

M OVIES

never feature their choice of best this and that, we write long articles slamming the jerks for the failure to select really artsy material, you know. It is pathetic. God, it feels good to have an angst. Every generation should have one.

We also hate films with big handsome stars. Like Tom Cruise. What a dweeb! (that feels good). Anyway, this is a review of his latest piece of establishment brown-nosing. The title is Born on First of July and what a sorry excuse for a Vietnam flick. No action. So little. So we had some blood, but what is a film with men crying over soppy sentimentalism? Real men don't cry. Cruise is a girly man. I mean it. He looks like the kind of star who would be shocked if he actually punches someone out. Now he is a Viet Vet. That hurts! We hate Grammys, we hate Academy Awards - Oscars! (Oh that feels so good!)

Now, don't get me wrong. I didn't see the film. I wouldn't. Do you know how much it costs to see a film these days. And those sticks of over-boiled carrots that work at the pregnant octopus of a cineplex don't recognize my Rolling Stoned Press pass. So I don't see stupid films that have a limp lettuce leaf as a star. But, heck, I would be darned if that will stop me from reviewing it. I mean I see people's faces when they come out of films. Research has shown that their first words indicate what the show was like. These people left Born with blank faces. Bloody zombies! Can you believe that. I don't watch trash like that. So don't get me wrong. I have nothing against Cruise's acting, but I hate his personality. I think he is a jerk and I don't give two hoots if he doesn't want to give me an autograph, that is fine, but he didn't have to lie about the thing. I mean I know stars take leaks too, but is his bladder weak. Couldn't he just hold it long enough to sign a piece of toilette paper? I hate stars. I hate Grammys! I hate Oscars an Oscar winner. And Born on the



PLEASE DON'T KILL ME The Popcorn Thriller

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They looked bored. They were bored. They had reasons to be bored. The Canadian made horror film "Please Don't Kill Me" is a good reason to be bored.

Most of the audience in the theatre were doing one of four things:

- 1) eating popcorn and conversing (not about the movie)
- 2) eating popcorn and complaining (about the movie)
- 3) eating popcorn and throwing kernels at the old people who were sleeping in the front row
- 4) eating popcorn and making out.

When I wasn't watching the young couple ahead of me, where the man was chewing popcorn until it was nice and gooey then spiting it into the woman's mouth, who then would exclaim "better then butter", are doing a damn fine version of a sex scene from an X-rated movie, I was grimacing over the terrible dialogue and badly written plot of "Please Don't Kill Me."

The movie is set in a small fishing village, where a man suddenly goes berserk after his wife serves him burned popcorn. After force-feeding the toast to his wife, (I wonder if that

couple has see this one before), he goes on a rampage, killing mostly everyone in the film who can't act (which is pretty well everybody in the film). At the end, the murderer is eaten by a giant salmon.

The movie's title is used continuously throughout the film. Each victim pleads "please don't kill me" before he kills them in his unique creative ways.

Each victim is killed differently. Numerous techniques are used by the murderer, which would have been well received by the audience if the producers had more than a \$50 budget. But the producers did buy a lot of popcorn. The tour de force of the film is when the murderer ties up a woman and makes popcorn (purposely burning it) then rams it into her ears, nose, eyes and mouth (that couple must have seen this one before!)

When victims are thrown around rooms; tied up with barbed-wire; beaten almost to death with a splintered chunk of firewood; or have all their toes cut off with a butcher knife; then their eyes plucked out with a rusty dull icepick, screams, blood, guts, and brains should be present.

Unfortunately, "Please Don't Kill Me" just doesn't cut it (no pun intended).

Anyhow, the soundtrack was good, by the Beegies (remember them?) and the couple ahead of me, hell, they were hot!

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