidst the silence and confirms that he'll "take a look." Laney jumps up on an ottoman, joyously proclaiming, "This is gonna be fun! Woo! Pregnant lady showing her tits!" The entire party crowd is far from cheering her on, and stare horrifyingly as she struggles to get her body suit off. After she fails to remove her top, she shrinks down defeated stating, "This is weird. I don't think I can do this," while the girls rush to give her a glass of water. Shortly after Carrie puts her in a cab, and Laney warns her, "One day you're gonna wake up and you're not going to recognize yourself." Pregnancy, in this instance, is shown as the instigator to the death of the single girl, and the path to losing your identity.

Similarly to Lexi in "Splat!" (6:18), Laney is meant to represent Carrie should she chose a different path. However, while the later "death of the single girl" is strictly meant to

instil fear, the first version is far from being exclusively negative. Carrie thinks she may be pregnant during the course of the earlier episode, but rather than shrink away in fear and terror as Laney's situation presents, the episode embodies the regenerative force of the Renaissance carnival as depicted in its final scene. Carrie watches children play all afternoon, asking herself in her narration, "If I had to, could I do this? Would I somehow manage to stay me?" She walks away with a smile on her face amidst the laughter of the playing children and states, "On my way home, I got my period." In line with the principles of ambiguity, it is implied that Carrie's situation would not result in the tragic metaphoric death as illustrated by Laney. Both situations, pregnancy or not, are depicted as favourable outcomes. Furthermore, the connection to the body is strongly emphasizing as the show chooses to mention menstruation as an indicator of Carrie's new outlook. The juxtaposition of these two scenes illustrates how the earlier seasons of the series lean toward the Renaissance carnivalesque, and the latter seasons toward the Romantic counterpart.

Carnavalesque Marriages and Pregnancies

Laney also represents the "single girl" who ends up married and pregnant. Of our four protagonists, both Miranda and Charlotte will ultimately end up married (Charlotte twice) and Miranda will also become pregnant. Carrie will be engaged to Aidan, but their engagement will eventually be called off. In each of these instances, Bakhtin's carnivalesque models inform the way marriage is depicted. In the season four episode, "Change of a Dress" (4:15) Carrie feels the pressure to transition into marriage from her prolonged engagement. In an effort to help her "face the dragon and get it over with" Miranda takes Carrie to visit a small wedding dress boutique in order for her to "run in, try on the worst dress they have" as her version of "aversion shock therapy." The experiment "goes awry" as Carrie has a panic attack once she sees herself donning the traditional wedding gown. The

sequence opens with the two women both trying on wedding dresses and laughing hysterically at each other in the boutique's dressing room. Miranda is laughing hard, she even states, "Stop! I'm gonna pee in this thing!" In a little over a minute, the mood quickly changes, as Carrie proclaims:

CARRIE: Oh my God. This is too tight I can't breathe. Can you get it off me?
 ...I'm not kidding, get it off! I'm burning up I can't breathe!
 MIRANDA: Oh my God, your back is all red!
 CARRIE: Just get it off! Just rip it off!

The sequence runs about two minutes, but in keeping true with the Renaissance ambivalent carnivalesque, it is at once jovial and full of panic, representing the play of opposites within the carnival and its discursive equivalent, the dialogic. In the subsequent brunch scene, Carrie says that she's "missing the bride gene", and shows her rash – how her "body is literally rejecting the idea of marriage." Carrie's cognitive faculties have been over taken by her bodily ones in rejecting marriage, again, reasserting the primacy of the body as common in the Renaissance carnivalesque. Furthermore, the wedding dress that triggers her bodily rejection is seen as the carnivalistic mask, which I will return to shortly. Ultimately, it is her body that allows Carrie to realize that she does not wish to succumb to the institution of marriage, illustrating the power of the body in the true carnival. Another marriage takes place during the third season of the series, when Charlotte weds Trey. Although the marriage has the outer appearance of perfection and bliss, it is later revealed to be a façade. Charlotte's marital problems are interestingly triggered by bodily signifiers- Trey's impotence, followed by their inability to conceive a biological child. Ultimately, Charlotte's marriage ends in divorce, reasserting that blindly subscribing to the institution and maintain status quo, will ultimately result in the body overtaking the mind.

Miranda's wedding as depicted in season six, shows hints of challenging the institution of marriage, but like the Romantic carnival, ultimately reasserts what it, on the

surface, pretends to oppose. Miranda vehemently states that she is completely against any traditional representations of marriage in the brunch scene for “The Ick Factor”:

MIRANDA: It’s not a big deal. I am not engaged. I ‘m not doing the big circus wedding. There will be no white dress or bridesmaids or posed pictures, I hate all that shit.
 ...
 It’s just going to be a simple nothing thing. I don’t even care about the wedding, I just want to be with Steve.

When shopping for a wedding dress, she tells the sales associate that she wants “no white, no ivory. Nothing that says virgin.” At one point in the episode, Carrie asks her:

CARRIE: If you’re so anti-romance, why are you having a wedding at all? Why not just go down to City Hall and get it over with?
 MIRANDA: You know, I thought about that. But then I realized I actually do want to say those vows, out loud, to Steve in front of the people I care about.

Despite her verbal protests that her wedding and her subsequent marriage will not be like the ones she opposed in earlier seasons²² Miranda’s arch through the latter part of the sixth seasons eventually illustrates that her protests are empty. She ends up moving to Brooklyn²³ in favour of a traditional domestic life. The treatment of Miranda’s pregnancy and subsequent journey into motherhood also illustrates the differences of the Renaissance and Romantic Era carnivalesque.

When Miranda first gets pregnant her ambivalence toward motherhood is keenly felt. In “Coulda, Shoulda, Woulda” (4:11) she tells a crestfallen Charlotte that having a baby “is not in my plans right now.” She can hardly find time in her busy schedule to arrange for her abortion, but at the very last minute decides to keep the baby. Kim Akass describes Miranda’s decision as “based on practical concerns [rather] than romantic daydreams; if she had working ovaries²⁴ (and maybe a partner) the pregnancy would possibly have a completely

²² See “The Bay of Married Pigs” (1:3)

²³ See “Out of the Frying Pan” (6:16)

²⁴ See “Evolution” (2:11)

different outcome.” (Akass, 2004, 2) The grotesque body is physically manifested during and after Miranda’s pregnancy. In the later episodes of season four, Miranda crudely remarks consistently about her swelling body, fatigue, uncontrollable flatulence, and out-of-control sex drive, even stating in “Ring-a-Ding-Ding” (4:16):

MIRANDA: The fat ass, the farting, it’s ridiculous! I am unfuckable and I have never been so horny in my entire life. That’s why you’re supposed to be married when you’re pregnant – so somebody is obligated to have sex with you.

The grotesque body in this sense is dealt with in a positive, jokey fashion as Miranda playfully uses humour throughout her nine-month pregnancy. The grotesque is visually manifested as we see Miranda throwing up on many occasions, pulling her own finger and farting: it is not covered up or concealed.

The grotesque continues to be depicted in the fifth season after the baby is born, however it is treated as a problem to be solved and ultimately will be artificially masked. Miranda is arguably at her physical worst in the episode “Critical Condition” (5:6) at the brunch table. Her hair is dishevelled and oily, she wears no makeup and an unflattering and ill-fitting grey t-shirt. She tells the girls:

MIRANDA: I haven’t slept for days. Brady’s been crying non-stop... I feel disgusting. All of my clothes smell like barf. I don’t have time to have a shower, much less get a haircut.

She is shown repeatedly throughout the episode in the same state of dishevelment. After Samantha finds a way to make the baby stop crying by fixing his play chair, while Miranda visits the salon, in every successive episode, Miranda is back to her polished self. There is no further mention of lacking the time to attend to herself. It is difficult to believe that the problems that Miranda laments about are easily solved with a trip to the hairdresser’s and a working play-chair. In this sense, Miranda’s makeover from the grotesque lacks any

conception of rebirth or renewal; rather it serves as the carnival mask as represented in the Romantic carnivalesque.

The Carnival Mask

Bakhtin describes the conception of the mask as follows:

The mask is connected with joy of change and reincarnation, with gay relativity and with the merry negotiation of uniformity and similarity; it rejects conformity to oneself. The mask is related to transition, metamorphoses, the violation of natural boundaries, to mockery and familiar nicknames... In its Romantic form the mask is torn away from the oneness of the folk carnival concept. It is stripped of its original richness and acquires other meanings alien to its primitive nature; now the mask hides something, keeps a secret, deceives... [it] loses almost entirely its regenerating and renewing element and acquires a sombre hue. A terrible vacuum, a nothingness lurks behind it. (Bakhtin, 1984, 40)

Miranda's post-9/11 Romantic grotesque appearance is a mask set to conceal the pitfalls of motherhood which include smelling like barf and not having the time to shower or wash one's hair. This is in contrast to the masks seen in the earlier seasons in which they are exposed, acknowledged and disposed of after revealed to be vacuous and empty shells. The renaissance mask is known to be a mask, to be a playful and artificial trick that calls monolithic identity into question. In the pre-9/11 seasons, masks are constantly set up only to be torn down, exposed as devices that are used to create a sense of unity and stability that everybody knows to be a sham. Charlotte's traditional wedding gives the semblance of perfect wedded bliss; however that façade is soon exposed as a falsehood. It is further expanded on in the episode "All that Glitters" (4:14) in which Charlotte tells Trey about a *House and Garden* photo shoot in their home:

TREY:	I'm in the picture?
CHARLOTTE:	Mm-hmm. They want to shoot both of us.
TREY:	Why?
CHARLOTTE:	Because they think we're the perfect couple. I know. But I promised and they're coming.
TREY:	I don't want to do this.
CHARLOTTE:	It's just one picture, and it's important to me.
TREY:	No, this. I don't want to do this anymore. (Their marriage)

They acknowledge that their marriage has failed and proceed to separate. Trey does however show up for the photograph telling Charlotte that he wants to be there because it is important to her. Although the picture is a falsehood, a mask, both Charlotte and Trey willingly acknowledge this and Carrie's voice over as the flashes go off confirms this:

CARRIE (v/o):   Trey had moved out by the time the magazine was on the stands. But all over America, little girls in their mothers' pearls saw the picture and thought, "That's what I want."

Masks are apparent through the earlier seasons of the show; however, like the photograph, they are exposed as masks. Those masks found in the fifth and sixth seasons tend to emulate masks in their Romantic form. Carrie's shoes for example are exposed as masks in the fourth-season episode "Ring-a-Ding-Ding" as Carrie gasps in calculating that she has spent \$40,000 in shoes and is now faced with the fact that she has no savings or financial security. In the same episode, Charlotte is initially unwilling to part with her Tiffany's engagement ring as it represents the domestic happiness that she so longs for. She puts it on and walks around her apartment in order to make her feel better. At the end of the episode however, she gives the ring to Carrie in order to provide the down payment for her apartment. Charlotte once acknowledging its emptiness, reinterprets the mask by giving it to Carrie in investing it with new meaning in the spirit of the true carnival.

Another example of the Renaissance mask is found in the episode "Coulda, Shoulda, Woulda" (4:11) Samantha desires a very expensive Birkin Bag from French design house Hermes, stating how owning the pricey item will confirm her status as a successful career woman:

CARRIE: The Birkin bag? Really? That's not even your style.
 SAMANTHA: Oh honey, it's not so much the style as what carrying it means.
 CARRIE: It means you're out 4000 bucks.
 SAMANTHA: Exactly. When I'm tooling around town with that bag. I'll know I've made it.

As the rest of the episode progresses, Samantha is not spared humiliation in her quest for the bag. She attempts to buy it, only to be told that there is a four-year waiting list for the bag. She drops the name of one of her clients, actress Lucy Liu (portraying herself) for wanting to carry the bag at a premiere, in an attempt to possess the bag immediately. She is later told to wait a couple of days, in which she sees a homely woman in a track suit carrying the same bag. She immediately makes a phone call to the Hermes PR rep to voice her displeasure:

SAMANTHA: Question: How the fuck long does Lucy Liu need to wait for that Birkin? Well, if they're so hard to find maybe you can explain why I just saw a fucking nobody in a track suit carrying the exact one we want. Lucy Liu is a big fucking star and she wants that bag. Is "Hermes" French for "We take our good old fucking time?" Thank you so much.

Later, Lucy Liu fires Samantha as her PR representative due to her inappropriate behaviour in yelling "fuck" on behalf of the actress. Her vulgarity not only costs her the \$4000 for the bag, but also her job representing a high-profile client. The bag is exposed as a meaningless symbol that does not necessarily denote having "made it" as not only is Samantha incapable of getting the bag using her own name, but also portrays an ordinary woman in tracksuit surpassing her on the social ladder. What is interesting is that this same Birkin bag is shown, in two different styles, being carried by Carrie in "Catch 38" (6:15) and "Out of the Frying Pan" (6:16) There is no mention of how Carrie would be able to afford one, much less two of these Birkin Bag which previously were shown as so difficult to acquire.

The bag remains a mask of personal success, but while pre-9/11 episodes made it their business to expose the fallacy in a carnivalesque mode, post-9/11 episodes maintain – or even promote – the fallacy in an attempt to hide the lack that the bag seeks to veil. A larger argument can be made about the costumes found in seasons five and six, as the women increasingly are seen in high fashion, designer clothing, much more consistently than

they were in previous seasons. Costume designer Patricia Field, in one of the farewell tributes, elaborates on the opulent gowns shipped in for the episode “An American Girl in Paris Part Une” (6:19) stating, “there were four different dresses in the running for this scene. All shipped from Europe, couture.” She evades answering as to how these characters would have access to such an extravagant wardrobe by saying:

FIELD: That question was always asked of me, ‘Well how does Carrie afford that?’
Well I don’t know. Don’t worry about it. It’s fine. She went and, borrowed it
from a designer.

Field openly attests that in the confines of the season six narrative the mask is not meant to be revealed, and viewer should just accept it, and not “worry about it.”

Another instance in which accessories are revealing is in the episode “Sex and Another City” (3:14) in which Samantha buys a fake Fendi purse while in LA, which she shows to the girls over brunch:

CHARLOTTE: That’s like \$3,000!
SAMANTHA: Or \$150. Fake.
CARRIE: No!
CHARLOTTE: My God, it looks so real.
SAMANTHA: I know.
CARRIE: Gimme that!
SAMANTHA: You’d never know it wasn’t a real Fendi unless you looked inside at
the lining.
...
MIRANDA: I don’t like fakes.
SAMANTHA: Oh, who cares? All that matters is what it looks like.

These words will come to haunt Samantha when she is invited to a party at the Playboy mansion and some one steals her fake bag. She promptly accuses a Playboy bunny (Amber Collins) of stealing her bag, having seen it on her. The bunny insists that her Fendi is her bag, to which Samantha replies, “Look on the inside, you’ll see label that says ‘Made in China’.” The bunny opens the bag to reveal it is a real Fendi and Hugh Hefner (playing himself) intervenes, dispelling Samantha and the girls from the mansion. This event is

significant on many levels. Again, Samantha's quest to possess status symbols, whose only purpose is to conceal the truth of the matter, sets off another humiliating experience.

Furthermore there is an obvious reversal of class as the Playboy centerfold, the woman who exposes her body for a living, the lowly sex worker, has usurped the social status of Samantha, a woman who owns her own successful business.

The "Official Feast"

Samantha's expulsion from the mansion also calls attention to an integral aspect of the Romantic Era carnival. Much like the official feasts of the Middle Ages that Bakhtin refers to, these festivities are sanctioned but only on a conditional basis. The people are free to participate in the festivities, but once they trespass the boundaries laid out by the festival orchestrators, in this instance, Hefner, the carnival is over. Hefner's ruling hand reveals a problem with Bakhtin's carnival as outlined by Diane Price Herndl:

One must remember that Bakhtin's carnival, however much it exposed the arbitrariness of the social relations of power, remained an event allowed (if not sanctioned) by institutional authority, which served that institution by providing an outlet for the oppressed to prevent any *real* insurrection. It was an artificial subversion of hierarchies which prevented an organized question of them. That is, carnival represents an event staged by those with power to subvert any potential power that might be developed by the oppressed. (Herndl, 1991, 20)

Furthermore, Hefner's interference exposes what Bakhtin describes as "footlights" in the following:

Footlights would destroy a carnival, as the absence of footlight would destroy a theatrical performance. Carnival is not a spectacle seen by the people; they live in it, and everyone participates because its very idea embraces all the people. During carnival time life is subject only to its laws, that is, the laws of its own freedoms. (Bakhtin, 1984, 7)

As Hefner calls an end to Samantha's party, he turns on the footlights and the carnival is now something that she must observe, much like a theatrical performance. Ultimately, the carnival must end, or there would be nothing to oppose. The orchestrated carnival is also

apparent in the episode "Four Women and Funeral" (2:5) in which Samantha is expelled from carnival activities when she is caught making out with a married man as his wife returns from shopping. Later, when the four women are at the eating lunch in a restaurant, a haughty waitress returns Samantha's credit card telling her it was not accepted to which Samantha quickly retorts "That's not possible. Try it again." The waitress then more smugly asserts herself saying, "Maybe I'm not making myself clear. Your card and you are not accepted here." Samantha has apparently gone too far and the socialite wife has "put out a social hit" on her causing the women to awkwardly slink out of the restaurant, properly shamed. The social hierarchies are also turned about as a result, the lowly waitress now wielding more power than Samantha because the powers-the-be have sanctioned her to do so. Later in the episode, Samantha struggles as she unable to get a table in any trendy restaurant or into a nightclub and tired of being a "social pariah", she begs the "queen of the ladies who lunch, " Shippy Shipman (Ellen Tobie) to grant her re-entry into the carnival. This attempt is unsuccessful as the Shippy remembers Samantha as "the whore who once groped [her] husband at a Whitney benefit." Samantha continues to plead as follows:

SHIPPY:	I think you've made your bed and now you need to lie in it. And you're good at that, are you? Samantha?
SAMANTHA:	What do you want me to say? That I'm a whore? That I've slept with all the men in Manhattan and some in Brooklyn? Well, I have. I'm a big whore. Does that help? Is that what you want? Now, will you help me?
SHIPPY:	(pause) I don't think so.

Throughout the sequence Shippy speaks with an insincere with a smile on her face, relishing as Samantha grovels, her tone dripping with condescension. The carnivalesque, unabashed sexual behaviour that Samantha exhibits results in her expulsion to social purgatory when caught by one of the orchestrators, those of high society. These examples of the carnival being sanctioned by the powerful suggest that, while the earlier seasons of *Sex and the City*

contain many elements of the Renaissance carnival, the whole series is in fact ultimately representative of the Romantic carnivalesque.

Examining the narrative formula of the episodes is also evidence of its containment. The "streeter" interviews and direct address to the camera, primary by Carrie, are filmic techniques which are dropped all together mid way through the second season. The absence of these techniques almost literally set up the "footlights" further distancing the spectator from active engagement. Furthermore, its condition as a television show, regulated to a regimented episodic structure confines the carnival to set parameters of an approximate thirty minute experience, complete with a three arch narrative structure of introduction, conflict and resolution. The formula of the brunch sequences followed by the laptop sequences, although representative of the dialogic objective, is invariable contained by the very expectation and repetitive appearance in every episode. The terrorist attacks of 9/11 merely act as a catalyst to exposing the footlights, accelerating the moment in which they explicitly surface. The Romantic carnivalesque simply puts more emphasis on the aspect of spectacle detachment. Robert Stam echoes this predicament in the following:

The mass media thus offers insipid, enervated, co-optable forms of the carnival; they capitalize on the frustrated desire for a truly egalitarian society by serving up distorted versions of its utopian promise. (Stam, 1989, 92)

While the series as a whole can be viewed as an instance of Romantic carnivalesque, there remains within the Romantic, as Bakhtin suggests, elements of the Renaissance. Bakhtin acknowledges that the "carnival principle is indestructible. Though narrowed and weakened ²⁵it still continues to fertilize various areas of life and culture." (Bakhtin, 1965, 33-34) Perhaps the best example of genuinely Renaissance carnivalesque, within the otherwise Romantic nature of the show, is the way Samantha deals with breast cancer. Although cancer

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²⁵ Bakhtin is referring to the Romantic or arguably any version of the carnivalesque as it is a representation, at best of the true carnival.

is, by any standard, a devastating condition, Samantha consistently makes fun of her disease. Her health issues have been read as a means by which the series itself punishes her for her “inappropriate” sexual behaviour,²⁶ however, the humorous way in which she responds to her serious health issues is ironically very life affirming. While undergoing chemotherapy in “Out of the Frying Pan” (6:16) Samantha remains the life of the party, refusing to fall in the stereotype of the pitiful cancer patient:

NURSE: Well you guys are having a good time.
 SAMANTHA: You bet. Cancer is hilarious.
 NURSE: Are all you as fun as Samantha?
 ...
 MIRANADA: Samantha, I have to say, you are amazing.
 SAMANTHA: I am. And if you love me in chemo, wait till you see me at Smith’s movie premiere. I’m getting a hot dress, fantastic shoes - I’m going to kick cancer and that red carpet’s ass.

She also uses the mention of cancer as a way to lighten the more serious moments in the show. She tells Miranda she won’t visit her in Brooklyn ‘playing her cancer card’ in the same episode. In “Splat” (6:18) once Carrie coldly voiced her displeasure in the girls’ questioning concerning Paris, Samantha uses cancer to lighten the mood after an awkward moment, stating, “Anyone want to talk about cancer? Anybody?” Also, the wigs that she wears once having shaved her head are another obvious moment of comedy. Michael Patrick King elaborates in the commentary for in the same episode:

The idea that we were gonna try to tackle cancer was a big thing and one of the comic runners of ours was that every time you would see Samantha would have a different look going.

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²⁶ Matt Haber states the following in his article “Crime and Punishment” (2004): “Do we really need vain, unabashedly sexual Samantha to be humanized by breast cancer?...Introducing her post-chemo hair loss while she performed oral sex on her boyfriend was an added bit of cruelty. This has not brought gravitas to the show’s lightest lightweight; it’s a cynical stab at seriousness...What’s the fun of Samantha’s life of zipless fucks if she ends up getting snagged so harshly?...Why have the show’s producers decide to punish their creations? ” (Haber, 2004, 1)

While the series ultimately operates within the mainstream Romantic carnivalesque mode, it still remains a text that contains elements of its Renaissance counterpart. The two conceptions are usually considered together in criticisms of contemporary texts, as carnival is a markedly dialogic form in which high and low interact. (Vice, 1997, 186) Whether the true carnival spirit is at its most potent or diluted, the desire for carnival celebrating a polyphonous utopia of oppressed voices is the main objective. We must be cautious however, as David Carroll notes:

The carnivalesque could, however, be challenged on political grounds not only for being a naïve, utopic, aesthetic ideal, and idealistic model for social relations that is unrealizable outside momentary, exceptional, predetermined conditions – that is, when the authorities allow it – but also for acquiescing to the power of the authorities and accepting the socio-political status quo and the few moments of freedom it parcels out. (Carroll, 1983, 80-81)

The depiction of feminist dialogics and carnivalesque charted throughout *Sex and the City* six seasons mirrors Carroll's criticism, as ultimately the series reinforces the patriarchal norms which have produced it. The space in which the dialogic process has been instigated reveals itself as a carnival put on by the institutional authority – debates which allow feminists to exhaust their own voices and thereby return to silence. (Herndl, 1991, 20)

Conclusion: The Limits of Drama

A major concern of Bakhtin...is that he saw the drastic diminution of a carnivalesque component in modern social life and the concomitant restriction of carnivalization to literature where it often turned bitter or involuted for want of sustaining social and cultural setting. (LaCapra, 1983, 306)

Although

Sex and the City exhibits elements that are indeed indicative of the true spirit of the Renaissance carnivalesque, ultimately the series as a whole represents the Romantic carnival. The very fact that the series is produced for, and consumed by, a particular audience and developed for premium cable network, HBO, almost assures its characterization as such. But in fact, the most convincing evidence of the series' status as Romantic, rather than true Renaissance carnivalesque, is the success it enjoyed when it was broadcast in syndication after its original HBO run. Tribune Broadcasting station group landed the syndication rights to air the show on TBS among other stations in early June, 2004. The shift from pay to basic cable called for heavy editing²⁷ of the episodes to "clean up" the bawdiness of their original form. The changes included omissions of graphic sex scenes, nudity, racier plot lines²⁸ and the deletion of profanities, either by dubbing or complete re-cutting. But even with the exclusion of these carnivalesque elements, many sources maintain that the show's intention still remains.

Television critic Alan Pergament headlines an article with "Despite Editing, 'Sex' is Still Good" and stating, "The big question [is] how much is lost by the shift from pay-cable to basic cable? Shockingly, not much at all...my guess is that 'Sex' will sell again in its new form." (*The Buffalo News* [Buffalo], 15 June, 2004) Emily Nussbaum of *The New York Times*

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²⁷ This includes editing for time, as the conventional networks require additional allocation for advertising than the premium pay networks such as HBO.

²⁸ In the edited version of "Easy Come, Easy Go" (3:9) for example, Samantha's interaction with man with foul tasting ejaculate is edited out all together.

agrees: “Even without the rawer moments, the actors’ chemistry shines through...and what emerges is the series’ underlying strength: its compassionate treatment of its characters.” (*The New York Times* [New York], 13 June, 2004) The audiences seemed to agree with Pergament and Nussbaum, as the syndicated episodes became one of the top-rated cable shows among female audiences, according to *MediaWeek* ([North Hollywood] 21 June, 2004), even breaking ad-supported cable records when its syndication began. *Broadcast & Cable* also reports that another episode during its premiere was “The night’s most watched cable show.” (*Broadcast & Cable* [Harlan] 21 June, 2004) The series’ ability to flourish among its target audience even though carnivalesque elements of crude language, debauchery and explicit sex acts, confirms how superfluous they were to the series even in its purest form. The syndication success exemplifies Robert Stam’s criticism of the carnivalesque:

Carnival is, admittedly, the Bakhtinian category most susceptible to co-optation, at times becoming the pretext for a vacuous ludism that discerns redeeming elements even in the most degraded cultural productions and activities. (Stam, 1989, 94)

Indeed the “shocking” elements that may have embraced the true carnival spirit of rebirth and regeneration are exposed as meaningless if the show is able to succeed even in their notable absence.

But beyond the question of whether the show functions equally well with or without its carnivalesque raciness, a Bakhtinian reading would argue that the very *form* of the series forces Romantic parameters upon it. The dramatic form, according to Bakhtin, always permanently situates the carnival behind the footlights. For Bakhtin, theatrical drama²⁹ conforms to the notion of “ordinary dialogic form,” in which the spectacle is unable to operate under the full dialogic mode. True dialogism is rooted in the type of multi-layered

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²⁹ Bakhtin makes no reference to television shows, or films in his discussion of the dialogic. His discussion of theatrical drama, however, can be extrapolated to include film and television due to the similar nature in which the dialogic is dramatized.

interactions that is only possible in the novel. In *Problems of Dostoevsky's Poetics*, Bakhtin outlines the differences between the dialogicality found in the polyphonic novel and in drama. In drama, the dramatized dialogue functions within a firm and stable monologic framework. (Bakhtin, 1984, 17) In order for the dramatic world to appear authentic, it is reliant on maintaining a cohesive understanding a “unified world of objects.” Bakhtin expands:

In drama the world must be made from a single piece. Any weakening of this monolithic quality leads to a weakening of dramatic effect. The characters come together dialogically in the unified field of vision of author, director and audience against the clearly defined background of a single-tiered world. A true multiplicity of levels would destroy drama, because dramatic action, relying as it does upon the unity of the world, could not link those levels together or resolve them. In drama, it is impossible to combine several integral fields of vision in a unity that encompasses and stands above them all, because the structure of drama offers no support for such unity. (Bakhtin, 1984, 17)

Conversely, the dialogic novel is capable of achieving an “ultimate dialogicality,” which he explains thusly:

[The novel] is constructed not as the whole into itself, but as a whole formed by the interaction of several consciousnesses, none of which entirely becomes an object for the other; this interaction provides no support for the viewer who would objectify an entire event according to some ordinary monologic category...and this consequently makes the viewer also a participant. (Bakhtin, 1984, 18)

The polyphonic novel therefore can encompass the ideals of the pure carnival as there is no delineation between reader and participant. The reader of the dialogic novel is fully integrated in the multiplicity of the world that she reads. The very process of reading implies that the fictional world be constructed by the reader, who becomes an integral part of the multiplicity of voices (omniscient narrator, character thoughts, character dialogues) that compose the novel. The theatrical carnival, however, evolves in a world of objects to be looked at by the spectator; it is reliant on physical objects to define and incarnate it. Where the dialogic novel provides access to a fluid and abstract world via its written words, layered

and varied in its interpretation, the dramatic form is conversely relegated and contained by the tangible. The drama can only be a concrete presentation or embodiment of the abstract world that the novelistic form alone can achieve. *Sex and the City* functions entirely within this world of embodiments. Even Carrie's voice-overs as heard in the laptop sequences do not fall under Bakhtin's notion of "ultimate dialogicality. Rather, they remain within the "ordinary dialogic" form, as the words spoken by the actress (whether she is visible or not as she speaks) are within the realm of performance, contained within the "single-tiered world" of the show. Her voice, with its texture and intonations, never becomes the abstract voice of the narrator or the fully disembodied inner stream of consciousness of the novelistic character. Carrie's voice always remains irrevocably tied to the object: Sarah Jessica Parker as performer.

The notion of the performer brings to mind the conception of the mask, which best exemplifies the confines of the contained dramatic carnival. Even if Carrie is able to expose the mask, thus evoking the dialogic Renaissance carnivalesque, she herself functions as a mask, portrayed by actress, Sarah Jessica Parker, and is therefore limited by those parameters. It is impossible for her to truly reveal the mask if the world of the series is to remain cohesive and unified, for it is nothing but a mask. Thus, the singular, re-presented narrative voice of Carrie cannot achieve the completely disembodied abstract narration in the polyphonic novel where the words interact with a multitude of voices and varied layers of discourse. The novelistic "mask" can be dialogically interpreted in many ways, as it is not bound to an actual object. But the theatrical mask must always remain a tangible, physical object. An omniscient voice present in the dialogic novel is capable of exposing a mask to reveal the true nature of what is behind it, again, functioning in the spirit of the true carnival. At best, in its dramatic form, the mask may be partly revealed. But under the revealed mask

there is always another mask, for the agent of the revelation, either a character or a chorus or a sideline commentator, always continues to adhere to the unified system of representation of drama.

The fact that drama is tied to a world of objects has further implications in the case of *Sex and the City*. In the dramatic form, the signs of the carnival are all embodied, not only in the physicality of the performers themselves, but also in the world of objects that surround them. The eccentric outfits that Carrie wears as signs of her creative imagination exist as objects; the stylish New York apartments in which our four heroines live have concrete décors; the expensive purses and shoes that they may or may not be able to afford have an actual *look* that functions as a perceptual marker of the carnivalesque environment. As such, a strong element of consumerism is linked to the carnivalesque as represented through the drama of *Sex and the City*. Dramatic form encourages consumerism as the signs of the carnival are not only represented by objects, but indeed by objects that can be *possessed* and in this sense, the *impression* of participation in the carnival can potentially be achieved by substituting genuine novelistic participation with a concrete, albeit “ordinary,” connection to the carnival through ownership of the object.

This is strongly evidenced in the widespread tendency among audience members to mimic the clothing and accessories showcased by the four protagonists, particularly Carrie. Her outfits are commodified, whereas the abstract verbal experiences of Rabelais’ novels for example, cannot be contained as such. In *Kiss and Tell*, Sohn references several fashion fads that exploded over North America after having being seen on the show, including the increased sales of Manolo Blahnik shoes. She states:

Though upscale Manhattan women...were already devotees of the sex, fetishizing ‘limousine shoes’ when the show went to air, the sales skyrocketed since Carrie began wearing them...In honour of Sarah Jessica Parker, Manolo Blahnik designed a shoe bearing her name – the SJP...For fans who have wondered what it’s like to walk in

Carrie's shoes, now that dream can become a reality! (Sohn, 2004, 159)

The last sentence of this quote could just as easily read, "For fans who have wondered what it's like to participate in Carrie's carnival, now that dream can become a reality!" Not only did the "SJP" Blahnik prove profitable, but so too did the "Sedaraby D'Orsay" pump³⁰ featured in the episode, "A Woman's Right to Shoes" (6:9) and the "Campari" Mary-Jane³¹ currently are selling on the online auction site Ebay for upwards of \$1000 USD in addition to spawning numerous copy-cat, "inspired" shoes. Additionally, the "Sex and the City Wardrobe Sale" which took place in New York City shortly after the series' finale is also evidence of a desire to own the theatrical carnival. On March 11, 2004, crowds of women lined up outside consignment shop "Ina" for hours, and "were excited to grab a piece of a television show they loved," says newscaster Nathalia Perez for NY 1 news. The Associate Press also reports:

Every once in a while, someone let out a scream when they recognized a piece of clothing. Prices ranged from \$10 to \$5,000. One woman spent \$700 on a jacket that didn't quite fit. 'It's very small but I don't care,' she said. (AP, 2004, March 12)

Clearly, wearing the clothing featured on the show was not as important as owning those specific pieces, for possessing the very objects of the romantic carnival, it is believed, allows entry into the carnival. All objects that are evidently masks concealing the absence of a genuine carnival. Furthermore, the collector's DVD boxed set also represents the Romantic carnivalesque mask. Senior vice president of marketing at HBO Video, Cynthia Rhea, states in *The New York Daily News*:

I think there is absolutely a super-premium collector's market...the complete collection, including the additional content and DVD extras not available on the initial individual releases, [were] developed with an eye for the collector, including new disc art and lavish packaging...It'll be kind of the showpiece that you might want to own and preserve, and not use as your everyday set. I guess it would be kind of like the

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³⁰ Known online as "Carrie's Stolen Shoes."

³¹ Known online as the "Urban-Myth" shoe.

good china. Or the good shoes. (Bianculi, 2005, Feb 17)

The suggested retail price according to the website “TV shows on DVD.com,” which initially sat at \$339.92 USD, coupled with Rhea’s statements, illustrates how this DVD set was clearly targeted to a specific market. In this sense, the “true collector” is further allowed more immediate access to the carnival if they are able to afford this object, thus creating a special relationship between the series and its consumer. The limited edition set, the designer shoes and the props used on the actual show all function to connect the spectator to the "real" thing. But of course, this theatrical/romantic carnivalesque is devoid of meaning behind the mask, emptied of its regenerative power, and so too are the objects associated with it. Owning the object associated with the dramatic carnival contains even further the carnivalesque, as it is narrowed down to a single part, a synecdoche of the carnival that acts like an actual theatrical mask.

As such the dramatic carnivalesque requires its distanced participants to wholly reject this unified system as carnivalesque, as Bakhtin would advocate, or all elements of the dramatic carnivalesque must become equally invested with the power of the carnivalesque. *Sex and the City* therefore can only lead to a carnival of objects that are unable to escape the nature of its containment. Any show like *Sex and the City*, whose intentions are to rock the boat, get people talking and revel in a carnival of feminist dialogics, not only “runs the risk” of being co-opted as Stam puts it, but is condemned from the start to equate the carnival with consumption at the very moment of its consummation. Its very existence fosters its consumption; a spectacle (be it theatre, film or television) that is meant to be witnessed behind the footlights is by definition unable to fully encompass all participants in the true carnival.

A larger argument can be made that third wave feminism, in its intention to give equal precedence to all voices, has ultimately undermined its regenerative function within the feminist movement. As Hendl suggests, the forum of debates that characterized the third wave might have been little more than a sanctioned carnival staged by Patriarchy, ultimately causing feminists to exhaust their own voices and thereby return to silence (Herndl, 1991, 20). This would not be unique to feminism. As Terry Eagleton states, politics based on the carnivalesque can only fail:

For carnival is, of course, a spasmodic, officially licensed affair, without the rancour, discipline and organization essential for an effective revolutionary politics. Any politics which predicates itself on carnivalesque moment alone will be no more than a complaint, containable libertarianism. (Eagleton, 1982, 89)

The re-presentation, or more accurately, the theatricalization of the third wave, as depicted in *Sex and the City* effectively contributes to undermining the third wave objectives. By bringing to the screen some of the real issues of the third wave, addressing the previously untapped issues of sexuality, but staging them via the dialogic brunch scenes, the series created an unfolding of third wave material within the framework of its own monologic world of objects; a world of objects framed by the patriarchal ideology of consumerism. The show is obviously not the only factor, or even one of the main factors that led to a watering down of third wave. But an examination of the arch of the series shows that it arguably contributed to the de-dialogization and de-carnivalization (in its Renaissance form) of the movement even as it sought to foster it.

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Appendix A

Legend: Ca = Carrie; Ch = Charlotte; M = Miranda; S = Samantha

Episode Name	Issue Discussed at “Brunch” Table (roundtable discussion) *includes all scenes with three or more women	Issue/Question posed by Carrie shown on computer (in bold) *voice-over only in italics
<i>Sex & the City</i> (pilot) (1:1) Runtime – 26:45	1) @ 7:00 in a restaurant over dinner (eating chocolate birthday cake) Ca (v/o): <i>Another 30-something birthday with a group of unmarried female friends. We would have all preferred a nice celebratory conference call.</i> M: You were saying? S: Look. If you are a successful single woman in the city- you have two choices. You can bang you head against the wall and try and find a relationship or you can say “screw it” and just go out and have sex like a man. Ch: You mean with dildos? S: No, I mean without feeling. Ca (v/o): <i>Samantha Jones was a New York inspiration. A public relations executive, she routinely slept with good-looking guys in their 20s.</i> <title card- Samantha Jones Public Relations Executive Unmarried Woman> S: Remember that guy I was going out with? Oh, God, what was his name? Drew. All: Drew! Ca: Drew, the sex god. S: Right. Well afterwards I didn’t feel a thing. It was like, ‘Hey babe gotta go, catch ya later.’ And I completely forgot about him after that. Ch: But are you sure that isn’t just ‘cause he didn’t call you? S: Sweetheart, this is the first time in the history of Manhattan that women have had as much money and power as men plus the equal luxury of treating men like sex objects M: Yeah, except men in this city fail on both counts. I mean, they don’t wanna be in a relationship with you. But as soon as you only want them for sex, they don’t like it. All of a sudden they can’t perform they way they’re supposed to.	@ 0:46 <i>“Once Upon a Time...”</i> (screen pan) @ 3:41 <i>“Cupid has flown the co-op”</i> (screen pan) @ 8:52 <i>Was it true? Were women in New York really giving up on love and throttling up on power?</i> (no screen pan – only voice over) Direct address to camera: What a tempting thought.

	S: That's when you dump them. Ca: Oh, c'mon ladies, are we really that cynical? What about romance? Ch: Yeah! S: Oh, who needs it? M: It's like that guy Jeremiah, the poet. I mean, the sex was incredible. But then he wanted to read me his poetry and go out to dinner, and the whole chat bit, and I'm like 'let's not even go there.' Ch: What are you saying? Are you saying that you're just going to give up on love? That's sick! Ca: Oh, no no no. Believe me, the right guy comes along and you two right here, this whole thing? Poof – right out the window. (overlapping) Ch: Yes, yes. M: Oh I don't think so. S: Listen to me! The right guy is an illusion. Start living your lives! Ca: So you think it's really possible to pull off this whole, um, women having sex like men thing. S: You're forgetting <i>The Last Seduction</i>. Ca: You are obsessed with that movie. M: Okay, Linda Fiorentino fucking the guy up against the chain-link fence. S: And never having one of those "Oh my God what have I done?" epiphanies. Ch: I hated that movie.	
<i>Models & Mortals</i> (1:2) Runtime- (25:07)	1) 4:46 in Carrie's apartment (eating Chinese takeout) M: They're stupid and lazy and they should be shot on sight. S: I've been out with a lot of guys, and they say I am just as beautiful was a model but I work for a living. I'm like- well – I'm like a model who's taken the high road. M: The advantages given to models and to beautiful women in general are so unfair it makes me want to puke. S: Sweetheart you shouldn't say that! You are so cute. M: Cute doesn't cut it in this town. What's cute compared to supermodel? Ca (v/o): <i>There's nothing like raising the subject of models among four single women to spice</i>	@ 6:45 <i>Suddenly, I was interested. If models could cause otherwise rational individuals to crumble in their presence, exactly how powerful was beauty? (no screen shot)</i>

up an otherwise dull Tuesday night.

Ch: I mean, they have this distant, sexy look.

M: That's not sexy, it's starvation.

S: That's starvation in the best restaurants.

M: Yeah. What I want to know is, when did all the men get together and decide that they would only get it up for giraffes with big breasts?

Ch: In some cultures heavy women with moustaches are considered beautiful.

S: And you're looking at me when you're saying that?

M: We should just admit that we live in a culture that promotes impossible standards of beauty

Ca: Except that men think they're possible.

Ch: I just know that no matter how good I feel about myself, if I see Christy Turlington, I just wanna give up.

M: Well, I just wanna tie her down and force-feed her lard, but that's the difference between you and me.

Ca: What are you talking about! Look at you two (Ch & M) You're beautiful!

Ch: (groans) Oh, I hate my thighs.

M: Oh come on.

Ch: I can't even open a magazine without thinking, "thighs, thighs, thighs!"

M: Well, I'll take your thighs and raise you a chin.

Ca: I'll take your chin and raise you a (gestures to her nose)
(they all look at Samantha)

S: What?

Ca: Oh come on.

S: Hey, I happen to love the way I look.

M: You should. You paid enough for it-

S: Hey, I resent that. I do not believe in plastic surgery. Well, not yet.

Ca: I find it fascinating that four beautiful, flesh and blood women could be intimidated by some unreal fantasy. I mean, look (grabs a *Glamour* magazine and shows the cover) Is this really intimidating to any of you?

Ch: I hate my thighs.

M: Pass the chicken.

	S: You know, (points to cover) I have that dress.	
Bay of Married Pigs (1:3) Runtime - (23:54)	1) 3:01 in restaurant having lunch Ch: I'm confused. Why would he do that? Did he want to have sex with you? (Carrie ran into her friend's husband while staying at their home, naked on the way to the bathroom) Ca: I don't know. It didn't feel sexual. S: Maybe he just wanted to show it off. Like a monkey. M: (laughs) S: So? How big was it? Waiter: (comes in with a pepper mill) Fresh pepper? (Carrie looks at the mill then back up to Samantha) Ca: (to waiter) Yes please, thank you very much. That'll do. Waiter to Samantha: Would you like some fresh pepper? S: Oh honey, I'd love some fresh pepper. In fact, I think everyone at this table could use a lot of fresh pepper. Thanks. Ca: So, I told her I didn't understand why she was so upset. And she said I couldn't understand it. I'm single. M: And what? Single women prowl beach houses hoping for glimpses of their friends' husbands' dicks? Ch: How good of a friend was she? M: What's the difference? When some one gets married all bets are off. They become married and we become the enemy. Ca (v/o): <i>As the only single lawyer working at her law firm, Miranda had given this topic some thought.</i> S: You know, married women are threatened because we can have sex anytime, anywhere, with anyone. Ca: We can? S: And they're afraid we're gonna have it anytime, anywhere with their husbands. Ch: I would never sleep with a married man. S: What makes you so sure you haven't? Wedding rings come off, you know. Face it ladies, if you're still single, you are not to be trusted.	@ 4:49 <i>Was Miranda right? Were we enemies? Is there a secret cold war between married and singles?</i>

	Ch: Come on! Not all married women feel that way. Ca (v/o): <i>Charlotte treated marriage like a sorority she was desperately hoping to pledge.</i> M: You're right- not all. The ones who don't fear you pity you. Ch: That's not true! M: Are you telling me you haven't gotten those "poor single you" looks? Ca: I hate those. Ch: Okay, yes I have. I hate it when you're the only single person at a dinner party and they all look at you like you're a - Ca: Loser. M: Leper S: Whore. M: Exactly. I'm telling you, married people are the enemy.	
<i>Valley of the Twenty- Something Guys</i> (1:4) Runtime - (23:29)	1) @ 12:00 in a cab; picking up one girl at a time starting with Ca and Ch, M, the S Ca: Okay, words are essential. Tell me exactly how he worded it. Ch: "We've been seeing each other for a couple of week. I really like you. And tomorrow night after dinner, I want us to have anal sex." Ca: (to Cabbie) Okay, next stop is going to be 62nd and Madison. Ch: 62nd and Madison? Ca: We're picking up Miranda. Ch: No, God no! Ca: Yes. And then we're picking up Samantha. Ch: Oh, Carrie no! Ca: Sweetie, you need all the girl support you can get, and I'm late for drinks with Big. Ch: Oh, that's great. Ca (v/o): <i>Even in her state of abject blackness, Charlotte was a dating optimist.</i> M: It all depends. How much you like him? Ch: A lot. M: "Dating him a few months until somebody better comes along" a lot, or "Marrying him and moving to East Hampton" a lot? Ch: I dunno! I'm not sure.	@ 0:46 typing/screen pan "<i>Once upon a time</i>" @ 9:00 <i>Are men in their twenties the new designer drug?</i>

	M: Well you better get sure real quick. Ch: You're scaring me! Ca: Don't scare her. M: Okay, it's all about control. If he goes up there and there's gonna be a shift in power. Either he'll have the upper-hand or you will. Now, there's a certain camp that believes that whoever holds the dick holds the power. But (to cabbie) Hello? You're driving! (To Ch) But, the question is – if he goes up your butt will he respect you more or respect you less? That's the issue. (Ca lights up) Cabbie: No smoking in cab. Ca: (rolls eyes) Sir, we're talking up the butt. A cigarette is in order. S: Front, back, who cares? A hole is a hole. M: Can I quote you? S: Oh, don't be so judgmental, you could use a little back door. Ch: I'm not a hole! Ca: Honey, we know. S: Look, all I'm saying is that this is a physical expression that the body was designed to experience. And P.S. – It's fabulous. Ch: What are you talking about? I went to Smith! S: Look, I'm just saying that with the right guy and the right lubricant- (all laugh, cut to shot of Cabbie laughing too- they hit a bump in the road, all girls shift forward in backseat) Ch: What was that? M and S: A preview. (all but Ch laugh)	
<i>The Power of the Female Sex</i> (1:5) Runtime - (24:58)	1) @ 4:43 at Carries apartment while playing poker and drinking beer S: Women have the right to use every means at their disposal to achieve power- M: Short of sleeping their way to the top- S: Not if that's what it take to compete. Ch: But that's exploitation! S: Of men. Which is perfectly legal. Ca (v/o): <i>Saturday night. In an effort to save money and maybe even pick up a few extra</i>	@ 4:24 <i>I admired Amelita. Her life was a blur of rich men and designer clothes</i> (fade out) <i>and glamorous resorts. She didn't actually work for a living, yet possessed a dazzling sexual power that she exploited to her full advantage. Which</i>

<i>bucks, I invited the girls over for poker.</i> Ch: I'll buy two. Ca: I'm in for three. So you advocate a double standard – Women can use their sexuality to get ahead whenever possible, but men should not be allowed to have advantage of it? S: No. I'm just saying that men and women are equal opportunity exploiters. M: I fold. Ch: What if you sense that some one is giving you a professional advantage because they find you charming? M: Charming? S: This I gotta hear. Ch: Well, a few days ago, Nevil Morgan, the notorious reclusive painter, paid a visit to the gallery...(cut to Morgan entering the gallery meeting Charlotte – accompanied by Ca v/o: <i>Neville was making his yearly pilgrimage to Manhattan to check out what was new and hot in the art scene. And he found it—Charlotte. It was only a matter of moments before he invited her to his farm upstate to view his latest work.</i>) Ch: So, if I could get him to show at the gallery, it would be an incredible coup. But what if he wants me to, you know- Ca: Hold his brush? M (to Ch) : If he so much as suggests what she's suggesting, you give me a call and we'll sue the hell out of him. That's the only proper way to trade sex for power. S: I can't believe what I'm hearing! You're like the Harvard Law Lorena Bobbit. (Ca's buzzer goes off) M: Oh, it's Skipper. I told him I was here. He insisted on picking me up, but he's not supposed to be here until 11:00. Ca: Awwee. He's like a sweet little seal pup. M: That you sometimes want to club. (Opens the door for Skipper) You're an hour early. Skipper: Oh, I can wait in the hall. Ca: No. Skipper, come in!	<i>presented a certain conundrum – (stop typing – direct address to camera)</i> Where is the line between professional girlfriend and just plain professional?

