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Ultimate Death Match

Just when you think you've seen it all when it comes to cornball DVDs, a really bad movie jumps out of the pile and threatens to take your breath away. Such is the case for **Ultimate Death Match**, a picture any 16-year-old wrestling fan could make, given a Walmart camera, a trampoline and a box full of used leotards. No one forced me to watch the DVD, of course. If nothing else, I now know exactly how little value I put on my time on Earth.

After a death in the ring, a wrestling promoter has lost his license to stage bouts. To make ends meet, he arranges a series of Internet matches that ultimately would lead to final showdown in which the loser literally is killed in the ring. The winner stands to walk out of the arena with \$5 million. It may sound absurd, but Roger Corman became rich by conjuring death races and other such gladiatorial pursuits.

The problem here is that the "superstar" wrestlers all look as if they had recently been convicted of lewd behavior and their punishment was to run head-first into a brick wall, until they say "uncle." The battle royal is staged in gymnasium that could double as a bingo hall and their costumes would embarrass Mexico's poorest luchador. The wrestling, itself, is even worse. Al Snow is the only recognizable face in the whole bunch and he plays the ring announcer.

And, yet, someone somewhere someday will lay down good money to watch it. That person can't say he wasn't warned.

- Gary Dretzka