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Planes

By Jeffrey M. Howard

MAN:

Look alive.

Contact appears to be heading
315 miles.

Speed 430, Angels.

Approximately 2,000.

(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)

What's taking this guy so long?

Is he really as good as they say he is?

No. Better.

Oh, yeah!

Whoa! Who was that?

Why, hello, ladies.

Are you ready to lose?

Last one to the water tower
buys a round of fuel.

Tell you what,

I'll give you guys a head start.

- You're going to need it.

- Later, loser.

One one-thousand, two one...

Oh, that's enough.

See ya, suckers!

Eat my...

- Dusty! (COUGHING)

- Oh! Aw...

(DUSTY GROANS)

Pay attention.

You're daydreaming again.

Me? No, no, no! No.

Okay, yes.

But, you know, come on, Leadbottom.

Really? How hard is this?

Fly straight, turn around.

Fly straight, turn around.

Are you disrespecting
the sweet science of aerial application?

Look, I am more than just a crop duster.

Don't go flap-jawing
about that Flings Around the Planet
air racing nonsense again.

DUSTY:

the Wings Around the Globe Rally.

For the love of Peterbilt!

And it's not nonsense.

I've got a tight turn radius
and a high power-to-weight ratio.

- You know what else you got?

- What?

A screw loose!

I mean, why would you
want to give up crop-dusting?
Blue skies, no air traffic,
and that tangy scent of Vita-minamulch.

(INHALES) Mmm.

Just like Momma used to spray.

Delicious.

They say the sense of smell
is the first thing to go.

- You smell it?

- Quitting time!

(SCOFFS)

A crop duster wanting to be a racer.

If you ask me, more racers
should want to be crop dusters.

I got some minamulch, yeah!

Minamulch

(INDISTINCT CHATTERING)

Yuck. Nowadays, they got soybean fuel,
switchgrass fuel, algae fuel. Come on!

- Oh, healthy! No tank you.

- Tell me about it.

- What's next, pistachio propane?

- What, are you nuts?

For my money, there's nothing like
good old-fashioned corn fuel.

- Oh, yeah, you betcha.

- I even made up a slogan.

Oh, slogans are good.

(CLEARS THROAT)

"Corn. It gives you gas."

Catchy. I like that.

Me, too. There you go, Sparky,
you're all set.

- Catch you later, Chug.

- Sure thing.
(OVER RADIO) This is
Dusty Crophopper to Chug. Over.
Uh, Chug isn't here.
Come on, use the new call sign.
Right, right, right.
This is, uh, Strut Jetstream
calling Turbo Coach Truck-zilla.
- Ready for practice?
- You betcha, Strut.
Ha-ha! Whoo!
Young punk.

CHUG:

I got you in sight.
Now let's start with
some corn-row sprints.
Drop and give me 20!
(ENGINE ROARS)

CHUG:

- Ooh, nice turn.
- What else you got?
Okay. Now, let's try
some treeline moguls.

DUSTY:

CHUG:

Don't be dogging it.
- That's how you do it.
- Ooh, yeah!
- Looking good!
- Uh-huh.
Okay, adjust your angle of bank
with your alien irons!
- You mean "ailerons"?
- Oh, yeah.
Oh, great.

DOTTIE:

check out.

DUSTY:

- AN-8 fittings look fine.

- Nice.

Wait a minute.

You've worn out your main oil-seal.

Huh. Really?

That kind of damage comes from
extremely high speeds.

Hey!

Pushing the engine to the red line
for prolonged periods of time.

- That would be unwise.

- But that's not you.

You're a crop duster
and all you do is just dust crops

- at very low speeds.

- Yep, low and slow.

Unless you've been racing again!

No! What, me? No.

Oh, man, Duster, you were in the zone,
where a Saturn rocket
couldn't catch you!

Ballistic!

We're talking light speed.

Light speed, here!

You're going to tear it up
at the qualifier this weekend.

Yea... Oh, Shelby.

Um... I don't know.

Dusty, you're not built to race.

You're built to dust crops.

Do you know what will happen
if you push it too far?

Wing flutter,

metal fatigue, turbine failure.

- (GASPING) Turbine failure?

- Oh, no, I'm going down!

Why didn't I listen to Dottie?

Yeah, why don't you listen to Dottie?

She's the smartest mechanic
in the world!

- Oh, my gosh!

- What?

- The orphanage!

- **CHUG:**

- Not the orphanage!

- Kids, out of the way!

Kaboom!

- **CHUG:**

- (GROANS)

- (GASPS)

- (GROANING DRAMATICALLY)

- (GASPING)

- (CHOKES)

Wow! That was vivid and specific.

And exactly why I need you

to come with us to the qualifier.

You're unbelievable.

Oh. Did you hear that? I'm unbelievable.

(SOBBING) The orphans!

(SIGHS)

Tune in, in two weeks for the start of
the Wings Around the Globe.

You know, I think we've got

a really good shot at this, buddy.

Oh, yeah! Especially

if I finish this book by then.

Oh! I love this show!

BRENT:

air crashes of all time!

CHUG:

DUSTY:

CHUG:

(DUSTY AND CHUG EXCLAIMING)

That is not going to buff out.

You know, this might not cover

everything you could run into out there.

- What are you getting at?

- (STAMMERS) I don't know.

I'm just wondering if maybe

we need, uh, some help.

Help? From who?

Oh, well, like the Skipper.

That old Corsair
down at the end of the runway?
- Sure, he's a war hero.
- He's an old crankshaft.
My buddy, Sparky, says the Skipper
was a legendary
flight instructor in the navy.
That's right. He knows stuff.
He's been grounded for decades.
Why would I want to be coached
by a plane who doesn't even fly?
At least he's a plane.

BRENT:

of all time...
Oh, man!

PLANE:

(EXPLOSION ON TV)

BRENT:

(WIND HOWLING)

CHUG:

he shot down 50 planes.
I heard stories about his squadron,
the Jolly Wrenches.
Mmm-hmm.
They were the roughest, toughest,
meanest flyers in the navy.
Ruthless killers who showed no mercy.
- Uh, wait, so...
- No mercy!
They would shoot you
as soon as look at you.
- I hope you're right about this.
- (DOORBELL RINGS)
Chug!
I'll wait here.
(DOOR OPENING)

DUSTY:

Hey, there, Skipper.
(NERVOUS CHUCKLE)

Say, I'm trying out for
the Wings Around the Globe Rally.
And I know you can't fly anymore,
but, you know, they say,
"Those who can't do, teach."

So...

(GULPS)

Okay, what I mean to say is,
you're not a truck.

So, I was wondering
if you would train me?

CHUG:

(DOORBELL RINGS)

So, I heard you shot down 50 planes.
You looking to be number 51?

Uh... No.

No, no, no! Wait, wait.

I just... I figured,
with my guts and your glory...

Your guts would be a grease spot
on a runway somewhere.

Go home. You're in over your head, kid.

Look, you flew all those...

(SIGHS)

CHUG:

CHUG:

(HONKS HORN) Hey, Dusty!

I don't know how
you talked me into coming to this.

Now, come on, Dottie.

Wow! I don't believe it. A Red Tail P-51!

DUSTY:

Check it out!

Wow!

NED:

Ladies and gentleplanes.

May we have your attention, please?

