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# The Langoliers

By Tom Holland

Unloading of passengers only.  
No parking.  
Do not leave your car unattended.  
She's just an innocent bystander.  
So, what's new?  
Tell them I won't do it.  
It has to be done  
by next Thursday, Nick.  
And make sure it happens  
in Boston where he lives.  
I'll see you in London on Saturday.  
We'll have a pint to celebrate.  
The white zone  
is for immediate loading  
and unloading of passengers only.  
No parking.  
Do not leave your car unattended.  
Mr. Toomy, Mr. Toomy!  
Thank God I caught you.  
I checked over the figures  
on those foreign bonds you bought,  
and as it turns out, you haven't made  
\$43 million, you've lost it.  
- I know.  
- You know?  
Of course.  
I'm the head of the Bond Department.  
- Talk to you from Boston.  
- Mr. Toomy, you can't go to Boston.  
All of these transactions  
were personally authorised by you.  
The board of directors  
will crucify you.  
I know, that's why I have to go.  
Now, I suggest you just relax,  
because everything's gonna be fine.  
In fact, it's gonna be wonderful.  
There's something strange  
inside that man's head.  
Later, Dinah.  
Now that I've given you a lift  
to the airport,  
do you wanna tell me  
why you're going to Boston?

Stop it, Doris. I'm not gonna  
tell you and you know it.  
Yes, but this is just so unlike you.  
Flying off to some strange city  
for no reason,  
not even telling your best  
friend why.  
AP Flight 29 to Boston.  
Oh, gosh, that's my flight.  
I gotta go. Bye.  
- Bye.  
- This is to announce the boarding of...  
I'm sorry.  
- Departing from Gate 51.  
- Bye.  
- Bye.  
Damn these gauges,  
they don't tell us anything.  
That pressure leak  
could have been anywhere.  
Don't worry about it.  
It's the engineers' problem now.  
How can I not worry about it?  
You know what a pressure blowout  
can do.  
We were all damn near human pt.  
Oh, man.  
Maybe I've been doing this  
for too long.  
- Captain Engle?  
- Yeah,  
but I don't know what to tell you.  
We couldn't find that pressure leak.  
This isn't about the leak, captain.  
Could I talk to you outside, please?  
Why? What's wrong?  
Outside, please.  
You wanna tell me what's going on?  
It's about your wife.  
My wife?  
You mean my ex-wife.  
We're divorced. Why, what about her?  
There's been an accident.  
Perhaps you'd better come up

to my office.  
What about Annie?  
How badly has she been hurt?  
Is she dead?  
Yes. I'm afraid she is.  
There was a fire in her apartment.  
Are you all right, captain?  
Yeah.  
It's just a shock, that's all.  
There's a redevye  
leaving for Boston now.  
You can deadhead back on it  
if you want.  
Yeah, I guess I'd better.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
American Pride Flight 29 to Boston  
is now boarding passengers  
in all rows. Please...  
Looks like a full flight.  
Yeah, I guess.  
What's the weather like?  
Clouds at 20,000 feet from the  
Great Plains all the way to Boston.  
Oh, and we've had sightings of the  
aurora borealis over the Mojave Desert.  
Northern lights?  
Over California at this time of year?  
Who knows? The weather's  
been really freaky this year.  
I asked for a window seat  
and that's what I'd like.  
- See right there?  
- Yes.  
It says where your seat is.  
I want a window seat.  
- Why don't you talk to the...?  
- No,  
why don't you talk  
to the ticketing agent?  
I only wanna talk to you.  
- I don't wanna be her problem.  
- One on every flight, isn't there?  
Always.  
And since we have a very full flight

this evening,  
we ask that you kindly place all bags  
and carryon articles  
securely in the overhead luggage  
compartments  
or under the seat in front of you.  
If you are interested in assistance,  
the flight attendant  
will come by to help.  
Well, I guess this is it, captain.  
Have a nice trip.  
And my condolences.  
Thank you.  
Pardon me.  
Excuse me.  
Roger, American Flight 29,  
you're clear for takeoff.  
Have a good flight to Boston.  
Our flight tonight will take us over  
the Rocky Mountains and Denver,  
past Des Moines  
and up over to St. Louis,  
then on into the Boston area.  
So, folks, relax and enjoy the flight,  
and thank you  
for flying American Pride.  
Aunt Vicki, could I have a glass  
of water, please?  
Aunt Vicki?  
Aunt Vicki.  
Would somebody  
speak to me, please?  
I'm sorry, but my aunt's gone  
and I'm blind.  
Hello? Is anybody here?  
Anybody?  
Dear God, please let someone  
be here.  
Anyone, anyone at all.  
It's all right, it's all right, it's all right.  
- What's wrong?  
- Where is everybody?  
They've gone, they've all gone.  
What do you mean, "Where's

everybody?" They're all right here...  
What happened? Did we land while  
I was asleep and let the others off?  
Where's my aunt? I want my aunt.  
- Please, I want my aunt.  
- You're gonna be all right.  
- What's your name?  
- Dinah.  
I can't find my aunt.  
I'm blind and I can't see her.  
I woke up and her seat was empty.  
Who was screaming?  
- Is the plane in trouble, mister?  
- Where is everybody?  
What's going on?  
Are we in Boston already?  
I want my aunt now.  
Aunt Vicki. Aunt Vicki?  
Hey. What the hell is going on here?  
Will someone shut this brat up?  
You're not alone. There are other  
people here. Can you hear them?  
Yeah, I can hear them.  
But where's Aunt Vicki?  
- And who's been killed?  
- Killed?  
Has someone been killed?  
Have we been hijacked?  
- No one has been killed.  
- I felt her hair.  
Someone cut off her hair.  
- One, two, three, four, five, six...  
- There's 10,  
counting yourself  
and the bloke asleep in first class.  
What about the crew?  
Anybody know about them?  
Not yet, I was just about to find out.  
Will you stay with the girl?  
- Yeah, all right, but what's happening?  
- Come back with some answers.  
All right, everybody, just calm down.  
Hello, you guys, open up.  
Hello.

So, what do you think happened?  
Do you think the plane landed  
and let the other passengers off?  
I don't know. I was asleep.  
You're a teacher, aren't you?  
That's right, sweetie. The 5th grade.  
How did you know that?  
It's in your voice.  
Miss Lee, my teacher  
at the blind school,  
sounds just like you.  
If you'll excuse me, I think  
I'm going forward to join our friend.  
I want to know what is going on here  
and I want to know right now.  
Nor am I a bit surprised.  
You said before  
that you had felt someone's hair.  
- What did you mean by that?  
- Over there on one of the seats,  
I felt someone's hair.  
This? This is a wig.  
It's not a human scalp.  
Is that what you felt?  
What do you see?  
Nothing, just mountains  
and darkness.  
Hello?  
Hello. Hello?  
What's wrong? The flight crew  
disappear with everybody else?  
Yeah. No. I don't know.  
They're not answering my calls  
- and the door's locked from the inside.  
- I was afraid of that.  
Sorry to get your wind up.  
Nick Hopewell.  
I am praying, sir, that the pilot's cap  
I noticed on one of the first-class seats  
belongs to you.  
It does. Captain Engle.  
But under the circumstances,  
you can call me Brian.  
I'll call you saviour if we find

what I expect to find  
on the other side of that door.  
Well, let's try and get it open,  
shall we?  
Okay.  
All right, let's see.  
How could someone disappear  
and leave their hairpiece behind?  
That's quite a mystery,  
don't you think?  
- God.  
- Yeah,  
you're not kidding.  
Somebody's bridge work.  
I was afraid of that.  
What's going on here?  
Hello, excuse me.  
Come out from back there.  
Who's back there?  
- Hi.  
- Yeah.  
I'd like to know  
what's going on, please.  
Currently, we're about to break  
the cockpit door.  
It seems our crew have abdicated  
along with everybody else.  
But we're in luck all the same.  
My new acquaintance here  
just happens to be a pilot.  
Do you work  
for American Pride, friend?  
Yes, I do.  
- But I think what's important...  
- No, I'm gonna tell you...  
- Excuse me.  
- I'm gonna tell you what's important.  
You know what's important?  
I have a meeting at Boston's  
Prudential Center at 9:00 this morning.

**Promptly at 9:**

That's what's important.  
Now, I booked a seat



on this conveyance in good faith,  
and I have absolutely no intention  
of being late for that appointment.  
Wait, wait, wait.  
Now, I have three  
questions for you:  
Number one, who authorised  
an unscheduled stop for this airliner  
while I was asleep?  
Number two,  
where was that stop made?  
And number three, why?  
Why was that done?  
You ever watch Mr. Spock  
on Star Trek?  
What the hell are you talking about?  
Just that if you don't shut  
your cake hole, you bloody idiot,  
I'll be happy to demonstrate  
his Vulcan sleeper hold for you.  
Don't you talk to me like that.  
Do you know who I am?  
Of course I do.  
You're an obnoxious twerp who likes  
to hide fear behind aggression.  
No harm in that,  
but you are in the way.  
Listen to me. Listen...  
Whoa, a nose hold.  
I can break it.  
Easiest thing in the world, trust me.  
I said I could break it.  
Do you understand?  
Signify if you understand.  
You listen to me,  
I haven't got time to discuss  
your business appointments,  
therefore I'm gonna send you  
to the cabin  
with this gentleman  
in the striped shirt.  
Don Gaffney.  
Mr. Gaffney will be your escort.  
Once you arrive in the main cabin,

you will sit down in your seat,  
strap your seat belt firmly around  
your middle and keep your mouth shut.  
Do you understand?  
Please favour me with a thumbs up  
if you understand.  
Jolly good.  
Now, I'm gonna let go of you  
and your nose now.  
And when I do, if you so much  
as utter a word,  
a syllable, you will be investigating  
hitherto unexplored realms of pain.  
- You son of a...  
- I wouldn't, mister.  
This guy means it.  
You better come on back with me.  
- I'll be...  
- Bad idea.  
Come on, now.  
Hey. Come on.  
Come on.  
Let's see if we can find something  
for that nose.  
Right, then,  
let's get the cockpit door open,  
shall we?  
Come on...  
No one's driving the plane.  
It happened fast, whatever it was.  
Look there.  
I mean, look here.  
If you want watches, take your pick.  
There are tons of them back  
in the main cabin.  
Are there indeed?  
Watches, jewellery and glasses.  
Also purses.  
But the weirdest thing is,  
there's stuff that we're pretty sure  
came from inside of people.  
Like surgical pins, pacemakers.  
You know, I've been going on the  
same assumption as our rude friend...

