



film CLiPS

A Scanner Darkly

To describe A Scanner Darkly as a futuristic film about drug use that mixes live action and animation will immediately give the wrong idea to anyone who cut their teeth on "head" films of the early 1970s. This is not a cinematic trip, a la 2001 or Fantasia or whatever other movies you used to see while under the influence. Adapting Philip K. Dick's early 1970s novel about an Orange County undercover cop (Keanu Reeves) who is also one of the drug addicts he is assigned to infiltrate, direc-

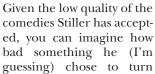


tor Richard Linklater uses the same rotoscoping process he employed in *Waking Life*, in which conventionally photographed images are treated to become animation. But where *Waking Life* varied the degree of animation in step with its shifting menu of ideas and discussions, it's more or less omnipresent here, and much more static. Watching it gives the effect of a brief initial high followed by a bad buzz, which is not inappropriate to Dick's story of loss of identity, surveillance and paranoia in an America that more resembles the one we live in than the one in which he wrote. Dick fans will be pleased that Linklater's adaptation is far truer to its source than any previous film based on the late writer's work. Others may enjoy the stoned repartee between Robert Downey Jr. and Woody Harrelson as Reeves' roommates but otherwise find this heavy going.

-m. faust

You, Me and Dupree

If I had to guess, I'd say that You, Me and Dupree was written as a vehicle for Ben Stiller and Owen Wilson, but Stiller turned it down on the grounds that it's the same movie he's already made a hundred times. At which point the studio substituted the first available actor with dark enough hair to provide a visual contrast with Wilson and proceeded.





down must be. Matt Dillon made the unwise decision to take the role of Carl Peterson, newly married to Molly (Kate Hudson) and working for her father (Michael Douglas), a real estate developer who clearly has issues about losing his only daughter: He asks Carl to hyphenate his name and get a vasectomy. Worse, he makes his work life hell. So Carl's already in a poor frame of mind when his best friend Dupree (Wilson) loses his job and his apartment and moves in with them for a "temporary" stay. Of course, the visit drags out, and Dupree's slacker ways (which include casual attitudes toward nudity, bathroom etiquette and other things most of us do in private) begin to drive a wedge between Carl and Molly that exacerbates his already tenuous work situation.

You, Me and Dupree is a comedy of embarrassment built around the kind of misunderstandings that real people settle with a few minutes of reasonable talk. Undemanding fans of Wilson who want to see him run through the same goofball schtick he can do in his sleep can watch him do just that; ditto those who want to see Hudson prance around in skimpy underwear and not tax her thespic skills any.

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