M: It's alright. I'm leaving anyway. You guys have cleaned me out. Good night ladies. Charlotte, keep me posted.

2) @ 15:05 in hotel room; over room service breakfast (no Ch) Ca has just had a one night stand with a French business man. He leaves her in his hotel room, with \$1000 in cash and a note.

M: (reading) "Thanks for the beautiful day." Must have been a hell of a beautiful day.

Ca: Well it was. We had such a fantastic connection. Then he leaves me money. I don't understand. What exactly about me screams "whore"?

M: Besides the \$1000 on the end table?

S: I just can't believe you had dinner at Balzac. Wait a minute. I thought I ordered two eggs benedict and one spinach omelet.

M: It's alright, I'll take the omelet.

Ca: You know what guys, this isn't right. We're gonna pay for all of this ourselves, alright?

S: He said order anything.

M: The room service is one thing – but the money – uh uh.

S: What are you getting so uptight about? I mean, money is power. Sex is power. Therefore getting money for sex is simply an exchange of power.

M: Don't listen to the dime store Camille Paglia.

Ca: I don't know whether to take it as an incredible compliment or as an incredible insult.

S: Just take it period.

Ca: Well I wouldn't know how to return it anyway, because the one thing he didn't leave me was his phone number.

M: He paid in full, what more is there to talk about? Who is this Amalita Amalfi character anyway? I'm concerned you've been drafted into a ring of high-class hookers.

Ca: She isn't a hooker. She's—She's like an international party girl.

M: She's a hooker with a passport. You ever have any conversations about money?

Ca: No, I mean, I did allude to the fact that I was a bit cash poor these days.

	M: So maybe it's supposed to be a loan? Ca: Uh, I don't remember filling out an application. S: (to Ca) Sweetheart, men give, women receive. It's biological destiny. M: HELLO! Do you really wanna be saying that? I mean that's exactly the argument men have used since the dawn of time to exploit women! (Samantha protests indistinguishable -both M and S raise voices) Ca: You guys, you guys! I'm just gonna write this whole thing off as a bad date with a cash bonus. M: You know that salmon is really good. I think we should order another one-	
Secret Sex (1:6) Runtime - (23:45)	1) @ 1:19 at Carrie's apartment over champagne Carrie (v/o): <i>Friday night. In lieu of any actual social life of their own Samantha, Miranda and Charlotte had all stopped by to live vicariously through my first official date with Mr. Big.</i> Ch: Carrie! (Ca walks out in a nude-colour slip dress) S: Oh honey. It's fabulous. Bravo! M: It's tits on toast baby, but you make it work. Ch: Well let's just say it. It's the naked dress. I mean, you're obviously gonna have sex with him tonight. C: Come on. It's our first date. M: She's not gonna have sex, she's just gonna look like sex. Ca: That's right. I'm just the trailer. S: Please, if it happens it happens. (M, Ca and S toast – "Bottoms up") Ch: Wait a second. I thought you were serious about this guy. You can't sleep with him on the first date! M: Oh God. Here she goes again with <i>The Rules</i>. S: The women who wrote that book, wrote it because they couldn't get laid so they constructed this whole bullshit theory to make women who can get laid, feel bad. Ch: But if you're serious about a guy then you have to keep him in a holding pattern for at least five dates. Ca: Oh, you've gone up.	@ 3:18 Direct address to camera as she leave apartment The truth was, I was dying to sleep with him – But isn't delayed gratification the definition of maturity?

	Ch: Yes, because the number of dates you wait to have sex with a man is directly proportional to your age. M: Forget the math. Just don't fuck on a first date and you're fine. Ca: Third date. Ch: Too soon. S: Reality check. A guy can just as easily dump you if you fuck him on the first date as he can if you wait until the tenth. M: (to S) When have you ever been on a tenth date? Ch: And by then, at least you're emotionally involved. S: Exactly. I mean, isn't it better to find out if the sex is good right off the bat before anyone's feelings get hurt? Ch: But it's okay to have hurt feelings. M: (to Ch) And you always handle those so well. Ca: Well, there is something to be said for restraint. S: (To Ca) When did you become such a Victorian? Ch: The Victorians were onto something. They valued romance. M: True romance cannot exist without good sex. S: And you can have good sex with some one you don't like or respect. Or even remember. (Buzzer rings) Ca: Alright, well ladies, I'm just going to dinner. Ch: Bye, have fun. Bye!	
<i>The Monogamists</i> (1:7) Runtime - (24:09)	1) @ 2:13 in a restaurant over dinner Carrie (v/o): <i>I'd committed the cardinal sin. I'd forsaken my girlfriends for my new boyfriend. That night, I faced the tribunal.</i> M: We really weren't that concerned. S: Just completely hurt and offended. Ch: Actually, you missed a lot. (Cut to M on the phone in her law office with Ca's (v/o)– <i>Miranda had worked on a big successful merger.</i> Cut to S circling real estate rental ads in the newspaper. <i>Samantha was obsessed with the idea of a new apartment.</i> Cut to Ch meeting a man and his dog in Central Park <i>And Charlotte. Charlotte was practically engaged. They met the day after I dropped off the face of the Earth.</i>	@ 6:37 <i>Is it that men have an innate aversion to monogamy? Or is it more than that? I wondered, in a city like New York with its infinite possibilities, has monogamy become too much to expect?</i>

His name was Michael Conway. He was from a good New York family and he absolutely adored Charlotte. Cut back to Ch at dinner table)

Ch: I think this might be it. I think this might be the one.

S: We've met him. He's perfect.

M: Even his fucking dog is perfect.

Ch: But, there is one thing. (Cut to Ch and Michael kissing; Ca (v/o): *Last night, after Michael took Charlotte to the Philharmonic, they went back to his place and began the classic dating ritual, the blow-job tug of war.*)

Michael: C'mon.

Ch: Not tonight.

Michael: When? Cut back to table.)

Ch: The truth is, I hate doing it.

S: Honey, you can't be serious.

M: Are you telling us you never perform this act?

Ca: She'll juggle, she'll spin plates but she won't give head.

Ch: I don't like putting it in my mouth. I have a very sensitive gag reflex and it makes me wanna puke.

M: That's one way to say no.

Ch: It's not like I haven't tried. I practiced on a banana. I pretended it was a popsicle, but I just don't like it.

M: Personally, I'm loving it up to the point where the guy wants me to swallow.

Ca: Well, that's just really a judgment call.

S: Some men just take it so personally if you don't.

M: Some guys don't give you a choice.

Ca: Well that's just bad behaviour.

Ch: (to Ca) You honestly telling me you like it?

Ca: It's not my favorite thing on the menu, but you know, I'll order it from time to time. And with the right guy -it can be nice.

M: Oral sex is God's gift to women. You can get off without worrying about getting pregnant.

S: Plus the sense of power is such a turn on. Maybe you're on your knees, but you've got him by the balls.

	Ch: Now you see, that is the reason I don't want to go down this road. Ca: Well, sweetheart if you're gonna get all choked up about it just don't do it, don't do it. M: But if you don't go down on him, how do you expect him to go down on you? Ch: I don't. M: Oh, well forget it! I only give head to get head. S: Me too.	
Three's a Crowd (1:8) Runtime- (24:30)	1) 2:26 @ lunch in a diner Ch: Jack wants us to do a threesome M: Of course he does, every goes does. S: Threesomes are huge right now. They're the blow job of the 90s. Ch: What was the blow job of the 80s? S: Anal sex. Ca: Any sex period. M: Don't let him pressure you into it. It's just this guy's cheap ploy to watch you be a lesbian for a night S: Don't knock it till you've tried it. M: I had a threesome once I think. In college. I was drunk. I woke up in some one else's bra. S: The only way to do a threesome is to be the guest star. Ch: The guest star? S: Yeah. The girl the couple gets to come in, screw and leave. Ca: The pitch hitter. S: Exactly. It's perfect. All the great sex without wondering what it will do to your relationship. Ch: But you don't have relationships. S: Which is why I have great sex. Ca: I've never done a threesome. M: Because you have relationships. Ch: Well, I've never done a threesome S: Oh come on, of course you haven't. You in a threesome? You won't even	@ 4:34 <i>Was Samantha right? Were threesomes the new sexual frontier? Maybe we were never meant to do it with only one other person- Maybe threesomes were the relationship of the future.</i>

	wear a thong. Ch: Jack thinks I'm sexy. M: He's just buttering you up. First you starting thinking you're hot, then he brings up the threesome thing, boom! Suddenly you're kissing another woman while he beats off. Ch: (grimaces) Please! S: Just make sure the other woman isn't a friend. Use somebody random, you know, somebody you meet in a bar or something. M: That's romantic! Ch: No. I think I'd feel safer with a friend, with some one I could trust. Like Carrie. Ca: Awe, gee I'm flattered. But, uh, I'd go with some one with a little more experience, like Sam. S: Well, thanks, but, there is something sexy about a first-timer like Charlotte. Ch: Really? S: Mm hmm. M: Oh great. No, forget about me. S, Ca and Ch all: Ohhh! M: No, I'd do it with you guys. It's like picking teams for dodgeball all over again.	
<i>The Turtle & the Hare</i> (1:9) Runtime - (23:30)	1) @5:05 lunch in a diner booth Ca (v/o): <i>I hung up the phone wondering, could I date a man who would never get married?</i> M: Wow! A guy who doesn't want to get married! Film at 11:00! S: Don't tell me you're surprised by this. M: You know who wants to get married? Men who miss their mommies. Carrie (v/o): <i>Maybe this wasn't my target audience.</i> Ch: Am I the only one who thinks this is a major bummer? What if you spend five years with him and in the end you have nothing to show for it? Ca: I wasn't even thinking of getting married until he told me I couldn't think about it. Now it's all I can think about. S: Just be cool. You don't care. Then he'll wonder why you don't, which will make him realize that he does and then it's a whole new ballgame.	@ 3:42 (on screen shows) It's better to marry some one who loves than you love him (whispered to Carrie by the bride of a wedding she attended) v/o says : <i>People are always telling me things I don't want to hear. But this one crossed the line.</i> 2) 10:31 v/o typing, no screen shot <i>In a city of great expectations, is it time to settle for what you can get?</i>

	M: (To S) So in your world it's always sixth grade? Ch: I think that a relationship has to be based on honesty and communication in order of having any chance of succeeding. S: Okay, if you were 25 that would be adorable. But you're 32 now, so that's just stupid. Ca: I can't just ignore it, can I? S & M: Yes! Ch: No! M: What's the big deal? In 50 years men are gonna be obsolete anyway. I mean, already you can't talk to them. You don't need them to have kids with – you don't even need 'em to have sex with anymore, as I've just very pleasantly discovered. S: Uh oh. Sounds like somebody just got their first vibrator. M: Not first. Ultimate. And I think I'm in love. Ch: Oh, please stop! This is so sad. Ca: C'mon, I'm not gonna replace a man with some battery operated device. M: You say that, but you haven't met "The Rabbit". S: Oh c'mon. If you're gonna get a vibrator, at least get one that's called "The Horse." Ch: A vibrator does not call you on your birthday. A vibrator does not send you flowers the next day and you cannot take a vibrator home to meet your mother. M: Well, I know where my next orgasm is coming from, who here can say as much?	
<i>The Baby Shower</i> (1:10) Runtime - (23:23)	1) @ 3:21 at Carrie's apt eating popcorn, watching a movie. M: You could not drag me to that thing if you put a grappling hook in my mouth. S: Frankly, I think it's sad the way she's using a child to validate her existence. Ca: Exactly. Why can't she just use sex and a nice cocktail like the rest of us? Ch: I'm happy for her. I am. M: If I see another crepe paper stork, I'm gonna rip its cardboard beak off. Ca: Can I ask you, would any baby shower bother you or is this one worse because it's Laney's?	No typing in this episode

(Cut to flashback at a party in Samantha's apt. (no Ch) – wild party introducing us to Laney Berlin - party girl)

Ch: Come on you guys, it'll be fun. We've never even been to visit her in Connecticut.

S: Exactly, there's a reason for that.

Ca: Lyme disease?

M: That's another good one.

Ch: But, it's a baby shower.

M: No, it's a cult.

Ca: A cult? What are you talking about?

M: Listen to me. They all think the same, dress the same and sacrifice themselves to the same cause. Babies.

Ch: She's insane.

M: Hey! I've lost two sisters to the motherhood. I know what I'm talking about.

Ca: I think we should go, it's the right thing to do.

S: Give me one good reason.

Ca: Okay, you're driving down the road. You see a sign, it says "Two headed-snake." You pull over. Wild Laney is having a baby shower, you pull over.

S: She's got a point, it's the right thing to do. Just imagine how fat she must be.

2) @ 11:56 in a bar drinking beers and nuts

(Miranda in bathroom)

Ch: If I hadn't waiting this long to have a baby that name (Shayla-baby name) would be mine.

Ca: Oh Charlotte, come on – you're still young. You have plenty of time to have children.

Ch: No, no. I don't. I don't wanna be one of those 40 year-old moms. (looks at S) No offense.

S: Well I don't want to be one of them either! There are no frozen eggs in my freezer.

(M comes back)

Ch: Was the bathroom clean?

M: What do you think? (Ch leaves) This is why I hate baby showers. You always

	leave feeling depressed. S: Paddy, another round. Well, I for one love my life. And I will not be made to feel inadequate by all this baby talk. M: I spoke to a woman with a Masters in Finance. All she wanted to talk about was her diaper genie. Ca: Oh come on you guys. It doesn't have to be like that. You don't have to lose yourself to have a kid. I know plenty of cool, hip mothers who live in the city and still have great careers and stuff. M & S: Who? Ca: I'm late. I missed my period. S: Paddy, honey! Where are those beers? M: How late? Ca: Oh just a few—seven days. S: Oh, honey, grey area! True, you're in front of the firing squad. But you haven't been shot. M: I was once ten days late. Ca: Really? Were you having sex? M: No. What are you gonna do? Are you gonna tell Mr. Big? Ca: No, I am not going to tell him until I --till I know how I --- what --No I am not going to tell him until I know how to finish this sentence. Ch: What did I miss? S, Ca & M: Nothing.	
<i>The Drought</i> (1:11) Runtime - (25:45)	1) @ 18:01 – looking out a window in Carrie's apartment, watching a couple have sex in the adjacent apartment window, eating gummy bears Ca (v/o): <i>When a show is this good. Word gets around. There we were. The 90s version of Matinee ladies. Who said the theatre was dead?</i> M: Samantha, I cannot believe that you would give this up on purpose. S: Actually, I hardly miss it. M: How long has it been? S: A hundred years. Ch: It never goes down, does it? Look, it's still— S: Hard.	@ 5:35 <i>How often is normal?</i>

	Ch: Yeah. S: Gummy bear please. Give me the fucking candy. Ca: Hey, snapping over gummy bears might be a sign that celibacy is not for you? S: All I can say is that my big pay off better be worth it. M: Samantha, I don't understand you. I mean, there are people starving out there, and you're fasting! S: Stop complaining. At least you can take care of yourself. M: I'm way beyond that point. Besides, I think I've given myself carpal tunnel. Ca: Aw sure it's all fun till you get to know each other. (all ladies tilt their heads to the left) Yeah, that move right there is what they're famous for. Ch: It's been an hour. How can that guy still be – S & M: Hard. Ch: I have got to try this again with Kevin. I mean, we really like each other. That's got to be stronger than a drug (Prozac) right? M: I'm warning you ladies. If I make it to four month, I'm humping one of you. (they all gasp as they look at the couple) S: Oh my God. M: I hate them.	
<i>Oh Come All Ye Faithful</i> (1:12) Runtime - (26:52)	@ 7:18 in a bar, night (no S initially) M: (to Carrie) He goes to church with his mother? That can't be good. Ch: Oh don't listen to her. A man who cares about his mother makes a wonderful husband. Ca: I think it's sweet. M: Sure, all religions are sweet, until you get to that shower-after-sex phase. Ch: Oh my God, is he still doing that? M: Please, it's amazing that he has any skin left. Ca: Well have you tried taking a shower with him? M: No. I'm afraid he'll pull out garlic and a cross. Ch: So, which church does his mother go to? Ca: Park Avenue Presbyterian. Ch: Good church! It's one of the best on the East Side.	@ 2:48 <i>New York is a city filled with places to worship. But it recently dawned on me, the only time I ever heard of anyone mention going to one was for a singles mixer. Are relationships the religion of the 90s?</i>

Ca: What are you rating churches? Is there a Zagat guide for that?
M: Four stars. Great bread. Disappointing wine selection.
Ca: Thing is. I'm dying to meet his mother. I mean, can you imagine?
Ch: Getting on the good side of his mother is like closing the deal.
S: Hey, I'm sorry I'm late.
Ca: Well it's about time.
S: I just had a five-hour lunch with James.
Ca: Five-hour lunches. I remember those.
S: Ladies, I have an announcement. Please don't laugh.
M: What?
S: I'm in love.
M: What?
Ca (v/o): *Samantha, uttering those words to us, was an event as unfathomable as Moses parting the Red Sea.* (Cut to flashback of S meeting James, not acting aggressive, soft voiced, and most importantly not sleeping with him or even kissing him)
S: I mean, I'd totally given up on the idea that you could actually talk to a man.
Ca: Hey, don't spread that around.
S: Before James, all my sentences consisted of two sentences: "Give it to me" and "Go home." And I owe it all to Charlotte.
Ch: Me? What did I do?
S: All that bullshit you spout about not sleeping with men right away actually paid off. I mean, if I'd fuck James already, who knows where we'd be?
M: Wait. You haven't had sex yet?
S: Soon. You know? I think he's some one I could actually marry.
(All women look shocked)
Ch: Samantha! That's great.
Ca (v/o): *The idea that Samantha could possible get married before she did, shook Charlotte's beliefs to the core.*
2) @ 18:40 in a bathroom at a club
(S putting on lipstick in the mirror, all girls are reflected)
Ch: Here you are. We've been looking for your everywhere.
Ca: So, how is everything?

M: She means have you and James done it yet?
 S: Mmm hmm.
 Ca: And?
 S: It's nice.
 Ch: I'm so happy for you.
 Samantha starts crying
 Ca: Sweetie, what? What is it?
 S: Nothing. (runs into a stall – Girls follow)
 Ca: What's going on? Why are you crying?
 S: James has a small dick
 Ca: Oh, well, that's not the end of the world.
 S: It's really small.
 M: How small?
 S: Too small.
 Ca: Well size isn't everything-
 S: Three inches?! Hard?
 Ch: Is he a good kisser?
 S: Oh who the fuck cares? His dick is like a gherkin. I feel so terrible. Listen to me. I'm a bad person!
 M: Don't beat yourself up. You had certain expectations, and you're disappointed.
 S: Why? WHY does he have to have a small dick? I really like him!
 M: I thought you loved him. (S shrugs)
 Ca: Oh look, we've all been there-
 M: That's for sure. I was once with a guy the size of those little miniature gold pencils. Couldn't tell if he was trying to fuck me or erase me.
 Ca: (laughs) I'm sorry, it's- it's funny.
 M: Let's not lose perspective, there are ways to work around this..
 S: I don't want to work around it. I love a big dick. I love it inside of me, I love looking at it. I love everything about it. When I blow him it's like, nothing.
 Nothing!
 M: Have you talked to him about it?

	S: No. It's the only thing we can't talk about. What am I gonna do? Ch: How is he with his tongue?	
<i>Take Me Out to the Ballgame</i> (2:1) Runtime - (25:19)	1) @4:04 (In Yankee Stadium, watching a baseball game, eating popcorn, beer etc.) Ca: Beer! S: Beer! Ch: (To M) Do they have hot cocoa? M: Okay, coming up to bat, the New Yankee. Just up from the Minors, single, oh so cute. Woooooh! S: I can barely see him. Why are we sitting all the way up here? Ca: Because it's the only way I can smoke without Giuliani putting me away for ten years. S: These seats suck. This hot dog sucks. My entire life sucks. Ch: You're life doesn't suck. You have a man who really loves you. Ca: Oh yay love. Woo. S: I don't think you ladies understand the seriousness of my situation. (breaks off a piece of her hot dog wiener) How would you like to make love to this every night? Ca: Is it kosher? S: (laughs) Don't make me laugh. It's tragic. M: Can we all just try and get into the game for a second? (to the players) C'mon! Show us what you got! Last year this guy was Mr. September, he hit like, ten home runs in nine days – BALL! Good eye! Good eye! Way to watch them! He batted .373. He drove in 47 runs (fades out overlapping with v/o) Ca (v/o): <i>As Miranda went on and on about the New Yankee's stats, I couldn't help but think of my own. Ten years dating in New York. Countless dates. Five real relationships. One serious. All ending in break-ups. If I were a ballplayer, I'd be batting – whatever really bad is.</i> (Foul ball gets hit into their section, Ca grabs it - women laugh) 2) @14:31 brunch in "coffee shop" Ch: (With a newspaper to Ca) You're on Page Six! M: Oh my God!	No typing in this episode; just v/o after Miranda's speech in restaurant: <i>In the case of Miranda vs. silly women everywhere, the verdict was in – Guilty as charged.</i>

Ch: (reads) "Hot Yankee Joe Stark on the town with New York columnist and 'sex-pert' Carrie Bradshaw."

Ca: 'Sex-pert'? It's a proud day for me.

S: Oh honey, that dress just paid for itself. Big is gonna see this and die.

Ca: I don't want him to die.

S: Oh, cut the shit, it's me. You're using that Yankee.

M: Okay! Everybody has got to look at my new Palm Pilot. It's amazing. My entire schedule—

Ch: (To Ca) This is so great. The first time Big sees you, you look great and you're with the Yankee.

M: Why are we still talking about him? He hurt her. He's outta the picture. It's over. Let's talk about something else, okay?

S: Ok.

Ca: Kay.

Ch: Okay.

(silence)

Ch: I have a problem with my boyfriend.

M: (Bangs table) Okay! I'm gonna go get the check. (leaves)

Ch: I don't really know how to say this, but he's always, um, touching his —

S: Balls. I know Carrie told me.

Ca: I had to. It freaked me out. I didn't know what the hell was going on there. I still don't — what IS going on there?

Ch: I don't know, but it's constant. He just can't seem to leave them alone.

S: He and every other guy on the planet. They're always trying to pull out attention down there. "Look what I got."

Ch: I don't get it. He's from a good family. He went to Brown! Why is he doing that?

S: Does he have a pair of low hangers?

Ca: Is that a patented phrase?

S: You know, sometimes they hang so low, they get in the way. I heard Nick Nolte had a ball lift.

Ch: I don't know how long they are.

	S: Wait a minute. You've been dating this guy for three weeks and you haven't seen his balls yet? Oh come on, get with the program. Ch: But why do men do this? I mean, how would they feel if we stood around in public touching ourselves? Ca & S: They'd love it. M: What are we talking about? Ca: Charlotte's boyfriend's balls. M: Seriously? S: They're too long. Ch: She's just guessing. M: Okay, that's it. I'm outta here. All we talk about anymore is Big or Balls or small dicks. How does it happen that four such smart women have nothing more to talk about than boyfriends? It's like seventh grade with bank accounts! What about us? What we think, we feel, we know? Christ! Does it always have to be about them? Just, you know, give me a call when you're ready to talk about something besides men for a change. (leaves) Carrie (v/o): <i>In the case of Miranda Hobbes vs. silly women everywhere – the verdict was in. Guilty as charged.</i>	
<i>The Awful Truth</i> (2:2) Runtime - (25:03)	1) @4:26 having lunch at a restaurant M: Telling a friend to leave her husband is something you just don't do. S: If she does break up with him, it's your fault. If she doesn't break up with him, she knows you think that she should and therefore can never speak to you again. Either way, you're screwed. M: Which is a shame, because there goes your cashmere connection. Ca: She had me at weak moment. I was tired. I had just been chased out of her apartment. I have a birthday looming. I said too much. Ch: No. I just think in an intimate relationship you should be able to say anything. S: I would highly disagree. Practically all relationships I know are based on a foundation of lies and mutual accepted delusion. James and me, for instance. I pretend he doesn't have a small dick, and he pretends not to notice that we haven't had sex for three weeks.	@ 13:20 <i>Have we put such a premium on being open and honest with one another that we've misplaced the boundaries of propriety? Are there still certain things in a relationship one should never say?</i>

Ca: You should work for the UN.
M: I happen to be in an intimate relationship at the moment and I can tell you, the level of verbal discourse has become a little too intimate.
Ca: Are we speaking of spring roll guy? (M nods)
Ch: Spring roll guy? Whose that?
M: Aaron Melman. He's a dermatologist I met at the Vietnamese lunch truck outside my building.
S: So what's the problem?
Ca (v/o): *The problem, if you can call it that, is Spring Roll Guy liked to talk dirty in bed.*
(Cut to flashback scene in bed where Aaron is talking dirty to M)
S: That can be a turn on!
M: Sure, but now he wants me to reciprocate and I can't. I never could.
Ca: Why not?
M: Because sex is not a time to chat. In fact, it is one of the few instances in my overly articulate, exceedingly verbal life where it is perfectly appropriate if not preferable, to shut-up. And now suddenly I have to worry about being stumped for conversation? No thank you.
Ch: Just talk about his big cock.
S: Correction. His big beautiful cock.
Ca: We're using the "c" word now?
M: Sorry, I can't use adjectives.
Ca: A simple "you're so hard" is quite effective.
Ch: Sometimes men need a little encouragement.
M: Such as?
Ch: You know, "Yah stud, that's right. Uh huh. Don't stop, just like that. C'mon fucker don't stop."
M: You're kidding right?
Ca: Wow.
Ch: No, they like it.
Ca: Are you really telling us that during sex, you're completely mute?
M: No! I can give a good orgasm alert, "I'm gonna come, I'm gonna come" But that's because, you know, I'm gonna come. Anything else feels like make

believe.

Ch: Well, if you really like this guy, you're gonna have to start talking.

2) @13:20 over brunch at the coffee shop

S: (reads) "Best wishes on your birthday."

Ca: It's from Big.

S: What kind of flowers?

Ca: Roses. Red. Big. Expensive. What do you think it means?

M: It means rip up the card.

S: And watch out for the thorns.

Ch: No, no, no. This is the grand gesture.

M: The grand gesture?

Ch: Yeah, you know. If you break up with some one and they just disappear from your life altogether, well then it wasn't mean to be. But if they make a powerful declaration of their love, then you have to reconsider.

M: You think a dozen roses and a card saying "Best Wishes" qualifies as the grand gesture?

Ch: Well, you know men. They can never say "I was wrong". They just send flowers.

M: Yeah, well sometimes a rose is just a rose.

S: Now jewelry. That's another story.

Ch: (to her dog) Henry, no. Henry no, not the purse.

Ca: You know I really don't need this on my birthday. Really, what does this mean? The ball's in my court or something? I don't want to play games. This is not the grand gesture. This is vague gesture – which is truly worse than no gesture at all.

S: You know under the guise of being thoughtful he's actually being very selfish.

M: I agree. He's muddying the waters -

Ch: Oh you're all just cuckoo! The man sends her flowers on her birthday and you're all condemning him! Henry no! No damn it.

S: For chrissake, give that dog a break.

Ch: He's already eaten four pairs of shoes, I don't want him starting on purses.

Damnit now, Okay we're going to go home. You said you wanted to get out

	and socialize, but you'll have to learn to behave. Bye. (leaves) M: Speaking of cuckoo-	
<i>The Freak Show</i> (2:3) Runtime - (25:56)	1) @ 3:40 in a restaurant for a book launch eating appetizers (No Ch initially) Ca: Well, you gotta give a guy credit. Takes a lot of work to get rigged up like that (in reference to Samantha's conquest shown previously who wanted to be tied up and whipped) M: Yeah, most of my first dates don't even open the cab door. Ca: Hey, what if he's still hanging there? S: Well the Super would find him eventually. M: You see this is why I don't date. The men out there are freaks! Ca: Well that's completely unfair. M: I'm sorry, if a man is over 30 and single, there is something wrong with him. Its Darwinian, they're being weeded out from propagating the species. Ca: Okay, what about us? M: We're just choosy. I'm getting more shrimp. (Leaves) S: You know the worst part of the date was? Harrison actually thought I was 40. Ca: Really? S: Really. Do you think I look 40? Ca (v/o): <i>If Samantha's past four birthdays taught me anything, it was that there was only one answer to this question like that-</i> Ca: You don't look a day over 35. Ch: (enters) This is a great party. I just met the most amazing guy- Mitchell Saylor. Ca (v/o): <i>When Charlotte really liked a guy, she said his whole name. It helped her to imagine their future monogrammed towels.</i> (M re-enters) S: Mitch Saylor? Ch: Yeah, do you know him? S: Oh honey, I know of him. Ch: What is that supposed to mean? S: Ladies, I suggest you join me in the bathroom. (cut to girls in the bathroom) He's Mr. Pussy.	No typing with v/o

Ch: Mr. who?
 Ca (v/o): *Suddenly Charlotte's monogram towels were looking very different.*
 S: He's renowned. He loves going down on women.
 Ca: He's so cute to be so nasty.
 Ch: That's disgusting!
 M: I told you there'd be something.
 S: He's a legend. He's just amazing at eating pussy.
 Ch: Would you please just stop calling it that?
 S: Fine. Going down, giving head.
 Ca: Eating out?
 M: I never understood that. Shouldn't it be eating in?
 Ch: Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!
 S: You do do that, right?
 Ch: Of course! I just don't have to talk about it.
 Ca (v/o): *The reality was, the only thing that went down with regularity on Charlotte's dates was a gold American Express Card.*
 Ch: Forget it. I'm not dating anyone who is known as Mr. Pussy.
 S: Why not?
 Ch: Well, maybe I want more than that.
 S: Oh sweetie, if a man is good at that, there is nothing more.
 Ca & M: Amen.
 (Woman comes from behind a stall): You have to be talking about Mitch Saylor. He's unbelievable. I dated him for a month. He was so good, I actually passed out when I came. Enjoy. (leaves)
 Ca: Well, the guy's got good word of mouth.
 2) @13:40 in Carrie's apt over drinks
 M: You've got to be kidding.
 S: It' sitting in a fat repository in Queens as we speak. And in three days it will be in my face and I will look fabulous.
 M: I can't believe this – we spend our lives trying to hide the fat in our ass and you're going to put it right out there on your face.
 S: I just have to wear this girdle for a week to keep my skin tight. (lifts up her

	skit to show) Ca: Look at that. Well that's a girdle with a hole. S: Well of course it has a hole. It's for peeing etc. Ch: Etcetera? S: Last night I slept with a Calvin Klein model – I've never felt sexier. M: I think the fat is already going to your head. Ch: Could you please put your skirt down? M: What ever happened to aging gracefully? Ca: It got old. Ch: I gotta go. I'm meeting Mitch at my apartment. Ca: Oh! So how is he? Ch: He is amazing. He makes me so happy. I think we have a chance at a future together. Ca: You and Mr. Pussy. Ch: His name is Mitchell. S: Hang on honey – You don't fall in love with Mr. Pussy. You enjoy him and then you set him free. Ca (v/o): <i>To Samantha, she had committed the ultimate sin. She was bogarting Mr. Pussy.</i> M: He's a freak! Aside from technique what do you know about him? Do you even talk? S: Do you even fuck? Ch: Stop it! Ca: Sweetie, Miranda has a point. Have you guys even had dinner together? Have you seen a play? Anything? Ch: No. But we could. Ca: You know what, I think you've fallen into the sex haze, you know where the sex is really great and then you start acting like a crazy person. Then you start to imagine the relationship is something it's not. M: Charlotte's not having a relationship, she's having multiple orgasms. Ch: He makes me happy. (leaves)	
<i>They Shoot Single People</i>	1) @ 1:43 at a club/bar C: Here's to us without men!	@ 9:23 <i>While women are certainly no strangers to</i>

<i>Don't They?</i> (2:4) Runtime - (26:09)	S: Whoo Hoo! M: Hear, hear. Ch: I'm not toasting to that! It's bad luck. If I end up old and alone, it's all your fault. S: Oh Charlotte, sweetie, we're all alone, even when we're with men. Ca: Yeah, you tell her Mr. Sister. S: My advice to you is to embrace that fact, slap on some armor and go through life like I do – enjoying men but not expecting them to fill you up. Except when, well you know. M: We know, we know. (Man comes up behind S): Excuse me. I was wondering if you would like to dance. S: Oh well thanks but, tonight it's just us girls. Man: I'm William, one of the Club Owners. S: Samantha. Man (give her his card) If you ever feel like a dance, we could have some fun. (leaves) M: I'm impressed, not dumping us for a guy. S: Is that the kind of girl you think I am? M: No. Ca: You guys, I gotta go. I'm getting my picture taken for that magazine article in the morning. M: What magazine article? All press needs to be cleared through me. Ca: It's New York Magazine. They're doing a profile of 20 Manhattan singles and it's called "Single and Fabulous." S: Why wasn't I picked? I'm single and I'm definitely fabulous. Ca: Well I was picked because Stanford's new boyfriend is the assistant photo editor. Ch: No Carrie, you cannot leave. We never go out dancing! C'mon one more drink. Ca: Alright, one drink. S: To hot men.	<i>faking it, we've faked our hair colour, cup size, hell, we've even faked fur, I couldn't help but wonder – has fear of being alone suddenly raised the bar on faking? Are we faking more than orgasms? Are we faking entire relationships? Is it better to fake it than be alone?</i>

2) @5:00 “Power walking” (No S)
 Ch: We’re walking way too slow. We’re not burning off anything.
 Ca: Let’s gossip to get our heart rates up.
 (They meet a man while walking)
 Man: Hey Miranda.
 M: Josh, hey hi. How are you?
 Man: Good, great. Training for the Marathon.
 M: Right, right. I forgot you do that.
 Man: Five years in a row. Well you’ve got my number so give me a call. (leaves)
 Ch: Cute. Who’s that?
 M: An ophthalmologist I once faked orgasms with.
 Ca: Okay, we’re officially stopping.
 Ca (v/o): *The idea that Miranda would fake anything stopped me cold.*
 M: I only slept with him twice. The first time I faked it because it was never gonna happen and the second time I had to fake it because I did the first time.
 Ca: Oh naturally.
 M: And I didn’t want to have to fake it again, so I just forgot to return his last call.
 Ch: You broke up with an ophthalmologist over that?
 M: Orgasm? Major thing in a relationship?
 Ch: Yeah, but not the only thing. Orgasms don’t send you Valentine’s cards and don’t hold your hand in a sad movie.
 Ca: Mine do.
 M: You’re seriously advocating faking?
 Ch: No! But if you really like the guy what’s one little moment of ohhh ohhh, versus spending the whole night in bed alone?
 M: These are my options?
 Ch: And who’s to say that one moment is any more important than when he gets up and pours you a cup of coffee in the morning? Let’s go!
 M: I’ll take an orgasm over a cup of French drip Colombian any day.
 Ca: See, for me it’s a toss up.
 3)@ 7:01 at the coffee shop

Ca: "Single and Fabulous" question mark? There was no question mark implied. I would never had agreed to be in an article, "Single and Fabulous" question mark. I was set up.

S: Oh, I agree. You're single, fabulous and fucked.

Ca: Not after than picture I won't be. They said Single and Fabulous exclamation point. They did not say "Single & Fabulous" question mark? That question mark is hostile.

Ch: Miranda, can't we sue them or something?

M: For what? Mispunctuation?

Ca: It's too late to sue. I'm all over the city looking like something that got caught in a drain. Okay, you know what? I just quit smoking.

Ch: (reading) "Single was fun at 20. But you wanna ask these women how fun will all night club hopping be at 40?" Who's out all night?!

S: Who's 40?!

M: Do you know what I say? Fuck them. Exclamation point!

S: Fuck them!

Ch: Fuck them!

Ca: Charlotte said fuck.

M: Every couple of years an article like this surfaces as a cautionary tale to scare young women into marriage.

Ca: Oh, I'm a cautionary tale? Shoot me.

Ch: (reading) "Filling their lives with an endless parade of decoys and distractions to avoid the painful fact that they're completely alone."

M: (grabs magazine from Ch) How is that helping? This piece of trash has nothing, I repeat, nothing to do with us.

S: Exactly. We are single and fabulous!

Ch: Absolutely!

Ca (v/o): *But I had a sneaking suspicion they didn't quite believe it. Some how the question mark had leapt off my cover and onto each of them-*

4) @10:21 watching porn at Carrie's apt with chocolates (no Ch)

C: As long as that magazine's on the newsstands I'm not going out in public for fear of being scorned and chased with sticks. (Hits Samantha's hand as she tries

	to take multiple chocolates) Hey, one, ONE! I'm not smoking. M: Look at this! He climbs on top of her and the next thing you know, she's coming. No wonder men are so lost. They have no idea there's more work involved. C: So, still faking it? M: Yep. S: Is he that bad in bed? M: No. He's just- he's a guy. They can rebuild a jet engine but when it comes to a woman- What's the big mystery? It's my clitoris! Not the Sphinx. Ca: I think you just found a title for your autobiography. S: You know, it's really not their fault. They don't come with a manual. If I had a son, I'd teach him all about the vagina. Ca: If you had a son we'd call social services. M: The other night he told me he really likes that I can come while he's fucking me. How can he actually believe that's all it takes? Ca: Because you're faking it! M: I'm really hating myself right now. Ca: Could you please just tell me why? M: He's a nice guy. He means well. Ca: Oh, so it's codependent coming. S: Oh, I have to go. I'm meeting William after work and then, who knows? But from the way he dances, I'm fairly certain that I won't have to fake anything.	
<i>Four Women & A Funeral</i> (2:5) Runtime - (27:36)	1) @4:24 in the backseat of a limo (no M) Ch: It's just a drink. He works on the same block as my gallery. Ca: You picked up a man at a cemetery? Ch: He's really handsome and he went to Princeton. S: The widower thing is a definite no-no. Ch: Why? Ca: The dead wife factor. S: It doesn't matter how much of a bitch she was alive, now that she's dead, and you're the bitch who can't live up to her. Ch: You shouldn't talk about his wife like that.	No typing

S: See? Happening already.
 Ch: It's not his fault she died. And besides, I think going through something like that make him more sensitive. I mean, he's felt really deeply. He's in touch with his emotions. It's kind of romantic. Think about it. He's been married. I mean, it shows he can commit.
 S: Then date a divorced guy. They've committed and everyone's still alive.
 Ca: It didn't work for Big. All marriage did was convince him he hated committing.
 Ch: Carrie, you broke up with him.
 Ca: Oh, so I'm the one with the commitment problem?
 Ch: Well I'm just saying-
 2) @ 9:17 over lunch in a restaurant
 M: I'm telling you, if I was a single man, none of this would be happening.
 S: If you were a single man, I'd date you.
 M: I've got the money, I've got the great job, and I still get "It's just you?"
 Ca: Oh they're threatened. Buying a place alone means you don't need a man.
 M: I don't
 Ch: Everyone needs a man. That's why I rent. If you own and he still rents, then the power structure is off. It's emasculating. Men don't want a woman who's too self-sufficient.
 S: I'm sorry. Did some one order a Victorian straight-up?
 3) @ 12:05 Walking in Central Park (No S)
 M: One word: rebound.
 Ch: It's not a rebound when the other person is dead.
 Ca: She has a point.
 Ch: He's moving on, I'm helping him get over his wife.
 M: This guy has 'project' written all over him.
 Ch: That's not fair.
 Ca: So how was the sex?
 Ch: Amazing. It was like Liz was looking over us giving her blessing
 Ca: A threesome in absentia.
 Ch: I mean, my hat blew right into her headstone. She was clearly sending a

	message. M: Yeah – “Don’t fuck my husband, you hat loving bitch.” Ch: He invited me to a memorial service at her grave next week. That is huge. Ca: Excuse me but when did cemeteries get so happening? Ch: It’s a sign that he’s ready to move on. And he’s ready to do it with me. M: So you’re saying you fucked him back to life? Ch: In a way, yes. Ca: Man, you’re good.	
<i>The Cheating Curve</i> (2:6) Runtime - (25:00)	1) @4:16 at the Flea Market over Lemonade and pretzels Ch: I can’t believe he had the nerve to stand there kissing that woman and still pretend he wasn’t cheating on me Ca: Well, maybe he doesn’t consider kissing cheating. S: Oh come on, it was only your second date C: So? Doesn’t that still guarantee me fidelity until the end of the evening? M: Do you remember Ron, the married guy with two kids on Park Avenue? He didn’t consider fucking below 23rd street cheating. Ch: Well that’s insane. S: Men cheat for the same reason that dogs lick their balls – because they can. It’s part of their biology. Instead of wasting all this energy condemning it maybe its time we all got in line with the reality of situation. Ca: Well, that sounds very empowering, but you’re forgetting one important detail – M: God I hope so. Ca: Women cheat. Ch: Yeah, but it’s completely different. S: How? Ch: Because we don’t go around randomly attacking any man we’re attracted to. S: Speak for yourself. Ch: We’re not driven by testosterone. Ca: Then what does drive us according to you? Ch: Emotions. S: You mean hormones.	@5:36 <i>Is cheating like the proverbial tree in the forest? That it doesn’t exist if there’s no one around to catch you? In a gravity free world of anything goes what constitutes cheating?</i>

	Ch: No, I mean that little voice inside of me that says “Mate for life, mate for life.” S: Sweetheart, you can’t go through life listening to every fucking little voice that runs through your head, it’ll drive you nuts. Ca: The problem is, is that you two have very different definitions of what constitutes cheating. Ch: Well I don’t tolerate it. S: And I’m more forgiving and realistic about human nature. M: That’s because you cheat. Ca: I just don’t think you can define cheating in absolute terms. Ch: You’re saying you think its okay to cheat? Ca: Well, I think maybe there’s a cheating curve. That some one’s definition of what constitutes cheating is in direct proportion to how much they themselves want to cheat. M: That’s moral relativism. Ca: I prefer to think of it as quantum cheating. S: The fact is, the act of cheating is defined by the act of getting caught. One doesn’t exist without the other. 2) @14:30 in Carrie’s apartment (no Ch initially) Cocktails and snacks S: What is this thing guy’s have these days about wanting to shave your pubic hair? M: It’s obvious. They want a little girl. S: Well actually, in Thor’s case, it was more like being branded. M: What are you talking about? S: He shaved me in a shape: a lightning bolt. M: Where do you find these guys? Carrie are you listening to this? That very personal trainer of Samantha’s shaved her crotch in the shape of a lightening bolt. Ca: (peeks from the bathroom) Oh, really. It’s very creative. Sort of like X marks the spot. S: You know it’s a very neglected area. People are really starting to pay attention.	

M: Uh huh.

S: You can't just let it grow wild anymore. There is an entire business these days devoted to the upkeep and management of pubic hair. It says as much about you as your shoes.

M: Congratulations, it sounds like you found yourself a very talented stylist.

M: Carrie, what are you doing in there?

(buzzer rings) Ca: You know what? Can somebody get that? I'll be out in a sec.

Ch: Hey, sorry I'm late.

S: Wow. You didn't have to get all dressed up for us.

M: Why not? You did your hair.

Ch: Well, it's not for you guys. I'm meeting Lydia and her friends later on tonight.

S: Lydia? Whose Lydia?

M: Haven't you heard? Charlotte's a lesbian.

Ch: I am not a lesbian. I just have some new lesbian friends.

M: She's been out with them three times in the past week.

Ch: So? They're cool and they buy art and their lives are complicated by men.

M: I was a major lesbian in fourth grade. Wendy Kirsten. We kissed. It was nice.

S: They know you're straight, right?

Ch: I'm sure they do, but we don't even talk about sex. Believe me it's a non-issue.

M: You have to tell them otherwise you're just leading them on.

S: That's right. You're nothing but a big clit tease.

Ch: What are you two saying? That a straight woman and a gay woman can't be friends?

S: Of course they can, but you can't expect to move to Wonder Woman's island and not go native.

Ch: (sigh) Where's Carrie?

M: If she doesn't get out of the bathroom soon, we're gonna miss the movie.

S: Is everything okay in there?

Ca: Actually no. I need help. This is embarrassing, but I got a new diaphragm and it's stuck.

