

1/7 3 **CLOSED CIRCUIT** THRILLER
\$7 MILL BO 2124 SCREENS R 96 MINUTES

Eric Bana (THE HULK, HANNA, THE TIME TRAVELERS WIFE, BLACK HAWK DOWN, FUNNY PEOPLE, DEADFALL)

Jim Broadbent (THE IRON LADY, CLOUD ATLAS, GANGS OF NEW YORK, IRIS, ANOTHER YEAR)

Rebecca Hall (THE TOWN, THE PRESTIGE, EVERYTHING MUST GO, VICKY CHRISTINA BARCELONA)

Eric Bana plays Martin Rose, the new defense attorney for Farroukh Erdogan (Denis Moschitto), an immigrant accused of masterminding the bombing of a London market. The British attorney general (Jim Broadbent) appoints an additional special advocate, Claudia Simmons-Howe (Rebecca Hall), who happens to be Martin's ex-lover, to collaborate on the case.

CLOSED CIRCUIT is a thriller elevated just enough by the intelligence of its cast and makers. People who complain that "they" don't make movies for adults anymore will probably be pleased with this story of lawyers (and former lovers) who must work together to defend a man arrested for a deadly terrorist bombing. The movie has class and an effectively restrained style.

The film is directed by John Crowley, whose 2007 drama **BOY A** proved to be a breakthrough for both him and his star, Andrew Garfield. This is a post-9/11, government-conspiracy thriller set in London, where an explosion has rocked a morning market, killing and injuring dozens. The police have apprehended a suspect from a sleeper cell, Farroukh Erdogan (Denis Moschitto), and two defense lawyers have been selected to represent him at trial: the stoic Martin Rose (Eric Bana) and the aloof Claudia Simmons-Howe (Hall). The fact that Martin got the job because Farroukh's previous lawyer was killed under suspicious circumstances doesn't seem to bother him as much as it should.

Martin and Claudia are both skilled attorneys, but they're hiding a secret: They used to be engaged in an affair when Martin was married. Keeping this information from the Attorney General (Jim Broadbent), they go about preparing Farroukh's legal defense, which involves an interesting wrinkle because of British law. Claudia, as Special Advocate, will alone be shown classified evidence that the government will use in its case against her client. She can't share the evidence with Farroukh or Martin, but she can argue that it needs to be included in the closed-door portion of the trial.

Their teamwork enlivens a film that needs whatever juice it can find. This movie is never dull, but its intentionally barebones detective work isn't quite as compelling as Crowley may imagine. But even then, the film has a refreshing commitment to its own dourness that's unexpectedly appealing. It's not just the U.K. setting that helps separate this thriller from its American counterparts



A pretty good cast will help this appeal to those that liked **ARBITRAGE, THE FAMILY, THE EAST, NOW YOU SEE ME, PARANOIA, GETAWAY, THE PLACE BEYOND THE PINES** and **PRISONERS**.



1/7 2 **RUNNER RUNNER** ACTION
 \$21 MILL BO 2376 SCREENS R 91 MINUTES

Justin Timberlake (BAD TEACHER, FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS, TROUBLE WITH THE CURVE, THE SOCIAL NETWORK)

Ben Affleck (ARGO, THE TOWN, SMOKIN' ACES, BOILER ROOM, PAYCHECK, CHANGING LANES)

There's a scene in which gambling guru Richie Furst (Timberlake) attends a debauched, carnivalesque party, with women in skimpy outfits prancing in the glow of happy rainbow lights, and a DJ wearing a massive helmet that's part billiard ball, part Mickey Mouse. Richie, who was apparently screwed out of a gig on Wall Street, is introduced at Princeton University, where he can barely afford his pursuit of a master's degree in finance, and gains extra cash by serving as the middle man between spend-happy

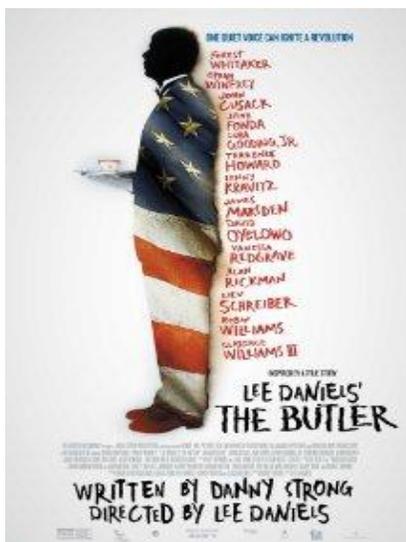
students and a gambling website (a few professors are in on the action too). The subsequent opening-credits sequence acts as a crash course in the world of online gambling.

Meanwhile, Ben Affleck, who plays Ivan Block, a wanted man and owner of the website that apparently cheated Richie out of his tuition, is practically tasked to recreate his douchebros from **BOILER ROOM**. Richie hops on a jet to Ivan's home base of Costa Rica, and after finagling a face-to-face meeting, gets caught up in Ivan's world of naughty excess.



Whatever economic commentary the movie may be trying to offer from the Gatsby-style glitz of Ivan's tropical parties to the lingo of which the film seems especially proud. Beyond Richie's impossible-to-follow, nonstop stream of stats and percentages, the movie revels in the practice of echoing choice lines, such as one about fear versus conscience, and another about every risk-taker being a gambler.

It's all fun and will entertain those that liked **ROUNDERS, THE FAMILY, WISH YOU WERE HERE, SNITCH, SAFE HAVEN, THE CALL** and **PROMISED LAND**.



1/14 1 **THE BUTLER** DRAMA
 \$116 MILL BO 3421 SCREENS PG-13 132 MINUTES

Forest Whitaker (GOOD MORNING VIET NAM, PLATOON, PHENOMENON, PHONE BOOTH, THE CRYING GAME, THE COLOR OF MONEY)

Oprah Winfrey (FILM-THE COLOR PURPLE, TV'S THE OPRAH WINFREY SHOW)

Cuba Gooding, Jr (JERRY MCGUIRE, AS GOOD AS IT GETS, RED TAILS, ZOOLANDER)

This film details the life of Eugene Allen (Whitaker), a black butler who served at the White House for three decades. In the film, Allen is

fictionalized as Cecil Gaines (Forest Whitaker), whose career as a White House butler, beginning with Eisenhower, is charted through flashbacks and voiceover and framed around a meeting he waits to have with President Obama. In actuality, the film is about two lives, that of Cecil and that of his son, Louis (David Oyelowo), an equal-rights and, later, black-power advocate who, as an adult, runs for state office. Director Daniels plays up their generational friction throughout, most dynamically in a montage, soundtracked by Shorty Long's infectious "Function at the Junction," wherein glimmering visions of Cecil preparing and serving at a swanky White House dinner party are juxtaposed with Louis and his friends getting walloped during a sit-in at a whites-only lunch counter.

