

"DIE HARD"

Screenplay

by

Jeb Stuart

Revisions by

Steven E. DeSouza

based on the novel

Nothing Lasts Forever

by

Roderick Thorp

WITH REVISION #1 (Blue)	WITH REVISION #5 (Goldenrod)
November 2, 1987	November 5, 1987
WITH REVISION #2 (Pink)	WITH REVISION #6 (Salmon)
November 4, 1987	November 17, 1987
WITH REVISION #3 (Green)	WITH REVISION #7 (Blue)
November 4, 1987	November 23, 1987
WITH REVISION #4 (Yellow)	WITH REVISION #8 (Pink)
November 5, 1987	November 30, 1987

SECOND REVISED DRAFT
October 2, 1987

A Gordon Company/Silver Pictures Production

"DIE HARD"**FADE IN****1 405 FREEWAY - LOS ANGELES - EARLY EVENING 1**

Christmas tinsel on the light poles. We ARE LOOKING east past Inglewood INTO the orange grid of L.A. at night when suddenly we TILT UP TO CATCH the huge belly of a landing 747 -- the noise is deafening.

2 INT. 747 - PASSENGERS - SAME 2

The usual moment just after landing when you let out that sigh of relief that you've made it in one piece. As the plane TAXIS to its gate, they stir, gather personal belongings.

3 ON JOHN MCCLANE 3

mid-thirties, good-looking, athletic and tired from his trip. He sits by the window. His relief on landing is subtle, but we NOTICE. Suddenly, he hears --

SALESMAN'S VOICE

You don't like flying, do you?

McClane turns, looks at the Babbit clone next to him. Caught, he tenses, holds his armrests in exaggerated fear.

MCCLANE

No, no, where'd you get that idea?

SALESMAN

(smiling)

Ya wanna know the secret of successful air travel? After you get where you're going, ya take off your shoes and socks. Then ya walk around on the rug barefoot and make fists with your toes.

MCCLANE

Fists with your toes.

SALESMAN

Maybe it's not a fist when it's your toes...I mean like this...work out that time zone tension.

(demonstrating)

Better'n a cup of coffee and a hot shower for the old jet lag. I know it sounds crazy. Trust me. I've been doing it for nine years.

The plane stops. Passengers rise, start to take down overhead luggage. McClane does this, but as he opens the door above, the businessman BLANCHES seeing:

3-A HIS P.O.V. - MCCLANE'S BARETTA PISTOL 3-A

Peeking out from his jacket.

3-B BACK TO SCENE 3-B

Recognizing the look, McClane smiles reassuringly.

MCCLANE

It's okay.

(showing badge)

I'm a cop.

(pause)

Trust me. I've been doing it for eleven.

The businessman relaxes, moves off. McClane now wrestles down the biggest Teddy Bear FAO Schwartz had to offer. Balancing this, he moves down to another overhead, takes out a topcoat and an overnighter. Barely managing all this, he turns,
COLLIDING WITH:

3-C A PRETTY STEWARDESS 3-C

She bumps noses with the bear, gives a look.

STEWARDESS

(smiling, about the bear)

Maybe you should have bought her a ticket.

MCCLANE

Her?

He scrutinizes the nether regions of the bear, shrugs.

MCCLANE

She doesn't complain.

STEWARDESS

(eying him)

Neither would I.

McClane smiles, with just enough of a sigh to know he's as wistful about things-that-might-have-been as she is...moves down the aisle.

CUT TO:

4 INT. THE NAKATOMI BUILDING (LOS ANGELES) - EVENING 4

CLOSE ON A bottle of Dom Perignon as the cork explodes across a large office floor decorated for Christmas. A Japanese man, mid-fifties standing on a desk holds up the bottle triumphantly and looks out at an adoring audience of junior executives and office personnel. He is JOSEPH TAKAGI, Sr V.P. of Sales for Nakatomi, a multinational corporation.

TAKAGI

Ladies and gentlemen...I congratulate each and every one of you for making this one of the greatest days in the history of the Nakatomi corporation...

In the b.g., obviously still at work, an attractive BUSINESSWOMAN in her mid-thirties, studying a computer printout, heads toward her office. Falling into step with her is HARRY ELLIS, thirty-seven, V.P. of Sales. Well-dressed, with stylish, slicked-back hair, he looks and acts very smooth.

ELLIS

What about dinner?

WOMAN (HOLLY)

Harry, it's Christmas Eve. Families... Stockings...chestnuts...Rudolph and Frosty...those things ring a bell?

She turns into:

5 **HER OFFICE**

5

Her name is HOLLY GENNARO MCCLANE, though the nameplate on her door stops after the first two. She puts the printout down on her secretary's desk.

ELLIS

(in reply)

I was thinking more of roaring
fireplaces...mulled wine and a nice
brie...

Holly ignores the come-on, turns to her secretary.

HOLLY

Ginny, it's 6:40, you're making me
feel like Ebenezer Scrooge. Go on,
join the party, have some champagne.

Ginny slowly manipulates herself out of her seat. She is enormously pregnant.

GINNY

(grateful)

Thanks Ms. Gennaro.

(worried)

Do you think the baby can handle
a little sip?

HOLLY

(eyeing her)

Ginny, that baby's ready to tend bar.

ELLIS

(not giving up)

How about tomorrow night?

Holly just points to the door. He follows Ginny out, clearly not giving up. Just then the party on Holly's phone picks up and we:

INTERCUT:

6 **INT. NICE HOUSE IN SANTA MONICA**

6

where a five-year old LUCY MCCLANE races her YOUNGER BROTHER to the phone, winsthe wrestling match, and answers with a sense of importance. An Xmas tree is in the b.g.

LUCY

McClane residence. Lucy McClane
speaking.

Holly suddenly smiles. It is the first time we've seen her smile and it speaks volumes about the person hidden under a tough business exterior.

HOLLY

(with affection)

Hello, Lucy McClane. This is your
mother.

She looks up and watches Ellis leave. He "shoots" her with a "catch ya later" wink.

LUCY

Mommy! When are you coming home?!

HOLLY

Soon. You'll be in bed when I get
there, though.

LUCY

Will you come say 'good night'?

HOLLY

Don't I always, you goose?
(enjoying Lucy's giggle)
Now put Paulina on the line, and
no searching the house for presents!

LUCY

(caught)

I didn't look in the front closet
under the steps! Is Daddy coming
home with you?

JOHN, JR.

(hearing this, jumping up
and down)

Yeah! Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!
 (on second thought)
 And a Captain Power!

HOLLY
 (a little tightly)
 Well, we'll see what Santa and Mommy
 can do. Goose, put Paulina on, okay?

Lucy hands the phone to a young Salvadorian woman, PAULINA,
 the housekeeper.

PAULINA
 Hello, Mrs. Holly. You coming home
 soon?

HOLLY
 I'm working on it.
 (beat)
 Did Mr. McClane call? *

PAULINA
 No ma'am.

Holly hides a trace of disappointment.

HOLLY *
 Well...maybe there wasn't time before
 the flight. You should probably make
 up the spare room just in case.

PAULINA *
 (smiling)
 Yes, Mrs. Holly. I do that already.

Holly's smile comes through again.

7 **INT. LAX - EVENING** 7

McClane, wearing his wool topcoat and carrying the biggest
 stuffed animal FAO Schwartz had in stock and his hangup bag,
 comes down the American Airlines ramp and into the terminal.
 He avoids one near-collision involving his stuffed animal, an
 act which drives him into another fender bender with a CUTE
 GIRL who looks like she's ready for high tide at Zuma. As she
 smiles, weaves onward, McClane looks at his own Arctic gear
 and then the girl as she kisses a similarly garbed boyfriend.

MCCLANE
 (sotto, to himself)
 California.

He looks around the terminal at:

7-A **HIS P.O.V. - TERMINAL** 7-A

FAMILY REUNIONS are going on all around him as grandparents
 greet grown children and their children, YOUNG WIVES greet
 uniformed SOLDIERS, our Babbit businessman greets a pleasant
 wife and two pleasant kids. It's all very traditional, very
 touching and not the least bit corny.

7-B **BACK TO SCENE** 7-B

McClane watches, moved by the sight, then looks around the
 waiting area, just on the chance his family might be waiting.
 Instead he spots a thin, gangling black kid, ARGYLE, in an
 ill-fitting chauffeur's uniform. As he waits he beats out a
 rhythm on a "Nakatomi Corporation" card with J. MCCLANE written
 on it in magic marker. McClane pauses in front of him, unsure.

MCCLANE
 I'm John McClane.

ARGYLE
 (introducing himself)
 Argyle. I'm your limo driver. Hey,
 nice bag.

He turns and starts walking. McClane paces him, still juggling
 bag and giant animal.

MCCLANE
 Argyle. Don't you take this stuff?

ARGYLE
 (stops)
 Do I? I'm sorry. You're gonna have to
 help me, man. This is my first time
 driving a limo.

MCCLANE

That's okay. This is my first time riding in one.

CUT TO:

8 **WITH THE LIMO - DUSK**

8

TILT UP from the Lincoln emblem on the car.

Both Argyle and McClane are in the front seat.

ARGYLE

Just kick back and relax, man. We got everything you need: CD, CB, TV, VHS, telephone, full bar.

He looks in the back seat, which is occupied by the bear.

ARGYLE

If your friend is hot to trot...I know a couple of mama bears.
(turning to McClane)
...Or is he married?

MCCLANE

Married.

McClane tries to get comfortable, scowls as a RUSTLING NOISE reveals wrappers and styrofoam from Taco Bell. He scowls at Argyle.

ARGYLE

The girl was off today. Hey, I didn't expect you to sit up front.
(back to the topic)
So, your lady live out here?

MCCLANE

The past six months.

ARGYLE

(thinking about that)
Meanwhile, you still live in New York?

MCCLANE

You're nosey, you know that, Argyle?

ARGYLE

Hey, I'm sorry. When I was a cabdriver, see, people expected a little chit chat, a little eccentricity and comaraderie, I forgot how stuck up you limo guys were, so excuse me.

MCCLANE

(amused)
It's okay, it's okay.

ARGYLE

(instantly)
So, you divorced of what?

McClane gives up.

MCCLANE

She had a good job, it turned into a great career.

ARGYLE

But meant her moving here.

MCCLANE

Closer to Japan. You're fast.

ARGYLE

So, why didn't you come?

MCCLANE

'Cause I'm a New York cop who used to be a New York kid, and I got six months backlog of New York scumbags I'm still trying to put behind bars. I don't just get up and move.

ARGYLE

(to the point)
You mean you thought she wouldn't make it out here and she'd come crawling on back, so why bother to pack?

McClane grins, he like Argyle even if he is direct.

MCCLANE

Like I said, Argyle...you're fast.

ARGYLE

(popping in a cassette)
Mind if I play some tunes?

A hard RAP SONG blasts from the speakers.

MCCLANE

How 'bout some Christmas music?

ARGYLE

That is Christmas music.

And damned it if isn't, the Fat Boys of Run DMC doing a revisionist number on WHITE CHRISTMAS or something. McClane gives up, looks out the window.

9 **HIS P.O.V.** 9

Convertibles with Christmas trees in their back seats, Time/Temperature signs which reads: 69 degrees, palm trees trimmed in Christmas lights, intermittent West side token "Happy Chanukahs"...it is clear that Christmas L.A. style has its own unique style.

10- **OUT** **OUT** 10-
11 **11**

11-A **THE LIMO - CENTURY CITY** **11-A**

TILT DOWN FROM one of the stars of this film, the well-lit, impressive and spanking-new NAKATOMI BUILDING. The limo pulls up, parks, and Argyle gets out. McClane lets himself out, which is fine because Argyle doesn't remember he's supposed to do it. They both go to the rear of the vehicle.

12 **EXT. NAKATOMI BUILDING - NIGHT** **12**

Argyle climbs out of the limo and stops by the trunk.

ARGYLE

So, you go on upstairs to the party,
your lady sees you, you run into each
other's arms. Music comes up, you
live happily ever after, that it?

MCCLANE

It's corny, but I could live with it.

ARGYLE

What is it don't work out that way?
Where you gonna stay?

MCCLANE

I'll find someplace.

He looks up at the highrise lit by huge spotlights, then back at Argyle who's made no attempt to open the trunk.

ARGYLE

Tell you what. I'll pull into the
parking garage and wait. You score
with your wife give me a call on the
car phone and I'll leave your bags
inside at the desk. You strike out...
I'll get you to a hotel.

He hands McClane a business card with the number on it.

MCCLANE

(taking the number)
You're all right, Argyle.

ARGYLE

Just remember that when you sign
for the tip.
(pointing to the
building)
They're paying for it, so don't be
shy.

McClane grins, heads inside.

13 **INT. NAKATOMI LOBBY - NIGHT** **13**

Beautiful and -- on first glance -- deserted. Finally a SOUND in the sterile lobby reveals the presence of a SECURITY GUARD hidden until now behind a massive desk.

McClane goes there, signs in.

MCCLANE

Holly McClane?

The Guard points to a prominent touch screen computer console.

GUARD

Just type it in there.

McClane is confused for a moment, then he moves to the screen. He gives the Guard a look...the Guard raises his eyebrows as if to say give it a try.

13-A SCREEN - CLOSER 13-A

McClane types, "McClane, Holly". Pause. The screen replies, **NO SUCH EMPLOYEE LISTED.**

13-B MCCLANE 13-B

Frowns...thinks. Simultaneously inspired and suspicious, he types again.

13-C THE SCREEN 13-C

McClane types, GENNERO, HOLLY. This time the screen CHANGES, shows an elevation of the building and then a floor plan of the 30th floor with Holly's office BLINKING. *

13-D BACK TO SCENE 13-D

MCCLANE

Cute toy.

GUARD

Yeah. When you have to take a leak it'll help you find your zipper.

MCCLANE

Thirtieth floor... *

GUARD

(pointing)

Take the express elevator and get off at the noise.

McClane nods, moves off. He moves to the elevators, and as he does his experienced eye takes in:

13-E ANOTHER SECURITY GUARD 13-E

Patrolling a different area.

13-F SEVERAL HI-TECH CAMERAS AND SENSORS 13-F

which are cleverly worked into the decor of the lobby.

13-G BACK TO SCENE 13-G

McClane reacts with bored professionalism, NODS to the guard.

