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Race the Sun

By Barry Morrow

Hey, Big Island, how's everybody?
Listen up for a surf report.
Kailua Bay, six-foot sets
pumping left...
all the way down the Pu-Pu Beach.
Okay, then, let me see.
What's happening locally?
Want to say hello to my auntie
over at Hilo side. Hi, Auntie.
She's 73 today and sunny,
just like the weather.
That's local news.
- Hey, how's it?
- Bye, Mama.
Hey, brother, how's it?
You want in?
We're running late. Let's go.
Are you kidding?
I don't ride with no haole.
Come on, girl. Catch you up.
Uni, hele on!
Don't be talking to that fat boy.
- Always keep the rod hot.
- Excuse me.
- Excuse me!
- Hold the rod out.
Can you tell me
where the science annex is?
Hang on, Gilbert.
I'll give you a hand with that.
Yeah, it's over there.
Thank you.
I know what I like!
Good morning.
I'm Ms. Beecher...
and I'll be your teacher.
Okay, Miss Beecher the teacher.
Okay, now, you might
have already heard...
your regular teacher,
Mr. Stenke, quit.
Stinky Stenke! Stinky Stenke!
What might your name be?
Marco Quito, the mosquito.

- Very impressive, Mr. Quito.

- Thank you.

Now remove your cap

and take your seat. Thank you.

We know you love her, Marco.

Just sit down.

Okay, listen. I'm going

to be honest with you, okay?

My training is in English,

not science.

Shucks.

Now, can anybody tell me where
we might be in our science books?

- Molecular transmutation.

- Hey, shut up, fat ass!

Mr. Quito! You apologize.

For what? He knows what he is.

I mean, we all do.

We the lolos, eh,

and we don't bother no books.

That's right. You tell her.

Oh, so nice of you to join us.

A little late.

But you are?

Excuse me, but I believe I said,

"What's your name?"

Eduardo Braz.

Would anybody like to join

Eduardo Braz in detention?

- Sure.

- Yeah.

Now, listen. That's it, okay?

This is my classroom.

And when you are in my classroom,

you're gonna have to cooperate.

That means you pay attention.

And you speak

when you are called upon.

What did I say?

- What is this?

- Just my sketches. Just junk.

Fine. Open your books.

Lolos or not, from now on, you

will be bothering with your books.

Gilbert, we're going to start with you. What chapter?

- Six.

- Six. Okay, let's go.

If we do have to cut back on custodial services...

well, we'll all just have to manage.

Oil change.

Unsuccessful.

No problem.

We were just wrapping up.

All right, if there's no further business...

- Just one more thing.

- Yes?

The district science fair.

I just realized that it's this week... and I was wondering why none of our students are participating.

Frank, weren't you helping Stenke with this?

Yeah. We couldn't drum up any interest.

- That's not true.

- Excuse me?

That's not true. One of my students was definitely interested.

I think if somebody had taken a little bit more time...

maybe taken the whole thing a bit more seriously...

Ah, time, seriously.

That's what I forgot.

You know, maybe you should do it next year, okay?

If you're still here.

Sandra, look. I think we all appreciate your enthusiasm...

but I also think

we need to be realistic...

about what we can accomplish here at Kona-Pali.

But thanks for your comments.

And thank you all.

- Don't ever do that again.

- Pardon me?

You know, just work here a while,
and you'll understand.

Okay, Daniel,

so what the hell is this?

That's an idea I was working on.

What do you think?

- What are these things here?

- Dimples, like on a golf ball.

You have less friction, more speed.

And no sales.

Do you know how much it would
cost me to build a board like this?

- Even if it's buildable.

- It's just an idea, Guy.

Well, you wanna be a designer,
go to college.

You wanna earn five bucks an hour
from me, stick to the patterns.

Patterns are boring, Guy,
and we can do better.

You're a shaper, kid. Shape.

God, I'm, like, sick.

Oh, what a surprise! What time
did you get in last night?

Oh, God, Daniel, get some help.

Don't do that in front of me.

I can't handle school.

Turn this into the office
for me, would you?

So what's "craps"?

Cramps, Daniel, cramps.

God, you can be
so stupid sometimes.

I guess I'm busy.

Come on. Five bucks?

- Buy yourself some sunglasses.

- Ten, then.

Give me a break.

I'm your stepsister.

Now, you see, that's why

I don't give you a break.
If you had said, " Daniel, I'm
your sister," maybe I would have.
Okay, hold it.
You can all leave...
except for Luana, Gilbert,
Oni, Marco, Braz and Daniel.
Stay for just one minute.
Okay, you six are the only ones...
who still haven't come up with
a science project proposal.
Any ideas here?
Brilliant excuses?
Anything?
Well, I'm going to give you
a chance to change all that.
Because tomorrow night...
is the district science fair.
And I'm requiring
each one of you to attend.
- Yeah!
- Oh, man, Miss Beecher!
You can see
what the other kids are doing...
and hopefully you can get
a few ideas of your own.
See you at the science fair.
Daniel, wait a second.
I think you're gifted, but you might
want to save this for art class.
- See you at the fair.
- Bye.
- How long did it take to do that?
- About an hour, hour and a half.
- Isn't he cute?
- Yeah.
Hey, guys, you made it!
Good. Isn't this great?
- I've had enough. Let's go home.
- No. You just got started.
Do you see anything interesting?
The rats. Look at that.
We're grateful
to the Office of Energy...

