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# Tour de Pharmacy

By Murray Miller

**Edgar Wright:**

Stage 13 of the Tour de France,  
quite possibly  
the most difficult climb  
of the entire race.  
But one rider,  
Italy's JuJu Peppi,  
is absolutely burning up  
this mountain...  
...nearing the top  
of the Pyrenees  
minutes ahead of the pack.  
He's practically  
dancing on the pedals  
as he blasts  
past other riders,  
showing no signs of fatigue.  
Jon Hamm The Tour de France,  
the crme de la crme of cycling.  
At some point during  
the three-week race,  
half the world  
will tune in.  
With 3.5 billion viewers,  
it is far and away  
the most-watched  
sporting event on Earth,  
but it is also perhaps  
the most controversial.

**Wright:**

JuJu's opened an impressive lead  
with his  
record-setting pace.  
JuJu now relieving himself,  
which is a thing  
that cyclists actually do,  
and he's making quite a mess  
as he continues  
to burn up the mountainside.  
Unbelievable!  
JuJu Peppi's legs pumping away,  
pushing his body

to its absolute limits!  
How is he doing this?  
How is he doing this?

**Hamm:**

And just then...  
...JuJu Peppi's  
heart exploded.

**Wright:**

He's into the tuck for the downhill.  
No one even knew  
he was dead  
for about  
12 kilometers.

**Wright:**

Look at that form!  
He's perfectly still  
for optimum wind resistance!

**Hamm:**

with his dick out.  
In the autopsy,  
they found out  
JuJu was on EPO  
and cocaine.  
Also, some insulin  
and anabolic steroids,  
Oxabolone  
and Nandrolone.  
Trace amounts of  
Norethandrolone and Furazabol.  
They even found some  
heroin in his system.  
There was also Letrozole  
and Cyclazadone,  
some estrogen  
receptor modulators,  
Raloxifene  
and Tamoxifen...  
probably to ward off  
breast growth.  
A lot of Oxycodone

in his blood,  
Phentermine as well.  
Ortetamine, Bunolol,  
and Labetalol.  
Plus he had apparently  
huffed ethanol  
and taken  
a couple MDAs.  
He had clearly smoked some  
crystal meth and/or crack,  
and there was a hormone  
from monkey testicles  
that he had cooked down  
into a broth that he drank.  
He also  
had apparently eaten  
at least one sandwich  
from Arby's.

**Hamm:**

gave himself a huge edge  
at the 1982 Tour de France with  
performance-enhancing drugs.

**Man:**

Oh my God!

**Man:**

Jesus Christ!

**Hamm:**

But he was far from alone that year.  
In what has now become known  
as the Tour de Pharmacy,  
athletes took drug abuse to a level  
never seen before or thereafter,  
creating supermen  
in Superman spandex,  
attempting to traverse  
2,179 miles  
and over some of the most treacherous  
mountain ranges on the planet.  
But how do you tell  
the story of a bike race,

the story  
of 170 extreme personalities  
all vying  
for a common goal?  
You probably could,  
but it would take forever.  
Luckily, we only have to tell  
the story of five of them.

**Rex Honeycut:**

the atmosphere is positively electric  
as the town of Basel  
has gathered to greet  
the riders who have come  
from all over the world.  
Here's one now,  
arriving all the way from the United States,  
Slim Robinson.  
Hey.  
Hi, Slim. Welcome.  
Slim Robinson was  
sports royalty.  
His uncle was Jackie Robinson,  
who, of course,  
was the first black man  
in professional baseball.  
And throughout his life,  
Slim excelled at many different sports,  
but obviously struggled  
to stand out like his uncle,  
because he wasn't  
the only black athlete...  
until he found cycling,  
which was very white.  
And it made him happy,  
because it was the last sport  
where he could break  
the color line.  
My uncle was the first  
black something.  
I wanted to be the first  
black something too.  
First one to ever  
do it, baby. Woo!

