

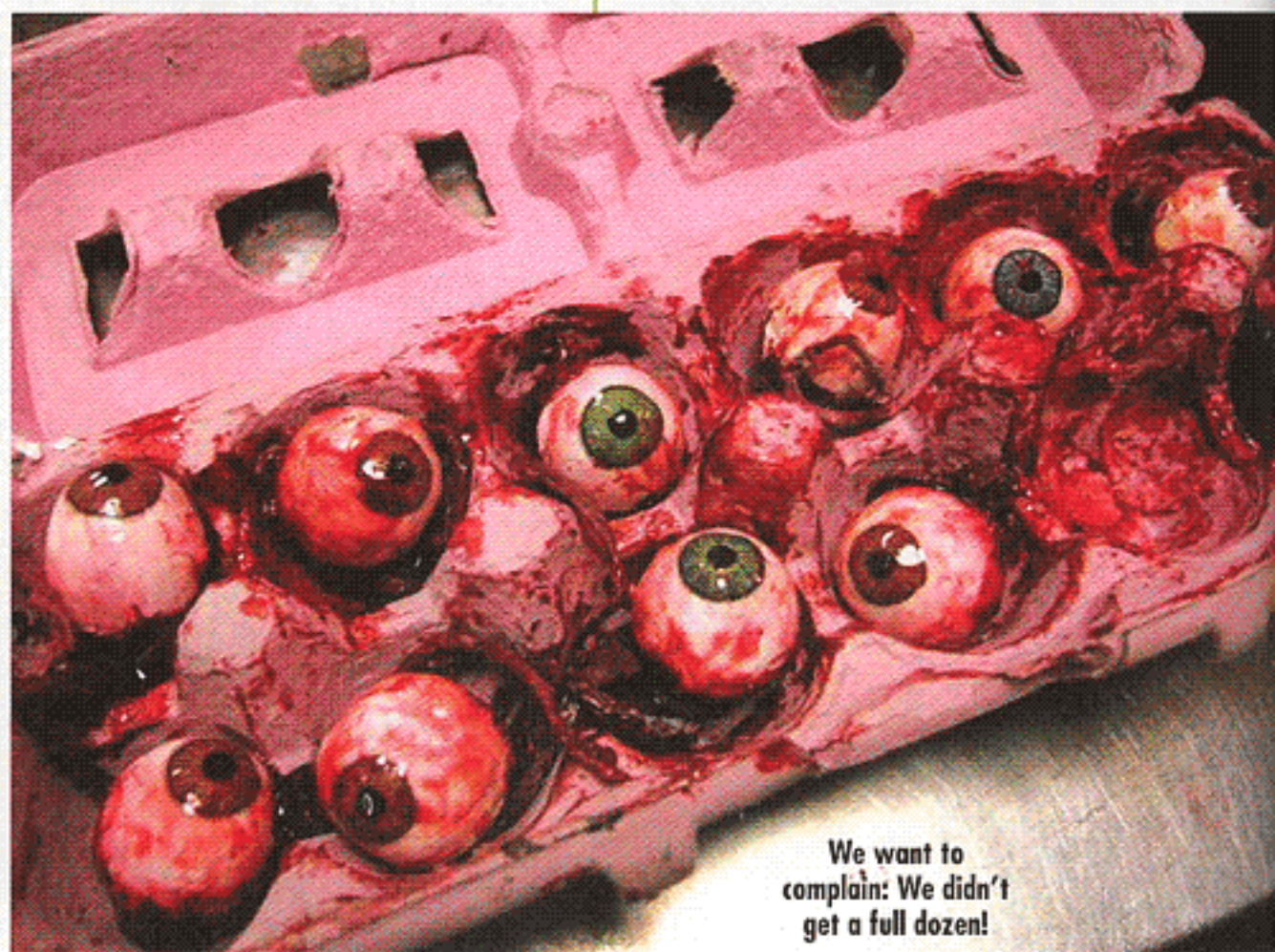


There are plenty of unhappy meals at this fast food joint.

the word 'extra' because everybody should be equal; it shouldn't be a class thing," he says. "We kicked out people who did not understand that it was not a frat house. We didn't have room. I mean, this gal named Marina came out from Germany. The first three nights there was no floor space, and she had to sleep on the bathroom floor. And people would come in and poop and brush their teeth while she slept. She woke up once to a guy taking a dump."

