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# Larry Gaye: Renegade Male Flight Attendant

By Mike Sikowitz

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Yeah. Mmm-hmm.

- Mmm-hmm. Yeah, keep doing that.

Okay. Okay.

Oh, Larry! -Oh... Uh, I'm  
sorry, help me out here.

- Suzanne.

- Oh, Susan!

No! Suzanne. -I'm sorry.

I meant to say Susan.

No. Suzanne.

Oh, Suzanne!

- Oh.

- Yeah.

- You are amazing.

- Well...

I could never have reached those  
heights of passion without you.

Actually, you did reach those  
heights of passion without me.

Oh, God, you are so damn hot.

Yeah. Right there, Larry.

That's it.

- Don't stop.

- Larry!

What?

What?

- So, how about some breakfast?

- I couldn't possibly.

- You see, Su...

- Zanne!

You see, Zanne,

I know you'd want me

to have breakfast,

date for a while, get married,

start a family,

plants roots in the community,

join the local church, synagogue

or a polygamous cult,

but that's not my speed.

If I stay on the ground too

long, the sky starts to beckon.

Don't you ever get

tired of that lifestyle,

flying from place to place  
all the time?

Every once in a while,  
I wake up in a cold sweat,  
my entire being enveloped by  
a crushing, empty loneliness  
that physically presses down on  
me till I can barely breathe.  
But then I ignore it  
and it usually passes.

That doesn't sound too healthy.  
Well, mind-blowing sex  
and free medical advice.

- Zanne, what don't you give?

- I have a surprise for you.

Is that what I think it is?

Here's something  
to remember me by.

- Oh.

You sure I can't get you anything?

A little breakfast to go?

Okay, but just something  
quick and easy.

So...

Mr. Gaye,

um, you're a flight attendant?

- Bingo.

- And, uh, you want us to  
publish your book? -Yahtzee.

- Oh, but the book is not written yet?

- Twister.

Uh, and it is the story  
of your life?

The Unauthorized Autobiography.

The Unauthorized Autobiography?

Um,

- but an autobiography cannot  
be unauthorized. -Or can it?

By writing the book, you're implicitly  
authorizing that it be written.

Define "implicitly."

Mr. Gaye, was there ever a time in  
the past that maybe I'm unaware of  
where I wiped my bottom

with 20 minutes of your life?

Define "aware" and "20."

- Who arranged this meeting?

- -Uh...

I... I did, sir.

You're fired.

Oh. And happy birthday.

- Hey. -Would someone please show this jackass the door?

I already saw the door on my way in.

Now, sir, my life story yearns to be told.

It's a tale of intrigue, adventure

and life among the clouds.

Mr. Gaye,

if you held a gun to my head and said to me,

"Hey, be less interested in my book"

"or I will splatter the walls with the contents of your skull,"

I don't think I could.

I guess I'll just have to take my story elsewhere.

There are other fish in the publishing sea, my friend.

Yes, in Manhattan,

I'm gonna need two numbers, the first one is for Simon, and then I need one for Schuster.

Look, if I walk out that door, guys, I'm not coming back!

You got it?

Oh, you think I'm bluffing?

You think I'm bluffing?

Good day, everyone!

Okay.

I'm headed to the elevator.

- Do we have any kind of screening process here?

Okay. I'm in the elevator.

- Get out.

- Yep. Yes.  
It's closing.  
The door is closing.  
- The door is closing.  
Last chance!  
If I get in a taxi,  
you're out of luck!  
Is there a quicker way to  
the airport, my friend?  
I'm running late for a flight.  
Sorry, man,  
it's like this all over.  
- Rush hour traffic, you know.  
- I know that accent.  
What part of Canada  
are you from?  
I'm from Jamaica.  
Yeah, but you obviously lived  
in Canada for a long time.  
No, man, never been there.  
But your parents were Canadian  
and spoke it around the house.  
No, man!  
Bet you never had to worry about  
traffic like this in Saskatchewan,  
eh?  
Eh?  
Who's that guy?  
I can help you with that bag.  
All right.  
Please be careful! I have my grandfather's  
remains in an urn up there.  
- I will, sir.  
- Excuse me!  
This woman claims she's in 9E,  
but that's my seat.  
I'll try to straighten  
that out. Okay?  
I can't remember if I ordered a  
kosher meal or not. Can you help me?  
Okay. If you can just give me one  
second, I will check that, I promise.  
Okay, people, please, please, please, okay?  
It's my very first flight

and our lead attendant is not here,  
but I'm doing the best that I can.

So, please, bear with me.

Grandpa!

Excuse me.

Is there a problem here?

Allow me.

Anything else?

She's in my seat.

Oh.

Actually, ma'am,  
you're not in 9E.

You're in 3b.

Common mistake.

I've been trying to find out  
if I ordered a kosher meal.

Rabbi, I got the passenger  
manifest in advance,  
so I personally prepared you a nice piece  
of chicken with a side of borscht.

Thank you, my son.

What about my grandpa? Look.

- Gramps comin' at ya!

Thanks.

You really saved me there.

You saying "Thanks"  
is thanks enough.

Um, okay.

- I guess we're ready.

- Not yet.

My finely honed senses  
tells me there's someone  
on board this flight  
who's a threat to us all.

You, sir.

Frat guy, huh?

- Oh, Phi Beta Kappa, it's an  
academic fraternity. -Oh?

You like to drink,  
get out of control,  
you boot and rally,  
you cause a scene.

No, I don't drink.

I'm a Rhodes Scholar.

I'm actually flying to UCLA  
to collect an award.  
I won't have those kind  
of shenanigans on my flight!  
Take a hike, party boy!  
- No, but I'm...  
- Save it, Animal House!  
Off my plane!  
Off my plane!  
Okay, rookie,  
let's fly this bitch.  
Miss McCoy, it's all yours.  
Thank you.  
Gentlemen and ladies, what do  
we spend the most money on?  
- Passenger safety.  
Stop it, Geddes, stop it!  
This is serious.  
Outside of equipment,  
fuel and brass tacks,  
our greatest operating expense  
is service.  
Flight attendants.  
- Yes.  
- Their union is strong,  
their salaries keep rising.  
Not to mention their benefits.  
But what if I told you  
there was a way  
to completely eliminate  
human flight attendants?  
Even if we could, where  
would you hide the bodies?  
Oh, just asking.  
Gentlemen, there is someone  
I would like for you to meet.  
Good morning, Miss McCoy.  
Good morning, Sally.  
Sally, may I have  
a cup of coffee, please?  
My pleasure.  
Thank you, Sally.  
Oh, this coffee is way too hot!  
Oh.

I'm sorry, Miss McCoy. I'll find some more coffee that's not so hot.

- What the...

- She's not real!

- Right, Sally?

- That's right, Miss McCoy.

My body is state-of-the-art neoprene

stretched over a complex electronic framework,

my brain is a powerful microprocessor

capable of five billion decisions per second

and my boobs are a perky 34C.

This is amazing.

Go ahead, touch her. You'd never know the difference.

- What?

- Touch her.

You mean, just... Wow!

I'm Nathan, by the way.

The pleasure's yours, Nathan.

That was incredible, all the stuff you did back there.

I'm not sure "incredible" is the right word.

I believe it's "uncredible."