Slim Robinson!  
Seeing another black  
man on a bicycle was  
a huge deal  
for me, you know?  
So,  
a lot of people think of me as a boxer,  
but what they really didn't know  
is that I love bicycles.  
When I was a kid,  
I got a Schwinn bicycle,  
and, man, I would ride  
that bicycle all over  
New York City.  
But then one day  
my bicycle was stolen.  
When I finally found out  
who stole my bicycle,  
I beat the shit  
outta that kid, man.  
And I realized, "Hey,  
I'm a better fighter  
than I am a cyclist."  
And this is how  
I became a boxer.  
My whole life,  
people have been referring  
to me as the nephew  
of Jackie Robinson.  
But I think  
after what I do here today,  
they're gonna start  
calling him "Slim's uncle."  
Really? You think  
that people will start  
to call Jackie Robinson  
"Slim's uncle"?  
Absolutely. Yeah.  
I disagree.

**Hamm:**

was that the color barrier  
would not be the only  
barrier to fall that year.

Because  
I am woman,  
everyone think I cannot  
do what a man can do.  
"How can you ride without  
the dick and the balls?  
How can you ride  
a bike with a...  
how you say?  
You say "pussy."  
So, this is why I had  
to disguise myself as a man.

**Honeycut:**

the great French mystery.  
Being your first Tour,  
were you rattled by anything?  
The... the shaving of legs.  
I've never done this before,  
so this is  
a first, uh...  
I am a man, you are a man.  
We don't shave our legs.  
Right, but as a cyclist,  
it's essential, isn't it?  
But it is weird.  
It was my first time talking  
in public as a man...  
Someone smells of lilac.  
Is it her?  
Oh, yes, uh,  
very lilac  
and very hot.  
Ho, ho, ho, ho,  
what a hot chick.  
...and I think I nailed it.

**Hamm:**

'82 Tour,  
including the appearance  
of Marty Hass,  
the first-ever  
African cyclist.  
Marty Hass. Marty Hass.

Africa! What's up, Africa?  
Feeling strong, ready for the race?  
Woo!

**Marty:**

I was just, uh,  
psyched, psyched,  
psyched to be there,  
you know,  
representing Nigeria  
and all my Nigerian  
brothers and chicks.  
Marty's father owned  
a diamond mine  
near Nigeria's capital...  
...where he went to an  
all-American private school.  
He rarely associated  
with actual Nigerians.  
At a young age, Marty established  
himself as the country's best cyclist,  
because everyone else was  
on bicycles made out of wood.  
But on a serious note, Rex,  
it is truly an honor  
to be here to represent Africa,  
because... I don't know  
if you know this, but Africa's  
actually going through  
some pretty weak stuff.  
Right. For example, oftentimes,  
it'll get pretty warm there.  
Here in Nigeria,  
we hate Marty Hass.  
Marty Hass would  
walk into a bar,  
then he would go  
over to the jukebox  
and put on Bob Marley, "Legend,"  
and be shouting,  
"African music!"  
Jamaica is not in Africa.  
Well, you seem very,  
very proud of your homeland.



Indeed I am.  
You know, I miss it.  
Being here in France,  
I miss it back home,  
and... I bless the rains  
down in Africa.  
Right, right,  
like the song.  
Oh, I'm not familiar  
with that.  
It's the lyrics  
to the Toto song, "Africa."  
Uh, I'm not familiar  
with that.  
But at any rate,  
it's gonna take a lot...

**Both:**

To drag me away from you.  
From you. That's what I was gonna say!  
Shall we do it in harmony?  
That's so bizarre.  
I was gonna say,  
"Drag me away from you,  
from this great interview."  
Real Africans didn't like  
that song, "Africa."  
That's why he was lying.  
You ever seen the dudes  
in the band Toto?  
Those dudes shouldn't  
be singing about Africa.

**Hamm:**

code in cycling,  
and openly discussing the use  
of performance-enhancing drugs  
is certainly off-limits.  
But we found  
one former cyclist  
who was bold enough  
to speak frankly  
under the guise  
of anonymity.

I'm standing here with the  
legendary Gustav Ditters.  
You look like you're  
going to be carrying  
a few extra pounds  
on the bike this year.  
Yes. This is what happens  
when you train super hard,  
on the bicycle.

**Honeycut:**

it is quite impressive.  
Looks almost like you  
could play a real sport.

**Ditters:**

Everyone was cheating.  
Everyone...  
except for me.

