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Altitude

By Paul A. Birkett

(wind gusting)
(wind increasing)
(wind stops)
(rattles)

Woman:

the rough ride, Mr. Taylor.
- This weather just came out of nowhere.
- How much farther?
I should have you on the ground
in about 15 minutes.
- (child squeals)

- Woman #2:

- We're almost home.
- (whimpers)

Woman #1 :

What you reading there, trooper?
Sweetie, the nice lady
asked you a question.
Oh, last night he would hardly
stop talking about it.
He kept insisting that one
of those dinosaur things
- was hiding in the closet.
- Oh, dinosaurs, huh?
Oh yeah, kid's got a heck
of an imagination.
- Don't even try talking him out of it.
- I know what you mean.
Oh, my daughter's his age.
She sets her mind
on something, look out.
Sounds like we should get
the two of them together.
- Yeah.

- Woman #2:

(panting)
- What's wrong with him?
- I don't know.
I don't know.
Baby, talk to me.

- (zooms)

- (crashing, screams)

(vibrates)

Oh shit.

Where are you?

Uh, we just stopped for gas.

Listen, call my cell

the moment you get

to the concert

so I know you made it.

- Yes, Dad.

- And no booze. Just because

I've lost my mind and I'm letting you

out of my sight for a whole weekend--

I said I wouldn't drink.

Don't you trust me?

I'm your father.

I don't have that luxury.

You'd better get used to it,

because this time next week

I'll be 3,000 miles away.

And I couldn't be prouder.

Thanks.

Now listen to me.

I know you think you're all grown up

and you don't need my advice,

but you're still just a kid, Sara.

We don't always get second chances

when we screw up.

And another thing-- don't let

whats-his-name behind the wheel.

- The wrestler.

- I'm not gonna let anyone else drive.

Love you.

Bye.

No regrets, right?

Yo, Hitchcock,

the action's right here.

And here we have

the fabled "Mansquatch."

One false move could

alert him to our presence.

(beiches)

- (laughing)

- (growling)
- Whoa, bin Laden, what's up?
- SaI,
- relax.
- Making new friends?

SaI:

Yeah, I'm making new friends.

Hey-- hey hey!

Wanna be our friend?

Aw, guess not.

I'm serious-- is anybody else kinda nervous about this guy or just me?

It's just you.

- Hey, how's it going?

- Not bad.

Looking forward to a little R&R.

I don't think you'll be

needing these to crowd surf.

Yeah, well, the canyon's got some nice runs, so...

- You're gonna do some rock climbing?

- It crossed my mind.

Where's-- where's Sara?

She's probably taking another lesson, right?

You're hilarious.

- (camera beeps)

- Let me shoot some of this.

- Who's the film major?

- (beeps) Shut up.

No, come on, no.

- There she is.

- Ugh, I know I'm late.

There was a screw up with our booking so I had to do a little sweet-talking.

- We still get the plane though, right?

- Have I ever let my best friend down?

No.

- Coldplay here we come!

- Who!

- This is gonna be killer, Sara.

- Here's to Sara, huh?

The best--

shit, the onLy piLot I know.
Are you nuts? Put that away
before you get me in trouble.

- Seriously.
- Nice work, coz.

Ooof, carefuI.
Somebody's been hitting the gym.

- Uh, Sara?
- There you are, hey!

Uh, here, I'll get these for you.
SaI, take note.

- (sarcasticaIIy) Ha ha ha.
- Hey, man, Cory.

This is my cousin.
I toId you about him, right?

- Sure, hi.

- Girl:

- And you know MeI, SaI.
- Smile.

(IaughS)

Okay, are we aII set?

- Yeah, come on.
- Just waiting on you, sweetcheeks.
- Such a gentIeman, isn't he?
- He's charming.
- Bags?
- Yes, bags bags bags. (snaps)
- Hey, bags.
- ReaIIy, man?
- Yeah, I need some heIp. Come on.
- You okay?

Yeah no, I'm fine, I'm fine.

- (groans)
- What do you have in this thing?
- HonestIy?
- Let's go!

Is the weather
gonna be a problem?

- For flying?
- Yeah.

It's a low cloud.
It'll burn off any minute.

Hey! Just reIax, okay?

Let me do my thing.

Okay.

Hey, so, Sara, the general's cool with this all, right?

Cool with what?

Being the whole sky captain thing.

I mean, it didn't really work out too well for your mom, so--

MeI:

Could you be any more insensitive?

Relax.

Look, no offense, Sara.

- I'm just-- you know.

- None taken.

I'm not my mother.

And he's a colonel.

Let's just go have some fun, okay?

Yeah.

Remind me

why I'm dating you again.

SaI:

Sara:

you expecting, a private jet?

For the money we're paying, I half expected John Travolta to walk out.

- (laughter)

- Fuel isn't cheap.

We're already getting a discount through the flight school, so stop!

Yeah, come on-- I've a little.

So how much you think one of these little puddle jumpers costs anyways?

If the music thing works out,

I'll send you a brochure.

- If the music thing works out?

- Sorry, when the music thing works out.

- Yeah, when the music thing works out.

- Yeah.

- All right, pilot.

- Okay, baggage goes in the rear.

That means everything you don't

want to carry on your laps.

- **Sal:**

- You've always got a lot of baggage.

SaI:

I should go talk to him.

I'll be right back.

- Oh yeah, get Rain Man.

- Hey, be nice!

I'm super nice.

- Get your booty in there.

- God, SaI!

- Oh wow.

- Um, we're gonna get really friendly.

So where'd Sara find the stiff?

He found her.

What do you mean he found her?

He just kinda showed up one day.

She was looking for a study partner.

Smart guy.

Wait a second-- she's playing

hide the sausage with her tutor?