Kindly direct your windscreens
to the heavens above

and give a warm welcome
to our special guest.
The Prince of Propellers.
When he's speeding, he's leading.
Get my good side, fellas.
When he's grinning, he's winning.
The one and only
- Ripslinger!
- (CROWD CHEERING)
You're caught in the riptide!
(CHUCKLES)
- Thanks for coming out.
- (DOTTIE COUGHING)
Who wants a picture?
All right, one at a time.
Well, with all that self-promotion,
at least he's modest.
Dottie, that's Ripslinger.
He's captain of Team RPX.
They call him...

BOTH:

Oh, he's so good, he's pre-qualified.
Oh. And those two, Ned and Zed.

BOTH:

They're world-class racers.
You know, I hear they used to be
one plane and were separated at birth.
Wow. I wish I was separated at birth.
Okay, people.
This is the last of four time trials
being held worldwide.
Today's qualifying round
is one lap around the pylons.
The top five finishers will qualify
for the Wings Around the Globe Rally.
Oh, yeah.
Fonzarelli, you're up, my man.
(SPITS)
Oh, man! That's nasty.
And he's through the start gate!
The racers must pass through
the blue pylons on the horizontal

and around the red pylons
on the knife-edge.
Now he's coming back to Gate Three!
Nicely done, my man.
Setting himself up a little high
through the blue pylons there,
lining up for the quadro.
He's taking a hard right with a
270-degree high-G turn! Yeah!
Back all the way around. Whooh!
- Cleanly through. Ha! Look at you, man!
- That guy's good.
It doesn't get much better than that.
All right. Good speed.
Lining up for the three-pylon chicane,
amazing pitch control.
Smooth! Fast! Clean!
He's going into the final turn,
into the half-Cuban 8,
pulling an aggressive 9.2 Gs.
Attacking the climb!
Wow. Now that's some speed.
Coming out of the Cuban 8 at
the end of a fantastic first run, people.
A 01.24. 16.
A very good time for
the other racers to try and beat.
Fast, tight through the pylons.
He's got a great pace going, here.
Hes just a half a second behind.
- Oh! Engine failure!

- CROWD:

Out of the race. Bye-bye.
Great performance.
Watch the clock here.
I can't wait. Lining up for the Blue Gate.
Oh, no, he did not!
That's a major penalty.
- Sorry, dude. Eighth place.
- (GROANS)
Talk about fast.
Coming out the Cuban 8.
Fueled and ready, man.

Okay, bud, you're up.

Good and tight.

- All set.

- It's been a wonderful day here,
and we're down to our last competitor.

This is it.

From Propwash Junction,

Strut Jetstream.

"Strut Jetstream"?

Yep. Awesomest call sign ever.

(CHUCKLES) It was my idea.

- Ah. That explains it.

- Hey, ag-plane!

Landscaping was yesterday, man.

Get off the runway. We're racing, here.

- Second call for Strut Jetstream.

- No, no, no!

- Looking for...

- Yo! I'm Strut Jetstream.

- You are Strut Jetstream?

- Yep.

A crop duster?

Man, what's going on here?

Is everybody getting to fly today?

Man, your momma must have
had high hopes for you.

Now, you know you are
built for seed, not speed.

You have got to be kidding me.

- That farmer's going to race?

- (LAUGHS)

Seriously, with a prop that small?

Maybe he races that leaky,
old fuel truck next to him.

Who are you calling leaky?

I'll leak on you,
if you don't check your intake.

Don't lower yourself to their level.

Go on Dus...

Go on, Strut.

- (PLANES LAUGHING)

- **PLANE 1:**

- You're going to try out?

- PLANE 2:

FORKLIFT:

Nice of you to take the day off
just to lose!

(ALL LAUGHING)

Go, Duster!

It's going to be a tall order for him
to knock Fonzarelli out of fifth place.
And he's off!

Well, he's starting a little conservative.
This ought to be rich.

193 miles per hour.

He's into Gate Two,
clean through the horizontal.

What?

He's practically mowing the lawn.

Come to my house, man.

Okay. At the first split,
he's a full second behind Fonzarelli.

Yo, that's a lot of time to make up,
but this guy's aggressive.

Now he's making that hard
270-degree high-G turn!

Whoo! That's it!

Setting himself up. Left vertical turn.

Lining up for the three-pylon chicane.

He's gaining speed.

Now, he's only half a second
behind Fonzarelli.

And he is closing rapidly.

Now he's back on that stick.

Up he goes! Up and away!

Now only two-tenths of
a second behind Fonzarelli!

- Come on, Duster!

- Oh, it's going to be close.

He's going to do it. He's going to do it.

Oh, yes! What a finish!

Now, that's what you call flying!

Way to go, Dustmeister.

That's what I'm talking about.

Jetstream, the official time is

1 minute, 24.26 seconds.
Sixth place,
but what a close one, people.
Well, folks, that wraps up the trials
for the Wings Around the Globe Rally.
Hey, pal, sixth place
ain't nothing to be ashamed of.
That was a heck of a run.
Thanks.

ROPER:

Ow! Dagnabbit! Let me drive!
There you go, topped off
and all set, Mayday.
Will you stop! Unbelievable!
Why don't you just go back!
I mean, I think you actually
missed a pothole!
Man, you got to be the worst,
I mean the worst delivery truck
that has ever delivered a delivery!
- Can I help you?
- (COUGHING)
Please tell me
this is Propwash Junction.
Sure is.
Oh, finally. You know,
you're not even on the map.
Yeah, pretty drive though, ain't it?
Oh, yeah. Especially if you
like looking at dirt and corn.
Anyway,
I'm looking for a Strut Jetstream.
- Who?
- Jetstream. Strut Jetstream.
Nope, doesn't ring a bell.
Do you have a photo?
Yeah, I got one right here.
No, I don't have a photo!
I have documentation that says
Strut Jetstream
lives in Propwash Junction.
Oh, whoa, whoa! Whoa,
wait a minute! Okay! Oh...

No, gosh I...
Hey, I'm Strut Jetstream.
Yeah! That's right!
(LAUGHS)
I knew I'd remember.
There he is, strutting on over here.
But you're mispronouncing it slightly.
- I am?
- Mmm-hmm. Yeah.
It's actually pronounced
"Dusty Crophopper."
Dusty Crophopper.
Yeah. It's Scandinavian.
Right, and I'm Egyptian.
(SNIFFS) Googly moogly!
What is that smell?
- It's Vita-minamulch.
- Vita-mina-what?
The finest-smelling compost
this side of the Mississippi.
Original, creamy and chunky style.
(SNIFFS) Oh, yeah.
Smell that? It's like daffodils
and like Sunday dinner.
I just love it. I love it.
I got some minamulch, yeah!
I got some minamulch, yeah!
That old airplane needs some help.
Y'all know that, right?

BOTH:

Are you familiar with
the racing fuel additive, nitro methane?
Oh, yeah! Zip juice! Go-go punch!
That stuff will blur your vision
and slur your speech.
- It's illegal.
- Totally illegal.
Wouldn't know what it looks like.
Yeah, you were saying?
That substance was found in the tank
of the fifth-place qualifier, Fonzarelli.
Illegal fuel intake is an automatic DQ.
(STAMMERS)

Wait, so you're saying...

He's out, you're in. Congratulations.

- You're in?

- Hmm.

He's in!

(WHISTLES)

You're never going to believe this.

He's in!

Dusty's in the race! Dottie, he's in!

