

9/2 1 DRAFT DAY DRAMA \$31 MILL BO
2378 SCREENS R 109 MINUTES

Kevin Costner (FIELD OF DREAMS, THE BODYGUARD, NO WAY OUT, DANCES WITH WOLVES)
Jennifer Garner (DALLAS BUYER'S CLUB, 13 GOING ON 30, CATCH ME IF YOU CAN, JUNO)

With his delicately photographed mid-region and rubbery pseudo-Midwestern twang, there's no doubt that Kevin Costner's performance is the main attraction of Ivan Reitman's this story.. Costner stars as Sonny Weaver Jr., a beleaguered Cleveland Browns GM who, just a week after the death of his father (the team's beloved former coach), must decide which players to keep and which to trade. The team's owner, Anthony

Molina (Frank Langella), demands that he "make a splash" by picking Heisman Trophy winner Bo Callahan (Josh Pence), even though Weaver thinks the young star's background stinks. These destiny-forging bottlenecks aside, his co-worker, Ali (Jennifer Garner), has told him she's pregnant with his child. All of Weaver's reputations—as a companion, a son, and the leader of a professional sports franchise—are being challenged at once.

Ticking down the hours before the NFL Draft ceremony, Rajiv Joseph and Scott Rothman's screenplay works most smoothly when it's turning the screws against Weaver. None of his arguments with his brain trust, negotiations with other GMs (rendered in bizarre but inoffensive split-screen panel-edits), or botched apologies to Ali threaten to upend the movie's emotional flow for good, but they pile up nervewrackingly. If the writers over-peppered Weaver's backroom exchanges with empty Sorkinesque rhetorical quips and nostalgic game trivia deliberately to drive him to the brink of madness, it works. But whenever the odds look truly insurmountable, that's about when the film reels itself back in with a speech from Costner, as if bitch-slapping both viewers and his colleagues back into giving a damn about what really matters. His scenes with Ali are the closest the film gets to portraying Weaver as a jerk, but she mostly just wants him to go public with their relationship—to restore her dignity as an integral member of his team.

He invariably chokes on decisions like these, until the cruelly obvious third act congeals the film as a wet-eyed monument to Weaver's particular brand of American manliness, one that values gut instinct, it's implied, over cold and ruthless calculations. All of the U.S. watches as Weaver unerringly, unflinchingly restructures the Browns without disappointing the fans or betraying his coach, his partners; instead, his picks send shockwaves of goodwill blasting throughout Ohio in repeat waves of sports-fan ecstasy. The script is so passionate about upending Weaver's battalion of naysayers and giving him the upper hand that *Draft Day* suspiciously slick day hero who doesn't finally goes public in his announces to his mother but these moments don't decisions so much as management skills.

Fans of
STOP, 42, HER, ANY
RIDDICK, RUSH and
will all enjoy this one too.



becomes a sore winner: a hagiography of a modern-actually exist. Weaver relationship with Ali, and that they're having a baby, register as mature rewards for his team-

TRANSCENDENCE, NON-GIVEN SUNDAY, OLYMPUS HAS FALLEN



9/2 3 MOM'S NIGHT OUT COMEDY
 \$3 MILL BO 476 SCREENS PG 98 MINUTES

Sean Astin (THE TWO TOWERS, RUDY, THE FINAL SEASON, STAY COOL)
Patricia Heaton (TV'S EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND, THE MIDDLE, BACK TO YOU)

It's wacky fun rather than raunchy and its PG rating makes it pretty safe for all audiences. The moms at the center of the story are a sweet group, and it's obvious from the opening scenes that everything is going to turn out okay, lessons will be learned, and doubts will be put aside as all involved will emerge stronger and happier in the end.

The cast is led by Sarah Drew (*Grey's Anatomy*) who plays Allyson, the neat freak stay-at-home mom who sees danger in the most innocent of household situations and is sure she's a failure at being a

mother. Sarah's hubby (played by Sean Astin) encourages her to put aside all of her responsibilities, turn one night of taking care of the kids over to him, and go out and party with her closest friends. Although she's worried she's letting the family down, Sarah commits to one evening in which she'll venture out without a cellphone and without needing to hold little hands.