MCCLANE

Lots of hardware...

The guard shrugs. McClane gets in the elevator.

14 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT 14

McClane hits "30" and REACTS to the hyper-powered SPEED with which he rises. He rotates his head, getting out the travel cricks.

As he approaches the 30th floor we hear a tremendous THUMPING, THROBBING NOISE. McClane stops and listens before he realizes -- it's the party. As the doors open the noise ATTACKS us.

15 30TH FLOOR - SAME 15

McClane moves around the edge of the party, gradually spiraling inward. He grabs a glass of Mimosa champagne punch from a passing tray, sips...scowls. Spotting open beers in an ice bucket, he tosses the punch into a potted plant, even burying the plastic glass. Sipping the beer, he moves through the dense party. People he doesn't know throw streamers over him.

A WOMAN kisses him. He grins. A MAN kisses him.

MCCLANE

(to himself, shaking

his head)
California...

Finally he queries a DANCING WOMAN. The MUSIC drowns out their words but she nods, points off in some generic direction.

McClane heads that way, cuts around a Christmas tree, loses his bearings. He sees:

15-A TAKAGI

15-A

who has an air of authority. McClane goes up to him.

MCCLANE
Excuse me, I'm looking for --

TAKAGI
Holly Gennero?

MCCLANE
Yeah. How'd you know?

TAKAGI
I've spent half my life on airplanes, *
I can recognize someone who just
got off one.
(shaking hands)
I'm Joe Takagi, Mr. McClane. I have
...something to do with this company.

MCCLANE
So I've heard.

Takagi smiles, leads the way. As they approach Holly's office door, McClane notices the name there is -- again -- "Gennero".

TAKAGI
Holly went to the Vault room to FAX
some documents...she should be back
any...

16 HOLLY'S OFFICE

16

Ellis is behind the desk. He's SNIFFLING and just as they come in he SWEEPS the back of the slick desktop with his hand.

Both McClane and Takagi catch on...but Takagi tries to hide his awareness.

ELLIS
Ah...hi...I just had to make a quick
call, and this was the nearest phone...

TAKAGI
(as Ellis rises)
Ellis, this is John McClane...
(with meaning)
Holly's policeman?
(to McClane)
Ellis is in charge of International
Acquisitions.

MCCLANE
(shaking hands with Ellis)
That explains the recent deal with
Bolivia.

Ellis REACTS, runs a checking finger under his nose.

MCCLANE
(sotto)
Relax, Ellis. I'm off duty.

TAKAGI
(eager to change the
subject, to McClane)
Can I get you anything? Food? Cake?
Watered down champagne punch?

MCCLANE
(grinning)
I'm fine.
(looking through the
glass)
You throw quite a party. I didn't
know they had Christmas in Japan.

TAKAGI
Hey, we're flexible. Pearl Harbor
didn't work out, we got you with
tape decks.

McClane laughs. He likes this guy.

ELLIS

Actually, it's kind of a double celebration. *
We closed a pretty big deal today and a lot
of it was due to Holly.

The door OPENS. Holly comes inside.

HOLLY

All set, Joe. The contracts went
over the wire, and --
(surprised)
John...!

16-A **MCCLANE AND HOLLY**

16-A

A moment. Does the sound of the party stop for him? We know
it. For her? It's more cryptic. We sure hope so.

HOLLY

(recovering)
I was hoping you made that flight.

JOHN

(quietly)
I was hoping you were hoping that.

She laughs, kisses him on the cheek. Ellis notes the awkwardness.

TAKAGI

(to McClane)
You wife's made for this business.
She know how to drive a hard bargain.

MCCLANE

Yeah. I remember our first date.

ELLIS

Show him the watch.

As she hesitates:

ELLIS

Go on, show him. What're you,
embarrassed?
(to McClane)
A little token of our appreciation
for all her work.

He takes Holly's wrist, holds it up. McClane smoothly takes
the wrist away from Ellis, looks at the watch.

MCCLANE

Nice, but one of us is three hours
out of sync. I think it's me.
(to Holly, pointedly)
Is there a place I can wash up?

HOLLY

(happy for the excuse)
Sure. Follow me.

They go out. Alone, Takagi's look at Ellis shows his
disapproval of certain snow at Christmas.

CUT TO:

17 **EXT. NAKATOMI - NIGHT**

17

An Emory freight truck turns off Olympic into the underground
parking garage of Nakatomi.

18 **INT. PARKING GARAGE**

18

It goes down the ramp and passes Argyle's black limo. The
driver's seat is EMPTY.

19 **INT. LIMO - SAME**

19

Argyle sits in the back seat hidden from the outside world by
the tinted rear windows. He is making a drink from the bar
with the TV on and his rap music blasting from the cassette
player, oblivious to the truck passing behind him.

20 **INT. PARKING GARAGE - SAME**

20

The Emory truck stops in front of the service elevator on the
next level down. As the truck idles, the uniformed driver
makes a note on his clipboard.

21 **INT. ELLIS' OFFICE - NIGHT**

21

TILT UP FROM McClane's BARE FEET. He is clenching and unclenching his toes.

MCCLANE

(surprised, actually feeling tension decline)

Son-of-a-bitch. It works.

Holly sits on the desk here, watches him remove his jacket, tie shirt, etc. Begin to wash up in the private bath.

HOLLY

What are you doing?

MCCLANE

It's a long story. You know, I think that Ellis has his eye on you.

HOLLY

That's okay...

(pause)

... I have an eye on his private bathroom.

McClane's face shows his relief (or rather, his attempt not to show any).

*

HOLLY

So, where are you staying? This all happened so fast I didn't even ask you on the phone.

*

McClane finishes drying his face and steps to the bath doorway.

MCCLANE

Well, Cappy Roberts retired out here a couple years ago. He said I could bunk with him.

HOLLY

Oh...Where does he live?

MCCLANE

Ramona...no, Pomona, that's it.

HOLLY

Pomona! You'll be in the car the whole time...Look, let's make this easy. I have a spare bedroom. It's not huge, but the kids would love to have you at the house.

McClane fixes her with a look.

MCCLANE

They would, huh?

HOLLY

(beat; honest)

I would too.

*

They lock eyes for a moment, but it's an intense moment that says a lot about how they still feel about each other.

Just then a man and a woman, both a little tipsy, open the door to the office, see that it's occupied and beat a hasty retreat. The interruption temporarily dents the mood. Holly tries to smile. But for McClane it's the last frustration.

HOLLY

...I've missed you.

*

MCCLANE

Especially my name. You must miss it every time you write a check. When did you start calling yourself 'Ms. Gennero'?

HOLLY

(caught)

This is a Japanese company, you know? They figure a married woman, she's on the way out the door...

MCCLANE

Sure. It's unnerving. I remember this one particular married woman, she went out the door so fast there was practically a jetwash...I mean, talk about your wind chill factor...

HOLLY

Didn't we have this same conversation in July? Damn it, John, there was an opportunity out here -- I had to take it --

MCCLANE

No matter what it did to our marriage -- ?

HOLLY

My job and my title and my salary did nothing to our marriage except change your idea of what it should be.

MCCLANE

Oh, here it comes. One of those 'meaningful relationship conversations.' I never should've let you get those magazine subscriptions --

HOLLY

You want to know my idea of a marriage? It's a partnership where people help each other over the rough spots -- console each other when there's a down...and when there's an up, well, hell, a little Goddamn applause or an attaboy wouldn't be too bad.

(quietly)

I needed that, John.

(pause)

I deserved that.

There's a clumsy pause as if she's almost challenging him to say...something but he sets his jaw, says nothing. Just then the door opens and Ginny leans inside.

GINNY

Miz Gennero? Mr. Takagi is looking for you...he wants you to say something to the troops...

HOLLY

Thanks, Ginny. I'll be a second. Oh, this is --

MCCLANE

(mock bright 'radio' voice)

Hi. John Gennero here. I'm the sensitive and supportive man of the eighties.

Ginny looks puzzled, goes out. Holly sighs, moves to the door.

HOLLY

I'll be a few minutes. Wait here --

MCCLANE

Don't I always?

She's gone. Immediately, he slaps his forehead, contrite.

MCCLANE

(to himself)

Schmuck!

22-	OUT	OUT	22-
23			23
24	INT. BUILDING LOBBY - SAME TIME		24

The Guard at the front desk notices the Emory truck on his monitor. The Guard continues to watch the Emory truck and only half notices as a Mercedes pulls up in front of the building and two extremely well-dressed BUSINESSMAN (late twenties) climb out and start up the stairs for the door. As they cross the lobby to the Guard's table to sign in, we hear their conversation.

MAN #1 (THEO)

(animatedly)

...So, Kareem rebounds -- listen, this is a great play -- feeds Worthy on the break, over to A.C., to Magic, back to Worthy in the lane and --

Suddenly the other man pulls out a Walther pistol with a silencer and aims it at the Guard's forehead. Before the Guard can react he pulls the trigger.

THEO

(dryly)

Boom...two points.

(The speed with which the murder takes place sets the tone for the rest of the action.) The killer moves behind the desk, stepping over a small pool of blood from the Guard.

His name is KYLE, big, with long blond hair like a rock drummer. Karl takes off the silencer and looks at the video monitor of the Emory truck. The first man, Theo, opens his briefcase, takes out a portable CB radio and speaks into it.

THEO

We're in.

25	ON THE SCREEN	25
	the driver nods at the security camera as several men climb out of the rear of the van and begin unloading wooden crates by the service elevator.	
26	INT. ELLIS' OFFICE - NIGHT	26
	McClane looks at all the lavishness around him and picks up a phone by the toilet. He opens his wallet and takes out the phone number Argyle have him. A photo of his children stops him.	
	It's of Holly, the two children and himself in happier days: Six months ago, before Nakatomi came calling to Holly's door. McClane flips it over. On the back in crude but painstaking hand of a five-year-old it says: WE MISS YOU, DADDY. LOVE LUCY (and in more primitive letters) JOHN.	
	McClane returns the photo to his wallet, dials the number.	
26	INT. BUILDING OPERATIONS CONTROL ROOM	26
	Theo enters the small control room and comfortably sits behind a maintenance keyboard. Whistling a vaguely familiar tune, he TYPES in some commands and locks down the passenger elevators up to the 30th floor. Then with several more computer commands, systematically causes:	
27	THE HEAVY STEEL GATES TO THE PARKING GARAGE CLOSE	27
28	THE ESCALATORS TO THE GARAGE COME TO A STOP	28
29	OUT	OUT 29
30	CONTROL ROOM - SAME	30
	Theo finishes typing and disconnects the keyboard and pulls out the wires from beneath the panel.	
31	INT. LOBBY - SAME	31
	The doors to a service elevator open TO REVEAL HANS GRUBER, impeccably dressed, lean and handsome, he steps out into the lobby like he owns the building -- and in a way he does.	
	Theo steps to the door of the control room and tosses Hans a COMPUTER CARD .	
	Hans goes to the front door, waves the card over a magnetic plate. An LED BLINKS and the door LOCKS with a THUD.	
	Hans looks out at the street. Appropriately enough, "not a creature is stirring." Century City is quiet.	
32- 35	OUT	OUT 32- 35
35-A	LOBBY - QUICK CUTS	35-A
	An elevator opens REVEALING TEN MORE MEN, all armed with Kalashnikov machine guns are carrying canvas kit bags. One of them, EDDIE, a rugged American in his twenties, goes to the dead guard and immediately begins changing into his cloths.	
	Meanwhile:	
	A) Karl takes a tool case from the elevator and joins his brother TONY, first playfully grabbing him. They head for the basement stairwell;	
	B) Theo leaves the control room and nods to Hans.	
	C) Eddie finished adjusting buttons and snaps on his pilfered uniform, takes his position behind the front desk.	

this that she doesn't see one TERRORIST waving her forward. Exasperated, he SHOVES her. Her glare at him shows us her mettle.

52-B WIDER

52-B

As the employees are bunched together, Ellis seeks out Holly. He's clearly scared but trying to fake courage. He pats her hand "reassuringly."

Hans steps up on top of a desk and looks over the group. He reaches into a pocket...several people CRINGE...but what he comes out with is a Bottega Venata pocket notebook. He checks his own scribbles like a dais speaker.

HANS

(soothing, in control)

Ladies and gentlemen, due to the Nakatomi Corporation's legacy of greed around the globe, it is about to be taught a lesson on real power. You...will be witnesses.

If our demands are not met, however --

(sad smile)

-- You may become participants instead.

(beat, checking notes)

Now, where is... 'Takagi'? Where is the man who...

(slight smile)

...used to be in charge here?

Takagi is shoved forward. He's worried but far from cowed. Hans steps towards him. Extends a hand.

HANS

(quite civil)

Mr. Takagi. How do you do. My name is Hans Gruber.

Takagi is confused by his charm. Hans waves politely in the direction of an elevator and with an armed escort takes the executive away. CAMERA ADJUSTS to show Holly, concerned.

56 INT. STAIRWELL - 33rd FLOOR - SAME

56

McClane pauses outside the stairwell door to the 33rd floor, he presses the handle and cracks the door open TO REVEAL a computer floor. The computer machinery drones on under the lights behind plate glass windows. McClane quietly closes the door and moves to another floor.

MCCLANE

(mumbling to himself)

32 construction...33 computers...

57- OUT

OUT 57-

58

58

59 INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

59

Hans, Takagi, Karl and Tony. Riding silently. Hans alone seems relaxed. He whistles. We recognize it as a snatch of Wagner.

HANS

Nice suit. John Philips...London?

Takagi stares at him, speechless.

HANS

(smiles)

I have two myself.

(beat, as he exits:)

I'm told Arafat shops there too...

60 INT. STAIRWELL

60

McClane starts to open the stairwell door to the Machine Floor when a NOISE above him gets his attention. He moves silently up one flight to the roof. Quietly, he cracks the door and looks out onto a Machine Floor on the lower level of the roof.

61 MCCLANE'S P.O.V.

61

Three terrorist, JAMES, ULI and HEINRICH, are unpacking the wooden crates we saw in the garage from the service elevator. It's not clear what they're doing but it seems very military like and ominously defensive. Heinrich POINTS up to the ceiling and says something in German. The others nod. Heinrich starts to turn towards the CAMERA and:

62 MCCLANE

62

closes the door and slips back down the stairs.