**Honeycut:**

I'm gonna have to work  
extra hard to keep up  
with you out there.  
That's right,  
you heard it.  
This year, I'll be on the bike,  
riding alongside the riders,  
conducting my interviews  
during the race,  
that is if I don't  
pass out immediately.  
What do you think about that, Gustav?  
Fucking hell, mate.

**Hamm:**

was the most eccentric bike race  
in the history of cycling,  
in large part due to the fact  
that virtually every rider  
in the race was doping,  
nearly all 170 of them.  
The reason every rider was on drugs in the  
'82 race

has to do with the  
fact that credit cards  
were introduced to  
Finland the year before.  
Kultabank issued the first  
Finnish charge card,  
and they announced it with  
a bizarre commercial.

Yeah, it's  
a confusing commercial  
for a dozen reasons  
at least.

First of all, why is going down  
on his wife payment for this guy?

And what's he paying for?

Spilling the milk?

We saw him spill the milk, so why is she  
drinking milk in the very next scene?

You'll notice the woman  
doesn't climax,  
which means the debt  
has not been fully repaid,  
and likely never will.

Right, guys?

Sorry, I just noticed  
the crew is mostly women.  
I'm not good at oral sex.

**Hamm:**

shown in the commercials  
certainly did not do its job explaining  
credit cards to the people of Finland.

and this included  
the former president  
of the UCI,  
Ditmer Klerken.

Well, the UCI  
was in charge  
of testing all the  
riders for doping,  
and the guy in charge of that had  
a serious credit card problem.

I would see something,  
like a cool car

a cool horse,  
or something like this,  
and... and I would hand them  
this magic piece of plastic  
and they would give me  
the cool thing.  
After three months,  
Ditmer owed  
nearly \$16 million U.S.  
to KultaBank.  
Because he was  
in this huge debt,  
Ditmer sent every rider  
a note saying  
if they paid him \$50,000,  
they wouldn't  
get drug-tested that year.

**Ditmer:**

if you don't want to be drug tested,  
"make a check out  
to Ditmer Klerken  
"in the amount  
of \$50,000 U.S.  
"and you won't be.  
Thanks you guys, Ditmer.  
"PS, if you tell  
anyone about this,  
I'll fucking kill you!"  
Silly.

**Wright:**

And here we go!  
The 1982 Tour de France  
has officially begun!  
Guys came out flying on bikes!  
Man, I wanted to be on a bike so bad.

**Hamm:**

207 kilometers from Basel to Mohlin,  
up and over some of the most  
breathtaking hillscapes in the world.  
a serene landscape that  
was completely juxtaposed

to the ugliness  
that was about to ensue.

**Wright:**

holding tight in the peloton.  
JuJu Peppi not surprisingly  
at the front of the pack.  
And it looks like we've got  
a beautiful fan up ahead!  
Hey, hey, bella senora!

**Wright:**

grope and is losing balance!  
Can he stay up?  
Oh no! Oh no!  
JuJu's lost his balance!  
He's fallen over!  
It's a terrible crash!  
Yay!

**Wright:**

People are beginning to stand,  
which is a good sign.  
Is-a not my fault!  
I lose-a sight of the road!

**Man:**

**People:**

Whoa!

**Hamm:**

Jabin Dolchey was known for two things:  
Fighting and his outfits  
that he claimed to be made  
from a high-tech breathable  
material he called Spanlon.  
Jabin Dolchey!  
Speed the competition!  
He was an odd bird,  
and he seemed proud  
of what everyone could see  
was a very tiny,  
misshaped penis.

**Hamm:**

most massive scuffle in Tour history.

**Honeycut:**

Well, this is just awful.  
These men are literally trying  
to tear one another apart.  
Cyclists are  
incredible athletes  
as far as  
endurance goes,  
but a great deal of  
'em fight like little bitches.

**Tyson:**

and people said it was a fight.  
As a boxer,  
it was offensive to me.  
And as is with every  
accident near Switzerland,  
a Saint Bernard is  
the first responder.  
It's really peaty.  
They tried to  
hurt each other,  
but I am a...  
a peaceful person.  
I don't do things  
like that.  
Please!  
No! No! I beg you!  
No! No! Please! I'm naked!  
Please put me down!  
Everything I did that day,  
I did in self-defense.