This is a fun little film that will be enjoyed by those that liked **BAD WORDS, ABOUT LAST NIGHT, ENDLESS LOVE, ANCHOR MAN 2, DELIVERY MAN, GRUDGE MATCH, and BAGGAGE CLAIM.**



9/2 3 THEY CAME TOGETHER COMEDY
 \$5 MILL BO 934 SCREENS R 83 MINUTES

Paul Rudd (I LOVE YOU MAN, THIS IS 40, THIS IS THE END, ROLE MODELS, CLUELESS)
Amy Poehler (TV'S PARKS AND RECREATION, 30 ROCK, SNL)

Following two thirtysomething New Yorkers, their wacky mutual friends, and the city they love, the film latches onto tropes like a kind of cancer, twisting and expanding them to grotesque proportions. What results is chaotic but ultimately focused, bound by an intense devotion to disassembling genre and narrative standards.

Their eventual happy ending assured by an equally tongue-in-cheek framing story, Molly (Amy Poehler) and Joel (Paul Rudd) get off to a rocky start at a Halloween party, where they show up simultaneously, both dressed as Ben Franklin, and start squabbling before they even get inside. Things seem poised to get even worse thanks to their rival career choices: She's a laidback klutz running a cute

boutique candy shop, and he's a career-driven businessman working for a giant candy conglomerate, which just happens to be intent on gobbling up her store.

Their style ends up as a sort of parody of parody itself, foregoing mere knowing awareness of common story contrivances for something more discomfiting, making smart humor seem as dumb as possible, full of uncomfortably long scenes, disjointed gestures, and broad goofs. It's the same treatment previously given to the dusty camp movie in *Wet Hot* by picking targets that are both completely insignificant as they reveal the schematic digestible cinematic confections responses that feed on them, system that breeds both and the comedic backlash that tear them apart, clearing the clichés to be formed.



relic of the summer-*American Summer*, ripe for ribbing and objects of derision, nature of both and the satiric the mechanical digestible storylines invariably arrives to ground for new

This movie will be appealing to those that liked **DELIVERY MAN, ANCHOR MAN 2, BAD WORDS, ABOUT LAST NIGHT, GRUDGE MATCH, LABOR DAY, LAST VEGAS** and **THE HEAT** will like this one too.



9/9 2 BRICK MANSIONS ACTION
\$22 MILL BO 1965 SCREENS PG-13 90 MINUTES

Paul Walker (TAKERS, FAST FIVE, EIGHT BELOW, RUNNING SCARED, FAST AND FURIOUS 6)

As it was in the Luc Besson-penned original, **BRICK MANSIONS** envisions a near-futuristic metropolis—this time Detroit circa **ROBOCOP** plus or minus about five years—so economically divided that the have-nots have been literally walled by the haves into a tenement at the nexus of Cabrini-Green and Edgar Allen Poe's "Cask of Amontillado." Law is indifferent to what happens behind those walls, and commerce stands ready to pounce on the real estate. Integrity on the inside is left to the likes of Lino Dupree (David Belle, reprising his role from the original), a bouncy little irritant to drug kingpin Tremaine (RZA), routinely hijacking his shipments and dissolving them down the drain before jumping out some eighth-story window to his next misadventure.

Did I say the law is indifferent? There's one lone-wolf exception in Damien Collier (Walker), an undercover police officer whose obsession with avenging his cop father's death within the Mansions has led him to decorate an entire wall of his loft with a drug-lord hit list straight out of the workroom in *The Wire*. Less interested in reversing the decay of the slums than in putting big red X's on those headshots, Collier is the sort of cop who'll hang on to the trunk of a careening car like T-1000 than let his mark evade capture.

Besson's scenario executes a few parkour contortions of its own to get Dupree (himself a purported cop killer) and Collier (who mostly just kills buzz) backflipping in tandem, though it's a wonder they haven't partnered up before, as almost every character in the film seems caught in a loop of limited agency. At one point, Lino, having just been chased out of Tremaine's lair, marches right back into the den, explaining, "That's just what they won't be expecting." (Hilariously, Tremaine is seen on both days chopping red peppers for his famous mother sauce, as though it's the only recipe he knows.)

Fans of **LONE SURVIVOR, SABOTAGE, NON STOP, 3 DAYS TO KILL, I FRANKENSTEIN** and **RIDDICK** will love this one too.



