

Is It Just Me?  
By Chris Zell

I was sitting at home working on a project (aka watching TV) when my roommate Bill came home. Bill mumbled something about produce and asked,

"You watching this?" As he flipped through all of the channels in three seconds. He's nationally ranked at channel flipping.

One day I wanted to see if I could drive him up the wall so I turned one of the batteries in the channel changer the wrong way and watched him point and aim and pose and thrust the remote at the TV. I asked why he didn't just change the channel the old fashion way, walk the three feet to the TV and change it manually, he said it was the principal of the matter. Oh, I guess being a lazy slug doesn't come into it? I watched him contort into every accepted channel changing position, including pointing it at his face and clicking, but all that did was change his mood, before he tossed the remote on the table and went to bed.

Today we're going to watch a movie entitled Messenger of Bloody Casualties in Mortal Combat with Deadly Criminals Killing Lethal Warriors Who Are Ready to Die for Evil Assassins: The Revenge. Or something like that, I missed the opening credits and we all know how important they are to understanding movies like this.

Having nothing better to do (translation: I'm too lazy to walk into my room and watch something else) I sit back to view this fine feature film. I don't know how you rate a film, but Bill rates it by the first death or a real painful looking injury. It must be within the first ten minutes. This one was going for an award. Before the credits were done, the hero beat up a station wagon full of nuns. Oh wait, different movie, sorry. This hero snapped this guys arm in half and tossed another out the window. Bill looks like he's here for the duration.

A few minutes later the hero's wife is yelling at him and punching him in his oh so manly chest because he's the reason that his daughter got shot when the bad guys ambushed his house. And he looks shocked at this realization. I guess he thought that the kid was real bad at school today and instead of expelling her, they send out a hit squad. When it sinks in that it's his fault, he threatens a doctor and goes into a convenience store and beats up a kid playing a video game. Or some of the people who just tried to kill him. I went to get a Dr. Pepper at this time and missed a few seconds.

I did get back in time to see these three hired killers run at the hero with, what looked like to these untrained eyes, big empty toilet paper rolls. The

hero sees them coming and pulls a death defying move that I hope the stunt double got paid extra for. He stepped out of the way! And the three hired killers bumped into each other like Larry, Moe and Curly.

"When's he gonna say, wub, wub, wub, wub, wub, wub, wub, wub and poke them in the eye?" I ask Bill, who, by the way, hates watching movies with me. I think it's because of moments like this.

I'm still reeling from the Three Stooges homage when the hero drives his car into a crowded mall and starts shooting at some more bad guys.

"Hasn't he killed all of them yet?" I say looking at the clock. "What did this guy do to have all these guys want him dead?"

"He's a cop." Bill says wishing I'd go to my room.

"Oh." I nod and decide to pay attention. Maybe I'm missing something in the dialog. Then I noticed something, there is no dialog. Oh there's some dialog, but it seems that the only people who speak, the bad guys, have such strong accents that I end up calling the cable company to ask if I can get this closed captioned.

"But what's he saying?" I ask the harried cable operator.

"He must die and something about voodoo."

"Dgerherb rhktyoh jjbd jntkyj onjfbjdfov." The top bad guy says beating one of his own guys with the leg of a table.

"What'd he say there?"

"He must die and something about voodoo." She answers me like I'm not from this planet. "What difference does it make what he says? Did you see the way he snapped the slimes neck with a rolled up newspaper? That's what counts." And with that, I thank her for her time and sit back down. You don't have to break my neck with a rolled up newspaper for me to understand.

Back in the adventure, the hero now has two partners. One I recognize as his partner in the beginning of the movie. But I thought he died because, well, he is the hero's partner. And the other, it turns out, has been chasing these bad guys as a career and now he's upset that the hero's been killing them off. After they buck up to see who kills the last guy, the heroic trio picks up enough weapons to take over Canada (after all, look what he did with an empty toilet paper roll?) and gets on a plane to follow the bad guys to their homeland.

"When did the bad guys leave?" I ask the man who has been one with this movie.

"I don't know. Maybe after they broke the table." Ahhh, that would do it for me. Don't want to be messing with those table police.

Within seconds, our trio finds the heavily guarded fortress of the prime bad guy and with their night vision goggles and silencer rifles, the three of them plan to take on, oh, my estimate would be 80 guys with guns and 200 party guests. I don't know about you, but I don't think I'd be going to a party that had to have armed guards. Call me superstitious.

Our heroes set up a little bunker in the trees and communicate with hand signals even though they're shoulder to shoulder and at least 100 yards away from the party. Our hero looks down the barrel of his high powered rifle and checks out some of the guards.

As he pans across the building I notice one thing that the hero seems to miss, all of the guards are walking their posts while smoking dope. I don't know about you, but I've had friends that I wouldn't let operate the telephone because they were smoking dope much less protect me.

Just as I'm thinking this, the hero starts picking off the guards with his high powered weapon.

"Hey, hey," I scream for no apparent reason. "The guards are stoned." I point out. "They don't have to shoot them, just toss a few Twinkies in their path and walk on by."

We all know that would work flawlessly, but no one seems to take my advice as the heroes gun down all of the bad guys (and none of the party guests) and finally kill the evil criminal mastermind by poking his eyes out.

"He poked his eyes out." I say adjusting my glass and heading to my room.

"Great movie." Bill says as he starts flipping stations stopping on one just as this guys face is being melted by acid. "Yeah," Bill applauds. "But I've already seen this."