

7/9 1 ADMISSION COMEDY
\$18 MILL BO 2135 SCREENS **PG-13** 107 MINUTES

Tina Fey (TV'S 30 ROCK, BABY MAMA, DATE NIGHT, THE INVENTION OF LYING, MEAN GIRLS)
Paul Rudd (THIS IS 40, THE PERKS OF BEING A WALLFLOWER, WANDERLUST, DINNER FOR SCHMUCKS)
Lily Tomlin (ALL OF ME, PINK PANTHER 2, TV'S SNL, THE WEST WING, DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES, DAMAGES)

I'd see Tina Fey and Paul Rudd in anything. The always-welcome Fey plays Portia Nathan, a Princeton admissions officer dedicated to choosing only the best. No flaws get past her, though it takes her years to realize that Mark (Michael Sheen), the jerk prof she lives with, is a cheat.

Then, on a tour of New England schools, Portia runs into teacher John Pressman (Rudd), a former college classmate. It's John who tells her that his student Jeremiah Balakian (Nat Wolff), an autodidact with lousy grades, may represent a part of her past she's been avoiding. No spoilers from me, but if you can't guess you won't be getting into Princeton.

Will Portia bend the rules for this gifted boy? Will she get it on with John, a teacher dedicated to thinking outside the box? Will she reconcile with Susannah (Lily Tomlin), her estranged hippie-dippy artist mother? And will she be good enough to replace the retiring Clarence (Wallace Shawn) as dean of admissions?



and **HOPE SPRINGS** will love it.



Lots of amusing things going on and watching Fey is always a treat. OK, it's lightweight compared to some of her other works, but it is pleasant enough that anyone that **liked GUILT TRIP, PARENTAL GUIDANCE, IDENTITY THIEF, SAFE HAVEN, WRECK IT RALPH, WON'T BACK DOWN,**



7/9 2 DEAD MAN DOWN THRILLER
\$ 11 MILL BO 2021 SCREENS **R** 118 MINUTES

Colin Farrell (PHONE BOOTH, SEVEN PSYCHOPATHS, IN BRUGES, HORRIBLE BOSSES)
Noomi Rapace (PROMETHEUS, THE MAID, MONITOR, THE GIRL WHO KICKED THE HORNET'S NEST)

This film has a certain leisurely quality that can be sort of refreshing, particularly when its emotional register is working toward romance. Though it spends the bulk of its running time operating within the confines of the crime picture, the action occasionally veers off into a love story that's as hamfisted and dorky as it is appealingly endearing, one in which mob-world lackey Victor (Farrell) and revenge-seeking beautician Beatrice (Rapace) struggle in vain to heal their broken hearts. This subplot is still totally prosaic, but the strange

languor of their scenes together—the looseness of the narrative allows moments of repose to linger—is nevertheless a point of interest.

The film opens with a protracted shootout between Victor's gang, headed by the headstrong Alphonse (Terrence Howard), and a group of drug dealers they suspect of plotting against them, before taking a sharp and entirely unexpected turn barely 20 minutes in toward an unrelated subplot with Beatrice and the man upon whom she wants vengeance. These two largely unrelated plots run simultaneously, but are so poorly integrated into the film that it's hard to feel especially invested in either—we take so long to return to Alphonse after that opening set piece, for instance, that one could be forgiven for forgetting his motivations and concerns altogether.



All in all, an entertaining film with decent acting. This will attract all that liked **PARKER, STAND UP GUYS, BROKEN CITY, RED DAWN, KILLING THEM SOFTLY, LAWLESS, and THE BOURNE LEGACY.**



7/9 1 THE HOST ACTION

\$27 MILL BO 3202 SCREENS PG-13 125 MINUTES

Diana Kruger (UNKNOWN, INGLORIOUS BASTERDS, THE HUNTING PARTY, NATIONAL TREASURE)

Max Irons (RED RIDING HOOD, DORIAN GRAY, BEING JULIA)

William Hurt (THE BIG CHILL, BODY HEAT, INTO THE WILD, CHANGING LANES, A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE)

A human girl, possessed by something alien and undead, must choose between two cute boys. Is this another **TWILIGHT**? Nope. But **THE HOST** is

born from the mother of all things **TWILIGHT**, Stephenie Meyer, which is the next best – or worst – thing, depending on your point of view. Meyer's 2008 bestseller has its moments. The MVP is 18-year-old Irish miracle worker Saoirse Ronan (**ATONEMENT, THE LOVELY BONES**).