9/9 1 CAPTAIN AMERICA ACTION
\$259 MILL BO 4267 SCREENS PG-13 136 MINUTES

Chris Evans (PUSH, THE AVENGERS, FANTASTIC FOUR, CELLULAR)

Scarlett Johansson (THE HORSE WHISPERER, HER, LOST IN TRANSLATION, MATCH POINT)

Samuel L. Jackson (PULP FICTION, THE NEGOTIATOR, THOR, SNAKES ON A PLANE, SOUL MEN, HOME OF THE BRAVE, NO GOOD DEED)

The eagerly awaited follow up to Captain America: The First Avenger is quite simply an amazing entry into the Marvel franchise, never missing a step and certainly not disappointing.

Right out of the gate, Joe and Anthony Russo have crafted a compelling film, which feels more like an espionage thriller, full of intrigue in the first two thirds than a superhero outing, that isn't a bad thing at all, it just brings another layer to our star spangled hero Steve Rogers aka Captain America and his friends as well as foes.

The supporting cast are superb also; the highlight being Emily VanCamp's Agent 13, as it's good to see her outside of TV's Revenge and whilst she doesn't have a great deal to do, she, like Cobie Smulders (Maria Hill) plays the part incredibly well, ensuring neither of their inclusions feel at all wasted.

Hayley Atwell is almost unrecognisable as the aged Peggy Carter, her inclusion giving another facet to Steve Rogers's life, as she effectively is an emotional centre of sorts for him, their interaction also reveals why he joined S.H.I.E.L.D in the first place and helps to enforce the mythology as well as giving fans a bit of closure with the character, while whetting our appetites for the Agent Carter TV series. Meanwhile Toby Jones is also back as Arnim Zola, and even without seeing proceedings.

The effects and fight sequences are stunning, as the filmmakers don't seem to be pulling any punches with this sequel. A true highlight for the film is Mackie's Falcon, his flying is not just there to be there, to characters - old and new, the Falcon is definitely one that is going to show up again and again, a very welcomed addition, and gives a nice contrast between him and Captain America, as their banter brings something of a light touch to an otherwise intense action thriller.



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This will be huge for everyone that loved **LONE SURVIVOR, 300: RISE OF AN EMPIRE, 3 DAYS TO KILL, ANCHOR MAN 2, AMERICAN HUSTLE,** and **CAPTAIN PHILLIPS.**



9/9 3 **GOD'S POCKET** DRAMA
\$ 1 MILL BO 120 SCREENS

Philip Seymour Hoffman (PIRATE RADIO, PATCH, CAPOTE, ALMOST FAMOUS)

John Turturro (FADING GIGOLO, THE BIG LEBOWSKI, THE TAKING OF PELHAM 123, SHE HATES ME)

The film opens, appropriately enough, with a funeral. This turns out to be for Leon (Caleb Landry Jones), the horrific, racist son of Mickey's wife, Jeanie (Christina Hendricks). He was killed unceremoniously by a lead pipe to the head after holding a straight razor to the neck of an older, black coworker at a construction site.

"The working men of this movie are simple men," intones Daily Times columnist Richard Shellburn (Richard Jenkins) as the film opens. "Everyone here has stolen something from somebody else, or when they were kids, they set someone's house on fire, or they ran away when they should have stayed and fought." His overwrought voice-of-the-people style is later mocked by a passing group of these noble "working men", who overhear Shellburn recording yet another of these melodramatic passages in his parked car.

Mickey's story is more complicated than this. Always hunched over and early on encumbered by having to scrape up enough dough for a burial for his stepson, he has no chance of a break in cost from the unsympathetic funeral director, Smilin' Jack (Eddie Marsan). Mickey heads to the racetrack, where he loses, predictably. Still, it's a devastating moment captured brilliantly in Hoffman's face, who plays Mickey with just the right note of pathetic resolve.

Mickey might not give up easily, but he seems to expect nothing but failure to befall him. He makes no bones about his questionable choices, but he doesn't hold other peoples' bad ideas against them, either. When he's told that his wife is rumored to have slept with Shellburn, he doesn't show shock or fury as much as acquiescence.

The film ends with a coda that is sweetly uninspired, as Mickey and his fellows go on the lam from their decaying urban hell and hole up in a trailer home down south. Mickey is last seen sitting on a lawn chair in the bright Florida sun, a newspaper on his lap, and the sound of distant target-practice gunfire in the background. He's not exactly content, but closer to joy than he's used to.

It's an image that might remind you of the troubled Hoffman as well, a difficult man enjoying a respite from his troubles for however brief a moment. As far as happy endings go, this might have to do.

