

YOU MUST BE OLDER THAN AN INTERN TO READ THIS MATERIAL



WE ARE INTERNS! THUNDERING HOTTIES

The spring of 2006 marks a very special and important event in the competitive business of big budget feature filmmaking: the arrival of the "Thundering Hotties" of Marshall University, West Virginia. These eager young interns from Marshall, long known for its academic prowess, proud football tradition and leggy co-eds, represent the most remarkable film incentive concept ever introduced to the relatively short (and remarkably strange) history of public municipalities giving money to private industry.

While many states have sought to construct elaborate financial rebates to attract business from major studios, legislators in West Virginia brainstormed on an alternative that didn't involve complicated math (accountants are considered 'bad luck' in West Virginia). Since the principal export of West Virginia is bituminous coal, early incentive concepts centered around the exchange of coal and coal-related products. Fortunately (for us), today's modern studio system has been all but weaned from coal-fired filmmaking (the only holdout being 20th Century Fox) and the plan was soon scrapped in favor of West Virginia's second-largest export: really, really, really, really, really, really hot women. Really.

We at the LowTide like have been referring to these bright-eyed, bushy-tailed young ladies as "Mountain Mommas" and "Girls Who Should Use Bikini Wax To Tame Down Their Bushy Tails". We were forced, however, to stop using the latter appellation and adopt more accurate descriptions like "Women Who Throw Hot Coffee In Our Face" and "Young Ladies Who Refuse To Sit In Our Lap" and ultimately "Really Hot Girls Who Spray Mace In Our Eyes For Mentioning Their Bushy Bits In Our Sad Little Foray Into Publishing". There is apparently a trick to chatting up West Virginia's sexiest export, a trick we're yet to learn.

The effect of the "Thundering Hotties" on Georgia's film industry has been immediate and far-reaching. While no


Producers would agree to meet with one our reporters (as we forgot to send them an invitation) several grips have reportedly begun wearing clean T-shirts, looser fitting undergarments and a mysterious alcohol-based cocotion loosely analagous to cologne.

The incidence of extended periods of hugging and sexy back rubs is as high as it ever was in the huggy-rubby mid-90's, and that's not even counting what's happening in the hair & makeup trailer. Of late, rumors are flying that members of the camera department have been seen behaving like perfect little gentlemen; perfect little gentlemen with sour dispositions and single-minded devotion to their cameras, but perfect little gentlemen nonetheless.

So what is it about these interns that has our hearts all a-flutter? Could it be their perky smiles? Their come-fluff-me haircuts? Their tight little knee socks or their thong-revealing short-shorts? Sure, it could be that they exhibit some real filmmaking talent, but talent doesn't sell LowTides Jim m'lad, it's sex that sells LowTides.

And speaking of sex, the LowTide feels that it is our duty to urge Georgia's lawmakers to heed West Virginia's example and craft a hottie squad of our own to compete with the girls of Marshall University. In fact, we the staff of the LowTide hereby volunteer to single-handedly research what makes these girls tick.

If you are a "Thundering Hotty" the LowTide would like you to come, singly or in pairs, to sit for an interview on a comfortable couch in a darkened corner of a nice club in downtown Atlanta. Please, wear something intern-ish. We're willing to pay.



Camera Department intern Sherri Leger enjoys filmmaking, tailgate parties, loading thousand foot mags and has the unique talent of making anything she wears look edible. Sherri is the reason that young men matriculate in film school (if "matriculate" is the dirty word we're thinking of...).



Drewprops, Founder/CEO
LowTide Enterprises, Inc.
 A Division of Drewprops Heavy Industries

I've recently been made aware of attempts by producers to create spirit-lifting, hilarity-infused on-set publications in the grand style of the LowTide. From what I've observed these LowTide knock-offs are, quite frankly, very badly made, employing pedestrian humor and poorly researched fictional references. These "Faux Tides" do not engage in the use of running gags, their photographs are not photoshopped into impossibly hilarious exaggerations of reality, they do not feature hand-made saddle-stitching and, most egregiously, they exhibit exceedingly poor page layout; I was not in fact aware that Pong was still being used for desktop publishing.

While it's difficult for me to take time away from the multi-national corporation bearing my name just to edit the LowTide, I feel that it is my duty to continue the proud tradition of this beloved industry journal into the future - even as I move far afield from the challenging-but-thankless work of putting wristwatches on actors and into the even more challenging-but-thankless world of express FedEx'ing my scripts to highly placed friends at New Line Cinema only to find out that they are not yet quite as highly placed as my empire-building needs require.

