



## 10/1 1 THE CROODS FAMILY

\$186 MILL BO 4035 SCREENS PG 98 MINUTES

**VOICES OF** Nicholas Cage, Cloris Leachman, Emma Stone

**THE CROODS** takes more than a few pages from the James Cameron playbook. Though centered on a family of prehistoric cave people, led by paterfamilias Grug (Nicholas Cage), on the cusp of an extinction-level event, the film's most rousing sequences involve the dazzlingly colorful forested area that exists past Grug's cave and is full of land-whales, flying turtles, bird-piranhas, and one giant-headed sabre-toothed cheetah. And the film gets an admirable amount of comic mileage out of Grug and company's interactions

with this world and its creatures, occasionally to the point that the hugely sentimentalized and flimsy plot dissolves completely. The actual story of this movie chiefly involves Grug's daughter, Eep (Emma Stone), who sneaks out of her cave one night to escape her father's strict curfew and ever-present watch, only to meet-cute with Guy (Ryan Reynolds), a whip-smart hunk who wears a pet sloth as a belt and warns of an impending apocalypse. It's enough to convince Grug to join up with Guy on the road to a mystical mountain. Visually, the film keeps the hits coming, but the comedy regularly reverts to broad familial jokes about how adorable overprotection is.



This absolutely will delight all that liked **ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET EARTH**, **WRECK IT RALPH**, **HOTEL TRANSYLVANIA**, **BRAVE** and **MADAGASCAR 3**.



## 10/1 3 FRIGHT NIGHT 2 HORROR

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**Willie Payne**  
**Jaime Murray**  
**Sean Power**  
**Sacha Parkinson**  
**Chris Waller**

By day Gerri Dandridge is a sexy professor, but by night she transforms into a real-life vampire with an unquenchable thirst for human blood. So when a group of high school students travel abroad to study in Romania, they find themselves ensnared in her chilling web of lust and terror. Charlie and 'Evil' Ed must stop Gerri from drinking and bathing in the blood of a 'new moon virgin,' which just so happens to be Charlie's ex-girlfriend, Amy. They enlist help from Peter Vincent, the vampire hunting host of a reality show called "Fright Night," to drive a stake through Gerri's plan and save Amy from a fate far worse than death.



**10/1 3 FROZEN GROUND** THRILLER  
OPENS THEATRICALY OCT. 1 R 105 MINUTES

**Nicholas Cage (FACE TO FACE, RAISING ARIZONA, WORLD TRADE CENTER, WINDTALKERS, THE FAMILY MAN)**  
**John Cusack (SAY ANYTHING, EIGHT MEN OUT, HIGH FIDELITY, RUNAWAY JURY, BEING JOHN MALKOVITCH)**  
**Vanessa Hudgens (SPRING BREAKERS, SUCKER PUNCH, JOURNEY 2)**

**THE FROZEN GROUND** sees Vanessa Hudgens survive a ruthless serial killer's routine, only to find her story isn't followed up by the police due to her line of work. Later on, however, Nicolas Cage's policeman begins to investigate the case, and the possibility that this killer may be local good guy John Cusack, and tries to get to Hudgens before its too late.

Taking an odd structure, the film likes to leap from the catalyst to the resolution and every moment in between at any time, at one moment Cage and character actors like Dean Norris and Kevin Dunn are hunting for Hudgens in a club, suddenly we're months or years in the past as Hudgens finds herself employed at the club, shaking her thing for a little extra cash. This leaping in time continues onto the end of the film, and by the time the oddly anti-climactic final scene happens you're both lost and completely disengaged from the events.

Thankfully the performances on display are all rather good, Cusack handles creepy and disassociated well, whilst Cage pulls off the generic cop role with aplomb and charisma that isn't often picked up by cameras. Hudgens, however, has the most to do, emotionally and physically, and nails it incredibly well. Her story is almost affecting, which with the material she's having to work which is no mean feat. She manages to create a memory by the end of the film that even Cage and Cusack, doing strong work, don't quite manage.



The cast is terrific and the story, although not exceptional, will entertain those that liked **THE EAST, THE ICEMAN, UPSIDE DOWN, THE CALL, PARKER, SNITCH** and **DEADFALL**.



**10/1 1 THIS IS THE END** COMEDY  
\$97 MILL BO 3035 SCREENS R 107 MINUTES

**Seth Rogen (THE GUILT TRIP, 50/50, OBSERVE AND REPORT, KNOCKED UP, THE 40 YEAR OLD VIRGIN)**  
**Michael Cera (ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT, JUNO, SUPERBAD, YEAR ONE, NICK AND NORAH'S INFINITE PLAYLIST)**  
**Jonah Hill (MONEY BALL, 21 JUMPSTREET, GET HIM TO THE GREEK, CYRUS, SUPERBAD)**

The apocalypse, generally seen as an occasion for sober reflection and perhaps deep despair, instead provides an excuse for ostensibly grown men to drink their own urine, kick around a guy's severed head and have long, drawn-out arguments about their autoerotic habits in "This Is

the End." A sloppy, sophomoric, sometimes awfully funny horror-laffer hybrid that speculates as to how Seth Rogen, Jay Baruchel and other members of the Judd Apatow comic fraternity would (mis)behave if forced to spend Armageddon in close quarters, this directing debut for co-writers Rogen and Evan Goldberg offsets its slightly smug premise with a clever sense of self-parody and near-cataclysmic levels of vulgarity. Mid-summer competition aside, commercial disaster seems unlikely.

In making the decision to have well-known comedic actors play themselves, regular screenwriting partners Rogen and Goldberg (elaborating on their 2007 short "Jay and Seth Versus the Apocalypse") clearly had fun playing up and/or working against different aspects of each star's persona. As written, Seth (Rogen) is the guy everyone likes, the good-natured goof who, apart from shedding several pounds, hasn't been changed much by his Hollywood fortunes. Jay (Baruchel) is the gangly, awkward, slightly neurotic one who doesn't quite fit in with Seth's newer, more famous friends.

These friends naturally include Seth's **PINEAPPLE EXPRESS** co-star, James Franco, who's hosting a star-studded party at his ridiculous, cubist-style Hollywood Hills estate when catastrophe strikes without warning. Fiery sinkholes open up, cars explode, and numerous people are mysteriously beamed up into the heavens, while others meet a much gorier fate down below. (Don't get too attached to Michael Cera — or, for that matter, Rihanna, Mindy Kaling and Christopher Mintz-Plasse.)

