Hemo2Homo Connection: The Happening Review (The Last H2H?)

July 11, 2008 By Shawn Decker

The Hemo2Homo Connection Movie Review

Hemo: He has done it again: my generation's Alfred Hitchcock, Mr. M. Night Shaymalan, has delivered another masterpiece with The Happening.

Homo: WHAT??? Are you losing your mind, Hemo? Hitchcock would have never produced a turkey like this thing, which I only went because you said we should review it. What's worse is that I had heard it sucked, but my friend Ernie and I decided to go see it anyway because we were in the mood for a good/bad movie.

Hemo: Don't be a hater- you're just mad because you didn't see the end coming.

Homo: You mean I couldn't wait for the end to come. And not just of the movie. Everyone in the theatre, we were making a suicide pact. This might be the worst movie I've seen in a decade. And not "good" bad.

Hemo: When did you lose your sense of humor?

Homo: Stop it. It's tediously, boringly, amateurishly, laughingly, stultifyingly bad. One of those that's more fun to talk about later than to have to sit through.

Hemo: Worse than Indiana Jones?

Homo: It was worse than a night of summer reality TV.

Hemo: Worse than *Big Brother*?

Homo: Yes. I was stunned, thinblood.

WARNING: PLOT SPOILERS

Hemo: Stunned in shocked silence by the surprise twist ending?

Homo: *Surprise? You mean that ending I could see coming a mile away?* No, I was stunned because someone had the balls to charge money for this unintentional comedy. The first laugh occurred when they were evacuating Manhattan because they think terrorists have attacked it with poison gas.

Hemo: There's nothing funny about terrorism, Steve.

Homo: Or, apparently, scary. Picture this, thinblood: NEW YORK CITY IS BEING EVACUATED! Are the people rushing? Are they running? Are they in a panic? Nope. They're all leisurely strolling through Grand Central Station, casually getting train tickets.

Hemo: Maybe they all had bleeding disorders? Toxic gas is nothing compared to a bad bleed, especially one that's easily avoided with a modicum of caution.

Homo: Even if there was a Thinblood Convention in New York City, that doesn't mean the rest of the New Yorkers would be polite enough to not trample them. Trust me- I lived there. The calm demeanor of the public is tempered by Mark Wahlberg's wife, who is upset at him because he told

their friend that she’s been a bit distant.

Hemo: I thought that was a very moving scene.

Homo: Are they putting heroin into your blood products these days? *The city is being attacked!* People are dying left and right. But what she's *really* upset about is that their friend has been told that she's been a little bit disengaged?

Hemo: Welcome to my world, Homo. That's how the ladies roll. Remember, sexual preference is a choice, and it's not too late to switch teams. (note: Shawn Decker knows sexual preference is not a choice, and has gone on record as saying such.)

Homo: No thanks, Hemo. But I am rethinking this Movie Reviewer business.

Hemo: I hear ya, lately these bad movies are making AIDS seem like a cakewalk. Wait, you look like you are about to rant... are you about to...

Homo: You'd think these folks were on an AIDS Walk, without the passion! No, they're casually walking to the train, but global terrorism isn't enough drama for Marky's wife! They could all be poisoned already, but she petulantly decides to sit in a different train car so she can cool down.

Hemo: But what about...

Homo: Naturally, in this evacuation, there are lots of cars and seats to choose from. She finds the seat and gets a phone call from a guy. She picks up the phone and says -- I kid you not -- "Stop calling me! It's like you've become a stalker! All we did was eat some tiramisu!"

Ernie and I screamed out loud, laughing. At that point, we went all MST3000 on this thing, delivering new dialogue all the way through. Luckily, there were only four other people in the place... Hemo, are you still here?

Hemo: I'm back. I just googled "Eating Tiramisu", just in case it's a new phrase for an old sex act: it's not. :O(

Homo: Sex couldn't even spice up this movie, which would have been the high point of the entire badly written script. This movie ran out of ideas after five minutes. See, trees and grass are really pissed off at humans, so they're spraying gas or pollen into the air which makes people commit suicide. Once we learn this, the movie becomes a series of people killing themselves in every PG way possible. Gun shots, jumping off buildings, stabbings, lying in front of a giant lawn mower, etc. And what do you do when you are being attacked by trees, thinblood?

Hemo: Climb up a bear?

Homo: Even better: THEY RUN INTO THE COUNTRYSIDE WHERE THERE'S NOTHING BUT TREES! At one point Marky says, "Quick, get ahead of the wind!" How do you get ahead of the wind?

Hemo: You've never had Thanksgiving with my family. If you hear a certain sound, and you don't get ahead of the wind, you don't live to enjoy a second serving of mashed potatoes.

Homo: In this movie, it was the Earth that was farting. Or God. Or Muhammed. Whichever God had beans for dinner last dealt it. This whole thing was a bad imitation of a 60's rip-off of the Twilight Zone series.

Hemo: No, Steve, no. It was an homage! One master paying tribute to another.

Homo: Shawn. No. And I'm scared sick that you are standing behind this movie. And what exactly did you like about this movie, anyway?

Hemo: Well... uh... you have to admit it was kind of cool when Wahlberg started blowing up the trees and chainsawing them down and stuff.

Homo: What are you talking about? You did go see *The Happening*, right?

Hemo: Actually, I heard a lot of bad things about this one, too. And, since we're in a recession and all, I figured it would be wise to save the old beans, if ya know what I mean.

Homo: *What?!* I only went because you told me to!

Hemo: I was going to email you about my change of plan, then I thought: "How cool would it be, in the great tradition of M. Night, to have a surprise ending to this review?"

Homo: I hate you. I'm re-abandoning you as a Godchild. How's *that* for a surprise ending?

Hemo: Homo? Homo?

WILL THE HEMO2HOMO CONNECTION BE BACK TO REVIEW BATMAN? IS THE DYNAMIC DUO FINISHED? STAY TUNED TO FIND OUT!

The Hemo2Homo Connection are Shawn Decker and Steve Schalchlin.

The Hemo2Homo Connection's creators met online in 1996, and posted their first movie review in 1998. Both have been living with HIV for over twenty years, and have annoyed their friends and loved ones for longer than that. ***Steve Schalchlin*** *resides in Los Angeles, CA. He is an award-winning musician, singer and songwriter.* ***Shawn Decker*** *lives in Charlottesville, VA. He is an HIV/AIDS educator and the author of My Pet Virus.*

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