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Fearless

By Rafael Yglesias

There's more over here!
Bring another team!
We'll need a lot more help!
Are you okay? Is the baby all right?
It's okay. You can stay with your dad.
I'm not his father. He's alone.
- Go with him.
- No, please.
- You'll be okay.
- I want to be with you.
Take him.
I've got to find the mother.
Now, go.
Come with me.
You'll be all right.
Everyone, please stay where you are.
We'll be with you in a minute.
Get them out of there! It's going to blow!
Get them out!
My boy!
My boy! My little boy's in there!
No, my baby's in there!
I can't leave my boy!
Stop!
Stop, my baby's in there!
My baby!
Stop!
Are you okay?
Were you in the crash?
No. I found this baby.
I've got to find the mother.
There's a woman over there.
She's looking for her baby.
Right over there.
Is this your baby?
My sweet angel.
I want to go to the nearest hotel.
You've got to be kidding.
You're not dead.
An InterCity Air spokesperson indicates
an estimated 200 passengers were...
Wire reports confirm a crash
of an InterCity Airjet...
...in the northeast section of the county

at Route 7 and Lake.

ALthough, remarkabLy enough,

peopLe maintained themseLves pretty weLL.

PeopLe puLL together in a situation Like that
and the crew was very professionaL.

Max.

Max Klein.

What the hell are you doing here?

Just passing through.

You bastard, you don't look any different.

- Nice try.

- It's true.

Look at you. I can't believe it!

It's been 20 years.

These are strawberry pancakes?

I wanted...

Do you have whole strawberries?

I guess.

Bring me a bowl, please.

I don't remember you having
a thing for strawberries.

How's Bill? Is he head
of the theater department yet?

No.

He was passed over.

I'll make this quick. I can't stand going
through the list. My life's a disaster.

No, it isn't.

- Yes, it is.

- Trust me.

Your life isn't a disaster.

I'm fat. I haven't written a play in years.

Timmy, my oldest...

...has a learning disability.

Thanks to therapy I love him for what
he is, not my fantasy of what he should be.

The middle two, James and Sarah,
resent the extra attention Timmy got...

...so they fuck up in school to punish us.

They're working it out in a support group,
Siblings of the Learning Disabled.

My youngest, Ellen, who was going to be
a great ballerina...

...destroyed her ankle playing basketball

with her brothers.
As for Bill, he's screwing a student.
Pathetic.
It's not even tragic.
Have a strawberry?
What good will that do?
Forbidden fruit always does good.
Forbidden fruit.
I didn't come for that.
It figures.
You always were faithful.
And you?
Who'd have me?
Wait a minute.
Aren't you allergic to strawberries?
Didn't you almost die when you were little
from eating a strawberry?
I'm past all that.
See? No reaction.
No reaction at all.
- That's him.
- What?
Good morning. I'm Agent Parsons,
this is Agent Smith. We're with the FBI.
You're registered as Mr. Max Klein...
...1147 Varennes in San Francisco.
Is that correct?
You got me.
Can we come in?
Were you on a flight from San Francisco
to Houston that made an emergency...
Yes, I was.
Took a hike from the scene?
Just up and left?
- What time is it?

- 10:

You've been missing almost a day.
Missing?
What are you doing here?
You walked from the crash,
rented a car, drove to L. A...
Why?
They didn't need me anymore.

Need you for what?
Am I under arrest?
You haven't done anything.
Do you?
Do you know this man?
I'm Cindy Dickens...
...of InterCity Air and I'm here
to help get you home.
That's nice.
No one's taken me home
since the first grade.
I have tickets on AmTrak
to get you to San Francisco.
Your train leaves in an hour.
I want to fly.
I'm sorry?
You'll fly me back to San Francisco
for free...
...right?
Of course.
But when I told your wife the good news,
she said that...
...even before the unpleasant...
Crash.
Yes, right.
Even before that...
...you were afraid to fly.
I'd love to fly home on your airline,
but I've got a request.
Sir?
I want to go first class.
Super.
With our compliments, sir.
- Cockpit preparation?
- Completed.
Light test?
- Oxygen and interphone?
- Checked.
- Yaw damper?
- On.
Hydraulics?
On.
Sir, may I see your boarding pass?
Your seat is right down the aisle.

Is he on board?
I just made it.
I'm Bill Perlman.
Going home, right?
Glad to be going home, I bet.
You're a shrink.
That's right.
I specialize in the treatment
of post-traumatic stress disorder.
I wrote a book about it
and several airlines hired me...
We're pulling away from the gate.
...as a consultant to work
with crash survivors.
One of my perks is free tickets.
Seatbelt, I think you should put it on.
But I have to travel so much for work...
...that my idea of a vacation...
That's normal.
...is just to stay put.
I'm not scared.
But I would like another drink...
...when we're airborne.
I should say, if we're airborne.
- Mom, he's here! He's really here!
- I knew you were all right.
- I knew you were okay!
- We were so worried.
It's a miracle.
You're alive.
I knew I couldn't lose you.
- Coffee. Let's get coffee.
- Okay.
- Look at you. He's perfect.
- Yes, he is. He's just fine.
Come here.
Were you scared?
No.
Not at all.
Excuse me.
- I'm Steven Brillstein.
- Nan asked if he could wait here.
He's a lawyer.
I'm sorry to intrude, but...