As Los Angeles burns, with no Internet or TV service to provide any insight into what the devil is going on, Jay and Seth decide to take shelter at James' house. There, they must share their limited space, water, food and weed with three other survivors: Jonah Hill, very friendly and very creepy; boisterous life-of-the-party type Craig Robinson; and Danny McBride, who gets the most interesting and presumably least accurate characterization as a borderline sociopath who has any number of unsanitary ways of making himself at home. (Special mention must be made of the brief appearances of Cera, gleefully sending up a kinky, coke-snorting, nonexistent version of himself, and Emma Watson, temporarily halting the frat-house shenanigans with her ax-wielding turn.)

There's a mild air of self-satisfaction to all this inside-Hollywood spoofery, and even a few self-deflating jabs (at the expense of career misfires like "The Green Hornet" and "Your Highness") can't entirely dispel it. Yet the conceit works nonetheless. The actors' sense of fun is infectious (even when they panic, they do so with a wink), and it feels in keeping with the movie's general refusal to take anything here seriously, which not only allows Rogen and Goldberg to get away with some of their more appalling setpieces, but also paves the way for a surreally upbeat finale.

Although doctored for the screen, the characters' relationships strike authentic, relatable notes of male frustration and anxiety, smoothly handled by actors who are clearly at ease grooving on each other's comic rhythms. Simply by boasting the weirdest, most diverse resume of the bunch, Franco comes off as the best sport here; his character's house, which serves as the pic's primary backdrop, is amusingly stuffed with garish modern artwork, including a giant sculpted phallus straight out of "A Clockwork Orange."

That particular sight gag is consistent with the decidedly groin-focused nature of the proceedings, as when the house is suddenly invaded by a horned and visibly horny demon. These forays into outlandish supernatural territory, even more than the booze, the pot and the drawn-out banter sessions, are what lend "This Is the End" its spiky comic energy, even if the actual comedy feels haphazard and inconsistent much of the time. In some ways this is just a creepier, slightly funnier horror-pic spoof than anything in the recently resurrected "Scary Movie" franchise; along with its references to "Rosemary's Baby" and "The Exorcist," the film spends a considerable amount of time elucidating prophecies in the book of Revelation, often with an impressively straight face.

The deliberately scrappy production was lensed by d.p. Brandon Trost on a nocturnal digital palette, lit up by bursts of orange fire and smoke; cheesy-looking but serviceable f/x add to the low-rent charm. An obligatory appearance by "Gangnam Style" as well as a memorably bizarre contribution from the Backstreet Boys figure into the lively soundtrack.

Laughs aplenty with this one. Good cast, fast paced story and enough going on to fully entertain those that **liked NOW YOU SEE ME, THE BLING RING, IRON MAN 3, PAIN AND GAIN, IDENTITY THIEF, STAND UP GUYS, KILLING THEM SOFTLY** and **TED**.





**10/8 1 AFTER EARTH** SCI/FI ACTION  
\$61 MILL BO 3026 SCREENS PG-13 100 MINUTES

**Jaden Smith (THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, KARATE KID (2010), THE PURSUIT OF HAPPYNESS)  
Will Smith (INDEPENDENCE DAY, MEN IN BLACK, BAD BOYS, HITCH, HANCOCK, ENEMY OF THE STATE)**

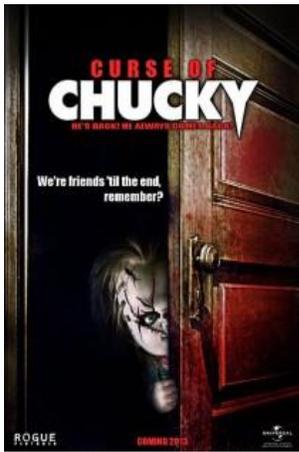
Cypher Raige's (Will Smith) son, Kitai (Jaden Smith), is a soon-to-be military ranger for Nova Prime, humanity's new home after Earth became uninhabitable in the 21st century. Set some 1,000 years after the new planet's settlement, The film kicks into gear when, on its way from Nova Prime to dispose of a deadly alien called an Ursa, a transport crash-lands on Earth, splitting in half and killing everyone on board except for Kitai and Cypher. The main hub that carries the father and son lands miles away from the tail end of the transport, which holds a crucial honing beacon, and with his father paralyzed and bleeding out, young Kitai is forced to trek across the dangerous terrain that separates the ship's two halves, evading all manner of CGI baddies along the way.

Cypher guides Kitai through Earth via a host of communicative devices which allow him to maintain constant verbal and visual contact with his son and know where he and their adversaries are at all times. By essentially marking the beats of Kitai's scenes, Cypher also explicitly leads the audience through each sequence, and the effect on the film is lethal, perpetually zapping it of narrative tension. The dialogue is self-conscious, but only enough for Shyamalan to coyly convey that he gets how invariably methodical every action of the script is without indulging and having fun with the narrative freedom such cognizance allows. Then again, fun doesn't seem to be of particular interest to the filmmaker: The action sequences are brief and marked more by their decibel level than by their clarity, and the few instances of humor land with a proverbial thud.

In lieu of subverting narrative conventions, Shyamalan fixates on his characters' fears, or lack thereof, in the process illuminating his own. Cypher is known for his "ghosting" ability, which means he has no fear and therefore can't be sensed by Ursas. Kitai, though, reels from witnessing his sister's (Zoë Kravitz) murder by one of the aliens, and the film is more or less about him learning to let go of his panic. In other words, his detached sense of duty must override personal emotions. Indeed, it's Cypher's voice, giving Kitai literal and figurative directions on "ghosting," that we hear during the film's climax. The son can only become a man by relying solely on, and strictly adhering to, his father's guidance. Even when Kitai loses contact with his father at one point, it's his recollection of Cypher's directions that saves him from certain doom. In *After Earth*, the once-promising Shyamalan imparts false wisdom from his disappointed, self-important view of filmmaking: Don't try anything new or different if you want to survive out here.

A decent story and cast will have this one appeal to all that liked **IRON MAN 3, OBLIVION, BULLET TO THE HEAD, G. I. JOE: RETALIATION, THE CALL, SKY FALL** and **MEN IN BLACK 3**.





**10/8 2 CURSE OF CHUCKY HORROR**  
**IN THEATERS 10/16 R 97 MINUTES**

**Brad Dourif (LORD OF THE RINGS, THE TWO TOWERS, TV'S CRIMINAL MINDS, WILFRED)**  
**Danielle Bisutti (TV'S ANGER MANAGEMENT, CRIMINAL MINDS, GREY'S ANATOMY, CSI)**

**HALLOWEEN, FRIDAY THE 13, NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET** and **CHILD'S PLAY**. Which one of those franchises should not belong? The first three feature tall, powerful, humanoid, seemingly immortal foes that have struck fear and admiration in the minds and hearts of horror movie fans for decades already. Each has proven so successful that remakes of all three have already been attempted. The fourth one, **CHILDS PLAY**, has as its villain a walking, foul mouthed doll. Let that not fool anyone into believing it has not earned the enduring love from legions of fans for decades as well. However much some may want to mock the concept, more than enough people will rise up to defend the malevolent monster.