63 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - BOARD ROOM FLOOR - NIGHT 63

Hands enters, looks around. *

HANS *

And when Alexander saw the breadth
of his domain, he wept. For there
were no more worlds to conquer.
(to Takagi)

The benefits of a classical education.

Hans admired a scale model of a bridge. Behind him are
photographs of the gorge where the bridge will be constructed.
Karl and Tony listen. Takagi watches. *

HANS

It's beautiful. I always enjoyed
models as a boy. The exactness, the
attention to every foreseeable detail...
perfection.

TAKAGI

(defensively)

This is what this is about? Out
building project in Indonesia?
Contrary to what you people think,
we're going to develop that region...
not 'exploit' it.

Hans straightens, looks hard at Takagi.

HANS

I believe you.
(smiling)
I read the article in Forbes. *

Takagi looks confused. Hans puts a friendly arm around Takagi's
shoulders and guides him into the adjacent board room where
Theo types in commands onto a built-in computer console.

HANS

Mr. Takagi, we could discuss
industrialization of men's fashions
all day, but I'm afraid my associate,
Mr. Theo, has some questions for you.
Sort of fill-in-the blanks questions
actually...

JUMP CUT:

64 A COMPUTER SCREEN SPITS OUT: 64

NAKATOMI CORPORATION.
BOARD WORKSTATION.
ENTER CENTRAL COMPUTER CODE KEY _ _ _ _.

65 THEO 65

sits fingers poised over the keyboard. Hans sits opposite.
Takagi stands like the accused at the foot of the table, has
just read the screen, blurts:

TAKAGI

I don't have that code...!
(beat; to Hans)
You broke in here to access out
computer?!? Any information you
could get -- they wake up in Tokyo
in the morning, they'll change it!
You won't be able to blackmail our
executives or threaten --

Hans barks him to silence:

HANS

SIT DOWN!

Takagi complies. Hans is abruptly compassionate and quiet.

HANS

Mr. Takagi...I'm not interested in your
computer.
(beat)
I'm interested in the 640 million dollars
in negotiable bearer bonds you have in
your vault.

ON Takagi's reaction.

HANS

Yes...I know about them. The code key is a necessary step in accessing the vault.

TAKAGI

You want...money? What kind of terrorists are you?

HANS

(amused)

Who said we were terrorists?

65-A MCCLANE - ENTERING THIS FLOOR

65-A

He tiptoes along, gun held ready. He can HEAR the MUMBLE of voices from the conference room, moves slowly towards it.

65-B CONFERENCE ROOM - RESUME

65-B

Hans slowly takes out his Walther and his silencer. He feels his silencer a moment, as if making a decision, then slips it back into his coat pocket.

HANS

(weighing the gun)

The code key, please...?

TAKAGI

It's useless to you! There's seven safeguards on our vault, and the code key is only one of them! You'll never get it open!

Hans lifts the gun.

HANS

Then there's no reason not to tell it to us.

THEO

(aside to Karl)

I told you...

KARL

It's not over...

Hans gives them both a look like an annoyed schoolmaster, turns back to Takagi.

HANS

This is too nice a suit to ruin, Mr. Takagi. I'm going to count to three. There will not be a four. Give me the code.

He cocks the gun:

TAKAGI

I don't know it! get on a Goddamn jet to Tokyo and ask the chairman! I'm telling you! You're just going to have to kill me --

HANS

Okay.

BANG!! He pulls the trigger:

66 OUT IN THE MUSEUM - MCCLANE

66

*

reacts as if shot.

A66-A HIS P.O.V.

A66-A

*

The glass doors to the boardroom are splattered red and dripping...

66-A INSIDE

66-A

Takagi is still seated, but the chair is flat on its back, blood flowing out into the carpet.

Hans springs to his feet:

HANS

We do it the hard way! Tony, see if you can dispose of that. (the body) Karl, you'd better check Heinrich's work up on the machine floor.

Karl, in the midst of handing Theo a fifty dollar bill, nods.

to the side.

For a moment McClane just looks at the dead man. Then, slowly, methodically, he begins to SEARCH HIM. He turns all his pockets inside out, looks at his clothing labels, stares long and very hard at a California driver's license with Tony's picture on it. He expertly examines the machine gun when a HISSING SOUND coming from somewhere attracts his attention.

He rises, moves cautiously to the source.

85-A NEW ANGLE

85-A

It's Tony's CB, which has fallen from the dead man's waist during the struggle. McClane stares at it, formulating a plan.

CUT TO:

86 INT. 32ND FLOOR - NIGHT

86

PAN FROM Tony's now shoeless feet TO McClane, who sits on the floor near the body hurriedly lacing up the dead terrorist's boots on his own feet. He ties the last lace and tries to take a couple of steps.

He winces in pain, goes off balance. Quickly he starts taking the boots off.

MCCLANE

A million terrorists in the world
and I kill the one with feet
smaller than my sister.

He yanks off the boots and tosses them into the garbage. Then he pulls the body up and sets it down on a secretary's chair. He starts to push it along when he gets an idea and moves to:

86-A A DESK

86-A

Where he scribbles a note we cannot read on a piece of paper. Then his eyes fall on some Xmas decorations nearby. He smiles to himself.

86-B IN THE ELEVATOR - UNFINISHED FLOOR

86-B

TIGHT ON McClane's back as he pushes Tony's body on swivel chair into the elevator. (NOTE: WE CANNOT SEE TONY'S HEAD) CAMERA ADJUSTS as McClane pushes the buttons for the 31th and 30th floors.

We notice he's got the dead man's machine gun and that a wooden desk ruler protrudes from McClane's back pocket.

The elevator doors close and the car starts down. After it's dropped only half a floor, McClane forces the doors open with his fingers -- stopping the car between floors.

Using the ruler he blocks open the inside doors, then opens the outside doors of the floor above (31st) with his fingers and pulls himself up onto the carpeted floor, then up onto the roof of the car. Once on the roof of the car he reaches over the edge and removes the ruler, closing the inside doors and setting the car in motion again.

86-C HOSTAGE FLOOR

86-C

The hostages have been gathered together in a group in the center of the open floor, guards flanking them. The elevators are barely visible from the edge of the group, which is where Ginny and Holly are sitting. Ginny winces, uncomfortable on the floor. Holly soothes her. Hans stands in front of them like a stern camp counselor in front of the assembled bunk.

HANS

I wanted this to be professional,
efficient, adult, cooperative. Not
a lot to ask. Alas, your Mr. Takagi
did not see it that way...
(harder)

So he won't be joining us for the
rest of his life.

(as that sinks in)

We are prepared to go any way you
make us. When we have achieved our
aims you can walk out of here...
or be carried out. Decide now, each
of you. But remember that we have
planned everything to the last detail.
We are completely in change.

A "DING" attracts his attention. He turns.

chair with the body off the car. McClane looks up.

89 **MCCLANE'S P.O.V.** 89

A metal catwalk runs around the inside of the elevator shaft.

90 **MCCLANE** 90

pulls himself up onto it. As he moves along the catwalk looking for a way out, he passes an unmarked metal door, 2'x3'. McClane pushes it open and looks in.

91 **MCCLANE'S P.O.V.** 91

Total darkness.

92 **MCCLANE** 92

takes out a coin. A quarter. He stops, switches to a nickel. Throws it into the void. It is a full four seconds until we HEAR it "CHING" and bounce on concrete far below. You don't have to be a mathematics whiz to know it's a long drop.

MCCLANE

Jesus...

He moves cautiously around a corner and we SEE a metal ladder leading up to a door marked PUMP ROOM. Opening the door McClane enters a darkened:

93 **PUMP ROOM** 93

damp and full of pipes and goes to another door. He cracks the door and looks out.

94 **MCCLANE'S P.O.V.** 94

The lower level of the roof. Open and deserted. Only a heliport above him is higher.

95 **30TH FLOOR (HOSTAGE FLOOR) - HOLLY'S OFFICE - SAME** 95

WIDEN as a FILING CABINET is FLUNG across the floor, drawers SLAMMING out, papers flying. KARL has done this, and he's * barely started. He FLINGS a LAMP against a wall, PUNCHES a hole into the plaster. Finally, Hans goes to him, lays controlling hands on the man's shoulder.

HANS

I know what you are feeling. But this is not productive --

KARL

(pushing him away)

He was my only brother...my only family!

(a flat statement)

I want blood for my blood. We search...now.

He starts to move. Hans stops him.

HANS

(firmly)

No. Heinrich's team must finish planting the detonators...and Theo needs time on the vault. After the police come they'll waste hours trying to negotiate...that's when we search for this man. Until then...we do not alter the plan. *

KARL

(quietly)

And if he alters it...? *

For once Hans doesn't have an answer.

95-A **HOSTAGES - AROUND THE CORNER** 95-A

They've heard the alarm, can see and sense the agitation among their captors. Ellis slides over to Holly.

ELLIS

What's happening?

HOLLY

They don't look happy...something's gone wrong.

ELLIS

The police...?

HOLLY

(shaking her head)

John.

ELLIS

John? Christ, he could fuck this whole thing up...what does he think he's doing?

HOLLY

How about his job?

ELLIS

His 'job' is 3000 miles away. Without him, they might let us go...at least we have a chance...

HOLLY

(quietly)

Tell that to Mr. Takagi.

96 EXT. ROOF - NIGHT**96**

McClane climbs to the heliport and leans against the leeward side of a wall surrounding it. Shielded from wind, he pulls out the CB, turns to channel nine, and starts broadcasting.

MCCLANE

Mayday, Mayday! Anyone! Terrorists have seized and Nakatomi building and are holding 30 or more hostages! I say again --

97 OUT**OUT 97****98 INT. HANS' OFFICE - SAME****98**

Hans, Karl, Fritz and France hear the clear signal over Hans' CB.

MCCLANE'S VOICE

-- unknown number of terrorists, six or more, armed with automatic weapons at Nakatomi, Century City... Somebody answer me, Goddamnit!

Karl looks almost...satisfied.

HANS

The roof. It's the best place to transmit.

They move.

99 INT. LOS ANGES EMERGENCY DISPATCH CENTER - SAME 99

A SUPERVISOR weaves her way back from the break room toward a DISPATCHER who is monitoring the call.

DISPATCHER

It's the same address as that fire signal --

*

SUPERVISOR

(frowning)

-- the false alarm? I'll handle it.

*

She plugs in her headset. (Her condescending, arrogant tone is like the one in the famous tape where the dispatch lady spends so much time on red tape that the patient dies.)

SUPERVISOR

(into mike)

Attention, whoever you are. This channel is reserved for emergency calls only --

MCCLANE'S VOICE

No fucking shit, lady! Do I sound like I'm ordering a pizza?

100 OUT**OUT 100****101 INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - ON KARL - SAME****101**

with Franco and Fritz.

KARL

No one kills him but me.

It's an order and the look he gives the other two backs it up. Karl checks his magazine, SLAPS it into his rifle as the elevator opens to the roof.

102 **EXT. UPPER ROOF** **102**

McClane moves around the roof, circling the helipad, making sure he has a good enough view to avoid being ambushed. He can't see in all directions at once but he's doing the best he can.

MCCLANE

They've already killed one hostage, and they're fortifying their positions while we're bullshitting! Now, send police backup ASAP!

SUPERVISOR'S VOICE

Sir, I've already told you, this is a reserved channel. If this is an emergency call, dial 911 on your telephone. Otherwise I will report you to the police --

MCCLANE

(to the radio)
-- fine! Report me! Hey, come down here and fucking arrest me! Send the police. NOW -- !

Suddenly machine gun shells rip into the concrete wall in front of him. The noise is deadening as we:

CUT TO:

103 **INT. DISPATCHER OFFICE - SAME** **103**

Both Supervisor and Dispatcher reach for their headsets in pain from the INTENSE SOUND and:

104 **OUT** **OUT 104**

105 **EXT. ROOF - ON MCCLANE - SAME** **105**

Running. Tracer bullets rip into the wall behind him. He reaches the corner and sees the other two terrorists moving toward him. Before they see him, he leaps down to the next level out of range of Karl.

106 **INT. EMERGENCY DISPATCH - SAME** **106**

The Dispatcher looks critically at the Supervisor in the sudden silence.

SUPERVISOR

(importantly)
Ad...have a black-and-white do a drive-by.

CUT TO:

107 **INT. 7-11 - AT THE COUNTER - NIGHT** **107**

TIGHT as one after another after another HOSTESS TWINKIE is stacked up on the counter. CAMERA WIDENS and we SEE the young male CLERK, who stifles a smile. Another teenage employee behind the counter also smothers a laugh.

The customer is POWELL, young for a police veteran, old for the rest of the world.

CLERK

Thought you guys just ate donuts.

POWELL

They're for my wife. She's pregnant. If I knew she was gonna eat a dozen at a shot, I woulda bought stock in the company.

The Clerk nods and puts them in a bag. As Powell pays, suddenly his BELT RADIO crackles to life.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE/RADIO

Dispatch to One Adam Ten, over.

Powell grabs the radio, speaks into it.

POWELL

One Adam Ten, go ahead.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE/RADIO

Investigate a code two at Nakatomi

Plaza, Century City.

POWELL
(thinking)
Nakatomi Plaza?

He moves to the door, steps outside.

107-A **EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE** **107-A**

Powell looks towards the horizon and up.

There it is, Nakatomi, in all its gleaming glory.

DISPATCH VOICE
One Adam Ten, do you copy?

Powell is already moving to the car. He tosses in the twinkies, hops behind the wheel.

POWELL
(into police
radio)
Roger, dispatch. I'm on the way.

And he BURNS RUBBER leaving the store:

CUT TO:

108 **EXT. ROOF - ON MCCLANE - NIGHT** **108**

running for his life, from Fritz and Franco, doesn't realize he is being herded around the building toward Karl. Suddenly McClane turns a corner and sees Karl. The big man fires a burst and McClane ducks back stopping at the exterior door to the pump room he used before. It is locked from the inside.

He BLOWS the lock off with a burst from his machine gun and slips into the darkness of the:

109 **ELEVATOR SHAFT NEAR PUMP ROOM** **109**

Coming quickly out of the pump room, McClane picks his way over the same ground as a few minutes before and opens the door to the elevator shaft. The dimly lit shaft yawns before him. He starts down the ladder back to the catwalk, moves along it -- STOPS.

