



**5/5 2 BLACK OR WHITE** DRAMA  
 \$21 MILL BO 1926 SCREENS PG-13 121 MINUTES



**Kevin Costner (3 DAYS TO KILL, FIELD OF DREAMS, THE BODYGUARD, WYATT EARP, A PERFECT WORLD)**

**Octavia Spencer (TV—MOM, 30 ROCK—FILM—SNOW PIERCER, HELP, DINNER FOR SCHMUCKS, PERCY JACKSON: SEA OF MONSTERS)**

For everyone who knows there's a lot to say about racism, but has absolutely no idea what to say about it, there's the film, the perfect Sunday-afternoon fodder for starting conversations that will go absolutely nowhere and leave everyone involved feeling as if they've

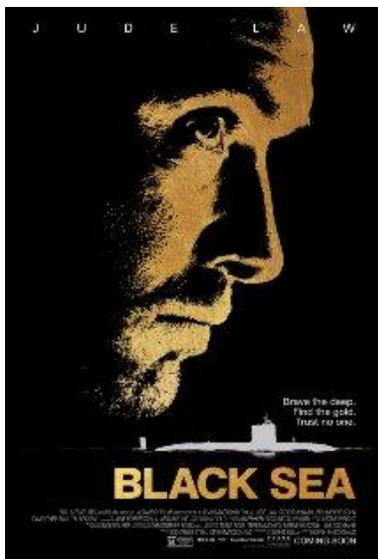
done their due diligence. The title alone makes no firm commitments to anything other than forcing the conversation: Why strive for the sort of profound conclusions that might actually help foster real change when you can just name-check the usual stereotypical talking points?

Allegedly based on a true story, but frequently suggesting an adaptation of the comments section of any neighborhood crime watch Facebook post, the film stars Kevin Costner as Elliot Anderson, a wealthy and recently widowed grandfather who, having also lost his own daughter during childbirth, has been left totally alone to raise preteen Eloise (Jillian Estell). Elliot's wife isn't even cold in the ground before Eloise's paternal grandmother, Rowena Jeffers (Octavia Spencer), suggests to Elliot that maybe their charge, a burgeoning boarding-school pixie in training, ought to at least spend some time bonding with her side of the family down in South Central. Elliot, who has a bar in his living room that would suit a four-star hotel, even though he apparently only drinks Glenmorangie, drowns his sorrows while Rowena draws up custodial papers to take Eloise on full time. The situation is tense enough even before Eloise's junkie father shows up to Elliot's gated community, and there isn't a single trick writer-director Mike Binder hasn't lifted from the Paul Haggis playbook.



True to the screenwriter's enduring influence, no mistake is left unpunished, and no virtue is left unchallenged by a split-second lapse in judgment. Costner and Spencer both rise to the occasion, giving two of the most professionally nuance-free performances of their careers—Spencer twitching and squawking her way through each grisly courtroom interjection, and Costner unabashedly embodying *Gran Torino*-model Clint Eastwood, scowling and darting around the dubious thin line between "racism" and un-sugarcoated "truthfulness" that only anti-P.C. wingnuts actually believe exists.

This will rent as well as **ST. VINCENT, BOYHOOD, THE TWO FACES OF JANUARY, IF I STAY, CHEF** and **FRUITVILLE STATION**.



**5/5 3 BLACK SEA DRAMA**  
\$3 MILL BO 492 SCREENS R 114 MINUTES

**Jude Law (DOM HEMINGWAY, HUGO, 360,  
CONTAGION, THE AVIATOR, CLOSER)**

A bitter sense of class warfare, and a clear understanding of the toxic resentments such conflicts can foster, underlies the action and interpersonal drama of *Black Sea*, which pits a roguish submarine crew, half English and half Russian, against one another. As the film opens, Captain Robinson (Jude Law) is getting the boot from his longtime corporate employer, a sudden abandonment that leads him to take on an off-the-books mission, backed by a mysterious private funder (Tobias Menzies), to retrieve a sunken boatload of gold lost in the final days of WWII. The crew he assembles is made up of ex-cons,

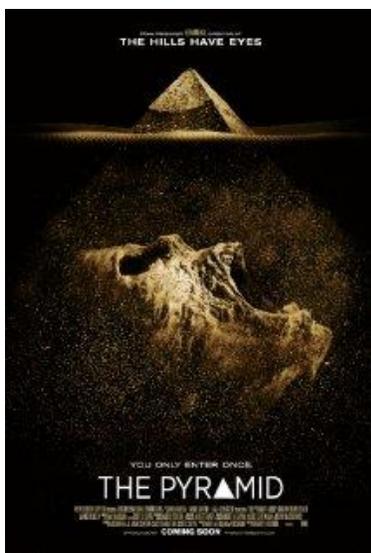
former military personnel, and other lifetime slaves to the ebb and flow of low-wage blue-collar labor, men whose interactions with major companies and the wealthy in general have rendered them caustic and mean. As much as the film is primarily a genre workout for director Kevin Macdonald, the script makes room for a tough-minded, psychologically corrosive depiction of vengeance.

Credit screenwriter Dennis Kelly for also anchoring the drama around the personal grudges and the inner demons of Robinson and his crew, a gaggle of cutthroats portrayed by the likes of Ben Mendelsohn, Michael Smiley, Grigoriy Dobrygin, David Threlfall, and Konstantin Khabenskiy. Each actor brings out a different shade of emotion in relation to the topic of money and sudden wealth, ranging from festering paranoia and consuming obsession to righteous vindication and unblemished hope. These outlooks underpin every interaction, most of which involve the characters barking through engineering and navigational jargon or indulging petty arguments over fair shares, national grievances, and superstitions.