Many people inquire as to what drives me to publish the LowTide year after year. Is it the joy I experience as production grinds to a halt when the LowTides are issued to the crew for the first time? Absolutely! Is it the panicky fifteen minute freakout that producers experience as they scramble to figure out if the LowTide has in any way compromised the secrecy of their film? Oh hells yeah! But the truth is that I only publish the LowTide for one reason: the boobies.

Man does I love me some boobies. Big ones, small ones, fat ones, tall ones. Oh the stories I could tell you about the boobies. Unfortunately the addition of those stories would make this edition of the LowTide much larger. And rounder. And more pokey in the front part. So, best to leave them out for now. However, if you have enjoyed this special back-from-retirement "We Are Interns" edition of the LowTide be sure to drop a couple of boobies in my tip jar.

Your Pal,

DREWPROPS

WIRE | **BREAKING NEWS**

Canadian Extras Make Bold Move : Colonizing Other Crafts

Playing the part of a movie extra in a crowd scene, long the purview of socially disaffected Americans, will become a thing of the past if studios have their way with the industry. At a recent gathering for the Guild of Atmosphere Players, Phillip Watley, Guild President, spoke out harshly against the practice of using inflatable people for crowd scenes in the recent filming of "We Are Interns", saying that these rubberized people are taking seats away from living people who might have wanted to sit in one place for eight hours in the broiling sunshine so that they might watch the filming of a feature film.



Unseen in these numbers for over fifty years, the Canadian Extras are once again sweeping across the soundstages in majestic herds of rubber and vinyl.

Americans, to sit in the stands and watch a film being shot. These 'Canadian Extras' are taking food and water, wait, not food or water, um, air - yes AIR! They are taking AIR away from people who could be performing the same task!"

While the grand majority of people would write Mr. Watley off as batty, other affiliated unions are beginning to pay

attention to his warning cry - but is it already too late?

"If they can take the jobs of the idiots who sit in the stands all day and night then yes, perhaps they could take away some of our jobs," says a labor relations professional who requested anonymity. Indeed, it looks as if a push is on by the studios to do just that.

The LowTide has been supplied with photographic evidence smuggled from the set of "We Are Interns" showing that Canadian Extras have indeed infiltrated the working crafts. In these grainy photographs you can see that a Canadian Extra has taken the job of operating condors from an able-bodied electrician, taunting the non-Canadians with a sign that



Have Canadian extras crossed the line by taking jobs from condor-operators? Next thing you know they'll be producing!

reads "Dummies Don't Need No Water!". Will this chilling display of Canadianism spread into more crafts?

The LowTide calls for vigilance! Poke that sleeping gaffer, prod that passed-out set-dresser, make sure that they're not made of rubber and full of hot air.

The Writers Guild of America is already preparing its members for professional "profiling".

"We are claiming our rightful place as space occupying

Sexy 2nd 2nd Reported To Sport Terrifically Talented Tongue ~



Second 2nd Director **Hillary Schwartz** arrived a month had begun on "We Are Interns" but she quickly earned the respect of the her winning womanly figure and her terrifying ability to foretell the future using nothing more than her tongue.

Schwartz could frequently be seen wandering around basecamp with her eyes closed and her long, flexible tongue wagging in front of her like some obscene divining rod. Fear soon turned to respect when Hillary began forecasting inclement weather, the temperament of moody actors, dangerously recycled catering dishes and (most importantly) the time of wrap. Hillary's seemingly occult gift has meant faster, more efficient performance for many departments and trimmed entire days from the film's schedule.

Hillary, the great-granddaughter of a Sioux medicine man and a French underwear model, exhibits the classic traits of a condition that paranormalists call "glossopharyngeal fortuna" (fortunate tongue), referring to someone with her gift as a "future lick" or a "French Futurist" (a term strongly disapproved of by the President of the Future French Futurists of America, Alec Baldwin).

The editors of the LowTide believe that Hillary's tongue should be explored. You know, for science.

And stuff.

HAIRDRESSING *Secrets* OF PHILLIP IVEY



Practitioners of the art of the coiffure are among Hollywood's most highly respected players, easily making or breaking careers with a snip of their scissors. The LowTide turned to Key Hair Stylist Phillip Ivey, better known as "Mr. P", to find out what role hair played in the real life story behind the production of "We Are Interns".

LowTide: Thanks for agreeing to do this interview Mr. P!

Mr. P: What interview? What is this for again Drew?

LowTide: Well, um, it's a story... thing.

Mr. P: As long as it's not going to be on the internet I can tell you about Matthew Foxxx and Matthew McConaHAAYYYY!!

LowTide: Hey, WHAT?

Mr. P: Over there, there's Matthew in the green shirt!

LowTide: Which Matthew? Mathew Fox or Matthew McConaugh-

Mr. P: HAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY--

LowTide: Which...