Fans of **LOCKE**, **JOE**, **THE ART OF THE STEAL**, **PHILOMENA** and **NEBRASKA** will like this one too.





9/9 3 PALO ALTO DRAMA

\$2 MILL BO 329 SCREENS R 100 MINUTES

**James Franco (THIS IS THE END, THE ICEMAN, SPRING BREAKERS, RISE OF THE PLANET OF THE APES)
Emma Roberts (GANGSTER SQUAD, ZOMBIELAND, CRAZY STUPPID LOVE, SUPER BAD)**

Set among the broad lawns and narrow lives of the titular California neighborhood, *Palo Alto* finds poetry in teen life, though it often exhibits an adolescent mindset itself, fixated as it is on familiar notions of social self-imprisonment. What results is the same generalized view of suburbia that's been depicted regularly since the mid '60s, as a place with a toxic dedication to keeping up appearances, beneath which fractured people

live out incomplete existences, all of them quietly desperate for something more. There's not much novelty in this conception, nor in the film's rote set of characters—the burnouts and virgins and various other half-formed personalities—compiled piecemeal from previous suburban sagas.

Joining the family business, 26-year-old Gia Coppola does an admirable job of presenting this world, which feels completely conceived, tracking a glimmering procession of misspent summer days capped off with dissolute nighttime parties, the often-tense negotiations between wayward youth, their semi-present parents, and other predatory authority figures. But basic competence, exhibited within a sort of pleasant, dreamlike tone, are all she manages. Merging three distinct character studies into one patchwork narrative structure, the film seems intent on providing shading to old types, from the precociously world-weary deep-thinker April (Emma Roberts), to the frustrated stoner Teddy (Jack Kilmer), to the wiseass screw-up Fred (Nat Wolff), and other corollary, equally recognizable, characters, but the film falls short of a nuanced imagining of the internal politics of suburbia.

Like many memoir-style remembrances, *Palo Alto* is set in a vague shadow world that's half present, half past, as Coppola drops the early-'90s setting of James Franco's short-story collection for a world where ever-present angst is channeled through Smartphones and iPads. The shallow-focus cinematography expands this vagueness into a sort of oppressive reverie, adolescent dreamers floating along in an ethereal haze, phantoms in search of permanent personalities, but there's little of substance here beyond the wistful atmospherics. At the core of the vignette-style approach sits another familiar conceit, the various doomed romantic entanglements of two characters we know belong together, with the film mostly marking time

There are two sexual advances from showing up to fill the coach seeking out players. Yet while the characters identifies actors more than hold steady hand with young do strong work as by Wolff, playing a nihilistic troublemaker who represents the only element of real danger here.



until they realize this as well. separate scenarios involving adults, with Franco himself tried-and-true role of the soccer conquests among his female mishandling of supposedly mature deeper structural issues, the lead their own, thanks to Coppola's performers. Roberts and Kilmer leads, and the film is nearly stolen

This story will be appreciated by those that also liked **FADING GIGOLO, BAD WORDS, UNDER THE SKIN, ROB THE MOB, HER, and THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY.**



9/9 2 WORDS AND PICTURES DRAMA
\$3 MILL BO 416 SCREENS

Clive Owen (CHILDREN OF MEN, BLOOD TIES, DUPLICITY, SIN CITY, INSIDE MAN)
Juliette Binoche (THE ENGLISH PATIENT, BREAKING AND ENTERING, CERTIFIED COPY)

Clive Owen and Juliette Binoche star as positively charged ions who tease each other like children just realizing that they actually *want* each other's cooties. A cutesy, cringingly scored battle of words is set into motion when Jack (Owen), a private high school's beloved English teacher, first meets Dina (Binoche), the new art teacher, leading to a school-sanctioned showdown that will allow them to argue whether words or pictures are more important—hence the film's unimaginative title. Their playfully contentious war is in service of making their students better practitioners, and the busy script traces Jack and Dina's own betterment, as artists and lovers, by conveniently saddling them with their own disease of the week: He's a successful author whose social and professional standing is threatened by his alcoholism, while she's an acclaimed artist still struggling to work around the inconvenience of her rheumatoid arthritis.

