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The Boy Who Could Fly

By Nick Castle

Well, here we are.
What do you think?
It's nice.
What do you think, Louis?
I think he likes it, Mom.
Ride your bikes, too.
It's really dark.
Let's get some light in here.
Listen, guys, there's only one bathroom.
So we're all gonna have to share.
It's the only drawback. This is yours, Mil.
What do you think?
Of course,
we'll have to change the wallpaper.
The people who lived here before us
had two boys.
So both the kids' bedrooms
have boys' wallpaper.
This looks great, Mom.
I think you're going to like it.
It's really very subtle.
Condo.
Shipwreck.
Barbecue.
Hi.
Hey, what's going on?
What's he doing?
I'd say an F-15.
Let's go, Max. Move out!
This goes over here.
Excuse me.
These your groceries?
Yeah.
I'm Geneva Goodman.
I live down the street.
I guess you'll go to Taft.
I go to St. Monica's Catholic School.
Shitty cafeteria.
I suppose this is your Coke, too.
We're going to be great friends.
Excuse me.
Drop in again some time, will you?
We're going to miss you, you stupid goof!
You're finished, pal.

Heel, Hitler!
Well, look at this.
Where do you think you're going,
Soldier Boy?
Just around the block.
Just around the block?
Nobody goes around the block here
unless you get our okay.
And you don't got it.
See, I'm new,
and I just moved down the street.
-So I didn't know.
-Shut up, Soldier Boy.
What do you say, guys? 10 seconds?
We'll give you a 10-second head start,
then your ass is grass.
One...
Wait a second.
...two...
three...
four, five, six...
seven, eight, nine, ten.
Go on! Get him!
Get back here, you coward!
There he is! Let's get him!
Get him!
It's a fantastic mall.
Movie theater, all the best clothes.
-How much allowance do you get?
-Mom...
I'd like you to meet Geneva.
Geneva, this is my mom.
This is my brother, Sonny.
Hello.
Say hello to your new neighbors, idiot.
Nice to meet you.
-Well, see you later.
-'Bye.
See you later.
So you guys thought
you weren't going to make any friends.
Mom?
Hi, honey.
I was in bed.

I was almost asleep, and I just....
I got the strongest feeling
that something was missing.
That we forgot something at home.
So I came downstairs
and started going through everything.
I checked all the furniture.
I went over the inventory
from the moving company.
It's all here.
And I realized...
what it was.
It's not going to be easy, honey.
I'm really going to need your help.
I know, Mom.
Yeah, I know you do.
You better get to sleep.
You've got a big day tomorrow.
Good night, Mom.
You didn't forget anything back home,
did you, girl?
We're late! Move it!
Louis, get dressed real fast. We're late.
Come on! Pretend you're a fireman.
You guys aren't moving very fast.
Where's your shirt?
I can't find my shirt.
-Would you help me....
-I got it, Mom. We're gonna be so late.
If there's slobber on this shirt,
you're gonna get it.
You've got to take him to room number 3.
It's right next to the school office.
Here's lunch money, honey.
-No soda.
-I can find it.
Milly better take you.
-No problem. You guys are already late.
-Are you sure?
-Yeah, no problem.
-Okay.
You be good.
First days count.
The name's Louis Michaelson.

If this is the third grade, I got to be here.
So where do I sit?
Now, as to the theme....
Hello. You must be Amelia.
Yes, ma'am.
Come, Amelia.
Sit in this middle seat, will you, please?
Class...
this is Amelia Michaelson.
She's a new student here at Taft...
and I hope that
you will make her feel very welcome.
Amelia, we're discussing
Romeo and Juliet today.

The theme:

Pure, passionate, ill-fated.
It was not original...
even when Shakespeare
wrote this play in 1596.
The charm of Romeo and Juliet
is its language.
When Juliet learns who Romeo is,

she speaks:

'My only love sprung from my only hate!
'Too early seen unknown,
and known too late! ''
I was approaching the red light and
I was coming through this point here.
I put on my brakes,
and the guy smashed right into me.
Please make sure Collins takes that file
to the conference in Chicago.
-Yes, Mr. Brandt.
-Mr. Brandt?
Yeah.
Hi, I'm Charlene Michaelson...
Donald Michaelson's wife.
Yes, of course.
We're all very sorry to hear about Donald.
He was a delightful man.
Thank you.
So I understand you're going to give

the insurance business a go.
Well, I'm not new to the business.
I was a regional manager
when Donald and I first met.
I can't imagine
things have changed so much in 13 years.
Louis?
-Starting a new graveyard?
-Yeah, Duke got killed.
He was one of your favorites, wasn't he?
He was a good man, but he got careless.
A sniper got him.
You got to be careful in this war.
Why don't you come on inside
and set the table, okay?
Okay.
-Hi! I'm home.
-Hi, Mom!
How was school?
I got homework already!
What are your teachers like?
Mrs. Sherman, Mom. She's great.
-What about yours, Louis?
-She gave me homework already!
Yeah, well...
guess what?
Your mom's got homework, too.
What?
Suddenly it seems the entire
insurance business is run by computers.
Oh, no.
They got me working on a trial basis
till I can figure it out.
He sent me home with
a whole carload full of books to study.
-It's okay. I'll be all right.
-I'm sure you will.
I found out about the boy next door.
His name's Eric Gibb.
They think he's autistic.
He's got some marbles loose, or what?
Well, they don't exactly know.
But he's never spoken a word in his life,
and he doesn't like to be around people.

There's some institute
that wants to come and take him away...
but Mrs. Sherman says
he's better off with his uncle.
He's in my class at school.
Mrs. Sherman used to teach
those kind of kids.
She thinks that maybe being around
normal people will help him, or something.
Where are his parents?
That's the weird part.
When Eric was five years old...
his parents went on a trip
to Spain or France, or someplace like that.
The plane crashed and they died.
Oh, dear.
Now, what I heard...
is at the moment the plane went down...
Eric was alone in his room.
And without anybody
even telling him anything...
he started to pretend to fly.
It's like, somehow he knew
his parents were about to crash.
The way he figured he could save them
was by being an airplane.
He's been one ever since.
We have the staff and facilities
to give individual care.
He's doing fine at home, and
I'm giving him special attention at school.
-He'll be safer with us.
-He doesn't want to be there.
You saw how sick he got last time.
He had a fever. It had nothing to do
with being in the institute.
Look, he still exhibits antisocial behavior.
It wasn't the fever,
he's afraid of being confined.
I think, gentlemen, if you let him go,
you'll find out he'll go in by himself.
Be careful with him on the stairs.
You need any help?
Mil, what's happening?

He's going to hurt himself.
Nothing is prepared here for him.
The windows don't have screens on them.
There's furniture with edges on it.
This place is not safe for him.
His place is here. In his own home...
-with his own family!
-Stop it!
What's going on?
I don't know, Mom.
He's going to hurt himself on this.
I told you that.
That's why he has the straitjacket.
We really shouldn't be doing this.
It's none of our business.
Take that damn straitjacket off him!
Come into the hall.
I'll show you what I've got.
It is not a question of safety.
It is a question of caring!
Allen!
He's okay there. He won't fall, believe me.
Christ!
He's going to hurt himself.
He needs constant supervision and care.
He needs somebody watching him
24 hours a day.
-Bedtime.
-Okay.
We have no alternative
but to place him in the institute.
We're going to have
a coed volleyball game.
Dexter, set up over here, please.
Scott, the other court.
Quickly.
Quickly, quickly!
Come on.
Thanks.
-So what do you think?
-Oh, my God.
-What did you do to get that, Mona?
-I accepted his invitation to the fair...
-and he was overwhelmed with passion.

-The fair's over two months away.
You'd better start whipping your ass
around campus now...
-or you'll wind up going with Eric there.
-You can fly to the fair with him.
Okay, girls. Cut the crap and warm up.
Will anybody volunteer
to warm up with Eric?
Anyone?
Come on.
I'll do it.
Thank you, Milly.
Remember, he won't catch the ball
when you throw it to him.
-So just be gentle, but be persistent.
-Okay.
Thanks.
Okay, everybody.
Let's see some warm-ups!
Lauren, you take the ball out.
It's your turn to serve.
Hi, Eric.
Want to catch the ball?
Eric?
Hello?
Okay. I'll roll it to you,
and you catch it, okay?
Eric...
you can do it.
You've just got to try.
'Your son refuses to join
in classroom activities.'
I'm not going to sing. No way!
'If his behavior does not improve...
'we'll have to have a conference
with the principal.'
Louis, how can you do this?
This is the first week.
You sign it.
You can do Mom's signature great.