for sponsoring this competition.
And tonight we want to thank
one individual...
Mr. Jack Fryman, vice president of
marketing for CelTech Corporation...
for his support
and his generous donation...
in CelTech's state-of-the-art
Zygon solar panels...
which we're using in our car.
And his son Steve
has something for him.
Come on up, Steve.
Dad. Thanks.
Thank you. This is great.
Miss Teach,
why aren't we in this race?
'Cause you ain't no haole,
Cho, that's why.
Aren't a haole.
What's a haole?
It means "not us."
CelTech has arranged for the winner
of Hawaii's inter-island race...
to compete in the
World Solar Challenge in Australia.
So let's win big here,
and then it's on to Australia.
Thank you.
- Can we get some pictures?
- Sure.
Hey, hands off, asshole.
- I was just admiring it, man.
- Is there a problem here?
Yeah, I caught this lolo
fingering our car.
God, the place
is crawling with them.
All right, man.
You made your point, all right?
- I'm sorry I touched your car.
- Hey, don't kiss his preppy ass.
- Come on, Let's kick it!
- Hey, let's not get ugly here.

- It's too late in their case.
- Hey, eat me, slicky boy.
Come on. A lot more exhibits
to see. Let's go. Move it!
That's the problem with these
events. They'll let anybody in.
Ain't all bad, though.
Hey, wahine.
Remember me? Bare-ass Beach?
Or were you too wasted?
Steve, what's going on here?
- This guy just hit me!
- Who?
That one!
Call security and get this
animal out of here!
- Come on, Braz. Let's go.
- You okay, man? What happened?
Kona rules, you mahus!
Nobody talks. Nobody moves.
It's clear.
- What are you guys in for?
- Fighting.
Shut up, Cho. You didn't fight.
You just stood around.
Don't blame him. It was you guys
in here with your big mouth.
- Me? Daniel started it!
- But he didn't finish it, did he?
- Yeah, what?
- Just let it go.
Hey, Daniel,
with the tiki necklace.
- I'm talking to you.
- What's your problem, Braz?
Oh, my problem? I don't have
a problem, haole. I know who I am.
I'm as local as you are.
I grew up here too, all right?
Oh, yeah? Well, I didn't see much
of that last night, bro.
They was laughing at us, Daniel.
And locals don't take that,
understand?

So how about it, bro?
Wanna go kick some haole's ass?
- I'm not a fighter.
- Yeah, no shit!
Hey, look, man!
You really want to kick ass?
Do it with this.
Wow! What is that?
- What's it look like? Geez.
- It's a solar car.
- I knew that.
- When did you come up with this?
Last night. I didn't like
what happened, either.
Get that bike off the grass!
Mother, I have a new life here.
I don't want him to have my number.
Because I don't want to talk
to him, that's why.
God, Mom! I just need
some time to think, you know?
Mom, I gotta go.
There's somebody at my door.
Yeah, okay, I'll think about it.
I love you too. Bye.
How'd you guys find me?
The town's not that big.
You dressed, eh?
- We ain't gonna beat you up.
- Aren't going to beat me up.
Cool place!
Oh, that's nice stuff.
- What's up?
- You live out of boxes?
I wasn't exactly sure
I was gonna stay.
- Now, what do you want?
- So this is Mr. Teach, eh?
He must've done
something bad, huh?
Is somebody going to tell me
exactly why you're here?
Our science project.
This is really impressive, Daniel.

But you're a little too late.

The race is only two months away.

- We still think we can do it.

- We'll do it, credit or no credit.

- 'Cause we want to kick butt.

- Yeah?

Well, I think I've seen
just about enough of that already.

Sorry.

Now, guys, a sketch is one thing...
but we're talking about building
a car here, from the ground up.

- I know cars, Teach.

- And I know fiberglass.

- Me? The wheel man.

- And I...

She'll think of something.

Gilbert?

I just know computers.

That's it.

He's a whiz! Tell her.

- I am.

- He is.

Sutcliffe Academy had,
what, 20 guys?

There's only six of you.

Uni! She's shy,
but she ain't no lolo.

She's in X-rated math too,
right, Uni?

- Accelerated math.

- Oh, whatever.

Well, that's seven.

I think I can get one more.

Come on, Miss Beecher.

All we're asking for is a chance.

I'm going to have to fill out grant
forms and all kinds of papers.

- This is crazy, but okay.

- Yes!

But let me tell you something.

Once we start this thing,
we see it through.

And I want it in writing.

I want a schedule
with everybody's objectives on it.
Your specific duties.
You understand?
All right.
Now, get out of here...
- before I change my mind.
- I can't believe she went for it.
- Can I get one more of these?
- Out!
You did what?
I quit my job.
Then you can just go
and beg for it back.
No, I'm serious. I'm not going
to indulge this kid's every whim.
Surfboards, solar cars...
And stop playing with your food!
Fine.
What's the matter with you?
It's a school project. Can't you
just encourage him for once?
Yeah, really, Ed. It wouldn't
kill you to say something nice.
Oh, now look who's
giving me advice.
This family sucks!
God! Your dad is toxic,
you know that?
Let me see.
So you're actually going to build
this thing and get credit for it?
I was gonna ask if you wanted in.
We could use another person.
You could use a passing grade.
No. I'm bagging school anyway.
The second I turn 18,
I'm so outta here.
I thought you couldn't get your
trust fund unless you graduated.
So? When my real dad finds out
what kind of shit I put up with...
believe me, he'll give it to me.
He's my son. I know what he can do

and what he can't.

But he better start working for
a living, 'cause he's no Einstein!
What a dork.

So what do you say, Cin?

You in or out here?

