

If the Syfy channel ever were to merge with Cinemax, movies like "Repligator" would be a staple of programming. The only thing keeping such a thing from happening today is the limitation on nudity – in this case, topless mutants — imposed on networks offered on basic-plus cable. Otherwise, "Replicator" follows the rules in Roger Corman's playbook covering movies intended for exhibition on TV and in the international market. Like "Piranhaconda" and "Dinocroc vs. Supergator," the title of Bret McCormick's 1996 exploitation flick tells potential viewers everything they need to know about the movie ahead of time. "Babegators" probably would have been an even more useful title, but it might not have been specific enough for what essentially would qualify as an R-rated hybrid of sci-fi and horror. The nipples are simply the icing on the cake. Produced on a miniscule DIY budget, apart from the salaries, if any, of Gunnar Hansen ("Texas Chainsaw Massacre") and scream queen Brinke Stevens, the effects are even cheesier than the screenplay. "Repligator" describes what happens when a top-secret military experiment backfires in the strangest possible way. A transporter gizmo designed to neutralize enemy troops turns male soldiers into horny women who can't keep their shirts on. When they are aroused to the point of orgasm, the replicants morph into alligators. The same thing happens when the women scientists working in the lab are zapped. Like the x-ray glasses used by their male counterparts to sneak peeks at their boobs, the ray gun only serves to prove to the women that "men are such pigs." "Repligator" easily qualifies as a guilty pleasure. The DVD adds an interview with the director and making-of featurette. - Gary Dretzka

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