

Tully review – perceptive take on the woes of motherhood

<p>Notes & Cues:</p>	<p>Article:</p> <p>There are certain truths about new motherhood that are unassailable. Things that lodge themselves in your psyche as permanently as the butternut squash stain on your last halfway decent T-shirt. The bone-deep exhaustion. The uneasy combination of anxiety and boredom. The pressure to bring sexy back when it feels like someone has driven a combine harvester through your nether. All of which this latest collaboration between writer Diablo Cody and director Jason Reitman nails with harrowing accuracy.</p> <p>It's not exactly new territory. But what makes Tully such a tragicomic triumph is that the film is not afraid to mine some pretty dark thematic territory.</p> <p>This is thanks largely to a towering performance from Charlize Theron as Marlo, mother of three, including a newborn. Theron has perfected the dead-eyed gaze of a woman who can't quite work out where motherly love ends and Stockholm syndrome begins. Then Marlo cracks, and calls the night nanny for whom her wealthy brother has paid as a gift.</p> <p>Enter millennial Mary Poppins, Tully (Mackenzie Davis), an unflappable free spirit who effortlessly shoulders the burden of motherhood. Marlo's connection with her nanny is sudden and profound: Tully is like a window into her own past self.</p> <p>Tully is emotionally complex, bleakly funny and only slightly depressing.</p>
<p>Summary:</p>	