

103 "Bay of Married Pigs"

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Carrie is invited to a couples house in the Hamptons only to be flashed by the husband; Mirandas law firm thinks shes a lesbian; Samantha gets to know her doorman better, Charlotte dumps an eligible guy with the wrong china pattern.

Narration: One of the best things about living in a city like New York is leaving it. My friend Patience and her husband invited me out to the Hamptons for the weekend. Patience and Peter were the perfect couple. They were fun, smart and they looked like they fell out of a J. Crew catalog. If theyre house wasnt right on the beach, I would have hated them.

Carrie: So, he gets in the cab and he slides up next to me.

Peter: Yes?

Carrie: And it is hot. And it is hot all the way from Houston and West Broadway to 72nd and Madison.

Narration: Hampton house guests are always required to sing for their supper. Brokers give investment advice. Architects design advice. Single people give married friends tidbits fro their sexual escapades. The next morning I woke up feeling rested and fabulous. I couldnt wait to go out and take in the spectacular view.

Peter: Morning. Patience went out to get juice and muffins. Shell be right back.

Narration: There he was full-frontal friend.

Carrie: Good!

Narration: He just stood there, causal happy, hanging out. I didnt know what to do or say. I only knew one thing thats way too much Peter before coffee.

Patience: Good Morning.

Carrie: Hey

Patience: Got some fresh juice and the good muffins. So, whats happening?

Carrie: Oh! Well, um, I ran into Peter in the hallway without his underwear on. P.S. Congratulations.

Peter: Sunny day.

Patience: Honey, did Carrie see your dick in the hall?

Peter: Oh, yeah, she caught me on the way to the bathroom.

Patience: Oh! On the way to the bathroom.

Peter: Oh yeah! The good muffins.

Carrie: So what are we doing today?

Narration: I barely had time to shove a good muffin in my purse before I as on my way back to New York.

Charlotte: Im confused. Why would he do that? Did he wanna have sex with you?

Carrie: I dont know, it didnt feel sexual.

Samantha: Maybe he just wanted to show it off. Like a monkey. So· how big was it?

Waiter: Fresh pepper?

Carrie: Yes, please, thank you very much. Thatll do.

Waiter: Would you like some fresh pepper?

Samantha: Oh, honey, Id love some fresh pepper. In fact, I think everyone at this table could use a lot of fresh pepper. Thanks.

Carrie: So, I told her I didnt understand why she was so upset. And she said I couldnt understand it. Im single.

Miranda: And what? Single women prowl beach houses hoping for glimpses their friends husbands dicks?

Charlotte: How good of a friend was she?

Miranda: Whats the difference? When someone gets married, all bets are off. They become married and we become the enemy.

Narration: As the only single lawyer working at her law firm, Miranda had given this topic some thought.

Samantha: You know, married women are threatened because we can have sex anytime, anywhere with anyone.

Carrie: We can?

Samantha: And theyre afraid were gonna have it anytime, anywhere with their husbands.

Charlotte: I would never sleep with a married man.

Samantha: What makes you so sure you havent? wedding rings come off, you know. Face it ladies. If youre still single, you are not to be trusted.

Charlotte: Come on! Not all married women feel that way.

Narration: Charlotte treated marriage like a sorority she was desperately hoping to pledge.

Miranda: Youre right, not all. The ones who dont fear you, pity you.

Charlotte: Thats not true.

Miranda: Are you telling me that you havent gotten those poor single you looks?

Carrie: I hate those.

Charlotte: Okay, yes, I have. I hate it when youre the only single person at the dinner party and they all look at you like youre a·

Carrie: Loser?

Miranda: Leper?

Samantha: Whore.

Miranda: Exactly! Im telling you, married people are the enemy.

Narration: Was Miranda right? Were we enemies? Is there a secret cold war between married and singles?

Woman 1: I love my single friends, but now that Im married, I dont see them as much as I used to· Its too painful. They remind me of how desperate I used to be.

Woman 2: When women get married, they forget who they are. I becomes we. We loved the movie. We hate that restaurant. We, we, we, we.

Man: My best buddy and I did everything together. Then he married this girl who doesnt like me. Now I only see him on Super Bowl Sunday.