	M: How long has it been in there? Ca: Um, since last night. M: You mean while you were out getting your teeth cleaned this morning, it was – Ca: Yup. Now listen, I'm either gonna have to make an emergency visit to my gynecologist, or one of you is gonna have to give me a hand. M: I'd help you but I'm not very dexterous. (to Ch) You're the lesbian, get in there. Ch: No. S: Go! I just had my nails done. (cut to street- women are walking) S: You are so buying me dinner. M: Wait a second. Aren't we skipping a beat here? Who are you sleeping with? Ca: It's something that started again a few weeks ago. I don't know if it's real or not, so I didn't want to say anything, but it's Big. (all three women stop walking – and say "What" or "No") M: You're sleeping with Big? Ch: Carrie he was such an asshole to you. Ca: Not really. I mean, maybe sometimes but- S: Well, what makes you think it's gonna be any different this time? Ca: Well I dunno, I'm not sure they are, but it just kinda feels okay. M: If it feels okay, then why are you sneaking behind our backs? Ca: Look, we've got this physical, chemical connection that's hard to shake, so lay off okay? M: So now it's gonna be a casual sex thing? Ca: Maybe. S: Well that's gonna work. Ch: Even I am not that naïve. Ca: You know what, I'm really not in the mood to see a movie anymore (walks away – girls go after her)	
<i>The Chicken Dance</i>	1) @5:34 on Miranda's Apt steps drinking M: Everyone says, as soon as you get a place of your own, some one will	@8:15 <i>I started to wonder in a city as cynical as New</i>

(2:7) Runtime - (25:00)	propose. I thought it would be to me. Ca: Well, at the very least the woman owes you a mortgage payment. M: How is this even possible? These people just met. Ch: It's love at first sight. S: Oh honey, this isn't love. This is two people justifying a week of non-stop fucking. M: On my furniture! I have to redecorate. Ch: Well, I think this is encouraging. This means that even if you're not dating anyone, you could be engaged in a couple of weeks. Ca: Or, you could be dating some one for a year and be thrilled to get an electric toothbrush head. S: I don't understand why women are so obsessed about getting married. I mean married people just wanna be single again. If you're single the world is your smorgasbord. Man: Excuse me. Can you tell me if this is where Jeremy Field's engagement party is? M: It's the red awning – and it's a going away party. S: I can take you there if you like. Man: Were you going to the party? S: Well I was actually leaving the party because there was no handsome men there, but maybe the tide is turning. (leaves w/ Man) M: Oh, I get it. My apartment is going to be lucky for everybody but me. Ca: What apartment isn't lucky for Samantha? (cut to girls walking back to apt) M: (to Ch) This is all your fault. Ch: What? M: You introduced me to Madeline. I could have hired a nice gay decorator and none of this would've happened. Ch: But then Madeline and Jeremy might never have met. M: Yes! And Jeremy would have fallen in love with me. Ca: It's not like musical chairs. M: Why not me? What am I doing wrong? Am I invisible? Doorman: Can I help you?	<i>York, is it still possible to believe in love at first sight?</i>

M: I live here!
 2) @9:20 over lunch in a restaurant
 Ch: What does she want you to write?
 Ca: A poem about love.
 S: Dead God, I hope you said no.
 Ca: How do you say no to somebody that wants you to be involved in their wedding?
 M: If I could answer that, I wouldn't be in charge of the guestbook.
 Ca: (groans) Why did I agree to this? I write about sex, not love. What do I know about love?
 S: I might have to get married now.
 Ch: What?
 S: That guy I picked up at Miranda's –
 M: If you're engaged, I'm selling the apartment.
 S: Hardly. That night we went back to my place (cut to S in bed with Man – she realizes she's slept with him before.)
 Ca: So it was kinda like a reunion.
 Ch: I don't understand. How could you forget some one you slept with?
 Ca: (to Ch) Toto, I don't think we're in single digits anymore.
 Ch: Okay, but it's not like you shared a cab with this guy, I mean, you slept with him.
 S: Maybe we did it in a cab.
 M: I'd like to forget some of them men I've slept with.
 Ch: I keep a list.
 M: How sweet. "Men to do today."
 S: So I'm officially out of men to fuck. I have to get married or move.
 Ca: That's lovely. Can I use that in my poem?
 S: It's yours.
 Ch: Wait till you guys see my bridesmaid's dress?
 M: Is it hideous?
 Ch: No. We got to pick our own. It's this amazing backless black satin.
 S: Mmm. Pretty sexy for a bridesmaid!

	Ch: Well all Madeline said was that it had to be black. S: Honey, calm down- Ch: No! I have been tasteful and appropriate at seven other weddings. I'm always "Charlotte: don't look at me look at the bride." This time people are gonna look at me (slapping hand on table) Ca (v/o): <i>For some reason this whirlwind wedding was creating a great deal of stress for everyone but the bride and groom.</i>	
<i>The Man, The Myth, The Viagra</i> (2:8) Runtime - (25:01)	1) @4:46 outside patio for lunch M: If they're not married, they're gay or burned from a divorce or aliens from the planet "don't date me." Ca: It's amazing how many of them walk among us now. Only recognizable by their slightly larger heads. M: I asked him, point blank "How long have you been divorced?" "Three years." Just like that. "Three years." Guys are such liars. S: And 97% of them can't fuck you worth a damn. M: He tells me how much he likes me and boom, I believe him. Am I that needy? Ch: Well, maybe he really did like you. M: I swear, if you "Pollyanna-out" on me today, I'm gonna have to hit you with this rice pudding. Ch: This married man fell madly in love with my friend Amanda's friend Ashley. And he said he would get a divorce and he did. And they got married and they moved to Connecticut and he is this amazing husband and father. M: Never happened. Ch: Excuse me? M: Urban relationship myth. Unbelievable fairy tales concocted by women to make their love lives seems less hopeless. S: Exactly, except it makes you feel even more hopeless because this fabulous magical relationship is never happening to you. Ch: It did happen! M: It's right up there with that one about the guy who couldn't commit and the woman broke up with him and moved away to Kansas or some place and then	@ 7:00 <i>That afternoon, I got to thinking about myths and relationships...the primitive Greeks clung desperately to myths to explain the random hopelessness of their miserable lives. Do modern day singles need modern day myths just to help us get through our random, sometimes miserable relationships? Are we willing to believe anything to date?</i>

one night she comes walking home—

Ca: In the rain!

M: Always in the rain! And he's standing there in front of her door with an engagement ring, and he says "Marry me" and they live happily ever after.

Ch: But it can happen! People do live happily ever after. It happened to my friend Amanda's friend.

S: It's always a friend who knows a friend, who knows a friend, who knows a friend... Charlotte honey, have you actually ever known anyone whose relationship changed magically overnight?

Ch: Yes. (points to Ca) Look at Carrie and Big. They're relationship is totally different than it use to be.

M: How? Tell me. How is it different?

Ca: It just is. I can't explain it. Actually I can, but you're so scary right now, I won't.

M: No, really. Tell me.

Ca: It's just a feeling. I dunno something's shifted, it's like, um, maybe we both know that if we came together again it must be for a reason.

S laughs

Ca: What? Why is that so hard to believe?

M: How much time have you got?

2) In a club called "Denial" over drinks waiting for Mr. Big to come
Steve brings them drinks

S: (to Steve) Oh, look at you.

Steve: Well, If you want good service, send a bartender.

M: And if you want a good fuck, go home with one. (silence) Hello! It was funny.

Steve: Miranda, can I talk to you over there for a second? (leaves)

M: (leaving) The gods are punishing me for having casual sex.

(Steve asks Miranda why she hates men so much and for her to have faith in his character – she says she can't trust him and leaves)

S: Are you okay?

M: I don't want to talk about it.

	Steve: Nice meeting you all. (leaves) Ca: Guys, maybe we should get a table for us four. M: I knew it. (eyes watering) Big's not coming. Men are shit. Ch: Miranda, what are you talking about? (to Ca) He's coming, isn't he? Ca (v/o): <i>I didn't know if I had the heart to tell Charlotte that 'happily every after' really was just a myth.</i> Ch: See there he is! (points up) (Slow motion has Big descends stairs to come to the table. Carrie gives him a big hug.) Big: Hey! Woah, it's really coming down out there. Ca: You remember my friends? Big: Course I do. Hello ladies. (S and Ch say hello) Ca (v/o): <i>Seeing Big show up for me like that shook Miranda's lack of belief system to the very core.</i> Miranda: Excuse me. (leaves to go after Steve)	
<i>Old Dogs, New Dicks</i> (2:9) Runtime - (26.54)	1) @ 4:44 brunch in coffee shop Ch: There was so much skin, it was like a Shar-pei! Ca: You've never seen an uncircumcised one? Ch: I'm from Connecticut. M: Reminder- you're dating the guy not the penis. Ch: Aesthetics are important to me. S: It's not what it looks like, it's what they can do with it. Ch: Well, I don't need one that can make its own carrying case. S: Personally, I love an uncircumcised dick. It's like a tootsie pop- hard on he outside with a delicious surprise inside. M: I don't like surprises. I like it all out there where I can see it. Ch: Same here. I'm sorry but it is not normal. Ca: Well actually it is. Something like 85% of men aren't circumcised. Ch: Great! Now they're taking over the world. Ca: Honey, it's a penis not Godzilla. M: Hey! If 85% aren't circumcised that means I've only slept with 15% of the population, tops.	@ 6:43 <i>Can you change a man?</i>

Ca: Wow, you're practically a virgin.
 Ch: You know, he's a nice guy, Waspy guy. What went wrong?
 Ca: Well, maybe his parents were hippies and didn't believe in it.
 M: I am so circumsizing my kids.
 Ca: I think you can pay people to do that now.
 M: I don't ever wanna know there's a woman out there calling my son a Shar-Pei.
 S: All I'm saying is that uncut me are the best – they try harder. I should know. I've slept with five of them.
 Ch: Out of how many?
 Ca: Infinity.
 2) @11:45 in a bar, playing drag queen bingo.
 S: C'mon, c'mon "N-23."
 M: I really like him. But this morning thing is killing me. It's bad enough that we're never together at night, but after we do it in the morning he just wants to lie there with me.
 Ch: Everyone wants a guy who wants to cuddle!
 Drag Queen: O-33 ladies.
 S: Shit.
 Ca: Well I for one am jealous. Big won't even spend the night at my place. You know, what you have is real intimacy.
 M: It's bed arrest. I've been horizontal all day, and I had errands to do. I missed spinning.
 Ca: You don't have to spin if you're having sex.
 Drag Queen: B-12
 S: How about N-23?
 Ch: I don't know why I play this. I never win.
 M: Why do I have to be the one to change my routine?
 Ch: Well, maybe because you really like this guy and it wouldn't kill you to slow down a little.
 Ca: No, Miranda's right. Why is it the woman who always has to change and never the guy?

Ch: Because we are more adaptable.
 S: I love morning sex.
 M: I haven't had morning sex since college and then it was only cuz I didn't have to be in class till 11:00.
 Ch: Well, maybe you guys should come up with a schedule or something?
 M: A sex schedule? Very romantic.
 S: Yes, surprise him at the bar wearing nothing but a trench coat and a smile.
 Ca: Well now that would be a happy hour.
 Ch: I just think that if you really believe in a relationship then you should work at it.
 M: This from a woman who dumped a guy over foreskin.
 Ch: Actually, we're still dating.
 Ca: The Shar-Pei?
 Ch: He's getting circumcised.
 (all women look shocked)
 Ca: Please tell me that we're not invited to the Bris.
 (M laughs)
 S: Could I get another board please? (to Drag Queen)
 Drag queen: Samantha?
 S: Yes?
 DQ: It's me, Brad!
 S: Brad McColskey?
 Ca (v/o): *Brad was a semi-professional hockey player that Samantha had dated a few years back. Apparently the only thing he was checking these days were his pants, at the door.*
 Brad: Look at you Miss Thing, you look fabulous!
 S: Oh wow. So do you. Uh, when did you start doing –
 Brad: Oh well, about five years ago, right after you
 Ca (v/o): *Maybe Samantha was wrong. Apparently, she could change a man.*
 S: How are the kids?
 Brad: Oh, good good. Jake is in second grade-
 Ca: Jake has two mommies..
 Another DQ: There are other people here who need boards Samantha (to Brad)

	Brad: Take a chill pill Miss Saigon S: Samantha?! Brad: Well, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Gotta go, enjoy the game! S: I am so much prettier than him.	
<i>The Caste System</i> (2:10) Runtime - (27:40)	1) @ 3:30 over brunch in the coffee shop S: You told Big you love him because he gave you that? What did you think it was, a large diamond duck ring? (jewel encrusted purse shaped as a swan) M: I think my mother has one of these in the shape of a squirrel. Ca: Note, I did not say "I love the purse." Ch: What did he say? Ca: Well he just sorta (Cut to scene with Big responding to Carrie) acted stunned for a moment and then he said – Big: Ahem, well you're welcome. I'll just wait for your outside. (cut back to coffee shop) Ch: Well maybe he though you said "I love it." Ca: No, it was a very deliberate and distinct "you." M: So he just sorta pretended you didn't say it? Ca: Yea, sorta but we both know I did. So now I've laid down the gauntlet. He either has to say "I love you" back of I guess I'm gonna have to break up with him. Ch: Well how long are you going to give him? Ca: Well – I didn't put an expiration date on the sentiment but I'm thinking it has the shelf life of a dairy product. It's gonna start to curdle in a week. S: You know it's so interesting. You can tell a man "I hate you" and have the best sex of your life, but tell him "I love you," you'll probably never see him again. Ca: Awe that's just, that's very comforting right now. M: Wait a minute, time out. Did you even think at this very moment the man might be trying to find his own way to tell Carrie that he loves her? (women a speechless) Ca (v/o): <i>Listening to Miranda wax optimistic about love was more disorienting than a heat wave in February.</i>	@9:09 <i>Had our class system been replaced by a caste system? And if so can we date outside our caste?</i>

S and Ca: No.
 Ca: No
 2) @ 6:53 having pedicures
 Ch: A lot of wonderful artists worked as bartenders for years. It doesn't mean that he won't be making money someday.
 M: He's not an artist slash bartender. He's just happy being a bartender, period. No aspirations beyond shaking cocktails and refilling the peanut bowls.
 S: How is he in bed?
 M: There are no words.
 S: Sounds like a dream relationship to me.
 Ca: Yeah, he can make you come and then he can make you a cosmopolitan.
 Ch: Honestly! I don't know how you can get serious about some one whose entire future is based on tips.
 Ca: Wait a minute! Rich men date not so rich women all the time. I mean, c'mon look at me and Big. It's not about money, it's about compatibility.
 Ch: Yah, but it's normal for the guy to have more money.
 M, S, Ca: Oh c'mon!
 S: I know lots of women who make more money than their husbands.
 M: You're all missing my point. None of this matters to me. I just don't want it to matter to him. It's like when single men have a lot of money it works to their advantage. But when a single woman has money it's a problem you have to deal with. It's ridiculous. I want to enjoy my success not apologize for it.
 S: Bravo honey, bravo.
 Ch: But you're talking about more than a difference in income. You're talking about a difference in background and education. This guy is working class.
 M: Working class?
 Ch: Yeah.
 Ca: It's the millennium sweetie. We don't day things like working class anymore.
 Ch: But you're trying to pretend that we live in a classless society – and we don't. (looks over the women doing the pedicures)
 Ca: Okay, Marie-Antoinette, we get the picture. (to pedicurist) Thank you.
 S: You know, she's right. I'm dating a guy right now and he's got an actual

	servant. Ca: What? Ch: Really? S: Yah.	
<i>Evolution</i> (2:11) Runtime - (25:29)	1) @ 1:45 over lunch in the coffee shop M: I know what this is. My right ovary has given up hope that I will ever get married and have kids. It's like working on a case that you know is gonna settle out of court. Why bother? Ca: Well the left one still believes. M: I'm a biological underachiever. And it's ironic because that ovary went to Harvard. Ch: I have to a tilted uterus. M: So? Ch: So the sperm have to jump over that hurdle to get to my egg. M: Yes, but once they get there, there will be an egg. S: I need a new gynecologist, do you like yours? M: Not right now. S: I tried to go to a man, but it was too strange. Having a guy spend all that time down there and then you leave – without an orgasm and a bill. Ca: (looking through her purse) Hey you guys, I'm gonna get this. (the check) M: (holding Ca's spare underwear) Uh, I don't think these are accepted here. Ca: (taking them back) Oops! I'm spending the night at Big's. S: My God, after all this time you don't have so much as a drawer there Ca: Big is weird about stuff. M: All men are. That's why you have to stake our some territory. Ca: Sweetie, it's not a land run, it's a relationship. S: Exactly, talk to him about it. Ca: With Big I think it's best to walk softly and carry a big purse. Ch: Yes. She shouldn't leave anything there it's important to remain a creature of mystery. M: What's the big mystery? He knows that she wears underwear. S: I never leave underwear at a guy's place because I never see it again.	@ 11:26 <i>Are New Yorkers evolving past relationships?</i>

Ch: What happens to it?

S: Nothing, I just never go back.

Ca: Doesn't that get a little expensive, disposing of lingerie every time YOU sleep with a guy?

S: That's why I stopped wearing underwear on dates.

M: And that's why I'm never borrowing a dress from you again.

Ch: I once found another woman's underwear in a man's bed.

Ca: Maybe it was Samantha's!

M: You know once in Steve's bathroom, I found one of those hair-scrunchies from the 80s. I'm not sure what was more disturbing – the fact that he had a girlfriend before me or that he dating some one who wore a scrunchie.

Ca: Half my music collection was left behind by past boyfriends.

Ch: I always give that stuff back.

Ca: Oh, I don't. I consider it a parting gift. "Thanks for playing and here's the latest from 'Hootie and the Blowfish'."

S: They're sexual souvenirs.

M: Okay, then I want a t-shirt that says "I dated a bartender and all I got was this lousy ovary."

2) @ 6:33 at a bar over drinks

Ca: So what happened? What do you think?

Ch: I am so confused. Is he gay or is he straight?

Ca: Well it's not the simple anymore. The real question is: Is he a straight gay man or is he a gay straight man?

Ca (v/o): *The gay straight man was a new strain of heterosexual male spawned in Manhattan as the result of overexposure to fashion, exotic cuisine, musical theatre and antique furniture.*

S: Well hopefully he's a gay straight man. Which means he's straight with a lot of great gay qualities. Whereas a straight gay guy is just a gay guy who plays sports and won't fuck you.

M: He must be a gay straight man because he asked Charlotte out for a second date.

Ca: Unless, he's a straight gay man in denial.

Ch: But our thing Saturday night wasn't even a date. I didn't wash my hair and I wore my glasses.

S: (to M) Are those recreational, because this drink isn't doing it for me.

M: They're hormones. I'm trying to jump-start my ovary.

Ch: I think my mother is taking those for menopause.

M: Why? Does she have a tilted uterus too?

Ca: Hey! Isn't anyone going to notice my purse?

(ladies: Awee)

Ch: Cute! Is it new?

Ca: No, but it is quite small and panty free.

Ch: You left your underwear at Big's.

Ca: Well no, but I did leave a hair brush, a hair dryer, razors, tampons and eye-makeup remover.

M: Wow. Good for you.

Ca: And something else.

M: What?

S: What?

Ca: For the first time at Big's, I did a number two. (Samantha gestures for a high-five; Charlotte covers her ears and shakes her head)

Ch: No!

Ca: Yes! Now I think it's a good sign that I feel comfortable enough with Big to do the number two.

Ch: It is not a good sign. It's the end of romance!

M: This is a big deal. I went through an entire relationship never doing that at a guy's place. Including a weekend in Bermuda where I spent the whole time running to the lobby.

Ca: Yeah, it's tough in New York. You know, apartments are small. There's one bathroom. You can hear everybody's everything.

S: That's why I only date rich men. Money means that there's enough space to distance yourself from the number two.

Ch: I have never done the number two at a boyfriend's place.

S: Honey, you're so uptight you need to do a number seven.

<i>La Douleur Exquise!</i> (2:12) Runtime - (29:04)	1) @ 2:00 in an S&M themed restaurant Stanford: Excuse me, but when did wild sex come back into style? Ca: Oh, I think it was the weekend you spent at the Barney's warehouse sale Waiter: Three Cosmopolitans, a diet coke, and a vodka Martini with a twist. S: (Cracks her whip) I said olive. (Waiter bends down – she whips him gently) Bad waiter, bad waiter. M: What do you tip for that? S: Anyone else want a whack? (waiter leaves) Ch: How does he wait on tables dressed like that? It's so humiliating. Ca: Well, the summer I worked at Howard Johnson's, I had to wear an orange hat. S: Don't be so judgmental. This is just a sexual expression. All these people have jobs and pay their bills. They're just having fun with fetishes. (gestures with whip to Ch) I wonder what your fetish is. Stanford: Charlotte has a thing for Crabtree and Evelyn potpourri. Ch: I don't have a fetish S: Oh we all have a fetish. The difference between us and them is they're putting it out there where everyone can see. I think it's healthy and fabulous. Ca: Well (stands) it was lovely to see you all. And remember ladies: whipping on the first date is considered forward. Stanford: You sit yourself down Mistress Carrie. There are drinks present. Ca: No can do. Big's flying to Paris tomorrow for business and I wanna say goodbye. S: Oh, why not give him a goodbye he'll never forget. (hands Ca her whip and novelty top hat) Stanford: Sacrebleu! S: Go get him girl. 2) @ 8:04 brunch at coffee shop Ca: (slams down her glass) I wanted to kill him! And he's standing there giving me the "what's-the-big-problem" eyes, "You know, I don't understand you." Like it's my problem. Ch: Okay, just calm down. There are ways to make this work. It's just seven	@ 9:03 <i>In love relationships, there is a fine line between pleasure and pain. In fact, it's a common belief that a relationship without pain is a relationship not worth having. To some, pain implies growth. But how do we know when the growing pains stop and the pain-pains take over? Are we masochists or optimists if we continue to walk that fine line? When it comes to relationships how do you know when enough is enough?</i>

	months and you can go visit him in Paris and he can come back here- Ca: No – it’s not about that. It’s about the fact that I wasn’t even a factor in his decision making process. M: Totally. S: Men do this all the time. Women walk around thinking ‘we’ and their version of “we” is “me and my dick”. M: Totally. Ca: I mean, just tell me what’s going on! Is that too much to ask? “Um, Carrie, I’m thinking about going to France for the rest of my life!” Am I right? Ch: Totally. Ca: I mean, one minute he’s all over me and the next minute he’s pushing me away, and I just, I just cannot believe this is happening again! (slams hands on table) M: Yes, alright. Calm down. There’ll be no breaking of things. Ca: Why do I keep doing this to myself? I must be a masochist or something. Ca (v/o): <i>That’s when I realized it. I was in an S&M relationship with Mr. Big.</i> Ca: Excuse me. (leaves table)	
Games People Play (2:13) Runtime - (21:23)	1) @ 1:40 outside picnic table over lunch Ca: Someone who deserves me and not some screwed up, insecure guy who can’t deal with a woman who’s got her act together. Now, I’m gonna end up deliriously happy and Big is gonna die old and alone. And I pity him, really, I pity him. (sighs) (no response from the girls) What? M: Alright, who’s gonna tell her? Ca: What? (gestures that something is in her nose) S: Honey, you’re obsessed with talking about Big and frankly, we can’t take it anymore Ch: It’s out of our league. Ca: What is this? An intervention? M: Yes. Stop her before she obsesses again. Ca: Isn’t the whole breakup process that you get free reign to whine to your friends? Ch: Of course you do.	@ 8:10 <i>Were relationships just a big chess match?</i> <i>Strategy, moves, countermoves, all designed to keep your opponent off balance until you win?</i> <i>Was there such a thing as an honest relationship? Or was it true? Do you have to play games to make a relationship work?</i>

M: But maybe you should think about whining to a shrink
 Ca: Why should I pay some one when we can talk for free and then go get a drink or whatever? I don't need professional help – I've got you guys.
 S: Yeah, for about another ten minutes.
 M: And then we're cutting you off. Cold turkey.
 Ca: Hey, I don't need therapy, I need new friends.
 S: Look, we're as fucked up as you are. It's like the blind leading the blind.
 M: Sometimes it helps talking to somebody who's objective.
 Ca: (to M) Okay, I understand why you see a shrink because you're always in your head. But I'm fine. I am functioning. Besides, I don't really - to be honest, I just don't buy the whole shrink thing.
 Ch: Neither do I. I mean, my parents believe that any head problem can be solved with physical exercise. That's why all of us are really good tennis players.
 Ca: It's a slippery slope you know, first you're going once a week then it's three times a week, and then the next thing you know, you're starting your sentences with "Well my shrink says" –
 M: My shrink says that's a very common fear.
 Ca: Therapy is - it's just so self-indulgent. Ancient man didn't need shrinks to survive.
 M: Ancient man only lived till 30.
 Ca (v/o): *Were my friends right? Had I cross the line from pleasantly neurotic into annoyingly troubled?*
 2) @ 7:06 on the street talking about therapy session
 S: Well of course you pick the wrong guys. Jesus, I could have told you that.
 Ca: Well, frankly I think I picked the wrong therapist. I mean, she just did not get me at all. She thought I was a game player.
 Ch: But you have to be. It's the only way to deal with men.
 M: Oh, that's healthy! Relationships are not about games. They're about mature and honest communication.
 Ca: This coming from a woman who's playing peek-a-boo with her neighbour.
 Ch: Games are empowering if you know what you're doing. You can totally control the situation

	S: The only place you can control a man is in bed. If we perpetually gave men blow jobs we could control the world. Ca: And at least our hands would be free to greet dignitaries and stuff. Ch: I mean, you know, even if you're in a relationship you still have to play games. Ca: Yeah, Big and I played games, look where it got us. Ch: But maybe the game is not really over. Maybe it's just halftime. M: That kind of delusional thinking is why you should be in therapy too. Ca: I do not pick the wrong guys. They pick me. M: So what, you're like a fly strip for dysfunctional men? Ca: Yeah, but one of those really pretty floral scented ones. S: It's slim pickings out there. You can't swing a Fendi purse without knocking over five losers. Where did all the great guys go?	
<i>The Fuck Buddy</i> (2:14) Runtime - (25:01)	1) @4:10 in the park having a picnic M: The weird thing is, when he tells me what to do in life, it drives me crazy. But when he tells me what to do during sex, it really drives me crazy. It's totally hot. Ch: That looks like a good spot Ca: Everybody check for park poo. M: I mean isn't that funny? That what I hate in life I love in sex? S: So how about you limit your contact to him to just sex? M: Oh, that's a nice, healthy relationship. The thing is I'm not ready yet to throw in the towel. Ca: No you're just ready to wrap it around his neck. M: He's going through a very stressful time, waiting to make partner at his firm. When that finally works out, maybe he'll lighten up a bit Ca: Or maybe you should face the fact that you're attracted to angry guys. Ch: Deviled eggs? M: Wait a second, hold the eggs. What about Skipper? He never got angry. Ca: Yeah, and you dumped him. Fits a pattern. S: I don't have a pattern. Ca: In math, randomness is considered a pattern.	@ 5:50 <i>I wondered – were we all just victims of conditioned responses? Doomed to repeat the same unconscious relationship patterns? Were we all, in fact, just dating the same person over and over again?</i>

S: Yes, and I'm what they call a prime number.
M: (To Ch) You've got a very obvious pattern you know.
Ch: I do? What? Tell me.
M: You wait for a perfect guy to ask you on a perfect date -
Ca: And when he does you project this huge fantasy on him, setting up these enormous expectations-
S: Which promptly blow up in your pretty little face.
Ca: You put all your deviled eggs in on basket, so to speak.
Ch: That's a horrible pattern.
S: Well, spread it around a bit more. Date a few guys at once and then you won't feel so disappointed.
Ca: Are you asking Charlotte to juggle?
S: It's all about multi-tasking. None of us can afford to call into this one man at a time pattern. I mean, look how much time you wasted with Big.
Ca: Yeah, but Big was an aberration. Next time I meet a handsome, wealthy and emotionally unavailable 43-year old man, I'll know what to expect.
M: Will you? Or will you just make the same mistake all over again?
2) @10:02 at a Yoga class
S: Carrie, you can't date your fuck buddy.
Ca: Say it a little louder. I don't think the old lady in the last row heard you.
S: You wanna take the only person in your life that's there purely for sex, no strings attached and turn him into a human being? Why?
Ch: Excuse me, "fuck buddy"? What is a "fuck buddy?"
(all women sigh)
S: Oh come on.
Ca: A fuck buddy is a guy you probably dated and it didn't really go anywhere but the sex is so great you sort of, keep him on call.
S: He's like "dial a dick"
Ch: You mean, you just call this guy up when you're, you know, horny?
(Women agree in unison) And he just comes right over?
S: Well, he's not a slave sweetheart. He does have a life.
M: But you don't really have to know about it.

Ca: And, you're generally guaranteed delivery to Manhattan in six hours or less.
 Ch: And you guys all have one?
 M: Well, mine moved to Chicago but now we have phone sex.
 Ca: What's he doing in Chicago.
 M: (smiles) I have absolutely no idea.
 3) @ 15:15 in a restaurant for brunch
 Ca (v/o): *That Saturday, Miranda planned for us all to meet her latest fling for brunch. Apparently he had flung himself elsewhere.*
 M: He should be here any minute. I –
 Ca: Hey, don't worry about it. If it's just us it's fine.
 S: It's not like we've got anywhere else to go.
 Ch: I do. I have a date tonight.
 S: With whom?
 Ch: That yoga guy. I asked him out.
 Ca: Wow, I'm impressed.
 Ch: You know, once I broke the ice with him, it was just like riding a bike. I have so many dates this week that I had to schedule two in one night.
 M: You double booked?
 Ch: Well I had to. This one guy was going out of town for three weeks and the other guy I couldn't cancel.
 Ca: So how do you conceive pulling this one off?
 Ch: Early dinner with bachelor number one, late supper with bachelor number two.
 S: My God, you're turning into a man.
 Ca (v/o): *Apparently, Charlotte had done more than break a pattern. She had actually changed genders.*
 Ch: I just don't know how I'm going to eat two dinners in a row.
 Ca (v/o): *And just like that, she was a woman again.*
 (M's date shows up) Sorry babe. The idiot who drove me here apparently passed his driving test in Bangladesh. I'm just happy to get off that fuckin' rickshaw in one piece.
 M: Kevin, this is Carrie and Samantha and Charlotte. This is Kevin.

	Kevin: (walking away) It's nice to meet you. I have to go make a quick phone call, I'll be right back. Waitress! Draft beer here! Ch: He's cute. S: In a tightly wound sort of way. M: He's finding out on Tuesday whether he made partner. I'm keeping my fingers crossed that he'll unwind some after that. (Waitress spills a bit of beer as she puts it on the table. Miranda wipes off the glass) Ca: What are you doing? M: I just don't want him going off on the waitress.	
Shortcomings (2:15) Runtime - (26:10)	1) @ 3:06 over brunch in the coffee shop M: I don't wear vintage clothes. I hate flea markets, I don't collect antiques. Is it too much to ask that not be, I don't know- used? Ca: Okay, before it goes any further, just make sure his parts are still under warranty. M: It's like chewing some one else's gum. S: Well, divorced men do come with baggage. M: Yeah, baggage is one thing – but when they come with kids – Ca: Especially kids with bladder control issues. S: Here's what I think. Round up all the divorced men and keep them in a pound. That way you get their whole history before you take one home. Ch: Just because a man is divorced doesn't mean he has a problem. Like my brother Wesley. He just separated from his wife Leslie – S: Wesley and Leslie? I don't think so. Ca: What is that? Marriage by Mother Goose? M: Definitely a candidate for the pound. Ch: Okay, I was going to ask you all to meet him 'cause he's coming to visit me, and now forget it. Ca: No no no honey. We want to meet Wesley. Of Wesley and Leslie. And p.s., does he work for Nestle? Ch: My brother is very important to me and I'm not gonna have him subjected to scrutiny and ridicule. S: (to M) I'll be Scrutiny. You be Ridicule.	@ 11:49 <i>In my mind the complication of making a relationship work had just expanded exponentially. When you date some one, how many people become emotionally involved? When you sleep with someone are you screwing the family?</i>

	M: I always have to be Ridicule. Why can't you be Ridicule for once? Ca: (To Ch) I know. 2) @ 10:44 during dinner (no Ch) S: Get out now before he stains all of your sheets. M: Oh, come on, that's harsh. It could be that he was just nervous. Ca: First time is always weird. M: And he probably had something to drink. Ca: And we just spent the whole day with his family. S: Look, the guy could not get his Cadillac into the garage. Honey, I'm sorry, I hate being right about this. Ca (v/o): <i>Samantha was the General Patton of sex. She didn't like sending her troops into battle if she thought they would lose.</i> Ca: I like him. S: Well, that's real swell, but it still doesn't get the cream on the cupcake. Ca: But the thing I like best about him is his family. S: Hmm. Anyone there you can fuck? (Ca and M look shocked) What? I'm trying to be helpful. Ca: I'm telling you, this family is like- they got charisma. Like Tom Cruise – they're like the Tom Cruise of families. M: I'm pretty sure that family is supposed to be the obstacle to the relationship – not the attraction. S: I fucked a guy once because his family had a pool. He was pretty much a nerd, but I'd go over there, get all cocoa-buttered up. His mom loved me. She was always serving me Kool-Aid and chips. Ca: Kool-Aid? S: Yeah, Kool-Aid. I was 13. And honey, you should have seen my tan.	
<i>Was it Good for you?</i> (2:16) Runtime - (27:22)	1) @ 13:15 brunch at the coffee shop Ca: (To waitress) I'm gonna have the Spanish omelet, hash browns, more coffee and orange juice. Oh! And can I have some rice pudding for later? Thanks. S: Storing up for winter? Ca: No, I'm starving. Patrick and I – all last night – and I'm just – (look at Ch who is very disinterested)	No typing/voice-over

	Ch: No, it's okay. Just because I'm bad in bed doesn't mean everybody has to be. M: Okay, one more time. You are not bad in bed. Ch: Oh really? Has a man ever fallen asleep making love to you? S: No, but I once fell asleep when a guy was doing me. It was the ludes. Ch: It's okay. I'm mature enough to realize that while I may be good at some things like accessories, that I might need help in others like – S: Fucking? Ch: Making love. So, I'm taking a class. S: A “fucking” class? Ch: No – a tantric sex workshop. Ca: Well just don't drink any suspicious Kool-Aid or put on new Nikes. Ch: Oh, it's not like that. It's taught by this well-respected woman psychologist. It's called “How to Please a Man” M: I know how to please a man – you just give away most of your power. Ch: Look, I have a trainer for the gym, I can have a trainer for – S: Fucking? Ch: Please stop saying that. Ca: Are you actually gonna do this? Ch: Yup. And uh, seating was limited, so I signed you guys up. Please? Please! I can't go alone, and if Bram ever falls asleep on me again I will die. Please. Pretty please. Pretty please with sugar on top on it? Ca: Christ, I'm in. M: What the hell. I don't exactly have them hanging from the rafters. S: “How to Please a Man” -I could teach the damn class. (sigh) All right.	
<i>Twenty something girls vs. Thirty something women</i> (2:17)	1) @1:40 during brunch Ch: It's a really cute three-bedroom cottage. And they're giving us a fantastic deal for the month of August. Ca: Yeah of course it's a good deal because it's haunted with cheating boyfriends and sexual rejection. S: We can always burn sage. M: Okay, sharing a house with your girlfriend was fine in your twenties. But in	@ 8:12 <i>Should we fear these freshly minted single women as a threat to our very survival or pity them as clueless half-wits about to get their dreams dashed and illusions shattered?</i> <i>Twenty something girls -friend or foe?</i>

Runtime - (25:31)	your thirties, isn't it a bit pathetic like being the oldest kid at summer camp? S: She has a point. My 25 year-old assistant, Nina Grabowski, has a summer share in Bridgehampton with 18 other girls. They have to sleep in shifts. Ca: What do they do when they meet some one? S: Oh, they fuck in shifts too. Ch: Hold it, hold it. I can't believe you guys would pass up a chance to get out of this sweltering heat. And besides, the city's completely dead during August. Ca: That's because everyone's in the Hamptons. M: Or stuck in traffic trying to get there. Ch: But this could be the last summer we can all get together and do something like this. I mean, next year who knows? One of us could be married, or have kids, and then we'll always regret that last summer we didn't spend together in the Hamptons. Ca (v/o): <i>Charlotte's sweet hopefulness touched something in all of us.</i> Ca: Okay I'm in. M: Me too. S: Fine. But I get the late shift.	
<i>Ex and the City</i> (2:18) Runtime - (32:17)	1) @ 1:25 dessert at the coffee shop Ca: He just looked so hurt. Like a kid in one of those big-eye velvet paintings. Ch: Oh, poor Steve. M: Well, I'm sorry, I panicked. What was I gonna do? Stand around and chit-chat about the weather? The man has been inside me for godsakes. Ch: (to waitress) Can I get more Sweet 'n Low? M: I have never been able to be friends with an ex-boyfriend. I meet those couple who stay friends and I think, how? How do they do that? S: I've never been able to be friends with any man. Why would I? Women are for friendships, men are for fucking. Ca: Honey, you have got to learn to form and opinion. Ch: Friendship is the bonus of the relationship. If they don't want the relationship, then they don't get me as a friend. Ca: So what? If you don't make it as a couple you withhold your friendship as punishment?	@ 3:33 <i>I got to thinking about the ex-factor. In mathematics, we learn that X stands for the unknown. $A + B = X$. But what's really unknown is, what plus what equals friendship with and ex? Is this an unsolvable equation? Or is it possible to transform a once-passionate love into something that fits nice and easily into the friendship shelf? I can't help but wonder can you be friends with an ex?</i>

Ch: Well you make it sound so bad.

S: Black widow spiders bite the heads off their mates when they're through with them. I think withholding friendship is letting them off easy.

Ca: Hey can you imagine you guys? Instead of the whole awful breaking up scene, you're just like "Hey you, come here" and you just chomp their head off?

M: Believe me, I would love to be one of those people whose all, "We loved, thank you. You've enriched my life. Now go, prosper." But I'm much more "We didn't work out, you need to not exist."

Ca: It's just so childish. Not you, the whole situation. I mean we keep dresses we'll never wear again, but throw away our ex-boyfriends. I'm not saying I'm any better. I mean, I'm not, you know, I haven't been able to be friends with Big but if you love some one and you break up, where does the love go?

S: To their next girlfriend!

Ca: Oh no, no no –that is a different love. There is no way that the love that Big and I shared is the same thing he has with Natasha.

M: Natasha? When did you stop calling her the Idiot Stick Figure with no soul?

Ca: About three weeks ago when I saw them at Café M. He was holding her hand and smiling and – I finally got it. They're happy, slash we're over. And it was okay.

S: Natasha, what a bullshit name.

M: Totally.

Ch: Stupid.

Ca: Yeah, it's complete bullshit.

2) @ 25:52 over drinks in a bar

Ca: I can't believe my ex-boyfriend is six blocks away at the Plaza having an engagement brunch.

Ch: I can't believe he had the nerve to invite you.

Ca: Oh no no no. It's my fault. I had to make the big 'let's be friends' speech. I mean who am I kidding? Big and I were never friends. We were something else. Something that apparently did not end with an engagement party at the Plaza.

S: Do we want another round?

Ca: What do you think?

S: (to Waitress) Four more please.
 Ca: Do you know I think I can actually feel them over there eating shrimp? It just (groan) why her? I mean really, why her?
 M: One word: Hubbell.
 Ch: Hubbell.
 Ca: Oh my God! Hubbell! It is. It is so Hubbell!
 S: Who's Hubbell?
 Ca: Hubbell! Robert "Hubbell" Redford in *The Way We Were* !
 Ch: Oh, I love that movie.
 Ca: No, I love, love, love that movie!
 S: Never saw it.
 (Ca, Ch and M all in unison) Oh my God!
 M: What are you, an alien? How could you not have seen *The Way We Were*?
 S: Chick film.
 M: Okay. Robert Redford is madly in love with Barbara Streisand.
 Ch: Katie.
 Ca: k-k-k-Katie.
 Ch: Oh, k-k-k-Katie, right!
 M: Yeah, but he can't be with her because she's too complicated. And she has wild curly hair.
 Ca: Hello? (holds her hair up) C-c-c-curly.
 M: Yah. So he leaves her and marries this simple girl. With straight hair.
 Ca: Ladies. I am having an epiphany. The world is made up of two types of women: the "simple" girls and the "Katie" girls. I'm a "Katie" girl! And where are our drinks?
 Ch: I always, always always cry at the last scene of that movie when she sees him in front of the hotel with his new wife-
 Ca: The simple girl.
 Ch: And she reaches up –
 Ca: And she smooths his hair away –
 Ch: And she says to him-
 (Ch and M together) "You're girl is lovely, Hubbell."

	Ch: And then the music comes in. Ca: (sings) Memories- M: Oh my God, it's so good. Ca: (singing) Like the corners on my mind. Ch and Ca: (singing) Misty water coloured memories. Of the way we were. M: Let me do my favorite part – (sings) Can it be? Ca: Oh yes, yes! Ch, M and Ca: (singing) Can it be that it was all so simple then? Or has time re-written every line? If we had the chance to do it all again, tell me, would we? Ca: Could we? Ch, M and Ca: (singing) Memories. S: I miss James! Ca: Excuse me?	
Where There's Smoke (3:1) Runtime - (29:05)	1)@ 00:54 on the ferry to Staten Island M: Well this is good. We're actually crossing water to meet men. Ca: Reminder, I am not going to Staten Island to meet men. I am going to judge them. Ca (v/o): <i>One of the perks of being a minor New York celebrity is that you get invited to major events like the Fire Department of New York's annual calendar competition.</i> Ch: This is an awfully long way to go watch some firemen take their shirts off. S: Honey, I'm on the fucking ferry. I better see more than just pecks. Ch: Woo I'm freezing. I just don't understand why they couldn't just hold the competition in a bar in Manhattan. I mean, they have firemen on the Upper East Side too you know. Ca: Yes I do know sweetie. And they only put out the really top-notch fires. Ch: Look at how small it looks (Manhattan) M: Who would've thought an island that tiny would be big enough to hold all our old boyfriends? 2) @ 10:39 during breakfast at the coffee shop S: And I'm telling you, I don't think a guy's ever gotten me that wet. Ca: Pass the salt. M: Milk.	@ 11:09 <i>Later that day I got to thinking about fairy tales. What if Prince Charming had never shown up? Would Snow White have slept in that glass coffin forever? Or would she have, eventually woken up, spit out the apple, gotten a job, a health care package and a baby from her local neighborhood sperm bank? ...Inside every confident driven, single woman, is there a delicate fragile princess just waiting to saved?</i> <i>Do women just want to be rescued?</i>

S: Ladies, let me tell you about his cock.
 Ch: Will you be quiet? The people at the next table have a child.
 S: Well that's their choice.
 Ca: You know, Little Miss Hangover is right. Can we lighten up on the cock talk until cocktail time?
 M: Fine. I just wanted to let you know that my fireman was every bit the fantasy I had in mind.
 M: New York's finest.
 Ca: That's cops.
 M: Whatever.
 Ch: I think it's wrong to sleep with a man just to fulfill a certain fantasy.
 S: Oh please, all the men we sleep with fulfill a certain fantasy.
 Ca: Or a nightmare.
 S: You fantasize a man with a Park Avenue apartment, a nice big stock portfolio, for me, it's a fireman with a nice big hose.
 M: And why are firemen always so fucking cute Even when they're not that cute, they're still cute? What's up with that?
 Ca: Well first, there's a weight limit. And second it's the hero thing. You know you see them up on that truck-
 S: Oh, that truck is hot.
 Ca: Hurrying off to save some one on a burning ledge or something –
 M: Plus they got that "I'm a good guy" look in their eyes. It's that look.
 Ch: It's because women really just want to be rescued.
 Ca (v/o): *There it was. The sentence independent single women in their thirties are never supposed to think, let alone say out loud.*
 Ch: I'm sorry, but it's true. I've been dating since I was fifteen, I'm exhausted, where is he?
 M: Who, the white knight?
 S: That only happens in fairy tales.
 Ch: My hair hurts.
 Ca: Charlotte honey, did you ever think that we're the white knights and we're the ones who have to save ourselves.

	Ch: That is so depressing. Ca: Is it?	
<i>Politically Erect</i> (3:2) Runtime - (28:41)	1) @ 4:09 over lunch on a patio Ch: I can't believe you're dating a politician. You're not even registered to vote. Ca: It's the undecideds they're really after. S: Well I totally get it. Not only is he good looking, but he's got the power thing going for him. It's gotta be a turn on. Ca: Yeah, I'm dating the potential comptroller. It's hot. Ch: I want to help out with the campaign. M: Since when are you interested in politics? Ch: Always. It's a really great way to meet men. And with Carrie by our side, we can just get to meet the inner circle and all the really interesting donors. M: By "interesting men", she means single and rich. Ca: Well guys, he's not running for president. S: Oh he should I'd vote for him. He's really cute. M: So? S: I always vote for candidates according to their looks. Ca: I base my vote on the swimsuit competition. S: The country runs better with a good looking man in the white house. Look what happened to Nixon. No one wanted to fuck him, so he fucked everyone. Ch: I used to have a college crush on Dan Quayle. Ca: The country needs a president in a hat. No one wears a hat anymore. FDR. Good President. Wore a hat. M: So busy picking out a hat he forgot to get in the war. Ch: I had a college crush on Dan Quayle. Ca: Yeah, we pretty much tried to ignore that the first time. Ch: I think it was his crisp white shirts. Reminded me of my father. M: So basically, you're just voting for your father? S: I always though there was something homoerotic about Quayle's relationship with Bush, very Batman and Robin. Ch: Well, based strictly on looks, no one was more handsome that JFK. Ca: Or quicker to jump in the sack I might add.	@ 7:00 <i>I did find it interesting that a discussion about politics ultimately became a discussion about sex and a discussion about sex ultimately became a question of politics. Which lead me to wonder if the two weren't in fact, inextricably linked? And if so, can there be sex without politics?</i>

M: I'm glad you three weren't around during the original 13 colonies. I don't think our founding fathers were very fuckable.

S: I don't know. I heard that Thomas Jefferson was a real fox.

2) @ 9:00, at the buffet table at a political fundraiser

S: What do you guys consider to be the high difference between a short person and a little person?

Ca: A little person?

S: You know, a midget.

Ch: A midget or a dwarf?

S: What's the difference?

Ca: I think "little person" is the proper way to refer to an adult under 5 feet.

S: Well, then I agreed to go on a date with a very short person. But I didn't realize he was so short. I mean, sitting down he was perfectly proportional, standing up, he barely clears my nipples.

Ca: Well that may be the perfect height.

S: I'd like to cancel the thing but I can't just because he's a munchkin.

Ca: You know, this is a very politically incorrect conversation to be having at a political fundraiser.

Ch: But anything less than 5 feet is unacceptable. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go mingle 'cause there are lots of cute guys here and these things never last beyond two martinis. (leaves)

3) 15:07 in front of a movie theatre

M: I would be very worried if I were you. The pee could just be foreplay.

Ca: Oh my God!

