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Learn more Edit Sam Reide has the ability to travel back in time and work with police departments to solve unresolved crimes, witness events with the support of her sister, Jenna Reide and report the identity of the criminal to detective Dan Glenn. When Elizabeth Brown, the sister of her ex-boyfriend Rebecca Brown who was murdered a few years ago visited her, she told him that she had just found Rebecca's journal with evidence that Lonnie Flenmons, who was charged with murder was innocent. Sam decides to witness Rebecca's murder and her disorder affect the future. He travels back in time to try to correct his mistakes, but every time he returns, the future is in worse shape. Written by Claudio Carvalho, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil Plot Summary | Plot Synopsis Taglines: Death repeats itself. Crime | Sci-Fi | Thriller Certificates: 18 | See all certifications » Parent's Guide: See content advisor » Edit All bar scenes (including murder scenes) filmed at Grand Trunk Pub Foran, one of the oldest pubs still operating in the city of Detroit. One of the unique facts about Foran is that the famous magician, Harry Houdini, keeps an office in the basement of the pub. See more » When Vicki and Sam have sex, they are supposed to be naked however, there is a brief glimpse of Vicki's thong, which appears and disappears in a few shots. See more » [first row] Mom in the Park: All right, Josh. Time to go. See more » Fiesta Written and Performed by Miklos Malek Courtesy of Malek Music (SESAC) See more » User Reviews Edit Release Date: July 31, 2009 (Brazil) See more » Also Known As: Butterfly Effect 3 - Die Offenbarung See more » Detroit, Michigan, USA See more » Edit Budget:\$4.5 million Cumulative Worldwide Gross: \$708,152 See more on IMDbPro » After dark movies , BenderSpink, FilmEngine See more » Runtime : 90 minutes | Aspect Ratio 105 minutes (European Film Market) : 2.35 : 1 View full technical specifications » 龙跑龙套了\$茫,\$了\$茫 我始终不相信网上所说小女孩回去纵火的说法,不符合规律。 穿越者只能回到过去的自己身上。 而没出生的年代自己可能是一颗精子,拿什么去放火?我写了我的观点,大多数来自网上我认同的说法,加了一些自己的想象。 大家看看。 我智... (展古) 804 52 175 ex应收收收收 Ex.com story is about a man who tries to uncover the mysterious death of his girlfriend and rescue an innocent man from the death chamber in the process, using his unique powers for time travel. But in an attempt to do this, he also frees a spiteful serial killer. Keyword Plot: fire, recession, diary, time travel, murder, bear trap, bathtub, see Director GrossmanWriterHolly Dark Film, BenderSpink, FilmEngineProduction CountryUnited States of AmericaSpoken LanguageEnglish The Butterfly Effect 3: Butterfly Effect Revelation 3: Butterfly Effect Revelation 3 - Wahyu Efeito Borboleta 3: Revelação Pillangó-hatás 3: Jelenések Butterfly Effect, 03 Butterfly Effect 3 Revelation, Butterfly Effect 3 - Revelation, А ефект бабочки 3, Butterfly Effect 3, Butterfly Effect 3: Revelation, Butterfly Effect 3: Revelation 848x480 4000x2000 4000x2000 1353x766 1024x576 1024x576 1920x1080 1920x1080 1920x1080 1920x1080 1438x809 1288x2164 1920x1080 1920x1080 1920x1080 1920x1080 1438x809 1438x809 1364x767 底律 1353x766 1353x766 resing 24x576 1024x576 1024x576 1024x576 Overview: The Butterfly Effect Saga began in 2004 with a thriller that critics used for target practice, perhaps because it was expected they considered Ashton Kutcher to be a more interesting character than stoner with pubeface. But now michigan's desperate economy is allowing an entire mini-series to be produced there for the cost of an Extra Value Meal, why let cinematic magic end??? Director: Seth Grossman, 2009Boness For: Just knowing that there's someone in Hollywood coked enough to want Butterfly Effect 3 makes me smile. There's also a bear trap. Case Against: The fact the industry assumes it would be profitable to produce Butterfly Effect 3 does not bode well for the future of humanity. Creepy Points bonus for making a sisterfucking plot twist is somehow predictable. Hey soup I'm the moral authority in this movie. For some lucky people living in an anti-idiot bunker, each Butterfly Effect movie deals with a white boy traveling with a magical time desperate to get his way, usually in the form of a vagina. The franchise gimmick is that whenever these indigo kids mess up the of the past, it really and seems to randomly change the scenario in the present. This is a phenomenon that can theoretically occur in time travel (NERDS BORED: click here!) but is wisely ignored by everyone but comic-con participants. Why? Because unless your screenwriter is, you know, actually talented, it only serves to make storytelling that much more complicated, requiring excruciating exposition sequences after each relentless flashback. Fortunately for bloated producers everywhere, this is a great way to burn the film stock for 90 minutes without having to do the pesky task of coming up with interesting or meaningful material. Consumers seem to be too ADHD these days to notice that the terrible movie in CRAZY CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER is still really, really bad. I was hoping Butterfly Effect 3 would be a very bad case-it-good, but as entertaining and thrilling as zipping off to an alternate dimension to to paint dry. We were introduced to an obnoxious frat boy named Sam Was this the face of a murderer??? who can travel on time through a magical bathtub, which is never explained remotely but treats us to some look of the actor's nipple fuzz. We learned there was a killer on the loose who cut a lot of sexy women's movies, and that Sammy has gone back in time in an attempt to fix this. But the more he went back in time, the worse the murders seemed to happen! The big elephants that are retarded in the room are: DOES SAM KILL PEOPLE?!?!?! Of course not! the script practically screams into every one of the audience holes, we think Sam is a super cool guy, despite his many tirades of shouting and whining and passive aggression! I think he can do it, I guess. Maybe. So many people die in ketchup-smeared gorefests that I'm not entirely sure which murder he's accused of at some point, which doesn't matter because every five seconds someone different is alive again! Even if he's not the killer, death is his own fault for being one of the most idiotic selfish protagonists I've ever seen. Here's an actual, roughly paraphrased exchange of dialogue:Wise Bearded Fat Man: Hey brah don't go change things in the past because it makes bad things happen a bunch of you've caused at this point! Sam: (squinting with the intensity of hemorrhoid induction) But what if I... BACK IN TIME??? That'll make things better, really??? Things, astounding, don't get better. Page 2Not sad, Glenn! The other black characters in the movie don't even get names! That wouldn't be a big deal, if it wasn't set in FUCKING DETROIT. I could have complained more about the script or the acting or the fact the cast and crew didn't take part in a guilt-driven mass suicide - but I wouldn't. Because of course Butterfly Effect 3 doesn't try to be a good movie. It's trying to be a cheaply done movie, a quickly produced bad movie, in the hope that enough people will drunkenly stumble to 7-11 and accidentally grab it instead of Saw 98 for producers to make a profit. One thing I've noticed is that the film makes a lot of hamfisted efforts to the lowest common denominator court with a blatant blanket - an appeal approach, trying to take on a group of demographics. Let's celebrate some diversity! Appeal to men: Every woman ever wants to have sex with you, especially your sister! Also, there are some very classy pornography that involves a glass table that you really shouldn't click if you're or with your grandmother (unless of course she also wants to have sex with you, in which case go get 'em a tiger!). Attractive to women: Strong female characters who have many dynamic personality traits, including butnotlimited to a) wanting to have sex with the protagonist and b) die. Also when Sam can't get a mistake with his after a night of heavy drinking, they immediately accused her of being gay, just like any modern woman! You're gay. Appealing to black people: Hey, do you guys miss playing busboy in every movie and/or being blown up with a high-pressure fire hose? Well how about a nice dose of this kind of racial casting to bring back warm memories of the good old days! Seriously, if you can't write a black character who's not a fat bald detective or a harpy spewing crazy ebonik, just set up your fucking scenario in Sweden.Appeal to misogynists: Okay, i know from a decade of hanging out here that a guy can pretty much prance around in a tutu made of skinned whore and the Internet will nod his collective approval, provided he's over 8 pounds But when a movie has a very detailed depiction of a woman crying and screaming as her entrails are paid dabbling while heavy metal blares as if it were the most badass thing since steroid abuse, it's so creepy. Unless, of course, that bitch won't post breasts. Appealing to neckbeards: The soundtrack is similar to the bad Japanese roleplaying game around 1996.And there you have it. At the height of a stuttering monologue that acted as the film's dramatic finale, the character giggled, Wow, this is very Scooby Doo, isn't it? Comparing himself to a boring cartoon that uses two-frame animation with plot twists an eight-year-old can tell is the smartest thing he's ever done. But why am I pointing this at you? This is Christumping Butterfly Effect 3, for fuck's sake. Plot-8Acting-9Special Effects-5Directing-6Music / Sound-6Overall-34— Eileen Raptor Red StahlPage 3Overview: Badass Navy SEALs ends on a deserted South China Sea island that looks suspiciously like Traverse City, Michigan. There, they have to do battle with terrorists, dinosaurs, and terrorist dinosaurs while exploring their deepest feelings in an unwavering monotony. Director: Stanley Isaacs, 2004The Case For: This time, I was able to review a bad action-packed movie so I could