Here at FANGORIA we get buckets of mail, a good deal of which consists of first features from every indie wannabe filmmaker and his talentless brother. Yeah, why lie? Nine out of 10 of these movies are hackwork junk, clear cases of starry-eyed dreamers with camcorders trying to blast out a nickel-and-dime greatest-hits homage to every considerably more costly blockbuster and/or cult fave they’ve thrilled to, none of them heeding their own strengths or limitations, all reaching for the unattainable silver (screen) moon.

Sometimes, this tidal wave of digital drek puts Fango staffers in awkward positions as we privately hold our heads in our hands while publicly trying to be cheerful and encouraging. It can drive a brother nuts, I tell you… So when this writer received a DVD-R copy of a homegrown thriller called RAGE in my slot last week, expectations were too low to limbo under. I put it on the pile and left it alone. But on a slow Friday night, I opted to give it a spin, bidding that if the picture didn’t grab me in the first five minutes, I’d eject it and settle in for a night of TWILIGHT ZONE reruns.

Well, writer/director/editor/co-star Christopher Witherspoon’s RAGE did actually grab me from the opening credits. And when the actors appeared on screen, they didn’t embarrass themselves. And when the plot kicked into gear, I was genuinely intrigued. And when the…well, let’s just say that I stuck it out, and was happy that I did so.

[redacted]
{jcomments on}