The catwalk ends, and the elevator is gone.

109-A **INT. PUMP ROOM - OTHER END** **109-A**

Karl crosses, starts to open the door to the elevator shaft when suddenly their radio crackles with --

HANS' VOICE
Karl? Franco? Did you catch him?

FRANCO
No, but he's in the elevator shaft.

HANS' VOICE
Prefect. The elevators are locked off. *
He can't escape. Just shut him in and
return to base.

KARL
Hans, he killed by brother --

HANS
(more firmly)
Karl, I know you want him, but the
police are probably on their way.
Maybe we can convince them it was all
a mistake, but not if they hear gunshots!
If you lock him in he'll be neutralized
-- now do it! Karl? Karl!

Karl turns off his radio. In the light of their flashlights, the two other terrorists look at Karl in stunned disbelief. He opens the door to the elevator shaft.

109-B **INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - ON MCCLANE** **109-B**

He's OVERHEARD enough of this to realize he's in deep shit. He backtracks to the air shaft door, strikes a cigarette lighter.

110- **OUT** **110-**
117 **117**

117-A **ELEVATOR SHAFT (OPPOSITE SIDE)** **117-A**

MCCLANE

Whew...for a moment there I was worried.

He turns out his lighter, and starts crawling.

130- **OUT** **OUT** 130-
133

133-A **INT. MACHINE FLOOR** **133-A**

The three terrorists rush down from the roof in hot pursuit, Karl leading the way through the door. Karl points quickly to the left and right where there are a series of rooms. The others checks these while Karl approaches the CAMERA, trigger finger ITCHING. Almost immediately, the others return.

FRANCO

(a whisper)
Nothing.

Karl looks puzzled. Then he thinks, mentally retracing McClane's few options. Karl's eyes scan the architecture here, and then suddenly he looks UP.

133-B **OUT** **OUT** 133-B *

134 **HIS P.O.V.** **134** *

The ceiling is criss-crossed with air ducts. He fires a burst into the ducts. *

135 **INT. AIR DUCT - SAME** **135**

McClane remains motionless in the air duct. Three quarter-size holes inches from his face show how close Karl came to nailing him. Sweat covers his face, drips silently onto the aluminum.

136 **MACHINE ROOM** **136**

Karl listens patiently for sound. Just then the two other terrorists return.

FRANCO

Nothing.

Karl hesitates a moment, fighting his instincts before finally turning to go. Suddenly the duct McClane is in GROANS slightly under his weight. Karl stops and looks up at the matrix of aluminum duct work, trying to single out the source of the sound. He steps back into the room and raises his rifle. Holding it upright he presses the barrel up into the belly of McClane's air duct, feeling for weight -- the weight of a body.

137 **INSIDE THE AIR DUCT** **137**

McClane sees the indentation of the barrel pressing into the aluminum fifteen feet away. There is a pause and another three feet closer. He can hear Karl's footsteps on the concrete -- moving slowly below the duct.

138 **ON KARL** **138**

His eyes are fixed above him on the air duct. He presses the barrel up again. Still nothing.

139 **ON MCCLANE** **139**

Silently he moves his hand, slowly draws his Beretta. The next indentation presses up six feet away. McClane points his gun downward and waits.

140 **KARL** **140**

stops directly below him. The barrel starts up and just touches the duct under McClane when Franco returns to the door and calls:

FRANCO

Karl! Police! Come on.

Karl hesitates then lowers his gun and leaves.

141 **CLOSE - MCCLANE** **141**

He hears the door close and lowers his head.

141-A **INT. 33RD FLOOR - SAFE ROOM** **141-A**

The large LED WINDOW in the front of the safe BEEPS and letters creep by: ACCESS CODE ACCEPTED. We HEAR a CLUNK.

Evening, officer. What's up?

Powell steps in and looks around. Bland HOLIDAY MUZAK filters from Speakers here. (LET IT SNOW) *

POWELL

We got an emergency call that there was a problem here.

151 INT. 34TH FLOOR - BOARD ROOM - SAME 151 *

McClane makes his way to the Avenue of the Stars side of the building, enters the board room where Takagi was shot. McClane goes to the windows and looks down at the street.

152 HIS P.O.V. 152

Powell's car.

MCCLANE

All right!

McClane waits, expectant. Five seconds. Ten seconds. But no commotion, no shouting. He frowns.

MCCLANE

Where's the fucking cavalry?

152-A INT. LOBBY - SAME TIME 152-A

Powell walks casually across the slick floor, eyes panning the area. Eddie sits casually watching a game on one of his monitor screens.

EDDIE

We already had that false alarm, you ask me, the Goddamn computers sent you out on another wild goose chase. They been chasing bugs in that system since they installed it.

(to the screen)

Oh, shit, come on, I got fifty bucks on you assholes -- !

Powell's face shows us he's starting to think he's wasting his time.

152-B- OUT 152-B
153 153

153-A WITH MCCLANE 153-A

The silent tension is driving him crazy.

MCCLANE

Come on, come on...who's in that car, Stevie Wonder?

He makes up his mind. He lifts one of the big chairs and swings it at the window. The tempered glass whitens on the first blow.

153-B EXT. ROOF 153-B

James sees the glass whiten below him and shouts into his mike.

153-C INT. MACHINE FLOOR 153-C

Heinrich hears the radio and shouts to Marco who grabs his machine gun and runs.

154 INT. LOBBY 154

Eddie watches confidently as Powell moves through the lobby looking for signs of trouble.

154-A AROUND THE CORNER FROM POWELL 154-A

Uli is there, gun held ready. *

155 BOARD ROOM - 34th FLOOR 155

McClane draws the chair back for the final hit when a terrorist (MARCO) appears at the door. Both men react, but Marco already has his gun up. He FIRES a round at McClane. The bullets rip into the table top and the chair, and McClane goes down behind the table.

156- OUT 156-
156-A 156-A

157 INT. 34th FLOOR - BOARD ROOM 157

Marco smiles and moves around to the other side of the table, but finds no one. He looks around frantically than squats beneath the table and sees:

158 **MCCLANE** 158

lying prone, his pistol trained on him.

MCCLANE

Drop it or you're a rugstain.

159 **BOARD ROOM DOORWAY** 159

Just then Heinrich, the terrorist steps into the doorway, sees the situation.

HEINRICH

Marco, duck!

Marco dives sideways, but Heinrich still isn't quick enough. McClane FIRES TWICE and Heinrich DROPS sprawling in the hallway, machine gun FIRING BLINDLY until he hits the floor.

159-A **HOSTAGE FLOOR** 159-A

They can FAINTLY HEAR the gunshots. Holly pales:

159-B **THE LOBBY** 159-B

All Powell can hear here is "LET IT SNOW, LET IT SNOW." He STOPS just a yard from seeing the armed terrorist, turns back.

POWELL

Screw this.

He turns back.

159-C **THE BOARD ROOM** 159-C

Marco springs on top of the huge table. McClane rolls on his back so he can cover either angle but it is clear that Marco is in the more enviable position.

160 **ON MARCO** 160

on the table top slams in a fresh magazine and smiles.

MARCO

Next time -- don't hesitate.

He leans his machine gun over the edge.

161 **MCCLANE** 161

aims directly above him and fires twice into the underside of the table. The bullets rip through the table and Marco, who DROPS beside McClane.

MCCLANE

Thanks for the advice.

162 **OUT** OUT 162

163 **INT. LOBBY - SAME** 163

Powell heads for the door. Eddie moves to lock up after him.

POWELL

Sorry to water your time. Merry Christmas.

Powell goes out.

164 **INT. 34TH FLOOR BOARD ROOM - SAME** 164

McClane rolls out from under the table, goes to the windows, and looks down in time to see Powell heading for the car.

MCCLANE

Oh, man, please, no --

Desperate, he leans on the glass...which CRACKS again, on the verge of going. McClane thinks...looks over his shoulder at the body of Marco.

165 **INT. POWELL'S POLICE CAR - SAME** 165

Powell check in on his radio. Unconsciously he begins to HUM the Muzak he overheard in the lobby.

POWELL

One Adam Ten to 6421. We had a wild goose chase on that 436. Everything's okay here. Over.
 (waiting, loosening his tie, he murmurs)
 'Oh, the weather outside is frightful, but the...the uh, dum, de dum's delightful...'

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Roger, One Adam Ten. We thought it was a crank call anyway. Clear to code eight.

POWELL

Roger.
 (putting the car into gear)
 '...let it snow, let it snow, let it snow -- '

Suddenly Marco's body CRASHES onto the hood of his car.

POWELL

(terrified)
 -- Jesus H. Christ!
 (grabbing for his radio)
 6421, this is One Adam Ten --

Suddenly a barrage of MACHINE GUN FIRE from Alexander on the third floor drowns out his call! Powell ducks and flattens against the seat as bullets blow out the front window, covering him in glass.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Roger, One Adam Ten, please repeat.

But Powell accelerates in reverse away from the building, keeping his head low and praying he doesn't hit anything as the bullets follow him, digging into asphalt. A half block away his car runs off the pavement and down a SLOPE, finally BOUNCING to a jarring HALT in a parking lot which is destined to become police H.Q. a few pages from now. Powell sits up and clutches the mike.

POWELL

One Adam Ten, under automatic rifle fire at Nakatomi! Requesting immediate backup and SWAT assistance...

166 INT. 34TH FLOOR - BOARD ROOM 166 *

McClane looks down at Powell and grins.

MCCLANE

Welcome to the party, pal.

CUT TO:

166-A INT. OFFICE - TV STATION - SAME TIME 166-A

WIDEN FROM A POLICE SCANNER. We take in the action here, all color coordination and slickness. RICHARD THORNBURG, local TV news reporter, is on the phone to his girlfriend. *

THORNBURG

(into phone) *
 -- of course I can get us a table, Wolfgang and me, we're like that. *
 I interviewed him...hold on, babe... *

He covers the mouthpiece, because he's become aware of what's coming from the scanner.

POLICE SCANNER

(various voices)
 -- attention all units. Officer pinned down by automatic weapon fire at Nakatomi, Century City -- request assistant -- (ETC)

POWELL'S VOICE

(intermixed with all this)
 -- guys, you want to cut through the red tape? They practically turned this car into Swiss cheese -- !

THORNBURG

(pleased)
All right...!

He drops the phone, pick up another. Shouts --

THORNBURG

Mary, this is Dick. I want a remote truck and a crew to meet me at the South gate in fifteen minutes...

(listens)

Damn right, fifteen...

(listens)

Where are we going?

(Hearing gun shots)

For an Emmy!

Now, hearing MACHINE GUN FIRE, Thornburg hangs up the second phone. Runs out of the room. CAMERA PANS BACK TO the first phone.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Richard? Richard?

167 EXT. CENTURY CITY - NIGHT 167

Sirens wail as the first few police cars arrive. Powell sees them, waves them back, points to the third floor.

168 INT. HOSTAGE WING - ON ELLIS - SAME 168

He leans back and closes his eyes, luxuriating in the sound of WAILING POLICE SIRENS. He looks at Holly.

ELLIS

I never through I'd love to hear that sound.

169 HANS' OFFICE 169

Hans, Karl, Fritz and Franco confer.

HANS

(in mid-speech)

-- all of you, stay at your posts!
We knew that police action was inevitable...

(an odd smile)

...In fact, it's necessary. So let them start their feeble efforts; until then, stay calm. We have the hostages, remember. We are still in charge.

Suddenly Hans' CB crackles to life.

HANS

(picking it up)

I told all of you...I want radio silence until further --

INTERCUT:

169-A MCCLANE - 34th FLOOR - BOARD ROOM 169-A *

He's got a CB on the table and ON, and his cop's notebook is out again. He's already upgraded the NUMBER OF TERRORISTS? to "12 (?) minus 3 = 9" and added other information. As he speaks he takes ammo clips the dead men dropped, their sidearms, etc.

MCCLANE

Gee, I'm sorry, Hans, nobody gave me the message. You shoulda put it on the bulletin board. Anyway, I thought you and Franco and Karl and the other boys might be lonely, now that I waxed Tony and Marco and their buddy. So I invited some of the guys from my card game.

In the office, the terrorists REACT, startled, as McClane name-drops.

FRANCO

How...how does he know so much about --

HANS

(waving for silence)

Ah, how nice of you to call. I assume you are our mysterious party crasher. You are most troublesome

for a...security guard?

170 INT. 34th FLOOR - ON MCCLANE - INTERCUT 170 *

Moving down the corridor. Now armed with Marco's machine gun and carrying Heinrich's kit bag, he seems more lethal. *

MCCLANE

(into CB)
BZZZ! Sorry, Hans, wrong guess.
Would you like to go for
Double Jeopardy, where the stakes
are double and the scores really
change?

He rolls Heinrich over and is delighted to find a pack of Gauloise's in the man's pocket. He takes them, pats the dead man's face. *

MCCLANE

(sotto, to the body)
Bad for your health anyway.

HANS

Who are you, then?

MCCLANE

Just the fly in the ointment, Hans.
The monkey in the wrench, the pain
in the ass -

McClane STOPS in mid-speech. He's just opened the kit bag Heinrich had over his shoulder when he died. Now McClane takes out the contents...dozens and dozens of EXPLOSIVE DETONATORS marked "DANGER" and a CHUNK of cello-wrapped PLASTIQUE the size of an electric razor. He WHISTLES in surprise to himself.

In the office, Hans turns off his mike for a moment, turns to Karl. *

HANS

Check on all the others...don't
use the radio. See if he's lying
about Marco and find out if anyone
else is missing. *

He moves. Hans goes back onto the CB. Meanwhile, McClane SMILES at the tell-tale STATIC as Hans goes off and on. He knows what's happening. Now, he starts to walk down a corridor, eyes PANNING FROM elevator to the stairwell doors. *

HANS

Mr. Mystery Guest. Are you still
there?

MCCLANE

I wouldn't think of leaving, Hans.
Unless you want to open the front
door...?

HANS

I'm afraid not. But you have me
at a loss -- you know my name, but
who are you?

(scornfully)

Just another American who saw too
many movies as a child. Another
orphan of a bankrupt culture who
thinks he's John Wayne...Rambo...
Marshal Dillion.