I guess a big brain

can be a turn on.

- Not that I speak from experience.

- Big brain? He's a trust-fund prick.

Come on.

- Beer?

- No.

Trust fund? What do you mean?

His parents rich or something?

Or something.

You okay?

Yeah, I'm fine.

You sure?

You don't look so good.

(giggles)

Yeah. Yeah, I am sure.

Okay, well,

let's go.

Why do you let Sal do that?

Talk about your mom that way?

(scoffs) He likes pushing

people's buttons. I'm used to it.
That doesn't mean it's okay.
Hey, this is
our last weekend together.
Do you really want to spend it
arguing about Saul?
- Don't say that.
- Don't say what?
Last weekend.
You make it sound
like we're never going
to see each other again.
Hey, Montreal's
a long way from here.
This is a big deal for me.
You don't think it's
a big deal for me too?
Look, let's not talk
about it now, okay?
You're not afraid to fly, are you?

Tower:

Antioch 520, wind is 330 at 7.
Turn right
onto taxiway Bravo and hold.
departing shortly,
runway 15 left.
to land runway 3.
Be aware of flying traffic

at your 1 :

Sara!
Is it always so noisy?
Sara!
- What?
- Is it always this noisy?
I don't want to have
to dub everything, you know?
It won't be so bad
once we're up in the air.
Dub everything?
Are you serious?
I just wanted some better
material for my reel.

What, and this is better material?
Don't worry-- I'll edit you out.
"By any means necessary"?
- You got it.
- Malcolm X right?
Very nice.

Bruce:

"Dirty Hands," the Sartre play.
Jean-Paul Sartre?
You know, the existentialist?
"Man is what he wills himself to be."
"He is other people."
I will myself to be awesome.
So does Sal. Right, babe?
Yeah. Get that fucking thing out.
(chuckles)
Philistines.

Tower:

Contact Lakeview Center,
one one niner decimal one.
Harrisford tower, Yankee Zulu X-ray
ready for takeoff, 15 left.

Tower:

Yankee Zulu X-ray, hold short, 15 left.
Yankee Zulu X-ray holding short.
Hey, Captain, what's our ETA?
Uh, with a good tailwind
it's about a 90-minute flight.
Nice. Plenty of time to get
shitfaced before concert, eh?
Well, you're well on your way.
- You guys want one?
- No.
All right, more for me.
What are those for?
- Motion sickness.
- Oh, motion sickness, yeah.
Try not to yak on me on this flight,
okay, sweetcheeks?
Thanks for being so supportive.
At least it's only like

an hour-and-a-half flight.
The drive up there was brutal.
Remember it?
But we might get a decent camping spot
this year, which would be amazing.
I don't know. I heard there's supposed
to be twice as many people this year.
How about you just relax?
There's going to be plenty of room.
- That's what you said last year.
- So?
So we ended up
sleeping in a ditch!
That's funny because I don't
remember being in a ditch.
I'm surprised you remembered
your name after all that tequila.
Oh yeah.

Radio:

you're pulling Pantheon 442
in a seven mile final wind,
How many times
have you done this?
You mean solo'd?
Yeah, no instructor,
no copilot, just you.
Plenty. You need a lot of hours
before they let you fly a twin.
How about in this plane?
How many times in this plane?
- Well, never, because it's a rental.
- No, you know what I mean.
- Like-- like this type of plane.
- Enough.
Okay? Enough.
Whoa. Whoa, guys.
Look what we got here, huh?
- Is that what I think it is?
- Whoo-hoo, yeah, it's a parachute.
If anything happens,
we got this, right?
Whoo! Bail out, huh? Bail out!
- Be careful with that.

- All right, all right.
- Just-- just playing.
- Well, play with something else.
Oh, okay.
- Like that? Oh yeah.
- Don't encourage him.
Very good.

Tower:

cleared for takeoff, 15 left.
Once you're 1000', contact Lakeview
Center, one one niner decimal one.
Yankee Zulu X-ray,
cleared for takeoff, 15 left.
- (can pops open)
- Okay, here we go.
- Buckle up back there.
- Whoo!
Please insert tab into buckle.

Sara:

cowl flaps open;
mixture rich; props forward;
transponder alt; lights on;
fuel pumps on; DG set;
power set.

SaI:

- Let's do it, huh? Whoo!
- That's so not okay.
Gauges green; airspeed alive.
- Whoo!
- 85 knots.
- 85 rotate.
- Whoo!
After takeoff checks:
fuel pumps off;
engine gauges green.
Beautiful, isn't it?
(laughs)
Wow, Sara, this is amazing.
(beches)
- Oh.
- Seriously?

Cory:

Dude, that was fucking disgusting.
If you puke in here,
you are sleeping alone tonight.
That's an empty threat.
This is what happens
when you drink and fly, kids.
I don't recommend it. Do you?
(groans)
Yankee Zulu X-ray, Harrisford VOR.
Out of 2,200 for 5,500
enroute to Green Lake.

Tower:

squad 5247 and ident, cleared 5,500.
Yankee Zulu X-ray,
squad 5247, cleared 5,500.

Tower:

you're radar identified.
Greenlight altimeter is
two niner eight niner.
Yankee Zulu X-ray, roger.
- What's happening?
- I just told them who we are
and what we want to do and they
assigned us a new transponder code
so that radar can identify us.
It's all routine.
There's nothing to worry about.
So, Sara, what's with you
taking the train to McGIII?
It was my dad's idea. He thought I
could see more of the country that way.
You still need a ride
at the asscrack of dawn?
No, it's okay. I've got it covered.
Um, actually my dad really
wanted to see me off,
so I told him he could drive.
Whatever. Just let me know.
Yeah, but I thought that--
never mind.

Someone take this. Take it.
Oh great.
This thing always goes out of tune.