**Hamm:**

French authorities finally arrived  
and put the kibosh  
on the fracas.  
The first day  
was canceled,  
but with no major injuries,

the race was expected  
to resume the following day,  
were it not  
for a forsaken water bottle.  
Ah!  
Ooh!  
Woo!  
If you take too strong  
a dose of amphetamines,  
they can act  
as a super powerful aphrodisiac.  
No, no, no.  
Oui.  
No!  
No! No!  
No.  
No.  
When I took a large  
dose of amphetamines,  
I ended up  
having sex with a...  
Oh, we have to try every drug  
on our banned list,  
so we know what  
we're dealing with.  
I actually paint what  
the experiences are like,  
so I can remember  
the effects of each drug.  
Would you like to see them?  
So, this is what I painted  
while I was on amphetamines.  
It's kind of what I felt like  
when I did the drug.  
Yeah.  
This is when  
I did crack cocaine,  
so you can see how similar  
the two drugs are.  
Oh, this is from  
when I did meth.  
So, you can see that meth is a very  
different drug than the other two.  
Yeah.

And all of these  
are for sale.

**Hamm:**

In an attempt to quell the media frenzy,  
the water bottle created,  
Ditmer Klerken held  
a press conference.

Ditmer, Ditmer.

There are reports that you asked every rider  
for \$50,000 if they did not want  
to be drug tested.

Is... is that true?

Yeah, that's true.

I mean, no. Fuck! No. I mean...

no, I mean it's not... not true.

Ah fuck! Ah.

Now you guys are never  
going to believe me  
because I said  
it was true right away.

But no, no, no, that's...  
that's not true.

But does anybody know  
if you admit to something  
like taking bribes  
and you give all the money back,  
for instance,  
does that mean that  
you could keep your job?

Ah! What a crazy  
hypothetical question.

Where do I even come up  
with this stuff?

And nobody ask me  
if I'm cheating on my wife,  
because I am.

Ah! I'm kidding.

No, no. Shit!

**Hamm:**

nearly every participant  
in the race was disqualified  
for sending the bribe money.



Of the 170 riders entered,  
only five did not send checks.  
With only  
five riders left,  
it seemed the Tour  
would be canceled.  
I didn't pay Ditmer.  
What I to do?  
But if-a they end the race,  
then I am punished for what?  
Why punish me?  
Look at me.  
You put a little coke-a  
in your nose, take a shit,  
have great sex,  
wake up-a the next day,  
and you are  
like a... champion.  
No, I would never do that.  
Are you crazy?  
In an unprecedented decision,  
the UCI has decided to allow  
the Tour de France  
to continue  
with only the five  
remaining cyclists,  
the final five,  
which I am dubbing The Fab 5.  
You heard it here first,  
ladies and gentlemen,  
these five riders will forever  
be known as The Fab 5.

**Hamm:**

with the Fab Five,  
the Michigan basketball team who  
ultimately became much more famous.  
Who's that?  
That's Chris Webber.

**Man:**

**Man 2:**

**Man:**

why did you bring him here?

**Man 2:**

Somebody fucked up.

**Man:**

What are we supposed to do with this guy?

**Man 2:**

the bathroom, then we all leave.

**Wright:**

Here we are, Stage 2,  
Tour de France!  
It's a 250 kilometer ride  
through flat plains  
from Basel to Nancy.  
Here we are,  
Tour de France, day two,  
and I'm riding  
right alongside the riders,  
getting the scoop straight from  
the horse's mouth, so to speak.  
And to no one's surprise,  
it's JuJu in the lead.  
I was really impressed,  
what a great rider Rex was.  
I mean, he was right there  
in the front of the pack  
most of the time  
with that microphone.  
He was riding with the greatest  
cyclists in the world.  
Well, it's only day two.  
Don't kill yourself.  
Got another  
three weeks to go.  
I'm-a no kill myself.  
I'm-a never die,  
not on a bicycle.  
That is a sure thing.