Woman 1: Its all about what you want out of life. Some people, like me, choose to grow up, face reality and get married. And others choose to, what? Live an empty, haunted life of stunted adolescence.

Stanford: No, its not a cold war. Its an out-and-out battle. And it isnt just straight people. Every gay guy I know is running off to Hawaii, putting on a caftan, reciting vows, and feeling superior to me.

Carrie: Caftan?

Stanford: Oh, yes. With orchid leis.

Carrie: Aloha.

Stanford: I miss the old times when everyone was alone. Now Im just staring to feel like Im an outcast in the outcasts.

Joe: Carrie?

Carrie: Oh my god! Joe! Hi, wow! Jeez, its been years. I havent seen you since you were.

Joe: Straight?

Carrie: Well, I was gonna say in Miss Saigon

Joe: Still am.

Stanford: I love Miss Saigon.

Carrie: Oh, this is, this is my friend, Stanford.

Joe: Hi, and this is my life partner, Lou.

Carrie: Oh, look at that. Well, congratulations.

Stanford: Where are you registered?

Lou: Barneys.

Stanford: I was kidding.

Joe: So, Carrie, how about you? Are you married?

Carrie: Oh, not really. I mean no!

Lou: Are you thinking what Im thinking?

Joe: Perfect!

Carrie: What?

Joe: Well, Lou and I are interested in having a child. We already have a surrogate, but we need a topnotch egg. What are your feeling about donating one?

Lou: Listen, heres our card. You think about it and give us a call. Well pay.

Joe: Great seeing you.

Carrie: I had just experienced single-bashing for the new millennium. I was no longer even considered a person. I was now an egg farm. Meanwhile, in a park downtown, another single woman was about to be humiliated. Miranda was obliged to attend her firms annual softball game. A law firms softball game is like any other, except when a lawyer steals a base, he gets promoted.

Jeff: Miranda, I was afraid you wouldnt come.

Miranda: Alright, lets get it over with.

Narration: Panicked at the idea of spending another firm function labeled as a leper, Miranda had agreed to be fixed up on a blind date.

Jeff: Miranda, this is Syd. Syd, Miranda. Look at you two, its perfect match. Well, Im gonna excuse myself.

Syd: Nice to meet you.

Miranda: You too. I tell you what, Im gonna get a soda. You want a soda?

Syd: Yeah.

Miranda: Im gonna get us a soda. Okay. Jeff!

Jeff: Pretty great, huh? Can I pick em or what?

Miranda: Yeah, Im not gay.

Jeff: Seriously? Ive been with the firm eight months, I havent once seen you with a guy.

Miranda: Circumstantial, Jeff, Im single. Christ! When did being single translate into being gay?

Jeff: Shit! You want me to go over there and

Miranda: No, Ill do it.

Narration: Brave Miranda marched right over and told Syd she wasnt. They had a good laugh and decided to stay and play ball. Miranda and Syds last-inning double play got the attention of everyone, even the firms senior partner.

Chip: That was quite a play, ladies.

Miranda: Its all about teamwork, Charles.

Chip: Chip.

Miranda: Chip?

Chip: Listen, my wife and I are having a little dinner party on the 12th. Just some couples, nothing fancy. Wed love it if you both could make it.

Miranda: Wed love to.

Narration: Later that night, Miranda gave me the lowdown on her day.

Carrie: So you think its just because they think that youre in a couple?

Miranda: I know it. Ive been with the firm for two years, hes barely even spoken to me. All of a sudden, its Chip.

Carrie: A lawyer named Chip, gotta love that.

Miranda: And they seemed so relieved to have finally figured me out.

Carrie: So youre actually gonna go though with the dinner?

Miranda: Yep, Im determined to make partner in this firm, even if I have to be a lesbian partner.

Narration: After Miranda left, I had a thought. Maybe the cold war isnt about hate. Maybe its about fear, fear of the unknown. Married people dont hate singles, they just want us figured out. I felt it was time to stop all the speculation and infiltrate the enemy camp. Lunch with my favorite couple, David and Lisa.

Dave: Well, I dont think of us as married so much as together.

Lisa: Wait, are we married?

Dave: Yeah. Remember that day you wore the white dress and we got all the flatware?

Lisa: Oh, yeah. I guess I should stop seeing other men.