The sequence strikes at the heart of Cecil and Louis's philosophical quarrel: to be a servant in a world of unimaginable power and luxury or to be a leader against racism in an unforgiving, deadly terrain, two occasionally opposing visions of what defines progress and work in the black community. Witnessing his father's (David Banner) sudden execution, Cecil sees how just one word, in a slightly elevated tone, can work as justification for your murder, and is then almost immediately imparted with a sense that his safety is guaranteed by ensuring the comfort of white people. Cecil's livelihood is in entertaining people, keeping them at ease, whereas Louis, spared the horrors of his father's youth, passionately embraces the spirit of the civil rights movement and aggressively tries to push people out of complacency.

It's hard to think of a recent film that's at once so familiar and welcoming in its overarching story of hard-won triumph and yet so radical and nuanced in form. At one point, a bus of Freedom Riders, Louis among them, is stopped and overtaken by the Ku Klux Klan, a member of which tosses a Molotov cocktail into the vehicle. Another director would have stayed outside with the bigots and let our blood build to a boil, but Daniels keeps us in the rushing terror, boxed in by barking German Shepherds and white supremacists. There are similar sequences involving Louis, including a glimpse at the prep for the sit-in, where the director clearly bares his teeth, but it's never at the expense of belittling Cecil's way of life or cheapening his contribution to civil rights. Daniels continuously reminds us that the black men and women who worked within the racist system were pushing toward equality as much as those who (more than justifiably) didn't, in a more covert manner. The film's defining moment is when Louis, discussing plans with other activists, vocally disrespects his father's profession and a wiser colleague reminds him that Cecil is really a subversive.

Daniels indeed produces a strange and antic melodrama out of Cecil's life, his story beginning brutally with the (unseen) rape of his mother (Mariah Carey) and his father's murder by their employer, Westfall (Alex Pettyfer). It's Westfall's grandmother (Vanessa Redgrave) who teaches Cecil how to set tables, serve, and take care of her home, but it's the kindness of a shop-keep, Maynard (Clarence Williams III), that sets the course for his life. Ultimately, Cecil's private life is mainly defined by his bumpy relationship with his boozing, Faye Adams-loving wife, Gloria, played by a phenomenal Oprah Winfrey. She brings the ache of age and the pain of a compromised life out of her character with as little as a disinterested glare toward her man on the side (Terrence Howard). When Gloria is entertaining, however, Winfrey brings out her own manic social energy, and she's electrifying. And while at work, Cecil is surrounded not only by world leaders, but also by an array of co-workers and close friends, brought to varied, vivid life by Cuba Gooding Jr., Lenny Kravitz, and Colman Domingo, and the busy atmosphere and whirl of work talk is reminiscent of a Robert Altman film.

THE BUTLER concludes amid the 2008 presidential election, simply and joyously, if also just a bit on the nose. On the surface, Daniels tells a stock tale about creating and surviving the civil rights movement, but the director wrenches the tired sentimentalism and past-tense detachment that defines similar projects apart with an experiential urgency, part of what is quickly becoming an inimitable style. That's exactly what makes the film's final moment, in which Cecil snaps at a White House staffer for presuming to tell him where the oval office is, so immensely satisfying. After biting his tongue for so long, Cecil discards his carapace, if only to tell someone that he knows what he's doing.

This movie is superb and filled with great name actors with smaller rolls that add depth to the story. Fans of **PRISONERS**, **MUD**, **42**, **SILVER LININGS PLAYBOOK**, **LINCOLN**, **FLIGHT**, and **ARGO** will love this as well.





1/14 1 **CARRIE** HORROR
\$35 MILL BO 2376 SCREENS R 100 MINUTES

Julianne Moore (CRAZY STUPID LOVE, MAGNOLIA, BEING FLYNN, THE HOURS, THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT)
Chloe Grace Morteز (MOVIE 43, KICK ASS 2, LET ME IN, DARK SHADOWS, 500 DAYS OF SUMMER, DIARY OF A WIMPY KID)

Near the climax of Kimberly Peirce's remake of *Carrie*, Margaret White (Moore), the wrathful and penitent mother of the titular telekinetic outcast, rationalizes her unthinkable actions by explaining that the devil can be killed, but will always come back for more, "so you've got to keep killing him again and again." It's a modest rhetorical shift from Margaret's sad observation that "sin never dies" in Brian De Palma's enduringly brilliant 1976 film adaptation, and a telling one. Stephen King's devilish scenario—in many ways his best and undoubtedly his most iconic idea—has proven 2013 Margaret White right, not just in the multiplex, but also on Broadway, where a stripped-down revival of the formerly reviled musical version of *Carrie* has earned improbably good reviews by focusing on the material's fashionable anti-bullying potential. It seems everyone's lining up to revise King's tale of the put-upon pariah who, pushed too far, wreaks a horrifying revenge on her tormenters. Only these days, everyone is in a rush to assign blame and build cheap sympathy for individual characters, rather than lament, as Piper Laurie's shell-shocked 1976 Margaret White did, the enduring misfortune of it all.

King was working as a teacher when he wrote **CARRIE**, and the sense of futility he felt as a staff member to alter the social hierarchies of high school was palpable. Every remake since has made the critical error of turning King's characters into heroes and villains, or to at least ascribe heroic or villainous qualities onto their actions, instead of accepting that they're all to a degree victims of their diseased environment. (In the book, Carrie was scarcely more agreeable than her bullies.) Peirce's *Carrie* is the worst offender to date, even as it tries like hell not to fall into the trap of binaries. It's barely a horror movie; it's *Carrie: The PSA*. Peirce clearly wants to present her student body in tones of naturalism and compassion. that it doesn't matter whether you do right or you do wrong, whether you sacrifice yourself like Sue Snell with her prom ticket or sacrifice a pig for a pig like Chris Hargensen. Either way, girls will continue to suffer the curse of blood, there will never be autonomy within the structure of school (nor do you get to graduate away from it in "the real world"), and the Devil will always come home.



This is fun for those that liked **KICK ASS 2, GROWN UPS 2, FRIGHT NIGHT 2, THE HOST, DARK SKIES, A HAUNTED HOUSE, and THE POSSESSION.**



1/14 2 ENOUGH SAID COMEDY

\$17 MILL BO 1965 SCREENS PG-13 93 MINUTES

James Gandolfini (HBO'S THE SOPRANOS, THE MEXICAN, ZERO DARK THIRTY, NOT FADE AWAY, A CIVIL ACTION, KILLING THEM SOFTLY)
Julia Louis-Dreyfus (TV'S SEINFELD, THE VEEP, ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT, WEB THERAPY, THE NEW ADVENTURES OF OLD CHRISTINE)

Enough can't be said about how James Gandolfini saves Nicole Holofcener's latest articulation of white suburban anxieties. In fact, Gandolfini's Albert, a divorced father preparing for his only daughter's departure for New York, aptly serves as a respite from the upper-middle-class (and middle-age) issues facing Eva (Louis-Dreyfus), a California-based masseuse who's also dealing with a recent divorce and a daughter heading to the East Coast for school. They meet at a friend's party, and from there Holofcener's script builds up a wise and

tender romance between them, one that's at first rife with melancholy and prickliness. Thanks largely to Gandolfini, however, these barbed emotional defenses start to give way to a near-majestic vulnerability, one that serves as a lynchpin for nearly every character that wanders through this movie.

