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# The Crazy Stranger

By Tony Gatlif

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Fuck!  
I hate walking!  
Screw it, I won't walk!  
Hello. Saturday-on-High Village?  
What do you want?Do you want this girl?  
Musician?  
Yes! Musician... Listen!  
Bite the chain  
No, bite the cock  
Because on the chainYou break your teeth  
The girl is stuck-up  
When she sucks cock  
She adds salt, pepperand French dressing  
Lick my pussy!  
Go home!  
There's a curfew.You'll have problems!  
May I die...  
may I rot...  
if I don't curse you tonight!  
You sent my son to prison...  
and you want me to lie down!  
For us gypsies, there's no justice!  
My son didn't do anything  
to go to jail!  
Screw your curfew!  
May I die...  
if I don't finish this bottle!  
May I rot if I don't empty it!  
Please!  
Fuck!  
Is this guy a godsend?  
A saint sent him to me.  
Come here, brother!

- Here, drink up!- No, thanks. I don't drink.  
You have to drink!  
This stuff is fire!  
Here, take it back.  
May you drop dead, may you die...  
if you don't drink to the health of my son, Adriani!  
Take it easy! Okay, okay...  
Do you know a place to sleep?  
Take it easy! A hotel.  
To sleep.  
We're not going to sleep tonight!  
Calm down!  
I'm a poor father...  
so unhappy...  
Come on, it's snowing.  
..that I'd go into mourning for water...  
We can't sleep here.  
Let the snow fall...  
let it bury me,  
so I no longer have to see gadjos.  
I don't want to see or smell gadjos any more!  
Cut it out. Come on!  
Stop drinking.  
Are you a musician?  
Are you a musician or not?  
Don't you understand?  
Musician.  
Jesus, I'm in deep shit!  
Listen.  
It's a beautiful song.  
There are songs like that everywhere around here.  
Is she from here? Nora Luca...  
Do you know her?  
I bite her.  
God, what did I do to you  
to sing so well?  
I'm very intelligent  
God, why have you abandoned me?  
God, why have you left me?  
My son...  
Grandfather!  
There's a great big gadjos sleeping at our place!  
A gadjo at our place?  
He's very tall and he's sleeping in your bed.

In my bed?  
Yes. He's a crazy gadjo!  
Where's the old guy, with the hat?  
What's with this crazy guy?  
He's out of it.  
Look at him, he's a bum!  
He brought me here to sleep.  
An old guy.  
An old guy... with a beard... a hat...  
He's a bum.  
I don't understand.  
Maybe he's stolen from my brother's house.  
What's there to steal? The fire in the chimney?  
Whatever you do, don't go in there!  
Maybe he's put a curse on the house  
to bring us bad luck!  
What's that gadjo doing here?  
Thief!  
His bag is full of chickens!  
Chicken thief!  
Can I have a coffee?  
He got drunk last night in the square with the old gypsy.  
He was in your bed.  
He was two and a half meters tall!  
A giant!  
We didn't understand him. He had big teeth!  
Why did you let him leave?  
He's crazy! Why hold back someone crazy?  
The crazy man's coming back!  
Hello.  
This is for you.  
Thanks for the bed...  
the house...  
last night. Thank you. It was great.  
He speaks Romans!  
- Do you understand? - I'm from far away.  
I'm looking for a singer.  
You said I'd find her here. A singer. You told me yesterday.  
I'm looking for the music.  
Nora Luca, remember? I played it for you last night.  
This is the man I found last night!  
Nora Luca!  
I know her!  
She's my girlfriend!

Bring the glasses! Come in, my musicians.  
Great!  
His name's Stphane, my children...  
I'm Izidor!  
No thanks!  
It hits hard!  
Migraine...I can't. Migraine...  
German? Belgian?  
Not Belgian. French! Paris!  
Great, Paris!  
To Paris!  
Go get Sabina. She speaks Belgian.  
Come translate Belgian!  
I went there with my husband. I've had it with Belgians!  
Come on.  
Get lost, or I'll insult your mother and hit you!  
Can you hold this?  
For me?  
Not for you! Hold them out like this.  
Like this...  
Listen to this.  
Nora Luca.  
Do you know her?  
No, do you know her?  
Luck has sent him to me!  
Understand?  
Come translate what he says!  
No way!  
You'll be sorry!  
Eat my pussy, dirty Belgian!  
May your head swell and your cock shrink!  
I'll punch you out! I'll headbutt you!  
I'll kill you!  
I'll fuck you, slut!  
What? What's up?  
Why is he taking off my clothes?  
What's this for?  
To shave? You want me to shave? That's nice!  
I'll wash too.  
Here are the shoes, Grandfather.  
What do you want me to do with just one?  
Are we going to see Nora Luca?  
What's your hang-up with her?  
Will you show me Nora Luca?

