



**4/7 3 THE IMMIGRANT DRAMA**  
\$3 MILL BO 1237 SCREENS R 120 MINUTES

**Joaquin Phoenix (WALK THE LINE, HER, LADDER 49, I'M STILL HERE, GLADIATOR, 8 MM)**

**Jeremy Renner (THE HURT LOCKER, THOR, THE TOWN, THE BACK-UP PLAN, AMERICAN HUSTLE, KILL THE MESSENGER )**

**Marion Cotillard (ANCHOR MAN 2, RUST AND BONE, BLOOD TIES, THE DARK KNIGHT RISES)**

There's a running gag here in which a despicable pimp, Bruno Weiss (Phoenix), takes his whores from the Bandit's Roost club in Manhattan's Lower East Side to either Central or Prospect Park—one of few irrelevant details in a film of profound emotional and narrative richness—and parades them around as the fallen daughters of the city's richest men. The brilliance of the scene derives in part from how Bruno's comically bald-faced deceit is understood as no less a performance than the magic shows put on by Orlando (Jeremy Renner), another showman who bewitches a Polish emigrant, Ewa Cybulski (Cotillard). Bruno's perverse con is to sell the fantasy of having sex with women whose lucky birthrights would seem to preclude them from the pursuit of upward mobility, and it reveals Gray's humane understanding of how at odds that aspiration is with reality. Pimp, whore, and john alike are in on the joke: that the American dream's only universal truth is the desire to fuck it.



Though it suggests a continuation of Emanuele Crialesse's *Golden Door*, the story of a dirt-poor and profoundly superstitious Sicilian family's sojourn across the angry waters of the Atlantic toward Ellis Island, this movie couldn't be more different in style. In its stripped-down realism and blistering fixation on its main character's grappling with life and mortality, *The Immigrant* feels closer in spirit to Roberto Rossellini's collaborations with Ingrid Bergman. From its almost unrelenting focus on Cotillard's haunted face, ever-registering Ewa's progression to a newer understanding of the existential complexities of the world into which she's been thrust, to its literally prismatic final shot, an epiphanous collage of Ewa and Bruno's travels to an ostensibly hopeful tomorrow, the film is Gray's *Voyage to Italy*.

Throughout the story, Ewa is caught between Bruno and Orlando, a magician she first encounters during an unfortunate return trip to Ellis Island, where her sister resides inside an infirmary, and then again at the Bandit's Roost, this isn't exactly the story of a love triangle. Ewa, having survived a war that saw her parents beheaded, is too suspicious of both Bruno and Orlando's agendas to ever come close to loving them, and the men themselves seem to regard her less as an object of affection than as an asset; even Orlando, whose intentions would initially appear to be more sincere than Bruno's, seems drawn to her less for what he can give her than for what he can take away from someone else. If this isn't Gray's warmest or wooziest vision to date it's because of the way the film's purview is so fiercely, almost obstinately yoked to Ewa's stalwart mindset—and with great purpose. The script, by Gray and the late Richard Menello, is dense with profoundly layered correlations between the artifice of magic and human confession, and there are times when Gray's articulation of Ewa's eroding doubts, of her and Bruno's struggle to tell truth from fiction, danger from asylum, boggle the mind in ways that no magic trick ever could: the Altmanesque use of glass to distort Bruno's body and convey his untrustworthiness; Ewa's aunt and uncle walking through the draped doorway in their Greenpoint living room as if into a theater's backstage; and, most breathtakingly, the symphonic, almost imperceptible zoom in on Ewa as she converses with a meekish john and Bruno kisses her foot. In the end, *The Immigrant's* triumph isn't revealing the illusion of the American dream, but showing

how two souls push past doubt and toward an understanding and appreciation of their interdependence as necessary to their human survival.

This movie will rent as well as **THE RAILWAY MAN, A MOST WANTED MAN, INTO THE STORM, THE DROP, JOHN WICK, NOAH, and A WALK AMONG THE TOMBSTONES.**



**4/7 1 A MOST VIOLENT YEAR THRILLER**  
**\$33 MILL BO 1934 SCREENS R 125 MINUTES**

**Jessica Chastain (INTERSTELLAR, MAMA, ZERO DARK THIRTY, LAWLESS)**

**Oscar Isaac (THE TWO FACES OF JANUARY, INSIDE LLEWIN DAVIS, WON'T BACK DOWN, THE BOURNE LEGACY)**

**Albert Brooks (LOST IN AMERICA, MEAN STREETS, BROADCAST NEWS, THIS IS 40, MODERN ROMANCE)**

An '80s-era NYC crime drama in which just making it from one day to the next seems like a major accomplishment. It's a tough, gritty, richly atmospheric thriller hitting many familiar notes, it does so in an unusually gripping and effective fashion, pulling you deeper and deeper into the struggles of a young heating-company boss trying to make inroads in an industry dominated by generations-old family businesses (which operate rather like a certain other "family" business). None of this is news to Isaac's Abel Morales, who started out as a lowly truck driver himself, but somewhere along the way fell in love with the boss' daughter, Anna (Jessica Chastain), and bought the business from him. And while Anna's dad was all mobbed up, Abel prizes squeaky-clean transparency.