...Mrs. Gordon's frustrated. The airline
can't make a definite identification.
Jeff's dead.
Oh, my God!
Jesus, Max!
Max isn't himself right now.
How do you know? We just met.
- I'm Bill Perlman.
- He's a therapist, works for the airline.
I'm here for you, Max.
If the airline pays your bills,
then it's a conflict of interest.
I have to warn Mr. Klein
that anything he says in your presence...
Is in confidence. It's my agreement.
Let's talk about that later.
Nan doesn't know.
She thinks if you're alive...
I'll tell her.
Can we speak privately?
This is inappropriate.
All right, out. Get out!
We should talk.
Max, relax.
- Are you okay?
- I'm fine.
I didn't hit him very hard.
I can't help you right now.
If you need anything, call me.
In fairness to Mrs. Gordon,
I should hear the details.
May I speak bluntly?
I'd prefer it.
You said you saw Mr. Gordon's dead body.
Let me give you a piece of advice.
When you speak to your lawyer...
...emphasize that you saw
your partner's dead body...
...and think hard about what else you saw.
It doesn't matter what you've said
to anybody so far.
With accidents there's a delayed reaction.
Memories of what happened
return gradually.

I know, I'm terrible to talk about it but...
...it's important that you remember...
...if you saw Mr. Gordon actually be killed.
Another thing to remember:
If he wasn't killed instantly...
...if he was in any pain...
You telling me how to lie
so I can get more money?
To be honest with you,
I wasn't thinking about you.
I was thinking about Mrs. Gordon.
She's not from a rich family and...
...now she's a widow with two children.
What? What?
What? What's wrong?
I don't want to tell any lies.
All right.
Next time, just say no.
Good evening, Mr. Klein.
Don't scream, okay?
Just bear in mind, you're sitting pretty,
you get the partnership insurance.
I think you owe Mrs. Gordon anything...
...that could improve her settlement
with the airlines.

One other thing:

I had all night to go through
Mr. Gordon's papers.
He cashed in the tickets
that you ordered on AMEX.
Got a better price,
rebought them for cash...
...and pocketed the difference.
So Jeff cheated me out of \$200.
So he cheated his wife...
...out of the automatic
American Express insurance.
That's another reason why...
...your memory of what happened
on the plane is so important.
Steady.
I knew it. I just knew it...
...right away.

- We were stupid.
- No, you weren't.
We lived like jerks.
Always nagging. We wasted it.
He loved you.
Mom, keep the kids...
- Let's go back to your room.
- Why's she crying?
You made him happy.
He loved you.
He loved you.
Max, please shut up.
Let me hold you.
Why didn't you call?
Where were you?
I was visiting my past.
But why didn't you tell me you were alive?
I thought I was dead.
How does it feel to be a hero?
How did it feel those last few seconds?
It's me.
We live in the same city.
Isn't that great?
This is my son, Jonah.
Hi, I'm Byron.
Did you know the plane would crash?
I want to get on the bus.
I'm Peter, Byron's father.
I want to thank you.
You have a brave son.
I made my dad bring me.
I can't sleep.
I want to be with you.
Why do you want to be with him?
I feel safe with him.
Many people are safe due to you.
They call you the Good Samaritan.
I didn't save anyone. The pilot did.
You saved me.
I was upside down, stuck. He got me out.
How?
And a baby too.
He found a way out for a lot of people.
We would've been fried.

What about the baby?
Get out of the road!
You can't do it!
You want to kill me, but you can't!
These images of death and destruction
fLashed around the nation recentLy...
...when InterCity 202 feLL from the sky.
The story is by now famiLiar.
A hydrauLic faiLure on a routine fLight
from San Francisco to Houston.
A desperate attempt to reach
BakersfieLd Airport...
...before the metaL giant pLowed
into the corn beside a quiet country road.
WaLking through this devastation...
...one couLd not heLp but refLect
on what it means to us...
...to those who Lived,
to those who heLped...
...and to those who mourned.
You and that computer.
You spend more time playing with it
than producing anything.
- Relax. Will you just relax?
- I'm fine.
You hear that?
This is a very important meeting.
I need you to calm down.
I need you to be with me. All right?
God, you're such a neurotic.
Something's not right.
Oh, shit!
This is the captain.
Return to your seats.
Put your tabLes up
and fasten your seatbeLts.
Ladies and gentlemen, please be sure...
...to fasten your seatbelts
tightly around your waist.
The flight attendants will be coming
to collect your trays.
I don't think this is turbulence.
The hydraulics!
He can't steer!