**Hamm:**

And JuJu didn't die that day,  
but he did eventually,  
as you know,  
because we showed it  
to you at the beginning.  
But that day, he lived  
and won the yellow jersey,  
then celebrated that night  
with a well-earned massage.  
Each night,  
the depleted muscles  
must be softened in readiness  
for the torture ahead.  
The riders' bulging,  
shaved quadriceps  
and smooth,  
taut hamstrings  
require deep tissue massage  
with the finest oils available  
and strong fingers.  
All that built up lactic acid  
can finally be ejaculated.  
After that, I passed out,  
but not before,  
I remember, making  
everybody promise  
to take turns  
riding up front  
so the rest of us  
could draft.  
You gotta take it down a notch out there,  
JuJu. You're going too hard.  
Marty's right.  
It's just the five of us.  
Yeah, we gotta  
work together,  
and all start drafting  
for each other.  
One of the most important  
elements of cycling is drafting,  
and that's when the cyclists take turns  
breaking the wind at the front of the pack.  
It's much harder  
on the rider in the front,

but everyone behind him  
expends way less energy.

**Robinson:**

We said we were gonna take turns in the lead.  
Yeah, well,  
it's not my turn.

**Robinson:**

it's not my turn either.  
JuJu, you take the lead.  
I'm like, "Dudes,  
what happened to the plan?"  
You know, nobody wanted  
to do the work.  
Everybody's just slowing down.  
You know, there's  
an old saying in Nigeria:  
Is there no honor  
amongst blood diamond thieves?  
I think that applied  
in this case.  
No one would ride in front,  
so...  
so we were all competing  
to be in the back.

**Hamm:**

seven days,  
the riders crawled  
across France,  
each unwilling  
to take the lead.  
Suffice it to say,  
during this section,  
the race was boring.

**Wright:**

Here we are, stage nine,  
the monotony continues.

**Wright:**

Now being passed by an old lady.  
Slim, you've done an amazing job,

riding slowest today.  
How are you holding up  
at this pace?  
You know, Rex, riding like this has given  
me a chance to really stop and look around.  
Yeah, I mean,  
look where we are.  
It's beautiful out here.  
Right. Sure.  
Yeah, so,  
what's next for you?  
Whoa, whoa,  
whoa, hold up, Rex.  
Hold up.  
Hold up. Hold up.  
Hey.  
That's where  
I met Fabienne.  
Oh.  
Yeah, excuse me  
for one moment.  
I gotta see about  
something over here.  
Right.  
That's Slim Robinson,  
taking a moment  
to really enjoy life.  
I totally understand  
what Slim did.  
Sometimes you just  
need a time-out.

**Hamm:**

But the slow riding suddenly came to an end  
when a rowdy fan  
awoke a sleeping giant.  
What the fuck  
did you say to me?  
Today a man tell Gustav  
I cannot ride fast,  
but I can ride very fast.  
I will now field questions.

**Woman:**

Gustav, my question is,  
can you ride fast?  
Fuck you! Next question.  
Yeah, hi.  
Can you ride fast?  
Fuck you!  
Tomorrow I will ride incredibly fast  
and prove all of you wrong!  
The race starts now!

**Wright:**

making good on his promise.

**Wright:**

The race starts now.  
He is absolutely tearing up the  
Pyrenees like a man possessed.  
Even taking into account  
the past 10 days' rest,  
this performance  
is off the charts!  
I do not know  
what has got into this guy.

**Hamm:**

into Gustav Ditters that day,  
but many suspected  
something had, literally.  
Setting records is standard  
protocol for the Tour de France,  
but when you blow records away  
and burn up a mountain  
at a pace most sprinters  
achieve on flat land,  
suspicions arise.  
Hey, come on.  
How do you beat  
a man on drugs if  
you're not on drugs?

**Man:**

Did you just admit to being on drugs?

**Hamm:**

suspicious of Gustav's newfound energy.  
Monsieur Ditters,  
we are police!  
It is not blood.  
It is not blood.  
It is Gatorade.  
I will drink it now.  
Give me the Gatorade!  
Give me the blood!  
Give me the blood!