M: Where there's smoke – I'm just saying.

S: This is so typical of men in power. They just want to be dominated and humiliated.

Ch: (to Ca) What did you say when he asked you?

Ca: Well, I told him I'd just gone but maybe another time? I really don't think that I can keep saying that forever!

S: I peed on a guy once during sex, but it was an accident.

M: What did he say?

	S: Honestly, I don't even think he noticed. Ch: I once had to stop eating meat for six months. Ca: So this is what it comes down to: ready, set, pee? S: Look, sometimes for the right guy, you have to make concessions. There's always gonna be something. Ca: Are you guys seriously advocating I do this? S: Well, why not? He's a great looking, rich, political prince. Ca: Oh, sure it's practically a fairy tale: "The Princess and the Pee" Ch: You know, if you really do feel like you can't work it out with Bill, then just bring him to this party I'm having Friday night. Everyone is bringing a guy they're no longer interested in. S: That's a great idea! I can bring my short guy. Ch: Yes! Ca: Yea, that's terrific. You're dating a munchkin and I've got to follow the yellow brick road.	
<i>Attack of the 5'10 Woman</i> (3:3) Runtime - (26:29)	1) @ 1:00 during brunch in a restaurant Ch: This is so depressing. The oldest woman on this page is 27. M: I don't wanna hear that. Now I'm all depressed and I haven't even had my coffee yet. Ch: Well at least you have a boyfriend. M: That doesn't mean I'm getting married. It means I'm getting laid. Ca: Yes, and on a regular basis no less. S: I'll drink to that. Ch: (read) "Until recently, the bride, 24, worked as an account supervisor at Ogilvy & Mather." Twenty-four! Ca: Okay, honey. No more reading aloud. M: I love how they say "Until recently, the bride..." Ca: Yeah, meaning she quit her job as soon as she found her soul mate – slash-investment banker. M: It's so retro. "Okay I have a big rock on my finger, now I can start forgetting about my career." S: "Until recently the bride had a life of her own."	@ 9:20 <i>Are there women in New York who are just there to make us feel bad about ourselves?</i>

Ca: You know who those women marry? The roman-numeral guys.
 Ch: (reads) "Charles Duffy Anderson IV"
 Ca: Ding, ding, ding.
 S: I find the higher the number, the worse the sex. I went out with somebody the III who couldn't even get it up.
 M: Imagine how bad Henry VIII must have been.
 Ca: Yeah, you give him head. He cuts yours off.
 Ch: This couple met on a bike tour. I can barely get through spinning and all the men in there are gay.
 Ca (v/o): *It's amazing how upset women can get over the marital status of strangers.*
 Ch: (gasps and closes the paper)
 M: What was that?
 Ch: Nothing.
 Ca: Let me see.
 Ch: Nope. Nothing to see.
 S: Oh you're such a bad liar. (opens the paper – they see a picture of Big's wedding)
 Ca (v/o): *And then there's the occasional familiar face.*
 Ca: Well, it's official. He's married. Where are my homefries. (pause – looks at women) (sigh) It's, it's fine, all right? It's fine. I was prepared for this, guys. He – he, they had an engagement party at the Plaza.
 Ch: But sometimes engagements break off.
 M: This one didn't. Let's move on.
 Ca: I just don't understand why their wedding gets to be like a short story. Why not just an announcement. I mean, what's next? Big and Natasha the movie?
 S: It's fluff. It's PR. Anyone can be the story.
 Ch: Anybody who's getting married.
 See this is what I hate about the Sunday Times. This and all the country houses I can't afford.
 2) @ 11:00 walking to the Sauna at a Spa
 M: It's like I hired my mother.
 Ca (v/o): *Luckily, Manhattan has spas, where a woman can pay to feel good about herself.*

	Ca: I just can't believe she opened your goody drawer. I mean, everyone knows the nightstand is private. Ch: What do you have in there? M: You know, the usual. Condoms, vibrator. Ca: Massage oil, cigarettes. S: Nipple clamps. Ch: Really? S: Not for me, for them. Ch: That's freakish. M: (To Ch) What's in your goody drawer? <i>Robert's Rules of Order?</i> Ch: I don't have a good drawer. Ca: Oh, everybody has a goody drawer. S: I have a goody closet. Ca: I don't need to know what's in your goody closet. M: Ditto. Nipple clamps will suffice for today.	
Boy Girl, Boy Girl (3:4) Runtime - (28:49)	1) @ 1:49 in front of hors devours table in Charlotte's gallery Ca: Okay what was that about? Nobody loves canapés that much. Ch: He makes me nervous. M: The drag king stuff? Ch: No I think he's (sigh) S: So, ask him out. Ch: Oh I can't. You know me, I can never make the first move. Ca: Sounds like someone needs a sock in the pants. M: Well, I'm gonna drag myself home. You wanna share a cab? Ca: No I'm meeting Sean. Ch: Ohhh the young guy? Ca: He's not that young. M: Carrie he's 26. His generation has a totally different letter than ours. Ca: Oh, who cares? Age is an illusion. Good night. M: Night. 2) @ 6:50 over brunch in the coffee shop Ca: He's bisexual.	@ 8:45 <i>Was sexual flipping the wave of the future? And if that was, could I play that game or I was over the hill? If women can transform into men and men can become women and we can choose to sleep with everyone, then maybe gender doesn't even exist anymore. If we can take the best of the other sex and make it our own, has the opposite sex become obsolete?</i>

S: Well, I could have told you that sweetie. He took you ice skating for godsake.
 Ca: The weird thing is he was so open about it. You know, "Hi, I'm a bisexual" like, "Hi, I'm from Colorado." Or something.
 M: I don't think you're allowed to be a bisexual in Colorado.
 Ca: "Is that a problem?" I mean, what kind of question is that? "Is that a problem?"
 M: Of course it's a problem.
 Ch: What did you say?
 Ca: I said it wasn't a problem. I panicked! He's such a good kisser.
 S: You know that generation is all about sexual experimentation. All the kids are going bi.
 Ca: So what, if all the bi kids are jumping off a bridge, you gonna do that too?
 S: I'm a trisexual – I'll try anything once.
 Ca: When did this happen? When did the sexes get all confused?
 M: Somewhere between Gen X and Gen Y and they blended and made XY.
 Ca: You know I did the whole "date-a-bisexual-guy-thing" in college, but in the end, they all ended up with men.
 S: So did all the bisexual women.
 Ch: Which explains why there are no available men left for us.
 Ca: Oh geez. Maybe I do have a problem with this. I'm an old fart.
 S: Correction. A hot old fart.
 Ca: I'm not even sure bisexuality exists. I think it's just a layover on the way to gaytown.
 M: Isn't that right next to Ricky Martin-ville.
 S: You know, I think it's great. He's opened to all sexual experiences. He's evolved. It's hot.
 M: It's not hot, it's greedy. He's double dipping!
 S: You're not marrying the guy! You're making out with him. Enjoy it. Don't worry about labels.
 Ca: Aw, you're right, you're right –
 Ch: I'm very into labels. Gay. Straight. Pick a side and stay there.
 (M stands)

	Ca: Hey, sister. Where are you going? M: Home. I've got a date with my remote control. Steve's playing basketball. That means at least three hours of blissfully uninterrupted alone time. Ca: What about my problem? M: Stop kissing him. Ca: Easy for her to say.	
No Ifs Ands or Butts (3:5) Runtime - (23:53)	1) @ 1:21 in a restaurant over dinner S, Ca and Ch: Ewwe! Ch: I mean, all around my mouth. S, Ca and Ch: Ewwwe! Ch: How do you think I felt? His tongue actually licked my teeth. S: I don't get it. Did he want to fuck you or floss you? M: Bad kissers are the worst. Ca: The worst. When it comes to the worst, they're at the top. The top of the worst. Ch: He has these sweet little lips. I thought he would be a good kisser. Ca: See that's the scary thing, you can never tell. They look totally normal. M: Until their pointy tongue is darting in and out of your mouth. Ca: Ugh – stabby little pointy tongue. That is the worst of the worst! S: No, what's worse is when they expect you to do all the work and they're tongue just lays there in our mouth like a clam. All: Ewwwe. Ca: Clam mouth! That's the worst! S: And that point I say "Get that thing out of my mouth, put it in a cab and takes it's lazy ass home." Ch: You'd dump a guy because of a bad kiss? S: Honey, you have to. I mean, if their tongue's just gonna lay there, what do you think their dick's gonna do? Ca: Point taken. Ch: Maybe we can work on it. Practice makes perfect. S: No, no, no, no, dump him. A bad kisser is a non-negotiable. Ch: I am not gonna dump Brad just because of that.	1) @ 14:25 <i>When the hell did dating become so dump friendly? What happened to the time when a bad kiss or a cigarette or even a ridiculous dream was just a part of a person's portfolio? In today's volatile dating market is it wise to liquidate certain stocks at the very first sign that they might not perform as expected? Or are there certain things one should try and negotiate? In relationships, what are the deal breakers?</i>

S: Then might I suggest you change his name from “Brad” to “Bad?”

Ch: But I really like him. I mean I did until –

M: Until his tongue was in your stomach?

All: Ewwwe!

Adeena comes in: I’m gonna have to ask you ladies to hold it down. This is a respectable restaurant.

Carrie (v/o): *Adeena Williams was my newspaper’s former food editor. And the chef and private owner of Fusion, a restaurant whose specialty was a mingling of trendy food with soul food. Martha Stewart meets Puff Daddy on a plate.*

Adeena: So. Poached salmon with okra?

(All women praise in unison)

Adeena: Trust me, this time next year, okra will be the new edamame.

Chivon: Hey Sis, we’re leaving. You want to come say goodbye?

Adeena: Everybody this is my successful brother who brings me tons of that juicy music industry business. (All say hi) Listen, I gotta go, but I’m sending over dessert.

Ca: No!

Adeena: Ahh, pecan and praline pie.

Ca: Yes!

Chivon: (to S) Didn’t I meet you at the Columbia Records party for Jennifer Lopez?

S: I don’t think so. My PR firm handled it, but I’m sure I’d remember meeting you.

Chivon: Well I guess I just saw you. I’m Chivon Williams –

S: Tommy Boy Records. I remember from the guest list.

Chivon: You’re good.

S: Samantha Jones. (gives her card) If you ever need me. For a party.

Chivon: Ladies. I apologize for interrupting. Have a pleasant evening.

M: You too.

Ca: Bye.

M: Could he be any cuter?

Ca: You gotta love a fellow who loves the jewelry.

S: That is one fine looking man. I'd like to get me some of that.
 Ch: Don't talk like that.
 S: Like what?
 Ch: You know.
 S: Oh relax with the knee-jerk liberal reaction, that wasn't black talk. That was sex talk.
 Ch: Okay, first of all, it isn't "black" talk. It's African-American talk. And you shouldn't be talking like that at all Samantha. It's rude and politically incorrect.
 Ca: Sweetie, a reminder: Samantha is rude and politically incorrect.
 M: She's an equally opportunity offender.
 S: Precisely. I don't see colour. I see conquests.
 Ca: Talk about affirmative action.
 2) @19:44 over brunch in the coffee shop.
 S: Talk about politically incorrect. She can't dis me just because I'm white.
 Ca: Please tell me you didn't say "dis."
 Ch: Maybe you should stop seeing him Samantha. Race is a very big issue.
 S: No. There is no reason to bring race into this. Chivon is a sweet man, we have great sex and he happens to have the biggest –
 Ch: Black cock! We know, he has a big black cock.
 S: I was about to say biggest heart. But not that you're so interested, yes. He does have a big black cock.
 M: It's big "African-American" cock. Right Charlotte?
 Ch: Don't make fun of me. My chin hurts.
 Ca: Yeah, exactly what happened there?
 Ch: He raped my face I'm never seeing him again!
 Ca (v/o): *To Charlotte York, a black and blue chin was a deal breaker*
 S: Well I am not about to back down to her (Adeena) That's just not who I am.
 Ca: Yeah, Samantha's right. She shouldn't have to sacrifice who she is just because some one has a problem with it.
 S: Thank you.
 Ca: It's like me and smoking. It's too bad that Aidan had a problem with it, but you have to accept people for who they are.

	M: Wait? You're choosing cigarettes over a cute guy? Ca: He's not that cute. M: You bought furniture he was so cute. Ca: Okay, but for him to dump me like that over a little thing like smoking- Ch: Smoking is not a little thing. It's a dirty, disgusting habit and you're killing yourself! Ca: Thank you chin. Ch: Really Carrie, we all hate it. We only put up with it because we love you. Now you have a reason to quit, so quit. Ca: You know, I really don't appreciate being ganged up on. M: Who's ganging up on you? Ca: Smoking is apart of who I am. I will quit when I want to quit and it won't be because some cute guy told me to. Right Samantha? S: No honey. Fighting a battle for Chivon is one thing. But holding onto those nasty cigarettes, well, that's just whack. M: Please tell me she didn't just say "whack."	
Are We Sluts? (3:6) Runtime - (31:31)	1) @ 2:25 over brunch in the coffee shop M: So, what did everybody do last night? S: Nothing Ca: Nothing of note. Ch: I don't want to talk about it. S: Why what happen? You sleep with some one on the second date? Ch: No, it was the third date. It was Alexander Lindley the investment banker that I met at the young art collectors show. Ca: And what? The sex was bad? Ch: No it was good, except – (pause) I don't think I can say it. M: Oh, get over yourself. Ca: Come on sweetie, what happened? Ch: Well when he – you know S: Came, orgasmed, shot his wad. Ch: Uh huh. He said – (Cut to man climaxing – saying "You fucking bitch, you fucking whore")	@ 6:40 <i>If you're a thirty something woman, living in Manhattan and you refuse to settle and you're sexually active, it's inevitable that you'll rack up a certain number of partners. But how many men is too many men? Are we simply romantically challenged or are we sluts?</i>

	Ch: Why would he say that? S: Maybe because you were fucking him? Ca: Well it's true sweetie. He didn't say it at the dry cleaners, he said it when he was in you. Ch: Do you think I'm a whore? S: Oh please! If you're a whore what does that make me? Ch: Do you think I'm a whore? M: Well, you have had decent amount the bone in you. Ch: This is bad! No one wants to marry a whore. Ca: No what's bad is that even Charlotte is having more sex than I am. M: What about Adian? Ca: What about Aidan? I don't know what's going on. Clearly he's attracted, we've been spending a lot of time together, he keeps asking me out - but he doesn't want to sleep with me. S: Gay. Ca: No, he's not gay. M: Mother issues? Ca: No, I don't think so. S: Maybe his dick curves to the right. Ca: So, if it does, we'll work it out. I'll go left. The thing is, I may never know. S: Well you better be careful. You wait too long to sleep with some one, you miss the window and become just friends M: As opposed to his fucking bitch, his fucking whore. S: (Laughs, turns to Ch) Oh come on.	
Drama Queens (3:7) Runtime - (26:50)	1) @ 2:22 over brunch in the coffee shop Ca: I mean, it's just smooth sailing. Nothing but calm seas and blue horizon as far as the eye can see. Do you not understand what I'm saying? M: Absolutely. There's not a cloud in sight. Ca: We adore each other, we have fun together, we just mesh. Ch: And this is a problem? Ca: No. It's just – well it just- it just it feels odd. You know, I'm used to you know, the hunt and this is just effortless. It's just it's freaking me out.	@ 11:00 <i>We're raised to believe that the course of true love never runs smoothly. There always has to be obstacles in Act II before you can live happily ever after in Act III. But what happens when the obstacles aren't there? Does that mean there's something missing? Do we need drama to make a relationship</i>

	S: I totally understand. You're not getting the stomach flip. M: Which is really just the fear of losing the guy. Ca: Maybe I'm just not used to being with some one who doesn't do the ever seductive withholding dance. M: But you know, there is an upside to being with a guy with no surprises. I mean, Steve is completely predictable, but that's one of the things I love about him. He's just so comfortable and safe Ca: Are you dating a man or a minivan? M: Read into it what you will but my new favorite thing to do on a Saturday night is Steve's laundry, and I have never been happier. S: Your relationship is my greatest fear realized. (to Ca) I totally understand your dilemma. And from my experience honey, if he seems too good to be true, he probably is. Ch: I don't believe this! Now we're dumping guys for being too available. This is all solid proof of what I've been reading in this great new book. It says that if you really want to get married, you shouldn't be spending so much time around dysfunctional single women. M: (reads book cover) "Marriage Inc.: How to apply successful business strategies to finding a husband." S: (pretending to read) "Chapter one: How to get ahead by giving head." Ch: Fine. Make fun. But it's a very smart book. It encourages professional women to approach finding a mate with the same kind of dedication and organization that they bring to their careers. Ca: Meh, I'm more a student of chaos theory. Ch: Anyway, if you don't see as much of me it's because I'll be spending more time with my married friends. M: And how will this help you "meet your mate?" Ch: Well, bachelor friends of married men are this city's greatest untapped resources. But the only way to meet them is through the husbands. So that's my first assignment. Befriend the husbands. It's my new fulltime job.	<i>work?</i>
<i>The Big Time</i>	1) @ 4:30 in a bar over drinks S: This is a catalog for pre-menopausal women.	@ 16:32 <i>Was every second of our lives controlled by fate</i>

(3:8) Runtime - (29:54)	M: "New Transitions." Nice name. S: Why don't they call it what it is, J. Crew for women who are drying up. FYI, I am not transitioning. I am happening. Ca: Sweetie, you just got on the wrong mailing list. S: I knew I shouldn't have signed up for the three month <i>Mirabella</i> trial subscription. M: Last year, I bought a back pillow online and ended up with all these catalogs for trusses. Ca: You bought a back pillow? M: Yeah, at I'm-getting-old dot com. S: Hmm, maybe I can interest you in some vaginal lubrication suppositories. Ch: Listen to this: (reads) "Sometime in the 10 years before menopause you may experience symptoms including all-month long PMS, fluid retention, insomnia, depression hot flashes or irregular periods." Ca: On the plus side, people will start to give up their seats to you on the bus. Ch: Oh my God! Vagina weights! S: Honey, my vagina waits for no man. M: Look at this, "The Kegelmaster." Ch: What's a Kegel muscle? M: It helps you stay tight, down there. Ch: And I have one? S: If you have to ask that, then you haven't been doing your exercises. Ch: What exercises? S: All you have to do to stay tight is to tighten and release it for 10 minutes a day. Kegel exercises. I'm doing mine right now. Ca: Man, she's good. M: Well I for one can't wait until menopause. Do you realize how freeing it would be without our period? Ch: Oh I can't wait till Flo stops coming to town. S: No one calls it Flo. M: I think my grandmother did. Ca: Oh it'll be nice to be done with the mind-numbing cramps.	<i>or is life just a series of random occurrences? If I wasn't perpetually ten minutes late, would my life be totally different? Is timing everything?</i>

M: Oh, no kidding. I've got mine right now big time.
 Ca: I hear that sister.
 Ch: Oh my God! I have my period too! We're all synched up! I've heard about that happening!
 S: What? I'll get mine in a few days.
 2) @ 14:30 in a restaurant bathroom
 Ch: I'm in love with him.
 M: You're not in love with him. You're in love with the very expensive watch he gave you. (to Ca) You have another?
 Ca: Ladies, I am not Tampax central. Put on list: Buy tampons.
 Ch: Well I have them at home but they won't fit in my Kate Spade purse!
 M: Wow, Kate must have a tiny vagina.
 Ch: I think the watch is a sign that he's in love with me too.
 S: Oh, he's not in love – he's in blue ball hell.
 Ch: Sometime you just know – we're the right match. It's fate.
 M: It's not fate. His light is on, that's all.
 Ch: What light?
 M: Men are like cabs. When they're available their light goes on. They wake up one day and they decide they're ready to settle down, have babies, whatever, and they turn their light on and the next woman they pickup – boom! That's the one they'll marry. It's not fate, it's dumb luck.
 Ch: I'm sorry. I refuse to believe that love is that random.
 M: Please, it's all about timing. You gotta get 'em when their light is on.
 Ca: Most men I meet are flashing yellows.
 M: Or off duty. They can drive around for years picking up woman and not being available
 Ca: Then they really shouldn't be allowed to get behind the wheel.
 M: Most men don't stay lit long before they take the plunge versus most women who've been lit pretty much since birth.
 Ca: You mooches took my last tampon. (to S) You packing?
 S: No, okay, I'm not. I don't have a tampon and I'll probably never need one again!

	Ca: A simple no is good enough. S: I haven't had my period in 35 days. Ch: Are you- S: No, I'm no pregnant. I'm – (starts crying) I'm drying up. Ca: Oh, come on. You're overreacting! It was a stupid catalog. S: I'm day old bread, my time is up! Enjoy your flows. M: For some one with no period, you've got a mean case of PMS. Ca: You have years of miserable cramps ahead of you. S: Ladies, what I'm about to tell you may come as a shock. I'm a little (pause) older than you.	
<i>Easy Come, Easy Go</i> (3:9) Runtime - (31:15)	1) @ 6:45 brunch in the coffee shop Ca: Big's leaving his wife. (S, Ch and M: Oh my God no!) Ca: He got drunk and told me at the furniture show. M: What was he doing at the furniture show? Ca: Drinking and leaving his wife? Ch: Oh my God! S: Well let's just say it – You won. Ca: Was there a contest? S: Oh please! There's always a contest with an ex. It's called "Who'll die miserable?" M: What did he say? Ca: He said, "It's not working out," and then he leaned in and said "If you know anyone whose interested – " (M gasps) Ch: Well , you don't know anyone whose interested, he's married Carrie. Carrie he's married. Ca: Charlotte, I think I'm aware of that fact. M: Why is he telling you? Ca: I dunno. To save postage on his newsletter? S: What are you gonna do? Ca: I'm not gonna do anything. Ch: She's not gonna do anything!	@ 9:48 <i>It's a pretty common belief that women tend to use the left more emotional side of their brain and men the right more, logical side. But is it really that cut and dry? It seems that when it comes to affairs of the heart, there's a battle between what we know and what we feel. So what do you do when you find yourself in a situation that leaps back and forth between the left and the right side? When it comes to relationships is it smarter to follow your heart or your head?</i>

Ca: (to Ch) Okay, you need to take a deep breath cause your starting to bug me.
 S: How dare he say that to you? Married men never leave their wives.
 Ca: Even if he did, I have no intention of doing anything for two reasons. First, I have a great boyfriend and second, I'm not insane. So let's order. What do winners order?
 M: Didn't you feel like punching him?
 Ca: No, it was too sad or something.
 M: I would have punched him.
 Ch: No it is sad. How long has he been married, what? Seven months?
 S: Hrumph. The seventh month itch.
 M: Well that's what happens when people jump into relationships too quickly.
 Ch: I resent that. Trey and I are nothing like Big and Natasha.
 S: (to Ch) Don't listen to her- she's mid breakup.
 M: Thanks for the update.
 Ch: We're not like Big. Trey and I really love each other.
 Ca: Who wants to split a Reuben?
 Ch: In fact, I'm meeting his mother this week and if all goes well –
 M: If all goes well what?
 Ch: Trey is this close to proposing- I can feel it.
 Ca: Oh my God, really?
 M: You just met. I've had pairs of panty hose longer.
 Ch: Miranda, it's not logical. This is love. It's not logical, it's right. I just feel in my heart it's right.
 M: Okay, whatever.
 S: (to Ca) So. How did he look?
 2) @12:02 brunch – 13:38 at the coffee shop
 S: I'm dating a guy with the funkiest tasting spunk
 (Charlotte has a look of disgust and storms out and leaves)
 M: (sarcastically) And she's never coming back!
 S: Well, I'm sorry. But who else am I supposed to talk about this with?
 Ca: Might I suggest, no one.
 S: You're my girlfriends – help me! You ever have this problem?

	M: Not really. But I have to admit it's never exactly been a trip to Baskin Robbins. S: Well this guy is very sour, like, asparagus gone bad or something. Ca: (to waitress) Can I cancel my rice pudding? Thanks. S: Beautiful guy, great in bed, it's so disappointing. It's like getting a bad bottle of Beaujolais Nouveau the first day of season. M: It has a lot to do with nutrition. I once dated a smoker, and it affected how his tasted. Ca: They should put that on the side of the pack if they want to cut back sales. S: Maybe there's something he could eat to make it sweeter? Ca: Maybe you should write Martha Stewart. M: "Dear Martha, funky spunk. Help!" Ca: "Dear Funky Spunk, try a hint of mint." S: No, no, no. It's not just asparagus. It's asparagus and something else. I know, Clorox. M: Well at least you'll get your whites, whiter. S: This is serious. I almost gagged. Ca: (sarcastically) Oh well that is serious. S: What am I going to do? M: Just don't give him head again S: Hmm. I never even thought of that. Ca: So what, casual head is back now? S: Oh it's fine, he's healthy and I don't swallow. Ca: Well, as long as you and the Centre for Disease Control are fine with it – S: Of course he just loves getting head but what man doesn't? M: You know, if the whole cum situation were reversed, do you think men would get anywhere near the stuff? S: Well maybe. If it tasted like beer.	
<i>All or Nothing</i> (3:10) Runtime -	1) @1:58 in Samantha's apartment over hors devours and champagne Ca: May I just say- Wow! S: What can I say? I've arrived! Ca (v/o): <i>Samantha had invited us over to celebrate her new downtown apartment, three new</i>	@ 11:04 <i>I thought about choices. Since birth, women have been told we can do and be anything we want. Be an astronaut, the head of an internet</i>

(29:23)	<i>uptown clients, and her general fabulousness.</i> Ch: And who knew all this existed in the meat-packing district? M: Yes, just yards away from dumpsters full of decaying cow. S; Homemade baby quiche? Ch: You made these? S: Oh, hell no. I had them delivered. Along with the dinner, the wine and a DVD of <i>An Affair to Remember</i> that we're watching later, drunk. M: You can get DVDs delivered? S: I use this hot new home delivery service. You call them, anything you want they bring you within an hour. Ch: Anything? S: Last night, I ordered condoms. M: Please tell me you didn't fuck the delivery guy? S: Know, John, the guy from the gym. And let me just say that the condoms came a lot faster than he did. Ca: Now there's an ad slogan. S: Oh ladies, let's just say it -we have it all! Great apartment, great jobs, great friends, great sex. M: We can have our baby quiche delivered and eat it too. S: Exactly. At my age my mother was saddled with three kids and a drunk husband. Ca: You just have three drunk friends. S: By choice! Ch: Well, I think that having it all really means having some one special to share it with. S: Oh please, that's so Barney. Ch: Well I'm sorry. My life wasn't really complete until I met Trey. And, Trey's mom is so great. Wait till you all meet her at this engagement party she's throwing for us. You will love her. S: (opens her window and shouts) You see us Manhattan? We have it all! Someone on the street: Fuck you. S: You wish.	<i>company, a stay at home mom – there aren't any rules anymore and the choices are endless and apparently they can all be delivered right to your door. But is it possible that we've gotten spoiled by choices that we've been unable to make one? That a part of us knows that once you choose something, one great apartment, one amazing job, another option goes away? Are we a generation of women who can't chose just from column A? Did we all have too much to handle or can we have it all?</i>

2) @8:48 In a restaurant over lunch (no Samantha)
 M: (looking over Ch pre-nuptial agreement) Well, this all looks pretty normal.
 Ca (v/o): *Charlotte wasted no time having her lawyer look over the papers.*
 Ch: Normal? We haven't even gotten married yet and already we're talking about divorce.
 Ca: Sweetie, a lot of people do prenups these days.
 Ch: Marriage is supposed to be about love and happiness -
 M: -And the merging and protection of assets
 Ch: That's so unromantic.
 M: And necessary. 50% of marriages end in divorces.
 Ch: See? There it is again - "divorce."
 M: I'm sure you'll live happily ever after, but I gotta tell you, I wouldn't get married without one of these to protect myself.
 Ca: See, I'm safe. I mean, what's he gonna take from me? Shoes? Wait a minute, maybe I do need one.
 M: Hmm.
 Ch: What?
 M: Okay, this is a little unusual. He has you on a vesting schedule. For every five years that you're married you get a percentage of \$500,000.
 Ch: I'm only worth \$500,000?
 M: Over 30 years.
 Ca: Well, maybe that's your wholesale price.
 M: And if you have any boys, you'll get another \$100,000 free and clear.
 Ca: Well how much for girls?
 M: Umm (looks through) Nada.
 Ca: Well that's just bad business.
 Ch: I can't sign that! I can't marry some one knowing they feel this way.
 M: Listen, this is just their opening offer. It's totally standard to go back in and negotiate.
 Ch: Negotiate? I can't even buy stuff on sale!
 M: Talk to Trey. I'm sure his lawyers will be able to take care of all of this.
 Man enters: Working over lunch? They're right - the New York office is

tougher than ours.

M: (laughs) George. This is Carrie and Charlotte. George works in our Chicago office.

George: I'm here all week taking depositions. And restaurant recommendations from hip and trendy New Yorkers.

Ca: You're hip and trendy.

M: George is from Chicago. (laughs) So it was good, huh?

George: It was fantastic. I hope the place I take you to tomorrow night lives up to your standards.

M: Oh, I'm sure it'll be great.

George: I'll drop by your office later.

M: Okay.

George: Nice meeting you ladies. (leaves)

Ch & Ca: Bye.

Ca: Well, well well. They sure do grow 'em cute in the Midwest.

M: I know. We have a date.

Ch: You better find out how much he pays you for boys before you get attached.

3) @ 20:50 at Charlotte's engagement party over champagne

Ch: I haven't signed the prenup.

Ca: What are you gonna do?

Ch: I dunno. I'm so confused. I love him I really do, but I feel like no one cares about me. I thought that maybe if we could negotiate, it'd be okay. But now, this all feels so wrong.

M: Well what does Trey say?

Ch: Nothing. He leaves all this stuff up to his mother.

S: A woman named "Bunny"? Honey, you could take her.

Ch: Help me. What should I do?

Ca: Oh sweetie, we can't tell you what to do.

Ca (v/o): *I wasn't one to talk on the subject of marriage considering I might be in the process of breaking one up.*

M: You have to do what every feels right for you.

	Ca: I guess it depends on how much you want to marry Trey. 4) @ 23:08 on the street walking from engagement party (no Ch) S: I can't believe she's marrying that guy. M: And for about a tenth of what she's worth. Ca: (to S) Hey, I thought you were Ms. Pro-Marriage these days. S: Honey, I was delirious. I also saw plaid spots all over my bathtub. M: I can't believe I'm saying this, but it feels weird without her here. S: That's such a Charlotte thing to say.	
<i>Running with Scissors</i> (3:11) Runtime - (30:38)	1) @ 8:34 for brunch in coffee shop Ch: (with a stack of bridal magazines) The pink post-its are for the gowns I kinda like, the green post-its are for the gowns I kinda really like, and the yellow post-its are for the gowns I don't know if I like. Here. M: Kill me please. Just take a sharp object and drag it across my throat. Ch: Stop. Miranda you take <i>Modern Bride</i>. Samantha, <i>New York Bride</i>. Ca: And I'll take what? <i>Annoying Bride</i>? Ch: Here Carrie. Page 211, pink post-it. Tell me what you think. Ca: Okey dokey. M: Oh! Cute purse! Ch: No purses! There's no time for purses! This is gown specific. M: What's your theme again? A Nazi wedding? Ch: Carrie, page 211? Ca: Um, it's pretty, I like the flowers in the back. Ch: Me too. And I like that old fashion satin bow. S: Have you all had an AIDS test? Ca: Good morning. Where did that come from? S: I just met this very hot guy and he won't sleep with me unless I have a test. Ch: Samantha, we're looking at wedding gowns. Could you please not talk about AIDS right now? Ca: (to S) Wait a minute. You've never had an HIV test? S: No. Have you? Ca: Two. M: Three.	@ 10:30 <i>Odd how only when our physical life is at risk do we follow certain guidelines to protect ourselves but what about our emotional lives? Wouldn't it be nice if there was a little pamphlet to warn us what unsafe behavior might be a huge risk to ourselves or our relationships? And even if you take all the precautions and emotionally try to protect yourself when you crawl in bed with some one is sex ever safe?</i>

	Ch: How do we feel about opera length gloves? M: Samantha how could you not have an AIDS test? Ca: She doesn't mean that the way it sounds. It's just – well why not sweetie? S: I always practice safe sex. (silence) Alright I'm terrified. What if I have it? Ca: You don't have it. S: Sometimes it takes me a really long time to get over a cold. Ca: That's not AIDS that's central air conditioning. Just go and get it over with. The test is nothing. The worst part is waiting for the results. M: Really. And then they come out with the results and they motion to certain people and they take them into this little room and you know the news ain't good. I just sat there the entire time praying, "Please don't take me in that little room." Ch: There are 1400 gowns in this magazine, and I have only seen 600 of them. I need help! S: Okay, listen. You need to chill the fuck out and hire yourself a stylist. Ch: A stylist? S: Some little minion to run around town and do your dress bidding. Ch: I can hire some one to do that for me? S: Oh, honey, this is New York City. You can hire someone to do anything. I'll fax you some names. Ch: Oh thank you thank you thank you thank you. S: Now only if I could hire someone to take that damn test.	
<i>Don't Ask, Don't Tell</i> (3:12) Runtime - (30:03)	1) @ 5:01 in Vera Wang for dress fittings Ca: I'm thinking I have to tell him. M: Tell who? Ca: Aidan. I might have to tell him about the thing with Big. S: Why would you do that? Ca: oh, I dunno. Maybe because relationships are supposed to be built on trust? S: No offense, honey, but I think that ship has sailed. Ch: Carrie, you're right. You have to tell him. But not before the wedding. It's supposed to be my week. M: It's your day. You get a day. Not a week.	No v/o with typing.

S: There's no reason to tell him. Men lie about this stuff all the time.
M: And women find out.
Ca: I know. What if he find out?
S: If he didn't find out while you were fucking Big all over Manhattan, why would he find out now that it's over?
Ch: Could you please not use the "f" word at Vera Wang?
M: I gotta tell you, if it was me and my boyfriend was sleeping with somebody else for three weeks. I'd want to know about it. I'd like to have all the information.
Ca: That would mean more coming from some one not posing as a stewardess.
Ch: What are you talking about?
Ca: Nothing sweetie. Just at your wedding, we all have to pretend that Miranda's a stewardess.
Ch: It's my day. And I don't want to pretend anything. And I don't want you and Aidan fighting.
S: Don't you think this could stand to be a little shorter? (the bridesmaid gown)
Ch: Samantha, all the skirts have to be the same length.
S: Really? What about Trey's skirt?
Ch: It's a kilt and it's tradition. Is it so much to ask that you not wear your dress up around your "see you next Tuesday?"
S: My what?
Ch: C-U, next –
Ca: Tuesday? Oh my God! Was that a *Schoolhouse Rock* I missed?
S: Look. If I have to be a bridesmaid, I'd at least like to look good.
Ch: Well you don't have to be a bridesmaid.
S: Well then why the hell am I here?
Ch: Frankly, I didn't want you to feel left out.
S: I would love to be left out. I could be in bed with the hot Scot right now.
Ch: Fine!
Ca: Guys! Don't do this?
Ch: Do what? We're just being honest.
S: Well honestly, I hate this colour.

2) @ 9:22 in a bar over drinks – 11:08
M: I can't believe you're getting married. Is this the beginning? (to Ca) Are you next?
Ca: (laughs) Oh yeah. I'm headed for a storybook ending. "The little curly-haired girl had an affair, lied to her boyfriend and lived happily ever after."
S: You know, marriage doesn't guarantee a happy ending – just an ending.
Ch: To the end of dating.
Ca: All right then.
S: It's also the end of the possibility that your next great fuck is just around the corner.
Ch: Well, my next great –
Girls: Say it!
Ch: Fuck.
Girls: Woo!
Ch: Is just around the corner. I finally get to sleep with Trey!
Ca: Excuse me?
M: You haven't slept with him yet?
S: Honey, before you buy the car you take it for a test drive.
Ch: Well, I wanted to save myself until we got married.
Ca: But sweetie, you're not a virgin.
Ch: But I am in this relationship and I think that's romantic.
S: Yeah, it's romantic until he can't figure out where to put it in.
Ch: No!
S: Honey, what if he's terrible?
Ch: He won't be terrible! No, he is an amazing kisser. And, he is so sexy. And he loves me. And I want to do things to him that I have never done to anybody. Like, the other night, I was thinking about putting whipped cream all over my body-
S: Low fat Cool-Whip is the best. It's less sticky than other brands.
Ch: Low fat Cool-Whip.
M: I can't believe you haven't slept with him. It's been –
Ch: Too long! I am so horny!

	S: (laughs) Horny!	
<i>Escape from NY</i> (3:13) Runtime - (27:59)	1) @ 1:10 having breakfast in the coffee shop Ch: I can't believe you're all going to L.A. without me. M: We still can't believe you went on your honeymoon without us. Ch: Oh, I have pictures. Ca: (to M) Are you happy now? Ca (v/o): <i>While we were planning our escape, Charlotte was celebrating her return. She and Trey had just come back from ten days in Bermuda.</i> Ch: See, here are Trey and I playing golf- S: Do you think the studio will send a limo to pick us up? Ca: No, I do not. S: They should. They're making a movie of your column. Ca: It's a little production company that's just talking about optioning my columns. S: I know, I was just practicing my L.A. spin. Ch: Oh! Look, look! Here's one of Trey pretending to get a hole-in-one. He just loved that gag. M: Who wouldn't? Ch: Oh! Did you notice that we were both wearing Bermuda shorts? Ca: Bermudas in Bermuda. You kids were crazy down there. M: Well I'd love to stay, but I've gotta drug my cat and take him to the kennel. Ca: Lovely. S: Ah! I gotta go too. Ca: Hey, the car's picking us up at 1:00pm. S: We'll be there. (to Ch) Welcome back, you old married lady. Ch: Nah! Bye have fun! M: All right! (M & S leave – Ca shifts one seat over) Ch: So, how are you? Ca: I'm good, how are you? Ch: Great. (both nod) Ca: I told Aidan about the affair and he broke up with me. Ch: Trey and I never had sex on our honeymoon.	No v/o with typing

Ca: You win. So. Should we get more coffee, or should we get two more guns and kill ourselves?

Ch: He just – he couldn't get it up. We tried twice, and it was just so frustrating we just started playing golf.

Ca (v/o): *After many days on the golf course, Charlotte's handicap had gone down 12. Trey's handicap had stayed the same.*

Ca: Well sweetie. Impotence is a common problem-

Ch: Oh God. Do you think he's impotent?

Ca: My husband can't be impotent. He's gorgeous.

Ca: All right then. Glad you solved that.

Ch: I was thinking maybe he was just nervous, about the wedding and the honeymoon and the golf. He played really badly one day.

Ca: What do you want me to say?

Ch: Let's just change the subject.

Ca: Alright.

Ch: What happened with Aidan?

Ca: Eh, nothing good. The whole reason I agreed to this trip was to get away from Aidan and Big and this whole mess. Come on, let's get the check and go to Barney's. I can't possibly go to Los Angeles without another pair of shoes.

Ch: (laughs) No, you go. I'm gonna stay here and have another cup. Just go, have fun!

Ca: All right. (She puts money on the table and stands up to leave) Call me if you need me.

Ch: Okay.

Ca: Bye. (close up Ca looking around coffee shop and steps out doors)

2) @18:13 in a hotel restaurant in LA (no Ch)

S: What is it about California air? It makes me sleep so well. (M nods)

Ca: It's not the air. Your headboard knocked you unconscious.

S: You heard us?

M: I didn't.

Ca: No Miss Snore. You wouldn't.

S: Are you okay?

Ca: No I'm not. I'm cranky. I have to take another meeting with Matthew McConaughey and his partners. We're all gonna sit around and 'brainstorm' what goes wrong with "Carrie" and all her relationships.

M: Don't go.

Ca: I have to go. They flew me out here. I'm their little writer monkey.

S: Well, I've got something to make you feel better. (gives both girls a dildo)

Ca: Oh! Dildos before 10:00am. I'm all perked up.

S: They're autographed. One for each.

M: "My friend went to California and all I got was this lousy dildo."

Ca: (hands it back to S) Would you please put this back to wherever it came from? People are staring.

S: Please, it's L.A. No one cares if your egg whites have a side of cock.

M: Wow, nobody needs this much. (pulls it out of box) Do you know the average woman is only 5 inches deep?

Ca: Is that written on your place mat or something?

M: To me the mark of a fine penis is width.

S: Couldn't agree more. That's why I know you'll enjoy your presents.

Ca: So are you saying that Garth has the perfect girth?

S: Exactly.

Ca: Well, as much as I enjoy the fine, life-like craftsmanship, I'm gonna leave mine with you.

M: Um, I think I'm holding on to mine. L.A. isn't working out exactly the way I had hoped.

3) @ 24:35 in a bar, standing up over drinks, looking at a girl on a mechanical bull (no Ch)

Ca: I am totally digging this scene. It's so *Urban Cowboy* circa 1982.

S: All the fabulous places in L.A. and we're at the Saddle Ranch Chop House?

Ca: Hey, don't complain, it's the closest bar without a hill involved.

M: You see, this is what I'm talking about. Look at her! She screams sex. It's so honest. I wish I could be more like that.

S: Well, stop fucking complaining about it and just do something about it.

Man: Okay! Which lovely lady is gonna be next?

	M: I will! Ca: Miranda, no! S: Over here! She will! (points to M) M: Here, take my shoes. (She goes on the bull and screams in delight) Ca (v/o): <i>We weren't sure if it was the California air, or the five Lone Star beers she drank, but as soon as she got on that bull, Miranda escaped Miranda.</i> (M rips open her shirt to reveal he bra) Ca: She really did need a vacation!	
<i>Sex and Another City</i> (3:14) Runtime - (28:09)	1) @ 1:31 poolside with S & M at the hotel Ca: I got mugged! She took everything I got! S: It's called a Brazilian wax. M: Why didn't you tell her to stop? Ca: I tried! I feel like one of those freaking hairless dogs! S: It's an aesthetic thing. Everyone goes bare out here. M: Of course they do. L.A. men are too lazy to have to go searching for anything. Ca: You can't hide your light under a bush. S: Well she must have left something. A triangle, a little landing strip? Ca: No, I am totally bald! And might I add, freezing! M: Oh, I would have killed her! Ca: I'm so aware of "down there" now. Now I feel like I'm nothing but walking sex. S: That's the thing about Brazilians. It makes you do crazy things. You have to be very careful who you invite to Brazil. M: Well, I'm officially RSVPing "no." (stands) Ca: Were you going? M: I'm meeting Lou. Ca: Letterman Lou? M: He doesn't work for Letterman anymore. He moved out here to write that New York sitcom. You know the one about the three 20-something kids who live in a loft? Ca: Yeah, one's a feisty waitress?	@ 15:12 <i>When it comes to bags, men and cities, is it really what's outside that counts?</i>

S: What are you and Lou gonna do?
M: Uh, I'm sure we'll have a couple of drinks and bitch about L.A. I can't believe he lives out here now.
Ca: Well maybe you should tell him to move to Brazil. I hear it's quite popular.
M: So you guys are on your own tonight.
Ca: We're gonna go to that movie premiere thing.
S: Oh, what's the movie?
Ca: Oh, no one sees the movie. We're gonna use my press pass and get into the after-party.
S: I love L.A.
M: You two should get out of the sun. (leaves)
2) @12:19 in a hotel restaurant L.A for brunch
Ch: I'll have the egg-white omelet with no cheese but tomatoes and mushrooms. And instead of the fries, a side of fruit with no grapes. And a half-decaf skim.
Waitress: Can I suggest that you get the mushrooms steamed? Because it lightens the calories but retains the flavour.
Ch: Great thanks. (Waitress leaves) I really like L.A.
Ca: Who wouldn't? Keith wants to buy a \$3 million house and I can't even afford new curtains.
S: That's where the guys out here have New York beat: real estate.
M: Lou might be the perfect guy.
Ch: Letterman Lou?
M: Yeah, he's an ideal combination of the two coasts. He's still a New Yorker at heart, but he's lost all his angry neuroses and thirty pounds.
Ca: Wait a minute, we're New Yorkers. Aren't we supposed to like neurotic guys?
S: Oh honey, the Woody Allen thing? So over.
M: I'm telling you, he's a changed man. He's really spiritual and happy. He met the Dalai Lama.
S: So? I met Hugh Hefner.
Ca: One woman's pornographer is another woman's spiritual leader.

M: Maybe he's onto something, you know, maybe it's time I stopped being so angry.

Ca: Yeah, but what would you do with all your free time?

S: I'll tell you what you could do (pulls out her purse – all women gasp) Shop.

M: Jesus!

Ca: No you did-ent!

Ch: That's like \$3,000!

S: Or \$150. Fake.

Ca: No!

Ch: My God, it looks so real.

S: I know.

Ca: Gimme that!

S: You'd never know it wasn't a real Fendi unless you looked inside at the lining.

Ca: Yeah, I don't have that luxury. All my insides are on the outside now.

M: I don't like fakes.

S: Oh, who cares? All that matters is what it looks like.

Ca: (sniffs the leather) It's pretty good, it's pretty good.

S: We could go get more. I got the guy's card. He lives somewhere called "The Valley."

(Ca dumps contents of the purse to get a better look)

Ch: Could you have more condoms?

S: I did, yes.

Ch: I am just so happy to be out of the condom stage of life.

M: And here I thought it was called my 30s.

Ch: It's so nice to go to bed with the same man every night.

M: Please tell me you didn't come to L.A. to regale us with stories about how much sex you're having now that you're married.

Ca (v/o): *Charlotte didn't have the nerve to tell them her conjugal bliss was a conjugal miss.*

Ch: So? What should I do first in L.A.?

S: Well, the first thing you'll need is a good bikini wax.