She's out. Now, get back in here
and finish eating! Both of you!

I'm in.

All right, we need materials.

- No!

- It's too big!

A better place to work.

A new set of blueprints.

The sun shines

on the solar panels...

which then trickles its way

down to the batteries...

which then pushes its way

to the control box...

through to the motor...

- Yes!

- All right, Braz!

Down to the wheels, which turn,
which make the car go.

Simple, right?

- I don't know.

- It sucks.

- What's wrong with it, Braz?

- Nobody could build this thing.

- You're dreaming here, Daniel.

- You come up with something, then!

Come on, you guys.

It's not the design here.

We put it together wrong?

Four weeks left.

We're never gonna make it.

Ready for some good news?

This is a bill of lading...

and this is a check from

the U.S. Department of Energy.

Our solar panels are on their way.

Our solar panels are on the way!

Let's all have one big hug, eh?

What? Okay, so it's not perfect.
But it's a start.
- Come on, Gilbert.
- Guys!
Listen, if you're gonna flunk
anybody, flunk me.
I'm the one who blew it.
Okay, Mr. Machi,
I'm gonna make this brief.
I got \$10,000 worth of solar panels
on their way here, and no car...
and exactly four weeks to resolve
it, and I need your expertise.
Sounds great. No, thanks.
I'm going to handle all
the paperwork, all the details.
All I need you to do... all they
need you to do is help them.
You didn't hear me, Miss Beecher.
I'm not interested in your project.
You are a teacher here, aren't you?
Come here.
Look around.
You see all this?
Every fall, they drag this crap in,
saying how they'll fix it up...
and every summer, I call the scrap
yard and have it hauled away.
They're quitters, that's all.
They don't finish anything, ever.
Which is what you're finding out
and why I didn't get involved.
They're kids. They need help.
They need our help.
They're lolos, lady.
And what they don't need
is another lesson in failing.
That's all they know about and
all they expect from themselves.
And you know what that gets them?
Five bucks an hour...
cleaning up after tourists.
Look...
you seem like a nice lady.

I'm sure you mean well.
But you're setting them up for
disappointment, and I won't help.
Well, looks like we got
a little problem here again, huh?
I'm not quitting.
Gilbert, come on.
I'm not getting out.
Go on. I'll handle this.
Just stay right there, Gilbert.
Don't move.
You stay in that car
as long as you want.
I heard about your project.
Sorry it didn't pan out.
Listen...
there's a part-time job
at the Palms.
Banquet facilities.
Do you want me to put your name in?
Whatever.
Look, I know you're disappointed,
but you'll find another hobby.
It wasn't a hobby, Dad.
It's just that I'm not that good
at a lot of things, Dad.
Like school, for instance.
I was the same way.
But with designing, it's different.
I mean, I see things.
It's clear to me.
And I'm good at it.
I mean, I could be.
Well, you can't always do
what you want to do, Daniel.
Sometimes you just gotta do
what's there.
Try to get some sleep, huh?
That's perfect.
No further business?
Wait. Just one more thing.
I'll make this brief.
I don't know if you all
are aware of this...

but my kids just completed work
on their solar car...
and they're going to be racing it
this weekend.
How can we help you, Sandra?
Well, the problem is...
It's not exactly a problem.
But if we win the race,
then we go on to Australia.
And because this is
a school-sponsored event...
I just realized that
I'm gonna need another chaperone.
Specifically, a male chaperone.
Any volunteers?
See Australia?
- With a pack of wolves?
- How about you, Frank?
Miss Beecher and I
have already had our little chat.
- She knows how I feel.
- Uh-huh. And you were wrong.
My kids didn't quit.
Well, Joan of Arc wouldn't let them.
Okay, Frank. If you're so sure
they're going to lose...
why don't you just sign the paper?
Or are you afraid you're
going to be wrong again?
I'll sign it.
Just because
I want everyone to know...
that it was your idea.
A bad idea.
Your idea.
What are you doing?
We got a race today!
Five minutes to race time.
Drivers, prepare
to take your vehicles.
All other team members...
- must be safely off the track...
- Keep an eye on your level.
- And in their designated areas.

- Maintain communication.
Extend the wheels.
The first team to complete
the required 100 laps...
will be declared the winner
and go on to compete...
- in the World Solar Challenge.
- Where are they?
- What the hell is that?
- Just another local entry.
Nothing to worry about.
- Get it out of the truck!
- About time, you guys.
- Where have you been?
- Daniel had an idea.
- We put in an extra battery.
- That's 30 more pounds.
- We'll need it when it clouds over.
- Pass me a wrench.
- What clouds?
- It will be cloudy by afternoon.
- Daniel knows the sky, Miss Teach.
- That's bull. Let's take it out.
There's no time for that. We gotta
get to the start line. Let's go!
Where'd you get the extra battery?
Okay, Oni, you're first.
Show 'em what we can do. Let's go!
Two minutes to race time.
All right, get it out of here.
Come on. We'll run without it.
At this time, all vehicles must
take their starting positions...
- or risk disqualification.
- Testing, testing.
Can you hear me, Oni?
Yeah, yeah.
How do I look, eh?
Oni, come on. Concentrate.
You look great, all right?
- Mr. Sheero to the judges'box.
- Yellow. Nice color.
Don't, Braz. Leave it alone.
- Contestants, ready...

- Come on, let's go.

Set...

Ladies and gentlemen...

the Hawaii Solar Invitation 100
is underway.

Hey, Machi! Hey, Frank!

No. Like this, Miss Teach.

Yes.

