



**10/2 –FRIDAY RELEASE 1 THE AVENGERS:
AGE OF ULTRON**

**ACTION ADVENTURE \$457 MILL BO 4237 SCREENS
PG-13 141 MINUTES**

**Robert Downey Jr (BACK TO SCHOOL, THE JUDGE,
IRON MAN, TROPIC THUNDER, THE SOLOIST, U. S.
MARSHALLS)**

**Mark Ruffalo (THE AVENGERS, DATE NIGHT,
SHUTTER ISLAND, THE KIDS ARE ALL RIGHT, NOW
YOU SEE ME)**

**Chris Evans (CAPTAIN AMERICA: THE WINTER
SOLDIER, THOR: THE DARK WORLD, PUNCTURE, CELLULAR, STREET KINGS)**

You want bigger? You want more characters, more villains, more comic book toys and gadgets? Well, Marvel's latest entry in the billion dollar blockbuster franchise, *Avengers: Age of Ultron*, has all those things, and as you guessed by the previous sentence, it has a lot "more". More talking. More important sub-textual plot points. More dream sequences. More Marvel Universe tie-ins. More possible spin-offs. And perhaps most importantly, more problems for the team walking in to take over from an exhausted and spent Joss Whedon. The second time around, we lose the novelty but not the nerve.

Ever since thwarting Loki and his plans for interplanetary domination, The Avengers—Captain America (Chris Evans), Iron Man (Robert Downey Jr.), Black Widow (Scarlett Johansson), Hawkeye (Jeremy Renner), Thor (Chris Hemsworth), and Hulk (Mark Ruffalo)—have been after the villain's powerful scepter. When they locate it in a far off Eastern European mountain village, they come face to face with Hydra leader Baron Wolfgang von Strucker (Thomas Kretschmann) and mutant twins Quicksilver (Aaron Taylor-Johnson) and Scarlet Witch (Elizabeth Olsen). A battle ensues.

After achieving their goal, Iron Man's Tony Stark and Hulk's Bruce Banner use the staff as a means of experimenting with artificial intelligence. Hoping to create a means of securing world peace, they instead unleash something known as Ultron (voiced by James Spader), an amalgamation of robotics and attitude. As with most thinking machines, this creature decides that the death of all mankind is the only way to bring calm back to the planet. Using Quicksilver and Witch, Ultron begins to build a massive robot army while trying to create a "human" alter ego for himself. The results backfire, and a new Avenger with the mind of Stark's AI assistant J.A.R.V.I.S., now calling itself Vision (Paul Bettany) is born.

The rest is a rush to save humanity, that former mountain lair now part of a E.I.E. plot to wipe the planet clean. We get several sensational action sequences (including an amazing mid-movie smackdown between Hulk and Iron Man in his Hulkbuster armor), and a finalé that leaves its characters with room to grow. Toss in a bunch of pre-*Infinity Wars* cameos (everyone is here from Anthony Mackie's Falcon to Don Cheadle's War Machine), a revelation about Hawkeye's home life, and at least five different moments when Dr. Bruce Banner and Natasha Romanoff make cow-eyes at each other and you've skimmed the surface of what *Age of Ultron* is.

This one will be huge like **AMERICAN SNIPER, GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY, FURIOUS 7, INSURGENT, RUN ALL NIGHT, THE DUFF, UNBROKEN, GET HARD, THE EQUALIZER, and 22 JUMP STREET.**





10/13 1 **INSIDIOUS 3** HORROR
\$54 MILL BO 2327 SCREENS **PG-13** 97 MINUTES

Dermot Mulroney (AUGUST: OSAGE COUNTY, SPACE WARRIORS, THE GREY, BURN AFTER READING, ZODIAC)

“I got out of this business,” Elise Rainier (Lin Shaye) insists. She’s doing her best to keep Quinn (Stefanie Scott) where she is, namely, on the porch, but the high schooler looks so bereft and *Insidious: Chapter 3* is so in need of a haunting that Elise lets her inside. Just for a minute, she says, reasoning that a little talk can’t hurt anything.

You know otherwise. In the *Insidious* movies, talking to dead people tends to be the start of something bad. Here again, in the first prequel, Elise—dressed in a bathrobe and obviously not inclined to go out much—runs into dead people she’d rather not engage. But Quinn earnestly, desperately, really, really misses her dead mom (“I really need to ask her some questions!”) and so Elise acquiesces. She turns off the lamp and closes her eyes and calls out to Dead Mom (Lily). And just as you and Elise expect, she runs into someone else, not-quite namely, the Man Who Can’t Breathe (Michael Reid MacKay).

Like the franchise’s other bad dead people who don’t have names (say, the Bride in Black, played by Tom Fitzpatrick, who’s back to bother Elise), the Man Who Can’t Breathe is designated for what’s weird about him. He wears an oxygen mask and a hospital gown, and makes creepy heavy breathing sounds. He also leaves behind gooey black footprints on floors and walls (the movie doesn’t explain how these might be related to the not breathing), which suggest that he’s especially mobile, unlike Quinn, for whom he arranges an accident that leaves her in two full leg casts.

