

Appendix A. The Script of The Hundred-Foot Journey Movie

<p>Side, side, side! Hassan! Stay with me. Oh, Bhaiya. Oh, Ma! Hassan! Come on! Wait a minute. Wait a minute. I will take the whole lot! I will take the whole lot! Wait, stand back. Stand back, now. We got here first. It is mine. No. No, one minute, Bhaiya, please! Listen. You stand back. Stand back. Stand back. No, no. No. Your name? Hassan Iqbal Kadam. Date of birth? July 5th, 1990. Place of birth? I was born in Mumbai, India. Oh! Oh! Oh! Sold! To the boy who knows. Your occupation? I'm a cook. You mean kitchen porter? No, cook. My family has run restaurants in India for many years. My great-grandfather fed soldiers during the time of the British Raj. But now we have come to try our luck in Europe. Me and my family. And you're planning to stay in Europe as a cook? Oh, yes. You have qualifications? Yes.</p>	<p>My mother taught me. But no proof on paper? Only grease-proof paper. Samosa. No, thank you. My school was our family restaurant in Mumbai... No more playing, okay? Come on, bedtime. Chalo. Hello! Good night, Mama! ...and my mother was my instructor. The sea urchins taste of life, - don't you think? - Mmm. Life has its own flavor. Hidden in that shell, raw, beautiful life. It was an education for all of the senses. But to cook, you must kill. You make ghosts. You cook to make ghosts. Spirits that live on in every ingredient. But mostly, I was taught ...how to taste. Can you taste them? One night my schooling ended. Very good. Hi. Congratulations on the election, Minister. Mansur! Mansur! Get out. Hey, what? - Huh? - Grab the kids! There was an election of some kind, and there was a winner...</p>
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<p>- Arrey, Hassan... - ... and there was a loser. Hassan! We are being attacked! - Get out, Hassan! Quick! - We are being attacked! Oh, my God. Papa! Come on, Papa, we have to go! Get out, Hassan! Come on! Come on! Mukhtar, Mukhtar! - Mama... - We lost everything. Akhiya! - Papa! - Akhiya! Mama! Akhiya! - Mama! - Mama! Everything. After my mother was killed, Papa decided to bring the family to London. I attempted to continue my education on my own. We found a home quite near to Heathrow. Yes, we are the Kadam family. When we fled from Mumbai, we were given asylum in London. Uh, we were there for one year. And, uh, it's too cold, so we decided to open a restaurant in Europe. Where in Europe? Somewhere in Europe. Well, Mahira, we just need to establish that you're not being taken to Europe for an arranged marriage. Trust me, nothing in this family is arranged.</p>	<p>And why exactly are you leaving London? I found in England that the vegetables, they had no... Had no soul. No life. You see? All right. Maybe we'll find it here. Maybe. Please, stop complaining. Arrey... Try one each and give marks out of ten. - Can I have that one? - No salt. Very big. Lovely. - Mmm. - It's an eight. Trust me, I learned this in school. They are not the same country. - Papa, my ears buzz. - Aisha, look. Well, that's a good idea. Then, uh, Switzerland can be starter and France can be main course. Then what is our dessert? Good question. - Papa! - Papa, Papa, slow down! I can't. - Papa, slow down! - I can't! - Slow down, Papa! - I can't! My foot is to the floor! You need to go slower, Papa! Arrey, do something! The brakes have failed! Look! It's a tractor! Papa! Papa!</p>
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<p>Papa! Everyone okay? Mukhtar? Aisha? I'm okay. I'm no mechanic, but I think it's something to do with brakes. Let's get out. Come on. - Come. Come on. Papa, come on! I'm alive! Are you all right? I can't do this anymore, Papa. What are you trying to do? Kill us all? We've been driving for days in this piece of junk. Enough of this crazy wandering. You know what? We were happier living under the flight path at Heathrow. At least we had a bloody home! Wherever the family is, that is the home. Oh, really? And where is the family right now, Papa? Huh? Answer me. Where is the family right now? France. France. France! Exactly. Papa, in case you didn't realize it, the French don't even eat Indian food. They have food of their own. It is famous all over the world. This is the end of the road. Hassan, talk to your father, huh? Papa... Oh. There must be someone down there who can fix the brakes. - What did Mama say?</p>	<p>- Huh? I know you talk to her. What did she say to you? She said, "Find a good mechanic "and go on with your search. " Mmm. - Bonjour. - I like her car. Uh... No. Uh... - Oui? - Uh... Brakes. Do you speak English? - Do you? - Yes. - Okay, good. - I'm Marguerite. Hassan. - Nice to meet you. - Nice to meet you. Um... - Bonjour. - Bonjour. - My father. - Okay. Do you have, uh, any rope? Or... Yes. Yes, I do, in the trunk there. Papa? Papa? Push, everybody! Chalo! Slow down, guys! Slow down. Guys, slow down! Okay, to the right a little. You can just park it here. It's okay. We're very grateful for your hospitality. No, it's my pleasure. Do you want some more tea? Thank you. That would be nice.</p>