MCCLANE

Actually, I was always partial to
Roy Rogers. I really dug those
sequined shirts.

HANS

(harsh)
Do you really think you have a chance
against us, Mr. Cowboy?

A LIGHT blinks on the elevator.

MCCLANE

(long pause)
Yipee-yi-yea...mother-fucker.

McClane goes quietly through the stairwell door and is gone by the time the search party steps onto this floor.

Hans sits quietly...thinking.

170-A OUT OUT 170-A

CUT TO:

171 INT. 30TH FLOOR - SAME 171

Karl steps off the elevator and goes through the crowd of hostages to Hans.

KARL

(quietly)

He wasn't lying about Marco: He's thirty stories down on the street. The other man is Heinrich, and I found his body upstairs.

(pause; Hans looks alarmed)

And his bag is missing.

HANS

He had the detonators!

(into CB)

Theo? Theo!

INTERCUT:

171-A THEO - IN SAFE ROOM 171-A

With Kristoff, he has DRILLED TWO HOLES in the safe and is working on a third when he HEARS the CB. He turns off the drill, answers.

THEO

Yo!

HANS

We may have some problems. How is your schedule?

Theo moves to his computer screen which shows a schematic of the safe and blinking icons and the words MECHANICALS #2 and #2 DISABLED.

THEO

Three down, four to go --

HANS

Then don't waste time talking to me.

Suddenly all REACT to a nearby CB transmitter which broadcasts.

POWELL'S VOICE

This is Sergeant Al Powell of the Los Angeles Police Department. If the person who radioed for help on this channel can hear me, acknowledge this transmission...I say again...

172 INT. 33RD FLOOR - ON MCCLANE - NIGHT 172 *

MCCLANE

(to CB)

I read you, Powell. You the guy in the car?

INTERCUT:

173 EXT. POLICE OPERATIONS TRAILER 173

Powell stands in front of his destroyed cruiser and looks up at the building. Behind him technicians, City Power and Light personnel, SWAT officers in protective gear, etc., arrive from all directions. A trailer is being backed into a parking lot, which will become the police center of operations. It is like watching a small town being constructed right before your eyes.

POWELL

(to CB)

What's left of him. Can you identify yourself?

INTERCUT:

173-A HANS AND KARL 173-A

Listening intently.

MCCLANE

Maybe later. Just listen fast because this is a party line and the neighbors are trigger happy. Now here's the skinny: There's thirty or so hostages on the 30th floor, with probably 2 or 3 guards to cover a group that size. The leader here is named Hans, and besides the pea shooter he ventilated your car with, they got machine guns and sidearms up the yin yang. On top of that one of 'em had a big enough chunk of plastic explosive to orbit Kate Smith.

*
*
*

NOTE: The following dialogue is said OVER McClane's.

FRANCO

We have to find him and shut him up! He's telling them everything --

HANS

(shaking his head, calming)

The police are irrelevant. We've waiting for the FBI. Until they arrive, we can't finish out work. Meanwhile, let this fool waste time for the police. Fritz, go help Uli find the bag.

*
*
*

The CAMERA TIGHTENS ON him

HANS

We must find those detonators.

They leave.

173-B WITH MCCLANE

173-B

POWELL'S VOICE

How many are there?

MCCLANE

(thinking about it)

Figuring there's at least one to cover the lobby, a couple with the hostages...I'd say they came in with about a dozen...but they're down to nine now, including the skydiver you already met. These guys are mostly Europeans, judging by their clothing labels, and they're well financed and very slick.

POWELL

How do you know?

MCCLANE

I've seen enough phoney ID's in my time to recognize that the ones they've got cost a fortune. Add all that up and I don't know what the fuck it means, but these are bad ass preps and they're here to stay.

We notice that everything McClane has said about "clothing" and ID's and police jargon, etc., has set off a little buzzer in Powell's brain.

POWELL

I hear you...

(on a hunch)

Partner. And LA's finest are on it, so light 'em if you got 'em.

MCCLANE

I'm ahead of you...partner.

POWELL

Uh, what do I call you?

A moment. McClane smiles. What the hell?

MCCLANE

'Roy'.

POWELL

Got it...'Roy'. Now listen. If you think of anything else you think we need to know, don't be shy, okay?

Hans examines building plans at Holly's desk. Behind him the TV is ON, the sound muted. TV cops triumph over oafish bad guys.

Hans looks up as Fritz brings in Holly.

HOLLY

I...have a request.

HANS

Oh? What idiot put you in charge?

HOLLY

(evenly)

You did.

(on his look)

You murdered by Boss. Now...

(waving towards

the hostages)

They're looking to me. Personally I'd pass on the jab. I don't enjoy being this close to you.

Hans is impressed by her candor. And she's easy enough on the eyes.

HANS

Go on.

HOLLY

We have a pregnant woman out there --

(on his look)

-- relax, she's not due for two weeks, but a marble floor isn't doing her back any good. I'd like permission for her to move to one of the offices where there's a sofa.

HANS

No. But I'll have a sofa brought out to you. Good enough?

HOLLY

Good enough. And unless you like is messy, you'd better start taking us in groups to the bathroom.

HANS

(nods)

Yes, you're right. It will be done.

He nods to one of his men, and she is waved to the door:

As she goes:

HANS

Mr. Takagi chose his people well, Mrs...?

HOLLY

Gennero. Miss Gennero.

He nods, thoughtful. She goes out. Hans suddenly notices:

180 CLOSER - TV

180

A slide "SPECIAL BULLETIN" has appeared. This changes to a SHOT of the Nakatomi building with "LIVE" supered over it. Richard Thornburg is in front. The CAMERA TIGHTENS ON him.

THORNBURG

This is Richard Thornburg, speaking to you live from Century City... where Los Angeles has joined the sad but world wide fraternity whose only membership requirement is the awesome spectre of International Terrorism...

181 ANOTHER TV SCREEN - NIGHT

181

As Thornburg Continues, we PULL BACK. We're WITH Argyle in the back seat of the limo.

ARGYLE

(reaching for the remote)

What else is new...?

The CAMERA PULLS BACK and we SEE the Nakatomi Building rise up in the b.g. behind Thornburg.

ARGYLE

(stunned)
Holy shit...

THORNBURG

We're told that the situation began some two hours ago when an unidentified party of men took over the building and sealed off all of its entrances and exits...

Argyle is already bailing out of the car.

182 **EXT. LIMO - IN THE GARAGE** 182

Argyle looks at the metal gates, swallows. He JUMPS back in the car.

183 **BACK INSIDE** 183

Argyle pours himself a stiff drink.

THORNBURG

(on TV)
Since all the telephone lines have been cut, the only contact with the building had been through the use of CB communicators which the terrorists brought with them. Strangely enough, so far the terrorists have not communicated directly with the police... but an unidentified man has had several conversations which seem to indicate...

Argyle nearly spills his drink as he leans over the front seat and turns on the CB.

CUT TO:

184 **OUTSIDE THE BUILDING - SAME TIME** 184

Signs of activity along the edges and shadows of the area. Men and vehicles. The SNAP of weapons and breeches. Footsteps running in unison. Powell picks up on this, turns to Robinson, who is standing with the SWAT Captain, MITCHELL.

POWELL

What's going on?

ROBINSON

What's it look like? We're going in.

POWELL

(flabbergasted)
Going in...are you out of your mind? There's 30 hostages in there -- for all we know --

ROBINSON

-- all we know? We don't know shit, Powell. If there's hostages why hasn't anyone asked for ransom? If there's terrorists, where's their goddamn list of demands? All we know is that someone shot up your car, and it could be the same flake you've been talking to on the radio!

POWELL

What about the body that fell out of the window -- ?

ROBINSON

Who the hell knows? Maybe he was a stockbroker who looked at the Dow Jones and opted for early retirement!

MITCHELL

Chief, we're ready.

ROBINSON

I'm coming.

MITCHELL

(into radio)
Rivers.

RIVERS

(over radio)
Yo.

MITCHELL

Begin your reconnoiter.

185 **MCCLANE** 185

Inside the building, sadly realizing that the Marlboro pack has only two more to go. He savors the dregs of his current number, then suddenly becomes aware of an almost EERIE QUIET. He moves to the window.

186 **HIS P.O.V. - OUTSIDE** 186

Hints of activity in the darkness. A LIGHT FLARES extinguished. Shadows move on trailer walls.

187 **BACK TO SCENE** 187

MCCLANE

(spooked, into CB)

Powell? Al, you still with me?
What's going on? Al?

INTERCUT:

188 **OUTSIDE** 188

Powell stiffens. Robinson looks at him warningly, shakes his head.

POWELL

I'm here, Roy, but I'm, uh, kind of busy. Let's talk later, okay?

MCCLANE

Al, what's wrong? Did something --
(realizing)
-- Oh, God. You're coming in! That's it, isn't it? Christ, Powell, I told you what you're dealing with here --

POWELL

I said we'll talk later, Roy. If you're what I think you are you should know when to listen, when to shut up... and when to pray.

Hating himself, Powell DISCONNECTS, watches LIGHTS snaps on in the parking lot to illuminate the area.

Also hating himself, McClane does the same thing. Pale, he moves to a window to watch what he knows is going to be brutal.

188-A **IN HOLLY'S OFFICE - HANS** 188-A

He hunches over his communicator.

HANS

They'll be coming. Get ready.
Theo, watch the screens. Be our eyes and ears.
(pause)
Wait until they're close.

188-B **EDDIE** 188-B

slips away from the desk, a computer card in his hand. He meets up with another terrorist and they move behind a slit in the wall. Eddie waves his card at the sensor and a METAL GRID crashes into place. They hold their weapons behind it, ready.

188-C **VARIOUS SHOTS - TERRORISTS - ON OTHER FLOORS** 188-C

All now with earplugs in their CB's, taking up positions:

189 **AT THE LOBBY DOOR** 189

The SWAT team leader moves in SOP style to the door, scans it carefully.

189-A **EXT. CENTURY CITY - ON MITCHELL AND ROBINSON - POLICE BARRICADES** 189-A

Mitchell listens to CB radio.

RIVERS

(over radio)

We're in position.

Mitchell looks at Robinson, who is visible tense. Robinson hesitates, then gives his approval with a nod.

MITCHELL

(to CB)

Go.

190 QUICK SHOTS - INSIDE THE LOBBY 190

The SECURITY CAMERAS on the walls PAN and ZOOM:

191 THE VAULT DOOR 191

Kristoff DRILLS AWAY, is rewarded with the message FIFTH LOCK DEACTIVATED. DO YOU WISH TO CONTINUE? Nearby, Theo sits at a bank of monitors. Screen after screen pinpoints all the police activity outside, down to the last detail. Theo SMILES. Suddenly we RECOGNIZE that tune he's been whistling. It's "Singin' In The Rain."

THEO

(into a throat mike)

It was the night before Xmas, and
all through the house, not a creature
was stirring, expect for the four
assholes coming in the rear in
standard 2 X 2 cover formation.

192 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT 192

Eddie and another terrorist, ULI, take up prone firing positions, using the gaps in the steel partition like gunpoints.

193 ANGLE ON TWO SWAT OFFICERS 193

Mitchell and Robinson watch from behind the cover of a police car as the SWAT officers remove a portable welding torch and begin cutting their way through the locks.

194 INT. 33RD FLOOR - MCCLANE 194

He moves painfully to the window and looks out. He can't see a thing because of the lights.

MCCLANE

(to himself)

No...

195 EXT. POLICE BARRICADES - ON MITCHELL AND ROBINSON 195

Suddenly rifle fire sounds from the building.

ROBINSON

(worriedly)

They're shooting at them

MITCHELL

(calmly)

It's panic fire...they can't see anything.

POWELL

(under breath)

They're shooting at the lights.

More shots ring out from the building going over the SWAT officers' heads and suddenly the huge dome of one of the spotlights shatters behind Mitchell and Robinson's head. The glow fades. A moment later the next light twenty feet away dies.

ROBINSON

They're going after the lights!

The two SWAT officers cutting the garage ate suddenly look up as their cover starts to disappear.

ROBINSON

Call them back.

MITCHELL

No, they're almost in.

Suddenly the third and fourth lights are shot out and the SWAT men become sitting ducks.

196 IN HOLLY'S OFFICE - HANS 196

He calmly speak into his CB.

HANS

Don't get impatient. Just wound them.

197 INT. LOBBY 197

Eddie and Uli fire. They hit one of the officers in the leg, the second one in the arm.

198 EXT. POLICE BARRICADES - ON MITCHELL AND ROBINSON 198

MITCHELL

(on radio)

Send in the car!

An armored car wheels toward the building and starts toward the wounded men.

199 INT. ROOF-MACHINE ROOM/SERVICE ELEVATOR - SAME 199

JAMES and Alexander quickly load two crates onto the service elevator and push the button for the 3rd floor. As the car starts down, they remove an anti-tank gun from one of the crates.

200 WITH THEO - WATCHING SCREENS 200

THEO

Well, what have we here. The police've got themselves an R.V. James, Alexander, southeast corner.

201 INT. 3RD FLOOR - SAME 201

The service elevator arrives on the 3rd floor and James and Alexander move across the room toward the windows with the anti-tank weapon. At the window, they prepare the weapon for use.

Outside the window the armored car has stopped in front of the wounded man and paramedics quickly load them in from the sheltered side of the vehicle. Alexander quickly sights on the armored car.

ALEXANDER

(to Hans, CB)

I have them

HANS' VOICE

(o.s., over CB)

Fire.

202 EXT. THE ARMORED CAR 202

A blast ROARS from the third floor window and the shell hits the armored car. The car pitches forward like a beast whose front legs have been shot out from under it -- its front axle destroyed, unable to move. Alexander looks back at James and grins.

203 30TH FLOOR - HANS 203

He watches from his window. Coldly picks up his CB.

HANS

Hit it again.

204 MCCLANE 204

listening. He picks up his CB.

MCCLANE

Hans, you motherfucker, you've made your point. Let them pull back!

HANS' VOICE

Thank you Mr. Cowboy, I'll take it under advisement. Hit it again.

McClane slumps to the floor below the window. He feels helpless, then notices his kit bag.

205 3RD FLOOR 205

James runs back to the crate on the elevator.

206 EXT. POLICE BARRICADE - ON ROBINSON AND MITCHELL 206

They look on in horror as the armored car sits helplessly on fire. On the police radio channel we HEAR the screams of men inside.