With the conviction common to the self-made, the born-again and other fanatics, Abel prides himself on forward movement through society's real and perceived barriers, having shed all but the slightest traces of his immigrant heritage, built his family a sprawling suburban McMansion, and developed strategies for routing the competition with a minimum of dirty tricks. In a striking, Mamet-esque early scene, he coaches a new crop of sales associates on how to make a first impression: Keep eye contact for longer than feels comfortable; ask for tea instead of coffee (the classier option); always be the model of tact and decorum. "We're never going to be the cheapest," he advises, "so we have to be the best."

When the movie opens, it's clear that Abel's success mantra doesn't sit so well with one or more of his fellow oil merchants. While the city at large panics from an all-time-high crime rate (the impetus for Chandor's title), Abel's Standard Heating Co. finds itself engulfed in its own brutal turf war, with drivers — and eventually, even sales reps — robbed at gunpoint, beaten, shot at, or all of the above. Even Abel's own family isn't safe from harm, as a late-night gun-wielding prowler proves early on. And the timing couldn't be worse, just as Abel is starting escrow on a long-abandoned waterfront fuel yard that will put him in a real position to corner the market, and a young district attorney (a typically excellent David Oyelowo) launches a massive investigation into heating-industry malfeasance.

Here's a film that will rent as well as **NO GOOD DEED, THE DROP, THE EQUALIZER, A HUNDRED FOOT JOURNEY, BRICK MANSIONS and SABOTAGE.**



**4/7 3 THE VOICES HORROR**  
 \$2 MILL BO 679 SCREENS R 103 MINUTES

**Ryan Reynolds (A MILLION WAYS TO DIE IN THE WEST, THE CAPTIVE, TED, SAFE HOUSE)**

This movie is about an insane factory worker, Jerry Hickfang ( Reynolds), who has imaginary conversations with his cat and dog. The cat, for whatever reason, sounds sort of like a Mike Meyers caricature of a Scotsman, while the dog speaks in a gruff timbre that's reminiscent of the voice that the Christopher Guest character uses to speak with his pet in *Best in Show*. Does Jerry have a thing for comedy? There's no other indication that he does, as these voices are here for their own sake, presumably to amuse the audience—an aim they would spectacularly fail to serve even if the film weren't so wrong-headed. During his interludes

with his animals, Jerry's meant to be taken as a lovable doof with an edge; his first name isn't an accident, as the films of Jerry Lewis would appear to be an inspiration for Reynolds's cloying, tone-deaf shtick. The actor appears to misunderstand Lewis as much as the great artist's detractors, as he fails to find the hard intelligence, or the pathos, that's underneath the pitifulness.

This will rent as well as **KILL YOUR DARLINGS, DEVIL'S DUE, OPEN GRAVE, PURGE: ANARCHY, and DELIVER US FROM EVIL.**



**4/14 2 BIG EYES DRAMA**  
 \$15 MILL BO 1747 SCREENS PG-13 106 MINUTES

**Amy Adams (AMERICAN HUSTLE, HER, MAN OF STEEL, THE FIGHTER, JULIE & JULIA)**

**Christopher Waltz (HORRIBLE BOSSES 2, DJANGO UNCHAINED, INGLORIOUS BASTERDS, THE ZERO THEOREM )**

There was a time in the early '60s when Walter Keane was making more money than any other living artist in the Western world. He was a master of sales, making himself the subject of fawning interviews and Life magazine spreads, sidling up to celebrities for photo ops whenever he could. Originals and, especially, reproductions of his "big eye" paintings were snatched up an adoring public, who didn't care one bit about the

critics who called his work sentimental garbage. His success led to admiration and dissent: Woody Allen's *SLEEPER* posits a future where the paintings, like Xavier Cugat's music, are viewed as masterpieces. As much as that joke is premised on the paintings' kitsch, it also has to do with their eventually revealed truth, which is that Walter never painted them. In Tim Burton's fancifully filmed *Big Eyes*, we're reminded that

his wife Margaret (Amy Adams) was the artist. She's introduced here a quiet Southern lady who's leaving a bad marriage. Packing up her young daughter Jane (Delaney Raye) along with her paints. Margaret moves to San Francisco, circa 1958. She has one friend in town, a black-dressed willow of an artist named DeeAnn (Krysten Ritter) who encourages Margaret to spread her wings. But no sooner does Margaret start showing her paintings and doing portraits on the street than another painter gloms on to her, and even more importantly, on to her work.

Walter (Waltz) is a bon vivant with a story for every occasion and an angle on every person he meets. He romances Margaret with a borderline frightening devotion, his performance plainly over-the-top but also oddly captivating. "I'm just a Sunday painter," he tells her, vaguely referring to much-missed days in France while admiring her work when they go on afternoon dates with their easels. Wrangling a gallery space in a North Beach jazz club, Walter realizes that Margaret's slightly creepy paintings of big-eyed waifs grab people's attention more readily than his own motel-room-style Parisian street scenes. Arguing that people don't buy "lady paintings", Walter starts telling everybody her paintings, signed "Keane", are his. Claiming he's a wealthy real estate broker, Walter still hustles for every scrap of business or hint of publicity, mostly via his connection to society columnist Dick Nolan (Danny Huston). Walter is a poseur's poseur, so wrapped up in his own fiction that he explodes in fury at any criticism, as though he believes the art truly is his creation.

