

Costner

Kevin Costner Crap-o-rific movie of the week

The Bodyguard

By Aaron Palmer & Joseph Chilton
Costerologists

There is so much to say about this masterwork of sentimental tripe that it is hard to decide where to begin. As a disclaimer, if you are won of the two percent of the population that has the soundtrack of this film sitting on your shelf next to the *Titanic* score and the movie poster from *The Prince of Tides*, you may want to stop reading here.

Costner seems to enjoy basing his work around real life events (global warming, old west heroes, notorious vigilante, old guys who date young women, etc.), and this movie is no exception. At the beginning of *The Bodyguard*, we are let in on his character's haunted past, in which he could not be there to prevent the Hinckley attack during the Reagan administration. If he had been there, we're assuming that he would have been able to use his Crash Davis swing to swat the bullet away as if it were a waist high fastball on the outside corner.

Houston, playing opposite Costner as the female lead, takes a cue from the star and stays within her limits- playing a pop singer. She nearly won an Oscar for this film, presumably because it may have been the only time in her life that she appeared on camera sober and without bruises.

This movie starts out mildly enjoyable for a Costner movie until it becomes utterly unbelievable when the pop singer, famous enough that she

needed extra security, falls in love with her bodyguard. Stars don't usually come in much contact with their security, and if they do they most care about them about as much as they care for the piles of adoring fan mail that heaps in their P.O. boxes. The point of having security is to have somebody around known for their size and intimidation factor. The only thing large about Costner are his film budgets, and the only thing intimidating about him is the amount of debt that his monumental failures at the box office have produced.

We do get the standard Kevin Costner movie elements in this one: frequent close ups of his face, the female lead falling for him, and lifeless acting. Beyond that, the film gives us a soundtrack featuring "I Will Only Love You," a song so overplayed and obnoxious that

anybody attempting to sing it at a karaoke bar should be immediately arrested and sent to Guantanamo Bay.

Despite all the bad music, cheesy acting, and plot issues, at its heart this is really a film about human relationships. The problem is that the relationship is so poorly portrayed that Whitney Houston's real life cocaine binge of a marriage with Bobby Brown seems to be a healthier relationship than her on screen affair with Costner.



Did you know?

After the release of "The Bodyguard," Whitney Houston became addicted to Kevin Costner. Not her co-star, but a downer drug named after him.

Historical Hottie Spotlight



Name: Jason Martin

Hobbies: Historical re-enactments, oppressing colonists

Secret talent: When wearing my wig, if you turn me upside down I make an excellent mop.

Favorite Song: Paul Revere by The Beastie Boys

Little Known Fact: Actually prefers coffee over tea