PS:

and flame throwers...
-''are not allowed on the school premises.''

-Don't show it to Mom.
I'll think about it.
Louis, could you get the dog?
Sure. Come on, Max. Come on, boy.
-I think I'm going to vacuum my room.
-Sounds good.
Yeah, I'll vacuum my room.
Mom will love it.
God.
Eric.
How'd you get in here?
Milly!
Milly, come quick.
The vacuum cleaner's eating my shirt!
Thanks.
What do you know about Eric?
Have you ever seen him
do anything weird?
-That is all I've ever seen him do.
-No, I mean really weird.
Dinky Patterson told me
something weird about him once.
Who's Dinky Patterson?
Dinky lived here before you,
had your room.
Dinky used to get really annoyed
with Eric climbing outside his window.
So he took his BB gun,
stuffed the barrel with wet Kleenex...
-and started shooting at Eric.
-That's sweet.
He said he kept it up for about an hour.
But Eric wouldn't budge, so he gave up.
Here's the weird part.
The next day,
Dinky's looking around for his BB gun.
You know where he said he found it?
See that telephone pole?
Dinky said it was up there,
up on top of that box.
That, somehow, Eric put it there.
Of course,
Dinky was the biggest liar I ever knew.
-It probably never happened.

-Probably.

What happened to Dinky?

Why did he move?

His dad got some hotshot job in Atlanta.

Took the whole family.

So, where's your dad?

He died.

What of?.

Cancer.

Everyone in my family dies of cancer.

My grandmother had stomach cancer.

She lost 300 pounds before she died.

Never looked better in her life.

What kind did your dad have?

-I don't know.

-They didn't tell you.

They never tell the kids.

-Did it take a long time?

-Can we drop the subject?

-Sure.

-Thanks.

What were we talking about?

Eric?

Eric, get away from the edge!

What are we doing?

Hey, wait a minute!

Why are we doing this?

I don't think we should be doing this.

Get your mother, Louis!

Are you sure you want to do this?

This may not be too good of an idea.

Milly? Hello?

Mom, come quick! Emergency situation!

Milly, careful.

Milly!

I'm okay, Mom. Come on, Eric.

Honey, be careful.

-No problem, Mom.

-Where are you taking him?

There's a window over here. We're okay.

Mil?

You okay?

Milly?

-We're fine, you guys.

-All right! Way to go!
-You coming down?
-Yeah. Just a sec.
Eric...
you're safer out on the windowsill,
so don't go on the roof again, okay?
Something tells me
you know what I'm saying.
You're just not letting on.
'Bye, Eric. You stay here.
Don't shake the floor, please.
There we go.
You see, you can't start on a bottle
until the cork lands on its feet.
It's very frustrating
when it takes a long time.
On the other hand, it's quite delightful
when it happens on the first toss.
Care for a drink?
No. No, thank you.
-Are you calling me a drunk?
-No.
Why not?
Well, because it wouldn't be polite.
Polite.
Well, it's more polite to be called a drunk
than a madman.
Wouldn't you agree?
Yeah, I guess so.
There you go.
I do believe we haven't met.
My name's Hugo Gibb.
I'm Milly Michaelson. I live next door.
Eric was out on the roof,
so I helped him back inside.
What on earth possessed you to do that?
I was afraid he would fall and get hurt.
Afraid he would fall?
Would you be afraid of a balloon falling?
Or a bubble dropping?
Or a feather fluttering to the ground?
No.
There you go.
It's past your bedtime, Louis,

so make it quick.
Well, it was weird, that's all.
First your story about Eric and the BB gun.
Then Uncle Hugo telling me
how Eric can't fall.
That's because Uncle Hugo
does enough falling for the both of them.
I hate people who can't hold their liquor.
Your mom's out for the evening.
I have an idea.
Banana.
Nectarine.
Rum.
Will you give me
some of that Tanqueray over there?
I don't know about this. If my mom knew--
Would you stop with 'if my mom knew'?
If I did everything my mom said,
I'd be a nun. You're 14 years old. Live.
Okay.
-This looks, like, really disgusting.
-It's like strawberries with a little....
Hey, to Uncle Hugo.
Look at him.
-Scary face.
-Yeah, very scary.
Give up, John. Admit who you are.
What?
Change the channel.
No.
This is romantic.
If Eric wasn't the way he is...
would you...
consider him handsome?
I guess he'd be okay
if he didn't have the brains of a goldfish.
-Geneva!
-What is it with you and Eric?
That's all you ever talk about.
You can't be in love with a retard.
It's just not done.
Well, what if he's fooling?
What if...
a bad witch...

