

**DIE HARD 2**

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**SHOOTING SCRIPT**  
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**(X)**

**DIE HARD 2**

WHILE WE'RE IN BLACK we HEAR a PNEUMATIC "KA-CHUNK" and then

**MCCLANE'S VOICE**

Holy shit, whoa, whoa -

**FADE IN:**

**1 EXT. DULLES TERMINAL - DAY 1**

JOHN MCCLANE, long topcoat FLAPPING, comes running out of the terminal towards an AIRPORT COP in plastic covered uniform who is supervising a TOW TRUCK DRIVER who in turn is manhandling a sedate sedan with Virginia plates and a "GRANDMOTHER ON BOARD" sign on the rear window.

**MCCLANE**

I'm here, I'm here, false alarm, let's just let her down nice and easy -

**COP**

Sure. At the impound lot.

**(POINTING)**

Next time, read the sign.

**MCCLANE**

You don't understand, I'm just meeting my wife's-plane - you gotta give me this car back.

**COP**

Sure. Tomorrow 8 to four, you pay 40 bucks, we give it back.

**MCCLANE**

This is my mother in law's car. She

already hates me because I'm not a

**DENTIST -**

**(SHOWING-BADGE)**

See, I'm a cop. LAPD. How about  
some team spirit?

**COP**

I was in LA once. Hated it.

**CONTINUED**

**2**

**(X)**

**1 CONTINUED -**

**MCCLANE**

(going with the flow)  
I can relate to that. Hate it myself-  
(turning to tow guy)  
Hey, that's a plastic fender, Jesus-  
(back to cop)  
See, I used to be a New York cop still  
got my ID somewhere -I only moved  
'cause my wife got promoted - look,  
maybe we can settle this right here,  
we're in Washington, heartbeat of  
Democracy, one hand washes the other  
He realizes the truck is DRIVING AWAY one way while the cop is  
i going off the other way - McClane votes for the cop -

**MCCLANE**

Hey, c'mon, it's Christmas -

**COP**

So Ask Santa to bring you another  
car.

**I**

**MCCLANE**

**(SOTTO)**

You son of a -  
BEEP drowns out his last word. McClave sweeps aside his coat,  
finds the beeper on his belt. He looks at the obviously  
unfamiliar number on the read out in puzzlement, then runs into  
the terminal.

**2 INT. DULLES TERMINAL - DAY 2**

CHRISTMAS MUSIC wafting through the building from a SCHOOL CHOIR

perched in front of a massive, three-story window. Blase travelers PAUSE in their hectic rush to applaud the angelic voices.

McClane shoves his way through some people - when they GLARE at him he quickly APPLAUDS the kids, pulls up at an INFORMATION BOOTH - the girl there is watching a LITTLE TV on the shelf out of sight from the public.

**MCCLANE 1ST NEWSCASTER**

Telephones? (on TV)

.and that White Christmas  
INFORMATION GIRL may be here for a while, if  
(pointing) that new storm front moves  
Right over there. to the Metro area this  
afternoon as predicted.  
McClane nods, serves across the slick linoleum.

**CONTINUED**

**3**

**(X)**

**2 CONTINUED - 2**

1ST NEWSCASTER(cont'd)  
Correspondent Leonard Adkins is in  
a warmer clime, with a story that  
grows hotter by the minute.

**2A WITH MCCLANE 2A**

he fairly SKIDS to a halt at a line of PHONE BOOTHS - and outside  
each booth a long LINE of people with their armfuls of luggage

**A**

and gifts.  
McClane's BEEPER goes off again.

**MCCLANE**

**(DESPONDENT)**

Ho - ho - ho...

**3 3**

thru OMITTED thru

**4 4**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. AIRPORT - THROUGH WINDOW - SAME TIME**

**I**

A plane TAKES OFF. We PULL BACK and realize we're in a MOTEL  
ROOM. The TV is on and we SEE the TV PICTURE CHANGE to a

TROPICAL AIRFIELD. Khaki-clad heavily armed SOLDIERS form a cordon as a stiff-backed handsome MAN of 60 in handcuffs and leg chains is hustled aboard a plane.

**2ND NEWSCASTER**

Security was tight today at Escalon airport in the Republic of Val Verde, where government authorities escorted General Ramon Esperanza to the military transport that will bring him to the United States to stand trial for narcotics trafficking. A HAND thrusts in front of the CAMERA - FINGERS clenching and curling oddly.

**6 WIDER 6**

A half naked MAN is doing Tai Ch'i EXERCISES. This is COLONEL WILLIAM STUART, U.S.A. (Ret.) His body is hard, with SCARS from knives and bullets. On the TV, the words "FILE TAPE" blink under Esperanza's IMAGE,. here resplendent in a Latin American uniform, reviewing troops in the field and then moving to a table under a tarp to sign documents with American military officers. He hands a COLONEL the pen just used on the document - a souvenir.

**CONTINUED**

**4**

**(X)**

**6 CONTINUED - 6**

**NEWSCASTER**

Only two years ago the controversial General lead his country's Army in its campaign against Communists insurgents - a campaign fought with American money and advisors. Esperanza's fall from power caused

**1**

ripples not only in his country's recent election, but closer to home I as well...

PICTURE CHANGES to some WASHINGTON STEPS. The AMERICAN COLONEL we just saw exits a Federal building with some JUNIOR OFFICERS and attorneys - avoids reporters.

**1**

**NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)**

.when high ranking Pentagon officials were charged with supplying I him with weapons despite the

congressional ban.  
The exercises finished, Stuart FREEZES in an eerie pose, until

**7 HIS HUER CHRONOMETER**

BEEPS an alarm -

**8 BACK TO SCENE 8**

The man uncoils. Composes himself. Goes to the closet.

**NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)**

But mounting evidence that Esperanza's  
forces violated the neutrality of  
neighboring countries made Congress  
withhold funds-funds which Esperanza  
I s accused of replacing by going into  
the 'lucrative business of cocaine  
smuggling.  
,.One topcoat, one suit there, shirt and tie laid out like a  
costume not usually worn. On the shelf above, one PACKAGE in

**DISTINCTIVE CHRISTTMAS WRAP.**

Stewart puts on the shirt. In the pocket is a PEN - the same pen  
we just saw on TV. If we haven't realized it yet, we realize it  
now; t s is the same man.<sup>91</sup>  
Suddenly Stuart WHIRLS like a GUNFIGHTER. But all he's got in  
his hand is the remote control, snatched from the nightstand.

**9 TV 9**

**CONTINUED**

5

(X)

9 CONTINUED - 9

Q

It clicks OFF -

CUT TO:

**10 INT. AIRPORT MOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY 10**

CLOSE on the hallway door as Stuart COMES OUT, the package in  
i his hand, the Huer ticking away. We WIDEN, TRUCK with him as  
he moves down the corridor.

And now we SEE THEM - ten more TALL, HARD men, all coming into  
the hallway from their adjoining rooms within seconds of each  
other, all carrying SIMILAR GIFT WRAPPED PACKAGES.

They get into two adjoining. elevators, the stark LIGHTS above  
their heads and their unmoving expressions making them look like  
Aliens ready to beam up. As the doors CLOSE we

CUT TO:

**11 INT. TERMINAL - DAY 11**

McClane SQUEEZES past an enormous WOMAN exiting a phone booth with a PRESENT as big as she is. Catching his breath, he drops his quarter, dials.

