



12/31 1 **LOOPER** SCI FI/THRILLER
\$66 MILL BO 2993 SCREENS R 119 MINUTES

Joseph Gordon-Levitt (INCEPTION, 50/50, 500 DAYS OF SUMMER, HESHER, KILL SHOT)

Bruce Willis (NOBODY'S FOOL, DIE HARD, LAST MAN STANDING, THE 6TH SENSE)

Emily Blunt (YOUR SISTER'S SISTER, THE ADJUSTMENT BUREAU, THE WOLFMAN, SUNSHINE CLEANING)

Paul Dano (LITTLE MISS SUNSHINE, TAKING WOODSTOCK, THERE WILL BE BLOOD, FAST FOOD NATION)

With **LOOPER**, director Rian Johnson combines two very tasty pulp genre staples—a “kill'emwhile they're young” time travel thriller and the “rogue assassin” crime drama—to create what may be the best sci-fi thriller to hit the theaters since 1995's **TWELVE MONKEYS**.

The premise is simple, to the extent that any film involving a mash up of these genres can be: In the dystopian near-future of 2044, hit men called Loopers kill and dispose of bodies sent to them from an even more dystopian—one assumes—future of 2074. (It turns out that time travel will be discovered during that 30-year span—and just as quickly outlawed—proving that those bumper stickers were right all along: When time travel is outlawed, only outlaws will use time travel.)

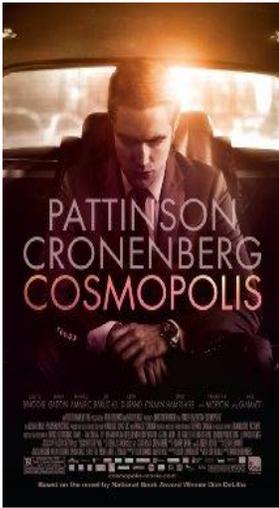
When the crime lords of the far future decide to cease using the Looper of the near future, they send back his older self to be killed by the younger, thus closing the loop and leaving the younger version 30 years to party like it's 2099. All is swell until his older, steely-eyed self appears before him. Older Joe escapes, leaving his youthful counterpart to figure out how to complete his assignment or else kiss those fun-filled 30 years goodbye. The fate of a fellow looper (Paul Dano) who makes a similar mistake provides an early, horrific example of what's on the line for both Joes.

Joseph Gordon-Levitt plays Joe the younger. In his second leading role under Johnson he delivers another in what's becoming a string of reliably high-caliber performances. As Future Joe, Bruce Willis puts another notch in his belt of sci-fi classics. His career as an action star has been marked by two “go-to” personas—one wise-cracking, one taciturn (both reliably bad-ass). In *Looper*, it's Taciturn Bruce time, and the now 57-year-old actor wears it well. Of all his action hero peers, Willis may be the most likely—and worthy—to inherit the Geriatric Bad Ass mantle only recently left draped over an unoccupied chair in Tampa. Even when in taciturn mode, Willis brings vulnerability more comparable to Harrison Ford than to Eastwood, and that vulnerability serves him well here, even as his character does some truly disturbing things as he pursues his own agenda in his past.

And then there's the look and feel of the film as a whole, which is quite an accomplishment in its own right. Cinematic future-scapes, especially near-future ones, can be tricky. Things either look too digitally sleek, too slapdash and thrown together, or too obviously derivative of past iconic visions. Ed Verreaux (production design) and James A. Gelarden (art direction) skillfully skirt these pitfalls, presenting a future where the new tech exists side by side with the old, and everything—from the auto-pilot crop duster to the blunderbusses—conveys just the right level of “used.” As a result, the world of *Looper*—a world of time travel and telekinesis—feels authentic in a way many contemporary dramas don't.

With so many ingredients so tastily commingled, Rian Johnson clearly knows how to whip up a cinematic pulp confection. But with his latest, and thanks to the efforts of a sterling cast and crew, Johnson does more than merely satisfy a sweet tooth. In a genre too often filled with snacks, *Looper* is a meal. And all fans of **RESIDENT EVIL: RETRIBUTION, TOTAL RECALL, MEN IN BLACK 3, THE CAMPAIGN, THE AVENGERS, UNDERWORLD 4, FAST FIVE, PIRATES OF THE CARRIBEAN** and **X-MEN: FIRST CLASS** will eat this up.





1/1 **3** **COSMOPOLIS** THRILLER \$1 MILL BO
95 SCREENS **R** 109 MINUTES

Juliet Binoche (BEE SEASON, THE ENGLISH PATIENT, DAMAGE, DAN IN REAL LIFE)

Robert Pattinson (TWILIGHT, WATER FOR ELEPHANTS, THE SUMMER HOUSE, LITTLE ASHES)

Diamond-hard and dazzlingly brilliant, David Cronenberg's **COSMOPOLIS** plays like a deeply perverse, darkly comic successor to **VIDEODROME**. Predicated on an absurd whim, the story relates 28-year-old financial wunderkind and billionaire Eric Packer's (Pattinson) daylong, cross-town quest to get a haircut. Along the way, there will be time enough for sexual trysts, political demonstrations, a celebrity funeral, and the depredations of the Pastry Assassin (Mathieu Amalric in a hilarious cameo). Meanwhile, Packer's currency speculations turn self-destructive, revealing an urge that will eventually manifest itself in a far more extreme fashion. As his white stretch limo crawls across midtown Manhattan, Packer consults with various advisors and underlings in a series of rapid-fire exchanges delivered in DeLillo's syncopated, ostentatiously stylized patois. The limo's plush interior, fitted with all manner of monitors, readouts, and displays (even a toilet), resembles a sleekly self-contained mission control, a war room in which Packer can wage his losing battle against the yuan. Not all the action, however, is confined to the back of Packer's limo. Cronenberg nicely sidesteps that Aristotelian constriction with side-trips to some choice curbside attractions.

The varied visual palette of this movie allows Cronenberg and DP Peter Suschitzky to construct an imagistic index of his other films, its episodic structure affords Packer a series of thematic sounding boards. Some, like advisor Vija Kinsky (Samantha Morton), seem tailored for a quantum of philosophical rumination, a buffed-up, abstract sort of speculation on speculation. Others, like supply a modicum of comic relief. surrealism as with the sexually charged chief of finance, Jane Melman (Emily submits to a prostate exam. For that definitely favors a bull market. Packer's (Sarah Gadon), crops up now and his desire, since she refuses to give in Didi Fancher (Juliette Binoche) uses a dissuade Packer from acquiring the famed Rothko Chapel and transplanting it in its entirety to his penthouse apartment. And then there's the bodyguard, Kendra Hays (Patricia McKenzie), who, as it happens, has some innovative post-coital uses for her taser.



fidgety flunky Shriner (Jay Baruchel), There are even moments of inspired discussion between Packer and his Hampshire), that occurs while Packer matter, the film's libidinal economy winsome newlywed wife, Elise Shifrin again as a suitably obscure object of to his amorous advances. Art advisor backseat bout of lovemaking to