The reality of these situations and how it affects everyone around them make it an interesting story for those that also liked **UNDER THE SKIN, LABOR DAY, JOE, STILL MINE, ENDLESS LOVE,** and **BEFORE MIDNIGHT.**



9/16 1 THE FAULT IN OUR STARS DRAMA
\$116 MILL BO 2846 SCREENS PG 126 MINUTES

Shailene Woodley (THE DESCENDANTS, THE SPECTACULAR NOW, MOOLA)
Laura Dern (JURASSIC PARK, LITTLE FOCKERS, THE MASTER, OCTOBER SKY, I AM SAM)

"This is the truth. Sorry." This warning-cum-promise, delivered by 16-year-old Hazel Grace Lancaster (Woodley) in the voiceover monologue that opens this movie is the first and most telling moment in Josh Boone's faintly wry film. Boone and writers Scott Neustadter and Michael H. Weber know what a difficult task they have in adapting John Green's best-selling novel, about a tentative romance between two cancer-stricken teenagers, into a durable screen product that will appeal to younger target audience without quickly: This isn't just "a movie," Hazel's voiceover intones over a close-up of Woodley's wonderfully expressive eyes, but a document of authentic lived experience that dares to stare terminal cancer baldly in the face rather than hide behind euphemisms and syrupy montages. A

noble mission, to be sure, and one that shows the filmmakers have the right instincts about how to tell this story.

In *Hazel*, the screenwriters have developed a hugely appealing but also believable (and often believably obnoxious) adolescent protagonist who handles the poor hand life has dealt her with grace, if not sagacity; indeed, if you called her a martyr, she'd probably throw a punch your way. The many voiceover monologues, predominantly employed in the film's first third to dictate theme and tone, may lay the precocious rambling on thick, but when Hazel and her sweet-and-sour persona is in action, her idiosyncrasies add grit to this familiar story. Her soft-pedaling around her shell-shocked parents preserves a sense of normalcy to their home, but limits her emotional intelligence; her blackly comic humor endears her to the adults in her world even as it alienates many of her peers.

Hazel's parents (Laura Dern and Sam Trammell) are simultaneously grateful for and baffled by their daughter's blasé demeanor (one of the film's strengths is its quiet understanding of the terror and absurdity of raising a child fated to die) and encourage her to visit a cancer support group. It's here that Hazel meets the improbably named Augustus Waters (Ansel Elgort), an 18-year-old former basketball star whose prosthetic leg doesn't prevent him from strutting as his primary form of transportation.

Following their meet-cute, the story runs its course charting Hazel and Augustus's relationship from its somewhat aimless beginnings, in which she resists getting close to him out of fear of hurting him, through health crises that serve as a form of bondage, and eventually across an ocean to Amsterdam in search of the reclusive (fictional) author of Hazel's favorite novel. The remainder of their trip abroad is full of lessons learned and grand romantic gestures, ending on a mawkish note with a misjudged semi-climactic sequence combining two very dangerous thematic elements: strangers erupting into applause, and, um, the Anne Frank House.

The film regains its footing a bit in the emotional last act, in which cancer (and death) finally swallows all other narrative concerns: These sequences are mostly quieter, more focused on Hazel and Augustus, the minutiae of their relationship, and their potent chemistry. The result here is that those that enjoyed **BAD**

WORDS, PITCH PERFECT, TERMS OF ENDEARMENT, HEAVEN IS FOR REAL, SON OF GOD, STILL MINE, ENDLESS LOVE and **LABOR DAY** will like this one too.



9/16 1 GODZILLA ACTION

\$199 MILL BO 4167 SCREENS PG-13 123 MINUTES

Aaron Taylor Johnson (KICK ASS, KICK ASS 2, NOWHERE BOY, ALBERT NOBBS)

Bryan Cranston (TV'S BREAKING BAD –FILM—TOTAL RECALL, ARGO, ROCK OF AGES)

Sally Hawkins (BLUE JASMINE, THE DOUBLE, HAPPY GO LUCKY, AN EDUCATION)

