

# The Truth Game

UK Press Cuttings



Philip French



Finally, two British movies that have nothing in common except for their small budgets, their limited distribution and the presence in both of Thomas Fisher.

Early last year, I praised Simon Rumley's *Strong Language*, a series of vivid, convincing monologues by 15 assorted Londoners, all of whom, it transpired, had witnessed an act of violence in a Soho pub. His second film, *The Truth Game*, which is also getting a mere week at the NPT, is a more conventional slice of metropolitan life but equally good.

It's one of those deadly dinner pieces, in this case three youngish London couples gathered at the home of an unpublished novelist (and part-time cocaine dealer) and the wife who supports him. They get drunk, except for the one who's given up drink and slips out now and then for a line of coke, reminisce, tell dirty jokes (a woman guest tells the foulest joke I've heard in years) and subtly and not so subtly undermine each other. A male guest fails to turn up; an uninvited female arrives asking the host, with whom she's having an affair, to hide a big stash for her; one of them is revealed as having leukaemia. It's about the games people play and the lies they tell themselves and each other, and it rings very true.