Packer's asymmetrical prostate, incidentally, comes to symbolize everything that his rigorous economic algorithms cannot quantify, that specter of unpredictability that haunts every system, and that prompts Packer to put it all on the line. From the credible threat on his life in the form of a disgruntled former employee, to a televised political assassination that resembles an exceptionally gory bullfight. At one point, Packer's limo passes through a flagrantly theatrical, Occupy-style protest involving self-immolation, rat-wielding pranksters, and a hijacked stock ticker recalibrated to display the opening line of *The Communist Manifesto*: "A specter is haunting the world, the specter of capitalism

After the breathless forward momentum of its first two acts, paced like the screwiest of screwball comedies, **COSMOPOLIS** settles into a conversational groove with a pair of protracted confabulations. When Packer finally reaches his ostensible destination, the family-owned barbershop he and his father used to patronize, we get a glimpse into what amounts to another world, as though Packer's journey had been back in time, and downward through layers of strident upward mobility, arriving at a place of simplicity and generosity evident nowhere else in the film, albeit one tinged with wry, earthy humor, all the better to avoid self-serious complacency. Needless to say, it doesn't last long. Driven on by his own private Furies, half-shorn and fully armed, Packer emerges into a dilapidated, seemingly abandoned warehouse district; this, too, is a far cry from the nouveau riche sheen of tonier settings.

Everything builds to the final confrontation between Packer and his credible threat: shambling, bug-eyed Richard Sheets (Paul Giamatti), who demands to be called Benno Levin, and believes he takes orders from a sentient fungus growing between his toes. The loopy banter between the two could easily have lost traction entirely, and spun off into caricature, but Giamatti and Pattinson keep it grounded. (Levin's crazed spewing, in particular, comes across like wholesale parody of the Lee Harvey Oswald found in DeLillo's *Libra*.) Not one to be outdone, Packer responds with a shocking act of self-mutilation.

Even without strong box office, the cast makes the story strong enough to appeal to those that liked such films as **WHY STOP NOW, LIBERAL ARTS, ARBITRAGE, KILLER JOE, DETACHMENT, BERNIE, OCTOBER BABY, FRIENDS WITH KIDS,** and **THE SAFE HOUSE.**



1/8 1 HOUSE AT THE END OF THE STREET HORROR

\$33 MILL BO 3033 SCREENS PG-13 101 MINUTES

Jennifer Lawrence (THE HUNGER GAMES, THE BEAVER, LIKE CRAZY, WINTER'S BONE)

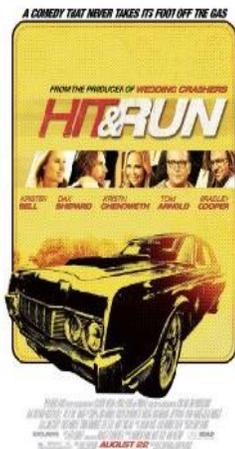
Elizabeth Shue (ADVENTURES IN BABYSITTING, HEART AND SOULS, RADIO INSIDE, HOLLOW MAN, CITY OF ANGELS)

In the role of Elissa, an angst-ridden high school student with singer-songwriter aspirations, Jennifer Lawrence goes through the motions smoothly enough, allowing for a few, brief gasps of personality. The same could be said about Max Thieriot as Ryan, the quiet, sensitive hunk who lives next door in the titular suburban home, wherein his sister butchered their parents unmercifully when they were both children. This is the crime that echoes throughout the film,

made all the more chilling when it's revealed that Ryan's sister is alive and being restrained by her brother in a hidden room inside the house; she, of course, has ways of getting out. And as the film goes on, a more unsettling revelation is made, along with a nasty bit of pathology. Though bloodless, **HOUSE AT THE END OF THE STREET** still offers that rare treat in modern B movies: a genuinely dangerous murderer and criminal at work, rituals and all. And if it's also essentially toothless, it never stoops to humorless torture-porn theatrics.

So, while this movie is weirder and more enticing than one may have been led to believe by its marketing push, it also somehow retains the vilest elements of its perceived ilk, bullying us into being scared instead of actually embracing the violence, bloodshed, and all-consuming perversity it constantly, blandly implies and insinuates. It also suggests an inherent, absolute comfort and impenetrable safety in isolationism and parental wisdom, without really taking stock of the negatives of either thinking. There's an odd, if not sickening, comfort in seeing an actual character, not an invisible presence, at the root of a film's deviousness, if for nothing else than to know that it was a decision made and that someone is at fault. In this, the film invokes the genuine creepiness of 1990s psychological thrillers, but such nostalgia only goes so far.

The film has all of the elements to help it appeal to all that liked **DARK SHADOWS, TOTAL RECALL, RESIDENT EVIL, FINAL DESTINATION, CONTAGION, FRIDAY NIGHT, and SCREAM 4.**



1/8 2 HIT AND RUN COMEDY

\$15 MILL BO 2870 SCREENS R 100 MINUTES

Dax Shepard (TV'S PARENTHOOD, EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH, IDIOCRACY, GOOD RUN, FREEBIE)

Bradley Cooper (THE HANGOVER, TV'S ALIAS, ALL ABOUT STEVE, THE MIDNIGHT MEAT TRAIN, CASE 39, HE'S JUST NOT THAT INTO YOU)

Kristen Bell (SAFETY NOT GUARANTEED, YOU AGAIN, BURLESQUE, GET HIM TO THE GREEK, COUPLES RETREAT)

Comic actor Dax Shepard isn't the kind of guy who comes to mind when trying to cast a Hollywood action movie. After putting himself in the driver's seat with this movie, however, the goofy-acting "Punk'd" host merits future consideration. An unexpectedly satisfying date-movie spin about a redneck lothario (Shepard) who confronts old demons in order to drive his booksmart g.f. (Kristen Bell) to a big-city job interview.

Shepard plays Charlie Bronson, a meathead who seized the opportunity of entering the witness protection program to reinvent himself as a better man. Stuck in a backwater California town, Charlie seems admirably devoted to Annie (Bell), a brainy Ph.D. with a degree in conflict resolution who's stuck teaching at a local community college. But their relationship is tested when her well-meaning boss (Kristin Chenoweth) threatens to fire Annie unless she interviews for her dream-job opening at UCLA.

At this point, neither the audience nor Annie knows anything about Charlie's past, but little by little, clues emerge he's a muscle-car aficionado originally christened Yul Perrkins, who may have witnessed a bank robbery back in L.A.

For Charlie, Annie's job opportunity means defying the inept federal agent (Arnold) assigned to his case, and then having to face the gang he testified against -- a trio headed by Cooper.

Most of what follows is fairly stock stuff, but the formula works for several well-calculated reasons. Shepard (who wrote the script) tailors his character for maximum female appeal, playing Charlie/Yul as a scruffy fixer-upper. Whatever mess the guy was mixed up with back in L.A., Shepard looks a shave and a haircut away from being marriage material. He's puppy-dog loyal, has a great sense of humor and always knows exactly what to say to soothe Annie's neuroses.