Ronan plays Melanie Stryder, one of the last humans alive until aliens insert a soul named Wanderer into her body. You can tell because her eyes glow like one of those children of the damned. Melanie's handler, Terra the Seeker (Kruger), wants the Wanderer to invade Melanie's memories and lead them to the hideout of

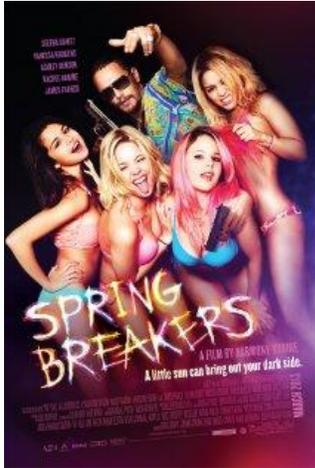


other human rebels, led by Melanie's Uncle Jeb (a slumming William Hurt). But, hell, the Wanderer can't shut Melanie off or up. We keep hearing Melanie's internal dialogue in the Wanderer's head.

It gets even more maddening when Melanie is reunited with her former lover, Jared (Irons), who now hates her alien ass, and the Wanderer, now called Wanda, falls for the human Ian (Jake Abel). Since Melanie and Wanda are two personalities in one body, the love story is a virtual three-way. "Don't kiss him!" "Yes, I will!" "No, you won't!"

This movie is kinda fun and the cast works pretty well to bring it home. Fans of **STOKER, MAMA, DARK SKIES, THE COLLECTION, A HAUNTED HOUSE, THE POSSESSION, PREMIUM RUSH, APPARITION, and CABIN IN THE WOODS** will like this one too.





7/9 2 **SPRING BREAKERS** COMEDY
BO \$15 MILL 1423 SCREENS R 94 MINUTES

Vanessa Hudgens (JOURNEY 2, SUCKER PUNCH, BAND SLAM, HIGH SCHOOL MUSICAL)
James Franco (OZ THE GREAT AND POWERFUL, 127 HOURS, RISE OF THE PLANET OF THE APES, DATE NIGHT, MILK)

For a generation of youthful television viewers, MTV's spring break coverage defined the annual pilgrimage in which college kids ventured to Florida for a week or two of sex and booze in the sun. Starting in 1986, the network effectively sold this fantasy by repeating endless images of scantily clad bodies gyrating away on beaches to the latest pop hits and beautiful people lounging around the pool. Taking this once-popular programming as a jumping-off point, Harmony Korine's hallucinatory **SPRING BREAKERS** begins with a montage of college kids enacting an R-rated version of MTV's coverage, bare breasts being soaked with beer and plentiful bong hits replacing the more television-friendly images peddled by the former music-video giant. Korine also endows these images with sinister undertones, achieved via oversaturated colors, rapid cutting between images, slow motion, and an abrasive techno score. Thus the director at once announces his cut-and-paste pop technique, establishes the dreamlike state that marks his film and speaks to his characters' longings, and hints that there will be no shortage of bad shit to come.

After this opening action to a drab college campus blondes, Candy (Hudgens), Brit (Rachel Korine), bemoan the lack partake of the spring-break minded fellow student and travel doesn't secure the necessary their way down to Florida where and female bonding. However, soon after they arrive, the quartet is arrested only to get bailed out by a would-be rapper and drug dealer, Alien (James Franco, sporting his now-infamous cornrows and silver grill). Hanging out with this very strange individual at his beachfront mansion, the girls become enamored of the guns, drugs, and money that are everywhere to be found in Alien's digs and, after Faith's early defection, the remaining girls join their new companion in a life of crime, culminating in the assassination of a rival drug dealer.

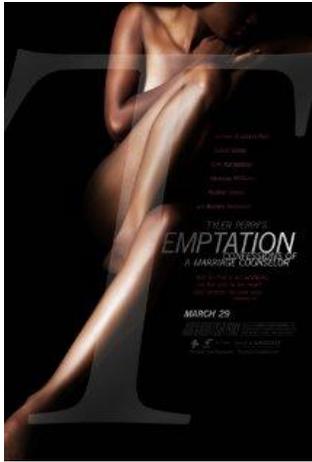


sequence, the director shifts the where three identical-looking (Ashley Benson), and Cotty of funds that would allow them to dream. When hitting up religious-companion Faith (Selena Gomez) dough, they rob a diner and make they begin the rounds of partying

Or do they? One of the effects of Korine's feverish, hypnotic style is that the whole thing feels like a fantasy—or rather a nightmare perversion of the American dream. Dictated by the expectations that St. Petersburg, Florida is the best place on Earth for two weeks every year—a sentiment repeated in voiceover by Faith despite all visual evidence to the contrary—and then finding those hopes dashed with their arrest, the women live out another fantasy. If snorting lines of coke and fucking is one aspect of American privilege that we wink at, then gangsterism is the dark side of that lifestyle, an extension of the same impulses (sex and power) that dictate why kids flock to Florida every year in the first place—and a culture similarly mainstreamed by MTV.

