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# Allez, Eddy!

By Gert Embrechts

In the beginning  
God created the heaven and the earth,  
the animals and the plants.  
In five days.  
And everything God created was perfect.  
But Mum says that on the sixth day  
God made a mistake.  
Because that's when he created Man.  
We've seen it.  
Shitty pants!  
- Turd face!  
Stinky!  
- Stay there. Turd face!  
And to help the people  
He had created with a defect,  
God created the doctor.  
That doctor told me  
there's a wire missing  
between my head and my bottom.  
The two aren't connected...  
and that's why I keep messing my pants.  
But God forgot to tell the doctor  
how to put my defect right.  
So now I have to wait for a prescription  
to be sent down from heaven.  
It's best If I don't go out on my own  
because no good will come of it.  
Like in the case of Martje,  
Sien The Horse Man's daughter.  
Everyone admired Martje.  
Until they discovered that  
Martje had a huge lump on her stomach.  
From then on  
no one listened to Martje any more.  
They just looked at her stomach  
and laughed.  
No one ever heard Martje, Sien  
The Horse Man's daughter, sing again.  
Because people don't like  
children who are different.  
People don't like  
children who are different.  
That's why it's best  
not to go out without me.

Freddy?

- Yes?

D'you hear me?

- Yes, Mum.

...the 62nd Tour de France,  
setting off from Charleroi.  
This year Eddy Merckx hopes  
to go down in history  
by winning it for the sixth time  
and beating the French record holder,  
Jacques Anquetil,  
who won the Tour de France five times.  
Frenchman Bernard Thvenet  
won the Dauphin.

Can Eddy Merckx stay ahead of him?

Will the Cannibal be able to  
fend off Lucien Van Impe?

For the next three weeks we will  
be treated to a fantastic race.  
140 riders, 14 teams, 22 stages...

The first riders have completed  
the 6 km prologue.

The young Italian,  
Francesco Moser, is in the lead  
but all eyes are on Eddy Merckx.  
Can he, here in his own country...

Fien, Marleen, Briek!

Pull your socks up.

Your bow is untidy.

Briek, I can hear the drums!

- I'm coming, Mum.

Andre!

- Yeah, I'm coming.

The procession.

- Merckx is about to start the Tour.

You don't abandon Mary with impunity.

- Merckx neither.

You were created in the image of God,  
not in the image of a cyclist.

Today Merckx is God.

- Andre Dermul, you should be ashamed.

There is only one God  
and that's me.

Briek!

- Yes, Dad.

What's up?

- Come on, son. For goodness' sake.

I won't be gone long. OK?

CLOSED FOR MERCKX

Eddy Merckx who won last year,  
beating Raymond Poulidor by 8 minutes.

Eddy Merckx who has won  
more than 500 races.

Eddy Merckx, our...

One rider will start before him,  
the one who came second last year...

The riders are at the start,  
the official is counting down.

Five seconds. Three...

Two, one, go!

Excellent start by Merckx.

What power, what pedalling!

The beast has been released!

Merckx passes the flag for  
the final kilometre. 800 metres to go.

600 metres.

Will Eddy Merckx do  
what everyone is expecting him to do?

Another 100 metres.

50, 40, 30 metres.

Eddy Merckx has set another time record.

Eddy Merckx left them all behind.

Well done, Eddy Merckx.

Well done!

Merckx is unbeatable.

Come on, Eddy, you are our hero!

COME ON, EDD Y!

What was that?

I think it's for the supermarket.

- Supermarket?

Yes. They're going to sell  
everything under one roof.

Meat, fish, vegetables, shoes.

All together in the same shop.

Where?

- Next to Achille's field.

Meat next to underwear.

Who's silly idea was that?

They're going to sell racing bikes too.

- Racing bikes?

No one will want to shop there.

I wouldn't mind seeing this big shop.

Just take a look.

It sounds fascinating.

Fascinating?

Go on back to your room,

you strange boy.

Or you'll get something fascinating  
round your ears.

Go on.

Come on.

That's a good idea,  
your bike up in the air, eh?

Why is that supermarket  
such a bad thing?

Go to sleep now.

Eddy Merckx breaks away.

The others can't keep up.

No one is strong enough.

Aunt Marjet!

- Here they are.

Hello, sweethearts.

I've brought lots of presents.

Come and see what I've brought.

Come and see. Take it all out.

Take it with you.

Take it inside. I'm coming.

Look.

So many presents!

- From Aunt Marjet.

Pleased?

Put them on the table.

Hello, sister-in-law.

You're wearing such bright colours.

You've become a nun after all?

Your mum will be proud.

She always wanted a nun in the family.

Look who it is. My little brother.

Take your apron off, it's Sunday.

Hi, aunt.

- Briek. Don't get blood all over me.

Good morning to you too.

Freddy.

