

Film's plot makes viewers think



'Indecent Proposal'



Would you sleep with someone for \$1 million?

This is the question posed by "Indecent Proposal" (The Lincoln, 12th and P streets), the newest film from director Adrian Lyne and producer Sherry Lansing, the team that created the smash "Fatal Attraction."

If that someone looked like Robert Redford, the answer probably would be yes. Let's face it — if Ernest Borgnine had been cast as multimillionaire John Gage, instead of Redford, no one would bite. It isn't enough that the offer is attractive, the offerer must also be attractive.

But Redford it is, and Demi Moore, as Diana Murphy, gives an affirmative answer, and the trouble begins.

Diana and David (Woody Harrelson) are enthusiastically married high-school sweethearts. Diana sells real estate; David is an architect. They find a perfect piece of land on which to build their dream house, and they mortgage themselves to the max to get it. Unfortunately, they are in way, way over their heads.

Borrowing \$5,000 from David's dad, they head to Vegas hoping to get rich quick, pay their bills and live happily ever after. Their luck gets no better there until Diana catches the eye of multimillionaire John Gage.

He makes the now-famous offer: one night with Diana in exchange for \$1 million.

They make their decision overnight. Both think they can handle it because, after all, it's just one night with Diana's body, not her heart, and the result will be a secure future. Their love is invincible, isn't it?



Courtesy of Paramount Pictures

Woody Harrelson and Demi Moore consider an "Indecent Proposal."

The movie is solid enough — the acting is good and the camera work is inventive. There are a few problems with the story, but the movie itself is not what is so interesting. Instead, it is the indecent proposal.

It raises questions about what people love and if that love can be separated from what makes a person attractive to us and from what

makes them rich, powerful, athletic and/or good-looking. It also asks audience members to consider their own limitations, their price and how they would deal with the repercussions of their actions.

That alone is worth the price of admission.

— Anne Steyer

New videos offer little excitement



A mess of movies comes home to video this week — nothing overly spectacular, but nothing odoriferously smelly either.

"Hero" Geena Davis is a television reporter traveling on a plane that crashes into a Chicago bridge. Luckily, someone comes out of the darkness and saves them. The only evidence as to who this angel of mercy is, is his size 10-B loafer. Dustin Hoffman and Andy Garcia also star.

"The Mighty Ducks" This wildly successful comedy comes from Walt Disney Pictures and stars Emilio Estevez as Gordon Bombay, an ultra-conservative attorney who is sentenced to coach a little league hockey team — one that never wins.

"Question of Faith" Anne Archer stars with Sam Neill in this true story that follows one woman's path of self-healing. Diagnosed with a rare cancer, Debbie Ogg decides to shun traditional treatments and search for alternate therapies.

"Passenger 57" Wesley Snipes plays a terrorism specialist who just happens to be on a plane hijacked by terrorists. It's "Die Hard" in the sky with better acting.

"Public Eye" Based on the true life of "The Great Bernzini" an obsessed 1940s tabloid photographer. Stars Joe Pesci in the title role.

All titles available Wednesday.

— Anne Steyer

Great actor gets stuck in horrible role; predictable movie not worth any effort

'The Crush'



Well, it seems inevitable that every decent or popular performer in motion pictures must appear in at least one unforgettable piece of crap, and it is now Cary Elwes' turn in "The Crush" (Cinema Twin, 13th and P streets).

Elwes, who brought terrific performances to the screen in "The Princess Bride" and "Glory," must have been caught on a bad day to get stuck in this mess.

In a quasi-Amy Fisher story, Elwes plays Nick Eliot, a journalist who ends up on the receiving end of a crush from his landlord's gifted 14-year-old daughter Darian (newcomer Alicia Silverstone).

His partner tries to tell him that

he is being watched by Darian, but he doesn't believe it.

Yeah, he's a schmuck.

It isn't just the normal teen-age crush, however. Heck, that would be boring! Darian breaks into his apartment, rewrites his articles and does the general "flesh-exposing" stuff in an attempt to seduce Nick.

Naturally, Nick refuses Darian's advances and she starts playing nasty, relying on her innocent looks and fluttering eyelashes to get her out from under suspicion.

(It should be said, for all the female fans of Cary Elwes, that the viewers do get a quick shot at his nude butt cheeks.)

Yuck, yuck, yuck. This stuff is just so bad it makes you wonder what scripts are being turned down.

Just don't go see this movie.

— Gerry Beltz

'60s baseball storyline scores big hit

'The Sandlot'



In the tradition of "Radio Flyer" and "Stand By Me" comes "The Sandlot," (East Park 3, East Park Plaza Mall; Douglas 3, 1300 P St.) another story showing life for kids growing up in the 1960s.

Directed by David Mickey Evans, who wrote the screenplay for "Radio Flyer" and co-wrote "The Sandlot," and featuring a cast of virtual newcomers, "The Sandlot" centers on a rundown baseball diamond and eight kids that live, breathe and eat baseball.

Kid No. 9 (Smalls, played by Tom Guiry) has just moved into the neighborhood with his mom and stepdad and has the athletic prowess and baseball knowledge of a cadaver.

With the help of Benny (Mike Vitar), the team captain, Smalls gets on the team and into an unforgettable summer filled with trouble and fun.

After all, what's a summer without trouble and fun?

Of course, there's "kid-o-vision" adventure and suspense with "The



Courtesy of Twentieth Century Fox

Mike Vitar takes a swing in "The Sandlot."

Beast," a ferocious dog (the approximate size of Idaho) that eats baseballs and anyone venturing over the other side of the sandlot fence.

Supporting cast members Denis Leary and Karen Allen (Smalls' parents) are very blah, but the ever-watchable James Earl Jones turns in a great performance as the mysterious

Mr. Mertle, the keeper of the ferocious Beast.

Rated PG for some harsh language and the colorful results of first-time tobacco chewers on amusement park rides, it's probably still OK for the little ones to see.

— Gerry Beltz

G 'N R belts out killer set

Guns 'N Roses concerts have a reputation for being short, late, or not even happening. So when the lights went down at about 10:30 Saturday night at Omaha's Civic Auditorium, more than 10,000 fans seemed relieved — and ready for a killer show.

Axl Rose was soon sprinting around the stage. He wore a t-shirt with a picture of Charles Manson's face on the front and "Charlie Don't Surf" on the back, and, of course, a red bandanna. "It's So Easy" kicked off a vintage two and a half hour performance by the Gunners.

Axl's lyrics were screamed forth. He became intensity personified — and the crowd loved it. Slash was better than ever live, and Matt Sorum's work on the drums made cars ring

with "Coma" and his solo that lead into "You Could Be Mine."

Two huge video boards hung from the rafters on either side of the stage and numerous cameras provided concert footage. A spectacular light show flashed throughout the concert.

About halfway into the concert, Guns 'N Roses kicked back and slowed the mood of a hyped up crowd. They shifted the concert exclusively to the stage's front, playing acoustic guitars and a small drum set for about five songs. A couch and wooden chair were even brought out for the band to lounge on.

Guns 'N Roses ended with "Paradise City" and then stood with arms around one another to take a bow.

— Jeffrey Robb

Calvin and Hobbes

by Bill Watterson