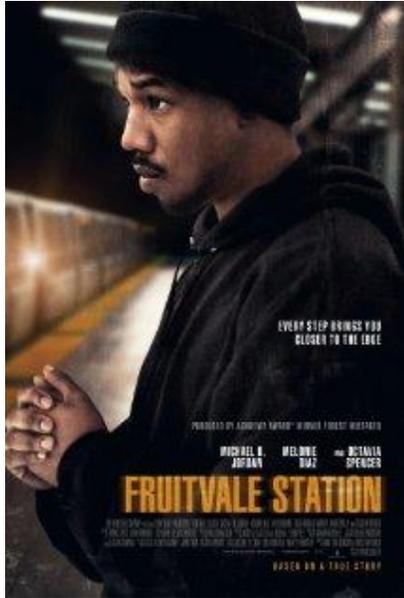
Eva, unbeknownst to Albert, befriends Marianne (Catherine Keener), his bitter ex-wife, at the very same party where Albert and her meet-cute, and the writer-director uses the women's developing friendship as an insubstantial, perhaps unintentional means to deter the audience's emotional investment in Albert and Eva's quiet and honest love affair, which isn't unlike how Eva herself uses the friendship. In the end, Marianne is little more than an obnoxious, uncaring twit who either criticizes Albert or gloats about being friends with Joni Mitchell; she so obviously functions solely as a device to stir the plot.

Eva's favorite married couple, played by Toni Collette and Ben Falcone, who spend most of their screen time discussing maid-firing etiquette. Holofcener also extends Eva's guarded, indirect brand of communication to her relationship with her daughter, Ellen (Tracey Fairaway), and while their dynamic allows for an occasional smirk, it proves thoroughly benign long before Ellen's climactic flight to Sarah Lawrence.

Separation and dealing with it is the purveying theme here and it is handled with such authenticity and tenderness by Gandolfini and Louis-Dreyfus that it feels a bit like talking to your friends. The cast is terrific and the movie gives us a look at two damaged people and how they find each other.

Fans of **THE WAY WAY BACK, 50/50, MUD, BEFORE MIDNIGHT, SIDE EFFECTS, LINCOLN** and **CELESTE** and **JESSE FOREVER** will love this.





1/14 2 FRUITVALE STATION DRAMA
\$17 MILL BO 1086 SCREENS R 85 MINUTES

Michael B. Jordan (TV'S FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS, PARENTHOOD, THE WIRE—FILM- RED TAILS, CHRONICLE)

Oscar Grant (Michael B. Jordan), three months out from a drug-related prison term, is having a pensive, at-a-crossroads New Years Eve. A handsome twentysomething African American trying to wean himself off "selling trees" at the urging of his wary, hectoring girlfriend, Sophina (Melonie Diaz), and for the sake of his four-year-old daughter, he tools around the East Bay in his car, stopping at the Oakland food market from which he was just fired to shop for his mother's birthday party and plead for his reinstatement. Failing to persuade his ex-boss, he easily manages to charm a young white woman at the seafood counter by phoning his culinary-whiz grandma to administer a crash course in executing a fish fry. This casual act of charity is deflated by a bayside

flashback to Oscar's last visitation with his plainspoken mother (Octavia Spencer) in the joint, followed by a bathetic incident with an unfortunate (and unfortunately symbolic) stray dog and a confession of Oscar's firing to Sophina, who demands to know his plans. "Maybe not fuck up for 30 days. That's how long Oprah says it takes to form a habit, right?" And they quickly, desperately make love, before it's time to pick up their child from daycare.

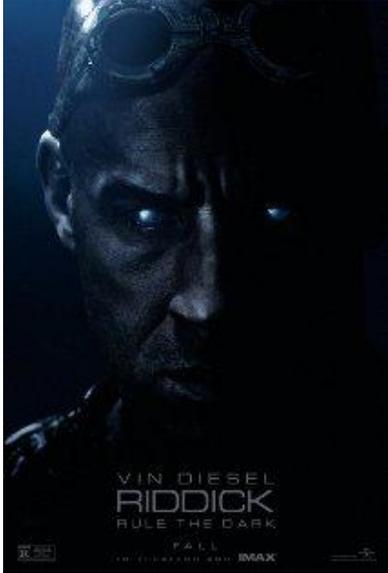
In his debut feature, writer-director Ryan Coogler dramatizes a scandalous true story, as frankly established by his prologue: a grainy real-life clip of the unarmed Oscar Grant's shooting death by a transit cop in the early hours of New Years Day 2009. Coogler's mixed success is reflected in text versus subtext; when the film stays with Oscar's errands, wanderings, and struggles with Sophina, it has forceful quotidian grit, enhanced by Rachel Morrison's Super 16 lensing, but overt approaches to racial themes run toward the familiar and ham-fisted. A utopian, improvised New Years countdown on a Bay Area train before its passengers can reach a midnight fireworks display, shared by Oscar and his homies, Sophina, and a pan-racial throng including white hipsters and a black lesbian couple, is too "warmly" generic to feel like anything but a careful dose of corn to cushion the climactic horror. (When race explicitly surfaces in the family scenes, as in party talk that rooting for a Super Bowl team should be based in part by their "black players...a black coach...a black coach with a black wife!", the vernacular humor is on the real side, and far more acute.)

The violent crisis that bears down on Oscar at Fruitvale station—a runaway train of coincidences, escalating slurs, and terrible instincts—is cautiously tucked between familial longings, as his gasp of "I got a daughter" nearly completes Coogler's frame of parent-child bonds as the crux of his drama (though a counterproductive, drawn-out hospital sequence muffles it). Spencer brings tones of impatience and watchful anxiety to her familiar figure of tough, even-keeled love, but the focus on her devotion, and the aw-shucks sentimentality of Jordan's soft-spoken parenting scenes, evade a larger purpose that the film needed to address more boldly. Oscar Grant may have yearned to dedicate his snuffed-out future to his daughter, but



doting on that theme doesn't speak to the larger issue of why he died. Coogler seems to be a sharp handler of actors, but his screenplay goes soft and clumsy when juxtaposing individual racial rapprochement with America's ongoing tragedy of young black men caught in the maelstrom of deadly force.

This is a beautifully acted story done with warmth and grace. It will be enjoyed by all that enjoyed **LINCOLN, FRANCES HA, 42, SIDE EFFECTS, SILVER LININGS PLAYBOOK, FLIGHT, END OF WATCH,** and **THE HELP.**



1/14 1 RIDDICK ACTION
\$43 MILL BO 2079 SCREENS R 119 MINUTES

Vin Diesel (FAST AND FURIOUS, FIND ME GUILTY, KNOCKAROUND GUYS, THE PACIFIER, SAVING PRIVATE RYAN, BOILER ROOM)

Karl Urban (DREDD, STAR TREK:INTO DARKNESS, RED, LORD OF THE RINGS:TWO TOWERS, THE BOURNE SUPREMACY)

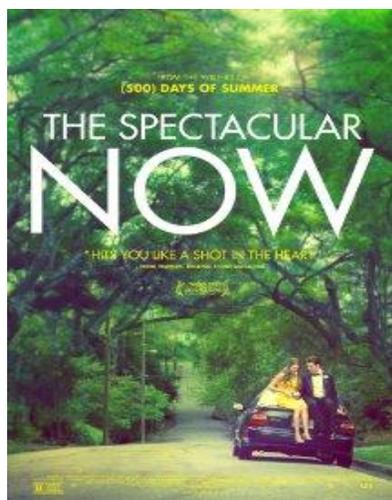
Having been abandoned on a scorching planet of rocky desert plains, Riddick, a lethal because his shiny silver eyes allow him to see in the dark, awakens to discover that he must fend for himself if he wishes to live. These circumstances instigate an introductory half hour in which, aside from some leaden narration and a superfluous flashback to Riddick's post-*Chronicles* days as an alien emperor, he silently goes about his survivalist business, resetting his broken leg by screwing armor into his flesh, training a feral zebra-coyote creature to be his pet, and making himself immune to a giant scorpion's venom so he can later kill it.

