

## Fright Night Film Fest: The Eyes of Alexis Iacono, Part Two

Written by Alexis Iacono

Monday, 20 August 2012 13:33

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Although the private festival gatherings that were held for us were, well, private, it was still mayhem. As for walking around in general, it was real fun! But, just a warning, you walk away from friends for one second, you'll lose them in the crowd and find yourself looking for what seems like hours! (See part one [here](#))

Did you know that if you order a Chicken Taco Salad in Louisville, you will get corrected, no joke! And the waiter will say "You mean, Taco Chicken Salad?" This happened to B. Stacy. As he was being corrected, I couldn't help but hear in the background, a very familiar song. "Genius of Love" by The Tom Tom Club.... Dear God, the song is following me. I believe Brony had something to do with this!

Anyway, don't make snarky, and what you think are funny remarks: a) If you ask for a Diet Coke, but they only have Diet Pepsi. Yes, there is a difference; B) when super nice female workers at the Galt House Hotel are flirting shamelessly to handsome actor, Brandon Stacy, and when they ask what type of a guy is he. Learn from me. Don't "joke" and laugh out loud and say "Awwwww he's just an old bag of potato chips." You will hear crickets. Woman wanting to kick your ass. And a glaring Brandon Stacy (Love you B. Stacy!).

Leigh Scott and Eliza Swenson are busy peeps. Friday night was our PENNY DREADFUL PICTURE SHOW sneak peek, and day two was the showing of Leigh's WITCHES OF OZ. While we were all making our rounds, I was introduced to filmmaker Paul Morrell. He had a successful weekend at Fright Fest for his movie HUFF, starring Charlie O'Connell and Clint Howard. New friend; very kind, very talented. He won the "practical special FX" Award. Well deserved!

As I am chatting it up with Paul, I noticed, BRONY is heading my way, again. My eyes widen, speechless. Then, my eyes slowly travel to his shirt. Today, he was wearing a BERPY shirt. Yes, Berpy is a Pony! And underneath the Pony, it says "Berpy is best Pony" I got pictures!

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He approaches me in yet, another serious tone—it was out of a Charles Dickens novel—and says “Alexis.”

I said “Brony.”

He says “I looked you and your movies up. You have quite a film selection. Very impressive.”

I said, “Well, thank you Brony”.

He adds, now his voice going from stern/ professional, to somewhat more of an excited boyish tone, but still holding it together, “Um, so, are you really the Goblin in WORLD OF WARCRAFT: CATAclysm”?

“Yes, I am,” I smiled.

“That is sooo cool!!!”

And then I witnessed it! He got so excited, I actually saw Ponies sparkling in his eyes. Hey, people saw Jesus walk on water. I saw Brony with Ponies in his eyes! I did! It has nothing to do with that Tequila shot! I swear!

I needed a break from all the excitement and fun festivities, so I decided to escape for five minutes. That is, until I hear in the crowd the same Gomer Pyle voice “I guess that invisibility cloak is still not working. I still see you.” In slow motion, I turn around, and there she was again! I laughed and smiled, I said “Hi there,” kept walking, as I hear her laugh trailing off.

My only escape, just for two minutes: the woman's bathroom stall. Or, so I thought. Silence in the stall until I hear gaggle of girls walking in the women's room. I look down, and in the other

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stall, I saw it! Not big Foot! I saw, Zombie foot! No escape. They are everywhere!

Hollywood stars gets sparkles, red carpets and TomKat. I get a female Gomer Pyle, bathroom stalls... and, Berpy!

I'm sitting at the breakfast table at The Holiday Inn, back in September 2011, on location for THE PENNY DREADFUL PICTURE SHOW's "The Slaughter House." I noticed a man wearing a "lefty" shirt. This man was to himself, eating. I was the weirdo trying to read his back while I was trying to eat my cereal. (And you wonder why I am single?) Anyway, the shirt had a list of famous people who are lefties, and since I am a lefty, this was a remarkable shirt and discovery for me. He noticed me being weird. I smiled pretending I was looking at something else. Then I calmly said in a very childish tone "I'm a lefty!"

This man looked at me and said, "Me too!" We both exchanged smiles. And then went about our business. Minutes later, Brandon Stacy sits next to me and starts to eat his breakfast. He said, "Sid Haig came in last night. I got to see him" Let's stop right there for a minute. I'm not going to lie. In the past year, the horror genre fell into my lap. So, when I heard I would be working with Sid Haig, aka Captain Spaulding, I thought it was Captain Bly's brother. That was, until I realized, THE DEVIL'S REJECTS. Well, just as Brandon said that, he looks to the right of him and says "Oh shit! There he is!"

I asked, "Where?"

Brandon pointed to the man wearing the lefty shirt. It was Sid Haig. Sid and I would eat breakfast almost every morning for the duration of the shoot. He told me stories. Wonderful Hollywood stories. He spoke. I listened.

Sid Haig. You can't miss him. He is this tall man of 6'4. He is, from head to toe, full of pure graciousness, kindness, and really listens to what you have to say.

Some people may have celebrated there last night at the Festival; drinking, partying, watching horror movies, or figuring out what room Norman Reedus was staying in. But we (Leigh Scott,

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Eliza Swenson, Noel Thurman and Brandon Stacy) sat with Sid Haig drinking beers inside the glass archway at The Galt House Hotel, witnessing the miraculous Derecho Storm go right over us. It took three days for the storm to get to Louisville. The storm made everyone calm. We all sat privately with Sid. After two hours of pure relaxation and enjoyment, Sid, myself and the gang went to a local pizza joint around the corner. Only a few people in the joint. We all sat in the back, ordered a pitcher of beer, and pizza pies. And like the good ole days at The Holiday Inn. Sid spoke. And we listened.



Sid and his fans. While we were eating out pizza pies, a guy walks up to the table, nervous and red faced, mumbled his words a bit, and turned to Sid. I witnessed a little boy being introduced to Mickey Mouse for the very first time. Then, a few more people walked in, and asked for his picture/autographs. Sid signed and smiled. It was so much fun to watch. The fans left, and we downed our beers.

We decided to all walk back to our hotel. The Louisville Streets were still damp from the storm, but the sky was clear, and the city was sparkling. There was a beautiful silence while we were walking the streets. We said our goodbyes to Sid. I gave Sid a big hug, and sadness came over me. I know I will be seeing him again in the near future, but I knew I was going to miss him. I went back to my hotel room, and packed.

Festival is over, and I am at the airport, which I must say is spotless. I am sitting calmly and peacefully at the gate, playing Word Whomp on my Blackberry, until I hear an announcement on the loudspeaker.

“Daniel Slaughter, Daniel Slaughter, please come to Gate.” I quickly looked up and just started

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laughing. And although Fright Fest is over and done with, for now, I laughed because ya can take the girl out of the slaughter, but ya can't take the slaughter... I boarded the plane, and was back in New York in an hour and a half.



If you were to ask me to explain a quick overall synopsis of my experience at Fright Fest. I think Noel Thurman said it best on Facebook:

"Many highlights, seeing old friends, meeting new ones, & of course, my Looneyville team, Leigh Scott, Eliza Swenson, Al Snow, Alexis Iacono and Brandon Stacy. So, what can I, appropriately indulge, is that, the films were a success, had great times, with great friends, dinner with Sid Haig was hysterical, and, photo bombing Bruce Campbell, was awesome!"

Well said, my friend. Well said.

I hope you all enjoyed the adventure in The Eyes of Alexis Iacono.