As disagreements get heated and bodies begin to pile up, the plausibility of the mission becoming all the more uncertain, *Black Sea* tracks less the adventurous, extreme ends that Robinson is willing to go to than his obsession with getting at the higher-ups. The film does indulge the stereotype of the overseers' representative, Scoot McNairy's company man, being the most overtly weak-willed and manipulative of the bunch. Thankfully, the other fights and grudges evinced by the crew give enough variety to the drama that the more predictable narrative turns and characterizations don't stick out.

This will rent as well as **JOHN WICK, NO GOOD DEED, LEFT BEHIND, DRAFT DAY, and ROB THE MOB.** A very nice addition to any **NEW RELEASE** section.



### 5/5 3 THE PYRAMID

\$4 MILL BO 926 SCREENS R 89 MINUTES

**Ashely Hinshaw (TV—TRUE BLOOD, THE LEAGUE ENLIGHTENED, THE GLADES, FRINGE)**  
**James Buckley (TV—THE INBETWEENERS, OFF THE HOOK, ROCK AND CHIPS—FILM-- THE INBETWEENERS)**

As unrest grips the streets of Cairo, intrepid reporter Sunni (Christa Nicola) and her cameraman Fitzie (Buckley), head to the Egyptian desert to document an exceptional find. Old-school archeologist Holden (Denis O'Hare), his more tech-reliant daughter Nora (Hinshaw), and their team are about to breach the unique 3-sided pyramid they discovered buried in the sand. With the dig shut down over safety concerns in the region, the father/daughter team

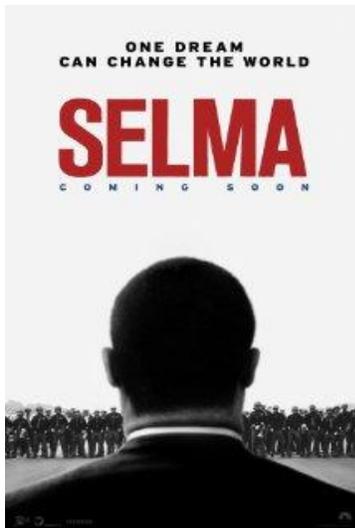
and fellow explorer Zahir (Amir Kamyab) convince their armed escort to allow them a quick look inside the structure. With Sunni and Fitzie in tow, the crew descends into the unknown, which of course is filled with all sorts of danger, like crumbling floors, labyrinthine dark corridors, feral packs of flesh-eating cats, and an ancient evil that lurks in the shadows.

The setup is basic and the doomed group starts getting picked off soon enough. Mechanical delivery extends to thrills as well, with a handful of jump scares scattered throughout the film as the major source of would-be terror

The iconic "I'm so scared right now" monologue in the *Blair Witch Project* works thanks to the way the shot is framed, the performance, and the palpable emotion and meaning attached by the character. In *The Pyramid*, a rigid, middle-aged scientist addresses the camera directly in medium shot; blandly leaving a record of the events should anyone find the footage.



A decent enough horror film that will rent as well as **DRACULA UNTOLD, AS ABOVE SO BELOW, DELIVER US FROM EVIL, THE QUIET ONES, DEVIL'S DUE** and **CARRIE**. Your renters will find this one.



**5/5 1 SELMA** DRAMA  
\$51 MILL BO 2235 SCREENS **PG-13** 128 MINUTES

**David Oyelowo (INTERSTELLAR, THE BUTLER, JACK REACHER, COMPLICIT, LINCOLN)**  
**Tim Roth (RESERVOIR DOGS, ARBITRAGE, BROKEN, THE LIABILITY, PLANET OF THE APES)**  
**Oprah Winfrey (THE BUTLER, THE COLOR PURPLE, THE BELOVED, NATIVE SON),**  
**Tom Wilkinson (BELLE, THE LONE RANGER, THE GRAND BUDAPEST HOTEL, THE DEBT, BATMAN BEGINS)**

The screenplay leads off by juxtaposing two touchstones: the 1963 Birmingham, Alabama bombing that killed four young black girls, and King's acceptance of the 1964 Nobel Peace prize. As embodied by David Oyelowo, this MLK can be both a purveyor of healing words and, when necessary, a sharp-elbowed political operator. His Southern Christian Leadership Congress (SCLC) converges in Selma in January of 1965, drawing up a battle plan with the counsel of Rev. Hosea Williams (Wendell Pierce), Andrew Young (Andre Holland), and Diane Nash (Tessa Thompson); each hashed-out step toward announcing the march is tenuous at best, and these contentious strategy sessions allow DuVernay to avoid the foregone conclusion-ism that haunts nearly every other film of this type. The reformed, post-Nation of Islam Malcolm X (Nigel Thatch) even makes a quick appearance, contextualizing the SCLC's work within the broader black struggle and enriching DuVernay's vision of the movement as all-too-human.