While Margaret seems mired in '50s gender roles, in the film her situation also represents the change to come. For her, freedom is hard won: for a time Walter has her so afraid of losing their fortune that she's locked in an attic room, churning out paintings like some indentured art servant. She hides the truth from everybody, including Jane and DeeAnn, even as her paintings explode in popularity, sharing her secret only with her puffy dog. Adams plays Margaret with a whispery dignity that's subtle but utterly sympathetic and intelligent. At no point does she come off as pathetic, only understandably frightened about trying to raise a daughter alone as a single mother. Still, Walter's ferocious greed grates at her. The film starts to resemble a long fuse; you're just waiting for that moment when Margaret will finally blow.

A bit different from most films but this will rent to a diverse renter as well as **A WALK AMONG THE TOMBSTONES, A MOST WANTED MAN, INTO THE STORM, THE ICE STORM, ORDINARY PEOPLE, FADING GIGOLO, ENOUGH SAID** and **THE GRAND BUDAPEST HOTEL**.





**4/14 1 THE BOY NEXT DOOR THRILLER**  
**\$33 MILL BO 2394 SCREENS R 91 MINUTES**

**Jennifer Lopez (THE BACK-UP PLAN, MONSTER IN LAW, BORDER TOWN, MAID IN MANHATTAN, OUT OF SIGHT, U TURN)**

**Ryan Guzman (TV—PRETTY LITTLE LIARS—FILM—STEP UP REVOLUTION, STEP UP ALL IN)**

Claire Peterson (Jennifer Lopez) is a high school literature teacher who is separated from her husband and raising her teenage son Kevin (Ian Nelson). When good looking Noah (Ryan Guzman) moves in next door it's clear the two have a little spark between them. Unfortunately any real edge the film might have had is blown right off the bat. We learn almost immediately that Noah is "almost 20." So the boy next door is really the young man next door.

So when one thing leads to another and Claire has a one night stand with Noah is it really that big of a deal? It turns out Noah is enrolled in the same high school as her son (he is still a senior), but if he was just a cashier at the local supermarket no one would care. Yes, she's way older, but so what? Given that Noah is an adult I'm not sure why they set this movie in a high school.

Though the fling happened during the summer, before the student/teacher relationship existed, Claire is terrified of anyone finding out. Noah on the other hand thinks the two are meant to be and lets her know it. The trouble is Noah is an out-of-control maniac who will stop at nothing to get what he wants.

From that point on anyone could easily guess what happens next without seeing any more of the movie. This film has been made so many times you feel like you might have seen it already. The worst offense of this very bad film is the portrayal of Noah. He is so over-the-top it defies logic. How many times have we seen the great guy who endears himself to a family – he helps out around the house, he defends the son from bullies, and he takes care of his sick uncle – and then he turns out to be a homicidal maniac? It's been done to death and this film adds absolutely nothing to the well-worn concept.

This one will rent as well as **THE TWO FACES OF JANUARY, MOM'S NIGHT OUT, SINGLE MOM'S CLUB, ENDLESS LOVE, LABOR DAY** and **SAVE THE DATE.**





**4/14 3 MAPS TO THE STARS COMEDY/HORROR**  
**\$4 MILL BO 958 SCREENS R 111 MINUTES**

**Julianne Moore (TV—30 ROCK—FILM—NON-STOP, CRAZY STUPID LOVE, BEING FLYNN, CHILDREN OF MEN, MAGNOLIA)**

**Robert Pattinson (TWILIGHT, WATER FOR ELEPHANTS, COSMOPOLIS, VANITY FAIR)**

**John Cusack (SAY ANYTHING, EIGHT MEN OUT, HOT TUB TIME MACHINE, THE GRIFTERS, CITY HALL, CON AIR)**

The movie opens with a feisty piss take on the archetypal Hollywood fantasy of discovery and fame by tracing the itinerary of newly arrived hopefuls, hitting the highlights (Schwab's Drugstore, the Walk of Fame) with one telling difference: The wannabe in question more or less conforms to the type of the bubbly blonde, only this bombshell is badly burned about the face and arms (hence those elbow-length leather gloves). Adding to the scene's already considerable alienation effect, this naïf named Agatha (Mia Wasikowska) promptly informs Jerome (Robert Pattinson), the limo driver she's hired to ferry her across L.A.'s stygian basin, that she hails from Jupiter. "Jupiter, Florida," she clarifies after a beat. Turns out Agatha's the black sheep of the notorious Weiss family, hitherto institutionalized for a disastrous flirtation with pyromania.

The return of the Weiss's prodigal daughter topples the first domino in an escalating daisy chain of calamities. Because the movie is all about keeping it "in the family," the repercussions are naturally felt closest to home, and none of the Weiss clan emerge unscathed. To its credit, the film adroitly toes a tonal tightrope throughout, effortlessly balancing the demands of disparate genre elements: There are dollops of industry satire, Chekhovian family drama, and, most surprisingly, elegiac ghost story in this heady (and exceedingly strange) brew. The cumulative effect is altogether unusual, though there are certain family resemblances: In some ways, Cronenberg's film comes across like an incestuous cousin to Robert Altman's **THE PLAYER**.



The actors, who seem to have been uniformly cast against type, are more than up to the challenge. Ranging about as far afield as possible from his bumptious Lloyd Dobler image, John Cusack as Weiss patriarch Stafford, a self-promoting self-help guru, oozes telegenic charm when hocking his bestselling guide to holistic healing (entitled, ironically enough, *Secrets Kill*) and dials up the ferocity when dealing with poor unwanted Agatha. Julianne Moore effervesces as Stafford's star client, Havana Segrand, an aging diva with bubblehead mannerisms and a penchant for impromptu threesomes. And Olivia Williams, usually cast as the pallid object of affection, matches Cusack ounce for ominous ounce as mother/agent Cristina. Unfortunately for the family Weiss, when it comes to the maternal element in that hyphenate job description, Cristina makes Joan Crawford in *Mommie Dearest* look like the mom from *Ozzie and Harriet*.