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<p>Bless you. You have lots of antiques. Some more tea? Thank you. All right, so the mechanic says that he has to send out for parts and the van won't be ready until tomorrow. So where do we sleep? Here, in St. Antonio. I found a guest house, and they have rooms. - How much? - Approximately... Papa, no. You will not barter. We will just pay the rate like normal people. Normal people get the best value? Only Europeans accept the first price. Papa, it's not like in Mumbai, all right? Voila. I thought you might be hungry, so... - Beautiful. - Thank you. - Very nice. - Thank you. My pleasure. This is very, very kind of you. - You're welcome. - Thank you. So, uh, what is all this? That's just some cold things we had in the larder. So... - Amazing. - Oh. But please eat it, it's all yours. Thank you. Mmm! Where did you buy this? - Mmm. - Oh, the bread? I bake it. - Nice.</p>	<p>- Yes. Oh, God, Papa, try this. This oil, where is it from? Uh, from the olive trees in the garden. And my uncle press it every year. So... And the cheese is from the cows in the field at the back. It's totally natural. - Mmm. Mmm-hmm. - This is amazing. - The cheese... Mmm. Do you want some sweets? Mmm. Thank you. Not too many, okay? Forgive the silence, Marguerite. I think my family is afraid that they died in the accident and now we enter heaven. - Thomas? - Yes, ma'am? Who are these people? I don't know. Papa, what are you doing? For sale. Look at this. It's perfect. Please... Papa, speak to Mansur, please, first. Why? It's not Mansur's money. Not until I die. Until then it is mine and Mama's money. And she loves this village. She said brakes break for a reason. Look. Wow. It has a covered yard,</p>
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<p>like the one in Mumbai. Fifty covers at least. There. There we would have our tandoori oven. Bonjour? Can I help you? Sorry. Sorry. We were just looking around here. This is private property. Okay. Papa, chalo, let's go. Excuse me, do you own this property? - Oh, no. No. - Oh. Then you are trespassing, too. Do you know the owner of this place? Papa, please. Time to leave. Yes, I know them very well. - One minute. - They have gone back to Paris. But they asked me to keep an eye out for them. Oh, I bet you do. How much are they asking? Papa, please! One minute. Relax. Oh... You must understand that a property of this size in this village, would be very expensive. Well, I heard you asked for a discount in Claude's hotel. Papa, you didn't! We asked you not to. Madame, asking for discount doesn't mean I am poor. It means I am thrifty. I want to make an offer, to buy this restaurant. Enough. Let's go. Come. Let's go. - Don't push me!</p>	<p>- Chalo. One, two. Here. Here you go. - Merci. - Merci beaucoup. - Mansur! Mansur! - Huh? Let's go. What? Where? He's gone crazy. What? He's just stuck on that place. Ah, merci. More? Papa! You know them? Never seen them before. Papa, if you won't listen to me, then listen to Mahira. You always call her the sensible one. Papa, it is a very sweet location and the building is fine, but there is a problem, which makes it impossible for us to open a restaurant there. There is already a restaurant. Just across the street. 100 feet. We measured. That is why the people moved back to Paris. They couldn't make it pay. Papa, the restaurant across the street has a Michelin star, hmm? I know, I saw it. Twinkle, twinkle. So what? Papa, it is the best restaurant for 50 miles in any direction. The President of France dines there. Is the President of France able to order murgh masala, with cashew nuts and cardamom? And ka saag aloo? Dal?</p>
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<p>Our secret family spices? No, but they are a Michelin star restaurant, Papa. They have frogs' legs, escargot, ratatouille... Is the President able to order tandoori goat, cooked the way Hassan cooks? Excuse me. Sprinkled with roast spices? Papa, the restaurant doesn't serve those things, because the people here don't like to eat those things. Because they don't know. They have never tried. Now they shall. - Hassan, speak to him. - Can you count? The kind of variety we can produce is absolutely amazing. And the aroma. Oh. This must be the restaurant owner calling me back. - Give the phone to me. - No. - Hello? - Arrey... Hello? Papa, please don't do this! - Let me answer it. - Give it to me! - Give it to me! - Please. - Papa, don't. - Mansur! Papa! I am still head of the Kadam family! Hello? Bonjour. Yes, uh, indeed, this is Mr. Kadam, chairman of Kadam Enterprises. Sir. %BEEPS)</p>	<p>- Hmm. Madame Mallory. Good morning. Bonjour. Good morning. Menus. Hey, Mukhtar, look, I'm cooking paneer! Oh! Oi! Go, go, go! So sorry I'm late. Les chanterelles. I wish to take advantage because they are perfect at the moment, because of the heavy rain last night. With a little cream then? Yes, but smoke the cream first, please. Now, last night, we served this. Miserable, overcooked asparagus. In this restaurant, the cuisine is not an old, tired marriage, it is a passionate affair of the heart. Sorry. Pardon. I know I'm late, but they were growing by the river. I couldn't resist them. - Oh, red currants! - Yeah. Jean-Pierre, the red currants will go with the duck, n'est-ce pas? Yeah, okay, why not? I see they have started work on the new restaurant across the street. Oh, Marguerite, that cannot be called a restaurant. In fact the mayor's office tells me it is fast food, something ethnic. The old man who bought the place is insane. He will last about as long as it takes to dry-cure a good winter ham. Which is how long?</p>