Immediately noticeable in the new episode is the no nonsense attitude adopted by writer-director Don Mancini. *Curse* is most definitely not interested in trying to lighten the mood with comedy inspired by the oft-mocked premise. What chuckle inducing moments that do occur are rather brief for the most part and spawn organically out of the dark, nightmarish cloud that blankets the film. There is an undeniable sense that the series has taken a u-turn and embraced its original identity, namely that the redheaded, vengeful antagonist is here to be creepy first, funny second. Brad Dourif, who has provided the villain's voice since the very start of the franchise, returns once more and is more than capable of providing darkly humorous moments, although they each possess a bit of a mean-spirited backbone. Dourif is one of those criminally underrated actors and finding a weak performance in his body of work is next to impossible. For years he has embodied the spirit of Chucky and while his voice might sound just a little bit more gruff than it once did, his performance as the villain is still one of the main reasons to seek the film out.

In fact, there are several reasons to seek this out, among them the impressive aesthetic, fit for what otherwise could have been a fine ghost story, but replace specters with a very strange looking doll.



The set design and lighting exquisitely compliment one another, enveloping the entire house in a sickly gothic atmosphere. There are a handful of moments in which the play of light and shadow are exceptional in emphasizing the iconography of the titular monster. Seeing a knife wielding Chucky's silhouette approach a door through a series of flashes from a storm's lightning, while incredibly brief, is one such highlight, another being a beautiful scene in which Nica holds Chucky on her lap in the building's lift when the electricity is cut. An overhead shot from above a dining room table as the family and a guest are about to dine is further proof of Mancini's maturation and evolution as a director. Furthermore, that same scene demonstrates his appreciation for Hitchcockian tension. Yes, there is now a Chucky film with qualities that Alfred Hitchcock would love.

What would a review of a new Chucky film be without at least succinctly touching on the looks of the doll himself, and what a doll he is. In an age where resorting to computer generated imagery is the avenue chosen to create the beings movie fans fear, *Curse* keeps things decidedly old school. What CG has been implemented is minimal. The character himself has never looked better, with the advancements in animatronics (and the talent of the technicians) making Chucky appear as real and creepy as a killer doll ever will. *Curse* offers the absolute best visual depiction of the character and it is a joy to watch the efforts of people who had to manipulate a real prop bear fruit the way it does here.

*CURSE OF CHUCKY* confidently builds a new, unique story within the franchise mythos, effectively serving as an entry level film for movie goers who perhaps never seen any of the previous tales all the while giving the long time fans what they want, sometimes in ways that are quite surprising. This is a well-

crafted bit of horror escapism that will please the eyes and provide some decent chills, not to mention some wonderfully discomfoting kills. The die hards can rest easy. Chucky is still your friend till the end.



Fans of **THE HOST**, **FRIGHT NIGHT**, **LORDS OF SALEM**, **DARK SKIES**, **LOOPER**, **CABIN IN THE WOODS**, and **THE DEVIL INSIDE** will enjoy this one too.



**10/8 1 HANGOVER 3 COMEDY**  
**\$113 MILL BO 3576 SCREENS R 100 MINUTES**

**Bradley Cooper (HIT AND RUN, THE SILVER LININGS PLAY BOOK, THE PLACE BEYOND THE PINES, ALL ABOUT STEVE, THE MIDNIGHT MEAT TRAIN)**  
**Zach Galifianakis (THE CAMPAIGN, IT'S KIND OF A FUNNY STORY, DINNER FOR SCHMUCKS, UP IN THE AIR)**  
**Ed Helms (TV'S THE OFFICE, WILFRED, THE ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT, MINDY PROJECT)**

Death hangs over the alleged final chapter in director Todd Phillips's franchise about a group of vacationing dudes prone to all sorts of dick-centric depravity. Beginning with the fatal heart attack of rich-boy lunatic Alan's (Zach Galifianakis) father, Sid (Jeffrey Tambor), and carrying on with a diptych of brutal shootings, a sense of mortality is palpably felt for the first time in the series. Sid's funeral reunites the Wolfpack in mourning, but they soon find themselves with guns to their heads and at the mercy of Marshall (John Goodman), a crime lord willing to trade the life of Alan's brother-in-law, Doug (Justin Bartha), for Mr. Chow (Ken Jeong) and the gold he stole from Marshall right after the events of the first film.

Considering that the previous film merely upped the depravity and lowered the moral stakes of the first film, this one's concept of being tied into some final retribution for all the chaos the Wolfpack has caused is promising and surprisingly ambitious. The story, which revolves around the robbery of a Tijuana villa and the kidnapping of Chow from his Las Vegas penthouse, leaves the door open for such rumination and seriousness by focusing on Alan and his need to end his destructive relationship with Chow. Unfortunately, the filmmakers put very little effort into developing the pair's breakup, and further dull their pretenses toward weightiness with innumerable callbacks to the previous films' most inane moments, repetitive jokes, and stock sentimentalism.

The introduction of Cassie (Melissa McCarthy), a crass pawnshop owner who catches Alan's eye, and a reunion with Jade (Heather Graham) and "Carlos," the stray baby from the first film, offer Alan even more reasons to turn his back on the psychotic Chow, but his full realization of the pain he's inflicted, and his need to grow up, comes without much conflict and less reflection. At one point, Marshall shoots one of his flunkies and the Wolfpack is understandably shocked and disturbed, but violence is never really visited upon the central trio, nor do they suffer any major emotional losses. As the film goes on, the sense of mortal and moral damage and risk is tempered to the point that when Alan finally tells Chow off, the sense of relief and maturation in Alan barely registers. The passiveness of the characters—and the script—more or less negates the



grimness of the earlier scenes and renders *The Hangover Part III* into a sequel every bit as disposable as its predecessor.

The film is best when it subverts the formula of its oversized predecessors, such as Chow's oddly chilling karaoke rendition of Johnny Cash's cover of "Hurt." It's a subtle, effective sign of his devious intentions and speaks to the darker elements of the film, but the filmmakers too often lean on the established juvenility of the earlier films.

Still, this is hilarious and will appeal to all that loved the previous ones as well as **IRON MAN 3**, **THE BIG WEDDING**, **42**, **ADMISSION**, **IDENTITY THIEF**, **PARENTAL GUIDANCE**, **GUILT TRIP**, and **THAT'S MY BOY**.