Mr. P: HAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!

LowTide: ...one?

Mr. P: Oh okay, now what did you say?

LowTide: Um, I forgot.

Mr. P: Hay.

LowTide: What?

Mr. P: It's pronounced Math-Yew Mick-Cah-Nuh-HAY.

LowTide: Yeah... yeah, I know.

Mr. P: Hay. Like "hay". You know? "HAY!"

LowTide: Okay?!

Mr. P: Wait, wait, he's looking back over here now. Wave.

LowTide: Wha?

Mr. P: Oh just wave dammit... wave and yell, like this....

HAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!

LowTide (waving): Um, weren't we going to do an interview?

Mr. P: Drew, look at me... do I look like an idiot? You're going to have to work on your funny little paper by yourself, I have work to do. Now help me yell at Matthew! Hay! HAY! Matthew! Matthew McConaHAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!

ADVERTISEMENT

DO YOU FEEL LONELY?

ARE YOU EVER BORED?

ARE YOU CONSTANTLY CONFUSED?

Loneliness, boredom, confusion: these are the early warning signs of being a Grip. If you, a friend or a family member exhibits any of these symptoms you should lie flat on your back, think about beer and seek attention as soon as you wake up. Try peeing in the street, that usually gets somebody's attention.

Even though I've left the world of props I still feel a strong connection to the department and wanted to check in with Assistant Propmaster Shawn Gray to see how "We Are Interns" was treating him and perhaps to pass along any football-related prop advice I might have left over from "Remember the Titans". By the time I arrived on location the crew was only just recovering from a wild thunderstorm that had shut production down for several hours. I met Shawn on the 50 Yard line of a very soggy football field, steam rising from the hot turf into the cooling night air. Surrounded by hundreds of unseeing Canadian extras*, I had no idea how surreal this interview would become...

LOST: And Foxy! on Location With Shawn, Buddy and Rusty



Shawn Gray spent a year working on the first season of the hit show "Lost" and remains a fan of the cast, the crew and the show itself. He enjoys discussing the island's many mysteries, like how expensive milk is at the grocery store.

The bigger the name, the fruitier they act. This guy though...

Shawn whirled and shoved his finger right underneath Buddy Hackett's nose and growled,

Shawn: Matthew, it's just a TELEVISION SHOW. There are no magnets, there are no polar bears, there's a 7-11 on the other side of the beach, the hatch is just a piece of plywood painted like metal and Sawyer is GAY.

Stunned silence.

LowTide: Sawyer is GAY!?!?

Shawn: (quietly) Of course not. I mean, I don't know. He could be, I mean, it doesn't matter, I was on a roll. I tossed gay in there to shut Matthew up. (Radio voice) "Chris props, for the love of all that is holy go to four..."

About that time I saw another guy wearing a shirt matching Buddy's walking in our direction from the sidelines. This guy had red hair and a buzz cut. He was smoking a cigarette and looking extremely pissed off. He looked like a "Rusty" if ever I saw one.

Rusty: Hey! Hey!

Shawn, Buddy and I looked back and forth at each other, trying to figure out which one of us Rusty was yelling at...

Rusty: You!

He was pointing at Buddy Hackett who suddenly looked extremely guilty. Sounded like it too.

Buddy: Whaaat?

Rusty: You stay the hell away from my trailer Tex!

Buddy: I was just looking for magnets and—

Rusty: I'm telling you, there are **All poor Buddy Hackett could talk about was "Lost", a very compelling documentary.**



LowTide: Thanks for taking time to give us an interview Shawn! First question: What do you feel are some of the differences between—

At that exact moment our interview was interrupted by a curly-haired guy I didn't recognize. He was dressed in a green shirt, had a big wad of dip in his mouth and nervously tossed a football whenever he spoke. He had close-set eyes and held his mouth sort of like Buddy Hackett. I made a mental note that I would in fact call him "Buddy" if I had to speak to him, which wasn't likely because it was apparent that Buddy had business with Shawn.

Buddy: Hey, so I left my watch up in my trailer, is that okay Shawn?

Shawn: Oh yeah, I'll ask Chris if he can go by and get it. (Radio voice) "Chris props, go to four..."

Buddy: Cooooo-bro... Hey, I've got it. It's magnets.

Shawn looked blankly at Buddy.

Shawn: What's magnets?

I decided this might be a good time to try joining the conversation.

LowTide: Hi, I'm with the LowTide and—

Buddy Hackett silenced me with a sharp hand gesture and leaned in conspiratorially toward Shawn.

Buddy: Magnets, dude. The island is run by magnets. Like one of those football games we had back in the seventies.... remember?

LowTide: Actually, I think those things ran off of a vibrator.

