

of the better effects *Sector 7* has to offer. The rest of the CGI, such as the entire oil rig, is so obviously digital that you'll experience painful flashbacks to the virtual reality scene in *Jason X*.

Even the story is an unapologetically unoriginal mash-up of every action/sci-fi cliché: the female lead with a haunted past, the goofy males who are expendable monster fodder, and the big twist that the monster's existence is a result of man's greed. One can only assume that this waterlogged piece of monster dung, which allegedly had a budget of \$10 million(!), is a really late attempt to cash in on the success of 2006's *The Host*. If it's a similarly grand-scale Korean monster movie you seek, don't bother exploring *Sector 7*. This deep-sea adventure is as shallow as they come.

AARON VON LUPTON

WORLD WIDE WEB

CAMEL SPIDERS

Starring Brian Krause, C. Thomas Howell and Melissa Brasselle
Directed by Jim Wynorski (credited as Jay Andrews)
Written by Jim Wynorski and J. Brad Wilke
Anchor Bay

Parrotfish, chicken hawk, rat snake, tiger shark, horsefly, coon dog: real. Sharktopus, piranhaconda, dinocroc, dinoshark, crocosaurus: fictitious. Camel spider? WTF? Alas, they do indeed exist. They're indigenous to the deserts of Afghanistan and have caused some minor trouble for troops over there. They're big, ugly and venomous, though not lethal. And that's where any ties between scientific fact and this film get permanently severed. Normally, that wouldn't matter much — except that the film kinda sucks.

After an opening sequence in which a firefight between Taliban baddies and American forces is rudely interrupted by a massive attack of spiders, the body of a fallen soldier is transported back to the Southwestern US (which looks so much like the previous scene in "Afghanistan," you'd almost

think... nah, never mind). Naturally, a couple of the critters have stowed away in the casket and are spawning offspring at a rate that would put most reggae musicians to shame.

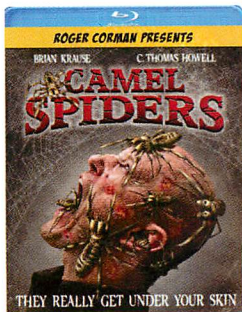
Catastrophic infestation of a remote desert town ensues and it's up to Brian Krause as the brave commanding officer, Melissa

Brasselle as the hot sergeant and C. Thomas Howell as the savvy local sheriff, to rally the hapless locals into action.

The spiders get bigger, uglier and more venomous, and there's a lot of shooting and running around and diving for cover. We get the now-obligatory Siege Movie Act Break Confessional, in which the second and third acts are linked by a scene where various characters reveal deeply personal secrets to each other, while the enemy has momentarily retreated. You know, nothing was ever good enough for my father, my heart is still broken over a high school romance, I'm gay, etc. Just in case they get killed and never have a chance to confess.

Only a certified fool would expect convincing creature effects in such a movie but it's beyond the pale when an entire arachnid invasion appears to be walking four inches above the ground. Honestly, it's like the keyboard jockeys were practicing work-to-rule in the FX department.

JOHN W. BOWEN



OVERLOOKED, FORGOTTEN AND DISMISSED

THIS ISSUE: LANCE FINDS SOME FATAL FRAMES

DEAD QUIET ON SET



FRIGHT FLICK

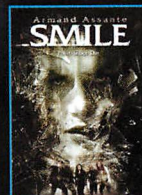
Vicious Circle

The film industry has often been referred to as cutthroat, and *Fright Flick* is proof. The movie follows a production crew holed up in a hotel making a sequel to a film whose leading lady was murdered a few years prior. The director is a pompous ass, the producer a jerk and the crew are either plotting to make their own film or busy fucking each other over to get ahead in the business. So when some of 'em turn up with crowbars rammed through their heads or hedge clippers shoved in their eye sockets, everybody suspects everybody else. Very low-budget, *Fright Flick* still manages a polished look and has enough naked bimbos, buckets of blood and cheesy gay-themed humour to make John Waters envious.

BODY COUNT: 18

BEST FILM-RELATED FATALITY: Head perforated with a camera tripod

SAY CHEESE



SMILE

eOne

It's weird how you need a license to drive, get married or even own a pet, but anyone can make a film. A couple of years ago, even I started to make a zombie flick before my buddies and I ran out of money and enthusiasm. What I'm saying is that some films shouldn't have been made, and this is one of them. It begins promisingly enough, with Armand Assante working as a haggard crime-scene photographer in Morocco, but then inexplicably shifts gears to follow a group of hipster d-bags who

find a camera that takes pictures foreshadowing how each of them will die. The death scenes are lame, the acting is horrible and the premise so laughable that your frown will only turn upside-down once it's over.

BODY COUNT: 12

BEST FILM-RELATED FATALITY: Punctured by antlers, as predicted by a Polaroid

CINEMA SCARE-ITÉ



LIGHTS, CAMERA, DEAD

Aisthesis Productions

What do you do when nobody else sees your low-budget, independent horror movie as the masterpiece you think it is, and the cast and crew are threatening to walk? Kill 'em and keep the camera rolling, of course! That's the idea behind this fun little film-within-a-film about a pair of struggling directors whose production is brought to a halt due to their complete incompetence. But after accidentally killing a crew member, they find the missing element they need: actual death scenes. Though the first half of *Lights Camera Dead* is more humorous than horrific — especially the hilarious casting scene — the second half ramps up the gore and makes for a tight, witty romp that'll have you thinking twice about volunteering to work on your friend's zombie movies.

BODY COUNT: 8

BEST FILM-RELATED FATALITY: Beaten with a clapperboard

LAST CHANCE LANCE