We're going down!
Miss!
Come here!
I'm okay.
Miss!
Miss, come here!
Come here!
The fucking belt won't work.
It won't get tight enough!
Just hold him in your lap.
That's what you're supposed to do anyway.
Just keep your belt on and hold him.
He'll be okay.
He's slipping! He's slipping!
He'll be okay.
I love you.
I need high-heeled shoes.
Remove all sharp objects.
Earrings. Sharp objects.
Sir, your pin. You must remove your pin.
You okay?
It's going to be fine.
Ma'am, you need to remove your glasses.
Take your glasses off your face.
You must take your glasses off your face...
...and put them in the bag.
It's unsafe to keep your glasses on.
All sharp objects to the center.
This is it.
This is the moment of your death.
I'm not afraid.
I have no fear.
You know what time it is?
It's a fucking tomb in here.
Get up.
Get up, Carla.
Get up.
The doctor brought someone.
The Good Samaritan.
Come on, you read about him in the paper.
Please, just let me die.
Please.
That's a sin, Carla.
I just want to die.

I appreciate you coming.
She's in bad shape.
I may put her in the hospital.
She's in a severe depression
about the crash, but she won't talk.
She's very Catholic.
Old World.
Full of guilt and shame.
I'm filled with guilt and shame.
How is that Old World?
You think I'm a fraud, don't you?
In the three months
since we flew together...
...I haven't thought about you at all.
She'll be right out.
Did you do this?
The carving?
Yeah, the whole bit.
I was playing, you know.
Beautiful work.
- You're an architect, right?
- Yes.
I better go get her.
It's better if I see her alone.
You know...
...one crash freak to another.
Second door on the right.
- Have a seat, Doc.
- Thanks.
He and your wife are the only survivors
I can't reach.
She won't talk and he won't admit
the crash was bad.
Is that right?
He says it was good?
Says it was the best thing
that ever happened to him.
When I was 13...
...my father died in front of my eyes.
We were going out of our apartment.
I was throwing this...
...this softball up and down.
Mom screamed, I missed the ball,
turned to look...

...Dad was dead on the sidewalk.
Blood was coming out of his nose.
His legs were all twisted under him.
He looked like somebody...
...with a big hand had reached down
and squeezed the life out of him.
That was God.
That's what I thought.
God killed my daddy.
Why would He want to kill him?
Couldn't figure that out.
He was a religious guy...
...hard working...
...kind to my mother and my sister.
Did you love him?
Yes.
I didn't know why God killed my daddy.
There was no reason to.
So...
...I decided...
...there was no God.
You know...
...I go to church every day.
It's the only place I go.
I go to pray for my baby's soul.
You go there to talk to God.
Got to talk to somebody.
The day we got home...
...all these lawyers called,
wanting our case.
And one guy came to see me, saying
he was a Good Samaritan's lawyer...
...so I signed.
I mean, I figured he'd be the best. Right?
'Cause I need someone
who's going to take it to them.
We're going to church.
I think that'll be okay.
You know He hurt me.
He hurt me forever.
But I still believe in Him.
People...
...don't so much believe in God
as they choose not to believe in nothing.

Life and death...
...they happen for no reason.
We may think that...
...people are born
because their mothers wanted them...
...or because God needed
another home-run hitter for the Giants.
We think that we die...
...because we eat red meat or rob banks.
Though we can never be good enough...
...or careful enough to live forever,
at least we can try.
But if it makes no sense, if it...
If life and death just happen...
...then there's no reason to do anything.
There's no reason to love.
What?
There's no reason to love.
My car's across the street.
Let's go for a drive.
No. No, I can't.
The doctor told me I can't go nowhere.
You'll be safe.
Do you read the papers?
Everybody with me lives.
You must think I'm very stupid.
No. I'm not lying.
I can't explain it but...
...you're safe with me.
So, what are you telling me?
There's no God, but there's you?
Come with me.
Carla, I promise you'll be safe.
This is a German car?
Swedish.
It's very sturdy?
It's a very safe car.
And I'm an excellent driver.
Never been in an accident.
Not while I've been behind the wheel,
anyway.
- And you know what?
- What?
It doesn't mean we'll survive this ride.