describe it in an entertaining way instead of whining about how it put me to sleep! Case Against: Most actions consist of falling things, then describe how they fall in the order of a 10-minute dialogue. Celebrate diversity! Or not. Like a good suburban white kid with six-year-old maturity, I love dinosaurs. They are lean, they mean, and they have consistently high output levels of blood 'n' guts. Unfortunately, the titular raptor on Raptor Island is not the most threatening bad guy on this side of Blue's Clues. They're basically dinos ripoffs Park, only with Spielberg smashed out of his ass and using the turok 2 game machine. So I was left enjoying the gripping plot of the film, which begins with some boats exploding and getting off there. For the first part of the film, our island luau is divided into two groups: Navy navy and rogue evil terrorists. The terrorists are easy enough to distinguish from the heroes; they speak in an exaggerated Russian/Middle Eastern accent that no one on God's Green Earth really has, but identifies their home country as TERRORISM. It's hard to tell a dozen or so cast members other than that, because 98% of them are pasty men who wear enough badass black clothes to get them punched at pep rallies. Not that the size of the cast lasts long, of course, because its main purpose is to serve as a kibble raptor. The Raptors sporadically attacked the pepper script, but none of them lasted long because the Raptors realized they looked like a poorly lit Play-Dough and usually quickly ran back into the woods out of contempt. We were largely left with scenes in my loathing when a little opaque brown tried to kill me,the good guys and bad guys spent time by firing bullets into trees for a while, followed by bouts of exposition and/or terrible romance. The long exposition sequences in sci fi channel's original films would be bad enough on their own, but most of them were delivered by The Boringest Soldier, who couldn't be the main character because he was attractive, talented, or an unacceptable treatment for insomnia. The most boring must be the main character solely because the cleft chin is full deep enough to find some new genus of giant squid. When she doesn't issue sage advice as let's start this party or the computer-generated reddish blob doesn't lie, she enjoys exposing the subtler nuances of the Raptor Island plot with the wit and emotion of the cinder block. Of course, the film's only female character thinks the best way to break her cement exterior is to crush her in a True Love-induced frenzy. Don't sand your labia there, Titties. To chew the first hour or so of the movie, we have a few more raptor fights where most of the cast is eaten. A raptor exploded through a rocket launcher, which really made my hopes for some fun B movie action but turned out to be an isolated incident. In fact, most other raptors die by tipping like the mall's Mesozoic bookend. During this time, Vladimir Al-Basheer (who became the main villain because he had prominent and unmanly earrings) also ran around stabbing people with knives, we found radioactivity made dinosaurs mean, and that the whole island was going to blow!! THIS MOVIE HELLA TIGHT HELLA CRAZY WITH CRAZY ACTION ACTION ACTION MURDER RAPTOR FUCK YES. But not before we dick around in an underground tunnel for twenty minutes! By this point, the heroes had mercifully been cut into four: Manly Block, Titties, Block's BFF, and The Black Guy Who Might Have Been an Actual Character If He Hadn't Eaten in Five Minutes. Titties decided it would be a bloated idea to hang around in alone for a while in the tunnel raptor-infested. He discovers DINOSAUR CONGRESS, an evil antechamber full of lava every bit as scary as Walt Disney's musical number (the evil terrorist version.) Blackie dies a mess, and the Titties go without a scratch on him, which is kind of weird when you assume he's pretty much waltzing into a bad guy's club house and trying to sell him Girl Scout Cookies.Page 4No just kidding everything dies like this. The Titties were reunited with Block, who decided to make a big hairy deal about how badly injured his BFF was. She cycled through nearly 50% of facial expressions as she detailed what an important influence the BFF had in her life, and the Titties were so taken by her sensibility that she almost flooded the entire cave system. I'm not sure why Block whined about collecting this reaction, given that his badly wounded friend was sitting, animated chatting, shooting baby animals etc, while all the other Block troops were getting comfortable with prehistoric gut lining. I think being badly injured means being able to run in the Olympic sprint, as all three ran back into the open and were intercepted by a poorly given squad of Raptors. Fortunately, the Titties created a method to quickly and easily dispose of large groups of raptors, which work without a hitch. So 90 seconds later, when they were accused by another raptor posse, the BFF took it upon themselves to sacrifice itself for no reason! Although maybe he was just trying to be the Ultimate Wingman, because his death made Block very sad and fuckable for a while. Block and Titties could have another tear-jerking scene where they discuss their deepest feelings, past, preferred car insurance provider, etc. etc. Just in case you forgot as hard as the screenwriters did: Yes, we're supposed to still be watching Raptor Fucking Island, not Dr.Christing Phil. They decided that the best way to survive on an island would be to explode in a symphony of volcanic death, of course, to trigger a bunch of explosives and encourage it to explode faster! Fortunately for comedy fans everywhere, this resulted in the Titties getting stuck in a cave-in with Earring – which we've just learned she really, really hates. This is my favorite scene from this movie, because it almost looks like the writers want to say something they find meaningful through Earring:Earring: Hey bro I didn't just decide to be a terrorist because I felt like it. There are innocent people from my country who are suffering because of some of the negative effects of globalization and things, and the only way for me to help them is with --Titties: SHUT THE FUCK UP YOU CRAZY! YOU'RE A CRAZY LUNATIC WITH AN ACCENT!! YOU ARE A PSYCOPATHIC MAD KILLER YOU KILL THE ENEMY SOLDIERS WHO SHOOT AT YOU BY SHOOTING BACK!! CRAZY KILLER KILLS CRAZYFACE!! Bad!! BAD BAD BAD BOOOO!! * apply dirt on the walls; eat some termites *Or not. The breasts escaped from The Earrings and were reunited with Block in what I thought was supposed to be a passionate embrace, but more akin to some artritic crabs practicing akido. The film ends heartwarmingly when our hero boards a helicopter, which leaves them on the island for a very dramatic 30 seconds and then turns around and returns. A certain efficacious terrorist clings to the rails pleading for his life, but Captain and Mrs. America kick him and smile excitedly as he is eaten by a large mass of opaque textures. For all its severe implications, the Titties and Block never consumed their romance while on the island, abandoning their eventual fate upon returning to the sweet, unknown American land. I still think they enjoy sexually burning them while killing the out of some slimy, carrion-eating reptile. And they had to kill some dinosaurs, too. Plot-8Acting-7Special Effects-8Directing-7Music/Sound-6Overall-36— Eileen Raptor Red StahlPage 5Overview: Robots have invaded the earth in the Future, forcing a society seen around the world like a group of aging porn young stars underground. After 300100500a a long time, a heroic criminal with a weenie accent is revived into intrepid feminism and talks about how perhaps we should - I suppose - kill robots. Then he died. Director: Leigh Scott, 2007 Case For: It's better than Transformers 2.The Case Against: Transformers 2 is a two-and-a-half hour Shia LaBeouf look constipated. Vweeezvvwoop! Transmorphers is the magical family adventure of The Asylum, a company that leverages their paper-mache filmmaking techniques by ripping off equally annoying blockbusters with better production value. Yes, technically there are giant robots in Transmorphers and yes, they are comically bad. However, what's funnier is the incredible effort they make to avoid showing the robot. The film is 85 minutes away with a total of 15 minutes of robot footage, mostly at the end. There's one short action sequence at the beginning of the movie to plug you in for the long haul, and it gives you a good idea of what Transmorphers have in store. It begins with a group of awkward people standing around and muttering about how they have a plan, which they explain in seductive detail; it involves a super genius doctor with plastic hoop earrings, some magic room hubcaps, and very special tasks performed by characters we'll never see again. You'd think we'd also get to see a plan of action, we just wasted almost ten minutes I... always score in the bottom three when i play Laser Tag. There. I said it.combing nits out of his ballhairs. But no! The actual operation was three minutes from Cretin Squad standing around in the rain wearing laser tag gear, complaining loudly about how they were Know what's going on but damn it let's keep it cool here and maybe something will happen. Finally we hear the noise of a spooky robot that sounds exactly like Wall-E in a blender, which immediately