Charlie caters to the macho contingent as well, earning Annie's disapproval as he cracks off-color jokes at the expense of gays, hicks and other races -- a canny cake-and-eat-it strategy by which the film can land the un-PC laugh, then correct it with a more enlightened rebuttal. Guys will also appreciate Charlie's choice of wheels: a turbo-charged 1967 Lincoln Continental, the same sleek black sedan featured in "The Matrix." If Annie is his wife-to-be, then this baby is his mistress.

Above all, real-life couple Shepard and Bell bring genuine chemistry to this high-energy excursion. Charlie may be the one behind the wheel, but Annie's refreshingly intelligent and assertive personality elevates her beyond mere love interest, offsetting the script's sophomoric tendencies with her erudite badinage.

Shepard and Palmer's lean co-helming effort should connect especially well for middle-American auds seeking characters and stories that approximate the thrill of crashing tailgate parties and NASCAR races. Nice little movie that will attract all that liked **PREMIUM RUSH, THE WATCH, PEOPLE LIKE US, THE CAMPAIGN, BERNIE, 21 JUMP STREET, FAST FIVE, and UNSTOPPABLE.**



1/8 2 DREDD SCI/FI/ACTION

\$15 MILL BO 2557 SCREENS R 95 MINUTES

Karl Urban (PRIEST, STAR TREK, CHRONICLES OF RIDDICK, LORD OF THE RINGS)

Olivia Thirlby (JUNO, BEING FLYNN, NO STRINGS ATTACHED, MARGARET, UNITED 93)

Assuming a gruesome grimness and at the center of its mayhem is the titular hero, a no-nonsense futuristic lawman who's tasked with being judge, jury, and executioner in a crime-ridden post-apocalyptic metropolis known as Mega City One and who's defined by mechanical movements, rational logic, and a perpetual Eastwood-by-way-of-Batman snarl. Investigating a triple homicide at

the high-rise tenement building Peach Trees, Dredd (Urban) and psychic rookie Anderson (Thirlby) find themselves in dire straits after they apprehend their target, Kay (Wood Harris), and, while transporting him for interrogation, are locked in the facility by the building's drug kingpin, Ma-Ma (Lean Headey), who doesn't want Kay talking? Ma-Ma orders the building's criminal throngs to murder Dredd and Anderson, leading to a nonstop fight for survival that drives the two heroes upward 200 floors toward an eventual showdown with their Queen Bee-ish adversary.

The film's carnage is shot with a graphicness that's in keeping with the film's general ultra-violent tone, epitomized by sequences in which users of Ma-Ma's narcotic Slo-Mo—which, per its name, decelerates the brain's function to one percent of its normal speed—are shredded and exploded by bullets and grenades in super-slow-motion that recalls the signature style of Zack Snyder, except with more expressionistic use of blooming colors and twinkling lights. Such exaggerated aesthetics would be more egregious if they weren't kept to a relative minimum, and they're matched by the extreme bleakness of Dredd gunning down adversaries without compunction and delivering cocky one-liners like a Dirty Harry caricature.

The helmeted Dredd's cold attitude is colored by fascistic sadism (he likes to choke and beat suspects, as well as give them suitably brutal sentences), and offset by Anderson, at least until she learns that her compassionate streak can happily coexist with a more homicidal-hardass attitude toward her work. It's action that doesn't reinvent the wheel. However, courtesy of Urban's amusingly gruff performance,



a story that places a premium on delivering its disreputable sex-and-violence goods with a minimum of fuss or pretension, and gimmicky 3D that amplifies its over-the-top atmosphere, **DREDD** earns its B-movie badge.

This is the type of movie that will do very well to all that liked **RAID: THE REDEMPTION, PREMIUM RUSH, CABIN IN THE WOODS, RESIDENT EVIL, KILLER JOE, THE BOURNE LEGACY, THE SAMARITAN, THE MECHANIC, HAYWIRE, UNDERWORLD 4, and IMMORTALS.**



1/15 1 **TAKEN 2** ACTION

\$126 MILL BO 3706 SCREENS PG-13 92 MINUTES

Liam Neeson (THE GREY, TAKEN, SCHINDLER'S LIST, UNKNOWN, LOVE ACTUALLY, KINSEY)

Famke Janssen (TAKEN, X MEN: LAST STAND, ROUNDERS, LOVE AND SEX, I SPY)

This sequel sees ex-CIA agent Bryan Mills (Neeson) head over to Istanbul with his daughter (Maggie Grace) and ex-wife (Famke Janssen) for a little family time. Little does he know that the relatives of the Albanian people smugglers he massacred in the original film are on his case with plans for revenge. Soon enough Bryan and his ex-wife are ambushed and following a brief struggle, they are both taken. Vulnerable and helpless, Bryan must now rely on his daughter to help free him.



It's a clever move for Taken 2 to switch things around this time. We've seen the chaos Bryan is able to effortlessly reign down on those foolish enough to cross his path, so imprisoning him for a chunk of the film's runtime is good way to keep viewers anxiously awaiting the chance to see him tear apart his captors. Plus it keeps the film fresh for a while. The focus is now on Bryan's daughter Kim who is left to tear around Istanbul letting off grenades as per her father's instructions. It's fun to see the formula swapped around for a short time, however we all paid to see on thing and one thing only, Liam Neeson kicking some serious ass.



The performances featured in Taken 2 are a mixed bag, but generally passable. It comes as little surprise that Neeson steals the show once again. But to be fair, this was always his show to begin with. He's a sympathetic protagonist at all times, making the relentless slaughter of his victims easy to cheer on. Maggie Grace once again reprises her role as Bryan's daughter Kim, and she's every bit as sweet and sincere as she was the first time around, if not a little daft. Famke Janssen also returns as Bryan's ex-wife Lenore, who unfortunately is given little of substance to do. She's the helpless victim here, and as such she spends most of the film unconscious. Rade Serbedzija on the other hand excels as the film's villain, Murad Hoxha. He

portrays his character as a sluggish, elderly gentleman who could have been a likable individual if it weren't for all of the constant kidnap and murder attempts.

Still, the excitement level is high and to see the guy once again show his skills as a fighter is worth the price of admission. The cast works well keeping things moving along and all that loved **THE BOURNE LEGACY, TOTAL RECALL, SAVAGES, HAYWIRE, THE HUNTER, THE EAGLE,** and **THE LINCOLN LAWYER.**



1/15 1 **THE POSSESSION** HORROR

\$51 MILL BO 3249 SCREENS PG-13 92 MINUTES

Jeffrey Dean Morgan (TV's GREY'S ANATOMY, THE LOSERS, JONAH HEX, TAKING WOODSTOCK, WATCHMAN, PS I LOVE YOU)

Kyra Sedgwick (PHENOMENON, TV's THE CLOSER, WOODSMAN, CRITICAL CARE, SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT)

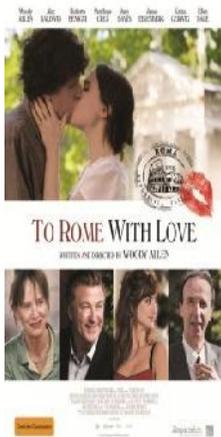
Keep a close eye on what your children buy at yard sales, suggests this exorcism chiller. For those unfamiliar with Jewish folklore -- a dybbuk is a spirit lingering in the land of the living, often with the malicious intent of seeking a human host to latch onto. The unlucky victim in this case is preteen Em (Natasha Calis), younger daughter of a recently divorced couple in upstate New York, workaholic basketball coach Clyde (Morgan) and worrisome jewelry designer

Stephanie (Sedgwick). It's Dad who allows Em to buy the suspicious box without realizing the danger lurking inside and first notices the symptoms of possession, while Mom writes it off as adolescent angst brought on by parental separation.

