

# 'Jenny from the Block' gets stalked by Boy Next Door

by Amber Fairbanks

**J**ennifer Lopez made her way onto the big screen once again in the movie "The Boy Next Door" directed by Rob Cohen and written by Barbara Curry.

She shouldn't have.

Lopez plays the character of Claire Petersen, a high school English teacher who is in the process of filing for divorce with her cheating husband; her son is a target for bullies.

I was very bored in the beginning, until Noah Sandborn showed up (played by Ryan Guzman) who is, as you guessed it: the boy next door. He was good looking and charming, but way too old to play a 19 year old. Bad casting.

He quickly befriends Claire's misfit son and is showing up around the house all the time.

The movie took a nose dive from there. In one scene, handy-man Noah is fixing Claire's garage all sweat, with his perfect muscles and Claire brings him some cold lemonade. I burst out laughing in the theater. It was like the beginning of a skin flick: ridiculous.

In another scene, Claire runs around in high heels in her underwear and watches the boy next door undress from her window. I couldn't take this movie seriously.

When the sex scene inevitably happened between these two, it was unnecessarily long. The dialogue, the way Claire said "no" too many times before giving in: it was creepy (but of course J-Lo's body was perfect).

That creepy feeling stayed with me through the entire movie. The dialogue, ugh. Creepy metaphors used involving cookies too many times; the writer could have used a different food item to describe a vagina at least once to mix it up.

The movie gets dark after the sex, but still keeps that creepy vibe. I am using the word creepy a lot, but I'm not sure how else to describe this movie. I thought about leaving, but the fact that

I paid to see this thing kept me in my seat.

If you didn't already predict what happens I'll just sum it up for you. Blackmail happens. Violence happens. Screaming. Blood. J-Lo's butt. Crying, more butt. The end.

This movie was a stereotypical, predictable psychopath movie. No real story. The movie was just selling the sex and J-Lo. If I just wanted to see J-Lo's ass and a hot boy's abs, I would of just stayed home and watched her

new music video while simultaneously looking at shirtless pictures of Ryan Gosling, and not pay to see it in a theater that smells like stale popcorn and farts. Save your money.



Warner Brothers