put an evil spell on Eric...
and all he needs...
is the kiss of a young maiden...
to turn him back into a prince?
That's beautiful.
'Bye, Geneva!
- 'Bye, Milly!
- I love Geneva.
- I love you, too, Ma.
- Yeah, I know.
I love...
all the people...
in all the world.
I even love Louis tonight.
Are you mad at me, Mom?
No, I'll be mad at you in the morning
when you're sober.
- Are you going to call me?
- Yeah, I will.
Milly.
Can I see you, dear?
Okay. Just a second, Mrs. Sherman.
Not now, Eric.
I hear you've been helping Eric
in his gym class.
I just threw him the ball a couple of times.
- And you moved into the Patterson house.
- Yes.
- Have you met Eric's uncle?
- Yesterday.
Why don't you sit down, Milly?
Did he tell you that Eric could fly?
Yeah.
Then I guess you see
what kind of guardian he must be.
In fact, if it hadn't been for my support...
the state institute
would have put Eric away long ago.
And that can't happen, Milly.
The state people mean well...
but Eric can't exist
in that kind of environment.
A while ago, his uncle went on a binge...
and they did put Eric away

for about a month.
He got sick...
very sick.
He was dying.
No one knew why, but I was convinced...
that he had just given up.
I promised them then
that I would watch over him.
But I can't be with him all the time.
Anyway...
I was hoping maybe you'd help.
I'll give you extra credits.
It can be your science project.
I don't know anything
about those kind of kids.
You don't have to.
All you have to do is be yourself.
Besides, what I saw out there...
no doctor has ever been able
to do with him.
He was following you, mimicking you...
wanting to be like you.
Doctors haven't been able
to get a word out of him.
Maybe a friend could.
Mrs. Sherman said I should keep a journal.
So here it goes.

Day number one:

I sat in the back of the class with Eric
for about an hour today.
I figured that since he likes to copy me,
I could teach him stuff.
But, somehow, it's not that simple.
He really doesn't understand.
He doesn't see the words,
or even the book.
All he sees is me.
I have the same problem with him
in gym class.
He won't catch the ball or throw it.
He won't do anything on his own.
Milly.
Milly.

Say it.

Milly.

And, of course, he won't talk.

He won't smile, cry, or do anything,
unless he's mimicking me.

I have lunch with him every day.

Just him and me...

right there in the middle of the schoolyard.

I'm beginning to think

this is a big mistake.

It's been two weeks since I started
with Eric and nothing's really changed.

Sure, he imitates everything I do,
but a parrot can do that.

I'm like one of his airplanes,
something to watch, to copy.

It's not as if we really communicate.

It's not as if I'm really a friend.

I'm about to give up.

Day 21. Something happened today.

He smiled.

He didn't smile because I smiled.

He smiled because he wanted to.

Today, I finally saw something
hiding behind those eyes.

Today I saw Eric.

Today we did things I thought he'd like.

It's working.

'He told them all the sad things that
happened to Dumbo 'cause of his big ears.

'They flew down and offered to help.

'One of the crows took Timothy aside.

''Flying's just like swimming,'
he whispered.

''It's just a matter of believing
that you can do it.'''

Day 33.

Just when everything was going well,
it got better.

Okay. Ready?

Here we go.

Tommy! It's time to go home!

Sic them!

Sic them!

No, no.
Right there. Hold this above your head.
There you go.
Hold it up, and don't let go till I tell you.
-Sic them!
-All right, let go!
All right. Let him hit it.
Watch out!
Milly, heads up!
You did it. Eric, you did it!
Every day Eric opens up a little bit more.
Every day he tells me a new secret.
I don't know
if he's becoming more like me...
or I'm becoming more like him.
Somehow those differences
don't seem to matter.
Sometimes I feel like I'm....
Do it again.
All right, Eric.
You're on.
Don't be nervous. You can do this.
I know you can.
Right there.
You ready?
Catch it.
Now catch it.
Don't do this to me, Eric.
Put your hands up and catch it.
You can do it.
Catch it.
Okay. You ready?
Maybe you should try it again later.
No. He can do it.
Throw that as hard as you can at my face.
-Milly--
-No, don't worry about it. He'll catch it.
Maybe I should leave the country,
change my name, or something.
How could you do all this?
Now I'm in big trouble.
-What did you do?
-I signed Mom's name...
to all those notes from your teacher.