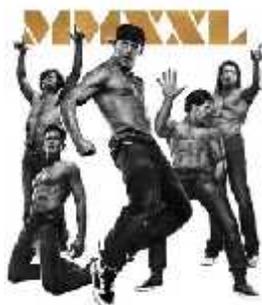


This situation ordains Quinn’s plot, poor thing that she is. Unable to walk or quite maneuver herself into her wheelchair, she’s reliant on her fretful dad Sean (Dermot Mulroney) even to get to the bathroom. She spends lots of time in bed, listening to the Man Who Can’t Breathe’s heavy breathing or watching cracks form as he clomps across the floor in the apartment upstairs. Quinn’s immobility is set against the Man Who Can’t Breathe’s excessive mobility. Like most ghosts in the movies, he can make his way through walls and ceilings, popping up for repeated jump scares, appearing behind shoulders or in windows, unconstrained by time and space.

The monster’s super mobility also sets up for Elise’s plot, which is to get out of her house and into the franchise to follow. Here you see the start of Elise’s pattern, which is to arrive at a home looking pert and composed, then finding it in herself to commit to serious action scenes, running down long hallways and assaulting formidable entities, kicking and shoving ghosts who otherwise have all kinds of eerie shape-shifting powers through windows, breaking glass. You also see her first meeting with Specs (director Leigh Whannell) and Tucker (Angus Sampson), as she undertakes to instruct them to become her helpers in films to come, essentially how to record her experience and hold hands with terrified victims. (In other words, they’re not so mobile, either.)

The might-have-been helper who isn’t set up for a return is the black lady who knows what the white folks cannot. Grace (Phyllis Applegate) is Quinn and Sean’s neighbor, and she confirms Quinn’s experience before anyone else can imagine it, saying she’s heard the Man Who Can’t Breathe in Quinn’s bedroom. Here Quinn’s face shows utter horror. But still, Grace’s confirmation doesn’t translate to Sean or anyone else who might be remotely useful in defending Quinn, because Grace apparently suffers from an addled mind, tended to by her doting husband (Jeris Poindexter) but not appreciated for the truth she embodies.

This will rent as well as **IT FOLLOWS, LUCY, MAZE RUNNER, GONE GIRL, DRACULA UNTOLD, INTERSTELLAR, INSIDIOUS, and UNFRIENDED.**



10/6 1 MAGIC MIKE XXL DRAMA
\$66 MILL BO 2847 SCREENS R 115 MINUTES

Channing Tatum (22 JUMP STREET, FOXCATCHER, MAGIC MIKE, WHITE HOUSE DOWN, 21 JUMP STREET)
Matt Bomer (TV—AMERICAN HORROR STORY, WHITE COLLAR, CHUCK)

When we last left the great Magic Mike (Channing Tatum), he was starting up his furniture business and getting serious with his girlfriend. That was three years ago. Now, he's unable to achieve much success or even give insurance to his one employee, and looking for some escape. But instead of exploring gnarly emotional anxieties like Steven Soderbergh's film, the sequel, directed by his frequent collaborator Gregory Jacobs, cuts right through them and suggests a simple cure: road trip!

In a few expert screenwriting snips, Mike's girl is disappeared, his business is put on hold, and the guys' slithery boss Dallas (Matthew McConaughey, not appearing here) has ditched them for an overseas gig. Hoping for a change in fortune, Mike and his buddies climb into his artisanal fro-yo van (all of these guys have businesses on the side), and drive to a gathering in Myrtle Beach called, well, "Stripper Convention".

That word "stripper" comes freighted with many subtexts the film generally ignores. Although we wouldn't expect to see a sunny road movie about a gaggle of female strippers heading off on a lark, the men are able to have a good time in a gig like this and go back to their day jobs none the worse for wear, their performances elaborate exercises in wish-fulfillment. But the film bends over as far as Tatum in his more acrobatic numbers to show that they're good, mostly undamaged working guys who just want to settle down with nice women.

Before that can happen, Mike and his crew have to come up with a big final show and get past a few engineered roadblocks. All are dealt with in perfunctory fashion. Reid Carolin's screenplay spends little energy on the mechanics of getting from Point A to Point B or resolving major character conflicts. Picking up on Soderbergh's low-key ensemble style, the new film focuses on Mike's reintegration into the group's barnstorming camaraderie. That translates into a number of briskly handled bonding moments (the guys rethink their tired old choreography while on



Molly; the guys talk earnestly about putting on one last great show; the guys razz Mike for abandoning them), interspersed with scenes where it just so happens that to move the plot forward, shirts come off and ab muscles ripple. At one point, voguing is involved.

