

Bowling Obsessed

For date night this week, our movie options were limited. We are lucky enough to live nearby cheap movie theaters that allow us to go to the movies weekly, so we see almost everything that comes out. Well, everything we have an interest in seeing, anyway. There are movies such as Krank 2 that you couldn't PAY me to see – I would rather just skip the movie altogether – same with the upcoming Star Trek (no offense to you Trekkies – just not my kind of movie!). So this week we were left to choose between Obsessed, a stalker-thriller with Beyonce Knowles and the new boss Charles (who already left) from the Office or a movie called The Soloist, which is about a Julliard-trained musician who ends up homeless because his schizophrenia stands in the way of his success. The Soloist actually seemed to have some substance, but it also seemed like the kind of movie that could wind up being a tear-jerker or just plain boring. So we went with Obsessed, despite its 4.0 rating on imbd.com (which had slipped to a 3.8 as of today – ouch). Obsessed is a movie about a successful business man who had a beautiful wife (Beyonce) and child – essentially the perfect life – until an obsessed temp gets in the picture. This woman is truly psycho, and I really enjoyed watching how she made this poor man's life unravel. The movie wasn't bad until a few clues shed the light on the movie's secret – Beyonce can't act. Add in bad character development and a weak script, and I can definitely see where the 4.0, er, 3.8 came in. There was one line near the end of the movie that was one of the stupidest lines I've ever heard in any movie. I won't spoil it for you, but let's just say that my husband and I got dirty looks for laughing out loud at its absurdity. On top of all of that, the movie was completely predictable – it must have been based upon (copied) every popular stalker movie ever made – The Crush, The Temp, Hand That Rocks the Cradle... Would I recommend it? To the right person, maybe... you have to like

thrillers; so much so that you'd want to see one that is almost a thriller parody. You have to go to this one in a cynical mood, looking for stuff to make fun of – and you won't be disappointed.

After the movie, we decided to mix it up a little and go bowling – something we haven't done in a LONG time (I blame my 4 pregnancies – bowling is NOT a recommended sport for expecting women, and I've been pregnant for about one tenth of my life!) So anyway, for my first game, I'm embarrassed to say that I got a measly 99 – not very good for someone who used to bowl in a weekly league for years. My second game was back on par with a 137 – but I was still surprised at how quickly I got the sore muscles of bowler's fatigue. I guess picking up 10 lbs with three fingers uses muscles that haven't been thought about for years. While I'm happy to report that I wasn't sore at all the next day, I do have to say that my first attempt at bowling as a 30-year-old wasn't pretty. I guess I have to practice, especially if I'm ever going to go ahead and join that league I've been talking about doing for years. I just hope I don't hurt myself too badly.

Out of respect for my wonderful hubby, I will not disclose his bowling scores. Let's just say that he didn't stand a chance against the former high school 'Female Intramural Bowler of the Year'. ☐