

### Movie Draft: *A Private Life*

by Tenessa Gemelke

(*A Private Life* is one of five made-up films generated during PoopReading.com's recent [Movie Draft](#).)

While it's true that America loves to root for the romantic underdog, it's also true that America wants nothing to do with elderly sex. Unfortunately *A Private Life* is full of raw, unholy make-out scenes that cross that line. And I'm not talking about run-of-the-mill sex; this stuff makes "Two Girls and a Cup" look like *The Sound of Music*—which is interesting, considering that the film somehow got the rights to "The Lonely Goatherd" as the soundtrack for the scene where Meryl and Max debase a Rascal scooter in an elevator.

It's hard to believe that any movie can spend a solid seven minutes on a sex scene involving a rubber chicken, but Max von Sydow brings surprising enthusiasm to the material. By the time Meryl Streep hits climax, we almost don't notice the soundtrack of "The Chicken Dance." Almost.

Unfortunately the younger romance isn't much more palatable. After wowing audiences with his thoughtful performance in *Moneyball*, Jonah Hill returns to his scatological bread and butter in this film. Even he seems bored with the fourth incident of passing gas during oral sex. And, worst of all, this time the musical gag is a Taylor Dayne-via-Weird Al parody called "Tell It to My Fart."

Despite all of the upbeat music and promiscuous romping about, the film is in no way a comedy. Strange overtones of racism and violence pepper every scene. For example, when Jessica Chastain receives aloo gobi matter instead of aloo gobi, she brutally beats the waiter with her water glass, then uses his blood to draw a swastika on her own forehead. His daughter sobs behind the cash register.

I would tell you to see this movie on the grounds that you'll never see another production quite like it, but its uniqueness is no excuse for its existence. If you value your sex drive and your sense of right and wrong, steer clear of this abomination.

*A Private Life* is rated R for gratuitous grossness, embarrassingness, and barfitivity.

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