- God, this is pathetic!

- Oni, what's wrong?

- Can't you go faster?

- I'm trying. She don't go.

Daniel, when you put in the battery,
who tightened the terminals?

- Marco did.

- No, I didn't. Didn't you?

We got no batteries!

Oni, come on! Pull in!

Oni, hurry up!

Lap 27. We have Sutcliffe Academy
still in the lead.

Puna High and Honolulu,
two laps back.

Oh, grow up!

Go!

Damn.

Accident on the field.

Please stay off the track.

That will eliminate the entries
from Puna High and Australia.

- How far is Australia?

- Oh, about 45 laps.

Next time you talk to you cloud
friends, tell them they screwed us.

- Let's put in Marco.

- Forget it.

The car's too heavy.

No way we're gonna catch them now.

Not necessarily. Our batteries
are fresher by almost half.

So?

Well, they're totally dependent
on the sun for power, and we're not.

So if Daniel's right, then...

All right. Pit stop.
Let's go, Marco. You're up.
Wash the panels. The cleaner
they are, the faster we go.
Come on! That's good.
Here comes Cockroach!
It's Cockroach, now making a move.
Bring it in! Just bring it in!
I don't care what the gauges say!
They're gaining on us!
Why are you letting up?
We're low on juice, Steven.
Just follow the game plan.
- What do you think you're doing?
- I'm putting those lolos away.
In the final quarter of our race,
Sutcliffe Academy still leading...
with Cockroach beginning
to close the gap.
Just because your father built this
car, you are not in charge here!
- Cram it! Come on, hurry up!
- Give me the walkie-talkie.
- Get out of there!
- Steve, give me the...
Listen to me when you're
going around. Stick to the plan!
Sit back and watch the race, okay?
Get out of the way!
That's it! Go!
Yeah!
I'm losing power!
What's going on?
Come on!
- What's going on here, Fryman?
- I don't know.
Down to two cars now, as Cockroach
continues to narrow Sun Dog's lead.
Now, you listen to me, Steven,
and listen good!
- You're gonna follow my game plan.
- Come on!
What the hell are you doing?
Lay off the pedal! You'll drain it!

Shut up!
And here we go
into the final, 100th lap.
Sutcliffe Academy still leading
Kona-Pali by one.
Huh? What the...
Come on, Marco!
Come on!
- Go, Marco! Come on!
- Come on!
Hold on, Marco!
Kona-Pali has won the race!
Yes!
Kona!
Yes!
Dad, this isn't fair!
Come on! They can't win!
- We're supposed to go to Australia!
- Steve, give me your jacket.
Our engineers practically built
the Sutcliffe car.
That's what my money
was meant to sponsor.
- They weren't even using our cells.
- Yes, sir, I know.
We're just going to have to put
a little spin on this.
I have got \$60 million in government
contracts waiting to clear Congress.
I am not risking CelTech's
reputation, or my fortune...
on a bunch of kids
in a yellow go-cart.
Howard, we said we'd sponsor them.
We can't renege on this.
- It's part of the U.S. Package.
- I don't want to know about it.
I just want it fixed.
Tell us a little about your
strategy, this double battery idea.
You'll have to ask Daniel.
He came up with the whole idea.
Good call, man. Good call.
Excuse me. All right!

The Kona-Pali team.
It's an amazing effort.
It's just great.
Didn't quite turn out
the way that I thought it would...
but we are your sponsor,
so let's put our jacket around you.
Give him a little room
for some photographs, all right?
Most of you know
that the top U.S. Entries...
in this year's
World Solar Challenge...
are run by CelTech's famed
Zygon solar cells.
And we would like you,
our only high school team...
to have that same advantage,
all right?
That means we'll be retrofitting
your panels and your overall design.
- You mean, rebuild the car?
- What?
- Wait.
- No way. Come on.
Our technicians can do wonders.
We don't need your help
or your solar cells.
Yeah, just give us our plane tickets
and get out of the way, man.
But, Braz, guys, maybe he's right.
If we're going to compete...
No, Daniel. This is our car,
the way we built it.
The way us animals built it.
So give him back his jacket,
and let's go.
- All right!
- Yeah, let's go!
That's right. Australia.
- Where do you think you're going?
- Home to pack.
There are more poisonous snakes
in Australia than anywhere else.

- Then remind me to zip up my tent.

- Tent?

No tent.

Oh, look at that, eh?

Look at that cool one over there.

- What are we even doing here?

- We came here to race.

Oh, can't we eat first, please?

Bugs... How did they get so many different kind of bugs here, anyway?

- If you don't stop bitching...

- I want to eat!

No, I want to pee,
then eat, then shower.

Yeah, and then

I'm going to murder you.

- Yeah, all right.

- All right, everybody.

- Well, Miss Beecher?

- First, we're going to split up.

You take the boys, go over there
and get the van and the trailer.

The girls will come with me
and get the Winnebago.

We'll meet right back here.

Okay? Come on, girls. Let's go.

All team captains...

Hey, Gilbert, you seen any koalas
or kangaroos yet?

I'm stuck.

Italian team, report to weigh-in.

Hold steady.

Here you go.

Now arriving, the reigning
world solar champions...

Hans Kooiman, the Euro-team
and Felix X.

What are we doing here?

Hans. Hans Kooiman.

You've drawn a late grid position.

Are you worried at all
about your chances?

Why should I worry? Everyone knows
we are the best, don't they?

Thank you.

You sure you're a driver, love?

Alternate.

We got our vehicles. We got
our grid position... number 12.

Not a bad draw.