**12 12**

aru OMITTED thru

**13 13**

**CUT TO:**

**14 INT. A JETLINER - INTERCUT 14**

HOLLY MCCLANE is here, AirPhone at her ear and a beautiful SUNSET over the plane's wing visible through the nearby window. With the Compaq portable computer, filofax and calculator piled on it, Holly's seat back table looks like a traveling office.

**MCCLANE**

Hello. This is Lieutenant McClane  
- Somebody there beep me?

**HOLLY**

I'd like to think I'm somebody.

**MCCLANE**

Holly! Did you land?

**HOLLY**

John, wake up. It's the nineties.  
Microchips, microwaves, faxes and  
airphones.

**MCCLANE**

As far as I'm concerned, progress  
peaked with the frozen pizza.

**CONTINUED**

**6**

**(X)**

**14 CONTINUED - 14**

**HOLLY**

We're going to land about thirty  
minutes late, I wanted you to know.  
Kids okay?

**MCCLANE**

Just speeding on sugar, thanks to

your parents. I really appreciate  
you coming a day late, honey. Nothing  
I like better than a weekend with  
the Munsters.

**I**

**HOLLY**

Mom give you any trouble about  
borrowing her new car?

**J**

**MCCLANE**

**(CAREFULLY)**

No... not yet. Uh...how 'bout if  
when you land, we don't drive over  
the river and through the woods to  
Grandma's house, but check into the  
Airport motel?

**HOLLY**

You're on, Lieutenant.  
They both hang up. The OLDER WOMAN beside Holly smiles at her.

**OLDER WOMAN**

Isn't technology wonderful?

**HOLLY**

My husband doesn't think so.

**OLDER WOMAN**

Well, I do. I used to carry around  
those awful mace things -  
She opens her purse and displays a Taser stun gun.  
OLDER WOMAN(cont'd)

**(SHOWING IT)**

Now I zap any bastard who screws with  
me. I tried it on my little dog,  
poor thing, limped for a week.  
As Holly tries to smile politely, we

**CUT TO:**

**15 MCCLANE 15**

Coming out of the phone booth and almost COLLIDING with -

**7**

**(X)**

**16 NEW ANGLE 16**

Colonel Stuart.

**STUART**

Excuse me -

Pause as they dance away from each other. Then -

**I MCCLANE**

--do I know you?

**STUART**

**R (TIGHTLY)**

I... get that a lot. I've... been  
on TV.

**J**

**MCCLANE**

You and me both, pal. The hell with  
it.

Now it's Stuart's turn to look at McClane oddly; then he moves  
off. McClane looks after him, trying to place him... shrugs...  
heads for the bar.

**CUT TO:**

**17 A LITTLE SEMI-RURAL CHURCH - NEAR THE AIRPORT 17**

Charming until the SUB WOOFER ROAR of a big jet SCREAMS by,  
practically in the little church's backyard.

Now we notice that the church is a little run down - trim needing  
paint, sidewalk cracked - and a neat SIGN confirms our

**SUSPICIONS:**

**"FUTURE SITE OF PARISH DAY CARE CENTER.**

**WORSHIP WITH US AT OUR NEW CHURCH,**

**52 KENSINGTON ROAD, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA."**

A DWP VAN pulls up, snow tires CRUNCHING on the driveway here.  
Two MEN (BAKER and THOMPSON) get out in official DWP wardrobe.  
But we remember the trim bodies, trimmer hair... and we remember  
those gift wrapped packages, - which one of these guys carries.

**18 INSIDE THE CHURCH 18**

On a TV here, the newscast CONTINUES, now back to the tropical  
airport. Esperanza is at the top of the steps, waving to the  
press like a triumphant hero - not a felon en route to prison.  
The plane doors close and it taxis down the runway.

WIDEN from the set, which an elderly CUSTODIAN is watching while  
he eats some instant soup. The DOORBELL RINGS. The custodian  
answers it.

**CONTINUED**



(X)

18 CONTINUED - 18

**CUSTODIAN NEWSCASTER'**

Yes? (on TV)

Although Esperanza was  
BAKER removed as Commander in  
Sorry to bother you, sir. Chief earlier this year,  
We're checking our equipment. the agreement to extradite  
Any problems with the conduit him was not reached until  
box in your backyard? yesterday - and Washington  
insiders say it was a phone  
CUSTODIAN call that made it happen -  
Gee, I don't know anything a phone call from an  
about that. angry American President.  
Baker and Thompson glance at each other.

**THOMPSON**

Would you mind if we take a look?

**CUSTODIAN**

Help yourself.

**18A WIDER 18A**

The three men walk down the main aisle of the church. Dust motes  
dance in the colored light.

**CUSTODIAN**

Don't seem right, somehow, closing  
a church down. Oh, I know the parish  
is gonna keep using it, but it won't  
be the same. Been here a lot of  
years; and I been right here with  
it.  
They've arrived at a rear window. FOCUS CHANGE to a green  
CONDUIT BOX on the the church's rear lawn, half covered in snow.  
FOCUS back through the glass. Thompson looks questioningly at  
Baker, who nods.

**CUSTODIAN**

Yep. I kinda feel a part of me is  
dying along with this church.

**BAKER**

Well, you're right about that.  
BLAM BLAM GLAM. BULLETS RIP through the end of the Christmas  
package, SLAM the custodian up and into a row of pews, which

**OVERTURN.**

**19 NEW ANGLE 19**

{ Baker rips the rest of the smoking package away from his  
weapon,  
s li s it over his shoulder and begins to SHOVE the pews aside to  
make a larger open area.  
Thompson, meanwhile, takes out a very futuristic transceiver.  
He turns it ON; getting a RED light; enters a NUMBER CODE on the  
keypad and gets a GREEN LIGHT. There's an EERIE QUALITY to the  
transmission.

**THOMPSON**

This is team one. We're here.

**1**

**NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)**

This is Leonard Adkins, in Val Verde  
- where the war on drugs has finally  
taken its first prisoner.  
With an annoyed expression, Thompson CLICKS OFF the newscast.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. AIRPORT - SERVICE AREA - DAY 20**

Two PAINTERS pull up in a van. Move around the back and start to  
pull out ladders and cans.

**FIRST PAINTER**

Busting our asses Christmas week like  
they're gonna land extra planes if  
we finish -  
Suddenly two MEN O'REILLY and SH DON) are there.

**PAINTER**

Need something?

**O'REILLY**

Yeah.  
BAM! BAM! Both painters are SHOT.  
Quickly, the two men toss their bodies into the rear, get into  
the van... and BACK IT INTO the airport garage.  
O'Reilly enters a NUMBER CODE into a transceiver-

**ORILLY**

into radio, as iffey

**DRIVE)**

Team Two. In position.

**CUT TO:**

(X)

**EXT. SECLUDED VIRGINIA ROAD - DAY 21**

a CYCLONE FENCE and a MICROWAVE DOME fenced in with a sign:

**"PROPERTY OF THE FEDERAL AVIATION AGENCY. NO TRESPASSING."**

\_BURKE and KAHN - two more of those CLEAN CUT MEN are here, just now parking and going to the rear of their rented station wagon. Quickly, they OPEN the trunk - slide, out a long OLIVE DRAB TUBE and a TRIPOD.

