

Junior does hatchet job on unsuspecting audience

JUNIOR
Bomb
Palace

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What are you going to do about Junior?

A hulking six-foot, five-inch 250-pounder possessing blinding cerebral powers, Junior (Jeremy Ratchford) has many problems, perhaps none greater than his lack of social graces.

Yup, and Junior is some kind of terror with the ladies, too. Why, on a first date, Junior foregoes on the chocolates and niceties and shows up instead with his faithful chain-saw.

None of which goes down (sideways or up) at all well with two comely ex-cons (Suzanne DeLaurentis and Linda Singer) who have decided to rehabilitate themselves in Junior's neck of the woods and consequently hole

up in an abandoned marina.

Of course, what the girls don't know about the slicin', dicin' Junior is that he gets his orders straight from his demented mom. And with a mug that's a cross between bat-eating, bizarro rocker Ozzy Osbourne and Lily Tomlin's telephone operator persona Ernestine, no one's about to admonish the mom.

The film *Junior* — its Hudson setting substituting for that of Hayseed County, U.S.A., its Mackenzie Brothers vocal nuances dubbed out for that of a Southern cracker dialect, its unabashed embracing of the plot-lines of *Psycho* and *Friday the 13th*, and finally, its complete inability to even exploit to horrific advantage — is classic tax-shelter Canadiana.

Kind of makes you homesick, doesn't it?

Parent's guide: Graphic violence, foul language, partial nudity.