**10/8 3 MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING COMEDY**  
\$5 MILL BO 355 SCREENS PG-13 109 MINUTES

**Amy Acker (CABIN IN THE WOODS, TV'S PERSON OF INTEREST, GRIMM, HAPPY TOWN, THE GOOD WIFE, CSI)**  
**Alexis Denisof (THE AVENGERS, TV'S ANGEL, PRIVATE PRACTICE, DOLL HOUSE, JUSTICE LEAGUE)**

High school English teachers can breathe a sigh of relief. If students want to take a cinematic shortcut studying William Shakespeare's 'Much Ado About Nothing', filmmaker Joss Whedon has made a superb adaptation that burns brightly with the wit and romance of The Bard's work. It brilliantly delivers ye old fashioned entertainment with a slick makeover.

The governor of Messina, Leonato (Clark Gregg), is visited by his friend Don Pedro (Reed Diamond) who is returning from a victorious campaign against his rebellious brother Don John (Sean Maher). Accompanying Don Pedro are two of his officers, Benedick ( Denisof) and Claudio (Fran Kranz). Claudio falls for Leonato's daughter Hero (Jillian Morgese), while Benedick verbally spars with the governor's niece Beatrice ( Acker).

There is elegance in the minimalist approach Whedon takes to the material and it pays off big time. Shot in one location using black and white photography means maximum attention is paid to the actors and the wonderful words that spill from their mouths. Whedon doesn't use any gimmicks with the modern setting, nor does he aspire to make the film act as a commentary on life in 2013. It would have been nice to see Whedon build on the material in a minor way, but it's mostly a loving cuddle from a huge Shakespeare fan and the passion is infectious. The excellent work from cinematographer, Jay Hunter, ensures there's a lot of light and warmth in every frame despite the absence of color. There is an authenticity and timeless feel to the black and white visuals that speak volumes about the timeless appeal of Shakespeare's work. The comedic moments are hilarious and Shakespeare's insults as scathing as ever. The physical humour is side splitting as love makes a fool of most of the characters, and Whedon has a wild time indulging in their playfulness. Villains make time for mischief throughout the story and the drama has an impact during the moments of betrayal and misdirection.

The cast is excellent and the ensemble handles the dialogue with ease, it feels organic and unique to each character. Acker and Denisof are absolutely delightful in each other's company both in love and hate. Acker is perfect as Beatrice; she is feisty and intelligent but a romantic at heart. Desinof delivers a brilliant performance and most of the film's best moments come from his oafish charm and blind confidence combined with the characters misguided attempt to stay a bachelor for life. Kranz and Morgese personify young love untouched by cynicism and



Maher is especially slimy as the chief mischief maker. Nathan Fillion makes a brief but highly amusing appearance as Dogberry, the head of the bumbling security team for Leonarto.

Prepare to be absolutely smitten with 'Much Ado About Nothing'. In a sea of noisy, destructive and empty big budget blockbusters Whedon shows that there is beauty in simplicity. The appeal will be strong for those that liked **THE ENGLISH TEACHER, MUD, ADMISSION, 42, SAFE HAVEN, SIDE EFFECTS, THE MASTER, FLIGHT, TO ROME WITH LOVE** and **MIDNIGHT IN PARIS**.



**10/8 2 THE PURGE** HORROR  
\$65 MILL BO 2591 SCREENS R 85 MINUTES

Ethan Hawke (**GATTACA, BROOKLYN'S FINEST, ASSAULT ON PRECINCT 13, TRAINING DAY, SNOW FALLING ON CEDARS**)

Lena Headley (**300, WHORE, THE RED BARON, DREDD**)

James DeMonaco's **THE PURGE** doesn't just pale in the shadow of **THE STRANGERS**, an old-school spooker that understood that there's no greater horror than the unknown; it cringes in it. The premise, while far-fetched, is intriguing: It's 2022 and America rewards itself for its impressively low rate of unemployment and violent crime by allowing the general population to go on a 12-hour killing spree without the threat of

retribution.

The film doesn't convey the enormous moral and political compromises that must have taken place in order to allow for this scenario, though it does suggest, through TV talking heads and emergency broadcasts, as well as the banal ramblings of the psychopaths who come knocking on a family's not-so-ironclad doors, that America's class and race issues are the same during Hillary Clinton's (or Chris Christie's) ostensible second term as they were when Mitt Romney ragged on the 47%. But for this movie future vision to have been truly effective, it needed to be in stark contrast to our present reality. The story begins on what could be Wisteria Lane, with Mary Sandin ( Headey) receiving a plate of cookies from a neighbor who's quite frank about her resentment regarding the new addition to the Sandins' house. It's a bit of shameless foreshadowing that also happens to insinuate that the rich are no less safe in this future vision than the nation's dwindling poor and homeless, but as there's no sense of how intra-rich bitterness has built over time as a result of the higher classes having exhausted their less privileged targets, the presumed efficacy of the annual purge is always called into question.

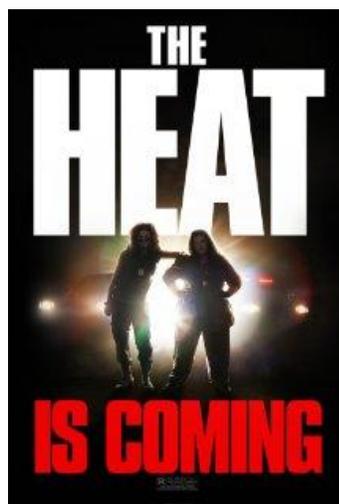
Young Charlie (Max Burkholder), though old enough to have lived through a few purge nights, and as such grappled with all of its attendant moral implications, still can't understand why his pops, James (Hawke), feels no guilt for wanting to protect their family by throwing a homeless black dude who sneaks into their home back onto the street and into the clutches a group of masked ghoulies. Also, how to explain why anyone in this town is capable, knowing what their neighbors can do or have done to them on purge night, of living peacefully side by side the remaining 364, sometimes 365, days of the year? In short, the film's prioritization of effect over cause means that it makes no sense on a fundamental level.

But if this almost incoherently shot film is never insulting as social commentary, it's because DeMonaco is so obviously insincere about the race and class cards he halfheartedly



plants and calculatingly plays throughout; the audience never believes that the horrors of this night will lead to a reawakening of the national consciousness. In the end, he's more interested in spooking audiences, though he flounders even at that. Red herrings are shamelessly abundant, characters run from each other when they should be sticking together, lose each other constantly in spite of always being within earshot, and the masked, would-be subversives who shrilly loiter outside the Sandin manse before finally breaking in suggest less a group of privileged one-percenters delighting in more than just a tax break than they do hambone-y glee clubbers over-rehearsed for nationals. The film's problems, then, are double-edged: **THE PURGE** inextricably ties its gore to its allegory, but in refusing to make sense of the latter, the former is also made incomprehensible.