**21A CLOSER 21A**

Kahn KICKS spikes on the tripod into the frozen ground to anchor it - TILT UP as a SNAPS the tube ON TOP of it, SWINGS IT AROUND towards the installation -- when

**POLICEMAN'S VOICE**

Hey, you!

**22 A POLICE CAR 22**

Has pulled over across the road. Both OFFICERS get out.

**POLICEMAN (CONT'D)**

} (cocking a SHOTGUN)  
This is .a restricted area! Mind  
telling us what you're doing?

**23 ON THE MEN 23**

A quick look between them... and then .SWIVELS the-long FIRING, the two men tube around! With Kahn LOADING and VjMELN LAUNCH a MISSILE at the police car!

**23A THE POLICE CAR 23A**

EXPLODES, the two cops halfway out swallowed up in the

**DESTRUCTION.**

**23B BACK TO SCENE 23B**

As the cop car BURNS, the two men turn, pivot the weapon back towards the transmitter. FIRE. The missile trail arcs neatly over the fence, lands on target -

**24 THE TRANSMITTER 24**

**EXPLODES -**

**CUT TO:**

**25 INT. DULLES TOWER - "THE CAB" - DAY 25**

The top of the Tower, it's the heart, soul, brain of Dulles. We HEAR snatches of AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL as the CAMERA PANS the big room. We SEE PLANES outside, the airport LIGHTS already on against the grey of the snow. It's damn impressive.

**CONTINUED**

11

(X)

**25 CONTINUED - 25**

O' CAMERA SETTLES on TRUDEAU. Chief Air Traffic controller, he's lived through hijackings, the Olympics, Reagan's mass firings -and he's still going (heart bypass notwithstanding.) Chief engineer BARNES is as good as a right ventricle, anyway. An ALARM RINGS.

**26 TRUDEAU 26**

lighting a cigarette, he hovers over BARNES.

**BARNES**

We just lost FAA approach control.

**TRUDEAU**

Weather may have screwed up the line.  
Switch over to our own back up and  
run a check.  
Barnes hits a switch. The ALARM STOPS. Everyone relaxes.

**CUT TO:**

**27 INT. AIRPORT BAR - NIGHT 27**

WIDEN from McClane at the bar, his coat on a stool beside him. He's on his second scotch. On the BAR TV, we SEE SAMANTHA ("SAM") COPELAND, a reporter with "live" super'd over her body. She is clearly somewhere inside this airport

**SAM**

**(ON TV)**

--here at Dulles, the quiet men from the Justice Department wait to put handcuffs on the man who has come to symbolize the enemy in America's fight against cocaine... This battle may be almost won... but the war is still in doubt. Samantha Copeland... . WNTW for NightTime News. CAMERA ADJUSTS to show a MAN as he OPENS a PHONE BOOTH. It's very quick, but we REALIZE that while in there he. wasn't using the phone but one of the transceivers we saw before. This is MAJOR GARBER, Stuart's second-in-command; but his efficiency and chilly courage are second to none. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM to a TABLE.

C OC HRANE and MILLER - TWO MORE of those neat, trim young men-

are

there, in neat\_,--Eo'ring topcoats.

**CONTINUED**

**27 CONTINUED - 27**

**GARBER**

That was the Colonel: All perimeter  
teams are in place.

**(TO COCHRANE)**

Weather?

'Cochrane covers one ear and we SEE that he has a RADIO EARPLUG.  
other. He listens intently, then GRINS.

**' OCH**

Flurries all along h e Virginia  
Coast... new storm moving in from  
the Northeast.

**GARBER**

(sharing the smile)  
God loves the Infantry.

**(SMILE GONE)**

Carry out your assignment. We'll  
regroup at field HQ.  
(setting his watch)  
Three fifty one... Mark.  
They synchronize their watches, and then Mi lle leaves the bar.  
CAMERA PANS HIM out. He walks right past McClane, who doesn't  
notice him.  
A beat after Mil ergs exit, two AIRPORT COPS in snow-flecked  
JACKETS come into the bar. Seeing, them, the bartender is  
already pouring coffee for them. But-

**28 GARBER AND COCHRANE 28**

slide also see the cops - and very casually, Cochrane ulls the earplug  
from his ear. Equally casually, Garber Vs-Wed-If-is- foot to  
the two long Christmas package at his feet under the table.

**29 ON MCCLANE - CAMERA PUSH 29**

they This gets his attention. His eyes narrow. He looks from the two  
or d inary looking men towards the Airport cops, wonders why  
got fidgety. Now he watches

**30 GARBER & Q HRANE 30**

who looks at his watch, signals Cochrane. Both rise. But as  
Cochrane bends to pick up his wrapped package... and as he moves,  
something dangles inside his jacket. Is it a holster?

**31 MCCLANE 31**

turns to watch them exit, sees them SPLIT up outside the bar.  
Quickly, McClane goes over to the Airport cops.

**CONTINUED**

13

(X)

31 CONTINUED - 31

**MCCLANE**

Excuse me, officers. This may be  
a total wild goose chase, but I think  
I just saw -  
He STOPS. CAMERA ADJUSTS. The cop he's talking to is the  
asshole who towed away the car.

1

**AIRPORT COP**

Saw what?

**MCCLANE**

Elvis.  
McClane turns, throws money near his glass and quickly exits the  
bar.

**CUT TO:**

**32 INT. TERMINAL - WITH THE MEDIA 32**

trying to get the half dozen UNIFORMED US MARSHALS or the three  
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT LAWYERS to talk to them - without success.  
But one reporter - Sam - NOTICES -

**33 STUART - MOVING THROUGH AIRPORT -HER POV' 33**

I as she watches, Garber joins him -

**34 BACK TO SCENE 34**

**SAM**

(nudging her cameraman)  
Hey. Colonel Stuart.

**CAMERAMAN**

Old news.

**SAM**

Better than these loxes.  
Very quietly, Sam and the cameraman do their best to slip away  
from the pack.

**35 STUART AND GARBER - WALKING ALONG TOWARDS EXIT 35**

**STUART**

**(SOTTO)**

Everything on schedule?

**GARBER**

Tapping airport phones right now.  
Got a slight problem with personnel:  
Last minute replacement. What's the  
status of the security here?

**I**

**CONTINUED**

**14**

**(X)**

**35 CONTINUED - 35**

**STUART**

(nodding towards the

**JUSTICE PEOPLE)**

Like we figured. A joke -

But suddenly both men are in the GLARE of a portable light.

**SAM**

Colonel Stuart! Can we have a few words with you?

**I**

**STUART**

You can have two: "Fuck" and "you".

And the interview is over and he's out the door.

**CUT TO:**

**36 INT. TERMINAL - ESCALATORS - NIGHT 36**

McClane's head panning the holiday crowd - then SEEING Cochrane. Quickly, he FOLLOWS Cochrane downwards - into

**37 LUGGAGE AREA 37**

where a TOURIST JUNKET gets between McClane and his quarry-

**38 C9CC \$ANE 38**

a GLIMPSE of him at a door marked "NO ADMITTANCE" - then he's gone. McClane runs up, too late; the door is shut again. He looks around, sees a LUGGAGE WORKER, flashes his badge.

