Written by Allan Dart
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I had the displeasure of having to both watch and review director Sean Skelding’s previous movie—the steaming pile of crap a.k.a. I AM VIRGIN (click here to read my scathing critique)—and concluded my assessment by writing, “I AM VIRGIN? Not anymore. After seeing this dismal film, I feel like I’ve been f**ked.” Well, I’m *still* a virgin (I’m 35 and saving myself for a nice girl who doesn’t mind a guy who is balding, weighs more than Val Kilmer after a hot-dog-eating contest, has fewer teeth than a 6-month-old and collects Happy Meal toys), but, boy, I feel like I’ve been f**ked again. Yup, Skelding has made another abominable film, STRIPPERLAND. And, yup, I have to review it. Man, I really wish that Rapture apocalypse had taken place on May 21…

First off, STRIPPERLAND (IMD/MVD) is even worse than I AM VIRGIN for one simple reason: It’s 103 minutes long! WTF?! That’s 13 more miserable minutes than VIRGIN, and trust me, when you’re suffering through a Skelding opus, *every* extra minute feels like Pinhead and co. are tearing your soul apart. If you never saw I AM VIRGIN, well…I envy you. It’s an awful erotic spoof of I AM LEGEND that’s neither sexy nor funny. And now we have STRIPPERLAND, an awful erotic spoof of ZOMBIELAND that’s *also* neither sexy nor funny. Skelding certainly has his crappy formula down pat. After viewing this dreck, you’ll be longing for the sorry spoofmeister duo of Jason Friedberg and Aaron Seltzer (MEET THE SPARTANS, DISASTER MOVIE, VAMPIRES SUCK) to make another movie. OK…maybe that’s stretching things a bit.

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