- **Mel:**

- What are you doing?
- Filming you.
- I can see that.

All right.

So you gonna shoot that video
for my band or what?

That depends.

Do I still get final cut?

You can have whatever you want
as long as it got hos in it.

Classy, I like it.

Speaking of hos,

how's the love life?

Ooh, getting a little personal,
don't you think?

Come on, you can tell me.

Anybody special?

- There might be.

- It's a dude.

Oh yeah?

Anybody we know?

Um, I better not say.

- Why not?

- She's got a boyfriend.

Funny guy.

(strumming guitar)

Shouldn't you keep
your hands on the wheel?

It's okay, that's what
the rudder pedals are for.

(Vicro rips)

- You forget something?

- No.

I'm just making sure my gift's
not getting crushed.

You brought it?

Of course.

- What gift?

- Just a little something.

Oh yeah? What'd you get him,
a personality or something?
- Show us!
- No, it's just a comic book.

Sara:

said it was pretty rare
and I figured since Bruce
was a collector...
A comic book.
- You're one of those guys.
- What is that supposed to mean?
Dude, nothing, buddy.
Come on, let me see it.
- Yeah, come on.

- Cory:

He can't right now
because he's flying the plane.
- Whoa. What?

- Mel:

Sara, can you please stop
screwing around with this guy?

- Sara:

- Just relax, okay?
She knows what she's doing.

Sara:

You're doing fine.
See? It's not that hard.
- (plane rattles)
- Whoa!
(panting)
Shit! Shit!
I think we get the point now.
Can you take back the controls, please?
No, it's all right.
It's just a little bit of turbulence.
- Just pull back slowly.
- I can't.
- Just pull back slowly.
- No, I can't.

(rattling)

- Sara, this isn't funny anymore.

- Come on, pull back.

Cory:

comfortable with Sara flying the plane.

- No offense, man.

- Sara, come on now.

Jesus, Sara.

God.

That was fun.

Next time I want to be in front.

Are you all right?

- Fuck this shit. Give me this.

- Hey!

- **Sara:**

- What are you gonna do, punk, huh?

Oh, I'm sorry.

Is this yours?

Ooh, 'Weird Stories.'

- Ooh, creepy.

- Hey, dude, do you mind?

- Guys, give it back.

- You want it?

- Be careful with it.

- Easy, guys.

Be careful.

Be careful, it's a comic book.

Mel:

SaI, just give it back.

My God, I'm taking it out
of its protective case thing.

Oh.

Oh my God.

Great condition.

SaI, you're so not funny.

Stop it.

- It's ripping.

- Come on.

Mel:

SaI, what are you doing?

I'm sorry.

Oh my God, this looks pretty important to the story.

- Seriously?

- Oh.

What, are you seven years old reading comics?

You know, the next time you try and get us killed

- I'm wiping my whole ass with it.

- Okay, Sam, that's enough.

Okay?

Just give it back to him.

- Little kid still reading comics.

- Give it back to him.

Yeah, you want your comic?

You want your comic?

- Take your fucking comic.

- Come on, Sam. God.

It's okay.

What's that?

It's a bus ticket to Montreal.

Montreal?

Isn't that where you're moving, Sara?

Sorry, man.

I was gonna tell you.

When exactly

were you gonna tell me?

I don't know.

We'll talk about this later.

- Center, Yankee Zulu X-ray.

- Yankee Zulu X-ray.

Yankee Zulu X-ray requesting

Yankee Zulu X-ray, you're cleared

to 10,500, negative traffic.

Hey.

What's going on?

Um, we've got weather ahead

and I'm not instrument rated

- so we'll have to climb above it.

- Whoa whoa whoa.

What does

not instrument rated mean?

It means I have to visually maintain

separation from the ground at all times.

Translation:

fly through clouds.

Clouds?

Are you kidding me?

(groans)

Will you shut up?

How high

does this thing go anyway?

Surface ceiling is 24,000.

Look at it this way--

commercial airlines fly at 40.

(rattling)

Sorry about that, guys.

It's just a little bit of unsettled air.

- Unsettled air?

- It's the third time.

Aren't we supposed

to level off or something?

- I'm trying.

- What do you mean you're trying?

It means I'm trying.

- Quit screwing around, Sara.

- This isn't a joke.

The elevator's not responding
for some reason.

- There's an elevator on this plane?

- Not that kind of elevator.

You see that part on the tail
that's sticking up at an angle?

- Which part?

- The hinged section.

- Yeah.

- Okay, when air goes over it
the tail goes down, making us go up.

I don't know,

something's jammed it.

- You've got to be kidding me.

- Come on.

- What do we do?

- SaI:

For 10 minutes!

Center, Yankee Zulu X-ray.
I think I have a problem here.
Yankee Zulu X-ray, Center.
Are you declaring an emergency?
Yankee Zulu X-ray, uh...
not at this time.
Not at this time? I thought you said
we couldn't level off.
No, there are procedures for this.
I'll just reduce power.
You should probably tell
them that then, Sara.
Hey, who's the pilot here?
Everyone just relax, okay?
(thunder rumbling)
Oh no.
Oh shit.
Coz, we should turn around.
Turn this thing around.
Sara, we need to go back.
- Let's turn around now.
- Yeah.
What the hell?
(thunder rumbling)
This is bad.
I'm sure this is bad.

Sara:

Everybody just stay calm, okay?
That's impossible.

Cory:

Is that right?
It can't be.
There must be some kind of glitch.
Center, Yankee Zulu X-ray.
My elevator is jammed
and my instruments are malfunctioning.
I am climbing and have lost position
in cloud. Please advise.
(static)
- Center, Yankee Zulu X-ray.
- Hey, what the hell is going on?
I can't raise anybody.