M: Hey, you should try Alicia. (smiles at Ca)

3) @ 16:25 hotel restaurant bar in LA
 Ca: They just looked so sad staring up at me from that trunk.
 M: They were waiting for some nice lady to adopt them.
 S: I was almost eaten by dogs. The least you could've done was buy a bag.
 Ca: Well, I guess I'd rather wait for the real thing, you know? At least you know it's one of a kind and special or something.
 Ch: My marriage is a fake Fendi.
 M: Excuse me?
 Ch: Trey and I look like the perfect couple from the outside. But on the inside it's all fake. It's not special. He can't even get it up.
 S: What?
 Ch: We've never had sex.
 S: You've never had sex?!
 M: But you've been married for –
 Ch: Over a month.
 S: You've never had sex?!
 Ca: It's not a physical thing. It's emotional.
 M: You knew about this?
 Ca: She told me at the wedding.
 Ch: Well I was afraid you would say you told me so and I should never have gotten married so quickly.
 M: Charlotte, who am I to judge you? We all have our own paths in life.
 Ca (v/o): *Apparently three days with Lou had changed Miranda from deeply sarcastic to Deepak Chopra.*
 Ch: (eyes watering) What am I gonna do?
 S: Wait, you've never had sex?
 Ca: (to S) She's never had sex!
 M: It's only been a month.
 S: Hey! He hasn't seen Brazil.
 (All women gasp)
 Ca: A second honeymoon to South America! That might do the trick!
 S: I know how to cheer you up. A trip to the Playboy Mansion. Hef invited us

	over for one of those Playmate pool parties tomorrow afternoon. Ca: Hef? Did you say Hef? M: Why would that cheer her up? Does she look like a 22 year-old frat boy? S: No, but it wouldn't hurt for us to meet some. Ca: Sorry, not going. S: Oh, come on, it would be fun! We're in L.A. Ca: Alright fine, but I better be on the guest list.	
<i>Hot Child in the City</i> (3:15) Runtime - (31:10)	1) @ 2:07 lunch in a cafeteria style restaurant Ca: (to M) Coming in for a landing sister? M: Sorry, cute guy. I thought he was checking me out for a second. (all girls) Where? (all turn around and see the guy) Ohhh! S: He's a cutie all right. Ca: And PS definitely looking. M: Looking at you guys looking at him like I asked you not to. Ca: Take your tray over there. Ch: What? M: No. S: Absolutely! Why not? M: Because this isn't PS 147. We're adults now. She's (referring to Ch) married for Christ's sake. We have to at least pretend to know better. So, I finally went to the doctor about my headaches. Ca: Still looking. M: Which you're not helping thanks – because I've been trying to diagnose myself on the Internet- Ch: You can do that? M: Sure, you just type in your symptoms hit enter and wait for the word "cancer" to appear on the screen. Anyway, turns out – I'm a tongue thruster. S: Now, see if you were a man, that would be a good thing. M: My tongue pushes up against my front teeth so my bit is all off. My dentist thinks I have TMJ. Ca: C'mon. You have to do something. M: I am, I'm going to the orthodontist tomorrow.	@13:37 <i>Were Jenny Briar and her friends trying to dress like 34 year-old women? Or were we trying to look like teenagers. When you're a teenager all you want to do is buy beer. But once you hit 30 all you wanna do is get carded. I wondered, in today's youth obsessed culture are women of my generation growing into mature responsible adults, or are we 34 going on 13?</i>

Ca: No, I mean, he's really cute.
 S: She could write him a note. (laughs)
 Ca: A note! Even cuter.
 M: You guys, I'm not writing him a note.
 Ca: "Dear Mr. Cutie-cute –"
 M: You did not just write that!
 Ca: Nope. Just your phone number.
 M: I'm not giving him my phone number!
 Ca: Oh relax TMJ, you don't have to. I'll do it for you.
 M: Carrie. Carrie!
 S: Go girl! (Ca walks toward man)
 M: Oh my God.
 (man exchanges his number with Ca)
 2)@ 11:14 in a restaurant – 13:37 (S & Ca to start, M enter later)
 S: (to Ca) He lives with his parents?
 Ca: It's their apartment.
 Ca (v/o): *The next day at Commune, Daddy Brier's latest restaurant, I asked Samantha about my prospects with Power Lad.*
 S: Not sexy honey, dump him immediately. Here, use my cell phone.
 Ca: But it's only because he put all his money in the comic-book store.
 S: So not sexy, what's his number?
 Ca: Because he's saving up for his own place. Come on you know how tough the market is right now. Plus which, he's fun and funny.
 S: Honey, stop while you're still sexy.
 Ca: So are you saying there is no way you'd go out with a guy who lived with his family?
 S: Well, maybe Prince William.
 (M enters) M: I'm sorry I'm late. (smiles to show she now has braces) This is what happens to tongue thrusters. I have to wear them for a year. Am I hideous?
 Ca: No. Hey, no, no! They don't look so bad.
 M: Really? You mean it?

Ca: That's my story and I'm sticking to it.
 S: Are you in pain, I'm in pain just looking at you.
 M: I'm a thirty-four year old woman with braces and I'm on a liquid diet. Pain doesn't begin to cover it. (Waitress bring champagne glasses) Oh! Look. Lunch!
 S: We didn't order champagne.
 Waitress: Compliments of Jenny Briar.
 Ca: Awe. You always get the nicest compliments.
 S: Do you realize a thirteen- year girl just bought us a \$200 bottle of Don Perigonon? You know what I was buying when I was thirteen? Nothing. I couldn't afford anything. I was serving Dilly Bars at Dairy Queen. Where is she? Where's that little "brat mitzvah" beast? (Jenny enters with 2 friends) Jenny!
 Jenny: So ladies, is everything fabulous?
 S: It is now. I didn't know you were here.
 Jenny: And I didn't know you knew Carrie Bradshaw. (to Ca) You are fucking fabulous. You column about secret sex? Hello! My life! Seriously, my ex was so completely about the sex when we were alone but at school in the hallway? I didn't exist. (Ca smiling in shock)
 Friend 1: And they're all like that
 Friend 2: Or worse. Men suck.
 (phone rings – all three teenagers open their purses to get their cell phones out.)
 Jenny: (one phone) What? (turns her back)
 M: (To friend 2) I'm sorry, are your braces blue?
 Friend 2: No, they're sapphire. Oh my God, look, you have the old-fashioned kind. I didn't even know they made those anymore.
 Jenny: (on phone) I said I'd be there. (hangs up) We have to dash. Enjoy your meals, ladies. (to Ca) You are so fucking fabulous.(all three leave)
 M: Her braces are sapphire. I'm a 34 year-old nerd.
 Ca: How old are they?
 S: Thirteen.
 Ca: But they sound-
 S: I know.
 Ca: and they dress-

	S: I know! Just like us.	
<i>Frenemies</i> (3:16) Runtime - (29:07)	1)@ 3:55 brunch in the coffee shop M: They're starting to die on us. Ch: Oh my God. S: Well at least you weren't stood up. M: They're 35 and they're dying. We should just give up now. Ca: Well, on the bright side, this could explain why they don't call back. Ch: How did he- M: Heart attack. At the gym. Ca: See? This is why I don't work out. M: You wanna hear the worst part? I felt so bad I told his mother I would go to the wake. S: You don't even know him! Ca: And it's safe to say she never will. S: Well I for one am far from being dead. I just got us reservations at Samba next week. Ca: Oh, fancy! S: But I could only get us a four-top. Do you think Trey would mind staying home? Ch: No. He doesn't seem up for much these days. (sighs) Ca: Charlotte, is everything okay? Ch: We've been trying to you know- S: Fuck? Ch: Whatever. And it's just not - S: Getting big and hard? Ca: What is this? Dirty Mad Libs? Ch: I love him and he's trying, but this is so frustrating. M: Of course it is. Ch: I mean, last night, I got so turned on I almost - S: Hey! You almost masturbated, he almost got it up, together you almost had sex. Ch: Right in front of my husband. I feel so ashamed.	@ 8:05 <i>If you stay single in New York long enough, you're supposed to get wise about dating. What men to pick, where to meet them, but what really made any of us experts? Wasn't our single status a neon sign that we couldn't get it right? What if all these years in New York only made us older, more confused or dead? Are we getting wise or just older?</i>

M: Everyone masturbates.
 S: I did it this morning.
 Ca: Well that explains why I got your voicemail.
 Ch: He masturbates, and he reads porn. But when it comes to dealing with me – nothing.
 S: Madonna/whore.
 Ch: You think?
 S: Absolutely. Trey sees you as his virginal wife, not his sexual plaything. You're not going to get anywhere until you change how he sees you.
 Ch: I don't know if I can do that.
 Ca: Yes you can. Come on. You're sexy. He should see you. You're something to see.
 S: Oh yeah! (purrs at Ch)
 2) @ 13:37 brunch at the coffee shop
 S: I'm telling you, we almost broke the bed.
 Ch: You can't break a bed.
 M: What does this stallion do for a living?
 S: I'm not sure.
 Ca: Hey, does he go to Mickey Mantles?
 S: You got me.
 Ch: How can you not know anything about him? You slept with him.
 S: I fucked him. He made me come six times. That's good enough for me.
 Ch: (to S) Stop it! Why do you always have to talk about sex like that?
 S: Because I can.
 Ca: Okay girls simmer down. Mommy hasn't had her caffeine yet.
 Ch: I can't take this anymore.
 Ca: Oh hey, frittatas.
 Ch: Sex is something special that's supposed to happen between two people who love each other.
 S: Or two people who love sex.
 Ch: Oh my God, you're such a -
 S: A what? What am I Charlotte?

Ch: When are you gonna learn that you can't just sleep with everyone that comes along?

S: Hey Mrs. Softy, at least I'm getting laid. (Ch storms off) And you can forget Samba! That girl needs that stick out of her ass and a dick in her coochie pronto. Am I right?

Ca: Not getting involved.

M: I'm with her.

S: You know what? I don't need this. Maybe you guys should forget Samba too.

3) @ 18:12 in a restaurant – Ch and three sorority sisters (Two blondes and a redhead)

Ca (v/o): *Uptown, Charlotte decided this would be a good time to spend with her real, old friends, the sisters of Kappa Kappa Gamma.*

Blonde 1: Oh my goodness, has it been forever or what?

Ch: It has.

Blonde 2: It is so good to see your Charlotte. We've really missed you.

Ch: And I have missed you, you have no idea.

Blonde 2: Well, congratulations on your wedding. Welcome to the Married Old Gals Club. (All inanely laugh)

Redhead: He is so handsome. Oh, my God. I would like to trade my husband in for him please. (laughs)

Ca (v/o): *She knew they would understand her. After all they were all married too.*
(Ch keeps sipping her martini)

Blonde 1: Sigh. I remember being a newlywed. We hardly ever got out of bed.

Blonde 2: Sydney!

Blonde 1: What? It's just us girls.

Ch: My husband can't get it up. (three girls look at her shocked)

Ca (v/o): *Perhaps it would have been wiser for Charlotte to have had a Kappa Kappa cappuccino instead of that third martini* (Ch downs the rest of the martini)

Ch: I'm so frustrated.

Redhead: Charlotte –

Ch: I mean, don't you ever just want to be really pounded hard? You know? Like when the bed is moving all around and it's all sweaty and your head is

	knocking up against the headboard and you feel like it might just blow off (quickens her speech and voice raises) Damn it! I just really want to be fucked, you know? Just really fucked! (sighs and pounds the table) Ca (v/o): <i>The only heads blowing off were those of Kappa Kappa Grandma.</i> Blonde 2: Charlotte. This is really inappropriate. Redhead: Yeah. We're eating. Blonde 1: What's wrong with you Charlotte? You're such a – Ch: What? What am I Sydney? Ca (v/o): <i>Charlotte realized how much they'd all changed since college. Her friends had become frenemies. And to them, she had become Samantha.</i> (Ch struts away from the table seductively)	
<i>What Goes Around Comes Around</i> (3:17) Runtime - (28:09)	1) @ 2:27 in a Japanese Restaurant Ch: I don't know what it is. I'm strangely drawn to him S: Of course you are. You know the man can plow. Ch: He had the most intoxicating scent. Like sweat mixed with something else, something sweet yet pungent. Ca: Manure? Ch: And these full sensuous lips. M: Does he water plants in Manhattan? Ch: This is insane! I'm married, I can't be looking at gardeners! S: Honey, what's the point of being in the suburbs if you're not gonna fuck a gardener? Ch: He was so tanned and muscular. And the sweat ran down from his chest onto his perfectly defined stomach. Ca: See, you read a couple of Harlequin romances in high school, it'll haunt you the rest of your life. (Natasha enters restaurant with her friend) M: Okay, whatever you do, don't look up. (Ca looks at Natasha who shoots her a cold look, and tells her friend, who also shoots a cold look and they walk out) Ca: Oh my God. My God. Did you see the way she looked at me? Ch: Did you see the look her friend shot us? Ca: Contempt like I was Pol Pot or something. M: He's dead.	No v/o or typing

	Ca: Yeah, I'm sure she wishes I was. S: Who does she think she is? Ca: Big's wife. Oh my God, that was awful. I can't believe that there's a person in New York who would hate me that much. Oh God!	
<i>Cock a Doodle Do!</i> (3:18) Runtime - (35:30)	1) @ 2:40 breakfast at the coffee shop S: "Get that thing out of my ass of I'm gonna shit on it!" I mean, is that dirtiest thing you've ever heard? Ca: (laughs) Let's hope so. S: I am paying a fortune to live in a neighborhood that trendy by day and tranny by night. Ch: Tranny? S: Transsexuals. Chicks with dicks. Boobs on top, balls down below? M: I don't get the appeal there. Ca: It's the other white meat. M: Ah. S: I understand that pseudo-straight married men from New Jersey have to get laid, but do they have to do it on my block? Ca: And I thought my roof chickens were bad! S: Every morning at 4:00am they start up. It's like they're putting on a show. M: They "Up My Ass" Players. (all laugh but Ch) M: Too early for tranny talk? Ch: It's so weird to just be sitting here eating egg white omelets again like nothing ever happened. Ca (v/o): <i>It was our first Saturday morning breakfast together since Charlotte had flown the co-op and left Trey, her husband of just three months.</i> Ch: I was married, and now what am I? Single again? Ca: Sweetie, you're not single, you're just separated. Ch: That's right, I'm not single. I'll never be single again. I'll be divorced. And the only thing worst about being 34 and single is 34 and divorced. Ca: Oh right. M: I can think of something worse. Being 34 and trapped in a marriage that doesn't work.	@11:25 ...<i>A radical thought popped into my head. What if everything isn't the man's fault? After a certain age and a certain number of relationships, if it still isn't working, and the exes seem to be moving on and we don't, perhaps the problem isn't the last boyfriend, or the one before him, or even the one before him. Could it be that the problem isn't them, but horror or horrors, is it us?</i>

Ch: Didn't I try hard enough?
 S: Hard being the operative word.
 Ca: Sweetie, Trey has an impotence problem-
 Ch: Ahhh. I am so sick of talking about Trey, I, I think and talk about Trey all the time. Just change the subject please. Just talk about the up my ass stuff.
 M: Okay, here's the plan. Sunday night we all come over, have a little unpacking party and no Trey talk.
 S: Absolutely. I'll bring the cocktails.
 Ca: And I'll bring the food. How's everyone feel about roof chicken?
 M & S: Mmmm!
 2) @ 9:19 at Charlotte's apartment unpacking boxes and bubble wrap.
 Ca: Well, they're over us. It's just so hilarious.
 M: I'm hemorrhaging inside it's so funny.
 Ca: We thought they were sitting there pining away and they have new girlfriends already!
 S: Were they cute?
 Ca: The point is not if they were cute, the point is they were there.
 M: They were cute.
 Ca: Very cute.
 M: How can they have new relationships already? I'm still in the "I just broke up with someone phase."
 Ch: It's infuriating. Women sit around obsessing about what went wrong over and over and men just say "Alrighty" and they move on.
 S: I take offense at that generalization. Not all women sit around and obsess about men. As soon as my relationships are over I move on.
 Ca: Relationships?
 S: You know, dates.
 Ca: Well I definitely do try to figure out what went wrong, but I don't think I obsess.
 M: Oh my God. You're Miss Obsess. Big?
 Ca: Well, yeah, okay, Big. Big was tricky. I still don't know what happened there.

	S: Honey, you look back so much you should have a relationship rear-view mirror. M: "Relationships may appear closer than they actually are." Ca: Well, I didn't obsess about Aidan. Aidan was clear, I hurt him, he moved on. M: It's so much easier for men to move on. Ca: Is it? M: Please! The ratio between of women-to-men in this city is huge. All they have to do is sit outside, have a beer, and wait for Jessicas and Susans to come to them. Ca: Well, maybe we only obsess over relationships that feel unfinished. Ch: Well, I can guarantee you that Trey isn't sitting with his friends obsessing about what went wrong. S: Men never think anything is their fault. Ch: I wish there were no men. S: Oh my God. Call someone she's gone insane. Ch: If there were no men then we wouldn't feel hurt and we wouldn't be disappointed and we wouldn't be spending our entire night sitting here obsessing about them. I'm so over men. (women look unconvinced) What? I am.	
<i>The Agony and the Ex-tasy</i> (4:1) Runtime - (30:15)	1) @1:20 on walking on the street to a engagement party Ca: Why are we walking so fast? S: Really. Are we in that big of a hurry to get to an engagement party? Ch: What don't you guys want to go? M: I did until I saw this invitation. Ca: Here let me see that again. (reads) "Two souls, one thought" wow, that is sappy. That is totally not like Danny. M: Must have been her idea, two souls, on pushy fiancée Ch: Oh, c'mon. It's beautiful. It's a big romantic gesture to express how they feel about each other. Ca: If two people have only one thought between them, something is very wrong. Woo cab.	@ 10:35 v/o <i>Soul mate. Two little words, one big concept. The belief that some one, somewhere, is holding the key to your heart and your dream house. All you have to do is find them. So, where is this person? And if you loved some one and it didn't work out, does that mean that they weren't your soul mate? Were they just a runner-up contestant in this game show called happily ever after? And as you move from age box to age box and the contestants get fewer and fewer, are your chances of finding</i>

S: I remember when Danny had more than one thought and they all involved going up my ass. Ch: You had sex with Danny? S: Well he's cute, straight and we've known him for 10 years. Haven't we all had sex with Danny? Ca: Yeah, that one weekend that I was bored. Ch: Just a New Year's Eve kiss. M: I showed him a boob in a coat-check room. Ca: Just one? M: I sensed he couldn't commit. We're over here. 2) @ 8:35 brunch in the coffee shop M: (reading) "Dear Single", single? You don't even have a name? Ca: Well, I'm single, I don't deserve one. S: That's they postal equivalent of a drive-by shooting. Ca: Yeah and I thought the 57 menus I get every day from Hunan Moonan were annoying. M: Look at this! "Don't let your soul mate slip away." Ca: Oh I know. It's almost a threat. It's like, 'We have him, he's just waiting for you. But hurry, 'cause he's slipping, slipping away. Oops! There he goes.' M: Soul mates only exist in the Hallmark aisle in Duane Reade drugs. Ch: I disagree. I believe that there's that one perfect person out there to complete you. M: And if you don't find him? What? You're incomplete? It's so dangerous. Ca: Alright. First of all, the idea that there's only one out there - I mean, why don't I just shoot myself right now? I'd like to think that people have more than one soul mate. S: I agree. I have hundreds. Ca: Yah, and you know what, if you miss one, along comes another, like cabs. Ch: No, that is not how it works! Ca: Oh. Okay. M: But you're still looking outside yourself. It's saying that you're not enough. Ch: Are you enough?	<i>your soul mate less and less? Soul mate: reality or torture device?</i>

M: Actually today, she's too much.
 S: Look, the bad thing about one perfect soul mate is that it's so unattainable. You're being set up to fail.
 M: Exactly. And you feel bad about yourself.
 S: Yeah, and it makes the gap between the holy grail and the assholes even bigger.
 Ch: Well, I don't care. I believe in soul mates. I thought Trey was mine. But I don't think that a soul mate would – (raises eyebrows) on your leg.
 Ca: Yea, really true.
 Ch: But there's got to be that some one out there who's just perfect for me. Maybe I should keep looking.
 Ca: (grabs flyer) Here you go!
 M: Okay, we're filling this out.
 Ch: No, I'm not in the mood.
 M: Not for you, for her (Ca)
 Ch: Oh! Okay!
 Ca: No!
 M & S: Yes!
 M: (reads) "Age. Check box. 20 to 25, 25 to 30, 30 to 34 –"
 Ch: Oh no! Not after next week. Birthday girl. 35.
 M: (read) "35 – 44"
 S: Honey, welcome to my box.
 Ca: (laughs)
 3) @14:44 in a club over drinks
 Ch: Samantha, your face is glowing. Did you get a facial or something?
 S: I masturbated all afternoon.
 Ca: All right then.
 M: Seriously? All afternoon?
 S: Well two, two and a half hours.
 M: Who's got that kind of time? I like to get in and get out.
 S: Well, I enjoy a quickie every now and then too, but when it's good like today, I go with it. I masturbated to my priest.

Ch: Your priest?

S: Friar Fuck. (Ch is in shock)

Ca: Okay, I think we might have to get Charlotte a crash helmet.

Ch: You have a priest?

Ca: No, no, no, no. She wants him, but she's can't have him. It's all very *Thorn Birds*.

S: In my fantasy, he tears the food I'm carrying for the homeless out of my arms, rips open my dress lays me down in the street and enters me.

M: What do you do for the next 2 hours and 20 minutes?

Ch: Stop! You are talking about a priest!

S: It's a fantasy! I can masturbate to whomever I like. It's imagination, it's fun and perfectly healthy. Who do you all fantasize about?

Ca & M: Russell Crowe.

Ca: Ahh jinx! You owe me coke.

M: That's amazing. What did women do before Russell Crowe?

Ca & S: George Clooney.

Ca: Ahh, Clooney. Clooney's like a Chanel suit. He'll always be in style.

M: I used to masturbate to a busboy who was rude to me once. What do you think that means? (silence) Fine. The cheese stands alone.

S: Oh come on Charlotte. Get that judgmental puss off and join in. Who do you fantasize about?

Ch: No it's private.

M: Oh come on. It can't be any worse than a priest and a busboy.

S: We're not moving on till you tell us about one of your masturbation guys.

Ch: Well it's not guys. Lately it's just one man.

Ca: L.L Bean?

Ch: No. Trey. And we have this really you know, perfect sex. What do you think it means? (no answer)

4) @ 24:59 at coffee shop over dessert – 26:14

Ca: The longer I sat at that table, the more alone I felt. And it really hit me. I am 35 and alone.

M: You are not alone.

	Ca: No, I know I have you guys but -and I really, I hate myself a little for saying this but -It felt really sad not to have a man in my life who cares about me. (eyes watering) No special guy to wish me happy birthday. No goddamn soul mate. And I don't even know if I believe in soul mates. Ch: Don't laugh at me but - maybe we could be each other's soul mates. And then we could just let men be just these great nice guys to have fun with. S: Well that sounds like a plan. Ca: I'm 35. 35 is not 25. M: Thank God! Ca: I'm 35! S: Oh shut the fuck up, I'm 140. (all laugh)	
<i>The Real Me</i> (4:2) Runtime - (37:57)	1) @ 2:38 brunch in the coffee shop M: (to waitress) Um, I'll start with a salad with extra blue cheese dressing. Thank you. S: Are the vegetables on the veggie plate organic? Ca: They have beef pot pie on the menu, what do you think? S: I'll just have a cup of hot water with lemon, thank you. Ch: Isn't it hard to eat just organic all the time? S: Oh, it is so hard. Last night I could not stop thinking about a Big Mac. I finally had to get dressed, go out and pick up a guy. M: Talk about a happy meal. Ca: Well lady, you have never looked better. Your body is amazing. S: Well I hope so. I'm having nude photographs taken on Wednesday. M: What are you gonna do? Have postcards made up to hand out to prospective dates? S: This is not about a man's approval. This photo is just for me. So when I'm old and my tits are in my shoes, I can look at it and say, "Damn, I was hot." M: Isn't that a little narcissistic? S: No one think it's narcissistic when you get your 7th grade picture taken. Ch: You weren't naked in that. Ca: That we know of.	@ 6:40 <i>Later that night, I got to thinking about Narcissus, a man so consumed with his own image, he drowned in it. Did he have no best friends to mirror back a healthier view of himself? And why is it that we can see our friends perfectly, but when it comes to ourselves, no matter how hard we look, do we ever see ourselves clearly?</i>

S: Look, I like my body. I'm getting these pictures taken, what's the big problem?

Ca: No problem. You're my hero. I think it's fantastic that you can just put it out there. I can't even say yes to some charity fashion show.

S: New York Style?

Ca: Yeah.

S: You were asked to be part of that? That's huge! All the top designers are doing it!

M: Wait, they want you to be a model?

Ca: No, no, no, no. It's a mix of real people, and models. I know the producer.

Ch: Carrie, you have to do it. You live for fashion.

Ca: I do not live for fashion.

Ch: How many fashion shows did you drag me to during fashion week.

Ca: Eight. What's your point?

Ch: Why are you turning down the chance to actually be in one?

Ca: I do not belong on a runway. Runways are for models, not writers.

Ch: What's the difference between strutting down a runway and the way you strut down 5th ave.?

Ca: Strut? Do I strut? Am I a strutter?

Ch: I think it'll be fun. I was a teen model when the Ralph Lauren store opened in New Haven.

M: Okay, it's amazing I was able to keep my lunch down just now.

Ca: I just – I cannot imagine walking down a runway while people sit there and judge me.

Ch: No one would judge you.

Ca: Oh, we judge models all the time.

M: (Talks with mouth full) But you're not a model, you're one of the real people.

Ca: Exactly, and I don't want people to think I can't see the difference between a model and me.

S: Oh, who gives a fuck what people think? This is a fabulous opportunity.

Honey, you'd probably get to keep the clothes.

Ca: I thought of that!

S: I'd do it in a New York minute.

Ch: So would I! (all look at M while she's eating her salad)

Ca: What do you think mutey? (M shrugs and smiles)

2) @14:08 brunch – 15:26 in coffee shop. (Initially no S)

Ca: You're vagina's depressed?

Ch: The mood elevator sort of corrects the imbalance.

M: Wait a minute, how do you know your vagina's depressed?

Ch: There are symptoms.

Ca: Like what? It can't meet its deadlines?

Ch: It always wants to go to Krispy Kreme?

Ch: Oh ha ha. It's so funny – my vagina's depressed! (all laugh) Stop. I might have vulvodynia.

Ca: Vulva-what-ee-a?

Ch: So everyday, I have to keep a vagina journal.

M: No come on. "Dear vagina, why so blue?" kinda journal?

Ca: "Dear vagina, guess who I have a crush on?"

Ch: No, more like, itchy today? Not itchy.

Ca: Sounds like a best seller

Waitress: Ready to order?

Ca: Uh. I guess we're still waiting. Oh, but you know could I have a hot water and some lemon? Thanks.

M: Um. I'm fine, but Charlotte, maybe your hmm-hmm would like an order of fries. I guess not thank you. (Samantha enters)

S: Sorry I'm late. I had to pick up my nude contact sheets. Look.

M: Okay, but only until the food arrives.

S: Charlotte, I want you professional art-eye opinion.

Ch: That's not very arty. I can see your everything!

S: Oh that's just the full frontal. I did that to warm up.

Ch: You should have warned me.

S: What's the big deal, it's just a vagina.

Ch: But its magnified. I have never even seen mine that close.

	S: C'mon. You've never seen yourself up close and personal? Ch: Carrie, have you ever seen yours that close? Ca: How'd I get involved? M: Charlotte, you've never looked at yourself with a hand mirror? S: Oh my God. Honey, I insist that you go home right now and take a look. Or better yet, take my compact and make a quick trip to the ladies room. Ch: I don't want to look. I think it's ugly. M: Well maybe that's why it's depressed. S: What did I miss?	
Defining Moments (4:3) Runtime - (29:38)	1)@ 3:53 brunch in the coffee shop Ch: Have you ever done it in a restaurant bathroom? Ca: Lotus. M: Sparks. S: Somewhere over Chicago. M: She said restaurant bathroom. S: There were warm nuts involved. Ca: Classy. Ch: How about a coatroom? Ca: Lotus. S: My last birthday party. M: I'm out. Syrup? Ca: Are these theoretical questions or are you getting busy missy? Ch: Trey and I – coatroom, Friday. Bistro bathroom last night. M: But I thought he couldn't – Ch: Well apparently he can. All over Manhattan. Ca: Well this is a very happy development. Ch: No! No it's not. We're not even together anymore. M: Doesn't' sound that way to me. Ch: We're supposed to be getting to know each other again not – not – S: Fucking against a hand dryer? Ch: It's so confusing. Are we dating or are be back together? Is he my boyfriend, or my lover? Or my ex-husband whom I have sex with occasionally	@ 6:36 <i>The Eskimos have over 100 for snow and we've invented 3 times that many words for relationship. But the more words we invent, the harder it becomes to define things. In a world where you can love without sex, screw without dating and in the end keep most of your sex partners as friends long after the screwing is over, what really defines a relationship?</i>

in coatrooms?

M: And bathrooms.

Ca: I'm going with "d) all of the above."

S: Oh who cares what you are! Just enjoy it.

Ch: No, I need to know where we're going.

Ca: Yes, we'd like to know where you'll be going too because evidentially, you'll be having sex there.

M: Why do you have to define it?

Ch: He's my husband. We were defined by law and now it's all blurry. It's so hard.

S: Thank your lucky stars.

Ch: Oh, enough about me. What did you do this weekend?

Ca: Monkey Bar.

M: Fun! With whom?

Ca: Big. The bar not that bathroom.

Ch: So you and Big are really friends or something?

Ca: Yeah.

M: Friends. Or something.

Ca: Easy prosecutor.

M: Well, don't you think you should define what you're doing with him?

Ca: Charlotte didn't have to.

M: Charlotte married the guy.

Ca: We're undefinable.

S: She's sleeping with him.

Ca: I am not sleeping with him. We're just hanging out. In fact, you know, now that the pressure's off we're finally enjoying each other. It's good.

M: It's a slippery slope Carrie. Without boundaries you won't know what's gonna happen.

Ca: Yeah, we might actually (gasp) have fun.

S: Have fun, just don't have amnesia.

M: Exactly.

Ca: Hey, can we lighten up on the boundary talk? I'm fine. Sheese.

	Ch: Are you thinking about sleeping with him? Ca: (swallows) No. M: You hesitated. Ca: I was (pause) swallowing. 2) @ 7:15 in Charlotte's gallery looking at art (no S) M: He just whipped it out. I'm brushing, I look over, he's peeing. Ch: Well at least you can probably say he's your boyfriend. Only a boyfriend would do that. M: I don't want a boyfriend who does that. It's never okay to do that. Wait your turn, shut the door, do you business. Ca: Oh, this is perfect. Ms. Boundaries found Mr. No Boundaries. 3) @ 17:48 in a vintage clothing store. Ca: Uh, excuse me but is that a hickey? S: Lemme see. M: Oh my God. I don't- Ca: Wow that's so retro. Ch: Trey and I made out at the movies. M: No, that is retro. Ch: That's not all we did. Right in the middle of the movie, I gave him a blow job. S: Oh! Ch: In the theatre. Ca: Crouching Charlotte, Hidden Hummer. Ch: And you know, you guys were right. Once I stopped trying to define everything, I realized how great Trey and I have it. S: Congratulations sweetie. It sounds like you have a nice, healthy relationship. (all girls leave, c/u on Ch) Ca (v/o): <i>Charlotte realized if Samantha defined her relationship as healthy, she had one sick relationship on her hands.</i>	
What's Sex Got to do With it?	1) @ 2:54 in a bar over drinks M: So what did you do last night Carrie? Ca: I listened to jazz. (giggles)	@ 10:12 <i>(Samantha) wasn't having sex because she wanted to have a relationship, and I was</i>

(4:4) Runtime - (27:07)	Ch: What is so funny about jazz? Ca: Okay here it is. Last night, with Ray, I had (giggles) the most intense orgasm of my entire life. M: I did my laundry. Continue. Ca: It doesn't make any sense. I barely know him. We've only been on two dates. Ch: And yet you had sex with him. S: Can everyone please let Carrie talk about the sex? Ca: The mind-blowing sex. Now, I realize that this next statement makes me a bit of a freak but, um - I usually have to be in love with some one to have that kind of orgasm. S: You might want to see some one about that. Ca: What the hell is going on? Ch: Maybe Ray is the one. S: Your clitoris seems to think so. Ca: Ehh, it was probably just a fluke. I'm going back tomorrow to find out. M: I, on the other hand, am on strike. Ch: What does that mean? M: It means I'm not having any more sex. S: That's not a strike honey, that's a slump. M: No. It might have started as a slump but I'm in control of it now. I've made the conscious decision not to have sex until conditions improve. Ca: And how many people will be effected by this strike? M: Um, so far just the one. But I'm optimistic. The thing is, I can't go on anymore bad dates. I would rather be home alone that out with some guy who sells socks on the internet. S: Well. I'm dating someone. Someone I actually like. M: Oh? Ca: Good. Ch: Wow! S: Maria. Ch: Maria, Maria? My Maria? From the gallery?	<i>having mind-blowing sex hoping to turn it into a relationship. So there you have it. We have a relationship without sex and sex with out a relationship. Which had a better shot at surviving? What comes first the chicken or the sex?</i>

S: Well, she's my Maria now. We're having a relationship. Yes ladies, I'm a lesbian.

Ca: Wait a second. You're in a relationship?

S: Yes. Oh and she just walked in so please get those looks off your faces.

Maria! You know Charlotte.

Maria: Oh yeah, sure.

S: And this is Carrie and Miranda.

(Girls: Hi! So nice to meet you!)

Maria: I see you told them. (S nods)

2) @ 5:26 ; outside walking, no S

Ca: How does that work? You go to bed one night, you wake up one morning and poof, you're a lesbian?

M: Oh, I forgot to tell you. I'm a fire hydrant.

Ca: Yeah. I'm a shoe. I always wanted to be one, and poof, now I am.

Ch: I don't think she's a lesbian. I think she just ran out of men.

M: So you go on strike, you don't eat pussy!

Ch: Ewwe!

Ca: Did you just say, "Eat pussy"?

M; I did but just for emphasis.

Ca: You know, the truly amazing thing is, I had the new tonight. I had the most intense –

M: "Mind blowing" I believe the word was –

Ca: - orgasm of my life and Samantha still managed to up-sex me.

Ch: They met at my gallery. I introduced them

Ca: Poof, you're a pimp.

3) @ 14:58 brunch at the coffee shop (no S initially)

Ch: He still hasn't asked me to move back in. We make love all over the apartment and in the morning I get in a cab and go home just like a Park Avenue hooker!

M: Can't you bring it up?

Ch: No! We finally got the penis working. I don't want to scare it. Why can't I have the relationship and the sex? Why is it one or the other?

Ca: You got me.
M: I wanna order. Where is the lesbian du jour?
Ca: Oh, listen you guys, when she gets here, we have to talk about her relationship. She was kinda mad we didn't take it seriously the last time.
Ch: Oh please. She isn't having a relationship, she's just doing this to bug us.
Ca: I don't know. They haven't even had sex yet. She says she wants it to be special.
Ch: Really?
Ca: Yeah.
Ch: Well then, we should be supportive. This is the healthiest thing Samantha's done in a long time.
M: Does anyone want to split the chocolate pudding?
S: Morning ladies! (girls all: Hi!)
Ch: Tell us about your relationship! How is everything going with Maria?
S: Well, did you know that when a vagina gets engorged it expands to the size of a fist? It's like a fabulous cave.
M: I guess they've had sex.
Ca: Apparently so.
S: And we have three holes down there.
Ch: Okay, stop talking about your relationship.
S: But it's fascinating! There are places a dick just can't go.
Ca: Well some dicks manage just fine.
S: Please, Maria has ten dicks
M: For the record you started this.
Ca: I am sorry, but a finger is not a dick.
M: Yes, a finger is more like a third of a dick. So technically Maria only has three and a third dicks.
S: I can tell you right now, this (uses hand gestures) is not the same as this (uses another hand gesture)
Ch: Okay! Put that away.
S: I'm just saying size has nothing to do with it.
M: What's happening to you!

	S: I'm getting an education! Not only do I now know everything there is to know about glorious "boceta" That's Portuguese for "pussy"- Ca: "Boceta" smagina, let's call the whole thing off! S: The most important thing is that Maria has taught me to connect during sex. It's not just some animal act. It's about two people making love. Ch: Yah! Ca: Yeah.	
Ghost Town (4:5) Runtime - (29:53)	1) @ 2:36 brunch at the coffee shop Ca: Forget it. Not going. S: To what? Ch: What is it? S: (reads invitation) "Steve Brady and Aidan Shaw"?! Ca: How did this happen? Why are they even friends? M: Well according to Steve's girlfriend (rolls eyes) Jessica – who answered his phone while he was in the shower this morning- Ca: -I love how you say "Jessica" like allegedly that's her name. M: Aidan is Steve's silent partner. S: I wonder why I didn't get an invitation. Ca: Well you can have mind Sister, 'cause I'm not going. M: Carrie, c'mon it's a big party. You probably won't even see him. Ca: It's not a party. It's a parade of our failed relationships. Next you're gonna tell me that uh, my junior prom date's the barback. Ch: I think it's good Aidan invited you. It means that he's ready to be friends. Ca: I don't know what it means and I don't want to find out about its at the party. M: It means I forgive you, please come. Ca: Nice try. I'm not going. S: I'll go. M: Thank you! You see? Samantha's my friend. I'm going out with Samantha and her lesbian lover and I am proud. S: Let's not invite Maria. I could use a night away from the old ball and chain. Ca: Oh, don't tell me, you're in a Sapphic slump?	@ 8:47 typing <i>New York City is definitely haunted. Old lovers, ex-boyfriends, anyone you have unresolved issues with you are bound to run into again and again until you resolve them. When a relationship dies, do we ever really give up the ghost? Or are we forever haunted by the spirits of relationships past?</i>

S: All we ever do is lie around, take baths and talk about feelings.
 Ch: I think they call that a relationship.
 S: I don't know how you people do it. All that emotional chow chow, it's exhausting.
 M: I know. Don't you just hate that?
 Ca: Women.
 2) @ 7:45 in a restaurant over dinner
 M: I think I might have a ghost.
 Ca: I think I might have to hear that again.
 M: There were weird noises last night right above me. The cat heard it too.
 Ca: Oh! Well, if that cat heard it – That's not a ghost. That's some weird upstairs neighbor's nocturnal what have you.
 M: That's what I thought too, at first. But this morning the super let me in upstairs and there's no one living there. The place is completely empty and I know it sounds crazy but last night I could feel it.
 Ca: Did the cat feel it too?
 M: The hairs on my neck all stood up.
 Ch: My grandmother had a ghost. And finally she had to tell it to leave.
 S: Well that's exactly what you're supposed to do. Confront the ghost, acknowledge its presence, then release it.
 M: How do you happen to know that?
 S: Everyone know that.
 M: The thing that I don't understand is- Why now? I've been living there for two years.
 Ch: When I was living alone, I used to feel scared like that all the time. But now that I'm back with Trey, I feel so safe.
 M: What are you saying Charlotte? I have a ghost because I'm single? That's discrimination.
 3) @ 23:26 at the opening of Steve's bad "Scout" (no Ch)
 M: Wow.
 S: Who are all these attractive people? Hello.
 Ca: Who cares? We're looking for Aidan ladies. Eyes akimbo. Yeah, that's it

stealth. Hey (to S) Whatcha doing there sister? Getting your groove on, doing the robot?

S: I threw my back out.

Ca: Oh! Oh.

M: How?

Ca: Fucking Maria with a strap-on. She fucked me, I fucked her. With all the fucking and talking I had no idea men had to work so hard.

M: How does a strap-on work exactly? Is it belted or-

Ca: You know what? Could we not have the strap-on conversation right now? This night is hard enough as it is. All right.

M: How does it work?

Ca: Hey! What did I just say?

S: It doesn't. Maria and I broke up.

Ca: Oh sweetie I'm sorry.

M: Was it the strap on that broke the relationship's back or just yours?

S: Maria thinks I have intimacy issues.

Ca: Oh come on!

M: Oh she's crazy!

S: I tried, I really did, but I'm not a relationship person! I told her from the start didn't I?

Ca: You most certainly did.

M: You absolutely.

S: I did, I did! And then she has to go fall in love with me. I mean, what the fuck? (cricks her neck) Ugh! I need a drink. Would it be bad to have a martini with my muscle relaxant or bad in a good way?

M: (laughs) I dunno. Are you operating heavy machinery this evening?

S: Never again. Where is the bar in this bar?

Ca (v/o): (as she turns and sees Aidan who smiles at her) *Miranda was right. When you see a ghost, you just know it. You can feel it. The hairs on the back of your neck stand up.*

Ca: That was it? That's all I get? I don't even know what that was?

M: I don't even know who that was? Was that Aidan?

	S: Does he look better or have I just been with a woman too long? Ca: All right, that's enough I'm going home. I don't even know why I came. M: Oh, because I begged you to. Come on, let me buy you a ladies a free drink. Huh? S: Okay? M: I'll meet you at the bar.	
<i>Baby, Talk is Cheap</i> (4:6) Runtime - (29:56)	1) @ 1:45 over drinks in a bar Ch: Carrie. Tell them what you told me. Ca: That I'm not going to your African dance class ever again or that you can't keep a secret? Ch: Carrie's calling Aidan. Ca: And hanging up! S: Why are you calling him? Ca: I think I want him back. How do I do this? M: Well first you have to be willing to accept the fact that after what happened, he might not want to hear it. Ca: I am willing to accept that fact. How do I do this? S: You don't. One word honey, "Granola". So not you. Ch: Aidan's perfect! He stripped her floors. He just needs to lose the turquoise rings and the tummy. Ca: Oh, the tummy is gone. At that thing last week, he look disturbingly good. M: He's he new improved Aidan. S: Hm. Low-fat granola. Ca: Yah, yah yeah. He looks good. He looks good. But that's not why I want him back though. I just miss him. M: Did you miss him before you saw him? Ch: What about the turquoise? Ca: I miss him. I've missed him for months. M: Okay, you need a safe approach in case he rejects you. Email him. Ca: No I don't believe in email. I'm an old fashion gal. I prefer calling and hanging up. S: Oh come on honey, you've got to get online if only for the porn.	@ 9:56 <i>Are all these improvements in communication really helping us communicate? In matters of love, do actions really speak louder than words?</i>

Ch: Yah, would you please stop sending me those?
 S: Oh. Come on, it's funny!
 Ca: I can't get email just to write Aidan, that's pathetic.
 M: It's not just email, you can shop online.
 Ca: Oh, no no no. Shopping is my cardio.
 S: Okay, okay. I know what you do. Don't call him, don't email, just show up at his furniture store wearing these.
 Ch: Eww! What are those?
 S: Fake nipples.
 M: And why are we carrying them around?
 S: They were sent to me as some kind of promotional thing.
 Ca: Really? Is there a nipple council? Are nipples getting a bad rap?
 S: Nipples are huge right now. Open any magazine. It's not that cold. Those girls are either tweaking, or they're wearing these.
 M: Sam, put 'em in I want to see how they work.
 Ca: Oh no no. Samantha already leads with her breasts. It's not a good experiment.
 Ch: Miranda, you try them.
 S: Oh yeah, now that I'd like to see
 M: I'm not certain but I think my boobs were just insulted. Okay cover me (she puts them in)
 Ch: That's obscene. Okay. Walk. (M walks)
 Ca: "We have secretly replaced Miranda's normal nipples with rubber ones. Let's see what happens." (M gets attention – she mouths "They work.")
 S: Okay, now I want my nipples back.
 2) @ 7:42 in a store (no M)
 Ch: Ick!
 Ca: No!
 Ch: He didn't say that.
 S: It's not what he said, it's how he said it – in baby talk.
 Ca: Uh. Baby talk is the worst. How can they think it's sexy? It's like putting ketchup on prime rib – Stop! You're ruining it!

S: I know and it's such a shame because this guy is hot. I finally had to sit on his face to shut him up.

Ch: You know, some men use baby talk to avoid intimacy.

Ca: While others simple choose not to respond to your email.

S: Aidan still hasn't written back?

Ca: Well, fourteen hours, but whose counting?

Ch: Oh my God! Awwee! (holds up baby outfit) Don't you guys think it's adorable?

Ca: Don't you think that maybe it's a wee bit small?

Ch: Oh you guys. Trey and I are trying to have a baby.

Ca: (quietly) Oh.

S: Why?

Ca: Don't you think that maybe you should wait awhile? I mean you guys just got back together?

Ch: I can't wait. I'm the oldest woman I know who doesn't have a baby. The oldest married woman who wants one. You know what I mean.

Ca: Sweetie, if that's what you want, I'm very happy for you.

Ch: Thanks

Ca: You're welcome.

Ch: And I promise, I won't become one of those mothers who can only talk about Diaper Genies.

Ca: Good! (Ch leaves)

S: What the hell is a diaper genie?

Ca: I dunno. Some one you pay to change the baby's diaper?

3) @ 12:33 brunch in the coffee shop.

Ca: Hey Miranda, did you get my e-mail about our double, whatever it is?

M: Yes and I'm ignoring it.

Ca: So far not impressed with the email.

M: Why would I go out with Steve?

Ca: No no. You're not going out with Steve, you're going as my airbag incase there's an impact. And Steve's going as Aidan's airbag.

M: Well would you explain that to Steve. I don't want him to get the wrong

impression. I'm dating other people now.
 Ch: Who? Marathon man?
 M: Yes. We slept together after our run.
 Ca: Well I guess he was interested.
 S: Did he live up to his nickname?
 M: Yah, it was good. Except that he kinda – licked my butt.
 S: Be specific. You mean the cheeks or -
 M: It was more localized than that.
 S: Ahh.
 Ca: Wait a minute -are we talking tuchis-lingus?
 M: I'm afraid so. And I thought it was weird. It's weird right? Are we doing this now?
 S: Well, if the guy's willing, why not?
 M: Anyone other than Samantha?
 Ca: No no. I never had a guy do the TL on me. We actually no, one time it almost happened, but I got the feeling that he just lost his way.
 Ch: Well, Trey likes to do it. We're married.
 M: Okay, I'm definitely in the slow sexual group if even Charlotte is open to this.
 S: There's something happening with men and the ass.
 M: It's true. The last few guys I've been with have been much more eager to attend to it you now, digitally.
 Ca: How did this happen? How did they get the message that the ass is now on the menu?
 M: I bet there this one loud mouth guy who found some woman who loved it and told everyone – "Women love this!"
 Ca: Who is this guy?
 M: Who is this woman who loved it?
 S: Well don't knock it until you try it.
 Ca: Bingo!
 M: Maybe I shouldn't have pulled away so fast. Was this my last shot you think?
 Am I out of the ass loop forever? I mean, I can't bring myself to ask for it.