Buddy Hackett gave me the hand again, crammed more dip into his mouth and stared toward the end zone where the crew was emerging from underneath their pop-up tents.

Buddy: Shawn, this is important. If it's magnets that are running the island then that would explain the numbers that Hurley used to win the lottery.

Shawn: Uh-huh. (Radio voice) "Chris props, go to four..."

LowTide: Shawn, is Buddy talking about "Lost"?

Shawn: "Buddy"? You mean Matthew? Yeah, it's all he ever talks about. He's, like, the president of the Mathew Fox fan club or something. Hey, everything you told me about actors was totally right.

*For more about Canadian Extras turn to page 2

NO MAGNETS in my trailer!

Buddy: Hey man, I live in a trailer. There are magnets all over. Look on your mini-fridge.

Rusty: Screw my mini-fridge!

Buddy: And there are magnets in all the latches on your cabinets.

Rusty: Look, you just stay out of my trailer, ass crack! Got it?

We stood there for what seemed like five minutes as Buddy considered Rusty's request. Rusty took another puff of his cigarette and looked across the field to where the grips were trying to pry the techno crane out of the mud. On the sidelines a commotion broke out, centered around a small yellow dog furiously ripping the pants off of a lanky Teamster. It was Tim Lambert. Without warning Buddy Hackett lurched in the direction of Tim Lambert, screaming "He's one of the Others!" and "Light the Signal Fire!" and "Sawyer is gay!". Rusty turned his back on the action and finished his cigarette before stepping over to inspect Shawn, who was busily disassembling his radio with a Leatherman tool.

Rusty: Shawn, do you have any idea when they're going to start back to shooting?

Shawn: I heard that we're going to try in about forty minutes. Or maybe that's when we're having second meal, I honestly don't know what's happening around here anymore...

Shawn began whistling the theme from "The Great Escape" for a few minutes. Rusty seemed to understand and politely waited for Shawn to finish the song. Which he did. Five minutes later.

Shawn: Anyway, have you talked to anybody back on 'The Rock' since the season finale?

Rusty: Oh sure, as a matter of fact Terry sent me all of the scripts for Season Three last week. He found them buried in JJ's backyard at a cast party last month, you know how much he's into that stuff.

LowTide: Wait, Rusty, are you saying that you work on "Lost" too?

Rusty: Yeah, I play the... Hey Shawn, who is this guy over here wearing a mask?

Shawn: Oh that's just Drew—

LowTide: Shawn! Don't you mean "Well Rusty, that's a reporter from the LowTide"?

Shawn: Not so much, Drew.

Rusty: Who's "Rusty"? Oh, crap! Everybody hide, here comes McCona—

Buddy: Hey!!

Buddy Hackett trotted back up to us with a vicious little dog cradled in his arms like a baby, holding it out toward Rusty like an offering.

Buddy: Hey, did I show you my dog? I named her "Foxy", you know, after you.

Rusty stared at Buddy Hackett in disbelief.

Buddy: Remember our first movie together?

er? "My Boyfriend's Back" You played Buck Van Patten and I was Guy #2? Man I never dreamed I'd actually get to play opposite you in a bigtime movie!

Rusty: Matthew! Cut it out Dude! You're a big-time actor now, enough with the hero worship.

Buddy: Oh I'm not big time. All I've done are little B movies. I mean, the best love interest I ever had was that Peppermint Patty girl from "Candlehoe". And then she ran off and married some aliens. What kind of movie is that?? Come on, this is big time movie-making now, let me enjoy it!!

Rusty: Fine. Just leave me alone.

Buddy: Just one more question!

From five feet away I heard Rusty's teeth grating.

Rusty: What. Is. It.

Buddy: How did you get off that island?

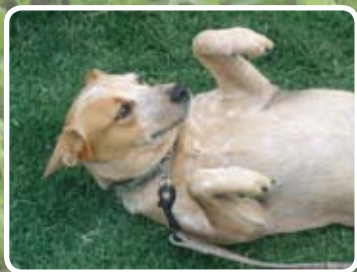
Foxy, upside down in Buddy's arms, began to pee. A ragged fountain whizzed in an arc up through the steamy night air, down onto Rusty's shoes. Without another word Rusty turned on his heels and walked off the field, leaving Shawn sitting in a puddle, smoking a cigarette, his radio in pieces on the ground around him.

Buddy: I have another question.

Shawn: I'd love to hear it Matthew.

Buddy: Why does Mr. P keep yelling my name and waving at me??

How I Would Get Off That Stupid Island By Foxy



Special guest author 'Foxy' shares her opinion on how to get everyone off the island on the ABC show 'Lost'.

