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La vache

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Fatah!

Fatah!

All right! Coming!

ONE MAN AND HIS COW

Ok, Ok...

Where's our red wedding blanket?

The red one?

I can't find it.

I don't know.

Then who does?

Naima, it's not my problem!

You're with the FBI?

Ignore her, Jacqueline.

She's jealous.

How are you today?

Did you sleep well?

Hot today, isn't it?

Let me turn the air-con on.

Let's get this off you
before Naima kicks up a fuss.

Seen this, Jacqueline?

The champion.

What a beauty.

Inch'Allah, we'll go
to the Agricultural Show like her.

You're beautiful today.

If we go one day, you'll see...

The man will say,

"Ladies and gentlemen,
let's give a warm welcome
to the beautiful, the lovely,
the sweet Jacqueline from Boulayoune!"

They'll all cheer and celebrate!

They'll give you kisses, flowers,
bananas!

But today we have to go to the market.

I know...

You don't want to,

but what can I do?

Got to make a living.

Hurry!

If you arrive late,
you'll get the worst spot again.

Hurry or not,
I always get the worst spot.
Affida!
Khadija!
Let's go, Jacqueline.
Khadija, my daughter...
How are you today?
Go on, talk to her in French
like I taught you.
Hello, Jacqueline,
I'm pleased to meet you.
My name's Khadija.
What's your name?
That's good, Khadija, my girl.
Learning French is important, ok?
"How do you do?"
"Enjoy your meal."
"Where's the bathroom?"
"The bathrooms engaged or vacant."
Dad!
Will you sing us your French song?
Ok.
You sing with me, all right?
Here we go.
My wife, I'll take you to the country
Where we'll sleep in a hut together
And ea! apples and bananas
Can I ride Jacqueline?
No, you rode her yesterday.
Go on, get to work.
Thank you.
Thanks for the milk.
- You're welcome.
- God protect you.
Inch'Allah.
Hamed, it's your son-in-law
and his second wife.
Fatah!
When'll you marry Jacqueline?
Maybe she'll give you a son!
Shut up!
Look at you,
lazing around all day.
Shame on you, Mokhtar,

talking like that.
Just playing around.
The country's fine.
It's the people, they're mean.
Samir!
- Has the postman been?
- Not yet.
I have that tape you wanted.
Here.
"Stars 80"! You found it!
Francois Feldman, Niagara,
Aznavour...
All your Aznavour.
You're a real pro, Samir.
No problem, enjoy it.
Who's that?
My French girlfriend.
- Can she see you?
- At the bottom.
She saw me?
You leaned in.
Yes, she saw you.
Of course she did.
It's too late now. Talk to her.
Hello, ma'am.
How's things in France?
- I'm Charlie too!
- All of us!
Samir's the best!
He's a great guy.
You have to marry him.
He'll get papers
to bring all his cousins to France!
Don't say that!
She'll hang up!
- You want to marry her?
- Yes.
She's like your grandma,
with straight hair.
Get lost.
Take Jacqueline to the market!
That guy's crazy!
I love you too.
How's it going, Al Pacino?

Mail! Mail!

Get your mail!

- Messaoudi, Mohamed?

- That's me.

Ichou,

Mohamed?

Nahar...

Mohamed.

You're Mohamed?

Are you all called Mohamed here?

Bellabbes, Fatah?

He's my son-in-law.

I'll take it.

I can't give it to you.

But he's my son-in-law.

It's an official letter from France.

Personal delivery.

Get him.

Youssef!

Get Fatah from the market.

He can forget Jacqueline,

the postman wants him!

Who's Jacqueline?

Postman!

Here he comes.

- Bellabbes, Fatah?

- Yes.

Sign here.

Go on, read it.

"Dear Mr Bellabbes,"

That's me.

"As every year,

you have asked to attend

the Agricultural Show."

Yes.

"Due to your perseverance

and motivation,

the committee has decided to invite you

and your cow Jacqueline...

to the international

bovine competition.

Please find enclosed your invitation

and visa request form."

Signed,

"the Paris Agricultural Show Committee."

Thank you, everyone!

Lemonade all round!

Lemonade all round!

"As the Show

cannot cover all costs,

travel expenses are to be paid

by participants."

Hello.

He's unreliable.

He's a dreamer.

Why should we help him?

Here in Boulayoune,

each man has his chance.

Mohamed,

when your son needed money,

we helped out.

And you, Mohamed.

We lent you money

to dig your well.

And you, Mokhtar...

What do you say?

Me?

I think...

we must help him

make the journey.

What about our money

if he doesn't come back?

I know my son-in-law.

God willing, he'll succeed.

Or I'll pay you back.

Fatah,

why do you want to do this trip

with your cow?

The Agricultural Show

is a Mecca for farmers.

It has always been my dream.

If you help me,

I'll be so very happy.

Who votes

to help Fatah make this journey?

All this money,

how'll we pay it back?