You know, the one I used  
the nose lock on?  
- That the plane had landed  
somewhere for some reason  
and most of the passengers and crew  
were somehow offloaded and then...  
No, there couldn't have been  
a takeoff while we were sleeping.  
You can fly that plane on automatic  
but you need a human being  
to take one up or land.  
So where are the passengers  
and crew then?  
I don't know.  
But I plan on finding out.  
You wanna hand me that paper,  
please?  
Well, the altitude is right,  
37,000 feet.  
We're on course.  
What are you doing?  
Figuring out  
our closest major airport.  
Denver Center, this is American Pride  
Flight 29, do you read me? Over.  
Denver Center, come in, please.  
This is American Pride Flight 29,  
we have a problem.  
- A big problem.  
- What's going on?  
I'm not getting anything.  
Anything at all.  
Mayday, mayday.  
This is American Pride Flight 29,  
requesting emergency aid.  
Come in, please.  
UNICOM,  
this is American Pride Flight 29,  
requesting immediate radio contact.  
Over.  
Denver, come in.  
Come in, please.  
This is AP Flight 29,  
you answer me, damn it.

Easy, mate.  
That dog won't bark either.  
What are they doing down there,  
having nuclear war?  
Look, easy. Tell me what you mean,  
"the dog won't bark."  
I mean Denver Control. That dog.  
I mean FAA Emergency, that dog.  
UNICOM, which gives advisories  
at small airports, that dog too.  
This is a medium shortwave band.  
People should be jumping all over this  
like frogs on a hot sidewalk,  
but I'm not even picking up static.  
And the VOR beacon out of Denver,  
that's not working either.  
- What does that mean?  
- It means we have no radio.  
It means we have no Denver  
navigational beacon,  
and my board here says everything  
is peachy keen.  
Which is crap. It's gotta be.  
Hey, kid, would you run back there,  
look out the left side of the plane.  
Look behind us,  
tell me what you see.  
My equipment says we're less than  
50 miles south of Denver right now.  
Well?  
There's nothing out there,  
nothing at all.  
Denver's blacked out, isn't it?  
Yeah.  
Either that or it's gone.  
All right, back to your seats.  
We need a little peace and quiet.  
We are being quiet.  
Come on, my young friends.  
Let's go sit in the back.  
The captain has a lot of work to do.  
What are you doing?  
Using the military aircraft band.  
Strategic Air Command

is never off the air.  
What's going on?  
The captain and that British fellow are  
trying to raise an airport on the radio.  
I suppose that we should  
introduce ourselves.  
I'm Bob Jenkins,  
I'm a mystery writer.  
I've written more than 40 novels.  
None as strange as this.  
My name is Laurel Stevenson  
and I'm a schoolteacher  
in the San Fernando Valley.  
And this is the first vacation  
I've had in eight years.  
What's the matter, Dinah?  
My name's Dinah Bellman  
and I'm on my way to have  
an eye operation in Boston.  
Afterwards, I'll be able to see again.  
Probably be able to see again.  
The doctors say there's a 70 percent  
chance I'll get some vision  
and a 40 percent chance  
I'll get all of it.  
Albert Kaussner, I'm on my way  
to the Berklee School of Music.  
I play violin.  
I'm Bethany Simms.  
I was gonna spend a couple of days  
with my aunt in Worcester, Mass.  
But now...  
And you, sir? What's your name?  
How about you, what's your name?  
I'm Don Gaffney.  
And what do you do?  
I'm a tool-and-die worker  
for Hughes Aircraft.  
I'm on my way to Boston  
to visit my first granddaughter.  
Well, okay, at least we've met.  
That leaves us with  
the \$64,000 question.  
Where did everybody go?

And why didn't we go with them?  
Air Force Control, this is American  
Pride Flight 29, do you read me? Over.  
That dog won't bark either.  
We're all alone up here.  
Completely,  
totally  
all alone.  
Now, you listen to me, my friend.  
We don't want a panic  
on our hands, do we?  
You've got 10 people on this airplane  
and your job's the same as it ever was:  
To get them down in one piece.  
You don't have to tell me  
what my job is.  
Well, I'm afraid I just did.  
You look a damn sight better now.  
What do you do for a living, Nick?  
And don't tell me  
you're an accountant.  
Junior attach,  
British Embassy, old man.  
My aunt's hat.  
Well, that's what it says  
on my papers.  
And if it said anything else, I suppose  
it would be Her Majesty's Mechanic.  
I fix things that need fixing.  
Right now that means you.  
Thank you, but I'm fixed.  
Good enough, then.  
What do you intend to do?  
Can you navigate without  
these ground-beam thingies?  
Can you avoid other aircraft?  
I can navigate just fine  
with the onboard equipment.  
As for other planes,  
this thing right over here,  
that says there are no other planes.  
Well, we don't have to worry about  
running into anybody then, do we?  
So, what do we do now?

On to Boston?  
Logan? At dawn?  
One of the busiest airports  
with no idea what's going on  
in the country below us? No way.  
No, we're heading to Bangor, Maine.  
I think it's time  
to tell the passengers.  
The few that are left anyway.  
Would one of you gentlemen  
kindly tell me  
what's happened to all  
the service personnel?  
I've had a lovely nap,  
but where did everybody go?  
But it doesn't make any sense.  
Where did everybody go?  
I don't know, but perhaps...  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
this is the captain.  
- Captain, my butt.  
- Hey, shut up.  
As you know, we have an extremely  
odd situation on our hands here.  
We have no cockpit-to-ground  
communication.  
And about five minutes ago,  
we should have been able to see  
the lights of Denver clearly  
from the airplane.  
We couldn't.  
Now, all of that is bad news.  
The good news is this:  
The plane is undamaged,  
we have plenty of fuel,  
and I am qualified  
to fly this make and model.  
The last thing I wanna pass on to you  
is that our destination  
- will now be Bangor, Maine.  
- What?  
Our in-flight navigation equipment  
is in five-by-five working order,  
but I can't say the same

for our navigational beams.  
Under the circumstances,  
Bangor International Airport  
will be our safest bet.  
I have an important business meeting  
in Boston this morning at 9:00!  
And I forbid you  
to fly us into some whistle-stop  
Maine airport!  
- Do you hear me?  
- Would you please be quiet?  
You're scaring the little girl.  
Scaring the little girl?  
Scaring the little girl?  
Lady, we're diverting to some tin-pot  
airport in the middle of nowhere,  
and I've got better things  
to think about  
than scaring the little girl!  
Why don't you just sit down  
and shut up,  
or I'm gonna pop you one?  
I don't think you could do it  
alone, bud.  
He won't have to.  
I'll take a swing at you myself  
if you don't shut up.  
I'm real scared now.  
I'll help them if you don't stop it, mister.  
I really will.  
Okay.  
Okay, fine.  
You're all against me.  
That's fine.  
That's fine.  
It doesn't have to be this way,  
mister.  
You should just relax  
and take it easy.  
Anyone here know how to work  
this little oven up in the galley?  
I didn't think so.  
That man was just upset, you know?  
He's better now.



We all look like monsters to him.  
No, I'm sure we don't.  
Now, what made you say that?  
I hear things sometimes.  
People's thoughts.  
I always have.  
But just now, for the first time,  
I saw what that man was seeing.  
It was dark and fuzzy, but I still saw.  
Sweetie, that's just your imagination,  
that's all.  
That's what my aunt  
used to say too.  
But it's not.  
Why don't you get some sleep?  
You'll feel a whole lot better.  
No, I won't.  
Besides, I was asleep  
and now I'm all slept out.  
Do you see anything?  
I didn't think so.  
May I ask you something?  
Did you happen to hear anything  
the little girl said earlier?  
- No.  
- Well, she was telling Miss Stevenson  
she didn't think  
she could go to sleep  
because she had  
already been asleep.  
I also had been asleep.  
What about you, dear boy?  
What about me what?  
Were you sleeping?  
You were, weren't you?  
- Well, yeah.  
- Yes.  
We were all asleep. Everybody.  
- Well, maybe.  
- Nonsense, "maybe."  
I'm a mystery writer,  
deduction is my bread and butter.  
Don't you think  
if someone had been awake

when all those people  
were eliminated,  
that that person would have screamed  
bloody murder  
and awakened the rest of us?

- Well, I guess so.

- Of course.

So I deduce that everyone  
was asleep,  
including all those people  
that were subtracted,  
along with the flight crew,  
of course, dear boy.

Could you call me Albert, please,  
Mr. Jenkins?

- That's my name.

- Oh, I'm sorry. Yes, of course.

Yes, I'm upset, and when I'm upset,  
I tend to get a little patronizing.  
Please, forgive me. It's just  
that I'm trying to figure this thing out.

Well, do you have any ideas?

Well, if it were just the plane,  
I could easily come up with a scenario.  
What scenario?

Oh, well, let's say, for instance,  
that some shadowy government  
organization

decided to conduct an experiment  
and we were the test subjects.

And the purpose  
of such an experiment,  
given the circumstances,  
would be to document the effect  
of serious emotional stress  
on a number of ordinary Americans.

And the scientist  
who designed the experiment  
loads the oxygen system  
of this plane  
with an odourless hypnotic gas.  
After this is released into the air,  
everyone falls asleep,  
with the obvious exception

of the pilot,  
who is breathing uncontaminated air  
through a mask.  
Then the captain lands the plane  
at a secret airstrip,  
in Nevada, let's say,  
whereupon, with the exception of the  
nine randomly chosen test subjects,  
all the sleeping passengers  
are carefully carried off the plane  
and placed aboard  
another identical plane.  
The captain then gets Flight 29  
airborne again  
and returns it  
to its original altitude and heading.  
He activates the autopilot,  
he disables the radio systems.  
And then as the effect of the gas  
begins to wear off,  
the captain hears on his intercom  
the voice of the little blind girl  
calling for her aunt,  
and he knows  
that this will wake the others.  
The experiment is about to begin.  
Captain Engle is one of them?  
Well, in this scenario he is.  
If Captain Engle is one of the people  
who did this,  
we're gonna have to capture him  
as soon as we land.  
You, me, Mr. Gaffney  
and perhaps that British fellow.  
But it doesn't hold up, you know?  
- What?  
- The scenario I just gave you,  
it doesn't hold up.  
- But you just said...  
- What I said was,  
if it were just this plane,  
I could give you a scenario.  
But unfortunately,  
it's not just this plane.

The city of Denver is probably  
still down there,  
but all its lights were off if it was.  
And it's not just Denver,  
I can tell you that.  
Omaha, Des Moines, St. Louis,  
there isn't a trace of any of them  
down there either.  
Now, what has happened  
has not just happened on this plane.  
And that's where deduction  
breaks down.  
St. Louis Center, come in, please.  
This is American Pride 29, heavy.  
Repeat, American Pride Flight 29,  
heavy. Do you read me? Over.  
Nothing anywhere.  
Not on the ground or in the air.  
It's like the entire country  
has suddenly ceased to exist.  
I don't suppose you ever read  
science fiction, do you?  
Well, I was crazy about it  
as a kid. You?  
Yeah, until I was 18 or so.  
I've been sitting here running  
all these old stories through my head.  
You know, time warps, space warps,  
alien raiding parties.  
I mean, we really don't know if there's  
anything left down there, do we?  
Not with all this cloud cover.  
No, we don't.  
No, and it might hold all the way  
to Bangor.  
With Air Traffic Control  
out of commission,  
there's no way of knowing.  
Suppose you just took us down  
for a little look-see?  
No, too dangerous.  
With no ATC  
and no other planes to talk to.  
You can laugh at me if you want.