This man-versus-nature opening segment plays like a laughable, tension-free sci-fi variation of *The Naked Prey*. Nonetheless, it's still preferable to the ensuing action, which finds Riddick initiating a distress beacon as a means of luring a cadre of mercenaries to the planet in order to slaughter them and steal their ship. That scheme goes more or less according to plan. It also shifts the story's focus to profanely talky—and uniformly dull and cliché—bounty hunters who are evenly divided between those who are out-and-out evil, like conniving Santana (Nordi Molià), and those who are faux-evil, like gruff Boss Johns (Matt Nable) and tough Dahl (Katee Sackhoff), whose lesbian-ism is highlighted so, at film's conclusion, Riddick can also prove his irresistible manliness by having her willingly sit on his lap.

Until it devolves into a rehash of **PITCH BLACK**, the remainder of the action is staged like a wannabe-slasher film, with Riddick as its boogeyman. Yet as before, writer-director David Twohy and Diesel want to have it both ways with their protagonist. Riddick barks and bites like a vicious villain, but he only winds up murdering those who are presented as irredeemably wicked; the rest are either spared or killed by hordes of scorpion monsters. The result is that Riddick is a fake bad guy, one whom the filmmakers want us to fear even as they make clear—by him playing nice with his pet, or going soft and merciful at key moments—that he's really more of a loveable WWE-style antihero than a legitimately scary serial killer.

This will be popular with those that liked **THE WOLVERINE, KICK ASS 2, ELYSIUM, WHITE HOUSE DOWN, XXX, R.I.P.D., THIS IS THE END** and **BULLET TO THE HEAD**.





1/14 3 THE SPECTACULAR NOW DRAMA
\$7 MILL BO 876 SCREENS R 95 MINUTES

Kyle Chandler (TV'S FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS, FIMS—ZERO DARK THIRTY, ARGO, THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL)

Miles Teller (21 AND OVER, FOOTLOOSE, PROJECT X)

This time, the female lead, high school senior Aimee Finecky (Shailene Woodley), is an unwavering supporter of her troubled booze-happy boyfriend, Sutter Keely (Miles Teller), no matter how many questionable things he does. And yet, because the film does so many other things right, because James Ponsoldt's direction brings a real understanding to

both the awkwardness and the pleasures of human interaction, and because Woodley's excellent performance gives off an authentic sense of teen unease and desire, the film is much richer and less simplistic than the writing duo's too-cutesy earlier offering.

Woodley may steal the show, but there's no doubt that the film belongs to Teller's Sutter. A good-time kid smarting from his breakup with his girlfriend and determined to live in an eternal present despite his half-assed attempts at filling out college applications, Sutter is also haunted by the absence of his father. Blaming his hardworking mother for the long-ago dissolution of their family, he demands that she allow him to visit the father he hasn't seen for years and whose phone number and address she refuses to give him. Along the way, he takes up with Woodley's never-been-kissed nerd Aimee, who represents an unlikely choice for the popular Sutter, but the two quickly strike a bond, based, among other things, on missing (or, in Aimee's case, deceased) fathers and a need to stand up to their mothers.

The early scenes between the two lovers are among the film's finest, and the filmmakers smartly undercut the romanticism of many of these sequences by suggesting that even as Sutter is wooing Aimee, she still serves as a consolation prize for the ex he can't win back. Also shrewd is the way that the film factors Sutter's seemingly casual alcoholism into the equation. During a daytime party at a local swimming hole, an intoxicated Sutter takes Aimee aside, kisses her, tells her she's beautiful, and invites her to the prom. The next morning we see him in bed, struggling to recall the previous day's events, and as we watch these flashbacks, it remains ambiguous to the viewer how much of what he told Aimee was the booze talking and how much was genuine.

Unfortunately, the film then turns its attention primarily to the question of Sutter's parental inheritance, particularly the ways in which he either has been, or imagines he has been, shaped in both his alcoholism and his philosophy of living in the moment, by his absent father. A trip to see his dad opens his eyes to the man's essential shittiness, and, while the scenes between the two are smartly handled, they ultimately turn the film into a largely reductive Freudian character piece in which Sutter has to come to terms with his old man. It's a questionable turn for a movie that that, until that point, succeeded largely by avoiding this kind of easy unfolding as a series of interactions between young their place in a world that understanding.

A pretty good story this to appeal to those that **JOBS, BEFORE WERE HERE, THE GINGER & ROSA,** and



psychologizing, instead sharply rendered people trying to figure out exists beyond their fragile

with a good cast will help liked **GIRL MOST LIKELY, MIDNIGHT, WISH YOU ENGLISH TEACHER, MUD, WON'T BACK DOWN.**



1/14 2 YOU'RE NEXT HORROR
\$19 MILL BO 1952 SCREENS R 95 MINUTES

Sharni Vinson (TV—CSI NY, HOME AND AWAY, COLD CASE, NCIS—FILM—BLUE CRUSH 2, STEP UP, BAIT)
Joe Swanberg (DRINKING BUDDIES, SILVER BULLETS, THE ZONE, DETONATOR)

The prelude sees unfortunate neighbors (Wingard's indie horror compatriot Larry Fessenden and Kate Lyn Sheil) suffer an unpleasant post-coital demise at the hands of intruders who leave the titular phrase scrawled in blood. Pulling up in blissful ignorance shortly thereafter are Paul (Rob Moran) and Aubrey Davison (Barbara Crampton), who are about to celebrate their 35th wedding anniversary in the company of their four children, planning to attend with their partners.

First to arrive is Crispian (AJ Bowen), an unsuccessful teacher/writer accompanied by game, supportive Aussie g.f. Erin (Sharni Vinson). He's treated somewhat as the family failure, especially by smug, manipulative brother Drake (Joe Swanberg), whose own squeeze, Kelly (Margaret Laney), is his perfect match in bitchy shallowness. Youngest bro Felix (Nicholas Tucci) has a vaguely delinquent air, and his honey, Zee (Wendy Glenn), can barely be troubled to conceal her contempt toward all. Sole Davison daughter Aimee (Amy Seimetz) is a chirpy little princess who's acquired a sulky artistic boyfriend (Ti West, helmer of 2009 cult fave "The House of the Devil").