I'm pretty sure

it's "incredible."

Let's agree not to disagree.

I don't think

that's the expression.

Are you disagreeing with me?

We just agreed not to.

You were saying?

They sure didn't teach us any of that stuff at the training academy.

Yeah, that's why I never listen to what they teach.

I make my own rules, then I break 'em.

But if they're your own rules, why do you have to break 'em?



- Well, I...  
- Wouldn't it be easier  
to make up different rules  
that you didn't have to break?  
- Not necessarily. -Or to not  
make up any rules at all.  
The point is, I'm a renegade.  
Wait a minute.  
You're Larry Gaye!  
My first day and I get to fly  
- with Larry Gaye?  
- So cool.  
My God, the stories, the women.  
- Six Golden Coffee Pots!  
You're a legend.  
Relax. Look.  
I know this may come as a shock,  
but I'm just a human being.  
I mean, if you cut me, I bleed.  
If you pinch me, I cry.  
If you pull my hair,  
I scream like a little girl.  
If you back an SUV  
over my bare feet,  
I'd likely go into shock.  
The pain is so intense.  
If you eliminate vitamins  
B and D from my diet,  
my skin turns a shade of taupe  
you've never seen.  
I can't breathe.  
Hello.  
Carry on, please.  
You're looking at  
the new Flightpal 200  
made by Techtronics Industries.  
Now, for a fraction of the  
cost of a flight attendant,  
we can have  
every one of our planes  
fully manned by Flightpals  
within one year.  
Excuse me, Miss McCoy.  
The reputation of this airline

is built on service.

How do you know

that the Flightpal 200

is better

than our flight attendants?

That's a great question.

Ladies and gentlemen,

the President and Founder

of Techtronics Industries,

Bob Techtronics.

Folks, I wouldn't expect you to

just sign on the dotted line.

I only ask for the opportunity

to prove to you

that the Flightpal can

outperform an error-prone human.

And how do you plan

on doing that?

By letting Sally here

go up against your best

in a challenge

of flight attendant skills.

- That sounds fair, doesn't it?

- Absolutely. Let's set it up.

If it works, it could be a financial

lifesaver for the entire company.

Thank you so much, Mr. T.

Sally, we'll talk.

If you remove

the vestibular system from my inner

ear, I have difficulty balancing.

If you take a croquet mallet,

coat it with shards of glass

- and swing it directly at my testes...

- Okay, you're human!

- You made your point.

- I think I've made my point.

Well, look who it is.

Bryce. Felder.

That's "Captain" to you.

Sorry, Crapton Bryce.

How you feeling today, Gaye?

Are you getting sleepier?

Oh, snap!

It's ancient history, Nathan,  
like the Romanian Empire.

- But...

- I said,  
ancient history.

- Okay. Got it.

Uh...

Ladies and gentlemen,  
Captain Bryce here.

Just wanted to speak  
as your pilot

and not

a lowly flight attendant,  
and say it's great

to be piloting this plane  
because I'm a pilot

who passed through

the pilot training academy  
and became a pilot.

These big union meetings  
tend to drag

like a turtle's nut sack,  
am I right?

Excuse me?

Show some respect.

What's that?

Actually, I find them  
interesting and informative.

Uh, surely

you can't be serious.

I am serious.

- Then should I stop  
calling you Shirley?

Ladies and gentlemen,  
and members

of the Fraternal Association  
of Federated Airlines

Flight Attendants, welcome.

Management has

asked us to select

our top flight attendant

to go up against the Flightpal  
in a performance test.

And the Research Committee

has given me one name.

Which one of you is Gaye?

Larry Gaye.

- That'd be me.

- Ah!

Mr. Gaye,

just how good are you?

On a scale from one to 10,

it can't be quantified.

Perhaps you would

try to quantify.

Well...

I have won

an unprecedented six,

count them, six, consecutive

Golden Coffee Pots.

Roll the clip!

- -Uh, guys, I...

I don't know what to say,

except maybe,

suck it,

other flight attendants!

Suck it dry!

Hey, hey, hey! You cut it off

before my dance. Not cool.

Mr. Gaye,

I want to ask you,

will you help spare the jobs

of everyone in this room

and thousands of others

nationwide?

Seems like a hassle. Pass!

I'm gonna pass!

No. Mr. Gaye!

- Larry.

What? What? What?

We need you.

Our livelihood depends on it.

Fine, I'll do it.

- I'll do it!

Ladies and gentlemen

of the FAFafa, worry not!

I will take on this scourge

and I will win.

Nothing on God's green Earth  
will stop me!

- -Thank you, Mr. Gaye.

Thank you.

As long as it's not on a Tuesday morning.

I have a Zumba class.

Okay.

Or Saturdays at 3:00. I have a  
standing body wax. Gotta do that.

Wednesdays aren't great.

Hump day.

And I take

that quite literally.

- You know what I'm talking about.

- Thank you, Mr. Gaye.

Larry Gaye,

ladies and gentlemen.

- Larry Gaye, thank you.

- You got it.

Larry!

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome  
aboard Federated Airlines Flight 75  
with non-stop service  
to Los Angeles.

We'll be taxiing  
in just a few moments.

But first, allow me  
to demonstrate  
the safety features  
of our Boeing 737.

Nathan. Thank you.

You fasten the seatbelt  
by inserting the metal end  
into the expectant buckle.

A little at first, you know,  
just enough to  
tease the buckle.

You want some of that?

Hmm, yeah.

Ohh!

Take that buckle.

Take it! Yeah.

- Mmm, yeah.

-

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Yeah, yeah.

And finally, when that buckle  
just can't take any more,  
you pull on this thing  
to release it.

We don't anticipate it, but should  
there be a change in cabin pressure,  
your oxygen mask  
will drop down.

You place the mask  
over your mouth, like so.

Mmm, yeah.

Okay.

For those of you seated  
in an emergency exit row,  
like, uh, I don't know,  
say you.

If called upon to open  
the emergency door, well,  
you're gonna pull  
on that big lever.

Yeah, yeah, you're gonna  
pull on it real nice

Ooh, I bet you know how to  
pull that thing just right.

Yeah, you know  
what I'm talking about.

You know

what I'm talking about,  
-you naughty little tart.

Flight attendants,  
please be seated for take-off.

Okay. Power down

all electronic devices.

We'll be up in the air shortly.

Thank you, everybody.

We have got a live one in 10b.

I think those instructions  
could have been clearer.

Uh, folks, we're about  
to start our in-flight movie,  
License to Chill.

Audio can be found

on Channel 10.

- Hey, Nate, can you grab the disk out of my bag? -Yeah.

Gaye, I asked for a Fresca five minutes ago.

What happened?

Did you trip over your skirt?

So sorry, I was, uh...

I was about to bring it in.

Well, maybe if you spent less time flirting with your little gal pal over there, you'd be able to focus on your job.

I already do focus on my job as six, count them, six, Golden Coffee Pots can attest.

Oh, that's right. I forgot.

How does it feel working with the biggest wussy in the business?

- Well...

- Don't talk!

I gotta go fly this bird.

Are you gonna tell me what's that all about?

Sorry, Nathan.

I'm an intensely private person.

You made a deal to publish your autobiography so you could, and I quote, "Share your story with the world."