Because even if I do everything right...
...even strapped into this marvelous
technology of reinforced doors and roof...
...we could still be crushed.
That's reverse psychology, right?
No, it's the simple truth.
In fact you're not safe lying in your bed.
Remember '89? The next one could be
ten times worse.
You said I'd be safe with you.
You're safe.
We're safe because we died already.
Stop the car.
Please, just stop the car.
I'm not dead.
Let me out.
No, you're not. That's not what I meant.
Look.
Look at them.
They don't know what it's like
to die in their heads.
We do. We passed through death.
That's bullshit.
I didn't die in my head.
My son died.
I wasn't thinking about dying.
I was thinking about...
About what?
About how he died?
Now hit him. Hit him, now!
Hit him. Right now!
Two in a row. Awesome.
I'll die!
Don't die, we'll get "game over."
- I died.
- Let me try.
I got to Level 3.
Then he died.
- Where's your mother?
- I don't know.
Byron's dad called.
He wants to bring him over later.
Do I have to play with him?
That's the weird kid your dad saved?

He comes here practically every day
and hangs around my dad.

Go.

Hi, darling.

I didn't know you were home.

- Did you meet with Dr. Perlman?

- Yeah.

- Did you talk?

- No.

He took me to meet a woman

whose child died in the crash.

I thought the idea was for the two of you
to sit down and talk, one-to-one.

I have a feeling

of overwhelming love for her.

I've never felt anything like it before.

Five, six, seven, eight, and...

...a little run, a little run!

Slide here.

Slide, slide, slide.

Change your hands.

Go, skip.

Change your hands.

Okay, Joan, stop the music.

Let's rehearse the piece for the pageant.

But we don't have Eric.

- No, we don't.

- That's right, we don't.

We need a volunteer.

Dr. Perlman, perhaps?

Me?

I don't...

I don't think... No.

Couldn't you get someone else?

We need a male. Do you mind?

- What do I have to do?

- A tree.

Just a tree.

Just have to stand here. Like this.

Come on, Doctor. It'll be good therapy.

Okay, girls. Hold hands all around him.

Joan, some wind music.

Swirling around like a tornado.

And go in!

Doctor, the tree has leaves and branches.
Come on, up. Up with your arms.
Come on, up with your arms.
And feel the wind. Swing at the wind!
Come on, Doctor.
Well...
...is that your revenge?
Look, it's getting worse.
He's more remote and distant than ever.
He's spending more time with the child
from the plane than with his own son.
And I hate that crazy truth-telling,
like a robot.
What does he do every day?
He looks at buildings.
Looks at buildings?
I don't mind that. I think...
...he might be finding
something new for his work.
I want to know about this woman.
Why did you introduce them?
What were you trying to achieve?
No one can reach her. If she doesn't
get help, she'll end up in an institution.
Or worse.
And my husband?
He worries me.
Why?
I don't know.
I think he thinks he's invulnerable.
I've seen it with Vietnam vets.
The high they get
from overcoming their fear...
...they become addicted to it.
I thought if I put them together...
They can help each other?
I don't know.
He said he felt overwhelming feeling
of love for her.
A feeling he never felt before.
What does that mean?
Is he falling in love with her?
Not in a rational way.
Love isn't rational.

It's not love.
He wants to save her.
Save her?
And who's saving Max?
Or me, for that matter?
Are you playing God?
Are you playing matchmaker?
What are you trying to achieve,
Dr. Perlman?
Trying to help, that's all.
I don't have all the answers.
Can't wait to see what you're working on.
I'm going to bed now.
Would you turn that down?
- I haven't taken one in six days.
- Didn't I tell you?
I feel great. Thanks.
He chickened out
half a mile from the airport.
Good to see you.
It's great that you came.
Everybody, we're going to go downstairs.
You come with me, Carla.
Everybody downstairs.
Come on.
You wait here, Manny.
It's okay. It's all right.
I'll be upstairs.
We used to live in tribes.
And when a tribe suffered a disaster...
...an exploding mountain,
a shaking of the earth...
...a great flood...
...we would sit around fires...
...and we'd tell the event.
The stories of death...
...destruction...
...escape and rescue.
That's... why we're here today.
Would someone...
...tell us their story?
Yes, please.
I lost my sister...
...and my two nephews.

Their seats were ripped away...
...right in front of my eyes.
I could almost reach out...
It's all right.
Let her stay on her own.
This'll take forever.
I have to go back to the office.
What's your name?
John Wilkenson.
- Why were you on the plane?
- I was going to Houston on business.
You must be very committed to your work.
Go ahead and finish your story, please.
We were taking a vacation, my sister...
...me and our kids.
You know, no husbands.
We saw all the dumb tourist sights
together, like when we were girls.
Only this time, we were also mommies.
And now we'll never be together again.
Let's just talk about the day of the crash.
What happened when the plane hit?
I don't know.
I guess I closed my eyes.
There was incredible noise...
...and I couldn't see.
I was choking on the smoke.
I didn't think that we had long to live.
And then that man...
Is he here?
Are you here, Max Klein?
He couldn't come.
He saved my life.
How?
We couldn't see anything
and it was all smoke.
We couldn't even breathe
and I heard the sound of his voice.

He was shouting:

"Follow me! This way!"
I had hold of my kids
and I just followed his voice.
He sounded so normal.