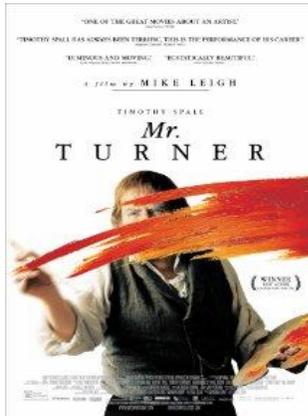
Lyndon B. Johnson (Tom Wilkinson) summons King to the White House a handful of times, hoping that the civil rights leader will give his public blessing to the Great Society reforms. With Alabama's voter suppression problem on his mind, King refuses—at which point LBJ, after browbeating him for missing the bigger picture, reluctantly seeks an assist from J. Edgar Hoover (Dylan Baker). King's trajectory across the South is thus framed in FBI surveillance dispatches typed out on screen; that the same government that would name a holiday after King once sent him letters recommending he kill himself is one of many necessary myth-correctives stuffed in this decidedly mainstream film's text. After a tape with muffled sounds of King cavorting with another woman is mailed to his house, he denies to his wife, Coretta (Carmen Ejogo), that it's him—to which she responds with the film's most loaded single piece of dialogue: "I know...I know what you sound like." Shot with velvety stillness by cinematographer Bradford Young, their late-night confrontation may well be the film's most nail-biting scene.

On the day of the march, Young's camera quietly snakes up the skeletal, rusted Edmund Pettus Bridge at dawn, a vista with the dreamlike serenity of a flashback and yet queasy foreboding to spare. Following a fruitless huddle with Alabama's white-supremacist governor, George Wallace (Tim Roth), LBJ has an epic about-face and initiates the Voting Rights Act before Congress; white and black protesters alike rush to Selma from across the country, and the march proceeds nonviolently. And this is where, after stockpiling so many sociopolitical complexities, *Selma* makes the worst of its (relatively minor) stumbles: Did this retelling—both epic and intimate, lush and brutal—really need to wrap itself up with a PBS-worthy montage? The film loops back around for a coda during King's victorious Montgomery address, with supertitles detailing the destinies of its many characters; the roll call includes white activist Viola Liuzzo, who, the film notes was murdered by white supremacists mere hours after the speech depicted—a commendable note of



discontent embedded within an otherwise triumphalist ending. DuVernay claims the version in theaters is her own cut, but the finale is so restrained that it's jarring, rendering the actual march—which took four days—something of an afterthought. You're left wondering what kind of Hollywood needs three consecutive three-hour *Hobbit* features, but can't cough up another 30 minutes for Martin Luther King.

Will rent as well as **LINCOLN, LES DANIELS' THE BUTLER, THE DEBT, PHILOMENA, JUMPING THE BROOM, FRUITVILLE STATION, THE FIFTH ESTATE, 42, MUD, and THE FAULT IN OUR STARS.**



**5/5 3 MR. TURNER DRAMA**  
**\$4 MILL BO 649 SCREENS R 150 MINUTES**

**Timothy Spall (HARRY POTTER 1 & 2, MR. ANGEL, COME A BRIGHT DAY, THE KING'S SPEECH)**

**Paul Jesson (TV—ROME, THE AMAZING MRS. PRITCHARD, DOCTORS)**

This story focuses on famed landscapist J.M.W. Turner ( Spall) from roughly 1828 until his death in 1851. When the painter weeps over the young age of a prostitute he visits, or exerts

himself while taking Hannah (Dorothy Atkinson), his maid, from behind, these guttural expulsions build into storms of wheezing and phlegmy coughs. It's an ugly, off-putting, but irrefutably human detail of performance in a film built on just such nuances, one that takes the inherent complexities of depicting human experience with anything resembling sincerity, empathy, or realism as its premier concern.

Indeed, in the seaside town of Margate, where Turner takes up with Ms. Booth (Marion Bailey), a widow, Leigh captures the painter as a miniscule figure against the tanned beaches of the Thames, and the writer-director places Spall as a barely noticeable part of the activity on passenger ships or among the fervor of fishmongers. The varieties of views that Leigh offers speaks less to the film's seeming lack of perspective than it does to his view of film as an expansion of the possibilities of depiction that Turner seemingly could never surmount. In a telling scene, Turner takes John Ruskin (Joshua McGuire), an admiring patron who would become his greatest champion, to task after the young man ignorantly dismisses a late, famed artist for being unable to match Turner's ability, which only came from time and knowledge of techniques discovered by artists who came before him.

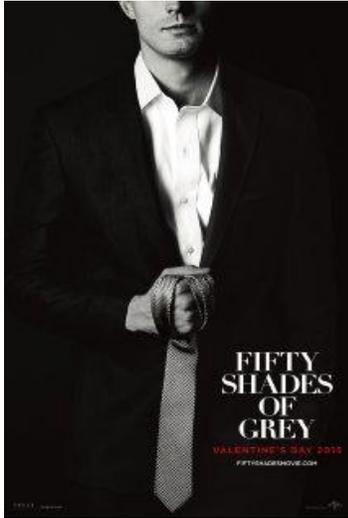
At one point, Turner visits a studio to have a photo taken of himself and remarks at the ease at which the machine works, neither seeing it as tragedy nor triumph. And the film itself works as a collection of visual and verbal discussions on how to view the world and history, to see the horror or the splendor. A potent early image features Turner's father, William (Paul Jesson), a retired barber, carefully shaving the whiskers off of a pig's head procured from the butchers, the barbarism of the animal's decapitated head juxtaposed with the careful, elegant practice of the razor. For Leigh, who's built his career largely on unsparing kitchen-sink dramas and period pieces, *Mr. Turner* is an astute summation of his glum view of humanity, but also a challenge to this disposition and his own pessimistic perspective.

The writer-director doesn't totally transcend his mode, if only because he seems too happy to polish Turner's altruism. While visiting a rich benefactor and friend, Turner is besieged for money by Benjamin Haydon (Martin Savage), a less successful contemporary who specializing in animal studies, and a visiting member of the Royal Academy of Arts slights Haydon for his lack of humility, even as his wife and children starve. As quick as Leigh is to harp on Haydon's pride and self-pity, he's equally fond of reminding the audience of Turner's humbleness. The filmmaker even indulges a scene where Turner



refuses a cumbersome payday in lieu of leaving his works to be hung in museums, a strangely on-the-nose confirmation of his blue-collar sensibilities.