The unquiet dead aren't the only specters haunting the Hollywood homeland in this film. For these fractured family units, incest seems the natural endgame of a merit system based exclusively on pernicious nepotism and inveterate ass-kissing. None of the characters prove immune to the global logic of this arrangement. In a scene that playfully nods to Pattinson's backseat dalliances in *Cosmopolis*, even as it provides *Maps to the Stars* with one of its more affecting moments, Jerome betrays his bond with Agatha for a backdoor tryst with Havana, revealing this aspiring screenwriter to be nothing more than another garden variety starfucker. Then again, as he sheepishly confesses, "Everything's research on some level."

An interesting movie that will rent as well as **BOYHOOD, A WALK AMONG THE TOMBSTONES, OCULUS, THE SKELETON TWINS, A MOST WANTED MAN, and IF I STAY.**



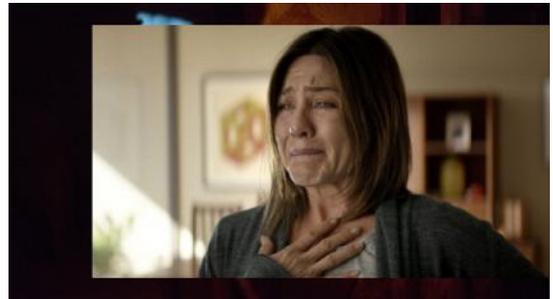
**4/14 1 THE WOMAN IN BLACK 2 HORROR**  
 \$27 MILL BO 2137 SCREENS PG-13 98 MINUTES

**Helen McCrory (TV—PEAKY BLINDERS, PENNY DREADFUL, LEAVING)**

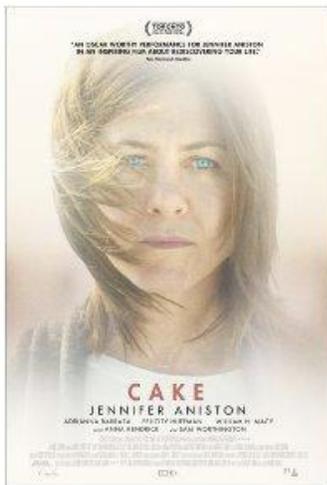
**Jeremy Irvine (NOW IS GOOD, THE RAILWAY MAN, A NIGHT IN OLD MEXICO, GREAT EXPECTATIONS)**

This film is unusually and gutsily fixated on the trauma of its characters. Set in 1941, the story follows two teachers, Eve Parkins (Phoebe Fox) and Jean Hogg (Helen McCrory), and a group of children as they travel to the Eel Marsh House following one of Germany's attacks on London. As in the first film, where the vast, swampy exteriors of the manse were so redolent of a vascular system, Eel Marsh's creeky decay could be that of the body's own.

Both young Edward (Oaklee Pendergast), silent since losing his parents to the blitz, and the audience are subtly teased by what lies within a menacing hole in the ceiling that brings to mind a ruptured boil. But the film is most effectively suggestive prior to the appearance of the titular child-killing ghoulie, when Eve is unobtrusively waltzing into nightmares of her seeming past and the impossibly dashing pilot who helps their little group of survivors, Harry Burnstow (Jeremy Irvine), shudders inexplicably and uncontrollably at the prospect of negotiating the marshland surrounding Eel Marsh. Save for a climax at a decoy airfield, wherein the conflation of the real and the imagined is thoughtfully connected to the characters' paranoia, the film's stockpiling of tragedies becomes increasingly accented by the noisiest of scenes and situations. Indeed, in its final mad rush to subject audiences to every incarnation of the jump scare imaginable, and to bring all subtext to the fore and tie together all loose ends, the film only ends up cheapening the sense of empathy it so handsomely and bravely summoned up to this point.



This will rent as well as **OUIJA, ANNABELLE, AS ABOVE SO BELOW, HORNS,** and **DELIVER US FROM EVIL.**



**4/21 3 CAKE DRAMA**  
 2 MILL BO 492 SCREENS R 102 MINUTES

**Jennifer Aniston (WE'RE THE MILLERS, WANDERLUST, HORRIBLE BOSSES, THE SWITCH, THE BOUNTY HUNTER)**

**Anna Kendrick (INTO THE WOODS, THE LAST FIVE YEARS, PITCH PERFECT, END OF WATCH, THE COMPANY YOU KEEP)**

This film is a study of grief that drowns in a cold bath of grim self-pity. It introduces the prickly, disheveled Claire (Aniston) at a workshop for chronic-pain sufferers, where she's pressed to talk about the recent suicide of a group member named Nina (Kendrick). Their leader (Felicity Huffman)

seems infuriatingly certain that her processing formula will allow the group to efficiently dispense with feelings as complex as the shock of losing a colleague to a temptation many are wrestling with themselves. In the face of that programmatic, bullying "empathy," Claire's sardonic defiance reads like heroic truth-telling. But as the film drags on, the character's brusque insistence on speaking her mind is almost always applied to undeserving targets, like her still loving and supportive ex-husband (Chris Messina) or her saintly housekeeper, Silvana (Adriana Barraza), whose empathy sets Claire's chilly self-absorption into even sharper relief. In time, Claire's behavior begins to read as the bitterness of an entitled person who doesn't much care how her actions affect anyone else.