I've worked the land since I was 14

and I've never had a cent.
Naima, please, trust me.
Call my brother Hassan
in Marseilles.
He'll go with you to Paris.
Hassan?
Not on your life!
He's a liar, a thief.
He insulted me in my home.
I don't need him.
I'll manage alone.
That's enough.
I'll tell my father to call him.
Dad, some men want to see you.
Hi, Fatah!
Take us to France with you,
to the Agricultural Show.
I shampooed her.
I think she stands
a chance of winning too.
Look what you've done!
The shame of it!
Cute, huh'?
My Pretty goat.
See how well she jumps?
She's a cute goat, all right.
Naima.
Go and sleep with your cow!
But it's not the same.
Please, unlock the door.
Sleep with Jacqueline.
Please...
Naima, let me in, please.
Naima.
Shit!
Goodbye, Si Brahim.
I brought this from Mecca.
There's no muezzin in France.
This thing knows the time.
Look.
I'm counting on you.
This is for my son Hassan.
He's alone in France, poor kid.
Goodbye, my daughters.

Khadija...
You'll send us a photo
of the Eiffel Tower?
Yes, I have my camera.
Be good with your mother.
Don't be angry, Naima.
This journey will bring us good things.
- Let's go!
- Ok.
Goodbye.
Get in.
Goodbye, Samir.
You'll be late. Get in.
Good luck.
Go for it!
Fatah, wait!
My card and number!
Email us some photos.
I don't know email.
The French know how!
Ok!
Goodbye, Samir!
Bye. kids!
Bye, Boulayoune!
Your husband's brave...
leaving for France alone.
Bravo.
But will he be back?
France...
"The journey
of Fatah and Jacqueline."
Very good.
Fatah and Jacqueline left two days ago.
They're going to cross...
The Mediterranean.
Very good.
To arrive...
In Marseilles!
Who can show me on the map?
Mohamed.
Very good, Mohamed.
Put Jacqueline on Marseilles.
That's it, we're here.
Hello.

Hello.

Welcome to France.

Thank you.

It's a big thing for me.

Thank you. Can I take a photo?

The three of you with the cow.

You in the hut too.

May n Just a souvenir.

Ready? Smile.

Thank you so much.

You do a really great job.

- Wonderful.

- Have a good day.

You too, a good day, a good evening,
a good tomorrow...

Thank you!

Come on.

Welcome home, Jacqueline.

Naima?

Fatah? Are you there?

Yes, I'm in Marseilles.

Was my brother Hassan
there to meet you?

No, he's not here.

What?

Then go to his place.

I don't know where he lives.

His address is on the parcel.

Yes, you're right.

Go and see him.

All right, goodbye.

Hold Naima Hassan isn't here.

You can't count on him.

Now we have to go to his place.

Ham Hamed asked so we're going.

This way.

That's family. What can I say?

That's a beautiful cow.

- What's her name?

- Jacqueline.

Marseilles is beautiful, isn't it?

Where are you taking your cow?

To Paris.

To the Agricultural Show.

Won't you stop for a drink?

No time.

Two euros...

- Dolls for girls?

- No, phones.

That's Chinese junk.

No, it's a phone.

Hello, ma'am.

I'm looking for the Cite' des Fleurs,
my cousin Hassan.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS

Salam Aleikoum, Hassan.

Hassan, open the door.

I have a parcel from your father,
Ham Hamed.

From your father...

Who gave you my address?

Was it my dad?

- Hello.

- Handsome boy!

- Is he your son?

- No.

Kennel!

- Who sent you here?

- Your dad said...

- Hello. Who is this?

- A delivery.

His brother-in-law.

No.

Dad, there's a cow outside.

Come and see.

Your cow?

He brought his cow!

You're really family? Come in then.

Not your father, zit your father.

Your father.

I'm so glad to meet you!

Hassan has promised

to take me to Algeria for years,
but he always goes alone.

We'll go when they grow up.

You must come to our village.

It's pretty.

- You're his brother-in-law?

- I married his sister.
Ok. Any children?
Two girls. One big one
and a little one a bit like him.
Funny, walking all the way to Paris.
I have time.
I walk, I rest.
I walk, I rest...
Too cheap to pay for the train.
Ousmane untied the cow.
What? He untied the cow?
Ousmane!
Get off that cow.
Get off her!
Go, they're messing with your cow.
I'll go.
Stay the night.
He can't stay.
Thanks for the coffee, Stphanie.
Come to Boulayoune.
You'll meet Hassan's dad.
He's a nice man.
I'm so glad to have met you.
Let me hug you.
Ok, he has to go now.
Hurry, get going.
- See you soon.
- Bye, Stphanie.
- Bye, uncle!
- Bye, kids.
Don't tell anyone
about my wife and kids.
It's a pity.
You have great kids.
Your wife's beautiful.
And blond too.
Screw that.
You haven't seen me.
Don't say you were here,
with your bloody cow and satchel...
Whatever you say.
Are you crazy or what?
Get off her. Hold you not to.
I have to go. I'm in a hurry.

Heading home?

No, to Paris.

What?

Walking to Paris?

- With the cow?

- Yes.

- You're nuts.

- No.

- You're crazy.

- Crazy man, bro.

Go Marseilles

Look at this.

Kids today have nothing better to do.

The Stphanie.

I'll show him.

If I catch him,

I'll write on his mug too.

Racist!

Hi, you horsies!

It's that way?

In the village.

The village is that way?