**MCCLANE**

Open this.

(as the guy obeys)

Got a cop on duty around here?

**LUGGAGE GUY**

Airport police -

**MCCLANE**

**(SCOWLS; THEN;)**

Get 'em.

**39 INT. LUGGAGE CONVEYOR AREA - DAY 39**

Dark. Clatters and bumps, machine sounds... more bumps. McClane moves cautiously along. He JUMPS as a large SHADOW moves nearby, but it's a big CASE on a conveyor belt. Now, he stoops to go under another conveyor belt - the different tracks intersect and pass each other like freeway off-ramps discharging luggage from one to another - and then he SEES -

**4.**

**15**

**(X)**

**39A COCHRANE AND MILLER 39A**

**I**

One has his jacket off, and just now dusts off his hands like a man finishing a job.  
The other one has one of those transceivers.

**MCCLANE'S VOICE**

Excuse me.

**41 NEW ANGLE 41**

They turn, see McClane with his badge in his left hand - his right hidden under the long coat which is draped over his shoulder like Clint Eastwood's serape in a Spaghetti Western.

**MCCLANE (CONT'D)**

This is a restricted area. You boys  
too impatient to wait for the skycaps?

**MILLER**

We... work for th amine.

**MCCLAN.E**

Yeah? Let's see some ID -  
Instantly both men DIVE to the outside, drawing guns.

**42 THE TRANSCEIVER 42**

Falls, skids... somewhere.

**43 BACK TO SCENE 43**

Dropping his 'wallet, McClane JUMPS aside as SHOTS WHIZZ PAST -McClane's COAT takes the BULLET HITS in MID AIR as he LANDS on a conveyor belt, which CARRIES him UP and OVER the gunmen. They FIRE UP at him - He aims.back - and then a SUITCASE falling from another belt and knocks his gun away!

**44 BELOW 44**

The gun CLATTERS on the floor. Seeing it, the two men exchange a glance - split up.



**45 MCCLANE 45**

Drops from the belt, crouches near big gears. Desperate, he looks around for a weapon, anything. Then he notices all the luggage going past: Suitcases, camera cases, a bicycle... Skis.

**46 MILLER 46**

Moving forward expertly, gun ready. WHAP! A SKI POLE smacks down on his wrist! The gun DROPS onto a conveyor belt, FIRES - then moves away, obscured by moving luggage.

**CONTINUED**

**16**

**(X)**

**46 CONTINUED - 46**

J McClane steps in, punches Miller - gets HIT hard himself -both ROLL OVER onto the new belt.

**47 COCHRANE 47**

Hearing the SHOT, he tries to pinpoint the location - but with all the echoes - it's hard.

**S**

**48 MCCLANE AND MIL 48**

Fighting hand to hand. Miller starts pressing the ski pole against McClane's throat:-Pt=lane tries to do the same thine back - they spin, SMASH into a pile of suitcases, some of which

**SPILL OPEN.**

M J er gets in a powerful punch, gets free - CAMERA FOLLOWS Miller as his hand gropes for the pistol.- and then McClane rIT into view with fucking HAIRSPRAY right in the guy's eyes! Miller HOWLS, blinded - but then - BLAM! A BULLET EXPLODES tcan in McClane's hand!

**49 NEW ANGLE 49**

Cochrane is there! McClane LEAPS like Tarzan to the BOTTOM of the i , empty "return" belt - the momentum swings him right towards Cochrane, who FIRES once more before McClane's KICK nearly toc e stf'his head - he loses the gun, but Jesus, these guys are tough and now Cochrane LEAPS UP and grabs McClane's belt and clothes and they're both hanging -suddenly they're both too damn high to get off!

**50 MCCLANE 50**

Half on the belt, half off, he fends off the other man and SEES-

**51 UP AHEAD 51**

The belt goes through a hatchway - a hatchway with virtually no clearance.

**52 BACK TO SCENE 52**

McClane PUNCHES Cochrane - again, again - but the guy's gonna kill them both one way or the other - McClane KICKS him, again, again - finally his grip loosens - at the last minute McClane JUMPS to a thick conduit - and then Cochrane gets JAMMED

**53 INTO THE HATCH HEADFIRST. 53**

**54 NEW ANGLE - 20 FEET UP 54**

The conduit BREAKS FREE from its molly bolts, but doesn't drop -and three feet away the guy SCREAMS and then his neck SNAPS and his body TWITCHES AND JERKS and the machinery JAMS, smoking-

17

**55 MCCLANE 55**

WINCES as blood SPLATTERS - and then REACTS as the 20 foot tall conduit pipe CREAKS, BENDS-TOPPLES- he RIDES IT DOWN-

CUT TO:

**56 INT. LUGGAGE CONVEYOR AREA - NEAR ENTRANCE 56**

led by the luggage guy, two AIRPORT COPS run in -

**57 MILLER ½ 57**

panting for breath, rubbing his eyes, he sees their approach, starts to run. He races down a long aisle past cartons of freight... starts to smile - there's a door just ahead - he's gonna make it -he's gonna make it - suddenly a CHING CHING SOUND makes him turn -it's the CHING CHING OF -

**58 A BICYCLE 58**

- with John McClane on the back. McClane dives out of the saddle like the Lone Ranger, takes Miller down. (X)

**59 ON THE FLOOR 59**

As the bicycle FLIPS OVER, McClane gets to his feet first and finds a gun in his face -

**2ND AIRPORT POLICEMAN (X)**

**FREEZE!**

And in that instant (you guessed it): (Miller\_F) SCAPES. (X)

**MCCLANE**

**(SIGHING)**

Brilliant, asshole. I'm a cop -that was the bad guy! ' (X)

**2ND AIRPORT POLICEMAN (X)**

**(UNIMPRESSED)**

Yeah? Where's your I.D.?

McClane.starts to reach into his jacket - remembers. He looks around the huge room and its clanking conveyor belts.

**MCCLANE**

Cleveland?

**CUT TO:**

**60 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - IN FLIGHT 60**

Holly's working away on her laptop computer when: (X)

**CONTINUED**

**P-**

**18**

**60 CONTINUED - 60**

**0**

**THORNBERG'S VOICE**

- no, you did not explain anything  
- all you did was shove me a- -here  
in this cattle car -

**STEWARDESS' VOICE**

- Sir, you were told when you boarded  
that we were overbooked -  
Holly looks up idly - and then REACTS as she sees -

**61 DICK THORNBERG - HER POV 61**

Her nemesis from 20 months ago, here waving, his ticket and  
fending off the Stewardess' friendly hands.

**THORNBERG**

Fine. Done, I accept it. But why  
the hell can't I get the First Class  
Meal--my-Network paid for instead of  
this swill?

**STEWARDESS**

I'm sorry, sir, I can't do that now  
- If you'll just sit down - ?

**THORNBERG**

Do you know who I am?

**STEWARDESS**

Yes. We've all seen your program.  
Your episode "Flying junkyards" was  
a very objective look at air safety.

**2ND STEWARDESS**

It wasn't nearly as edifying as  
"Bimbos of the Sky", was it, Connie?

