Before we begin…that cover art is just exquisite. Thank you, Phil Roberts.

Now the news. CHILLERAMA (now on DVD and Blu-ray from Image Entertainment) is no GRINDHOUSE. This is GRINDHOUSE’s low-budget little brother who spends a lot of time alone in the bathroom and seeks a high-five for every fart he cuts. And if ya think that’s a crude comment to make, wait till you sit with the movie.

The flick takes place at a closing drive-in, which is showing four freaky, vintage films on its final night. We see three and a fleeting glimpse of the fourth before a zombie orgy…but we’ll get to that later.

Joe’s Lynch’s ZOM-B-MOVIE is the wraparound story. We hang out with various young patrons and employees of the Kaufman Drive-In, the owner of which, played by HATCHET’s Richard Riehle, is planning a slam-bang finale to his career by showing these zany films, then offing himself (he’s trying to decide between pills and booze or his revolver to get the job done). His projectionist is late for the evening’s events, unfortunately, because he was busy having his genitals bitten off by his dead wife who awoke in her grave after he dug her up to orally rape

her corpse as payback for never pleasing him while she was alive. Now he’s walking with a bit of a limp, oozing blue juice out of his wounded crotch and slowly turning into a horny zombie. Feel free to reread all that to make sure you got it. Now it’s showtime!

WADZILLA is Adam Rifkin’s giddily 1950s-monster-movie homage, which focuses on poor Miles, played by Rifkin himself. Ray Wise portarys his doctor, who sets him up with some experimental pills to assist his impossibly low sperm count (under the microscope, he has one sickly sperm). When Miles gets aroused, a shooting pain in his testicles all but cripples him. Instead of replicating more, the doc informs Miles, “When you get turned on, the one sperm you *do* have gets *huge*!” So Miles must jerk off super-fast any time he feels aroused to prevent the little guy from reaching epic proportions. Despite Miles’ best, um, efforts, this tactic fails, and soon the Statue of Liberty is being draped with an enormous condom. Enjoy cameos from Lin Shaye as a dumpster-diving homeless woman, Ron Jeremy as a kids’ show host and Eric Roberts as Army General Bukkake. It’s certainly a fun one to show friends, especially those with a healthy appreciation for stop-motion animation, Frank Henenlotter and/or Atomic Age creature features.

Tim Sullivan’s I WAS A TEENAGE WEREBEAR is another ’50s-inspired tale, which attempts to mash the beach party and monster fads together in an odd and tasteless stew. It concerns high-schooler Ricky, who is gay and doesn’t know it. He’s bitten by the school’s leather-jacket-wearing tough guy, who is a werebear. Goofy and gross gay jokes ensue—over and over. I appreciate Sullivan’s concept very much, but this one just didn’t click with me. Maybe it was the unlistenable musical numbers, but I found myself yearning for the charm and excitement of WADZILLA—consider that for a moment. Final note: I don’t know what the hell was happening with the sound, but I could not put down the remote; the volume would go from a whisper to volcanic eruption from scene to scene. Exhausting. But you can enjoy another fantastically bizarre Shaye cameo!

Adam Green’s ’40s-style THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANKENSTEIN is by far the wittiest of the bunch, and zany enough to make you start thinking about Mel Brooks and Monty Python. It’s pretty amazing to think that Green was able to deliver something so entertaining after a) being saddled with that title, which he did not come up with (the segment was Rifkin and Sullivan’s idea) and b) having great concern over handling such touchy material. Presented in black and white and sporting a sound design that harks back to Marx Brothers films, it’s quite adorable. The gist is that Hitler wants to create a “killing machine,” which leads to lab scenes and hilarity. Kane Hodder stars as the awesomely cartoonish monster, while Moore turns in a knee-slapping performance as a deliciously buffoonish Hitler.

The wraparound story returns with blow jobs, skull sex, blue goo, more castration and a freewheeling zombie orgy. Oh, and we get a glimpse at another feature, DEATHICATION, which is a kick to the chops of John Waters. That means there’s a lot of poop.

The discs treat us to a directors’ commentary with all four responsible parties, who are seeing the final, *final* product for the first time. It’s fun to learn that Lloyd Kaufman was pissed at Sullivan for not putting him in his last two films, hence the onscreen drive-in’s title as an apologetic nod. That is but a drop in the bucket, however; between the four of these fellows, there’s no shortage of stories, technical information and unbridled fanboy enthusiasm. They’re nerds, we’re nerds and there isn’t a moment of silence throughout.

Now, I don’t mind the fact that this video commentary shows the quartet in a small window that knocks out roughly one-quarter of the screen. Maybe you will; something to consider. Frankly, I’d prefer all commentaries be executed in this fashion. I was extraordinarily curious to find out where Sullivan’s head might’ve been while creating WEREBEAR, and came to find out that a lot of his inspiration came from GREASE 2, HIGH SCHOOL MUSICAL, I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF and A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 2. Which totally makes sense.

“Making THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANKENSTEIN” is pretty fantastic. The biggest joke is that Moore doesn’t know German, so he provides his own bullshit form of the language throughout, which is priceless. Add Hodder plodding around in over-the-top makeup and Green’s nervous enthusiasm, and you’ve got a sweet little featurette.

The WADZILLA deleted scenes aren’t so much deleted scenes as they are concept art mixed into the clips from the film. So illustrations of Wadzilla attack people, and that’s fun stuff (especially since Godzilla’s iconic roar-screech accompanies every shot of the beast). Silly greenscreen business and behind-the-scenes puppetry are also included. ZOM-B-MOVIE’s deleted scenes include a lot of fake poop. Man, it’s been a long time since I’ve written about so many bodily fluids and functions…

There’s also a Comic-Con interview with all four directors, which has all kinds of lovely horror homages going on. It’s hosted by *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, and Lynch is wearing a GOREZONE T-shirt. The lads again explain their motivation, and it’s charming enough to check out. Oh, and then there’s *another* Comic-Con interview session.

Finally, trailers for WADZILLA, I WAS A TEENAGE WEREBEAR and the whole dang film itself are also included. To quote Lynch, “Are we *done* now?!”

MOVIE: 💀💀💀☠

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