

On *Thelma & Louise*

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I am watching the movie *Thelma & Louise* alone for a few reasons; one is because I love this movie—I have always sort of wanted to be Susan Sarandon in character, feel what it's like to escape and shoot shit, not care if I live or die and find out if this portrayal is what true freedom feels like, to know what it feels like to be married to Michael Madsen and to walk away from those eyebrows and that hair, to fit in my jeans like they were painted on me by Raphael, but also to see if the screenplay actually mentions divorce.

I don't remember either Thelma or Louise filing for divorce and going through the lengthy court proceedings, the draining of bank accounts, working to pay off some shitass lawyer or being sacked with a public defender, and knowing you could do a better job if you weren't so (damn) emotional about it all.

The third reason is a minor physics question that leaves me up at night. If you drive a 1966 Thunderbird convertible off a cliff at an estimated speed of maybe 50 mph, will the car actually sail? Louise's Thunderbird must be pretty hefty, and one equation for force is $F = mg$, "m" standing for mass, and since it sits right next to the "g" it means that these two letters will be moving together in the same direction, in this case down.

Because, think of this. Think of the last scene where everyone in the backdrop is *bla bla bla* on the mic and the girls are headed for the canyon in the car. They decide to go for it, my girl says she can't go back, they hold hands, I think, and press the gas.

Then they sail.

The sailing is EVERYTHING here. The metaphor for the sail is everything and the freeze-frame of the sail is everything. Imagine if the director or screenwriter let the narrative play out for a realistic three more seconds and let you see the crash? Then how would you feel about it all? Even if we were allowed to see the nose of the car start to dip . . .

This is even worse: What if the car hits the lip and does an immediate dive, nose first into the canyon, and Harvey Keitel in the background sees no car, he sees nothing, air. Blip. Bang.

G*d. What if the car hits the edge, then nose dives, and a girl flies out?

None of this is okay. The flying through the air immortalizes the women. It means they are forever traveling to the sun. There are no bounds, and they rest in their own choice. And why did the movie hit the box office and make \$445 million? No, not Brad Pitt. It was because every woman secretly wants to drive off this cliff and wants to not die from it.