Khadija, can you tell us

where your father and Jacqueline are?

Montlimar.

Don't look, it'll give you nightmares.

How long ago did they leave?

Calm down!

Good evening, ma'am.

Sorry to bother you.

I've walked a long way with my cow.

We're tired and wet from the rain.

Do you have a place

where we can shelter?

Please?

Kind of cold out here.

- Everything Ok?

- Yes.

Here.

This'll warm you up.

That's kind.

Thank you.

There you go.

She's a fine animal.

A Tarine, right?

- Yes.

- They're cute.

They're strong,

but walking to Paris...

Sounds rather optimistic.

Eat while it's hot.

Thank you very much.

We used to go to the Show every year.

No time now my husband's gone.

Is it good?

Very good.

- Want a shower?

- No thanks.

I had one three days ago.

I'm good now until next Tuesday.

- Ok...

- Thank you, Tarine.

No, call me Jacqueline.

See you tomorrow.

Good night.

She's called Jacqueline,

like you.

That's funny.

Madam Jacqueline...

- For me?

- Yes.

That's sweet. Thank you.

Let me help.

Did you sleep well?

Yes, thank you.

Only natural to help another farmer.

Your son works well.

He's not my son.

He's an apprentice

from the agricultural college.

Good job he's here.

- No kids, then?

- Yes.

Two grown boys,

but they left to work in Paris.

Imagine that...

Without the debts,

I'd have sold up long ago.

You're not setting off right away.
Have lunch first.
I'd love to.
But I'll cook.
You know fel-fel?
What? No, I don't.
- Peppers.
- I know peppers.
I'll make it.
They love it back home.
You need peppers, tomatoes, garlic...
I have all that.
Undies!
This feels so good...
Hello!
Mind if we stop here for lunch?
No...
Thank you!
Make yourselves at home.
Nice spot...
Enjoy your lunch.
Thank you.
Want to join us?
No, I'm fine, thanks.
- Is it nice?
- Yes.
Not too cold?
No, it's fine.
Come here, Jacqueline.
Come on.
Let's take a photo, I've washed!
I'll buy you some candyfloss.
Your attention, please.
A special trick tonight!
Let's forget small or average.
This will be a huge disappearance!
Curtain!
Concentration!
Disappearance!
Sir, are you the cow's owner?
- What's her name?
- Jacqueline.
You want to see her again?
Look into my eyes.

Who's that?
It's Jacqueline!
It's wild, your cow didn't move.
I'd never seen anything like it.
I thought she'd vanished and left me.
Let's hire her right away.
With a contract.
Sure. It'll be competition for Cathy.
Because I'm big too?
What do you think?
I prefer fat girls.
We have a fel-fel and spotlights.
A band too.
So now it's over to you!
No, I don't drink.
It's just pears.
It won't hurt you.
Down in one!
There. Now another.
A second one to wash it down.
Come on!
I love this one. Let's dance!
Fatah's amazing.
He knows all the words.
I love songs.
They're my speciality.
So sing a song!
Go on stage and sing one.
This'll give you courage.
He's going to sing!
Come on! Fatah, a song!
One more then.
Fatah, a song!
All right, a song! Let's sing a song!
Everyone sing along!
Thank you!
Fatah, we have to go.
Don't wake him!
Let's take him with us.
With his cow on your lap?
Too bad, he's cute.
Take one last photo.
- Hurry it up.
- Chill!

Your guy's a real drag!
- A quick photo, Fatah.
- A kiss!
Excellent!
See you, Fatah.
I don't even have your number.
What's this? Great!
Let's stay in touch, baby.
I really like you.
- You have the eyes of the tiger.
- Yeah, sure!
Fatah has sent photos from France!
Come and see!
- Well'.7
- Hold on, they're loading.
Here we go.
"Fatah.
Souvenirs of France from Cathy."
Cathy? Is she French?
Here's Fatah!
You think it's funny?
Who is she? Got her address?
I'll drive you home.
No, thank you. We'll walk.
Naima...
How long has he been gone?
Just two weeks?
He won't be back.
What do you want, Mokhtar?
I'd take you,
even with your daughters.
I spoke to your father.
He agrees.
Leave me alone.
How dare you in front of the girls?
How'll you manage on your own?
Think it over.
You won't find another like me.
Sit down.
Is Fatah and Jacqueline's journey
already over?
Who asked you to talk?
All right...
Get out your books.

Juniors, the first two paragraphs.
Seniors, everything.
Fatah!
Hello, Samir!
Well'?'
Naima won't talk to you.
What do you mean?
She saw your photos.
What photos?
Of you drinking with girls...
Photos with the fat girl.
Shame on you!
Cathy'?'
That was for a show.
What show?
You're eating her mouth!
A show?
It was just a show. A show!
Samir?
- Fatah?
- Samir?
Jacqueline, why did I do it?
Why did I drink the pears?
Now I have to pay the price.
This is shame beyond shame.
Come,
let's go find a hole.
Come.
We'll stay in the hole
and never come out again.
What a disaster.
The end of the world...
That bastard said it wasn't booze.
Does he work for the devil or what?
It's all the pears' fault.
Jacqueline!
Where are you?
What are you doing in there?
Why did you go?
What's going on?
What is it?
Come on, you have to move.
Come on, push!
Sir, this is private property.