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<p>Uh, Marcel? - Huh? - Five to eight months, madam. Marguerite. In return for the red currants, I want you to miss the prep and go to the market for me. With pleasure, madam. Thank you. - Hello. - Oh, hi! I hear you're staying. That's great. I didn't even know you were chefs. - I'm not a chef. Just a cook. - Oh. And it will be fast food, yeah? Actually, my father's signature dish takes three days. - Oh. - That is a lot of mushrooms. Le Saule Pleureur is a big restaurant. You... You work for the madame of Saule Pleureur? Yes. Huh. So you are a chef? No, uh, I'm a sous chef, but I'm studying to become chef de cuisine. I hear the madame is not happy to have competition? She's not happy no matter what. Why is she not happy? She has one, she wants two. Children? No. No, stars. Children will get in the way. - Of the stars? - Yeah. In France, all that matters to a chef is the Michelin stars. Michelin? I found a Michelin book in the kitchen.</p>	<p>Yeah, that's the bible. The stars are holy here. So, one is good, two is amazing, and three is, um... Three's only for the gods. I would like to learn about French cuisine. Perhaps you could recommend a book? And why would I do that? You're the enemy now. No? - See you on the battlefield. - See you. Oi, careful. Hey, Thierry, come and help me! Right away. - Fayed, come here. - Yes, sir. Hassan, jaldi karo, there's a lot to be done. Aisha! You have to be safe in the kitchen. These are not toys. You can't run around. Hey, let's go. Hassan, why are they blocking the road? Come on, hey. Hey. We use ancient spices, classical spices. My son is the best Indian chef in Europe... It's too much, Hassan. It's too much. in fact the whole Western world. He is standing there in that corner with my daughter. Raise your hand. Raise your hand, don't feel shy. - Don't raise your hand. - Raise your hand. Don't raise your hand. Raise your hand, Hassan, I'm talking to you.</p>
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<p>Hassan, don't raise your hand. Hassan, he is my little genius. We open Saturday night. Tasting menu half-price. You know, I saw that Indian guy buying things in the convenience store. His cart was full of cat food. They don't even have a cat. I guess it was for the curry. Combine the milk, sugar, vanilla, eggs, kirsch and salt. Mix until silky to the touch. Pour into a pan, spread your cherries over the top and bake until the skewer inserted into the batter comes out clean. A golden-brown crust will have formed on the top and on the bottom. You may like this kind of music, but the rest of the village does not. Sorry, madam. Welcome to our humble abode, Madame, and thank you for barging in. I knocked, but you couldn't hear me, because the music was so loud. Ah. I, um, just came to see how things are coming along. Well, we are doing pretty well. Mmm. What is this? It is an oven. Oven? It's not a drum? To play? No. Tandoor oven for chicken tikka. Sometimes small children. Joking. Plastic. Hmm. Did you get my invitation to our opening night on Saturday? Oh, yes, yes, of course.</p>	<p>But Saturdays we are very, very busy. Oh, I see. Um, but could I look at a menu? Yes. Of course. Uh... Relax, Papa. Right. This is our menu. The specials, they will change from day to day. Mmm. Mmm. Well, curry is curry, is it not? Obviously you've never eaten Indian food, especially cooked by my son. Yes, I understand you people like to keep everything in the family. Well, if your food is anything like your music, I suggest you turn it down. Bonne chance! 18 hours until we open the gates. You might need this. I thought this was lost in the fire. Mama wants you to have it. It's your day. - Ah! Crayfish. - Bonjour, monsieur. Ah, bonjour. Huh? What did he say? The crayfish are sold, he said. All of it? Completely? We will pay you... We will pay you more. There's not another box? All right. Uh... Two kilo... Shit. Two kilo, uh, the saumon. - Sold? - Salmon, too, are sold. I don't understand. All the cepes are sold. Madame Mallory purchased</p>
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<p>all the mushrooms. He's sorry. I showed her the menu because I thought she wanted to come for dinner. I'm sorry, Papa. I didn't know she was going to do this. I knew it was a mistake. We can go to another town here. Where's the bloody time? War. War it is. Mansur, get the ice! Did you break down? - Mansur, get the ice! - I'm coming! What took you so long? We had to drive 50 kilometers to get fish. Here. What happened to the market? Chalo, quickly, let's go. So what happened to the market? Madame Mallory happened to the market. - Huh? - Mansur? - Yeah? - Is everything okay? Yeah, yeah, yeah, everything's good. Don't burn it, right? Here you go. Mukhtar, please give me the spice. I'll get it. Crush them nicely, huh? Boning knife. - Mukhtar... - What is the time? You don't want to know. Hassan, now we won't have enough time</p>	<p>to cook the mutton properly. We should just take it off the menu, yeah? No. Rest it in a little red wine, and add crushed cardamom. Wine? We don't use wine. This is an emergency, Mansur. Wine will flavor the meat. When in Rome. Yeah, well, we're not in Rome, are we? Mansur, to survive here, we're going to need to adapt. We have to make use of what is close to us. Then we pray to God that it works. - Careful. - Okay. Right. I'll go and get the wine. Pull, pull. Yaw.! Magic! Nice? Wow. It's perfect. Papa, it's not like in India, where you stand by the gate and drag people in as they're passing by. Papa, you should come inside. You don't want to look foolish. - Bonjour. - Bonjour. Oh, going for a walk? Oh! Hello, baby. - I love dogs. - Oh, yes. Is it a boy or a girl? - It's a girl. - It's a girl. Oh. Ooh.</p>