"Follow me to the light!"

I was scared...

...but I saw him jump...

...and call out:

"We're alive!"

So I followed and...

...then we were in the corn field.

Safe.

I would have gone the wrong way.

I came here today hoping to thank him.

The same thing happened to me.

I followed him too.

Excuse me, are you leaving us?

I don't belong here.

I wasn't on the plane.

Who are you?

My son died in the crash. I'm sorry.

No, it's okay. It's all right.

Why did you come?

I don't know.

I wanted...

...if anyone had seen my son...

...or knew how...

- What was his name?

- Where was he sitting?

They said he was in 21C.

That was right behind me.

Did he have red hair?

Yes. Kind of reddish brown.

- Tall man?

- Six feet.

And a moustache?

Yes.

You mean me.

Remember? We talked at the hospital.

We were on the other side of the plane.

Sorry.

Since it happened, I get confused.

Anyone else remember that row?

They were smashed flat.

Can anyone else help?

Go ahead, say something.

- Anyone else have information?

- Stop it.
Just let her go.
Why?
This isn't doing anybody any good.
She only wants to know what happened.
My son died.
Yes, but you know how he died.
You were with him.
When was the last time you saw your son?
His birthday, about a month before.
I don't remember kissing him good-bye.
I know I did, but I just can't remember.
You're very young.
I'm not young.
How old was your boy?
He was almost two.
I'm sorry.
He wasn't with you very long.
Jesus Christ!
This is sadistic.
And we're not accomplishing anything!
Do you remember me?
I'm Lisa. The flight attendant.
I really wanted to see you.
I came here mostly to see you.
I think about you and your baby a lot.
Do you remember how I tried to help you
with the seat belt?
Help me?
You told me everything would be okay.
You think you helped me?
Well, I tried.
Tried!
You told me to hold him. I couldn't.
You told me everything would be okay.
It wasn't!
Please, don't say that.
I didn't...
I didn't know!
You didn't know what?
Please.
You told me to hold him.
- You knew I couldn't!
- It's not my fault!

We're not here to blame each other.
You said everything would be okay...
...and it wasn't!
He died!
You want everybody to talk.
But only if it's nice things.
No, that's not true.
My son died!
And blaming her won't bring
your baby back.
Of course they think it's fair.
So what? What do you think?
I'm being fucked.
The big law firms are getting
much more for their clients.
I'll get another lawyer.
Mr. Brillstein, I heard a woman got
\$2 million for her dead baby.
I think I should get at least that.
I'll call you. I'll call you every day.
Good-bye.
You have to understand...
...they owe us. They kill them
and they have to pay.
You don't understand a fucking thing!
I understand, Manny.
I understand that I'm alone.
So, pain and suffering are compensable.
Apart from the other compensable losses
such as...
...the \$2-million Nutty Nick stores contract.
We didn't have a contract.
- Whose side are you on?
- Relax.
Don't tell me to relax. You have a husband
and a partnership insurance.
I have...
...a deposition from...
...Mr. Nutty Nick...
...that he had every intention...
...of hiring Mr. Gordon and Mr. Klein.
That's good enough.
He's lying.
It's nice, but he's lying.

All right.
Do me a favor.
Don't say that.
They don't have to know your opinion,
okay?
Work with me on this, Mr. Klein.
I'm sorry.
You promised to do your best
for Mrs. Gordon and her children.
You get a third of what we get?
I know. I'm terrible.
One-third is standard, Mr. Klein.
It's in my interest to get
as large a settlement as possible.
In fact, that's my job.
I don't apologize for it.
No, this is America in the '90s.
Nobody apologizes anymore.
They write a memoir.
This is the law. Not some trick I invented.
Each minute that you and Mr. Gordon
knew that you were going to die...
...is compensable as pain and suffering.
Testify...
...to the mental anguish...
...that you and Mr. Gordon experienced...
...and each minute is worth dollars.
Big dollars. Dollars to which
you and Mrs. Gordon are entitled.
What you really want me to say...
...is that Jeff wept at the prospect
of his wife widowed and kids orphaned.
It's a shame he died instantly.
If only he'd been mashed up and died...
...slowly in my arms, Nan...
Jesus, Max!
...could make out on this.
Fine. Good night.
Are you ashamed of me?
I'm trying to get money, so I don't meet
your standards of widowhood?
Let me ask you something.
If Jeff was here, what would he do?
Come on, Max, tell me.