This one will rent as well as **FURIOUS 7, MAD MAX: FURY ROAD, THE LONGEST RIDE, KINGSMEN, THE SECRET SERVICE, GET HARD, and FIFTY SHADES OF GREY.**



10/6 3 ME AND EARL AND THE DYING GIRL
COMEDY

\$8 MILL BO 870 SCREENS PG-13 105 MINUTES

Thomas Mann (BARELY LETHAL, WELCOME TO ME, BEAUTIFUL CREATURES, IT'S KIND OF A FUNNY STORY, AS COOL AS I AM)
Olivia Cooke (TV—BATES MOTEL—FILM—OUIJA, THE QUIET ONES, THE SIGNAL)

"I have no idea how to tell this story," Greg Gaines (Thomas Mann) says, staring at a computer screen, in the opening scene of *Me and Earl and the Dying Girl*. Alfonso Gomez-Rejon's film suffers from a similar indecision. Ungainly and unsightly, *Me and Earl* unites a mélange of teen-film tropes—the high school comedy, teen-cancer melodrama, and joint coming-of-age friendship and romance—into a narrative overburdened with cultural references and framing devices, and undermined by a lack of attention to character. The film's flurry of whip-pans, mixed-media gags, and wide shots filmed from surveillance angles only serve to obfuscate its confounding protagonist and one-note supporting cast.

Greg, the film's protagonist and fitful narrator, avows that he's survived high school by ingratiating himself with every last sub-segment of the school's social strata, though he's constantly claiming to be friendless and helplessly awkward. Despite his disaffection, Greg belies a passion for foreign art-house cinema, handed down to him by his father (Nick Offerman), a kimono-wearing sociology professor and connoisseur of exotic foods. Greg spends his free time producing parodies of Criterion Collection fare with his black best friend Earl (RJ Cyler), who Greg refers to as a "business partner" as part of a steadfast effort to avoid emotional intimacy. That endeavor is hindered by his mother (Connie Britton), who mandates that Greg spend time with Rachel (Olivia Cooke), a classmate recently diagnosed with leukemia. Upon his first visit to Rachel's home, Greg and Rachel interact with a modest staircase separating them. It's shot to look as imposing as the Odessa steps, suggesting the effort Greg will have to make to shed his solipsism and relate to his peers.

This one will rent as well as **LITTLE BOY, 5 FLIGHTS UP, MAPS TO THE STARS, THE HOMESMAN, BOYHOOD,** and **MAGIC IN THE MOONLIGHT.**





10/13 2 DOPE DRAMA
\$18 MILL BO 1834 SCREENS R 103 MINUTES

Shameik Moore (TV—GET DOWN, INCREDIBLE CREW)

Tony Revolori (THE GRAND BUDAPEST HOTEL, UMRIKA, THE PERFECT GAME)

The film's hectic narrative kicks into breezy motion when Malcolm the school genius attempts to broker a hookup between a dealer (A\$AP Rocky) and an around the way girl (Zoë Kravitz) who conveniently struggles with her math equations. A shooting at a local club ends with Malcolm running for cover with, oblivious to him, a handgun and bricks of molly stashed in his backpack, and

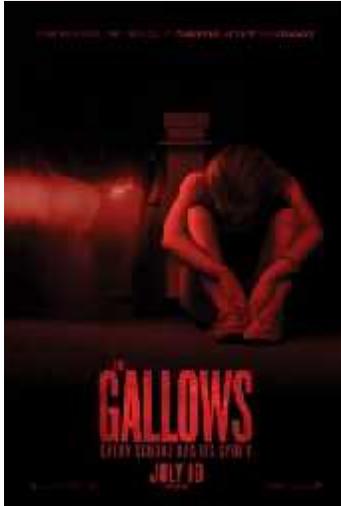
after a run-in with a rival dealer trying to intercept the booty, Malcolm, Diggy, and Jib hatch a plan to sell the drugs online using untraceable Bitcoin as currency. Their smarts, as in Malcolm's canny ditching of his iPhone on the bus his mother (Kimberly Elise) operates, become the thrust of the ever-curlicuing narrative. *Dope* is an Inglewood-set version of *Go* that seems to pause only when it feels the audience might need a breather, as in a standoff that's winkingly punctuated with a bike stroll scored to Nas's "The World Is Yours" and a dreamy bus ride featuring all of Malcolm's tormentors staring him in the face.

Dope is a drug caper, heist film, and coming-of-age saga wrapped into one, and it feels noticeably constrained by a familiar and forced holding pattern. It's abundant in gags and conversations that, while often smart, our pop culture has already proffered. (The film's funniest bit, in which Jib wishes there was an app that could help him and his friends avoid "these hood traps," soars because it articulates a feeling that's profoundly and uniquely bittersweet.) Malcolm, Diggy, and Jib's reunion with a hacker, Will (Blake Anderson), they met at band camp suggests, in the cock-nitive brio of Anderson's performance, outtakes from an episode of *Workaholics*. One especially jokey stretch, featuring Chanel Iman as a drug overload's oft-naked daughter and Malcolm's would-be cherry popper, begins as a distracting allusion to the firecracker scene from *Boogie Nights* before culminating in a trite digression about memes that, as if in kinship to the opening of the ever-churlish Tina Fey's *Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt*, delights in transforming poverty and blackness into a punchline.