Now she's going to find out.
-You're right. You're in big trouble.
-Shut up.
Wonderful day, just wonderful.
Are you sure we have to give this to her?
That's probably her now.
Maybe she'll be in a good mood.
Eric, come on.
Hi, Mom.
-What's for dinner?
-Spaghetti.
Good.
That's only the fourth time this week.
What did you do to your eye?
-Somebody threw a ball at me.
-Who threw a ball at you?
Nobody, Mom. It was an accident.
It's a black eye. It will go away.
Be more careful.
You do stupid things,
you're going to get yourself hurt.
How was work?
They made me
executive assistant to Mr. Brandt.
Executive assistant. All right!
What does that mean, Mom?
It means I'm a glorified secretary.
It means I got demoted.
It means, I couldn't figure out
how to work the computer.
-What's that?
-What?
Give me.
-He's in trouble.
-For what?
Disobeying his teacher,
not doing homework...
and not participating in class.
Why is this the first time
I've heard about this?
I didn't want to bother you with it.
Go to your room.
-Mom, I was framed.
-Go to your room!

Yes, ma'am.
I thought you were
supposed to be helping me.
-I am helping you.
-You call this helping?
Yes, I call this helping.
I do everything for that little creep.
I walk him home.
I help him with his homework.
I cook, I clean up, I do the dishes.
What do you do?
I work.
Go to your room.
Honey, come on outside.
The hot dogs are almost ready.
Come on.
Louis, help your dad out.
Come on. I need some help.
-Hi!
-Hi.
Come on out.
Hello there, sports fans.
Hi. Welcome to the beautiful home
of Donald and Charlene Michaelson.
A typical family
doing the typical family things.
A family barbecue,
our tradition since 1846.
Hi. I'm Donald Michaelson.
And I used to be like this.
Oh, I am going to....
-My knee's hurt!
-Oh my God, I'll help you.
It's a miracle! He's alive!
Let's go. The class is all ahead of us.
Move it. Left, right, left, right. Walk.
...indigenous to the rainforest.
Okay, is that everybody?
We'll just hold it here for a second.
Here we have reached
a more temperate climate zone.
I don't know if you know what that means.
A temperate zone is one
where you have warm winters....

Sorry, cool winters and warm summers.
So the vegetation here is the vegetation
that flourishes under those conditions.
We've got lantana and fuchsia.
All plants that do well
in a temperate zone.
From this angle, too,
you can see how high up the dome goes.
Its height is 70 feet in the center
at the highest point.
The actual area that it covers...
is 15,386 square feet.
The diameter is 140 feet across....
Mona, you're not going to go up there.
You're going to fall, Mona.
You've got to get back.
Don't go up. Mona!
Oh, God, you freaked me out!
You are so strange.
It's okay, Eric. Don't worry.
Amelia!
Amelia!
Here we go.
She's coming around.
She's going to be fine.
No internal injuries.
She has a slight concussion.
I think she'll sleep it off.
How did you get in here, Eric?
You caught me, didn't you?
You can fly?
What?
You are going to show me?
Eric!
Honey, what's the matter, sweetie?
I was flying with Eric...
I saw Dad, and Mona threw a ball at me,
and I fell.
-It was just a dream.
-No!
I mean, yes, it was a dream.
But he caught me in real life.
What are you saying, sweetie?
He caught me.

Eric can fly.
He can really fly.
Mrs. Michaelson, Dr. Granada.
Oh, yes. Am I glad you're here.
I'm really concerned.
I'm sure you are.
-I'll go in and see Amelia now.
-Okay.
You stay here.
Thank you.
Dr. Reynolds, please report to Five West....
Amelia?
I'm Dr. Granada.
May I come in?
Sure.
Dr. Nelson asked me
to come by and see you.
Is it okay if we talk a few minutes?
-Yeah.
-Good.
Tell me about your accident.
I was on a bridge, reaching for a flower,
and I fell over the railing.
You told your mother something
about a boy who rescued you.
What are you, a shrink?
-Yes.
-Great. Now I'm wacko.
It's important that you tell me
everything you remember about this.
Let me be the judge
of whether you're wacko or not, okay?
Yeah, okay.
I fell 50 feet without a mark on me,
except for this.
And I got this when I hit the railing.
I didn't hit the ground.
Somebody caught me.
It was a boy named Eric.
He can fly.
I'm wacko, right?
No.
But did you see him fly?
No.