nothing every NEFF champion on screen to start shouting RETREAT, RETREAT!! Strobe lights flashed and dramatic mall goth music belled at us, although the Squad hadn't moved from the crowd about five feet from their base in the last 15 minutes of the film. After a total of 15 minutes absolutely nothing happened, we glimpsed some opaque metal trampling soldiers. And that's all. That's the plan. Cool!It's also all the robots you get over the next hour! There's a good reason for this course: the special effects make the Play-Dough dinosaurs on Raptor Island look like - Well, maybe not like Pixar, but at least as good as Hell yes you like scenes of people standing around talking about shit in dark rooms instead???? Fucking Dreamworks keeps squirting out. Robots come in two, maybe three total designs, none of which remotely resemble the right texture or lighting. The only transmorphing they do is from such a big stupid thing already looking like a person to another big stupid thing that definitely looks like some poor paid \$2 an hour for rendering. But geez damn, Leigh Scott won't be moving from tearing up movies based on giant robots just because he has absolutely no way of portraying them! He's going to cram in a fucking metric filler! Page 6 To provide a filler that avoids robots, Leigh Scott took it himself to write the best original character since fanfic Megamix xXBishiTrunks667Xx. There are a lot of characters in this, every part of the web of interpersonal relationships that I might have noticed if they were not boring. They include: hey guys red raptor look I have a London accent and he'll just run with it for this article okay? Okay cool. Captain Hero: A violent former criminal who is referred to as extremely dangerous and ruthless, which is the future slang for a virtuous Boy Scout with a British accent. He committed an unthinkable crime of really wanting to fight a robot, which means we have to see a robot, and we can't have that. Now he's back after being frozen in a re-made plot device for five years, sassily leading a fighting group of people who wander around commenting on how they might kill some robots sometimes. He's also not very observant, because he's very surprised to find that the dramatic plot twists off the starboard bow he has been a robot all his life, even when the script tells us they don't eat, do anything interesting, etc. General von Eyeliner: She is a legitimate hardcore military baby who happens to wear more eyeliner than Johnny Depp on Broadway! His hobbies include shouting into empty alleys, biting his lips, and yelling at Our Hero so we could feel bad that people were being mean to him. Off-screen, she's the front lady for every band you've ever heard on Hot Topic. He doesn't have many characters except that Hero has something for him before he's frozen. He gallantly spends every scene he's in hitting on him, which you'd think he wouldn't because his reaction to the internship was to immediately turn gay and marry you, your girlfriend? That's terrible. I feel so much for you. The woman who got rid of him. Then again, this is the same guy who didn't see he couldn't his whole life. Itchy (real name): Hero vaguely interrupts a sidekick that reminds me of the Creepy Shoulder Massage Kid, all growing up and in the future. Female nerd readers: do you remember the guy from the drama class or the high school band? The slightly unusual kid who's always so happy to offer a smiley face, or a shoulder to cry on, or some sweaty hand to grope your whole young nubile body, you know, just for some stress-relieving platonic? Then again if you're a male reader, you're probably the Creepy Shoulder Massage Kid, who did so well on the Internet that he today makes up the whole 4chan. But AFTER ALL, we shouldn't be too Itch or CSMK as he delivered this FANTASTICALLY INSPIRATIONAL speech in defense of heroes.yeah.Commander Psycho: What if Vin Diesel had a vagina and graduated from the School of Bad Porn Acting? Well we'll have more gold fodder for The Weekend Web, but she'll also be the inspiration for this character! Psycho doesn't prefer to shout about how he's going to kill people, rock and/or roll, and protect his metal fortress. She's also a lesbian. But in the perfect future, who doesn't?Dr. Scientist: Easily the best actor in a movie, or maybe the worst: I can't tell if he's stuttering because he's an awkward nerd or because he can't read his cue cards. He's supposed to be a brilliant genius, despite building his sex bots with guns and his Ultimate Fighting Machine by whining British. And more! You may have noticed that there are many women in the lead role. Amazingly, most of these girls have character traits beyond wanting to get into Briton Hero tights. It throws Pow bitch.me for the loop too, because Transmorphers really feel like low-budget porn, right down to rampant lesbianism. But it seems to cling to the idea that in the future, women are treated exactly the same as men and therefore will behave exactly with men, right down to masculine pronouns and love. Which is a nice sentiment, um I guess, but I've never seen girls get into a top slugfest dressing room that has the best mascara. Or have an I????? After all, all the extensive character interactions between these people are flimsy, but that's it I couldn't keep because I was too busy laughing at audio tracks that were completely out of sync. yes, if you haven't taken the subtle hint I've been slam-dunking, the production value in this case isn't the biggest. Eyeliner hairstyle changes from scene to scene, robot innards are depicted through stickers, and heroes have a mysterious ability to cycle through the rain without a drop of water on them! In the last fifteen minutes we get a reasonable number of some robots, but not much apology. To be honest, Transmorphers are like cheap porn without porn. I almost feel uncomfortable watching a movie like this without breasts flying everywhere. It was like I lost an old friend. Plot-10Acting-7Special Effects-8Directing-9Music/ Sound-60Overall-40- Eileen Raptor Red StahlPage 7Overview: A group of six sassy and sexy young men forge lasting friendships and romantic bonds over good coffee in upscale Manhattanrun going to Ireland and OD on drugs and ghosts. Director: Paddy Breathnach, 2007 Case for: Technically not so bad that it would cause permanent psychological damage. It's pretty funny in places and drug travel scenes are zany enough to make you really think you've licked a frog or twelve. Case against: If I had to watch a bunch of spooky files buzzing around in the spooky woods once again... Know a terrible movie? Email me! Points to being the first horror movie to try to scare me buckets. First things first, we have to get one thing straight: Shrooms isn't just a clichéd horror movie with one lame-ass gimmick. It's an Irish clichéd horror film with one lame gimmick, and Paddy Sheleighy's director Carbomb Breathnach doesn't want you to forget it. That's why he often reminds you of the dark and gloomy forests that take place in Celtic nature, through subtle dialogue cues like FAITHTH BEGORAH LOOK A! THEY WEE SHEEP CARRYIN' TATERS IN THA IRISH FIELD O'ER YONDER. Of course, being in Ireland directly affects 0.00001% of the film's plot, so for the most part my film forgot about it completely. Maybe he should put a leprechaun dancing in the corner. Raptor Red you horrible jingoistic dinosaurs you! You find yourself yelling at your monitor, the U.S. can't!! He can set the movie anywhere he wants! Then why the hell did he have to fly five American 6000 miles specifically to do shrooms for this stupid plot? The whole groovy gang was there, Hey if you look like this feel free to send me creepy emails about your video game collection,although a little more creepy and drug-added: oversexed athletes and steroid additions (actually named Bluto), Token Whoa man stoner, pretty bitch who screams tampons, hippie chicks who stoners have hairy snatches, and ViRgIn Uf Weet The only character I really like is the only one The guy that Breathnach let into his movie, and maybe just because he's basically Johnny Depp's Budget. I still think she deserves about 27 Academy Awards for her role in all this, especially since I would personally have sex with her. Budget Johnny served as troop leader of the Yanks on a psychedelic camping trip – after they threw away all their phones, of course! Their goal – their whole goal being in IRELAND, is to eat the evil crazy mushrooms, except this kind that will make you crazy and let you look to hell and see the future and make your heart break. Of course it takes about five seconds for the Virgin Princess to wolf it down like a giftbasket full of chickens. What if instead of actually writing a scary scene we just blast a loud creepy sound and flash some opaque? So now that Virgin is arguing and hallucinating about the devil, now would be a great time for Johnny to tell the terrifying story of something mysterious happening in this very Irish jungle. There is this horrible and very spooky place where people wearing black cows are used to torture little boys, perhaps by making them watch boring black and white video footage. The crudest black cow man and assorted other goony can still be out there being spooky, which is an amazing story to tell people about the journey through several dimensions. Page 8Awww oh yes baby why don't you chew my off so the audience can see the big bloody swash on my shorts and then I can squirm on the ground for five minutes whining in agony mmmmmmmmmmm yes people will pay so much money to watch that the first half of the movie is quite limited to the quasi-erotic going on and the random intrigue between the three sets of monogamous Great , the dialogue is rather good, and makes it a little entertaining to watch the plot highlights like everyone hates each other all of a sudden, a discussion of how long the tobacco pipe is blown glass Stoner, and some good old-fashioned sexual relations. This action will be brought to a close when Bluto comes out into the woods and gets a fatal groin blowjob. Or -and I suggest you plug your rectum covered with the nearest little animal in order for you to your pants in shock – is he? Virgin mushroom parties make him see all broken, and everyone has a spooky hallucination Bad Hooded Person making an unfriendly face. I'll give Shrooms something else that sets him apart from Sci-Fi Channel Original Movies: the drug travel scene is actually kind of cool, yes, the bad guy looks like he got his look from the pharmacy bargain, november, but at least he appears in pleasant places in the frame. The gimmick is that