It's unauthorized.

Fine. I guess you'll read it anyway.

It all started when I was a little boy...

- Uh, Larry...

- Please don't interrupt.

You asked for the story.

Now let me tell it.

- No, but it's... -Hey!

Here's how it works up here.

When a veteran is telling a rookie a story,

the rookie, you, listens,  
sans interruption. Sans!  
As I was saying,  
I loved my father  
more than anything.  
So when he left me,  
I was devastated.  
- -Even if it was  
only for a few minutes.  
Well, you can imagine how upset  
I was when he left for good.  
Where are you going, Dad?  
Hey-hey, there he is.  
There he always is.  
I'm... I'm...  
I'm just going out to have  
these suitcases polished.  
But it's the middle  
of the night.  
Yes, it is. Yes, it is.  
And there is a, uh,  
24-hour suitcase polisher  
over on State Street.  
Oh, okay.  
Good night.  
Good night, Son.  
Have a good life.  
Until tomorrow morning,  
when I will see you again  
because I'm definitely  
not running out on you  
or your mother,  
or the life of debt and  
dysfunction we've built together.  
But I wasn't stupid. It didn't  
take long to figure out  
that somewhere on his way to  
the 24-hour suitcase polisher,  
-he decided to leave for good.  
My mom tried  
everything she could  
to take my mind off  
the hurt of Dad leaving,  
but nothing could distract me.



In an all-new episode of  
Boys Whose Fathers Love Them  
and Have Not Run Off  
Unexpectedly...

No!

I knew of no way to make  
the pain go away.

Until that moment,  
when I realized that if I could be  
way up in the clouds, then maybe  
it would take me away from the  
hurt I felt down on the ground.  
And that's when I decided that  
what I wanted more than anything  
was to fly.

- Larry, behind you. -Yes,  
that chapter was behind me.  
Well observed.

Then, in 1995,  
I went to flight school.

Building 5.

Orientation's on the right.

- Hi.

- Hi there.

I'm Gaye.

Really?

Uh...

I have a private bunk  
with the only bathtub  
in this whole facility.

Cadet Larry Gaye.

- Right. Uh, building 5. Orientation's  
on the right. -Thank you.

That's what I'm talking about.

Here, here

and especially here.

Ladies and gentlemen, you need  
to know these principles cold.

I had big dreams,  
and even bigger confidence.

I was gonna be the best  
damn pilot in the world.

All right.

Define lift. Gaye.

A positive force caused by the  
difference in air pressure

- under and above a wing, sir.

- Drag?

The resistance of the air to  
anything moving through it, sir!

And thrust?

Damn, he's good.

E, P, H,

- T, O, Z.

- Good.

The bottom line, please?

That's...

J, M, V...

No, no, no.

That's not correct.

Uh, actually, Doc,

I'm working off that chart.

- Are you kidding me?

- H, R,

S, C, C, F.

Copyright 1983,

printed in the Philippines.

Bastard.

Reduce airspeed 50 knots.

Lower angle of left wing.

Come on. Challenge me, bud.

I wasn't cocky. I just

knew what I was doing...

Deploy landing gear.

And bragged about it,

in an obnoxious way.

What's the matter?

You need to use your hands?

That's right. I was on my way  
and nothing was gonna stop me.

So what happened?

All that was left

was the actual flying.

You're coming in too hot, Gaye.

You're... You're

way off course!

Gaye, can you hear me?

Gaye! Wake up!

Wake up, wake up.

Yeah, there's something  
wrong with this kid.

Gaye, I've got some bad news.

And it's my job to give it to you in  
the most professional way possible.

Guess what it is.

- Heart disease?

- No.

- Measles?

- You're getting cooler.

Oh, uh, okay, okay, okay, um...

- Nervous disorder.

- Mmm, mmm, mmm.

- That's warmer.

- Okay.

- Mumps?

- No, colder.

- Anemia.

- Oh, you're ice-cold.

Come on! Doc, just tell me.

- You have narcolepsy.

- Oh.

It's a neurological disorder  
caused by the brain's inability  
to regulate sleep-wake cycles.

In other words, you fall  
asleep uncontrollably.

- That's ridic...

- Hmm?

Sorry, I thought  
I had to sneeze.

Oh, I thought you  
were having a stroke.

That's ridiculous.

- Yes!

So, my dreams of being a pilot were  
smashed into a thousand pieces.

The only way I was gonna  
fly was in this apron,  
and Bryce and Felder  
never let me forget it.

But it's all in the past.

Never even think about it.

I'm as happy as I seem.

I'm glad you're over it.

Someone's playing our song.

Ah.

Is there something

I can help you with?

I wanted to tell you how much

I'm enjoying the movie.

It's not Ice Age 2 or even

3, but it's a jaunty romp,

it's pleasantly paced.

Turbulence.

Excuse me for a second.

Oh! Uh, folks, folks, folks.

- We gave you the wrong

- License to Chill.

That was the director's cut, with  
some scenes that had been omitted,  
and I think wisely so.

Here's some more  
family friendly entertainment.

How are you?

You were saying.

Perhaps someday you and I  
could make a movie like that.

License to Chill?

No, I mean, I'd like you to make  
love to me in every way imaginable.

Ooh.

Shall we ignore the fact that it smells  
like Death's underpants in here?

Let's.

Okay, can I get you a drink?

- Vodka, rocks.

- Yes, it does.

Oh, right.

- Thank you.

That'll be \$6.

- Oh.

- Hmm.

Oh.

Ah, yes. Um, do you  
happen to have exact change?

No, I don't.

What are we gonna  
do about that?

Here.

Where were we?

I wanna know  
everything about you.

I want to feel  
what it's like to touch you.

I want your body  
to possess my body.

In a sexual way?

Hi, there.

So, uh, we're all out of beef stew,  
would you like some lasagna?

Oh, but I love beef stew.

Oh, this sucks.

I apologize, sir.

- No!

- Okay, all right.

Oh, uh, glad

I could help, ma'am.

If anyone else needs  
help with the faucets,  
please don't hesitate to call,  
they can be a tad tricky.

If you could just  
give me one moment.

Hmm.

Presiding over an emergency  
meeting of the Mile High Club.

Well, I'm glad you had fun.

We ran out of  
beef stew, these people  
are ready to kill me.

Did you tell them we ran out?

Okay, rookie, lesson one. It's not beef  
stew they want, they just want a choice.

- But there is no... -Watch and  
learn from a professional.

Oh, left the  
luggage hatch open.

Folks, for dinner we have lasagna  
or a stew of beef and brown lice.

Well, I'll have the lasagna.

Excellent choice, my dear.  
Sir, would you like lasagna  
or beef with cancer sauce?  
- I better go for lasagna.  
- I think you better, yeah.  
Sir, lasagna or sliced  
elderly human feet?  
- Lasagna.  
- Lasagna. Excellent choice.  
Stick with me, Nath. You'll gain a mentor,  
wingman and all-around fun captain,  
and having you around might help ward off  
my occasional crushing, empty loneliness.  
The crushing,  
empty loneliness you ignore?  
What crushing,  
empty loneliness?  
Yeah!  
Call me.  
I will.  
Yeah, yeah.  
Whoa!  
Oh!  
Wow.  
Can't believe all that stuff  
happened in one day.  
That's the life  
of the sky, Nathan.  
Every day is an incredible  
series of fun, memorable events.  
A montage, if you will.  
- It was amazing.  
- I know.  
Although I did get strip  
searched by a giant angry man.  
And severely shocked  
with defibrillator paddles.  
Yep, best job in the world.  
I also drank vomit.  
Oh, dear God.  
- What? -Uh, I can't let  
that woman see me.  
- Why?  
- Just...

