

## PRINZE CHARMING?

### Head over Heels star makes repeat performance

By RACHEL LANDRY  
The Battalion

I just saw another advertisement for the new Freddie Prinze Jr. movie, *Head Over Heels*, and to tell the truth, I wonder how movie production companies can continue to release movies with the same plot.

I am being so hard on Freddie Prinze Jr. and his new movie because I know how this movie is going to turn out.

All of Prinze's movies have been the same, with the exception of *Wing Commander*, which I did not see because I do not like movies involving mental institutions, aircraft or people dying on boats. But if there was any possible way *Wing Commander* could follow in the plot line of the rest of Prinze's movies, I bet it did.

For those of you who do not read the teen magazine *Tiger Beat* and have never seen or heard about a Prinze movie, I am

going to give you the synopsis of every movie he has ever been in, and you don't even have to pay me.

So, there is this guy, played by Prinze. And there is this girl, played by some actress who has been in about one major movie, and who *Vanity Fair* magazine thinks will be the Next Big Thing (and of course, it is almost always wrong). So either he likes her, or she likes him. But something is between them, most likely a misunderstanding. Then there is a close up of him making puppy-dog eyes, and them making out.

After seeing this movie, many young teenage girls ran home, called their boyfriends and professed their true love.

So, why do movie companies keep hiring Prinze? A major factor is that he looks good in khaki pants. There isn't much more of an explanation than that. Either you have

a bottom worthy of khaki pants, or you don't. Prinze falls in the first category.

*U Summer*. I don't think that it was a coincidence that his breakout movie was aimed at audiences who were fighting their daily breakouts with Neutrogena Daily Foaming Face Wash. For this reason alone, it is hard for me to blame him for his acting ability since his first big role was with the pair of boobs on a stick known as Jennifer Love Hewitt, who happens to be a spokeswoman for Neutrogena.

I do feel sorry for Prinze, even though I should not. The man is in his 20s, and I bet he has more money in his wallet than I could ever earn.

I feel for him, because in the cruel world of Hollywood, where youth *Æ Horse Whisperer*, seen only by housewives and horse lovers.

And Redford can act. What will happen to someone like Prinze in several years when his youth finally betrays him? Besides plastic surgery, there is not much he can do.

I can see the Freddie Prinze Jr. movies in 50 years. They will be kind of like *Grumpy Old Men*, except Prinze won't be grumpy. He'll just be the smiley old man who tries to give puppy-dog eyes. Between takes, he'll probably take out his dentures and have them polished, so he can continue giving his signature smile.

But it's okay. He's no Walter Matthau, so he wouldn't be expected to do anything that actually required range.



RUBEN DELUNA/THE BATTALION



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#### REVIEW

**Head Over Heels**  
Starring Freddie Prinze, Jr. and Monica Potter

Directed by Mark Waters  
We are in the month of love and Hollywood is cranking out the mushy stuff in full-force. One such "date flick" is *Head Over Heels*, another romantic comedy set in a trendy city with flawless, fatless starlets be-moaning their tortured lives. Watching the heavenly bodies in this movie might make a super-model feel fat.

Amanda Pierce (Potter) is your typical Midwestern, small-town girl in the Big Apple, searching for her own piece of the pie. Amanda is an art restorer who gets a great deal on an absolutely fabulous apartment on the Upper East Side. The one drawback, is that she shares it with four painfully thin, tragically hip supermodels.

Luckily for Amanda, the uber-women are kind enough to give Amanda some much-needed life lessons on makeup, dress, and man-baiting.

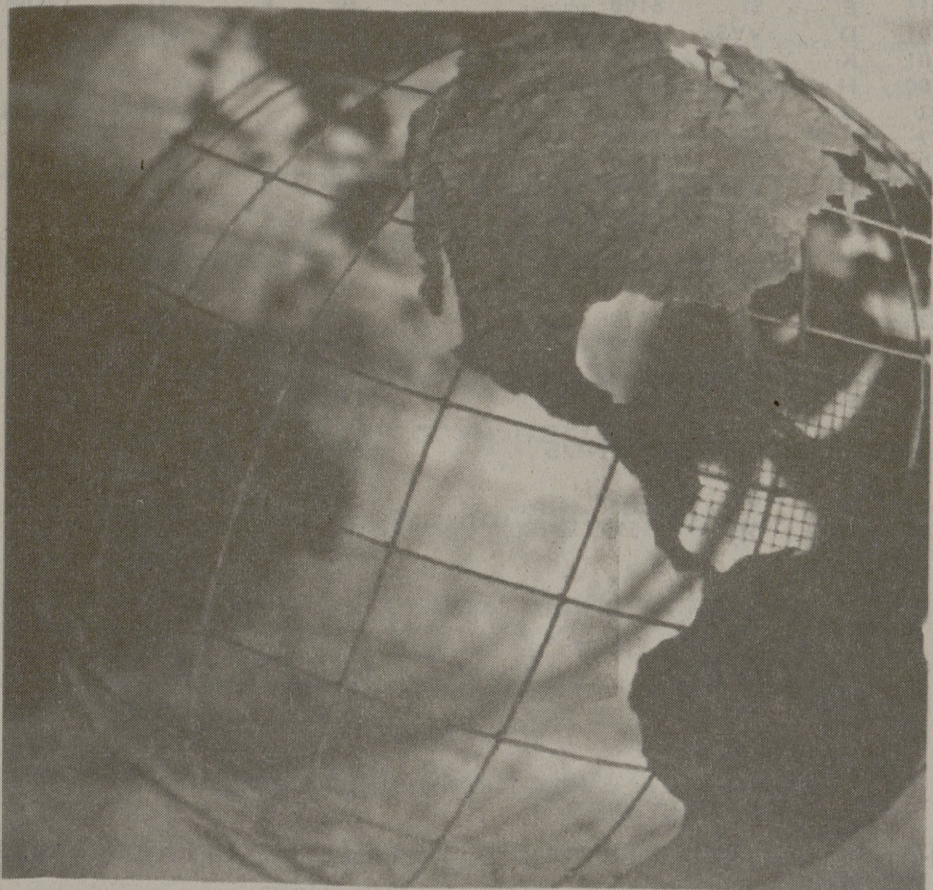
Once she has the tricks of the trade, she can direct her attentions to hottie neighbor Jim Winston (Prinze). Most of Prinze's screen time is spent pumping iron in front of a window overlooking Amanda's apartment. It's the beautiful people to the rescue, as the romantic comedy slips into the wild and wacky murder-mystery genre.

The basic story of *Head Over Heels* resembles Hitchcock's *Rear Window*. Waters tries to give it an urban-hip, modern transformation. Instead, he delivers a glossy, over-stylized spin on an old classic, featuring supermodel cliches, Midwestern stereotypes, and actors with more gel in their hair than acting ability. This film only appeals to Britney-wannabe audiences. (Grade: D)

— Brooke Corso

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