The film interestingly insists on the audience judging its main character, which places us in a potentially uneasy position. Though she shows flashes of kindness and humor, Claire herself acknowledges that people think she's "a bitch," and the less affluent Mexicans and Mexican Americans who serve as the film's magical Negroes keep calling her out. Silvana's daughter curses her for being an exploitative employer who doesn't appreciate the lengths Silvana goes to for her, and a Tijuana pharmacist brushes off her fears of being caught smuggling meds by saying, "You're a rich white woman. When have you ever gotten caught?" The most thorough rebuke comes from Silvana, who yells at her (in Spanish, which Claire doesn't speak—and, tellingly, never asks Silvana to translate) for being self-indulgent and thoughtless, underpaying her, and freezing out her own husband, a good man who clearly still cares about her. Like Silvana, audiences may sympathize with Claire even as they're infuriated or baffled by her behavior, and that tension may force one to think about just where the lines are drawn between the inevitable messiness of grieving and blindered selfishness.

This one will rent as well as **THE SKELETON TWINS, IF I STAY, WHAT IF, OBVIOUS CHILD, and STILL MINE.**



## 4/21 1 TAKEN 3 ACTION

\$87 MILL BO 3476 SCREENS PG-13 109 MINUTES

**Liam Neeson (NON-STOP, TAKEN, ANCHOR MAN 2, A WALK AMONG THE TOMBSTONES, THE GREY, THE DARK KNIGHT RISES)**

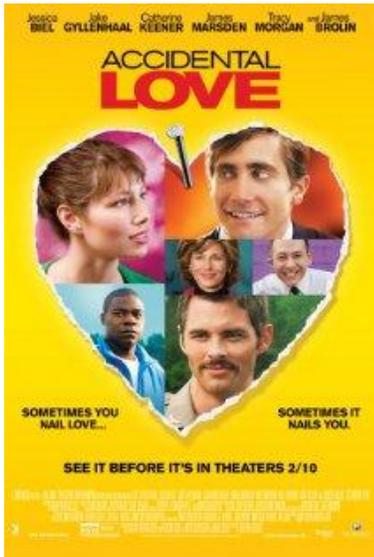
**Forrest Whitaker (OUT OF THE FURNACE, LES DANIELS' THE BUTLER, GOOD MORNING VIETNAM, REPO MEN, EVEN MONEY, AMERICAN GUN)**

The latest installment in the series has landed on our doorstep. Once more, ex-special ops agent Bryan Mills (Neeson) goes into superhero mode, this time to find out who murdered his ex-wife, Lenore (Famke Janssen), and pinned the blame on him. And once more, ubiquitous aerial shots, swirling cameras, and pounding music strain to make even something as innocuous as an establishing shot of Los Angeles's jammed freeways feel as significant as the dispiritingly frequent chase scenes, gunfights, and beatings. Broken up into quick cuts and often filmed from confusing angles, the action seems aimed less at cluing us in on what's happening than simply amping up our adrenaline—and masking the impossibility of some of Mills's literally superhuman feats and escapes.

Mills's targets are nearly always "undesirable aliens." The villains—Albanians and Arabs in the first film, Turks in the second, and Russians in the third—could be taken from the TSA's watch list. Watching Mills mow his way through their ranks is empowerment porn for those who long for the Cold War's clarity of purpose and American dominance in this murky age of terror. Acknowledging how the families felt in TAKEN 2 its chief villain was a father bent on avenging the death of one of the sex traffickers Mills had killed while rescuing Kim (Maggie Grace) in the prior film. Here, Mills's apocalyptic tendencies are occasionally winked at, but never challenged. Franck Dotzler (Whitaker), the smart, quite cop following just half a step behind Mills as both try to solve the case, keeps pointing out that Mills and his daughter, who Mills enlists to help in his search for her mother's killer, are flagrantly obstructing his investigation and committing murder and all

kinds of other illegal acts in the process. He could arrest them for that, he reminds them, before chuckling indulgently and assuring them that, of course, he won't. Because, hey, they're the good guys. Right?

This will be a big renter like **NON-STOP**, **DRACULA UNTOLD**, **GONE GIRL**, **NO GOOD DEED**, and **FURY** was.



**4/28 3 ACCIDENTAL LOVE \$3 MILL BO**  
**1635 SCREENS PG-13 100 MINUTES**

**Jessica Biel (PLAYING FOR KEEPS, TOTAL RECALL, VALENTINE'S DAY, EASY VIRTUEULEE'S GOLD)**  
**Bill Hader (TV---BOB'S BURGERS, SOUTH PARK, THE MINDY PROJECT, THE TO DO LIST, MOVIES—HER, THEY CAME TOGETHER, THE SKELETON TWINS)**  
**Jake Gyllenhaal (NIGHT CRAWLER, LOVE AND OTHER DRUGS, JARHEAD, END OF WATCH, OCTOBER SKY)**

*This story follows Alice Eckle ( Biel), a woman who gets a nail stuck in her brain during a romantic dinner. Side effects include random outbursts of sexual innuendo, sincere naiveté, and fluency in Portuguese. She is rushed to the hospital but is turned away because she doesn't have health insurance. After having a veterinarian "play" operation with her brain (free of charge), Alice decides, along with a pastor and a black athlete, that her best chance of getting treatment is to approach her congressman (Jake Gyllenhaal) in Washington DC. The congressman offers to have her \$150,000 surgery funded by discretely stuffing it into a giant bill proposing a moon base, but only if she will promote the establishment of that moon base on TV.*