What the... Damn!  
I'm not comfortable  
with this. Please, Larry...  
Yeah, Larry she's gone.  
Larry, she's gone!  
- Okay. Okay.  
- She's gone.  
That could've been  
really uncomfortable.  
Who was that?  
Nathan, I've said many times nobody  
can ground this plane permanently,  
but she came the closest.  
The year was 1998.  
I was on a weekend layover  
in LA and, well, you know,  
every great couple has a cute  
story about how they met.  
We were no different.  
She was  
walking her dog, Muffin.  
The night before,  
I'd been thrown through  
a car windshield at 50 miles  
an hour and left for dead.  
Boy, that little Muffin sure liked  
to lick dried blood off a face.  
That charming April  
convinced an off-duty,  
and possibly drunk, ambulance  
driver to pick me up.  
And I was glad she did.  
You're hot.  
You wanna have dinner tonight?  
I'll pick you up

**at 7:**

So, I'm all bandaged up, right? I  
look her right in the eye and I say,  
"God, you're hot. You wanna  
have dinner tonight?"  
- Um, Larry... -Hello,  
storius interruptus much?  
- No, but she's...

- Butt cheese?

Really, Nathan? Act your age,  
not your weiner length, okay?

We went to one of those restaurants where  
they cook everything at the table.

We were given a truly authentic  
Japanese experience by chef Hiro Obata

Garcia Gonzalez  
de San Fernando.

I think it may have  
been his first day.

So, uh, you grew up in LA?

Hmm, well actually  
in the suburbs.

Really? Me too.

- Really?

- Mmm-hmm.

- Oh.

- Yeah.

Yeah, I loved it, you know,  
everything felt so safe.

You could ride a bike  
to a friend's house  
without your parents being  
all worried about you.

Totally, totally.

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

Yeah.

Mmm-hmm.

So what made you decide  
that you wanted to fly?

Well, let's just say I wanted to escape  
the pain of a father's abandonment.

I wanted to escape the pain  
of a father's abandonment.

Thank you. I didn't think  
I could say that by myself.

Hmm.

Huh.

It's crazy.

So, do you believe in fate?

Sure. Do you?

How could I not?



I mean, every day I walk  
Muffin down Elm Street,  
today I went down Maple,  
and there you were,  
unconscious on somebody's lawn.

- Hmm.

And usually I take a taxi  
back to my hotel room,  
but last night, I accepted a  
ride from a complete stranger  
who reeked of alcohol and could  
barely stand up straight.  
And if that hadn't happened,  
we would've never met.

- I know.

It's like that drunk driver was an  
angel, sent down to watch over me.  
Yeah.

I love you, drunk driver  
who almost killed me.

Now, without exaggeration, I've  
made love to roughly 135,000 women.  
But there was something about April  
that went beyond the physical.

I... Wow.

I just can't believe how  
much we have in common.

You know, um, we both are Scorpios,  
we both love Japanese food.

We both even have  
the same middle name.

I know.

You are amazing,  
Larry Elizabeth Gaye.

But despite how wonderfully  
everything was going,  
something just  
didn't feel right.

Do you have to go?

No, I went when I woke up.

So, when you come back  
to LA, will I see you?

Look, I, um, the thing is...

Yes.

Yes, you will.  
You promise?  
I give you my word,  
I'll call you.  
Well, I didn't call her.  
Why not? Nathan, you know me.  
I'm built to fly.  
And as great as  
April was, I just...  
I didn't think I could be fully  
happy down on the ground.  
Then why didn't you have  
the guts to say that?  
Well, because... Turbulence.  
April.  
Boy, your ears must have been burning,  
'cause I was just talking about you.  
How have you been?  
How have I been? Oh, gosh.  
Uh, let's see.  
I work at a crappy hotel,  
where, um,  
I get hit on all day by shitheads who say  
they're gonna call and they never do.  
How you been?  
Great, I've won six  
Golden Coffee Pots in a row.  
- This is my buddy, Nathan.  
- Asshole.  
Hey, that's not really fair. You  
didn't even give him a chance.  
- I think she meant you.  
- No.  
Really?  
April, wait!  
I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry. I should never  
have done what I did.  
I guess what I'm trying to say is, what  
I should've done is what I didn't.  
And what I did do is not the opposite of  
what the unright thing to do would've been.  
- I understand. Okay.  
- Okay, good.

Um, in fact,  
why don't you, um...  
Why don't you  
come over tonight?  
We can, um, pick up where we left  
of, you know, for old times' sake.  
Well, I guess I could drop my landing  
gear, if you know what I mean.  
Put my tray table into its upright  
position, if you know what I mean.  
Fit my wheelie bag  
into you overhead comp...  
I know what you mean.  
Okay, so I'll see  
you tonight, right?  
- Yes, you will.  
- Okay.  
And this is the team that we have assembled  
to fine tune the Flightpal's hard drive.  
Johann Kaminsky, Stuart Nevins  
and Token Black.  
Taequan Black. Taequan Black.  
Yes, of course it is.  
Now, Mr. Techtronics would  
like to see how it's going  
with our highest  
priority project.  
- Uh, fantastic.  
- Right on target.  
- Couldn't ask for better.  
- Well within parameters.  
Are you sure?  
Well, the technical stuff  
will be there,  
but there's a certain human instinct  
that great flight attendants have,  
which we don't  
fully understand yet.  
I think  
I can help you with that.  
What?  
What's the matter with you boys?  
Never seen a sexy woman before?  
- No, no.

- No, no. Not for free. No.

Isabella here has done  
a little research for us.

Larry, I want to know  
the secrets of being  
the best flight attendant  
in the world.

Wait, you're not gonna somehow  
use this against me, are you?

What?

No, of course not.

No, I didn't mean to make you  
uncomfortable, I just felt I had to ask.

Anyway, all my secrets?

Where do I begin?

These tulips  
should go in water.

And these two lips should go on a  
self-guided tour of Mount April.

Larry, you haven't  
changed a bit.

Hey, if it ain't broke, don't  
un-break it, if you know what I mean.

- I don't. Um...

- Okay.

Uh, Larry there is someone  
I'd like you to meet.

- Mmm.

- So, um, just wait here.

- That's exactly what I'm gonna do.

- Okay.

Three-way.

Huh, that's a different  
way to go.

- Larry.

- Oh.

This is Donnie.

- What's up, man?

- He's your son.

He's my what? Eh...

Whoa.

- May I have a word with you?

- Yeah.

This can't be.