MITCHELL

(to radio)

Rivers! Rodriguiz!...Report...

RIVERS

(voice over; on
radio, yelling)
This is Rivers. We've got one dead.
Everybody's hit. Rodriguez's bleeding
bad. We've got to get the fuck out of
here!

MITCHELL

(to radio)
Rivers, hang on! That's an order!
Hang on, we'll get you out.

207 **INT. ELEVATOR CAR - 3RD FLOOR - SAME** 207

James opens the box of shells and takes two and starts back across the room.

208 **INT. 33RD FLOOR - CLOSE ON A SHAPE ON PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE - SAME** 208

Like a football. It sits on the seat of a secretary's chair with castors. We PULL BACK TO SEE McClane press three detonators into the top, then cover the explosive with a typewriter, tying it securely in place with electrical cords.

209 **ANGLE ON SERVICE ELEVATOR - MCCLANE** 209

wheels the chair to the service elevator, opens the door and block them with a fire axe. He looks in -- the top of the car can just be seen thirty-five floors below.

210 **INT. 3RD FLOOR** 210

James hands the shell to Alexander, who expertly loads it into the anti-tank gun. Alexaneder lifts the gun to his shoulder and aims.

211 **INT. 38TH FLOOR** 211

McClane push the chair into the shaft.

MCCLANE

Geronimo...motherfuckers.

For a long moment there is nothing, then: the shaft is filled with light, then SOUND -- an ungodly ROAR -- and McClane is thrown back across the elevator corridor against the other back of doors by the concussion wave.

212 **ON THE 3RD FLOOR** 212

The explosion, like a firestorm, rips across the floor:

213 **BLOWING OUT THE MACHINE GUN NEXT AND JAMES AND ALEXANDER** 213

214 **SHATTERING WINDOWS** 214

215 **SENDING DESKS, CHAIRS, PHONES, AND TYPEWRITERS FLYING** 215

216 **EXT. AVENUE OF THE STARS** 216

The police take cover behind their cars. Powell, Robinson, and Mitchell look like they've seen the face of God as the building rocks from the blast. Henry's cigarette falls from his mouth as a desk is sent hurtling across Avenue of the Stars into the trees across the street.

217 **INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - ON WILLIAM - SAME** 217

watching it on TV, feeling it all around him.

WILLIAM

Oh, Jesus...

218 **EXT. DOWN ON THE STREET - SAME** 218

Dick Thornburg's crew is taping.

THORNBURG

(in awe)
Unreal.
(to the cameraman)
Did you get all that?

CAMERAMAN

Yep.

Thornburg looks at his competitors still setting up.

THORNBURG

Eat your heart out, Channel Four.

219- OUT OUT 219-
221 221
222 ON HOSTAGE FLOOR 222

The hostages are shaken and the terrorists guarding them aren't too sure of themselves either. Only Hans is relatively calm.

FRANCO

They're using artillery on us -- !

HANS

You idiot, it's not the police...
(pause)
...It's him.

223 ANGLE ON HOLLY 223

She comforts Ginny.

224 INT. 32ND FLOOR - MCCLANE - SAME 224

He sits up and lifts the CB.

MCCLANE

Al! Al, the guys in the car, did they make it?

INTERCUT:

225 EXT. POWELL 225

on the street, watching as the survivors are pulled out of the wreck and to safety.

POWELL

(on CB)
Safe and sound, thanks to you.
What the fuck was that?

MCCLANE

The plastique I found.
(worried)
Is the building on fire?

POWELL

No, but it's gonna need one hell of a paint job and a shitload of screen doors.
(looking off, nodding)
One spotters say you got two with that blast.

MCCLANE

Two? Are you sure?

Before Powell can answer Robinson comes running up to him.

ROBINSON

Is that him?

POWELL

Yessir.

ROBINSON

(reaching for Powell's CB)
Give me that.
(angrily at McClane)
Now, listen to me, mister, I don't know what you think you're doing, but demolishing a building doesn't fall under the definition of 'help'! There's hundreds of people out here and you covered half of them in pieces of glass --

MCCLANE

Glass, my ass! Who the fuck is this?

ROBINSON

This is Deputy Chief of Police Dwayne T. Robinson, and I'm in charge of this situation.

McClane leans tiredly against the elevator door.

MCCLANE

As the bullshit continues, Ellis suddenly STANDS, head towards the terrorist "office". Immediately the chief guard here, Fritz, moves to intercept Ellis.

HOLLY

Where are you going?

ELLIS

I'm tired of sitting here waiting to see who gets us killed first... them...or your husband.
(to the approaching Fritz)
Hi there.

HOLLY

(worried)

What are you going to do?

ELLIS

Hey, I negotiate million dollar deals for breakfast. I can handle these clowns.
(to Fritz)
I want to talk to Hans. Hans! Sprickenzie talk?

He doesn't wait for an answer. Fritz follows him. Holly worries.

230 **THE OFFICE**

230

KARL

(in mid-speech, angry)

-- you wouldn't let me kill him when I had the chance --

HANS

If you'd listened to me he would be neutralized already!

KARL

I don't want neutral...I want dead --

ALL TURN at a rap on the door. Ellis is there.

ELLIS

Hope I'm not interrupting...?

HANS

(to Fritz)

What does he want?

As Fritz shrugs:

ELLIS

It's not what I want, it's what I can give you. Look, let's be straight, okay? It's obvious you're not some dumb thug up here to snatch a few purses, am I right?

Karl looks at Ellis and then at Hans, as if to say, let me plug this asshole right now. But Hans is either amused or curious or bored enough to shake his head, turn back to Ellis.

HANS

(politely)

You're very perceptive.

ELLIS

(flattered)

Hey, I read the papers, I watch 60 minutes, I say to myself, these guys are professionals, they're motivated, they're happening. They want something. Now, personally, I don't care about your politics. Maybe you're pissed at the Camel Jockeys, maybe it's the Hebes, Northern Ireland, that's none of my business. I figure, You're here to negotiate, am I right?

HANS

You're amazing. You figured this all out already?

ELLIS

Hey, business is business. You use

a gun, I use a fountain pen, what's the difference? To put it in my terms, you're here on a hostile takeover and you grab us for some greenmail but you didn't expect a poison pill was gonna be running around the building.

(smiling)

Hans, baby...I'm your white knight.

HANS

(dryly)

I must have missed 60 Minutes. What are you saying?

ELLIS

The guy upstairs who's fucking things up? I can give him to you.

As Hans reacts with real interest for the first time, we:

CUT TO:

231 **POWELL** 231

By the CB. He suddenly REACTS to a GROAN from McClane.

POWELL

Roy! You all right?

232 **INSIDE - MCCLANE** 232

He's by an open desk drawer, having just ripped open a package of twinkies he's found. He grimaces, mouth full.

MCCLANE

Yeah, just trying to handle some year old twinkies. Yucck. What do they put in these things?

POWELL

(reciting)

'Sugar, enriched flour, partially hydrogenated vegetable oil, polysorbate 60 and yellow dye #5.'

MCCLANE

(laughing)

You sound like a man with a couple of kids.

POWELL

Not yet, the wife in working on our first. You got any kids back on the ranch?

McClane swallows Twinkie with a grimace, takes out his wallet, flips it open to a picture of himself and Holly and the kids in happier days.

MCCLANE

Two. And I'd sure like to see them swinging on the jungle gym with Al junior.

POWELL

It's a date. You buy the ice cream.

McClane laughs, stares at the photo, when suddenly another VOICE besides Powell's comes over his radio.

HANS' VOICE

(o.s., on CB)

Touching, cowboy, touching.

(pause)

Or should I call you Mister McClane?

Mister officer John McClane on the

NYPD?

McClane FREEZES. How much do they know?

233 **THORNBURG - IN TRAILER** 233

Reacts, gleeful, writes down the name.

THORSON

(to Mary)

Get on the phone to our New York affiliate...move, move!

234 **POWELL** 234

reacts, signals an Aide, who's already writing, too.

INTERCUT:

235 **MCCLANE AND HANS**

235

MCCLANE

(fighting to stay calm)
Sister Teresa in third grade called
me Mr. McClane. My friends call me
John Mac. You're neither...shithead.

HANS' VOICE

I have someone who wants to talk
to you. A very special friend who
was at the party with you tonight.

McClane's face falls. Oh, God. Eyes closed, he waits for the
voice that tells him it's all over.

ELLIS' VOICE

Hello, John boy?

McClane's eyes open, showing equal parts of shock and hope.
In the office, CAMERA ADJUSTS TO SHOW Ellis as Hans gives him
the CB.

MCCLANE

Ellis?

Ellis has a cigarette, and a terrorist brings him a Diet coke.

ELLIS

John, they're giving me a few minutes
to try and talk some sense into you.
I know you think you're doing your
job, and I can appreciate that, but
you're just dragging this thing out.
None of us gets out of here until
these people can negotiate with the
LA police, and they're just not gonna
start doing that until you stop
messing up the works.

MCCLANE

(carefully)
Ellis, what have you told them?

ELLIS

I told them we're old friends and you
were my guest at the party.

McClane sighs, partially relieved. Hans meanwhile, narrows his
eyes.

MCCLANE

Ellis...you shouldn't be doing
this...

ELLIS

Tell me about it.

He looks at Hans, who gives him a nod.

ELLIS

All right...John, listen to me...
They want you to tell them where the
detonators are. They know people are
listening. They want the detonators
of they're going to kill me.

Ellis gives Hans a big "ok" sign. Hans returns it.

236 **INT. POLICE TRAILER - ON POWELL, ROBINSON - SAME** 236

and others listening intently. McClane closes his eyes and
leans his head back again. He knows what is going to happen,
even if this poor bastard Ellis doesn't.

ELLIS' VOICE

John, didn't you hear me?

MCCLANE

(to CB, quietly)
Yeah, I hear you, you fucking moron!

ELLIS

John, I think you could get with
the program a little. The police
are here now. It's their problem.
Tell these guys where the detonators
are so no one else gets hurt. Hey,

I'll put him behind bars myself!

POWELL

(amused)

He's alone, tired, hunted, and hasn't seen diddly-squat from us and you think he gives a flying fuck about what you're going to do to him? Robinson, wake up and smell the shit you're shoveling!

ROBINSON

(cold)

Anytime you want to go home, Sergeant...consider yourself dismissed.

They lock eyes.

POWELL

No Sir. You couldn't drag me away.

HANS' VOICE

(over CB)

Attention police. Attention police.

It's asses and elbows time. Tape recorders are started.

POWELL

(starting to speak)

This is --

ROBINSON

(taking the CB away)

This is Deputy Chief Robinson. Who is this?

INTERCUT:

241 **HANS' OFFICE**

241

HANS

This is Hans Gruber. I assume you realize the futility of direct action against me. We have no wish for further loss of life.

ROBINSON

What do you wish for, Mister Gruber?

HANS

I have comrades in arms around the world who are languishing in prison. The American State Department enjoys rattling its saber to its own ends... now it can rattle it for me.

INTERCUT:

242 **MCCLANE**

242

Listening to this with expressions ranging from astonishment to dismay to outright derisive amusement.

HANS' VOICE

...The following people are to be released from their captors: In Northern Ireland, the seven members of the New Provo Front. In Canada, the five imprisoned leaders of Liberte de Quebec...

243 **HANS' OFFICE**

243

HANS

...in Sri Lanka, the nine members of the Asian Dawn movement...

KARL

(sotto)

'Asian Dawn Movement?'

HANS

(off-mike, a shrug)

I read about them in Time magazine.

(on mike)

When these Revolutionary Brothers and Sisters are Free, the hostages in this building will be taken to the roof and they will accompany us in helicopters to the Los Angeles International Airport where you will be given further instructions. You have two hours to

comply.

ROBINSON

Two hours? Are you insane? I can't authorize...hello? Hello?

KARL

Do you think they'll even try to do it?

HANS

Who cares?
(on another channel)
Theo. Are we on schedule?

INTERCUT:

244 VAULT ROOM 244

Theo and Kristoff have been rewarded with another LOCK DEACTIVATED.

THEO

One more to go...then it's up to you.

*

The graphic on his screen flashes: "WARNING: ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SEAL ARMED."

*

*

THEO

And you better be right, because this one's going to take a miracle.

HANS

It's Christmas, Theo, it's the time of miracles. So be of good cheer and call me when you hit the last lock.

*

(disconnecting)

Karl...hunt the little shit down and get those detonators.

*

KARL

Franco is checking the explosives, Fritz is with him.

HANS

I'll check the explosives. You just get those detonators.

245 MCCLANE - 32ND FLOOR 245

As he talks, he essentially PATROLS the floor he's staked out, constantly looking into every dark corner, gun held ready, moving toward the stairwell.

MCCLANE

Al? Al, you there?

POWELL

I'm here, cowboy.

MCCLANE

Speaking of cows, did you ever hear so much bullshit in your life? Two hours? That doesn't even make any sense --

POWELL

Don't tell me, partner. I'm just a desk jockey who was on the way home when you rang.

MCCLANE

The way you drove that car, I figured you for the streets.

POWELL

In my youth, partner. In my youth.

246 INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT 246

Gail and Harvey have company, a man from the Senator Paul Simon's school of grooming.

GAIL

(in mid-speech)
...author of...
(holding up a copy)
'Hostage/Terrorist, Terrorist/Hostage, a Study in Duality.' Dr. Hasseldorf,

what can we expect in the next few hours?

HASELDORF

Well, Gail, by this time the hostages and their captors should be entering the early stages of the Helsinki Syndrome.

HARVEY

As in Helsinki, Sweden?

247 **CONTROL ROOM** 247

Sam sighs, shakes his head.

HASELDORF

(over monitor)

Uh...Finland. Basically, it's when the hostages and the terrorists go through a sort of psychological transference and projection of dependency...

248 **INT. NAKATOMI - HOSTAGE FLOOR** 248

Fritz drags Ellis' body out of the office and throws it on the floor.

HASELDORF

(over Hans' TV)

What can only be described as a strange sort of trust and bond develops...We've had situations where hostages have embraced their captors after their release and in one case even corresponded with them in prison...

