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PORN SHOOT MASSACRE

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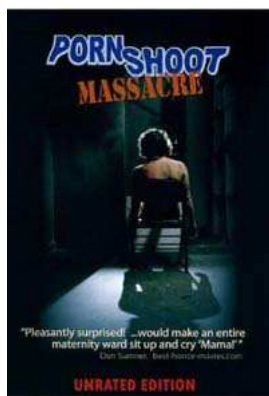
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Originally released in 2009, **Porn Shoot Massacre** is a film that doesn't seem quite sure what it wants to be. Is it a softcore sex film, a splatter movie, a slasher film or a spoof? In the end, it tries to be a little bit of everything and so inevitably fails to satisfy as anything.

The film certainly seems set to be a soft porn parody with its opening scene, a *very* long sequence of hyper-bosomed sometime wrestler and top-billed performer Shelly Martinez taking a shower in a surprisingly boring - and misleadingly full frontal - bit of salaciousness. Fans of Martinez hoping for more of the same are immediately disappointed as she is killed off by a mysterious figure lurking in her apartment, a moment that make little sense within the main context of the film, which tells the story of a bunch of porn performers lured to a run-down warehouse to take high-paying jobs on a new porn shoot by wunderkind director Malfini (Robert Ambrose in an ill-fitting wig and fake moustache). Malfini turns out to be creatively clueless, which might be a dig at porn directors with artistic pretensions but is more likely due to the limitations of **Porn Shoot Massacre** director Corbin Timbrook, but his rubbishy porn movie is simply a cover for the *real* project - a snuff movie in which the actresses are killed by masked psycho Brute.

Rather than gather all the performers together and allow us to guess who will survive and who will be picked off, the film instead introduces them one or two at a time, allowing no interaction between most of the protagonists. We don't even meet the 'final girl' until less than half an hour from the end, so there is no chance of the audience relating to her or even caring what happens. Instead, we have a story where girls turn up, take their tops off, perform half-baked porn scenes that even the most forgiving XXX viewer would boo off the screen and are then murdered. There's no attempt to build tension or atmosphere at all.

The cast - a mix of real life porn stars (Naomi Cruz, Diana Prince) and wannabe scream queens (Liana Mendoza) - don't exactly give the sort of performances that draw you in either (not that the male actors are any better, it has to be said) and while it might seem odd to criticise a film called **Porn Shoot Massacre** for being too subtle, the fact is that in terms of both sex and violence - the only things the movie really has going for it as a concept - the film is rather lacking. There are plenty of bare boobs, true, but little more after Martinez's untimely demise, and the killings mostly take place off-camera - life might be cheap in this snuff movie work but special effects clearly weren't.

It's a shame because there is the germ of an interesting idea in this story. That interesting idea, of course, had already been filmed rather more effectively as **Last House on Dead End Street**, which this film clearly wants to emulate but can't match in terms of delirious excess, unsettling creepiness or weird art/trash hybrid style. Instead, **Porn Shoot Massacre** goes for cheap gags and typical amateur hour slasher movie tropes. There is a potentially interesting point where it seems that the whole movie has been financed by religious extremists, aiming to kill off sinful porn stars and producers, but this is forgotten almost as soon as it's brought up, and the general moral attitude of the film (which seems to flip flop from anti-porn to pro-porn) is somewhat dubious. You can't help but think that the makers of **Porn Shoot Massacre** think of themselves as several steps above the porn industry, both artistically and morally. On the basis of this film, they are neither.

Admittedly, if all you want is to see a few startlets taking their tops off and a bit of blood and fake entrails splashed about, then this might be enough to pass away an evening. Even so, there are probably other movies out there that do a similar thing in a more effective and excessive manner. You'd be better off sticking with them.

DAVID FLINT

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