

**[Transcript] Les Grosses Têtes / LE BRET - Le billet de Marc-Antoine face à Popeck**

I knew you'd love this place.

What was that?

A selfie.

You just took a selfie.

With my new Samsung Galaxy Z Flip 5,

I can snap selfies while it's folded shut

and use the best camera on the phone.

It's so small, I can put it right back in my front pocket.

Now it's in my pocket.

Now it's taking selfies.

Whoa!

And the huge cover screen lets us see our pics without opening it.

Aw, you look cute confused.

I do look cute confused.

Get your Galaxy Z Flip 5 now at the Samsung Experience Store at Roosevelt Field.

With your long-haired hat, your moustache, your immeasurable accent,

except for Marc-Antoine Lebray.

And by the way, Marc-Antoine Lebray joined us.

And since you're the master of humor,

Jean-Marie Bigard wanted to tell you something.

Yeah, hi everyone.

Obviously, my Lolo.

You know, my friends, I respect Popek a lot.

Guys, it's been 45 years since he made the French laugh.

I respect him, and I respect him even more

than making the French laugh without a big word!

Without a fucking joke!

Not a single shot that goes over the bracket!

Not a single shot on Marc-Antoine!

In Greek for that,

my Popek, I shoot your hat.

They don't care!

But I'm happy!

Thank you, Jean-Marie.

Oh, Marc-Antoine Lebray.

Marc-Antoine Lebray will take a risk, ladies and gentlemen,

because here is Olivier de Caerceauxon.

Yeah, what do you want me to say about Popek?

Popek is the great class.

He's got a long-haired hat.

He's got a long-haired hat from John Steed,

the moustache from Magnum.

And since he's also here to make us Marie,

Michel Drucker!

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Ah, Michel Drucker!

Obviously, we're from the same generation,  
with the father of the father of the father of the father of Popek.

To tell you, Popek, I invited him live on Sunday,  
when it was still called Live on Saturday.

God didn't invent Sunday yet.

Beautiful.

Fuck, it rarely happens to me, but now I'm in anger, Laurent.

Oh, it's Philippe de Chébeste that I recognize.

Oh, did you see Popek's show?

We close.

No, but hey, it's not the head, Popek!

When the taste is good, we don't close fucking God here.

That's exactly what I was explaining this morning,  
calmly, to my intern.

And then I gave him an emote technique  
to dress the table well,

by planting a fork in his left eye

and a knife in his right eye.

He won't be fooled anymore.

So Popek, oh!

I said, you have no right to close your restaurant, my boy.

The scene is like the kitchen of love,  
smiles and tears, fuck.

Thank you, sir.

Especially if you're an intern who shits the first cover in the eyes.

I don't know if it's 100 years old, but I'm in anger.

Yes, I see.

Nagy is with us.

Hello, Nagy.

Hello, hello, hello, hello.

Popek is 87 years old,

and 60 years of career,

and 45 years of stage,

and 14 pieces,

and 15 one-man shows,

and 20 films,

and how he must be blinded by the old man.

Popek made his first appearance in the cinema  
in 1939, at the age of three,

in the Phantom Charrette,

which is not an episode of Star Wars

before the space ship was invented,

but a film by Julien Duvivier

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who also made the Don Camillo.

So, starting small with a big one,  
normal for Popek to be a big one among the biggest.

Very good, Nagy.

Thank you.

We'll see you soon,  
after 18 hours.

And Popek,  
stay with us for the Valleys, Popek.  
Valleys.