Why people no get off stupid island? Because people stupid too. Foxy know this because people no feed Foxy french fries. Smart people know to feed Foxy french fries.

And why people no able

to catch monster? Because people too stupid to bark at monster. Foxy know that bark at monster make monster go away. Pee help too, monster no like pee. Sometime Foxy pee just in case monster is close. Pee help everything. One time Foxy pee in car. Man look like Buddy Hackett be very mad. He crazy about island where stupid people stay.

He rather watch stupid people on island than give Foxy hamburgers and hot dog on stick called 'corn dog'. This most perfect food for Foxy. Eat hot dog, then play with stick. This smartest food ever invented. Pretty

sure it invented by smart dog. But that trick question: all dogs smart. Why not people on island scratch bellies of people named Others? Make them lay down and go sleep. Then they find Walt and take boat. Walt is smart. Walt like dog. Dog is smartest one on island. Dog know to bark at monster. Dog know that big man Hurley have best food and that Korea man have fresh fish. When dog am really hungry dog eat fish (but hold nose).

Foxy miss all people on interns movie. They are not all dumb. Some people know scratch Foxy's belly.

Editor make Foxy re-type last paragraph to tell how get off stupid island. Have more airplane crash on island. Have Joey from Friends be in new airplane. Joey be like new Gilligan. Him make bamboo car for Hobbit man and coco-nut bra for big man Hurley. Him make everybody laugh and forget they on island, that way they not in pain when show cancelled in quietness like last show Joey in called 'Joey'. That be very smart way get off island and everybody blame Joey for it and everybody keep working. Foxy know Hollywood baby!

LITTLE'S WOMEN



When the production "We Are Interns" rolled into West Virginia, every crew member was provided with housing, per diem and an intern to use as they saw fit. As noted in our cover story, the interns from West Virginia have had a positive impact on the course of contemporary feature filmmaking but, as with any feel good story, there's a seamy underside and like any bottom-feeding tabloid, the LowTide likes to be there when that seamy underside is exposed.

Our intrepid reporters have uncovered evidence that David Little, the camera truck 'operator' (who eschews the pedestrian title of 'driver'), quickly realized that there was no system in place to prevent a person such as himself from signing up for more than one intern, so he kept stepping back into line.

One hour and 25 interns later Mr. Little unhitched his rig and drove off into the wild and woolly West Virginia mountains with a crew of Marshall's Finest Debutantes, ostensibly to shoot some "2nd Unit" footage for the film. The LowTide has discovered that Little has posted clips from that shoot onto his MySpace account and

we would like to issue a strong caution to anyone interested in viewing them: these clips contain images of scantily clad interns eating glazed doughnuts, drinking coffee, telling off-color jokes, relaxing in folding chairs, chocking truck tires and polishing their hoods. Well, they were polishing something, it was kind of out of focus.

Angry parents have been calling the production office non-stop in attempts to determine if their daughters were among "Little's Women". Operator Little has remained tight-lipped in regard to this incident and the crew of the camera department have given him their full support. Not unexpectedly, his former interns have been more forthcoming.

Katie Bendover, one of Little's "interns" says, "Oh well, we still learned a lot of stuff about lights and cameras but not so much about action. You know he's kind of old and that thing about his last name? Well, it just wouldn't be right for me to tell you that it was. True, you know. About his *thing*, you know, being little?"

Joey McG Gets The Last McLaugh

How does Joey McGinty, director of star-studded special effects extravaganzas like "Charlies Angels" and "We Are Interns" recharge his spiritual batteries between bigtime film jobs? Vacation in Borneo with Lucy Liu? Clubbing with Drew Barrymore? Drunken 3am bongo parties with Matthew McCona--

"Hey! I work at a fast food restaurant," says McGinty, better known to his film friends as "McG".

Long a fan of fast cars and faster women, McGinty found himself squandering every director's paycheck buying Hot Wheels cars and Playboy magazines, ending up poorer than before he'd started shooting the movie. McGinty's Uncle Minty suggested to his nephew that he might actually get to **see** fast cars and **meet** fast women if he could work the pickup window at a fast food restaurant with the added bonus that it would get him out in the fresh air, away from the modeling cement. Joey decided to give it a shot and says that it's the best thing that ever happened to him.

"Yep, my beat is the Mickle-o-D's on Wilshire, over near Brentwood. A lot of fine ladies pull through my window, if you know what I mean. They like my Whopper."

