



11/5 3 **GIRL MOST LIKELY** COMEDY
\$3 MILL BO 575 SCREENS PG-13 103 MINUTES

Kristen Wiig (BRIDESMAIDS, FRIENDS WITH KIDS, PAUL, DATE NIGHT, WHIP IT)
Matt Damon (THE FLAMINGO KID, TARGET, THE DRUGSTORE COWBOY, THE OUTSIDERS)
Annette Bening (THE KIDS ARE ALL RIGHT, AMERICAN BEAUTY, BEING JULIA, BUGSY, THE GRIFTERS)

We might expect a film called **GIRL MOST LIKELY** to start with a prologue in high school, or at least a montage of yearbook photos illustrating our protagonist's accomplishments and aspirations as she heads into adulthood before flashing forward to her inevitably

disappointing life. But this Kristen Wiig comedy starts earlier than that, at a rehearsal for a junior-high production of *THE WIZARD OF OZ*, where young Imogene takes issue with the climax of the classic text: Why would Dorothy want to go back to drab, dusty old Kansas anyway?

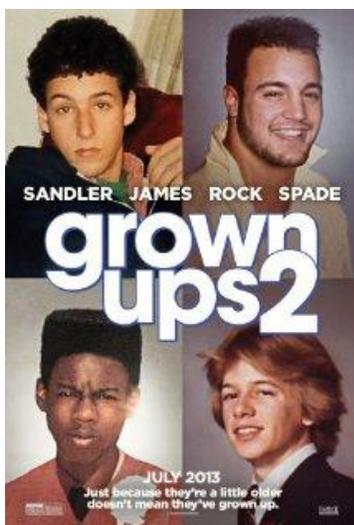
In short order, she gets dumped for reasons that are as frustratingly vague to us as to her and fired from her job writing blurbs about plays for a magazine. It seems her cleverly vicious takedown of a Tony-winning production didn't meet the publication's needs, but it's unclear how long she's been at the gig or how long she's been screwing up. We do learn, because she says so, that she once won a playwriting grant and was named a playwright to watch, but she seems resigned that that part of her life is over now.

As a result, the stakes are low when she stages her suicide in an attempt to lure her ex back into her arms and is sent to live with her wacky mother, Zelda (Annette Bening), whose foibles are again described rather than demonstrated. Imogene flops around her childhood home, scheming to get back to New York, but without a clear goal for once she gets there, it's hard to figure out what to root for. Along the way, she learns her dad's not dead as she's been told but alive and well and a successful author—upon which news she doesn't, you know, Google him but goes to the library to check out his book. It seems she's technologically stuck back in the 1990s along with the wardrobe she's salvaged from her mother's basement (actually a nice touch that adds to the social anxiety of every scene she's in).

Meanwhile, Imogene discovers that a few things have changed at her mother's house since she last visited several years ago: Zelda has a much younger boyfriend named—get this—George Bousche (Dillon), who claims he's a samurai warrior in the CIA; she's rented out her daughter's room to young, handsome Lee (*Glee*'s Darren Criss), who sings in a Back Street Boys cover band; and Imogene's brother Ralph (theater actor Christopher Fitzgerald) has retreated even further into his literal shell. Fitzgerald has channeled something really special in his portrayal of Ralph, a seemingly slow sibling who's actually a closet genius—sweet, sensitive, unconditionally loving. This writer could watch his adventures with his Human Shell (based on the anatomy of his beloved mollusks) all day long.

Fans of **THIS IS THE END**, **THE INTERNSHIP**, **LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED**, **THE BIG WEDDING**, **SPRING BREAKERS**, **SAFE HAVEN**, **SAVE THE DATE** and **HIT AND RUN** will enjoy this one.





11/5 1 GROWN UPS 2 COMEDY

\$131 MILL BO 3491 SCREENS PG-13 101 MINUTES

Adam Sandler (THE WEDDING SINGER, HAPPY GILMORE, FUNNY PEOPLE, JUST GO WITH IT)

Kevin James (PAUL BAT: MALL COP, HERE COMES THE BOOM, HITCH, THE DILEMMA, ZOOKEEPER)

Chris Rock (2 DAYS IN NEW YORK, I THINK I LOVE MY WIFE, THE LONGEST YARD, HEAD OF STATE, BAD COMPANY)

David Spade (GROWN UPS, BENCHWARMERS, JOE DIRT, LOST AND FOUND, TOMMY BOY, REALITY BITES)

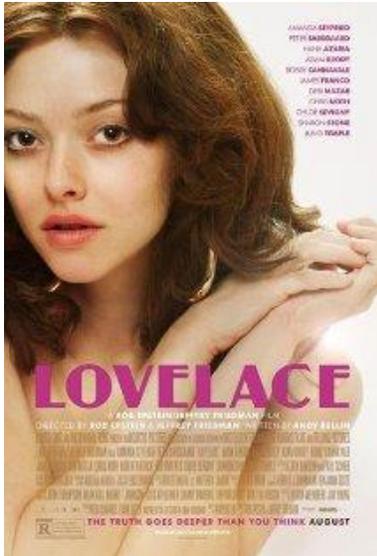
The boys who refuses to grow up and become men return with a bunch of different events entering and changing their lives. We find that Lenny (Adam Sandler) is back on his old stomping grounds for good after relocating to the small town that he grew up in. It's the last day of school in this town, but today is going to be a little bit different for the Feder family than what they're used to experiencing. It's starts off with a wild morning where Lenny also finds out that he's been pinned as the guy throwing a huge party for the community.

Seeing as this is just the start of his day, Lenny has to deal with the usual troubles that come with being a husband, a father and an overall good citizen and friend. He's meeting up with Eric (Kevin James), Kurt (Chris Rock) and Higgy (David Spade), his longtime friends who are having a few issues of their own concerning family. This normal day continues to become more and more of a day that will remain in the minds of these four friends and many others around for the rest of their lives. Things change, they meet new people, run into old rivals and learn some of life's trickiest questions whether they want to or not.

The quartet of comedians (Sandler, James, Rock and Spade) obviously carry most of what's seen in the movie, but being the gentleman that I pretend to be, I have to acknowledge the ladies in *Grown Ups 2*. One can't ignore the beauty and attractiveness that graces the screen when you're talking about Salma Hayek and Aly Michalka. Does Salma Hayek ever age? She looks great once again. I don't know too much about this Aly Michalka, but she's extremely easy on the eyes from what I can see and having her in more films wouldn't be a bad idea. Somebody needs to make that happen ASAP. *Grown Ups 2* also has a healthy amount of cameos that allows the movie to be a bit more interesting. There's Shaquille O'Neal, Tim Meadows, Taylor Lautner, Andy Samberg and Dan Patrick just to name a few. They all play dumb characters that fit the movie

Lots of laughs here for those folks that liked **HERE COMES THE BROOM, THE BLING RING, THE INTERNSHIP, BACHELORETTE, SCARY MOVIE 5, ADMISSION, MOVIE 43** and **IDENTITY THIEF**.