Writer-director Rick Famuyiwa, to be fair, understands Malcolm's nostalgia as a shield against the very chaos that the bricks of drugs in his backpack force on him. But aside from a poignant encounter between Malcolm and a sneaker-stealing bully, in which the former shakily points a gun at the latter and both are reborn to notions of cause and effect, the film mostly articulates Malcolm's struggle to stay true to his meticulously curated sense of self in bits of crudely imparted wisdom. For our convenience, since Malcolm is smart enough to know this already, it's pointed out that he made the "choice to make the delivery," which, of course, leads him down a very "slippery slope." More dubious is *Dope's* betrayal of the kid's intelligence, misguidedly buying into the lie of the high school principal who scoffs at Malcolm's planned college essay on Ice Cube's "It Was a Good Day." In the end, Famuyiwa tragically suggests, and in contradiction to the twee lip service the film's coda pays to identity, that Malcolm must at least taste menace before his geekiest ambitions can be legitimized.

This will rent as well as **MAGGIE, THE WATER DIVINER, THE LOFT, SLOW WEST, PROJECT ALMANAC, INTO THE WOODS** and **MORDECAI**.



10/13 2 THE GALLOWS HORROR
\$23 MILL BO 2542 SCREENS R 81 MINUTES

Reese Mishler (TV—YOUTHFUL DAZE, THE INTERNS)

Though the device is always used as a means of ramping up tension, POV horror films cash in their claim on veracity the moment viewfinder guidelines or a "low battery" warning flashes on screen. Unless the intention is to put the audience in the position of identifying with an omniscient phantom cinematographer, that's not how cameras work. None of that text is ever actually imprinted on the video itself, most consumer-level cameras can't handle the darkness so crucial to horror films without constantly dipping out of focus, and there's certainly none capable of capturing surround-sound mixes. So sweeping realism (or something close to it) off the table, what other motivations would a filmmaker have for using the by-now shopworn device?

The Gallows opens with a truly upsetting prologue. Flashing back to 1993, the static VHS image presents a believably amateur high school production of some *Crucible*-adjacent historic pageant, the exact sort of drama that could turn students off from the subject of American history for good. With chatter from proud parents punctuating the silence of flubbed lines, the sequence ends in pandemonium after a platform on stage opens up underneath a young be-noosed actor. Again, the idea that a working noose would actually be put around a child's neck in a high school play is ludicrous, but the video's warped, static-flecked feel of an outtake from one of those "Banned from Television" compilations they used to shill during episodes of *Jerry Springer* lift it above all such issues.

Flash forward to 2013. The same high school is preparing its revival of the play in honor of the 20th anniversary of that fatal accident. You read that right. And because this is a school where drama is apparently but mandatory, the hapless captain of the football team is set to play the central martyr role. His insufferably sardonic sidekick takes to documenting the train-wrecks that are the final rehearsals, and it's those bad-faith videos that form the remainder of the film's running time. Convincing his wooden pal that there's no way he can go through the embarrassment of actually stepping onto the stage, they devise a plan to sneak into the theater the night before the curtain rises and trash the set. From there, it's strictly a high-tech spin on one of those *Scary Stories to Tell in the Dark*.

This one will rent as well as **UNFRIENDED, IT FOLLOWS, CHAPPIE, PAUL BLART 2, PROJECT ALMANAC** and **THE PYRAMID**.





10/13 1 SAN ANDREAS ACTION
\$151 MILL BO 3812 SCREENS PG-13 114 MINUTES

Dwayne Johnson (HBO'S THE BALLERS—FILM—FURIOUS 7, THE OTHER GUYS, FAST FIVE, YOU AGAIN, THE GAME PLAN, THE SCORPION KING)

Paul Giamatti (LOVE & MERCY, THE AMAZING SPIDERMAN 2, SAVING MR. BANKS, 12 YEARS A SLAVE, THE HANGOVER II, WIN WIN)

The film's opening, in which a perpetually texting millennial almost psychically avoids two head-on collisions before a pre-tremor foists her car off a cliff, serves to contradictorily establish our vulnerability to the whims of nature and rescue-chopper pilot Ray's (Dwayne Johnson) uncanny ability to fly in the face of any and all danger and is flying over California as a monster earthquake strikes San Francisco. And, all right, he's got his estranged wife, Emma (Carla Gugino), on the seat beside him, having just rescued her from the top of an exploding skyscraper. You might even accept that Blake, stranded on the ground, is calling her dad to let him know where to pick her up. But even as the streets are breaking up, the skies are full of smoke and fire, buildings and bridges are collapsing, the most preposterous thing may be this: Ray takes a moment to elucidate what's happened to that cell phone service.

Of course, they have backstory; it can't be enough that the earthquake is killing everyone around them, that the 3D CGI creates massive chaos, panicking crowds, and crushing tsunamis, again and again, or that this ongoing turmoil is explained (also again and again) by a helpfully all-knowing scientist (Paul Giamatti), whose instruments at Cal Tech never ever stop working. No. *San Andreas* sets up the seismic events in order that Ray and Emma can sort out their relationship, torn up by the loss of Blake's sister in a drowning and—surprise—Ray's inability to cope, that is, his set jaw and silence.