I can't lie.
If you died and he had lived, what would he say to help Laura and Jonah?
I know he ripped you off for the tickets. Maybe!
Maybe he'd pay him back.
Are you punishing Jeff?
I'll say what you want.
Let it go.
I can Let it go.
I can't live as a coward.
Oh, fuck.
So I argued that it wasn't fair to us and he agreed.
He just said, "Life is unfair."
So now the test's next week and it's on Europe, not Central America.
I think he proved his own point.
Yeah, that's what I thought.
What'd you do today, Dad?
Go ahead.
Tell him.
What? What'd you do?
Talk to me.
Tell me what's going on.
Talk to me!
Each day you have to jump off a roof or stand before a train to lose your fear?
Is that it?
What about me?
What about Jonah?
- You're like a crazy person.
- I'm not crazy.
I love you. We have lived together for 16 years!
They've been great.
Oh, not always.
Yes. Always.
They've always been great for me.
Even when I hate you, I know love you.
I know you were happy too.
Remember?
Do you remember our marriage?
Even if I could remember, then what?

How can I live in a memory?
You see, that's cruel.
- Do you know that's cruel?
- That's the truth.
The truth?
You didn't tell Jonah the truth.
It was unfair to use him that way.
Fair?
Am I supposed to let you kill yourself?
I walked away from that crash alive.
That's what survived.
The taste and touch and beauty of life.
But I love that.
- I won't give that up!
- I don't want you to give it up!
Let me in.
Let me be part of it.
You can't.
- I wish I'd been on that plane.
- I'm grateful you weren't.
You don't make sense. You said
it was extraordinary, so beautiful.
You're right. I don't make sense
and I don't want to.
I know that what you found is...
...special, whatever it is,
and wherever it leads you, it's thrilling.
But there must be a way...
...to live with it so it does make sense.
I'm going to survive this.
I can't fight for you anymore. You want
to destroy yourself? I can't stop you.
I hope you make it.
You been dreaming a lot?
- You bet.
- Me too.
Were you alone on the plane?
No, I was with my best friend. My partner.
He was decapitated.
You saw him?
I should be going.
Thanks for coming.
You know, if...
If Manny has any interest

in doing carpentry full time...
...I could talk to some people.
They'd be happy to work
with somebody like him.
Don't talk about my husband.
Sorry.
No, it's all right.
I'm angry with him, that's all.
Don't look so scared.
I'm not scared.
I'm not scared of anything.
Scared to kiss me.
I just did kiss you.
I mean, for real.
I didn't want to offend you.
You're right.
I don't want to be kissed.
I don't want anything.
But I do want to go with you
next time you take a drive.
I'm missing it.
Look at this show!
It's beautiful.
Kate is so serious, isn't she?
Oh, look!
Adorable!
Bravo!
Beautiful!
Wonderful! Wonderful!
Wonderful!
FoLks, this is the captain here.
We're going to make an emergency Landing
at Bakersfield Airport.
Fasten your seatbelts before touchdown.
At that time...
...you'll hear me say the words,
"Brace, brace, brace."
Hi, this is Nan. I'll call you back
as soon as possible.
Get into the crash positions
which your cabin attendants will illustrate.
I'm not going to kid you,
it's going to be rough...
...maybe worse than that.

Pay attention to what
the cabin attendants say.

Good Luck to us aLL.

- May we be excused?

- Bring a bag of chips.

Let's play computer games.

Let them go.

It's a mistake to make them
anything but hamburgers.

Next time we'll have relish and ketchup.

What can you do? I don't mind,
as long as they're happy.

If we'll have Thanksgiving, let's do it right.

Max, don't play superdad.

Byron, honey, no.

Give me this. Give me this.

- This is garbage.

- What're you doing?

Go back to the table and finish!

- Max, calm down.

- I'm perfectly calm.

Listen to me. I'm throwing this out.

When you die, you don't get another life.

- Do you understand?

- It's not real dying. It's pretend.

- I know what dead bodies look like.

- Shut up!

It's going in the garbage.

- He's only a little boy.

- Lf it was up to you, he'd stay a boy.

I don't care!

Don't be cruel.

I don't want him to grow up
a frightened child in a man's body.

He's just fine, Max.

It's you who is in trouble!

Now give the game back.

Or keep on going,

but right out of our lives!

Our son is innocent.

Do you want to crash our marriage?

Okay, but don't hurt our son.

I'm not scared to end our marriage.

Neither am I.

Then I'll keep on going.

Good.

- Where to?

- Beautiful downtown Oakland.

Such a shame.

It was going to be gentrified and rebuilt.

Then the recession hit.

The country's falling apart.

The United States is finished.

But you and me...

...we're in peak condition.

You hungry?

In there?

Remember, we're ghosts.

They can't do anything to us.

You're really nuts. You are so crazy.

You should talk.

I can't believe you did that!

I'm not buying you another.

Look at this mess.

I've had it. We're going home.

So happy.

Maybe I am a ghost.

I was going to buy him a lot of presents.

Let's do it. Let's buy them.

What did he like?

How about a sword?

My son used to love swords.

He still does, but he's too old to admit it.

- What?

- What would your son like?

Does he play with Legos?

No, he's too young.