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<p>Very frisky. Mmm. - What's her name? - Uh, Bonnie. Bonnie. Bonnie, come, I'll feed you something. This is a new restaurant we opened today. It's a Indian restaurant. Great food. Chicken tikka... Thank you, but, my dog? You should also be there. - Why? - You're looking nice. - I don't know what to say. - Go on. Stand there. See, somebody coming there. - Bonjour. - Bonsoir. Smile. You've got good teeth. Just smile. Ca va? Namaste. Oh, God! - Oh, my God. - So sorry. Don't worry, don't worry, young man. We have... We put in the food turmeric powder, which is like a medicine. Hello, little angel. You are in for a treat! Welcome to Maison Mumbai! Be careful. Be careful. You're trying green chili? Let me explain to you. You take a bite, and start chewing it. And take a small bite of the chili, mix it with the food... - Ah, Lady Shepherd. - Madame Mallory. Bonsoir, monsieur.</p>	<p>Is it a wedding party over there? A funeral. The death of good taste in St. Antonio. Oh. - Bonjour. Bon appetit. - Bonjour. Merci. Darling, you've only just had breakfast. Oh, it was very light. There you are, Mayor. You're not at the town hall. Madame Mallory, good morning. "Good morning"? I don't think so. Yes, my secretary said something about a complaint about noise. Oui. I wish to make it officiellement. Madame, may I offer you a word of caution? These people are different. They are not French. Some in the village, the worst sort, say ugly things about them. Be careful, you are not seen in sympathy with them. I am rarely accused of being in sympathy with anyone. Au revoir, madame. Marguerite! Thank you for the books! What books? The books! Bonjour. Hello. Did you catch anything yet? Mmm. No. Uh, maybe use smaller hooks for this kind of perch. Those ones are big, I think. And use worms, not bread. You're not supposed to be helping me. I thought, uh... I thought I was the enemy. Perhaps I'm deliberately deceiving you.</p>
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<p>You don't know. Maybe you are. See you. Marguerite! Marguerite, you know, uh, the sweet corn from the market? Yeah. I'm finding it quite tough, dense. Do you know what, uh, I should do with it? No. You don't? Okay. Okay. You can put them on the barbeque. Two minutes on really high heat, and then 30 minutes on a really low heat. Huh. - Really? - Yeah. It will... It will make them softer. Oh, sorry! Make them softer. Is that the French way? I don't know. How did you learn about all this stuff? Uh, I was 12, and I started with the five basics, which is bechamel, veloute, hollandaise, tomato, espagnole. You have to master those five basic sauces first. And you can find all five in the books? Of course, but they're no use in books. You must find them in your heart, and then bring them to your pots. That's the secret. Marguerite! - Hello! - Come here! Voila.</p>	<p>The five sauces of French cuisine. I can see that. But you have to try it with the veal, which I made. You made this? Yeah. Try it. Tomate, veloute, hollandaise, espagnole, bechamel. Um, you know, Madame Mallory says that she knows in just one mouthful if a chef has the potential to be great. When someone comes to apply for a job, she never interviews them. She, um... She asks them to make her an omelet. And she takes one bite of the omelet, and then her tongue decides. Oui ou non. That's it. And? Oui! R's incroyable. It's... It's incroyable. Thanks. Thank you. What's your favorite dish to cook? Jalebi. What is that? Uh... Fermented dal and flour, - deep fried. - Mmm. The smell reminds me of my mother. You're lucky. The smell of pigs' feet in vinegar reminds me of my father. Food is memories. Food is memories. Wow! I caught one! Could I have some more? It's so delicious. He went fishing</p>
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<p>especially for you. - You're joking. - No, seriously. Oh, yeah, okay. Thank you. Well, it's fish! I love people who eat well. Yeah, but it doesn't change anything. Mr. Kadam, if you don't turn your music down, we have the power to close your restaurant. Mr. Jacques, my son foolishly did her a favor. He thought he'd be able to win her over with kindness. The restaurant is her entire life. Ever since her husband died, she keeps it up for him. But she has always been... I'm sorry, but in French we say, "Tetu comme une mule. " Stubborn as an ox. There you are. Very well, I will turn the music down. But you tell her from me, I will turn the heat up. Excuse me, um, if there's some left, could you doggy-bag it for me? - You sold them? - Oui, madame. You sold all the pigeons? Mmm. All the pigeons are sold. - They sold all the pigeons? - Every pigeon is sold. What should we give the minister? I don't know. Nightmare. Madame Mallory has some government minister dining in her restaurant tonight.