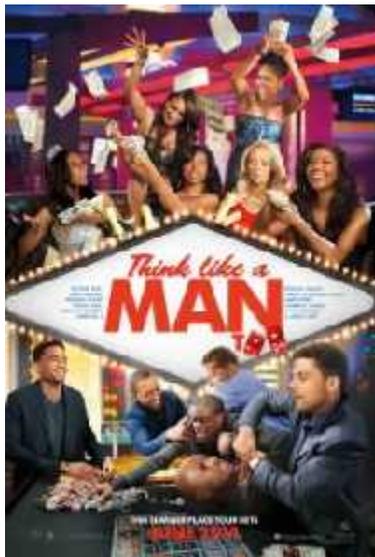
Early on, this movie establishes and plays with the subversive potential of the original film's Atomic Age paranoia, displaying its opening credits as a series of hasty redactions superimposed over Bikini Atoll footage. The baton of obsessive distrust is then passed to Bryan Cranston's physicist Joe Brody, who, 15 years ago, lost his wife (Juliette Binoche) and his faith in humankind's benevolence when the Janjira power plant employing him collapsed amid a series of presumed earthquakes, an event depicted with echoes of the Fukushima disaster. Once the movie flashes forward to the present day with Brody's son, Ford (Aaron Taylor-Johnson, suddenly rigid and puffy

under the apparent influence of CrossFit), returning home from deployment as a military explosives specialist, the twisted familial bond between scientific research and tactical armament has been established in the most literal of terms. It exists as an extension of the perceived natural order, one which *Godzilla* takes great pleasure in upending.

A haggard and crunchy-haired Joe tries to convince fellow scientists Ishiro Serizawa (Ken Watanabe) and Vivienne Graham (Sally Hawkins) that the cyclical pattern of earth-shaking pulses that destroyed Janjira aren't tectonic at all, and just as soon as their Geiger counters start making that noise that sounds appropriately like movie popcorn pinging inside the kettle, Joe's fears are realized.



And fight they eventually do, in a stunning, poetic threnody of carnage that externalizes our own pursuit of destruction as an organic impulse on the largest scale imaginable. The scenes are fantastic and keep the story alive for all fans of **300: RISE OF AN EMPIRE, GRUDGE MATCH, 3 DAYS TO KILL, I FRANKENSTEIN, IRON MAN 3 and ANCHOR MAN 2.**



9/16 2 **THINK LIKE A MAN TOO** COMEDY
PG-13 116 MINUTES

Kevin Hart is glad to be riding a rollercoaster in Tim Story's *Think Like a Man Too*

What happens in Vegas no longer stays in Vegas. STDs alone proved that, but additionally, the outsized success of *The Hangover* series has all but guaranteed that every fledgling comedy franchise will now relocate to the Strip for a follow-up installment. The result? A ton of watered-down debaucheries that have no business crashing Nomi Malone's stomping grounds. Case in point, *Think Like a Man Too*, the follow-up to the moderately surprising moderate-sized 2012 hit, which took as its source of inspiration perpetually bewildered *Family Feud* host Steve Harvey's relationship manual *Act Like a Lady, Think Like a Man*. Aimed at women, the book seemed to suggest through its title that the key to making relationships work between women and men is for each side to try a little gender-straddling empathy. But in actuality,

the book preached the opposite, urging women to demand men put a ring on it and, thereafter, be the man of the house: "Set an example for this boy, who needs to see what real men do, and for this girl, who needs to know what a real man is so she can find one of her own someday."

That this retrograde "straight talk" somehow managed to emerge on screen as a reasonably genial ensemble comedy speaks to the strength of its performers, most notably cross-eyed motor mouth Kevin Hart, one-time Oscar nominee Taraji P. Henson, and the *Scary Movie* series's underrated Regina Hall. In the first film, Harvey's positions were elaborated through a number of relationship test cases, and even if the rules of the love game were undeniably rigged, at least the whole package could coast on whatever charge its pseudo-anthology structure afforded. *Think Like a Man Too* cashes in that advantage by shuffling the whole cast like a disinterested blackjack dealer, gathering them together to attend the wedding of two characters who could've easily been chosen at random, and loosing them all onto a now hopelessly forever PG-13 Sin City as each respective gender competes to see which group can throw a wilder party. (Why do these movies constantly claim bachelor/bachelorette parties always take place the actual night before the wedding?)

Mostly gone is the novelty of each character's originally designated archetype, with the notable exception of Terrence J's "Mama's Boy"



groom trying to keep his fiancée from killing her mouthy future mother-in-law, and Hart's "E.L.E. Bro" best man racking up a \$40,000 bill in the name of impressing the clique he subconsciously must think is on the cusp of leaving him behind for their respective women. It's not that the movie is without its pleasures, it's just that they're so resolutely random and isolated, as when the bachelorettes' visit to a club on ladies' night somehow blooms into an ornate music video cover of Bell Biv DeVoe's "Poison" (complete with a clip-identifying title a la *Naked Gun*). And while it's almost accidentally a step in the right direction to introduce some situational parity between the sexes this time around (Las Vegas, as it turns out, is nothing more than a safe zone where adults who are scared to grow up can get one more desperate taste of irresponsible amusement), there's very little thinking in *Think Like a Man Too*.