Fans of **THE HOST**, **LORDS OF SALEM**, **CABIN IN THE WOODS**, **THE BAY**, **VHS/2**, **WARM BODIES**, **STOKER** and **BEAUTIFUL CREATURES** will like this one.



**10/15 1 THE HEAT ACTION/COMEDY**  
**\$156 MILL BO 3109 SCREENS R 117 MINUTES**

**Sandra Bullock (SPEED, THE BLIND SIDE, PREMONITION, CRASH, MISS CONGENIALITY)**

**Melissa McCarthy (TV'S MIKE AND MOLLY, IDENTITY THIEF, BRIDESMAIDS, THE BACK-UP PLAN, THIS IS 40)**

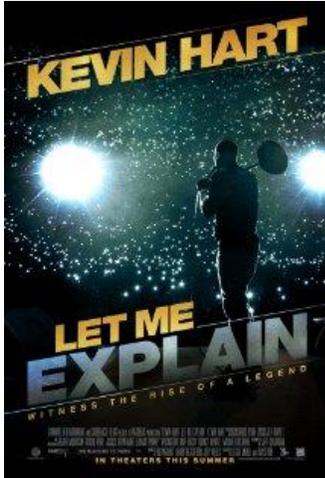
Most of the humor in this movie isn't predicated on such high-concept moments, but on the sheer I-don't-give-a-damn vitality of co-lead Melissa McCarthy. Ostensibly an odd-couple pairing between McCarthy's foul-mouthed, do-it-my-way Boston cop Shannon Mullins and uptight FBI Special Agent Sarah Ashburn (Bullock), the film is quite easily dominated by the more vibrant member of this duo. Introduced busting a john soliciting a prostitute and then proceeding to call his wife on his cell phone to inform her of his arrest, Mullins is quickly established as a cop with intimate knowledge of her beat, a disregard for the conventional rules of police business, and utter contempt for authority.

This last trait becomes immediately evident when, after being pissed off that a perp she brought in has been transferred to interrogation by Ashburn before she had a chance to arrive back at the station, Mullins goes on a tirade, discoursing on her boss's metaphorical testicles, or lack thereof. While on one hand, the rhetorical basis of her critique is tired, caught up as it is in shopworn notions of masculinity, her rant also serves to undercut these notions by having a woman usurp the alpha-male role by sheer force of will. Either way, it's a tour de force performance by McCarthy, who gleefully discourses on the microscopic size of the police captain's balls, making sure the whole station can hear her.

There are plenty more such over-the-top moments for the actress throughout the film and, if some of McCarthy's previous work, occasionally and unfortunately treated her weight as a subject of humor, **THE HEAT** shifts the focus to her wonderfully vulgar vibrancy and her character's ability to make nonsense of seemingly arbitrary protocol simply by ignoring it.

The fun is seeing the two leads hating each other then becoming fast friends and all that happens along the way. Fans of **NOW YOU SEE ME**, **WORLD WAR Z**, **OBLIVION**, **MUD**, **ADMISSION**, **BRIDESMAIDS**, **THE GUILT TRIP**, **IDENTITY THIEF** and **HERE COMES THE BOOM**.





**10/15 1 KEVIN HART: LET ME EXPLAIN**  
COMEDY  
\$33 MILL BO 895 SCREENS R 75 MINUTES

Like the greatest stand-up comedy documentaries, “Kevin Hart: Let Me Explain” serves as both a love letter to Hart’s devoted fan base and an attempt to broaden the comic’s appeal to a wider audience. Which is fine, provided you enjoy having your comedy routines screamed at you.

Less topical than Richard Pryor, less crude than Martin Lawrence, but every bit as deafening as Chris Rock and Eddie Murphy, the 5-foot-2 Hart is probably best known to non-stand-up fans as the guy who threw the hilarious hissy fit in last year’s “Think Like a Man.” In his sophomore stand-up film — following “Kevin Hart:

Laugh at My Pain” — Hart performs his act to a crowd of 30,000 at Madison Square Garden, something very few comedians can claim to have done.

For the most part, Hart’s routine touches on a lot of familiar territory — the battle of the sexes, for example, accounts for about 60 percent of Hart’s time on stage — but the appeal isn’t necessarily in the jokes themselves as it is in Hart’s indelible timing and delivery of them, much like “Eddie Murphy Raw.” (I should point out that “Let Me Explain” isn’t as misogynistic as “Raw,” but you get the idea.) It also helps that Hart, whose delivery is akin to that of an over-caffeinated Chihuahua, is a likable presence, and much of what he relays in his act rings true.

Although “Let Me Explain” is a brief movie — not counting credits, it’s only about 70 minutes long — it is an enjoyable one. Hart does get a little profane, but he’s so passionate in his comedy that, by the midpoint of his set, you can’t help but love him. Even if the movie does amount to little more than 70 minutes of getting screamed at.

This is a very profane and raunchy and very funny movie. Fans of all **Eddie Murphy, George Carlin, Lewis black Andrew Dice Clay and Richard Pryor** stand up performances will love this.



**10/15 1 PACIFIC RIM ACTION**  
\$99 MILL BO 3285 SCREENS PG-13 131 MINUTES

**Charlie Hunnam (TV’S SONS OF ANARCHY, --film— DEADFALL, CHILDREN OF MEN, COLD MOUNTAIN)**  
**Idris Elba (PROMETHEUS, AMERICAN GANGSTER, 28 WEEKS LATER TAKERS---TV---THE OFFICE, THE BIG C)**  
**Ron Perlman (TV’S THE SONS OF ANARCHY, --FILM— HELLBOY, DRIVE, THE JOB, CONAN THE BARBARIAN)**

Guillermo del Toro’s new film is very much the product of a vivid imagination, though one that wouldn’t have been possible without an enormous financial investment. Watching this intriguing but overstuffed vision, of man-powered robots doing battle with alien creatures that slip into our world via a breach somewhere beneath the Pacific Ocean, I was reminded of all the times I used to step into my cousin’s basement-cum-playroom and

beheld, with a mixture of revulsion and jealousy, the vast sea of action figures that his father had bought him. In this unbelievably chaotic dominion, there was no respect for the singular legends established by the cartoon franchises that thrilled us on Saturday mornings, and it seemed as if for no other reason than one figurine's proximity to another from a different world, a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle was often required to chill within the confines of the Ewok Village, Cobra Commander ruled Snake Mountain, and Lion-O shunned Cheetara for Teela. Watching *Pacific Rim*, one feels as if Voltron, defender of the universe, has been invited to go a few rounds with a number of Godzilla's nefarious foes.

