



In the summer of 2012, there were multiple cases of bath salt users completely losing their minds and eating human flesh. Idiots all across the world genuinely believed that this was the beginning of the zombie apocalypse. I knew it was only a matter of time before some indie horror filmmaker cashed in on the stupidity of these buffoons. In the early winter of 2013, I received a DVD screener of *Bath Salt Zombies*, and Dustin Mills became the indie horror filmmaker that cashed in on the stupidity of those buffoons.



Opening up with a side-splitting *Reefer Madness* style animated PSA about the dangers of using bath salts, the film is tongue-in-cheek from the beginning. Unfortunately, the quality and polish deteriorates astronomically once the actual film kicks in, but it thankfully embraces its cheesiness. In *Bath Salt Zombies*, a young bath salt addict named Ritchie, desperate to reach a new high, buy a pack of bath salt cigarettes from his dealer: Bubbles. Unbeknownst to Richie, the cigarettes were infused with a form of bath salt that significantly more dangerous and addicting than K-2. As you probably guessed, the main side effect of this drug is that it turns users into violent killing machines...but only as long as the high lasts. Unfortunately for Richie, hilariously over-the-top Agent Forster is on the case to deliver justice and one-liners to everyone that is using and abusing bath salts.



It doesn't get much sillier than *Bath Salt Zombies*, but based on the film's title alone, it's totally clear that the filmmakers weren't trying to hide that. Humor isn't hard to find as both the generally well-written jokes and the D-level acting had me cracking up. That is the sort of so-

bad-it’s-good charm that I can appreciate. The horrible, unforgivable audio problems aren’t so easily forgivable. The sound levels bounce all over the place and the any time someone screams, which is a whole hell of a lot, the audio screeches louder than a hooker in Henry Lee Lucas’ bedroom.



Surprisingly, there are some dope (no pun intended) special effects in the vein of *Terror Toons*. The practical effects fit the tone of the film for the most part, but the horrible CGI/green-screen work is incredibly distracting, and not in a good way. While the plot and characters lack any sense of depth, neither of those aspects are the selling point of *Bath Salt Zombies*. Instead, the film relies on its goofy charm and sheer ridiculousness to win over viewers. At the end of the day, the film is nothing you haven’t seen many times before, but it’s fun enough to constitute a viewing from fans of goofball cinema.

- Blair Hoyle

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