

11/7 1 CARS 3 FAMILY

**\$160 MILL BO 3287 SCREENS G 102 MINUTES
DVD/ COMBO**

Voices of Owen Wilson, Chris Cooper

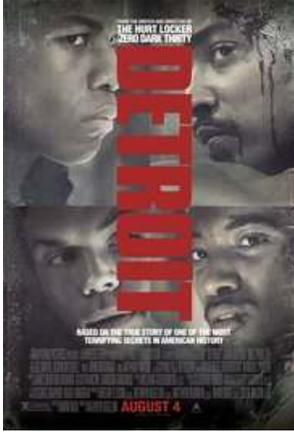
With *Cars 3*, Pixar attempts another course correction, eschewing the clunky action-comedy trappings of [Cars 2](#) in favor of more predictable, straightforward story about Lightning McQueen (Owen Wilson)—now an aging racing veteran on the downward slope of his career—seeking to prove himself to a new generation of cars. He particularly sets his sights on defeating a high-tech speedster, Jackson Storm (Armie Hammer), whose sophisticated data-driven approach to driving has bolted him to the top of the racing world. McQueen signs on to train at a state-of-the-art facility owned by rich executive Sterling (Nathan Fillion), who tasks spunky young female trainer Cruz Ramirez (Cristela Alonzo) with getting the veteran in shape to beat Storm.

Heavy on training montages and intergenerational torch passing, *Cars 3* is an old-fashioned sports film at heart. Swap out the talking cars for boxers or baseball pitchers and the film would sit comfortably next to such films as Sylvester Stallone's [Rocky Balboa](#) and Robert Lorenz's [Trouble with the Curve](#), twilight dramas about a fading athlete struggling with age-old conundrums: how to know when to retire and how to do it with dignity. It's the sort of counterintuitively mature theme that's marked Pixar's best output, but while *Cars 3* may be the least objectionable entry in this series to date, it never hits the bittersweet emotional highs of films like [Up](#) and [Toy Story 3](#).

Cars 3 is content to explore the end of McQueen's career with a series of pre-packaged sports-film clichés—an old dog trying to learn new tricks, struggling with a sport that seems to have passed him by, and facing, for the first time in his career, a sense of vulnerability. The template turns out to be a natural fit for the *Cars* universe, organically integrating racing into the fabric of the film and rendering it with a visceral sense of speed, excitement, and struggle.



This will rent as well as **CAPTAIN UNDERPANTS, MOANA, SING, ROCK DOG TROLLS, and MINIONS.**



11/7 DETROIT DRAMA
\$18 MILL BO 2892 SCREENS R 143 MINUTES
DVD/COMBO 28 DAYS BEFORE REDBOX

John Boyega (ATTACK THE BOCK, THE CIRCLE, STAR WARS: THE FORCE AWAKENS)

There's a tonal shift about one-third of the way through Kathryn Bigelow's *Detroit*, and as shocking and upsetting as everything that happens in the docudrama's centerpiece sequence unquestionably is, it's even more disturbing to contemplate the reasons the left turn feels so disruptive—and how that very difference informs how America digests and expels its systemic racial assaults. Based on an event that left multiple black men dead in a seedy motel amid the 1967 Detroit riots, the film opens with an animated sequence showing how the country's urban cores were abandoned by the white middle class—presented with such a starkly grade-school veneer that you suspect Bigelow is condescending to specific portions of the audience. The film then launches quickly into street-level recreations of the events that touched off the fiercest uprising in a summer occupied by them.

That *Detroit* is a response to the Black Lives Matter/Blue Lives Matter battle currently playing out in 2017 is obvious even in this early sequence, and not merely in the sense that it observes the half-century gap between the events depicted in the film and the state of Trump's America and finds very little to suggest things have changed. In cross-cutting between characters, Bigelow denies the audience a protagonist, but she and screenwriter Mark Boal most certainly supply an antagonist: Will Poulter's Philip Krauss, a trigger-happy Detroit police officer who, within the first minute of the film, is shown shooting a black grocery looter in the back and leaving him to die. Played sweatily by the actor who was once slated to play Pennywise in the remake of Stephen King's *It*—and who needs to have a serious talk with his agent lest his career follow the path of go-to racist villain player Bryce Dallas Howard—Krauss is the least subtle portrayal of white supremacy in power since James Woods slobbered over every inch of scenery in *Ghosts of Mississippi*.