But you don't know Eric.
All he does is sit in his windowsill
and pretend to fly.
His uncle says he's seen him do it...
and I've seen really weird things
around the house.
He can.
What other explanation could there be?
You fell.
You have a concussion.
You were losing consciousness.
Maybe what you thought
was Eric catching you...
was a tree or a bush breaking your fall.
Your mind could be playing tricks on you.
It can do that.
That's impossible.
It's more possible
than a boy who could fly.
Dr. Nelson told me about your father.
He committed suicide not long ago.
He did not.
How did he die?
My father had cancer.
And when he found out...
that he had it...
he didn't want the rest of the family
to suffer needlessly.
So one day...
he kissed us all good-bye.
He said that he loved us very much.
Then he went away.
It's okay, Amelia.
Milly.
It's okay, Milly.
You know, sometimes
we need to believe in a little magic.
Especially when there's so much pain.
It's normal.
And you're not wacko.
Come on, come here.
Louis, get Max off her.
-Glad you're back, Mil.
-I missed you, too.

Now you can do the dishes.
Come here.
Did you miss me?
Did you miss me when I was gone?
I missed you.
Silly bird.
Hey, guys,
how about we go out for dinner?
Sounds great, Mom.
Eric.
Mr. Gibb.
I'm sorry, Milly. Don't be angry.
I'm not angry.
It's just that sometimes I see things.
I've seen things, too.
Where's Eric?
He's gone.
Those people came over,
but I was drinking.
So they took him away.
I guess I messed up things pretty good.
Mr. Gibb, what do you mean?
Mr. Gibb!
Nurse Corbett,
would you please report to Ward 6?
Have Dr. Wilding call me
when he comes in.
-Excuse me.
-Just a second.
Yes?
-We're here to see a patient.
-Name, please.
Gibb. Eric Gibb.
G-l-B-B.
Let me see that. Come over here.
Sit down here.
Play with this, okay?
I'm sorry, Mrs. Michaelson.
Only relatives
are allowed to see this patient.
We're his only friends. We live next door.
I'm sorry.
Our rules are very clear on the matter.
-Listen, lady....

-Louis!
I got to talk to him, Mom.
I want to see if he's okay.
Don't worry. This isn't over yet.
We'll make some calls.
Mom, is everyone in there like Eric...
or are they all different kinds
of crazy people?
What if we talk to Mrs. Sherman?
Maybe she'd know what to do.
We'll give her a call.
What do you think you're doing?
Give me a hand here!
Watch his legs.
-Get the restraints.
-Right away.
Sic, them!
No, not me, you idiot!
Soldier Boy! Get him!
You're dead!
Let's get him!
-What a wimp!
-Come on. We did it.
Let's go. Let's get out of here!
There you are.
What the hell were you doing over there?
Get over here, now!
I said now!
Max!
No!
Hey, kid. How're you doing?
Water's running
right through your graveyard.
Going to wash all the men away.
I don't need them anyhow. They're dead.
Thinking about Max?
That stupid dog. He was dumb.
Couldn't learn a thing.
We should've got rid of him
a long time ago.
Louis, the vet said
he had a good chance to pull through.
You got to...
think positive.

How can you be a good soldier
if you don't think positive?
I don't want to be a good soldier.
I'm no good at it.
I can't even get around the block.
What should I think positive for?
You fall on your head,
Eric's in the loony bin...
and Max is going to die.
I give up. I quit.
Dad did.
He did not.
He didn't even try, Milly.
Why didn't he try?
Why?
I don't know, Louis.
Maybe he was scared.
But we can't give up.
We've got to try.
That junk doesn't work.
You should tell it to people
like your dumb old Eric.
He doesn't even have the brains
to know he's messed up.
It doesn't matter if he's out there
or at the funny farm.
He just sits there and flies.
Maybe that's what I should do.
-Louis, what are you doing?
-I'm going to be just like Eric.
-I'm gonna sit on the sill--
-Louis, stop it.
No one's gonna stop me. I'll fly like Eric.
-I said stop it!
-No!
Louis, come on.
Go away!
-What's going on?
-I don't know, Mom.
He's over there, Mom.
No, I got to find them!
They're in here somewhere.
I've got them. No problem.
Okay, sweetie, let's go.

