

ENTERTAINMENT

# Are You Not Entertained, Again?



By Max Imus

With the recent success of films such as the de-Wonkafied 2005 remake of 1971's "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory", Hollywood insiders now predict that the timescale for remakes will soon be decreasing rapidly. In the next few years, expect to see gratuitous and unnecessary remakes of recent classics like the 1984 hit "Ghostbusters", 1985's own "Back to the Future", and even the famed 1987 comedy, "The Princess Bride".

"But it won't stop there," explained Universal CEO Barry M. Meyer. "The recent past is a veritable cinematic gold

mine. Let's face it people. We've got to move beyond remakes of stupid, 34 year old psychedelic cult films that are both remarkably inappropriate for children and capable of frightening grown men such as myself. In that spirit, this Christmas, we're remaking the shit out of a recent champion of cinema. A high powered blockbuster and "Best Picture"™ winner to boot...and I'm not talking about "Braveheart". And as Meyer further noted, "There's a damned good chance that Russell Crowe will still be alive."

As a little "teaser" for the film, Universal / Dreamworks / Scott Free Productions has released the back of DVD text in all its glory. HSP now brings this wonderful piece of film history to you...

## Back of Gladiator (2006) DVD text (abridged...)



"An Awesome Cinematic Achievement. By far the Best Film Since 2000."  
- Gene Siskel, Elysium

### Some forest, soon-to-be-conquered, Germanic Tribal Lands

Excuse me. Hold your horses, sheath your blades, and give me a god damned minute. I'm strategizing. Now, If you don't mind, I shall now champion this crusade with verve, gusto, and panache as its unrealistically brave, wickedly brilliant, war-general. In the process, your respect for me must double, nay, it must become at least...at least, three times larger! After that, as I confidently

and effortlessly organize the well-executed battle from the very front of the front lines, we shall be so devastatingly victorious that our enemies will each die a thousand deaths (on average), trembling in fear at even the faint sound of our encroaching war-stallion's noble hoof steps. And don't forget, the lead general of our badly dressed, stereotypically bearded, Germanic-pagan bastard foes is mine. You will conveniently clear an arrow-free, non-spiky-ball-and-chain-swinging path of glory between us so we can meet freely, and without delay, in a centrally located circular clearing, ringed by the still-steaming bodies of the fallen.

Then with a sequence of painfully predictable fight moves, I shall first be slightly injured, blood drawn from, say, my left forearm, as my arch-villain's poorly crafted demon-saber strikes first. Following this, as I nearly escape death between five and seven times by blocking, ducking, rolling, or cleverly using an enemy carcass as a shield, I shall overcome insurmountable odds, shatter my nemesis'

sword with my battle-axe, wound him fatally with a lung puncture from my trusted fighting lance, and summarily behead him with a majestic parallel strike from my impeccably sharp - and remarkably lightweight - twin broadswords.

Then, as I triumphantly hold the detached, bloody, head of my bizzarro barbarian counterpart, reveling in the eerily encompassing slow-mo and fittingly emotive, wonderfully composed, orchestral piece, you will know once and for all, and throughout the ages to come, that I alone (my fifty-thousand men aside), have laid waste to hellish armies, brought a hard-fought peace to this troubled, Wintery land, and will now return peacefully to my family farm to plant crops, raise my son as a strong - yet compassionate - warrior, and have fantastic sex with my wife - provided, of course, that I am not Shanghaied into a forced political execution/escape/exile by the soon-to-be-assassinated emperor's hell-bent, power-hungry, son as the first major plot point.

But until then, tonight, in our makeshift camp of temporary war-tents, we shall celebrate mightily with food, drink, and our fill of soon-to-be-delivered cartloads of opium and pleasure harems. Casually clean the blood from your weapons with semi-damp cloth, keep the Roman ale flowing, and bring me your finest meats and cheeses! Now dammit!



Back-of-DVD writer rumored shot in back-of-head.

