

When I first started watching movies for this golb, I had two schticks. The first was that I wanted the previous movie to be connected to the current movie, and the second was that I wouldn't do any research - no reviews, no recommendations, no imdb.

It doesn't take a lot of foresight to see where a problem might quickly come up. That is: if I want the movies to be connected, how am I ever going to ensure that I am always flying blind? Wouldn't I have to know something about the current movie in order to guarantee that it has something to do with the previous film?

I don't think that the spirit of the second rule is that I should purge myself of all my cherished memories in order to give the movies a fair shake. But while researching my next film, sometimes I am going to learn things that will compromise my view of the movie, even if only a little, and thus very much violate the spirit of the second rule.

Before watching this movie, I inadvertently learned that it was based on a play(?) by David Mamet, whose plays I have read quite a few of in college. I even did a monologue from Glengarry Glen Ross back then. His dialogue has always been pretty distinctive in its flavor and pithiness. And like any good playwright, he has a lot to say and much less control of how to say it than a novelist - who can rely on descriptions and thoughts - or a director - who can rely on images and expressions to convey emotion. Me knowing that this was a David Mamet piece is probably going to color my view on the movie in a thousand different imperceptible ways.

I like to think I would have figured out that this was David Mamet, or at least based on a play, because the first scene in which Rob's friend Jim Belushi is walking him through his strange sexual adventure the night previous is chalk full of dialogue that would have been miserably bad if it had been for a movie. I couldn't stand it or the over eager follow-up bits from Rob Lowe. I thought I was going to kill the movie right there.

Plays in general and maybe even Mamet in particular occasionally have a really odd pattern of dialogue. I already touched on why dialogue is so critical coming from a play: it seems like by far and away the most important tool in the playwright's arsenal. But you see plays say the same piece of information several times in a row. And it has happened enough times now to where I notice it and am annoyed by us saying the same thing several times in a row. I am listening to and watching the fucking movie, I do not need them to say the same piece of dialogue several times in a row. It isn't necessary for them to say the same thing several times in a row. I could have stopped after the second or third iteration of this sequence, but I wanted to highlight the same piece of dialogue several times in a row.

It is fun seeing Chicago. I have only been there twice and only done the touristy things, but I have adopted it as a second city (totally intentional) of mine. The Cubs game, the Art Institute, walking along like Michigan, what became Millennium Park, the bars. It all comes across very favorably.

It is almost a reflex of mine to characterize any apartment as entirely unreasonable for the characters to actually live in it, but Demi Moore's apartment reminds me a lot of my college buddy Eli's after he moved to Chicago.

I love the classic relationship problems that are developing throughout. First Demi says that she doesn't want to just be roommates - she wants something closer. Totally reasonable for her to want, and totally reasonable for her to express considering how quickly they are moving and the lack of communication Rob has shown regarding everything. But when the tables are turned, and she is feeling something that is better said than left unsaid, she hesitates and lies. Communication is so hard and it never gets easier. And the movie is doing a great job of showing us and not telling us.

My whole bit that I have talked about with romantic comedies is that they better be 2 of these 3: 1. Romantic 2. Comedic 3. Have something to say about relationships, families, sex, genders, whatever. This movie is not funny. The jokes all miss. The humor provided by the leads is almost non-existent. And the best friends are not much better. Jim Beluchi is a terrible human being in this movie. But it worked for me because between the over-reliance on shirtlessness and sex scenes, this movie has a heck of a lot to say about relationships and emotions and people.

The way they show the couple fighting is really upsetting and real. It is absolutely devastating to witness, which is incredible because of how corny the rest of the package is. In *Ghost*, we saw that Demi could play this emotionally destroyed woman very well, and she is great again here. I am not as convinced by Rob Lowe. Part of that is his script; for most of the movie, we just don't know as much about him as we do about Demi. So he comes across as less relatable and more irrational.

80's music is fucking atrocious. It really is god-awful. The synthesizers. The smooth jazz. The big drums. I can't stand any of it.

I've hit on it, but the dialogue here works not because of what they say, but because of how clear it is that they could have said so much more. The acting is so key to that, but it's a powerful script too.

Loved it, despite some flaws.