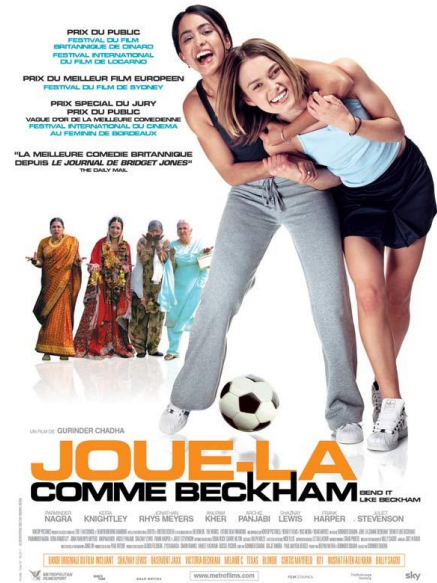


JOUE-LA COMME BECKHAM

by Gurinder CHADHA

FICHE TECHNIQUE

Titre original : Bend it like Beckham
 Pays (country) : GB
 Durée (running time) : 1h52
 Année (year) : 2002
 Genre : Comedy
 Scénario (screenplay) : Gurinder CHADHA, Paul MAYEDA BERGES, Guljit BINDRA
 Directeur de la photographie : Jong LIN
 Musique : Craig PRUEES
 Coproduction : Kintop Pictures / Bend it Films / Roc Media / Road Movies Filmproduktion
 Distribution : Metropolitan FilmExport
 Interprètes : Parminder NAGRA (Jess Bhamra), Keira KNIGHTLEY (Jules Paxton), David BECKHAM (lui-même), Jonathan RHYS MEYERS (Joe), Anupam KHER (Mr Bhamra), Shaheen KHAN (Mrs Bhamra), Archie PANJABI (Pinky Bhamra)
 Sortie : 20 novembre 2002



SYNOPSIS

Jess is the British-born daughter of Sikh parents. She is also a fairly typical teenager, and, as is true of nearly every teenager across the globe, feels the need to rebel. Her source of rebellion is to play soccer/football, and she dreams of one day being on the field with her hero, David Beckham, and kicking the ball in for the winning goal. However, although her parents tolerated her sports passion when she was young, they now believe she should become serious about her life and prepare for the future. That means giving up "children's games" for cooking lessons, marriage, and university studies. The edict to stop playing soccer comes just as Jess has been offered the opportunity to play for a semi-pro, all girls team. One of the players, Juliette, has seen her play and invites her to audition for the coach who thinks she is brilliant. So, what's a teenager to do? Sneak out of the house and lie about her whereabouts, of course.

Jess, une jeune anglaise d'origine indienne a pour passion le foot et pour héros David Beckham. Assez douée, elle est remarquée par Jules qui l'invite à rejoindre l'équipe féminine régionale. Mais ses parents, épris de tradition, voient pour elle un tout autre destin : finir ses études et faire un beau mariage ! Jess décide alors de passer outre et de jouer en secret...

AUTOUR DU FILM

More information:

- On www.bbc.co.uk/film/
- On www.redhotcurry.com/entertainment/films/
- In *Bend it like Beckham*, Narinder Dhami (based on the original screenplay), Hodder Children's Books, 2002.

Themes evoked:

- Cross-cultural clashes
- Traditions vs modernity
- Femininity
- 'Bending' rules
- Teenage love and friendship...

Teaching materials:

- p. 39 *Broad Ways 2^{nde}* : Mia Hamm, the most famous American female football player (mentioned in the movie)
- p. 151 *Voices 1^{ère} Tech* : facts and figures about India
- p. 98 *Crossroads 2^{nde}* : article about the film, BBC Film Review
- p. 13 magazine *Speakeasy*, Sept/Oct. 2003, article about women's football
- p. 34/35/36 from *Bend it like Beckham* by Narinder Dhani (expression du reproche, de la volonté, savoir argumenter...)
- p. 101/102/103 from *Bend it like Beckham* by Narinder Dhani (characters' similarities and/or differences, Jessie's dilemma, écrire un dialogue...)

Possible written work :

- To what extent can parents interfere in their children's choices?
- Is it better to tell the truth to one's parents?
- Should one give up one's passion for one's parents' sake?
- Imagine Joe's conversation with his dad / Jessie's conversation with her parents about her trip to Germany.

...

Extract 1

A Young Lady

Bend it Like Beckham, pages 34/35/36

By Narinder Dhani, (based on the original screenplay), 2002

Jessie (= Jesminder) was playing football with the boys in the park. She scored a goal and one of the boys embraced her. Jessie's mother saw the scene.

'Chi! Chi!' Mum was wringing her hands, standing in front of the picture of Guru Nanak. 'He was touching you all over, putting his hands on your bare legs.' She glared at me. I was sitting on the sofa, still wearing my Harriers kit. 'You're not a young girl any more, Jesminder. And you showing the world your scar . . . *Hai Bhagvan* . . .'

'Jessie, now that your sister's engaged, it's different,' said Dad. He was at the bar in the corner, getting himself a whisky. I didn't drink, but right now I could have done with one myself. 'You know how our people talk.'