Korine's movie doesn't have a whole lot to say about the relationship between these two fantasy realms (except to suggest that the sense of lurking violence that underlines spring breaking with its intimations of potential rape, finds natural expression in the related impulse of St. Pete's other economic center), but it doesn't really have to. Spinning a hypnotic, repetitive web of sound and images, Korine crafts a vision, not an argument, but a no less beguilingly weird (and occasionally repulsive) one at that.

Still, this is a funny movie that will resonate with all that **liked BRIDESMAIDS, WARM BODIES, SIDE EFFECTS, THE GUILT TRIP, BACHELORETTE, PLAYING FOR KEEPS, HIT AND RUN, TED, and THAT'S MY BOY.**



7/9 1 TEMPTATION DRAMA

\$ 52 MILL BO 2047 SCREEN PG-13 111 MINUTES

Jurnee Smollett-Bell (TV's THE DEFENDERS, TRUE BLOOD, FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS, MOB DOCTORS)
Lance Gross (TV's HOUSE OF PAYNE, MILK & HONEY, THE FINDER, ROYAL PAINS)
Robbie Jones (TV's HELL CATS, NECESSARY ROUGHNESS, HAWAII 5-O, SOUTHLAND)

For much of its running time, **TEMPTATION** seems similarly perceptive, establishing over the course of its first two acts that it is attuned to the nuances of a long-term relationship in the process of dissipation. Judith (Jurnee Smollett-Bell), an aspiring marriage counselor paying her dues at an upscale matchmaking agency, feels vaguely dissatisfied with her loving but unexceptional husband, Brice (Lance Gross), a handsome pharmacist with a decidedly conservative sensibility. Her conspicuous disenchantment makes her, of course, the ideal mark for insidious playboy charmer Harley (Robbie Jones), a sexy billionaire of quite obviously unscrupulous intentions. The prospective love affair unfolds very gradually, and Perry, for his part, capably illustrates both the stagnation of Judith's marriage and the appeal of abandoning its sanctity; by the time the forbidden romance is indulged in carnally, one feels—and, moreover, wholly believes—the gravity of the action.

But then, with little warning, things veer into markedly stranger territory, as the decadent, almost classic melodrama of the film's first two acts suddenly gives way to full-blown theatrical maximalism, with erotic liaisons erupting into garish displays of unholy abandon. The film quickly becomes a catalogue of aestheticized depravity, with Judith's cautionary-tale descent into hedonism expressed as a thick slice of exploitation cinema.

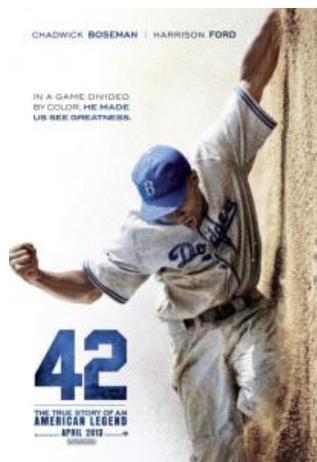
This film, at its core it contains an honesty, that is wild as it careens into a stylistic ostentation at odds with both the heart of the material and the director's body of work. Perry has never been an especially extravagant visual stylist, but



he does have a tendency to depict on-screen romance with a warmth and intimacy that borders on sensual—particularly where the steam of a shower is involved.

This is a well-acted film with some new faces that will help this film appeal to all that liked **GOOD DEEDS, SAFE HAVEN, 10 YEARS, PARIAH, BLUE VALENTINE, JUMPING THE BROOM** and **THE HELP**.





7/16 1 42 DRAMA

\$86 MILL BO 3409 SCREENS PG-13 128 MINUTES

Chadwick Boseman (TV's CASTLE, FRINGE, JUSTIFIED, THE GLADES)

Harrison Ford (WITNESS, STAR WARS, AIR FORCE ONE, RANDOM HEARTS, THE FUGITIVE, PATRIOT GAMES)

Call me old-fashioned, but I'm a huge sucker for inspirational sports movies. For baseball enthusiasts, it's hard to go wrong with a movie about Jackie Robinson. Brian Helgeland's **42** — which gets its name from the number Robinson wore after being drafted into the majors — is as inspiring as any inspirational sports movie you can name. (Well, maybe not "Brian's Song,"

but that movie had a disease to contend with. **42's** scope is limited to racism.) Its hero, played with conviction by Chadwick Boseman, overcame many obstacles in the mid-1940s in his attempts to be accepted as the first African-American major leaguer, and the movie works double-time to convince you how difficult those obstacles were.

