

Film Review of *The Man*, published in yallabina.com - April 2006

This is as unoriginal as any barely acceptable movie can possibly be. At best it will put a smile on your face no more than a handful of times. The Man is either professional suicide by Samuel L. Jackson or it is explained by his rising debt and desperate need for the money.

The Man uses the most exhausted formula ever for an action comedy screenplay. Andy Fiddler (Eugene Levy) is the goodhearted hardworking family man who – surprise surprise – finds himself at the wrong place at the wrong time. This work of fate couples Fiddler with no other than the notorious bad-ass special agent Derrick Vann (our very own Samuel L. Jackson) only to give us empty laughs, solve the crime, and develop an emotional attachment by the end to make it just *classic*.

After searching hard to find anything worthy of praise in this pathetic remake of a thousand story lines, it was one scene near the end where, to keep his cover identity, Fiddler calls Vann "his bitch". This is really the money scene that most viewers will find genuinely funny. Otherwise, the script is worthless, the direction is bland, and the acting is horrendous and barely convincing. For fairness's sake, there was some little taste to Eugene Levy's role but it is still fair to say they were both typecast and their lines weren't of any inspirational help.

The only thing worse than the entirety of this movie is Samuel L. Jackson's hairdo. I really could not get over that. It is almost as if he wants us to dissociate this role with the Samuel Jackson we know and respect. The Jackson that spoke the unforgettable hair-raising, "and I'll strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger.... And you will know that my name is the Lord!" (Pulp Fiction 1994)

Hopefully Samuel Jackson made enough money to pay back his dues and will soon make up for the disappointment he caused us. As for me, I knew I should've seen Jacky Chan's *The Myth* instead.