**Hamm:**

Most people are familiar with the term,  
but how exactly  
does it work?  
To understand doping,  
we must first understand  
the function  
of the red blood cell.  
Hi, I'm a red blood cell,  
and it's the most common type  
of blood cell in your body.  
That's right, my boy!  
Our job is perhaps the most  
important in the bloodstream.  
We are the delivery men,  
delivering oxygen to all  
the cells of the body.  
We work alongside  
the other blood cells,  
like platelets...  
Hey-oh!  
...who are the construction men...  
Ow!  
...and the white blood cells,  
who are the police force around here.  
He's got a gun!  
What?  
Oh my God!  
He's fucking dead!  
All right, calm... calm down.  
We were just doing our job.  
Pigs! Pigs!  
Let's burn

this motherfucker down!  
Kill these white motherfuckers!  
No! Don't burn my shop down!  
I'm on your side!  
Yeah, burn it down!  
Stop! We're just  
attacking ourselves!  
It's full-blown AIDS in here!

**Hamm:**

of the proceeding piece  
was a woman named  
Victoria Young.  
I was originally an  
animator for Sesame Street,  
but then I got  
fired from Henson,  
because I couldn't  
draw fast enough.  
Sesame Street  
was also unhappy  
with my creation of the  
character Huey Black.  
Heya, Huey!  
Do you wanna play a numbers game?  
Shut the fuck up!  
Anyway, Gustav Ditters  
was blood doping,  
but not the way  
you'd expect.  
Cyclists dope to get  
their VO2 max levels up,  
so Gustav figured,  
"Why not add red blood cells  
"from the creature with  
the highest VO2 max level  
on Earth?"  
A cheetah.  
Just because I have cheetah blood  
does not make me a cheetah!  
Cheetah. If I have  
cheetah blood in me,  
I am not cheetah, yeah?  
I was never



a cheetah.

The UCI should have  
understood that.

If you put cheetah blood in you,  
it wouldn't make you a cheetah.

What are you having  
trouble with?

The way I say cheetah  
or the way I say "cheat-ah"?

**Hamm:**

Whether it was effective or not,  
Gustav did add a foreign  
substance to his body.

And for doing so,  
he was disqualified as a cheetah.

And the following day,  
the field narrowed even further  
when JuJu Peppi took  
his fatal tumble off a cliff.

**Man:**

Holy shit!

**Woman:**

**Man 2:**

People dope. Yeah.  
They risk their lives,  
but, you know,  
this is a sport  
with literally hundreds  
of dollars on the line,  
and dozens of fans.  
The... stakes are medium!

**Hamm:**

Marty and Adrian were  
the only riders left  
in the race.  
Slim Robinson was still back  
on the outskirts of Marsan.  
I love it here.  
Stopping the race

was the best decision  
I ever made.  
Just been working  
the farm with Fabienne.  
We produce dairy here...  
milk, yogurt and cheese.  
You know, I love tending the land,  
milking the cows,  
fucking the shit  
outta Fabienne.  
It just all really suited me.  
I still ride  
a bike every day,  
only now it's to  
deliver our dairy.  
Only thing I'm racing now is  
the expiration date on our milk.  
It should be noted,  
though, that I am probably  
the first black  
French dairy farmer.  
Number one, baby.

**Hamm:**

unbeknownst to Marty,  
he found himself in cycling's  
first battle of the sexes.  
It was just down to the...  
to the two of us,  
real competitive,  
uh,  
and then something weird happened.  
I started to notice, like,  
little things about him,  
and started to feel, like,  
"I want to get to know him better,"  
or something like that,  
and that was strange,  
'cause I should've  
been focused on winning.

**Wright:**

Marty and Adrian,  
really seem to be enjoying each

other's company out there.  
I think maybe Marty knew I was  
woman somewhere deep inside him.

**Wright:**

Looks like we're finally getting a race.  
No, they're pulling over  
for a break.  
What the hell is this?  
If I didn't know  
that he was a she  
before we went  
behind that wall,  
jeez, I sure did after.

**Baton:**

**Oui! Hass:**

**Baton:**

Oh man.  
Oui!  
Most hard-core  
cyclists know  
that cycling  
was invented  
so that men could  
fuck in the hills.  
I promised to  
keep her secret  
just between us,  
and in so doing,  
I became something of a gay icon.  
Marty and Adrian became the  
first publicly out gay athletes,  
while simultaneously being  
in a heterosexual relationship.

**Hamm:**

Their romantic tryst  
was well-documented.  
most beautifully covered  
by the French news channels.  
The way the French cover their

sporting events is gorgeous.  
I'll watch French  
sports all the time  
just to kinda brainstorm new  
ways of shooting things.  
Hey!

