

“VAMPIRES SUCK” (Film Review)

Written by Michael Gingold

Wednesday, 18 August 2010 11:36



I guess I should hold myself, in some small way, partially responsible for this. Back in 2006, the actually-funny trailer for DATE MOVIE tricked me into seeing the film, little knowing that said preview consisted of the flick’s opening minutes, and that the laughs would cease immediately thereafter. But by the time its first weekend was over, \$19 million worth of suckers had seen DATE MOVIE, thus paving the way for writer/directors Jason Friedberg and Aaron Seltzer to follow up with EPIC MOVIE, DISASTER MOVIE, MEET THE SPARTANS (since HOMOEROTIC PERIOD ACTION MOVIE apparently didn’t have the right ring to it) and now the equally, appallingly awful VAMPIRES SUCK.

Look, you knew this was going to suck, and having taken one for the team and seen it, I can confirm that yes, it does suck. And the fact that it has “suck” in its name does not in any way absolve it of sucking. That title isn’t the movie’s reflexive meta comment on itself, just the first in its string of obvious, no-effort jokes lampooning TWILIGHT and NEW MOON, all delivered with an utter lack of comic timing and pacing that makes this 82-minute feature feel longer than any (or perhaps all) of the two-hours-plus films it’s spoofing. About the best that can be said of VAMPIRES SUCK is that it’s not easily the worst vampire comedy in recent memory—not with the competition from STAN HELSING and TRANSYLMANIA. But let it not be stated that Friedberg and Seltzer didn’t put up a valiant fight, unleashing every cheap pop-culture shout-out (Kardashians! Jonas Brothers! Lady Gaga! Are you laughing yet?) and outdated song cue (“The Hustle”! “It’s Raining Men”! Come on, this is funny stuff!) in their arsenal.



Back when MEET THE SPARTANS came out, FANGORIA Radio hostess Debbie Rochon was at a local theater reporting in about the opening of another movie, and observed a group of

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people leaving SPARTANS—they looked pretty angry, she said. I maintain, now as then, that anyone who goes to a Friedberg-Seltzer flick at this point should know exactly what they’re getting into, and have no one to blame but themselves.



{jcomments on}