**THORNBERG**

You think you're funny?  
(looking at her nametag)  
'I've got your number

**2ND STEWARDESS**

(pushing him in seat) (X)  
And I've got yours - so park it, pal!

**62 NEW ANGLE 62**

Thornberg simmers - and then he SEES HOLLY. FOCUS CHANGE.

**THORNBERG**

Stewardess!

**CONTINUED**

**19**

**62 CONTINUED - 62**

**STEWARDESS**

Mister Thornberg - you cannot  
monopolize my -

**THORNBERG**

You cannot put me near that woman.

**STEWARDESS**

Excuse me?  
CAMERA ADJUSTS to feature Holly - and the Stewardess' growing  
fascination with her.

**HOLLY**

He means he has filed a restraining  
order against me. I'm not allowed  
within fifty feet of him -

**THORNBERG**

**FIFTY YARDS**

- (to Stewardess)  
And by seating me here you're  
violating a court order - I could  
sue you and this airline - this woman  
has assaulted me and besmirched my

**REPUTATION -**

**STEWARDESS**

(kneeling, sotto)?  
What'd you do?

**HOLLY**

I knocked out two of his teeth.

**STEWARDESS**

**(PAUSE)**

Would you like some champagne?

**CUT TO:**

**63 THE GUNMAN'S BODY 63**

as it is ZIPPED into a body bag, our view of the mangled head and shoulders mercifully brief. The body is set on a gurney. We WIDEN and see Airport police and coroner's people about to make off with it... and the MEDIA, now drooling over this new story dropped right into their laps. As FLASHBULBS POP and CAMERAS ROLL, Sam NOTICES -

**64 MCCLANE 64**

One of the cops hands McClane his wallet. As he pockets it, he notes the CROWD milling about the luggage area.

**CONTINUED**

20

**(X)**

**- 64 CONTINUED - 64**

**MCCLANE**

Whoa, wait a second. This is a crime scene. Aren't you going to seal off this area?

**2ND AIRPORT COP**

That's up to the Captain.

**MCCLANE**

Up to the Captain? Take me up to the Captain, too.

**CUT TO:**

**65 INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH - DAY 65**

BAKER guards the rear door with an ASSAULT RIFLE. He REACTS, tense as a FIGURE appears, running up from the snowy expanse behind the church. It's 'filer- the man who escaped from McClane. Baker waves him in.

KAHN and Bick are DIGGING in the yard with pickaxes and hardly look at him. Bick

**66 INSIDE 66**

Stuart's poring over MAPS of the airport. He looks up,  
nonplussed; wipes away SNOW that falls from Miller's shoulder  
to  
the table top.

**STUART**

You're late.

**MILLER**

We ran into trouble; a policeman.  
He killed Cochrane; I barely got  
away.

**STUART**

Did you finish your assignment?

**MILLER**

Yessir. But -

**STUART**

Then the damage is minor.  
(drawing a PISTOL)  
But the penalty could be severe.  
In a blur of motion, Stuart is on his feet, the pistol is at  
Miller's temple. CLICK.

**CONTINUED**

**21**

**66 CONTINUED - 66**

**STUART (CONT'D)**

(as Miller SHUDDERS)  
Fail me again and it won't be an empty  
chamber. Dismissed.

**CUT TO:**

**67 INT. AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE--DAY 67**

McClane comes in, first double taking the name on the door:

**CARMINE LORENZO, CAPTAIN OF AIRPORT POLICE.**

The man himself - a 20 year veteran of bureaucratic wars that  
have earned him this little kingdom - rises behind his desk.

**LORENZO**

**YOU -**

(a glance at a FAX)  
McClane?

**MCCLANE**

Lorenzo?

**LORENZO**

Captain Lorenzo.

**MCCLANE**

**(SHOWING BADGE)**

I'm the one who -

**LORENZO**

Yeah, I know. You think that LA badge is gonna get you a free lunch (X) or something down here?

**MCCLANE**

No. Just a little professional courtesy.

**LORENZO**

In an airport Christmas week? You gotta be kidding.

**MCCLANE**

Okay. Forget the courtesy. How about lust the professional? Your boys dust walked away from a crime scene - you need to seal it off, get a forensics team in, dust it, shoot

**IT-**

**LORENZO**

And what do we do with all the luggage for all the airplanes while we play Charlie Chan?

**CONTINUED**

**22**

**67 CONTINUED - 67**

**MCCLANE**

You store them somewhere -

**LORENZO**

Oh. And meanwhile every hour a few more thousand people come and they want to put their luggage on airplanes, so we store them and their luggage in some other "somewhere"? Hell, why don't we shut down the whole fucking airport? Whaddya think they'll say upstairs when I tell them that?

**MCCLANE'**

Why don't you try it and find out?

**F LORENZO**

Because I don't need a forensics investigation to file away some punk stealing luggage -

**MCCLANE**

Luggage? That "punk" pulled a Glock Seven on me. Know what that is? A porcelain gun from Germany. It doesn't show up on airport x-ray machines... and it costs more than you earn in a month.

**LORENZO**

You'd be surprised what I earn in a month.

**MCCLANE**

If it's more than a dollar eighty nine, yeah -

**LORENZO**

**(SHARP)**

McClane, don't start believing your own press.

(on McClane's look, waving the FAX) (X)

Yeah, I know who you are, that Nakatomi thing in LA. Just 'cause the TV thought you were hot shit don't make it so. This time you're in my little pond, and I'm the big fish that runs it. Now you capped some lowlife, fine. I'll send your fucking Captain in L.A. a fucking commendation.

He hits a BUZZER. Immediately two burly AIRPORT COPS appear in the doorway.

**CONTINUED**

**23**

**File 67 CONTINUED - (2) 67**

**LORENZO**

Now get the hell out of my office before I have you thrown out of my airport!

McClane moves towards the door, his hands waving off the would be bouncers.



**MCCLANE**

(turning at the door)  
One question, Carmine: Which sets  
off the metal detectors first: The  
shit in your brains, or the lead in  
your ass?

**68 EXT. AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE - DAY 68**

McClane comes out of Lorenzo's office, steaming. He walks down  
the corridor - looks back at one of the stocky Airport cops  
-fakes a smile - when the guy turns away McClane punches the  
wall.  
Then a CLATTER announces the PASSAGE of the morgue guys, the BODY  
on their gurney. McClane moves aside, watches them, thinking...  
getting an idea.

**CUT TO:**

**69 A RENT A CAR DESK 69**

the girl here lost in a romance novel-

**MCCLANE**

Excuse me.  
He reaches over, gently takes typing paper and a stamp pad.

**GIRL**

**(TOO LATE)**

Hey!

**70 PARKING GARAGE 70**

McClane catches up to the morgue guys as they reach their wagon.

**MCCLANE**

Whoa, guys.  
(ver quickly showing

**HIS BADGE)**

Gotta check something.  
Before they can react, he's UNZIPPED the bag, yanked out the  
guy's right hand.

**CONTINUED**

**24**

**CONTINUED - 70**

**MORGUE WORKER**

What're you doing?

**MCCLANE**

(inking the guy's fingers)

Didn't you ever have an airport stiff

**I**

before? We need an FAA ID on your

**DOA.**

He presses the fingers against the paper, checks them. (The hand he's released remains straight up.)