</p>	<p>And she always serves him this. - Where did you get this? - Huh. She should pay her kitchen porters better. Then it will not be easy to bribe them. Arrey, bribe? Pigeon with truffles. It's not easy to cook this recipe if you have no pigeons. We don't serve pigeons. What is he on about? No. Papa, this is not right, please. - Well, she did it to us. - No. I do it to her. War. Papa is smart, yes? Chicken? Chicken for the minister? Oui. Chicken for the minister. Pardon. Pardon me. I would like to apologize on behalf of my father, for his poor behavior. It's pigeon with truffles. I found the recipe in a very old cookbook. I'm sorry. You wasted your time. Madame Mallory. Madame Mallory has thrown this gravel right in the middle of the road, which is a public road against the law. And it is in front of my restaurant. - I deal with it. - Merci. Merci. It is vulgar, it is a horror. Look, look at it.</p>
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<p>Did they have a building permit for this? Of course, they did not. Of course, they did not. No! No, no, no! Hey, don't fight. Madame Brenda, these are not vaccinated. My goodness, how many are there? She is wrong, they have been vaccinated. Here is the certification. See. Ah! Finally! Now, now he vaccinates them. No, they have been... Last week, they were not vaccinated. For a long time they have been vaccinated. And beside that... The smell of curry, it's everywhere! Honestly! No sense of culture or tradition. And they're staying open tomorrow, on our Bastille Day. It's time to stop them. You make a good soldier, Jean-Pierre. Oui. Ah, merci. Bye, everybody. - Bye-bye. See you tomorrow! - See you tomorrow! It's you. My God, you scared me. Marguerite. - Look. - These are beautiful. These cepes, they're right there. - You found those here? - Here. Wow. - They're really nice. - Right. You know that you can</p>	<p>eat these raw, right? - Really? - Mmm-hmm. Just like this. But in salads, too, it's delicious. - You can eat them... - Yeah, it's very good. Where are you coming from? - Oh, just from work. - How was it? - All right, I think. - Yeah? The usual Bastille craziness. - You got... - What? You got something in your hair. It's just a leaf. - You have something. - Where? I'll get it. Uh... I don't think that's a good idea. Why not? Because, um... Because we do the same job, and you know how it is. You know, we get very long days, and we never sleep and we have no time. Chefs shouldn't be together, I think. But you think of me as a chef? - Yes. - A real chef? A real chef. I do. I think you're more a chef than anyone I ever met. Hmm. Really. Hey! Papa! Fire, Papa! Fire!</p>
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<p>Oh, my God! What happened? Hassan! Mansur! Mahira! Mahira! Oh, my God! Papa! Water! Bring water! Where are the kids, Mahira? Thomas! Yes, Madame. Call the team together. I wish to speak with them. Uh, sit down, please. Do any of you know the words to the Marseillaise? Jean-Pierre? Of course. It's our national anthem. Do you know all the words? "They come to slit the throats of our sons, our wives. " And in English, so we can all understand? "To arms, citizens, form your battalions, "let us march. "May their unpure blood... " "Flow in our fields. " And that is what it means to be French, n'est-ce pas, Jean-Pierre? Yes. Well, there are other ways to be French. Liberty. Equality. Fraternity. Why are you talking only to me? Because you know who set the fire, don't you? Would you surrender to these invaders? You tell your friends that these bombs have ended a war. They have brought peace. Bravo.</p>	<p>You're a chef. I do not pay you to burn things. Take your knives and go. Not enough cardamom. Arrey, not enough gratitude. You know, I think it's time we got rid of these. Why? It's about good food. It's just different. Don't be afraid. You know they hate us. Aren't you angry? No. We're not visitors anymore, Mahira. This time we will not run. You know what they say. If you can't beat them, join them. I can clean my own wall. The outer wall is not your wall. Technically, it belongs to the village. Ask the mayor. I know, because I had the clever plan to have it raised many feet so nobody could see your restaurant. Merci. Madam? I would like to... I would like to make you an omelet. Would you be interested? But I'd need your help to break the eggs. Oh. You have it. Hmm. Your pigeon had it, too. I know. I knew then, and I know now. Hmm. Arrogance. A chef must lead. Mmm-hmm. Sharp and cool and hot in the mouth,</p>
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<p>all at the same time. Do you know how long it takes chefs to learn that? What will Papa say? Papa, it would only be a six-month trial. Mama would want this. I'll get a more classical training. Don't you want that for me? India is not classical? We are the oldest civilization in the world. She thinks she owns everybody in town. Do you hear me up there? I say no! Don't try to steal my children! I will report you, Mr. Kadam, for making too much noise. And I will report you for attempted child abduction! Have you even asked the boy what he wants? You deliberately seduced him! You seduced his mind, with your awful, tasteless, empty sauces! With your pitiful little squashed bits of garlic! That is called subtlety of flavor. It's called meanness of spirit! If you have a spice, use it! Don't sprinkle it. Spoon it in! What you do not seem to understand is that there is such a thing as enough. Enough is enough, artez! Yes, enough of you. Always up there like a queen or something. You tell him, it's "classical. " What is "classical"? "Classical" comes from the word "class. " And that is what he will learn in my kitchen. He will learn how to cook with class.