Where's my little man? There he is!

My precious boy.

Will you come up to my room later?

- Yes, I'll come up to your room.

Go on then. See you later.

- Yeah.

Where are...

Where are you, girls?

That's a lovely colour.

- Yes, that's true.

That's nice. That's it.

- But that's too long.

We haven't looked at this catalogue yet.

I want that one.

- Me too.

Thought so. Even Princess Astrid  
hasn't got one like that.

And she's got more money than us.

Here, Marjet, that's for the dresses.

It's my present for  
your silver wedding anniversary, Angel.

I can't...

- Put it away.

No, Marjet, no way.

We'll pay for it ourselves.

You need this money, little brother.

- I'll buy my kids' clothes myself.

She wants to give them a present.

They'll be delivered to my house  
in two weeks.

Here, Marjet. Take it.

- Unwarranted pride.

It won't get you anywhere.

I'll get where I want to go and

I don't need to go anywhere else.

Here, put it away. Right.

So this twice, OK?

What's that?

Your bike is up in the air.

Do you cycle up there?

- Yes.

You must be as good as Eddy Merckx.

- I definitely am.

I know you are. Come here.  
Here, I've brought you something too.  
Molteni, it goes with your T-shirt.  
And this. Open it.  
What does it say?  
- Freddy.  
Here, let me put it on you.  
Come here.  
Wow, that looks smart!  
Mum says the girls can come  
and stay at your house.  
Yes, they're coming for  
their dresses for the party.  
Can I come too?  
- You have to come.  
Can you ask Mum?  
I'll ask her right away.  
Spin round.  
Keep spinning, keep spinning.  
And then you...  
Chest. Chest against chest.  
And spin and spin and spin.  
Honestly, Angel!  
Phew, Angel.  
Oh dear.  
I feel almost euphoric,  
like I've had an orgasm!  
It must've been a long time since  
you've had an orgasm then!  
Listen to you!  
Your husband is never home.  
It's much easier with  
a husband who's never home.  
Marjet!  
- It is.  
Variety is the spice of life, Angel.  
After all, we only live once.  
Here, have a chocolate.  
No. Honestly, Andre, you...  
In the city everyone does  
all their shopping at a supermarket.  
I do too.  
- We're not in the city here.  
What?

- We're not in the city here.  
Be glad a supermarket is coming,  
it'll mean an end to all the hassle.  
You should be ashamed of yourself!  
The shop was your father's, your  
grandfather's, your great-grandfather's.  
Come on, Angel, smile for a change.  
You only live once.  
Be careful.

- Yeah.

Oh dear, I've dropped my handbag.  
Aunt Pauline?

- Of course.  
She's more dead than alive.

- Exactly.  
I don't want anyone dying at my party.  
If she snuffs it, I'll stick her in the  
cold store and turn her into sausages.  
Mum, where's my shirt?

- There, sweetheart.

Karl, Jerome From Down The Road's son?

- Not until he's paid his bill.  
And don't forget Emile,  
Louis The Blacksmith's son.  
Aren't you hungry, sweetie?  
I need the bathroom.  
Does he need the bathroom again?

- Don't interfere.  
Don't say I said so,  
but it can be practical too.  
Hygienic.

- Things won't change that quickly.  
Right.

- I can feel it in my bones, Andre.  
The world's started turning.

- I can't feel anything.  
Soon a cow won't look like a calf.  
Your world is turning the wrong way.  
See, it's started.  
Say hello to Frans for me.

- Yeah.

**FOUR DAYS UNTIL:**  
**YOUR NEW LIFE STARTS!**

You...

You... uh...

Uh... ride... race?

Dad? What do you call it?

- A cyclist.

You, cyclist?

Cyclist like Eddy Merckx?

Ah, a rider!

- It's the same thing, a rider.

You take part as rider?

In the race?

No...

I'm not allowed out on my own.

- If win, race at Roubaix.

And meet Eddy Merckx.

- Really?

Yes, really.

Surname, first name and

mum or dad's signature.

Signature...

- Oh, last day to register...

One hour left. Hurry up!

Marie, take care of the trolleys.

- OK.

Dad.

- Briek.

Start boning.

REGISTRATION FORM

Hello, Mr Dermul.

We've come to introduce ourselves.

I'm Joris.

Joris from?

- From the Flemish Offensive.

A resistance movement

against the new supermarket.

We would like one of your sons  
to join us.

I've only got one normal son.

He works in the shop.

This French supermarket

is putting all our shops in jeopardy.

We have to fight it.

Langeworp should remain Langeworp.

But you're not from Langeworp.

I don't think that...

