Hemo2Homo Review: There Will Be Blood

January 30, 2008 By Shawn Decker

The Hemo2Homo Connection Movie Review

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 the author of My Pet Virus.*

Homo: Hey, thinblood.

Hemo: Well hidey-ho thar, thickblood. ***tip of the hat***

Homo: I'm glad we're continuing our blood brother theme for this round of movie reviews. It's what binds us together, that positoid virus coursing through our veins.

Hemo: It sure is, pahdnur. That, and that ol' love for them thar movies coursin' right alongside that

virus. And a strut; we both have a certain way of carryin' ourselves.

Homo: Stop it with the cowboy speak, unless yer lookin' fer sum Brokeback action, Cowpoke.

Hemo: Read ya loud and clear, pahdnur. ***one last tip of the hat***

Homo: Good Lord. This is not a cowboy movie. It's a BLOOD movie. Well, not really. There was lots of **oil** but not a lot of blood. They should have called it "There Will Be Gunk."

Hemo: I'm glad you suggested this one: what better movie for a thinblood to review than one called "There Will Be Blood", right? But you're right- oh, oh- how about "There Will Be Mud"?

Homo: That's better. It rhymes! (I bow to your superior wordsmanship). But how about "There Will Be Mudslinging"? The story of this Presidential election. Or Britney's life.

Hemo: There Will Be Blood wasn't a movie about blood or **oil**; it was all about the *black gold*. *Texas Tea.*

Homo: You just reminded me. As Daniel Day Lewis went out to pretend to shoot for quail, it looked just like the opening of "Beverly Hillbillies" so I leaned over to Jim and started singing, "Come and listen to my story…". When the oil started bubbling out of the ground, I was thrown into a fit of inappropriate laughter.

Hemo: I had a moment of uncontrollable laughter, too! Someone's cellphone started playing an electronic little dittie during the most tense part of the movie, when Daniel Day's son is sitting across from him in the office. At first I wondered if the Radiohead guy who did the soundtrack was messing with me, until I saw the middle-aged woman two rows up fumbling around. Gotta love when they pull the phone out and don't silence it.

The song was "Venus". Please tell your generation to stop doing that.

Homo: I'm sorry. I had my hearing aid turned down. What was that again, sonny?

Hemo: What, are you deaf now? Or faking it to get out of doing any work, like the kid in the movie? That good-for-nothin', lyin', cheatin' little…

Homo: OK, OK, don't get your blood in a clot. I have to say I liked that this movie was very deliberately

paced, but still was very gripping.

Hemo: Reminded me of an infusion of factor: it was done slowly, but with purpose. (Check out a fellow thinblood, Drew, and watch him infuse himself here.)

Homo: The lead character, as well-played as he was, still seemed like exactly what he was: an all-bad character from a muckraking novel written in the early 20th century. With not one redeeming feature.

Hemo: Wait, are you kidding? Not ONE redeeming feature?

Homo: No, not unless I missed something.

Hemo: Dude: the guy had two bowling lanes installed in his basement! I'd kill all of my friends and family if I had a bowling alley in my home to entertain myself with. What I'm saying is: if he liked to bowl, how bad could he be?

Homo: Hmmm. Very good point, thinblood.

Hemo: Really? I was trying to bait you into a barroom brawl, pahdnur.

Homo: Okay. That's it. Now there really WILL be blood. Do I have to get all Rambo on you to shut up that phony cowboy talk?

Hemo: Nah, Tex. But you have been around the Hollywood game longer than me. So answer me this: what the hell was going on with the damn twin in this movie?

Homo: I have no idea. I spent the entire movie wondering why that deaf kid was playing with matches.

Hemo: I was on to him. The wonder twins got me. Which is why I have a couple of rules about twins in movies.

They have to either a) look exactly alike and be in a scene together, standing side-by-side with someone saying, "Hey, you guys must be twins!" or b) look nothing like each, be in a scene together standing side-by-side with someone saying, "Hey, are you guys really twins?"

Homo: Or c) having sex together in a porn movie (though I had different twins in mind than you).

So, what did we think of There Will Be Blood? I'd give it an HIV positive review. But not my fave movie of the year.

Hemo: I'd send this one in for more tests. Aside from the mystery twins, I enjoyed watching but- surprise- I wanted way more blood. Which brings me to our *next* movie review: whaddayasay we complete our January Bloodfest Trifecta with... *Rambo!*

Homo: Oh Lordy: They were right.

Spending too much time with me has made you... gay.

Will Steve see Rambo? Is the Hemo2Homo Connection in danger of becoming the Homo2Homo Connection? Find out, only on the next installment of the Hemo2Homo Connection!

In the meantime, visit Shawn Decker and Steve Schalchlin online.

;

© 2026 Smart + Strong All Rights Reserved.