What? Are you serious?

Whoo! Dusty.

DOTTIE:

Fly safe.

Man, it's going to be cool.

You're going to cross oceans
thousands of miles wide.

Freezing your rudder off one day...

- And burning it off the next!

- Freaking hurricanes.

- Cyclones!

- Typhoons!

- Monsoons!

- Tornadoes!

- Sandstorms!

- Gale force winds!

Yeah! (WHOOPING)

Hmm. (SIGHS)

SKIPPER:

You'll end up a smoking hole

on the side of a mountain

with your parts

spread over five countries.

What makes you say that?

You're going up against

the best racers in the world.

And some of them don't even finish.

You're sloppy on your rolls,

wide on your turns,

slow on your straightaways.

You've been watching me?

Yeah, watching you

make a fool out of yourself.

You need to be tighter getting
in and out of your knife-edge.

Okay.

Any extra control input
costs you speed and seconds.

- So, you think I'm overcorrecting?

- Absolutely. Rookie mistake.

Are you giving me pointers?

No! I'm telling you to forget
all this racing malarkey.

You just ain't built for it.

You're a crop duster!

You don't think I know that?

I'm the one who's been

flying back and forth

across the same fields day after day,
month after month, for years!

I have flown thousands of miles
and I have never been anywhere.

Not like you.

You were built to fight,
and look what you did!

You're a hero.

I'm just trying to prove
that maybe, just maybe,

I can do more than what I was built for.

(SIGHS)

You know what? Just forget it.

You'll never understand.

0500, tomorrow. Don't be late.

Wait. 0500?

Yeah, 5:

(ROOSTER CROWING)

(SPARKY HUMMING)

- Sparky, binoculars.

- (BLOWING)

Those are some
mighty clean optics, there.

What do you use?

Some kind of shammy?

- Oh, no, it's a special microfiber cloth.

- Ah. Microfiber.

Yeah, lint-free, scratch-free.

I'll get you some.
I got an ex-Navy buddy
who sells them to me wholesale.
I helped him set up his web...
Knock it off. We got a lot of work to do.
- (WHISPERS) I'll hook you up.
- Thanks.

SKIPPER:

All right, Dusty, remember this.
It ain't how fast you fly,
it's how you fly fast.
- Roger that.
- Show me what you got.

DUSTY:

SKIPPER:

go up and down. What else?
- Show me your turns.
- Here we go!
You think that was good? That stunk!
Knife-edge those elm trees.
Oh, come on. Keep your nose up!
Hey, Skip.
- You want speed, right?
- Yeah.
- Serious, bolt-rattling speed?
- Oh, yeah!
Then look up.
Do you see those clouds?
The highway in the sky.
Tailwinds like nothing
you've ever flown.
What are you waiting for?
Come on, power up. Firewall thrust.
Max torque, max torque!
All right, looking good.
Hold V-Y, Dusty. Max rate, now.
Your nose is too high.
Get your nose down.
You're going to stall.
Ease off the pitch. Nose down!
Oh!

Hey, what are you doing?

(PANTING)

(EXHALES)

SKIPPER:

What just happened up there?

I'm... I'm low on fuel.

Do I look like I was built yesterday?

- No, no. It's a long story.

- I got time.

Uh...

Okay, well, um, you know,

I feel like I was having some problems
with my axial compressor so...

The Jolly Wrenches have a motto,

Volo Pro Veritas.

It means "I fly for truth."

Clearly, you don't.

Sparky, push me back to the hangar.

(STAMMERS)

I'm afraid of heights.

(BRAKES SCREECHING)

- But you're a plane.

- I'm a crop duster.

I've never flown over a thousand feet.

Are you kidding?

Scared of heights and you want to
race around the world?

Uh, Skip, during the attack

of Tujunga Harbor,

why, even the P-38s

had trouble at high altitudes.

Well, they didn't have to fly
over the Himalayas, did they?

I'll still be low to the ground,
just high up.

And after the war,

those 38s went on to win races.

Really? Is that true?

Yeah, true.

Like in the Cleveland race of '46.

- For real?

- Wait, it gets better.

In '49, the P-38 Sky Ranger

averaged 337 miles per hour.

Wait, 337?

Well, actually 337.4, but they round it down in the record books.

Why would you do that?

Some people just have no respect for decimal points.

- Yeah, I know. Tell me about it.

- Why couldn't they round it up?

- Seriously, he...

- All right, all right.

So, you're a flat-hatter.

We'll work on that.

But for now let's see if we can turn low and sloppy into low and fast.

Roger that.

It'll go like this.

The flag marks the start line.

Across the cornfield,
three silos are waiting for you.
Slalom those with a radial-G pass.

DUSTY:

SKIPPER:

go to your optimal rate of climb
to about 500 feet.

Roll inverted and extend,
trading altitude for air speed
- and dive toward the finish line.

- DUSTY:

You string all that together,
you might have a chance to beat him.
Who am I racing?

SKIPPER:

He's a twin commuter
pushing about 1500 horsepower.

DUSTY:

SKIPPER:

you're racing his shadow.

Beat it to the water tower.
Let's do this! Thread the silos!
Tighter! Lean into your turns more.
- His turns are terrible.
- Yeah.

SKIPPER:

You're falling behind.
Begin your climb
and catch him in the dive.
Start your dive now.
Never mind, you already lost.
(GROANS)
So, we can increase power
or we can decrease drag.
(GASPS)
Definitely increase power.
- (BEEPS)
- (MACHINE WHIRRING)
More torque means more speed.
Lousy.
Come on, let's work that radial-G turn.
Do it again. One more time. Again!
Come on! Push it, Dusty!
Better!
Remember now, altitude for airspeed.
Gravity is your ally.
The laws of physics govern speed.
All right, Dusty.
Give this run all you've got.
Use your radial-G.
Let gravity work for you.
Looking good.
That's what I'm talking about.
Firewall the throttle! Go! Go! Go!
You got it, Duster!
(MOOING)

SKIPPER:

All right, altitude for airspeed.
Catch him in the dive!
Dive now!
- Ballistic!
- (WHOOPING)

(LAUGHING)

SPARKY:

Aston Martins out there!

- **CHUG:**

- He's ready.

DUSTY:

CHUG:

The piston and cross-wrenches.

Your squadron insignia.

- You've earned it.

- **CHUG:**

- It fits you, Dusty. (SNIFFLES)

- **SKIPPER:**

When the race starts and
all those planes take off,
it'll stir up a bunch of swirlies
just like the Wrenches ran into
in the Battle of Airway.

Roger that. Sure wish
you were coming with me, Skip.

Just radio back when
you get to the check points.
I'll be your wingman from here.

Volo Pro Veritas, right?

Volo Pro Veritas.

- Kick some tail, buddy.

- We're all proud of you.

Whoo-hoo! Dustmeister!

(HIP-HOP MUSIC PLAYING)

Wow.

TOWER CONTROLLER:

Break, break.

Air racer number 7, Air racer number 7.

Do you read? Kennedy approach, over.

(STAMMERS)

I'm Dusty Crophopper,

I'm looking for JFK airport.

Crophopper 7, you are supposed

to be on the Carnice visual.
Turn further left, heading 1-9-5.
Maintain 1,000 feet.
Intercept the 22 right localizer.
You are cleared for
the ILS 22, right approach.
- Roger.
- Heavy is sectorized in behind you.
Run that by me one more time.
Turn further left,
heading 1-9-5. Maintain 1,000...

