

## Scream 3 is too corny for its own good

by Katie Galley  
editorial editor

A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away...oh wait, wrong trilogy! Although I would have rather been watching that one, as opposed to the final installment of the *Scream* trilogy.

For those of you who have not yet seen the last act of *Scream*, I'll give you a little advice, don't go see it! It was horrible! I cannot believe that I wasted my last seven dollars to go see this. And to think that I was initially pretty excited to see it, only to be brutally rebuffed by this hack job of a horror movie.

I really don't want to bore you with all the details of the movie, and believe me: they are boring, so all you

need to know is this. The same three people that survive every time, Sidney, Gale and Dewey are back again, along with a plethora of pointless, mundane actors that are only there to get their lives cut short, for our viewing pleasure.

If the actors aren't enough to make you fall asleep in your seats, then the plot surely will be. Wait, did I say plot? I should have said, sorry excuse for a plot. Apparently, since the only rule in the third part of trilogies is that there are no rules, screenwriter Ehren Kruger just pulled the whole script out of his butt! I spent half the time going, "Who is that?" or the best question yet, "Why did that guy just do that?" or "Why is Sidney's mom walking around dead wearing a white sheet?" The plot really was crap.

And that leads me into another point that just irritated the hell out of me, the vulgar language. Note to self: remind Mr. Kruger that potty mouth jokes are darn funny...when you are 10! That being said, let me tell you the percentage of 14-year-olds in the theater with me, a NON-14 year-old. I think the final tally was about 85%, to the lowly 15% of people old enough to not need their mom to drive them there and pick them up after the show. So, if Mr. Kruger wanted to capture his audience with his brilliant screenwriting then he failed miserably, but if he wanted to suck in the under 15 crowd with his witty vernacular then he hit the nail on the head! Good job sir, you know how to write more four letter words than anyone else in Hollywood, that's

something to be proud of!

I digress about the language though because compared to the ending that they tried to feed me, it was actually a moot point! The ending might have been the worst part of the whole movie. You know, I actually left the first *Scream* feeling good with the closure and the killer was actually believable. The second one, now that was kinda stretching it, but the continuity was still good. When I left the theater this time, I was completely disgusted that I was supposed to believe that crap! Was I really supposed to go along with the malarkey that was being dished out? How low-budget did they want to go? I blame it on Mr. Kruger and his butt-pulling fourth grade scripts.

There were only two parts that

mildly redeemed this film. One, the cameo appearance of Jay and Silent Bob, of *Malrats* fame. And they were only in the movie for about 10 seconds and I got more enjoyment in those 10 brief seconds than the entire 2 hours I was watching the movie. The other part that was good...um, I forget. No wait, I remember, it was the end! So I don't have to be subjected to anymore of these pseudo-Generation-X horror films. Thank God!

So what was the final thing that made this film so horrible? The only explanation that I can find is the absence of the former screenwriter, Kevin Williamson. I guess he was too busy paddling down Dawson's Creek to worry about the last part of the legacy that started out wonderful.

Not to worry though, we have been promised that this is the last *Scream* movie we will ever see. But if for some reason the muses of horror film past dredge up another installment, just make sure they get Kevin Williamson to write it. And tell him to bring along the cast of the *Creek*, I might actually pay to see them get slaughtered by the masked killer.

This concludes our tribute to the trilogy of our time, the *Scream* series of movies created by Kevin Williamson. We would love to hear your opinion on his series of films, so send a letter to the editor to be heard.

## A fast, quick, and clear Peyote Connection

by Leanne Acklin  
staff writer

The rhythm that filled Forward Hall last Saturday night was definitive yet resilient, gripping yet moving. The people that filled the hall were also definitive, resilient, gripping and undoubtedly moving (although some were doing more of a convulsive motion, but moving nonetheless). The band that packed all this diverse excitement into one place brings all these into their music, fans, and assuredly their name: Intergalactic Peyote Connection.

IPC, commonly referred to simply as "the band," consists of six local Erieites, including Brian Mistrovich, Matt Hudson, Mike Boegter, Vinny Auditori, Paul Rennie, and Miah Sutton. Saturday's show also pre-

sented a mysterious new member to the group that common IPC followers were surprised to see, and who remained unidentified for the entire show.