Without question, the movie is more about adversity than it is about baseball, but that's understandable because Robinson's struggles were always more rooted in other people's bigotry than an inability to play the game. This is never more obvious than in scenes between Robinson and Phillies manager Ben Chapman (Alan Tudyk), who stands in the dugout taunting Robinson to the point where you wonder if Helgeland may have embellished just a titch for the sake of upping the dramatic tension.



Helgeland really does lay the racism element of Robinson's rise to the top on a little too thick. We go into the movie knowing 1947 was a different time in the world, so we don't need to be bashed over the head with it. But **42** makes great strides in making up for the potentially heavy-handed elements of Robinson's early days in the league. For starters, he had one hell of a support system, in both his doting, beautiful wife Rachel (Nicole Beharie) and in MLB exec Branch Rickey (Harrison Ford), who cared more about making money than

he did about people's narrow-mindedness.

The movie is rife with platitudes (Branch to Jackie: "Like our savior, you gotta have the guts to turn the other cheek. Can you do it?"), but it also has a playful sense of humor, in the way it depicts Jackie's affinity for stealing bases, and Helgeland also does well in the gorgeous recreation of the period (my favorite is the shot of dozens of Brooklyn Dodger fans flooding the gates of Ebbets Field on opening day). As for the performances, pretty much everyone knocks it out of the park.

42 may go a little easy on Robinson by depicting him in too pious a light, but maybe that's just how the real Robinson was. If it's a less inspiring period baseball movie you're after, there's always that one about the loutish Ty Cobb.



This is a terrific movie with a great cast telling the story. Fans of **MONEYBALL, THE HELP, THE DEBT, COBB, THE BLIND SIDE, A GOOD DAY TO DIE HARD, IDENTITY THIEF, SILVER LININGS PLAYBOOK,** and **WARM BODIES** will love this one.



7/16 2 BULLET TO THE HEAD ACTION
\$10 MILL BO 2408 SCREENS R 92 MINUTES

Sylvester Stallone (CLIFF HANGER, DAYLIGHT, RAMBO, COP LAND, VICTORY)

Christian Slater (FACE TO FACE, THE CONTENDER, LOVE STINKS, SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE, ASSASSINS BULLET)

James Bonomo, aka Jimmy Bobo (Stallone), is a jaded hitman with a long rap sheet and little tolerance for the law. He and partner Louis (Jon Seda) bump off corrupt ex-cop Greely (Holt McCallany in TV'S GOLDEN BOY), which results in Louis getting whacked by former mercenary Keegan (Jason Momoa.). Det. Taylor Kwon (Kang) thinks there's a link between the two bodies and tracks down Bobo, who saves the cop from an assassination attempt by other police officers on the take.

Kwon is wounded in the skirmish, so Bobo brings him to tattoo artist and one-time med student Lisa (Sarah Shahi, decorated and decorative), who's also the tough guy's daughter. Once mended, Kwon and Bobo reluctantly team up to get answers, with the trail leading to hotshot lawyer Marcus Baptiste (Christian Slater). At a costume party thrown in to provide the requisite T&A the odd couple learns that Keegan and Baptiste work for Robert Nkomo Morel (Adewale Akinnuoye-Agbaje), an unscrupulous developer looking to make a killing off a real-estate project. A fair amount of jokiness is derived from the gap in tech knowledge between Luddite Bobo and smartphone-toting Kwon, though unsurprisingly, given both star and helmer, it's not whether you can download a database but how you wield a knife that matters here.



In the latter department, Stallone and Momoa are the winners, culminating in a well-choreographed axe battle that allows auds the satisfaction of a ringside seat for an action nerd's match made in heaven: Rocky vs. Conan. Otherwise, Stallone is like a knowing mentor to Kang's lightweight, generously allowing him his moments but then taking charge of the screen; one can almost hear him say, in that extraordinary voice (more boulders than gravel), "Move over kid, here's how it's done." That goes for the zingers as much as the punches, equally potent and satisfying.

This will have very strong appeal to all that liked **GANGSTER SQUAD, EXPENDABLES 2, RED DAWN, KILLING THEM SOFTLY, ALEX CROSS, CONTRABAND, KILLER JOE, and THE SAMARITAN.**



7/16 1 EVIL DEAD HORROR
BO \$54 MILL 3025 SCREENS R 91 MINUTES

Jane Levy (TV's SUBURGATORY, SHAMELESS, film; FUN SIZE, NOBODY WALKS)

Jessica Lucas (TV'S FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS, CSI NEW YORK, Film; CLOVERFIELD)

In this very good remake, Mia (Levy), a drug-addicted young woman trying to go cold turkey, is undergoing physically and psychologically agonizing withdrawal, and her companions — including prodigal brother David (Shiloh Fernandez) and medically trained buddy Olivia (Lucas) — are loath to interrupt the recovery process. Besides, all those terrible things Mia claims to see are just hallucinations triggered by withdrawal, right? Wrong.