- We solve our problems ourselves here.  
We don't need any help from outsiders.  
Go and play somewhere else.  
What are you doing in here?  
It was... It was too hot in my room.  
Go back to your room. Hurry up.  
Freddy! Freddy!  
He's a strange boy.  
Yes?  
You're too late, son.  
- Too late?  
Registration has closed, sorry.  
- But I'm as good as Eddy Merckx.  
Eddy Merckx always comes first  
and you're five minutes late.  
Hi, rider.  
I'm not allowed to take part.  
- Aren't you?  
No, he's too late.  
- He's not, he's still got 5 minutes.  
No, don't start. Don't start  
- I will start.  
You can make an exception.  
That's enough. OK, go on.  
Go and fetch the camera.  
Hey, little Eddy Merckx!  
Come here!  
Come on, come here!  
My daughter's watch says  
it's five to twelve. You're lucky.  
Are you really as good as Eddy Merckx?  
- Yes, I really am.  
I'm going to win and meet him.  
- If you win you'll go to Roubaix.  
Roubaix?  
- Yes, to meet Eddy Merckx.  
Isn't he coming to Langeworp?  
- Eddy Merckx in Langeworp?  
No, the winner will go to Roubaix  
to meet him.  
Eddy Merckx will give you a medal and  
you can have your photo taken with him.  
Really?

- Yes, really.  
Friday we'll be going round the course,  
so don't be late, champ. OK?  
Say cheese!  
Right...  
Come on, Briek, keep up.  
Come on, Jules.  
Come on, guys. Push it in, Jules.  
Hold it tight.  
Position it properly. That's it.  
That's it, let go.  
Start cutting it up.  
Put the rest on my bill.  
- I'm not sure there's any room.  
I'll pay the whole lot next time, Jules.  
I promise.  
You owe more than 1,000  
and with the supermarket...  
No one will go to the supermarket.  
I don't know...  
You can pay everything next time.  
- Thanks.  
Karel, Big Joe's son,  
has joined them, Dad.  
According to his father  
the supermarket is the devil.  
Go and wash that pig.  
Right.  
I couldn't pay Jules, there wasn't  
enough money in the till.  
The girls have to have dresses for the  
party. I want everything to be perfect.  
Jules wants his money.  
This supermarket is upsetting everyone.  
And everyone getting upset  
about the supermarket is upsetting me.  
I'm saving up and Jules can wait.  
- Yes, Angel.  
But I owe him more than 1,000 francs.  
- There's only one solution.  
What's that?  
- Your sister.  
I'll earn my own money, Angel.  
If I ever have to ask anyone for money,

it definitely won't be Marjet.

I'd rather have a heart attack.

I'll give you a heart attack!

Come here, Tarzan.

- Angel!

Eddy Merckx is in a comfortable position. The competition is behind him.

And there is Pollentier,

12 seconds behind Eddy Merckx.

He tries his luck. Hzard, from France, is hot on his heels.

Merckx looks to see

where his teammates are and reacts.

He fights back against

Hzard and Pollentier.

Pollentier gets the message.

He stops pedalling.

Hzard also realises it is pointless.

There's no escaping it,

the Tour is in Eddy Merckx's genes.

There is only one leader of the peloton and that's Eddy Merckx.

Here you are, your chops and sausages.

I don't need any sausages today, Andre.

It's Wednesday today. You've

always had sausages on Wednesday.

Shall I put them on your tab?

- No, I don't need any.

Jose doesn't feel well.

There you go.

- Thanks.

Right, bye, see you tomorrow.

Andre, people are putting their shopping off until the supermarket opens.

Not Armand.

- He's the first, the rest will follow.

Not in Langeworp, Cecil.

- The world is revolving, Andre.

And the people with it.

But you have to be able to feel it.

Briek. Briek, follow me. Come on.

Still need new recruits?

A strong guy like him? Of course.

Briek.

- Briek?

Welcome to the Flemish Offensive.

Richard Embrechts.

Cyriel Swarts.

Cyriel Swarts is not here.

Bert De Bakker.

And Eddy Dermul.

- Yes.

Take this. Right...

We'll go round the course first.

Hold on tight.

Be careful.

Hello, rider.

Hello, Magique.

Marie.

Hello, Marie.

We turn right. Then we turn left.

We go past the baker's.

And past Dermul's butcher's shop.

- We'll see about that.

And then we go round

Langeworp's church.

Hold your race somewhere else!

OK? Right then.

Has everyone understood? Right...

The last part is hard

but the finishing line is at the top.

And remember, whoever wins our race

will be able to take part in

the race at Roubaix.

Eddy Merckx

will give you a medal.

See you tomorrow for the race.

Goodbye. Bye.

Hello. Or maybe I should say 'Bonjour'.

Then we'll understand each other better.

Hello.

What's that?

Photos of the... riders in race.

That's Maarten from Calf Street.

I've just seen him.

And that's Koen, Giselle's Koen.

Which Eddy is that?

Who's that?