That his grinning evil is juxtaposed against the naturalism of virtually the rest of the ensemble tips Bigelow and Boal's hands even before the film drops the "Day 1," "Day 2" reportage and elevator-drops the audience into what is, by all justifiable standards, a torture-horror film. On a hot night during the height of the riots, police and National Guard troops descend on a motel after one patron shoots a toy gun out his window with righteously bellicose brio. From that innocent misunderstanding, a siege ensues, as Krauss, his partners on the force, and a wavering-but-willing guardsman terrorize about a dozen guests with racist obscenities, beatings, and psychological mind games.

Bigelow's genre shift is itself the film's most powerful political statement. The newsreel style of the early sequence keeps audiences engaged by scope, and skeptics at arm's length in the knowledge that demonstrations in America circa 2017 "aren't like that anymore, at least." The debasement and cold-blooded murder that dominates the film after the shift doesn't let a single viewer off the hook, and Bigelow almost seems to be arguing that it's a direct byproduct of how easily this country processes (in other words, waves off) its own complicity in nurturing racism, indeed making it part of its national identity. A film like *Detroit* enters the current climate with an expectation that it adds to the conversation. The film, maybe to its credit despite the cultural dynamite it lights, argues that the conversation, centuries in, already speaks for itself, and anyone with any semblance of a soul already ought to see that.

This will rent as well as **THE WALL, 47 METERS DOWN, THE PROMISE, PATRIOTS DAY, HIDDEN FIGURES, and NOCTURNAL ANIMALS.**



11/7 THE GLASS CASTLE DRAMA
\$19 MILL BO 2156 SCREENS PG-13 127 MINUTES
DVD/COMBO

Brie Larson (TRAINWRECK, KONG: SKULL ISLAND, THE GAMBLER, 21 JUMP STREET)
Woody Harrelson (WAR FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES, THE EDGE OF 17, NOW YOU SEE ME 2, WHITE MEN CAN'T JUMP, ZOMBIELAND, NO COUNTRY FOR OLD MEN)

In *The Glass Castle*, no sooner is the audience introduced to Jeannette Walls (Brie Larson), living comfortably with her investment-banker fiancé, David (Max Greenfield), than the film hints at the hardscrabble reality she left behind. At a dinner with one of David's potential clients, Jeannette refuses to let the man's girlfriend throw away her half-eaten dinner, her thriftiness recalling stories of Depression-era upbringings despite the film's 1989 setting. And soon the reason for Jeannette's behavior is clarified when, riding home in a taxi, she comes upon her homeless parents, Rex (Woody Harrelson) and Rose Mary (Naomi Watts), rummaging through some trash.

The film intercuts Jeannette's young adulthood as a successful columnist in late-'80s New York with an unsettled childhood defined by the transience of parents gripped by a combination of wanderlust and debt. As a young girl, Jeannette (Chandler Head) sees her parents as irresponsible but fundamentally exciting—a perspective that clashes violently with our first impression of them. This underpins the frequent moments in which Rex and Rose Mary's instability leads to drastic consequences, like Jeannette horribly burning herself while cooking without supervision—moments that completely debase any sense of normalcy even as Jeannette and her siblings find ways to compartmentalize their trauma.



This one will rent as well as **THE BIG SICK, THE CIRCLE, THE CASE FOR CHRIST, and LION.**



11/7 YOUR NAME ANIMATION/FAMILY
\$7 MILL BO 311 SCREENS PG
106 MINUTES DVD/ COMBO

The “body-swap” genre is no longer novel for American moviegoers and, unfortunately, a majority of such films—especially since the turn of the century—have not only been vanilla (in both substance and casting), but also infuriatingly vapid examples of a modern trend towards fiscally safe, ambitionless cinema. After some brief Googling, one can conclude that the insipidity of such flicks seems to correlate with their MPAA ratings; the more “adult” the film is meant to be, the less substance it contains. Examples of this phenomenon include: Rob Schneider’s lowbrow, broad comedy *The Hot Chick* (2002); Jennifer Garner’s almost endearingly innocuous *13 Going On 30* (2004); and a Jason Bateman/Ryan Reynolds “mantasy” (fantasy, for middle-aged men, and more specifically dads) called *The Change-Up*

(2011).