**Abrams:**

of the 1982 Tour de France,  
it wasn't just  
impressive footage  
for a news team  
to capture.  
I call it groundbreaking  
footage for film, period.  
This wasn't  
the French new wave.  
This was  
the French news wave.  
Don't put that in the movie.  
That, um...  
It's too good of a line.  
I want to get it right.  
This wasn't  
the French new wave.  
It was  
the French news wave.  
That was it.  
We tied a rope  
to our bikes  
so... there would be  
no winners  
and there  
would be no losers.  
We would  
always be together.  
Well, to see Marty  
in the lead  
and in love  
made me so upset,  
because I hated  
Marty Hass.  
There. You talking  
about Marty Hass?

Yes.

Fuck Marty Hass!

Fuck Marty Hass!

Fuck him! Fuck him!

Stage 19.

Just two days remain  
and interest in the Tour  
has dwindled nearly to nothing.

No spectators  
line the streets.

Passing cars have absolutely no clue that  
an event of any kind is taking place.

In fact, at this point,  
I have no idea why we're even out here.  
I'm just a guy on a bike  
following a homosexual couple  
who have tied  
their bikes together.

**Hamm:**

And to no one's surprise,  
Marty and Adrian shared  
the yellow jersey that day.  
Here we are, the beginning of the  
end of the 1982 Tour de France,  
the 187-kilometer ride  
from Fontenay-sous-Bois  
to the finishing line  
at the Champs-Élysées.

Excuse me a moment.

Just getting word from the home office.

Yeah?

And just when  
you think it's over,  
there's some shit  
that's about to go down.

That's bonkers! Well, some interesting  
new developments in the race.

The UCI has just informed me  
that technically,  
since I've ridden every stage of the race  
and had to register as a cyclist  
to bring my bike on the road,  
I'm eligible

to win this thing.

**Both:**

And I think I just might.

**Wright:**

A perfect backflip from Rex!

Whoa!

**Wright:**

And it's a matching pair of tail whips  
from the lovebirds.

Whoa-ho!

And it appears Adrian is now  
untying the rope for some reason.

No! Adrian,

what are you doing?

It is the only way, Marty.

We can do this together.

No, you do it for us, Marty.

I love you. Je t'aime.

No! Adrian!

Je t'aime!

I had no fear

when I ran into Rex,

because my heart

was just so full,

full of love for Marty.

I could feel nothing else.

In fact, I could feel

nothing at all,

because I was also on...

very much... Oxycodone.

Whoa! The dude was a chick!

**Wright:**

in fact, a woman.

Well, that moment

really set the groundwork

for a whole genre of

cross-dressing sports films...

Just One of the Guys,

Nobody's Perfect,

Ladybugs, Juwanna Ma...

Juwanna Mann  
is, I think,  
one of the best films.  
It's arguably  
the best film.

**Wright:**

And that's not all.  
It appears Rex  
Honeycut was riding  
with an engine  
in his bike.  
I guess that explains  
how he kept up with the pros.

**Hamm:**

all alone, heading into Paris.

**Marty:**

it was heartbreaking to try to go it alone,  
but I had to try  
to win for Adrian...  
otherwise her sacrifice  
would've been for nothing.  
An African was going to  
win the Tour de France!  
And for a brief moment...  
I loved Marty Hass.

**Wright:**

approaching the finish line.  
He will be the champion  
of the 1982...  
Wait! What's this?  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
Slim Robinson is back!  
Even though life  
on the farm was perfect,  
I couldn't get cycling  
out of my head.

**Wright:**

at an incredible pace  
on his cruiser!