This one will rent as well as **BIG EYES, THE HUMBLING, THE HOMESMAN, WHIPLASH, THE SKELETON TWINS,** and **IF I STAY.**



**THIS IS A FRIDAY RELEASE AND WILL SHIP WITH TITLES THAT STREET 5/5**

**5/8 1 FIFTY SHADES OF GREY EROTIC DRAMA**

**\$168 MILL BO 3654 SCREENS R 125 MINUTES**

**Dakota Johnson (NEED FOR SPEED, 21 JUMP STREET, DATE AND SWITCH, THE SOCIAL NETWORK, THE FIVE YEAR ENGAGEMENT)**

**Jamie Dornan (TV---THE FALL, NEW WORLDS, ONCE UPON A TIME)**

In **FIFTY SHADES OF GREY** the movie, Christian Grey (played by former underwear model Jamie Dornan) is just ok. A billionaire 27-year-old, the CEO of his massive empire, he was born to an abusive “crack whore” and suffered through a brutal infancy and early childhood before he was adopted into a fantastically wealthy family and a life of privilege and power.

The question he embodies, the one that eventually comes to the well-bitten lips of Anastasia Steele (Dakota Johnson), is why it is he’s so hell bent on making everyone and everything in his life follow his strict rules. This is a man so rigid, he has his legal team draft a multi-page, legally binding sexual contract with Ana, so as to ensure the dominant and submissive roles will be played to the hilt and to his complete satisfaction. To her credit, perhaps, Ana refuses to sign this document, even after a protracted negotiation results in Christian striking out such lurid possibilities as “anal fisting” and “genital clamps”.

To entice Ana toward signing, Mr. Grey spends most of his time on screen stalking her, breaking in to her Seattle apartment, and later, “surprising” her by interrupting her already far-too-brief visit home to Savannah by showing up at the country club where she is enjoying a drink with her mother (Jennifer Ehle). He goes on to snatch drinks out of Ana’s hand just before she’s about to sip. Exasperatingly condescending, he insists that she takes pleasure in nothing else, save him, while offering her absolutely nothing gratifying in return, reminding her over and over again that he doesn’t “do romance” or, in fact, anything whatever to reassure her that he’s not an emotionless cad.

Like his predecessors, Christian is seductive and twisted in mundane ways even as he might imagine himself special. The trick in the tale is that Ana and viewers who identify with her imagine he’s special too, before she sees something else. Where her new insight will take her is left open here, as the movie ends with the promise that it’s the first film in a trilogy: Christian has two more installments to take full possession of her soul.

This will be big and rent as well as **THE HUNGER GAMES, DUMB AND DUMBER TO, HORRIBLE BOSSES 2, GONE GIRL, THE EQUALIZER** and just about everything else.





**5/12 3 BLACKHAT ACTION**

**\$9 MILL BO 1291 SCREENS R 133 MINUTES**

**Chris Hemsworth (THOR: THE DARK WORLD, RUSH, CABIN IN THE WOODS, RED DAWN)**

**Viola Davis (ENDER'S GAME, PRISONERS, EXTREMELY LOUD & INCREDIBLY CLOSE, DOUBT, EAT PRAY LOVE)**

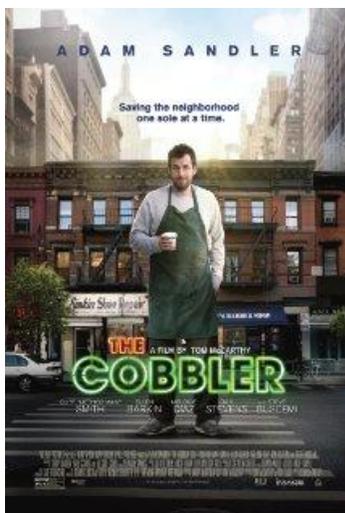
The film's title refers to the nominal distinction between white-hats and black-hats, those hackers supposedly serving the public good and those intent on seeding chaos for personal gain. Beyond its connection to the movie's binary fixations, this terminology also conveniently borrows from the old-fashioned western, whose traditions are also consciously updated through a rollicking chase structure in which the one-time bad guy is given a second chance to make good, facing off against cheap shots and double-crosses from all sides. Serving a 13-year sentence for a vague string of e-crimes, Hathaway gets sprung after a Chinese task force, headed by former MIT roommate Chen Dawai (Leehom Wang), demands his expertise to track down the mysterious figure pulling high-wire acts of terrorism. Using malicious code to create mischief in the physical world, the fiend first overheats a Hong Kong nuclear reactor, then progresses to screwing with the stock market, hiding his identity behind a tangled web of human and digital proxies.

Through all this the story maintains its straightforward momentum, emulating the globe-trotting thrills and intellectual ennui of the Bourne movies, while the texture of the film bends and twists around it. Verging further and further into the hazy nocturnal netherworld familiar from previous Mann movies, it attains a dreamlike languor as the basic landscape of ones and zeroes, good guys and bad, steadily gives way to an atmosphere of layered ambiguity. The film is at its best when no one is speaking, in the crisp staging of a hectic chase or the compressed tension of a thudding fistfight, with the director using his camera like a paintbrush, applying a soft-focus palette of smeared city lights and streaky movement onto a canvas of deep, inky darkness. Shooting fully in digital for the first time, Mann expands on the woozy handheld work that made *Collateral* and *Miami Vice* so tactile and entrancing, his camera collapsing the spaces between bodies and objects without sacrificing spatial coherence, creating an artfully abstract collective muddle as neatly structured systems collapse into one another.