If del Toro is less excited by the story of the jaegers, the man-made machines used to battle the kaijus, it's not for lack of trying. That these enormous robots are manned by two people, one operating its left hemisphere, the other its right, speaks to the filmmaker's unquestionably humane interest in the interconnectivity of our existence. He instills the building and movement of these machines with a sense of purpose that's striking, making the nonliving seem unmistakably alive, and if his desire to show up Michael Bay wasn't already obvious, the battles between the jaegers and the kaijus never pass for jingoist fantasy, nor does he stoop to predictably conveying the struggle of Mako Mori (Rinko Kikuchi) to operate a jaeger, and against the wishes of her superior and surrogate father, Stacker Pentecost ( Elba), as easy feminist uprising.

For all the attention paid to how soldiers puppet the jaegers in ostensibly empathetic lockstep, del Toro skims the surface of his human relationships, asking audiences to only take them at face value. Just as Raleigh Becket ( Hunnam) seems to shake the memory of his deceased little brother almost as soon as their jaeger is destroyed in the film's opening battle sequence, there's no acknowledgement on either his or Mako's parts that the reason they make such great jaeger-powering partners is that they share a history of trauma.



The film did pretty well with all the effects and decent cast and story line. Fans of **STAR TREK: INTO THE DARKNESS, IRON MAN 3, EMPIRE STATE, HANSEL AND GRETEL, WARM BODIES, OBLIVION,** and **LOOPER** will like this one too.



**10/22 2 BEFORE MIDNIGHT DRAMA**  
**\$11 MILL BO 397 SCREENS R 109 MINUTES**

**Ethan Hawke (TRAINING DAY, SINISTER, LITTLE NEW YORK, BEFORE THE DEVIL KNOWS YOU'RE DEAD)**  
**Julie Delpy (BROKEN FLOWERS, GUILTY HEARTS, BEFORE SUNSET, LOOKING FOR JIMMY)**

One of cinema's great love stories is now even richer—full of the complexity that comes with longevity. **BEFORE MIDNIGHT** caps off one of the most compelling, emotionally satisfying trilogies ever filmed. Director Richard Linklater and actors Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy understand the joys and struggles of aging with someone you love, and have packed several years' worth of feelings into 105 minutes. The movie contains more pain than its predecessors, *Before Sunrise* and

*Before Sunset*, but that's because it's a wiser, more mature work.

The first two films succeeded on the quality of their dialogue, both in performance and writing. Setting up long stretches of spoken word with no action is considered a sure-fire path to failure for good reason—if it doesn't work, it puts the audience to sleep. Like its predecessors, *Before Midnight* has no

such problem. It's constantly compelling. It leaves you waiting eagerly to hear what the characters say next.

Hawke and Delpy are utterly comfortable in their roles, able to play off one another in Linklater's long, unbroken takes. The first scene between them, talking in a car while their daughters sleep in the back seat, is shot in a single 13-minute two-shot. It is full of warmth and humor, and quickly catches the viewer up to speed on the characters' lives.

The biggest change between this one and the previous two movies is that the characters well and truly know one another now. They've spent the last nine years together, raising two daughters, and know all about each other's life and work. They are now at the stage in life when responsibilities and duties have piled up, things are overwhelming, and they aren't sure if they've made the right life choices.

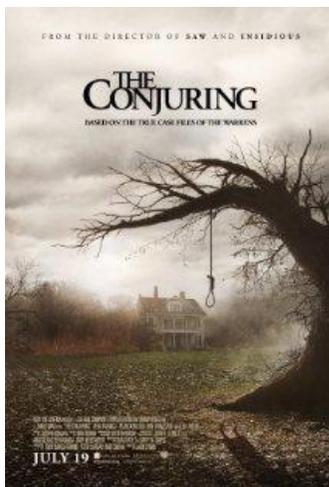
While the past films were tightly focused on Jesse and Celine, other people naturally play a greater part this time around—not only their children, but the people they're staying with in Greece. We see glimpses of young love, conversations between groups of men and groups of women, and a warm communal dinner scene in which everyone philosophizes.

This is still Jesse and Celine's story, however, and they're eventually given the chance to walk through some ruins and the city alone, on the way to a night out in a hotel that they're friends gave them as a gift. They are able to look back with nostalgia at that famous night in Vienna, and think about how singular that experience was, and how deeply it was tied to their youth.

For Jesse, the biggest hole in his life is his son, who is growing up with his ex-wife on another continent while Jesse and Celine live in France. In the opening scene, Jesse drops his son at the airport after spending the summer with him. The goodbye naturally causes him to fantasize about moving to Chicago to be closer to his son, but that's not what Celine wants, and she doesn't see what good it would do, seeing as Jesse would still only have every-other-weekend visitation.

Meanwhile, Celine feels overburdened and under-appreciated. Delpy gives the best performance of her career as she balances motherhood, regrets, hangups and annoyances with a sharp sense of humor. She's at her best when all the couple's issues come to a head in a brilliantly executed hotel room scene that bursts with angst and power.

This is a very good addition to the ongoing story. Fans of **THE GREAT GATSBY**, **AMOUR**, **GINGER AND ROSA**, **SAFE HAVEN**, **SAVE THE DATE**, **THE GUILT TRIP**, **HOPE SPRINGS**, **LIBERAL ARTS**, and **MAGIC MIKE** will enjoy this as well.



**10/22 1 THE CONJURING** HORROR/THRILLER  
\$129 MILL BO 3155 SCREENS R 112 MINUTES

**Patrick Wilson (INSIDIOUS, PROMETHEUS, MORNING GLORY, THE SWITCH)**

**Vera Farmiga (THE DEPARTED, UP IN THE AIR, SAFE HOUSE, ORPHAN)**

**THE CONJURING**, James Wan's latest conflation of the horror genre's laziest tropes, plot angels, and shorthands, begins with a lecture. The film, set in 1971, often lingers inside lecture halls wherein husband-and-wife demonologists Ed and Lorraine Warren (Vera Farmiga and Patrick Wilson)

trot out their Super 8 recordings of hauntings with a publicist's sense of gusto. When Ed and Lorraine's daughter, often left alone with Granny while Mommy and Daddy are ghost-hunting, descends an ominous staircase toward Ed's off-limits room of haunted relics while wearing a nightgown whose floral patterns match the house's wallpaper. In this singular moment, wherein Wan embraces the lexicon of the fairy tale, its distinct unreality, of a girl being breadcrumb toward possible doom, he more richly suggests the psychological horror of a family being split apart than any of the film's more explicit, ostensibly true-to-life scares even come close to articulating.