Bristle Blocks? Does he have those?

Babies can use them

and older kids like them.

You want me to buy a present for Bubble?

Bubble. Is that really his name?

It's Leonardo. I called him Bubble.

I can't buy him gifts. That's sick.

- Why?

- Because he's dead.

- Of course he's dead.

- You're not serious.

You wouldn't do this to me.
Would you buy a present
for your dead father?
My father?
I never bought him anything.
I'm sorry.
I didn't mean it. I just don't think
it's a good idea.
I made him something in school.
Carved his name in wood.
Made a little nameplate
that you put on your desk.
I was 13 when he died and...
...never had a chance to buy him
a real present.
Let's do it.
Let's buy presents for the dead.
Come on. Let's buy presents for the dead.
- I can't.
- Yes, you can.
Come on!
Who'll we give them to?
He liked to build things: Shelves, chairs.
He made our dining-room table.
Sometimes he'd give me a hammer,
let me do the easy stuff.
This is it. This is what he'd like.
Every time we came into a hardware store,
he'd stop in front of these.
It wasn't as magnificent as this one.
He'd be...
...totally silent...
...and then he'd say...
..."I'd like to have that"...
...and walk away.
Only thing I ever heard him say he wanted.
Excuse me.
Excuse me!
I'd like to buy this for my father.
That's nice. I'll take care of that.
I've got to get him a monster.
He loves them.
I'll find him something.
Come here.

Look at this. This is great.
Do you mind?
Sorry.
Look what I have for us.
A beautiful bevy of desserts.
Now...
...this.
- Don't want any.
- We could use it as a paperweight.
I want that.
This is the only thing you can't have.
Now I have several other magical...
I have a magic mushroom for you.
Or better yet...
...the beautiful simplicity...
...of a ripe strawberry.
Let's dance.
Come on.
I don't dance.
Come on!
Pick up.
Hold on!
Oh, please, please, please.
Good night.
So I'll pick you up?
My goodness, it's night.
Where are we going?
We could disappear.
You all right?
What's wrong?
What?
There's something I have to tell you.
You got to promise
you'll never tell anyone.
All right.
All right, calm down now.
What is it?
What?
I want to tell you something
that nobody knows.
Do you remember...
...just when we touched ground and
it was like we were going to land okay?
What?

I let go of Bubble.
I had him in my lap.
I looked at the road and...
...I thought we were going to be safe,
and the wheels bumped.
I opened my arms.
I was safe in my belt, but he wasn't.
Oh, I see. It was your fault?
It wasn't the accident?
- I wasn't holding him!
- You killed your baby?
And the lawyer...
- Brillstein?
...I didn't tell him the truth.
I understand. So you're also a liar?
Yes, I lied! I lied to Father Conti.
I lied in the confessional.
I lied to the whole church!
- It wasn't your fault.
- Oh, my God.
Oh, my God!
Carla, it's not your fault.
"Hail, Mary, full of grace...
"...the Lord is with Thee.
Blessed art Thou amongst women...
"...and blessed is the fruit
of Thy womb Jesus."
Carla, I didn't mean
that you killed your baby.
Carla, you're not to blame.
You couldn't have held on to your baby.
We were going hundreds of miles an hour!
Of course you think it's your fault.
God gave you a child.
It was your job to keep him safe.
But it's not your fault!
Stop it now! Come on, stop it!
That's enough!
Oh, shit.
Oh, shit.
Now what have I done?
Come on now.
I want you to get in the back.
Come on.

Come on.
Come on now.
Come on.
Just get in the back now.
This is your baby.
No, hold it upright, like this.
I know it doesn't look like a baby.
It looks like a toolbox.
It is a toolbox.
I want you to pretend
that this is your baby.
Pretend it's Bubble.
Now this is your chance to hold on tight...
...to save him.
Hold on to Bubble!
As tight as you can!
Pray to God to give you the strength
to save your baby.
Hold on to your baby!
Holy Mary, Mother of God!
Pray for us now
and at the hour of our death!
Right behind you. Careful, please.
Mrs. Rodrigo, how are you doing?
I'm okay.
It's whiplash. I was with Max.
I know. He's in intensive care.
He'll be all right.
Just between us...
...what happened?
He was showing me something.
What? That brick walls are hard?
How'd you get here so fast?
My beeper went off,
I was just two blocks away.
I don't know. I've been really lucky lately.
I mean, I know it's terrible...
...to talk about luck
when you've suffered so.
Have you seen a doctor yet?
Are you okay?
Yes, I'm fine.
- What happened?
- Mr. Klein drove into a brick wall.

