

No paying audience wins versus *Alien vs Predator 2*

filmreview

Alien vs Predator: Requiem

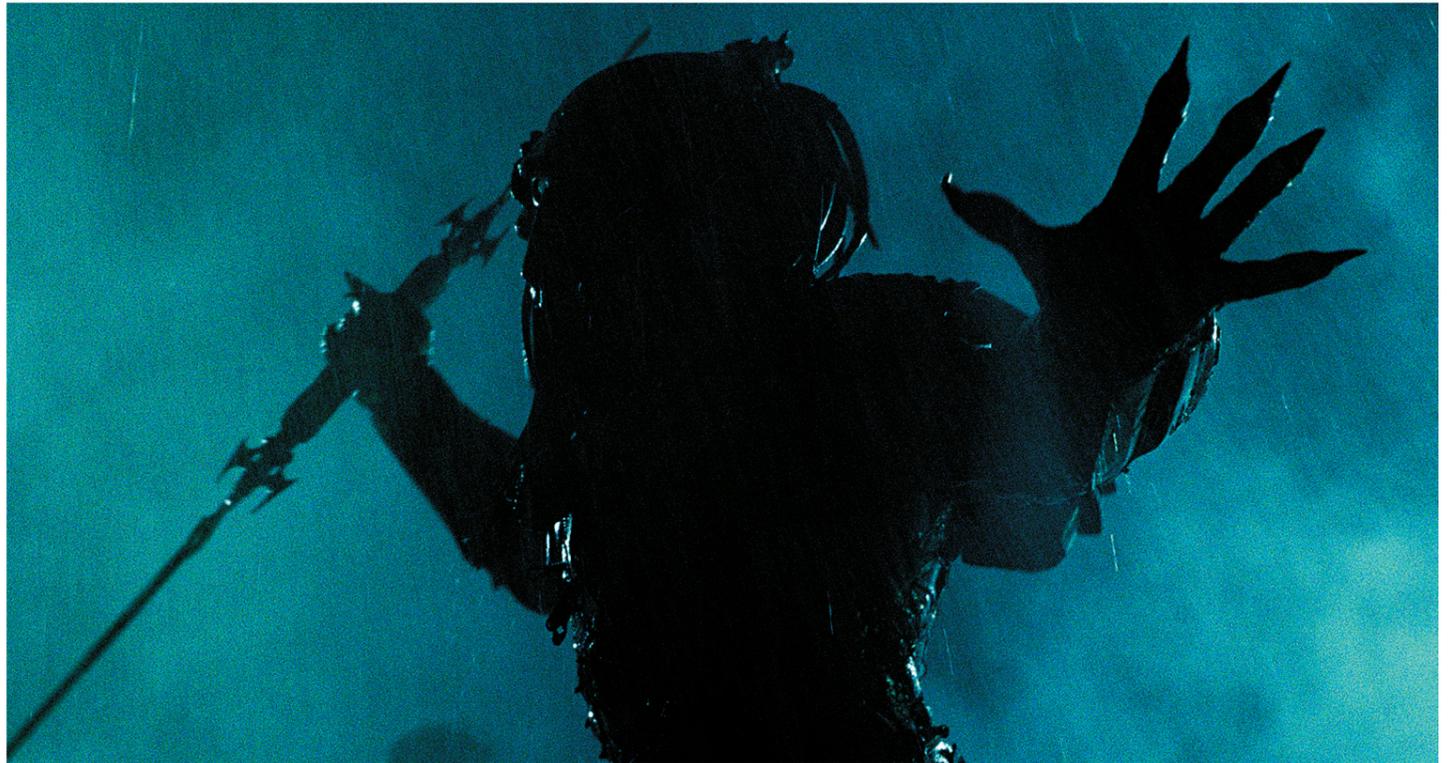
Now Playing
 Directed by the Brothers Strause
 Starring Steven Pasquale, Reiko Aylesworth, and John Ortiz

CONAL PIERSE
 Opinion Editor

There are some movies that are so incredibly horrible that you can't help but enjoy them—movies like *Starship Troopers* that attain a level of awful so dumbfounding that you find yourself grinning stupidly and drooling a bit because your brain stepped out back for a smoke. And then there are the ones that are just plain bad. *Aliens vs Predator: Requiem* falls into this latter category.

Truth be told, it really is my fault for going to this movie. I had no business seeing the sequel of what was essentially Paul WS Anderson taking a shit in my bed. But I figured that this would be a chance for a franchise that has such great potential to redeem itself, much in the same way that *Batman Begins* made up for George Clooney and his rubber nipples.

The horrible previews ensure that the movie begins where the last one left off—with you being frustrated and confused—and then proceeds to get worse. Essentially, the story is that a Predator ship crashes somewhere in small town America, and an indeterminate number of facehuggers escape into the wilderness to impregnate hobos and children alike. One of



the predators manages to send a distress call to their home planet, which prompts the predator equivalent of Mr Clean—complete with magical body-dissolving blue liquid-gel—to come to earth and sort shit out in a rather Amelia Bedelia-like fashion.

The initial plot has the same forced and unnecessary feeling as the lead-in to a porno, and is as clunky as if a glazed ham was dipped into a bag of clichés, and whatever stuck was used. Character development is entirely non-existent, making it seem like characters were introduced simply to

be killed—especially the black characters, who all fail to survive more than two minutes of screen time. I honestly don't think I could name a single character if I tried. They also don't even bother using stock action-movie characters, as can be seen when the “cute girl-next-door with a jerk boyfriend” turns out to actually be kind of a whore who the “misunderstood bad-boy” isn't really going to miss.

The pacing is schizophrenic and as awkward as a man with a club-foot being chased by a pack of

dogs. Whereas the *Alien* and *Predator* franchises were geared towards the constant fear of the monster coming, *AVP: Requiem* was simply far too impatient. It tried its hardest to hang on and build suspense, but darn it if they didn't have the willpower of a seasoned veteran and showed them too early every time. In fact, the only time they failed to show the alien or predator was in the climactic final fight, which was nothing more than a close up of dreadlocks being flung around in the rain at night.

Perhaps the greatest problem with

the movie, however, was its inability to decide what, exactly, it wanted to be. It floated between being a serious (but brainless) action film and going for camp value but, much like a wader not wanting to get their nipples wet, refused to take the plunge. As a result, you aren't really sure how they want you to react, which makes the quotes like “Get to the chopper!” and “It's a trap!” cringe-worthy. Granted, the film is better than its predecessor, but still isn't worth anything more than a curiosity rental—and even then, you won't want to be the one that paid for it.

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