Wan is a carnival barker at heart, and as a delivery machine for goosing his audience, this film is primarily intended, like **INSIDIOUS** before it, as a haunted-house attraction, a woozy ride through a hall of goose-bumpy horrors. Except that the film's legitimately tense, competently orchestrated scares aren't so much excitingly old-fashioned as they are tiresomely derivative, which is damning for a film whose claim to authenticity is, to loosely quote Peter Griffin, so insistent upon itself. Then when Farmiga and Wilson's two-person Scooby Gang arrive at the obviously haunted fixer-upper bought and recently inhabited by Carolyn and Roger Perron (Lili Taylor and Ron Livingston) and their eight hundred daughters could create some issues here.

This is a pretty scary film and easy to see why it did so well. Good cast and a good story. Fans of **WORLD WAR Z**, **LORDS OF SALEM**, **OLYMPUS HAS FALLEN**, **THE HOST**, **MAMA**, **DEADFALL**, and **SINISTER** will like this one.



**10/22 1 THE INTERNSHIP COMEDY**  
**\$46 MILL BO 3399 SCREENS PG-13 119 MINUTES**

**Vince Vaughn (OLD SCHOOL, RUDY, SWINGERS, ZOOLANDER, DOMESTIC DISTURBANCE)**  
**Owen Wilson (MIDNIGHT IN PARIS, LITTLE FOCKERS, HALL PASS, MARLEY AND ME, NIGHT AT THE MUSEUM)**

Any time a film is made on the headquarters of a large company, relying on their cooperation, it's inevitable that the finished product plays at least somewhat like an advertisement. Such is the case, mildly, with Shawn Levy's occasionally uproarious, warm-hearted the movie, a comedy set in Google's Silicon Valley headquarters. But putting aside the guided tours the movie gives us of the quirkiest attributes (slides! Nap pods!) that supposedly define culture inside the Googleplex, a late-film discourse on all the awesome qualities that constitute the unique talents of the Google employee, and even a half-tongue-in-cheek assertion by one of the characters that the search engine has made him a better person, the tech giant soon becomes just a background setting for the more interesting comedic hijinks the filmmakers have in mind.

And hijinks there are, thanks to Vince Vaughn and Owen Wilson, who star respectively as Billy and Nick, a pair of lifelong friends and professional salesmen who find themselves out of work when their mom-and-pop company closes. Frustrated with their lack of direction in life, the duo soon signs up with a much larger concern, scoring an internship at Google after engaging in a legitimately riotous video chat which takes place, on Billy and Nick's end, at a public library. When the two arrive at the Google complex,



not only are they by far the oldest interns, but amid the pack of young, humorless strivers, their anything-goes attitude makes them instantly unpopular. When teams are chosen for a weeklong challenge, a competition that will land the winning group guaranteed jobs at the company, the pair ends up rounding out the team of outcasts.

In the end, this is a movie about different generations educating each other, but it never seems rote. Specifically, it's about Billy and Nick teaching their younger colleagues to loosen up, put away their iPhones, and engage with the actual world. They accomplish this goal with another memorable set piece in which they take the rest of their team out for drinks and wind up in a (PG-13-appropriate) strip club. Except for the misstep of a fight with some townies, which shows up Levy's lack of directorial chops, the scene is humorous without feeling the need to go unnecessarily over the top. Furthermore, unlike most scenes of "fun" in similar comedies, as the characters loosen up and begin dancing, they genuinely seem to be having a good time.

Later, reflecting on their own experiences growing up in the '70s, Billy and Nick comically recall their personal difficulties coming of age in a far less regulated environment, but one that didn't breed the cynicism that defines the younger generation. Any such cynicism, though, is absent from the film, which manages to bridge the generation gap through understanding and a sense of humor that refuses to engage in mean-spiritedness. If in the end, the ultimate goal for the film's characters is to become corporate lackeys (a point punctuated by a late-film crane shot that lingers on the Google sign on the campus headquarters), then at least the movie understands that having a job is itself an accomplishment for a generation of recent and soon-to-be college graduates, an achievement whose significance is poignantly underscored by the enthusiasm with which a minor character expresses his absolute elation at finally scoring employment.

This is a funny movie with strong appeal to those that liked **IRON MAN 3**, **NOW YOU SEE ME**, **OBLIVION**, **42**, **IDENTITY THIEF**, **SAVE THE DATE**, **HERE COMES THE BOOM**, **FLIGHT**, and **THE GUILT TRIP**.



**10/22 1 R.I.P.D. SCI FI/ACTION**  
**\$33 MILL BO 2788 SCREENS PG-13 96 MINUTES**

**Jeff Bridges (THE BIG LEBOWSKI, THE FABULOUS BAKER BOYS, CRAZY HEART, THE CONTENDER, THE LAST PICTURE SHOW)**

**Ryan Reynolds (PAPER MAN, THE PROPOSAL, E-MEN: WOLVERINE, SMOKIN' ACES)**

**Kevin Bacon (DINER, JFK, HE SAID SHE SAID, THE MESSENGER, MYSTIC RIVER, A FEW GOOD MEN, TREMORS)**

**Mary Louise Parker (TV'S WEEDS, THE WEST WING,-FILM-SOLITARY MAN, HOWL, RED)**

Reynolds plays Nick Walker, a Boston cop who meets a sudden and unsurprising end, only to be recruited pre-eternal judgment into the **R.I.P.D.**, a law enforcement agency of the dead tasked with apprehending those restless types who refuse to go gently into that good night. Nick's new boss, Procter (Parker), pairs him with Bridges' cantankerous but oh-so-verbose Roy Pulsipher. Even without the **MEN IN BLACK** template, what follows is well-established cop fiction cliché: The rookie learns how much he doesn't know. The veteran grouses. They soon stumble upon something much bigger than anyone realizes (which





also seems to be connected to Nick's untimely demise). Upping of the stakes—and the accompanying CGI action sequences—commences.

Bridges has entered the carefree “Caine Era” (or “Irons Age”?) of his acting career. Like Michael Caine (and Jeremy Irons), the younger Baker Boy's dues have long since been paid and his acting chops established (and rewarded via the Academy). Thus, the man formerly known as “the Dude” can take on most any role and grab any paycheck without worrying that it will harm his career. In *R.I.P.D.*, Bridges appears to relish this freedom—his lawman seems like a 96-minute experiment in character splicing: “What would be the result if you combined Rooster Cogburn with Jeff Lebowski?” The result is actually pretty entertaining—Bridges' delivery accounts for a good portion of the film's laughs. (Strangely, this relegates the usually banterful Reynolds to the role of straight man. Apparently, there's only room for one comic relief chatterbox per detective duo.) In the second of her two films opening this week (*Red 2*), Mary-Louise Parker and her go-go boots provide a healthy quotient of deadpan humor.