We only did it once.  
That was all it took.  
That's what I'm talking about.  
But how can you be sure  
he's mine?  
Turbulence.  
Hey, Donnie.  
Would you like some more?  
Don't mind if I do.  
Okay.  
Hmm. Mmm. No, no.  
Oh, okay.  
Oh, okay.  
Mmm.  
Oh, uh, convenient.  
Yeah, well, I don't have  
a lot of time to cook.  
I'm a single mother.  
As you know.  
Yeah, that's gotta be rough.  
So, Donnie, how's school? Uh, What...  
What grade are you in?  
First? Wow, you gotta be one of the  
bigger kids in the class, huh?  
No, Donnie, don't  
disrespect your father.  
He's not my father.  
Aha! The plot thickens.  
No, he means he doesn't  
accept you as a father.  
Oh. I see.  
Okay, look, Donnie. I don't blame  
you for feeling angry towards me.  
If you don't want me to be a  
part of your life, I understand.  
Good.  
It's just as well.  
Flying the LA to Chicago route  
first thing in the morning anyway.  
I'm... I'm sorry again.  
- About... About everything.  
- Mmm-hmm.  
Wait.  
Dad, are you a pilot?

Wait, um, your mother didn't  
tell you what I do for a living?  
She's never told me  
anything about you.  
I've always dreamed of having  
a dad who was a pilot.  
Son, that look of wide-eyed adoration on  
your face makes it hard for me to admit  
- that I'm only a fly...  
- Please say pilot.  
Ing man. Meaning pilot.  
I'm a pilot. I'm a pilot.  
That is so cool. That's what  
I wanna be when I grow up.  
Tell me everything about it.  
Every single detail.  
Son, there is nothing  
like the feeling  
of guiding that bird  
up to 36,000 feet.  
Someday you'll come up with me.  
Okay. Why don't you two keep talking,  
I'm gonna get dessert ready, okay?  
Okay.  
Wow, there's just so much  
I didn't know.  
Well, now you do.  
Any questions?  
Yeah, uh, can you still do it  
if there's only one girl?  
Good question, Son.  
And the answer,  
believe it or not, is yes.  
I mean, she won't always  
have a hot roommate  
or a college friend  
visiting from out of town.  
On those occasions,  
you have to make it work.  
And where can I get  
one of these swings?  
There are catalogs. Online sex shops.  
I had mine custom made in Bangkok.  
But remember, install it properly.

And test it out.  
Because you  
always wanna have...  
Safe sex.  
Atta boy. That's my boy.  
Anything else?  
Yeah, just one thing.  
Should you still do it if you and  
the girl are, like, in love?  
Hmm. I'm gonna have  
to say no on that one, Son.  
There can be a lot  
of strings attached.  
But you know what? You're only 13.  
You have so much to learn.  
I just... I wanted you  
to have the basics.  
Thanks, Dad.  
I really appreciate it.  
Hey, you got it.  
Now bring it in here.  
Huh? All right. That's my boy.  
Oh.  
Hey, what are you guys  
doing in here?  
Uh, just a little  
father-son bondage.  
Okay. Uh, Donnie, I'm afraid that  
it's time for you to go to bed.  
- Aww.  
- Can Dad stay over?  
- If you like, yeah, he can stay.  
- Sweet.  
The living room? I mean, what  
if the kid walks in on us?  
Hmm, I don't know.  
Oh, um, don't forget  
to lock that.  
It's broken, it tends to release.  
So if you...  
Yeah, I think I got it.  
So, how come you never tried to  
find me and tell me about Donnie?  
Um, well, because I was...

I was really angry.  
Angry at you for leaving,  
and I didn't think you deserved  
a son as great as Donnie,  
and I don't know, I guess  
when I saw you at the pool,  
I thought maybe  
the time had come.  
Well, April,  
I wanna do my part.  
From now on, I'll give you  
half my salary for him.  
Well, I'll give you 25%  
of my salary for him.  
And on his birthday, well, I'll pick  
him out something from the sky mall.  
A sleep mask, a neck pillow.  
Perhaps some nice  
compression leg sleeves,  
ideal for improved  
circulation on longer flights.  
Okay, I think what he'd really like  
to have is a father in the picture.  
I know. You've got to get out there and  
start dating while you're still hot.  
I meant you.  
Oh.  
Look, I... I know  
that it's a lot to ask,  
but if you, I don't know, if you ever stop  
flying and settle in the area, you...  
You could really be  
a big part of his life.  
Yeah, but how would  
I even earn a living?  
I mean, sure, I could open a  
studio and teach the Macarena,  
but that craze isn't  
gonna last forever.  
April, let's face it.  
If you couldn't keep me on the  
ground, well, nothing could.  
Okay, well,  
just think about it.



Okay.

Oh, not right now?

Just think about it.

Better yet,

I'll think about it.

- Okay.

- Okay.

Good night, Larry.

Hey, uh, maybe

we could have sex.

If you know what I mean.

Okay, if you say the actual thing,

then you don't need to say,

"If you know what I mean."

Is that a yes?

That's a no.

- Got it.

- Okay.

All right.

Oh.

I said no, Larry.

Oh.

Morning, Son.

Morning, woman with whom passionate  
unprotected fling resulted in son.

Morning.

Where's your hat, Dad?

- What hat?

- Your pilot's hat.

Oh, right. I don't like to wear it  
when I'm not flying. Too pilot-y.

Which I am, of course.

Pilot. I'm a pilot.

Wait, why is your tie  
tucked into your shirt?

I thought only loser  
stewardesses did that.

Flight attendants.

Is what those losers  
prefer to be called,  
and this tie-tuck is my way  
of mocking them.

Losers. Come on,

I'll walk you to school.

Oh, actually, I ride a bike.  
Not a problem.  
Hey, Dad. When I grow up, can  
I be a pilot just like you?  
Of course you can. You can  
be anything you want, Son.  
Just follow your dreams  
and go wherever they take you.  
The good ones, not the weird ones,  
like when you're naked at a funeral.  
Or naked at a petting zoo.  
I got it. Thanks, Dad.  
You got it, Son.  
Let me get that for you, Son.  
- Thanks, Dad.  
- Sure. Straight in there.  
Hey, look.  
It's Donnie Girlparts.  
How's your vagina  
today, Donnie?  
Son, you have a vagina?  
God, the surprises  
just keep coming.  
No, Dad. They pick on me  
'cause they think I'm a wuss.  
It's no big deal, okay?  
I beg to differ.  
Hey, you.  
This young man here,  
he's a Gaye.  
And when you mess with a Gaye,  
you mess with Gayes everywhere.  
And some of us Gayes have a vicious temper.  
You feel me?  
You feel me on that?  
Scram!  
Thanks, Dad.  
Hey, it's what dads do.  
So, are you gonna be, like,  
staying with us from now on?  
Well, actually, Son, I...  
I... I will.  
Of course I will.  
What, do you think I'm just gonna

abandon you like my own father did?

That I'm gonna choose

an empty, transient existence

over a meaningful life

with a family that loves me?

What do you got for a guy who chose

an empty transient existence

- over a meaningful life with a

family that loves him? -Scotch?

- No, I'm American.

- Sorry, you look Scotch.

- You're Gaye, right?

- Yeah.

Thought so.

You remind me of your dad.

Ugh!

Well, Cecile it looks like your

award-winning flight attendant

- is 30 minutes late. -That's

the type of human error

that you never have to worry

about with the Flightpal.

- Wait, wait, wait, wait. Larry's

coming, I know he is. -Uh-huh.

Well, he's about

30 minutes late.