Things are bad enough when Em stabs Clyde's hand with a fork during breakfast and lays a beat down on a bratty classmate at school. Once she devours raw meat from the refrigerator and then enacts toothy torture on Stephanie's well-meaning dentist boyfriend (Grant Show), it becomes evident to all that help is seriously needed.

Enter Tzadok (Hasidic rap and reggae artist Matisyahu making his acting debut), the devout but eccentric son of a rabbi who offers aid and a spiritual solution when no one else will.

The cast does well with maintaining the tension but the real star is Natasha Calis giving the film its creepiest moments as she switches back and forth from demonic force to a child frightened by what is insider her. The appeal for this movie will be strong for those folks that liked **EXPENDABLES 2**, **THE WATCH**, **ABRAHAM LINCOLN & THE VAMPIRE SLAYER**, **CABIN IN THE WOODS**, **THE SAMARITAN**, **BATTLESHIP** and **THE DEVIL INSIDE**.



1/15 2 TO ROME WITH LOVE COMEDY
\$18 MILL BO 906 SCREENS R 112 MINUTES

Alec Baldwin (TV'S 30 ROCK, BEETLE JUICE, THE DEPARTED, ALONG CAME POLLY, THE COOLER, GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS, MARRIED TO THE MOB)
Judy Davis (ABSOLUTE POWER, DECONSTRUCTING HARRY, THE BREAK-UP, BLOOD AND WINE)

Ellen Page (JUNO, SMART PEOPLE, WHIP IT, ALL AMERICAN CRIME, X-ME THE LAST STAND, HARD CANDY)

Jesse Eisenberg (THE SOCIAL NETWORK, WHY STOP NOW, ZOMBIE LAND, SOLITARY MAN)

Following the success of **MIDNIGHT IN PARIS**, Woody Allen's most profitable and acclaimed film in decades, the filmmaker continued to do what he always does and simply kept on making movies. Continuing the European theme that has characterized his 'exile' period, this movie reportedly began life as the result of an offer from the Italian distributors that Allen couldn't refuse.

TO ROME WITH LOVE draws on four distinct stories, loosely connected by a theme of success, all taking place in Rome. American tourist Hayley (Alison Pill) meets and falls in love with Italian Michelangelo (Flavio Parenti), and they are soon engaged to be married. Hayley's parents, Jerry (Woody Allen) and Phyllis (Judy Davis) fly over to Rome. Jerry, a retired and critically maligned opera director, spots a talent in Michelangelo's father Giancarlo (real opera star Fabio Armiliato), who sings incredibly well as long as he is in the shower. Then there's newlyweds Antonio (Alessandro Tiberi) and Milly (Alessandra Mastronardi), the former of whom has to pretend that prostitute Anna (Penelope Cruz) is his wife due to a case of mistaken identity. Yet Milly also gets lost in Rome and begins a romance with movie star Luca Salta (Antonio Albanese). Meanwhile, middle-class everyman Leopoldo (Roberto Benigni) inexplicably becomes an overnight sensation and is hounded by reporters and fans everywhere he goes. Finally, serving as the main dramatic thread, well-known architect John (Alec Baldwin) encounters the young architecture student Jack (Jesse Eisenberg), who lives on the same street John did thirty years ago. Jack is in a committed relationship to Sally (Greta Gerwig), but finds himself increasingly attracted to Monica (Ellen Page). John narrates their growing relationship, leading to the possibility that his connection with Jack may be something more than random.

MIDNIGHT IN PARIS had a time-travelling storyline, ultimately determining that the best place to be was in celebrating the here and now. It is somewhat ironic that Allen's very next film is steeped in his own comedy stylings of the past, crafting a determinedly anti-modern piece that is a mixture of absurdism, screwball and situational comedy. Allen made several anthology films in the 1970s, and there is more than a little bit of **EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX (BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK)** (1972), alongside the Italian masters of the last half century, present in this film. The strongest of these is undoubtedly the Baldwin/Eisenberg/Page thread, which actually draws on Allen's history of love triangles from **MANHATTAN** (1979) to **VICKY CHRISTINA BARCELONA** (2008). Eisenberg and Baldwin make a terrific twin-set, with the latter showing his natural comedic talents that have been consistently displayed on television's *30 Rock*. Page is a classic piece of Woody Allen, a clueless temptress who leaves an understated disaster





in her wake. This story alone could have carried an entire film, but the retro-charm of the film takes it in an entirely different direction.

It's also a pleasure to see Allen himself back in front of the camera, the first time since **SCOOP** (2006), with his public persona not fading one iota with age, having always been an old soul in a neurotic New Yorker's body. He effortlessly plays off regular player Judy Davis, who slips into Allen's world for the fifth time.

This film will have strong appeal to all fans of Woody and films like **HOPE SPRINGS, THE TROUBLE WITH THE CURVE, MAGIC MIKE, THE BEST EXOTIC HOTEL, THE LUCKY ONE, WANDERLUST, THE DESCENDANTS, WE BOUGHT A ZOO,** and **CRAZY STUPID LOVE.**



1/15 3 THE PAPERBOY DRAMA \$1 MILL BO
96 SCREENS R 107 MINUTES

Nicole Kidman (THE INTERPRETER, BEWITCHED, EYES WIDE SHUT, COLD MOUNTAIN, FAR AND AWAY)

Matthew McConaughey (SURFER DUDE, THE LINCOLN LAWYER, A TIME TO KILL, WE ARE MARSHALL, FAILURE TO LAUNCH)

Zac Efron (17 AGAIN, ME AND CHARLIE ST. CLOUD, LORAX, NEW YEAR'S EVE)

John Cusack (EIGHT MEN OUT, SAY ANYTHING, HIGH FIDELITY, 2012, MAX)

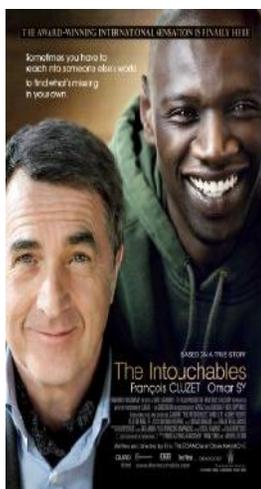
In this film, Lee Daniels's hot-button, hot-tempered, hot-and-bothered sleaze fest, the husky-voiced Macy Gray plays Anita, a 1960s housemaid from South Florida asked to recount the aftermath of a local sheriff's murder. Though nothing actually delves into the surreal, the story she narrates suggests a tell-all from a character in **THE HELP**, provided the woman first popped a peyote button. Detailing the escapades of the family for whom she worked, Anita's recollections are rife with mad, gratuitous indecencies, from public urination and S&M gang rape to random nudity and animal mutilation. Directing Nicole Kidman as Charlotte, a salacious death-row groupie, and Zac Efron as Jack, the impressionable youngest in Anita's host clan of journalists, Daniels creates an evocative, vintage dreaminess between the two, whether superimposing Charlotte's hungry lips over Jack's smitten, daydreaming face, or deliriously soaking up the sun while Charlotte pees on Jack's jellyfish stings. This film deserves to be seen for its pulpy, well-executed excess, but as a filmmaker, Daniels seems ignorant of how the shocks distract from the story.

