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Mark of the Beast

Rudyard Kipling must be rolling in his grave. When a drunken idiot desecrates the grave of the monkey king, a silver leper comes out of the forest to make sure the offender pays. Sounds like a good idea for a jungle adventure, doesn't it? Now picture it acted out – badly – in what looks like somebody's back yard and you'll start to understand what a disappointment this film is. Never mind the fact that the cast keeps flubbing their lines, or that the camera work looks like it was filmed on a cell phone. All would be forgiven (to an extent) if the movie had the threatening sense of atmosphere Kipling's story needs to be effective. It doesn't. **0 stars**