supernatural visions occur among some very tragic murders; we don't know what reality is and what is smart CGI Plus, Virgin sees all broken, so just because we see the see taking the axe to the head doesn't mean we don't have to put up with those whining for another half hour! Ugh look at those goosebumps I'm sure they ate possums or voted Republican GROSS. Unfortunately, it's still not hard to know what's going on. Despite his good points, Shrooms is also not shy - to use professional cinematic terms - tearing people apart. I almost never watch horror movies because I am the kind of little that wouldn't play Silent Hill with the lights off, and I managed to count no less than borrowed scenes. Well okay they're not all from horror movies. Ringu! The Ring: The hairy video footage of the dirty stuff just sort of sits there, the figure changing slowly, the black-and-white close-up of some people's hands covered with syrum. Blair Witch: Fuckedhead young man makes bad trailblazing safety decisions. I'm not sure what's stupid: Kick a man into the river because someone called you a bad name, or gave all your cell phones to steroid addicts. Liberation: If there's one thing cinema isn't enough, it teaches us that the elderly, poor, and mentally ill want to hack us apart with an axe and whip us into a Pocket.Star Wars: Oh look at the black grandpa whose face melted! And the creepy fly I've seen in every horror movie since 1998. Seriously, I'm not afraid of that's three millimeters long unless it's chillin' with some weird killer guy, stop zooming in on a hunk of yarn that you smeared with bacon fat and expect me to pass out! Speaking of flies, characters need to drop like they are much, much faster. It's more than halfway through the movie when the first character dies, and the action is still largely devoted to people running through the woods and sort of running away from hoodies, bumpkin inhibitors, and some kid with a sack on his head. The initially interesting gimmick of WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S REAL AND WHAT'S NOT getting old when you guess what a very obvious final twist is, especially when virgin messed-up chronology means you watch the same over and over again, only to find out the last twenty minutes of footage is just a dream. Shrooms start funny, quickly become boring, and spend most of it being so boring that you want to take your life with a pair of scissors. It's a terrible horror movie, but it's actually going to be fine as a comedy. Say what you want, but it takes talent to make a bunch of stereotypical white people poke their genitals at comfort. Plot-8Acting-4Special Effects-3Directing-3Spookiness-8Overall-26- Eileen Raptor Red StahlPage 9Overview: I've been staring at my monitor for about Hours now, eyes of bloodshed and entangled with mysterious substances. I'm no stranger to horrible, but sometimes I find games or movies so bad that I hardly want to joke about it. I shouldn't have written article about the Surf School. I had to hold a candle vigil for all the brain cells that had valiantly descended on their lives in the line of duty. They didn't even get a chance. Director: Joel Raptor Red's New Euphamism for Undesirable Sex Acts Silverman, 2006The Case For: They definitely pack some jokes into each and every scene! Case Against: ... about boners, pooping, and weird homosexuals. Know a terrible movie? Email me! You guys may be handsome and completely personalityless but unless one of you becomes a zany Jew from the Bronx you will never be a Cliche Superfriends! Maybe I should be more positive about all this. Yeah! Another film in which we celebrate high school as the most important part of the human life cycle! Because we learned about genitalia in high school! Well it's not that cool, it's a movie about high school and it also talks about genitalia??? That's a lot???? And then make you watch extensive footage of a man detailing his work to his friends????? There's no shortage of embarrassing movies like this, of course, but Surf School is double-extra-sugarplum-special. It manages, somehow, to take on the sickening but essentially perfect Teenage Movie Formula and somehow screw it up. I mean Raptor Island has adorable animals, and at least Transmorphers look like tacky porn if you're drunk enough. Unfortunately, Surf School is a vacuum of yawning creativity, a black hole in which mediocre ideas are torn apart and reborn as clichéd humans and pure spikes. * Snipping chardonnay * I mean for God's sake, the story begins with a trio of BULLIES standing around mocking some MISFITS in high school. Look, our mismatch is not allowed to go on a CLASS TRIP to Costa Rica because – Japanese Exchange Students are mandatory! Incidentally, why is every English-speaking Asian exchange student broken from Japan? Are other Asian schoolchildren too backwards to look at the map and record large land masses filled with deer to the right or what? SURF SCHOOL SURF SCHOOL SURF SCHOOL SURF SCHOOL! Ups! There goes the soundtrack, reminding you that you must forget that Joel Silverman wrote this screenplay by jamming a pen into his urethra and waving a boner around! Don't bother trying to follow the plot, because nothing really is. Everyone was soon in Costa Rica, where they had to train vigorously to face the bullies in a huge surfing event that hundreds of beachgoers crowded the sand to watch. A surfing show where the contestants are eight dweebs from several other American high schools. Oh right, I almost forgot our dynamic cast! East Coast: He was an athlete who moved from New to California and hang out with so-called weird kids. I don't know why they're considered weird because compared to the rest of California they're about as colorful as stockbrokers, but we teleported to Costa Rica ten minutes after the movie starts as soon as anything. After all, East Coast hobbies including breasts and standing around seem determined. The Virgin Larry: She's still a virgin, which her friends remind her of every thirty seconds. However, don't feel too bad for her, as they also issue helpful advice such as masturbatoring more. Mo: Rich white people like to collect minority friends like some people collect Pokemon cards. As a Token Black Guy, Mo is a 1st Edition Charizard from Surf School, with bullies eagerly competing for the ebony trophy that shines from his friendship. He also likes to often refer to his brilliance in his dialogues, just in case there is an act of mercy from God and the whole audience is blindly beaten. Taz: A teenage boy who enjoys sexual intercourse. Doris: A gorgeous goth who sits around reading Sylvia Platt – but surely, her elders are panting, you'd rather do something more meaningful? Oh no, we don't mean you can participate 8=====D-activate in the storyline! We mean something like, as the scenario says it, showing some support for the boys? Fuck ya Doris wants to show support for boys, especially by transmorphing into blondes, squeezing into tiny bikinis, and completely turning her personality into a whore who seduces other surfers to distract them! Then she would announce that it had made her happier than anything else in the whole li- Jesus H. Christ forgive me while I went to sacrifice some menstrual blood to the Moon Goddess, this nonsense is not real. Page 10hee hee butts. In the absence of a linear storyline we spend most of our time in a commune. But -get this- the couple who run it are really horny, even though they're old! Grody, what's going on? Let's zoom in on Mr. and Mrs. Butthumper for a long period of time while they squirm their tongues up and down each other's malmarlowy neck, because that's what will make me laugh on six separate occasions! 99.9% of the jokes at Surf School that don't revolve around the digestive tract have to do with people and things involved in sex acts,

organs long enough to puncture a gestating fetus with. Veronica is all fired up and, through an audition with Jim, manages to squeeze her way into the first scene with the power of her own X-Rated Superfriends: Ron Vagina. But that fatey night during a porn shoot, Ron completes the wavers, and he excuses himself for going outside and hanging out with Jonah the Badass Lighting Dude. Ron stares at the yearnings of the moon, then laments that the industry is not the freespirited glistynton bodily fluid he remembers. Jonah the second turns his back, Ron is electrocuted by a shooting star into his dick. Somehow Ron sucked it long enough to stumble back inside and hit on Veronica's snatch for a while longer, but soon he began hyperventilating like a TV pundit who was kept away from his stash of drugs. When the two eventually pulled apart Veronica was hemorrhaging - which was solved by pushing a composite meta-tampon there - but unfortunately, it was too late for Ronnie. The gang is ready to cheerfully dump its bloated corpse into the snow.... until they see a certain part of his body gone and thirst for blood. Page 181 think this is the villain in Nightmare on Elm Street, too. Ron's dismembered dong wastes no time in getting down to business, fucking skulls, buttofing, and impregnating the cast into being forgotten in between the fights of the heroes who flare up and squeal. Shy Nerd Guy, using the scientific method of frowning someone severely and steeply together, concluding that the penis is clearly owned by aliens and needs to be circumcised with an axe. We can't see the dick itself for a while, just watch his antics through cocksye view's sophisticated camera. But when we find the find The murder was basically a rubber dildo that the actors threw at each other, it was a magical cinema moment that I will remember for the rest of my miserable life. Hell, it's only half as stupid as Cloverfield.One Eyed Monster, thank Christ, manages to keep his tongue seductively welded to the cheek. The death scene is not explicit, and although sex-related work is miraculously less sinister than co-standard How could you not want to see this movie now that I have shown this?!

