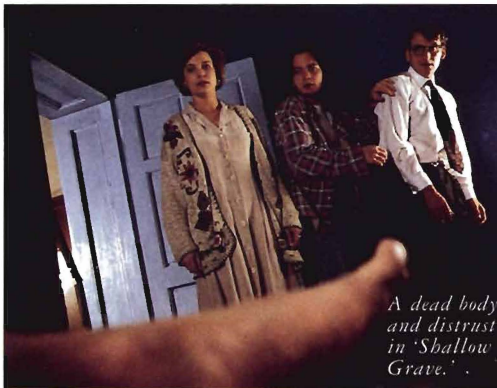


# Digging *Shallow Grave*

**F**or **Danny Boyle**—the director of *Shallow Grave*, a tough little thriller about three thoroughly unlikable roommates who become increasingly paranoid after stumbling upon a suitcase stuffed with cash—playing nasty has paid off. Since word of the Scottish film hit these shores, Hollywood has been coming on hot and heavy. “They took us out to dinner last night at Mortons, which is quite famous, I believe,” Boyle says by phone from Los Angeles. “Us” is he, producer Andrew MacDonal, and writer John Hodge, a trio determined to stick together and not be swayed—cushy dinners notwithstanding—by the lure of money. “To be honest,” he says, “we could do our next movie, *Train Spotting* [the story of heroin addicts, budgeted at \$1.5 million], for \$4 million because *Shallow Grave*’s done really well in the U.K. and Australia. You



*A dead body and distrust in 'Shallow Grave.'*

could raise the money on the strength of that. And it would be a disaster. There's no way you can think there's that amount of people who are going to want to watch it.” That ability to keep things in their proper perspective also works in reverse: The making of *Shallow Grave* (opening February 10 at Village Theatre VII and Lincoln Square) involved an ambitious indoor set, the largest ever built in Scotland. It houses the characters' terrific apartment, complete with a roomy attic perfect for drilling holes to peep down on roommates. “It was *so big*,” says Boyle. “When it was half built, everybody thought, myself included, ‘Oh no, what have we done? This is going to look like we set the film inside a stadium.’ And that's the really good thing about a low-budget film. You can't change your mind when you make a bold decision because there's absolutely no way out.”

MICHAEL GILTZ