The full family hasn't gathered for some time, and we soon see why. They've barely sat down to dinner before Crispian and Drake are at each other's throats, with everyone else yelling at them to stop. During this fracas, a guest notices something strange outside the window. Seconds later everyone is screaming for entirely different reasons, as one person has been killed, another seriously wounded, and the remainder are scrambling for cover from a volley of crossbow arrows — not the only weapons that will be wielded by an unknown number of assailants wearing plastic animal masks.

It's fast apparent the coolest head here belongs to Erin, whose frequently lethal resourcefulness under extreme circumstances is eventually explained as owing to her being raised on a survivalist compound. As Davisons drop like flies, her Final Girl resilience helps somewhat even the odds.



About halfway through the screenplay by Simon Barrett (who also penned 2004's very good, underseen Civil War-era horror "Dead Birds") we discover this onslaught is an inside job — though don't expect much surprise or weight to one character's full-disclosure speech at the end. "You're Next" is fairly light on psychological and narrative complexity, but it's still a good cut above the slasher norm, with a firm grasp on visceral action and the wisdom to place tongue slightly in cheek when things go further over the top.

Fans of **KICK ASS 2**, **GROWN UPS 2**, **REDS 2**, **THE CONJURING**, **DEAD MAN DOWN**, **EVIL DEAD**, and **TEXAS CHAIN SAW** will find a lot to like.



1/21 2 **BLUE JASMINE** COMEDY
 \$33 MILL BO 2698 SCREENS PG-13 98 minutes

Cate Blanchett (HANNA, HOT FUZZ, I'M NOT THERE, LORD OF RINGS:TWO TOWERS, THE SHIPPING NEWS)
Alec Baldwin (TV'S 30 ROCK—FILMS--BEETLE JUICE, THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER, IT'S COMPLICATED, ROCK OF AGES, ALONG CAME POLLY, THE DEPARTED)
Bobby Cannavale (TV'S NURSE JACKIE, BOARDWALK EMPIRE---FILMS—SNAKES ON A PLANE, LOVELACE, BROTHER'S KEEPER)
Andrew Dice Clay (TV'S BLESS THIS HOUSE, HITZ, ENTOURAGE,---films—ADVENTRUES OF FORD FAIRLANE, PRETTY IN PINK, JURY DUTY)

Sigmund Freud, a frequently quoted favorite of Woody Allen's, once said that the criteria for happiness and mental health is gauged by love and work. Unfortunately for Jasmine (Cate Blachett), the perpetually distraught protagonist of this movie, both her marriage and status as a New York socialite/housewife were dashed in one fell swoop with the arrest of her crooked, unfaithful businessman husband (Alec Baldwin) and the government liquidation of their vast fortune. The now-penniless and traumatized Jasmine, a kind of Ruth Madoff by way of Blanche DuBois, decides to start over and move cross country to live with her quasi-estranged sister, Ginger (Sally Hawkins), in a "homey" abode in San Francisco.

Once settled, or as settled as a highly anxious person can be, Jasmine still can't shake the highfalutin attitude she cultivated during her former lifestyle, passively (and sometimes bluntly) criticizing Ginger's taste in men and claiming that doing clerical work for a dentist is "too menial." Instead, she idealistically muses the rarefied idea of going back to school to learn about interior design, or continue studying anthropology, a pursuit she abandoned 20 years ago. Allen has anthropology on his mind as well, creating—and then observing—an entitled, stubborn character with inflated life expectations who cannot deal with life in limbo in a place she deems beneath her and refuses to assimilate into.

It's clever of Allen to focus on a purely psychological character study, organically elaborating on his ideas from within. Even if Jasmine's firmly established struggles with entitlement, aloofness, and delusion are pressed on throughout, Allen successfully builds a rather complete, complex portrait of a woman over the verge of a nervous breakdown; the gravitas of Jasmine's insecure situation is informed by identifiable, desperate human behaviors as opposed to misogynistic affectations. Allen's return to America is refreshing as well, allowing him the freedom to focus on the depth of his characters instead of becoming distracted by touristy travelogues built on flimsy scenarios.

Whether intentional or not, the lives of the secondary characters are underdeveloped, often siphoned away by Jasmine's all-encompassing presence. Ginger, her blue-collar ex-husband (Andrew Dice Clay), her über-Italian new boyfriend (Bobby Cannavale), and Jasmine's new beau (Peter Sarsgaard) are entirely defined by their clearly pigeonholed socioeconomic status. Allen has thoughtfully dealt with familial tensions and sibling dissimilarities before (namely in Hannah and Her Sisters), but Hawkins's humble Ginger never fully breaks free of being a mere catalyst for Jasmine's haughtiness. Of course, if we're to interpret the film's perspective from Jasmine's POV, then these characterizations seem apt, though it's always apparent that the roles are a bit broadly drawn and that the actors are often called on to speak exposition-laden dialogue, lending the film a certain unevenness whenever Jasmine is off screen.

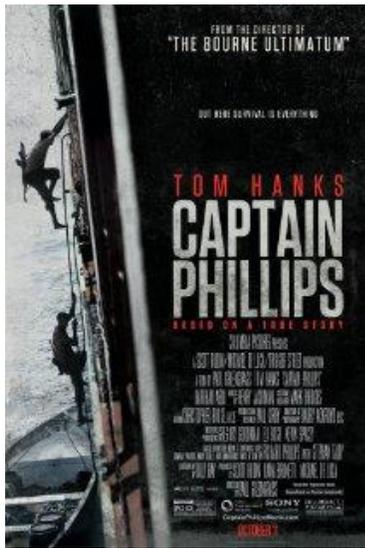
Jasmine exhibits a penchant for revisionism, having changed her name and married to a higher caste. It also becomes clearer in the denouement that she's capable of making drastic decisions without recognizing the



reverberations of the consequence for all involved—a point that’s pushed a little too hard with the coincidental reemergence of a few characters from her past.

Allen himself knows a thing or two about establishing early success and having difficulty reconciling a comfortable past with a turbulent present that demands reinvention. And, most surprisingly, the highly concentrated character analysis in *Blue Jasmine* marks new psychologically bleak territory for the auteur; it’s one of his strongest and most pointed films in over a decade despite mildly falling victim to his recent propensity for clunky narrative development, cynicism, and stereotypical characterizations.

This movie works so well on so many levels that the appeal will be strong across the board. Fans of **THE HEAT, THE INTERNSHIP, NOW YOU SEE ME, THE ENGLISH TEACHER, THE BIG WEDDING, 42, ARGO, FLIGHT,** and **THE SESSIONS** will all love this one from Woody Allen.



1/21 1 CAPTAIN PHILLIPS THRILLER
\$98 MILL BO 3286 SCREENS PG-13 134 MINUTES

Tom Hanks (PHILADELPHIA, BIG, SLEEPLESS IN SEATTLE, SAVING PRIVATE RYAN, THE GREEN MILE)
Barhad Abdi (Film debut)

Working from a script by Billy Ray (“Breach,” “Shattered Glass”) drawn from Phillips’ own memoir, *Greengrass* traces the captain’s ill-fated journey on and off the container ship *Maersk Alabama*, beginning with his April 2009 departure from the port of Oman and ending with his dramatic rescue off the Somali coast after four days in captivity. The only reference to Phillips’ personal life comes in a brief but excellent scene between Hanks and Catherine Keener (playing Mrs. Phillips), rich in its sense of the comfort between two long-married people, their conversation about their children’s future masking a far deeper concern about Phillips’ high-risk profession.