11/5 **3** LOVELACE DRAMA
 \$1 MILL BO 566 SCREENS R 93 MINUTES

Amanda Seyfried (LES MISERABLES, THE BIG WEDDING, GONE, DEAR JOHN, MAMMA MIA)
James Franco (BROKEN TOWER, THIS IS THE END, 127 HOURS, DATE NIGHT, SHADOWS AND LIES)
Hank Azaria (Film-MYSTERY ALASKA, PRETTY WOMAN, THE BIRD CAGE, HEAT, TV series: HUFF, THE SIMPSONS, IMAGINE THAT, MAD ABOUT YOU)
Sharon Stone (CASINO, BASIC INSTINCT, THE QUICK AND THE DEAD, THE SPECIALIST)

A suburban Miami girl next door discovered at a roller disco by the funky "titty bar" owner and all-around fuck-up (Peter Sarsgaard) who became her husband, manager, and pimp, Linda (a suitably wide-eyed and fragile Amanda Seyfried) attains unlikely celebrity as the cinema's first heralded practitioner of fellatio, her skill not only marveled at by her director and producers (Hank Azaria, Chris Noth, and Bobby Cannavale bringing the sleaze broadly), but by international audiences, garnering punchlines from Johnny Carson and Bob Hope.

The conceit of Bellin's screenplay is to stage Linda's rise to adult-film queen as a nearly sprightly sex comedy in its first act (full of outsize Nixon-era fashions and hair), then in leaping forward to a polygraph verifying the facts of her 1980 confessional memoir, to retrace the action and lay bare the degradation and coercion that lay beneath the fame and Malibu lifestyle. But the putative seaminess is familiar and predictable, and Epstein and Friedman's overqualified supporting cast distracts; a fleeting glimpse of Eric Roberts reminds that when Sarsgaard's Chuck Traynor pulls a gun on his wife, it lacks the blunt menace of Bob Fosse's *Star 80*. (James Franco's brief impression of Hugh Hefner's lockjawed pretension does amuse, and his private-balcony request of Linda implicates Hef as a pimp who simply knows how to dress.)

The film's emotional fulcrum is meant to be its heroine's stunted relationship with her Catholic mother, played by a fully deglamorized Sharon Stone as a scold who instructs the bruised, fugitive Linda to return to her abuser Protestants?), only to melt while watching her newly male exploitation in TV

This is quite a look this film by elevating porn to porn before. Fans of **MIDNIGHT, FATAL JAZZ, BEGINNERS, SHE'S BODY HEAT** will like this



("What do you think we are, with remorse years later feminist child recount a life of interviews.

back at the huge success of people who had not watched **SESSIONS, BEFORE ATTRACTION, BLUE LIKE GOTTA HAVE IT**, and one.



11/5 1 WHITE HOUSE DOWN ACTION
\$73 MILL BO 3222 SCREENS PG-13 131 MINUTES

Jamie Foxx (RAY, DJANGO UNCHAINED, DUE DATE, HORRIBLE BOSSES)

Channing Tatum (MAGIC MIKE, THIS IS THE END, DILEMMA, SIDE EFFECTS, THE EAGLE)

Maggie Gyllenhaal (WORLD TRADE CENTER, THE DARK KNIGHT, STRANGER THAN FICTION, CRAZY HEART)

In Roland Emmerich's newest film, there's no adorable canine to miraculously emerge from the rubble once the dust settles, but there's a puppy-doggish tour guide (Nicolas Wright) who, while walking visitors through the sacred residence of which he's an encyclopedic fanboy, turns

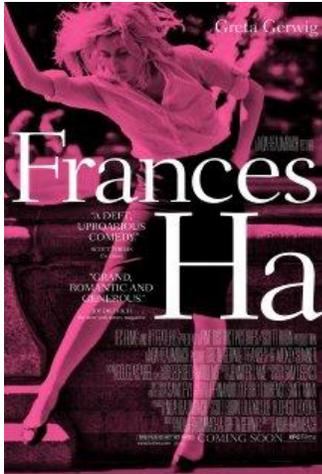
and says, "Now here's the room that got blown up in **INDEPENDENCE DAY**." That's right: Just when you thought Emmerich had jumped the shark years ago, the auteur of high body counts whips out a big, swinging nod to his own work, coming full circle at the home base of his perversely destructive desires.

In one doozy of a scene, Secret Service head Martin Walker (James Woods) asks his workaholic agent Carol Finnerty (Maggie Gyllenhaal) how she's still awake. "Caffeine and patriotism, sir," Carol replies with a straight face. After landing in a helicopter on the White House lawn with President James Sawyer (Jamie Foxx), a spouter of fluff who carries Lincoln's pocket watch as part of a banal fixation, agent Hope (Jake Weber) says to Carol, "Do we have the best job in the world or what?" setting a smiley, soon-to-be-shattered tone evoking Lynchian horror.

The president's big announcement at the start of the film is that he's made a deal with the Iranian president and is proceeding to withdraw all troops from the Middle East, a move that comes with a boatload of stunningly puerile speeches, and sparks the ire of right-wingers and big corporations invested in the business of war. The movie's MVP is Channing Tatum, a supremely capable and convincing action hero who, fear not, indeed strips down to a wife-beater eventually. Tatum is John Cale, a good ol' boy and Capitol cop who's too reckless to be accepted into the Secret Service, but who works closely with the speaker of the House (Richard Jenkins). While granting daughter Emily a tour through the White House, John Cale pulls a John McClane, becoming the only non-hostage amid a paramilitary assault, and conveniently having the skills to fight back (he's ex-military too).



There is plenty of action here to satisfy all that liked **OLYMPUS HAS FALLEN, OBLIVION, JACK REACHER, PACIFIC RIM, BATTLESHIP, IRON MAN 3** and **BULLET TO THE HEAD**.



11/12 2 FRANCES HA COMEDY
 \$5 MILL BO 633 SCREENS R 86 MINUTES

**Greta Gerwig (TO ROME WITH LOVE, NO STRINGS ATTACHED, DAMSELS IN DISTRESS, LOLA VERSUS)
 Mickey Sumner (GIRL MOST LIKELY, CBGB, LAST CHANCE HARVEY)**

What does it say that this movie's most indelibly iconic scene isn't really its own? Midway through Noah Baumbach's latest (his first film since **KICKING AND SCREAMING**), the titular Frances (co-writer Greta Gerwig) sprints through a monochrome Manhattan, en route to a new apartment, gamboling and pirouetting freely to strains of Bowie's "Modern Love

It may seem at first like an eager indexical nod, signifying nothing beyond its own cleverness. But combined with the **SMALL CHANGE** poster positioned conspicuously in one of the several New York flats that Frances crashes in throughout the film, it seems like Baumbach isn't only fetishizing various nouveau vagues of French cinema. It's Frances too. An educated, under-employed, itinerant "apprentice" (read: understudy) at a New York ballet company, Frances is gleefully acting out Lavant's role, as Lavant himself embodied the acrobatics of Fred Astaire or Gene Kelly—an allusion that bubbles over into full-blown, intoxicating euphoria. For a film dotted, though not all-out littered, with pop name-checking (also dropped: *SNL*, *Gremlins*, the *Shrek* spin-off *Puss in Boots*), Baumbach's lensing of Frances's woozy urban ballet exceeds any banal exchange of cultural capital, all its dizzy affect existing purely for itself, for the simple sake of cinephilia.

This generalized pleasantness, this fuzzy sense that Baumbach and Gerwig are making their modern French New Wave movie for the fun of it, sustains **FRANCES HA** as it follows its flighty 27-year-old heroine from apartment to apartment, from one social snafu to the next, even to Sacramento, backwoods New York State, and, yes, Paris, where Frances recklessly maxes out a credit card to mostly nap through her lost weekend. Granted, there's next-to-nothing to **FRANCES HA** its themes of arrested adolescence having been exhaustively mined elsewhere (see: HBO's **GIRLS**, every American indie comedy of the past 20 years). But the film's surface textures, its fleet movement from beat to beat, endures.

