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I KNOW WHO KILLED ME

Lindsay Lohan's latest movie, *I Know Who Killed Me*, is for those who saw the actress' recent mug shot and were praying that Hollywood would adapt it for the big screen. (The photograph in question, as nearly everyone now knows, was taken after Lohan's arrest for alleged drunk driving and cocaine possession.)

A vulgar concoction by director Chris Sivertson and screenwriter Jeffrey Hammond, the film is a grisly, asinine blend of torture porn and half-conceived mystery, and your only reasons for attending would be if (a) you're fascinated by Lohan's all-too-public downward spiral and are now aching to see her play a drug-addled, pole-dancing stripper, or (b) you're not that fascinated by Lohan's downward spiral but love kicking celebrities while they're down. It's the sort of abjectly bad movie that you stare at in complete disbelief - like *License to Wed*, but a little less scary - and it would be
schadenfreude
paradise if it wasn't such a laborious drag to sit through.

I Know Who Killed Me is what you would get if you mixed *Mulholland Dr., Hostel, Showgirls,* an d
Nancy Drew
in a blender, poured it on the floor, and then had your dog crap on it. Arriving on the heels of her arrest, the movie - which involves a serial killer, numerous prosthetics, and the psychic link between possible twins - certainly won't do Lohan's public image any favors; one of her scenes finds the actress petulantly demanding to be released from the hospital because she feels like a prisoner there, and besides, she's
fine
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But even if Lohan had the countenance and credibility of one-time screen mom Meryl Streep, she'd *still* be a laughingstock for involving herself in this abomination, which devotes considerably more screen time to smoke-filled, slow-motion analyses of Lohan's questionable strip-club abilities than it does to untangling (or, for that matter, *establishing*) its plot.

Yet in a film in which no one - including co-stars Julia Ormond and Neal McDonough - has ever come off worse, there is one topnotch performance in the film, and it's given by the color blue. The color blue, in this movie, is really something. Shaded somewhere between cobalt and periwinkle, it appears here in the form of roses, outfits, surgical gloves, artwork, cars, cell phones, and even film dissolves ... it's prominent in every scene, and it's always believable. For months, I was looking for a shirt that color and was never able to find one. It was probably out filming.