All this feeds into a general ambiance of post-9/11 unease, with burnt-out public guardians hopelessly hunting enemies who could be coming from anywhere, the dangers of terrorism eventually equated with the voracious machinations of financial string pullers, borders and restrictions rendered meaningless by this new state of play. Mann thankfully realizes how little tension there is to extract from the sight of people typing furiously at each other, and so the film wisely relegates these scenes to the sidelines of niftily staged pursuit scenarios, the digital world left behind for a series of sweaty "low-tech" maneuvers. It's in the last of these that *Blackhat's* subtle connection between form and content becomes thrillingly evident, with the final transposition of the gridded circuit motif onto a sprawling Indonesian parade. Here, in a blur of color and movement, Mann offers a climactic revelation of individual faces behind all those abstract binary data points, anonymous digital matter transformed into something achingly fragile, fleeting, and human.

This will rent well with **THE DROP, THE GAMBLER, UNBROKEN, THE JUDGE, THE RAILWAY MAN, BRICK MANSIONS, INTO THE STORM, LOCKE, and BLOOD TIES.**



**5/12 3 THE COBBLER DRAMA**  
\$4 MILL BO 492 SCREENS PG-13 99 MINUTES

**Adam Sandler (GROWN UPS, HAPPY GILMORE, ANGER MANAGEMENT, JACK AND JILL)**  
**Steve Buscemi (PULP FICTION, FARGO, GROWN UPS 2, DOMESTIC DISTURBANCE)**  
**Dustin Hoffman (KRAMER V KRAMER, MEET THE FOCKERS, RAIN MAN, THE GRADUATE)**  
**Ellen Barkin (DINER, SEA OF LOVE, TRUST THE MAN, OCEAN'S THIRTEEN, MAN TROUBLE)**

Max Simkin (Adam Sandler), a solemn Jewish fourth-generation cobbler, has taken over his absentee father's shoe-repair store in Manhattan's Lower East Side. He only really has a full conversation with pickle-eating barber Jimmy (Steve Buscemi) next door and lives with his mother (Lynn Cohen) in Sheepshead Bay. One day, a thuggish customer named Ludlow (Clifford "Method Man" Smith) comes in for a shoe shine and drops off his alligator shoes, telling Max he needs them by 6 p.m. when the store closes. Max stitches them up, despite the stitching machine malfunctioning. Waiting for Ludlow's pick-up, he decides to try them on and, what do you know, Max has turned into the owner and starts trying on other customers' shoes or shoes that have been sitting in the shop. No matter the person he reflects, whether it be an elderly Asian man, a cross-dresser, a tattooed thug, or a creepy corpse, Max is always in a coat and red-and-black-striped scarf. When Ludlow finally comes for his shoes, the poor cobbler gets embroiled in crime and a land-development plot involving ruthless slum lord Elaine Greenawait (Barkin). Perhaps everyone's shoes will come in handy.



The tone still somehow remains pleasant and inoffensive, with an incessant *klezmer* musical music bopping things along. One of the film's sweeter moments has Max putting on the stitched shoes of his absentee father (Dustin Hoffman) to cheer up his mother at home with a dinner of her favorite dish (pears) and then a slow dance. On paper, this could be creepy, but it's delicately handled. Despite Adam Sandler's name being the kiss of death when headlining a comedy (read: going on vacation to shoot a movie with his buddies and throw around some poop jokes), he is actually respectable when showing his understated dramatic chops. Here, as Max, he actually gives an uncommonly honest effort, playing him as a sad-eyed milquetoast with a heart of gold. Everyone else who signed on for a supporting role isn't exactly well-served. Dan Stevens is criminally wasted, amusingly playing Max in the body of a bisexual hunk for a night, and Melonie Diaz is always a delight to have around as passionate local activist Carmen who tries getting Max involved.

Not for everyone with its sweetness but will rent as well as **THE HUMBLING, ROSEWATER, ST. VINCENT, BOYHOOD, CHEF, and THE BOOK THIEF**. All quality little movies that will find it's audience if the movie is there.



**5/12 1 JUPITER ASCENDING SCI/FI/ACTION**  
**\$48 MILL BO 1948 SCREENS PG-13 127 MINUTES**

**Channing Tatum (THE BOOK OF LIFE, FOXCATCHER, 22 JUMP STREET, WHITE HOUSE DOWN, HAYWIRE, THIS IS THE END)**

**Eddie Redmayne (MY WEEK WITH MARILYN, THE THEORY OF EVERYTHING, LES MISERABLES, POWDER BLUE)**

**Mila Kunis (THIRD PERSON, BLOOD TIES, OZ THE GREAT AND POWERFUL, FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS)**

Mila Kunis plays Jupiter Jones, a grumpy young woman who hates cleaning houses with her Russian immigrant family in Chicago. Her voiceover lays out a fantastic origin story in which she's birthed on a cargo ship bound for America after her starry-eyed astronomer father is killed by thugs back in Russia. "This is bullshit," Jupiter concludes. One is inclined to agree after the action shifts off-planet, where a trio of royal siblings who have a thing for "harvesting" planets blithely squabble over the rights to Earth. The creepiest of the Abrasax kids, Balem (Eddie Redmayne), starts scheming in dark ways that will certainly involve Jupiter and disadvantage his brother Titus (Douglas Booth) and Kalique (Tuppence Middleton). We are assured of Balem's villainy not just because of his fey hand gestures and baroque outfits, but also his tendency to toy with his syllables like a cat with a bit of string. These are not the mannerisms of a kind-hearted galactic despot.

