

THE FINAL GIRLS

Starring Taissa Farmiga, Malin Akerman and Adam DeVine  
 Directed by Todd Strauss-Schulson  
 Written by M.A. Fortin and Joshua John Miller  
 Sony

Warrant's awful 1990 hair-metal anthem "Cherry Pie" may have been the tipping point that ushered in grunge. In 1986, however, that flannel tsunami was far off. This is noteworthy because most of *Final Girls* is set in that year yet features a scene in which one of the characters does a striptease to "Cherry Pie," apparently getting her hands on the record before it was even recorded. It's a sloppy error in a concept executed way better by *Scream*, *Behind the Mask: The Rise of Leslie Vernon* and *The Cabin in the Woods*.

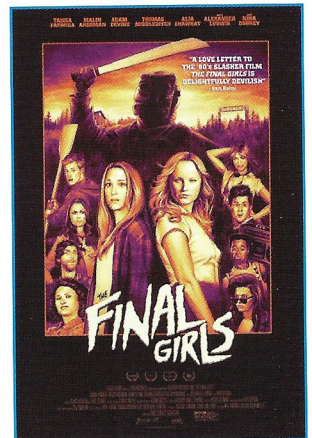
*The Final Girls* stars Taissa Farmiga (*American Horror Story*) as Max, a young woman trying to get over the loss of her mother, Amanda (Malin Akerman), to a car crash. Amanda, a single mom, loved her daughter but struggled to provide for her as an actor who was forever typecast as a Scream Queen after her role in the '80s slasher flick *Camp Bloodbath*. Max agrees to accompany some friends to a showing of the film so she can see her mom again, even if just in a movie. When a fire breaks out in the theatre, they must tear through the screen to escape, but find themselves inside the world of the *Camp Bloodbath*, trapped in the secluded camp with a gaggle of slasher movie stereotypes.

Max is accompanied by her own stereotypes, though. There's the nice guy crush, Chris (Alexander Ludwig); the popular bitchy girl, Vicki (Nina Dobrev); frumpy best friend Gertie (Alia Shawkat); and Duncan (Thomas Middleditch), the scraggly, super-ironic horror nerd who knows everything about *Camp Bloodbath* and conveniently explains the slasher movie rules. If they're going to survive and escape, they have to enlist the help of the clueless camp counsellors (who think they're unannounced new hires) to defeat machete-wielding Billy – who's exactly like Jason Voorhees except for a wooden mask that makes him look like a constipated Tiki god.

Some of the jokes work, such as Duncan taking a selfie with the typically slow-moving killer, but the drama is forced and sometimes downright awkward, such as the bizarrely lesbian undertones in Max's relationship with the movie version of her mom. Plus, there's that failed '80s authenticity, which climaxes in a moronic *Matrix*-style fight between Max and Billy.

Slasher films are certainly worth ripping on, but the makers of *The Final Girls* don't seem to know their target, so (cherry) pie's on their faces.

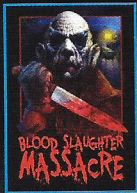
DAVE ALEXANDER



OVERLOOKED, FORGOTTEN AND DISMISSED

THIS ISSUE: LANCE PUTS THE "ACK!" IN MASSACRE

STALKING LADIES LIKE THE '80s



BLOOD SLAUGHTER MASSACRE

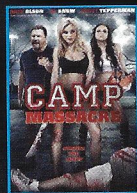
Wild Eye Releasing

There's something that makes gorehounds like me growl with delight when "massacre" is right there in the movie title. Take *Blood Slaughter Massacre*, for example. Ten years after a killer wiped out 23 people at a Halloween party, a small town is rocked when the maniac returns. Meant as a homage to slasher films of the '80s, *Blood Slaughter Massacre* has it all: girls in the shower, drunken cops, girls in the woods, a masked killer and girls with chainsaws! Though it starts out weak, it picks up the pace with some decent performances, clever kills and a cool retro score that sounds like a John Carpenter cast-off. Only complaint: they should have slaughtered the running time by about 30 minutes, because at almost two hours it starts to massacre your patience.

BODY COUNT: 38

BEST WEAPON: Chainsaw

THE THICK AND THE DEAD



CAMP MASSACRE

MVD Visual

If I told you that the name of this movie should be *Fat Camp Massacre*, would you still watch it? Did that shrivel your hopes of promiscuous camp counsellors and sexy co-eds? If it did, this ain't the movie for you, because it only gets fatter. *Camp Massacre* follows ten chunky chaps who enroll on a weight-loss reality show out in the woods. But the blood and blubber start flying when a mysterious killer begins whacking them off. Poorly acted and excruciatingly boring, it features one of the most disturbing sex scenes ever filmed (involving a drumstick). Even the running time is overweight, as it's been padded out to a hefty 129 minutes! Note to the editor: drop the fork and burn some calories trimming those minutes.

BODY COUNT: 15

BEST WEAPON: A Turkey Leg

JERKS-IN-A-BOX



EVERYONE MUST DIE!

MVD Visual

Years after a serial killer slaughtered his little sister, a young man decides that the police lied about the murderer dying and becomes determined to track him down. His investigation leads him to a house party full of typically annoying slasher-fodder kids. Inexplicably, the group becomes trapped inside the house, even though it's broad daylight and they're surrounded by neighbours. A low-budget production, *Everyone Must Die!* comes off as cheapo thanks to its shitty props (e.g. rubber machetes), crappy acting and horrible editing. Thankfully, it only clocks in at 71 minutes, but that's still about 61 minutes too long for a movie I wish included the deaths of the editor, writer, director and anybody else that had a hand in making it.

BODY COUNT: 21

BEST WEAPON: Lawnmower

LAST CHANCE LANCE