"I should have let you in," Ray tells Emma while they're still on their way to "get our daughter", adding, "I just didn't know how." Thank god for the earthquake. Otherwise, he'd still be distracting himself with his job, which is, you know, saving people, which he mostly neglects when Emma and then Blake are in danger and he saves him. Otherwise, Emma would be moving in with her new boyfriend, the wholly and instantly despicable and oh yes super-wealthy architect Daniel (Ioan Gruffudd). True, he has a chance to reveal why he doesn't have a family when Blake asks him early in the film (he's been so busy with his other "kids," the buildings he's been "raising" for billions of dollars). But this chance doesn't begin to undo the bad impression that Daniel makes so visibly on Ray, who's hurt, furious, and childish during a brief encounter. It's not a little curious that Emma is such a terrible judge of character, but suffice it to say that she must be so that Ray can be right, even when he apologizes for being wrong.

Ray's always-rightness propels the plot, even to the point that he's asked to explain the most obvious plot point about the cell phone. No matter where he goes, or more precisely, where he brings Emma along so she can observe and admire his prowess, Ray is dazzlingly correct. An Afghanistan war veteran, he can drive any vehicle and does, including a chopper, a 4x4, a plane, and a boat, piloting the last into and over a tsunami wave in a move that makes you think he might have been helpful in *The Perfect Storm* or maybe *The Impossible*. Not only that, but he can tandem-parachute and hold his breath forever and knock down walls, all useful skills that he uses in sequence, every crisis another occasion for him to be right again.

This one will rent as well as **HOT PURSUIT, LUCY, PAUL BLART 2, KINGSMEN: THE SECRET SERVICE, RUN ALL NIGHT, GET HARD, AMERICAN SNIPER, and TAKEN 3.**



10/13 1 TERMINATOR GENISYS SCI FI/ACTION
\$89 MILL BO 3492 SCREENS **PG-13** 126 MINUTES

Arnold Schwarzenegger (KINDERGARTEN COP, EXIT WOUND, CONAN THE BARBARIAN, END OF DAYS, COLLATERAL DAMAGE)

Jason Clarke (CHILD 44, DAWN OF THE PLANET OF THE APES, ZERO DARK THIRTY, WHITE HOUSE DOWN, LAWLESS)

The film's greatest attribute is its redirection of focus back onto Sarah. The series is at its best when it filters John's messianic narrative through the perspective of its Mary figure, altering the emotional arc from a hero's triumph to the sacrifices of someone fated to be a footnote in history despite being tasked with all the grueling work of preparation. Emilia Clarke impresses as a toughened Sarah, but she truly excels when chafing against the expectation of falling for a man destined to be the father of her child without her say-so. When John emerges from a changed future as a man-machine hybrid, he embodies Sarah's conflicted feelings and resentment of existing solely to give birth, and on occasion it seems that she fears the prospect of motherhood more than the apocalypse. **Terminator Genisys** may not be a great movie, but Sarah's arc manages to do what the franchise's previous film shied away from: radically altering the parameters of not only the series' timeline, but its philosophical and emotional underpinnings.



This will rent as well as **MAD MAX: FURY ROAD, KINGSMEN: THE SECRET SERVICE, THE GAMBLER, AMERICAN SNIPER, and UNBROKEN.**



10/13 1 TOMORROWLAND SCI/FI THRILLER
\$93 MILL BO 3957 SCREENS **PG** 130 MINUTES

George Clooney (THE DESCENDANTS, UP IN THE AIR, OCEAN'S TWELVE, THE PERFECT STORM, O BROTHER WHERE ART THOU)

Hugh Laurie (TV'S HOUSE, VEEP—FILM—HOP, THE ORANGES, STREET KINGS, FLIGHT OF THE O F THE PHOENIX)

Britt Robertson (TV—UNDER THE DOME—FILM—DELIVERY MAN, SCREAM 4, THE FAMILY TREE)

"Do I have to explain everything? Can't you just be amazed and move on?"

—Frank (George Clooney)

"We saved a seat just for you!" Summoned by a smiling young cadet in uniform, Casey (Britt Robertson) does her best to step inside the shiny transport bound for great adventures. But as she steps forward, Casey is suddenly slowed, and when she looks down, she sees that she's walking through water, increasingly deep.

Casey doesn't make it aboard the transport during this early scene in *Tomorrowland*, but she believes in what she's seen: that is, the future. It's a future full of glossy surfaces and monorails, pale blues and swirly greens, a place and time where kids like her fly with jetpacks and bounce about in inflatable suits. This future is the sort imagined in the past; indeed, as *Tomorrowland* references, the sort erected for the 1964 World's Fair. This nostalgic future is all promise, no problem—except, maybe, for that bit about the waist-high water.