What do you mean
you can't raise anybody?
Mayday mayday mayday.
Yankee Zulu X-ray.
ApproximateIy 15 miIes
east of Patterson VOR,
aItitude unknown,
instrument faiIure.
- PIease respond.
- (static)
Mayday mayday mayday.
Yankee Zulu X-ray.
(radio screeching)
Sara?
No one's answering.
There's nothing.
- Just dead air.
- Jesus Christ.
- So what do we do?
- I don't know.
You don't know?
You're the pilot.
Get us out of this!
Okay, what about the procedures?
You said you wanted to reduce power.
I can't risk it now.
VisibiIity is zero.
And without instruments
we couId fly straight into a mountain.
Hey, what did you do?
Huh?
You Iet him fly the pIane.
He probabIy fucked something up.
- He didn't do anything.
- Yeah weII, somebody did.

Sal:

Yeah yeah yeah, he's right.
You know what?
This is your fauIt, Sara.

Sara:

This is not my fauIt.
How long have you had

your license anyway?

Sara:

Long enough.

You onIy checked out on one
of these things, what, Iike a week ago?

Jesus Christ, I can't believe
I was stupid enough--

SaI, wiII you just caIm down?

You're not helping.

Maybe I missed something during
the preflight, I don't know.

- **Cory:**

- **SaI:**

Sara:

We need to contact traffic controI.

If they stiII have a radar fix on us
they can talk us down.

Um, ceII phones.

Does anyone have a signaI?

- (beeps)

- No.

Wait wait wait.

(beeps)

- Fuck, I got nothing.

- Same here.

Think.

Shit, something's wrong.

We're staIIing.

I have to go to maximum power.

Bruce?

Bruce, God damn it!

There's a piIot operating handbook
underneath the seat.

- Can you give it to me, please?

- You want to check the manuaI?

I thought you knew

how to fly this thing.

Just give it to me, pIease.

Give it to me!

Go to section 5.

- Now what?
- The maximum takeoff weight.
It should say somewhere.
Uh, 6,500.
Okay, if we're over that
the stall speed will change.
What's the basic empty weight?
- 4891 .
- SaI, how much do you weigh?
- What?
- How much?
- Uh, 170, why?
- MeI?
- 1 10.
- 155.
Bruce?
Bruce, please.
Um, 150.
Okay, I'm 1 10
plus 100 for baggage.
- 1 800.
- 1800?
I think we're too heavy. We should
get rid of anything we don't need.
- Are you kidding me?
- Do I look like I'm kidding?
Sara, I'm not throwing
my stuff out of the plane.
You know what?
I'll do it for you, okay?
- SaI, no. No!
- Sit down.
I'm gonna open the hatch.
- Be careful, please.
- You know I will.
- You guys ready?
- Yeah, I got it.
- All right, anchor me.
- I got you, I got you.
Got me?
All right, I'm opening.
- Be careful back there.
- All right, I got you.
One, two, three.

(air rushing)

- I got you, I got you.

- I'm good. I'm good.

You got it ready?

- Can't keep this thing in tune anyway.

- And you play like shit.

Okay, what's next?

Go!

- You got it?

- Next.

- Next.

- Here.

Get your bag,

I'll get the other one.

- (roars)

- What the fuck?

Mel:

What's going on?

- **Cory:**

- I just saw something.

- What?

- I don't know! I don't know!

- SaI man, I need you.

- I know. Okay.

Uh, I think that's it.

You're next, go.

- What, are you holding out on us?

- Look man, that stays, all right?

All right, well, I'm keeping something too, huh?

- Whoo!

- That's it, come on.

(grunting)

- A little help.

- (grunts)

(panting)

Is it better?

Maybe.

I don't know.

This doesn't make sense. The systems aren't supposed to fail like this.

So how long do we have?

Sara?

Sara, how long do we have?

We'll be out of fuel
in less than an hour.

(thunder rumbling)

What are you saying?

When we took off the tanks
were only half full.

No.

We're gonna draw straws
and the winner gets the parachute.

- Oh, come on.

- **Cory:**

- What?

- He's right.

I can't believe you're
even talking about this.

- No, guys, it's too dangerous.

- Too dangerous?

Is that a joke?

We don't know who put
that chute here.

We don't even know
if it's packed properly.

- None of us have even skydived before.

- How hard can it be?

Look, we could be at 10,000 feet.

We could be at 1,000.

You jump when we're too low you're gonna
hit the ground before your chute opens.

If it even opens.

Are you crazy?

Too low? We've been going
up the whole time.

Have we? The first thing that they
teach you at flight school
is just how disoriented you get
when you can't see the ground.

There's no way
that we're putting that on.

There's no way.

You know what?

Screw this. Me, take it.

- What are you doing?
- You're putting it on.
- What are you doing, man?
- I'm saving her life, man.
Take it.
Hey, back off, Cory.
I'm not gonna let you die like this.
Look, man, I said back off.
We're drawing straws
like I said before.
She's your girlfriend, man.
You gonna let her die?
Yeah, she's my girlfriend.
- I'm gonna decide.
- Decide what?
God, you're a fucking asshole.
You know that?
Oh yeah?
I'm the asshole here, right?

MeI:

Stop it! Quit it!
- You want some?

- Sara:

- MeI, MeI, stop them.
- Stop it!
Both of you stop it!
That the best you got, man?
That's what they teach you in school?
Just fuck off, man.
Fuck off.
No wonder you lost
every wrestling match.
Fuck you.
I didn't lose every match.
(camera beeping)
Shit.

Sal:

Un-fucking-believable.
Un-fucking-believable.
Give me that.
- Stop! No!

