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MOVIE REVIEW: PEELERS

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Director: Sevé Schelenz

Writer: Lisa DeVita

Stars: Wren Walker, Caz Odin Darko, Madison J. Loos

Review

B-level horror films go with tits and ass like peanut butter goes with jelly and *Peelters* is more than happy to revel in this joyful combination.

Blue Jean (Wren Walker) is the owner of a strip club and tonight is closing night. It should be an evening full of fun and loving goodbyes, but a group of patrons are unknowingly infected with an insidious oil. Written by Lisa DeVita, *Peelters* has everything we have come to expect from a horror film set in a strip club: boobs, blood, ass, boobs, blood, hockey one liners, boobs and a thunder cunt. Yeah, you read that correctly. Qweefs, golden showers, autonepiophilia, maiesiophilia, baseball jargon and a strangely complex breakdown of an environmental toxin all combine to make a truly fun, gory, check your logic and morals at the door bodily fluid fun fest.



Don't let the low budget look, sometimes wooden acting and dude humor fool you. *Peelters* has some seriously timely nods to our current political climate. The token blue collar workers are Hispanic men and they unwittingly bring the aforementioned oil to the strip club. Later in the film, Blue Jean will be schooled by a sweaty buffoon in the form of a rich, white dude on how acquiring wealth is far more important than any negative impacts it may have on the less wealthy. Perhaps I've been living in Trump's America for too long, but this is all eerily pertinent to current hot topics.



Like any good kickass final girl, Blue Jean has a past that makes her more than just a pretty face. It has to be mentioned that despite owning a strip club, Blue Jean (DO NOT call her BJ) is the only woman who doesn't show off her ta-tas. Is that why she's the final girl? Surely, a script written by a woman wouldn't backslide that far. Or would it? And that's where my confusion and only real complaint about *Peelters* comes in. Mostly, it feels like a female driven, female power movie where the ladies are proud of their bodies and feminine wiles and use them to their advantage, but sometimes, it feels more like a movie where women are simply pretty objects to look at and take advantage of. Well, I suppose you can't win them all and it's not out of the question that I'm projecting too much onto a movie that is, ultimately, about a group of people fighting for their lives against a mysterious oil that turns people into homicidal, super strength zombies. The strip club isn't surrounded, they're not barricaded in and all they really need to do is leave. That's it. Just open the front door, get in their cars and leave. But there's no fun, or qweefs in that.

Lisa Fremont | [Twitter: @lcfremont](#)