

Hurlyburly

Nothing ages so fast as yesterday's hip. Witness the new movie version of *Hurlyburly*, taken from David Rabe's much touted play of one decade ago.

Achingly contemporary then in its near clinical dissection of aimless, worthless Hollywood types way into easy cocaine and facile sex, the material now on screen feels as pointless and barren as the miserable lives of the easy money types it portrays.

A starry cast has been assembled, with the likes of Sean Penn, Kevin Spacey, Robin Wright Penn, Chazz Palminteri, Anna Paquin, and Meg Ryan, but they are uniformly wasted on a dreary and witless script that reeks of ersatz Mamet. The lines are clotted and repetitive, the characters utterly unappealing and coarse. As jejune as these "players" are, as clouded by drugs and booze, they are never believable as people who could put together any kind of movie deal.

There is absolutely no one to care about in this movie, no one who is believable (Meg Ryan as blowsy girl for hire?), and no reason to see this flick.

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