Jupiter is as straightforward as Balem and his siblings are opaque. Even after a logically torturous scene where Jupiter is rescued from being kidnapped by grotesque aliens at a fertility clinic where she's trying to sell some of her eggs in order to buy a telescope. No matter that her rescuer, Caine (Tatum), is a galactic legionnaire with lupine genes and super-cool hover boots who blows apart half of Chicago's Loop during the ensuing chase scene and laser-cannon fight. Jupiter takes it all in stride, even after she's zipped off into outer space, informed that she's royalty, introduced to the late-Roman Empire ways of the Abrasax clan, educated on what "harvesting" will mean for the people of Earth.

This will rent as well as **INTERSTELLAR, EXODUS: GODS AND KINGS, THE GIVER, AS ABOVE SO BELOW, HERCULES, EDGE OF TOMORROW** and **ROBO COP**.





**5/12 3 MORTDECAI COMEDY**  
 \$8 MILL BO 927 SCREENS R 107 MINUTES

**Johnny Depp (PIRATES OF THE CARRIBEAN, INTO THE WOODS, 21 JUMP STREET, EDWARD SCISSOR HANDS, WHAT'S EATING GILBERT GRAPE, NICK OF TIME)**  
**Gwyneth Paltrow (THE AVENGERS, TWO LOVERS, THE PALLBEARER, LOVE AND OTHER DISASTERS, BOUNCE, SHALLOW HAL)**

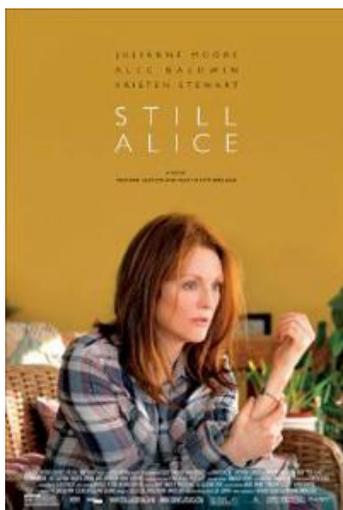
Considering the main character, Charlie Mortdecai, is an art dealer with the heart of a huckster, a failing marriage to a ice queen beauty (Gwyneth Paltrow), a rivalry with an ex-college roommate who is currently a police inspector (Ewan McGregor) and a faithful manservant who can best be called a Caucasian Kato (Paul Bettany), you'd think Depp would have more than enough to work with. And, indeed, he's all eccentricities and twee line reads.

Showing a little ability at juggling the farcical with the serious, we wind up with a plot that plods along, stopping every so often for American Depp to do his best stiff upper lipped Brit routine. McGregor's Inspector Martland seeks Mortdecai's help when a famous Goya painting is stolen. To make matters even more intriguing, the canvas supposedly has the combination to a safe filled with Nazi gold scrawled across the back.

This is a boon for this story, considering his troubled nuptials (his wife gags at the mere sight of his moustache) and borderline bankrupt business dealings. While Bettany's Jock Strapp (apparently, author of the source material, Kyril Bonfiglioli, likes sixth grade witticisms) keeps his employer safe, Mortdecai runs around cluelessly, is kidnapped by baddies, and ends up having to deal with perhaps the most villainous of all individuals: Americans (including Jeff Goldblum and Olivia Munn).



This will rent as well as **TOP FIVE, THE LONE RANGER, HORRIBLE BOSSES 2, MY OLD LADY, TAMMY, THINK LIKE A MAN 2,** and **SINGLE MOM'S CLUB.**



**5/12 2 STILL ALICE DRAMA**  
 \$17 MILL BO 1182 SCREENS PG-13 101 MINUTES

**Julianne Moore (NON-STOP, MAPS TO THE STARS, CRAZY STUPID LOVE, BEING FLYNN, THE HOURS, CHILDREN OF MEN)**

**Alec Baldwin (BEETLE JUICE, BLUE JASMINE, IT'S COMPLICATED, THE DEPARTED, PEARL HARBOR, THE ROYAL TENNENBAUMS)**

**Kristen Stewart (ON THE ROAD, THE RUNAWAYS, TWILIGHT, INTO THE WILD, PANIC ROOM)**

More than once, the camera follows Alice ( Moore) in this film. It walks along behind her in a university hallway, lockers lining the walls. It follows her she goes for a run in New York

City, the sidewalk stretching before her. It follows her as she makes her way down the stairs in her own Upper West Side home, on her way to the bathroom. In these and other moments, the camera hovers behind Alice, her red hair bobbing in frame, her slender figure in motion, increasingly hesitant.

At first she strides confidently, en route to a lecture she's delivering at the University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA). Back home, jogging near Columbia, where she's a renowned professor of linguistics, Alice loses her way, and the camera stops wither, then circles her as she stands, daunted, face flushed, breathing heavy. It's at this point, just a few minutes into the movie, that you're aware—both before and along with Alice—that something is very wrong. As many viewers know ahead of time, she's afflicted with early onset Alzheimer's, a terrible disease in any circumstance, and poetically, tragically cruel for her, a specialist in communication who prides herself, even defines herself, by her articulation, her intellect, and, of course, her memory.