Credit here belongs in large part to Gerwig, who proved the leavening touch in Baumbach's last film, the largely unbearable Ben Stiller brood vehicle **GREENBERG**. There, Gerwig's dressed-down frumpiness and tongue-tied, aw-shucks humility served to cut Stiller's hard-faced astringency. Here, Gerwig and Baumbach configure those same self-consciously "quirky," half-maniac qualities negatively. Frances is fun (as when she pees off a subway tunnel after a night of drinking) and funny (as when she honks off the advances of a would-be suitor), yet she's also capricious, stubborn, and self-interested, traits that at once endear her to a NYC subclass of parentally subsidized fuck-about (Adam Driver, Michael Zegen) and alienate her from her more careerist, self-serious longtime BFF (Mickey Sumner).

In a way, this film feels like too malady, down to the rushed Gerwig's idealized heroine, which ruptures any semblance decidedly unreal, incredibly photography—is ultimately viewer into an empathetic bonehead. Maybe we identify but, quite simply, because we



perfect a portrait of quarter-life redemptive endnotes and Then again, maybe the film—of pointed realism with its beautiful black-and-white disinterested in wrestling its rapport with Gerwig's pixie-ish not because we are Frances, like her.

Terrific casting and a fresh story will be enjoyed by those that liked **THE ENGLISH TEACHER, ARTHUR NEWMAN, THE WAY WAY BACK, MUD, QUARTET, TO ROME WITH LOVE, THE LAST EXOTIC HOTEL**, and **THE IMPOSSIBLE**.



11/12 1 MAN OF STEEL ACTION

\$291 MILL BO 4207 SCREENS PG-13 143 MINUTES

Henry Cavill (WHAT EVER WORKS, BLOOD CREEK, THE IMMORTALS, RED RIDING HOOD)

Russell Crowe (A BEAUTIFUL MIND, GLADIATOR, BROKEN CITY, MYSTERY ALASKA, THE QUICK AND THE DEAD)

Laurence Fishburne (PREDATORS, ARMORED, MATRIX, MYSTIC RIVER, KISS KISS BANG BANG)

The aesthetic naturalism of Zack Snyder's *Man of Steel* is an obvious homage to Christopher Nolan's Bat trilogy, clearly opting for grimness over playfulness. The sense of undiluted reality given to scenes depicting Clark Kent (Cavill) hitchhiking across America, taking a host of odd jobs along the way, is meant to add a sense of grounding to the wildly imaginative universe of Jerry Siegel and Josh Shuster's comic-book hero. It's an incredibly dull tactic that relies on constant exposition to needlessly explain the story's fantastical trajectory and excuse the film's limited visual detail, and though it's certainly not the worst thing about *Man of Steel*, it nevertheless starts this frustrating reboot off on the wrong foot.

Sent by his father, Jor-El (Crowe), from Krypton to Earth after their home planet is destroyed in the wake of a failed coup by General Zod (Michael Shannon), Kal-El is adopted as Clark Kent by Martha and Jonathan Kent (Diane Lane and Kevin Costner) after his pod crash-lands in their backyard and only learns of the heft of his extraterrestrial heritage upon reaching post-adolescence. In a twist on the ruling mythology of Superman, Lois Lane (Amy Adams) is almost immediately in full knowledge of Clark's alien identity, his laser eyes cauterizing a wound that she sustains at the site of a military operation she's investigating and where he works in anonymity. The Superman of **MAN OF STEEL** isn't really called out until Zod visits Earth, looking to destroy and repurpose the planet as a new Krypton, the process of which allows screenwriter David S. Goyer, who developed the story with Nolan, to unleash an explanatory overload that details mechanisms and maneuvers and luxuriates in backstory, and yet gives little sense of its main character's state of mind and existence in the now.



The scenes involving Superman and Zod's minions are the most assured and thrilling, speaking to Snyder's modest abilities as an architect of active chaos. A walloping fight in downtown Smallville and the climactic tussle between Zod and our caped crusader are engaging and exciting, if also a bit dizzying in their shaky handcam aesthetic. The film's design is far more interesting than its overall look, presented as a wonky, occasionally dazzling hash of creature and production designs from numerous popular science-fiction films. The *Matrix* trilogy can be seen in the Krypton birthing pods and the tentacles of Zod's planet-harvesting World Engine; the interiors of Zod's ship are vaguely Xenomorphic; and those artfully sudden zooms into developing action that J.J. Abrams is so fond of are a near constant.

The major male characters all die, or openly accept death, out of sacrifice either to Superman or their fellow man. Laurence Fishburne's Perry White is a useless figure until he nearly dies while attempting to pull a co-worker from the rubble of a totaled Metropolis, a sequence that coldly recalls 9/11 with ash perpetually falling like snow.

This one has all of the elements we all love in super hero films and also has a very good cast. Fans of **THE AVENGERS, IRON MAN 3, WORLD WAR Z, STAR TREK : INTO THE DARKNESS, THE X-MEN THE MAN WITH THE IRON FISTS, THE SILVER SURFER, AFTER EARTH, R.I.P.D.** and **THE HEAT** will love this movie.



11/12 3 PRINCE AVALANCHE COMEDY
\$1 MILL BO 356 SCREENS R MINUTES

Paul Rudd (WANDERLUST, ROLE MODELS, ADMISSION, OUR IDIOT BROTHER, DINNER FOR SCHMUCKS)
Emile Hirsch (MILK, KILLER JOE, INTO THE WILD, SAVAGES, TAKING WOODSTOCK)

With the wry **PRINCE AVALANCHE**, writer-director David Gordon Green consolidates the bromantic interplay of **PINEAPPLE PRINCESS** and **YOUR HIGHNESS**. It may have taken adapting deadpan Icelandic source material for this to occur, but Green channels a most comfortably middle-ground indie sensibility, evoking both palpable milieu and character interiors, to tell the story of two rudderless road workers with opposing personalities. Overt characterization, however, remains. Set in a wooded region of Texas following a devastating fictional forest wildfire in 1987, and wearing its time period on its affected sleeve, the movie affords Green the opportunity to toy with themes of masculine responsibility while taking moments to indulge in delicately captured and ambient-scored montages of charred wilderness. The backdrop of ravaged nature provides a perfect—almost too-perfect—tableaux of shared solitude for the existential and workmanlike travails of the disillusioned duo: Alvin (Paul Rudd) and Lance (Emile Hirsch).

Decked in Super Mario Bros.-esque overalls, Alvin and Lance are both a little burnt by life, yet too stubborn to acknowledge their failures or anticipate the disappointments to come. The concept of reflective isolation is wasted on them. Hired to tidy up the roads left in disarray by the destructive flames of the previous year, they settle into a quotidian routine of rolling a wheelbarrow for multiple miles, painting hundreds of yellow traffic lines, caulking reflectors, and concluding each workday by setting up a twee campsite. Despite a fairly dialogue-less opening, the first catalyst that forces them to speak to each other is a significantly synecdotal occurrence, with Alvin and Lance bickering over their shared cassette player: Alvin wants to listen to a German-for-beginners instructional tape, while Lance wants to jam out to rock n' roll. During their downtime, Alvin, who constantly exudes an air of superiority, writes earnest letters to his beloved girlfriend, Madison, Lance's older sister, while the deadbeat Lance absorbs comic books and drops uninhibited contemplative lines such as "I get so horny in nature." Alvin judges Lance's typical immaturity, yet follows his own pontificating acceptance of isolation ("I make the most of my solitude") with passive admissions of a history of anxiety ("I have prescription medicine, but I try not to take it").