'She's the one getting married, not me!' I said resentfully.*

5 'I was married at your age,' Mum snapped. 'You don't even want to learn how to cook *daal*!'

I didn't see what that had to do with it. 'Anyway, I'm not playing with boys any more.' Maybe *that* would shut them up.

10 'Good.' Mum headed off towards the kitchen. '*Gaal kuthum*, end of matter.'

'I'm joining a girls' team,' I went on. 'They want me to play in proper matches.'

Mum and Dad stared at each other.

15 'The coach said I could go far,' I added, looking hopefully at Dad. He was always more of a soft touch than Mum.

'Go far?' Mum snorted. 'To where? Jessie, we let you play all you wanted when you were young.'

20 You've played enough.'

'But that's not fair,' I cut in. 'He selected me.'

'He?' Mum pounced like a cat on a mouse, and turned to Dad. 'She said it was girls!'

'The coach is called Joe,' I explained patiently.

25 'See how she lies?' Mum shook her head at Dad.

'What family will want a daughter-in-law who can run around kicking a football all day, but can't make round *chapattis*?' She looked sternly at me. 'Now your exams are over, I want you to learn full Punjabi

40 dinner. Meat *and* vegetarian!'

'But, Dad—' I began.

Dad started to say something, but Mum jumped in again. 'Look, this is how you spoil her,' she said loudly. 'This is how it started with your niece.

45 The way that girl would answer back! Then she runs off to become a model wearing small-small skirts.'

'Mum!' I tried to get a word in edgeways. 'She's a fashion designer!'

50 'She's *divorced*, that's what she is,' Mum pointed out triumphantly. 'Cast off after three years married to a *gora* with blue hair! Her poor mother, she hasn't been able to set foot in the temple since. I don't want this shame in my family.' She held up her hand.

55 'That's it. No more football!'

She stormed off to the kitchen. I slumped on the sofa. I couldn't believe it. I'd finally found something I really wanted to do and now I wasn't going to be allowed to do it.

60 'Jessie, your mother's right,' Dad said, looking at me awkwardly. 'It doesn't look nice. You must behave like a proper young woman now.'

There was no point in arguing. I swallowed hard, 65 trying not to cry. It looked like my footballing days were well and truly over.

* * *

L.14: resentfully: avec ressentiment

1.43: spoil: gêter

1.62: behave: se comporter

Extract 2

A TRICKY SITUATION

The day before, while they were in Germany for a football game, Joe and Jess started flirting but were interrupted by Jess's jealous friend, Jules. On their arrival in England, Jess's parents, whom she had told she was staying in Croydon, were there, unexpectedly waiting for her.

- 1 Joe had spotted me, and he walked over, his expression unreadable. I couldn't tell if he was embarrassed, glad to see me or wished I was ten thousand miles away.
'Hi,' I said, trying to avoid his eyes.
'Hi.'
- 5 There was an awkward silence. (... ..) I took a deep breath and groped for the right words.
'Look, I'm sorry about...'
'I've already forgotten it,' Joe jumped in.
'Yeah, good.' I cleared my throat. 'Me too.'
'Your mum and dad didn't look too pleased yesterday,' Joe said. Understatement of the
- 10 millennium, I thought. 'I suppose you've come to tell me you're off the team.'
I hung my head. That was exactly why I was there. The semi-final was coming up on Sunday, and I was giving Joe plenty of notice so that he could sort out a replacement. It had all seemed so simple earlier that morning, but now I was torn in two again.
'It's not fair,' I mumbled. 'I feel like I'm either going to let the team down or really piss my
- 15 parents off. I don't want to upset *anyone*.'
Joe shook his head. 'Why are they so frightened to let you play?' he asked, looking genuinely puzzled.
'They want to protect me,' I said.
'From what?'
- 20 I raised my head and looked pointedly at him. We both blushed.
'This is taking me away from everything they know,' I explained.
Joe looked frustrated. I didn't blame him; I felt the same way myself. 'Whose life are you living, Jess? If you try pleasing them forever, you're going to end up blaming them.'
'What, like you?' The words were out of my mouth before I could stop them.
- 25 Joe looked away from me.
'Sorry...' I began.
'No, you're right,' Joe interrupted me. 'I stopped talking to my dad because we had nothing to talk about. After my injury, I spent a year trying to forget about the game, but I couldn't.'
'But I can't just stop talking to them like you,' I muttered. My family irritated the hell out of
- 30 me sometimes, but they were still my family. I couldn't just do what *I* wanted and leave them behind.
'I don't talk to my dad because I know what he'd say,' Joe said abruptly. 'He'd laugh himself stupid if he found out I was coaching girls.'
'How do you *know* that?' I argued. 'How do you know that he wouldn't be proud that you just
- 35 didn't give up?'
Joe didn't look very convinced. Then he looked me straight in the eye. 'Like you're giving up?'
His words stung, but I just shook my head dully. He didn't understand.

Pages 101/102/103
Bend it like Beckham