ed-in-lingerie-penetrating-yourself-with-yourself-spill-gut fare. The scariest thing about One Eyed Monster is the guy who built the high-tech celebrity anus simulator, but since it's a nerd without sex I'm more likely to congratulate him on his ingenuity and be thankful he didn't use it to build a motorized foxtaur chicken. Finally, I'm just going to explain that I'm not enjoying One Eyed Monster at a very bad level- that's good. In fact, after a year of doing the fucking ROM Pit, I was physically incapable of enjoying anything on some level that wasn't the destruction of my own mental health. But this movie is actually... Pretty good. Hell, the parts are so good that they're funny, like a quivering vet's performance telling a harrowing story about the murdercocks in 'nam. There's something for everyone in One Eyed Monster. You want tension? Hell yes we got a crazy trap involving wet panties and then some guy got demonically possessed by dick up his ass. You want romance? Well look at these two lovers enjoying their tender heartswat time and then spend eternity wrapped in semen together. I don't want to ruin the end of the movie jerking too many tears, but: Hot shit, what a climax! Plot10Acting8Special Effects0Directing10Music / Sound5Overall33- Eileen Raptor Red StahlPage 19Overview: No more good movies for me. Outlaw Prophet is the brainchild of one David Heavener, the artistic genius who brought us a bunch of that no one had ever heard of. Do you want a movie that combines space aliens, reality TV, the Lord Jesus the Good and the plastic nick-knock of the '80's passing as an intergalactic star explorer? Then why don't you take my job so I don't have to watch a movie like this again! Director: David Heavener, 2001The Case For: If you like being wasted and watching silly movies, this is an excellent choice. Case Against: You won't even understand what happens if you don't addled failures of sickening substances. Oh my, this is going to be a doozie. Meet John, 141, just the average oily-haired extraterrestrial and star of most reality TV shows in all galaxies! Unfortunately, not all groups are glamorous and triplebreasted for Johnnie, as every episode of Escape 2020 makes him race the clock to save the entire planet, which I guess in this case Earth. I think. I. I. it really explains what happened at the beginning because it consisted mostly of John screaming, huding through a very futuristic black-lit corridor, and telepathically exchanging obnoxious one-liners with this disco-ball thing. Anyway, what I get from it is that John is a very tormented individual, and he really hates being enslaved by his evil Producer King boss. For some impenetrable reason, producers and the tv/film industry in general take on a lot of dirt in this film. Producer King and his homies run the galaxy with poorly crafted latex fists, killing people who don't carry high enough ratings and psychologically torturing John through what appears in my Earth's eyes as a radioactive floating hamburger. I really can't imagine why world famous drama legend David Heavener would have beef with the film industry, considering his website shows him to be a highly valued Hollywood superstar.Well fuck you, Hollywood! said David Heavener. If you can't recognize my strength boating skills and raise my amazing child, I have to write, direct, and star in my own movies! Indeed, Outlaw Prophet showed them Hollywood hep cats exactly what David could do. We've got amazing special effects, like this futuristic interface that doesn't look at all like Windows 95, or this spacecraft inspired by treads on. What about the pounding battle sequence between John and the scary alien sprinkled with greasepaint that wanders around for a while and then falls? There were even several fights with Producer King, who for some reason turned into an ancient Egyptian aerobics instructor every time he did a battle. Why, if producers can't appreciate David-John-Jesus's work, it's no wonder they're portrayed as nimrods in rubbers who love terrible sci-fi movies rescued from the trash! And also Satan.So some heavy-duty punching John finds himself in the Paris city of Tennessee. He soon met the Merymakers at a church picnic. For the record, all these characters use Jesus loving you at the end of the clause as if it were a punctuation girl.hippie whose real name I don't remember but whose alias is alpha2moonchick, which I'm sure 98% is a better name and also a potential AIM handle. Like many young women her age, she spends her time trying to get the attention of other mysterious other world life forms, except instead of teenage boys we mean space aliens, and instead of wearing tight shorts with things like PUSSYVADGE slapping ass, using Jesus. No, really, there's a lot of Jesus in this movie, which doesn't become very clear until John wanders into a church picnic. I was quite disappointed in this scene at first, because I thought Heavener was being disrespectful to religion by describing religion as a bunch of sagging, cow-eyed white yokels with missing teeth and a tendency to to strangers and . But no, it turns out Dave's trying to be very respectful of God here!... But we'll get to that later. Page 20SEKULARIS !! Secularists!! Secularists!! Secularists!! There's clearly a danger of being overwhelmed by the action here, so Heavener throws some yanking at the of heartstrings in Amy's character. She was a god-fearing little woman with Dollie plastic grafted into one hand and Jesus H. Christ on the speed dial in the other. Not only that, but his parents are so fucking dead he can't even talk anymore! He ran away from home because he hated his un genuine mother and father, then set up camp in a cardboard box in a landfill. Of course when she met the suave and kind-hearted David HeavenerJohn 141 she befriended him immediately, deciding that a man who reads minds and relaxes with a trash can is clearly an angel. But John King's evil producer calls him for a surreal talkshow-ass, leaving Amy vulnerable to attack! Luckily John's telepathic disco ball grew breasts and saved the day, but then John himself appeared on the scene again - just in time to be injured by one of these deadly hi-tech lasers and hover on death verge. Everyone gathered around John's bedside became very concerned because he would almost certainly carve it. Discoball Girl explained to moonchick that she and John are actually radio frequencies, but FM frequencies are due to evil AM frequencies and the universe is love and blah blah blah. I stopped paying attention to the dialogue right here when I realized David Heavener managed to turn every tinfoil-hat-lizard-man-giving birth-to-Obama-in-Muslimistan post on the internet into a movie script. However, Amy pleaded with Jesus and saved John from this sequence of Kubrickean dreams. I mean Kubrickean in the sense that you don't need to know what's going on wanting to schedule an appointment with your nearest mental health professional:... and compliment him alive! This is where religiosity gets cranked up to a billion. John downloaded a mystical interstellar document known as the Bible from his databank and started doing 9+11 – Jewish =WTC a lot by his name. Amy, after rolling around in a rose bed/kitten briefly, is kidnapped by the Queen Satanic King but makes her bleed from her head with Crayola's cross. I suddenly realized that all the nickelback music that was vaguely heard so far was Christrock, except instead of having to do with curing that sick and loving mine neighbor yelled at me to hit the disconfintful people with two-by-four ridden hooves. John stopped engaging in hand-to-hand combat and switched to save the day tell people that he is the Messiah and that they must believe in their new alien Jesus.So they saved Amy, but Titslady and John die in the process. Luckily they made sure to squirm their way out of the light to little to remind Amy that she is right about God and the Messiah is God. Just in case you're still wandering around Grand Clue Station, David Heavener is completely insane; I think those pants cut the circulation to his brain but God bless 'im. I don't knock someone out of their love for Jesus, but all heavener characters are Christ-obsessed zombies who shuffle around in a special Caucasian dream world. Anyway this review is over so let's end the adorable note! Wave your arms, Amy! Well, that's about all I can take on this guy! It's been a swell year and a half, but sixteen hours of credit and a thousand pages of commissioned reading per week (+ dealing with the academic socialist agenda) haven't done as much to bring out comedy gold as I'd like. So, I've decided it's time for the Red Raptor to mosey off to the Cretaceous pastures of more saturated prey. Thank you for your creepy memories and emails, people, and God bless your little self-hating skin. Plot-7Acting-8Special Effects-7Directing-7Music/ Sound-5Overall44- Eileen Raptor Red StahlPage 21We know what you think. You think, Wait a minute, today's not Sunday, why am I seeing