In one of its first scenes, Japan’s most recent animated export, [sic] *Your Name.*, recognizes the inherent sexual comedy in body-swapping pubescent characters of opposing genders: a teenaged girl wakes up, dazed by her surroundings, until she looks down and notices her own breasts, as if for the very first time. She proceeds to fondle herself until her elementary-aged sister interrupts to notify her of breakfast. We soon learn that this is in fact Taki, a hotheaded high school student from Tokyo, trapped inside the body of Mitsuha, a benevolent country girl craving a more upbeat and urban lifestyle. Mitsuha also receives a similar, sexually explorative scene, but her reaction is antipodean to Taki’s—she screams at the alien thought of her newfound member, and only begrudgingly uses the bathroom.



Beyond this, though, *Your Name.* makes sparse use of such material, and instead proves to be a heart-melting story about two Japanese teenagers, disenchanted by their own realities and searching for something more substantial—one can even interpret this as a metaphor for the “body-swapping” filmgoer. Thankfully, the movie doesn’t force us to suffer through an opening act that’s chock full of exposition, and conclusion by a fatuous explanation of the body swapping itself (this is, in this writer’s opinion, where *Freaky Friday* falters). Instead, we are dropped into the drama only after the inciting incident: Mitsuha’s friends notify her that she was acting strangely the day before, something that confuses Mitsuha just as much as it entices the audience’s curiosity as to why.

This will rent as well as **DIARY OF A WIMPY KID: THE LONG HAUL, POWER RANGERS, ROCK DOG and A MONSTER CALLS.**



11/14 1 ATOMIC BLONDE ACTION

\$55 MILL BO 2987 SCREENS R 105 MINUTES DVD/
COMBO 28 DAYS BEFORE REDBOX

Charlize Theron (THE FATE OF THE FURIOUS, THE HUNTSMAN: WINTERS WAR, PROMETHEUS, HANCOCK THE ITALIAN JOB)

A recurring image in *Atomic Blonde*, director David Leitch's adaptation of the graphic novel *The Coldest City*, involves superimpositions of news broadcasts about the collapsing communist regime in East Germany over images of the spies who continue to operate in Berlin as if trying to get their last bit of wetwork in before all the fun stops. These moments are testaments to the futility of the violence depicted throughout, a commentary bluntly made late in the film as embedded Berlin station chief

David Percival (James McAvoy) surveys numerous double-crosses and directly faces the camera to ask: "Who won, and what was the fucking game anyway?"

Yet the most salient bit of self-criticism comes shortly thereafter, when an MTV News report shifts topics from the fall of the Berlin Wall to the subject of sampling and whether it's art or plagiarism. This throwaway joke neatly summarizes a film predicated on the wholesale exploitation of cliché—a film that often loses sight of its own action to glibly pay homage to other works.

The most obvious reference point here is [John Wick](#), with its heavily color-coded images and coldly efficient protagonist. Where Keanu Reeves offered a departure from his affably heroic persona to play Wick, Charlize Theron is in her wheelhouse as Lorraine Broughton, an MI6 agent who's sent to Berlin to retrieve a list containing the identities of various spies before it can fall into K.G.B. hands. Introduced emerging from an ice-filled bathtub as she numbs a plethora of cuts and bruises, sparing a few cubes to throw into a glass of vodka, Lorraine cuts a harsh profile that's exacerbated by Theron's impassive body language and purposefully expressionless face. In combat, the character is less fluid than Wick but possibly more resourceful, fighting for survival and thus relying on cunning fury as much as honed professionalism.