"We slept on the office floor," Friedman says. "We'd shoot all day, go to the office, figure out what we f**ked up that day and how we were going to make up for all the hours we missed, then pass out for two hours under the desks."

Besides the housing shortage and having to come up with so many special FX, another challenge the Troma Team faced was the film's musical nature. Kaufman is quick to point out that *Poultrygeist* is not a true musical; it's a horror movie with songs in it. "Musicals are scientific," he says. "The songs are spaced out throughout the film, and it's about the songs, not the story. In a



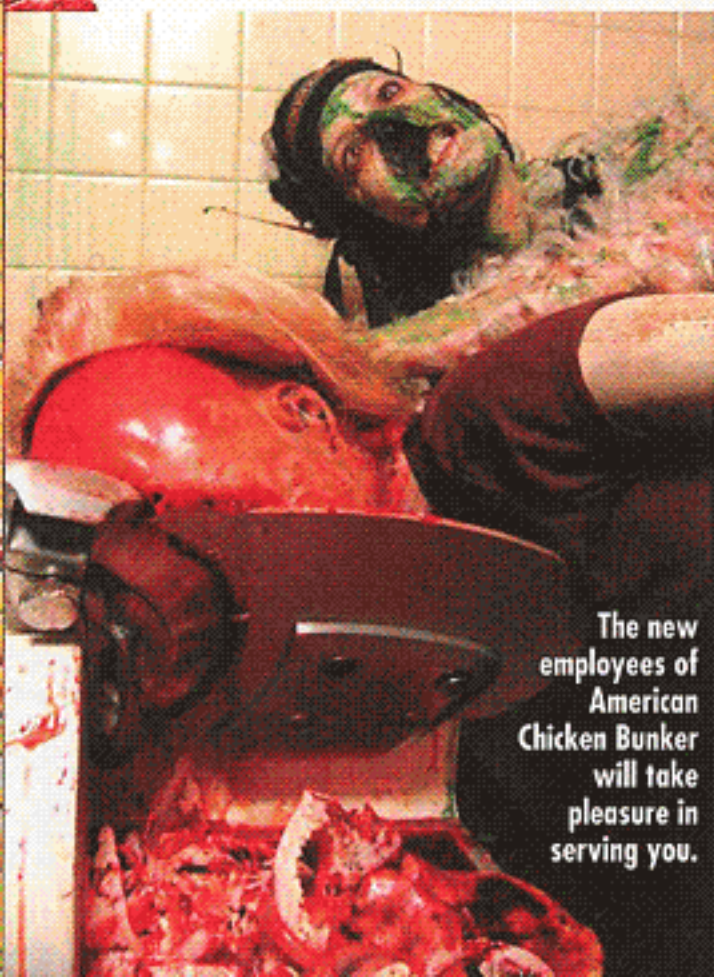
We want to complain: We didn't get a full dozen!

good musical, the music is really what dominates. In our movie, the songs are random. It's more like Takashi Miike's *The Happiness of the Katakuris*. There's no rhyme or reason; people just start singing."

Not having written music before, Kaufman again turned to fans for assistance. "We wrote the lyrics," he says, "and a guy up in Canada, whom we've never laid eyes on, wrote the score. He did it all for free. None of us knew how to do it; he scored the whole film and also wrote the music for all these lyrics we wrote." *Poultrygeist* also sports a kick-ass soundtrack (available now on CD) featuring known artists such as the Dwarves, the Nihilistics and Purple Pam. Attracting such talent is nothing new for Kaufman, who has nabbed the likes of The Smithereens, Motorhead, the Lunachicks, New Found Glory and others for past features. "Every one of the bands volunteered; we didn't pay any of them," he says.

ever seen. It just keeps getting more and more over the top, and may best be described as the "punk rock Indian chicken zombie make-out massacre." It delivers a giant fowl ripping someone's head off, dismembered bodies, a head being thinly sliced in a deli meat slicer, deep-fried testicles and young punk freaks making out everywhere, all splattered with blood and backed by a Dwarves song. After one chicken zombie rips someone's face off, Leatherface-style, he quips, "I know it's fattening, but I love the skin." Another, while eviscerating a pretty girl, encounters her silicone implants, which leads to an observation on genetic tampering in the farming industry. This extended slaughterthon is like Troma times 10; Friedman says they were "trying to outdo *Dead Alive*," and it shows.

The other scene Fango is lucky enough to enjoy features Kaufman himself, who acts in the film, skipping, singing and danc-



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