film reviews in SA? And why haven't I heard this movie before? Also, this review contains more despair than usual! Well, fear not – your beloved Current Release has not been hijacked. No, we're here to review other movies. You won't find any of these movies in theaters. They sit clearly at the bottom of the DVD bargain bins. They're at the end of your suggested list for Netflix. They're unknown. Not ranked. Unexpected. They are the worst of the worst, produced by anyone and not starring anyone, without the quality of redemption in any form. Given the age of most of our predecessors in this position, perhaps you should not be surprised that it was a two-man job this time. Even with our combined efforts, years of neurological conditioning and cutting-edge equipment, we probably won't survive, but it has to be done. People need to know, and they need to laugh. Once again SA is home to the most appalling film reviews on the internet. Welcome back! - Garrett Hydrogen Neil and Sean Trillaphon NeilOverview: A nerd with a computer talking in his arms confronts an evil witch in a series of completely absurd 7 challenges, including a laser battle with a giant claymation gorilla and a live hair-metal concert with an 80s W.A.S.P. supergroup. Directed by: Tim tag of seven directors, 1984.The Case For: If you ever what it's like to have a thrilling battle of intelligence and lippower with Satan for your immortal soul, this movie will show you the opposite of that. The Case Against: Horde of directors gives the film all the polished coherence of the box set OF 20-in-1 BEST OF HORROR HITS VOLUME XII; Mind-turning plot gives the film the all clear obvious Box set 20-in-1 BEST OF HORROR HITS VOLUME XII. We're going to start this one with a bold statement: Dungeonmaster is the worst movie coming out of the 1980s. This is not an easy claim to make, because God knows there is a lot of stiff competition, and no doubt some of you have already started writing emails to tell us that The Terror of Blood Teen Island IV: The Quickening is actually much worse. But you'd be wrong, because The Dungeonmaster isn't even in the same weight class as the other movies. The film has not one, not two, but seven directors. This is not a fair fight. No director can be as disorganized and confused as a team of seven. It's not just any random mix of directors, mind you. The group in charge of The Dungeonmaster is a truly cinematically ill dream team. Let's see, we have Peter Manooagian, who will continue to direct the gladiatorial sci-fi fighting disaster arena, a film destined to end up on this review list in the near future. Then there's Charles band, famous classic directors like The Gingerdead Man, and executive producers of almost every bad film known to man. Every director out of seven either went on to masteringnd a long list of gruesome films, or never directed again. That's what we like to call it in business not a good sign. We'll tell you what's the point of this scene, but we're looking for Freud's Dream Interpretation and we can't find anything about 'chicken blocker burlap orcs.'Don't have time to simplified, we join an already ongoing film, because a man wakes up in what looks like a humidity farm in Tatooine and starts following a mysterious woman. Actually, it turns out we have a lot of time to diss it's worth it, because this all unfolds in slow motion. He leads the man to a room full of dry ice, where, as is traditional in this caliber film, his clothes come off instantly. The man starts getting down to business, but he's rudely distracted by a horrible, cheap budget monster who storms into the room, slaps him and drags the woman away. If you're overwhelmed with worries, don't worry. It's just a dream sequence. The blue ball dreamer who wakes up face down on his keyboard is Paul, our protagonist for the day. Paul is the proud owner of X-CALBR8, a magical talking computer that he psychically related for vague and perhaps stupid reasons. Paul's computer, which he calls Cal in short, is truly the wonder of modern science. When he runs, he presses a button on his watch, and the computer tracks how long it takes! Amazing! Too bad it doesn't have a function told him how annoying his shorts were. Casio's off-key song provides the soundtrack for paul's light jogging and gyrations that we see during women's related aerobics classes. Although permanently sterile due to its choice of choice Clothes, Paul has managed to attract his girlfriend, Gwen, who stopped by for dinner. When she unpacked a bag of groceries in her kitchen, she ran away, and we quoted, Let's get married! It would be perfect, I discussed it with my computer! Ah, can a fair girl's heart fail to be swayed by the ironclad logic of .xls? Gwen responded by ranting for a while about how Paul loves Cal more than her, which as far as we know is 100% true. Summoning all his inner darkness, Paul somehow managed to come up with a worse marriage proposal: After dinner, he sat Gwen in front of her talking computer and asked her to check her marriage data between a man with a career and a smart beautiful woman, prompting a possible OUTCOME: SUCCESS response. Incredibly, she refused to marry him again. What a cold rock bitch. Tonight at NIGHT COURT: Bulls consume Judge Stone's soul and feast on the bones of defense counsel. Enough small talk, time for a real movie to get started! Paul wakes up to find his girlfriend missing and his apartment filled with dry ice smoke. One cheesy special effect later, he finds himself transported to a barren hellscape full of open fire, where Gwen is chained to a boulder. Oh, and obviously her pyjamas weren't a suitable outfit for the occasion, so she's now magically wearing half of Sub-Zero's ninja outfit (not a good half.) The host of the celebration teleports and introduces himself as Mestema, an ancient witch and bad guy. Mestema's hobbies include screaming, shooting lasers at things to various effects, and torturing random people. After 1000 years of traveling the universe, Mestema is overjoyed to finally find a worthy opponent in Paul and his magic computer, which is definitive proof that there is no intelligent life in the entire universe. After all, Mestema sportly gives Paul a magic armband containing his computer cal, and then they have a strange little ceremony to celebrate. Page 22Th through some long winding expositions, Mestema/Satan reveals that he cooked seven challenges for Paul and his computer, the stakes being his soul and Gwen's. As no doubt, each challenge is directed by one of seven different directors. In an effort to be fair and equal, and also to keep our brains from flowing out to the keyboard before we can complete, each challenge gets one paragraph below. Challenge 1: Planet of the Giant Clay ApesPaul must have hit his head on a low beam in laser space, as he started this challenge unconscious on the ground in a field somewhere. While he was unconscious, two midgets wearing Mongolian clothes showed up and stole his computer-arm. They ran about fifty and dropped it on the stone altar under a giant troll/apelugly statue, where Paul picked it up about ten seconds later. Before he could say well it was easy, the statue came back to life started trampling and shooting a forehead laser at him. Luckily, Mestema was kind enough to throw a free laser cannon with a computer arm, so Paul shot the statue right at the jewel's forehead and exploded. We're not sure why criminals always have to put giant weak spots and shine on their evil creations; Must be some kind of union rule. Postgame: Paul and Mestema have an exchange that we can't even begin to figure out, either because they missed a bunch of lines or (more likely) because the writing is just as bad. Challenge 2: Zombies Aren't Scary AnywhereThis time, Paul wakes up in a cave that seems to be the world's leading dry ice mine. Some zombies start approaching him, but they are clearly not threatening enough because he just walks up and pushes one over, then cuts the head off the other with a sword. A little doll with a stupid voice introduces herself as Ratspit, the ugly undead ruler. A few more zombies piled into the room, but Paul shot a laser arm at the crystal that Ratspit held and they all disappeared. For a round of lightning, Paul faces the deadliest enemy yet - a zombie that just stands there. Paul has a staring contest with zombies, and he might win because it crumbles into more lasers. After that: Mestema is a little grope-happy with Gwen, prompting her and Paul to battle with ugly special effects that look vaguely like dragons. No one wins. Challenge 3: Mosh Pit of DoomHe is not such a man because he is a collection of hair, eyeballs, and mobile teeth. The dragon battle filled Mestema with a desire for small talk, so she asked Paul what kind of music he was entering. Paul uses his arcane powers to summon some easy-to-listen, in return Mestema drives him to a hair-metal concert: you've defeated my undead army, but can you elbow your way to the front of the mosh hole?!

