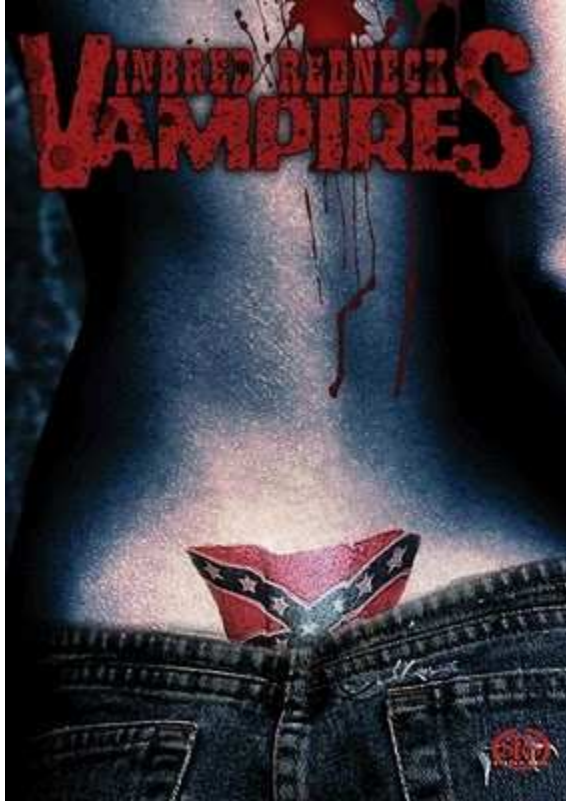


Tuesday, August 24, 2010

DVD Review: "Inbred Redneck Vampires"



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Images from the Internet*

Inbred Redneck Vampires

Directed by Edward Hegg and Joe Sherlock

Sub Rosa Studios, 2004

77 minutes, USD \$9.95

SRSCinema.com

MVDvisual.com

Inbred Redneck Vampires actually began its life in 2004 under the title *Bloodsucking Redneck Vampires*. Huge difference, hunh?

I'm wondering if there is a future lawsuit in the making from this production, as here is the basic plot: a female vampire decides to raise an army of vampires to wipe out a threat. Did that *Eclipse* anyone else's mind?

Well, although the basic storyline pastiche is the same, that is where the similarity ends, and *this* film is a throwback to those drive-in flicks that rarely made it up north (except perhaps at one of those theaters that was the glory of 42nd Street at Times Square, in New York, now gentrified

into oblivion. But I digress...), but did so well in the Deep South, though they were usually about truckers and moonshine, rather than vampires.

This film really is a hoot. There are two plots going on, which of course will converge by the end. While the [Transylvanian?] vampire countess Catherine (Felicia Pandolfi) and her oh-so-not-smart servant / familiar (Warren E.E.B.) work on their plans to (wait for it, Pinky) take over the world, the little town of Backwash (filmed in Winlock, WA), where beer and Dixie flags are common, is slowly transformed during the height of the annual Tripe Days Festival.

This is no *2000 Maniacs*, but more a dumbed down *Dukes of Hazzard*, and I mean that in a positive way. The protagonists of the story is the Poissier (pronounced ‘pisser’) family of Ma (Carrie Davis), sexy daughter Eva (Lindsey Hope), and dumb-as-dirt Lil’ Junior (Rob Merickel). Oh, and there’s Pa who is always off somewhere “tryin’ to read” something. Lil’ Junior (which sounds like a name from *The Sopranos*, even though it predates it) has a friend, little person Cletus (Bill Bradford), who is rude, crude, and always at *full volume*, but compared to Lil’, he’s Einstein.

Into this house comes very - er – cosmopolitan French interior designer, Jean-Claude Les Eaux (Scott Shanks), who is shocked by the state of the room he is supposed to redecorate (seems Ma won a contest from a bull inseminating magazine), which is, of course, the bathroom. Along the way, this Parisian *poisson* out of *eau* slowly but surely comes to an understanding of the town and its folks, just as they begin to “turn” into Catherine’s intended army.

But it seems Lil’ Junior ain’t the only one with the porch lights on and no one home, as, well, I don’t want to give it away. It actually is smart in its own silly way. For example, the local house of worship is the Church of St. Festus the Topsy.

The acting is a bit, well, local theater, but the cast give it their all, and they seem to be having a lot of fun, which in turn comes across to the viewer. As with just about all indie films of this type, one has to put their reality check into a closet with Jean-Claude, and enjoy the ride. The script is actually quite witty in spots, when it’s not trying to out coarse *Porkies*-type material. In fact, there’s more “gross out” than gore, but I would also like to add that there was more than one time I actually had a good laugh. Intentionally.

This isn’t Scorsese (but these days is Scorsese Scorsese?), but it’s not Ed Wood, either. This is a romp, and should be seen as such. People in the south will either see this as an extension of some of the – er – southploitation films of the ‘60s and ‘70s, or will be highly offended. Either way, we up north can laugh, and hope they’ll join in.

There is a full film commentary, lots of trailers, an amusing and relatively extensive behind-the-scenes featurette, and a decent blooper reel.