- Give me it, MeI. Gimme.
- Leave her aIone!
- Stop it!
Everybody stop it!
Do you want
to get out of this aIive?
Do you?
Do you want
to get out of this aIive?
WeII, then I'm the piIot
and what I say goes.
Is that acceptabIe to you?
Is that acceptabIe, yes or no?
Is that acceptabIe?
Good.
Now everyone just stay
in your seats and shut up.

Bruce:

We're gonna die Iike them.
We're gonna die Iike them.
What do you mean?
We're gonna die Iike them.
We have to get down.
Bruce, we're aII scared, okay?
Just take it easy.
No no, we have to Iand the pIane.
We have to get the pIane down.
Dude, just reIax.
No, Iook, we have to get me down.
We have to get me down now.
- We have to get down!
- Somebody help!
- Sal, someone, stop him!
- Get me down! Get me down!
Got to get down now!
No! No! No!
I'm not gonna die Iike them!
I'm not gonna die Iike them!
- I am not gonna die Iike them!
- ReIax! ReIax, aII right?
Just relax.
There we go. There we go.
Just reIax.

SaI, what are you doing?

There we go.

There we go.

There it is.

Put him down.

MeI:

Autopilot.

Is he breathing?

Yeah, he'll be fine.

I just put him to sleep.

What was aII that shit he said
about people dying?

He must have meant his parents.

They died in a car accident.

- Are you sure?

- If he's so afraid of flying,

- why'd he come?

- Because I invited him.

You know what? That's right, I forgot.

He's a freak and he's in love.

We're not in love.

Yeah?

Does he know that?

What are you gonna do, huh?

You gonna have one last weekend
of pity sex with him
and just trash him

like a leaky rubber, huh?

Is that what you were gonna do?

That's cold.

That's cold, sweetie.

You don't know a thing about me
or what I want.

Yeah, whatever.

- We'd better tie him up.

- Tie him up?

Isn't that a bit extreme?

You want him to go aII kamikaze
on us again, huh?

You got a blade, man?

AII right.

- (groans)

- Sara.

It's getting really cold in here, Sara.

I'm sorry.

This cabin isn't pressurized.

- Isn't there a heater?

- Yeah there is, but we can't use it.

Why?

Because it runs on

the main fuel supply

and we need every last drop

for the engines.

Oxygen is the real problem.

What do you mean?

Above 13,000 feet

we're gonna start

suffering from hypoxia.

Hypoxia?

What's hypoxia?

It's oxygen deprivation--

shortness of breath, headaches, nausea.

I thought you said this thing

could go to 24,000 feet.

It can, but most people

don't bring it above 10.

That's why

there's no breathing gear.

Damn it.

If my elevator worked

I could do a controlled descent

and we could all get our bearings.

Is there a way

that we can clear the jam?

I mean, like an access panel?

There's nothing we can do from here.

Somebody would have to go

outside and do it manually.

What do you mean, go outside?

On the tail?

No no no, that-- screw that.

We're not doing that. That's ridiculous.

That's your attitude

for everything, isn't it?

- Just give up.

- What, do you want to go out there?

Huh?

Be my guest.

(rattling)

Oh no.

SaI:

The deicing boots
are malfunctioning.

The what?

They keep ice from building up
on the wings.

Aren't you supposed to check
all this shit before we take off?

I didn't know we were gonna
be flying this high, did I?

So ice builds up,
what does that mean?

It means we don't
generate enough lift.

And if it blocks the ailerons
then we're really screwed.

Oh, perfect.

(panting)

MeI, what's wrong?

Are you okay?

Just a headache.

What are you doing?

You heard her.

We just ran out of options.

Cory, you're not going out there.

Beats sitting in here waiting to die.

Sara:

You can't go out there.

There's nothing to hang onto.

You'll be blown right off.

- That's what the rope's for.

- Listen to her, okay?

She knows what she's talking about.

- Look, take this with you at least.

- The parachute?

Look, I've been free climbing
since I was 12, okay?

- It'll only slow me down.

- My hero.

Dude, you want to go out there?

Huh? Feel free.

Be my guest.

- It might not even work.

- What?

Look, will it or won't it?

Sara, you're the expert here.

Will this work or won't it?

Enough pressure on the elevator

will be able to free it.

- So yeah.

- Okay.

- All right, can you slow us down?

- I'll try.

- Help me, help me.

- There's got to be another option.

- No, there isn't.

- There's no other way, you heard her.

See that rope back there?

Get it and tie it to something.

- Make sure it's tight.

- Yeah yeah, okay okay.

I got it. I got it.

Piece of cake.

Who the hell taught you

how to tie a knot?

- What is that?

- It's a knot.

Like this.

- You sure you're ready for this, man?

- What's that supposed to mean?

- It means you've been drinking, fucko.

- Oh my God, come on.

- Not now.

- I just need to know I can trust you.

Give me this.

Is this enough for you, huh?

- You satisfied now?

- Okay okay okay okay.

- I can fucking do this, all right?

- Okay, let's do it.

Okay, I'm reducing power.

- Okay.

- Cory, come here.

Yeah yeah?

What?

- Come back.

- Okay.

No, promise me
you'll come back.

I promise. It's okay.

I've done this 100 times.

Just not quite this high.

It's fine. Fly, okay?

It's okay.

It's all right.

Keep me in focus, okay?

All right?

Okay. It's fine.

Okay, let's do it.

Come on.

(exhales)

Okay.

(breathing heavily)

Rock and roll.

What's wrong?

My weight distribution's off.

We're not balanced.

- Cory!

- Jesus Christ, Sara, come on!

Uh...

(grunting)

Oh my God.

Sara!

Come on.

Okay.

Oh, that's better.

How's he doing?

He's good, he's good.

He's all right.

- You're all right, right, buddy?

- It's too far.

- I think I've got to jump.

- What?