He's caught up to Marty!  
But now it's Marty  
giving a strong push!  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
we are in  
for an incredible finish!  
They are absolutely neck  
and neck right now!  
Getting closer!  
Getting closer!  
This is one  
for the record books!  
And the winner is...  
Slim Robinson  
by a long shot.  
It looked really close  
from the other angle,  
but no,  
it was not close at all.  
Those defocused lenses  
can be really deceiving.  
I still get emotional  
when I think about it.  
I mean, I was the first black  
man in the Tour de France,  
and I won it.  
This is the most important shit  
that has ever happened ever!  
Fuck Jackie Robinson,  
and fuck Marty Hass  
with his fake African ass!  
Guess what else?  
I can make cheese, yo!  
I make some good cheeses.  
Was I happy that a black man  
won the Tour de France?  
This is the first  
I'm hearing about it.  
Somehow, Marty Hass  
found a way  
to fuck us over again.  
You know,  
I think it's a bit of a shame that...  
that an African



couldn't have won that race.  
It was a very fucked up year  
for bicycle riding.  
Cyclists are hunks.  
I still really don't love  
watching cycling.  
With the upper body  
of an alien  
and the downstairs  
of a horse.  
What really got me invested in the  
'82 Tour were the characters.  
With only five guys,  
you really got to know each of them.  
You really cared. It was just super  
strong character development,  
and the whole thing,  
like, really played out,  
like, a really  
well-written script.  
I won the Tour de France,  
and I did it with nothing  
but my own blood,  
sweat, and tears,  
and extra blood!  
Oh shit.

**Hass:**

It was a tough day.  
Lost the race,  
lost my girl,  
and I haven't seen  
Adrian since.  
No, I never, uh...  
I never did see Marty again.  
Um, my crashing into Rex  
was considered manslaughter,  
since he died, you know?  
And for this, I received...  
35 years in prison,  
so...  
It was worth it...  
...because I did  
what I set out to do.

I proved that a woman can cheat  
at cycling as well as any man.  
That's something for  
people to think about  
from this  
anonymous guy.  
My parents bought me  
the bike out of van,  
but they didn't know  
the bike was stolen.  
And then one day,  
I'm just riding to school,  
and then I'm getting  
the living shit  
beat out of me.  
And that's what  
it's like in Africa.  
Like,  
sometimes they'll run out of Nerds candy.  
Have you ever had that?  
I was like, "Where's my Nerds?  
Where's my Nerds?"

**Honeycut:**

Right. Yeah,  
because they gotta ship 'em in,  
and I'm like, "Dad!  
Where's my Nerds?"  
I'm not a milkman.  
I'm a cyclist.  
You're not taking this bike!  
You tell Slim's uncle  
Slim is back  
on the Tour!

**Fabienne:**

Who is that?  
Jackie  
fucking Robinson!  
Big news  
at the Tour de France,  
a fight has broken out,  
and not surprisingly,  
Austrian muscle freak Gustav

Ditters is in the center of it.  
Here we have some footage of  
him grabbing Jabin Dolchey.  
He used Jabin's  
flailing legs  
to kick other riders  
in the face.  
Stupendous.  
I'm Mick Porterhouse and... Woo!  
Oh no! My legs  
are getting all shaky, man!  
Hey, hey, hey. Slow down, man.  
He can't take that.  
Take it easy on him!  
I think I'm gonna evacuate my bowels!  
Just go with it, Marty! Ride the wave!  
That is not helping, Slim!  
Call my dad!  
Basta!  
Call my dad, man!  
Call his-a papa!  
After that...  
I rocked a trifecta,  
and I passed out.

**Man:**

Oh, that's when you, um,  
puke and shit and jizz at the same time.  
What's a basketball player  
look like?  
We don't have that  
in Napa.  
That's a basketball player?  
Jesus!  
That makes me even hornier  
than the picture of a cyclist.  
Oh my shit, he is fine!  
What the fuck  
is in his shorts?  
That was just a shocking  
moment of television.  
It was ferocious  
and full of electricity.  
It was... felicity.

When you put  
a crazy person  
in charge  
of the Tour de France,  
crazy things will happen.  
That was Ditmer Perten.  
Was that "Perten"?  
That was Ditman Kirkman.  
That was Ditmar Perper.  
I mean, how the fuck do you say this  
guy's name? What was his name again?  
That was Ditman Klerker.  
That was Ditman Klerken.  
That was Ditmar Klerken.  
Ditmen Klirken.  
Ditman Klerker... Klerken.  
Ditmen Klerken.  
Ditman Klerker.  
Ditmen Klerken. Did I get it?  
Ditmen Klerken.  
Ditmen Klerken.  
That's his name, okay.  
But he was crazy, though.  
Well, Tour's over.  
Time to go kill myself.