Can't you read?
I need help!
Help!
Lucien, go and see.
He's going to help us, beauty.
Don't worry.
- What's wrong?
- My cow's stuck in the mud.
Tried pulling her horns?
Yes, but it doesn't work.
We haven't got all day!
I'll be right back.
Well'?'
I'm not sure,
but I think his cow's stuck
and he can't get her out.
Do we help him?
It's muscular.
- A sprained tendon.
- Is it serious?
Can't say.
She'll have to rest a few days.
That's not possible.
We're due at the Agricultural Show.
How'll you compete if you can't walk?
Lucien, put the cow in the stable
and her owner in the annex.
We'll see tomorrow.
Armand, take the cow.
We'll get you warm.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
"I declare war!"
He wasn't laughing.
I didn't care.
I declared war on Poland!
On Yugoslavia. On everyone!
He said, "Get Jacqueline to sign."
How'll she sign? With her hooves?
He said, "Welcome to France.
Where do I stamp her?"
I said,
"Stamp her wherever you like!"
Nicole, could I have the next dish?

Of course, sir.
I always screw up.
I can't help myself.
Yes, the notary knows.
I spoke to him earlier.
Of course.
We need the money now,
not in six months.
Yes, I know.
Nicole...
Excuse me a second.
Nicole, what's for lunch?
A leg of lamb, sir.
Can you set a place for...
Mr Fatah?
Yes, for Mr Fatah.
Sorry I'm late.
It's non-stop here
with the stables,
the renovations and the bank.
You're looking at this?
Pretty, isn't it?
Late 18th century.
My ancestor,
the fourth
Count Baudreuille de Cuyer-Ville,
and the others around him
are the peasants who worked his land.
Once a year, after the harvest,
he invited them all here
to celebrate.
Nice idea, hmm?
Didn't end too well though.
They guillotined him.
Right, let's eat.
Thank you, Nicole.
Ever been to the Agricultural Show,
Mr Philippe?
No, thank you!
10,000 plebs fondling cows' rears...
No, thank you,
I don't drink wine.
When I drink booze, I blow a fuse.
The other day,

I drank pears for some reason.
I was in a sort of delirium.
I was stressed, stifling...
It was as if...
Are you Ok? What's wrong?
I'm fine. Sorry.
This is good.
Where's your wife? Is she dead?
No. Why do you ask?
A guy like you without a wife
means she's dead.
But my wife isn't dead!
She left you?
You French guys,
your wives leave you.
We scream and fight.
It's hell, but we stick together.
- Why?
- We didn't get on.
So we split up.
You'll find a new one.
I don't want to find a new one, Fatah!
Back home, men twice your age
marry brand-new women.
Straight from the store.
Besides, Mr Philippe,
you have a nice chateau, a nice car...
You must be pretty rich.
No, I'm not "pretty rich".
That's why she left me.
Happy now, Fatah'?
I'm sorry.
It's all right.
Who's he?
- Who'?'
- Him there.
On the couch.
That's my dog.
Why is he in the house?
Because he's my dog.
- Ok.
- You seem surprised.
Yes, my dog's in my living room.
You talk to your cow.

It's different. I've known Jacqueline since she was a baby.
Her name's Jacqueline?
Yes, a French name for a French cow.
If she was Spanish, she'd be Conchita.
What's his name?
Serge.
It suits him.
The notary is here.
I'll be right there.
Show him to my study.
No, don't move, Fatah.
I enjoyed our talk.
If you need anything at all, just ask.
- Enjoy your meal.
- Thank you.
Want some lamb, Serge?
Are you crazy?
You're a dog.
You already have a couch.
Your leg's better, isn't it?
That's good. It's better.
Right, beauty?
Mr Philippe!
She's walking already.
So I see, Fatah, that's good.
Want to pet her?
No, it's Ok.
- Sorry, it's the only solution.
- I understand.
I'll call you.
Have a good day.
You too. Thanks for coming.
Everything Ok, Mr Philippe?
Problems?
Nothing serious.
Rich people's problems.
I can't afford the upkeep on this place.
I'll take a walk.
I need to be alone.
I'll come too.
If you want, Fatah.
When I need to think,

I like to be alone too.
It's just you and your thoughts,
you can decide things.
No one to disturb you.
Just peace and quiet.
It's nice.
God has seen that you helped me.
That's good.
He'll give you lots of "Conchita".
- What' ?
- "Conchita".
They're like points.
God gives a "Conchita" for a good deed.
I bet you have lots of "Conchita".
So what does it get me, this...
What was it?
"Hassanat".
Could I mend my roof, for instance?
It's killing me.
No, the roof is too expensive.
You need to go to Mecca for that.
On foot.
That's a long way.
Do you have a lot of "Hassanat"?
No, I lost mine with the pears.
What's this pear business?
Mr Philippe, please...
I'm too ashamed to talk about it.
Where did the idea
of travelling with your cow come from?
"The Cow and I"?
The cow and what?
The film with Fernandel.
Haven't you ever seen it on TV?
Not on Algerian TV.
No Fernandel and no comedies.
Nothing but serious men in suits
with Fernandel.
- Really?
- Yes.
Turn the TV on, moustache.
Switch channels, moustache.
Turn it off, moustache.
It's Moustache TV.