**MCCLANE**

Yup, he's dead,. all right. Thanks.  
And he's gone as they look after him, puzzled.

**CUT TO:**

**I**

**71 EXT. VAL VERDE MILITARY TRANSPORT - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT 71**

cruising along, its FIGHTER ESCORT a few wingtips away. Now, the fighter WAGS ITS WINGS and PEELS AWAY.

**72 INT. MILITARY TRANSPORT - NIGHT 72**

CAMERA MOVES from the cockpit back through the rest of the plane.

**CO-PILOT**

Ay, Alle va nos escolto.

**PILOT**

Es bueno; el peligro es pasado.  
Estamos segur hasta los Estados  
Unidos. Cuanto tiempo?

**CO-PILOT**

**(CHECKING WATCH)**

Tres horas y media.

By now we are on Esperanza. Looking astonishingly carefree, (X)  
he smiles at the young CORPORAL guarding him, puffs on a cigar...

(X)

and casually examines the military chronometer on his handcuffed

(X)

wrist. We PUSH IN on it. (X)

**CUT TO:**

**73 INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH 73**

WIDEN from Stuart's Huer, showing the exact same time. Now we SEE that the church is full of ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT: In fact, it looks very much like a mini-version of an airport control tower, complete with radar screens and a big glass board to mark positions on.

**CONTINUED**

25

(X)

**CONTINUED - 73**

CAMERA follows a MAN with a Pizza sized RADAR DISH as he crosses the room, a CRONY unrolling WIRE behind him.  
CRANE UP as the man CLIMBS into the STEEPLE... UP, UP, UP, until he's in the BELFRY where a PRERIGGED TRIPOD WAITS for the dish. As he CLAMPS it in place we SEE the yard behind the church and the SPARKLE of WELDING TOOLS; someone is making CONNECTIONS to the now open conduit box and underground CABLES.

**CUT TO:**

**74 INT. TERMINAL - RENT A CAR COUNTER 74**

**MCCLANE**

Excuse me, honey - can I borrow your office for a minute?  
Before she can answer, he's over the counter and reaching for her phone.

**CUT TO:**

**75 INT. LAPD OFFICE - NIGHT 75**

The office he's in shows us that AL POWELL has moved up in the world - and Twinkies have move up along with him.

**POWELL**

(swallowing, answering

**PHONE)**

Records. Sgt. Powell -

**76 MCCLANE - AT RENT A CAR COUNTER - INTERCUT 76**

**MCCLANE**

Hey, partner. Get that twinkie out of your mouth and grab a pencil.

**POWELL**

**(LAUGHING)**

John, how you doing? How's the vacation treating you?

**MCCLANE**

Vacation? Holly stood me up for a last minute meeting. I'm alone in DC with the in-laws.

**POWELL**

Ah, the in-laws. They love their policemen son-in-laws, don't they?

**CONTINUED**

26

(X)

76 CONTINUED - 76

**MCCLANE**

R' ht. Listen, Al, what's our FAX  
n u mber in the station there?

**POWELL**

550-3212. This is a first.

**MCCLANE**

Yeah, well my wife's company makes  
'em, I figure it's time to get one  
of them pregnant.  
(aside to girl)  
This way?

(AH)

This way.  
The FAX starts to leave McClane - voila, it's already arriving at  
Powell's office.

**POWELL**

(as it arrives)  
Fingerprints?

**MCCLANE**

From a stiff down here at Dulles.  
I marked the whorls with a pen in  
case the transmission's fuzzy. Can  
you run that through State and Federal  
for me - throw in Interpol if you  
got it.

**POWELL**

(WATCHING IT)

Will do. What's this about?

**MCCLANE**

I don't know. Just a feeling.

**POWELL**

Ouch. You get those feelings  
insurance companies start to go  
bankrupt.

**MCCLANE**

The FAX number is uh -

**GIRL**

-on the top edge of the transmission  
he just got -

**MCCLANE**

**(AUTHORATIVELY)**

-on the top edge of your transmission.

**CONTINUED**

**27**

**(X)**

**76 CONTINUED - (2) 76**

**POWELL**

Airport, huh? You're not pissing  
in somebody's little pool, are you?

**MCCLANE**

**(GRINNING)**

Break out the chlorine.

**CUT TO:**

**77 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE 77**

The nice stewardess comes over to Holly, takes her glass.

**STEWARDESS**

Need another?

**HOLLY**

I don't think so.

**(INDICATING THORNBERG)**

I only have to look at his face for  
fifteen more minutes.

**CAPTAIN'S VOICE**

**(OVER PA)**

Ladies and Gentlemen, I've just been  
informed by Dulles traffic control  
that a new weather front is moving  
in ahead of us. We may be up here  
for a little while longer...  
GROANS. COMPLAINTS. Holly holds out her glass.

**HOLLY**

Yes. Another.

**CUT TO:**

**78 INT. RENT ACAR BOOTH 78**

McClane paces, smoking. RRING. Both the FAX machine and the telephone light up. McClane beats her to it.

**MCCLANE**

Al?

**79 POWELL - IN HIS OFFICE - INTERCUT 79**

**POWELL**

Right here, partner. Your stiff's dossier is coming through right now.

**MCCLANE**

What can you tell me?

**CONTINUED**

**79 CONTINUED - 79**

**POWELL**

He's dead.

**MCCLANE**

You needed a computer for that?

**POWELL**

No, you don't follow me. According to the Department of Defense, he's been dead for 2 years.

**MCCLANE**

What?

**POWELL**

Yup. S/Sgt. Oswald Cochrane.  
American advisor in Honduras, killed  
in helicopter accident 5/11/88.  
(reading the page)  
Read between the lines of his military  
record and it looks like a lot of  
black bag stuff.

**MCCLANE**

Yeah, I see it. Thanks a lot, Al.  
I owe you.  
He hangs up. The girl gives him the eye.

**GIRL**

Say, I close in an hour... maybe we  
could...

**MCCLANE**

(showing his wedding ring)  
Just the FAX,, ma'am. Just the FAX.

**80 EXT. RENT A CAR AREA 80**

McClane comes out, deep in thought - gets on an walkway.  
Suddenly the CLICK of HEELS makes him turn.  
Sam Coleman is trotting down the linoleum next to the walkway,  
trying to keep up with him.

**SAM**

The Ghost of Christmas Past.  
Nakatomi? LA? You're John McClane,  
right?

**MCCLANE**

Depends who you are.

**CONTINUED**

**29**

**(X)**

**80 CONTINUED - 80**

**SAM**

Sam Coleman, WADC news -  
(as McClane REACTS)  
Hey, I know how you feel about the  
media, but we're not all like that  
putz Thornberg - he crossed the line.  
That's why they canned him out in

**LA.**

**MCCLANE**

Yeah. Now he's on the Network  
interviewing Transsexual Gum Surgeons  
and laughing all the way to the bank.

**SAM**

Okay. The guy makes Geraldo look  
like Walter Chronkite. Doesn't mean  
you can't cut me some slack. I saw  
the stiff. Word is that was your  
handiwork.

**MCCLANE**

Nah. I do needlepoint.  
And he's at the end of the walkway and he quickly disappears  
into the crowd, leaving Sam pissed, puzzled... and out of  
breath.