Indeed, “*Captain Phillips*” makes it clear that Phillips was worried from the outset about the possibility of pirate attack — and the *Alabama*’s lack of security — well before leaving port, which gives the ultimate turn of events a touch of Cassandra-like prophecy.

The pirates (who also get one too-brief context-establishing scene on the Somalia mainland) first arrive in two small skiffs ill-equipped to challenge the *Alabama*’s speed, though it’s a clever bit of radio theater concocted by Phillips that ultimately thwarts them. But the crew knows it’s only a matter of time before their unwanted visitors return — which they do, in a sharply executed set piece that pits the undersized skiff (just one this time, with four occupants) against the *Alabama*’s pressurized water jets and evasive maneuvers. Where *Greengrass*’ earlier true-life tales were principally group studies, his latest is very much a tale of two captains — Phillips on the one hand, and the pirate leader Muse (Abdi) on the other. Though he himself is but a low-ranking functionary in a vast piracy hierarchy, Muse is head honcho on the *Alabama*, and Abdi (a Somali-born American emigre making his film debut) plays the role with the hungry intensity of an oppressed man taking his turn at being the oppressor. In a movie that affords little dimensionality to its characters, Abdi finds notes to play you scarcely realized were there, until this reedy young man with jutting brow looms as large as Othello.

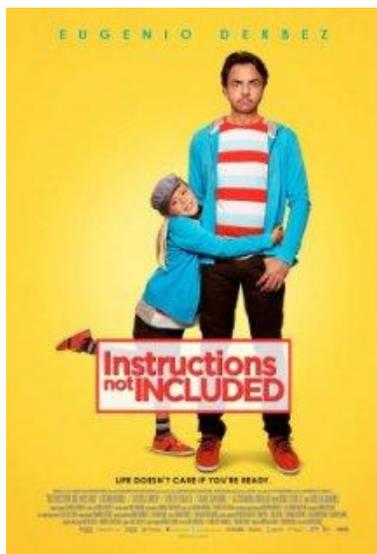
Hanks is predictably sturdy as the embattled captain (save for a come-and-go Boston accent), playing the kind of Everyman facing extraordinary circumstances he’s played many times. He never quite disappears into the role, in part because there isn’t all that much there to disappear into, and in part because Hanks has a bag of actorly tics and indications that follow him almost everywhere he goes. But he seems confident handling the tools of the nautical trade, and his scenes opposite Abdi bristle with a quiet electricity. Much of the movie’s first half is devoted to Phillips’ stealth efforts to keep the pirates away from his crew (who huddle in hiding down in the engine room), feigning mechanical failure and offering to send the marauders on their way with \$30,000 in cash from an onboard safe (except, they want millions). At every step, Hanks excels at showing what’s really going on in the character’s mind while maintaining his facade of almost folksy calm.

It isn't one of the actor's rangiest roles, but it culminates in an eruption of emotional fireworks of exactly the sort Oscar dreams are made of.

Like in life, the film makes a sharp turn at almost the exact midpoint, as the pirates flee the ship in an enclosed lifeboat with Phillips as their hostage. As Phillips and the pirates head towards Somalia — and their fated rendezvous with a U.S. Naval destroyer — you can almost smell the sweat and grime hanging in the air of the poorly ventilated 28-foot capsule.



Sometimes it is difficult to maintain tension and interest in a film about an event that everyone knows a lot about. In the hands of director Greengrass and Tom Hanks, this movie avoids that and gives us a thrilling account of this actual event. Fans of **FAST & FURIOUS 6**, **LINCOLN**, **SILVER LININGS PLAYBOOK**, **WHITE HOUSE DOWN**, **ZERO DARK THIRTY**, **THE INTERNSHIP** and **42** will all love this movie.



1/21 1 INSTRUCTIONS NOT INCLUDED

COMEDY

\$43 MILL BO 978 SCREENS PG-13 122 MINUTES

Eugenio Derbez (GIRL IN PROGRESS, JACK AND JILL, BEVERLY HILLS CHIHUAHUA)

Jessica Lindsey (NOW YOU SEE ME, ---TV—LAW AND ORDER, WITHOUT A TRACE)

Eugenio Derbez, the director and star of *Instructions Not Included*, aspires to be a figure like Roberto Benigni: in interviews, he name checks *Life is Beautiful*, the 1997 film that netted Benigni two Oscars (Best Actor and Best Foreign Language Film) at the 71st Academy Awards. Derbez turned to *Life is Beautiful* as a starting point for his new film's story about a father who creates elaborate, fanciful scenarios to address the emotional needs of his young daughter. Moving this setup to

contemporary Los Angeles, *Instructions Not Included* follows well-meaning reformed lothario Valentin, who repeatedly martyrs himself as a stuntman to give his daughter the life he thinks she needs.

The first portion of the film recasts a typical comedy of errors into the realm of immigration law. Valentin (Derbez) is a clueless resort-town denizen living far south of the border, though that may not explain his total lack of awareness—he and his friends aren't sure what "L.A." stands for but have reliable knowledge of the habits of Angelina Jolie—and when a young American woman drops a baby named Maggie in his lap, he travels to California without a visa solely in an attempt to give her back. Through a series of misunderstandings, driven by the fact that Valentin speaks no English, father and daughter end up at a Hollywood hotel, where Valentin impresses a producer in need of a stuntman by leaping off of a balcony.

The rest of the plot is similarly fluky, but Valentin realizes he loves Maggie, and knowing that a return to Mexico would likely precipitate abandoning his American daughter, cuts himself off from his former life.



Instead, the two grow together, with Valentin supplying Maggie (played by a wide-eyed Loreto Peralta) with an endless stream of toys and an idyllic childhood of movie set visits and sporadic school attendance. When Maggie's mother, Julie (Lindsey), decides she wants to be a part of the child's life, she takes issue with his parenting style, and everyone gets put through the emotional wringer.

Derbez, a sharp comedic actor with an emotive face, ably shoulders most of the film's emotional burden. And where his brand of humor is slapsticky, it's sometimes subtly smart, as when Valentin is forced to endure the small humiliation of walking a pair of Chihuahuas named Diego and Frida. Valentin's unlikely occupations are due to pure chance, but they're also the result of assuming responsibility for a minor in a country that hasn't given him legal residency.

This one is a bit different from the norm, but very much worth viewing. There are many tender moments with some very funny scenes that are well balanced. Fans of **THE ODD LIFE OF TIMOTHY GREEN**, **RUBY SPARKS**, **CHRONICLE**, **THE WAY WAY BACK**, and **DIARY OF A WIMPY KID** will all enjoy this one.