	S: You don't have to ask for it, just lean into it. No word necessary. He'll get the signal. M: But then do I have to reciprocate? S: No! I would never do it back to them. M: Neither would I. Ca: Me neither. Ch: You wouldn't?	
<i>Time and Punishment</i> (4:7) Runtime - (29:59)	1) @ 1:28 brunch in the coffee shop Ca: Okay, something happened. M: Something bad? Ca: Big called while Aidan and I were making love. M: Something bad. Ca: The machine picked up. Ch: What did you do? Ca: Nothing. We just kept making love. S: He could keep going after that? Honey, he's a keeper. M: Never mind him, how'd you do? Ca: Fine, I finished. Ch: You did? Ca: I had to! And I haven't worked that hard at anything since my SATs. Ch: This is awful! Did you talk about it? Ca: Nope. We just went to sleep. And when I woke up, Aidan was on the other side of the bed. Usually he sleeps right next to me, you know, like right here and I just, I get in his little nook. Ch: Well maybe he's just sleeping differently. Ca: Maybe. Or maybe he'll never forget what happened and every time the phone rings he'll think that it's Big calling to start affair number two. M: That's a big maybe. Ca: I was just hoping that we could just start fresh and now I think we're gonna have to talk about it. S: Well what are you gonna do? Sit Aidan down and explain about Big? Ca: Unless Hallmark makes a "sorry I cheated" card.	@ 4:39 <i>Later that day I started thinking about relationships and partial lobotomies. Two seemingly different ideas that might be just perfect together, like chocolate and peanut butter. Think how much easier it would all be if there was some swift surgical procedure to wash away all the ugly memories and mistakes, and leave only the fun trips and special holidays. But until that day arrives, what to do? Rely on the same old needle point philosophy of forgive and forget? And even if a couple can manage the forgiveness has any every really conquered the forgetness? Can you ever really ever forgive if you can't forget?</i>

S: No one wants to talk about their lovers ex-lovers. What happened was in the past. Leave it there.

Ca: It's on my answering machine. I have to talk about it.

Ch: Can I change the subject?

Ca: I'll pay you a million dollars.

Ch: I'm thinking of quitting my job.

S: Did you get an offer from a better gallery?

Ch: No, I mean stopping working. Altogether.

Ca: Really?

Ch: Yeah. I've been driving myself crazy lately trying to get everything done.

And then Trey suggested-

M: Trey suggested?

Ch: Well, he mentioned that maybe I might quit. And really I have been driving myself crazy and for what? The gallery? What has the gallery ever done for me?

Ca: But you love your job.

Ch: I know, but there so much more I could do with my life.

M: Like what?

Ch: Well soon I'll be pregnant and that'll be huge. Plus, I'm redecorating the apartment and I always wanted to take one of those Indian cooking classes and sometimes I'll walk by one of those Colour Me Mine pottery places , and I'll see a woman having just a lovely afternoon glazing a bowl. That'd be a nice change. And I wanted to volunteer at Trey's hospital. And help raise money for the new Pediatric AIDS wing.

Ca: Well, the cooking and the AIDS stuff is great, but uh, Color Me Mine, sweetie, if I were walking by and I saw you in there? I'd just keep on walking.

Ch: Anyway. That's why I'm thinking.

Ca: You sure you're not just having a bad work week?

Ch: No that's not it. I'm quitting, that's what I want to do, yep. I'm quitting.

S: Well, be damn sure before you get off the Ferris wheel because the women waiting to get on are 22, perky and ruthless.

Ca: (to S) You seem to have a lot of opinions today.

S: I'm telling you. Just forget it ever happened.

My Motherboard, my self (4:8) Runtime - (29:59)	1) @ 1:08 (outside park/picnic) M: I'll start. I can sum up my life in one breath. Work, work, Au Bon Pain, work. And you? Ca: Oh okay. Let's see. Aidan, Aidan, this pimple, Aidan. Gee, maybe we don't need an hour. S: (to Ch) Charlotte, I cannot believe you made this sandwich! I love you not working. You can be my wife. Ch: You know I thought I'd have more free time, but redecorating is very stressful. Did you know there are over 40 different kinds of dimmers? M: Remember back when the economy was good and we had a table? Carrie? Are you a janitor now? (holds up a big key ring) Ca: (laughs) I know, it's ridiculous. I need these 7 just to get into Aidan's building. Ch: Aidan gave you his keys? Ca: Yeah, but I always make him come to my place. He buys that two-in-one shampoo. M: Wait a minute. Does Aidan have you keys now too? Ca: Yes he does. All two of them. Ch: You've exchanged keys. That's big. Ca: Oh no, no, no. That's the opposite of Big. M: Good for you. It took me six months to give my cleaning lady a key. S: Well, I happen to have the key to a successful relationship right here. 1001 sexual positions (pamphlet). I got it on the corner from a guy - \$1.50. I love this city! Ca: Woah nelly. Ch: Whose legs bend back that far? M: It's like sex for the boneless. S: See that's why I love about this guy Nick I'm seeing. M: He's deboned? S: He's the wrestling coach at NYU. He's like an extra strength rubber-band – Ca: My congregants please refer to position 91 in your prayer books. M: And let us say, "Amen!"	@ 3:57 <i>If giving a man the keys to your apartment means unlocking the door to home cooking and great sex why were so many independent women</i> (Aidan reads out loud; no screen shot) 2) @ 28:29 <i>After all, computers crash, people die, relationships fall apart. The best we can do is breathe and reboot...and when that fails, a little gizmo called a zip drive can provide a surprising amount of comfort. So can a boyfriend. If you can learn to let him.</i> (She continues to type as the shot fades out)

2) @ 10:56 brunch, in the coffee shop no Miranda
 S: Where have you been and where's Miranda? I'm staving!
 Ch: What's wrong?
 Ca: Miranda's in Philadelphia. Her mother had a heart attack yesterday. And she died early this morning.
 Ch: She wasn't even sick? God I can't believe it. Poor Miranda, how is she?
 Ca: (cries) I don't know. She's not good. I just felt so awful for her and I just, I just didn't know what to say to her and – you know Miranda, she was trying to be so strong-but she just – she sounded so alone. And I just kept saying all the wrong things I think.
 Ch: No I'm sure you didn't.
 Ca: I'm sorry.
 Ch: Well, I guess the first thing we should do is send some flowers.
 Ca: Right.
 Ch: Or a fruit basket. Or muffins? What do you think?
 Ca: (to S) Hey are you alright?
 S: What? Oh. I'm fine. Flowers are fine. Just let me know who to send the cheque to. (Ch & Ca look blankly) I'm just hungry.
 3) @ 14:38 – 16:28 no M
 (Ch is speaking very sternly to florist)
 Ca: You told her.
 Ch: Well these flowers will be the centerpiece on the church alter. I think it's important that they represent us, don't you agree? Samantha?
 S: Oh, I don't know. I'm not even listening. I lost my orgasm.
 Ca: In the cab?
 Ch: What do you mean lost?
 S: I mean I just spent the last 2 hours fucking with no finale.
 Ca: It happens. Sometimes you just can't get there.
 S: I can always get there.
 Ch: Every time you have sex?
 Ca: She's exaggerating. Please say you're exaggerating?
 S: Well, I admit I have to polish myself off once or twice, but yes. When I

RSVP to a party I make it my business to come.
 Ca: See, I've been a no show on more than one occasion.
 Ch: Sex can still be great without an orgasm.
 S: Oh, that is such a crock of shit.
 Ca: She has a point.
 S; What's wrong with me?
 Ca: Listen, you've got plenty of orgasm under you're belt. You're gonna be fine.
 Now let's retrace your steps. Were you on the top?
 S: How is that relevant?
 Ch: You can have them on the bottom?
 S: Top, bottom, upside down.
 Ca: Alright, now you're just showing off.
 S: I'm asking for help!
 Ca: Sweetie. I'm sure it will pop up when you least expect it. Like, jury duty.
 Ch: Unless-
 S: What?
 Ch: I read this article about a woman whose having orgasms round the clock.
 And then boom! Orgasms stopped for good. I was like she used them all up or
 something.
 S: That's the meanest thing you've ever said to me.
 4) @ 24:39 in front of the church at Miranda's mother's funeral
 Ca: (Hugs M) I'm so sorry.
 Ch: I'm so sorry. (hugs M)
 S: You look great. Well she does.
 Ca: How are you?
 M: I'm fine. But everyone else is very concerned about me because I'm here
 alone. I didn't realize I needed a date for my mother's funeral.
 Ch: Oh Miranda.
 M: My sister and her husband want me to third-wheel with them down the aisle.
 Because God forbid I should walk it alone, because that would be the real
 tragedy, right? Ignore the coffin. There's a single 35 year-old woman walking
 behind it.

	Betsy calls: Miranda! M: Coming Betsy! (leaves)	
<i>Sex and the Country</i> (4:9) Runtime - (29:09)	1) @ 5:27 at brunch in the coffee shop M: I made him cry. No, first, I yelled at him. I yelled at my friend, the cancer patient. Then I made him cry. Ch: Well, it's understandable. I mean, you just lost your mom. I'm sure you have a lot of pent up, residual anger. M: Maybe, but mostly he was just pissing me off. S: Sounds like he needed a good kick in the ass which is what you gave him. Ca: You know what you need? A nice, relaxing weekend with me at Aidan's country house. S: You're not actually going are you? Ca: Well, if by going, you mean taken against my will and kidnapped, then yes I'm going. So enjoy me now ladies, because this weekend I'm a hick town hostage. M: I can't go. Steve has cancer. Some one has to stay in town and make him feel bad about it. Ca: (to Ch) You're at the Connecticut compound? (Ch nods) (looks as S) Oh come on! It's like we live in Paris and we're running to Provence for the weekend! S: Ugh – what is about the weekends now? I swear to God, every guy I've fucked since Memorial Day wants to know what I'm doing this weekend. They just don't get it. My weekends are for meeting new guys so I don't have to be fucking the old ones. Ca: So that's a no I guess? (S shakes her head) I guess I'll have to brave the wilderness on my own. Ch: No! not on your own! With Aidan. Ca: And I love Aidan. And Aidan loves the country. So maybe I'll love the country. M: Wait a minute. Just cause Aidan loves the country, you have to love it to? Ca: Yes, apparently that's how it works. M: I see. You need to pretend to be some one else to be in a relationship.	@ 9:37 <i>Relationships, no matter how good, are inevitably a series of compromises. But how much of ourselves should we be willing to sacrifice for the other person before we stop being ourselves? In a relationship, when does the art of compromise become compromising?</i>

	Ca: No, I believe the word you're looking for is comprise. Ch: It's true. Trey loves golf, so I'm taking lessons. Trey loves Bunny, so, I'm ovulating at the orchid show. S: Which hick town is it exactly? Ca: It's too terrible and too ironic – its Suffern. Suffern New York. M: It sounds like you need to take some Buffer'n to Suffern'!	
<i>Belles of the Balls</i> (4:10) Runtime - (30:23)	1) @ 8:12 – 9:16 at brunch in the coffee shop Ch: What do superheroes have to do with it? Ca: I have no idea. It's a guy thing. All I know is that in order to deal with Big he had to turn himself into the Green Lantern. M: Hornet. Ca: I don't care if he's the Green Bee. I just wish there was a way for Aidan to really understand that he has nothing to worry about. Maybe I should try and get him and me and Big together. M: Did you have a big plate of crazy for lunch? Ca: We could talk, and Aidan can see once and for all that I love him. And Big and I are just friends. Ch: Carrie, I don't know. Ca: Seriously, keeping my relationship with Big in the closet only makes things worse. S: These are guys. They don't talk. They fight. They can't help it. It's all that crazy testosterone. God bless it. Ch: We're having Trey's sperm tested. M: Is it not doing well in school? Ch: We were discussing it over dinner last night and he just blew up. One minute he was perfectly happy, the next minute, furious. S: That time of the month? Ch: It's a side of Trey I've never seen. It's about the sperm. M: What is it about that area? It's like a minefield! 2) @ 12:17 at lunch in a restaurant S: "Emotional" is just code for "I don't want to hire a woman." M: Exactly. They're that way at my firm too. They think you're gonna cry over a	@ 9:16 <i>That afternoon I got to thinking about my friends. Body image, depression, unpredictable mood swings, late night phone calls obsessing about a relationship. Did I mention that these are my male friends? So, maybe men and women aren't from different planets as pop culture would have us believe. Maybe we live a lot closer to each other, perhaps, dare I even say, in the same zip code. In lieu of current circumstances, I couldn't help but wonder. Are men just women with balls?</i>

	legal brief. Ca: Well, have you ever cried over a brief? M: Certainly, but only in the privacy of my own office. Ch: I cried once at the gallery, once in 10 years, and from that time on it was “Careful! Don’t make Charlotte cry!” S: I have never cried at work. Ca: I fake cried to my editor when I missed a deadline. I told him I was having a bad time at home, but really, I was having a good time in the Hamptons. M: But that makes the rest of us look bad! Ca: Oh booh hoo. It was 80 degrees and sunny. S: A guy gets angry at a meeting, he’s a pistol. A woman? She’s emotional. Ch: If I say anything like “I don’t think that’s hung high enough-“ they so “Oh, careful! Don’t make Charlotte cry!” S: What does he think I’m gonna do? Get my period and ruin his empire? M: Yes! Men - wait, let me rephrase that, SOME men – Ca: Good move council, that will look much better on the court transcripts of this dinner. M: Some men are threatened by strong business women and they have to find a way to just make her a woman again, hence “You’re too emotional” Ca: “Hence” yet. S: Well I’m going back in there, guns blazing, calm, cool collected. I’m going to impress that arrogant motherfucker so much he’s gonna beg me to take the job. Ch: Just don’t cry. Once! Once, in 10 years! Ca: Well, this chickie’s gotta run or I’m gonna miss my ride with Aidan. Then I’ll have to take mass transit to the country, then they’ll be some tears.	
Coulda, Woulda, Shoulda (4:11) Runtime - (29:56)	1) @ 2:34 at brunch in the coffee shop (Ch puts a box of tampons on the table) Ca: Hey look! Charlotte brought party favours. Ch: I’m never getting pregnant! S: Would you please move the tampax away from my toast points? Ch: When I think of all those women, everyday, getting pregnant, getting pregnant, getting pregnant! I’ve been trying for 5 months – nothing.	@ 9:52 <i>So many road, so many detours, so many choices, so many mistakes. As we drive along this road called life occasionally a gal will find herself a little lost and when that happens, I guess she has to let go of the coulda, woulda, shoulda, buckle up and just keep going. As</i>

Ca: Charlotte, honey, don't worry. You'll get pregnant.
 Ch: When? A woman of 35 has only a 30% chance of conceiving and then the numbers just go down from there.
 M: Numbers can be wrong.
 S: If it's so hard to get pregnant, how do you account for the number of crying children on planes?
 Ch: This is not a laughing matter.
 S: Oh I'm sorry. I thought this was brunch not a fertility seminar.
 Ca: Okay let's all just (whistles to calm down) Charlotte, should we get you a menu?
 Ch: It's me. I probably can't have a baby.
 Ca: Don't say that.
 Ch: It's true. Trey checked out fine. It's me. I know it's me.
 Ca: It's not you.
 Ch: Then what is it?! I keep hearing all these stories about women getting pregnant just looking at each other! I do it on my head, on my side, on my back, on the top, on the bottom, on the top then the bottom-
 S: Now this is brunch talk.
 Ch: Do you know how many times Trey and I have done it without a condom? Seventy-three. Have you any idea how much perfectly fine semen that is?
 Ca: No. Samantha, any guesses?
 Ch: Enough for me to know in my bones that it's me. And the big joke is I spent my entire twenties worried that I'd get pregnant. I could have been screwing everything in sight.
 S: Coulda, woulda, shoulda.
 Ch: I should have been so lucky to get pregnant by mistake. Okay. What's with the eyes Miranda.
 M: Nothing.
 Ch: You're just sitting there, you haven't said a word and you're making the eyes.
 M: It's nothing.
 Ch: You think I'm pathetic or something?

*we speed along this endless road to the destination called "Who we hope to be" I can't help but whine: **Are we there yet?***

Ca: It's not about you.
 Ch: What's not about me?
 M: I could not think of a worse time to tell you this.
 Ca: Oh man -
 Ch: What the "F" is going on?
 M: I'm pregnant. Steve.
 S: Mercy fuck? (M nods)
 Ch: He only has one ball! It isn't fair!
 Ca: Charlotte, take a breath. Here honey, have a sip of water.
 Ch: How could you do this to me?
 M: To you?
 Ca: Okay, stop! Please! Stop.
 S: What are you gonna do? (M gestures, nods her head, S nods her head too)
 Ch: You're not even going to consider having it?
 M: This is not in my plans right now and I feel really awful talking about this in front of you.
 Ch: Then I'll leave.
 M: No.
 Ch: You can just sit here and have your abortion talk.
 Ca: Come on Charlotte, please sit down. (Ch leaves)
 M: (starts to cry) Oh!
 Ca: She didn't mean it. All she can think about right now is babies.
 M: She makes me sound so -
 S: Don't do that. Okay, it's less than a desirable situation, but it happens. We've all been there.
 M: I haven't!
 S: I've had two. Carrie, how many have you had?
 Ca: Uh, one!
 S: Oh, right. That waiter at TGI Friday's.
 Ca: TGI Friday's? Please, can we not make this worse than it was? He was a waiter at The Saloon, okay? And let me remind you in 1988, The Saloon was very happening.

	M: Apparently. 2) @ 24:39 in Miranda's apt (no Ch at first) S: Take it easy. (gives her a hot drink) Sip slowly. M: I'm okay S: A little pillow for you. (Ch knocks and enters) Ch: Hi. I thought some flowers might do whatever it is flowers are supposed to do in a situation like this. Ca: See I felt the same way about Entemann's lemon strudel. Ch: How are you feeling? M: Pretty freaked out. (pause) Charlotte I didn't do it. I'm keeping the baby. Ch: My God (looks around starts crying) We're having a baby!	
<i>Just Say Yes</i> (4:12) Runtime - (30:00)	1) @ 5:11 at brunch in the coffee shop Ch: You're getting engaged! Ca: I threw up. I saw the ring and I threw up. That's not normal. S: That's my reaction to marriage. M: What do you think you might do if he asks? Ca: I don't know. Ch: Just say, "Yes." Ca: Well, it hasn't been long enough. Has it? Ch: Trey and I got engaged after only a month. S: How long before you separated? Ch: We're together now and that's what matters. When it's right you just know. S: Carrie doesn't know! Ca: Carrie threw up. S: So it might not be right. Ca: Maybe this is all happening because my building is going co-op. Is this a real-estate merger? Am I a real-estate bride? M: If there were unlimited apartments in Manhattan we'd all be single forever. Ch: What did the ring look like? Ca: Well, that's the other thing. The ring was not good. M: What do you mean?	@ 7:26 <i>Does anyone really know when it's right? And how do you know? Are there signs? Fireworks? Is it right when it feels comfortable or is comfortable a sign that there aren't any fireworks? Is hesitation a sign that it's not right or is it just a sign that you're not ready? In matters of love how do you know when it's right?</i>

	Ca: It was a pear shaped diamond (S grimaces) with a gold band. Ch: (gasps) Ick! S: Ick – no wonder you threw up. Ca: It's just not me. M: You wear gold jewelry. Ca: Yeah, like ghetto gold for fun. But this is my engagement ring. M: I helped picked the ring. Ca: You knew about this?! M: Aidan wanted a female perspective. And P.S. I was pregnant woman shopping for a ring with a man who wasn't the baby's father. Not exactly my dream scenario! Ch: At least you're pregnant! M: Are you gonna yell at me every time I mention it? Because we got another 7 months to go. Ca: I'll just say, "I'm not ready to get engaged yet, but I love ya and I want to live with you." How does that sound? S: Like a no. Ca: But it's a yes to living together. That's a big deal. You know that's a first for me. Don't I get a little credit for that? Ch: Just try to be nice because down the road you might want to marry him. Ca: I'll have to act surprised. I wonder when it's gonna happen. Do you know when he's going to do it? M: No. And you're on your own I am no longer involved. Ca: Oh, now you're not involved. Now that I'm stuck with the bad ring. (looks at Ch's ring) See that's a nice ring! Aidan should have known that ring wasn't me. How can I marry a guy who doesn't know which ring is me? S: Exactly honey. Wrong ring – wrong guy.	
<i>The Good Fight</i> (4:13) Runtime - (29:05)	1) @ 2:09 brunch Ca: A plant. The man brought a living thing into my apartment. I don't do plants. I kill everything I bring in there. M: You said yes to moving in. The guy moved in. Ca: But he's taking over whole areas.	@ 15:28 <i>As I looked around, I wondered how many of them were mid fight (in a coffee shop), like myself. The hard thing about fighting in a relationship as opposed to Madison Square</i>

S: This is why I never lived with a man. This and the fact that I want them out an hour after I climax.

M: You let them stay a whole hour?

S: You'd be surprised how many are ready to go again after a quick catnap.

Ca: And there's no walls, you know, there's nowhere to hide. As soon as I walk in the door, he's all up in my face with "Who'd you see? Where'd you go?

Who'd ya meet? What'd ya know?" What I know is, I need time to decompress. Just be alone.

Ch: But Carrie, there's gonna have to be some adjustments. Relationships are hard.

Ca: You guys, I miss walking into my apartment with no one there and it's all quiet and I can do the stuff you do when you're totally alone. Things you would never want you boyfriend to see you do.

S: Like masturbate?

Ca: My S.S.B – my secret single behaviour. Like, I like to make a stack of saltines. I put grape jelly on them. I eat them standing up in the kitchen reading fashion magazines.

Ch: Why standing up?

Ca: I dunno. It's weird but it just feels great.

M: I like to put Vasoline on my hands and put them in those Borghese conditioning gloves, while watching infomercials.

Ch: Before I was married, I used to study my pores in a magnifying mirror for an hour each night. But I'm afraid Trey will think it's weird.

Ca: Well he would. You can't do that stuff in front of men. (to S) What about you Lolita? Anything you do you wouldn't want a man to see?

S: No.

M: You know, I believe her. (S's cell phone rings)

Ca: Hey, didn't we make a rule about those things at lunch?

S: It's my boss, I have to take it. (on phone) Samantha Jones. Richard, it's Sunday. Fine. I'll see you in an hour. (off phone) He wants me to drop something off this afternoon.

Ca: Nice. Little skyrocket in flight, afternoon delight?

*Garden, no referee. There's no one to tell you which comments are below the belt or when to go to your separate corners. As a result, some one usually gets hurt. And it seems the closer a couple gets and the more "stuff" they have between them, the harder it is to figure out exactly why they are yelling. When it comes to relationships, I couldn't help but wonder **What are we fighting for?***

S: No, its just work.
 Ch: Hardly. You're sleeping with him.
 S: You told them!
 Ca: I also like to gossip on the phone while secretly pumicing my calluses.
 M: So, how is he? And spare no detail - I'm a horny pregnant person.
 S: I don't want to talk about it.
 All three girls: Woo woo!
 Ca: Samantha likes a guy! Samantha likes a guy.
 S: I do not.
 Ch: You do! You do! Or you would tell us all the dirty details.
 M: Oh my God, we're gonna have to ice skate home. Hell just froze over.
 S: Okay, you want details, ok. He's got the most perfect dick I've ever seen.
 Long, pink, amazing. It's dick-a-licious.
 Ca: All right, so what should I do about Aidan's stuff?
 2)@ 18:25 over dinner at Charlotte's apartment
 Ca: He yelled, then I yelled. It's been three days, and nothing. Not a word, and I'll be damned if I say "I'm sorry" first.
 Ch: Well, Trey and I hardly ever yell. We're Wasps. Wasps don't ever yell, it's genetic. Would anyone like more salad?
 M: No, we're done. What's the main course?
 Ca: (to M) Hey. Relax. Chew, you'll get laid. You're not meeting until 10:00.
 Ch: Beef, with Thai noodles.
 M: Ooh!
 S: Richard is thinking of opening a hotel in Thailand.
 Ca: Sweetie. It's perfectly okay to like a guy.
 S: For the last time, the only think I like about Richard is his big throbbing, rock-hard, perfect dick.
 Trey: Whoops! Forgot it was ladies' night.
 Ch: Trey, you're not supposed to be here.
 Trey: Good evening everyone.
 S: Good evening.
 M: Hello.

Ca: Hi.

Trey: Hello Mrs. (tries to kiss Ch, who pulls away) Still mad I see. Well, I suppose she told you about the baby.

Ch: No! I didn't. I never want to think about it again.

Trey: Well, see, I was trying to make Charlotte laugh –

Ch: It's not funny!

Trey: Well wait a minute now, maybe they'll think it's funny. Uh, see we were so tense about not being able to have one, that I gave Charlotte a cardboard baby. Isn't that funny? (Women look puzzled) Carrie. You're funny. Cardboard baby, that's funny right? I mean, it's not funny "ha, ha", but silly. See, they sell them in novelty stores, and other people buy them and, and the clerk said that it was funny. You know what? Maybe you have to see it!

Ch: Don't you bring that thing in here!

Trey: It's silly.

Ch: Not to me it isn't! How would you feel if I gave you a cardboard cut out of a big flaccid penis? It's not so funny now is it? (Trey walk away) (gasps) Don't you bring that flat baby in here I will kill you! (stands)

Trey: How dare you talk to me like that in front of your friends?!

Ch: Oh! They know all about your penis problems and they're just sick of hearing about it!

Ca (v/o): *There we were, right in the middle of a Wasp nest.* (Girls get up to leave)

Trey: This is unforgivable!

Ch: No! What's unforgivable is you denying me my baby because of your own selfish, spoiled needs!

Trey: Oh, I'm spoiled?

Ch: Yes!

Trey: You! You are spoiled! Ever since we moved back in here it's been nothing but "baby, baby!" What about me?

Ch: What about you? (S answers a call from Richard while they fight)

Ca: Um, we're gonna go.

Trey: Good!

Ch: Oh! Don't you talk to my friends like that! Without a baby, they're all I

	have! Trey: And what am I ? Ch: You are the man who gave me a cardboard baby! Trey: It was funny! Ch: No it wasn't! Ca: Goodnight! (all three slam the doors)	
All that Glitters (4:14) Runtime - (29:56)	1) Four way split screen – all on a conference call @ 2:15 S: We're going out. Ch: Who's on the phone? Ca: All of us, it's the future. M: Why are you guys calling me so late? Ca: its 7:30, were you asleep? M: I'm pregnant. I'm always asleep. These are my last months of freedom and I'm spending them in bed. S: Just don't spend them alone in bed. M: I'm a lost cause, go on without me, save yourselves! Ca: No, we're all going. We have to shake things up before we officially become boring! Gasp! I say we go dancing! S: I'm in! Ch: Let's go dancing! M: Okay, but not somewhere I'm gonna feel worse about myself when no one's interested because I'm fat. Ca: You're not fat, you're pregnant. M: Yeah, that'll have men lining up at the door. S: I know exactly where we can go! 2) @ 16:50 at Samantha's apartment eating Biscotti Ch: This is gay porn! M: What was your first clue? Ch: You said we were watching an independent film. I brought biscotti. Ca: Oh relax. I've watched it already, and I'm telling you, this is really funny. S: See? That's the way to do it. No "I love you" just good old-fashion fucking. Ch: I am not in the mood for gay porn.	@14:25 <i>Later I started to think about restlessness and relationships. Once we've found what we've been searching for, why are some of us reluctant to let go of our single selves? Is single life in New York such a constant flurry of fun and friends that settling down immediately fills us with the urge to shake things up again? And why does becoming part of a couple imply settling down...we shouldn't expect to get everything from one man, but instead, feel comfortable getting different things from different people. Although at what point do separate interests become separate bedrooms? I couldn't help but wonder, to be a couple do you have to put your single self on the shelf?</i>

	Ca: Not in the mood for gay porn?! M: Don't you want to know how it ends? Ch: <i>House and Garden</i> wants to shoot my apartment and I told Trey and he doesn't even care. M: We turned off porn to talk about a magazine? Biscotti please. Ch: He never cares about what I want. Anthony is more excited about it than Trey is. S: That's because gay men understand what's important. Clothes, compliments and cocks. Ca: And clubs. Oliver's taking me to Bungalow Eight tomorrow night. M: Sound like you're cheating on Aidan with a gay man. Ca: Oh no, that's allowed. Gay boyfriends are the loop hole of monogamy. M: My gay boyfriend outed me at work. Even my gay relationships are dysfunctional. Ca: Okay here's the problem: Aidan loves to stay in, and I love to go out. And he's fine with that. It's either the greatest relationship ever, or we're headed – Ch: For separate bedrooms, like me. We're in completely different places. And Trey's content with what we have, therefore I am a bad person for needing to have a baby. Ca: You're not a bad person, you're a person with needs. Ch: This is making me depressed, let's just watch that movie. S: I thought you'd never ask.	
Change of a Dress (4:15) Runtime - (29:26)	1) @ 9:41 brunch in the coffee shop Ca: I can't do it, I can't get married. Ch: (to M) This is all your fault! S: How could you take her to that dump? M: It was an experiment. It went awry. Ch: Okay. Let's just slow down. This is classic cold feet. Let's not do anything rash. Ca: Rash, yes exactly. Look at this! My body is literally rejecting the idea of marriage. Look! S: Yeah, once you get a rash from a guy, it's time to heave-ho.	@ 11:42 <i>After being hit by a bridal wave, I tried to get my mind around the concept of happily ever after. As progressive as our society claims to be there are still certain life targets we're all supposed to hit. Marriage, babies, and a home to call your own. But what if instead of breaking out into a smile, you break out into a rash? Is something wrong with the system? Or is it you? And do we really want these</i>

Ca: No it's not him, it's me. I'm missing the bride gene. I should be put in a test tube and studied. S: It's not just you. I don't want to get married. Ch: Ever?! S: (grimaces) Ca: Why do we even have to get married? Why? Give me one good reason. Aside from the not wanting to die alone thing. Which is something to think about, I admit. Ch: Well, for me, when it was good, it gave me a sense of security. Ca: But I feel secure now. Things are great with us. And you know what they say, "If it ain't broke-" S: Don't marry it! M: What are you afraid would change? Ca: I don't know. Nothing? Everything? Ch: Every bride feels that way at one point. Ca: Well, why aren't they speaking up?! M: Carrie, I'm going to ask you an unpleasant question now. Why did you ever say yes? Ca: Because I love him. A man you love kneels in the street and offers you a ring. You say yes, that's what you do! S: Look, you get married, you hope for the best. It doesn't work out you get divorced. You could take tap with Bo Jangles over here. Ca: No, I can't take a vow of forever and ever, if what I mean is, for the foreseeable future. I can't do that to Aidan. M: Talk to him about it. Ca: How? How do you talk about this? "Hey Aidan what's up? I've just been thinking about you know, I'm having some doubts about the whole 'I do' thing." It will break his heart! I should have never said yes. I'm a bad person. M: It's amazing. In a courtroom reasonable doubt can get you off for murder. In an engagement, it makes you feel like a bad person. Ch: Look, everyone has anxiety around weddings. Maybe your anxiety threshold is just lower than other people's.	<i>things? Or are we just programmed?</i>

	Ca: It's an interesting theory. You think that dress is still outside the dumpster at Tasti-Delite? 2)@ 18:45 at a charity fundraiser over drinks (initially no S) Ch: Aidan looks so handsome in a tux. Ca: Yeah. M: How's he doing? Ca: He's good. Good. Still a little thrown by the change in plans, but good. I just hope I did the right thing. M: You followed your feelings. That's always the right thing to do. I'm drinking seltzer. And I'm in a formal gown with an elasto-waist. I really fit in here. Ca: Do you realize you're growing a teeny tiny penis inside you? That's so sci-fi! Ch: Oh my God! Miranda, you're having a boy?! Oh aren't you so excited! Aidan: Two glasses of French fizz and a soadie for you. Ch: Aidan, did you know that Miranda's having a boy? M: (fakes a smile) I'm gonna hurt myself. (Cuts to Samantha walking around the party – eventually finds the table with the others) S: That fucking Richard is fucking the entire style section and for the first time in my life, I actually give a shit. I think I have monogamy. I must have caught it from one of you people. Ca: Now it's airborne. S: There are a lot of hot guys here, but I don't want to fuck a single of one of them. Not him, or him. Aidan: What about this guy here because he asked me if I knew you. S: Who? No, I'm not interested. Damn it, I'm not well. Ch: Well at least you're not getting divorced. Ca: Why don't you just tell Richard how you feel? S: I can't do that. He likes me because I'm supposed to be immune to this bullshit. There goes that Judith Bitchy McBitch heading for Richard. Okay, I'm gonna go over there, and I'm gonna be completely calm and completely professional. (storms off)	
<i>Ring a Ding</i>	1) @4:27 brunch in the coffee shop	@9:09

Ding (4:16) Runtime - (29:47)	S: Aidan's evicting her? M: He's not evicting her. He's giving her 30 days to decide what she wants to do. S: Well that's just tacky. M: Look, life gets complicated. Steve and I are drawing up papers to timeshare our kid. Ca: Great love stories are supposed to end in tragedy and tears, not papers from the law firm of Gold & Vogel. M: This is more than fair. He's asking you to buy your apartment for the exact price he paid, or you can vacate and he'll sell it. Ca: Vacate? I'm homeless. I'll be a bag lady, a Fendi bag lady but a bag lady. Ch: Well, maybe you should think of buying your place. Ca: No, I'm not a buyer. New York is a torn of renters. Everybody rents. S: I don't. M: I don't. Ch: I don't. Ca: (to Ch) You got yours in a settlement. You do not have to pay for your apartment. Ch: Oh I paid for that apartment. M: (Farts) I'm pregnant, I can't control it. S: Well, honey, you better learn because that is unappetizing. M: I know. I am so swollen and gassy, I'm like a flotation device. S: No, I'll get this one (to Ca) And I don't want a fight out of you. Save it for your down payment. Ca: Oh! Excuse me, you bought the Chanel wallet? S: Oh no, Richard gave it to me as a gift. M: Nice, what was the occasion? S: No occasion. Ch: He is in love with you! S: He's not in love with me. Ca: You don't know that. S: Yes I do. Take a look at the card.	<i>So here I was, a 35 year old single woman with no financial security but many life experiences behind me. Did that mean nothing? After all, heartbreak and breakups are the hardest kind of work, so shouldn't there be some sort of credit for enduring them? And if not, how do you retain a sense of value when you have nothing concrete to show for it? Because at the end of yet another failed relationship, when all you have is war wounds and self-doubt, you have to wonder, What's it all worth?</i>

M: (reads) "Style for Style. Best, Richard"
 Ca: "Best." Yikes.
 M: "Best" is the worst.
 Ca: Yeah, even Gold and Vogel will give you a "sincerely."
 S: "Best" is like signing "not love"
 Ch: Well, it's the thought that counts. He bought you something he knew you'd love.
 S: Aw, he's a pretty generous guy. With money.
 Ca: Aidan wanted me to keep the ring.
 Ch: You did, didn't you?
 Ca: (Shakes her head)
 S: Oh, honey. You're a fool.
 Ca: No. It was the right thing to do. (to Ch) Do you ever think of giving yours back?
 Ch: No, I love that ring.
 Ca: Oh I couldn't keep it. Every time I looked at it, it would break my heart.
 2) @ 16:22 in a Chinese Restaurant
 Ca: Big offered me the money for my down payment. But I could never take it. (takes cheque out) Could I?
 M: No you couldn't.
 Ch: He just gave you \$30,000?
 Ca: Well, as a loan. I would pay him back.
 S: Take the money!
 M: When a man gives you money, you give him control.
 S: It's just money. Man, woman, who cares? It's fluid. Some one needs it, you give it. You need it, you take it.
 Ch: I'm uncomfortable with this conversation. We shouldn't be talking about money.
 M: Why not? We talk about everything else.
 S: You know people are funny about money. Like Richard, he's happy to buy me gifts but –
 Ca: Still no "love"?

	S: No. But he continues to send his best. M: Don't cash Big's cheque. I loan you the money. Ca: You're about to have a baby. I can't take your money. And furthermore, do you have that much? M: I have about half that. Ca: What? Does no one else shoe shop? S: I could loan you the rest. Ca: Look, that is really really sweet of you two to offer. (looks at Ch who looks away) It's really really sweet, but I'm gonna, gonna do this on my own. (rips up the cheque) So I can't tape it back. Ch: I have news! Ca: Oh. Ch: Looks like I have gotten a job as a docent at the Museum of Modern Art. Ca: Well what does that pay? I can docent. Ch: Oh, it's a volunteer job, but they're very coveted positions. Ca: Oh. (opens fortune cookie) I have no fortune. I didn't need a cookie to tell me that.	
<i>A Vogue Idea</i> (4:17) Runtime - (29:08)	1) @ 6:57 brunch in the coffee shop (no M initially) S: Is a three-way with a 21 year-old a bad idea for Richard's birthday? Ca: What are you gonna get him next year? A four-way? S: Look. He doesn't want to be monogamous. He'll either cheat with me or without me. Ca: Well happy birthday to you! S: It's not like he asked me for a hooker. Ch: These are the options? S: It's some one we know, and at least this way, I'm part of the fantasy. Ch: Yeah the fantasy being that he's attracted to some one young enough to be his daughter. S: He is Charlotte, that's the problem! Richard's in his fucking prime. Men get better looking as they get older and women get- Ca: Three-ways apparently or (hold up a photograph) a Marc Jacob's ultra-mod little notebook, huh? Evidently, I'm recommending it to <i>Vogue</i> shoppers.	No typing & v/o in this episode

Ch: Just be careful Samantha. When a man has a fantasy and you fulfill it, there's always the chance that the relationship will blow up and then you're just the idiot who did it with him on the golf course, or something.

Ca: You and Trey?

Ch: No no. It's a "for instance."

M: Sorry I'm late. I was shopping for a stroller. I shouldn't even be here. I should be out there doing all the things I'm supposed to, before the baby comes, and I'm unable to leave my apartment ever again.

Ca: Like what? Jujitsu and off-track betting?

M: Like buying a crib. Evidently, I'm to go to crib world because it's a whole world of cribs. I guess "Crib City" wasn't big enough. Why isn't there a store called, "This is the Crib for You" and they just have one great crib and they deliver it and assemble it, and help you raise your child?

Ch: You don't have a crib yet?

M: No, Charlotte, I have a job instead. I'm sorry but when am I supposed to find time to prepare for this baby? I don't have a vague idea how I'm going to do any of it.

Ch: Well I don't have a *Vogue* idea, so hello.

S: Why don't you let ol' one ball help you?

M: Yeah, I tried that. And he starts acting all father figure and I get territorial and the sales people get all confused and trust me. It's too complicated for Crib World.

Ch: Let me help you. I mean, I know you said you didn't want a baby shower, but it's not too late to change your mind.

M: I hate baby showers.

S: Who doesn't?

M: The games, the finger sandwiches, all that enforced ohhing and ahhing.

Ca: I don't know and I don't care who's having a baby.

Ch: But think of the gifts. It would be a great way to get all the stuff you need.

Ca: Without having to go to Crib World.

M: But who would I invite besides you guys?

S: All the bitches that made you go to theirs.

	M: Hm. Ch: Well it's your shower. And you can invite and not invite whomever you choose. M: Would you really want to throw me a baby shower after all you've been through this year? Ch: Yeah. I think it would be good for me. M: Okay, but no cutesy, storky shit. Just an adult dignified lunch with presents, which I will open after everyone leaves. Ch: You have to open presents- M: No opening of presents, no games, no crustless bread. And I want fried chicken. Ch: Fried chicken! But it's not Super Bowl Sunday! M: It's my shower and I'll fry if I want to. S: (to Ca) What should we do for our gift? Ca: Let's just stick to the registry three-way.	
<i>I Heart NY</i> (4:18) Runtime - (31:43)	1) @ 9:15 brunch at the coffee shop Ca: Going, going gone. It's the end of an era. S: I'm always surprised when anyone leaves New York. I mean, where do they go? M: The real world. S: A homeless man showed me his dick on the way here. It doesn't get any realer than that. Ch: Big wasn't even going to tell you? Ca: No. He said he'd call, but what if he didn't? M: It's like those guys you have the great second date with and then never hear from again. I pretend they died. Ca: Okay, now the tough question- S: Should you sleep with him one last time? Ca: Exactly. Going out of business sex. What do we think? M: No. Ca: Okay quick draw. Give it a second here. M: No.	@ 11:37 <i>I got to thinking about fate. That crazy concept that we're not really responsible for the course our lives take. That it's all predestined, written in the stars. Maybe that explains why if you live in a city where you can't ever see the stars, your love life tends to feel a little more random. And even if our every man, every kiss, every heartache is preordered from some cosmic catalog, and we still take a wrong step and wander off our own personal milky away? Can you make a mistake and miss your fate?</i>

Ca: We like each other. We respect each other. It could be nice- romantic.
M: Hm. No.
Ch: You had sex with Steve.
M: (points to pregnant belly) Uh huh!
S: Sex with an ex can be depressing. If it's good, you don't have it anymore. If it's bad, you just had sex with an ex.
Ca: It won't be bad. I'm just saying.
Ch: Aren't you afraid that the sheer force of it all will just pull you back into all that Big stuff again?
Ca: No. He's not Niagara Falls.
M: Isn't he?
Ca: (to M) I love you sweetie, but you're not giving me any credit. This is not two years ago, things have changed. I'm different now. Big and I are different. I feel safe around him He's like this, this great man in my life and he's leaving.
M: Use a condom! That's all I'm saying.
S: Well, I for one don't know how you survived any of it. Big or Aidan. This love stuff is a motherfucker.
Ch: Did you just say love?
S: Oh what the hell. My name's Samantha, and I'm a love-a-holic.
Ch & Ca: Hi Samantha.
S: It's so infuriating. I mean, where can this possibly go? No one actually makes these relationship things work, do they?
Ca: Sure I think they're the same people who leave New York.
Ch: I'm just really surprised Big is moving, I always thought – never mind.
Ca: You always thought what never mind?
Ch: I just always thought that you two would end up together.
M: How?
Ch: I don't know. Yes, they made mistakes but-
M: They were never supposed to be together! If she was gonna wind up with anybody it was Aidan.
Ca: This is all very informative.
M: You don't have enough distance to have sex with your ex.

	Ca: Okay, thanks for the sound advice Mommy Biggest. Ch: Well I haven't had sex since my ex. S: Oh honey, you should get on that. It's the only way to move on. M: Use a condom.	
Anchors Away (5:1) Runtime - (29:59)	1) @ 1:35 brunch in the coffee shop S: That fucking Richard- he left another "I'm sorry" message on my machine. Like all the "I'm sorries" are gonna make up for the fact that I caught him eating another woman's pussy. Ch: Samantha! (gestures towards M's baby) M: It's okay. Nothing has to change. Just think of this as a big purse. Ca: Miranda, your purse just spit up. S: You think after three weeks and no returned calls, he'd get the message. "Not okay to eat another woman's pussy." Ch: Samantha! Brady! S: Well, I'm pissed off Charlotte. What the hell am I supposed to say? Ca: Call it "sushi." Another woman's "sushi." S: Fine. Richard ate another woman's sushi. M: Fish and chips would have been such an unfortunate order right now. Ch: (to Ca) What'd you do last night? Ca: Went to see a movie. Ch: With who? Ca: Myself. Ch: On date night? Ca: Are we going to be calling it date night in our 50s? Ch: I'd just be thinking that everyone would be looking at me thinking, "That poor pathetic girl" M: Kinda like the way I'm looking at you right now? Ch: What? M: You don't go out alone? Ch: On date night? Ca: You're never alone in New York. It's the perfect place to single. The city is your date.	@ 9:54 <i>Later that night I got to thinking about days gone by. That carefree time when our schedules were as wide open as our hearts. The time before the baggage and breakups and babies began to weigh us all down. I couldn't help but wonder, does that sense of adventure still flicker inside of us? Or when it comes to being carefree single girls, have we missed the boat?</i>

M: You're dating the city?

Ca: About 18 years. It's getting serious. I think I'm in love.

Ch: (to S) Do not check your messages again.

S: I'm not! I just wanted you all to hear his tone on my machine.

Ch: If you keep participating in this, you might as well just call him.

S: I'm not participating.

Ch: This has got to stop. Yes, it's tragic that you were in love and it didn't work out. But you have got to emotionally cut him out of your life and move on. And the sooner the better. Everyone knows you only get two great loves in your life.

Ca: Everyone who? Where'd you get that?

Ch: I read it in a magazine.

M: What magazine? "Convenient theories for you monthly"?

Ch: What does that mean?

M: It means, last year when you were married you believed a woman only got one great love.

Ca: Yeah, and that phrase "great love", what does that even mean?

Ch: It means a love that changes you, shakes you to your core. After which you're never the same. Seriously, there is not an unlimited amount of love. It's rare.

Ca: Way to take the edge off a club sandwich.

Ch: So far, I've only had one: Trey. How many great loves have you had?

M: Zero.

Ca: Really? What about Steve?

M: Steve's a friend, not a core-shaker.

S: Well I'm done with great loves. I'm back to great lovers.

M: You?

Ca: I refuse to define love in those limited terms.

M: I had to!

Ch: Oh come on Carrie – Adian and Big.

Ca: One, two. And according to you, I'm done.

Ch: No no. It was a stupid article. It was at the dentist.

Ca: No no, it's too late for that now. You said it. It's over for me. "Here lies

Carrie. She had two loves and lots o' shoes."

S: Fuck love. (to Ch) I gave you "sushi" I need "fuck."

2) @ 4:14 walking in the park

Ca (v/o): *After a light lunch, Miranda stopped to set down a heavy load.*

Ca: You want me to carry him?

M: No, no, I'm fine. I just have to switch.

S: Ladies, seamen 12:00.

M: I pray, when I turn around there are sailors. Because with her, you never know. A-ha!

Ca: Oh wow, we have just spotted our first sailors. Fleet week has begun.

Ca (v/o): *Fleet Week is that one week a year when U.S. navel ships dock and our fair city is made even fairer with cute, sweet American sailors looking for fun.*

S: I've been so distracted by Richard that I almost forgot my favorite holiday.

Ch: Fleet Week isn't a holiday.

S: Well, it should be.

Ca: Sort of the antidote to Valentine's day.

S: This is just what I need. I'm gonna flag them down and find out about the big party.

Ca: Hold on there Pearl Harbor. Not interested.

S: Why? We always have fun when we go!

Ca: Me running through Times Square in heels trying to find a cute sailor to kiss? That ship has sailed. Pun intended.

S: But we have to show them a good time. It's our patriotic duty as women of New York.

Ca: If you want to do your patriotic duty as New York women you will come shopping with me right now and throw some much needed money downtown.

Ch: I'm in!

S: I'm in!

M: I – forgot the snuggly.

Ca: Awe!

S: Well let's get you a cab home. There's one! Taxi!