DUSTY:

Do you see him?
Well, radar does, but I don't see diddly.
Check out this pavement!
Nice! It's so smooth.
Crophopper 7, you passed Foxtrot.
Turn left onto Charlie.
Hold short at 22.
Wait, I thought...
- Get off the runway!
- Whoa!
- (HORNS HONKING)
- (GASPS)
- Oh. Sorry.
- Go back to Jersey, you bum.
Excuse me, where can I...
Hey-ho, do you mind? I'm working here.
Sorry.
A nice enough guy, but way too much
baggage, if you know what I mean.
Oh, hey, there. I'm looking for pit row.
The pits? Oh, yeah, that's easy.
You want to go down this way
toward the fire station.
Then taxiway alpha forks off to the left.
But don't go that way.
You want to veer right.
And if you get to the orange barrels,
you went too far. So...
Just go straight ahead and to the right.
Great, thanks. Hey, nice paint job.
Well, thank you! I'm kind of proud of it.

- I think he was talking to me.

- Oh.

Well, looky who's here.

The Scandinavian.

- Hey. Uh...

- Miss your home town?

I don't. Just about blocked
that memory out of my mind.

But you're bringing it
right back with that...

(SNIFFS) Oh, man, that nasty
Vita-mina-stink-a-bunch.

Your tent's the last one on the left. Go!

(CHUCKLES) Okay.

Power wash is on the right. Just saying.

Wow! Bulldog?

From the European Cup? The Big Dog!

Hey, I saw you do this unbelievable
high-G vertical turn.

How did you do that?

Well, let me tell you.

In fact, why don't I tell you
all my racing secrets?

- Really?

- No.

Look, I don't know how things work
in the backwater

from which you hail, matey,
but this is a competition.

Every plane for himself! Goodbye.

Yeah, sure.

- Whoa... Whoa!

- Oh.

(CHUCKLES) Uh... Oh.

Wait a second. This is AeroShell 100.

I thought I ordered the DT-2380.

Well, I am sorry you had to see that.

- Are you all right?

- Sure. Why wouldn't I be?

And you are Pan-Asian Champion
and Mumbai Cup record holder, Ishani.

Most people call me just "Ishani."

I'm Dusty. I mean, uh,
my name is Dusty.

(CHUCKLES) I'm not actually dusty,
I'm quite clean.

It's very nice to meet you,
"quite clean" Dusty. (LAUGHS)

Nice to meet you, too.

Look at that propeller.

Ooh.

A little over there.

Not so much pressure, okay?

Oh, excuse me, guys. Pardon me.

Yeah.

Hey, look who made it!

- It's the crop duster.

- Hey.

You know, having you here
is a nice vehicle-interest story.

Small-town farmer
makes it to the big time.

Yes, sir.

- But tragically crashes on takeoff.

- What?

Wings Around The Globe winner,
Ripslinger,
eulogizes the unknown hayseed
and scatters his debris over a cornfield.
Ratings will be through the roof!

- Okay.

- Good luck.

- Farm boy.

- What?

(SPEAKING SPANISH)

The hero of the people has arrived.

(LAUGHS)

You have never heard
of the great El Chupacabra?

(LATIN MUSIC PLAYING)

Hey, isn't that that monster
that siphons fuel from small vehicles?

No, no, no, it's just a stage name
designed to strike fear into the hearts
of my opponents. (GROWLS)

Yeah, he's the indoor racing
champion of all Mexico.

Indoor racing?

(WHOOPING)

And numero uno recording artist,
telenovela star and romance novelist.

Did you say El Chupacabra
or El Cuckoo-cabra?

You make joke? You make joke?

Very well. You leave me no choice!

I swish my cape at you!

You have been shamed.

I hope I can get over it.

- Oh. I just did!

- (ALL LAUGHING)

Hey, I saw you race
on Telemoto last year.

Of course, it was in Spanish,
so I didn't understand everything.

I am flattered, avin pequeo.

You have done many of these
long distance rallies, yes?

- No, this is my first one.

- It is my first time, as well!

We will have many adventures,
you and I.

We will laugh, we will cry,
we will dance!

Um... Wow.

- Probably not with each other.

- Of course.

I will see you in the skies, amigo.

- (WHOOPING)

- (LAUGHS)

BRENT:

it's that time of year again.

Welcome to the

Wings Around The Globe.

Hello, I'm Brent Mustangburger,
and this is the flagship event
of the world's fastest sport
where only the best
of the best compete.

Each leg brings a new challenge,
testing agility, navigation
and endurance.

But when it's all said and done,
speed is the name of the game.
Our very own Colin Cowling
is standing by live from JFK airport
with the best seat in the house.
How's the view, big guy?
Brent, the scene below me
is absolutely electric.
As you know, we have racers
from all over the world, here.
But the real story should be
who's coming in second
to three-time defending champ,
Ripslinger,
who is seeking to become
the first four-time winner
in the Wings Around The Globe.
The racers
are making their way to the runway.

- DOTTIE:

- Whoo!

All right, everybody,
get your Dusty bobbleheads.
Your oven mitts, hats, bumper stickers,
and I also ordered

- a thousand commemorative whistles.

- (WHISTLES)

Hey, you think you can help me
set up a website?
Does a giga bite?
Well, not if you pet him nicely.
(BOTH LAUGHING)

PHOTOGRAPHER:

(REPORTERS CLAMORING)

BRENT:

nations compete.
Twenty-one planes selected.
Folks, a step onto this field,
is a step into history.

(CHEERING)

Holy smokes!

And for the first time ever, folks,
we have a crop duster in the race.
A crop duster?
Well, he's gonna die.

CROWD:

Ripslinger! Ripslinger!
Wow!
Ripslinger! Ripslinger! Ripslinger!
Yeah. You're caught in the riptide!
(LAUGHS)
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
Whoa. Look at this crowd.
Stay focused, amigo.
Don't let anything distract you.
Ay-yay!
Who is that vision?
That's Rochelle,
the Canadian rally champ.
She is like an angel, sent from heaven.
Like a sunrise
after a lifetime of darkness.
Like fresh fertilizer
on a field of dying grass.
This is not your thing, my friend.
All right, racers.
Start your engines!
(ENGINES REVVING)

BRENT:

over 31,000 kilometers,
the world's highest mountains,
and the deepest oceans
all stand before them
just waiting to be conquered
by the right competitor.
(CHEERING)
Here we go. Oh, boy!

BRENT:

It all comes down to this moment.
One of these planes is about to fly off
into the pages of sports history
- and become a champion.

- (EXHALES)

Go!

BRENT:

(CROWD CHEERING)

Whoa! Swirlies!

Whoa! Whoa.

(SIGHS)

BRENT:

A dead sprint across the North Atlantic.

COLIN:

This is how it works, folks.

The winner of the leg today
is the first to take off tomorrow.

(SHIVERING)

(MELLOW MUSIC PLAYING)

- (WIND HOWLING)

- (SHIVERING)

(LAUGHS) Hey, look who's finally here!

It's that low-flying farmer boy!

You do know this is a race, right?

(LAUGHING)

- That's a good one, boss.

- (SHIVERS)

Excuse me, how much does
a snow plow weigh?

Je ne sais pas. I do not know.

Enough to break the ice.

I am El Chupacabra.