No children's shows?
Yes, there are cannons.
With Fernandel.
I'd like to keep you,
bu! if! take you,
we'll sink.
This is your home.
You're used to this place.
You understand the language.
I couldn't have kept you.
I live in a 4th floor walk-up.
I love this scene.
He leaves her to cross the river.
Wonderful.
Farewell, Marguerite.
Farewell, my old friend.
Fatah...
Don't get in such a state.
It's just a movie.
Sorry, Philippe.
I'm too sensitive for an Arab.
Even the music's beautiful.
I don't know if...
it's Mozart
or Mon Schuman.
It's good. Good stuff.
It's what she said.
It wasn't my fault!
I told her that!
That shit Mokhtar
went to see Ham Hamed.
Mokhtar? What did he say?
I can't tell you.
I'll smash that guy's face in!
Talk to you soon, Samir.
- Everything ok?
- Not at all.
It's utter chaos.
Naima wants a divorce.
What'll I do'?
Kill myself like Tony Bennett?
No...
Imagine if Naima leaves me.
What'll I do alone at home?

I've never seen the kitchen!
That's a nuisance.
If she won't talk to you,
try writing to her.
You can write?
Yes, a little.
Letter by letter.
I can write "Fatah",
"Bouteflika"..-
FLN .
That may not be much use.
Right...
"My darling..."
Not "my darling"!
She's my wife.
The shame of it.
"My love"?
- "My sweetheart"?
- Rubbish!
What do you call her?
You must have a pet name.
"I'm rah".
"Mrah"?
"I'mrah". It means woman.
You can't start a letter
with "I'mrah", woman!
That's too cold.
What's her first name?
Naima.
There, that's pretty.
Naima.
I the undersigned, Fatah Bellabbes,
hereby declare...
You're not writing to the IRS.
Be more poetic.
It's my first love letter.
It's not easy.
Yes, I should know.
What do you want to say?
"I'm sorry, I love you"?
- No!
- You have to say you love her!
We don't say it like that!
We don't either,

but you have to say it.
You say it!
Say "I love you", "Merry Christmas",
"Enjoy your meal", whatever...
Ok, forget "I love you".
But if you want to make up,
you need to try harder.
"Naima...
Naima...
I am delighted
to pick up my Pen
to cross the sea
that lies between us."
There you go.
That's excellent.
Very pretty.
"Naima, I am delighted
to pick up
my pen
to cross the sea."
"That lies between us."
That's important.
The sea between us.
"that lies between us."
"Naima,
it's not the fat girl's fault.
She did nothing.
I'm the guilty party."
- That's good.
- It's honest.
"The fat girl"...
Let's find something better.
"The tall fat girl"?
- "The girl."
- The fat one.
Tell her you love her.
- I can't.
- Make an effort
It's stamped,
you just need to post it.
Thank you.
Lucien...
- I loved meeting you.
- So did I.

I hope we'll meet again.

Goodbye, Fatah.

- Goodbye.

- Come back soon.

Bye, Armand.

Thank you.

Goodbye.

Any trouble, give me a call.

All right.

- Thank you.

- My pleasure.

Let's go, Jacqueline.

Bye, Fatah.

Goodbye.

Naima,

I am delighted to pick up my pen
to cross the sea that lies between us.

I've tried calling you at Samir's
several times,

but he says

you won't talk to me.

That's why I'm writing.

I've done no wrong. Trust me.

Like when everyone told you
not to marry me.

You didn't listen

and you accepted me.

I hope that when I come home,
you'll still be there

so I can tell you about my journey.

I could talk about love too,

like the French.

They're not ashamed to.

France is beautiful.

The grass is green,

there are flowers everywhere.

One day, we'll come back here together.

I think of you every day.

"Kiss my daughters

and thank your father again.

Tell them I'm thinking of them

and that I'm sorry about all that."

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

Ok, Naima?

I wondered if you needed anything.

No, Mokhtar, I've all I need.

Whatever you say.

Today I'm in a pretty foul mood

I'll let rip and say what! think

It'll cause a stir, I'm in the shit

Because this world's full of jerks

I'm a student, I'm an anarchist

I'm a Muslim, I'm a Communist

I'm a faggot and it pisses folks off

I'm Swiss, Belgian, Portuguese

I eat pork, I smoke spliffs

And on top of it all, I'm Jewish too

It isn't written on my face

I'm a Muslim who drinks shots of rum

Half-anarchist, half-Sephardic

Half Christ-like, half filthy...

What's going on here?

Welcome, comrade.

Your branch?

I don't understand.

What branch?

- Where are you from?

- Algeria.

Algeria?

Thank you. Delighted.

Welcome.

Come on, Jacqueline.

Hello.

The meeting begins in 5 minutes.

All right.

Stay here 5 minutes.

Good girl, don't move.

We've been asking to see the minister
for 6 months now!

We've made no progress.

I know some of you have their doubts.

But I say we stay

and continue the blockade.

I even suggest that this evening

we stage an operation

at the prefecture!