I'm not laughing, matey.  
I'm far from laughing.  
Well...  
...suppose we have slipped...  
...into another dimension,  
like in a science fiction story.  
How do we know  
what's down there?  
I mean, this Earth could have  
the Rockies in upstate New York.  
Well, we seem to have the sky  
pretty much to ourselves.  
Up here, that's true. Down there...  
...who knows?  
And "who knows" is a very  
dicey situation for an airline pilot.  
- So for now we just go on?  
- Right.  
- And wait.  
- Right again.  
Well, you're the skipper.  
That's three in a row.  
What do you see?  
The sun's up, but that's about it.  
What about the ground?  
I can't see it,  
it's all clouds down there.  
Perhaps it's just as well.  
Maybe.  
Feeling better?  
A little.  
I don't mean to pry but...  
What? You can ask me  
what you want.  
Why did you lie about  
why you were going to Boston?  
How did you know I lied?  
I could hear it in your voice.  
I can hear lots of things.  
Maybe because I'm blind.  
I don't know.  
But I know you don't lie.  
Otherwise, I wouldn't  
have heard the difference.

I'm going...  
No, I was going to meet someone.  
A man named Darren Crosby.  
How did you come to know him?  
Well, that's the embarrassing part.  
And that's why I lied.  
I've never actually met him before.  
We started corresponding  
through a personal ad in a magazine  
and I liked him.  
I mean, I liked what he wrote  
and what he looked like in his picture.  
So I agreed to fly  
to Boston to meet him.  
That's strange, isn't it?  
To fly all the way across the country  
to see someone  
you've never even met before.  
Yeah.  
But I just realised it didn't have  
anything to do with Mr. Crosby.  
It was really about me.  
I didn't wanna play it safe anymore.  
I was trying to break out  
of the confines of my life  
and have an adventure.  
Now I guess I got more  
of an adventure than I bargained for.  
You're very pretty, Laurel.  
I'm sure you'll find  
what you're looking for.  
Do you think we're gonna be  
all right?  
I think so.  
I hope so.  
I'm kind of scared what might be  
under those clouds.  
But then I was scared anyway  
about Boston.  
My mother all at once decided  
how it would be a great idea  
if I went to spend a couple of weeks  
with my Aunt Shawna.  
I think the idea was for me

to get off the plane  
and then Shawna  
pulls a string on me.  
What string?  
Do not pass go,  
do not collect \$200,  
go directly to the nearest rehab  
and stay there until you've dried out.  
Everything just seemed  
so weird before  
that this just seems like  
more of the same.  
This is really happening, isn't it?  
I mean, I'm not just imagining it, am I?  
No, it's real enough, all right.  
Do you need a rehab, Bethany?  
I don't know.  
I guess I might.  
I used to just think  
it was party time, you know?  
All the booze and drugs I could get,  
but now, I don't know.  
But getting shipped off  
just makes me feel like a pig  
in a slaughterhouse chute.  
I'm sorry.  
Yeah.  
I'm sorry too, but I guess this is  
the wrong time to worry about it, huh?  
Well...  
...I think it's time to fish or cut bait.  
Hello, ladies and gentlemen.  
This is Captain Engle speaking.  
We are currently  
over the Atlantic Ocean  
about 30 miles off the Maine coast.  
I'll be commencing our initial descent  
into the Bangor area very soon.  
I want you all to make sure  
your seat belts are snug and secure.  
I'm beginning our descent now.  
I want you all to be calm.  
My board up here is green across  
and all procedures

on the flight deck remain routine.  
Well, that's very comforting, that is.  
You should have been  
a politician, mate.  
Well, I doubt they're feeling  
very comfortable right now.  
I know I'm not.  
Thirty thousand feet,  
still descending.  
I don't mind telling you, Brian,  
I'm scared stiff.  
Part of me wants to grab you  
and make you take us back up again.  
Well, it wouldn't do any good.  
- We can't stay up here forever.  
- I realise that.  
But I'm still afraid  
of what's under these clouds.  
Or not under them.  
Well, we'll find out together.  
I figure we might as well  
all be together on this one.  
Would you mind stopping that?  
It's driving me crazy.  
Well, at least we'll be able  
to get some chow when we land.  
- You know something, Dinah?  
- What?  
I really don't wanna go down there.  
I mean, I really don't.  
Well, if it'll make you feel any better,  
- you're not the only one.  
- I'm scared.  
I mean,  
very scared.  
I think I'm gonna pass out.  
- It's going to be all right.  
- I hope so.  
This is just ordinary turbulence,  
folks.  
Most of you have been  
through this before,  
so just remain calm.  
What's wrong?



Is there something wrong?  
- Are we gonna crash?  
- No, I don't think so, sweetie.  
I hope not.  
Is it gonna be all right?  
Is it really gonna be all right?  
I hope so, honey, I hope so.  
God help us all.  
Look, maybe this wasn't  
such a good idea, Brian.  
Maybe we should climb back up again  
and think about it, eh?  
Not enough time  
and not enough fuel.  
Hang on. Going in.  
Bethany? Bethany?  
Bethany, are you all right?  
- Oh, God, what the hell was that?  
- Bethany.  
There's a drink trolley loose up front.  
It probably rolled into  
the galley wall or something.  
It's all right, Dinah.  
Please, I don't wanna die.  
- I just don't want to die.  
- It's okay.  
You better quit it right now,  
you worm,  
or I'm gonna take what's left  
of that magazine  
and stuff it right down your throat.  
Try it, you little jackass.  
Three thousand feet?  
- How low is this ceiling, Brian?  
- I don't know.  
- Lower than I'd hoped, that's for sure.  
- That makes me feel a lot better.  
I'll take us down to 500 feet,  
if we haven't broken  
through the cloud cover,  
I'll take us back up  
and we'll fly to Portland.  
Maybe you should take us  
that way now.

No, the weather down there is almost  
always worse than the weather here.  
This is starting to look  
like a bad decision, mate.  
We haven't struck out yet.  
But we are running out of room,  
aren't we? I mean, 2,000 feet.  
Somewhere underneath  
this greyness,  
the ground's rushing up to meet us,  
isn't it?  
Yeah, it is, but we still got...  
There we go. We're coming through.  
It's all right. It's all right.  
We have broken through the ceiling,  
ladies and gentlemen.  
In a few minutes, you're gonna hear  
a thump from below.  
That will be the landing gear  
lowering into place.  
I am continuing our descent  
into the Bangor area.  
- Wish me luck, Nick.  
- Oh, I do, matey, I do.  
- What do you see, Laurel?  
- We're over land.  
I see a field and a forest  
and what looks like a pond.  
It's there, Dinah.  
It's all there.  
I'm sorry, miss, but you're  
completely wrong.  
I can see the airport.  
My God, what a beautiful sight.  
Buckle up, we're coming in.  
Bangor Tower,  
this is AP Flight 29, heavy.  
I am declaring an emergency.  
If you have runway traffic,  
get it out of the way. I am coming in.  
- The runway lights are dead, Brian.  
- No time to worry about that now.  
Routine landing.  
Nothing to it.

Ladies and gentlemen,  
welcome to Bangor.  
Yeah!  
Thank you for that welcome,  
my friend.  
My deep appreciation  
stems from the fact  
that it appears you're the only one  
who is going to extend one.  
This place is utterly, totally deserted.  
No, it can't be.  
Unfortunately, I'm afraid it is.  
So, what do we do now, Brian?  
We get out of the plane  
and we see what's what.  
After you, squire.  
- Okay.  
- Yes.  
What is it?  
It's the pilot.  
It's the pilot that landed us safely.  
Ladies and gentlemen, I assure you,  
it was a very routine landing.  
Oh, shucks, man, it weren't nothing.  
We made it down alive?  
That's great.  
If I could just have your attention.  
Now, I know you've all looked out  
the windows,  
so you know as much as I do.  
Not only have the passengers and  
the crew on this flight disappeared,  
but it appears the people on  
the ground have disappeared as well.  
But logic suggests  
that since we survived  
whatever it was...  
...that others must have survived it  
as well.  
False logic.  
I think the best way of dealing with this  
is just to take things one step at a time.  
And the first step  
is exiting the plane.

I bought a ticket to Boston  
and Boston is where I'd like to go.  
Shut up.  
We're gonna have to use  
the emergency slide  
so I wanna review  
the procedures with you.  
Now, listen carefully and then form  
a single-file line behind me.  
Well, here we are at last.  
You know, there's something wrong  
with the air here, Brian.  
- It's...  
- What do you mean?  
- I don't know.  
- Poisoned?  
No, at least I don't think so.  
Just no odour, no smell.  
What? Is there something wrong?  
I mean, I'm not sure  
I really wanna know, but if there is...  
Honey, honey,  
there's nothing wrong here.  
But there is.  
This place smells wrong.  
Really badly wrong.  
Honey, we have to investigate.  
We don't have any choice.  
You understand that, don't you?  
Why? Why do we have to?  
There's no one here.  
Well, we really won't know that  
until we check, will we?  
I know already. Listen.  
There's nothing to smell  
and nothing to hear.  
No birds singing,  
no motors revving, no nothing.  
But...  
But what?  
Never mind.  
Well, what now, captain?  
You tell me.  
Us.

I suspect this is more  
your territory than mine.  
You realise I can turn you in for this,  
don't you?  
You realise I can sue this entire airline  
for \$30 million  
and name you  
as primary respondent.  
- Well, that's your privilege, Mr...  
- Toomy. Craig Toomy.  
Mr. Toomy.  
Mr. Toomy, are you aware  
of what has happened to us?  
There are no excuses.  
- Mr. Toomy?  
- Just terrible.  
- Mr. Toomy?  
- Stop wasting time!  
Mr. Toomy?  
This is terrible. Just terrible.  
An A- and a B,  
a B, for God's sake.  
What? You gonna dig ditches  
for the rest of your life?  
- But, Daddy, I...  
- There are no excuses.  
Look at this.  
That's a B, that stands for "bum."  
Now, what happens to lazy bums  
who lie down on the job, Craig?  
The langoliers get them?  
They do more than get them.  
They get them and they eat them.  
They tear into those lazy little boys  
with their dry, hungry, chomping teeth.  
No, Daddy, don't let them get me.  
They will get you unless you get with  
the programme and stop wasting time.  
They will eat you alive.  
Alive and screaming.  
Mr. Toomy? Mr. Toomy?  
Stop wasting time, Craig.  
Mr. Toomy, are you listening to me?  
Of course I'm listening,

and I know what happened here.  
These stupid, lazy people.  
- The langoliers got them.  
- Pardon me?  
Do you know how important  
my meeting  
at the Prudential Center  
in Boston is?  
Do you understand  
that the economic fate of nations  
may hinge on this meeting?  
A meeting from which  
I shall be absent.  
That's very interesting, but really,  
I don't have the time...  
Time. What the hell  
do you know about time?  
Ask me about time.  
Ask me. Time is short, sir!  
Now, what do you reckon the best way  
is inside the terminal, Brian?  
Well, I guess that would be  
through the luggage conveyor.  
All right, then.  
Now, let's hike on over.  
Ladies and gentlemen, shall we?  
- Sure.  
- Let's go.  
All right.  
Let's go. Mr. Toomy?  
Let's keep together, please.  
- Why don't we get something to eat?  
- See the opening there?  
See if there's a restaurant in here.  
You don't have to worry so much,  
Dinah.  
It's just that the situation is strange,  
therefore everything seems strange.  
Including the sound your heels make  
hitting the concrete?  
You're right.  
- They sound...  
- Weak?  
That's right. Weak.