Can I sleep with you tonight, Mommy?

Okay, honey.

Let's just get you dried off first.

In you go.

Eric!

Eric?

We were having some problems
with my son.

Our dog got hurt.

And he was very upset,
so I took him to my bedroom...

and he spent the night with me.

And I was so involved with him...

I just assumed that she was home.

But this morning,
her bed wasn't even slept in.

She's a little smaller than I am.

She's about 5'2'' or 5'3''.

She has blue eyes and sandy hair.

She's very pretty.

-Yeah?

-Mr. Gibb?

It seems your nephew Eric is missing.

No. He ain't here.

-Do you mind if we just look around?

-Eric, wake up.

We've got to get out of here. Come on.

Go right ahead.

Come on.

He's not in his room.

Told you.

-What's up there?

-Attic.

-Want to look?

-Yeah, why don't you check it out?

Mister!

Looking for Eric and Milly? There they go.

Pretty girl!

Catch.

Okay, you get three. Okay?

Excuse me, Miss D?

Do you know where Mrs. Sherman is?

She was in the teachers' lounge,
last I saw her.

-Thanks a lot.

-Yeah, okay.

Eric.

Not bad.

And then the next thing we knew,
he was gone. I don't know where.

Eric, Milly, come back!

Hey, you kids, hold it right there.

Hold it. Wait.

It's okay, little girl.

Eric?

Milly! Dan, over here.

Milly.

Can you really fly, Eric?

Milly!

No!

You did it!

Look up there!

One....

Get out of the way!

Hey, Gibb!

Milly!

Mom!

-What is it? Explain it.

-Look!

Hi, Geneva!

They're flying! This is great!

Go tell your mom!

Oh, my God! You look great!

This is fantastic!

I don't believe it. You look fantastic!

Uncle Hugo, my sister can fly!

That's good, Louis.

See, I told you.

Mom!

Hi, Geneva.

Hey, Lou.

Eric?

Good...

bye...

Milly.

I...

love...

you.

Eric?

That night I found out why Eric flew away.

Our house was crawling with people
who wanted to see Eric Gibb...
the boy who could fly.

There were scientists and doctors
and TV reporters.

Full color T-shirts of Eric Gibb,
the flying boy.

When they couldn't find Eric,
they did tests on me...

because I flew with him.

They did tests on Uncle Hugo, too...

because he was a relative
and had the same genes.

Then they took everything out of his room
and sent it to some laboratory.

I guess Eric was afraid
they'd do the same to him.

The children,
in an adolescent sexual frenzy...
somehow mesmerized the crowd....

Everyone had a theory
on how Eric was able to fly.

But there was one I liked the best.

Eric always dreamed of flying,
so maybe if you wish hard enough...
and love long enough, anything's possible.

Mrs. Sherman was right.

Eric made us believe
that anything is possible if you really try.

Uncle Hugo stopped drinking.

He even went out and got a job.

Max got better.

He was weak and sore and broken up.

But he was going to be okay.

Mom locked herself in a room for a day
and figured out that computer.

And then there was Louis.

There was no stopping him.

You stay here, Max. I got to do this alone.

-Sonny, it's Michaelson!

-Get him!

-All right!

-We got him!
So you thought
you could get around the block?
Go ahead. Make my day.
I'm supposed to be real scared
of a water pistol?
Ain't no water in this gun.
So what's in it?
Piss.
Shit!
Hitler! Sic him!
Way to go, Max!
All right!
Mom, Milly! We did it!
It's been a while since we flew,
and Eric hasn't come back.
But somehow he's still
a big part of our lives.
He made us believe in ourselves again.
Now when I feel like giving up,
not trying...
all I have to do is think about him
and what he taught me.
I was telling Geneva just the other day...
we're all special.
We're all a little like Eric.
Maybe we can't soar up into the clouds...
but somewhere...
deep inside...
we can all fly.