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# The Corporate Cut Throat Massacre

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Review by Bill Gibron | posted July 3, 2011 | E-mail the Author | Start a Discussion

Who - or better yet what - is Creep Creepersin? As macabre non de plumes go, it's about as effective as Scary McScarington or Dr. Acula. Local UHF horror hosts have more evocative dread labels. More importantly, who keeps giving this guy money to make movies? Having only seen one of his supposedly vast oeuvre, it's clear that his idea of fear is far out in left field - somewhere around the "why bother" bleachers. A bit of online pruning produced some interesting tidbits on Mr. C. Apparently, he's a musician, an author, a writer/director/producer/actor, and worthy of a sizable genre fanbase. Such a resume makes him out to be some kind of nightmare raconteur. A movie like Corporate Cut Throat **Massacre**, suggests he's a pure pretender to the throne. A slow, dull, boring bit of "suspense," this weird attempt at comedy and cruelty just doesn't work. We are never once interested in the killer's ID, and once it arrives, we soon realize that most of the narrative was doing little more than wasting our time.

## The Plot:

In the bowels of a cutthroat office, a group of salesmen (and women) have just received some shocking news. Brandi Babcock, their no nonsense boss and resident biz-nitch, has just been told by the big boys to cut two jobs, or the business will go under. Looking out over her mediocre staff, she decides to make a quasi-game of it. She wants all their quarterly reports, earning sheets, leads, and client lists by the end of the day, and whoever doesn't cut the mustard will be getting the axe. As she drives them to distraction, the various employees survey their prospects. A couple decide to

have sex. One gets drunk. Another plots to make Brandi look bad...and someone is systematically killing off the competition, one disgruntled coworker at a time.

## The DVD:

As a champion of many homemade horror acolytes - Chris Seaver, Eric Stanze, The Campbell Brothers, Warren F. Disbrow, Wayne Alan Harold - this critic was decidedly underwhelmed by Creep Creepersin's lame Corporate Cut Throat Massacre. Heck, yours truly knew he was in trouble when the opening scrawl attempted to mimic Tobe Hooper's Chainsaw classic from forty years ago, only to dissipate into credits that took up nearly 13 of the movies slight 70 minute running time. From then on, it was irritating actors, obnoxious dialogue, an attempt at a motivational catchphrase ("What can I say...I'm a perfectionist." and very few on screen killings. While he claims this is more of a psychological thriller than an outright slasher film, MC Creepersin needs to get his ambitions straight. Picking off your cast one by one and not offering any gore is not Hitchcock - it's hackwork, especially when you are doing very little except mimicking the slice and dice dynamics of decades past. If you want to splatter the cast all over the found office location - go for it. Just make sure you have some capable F/X and there's nothing to worry about.

But in this case, limited ambitions yield even more limited results. This is a deadly tedious experience, a talky trudge through pointless subplots, incomplete characterization, random red herrings, and enough rhythmic phone rings to drive even the most stable man bonkers. Sure, the constantly chiming device becomes DVD Blowouts a running joke of sorts (and a clue in the end) but that doesn't make it any more tolerable. Neither are the numbskulled personalities on display. One guys a suck-







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up. The other is stuck up. One girl refers to her finance - a co-worker - in the third person, another drinks herself daffy. Are you laughing yet? While the cover art suggests something along the lines of *The Office*, this is more like "The Awful." If these are recognizable small business types, the kind of kooks hanging around the water cooler, then the American economy is doomed. We are supposed to believe that these obvious actors are really high pressure sales people, or at the very least semi-competent in their jobs. Instead, they are

Then there is Creepersin's work behind the lens, which leaves a lot to be desired. Adopting a kind of handheld shaky cam ideal, he circles actors as they stumble through their bits, using body parts like shoulders and the backs of heads as oddball framing devices. In other instances, the tops of desks and the incredibly long (and sometimes indistinct) shot is the order of the day. While he's always careful to keep his cast in focus, he offers little in the way of directorial flair or horror vision. It's like a bunch of people got together on their lunch hour and (secretly...so that boss wouldn't see) made a scary movie. Towards the end, when things have to be rewound so that we can understand what just happened, Creepersin shows some spirit. He comprehends how to tie this material together, but at the same time, highlights how haphazard the first two thirds of the film was. As an example of his growing acumen as a filmmaker, Corporate Cut **Throat Massacre** has some horrid flaws. As a fright film, it's even worse.

## The Video:

Captured on video and transferred over with the colors turned way down low, the 9. 1.78:1 anamorphic widescreen image of Corporate Cut Throat Massacre is mediocre at best. The lack of vibrancy is obvious, and someone has tweaked the tints in post, leaving things dull and drab. Some of the close-ups reveal interesting details, but for the most part, this movie looks made on the cheap.

#### The Audio:

Someone needs to help Master Creepersin with his sound mastering issues. On the one hand, the musical score, a single sinister ear worm that will bury itself in your subconscious, is fine. It's annoying as Hell, but recreated with some manner of depth. Everything else smacks of the internal microphone recording technique of the typical camcorder. Dialogue is thin and tinny, and the overall mix is muddy. So where's the problem-o? Well, Mr. C keeps cutting between the two, kind of like the aural aspects of that renowned work of misguided misery -Birdemic.

## The Extras:

We are treated to a nice audio commentary which sees Creepersin and a cast member waxing realistically about their efforts. While still a bit self congratulatory, it comes across quite well. We are also given access to two featurettes - one on the Making-of the film itself, the other about terrible jobs held by the cast and crew - and the original short "Late Shift," which formed the basis of the screenplay. All are interesting, if not necessarily eye-opening.

## **Final Thoughts:**

It's hard to find a reason to recommend Corporate Cut Throat Massacre, either as camp, cautionary tale, or a "there's nothing left to rent at Redbox' alternative. It's too dull, too draining in its set-up to ever satisfy with its lame conclusion. Busty babes and all, this movie still deserves a solid Skip It. You won't be missing much if you pass it by, and if you chose to give it a whirl, you've been more than warned. Frankly, anything essayed by someone named 'Creep Creepersin' should be ample caution enough. Sometimes, you can judge the content by the name of the cover. In the case of Corporate Cut Throat **Massacre**, the substance inside sucks.

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