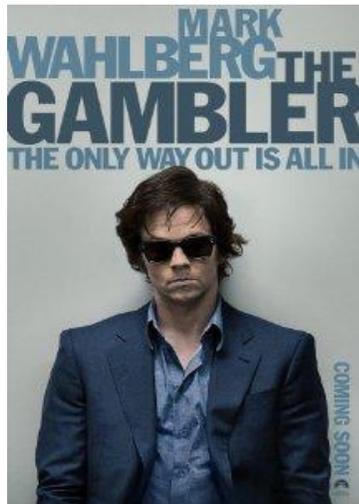
*This film attempts to do nothing less than satirize the major American institutions and show how their self-centeredness has led to corruption and a disregard for the well-being of others. The minister in the film has a medical condition that causes him to have an enlarged penis because so many pastors and priests have fallen into the same sexual immorality they preach against. Alice chooses to rack up a credit card bill instead of buying medical insurance because so many young people have learned to play with money they do not have. These jokes work because they hit awkwardly close to home; we therapeutically laugh to help deal with the pain of their dark truths. Otherwise, the film often achieves what *Birdman* called an "unexpected virtue of ignorance," as the amateurishness of the production seems to add to the odd energy of the picture.*

*In a time when finding an enjoyable comedy is difficult (unless you want to see *Fifty Shades of Grey*), *Accidental Love* is a good time, even if many jokes hit with a louder thud than a nail projectile to the head. Movies like *The Campaign* and *Anchorman* have taught us that plot sometimes needs to*



come secondary for a movie to be comedic. Of course, it would be better if the film could have managed to balance deep characters and engaging pathos along with the yuk-fest, but the problem is that a lot of the broad, physical humour didn't nail me. The idea of a moon base is a ridiculous proposal that is a farce of government's willingness to waste money based on its 'coolness' – this is funny. A government official dying by way of suffocation from a Girl Guide cookie is slapstick, making no comment about the characters and our world – this is not funny. Say what you will, comedies have to make you laugh.

This will rent as well as **HORRIBLE BOSSES 2, MY OLD LADY, LET'S BE COPS, BLENDED, ANCHOR MAN 2** and **DELIVERY MAN**.



**4/28 1 THE GAMBLER** THRILLER \$35 MILL BO  
2945 SCREENS R 111 MINUTES

**Mark Wahlberg (LONE SURVIVOR, PAIN & GAIN, 2 GUNS, TED, FIGHTER, CONTRABAND)**

**John Goodman (THE BIG LEBOWSKI, THE MONUMENTS MEN, ARGO, THE CAMPAIGN, RAISING ARIZONA)**

**Jessica Lange (TV—AMERICAN HORROR STORY-FILM--- SWEET DREAMS, THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE, CAPE FEAR)**

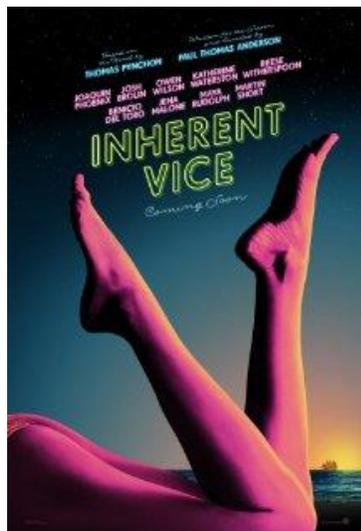
In the original, James Caan's Alex Freed stood at the nexus of the immigrant and bourgeois experiences, his every desperate maneuver underwritten by a barely concealed resentment of both his own Jewishness and his family's money. Wyatt's rendition—in which the antihero is renamed, for whatever reason, as "Jimmy Bennett"—merely appears in the throes of existential boredom, a rich kid grown up dissatisfied with his gilded lot in life. Industry pressers would suggest Bennett has been the most demanding role of Mark Wahlberg's career, but look past the actor's diet-desiccated abs and all you'll see him bring to the table is the exact persona that made him a movie star in the first place: a bro with a cinderblock-sized chip on his shoulder, clawing his way out from everyone else's expectations one hotheaded diatribe at a time.

Eschewing the sooty off-track joints Reisz picked out within 1970s Manhattan, Wyatt and screenwriter William Monahan instead delve into a fantasyland of luxe coastal casinos and neon-lit bathhouses, as shrug-worthy a stab at picturing the contemporary black market as could be requested. If Freed carried himself with Caan's signature volcano of rage, roiling back only occasionally to leave a scared-shitlessness in its wake, Wahlberg gives Bennett a straitjacketing anxiety from scene one, leaving his motivation essentially a MacGuffin. (The film's solitary flashback reveals nothing about its hero except that he once swam in a pool as a little boy.) In his day job as the world's most half-hearted professor of comparative literature, Bennett has exactly one disenchanting agenda to push on his students: "If you're not a genius, then don't bother." Owing an outstanding debt of \$250,000 to a wisecracking bookie named Neville Baraka (Michael Kenneth Williams) with a homicidal reputation, the question becomes not whether Bennett will find a way to pay it off (all signs point to a beleaguered "yes"), but whether or not he fits his own genius criteria.