The headliner is none other than W.A.S.P., whose normal music video is just less stupid than this segment, so they should feel right at home. Paul pushed his way onto the stage, but was quickly subdued by the power of rock 'n' roll (laser shooting guitar.) Meanwhile, the lead singer threatens Gwen with a rubber knife and/or a circular saw blade glued to her arm. Eventually Paul remembered his magical computer that could do anything, and set it up to be destroyed by a high-frequency sound, which blew all W.A.S.P. members into a billion pieces. Thank God for that. Wrap-Up: Mestema tries to trigger another little talk session, but Paul becomes all annoying and tries to laser him in the face. This did not work, because apparently Mestema boasts of the barrier that has One million people. Challenge 4: This night at wax museumApparently is a couple's round, as Paul and Gwen are both teleported to an ice cave full of frozen people, including Albert Einstein, samurai, and dan Paul observes that every villain in the world is here, because unlike most people, he knows that Einstein likes to rob convenience stores in his spare time. Suddenly all the lights went from blue to red, and everything in the cave started to wake up (except Einstein, lazy it was.) The samurai begin to get the better of Paul, but end up electrocuted when Paul blocks his sword with his computer arm. Eventually, Paul grabbed a giant ice crystal from Einstein's frozen hand and crushed it on the ground. This is the right solution to the challenge, and if you can find out why, feel free to tell us so that the nightmare will stop. Bonus Round: Mestema has hots for Gwen, and tries to tempt Paul to hand her over with treasure and imaginary whores. The whore seems to make her quite happy, but Gwen nags her to keep fighting for her honor. Oh, and Paul's response to Mestema's offer to say the word and it ended is that word is: forget it, what can be seen clearly by anyone is TWO DAMN WORDS. Page 23There is worse than being accused of wrongfully killing transients when you're really just a vigilante who spends time playing retarded games with evil witches. This is the only challenge that someone seems to have put a little effort into. Of course it's still full of failures, but at least it's a little more complex than teleporting into the room, type C:LASER. EXE to the armband. Paul started part of the saga by waking up in a filthy alley full of garbage next to a corpse, as he does every Saturday. Mestema sent him a polite newspaper with the headlines tomorrow, suggesting that Gwen would be the next victim unless she stopped the serial killer. Some cops show up and arrest Paul because he's standing next to a corpse, which is just blatant profiling. Then they made fun of his clothes for a while, which was totally justified. Luckily, Paul's computer was also equipped with Laser James Bond handcuffs, so he quickly freed himself and jumped out of the squad car. After some futile detective work, he finally activates Google Maps and blunders his way into Gwen's dance studio, where he stops the killer mid-stabbing by – can you guess what inventive problem-solving approach he'll use this time? Right, he shot the killer with a laser arm. Even Paul was getting tired of the constant laser-fest, so he decided to show off by bouncing his shot out of the mirror, swaggering it. Interlude: Paul threatens to zap Mestema, who retaliates by summoning the devil's face, which is then lasered Paul to death. Challenge 6: Cave stupid as the last abbreviated is, it's nothing compared to wasting time which is the next challenge. This time Paul materializes right outside the cave, with Gwen's voice calling him from the inside. He hesitates before going into the cave, because damn, two caves full of Styrofoam rocks and dry ice were the limits for a day, but then he came in anyway. Inside the cave, he does battle with one of the goblins from Troll 2 in a thrilling battle sequence consisting mostly of him and goblins throwing stones at each other. Eventually Paul decided to cheat and laser the ceiling to drop a few stones into his opponent's head. This causes the goblin to turn into an angel, who tells him that you will win if you do not walk into the cave. Wait, the game where the only way to win is not to play? Surely his sentient computer should know that one. Then he still won, even though he didn't live outside the cave. Only the strongest champions who can overcome legendary challenges don't enter. mysterious caves, or do, be it cool with me. Rest: Mestema tells the story of torturing a cat by burning it, which should make it a big hit at parties. At least he took the time to call the throne to tell his badass story. Challenge 7: Way Beyond ThunderdomeFor the seventh and final challenge, Gwen and Paul appear in a junkyard full of damaged planes. Paul told his computer to set up laser mode, as if the 8,000 things he had shot with a laser were somehow not quite prep. Three people of sand and Java roll in some go-carts with a lot of pointing things glued to them. Paul lets them pull Cal out of his arms just so he can kill them with trigonometry power: He shouts out a list of angles, and the laser shoots out in the right direction to kill those sand. Man, he even found a way to geek up his cold-blooded murders! A car chase/laser battle enses, and Gwen actually goes into it. The sequence ends with Paul and Gwen falling dying in a huge explosion, which of course manages to complete the challenge. What's in the blue that it takes to fail one of these challenges, anyway? Could Paul have saved himself and the rest of us the last hour by simply shooting himself in the head at the beginning of each person? He could have at least tried, we could all have enjoyed watching it. The aftermath: Paul calls Mestema fat, then he challenges her to a fight without magic/computer/laser. Mestema, a thousand-year-old prince of darkness, agreed that wrestling matches with skinny nerds were a worthy contest, so he accepted. Secret Challenge 8: World Championship Dumbass WrestlingThis is probably the worst fight scene in the movie, and believe me, the bar was set pretty low after the whole zombie pusher's failure. After about three seconds of rolling, Paul and Mestema where all the climactic battles in a film like this are waged: on the edge of a cliff above a lava river. Mestema broke their man's agreement and began talking some magic words that caused the cliff to give way underneath, and he plunged into the lava. Chances are you don't understand that last part since then makes sense, so let's try again: Mestema is duped during a fair fight by using her magic to throw herself to her own fiery death. Not how we expected the wrestling match with the Devil to end, but the suicide by lava was at least some sort of Satan.Paul almost ended up in the lava with him, but he shouted for his wristband computer and shot a laser pole at him, which he took. Let's not think of small details like how can a six-ounce piece of jewelry that's not attached to anything pull a grown man out of a hole, it just doesn't, okay? In a puff of dry ice, Paul and Gwen teleported back to her apartment, where we swore to all the holy dialogue the following happened:GWEN: We won! HELLO PAUL, I'M BACK. I'm not so sure... Yes! Yes? Let's get married. Let's get what? Well, I talked to Cal about it, and it all came up! [fades to black, credits, we start filling the tub and plugging in the hairdryer] Dungeonmasters are destined to fail before they even begin. The team of directors making loosely connected sketches has been pulled before, but that requires each sketch to stand alone as an interesting piece. With 73 minutes of running time split between 7 people, there's no way that's going to happen, no matter who the director is. Some challenges last under 5 minutes, for the sake of making love. Even so, even within the constraints of the film is a complete disaster. The dialogue varies from stupid to downfnil, the plot completely absurd, and the effects in particular are fairly easy laser-happy for a film that's mostly about magic and mythical creatures. The only reason that The Dungeonmaster didn't reach the perfect -50 mark was because of the lead actor: Richard Moll entertained in a way that clamped down on the scene as the evil wizard Mestema, and Jeffrey Byron as protagonist Paul really seemed to try with a terrible script and a piece that had been handed over. Everyone involved with this film needs to ask their computer to check data on the relative benefits of suicide versus living with shame has brought Dungeonmaster into the world. We're pretty sure we know what the likely outcome will be. Plot-10Acting-7Special Effects-10Directing-10Music / Sound-10Overall-47/50- Garrett Hydrogen Neil and Sean Trillaphon Neil (@trillaphon)Page 24Overview: Satan kidnaps a man's daughter and plans to make her his bride, but the man intervenes by killing Satan first. A few other things also happened; otherwise, the movie will be 20 minutes away. (Still, if you watch it properly.) Directed by: Eflen C. Piñon, 1983The Case For: This is the only film you'll ever be able to justify performing in Your Bible study contains full frontal nudity and half of a person's torn face. Case Against: Time time so bad that half your Bible study group will convert to Satanism on the spot. Satan's murder delivers exactly what he promised, more or less. We don't tell stories out of school here by telling you that yes, Satan appeared in this movie, and yes, he's going to die. This, of course, is much better than having a film called The Killing of Satan in which the title is a metaphor for the human condition and the true enemy is human injustice against man, or something equally artful and disappointing. No, you can be sure that Beelzebub got his comeuppance. Unfortunately, there's a problem with this arrangement: We're expecting a battle to the death with The Prince of All Lies, so nothing in the movie is going to be a little interesting until we get it. A