- Uh... I don't know.  
Is that the fish man's Eddy?  
- No, no.  
Right, we'll pay Maarten and Koen  
a visit first. See you tomorrow.  
Bye.  
And a lamb too.  
Isn't that a bit much?  
- What?  
It's a bit more than people  
can eat but it's not too much.  
At last! Your meat has got cold.  
Look. The Offensive's uniform.  
They've got the right idea.  
They're tackling all those taking  
part in the supermarket's race.  
That's good, Briek.  
What's that?  
- What?  
That.  
- That?  
It was a present from Aunt Marjet.  
- Eddy?  
Yes. From Eddy Merckx.  
Are you the Eddy who's taking part  
in Magique's race?  
A race?  
- Are you taking part?  
In what?  
- The race.  
No.  
- Briek!  
Come on, eat.  
Say cheese!  
Why you take photo?  
- I can't take part.  
Why?  
I don't want to.  
Come up onto roof. Look at village.  
Don't run away.  
I don't want you to go out on your own.  
You know what happened to  
Little Big Rik, eh?  
Little Big Rik was so good at drawing

it looked like a photo.  
He was in great demand,  
because everyone wanted to take  
advantage of his incredible talent.  
Everyone got him to draw their portrait,  
because he had a talent for  
making people look nicer than they were.  
Rik never said a single word.  
He only spoke through his drawings.  
But one day when he tried to speak...  
- Where do you live? I'll come round.  
Everyone laughed at him and teased him.  
A few weeks later,  
Little Big Rik cut his tongue off.  
After that, no one ever saw him draw  
or heard him speak again.  
Because people don't like  
children who are different.  
Wasn't there a doctor  
who could help him?  
No, no doctor could.  
Wasn't there anyone who could stop him?  
Turn the tap off. It's late.  
Rise and shine, all you inhabitants of  
Langeworp, a beautiful day is starting.  
It's the mayor. Welcome, Your Worship.  
- Hello.  
Only too pleased to be here.  
- Thank you. Thank you for coming.  
Let's have a coffee.  
Oh, my daughter, Marie.  
Hello.  
Come on. Let's have a coffee.  
We're going to the supermarket,  
to protest. Stay here.  
Yes, Mum.  
Dermul and sons,  
try our products for free.  
Here the sausages aren't next to  
the underwear. Try them for free.  
Everything is half price.  
Come and see. Who wants some?  
Try our meat for free.  
Here the meat isn't...

Go for it.  
Here the meat isn't next to  
the cleaning products. Briek! Briek?  
Try our meat for free. Try it  
for free. Help yourself, madam.  
Try our meat for free.  
All good quality.  
Dermul and sons.  
High quality for four generations.  
Everything half price. We are the only  
high quality butcher's in Langeworp.  
Four generations.  
Uh, Freddy. Freddy, come here.  
Come here.  
Hand this out outside and shout,  
'Everything half price!' Try it.  
Everything half price.  
- Yes, but shout it.  
Hurry up.  
Ten minutes till it starts.  
- You can't come here.  
Take part to see Merckx.  
Come on. Come on.  
Wait for me at the corner.  
- OK, at the corner.  
Well?  
I saw that.  
- What?  
What? You playing with the girls.  
Cut that into slices.  
Not too thick, not too thin.  
I don't feel very well.  
- The one time I ask you to help me.  
Briek is off fighting for what's right  
and you aren't busy.  
What's the matter?  
- My thing...  
Do I have to do anything?  
- No.  
Can you hold on?  
- No.  
Go on, go inside  
before the customers see you.  
Magique! Ladies and gentlemen,

the manager Mr Jacques Gentil.

Thank you for coming to  
the opening of Magique supermarket  
where your new life starts.

And now Langeworp's mayor.

Dear sons and daughters of Langeworp,  
today is a historic day  
because our village is becoming a  
bigger part of an even bigger world.  
Have confidence in yourself.

Have confidence.

Let's go inside, Your Worship.

That's enough for now.

I don't believe it!

What are you doing?

That race isn't coming past here.

Look out. Out of the way.

Don't touch that pig.

Come on, get lost. Go away.

Mum, come here. Come here.

Calm down. Take it easy.

Calm down. The gun is for the race.

Come on, Your Worship.

Riders, on your marks. Go!

Briek?

- Mum.

That race isn't going past here.

Leave that pig alone.

Dammit! That pig should be  
in the middle of the road.

Traitors! Bunch of cowards!

Magique must go!

Leave that pig here.

Leave it alone.

Mum?

Is something the matter?

Mum?

The first riders are coming.

Two are sprinting  
towards the finishing line.

Number 16 is in the lead  
but number 37 is hot on his heels.

Who is going to win?

Who is the winner?