Nora Luca!Yes, that's where we're going!  
Great, mate!  
This is my Frenchman!  
Look how handsome he is!  
Welcome to our village.  
He doesn't speak Romanian,only gypsy.  
How's your son, Radu?  
Terrible. They beat him up...  
- Take him to hospital.- Hospital is not for us Roms!  
Jesus, here we go again!  
This is my French friend.  
He's from Paris.  
He lives with us.  
With you?  
Yes, so he can learn gypsy.  
Is Paris beautiful?  
He doesn't speak Romanian.He only speaks gypsy!  
He only has gypsy friends in Paris.  
Oh, I kiss his heart and his head!  
Look how handsome he is!  
His back is straight.  
Look at how he's put together!He's all pink.  
May God give you healthand good luck, my son!  
Here's to you!  
Are there many gypsies in France?  
Yes, a lot!  
There are gypsy colonels, majors  
and captains in the army!  
There are lawyers  
and state prosecutors!  
There's no difference  
between the two of them in France.  
French people and gypsieslive in perfect harmony.  
In France, no one calls gypsies thieves.  
No one points the finger at themin France!  
They travel where they wantin their houses on wheels.  
They repair everything on Earth:  
radios, televisions...  
They make saucepans, wagons...  
Everyone loves them,because on this Earth,  
no one works as well as they do!  
You should go there too.You and your whole family.  
We'll go.  
Children.

Good!  
Great!  
Great, mate!  
Paris!  
OM!  
PSG!  
Motherfucker!  
My mother's an air hostess!  
Le Pen!  
Le Pen's a motherfucker!  
Great, Izidor!  
The women fixed them.  
Great work!  
Thanks.  
Thanks for everything.  
Don't leave!  
I have to go. I can't stay.  
I can't stay.  
You have a beautiful house here!  
I can't spend my whole life here!  
I'm leaving.  
Don't go, my son!  
I can't stay!  
I can't stay. I'm looking for the music!  
Sit down.  
Eat, my son.  
There's enough for everyone!  
Put it in your mouth!  
Snow.  
Water.  
Bread.  
Snow.  
Polenta.  
Fire.  
Tree.  
Money.  
Tree. How do you say tree?  
Him.  
Me.  
Boy.  
Girl.  
Lick her pussy.  
You.  
You ate today.

I ate food.  
Eat my cock!  
Eat my cock with polenta!  
Hang on! I'll help you.  
She bit me!  
Do you like Manol's daughter?  
She's a slut.  
She left her husband in Belgium.  
No one wants her anymore. She's a whore.  
Kiss my ass, dirty Belgian!  
The foreigner will take our women and children!  
Maybe he's a murderer!  
A kidnapper!  
Send him back to his country!  
Where's that foreigner at your place from?  
He's my Frenchman!  
Can he speak Romans?  
He's at my place so he can learn it.  
He doesn't speak Roman or Romanian!  
He's a thief! He's going to steal our chickens!  
He's my good luck!  
- What good luck? - Luck sent him to me!  
He's a bandit!  
That's not true!  
He came to stay with us to study Romans!  
Send him back to Germany!  
Send him away!  
He's not leaving!  
He's my Frenchman!  
A letter for your grandfather.  
"I received your letter.  
"I'm very happy to hear news of my brother, Radu.  
"There are a lot of gypsies  
"in this jail.  
"The director lets us play our music.  
"The judge said I'll get out in six months.  
"How are my daughter and my father  
"and my brothers?  
Adriani."  
They locked up my son, Adriani...  
for six months.  
Because for us Roms, there's no justice.  
May God bring you good luck and health, my brothers!  
Long life to your children!