Almost as if they don't  
have any strength.  
Coast's clear.  
It's really wrong here.  
Watch your head  
going through here. That's it.  
Yeah, just wait for me over here.  
All right, then.  
Let's try the telephones, shall we?  
What's going on?  
What, I scare you?  
A little.  
God, at least that's better.  
I didn't dare do it on the plane,  
I thought I might blow something up.  
Excuse me, but I quit those,  
oh, 10 years ago.  
No lectures, please.  
I've had enough to last me a lifetime.  
No. No, no, no.  
I was gonna ask if I could have one.  
Thank you. Thanks.  
Albert.  
What...?  
God, you have been away.  
Here. Now I know why I quit them.  
God. Albert, what time's  
your watch say?  
- Quarter to 9.  
- Yeah, so does mine.  
But I don't trust it.  
It feels much later than that to me.  
You know, it does.  
It feels like it's almost lunchtime.  
- Isn't that nuts?  
- It's not nuts. It's just jet lag.  
No, I disagree with you, young lady.  
We travelled west to east,  
and any temporal dislocation  
that west-to-east travellers feel  
works in the opposite direction.  
They feel it's earlier than it really is.  
I wanted to ask you about  
that exact thing on the plane.

When the captain told us  
that there must be other people here  
you said, "False logic,"  
but it seemed straight enough to me.  
We were all asleep and we're here.  
And if this happened at 4:07  
Bangor time,  
well, then almost everybody in town  
must have been asleep.  
Yes. Yes. So?  
Where are they?  
It's a washout. They're all dead.  
No dial tone, no operator, nothing.  
You can add the sound  
of no phones ringing  
to that of no dogs barking, Brian.  
So, what do we do now?  
Go upstairs.  
That's where the restaurant must be.  
You know, you got  
a one-track mind, mister.  
In the first place, my name  
is Rudy Warwick, not mister.  
- Sorry.  
- And second,  
people think better when their  
stomachs are full. It's a law of nature.  
I agree with Mr. Warwick. I think  
we could all use something to eat.  
- Yeah, why not?  
- Dinah.  
I'm starting to feel  
like Robinson bloody Crusoe anyway.  
You know something, don't you?  
I might. But then, I might not.  
But I do have a suggestion.  
Young lady, save your matches.  
Well, I don't get what you mean.  
There's gotta be  
a newsstand upstairs  
with tons of matches  
and disposable lighters.  
I just still say save your matches.  
Wait a minute.



Where's Mr. Toomy?  
Who cares?  
Good riddance to bad rubbish.  
I'm sorry, mate. I didn't see him go.  
Toomy.  
Craig Toomy, where are you?  
Something's wrong.  
There's no echo.  
What do you mean?  
That's impossible.  
Hello?  
Is anybody there?  
Hello?  
Is anybody there?  
They're coming, son.  
The langoliers are coming.  
No, no one is coming.  
They're coming for you.  
You've been bad.  
You had an appointment in Boston  
and you skipped it.  
No, it wasn't my fault.  
I was kidnapped.  
There are no excuses!  
Lying down on the job  
is lying down on the job.  
- I don't want my job.  
- What?  
I don't want my job  
and I don't want my life.  
Since I was 5 years old, you've been...  
You've been loading on the pressure.  
Seeing if you could  
make me explode.  
Well, I am going to explode, Father,  
and I don't give a damn.  
You know what I did?  
I bought \$43 million worth of bonds  
I knew were total garbage.  
- You did what?  
- I pasted a target on my own head.  
I want out. I want out!  
Get ahold of yourself,  
for God's sake.

Now...

...are you ready  
to get with the programme?

Why can't you love me  
and leave me alone?

Love is not part of the big picture.

Now, are you gonna look  
at the big picture  
or do I have to let them  
have you?

No. They don't even exist.

- No, no, no. They exist.

- No.

They were here and they'll be back.

They'll be back for you,  
you lazy sack of dirt.

What can I do? What can I do?

"What can I do? What can I do?"

You do whatever you have to do,  
and you get to Boston.

Because if you don't,

Craiggy-weggy,

they are gonna chew the eyes  
right out of your head.

Daddy, no. Make them go away.

Make them go away, please.

Just make them go away,  
make them go away.

Okay?

Okay?

Toomy?

Craig Toomy?

- Okay, let's go.

- Wait.

What?

There.

There, I feel the light.

The glass is wrong too.

Dinah...

I hear something.

There's nothing out there.

Dinah, it's your imagination,  
that's all.

Dinah, tell us what you hear.

I don't know.  
It's very faint.  
I heard it when we got off  
the airplane  
and then I decided  
it was just my imagination.  
Now I can hear it  
even through the glass.  
It sounds  
a little like Rice Krispies  
after you pour in the milk.  
You hear anything?  
Not a bloody thing.  
Mind you, she is blind.  
I mean, she's used to making  
her ears do double duty.  
I think it's hysteria.  
"Do you hear anything?  
Not a bloody thing.  
Mind you, she's blind.  
She's used to making  
her ears do double duty.  
I think it's hysteria."  
- Dinah, what are you talking about?  
- I was talking to Nick.  
And she heard us.  
From over there by the window.  
You've got great ears, hon.  
I hear what I hear.  
And I hear something out there.  
In that direction.  
And it's awful.  
A really terrible, scary sound.  
If you could just tell us what it was,  
little miss, it would really help.  
I don't know.  
But I know it's closer than it was.  
We have to get out of here,  
and soon.  
Because something's coming.  
The something making  
that horrible cereal noise.  
Dinah, the plane we came in on  
is almost out of fuel.

Then you have to put some more in it!  
It's coming, don't you understand?  
It's coming! And if we haven't gone  
by the time it gets here,  
we're all going to die.  
I don't wanna hurt anyone.  
Don't forget, Craiggy-weggy,  
the langoliers were here.  
And they will be back.  
You'd better be gone  
when they get here,  
or you know what will happen.  
Oh, I know what will happen.  
They'll eat me.  
They'll eat me all up.  
Well, look, this is an airport.  
There must be other  
planes with fuel in them.  
- If we find one, can you fly it?  
- Yes.  
There's just one little problem.  
Where exactly should we go?  
Away. Away from that sound.  
Is it closer now than  
when you first heard it, Dinah?  
I don't know. I think it's still far,  
but I can't be sure.  
Then I think we should do  
what Mr. Warwick has suggested.  
Let's find the restaurant,  
have a bite to eat,  
and then we can figure out  
what's gonna happen next.  
Who elected him  
leader of the group?  
We'd better go along.  
I think he really knows his stuff.  
- What kind of stuff?  
- I don't know exactly, but...  
Well, I think it's worth finding out.  
- Well, come on.  
- Right.  
I'm starving.  
Let's see what they've got.

See, told you I didn't need  
to save my matches.  
You were right.  
- But let's try one of these, okay?  
- Sure, but why?  
Well, that's what  
we're going to find out.  
Son of a bee. Looks like we've  
discovered yet another problem.  
Can I borrow your book of matches?  
Wait a minute, matey.  
Exactly what is it you do know?  
Only that this situation has even  
wider implications than we thought.  
What's happening, folks?  
I'll be damned if I know,  
but I don't like it much.  
- Even that's more than I expected.  
- All right. Tell us about it.  
I know you...  
It's spoiled.  
- Damn, I hate that.  
- Spoiled?  
No. No, I doubt that.  
Well, you can tell from the clocks  
that the power in the cold case  
must have gone out  
less than five hours ago.  
You don't think it's spoiled, you try it.  
It's not spoiled. It's just tasteless.  
Like chewing paper.  
But I can understand why you might  
have thought that it was spoiled.  
It was spoiled.  
Try your beer, see how that is.  
- I don't want it anymore.  
- Here, give it to me.  
I've drunk them warm before,  
don't cross my eyes none.  
Damn. Flat.  
Flat and tastes just like an old tyre.  
Oh, good, that's good.  
Flat, that's something we can see.  
Can you get some more beers

and some soft drinks  
from the cold case over there?  
You can't dilly-dally any longer,  
Craiggy-weggy.  
You have to get to Boston  
and you have to do it now.  
I don't wanna shoot you,  
but I will if I have to.  
I don't wanna shoot you,  
but I will if I have to.  
Yes, I will.  
You're out there, aren't you?  
You ate up all the useless, lazy people  
and now you're coming back for me.  
But I'll be gone  
by the time you get here.  
I'm going to Boston.  
So we're all agreed.  
The beer is flat.  
- But why?  
- Well, I have an idea.  
But before I say anything else,  
I'd like you all  
to look around this place  
very carefully  
and see if you can  
tell me what's different  
about in here than on the plane.  
The rings. The wallets.  
The purses. The surgical pins.  
- None of that stuff is here.  
- Correct.  
That's 100 percent correct.  
As you say, there's  
none of that stuff here.  
But when we woke up it was  
on the plane. Why isn't it here?  
Maybe nobody was here  
when it happened.  
No, that's nonsense.  
An air terminal is like  
a police station or a fire station.  
There's people there regardless.  
Watch out, I hear someone.

I don't wanna shoot her, but I will  
if I have to. Now take me to Boston.

- What's happening?

- You hear me? Take me to Boston.

- You're choking me. Stop!

- What is he doing? What's going on?

- Steady on, old mate.

- Stop moving around.

You're gonna make me do something  
I don't wanna. Stop moving.

Do as he says, Bethany.

I don't wanna shoot her,  
but I will if I have to.

- No, Albert.

- No.

I think I've been shot.

Albert. It's all right, Albert.

Albert? Albert?

You all right, kid? You all right?

How bad am I hit?

Were you able to stop the bleeding?

Oh, I think you'll live, old son.

Here, souvenir for you.

Found it on the floor.

It must have hit you  
square in the chest and bounced off.

I was thinking of the matches.

I sort of thought it wouldn't fire at all.

That was very brave, Albert.

And very risky.

God, what if I'd been wrong?

You almost were.

A little more pop and Albert here  
would have had a bullet in his lung.

You okay?

All right. So here's what we do...

I thought it was really brave.

- Would you pass me that rope?

- I mean, incredible.

It wasn't much.

I don't want him moving at all.

All right.

Hold his hands for me.