</p>	<p>Indian cannot become French, and the French cannot become Indian. Mr. Kadam, I think I have just spent the whole day washing those words off your wall. Excuse me, Madame Mallory... We're actually closed. Yes. Is there anything I can help you with? No. It's just that I was wondering what... You were... I'm waiting. Waiting for what? For Hassan Kadam. Or death, whichever comes soonest. Papa? Is she sleeping? Marguerite! Marguerite! Sorry, sir. I was trying to get Marguerite. Marguerite! Sorry, sir. Sorry, sir. I need to talk to you. Now. Stay there. I'll come down. I'm happy to see you. I was so worried. Are you all right? I'm okay. It looks bad. Does it hurt? A little. I need to talk to you about something important. - Okay. - Today, after I got home from the hospital... Mmm-hmm? Madame Mallory asked me</p>
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<p>to work in her kitchen, at the Saule Pleureur. Really? Actually, that's not entirely true. I had her cook me an omelet to my recipe. Oh, I see. You're, uh... You're smart. You've been planning this for a long time, or... What do you mean? I mean, ever since I told you she asks chefs to cook her an omelet, have you been... I don't know, working on your secret little recipe for success? Or... What are you accusing me of? I'm not accusing you of anything. I'm saying you're smart. It's good. Are you angry? No. I thought you'd be pleased. I am, I am. Um... In what capacity will you work? I will start at the bottom, of course. And, of course, you will work your way up, right? Yes. That is the point. No, no, it's good, it's good. Since I loaned you those books, you have not looked back. It's... Loaned? I thought they were a gift. No, return them when you no longer need them. Which I'm sure will be very soon. Marguerite, I came here to ask you for your... For what? For my permission? For your blessing!</p>	<p>- My blessing? - Yes. I'm not a saint. Yeah. Neither am I. I know. We're just two chefs trying to make it to the top. Mmm. It's true. Then may the best chef win. Stop. Stop. Oh, I'm sorry. - It's okay. - I'm sorry. Did I hurt you? I'm really sorry. It's fine. Fair point, but let him go. You want Hassan because you want another star for yourself, yes? Oh, yes. Yes, I will not lie. But I will also offer him a stepping stone to the world. He deserves it. He has a gift. You are very stubborn. Oh. It's morning already. A new dawn. So... How much will you pay him per week? 200 euro. Now you are proving you are insane. 250, plus food. If you sit in cold all night, he's worth 600. In your dreams. 450, or I walk. 320, but 350 after three months.</p>
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<p>Do we have a deal? - No. - Yes. We have a deal. Okay, relax, Papa. What do you mean, "relax"? Spoiled the whole game. Papa, we have a deal. Madame... - No. - I'll drop it there for you. They have their own spices. It's not fair. I wanted his room. Come down, Aisha. Say bye to your brother. I don't want to. - What? - Nothing. What's the matter? - Nothing. - He's going. Come on. So I guess the cooking is now down to me. Yes, mister. - Oh, God. - What do you mean, "Oh, God"? Are you nervous? Because, you know, you cannot be nervous and make a sauce hollandaise. The eggs will feel it, they will separate. No, no, no, no, no, no. Start again. Start again. That is a beautiful bechamel sauce. White as snow! Perfect! But be careful with the heat though. Oh, no, no, no. Non, ca, non! Regarde. - This is poisonous! - Oh, God. This is Satan's boletus!</p>	<p>- Oh. - Poisonous! They looked like cepes to me. I'm sorry. No, no, no. Sorry! That's mine. - Bonjour. - Hello. Mmm! What is this flavor that is fighting against the chicken? I added some spices for flavor to the sauce, and coriander for garnish and freshness. But why change a recipe that is 200 years old? Because, madam, maybe 200 years is long enough. - Good morning! - Good morning. Marguerite, menu. Attention! This evening, the minister is coming to the restaurant, so, of course, we will serve his special dish. Hassan, you will prepare it. Hassan will prepare the pigeon in truffle sauce. Alone. Uh, also I want to serve a soufflé. A soufflé with a parfum... And also, I want a feuillet, with a cepe, because this... - Am I late? - Yes, of course you are late. How is he doing? Well, why don't you cross the road sometime and try one of his dishes? I'm afraid I can't possibly afford your exorbitant prices. It would be on the house, of course.</p>
