Hemo2Homo Connection: The Indiana Jones Review

June 9, 2008 By Shawn Decker

The Hemo2Homo Connection Movie Review

Homo:

This lame-ass movie was best summed up by my partner, Jim Brochu, who called it “Mr. Chips & The Temple of Doom.”

Hemo: Spielberg scored *Erik Estrada?* I think I missed that scene.

Homo: If you're gonna be a movie reviewer, you should pay more attention to the film, and really should try to see a movie made before you were born.

One with, like, dialogue and stuff.

Hemo: After seeing this clunker, I may take your advice. And I'm still trying to figure out why Harrison Ford looked older to me ten years ago… does that mean I'm, getting old?

Homo: Yes, you're getting old and he looked 20 years older. Uh oh. It sounds like we have a sad meeting of the minds. I wasn't surprised by anything is in this movie.

Hemo: Really? You are so jaded that you weren't shocked by the re-emergence of Marc Almond of Soft Cell, riding in as Indiana Jones's son?

Homo: That wasn’t Marc Almond of Soft Cell, thinblood.

Hemo: Oh. No Erik Estrada, no Marc Almond. Well, at least I can hang my Indy hat on Helen Marnie of Ladytron’s star turn as the Commie S&M chick.

Homo: Helen who of what? And no, that wasn’t her, either. That was the Academy Award-winning actress, Cate Blanchett! And they are called credits, kookaid-blood.

Those letters that scroll upward at the end of the movie.

Hemo: Those credit things are always my cue to start gathering up leftover candy in the aisles. I like action, but the lame-ass sword duel atop two jeeps riding through a jungle seem improbable at best.

Homo: Just one of *many* pointless action sequences. And CGI ants aren't scary anymore. Waiting for your viral load test results. Now that's scary!

Hemo: I hate CGI- it ruined I Am Legend. They should never do CGI monsters so long as Gary Busey is still breathing.

Homo: Agreed. In previous Indy movies, Spielberg would do something in the foreground to keep us from falling asleep during this crap, like the sequence around the dining table where they're eating giant bugs.

Hemo: Oh, yeah. That was such a cool scene. In this one, the bugs ate the people.

Homo: Actually, I think the script ate the people. And what was up with Blanchett's random Russian accent, which veered wildly across the continents and back again? And she wants a skull that will give her the ultimate powers of the universe?

Hemo: Remember, it's a skull made of *crystals*. And crystals are a girl's best friend.

Homo: Those are diamonds, numbnuts. As for the whole premise of Indiana Jones, I think they ccould have saved a lot of money and just shot the whole thing in one place: a Pier 1 Imports store. That would have explained all of the old married couple banter between Indy and his once-girlfriend.

Hemo: Maybe Spielberg has long-since shot his money wads? Maybe he needs, for lack of a better metaphor, a Hollywood-esque sperm-washing procedure?

Homo: It's not a bad idea. Hemo, in all seriousness, answer me this: Was there *ever* a moment in that theatre when you didn't know what was going to happen next?

Hemo: Well, I arrived 10 minutes late. That's why I missed Erik Estrada's scene.

Homo: I give up.

Hemo:...And at the Carmike there are two pathways, and one was so dark I couldn't even see what was blocking the path. I could hear the movie, but trying to figure out how to get the seats was pretty intriguing.

Homo: No! I meant *a moment in the movie!* But your story sounds more intriguing than the film itself... so, did you go to the *other* walkway? Or forge ahead into the darkness, where one wrong bump could send you to your untimely, bleeding doom?

Hemo: I went to the other one. Only to bump into a guy in a wheelchair who was blocking *that* path.

Homo: Ew, ew! Please tell me you tipped him! This is the best confrontation since Indy shot that dude with the sword in Raiders, or the Cripple Fight episode on South Park.

Hemo: No, I just apologized and stepped around him. Then took my seat. There was no one with a flashlight to help a thinblood out.

Homo: Your story had a lame ending, but was still better than the movie you so bravely pressed onward to see. Did you see *National Treasure*? Because there's a moment in Indy that I now call the "National Treasure Idiot Moment."

Our heroes go down into the treasure room. The girl sees a wooden rack filled with scrolls. She leans down and, without blinking, she announces, *"Look! The lost scrolls from the Library of Alexandra!"*

Hemo: That sounds awful.

Homo: "Crystal Skull" had one of those moments. I f you're going to steal from the movie that stole from you, at least steal the good parts.

Hemo: Yeah. It would be like two guys with AIDS stealing our movie-review bit, but only using your parts.

Homo: Hey, , *watch it: I'm* the smart one here, Mr. Quips. And don't forget who has the clotting factor, kid.

Hemo: You're starting to sound like Indiana Jones.

Homo: I'm not that old. I was really afraid you'd buy into the hype on this one. There may be hope for you yet, thinblood.

Hemo: Hey, thanks! So what's your final grade on Professor Jones?

Homo: I give Indiana Jones and the Crystal Skull two bloodless veins down. You?

Hemo: Not enough "snapper" in Indiana's "whipper" this go around. I give it a Highly Detectable Viral Load of Crap rating.

Homo: Oh boy. See? This is why I can never die. You'd kill this review faster than this script killed off Indiana Jones.

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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