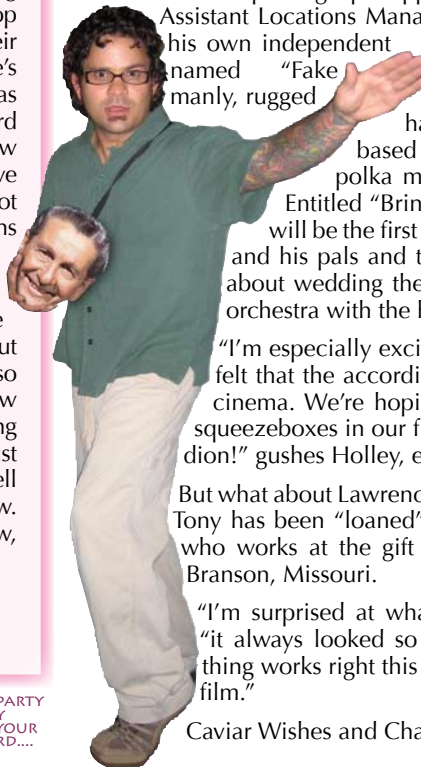
When reminded that McDonald's trademark hamburger is the Big Mac McGinty snarled, "It's just a bit to fill up space in your stupid newsletter that I've never even heard of before!! Do you want this interview or don't you???"



Tony Holley Presents

BRING ME THE HEAD OF LAWRENCE WELK

When he's not picking up drippy bags of garbage in the dark at 4am, Assistant Locations Manager Tony Holley can be found shooting his own independent films with an avant-garde film co-op named "Fake Wood Wallpaper". Inspired by all the manly, rugged football action of "We Are Interns", Tony



has proposed that his group's next film be based on his three lifelong passions: football, polka music and films featuring severed heads. Entitled "Bring Me The Head of Lawrence Welk", this will be the first feature length musical attempted by Tony and his pals and they're looking for advice on how to go about wedding the up-tempo music of Welk's champagne orchestra with the hard-hitting action of the gridiron.

"I'm especially excited about the music because I've always felt that the accordion has been under-utilized in American cinema. We're hoping to use one of Myron Floren's actual squeezeboxes in our film. That man was a wizard at the accordion!" gushes Holley, every bit the fan.

But what about Lawrence Welk's head? No worries there, friends, Tony has been "loaned" a lifecast of Welk's head from a friend who works at the gift shop of the Lawrence Welk Showcase Branson, Missouri.

"I'm surprised at what a small head he had," notes Holley, "it always looked so big on our old television set. If everything works right this will be the definitive severed head Welk film."

Caviar Wishes and Champagne Dreams, young Tony!!



THE LOWTIDE IS SPONSORING A "DOUBLE-SECRET" CREW-ONLY WRAP PARTY AT TRADER VICS ON JUNE 24TH BEGINNING AT 7PM. PLEASE NOTE: BY SPONSORING WE MEAN "ORGANIZING", NOT "PAYING FOR" SO BRING YOUR OWN MONEY TO BUY YOUR OWN FOOD AND DRINKS. SPREAD THE WORD....

TOM MEYERS: *Whine Awl Els Fayles You Cane Wurf In The Movees*



Tom Meyers goes back to compete in the Madison Bee every year. "Sure, it's a little embarrassing to go up against 7th graders, but it's all about the spelling, man. This is my dream."

Becoming a Production Designer was the last thing on Tom Meyer's agenda as a 7th Grader at the success-oriented Rose-Silverberg Spelling Academy in Madison, Wisconsin. Young Tom had only one thing in mind: becoming a world champion speller. Unfortunately, Tom had a rather serious problem: spelling.

The LowTide received a nice long email from someone claiming to be Tom Meyer though we have no proof and promptly "lost" the email). Except for having copied it down below:

"Okay, the way it iz, when you are not a good speler it is very hard four you to do vary good in a speling bea. But I was very deturmunt to do good becaws I like speling more than anythink elsz in the whole world because I do'nt no why."

"Beeng a very tall boy in my clas it was really hard form me two not been notice by othur peple when I stud up to spell!!"

"Alsew I hat a beerd at a really yung aj. Maybee the wurse prablum waz that I have reel short arms an nun ov my sleeves war short enouf too stop

me from lookyn lyke I waz to tall. What efer yuw thank the problem is, I hat a real bat time in schoel".

"Butt I tryt to go efery yeer too the spelingg bee becaws I lykt it sew mujch."

"After we realized that I hat a problum with speling I startet two lern hawh too draw because you d'ont haf two now how two spelll when you ar drawink."

"I haf only bene dong thise four a kuppel of munthes, I akchly hyred miy dekrater fram a Targget bekuas shi is gud with kieping peple busi whil I thank ov nuw stuf two du ant shi noes how to spel gude."