That she is unable to remember where she is, or, in yet another instance, when she is unable to find the bathroom in her own home, the camera keeps a bit of distance, observing as she descends the stairway, pauses, opens a couple of doors. When her husband John (Alec Baldwin) finds her, she's stopped, frozen. The camera pans down as if with John's view, to see that she's wet herself. A cut back to her face shows it wet and red, lost again, in another way.

The losses with which Alice struggles throughout the movie have as much to do with her relationships, so profoundly predicated on memories. She has three adult children, worried and devoted according to their own capacities: her oldest, Anna (Kate Bosworth), is distracted by her new pregnancy with twins, vaguely sweet Tom (Hunter Parrish) seems mostly to follow her lead, and the independent, stubborn child, Lydia (Kristen Stewart), who makes her way back from California where she's pursuing an acting career, is a little predictably the one who most understands, who forgives and gives to her, a roiling font of generosity, first by Facetime, and then, increasingly, face to face.

Alice's face, at first, reveals infinitely, and the film makes the most of Moore's luminous pallor, focusing only on her during an early consultation with her neurologist (Stephen Kunken), or in a mirror that provides for multiple reflections (a striking if overstated set of images) .As Alice's face becomes more opaque, as she's harder to read, her face shows that too, her search for a response, her effort to perform correctly, to know where she is and who she is. Her changing relationships—with the kids and John, with colleagues at school and her students—initially form new memories, but these are memories that, as Alice points out ruefully and sometimes gratefully, she will lose almost instantly.

The film, however, preserves these new memories, as well as others, for you. You see home movie footage, Alice and her sister as children, red-headed and blond, the grain approximating 8mm (code for "memory" in movies), the piano tinkly. You see students, framed at a distance, whispering about her in the lecture hall. You see her department chair, gazing sadly into the camera and so, her eyes, expressing his condolences. And you see a family discussion of what to do, at a table a full two rooms away from Alice: as they talk, small in the distance, the back of her head large, taking up most of the shot, still and still, very red-headed.

This will rent as well as **THE IMITATION GAME, ST. VINCENT, THE THEORY OF EVERYTHING, BOOK OF LIFE, THE JUDGE, GONE GIRL, CHEF, and INTO THE STORM.**





**5/19 1 AMERICAN SNIPER ACTION**  
**\$339 MILL BO 3885 SCREENS R 132 MINUTES**

**Bradley Cooper (AMERICAN HUSTLE, SILVER LININGS PLAYBOOK, THE HANGOVER, THE PLACE BEYOND THE PINES, LIMITLESS, ALL ABOUT STEVE)**

**Sienna Miller (FOXCATCHER, JUST LIKE A WOMAN, THE EDGE OF LOVE, GI JOE: THE RISE OF THE COBRA)**

“You got him.” Wayne Kyle (Ben Reed) is proud of his young son Chris (Cole Konis), who looks briefly astonished that he’s shot the deer in his gun sight. As Chris runs to look at the body, his father watches as the boy bounds into the tall-grass distance. It’s an image you might see in any number of coming of age stories, a father and son bonding over a lesson in hunting. Here, however, the next frame might be unexpected, a close shot of the carcass that pans up and over to show Chris’ approach, still bounding, dropping his gun as his father appears a small, distinct shadow behind him.

For a moment, you might imagine American Sniper is underlining the result of the hunt, the dead object so large and dark. But the scene shifts again, as Wayne instructs his son, “You don’t ever leave your rifle in the dirt,” then praises his boy, “You’ve got a gift.” Chris has absorbed this lesson and then some, you know already, for the scene that triggers this sun-dappled flashback has the grown-up Navy SEAL Chris (Cooper) on a rooftop in urban Iraq, using his gift, again. This time, he aims his rifle at a kid who’s carrying an anti-tank grenade toward an American tank and soldiers. This time, he looks anything but eager or astonished when he takes the decision to shoot the child. This time, his brow furrows and his jaw sets. When he shoots, you see no body.



The film’s juxtaposition of these two scenes makes clear the burden of Chris’ gift, as do a couple of other boyhood images, beginning with a glimpse at a dresser where he keeps a prayer book, a football and plastic army men. Longer scenes show a schoolyard, where Chris protects his little brother (Luke Sunshine) from bullies, and then the dinner table, where Wayne insists that those with the “gift of aggression” must use it to protect the sheep from the wolf. In another movie, this speech might be an inspiring exhortation, but here it’s unnerving. As dad slaps his belt on the table as a warning, asserting his boys can be neither wolves nor sheep, mom (Elise Robertson) shushes him, but Chris nods and his father says, “You know who you are.”

In an unreal world, in the video-gamey world conjured when Chris’ bullet finds its target in emphatic slow motion, his legend might be simple. Instead, it leaves demonstrations of faith to those who celebrate Chris, who commend his achievements and thank him for the violence his gift allows him to make, including the veteran who remembers Chris saving him in Iraq. Spotting him in a stateside auto shop, the veteran and earnestly tells Chris’ young son, “Your dad, he’s a hero.” Even as the vet salutes him (“My family thanks you for your service”), Chris’ visible awkwardness here gives way immediately to a scene in the maternity ward, where he watches helplessly as his newborn daughter wails. Here his gift of aggression turns frightening, as he pounds on the glass and his face turns red, the nurse inside turned away, oblivious.

This juxtaposition of scenes isn’t plot-driven as at film’s start. It’s not obvious that being called a hero in front of his boy leads to his upset as new dad to his daughter, but the thematic trajectory is hard to miss. As much as the legend might be formed by that primal moment when his dad slammed his belt on the dinner table, here it’s unraveling. When Taya accuses him of abandoning the family—“I’m making memories by myself, I have no one to share them with,” she says with baby daughter on her lap—Chris’ reaction is to return to the fight, where he feels necessary, where he can save more sheep.