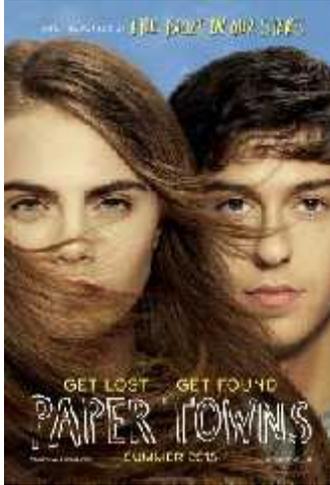
Once Casey glimpses her idealized future, she determines to return to it, even as she's pulled back into her present in Cape Canaveral, Florida. Here she's mad at NASA, that once-forward-looking enterprise now which is temporarily employing her engineer dad (Tim McGraw) to demolish a launch pad. Casey's been sneaking into the (apparently poorly secured) area at night to dismantle the demolition apparatus, then returns home to explain to her little brother (Pierce Gagnon) that she still believes that "even the teeniest of actions could change the future."

This would be *Tomorrowland's* point, at least when it's not distracted by other teeny and not so teeny actions by other individuals working with and against Casey. These individuals include Frank Walker (played by George Clooney in the film's present and by Thomas Robinson in 1964, when Frank is 11 years old), as well as 10-year-old Athena (Raffey Cassidy), whose British accent signals her otherness, along with her talents for time-travel, and Governor Nix (Hugh Laurie), whose nefarious arrogance is obvious during his first few moments on screen, rejecting the adorable young Frank's entry in an inventors' contest at the World's Fair. Just how Casey comes in and out of contact with these other players is less coherent than contrived; suffice it to say that she provides the closet thing the movie has to an emotional center.

As such, Casey engages in time and other-dimensional travel, sometimes initiated by her access to a pin with a T for tomorrow on it, and sometimes by transport by vehicles that include the Eiffel Tower, here reportedly designed in 1889 by Eiffel, Jules Verne, Thomas Edison, and, for good measure, Nikola Tesla, to become a rocket launch pad when needed. As the Tower breaks away to make room for the ship rumbling up from the ground, one or two tourists flail about on the breaking surface while others pull out their cell phones. It's a moment that reminds you of our own present, and the future it augurs, the present and future combined, where recording an event makes it a memory instantly, where imagining what comes next is less popular, less compelling, than holding on to what has happened.

For Casey the experience of the Eiffel Tower launching a rocket is something else, something like a fulfillment of her invitation at film's start. She is special, signaled by her access to the T pin, and so she must perform her specialness, in this case by "fixing" the future that is in imminent danger. She's special because she's your hero in *Tomorrowland*, the self-proclaimed optimist who reminds Frank of his lost faith in the future, and she's special because she develops a not-quite-convincing alliance with Athena, whose own specialness has to do with her embodiment of the idealized future, her incredible fighting skills and her eerie wisdom.

This film will rent as well as **THE LONGEST RIDE, EX MACHINA, JUPITER ASCENDING, EDGE OF TOMORROW, GET HARD, EXODUS: GODS AND KINGS, TAKEN 3** and **MAZE RUNNER.**



10/20 1 PAPER TOWNS DRAMA
\$33 MILL BO 2298 SCREENS PG-13 109 MINUTES

Nat Wolff (BEHAVING BADLY, THE FAULT IN OUR STARS, NEW YEAR'S EVER, PALO ALTO)
Austin Abrams (GANGSTER SQUAD, THE INBETWEENERS, SACRIFICE)

To hose down the white elephant in the room right off the bat, yes, *Paper Towns* falls into place as a coming-of-age spin on the Manic Pixie Dream Girl archetype. But to be more specific, it's a cautionary byproduct, a variation which revises the object of desire into more of a Manic-Depressive Pixie. And if it still commits the sin of using that well-worn type to illuminate the psychological profile of the straight white cis male protagonist, at least it demonstrates some level of self-awareness about that self-constructed pitfall.

It's not an easy feat either. The opening sequence is practically a millennial adaptation of the opening credits of *The Wonder Years*, with "Q" (Nat Wolff) as the Kevin Arnold who falls instantaneously in love with his own Winnie Cooper next door, Margo (Cara Delevingne). This even though she's the sort of creepy seven-year-old who can walk up to a dead man on the street, see that he's killed himself with a firearm, and react with the same unflinching, quizzical gaze other kids exhibit when holding a magnifying glass to focus the sun's rays onto an ant. Puberty strikes and their "best friends" status quo evaporates, but yet Q still carries the torch for her, harder than ever as she ascends to her throne as the queen of edginess on campus while he, with graduation looming, kills lunch hours with his two geek-culture compatriots in the band room. One magical night, Margo appears in Q's bedroom to lure him into a night spent exacting revenge on the pinhead quarterback who wronged her and the clique of friends she regards as complicit. Q thinks his dreams are about to come true, but the very next day, Margo disappears, leaving a string of clues behind to tease her whereabouts. Q understandably takes this as a sign she's Nancy Drew looking to make him her own Hardy Boy.



Paper Towns works, largely because of the inherent bittersweet rush that the last few months of high school hold. Before Margo disappears, she tells her love-struck companion that the mixture of fear and excitement that he felt while they were wrapping her enemies' cars with cellophane and Nair-ing off dumb jocks' eyebrows in their sleep is "what you should feel every day for the rest of your life."