9/30 1 NEIGHBORS COMEDY
 \$149 MILL BO 3782 SCREENS **R** 97 MINUTES

Seth Rogen (THE GUILT TRIP, 50/50, OBSERVE AND REPORT, FUNNY PEOPLE)

Zac Efron (THAT AWKWARD MOMENT, PAPERBOY, 17 AGAIN, HAIRSPRAY, LIBERAL ARTS)

"He looks like something a gay guy designed in a laboratory," marvels paunchy Mac (Rogen) to his almost equally awestruck wife, Kelly (Rose Byrne), about the tank-topped boy next door. Because that taut and tawny boy Teddy (Efron) and his alky band of fraternity bros are in the middle of noisily unloading their moving van filled with two-story beer bong, turntables, and Dixie cups, their lascivious admiration doesn't last. *Neighbors*, not so much homo-social as it is homo-observational, pits Mac and Kelly, vaguely reluctant new parents trying desperately to hold onto their waning good-time years, against a raucous guild of priapic party animals. Their barely

intergenerational beefing would be all too meta for this roster of Apatow-adjacent players and filmmakers were the movie not so doggedly magnanimous, at least so far as its profuse male characters are concerned. Not for nothing do two characters spend the majority of an entire scene spitballing variations on the maxim, "bros before hoes."

Mac and Kelly are in the middle of their joint post-quarter-life, pre-midlife crisis, not ready to relinquish their fondness for getting amped at unannounced Prince concerts, snarfing shrooms with both hands, eating pizza in bed, and having sex in every room of their new house. To wit, their first impulsive concern when they realize they're going to have to share a property line with keg-standing night owls is that the college kids won't think they're cool, not that their infant is going to have to learn how to fall asleep to dubstep lullabies. They hope their preemptive peace offering from their personal pot stash will balance out their highly rehearsed chillax request to "keep it down." It isn't until slack pheromones and wilted prophylactics start drifting over onto their lawn that their instincts start to kick in. If they can get the university to hand the frat a third strike for violating the code of conduct, their gang will be forced to disband and put the house up for sale (hopefully to that cute gay couple and their playdate-ready baby).

The movie must know most of its audience is on the same page because, pushing aside some of the climax's excellently choreographed fight flailing, nearly every punchline in the whole film centers around how deliciously and reassuringly revolting male loins are...or are



they? At one point, to raise badly needed funds, the fraternity casts molds of their own dicks to sell to their neighbors, managing to raise well in excess of \$10,000. Selling particularly well is the baseball bat-sized unit modeled by Christopher Mintz-Plasse's Scoonie. And then there's Dave Franco (who any reasonably cultured soul would know is *actually* what a gay guy would design in a laboratory) playing Teddy's second-in-command Pete, a secretly scholarly psychologist who can accurately diagnose exactly why Teddy hates Mac, but who for some reason won't acknowledge the true reason he's able to spontaneously sprout wood whenever he's in a room full of drunk 19-year-old men. Oh cum on, Cum Laude!

Fun stuff for fans of **DELIVERY MAN**, **HANGOVER**, **THE HEAT**, **ANCHOR MAN**, **21 JUMP STREET**, and **THE DILEMMA** will love this one.



9/23 2 CHEF COMEDY

\$23 MILL BO 1978 SCREENS R 114 MINUTES

Jon Favreau (JOHN CARTER, IRON MAN 2, ZOOKEEPER, I LOVE YOU MAN, THE BREAK-UP, SWINGERS)

Sofia Vergara (TV'S MODERN FAMILY—FILM—THE THREE STOOGES, NEW YEAR'S EVE, MACHETE KILLS, LORDS OF DOGTOWN)

Working at a high-scale bistro in California, and dictated to by an unsympathetic owner, Riva (Dustin Hoffman), Casper (Favreau) chooses to vent his frustrations on Twitter and, by mistaking a live tweet for a personal message, starts an online beef with a popular food blogger, Ramsey Michel (Oliver Platt). When the blogger agrees to give Casper another chance, Riva refuses to let his chef cook something

new and adventurous, and the entire ordeal snowballs into a professional nightmare, complete with a viral video of Casper's meltdown over a nasty review. As Favreau familiarly suggests, the artist is rarely, if ever, to blame for the dullness and safety of their work, and it's actually the overseers and their addiction to formula that have rendered menus bland and repetitive.

