Swordfish (Intro)

Paul Oakenfold

You know what the problem with Hollywood is?
They make shit.
Unbelievable, unremarkable shit.
Now I'm not some grungy wannabe filmmaker
that's searching for existentialism
through a haze of bong smoke or something.
No, it's easy to pick apart bad acting, short-sighted directing,
and a purely moronic stringing together of words that many of the studios term as "prose".
No, I'm talking about the lack of realism.
Realism; not a pervasive element in today's modern American cinematic vision.
Take Dog Day Afternoon, for example.
Arguably Pacino's best work, short of Scarface and Godfather Part 1, of course.
Masterpiece of directing, easily Lumet's best.
The cinematography, the acting, the screenplay, all top-notch.
But... they didn't push the envelope.
Now what if in Dog Day, Sonny really wanted to get away with it?
What if - now here's the tricky part - what if he started killing hostages right away? No mercy, no quarter.
"Meet our demands or the pretty blonde in the bellbottoms gets it the back of the head." Bam, splat!
What, still no bus? Come on! How many innocent victims splattered across a window would it take to have the city reverse its policy on hostage situations? And this is 1976; there's no CNN, there's no CNBC, there's no internet!
Now fast forward to today, present time, same situation.
How quickly would the modern media make a frenzy over this?
In a matter of hours, it'd be biggest story from Boston to Budapest!
Ten hostages die, twenty, thirty; bum bum, one after another.
All caught in high-def, computer-enhanced, color corrected.
You can practically taste the brain matter.
All for what? A bus, a plane?
A couple of million dollars that's federally insured?
I don't think so. Just a thought. I mean, it's not within the realm of conventional cinema but what if?

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