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Inbred Redneck Vampires

This entry was posted on 7/12/2010 11:00 PM and is filed under <u>DVD</u> Reviews.

Inbred Redneck Vampires has exactly one thing going for it, in the form of its DVD cover, in which a "tramp stamp" Confederate flag tattoo rises alluringly over a pair of jeans, blood trickling down the bare back of its cover model. Unfortunately not even this potentially lucrative one-sheet image is clearly rendered; it's awash in muddy grey, which is a telling metaphor for the acrossthe-board failure of what could otherwise be a stupid-fun romp through an exploitative, made-for-video premise.



A micro-budgeted, schlocky 2004 comedy only now receiving a home video release, the provocatively titled *Inbred Redneck Vampires* finds sexy vampire Catherine (Felicia Pandolfi) and her lackey/underling Lendel (*Werewolf Tales'* Warren E.B.B., impressively preserving the anonymity of three-quarters of his name) on the run from a ruthless vampire hunter. After stumbling across Billy Joe Barney Bob (Robert Olin), they take refuge in the small rural burgh of Backwash, where Catherine hatches a plan to turn the backwoods folk into an runy of vampire slaves. Beer drinking, bean eating, tripe cooking, shower peeping (above), competitive farting, terrible puns, and all other manner of forced line readings and sigh-inducing inanity ensue, leading up to the town's annual Tripe Days Festival.

The back of the DVD cover box touts the movie as "combining the gross-out and physical comedy of *Animal House* and *American Pie* with the country humor of *Hee Haw*," but that's sort of akin to saying *Fear Dot Com* shares a lot in common with *The Exercist* since they're both horror films. Director and co-writer Joe Sherlock may be a veteran of over two dozen independent features and anthologies, but his work here **doesn't even have any sleazy sexploitation value for avowed fans of off-the-beaten-path regional video**. (The movie was shot in Washington and Oregon, with a cast of largely local non-professionals.)

A lot can be forgiven by way of shoddy technical execution if there's just a *little* pop to the material — some snarky fun to be had in the tangled weeds of the dialogue, or a performance that's wild, zonked and/or enjoyably amusing. *Inbred Redneck Vampires* simply doesn't have any of those things going for it, however. (There is a dwarf [also above, leering], if that matters to anyone.) The set-ups are mostly flat, the framing and camerawork is alrocious, the performances uniformly cringe-inducing (broad, without benefit of a backdrop and pacing that tonally matches), and the nature of the material unsettled and very much up in the air. Don't judge a book by its cover, they say. The same applies to shlocky B-movies, if anyone needed a reminder.

Housed in a regular plastic Amaray case, *Inbred Redneck Vampires* comes to DVD presented in 16x9 widescreen, divided into 29 chapters, with an English language stereo audio track. Bonus material arrives by way of 10 minutes worth of bloopers (in which tubby guys reveal some man-cleavage and one gal mock-fellates a microphone), a trailer for the movie, and an 11-minute behind-the-scenes featurette, which reveals the movie's original title as *Bloodsucking Redneck Vampires*, and spollights the nature of DIV indie film production, by way of a wardrobe story involving a panicked run to the nearest Target, one town away. There are <u>nine trailers for other Sub Bosa Studios releases</u>, too, including for movies entitled *Ski Wolf* and, ahem, *Terror at Blood Fart Lake* (yes, seriously). A braver critic would have perhaps given due diligence and investigated the latter; I skipped it, alas. To purchase the DVD via Amazon, <u>click here</u>. F (Movie) C- (Disc)

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