- Ah. You are the snow plow, oui?

- You could say that, yes.

- And I am the ice?

- Yes.

Cold, frozen and lifeless?

No, I... It sounds better in Spanish.

(LAUGHS) Why don't you go
plow yourself, El Chu-toy?

She is like an angel.

CHUG:

Junction to Dusty Crophopper.

I read you, Chug.

So what's it like
racing with the big dogs, Duster?
- Well, my wings froze solid.
- Man!
- I had icicles hanging off my sprayer.
- All right!

And I nearly smashed
into a 10-story iceberg.

Awesome!

Yeah, "awesome" is not quite
the word that I would use
to describe a gruesome
near-death experience.
You hang in there, buddy.
There's nothing better than dying
while doing what you love most.

DOTTIE:

him feel a lot better.
Dusty, just like when
the Jolly Wrenches
were up in the Aleutians
the air down close to the sea
has more moisture,
which is why you took on ice.
- You gotta try to fly higher.
- Great.

SKIPPER:

tomorrow's leg goes through
the Bavarian obstacle course.
It's all about agility,
so it's your chance to move up.
And remember, it's not speed
that wins races, it's skill.
(EXCLAIMING IN DISTRESS)

BULLDOG:

I'm blinded. I can't see.
We're receiving breaking news
of an incident in the skies over
Germany involving one of the racers.
Let's check in with Skycam 1
for more information.

Bulldog, the legendary flyer from the UK, is in tremendous danger. It looks like he's flying blind, losing speed, losing altitude... Wait! It's Racer Number 7, Crophopper, - pulling up beside him.
- What's he doing?
- Bulldog, apply your left aileron.
- Okay.
Stop roll.
- Now, quick, pull up.
- Got it.
Harder, harder!
Slight roll right. Good!
Whoa! Big castle!
Pull up! Hard roll right!
Stop roll.

BULLDOG:

DUSTY:

I'll fly right alongside you.

PA ANNOUNCER:

a mayday! Clear the runway!
Achtung! Clear the runway!
- Add power.
- Okay.
- Easy, now.
- Yes.
Good. Flaps down, lock them.
Careful.
Landing gear down.
Yeah, and locked.
Begin your flare.
Power back a little.
(GASPING)
Touchdown! Nicely done!
(CROWD CHEERING)
(PANTING)
Thanks for your help, matey.
I couldn't have done it without...
You? You saved me?
What did I tell you, boy?

Every plane for himself, right?
Where I come from, if you see someone
falling from the sky...
Yes, but this is a competition.
Now, you're dead last.
And I owe you my life.
(BULLDOG SOBBING)
Are you crying?
I don't cry, I'm British!
Thanks, matey.
Sure thing, Bulldog.

REPORTERS:

(REPORTERS CLAMORING)

RIPSLINGER:

crop duster, you are a nice guy.
Hey. Thanks, Rip.
And we all know where nice guys finish.
- (BOTH LAUGHING)
- Yeah!
(PLAYING POLKA MUSIC)
(INAUDIBLE)
(SIGHS)
Dead last.
You sad, you drink.
- Thanks. Great advice.
- (EL CHUPACABRA SNIFFLES)
At least you are not last
in the race for love.
Rochelle?
Her passion is, sadly, not for me.
(SOBS)
- Tough break, El Chu.
- (HORN HONKING)
Excuse me.
My name is Franz, and I am a huge fan.
- I have fans?
- Oh, no, no, no. Just me.
And I would like to say danke
for representing all us little planes.
Uh... You're a car.
Yeah, yeah, yeah. But I am
what you call a Flugzeugauto,

one of only six flying cars ever built!

- Whoa!

- Guten Tag, Herr Dusty.

I am Von Fliegenhozen.

Didn't you just say

your name was Franz?

Nein, nein, nein.

Franz is a guy with no spine

who is in charge

when we putter about the cobblestones.

In the air, I am in charge.

This guy needs to

get his head gasket checked.

Serious identity issues.

This from the one wearing a mask?

Touch.

We are both pulling for you, Herr Dusty.

Thanks for the support.

I need all the help I can get.

I have a humble suggestion.

Would you not be much faster

without the pipes and tank

and whatnot weighing you down?

My sprayer. Again?

Yeah.

Why carry around the extra weight?

The little crazy car is right.

Perhaps you need to start

thinking like a racer.

DUSTY:

Oh! Oh. Hey, you're being
careful down there, right?

Whoa. Ooh! Yep, that's cold.

(IN HIGH-PITCHED VOICE)

So?

(CLEARS THROAT)

(IN NORMAL VOICE)

So, what do you think?

Wunderbar, Dusty.

Fantastico. (LAUGHS)

It is freeing, yes?

Yeah, you took the words
right out of my mouth.

(DUSTY EXCLAIMING IN DELIGHT)

Bye-bye, sprayer!

Thanks for everything, Franz...

Er, Von Fliegenhozen.

Guten luck, Herr Dusty.

BRENT:

and we've already lost several competitors to equipment failure.

COLIN:

is Dusty Crophopper.

Absolutely.

He's passing one flier after another.

BRENT:

was built to dust crops,
but he's dusting the competition.
What's next, Colin?

COLIN:

Crophopper's leg, all the way.
The racers will have to fly
under a hard ceiling of 1,000 feet.
Stay under the clouds and in the hills.
Number 20 is disqualified.
(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)

BRENT:

COLIN:

- Look at that radial-G pass.
- Oh, yeah!

COLIN:

all the way up to eighth.

FEMALE REPORTER:

you were built for racing.

RIPSLINGER:

So how can a crop duster out-fly you?
- Wait, what?
- There he is!

Dusty!

- Wow!

- How do you keep up with the pros?

FEMALE REPORTER:

on the farm make you stronger?

MALE REPORTER:

Dusty! Why do you fly so low?

Why are they wasting their time
with him?

He's a tractor with wings.

Actually, it's a really
compelling underdog story.

It's like Rocky.

It's more like David and Goliath.

- Or Old Yeller.

- That's not an underdog story.

- Well, there's a dog in it.

- Enough!

Yeah, enough!

You know, they shot Old Yeller
at the end, you twits.

Oh! Spoiler alert!

Soon, we'll be overrun by every banner
tower, skywriter and air freighter
who thinks they can be one of us.

That farm boy forgot who he is
and where he came from.

He's not about to stop me
from making history.

Dusty, Dusty,

where did you learn to race?

From my coach, Skipper.

He's the reason I'm even here.

He's an amazing instructor.

And a great friend.

He flew dozens of missions
all around the world.

And I'm sure, if he could,
he'd be with us right now.

SPARKY:

sounds kind of rough.

Must be a mag misfire.
It's probably not a good night
for flying anyway.
- Okay. Come back soon.
- Hey, you got anything new?
I'm glad you asked.
I'm now selling these one-of-a-kind
Dusty commemorative mugs.
Huh?

BOTH:

(OVER RADIO)
This is Dusty Crophopper calling...
- I'll be back in 10.
- Dusty, eighth place!
Way to go, Dustmeister!
- Hey! You finally removed your M5000.
- His what?
His Micro-Air-5000-D-L
Aerial Applicator.
Use your words.
His sprayer.
Right! Sprayer.
Dusty, you got a big leg tomorrow.
- Yeah.

- SKIPPER:

CHUG:

The mighty Himalayas.