Say,

I didn't kill that guy, did I?  
I hit him pretty hard.  
He's out like a light,  
but he's still alive.  
His pulse is strong and regular,  
he'll live.  
He'll just wake up  
with a bad headache.  
In the meantime, I think it might be  
wise to take a few precautions,  
don't you?  
- Do you have to be so rough?  
- Yes.  
If you want him safely secured. You  
do want him safely secured, don't you?  
All right.  
Just like one of Father John's  
Christmas turkeys, neatly trussed.  
Now, where were we  
before we were so rudely interrupted?  
Let me up. Let me up.  
- Let me up right now.  
- Shut up.  
- Stop it.  
- Hey.  
What did you have to do that for?  
Now, listen to me. You need  
waking up, fellows and girls,  
and I haven't got the time  
to do this gently.  
Dinah says something's  
coming towards us,  
rather nasty, at a rate of knots,  
and I for one believe her.  
Now, having a knowledge of what it is  
may not save our lives,  
but I'm bloody sure that a lack of it's  
gonna put an end to us, and soon.  
Anybody disagree?  
Jolly good.  
Mr. Jenkins, pray continue.  
I'm sorry, but I write  
about these things.  
I just haven't taken part in them.



Until now, that is.  
I think you're doing great, Mr. Jenkins,  
and I like listening to you too.  
It makes me feel better.  
Oh, well, thank you.  
Thank you. That's very nice  
of you to say that, Dinah.  
I think I found a fallacy  
in our thinking,

**and it is this:**

We all assumed as we began to grasp  
the dimensions of this event  
that something had happened  
to the rest of the world.  
But the evidence doesn't bear  
that assumption out.  
What has happened  
has happened to us,  
and us alone.  
I am convinced that the world  
as we know it  
is ticking along as it always has.  
But it's we,  
the 10 survivors of Flight 29,  
who are lost.  
Please tell us what you know,  
Mr. Jenkins.  
I can't help but feeling  
that we're running out of time and fast.  
Yes, of course.  
There's no mess in here,  
but there's a mess on the plane.  
There's no electricity in here,  
but there's electricity on the plane.  
Neither of these  
are conclusive, of course,  
but then there's the matches.  
Bethany had her matches  
on the plane, they work fine.  
The matches in here, they just fizzle.  
The carbonated drinks are flat.  
The food is tasteless,  
the air is odourless,

and sound fails to reverberate.

Then we have a madman,

he fires a gun,

and the bullet travels mere inches

and it has no force.

- Then, of course, there's the weather.

- What about it?

Well, there's a strong wind blowing

out there in heavy gusts,

and yet there's a low cloud cover

that doesn't move at all.

It's frozen in place.

I think the weather patterns

are stopping

or they're running down

like an old pocket watch.

Which brings me right

to the very hub of the matter.

I said not 15 minutes ago

that I felt it was lunchtime.

Well, now I feel

it's a lot later than that.

### **I feel it's 3:**

And I have a terrible feeling that we're

gonna see it getting dark outside

before our watches tell us

it's a quarter to 10 in the morning.

Please, Mr. Jenkins,

can we get to the point?

Well, the point is

that what we're dealing with here

is time,

not dimension

as Albert has suggested.

Let's say that every now and then,

a hole appears in the stream of time.

Not a time warp, but a time rip.

A rip in the temporal fabric.

That's the craziest thing I ever heard.

Amen.

Mr. Gaffney, what's happening to us,

the situation that we're in, this is crazy.

- Go on.

- Well, let's say  
that such a rip in the fabric of time  
does occur now and then.  
It would be similar to certain  
rare weather phenomenon  
that are reported,  
like upside-down tornadoes  
and circular rainbows  
and daytime starlight.  
The aurora borealis.  
What?  
There was an aurora borealis over  
the Mojave Desert when we left LAX.  
We were supposed to fly right into it.  
Well, that's it. That's it.  
An aurora over the desert.  
That strengthens my point, doesn't it?  
If we had the bad luck to fly into that,  
and it was a time rip,  
well, that means that we're no longer  
in our own time, ladies and gentlemen.  
Look, I have to agree with the lady,  
time is short.  
Could we just get to the bottom line,  
please, Mr. Jenkins?  
The bottom line?  
The bottom line is, I believe,  
that we have hopped an absurdly short  
distance into the past,  
say as little as 15 minutes,  
and we're discovering the unlovely  
truth about time travel.  
That one can't appear in the Texas  
State School Book Depository  
on November 22nd, 1963 and hope  
to stop the Kennedy assassination.  
One can't witness the building  
of the pyramids or the sack of Rome,  
or investigate the age  
of the dinosaurs firsthand.  
No, fellow time travellers,  
have a look around you.  
This is the past.  
It's empty.

It's silent.  
It's a world with all the meaning  
of a discarded old paint can.  
Sensory input has disappeared.  
Electricity has already disappeared.  
And time itself is winding down  
in a kind of a spiral that's going  
faster and faster.  
But what about us?  
If this place is winding down  
and we're caught in it...  
I suppose  
we'll wind down with it.  
Or else wink out of existence like  
the other passengers on our flight.  
Mr. Jenkins?  
The sound I told you about before,  
I can hear it again.  
It's getting closer.  
Much, much closer.  
I'm going back out to the windows.  
And what about you two,  
you coming?  
We can hear it as well  
as we want to from here.  
All right.  
Mind you stay away  
from Mr. Toomy.  
"Stay away from Mr. Toomy."  
What do you make of it, Brian?  
All I know  
is it's the only sound in town.  
Well, it's not in town yet, but it will be.  
And soon.  
Dinah's right.  
We gotta get out of here.  
- And we gotta get out of here now.  
- Yeah, but where do we go?  
Atlantic City? Miami Beach?  
The nearest spa?  
Captain, you're suggesting  
that there's no place we can go.  
I think, I hope,  
that you're wrong about that.

Now, first, I have a question.  
Is it going to be possible  
to refuel that plane  
even though there's no power?  
They have fuel pads in the ground  
next to the Jetway.  
They should be full.  
But even if we do refuel the plane,  
then what?  
Then we take off again.  
The sound is coming from the east.  
The time rip was several  
thousand miles to the west.  
- Can you retrace our original course?  
- Yeah, I can. But why?  
The time rip might still be there.  
Don't you see? We might  
be able to fly right back through it.  
Yeah, he might have something there.  
He just might.  
Yeah, he might.  
He might or he might not.  
It doesn't matter  
because we're not going  
anywhere in that plane.  
Why not?  
If we can refuel it, then why...?  
Remember the matches?  
The ones from the restaurant  
that wouldn't light?  
- What? What about them?  
- Well, don't you see, mate?  
If the matches won't light  
and the beer's flat...  
Then jet fuel won't burn.  
It will be as used-up and as worn-out  
as everything else in this world.  
I might as well fill up  
those fuel tanks with molasses.  
You mean we're stuck here?  
With that noise coming closer  
and there's no way out?  
You mentioned langoliers earlier,  
Mr. Toomy.

- What are those?  
- Dinah, don't talk to him.  
Oh, don't worry.  
I wouldn't hurt the child.  
No more than I would have hurt  
that girl. I'm just frightened, that's all.  
- Aren't you?  
- Yes.  
But I don't take hostages  
and I don't try to shoot teenage boys  
when I'm frightened.  
Touch.  
What are the langoliers, Mr. Toomy?  
Well...  
...I used to think that they  
were make-believe,  
but I'm beginning to wonder  
because I hear it too.  
The sound?  
The sound's the langoliers.  
Well, I don't know  
what else it could be.  
Tell me more about them.  
Well...  
...my father used to say  
that the langoliers were little creatures  
that lived in closets  
and sewers and other dark places.  
- Like elves.  
- No.  
No, not like elves.  
Nothing quite so pleasant, I'm afraid.  
He said that all they really were  
was hair and teeth  
and fast little legs.  
Oh, those little legs had to be fast  
so that they could catch up  
with all the bad little boys  
no matter how quickly  
they scampered.  
Stop it.  
- You're scaring her.  
- No, he's not.  
I know make-believe when I hear it.

I think what Laurel means  
is that I'm scaring her.  
Well, my dad said there were  
thousands of langoliers.  
There had to be  
thousands of them  
because there are millions  
of bad little boys  
and bad little girls  
scampering all over the world.  
Oh, my father loved that word,  
"scampering."  
I think because it implies senseless,  
directionless, unproductive motion.  
Because the langoliers, they run.  
They have purpose.  
In fact, you could say that  
the langoliers are purpose personified.  
What did the kids do that was so bad  
the langoliers had to run after them?  
Well, I'm glad you asked  
that question, Dinah,  
because when my daddy  
said someone was bad,  
he meant that that person was lazy.  
And a lazy person couldn't be  
part of the big picture.  
Because in my house,  
you were either part of the big picture  
or you were lying down on the job.  
And if you were lying down on the job  
and you weren't part of the big picture,  
then the langoliers would come  
and take you out of the picture,  
take you out of it altogether.  
He said you'd be lying  
in bed one night  
and you'd hear them coming  
towards you,  
- crunching, chomping, and smacking...  
- Stop it.  
That's enough.  
Okay.  
I'll bet you were scared of your dad,

weren't you, Mr. Toomy?  
You win the cigar, little miss.  
I was terrified of him.  
Is he dead?  
Yeah.  
Was he lying down on the job?  
Did the langoliers get him?  
Yes.  
- Mr. Toomy?  
- What?  
I'm not the way you see me.  
I'm not ugly. None of us are.  
And just how do you know  
how I see you, little blind miss?  
You might be surprised.  
- Okay, so, what do we do now?  
- I don't know.  
God, she looks beautiful,  
doesn't she?  
Yeah, especially compared  
to everything else around here.  
Brian, exactly how much fuel  
do we have left?  
Well, when we landed,  
I had less than 5,000 pounds.  
To get back to where this happened,  
I'd need  
at least a hundred thousand.  
Whatever's happening  
seems to be catching.  
Well, I'm going back  
to the restaurant.  
I don't like leaving the ladies alone  
with that banker fellow too long.  
- Come on.  
- Well, wait a minute.  
Albert?  
Albert, what is it?  
Captain Engle.  
Captain Engle, come here.  
I think I have the solution  
to our problem.  
What are they doing?  
They've taken the slide away



and they're putting the stairway  
by the door.  
And now they're going up.  
Are you sure you don't have any idea  
what they're up to?  
All I know is that Albert went nuts.  
He kept saying something  
about the plane being more there.  
I didn't get it.  
He just was really jabbering.  
I just hope they hurry up.  
Because poor Mr. Toomy's right.  
The langoliers are coming.  
Sweetie, that's just something  
his father made up.  
Maybe once it was make-believe,  
but not anymore.  
All right, Albert. On with the show.  
Exhibit A, the book of matches  
from the restaurant.  
It looks different outside.  
The light's going.  
That's what's different.  
How's Mr. Toomy?  
Are you kidding? He fell asleep.  
I guess that's it.  
There's nothing more  
we can do out here.  
Wait a minute. I smelled something.  
I smelled sulphur.  
- I did too.  
- Try another one, Albert.  
You see? You see?  
Do you see what it means?  
We brought our own time with us.  
That's the past out there  
and everywhere, I guess,  
east of the hole that we came through.  
But the present is still in here.  
Still caught inside this airplane.  
That's why it looks brighter, more alive,  
than anything else here.  
Bravo, Albert. Bravo. Try the beer.  
Smell.