The winner is number... 37.  
Number 37 has won the cup  
and will take part in the race  
at Roubaix and meet Eddy Merckx.  
You winner.  
Come up onto the stage. Come on.  
- Eddy, the stage!  
Our winner is too modest  
to come up onto the stage.  
It's the sign of a great champion,  
ladies and gentlemen.  
Can someone take him his prize?  
Where have you been?  
Nowhere.  
Nowhere?  
I was looking for Dad in the shop.  
- On your bike?  
How dare you lie to me like that?  
Do you think I didn't see you,  
number 37?  
But I won, Mum.  
- Yes, you certainly did!  
You won first prize!  
What's that? Eh?  
- Briek!  
He took part in the race, Mum.  
- I know.  
He does too.  
Come on.  
I won, Dad.  
I'm going to meet Eddy Merckx.  
You're not going to meet anyone.  
You're going to replace Briek  
in the shop.  
Seven days a week, day and night.  
D'you hear me?  
Your summer is over.  
Freddy, clean it with hot water  
and hang it up in the cold store.  
Come on, get a move on.  
Come on, take that coat off,  
we're leaving.  
Are we off to Aunt Marjet's?  
We're going for three days.

But you are staying here.  
No, Mum. Please.  
What's going on? Isn't Freddy coming?  
Is it just the girls?  
- I'll explain later.  
Finished already?  
Dad?  
The customer comes first.  
Come on.  
Hello, sir. I'm Jacques Gentil.  
Your son forgot to  
take his trophy with him.  
I've also got  
an invitation for Roubaix.  
Get out!  
But your son won the race.  
He gets to meet Eddy Merckx.  
I'll let you meet someone in a minute  
if you don't leave right now!  
Dad, please.  
- Don't interfere.  
Your son is very talented.  
Let him take part.  
Let me take part and meet Eddy Merckx.  
- I told you not to interfere!  
My son is certainly very talented but  
he will never ride for your supermarket.  
Come on, sir.  
What are you looking at me  
like that for?  
Hold your hand like this.  
Make a claw.  
So you don't cut your fingers.  
Place it here, carefully. Claw.  
Start cutting with the knife. OK?  
Be careful.  
- I can't do it.  
Of course you can do it, Freddy.  
You were born to do it.  
It's about passing a tradition on,  
so things carry on like before.  
Come on, pick the knife up  
and start cutting.  
And now, very carefully,

cut a piece of meat off  
in one firm movement.

Now?

- Yes, but firmly.

Dammit, Freddy!

D'you know how much this knife cost?

- I'm bleeding.

So? Get on with it.

- No, I hate your butcher's shop.

You'll just have to get used to it,  
you'll be in here a lot.

I will not!

- Going to be a cyclist later, are you?

I hate you.

- I hate you too, you traitor.

You've disgraced the whole family.

You should be ashamed.

You should be glad you can be a butcher.

- I'll live in the city with my aunt.

Oh yeah? D'you think it's better there?

- It can't be any worse than here.

Congratulations!

That was some win.

Andre.

- Hi.

Where's my delivery?

Come with me a moment.

I'd rather you heard it from me.

I'm supplying Magique now.

And only Magique.

What?

You can't do that. How come?

Do I owe you so much money?

- No.

D'you want more for your animals?

- No...

How much is the supermarket paying?

- It's not about that.

What is it about then?

I need a pig, Jules.

- To sell it to who?

Open your eyes! The world has changed  
and everyone has to change with it.

Jules! Jules, please, I need a pig.

Please.  
Goddammit...  
Come here and hold this meat.  
- OK.  
Press harder.  
- Do you want me to do it, Dad?  
The world is turning!  
You traitor! You collaborator!  
Mum!  
Dad!  
Dad!  
What?  
- You've got to help me.  
With your thing?  
- Yes, Mum isn't here.  
Wait till Mum gets back.  
- No, Dad. Please.  
No, Freddy.  
Sorry, I didn't see you.  
Why are you wearing three pairs of  
underpants on top of each other?  
You missed me.  
- Dad wouldn't help me.  
Naughty Dad.  
But I washed my trousers all by myself.  
Aunt Marjet has got a washing machine.  
You put your washing in it,  
press a button and it does the rest.  
Take everything inside.  
Look who it is. Hi, little brother.  
- Hello, Marjet. Hello, girls.  
Are you alright, Andre?  
Marleen, go and fetch the chocolates.  
They're on the seat.  
In the back of the car.  
My supplier is supplying  
the supermarket.  
My customers are shopping in the  
supermarket and my son is riding for it.  
What if you talked to the supermarket?  
- And say what?  
I'm Andre Dermul,  
an almost bankrupt butcher  
who's lost everything his father and

