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Venus & Mars

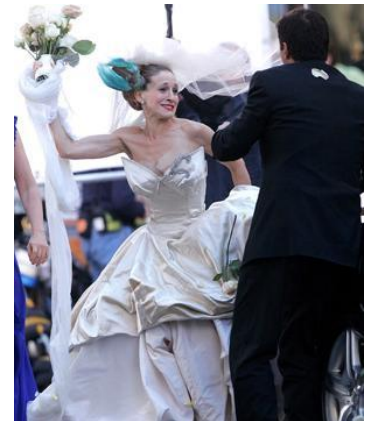
Every week Cosmopolitan's very own Venus & Mars give their take on the most talked about love, sex and relationships stories. See where the his 'n' hers views clash, collide and occasionally complement each other.



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Did Big do the right thing?

SPOILERS WARNING: If you haven't see SATC The Movie and are intending to - look no further!



Mars: YES

Ok, before you all start I do realise there may not be a single Venus on the planet that agrees with me. I had a truncated version of this discussion with my bossy mate Jacqueline over coffee after the movie. I say truncated because in the end we had to just agree to disagree - there were only so many times Jacqs could shout 'wrong, wrong, wrong' in my face before we got asked to leave

Right, here goes.

I fully understand that picking the morning of the wedding as the time to call it all off is a terribly hurtful and humiliating thing to do. But let's look at the facts.

Why is Big finally marrying Carrie?

Is it because he loves her? Yes.

Is it because he knows this is Carrie's dream? Yes.

Is twice-divorced Big actually keen to repeat a process that so far has ended every time for him in disaster? No.

But because, as he says, he wants Carrie more than anything else in the world he's willing to put his own feelings to one side, bash the plastic and give Carrie the humongous, showy-offy, look-at-me -New-York-City wedding she wants.

And let's be under no illusions, it is the wedding that Carrie wants. The guest list rockets from a sensible 75 to 200 plus (simply because she needs to flash her freebie Vivienne Westwood dress at the fashionistas) and Big has to suffer the acute embarrassment of the pre-match dinner where he is mocked by a work pal for his past mistakes.

Naturally it's one of Carrie's mates, Miranda, who puts the icing on the cake.

But even then - in the very eye of the storm - Big tries to do the right thing and let Carrie know what he's feeling the night before the big day. But will Carrie listen? No. She just dismisses his anxieties as pre-match nerves (God forbid Big should have genuine, valid feelings) and covers her ears to anything that might stop her from having her much vaunted day in the sun.

Big is giving her everything (do I even have to mention that closet) and Carrie is taking the lot. That is why she reacts like a spoilt child and batters Big with the flowers when she should have been listening to his explanation.

And what was Big trying to tell her while getting a gob full of roses? Actually it was that he'd had a moments panic (ok, Carrie was right about the pre-match nerves) but now he was fine and dandy, loved her with all his heart and was ready to walk her up the aisle in exactly the way she wanted.

If only Venus Bradshaw had listened....

Venus: NO

Mars and I have never actually met in person. Our debates have always been confined to the virtual world of our laptops. We like to keep it that way for fear that we might meet and actually agree on stuff. No fear of that this week. We disagreed so strongly on the Big issue, we ended up embroiled in a full-on telephone debate.

Surely even Mars would be on Venus's side for this one, I thought. In fact, I was so surprised to discover that he condoned Big's big-day behaviour, I began to think there must be a crucial bit of the film I had missed. I should probably confess at this point that - courtesy of the two free Cosmopolitans I was plied with before being ushered to my seat - I did have to dash to the Ladies during the most important five minutes of the film.

Yes, that would explain it. I must have missed a crucial piece of evidence in support of Big's defence. Mars couldn't possibly be resting his case on "he tried to tell her the night before". Had I missed a bit where Carrie had 'fessed up to a torrid affair with Big's long-lost brother? Or perhaps Aiden had turned up and knocked him over the head with a heavy designer chair outside the venue.

I called Mars to get to the bottom of it. Sadly, it was no cocktail-induced mix-up. There was no infidelity or furniture-induced concussion.

Oh yes, how gracious of him to agree to marriage, putting Carrie's wishes before his own, casting aside his own principles for the sake of fulfilling Carrie's dream. But, er, aren't we forgetting that he did actually try to back out of it the night before?

Okay, so I totally agree with Big on the subject of the big media-circus wedding. I couldn't think of anything worse. But why the hell didn't he speak up sooner? He certainly wasn't short on time. Those wedding preparations went on for ages. I should know I was bursting for a pee for that entire section of the movie.

Rather than put up with a wedding that's not really his style (but that he agreed to), he decides he'd rather put Carrie through the heartbreak and humiliation of backing out at the last minute. I only have one word for Big and it's not big... and it's not clever.

I can't believe Carrie forgave him, to be honest. Then again, I've always been more of a Berger girl. Big looks like the kind of man you'd find draped with women in a lap-dancing bar. Though, yes, there is that closet.
