



Andrew's 77-Minute Nightmare - Movie Review - Frankenstein's Bloody Nightmare (2006)

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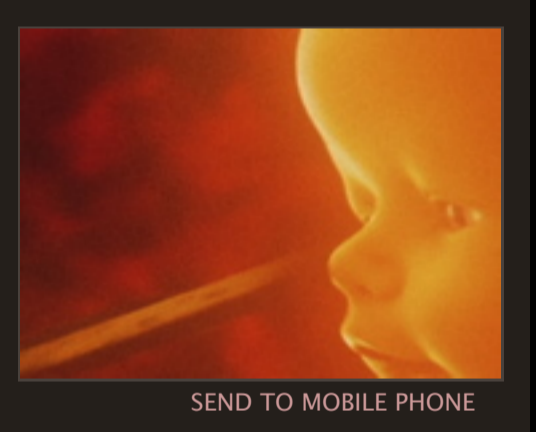


When I first popped "Frankenstein's Bloody Nightmare" into my DVD player, I initially thought I had been caught up in some kind of "Ring" style deadly tape scenario. After five minutes of watching this..."film," I prayed the phone would ring and some scary little girl would come out of my TV and kill me. It's hard to say I hated "Nightmare." A more accurate description would be that I didn't understand one fucking minute of it. I was completely hypnotized by it's total randomness. My initial review looked like this:

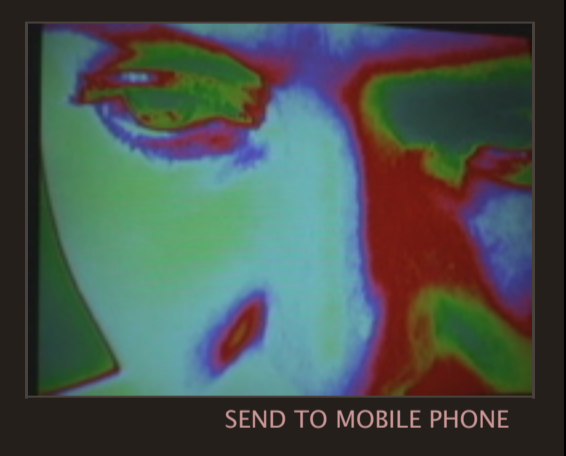
But considering J.R. Hand took the time to send this to us, I figured the least I could do was write something about it. (By the way, I've changed your name to J.R. Hand. Think about it John, it's much catchier.)

The story mostly involves a roll of overexposed film's attempt to construct a movie out of nonsense. Oh wait, that's not what the press release says. My bad. I think it's supposed be about a guy named Victor who kills people for parts he can use to reconstruct his dead girlfriend (?). Who knows. What I can tell you is that there is an amazing awful train wreck of a fantastic sequence in which Victor fist fucks a monster in a park. The rest of the piece involves out of sync sound and massive blobs of color floating across my screen. There's a part where he stalks a girl in her sleep. She later turns out to be the sister of his dead girlfriend. A clock chimes.

A baby doll face floats by the screen. There is a close up of a piece of wood. Some random thugs try to kill him for no reason. There is a guy named Andrew (not me) who is a mentor like figure of some kind, and then it ends with a struggle in a field.



I applaud Hand for not being discouraged by the fact that almost every publication that reviewed this movie trashed it, but seriously dude, give it up. Perhaps this was your film school senior thesis and you have some emotional attachment to it, so it's hard for you to let it go, but in all reality, this isn't doing much for your career.



And hey, I've been there. I once made a five minute short in college that was a complete piece of shit, but I had the good sense to bury it somewhere far away where no one will ever find it. Stop torturing the film critics of the world and make something new, preferrably something with a plot. Good luck J.R., I think you've got talent, but if you keep sending this out, you're going to need all the luck you can get.

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