The talented seven pulled off a jam session that lasted nearly 90 minutes, ending close to 1:00 a.m. And most of the performance didn't seem to mind as a herd of artsy teens flowed as best they could with the banging of the bongos and moving rhythm of the bass. Enter two electric guitars, a trap set, and a keyboard shortly after, and we've got ourselves one rocking hall, packed with pushy teen chickies fighting for the front of the stage and overgrown brutes who selfishly and cruelly make it a point to block the view of a music reviewer.

But frustration set aside, this band possessed a mellow quality com-

bined with the same exciting rhythm evident in bands such as Rusted Root. IPC also featured two skillful guitarists who never failed to impress with their quick fingers and cute glances at the crowd.

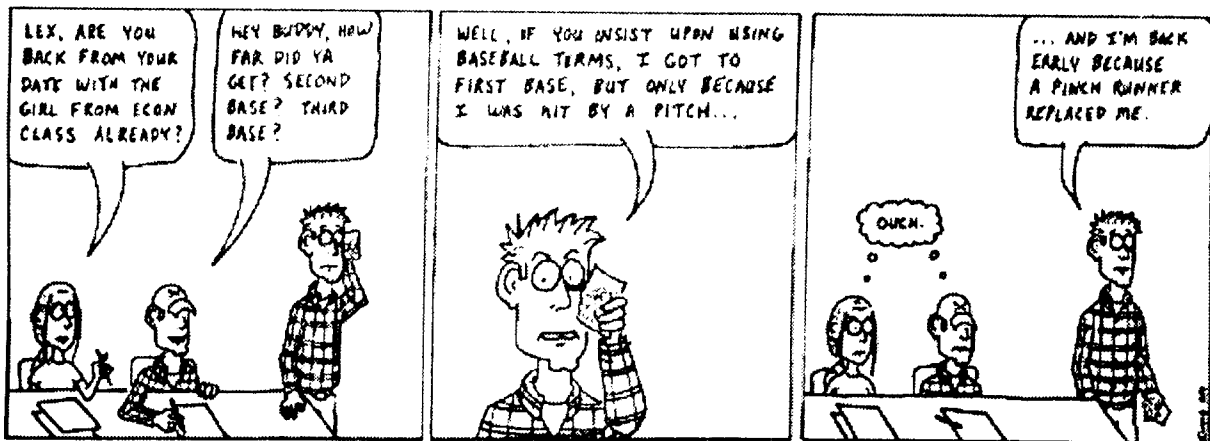
The band has cut a CD composed of four tracks which average 17 minutes of similar innovations that I would expect to find showcased among the more upbeat categories of elevator music. Nevertheless, I look for more than just the usual high school groupies appearing in their enthralled audiences at upcoming shows.

Keep a lookout for future IPC shows. Forward Hall plans to house them again in April.



IPC members play the bongo and guitar at Forward Hall.

PHOTOS BY KATIE PRZEPYSZNY



## Academy Awards Preview



Left: Kevin Spacey and Annette Bening star in "American Beauty." (KRT photo by Lorey Sebastian)

Below: Denzel Washington stars in "The Hurricane." (KRT photo by George Kraychyk)



Below: Charlize Theron, left, and Tobey Maguire in a scene from Lasse Hallstrom's "The Cider House Rules." (KRT photo)

The nominees for the Oscars were announced this week, and the favorites are already known. Those that took home the majority of the Awards from the Golden Globes, including *American Beauty*, are looking to reap the benefits.

## HOROSCOPES

**Aries** (March 21-April 19). Watch out for people's elbows.

**Taurus** (April 20-May 20). Clean up your room. You never know when someone important will show up.

**Gemini** (May 21-June 21). Spring break is right around the corner, so smile for once.

**Cancer** (June 22-July 22). Dress lighter, then tell people you're not stupid, just optimistic.

**Leo** (July 23-Aug. 22). Make some time for a Behrend basketball playoff game.

**Virgo** (Aug. 23-Sept. 22). Avoid sudden urges to drive when Jordan Road is covered with snow.

**Libra** (Sept. 23-Oct. 23). Surf the web for job information instead of hamster dances.

**Scorpio** (Oct. 24-Nov. 21). Cranberry, it's the key to regularity in all facets of life.

**Sagittarius** (Nov. 22-Dec. 21). Everything is real, believe me.

**Capricorn** (Dec. 22-Jan. 19). Don't let Valentine's Day be the only day for showing caring and generosity.

**Aquarius** (Jan. 20-Feb 18). Change your appearance for once. Dye your hair or something.

**Pisces** (Feb. 19-March 20). Deep thought—keep your head up because it will make people know just what you represent.

by  
Bongo the three legged  
monkey