The actual plot unfolds in uninvolved, episodic bursts, which are no match for the sun-cooked shit show they punctuate. Along with Anita's infrequent commentary, slapdash dialogue conveys some basic points, like the arrest of alleged cop-killer Hillary Van Wetter (Cusack), Charlotte's obsessed letter-writing to Hillary behind bars, and coverage of Hillary's case by Jack's writer-brother, Ward (McConaughey), and Ward's assistant, Yardley (David Oyelowo), two worldly pros who return to Ward's hometown to pursue the story. The common goal of this band of miscreants is to set Hillary free, an outcome that would mean lots of rigorous sex for Charlotte, and a possible Pulitzer for Ward and Yardley's journalistic justice

Daniels gets a bevy of strong performances from his actors, including Efron, whose maturation continues to chase his incredible screen presence, and especially Kidman, who hits some rabid, professional peak in her proclivity to work with non-traditional filmmakers. It's not hyperbole to say *The Paperboy* shows Kidman as you've never seen her before, or that it definitely boasts her ballsiest performance. Flaunting nearly all of her age-defying assets, she saunters from one mouth-agape scene to the next, hypnotizing as she goes. She makes Charlotte's churning lust seem to seep right out of her pores, and that's when the character's *not* tearing a hole in her stocking, showing off pink panties and bikini-line stubble.

The cast is great and the story is a bit off the wall with lots of sex and some acts of deviance that may not be for all viewers. But, for those that liked films such as **A SEPARATION, RAMPART, PARIAH, MY WEEK WITH MARILYN, THE GUARD, THE TEMPEST, BEGINNERS,** and **BLUE VALENTINE** will love this one. So different and so worth watching.





1/15 3 THE INTOUCHABLES COMEDY
\$11 MILL BO 207 SCREENS R 112 MINUTES

Francois Cluzet (TELL NO ONE, JANIS AND JOHN, LITTLE WHITE LIES, ONE FOR THE ROAD)
Omar Sy (MIC MACS, SAFARI, DON'T LIE TO HARD)

Fabulously wealthy Philippe (Cluzet) was in a paragliding accident some years earlier and can't move from the neck down. His wife has died; his adopted daughter, Elisa (Alba Gaia Bellugi), is a snot-nosed teen; and his staff keeps him coddled in an upper-class cocoon.

But Philippe goes through caretakers like water. Applying for the new opening is Driss (Sy), a guy just out of the slammer after a six-month stint for robbery; he only turns up because he needs a signature on the rejection slip to make him eligible for unemployment benefits. To the surprise of personal secretary Magalie (Audrey Fleuret), Philippe hires the lanky, unflappable Driss, knowing he'll be entertained if nothing else.

Driss' infectious bonhomie makes him indispensable to Philippe, encouraging him in romance and generally blowing fresh air into the stolid household with his crude but warm-hearted manners. In fact, Driss is treated as nothing but a performing monkey (with all the racist associations of such a term), teaching the stuck-up white folk how to get "down" by replacing Vivaldi with "Boogie Wonderland" and showing off his moves on the dance floor. It's painful to see Sy, a joyfully charismatic performer, in a role barely removed from the jolly house slave of yore, entertaining the master while embodying all the usual stereotypes about class and race.

The laughs are there albeit a bit un pc for most viewers. Still, the story is interesting and the cast really quite good. Fans of **KILLER JOE, ARBITRAGE, A SEPARATION, LAWLESS, RED LIGHTS** and **THE GUARD** will find much to enjoy here.



1/15 3 WON'T BACK DOWN DRAMA
\$ 7 MILL BO 427 SCREENS PG 121 MINUTES

Viola Davis (KNIGHT AND DAY, THE HELP, EAT PRAY LOVE, DOUBT, IT'S KIND OF A FUNNY STORY)
Holly Hunter (BROADCAST NEWS, RAISING ARIZONA, MOONLIGHT MILE, NINE LIVES, A LIFE LESS ORDINARY, OH BROTHER WHERE ART THOU)
Maggie Gyllenhaal (STRANGER THAN FICTION, DARK KNIGHT, TRUST THE MAN, MONA LISA SMILE, DONNIE DARKO, RIDING IN CARS WITH BOYS)

Maggie Gyllenhaal is one of Hollywood's more persuasive female fireballs, teeming with an irrepressible spontaneity that almost always feels organic. She just about carries the whole first half of this film on her shoulders, making leaden dialogue float naturally off her tongue, and fully embodying a desperate mother out to change her child's future. Jamie (Gyllenhaal) is a receptionist at a car dealership and part-time bartender whose eight-year-old, Malia (Emily Alyn Lind), attends a Pittsburgh elementary school teachers text in class, student-on-student abuse goes unpunished, and Malia, specifically, receives nothing in the way of treating her dyslexia.

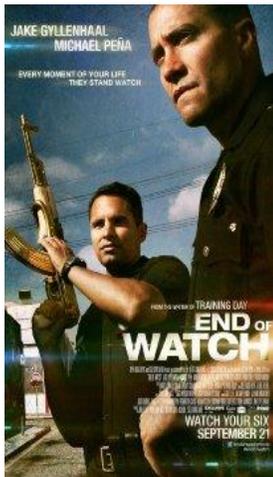
In a fact-based film about courting parents to reform an entire school (the actual case occurred in L.A. in 2010), Gyllenhaal makes the woman leading the charge seem wholly capable. In her corner is Viola Davis, whose character, Nona, is in a crisis of hypocrisy, trying to find quality education for her own son, Cody (Dante Brown), while being among the uninspired teachers at Malia's hellhole. The women meet at a lottery offering access to the area's best alternative school, and after failing to make the cut, Jamie convinces Nona to help overthrow the very administration that writes her checks.

The union issue is bound to for the film's somewhat conservative tackling of the topic in a way that which the film provides the facts is more a narrative snafu than a half-morally conflicted teacher's union with Ned Eisenberg's poorly drawn matched in cartoonish ignorance by a It's these mustache-twirlers who contribute to some outrageous climactic developments, which work hard to chip away at *Won't Back Down's* credibility. But this is a movie about people first, boasting a lot of acting talent to pick up its slack. And if it falls short of conveying truly informed objectivity, its central crisis is one that's rather vividly bipartisan, as the nationwide disease of lackluster, tenure-protected teachers is something heavily documented. "No kid will get left behind!" Nona tells a colleague in the thick of the second act, and it's a testament to the story's worth that you want to hear more instead of roll your eyes.



bring the movie a good deal of flack, either stance of taking unions to task, or for its could surely be seen as thin. The means by without doubt its weakest aspect, but it's assed political statement. As Evelyn, a president, Holly Hunter has to share scenes monster of a left-wing stereotype, which's neglectful teacher played by Nancy Bach.