249 **INT. BUILDING - MACHINE FLOOR** 249

Hans turns, looks up at the ceiling. Too dim up there to see from here. He sighs, sets his gun down on a buttress, starts to climb up, not enjoying it.

250- **OUT** **OUT** 250-
253 253

CUT TO:

254 **OUTSIDE THE BUILDING** 254

Robinson looks at a YOUNG COP, reacts, startled:

ROBINSON

The...the FBI? Here? Now?

YOUNG COP

Yessir. Right over there.

Robinson looks at Powell, adjusts his clothing, fixes his tie.

POWELL

(dryly)

You want a breath mint?

Robinson glares at him, then they move together towards:

255 **A BIG DARK GOVERNMENT CAR** 255

Headlights still on, dominating the area where it sits. Robinson steps up, sees:

256 **HIS P.O.V. - FBI AGENTS** 256

They get out. One big back lit SILHOUETTE, one little one.

BIG JOHNSON

(showing badge)

I'm Special Agent Johnson of the FBI. This is Agent Johnson...no relation.

ROBINSON

(stepping forward, plastic smile)

Dwayne Robinson, LAPD. I'm in charge here.

BIG JOHNSON

Not any more.

As Robinson REACTS, we GO TO:

257 **THE MECHANICAL FLOOR - TIGHT ON HANS** 257

He checks the plastique, not pleased. He turns, DROPS to the floor.

258 **LOW ANGLE** 258

He lands, knees bent...looks directly at a PAIR OF BARE FEET. A GUN BARREL DROPS INTO THE SHOT close to his head.

MCCLANE

Lost?

259 **NEW ANGLE** 259

A moment. And then Hans turns, looks up.

The transformation in his expression and bearing are mind-boggling. Hands shaking, eyes filled with fear, he swallows, looks up at McClane and in a perfect American accent says:

HANS

--ohGodplease -- don't kill me --
don't kill me -- you're one of them,
I know it --

MCCLANE

(thrown, unsure)

Whoa, whoa, easy man. I won't hurt
you. Who are you? What are you
looking for?

Hans' eyes dart towards:

260 **THE BUTTRESS TEN FEET AWAY** 260

Where a tiny piece of his gun sticks out, barely visible.

261 **BACK TO SCENE** 261

HANS

A way up to the roof...I thought I
could signal for help --

He starts in that direction.

MCCLANE

Forget it. They got a guy up there.
You want to stay alive, keep moving.
Hey? You hear me?

Hans realizes this tack won't work. He follows McClane.

HANS

You...you're an American?

MCCLANE

(friendly, easing the
man's fears)

Only if New Jersey counts.

It works. The poor frightened civilian shows a hint of a smile.

CUT TO:

261-A **OUTSIDE BUILDING** 261-A

ROBINSON

(in mid-speech to FBI)

We've got thirty, maybe thirty-five
hostages, probably on the 30th floor...
seven, maybe eight terrorists.

LITTLE JOHNSON

(to Big Johnson)

Sounds like a standard A-7 scenario.

Big Johnson nods in agreement, turns to Robinson.

BIG JOHNSON

Thank you. We'll handle it from
here. When we need to commandeer
your men, we'll try and let you know.

He starts to move away with his partner.

POWELL

(angry)

Aren't you forgetting something?

Johnson and Johnson turn. Robinson wants Powell to shut up.

BIG JOHNSON

Such as...?

POWELL

(pointing to the building)
John McClane! He's the man who gave
us all the information we've got!
He's the reason you're facing seven
terrorists instead of twelve.

LITTLE JOHNSON

He's inside? Who is he?

ROBINSON

(nodding)
He may be a cop...we're checking
on that --

BIG JOHNSON

One of yours?

ROBINSON

(too quickly)
No, sir.

BIG JOHNSON

(after a moment)
If he's not a terrorist, and he's
not a hostage...he's just not part
of the equation.

They start to walk away.

POWELL

(indignant)
T...that's the same Goddamn thing
the terrorists said!

LITTLE JOHNSON

(interested)
Really?
(to Big Johnson)
That's one good thing. Sound like
we're dealing with pros.

They leave.

CUT TO:**262 THE COMPUTER FLOOR****262**

McClane and Hans walk together. Hans is still a "nervous wreck."

HANS

(nodding)
There was a party -- celebration --
all of a sudden they were there --
shooting -- threatening us --

263 CLOSER SHOT**263**

McClane looks at this poor civilian, on the edge of going to
pieces. He puts his hand on his shoulder.

MCCLANE

Relax, man...you smoke?

Hans nods, still "frightened". McClane takes out his spoils
of war, the Marlboros. Two left. He sighs, takes one, offers
the other one with an expression like a little boy forced to
share a cookie. McClane takes out a lighter, does his and
Hans'. Hans nods, grateful...then peers at McClane.

HANS

You...you don't work for Nakatomi...
and if you're not one of them...

MCCLANE

I'm a cop from New York.

HANS

(puzzled)
New York...

MCCLANE

(explaining)
They invited me to the Xmas party.
Who knew?

Hans' eyes take in his bare feet.

MCCLANE

Better than being caught with your
pants down, right?

(extending his hand)
John McClane.

HANS
(shaking hands)
William Clay.
(smiling)
Call me Bill.

McClane nods, friendly like, and his eyes glance casually over at:

264 **THE WALL - A ROSTER OF NAKATOMI EMPLOYEES** 264

In alphabetical order. CAMERA MOVES OVER the "c's": CAMPBELL, S.: CLAY, WM.: CRAWFORD, L...PANS BACK TO CLAY.

265 **BACK TO SCENE** 265

MCCLANE
Bill, you know how to use a handgun?

HANS
(hesitant)
One weekend I went to a combat ranch...
(apologetic)
You know, that game with the, the guns
that shoot red paint? Must sound
pretty silly to you...

MCCLANE
Sounds better than nothing.

McClane takes out his Baretta, pops out the magazine, jams in a fresh one and hands it to him.

MCCLANE
Time for the real thing.

McClane turns, moves on...we STAY ON him until he REACTS to a CLICK. He slowly turns:

265-A **NEW ANGLE** 265-A

Hans is...well, Hans again, from expression to posture. He holds the pistol aimed at McClane's face and talks calmly into his radio in German.

HANS
Karl! Franco! I'm on 33. Come
quickly.
(to McClane)
Put down your gun and give me my
detonators.

McClane just looks at him.

MCCLANE
Hans. Your Hans.

HANS
(nods, indicating McClane's
gun again)
Put it down now.

MCCLANE
That was tricky, with the accent.
I bet you do a great Ed Sullivan.
Why do you need the detonators, Hans?
I already used the explosives.

HANS
I'm going to count to three...

MCCLANE
(cold)
Yeah. Like you did with Takagi.

McClane raises his machine gun, aims at Hans. Hans PULLS THE TRIGGER.

Click. Astonishment. Click-click-click. McClane steps in carefully, reclaims his pistol.

MCCLANE
You think I'm a shmuck, Hans.

Hans pales as we hear the ding of an approaching elevator.

HANS
You were saying.

HANS

Smile, Karl. We are back in business.

CUT TO:**285 INT. TV TRAILER 285****HASSELDORF**

(on monitor here)

...all depends on what we mean by
 "Terror." If Clauswitz could say
 'War is the last resort of Deplomacy,'
 couldn't we just as well say that
 terrorism has an equal claim to...

Mary comes inside, grinning ear to ear. Thornburg looks up from
 his danish, a cute little chin napkin protecting his shirt
 collar.

THORNBURG

You got something?

MARY

(waving a paper)

Just McClane's name, badge number,
 police record, vital statistics...
 (the ringer)
 ...And his family's address right
 here in L.A.

As Thornburg GRINS we GO TO:

286 HOSTAGE FLOOR 286

Eddie and Uli are guarding the hostages. Hans and Karl return.
 Hans tosses the bag of detonators to Uli, who grins, leaves.

287 HOLLY AND GINNY 287

Holly has watched all this nervously. But Ginny's eyes follow
 Karl, who doesn't share the mood of the others.

GINNY

That one look pissed, Ms. Gennero...

HOLLY

(relieved)

Thank God.

(explaining)

He's still alive.

CUT TO:**288 UPSTAIRS - WASHROOM 288**

The door JARS open. McClane all but crawls inside. As he
 passes the CAMERA we SEE his dragging foot leaving a trail
 of blood on the linoleum.

CUT TO:**289 VAULT ROOM - SAME TIME 289**

Theo and Kristoff REACT, delighted, as they get the message
 SIXTH LOCK DEACTIVATED. Suddenly a BUZZER SOUNDS and the
 graphic flashes: "ELECTROMAGNETIC SEAL ENGAGED. CANNOT
 BE DISARMED AT THIS LOCATION. TERMINATE SEQUENCE (Y/N)?"

THEO

You better heat up that miracle
 you were talking about. We broke
 through on Number Six, and the
 Electromagentic came down like a
 sledgehammer...

*

INTERCUT:**290 HANS' OFFICE 290****HANS**

(unphased)

Well have a look at what our friends
 outside are doing and I'll be right
 up.

*

291 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 291

Wincing in pain, McClane washes his foot in a sink basin. He
 washes a deep cut, soaps it, but the pain doesn't relent. He
 When a VOICE speaks, he JUMPS, realizes it's the CB.

POWELL

(on CB)

Roy? You still with us?

MCCLANE

Yeah. But all things being equal,
I'd rather be in Philadelphia. By
the way, chalk up two more terrorists.

INTERCUT:292 **POWELL - OUTSIDE**

292

POWELL

They boys'll be glad. We got a pool
going on you.

McClane tries to wrap paper towels on the foot but his grimace
shows that is still hurts like hell.

MCCLANE

(through his teeth)

Yeah? What's the odds?

POWELL

You don't want to know.

Suddenly remembering an NYPD course in first aid from ten years
ago, McClane removes the improvised bandage, check the cut
more carefully.

MCCLANE

(as he work)

Put me down for twenty anyway...I'm
good for it...so, what got you off the
street, Al? You liked lousy coffee,
or what?

Powell doesn't answer right away. At the same time, McClane
swallows, seeing a gleam inside his foot. He gingerly probes,
and pulls out a shard of glass almost three inches long from its
angled gash, his mouth twisted in a silent scream all the way.

POWELL'S VOICE

I...realized I couldn't do what I
had to anymore...at least not out
there. I had an...accident.

McClane throws the glass across the room, forehead bathed in
sweat.

MCCLANE

(weakly)

They way you drive, I can see why.

POWELL

(beat, serious)

I...I shot a kid.

Realizing what he's hearing for the first time, McClane's face
shifts to a new kind of pain.

POWELL

(soft)

Eleven years ago. Oh, it was dark...
he was big for his age...damn ray gun
he had looked real enough...yeah, I had
all the right excuses...but afterwards...
I really couldn't draw my gun again.

MCCLANE

I...I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make
a joke of it.

POWELL

(offhand)

Hey, you couldn't know.

MCCLANE

I still feel like shit.

POWELL

Then this won't matter.
(reluctantly)
LAPD's not calling the shots anymore.

And as McClane REACTS we GO TO:

293 **INT. VAULT ROOM - NIGHT**

293

Hans and Theo lean over a monitor watching a DWP truck near
the parking garage.

THEO

*

(tapping the screen)
 There's the city engineers...they're
 going into the street circuits...But
 who are these guys in the suits?

HANS

*

That's the FBI...ordering them to cut
 the building's power. They're as
 regular as clockwork...or a time lock...

ON Theo's look:

HANS

...the circuits that cannot be cut...
 are cut automatically in reponse to
 a terrorist incident...You ask for
 miracles, Theo...I give you the FBI...

THEO

When you're hot, you're hot.

CUT TO:

*

294 EXT. BUILDING**294**

As we saw on Theo's screen, the Johnsons and Robinson and
 Powell are my a MANHOLE with a CITY ENGINEER. A big CONTROL
 BOX is there, cables snaking into the ground where another
 CITY WORKER finishes WELDING a last connection.

GUY IN MANHOLE

We're spliced in down the line.

LITTLE JOHNSON

Do it...now.

The engineer THROWS GIANT LEVERS. Inside the manhole, SPARKS
 SIZZLE and massive contacts CLUNK.

295 THE BUILDING**295**

One by one, all the light on all the floors GO OUT.

296 MCCLANE**296**

in the bathroom, ripping off his shirt and tying it around his
 foot, he REACTS --

MCCLANE

(into CB)

Powell? What's going on?

INTERCUT:**297 OUTSIDE****297****POWELL**

(watching the others)

Ask the FBI. They've got the terrorist
 playbook and they're running it, step
 by step.

McClane reacts, worried; he knows better.

298 THE HOSTAGES**298**

groan with this new problem:

299 THE VAULT ROOM**299**

Theo and Kristoff and Hans huddle over the computer monitor
 screen as if it was a warm fireplace. Theo points to the
 computer screen; all they can do is wait.

We HEAR the HUMM of a portable generator. The lights go OFF.
 The computer screen stays ON. Theo looks over at the safe.

300 SAFE LED READOUT**300**

It still reads "FIBER OPTIC TIME LOCK CANNOT BE DISARMED AT
 THIS LOCATION. TERMINATE SEQUENCE (Y/N)?"

301 BACK TO SCENE**301****KRISTOFF**

Damn! It didn't go!

THEO

They're on the building circuit...
 it's too local.

HANS

Encourage them to be bolder.

THEOThe only thing left for them is the
City Grid...

(worried, typing)

...They may not do it.

302 EXT. BUILDING 302Just as the Johnsons are looking SMUG...all the floors GO
BACK ON, one by one!**LITTLE JOHNSON**

Shit!

(turning, to the
Engineer)

Cut it again. Go wider.

ENGINEER

I can't go wider here...

(to Robinson, looking
for help)...I'd have to call downtown have
them take down one of the city
grids..you're talking ten square
block --**ROBINSON**

-- ten blocks?

(to Big Johnson)

Are you crazy? It's Christmas Eve,
thousands of people -- the Mayor'll
scream bloody murder --**BIG JOHNSON**(ignoring Robinson,
to the Engineer)We must shut down the building. Go
wider --!**ENGINEER**

I need authorization --

BIG JOHNSONAuthorization? How about the
United States Fucking Government?
Lose the grid or lose your job!The engineer looks at Robinson. No help. The engineer looks
at his guy in the manhole, shrugs. No choice.**ENGINEER**

(takes phone)

Central. This is Walt, out at
Nakatomi. I want you to shut down
grid 212.

