



REVIEW of *Mustango!* directed by William Stancik

I'd just finished writing a review for the William Stancik short, *Bone Dry*, and come to the conclusion, "This is it. There is no way these guys are gonna top this! Not even Stancik, the master of all things absurd and nonsensical." And then along came *Mustango!*. Not the typical half hour comedy sketch I've come to expect from these guys, this is a full hour feature.

*Mustango!* has all the dry wit and one liners you could hope for. "Some smells are like snakes... ready to strike." Or, "His skull is thin, like an egg shell, the modern world does that." My favorite was, "Your hands are girlish right now. You'll have to be patient to get your man knuckles back."

The cast are all familiar faces, with Joe Zumba playing the title role of Mustango. Bennie Rockum is Kamero, his arch nemesis. Alex Wood is Pepperpot, a man forced to wear a helmet while his skull is so thin and J. Gabriel Wagner plays the Milkman, who has been charged with guarding a chair. As usual, Robert C. Minnick is the odd man out. This time he's a pizza delivery guy who sounds more like a 1930's mobster.

There's a new face in the mix, Wolfgang Rain, who plays the "Inner Mustango" and should be given an award just for having such a cool name.

What makes this film different from the others I've seen is that Stancik himself makes an appearance as The Chair Whisperer. "To be a chair whisperer you have to withstand the smell of fear... and ass, to get to the truth." As well, Wendy Stancik appears as the voice of the Cheerleader, whose job is to seduce the Milkman.

This isn't just a film with a few clever one liners. As with all Stancik films, the entire script is a running gag that keeps you laughing from the opening scene. It's one of those films you chuckle about all day. Then when you try to explain it to someone else, you completely draw a blank.

It's something you have to experience firsthand to appreciate. If you've seen a Stancik film, you'll know exactly what to expect and won't be disappointed. If you're not a fan of his work, then keep moving, because there are no big surprises here. You do get to wondering though, where do his ideas come from? As well, what it would be like to spend a day on set with these guys? I'm sure it would be hilarious. Somehow, they manage to deliver this dialogue with a straight face!

The sets are simple... particularly simple this time. Most of the film appears to be shot in someone's yard. The rest is green screen. As I've said time and time again, a Stancik film plays very much like a Marx Brothers routine or a Vaudevillian sketch. It doesn't matter whether the actors are standing on a stage or on someone's front lawn. They could have a sign hanging



above their heads that reads, "Railroad Station". That's all you need to know. The gold, and all the entertainment value, is in what's being said and how they say it.

*Mustango!* is a story about a chair and who possesses it. It's Good versus Evil, the Snake versus the Hyena... Joe Zumba versus Bennie Rockum. Do I fully understand it? Not really. Who knows, if I did, I might not enjoy it as much. But, what I managed to pick up, I loved.

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