

## Sex and the City: Where Testosterone Goes to Die

Written by {ga=mitch}

Saturday, May 29 2010 8:53 AM - Last Updated Saturday, May 29 2010 10:17 AM

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They made a second one of these? Are you kidding me? What did I do wrong in my past life to deserve this level of punishment?

Fortunately, I'm not being forced to go watch this one. And it doesn't matter, as there is absolutely no difference between the first debacle and this one. So with that in mind, I will re-post my review of the first movie, as a cautionary tale to any poor sap who is thinking that he might actually get lucky with his girlfriend if he consents to going with her to see this.

Trust me. It's not worth it...as I will now demonstrate.

Due to the nature of my primary duties as movie reviewer for TheClevelandFan.com, I often go to movies by myself. But sometimes I try to rope my wife into going with me, usually by promising that she'll really like it...or else by bribing her with food and booze to be obtained afterwards.

Hence, in the time that I've had this position, she has went with me to attend such gender neutral and wholesome family movies as "300", "Casino Royale", "Eastern Promises", "Shoot 'Em Up", and possibly her favorite..."Snakes on a Plane". Yes, there is nothing that quite says "I

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love you" more than going to a film with your idiot husband and watching a poisonous viper bite someone in the eyeball.

If I end up hating a movie, I at least have the satisfaction of knowing I get to eviscerate it in a review. My wife, however, does not get any kind of relief from that level of frustration. No, she just has to sit there and take it.

And plot her revenge.

The start of this plan occurred over Christmastime, as we were sitting in a theater getting ready to watch another film that would make her hate me for taking her; "I Am Legend". (Will Smith may have been a legend...but that still didn't make any bit of difference when my dog loving wife saw what happened to the German Shepherd). Before the movie starts, there were the obligatory 20 minutes of commercials and previews. And then it came:

The teaser trailer for "Sex and the City".

"We're GOING", she said, using The Tone.

Six months later, and the Big Event has arrived. Fortune smiled upon me in only one regard...as my daughter also was a big fan and wanted to see it, but since her boyfriend refused, she wanted to go with us. The "problem" was that she had to work a lot, which left the 11:30 AM matinee as the only available time slot. Sweeeetttt!! Maybe no one else will be there! And at least I don't have to miss watching The Memorial or any other Saturday Night activities for it.

Now here is the downside to an 11:30 AM movie: It was really hard for me to do what I wanted to do, which was to get ripsnorting drunk prior to going. In retrospect, I should have tried harder.

11:00 AM - Driving the extra 15 miles to the theater as to find the one halfway between our house and my daughter's. On the way, I pass a car that has one of those obnoxious "I'd Rather

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Be..." bumper stickers. His was something puke-inducing like "Reading to my Children". But it got me thinking of things **I'd** rather be doing.

Like having the puss removed from an open wound. Or sitting through an IRS Audit.

11:15 AM - As we walk up to the ticket window, I'm hoping that I'm dressed in a manner that looks sufficiently macho, without looking "butch". I'm not sure why I care that 95% of the audience to this film are women and gay men...and the other 5% are prisoners. Not that there's anything wrong with that. But perhaps I overdid it with wearing NASCAR gear from four different drivers. Including two hats. I think the limit is representing three drivers; I'll have to consult the Redneck Encyclopedia prior to my next attemp. In any case, I keep very close to my wife as I stride up, so that people know "I'm with HER!! And it's because I'M MARRIED! To a Woman!"

The pizza faced teen gives me a total look of pity as I purchase my tickets. "Sorry, Dood...can't help ya' on this one."

11:20 AM - My hopes of near anonymity are shot in the rear as I see the theater is three-quarters full. I was wrong on the breakdown, however, as there are maybe only ten other men in the joint. Six of them look like they're ready for casting to the sequel of "The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert". For the rest, three try to avoid all eye contact with anyone, while one does see me as I'm walking up the aisle, and his look scream out "HELP, ME!!!!" Sorry Bud, we are both doomed.

11:30 AM - Time for previews! Of course, every time you watch a movie, the previews will be selected with the demographics in mind of the people on hand to watch the current movie. Which meant...

Preview #1. " [Nights in Rodanthe](#) " Huh? I've got a list of about 40 upcoming movies on [The Crystal Ball](#)

, and I've never even heard of this. Then I find out why. Richard Gere and Diane Lane in a sappy story about a doctor seeing his estranged son who meets up with an unhappily married woman. Diane Lane in another movie where she plays a married woman having an affair. You think that Josh Brolin (her husband), might be thinking "hmmmm?"