(listens)

No shit, it's my ass. Just shut it
down now.Pause...pause...AND THEN THE FLOORS OF THE BUILDING ALL GO
OUT AGAIN.**303 IN THE VAULT ROOM 303**

EMERGENCY LIGHTING FLICKS ON. An ALARM "beep-beep-beeps."

304 THE LED READOUT ON THE SAFE 304changes to "FIBER OPTIC TIME LOCK DEACTIVATED AT SOURCE.
SEVENTH LOCK DISENGAGED."**305 BACK TO SCENE 305**

With a dramatic HUM worthy of 2001, the vault door OPENS!

306 OUTSIDE 306

The FBI guys look at the dark building, than at the LAPD guys.

BIG JOHNSONThat should shake'em up. With all
the power shut down, those bastards
are probably scared shitless.**307 IN THE VAULT ROOM 307**The safe door finishes its ponderous move, CLUNKS to a halt.
Theo and Kristoff LAUGH, give each other high fives. Even Hans

loses his usual cool, slaps Theo on the back as Theo and Kristoff CHEER.

CUT TO:

308 **THORNBURG'S TV TRUCK** 308

drives along a residential street. We SEE the Nakatomi tower in the b.g., spotlighted by the police beams. Thornburg checks a map, POINTS a turn out to the driver.

CUT TO:

309 **OUTSIDE THE NAKATOMI BUILDING** 309

Powell looks up at the dark structure lit only by emergency lighting. He sidles over to the FBI men.

POWELL

(dryly)

What do we do now, arrest them for not paying their electric bill?

LITTLE JOHNSON

(sharply)

We let them sweat awhile. Then, when they're expecting helicopters...

(pause)

...We give them helicopters...

BIG JOHNSON

(nodding)

Right up the ass.

(into another communicator)

This is Johnson...no the other one. I want that air support ready to lift off in five minutes...Damn right fully armed. We're on our way.

(into CB)

Attention in the building.

INTERCUT:

310 **VAULT ROOM** 310

Hans talks while Theo and Kristoff tackle the problem of unloading the racks and racks of bonds and transferring them to the black cases.

HANS

This is Hans...

BIG JOHNSON

This is Agent Johnson of the FBI. The State Department has arranged for the release of your comrades. The helicopters you requested are on the way.

HANS

I hear you, FBI. We'll be ready.

He disconnects, smiles at Theo.

HANS

When they touch down and we blow the roof, they'll spend a month sifting through the bodies and rubble. By the time they figure out what went wrong...

(smiling at the

irony)

...we'll be earning twenty percent like nice fat Capitalists.

BIG JOHNSON

(disconnecting, grinning)

By the time he figures out what hit him he'll be in a body bag.

The Johnsons exit. Powell and Robinson look at each other, unhappy. Powell's CB HISSES --

MCCLANE'S VOICE

Powell, listen...

Powell moves off to be alone.

INTERCUT:

311 **INT. BATHROOM** 311

POWELL

I'm here, John.

McClane tries walking on his foot. He winces in pain, clearly at the end of his resources.

MCCLANE

(long pause)

Look...I'm getting a bad feeling up here...I'd like you to do something for me. Look up my wife...don't ask how, you'll know by then...and tell her...tell her...I've been a jerk. When things panned out for her, I should've been behind her all the way ...We had something great going until I screwed it up...She was the best thing that ever happened to a bum like me. She's heard me say I love you a thousand times, but she never got to hear this...honey...I'm sorry.

(pause)

You get all that?

POWELL

(clearly touched)

I got it. But you can tell her yourself. Just watch your ass and you'll make it.

MCCLANE

I hope so. But that's up to the guy upstairs.

(pause; struck by a thought)

Upstairs...

(thinking, to himself)

...Hans, you bastard...what were you doing?

POWELL

Roy?

MCCLANE

Stand by, Powell. I gotta check something out.

He moves towards the door, limping hurriedly out of the room.

CUT TO:

312 **HOLLY'S FRONT DOOR**

312

Thornburg's got one foot literally in the doorway, but since Paulina still has the chain on, it's not quite enough.

THORNBURG

(to Paulina)

One minute, that's all we ask. You could be denying them their last chance to talk to their parents.

PAULINA

I'm sorry...Mrs. Holly says I couldn't let strangers into --

THORNBURG

Strangers? I'm with KFLW TV, that's affiliated with the FCC, and I'm sure you know that's the United States government...just like the INS?

As she wavers...

CUT TO:

313 **THE MECHANICAL FLOOR**

313

McClane hobbles in here, favoring his foot. He retraces his steps earlier, mentally replaying his meeting with Hans.

MCCLANE

I was here...he was...

His eyes flick over the area...then he looks up. Seeing something, he moves closer. He sets down his CB and then, with difficulty, he climbs up on a thick pipe, flicks his lighter and hold its high.

314 **HIS P.O.V.**

314

Explosives are everywhere.

...because he's a very brave policeman.
And your mom has shown just as much
courage. But is there something you
would like to say to them if they're
watching?

John Jr. says nothing, but Lucy looks at the camera.

LUCY

Come home.

324 HOLLY **324**

She struggles to stay composed...can't. She slowly turns her
head, looks at Hans.

325 HER P.O.V. - HANS **325**

He's looking away from us, at the picture of the children on
her desk. He turns back and looks at her. He smiles.

HANS

Mrs. McClane. How nice to make your
acquaintance.

He raises his weapon...but he only shoot it into the ceiling,
making everyone jump!

HANS

(shouting)
On your feet, everyone! Upstairs,
now!
(quietly, to Uli)
You'll lock them up there and come
right down...

Uli nods and he and Eddie help herd everyone towards the stairs.
Hans moves forward...grabs Holly himself.

CUT TO:

326 THE MACHINE FLOOR **326**

McClane and Karl move towards each other, each sizing the other
up, each looking over the terrain.

MCCLANE

Better this way, isn't it? I mean,
any faggot can shoot a gun.

This time Karl doesn't take the bait. Then, when he
does charge, it's unexpected.

The two men fight brutally, Karl bringing years of martial
training to this moment, McClane bringing nothing but the street.

327 NEW ANGLE **327**

MCCLANE

You should've heard your brother
scream when I broke his fucking
neck...

Karl steps in quickly with a deadly move. McClane twists free,
slams an elbow into Karl's kidney. Karl backs off, circles
McClane with new respect.

CUT TO:

328 INSIDE AN FBI CHOPPER - IN FLIGHT **328**

THROUGH THE CANOPY we SEE another flanking chopper. Johnson
and Johnson are here, helmets and mikes on. Big Johnson checks
aerial maps while Little Johnson checks ammo clips for his
sniper scoped assault rifle.

BIG JOHNSON

(shouting, to the pilot)
Stay low. They're expecting transports,
not gunships.

LITTLE JOHNSON

(shouting over the noise
of the rotors)
What do you figure on breakage?

BIG JOHNSON

I figure we take out all the terrorists,
and lose 20 percent of the hostages...
25, tops.

LITTLE JOHNSON

I can live with those numbers.

CUT TO:

- 329 VAULT FLOOR 329**
- Theo and Kristoff load the bonds into the big cases which carried all their gear when they entered. As Hans and Eddie come in they look curiously at Holly.
- HANS**
A little bonus for us.
(shoving her forward violently)
A policeman's wife might come in handy.
- He picks up a CB, speaks into it.
- HANS**
McClane! McClane! I have some news for you...McClane?
- 330 THE MACHINE FLOOR 330**
- TILT UP from the CB radio Karl smashed.
- Karl and McClane are in the b.g., almost toe to toe, all their tricks played out, going at it with animal instinct.
- 331 THE VAULT ROOM 331**
- HANS**
McClane?
(pause, then on a new channel)
Karl? Karl?
- Nothing. He looks at Theo.
- HANS**
Hurry.
- 332 THE ROOF 332**
- Uli herds the hostages up onto the roof, pushing the last few out.
- 333 LONG SHOT - FBI CHOPPERS - DOWN AVE. OF THE STARS 333**
- They float toward us, hugging the street, their prop wash shaking the trees.
- 334 POWELL AND ROBINSON 334**
- Following them with their eyes, for once sharing the same opinion.
- 335 HOSTAGES ON THE ROOF 335**
- They see their very own Christmas decorations, the friendly copter lights, and begin to smile and cheer. Uli smiles to himself, moves towards the door:
- 336 VAULT ROOM 336**
- Theo closes the lid of a bond-stuffed case, carries it out of the room. Holly's eyes follow his exit while the others continue.
- HOLLY**
(to Hans, scornfully)
After all your posturing, all your speeches...you're nothing but a common thief.
- HANS**
I'm an exceptional thief, Mrs. McClane. And now that I'm moving up to kidnapping, you should be more polite.
- He SLAPS her.
- 337 MACHINE FLOOR 337**
- Karl drives McClane back with a sweeping head kick. Another one. McClane is staggering. He gets in one hard punch and then Karl charges at him. McClane falls backwards, drives his legs upwards, propelling Karl into the air:
- 338 LOW ANGLE 338**
- Karl goes into a loop of chain hanging over a turbine, becomes entangled.

(he blows smoke
from his pistol
barrel)
We are cowboys.

390 VAULT ROOM - WIDER 390

Incredibly, Hans still stands, eyes filled with shock and disbelief. He REELS, falls against the windowsill, starts to TOPPLE -- and then he GRITS his teeth and from some inward place finds a last reserve of strength and he GRABS:

391 HOLLY'S WRIST 391

and she is YANKED off her feet!

392 BACK TO SCENE 392

Hans goes out the window, pulling Holly with him! McClane LEAPS forward, catches her inside arm near the elbow at the last minute!

393 EXT. BUILDING - LONG SHOT 393

The roof still in flames, McClane hangs halfway out of the window, jagged glass raking his face, straining to hold onto Holly as Hans drags her out!

McClane braces himself against the window frame and strains to pull Holly closer. With a MOAN, she catches the windowsill with her inside hand. McClane STRETCHES with his other hand, begins to INCH towards Holly's wristband.

394 HANS' HAND - WIDEN 394

A death grip on the watchband. We WIDEN, SEE that, blood flecked teeth GRITTING, he is STRAINING with his other hand to bring up the gun he is still holding!

395 MCCLANE 395

Holly's SCREAM alerts him. Hans locks eyes with McClane one last time, starts to pull the trigger, as:

396 VERY CLOSE 396

McClane RELEASES the latch on the watchband! The overtaxed metal SNAPS, links flying:

397 WIDER 397

Hans' face registers his horror as he and most of the watch suddenly drop.

We LISTEN to his scream all the way down, finally HEAR him HIT.

McClane pulls Holly back into the room and holds her.

MCCLANE

It's okay, babe. It's okay.

He looks down at Hans' body, then back at the scrap of wristband he's still holding.

MCCLANE

You got a warrant on this?

She laughs through her tears, holds onto him.

DISSOLVE TO:

398 EXT. BUILDING - DAWN 398

Smoke drifts up from what has suddenly become the top floor. Thornburg's remote truck careens into the parking lot.

399 CLOSER 399

A crowd watches as the front doors of the building open. We SEE McClane, who holds up Holly and in turn is supported by SWAT men. As REPORTERS start shouting questions, McClane breaks free of his entourage, and, holding Holly, pushes into the crowd.

MCCLANE

(calling out)
Al? Al, you here -- ?

The crowd eddys and surges...suddenly Powell is there, and McClane knows it's him. They stare at each other, ten feet apart, and then they're grinning, extending their hands. But somehow a shake isn't enough, and they're embracing each other

like men who've lived through combat together...which, in fact, is the truth.

MCCLANE

(emotional)

Al. Man, you were my rock. I couldn't have made it without you.

POWELL

Bullshit.

MCCLANE

I'm serious. Hey, this is my wife... Holly Gennero.

HOLLY

(taking Powell's hand, correcting)

Holly McClane.

Hearing this, McClane grins, pulls her close. *

POWELL

(to her)

A pleasure. I guess John doesn't need me to give you that message anymore.

HOLLY

(puzzled)

Message?

McClane begins to make silent "ixney" gestures in Powell's direction.

POWELL

You know, about him being such a jerk -- and how he's really sor -- (seeing McClane) -- ee...Uh, I'm sure he'll fill you in.

Just then Robinson barges forward.

ROBINSON

I want you for debrief, McClane. You've got some things to answer for -- Ellis' murder -- property damage -- interfering with police business -- *

A SCREAM causes McClane to turn.

400 **HIS P.O.V.** 400

There in the doorway is Karl, clothing and body scorched. Easily as crusted in dirt and blood as McClane, he holds his machine gun.

401 **EXT. BUILDING** 401

As the crowd panics trying to escape, Karl locks eyes with McClane and levels his gun. McClane throws Holly to the ground and grabs the dumbstruck Robinson's sidearm.

But he doesn't get off a shot -- a lone gunshot stops Karl -- knocking him back through the doorway. McClane looks back to see Powell still sighting down the barrel of his .38.

His hand is rock steady. He sees McClane's look.

POWELL

(shrugging)

You were right. You couldn't have made it without me.

They smile. Suddenly McClane and Holly squint as LIGHTS pan onto them. Thornburg pushes his way forward, mike extended like a weapon.

THORNBURG

Mr. McClane...Mrs. McClane...any comment on your incredible ordeal? What are your feelings now that it's all over?

Without a beat, Holly PUNCHES HIM in the chops. He FALLS, dropping the mike with an electronic SQUEAL. McClane looks at his wife, amazed. Behind them, Thornburg sits on the ground, * nurses his lip, turns to his cameraman.

THORNBURG

(eager) *
Did you get that?

McClane and Holly continue on, turn towards: *

402 **ARGYLE'S LIMO** 402

It's a little smashed up, but still running. Argyle is standing beside the open door. McClane and Holly get in and Argyle closes the door.

ARGYLE
(getting in the
front)
If this is their idea of Christmas
I gotta be there for New Year's.

CAMERA ADJUSTS TO SHOW the rear window where McClane and Holly are kissing. As they drive off, we:

FADE OUT

THE END

Twentieth Century Fox SCRIPT DEPARTMENT
10201 W. Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90035
Telephone: (213) 203-2494