Primarily a two-man act showcasing Alvin and Lance's battling, bruised egos. When Lance heads into the city for the weekend, claiming he needs civilization and loose women to placate his boredom during the week in the woods, Alvin wanders the area; at one point, Alvin playacts toward his absent girlfriend in a hollowed-out house and, later, encounters a melancholic, ghostly old woman who collects debris left in the ashen remains of her singed house and drops elegiac word bombs ("Everything is past tense now"). When Lance returns after attempting to woo a friend's former girlfriend, his demeanor is changed which is conveniently aided by the hooch an eccentric Fairy Boozefather forestman gifts to the boys whenever they cross paths, becomes the main motif.

Although Alvin and Lance's emotional journeys feel intensely outlined the airy, mystical qualities alleviate much of the transparency in the tightly defined characterizations, striking an affable rhythm.

The psychological path of these characters is finely marked with signposts, but as the story reaches its destination, you almost wish it would have gotten a little more lost in the woods. Green carefully uncovers the inevitable emotional mini-climaxes, but the film's callousness-shattering catharsis isn't as sneaky as it would lead you to believe, as its alarming call for the characters to grow up is heavily portended by earlier talks and aptly poor articulations of sexual frustration, romantic rejection, and identity crises. How can one



be alone? How can one be with others? These are simple questions that the movie has a ball confronting, and Green appears to be just as energized by the evocative setting as he is by the emotionally stunted characters he's working with. "Maybe they'll make a comic book of us," Lance utters to Alvin toward the film's solemn conclusion, adding a tinge of self-reflexivity to the proceedings. Although never addressed, is the "Avalanche" of the film's title a bizarre melding of the main characters names, as the film's tone balances the two

diametric personalities well? Like the film itself in its finest and most peculiar moments, this is both a mysterious allusion and a curiosity that never quite becomes clear; consequently, the film is stronger when conveying what it can't exactly explain than what it's actually trying to say.

The cast is terrific and fans of **SIDE EFFECTS**, **THE WAY WAY BACK**, **BEFORE MIDNIGHT**, **ARTHUR NEWMAN**, **PERKS OF BEING A WALLFLOWER**, **PAPER BOY**, **WON'T BACK DOWN** and **LIBERAL ARTS** will enjoy this one too.



11/12 1 TURBO ANIMATED FAMILY
\$82 MILL BO 3809 SCREENS PG 96 MINUTES

VOICED BY Maya Rudolph, Paul Giamatti and Ryan Reynolds

Fleet and pristine-looking, this 3D kid flick's other essential plot details include Turbo's NOS-induced development of car-like traits (from headlight eyes and an internal stereo to, of course, lightning speed), and his eventual entry into Indy 500 contention, thanks to a little help from Tito and those hardass snails, who race for Tito *au naturel* as part of his flea circus-esque hobby. But much more interesting is the film's somewhat unwitting commentary on our society's infatuation with speed and efficiency, touching on things like viral media and ever-burgeoning menus of energy drinks.

When Turbo first whips around the track in a blue-streaked flash, a kid, by way of some Verizon product placement, catches the takeoff on his smartphone and uploads the clip for all to see. What follows is a reverse-riff on the average biopic's newspaper-headline montage, with Turbo becoming a within-hours sensation (complete with an Auto-Tuned music video based around the phone kid's line, "That snail is fast!"), and the Internet hip to the quick bug well before TV and print news can catch up.



That **TURBO** sells speed, in all its forms, as an unimpeachable virtue is just as problematic as its peddling of the you-are-special/you-can-do-anything message, which, in this era of malcontent millennials who value little because they think they deserve so much, doesn't quite have the rosy ring it used to. However, as a film about social issues, and simply being yourself, it's commendably progressive, going so far as serving as a kind of coming-out story. "This is in me," Turbo tells Chet of his against-the-grain proclivities, with the brother retorting that such things defy nature (Turbo's real name is Theo, and his insistence on not being called that even brings some whiffs of gender identity into the mix).

If there's a speed-related element that deserves kudos, it's Chet's position as a small-minded semi-villain, whose bigoted, conservative views are causing the world to pass him by. His character's nature also anchors the film's handling of race, which is about as equal-opportunity as possible for something that still surrenders to the hero-voiced-by-white-headliner formula. "What are you doing with these freaks?" Chet asks, referencing human and non-human characters voiced by Peña, Luis Guzmán, Ken Jeong, Michelle Rodriguez, Samuel L. Jackson, and Snoop Dogg. Admittedly, almost all of these roles are racial caricatures, and *Turbo* won't go down in history as some animated equality landmark. But by ultimately

making Chet the "other" (and by generally boasting a surprising wealth of societal subtext), it's a zip in the right direction.

This is perfect for all that liked **HOP**, **MONSTER'S UNIVERSITY**, **EPIC**, **HOTEL TRANSYLVANIA**, **PARANORMAN**, **UP** and **BRAVE**.



11/19 1 2 GUNS ACTION

\$74 MILL BO 3028 SCREENS R 109 MINUTES

Denzel Washington (THE BONE COLLECTOR, THE PELICAN BRIEF, TRAINING DAY, GLORY, SAFE HOUSE)
Mark Wahlberg (BOOGIE NIGHTS, CONTRABAND, DATE NIGHT, TED, THE FIGHTER, THE DEPARTED.)

2 Guns sees Mark Wahlberg re-team with Icelandic director Baltasar Kormákur, with whom he found success with on 2012's **CONTRABAND**. The pair have since turned their sights onto an action-packed buddy movie throwback and have brought Denzel Washington along for the fun. Two officers – Bobby from the DEA (Washington) and Stig from the Naval Intelligence (Wahlberg) – are both unaware that the other is undercover

and unwittingly find themselves as targets after a botched bank robbery.

Kormákur directs this machismo throwback with a knowingly slickness perfectly befitting of the cool of his two leading men. Whilst embracing some of the clichés and tendencies of much-loved buddy movies (ie. *Midnight Run*), Kormákur and screenwriter Blake Masters do their bit to subvert these expectancies with Stig and Bobby's friendship gradually building over the course of the film, the rapport between Wahlberg and Washington is continuously watchable and downright fun. The pair has a natural chemistry and the fast-talking, hot-headed Navy officer and slick, calm DEA agent make a winning team. Stig's wise-cracking and take-assert him as one of on-screen characters in recent two actors (both clearly at the winning formula behind the **Guns**.

2 Guns is packed pieces, which may not be

structure but certainly get the job done. The highlight of these being the film's grand conclusion which sees drug cartels, the CIA and Naval Intelligence collide in a high-octane, bullet blasting and flame filled shoot-out. Prior to this **2 Guns** features desert car chases and amusing interrogation sequences, and not to mention Marky Mark blasting off chicken heads and winking at waitresses.

The movie also features a dastardly selection of villains in the form of Bill Paxton's cold-blooded CIA honcho, James Marsden's ruthless Navy officer, and a stellar turn from Edward James Olmos as a vengeful drug kingpin – all hunting down Stig and Bobby for their own gain. There's also a welcome turn from Paula Patton as Bobby's romantic interest.