**81 INT. "THE CAB" - NIGHT 81**

Lorenzo has joined the regulars here to cover his ass

**LORENZO**

-well, the press was here, crawling  
all over the Esperanza story... so  
they got it right on the fucking news,  
bloodstains and all...

**TRUDEAU**

Couldn't be helped, I guess. What  
was it, gangs?

**MCCLANE'S VOICE**

Yeah... if your gangs get their  
training at Fort Bragg.

**82 NEW ANGLE 82**

Surprised, they turn to see McClane step out of the elevator.

**TRUDEAU**

Who the hell is this?

**CONTINUED**

**30**

**(X)**

**82 CONTINUED - 82**

**MCCLANE**

(pushing past Lorenzo)  
I'm a police officer, Mr. Trudeau-

**LORENZO**

L.A., Mr. Lorenzo-don't mean shit-

**TRUDEAU**

That's what I said about my last  
cholesterol test. What's your problem-

**(READING BADGE)**

Lieutenant McClane?

**MCCLANE**

I think something serious is going  
to happen here tonight -

**TRUDEAU**

Hey. Something serious happens every  
night, only it doesn't make the  
newspapers. Ever see those guys  
on TV, juggling knives and cha n  
i saws? That's what we're doing with  
those planes up there, only we do  
it one handed 'cause the other hand's



playing 3 card monte with the planes  
on the ground.

**MCCLANE**

Anybody try and fix the deck tonight?  
(on his look)  
Anything weird going on besides the  
shooting?

**BARNES**

We did. lose FAA approach control-

**MCCLANE**

What's that?

**TRUDEAU**

One way we manage the planes. But  
we've got backup -  
Long look from McClane.

**CUT TO:**

**83 EXT. VIRGINIA CHURCH - BACK YARD 83**

Burke turns off his acetyline torch, flips up his face shield.

**BURKE**

We're hot!

**31**

**(X)**

**84 INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH 84**

**STUART**

**(TO GARBER)**

Light it up.  
Signal is given. Switches are thrown. CAMERA PANS OVER-and  
UP to the CHOIR LOFT, which is electronic heaven. EVERYTHING

**COMES ON LINE.**

**STUART**

5 minutes to zero hour. Stand by.

**85 INT. CAB - NIGHT 85**

**MCCLANE**

Okay. You clot back-up - back-up  
for everything you think can go wrong.  
What about something nobody

anticipated? Not accidents, not

**WEATHER -**

**F**

**TRUDEAU**

(a bit dryly)  
The human element..?

**MCCLANE**

Damned straight the human element.  
You've got the world's biggest drug  
dealer on the way, one body and a'-  
lot of questions! Doesn't anyone  
want to look for answers?

**TRUDEAU**

(after a moment)  
Lorenzo. Have all your shift  
Commanders report in... now.

**LORENZO**

What? You're buying into this -

**TRUDEAU**

I want them to report anything out  
of the ordinary --no matter how  
trivial. You got that?

**LORENZO**

(annoyed, but obeying)  
I got it.

**BARNES**

Oh, my God...  
Everyone turns at the chill in Barne's voice.

**TRUDEAU**

What is it?

**CONTINUED**

**32**

**85 CONTINUED - 85**

But Barnes doesn't reply... just tries - and fails - to point  
out the window. Everyone turns. (X)

**86 REVERSE ANGLE - OVER THEIR SHOULDERS 86**

Slowly, without any fuss, and with a pattern of sorts that would  
be pretty if the impact wasn't so frightening... slowly, ALL THE

**RUNWAY LIGHTS ARE GOING OUT.**

**MCCLANE**

Jesus...

**87 INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH - SAME TIME 87**

As Stuart's TECH throws more and more SWITCHES -

**88 THE CAB 88**

- and more and more runways go DARK.

**TRUDEAU**

Go to emergency lighting... now! (X)

**BARNES**

Emergencies! Controllers, Code (X)

Yellow!

People leap into action... meanwhile, Trudeau and the others MOVE around the tower, the CAMERA FOLLOWING in a 180 TURN, watch as the LIGHTS KEEP GOING OUT.

**TECHNICIAN**

Back up systems won't come up-!

**TRUDEAU**

Shunt to another terminal!

**TECHNICIAN**

This ain't software, boss -

**LORENZO**

Maybe we should call the power company...?

**TRUDEAU**

We're on the same Goddamn grid and we're hot!

Already the SPEAKER BOXES are beginning to CHATTER -

**PILOT'S VOICE 2ND PILOT'S VOICE**

(panicked) Dulles Tower, this is TWA

Dulles, what's going on? 23 -what the hell happened I'm in approach - - to you -?

**CONTINUED**

**33**

**(X)**

**88 CONTINUED - 88**

**CONTROLLER 2ND CONTROLLER**

604, pull up. Return to You're not in approach, 23. holding altitude. Stand by for instructions...

**BARNES**

**(COMING OVER)**

Checked all systems. It ain't happening.  
And now, God help us, all REACT to ANOTHER ALARM.

**89 IN THE VIRGINIA CHURCH 89**

A CABLE yanked from the ground gets CUT, SPARKING -

**90 THE CAB 90**

WHIP PAN to an ENGINEER -

**ENGINEER**

**(PANICKED)**

Approach control backup! It's gone!

**91 IN THE CHURCH'S BACKYARD - SAME TIME 91**

GLOWING FIBER OPTIC CABLE stretched like a sacrifice on a BLOCK  
-AXE BLADE swoops down - SPARKS. The LIGHT DIES -

**92 IN THE CAB - SAME TIME 92**

**2ND ENGINEER**

Jesus! Instrument landing system  
i s c l own!

**BARNES**

Confirmed! ILS is dead - every  
Goddamn system is dead!

**TRUDEAU**

(quick, commanding)  
Jacoby, Strauss. Get your controllers  
on the horn - every plane approaching  
our Vortacs that's not in our pattern  
yet gets turned away'now. Everyone  
already inside our patrns holds at  
the outer marker. Stack 'em, pack  
'em, and rack 'em. Move.  
(to another man)  
I want every off duty controller and  
technician here in five minutes.  
Page the terminal - no, better, beep  
them.

**(TURNING)**

McClane. This what you were  
expecting?

**CONTINUED**

**(X)**

**92 CONTINUED - 92**

**MCCLANE**

This? This ain't it, pal. This is just the beginning.

A PHONE RINGS. CAMERA ADJUSTS. It's a prominent RED PHONE.

**BARNES**

**(HOPEFUL)**

FAA hotline -!

**I**

**LORENZO**

How could they know already -?

**MCCLANE**

Maybe they don't.

**(TO TRUDEAU)**

Maybe... it's them.

**TRUDEAU**

(a look at McClane, then;)  
Put it on speaker.

**STUART'S VOICE**

Attention, Dulles Tower. Attention,  
Dulles Tower -

**93 INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH NIGHT 93**

Stuart is using a phone that's PATCHED IN to the cables ripped from the earth -

**STUART**

**(DRYLY)**

I think by now I've got your attention. I know your recorders go 24 hours around the clock, so I'll be quick -you can play me back later all you want.

**94 INT. CAB - INTERCUT 94**

**TRUDEAU**

How. did you get on this line? Who is this?