This will rent as well as **JOHN WICK, XXX: THE RETURN OF XANDER CAGE, THE FATE OF THE FURIOUS, TRANSFORMERS: THE LAST NIGHT, and ASSASSIN'S CREED.**



11/14 THE NUT JOB 2 FAMILY
\$32 MILL BO 2549 SCREENS PG-13 91 MINUTES
DVD/COMBO 28 DAYS BEFORE REDBOX

VOICES OF: Will Arnett, Katherine Heigl, Maya Rudolph

Loud, bright, and hollow, Cal Brunker's *The Nut Job 2: Nutty by Nature* is, if nothing else, a marked improvement over 2014's dire [The Nut Job](#), a lazily written and crudely animated heist comedy that doesn't lack for "nut" puns. With its swiftly paced script and jokey, devil-may-care tone, the sequel keeps the energy up while avoiding the cutesy sentimentality of so many kids' movies. While the dialogue is a fairly witless combination of third-hand one-liners and winking meta-jokes, the game voice cast manages to wring some chuckles out of their one-joke characters, including Jackie Chan as a murine martial-arts master, Bobby Moynihan as a joyfully immoral mayor, and Maya Rudolph and Bobby Cannavale as

a pair of tough-talking pugs in love.

The premise is run-of-the-mill kiddie-movie fare: Surly (Will Arnett), the inexplicably purple squirrel hero of the first movie, leads the animals of Liberty Park in a revolt against the city's evil mayor (Moynihan), who wants to demolish this quiet patch of nature and put up an amusement park.

This will rent as well as **CAPTAIN UNDERPANTS, THE LEGO BATMAN MOVIE, SMURFS: THE LOST VILLAGE, ROCK DOG, and MOANA.**





11/14 WIND RIVER DRAMA
\$31 MILL BO 2876 SCREENS R
107 MINUTES DVD/BLU RAY

Jeremy Renner (ARRIVAL, CAPTAIN AMERICA: CIVIL WAR, AVENGERS: AGE OF ULTRON, THE HURT LOCKER, THE BOURNE LEGACY)

Though Taylor Sheridan has only written three screenplays, the values at play in them are already a given. Good men are weary and suspicious, while the bad ones are erratic and prone to violence. Women are determined but inherently vulnerable. Trust needs to be earned rather than offered, and no character trait is more esteemed than that strain of truculent, just slightly flowery stoicism that cinema uses to convey self-reliance. And, of course, the world is harsh and unfair. The first scene of *Wind River* depicts a barefoot woman running and screaming, then collapsing into a snowy landscape—and the second shows a flock of sheep menaced by a trio of snarling wolves.

The snows of Wyoming represent the dualities at work here: pureness and unforgiveness. Few seem to know this better than Cory Lambert (Jeremy Renner), an officer of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. He's a tracker who hunts animal predators in order to preserve livestock populations, and Lambert is familiar with the Wind River Indian Reservation thanks to both his work and his personal life: He married Wilma (Julia Jones), a woman from the reservation, but their relationship failed after the death of one of their two children.

Lambert uses his job to avoid his grief (he's shown making his own bullets with gunpowder at night), but his discovery of the dead Wind River teenager, Natalie (Kelsey Asbille), forces this trauma to resurface. Her death is another in a series of numbing tragedies on the reservation, which is marked by poverty and inattention. Its residents are left to fend for themselves.



Sheridan lays out this emotional terrain so neatly that it's a surprise when the film all but abandons it upon the arrival of Jane Bremmer (Elizabeth Olsen), the F.B.I. officer sent to determine whether Natalie's death was a homicide. Bremmer is green but determined, and she employs Lambert's knowledge of the terrain to trace Natalie's murder to a plot of land leased by an oil company and patrolled by private security forces.

Wind River's most rewarding surprises come in how crucial plot developments arise from matters of borders and bureaucracy, but Sheridan's script is fatally keyed to Lambert's unwavering stoicism. He spends most of the film in either a cowboy hat or a snowsuit of white camouflage, two pieces of armor that indicate, respectively, his honor and his ability to circumvent the region's innate racial tensions. Lambert smooths over the film's more intriguing rough edges, uniting white police and native victims by way of dull, repetitive platitudes. Variations of "I only know what the tracks say" and "You survive or you surrender" are ubiquitous, but Sheridan's clumsy neo-noir poetry is best summarized by the local sheriff, Ben (Graham Greene): "This isn't the land of backup. This is the land of you're on your own." It's the work of a J.D. Vance who thinks he's Cormac McCarthy, locating the new American underbelly well outside the urban confines of the crime saga's heyday.