This movie will kick butt for all of those that liked **THE HEAT**, **THE INTERNSHIP**, **WORLD WAR Z**, **OLYMPUS HAS FALLEN**, **PAIN AND GAIN**, **A GOOD DAY TO DIE HARD**, **PARKER**, and **SKY FALL**.



no-prisoners attitude, helps Wahlberg's most entertaining years. The casting of these top of their game) is the likeability and success of **2**

with an array of stylish set-ground-breaking in scale or



11/19 **3** GETAWAY THRILLER

\$11 MILL BO 2135 screens PG-13 90 MINUTES

Ethan Hawke (TRAINING DAY, GATTACA, THE PURGE, BEFORE SUNSET, SNOW FALLING ON CEDARS)
Selena Gomez (AFTER SHOCK, SPRING BREAKERS,--TV-HANNAH MONTANA, SHAKE IT UP)
Jon Voight (COMING HOME, MIDNIGHT COWBOY, MISSION IMPOSSIBLE, VARSITY BLUES, THE RAINMAKER, TRANSFORMERS)

Though always speeding forward in some gear of ridiculousness, *Getaway* is a lot more fun when it's completely nonsensical, before its baddie's motives and harebrained plot are funnel-fed to the viewer. In a manic pre-credits sequence that foreshadows the formal mayhem to come, ex-racer Brent Magna (Hawke) is shown stealing a Shelby Mustang from a parking garage after an anonymous villain kidnaps his wife, Leanne (Rebecca Budig). At the whim of a man who says he'll kill Leanne if his orders aren't followed, and at the wheel of a car that's armored and equipped with all manner of surveillance equipment, Brent becomes his enemy's desperate puppet of chaos, wreaking citywide havoc per demands that come from a hands-free phone built into the car's dash. With campy glee, the tormentor credited only as "The Voice" (Jon Voight) remotely instructs Brent to "Go faster!" and "Smash into everything you can!" with no initial apparent motive but to fuck with Brent's head. It's all so deliriously dumb, making *Getaway* an unintentional hoot long before Brent is held at gunpoint by a car-jacking teen played by Selena Gomez.

This movie is perfect for the end of summer to just sit back and watch some car chases and explosions and pretty girls. Fans of **FAST & FURIOUS, THE HEAT, HANGOVER 3, THIS IS THE END, WORLD WAR Z, SPRING BREAKERS, OBLIVION, TAKEN 2** and **TED** will enjoy this romp.



11/19 **1** PARANOIA THRILLER

\$8 MILL BO 2456 SCREENS PG-13 106 MINUTES



Liam Hemsworth (THE HUNGER GAMES, THE EXPENDABLES 2, EMPIRE STATE, LOVE AND HONOR)
Gary Oldman (THE BOOK OF ELI, RED RIDING HOOD, AIR FORCE ONE, TRUE ROMANCE, THE CONTENDER)
Harrison Ford (THE FUGITIVE, WITNESS, 42, CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER, WORKING GIRL, FRANTIC)
Amber heard (ZOMBIE LAND, PINEAPPLE EXPRESS, NEVER BACK DOWN, NORTH COUNTRY)

Adam (Hemsworth) is callously dismissed by his boss, billionaire tech genius Nick Wyatt (Gary Oldman), after failing to deliver the goods at a high-pressure smartphone pitch session. Naturally he takes his team of just-fired geeks out to a posh nightclub on the company card, racking up \$16,000 in tequila shots—

which is, coincidentally, the same amount he needs in order to pay his dying father's (Richard Dreyfuss) hospital bills. The next day, Wyatt offers him an ultimatum: go to jail for fraud, or become a mole at Eikon, the rival company led by Adam's mentor turned archnemesis, Jock Goddard (Ford). Adam's romance with one of Goddard's superstar developers, Emma Jennings (Amber Heard, yanking most of her scenes out from under the slow-blinking, perpetually dumbstruck Hemsworth), soon finds him unclear whether he's acting out of love, addiction to the good life, or a desperate self-preservation.

This confused identity theme is often spotlighted whenever somebody drops a pallid Facebook-era bromide like "People are so distracted these days, they don't know who they are anymore!" Despite an atmosphere of virulent snooping and backstabbing, we see the ever-tortured Adam in public to hash things out—extra risky given the film's hilariously tiny rendering of Manhattan.

In an era of especially isolated and socially awkward genius billionaires, Oldman and Ford both bring more personality and gravity to their characters than the script calls for. Fans of **THE EAST**, **THE ICEMAN**, **THE PLACE BEYOND THE PINES**, **ERASED**, **PAIN AND GAIN**, **JACK REACHER**, **STAND UP GUYS**, and **BROKEN CITY** will like this one too.



11/19 1 PLANES ANIMATED
\$80 MILL BO 3716 SCREENS PG 91 MINUTES

VOICED BY Dane Cook, Stacy Keach, John Cleese

One of the biggest ironies in the esteemed career of Pixar involves the continued, phenomenal success of **CARS**. For a company built on a foundation of technical innovation and rich storytelling, the fact that one of the company's weaker, more kid-friendly products has proved to be their most commercially viable is an expected, though still somewhat tragic notion.

PLANES stands as a continuation of the brand. This time around, however, the film was made under the auspices of the DisneyToon Studios rather than Pixar. The result is a technically proficient but ultimately soulless exercise in corporate marketing

disguised as an inspirational animated sports movie.

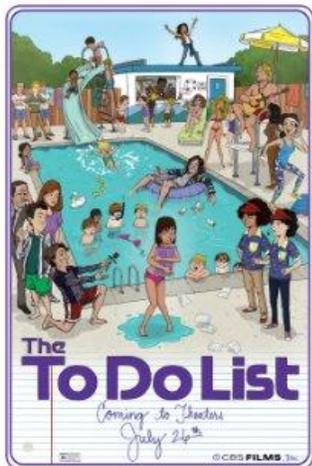
PLANES is set in a world populated exclusively by anthropomorphic transportation vehicles. The story centers on a crop-duster plane named—what else—Dusty Crophopper (voiced by Dane Cook) who dreams of escaping his monotonous lifestyle and becoming a professional racer. Though dissuaded by his friends and colleagues, Dusty decides to try out for the annual Wings Around the World race and, surprisingly, makes the cut. After receiving some intense training by grizzled former navy warplane named Skipper Riley (voiced by Stacy Keach), Dusty sets off on a race that will take him around the world. Ridiculed by his fellow racers and nursing a paralyzing fear of heights, Dusty nevertheless powers through, determined to prove his worth.



Whereas a healthy dose of lowbrow jokes can be welcome spice in any film, this movie leans on its jokes like a crutch, including several instances of blatant scatological humor. Moreover, being that the film is structured as a race around the globe, it relishes in depicting every nationality as an absurd and (excuse the pun) cartoonish caricature. While a select few prove mildly entertaining (John Cleese as a pompous British plane is a fun, if not entirely creative, choice). Despite its numerous flaws, however, **PLANES** is not completely devoid of charm. Some of the flying sequences, though somewhat truncated, manage to inspire some actual thrills. Likewise, several of the voice performances, in particular Brad

Garrett as Dusty's enthusiastic, if clueless sidekick Chug and Stacy Keach as the grumpy, yet haunted Skipper, are effective enough. This, however, makes it all the more frustrating when these characters are sidelined in the film's latter

This will be very popular with all that liked **WRECK IT RALPH**, **HOTEL TRANSYLVANIA**, **CARS, UP**, **TANGLED**, **MADAGASCAR 3**, and **LORAX**.