smart filmmaker will make the Devil appear at the beginning to get the protagonists' bad side, and then perhaps appear occasionally to taunt and harass him, slowly building up to the final show. In The Killing of Satan, the titular nemesis doesn't really appear until two-thirds of the way into the film. Some of the fights that are not devil-oriented are so futile that the scene itself kills itself out of embarrassment. Who can save us from the Dark Lord? Enter Lando, the greatest man ever to wear jeans and a jean jacket. Lando has a kind of dark and murderous past, from which he escapes by discovering religion and devoting himself to his family. Let's see here, we've got a gentle killer with a heart of gold, plus he could be nicknamed by the only native English speaker, yes, he must be the protagonist. We can even see the sequence of his dreams, although Lando's subconscious is a scary place with a poor special effects budget:Now, Lando can't go and kill Satan for fun; it wouldn't be very heroic. Thus the film's first act is devoted to upset Lando, as Lucifer's minions proceed to kill his son and kidnap his wife and daughter. Murder is a kind of powerful word, given that Lando's son, who failed to inherit his father's killer instincts or actually higher brain function altogether, decided that a leisurely walk at the front door was a good tactical response to the rain of gunfire. Anyway, it was good enough to get Lando nice and angry. So angry, in fact, that while he was shooting back he took a few rounds to the chest and started to die painfully. It's not a near-death experience, mind you, he's completely dead. Body cold, widow crying, whole nine meters. Die as a door nail. EVERY DAY I PRAY TO GOD THAT HE DOES NOT I AM WITH KILLER ANGER AGAIN. Of course, this is a Christian film, and what better preparation could there be to kill a demon than to die and then be resurrected? Actually, there's a very rational explanation for Lando's sudden good health shift: A bullet lodged in his uncle, who took a bullet for him for him while lying in his bed 50 miles away. After watching a video clip of a dream sequence embedded from a paragraph or so to the top of the page, you may have thought humans, diving in front of a lethargic rock should be the most complicated way to kill yourself, bar none yet, here we are! Uncle, whose magical powers came from really, really to Jesus, passed them on to Lando when he died. The greatest strength of this power is the mighty elbow spirograph, which can stop bullets, unless they still make a clean hole in Lando's shirt somehow. Sure enough, the filmmakers went the extra mile to make bullet holes appear in Lando's clothes, though that would make more sense if they hadn't been bothered. Apparently there is such a thing as negative attention to detail. Lando is predicted to leave to save his family, accompanied by some villagers who we will call Captain Exposition. The good captain explains that their wife was kidnapped by someone called the Magic Prince, who was Satan's right witch or whatever. The film tries to dance around who Prince's employer is with phrases like The Dark One or The Master, but the title of that damn movie is The Killing of Satan so they don't fool anyone. Finally our dynamic duo arrived at the prince of Magic's lair/cave/bachelor, where we were treated to snake self-defense lessons! Remember, kids, if you've ever had a live snake thrown at you by a film crew, just follow these memorable steps, which lando the show with help:Manage some bitchslaps upside down snake HeadTie snake in knots That's up to the wall as hard as you can!t as easy as 1-2-3! Unfortunately, Lando becomes lazy and tries to burn one of the snakes to death instead, which causes him to turn into a naked Vulcan midget. See what happens when you don't follow the rules, kids? Mini-Tuvok goes down without much fighting, just like all the other minions he and the Captain face. One of the henchmen was the Captain's own hypnotized wife, who expressed her gratitude for being saved by tearing her face off. Her husband retaliated with a battle/psychic stare contest that made her cleavage explode, which was a clearly less impressive effect. And with that, the captain and his wife are out of the movie forever, probably because they're dead but it's not really clear. None of them would kill Satan, so good riddance. Page 25Heartburn can feel like it's tussled through your sternum with a six-foot-long Tiki torch. Lando eventually tracks her daughter down to a large cave full of extra-naked, whose acting abilities are limited to expressing a combination of shame and which we like to call boring. Lando's attempt to capture his daughter fails, due to magic, so he escapes to find the Magic Prince for the first time in a series of increasingly foolish battles and/or climaxes. In In Lando's first show was a little slow on the magic draw, so he spun like a top, before being given a lesson in cliff diving for dolls (as in, they threw a doll off a cliff and filmed it:)Lando (the original, not the doll) was lured out of the river by an old man, who turned out to be God. Are we allowed to complain about deus ex machina when God is actually one of the characters in the movie? We're not sure. However, the Lord offered Some useful words of advice to Lando, along with a blessed rod that fired the green bolts of the Holy One. (Pretty sure you usually have to at least be a bishop before you get one of them, so Lando should feel honored enough.) Then, because he is a great laughor and also likes to spoil surprises, God finally stops all these mysterious Dark Master things and tells Lando that the person he is looking for is none other than Satan himself. What a shocking twist! Rejuvenated by his talk with the Almighty, Lando returns for sweet revenge on the Magic Prince. They find each other in the woods, and proceed to have a dramatic laser-off that makes the pageant stare from the previous look interesting:Lando walks through the woods and - wait, what? The? What happened to the previous scene? The hero barely begins to win a climactic battle with the man who kidnaps his daughter, and the scene is over? Is there footage for the end of the fight that just isn't good enough to make the final cut? Well, maybe the next scene is too good to postpone. Lando wanders into a huge game hunter's hut, and has to fight for his life against a woman who turns into a dog. He pinned her to the ground, and then -Man, Satan needed a new tailor. We've cut hair with robes that are more expensive than that. Surely Satan sits on thrones, looking (at all things). Another scene in which Lando fights for his life simply ends without conclusion. Fan-fucking-tastic.After all, Satan is getting ready for his wedding day, which he does by transforming from an ugly devil costume into his best 99 cent-shop Dracula costume. Her servants began preparing the bride-to-be with a sacred ceremony that largely seemed to involve pouring a mixture of maple syrup and red food coloring in and around her. How disgusting! Back to Lando, who still stumbles randomly around the countryside. Eventually, he found an instantly recognizable symbol of the damned - a red stone with a tree growing from it. It must be the devil... Mailbox? The devil's Zen garden? Your guess is as good as mine, but whatever it is, Lando. As a gesture to start yelling at Satan to belittle my dotter!, or maybe let my daughter go. Apparently the red stone is actually Satan's doorbell, because the big guy downstairs immediately showed up to see what all the commotion was. And in the end, 80 minutes into the film, it's finally time to A show with a demon. Great dance with the Devil. Merciless melee with Mephistopheles. The... S, we're used to movies putting this fight off that now we do it. We've become everything we've ever hated. Page 26Satan unleashes its nastiest power: a frightening tiny twister. I'm going to fight you... as a man! Satan declared, as he prepared for some fisticuffs. Man, what's up with the Devil movie and the hand-to-hand battle? At least this version is better than Mestema's, though that's probably because she cheats with teleportation constantly. Lando gets his ass kicked nicely and thoroughly, at which point he starts whining to God for help. Since this is still a Christian film, God answered his prayers and embraced the sacred power of green. Satan tries to call his sexy waitress to help, perhaps hoping the one on the right can club Lando to death with his giant eyebrows, but Lando waves his stick at them and they explode. Stick fighting Satan and Lando vs. pitchforks for a while, exchanging magical explosions and starting brush shots with their minds, until finally the titular moment arrives. True to the rest of the film, the climax is a disappointing and messy mess involving many strange special effects and raygun sounds:Because whatever just happened, Satan is defeated. Lando freed his daughter, and they headed home. Actually the film goes on for a while, with a kind of supernatural storm threatening the village and Lando finding a statue that looks strange, but this is the Killing of Satan and Satan is now dead, so it is physically impossible to care about this epilogue. This time it would obviously be better spent answering questions like: Does Satan have a life insurance policy? Some kind of succession plan? No one ever takes into account Satan's housing, but there are millions of damned souls who rely on his administrative skills every day. This is a crucial end to the loose! The only conclusion we can draw from all this is that the film is transferred by Satan himself, as a cunning hoax to convince the world that he is dead. Don't believe the lies, people! The devil lives! We can only pray that the Rapture takes place before he goes around to produce a sequel. Plot-8Acting-7Special Effects-6Directing-9Music / Sound-6Overall-36/50– Garrett Hydrogen Neil and Sean Trillaphon Neil (@trillaphon) (@trillaphon)

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