DOTTIE:

is going to be wicked
over those mountains.
Well, the good thing
about being that high up,
you see, there's not a lot of oxygen.
So, if you crash, no explosion.
Great, Chug.
(CHUCKLES) Of course,
you could die of hypothermia
or an avalanche could get you.
Then, of course, there's
pneumonia, or even frostbite.

Chug, Chug, I got it.
Skip, what if a guy wanted to fly
through the mountains
instead of over them?

SKIPPER:

flew through terrain like that
in the Assault of Kunming.
And Dottie is right.
Wind coming over the peaks
can stir up rotors
that'll drag you right down.
If you ask me, it's time to lug-nut up.
You can fly a whole lot higher
than you think.
- Roger that.

- EL CHUPACABRA:

- Are you tired?
- What?
Because you have been flying
through my mind, nonstop.
Hmm. And why would I be tired flying
through such a teeny, tiny space, huh?
You can only pretend for so long.
Hey, El Chu, what's the problem?
(SIGHS) I am Icarus and she is the sun.
I fly too close and I melt.
Maybe you're trying too hard.
Look, all you got to do is go over,
open your mouth and say...

ISHANI:

DUSTY:

Whoa.
(GULPS)
El Chupacabra!
I think someone is calling me.
I have to go.
I wanted to compliment you
on your success, Dusty.
You're doing very well
for your first race.

Aw, that means a lot, coming from you.

I mean, come on,

you were named most aerodynamic
racer by Air Sports illustrated.

And let me just say,

you are so aerodynamic.

Dusty.

(GIGGLES)

(TRACTOR MOOING)

DUSTY:

all the tractors around here?

They're sacred.

Many believe that

we will be recycled as tractors.

Oh. Well, I believe in recycling.

Have you ever been to the Taj Mahal?

No. No, I haven't.

Come on. Let's go.

It must be nice to be back home.

Well, it's complicated.

I have a billion fans.

And they're all expecting me to win.

- Maybe this time, you will.

- (LAUGHS)

DUSTY:

This place is amazing.

It really is.

And tomorrow, you'll fly over

the magnificent Himalayas.

Those little hills?

Yeah, well... No big deal.

You like to fly low, don't you?

Oh. Oh, that? Uh, that's strategic.

Air density and, uh, combustion.

You know, you could follow

the Iron Compass, instead.

- Iron Compass?

- Yeah, rail road tracks.

Through a valley in the mountains,

so you can still fly low.

Really?

Thanks, Ishani.

Anytime.

BRENT:

is scaling the Himalayas.
It's a short leg ahead,
but extremely treacherous.

(GASPS)

(BREATHING HEAVILY)

(EXHALES)

(SIGHS IN RELIEF)

No.

Ow! Ah!

(TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWING)

Whoa!

(GASPS)

Whoa!

Uh...

(ECHOING) Hello?

Is this where I'm supposed to be?
That is one of life's great questions.

(GASPS)

I'm dead!

Mr. Crophopper.

Welcome to Nepal.

I don't understand.

Have the others left already?

Actually, no one else is here yet.

You're in first place.

Really?

He flew through a what?

- A tunnel?

- That is crazy!

S, crazy like a Firefox.

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

Dusty, how does it feel
to be in first place?

It feels great.

But more than anything,
I'm just happy I fit through that tunnel.

Guys, I gotta tell you,
if you're ever in a tight squeeze just...

Excuse me, guys.

- Crazy day today, huh?

- (GASPS)

Oh. Yeah, a very exciting win for you today.

(CHUCKLES)

Quite a risk you took.

Yeah, yeah.

Hey, your propeller, is it new?

Oh. I suppose it is.

Sky Slycer Mark Five, right?

Aren't those made exclusively for Ripslinger's race team?

- Are they?

- Yeah. Yeah, they are.

Dusty...

- You set me up.

- Look, I didn't ever want to hurt you.

- Why?

- It's complicated, okay?

You could have gotten me killed out there today.

I really thought that you'd just turn around.

Well, you were wrong.

And I was wrong about you.

Hey, Rip. Thanks for first place.

(GROWLS)

BRENT:

Dusty Crophopper is managing to hold on to the top spot.

But current reigning champ, Ripslinger, is just seconds behind him.

This surprise battle for first place has made Dusty Crophopper the one to watch.

He's become a working-class hero around the globe.

(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)

ALL:

I told you he could do it.

- That's it.

- Wha... Aw!

That was my skyPad, man.

(SCOFFS) A new one's

coming out in two weeks.

(WHIMPERING)

SKIPPER:

big-time racers a thing or two, huh?

Yeah. We head out across
the Pacific tomorrow, Skip.

You were stationed there
for a while, right?

- Yeah.

- Got any advice?

Back in '41,
during the Battle over Wake Island
the Wrenches ran into
serious monsoons
with embedded CBs that could
tear your wings right off.

Be careful. And one more thing...

I'm proud of you, Dusty.

Thanks, wingman.

Hey, Dusty, we have a surprise for you.

Oh, oh, oh!

You have to let me tell him.

(CHUCKLES) Go ahead, Chug.

Uh... Oh, I know it. It's...

It's on the tip of my tongue.

I'll remember.

We're going...

CHUG:

- to...

- to...

- Mmm...

- Malays...

- Mexico.

- Mexico! That's it!

- We're going to meet you in Mexico.

- Really?

Yep. Tickets are on Sparky and me.

We sold 326 Dusty bobbleheads,
143 antenna balls,

- 203 spinner mugs...

- (BLOWING WHISTLE)

And 1,000 whistles.

Go, Team Dusterino! Yeah!
You sure you're up for it, Skipper?
You bet.
Somebody else is doing the flying.
That's great news, guys.
I'll see you in Mexico.

CHUG:

SPARKY:

Whoo-hoo!
Hey, El Chu, where's the fire?
It is in my soul.
Tonight, I shall win the heart
of Miss Rochelle.
(MARIACHI MUSIC PLAYING)
- (EL CHUPACABRA WHOOPING)
- Ugh!
(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)
(SINGING)
No, no, no. A thousand no's.
(CONTINUES SINGING)
(STOPS SINGING)
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
Dusty, what are you doing?
(PLAYING SOFT LATIN MUSIC)
Low and slow.
Oh...
(SINGING WITH PASSION)
(ALL SINGING)
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
(SPEAKING IN FRENCH)
(GIGGLING)
What does that mean?
No idea, but French-Canadian
is the language of love in Quebec.
So, it's got to be good.
I'm in your debt, compadre.
If ever you need me, I shall be there.

DUSTY:

You are looking live
at Pudong Shanghai
International Airport...

Yep. First place.
Not too bad for a farm boy.
Oh, yeah?
Well, first place is for losers.
Can it, moron!
- Ow!
- (LAUGHS)
Now, listen up.
It's time to make yourselves useful.
(PANTING)
What happened to you?
That song. It flipped a switch.

ROCHELLE:

Come here.

- EL CHUPACABRA:

- (KISSING)

She is like a jaguar now.

ROCHELLE:

EL CHUPACABRA:

Be gentle with me!

RACE OFFICIAL:

Start your engines.

BRENT:

and longest leg.
These racers will need to
follow their GPS antennas
because there's a big ocean
between here and Mexico.

Ah!

(GASPS)

My antenna!

Oh, no! No! No!

What am I going to do?