grandfather worked hard to achieve?  
Stop that, Andre. Stop going on about  
Dad, Granddad, Great-Granddad.  
They're like ghosts  
peering over your shoulder.  
They are dead and buried.  
Down there with the worms they couldn't  
care less what happens to the shop.  
You've forgotten Dad's last words.  
- Do you know what yours will be?  
The same as Dad's, Granddad's  
and Great-Granddad's.  
'Take care of the butcher's shop.'  
Very funny.  
- It isn't funny.  
Can't you see it is a burden?  
It's a burden you're passing on  
from father to son.  
We're butchers, Marjet, and  
if we aren't butchers, we're nothing.  
What did you say?  
- We're butchers.  
And if we're not butchers,  
we're nothing.  
So I'm nothing?  
That's what you're saying, eh?  
- No, Marjet.  
It's Dermul and sons. And sons.  
Even if I had been a son,  
I still wouldn't have done it.  
Come on, let go. Let it go.  
Come on, we only live once  
and life's too short.  
Hey, my darling  
Hey, you beautiful thing  
Hey, you wonderful girl  
What d'you think?  
It was a present from Marjet.  
From a far too expensive shop, no doubt.  
- No, from a catalogue.  
And sent to her home address. They  
send everything to your home address.  
Home delivery. It's all home delivery.  
It's really handy.

Hold on.

What d'you think of this?

- Angel...

Feel how soft it is, Andre.

And it's pretty too, isn't it?

Give that to me. Not in the bedroom.

Freddy, wake up. Come on, come on.

And bring your bicycle.

Four veal chops and

half a pound of steak tartare.

OK. Our hero will be there

in fifteen minutes. Thank you.

Freddy, listen.

We're going to do what they do

in the city. Home delivery.

It means you deliver the meat

to people's homes on your bicycle.

We've got three orders already.

The addresses are on there.

Get those legs moving, son.

I thought

I wasn't allowed out on my own.

Freddy, if you and I

can beat the supermarket,

Mum will be proud of you.

- Really?

Isn't that what you want?

- Yes.

Hop on your bike then.

And off you go.

Go on then. Home delivery.

Hello, Freddy.

Here you are.

- Thank you.

Hello, little Eddy Merckx.

Come here.

Nice T-shirt.

Yes, seven days a week.

Home delivery. To your front door.

Yes, it is handy. Thank you.

Home delivery?

- Yes. Home delivery.

From now Dermul and sons

do home deliveries.

Hi, Dad.

Here you are.

Where have you been?

- To the customers' houses.

I'm helping Dad.

Someone has to do it

and Briek is busy.

Go to your room, Freddy.

- Stay here.

The two of us are going to save

the butcher's shop. Aren't we, Freddy?

Dermul and son.

Find someone else for

your home deliveries.

Go to your room, Freddy.

- I can sort myself out if I need to.

I did it all by myself

when you weren't here.

Go to your room, Freddy.

- Angel, please.

It's the only way to save the shop.

- Your butcher's shop is a burden.

Passed on from father to son.

Hilde, the rabbit man's daughter, first

then the Dubois family in Cross Road.

#### **CROSS ROAD:**

Hi, rider.

Hello, Marie.

Do you live here?

Yes.

- Molteni, Molteni, from Eddy Merckx.

I know.

Yummy.

More yummy than Magique's.

Can I ride along with you?

- You won't be able to keep up.

Not so fast.

My heart.

Can you feel it?

Feel it properly.

In a few days,

meet Eddy Merckx in Roubaix.

I'm not allowed to come.

- Yes, come.  
I tell your dad.  
- You mustn't say anything.  
Yes, I tell him. Yes, I tell him.  
No.  
- Yes.  
No.  
- Yes.  
Here you are, Dad.  
- Thank you.  
What's that, son?  
Grass?  
- Yes, I fell.  
You fell?  
Who for?  
Marie.  
Marie? Marie who?  
Marie from... the supermarket.  
I don't want you going there again.  
- You sent me.  
What?  
- Yes, to Cross Road.  
I suppose it's also my fault  
you rolled in the grass with Marie?  
I fell, Dad.  
- Yeah, right. I bet it hurt!  
For what we are about to receive,  
may the Lord make us truly thankful.  
Fien!  
- That meat tastes funny.  
That's not true.  
It doesn't taste funny.  
Armand buys his meat at the supermarket.  
- They'll come back.  
Their products aren't such good quality.  
There. See?  
It's me.  
Dad. Mum.  
What's the matter?  
It tastes funny.  
Hi, Dad.  
- Hi, son.  
Is that all?  
- Yes.

CLOSED FOR MERCKX

I don't believe it.

Come on, Marcel, sort it out.

Yes, perfect. Now leave it alone.

You train for Roubaix.

Round the shop. Go on.

Quickly.

Faster.

Look, he's off, he's off.

Go on. Go on, Eddy!

Go on, Eddy. Go on.

Out of the way. Everyone out of the way.

Go on, Eddy. Go on.

...even faster.

Goodness me.

