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Bikini Bloodbath (Jon Gorman and Thomas Edward Seymour, Brightly Entertainment 2007)

With a title like that, you kind of suspect that you're not going to be sitting down to Citizen Kane. Bikini Bloodbath is dumb, cheap and silly - and a hoot to boot. Seven sexy (silicon-enhanced) cheerleaders who don't look a day under 30 decide to hold a slumber party before they leave for college. The little fact that their town is being stalked by a maniac called Chef Death doesn't put these fun-lovin' women - sorry, I mean, schoolgirls - off one little bit. The school football team decide to crash the party just in time for Chef Death to start hacking 'n' slashing, and you can guess the rest. The cast and crew know exactly what they are making here, so the whole thing is played strictly for belly laughs. Low-budget scream queen Debbie Rochon puts in a brief cameo as the girls' lesbian coach, and the film makers appear as a terrible glam metal band called White Liger in a fake promo video and as posters on the bedroom walls - kind of fitting, really, because glam metal would have been all the rage back when these actresses were really in their teens!

The Deadly Art Of Survival (Charlie Ahearn, Brink 1979)

Filmed on Super 8 in the lower east side of New York City during 1979, this cheap but fascinating film tells the tale of Nathan, a martial arts fanatic who is beaten up by a gang of drug dealers. He sets out to get revenge, and that's about it as far as the plot goes. The rival gang operate out of the Disco Dojo, one of the nastiest-looking karate schools I've ever seen. His arch-rival orders a group of ninjas to torment Nathan and drive him crazy, so they steal his hat, move his sandwich and remove the wheels from his car while he's romancing his girl in the back seat. You've got to love those goofy guys. Eventually, Nathan kicks seven shades out of the ninjas in a rooftop battle, then sets off to take on his arch-rival. Obviously skilled in martial arts despite their lack of acting skills, the two guys perform a realistic-looking fight that climaxes with a seriously dangerous stunt. Nowadays, everyone is an amateur movie maker with plenty of decent equipment available to even the most meagre of budgets, but you have to be impressed by the level of determination that it took to get this cool little flick made - it's so cheap that the end credits are written in felt-tip on a sheet of glass, fer Pete's sake! **Liam Ronan.**