

The Trip and Midnight in Paris

By Tom Sims, Executive Director, Cape May Film Society

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Here is a twist: shameless self promotion at the beginning of the column! We hope you can join us this Friday, July 1, for our Film Camp free screening of student work. Joe Stinson and Stefan Prosky are in town to work their magic at this year's camp, and the students are hard at work creating shorts that you'll no doubt enjoy. Join us at 7:00 p.m. at West Cape May Borough Hall on Friday.

You know your summer isn't complete until you've taken a road trip—on the big screen at least! The last road trip film I reviewed was 2010's ghastly horrible *Due Date*. So I was relieved when a new film out of the UK, *The Trip*, was a much better, more consistently funny road trip movie. Steve Coogan and the lesser known Rob Brydon (both from the UK) play their comic selves as the two friends traveling through England on a food tour.

Could the film have lasted about 20 minutes less? Hey, listen I'm glad when a real road trip only goes 20 minutes over. Most road trip films I've seen of late are feature lengths over! Coogan and Brydon bounce off each other like only two well connected comics could. Their interactions are priceless--mostly inane, off-the-cuff conversations that are captured at the heart of their intense silliness.

Don't look for a whole lot of poignancy in this film, no powerful or moving conflict. In fact, there is little to no conflict. Still, there is a certain depth of character that keeps the dialogue more than just the two of them being goofballs (although it is mostly that). So if you're only in it for a more than just a few laughs, it works.

Midnight in Paris is the latest from accomplished director Woody Allen. Hey! Did I just see you roll your eyes? Well I'm glad I got my shameless self promotion in at the beginning because if you don't respect Allen's work you're not going to see this movie anyway. In fact, you've probably stopped reading this review, right? Hello? If you do like a good Woody Allen movie, this one isn't so bad (wow, did that sound as lame as I think it did?).

Owen Wilson plays a fairly successful screenwriter who struggles as a novelist and is infatuated with legendary writers and artists of the past. One night, wandering the streets of Paris a little drunk, he is picked up by a cab and transported to a place where his legends become real. Sure the movie a little too hokey at times (especially for Allen), but I've seen worse from the once icon.