Vehicle's checked in.

Oh, we need to pick a captain.

Well, I nominate Daniel Webster.

It was his design.

- I don't know.

- Yeah, brother.

You got us here with your
extra battery and everything, yeah?

Is that all right with everybody?

- Don't mean nothing to me.

- Doesn't mean anything to you.

Now, if I could just say
a few words.

First of all, I want you all
to know how proud I am...

and that, to me, no matter
what happens, win or lose...

Hold it. I didn't come here to lose.

Who came here to lose?

I didn't mean lose!

Okay. Frank?

Isn't there something you want
to say to the kids before the race?

Day 1 - 2,766 Km To Adelaide

The car we built

reaches 85 kilometers per hour...

which is about 55 miles per hour

where I come from.

The start of

the World Solar Challenge...

a 2,000-mile

transcontinental sprint...

over a two-lane highway and some

of the harshest terrain anywhere.

They've come from all corners,

some 40 universities and colleges...

think tanks and corporate giants.

And they've come to win

this six-day race.
This is Judd Potter reporting.
Come on, Kona,
don't hold us up.
Let's go, Marco.
All right, Kona,
now run a good, clean race.
If you screw up,
you'll be watching it on telly.
It's gonna be hot out there,
so keep a close eye on your drivers.
And whatever you do,
don't mess with the road trains.
All right? Any questions?
Yeah. What's a road train?
You're joking, right?
Joking. Yes, sir.
Good luck, Marco.
Ladies and gentlemen, race fans...
the time has come.
Drivers, start your solar panels.
Good luck, you guys!
All right, Marco!
- Shut it off!
- What happened, man?
Get the children off the road!
I'm with the support crew.
Excuse me. Thank you.
Move him!
Yeah, over on the side!
- What do we got?
- What happened here?
Busted ball joint.
You guys get in here!
- We're on the team!
- It's our car!
- Excuse me.
- We have 3,000 K's to go!
What is going on here?
You either get this car going,
or get it out of here.
What do you mean,
get it out of here?
- Is there a problem?

- Yes. The car is a problem.
It is an embarrassment
to the entire U.S. Effort.
You either get this car running,
or you pack your bags and go home.

- And who are you, again?
- Who are you?
- I'm the shop teacher.
- Well, I'm your sponsor.
And if there's one more
screw-up out of your team...
I will revoke your eligibility,
understand?
Yeah. Now let me tell you something.
We're going to run in this race
with or without your sponsorship.

- Now, you listen to me...
- And if you touch my kids again...
I'm gonna personally revoke
both your legs.
What was that all about?
Technical stuff.
Get them off the track!
Move it! God!
And here comes the pack now,
flying down the Stuart Highway.
U.S. CelTech and Solar Flare
have taken command of this field...
at what seems to be
a record-setting pace.
The high school kids from Hawaii
who broke down are in last place.
Now let's check the leader board,
see how the others are doing.
You can do what you like
with your car during off hours...
so long as it's not a hair past
this line come start time tomorrow.

- Any questions?
- Yeah. How far are we behind?
Hard to say. They're all a wee bit
out of radio range just now.
Hey, don't be discouraged.
That old Stuart Highway

has a way of evening things out.
Of the 42 starters, we've already
got 5 fallen by the way.
Well, like I say,
it's a rough highway.
Day 2 - 2,476 Km To Adelaide
Air Temperature 95 degrees
Road Temperature 112 degrees
Look, guys!
It's that Russian lolo!
Shut up, man. You think
they ain't laughing at us too?
- Oh, some nice wheels, brother!
- Look at that funny little hat.
Hey, everybody.
Thirty-sixth place!
Kona rules!
Hey, you guys, look!
Kangaroos!
- Luana, get a picture!
- Okay, Miss Teach.
He looks like Marco!
Oh, that's cool!
Frank, looks like the wind's
picking up a little.
- See anything funny out there?
- Negative.
Only blue sky and your rear end.
The back of the bus, Sandra.
Keep me posted.
Willy-Willy!
Oh, man, what was that?
I don't know, bro,
but I want one.
Hey, Miss Teach,
what's a "willy-willy"?
A willy-willy is...
I don't know what a willy-willy is.
Cindy, get off the road right now!
Everybody off the road!
- Make her get off the road!
- Stop the car!
Stop the car!
What is going on?

- Somebody help me!
- Stay in the car! Stay here!
Calm down!
Help me!
It'll pass! Calm down!
Cindy, it'll be all right.
Stay in the car.
Daniel, call Cindy.
See if she's okay.
- Cindy, are you all right?
- Excellent, now that it's over.
Oh, thank God.
That was fun, huh?
You should've looked that one up.
After just two days of racing...
a freak dust storm
has simply decimated the field...
with scores of cars
reportedly damaged or destroyed.
U.S. CelTech continues
its commanding lead...
with the rest of the field spread
out over hundreds of kilometers.
Euro-team. Hey, look,
it's the Euro-team.
He's pretty cute for a Euro lolo.
Do you think
we'll win the race, Mr. Machi?
Let's just get through
the day, Gilbert.
You sure it's safe out here?
I mean, the kids?
What if there's animals?
The animals will just have to
 fend for themselves, won't they?
I guess so.
You know, Frank...
I really admire
the way you handle them.
You must have
a few of your own, don't you?
Nope. Never happened.
- Never married?
- Between. You?

Recovery. Stage one.

Oh. Well, that explains the ring.

So, how'd you end up at Kona?

Well...

I was 22,

machinist second class, USS Clark.