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<p>Is he as good as I think he is? Better. Mmm. - Hassan! - Yep. What's in the pot? Boeuf Bourguignon. It's a pure French dish with carrots and vegetables. - Do you want to try it? - Mmm. - Ah... - Buff bubble... Bubble gum? Boeuf. Boeuf. - Is it good? - Yes, very good. Hey, Mukhtar. Aisha, come! It's vegetables... - Is there wine in the sauce? - ... carrots... - A little, yes. But it's... - Mmm! Ugh! It's French food! - Mmm. - Well? - You like it? - Yeah! Now this is classic French dish, but with a little twist. It's <i>Boeuf Bourguignon a la</i> Hasan Aisha, Mukhtar! Mukhtar. - Aisha, come on! - Aisha! Come! It's started! You don't want to miss it. Coming! Oh, God! A special surprise for you. - Thank you. - Thank you very much. To make the fireworks more fun.</p>	<p>- And for the beautiful one. - Oh, uh... Thank you. Very kind. The pink one, yes. You like pink, I know. You're wearing pink. Hello. Very nice. Mansur? Sorry. And for Papa. Uh... Here. No. May I suggest... Voila. Papa? Mmm-hmm? You know, I, uh, hear she's a wonderful dancer. Hmm. - You like to dance, too, no? - Oh, look. You should take her dancing. Don't be absurd. We are not children. Hmm. If you say so. So, Hassan? What's a Michelin star? - What does it look like? - They're like... They're like flowers. Star flowers. Then they print them in the book I told you about. Who gives them to you? They're called, um... They're called critics. They're like restaurant gods. Have I got a Michelin star? No. Not yet. Oh. Will you get one today? How long have you been wanting to open this?</p>
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<p>We won our first star 30 years ago, so I have been waiting ever since.</p> <p>- They always call at 7:00?</p> <p>- Yes.</p> <p>Always a Monday?</p> <p>Yes.</p> <p>Then they are bloody cruel to make you go through all this every year.</p> <p>Yes. Cruel.</p> <p>Like the gods.</p> <p>To hell with them.</p> <p>You deserve to taste it.</p> <p>What are you doing? Oh, no, no, no.</p> <p>Wait. Excusez-moi. No.</p> <p>You cannot do this. What...</p> <p>Give that to me, please.</p> <p>Give it to me, please.</p> <p>- Forget their stars.</p> <p>- You cannot...</p> <p>- You are the star.</p> <p>- No.</p> <p>Give this... No...</p> <p>- Ah!</p> <p>- Give it to me.</p> <p>Saule Pleureur. Madame Mallory.</p> <p>Merci.</p> <p>Should I put it back?</p> <p>With champagne, that is not possible.</p> <p>Deux.</p> <p>Deux.</p> <p>Oh!</p> <p>Thank you. That's better.</p> <p>We did it.</p> <p>- We did?</p> <p>- Yeah.</p> <p>The star is for all of us.</p> <p>No.</p> <p>No, it's for you.</p> <p>Thank you. Merci.</p> <p>What? What happened?</p> <p>Everyone okay?</p>	<p>- What's going on?</p> <p>- What happened?</p> <p>- What happened?</p> <p>- Huh?</p> <p>- Two.</p> <p>- Two stars?</p> <p>Two stars?</p> <p>Two stars!</p> <p>Two stars!</p> <p>And now the gods will take him.</p> <p>The rest of the world is waiting for him.</p> <p>The Saule Pleureur has had one star for 30 years.</p> <p>You came for one year, and now it's two.</p> <p>You see how it works?</p> <p>I don't think so.</p> <p>Cuisine in France is a secret society with no secrets.</p> <p>They will have sent people from Paris already.</p> <p>- They know about you.</p> <p>- Of course.</p> <p>Tomorrow the offers will come.</p> <p>All the two-star places that are looking for three stars.</p> <p>The world now knows you are a chef who can bring down the stars.</p> <p>There is no refusing them.</p> <p>You will be fine.</p> <p>Take care.</p> <p>Ah, come on, they were a gift.</p> <p>Keep it. Keep it.</p> <p>But I hear only your voice when I read them.</p> <p>I needed an excuse to come here.</p> <p>Thank you.</p> <p>Marguerite,</p> <p>I'm glad that our brakes failed here.</p> <p>Maybe brakes break for a reason.</p> <p>What do you mean?</p> <p>What am I going to do?</p> <p>You should just go.</p>
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<p>It's okay. Go. PAUL". Hassan, you have reached the very highest level of cuisine. Up here, cooking is no longer an art. It's a science. At La Baleine Grise, we believe that eating is a multi-sensory experience, and certain combinations of flavors and aromas activate enzymes and stimulate specific parts of the brain, evoking pleasure, and also recollections of pleasurable experiences. Like a certain scent will remind you of your first love. Yes, with food you remember. This is the beast with a thousand mouths, that must be fed twice a day. And what does the beast like? Innovation. Innovation. Innovation. La Baleine Grise has always been known for experimental food combinations. But on my most recent visit, the oysters with nitro pearls of sturgeon and oyster dust were made exceptional by the addition of ground cardamom seeds. Cardamom. While it's only been a few months since my last visit, I was pleasantly surprised by the appearance of coriander, fenugreek and masala. ...glutinous sauce resonant of tandoori.</p>	<p>This was a surprising triumph. ...the most unexpected ways. With a marinade of tamarind and smoked chili, the fish swims into my top five of all time. It's sugarcoated beetroot with carrots, also garam masala. An established molecular cuisine favorite in Beaubourg appears to have discovered the spice of life. "... cauliflower ice cream "with a skim of egg yolk and capers. " Cauliflower ice cream? Hmm. Interesting. The word is the restaurant's regeneration is mostly down to a young chef from India. He is a chef called Hassan Kadam, who arrived in Paris just over a year ago. "... petals cooked in hay-infused chamomile. " - He's cooking with hay. - What? Why hay'? He's cooking with hay. Is he cooking for a horse? PAUL". Ladies and gentlemen. The new La Baleine Grise chef de cuisine, Hassan Kadam! Paris is all yours. Innovation. Innovation. Innovation. In just one year, culinary star Hassan Kadam has transformed the restaurant with his introduction of bold spices, explosive taste,</p>