Dave: Hey! What about you? You like being single?

Carrie: Most of the time, yeah. Then there are the other times, you know, like-like family functions when youre the only one thats not married and they sit you at the kids table. Or when you two eat off the same fork, I just-

Dave: Oh, man. Thats so sweet.

Lisa: Dont start crying. Hes such a pussy.

Dave: But you do want to get married someday, right?

Carrie: I dont know. Im beginning to think I may not be the marrying kind.

Lisa: Really?

Narration: No sooner had the words come out of my mouth than I wondered if they were true.

Sean: Hey!

Dave: Hey, Sean! What a surprise! This is our friend Carrie.

Carrie: Hi.

Lisa: Were just about to have dessert, do you want to join us?

Sean: Sure.

Dave: This is such a surprise.

Narration: Another time I hate being single is when married friends surprise fix you up. Two espressos and a tiramisu later, I had learned that Sean was the youngest of three brothers, had his own investment firm, and was about to move into an apartment he had just purchased.

Sean: You know this was a fix-up, right?

Carrie: Oh, please, I could smell it before you walked in the door.

Sean: My parents met on a fix-up, and they will be married 41 years next month.

Carrie: Wow, thats great.

Narration: It was then I realized I was having coffee with the marrying guy. That elusive and rare Manhattan man whose sights were set on marriage.

Sean: So, Carrie, can I see you again?

Carrie: Sure.

Narration: Over the next week and a half, I met Sean for a movie, I met him for another movie, and I helped him pick out a top of the line cheese grater at Williams-Sonoma.

Sean: My buddies are giving me a big housewarming on the 12th. You should come, and bring your friends.

Carrie: Sounds like fun.

Sean: Thanks for a great day.

Narration: He was like the flesh-and-blood equivalent of a DKNY dress. You know its not your style, but its right there so you try it on anyway. It was the night of the 12th. On the East Side, a pseudo-lesbian couple attended a right-wing Republican dinner party. On the West Side, a trio of single gals went to a

single guys housewarming party.

Samantha: So, tell me, are his friends cute?

Carrie: I dont know I havent met them yet.

Charlotte: How did you manage to get a new boyfriend in a week?

Carrie: Hes not my boyfriend. Hes just somebody Im trying on. Alright, ready? Narration Everywhere I looked, people were standing in twos. It was like Noahs Upper West Side rent controlled Ark.

Samantha: Its all married couples. Narration Samantha gave me a look like I had sold her to the enemy for chocolate bars and nylons.

Carrie: Oh, hey, hey, this is for you. Hi.

Sean: Thank you. You must be Charlotte. And you have to be Samantha.

Samantha: Yeah, wheres the bar?

Sean: Kitchen, you cant miss it, room with the stove.

Charlotte: This apartment is amazing.

Sean: Thanks, Ive been planning it for years. Come on, Ill give you guys the grand tour. Narration As I moved through the married couples, I noticed something was different. No fear, no pity, no pointing. Were Seans friends cold war conscientious objectors, or was it just that I was figured out?

Samantha: My accountant says that its best to go with low-risk stocks.

Man: Well, that depends. What are your expectations?

Samantha: Well, Im not sure.

Wife: Honey, I need you to come over here and meet someone.

Man: Sure. Oh, this is Samantha, Samantha, this is Elaine.

Wife: His wife. Honey, I really need you in the other room.

Man: Sure. It was nice talking to you, Samantha.

Sean: And this is the den.

Charlotte: Oh, you have one of these leather club chairs. I love these.

Sean: Thanks. Im using this room as an office now, but someday this is gonna be the kids room. Look. I got this 3 years ago in Aspen. What do you think?

Carrie: Okay, I owe you. I didnt know that all his buddies were gonna be married. Oh my god, youre doing tequila shots?

Samantha: You see that buddy over there? I fucked him. See that buddy over there? I fucked him too. I never thought Id see them again.

Carrie: Well, maybe we should start tagging your married men and that way you can keep track of them.

Charlotte: Hes gonna ask you to marry him.

Carrie: He is not going to ask me to marry him. Ive been dating him a week and a half.

Charlotte: No guy buys a classic six on the Upper West Side unless they are seriously thinking about marriage. Narration Some people read palms, Charlotte read real estate.

