

I was conversation, it but substance there was.
the whole time this conversation, I mildly enjoying little I always feel this during
having I was bothered me now I molle and music conversations, strained
it

"I think I watched it by myself."
"I remember Signs being good."
"It's fine," I said. "It has a good part where Joaquin Phoenix is ranting about baby monitors--"
"That does NOT sound familiar."
"Yeah, they hear these kinds of transmissions coming through the baby monitors, like the aliens are licking their chops and Phoenix goes off. All this stuff about how it's just a bunch of nerds out there, who don't have girlfriends and so they spend their time messing around with baby monitors."
My juice came and I took a sip. "But you can tell he's really scared."
"That sounds great," she said.
"Who else was in that?" she said.
I unfolded my napkin and got the silverware out. "I don't remember."
She got out her phone.
"No, don't go there."
"I. M. D. B." Her fingers.
"Oh, Cristian Douglas," I said. "It was Cristian Douglas."
Still typing, head leaned back, under the spell of her phone.
"Yeah, Cristian Douglas and Bob Willis."
She said nothing.
"Sheila McIntyre."
"Yep," she said.
"Dougie Monns."
And then, after a minute of watching her lit-up knuckle slide around, past the side of her phone, she said, "Mel Gibson."
I put my hand over the phone. "Stop."
She looked around my hand.
"And-- and--"
I slammed the phone down and her hand-- I slammed them down on the counter.
"My phone!" she cried.
"Stop it."
Perhaps the greatest pain of it is how shallow it is compared to the actual experience of watching the movie/song/etc.

to just naming things: have you heard this? sounds like this. No, you should listen to this.