

After hours

Oaks Six

"The rules are different late at night . . . after hours, ya' know," said a worker in an all-night coffee shop. If you don't believe him, see

After Hours, the latest movie from Martin Scorsese. It is bizarrely funny.

In it, we meet Paul (Griffin Dunne), an all-around average guy. He is innocently reading a book in a diner when a very pretty girl, who

he later finds out is called Marcy (Rosanna Arquette), strikes up a conversation with him. So he talks to her.

When she leaves, Marcy gives him her phone number and tells him to give her a call. So he does. It's kind

of late (11:30 p.m.), and he has to work in the morning — but she is very friendly and tells him to come over. So he does.

That's a big mistake, because from then on out there's no turning back. Paul loses his money on the way over to her place, and he spends the rest of the night trying to get home again. Of course, halfway through the movie Paul would settle for *any* place to fall asleep in. And, near the end of the movie, he would settle for just staying alive. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

After Hours is a very episodic movie. In the course of one night Paul is (in no particular order) attacked by punkers who want to give him a mohawk, must deal with a dead body, finds himself being chased by an angry mob and a Mr. Softee ice-cream truck and must avoid the amorous attentions of a Monkees freak. And that is only the tip of the iceberg.

This movie is hysterical, and everyone in it is perfect. Dunne provides an emotional center as the hapless Paul; Rosanna Arquette is just off-balance enough to be convincing as Marcy; and Teri Garr is wonderful as the Monkees freak.

After Hours is a dream of a movie.