By God, it smells like beer.  
Come on, mate, pour it. My doc says  
suspense is bad for the old ticker.  
Hey.  
You awake?  
So the matches work but the lager  
doesn't. What does that mean?  
Apparently it takes a moment  
for things to catch up.  
Oh, that's excellent. That's  
the best beer I ever had in my life.  
Oh, you're right.  
It's bloody marvellous.  
Here, try the soda.  
Gentlemen, the cola  
is very, very good today.  
Christ almighty, it's dark.  
You're supposed  
to be watching the nut.  
Oh, don't worry, he's still out.  
Damn, that sound is creepy.  
It's like a bunch of coked-up termites  
in a balsa wood glider.  
I think we ought to check on  
Mr. Toomy.  
I'm worried about him.  
But if he's unconscious,  
there's nothing we can do about it.  
I don't think he is unconscious.  
I don't think he's even asleep.  
All right, let's go see.  
Hey, look, I thought I'd...  
Oh, my God. Where is he?  
- I don't know.  
- Be quiet.  
There. He's hiding over there.  
Behind something.  
How do you know that?  
I don't hear a thing.  
I do. I hear his heart.  
It's beating very fast and very hard.  
He's scared to death.  
I feel so sorry for him.  
Mr. Toomy? Please come out.

We don't wanna hurt you.

Mr. Toomy? Mr. Toomy,  
please don't be afraid.

Dinah. Dinah!

No. God.

- No. Dinah.

- No!

Oh, no.

Easy now.

All right.

- Dinah.

- I'll go get help.

All right.

She's not a little girl. She's not  
a little girl. She's not a little girl.

She's the head langolier.

She's calling the other langoliers  
with her dead, blind eyes.

That little brat.

You're a bloody genius, you know  
that? You're a bloody genius.

It wasn't much.

I saw what was happening with  
Bethany's matches and thought...

Come. You've got to come.

Please. He stabbed her  
and I think she's dying.

- Calm down, who's dying?

- Dinah.

The blade broke off in her chest.

Mr. Toomy did it.

Bloody hell.

Albert, you come with me.

Brian, get the engines warmed up  
but keep her here until I get Dinah.

Mr. Jenkins, bottom of the stairs.

Keep an eye out for Mr. Toomy.

- Come on, Albert.

- You okay? You all right?

- Get out of here.

- Try not to talk.

Dinah, try not to talk, okay?

Hello, Dinah.

Don't you worry, love. We're gonna

have you right as rain in no time flat.

- Does it hurt?

- Yeah.

It hurts to breathe.

- It's making you wanna cough, eh?

- Yeah. No, I don't know.

Well, it's better if you don't.

If you get that ticklish feeling,  
you just try to ignore it, okay?

Don't you talk anymore.

Listen to me.

She's got internal bleeding.

If we don't get this blade out of her,  
right now, damn quick,  
she's gonna drown  
in her own blood.

Mr. Warwick,  
run and get me six tablecloths  
from that grotty little pub  
around the corner, and make it fast.

What are you doing?

Looking for the right  
surgical instrument.

- The sight of blood bother you?

- I can handle it if I have to.

- Good. You're gonna be my nurse.

- Okay.

Now, you're gonna be all right,  
Dinah.

I'm gonna fix you up good as new.  
I promise.

They're closer.

You really, really have to hurry.

I know, love. I know.

That's right, Craiggy-weggy.

You just sit here in the dark.

When the time comes to move,  
I'll tell you.

All right, Dad.

Whatever you say.

Right. We're gonna need a stretcher  
to take her aboard the plane.

Albert, you and Mr. Gaffney  
are designated stretcher-finders.

Mr. Gaffney,  
if you look behind that counter  
I think you'll find  
two very sharp knives.  
- Can I use one of these tablecloths?  
- Yeah, why?  
I'll show you.  
When I was a kid,  
we used to play Indiana Jones.  
I made something like this,  
I nearly broke my brother's arm.  
Good enough. But remember, your  
mission is not to recapture Mr. Toomy.  
Your mission is to find a stretcher  
as quick as possible  
and bring it back here double time.  
Got it?  
If you don't find anything  
in 10 minutes, I want you back  
and we'll carry her aboard.  
If there's internal bleeding,  
we can't move her.  
We don't have a choice. I've gotta  
get her to the plane somehow.  
- Ten minutes is all I can spare.  
- I know,  
- but if she's bleeding internally...  
- Laurel,  
he's right.  
Come on, son, let's move. Come on.  
How are you feeling, Dinah?  
- It hurts bad.  
- I know it does, love.  
You've got a little piece of blade  
stuck in you and I've gotta pull it out.  
- You know that, don't you?  
- Yep.  
- I'm scared.  
- So am I, Dinah.  
So am I.  
Fold those tablecloths into squares,  
thick as you can.  
And kneel closer to me.  
Mr. Warwick, take off your belt.

Now then, I'm gonna  
grasp the blade and pull it out.  
The moment it comes out, you slap  
one of those bandages on and press.  
- You press hard, do you understand?  
- Yes.  
Jesus, help me.  
Don't you dare. Don't you go weak,  
sister, on me. Don't you dare.  
Now. Press hard. Press hard as  
you can. Do you understand me?  
Yes.  
Press hard.  
Let's try in there.  
Do you think it's locked?  
There's only one way to find out.  
Hey, kid. Albert.  
Look, a stretcher.  
Hey, look out.  
He's in here. He's in here.  
You're one of them too, aren't you?  
A langolier.  
Screw you.  
I'm sorry.  
I am really, really sorry,  
but I have to do this.  
If you could see things from  
my perspective, you'd understand.  
I'm going to Boston.  
I'm going to Bos...  
All right, lift her up.  
That's it. We got you. Belt.  
Do you hear that?  
Do you think Toomy got them?  
Belt now.  
All right, wrap it around.  
I want you to keep the pressure on  
- because I'm going downstairs.  
- What?  
- Please, be careful.  
- Oh, I will. It's what I do best.  
You did bloody well.  
Thank you, Laurel.  
Don't...

Don't you kill him.  
Why not? That bastard stabbed you,  
love.  
All I know is we need him.  
You understand?  
We need him.  
Listen to what she says, Nick.  
Got it.  
- Captain Engle?  
- Yeah?  
Why aren't they back yet?  
I can't say.  
Well, I asked Bob,  
I mean, Mr. Jenkins,  
if he could see anyone moving around  
in the terminal and he said he couldn't.  
What if they're all dead?  
No, I'm sure they're not.  
If it will make you feel better,  
join him at the bottom of the ladder.  
Are you scared?  
Yeah.  
Yeah, I sure am.  
I sort of feel better.  
It's hard being scared all by yourself.  
You're welcome, I'm sure.  
Any sign of them?  
Well, it depends  
on what you call a sign.  
I just heard something like shouting  
just before you came out of the plane.  
I hope Dinah's gonna be all right.  
But I don't know.  
I mean, he cut her really bad.  
Did you see the captain?  
He's up programming  
his instruments or something.  
I hope so.  
What is that noise?  
My dear, I hope we never have  
to find out.  
Albert?  
You all right, Albert?  
Where's Mr. Gaffney, Albert?

He's in the Airport Services office.  
Mr. Toomy was in there  
hiding behind the door, I guess.  
He killed Mr. Gaffney  
because he walked in first.  
If I'd have walked in first,  
he would have killed me instead.  
Then...  
...I killed Mr. Toomy.  
Because I had to.  
He came after me, do you see?  
He found another knife someplace  
and came after me.  
Albert.  
Albert, can you pull yourself  
together, mate?  
I don't know.  
I never killed anybody before.  
I know, it's a horrible thing.  
I understand, believe me.  
But it's gotta be gotten over.  
And you've gotta get over it fast.  
Because that sound  
is coming closer.  
You did this with a toaster?  
He's not dead.  
- He's not?  
- See for yourself.  
He's out cold  
but he's still in the game.  
Now, let's see if we can find  
Mr. Gaffney and see if he got lucky.  
Now, did you find that stretcher?  
The stretcher, Albert?  
- Yeah, we found it.  
- Good lad, come on, let's go.  
Keep it together, Albert.  
That's all you gotta do.  
You just keep it together  
and you'll be fine.  
Albert.  
Take the stretcher upstairs.  
I'll be with you in a minute.  
What are you going to do?



I'm gonna go back in the office and  
see if there's anything else I can use.  
I don't believe you.  
Nor do you have to, Albert.  
Just take the stretcher upstairs  
and I shall be with you directly.  
And don't look back.  
This is more than you deserve,  
you bastard.  
Don't you kill him. We need him.  
You understand me?  
We need him.  
Nick,  
- you coming?  
- Yes,  
in a minute.  
Take it easy. Not so fast.  
They're coming out.  
Let me help.  
Careful, Albert.  
Bethany, don't jiggle her.  
- Now, help me carry her up the stairs.  
- How bad is she?  
She's unconscious but still alive.  
- What happened to the others?  
- Gaffney's dead,  
Toomy might as well be.  
Now, mind you keep your end up now.  
Careful now.  
Careful. Bring her over here.  
Careful. Okay.  
And set her down gently.  
All right, now strap her in.  
- It's bad, isn't it?  
- Bad enough.  
Will she live until we get back?  
How the hell do I know?  
I'm a soldier, not a bloody surgeon.  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.  
This time travel stuff really gets  
on your nerves, doesn't it?  
You don't have to apologise.  
I'm gonna start the engines,  
pull as close as I can get

to one of the fuel pads out there.  
While I'm doing that, the four  
of you pull the hose truck over.  
There's one sitting  
on the other Jetway. You got it?  
- Got it.  
- Go to it, then.  
Bethany, Mr. Warwick? Go with them,  
roll the ladder away from the plane.  
When I get it repositioned,  
move it back up to the door. Go ahead.  
We'll get you home.  
Oh, my God.  
Oh, my God, look.  
It's coming day again already.  
How long has it been  
since it turned dark?  
Less than 40 minutes.  
Yeah, well, we can't worry  
about that now.  
Craig.  
Craig Toomy.  
Let me die.  
Please, please. Just let me die.  
What's gonna happen  
to Mr. Toomy?  
I don't know. All I know is  
when the chips were down,  
I did what you and Dinah wanted.  
I left him lying there  
unconscious on the floor.  
Would you like to go out to dinner with  
me, if and when we get back to L. A?  
Yeah.  
- I'd have that to look forward to.  
- So would I.  
Maybe if we could see it,  
we could deal with it.  
I don't think so.  
All right, then, all together.  
Good job.  
Over here.  
Keep going. Keep going.  
Good, good. Hold it.

