

ENTERTAINMENT

"Think Globally, Act Locally"

Little Fockers

Review by Michael Dennon

There's an obvious joke to be made about *Little Fockers*, and I'm going to get it out of the way: this movie is a fucking atrocity. This movie is so painfully unfunny, that a scene in which Robert De Niro gets his, ahem, area stuck by a needle filled with adrenaline sums up the general reaction of any person unfortunate enough to be subjected to it: screams of pain. I haven't seen a comedy this devoid of laughs since, well, last summer's *Dinner For Schmucks*.

Now I admit, I quite enjoyed the first two films in the *Meet the Parents* trilogy. Those films had a real comedic energy to them and the jokes were actually funny. That, right there, is exactly what's wrong with *Little Fockers*...although, that's only the tip of the iceberg. If I were to go fully and vividly into everything that is wrong with this movie, I'd end up writing a novel rather than a review. Suffice it to say that the jokes are terrible, the acting extremely half-hearted and the whole affair just a mind-numbingly dreadful experience. This movie is so bad, not even Jessica Alba prancing around in her underwear saved it.

The plot finds Jack Byrnes (Robert De Niro) becoming more aware of his mortality, and as result, he decides it's time to start grooming son-in-law Greg Focker (Ben Stiller) for the role of family patriarch. Jack happens to pick the weekend the Byrnes-Focker families are celebrating the birthdays of Greg's young twins to assess Greg's potential as future family leader. Now, guess where this will eventually lead: A. Greg accidentally slicing into his finger during a turkey carving, B. Greg agreeing to sponsor a wonder drug for sexually frustrated older men and Jack suspecting him of having an affair, C. Jack catching Greg in a compromising position with a half-naked Jessica Alba or D. All of the above. If you guessed D, then you are right on the money.

And therein lies another problem with *Little Fockers*: how painfully predictable it all is. Granted, the first two were the same way, but those actually managed to make us laugh. *Little Fockers* instead made me roll my eyes so much, that at one point, I thought my ceiling was a character in the movie. Heck, the ceiling became more entertaining than the actual film. And when a blank expanse of plaster is literally more engrossing than a movie, you know you're in trouble.

What a fucking shame.

Stress Buster Events Spring 2011

Thursday, April 28th

Water Rockets

Avinger Hill, 5:00 pm

With Kirsten Simmons

& Jamie Misenheimer

Senior Art Exhibit

8:00 pm in Vardell

Friday, April 29th

Late Night Breakfast

Knights Dinging Hall, 8- 9:00 pm

Sponsored by Chartwells

Saturday, April 30th

3rd Annual Bard Awards

LA Theatre 8:00 pm- until

Refreshments Following Event

Sunday, May 1

Homemade Cookies & Milk

Knight Life, 7-9:00 pm

Sponsored by Laurinburg

Presbyterian Church

Monday, May 2

SGA with Jersey Mike's Subs

Knight Life, 9:00 pm

Tuesday, May 3

Snow Cones with Career Services

In front of Belk, 2-3:00 pm

Wednesday, May 4

Brownies and Ice Cream

Knight Life at 7:30 pm

Sponsored by Health & Wellness

Highness

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Portman manages to breathe some life into it. Now, much of the humor here is delegated to jokes concerning a certain part of the male anatomy, but if you just embrace your shameless sense of juvenilia, *Your Highness* winds up being pretty fun.

The action is capably handled and exciting, complimented by an adventurous score, and director David Gordon Green manages to blend the action and comedy to a point where even though the combination does feel a little unbalanced and disjointed at times, it's all still mostly good stuff. Not to mention all the cool magic mumbo jumbo.

Your Highness isn't a comedy for everyone, but if you wonder what it would be like if Harry Potter were set in medieval times and had a truckload of raunchy humor, then let me quote the film's tagline and say, "get your quest on."