M: It's okay. (gets into cab)

	Ca: Okay, so I'll call you later? M: Overspend for me. (they say bye – and S slams the cab door) 3) @ 20:06 walking to Fleet party (no M) Ca: I don't know why I was fighting it. This is gonna be fun. S: Exactly what we needed. Three single gals back on the town. Ch: What's the longest you've ever gone without sex? Ca: Oh no. You don't get that info without dinner and a drink. Ch: Next week will make it six months. (S almost trips) Ca: Oh, watch it. S: Thanks, you threw me, and I lost my concentration. Ch: I am gonna have sex with a sailor tonight. (S almost trips again) Ca: She almost got me on that one. Ch: I'm serious. I have to have sex to put Mrs. Trey MacDougal behind me. I'm a whole new Charlotte York. Ca: What about the great love? Ch: Maybe that was bullshit. (Ca almost trips) S: Gotcha.	
<i>Unoriginal Sin</i> (5:2) Runtime - (29:42)	1) @ 1:07 during brunch at the coffee shop Ca: Remember that guy who wore sandals? Randall the sandal guy? We went on a couple of dates? M: Like six years ago? Ca: Yeah. Is that anything? Ch: His name was Randall? Ca: No, but I'm scraping the bottom of the barrel here ladies. Last week I wrote about my search for the perfect French fry. M: Oh, I saw that. Ch: It was cute! Ca: Oh! (looks at S) S: Mmm hmm. French Fries. Ca: You didn't read it, did you? S: I, I don't always have time to read your column.	@ 7:20 – screenshot of writer's block, no v/o You are definitely going to get fired. @ 12:42 <i>That night I started to think about belief. Maybe it's not even advisable to be an optimist after the age of 30. Maybe pessimism is something we have to start applying daily, like moisturizer. Otherwise, how do you bounce back when reality batters your belief system and love does not as promised, conquer all? Is hope a drug we need to go off or, or is it keeping us alive? What's the harm in believing?</i>

Ca: Ah. Okay, then. Wow. Even my friends find me irrelevant. M: Hey, I read it every week. S: You have a little man hanging from your breast. What else are you gonna do? M: Eat. Ca: I'm in a dating desert. They're gonna have to change the name of my column to just "...and the City." Or they'll just cancel it. S: You're on the side of a bus for Godsake. Ca: Then why did my editor call? He never calls. I am not getting laid, therefore, I'm getting laid off. S: You're not getting laid off. Ca: Samantha, I don't know if you read the rest of the paper, but these are troubled times. People with real jobs are getting laid off. This is not a good economy in which to be whipped cream. Last night I actually started writing about my sock drawer. Men as socks. S: Mm. "Socks and the City." Ch: I think you and I need to go find some men. M: There are no men. That's the problem. Ch: There are men, you just have to know where to look for them. When are you free? Ca: Oh, no no. I'm not trolling for men just for something to write about. You people go have sex and report back. M: I can only help if you want me to write about baby-proofing. S: I'll tell you how to baby proof. Use a condom. Waitress: What can I get you? Ch: I'd like the veggie scramble and wheat toast. Ca: I'll have an order of fries. Maybe I'll make it a two-parter. M: I'd like the Denver omelet and hash browns. Thank you. S: I'll have the fruit plate, and I'm back with Richard. Ch: Richard? Whose death we've been plotting? Ca: Wow, maybe there are no men. S: I finally agreed to listen to what he had to say. (cuts to Richard direct address the camera: "I've never known anyone like you Samantha. I was in over my	@ 20:15 (typing dedicating her book) Screen shot no v/o: Dedicating my baby, my book to hopeful single women everywhere. And one in particular. My good friend Charlotte, the eternal optimist who always believes in love.

	head. And then I got scared.” Cut back to table) M: He got scared? Ch: Well that does excuse the (makes a gesture of cunnilingus) Ca: Okay, that coming from you is almost as disturbing as the news itself. M: I get scared, I hide under the covers, not between somebody’s legs. S: Perhaps you had to be there. Ca: Perhaps you’ll have to be there round the clock to make sure he doesn’t get scared again. S: You know, being scared is not an easy thing for a man to admit. M: So what, they get a medal for correctly identifying a feeling? We do that all day long. I feel pissed off. Ta-da! Ca: (to S) D.N.R: Do not resuscitate. S: I’m not an idiot. I understand as a woman of the world that Richard is a very charismatic and successful man. And an interesting pussy might cross his path now and then. And he might fall- Ca: Into it? S: And if he does, it’s just sex. That might be a flaw in him. But you know what? Nobody’s perfect. Some women can’t even get their husbands to pick-up the dry cleaning. M: You’re comparing not wanting to pick up the dry cleaning with – Charlotte, do the thing. Ch: No. S: Look, I know he loves me. I believe he’s sorry and I believe he’ll try his best. Ca: Well, then that’s your choice and we should all respect it. Now how about this for a column? “Desperate Women Who Will Believe Anything?”	
<i>Luck be an Old Lady</i> (5:3) Runtime - (29:39)	1) @ 1:24 during brunch in the coffee shop Ca: I got stood up. Yes, I deigned to go one a blind date against all my better judgment, I was willing to lower myself into the gutter – M: God I miss dating. Ca: And then he doesn’t show. Ch: Are you sure? Ca: Well, either he didn’t show, or he took one look at me and ran for the hills.	@ 15:46 v/o watching TV <i>People go to casinos for the same reasons they go on blind dates, hoping to hit the jackpot. But mostly you just wind up broke or alone in a bar. If we know the house always wins, why gamble?</i> (She writes on a notepad, CU on notepad – b/c she’s in

Which is worse, I can't decide. Ch: I'm sure there's a perfectly good explanation. We're gonna get to the bottom of this. Ca: Oh, we're at the bottom. A complete stranger hurt my feelings, I'd say that's scraping bottom. S: You shouldn't even be going on blind dates. It's beneath you. Ch: Now that's not true. I know a lot of great couples that met on blind dates. Eric and Marcie – Ca: Look, stop. Even if he had shown up most first dates are like job interviews with cocktails. I think I'm done. M: That's what I said yesterday about eating break, and I just ordered pancakes so- Ca: Why should I risk having a God awful evening when I am guaranteed to have fun with you guys? S: Oh honey, you're cute, but I'm never gonna fuck you. Ch: Look, I'm really sorry this happened to you one your first date back out there, but you have to keep trying. Ca: Nuh-un. I'm like Puxsutawney Phil. I came out, saw my shadow and I'm going back in. I'll see you guys next winter. Ch: Well, you have to take some risks so you don't end up an old maid. Ca: Oh, that's right. Must not end up old maid, must not end up old maid. Now how am I gonna remember that? Does anyone have a pen? M: Why do we get stuck with old maid and spinster and men get to be bachelors and playboys? S: No matter how shriveled their dicks are. Ca: Okay. The end. New topic. Charlotte's 36th birthday, Saturday night- S: Ohhhh! Ca: I say we spinsters take back Manhattan. Ch: Well, I've thought about it, and I've decided I'm sticking at 35. M: Because it was such a good year? Ch: Because, I'm just not where I thought I'd be at 36. I don't feel 36 , and I don't look 36, right?	Atlantic City & no laptop)

Ca: Oh no –

Ch: And men are much more interested in meeting 35 year-olds. So I'm sticking.

M: We all turned 36 like big girls. Now it's your turn.

S: No. Let her stick. Lying about her age is the smartest thing she's done in years.

Ca: Okay then. Where are we celebrating Charlotte's 35th birthday the sequel?

M: Sorry. Today is the baby nurse's last day. From now on, you'll have to book me a year in advance.

Ca: Wow. You're like Nobu.

S: I can't go either. Richard's taking me to Atlantic City for the weekend.

M: Oh, what'd you do wrong?

S: Oh, he loves to gamble and they're some heavyweight prizefight thing he wants to see. But we are going on his private jet.

Ch: Well, no celebration is fine with me.

Ca: Are you telling me the four of us can't get together to celebrate Charlotte's 30-faux birthday? This is bullshit!

2) @ 11:01 in Atlantic City walking in the Casino

Ca: Here it is ladies, Atlantic City! Breathe deep and take it all in. God I've missed this. Oh yeah.

M: I thought you've never been here before.

Ca: I'm referring to the cigarette smoke.

Ch: Look at all the old ladies.

M: Oh this is nothing. You should have been on the bus with us.

Ch: I wish I had been.

S: Oh please, a little harmless over the bra action and Miss Priss here is running for a parachute.

Ch: (to Ca) Have you ever heard of a "pearl necklace"?

Ca: Uh huh.

M: I'm hitting the slots.

S: Oh, and I told Richard I'd stop by his baccarat game.

Ca: No no no, not so fast. We'll take care of all that later. But right now, I'm

taking my ladies to dinner. That's right. It's on me. Steak? You got it. Lobster, coming right up. Nothing is too fancy for my Atlantic City ladies.

3) @ 11:55 in the casino restaurant over dinner.

Ca: We have got to get a picture here. This place is fantastic.

S: Is that a euphemism for tacky?

Ca: It's chandelierious.

M: Would it be bad to order more sour cream?

Ca: No. Eat your heart out, you're on vacation.

M: Oh! I almost forgot about Charlotte's present.

Ca: Oh!

Ch: It's tomorrow and I said I didn't-

M: Relax. I bought it in the gift shop for \$3.99

(Ch opens gift – it's the "Old Maid" card game – All but Ch laugh)

Ch: Old Maid? Is this supposed to be funny?

M: Of course it's supposed to be funny. Look at you, you couldn't be farther from an old maid.

Ca: (Looking at package) I remember her looking a lot older. She looks about our age now.

S: (looks at package) Oh! She's had work done.

Richard: So, here's where all the bathing beauties are hiding.

Ca: Oh, you flatterer.

Richard: Samantha, my poker game's about to start. Would you like to join me?

S: I don't think so. I think I'll stay with the girls.

Richard: All right.

Woman: Hey Richard. Welcome back to the Taj Mahal. How are you?

Richard: I'm very well Denise. Thank you.

S: Oh. Hello Denise. I'm Samantha. It's a pleasure to meet you.

Richard: Well, if you ladies will excuse me, there are five gentlemen waiting to take my money.

Woman: I'll walk you out

Richard: Thank you. (Leaves with Denise)

M: That reminds me, I have to pump soon.

S: Yeah, who picked this breast-aurant.
 Ca: Cleavage is big here. It's part of the regional charm. All right. I propose a toast. To the four of us. May we always –
 S: I think I will join Richard after all. Good night. (leaves)
 Ch: Sighs
 Photographer: Ladies. Would you like a souvenir photograph?
 M: Oh!
 Ca: No. It was supposed to be of the four of us and now one of us has a puss on. (looks at Ch) Sorry.
 4) @ 14:54 beside a craps table
 M: What are you gonna do with that? You gonna gamble it?
 Ca: It's \$1,000!
 Ch: "The hot one" Did you hear that?
 M: It could be a lot more, I could coach you.
 Ch: "Lucky Blonde" so sexist.
 M: It's found money what do you have to lose?
 Ca: \$1,000 and that would not make me happy. What would make us all happy, I believe, is to go see ZZ Top in the Magic Carpet room.
 M: I think I'm gonna pass. I got pay-per-view and a frozen Milky Way waiting up for me in my room.
 Ca: What? A minute ago, you were bouncing off the walls!
 M: This is what I'm like nowadays. I stop for a minute, I have to lie down. Good night (leaves)
 Ca: You can't go to sleep! In five minutes Charlotte turns 35 again!
 Ch: Good night! (leaves)
 5) @ the slots 15:14 (no Ch)
 S: Hi. I'm sorry I'm late. I've been fucking Richard for the past three hours. I think he's all fucked out now.
 Ca: Is he still breathing?
 S: It was defensive fucking. I had no choice. There are cheap-looking whores flying at him from every direction here. (all turn around in shock at Charlotte who is dressed very provocatively)

Ca (v/o): *There she was. Miss Atlantic-Slutty.*
M: Charlotte, are you in there?
Ca: No, but I think Harlot is.
Ch: I didn't like any of the clothes that I packed so I picked something up at one of the casino shops.
Ca: Those are for women who have lost all their money and have to turn tricks.
M: Does this gal gamble?
Ch: Yah!
M: Okay, let's go!
6) 19:06 @ a blackjack table
S: No wonder the house always wins. These guys are smothered in breasts. I don't know what I was thinking bringing a cheating man to "Atlantic Titty."
Dealer: Place your bets.
Ca: (to S) Hey, whatcha doing down there?
S: Oh, it's the pearl thong. Good for foreplay, not so good for post-play.
Dealer: All bets in?
Ca: Woah! You bet it all?
M: You gotta play big if you wanna win big.
Dealer: Ma'am, would you like a hit? (M takes a hit) Over.
Ca: Well, we just lost big.
M: It's all part of the fun. We're gonna need your chip.
Ca: Who me?
M: You're sitting on \$1,000. Don't make me hit the ATM again.
Ca: Haven't we lost enough?
M: We're just getting started.
Man: Are you playing this hand or what?
Dealer: Ladies, if you're not gonna play, you're gonna have to give up your seats.
Ca: It's okay Sir, we're leaving. But would you mind taking our picture first?
Ch: Wait I need lipstick!
Dealer: I'm not allowed to do that Ma'am.
Man: Jesus Christ, it's not Disneyland. Hey, Red, move your fat ass.

Ca: What did you just say to her?!

S: Who the hell do you think you are?

Man: Fuck you.

Man 2: Get in the game or get out.

M: Guys let's go. It's okay.

Ca: No! It is most certainly not okay!

Ch: Listen you big jerk, her ass isn't normally this big!

M: Yes! Thank you, I almost forgot. My ass is fat because I just had a baby you asshole!

S: What's your excuse?

Ca: Yeah, you having triplets? (crowd laughs and applauds) Come on let's go.

Ca (v/o): *The Lennox Lewis match sold out that night, but our heavyweight fight caused a bigger stir.*

M: Guys, I think I'm gonna go upstairs.

Ca: Come on, they're just idiots. Don't go.

M: I'm tired. I'm sorry Charlotte, happy birthday. (leaves)

Ca: Please stay, you can have my chip

S: (phone rings) It's Richard. Hello? Really? Uh huh? Really.

Ca: Do you think I should go talk to her?

Ch: No, I think she'll be all right.

S: (on phone) Sure, I'll go with one of the girls. Ciao! (hangs up) He had a sudden conference call and can't go to the fight. 'Go with the girls.' Right. So he can stay in the room and get serviced by room service. We'll see about that. (leaves)

7) 27:38 on a bus back home

M: I can't believe you gambled all that money away. We could be in a limo right now.

Ca: You told me to. I thought we were taking the jet. (to S) You couldn't have broken up with him tomorrow?

S: What, and lose my dignity?

M: (takes some salt water taffy) Don't let me take anymore of these.

Ch: Anyone up for playing Old Maid?

	S: Aren't we? M: I'm in. Ca: I'm in. Oh! (takes out camera) Excuse me, would you mind taking our picture? M: Oh yeah, this is a moment we're gonna want to remember (women all pose) Ca (v/o): <i>Turns out, it was.</i>	
Cover Girl (5:4) Runtime - (28:70)	1) @ 15:08 brunch in the coffee shop Ca: No! M: Yes! I was all over his face Ca: No! M: Yes! S: Talk about loving yourself. M: I'd rather just be good friends w/ myself S: You know when I was a lesbian- Ca: I saw that coming. S: I could get in and out with nothing more than a fine lip gloss. Ca: (to Ch) Well you're awfully quiet. Ch: What is there to say? The man simply has bad manners. You keep a box of tissues on the nightstand, while he's stroking you with one hand, he grabs a tissue and subtly dabs his face. S: Emily Post's polite pussy. So why didn't you just say something? M: It's a little hard to criticize someone who overeats when he's criticized. Ca: Miranda went out with an overeater and he over ate her. (all laugh) M: And then when he popped his head up he had such a proud look on his face. S: Oh, they always look so proud, like they just came back from war. (Ca hums military theme) And they all want that you're-my-hero-kiss. Ch: Not without a tissue and an Altoid. M: It's a weird double standard I guess. I'd feel insulted if I'd just gone down on a guy and he wouldn't kiss me. Samantha, do you kiss after a blow job? Ca: No, she just signs the delivery slip and sends him on his way. (S is visibly effected)	@ 17:20 <i>I think it's pretty much agreed that it goes open-minded good, judgmental bad. But are we being too quick to judge judgment? Perhaps judgment is not so much a snap decision as an early warning and detection device. If it is instantly clear that a person, place or even a profession is not for you, is it better to ignore your better judgment and read between the lines or should you judge a book by its cover?</i>

	Ch: What's going on? S: Apparently Carrie has a problem with the fact that she saw me blowing the Worldwide Express Guy. Ch: Ewwe. Ca: Okay, I would like to point out that was her, not me, and when did I say I had a problem? S: Oh please. You walked in, caught us, turned and ran. Ca: Well, what was I supposed to do? Sit and flip through <i>Marie Claire</i>? M: Where did you see her blowing the Worldwide Express guy? Not on the street? S: Of course not! It was in the privacy of my office. (M laughs) And it wasn't A Worldwide Express guy, it was MY Worldwide Express guy. Ca: Your Worldwide Express guy? S: Yes. Ch: Really? What's his name? S: Joe, Tuesdays and Thursdays. (M laughs, S turns to leave) M: Samantha! What's the big deal? We laugh about this kind of stuff all the time. S: Fine. M: Oh! Ch: Samantha! S: It's fine. We better go Carrie, we'll be late for the stylist.	
<i>Plus One is Loneliest Number</i> (5:5) Runtime - (29:59)	1) @ 7:15 brunch in the coffee shop Ca: It was like a bomb that just kept exploding. "I have a girlfriend" Poow! "We live together" Poow! "This whole flirtation is in your head" Poow! Ch: He should have mentioned her earlier S: But not too early. I hate it when men do that. "I have a girlfriend" Calm down. I just asked you if that seat was taken. Ch: That guy's a jerk. Ca: Thing is, I don't think he is. I sparked with that person. I never spark. I wonder how happy they are. This is not a good side of me. Seriously, what's the point of meeting some like that if they're not available?	@ 9:13 <i>In NY they say you're always looking for a job, a boyfriend or an apartment. So let's say, you have two out of three and they're fabulous. Why do we let the one thing we don't have affect how we feel about all the things we do have? Why does one minus a plus one feel like it adds up to zero?</i>

Ch: It's the universe telling you they're still out there.
M: Maybe it's the universe telling you the good ones are taken.
S: I'm telling you all the good ones are coming to the party.
Ch: What he look like?
Ca: I can't remember. Which is what happens when I really like some one. I just remember a feeling. Or he was a dating mirage. I was so hungry for a spark, I hallucinated a man.
S: Stop! You're the toast of the town! Finish your salad, and I'll treat you to a little mani-pedi-botox.
M: I like how you say that like everybody does it.
S: Everybody will.
Ca: I think I'd rather just crawl into bed.
S: Oh honey a little perspective! You have a fun, exciting, intellectually stimulating career and there's about to be a huge soiree held in your honour.
Ca: Yes and I'll be without a plus one.
S: I'll be your plus one.
Ca: He should have said "we" something. "We go to this dry cleaners." "We might be breaking up soon."
M: I didn't tell Walker I had a baby.
Ch: How could you not mention it?
M: It didn't come up. If Walker asked me directly, "Have you given birth recently?" I would have said, "First of all, define 'recently.'"
Ca: You have to tell him.
M: I know, I will. I just don't want it to change everything. If I didn't have a baby this would be a guy I would be dating.
Ch: If Carrie's guy didn't have a girlfriend, then he's a guy she'd be dating, but he does.
Ca: Thanks for bringing that up again.
2) @ 25:10 at the bar at Carrie's book party (no M)
Ch: Hey! Was that the spark guy?
Ca: Yes, it was. Jack Berger. All by his lonesome.
Ch: Well he is awfully cute.

	Ca: Is he? I forgot again. S: He's obviously here because he felt something too. Ca: Can you call me from a cab and tell me that? I love you, but your face- S: Oh, I know. The caterer just shooed me away from the buffet. Do you mind if I go home? Ch: I thought you'd never ask! Thank you for being here. S: Honey, I wouldn't have gone out in public like this for anyone but you. Ca: I know. And I have to live with that. (S Leaves) Ch: I might go too. My plus one dumped me for a shrimp waiter. Ca: I'd love to leave but I have to stay. I'm like the ice sculpture the party's supposed to happen around. I had to let him go, correct? I just wish he'd told me right up front. Ch: The thing is, there's some things people don't admit because they just don't like the way it sounds, like "I'm getting divorced." Ca: I'm lonely. I am. The loneliness is palpable.	
Critical Condition (5:6) Runtime - (29:56)	@ 3:05 brunch at the coffee shop. Ca: I'm telling you, it was a hit-and-run. No, no, no, no, it was a face-and-run. S: Make it again. (Ca contorts her face, somewhat grimacing) Yeah, that ain't good. Ch: I think you're being oversensitive, and it was some kind of a facial spasm or something. A lot of people have them, like Bell's palsy. Ca: No, it was not Bell's palsy. It was a full-frontal attack of the face like: "Wow, was he messed up. You really screwed him up good!" S: What did you say to her? Ca: I didn't have time to say anything. She just ran out of the bathroom. M: Fuck that fucking face girl. Ca: Well, when you put it like that. M: I haven't slept for days. Brady's been crying non-stop. Ca: You poor thing. Can I do anything? M: Put me out of my misery. Ch; Well, what's wrong with him? Is he sick? M: No, he's not sick. He's not hungry, he's not teething, he just wants to	No typing & v/o

	scream. I'm doing everything I can but I can't please him. If he was 35, this is when we would break up. Ca: He has issues, clearly. M: I'm telling you, this 13 pound meatloaf is pushing me over the edge. I feel disgusting. All of my clothes smell like barf. I don't have time to have a shower, much less get a haircut. S: Oh that reminds me, I have to confirm my appointment with John Mandy at the John Mandy Salon. You have no idea how hard it was to get this appointment. (on her phone) Hi, this is Samantha Jones (M looks longingly) I'm calling to confirm my appointment Saturday for a cut and colour with John? Thanks. (hangs up phone) Crisis averted. M: Great. Magda is waiting for me. Time to go back to prison. Ch: Let me come with you, I can help. M: You don't have to do that. Ch: No, it's okay. Actually I have a few questions because I'm meeting with the divorce lawyer on Monday. Ca: Ask him if I could get an injunction to stop a face. M: (to Ch) Who did you get? Ch: Matthew Bloom of Bloom & Goldenblatt. What's he like? M: He's smart, he's tough. Ch: But is he tough enough to beat Bunny to a pulp? M: Uh, yeah. Ch: Okay, great. By guys. Have a nice day. Ca: Hey Miranda, call me if you need anything. (Ch & M leave) Damn! Why is that girl still bothering me? S: Honey, you have to let it go. If I worried what every bitch in New York was saying about me, I'd never leave the house.	
The Big Journey (5:7) Runtime - (29:51)	1) @ 1:00 in a restaurant Ca: I have to go to San Francisco on a book tour. S: You wouldn't go to the Upper West Side. Suddenly, you're going to San Francisco? Ca: They're making me. Apparently, I'm very big in San Francisco.	@ 3:31 <i>More and more single women of a certain age are looking for a certain thing. And that certain thing does not necessarily involve a certain ring. We may have traded the little</i>

M: You mean Big is in San Francisco.

Ca: Okay, yes, perhaps I'll see Big. Guys, I need to have sex. It's been too long. Lately, I've been having these dreams where I run, I run, up to complete strangers and just start kissing them.

M: If all you want is sex there's no need to go across the country. Just go across the restaurant. Those guys have been checking us out ever since they sat down.

Ch: Oh, cute, cute cute.

S: Boring, boring and boring. Like these scallops.

Ch: I love the food here.

S: Same old, same old.

Ca: Same old? Just opened last week.

S: Scallops are scallops and bachelors are bachelors.

Ca: Sounds to me like you maybe experiencing "a been there done them" existential crisis.

S: It's not me, it's New York. Nothing is really ever new. In fact, they should change the name to "Same York."

M: You're nuts. These scallops are fantastic and those guys are cute.

Ch: You should go say "Hi." (to S) May I? (takes a scallop)

Ca: No, I don't want to say hi, I want to say "Could one of you lie on top of me for a while?" I need to feel the weight of a man on top of me.

M: It's times like thee I wish women could go to male prostitutes.

S: Women do.

Ca: No, no, no. Only in bad screenplays and first novels.

M: That is an incredible investment idea. We should open a brothel where the men are cute and the sheets are 500-count Egyptian cotton. Samantha, you can be the madam.

S: Well, at least it's something new.

Ca: We could put on in every neighbourhood, like Starbucks.

S: Starfucks.

Ch: A place like that doesn't exist in reality because women don't think about sex like that. It's not an animal urge. We need to feel things. We need to feel a connection, isn't that right Carrie?

*black book for a little black dress and replace a Ferrari with a Fendi, but in view of certain evidence, I had to wonder **are we the new bachelors?***

	Ca: No, Big is my male prostitute. I am mixing business with much-needed pleasure. And my relief is just a train ride away. M: A train? Why don't you just fly? Ca: No. flying makes me nervous. I get a little uneasy seeing the National Guard go through my makeup case. Besides, it'll be fun. Especially if Samantha goes with me. Oh please, come on it'll be hilarious! Two gals on a train. Very, <i>Some Like it Hot</i>. And the whole trip ends with a luxury suite in a fabulous four-star San Francisco hotel. Ch: Why didn't you ask me? Ca: Because Samantha is the only one who's bored enough to do it. S: So what time do we leave "Same York"? Ca: (squeals) I'm gonna get laid, I'm gonna get laid.	
<i>The Big Charade</i> (5:8) Runtime- (29:57)	1) @ 3:13 in a piano bar over drinks Ch: I thought he was gay. M: Uh, yeah "Mr. Broadway has to go tinkle?" That's the gayest sentence ever uttered. S: He must be marrying her for the money. Ca: He doesn't need the money. He was one of the original investors in <i>Chorus Line</i>. M: Just when you thought you'd never hear anything gayer than "Mr. Broadway has to go tinkle." Ch: why would he be getting married? Ca: In 1988, Bobby Fine announced that he was going to sell his piano bar downtown and go volunteer with Nicaraguan orphans. The orphans are still waiting. This wedding will never happen. 2) @ 3:54 brunch in the coffee shop Ca: (Holds up invitation) It's happening. S: Everything's booked. So the really big question is where are we going to stay? Ca: That's the really big question? What about "Why are these two even marrying each other?" Is that all there is? Ch: Well, Bitsy said they were madly in love. M: You see I find the love façade the most offensive part. We're adults, we can	@ 6:46 <i>That night I thought about what makes a relationship work till death do us part. Most singles have more long term success with friends. So maybe it's a better strategy to marry a friend. However, in the absence of sex whether that's the arrangement or just what happens after a few years, what distinguishes this companion from your many other companions? When it comes to saying "I do" is a relationship a relationship without the zsa zsa zsu?</i>

handle it. Bitsy should say “I’m getting older and I want companionship” or Bobby should say “The hot men don’t go for me anymore” But don’t print out invitations and call it love as if love transforms people and changes molecules cause that’s bullshit.

Ca: I guess you don’t want to be my date then.

S: No dates unless they have summer houses.

Ca: Oh relax, we can stay with Stanford and Marcus.

S: I was a fool to break up with Richard before Labor Day. He has a fabulous house.

M: I wouldn’t go to this charade if you paid me. It’s like there’s a pink suede elephant in the middle of the room and nobody’s allowed to talk about it.

Ch: Do you think they won’t have sex?

S: All married couples stop having sex eventually.

M: That’s true. You’ve had sex with plenty of married people.

S: That’s how I know.

Ca: Okay, let’s say its companionship. How do you sustain a relationship without the zsa zsa zsu?

Ch: The what?

Ca: You know that butterflies in your stomach thing that happens when you not only love the person but you gotta have them. Isn’t that what gets you through the years? Even if it fades, at least you have the memory of the zsa zsa zsu.

M: I’m fine with whatever people want to do. Just be straight with me.

Ca: I think that’s how Bitsy proposed to Bobby.

Ca (v/o): *It was right about that time when Charlotte decided to be straight with us.*

Ch: I’m seeing someone, sort of.

Ca: You’re in a “sort of” relationship?

Ch: It’s ridiculous. He’s so not my type.

M: Is he heterosexual?

Ch: Yes. But he’s bald and short, and he talks with his mouth full. I don’t even want to be seen in public with him. And I hate his name, Harry, because is, everywhere but his head.

S: Wow. Is the sex bad too?

	Ch: It's the best sex of my life. I think I might really like him. 3) @ 9:52 at a picnic table over hot dogs at a highway rest stop (no Ch) S: Oh! This party is going to be amazing. Strictly A list. Ca: Are we still invited? S: Yes, but shitty-pants there is not. M: I have to bring him. I won't be able to find a sitter. S: He's ruining my lunch. He's not ruining my party. No babies. (leaves) Ca: Evidently, there's already a party pooper. (leaves)	
Market to Market (6:1) Runtime - (28:52)	1) @ 3:48 on the patio over lunch Ca: It was so exciting. It almost made me want to invest in something. S: I love the stock market. A room full of screaming sweating men all trying to get it up. M: I don't invest anymore. It's too volatile. Ca: Exactly, I like my money right where I can see it. In my closet. Ch: Actually, your stock is up. I bought some shares if your newspaper yesterday. Ca: Really? Thank you, sweetie. Was it expensive? Ch: Oh no, you're cheap! Ca: Why I never- Waiter: Ladies (Hands out menus; leaves) M: \$20 for a hamburger. Oh that's reasonable. S: Pathetic. When I moved to this neighborhood the only thing that cost \$20 was a hand job from a tranny. Ch: Ewwe. S: I'm serious. It's all gotten so sanitary. I mean, no smoking in bars. What's next? No fucking in bars? M: Well, first there would have to be a no-fucking section. S: I mean, just look at this street, Stella McCartney, Alexander McQueen. The only designer name that belongs in the Meatpacking district is Oscar Meyer. Ca: I never liked his clothes. Too fatty. Ch: But that's what's great about New York. There's always a new neighborhood, a new restaurant –	@ 14:16 <i>Later that day I got to thinking about the stock market and dating. Are they really that different? If you have a bad stock, you can lose your shirt. If you have a bad date, you can lose your will to live. And if the date is good, the stakes get even higher. After weathering all the ups and downs you could one day find yourself with nothing. So, when it comes to financing and dating, I couldn't help but wonder, why do we keep investing?</i>

Ca: A new man.

S: Oh?

Ca: That's right. Friday night, my first official date with Jack Berger.

Ch: That is so exciting! Isn't that so exciting?

M: Oh sure. It's all fun and games till someone has a child.

S: So, what do you two have planned?

Ca: Well, he hasn't said yet. So many, many outfits need to be scouted.

M: Oh you kids today and your dating.

Ca: I know. I feel like a girl of 35 again.

Ch: Awe.

Ca: I really like him.

Ch: Then you better find out his bottom line right up front. If Harry had told me he could only be serious about me if I were Jewish I doubt I'd be in my situation.

S: I don't get it. What kind of man passes up pussy for Purim?

2) @ 13:10 Brunch in the coffee shop

Ca: And then he calculated which times and which theatres would be least crowded, which says "take charge." Yet, left the restaurant choice to me which says "flexible." All in all, the perfect machine message. I think Berger and I are going to be very happy together. Oh, I love this time before the first date when you can say things like that and almost believe them.

M: Why all the drama?

Ca: Because I really like him. And you can imagine what that does to a girl.

M: Got it. Say no more. Really, say no more.

Ca: Oh, and then right after I got another message from this fellow who I've known for a year suddenly asking me out on a date. Which only proves my theory – the only thing a girl needs to get a date is another date.

S: Your stock is up.

Ch: And did you say yes?

Ca: No, I already have a date.

Ch: Which is why you should say yes to the other one. I think you're putting way too much pressure on this Berger date.

	S: Honey, Charlotte's right. You need to do something to take the edge off. Ca: I'm not going on a simu-date. Ch: Carrie, how many new outfits have you bought for this movie? Be honest. Ca: None. Six. All returnable. All right maybe just a casual coffee to take the edge off Berger. Ch: Exactly.	
Great Sexpectations (6:2) Runtime - (29:05)	1) @ 3:02 – 7:15 in a restaurant bar/drinks/dinner Ca: You'd think a place that eliminated cooking could eliminate waiting. M: What do you mean? They don't cook the food here? S: That's why they call it Raw. The raw food movement? People love it. Sting, Demi, Soon-Yi, soon me. Ch: Now what is raw food exactly? S: Vegan, non-dairy, and nothing is cooked over 118 degrees. M: So, in other words, raw vegetables. Ca: And sometimes flowers. M: And you knew about this? Ca: I read a review in <i>The Times</i>. M: Where, in the gardening section? Ch: I heard it's delicious? M: People, the emperor has no oven. Ca: (yawns) Sorry. I didn't get enough sleep last night. S: Really? Did you finally bugger Berger? Ca: How long have you been waiting to say that? S: It just occurred to me. Ca: Yes, we finally buggered. Ch: Yay! (claps) M: You do realize you're now applauding intercourse? Ch: Well it was her first time, and she really likes him. Hostess: Jones. Your table is ready (they walk to the table) S: So, details? Ca: Uh, it was good. It was fine. M: Fine?	@ 8:40 <i>I started thinking about sexpectations. We're aware as smart single women that we can't expect perfection but life still manages to throw us a curve ball. Maybe once you're into your mid 30s it should be called dating. It should be called "waiting for the other shoe to drop" If it's not the sex between me and you, the some one has to become a Jew. Why is it always something?</i>

Ca: I don't really want to talk about it.
 S: He couldn't get it up?
 Ca: He could get it up. That wasn't the – you know what? There was no problem. Moving on.
 Hostess: Enjoy your meal. (leaves)
 Ca: What? I don't want to make a big deal about it. It was just the first time. We're so good everywhere else. We're great in restaurants, it's like poppity pop-pop. And the kisses are great, and then in bed, there was, there was no sexual chemistry. I don't know what happened, he just-
 S: Couldn't find your clit?
 Ca: He knows what he's doing.
 S: Then what are we talking about?
 Ca: It just was quiet.
 Ch: I wouldn't worry about it Carrie. If the kisses were good, then the sex will eventually be good.
 Ca: I'm not worried.
 M: How quiet was it?
 Ca: It was so quiet that at one point I heard the M11 bus. I heard the doors open. I heard people getting off.
 S: Well, at least some one was getting off. And speaking of-
 Waiter: Hey. Welcome to Raw.
 S: Hello.
 Waiter: We'd like to get you started with a little *amuse-bouche*.
 S: I'd like him to amuse my bush.
 Ch: Well, this just looks delicious.
 Waiter: It's our summer vegetable soup. I see you guys are set for drinks, so I'll give you a minute with the menus and oh, our specials tonight if you're interested.
 S: Oh, I'm extremely interested.
 Waiter: Leek papaya patties and zucchini enchiladas. (Leaves)
 M: I'm gonna need a pizza after this.
 S: I'm gonna need a napkin to dry off my seat. That waiter was hot.

	M: And the soup is not. Ch: What is this?! M: Bad, this is bad. It is like lawn in a bowl. Ca; Maybe somethings should be over 118 degrees. S: Like sex for example? Ca: Kay, can we please forget I said anything? Seriously. Who else has news? Ch: I do, but you're gonna have to put down your menus because I need your undivided attention. S: Well, you'll have to shoot our waiter. Will you look at that ass. Ch: Do you mind? I have something a bit shocking to say. And after I say it, I don't want anyone to react because I'm very happy with my decision. (breathes) I'm becoming a Jew. M: What? Ch: I can feel you reacting. I love Harry very much, and he loves me. So tomorrow, I'm meeting with a rabbi to discuss converting. S: Isn't that a lot of hoop-jumping for a man? Ch: Look, Harry is not who I expected to fall in love with, but I did. And he makes me laugh, and he says what he means and I feel like I can be myself around him. M: But yourself is Episcopalian. Ch: And, it is still the most exciting sex I've ever had. Ca: Mazel tov.	
<i>The Perfect Present</i> (6:3) Runtime - (29:12)	1) @ 4:00 walking on the way to a party Ca: Okay, one drink and then we leave. M: And one drink, means one drink. S: Tell me why we're going to this again? Ca: She's an old friend going through a breakup. We're being supportive. S: On a Friday night? Ch: She tried to kill herself! M: It was six Advil. Ch: On an empty stomach! (cut to party)	@ 13:23 <i>Later that day, I got to thinking about tense relationships, and by that I mean a relationship and its connection to the past, present and future tense. At a certain age, we've all had relationships that are far from past perfect, but how much does the past relationship affect our dream of a future perfect? And as I became more and more tense, I couldn't help but wonder can you</i>

M: When did making bags become the fallback career. S: Some one should tell Crazy that owning a hot glue gun does not make you a hot purse designer. Ch: Don't call her crazy. S: Look at this. I'd rather carry a colostomy bag. Ca: Ladies, these aren't bags, they're baggage. We are standing among the ruins of her last relationship. And it was one ugly breakup. M: I resent this. The only one who should have to pay for a bad relationship is the person in your next relationship. Ca: True, and here's hoping that isn't me. Last night, Berger started opening the ex-file. Ch: Fascinating. What do you know so far? Ca: Well, her name is Lauren. She bought him a Sharper Image sound machine. M: She's a monster. Ca: I mean, we just started dating. Do I really need to hear about the ex already? Ch: Yes. The sooner the better. Ca: Maybe it should be the later the better. Or better yet, the never the better. M: That's good tuna. Ch: Carrie, you have to know where he's been so you know what you're getting. S: As long as what you get doesn't itch, I say you're fine. Ca: Look, he has a past, I have a past. Do our pasts really have to have a present? Ch: Yes. At least find out how they broke up. That will tell you a lot about their relationship. Ca: See, I was hoping to skip all that and start fresh this time. Is that crazy? S: No, here comes crazy. Woman: (holds up a purse) Look at this one! Little shoes! Isn't this fun? Who needs a balding 38 year-old boyfriend with erectile dysfunction when you can have a new career and cute cater waiters? Excuse me, champagne for the girls. Have fun! (leaves) Ch: (to S) Hey, doesn't that waiter look familiar? S: I fucked him!	<i>get to a future if your past is present?</i>

Ca: Oh! That guy.
 S: It's that waiter from Raw. Also known as the best sex I've had in years. This party just got a whole lot more exciting (Leaves)
 M: Okay, just one glass and then we've got dinner reservations at 66, yes?
 Ch: Okay, but I can't stay out late because I have a 9 a.m. conversation class at the synagogue.
 Ca: You had a two-hour class today.
 Ch: I know. I'm accelerating my studies. There's just so much to take in. The history, the tradition, the philosophy, oy! You guys! That was my first "oy"! 2) @ 11:48 brunch in the coffee shop
 M: Do what did you do last night?
 Ca: Ah, nothing. I went to bed early. Had accidental phone sex with Big.
 Ch: What?
 S: Brunch is suddenly looking up.
 Ca: Well actually, he had phone sex. I was on the other end trying to find a polite way to get out of it. Turns out, there is no polite way to get out of phone sex.
 M: I wasn't aware that you and Big had phone sex.
 Ca: Occasionally, since he moved away.
 Ch: You have phone sex?
 Ca: Well I prefer to think of it not as phone sex, so much as a trip down memory lane.
 Ch; Well then next time he calls just tell him you're in a serious relationship with Berger.
 Ca: But I'm not in a serious relationship with Berger. We're still just dating. Its good dating, but we don't know where it's going yet.
 Ch: Well you'll never gonna know where it's going if you keep reminiscing with Big.
 Ca: One doesn't have anything to do with the other.
 Ch: I just don't know why you want to drag that Big baggage into the new relationship.
 Ca: It's not baggage, it's Biggage. And Big is no more a threat to Berger than

	Lauren is to me. (to waitress) Thank you. It's all in the past. M: And on your phone bill. Ca: He called me. I'm a lady (Brady cries) M: Come on pudding, I'll get your pacifier. (goes through baby bag) Look at all this shit Steve has in here. (pulls out condoms) S: Oh Honey, isn't the baby birth control enough? M: They're Steve's and Debbie's, his new girlfriend. That's her name. Debbie. Ca: Where are they doing it, Gymboree. S: Debbie does daycare? (laughs) (Brady starts to put condom in his mouth – Ch gasps, M is shocked) S: Oh honey, relax. I have those in my mouth all the time.	
<i>Pick a Little, Talk a Little</i> (6:4) Runtime - (28:46)	1) @ 1:40 dinner/bar with Berger S: And then he pretended to tie my hands behind my back and the whole time he kept screaming "Shut the fuck up, shut the fuck up!" I tell you, it is so refreshing to be with someone who likes to fuck outside the box. Ca: (to Berger) And this is my friend Samantha. Berger: The wallflower. Right. Ch: That's incredibly offensive. Violence against women is a very serious issue. S: Oh please, it was a fantasy. Fantasies can't be censored. M: Actually, I think the Supreme Court is working on that right now. S: All fantasies are healthy and harmless. (To Berger) Don't you agree? Berger: You know, as a guy, I've always been under the impression that rape or anything in the rape family is just not a good idea. Can I go home now? (all women laugh) Ca (v/o): <i>There is no greater sound than your friends laughing at your new boyfriend's jokes.</i> S: Well, that's not the only scenario we play. Sometimes he's Senator Smith, or Principal Smith, Cellmate Smith – Ca: Okay moving on. Uh Miranda how was your date with the real estate guy? M: Actually it wasn't horrible. (S's phone rings) He was kinda cute and funny and – S: (answers phone) Hello? Oh, Dr. Smith, that you for returning my call. (holds phone) Excuse me. He thinks I may have the mumps. (stands and leaves) Yes,	@ 10:33 <i>One of the signs that a female gorilla is in love is that she can be seen picking nits off her male companion. And yet in humans nit-picking can ruin a perfectly good evening, not to mention a relationship. Women are known to be more verbal than men. But when does criticism that's constructive become destructive? Are there times when the ladies should just shut the fuck up?</i>

I'm swollen.

Berger: Now that's hot.

Ch: So how did the date end?

M: Um, he walked me home- (to B) I'm sorry, are you maxed out on girl talk?

Berger: No, no , no I'm good. I'll let you know.

M: Okay, so he kissed me goodnight at the door. I invited him up. He couldn't because he had an early meeting. We kissed again, then he said he'd call.

Ca: Two kisses. Very promising.

M: You think? Even though he didn't come up?

Ch: Definitely. It means he likes you but he wants to take it slow. That's nice.

M: Berger, what do you think?

Berger: You really want to know?

M: Please, I would love to have a man's opinion for a change.

Berger: All right, I'm not going to sugarcoat it for you. He's just not that into you. (Ca squeals)

Ch: That's not true!

Ca: Don't listen to him!

M: No, no, I'm intrigued. Elaborate.

Berger: Look, I'm sorry, but when a guy's really into you, he's coming upstairs, meeting or no meeting

Ca: That is ludicrous! What about extenuating circumstances? What about you're stressed out, you're on a deadline, you have a migraine?

Ch: Or, a lot of guys are afraid of getting their feelings hurt and they don't want to ruin a friendship

M: Or they're freaked out by their own feelings. There's a lot of push-pull out there. A lot of mixed messages.

B: Yeah, I have to say that's all code for "He's just not that into you." I'm sorry but with guys it's all very simple. If we're into you, we're coming upstairs. We're booking the next date. There are no mixed messages.

Ch: No mixed messages? But -

M: I've spent my whole life deciphering mixed messages.

Ca: I've made a whole career of it.

M: Wow. He's just not that into me. He's just not that into me.

Ca: Honey, ignore this person. He doesn't know what he's talking about. (to B) You're fired.

Berger: Look, if he's not into you, the guy's obviously a weenie, so –

M: No, no. I love it. It is the most liberating thing I have ever heard. Think how much time and therapy I could have saved over the last 20 years if I had know this.

Ch: I still think the real estate guy is gonna call.

Berger: Yeah, I think you've got an uncomfortable e-mail coming your way you know? Something like "I'm sorry I haven't called. I'm in a place in the world where they don't have phones." (M laughs)

M: (mouths to Ca) I love him.

2) @ 13:44 in Charlotte's kitchen preparing dinner. (no S)

Ca (v/o): *Meanwhile Charlotte was hard at work on her fantasy role: Martha Jewart.*

Ch: Okay. The kugel's in the oven, the matzo balls are boiling. Its three hours till the Shabbos. We should start braiding the challah.

Ca: Doesn't Shabbos mean 'day of rest' i.e. ordering in?

M: We're wearing aprons. Do you own aprons?

Ch: The challah!

Ca: Okay, you don't have to hollah.

Ch: Miranda like this. (starts braiding the bread)

M: Oh, I don't know what I'm doing here. Why did you call me over?

Ca: Because I didn't want to spend the entire week saying "Guess you had to be there."

Ch: Hey, did Harry's friend ever call you?

M: Yes. As a matter of fact I'm seeing him tonight. You think I can get away with this outfit?

Ca: Definitely, the apron softens you.

Ch: Can read me what's next after its braided.

