Home Again review

Home Again is a movie about an extremely attractive woman who let’s three extremely attractive guys come stay with her and her two daughters in an effort to stave off the loneliness caused by her fresh separation from her extremely attractive husband which finally answers the age old question – what if you turned your favorite porno into a pg13 rom-com?

It’s the kind of movie you put on as a go-back channel when what you’re really watching is on commercial break; it wasn’t awful, but it wasn’t exactly good either. The movie was sort of the romantic film equivalent of when an alien eats a human and wears its body as a suit attempting to pass its self off as one of us. It’s hard to describe exactly what about it doesn’t feel on the up and up, but I get the feeling it would have worked better as a show. The characters weren’t so much driving at something as they were passively taking in what life was giving them and waiting around to see how it all came together. This attitude was transferred to the audience as well; the overly abundant would-be love interests made it impossible to root for anything or anyone. This wasn’t a love triangle, it was a love pentagon. Instead of hoping characters would see the error of their ways and just be together already, like they were meant to be, we all (and by we all, I mean the packed auditorium of senior gals and myself) just kind of watched and waited, like we were table side for a slow motion game of dice in which any possible combination that came up would be eh, fine, and just as good as the next.

The writer/director Hallie Meyers-Shyer has a long way to go before she climbs out of her parents humongous shadows (you can do that research on your own – screw it, Nancy Meyers and Charles Shyer! Private Benjamin, Father of the Bride, Parent Trap, etc.) but this is also her first go at bat, and while I wasn’t blown away by any means, I also don’t have anyone else on my radar who has a better shot at picking up this genres torch for the next generation.

PERSCRIPTION:

I hate to say it, but work your way through her parents stuff.