

NOW.

YOU GOTTA BE ME!

YOU WANNA ASK THAT NUTJOB ALTON TO FLY US OUTTA HERE?!

AFTER HE'S BEEN TRYING TO KILL US! MADDY--

WE REPAIRED THE DAMN THING! WHO SAYS WE CAN'T GET HER IN THE AIR?!

YOU WANT TO RISK THE LIVES OF EVERYONE TO FIND OUT UP THERE? OR SPEND MORE TIME FIGHTING FOR OUR LIVES TO KEEP THE BIRD SITTING HERE?

IT'S THE SAME DIFFERENCE WITH HIM, MADDY...WE'LL FIND ANOTHER WAY. ONE THAT WON'T GET US ALL KILLED BY A MADMAN.

SORRY, MADDY. WE CAN'T DO THAT.

I WISH I AGREED WITH YOU... I REALLY DO.

--JUST LISTEN TO ME.

NONE OF US KNOWS HOW TO FLY A PLANE-- DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S A HUGE "WHAT-IF" TO LEAVE TO CHANCE?

HE'S RIGHT. WE CAN'T RISK IT.

AND I'M STARTING TO WORRY THIS MIGHT'VE BEEN YOUR PLAN FROM THE START. WHO ARE YOU USING HERE, MADELINE?

YOU KNOW, WHEN THE WORLD ENDS, RIGHT AND WRONG BECOME TWO ABSTRACT NOTIONS.

NEITHER OF WHICH ARE VERY USEFUL.



THEN.



ONE DAY LATER.



CHICAGO O'HARE AIRPORT.