This will be really appreciated by those that appreciate films like **LIBERAL ARTS, RUBY SPARKS, STAND AND DELIVER, THE DESCENDANTS, THE IRON LADY, DOLPHIN TALE, THE HELP, THE DEBT, JUMPING THE BROOM** and **THE ADJUSTMENT BUREAU.**



1/22 1 END OF WATCH ACTION
\$41 MILL BO 2780 SCREENS R 109 MINUTES

Jake Gyllenhaal (JARHEAD, THE SOURCE CODE, ZODIAC, MOONLIGHT MILE, DONNIE DARKO)
Michael Pena (THE LUCKY ONES, OBSERVE AND REPORT, WORLD TRADE CENTER, BABEL)
America Ferrara (TV'S UGLY BETTY, TV'S THE GOOD WIFE, SISTERHOOD OF THE TRAVELING PANTS 1 & 2, REAL WOMEN LOVE CURVES)

The film opens with a car chase through the streets of South Central Los Angeles (which, by the way, Hollywood, officially changed its name to South Los Angeles in 2003). The scene is captured from external and patrol car cameras, giving a real-time documentary feel that persists throughout the movie. The chase ends in a gunfight between suspects and LAPD officers Brian Taylor (Gyllenhaal) and Mike Zavala (Peña).

The two officers are cleared in the shooting and are welcomed back to Newton Division, located in one of the toughest, gang-infested neighborhoods in Los Angeles. We get a glimpse of the daily routines of LAPD personnel back at the station, both good and bad. It's a testosterone-dominant atmosphere, filled with rookies and jaded veterans, where frat-boy antics and pranks are not uncommon, and women cops (played by America Ferrera, Cody Horn) seemingly have to be twice as tough as their male counterparts. But above it all, we see a close-knit community who step into the line of fire every day, trusting their partners to help them make it through each shift to log in another "end of watch" on their daily reports.

At its core, this movie is a buddy cop movie between Gyllenhaal and Peña, who are each at their top of their game. The Taylor-Zavala relationship comes across as a natural friendship that's evolved through countless hours of patrol rides and bonding over the horrific crimes they've encountered. Some of the best scenes in the film are quieter ones in the squad car, filled with brotherly banter, humor and poignant discussions about life and death.

The two officers couldn't be more different: Taylor, from an upper-middle class Midwestern family and former marine, is trying to get into law school while navigating the waters of his first real relationship with Janet (Anna Kendrick). Father-to-be Zavala is a local kid who married his high school sweetheart (Natalie Martinez) and has a huge Mexican family that counts Brian among its members. In return, Taylor's present at every birthday, wedding and *quinceañera*, only too happy to put away home-cooked Mexican fare any chance he gets.

We believe these guys are real cops, from the ease in which Gyllenhaal calls in crimes to dispatch to Peña's rescue-first-think-later performance as their characters run into a burning house to rescue three trapped kids.

Throughout the film, which switches seamlessly from character study to taut thriller, Taylor and Zavala cross paths several times with members of the Sinaloa drug cartel. The brutality is unparalleled, dabbling in human trafficking, drug trades and cold-blooded massacres, and the two local cops don't know exactly what they've uncovered until it's too late. The final shoot 'em up scene is a little over-the-top, but it exemplifies, Hollywood style, the violence that LAPD personnel are up against every day.

Ayer chooses to capture many scenes through the use of footage from various police car cameras, surveillance videos, hand-held cameras of gang members and other found-footage-feel mediums. For the most part, this technique works, but the one instance where it clearly doesn't is in the hands of Officer Taylor. He's taking an elective film class and uses the camera to document everything, even during his shift. It's a device forced upon viewers who know all too well that filming while on duty is verboten by the LAPD.

This is, after all, an action film with top notch action scenes and a terrific cast. Fans of **KILLER JOE, SAFE, THE HUNGER GAMES, SAVAGES, LAWLESS, PROMETHEUS, LOCKOUT**, and **RED TAILS** will enjoy this one a lot.



1/22 **3** FOR A GOOD TIME CALL COMEDY

\$3 MILL BO 207 SCREENS R 85 MINUTES

Ari Graynor (DATE NIGHT, WHIP IT, MYSTIC RIVER, WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER, 10 YEARS)

Lauren Miller (THE HELP, BRIDGE CLUB)

The guys may have their bromances, but when it comes to films about platonic, same-sex female friends miming the signifiers of homosexual love, cinema screens haven't been exactly rife with product. Enter **FOR A GOOD TIME CALL...** Jamie Travis's female-centric take on friendship, business, and, to a lesser degree, romance. The film follows two former enemies who, forced to room together as a cost-saving move in exorbitantly priced Manhattan, not only become besties, but earn a small fortune in running their own phone-sex business.

In the fantasy world of Travis's movie, cellular intercourse isn't only empowering for its practitioners, it's a highly lucrative pursuit—and a legitimate way to meet eligible bachelors. When newly single and freshly unemployed Lauren Powell (co-screenwriter Lauren Anne Miller) moves

in with Katie Steele (Graynor), a woman she's loathed since a urine-soaked interaction back in their college days, she's appalled by her bitchy and vivacious personality, the stripper pole she's installed in the living room, and, in a touch of class-condescension, the woman's common ways, especially when she learns how Katie pays her bills. But soon, needing money and desperate to shed her "boring" image, Lauren advises her new roomie to quit talking dirty for other people and go into business for herself. At first, simply managing the operation, Lauren is soon giving virtual blowjobs of her own. So much for her being prim and proper!

Travis treats us to several scenes of the ladies plying their trade, the supposed outrageousness of the lightly lurid content substituting for real stabs at humor, even as he enlists several celebrity ringers (Kevin Smith, Seth Rogen) as callers. Similarly, the filmmakers' attempts to milk laughs from Lauren's even more proper parents dropping in unexpectedly to the apartment/office with our duo scrambling to usher them quickly out the door, while explaining away that box of dildos lying on the living room table. But before too long, humor, such as it is, gives way to serious dilemmas and unexpected reveals, the former embodied by Lauren's uncertainty about whether or not to chuck the business and take her dream publishing job, the latter present in a weakly ironic revelation about Katie's sexual past. While the heart of the movie is the at-times strained relationship between the two leads, full of mock-lesbian practice phone-sex sessions and unrequited confessions of love.

This is a funny movie to be sure and will appeal very strongly to all that liked **BRIDESMAIDS, HANGOVER 2, KNOCKED UP, PEOPLE LIKE US, THE FIVE YEAR ENGAGEMENT, COUPLES RETREAT, DUE DATE**, and **THE 40 YEAR OLD VIRGIN**.