Are you crazy?

- No!

- (screams)

Jesus.

- There he is. There he is.
- Come on, Cory.
There we go.
There we go.
He's on the tail!
He's on the tail.
Come on, man.
Come on.
(thumps)
Come on.
Come on, Cory.
Come on.
(engine revs)
(laughs)
I've got control back.
You did it, bro!
Ha ha!
(roaring)
Damn it, MeI,
put that thing away.
Come help me.
Come on.
- Okay.
- How's he doing back there?
He's not gonna make it.
He's freezing.
Give me your hand.
Give me your hand.
Come on, Cory!
For Christ's sake, Sara,
keep it steady.
I'm trying.
Come on, Cory, right here.
On the count of three
you're gonna take my hand,
all right?
All right, ready?
One...
two...
three!
No!
Jesus! Fuck!
Hold on!
Oh shit.

Shit!
Oh my God!
(grunts)
(groaning)
(groans)
Do you have him?
SaI, what's happening?
Oh shit.
(thunder rumbIes)
(panting)
Somebody talk to me.
SaI?
(sighs)
He's gone.
What?
He's gone.
No. No.
The fucking rope broke.
He's gone.
No.
No no.
I saw something.
(sobbing)
No.
No no.
- I thought I saw it before, now I know.
- No.
Could you just shut up
and Iisten to me a second?
Just shut up and Iisten
to me for a second, okay?
It got him. I saw it.
It was huge.
It was fucking huge.
It was bIack.
You didn't see it?
You didn't hear it?
Aren't you listening to me?
It fucking grabbed him. I saw it!
What does it matter?
Cory's dead.
Yeah weII, better him than us.

Sara:

Just get us down now.
Right now.
- No.
- Just land this plane now.
- Just get it down now!
- I will!
Right now.
Right now.
Can anybody see anything?
More goddamn clouds.
What happened?
Where are we?
Why the hell am I tied up?
It's for your own good.
We're not climbing anymore.
That's right.
We're gonna be okay now.
We are?
Where's Cory?
Sara?
You killed him.
He trusted you.
And you killed him.
I don't know what
you're talking about, Mei.
This didn't break.
It was cut.
Are you listening
to yourself right now?
Huh? Listen to yourself right now.
You sound fucking crazy.
He saved our lives.
Where were you when I needed help
pulling him in, huh?
- Where were you?
- I was there.
- Oh, I must have blinked.
- I hit my head.
I'm sure you did.
But you know what?
None of that matters now.
- Your boyfriend is gone.
- What?
You heard me.

Mel, it was an accident.
Okay? You know it was.
You're fucking crazy.
I'm the crazy one?
You just accused me of killing someone.
Guys, stop!
Would someone please tell me
what happened to Cory?
He went outside on the tail
to fix the elevator.
Sally thinks something grabbed him.
Look, I know what I saw.
Okay? I know what I saw!
It was real.
What was?
What was real?
- We don't know.
- Bullshit. Bullshit.
Bullshit. There's a monster out there
and it's still out there.
Sally, just shut up, okay?
Just shut up.
How long are you gonna
keep me tied up for?
Tell me we know we can trust you.
Of course you can trust me.
Can I really?
You completely lost it earlier
and you lied to me.
About what?
Your parents weren't killed
in a car crash, were they?
Were they?
No.
Mel, can you come up here, please?
Keep an eye out.
For what?
Anything.
You know how I said we were
gonna have that talk later?
Look at me.
We're having it now.
I knew your mother.
What?

I knew your mother.
What are you talking about?
I was there when it happened.
When what happened?
I was one of the passengers.
(screaming)
When they pulled me out of that lake
half my bones were broken.
And I spent six months in the hospital
just trying to walk again.
So you're saying
you're the Taylors' kid?
I thought you said
your last name was Parker.
The Parkers are my foster parents.
(sniffles)
So you knew who I was
when we first met.
I didn't want it to affect things
between us.
- I knew you would freak out.
- Jesus, man.
Freak her out?
God, you are some
fucking death magnet.
Jesus, we're so fucked.
We're so fucked!
Aaah! Fuck!
What did you think would happen
when I went off to McGill?
You think I'd fly home every
other weekend to see you?
Our lives are going
in different directions.
You're so different
than I thought you were.
You're a liar.
You make up this story
like you know my mom.
That's a sick bullshit fantasy.
You had to know
that this couldn't last.
You had to know that.
Tell me you knew that.

A fantasy?
A fantasy?!
Your mom killed my parents.
My life is so screwed up.
Your mom destroyed my life.
You don't know shit.
I figured it out though.
Figured what out, Bruce?
- We're meant to be together, Sara.
- Meant to be together?
- Are you crazy?
- I love you.
What did you just say?
I love you.
Don't say that.
Mayday mayday mayday.
Yankee Zulu X-ray.
Position and altitude unknown.
Can anybody read me?
Can someone please
untie these ropes?
Sure, I'll get right to it.

Sara:

Yankee Zulu X-ray.
(squealing)

Me:

What is it?
I don't know.
Let us hear it.
(squealing)
It's that thing.
It's that thing.
It's back. It's back.
No, it's distortion.
It has to be.
- Oh come on.
- No, that's not distortion.

Sara:

there's a rational explanation.
Yeah? Well, good. 'Cause I think
we'd all like to hear it, Sara.

What do you want me to say?
Hypoxia makes you see things
or hear things.
Not the same things.
Look, the altimeter says
we should be in outer space.
How do you explain that right now?
- Some magnetic interference.
- Sara, you heard it.
- It's not normal.
- Yeah, I heard something.
It could be crosstalk
or interference with sunspots--
- something.
- Oh my God, sunspots?
Are you kidding me?
You're not a radio expert, Sal.
None of us are.