We were down below

repairing a stress fracture...

and had an oxygen tank explode.

And four men went like that.

Including the guy

who jumped in front of me.

Machinist First Class

John Francis Tutu.

Wow. I'm sorry.

His son's in your class.

- Got it?

- Yeah.

Day 3 - 1,991 Km To Adelaide

Air Temperature 98 degrees

Road Temperature 115 degrees

You know why I joined this team?

For meet boys.

But no boys, sure.

I just want to go home.

- You want to go too?

- No. I want to win the race.

- Anyway, there's boys here.

- Like who?

Well, Gilbert. He's nice.

Gilbert? Oh, that's sick!

We'd better get you home soon, girl.

Go, Cindy!

Wait! Wait!

- Daniel, where the hell are we?

- I don't think this is right.

We got nothing

that looks like this in Kona.

- I hate this place!

- Oni, stop bitching.

- Are we there yet?

- Come on, Daniel!

- You said right. I know you did!

- I know. I meant left.

- He meant left!
- Maybe you can do better!
- Well, maybe I can.
- Come here!
All right, you guys, just calm down!
Don't push me, haole.
You ride with me.
Hans, with 16 cars
at the halfway point...
any prediction
on who's going to win?
When we started out, I would say
team with best technology.
Now I just think
team with most guts.
- And that would be?
- As I always say, the Europeans...
- The high school kids from Kona.
- Correction.
Correction. There are 17 cars
still competing in this race.
Here they come now... the Hawaiians!
Can we have a spokesman here?
- How about a spokeswoman?
- Luana! It's Luana! Look!
We know we're not
the most experienced team...
or the brightest or the best...
but it doesn't mean that
we shouldn't be taken seriously.
Hello, Mom!
More pictures!
And that, Mr. Commissioner...
is what we're showing the world
about the future of solar power.
Who put this shit on my side, huh?
Hey, what's this?
That's mine, Marco.
Yeah, right.
Hey, this is for drivers, Cho.
- What, you think you driver now?
- I might be.
In your dreams, fat ass.
Uni, think you can find me

on the TV, eh?
- Still topping the leader board...
- Uni, can you hear me?
Okay, just a second.
Uni, come on. I thought
you were supposed to be smart.
Why do you let her
boss you around like that?
Well, she's my friend.
Oh, get real. All she does is bitch
and moan. She's pathetic.
- Shut up, haole. You just jealous.
- I'm out of here.
'Cause nobody want
your picture, eh?
- Nobody even like you, girl.
- Yeah, that's it!
I don't suppose
I could get you out here, could I?
Oh, not in this lifetime. No way.
Hey, Frank, what did you do
with your wedding ring?
You know. Afterwards.
Took it into the shop
and melted it down.
And I put it right here
in this tooth there.
If I get married again, I'm gonna
melt that down and put it here.
Then I'm gonna get caps
all the way across.
You did no... Seriously,
what did you do with the ring?
Well...
one night...
I went outside...
I took it off...
and I threw it
as far as I could throw.
Here. To stage two.
Looking forward to it.
There's two people in a room
One black and one white
Who is to say who's wrong

or who's right
Dream out loud
It's up to me and you
To dream out loud
Braz, I could live in a place
like this, couldn't you?
It's a little far away from things,
ain't it?
That's what I mean.
Very impressive.
Hey, look. I'm sorry
that I yelled at you the other day.
I didn't think you'd get
that little car going again.
Let me ask you a question.
What's that?
If you were to quit...
Go on.
Go on. Dance with him.
Come on, Miss Teach.
I'll get you.
Show-off. Come on, Mr. Machi.
- Come on.
- I don't dance. I have a bad back.
I have a bad back! No! Wait!
Uni, do you want to dance?
To be honest with you, Gilbert,
I really don't.
Me, neither.
A flick of the battery switch,
and you could write your own ticket.
Why are you doing this?
'Cause you don't belong here,
and I think you know that.
- We're doing all right.
- No. This is a world-class event...
and you're turning it
into a high school science project.
Look at the bigger picture.
Take advantage of your opportunity.
Make something of yourself.
What do they call you guys in Kona?
The "lulus"? No.
- What is it? The...

- Lolos.

Lolos. That means stupid, right?

Don't be stupid. Be smart.

I'm counting on you.

Come on, Braz.

- Let's go.

- What's he talking to him for?

It doesn't matter.

Day 4 - 1,413 Km To Adelaide

Air Temperature 101 degrees

Road Temperature 117 degrees

Look at that. Cindy's all over.

Cindy, what's wrong?

You're all over the road.

Is it the steering?

No, I think it's just me.

I don't feel too good.

Bring it in.

Come on, you guys.

We're getting killed!

All right, everybody.

Let's stay away from Cindy.

I don't want anybody else
getting sick.

Cindy, I gotta talk to you.

All right. If everyone's agreed,
then that's what we've decided.

Where are we, you guys?

You should have woke me.

Why don't you have a seat? We're
just finishing up a team meeting.

So, what's up...

besides my lunch?

We were just talking about
how dangerous this race could be.
And how it wouldn't be good if
anybody on the team were drinking.

What is this, a trial?

No, but it is a school-sponsored
event. You know the rules.

You disgust me.

Don't stink-eye me, girl.

I didn't say nothing.

Then who?

