



TV / FILM

"A SINISTER CABAL OF SUPERIOR WRITERS"

Blogcritics is an online magazine, a community of writers and readers from around the globe.

Publisher: [Eric Olsen](#)

REVIEW

Movie Review: *Bikini Bloodbath*

Written by [Mel Odom](#)

Published February 01, 2008



Let me say this for the record and be up front about it: there are no – as in *none* – redeeming qualities about *Bikini Bloodbath*. Anyone looking for anything philosophically deeper than a tanline or a plot of any degree is going to be sorely disappointed. The movie is exactly as the title portrays it to be, a bloody romp with girls in bikinis facing serial killers. It's probably in a genre all its own. The movie's writers/directors, Jonathan Gorman and Thomas Edward Seymour, wouldn't want it any other way.

Here's the plot in a nutshell (a nutshell, I might add, that would probably hold the clothing worn by most of the girls in any one scene): seven teenage girls gather to celebrate the last day of school while a deranged murderer (dressed in a butcher's/chef's uniform for some bizarre reason) is loose in the neighborhood. One of the girls, Suzy, gets scorned by the others, and is disrespected in a way that instantly reminds long-time horror viewers of Stephen King's *Carrie*. In fact, the whole movie is shot through with enough pop culture references that not all of them will escape everyone.

Bouts of drinking, bad jokes, scantily-clad girls playing Twister, and any conceivable reason in the world to strip for showers follows. I don't know what I expected going into the movie, but I quickly checked both expectations and reservations at the opening frames because I knew this was just going to be... different.

Bikini Bloodbath is exactly the best kind of movie to air in frat houses and male college dorms worldwide. Nowhere else will the audience be kind enough to kick back and just enjoy being shot through with testosterone and a willingness to see a plotless wonder cycle through till the end of its seventy-minute run.

There are jokes, situations, and physical humor that is predictable as well as near-moronic. The last lingering vestiges of a horror film are quickly deep-sixed, although the cast wasn't informed and seem willing to go through with the charade anyway. I mean, when the characters decide to throw a party and get drunk so they don't have to be afraid of the killer lurking around outside the house, that's pretty minimal.

However, in comparison, some of the other scenes shine. I couldn't believe the "Flashdance" sequence even as I sat there watching it roll. No way could they get a guy to do that. But he did, and it wasn't half-bad. Even though I never wanted to see anything like that again.

The movie was made back in 2006 and is just now out on DVD. Two other *Bikini Bloodbath* films have already been made and are awaiting release. Amusingly, both of those have pretty much the same cast as in this film that were slaughtered. So they're just going to be renamed and killed again. They also have another movie coming out, *London Betty*, again featuring many of the same participants.

Maybe these movies aren't ones you want to write home and tell Mom about, but the cast and crew seem to be having fun. And for male college students looking for something to do while killing a Friday or Saturday night, this could be the perfect no-brainer movie.

Mel Odom is the author of over 100 novels. Winner of the American Library Association's Alex Award for 2002 and runner-up for the Christy in 2005, he's written in several genres, including tie-in novels for *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, *Angel*, *Without A Trace*, and novelizations of *Blade*, *XXX*, and *Tomb Raider*. Thankfully, he's learned to use his ADHD for good instead of evil.

Comments