- Well, maybe he's stuck in

traffic, I don't know. -Really?

- I don't think he's ever gonna show up.

- Trust me, he's a hero.

- Mmm-hmm. -He's gonna

save all of our jobs.

- I ran out on

my own son, everyone.

Yes, I did. Just like

my own father ran out on me.

The sins of the fathers laid

on the children of the corn.

'Cause I had a chance to stop the

cycle of abandonment. Did I? Did I?

Larry!

- No, it's Jack.

- Larry.

Oh, boy, this isn't optimal.

- Okay, all right, listen to me.

- Okay.

- Okay?

- Okay.

I want you to take  
all this shame, okay,  
all this pain  
that you're feeling right now,  
and let's use it,  
let's channel it.

Let's focus it.

Thank you, Nathan.

I needed that.

Phew!

My God, you're hot.

Look, I've got a full-on  
dinosaur bone in my pants,  
and it's not going away  
any time soon.

Yeah, let's do this.

Attendants ready.

- And go!

And brew!

Good.

Oh!

Ow!

Here we go,  
are you ready for this?

- Yeah! -All right, she's  
just a sexy robot.

Just a sexy robot.

You're Larry Gaye.

Go! Go get her.

What does this test measure?  
We just thought it'd be fun  
to watch.

- Okay.

Move!

Oh!

Nathan!

- Nathan!

- Right here.

Nathan, Nathan,  
I've done it, Nathan.

- I've done it.  
- No, you didn't.  
- I didn't?  
- You didn't.  
- Oh.  
- It was ugly.  
Oh.  
- Okay, Nate, so how am I doing?  
- All right, I've got you down  
30 points to none.  
- With one event left. -Huh. I  
felt it was closer than that.  
- It's not. -Well, how can I  
possibly make up 30 points?  
Because customer service  
is so important,  
this final event  
is worth 31 points.  
- Hmm.  
- Wow, that's convenient.  
We're going to present a customer service  
problem and see who can best solve it.  
It's dinner time  
we have two entrees,  
barbeque chicken  
and pasta primavera.  
The problem is,  
you're all out of pasta.  
Good evening, folks,  
for dinner we have  
barbeque chicken  
or stewed muskrat testicles.  
- I'll have the chicken.  
- Of course you will.  
I have barbeque chicken  
or vomit encrusted rat legs.  
Barbeque chicken.  
- Now, that's programing.  
Uh, barbeque chicken or the  
sauteed anus of a skunk served on a  
bed of the anuses of other skunks.  
I'll take the chicken.  
Barbeque chicken or toe nail fungus in a  
broth of hobo saliva and crotch sweat.

Barbeque chicken or, uh,  
bubonic plague  
garnished with pigeon droppings  
and the hand-fluffed pubes  
of a fat, old eczema sufferer  
who just ran a 10k.  
Chicken sounds good.

- Yeah.

Barbeque chicken or  
dingleberry-cruste rat tartar  
drizzled with pus, served with a  
warm mug of curdled liposuction fat.  
Chicken, please.

- Um...

Barbeque chicken or...

Or, um...

- Or lobster. I...

- Oh, I'll have the lobster.

Yeah, fuck chicken, I want the lobster too.

- I don't have lobster.

I only have barbeque chicken.

I couldn't think  
of anything else disgusting.

I give up.

Larry Gaye gives up.

I am amazed.

I am amazed.

The winner, by a score  
of 61 points to zero,  
-is Sally the Flightpal.

Ugh!

I don't know how you lost.

You were down by 30 points.

But when they said the last event was  
for 31, I thought for sure you'd win.

Nah, things like that only  
happen in the movies, Nathan.

This is real life.

But how did she know how to  
do that with the arm tray?

I mean, it's like she knew  
my every move. But how?

Isabella.

The woman who seduced me and with

whom I shared all my secrets,  
and then never heard  
from again.

You came to support me. I'm truly  
touched, that is so sweet.

I don't think that's  
what happened, Lar.

I think she plied you  
for information  
- and used it against you.  
- -Oh.

Pardon my sidekick,  
he's embarrassingly naive.  
- How have you been? -Oh, no,  
he's right, Larry. I'm sorry.  
You deceiving tramp. I never  
wanna see your lying face again.  
My God, you are so hot! Any  
chance you're free for dinner?

- No.  
- Lunch, tomorrow? Breakfast?  
God! I'm such an idiot!  
I've ruined flight attending  
for everyone.

Everyone! Everyone!  
You can be anything you want, Son.  
Just follow your dreams  
and go wherever they take you.  
- Federated Airlines.

Hi, this is Larry Gaye. I seem to  
have forgotten my next assignment.  
Could you tell me  
where my next flight is?

Oh, hi, Larry, it's Cristal.  
You've got Flight 37 to Buenos Aires,  
leaves San Fran tonight at 10:00.

- Thank you. -Hey, Larry,  
what are you wearing?  
- Jeans and a hoodie from GAP kids.  
- Okay.  
- Okay, have a nice flight.  
- Mmm-hmm.

- May I help you? -Hi, can I  
get a ticket from Los Angeles

to San Francisco, and continuing  
on from San Francisco  
to Buenos Aires, please?

Sorry, I'm not allowed to sell  
tickets to unaccompanied minors.

I'd like a ticket from Los Angeles to  
San Francisco, then on to Buenos Aires.

Sorry, I'm not allowed to sell  
tickets to unaccompanied minors.

Oh, no,  
actually we're together. So...

Oh, perfect!

Jeez. What happened? Who  
brought herpes to the orgy?

Larry, look.

- She has herpes? Thanks  
for the heads-up. -No!

That's the Flightpal. They say  
within a year, we'll all be gone.

- It's devastating. -You say  
that like it's my fault.

As if I lost some sort of flight  
attending contest to save our jobs.

You did.

That's exactly what happened.

- Disagree not to agree.

- You're just combining words.

Correctly.

- Sir, can I get you a drink?

- Bourbon, rocks.

It sure does, but I'm afraid I  
can't serve alcohol to miners.

- Sparkling water.

- Very well.

- Sir, can I get you a... Son?

- Dad!

What are you doing here?

Well, I took your advice. You  
told me to follow my dreams,  
and my dreams are to fly  
and be with you.

Donnie, I can't

be a part of this.

I mean, your mother's



probably worried sick.

You get off this plane  
and go home, this minute.

- We're at 32,000 feet.

- Right.

Whatever you do,  
do not get off this plane,  
but we're gonna talk more about  
this when we get to Buenos Aires.

Hey, Dad?

What are you doing back here  
serving drinks?

Aren't you supposed to be  
up front in the cockpit?

And that's how you serve  
a drink,

you lowly, wussified  
flight attendant.

God! Don't make me come  
back here and show you again.

- I'm way too busy flying the plane.

- But, Larry...

Larry? Who's Larry? I'm not Larry.

It's Captain Gaye to you.

Hey! That's my nickname.

Huh. Okay.

I've gotta get back to work.

In the cockpit, of course. Which  
is where I belong, being a pilot.

I'm a pilot.

- Look who it is.

What are you doing

up here, Gaye?

My son is on board and he  
doesn't know I'm only a...

- Flying waitress?

- Sissy man?

Ass pansy?

Come on, guys.