It's just a little bit of gold,that's all.  
My daughter's getting married.  
She's as beautiful as Miss Universe!  
I heard that you're good musicians.  
We're great musicians!  
How much do you want?  
Give me something to eatand some money.  
Six million?  
That's a lot, Uncle!  
You won't find musicians like usanywhere else on Earth!  
It's a deal, Uncle.  
This is my Frenchman.  
He's staying with usso I can teach him Romans.  
I'd like to invite youto my daughter's wedding.  
How do you feel?  
I have a fever...  
Look how the gadjosmassacred my son!  
They made a hole in the wallto get in.  
They took my son, Adriani,because they thought he was a thief.  
They beat him up and took him to jail.  
You have to take himto the hospital immediately!  
I'll go see the police.  
I know the prosecutor.  
I'll get your son out ofjail!  
Come with your double bass!  
I'm entrusting my daughters to you.  
The youngest is a virgin, you know it.  
Here's the virginity certificatefrom the doctor.  
If she doesn't return a virgin,  
I'll cut your head off.  
Cut the crap.We're going to be late!  
Shut up, slut!  
Bring her back home whole!  
Great, mate!  
Listen.  
I taught him Romans.  
I'm his teacher.  
Are we going to see Nora Luca?  
Maybe!  
Great.  
Great, mate. We'll see.  
What are you after?  
You're not taking my daughter!  
My daughter's not leaving her family!

I'm not giving you my daughter,  
the apple of my eye, blood of my blood!  
Get the hell out of here!  
All of you, get the fuck out of here!  
Go home.  
If you come any closer, I'll kill you.  
May God bring you good luck, son-in-law!  
Long life, father-in-law.  
Do you think he can work for us?  
Yes.  
Sweet-talk him, Sami.  
Did you find your singer?  
How are you?  
So did you find her?  
No, I didn't.  
You went all over Romania!  
Why are you here?  
- This is my place.- Your place?  
Pretty classy!  
Where's my Frenchman?  
Tell him I'm after a singer called Nora Luca.  
He doesn't get it.  
Ask him.  
- Why are you looking for her?- I have to!  
He knows a singer called Milan who knows lots of singers.  
Maybe he knows her.  
- Can we go see him?- I'll take you. It's on my way.  
- I know all the greatest musicians!- You don't get it!  
Sorry.  
You dance great.  
Really?  
You speak French?  
How come?  
Because.  
I...  
in Belgium...  
dancing...  
You went to Belgium?  
Alone?  
With your husband?  
Dancing.  
He stayed there?  
I don't understand.  
Stphane. And you?

Sabina.

The road to Dana?

Go straight ahead then turn right. Do you have a cigarette?

- Show me the tape.- What tape?

Your tape of Nora Luca.

Is anything written on the box?

There's no box.

Ask the guy who sold it to you.

It belonged to my father.

For Milan. We can't go empty-handed.

Stay here. He's gone to get him.

What's going on?

What's with Izidor?

The doctor won't come here to treat us.

- What's wrong?- My father's dead.

What's with Izidor?

Milan, the singer, is dead.

Why did you leave?

You shouldn't have left like that, oh, my brother!

My brother...

Where's Izidor?

Gone to see his son in jail.

May the worms eat you! I told you already.

Get lost!

Get lost!

I'm working!

He's a faggot.

You're crazy! May you be eaten by madness!

You're totally crazy!

Hold this.

Let go.

What are you going to do with that?

Hang on.

Look at this.

Thanks.

Aren't you ashamed of yourself for cleaning my house?

Everyone's laughing at you! You're always doing dumb things!

Why did you do it?

- It's not good?- No!

Hang on.

Sherban, come here!

Hold this.

Lower.

That's my father singing!

It's my dead father's music!  
My father's music is coming out of the newspaper!  
Keep turning, Sherban.  
Fuck, that's weird!  
It's beautiful.  
Go for it, my daughter!  
Touch your pussy. It brings good luck!  
You lost, sucker!  
I'm going to win!  
What are you doing?  
A letter from Paris.  
- A letter from Adriani?- It's for Stphane!  
You have a letter from France!  
Stphane, take your letter from France and eat my balls!  
Keep playing.  
Did you get bad news?  
It's a letter from my mother.  
- Sabina, what was it?- A letter from his mother.  
Does he have brothers and sisters?  
A little brother.  
That's all?  
Women in France have one baby, two at the most!  
Look at my beautiful car!  
Great, mate!  
May God protect your car!  
Stphane, will you take us to Paris?  
Sure, let's go to France! To the Champs-Elyses,  
then we'll eat at Fouquet's  
and we'll visit the Eiffel Tower.  
Fucking carburetor!  
Why did it stop?  
A problem.  
Carburetor!  
But we have to go!  
The carburetor's broken. Can you fix it?  
Long live France and the Bois de Boulogne!  
The Bois de Boulogne?  
Why the Bois de Boulogne?  
France!  
The Bois de Boulogne. If you only knew!  
Nothing.  
- She's incredible!- It's not fucked!  
That singer must be somewhere!  
What's with this singer?