This movie will rent as well as **THE FAULT IN OUR STARS, PITCH PERFECT 2, THE AGE OF ADELIN, ALOHA, and THE LONGEST RIDE.**



10/20 1 JURASSIC WORLD SCI/FI
\$637 MILL BO 4382 SCREENS **PG-12** 124 MINUTES

Chris Pratt (TV—PARKS AND RECREATION—FILM—DELIVERY MAN, HER, THE FIVE YEAR ENGAGEMENT, MONEYBALL)

Bryce Dallas Howard (THE TWILIGHT SAGA, 50/50, TERMINATOR SALVATION, THE HELP)

Two brothers, Zach and Bray (Nick Robinson and Ty Simpkins), are shuttled off to the revitalized Jurassic World theme park on Isla Nublar off the coast of Costa Rica, as a distraction from their parents' crumbling marriage; their aunt, Claire (Bryce Dallas Howard), is one of the park's administrators, so obsessed with her work that she barely remembers the boys are visiting. Meanwhile, a rugged ex-military velociraptor whisperer, Grady (Chris Pratt), is called in by the park's freewheeling, helicopter-piloting CEO, Simon (Irrfan Khan), to "evaluate the pattern of vulnerabilities" surrounding a new dinosaur: a crossbreed of tyrannosaurus and raptor known as the Indominus Rex, genetically engineered by the park's parent company, InGen. Seeing his scaly charges for the misunderstood animals they are, Grady opposes these experimentations, chiding Claire that "maybe progress should lose for once."

It's no surprise that *Jurassic World* falls victim to the same overelaborate plotting that's become de rigueur for its summer-blockbuster contemporaries. Everything goes calamitously wrong thanks to the usual shenanigans: the paddock door that can't close fast enough, the mysterious off-screen phone call, and a sneering security contractor, Hoskins (Vincent D'onofrio), obsessed with deploying dinosaurs in otherwise human-led combat missions. (Observing a pack of Grady's raptors in concert, he muses breathlessly: "Just imagine if we had these puppies in Tora Bora!") But the film also chases a handful of theoretically admirable subtexts: There's a running gag about today's kids being too distracted to be wowed by mere in-the-flesh dinosaurs, and the park's boardroom doublespeak—with execs calling the reptiles "assets" instead of animals—verges on Verhoeven-level ridiculous. The case could be made that, stripped of its action scenes and near-death encounters (of which every major character survives at least three), *Jurassic World* is a goofy workplace comedy, centering on Claire's bizarre mix of klutziness and cold professionalism.

None of this should count for much once the dinosaurs are front and center, but that's where *Jurassic World* is truly depressing: The thrill of seeing these prehistoric beasts is subordinated to that of seeing them awkwardly airbrushed into the same frame as 21st-century humans. Grady and Claire's screwball romance plays out against painfully cheap-looking jungle backdrops closer to the tourist-corralling wait rooms of Universal Studios than a real live tropical island—and whenever Grady needs to run, jump, or roll out of the path of an incoming dinosaur, the disjunction between tangible footage and the pixelated filling enmeshing him is impossible to ignore. Action scenes are drawn in impossible swoops and pans, with artificial dolly shots and rack focuses often starting or ending long before perspective has managed to cut elsewhere; the meagerest sense of spatial plausibility evaporates whenever the camera needs to move. Even the most basic camera angles around the park see the actors green-screened against bogus panoramic vistas, cushioned by eerie under-rendered digital halos.

It all adds up to great fun and will make this film rent as well as **PITCH PERFECT 2, MAD MAX: FURY ROAD, THE LONGEST RIDE, PAUL BLART 2, and GET HARD.**





10/27 1 THE GIFT THRILLER

\$32 MILL BO 2387 SCREENS R 108 MINUTES

Jason Bateman (TV---ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT---FILM--HORRIBLE BOSSES, UP IN THE AIR, IDENTITY THIEF, HIT AND RUN)

Rebecca Hall (TRANSCENDENCE, TUMBLE DOWN, IRON MAN 3)

"You may be done with the past, but the past isn't done with you," says creepy stalker Gordo (Joel Edgerton) to his nemesis, before condescendingly clarifying, "It's a saying." That mixture of menace, hoary cliché, and comic self-awareness typifies *The Gift*, a thriller of jilted relations redolent of *Fatal Attraction* and *Caché*. The target of Gordo's scorn is Simon (Jason Bateman), an old classmate who returns to his hometown and quickly runs into the strange man, who always seems to be wherever Simon and his wife, Robyn (Rebecca Hall), are. From the outset, the rapport between the two men is cordial but stiff, as if each is afraid the other will divulge details of their shared past.

Naturally, the two do have a fraught history, and Gordo's initial, overzealous attempts at friendship slowly curdle into something more sinister. This turn of events would be predictable even for those who hadn't been subjected to the film's seemingly endless ad campaign, but Edgerton's directorial debut stands out from your average psychological thriller with its old-school sense of patience. Edgerton unsurprisingly prioritizes the acting above other elements of the frame, and much of the film's tension is built through glances and awkward gestures, such as the surprised, deflecting bounce of Gordo's childlike wave when he shows up to Simon and Robyn's house uninvited, an ambiguous motion that he uses to minimize the discomfort of his sudden appearances. Such gestures, as in an excessively calm tone of voice and the over-extended bow that accompanies the gifting of a present, allow Edgerton to modulate Gordo's simmering rage, which in turn maintains the film's steady escalation of unease.