DUSTY:

Last known coordinates,
26 degrees, 31 minutes.
Hawaii, are you there?

Do you read? I am low on fuel.

- (ALARM BEEPING)

- Oh, no!

Oh, boy.

(PANTING) Whoa, whoa,

whoa, whoa, whoa.

Unknown rider, unknown rider.

You have entered restricted airspace.

Why haven't you responded

to radio contact?

DUSTY:

- **BRAVO:**

- I'm Dusty Crophopper.

BRAVO:

Bogey has been identified

as Crophopper Seven.

I'm running on vapors. I need to land.

What are you doing out here

with an empty tank?

I thought I'd refuel in Hawaii, but...

Hawaii is 375 miles southwest of here.

- What?

- Listen, Crophopper.

You better follow us to the boat.

No bingo fields around here.

- "Bingo fields"?

- Places to land.

- The boat?

- The USS Dwight D. Flysenhower.

Bravo, checking in as frag plus one.

Check.

- Two.

- Go ahead, Bravo.

Bogey is civilian.

Needs emergency fuel.

- Copy that.

- For flying out loud!

That's all I need,

a civilian exploding on my deck.

We could rig the barricade, sir.

All engines, ahead flank.

Aye, Captain. All engines ahead flank.

- Rig the barricade.

- Copy that.

Rig the barricade!

Chop-chop. Hubba-hubba.

BRAVO:

for the barricade.

All you have to do is

throttle on back and call the ball

and hopefully end up in the spaghetti.

DUSTY:

Wait a second!

Guys, I'm not sure I can do this.

I don't see how you have a choice.

Okay. But that runway is moving.

ECHO:

on the glide path.

DUSTY:

supposed to move.

Okay. I'm okay. I'm going to be fine.

- Take it easy.

- Moving runway, moving runway.

- There it is. Here we go.

- BRAVO:

Maybe if I just came around again.

- Level your wings.

- Easy with it.

- Cut, cut, cut!

- (DUSTY SCREAMING)

Stop!

(ALL CHEERING)

We've got you, Crophopper.

Come on, let's get you fixed up,
refueled and back in the race.

You are way behind.

Thanks, guys.

You saved my tail out there.

- Victory.

- Victory.

DUSTY:

That's the Jolly Wrenches
Wall of Fame.
Every flyer, every mission.

DUSTY:

Oh. Ha-ha! There he is.
Wait. I don't understand.
Why is there only one mission?
Chug, what's all that?
Well, I've never been out of the country.
You know, I brought the Commodium.
Whatever you do, don't drink the petrol.
We're only going for two days.
Got to be prepared, right?
Got beachwear,
dinner wear, underwear...
DUSTY (ON RADIO)
Skipper? Come in, Skipper.
Dusty! We're heading off
to Mexico right now.
Glad you got there safe.
Weather report says a major storm
is brewing out there.
I'm not in Mexico.
I'm with the Jolly Wrenches.
You're on the Flysenhower?
Hey, I saw the Wall of Fame.
They only list one mission for you.
Dusty, if you're not past
that storm yet, you need...
That can't be right. It must be a mistake.
Look, you have to get out of there.
You're going to have to fly high.
Is it true?
Listen to me, get above the storm!
- Skipper, is it true?
- It's true!
(GASPS)
It's true.
I only flew one mission.
But all those stories?
Crophopper,

we got weather moving in fast.
You've got to take off
before it's too late.
I just need a second here.
That's a negative, son.
You don't go now, you don't go at all.
(OVER PA) Be advised, the JTWC has
issued a tropical cyclone formation alert
for the northeast Pacific ocean.
Area of convection is located
500 nautical miles
east-northeast of Hawaii.
Maximum sustained surface winds
are currently estimated at...
Report to catapult two.
The cat will take you from
zero to 160 knots in two seconds.

DUSTY:

We're going to check your weight
and set the steam pressure.
Remember, climb straight ahead
once you get airborne.
- Climb straight ahead.
- Get above the storm.
Okay, engine full throttle.
Nod to the shooter when you're set.
Go win it for the Wrenches, Dusty.
Volo Pro Veritas!
Head wind's good. Pressure's good.
Go on cat two.
(DUSTY SCREAMS)

FEMALE REPORTER:

Seor Ripslinger, any comment
on the disappearance
of Dusty Crophopper?
Dusty was a nice guy
who flew the challenge
and pierced the clouds of mediocrity.
(SNIFFLES)
We're all going to miss him. Excuse me.
Let's just hope he makes
a better boat than a plane.

That's a good one, boss.
(LAUGHING) Oh, yeah,
that was pretty good.
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
Seor Dusty
has 10 times the engine you do.
And 10 times the integrity.
Said the plane with
the shiny new propeller.
How much integrity did
that one cost you, sweetheart?
Too much.
You used to be a great champion.
How the mighty have fallen.
(GRUNTS IN DISGUST)
You are not even worthy
of a cape swish.
Really?
(THUNDER RUMBLING)

DUSTY:

only one mission?

SKIPPER:

The raid in Tujunga Harbor.
The Aleutians.
The Battle of Wake island.
The Assault on Kunming.
(GASPS) I gotta get above the storm!
Whoa!
(SCREAMING)
(GRUNTING)
(GASPS)
Mayday! Mayday! I'm going down!
18 degrees north, six minutes, 119...
(GASPING)
(GASPING)
Help!
(HELICOPTER BLADES WHIRRING)
(RADIO CHATTER IN SPANISH)
(ALL CLAMORING)

DOTTIE:

EL CHUPACABRA:

SKIPPER:

Broken wing ribs,
twisted gear, bent prop,
and your main spar is cracked bad.
It's over.
One mission?
So much for Volo Pro Veritas.
Can we get a minute alone, please?
You, too, Sparky.
My first patrol as a Jolly Wrench
was at Glendal Canal.
My squadron was all rookies.
All razor sharp.
I should know.
I trained every single one of them.
It was supposed to be a routine patrol.
A milk run.
Look, Skipper, enemy ship
two o'clock low, two miles.
- Easy pickings. What do you say?
- Negative, Jigsaw Two.
Our orders are to recon
and report back.
Come on, Skip, it will be a turkey shoot.

JIGSAW THREE:

JIGSAW FOUR:

All right. Let's go in for a closer look.
But keep your distance.
Holy Cow! It's the whole enemy fleet!

SKIPPER:

Get out of there, Lucas!
My whole squadron.
Under my command.
After that, I just couldn't
bring myself to fly again.
Let me ask you something, Dusty.
If you knew the truth about my past,
would you have asked me to train you?
No.

I'm sorry, Dusty.
Dusty?
Can you believe it?
He hasn't been straight with me
this whole time.
At least you were honest.
You said I wasn't built for this.
(SIGHS) I guess I should
have listened to you.
Dusty, if you had listened to me
I would never ever forgive myself.
Look, the Skipper may have
been wrong for what he did,
but he was right about you.
You're not a crop duster. You're a racer.
And now
the whole world knows it.
Thanks, Dottie.
That means a lot.
I've gone as far as I can go.
I'm busted up, look at me.

EL CHUPACABRA:

Yes, look at you.
Dusty, I cannot bear the thought
of competing without you.
Hey, that's the wing
of a T-33 Shooting Star.
When the great Mexican Air Force
needed help,
American T-33s came.
They did not ask questions.
They did not hesitate. They were there.
Because that is what compadres do.