Sal:

All right, let's just be real.
I think there's something we all need
to admit right now, don't you think?
Admit what?
Come on, Sara, we've been going down
for what, like 20 minutes?
Come on, tell me you're not thinking
the same thing I am.
Spit it out.
Where the hell is the ground?
(panting)
Sara.
Sara, your dad,
he works on secret projects, right?
- Yeah, no--
- Like for the air force.
- Yeah.
- Yeah, good point.
Remember the mechanic we saw?
You know, the camel jockey.
Well maybe, just maybe,
he rigged the plane
to kill the colonel's daughter.
- How's that?

- That's not what I meant.

Okay, what if we

don't need to come down?

What if we never took off?

MeI.

Look, just hear me out, okay?

What if we're just part

of some big experiment?

You know, Iike something to see

how peopIe react to stress.

- MeI, that's impossibIe.

- Why?

Because he doesn't even

know we're here.

- What?

- What the fuck?

He thinks

we're driving to the concert.

He doesn't even know

I have my piIot's Iicense.

Are you shitting me, Sara?

He's paranoid. He's convinced I'II end

up the same way my mom did.

Well, Jesus, I wonder

what gave him that idea.

Look, it has nothing

to do with that, okay?

The point is is it's not some

giant government conspiracy.

Why not?

Because things Iike that

don't happen in reaI Iife.

There wasn't any information

reIeased on the pIane that hit us.

What pIane?

The one that killed

her mom and my parents.

Didn't you hear the rumors?

There's no record of it.

- It just appeared out of nowhere.

- The ghost pIane theory? ReaIIy?

It's just Iike we're trapped

in a hanger.

We're plugged into

some sort of simulation.

- Or maybe it's drugs.

- Drugs?

Like those LSD tests
they did back in the '60s.
Yeah well, one hell
of a bad trip we're having.
Well, it makes more sense
than anything else.
Well, shit.
I say we find out.

- **Sara:**

- I don't know, jump.
I mean, in dreams,
I don't know,
you're falling and you wake up.
Maybe it's the same
in this situation, huh?
Maybe it's the same.
You know what?
I think you're on to something, Sam.
Why don't you go ahead
and give it a shot?
Maybe it's just the booze talking,
I don't know.
I don't know.
But right now-- right now
it's saying shut the fuck up
and drink me.
So you know what?

- I'm gonna do just that.

- (can pops open)

Cheers.

(gasps)

(woman laughing)

(birds chirping)

Wake up, Sara.

Sara.

Wake up, Sara.

Sara, wake up.

Sara.

Sara.

Sara, wake up.

Sara!

Sara, wake up!

Something hit us.

We need you to fly the pIane.

Sara!

(thunder rumbIing)

Sara! Sara!

Come on, wake up.

Jesus.

(air rushing)

Sara, come on!

Sara!

(high-pitched whine)

(sobbing)

I can't take this.

- I can't take this anymore.

- Mel.

No no no, MeI,

just stay with me.

- I can't.

- Stay with me, MeI.

It's gonna be okay.

I promise.

- Okay?

- I can't.

It's gonna be okay.

(sobbing)

(roaring)

(shrieking)

- What's happening?

- Oh no.

(roars)

(screams)

SaI:

It's got us.

- What is it?

- Shake it off!

Am I the onIy one that's gone

completely insane

or did anybody else just

haIIucinate something attacking us?

- CaIm down, SaI.

- Calm down?

That thing is gonna
rip us apart, Sara.
Whatever it is, it's gone, okay?
Just reIax.
You wouId say that 'cause you
put us in this situation.

Sara:

This isn't about me, okay?
This isn't my fauIt.
- Bruce, what are you doing?
- (Bruce muttering)
Bruce, stop it.
I'm serious.

MeI:

SaI, I think I--
- I think I took too many.
- MeI.
- I think I took too many.
- MeI. MeI!
MeI, Jesus Christ.
MeI, come on. No no.
Don't do this.
Come on, come on.
Hey hey, baby. Baby. Baby.
Guys, something's wrong with MeI.
- What happened to her?
- I don't know. I can't feeI a puIse.
- Fuck, man, I think she OD'd.
- OD'd on what?
On her fucking pills!
What do you think she OD'd on?
MeI! No, baby MeI.
No no no no.
- We've got to get her breathing.
- Mel, come on!
PIease pIease heIp her.
Please.
- What the fuck are you doing?
- It's okay. Move move.
Don't you fucking hurt her.
PIease.
Come on, MeI.

Come on.

- Jesus Christ, Mel.

- Come on, come on!

Come on, MeI.

Come on, baby.

Come on.

Come on.

Don't fucking die on me.

Don't die on me. Come on.

Fucking hurt her--

don't hurt her!

(coughs)

Yeah yeah, I'm here.

I'm here.

Come on, I'm here.

I'm here.

Oh, thank God.

Sal:

Here we go.

You're okay.

You're okay.

Come here.

You're okay.

You're okay.

You're okay.

You're okay. You're okay.

Here you go, baby.

(crying)

You're okay.

Look, baby, I never--

I never meant to say

any of those things.

I didn't mean it.

I didn't mean it, I swear.

I didn't mean any of those

things I said to you.

- Sal.

- What, baby, what?

About Cory.

No, we don't need

to talk about that now.

We don't need to talk

about that now, baby.

- **MeI:**

- **SaI:**

No, we don't.

No, we don't.

- **MeI:**

- **Sal:**

Baby, it's okay.

Mel:

I'm so sorry.

I never meant to hurt--

(screams)

MeI!

(screaming)

Sara:

(wailing)

What the heII was that?

(screaming)

It got her.

It fucking got her.

It's gonna get us too.

It's gonna fucking get us too.

(both sobbing)

There's no way.