Bethany, why don't you come here?  
All right, see this over here?  
Can you open that lid?  
Nick, you take that head out of there,  
attach it there.  
- Is that in okay?  
- Yeah.  
Here you go.  
Which one first, captain?  
Why don't you give me  
the one on the right.  
What now, Brian?  
I'm gonna use the engines  
to suck the gas out of the fuel pad.  
- How long is that gonna take?  
- I don't know.  
An hour, maybe two.  
You better hurry it up.  
I don't think we've got two hours.  
We may not even have one.  
Craig.  
Craig, get up.  
You have to get up now.  
Go away. Go away.  
L... I hate you. Go away.  
They've come to you, Craig.  
All the people you wanted to see.  
They left Boston  
and they came here.  
You can still see them.  
If you're man enough to get up,  
that is.  
Man enough?  
Man enough?  
Whoever the hell you are,  
you've gotta be kidding.  
Come on, Craig.  
They won't wait forever.  
The langoliers will see to that.  
You have to get up. You have to.  
Come on, Craig, get up.  
This way, Craig.  
They're all waiting for you.  
I'm sorry, Mr. Toomy.

In spite of what you did, I'm sorry.  
But we need you.  
So please hurry. Hurry.  
What is it, Brian?  
The engines are getting a taste  
of the new fuel and they don't like it.  
Damn.  
Well, what can you do about it?  
Try to keep the other two engines  
running the pumps, and hope.  
Now I'm shutting down completely.  
We'll have to wait for the fuel  
to join our plane's time stream.  
- Then we may have lucked out, Brian.  
- Yeah, we might.  
What's happening?  
Is everything all right?  
We may just have a shot  
at this thing.  
You, you brought them  
to me, didn't you?  
The chairman of the board,  
the company directors, all of them.  
Yes, but you have to hurry. Before they  
decide you're not coming and leave.  
This way, Craig.  
They're all waiting for you.  
Hurry.  
Dinah's talking in her sleep  
or something.  
I think she might be delirious.  
I don't know...  
...but she might be slipping away.  
- I think...  
- You have to hurry,  
before they decide  
you're not coming.  
I think she might be dreaming  
about that Toomy guy.  
She said his name before.  
Yes, I will if you want me to.  
But hurry. I know it hurts,  
but you have to hurry.  
She is delirious, isn't she?

No, I don't think so.  
- I think it has something to do...  
- With what?  
With what she told Nick  
about Mr. Toomy.  
About how we need him.  
Just let her be for a minute,  
she needs her sleep.  
God, I hope we take off soon.  
Thank you. Thank you  
for bringing them to me.  
This is my last chance, you see.  
This is my last chance to get away  
from my father and everything else.  
Yes, I know, but you have to hurry.  
Please, please, hurry.  
Okay, okay, okay, anything you say.  
What was that?  
Sounded like a tree falling  
or something.  
But there's not enough wind.  
No, there's not.  
- What's happening?  
- Nothing.  
Look at that.  
We gotta get out of here.  
We gotta get out of here now.  
Make it stop.  
Please, make it stop!  
Time is getting short, Brian.  
How much longer?  
- Fifteen minutes.  
- You can't cut that?  
You're sure you can't cut that?  
I need 50,000 pounds of fuel  
in each wing, not a drop less.  
Otherwise we crash and burn.  
Hurry, Craig.  
Look at me.  
Now stand, Craig. Stand.  
Look at me, Craig.  
They've come all the way  
from Boston just to meet you.  
Now hurry to them, Craig.

Hurry, hurry.  
Run to them, Craig.  
Quick. Quick.  
Run around the plane. Run away  
from the plane. Run to them now.  
All right. We're uncoupling  
and getting the hell out of here.  
Mr. Toomy. It's Mr. Toomy!  
What's he doing?  
Never mind him right now.  
We're all out of time.  
Mr. Toomy, at last.  
So glad you could make it, Craig.  
So give us your report, Craig.  
Tell us how much money  
you made for us.  
You wanna know  
how much money I made for you?  
You wanna know  
how much money I made for you?  
- Yes.  
- I'll tell you how much money  
I made for you.  
- I didn't make any...  
- No, Craig.  
Shut up. Shut up. Shut up!  
Tell them you lost the money  
but it was a mistake, an accident.  
No.  
I didn't make any money for you.  
I didn't make any money for you.  
I lost money for you.  
I lost money for you!  
I lost \$43 million.  
And I did it deliberately.  
I did it deliberately!  
I did it deliberately!  
You fool.  
- You stupid fool.  
- No. No.  
What's he doing?  
You don't frighten me  
anymore, Father.  
The langoliers don't even exist.

You just made them up.  
No.  
Where am I?  
Okay.  
All right, let's get the hell out of here.  
What the hell are those?  
Oh, my God.  
Langolier!  
Oh, no!  
Come on.  
Come on, move it!  
No. No.  
No. No. No.  
No.  
No. No.  
No!  
No, Craig, you may think  
you're running, but you're not.  
You're scampering.  
No, no, no. Daddy, no.  
Make them go away.  
Please make them go away.  
I'll be good. I'll be a good boy.  
Please, I promise I'll be good,  
if you just make them go away!  
Belt in. Belt in.  
Oh, no.  
Come on, baby.  
Oh, God.  
Are you okay, Bethany?  
Good lord, look at that.  
- What is it?  
- They're being drawn to Mr. Toomy,  
or where Mr. Toomy was.  
If Toomy hadn't left the terminal,  
they would have eaten us  
and the plane too.  
She knew.  
Somehow she knew.  
- Now we know, don't we?  
- What?  
We know what?  
We know what happens to today  
when it becomes yesterday.

It waits for them.  
It waits for them,  
the timekeepers of eternity.  
Always following behind,  
cleaning up the mess in the most  
efficient way possible...  
...by eating it.  
Mr. Toomy knew about them.  
He said they were the langoliers.  
Oh, no. Oh, no.  
Come on, come on.  
All right.  
Get out of here.  
Did it get us? Did it get us?  
Up, up, up.  
Come on, come on.  
Did we make it?  
Are we off the ground?  
What happened? Are we crashing?  
Listen, Mr. Warwick,  
sit down, strap yourself in,  
and everything will be all right.  
- Don't you dare open those.  
- Don't worry, I won't.  
We're up.  
We all know  
what happens now.  
We go back exactly  
the way we came in.  
And we hope that whatever doorway  
we came through is still there.  
If it is,  
we'll try going through.  
I'm going forward.  
Do you wanna come?  
- No, I'll stay with her.  
- Okay.  
We've still got a dinner date.  
You haven't forgotten, have you?  
No, I haven't and I won't.  
Neither will I.  
Hold on, Dinah.  
Please, hold on.  
What happens if the fuel goes bad?



You know the answer to that,  
Bethany.  
Yeah, I know. We crash.  
End of story.  
Would you like to kiss me?  
Yes.  
Well,  
you better go ahead then.  
The later it gets, the later it gets.  
- Time's going faster, isn't it?  
- Yeah, it is.  
I think after a while the days  
and nights will be passing  
as fast as a camera shutter  
can click.  
We were all going to Boston  
for different reasons.  
What about you, Nick?  
Fess up. The hour groweth late.  
Well, why not?  
What does a most secret  
classification mean  
when you've just seen a bunch of killer  
cannonballs rolling up the world?  
I'm a special operator  
in the armed services, Brian.  
I do a number of odd jobs,  
some fairly innocuous,  
some fabulously nasty.  
There's a man in Boston  
who's a politician of some note.  
Now, this man...  
I'll call him Mr. O'Banion,  
for sake of conversation.  
- Is very rich, Brian,  
and an enthusiastic supporter  
of the Irish Republican Army.  
He's also an idealist  
of the most dangerous sort.  
One who's never had  
to view the carnage at first hand.  
You were supposed to kill him?  
Not unless I had to.  
See, our Mr. O'Banion has a great

deal of powerful American friends,  
and his friends are our friends.  
And therefore killing Mr. O'Banion  
would be a great political risk.  
But he does have  
a very nice piece of fluff on the side.  
And she's the one  
I was supposed to kill.  
As a warning?  
Yeah,  
as a warning.  
Well, that's enough about me.  
What about you?  
What are you hiding  
you'd like to get off your chest?  
Me? No.  
No, I don't have anything to hide.  
Well, maybe there's one thing.  
My ex-wife died in a fire in Boston.  
That's why I was heading back.  
Our marriage had ended badly.  
We were having a fight  
about children.  
I wanted them,  
she didn't.  
And I did something...  
...that I never thought I'd do.  
Some...  
And I always wanted  
to tell her I was sorry.  
I guess I waited too long.  
Well, I shouldn't worry about it  
too much, Brian.  
I'm sure she's forgiven you.  
If you get out of this,  
if we make it back,  
you gonna carry through with it?  
You gonna kill the girl?  
No.  
No, no more midnight creeps  
for Mrs. Hopewell's boy Nicholas.  
Now, if we get out of this safely,  
a prospect I find rather shaky  
at this moment,

I believe I'll retire.  
And do what?  
I could always take up flying.  
Laurel.  
Dinah.  
Try not to talk.  
We're going back.  
And you're gonna be all right,  
I promise you.  
Don't worry about me, Laurel.  
I got what I wanted.  
Dinah, you shouldn't talk.  
I saw.  
I saw through Mr. Toomy's eyes.  
At the start, everything looked mean  
and nasty to him,  
but it was better at the end.  
Please, Dinah,  
try not to talk anymore, okay?  
I saw you, Laurel.  
You are beautiful,  
especially your eyes.  
Everything was beautiful,  
even the things that were dead.  
It was so wonderful just to,  
you know, see.  
Dinah?  
Breathe, Dinah.  
Please.  
Please, Dinah, breathe.  
Breathe, please.  
I saw through Mr. Toomy's eyes.  
Everything was beautiful,  
even the things that were dead.  
It was so wonderful  
just to see.  
I can live with that.  
We just lost the little girl.  
She never got her operation.  
No, she didn't.  
But Laurel's okay?  
Yeah, more or less.  
You like Laurel, don't you?  
Yeah.

I got a few mates back home  
that might find it amusing  
that I've fallen for a nice girl,  
but I have.  
She's got spirit, Brian.  
Well, you know I wish you both  
the best of luck.  
But I think we gotta concentrate  
on getting back.  
We are  
just about here now.  
And that's right  
where the time-rip should be.  
Now, you mind watching out for it  
while I fly?  
Sure.  
I wish I knew what the hell  
I was looking for.  
Oh, I think you'll know it  
when you see it.  
If you see it.  
What's wrong?  
I don't know,  
and that's the problem, dear boy.  
There's something wrong.  
Something very wrong.  
But I can't figure out what it is.  
- Brian?  
- Yeah?  
I think I see something.  
God almighty.  
No.  
Yes, we're in business.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
we have found  
what we were looking for.  
I'm gonna take us straight  
through the middle of it.  
And we'll find out  
what's on the other side.  
Stop! Stop. Captain.  
Please, stop. You gotta stop.  
- Stop. Stop.  
- Carry on, I'll take care of this.