1/29 1 **PARANORMAL ACTIVITY 4** HORROR

\$54 MILL BO 3412 SCREENS R 88 MINUTES

Katie Featherston (PARANORMAL ACTIVITY 1,2 and 3, TV's THE RIVER)
Matt Shively (TV's LAST MAN STANDING, TRUE JACKSON)

The movie begins with a brief recap of the end of **PARANORMAL ACTIVITY 2** where we see Aunt Katie (Featherston) murder her sister and brother-in-law and then make off with baby nephew Hunter. The film picks up five years later, in 2011, with a different family (but just wait). Fifteen old Alex (Kathryn Newton) likes to video her younger brother Wyatt (Aiden Lovekamp) playing soccer and talk to her boyfriend Ben (Matt Shively) on internet video chat. So, as with the other films, we're in "found footage" territory.

The odd child across the street, Robby (Brady Allen), moves in with them when his mother is taken to the hospital. Strange things start to happen, usually involving things and people coming into the frame from off camera. ("Boo!") Then Robby starts talking about his invisible friend, Wyatt starts acting weird, and Ben makes every computer into the house into a 24 hour a day recording device. You can see where this is going even if you haven't seen the other films. If the film has any charm at all it's in the interplay of Newton and Shively as the teen couple. There's some sexual banter when they start researching an odd symbol that seems to keep popping up and discover it has to do dealing with a demon. The ritual includes someone who is "pure," leading Ben to offer to relieve Alex of her purity. That's pretty much it for the sex in the film, a far cry from '80s horror offerings where nubile teen characters were permitted to go all the way before being sliced and diced by whoever the series bad guy was.

So if you're planning on seeing this movie solely to find out if this is finally the end of the series, here's one spoiler this review will provide: no, it's not. A scene after the closing credits doesn't reveal much, but clearly there is the intent to continue. Fans of **THE BOURNE LEGACY**, **PREMIUM RUSH**, **SAW**, **FINAL DESTINATION**, **CABIN IN THE WOODS**, **RED RIDING HOOD** and **RESIDENT EVIL** will enjoy this one too.



1/29 2 **CLOUD ATLAS** DRAMA/FANTASY

\$26 MILL BO 2023 SCREENS R 172 MINUTES

Tom Hanks (BIG, GREEN MILE, SPLASH, PHILADELPHIA, TURNER AND HOOTCH)

Halle Barry (NEW YEAR'S EVE, X MEN: LAST STAND, CAT WOMAN, DIE ANOTHER DAY, SWORDFISH, MONSTER'S BALL)

Hugh Grant (ABOUT A BOY, MUSIC AND LYRICS, NOTTING HILL, FOUR WEDDINGS AND A FUNERAL)

CLOUD ATLAS is enormously ambitious in scope, bizarrely experimental in execution, and equal parts straightforward and confounding in its ideas. The film imagines itself to be a hopeful fable about the significance of any given individual for the furtherance of humanity's ideal. Pragmatically, though, that idealism is overshadowed by the cyclical nature of its six-part narrative. Here are stories about our tendency to kill, to oppress, and to conquer.

Past is not only prologue but also prophecy in this all-encompassing worldview. While witnessing how one man tries to subtly and then overtly fight the concept of slavery in the mid-19th century, we are also shown the world of a dystopian future over 100 years from the present, where, once again, one segment of society has deemed another to be inferior and subjugates them to labor and eventual death. It's no wonder the last tale—at least in terms of chronology—is set some time after "the Fall;" from what we see before that, humankind has always had, continues to retain, and will apparently forever possess a death wish to one degree or another.

The film's confidence in the better angels of our nature is affecting, even though we can't help but think that eventually the scattered remnants of humanity in that distant future will find a way to repeat the mistakes of their ancestors. Considering their bloody fights for territorial dominance, they already have a good start.

The story, the first—in chronological order—tells of Adam Ewing (Jim Sturgess), who learns of the horrors of the slave trade in the Pacific while enlisting the skills of Dr. Henry Goose (Tom Hanks) to cure him of terrible headaches. Ewing eventually shields Autua (David Gyaski), a slave, who has stowed away on Ewing's ship back home. Ewing's journal serves as the connection to Robert Frobisher's (Ben Whishaw) story in 1936, as he serves as an amanuensis for the

composer Vyvyan Arys (Jim Broadbent). Forty years later, Frobisher's lover Rufus Sixsmith (James D'Arcy) serves as the inciting incident for a journalist named Luisa Rey (Halle Berry), who winds up investigating a nuclear reactor where Sixsmith is employed.

Rey's story is a manuscript that comes across the desk of Timothy Cavendish (Broadbent), a book publisher in the present day who finds himself the victim of a prank and the newest resident at a retirement home. His story is eventually turned into a film (Cavendish is played by an actor played by Hanks) that becomes an unlikely rallying cry for a group of clones, led by Sonmi-451 (Doona Bae), in New Seoul in 2144, and that clone is something of a prophet or messiah in an unspecified time and place in the distant future. There, Zachry (Hanks) and Meronym (Berry) hope to discover what happened to their ancestors in a cave that Zachry's tribe believes is haunted by the Devil (Hugo Weaving, whose characters all seem to be the embodiment of some form of evil).

These are but superficial connections, giving the stories a semblance of continuity on the surface (One imagines repeated complaints of migraines in the editing room). A character in each segment also has a birthmark in the shape of a shooting star as a symbol of something. The correlation goes deeper when considering the thematic ties and the way Tykwer and the Wachowskis use their relatively limited cast to fill in roles throughout the various time frames.

This is a movie that you need to pay some attention to. Those that liked **ARBITRAGE**, **THE DESCENDANTS**, **BERNIE**, **HOPE SPRINGS**, **SEEKING A FRIEND FOR THE END OF THE WORLD**, **THE BEST EXOTIC HOTEL**, **THE KING'S SPEECH**, **MOONRISE KINGDOM**, and **THE IRON LADY** will love this one too.



1/29 1 HOTEL TRANSYLVANIA ANIMATED FAMILY
\$143 MILL BO 3375 SCREENS PG 91 MINUTES

VOICES OF: Adam Sandler, Steve Buscemi, Jon Lovitz, Cee Lo Green, Andy Samberg

Dracula (Adam Sandler) is now an over-protective single dad, in "Hotel Transylvania", who built the hotel to shield his daughter Mavis (Selena Gomez) from the real monsters: humans.

Now celebrating her 118th birthday, Mavis is old enough to explore the outside world. The guests invited to her party include some expected and unexpected characters: Frankenstein (Kevin James), Wayne the Wolfman (Steve Buscemi), Murray the Mummy (CeeLo Green), the Invisible Man (David Spade), and Quasimodo (Jon Lovitz). As if desperate to fill every vacancy, some "monsters" are a stretch: a pair of honeymooning fleas?

Lost American backpacker Jonathan (Andy Samberg) unwittingly crashes the party. Quickly disguised by Dracula and passed off as Frankenstein's cousin, Jonathan becomes something that frightens Dracula even more: a love interest to daughter Mavis.

