

### Movie Draft: *The Village on the River*

by Brandon Kruse

(*The Village on the River* is one of five made-up films generated during PoopReading.com's recent [Movie Draft](#).)

I hated this movie. Hated hated hated hated hated this movie. Hated it. Hated every simpering, stupid, vacant, audience-insulting moment of it. Hated the sensibility that thought anyone would like it. Hated the implied insult to the audience by its belief that anyone would be entertained by it.

On the surface, you wouldn't think this would even be possible, considering that the movie features several talented actors (and Janet McTeer) in a rich, World War II setting, with a story that spans two different eras. Instead, *The Village on the River* is a visually ugly film with an incoherent plot, wooden characters and inane dialog. It provided me with one of the more unpleasant experiences I've had at the movies.

Imagine numerous tedious minutes of a woman reading aloud from a juvenile diary written in broken English. Imagine long shots of George Clooney and Demian Bichir standing around on a bridge. Imagine not one but two scenes in which they give each other inexplicably lingering hugs. Imagine a long shot of a picture of that same bridge during what may or may not be a rape scene, followed by another shot in which Berenice Bejo holds that picture of the bridge while standing *on the actual bridge!* Imagine a film so unendurably boring that at one point, when Clooney gets out of a tent to change his shirt, there is applause.

And then, after half the audience has walked out and those who remain stay because they will never again see a film so amateurish, narcissistic, self-indulgent and bloody-minded, imagine a scene where the hero graphically butchers 17 hogs for reasons that seem to have nothing whatsoever to do with the plot.

This movie doesn't scrape the bottom of the barrel. This movie isn't the bottom of the barrel. This movie isn't below the bottom of the barrel. This movie doesn't deserve to be mentioned in the same sentence with barrels.

*The Village on the River* is sickening, utterly worthless, shameful trash. If it is not the worst film I have ever seen, that makes it all the more shameful: People with talent allowed themselves to participate in this travesty. After two hours and forty-five minutes of my life that I will never get back, I walked out of the film disgusted and unspeakably depressed. My hope is this review will spare you from making the same mistake.

*The Village on the River* is rated R for repeated foot fetish sexual encounters, wacky Holocaust hijinks, and a scene where a dude throws a baby at another dude's head.