Give me a break, okay?

Just let me stay up here for a  
while so he doesn't find out.

Can't help you, Gaye.

It's against regulations.

Hey, why is our fuel level  
dropping precipitously?

I don't know.

Good night.

Donnie?

Dear Mom, sorry to sneak out,  
but I had to go find Dad.

I rigged the CD recording  
to start playing  
when you picked up  
that blank piece of paper.

Hope it all worked.

Oh, my God.

Uh, Lar? We were supposed to start  
dinner service an hour ago.

Hey, I think we can  
wait a while.

Larry, you can't avoid facing the  
truth with your son forever.

He'll accept you

whether you're a pilot

- or a flight attendant. -That's  
really great advice, Nate.

Sally, would you mind covering dinner  
in coach for me with Nathan here?

I'm just... I'm trying to avoid being seen.

It's a long story.

But I was assigned  
to first class.

- Come on, have a heart.

- But I don't have a heart.

- Do you have to take  
everything so literally? -Yes.

- Fine. Fine.

- Dinner?

Must be a break  
in one of the lines.

According to this,  
we're losing fuel like crazy.

This is Federated Flight 37,  
we've got a situation.

Chicken and rice, please.

Uh, ma'am, we have baked ziti  
and chicken with wild rice.

Chicken and rice, please. -Dad?

- Oh.

- Dad, are you really a pilot?

Yeah, I'm just helping out while the plane's on autopilot.

- Folks, we've just switched off autopilot, we're expecting some possible turbulence.

Oh, that's Felder, my co-pilot, and I am his captain.

Uh...

This is Captain Bryce, just want to let you know you're in good hands with me and my co-pilot, Felder, up here.

It's the two of us flying this plane, definitely no one else in the cockpit.

Dad?

Oh, Son, you're too smart for me.

I'm...

I'm a...

I'm a flight attendant.

Why did you lie to me?

I just felt that if you knew, you'd judge me or think less of me.

I guess it was just my own insecurity.

I should have given you more credit.

You pussy! You're pathetic!

Okay, my dad's a waitress with wings. A sissy man.

Don't forget ass pansy.

Uh...

At this time, we'd like to ask flight attendant Larry Gaye to report to the cockpit.

To all you passengers,

nothing to worry about,  
certainly no blown  
fuel lines or  
anything of that nature.  
Gaye, we think  
the main fuel line is blown,  
and we might have to make  
an emergency landing.  
And, well, neither of us have  
actually ever done one before.  
And back in flight school,  
you were the best at it.  
So, we're sorry.  
You gotta help us, Larry.  
We're scared.  
You spent all those years abusing me,  
and now, all of a sudden, you need me.  
I don't know, guys, I mean, I'm  
just a lowly waitress with wings.  
A sissy man, an ass pansy,  
if you will.  
How could I possibly help you  
big, strong, superior pilots?  
Look, we're sorry for all  
the stuff that we ever said.  
Yeah, yeah, we never meant it.  
You know, I do.  
I say these things sometimes.  
- Well...  
- I don't know why.  
- All right, it's okay.  
- I'm not a good person, Larry.  
- I forgive you. Now...  
- My mom didn't hold me enough,  
and when she did, it was  
always at a weird distance.  
Like...  
The way you'd hold  
a spool of barbed wire,  
or an angry raccoon,  
not a lonely little boy.  
Maybe to compensate, my grandmother  
was overly affectionate.  
She would hold me tight

against her ample bosom,  
keep me nestled in there long after  
it became difficult to breathe.  
And yet,  
on one level,  
I think I liked it.  
She smelled like  
nutmeg. Autumn.  
Okay, guys, listen, we need...  
I once pleased myself  
to the image of my grandma  
jumping on a trampoline.  
I will help land the plane.  
Up.  
Oh, but first, Captain Felder,  
I'll need a cup of coffee.  
One sugar and just  
a skosh of cream.  
Federated 37 to ground control.  
Come in, Bryce.  
You got Herb Donkins here.  
Actually, there's been  
a slight change, Herb.  
From now on, the man  
you'll be talking to is Gaye.  
Oh! Well, good for you, Bryce.  
Have you told your wife?  
No, Larry Gaye.  
I'm a flight attendant,  
and I'm gonna bring  
this bird down.  
Well, that's against FAA rules.  
Look, if you want these people  
on the ground in one piece,  
then I'm bringing her down.  
Now, here's what I'm thinking.  
If we have enough fuel  
to reach the ocean...  
- Larry...  
- What? Hello? Hello?  
- Larry?  
Come in.  
Come in, damn it.  
Okay, you don't have to yell.

I left room in case  
you want some more cream.  
I can't hear a damn thing!  
I said I left room in case you  
want to add some more cream!  
Damn it! Where'd you go?  
To get coffee,  
like you asked me to!  
Would you like some Chardonnay?  
- Or perhaps some Cabernet-Franc  
- What the hell is that?  
It's a combination  
of Cabernet and Merlot,  
pairs well with savory meats  
like pork, lamb.  
The signals are crossed  
with the Flightpal.  
That's why  
we've lost our radio.  
Somebody's gotta  
take out the Flightpal.  
Bryce, hold our course.  
I'll be right back.  
- Coffee smells good.  
- Don't touch anything.  
Hey, Larry,  
what the hell is going on?  
What's this about  
a blown fuel line?  
No time to explain.  
Take that, robot bitch.  
Uh, Larry.  
That's not her.  
- No?  
- No.  
There you are.  
- May I help you?  
- Yes, you may.  
I said power down  
all electronic devices.  
Dad, what's goin' on?  
Son, how would you like  
to come up to the cockpit  
and watch your old man attempt an

incredibly dangerous emergency landing?  
This is Federated 37 to ground control.  
Come in, ground control.  
Uh, we read you, Larry, but  
you're dropping like a stone.  
According to our gauge, we have  
about 30 miles of air left.  
We're about 30 miles  
from Los Angeles.  
Then that's where we're going.  
Can we get clearance at LAX?  
Okay, we're gonna clear all runways.  
Take your pick.  
Wait, um, would it make more sense to put  
the plane towards a less populated area,  
in case we don't have  
enough fuel to make it?  
Son, this is no time  
for naive questions.  
It's time for heroic  
yet impulsive actions.  
Now remember, every second...  
- Larry?  
- Dad?  
Yeah, he's, um...  
He's 13 years old,  
and I think he's on  
one of your flights.  
And in a bizarre turn of  
events, we've learned that  
- a flight attendant is going to attempt...  
-Do you know Larry Gaye?  
- He could be with him, right?  
- ...an emergency landing at LAX.  
As this harrowing story  
develops,  
we're joined by flight  
attendant Steven Slater.  
Hi, Tanya, great to be here.  
He's the former...  
Cheese and crackers,  
how did we get so low?  
You fell asleep.  
Larry, you are

eight miles from LAX.

How much fuel do you have left?

Uh, not eight miles' worth.

There's only one thing  
we can do.

- Urban Landing.

- Don't be an idiot.

- It's far too risky.

- It's never been done.

Nathan, I need you up here now.

Herb, we can't make it  
to the airport.

I'm going to bring her down  
in the city.

Passengers are kind of freakin'  
out back there. So I thought...