M: (looks through recipe book)

Ca (v/o): *With her high school boyfriend, Charlotte doodled, with Harry, she Jew-oodled.*

M: I think it calls for two cups of Mrs. Harry York-Goldenblatt. Did I miss

	something? Did you get married while I was at work? Ch: No, but that's where we're headed. Ca: You forgot Charlotte Yorgenblatt. Ch: Actually, I've been making some calls and I was wondering how you both felt about November. M: November? For what? Ch: For our wedding. (Ca & M look up surprised) Most of the synagogues are booked through the fall. Ca: November works for me. M: Has Harry even proposed yet? Ca: Miranda- Ch: No. But he will. M: Aren't you counting your matzo balls before they rise? Ca: Miranda, zip the lip. Ch: Harry and I have an understanding about our future. We don't have to talk about it all the time. It's <i>b-shert</i>. M: I don't know what that means. Ch: It means it's meant to be. I would never have gone through all this trouble if I didn't know for sure that we were getting married. M: I'm sorry, I just don't want to see you get hurt again.	
Lights, Camera, Relationship (6:5) Runtime - (29:05)	1) @ 3:54 brunch in the coffee shop Ca: (to Ch) Cheer up sweetie. I may have found you the impossible dreamboat. Straight, single and he works for Prada. M & S: Mmm! Ch: Is he Jewish? What? Did you think I was gonna throw away all my new religious beliefs just because Harry and I are no longer together? M: Uh. Yeah. Ch: I am not a fair-weather Jew. Besides I can't even think about dating again. I'm way too sad about losing Harry. S: Now, Charlotte honey, you will start dating eventually and by then this Prada item may be off the rack. M: If she's not ready to move one, she's not ready to move one. People can't	@ 16:34 <i>As women's roles evolve and change we assume that men's do as well. There are hundreds upon hundreds of articles written about the new man. But does this new man really exist? Perhaps he's just the old man renamed and repackaged by some clever PR woman. Are the men of today less threatened by a woman's power or are they just acting?</i>

	move one before they're ready. I'm just saying. Ch: I can't even imagine dating again. I mean, what would I say about myself? "I was married, and then I got divorced and then I feel in love with my divorce lawyer and we were gonna get married but then I blew it and we split up too." It's depressing. Ca: Well now you went and told the truth. Okay, what are we gonna do about it? I say we get all dressed up and go out for drinks Friday night. I'll wear my new Prada. S: I'm in! M: Excellent. S: (looks in her dayplanner) Shit motherfucker fuck shit. M: There's a "shit, motherfucker fuck shit" situation? S: I have to go to the theatre. Ca: They finally made that mandatory? S: A new play in Brooklyn, Jerry's in it. M: So it's children's theatre. Ch: Oh I think that's sweet. S: It's not sweet, it's pathetic how far a gal will go for a good fuck.	
<i>Hop, Skip and a Week</i> (6:6) Runtime - (29:05)	1) @ 10:52 brunch in the coffee shop Ca: I knew we were having problems, but a break? What am I? Some horrible job he needs to get away from? Ch: A break isn't always a bad thing. Ca: Oh c'mon. It's a hop skip and a week from a breakup Ch: Or it's the thing that saves you from saying the things that you wish you could take back but you can't. If Harry and I had taken a break then maybe I wouldn't be out on blind dates again. Ca: Hey remember when a break was a good thing? Spring break, coffee break? Now it's break up, break down. They keep getting worse, what's next? M: Hip break? S: You know what I think? I think don't do that. Ca: Do what? S: (makes an exaggerated frown)	@ 12:46 <i>The next day I got to thinking about trials and trial separations. In a courtroom a judge decides to outcome. In a relationship the victims have to decide their own fate. How can two people mired in the mess ever figure it out?</i> <i>Do we need distance to get close?</i>

	Ca: Well, I'm sorry. I'm upset. S: Well don't be. You'll be even more upset when your face is all lined. As far as I'm concerned, the test of a good relationship is: are you like this (makes a frown) or like this (makes a smile)? Ch: That's the test of a good relationship? S: Mmm hmm. M: Or a good dermatologist. S: Make fun, but a bump in the road is never good. And you shouldn't bother staying around to find out how not good. Ca: Well it's not all frowns. Berger and I have a lot of good stuff too. It's complicated. Complicated by the fact that the man had to go all the way to Long Island to think this through. S: Maybe you can send him a postcard. (S gives out "Absolut Hunk" postcards) M: That is the most blatant agenda-pushing I have ever seen. Ca: And the most effective. Ch: Wow. Ca: I just wish I knew what he was thinking. S: Oh who cares? Look at his pecks. Ca: I meant Berger. It's so frustrating. What am I supposed to do? Just sit around waiting to find out whether he chooses me? I'm doing that all day at jury duty and it sucks. M: Here's an idea. Why don't you use this time to think about what you want? Remember you? What do you want? S: Uh! (motions to Ca to stop frowning)	
<i>The Post-It Always Sticks Twice</i> (6:7) Runtime - (28:08)	1) @ 1:25 brunch in the coffee shop Ca: Boy do I have news. Ch: So do I. I didn't want to say anything until we were all together but Harry and I made up and he asked me to marry him. M: Oh my God! Congratulations! Ca: Wow that's great! S: Look at that ring! Ch: I know. He had it made based on the one that Richard Burton gave	@ 4:37 <i>People say everything happens for a reason. These people are usually women. And these women are usually sorting through a breakup. It seems that men can get out of a relationship without even a goodbye. But apparently women have to either get married or learn something. Why are we in such a rush to move</i>

Elizabeth Taylor.

Ca: Well, it is fabulous.

S: Even more fabulous than your first one.

Ch: So Carrie. What was your news?

Ca: Oh, Berger broke up with me on a Post-It.

M: On a Post-it?!

Ca: Yep, uh huh, uh huh (takes it out of her purse) Read it and weep my friend.

S: (reads) "I'm sorry. I can't. Don't hate me -" The motherfucker's concise.

M: First of all, I thought you were going to break up with him.

Ca: Yeah, I was, and I should have, but he said he wanted to try and work things out. Aka leave in the middle of the night.

Ch: A post-it? That's infuriating.

Ca: Yeah, I remember when breaking up over the phone was considered bad form.

M: I was once broken up with by a guy's doorman. "I'm sorry Ms. Hobbes. Jonathan won't be coming down. Ever."

S: I missed having a doorman.

Ch: So, are you gonna call him?

Ca: No. I am not going to dignify his behavior with a response. I am not even going to leave him one of those angry answering machine messages, "Hi, it's me. You're a DICK." But it sure feels good saying it right now even to you.

S: Well that's what we're here for.

Ch: I'm sorry

Ca: Yeah, I'm sorry too. That relationship was a complete waste of time.

Ch: Oh, it's never a complete waste of time. I mean, even in the worst relationship you always learn something.

Ca: You may not want to say that to a woman carrying a loaded post-it.

Ch: But Carrie, everything happens for a reason even if you don't know what it is yet.

M: That's such bullshit.

Ch: It's not! Look at me. If I had never married Trey, then I never would have gotten divorced and I would never met my divorce lawyer Harry, and I

*from confused to Confucius? Do we search for lessons **to lessen the pain?***

wouldn't be engaged now.

Ca: Uh huh. (puts post-it on Ch's ring) Paper covers rock.

2) @ 8:15 in front of a club

M: Ladies, this is a miracle. I am in my skinny jeans. I haven't fit into these since 1985 and that is only because I had mono.

S: Miranda, I've never noticed before, but you've got one hot ass.

M: Really

Ca: Yeah, you look good!

Ch: How'd you do it?

M: Well, I got pregnant, became a single mother and stopped having any time to eat.

S: Well, that's a diet I won't be trying.

M: I cannot believe I fit into my skinny jeans. I never want to take them off.

Charlotte can I wear these to your wedding? I'm kidding.

Ch: Oh now it's just – I just feel kind of silly that I made such a big fuss about my ring earlier.

S: Oh honey, a diamond that big deserves a parade.

Ch: But this is the second time around. I already did the showing of the ring, I already did the big wedding. You were there.

Ca: It was lovely.

S: Lovely

Ch: So this time, I've decided that it should just be really small and tasteful.

M: So no denim?

Ch: Right. And I don't want to disappoint you. I've decided not to have bridesmaids.

M: Woo hoo! (Ca squeals in delight)

Ca: Hallelujah!

S: Okay, let's go to Bed.

3) @ 11:03 in club Bed (no M)

S: All the men in here seem kind of old.

Ch: That's because you're dating Smith

Ca: Who's basically a zygote.

S: I'm not dating him, I'm fucking him. And now I'm looking for some one else to fuck.

Ca: Well I think you may have come to the right place. Oh no, it's Berger's friend.

S: Where?

Ca: In the next bed, Oh God, I hate New York. Is there no other club opening tonight? What should I do?

S: Ignore them.

Ca: No, I can't. It'll get back to Berger that I acted childish.

Ch: Just go over and say hi. Act like Berger is the last thing on your mind.

Ca: Right, I'll take the high road. I'll be calm and classy and just say hello. (leaves to talk to friend- comes back)

Ca: You know that angry message I didn't wanna leave on Berger's machine? I just left it on his friend.

S: What happened.

Ca: I took the lowest possible road. I told him Berger was bad in bed, which isn't even true (S starts to say something) Two times! Don't you forget anything?

Ch: Why did you say that?

Ca: I don't know – it just, it just came out.

S: Well, it's understandable. You're suffering from post-it traumatic stress syndrome.

Ca: I need to find a way to erase that message.

Ch: Go back over there and explain. Just tell them you're hurt and that you didn't mean it.

Ca: Oh great, now I have to admit that I'm hurt?

S: (hands Ca a glass of champagne) First, a little nerve Clicquot. (Ca chugs it and talks to friend and makes it worse. They leave)

4) @17:02 outside club

Ca: Okay, so I'm angry. So those guys will tell Berger than I'm angry. I can live with that. (Men in background are smoking pot) Do you smell that?

S: Pot.

Ca: Let's get high!
 S: I'd get high.
 Ch: Wait. Are you serious?
 Ca: Yes, that's exactly what my mind needs: Cloudiness. I'm still too lucid on the facts of the day and night. Hey, when was the last time you smoked pot?
 M: I think I was wearing these jeans.
 Ch: I'm not smoking pot.
 Ca: Post-it.
 Ch: How would we even get any?
 S: Well I'd call my dealer but he's at the Cape.
 Ca: Oh damn those dealers and their summer houses.
 M: I'll ask those guys. Excuse me fellas? Excuse me? Hey, um, my friends and I were wondering –
 S: I like her in those jeans.
 Ch: Is it okay to buy pot from strangers?
 Ca: They're not strangers. They're our new friends with pot.
 M: Okay, okay. They're going around the corner to drown the hound. There's a guy there who deals. And I get the one with the glasses.
 Ca: My, when she scores, she scores. All right. (they walk into a bar)
 Entering, Ca: "Drown the Hound" And I thought they were being ironic.
 M: I see our guys.
 Ca: Yeah, go get 'em. (M leaves)
 Ch: If that last place was called 'Bed" then this place should be called "Smell."
 S: Well hold your nose. I promised Smith I'd watch him on *TRL* and this dump has a TV. (S leaves)
 5) @ 25:43 in the coffee shop eating banana split
 Ca: Oh. Hear that? It's midnight. The official end to what will now be known as the day I got arrested for smoking a doobie. (laughs) I said doobie. This is great.
 M: You didn't get arrested.
 Ch: See? Your Post-it was your get out of jail free card. So if you never met Berger then you wouldn't-
 S: Stop, you're killing my buzz.

	M: I hate to say it, I'm starting to agree with Charlotte's way of thinking. If I hadn't accidentally gotten pregnant by Steve, I would've never had Brady. Ca: Awee. M: I'm not finished. And had no time to eat. So I would've never fit into my skinny jeans and realized that this city is full of cute men. S: Now that's my kind of thinking. Carrie, don't bogart the spilt. Ca: Okay, I know what I learned from my Berger relationship. (long pause) Wait a minute, I just had it. (all women laugh) What? Ch: You know what? I changed my mind. M: You don't think everything happens for a reason? Ch: No, not about that. About the wedding. I really want you guys to be my bridesmaids. You don't have to wear the matching dresses I promise. S & Ca: I'll eat to that. M: Can I get that in writing? (all women laugh) I think I've had enough. My jeans just popped.	
<i>The Catch</i> (6:8) Runtime - (29:07)	1) @ 5:01 outside patio, lunch M: She bought me a fucking candle. And it was an aromatherapy candle for serenity and calm. I was much more serene and calm before the fucking candle. S: Women with candles replace women with cats as the new sad thing. M: Oh get this, he wants me to meet her. I sense that he wants us to become friends. Ca: Oh no no no no no. Forget it. You do not need to become friends with the new girlfriend. It's unnatural, uncomfortable, insincere and rife with an ulterior motive. M: Has this happened to you? Ca: No. I'm just being supportive. Ch: But there is a baby involved. M: Exactly. She's using Brady to get to me, and I'm not falling for it. Ca: Oh, speaking of falling, I tried the trapeze yesterday for that piece that I'm writing. Ch: I could never, I have the most terrible fear of heights. Ca: Well I do not. You've seen my shoes.	@ 8:01 <i>When you are young, life is about the pursuit of fun. Than you grow up and learn to be cautious. You could break a bone or a heart. You look before your leap and sometimes you don't leap at all because there's not always some one there to catch you. And in life there is no safety net. When did it stop being fun and start being scary?</i>

M: So did you fly through the air with the greatest of ease?

Ca: At first, but then I couldn't do a catch. All I had to do was let go and reach for the guy who was very cute, and I still couldn't do it.

S: You are insane for getting into a harness without even the hope of an orgasm.

Harry: Hello ladies.

Ch: Hi honey. Hi Howie. Everyone this is Harry's best friend Howie Halberstein, in from Portland.

Harry: We're not crashing. I just came to drop off the photo proofs and the seating chart. We're gonna have a quick bite to eat and then I'm gonna take the place cards to the calligrapher.

Howie: And then after that if there's time we're gonna go around the corner and try to find our balls. (all laugh) Yes, Harry knows how to show a guy a good time.

Harry: Howie, this is Samantha and Miranda and Carrie.

Howie: Hi.

Carrie: Hi, how are you?

Howie: Good.

Ca: Good.

Harry: (to Ca) Good guy. You two, I see it happening. (stands) So, uh Carrie, I was thinking maybe you might show Howie around a little later.

Howie: Unless Harry needs me to ice a cake or something.

Ca: Well, um, I'm- I'm kinda busy because I have to do a flying trapeze thing.

Howie: That is so weird because I have a lion-taming thing tomorrow, so that's out for me. (all laugh) But, you know, if you change your mind, I will give you my business card.

Ca: Okay.

Howie: All my lines are on there. Call me any time, I'll be waiting by the phone-

Harry: Okay, okay (pushes him and they leave)

Ch: What's wrong with you?

M: He was funny and cute.

Ca: Yeah, and in town for a week. What's the point?

	S: That's the point. It's the best possible scenario because you know he's leaving. Ca: But it's like whatever happens, there's an expiration date. Its expiration dating. S: It isn't dating, it's sex. It's fun. It's a fling. Ca: Please, I'm too old for a fling. I can barely do a swing. And if you will excuse me, I have to go home so I can write about the fact that I couldn't do a catch. Ch: He is a catch. S: You should do him. 2) @ 14:31 Charlotte's apartment for rehearsal dinner, over drinks (no Ch) Ca: Hey, what's happening over there? S: Oh you know, bride, bride, bride. Blah, blah, blah. Hey I just saw your fling go into the bathroom. It's like shooting fish in a barrel. Ca: Still no. M: Oh! S: It's just casual sex. Ca; Nothing's casual anymore. Not even when it says so on the invitation. M: Just go in there and see what happens. Worst comes to worst you could always hide under the bed. (Ca goes to talk to Howie)	
<i>A Woman's Right to Shoes</i> (6:9) Runtime - (28:52)	1) @ 8:07 in a restaurant for dessert. Ca: These were new Manolos. I hadn't even done a full lap around the party. And you know, I don't play favourites with my shoes, but these were very special. Ch: Who would steal shoes from a party? Ca: Some one size 7 with excellent taste. S: Why in the hell did you take your shoes off to begin with? Ca: We had to. For their kids, apparently we drag things in on our heels that make children sick. M: Please. Its children who drag the germs around. Brady got the chicken pox courtesy of some kid who licked him at the playground. S: Oh my God!	@ 17:02 <i>When we were young Marlo Thomas sang to us about accepting each other and our differences. But then we got older and started singing a different tune. We stopped celebrating each other's life choices and started qualifying them. Is acceptance really such a childish concept? Or did we have it right all along? When did we stop being free to be you and me?</i>

Ch: Kyra must have been mortified.
 Ca: Actually, I kept waiting for the mortification that never came. She said they might turn up and just sent me home.
 S: Those shoes are not turning up anywhere but a pawn shop in Brooklyn.
 Ca: Oh, stop! I'm gonna cry in my flan. So that's it? They're just gone? Boo-hoo?
 M: Well, legally she owes you for them.
 Ca: I can't ask her to pay for my shoes.
 S: Why not? If you gave a party and told her to leave her baby outside in the hall and her baby was missing at the end of the night, believe me there'd be payback.
 Ch: That is the craziest thing I have ever heard. Children are not shoes!
 Ca: I know, I know. I'm not saying it.
 S: You have every right to be upset about your shoes. I am so sick of these people with their children. I'm telling you, they're everywhere. Sitting next to me in first class. Eating at the next table at John- (kid comes running and screaming by) Look at that. This place is for double cappuccinos, not double strollers. (to M) I'm sorry.
 M: Hey, no need to apologize. I wouldn't bring Brady here. Mommy needs two hands to eat her \$8 cake.
 Ch: (To M) You're not gonna defend children?
 M: No. I don't like any children but my own. Look at that dirty little rugrat.
 Ch: That's just chocolate. All children are beautiful, but not as beautiful as Brady.
 M: That's true.
 Ca: Hey! So how goes the matrimonial move-in (to Ch)
 Ch: Oh good. Harry's moved most of his stuff in, it's going well, and I'm trying to learn to compromise because sometimes I can be a little rigid.
 Girls: Oh, no! that's not true at all.
 Ch: There's just one thing and it's small but it really grosses me out. We have a teabag situation.
 S: Oh, I understand. Just breathe through your nose. (pause, all girls look

	confused) When you're sucking his balls? Ch: What?! No! I was talking about Harry leaves his old teabags around the house! S: Oh. I thought you meant tea-bagging. When you hold a guy's balls in your mouth. (Carrie and Charlotte are disgusted and cover their faces) M: Why is it called – Oh, I get it! Because they hang, and the dipping – Ch: Shh! Ca: Oh great. Now I've lost my shoes and my appetite.	
Boy, Interrupted (6:10) Runtime - (27:56)	1) @ 5:79 brunch in the coffee shop S: There's a pool a block from my apartment and I can't get in. Ch: What pool? S: At the Soho House. You have to be a member and I'm on some kind of bullshit wait list. Ca: Don't they know who you are? M: And more importantly, who we are, who need to be at the pool with you. S: You know in high school, all you had to do was jump a fence and you could be in somebody's pool. Ca: Oh, speaking of high school, I saw my high school sweetheart and I think I might like him. Again. Is that crazy? Ch: No! I love this! You could end up with your high school boyfriend! Ca: Okay, let's not jump the gun. But it was the best date I've had in a long time and I wasn't even thinking that it was a date. Oh, and when he kissed me goodnight. Ch: (gasps) He kissed you goodnight? Ca: It was wild because I actually remembered what it felt like to kiss him. S: Imagine if you slept with him? Talk about a homecoming. Ca: No! We never went all the way. S: Why not? Ca: Because we were kids, we wanted to wait. And now I think we've waited long enough. Ch: You're marrying him. Ca: Will you stop? He doesn't even live in NY. He lives in Denver.	@ 6:49 <i>That night I started thinking about my retro relationship. Since high school. Most women have acquired much better taste in clothes, hairstyles and food. But what about men? Maybe we were better off when we thought less and kissed more. Have we graduated past our ability to find true love? When it comes to matters of the heart, did we have it right in high school?</i>

Ch: People move. It would be so romantic.
 Ca: Or tragic. Seriously. I if had this guy in high school, what have I been doing for the past 20 years?
 M: Why did you break up?
 Ca: I broke up because I thought "C'mon there must be better guys out there."
 Turns out, there aren't!
 2) @ 14:20 on a rooftop pool over drinks
 Ca: I wanted a man who would commit, not a man who was committed.
 Apparently we have to be more specific.
 Ch: but how is he able to see you?
 Stanford: Did he escape?
 Ca: No, he's voluntary. He says it's not really a mental institution. It's a therapeutic community.
 S: Which one?
 Ca: Juno-Spears.
 S: Oh, that's supposed to be a good one. I've had clients go there.
 Stanford: Really why haven't we heard about that?
 S: Because I'm good at my job. No one wants to admit they're in a looney bin.
 Ca: On a first date.
 M: It's all humiliating. Think about what we have to go through to date. I am 38 and I am competing with a cheerleader.
 Ca: Yeah, and even when you get the guy, you never know what fun surprise might be revealed.
 Stanford: Let me tell you something ladies. In a good relationship, there are no surprises. I know everything about Marcus and Marcus knows everything about me. (dives in pool)
 Ch: I don't think he knows everything.
 Ca: What? (pause) What?
 Ca (v/o): *Charlotte like all girls, learned at an early age that the only way to get rid of information you don't want to have is to pass it on.* (passes a flyer that has Marcus as a male hooker)
 Ca: Oh my God! Is this real?

	Ch: Anthony found it in an old issue of <i>Honcho</i> magazine. S: Let me see that. Oh my is that Marcus? Stanford: What is that? S: Nothing! Stanford: Okay, hand it over. (they pass it amongst themselves) Hand it over. (he gets it) Gasps, Where did this come from? Some one better tell me where this came from right now. I'm not kidding. S: I got it from Carrie. Ca: I got it from Miranda. M: I got it from Charlotte. Ch: I got it from Anthony but I told him that you and Marcus were very much in love. Ca (v/o): <i>Charlotte was still a cheerleader for love. But like the Knicks, her team was having a bad season.</i> Stanford: Wow. You think you know somebody. (leaves)	
<i>The Domino Effect</i> (6:11) Runtime- (27:56)	1) @ 5:57 patio lunch M: So that pretty much solves the problem of how Robert and Steve are gonna meet. I guess I can check that off my list of things to do. Ca: That's horrifying. I will continue to be horrified by that story all day long. M: And poor Steve. He was in such a vulnerable position with the sex and the bloody nose and the doctor boyfriend. S: Well, you won. Ch: It's not a competition! S: You're right. She's being fucked by a hot black doctor and Steve had a tampon up his nose. No contest. M: Okay, I hate to admit this but there is a part of me that took some pleasure in the whole thing. Is that terrible? Ch: Well no, it's not as if you planned it that way. Did you? M: No! I'm crazy about Robert. So why do I even care what Steve thinks? Ca: Because you've been through a lot with him. Some people just get under your skin and stay there. When I saw Big the other night- Ch: Big is in town?	@ 14:07 <i>If NYC's signature fruit is the apple, then its signature sound is the ambulance siren. It seems like all day every day, people are getting hurt and the whole city has to hear about it. But what about the injuries that don't get a siren and whether you're falling into a hole in the street or possible falling back in love?</i> <i>Just how dangerous is an open heart?</i>

	Ca: Yeah, he's here for a little heart thing. M: What is he on the wait list to get one? Ca: No. And you're going to feel incredibly bad in a minute. He's here because he's having heart surgery. M: Okay, I'm officially a monster. Please continue. Ca: No it's okay. It's actually a fairly routine procedure. They found a blockage- (starts to cry) S: Oh honey. Ca: I'm sorry. This is exactly what happened last night when he told me. And I know he, I know he's gonna be fine but- what is going on with me? Bitsy: Yo hoo! Ladies who are lunching! Ca (v/o): <i>Bisty Von Muffling had recently married Cabaret singer Bobby Fine. Known to everyone by Bitsy as the gayest gay man alive.</i> Ca: Oh! Look at you. Bitsy: Can you believe it? Me, pregnant. It's a girl. Bobby is so excited, he's already got two names picked out. Judy or Barbara. We're gonna wait to see what she looks like. M: I like Judy. Bitsy: And I owe it all to Dr. Mao. Or as we call him, Dr. Wow. Acupuncturist/miracle worker. Seriously, I couldn't take it anymore with the IUI's and the IVFs and the i-give-up. Anyway, then I go to this guy and poof, I'm with child. Ch: Just from going to acupuncture? Bitsy: I don't know how the hell it works but this guy could get a cactus pregnant. Anyway, I gotta run, or shall I say, waddle. It was great seeing you girls. S: Bye! (girls say Bye) Ch: How is that even possible? That woman is like 50 years old! S: And married to a fag! Ch: I have got to go see that Dr. Mao.	
One (6:12)	1) @ 7:40 brunch in the coffee shop (no Ch initially) Ca: (to S)What are you getting? (S puts glasses on)	@ 16:47 <i>I blame Valentine's day. Hundreds upon</i>

Runtime- (34:21)	S: Yes, I need glasses and I'm not ashamed. I have a sexy young man who loves to fuck me, and I'm fabulous. M: Have you considered putting that on a t-shirt? Ca: Are those the kind you get at the drugstore next to the Bengay? S: How dare you, these are Chanel. Ca: Hey have you ever heard of the artist Aleksandr Petrovsky? M: Who? S: Aleksandr Petrovsky? Oh my God! He was the number one hot guy at Studio 54. Dated every hot super model in the 70s. Oh my nipples are getting hard just thinking about him. Why? Ca: Well I met him yesterday. S: No! How did he look? Is he still gorgeous? (to waitress) We need more time. Where did you meet? What's he like? Ca: Oh, well, we met at a gallery and he was odd. S: How old is he now? Let me see, when I was 22 he was about 30, Studio 54 was '79 so that would make him, what? 53. M: And that would make you- S: I'm forty-fucking five. I have nothing to hide. (Women cheer, Ch enters) Ca: What? Ch: I'm pregnant. (women cheer) M: Congratulations! S: Oh my God. Ch: It's very early, but I am. I just heard from the doctor and we don't know if it's the acupuncture or all the herbs that I've been taking, or maybe Harry and I are just a better fit or whatever, but I'm pregnant! M: How far along are you? Ch: About three weeks. S: Ah, please excuse me. (scratches herself) M: What was that? S: Well, I'm growing it out. My hair, down there. Smith enjoys a full bush. Ch: Isn't this great? Everything is exactly like it always is, but I'm pregnant.	<i>hundreds of cards all decreeing "You're the one" Just imagine the hundreds and hundreds of wrenching late-night phone calls all over this one idea. And it's not just with love. It seems like we're always looking for that one thing to make our lives complete. That job, that change, that family. I couldn't help but wonder, When will waiting for the one be done?</i>

<i>Let there be Light</i> (6:13) Runtime- (30:47)	1) @ 2:42 in a perfume store Ch: Am I peppermint musk? No. Ca: Ladies, I'm taking a lovah. Yes, a lovah. Aleksandr Petrovsky. M: Wait, the old guy? Ca: I beg your pardon. My lovah is not old. He is worldly, wise and very sexy. Ch: He is sexy. Ca: Very. Yesterday, I almost did it with him on a park bench in front of children. S: What stopped you? Ca: Common decency. S: Oh that. Ca: Well, that and the fact that I'm not lovah-ready. I need a little bikini waxage. S: Well then snap to it. Don't play hard to get with a man who's hard to get. Ch: Maybe cucumber basil. S: Why would you want to smell like a salad? Ch: I can't decide what I am. M: What do you mean, not old? Charlotte emailed me his photo. Hello 60! Ca: He is in his lovah-perfect early 50s. S: That's a good age. They've been around the block and know how to use their cock. Ca: Oh you rhyme now. Where did you get his picture? Ch: I googled him. I wanted Miranda to see your potential new boyfriend. Ca: Not boyfriend. Lovah. M: How long will you keep saying it like that? Ca: Uncomfortable with my taking a lovah? Ch: Maybe he can be more than a lovah. Ca: No, the only place this is going is Lovahville. Ch: Well I can see it going somewhere. Ca: Oh please listen, half the time I can't even understand him. We have nothing in common, he's in and out of Europe. Ch: That could be good. S: Honey, you're not listening. She only wants him to be in and out of her.	@ 16:17 <i>According to certain scientists, whenever a woman has sex, her body produces a chemical which causes her to emotionally attach. This chemical may also account for the series of terrifying questions that involuntarily pop into our minds after just one casual tryst. Questions like "Does he like me?" "Will he call again?" and the classic "Where is this all going?" When it comes to men, even when we try to keep it light, How do we end up in the dark?</i>

	Ca: Yes but in a much less obvious sounding way. Ch: How about pomegranate-patchouli? Ca: No, you need something classic. Clean. M: With just a hint of neurosis. Ch: How bout you? Are you finding anything? M: I don't know. I'm trying to figure out what Steve might like. S: Just get some Old Spice and call it a day. M: Steve does not wear Old Spice. He wears nothing and he smells great. Ca: Miranda and Steve sitting in a tree, k-i-s-s-i-n-g. First comes love- well actually first comes baby. (M sprays her with perfume) Oh great. Now I have to spend the rest of the day smelling like – M: Apples and hay. Ca: Oh, you bastard. Okay, let's go. Ch: Aren't you going to get something for your new lovah? Ca: I suspect he already likes the way I smell.	
<i>The Ick Factor</i> (6:14) Runtime- (28:21)	1) @ 3:22 brunch M: That is the cheesiest thing I have ever heard in my life. Ick. Ca: I know, I can't even look at you all right now I'm so embarrassed. Ch: It sounds very old-world to me. Very 18th Century Russia. Ca: Yes, and I live in New York City circa now. I think it's romantic if some one offers me a seat on the subway. M: That is romantic. Ch: We are just starved for real romance and that is the sad truth. S: I'm not starved. Smith is in L.A. for the week and he calls me every night before he goes to sleep. Ca: Phone sex doesn't count. S: Well, I'm drinking a glass of wine while we do it. Ch: I want to hear more about the romance. What else did he do? Ca: Well, there is one more thing, but if I tell you it will be the "ick" heard round the world. Ch: It will not. Ca: You know the song he wrote for me?	@ 13:23 <i>One of the great things about living in NYC is that you don't have to sugar coat your feelings. But have NY women settled for a sugar free existence as well? We accept taste-delight instead of real ice cream, emails instead of love songs, jokes instead of poetry. It's no wonder than when faced with the real thing, we can't stomach it. Is it something we could learn to digest, or have we become romance intolerant?</i>

M: Yeah, ick.
 Ca: Well, it had a name. "La femme avec les yeux lumineux"
 Ch: The woman with eyes that –
 Ca: Sparkle.
 S: What's French for "ick"
 M: "Eek"
 Ca: And I swear, while he was playing it, I floated up out of my body and I was on the ceiling looking down at myself thinking: "Come on!"
 Ch: He was just expressing genuine emotion and in an old fashion way.
 M: But it's not genuine, it's pure show. I can't stand all that artificial hoo hah. That's why I proposed to Steve over \$3 beers.
 Ch: You proposed?
 S: You proposed marriage?
 M: Okay everybody, stop. It's not a big deal. I am not engaged. I 'm not doing the big circus wedding. There will be no white dress or bridesmaids or posed pictures, I hate all that shit.
 Ch: Well that's your choice, every bride has to find her own style.
 S: well when is it going to be?
 M: As soon as I find some place that doesn't make me want to hurl. It's just going to be a simple nothing thing. I don't even care about the wedding, I just want to be with Steve.
 Ch: Oh Miranda (starts to cry)
 M: Okay this is exactly what I don't want. No tears.
 Ca: Oh my God (starts to cry)
 S: I can't believe it. (Starts to cry)
 M: That's it you're all freaking me out. (stands to leave) Samantha, I expected more from you.
 2) @ shopping for a wedding gift (No M)
 Ch: What about a guest book?
 Ca: Sweetie, there's only going to be eight of us there. There's no one to keep track of. I can't believe Miranda is getting married.
 Ch: This is pretty.

S: Oh she'll hate that. Too domestic.
 Ca: And too bridey.
 S: Yeah, let's try not to piss her off.
 Ch: Well maybe we should just buy her a stapler and wrap it in brown paper and just smear some dog poo on it. Do you think she'd be comfortable with that?
 Ca: Fine we'll get the dish.
 S; Ladies, I have something to tell you, and you're not going to like it.
 Ca: If you get married and leave me all alone, I will kill you.
 S: As you know, I have always loved my body just the way it is. My legs are fantastic, I have killer abs, my ass if perfection-
 Ca: Is this the part we're not gonna like?
 S: But I have decided after careful consideration that I might be ready for bigger boobs.
 Ca: Since when?
 S: Since I had a cold hard dose of reality. (pulls out a tabloid magazine) From this. Look.
 Ch: You're in *In Touch* magazine?
 Ca: And that's your source of reality?
 S: Yes. They name Smith Jerrod the number one hot guy to watch. They follow him all over town for a week. I'm in half the pictures. See, there are my boobs on Wednesday. See how small they are? There they are again on Thursday. Teeny-tiny. And there they are having lunch. You can barely see them. I should have brought my Loupe.
 Ch: I can't believe you would actually consider having a boob job.
 Ca: I can't believe you went to Planet Hollywood.
 Ch: You are a confident, intelligent woman. Why would you want to look like a bimbo?
 S: I wouldn't be getting the watermelon freakshow kind. I'd get something tasteful, something like (to Ca) Yours. Yours are good.
 Ca: Mine?
 Ch: What's wrong with mine?

S: Well they're not bad either. Let's see. (motions to grab)
 Ch: Okay! Okay! Get hers.
 Ca: No.
 3) @ 25:38 at Miranda's wedding reception (no M at first)
 Ch: Samantha, you look so pretty today.
 S: Thanks, I have cancer.
 Ch: What?
 Waiter: Are you all okay with drinks?
 Ca: Uh, we're not okay with drinks, keep 'em coming.
 Waiter: Cool. (leaves) (cuts to M and Steve's mother talking)
 M: Oh my God. I am legally bound to Steve's mother.
 Ca: There she is.
 Ch: Hi again.
 S: Congratulations.
 M: What? Why are you being weird?
 Ch: We're not being weird.
 Ca: No, we're just talking.
 M: About me right? You think I'm an asshole that I've become one of them that I'm a Stepford bride.
 Ca & Ch: No! God no!
 M: Then tell me what you're talking about.
 S: I'll tell you tomorrow. I don't want to ruin your special day.
 M: Forget about my special fucking day and be normal. Please, I beg you.
 S: I have breast cancer.
 M: What?
 S: See? Now it's my special fucking day.
 M: You have breast cancer?
 S: Hey, no tears. Miranda, I expected more from you.
 Ch: See, this is what we were afraid of. Go back to your people, we'll talk about this later.
 M: You are my people and we'll talk about it now! No start at the beginning.
 Ca: You are the bossiest bride in the world.

	M: Yes I am and you have to do everything I say. Now start talking. Fades out	
Catch 38 (6:15) Runtime- (30:02)	1) @ 3:43 brunch S: Like it's my fault. I shouldn't be punished for not having kids. I should be rewarded. Since when did kids become the get-out-of-cancer-free card? He's basically saying I'm a whore who deserves chemo. Ca: I don't think that's what he was saying. M: What I don't understand is, if they got it all, why do you need chemo? S: Because he's an asshole. Ca: Evidently, there can be something microscopic- S: Like his dick? Ca: Excuse me. Do you have cancer or Tourettes? S: I am getting a new doctor. A woman. M: I think you should. Ch: I have heard great things about a Dr. Mc- S: -Andrew. I'm on it. Top-rated oncologist by <i>New York</i> magazine four years running. I'm trying to get in. M: Oh, I'm sorry. I have to get back to the office. I'm taking a long weekend, so I can't take a long lunch. Ca: Long weekend? You never take long weekends. M: Steve wanted to go on a little trip so we're driving up to some mountain lodge tomorrow. It's supposed to be nice. Ca: Uh, slow down there missus. Is this "little trip" you honeymoon? M: No, it's just a, whatever. Ca: And yet you just got married last week that's interesting. Ch: It's your honeymoon! M: Here we go. Ch: Whose taking care of Brady? M: We're taking him with us. Ch: Well, it's not a real honeymoon if Brady's there. M: Then I guess it's a "whatever." S: What have you got against honeymoons? It's basically sex with room service	@ 17:26 <i>I wonder if "should" was another disease plaguing women. Did we want babies and perfect honeymoons? Or did we think we should have babies and perfect honeymoons? How do we separate what we could do from what we should do? And here's an alarming thought. It's not just peer pressure. It seems to be coming from within. Why are we should-ing all over ourselves?</i>

	right? Ch: You have to have a real honeymoon. It's very important. M: To whom? Ca: Yeah, I'm with Star of David on this one. Just leave Brady with Magda. M: its four days, I've already given her the time off. She's made plans. She's going to nannypalooza or something. Ch: I'll take him, I'd love to take him. He's adorable. M: its four days. Adorable stops after a day and a half. Ca: Well, I can tale care of him part of the time. What? I'm his godmother it's the least I can do. I can handle him for a couple of days. (Charlotte mimes behind her back) I saw that. M; You guys would really do that? Ca: Absolutely. Ch: With pleasure. S: I wouldn't. Because Smith is coming back into town and I've always chosen sex over babies and that's apparently why I got cancer.	
<i>Out of the Frying Pan</i> (6:16) Runtime- (29:50)	1)@ 3:33 eating popsicles in the chemo-therapy lounge Ca: At least it didn't happen in a room I actually use, like my closet. M: Good Humor me. Ca (v/o): <i>The next morning, we were determined to use our good humours to make Samantha's chemo lounge as close as possible to a cocktail lounge.</i> S: Look at Miranda working Mr. Grape there. Steve is one lucky guy. Ch: Samantha. Nurse: Well you guys are having a good time. S: You bet. Cancer is hilarious. Nurse: Are all you as fun as Samantha? Ca: We try. S: I'm her favorite patient. Nurse: Any mouth sores sweetie? S: Nope. Nurse: Great, just keep up with the Popsicles. M: Samantha, I have to say, you are amazing.	@ 14:37 <i>The world tells us to get real. But what happens when living in reality means living in pain, fear or Brooklyn. If a defense mechanism can get us through the difficult times, how bad can it be? Maybe the reality is we need denial. Denial: friend or foe?</i>

	S: I am. And if you love me in chemo, wait till you see me at Smith's movie premiere. I'm getting a hot dress, fantastic shoes - I'm going to kick cancer and that red carpet's ass. Ca: Here, here. M: Here, here! 2) @ 27:55 in a bar over drinks. M: Brooklyn. I can't even say it let alone live in it. You'll all come visit, right? Ca: Oh oh, talk about denial. Ch: Stop, we'll all come won't we. S: Well I won't. I have cancer. M: How long are you gonna play that cancer card? S: As long as it takes you to move back. Ch: But it's only a subway ride away. Ca: A subway that goes under water. That's not normal. Waiter: Another Manhattan? M: Oh please, for all of us. Ca (v/o): <i>That night Miranda was determined to drink in as much Manhattan as she could.</i> M: Do you remember that awful apartment that I had on 17th street? Ch: The one with the water bugs? Ca: What about your horrifying studio sublet on Riverside drive? S: Oh, I blocked it. M: Man, I've had some shitty apartments here. Why do I think living in Manhattan is so fantastic? Ca: Because it is. Waiter: Here it is. Ca (v/o): <i>It would be childish of us to not admit that our lives were changing. But for this night, none of us were going anywhere. That's the thing about really good friends and a really good Manhattan.</i>	
The Cold War (6:17)	1)@ 7:32 brunch (no Carrie) M: Samantha, I don't know how to tell you this but I was reading my <i>Tattle Tale</i> and there's a picture of Smith.	@ 14:19 at the Russian's place on his computer <i>They say the opposites attract but they never</i>

Runtime- (29:59)	Ch: Miranda! What in the world are you doing reading something like that? M: I love it. It's my thing. Let it go. S: Oh Smith is always in that rag. M: Yeah, but this time he's gay. S: Oh. (reads) "Boys' night out. Smith Jerrod cozies up to Broadway dancer Marcus Adant and unidentified older gay gentleman." Oh poor Stanford. Ch: Smith is not gay. M: Of course not. Ch: So this makes you his beard. S: I'm a beard in a wig. Ch: You're not upset? S: Oh please, after the big "c" you don't sweat the small stuff. And besides, once the gay rumors start, it means you're really a star. (Ch's phone rings) Hello? Ca: Hi sweetie it's me. Ch: Carrie, where are you? Ca: Oh, bad news. I don't think I'm gonna make it. Ch: You can't come, are you okay? Ca: No I'm fine, I'm just all the way downtown with the Russian and it's very cold out. Ch (relays to S & M) She's still downtown and it's too cold. Well, we haven't seen you in forever and I have news. Elizabeth Taylor is going to be in a dog show. My Elizabeth Taylor. Ca: Oh! Good for you! Ch: And Miranda really wants to talk to you and Smith is gay- (M snatches the phone) M: What do you mean you're not coming? Ca: Smith is gay? M: Don't try and change the subject. I came all the way from Brooklyn. Ca: Oh, who are you kidding? You'd use any excuse to come in the city. M: You owe me a trip to Brooklyn. S: (takes phone) Carrie we're fine. Everything's fine. Smith is not gay. It's too	<i>say for how long. Should the relationship savvy person stoke the fires of passion with the kindling of work and friends? Should we simply be satisfied with the romance that sizzles? I couldn't help but wonder, without sharing your worlds can even the hottest relationship stop cold? *computer glitch causes the word "cold?" to spread over three screens</i>

	cold to leave the house. You stay downtown with your hot man. Ca: Okay (hangs up) 2) @ 21:56 M: Elizabeth Taylor got ganged banged in the park? S: Oh God that's so '80s. Ca: (v/o): <i>There we were at Asia de Cuba waiting for my lover de Russia.</i> (Ca's phone rings) Hi? Where are you? Ch: Seriously, I could not believe how many dogs she was with. It was disgusting. My sweet little girl. S: Well I think she's a woman now. Ca: Oh, really? No, no. I understand. Ok, okay I will. (Hangs up) Oh, he's not going to make it. S: that's too bad. M: is he okay? Ca: Yeah, he's just in the middle of something at this studio. He can't stop right now. Ch: I understand. If he's feeling inspired than he shouldn't stop. Ca: He's getting ready for this big exhibit at some Paris museum. He's been staying up nights. Oh, I'm disappointed, I wanted you guys to meet him. S: Another time. Waiter: (brings champagne) Compliments of a Mr. Petrovsky with sincere apologies. Ca: Hey, why don't we finish these off, crack this open, give him time then go on there and say hello? S: Oh honey, are you sure you want to disturb him? Ca: Yeah, yeah, we'll just go say hi. He's always telling me to be more spontaneous.	
Splat! (6:18) Runtime- (29:39)	1)@ 6:29 in the Russian's bedroom during a dinner party. Ch: You would go live with him? Ca: I don't know. M: When were you planning to tell us? Ca: No, no. He just sprang this on me two hours ago.	@ 9:46 <i>They say the unexamined life is not worth living, But what if the examining becomes your life? Is that living or just procrastinating? And what if all those helpful lunches and late</i>

M: How long would you go? Ch: Where would you live? S: Is there a guest room? M: Are you really thinking of going? Ca: I am not sure! I haven't digested it yet. I'm still digesting dinner. Ch: This is so exciting! Ca: I know! My boyfriend has just asked me to go to Paris with him. This is the most romantic thing that has ever happened to me. S: What do you think they're doing down there? M: Not having a Billy Joel sing-along, that's for sure. Stanford: Ladies. Time is up. I can't pretend to be one of the boys any longer. 2) @ 8:27 – 9:45 brunch Ca: And I've always wanted to learn French and drink wine before noon, so basically, it's my fantasy complete with Parisian parties and museum openings. M: But, for how long? Ca: As long as it's fun. Indefinitely. M: So you'd be moving there. Ca: No, 'cause I'd still have my apartment here. M: Which he'd be paying for. S: Well, he can certainly afford it. Ch: Do you think you might get married? Ca: No, that's – I don't think that's the point. Ch: Then what is he promising you? Ca: Um, the world? M: But what about your job? Your column is all about New York. You're all about New York. How would you - Ca: I don't know! How can you people still have questions? I got all your questions answered and they were good answers by they way, so this is the time when everybody should be really excited for me. S: Well, we are excited. It's fabulous. Ca: No, forget it. Forget it. Ch: No, I think it's really romantic.	<i>night phone calls to friends have made us all girl talk and no girl action? Is it time to stop questioning?</i> *she types the question mark and then she replaces it with a period.

	Ca: Then stop killing it with questions. M: We just want to make sure you think this through. Ca: I am thinking it through, but it's a nice offer, and it would be nice if my friends could be happy for me. Especially when I have always been happy for them. Ch: Carrie, we are happy for you. S: Anyone want to talk about cancer? Anybody? 3) @ 24:56 outside a church going into a funeral Ch: I didn't know Lexi had so many friends. Ca: She wasn't always so tragic. Remember that '80s? She was the "it" girl. S: I thought I was the "it" girl. M: Well, it's your word against a dead girl's, so you win. Ch: You guys. We're supposed to be in mourning. Ca: We are. It's the end of an era. S: Yup. The party's officially over. Ca: Ladies, if you are single in NY, after a certain point, there's nowhere to go but down. M: Eighteen stories to be exact. Ca: I'm going to Paris Ch: That's so exciting! S: Good for you! M: Because you're afraid of going out a window? Ca: No, because I want to open a new one. M: What about your job? Ca: I quit. M: What? When did you- Ca: Stop. We are done with the question portion of the program. I'm happy. I'm going. Now, let's go say goodbye to Lexi. S: Well, it really is the end of an era.	
<i>An American Girl in Paris (Part Une)</i>	1)@ 6:08 in restaurant/bar Ca: Sure, not that I'm with some one else, not that I'm leaving, it's different. You know who he is? The boy who cried love, that's who, and just like in the	No typing & v/o

(6:19) Runtime- (32:56)	fable, it's too late. Ch: Love? He said he loved you? Ca: No, it's an allegory. My point is he's been doing this for years! Years. And I'm done with it. M: Then just put it all behind you. Ca: Oh, it is behind me. I mostly upset about him ruining my last night in New York. Well fuck him, and you know how I never say that. S: Do you want another cocktail? Ca: No, no, I can't be drunk on the plane. I want to arrive stunning and impossibly fresh looking. Okay (clinks glass) Ladies. Ch: Stop, you're gonna make me cry. M: She didn't even say anything. Ch: (starts crying) I know, what's coming. Ca: I want to thank you all for wishing me well tonight. In spite of some of your personal opinions about my leaving. M: Me? I've never had an opinion in my life. Ch: You guys, stop. Please. S: Easy there, waterworks. Ca: Today, I had a thought. What if I, what if I had never met you? (all start to cry) S: Let's pull it up shall we? I'd like to show my face here again. M: Yes, the tears have to go. Ca: Yes, some one say something not sentimental. S: Chemo might have kicked me into early menopause. M: Task accomplished. S: You cannot believe the hot flashes. I can barely keep my clothes on. Ca: Really, what was your excuse before chemo? S: Oh, I'm gonna miss you, you cunt. Ch: Oh – (starts crying) M: Wow, event "cunt" didn't stop her.	
<i>An American Girl in Paris</i>	No brunch discussions	v/o at the end of the episode, montage of all characters including a shot of

<i>(Part Deux)</i> (6:20) Runtime- (45:06)		Carrie typing; no screen shot @ 41:48 v/o: <i>Later that day, I got to thinking about relationships. There are those that open you up to something new and exotic. Those that are old and familiar (shot of Carrie typing) Those that bring you somewhere unexpected. Those that bring you far from where you started and those that bring you back. But the most exciting challenge and significant relationship of all is the one you have with yourself. And if you find some one to love the "you" you love, well, that's just fabulous.</i>