- Stop.  
- What?  
Stop. Tell him to turn back.  
We gotta turn back.  
- We can't fly through it.  
- Calm down, it's all right now.  
Tell the captain.  
We've gotta turn back.  
We're all gonna die.  
Listen to me.  
We were all asleep. Get it?  
We were all asleep  
when we flew through the rip.  
Bloody hell.  
Turn back, Brian.  
You have to turn back now.  
Nick.  
Yeah?  
Nick, are you all right?  
Yeah, I've seen better days.  
Broke my bloody arm.  
We missed it, didn't we?  
Yeah, we missed it.  
But why, when we came all this way?  
We missed it, didn't we?  
Oh, that was close. Great work.  
- Is this the intercom?  
- Yeah, but what the hell is going on?  
Listen to me, everyone.  
We just managed to turn away in time.  
We are extremely lucky.  
And I've been extremely stupid.  
I'll explain. When we first flew  
through the time-rip,  
everyone onboard the plane  
that was awake disappeared.  
- Oh, don't tell me.  
- We're all awake now.  
Therefore, logic suggests if we try  
to fly through the rip again awake,  
we too disappear.  
- That's all.  
- That is all? That's bloody all?  
Well, what are we supposed

to do about it?  
We have to go to sleep?  
How do we do that?  
I've never felt less like sleeping  
in my whole life.  
I don't know what we do now.  
But if we're gonna try going through  
that hole, it has to be soon.  
The fuel we've got will carry us  
for an hour, no more.  
Well, surely there's other airfields.  
There are, but not big enough  
to handle an airplane of this size.  
No, it has to be LAX.  
And I'll need at least...  
At least 35 minutes to get there.  
And that gives us  
20 minutes at most  
to figure this thing out  
and get through the hole.  
Now...  
...how do we put everybody  
to sleep at the same time?  
Aren't you forgetting  
the most important thing of all?  
I mean, even if you figure out a way  
to put us all out,  
who's gonna land the plane in L. A?  
We're out of luck, you know that,  
don't you? Completely out of luck.  
There has to be a way out of this.  
There just has to be. Doesn't there?  
There is a way out.  
Damn it, there is.  
What is it?  
I can see you're on to something.  
Pressure. That's what I'm on to.  
Pressure.  
Of course. Pressure.  
Would you tell me  
what you're talking about?  
I'm talking about dropping  
the air pressure in here  
to seven psi, half sea level.

Do that and boom,  
we're out like lights.  
Only how do we answer  
Laurel's question?  
How do I wake up after we've come  
through and land the plane?  
One of us will have to stay awake  
to turn the pressure up  
just before we fly through the rip.  
- So one of us will...  
- One of us will have to die.  
But who's gonna do it?  
You all draw straws or what?  
- No need for that. I'll do it.  
- No.  
Why should you do it?  
Why shouldn't we draw straws?  
Why not Bob? Or Albert? Or me?  
- Come with me for a minute.  
- Nick, there's not much time left.  
I know. Start the things  
you have to do.  
Come on.  
Laurel.  
We could have something,  
you and me.  
Do you think I could be right about  
that? Because if you do, say so.  
There's no time to dance.  
Absolutely none.  
Yes, I do, I think that's right.  
But we don't know for sure.  
I mean, we can't know.  
It all comes back to time, doesn't it?  
Time and sleep and not knowing.  
But I have to be the one, Laurel.  
You see, I've tried to keep  
a reasonable account of myself  
during my life, and all my books  
are deeply in the red  
and this is my chance  
to balance them, and I mean to take it.  
I don't understand what you're...  
Look, I wish I could tell you everything

about myself, but there's no time.  
Would you do something special  
for me? If you get out of this, that is.  
- Yes. Yes, of course.  
- Nick.  
Yeah, I'm coming.  
Listen to me. Listen very carefully.  
I was going to quit it.  
My mind was made up.  
- Quit what?  
- Doesn't matter.  
What matters is that you believe me.  
Do you?  
I don't know what you're talking about,  
but I believe you mean it.  
- Nick, we're heading towards the rip.  
- Yeah, I'm coming just now, damn it.  
Listen, my dear old dad lives  
in the village of Fluting.  
It's about 20 miles south of London.  
You ask for him in any shop  
along the High Street. Mr. Hopewell.  
Some of the older ones  
still call him the gaffer.  
You go to him and tell him  
I was going to quit it.  
You'll need to be persistent.  
He tends to turn away and curse loudly  
when he hears my name.  
- Can you be persistent?  
- Yes.  
Good.  
Now, you repeat what I told you,  
and you tell him you believe me.  
Tell him...  
Tell him that I tried my best  
to atone for what happened  
outside the church in Belfast.  
- In Belfast?  
- Right.  
And if you can't get him to listen,  
you tell him  
that he must listen  
because of the daisies.



Because of the time  
I bought the daisies.  
Because when you  
brought him daisies?  
No, not to him, but it will do.  
- Can you remember that as well?  
- Yes, but...  
It's okay.  
Thank you so much, Laurel.  
Nick.  
Are we gonna feel like we're,  
you know, choking?  
No, no, no, you'll feel a little giddy.  
Just kind of swimmy in the head,  
and then nothing.  
Right.  
And you never know,  
I might still be here.  
Bad pennies do have a way  
of turning up, don't they, Brian?  
Anything's possible.  
You folks all sit down.  
Nick, up here beside me.  
Let me show you what to do  
and when to do it.  
One second, please.  
You had decided to quit.  
You made up your mind.  
And if your father won't listen,  
I'm to remind him of the day  
you bought the daisies.  
Is that right?  
It's letter perfect, my love.  
That's the one to go on,  
sure enough.  
Shall we?  
Let's do it.  
I am starting to decrease pressure.  
Check your seat belts, everyone.  
I think you better put your belt on.  
Oxygen mask right beside you.  
All right.  
Nick.  
You know what to do.

I know. No fear.  
Off to sleep.  
Sweet dreams and all that.  
Albert?  
Would you hold me, please?  
Yes.  
If you'll hold me.  
Nick.  
I just...  
I wanted to say...  
...thank you.  
You're welcome, mate.  
It's been a flight to remember.  
Even without the movie  
and the free mimosas.  
Remember about Belfast,  
behind the church.  
Act of atonement...  
Oh, my God.  
It's so  
beautiful.  
You're right, Brian.  
It is beautiful. And why not?  
This is the place where life,  
all life maybe, begins.  
The cradle of creation  
and the wellspring of life.  
No langoliers allowed  
past this point.  
Oh, my God.  
It's so beautiful.  
L.A. Approach,  
this is American Pride 29.  
Repeat, two-niner, 29 heavy.  
Approach control.  
I'm declaring an emergency here.  
Quit it. Just quit it.  
Sit down. Sit down.  
Come on, sit down.  
We're entering heavy traffic  
unannounced.  
There is no heavy traffic down there.  
Look for yourself.  
We're over L.A. All right.

But what do you see  
out the window?  
I'll tell you.  
Nothing.  
Nothing at all.  
Here, put this on. Put it on.  
And this one right here.  
Buckle up. Buckle up, ladies  
and gentlemen, we're coming in.  
All right.  
What is it?  
Oh, no.  
Oh, my God.  
We're out of fuel.  
Hang on. We're going in hard.  
Hold on.  
Watch out, you're gonna hit  
that truck.  
Damn.  
Well, that is about as close  
as I'd ever wanna cut it.  
You should have let us crash.  
Everything we tried, Dinah, Nick...  
...it's all for nothing.  
It's just the same here.  
It's the same.  
It's time to check on the others.  
Let's get off the plane.  
This time we'll use the cockpit exit.  
Thanks.  
What's that humming?  
It sounds like electricity.  
No, I don't think it's electricity.  
I'm not sure what it is, though.  
Well, it doesn't sound like anything  
I've ever heard before.  
Why don't we  
try the Jetway service door?  
Wait.  
What?  
What is it, Bob? What do you see?  
Well, all I see is a deserted terminal.  
But it's what I smell.  
Jet fuel, oil,

- rubber, salt air. I can smell it.  
- Holy cow.  
Yeah, but that's not the only thing.  
Listen.  
Do you hear that?  
What does it all mean?  
If everything's normal,  
why didn't we see any lights  
when we were landing?  
Where are the people?  
And what's that noise?  
It's getting closer.  
Let's see if we can  
get inside the terminal.  
Wait a minute.  
I can tell you know something.  
What is it?  
I wanna go in the terminal  
and have a look around first.  
Come with me. Quickly, please.  
There's another door over here.  
Here, Albert.  
You open that and try it, quick.  
Delicious. Absolutely delicious.  
Good. Now, listen,  
I think it's gonna happen real soon,  
and I don't think we should be  
in here when it happens  
because it might not be safe.  
- Come on. Come on with me.  
- What?  
Come on.  
Come on. Down here, come on.  
Here, get up against the wall here.  
I think we're safe here,  
we're out of the main flow of traffic.  
- What's gonna happen?  
- Well, when we flew  
through the time-rip going east,  
we went back in time  
into the past about 15 minutes.  
Do you remember me saying that?  
- I do.  
- It brought us into the future.

That's it, isn't it? This time-rip  
brought us into the future.  
I believe so.  
Only we haven't returned to a dead  
world that's moved on without us,  
we've returned to a world  
that's waiting to be born.  
Look at that.  
I don't know what it is,  
but it's wonderful. I love it.  
I think that the present is on the verge  
of catching up to us.  
I think she's gone.  
I really don't think  
that option is viable.  
Okay, hang on. There might  
be a jerk or something.  
Look. Brian, look.  
Daddy.  
Dad.  
- Daddy.  
- What? I'm looking for your mother.  
New people.  
Look at the new people.  
Yeah, great. Come on,  
let's go find your mom.  
Did you hear that?  
- Did you hear what she said?  
- Yes.  
Is that who we are? The new people?  
Are we the new people?  
- I don't know. That's what it feels like.  
- That was wonderful.  
My God, that was  
the most wonderful thing.  
Cool.  
Captain, what do you think  
we should do now?  
Well, I wanna go outside,  
breathe some fresh air.  
- Yes.  
- And look at the sky.  
Yes, but we should notify  
the authorities...

Oh, we will, we will. The sky first.  
And maybe get something  
to eat on the way?  
Yes, why not?  
Hey, my watch has stopped.  
- Mine too.  
- Yeah.  
Let's blow this joint. Unless any of you  
wanna take the next flight east.  
Not now, but soon.  
And all the way to England.  
There's a man I need  
to see there in Fluting.  
The old people still call him  
the gaffer.  
What are you talking about?  
Daisies.  
I'm talking about daisies.  
Come on. Come on, let's go.  
As for me, the next time I go to Boston,  
I'm gonna take a slow train.  
Yeah. Bob, you're gonna get over that.  
- People. People, Bethany.  
- I know. I'm so happy.  
Yeah!