Gordo's subtly haunting presence also exposes fissures in Simon and Robyn's relationship, which Bateman and Hall develop as if this were a chamber drama and not a thriller. Bateman brings his smug persona to the fore, and at times he could be auditioning for an English remake of Fassbinder's *Martha*, playing a domestic tyrant who hides his domineering nature behind false indulgence, always getting his way with a thin smile and a way of phrasing a command to sound like what Simon wants is what Robyn wanted all along. Hall, stuck with the character who has to stay in the house all day as Gordo grows ever bolder in his intrusions around the property, nonetheless makes the most of her part. Swiftly reduced to a shivering ball of nerves thanks to Gordo's manipulations and her own mental-health issues, Robyn avoids simply being a victim by gradually transferring her fear of Gordo to her husband, complicating her trembling anxiety with budding resentment of Simon's deceit.

This will rent as well as **TAMMY, THE LONGEST RIDE, THE DUFF, GET HARD, UNFINISHED BUSINESS and THE WEDDING RINGER.**



10/27 1 MAX FAMILY

\$34 MILL BO 2870 SCREENS PG 111 MINUTES

Thomas Hayden Church (WE BOUGHT A ZOO, JOHN CARTER, SIDEWAYS, SPIDER MAN 3, THE BADGE)

Max, a kewpie-eyed Belgian Malinois, is the right-hand pup for Kyle Wincott (Robbie Amell), helping his master sniff out illegal weapon stockpiles in Afghanistan until an ambush leaves the marine dead and his canine charge suffering from PTSD. The pooch is brought back to the States, where bitten and scratched military officials unload him onto Kyle's only sibling, Justin (Josh Wiggins). The younger Wincott is everything his brother wasn't: sullen, scrawny, and skeptical of the soldierly principle. In

other words, the antagonist. He even mutters, during one of the last Skype sessions Kyle enjoys before his death, a slightly softened-down version of "How many civilians did you kill today?" while remaining fully engrossed in his first-person POV shooter video game. Oh, the irony.

Hokey though this all is, at this point the film is still on solid ground, and in spite of what appears to be a valiant tandem effort at sabotaging the entire affair by way of Justin's parents, played by Thomas Haden Church and Lauren Graham—the former sporting the most ludicrous Texas drawl this side of James Van Der Beek, the latter apparently auditioning for a role in some speculatively forthcoming Paula Deen biopic. Both Wiggins, one of the hot new acting prospects on the block thanks to his performance in last year's *Hellion*, and the dog are fine enough actors that Justin's reluctant bid to rescue Max from his psychological torment, and possibly make psychic amends with his departed brother, is rendered in humane gestures, no more so than when Justin, while watching Fourth of July fireworks on Main Street, intuits that a caged Max is flashing back to Afghanistan and runs back home to comfort the trembling beast.



This one will rent as well as **MCFRALAND USA, ALEXANDER AND THE TERRIBLE NO GOOD VERY BAD DAY, PADDINGTON, GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY, WHEN THE GAME STANDS TALL** and **INTO THE WOODS.**



10/27 1 SOUTHPAW DRAMA

\$48 MILL BO 2777 SCREENS R 124 MINUTES

Jake Gyllenhaal (PRISONERS, END OF WATCH, NIGHT CRAWLER, BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN, OCTOBER SKY, DONNIE DARKO)

Rachel McAdams (THE TIME TRAVELER'S WIFE, MIDNIGHT IN PARIS, THE VOW, ALOHA, A MOST WANTED MAN)

Forest Whitaker (TAKEN 3, LEE DANIELS' THE BUTLER, OUT OF THE FURNACE, GOOD MORNING VIET NAM, VANTAGE POINT)

This is a film of swollen eyes, lumpy bodies, creaking joints, and bloody mouths, all lingered on with a detail that verges on the perversely affectionate, each battle scar a testament to a vaguely but nonetheless forcefully defined notion of masculinity.

The heightened depictions of violence inform the bullish nature of the plot itself, which piles miseries on light heavyweight champion Billy Hope (Jake Gyllenhaal) with Job-like swiftness and intensity. Just as everything looks great for Billy, he loses his wife, Maureen (Rachel McAdams), in an explosive altercation with a rival boxer (Miguel Gomez) and his posse. By the end of the 30-minute mark, he also loses his career, his palatial home, even custody of his young daughter, Leila (Oona Laurence). Nominally, this forces Billy to examine his life, but the only path the film positions for his atonement is the one that gets him back into the ring to prove his manhood. Intemperate violence got him into this mess.



Another good sports film that will rent as well as **MAGIC MIKE XXL, DRAFT DAY, POLTERGEIST, TAKEN 3, RUN ALL NIGHT** and **GONE GIRL**.