If that doesn't work, we blockade

the Agricultural Show in Paris!
Not that...
I've just been told
an Algerian colleague is here
to support us.
Give him a big hand!
Thank you all.
The struggle continues!
Don't ruin the Show.
We'll do what we must.
Thanks for coming.
May I ask you a few questions?
Yes, with gladness.
You're here from Algeria
to back the movement?
No, I leave tomorrow.
I'm walking to the Agricultural Show
in Paris.
Have you been walking long?
20 days, to the minute!
What'll you do at the Show?
The breeders' competition
with Jacqueline.
That's her there.
Isn't she beautiful?
- Very.
- Beautiful, isn't she?
Mind if I interview you for TV?
Not at all.
You're in luck,
I showered two days ago.
- What channel?
- France 2.
You know Michel Drucker?
I love him!
Tell him I said hello.
I'm Fatah Bellabbes.
I come from Boulayoune in Algeria,
a country village.
A country village...
I've forgotten the words.
I'm really sorry.
We'll redo it.
I look at the camera or you?

Just look at me.

Can I say "Action"?

If you want.

- The cow...

- Can we bring the cow into shot?

Come on, Jacqueline.

People need to see you.

- You love her.

- I adore her.

I have to take care of her

now she's walked here from Algeria.

He who travels far...

Should buy a car.

If you can afford it, it's better.

- Let's start again.

- All right.

Action!

No, I say, "Action!"

You say, "Cut."

Go on, say, "Action!"

Action!

What's going on?

What are they doing?

Get out of here!

They're going to charge!

Jacqueline!

She's my cow! Let go of me!

She can't manage on her own!

Jacqueline!

All I want are your papers.

My papers are in my satchel

with my cow.

His name is Fatah Bellabbes.

He left Algeria

with his cow Jacqueline

to attend the Agricultural Show

and for the last 20 days

he has been crossing France on foot.

He plans to arrive in Paris in time.

An amazing journey

followed by Aline Brmond

and Thomas Garnier.

This man strolling calmly

along the roads of France

is no ordinary farmer.
I'm Fatah Bellabbes,
from the village of Boulayoune...
It's far, but no need to yell.
It's a telephone, not a Garnier!
I keep telling him that!
That's my brother-in-law!
Turn it up!
- Your brother-in-law?
- From back home.
It was the pears, not me!
Mr Philippe! Armand!
- What is it?
- Come and see.
Come and see quick!
Hurry!
I don't believe it!
I've always been a farmer.
Yes, speaking.
He's been walking for three weeks.
Yes, I know him.
The police station?
What do you mean?
He's on TV right now.
Yes, all right. I'm on my way.
Lucien, can I have the keys to the van?
What's going on?
Fatah has a problem.
- Shall I come with you?
- No, stay and work with Armand.
I won't be long.
Next!
Sorry, this won't take long.
Hello, I'm hereto see
Mr Fatah Bellabbes, please.
I'll see to it.
This way, please.
Hello.
You have some ID?
Known this Fatah Bellabbes long?
Yes.
Well, no.
Yes or no?
Listen, you called me

and asked me to come here.
I've come 100 km
when I had a lotto do.
And we don't?
Why is he being held here?
He was arrested for willful damage
at yesterday's demo.
Impossible.
He isn't even a local.
He's walking from Algeria
to the Agricultural Show.
He sacked government offices!
You can't be serious?
Enough of this!
Sit down and wait.
No! I want to see your superior!
Right!
- Sit down!
- Let go, you fool!
What? Put him in a cell!
- I know important people!
- Me too!
The Interior Minister is a friend!
You haven't heard the last of this.
Mr Philippe!
You've come to fetch me!
Thank you!
Have you heard
if the letter to Naima worked?
Not a word.
No more Naima, no more Show,
no more Jacqueline,
no more nothing.
You, at least, tried to hold onto her.
Sir! Excuse me, please.
You held onto my pills,
but I need to take one. I'm not well.
It's really important.
- I'll see what I can do.
- Thank you.
You're in depression too?
Who said that?
Everyone's in depression here.
What is it? A craze?

What illness is it exactly?
Where does it hurt?
Nowhere and everywhere at once.
Your problems get on top of you.
Nothing but problems.
So that's depression?
Problems...
In Algeria, we're world champions
in depression!
We have more problems than inhabitants!
We have your papers.
You can go.
Come on.
Yes, you too.
Thank you. Very kind.
Bravo!
Great job.
Who's that?
Hassan, my brother-in-law.
You go missing,
the police call the village...
What a genius!
Everyone chips in
to send you to the Show...
And you screw up!
Dad told me the whole story.
I have better to do than this.
Hello, Dad?
I'm with him. He's out.
No, not with a fat girl.
He's with some weirdo.
I'll put him on.
He wants a word.
Hello?
Ham Hamed?
- Are you Ok?
- Yes.
Dad' ?
Sorry, it's me again.
No, I can't go to Paris with him.
There's no one at the phone store.
No, Dad...
Fuck!
You have to keep messing up my life?