What's happening? Something is  
happening. He's been punched.

Merckx has been punched by  
a spectator. He's holding his side.

Merckx has been hurt.

He's bent double.

I don't believe this!

Your trousers are dirty.

How did that happen?

Eddy Merckx is hurt,  
he's having difficulty carrying on.

But he's trying to nevertheless.

Don't run away.

The impossible has happened.

Eddy Merckx has fallen behind.

Look who it is.

Our hero the bike rider!

What were you doing  
at the supermarket?

Oh dear, your little brother  
has lost his tongue.

He's shit his pants.

What kind of family do you come from?

Collaborators?

Guys who shit their pants?

Eddy Merckx is crossing the line now.

Merckx is hanging over his bike.

He's doubled up in agony...

He won't be able to carry on.

Who?

- Merckx, of course. Who else?

He was playing by the supermarket,  
with the manager's daughter.

He's shit his pants.

Dad, I couldn't stop the boys  
from the Offensive.

I couldn't stop myself either.

There's one person

I've never told you about.

Who?

- My little brother.

Have you got a little brother?

Benjamin...

He was better at maths  
than the best calculator.

is 43,590,975...

Everyone wanted to be his friend,  
they thought he was amazing.

Until the day he had an epileptic fit.

No one thought he was amazing  
after that.

They just bullied him  
and laughed at him.

Until he'd had enough.

Benjamin!

Hello, Mr Dermul.

Briek didn't turn up as arranged.

Is he alright?

Dad! Dad!

Here.

Fine.

What's the matter?

We'll never be able to wear  
Aunt Marjet's dress.

Who said so?

- Mum.

Is it going to be sent down  
from on high?

There's nothing to celebrate.

I'll call my family, you can call yours.

We'll celebrate in 25 years' time.

Everything will be fine, Angel.

- No, it won't, Andre.

I think it's great  
you want to continue to believe that  
but you're refusing to see  
that the butcher's shop is finished.  
Your father's, grandfather's,  
great-grandfather's shop  
is dead and can't be saved.  
It's great you only want to  
look on the bright side  
but sometimes you have to admit  
you've failed.  
That we've failed and  
that it won't all be fine.  
Come on, eat up.  
Hello.  
A photo of Eddy for Eddy,  
from Roubaix.  
For Eddy?  
- Your son.  
Oh, my son.  
Thank you.  
Marie?  
Is your dad at the supermarket tonight?  
At night?  
Meat in plastic isn't good.  
Isn't it?  
- No.  
Would you like to take a seat?  
- I'll stay standing up.  
Have you got any suggestions?  
Look...  
I'm a successful butcher.  
I've got loads of experience  
and I can help you.  
I've heard your steak tartare  
is extremely good.  
High quality for four generations.  
So what do you propose?  
That we work together.  
Hello!  
Put your party dresses on and  
order a bigger barbecue, Angel.  
Hi, girls.  
Come on.

Listen carefully everyone.  
Dad has some important news.  
Dermul's butcher's shop is going to  
become part of the supermarket.  
All the photos and everything. The  
whole shop is moving to the supermarket.  
Dad will be paid a fixed salary  
plus a percentage of sales.  
Have you rid yourself of your burden?  
Angel...  
Give me your hand, my love.  
No, the world has turned.  
Hey, my darling  
Hey, you beautiful thing  
Hey, you wonderful girl  
Here.  
Marie gave it to me for you.  
She took it in Roubaix.  
You should have been in it too.  
I'm not going to cycle any more anyway.  
Not even in a new Eddy Merckx team?  
- What?  
I'm going to work at the supermarket.  
Via Magique I can put your name down  
for a try-out for a new team  
made up of boys  
who are as talented as you.  
And Eddy Merckx is going to be  
the team's patron.  
But with my thing...  
I can't do it.  
No good would come of it.  
Everyone's got a 'thing', Freddy.  
You can't spend the rest of your life  
in this room just because you're scared.  
I'll become a butcher.  
You'll make a much better cyclist.  
Have a rest now.  
God bless you, Angel and Andre.  
May these 25 years of marriage  
be followed by many more.  
In the name of the Father, the Son  
and the Holy Ghost. Amen.  
Angel. Come on.

Hello. Hello, Jacques.

- Good evening.

Hello, Marie.

- Thank you for the invitation.

You're welcome.

This is my wife and God, Angel.

I'm Jacques from the supermarket.

- Good evening.

I'll introduce you to some people.

Hi, Eddy.

Feeling better now?

Freddy?

But you're Eddy?

I'm Freddy now.

For Freddy.

Feel my heart.

That's a lovely T-shirt  
you're wearing.

I want to tell you something, Mum.

- Your attention, please.

Freddy, come here, son. Come here.

My little champion. Get up on the chair,  
so everyone can see you.

Freddy...