1/21 2 MACHETE KILLS ACTION/COMEDY
\$11 MILL BO 1948 SCREENS R 107 MINUTES

**Danny Trejo (TV'S SONS OF ANARCHY—FILM—
ZOMBIE HUNTER, BAD ASS, PERFECT SUNDAY,
BEATDOWN, PREDATORS)**

**Alexa Vega (BOUNTY HUNTER, MOTHERS DAY, FROM
PRADA TO NADA, SPY KIDS)**

**Mel Gibson (ROAD WARRIOR, RANDOM, BRAVE
HEART, WHAT WOMEN WANT)**

Danny Trejo returns as the eponymous blade-wielding revolutionary in this fine sequel. And with him comes the same giddily earnest B-movie nostalgia that powered the original throwback. The tawdriness of the 2010 film has been tempered substantially, but plenty of blood and guts still spill, as is to be expected in a work that features a weapon that turns targets inside-out. Beyond that, this sequel slightly improves on its predecessor by sheer inventive energy, spurred by a

manic, purposefully convoluted plot.

There's an appealing daring to a director who casts Mel Gibson as a clairvoyant plutocrat looking to start World War III before jetting off to his space station. More than that, it takes genuine chutzpah to have Cuba Gooding Jr., Walton Goggins, Lady Gaga, and Antonio Banderas all play the same character, the elusive, tellingly named Chameleon, a wise-cracking assassin with the power to generate different faces. Along with some other creative, absurdist twists in the narrative, these performances give this movie the benefit of being a more consistently funny film than its predecessor. Here, the politics are more purposefully scatterbrained and the racy dialogue feels more of a piece with the outrageousness of the ultra-violent conceit. The glut of the physical gags work so well that you might even be moved to forgive the desperately self-aware *Star Wars* references.

Demian Bichir is a standout as Mendez, a schizophrenic Mexican militant who works with Voz (Gibson) to wire his heart's last beat to coincide with a missile strike on Washington D.C.; Sartana (Jessica Alba), Machete's main squeeze, is executed during the theft of the missile. Charlie



Sheen also proves ingratiatingly up for whatever as President Rathcock, though his half-assed plea for Machete's help has nothing on the man-hating diatribe delivered by Desdemona (Sofia Vergara), a kill-crazy brothel Madame. (Sadly, Michelle Rodriguez's Shé and Amber Heard's villainous Miss San Antonio are comparatively tame creations, even during their climactic tussle

This movie will be a blast for those that liked **MACHETE, FAST AND FURIOUS, ELYSIUM, REDS 2, PACIFIC RIM, IRON MAN 3, PARKER** and **TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE.**



1/28 1 **CLOUDY WITH A CHANCE OF MEATBALLS 2** FAMILY

\$110 MILL BO 3127 SCREENS PG 95 MINUTES

VOICE OF: Bill Hader, Andy Samberg, Anna Farris, Will Forte

As this sequel opens, the people of Chewandswallow have weathered the storm, but still find them crowded out of their home island by all those Toho studios-sized groceries produced by protagonist Flint Lockwood's over-functioning Diatomic Super Mutating Dynamic Food Replicator. Enter internationally deified tech wizard Chester V, who incidentally has been Flint's personal hero since grade school, and who shows up on the island to offer his own cleanup services. The mogul moves every citizen to San Franjosé while his minions set about their task, and offers Flint a job as an inventor for Live Corp, a trendy think tank that has evidently

been kept afloat for years with his revolutionary but apparently highly evolutionary line of Food Bars, original through Version 7.0, suggesting food itself can fall victim to planned obsolescence. (That Live Corp bears a striking resemblance to an omnipresent corporation named after a food form is likely no coincidence.) It doesn't take a genius bar to guess why Chester takes such a vested interest in Swallow Falls's pyramids of giant food, but then again, the animators practically pre-digest those suspicions by rendering the character as a jaunty, perverse confluence of angles cagily hiding himself within a pack of identical holograms.

When Flint and his friends return to the island on a mission to find the food replicator (which Chester informs him has gone rogue again), they come to discover that the machine has become a pabuluminous Prometheus, and that all of the anthropomorphic hybrids (all of which happen to take forms that allow for cheeky portmanteaus like "shrimpanzees" and "cheespiders") aren't bent on destroying the world, but rather, are actually coexisting in a fruit salad utopia. What's more, they're remarkably receptive creatures, as evidenced when Flint's fisher father takes a few of them aboard his skiff, proving the maxim: give a pack of



sentient kid-sized cucumbers a can of sardines, and you feed them for a day; teach those cucumbers how to fish, and you feed them for a lifetime. The showdown between Chester V's flashy manufactured gadgetry and New Swallow Falls's model of self-sustainment is an unabashed defense of consuming organic. Pass the pork rinds.

Fans of **SMURFS 2, PLANES, DESPICABLE ME 2, THE CROODS, EPIC** and **WRECK IT RALPH** will be delighted with this one too.



1/28 3 THE FIFTH ESTATE DRAMA
\$4 MILL BO 1293 SCREENS R 128 MINUTES

Laura Linney (THE DETAILS, HYDE PARK ON THE HUDSON, SAVAGES, MAN OF THE YEARMYSTIC RIVER)

Benedict Cumberbatch (WAR HORSE, STAR TREK:INTO THE DARKNESS, TINKER TAILOR SOLDIER SPY, THE WHISTLE BLOWER)

Daniel Brühl (2 DAYS IN NEW YORK, INGLORIOUS BASTERDS, WINNING STREAK, EVA)

It is difficult not to bring to this movie's preformed opinions about the Julian Assange story. His is a compelling narrative: the man who made it his mission to bring truth to the world plagued by secrets of

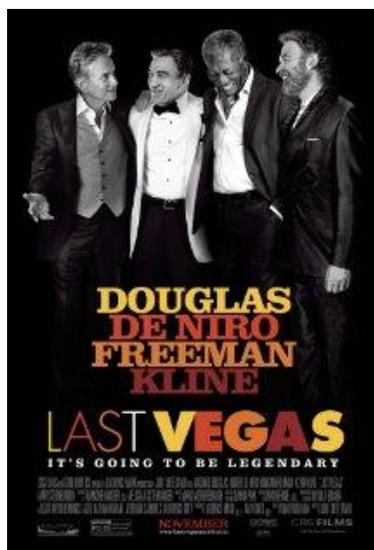
his own. As a public figure, Assange has garnered both devotion and notoriety. His supporters see a messiah of the new age of technological transparency, his detractors an egotistical eccentric, ruined by allegations of sexual misconduct. And it seems that Bill Condon's picture is equally ambivalent about its elusive lead. Whilst it asks some of the right questions, it falls short of delivering any answers, and the half-truths it points at slip back into speculation before they can be fully realized.

There are some lovely details to Cumberbatch's acting: the constant touching of his face and hair and his nervy, fidgeting posture gesture towards his character's obvious social difficulties. He is at home behind a screen, but the rise of WikiLeaks throws him into an uncomfortable spotlight. He is repeatedly shown licking his fingers after sampling other people's food: a finger in every pie. Indeed, this Assange is covered in the sticky residue of other people's secrets, and this film is at its strongest when it focuses on the tight network of relationships that make up these faceless conglomerations.