A fun film worth seeing if you liked **WORLD WAR Z**, **IRON MAN 3**, **OLYMPUS HAS FALLEN**, **A GOOD DAY TO DIE HARD**, **PARKER**, **JACK REACHER**, **BATTLESHIP**, **BULLET TO THE HEAD**, and **RED DAWN (2012)**.



**10/22 2 THE WAY WAY BACK COMEDY**  
**\$22 MILL BO 1265 SCREENS PG-13 103 MINUTES**

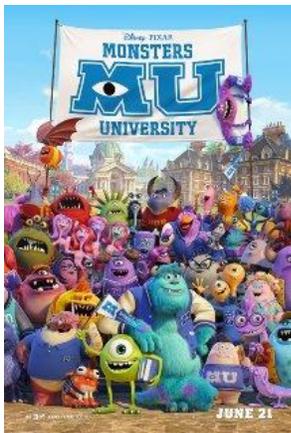
**Steve Carell (THE 40 YEAR OLD VIRGIN, DATE NIGHT, ANCHOR MAN, HOPE SPRINGS, CRAZY STUPID LOVE)**  
**Alison Janney (LIBERAL ARTS, TOUCHY FEELY, THE ORANGES, THE HELP, JUNO, HAIRSPRAY)**  
**Toni Collette (TV'S THE UNITED STATES OF TARA-FILM-LITTLE MISS SUNSHINE, IN HER SHOES, FRIGHT NIGHT, MENTAL)**

Duncan matures a little in ‘The Way Way Back’ and co-writers/directors, Jim Rash and Nat Faxon, keep the focus on the character's growth in confidence instead of cementing his path to adulthood. Duncan is a good kid; he doesn't play to any nerdy stereotypes, rebellious angst or teenage lust. The character has a tinge of a social awkwardness expected of most teens, and at 14 years-old, the tragedy of Duncan's young life is the divorce of his parents. The sun drenched environment evokes happiness yet Duncan carries around a sadness that's aggravated by misbehaving adults (who are always drunk or high) and Trent's attempt at being an imposing father figure. From light melancholia Rash and Faxon throw Duncan into the world of Water Wizz where they take great delight in breaking him out of his shell. There are so many fantastic moments where Duncan flourishes in the company of Owen and the kooky staff at the water park. There are shades of Greg Mottola's ‘Adventureland’ and it is fun taking those first steps towards independence and discovering Duncan's inner cool.

Duncan's enthusiasm seeps across to life outside Water Wizz and he connects with a teenager named Suzanna (Anna Sophia Robb). Rash and Faxon are clever to not bog the story down with romantic pursuits. The pair share common ground as teens from broken families and it's really sweet to see a platonic relationship between a boy and girl void of sexual desire. The bond between Duncan and Owen is special, and the real coming-of-age element side of the film rests with Owen who realizes he has neglected an important element of his life and seeks to rectify the mistakes. There are a few revelations within the pseudo family unit that are shocking, mainly because Rash and Faxon go for tired clichés relating to infidelity.

James is endearing throughout but drifts into a tiny bit of melodrama during the film's serious moments; a sign of age over experience but an ace young performer. Carell ditches his nice guy persona for a great first-class jerk and Collette is outstanding in the thick of the drama. Rash and Faxon are very funny playing oddball water park employees and Allison Janney has a riotous time as a flamboyant neighbor with the blood alcohol level of a brewery. Juvenile but wise, Rockwell is tremendous and puts so much heart and joy into his role as the biggest kid at Water Wizz.

**THE WAY WAY BACK** shattered the guard I put up to prevent Rash and Faxon plundering my own recollections of youth. The story is told gently and with a lot of humor thus earning adoration. Fans of **MUD, PAIN AND GAIN, SPRING BREAKERS, GINGER & ROSA, SAVE THE DATE, 21 AND OVER, HIT AND RUN, THE GUILT TRIP** and **PARENTAL GUIDANCE** will all like this.



**10/29 1 MONSTERS UNIVERSITY FAMILY**  
 \$262 MILL BO 4004 SCREENS G 104 MINUTES

**VOICED BY Billy Crystal, John Goodman**

The film is primarily seen through the eye of diminutive Mike Wazowski (voiced again by Billy Crystal), a green ball of sass who's yearned to be a "scarer" ever since a grade-school trip to the familiar factory where screams from children are turned into energy. What he lacks in stature he compensates for in moxie and idealism, and Mike is set on becoming a scarer despite being told by school bullies that he—more goofy than grotesque in appearance—doesn't belong on the scare floor. James P. Sullivan, a.k.a. Sulley (voiced by

John Goodman, the deepest-voiced freshman of all time), on the other hand, is a braggadocious beast from the illustrious Sullivan family of scarers and, given his imposing figure and naturally loud roar, he looks the role. It's an uninspired, if expected, dichotomous setup of rivalry, pinning Mike's book smarts (he's read all the Scare Theory he can get his claws on) versus Sulley's inherited talents ("You don't need to study scaring. You just need to do it," Sulley says, sounding a bit like a naïve art-school brat).

After a scrappy fight between Mike and Sulley during the final exam of Scaring 101, which results in the destruction of a precious souvenir owned by the frigid Dean Hardscrabble (Helen Mirren), the twosome are kicked out of the program and forced to switch their major to Scare Can Manufacturing. Grasping at a chance for redemption and re-entrance into the scaring program, Mike signs up for the Greek Council's Scare Games ("A super intense scaring competition," the horned, letter-jacket-wearing meathead organizer shouts). Mike enlists in the tournament with the only fraternity available, the oddball-filled Oozma Kappa (the nebbish clans acronym, "OK," lends an amusing visual gag) and reluctantly allows former nemesis Sulley to join. Mike brazenly agrees to an ultimatum with Dean Hardscrabble: If his team wins they'll all gain admittance to the scaring program, and if they lose Mike and Sulley will be expelled from the university.

The Scare Games—overly reminiscent of certain tournaments for famous young wizards—occupies more than the second half of the film's overlong, nearly two-hour runtime. Their main foes, unsurprisingly, are preppy, popped-collar alpha monsters and a hardly present sorority (a regressive step since Pixar released the female-driven *Brave* just a year ago). *Monsters University* refreshingly picks up some steam in the home stretch, showing a glimmer of the original's cleverness as Mike and Sulley must elicit true horror to scare a more mature audience; the joy of this set piece, however, is still buried under thematic backlogging,



as the Aesopian morality about cherishing uniqueness, playing off individual strengths, and overcoming failures through hard work are pressed on even harder.

The kids who loved **EPIC, ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET EARTH, UP, TANGLED, WRECK IT RALPH, HOTEL TRANSYLVANIA,** and **DIARY OF A WIMPY KID** will have a great time with this one too.