

## **The Uninvited**

*By The Movie Dunce*

In case you were planning to go see “The Uninvited” because you were hoping to see Elizabeth Banks butt naked, don’t bother, it’s not going to happen. This blonde of the month still has too much self respect, and her career is still going too well for her to pull out that trump card. But if you were going to see it because it looked like a spooky psychological thriller that will make you want to talk about it in chat rooms for the next six months, then don’t bother either, because you’ve seen this film done a hundred times before, and usually done better.

Here’s what you can expect though, steaming hot girls to appear in bikinis any time you start to lose interest or think about the plot too much. And by steaming hot girls, I actually mean two, Arielle Kebbel, who plays Alex, the sister, and Elizabeth Banks, who plays their replacement mom. I don’t include Emily Browning, the star, because she still has that creepy underage vibe hanging around her from when she did “Lemony Snicket”. Here’s the basic movie rundown: Creepy girl (Browning) is in a mental institution for the hot and deranged, and keeps having dreams of horror and mass slaughter. Her psychoanalyst says is a sign that she is ready to be released back into society. She is picked up by her dad (David Strathairn) who takes her back home and introduces her to her new mom Elizabeth Banks’ magnificently perky breasts and her face, which is hovering somewhere else in the background. Creepy girl and her awesomely frickin’ hot bikini clad sister (Kebbel) of whom I have recently had many a sweet and loving dream, get it into their heads that mom number one may not have shuffled off of the mortal coil in a natural way, what with the explosion and all. So they decide to turn all Nancy Drew and begin investigating the background of Mom 2.0 and discover that she is not all that she appears to be.

The story pretty much writes itself from there, but I’ll be the first one to admit that the rest of it was a blur for me because I was too busy drooling over the hot bikini clad sister. For me the movie went more or less like this:…Psycho girl in institution…mmm, cookies…Elizabeth Banks’ boobs…drunk sister…Elizabeth Banks’ boobs and butt…something happens…BIKINIS!!!…something else happens…funny line: “She’s like a crackwhore without the dignity”…sisters playing with vibrator…sisters in bed together…excusing myself to go use the restroom for a while…come back and exchange awkward looks with people I came to the theater with…something happens…house party…hot mom and hot sisters boob and butt shots battle it out in the kitchen while creepy girl has a meltdown. The end.

I can’t say that I felt totally ripped off because of the aforementioned bikini’s, but I did feel mostly ripped off. And because of that I felt like ripping them off too. The bikini’s I mean, I was already naked. So, in short, if someone invites you to go see “The Uninvited,” uninvite yourself as fast as humanly possible. Wait for it until to come out on DVD next month, and watch it in the safety and comfort of your own living room, which has the advantage that the DVD player has slow-mo, and no one else can see you lose you dignity. In all, “The Uninvited” receives the Unhappy Mark.