

# The Truth Game

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Two quirky British independents provide refreshing views of the capital and the impoverished end of the local film industry. Simon Rumley's **The Truth Game** — the second in his trilogy about young Londoners — is a powerful antidote to the comedy of manners. Three couples meet for dinner and end up chewing lumps out of each other. The irony is that they never actually play the truth game for the simple reason that none of their relationships might survive it. The cast supply

a believable spread of ambitions and neuroses. Struggling writer Eddy lies to his wife (Lily) about drugs. His best friend, Danny, makes a lunge at Lily in the kitchen. Shy Mal dithers while Charlotte plots how to ditch Danny.

As a piece of social anthropology it's pure Desmond Morris. Rumley skilfully pinpoints the subtexts and points of conflict with telling shots: a sudden furtive close-up of Danny's crotch; a

snatched argument in the kitchen. Shot on digital, the film has a deceptively unsophisticated feel. The way it turns the thumbscrews is positively evil.

*James Christopher*