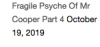


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## PEELERS (2016)

March 24, 2017 in Film Review, Robin Goodfellow.

Oh hi there. Have you ever heard anything about that book The Sacred Mushroom and The Cross where this crazy dude traces the origins of the word "christ" back to a Babylonian word meaning "semen of God", and postulates that Christianity came from ancient fertility rituals involving the consumption of amanita mushrooms (the red ones with the white spots), and that the white spots were the holy semen of god jizzing into the world... I guess these early rituals connected people across all cultures and classes (like any good shroom trip will)..

Okay so that's kind of a rant but.. have you ever felt so totally connected to a film or piece of media? Cuz uh, Peelers, is really something I got down with and I really feel like this is the perfect get drunk with your friends and watch movies type of flick.

I want to take a moment to thank our friends at October Coast for being total bros and sending us a copy of this wonderful film.

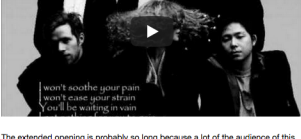


The poster for this film is a touch misleading, but I love the Walking Dead font and vaguely Negan-esque bat that actually isn't in the film.. well, a baseball bat is in the film but it doesn't have barbed wire wrapped around it. I mean, let's not dive too deeply into this stuff though, this film isn't meant to be a thinkpiece. It's about tits and ass, some weird black magick/zombies and random thrown in scenes that kind of don't make sense but are hilarious none the less.

So the basic premise is that Blue Jean (BJ for short - there's a blowjob joke in there but I will let you sort that out), a small town stripper turned strip club owner, is closing up shop and getting the fuck out of dodge and her strip club called Titty Balls (just go with it and allow it to happen), is having one final hurrah before the doors close and the clothes go back on.

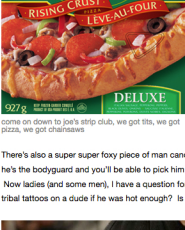
Now I want to say that this film is about 95 minutes long and probably 10-15 minutes of the opening is this song with random shots of fake tits and potentially fake asses gyrating.

I couldn't remember where I recognized this song from and it's from when I used to go to raves and take a lot of drugs - this song was remixed by Zed's Dead. It's a good track tho, so go have a listen and put on your best sparkly g-string (this statement applies to men, women and everyone in between, send n00dz btw).

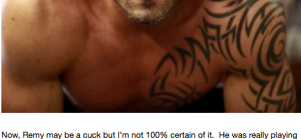


The extended opening is probably so long because a lot of the audience of this film may have had to go rub one out and most people get distracted and forget to pause, so the people who made this flick were probably just being bros - thanks for looking out for us while we go honk one off.

After the opening the bartender dude gets this really shoehorned in bit about how he's a chainsaw repair man in his spare time (this is just a way to get a chainsaw into a strip club), but it was so ridiculous, it was perfect. While a redneck is bringing his chainsaw to the peelers, another person rolls in with a Delissio not delivery pizza and plunks the goddamn thing directly down onto the bar. First of all, gross.. the crust is gonna be all saggy with stale/warm beer, and second of all, who does that.



There's also a super super foxy piece of man candy in this film named Remy and he's the bodyguard and you'll be able to pick him out by his giant tribal tattoos. Now ladies (and some men), I have a question for you - would you ignore shitty tribal tattoos on a dude if he was hot enough? Is shitty tribal a deal breaker?



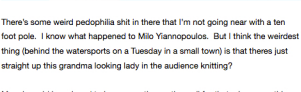
Now, Remy may be a cuck but I'm not 100% certain of it. He was really playing second banana and being a sad boy.

Some Mexicans from the local mine (?) show up and one asks for the furnace to be turned on? Who does that. Who goes to a strip club and is worried about anything other than hot wings or delicately concealing the half chub in their pants? No one. Communists.

The same Mexican dude says to the waitress, "there's something wrong with this beer, can we get tequila?" which is a great way to say LETS GET FUCKED UP. There's no mention of what's actually wrong with the beer, but who fucking cares.

So there's a stripper named Baby at this strip club, which apparently only employs novelty strip acts?

Anyways this stripper dresses like a little kid, is wearing a diaper and for her finishing move, she pisses everywhere.



There's some weird pedophilia shit in there that I'm not going near with a ten foot pole. I know what happened to Milo Yiannopoulos. But I think the weirdest thing (behind the watersports on a Tuesday in a small town) is that theres just straight up this grandma looking lady in the audience knitting?

Man, I would have loved to have seen the casting call for that.. I assume this movie used a lot of friends/locals, but just convincing someone's nice granny type to come and check out a little tits and ass is just a wonderful image.

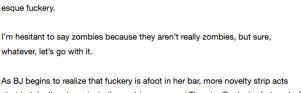
I fully want to be the weird old lady who brings her scrapbooking supplies to a Peelers show.

I'll be even weirder because I'm pretty heavily tattooed. Old Granny-black-arms.

As this Baby stripper is pissing all over the stage, there seems to be a cattle announcer talking over their routines which would probably really fuck with the routine if you get me, and seriously no one wants to hear that.

One of the Mexican miner dudes also orders a salad (at a strip club.. why) and the stripper serves him a head of lettuce and a bottle of ranch. Fitting.

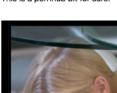
She should have poured the ranch on her tits.



Anywho, enough of the T&A for a while. The local miner Mexicans who showed up and asked for the furnace to be turned on ended up getting sick with some kind of black magick zombie curse and this triggers the start of the zombie-esque fuckery.

I'm hesitant to say zombies because they aren't really zombies, but sure, whatever, let's go with it.

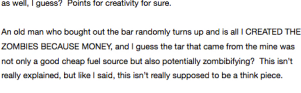
As BJ begins to realize that fuckery is afoot in her bar, more novelty strip acts start to take the stage, including a stripper named Thunder Cunt who farts out of her pussy as her act.



Anywho, while this is all going down, Mexican tar zombies are killing and eating people backstage and one stripper gets stabbed through the tits by a piece of taxidermy. It's really the greatest horror kill I've ever seen.

The strippers eventually barricade themselves in the dressing room and the pregnant stripper gets stuck under a table and finds a jar of "hunny", Winnie the Pooh style and begins eating it? I have no idea.

This is a pornhub bit for sure:



Eventually they all figure out that water turns the zombies into shitty mush so cue a bunch of scenes of people clumping beer on zombies to kill them which is pretty rad.

Oh the hot tribal tattoo Remy dude dies, which is kinda sad. Say goodbye to dat diq.

Oh, the pregnant stripper busts her water on a zombies face which is pretty rad as well, I guess? Points for creativity for sure.

An old man who bought out the bar randomly turns up and is all I CREATED THE ZOMBIES BECAUSE MONEY, and I guess the tar that came from the mine was not only a good cheap fuel source but also potentially zombifying? This isn't really explained, but like I said, this isn't really supposed to be a think piece.

BJ and her step son make a sick ass getaway in a stolen police car by using a giant dildo to jam down the gas pedal? And then they get on a motorbike with the now dead pregnant strippers baby and ride off into the fuckery of the night and then just chuck the baby onto the road as they turn into zombies too.

Roll credits.

Five boobs out of five.

On a serious note, this movie was definitely a fun little bit of nonsense, and the people who made it very obviously used every bit of skill they had to put it together. It very much didn't have large finances backing it, but you honestly couldn't tell, because it's a fairly slick and well shot piece. It's not amateur hour by any means, and the practical zombie effects and makeup were dope as fuck.

I really liked this one, some good fun and a perfect party movie.