She lives here, you see? Here.  
All over... and here.  
Especially here, inside.  
It's not funny.  
No, it's not funny.  
It's true!  
Here too?  
Cut it out. I don't believe it!  
- Here too? - No, not there.  
- And here? - Stop it! Sabina, it's not funny.  
Goddamn useless car!  
You're fucked!  
I'm not fucked, it's the clutch.  
No wonder it breaks down. It cost nothing!  
What's with this Nora Luca?  
There are other singers as strong as fire.  
It was my father's favorite song.  
He was very sick. He always listened to this song. Get it?  
My father loved music. He was a traveler.  
He couldn't stay still. He went all over  
and brought back tapes and recordings.  
I didn't see much of him.  
Your father?  
Did he leave?  
He died.  
In Syria.  
With the nomads.  
Do you have a house of your own in Paris?  
Yes, it's my mother's house.  
The cymbalo, over here.  
The child prodigy, next to him.  
The kid there...  
in the middle.  
Near the microphone.  
Order some drinks.  
Drinks for everyone.  
Tell them I'll make a sign when it's time to start.  
Sabina, don't talk. I'm recording!  
Don't talk. Let's start again.  
When she wants.  
It's a winter tale about Urza,  
who, in his anger, killed his brother.  
His anger passed and he realized he had ruined his life  
for a fleeting moment.

He ran away, hiding himself from the sky and the light.  
Wherever he went, he heard the echo:  
"What did you do this winter?"  
He met the beautiful virgin, Zambilla.  
She fell in love with him.  
Her father opposed their love and locked her up.  
In despair, the criminal let himself be caught.  
Then Zambilla refused to eat.  
To bring his daughter back to life,  
the father gave away his entire fortune  
and got the gypsy out of jail.  
They were free but poor...  
May luck protect you.  
It's a song  
about a man  
who killed his brother.  
What was that town  
where we recorded that woman?  
Recorded?  
The village... you know, the village.  
The name of the village.  
Balteni.  
After, Ceaucescu came.  
They thought he was good but he wasn't!  
They stole all the money!  
They stole... And this...  
When you didn't hand it over, they did this...  
Like this... Got it?  
Then they came with dogs...  
Insult him.  
Where are you going, old sleazebag!  
He wants to go to Bucharest and...  
with a woman.  
Take me to Bucharest. I'll give you some money.  
They don't understand a word I say.  
My son!  
Come here, my children!  
For my two nephews who are in jail.  
Sabina, ask them to come with me to a hotel room  
to take a photo.  
You don't speak Belgian?  
I'm not translating that!  
Work it out yourself.  
I told you. He wants to...

They're beautiful! I'll lick them.  
I'm not translating that!  
May I die, may I rot if we don't finish this bottle!  
It's Nora Luca...  
Give me a cigarette.  
I'm out of cigarettes.  
My children...  
I don't feel too good...  
Stop the car.  
What does he want?  
Maybe he feels sick.  
I'm old, Sabina. Just one fuck...  
I'm going to die soon, alone in my tent...  
Just one fuck...  
Stphane is my friend. These things don't bother French people.  
What's going on?  
Take it easy!  
A little kiss...  
I gave you my friendship, my house...  
You don't respect me. You're ungrateful!  
Stop it!  
Eat my pussy.  
Suck my cock.  
Lick the hairs on my ass...  
and my pussy.  
You're going to eat my cock.  
Your hairs...  
What about them?  
Feel the hairs on your balls near my ass.  
Wherever you want them!  
Adriani is out of jail!  
My son, Adriani!  
Dad!  
Adriani is free!  
Mother... first day... me... here.  
You were born here?  
I couldn't find Sabina!  
A carton of beer.  
Do you have the money?  
I'm buying everyone a drink to celebrate getting out of jail.  
He's buying drinks!  
Take the beer and come back. We're staying for a drink.  
A drink for those who sent me to jail.  
Look, it's the secretary from the town hall!

Gadjo! I'll buy you a drink too!  
What are you after?  
I want to buy a drink for those who sent me to jail.  
I'll buy you lunch too...  
you, your father and your mother.  
Me, my father and my mother  
spit on your Mafioso gypsy face!  
It's all over now! Move back, fast! No one's leaving!  
Call a doctor!  
Dimitru is dead!  
God, what did I do to you to be so black?  
We'll set fire to those rats!  
We'll avenge Dimitru!  
He's up there. He's moving!  
We have to cleanse the village...  
get rid of these gypsies!  
Mother!  
God!  
My village!  
My father!  
Adriani is dead! I'll die too!  
My God, my God!  
Great Earth, open up!  
And take me with my son!  
Take my life!  
I walked for a long time on big roads  
I even met happy gypsies  
Great, mate.