It can't be.

- There's no way.

- What did you do?

What did you do, you fuck?

- What the fuck did you do?

- Sal!

You fucker!

I'm gonna fucking kiII you!

- Gonna fucking kiII you!

- No!

What are you gonna do?

No, please don't,

please don't!

- No!

- (Bruce screaming)

SaI, Iet him go!
SaI, stop!
- SaI!
- I'm gonna fucking kiII you.
- Stop it, no!
- (aII screaming)
You fuck!
- Sara, get me up!
- Bruce, Bruce, come here.
(grunts)
Don't Iet go of me.
- PLease don't Iet go of me!
- HoId on.
(whimpers)
- No!
- (screams) SaI!
Sara!
(roars)
(sobbing)
No.
No!
No-ooo.
No.
(sobbing continues)
(door cIosing)
(sobbing)
They're dead.
They're aII dead.
(sobs)
God, what have I done?
What have I done?
It's not your fauIt.
Yes it is.
I'm the piIot.
I'm responsibIe.
He knew it.
My dad knew it.
He knew it
from the day we buried her.
I wasn't aIIowed to see her body.
aII I remember is
the flowers on her casket.
TuIips.
TuIips were her favorite.

(sobbing)
God, I miss her.
I miss her so much.
I...
I never believed
she was really gone.
But I thought maybe
she was lost somewhere,
up there in that--
and if I learned to fly,
I could--
I could find her
and bring her home.
I want her to come home.
This happened before
and it's happening again.
No. Bruce, no.
This isn't about your parents
or my mom
or any conspiracy, okay?
It's not about that!
You're right, Sara.
I know that now.
Then what?
It's me.
What are you talking about?
I saw something I--
There-- there was a storm.
Turbulence.
A cover of a magazine.
I was scared.
I imagined it happening to us.
It did.
No, that's insane.
That's just a coincidence.
Then what do you call this, huh?
What? A comic?
Just look.
What?

- **Cory:**

- **Sara:**

Cory:

SaI:

Where the hell is the ground?

MeI:

You killed him.

This didn't break. It was cut.

What are you saying? This--

this is some kind of curse?

Aren't you listening?

I made these things come true

just by thinking about them.

I should have never

gotten on this plane!

- Why, because you're scared to fly?

- Don't you get it?

That's when it happens--

when I'm really scared.

So you're telling me that this is some

kind of fantasy world come to life?

Sara, look around.

This isn't fantasy.

It's a nightmare.

- (gasps)

- (shrieks)

I'm not gonna let us die!

- You're never gonna outfly it.

- We'll see.

Hang on.

(shrieks)

(shrieking continues)

Oh shit.

Shit shit shit shit.

(screams)

Another hit like that

and we're dead.

I told you. I told you.

I told you.

Are you really causing this?

Is this really because of you?

Then prove it.

Make that thing go away.

- I don't know how.

- Make it go away!
- I don't know how!
- (roaring)
Bruce,
man is what
he wills himself to be.
Sartre, right?
Stop being such a pussy
and face your fears.
Face your fears!
- (shrieking)
- (screaming)
Bruce, please stop.
Do it, Bruce.
(screams)
Bruce, Bruce!
Bruce!
Jesus.
It is you.
Mayday mayday mayday,
Yankee Zulu X-ray.
Can anyone read me?
(static)
Mayday mayday mayday,
Yankee Zulu X-ray.
(static)
This is Lakeview Center.
Received your mayday.
- What is your emergency?
- I just got through to ground.
We're gonna make it.
You didn't mean it, did you?
Mean what?
That kiss.
I care about you, Bruce.
You know that.
Bruce, Bruce!
- I can't help it.
- Yes you can!
Oh no.
Bruce, move.
(glass shatters)
(shrieks)
- Get us out of here.

- It's not that simple.
Why not?
Just think us somewhere else.
You don't understand. I've never made
anything good happen in my life.
What if I can't?
(screaming)

Bruce:

Bruce!
- Sara!
- (screams)
Sara!
Bruce!
- Sara!
- Bruce, your parents, Bruce.
Think of your parents.
My parents?
They wouldn't want you
to die like this.
They'd want you to survive.
Don't you understand?
You can be with them again.
All you have to do
is imagine it.
- Sara!
- Imagine it.
(Sara groans)
No-ooo!
(Sara gasping)
What happened?
I did it.
I thought of somewhere else.
Oh no.
(screaming)
Where the hell did he come from?
- Was that--
- I think so.
- Did we just--
- Yeah.
If you're gonna do your thing,
now's the time.
It's already done.
Mom, Mom!

I'm okay, sweetie.
Everybody gets one
near miss, right?
Do you think they made it?
I hope so.
Hi, I'm Sara.
Bruce.
Go downtown,
catch the early movie
The shows are cheaper
They don't mind
if you put your feet up
She's out on the highway
She's got a homemade sign
It says, "Go ahead
Try to figure out
what my future looks like"
I don't want to live
my life like a story
Always thinking
I could've been something
Don't run alongside
and control me
Just fly away
and let me be
At ease, I
I feel fine
I'll move on
I'll go on
There's something so divided
Don't worry about me,
I'll be fine
Don't live your life for me
or for anyone
You live your life
as if you're one
You live your life as if
you're one
Find quiet
It's awful quiet
How can you be mad?
We've just got started
I want to shave my head,
lie in bed

All day long
How can you be mad?
We've just got started
You live your life
as if you're one
You live your life as if
you're one
At ease, I
I feel fine
I'll go on
I'll move on
Don't live your life
like a movie
Always thinking you
could've been something
Don't live your life
for me or for anyone
You live your life
as if you're one
You live your life as if
you're one
Find quiet
It's awful quiet
Find quiet.
(instrumental music playing)