

TOM A LA FERME

een film van Xavier Dolan

Release: 17 april 2014

Canada, Frankrijk | 2013 | 105 minuten | Frans gesproken | Nederlandse ondertiteling

TOM A LA FERME is een psychologische thriller en gaat over Tom (Xavier Dolan), een jonge reclameontwerper, die naar het platteland reist voor de begrafenis van zijn geliefde. Eenmaal aangekomen blijkt dat niemand weet wie hij is of wat zijn relatie met de overledene was. Tom wordt meegesleurd in een sadistisch spelletje waarbij de seksueel onderdrukte broer (Pierre-Yves Cardinal) de regels bepaalt.

TOM A LA FERME ging in wereldpremière tijdens het Filmfestival van Venetië in 2013 en won er de FIPRESCI prijs.



Tom	XAVIER DOLAN
Francis	PIERRE-YVES CARDINAL
Agathe	LISE ROY
C	ÉVELVAIE DDOCULI

Credits

Sara ÉVELYNE BROCHU
Barman MANUEL TADROS
Prêtre JACQUES LAVALLÉE
Docteur ANNE CARON
Paul OLIVIER MORIN

Regisseur XAVIER DOLAN Scenario XAVIER DOLAN

MICHEL MARC BOUCHARD

ANDRÉ TURPIN Camera Muziek **GABRIEL YARED** Montage **XAVIER DOLAN** Productie design **COLOMBE RABY** Kostuum designer **XAVIER DOLAN** Geluid SYLVAIN BRASSARD Mix **OLIVIER GOINARD** Productie XAVIER DOLAN

NATHANAËL KARMITZ CHARLES GILLIBERT

Uitvoerend producent NANCY GRANT

Xavier Dolan

Filmografie:

2009 J'AI TUE MA MERE

2010 LES AMOURS IMAGINAIRES

2012 LAURENCE ANYWAYS

2013 COLLEGE BOY: INDOCHINE (kort)

2013 TOM A LA FERME



Director's Note

After inadvertently creating a trilogy on the subject of impossible love - I Killed My Mother, Heartbeats and Laurence Anyways - a change of direction was needed.

Several possibilities presented themselves to me. I opened my desk drawer, full of post-its and napkins, blackened with ideas, dialogue, and two or three log lines like you'd find in the TV guide.

There was a political thriller - talk about change - and there was my first English-language movie, The Death and Life of John F Donovan; but I wanted to write something I could make right away. I needed something lightning-fast, for an equally fast shoot.

Then, I remembered the play Tom at the Farm. It was the winter of 2011, I believe, and I was in pre-production for Laurence Anyways.

That night, on stage, Lise Roy - who would ultimately play the same role in the movie - delivered the monologue of a long-suffering mother who, having just returned from the funeral of her son, explodes over the preparation of the macaroni salad she's famous for. She throws the whole salad in the trash - no one had taken a bite — exclaiming her disgust for the recipe and for the people around her who forced her to make it, year after year. The macaroni monologue never strayed from its topic - which is to say, the food - yet it alluded to the profound sorrow of a woman who had never known anything but the farm, and the perfunctory embraces of her deceased husband and her sons, the milking of the cows, and the empty resignation of looking down a dirt road and realizing that no one new will ever darken it. Ironically, this moment never made it into the film, probably due to its theatricality.



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This detour into maternal distress, nevertheless, had hit too close to home for me not to keep driving down this road. The play's author, Michel Marc Bouchard, excels in expressing both the point of view of the guest and his hosts, and avoids the a priori urban vs country cliches. The brutality of the rapport between the two male leads, elegant and aesthetic on the stage, already spoke to the promise of a roughness and violence I wanted to express on film and that would take me away from my comfort zone. The play evoked and explored many feelings writ large, but I knew that

this sense of fear, anxiety and otherness were made for the big screen and, above all, that this newness was all that I was hoping to find.

After the show, under the marquee, in the haze of well earned cigarettes, I asked Michel Marc who was going to make this into a movie. He said: No one, why? Got someone in mind?

Yeah, me, I replied, with all the humility of Nero in Britannicus.

But seriously, that's basically how it happened.



From Stage To Screen

In 2011, when Michel Marc Bouchard and I decided to adapt his play together, it was determined that we would each work on our own. He would send me a first draft that I would then work on, I would send him a second draft, and so on.

Laurence Anyways having been shot and produced over a period of two years, I was back from Cannes in May of 2012 and had to quickly find a project for the fall. Pierre Falardeau, the late Quebecois filmmaker, said that it was better to shoot then to shoot yourself in the foot, and I was ready to rediscover the rush of the set.

Tom at the Farm became this urgent autumn project, and I soon called Michel Marc to tell him cameras would roll in October. He was completely swamped with writing a new play, and revisions on the script Queen Christina. Thus the adaptation began immediately, and Michel Marc and I tossed the ball back and forth for a month or two.

In the play, there were only 4 characters: Tom, Francis, Agathe and, at the very end, Sara, who arrives like truth wrapped up in lies, like a deliverance, a spark in a room filled with gas. They shared only a kitchen, a barn and a bedroom; a classic no exit.

We had to play this claustrophobic card in the film, but in such a way that the audience would not grow tired of seeing the same sets and people over and over again. It occurred to me early on that we would need to remove Tom from the farm a couple of times, if only to amp up the fear that he would return.



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The funeral, a visit to the doctor and the memories of a bar-brawl, would provide us with a few breaths of fresh air, and the chance to see Tom interact with characters who were not so central to his consenting captivity.

Enough characters, enough chances at least to escape his destiny. Chances he would not take.

There were 10 scenes in the play; 113 in the film. Choices had to be made - uneasy ones. But from all those play-toscript sacrifices, one thing - one, really - was left behind that I can't forget about as I am truly melancholic it didn't make the cut.

It was a quote from the author's foreword, and taken out of context, it probably would have been pretentious and highly onthe-nose to have any character merely speak it. It is by far the last angle I'd choose for this film, mostly because there is nothing I want more than to avoid ghettos and labels that do nothing but stress the "issue", but that quote, that phrase spanned to herself the movie's complete emotional range, its fragility, its timeless problematics, as well as its dormant disposition for the deviant and unseemly. It was, all things considered, what Tom... was all about. That and so many other things, but THAT, first and foremost, I guess:

"Before learning how to love, homosexuals learn how to lie." — Michel Marc Bouchard





TOM A LA FERME wordt gedistribueerd door

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