Eric (Lou Taylor Pucci), the academically inclined member of the group, finds in the cabin a mysterious Book of the Dead filled with horrific illustrations, mysterious symbols and ample warnings not to read aloud anything that appears in its ancient pages. Unfortunately, Eric does not heed those admonitions, awakening a familiar demon for a new generation of young victims. Mia is the first to be infected by the monstrously malignant and singularly foul-mouthed bogeyman, but it doesn't stop there, inspiring her cabin mates to damage themselves and each other in creatively gory ways. Alvarez repeatedly references plot elements and specific shots from Raimi's original pic. Taking his cue from the original, he makes especially effective use of lenser Aaron Morton's swooping, swirling camera movements, which suggest the POV of a rampaging poltergeist.



Indeed, the only character who even gets to crack a joke is Pucci's Eric. Asked if he's certain that actions described in the Book of the Dead will rid them of the troublesome spirit, the frantic fellow replies,



"Am I sure? Of course not! It's not a science book!"

Levy is believably beastly as the possessed Mia, and manages the heavy lifting when her character must handle some last-act heroics. Other members of the cast do what they can with thinly written parts. For instance, it's not really Elizabeth Blackmore's fault that her role as David's g.f. is so ill-defined and unimportant that some may forget she's in the pic until she starts to make lethal use of a nail gun.

The bloody mayhem is so graphic and frequent throughout one cannot help suspecting that alternate takes had to be shot to ensure an R rating. The emphasis on dismemberment and disfigurement should make this must-see entertainment for gorehounds, but could literally scare off viewers accustomed to less explicit, PG-13 fare. Still the appeal will be very strong for those fans of **THE LAST EXORCISM 2**, **WARM BODIES**, **BEAUTIFUL CREATURES**, **28 DAYS**, **MAMA**, **THE BAY**, **THE MAN WITH THE IRON FISTS**, **SILENT HILL: REVELATION**, and **DREDD**.



7/16 3 ERASED THRILLER

OPENING IN THEATERS R 100 MINUTES

Aaron Eckhart (THE RUM DIARY, THE DARK KNIGHT, BATTLE LOS ANGELES, RABBIT HOLE, NO RESERVATIONS)

Starring Aaron Eckhart as Ben Logan, an ex-CIA agent and single father living in Belgium, the film traces that character's entanglement in an international scandal involving his former organization, a powerful European multinational, and a morally dubious plan to sell arms to warring African tribes. Supposedly hired by the Halgate Group as a security expert, Logan arrives at work one day to find the operation gone with no trace remaining; even his emails from the company have been deleted. With his daughter by his side, he digs deeper and finds the bodies of all his co-workers, all illegal immigrants, at a Brussels morgue. Meanwhile, representatives of the U.S. government and European private interests search for both him and a stolen document that incriminates Halgate.



It's a convoluted plot, but Stölzl manages to make reasonably clear the various intrigues he unfolds while keeping the action humming along at a reasonably gripping pace. Still, the film seldom pushes beyond the minimum dictates of the thriller, only offering up a memorable action sequence here and there, as in an early scene in which Logan's struggling with an armed assassin in a moving car continues after the vehicle falls off an overpass and crashes. Similarly, attempts to humanize the conflict by zeroing in on Logan's efforts to improve his strained relationship with his daughter fall a bit flat, largely because Eckhart's default mode is an expressed controlled outrage.



Here's a film that will appeal to all that enjoyed **TAKEN 2**, **LOCKOUT**, **GANGSTER SQUAD**, **BROKEN CITY**, **KILLING THEM SOFTLY**, **RED DAWN** and **THE LAST STAND**.



7/23 3 GINGER AND ROSA DRAMA
\$1 MILL BO 101 SCREENS PG-13 90 MINUTES

Elle Fanning (WE BOUGHT A ZOO, SUPER 8, THE CURIOUS CASE OF BENJAMIN BUTTON)
Oliver Platt (AIR FORCE ONE, TV'S THE BIG C, THE ORANGES, 2012, THE ICE HARVEST)
Annette Bening (THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT, RUBY SPARKS, AMERICAN BEAUTY, BEING JULIA, THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT)

Personal to a fault, this film tells the story of two girls, born on the same day and best friends ever since, who drift apart after one decides to shag the other's dad. At 17 years old, Fanning's Ginger is just beginning to establish her own identity as something separate from her parents, stay-at-home mom Natalie (Christina Hendricks) and pacifist professor dad Roland (Alessandro Nivola). And yet, she's such close friends with Rosa (Jane Campion's daughter, Alice Englert) that the very notion of independence seems a contradiction. The girls are inseparable, defiantly staying out late, smoking cigarettes and riding in cars with boys, as young ladies in such an evocative London-set 1962 period piece are wont to do. (Is there any easier laugh in all of cinema than the obligatory cough after a nonsmoker takes that virgin drag on his or her first cigarette?)