11/19 2 THE TO DO LIST COMEDY
\$6 MILL BO 791 SCREENS R 104 MINUTES

Bill Hader (TV—SNL, THE MINDY PROJECT, PORTLANDIA, CLEAR HISTORY)
Connie Britton (TV—NASHVILLE, FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS, 24, THE WEST WING)
Aubrey Plaza (TV-PORTLANDIA, PARKS AND RECREATION—MOVIE-SAFETY NOT GUARANTEED)

If the boys can have their **AMERICAN PIE** and eat it too, then surely the girls deserve a let's-get-laid yukfest as well. Maggie Carey's movie rides the wave of raunchy post-**BRIDESMAIDS** female-centric comedies, tracking virginal graduating high school student Brandy Clark's (Aubrey Plaza) efforts to gain sexual experience over the summer before beginning her freshman year at Georgetown. Crafting an actual list of erotic activities she's never experienced, and in some cases never even heard of (rimjob), she spends the dog days getting boys of her acquaintance, most of whom work with her as lifeguards at the city pool, to perform these sexual favors, all with an eye on saving her big deflowering for a hunky local, Rusty (Scott Porter).

Set in Boise, Idaho in 1993, a time (and place) where one imagines a certain sexual innocence was still possible, the film overloads its script with a veritable catalogue of '90s pop-culture references (*Home Improvement*, push-up bras, non-letterboxed VHS cassettes) and a wall-to-wall soundtrack of period-appropriate tunes. If the particular story the film tells wouldn't be possible in the Internet age of instant information, then Carey seems far more interested in using the setting to simply get off on dropping as many wink-wink period signifiers as possible.

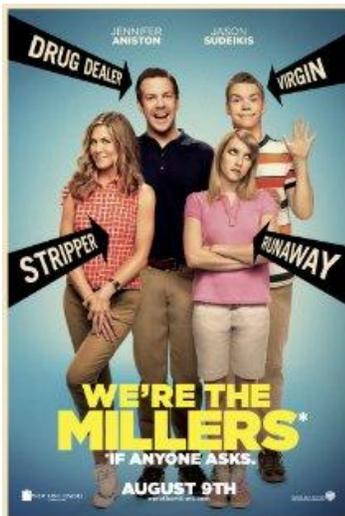
In doing so, she seems to be having more fun than our initially clueless heroine, whose crash course in hooking up proves largely unsatisfying (in both the sexual and non-sexual sense), whether it involves her dry-humping her way around the living room floor with a smarmy friend, Duffy (Christopher Mintz-Plasse), or giving a handjob inside a movie theater to Cameron (Johnny Simmons), the archetypal nice guy who has a crush on her. Essentially the film aims to trade in the awkwardness of teen sexuality, but too often settles for the gross-out gag instead, which, in the film's low point, involves the naïve heroine literally eating shit.

Carey clearly has a feminist agenda, but it gets stalled on the essential questionability of the film's central conceit. While gaining sexual experience is a reasonable goal for a young female protagonist, Brandy's decision to suddenly dive into the world of sex is obviously a result of the pressures facing young woman to engage in erotic exploits simply for the sake of doing so. There's nothing to suggest that Brandy has any real desire to try these things; she simply gives in to the suggestions of her best friends who mock her uptightness. And even though she takes to the project with gusto, bringing the same methodical precision to the pursuit that she applies to her schoolwork, the essential societal influences that led to her creating the to-do list in the first place are never sufficiently probed.

What's admirable about the film is its ultimate embrace of female sexuality as a potentially more liberated force than its male counterpart. Early on in her project, Brandy determines that women's pleasure is an important consideration and her quest moves toward the ultimate satisfaction of finally achieving orgasm. But Brandy never apologizes or regrets even her less satisfying encounters, chalking them up as part of the process. Instead it's the men who are hung up on sex, and specifically the question of sexual control, whether it's Brandy's Rush Limbaugh-reading father, the possessive Cameron, or even the surprisingly traditional-minded Rusty. Only in the liberated world of college, Carey suggests in a final scene, can teen awkwardness find its antidote, as sexual clumsiness and uptightness give way at last to equitable sexual pleasure.



This is a film that takes risks and succeeds on many levels and will appeal to all that loved **AMERICAN PIE, THE HEAT, BACHELORETTE, THE BLING RING, THE ENGLISH TEACHER, WARM BODIES, SAVE THE DATE, FOR A GOOD TIME CALL.**



11/19 1 WE'RE THE MILLERS COMEDY
\$138 MILL BO 3445 SCREENS R 110 MINUTES

Jennifer Aniston (MARLEY AND ME, SWITCH, THE BOUNTY HUNTER, ALONG CAME POLLY, OFFICE SPACE)

Emma Roberts (EMPIRE STATE, SCREAM 4, ADULT WORLD, CELESTE & JESSE FOREVER)

Jason Sudeikis (TV-SNL, EASTBOUND & DOWN,- MOVIES-THE CAMPAIGN, HORRIBLE BOSSES, MOVIE 43, HALL PASS)

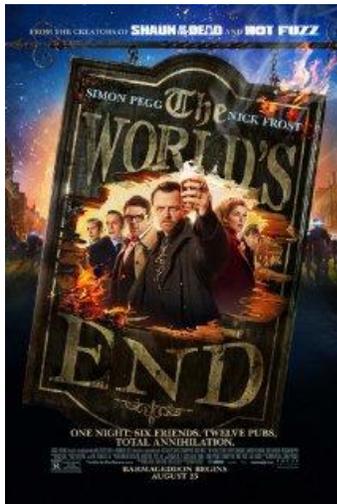
For David (Sudeikis), a low-level, Denver-based drug dealer, acquiescence is the name of the game when he's forced to smuggle "a smidge of marijuana" out of Mexico for his carelessly wealthy supplier (Ed Helms). In an attempt to avoid suspicion at the border, David hires his neighbors to pose as his all-American brood seemingly returning from a family road trip, a thin, dull plot that the script initially encouragingly picks at. The film is sometimes riotous in its anxious deconstruction of David's big lie and director Rawson Marshall Thurber brings a certain formal competence to the project, though he also deflates or boxes in a great deal of the vibrant comedic energy that his cast harnesses.

Thankfully, even when the film is bogged down in predictable story beats (money issues + impossible scam = true love and justice), Sudeikis, the funniest guy in the room for some time now, continues to tap into a rambunctious strain of middle-aged malaise, and the supporting cast responds wonderfully. Filling out the obligatory teenager quotient are Emma Roberts as Casey, a foul-mouthed runaway who trolls the area around David's apartment, and Will Poulter as Kenny, the virginal boy next door to David. Roberts does well in a underwritten role and Poulter works up a strong comedic repartee with Sudeikis that's rewardingly unsentimental, but it's Jennifer Aniston's Rose, a newly unemployed stripper who agrees to pose as David's wife, who's most revealing. Aniston is a fine actress, but she isn't allowed to make full use of her proven talents for bringing out the despondency and desperation of characters, sometimes with as little as the tilt of her head or the raising of an eyebrow. Here, she makes Rose's



eruptive frustration with her life meld beautifully with David's general dickishness, but her character is continuously confined to the dictates of the narrative. The script is too busy bringing Rose and David together, or insisting that Rose perform a lengthy striptease to distract a cartel boss (Tomer Sisley), to allow Aniston to fully explore the hurt and panic at the heart of her character.

