



If Ken Loach tried to make a John Ford movie, it might look something like *Catch Me Daddy*, a working class Western that is as relentlessly real as it is gripping: Think *The Searchers* via *Ladybird* *Ladybird*. The Yorkshire Moors are its Monument Valley, its posse as twisted and conflicted as John Wayne's Ethan Edwards.

A torn-from-the-headlines story centring on the notion of so-called "honour killings", it shows how care can turn to control, love to hate, with Laila's (Sameena Jabeen Ahmed) father furious she has shackled up with a white boy (Connor McCarron). It's disturbing, not only because each of the pursuers – from the gentle-seeming Junaid (Anwar Hussain) to the psychotic Barry (Barry Nunney) – are recognisable from life, but because even her boyfriend is hardly lover of the year. If this is Man, you would not want to be Woman.

The performances vary from quietly brilliant (Gary Lewis could be our Gene Hackman) to unvarnished but charismatic (newcomers Ahmed and Nunney), while NEDS actor McCarron has a sharp screen presence that more people should exploit. Behind the camera *Fish Tank*'s Robbie Ryan excels once again with his photography, which captures the bleak beauty of Yorkshire just as well as the intimate, haphazard action – whether it be love or violence.

Empire Online

This harrowing and eerily powerful first feature from Daniel and Matthew Wolfe may have a down-to-earth story (a cross-cultural relationship which inspires violent family reprisals) but there's a palpable transcendence to the visual and aural landscape which elevates it above mere social realism, and closer to the territory of Lynne Ramsay and Clio Barnard.

Screen newcomer (and Bifa award winner) Sameena Jabeen Ahmed is Laila, living in a remote caravan with boyfriend Aaron (Connor McCarron), keeping a low-profile while two groups of men (one white, one British Asian) compete to track her down. A sheet of plastic cut to line the back of a car raises the spectre of "honour" killings but Robbie Ryan's evocative cinematography universalises matters with a kaleidoscope of expressionist images: the country-dark of the Yorkshire moors; the unforgiving glare of a fluorescent light; an expanding pool of spilt nail-polish. Daniel Wolfe has a background in music videos, and it shows – in one talismanic sequence,

Laila dances to Patti Smith's *Horses*, the growing frenzy of Smith's voice signalling the film's descent into madness. Elsewhere, Tim Buckley strikes a lyrical note, while absurdist talk of black forest gateaux lends a bizarre fairytale element to the script. The final movement is as Grimm as hell, and some may find it intolerable, but this latterday western has much more to offer than misery.

Mark Kermode, *The Observer*

WRITING CREDITS: Daniel & Matthew Wolfe **CINEMATOGRAPHY:** Robbie Ryan **MUSIC:** Daniel Thomas Freeman, Matthew Watson

CAST: *Laila* Sameena Jabeen Ahmed | *Aaron* Connor McCarron | *Tony* Gary Lewis | *Barry* Barry Nunney

VOTING FOR *Mommy* A41 | B16 | C7 | D0 | E0 | Rating 88.3% | Attendance 68

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