This behavior is depicted with vicarious giddiness. Setting everything to classic jazz tracks that predate her characters, Potter then edits their freewheeling excursions with a jump-cut style that all but excludes school, housework or any responsibilities unlikely to register among the greatest hits of their future memories. Though somewhat generic, this first half hour sparks with an immediate, lived-in vitality.

Stick around, however, and things gradually drift into telenovela territory, as Rosa — already a bit of a tart — commits to the idea of seducing her best friend's father, facilitated by Roland's choice to abandon his family in favor of nurturing his romantic self-image as a bohemian philosopher. For Ginger, Rosa's behavior marks the ultimate betrayal. Still, scandalous as this cross-generational romance may be, one suspects it's the fact Rosa had the nerve to assert her identity apart from Ginger that's at the heart of their rift.

While the barely two-dimensional Rosa explores her budding sexuality, Ginger is beginning to think of herself as an artist and activist, joining the Youth Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, where her

passion for the cause blurs with possible romantic interest in the group's scruffy leader (Andrew Hawley). In Ginger's rare time alone, she writes callow, cringe-inducing rhyming poems about her fear that Cold War rivals Russia and the U.S. will blow the planet sky-high. As Potter underlines ad nauseum, Ginger and Rosa were born the year America dropped the bomb on Hiroshima, and that event defines the way their generation sees the world, much as 9/11 has

As both Ginger's family and primary friendship dissolve, she turns to others, including gay family friends Mark and Mark (Timothy Spall and Oliver Platt) and a never-defined feminist mouthpiece (Annette Bening) for role-model guidance. This film will be appreciated by those that liked **QUARTET**, **SIDE EFFECTS**, **THE DETAILS**, **10 YEARS**, **BEING FLYNN**, **BERNIE**, **THE INTOUCHABLES**, **HYDE PARK ON THE HUDSON** and **LUV**.



7/23 3 GRACELAND DRAMA
CURRENT THEATRICAL RELEASE R 84 MINUTES

Arnold Reyes (TV'S MY BELOVED, GUNS AND ROSES)
Patricia Gayod (TV'S THE TWO OF US)

The hero, of sorts, is Marlon (Arnold Reyes), a driver for Filipino politician Manuel Changho (Menggie Cobarrubias). Quick, efficient expository moments establish how the employee and employer's lives broadly contrast. Marlon's wife is nearly on her deathbed, in need of an organ transplant that's unlikely due to his limited sphere of social influence. His daughter, Elvie (Ella Guevara), is a nice girl who's reaching a tricky and painful age in which she realizes the explicit differences between the working class, with which she and her family clearly belong, and the wealthy movers and shakers that define the world of her friend Sophia (Gayod), who happens to be Changho's daughter. Marlon's in a universally precarious situation born of near-poverty: One small inconvenience could unravel the existence he's established for himself and his family, much less the full-blown calamity that erupts early one morning.



Changho, on the other hand, wears his considerable comfort with a studied indifference that understandably infuriates people like Marlon. The congressman has an unforgivable proclivity for young girls, whom he leaves naked and drugged, like a sack of dirty laundry, for Marlon to scoop up and drop off (Morales isn't sentimental about his hero's complicity). Changho likes his power, his liquor, his drugs, and his sex, and as long as he has the money to occasionally bribe the police there's no reason for him to expect a life that doesn't present him with any pleasure he wants the moment he wants it.

GRACELAND soon reveals itself to be another angry, despairing kidnapping drama with sociopolitical concerns, and it's a measure of Morales's ambitions that Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece **HIGH AND LOW** is his most obvious influence (that film's famous train sequence is even reprised here in an ingeniously low-budget fashion). Morales displays a feverish talent for asserting subtext through action at a breakneck pace. We're allowed to see for ourselves the world that defines these characters, where the proletariat is endlessly manipulated by governing bodies for reasons of self-preservation and gratification. The only truly sympathetic characters are either brutally murdered or severely morally compromised or disillusioned. This film stings.

Fans of **STOKER**, **THE SWEENEY**, **RED DAWN**, **THE BAY**, **COLD LIGHT OF DAY**, **360**, **LAWLESS**, and **SILENT HOUSE** will like this one.