This will rent as well as **THE PROMISE, UNFORGETTABLE, LIFE, SPLIT, THE FOUNDER and PASSENGERS.**



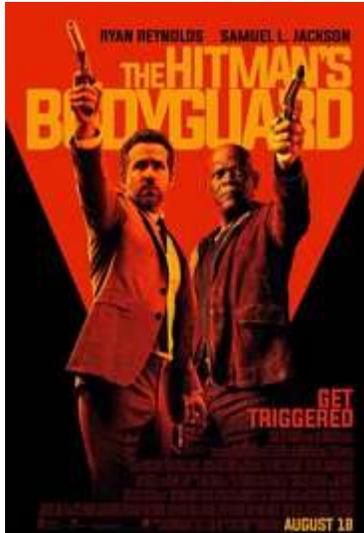
11/21 BIRTH OF THE DRAGON ACTION
\$7 MILL BO 1633 SCREENS PG-13 95 MINUTES
DVD/ COMBO 28 DAYS BEFORE REDBOX

In **Birth of the Dragon** director George Nolfi ("[The Adjustment Bureau](#)") serves up his fictional account of a notable 1964 showdown pitting the immensely gifted Oakland-based martial arts instructor Bruce Lee (Philip Ng, "The Man from Macau") against Wong Jack Man (Yu Xia, "Romance Out of the Blue"), a visiting (and disgraced) Shaolin monk now making his home in San Francisco. The reason for these men to butt heads stems from the fact that Lee (before his meteoric rise to super-stardom in motion pictures) dared to cater to Westerners by teaching them the sacred intricacies of martial arts — something of a major concern to Wong (and other traditionalists).

Additionally, the dynamics between Lee and Wong is observed on the sidelines by a Caucasian martial arts student named Steve McKee (Billy Magnussen, "[Bridge of Spies](#)") whose devotion to the sparring 24-year old instructor is only hampered by his blinding attraction to a vulnerable Chinatown waitress (Qu Jingjing) at the mercy of her seedy employer (Xing Jin) looking for payback.

This will rent as well as **SLEIGHT, LOST CITY OF Z, UNFORGETTABLE, XXX: RETURN OF XANDER CAGE, and THE GREAT WALL.**





11/21 **1** THE HITMAN'S BODYGUARD

ACTION/COMEDY \$73 MILL BO 2893 SCREENS R
128 MINUTES DVD/COMBO

Ryan Reynolds (LIFE, DEAD POOL, SELF/LESS, SAFE HOUSE, THE CHANGE-UP)

Samuel L. Jackson (PULP FICTION, DIE HARD WITH A VENGEANCE, XXX: RETURN OF XANDER CAGE, SNAKES ON A PLANE, KINGSMAN: THE SECRET SERVICE, CAPTAIN AMERICA: THE WINTER SOLDIER)

The prologue to Patrick Hughes's *The Hitman's Bodyguard* introduces Michael Bryce (Ryan Reynolds), the owner of a security firm that services the rich and powerful—until a bullet to a client's head puts an end to his successful business and lavish lifestyle. This slick, wise-cracking badass needs to regain his lost mojo, which is where the president of Belarus, Vladislav Dukhovich (Gary Oldman), comes in. Michael's new client, Darius Kincaid (Samuel L. Jackson), is a hitman who must be escorted from Manchester to Amsterdam in order to testify against Dukhovich, who, after murdering a dissident's family, is being tried at the International Court of Justice. Along the way, relationships are tested, as is the audience, which is subjected to one incongruous fusion of action, comedy, and romance after another.

Among the seemingly countless bumps on Michael and Darius's trip to Amsterdam is the former's past relationship problems with Amelia (Elodie Yung), the C.I.A. agent who blackmailed him into accepting this latest job while also promising to help him rebuild his reputation. Also complicating matters is that Michael and Darius have a sordid past of their own from the dozens of times Darius has tried to assassinate Michael's high-powered clients. Their genuine mutual hatred provides some snappy one-liners early on, but their obsession with one another's love life feels oddly forced into the film's action. Darius is particularly insistent on getting Michael to apologize to Amelia for his accusations that she sold out the location of his client who was killed but does so with the childlike forthrightness and persistence of a teenager.