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<p>and unusual combinations. Hassan is no stranger to Paris nightlife. He is hot in the kitchen, and very popular with the ladies. Will Chef Hassan Kadam stay at the Baleine Grise? Marguerite, remember that perfect recipe for the raw cepe ravioli? Did we sweat the onions in oil or butter? I'm not sure what it is, but I can't make them taste as good as when we made them, together. Mr. Kadam, excuse me, but could I take a picture with you, please? Hassan, it's not how you sweat the onions, it's where you pick your cepes. And the good ones, they grow here. Remember? Look. Oh. Hassan! Hassan. Look, look. Oh. "Hassan Kadam, the boy from the gutter, "is going towards his third star. " Merci. Merci, Madame. He looks like a bloody terrorist. No. He's a terrorist who is about to win a third star. What did you say? Gutter? What... What does that mean? Um... It means, uh, you know, where the... The water in the street, the drainage in the street. Drainage? He's from the drainage? Is he a worm? No, no. That's the press.</p>	<p>They twist everything. And he does nothing to untwist them. What rubbish! I mean, what the... Oh! Oh! Take it, take it. No. No. No. No, bring it, bring it. Bring it. My son. Service. Two crayfish. Service. Sea urchin. Wait. Is that okay? You've ruined it. I'm sorry, chef. You want some? Please. My wife cooks it. Over the fire in the courtyard. Do you like it? My wife cooks much better than me. Where did she get the spices? I have them send it from home. You know, it's cheaper than a flight ticket. It's got amchur. Yes. And kala jeera. Yes. A little bit of garam masala also. Every bite takes you home. Mmm. Welcome. Pleasant surprise. Cheers. You can't sleep, huh? Mmm. It's cold. Mmm, beautiful. I have been thinking about Hassan.</p>
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<p>Mmm. I think I'm going to write to him tonight. What will you tell him? Oh, lots of things. I will tell him that the restaurant is doing well. That we have been spending a lot of time together. We go to dance classes. And we go to the market together. Yes. Remember that time we were taking a walk along the river? We picked flowers. We did not pick flowers. We were looking for mushrooms. And we found flowers. Which we picked. Yes, picked flowers, of course, but we were looking for mushrooms. Anyway, anyway, I'll write him, it's almost like having a girlfriend. Almost. What... What happened? I'm sorry. I said almost. Bloody crazy Frenchwoman. I thought you might like to dance with your "almost" girlfriend. You haven't changed. You did. A little bit. I have. What are you doing here? You'll know about your star today, no? You should be in Paris. I came because I have a proposition for you. A business proposition. Okay. No one knows about it</p>	<p>except Madame Mallory, but I've asked her if I could use the Saule Pleureur kitchen tonight, because I want to cook a dish that I haven't cooked in a long time. With you. With me? Mmm-hmm. Just, uh, one more thing I need. Okay. Well done. Aisha, Mukhtar! - coming! - Coming! You still haven't said if you accept my business proposition. I accept. - Welcome. Come in. - The Kadam family is here. Of course. Oh! You are very chic this evening. And how beautiful is your daughter? - I know. - Thank you. You look beautiful, too. Come in, come in. Merci. Mes amis, my friends, um, I just want to say welcome, and tonight we have a very special occasion. We eat at the Maison Mumbai, but with food prepared here in Le Saule Pleureur. And I want to introduce you to our very special chefs for tonight. Chefs, s'il vous plait. Voila. Marguerite. And... Arrey, Hassan.</p>
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<p>Arrey, when did you become so good-looking? Huh? What are you doing here? You should be in Paris. I have come back from Paris. What? I'm moving back to St. Antonio. You see, these are my real stars. Marguerite and Hassan. And I have given total control of the Saule Pleureur to Hassan. Well, not total control. I have a new business partner. Business? What are the terms? I'm serious. Michelin! Michelin! Hey, why did you disconnect? - Take the... Call back. - Leave it. Call back, it's Michelin! It's okay. 7:00. Come, come here. Call him back. - Papa... - Call him back! Listen to me. No, no, no. You call him back now! Papa, relax. I know what to do. Everybody, this is where we will get our third star. Together. Alors, for God's sake, come on, let's eat! Yes! Excuse me! Where's my hairband? Mahira! Oh! Oh! Yay! Hurray! Cheers! Toast. Toast.</p>	
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CURRICULUM VITAE

I. Personal Details

Name : Leilya Sari Yustika
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2003 – 2005 : Aisyah Kindergarten (TK Aisyah)
2005 – 2011 : State Elementary School 2 Semayap (SDN 2 Semayap)
2011 – 2014 : State Junior High School 1 Kotabaru (SMPN 1 Kotabaru)
2014 – 2016 : State Senior High School 1 Kotabaru (SMAN 1 Kotabaru)
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III. Organizational Experience

2016 – 2019 : Member of English Student Association UIN Antasari Banjarmasin
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