(R) (TV) (TV) (TV) (TV) (TV) (TV)



7/23 3 STARBUCK COMEDY
BO \$500,000 46 SCREENS R 109 MINUTES

Patrick Hurd
Julie LeBreton (THE GOOD LIE, EVERYWHERE)

This one had limited distribution, but it doesn't mean it won't be a good addition to your inventory. When David Wozniak (Hurd) discovers that the thousands of dollars worth of sperm he donated in his late teens has made him the father of 533 children, it's hard to know whether to chalk it up to good timing or to fate having an easy laugh: Just days earlier, David, a hapless delivery truck driver for his family's butcher shop, found out that his girlfriend (LeBreton) is pregnant but having doubts about keeping him around as the father. It's hard to blame her (when we meet him, David is \$80,000 in debt and growing pot, and poorly so, in his apartment), but her pregnancy awakens his paternal instincts, and not a moment too soon it seems. Of his 533 existing kids, 142 are suing the fertility clinic David used to find out his identity.

The quirky premise no doubt helped it become a box-office hit in Canada, and secured director Ken Scott the opportunity to do a Hollywood remake starring Vince Vaughan, out in theaters later this year. But it's also, exaggerations another example of modern-stuffed into the traditional-family-comedies. As if David's leap into establish the film's themes, overcome by the grievances of edge about the prospect of lawyer (Antoine Bertrand), a opportunity about his kids who my voice." But of course both turn out to be loving, caring parents when it comes down to it. Rather than getting into particulars, the film favors platitudes—mostly of the "lean on me" variety—that are apt for any family or gender.



in David's situation aside, yet family predicaments getting values message of conventional fatherhood wasn't enough to everyone around him is also parenting. David's brother is on having a child, while David's father of four, complains at every "don't pick up the frequency of

The movie is, on the face of it, a comedy, though one might miss that fact considering how it eschews laughs for sentimentalism. As part of their lawsuit, David's 142 kids send him personal profiles, presumably to touch David's heart and convince him to come out as the father. David decides instead to become their guardian angel, stalking them one by one until he finds a moment to shower them with a random act of kindness. And while this leads to one great scene where David finds himself at a meeting with all 142 of his unknowing children, otherwise it's just more fodder for David's self-realizations and yet another sappy montage. One might assume that discovering you've fathered hundreds of children would call into slight question the notion that *all* blood runs thicker than water.

I think this will have appeal to those that liked **UPSIDE DOWN, BACHELORETTE, HIT AND RUN, FUN SIZE, WHY STOP NOW, LIBERAL ARTS, PEOPLE LIKE US,** and **RUBY SPARKS.**



7/23 3 TRANCE THRILLER
\$3 MILL BO 1527 SCREENS R 101 MINUTES

James McAvoy (X MEN-FIRST CLASS, ARTHUR CHRISTMAS, BECOMING JANE WANTED)
Vincent Cassel (BLACK SWAN, OCEAN'S 13, OUR DAY WILL COME, ADRIFT)

This movie starts out with seemingly nice-guy James McAvoy telling us the ins and outs of protecting fine art from burglars at upscale auctions, but soon we learn he is part of a ploy to burgle a priceless Goya with a couple other ruthless thugs led by Vincent Cassel. During the heist, McAvoy takes a konk on the head that renders him unable to remember where he stashed the pilfered painting, which inevitably leads to many more contusions and threats of life from the other goons.

That might be enough conflict for one movie to handle, but, really, that's only the first 20 minutes of Boyle's film. The bigger conflict comes when Cassel forces McAvoy to undergo hypnotherapy at the hands of Rosario Dawson, who may or may not be involved but definitely seems smart enough to stay one step ahead of everyone else either way.

It's here where the movie shifts gears and turns into a much more twisted sort of thriller. Part of the fun is not knowing where Boyle is taking you, but even if I laid out all of the movie's secrets, you'd still have a tough time following because twists into every minute of the movie for yourself. Besides, my half-hearted because you'd miss out on a lot of catawampus visual techniques to his techno score.



This is a Danny Boyle movie **SLUMDOG MILLIONAIRE** and than his **127 HOURS**. Some movies door; **TRANCE** is a movie that has being made to feel like a dope been this invigorating and fun.