DUSTY:

That is my lunch. Don't touch.
But the wings are yours.
- El Chu, I really appreciate...
- (EL CHUPACABRA SHUSHING)
Silencio.
After all, you helped me
with my pursuits of the heart.
Now we are here to help you.

- We?

- Oui.

Good luck tomorrow, Dusty.

I am so proud to compete with you.

You're a good egg, Dusty.

Look, here's a sat-nav device.

Just in case...

(SNIFFLES)

In case you ever find yourself

lost, you know, without a...

Without a friend to help you through it.

Thank you, Bulldog.

Here's a flow control valve for you.

How about a starter generator?

It is honor to fly beside you.

Thanks, everyone. Really.

This is fantastic.

Looks like all you need now is a...

A new propeller?

How about a Sky Slycer Mark Five?

Wait, that's your propeller.

You could still win the race.

Oh, I intend to, but with my old propeller.

This one didn't really suit me.

But I think you

will have a lot better luck with it.

Thanks, Ishani.

Dottie, can you fix me?

Does a PT6A

have a multi-stage compressor?

ALL:

Yes! Yes it does.

All right, you guys,

let's get him ready to race.

(BLOWTORCH CRACKLING)

This one's...

CHUG:

Hmm.

(INAUDIBLE)

BRENT:

And here they come.

This is it, race fans.
The final leg back to New York.
Whoa, dude!

- We'll see you in New York.
- Thanks, guys.

(CHUG LAUGHS)

It's dustin' time!
Dusty la vista, baby!

CHUG:

He never gives up.

DOTTIE:

we have a jet to catch.

CHUG:

Finish line, here we come!
Hey. So are you ready to go, Skip?
Probably best if I don't.
What...
Oh. Okay.
Are you sure?
Yeah.

- Dusty!
- He's back.
You got to be kidding me.
- Who's that guy?
- It's the crop duster.
- Another one?
- It's the same one, knucklehead.

Move aside, idiots.

(RIPSLINGER LAUGHS)

Bolting on a few new parts
doesn't change who you are.

(SNIFFS) I can still
smell the farm on you.

(LAUGHING)

You know what? I finally get it.
You're afraid of
getting beat by a crop duster.
Well, check six, because I'm coming.
And what are you punks looking at?

- Nothing. Nothing.
- Sorry.

We are going to end this,
once and for all.

- Yeah, man.

- This is going to be fun.

(BOTH LAUGHING)

BRENT:

and the willingness to give it all.
First to cut the ribbon in New York
takes home the trophy and the glory.
Ya!

And we're off

as the first flyers take to the air.

I will wait for you

at the finish line, hermosa.

No, no, no. I will be waiting for you.

(SPEAKING SPANISH AND FRENCH)

(PURRS)

- **OFFICIAL:**

- (BOTH KISSING)

BRENT:

is now off and running.

And though Crophopper did not
complete the previous leg,
race officials ruled his radio
had been tampered with.

So he'll be allowed to compete.

But with a severe time penalty.

(COUNTING DOWN IN SPANISH)

I've never seen someone come
back from this far behind.

It's going to take both
horsepower and willpower
to even have a chance.

Good show, Dusty.

- Um, boss?

- What?

He's here.

Okay, we're out of camera range.

You know what to do.

- (LAUGHS) Hey, farmer.

- Time to plow the fields.

Looks like you've run out of airspace,
Crophopper.

(GROANING)

- (GROANS)

- Hey!

- Skipper? Whoa!

- **SKIPPER:**

Skipper? You're flying!

Oh, you noticed.

Listen, I got Rip.

You take care of the other two.

Got it.

SKIPPER:

You gotta lose them.

I'm trying.

Skip, I can't shake them.

Pull hard right.

I'll break left and take out Rip.

- Use the rocks.

- Roger that!

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!

(BOTH GROANING)

Yeah!

Oh, that's going to

leave a mark. (GROANS)

What?

Say hello to the Warsaw Windmill.

- Whoa! You're crazy!

- (LAUGHS) That's right.

- Dusty! Are you okay?

- Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine.

That was pretty good for a crop duster.

(LAUGHS) And not bad for

an old-timer who doesn't fly.

Oh, yeah? Well, I may be old,

but at least I ain't afraid of heights.

- (CHUCKLES) Oh, okay.

- (LAUGHING)

(SKIPPER GROANS)

No!

That's why they call them Sky Slicers!

Oh, no. Skipper, are you okay?

(CHUCKLES) Are you kidding?

I'm great.

- But what about your tail?

- I'll live. Go get them!

Go!

COLIN:

on the final stretch, folks.

BRENT:

And ever since they emerged
from Deadstick Desert,
Ripslinger has maintained a lead.

ROPER:

Any sign of them?

Nothing yet.

- What?

- Hi.

(GRUNTS)

(GRUNTING)

Come on, come on, come on.

Not now! Not now!

Come on, come on, come on.

No!

SKIPPER:

nothing you've ever flown.

Roger that, Skip.

Don't look down. Don't look down.

(GASPS)

(EXCLAIMING)

(SCREAMS)

Oh, yeah!

(LAUGHING)

(WHOOPING)

Okay, time to eat my dust.

With another win for Ripslinger
seeming inevitable...

Wait a second, it's Dusty Crophopper!

- Yes!

- Go!

BRENT:

down the stretch.
It's going to be close,
it's anyone's race.
All right, get my good side, fellas.
What?

DUSTY:

BRENT:

Crophopper!
No!
What?

COLIN:

From obscurity to immortality,
the racing world
will never forget this day.
For the first time, a crop duster
has won the
Wings Around the Globe Rally!

EL CHUPACABRA:

Yes, Dusty! Ha-ha!
(WHOOPING)
Magnifique, Dusty!
You really kicked his bottom, lad!
All right. Yeah! Now that's how to pass!
You did it!
I couldn't have done it
without you, Dottie.
Yeah, I know.
Hey, buddy, great tip about Ripslinger
leaning to the cameras. Thanks, Chug.
Hey, anything for my pal.
Well done, Dusty.
The world has a new champion.
And so do I.
Thanks, Ishani. For everything.
- Herr Dusty!
- Franz?
- Hoorah!
- What are you doing here?
We came to watch you win the race.
You are an inspiration to all of us.

"All of us"?

Yeah. All of us who want to do more than just what we were built for.

(ALL CHEERING)

Whoa! Thanks, guys!

ROPER:

Ripstinker. Yeah, that's your name.

That's some supersonic sewer sauce.

Man, I thought

Vita-stink-a-bunch was bad.

That's got nothing on you.

Ooh! You're just nasty. Nastilicious.

You need to go home and wash up.

Twice. (CHUCKLES)

- Whoa!

- (ALL LAUGHING)

CAR:

Thanks, Skip.

Don't thank me.

I learned a lot more from you than you ever learned from me.

Attention on deck. Victory!

ALL:

It's an honor to be here.

Hook them up.

- You ready, wingman?

- Roger that.

An honorary Jolly Wrench.

How's that feel, Dusty?

It feels great!

(LAUGHS) Back in the saddle again, eh, Skipper?

Well, they didn't have these fancy toys the last time I did this.

Nothing to it.

They hook you up,

you nod to the shooter over there, and hang on!

SKIPPER:

DUSTY:

to Propwash buys!

SKIPPER:

(DUSTY WHOOPING)

(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)