I've got something to say.

I still haven't congratulated you  
on winning that race.

And I should have done.

So... congratulations, son.

Well done.

And, and, and... that's not all,  
ladies and gentlemen,

because Freddy is so talented

he's been invited

to take part in a try-out to join

a team belonging to none other than...

Eddy Merckx!

- Really? Is that true?

But... but he has decided not to do it.

Why not?

- It's his choice, Marjet.

He's big enough to decide for himself.

- Dad... I want to do it.

What, son?

- I've decided... to go to the try-out.

Mum, I'm not Benjamin, I'm Freddy.

And I really, really want to try.

I'm very proud of you.

Mum?

I'm leaving for the try-out.

Are you sure

you don't want to come, Mum?

Come on, Freddy,

the bus will be here.

Stay close to me, son.

Come on.

It's there, Dad.

No, there.

No.

Dad.

- Just a minute, son.

It's there.

Come on, Dad.

Three more minutes.

Three more minutes.

Ten more seconds.

Ten more seconds.

And stop.

Breathe out.

One more time.

One more time.

Your endurance is impressive.

Do you cycle with your friends a lot?

- Never.

Never?

I cycle alone.

In my room.

- You must have a very big room.

He cycles in the air.

- In the air?

Yes, my bicycle is hanging from  
two ropes and I train every day.

Our training means

staying at boarding school.

He'd stay there the whole time except  
for two weeks at Christmas and Easter.

He's used to being

on his own in his room.

Is there anything else we should know?

Anything that could pose a problem  
for your training or your career?

No.

No? Great.

There may be one thing.

There's a wire missing  
between my head and my bottom  
and they aren't connected  
and things sometimes go wrong.

What goes wrong?

In my pants.

You do it in your pants?

Wet them? Soil them?

Soil them.

Has it been looked into?

- Yes, a long time ago.

That is a problem.

In a group with other boys...

- The sponsors won't like it.

You're an excellent candidate  
but maybe it's not a good idea.

We're sorry.

Would you agree to him  
being examined again?

Would you agree to the doctor here  
taking a look at him?

Yes, yes, of course.

If we keep him here this evening,  
we may find the missing wire.

Great. Great, see you tomorrow.

Right, son, see you tomorrow.

- No, Dad, don't go.

Freddy, do you want to be  
a proper rider?

Right. I'll be back tomorrow. OK?

Come on. Come with me.

Shall I tell you a secret?

Apparently Merckx had to change his  
shorts at the Tour de France last year.

He didn't.

- Yes, he did.

He'd done it in his pants. When  
he crossed the line it was too late.

Mum.

Right, Dr Verbeek will talk to you.

Hello.

We didn't find the missing wire.

But we didn't find

anything wrong anywhere.

There's an obstruction

in his intestines.

When the intestines can't cope,

they push some of it out.

Can the obstruction be removed?

Irrigation can remove it.

The intestines should work

normally then.

That's not enough for me.

- For me neither.

That's a risk we can't take

because of any negative publicity.

He has the capacity to succeed.

- Agreed, but he risks...

We can provide special support.

I suggest we take a vote on it.

Who is in favour of

Freddy Dermul joining the team?

That's a majority.

If you're prepared to take the risk

that it could go wrong.

That Freddy may find himself

in an embarrassing situation.

Please, Mum.

Of course.

Then Freddy is now

a member of our team.

We expect him on 1st September.

Aunt Marjet.

- Hello, sweethearts.

Briek.

- Aunt Marjet.

Well, Andre? Is he ready?

- Yeah, yeah.

Not too nervous?

There he is. In his short trousers.

Hello, Aunt Marjet.

- Hurry up, we're late.

Hurry up.  
Put his case in the front, Briek.  
Say hello to Eddy for me.  
I'm ready.  
- Let's go.  
Be careful.  
- Yeah, yeah.  
Bye, Aunt Marjet.  
OK, boys, let's go.  
Say goodbye to mum and dad.  
I'm proud of you.  
Come on, Freddy.  
Welcome to the sunny  
market square in St Niklaas  
where the riders in the 70th  
Tour of Flanders have gathered.  
The weather this year is  
very different from last year  
when Eric Vanderaerden,  
in a legendary clash,  
beat Dutchman Hennie Kuyper  
on the Wall of Geraardsbergen.  
This is Walter Godefroot,  
from Eddy Merckx's team.  
Here is Eddy Merckx, who won  
the Tour of Flanders twice himself.  
And this, ladies and gentlemen,  
is Freddy Dermul.  
The talented newcomer from Eddy  
Merckx's team. Remember that name.  
This is the first time  
this talented lad from Langeworp  
will take part in a major race.  
And they're off, ladies and  
gentlemen. They're off.  
They're about to cycle 275 long  
kilometres. And how many will...  
Come on, Freddy!