Samantha: If you turn into one of those married assholes, Ill kill you.

Wife: Sean is the greatest guy, and he loves kids.

Man: Plus, he owns his own business, and hes got 300,000 in the bank.

Woman: We both slept with him and he is great in bed. Narration An hour and a half into this housewarming, I had gone from party guest to prisoner of war.

Charlotte: Samantha is totally drunk. Ive gotta get her out of here.

Carrie: Youre not going anywhere without me.

Patience: Carrie!

Carrie: Oh, god. More friends.

Patience: Surprise!

Narration It certainly was. Last time I saw Patience, she was shoving me on a bus.

Patience: When Sean told us you and he were dating, we were just so thrilled.

Carrie: Oh, well, listen. About what happened at your beach house the other day.

Patience: Dont mention it!

Carrie: Well, I just, Im not even sure.

Patience: I said dont mention it!

Samantha: This party is terrible. Who are you?

Carrie: This is my friend Patience and this is her husband Peter.

Samantha: I heard about you. Big pepper mill dick! Narration And just as suddenly, our little cease-fire was over. Meanwhile, across town, things were winding down.

Miranda: Thank you so much, we really had a great time.

Chip: As did we all. She is a real find. Well do it again soon.

Miranda: Ill meet you at the elevator, okay? I just need to. We cant do it again soon. Syd and I arent really a couple. In fact, were not even really lesbians. Well, Syd is, Im not. I just took advantage of the situation to bend your ear about my work at the firm.

Chip: Shrewd move, counselor. No harm done.

Miranda: Thank you, sir.

Chip: My wife will be disappointed. She was looking to add a lesbian couple to our circle. Narration As they rode between floors, Miranda considered how much easier her life would be if she were in a couple. any couple.

Miranda: Yep, definitely straight.

Syd: Yeah, you are.

Miranda: Sorry.

Narration: While Miranda cursed her heterosexuality, and wondered how much longer she could fight the war. Charlotte cursed tequila and forced Samantha into a cab. She decided Samantha was too drunk to get home alone, and insisted she spend the night on her couch.

Charlotte: Were home. Oh, boy.

Doorman: Let me get that door for you.

Samantha: Hey, hi. I like him.

Narration: She got Samantha upstairs and safely to bed. Or so she thought. A couple of hours later, Samantha woke up still drunk and still single. And single to Samantha meant one thing.

Samantha: Can I have a cigarette?

Doorman: Sure.

Samantha: Can I have a kiss?

Doorman: Jesus! I really shouldnt, somebody might see.

Samantha: Why dont you come upstairs, just for a minute?

Charlotte: Samantha?

Doorman: Dont be scared, Miss. Its me, Tommy. Im just leaving. Your friend invited me up. I know it was wrong. But Ive just been so lonely since I left home, and I wanted the feel of a womans touch on me.

Charlotte: Im going into the bathroom now, and when I come out you wont be here. And I never want this mentioned again.

Doorman: Let me get the door for you, Miss.

Sean: I was kind of hoping youd stay over.

Carrie: Look, Sean, I dont think this is gonna work. We want different things. You obviously want to get married, and I dont know what I want.

Sean: You could smell my desperation, right?

Carrie: No, no, its just. I was trying you on, you know? To see if it fit. It doesnt. Im sorry.

Sean: I dont understand you women. All I hear is, I want to get married. I want to get married. And none of you says yes. What the fuck? Im so tired of going through women. I just wanna get married.

Carrie: I may know someone whos perfect for you.

Sean: Who?

Narration: They started out casual, a brunch here, a concert there. But pretty soon, they were visiting china.

Sean: I always wanted this pattern for formal dining.

Charlotte: Are you serious?

Narration: Charlotte broke it off then and there. It would never work. He was American Classic, she was French Country.

Doorman: Your friend never called like she promised. Why is that?

Charlotte: I dont know.

Narration: As I shifted through the rubble of my marriage skirmish, I had a thought. Maybe the fight between marrieds and singles is like the war in Northern Ireland. Were all basically the same, but somehow we wound up on different sides. Sure, itd be great to have that one special person to walk home with, but sometimes theres nothing better than meeting your single girlfriends for a night at the movies.

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