This is a movie that will be enjoyed by all that liked **HANGOVER**, **THE INTERNSHIP**, **THIS IS THE END**, **OLYMPUS HAS FALLEN**, **42**, **IDENTITY THIEF** and **FLIGHT**.



11/19 1 THE WORLD'S END COMEDY
\$43 MILL BO 2954 SCREENS R 109 MINUTES

Simon Pegg (SHAUN OF THE DEAD, MISSION IMPOSSIBLE 4, STAR TREK: INTO THE DARKNESS, PAUL)

Nick Frost (PAUL, PIRATE RADIO, SHAUN OF THE DEAD, KINKY BOOTS)

Edgar Wright's **THE WORLD'S END** is about a disappointment particular to a small-town local's recrudescence, about both the urge to return to the place of one's youth and the disillusionment inherent in doing so. It proposes that the worst thing about moving from your small hometown to

the big city is the sad realization that your small hometown doesn't care that you left. You inevitably find yourself, some years later, stirred quite inexplicably by nostalgia, overcome by an encroaching fondness in young adulthood for precisely the things you wanted most desperately to leave behind in adolescence. And so you venture back, expecting that your homecoming will feel somehow triumphant, a vindication of an imagined legacy, as if the entire town had been anticipating your long-awaited return from the very moment you left. But what you find instead is nothing, as you're greeted not with the grand hurrah of a hero's welcome, but rather a kind of blankness, the unchanged fixtures of your youth no more glad to see you than a stranger. You're left to face the truth: that your hometown matters more to you than you ever did to it.

The film opens in flashback: Gary King (Pegg) regales us in voiceover with the story of the best night of his life, in which he and his four closest high school friends made a go of their small hometown's infamous 12-pint, 12-pub quest-bender, "the Golden Mile," tapping out four stops before the end. Wright shoots this sequence in a hazy, sun-bleached approximation of '80s-era home movies, scoring it to classic Britpop and lending the proceedings an air of freewheeling exaltation. But he then undermines his style's own vigorous sweep: As Gary's monologue reaches its conclusion, a shock cut reveals that he's been telling this story to his Alcoholics Anonymous circle, whose dead-eyed stares and cough-punctured silence in response recasts his joie de vivre as essentially pathetic.

This sequence sets the tone of much of what's to come: Gary, unmoored and unchanged since that fated Golden Mile, decides to gather his former gang together for a return home and, he hopes, a return to the glory days of old. And so he assembles his team—Peter (Eddie Marsan), Oliver (Martin Freeman), Steven (Paddy Considine), and Andrew (Nick Frost)—and trucks the decidedly uninterested bunch back out to Newton Haven, the sleepy British hamlet where they grew up. The early scenes of their strained reunion and journey back to town have a deliberately stilted, even unfunny quality, with Gary rattling off jokes that fall flat and generally finding more derision than good times. Past trauma, including one oft-alluded to rift between Gary and Andrew, has long-ago curdled the friendship of the group. Their contempt for Gary has calcified in the years since the group split and went their separate ways, and it lies over every interaction like a thin film that settles on a bowl of tomato soup.

Eventually, of course, the acute pain of lived experience once again finds itself channeled, almost therapeutically, into the conventions of a recognizable genre, this time around the science-fiction fantasy of the sort popularized in the mid-1950s. The central theme—the disenchantment that arises when that nostalgic impulse to return home is followed through—is here projected atop insidious alien invaders, a body-snatching but otherwise benevolent race conspiring to replace an unruly populace with more subservient plastic models. This dimension of the story isn't introduced until nearly halfway into the film, and the tonal and stylistic pivot required to account for it seems considerably more jarring than, say, the steady and seamless shift from rom-com to zombie film undertaken by **SHAUN OF THE DEAD**.

The reason is that this one is an ordinary drama embellished and in some sense infringed on by genre elements rather than the other way around—when it can no longer support the weight of the drama and the narrative seems on the verge of collapse—that it turns to action and special effects. After rather tortuously ushering his former mates through four of their planned dozen pubs, the group declares that they've had more than enough of Gary, whose total lack of maturation nearing 40 stands in sharp contrast to their established careers and family lives. It's decided that round four will be the last; Gary, crestfallen, slinks off to pee before the leave. It's there that he encounters the first of what will be many robots to come, and it proves to be the excuse he needs to keep them on their journey and prove himself worthy of their affection.

These elements aren't meant to lighten or dumb down the proceedings, but to liberate the characters and the audience from a situation which has finally escalated to the point of unbearable. The joke is that the presence of the robots, while obviously terrifying, actually alleviates the pain of the situation: The disappointment you feel when you realize that nobody in your small hometown recognizes or remembers you is explained by the fact that, yes, they've all been replaced by robots. The film suggests, quite brilliantly, that this is somehow less scary than the alternative. This is a mature, sophisticated approach to issues of responsibility, friendship, nostalgia, and growing up, not just a lark through sci-fi history, but a commendable attempt to grapple with something real. The situation does indeed turn catastrophic, and nothing past the robot reveal is meant to be taken as dramatically credible. It doesn't matter. However outlandish the film gets in terms of content, it's founded on a basic *emotional* truth, one it articulates beautifully.



A well-acted and crafted film will have strong appeal to those that liked **THIS IS THE END, AFTER EARTH, THE HEAT, LORDS OF SALEM, OBLIVION, SCARY MOVIE 5, and WORLD WAR Z**.



11/26 **3** THE CANYONS

DRAMA \$2MILL BO 479 SCREENS R 99 MINUTES

Lindsay Lohan (HERBIE FULLY LOADED, MACHETE, I KNOW WHO KILLED ME, MEAN GIRLS)

THE CANYONS charts the increasingly treacherous aftershocks that stem from the initial encounter of two couples: smug rich kid Christian (Deen), who's invested in a low-budget slasher movie about to shoot in New Mexico; his girlfriend, Tara (Lohan); his assistant, Gina (Amanda Brooks); and her boyfriend, Ryan (Nolan Funk), an aspiring actor who's landed the lead in Christian's movie. They meet over dinner and drinks, during which Christian stuns the fresh-faced, Joe Buck-ish Ryan with tales of his and Tara's open relationship, including frequent additional partners of both sexes. (He is, when the movie begins, going through "a dude phase.")

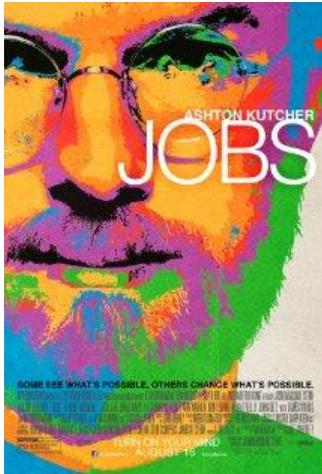
We soon learn that, three years earlier, when they were both nobodies, Ryan and Tara were themselves an item. Now, ever since reconnecting at Ryan's audition, they've been meeting for illicit afternoon hookups, but while Ryan is still smitten, Tara is more pragmatic. She's not interested in going back to their old, hardscrabble life together, she tells him in an early scene set at the Century City shopping mall — a scene Lohan plays with such raw conviction that you can't be sure who's more afraid of slipping back into working-stiff anonymity, her or her character.