The relationship at its core is that between Assange and Daniel Domscheit-Berg, played with considered restraint by the German actor Daniel Brühl. Berg is the level-headed wingman who attempts to temper his colleague's radicalism. Assange has created WikiLeaks to fulfill his proclaimed mission of generating complete transparency. However, as the leaks begin to flood in—from soldiers in Afghanistan, government officials in Kenya, bank employees in Europe—the repercussions of Assange's "no editing" policy become more difficult to control. As Berg begins to realize the potential human cost of their actions, Assange becomes increasingly erratic and unyielding.

The acting is very good as they tell the story of the real life drama that unfolded last year. The story follows the events as they happened and the appeal will be for those that liked **FRANCES HA, PARANOIA, ARBITRAGE, THE ICEMAN, THE EAST, NOW YOU SEE ME, and THE INTOUCHABLES.**





1/28 2 LAST VEGAS COMEDY
PG-13 108 MINUTES

Michael Douglas (FALLING DOWN, CHINA SYNDROME)
Robert De Niro (THE FAN, CASINO, AWAKENINGS, CAPE FEAR)

Morgan Freeman (UNFORGIVEN, THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION, OLYMPUS HAS FALLEN, RED, GONE BABY GONE, THE SUM OF ALL FEARS),

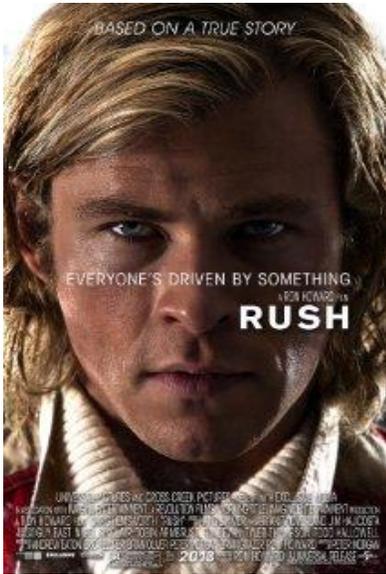
Kevin Kline (A FISH CALLED WANDA, THE ICE STORM, IN & OUT, DAVE, SILVERADO)

De Niro, Morgan Freeman, Kevin Kline, and Michael Douglas play a group of childhood friends now stuck in various stages of emotional or physical decrepitude. Paddy (De Niro) is a lonely widower moping around an apartment festooned with photographs of his dead wife. Archie (Freeman), having just survived a stroke, is treated like a child by his over-protective son. Sam (Kline) mourns the dimming of his much-vaunted "inner spark," failing to appreciate his cushy Florida retirement and loving marriage. And when the fourth member of their crew, millionaire arrested-development case Billy (Douglas), decides to get married to a much younger woman, they all figure that their collective man-mojo may best be revived by a bachelor party in the city where hope goes to die.

What legitimate dramatic potential remains in the oft-told story of old men seeking to recapture their lost *joie de vivre* in the face of encroaching mortality is repackaged into pat, easy lessons about appreciating what you have and seizing the day. The wisdom is cloaked in a glittering aura of hedonism clearly intended to attract younger audiences, offering up the clichéd pop-cultural conception of Vegas as an onanistic post-pubescent fantasy of sex, drugs, and freedom where anyone can score a beautiful young date if they "ask instead of tell." Women—idealized or otherwise—are little more than pawns to be moved around in a world where loyalty to one's friends is the only ethical consideration. The film's entire philosophy can be summed up in a scene where Sam, about to have sex with a nubile young woman, realizes that he loves his wife and can't go through with the indiscretion after all. The girl's eyes shine with new-found respect for the exemplary moral code of this old married man with his pants around his ankles and his condom ready for deployment. Not content with leaving this already distasteful sequence where it is, screenwriter Dan Fogelman adds insult to injury with a final one-liner for Kline: "Can I get a blowjob instead?" Boys will be boys!

OK, not a bad movie for those that liked **HANGOVER III**, **HALL PASS**, **HORRIBLE BOSSES**, **GROWN UPS 2**, **REDS 2** and **THE BIG WEDDING**.





1/28 1 RUSH ACTION
\$28 MILL BO 2164 SCREENS R 123 MINUTES

Chris Hemsworth (RED DAWN, THOR, STAR TREK: INTO THE DARKNESS, A PERFECT GETAWAY)
Olivia Wilde (DRINKING BUDDIES, DEADFALL, THE WORDS, IN TIME, COWBOYS & ALIENS)

Ron Howard's **RUSH** begins with three-time Formula One world champ Niki Lauda (Daniel Brühl) looking over his competition, namely the British James Hunt (Hemsworth). It's the day of the 1976 German Grand Prix, in which Lauda received intense burns from a crash precipitated by bad track conditions, and in voiceover, he self-effacingly describes the nature of his obsession. It's a funny moment of honesty, a genius of sorts buoyantly owning up to his flaws, but it's a red herring in the end. As the film traces the rivalry between Hunt and Lauda throughout the better part of the

1970s, it becomes clear that the filmmakers prefer to focus on Hunt's swaggering charm and daring rather than Lauda's cold technical brilliance and precision.

Howard's main fascination with how these two men toy with fatalism via their sport, but the film never seems to take death all that serious, not unlike Hunt. When we first meet him, he boasts by describing how being a driver and being so consistently close to death turns women on. Even the dissolution of his backing by Lord Hesketh (Christian McKay) and his marriage, to Suzy Miller (Olivia Wilde), don't cause much more than a brief frustrated yelp from Hunt. His world is without conflict by design, to the point that it amplifies the damage done to Lauda to a level of near-sadism.

Indeed, Lauda's recovery after his 1976 crash is graphically detailed, including a wince-worthy lung-vacuuming scene. By comparison, Hunt seems perpetually on the verge of shouting out "YOLO!" And it makes sense up to a point, as Howard is primarily a believer in courage of any sort.

It would be far easier to align with Howard's philosophy in this instance if he didn't more or less belittle Lauda's technical knowledge, obsession with safety, and brutal opinionating in the trade. When Lauda wins, the director focuses not on his triumph, but on Hunt's defeat, and we don't see Lauda open up to anyone until near the end, when he admits to a corrosive need to win during a midnight confession to his wife (Alexandra Maria Lara). And Howard's by-the-seat-of-your-pants aesthetic makes the slower, darker sequences feel hurried and bland, especially when stacked up next to the racing sequences.

Howard's entire the very title. When looking doesn't necessarily matter, one purpose, and the film along quickly and bringing out some of humor and sadness in scenes are exciting and could stand to lose the seem to kick in whenever a 55mph. But just like any Howard's latest wears off vehicle, enthusiastically crafted but without much to speak of under the hood.



end game seems to be in for a rush, the source as long as it serves that succeeds at that, moving confidently, with the cast intermittent pleasant notes the script. The racing genuinely fun, though they fuck yeah rock songs that character goes above other rush, the thrill of and what's left is a star

This is perfect for all fans of **FAST & FURIOUS, MAN OF STEEL, THE HEAT, HANGOVER III, PRISONERS, WHITE HOUSE DOWN** and **THE INTERNSHIP**.