Boyle has so masterfully woven all of the that you really do need to see it play out description wouldn't be nearly as fun fine filmmaking, from Boyle's indelible propensity for incorporating the perfect

through and through, more like his **SHALLOW GRAVE** in its twisty brilliance require you to check your brain at the requires your brain on high alert. Rarely

The appeal for this film will be strong for those that liked **A GOOD DAY TO DIE HARD, PARKER, STAND UP GUYS, RED DAWN, LAWLESS, THE BOURNE LEGACY,** and **THE EXPENDABLES 2.**



7/30 3 BLACK ROCK THRILLER
CURRENT THEATRICAL RELEASE R 83 MINUTES

Kate Bosworth (STRAW DOGS, MOVIE 43, SUPERMAN RETURNS, BLUE CRUST, REMEMBER THE TITANS)
Lake Bell (NO STRINGS ATTACHED, WHAT HAPPENS IN VEGAS, PRIDE AND GLORY, OVER HER DEAD BODY)

Bosworth plays the peppy Sarah, who has organized a weekend excursion with Lou (Bell) and Abby to the island in Maine where they played as kids. As petty bickering ensues, Sarah tries and fails to unify the group by momentarily leading her friends to believe she has terminal cancer. Later it emerges that Abby, unhappily married, is still stewing over the fact that Lou slept with Abby's b.f. six years ago.

Startled to discover that they don't have the island to themselves, the women meet three rifle-toting macho men — Derek (Jay Paulson), Henry (Will Bouvier), and Alex (Anslem Richardson), all newly returned from military duty in the Middle East — and invite them to share drinks over a campfire. Abby gets soused and flirty after dark, enticing Derek to make out with her and then struggling to put the brakes on when she starts feeling woozy. Suffice to say that Derek isn't interested in stopping, and that things get rough from there. Then beaten bloody, hunted like animals and forced to hide on the island's treacherous terrain, the women nevertheless make time to talk through their differences.



This is a **DELIVERENCE** like film that isn't bad and will satisfy all that liked **THE SWEENEY**, **ALEX CROSS**, **KILLER JOE**, **LAWLESS**, **RED LIGHTS**, and **A HAUNTED HOUSE**.



7/30 1 GI JOE: RETALIATION ACTION
BO \$120 MILL 3734 SCREENS PG-13 110 MINUTES

Channing Tatum (SIDE EFFECTS, 10 YEARS, MAGIC MIKE, 21 JUMP STREET, THE VOW)
Dwayne Johnson (FAST FIVE, THE GAME PLAN, GRIDIRON GANG, THE RUNDOWN, WALKING TALL (REMAKE), THE SCORPION KING)

Furiously loud and even more furiously dumb, G.I. Joe: Retaliation proudly flaunts the spectacular daftness we've come to expect from action movies based on toys and games.

There's a new director in charge for this sequel – Jon M Chu replacing G.I. Joe: The Rise of Cobra helmer Stephen Sommers – but we immediately

know we're in safe hands when the opening scene sees a gung-ho team of elite soldiers, the GI Joes of the title, conducting the stupidest stealth mission ever.

They're infiltrating North Korea on a rescue sortie but obligingly tip off the border guards to their presence with a spot of snazzy sharpshooting that ensures the opposing team gets to play too.

Back on home soil, Channing Tatum's Duke and Dwayne Johnson's Roadblock indulge in a couple of scenes of bromantic banter to establish that the GI Joes are, well, ordinary joes. Further episodes of gunfire, explosions and muscular derring-do swiftly follow. When the dust settles, it's possible to make out the semblance of a plot.

An evil impostor from terrorist group Cobra has replaced the US president (Jonathan Pryce) and it's only a handful of GI Joes – Roadblock, Lady Jaye (Adrienne Palicki) and Flint (DJ Cotrona) – who can prevent nuclear Armageddon. Bruce Willis pops up to help. The original Joe, he emerges from retirement with his armour-plated smirk and an arsenal of weapons that would out-gun a small country.

Most of the ensuing action is routine, but in the middle of the movie there is one scene that is truly jaw dropping. GI Joes Snake Eyes (Ray Park) and Jinx (Elodie Yung from District 13: Ultimatum) abduct renegade Storm Shadow (Byung-hun Lee) from a Himalayan cliff-top monastery and zing and ping down the mountain on zip lines while fighting off hordes of red-suited ninja warriors.

The sequence is bonkers and exhilarating. And if you're watching in 3D, you'll spend half the time ducking in your seat as yet another chunk of rock or hurtling body whizzes towards you. The filmmakers are clearly chuffed with the scene, so chuffed they even give it a round of applause, cutting the instant the action wraps to the clapping that greets a presidential speech. You'll probably want to clap too.





This is for all of us that loved **A GOOD TIME TO DIE HARD, JACK REACHER, BATTLESHIP, BROKEN CITY, PARKER, ZERO DARK THIRTY, KILLING THEM SOFTLY, PREMIUM RUSH, SKYFALL** and **THE EXPENDABLES 2.**