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## Comic-Con 2011: Final Destination 5 Coverage and Panel

Who knows where this train (or bus on a bridge) will stop, but until we know, enjoy the gruesome and creative deaths of Final Destination 5.



By [Jordan Hoffman](#) July 22, 2011  
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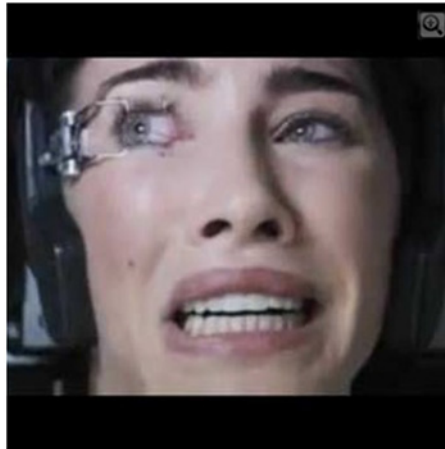
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Our friends at Warner Bros. threw a little shindig for *Final Destination 5*. It was wonderfully timed, just after the day's main events at [Comic-Con](#) but before the evening's big parties. They rented out one of Petco Park's parking lots and built an enormous rec room. The Twinkies and beer flowed freely, as did the fish tacos and air hockey machines. There was just one thing to dampen the mood: the way, way too realistic representation of painful dismemberment and death.

A large, air conditioned mobile 3D mini-theater called a "CineTransformer" was on hand to either thrill or nauseate, depending on your constitution. Inside, guests were treated to a "tribute reel" of rapid kill shots from the previous *Final Destination* films set to the music of [AC/DC](#). Since these weren't originally shot in 3D, some clever graphics were included to shoot out at your face. Someone is smashed in a car? Let's spray the audience with pieces of glass. That sort of thing.



Someone just rewatched *A Clockwork Orange*.  
Credit: New Line Cinema

After that warm-up (and the gorehounds seemed to dig it) came the main event - the master set piece of *Final Destination 5*.

This time, the premonition of doom involves a group of pretty young things (and wonderful "that guy" David Koehnner) that are on a bus on a bridge that's about to collapse.

What could be so horrible about a bridge collapse, you think. You fall in the drink and die in a relatively calm manner. Not so much for *Final Destination 5*.

The amazingly choreographed and gorgeously stereoscopic sequence figures out a way to brutally chop, shatter, sear, bludgeon and skewer terrified person after person. Just as each person fearfully climbs to what they think is a safe perch, here comes a massive chunk of concrete or metal to disavow them of this conceit - by bashing their heads into bubbly goo. Yes, it was clever and crafty. But it was also absolutely disgusting.

Maybe it was the fact that I had just walked in from a groovy party with complimentary sliders and yapping with some friends, but I left the "CineTransformer" shellshocked into an existential gloom. No, I'm not going to start advocating censorship, but I am going to wonder at what point will horror films start to feel so real that theater managers are going to come out from behind the screen and hit you with a hammer.

This is a masterful sequence that raises the bar - right before it slides off the back of a truck and pierces you in the eye. I hope never to see it again.