Who went through my things, huh?
Cindy, you can travel
with the team...
but we can't allow you to
participate further, understand?
No, I asked a question.
I wanna know...
who went through
my personal belongings, who?
I did.
You.
You, Daniel.
Fine. Thanks.
Thanks very much.
Hold it.
They'll be all right.
Come on, Cindy.
I know you're in he...
Cindy, you think
I wanted to do this?
- Then why did you?
- Because...
I hate to see
what you do to yourself, Cindy.
- You're my sister.
- God, here we go, right?
Here we go where, Cindy?
We live in the same house!
It's the same family, right?
It's not a family, Daniel!
It never was,
and it never will be!
And I don't give a shit, okay?
I just figured it out.
You don't want to be
a part of anything.
I was a part of something.
I had a dad and a mom.
And she never should have
divorced him in the first place.
Cindy, your dad's a total jerk.
I mean, he never calls you,
he never writes.
That's because he's busy, Daniel.

When you're rich,
you're busy, okay?
Daniel, just go, okay?
Leave me alone, Daniel.
Day five of the transcontinental
World Solar Challenge.
And the heat is taking its toll.
Day 5 - 905 Km To Adelaide
U.S. CelTech still holds...
its lead over Solar Flare.
Air Temperature 108 degrees
Road Temperature 125 degrees
The rest of the field is thinning
as temperatures continue to rise
Hey, Miss Teach, you cold?
Oni, you're cold?
We're dying in here.
You feeling all right?
Yeah, just a little bit cold.
You okay? All right.
There won't be any more driving
for you today.
Captain.
Gilbert's come up with
an idea here. Tell him, Gilbert.
No, you tell him.
Well, the rest of the race
is pretty flat, right...
except for that one hill
at the finish?
So why are we running a compromise
six-to-ten gearing ratio...
when we could just switch
to a bigger drive...
say, an eight-to-ten
and go all that much faster?
Two hours and six minutes' worth,
right, Gilbert?
About.
It's your idea, Gilbert?
- Yeah.
- Let's do it.
I'm loving it, bro!
This cockroach is slamming!

Hang loose, brother!
Hey, Captain, tell Cho I'm gonna
kiss his sweet mango for this!
Just keep driving, Marco!
Come on, everybody! Let's hear it!
Kona rules!
Where do they keep coming from?
Marco, don't push it.
One at a time now.
Two-for-one special.
You got it. Watch this!
Daniel, Marco,
what is going on out there?
My gosh, what is he doing?
Getting cocky, that's what.
God!
Road train.
A road train!
Road trains!
All right, everybody,
pull over now!
- Move!
- I'm not moving!
You stupid idiot!
Out!
- Get out!
- All right, Hans!
- Hans, enough! We are losing time.
- Make sure he's all right.
Hey, look,
that was a really dumb accident.
My fault.
All I can say is I'm sorry.
- Sorry?
- Hans, let it go.
You know what is sorry?
You little cockroach...
you and that piece of shit car!
It was an accident, all right?
Yeah, and shit draws flies.
Luckily, I have bug spray.
We'll call it even.
You are worse than bugs!
You are cowards!

I don't wanna hear nothing from you. I'm sick of you, understand?

- Take it easy, Braz.

- All he does is screw things up. So he designed our car.

Big deal.

I'm the one who built it. I'm the one who knows how to fix it.

I'm the one who has to fight your fights, not you, haole.

Shut up, Braz. It has nothing to do with being haole.

Oh, yeah? I saw you.

I saw you kissing up to that CelTech guy.

What did you do, maybe make a deal?

Danny Boy? Captain?

Is that what you think?

Come on, Braz.

You're way out of line here.

Maybe he's right.

Maybe I'm not cut out for this.

You want it that bad, Braz?

Take it, man. It's all yours.

Well, you heard him.

Let's go.

- How's she doing?

- Well, fever's broken.

But I don't know about tomorrow.

Looks like we're down to two drivers.

One more day, huh?

How's it going out there?

It's a little quiet.

Too quiet, you know?

Yeah.

Here.

I'm scared.

We gotta finish this, Luana.

I know.

It's the last day of racing, and here's where we stand...

CelTech is outside of Adelaide...

Final Day - 304 Km To Adelaide
ready to make its final sprint
to victory.
Right behind U.S. CelTech...
Air Temperature 114
Road Temperature 133
Solar Flare seems to have second.
After that,
the real question...
is whether
any of the remaining teams...
has what it takes
to finish this grueling event.
Two!
One! Go!
We're here in Adelaide...
and we're about to have a new
World Solar Challenge champ.
Let's pick up the action.
It's U.S. CelTech taking on the
steepest part of Teffley's Hill...
Solar Flare only seconds behind.
Just look at tho...
Let's just worry about ourselves.
Jack Fryman, a marvelous finish
for U.S. CelTech.
You've got to be extremely pleased
with these results.
It's always nice to see your logo
cross the finish line first.
I'm disappointed that we don't have
a clean sweep for the Americans.
However, we do have three cars
still vying for third.
You got four, Jack.
Oh, yeah. That's right.
The Hawaiians.
We are going
To Hukilau
A Huki-Huki-Huki
Huki-Huki-Huki-Hukilau
Going to Hukilau
Marco, you need to do that, man?
Everybody

- Loves Hukilau
- You're driving us all nuts, man.
Would you knock it off, please?
Out into the sea
Then we're going
To little Hukilau
- We're going
- Swimming the beat
Out into the sea
Hey, kangaroo.
What's your battery reading?
I don't know, bro.
What's yours?
Marco, do you hear me?
- What's the matter with you?
- What's the matter with you?
I think the heat's gotten to him.
Marco, pull it over, bro.
Now, you copy that, bro?
Pit stop!
Stop the car, Marco!
I'm too old for this.
Marco, are you okay?
- Did we win?
- Yeah, we won the World Series.
- Yeah!
- Sweet!
Oni, get him some water
till it's running out his gills.
- Braz, how's the car?
- Couple dents, though she's okay.
All right, come on!
Uni, it's up to you.
If it gets too hot out there,
Uni, you say so, okay?
I don't want you sick.
You can do it, Uni.
Downhill, Uni. Watch your speed.
Copy that? Take the turns slowly.
Ease the brake in.
You're doing fine.
You're doing great.
Braz, I smell something.
- Marco.