"I haf won think that I cawl my 'speling mayntanunse' drille. My cruise d'o'nt gnou that I am a bad speler so thay just do what I am teling them. Just because they have workt on more movez then me dosnt' mein that I ca'nt mayk them jump whin I won't them too. Pretindink to be a good speler iz my 'secrete plan'. I cawl it my 'Master Storke'!"

TED SAPP: *Brain Freeze Results in Dismissal*

Grip Department dayplayer Ted Sapp is said to have been astonished at the number of beautiful young women on the set of "We Are Interns" and insisted on following a few around the entire day slurping on a multi-colored popsicle and yelling "Like THIS!! Like THIS!!! To the ORANGE!!". Producers quickly sent Sapp home "to think about what you've done". The next day Sapp claimed no memory of the incident, saying that he had done a lot of "really hard thinking" the night before and that he might have been suffering from "brain freeze".



JOHNNY POUCHER: *Mistake Leads to Album*

A lot of people don't know that prop truck driver Johnny Poucher is a very literal man. When Johnny recently complained of being taken for granted by the prop department one of his fellow drivers suggested that Johnny make them aware of everything that he does for them. "You gotta blow your own horn sometimes if you want people to sit up and notice you Johnny," explained Royce Taffar. The next thing everyone knew, Johnny had gone out and purchased himself some marching band equipment. Over the course of the following week Johnny was single-handedly responsible for 132 retakes due to his incessant playing of "Lady of Spain", "Raiders of the Lost Ark" and the love theme from "Car Wash".



Eventually his gambit paid off: the prop department expressed their appreciation to Johnny for all his hard work and a visiting record producer signed him as a new act. Look for his first album in July, the tour begins in November.

Did You Know?

A few things you may have missed while working on "We Are Interns"....

For the first three weeks of shooting Sript Supervisor Gail Hunter's pet name for Director McG was "that loud guy over there".

The production company ran out of film in the seventh week of filming. From that point forward the camera guys would pretend to roll cameras just to make the actors feel better. Paul Varrieur was only pretending to be grouchy the entire time!

Editor Priscilla Friendly? Not so friendly. Spill coffee in her lap and she gets downright brusque.

There were only two props in this entire movie, both of them footballs!!

There is some truth to the rumor that costumer Drew Fuller had his hands inside the cheerleaders' underthings. No photographic proof has been provided to us yet. We're waiting.

That one girl on set? You know, the one who was really hot? She likes me. Oh yeah, she was totally macking on me.

CELEBRATION

Happy Birthday To Taylor Knight



Retired set-dresser Jaye Walker writes in to remind us that today is Taylor Knight's 3,467th birthday, don't forget to sing to her today!

McClellan Wins Condor Award



Congratulations to Mister David McClellan who was recently awarded the prestigious Condor Award by a group of his peers. The selection committee noted that David's selection was due to his "hard work, clever banter and ability to go long hours without evacuating his bowels".

Gary Would Love To Show You His Stick



Have you seen Gary's stick? For weeks Gary has been fiddling with his stick on-set, concentrating on writing the phrase "We Are Interns : Grip Department" onto it with indelible ink, and later, Gary could be seen sitting on sidelines, carefully scraping his stick with a dull utility knife. Ever safety conscious, Gary is always careful to carve away from himself so that he won't damage his pride and joy. "Here, you wanna touch it?"

Miracle of Poop : "I Seen Elvis in the Honeywagon!"



Did the ghost of Elvis Presley really visit Honeywagon Driver Roy Rogers one evening or was it something far stranger? If only honeywagon seats could talk, maybe they could tell us how to fish our celloppones back out of the tank.

Honeywagon Driver Roy Rogers is not the kind of person who believes in spirits from beyond or in little green men from Mars, which makes his recent claim to have seen Elvis in his honeywagon all the more fantastic. Though Roy has worked in the "honey" business for longer than he can recall, this is the first time that he's ever had a visitation from beyond inside the stall of a honeywagon.

"Sure, I've seen some wild stuff in there before... I mean, I've smelled some things that would make you think that you'd run into a monster... especially if Jeff Becker's been in there. But man, this wasn't just any monster poop, it was a Gospel-singin' Karate-kickin' Houndog-Scoldin' Elvis poop from the Great Beyond!!"

Not unexpectedly, the experts are voicing their doubts.

"It simply doesn't live up to a Class 7 encounter, and for it to have happened in a non Memphis-related environment," sighs famed Elvisologist, Vivian Losvega, "I'm sorry but Elvis hasn't gone on tour in a long, long time."

Acknowledging the absurdity of his claim, Rogers himself has begun questioning the supernatural nature of his encounter with the "King of Poop". Displaying scientific skepticism worthy of controversial zoologist Richard Dawkins, reputed to be a frequent pooper, Roy Rogers has re-staged the encounter with Elvis in order to shed light on the phenomenon that might have caused Mr. Presley to appear in the honeywagon in the first place. With the assistance of the Special Effects department (who were very excited at the chance to actually do something), Roy now leads daily tours of the men's wing of the honeywagon every day right after Teamster lunch.