After some inspired bits by a hotel staff of zombies and witches, once everybody is checked in there is nothing to kill but time. With rare exceptions (the Invisible Man is horrible at charades) most of the material does not rise above kid-friendly vomit and fart jokes. Hearing Fran Drescher's voice as Frankenstein's wife may be the scariest thing about the movie. The most successful scenes are the few that occur outside the hotel, providing more room for worlds to creatively collide. The claustrophobic confines of the hotel may be fine for those used to sleeping in coffins, but the audience would have benefitted, like Mavis, from getting out more.

Fans of **ICE AGE: CONTINENTAL DRIFT**, **MADAGASCAR 3**, **LORAX**, **RANGO**, **RIO**, **HAPPY FEET 2**, **WINNIE THE POOH**, **THE SMURFS**, and **DIARY OF A WIMPY KID** will all love this one.



1/29 **2** **SEVEN PSYCHOPATHS** COMEDY
\$16 MILL BO 1480 SCREENS **R** 110 MINUTES

Colin Farrell (PHONE BOOTH, HORRIBLE BOSSES, TOTAL RECALL, MINORITY REPORT)

Christopher Walken (THE DEER HUNTER, WEDDING CRASHERS, PULP FICTION, CATCH ME IF YOU CAN, KING OF NEW YORK)

Woody Harrelson (WHITE MEN CAN'T JUMP, MONEY TRAIN, ZOMBIE THE HUNGER GAMES, NO COUNTRY FOR OLD MEN, LAND, RAMPART)

Like a self-aware and sun-blitzed Elmore Leonard novel, Martin McDonagh's Los Angeles-set "Seven Psychopaths" exploits easy quirk for big laughs, being the tale of an alcoholic Irish screenwriter (Farrell) and his two scam-artist buddies (Sam Rockwell and Christopher Walken), who kidnap rich people's dogs and collect the reward money. But the Shih Tzu hits the fan after the pair nab a local gangster's pooch, gradually inspiring the creatively blocked scribe to write the film already unfolding onscreen.

Opening with a pair of hit men squabbling beneath the Hollywood sign, the pic establishes its talky, irreverent tone by turning the tables on the two hired guns, who are dead before their debate is done when a weirdo in a luchador mask walks up behind and pops them each in the head. Judging by the number of times the pic kills characters via exploding chunks of scalp, it's fair to assume that head wounds are the funniest sort there is.

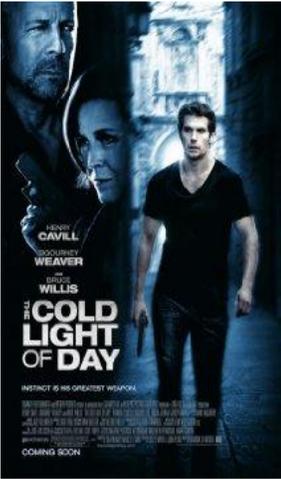
In no way connected to the aforementioned scene is Marty (Farrell), who only wishes he could write an opening as entertaining as that, but all he has is a title, **SEVEN PSYCHOPATHS**. Good friend Billy (Rockwell) pitches in, taking out a classified ad suggesting that any former psychos interested in having their stories told on film should drop by. Astonishingly, they get only one reply (a fun cameo from Tom Waits, playing a man who serially kills other serial killers), though McDonagh has no trouble concocting half a dozen other nut jobs to flesh out his title.



As the mobster missing his Shih Tzu, Woody Harrelson surprisingly comes across less psycho than many of his roles. Still, playing the character for his dog-loving soft spot seems the right choice for the film's tone, which is generally kind to crazies and hard on everybody else, especially women and anyone who ain't white.

The film's overall tone is so cartoony, it's easy to imagine someone spinning off a macabre animated series of the same name, if only more of the psychopaths survived at the end. As it is, the film takes place in a version of L.A. that appears simultaneously familiar and kitsched up to an intense degree, with plain white-walled apartments crammed full of shag throw pillows and odd plastic dolls. McDonagh's going for weird, and his set and prop teams have certainly indulged him, while Carter Burwell supplies a score -- like so much of his work for the Coen brothers -- that puts a funereal spin on the material's almost playful disregard for human life.

There's an old Hollywood cliché that goes "write what you know," and the film has fun twisting that advice by ratcheting up the insanity of the circumstances around Farrell's otherwise feckless scribe. Opposite the unusually restrained star, Rockwell and Walken are free to chew the scenery, as editor Lisa Gunning repeatedly selects the thesp's most eccentric takes in order to underscore the laugh. The cast and story will make sure that all that liked **SAVAGES, THE EXPENDABLES 2, PULP FICTION, COLLATERAL, IMMORTALS, MONEY BALL, TRANSFORMERS, CRASH, and TAKEN** will love this film. Very entertaining.



1/29 3 THE COLD LIGHT OF DAY THRILLER
\$4 MILL BO 1524 SCREENS PG-13 93 MINUTES

Henry Cavill (IMMORTALS, WHATEVER WORKS, RED RIDING HOOD, HELL RAISER)

Bruce Willis (NOBODY'S FOOL, MOONRISE KINGDOM, THE FIFTH ELEMENT, HOSTAGE, PULP FICTION)

Sigourney Weaver (WORKING GIRL, GORILLAS IN THE MIDST, ALIEN, RAMPART, THE ICE STORM, COPY CAT)

An average guy gets caught in the middle of an escalating government conspiracy and must trust no one, beat the clock, dodge the bullets and save the day in this Madrid-set thriller.

Young business consultant Will Shaw (Henry Cavill) reluctantly flies from San Francisco to Alicante, Spain, for a vacation on his family's sailboat. Tensions soon become evident between Will and his cultural-attaché father, Martin (Bruce Willis), but are smoothed over by Will's peacekeeping mother, Laurie (Caroline Goodall); his younger brother, Josh (Rafi Gavron); and Josh's g.f., Dara (Emma Hamilton). Having swum ashore to do some shopping, Will returns to find his family gone, and soon learns they will be executed within 24 hours if a missing briefcase is not delivered to their captors. To nobody's surprise but Will's, Martin's actual job turns out to have scant connection to the arts, and his espionage activities have put his family in jeopardy.

As the plot unravels and the action shifts to Madrid, Will meets his father's duplicitous boss, Carrack (Sigourney Weaver); is repeatedly shot at by agency muscle Gorman (Joseph Mawle); and must go on the run when he's wanted by local law enforcement for the killing of a cop. Hooking up with pretty, feisty Lucia (Veronica Echegui). Will must evade capture and turn the tables on his many tormentors.

Since the storyline ultimately involves two countries' foreign agencies acting with murderous impunity within the jurisdiction of a third, the movie coincidentally resonates with current covert actions by Israel and Iran over Iran's nuclear program. The cast convinces us of the tension and dangers while the film will attract those that liked **TOTAL RECALL, LAWLESS, IMMORTALS, HAYWIRE, JOHN CARTER, TRESPASS, FAST FIVE,** and **BATTLE: LOS ANGELES.**