It doesn't take long for the jealous Christian to figure out what's going on under his blow-dusted nose, and to plot his revenge. What Christian really wants to do is direct, as evidenced by the amateur sex videos he makes starring himself, Tara and a variety of special guest stars. But if the sex in "The Canyons" is duly kinky and explicit — and surely one of the pic's selling points, thanks to Lohan's ample bosom and Deen's celebrated schlong.

The film doesn't engender much sympathy for its characters — even nice-guy Ryan (convincingly played by Funk as just another pretty, none-too-bright face in the crowd) ultimately comes across as a cipher, to say nothing of Gina, who seems less concerned about her boyfriend's infidelities than about the possibility of losing her credit on Christian's movie. The major exception is Lohan, who gives one of those performances, like Marlon Brando's in "Last Tango in Paris," that comes across as some uncanny conflagration of drama and autobiography. Lohan may not go as deep or as far as Brando, but with her puffy skin, gaudy hoop earrings and thick eye makeup, there's a little-girl-lost quality to the onetime Disney teen princess that's very affecting. Whenever she's onscreen, she projects a sense of just barely holding on to that precarious slide area in the shadow of the Hollywood sign.



The debut of James Deen is a welcome addition to the film as it tells a story that will appeal to those that liked **THE BLING RING**, **THE ENGLISH TEACHER**, **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING**, **WANDERLUST 21 AND OVER**, **GINGER & ROSA** and **CELESTE AND JESSE FOREVER**.



11/26 2 JOBS DRAMA

\$16 MILL 2035 SCREENS PG-13 122 MINUTES

Ashton Kutcher (THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT, KILLERS, NEW YEAR'S EVE, VALENTINE'S DAY)

Lucas Haas (CRAZY EYES, INCEPTION, CONTRABAND, RED RIDING HOOD)

J. K. Simmons (JUNO, TRUE GRIT, CONTRABAND, UP IN THE AIR, EXTRACT)

Early on in **JOBS**, after a self-satisfied, over-emphatic, and ultimately mood-setting intro, wherein the tech legend Steve Jobs (Kutcher) unveils Apple's 2001 triumph, the iPod, the proceedings flash back to 1974, when Jobs dropped out of Reed College but still hung around campus, living a hobo life and popping in on the occasional class, often sans shoes. He's seen roaming the quad and hitting on a random, pretty art student. "I like the idea of art, but I don't have the necessary talent," Jobs says to her. It's a quote that's utterly telling of this abysmal fact-based film, whose makers seem enamored with the concept of a Steve Jobs movie, but haven't anything close to the chops that are needed to pull it off.

It's briefly refreshing to see this type of movie be so liberal with its key figure's unflattering traits, and moreover, there's great intrigue to the idea of exploring the truth of a man who may only be idolized because his inventions are in everyone's pockets. But that's not the sort of study the movie achieves. Instead, it unwittingly strives to make you loathe the pioneer on whose creation you may very well be reading this review. Though contrasted against early, hurried bits of apparent, peaceful enlightenment,

attained via everything from hits of acid to a trip to India ("The moment of your death is fixed," a guru eerily intones), Jobs's ample shortcomings arrive with a trickle and then a flood, the lies to girlfriend Chris

(Ahna O'Reilly) and Apple co-founder Steve Wozniak (Josh Gad) predated shrill office outbursts, ruthless layoffs, and profound self-interest. After bitterly denying that he's the father of Chris's child, and preaching to a lawyer the margins of error of paternity tests, Jobs caps off his refusal

of contact with "I don't have time!" And if anyone gets on Jobs's bad side in the workroom, that person is liable to get a cartoonishly bloodthirsty earful. You don't think pretty fonts are important? Then "get the fuck out!" **JOBS** is basically a two-hour tug of war between its subject and everyone else, including co-workers like Daniel Kottke (Lukas Haas), backers like Mike Markkula (Dermot Mulroney), and board members like Arthur Rock (J.K. Simmons), all of whom are immeasurably more likable.



And still, the movie tries to eulogize the icon all the same, aiming to curry audience favor in the most rudimentary ways. On the heels of scenes that see Jobs axe programmers and dick over his closest friends, the film will shuffle him to one pandering, applause-laden spiel after another, each of them accompanied by John Debney's boisterous score, and, whether depicting a product reveal or simply a plan of the day's duties, regarding Jobs as if he's just made the water coolers dispense wine. ("Jesus," one programmer says when being startled by Jobs. "No, it's just Steve," the preacher replies.) The film at least knows its hero was a brilliant salesman, and that his true gift was how to best deliver the work of many to the world.

The movie will appeal to all that liked **THE SOCIAL NETWORK, BEFORE MIDNIGHT, THE COMPANY YOU KEEP, THE PLACE BEYOND THE PINES, THE GREAT GATSBY, UPSIDE DOWN,** and **SAFE HAVEN.**



11/26 1 RED 2 ACTION/COMEDY

\$53 MILL BO 3016 SCREENS PG-13 116 MINUTES

Helen Mirren (RED, LOVE RANCH, THE DEBT, THE TEMPTRESS, GOSFORD PARK, STATE OF PLAY)

Bruce Willis (LAST MAN STANDING, NOBODY'S FOOL, DIE HARD, BLIND DATE, THE 6TH SENSE)

John Malkovich (WARM BODIES, SECRETARIAT, BURN AFTER READING, RIPLEY'S GAME, KNOCK AROUND GUYS, MULHOLLAND DRIVE)

Following a network_of aging professional killers, **RED 2** essentially weaponizes middle-aged malaise. Even though Frank (Willis) is enthusiastic to stock up on household niceties during the Costco shopping spree that opens the film, his girlfriend, Sarah (Mary Louise-Parker, of WEEDS) is starting to feel over-domesticated and bored with her erstwhile spy-hunter beau. Worse yet, Frank's LSD-fried former colleague, Marvin (Malkovich), is certain that an attempt on their lives is imminent. It's not just the hallucinogens, as it turns out. The trio is quickly targeted for assassination when word begins to leak about the location of a next-level nuke codenamed Nightshade. The events cause Frank, Sarah, and Marvin to go globetrotting amid plenty of spy-game nonsense (explosions, gunplay, impossible escapes, etc.) and gallows humor, and for Sarah, it's like the homicidal honeymoon she's never had...for the most part.

The exception would be when Frank gets within eyesight of Katja (Catherine Zeta-Jones), his Cold War-era lover and nemesis, who easily ropes the gang into a deadly competition to secure Nightshade and its creator, Dr. Bailey (Anthony Hopkins), the nuclear age's "DaVinci of Death." It's a minor delight to watch Hopkins have some rambunctious fun with villainy again, and even Zeta-Jones proves engaging as a gaudy seductress. The cast, which also includes Helen Mirren, returning as Victoria, and David Thewlis as the Frog, a poison connoisseur, is fantastic, and when the film airs on the side of its more perverse tendencies, it's genuinely entertaining. Bailey savoring the effects of a vial of fatal nerve gas on his victims, Sarah's surprisingly effective technique for getting the Frog to talk, Victoria pouring a pair of gallon-size jugs of acid over a body in a bathtub, and Victoria's continued flirtations with Ivan (Brian Cox) all prove to be mere flickers of personality to continue the tone of this sequel.



This sequel will have strong appeal to all that liked **PAIN AND GAIN**, **SNITCH**, **THE LAST STAND**, **STAR TREK: INTO THE DARKNESS**, **BROKEN CITY**, and **RED DAWN**.