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NOW PLAYING

'Everything's Gone Green'

Jan Stuart

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★★★ EVERYTHING'S GONE GREEN (R).

Anyone who watches closing movie credits to the bitter end knows that the fair Canadian city of Vancouver frequently doubles for northwestern U.S. locales in big Hollywood movies. Vancouver's lucrative fake identities are all part of the joke in Paul Fox's genially cynical comedy, in which a 29-year-old poet manque strives to be boringly bourgeois in a culture of scammers and flim-flammers.

Recently suspended from a corporate cubicle job, Ryan (Paulo Costanzo, an affable actor with a crooked, Andie MacDowell grin) attempts to hold down an honest job writing magazine profiles of lottery winners, only to find out that just about everyone around him has sold his or her soul to get-rich-quick operations. (Even his small niece, when asked what she wants to be when she grows up, responds, "A trophy wife"). Ryan inevitably strays down the path of ill-gotten materialism, abetted by the money-laundering boyfriend of an attractive gal he meets while checking out a beached whale.

In contrast with its protagonist, Douglas Coupland's ecologically misnomered script aspires to be off-center, even as it keeps tilting toward the middle of brow. But Fox's ensemble, led by Steph Song as the whale-watching cutie, exudes easy, impish charm. Vancouver plays itself, for a change, to a postcard-radiant fare-thee-well.

1:35 (some language, sexual material and drug content). At Landmark Sunshine, Manhattan.



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