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Preview #2: "[He's Just Not That Into You](#)". 20-something women running around whining about men. At least it has good eye candy with Scarlett Johansson, Jennifer Aniston, and Jennifer Connelly in it. It also has Ben Affleck.

I start feeling the life force of my testosterone draining away from my body.

Preview #3: "[The Women](#)". Meg Ryan, Annette Bening, Carrie Fisher, Debra Messing, and Jada Pinkett Smith in a film about...I have no idea...my eyes are already glazing over. Later, I check it out on IMDB, and I see that there is NOT A SINGLE MALE IN THE CAST LIST. Looks like I picked the wrong week to give up hallucinogenic mushrooms.

11:45 AM - The movie starts. Ten minutes of blah, blah, blah...fashion this...girlfriend that...and we get a sight of the four pre-menopausal "stars" walking down the street, turning to ogle at a young guy walking past them...who then meets another guy and they start kissing.

Note: Breakfast burritos are, by nature, disgusting things. But when watching films like this, they tend to want to treat you like you're [John Hurt](#), and they are a slimy little creature that looks a lot like [Sam Cassell](#), formerly from the Celtics.

12:10 PM - Following lots of women squealing at pitches that would make my Belgian Sheepdog go postal, more male bashing, more blah, blah, blah, the movie ratchets up the estrogen by focusing in on Carrie (the stick figure named Sarah Jessica Parker) shooting some huge wedding layout for "Vogue" magazine.

I remember that I have my Blackberry with me...and I start looking up the early morning golf scores.

12:20 PM - Mr. Big makes the comment "Let's get it over with". This was the last sign of manliness seen from this movie. I wanted to yell out "Effin' A, Brother"...and then I realized I would be ripped to shreds by a hoard of charged up 40-something females like I was a heckler

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at a [Michael Bublé](#) concert.

12:45 PM - The Big Scene is happening, and I'm thinking, "All right...this wasn't that bad. Movie is almost over". But it's not. I then realize that we are only one hour into a movie that is two hours and fifteen minutes long. I am now looking like some of those people in "Airplane" who would rather set themselves on fire rather than to continue to listen to Ted Stryker.

1:15 PM - The girls in the film are still male basing while sitting around in Mexico, and we get a close up shot of Cynthia Nixon's untrimmed pubic hair sticking out of her bathing suit, while Samantha (Kim Cattrall) makes fun of it. The Breakfast Burrito hops on his motor scooter, and does a few laps around my stomach.

1:25 PM - Samantha is back in LA, and while that give us a quick little glimpse of female skin in the form of some plastic chested bimbette Samantha's "hunky" next door neighbor is boinking. I've seen better in any given ten seconds of Cinemax after 11 PM.

Once again...my Blackberry is my friend. I start downloading porn just to try to bump the testosterone level back up to above "Eunuch" level.

1:35 PM - The chunky girl from "American Idol" and "Dreamgirls" is now on as Carrie's assistant. I'm not sure why I cared, or was even paying attention. Oh...that's right...at one point Carrie gives her a Louis Vitton bag, and she shrieks, hitting a note that cracks my Blackberry's screen. I'm not sure what a Louis Vitton bag has that makes it so special. Maybe this one had a week's supply of twinkies.

1:45 PM - The women in the audience get to see full frontal nudity of Hunky Next-Door Neighbor guy. Breakfast Burrito does a cannonball off the motor scooter into my small intestines.

1:50 PM - Sappy endings start...and we get to see Miranda's naked funbags. Color me "not aroused". And suddenly, I'm thinking of the spot in the old movie "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" where Zero Mostel yells to Jack Gilford "C'mere, EUNUCH!" I'm not sure

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why.

2:00 PM - More sappy endings...more sniffing and 'aaahhhwwwsssss" from the crowd as the final scene concludes.

I'm sniffing, as I guess my eye rolling and snorting got just a little too loud, and my loving wife possibly just broke two of my ribs with her elbow.

2:30 PM - Back in the living room...first beer opened (and half drank on the way back from the refrigerator), HDTV turned on...Laptop booting up to multi-task by checking scores and the message boards at TheClevelandFan.com.

And my wife? She has shut herself up in her "girl cave", aka the sunroom, watching Lifetime and calling her sisters to tell them what a Grade A Ass she married.

I'm using the second beer to chase down the antacid and ibuprofen cocktail designed to take care of the sore ribs, and to finally zap Mr. Breakfast Burrito before he makes it to the large colon.

Ooohhhh...a preview for "Saw VI"!!!

Honey? Want to go to a movie with me? I'm sure you'll like it.

**Sex and the City. My Rating:** Half a Girly Purse and a bottle of Midol.