While some Teamsters have described Roy's guided tours as nothing more than a "tourist trap" there are others who support him though they are quick to add that "this is a very inconvenient time to have visitors Drew, please shut the stall door and let me finish my business".

Regardless of which side of the stall people fall on the issue of Roy's guided tours, everyone can agree that this unexpected apparition of Elvis may provide a means to

answer a question that has haunted and divided Elvis fans in the years since his death: Did the man actually die while on the toilet?

The LowTide was curious enough about Elvis' poop to sign up for Roy's tour (a mere snip at \$2) and get the whole "poup" on "Evlis" as the poorly spelled, hand-written sign taped to the door stated. At tour time, this reporter was the only person in line so Roy offered me the "deluxe" tour for an additional dollar. The selling point? We would be allowed to sit in the Elvis stall!

To create a sense of realism Roy suggested that we actually simulate pooping, a suggestion to which I can assure you came as a **great** relief to *this* reporter owing to the fact that a 10-200 was the original reason I had set about finding the honeywagon in the first place. As we "simulated" pooping, Roy narrated...

"Okay, so I was sitting in this stall and somebody, or something, was sitting on the toilet that you're sitting on right now... right?"

I grunted out an inquiry as to what day Roy had first sighted Elvis.

"Well, as a matter of fact it was that night you came by here to drop off some license plates on set, you remember that Drew?"

Oh yes, the same afternoon I'd had the bad egg salad sandwich, how could I forget? Unfortunately my attention was focused on one thing and I couldn't answer Roy right away. He took that as his cue to continue telling his story.

"So then I heard him start singing." "Siiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiing?" I howled.

I was having a hard time with the turkeyburger from lunch which Roy must've noticed because he said, "Yeah, he was making a noise like you're making right now! It was just like that!!"

I was in a real spot of trouble and Roy's narration was getting louder and more excited to match my discomfort. At one point in my struggles he yelled "Oh hey man, that's exactly what he said next! He said 'Oh Momma!' over and over and over, just like you're doing now!!"

Between ragged breaths I tried to tell Roy that the interview was over but the ability to speak had left me entirely, all I could manage was a shaky rocking back and forth motion, a fruitless attempt to find some leverage. I madly jabbed my left leg around, trying to find something to press against.

"That's it!! Then he started dancing like that, I could never forget that leg twitch!! Classic Elvis!!!"

Suffice to say that the mystery of Elvis in the Honeywagon has been solved by your intrepid (and spastic colonized) LowTide reporting staff. The only thing we got for our troubles was a hunk-a, hunk-a burning and itching.

Mercy, Momma.



Film-GA Plates Can SAVE YOUR LIFE!

New studies indicate that people who own Film-GA license plates are smarter, funnier, better-looking and more-likely to have successful romantic adventures than those who did not. Conversely, those who do not buy Film-GA license plates tended to experience terrible, life-changing calamities.

Philbert McAdoo of Westchester, Pennsylvania, did not buy a Film-GA license plate and ten minutes later an Alco DS-701 diesel locomotive fell out of a clear blue sky onto his brand new Corvette.

Mrs. Odoku Menomi of Abuja, Nigeria, neglected to purchase a Film-GA



license plate when presented with the opportunity and her husband's government was overthrown and she was forced to seek assistance in moving

over \$21 million out of the country from strangers via email. Poor woman.

Fortunately, you have the opportunity to avoid the incredibly unlikely outcome that Fate has in store for you for the paltry sum of \$20 (if you are a single woman between the age of 25 and 35 there may be a five minute "hug tax", darned IRS rules). Just imagine the looks you'll get when you drive around town with your Film-GA plate on your car!!! Everyone will be GREEN with envy!!!!

ROLL THE CREDITS....

This edition of the LowTide would not have been possible without all of you strange people. I especially appreciate all the folks (like Drew Ponder) who leapt to the rescue to cover me the day that grownups started asking "who's that guy over there with a camera?"

Special thanks go to all the people who were trusting enough to pose for me and to the interns of Marshall University, without whom this issue of the LowTide would have been at a loss for a theme.

Please report any errors you find in this issue to one of the members of my staff, not to me directly as I'm only an editor.

If you've enjoyed this edition of the LowTide go out and give some money to that charity that you keep forgetting. Even easier, put some food in your local food bank, a lot of grocery stores still have places you can put food (peanut butter's always a good contribution!).

Drop by my site when you're really bored! www.drewprops.com