Where's your cow?
Lost at the demonstration.
They're right back home.
You're worse than good for nothing!
I'll be going.
I've heard enough for one day.
- Who's he?
- Philippe, a friend.
You have friends now?
Yes!
A loser like you has friends?
Yes, I have friends.
And they're not you.
Philippe, please!
Don't leave me with him.
I need your help to find Jacqueline.
Please.
It's not easy losing a cow...
We know.
I just transferred
from the parks department.
Did you see the floral roundabout?
Sorry, we couldn't care less.
We've lost a cow.
Fine, but what can I say?
Got her ID?
This guy's Columbo!
I have loads of photos.
This is her.
A Tarentaise.
She's pretty.
You know, my grandma
used to have cows in the Alps.
We don't have time for family memories.
We don't care about Grandma.
- Or Grandpa.
- Or anyone.
I'll go and ask.
Thank you.
Guys like him are useless!
I have a solution.
This.
No! He's a civil servant.
Put that away, this is France.

Philippe, trust me.
It might work.
- This is getting awkward.
- Not at all.
All right...
There's a farm nearby
for animals bound for the abattoir.
They close at 5, so hurry.
About time! Thank you!
Thank you, sir.
All my best to your grandmother.
No damn signal!
Why the hell am I here?
In the sticks with the Duke of Winchester
and Cheb Khaled!
How d'you lose a cow?
How does your mind work?
Your dad was weird too.
I told Dad
not to let Naima marry you.
If you're not happy, you marry her!
Your kids will have your mum's mug!
Bravo, Fatah.
"Your mum's mug."
- Very funny.
- It isn't.
It is.
No, it's not funny.
Philippe! Stop, please!
I saw Jacqueline!
Hurry!
That's my friend's cow.
I'm taking her to the abattoir.
You've become a star
since you were on TV.
You have a Facebook page.
Samir set it up.
Look at the comments.
"Super hick and his cow."
"LOL pears."
Pears...
"Boulayoune rules!"
Yeah, Boulayoune!
Fatah...

Look, Jacqueline.
Big day tomorrow, baby.
Fatah will take good care of you.
You'll be as pretty as a bride.
Right, Fatah?
I'll show Philippe.
You don't give a damn.
Look!
The guys have done a video.
It's going viral.
30,000 hits in two days!
What does Fatah care?
You don't know Facebook,
you live in a damn chateau.
He has to keep going
for his fans.
Look at the state he's in.
No one made him come.
My dad worked wonders
so he could do the trip.
It's a matter of honour
for the whole village.
He doesn't care about honour.
What matters to him is dignity.
Why d'you keep defending him?
Why d'you help him?
No reason.
Because he asked me to.
Yeah, sure.
You're gay for baldies?
That's right, I'm "gay for baldies".
So say it!
- You like the bare look.
- Right.
No harm in it.
I respect frankness.
I'm going to bed.
I've heard enough for one evening.
Good night.
Good night, Fatah.
Hey, Fatah, his secret's out!
He's all over the Web this week.
He's walking his cow across France
to the Agricultural Show.

This week's media darling.
This latest Twitter phenomenon.
Everything he does is observed,
commented on and copied by some.
His name is Fatah Bellabbes
and it's obvious why
everyone's mad about him.
Many French people identify
with Fatah Bellabbes.
They see a simple man living his dream
and everyone would like to do the same.
I love this guy! He's a total blast!
Support him a! the Agricultural Show,
with his cow.
Fatah we love you!
#FatahweLoveYou.
Go, Fatah!
See you same time tomorrow.
A! the Agricultural Show,
support Fatah and Jacqueline

And remember:

It was the pears, not me!
It was the pears!
Fatah! Fatah!
We love you, baby! We're with you!
Hessian!
Hassan, wake up!
He's gone.
Fatah's gone and Jacqueline too.
- They're both gone.
- Who'?

Get up!
I knew it.
You should have said so yesterday.
I could tell he'd leave.
The guy's a weasel.
On competition day too!
300 km from Paris.
Isn't that him? Philippe, quick!
Fatah!
What're you doing? Come with us.
I'm talking to you! Don't screw up!
Paris is the other way!

We can get to the Show in time.
Get in!
You can't stay here.
Get in and we'll talk.
I don't need anyone!
I don't give a damn!
Algeria is watching you.
You're on TV, the Net...
And you're giving LIP!
You only care about yourself!
- Me?
- You're selfish!
I care about everyone but me!
I'm sick of you and everyone else!
I'll do a depression like Philippe!
Jacqueline's a mess!
She looks like a bum!
How can I go to Paris?
Naima is leaving me.
It's all over!
Just let me go!
Naima?
She sent me to the police station!
She called yesterday.
She was happy to hear
we'd found your cow.
I didn't want to tell you.
- She wanted to talk to me?
- Yes.
Are the girls well?
Yes.
You go! my letter?
Yes.
You don't want a divorce?
Good.
You'll write another?
You liked it?
All right, if you want.
Have you got Cathy's address?
This Cathy...
Show some respect!
I don't believe it!
That Cathy's hot. Is she married?
Come on, Philippe, faster!