When Riva hands down an ultimatum (cook our menu or leave), Casper takes off to Miami with his son, Percy (Emjay Anthony), and his ex-wife, Inez (Vergara), for some much-needed mind-clearing, only to suddenly decide to refurbish a food truck and start his own business. The food truck, from which Casper serves Cuban sandwiches and yucca fries, is a runaway success.

Indeed, there's something just a bit uncouth about the way the writer-director gets Scarlett Johansson, as the bistro's hostess, on screen to do little more than gaze seductively, half-dressed, as Casper cooks her a late-night snack. In the cameo department, Robert Downey Jr. has the much better scene as Inez's idiosyncratic ex, a character whose purpose is solely to deliver a handful of expositional lines that Downey makes sing with his erratic yet charming delivery.

This is a fun little film that will appeal to those that liked **SINGLE MOM'S CLUB**, **ABOUT LAST NIGHT**, **AUGUST: OSAGE COUNTY**, **THE BOOK THIEF**, **BLUE JASMINE**, and **IDENTITY THIEF** will like this one too.





9/30 1 TRANSFORMERS: AGE OF EXTINCTION ACTION \$209 MILL BO 4367 SCREENS
PG-13 165 MINUTES

Mark Wahlberg (PAIN AND GAIN, 2 GUNS, LONE SURVIVOR, TED, CONTRABAND)

Stanley Tucci (THE HUNGER GAMES: CATCHING FIRE, THE FIFTH ESTATE, MARGIN CALL, PRELUDE TO A KISS)

Titus Welliver (TV---THE MENTALIST, SONS OF ANARCHY, CSI, LOST, MONK)

Kelsey Grammer (TV—CHEERS, FRASER, BOSS, MEDIUM, BACK TO YOU)

The third, microscopically underrated entry in the series ditched Megan Fox's thigh gaps in favor of Rosie Huntington-Whiteley's. And the fact that the fourth film trades in for Nicola Peltz, obediently prancing around in trial-size Daisy Dukes, would be the confirmation no one needed of Bay's belief that women are interchangeable if only he hadn't also jettisoned the rest of his franchise's cast. Sure, no one is going to miss Shia LeBeouf's Sam Witwicky wrestling his own mental health to the mat. But is everyone ready for Mark Wahlberg to tap in with another test run of his wooden "surprise face"?

Wahlberg plays Cade Yeager, a fruitless tinkerer in Texas with a 10-gallon barn full of failed inventions. While searching through the ruins of an old movie house, Cade finds a semi truck parked absurdly among the tattered theater seats and tows it home. Spoiler alert: It's Optimus Prime. (Since there are some franchise devotees who take playtime very seriously, anyone concerned about actual spoilers should check out now.) It takes one ill-advised phone call and about



13 seconds before the full force of governmental black ops descends on Yeager's ranch. Why? Because even though the Autobots have now saved the human race multiple times, evil CIA head Sideshow Bob Harold Attinger (Kelsey Grammer) has decided that interstellar aliens aren't subject to good-bad classifications. They're all undocumented workers and need to be destroyed. Or at least that's the impression he wants to give, even as he's secretly aligning himself with spoiled tech-entrepreneur Joshua Joyce (Stanley Tucci, channeling Steve Jobs by way of Robert Downey Jr.) to explore the elemental breakdown of the Transformers' genetic materials.

And then comes 95 minutes' worth of explosions, shattering glass, and the spectacle of what it looks and sounds like when the steel flesh is ripped from living, breathing skyscrapers, all accompanied by composer Steve Jablonsky's musical score of diarrhetic robot farts and Bay's apparently still festering amusement over what minorities look like when they're running away from scary shit. Bay is self-aware enough to knowingly make fun of his movies' corrupt iconography, and as per usual establishes early on an inviting sense of junky mockery, as when the owner of the theater where Cade picks up the incognito Optimus waxes meta about how the Art Deco palace didn't stand a chance when audiences got hooked on endless sequels and remakes. But as always, the tone of his delivery shifts the moment the camera starts caressing chrome and heavy artillery.

What could be better for fans of **NOAH, SABOTAGE, LONE SURVIVOR, ROBOCOP, NON STOP** and **WORLD WAR Z**. This has it all.