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MOVIES: REVIEWS OF THE LATEST FILMS.

In the Event of a Water Moccasin ...

SNAKES ON A PLANE IS A SCHLOCKY DELIGHT. PLUS, A READER CONTEST.

By Dana Stevens

Posted Friday, Aug. 18, 2006, at 3:51 PM ET

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Samuel L. Jackson in *Snakes on a Plane*

I am pleased to report that *Snakes on a Plane* (New Line) is everything you could want from a movie with its glorious title. When it comes to airborne serpents, there's no possibility it leaves unexplored. Snakes in a cockpit dashboard, snakes in a barf bag, in a runaway drink cart hurtling down the center aisle—and that's saving the best reptile-in-an-unexpected-spot gags for your viewing pleasure.

It seemed inevitable that *Snakes on a Plane* would disappoint after the blog-driven rush of publicity that made New Line's marketing campaign essentially redundant. In fact, the movie itself seemed almost redundant as my viewing companion and I waited in line for the first public screening in New York City last night. (Either out of fear of bad reviews or confidence that their movie was critic-proof, New Line chose to hold no advance press screenings.) What could the mere experience of viewing the movie possibly add to the fun of having a conversation about it? In addition to riffing endlessly on the title, you could [design a T-shirt](#) or [watch Samuel L. Jackson](#) crow with delight on *The Daily Show* earlier this week. *Snakes on a Plane* seemed destined to remain more of a meta-phenomenon than an actual movie, better suited to message-board jibes than to 105 minutes of in-seat viewing.

But those of us who had no expectations—much like the characters in the movie who assumed there were no snakes on their plane—were wrong. Dead wrong. Who knows whether *Snakes* will have—forgive me—legs, but it's more than awesome enough to assure opening-weekend euphoria for those who were waiting for it already, and their positive word-of-mouth should draw plenty of people who weren't.

This is the part of the review where the plot summary usually kicks in, and I can't go on without sounding like a total ass. You see, there are these snakes ... and an Asian gangster, Eddie Kim (Byron Lawson), smuggles them onto this, um, plane ... why again? Oh yeah, because a hapless Hawaiian surf rat named Sean (Nathan Phillips) is on said plane, flying to L.A. to testify against said gangster. But

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