Bennett is motivated not by self-hatred, but pride, inexplicably denying the lifelines thrown from his life's periphery—including a paid-in-full bailout from his mother (Jessica Lange) and a new lease on life from Amy (Brie Larson), a promising student with whom he strikes up an entirely predictable dalliance. Bennett's attachment to his job is so meager that he ditches it in a heartbeat to be with Amy—yet another instance of casually diffused "risk" in a screenplay that direly needed the audience to feel some. The Gambler suffers from a bloodless unwillingness to put too much on the line, made corporeal in Pete Beaudreau's editing, with music-slathered time lapse standing in for Bennett's adrenaline-fueled epiphany during a roulette binge in

Reno. Substituting quantity of gambling scenes for insight into Bennett's pathology, the film renders the thrill of almost winning thoroughly impersonal, hoping the jingle-jangle of chips and the reshuffling of cards will be enough to cue audiences in to the movie's fatal attraction. Like the supporting turns by Lange, Williams, Larson, and John Goodman (as a different wisecracking bookie), these tics are a suitable-enough distraction as Bennett figures out a last-ditch solution to his dull midlife crisis all by his lonesome.

This will rent as well as **BRICK MANSIONS, NEED FOR SPEED, INTO THE STORM, A MOST WANTED MAN, EXPENDABLES 3,** and **DRAFT DAY.**



**4/28 2 INHERENT VICE COMEDY/THRILLER**  
**\$9 MILL BO 739 SCREENS R 148 MINUTES**

**Joaquin Phoenix (WALK THE LINE, I'M STILL HERE, HER, THE MASTER, BUFFALO SOLDIERS, GLADIATOR)**

**Josh Brolin (SIN CITY: A DAME TO DIE FOR, OLDBOY, LABOR DAY, MEN IN BLACK 3, WALL STREET: MONEY NEVER SLEEPS)**

**Owen Wilson (ARE YOU HERE, MIDNIGHT IN PARIS, THE BIG YEAR, LITTLE FOCKERS, WEDDING CRASHERS)**

Like the 2009 Thomas Pynchon novel on which it's based, P.T. Anderson's this movie is set in 1970 in the fictional town of Gordito Beach, California. It's familiar but irrefutably different, seen distinctly through Anderson's lively, rambunctious style, riddled with hypnotic dissolves, push-ins, tracking shots, and close-ups. Likewise, one could see Pynchon's novel as a reminiscent yet unique take on the works of Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler. In the book, Pynchon infuses his own memory, his own view of history and pop culture, into a Sam Spade world, and in turn, Anderson has transformed Pynchon's world into his own raucous trip through the come-down of the Nixon era, one which speaks to the filmmaker's personal and vast cinematic memory, philosophies, and politics.

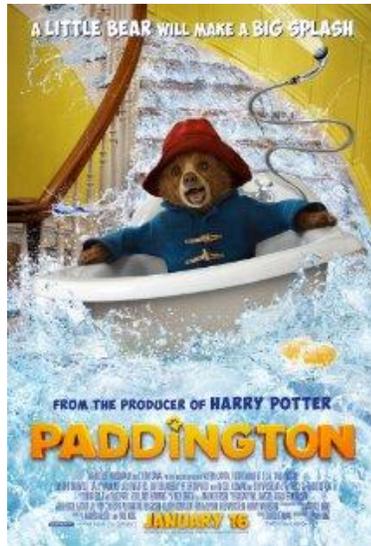
The film begins with Joanna Newsom's Sortilège, working as both ethereal on-screen presence and narrator, reading directly from Pynchon's novel, an element of fidelity in a very loose adaptation. Her charge, eternally high private investigator Larry "Doc" Sportello (Phoenix), is tossed into unknown danger when he decides to help out Shasta Fay Hepworth (Katherine Waterston), his troubled ex-girlfriend. In her time away from Doc, she's gotten mixed up in some bad business with Mickey Wolfmann (Eric Roberts), her real-estate-tycoon lover, and a shady organization called the Golden Fang. And as one might expect from hardboiled pulp, the story quickly grows wild and convoluted, complete with toothless recovering addicts, attentive maritime lawyers, blackmailing cuckolds, vampiric hit men, drug-fiend dentists, and "Bigfoot" Bjornsen, a violently sad Joe Friday type played with astonishing comic energy and control by Josh Brolin.

For the many narrative alleys Anderson's film ducks down, the relationship between Bjornsen and Sportello remains crucial, a tenuous partnership between a brooding, buzz-cut hippie-hater and a humanistic dope-head with an office in a doctor's practice. Though this film is a far more slippery and volatile work than arguably any of Anderson's previous work, it builds off the same sort of relationship that denoted his two

previous films. In this case, two opposing views of how the promise of America in the 1960s started to decay are juxtaposed, one that sees drugs as the root of all evil, and another that sees the rise of justifiable violence and municipal corruption as the beginning of the end.

This story is itself an attempt to recapture a memory, of the revolutionary moment of the New Hollywood and a time when it seemed film culture was at its very peak, and Doc's calamitous world both mocks and mourns that idea. Orpheus was told to not look back, and Anderson's viewpoint seems to be the very same, as Doc's attempts to chase after his memory of Shasta as much as the woman herself lead him further away from his current life.

