

THE HATEFUL EIGHT

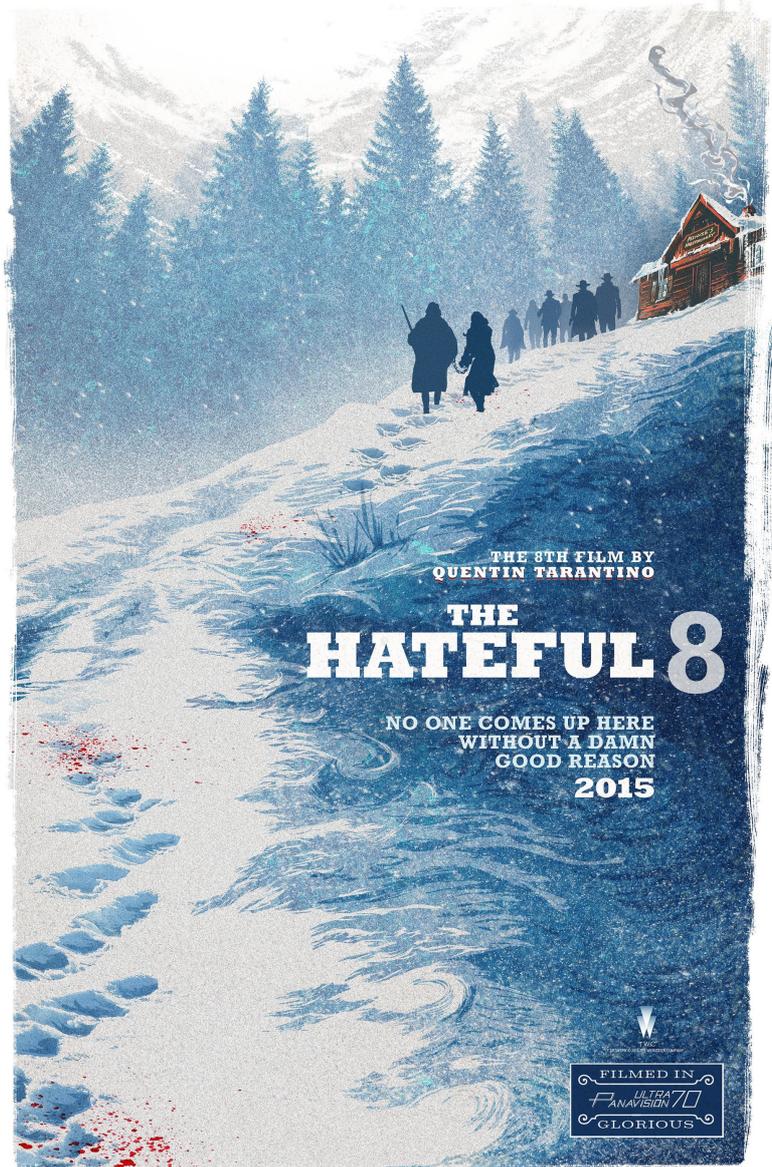
USA | 2015 | 187' | Crime, Drama, Mystery | Rated R

Written and directed by
Quentin Tarantino

With

Samuel L. Jackson
Kurt Russell
Jennifer Jason Leigh
Walton Goggins
Demián Bichir
Tim Roth
Bruce Dern
Michael Madsen
Channing Tatum

Original music by
Ennio Morricone



Première:

07/12/2015 (Los Angeles)

Release:

25/12/2015

No one comes up here without a damn good motive.

Budget: \$44.000.000

Gross: \$132.000.000 ca

REVIEW

Wyoming, a cold winter day and night, some year in a typical western setting. Eight people, eight different roles, victims, oppressors or simple observers: in a cabin isolated by a snow storm, nobody is going to keep the same role throughout the story.

Quentin Tarantino has an unrestrained obsession with (or passion for) numeric patterns, references and 'unlikely' coincidences. This is why his eighth movie couldn't have but eight (main) characters. That's all that can be said without spoilers, so let's move on.

Another brick in the wall for Quentin, with the brilliant solution of the compulsory half-time break on one of the greatest cliffhanger in modern cinema, which maintains the usual characteristics: an overweening use of violence, although kept for the final chapters (quite as in "Django Unchained") and the evident metric manipulation in both directing and writing; after all, it's well known that when a director has the privilege (or sometimes the presumption) of writing his own movie, he can do almost anything he wants, especially if he is guaranteed to succeed even half as much as Tarantino's. And after the huge risk of abandoning this project caused by the Internet leak of the first drafts of the script, everyone has to ask themselves what would have become of this strongly wanted and yet again successful movie.

It's undeniable that the first part is lengthy and intricate, with introductions to all the characters so meticulous as to become almost tiring; at the very same time, the artificial repetitions of lines and actions keep the rhythm high thanks to all those little but perceptible variations that keep curiosity alive.

When this first half finishes... The end starts. Equally lengthy and artificial, in Tarantino's well-known style. Maybe a little too contrived for someone. But the almost univocal setting gets the viewers' attention by emphasizing the empathy, through which a moral judgment seems pronounced and totally absent at the same time. Which is to say: everyone should think this, but in the end can think what they want.

Another mannerism of Tarantino's is undoubtedly Samuel Leroy Jackson. This aged but never busted actor, who by the way is the one with the highest gross in the history of cinema, gets down to work again with maybe his favorite director, leading to another perfect interpretation. Looks, words, gestures: his Major Warren is iconic and unforgettable, almost like his similar character in "Pulp Fiction", Jules. Close to him, all the cast look pretty convincing. Tim Roth, in particular, is almost unrecognizable but greatly admirable as the 'Little Man' Oswald Mobray, and Demián Bichir plays the umpteenth pureblood Mexican with a strong violent side. Bruce Dern presents the character of General Smithers steeped in hidden emotivity, Walton Goggins is almost dramatic in his simple-minded Sheriff Mannix, Kurt Russell gives his usual best when directed by Tarantino playing John Ruth and almost stealing the leading role for himself and Michael Madsen... well, a larger-than-life character, sufficing in squaring the circle of the strange company.

Separate mention for Jennifer Jason Leigh, maybe the one with the highest ground for fun on the set with few lines condensing almost all the comic side of the movie, and Channing Tatum who... no, he's unrated.

The one true commendation is all for mister Ennio Morricone, the 88-year-old composer still well above most of his colleagues. In a western movie far from his mentor Sergio Leone's masterpieces, he puts the same certainty and the same virtuosity, almost as if the soundtrack was a supporting actor itself.

Ladies and gentlemen, this is, for the eighth time, Quentin Tarantino. His lengthy rhythms, also in the production interval, are really worth the while. And when (or if), after his next two movies, as he has anticipated, he retires it will certainly be a heavy loss for contemporary cinema.

ASSESSMENT	
POSTER	87%
TAGLINE	74%
TRAILER	79%
SATISFACTION	94%
DIRECTING	91%
SCREENPLAY	94%
PRODUCTION DESIGN	90%
CINEMATOGRAPHY	92%
CAST	94%
MUSIC	96%
TOTAL	92% - A-