You don't understand.
The flight attendant told me
to hold Bubble.
I thought I didn't hold him tight enough.
I wasn't sure my hands were clasped
when we hit.
Be careful about what we're not sure of.
I thought I could save him.
Max showed me I couldn't.
- There was no way.
- He crashed the car on purpose?
Yes, to show me.
That's it.
That fucking nut ain't coming close to you!
- Let me talk to you.
- It's out of control.
Listen, our case is good. Actually,
we could improve our numbers here.
You must be Jonah.
I'm a friend of your daddy's.
Is your mom home?
Yeah, come in. Mom!
- A woman's here to see you.
- I know.
Go to your room.
Go to your room!
I'm Carla.
I know who you are.
This is a very nice house that you have.
Please sit down.
Thank you.
I'm sorry to bother you like this...
...but I thought that it would be good
if we talked.
I called the hospital.
They said that Max is doing okay.
I don't think he's doing okay.
How are you?
I'm okay.
I really wasn't hurt.
You know, I came by because I...
...I just wanted to say, you know...
...I can imagine what you must be feeling...
...about what has happened.

Really?
You can?
You have every right to be angry with me.
I'm not angry with you.
Why should I be? Wasn't it Max's idea?
- What he did was crazy.
- He must be very much in love with you...
...to risk his life for you.
- It's not like that.
Isn't that love?
No.
Look, I'm sorry.
I didn't come to argue with you.
I think I better go. I'm sorry.
Please stay.
I am very sorry about your little boy.
Thank you.
You know...
...when he died...
...I had nothing.
I couldn't feel anything.
Now I can feel something.
I can feel something inside
besides the pain for Bubble.
That's because of Max.
He would talk to me.
He'd talk to me like nobody else ever has.
We would have these great conversations...
...and they were weird,
but they were so exciting and...
It's not what you think.
He's my friend.
He's my best friend.
It's like God sent him to me.
It's like he sent me my own angel.
Let me be honest with you.
Maybe this wonderful friendship
that you have...
...might have helped you.
But it hasn't helped Max.
Maybe our marriage is over...
...but I have a son
and I want him to have a father.
Max is not an angel.

He's a man.
He cannot survive up there.
Hey, you.
How're you doing?
I got you these chocolates.
That's what they give patients.
Here.
- How's your head?
- Hurts!
I just...
I've really wanted to tell you how much...
I just wanted to say
how wonderful you are.
You look happy.
You know, it's probably
because Manny moved out.
I told him to.
Are you all right with that?
You know...
...I visited Bubble's grave.
For the first time, it was okay.
I'm glad.
But you know...
...things can't go back
to the way that they were.
You know what I mean?
I want you to go home, Max.
I want you to live again.
I'm not a ghost anymore.
I can't get back.
Yes, you can.
I don't want to.
I wish I could help you.
We could disappear, Carla.
I can't anymore.
I'm back.
I want to try living
on planet Earth for a while.
You can't save everybody, Max.
You got to try taking care of yourself.
Say good-bye, Max.
Good-bye? Why do we have
to say good-bye?
It has to be that way.

I don't want to say good-bye.
Just...
Just say it like it means nothing.
Good-bye, Max.
Please, Max.
Say it.
Good-bye, Carla.
"The soul comes to the end
of it's long journey...
"...and naked and alone...
"...draws near to the divine."
How're you feeling?
Okay.
Let's see.
Are you going to stay?
I don't know. We'll see.
Sorry about the video game.
It's okay. You didn't break it.
Good.
What is it?
I want you to save me.
These are for you.
You're here! Great.
Listen, it may be premature.
I don't want to jinx it but I think
I'll have it all locked up tomorrow.
So, champagne, assorted goodies.
A little celebration.
It's an incredible story.
Because of your suicide attempt,
don't argue that...
That's how I presented it, that you were
suffering from post-traumatic stress...
...and that they were going to be
on the hook if you killed yourself.
I know, I'm terrible.
What a situation.
What am I going to do?
It's incredible!
Anyway, today I hondled with InterCity's
lawyer for two hours and we got close...
...really close, to big dollars for you,
Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Rodrigo.
But I think we're going to make out

like bandits.

I know, I'm horrible, but listen to this:

An hour after the call...

...from the airline lawyer,

I get one from the insurance carrier.

What a situation!

I'm mean, I know.

I'm terrible to take advantage...

...but there's been a fuck up

in their communication.

They both think they're the one

who's been designated to deal with me.

So I played dumb.

Started doing numbers with

the insurance guy and his offer is higher!

Millions, we're talking millions!

Oh, shit!

This is it.

This is the moment of my death.

We'll make it, Max.

He's going to bring us in.

- He'll bring us in.

- There's a boy alone up there.

I'm going to sit with him.

It's going to be okay.

Everything's okay.

Now, put your head down.

Close your eyes.

It'll be over soon.

Everything's wonderful.

In the kitchen, there is a phone!

It's an emergency! It's an allergic reaction!

Stop it! What's happening? Dad!

No, Max! No!

I'm alive!

I'm alive!

I'm alive!