At least our peek into Darius's love life benefits from the film's smoothest integration of humor and romance into Hughes's rote sense of action. Darius's incarcerated wife, Sonia (Salma Hayek), is essentially the Bonnie to his Clyde, and though her comedic persona is built too much on dropping F-bombs, there's a harmonious tonal alchemy to her scenes. The funniest is a flashback to Darius and Sonia's first encounter at a bar, where, after being touched inappropriately by one man, Sonia takes on several other barroom roughnecks, breaking bones and slitting throats with a fury that astonishes and enraptures even the deadly Darius. Set to pop music and punctuated by increasingly cartoonish reaction shots from Darius, this flash of explosive, tongue-in-cheek violence is notable for its confident sense of modulation.

This rent as well as **ROUGH NIGHT, THE FATE OF THE FURIOUS, GHOST IN THE SHELL, JOHN WICK 2, and XXX: THE RETURN OF XANDER CAGE.**





11/21 LEAP! FAMILY
\$22 MILL BO 2579 SCREENS PG
89 MINUTES DVD/COMBO

VOICES OF: Elle Fanning, Carly Rae Jepsen,

With no talking animals or characters breaking into song, *Leap!* is the rare children's animated film that's grounded in realism. The filmmakers manage to paint a lovingly detailed backdrop of 1880s Paris centered on the magnificent Palais Garnier. With a half-constructed Eiffel Tower looming over the skyline, *Leap!*'s sweeping, luminescent vistas evoke the beauty and vibrancy of the city, while its fluidly rendered ballet choreography—closely inspired by the movements of real-life dancer Aurélie Dupont, though often bigger and broader than the laws of physics would strictly allow—captures

the grace and majesty of the art form.

Leap! pits Felicie (Elle Fanning)—a restless young orphan who escapes a stifling Brittany orphanage to pursue her dream of dancing in Paris—against the wealthy Camille (Maddie Ziegler) in a battle to find the next Clara for the Paris Opera Ballet's production of *The Nutcracker*. With the help of Odette (Carly Rae Jepsen), a brilliant dancer now reduced to sweeping the steps of the opera house, Felicie trains night and day to prove herself to the company's mercilessly demanding director, Mérante (Terrence Scammell).

This is a nice family film with a message that will rent as well as **CAPTAIN UNDERPANTS, TROLLS, STORKS, PETE'S DRAGON** and **ICE AGE 5**.





11/21 **1** **VALERIAN AND THE CITY OF A THOUSAND PLANETS** SCI/FI
\$44 MILL BO **PG-13** 137 MINUTES DVD/COMBO
28 DAYS BEFORE REDBOX

Clive Owen (SIN CITY, CHILDREN OF MEN, INTRUDERS, KILLER ELITE, LAST KNIGHTS)

The opening of [VALERIAN AND THE CITY OF A THOUSAND PLANETS](#) is superb. It is like STAR TREK'S FIRST CONTACT.

In the 28th century, Valerian (Dane DeHaan) and Laureline (Cara Delevingne) are a team of special operatives charged with maintaining order throughout the human territories. Under assignment from the Minister of Defense, the two embark on a mission to the astonishing city of Alpha, an ever-expanding metropolis where species from all over the universe have converged over centuries to share knowledge, intelligence and cultures with each other. There is a mystery at the center of Alpha, a dark force which threatens the peaceful existence of the City of a Thousand Planets, and Valerian and Laureline must race to identify the marauding menace and safeguard not just Alpha, but the future of the universe.

The opening of [VALERIAN AND THE CITY OF A THOUSAND PLANETS](#) is superb. It is like STAR TREK'S FIRST CONTACT.

The visuals for VALERIAN BLAH BLAH BLAH are sublime, one of the first reviews I read described this as AVATAR on acid. Visually that is spot on. The [science fiction](#) visuals are OUT OF THIS WORLD (see what I did there) and looked amazing in 3D on the big screen. The tech that is used is also amazing. The first scene in a desert marketplace taking place on two dimensions was new and exciting and for sci-fi geeks it's amazing sci-fi porn. Big ticks. Then there is the nods to all the [science fiction](#) greats. There is AVATAR, STAR WARS, BLADE RUNNER and THE FIFTH ELEMENT references – if you can't spot E.T. you're an idiot haha.

This will rent as well as **THE MUMMY, LOST CITY OF Z, PASSENGERS, and MAX STEEL.**