This will rent as well as **LET THERE BE BLOOD, THE EQUALIZER, 22 JUMP STREET, FARGO, LET'S BE COPS, THE DROP,** and **BRICK MANSIONS.**



**4/28 1 PADDINGTON FAMILY**

**\$66 MILL BO 3464 SCREENS PG 95 MINUTES**

**VOICES OF: Sally Hawkins, Geoffrey Palmer, Michael Gambon, Hugh Bonneville**

After an earthquake kills Paddington's uncle, Pastuzo (Michael Gambon), and destroys their "Darkest Peru" treehouse, Aunt Lucy (Imelda Staunton)—taking to heart the encouraging call of the British explorer who, upon discovering the bears, beckoned them to come visit him—sends the young cub (Ben Whishaw) to London to find a better home for himself. Naturally, being a bear who's never experienced the hustle and bustle of urban life, Paddington is taken aback by the comparable soullessness of the big city, especially the indifferent, always-on-the-go people operating within it. But he encounters a notable exception in the Brown family, beginning with its open-hearted matriarch (Sally Hawkins), who names him after the train station in which he's found and implores her control-freak

husband (Hugh Bonneville) and somewhat-embarrassed kids, Jonathan (Samuel Joslin) and Judy (Madeleine Harris), to bring the bear home with them for at least one night.

The film's characterization of the Browns is key to grasping King's distinctive take on Bond's iconic cartoon bear. Beyond the slapsticky, almost Rube Goldbergian hijinks toward which Paddington's cluelessness about human behavior leads, the film also reveals itself to be something of paean to being yourself. An *Easy Rider*-like flashback to Mr. Brown's more free-spirited self contrasts sharply with the thoroughly integrated middle-class patriarch he would become; Judy, meanwhile, is so ashamed of her parents that she's afraid of introducing her boyfriend to them. Each member of the family, however, has specific talents—Judy's facility with learning foreign languages, Jonathan's interest in science, Mrs. Brown's whimsical sensibility as a professional illustrator—that Paddington, however unconsciously, helps bring out of them through his shenanigans. Most poignantly, he rouses Mr. Brown out of his risk-averse shell, to the point that, during the film's climax, he's walking on a window ledge and putting his own life on the line to rescue Paddington from danger.

This is familiar kids-movie uplift, but King's sincerity is a blessed reprieve from the snarky, self-aware antics of *Shrek* and its ilk. No above-it-all



smugness here: In the filmmaker's hands, even Nicole Kidman's evil taxidermist villain is given a halfway-sympathetic motivation to explain her desire to track down and stuff Paddington. The film occasionally succumbs to the lowest-common denominator, as in an early gross-out gag in which Paddington mistakes toothbrushes for ear brushes, but King's exuberant visual invention keeps things consistently lively, as he finds opportunities for visual and verbal gags—a tree design on the Browns' wallpaper that loses its leaves at a crucial juncture, or a black-and-white film into which Paddington literally enters as he learns the identity of the British explorer who discovered him—seemingly everywhere he looks. And, mercifully, King is never too taken by his own cleverness.

This will rent as well as **THE LEGO MOVIE**, **BIG HERO 6**, **THE BOXTROLLS**, **DOLPHIN TALE 2**, **THE NUT JOB**, and **SAVING MR. BANKS**.



**4/28 1 THE WEDDING RINGER COMEDY**  
**\$61 MILL BO 3158 SCREENS R 101 MINUTES**

**Kevin Hart (TOP FIVE, ABOUT LAST NIGHT, RIDE ALONG, GRUDGE MATCH)**

**Kaly Cuoco-Sweeting (TV'S THE BIG BANG THEORY, CHARMED—FILM—A MILLION WAYS TO DIE IN THE WEST)**

**Josh Gad (TV—THE COMEDIANS, GIGI' ALL AMERICAN, CALIFORNICATION—FILM—THE INTERNS, WISH I WERE HERE, LOVE AND OTHER DRUGS)**

When portly, socially awkward Doug (Josh Gad) enlists the help of Jimmy Callahan (Kevin Hart), a suave, fast-talking entrepreneur who provides best-man services for needy grooms, he gains newfound confidence and swagger, their dynamic bringing to mind Kevin James and Will Smith's in Hitch. To round out the rest of the groomsmen, Jimmy collects a ragtag group of oddballs, not unlike the motley crew Paul Rudd assembles in I Love You, Man. (Doug and Jimmy's business agreement eventually blossoms into friendship, and their contrived rapport reeks of that film's central relationship, not to mention every other vaguely Apatowian bromance story.) And to help him prepare for the nuptials, Jimmy and Doug infiltrate some stranger's wedding, their zany antics modeled after Owen Wilson and Vince Vaughn's in Wedding Crashers.

There are a few inspired moments that break up the banality of this borrowed, indifferently shot tosh, most notably a pair of sequences so oddly extemporaneous from the plot that they're almost surreal—one a bachelor party that gradually becomes a drug-induced, vulgarly cartoonish high-speed police chase, and the other a backyard football game that similarly devolves into a brutal street fight. And while Hart is one of the quickest and most amusing comedic presences in movies today, the sort of performer whose manic affectations are the natural manifestations of his lyrically wired persona, his talent and conviction doesn't excuse the film's mean-spirit jabs at gays and women.

Any folks renting **BLENDED**, **HORRIBLE BOSSES 2**, **GROWN UPS 2**, **22 JUMP STREET**, **MOM'S NIGHT OUT**, **ABOUT LAST NIGHT**, and **THINK LIKE A MAN 2** will rent this one too.

