

Carrie & co are back!

YES, IN JUST A FEW SHORT WEEKS, THE SEX AND THE CITY MOVIE MAKES ITS LONG-AWAITED DEBUT, FOUR YEARS AFTER THE HIT SHOW ENDED. BUT SHOULD THE FILM HAVE BEEN MADE, OR SHOULD THEY HAVE LEFT IT AS A DELICIOUS MEMORY? TWO WM WRITERS PUT THE CASE FOR AND AGAINST...

SARAH DREW JONES: OH YES!

Carrie, Miranda, Samantha and Charlotte. Naughty Big, cutesy Steve, sweaty Harry and shouldn't-be-sexy-but-so-is Aidan. Names that passed into popular culture and the female psyche, shaping our feelings about everything from friends-as-family to dating etiquette and a frankly cavalier approach to the rules of fashion.



For six magnificent years, Sex And The City ruled television, and made us fall in love with the lives of four feisty, flawed and, of course, fabulous women ... but then, in 2004, the dream died. Except now it's back and, handily for those of us who want to have a high-definition squint at Charlotte's no-make-up-make-up, Carrie's Balenciaga, and Smith's six-pack, it's on a big screen. Jaysus, the excitement might kill me...

I adored SATC: I still break out the DVDs regularly, when I've had a week without any feel-good factor, or when I want to revisit a world where it's possible to fill your closet with Manolos and Marc Jacobs on a humble journalist's salary.

And with a movie, there's more of that to come: the potential, like the charming Mr Big, is rich, rich, rich. Maybe Carrie will have won a Pulitzer, perhaps Miranda will have run for President, could Samantha have sworn a vow of chastity, even? Hell, it's worth the price of the cinema ticket just to have another peep inside Charlotte's Fifth Avenue apartment (will she have any new Vera Wang stemware? Ralph Lauren hand towels? These are the issues that really matter).

I've no time for the naysayers who whisper about 'flogging a dead horse', comparing the SATC movie to dodgy reunions like the Spice Girls. There's one key difference: SATC was actually good the first time around. We have an emotional attachment to Carrie and her gang and a curiosity for how life has treated them these past four years.

But, then, knocking SATC is nothing new. Critics have always mauled the show for its fantasy lifestyle, what with all those single handsome men, queeny gay husbands, and Olympic-standard sex sessions. But these doom merchants missed the point entirely.

The genius of SATC is that – shock! – it isn't about fantasy at all: at its heart, it's all about making mistakes, picking yourself up and learning how to love again ... and that's why we adore it (although the shoes and sensitive-yet-manly Aidan help).

The whole show was one big learning curve, a graceful arc of disaster management, which the four women negotiated

together, sometimes with a broken heart, often with a bruised ego. Just like your life and mine, really. Their fallibility was endearing, and in essence, the best thing about the show. Remember Samantha's hopeless love for idiot commitment-phobe Richard Wright? Charlotte's hollow marriage to walking hairdo Trey? Miranda's loneliness after her mother's death? How about Carrie reviving a romance with her first boyfriend (guest star David Duchovny, fact fans!) while he was *actually mid nervous breakdown* and living in a secure facility for the emotionally-challenged (come on, who HASN'T this happened to?) This was real life, even if it was set against the backdrop of the Hamptons and Dior on Madison.

And would there have been any Ugly Betty or Desperate Housewives had Sex And The City never happened? Do these shows really fire your imagination, and set the pop-cultural agenda, in the way that SATC did?

The cinema needs SATC too. What else have we got to look forward to? A constant diet of smirking cartoon characters voiced by Robin Williams, Jennifer Aniston's samey-samey rom-coms and Keira Knightley's space-hopper pout?

Plus, the SATC movie is a chance for us all to wallow in a lake of nostalgia. We love to nose on Facebook, and Friends Reunited, hungry for every detail of what's happened to old friends. We want to catch up, and remember what we liked about one another in the first place. Maybe even enjoy a good-natured laugh at a mate's brave-but-misguided new haircut, liking for leisurewear or ill-advised choice of husband.

So, yes, bring on the movie. I just hope to God Aidan and his glorious chest make a cameo appearance or I'll be throwing the mother of all tantrums in the multiplex...

F AT ITS HEART, IT'S ALL ABOUT MAKING MISTAKES, PICKING YOURSELF UP AND LEARNING HOW TO LOVE AGAIN...



KAREN PRICE: OH NO!

Four years ago, I cracked open the bubbly and invited a group of girlfriends round to share one of the biggest moments in TV history – the last ever episode of Sex And The City.

After six momentous seasons, New York columnist and fashionista Carrie Bradshaw and her three best pals – Miranda, Charlotte and Samantha – were kicking off their Manolo Blahniks and leaving their cocktail-swigging days in Manhattan behind them for good.

While the four characters from Candace Bushnell's hit drama may have reached a turning point in their lives – mainly marriage, babies and life in suburbia – it was a tragedy for us.

How on earth would we cope if we could no longer follow the weekly highs and lows of trend-setting, shoe-loving Carrie (Sarah Jessica Parker), man-eating Samantha (Kim Cattrall), cynical lawyer Miranda (Cynthia Nixon) and idealist art dealer Charlotte (Kristin Davis)?

For six whole years, almost every 20-something and 30-something (particularly single) female I knew was addicted to the show. It was slick, glamorous and fun. And when we weren't watching their adventures, my friends and I spent many a happy hour discussing the show over a glass of wine or two. You know the kind of thing – how awful SJP's dress was, whether Samantha's latest boyfriend was hot or which man would we choose – Aidan or Mr Big?

So when it was announced that the series was going to end,



it was a sad moment. But now, four years on, Carrie et al are back – and, you may be surprised to learn, I'm not exactly thrilled. For, in my opinion, what's the point in harking after the past? And when something ends on a high – as SATC did – then to resurrect it is surely a dangerous thing.

Let's look at the evidence. Apart from Take That, can you think of a truly successful comeback? Probably not. This Life is the perfect example. I loved the BBC drama about the young lawyers when it aired in the mid 90s but last year's 'reunion' left me cold. Now when I think of This Life I don't have that nostalgic glow – I just think of last year's letdown.

Not so long ago, there were reports that the SATC girls weren't even on speaking terms. While I'm not saying that Sex And The City: The Movie is destined to be a disaster, chances are it's not going to be great. The women are now all middle aged (Kim Cattrall is in her 50s) and while they do look better than many women half their age, do we really want to watch them bed-hopping their way across Manhattan once again?

The (alleged) final episode was perfect as it tied up all the loose ends neatly and they all enjoyed a relatively happy ending. I don't want them to return to trauma after trauma – and you can guarantee that's what's in store for them in the movie version, otherwise what was the point in making it?

For me, Sex And The City is a lovely memory and if I'm ever feeling nostalgic then I just reach for my DVDs – but having said that, you can bet I will probably pay a visit to the cinema. Just for old time's sake, of course...