Get your priorities  
straight, Nathan.

This is gonna be huge.

Herb, did you read me?

We need to land in the city.

I am sorry, Larry.

My shift is ending.

I'm gonna have to turn you  
over to Russ Peterson.

- Have a good one.

- What? You can't do that.

Hey, Larry, Russ Peterson here.

Uh, okay, Russ,

we're in a dire emergency.

- We're gonna run out of fuel any second.

- Whoa, whoa, whoa.

Hold on, Larry,

I just got here.

Give me a chance to settle in.

Okay, I'm just...

I'm taking my jacket off.

Hey, is that a birthday cake?

Who's birthday is it?

Happy birthday, big thug. Come  
here, let me give you a hug.

Okay, I'm just going to grab  
myself a little cake here.

Okay, I'm back.



Now, you were saying?  
We're running out of fuel. I need  
to land this plane in Los Angeles.  
- Larry, that's never... -I know,  
it's never, but I'm doing it now.  
Son...  
If we don't make it,  
I just want you to know,  
- I love you.  
- We might not make it?  
Of course  
we're going to make it.  
- Huh, yeah  
- Yeah.  
Just how good are you?  
Damn, he's good.  
You're a legend.  
Just follow your dreams  
and go wherever they take you.  
I have a private bunk  
with the only bathtub  
in this whole facility.  
Larry? Do you read me?  
-Okay. Roger, Russ.  
This is Federated 37 heavy,  
coming in on  
uncleared course 45, vector  
16, bearing two-niner-zero.  
Urban landing.  
I repeat, urban landing.  
Roger that, Captain Gaye.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
this is your pilot speaking.  
Prepare for arrival.  
Oh, and if we survive, baggage  
can be found on carousel 3.  
Uh, do I have space?  
Wait, wait, wait,  
after the minivan.  
Uh, this guy's going to  
let us in. Thank you.  
Oh, whoa, whoa, whoa!  
Okay, okay, okay.  
Oh, whoa, whoa, whoa!

Wheels down. Repeat, we have  
wheels on the ground.  
Oh! Oh, thank God, Larry.  
Completed an urban landing  
on a southbound freeway.  
- Ah! You're one  
cool customer, Gaye.  
I would've peed in my pants.  
Ha! That's ridiculous.  
Larry! Larry! Larry!  
Dad, I'm sorry I thought  
it was lame to be  
a flight attendant.  
That's okay, Son. Look, if it's one thing  
that I teach you in this lifetime,  
it's that, well,  
it's that flight attendants pull  
every bit as much ass as pilots.  
- Love you, Dad.  
- Thanks, Son.  
Bring it here.  
Okay, Lar, let's just  
get off at this exit,  
and we can head  
back to the airport.  
Not yet.  
I got a stop to make first.  
Uh, yep. There it is.  
Donnie!  
Cross your arms.  
My goodness, Donnie!  
Donnie, I was worried sick!  
I'm sorry. I just  
really missed Dad.  
Well, honey, you're gonna have  
to learn how to deal with that.  
Daddy doesn't live here.  
His home is in the sky.  
Go get into bed, okay?  
Okay.  
Bye, Dad.  
Bye, Son.  
Thanks for bringing him home.  
Actually,

I did a little thinking  
up there,  
while I was saving 200 people  
from a fiery death.  
Yeah?  
I thought about how,  
of all the great times  
I've had in my life,  
the greatest, the greatest,  
was the time I spent with you.  
Then why did you leave?  
Because I was an idiot,  
who thought that  
not being tied down  
and going from woman to woman  
to woman, to, in some cases,  
- women, plural.  
- Go on.  
Would be a fun,  
fulfilling lifestyle,  
but the truth is,  
it was soulless and empty.  
All that meaningless sex  
was just filling a hole.  
And by hole,  
I don't mean vagina.  
Or in some cases, I guess  
I do mean vagina.  
I know what you mean.  
April...  
Is there any chance you could  
see your way clear to  
taking this idiot back?  
Oh, gosh, Larry.  
Did you really think you could  
just waltz back into my life  
because you were finally ready and  
I'd be sitting here waiting for you?  
Kind of, yeah.  
Oh, no.  
It's too late.  
You've moved on.  
You were the one thing  
in my life

that was real and true,  
and I blew it.

Gah!

How could I have thought  
you would've waited for me?  
Stupid Larry! Stupid Larry!

God, please,  
let me drown in this  
ocean of despair.

Without this woman in my life,  
I don't want to live.

I don't want to live!

Murphy bed's all fixed.

Thank you, Karl.

Oh.

Larry...

Listen, when you left and I  
never heard from you again,  
that hurt me.

But when you left Donnie, that  
didn't just hurt me, that hurt him.

I know, and I didn't  
want to leave.

But I didn't believe I could  
be any better at fatherhood  
than my own father was.

But then I landed  
that plane safely,  
and I realized that  
I can take care of my son.

And being with him,  
and being with you,  
that'll keep me  
on the ground for good.

So you'll really  
not fly anymore?

Oh!

Well, that is  
shockingly painful.

Like, more than  
I would have ever imagined.

Come here,

Larry Elizabeth Gaye.

I'm coming,

April Elizabeth Fornicowsky.  
And by coming, I mean  
approaching, not ejaculating...  
I know what you mean.

Aww!

Donnie! Donnie!  
Daddy's staying.

- Really?

- Yes, really.

It's okay, guys. You can go.

And so, I retired my apron,  
leaving the door open for  
someone else to finally win  
the Golden Coffee Pot.

And because of the way the wiring  
interfered with the plane's radios,  
Federated Airlines was forced to  
abandon the Flightpal project.

Three weeks after  
that fateful flight,

I landed April,  
my beautiful bride  
and mother of my wonderful,  
and no longer bastard,  
son Donnie.

And the feeling of  
crushing empty loneliness  
that dogged me through  
the years, well,  
turned out to be  
a gluten allergy.

Six months later,  
I found myself  
at a bookstore in downtown LA,  
reading this last chapter  
of my book.

And then something  
unbelievable happened.

I looked up and saw...

Dad?

Dad!

It's me!

- Larry.

- Larry. Larry.

You look wonderful, Son.

You too, Dad.

You must have come to ask my forgiveness  
for walking out all those years ago,  
and to beg me to allow  
you back into my life.

That's exactly right,

Larry, that's why I'm here.

Well, there was a time...

There was a time I would've told you to  
stick several unwieldy objects in your ass.

A porcupine, a six iron

a French horn,

ceramic pineapple.

But...

I've learned a little  
something about fatherhood.

So...

Whoo!

I forgive you, Dad.

- Oh...

- Welcome back into my life.

Oh!

Thank God.

Thank God!

Oh, that is...

- That is such a huge relief.

- Oh!

I know.

- Boy, oh, boy.

I know.

- For me, too. For me, too.

- Yeah, yeah.

Uh...

You got to give me a second.

I got to move my car.

- I'm double parked.

- Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah.

I'll be right back.

- You got it, Dad.

- You got it.

You got it.

- You got it!

Ah!

I can't wait to resume  
my relationship with that guy.

Oh!

Uh...

Anyway, anyway...

Then I closed the book  
to thunderous applause.

Uh, it said

"thunderous applause."

- Four seems like plenty.

- Fine.