- Hey, shut up.
Uh, just try not to think about it,
all right?
No, really.
Do you see anything wrong?
Not from here.
- Do you see anything, Teach?
- Negative.
You look great.
Braz, the gauges just went dead.
There's smoke.
You guys, there's something wrong!
Fire!
- Oh, my God!
- Tell her to stop the car!
I can't see!
Tell her to stop!
Tell her to slow down!
Tell her hit the breaks!
Braz, the brakes aren't working!
Help me, somebody!
Hang on, Uni!
Help! Help, someone! Please!
Come on!
- Get the latch!
- It's on fire, man!
- Help!
- Hold on!
- It's stuck! It won't budge!
- Push the thing!
Help me!
Lay down, Uni! Lay down!
Hey, I got you. It's okay.
- Gilbert, bring her over here.
- Look out. Move, move!
If any solar team ever symbolized
the spirit of this race...
it was these kids from Kona...
by far, the youngest crew ever...
to participate
in the World Solar Challenge.
Everyone in the race has got to be
enormously proud...
of their valiant efforts.

Absolutely. It's just a shame...
we won't get to see them
cross the finish line.
To recap, the solar team
from Kona, Hawaii...
is finally having to call it quits.
Hans, did you hear that?
Gautier,
I was wrong about one thing...
there is a God.
It runs. We can still make it.
Well.
Not by itself, it can't.
We're out of drivers.
- What about Marco?
- Marco?
- That's too dangerous.
- Then Oni?
She can't get back in that car.
Look at her.
Look, we already proved ourselves.
We'd only kill ourselves.
What about me? I'll drive.
- You're not a driver.
- But I am. Tell him, Marco.
But he is. Well, he was.
I am.
Gilbert...
the car won't budge
with you riding in it.
So I'm sorry.
It just won't work.
All right?
Look, I know you had your heart
set on finishing this race.
So did I. That's why we came.
But it's over. It's over.
You have nothing to be ashamed of.
You know, we're the first...
the only high school team...
to ever run in this race.
That puts you...
each and every one of you...
in the record books.

Think about that.
Hang on to that...
because that's forever.
And one more thing.
By coming here,
by competing against...
some of the best engineers, top
teams, top drivers in the world...
you've proved something else.
You know what that is?
That you don't ever,
and I mean ever...
get to call yourselves
the lolos again.
Come on.
Help me get this in the trailer.
With all due respect, sir,
you're wrong about one thing.
A lolo would pack it in now.
A lolo would take the easy way out.
That's what everyone would expect.
I'm not quitting.
Unless I finish this race...
no matter what the records say,
I'll always be a lolo in here.
If we drop the solar panels,
how much weight do we lose?
About 100 pounds.
Oni, how much juice
we got left in the battery?
Thirty, maybe forty percent.
Subtract that from Gilbert's
weight. It won't go fast, but...
- But it'll go, yeah?
- You wanna help me with this?
I'm new at this, remember?
What do you say, Braz? You want
to hang in with the haole...
kick a little butt?
Lead the way, bro.
- Let's do it! Come on.
- All right. Let's go.
Get in the car, Gilbert.
You can do it.

- All right, Gil!
- Can you help me, please?
Find a vise!
Come on!
Quiet!
Get going! Move it!
That's right.
The Hawaiian team...
those indefatigable kids
from Kona-Pali...
are still in the dance.
And here's the team's captain,
17-year-old Daniel Webster.
That's my boy.
Hey, guys, let me hear it!
Kona rules!
How am I doing, Marco?
You the driver, Cho! You the man!
My idea. It was my idea to come.
Hey, Frank, can you believe it?
I can believe anything now.
Come on, Gilbert! You can do it!
Stop the bus!
Go!
Don't let him quit!
- Come on! Come on, Gilbert! Go!
- I'm not gonna make it.
- You'll make it.
- This is all you! You got them!
Come on! This is your hill,
brother! You got it!
Keep pushing! Go!
- Come on, Gilbert! Go, Gilbert!
- He won't make it. He's too fat!
- Shut up! Come on, Gilbert!
- Push it! Push! Now push.
Please, a little further.
Come on. Go.
Go, Gilbert, just over that hill.
Come on, Gilbert!
This is your hill! Come on!
- Push it, Gilbert! Press it!
- Harder!
Yes!

Wait for me! Go, Cho!
There he is! Take him out, Cho!
Come on, Cho!
We can catch him!
Stay on his butt!
We're coming through!
Right there!
You got him! Hurry up, bro!
To the left! No, to the right!
Yeah, that's it!
It's all you, Gilbert! Go!
Move it!
- God!
- Okay. The slicky-boy special.
One, two...
You the man, Cho! Three!
You okay, mate? You all right?
We did it, bro!
We did it!
Kona rules!
Come on! Go!
Yeah!
Yeah, Gilbert!
Right on, bro!
- You still mad at me?
- Of course I am.
I'm your sister, right? Hey!
Here's to finishing.
Welcome to the club, Teach.