This will be huge across the board for movies that rented well like **FURY, NEIGHBORS, NIGHT AT THE MUSEUM 3, THE HUNGER GAMES, WHIPLASH, GONE GIRL, THE EQUALIZER,** and **GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY.** Make sure you have enough.



**5/26 3 THE LOFT THRILLER**  
**\$8 MILL BO 1294 SCREENS R 108 MINUTES**

**Karl Urban (RIDDICK, DREAD, STAR TREK, RED, AND SOON TO BE DARKNESS)**

**James Marsden (THE BEST OF ME, X-MEN: DAYS OF FUTURE PAST, 2 GUNS, LEE DANIELS' THE BUTLER)**

Architect Vincent (Karl Urban) reserves an ultra-contemporary loft apartment in his new building for use as a secret, shared love den. Vincent and four of his friends – psychiatrist Chris (James Marsden), Chris' unstable brother Philip (Matthias Schoenaerts), blowhard Marty (Eric Stonestreet), and mild-mannered Luke (Wentworth Miller) – conspire to use the loft to cheat on their wives on the

down low. Never mind jilted conquests who could spill the beans (which happens once and almost twice), or any number of things that could uncover their infidelity. Chalk up their flawed plan to being self-serving cretins, I suppose.

When a dead woman is found in the loft, the five fools start sorting out what happened, tossing out accusations and sharing revelations. Intercut with the non-tension at the scene of the crime are flashbacks that fill in the details, and police interrogations of all the players that are used more to provide exposition than turn the screws. Most of the commotion revolves around Anne (Rachael Taylor), who gets involved with Chris, and Sarah (Isabel Lucas), who's making Vincent sweat in more ways than one.

Chalk up the police incompetence – not checking phone records or surveillance tapes, not interviewing other potential witnesses or involved parties, no mention of DNA, etc. – to wanting to extend this fairly straightforward murder case to a full-length feature.

This will rent well with **KILL THE MESSENGER, IF I STAY, KILL YOUR DARLINGS, WOMAN IN BLACK, PRISONERS,** and **SIGHTSEERS.**





**5/26 2 SEVENTH SON ACTION/FANTASY**  
\$18 MILL BO 1736 SCREENS **PG-13** 102 MINUTES

**Jeff Bridges (THE LAST PICTURE SHOW, FEARLESS, CRAZY HEART, BLOWN AWAY, SEA BISCUIT, TUCKER)**

**Julianne Moore (ELEKTRA LUXX, I'M NOT THERE, SAVING GRACE, BLINDNESS, THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE, THE FUGITIVE)**

**Ben Barnes (THE WORDS, LOCKED IN, DORIAN GRAY, THE BIG WEDDING, JACKIE AND RYAN)**

"I can't do this," Tom ( Barnes) tells his new master, Gregory ( Bridges). "I'm not like you." He's right; he's not like Gregory, self-identified as a longtime spook, which is to say, a long time battler of monsters and demons. At this moment in *Seventh Son*, the apprentice Tom is rethinking his hope to become such a hero, because, well, it entails some brutal action against the bad guys, including swordplay and fisticuffs and burning alive.

This exchange occasions the crisis in this scene: the camera looks up at Tom, standing with a torch over his adversary, Urag (played as a person by Jason Scott Lee, appearing in CGI as a great big bear), currently caged and chained. The logic here is vaguely noted: the demons must be burned to be dispatched permanently, but even within that framework, the new resonance of this image, courtesy of ISIS, is startling. That resonance could never have been anticipated by the filmmakers, but it profoundly reshapes Tom's reluctance to be "like" his mentor. "You live in a world now where legends and nightmares are real," Gregory instructs. But still, you have to wonder, how evil must you become to fight evil? How dire must the damage be to your own soul?



*Seventh Son* sort of asks these questions, albeit in roundabout ways, even as it has to get to the end you know is coming: that good (the spooks) will manage a brute force triumph over evil. En route to that end, Tom takes a couple of detours, learns not to judge appearances; Tusk [John DeSantis], is not the beast or "it" he appears to be, but instead Gregory's super-loyal servant. Tom finds out about his own secret heritage; he's not only the destined one, the seventh son of a seventh son, but also so genetically "different" that he's apparently literally the only one of his kind. Of course, he also meets a girl. These plot turns are hardly original, but they do pose ethical quandaries for the boy, who handles them with the awkwardness and lengthy deliberation you'd expect from someone based on a YA hero. (The film is loosely based on Joseph Delaney's *The Spook's Apprentice*.)

Tom's moral wrangling has the gift and burden of being embodied by transformer-style creatures, human-looking witches and warriors who can shape-shift into bears, lizards, and dragons, powerful and frightening, even if they're not exactly fresh. One witch who does not transform (at least that we see) is that girl Tom meets, Alice (Alicia Vikander). Lovely and lithe in the ways that maidens in bodices tend to be, she's also the niece of the film's primary villain—and Gregory's ex—Mother Malkin (Julianne Moore). While the kids go through their paces, generic romantic banter as well as deeply emotional shares about lost parents or adults' unfair expectations, Mother Malkin is relentlessly furious, scheming and cruel. "I like boys," she hisses early on, menacing a, HERCULES, nother of Gregory's apprentices, whose life lasts about more two seconds.

This will rent as well as **ANNABELLE, NOAH, SIN CITY, THE QUIET ONES, OCULUS, TRANSCENDENCE,** and **300: RISE OF AN EMPIRE.**