I'm doing my best.
It's an old van, not a racecar.
You live in a chateau
and drive an old van?
Yes.
I do what I can.
Philippe, what is your thing?
What are you exactly?
What do you mean?
A count, a viscount, a duke?
A count.
Does a count make a good living?
I have to stop for fuel.
I guess not.
I don't get it.
D'you have money or not?
I'm broke.
I had money once.
Well, the family did.
But it's all gone.
The house is mortgaged.
A count overdrawn!
Not bad.
A play on words.
She'll be perfect.
Beautiful!
Can she get nasty?
Only if you get too close.
Yes, we're on our way.
We're speeding along.
We're not far off,
but traffic's heavy.
We have to go
or they'll start without us.
Where's Fatah?
He took Jacqueline for a walk.
- What was it?
- It was the pears!
Think you're Michael Bolton?
C'mon, move it!
Fatah Bellabbes
is apparently on his way
for today's competition.
But the rules are strict.

To take pan, he must arrive
before the competition begins.
Why are you here today?
We're hereto represent Fatah!
Fatah crossed Algeria!
He go! to France and never said die!
People tried to cramp his smile.
Bu! Fatah keeps his word!
Thank you!
Pears for Jacqueline!
We're getting close. I smell Paris.
C'mon, Philippe.
We need you to tell us
about the famous Tarines.
You know them well.
They're from the Alps,
from the Tarentaise Valley.
A fine breed,
the Tarentaise or Tarine.
A fine milk cow
well adapted
to the steep Alpine terrain.
- Well'.7
- Still not here.
We can't wait.
I'm out of stuff to say.
You can't start without him!
Take the left lane here.
Paris is beautiful!
Look! Women in mini-skirts!
- You've never seen one before?
- Nope. Never.
Philippe!
Stop so I can take a photo for the kids!
- We don't have time.
- We're late.
- I promised the girls.
- Out of the question!
Let's go, we're really late.
Thank you! Ni Philippe.
- Start the competition.
- You can't!
- I have no choice.
- You do!

Let's welcome our first contestant.

This is Ondine
from the Tarentaise.

There!

Back up!

- Back up!

- I can't see.

This is it.

Stop here!

Quick, Jacqueline.

We're here!

All right, nice and slowly...

I'm sorry, you're too late.

But it's not over yet!

Those are the rules...

He's travelled 2,000 km.

You can't turn him away.

It's not possible.

I'm a farmer myself.

I understand the situation.

He's come from Algeria.

It's an exceptional event.

Stop him!

Now here's another Tarine
from Auvergne.

This is Jeanciane

from Puy de Sancy.

Farmers in Auvergne

make their cheese with...

Can I say something?

It's really important.

Do you know Fatah?

So you know Jacqueline?

What was it?

The pears!

Do you want to see them?

Fatah! Fatah!

Let's fetch them.

They're just outside!

This is hot!

What's going on?

I can't control them!

They want him to compete.

Be reasonable, please.

All right, go on.

- Come on, beauty, hurry.

- Thank you!

Ready?

Jacqueline! Jacqueline!

We're live.

The journey's finally over.

Yes, I made it!

Just in time.

Yes. As they say,

"No need to rush, just leave early."

- Good luck.

- Thank you.

He's here!

You've been waiting for him!

You've followed his journey on TV,
in the media, in social networks...

Let's hear it for Mr Fatah Bellabbes
and his cow Jacqueline!

What an incredible journey!

Jacqueline! Jacqueline!

Let's hear it for them!

Jacqueline superstar!

She's greeting her fans!

Give them a big hand.

It's incredible!

What a triumph! Step closer...

Mr Fatah Bellabbes!

I think the jury

is about to reach a decision...

I think our friend Renaud

has some good news for us.

Go ahead, Renaud.

Given the very warm reaction
from the public,

the jury and the Shaw's organizers
are delighted

to award Mr Bellabbes

a very special prize,

the People's Award!

The People's Award

for Mr Fatah Bellabbes!

Mr Bellabbes, you're here in Paris
after an incredible journey...

Let's have a few words for your fans.
Thank you! If I'd known
you were all waiting for me,
I'd have come quicker!
A quick word
for my wife back in Algeria.
Naima, this is it!
I'm done! I'm coming home!
Also, ladies and gentlemen,
give a big hand to the people
who helped me to get here.
First, Hassan, my brother-in-law.
Hassan, say something!
Ham Hamed, look a! your son!
He's well,
married to a beautiful woman!
She's blond
and he has two lovely kids.
Say something to your dad.
Ifs true, Dad.
I have a beautiful wife
and two great kids.
Inch'Allah, we'll come to see you soon.
Now, ladies and gentlemen,
let's hear it
for someone who helped me out
when I was in the shit.
Ladies and gentlemen,
let's hear it for Mr Philippe!
Come on!
Look, there he is!
Ladies and gentlemen,
the Count of Quirvili!
You want to say something, Philippe?
Go ahead.
Go on, Philippe.
Fatah...
You left Algeria with Jacqueline...
You're here at the Agricultural Show.
You've journeyed across the sea,
you've journeyed across France.
But you've mainly journeyed
in our hearts.
Thank you, Philippe!

Thank you!

Thank you, my friend.

And one last thing...

for my village in Algeria,

Boulayoune...

The photos weren't my fault.

It was the pears!

Long live France!

Long live Charles de Gaulle Etoile!

Long live the Agricultural Show!