**STUART**

Who I am is unimportant. What I want... well, if you don't want those planes overhead to start dropping like flies when they run out of fuel... what I want is very important.  
All REACT - McClane as much as anyone.

**CONTINUED**

**35**

**(X)**

**94 CONTINUED - 94**

**STUART (CONT'D)**

A plane is going to be landing at this Airport in 58 minutes. It is FM 1 - Foreign Military 1.

**MCCLANE**

Esperanza?  
Trudeau nods -

**STUART**

This plane is scheduled to be met by a contingent from the U.S. Justice-department. But now there will be a change of plans. This plane will not be met by anyone. It will land on a runway of my designation where it will not be molested. That will conclude my interest in that plane and your responsibility for it. At the same time, I want a 747 cargo conversion fully fueled.

**95 FAVORING MCCLANE 95**

As Trudeau tries to make headway with Stuart, McClave leans over to Barnes.

**MCCLANE**

What's all that about?

**BARNES**

A 747 has the furthest flight capacity of anything we've got here. Take out the seats and save some weight, add the wing tanks and it could go to Australia, Africa, Asia - hell the whole Goddamn world.'

**MCCLANE**

Meaning they pull Esperanza off his plane and take him anywhere there's no extradition treaties.

**LORENZO**

They're talking to us on our own Goddamn system! They gotta be close - I'll have my men tear this airport

**APART -**

**MCCLANE**

About time, Carmine. Guess you have to light a fire under your ass to light a fire under your ass.

**CONTINUED**

**36**

**(X)**

**95 CONTINUED - 95**

**CD**

**LORENZO**

McClane, I got a first class unit here, SWAT team and all, and we don't need any Monday morning quarterbacks.

**MCCLANE**

(pissed, moving in)  
Monday morning? My wife's on one of those planes these aasstards are fucking with! That makes me a player on the fucking field, you putz! And if you got off your fat ass when I told you to, maybe we wouldn't be knee deep in shit right now!

**LORENZO**

(turning, shouting)  
Security!  
(back to McClane)  
You're out of here!  
And already two big Airport cops are trotting over. As Trudeau  
REACTS, unsure -

**LORENZO**

Mr. Trudeau. Do I have to remind you about FAA regulations regarding unauthorized personnel in the control tower?

**TRUDEAU**

**(TO GUARDS)**

See Mr. McClane out.

**96 AT THE ELEVATOR 96**

It opens. Someone's inside., but we don't feature them yet.

**MCCLANE**

(as he's muscled in)  
Trudeau, can't you see you're dealing  
with pros? You can't fuck with these

**GUYS -**

Sam comes out of the elevator, holding up her ID.

**SAM**

**(TO TRUDEAU)**

Sam Coleman, WNTW news. Mr. Trudeau,  
there's a lot of rumors flying around

**THE -**

**LORENZO**

Oh, no, no way -

**CONTINUED**

**37**

**(X)**

**-96 CONTINUED - 96**

**TRUDEAU**

This is off limits, Coleman, you know  
that!  
Together with McClane she's shoved into the elevator.

**MCCLANE**

Anything you can think-of, they'll  
think of, too!  
But the elevator DOORS CLOSE on him and now Lorenzo turns a KEY  
on the control panel, then SPEAKS into his walkie talkie.

**LORENZO**

Lobby Security, come in.

**96A AIRPORT - LOBBY - INTERCUT 96A**

**LOBBY COP**

(into RADIO),  
Tomlinson here -

**LORENZO**

And Lorenzo here, with two  
unauthorized personnel in the fucking  
tower! Get your thumb out of your  
ass and get over to the elevator.  
Get them out and post a guard or  
you're gonna have a pink slip in your  
Christmas stocking!



Rattled, the guard signals a comrade, hustles to obey.

**97 IN THE ELEVATOR 97**

**SAM**

Anything who can think of? Can't  
fuck with.what guys?  
McClane punches buttons. But it's on override.

**MCCLANE**

Shit!

**SAM**

Big drug dealer on the way to prison.  
Gunfight in airport. Every controller  
in the coffee shop getting beeped  
and hauling ass, and you rocking the  
boat. A connection? Come on, McClane  
-Just a few words -?

**CONTINUED**

**38**

**97 CONTINUED - 97**

**MCCLANE**

(opening the control

**PANEL)**

How about "fuck" and "you"?

**SAM**

I already got that from Colonel  
Stuart, thanks -!  
McClane STOPS as if zapped by a Taser.

**MCCLANE**

**(REALIZING)**

Stuart! The guy who got canned by  
Congress - that's who he was-

**SAM**

Huh? Who he who?  
But McClane has already jumped up and grabbed the light fixture,  
and now in a gymnast's move KICKS out the ceiling hatch and  
disappears through the roof! (X)

**98 NEW ANGLE 98**

The door opens. The GUARDS there REACT to the open ceiling. (X)  
Sam shrugs.

**SAM**

Claustrophobic, I guess.

**CUT TO:**

**99 INT. CAB - NIGHT 99**

TILT UP from a big map of the airport. Lots of AD-LIB  
BRAINSTORMING, some of it breaking through - some how one reedy  
hesitant voice cuts through with nothing but confidence

**BARNES**

--guys, guys, all we have to do is  
find a way to transmit - (X)

**1ST ENGINEER**

**(SARCASTIC)**

Yeah, right. Somebody run down to  
Radio Shack and get a transmitter-

**BARNES**

We have one.

**(POINTING OUTSIDE)**

The new terminal wing they're  
building? Twenty airlines when it's  
done?

**(MORE)**

**CONTINUED**

**39**

**(X)**

**CONTINUED - 99**

**BARNES (CONT'D)**

All with their reservation computers,  
all tied into a nice big antenna  
array so they can talk to their home  
offices- it's just sitting there  
waiting to go on line -

**I 2ND ENGINEER**

That's VHF - it'll scatter -

**BARNES**

**I**

Doesn't matter; The planes we want  
to reach are right overhead. I could  
rig our frequency in - 30 minutes...  
wire in a crossover and we're hot.  
The planes wouldn't even know the

difference.

**TRUDEAU**

Get what you need. Borrow, steal,  
kill.

**LORENZO**

(heading for the elevator)  
I want my Swat team to go with him  
as cover.  
(firm, tough)  
Whatever we can think of - they can  
think of, too.  
He says it like he thought of it himself. Then -

**STUART'S VOICE**

Attention, Tower. You have two more  
minutes to stack the planes in your  
inbound pattern over your outside  
radio marker. After that you will  
be able to receive only. Any attempt  
to restore your systems will be met  
by severe penalties.  
At the elevator, Lorenzo pauses - stage WHISPERS -

**LORENZO**

He's bluffing -  
Lorenzo leaves. Trudeau ain't so sure.

**TRUDEAU**

**(TO STUART)**

Damn it, you can't do this -!

**STUART**

I am doing this.

**CONTINUED**

**99 CONTINUED - (2) 99**

**TRUDEAU**

(pause; to Barnes)  
Put me on all bands...  
Trudeau waits as switches are thrown, and then takes the jack  
from the ear/phone he wears and jacks it into a panel.

**TRUDEAU**

This is Dulles approach to all  
aircraft holding at Potomac Vortac.  
We are experiencing...

**(PAUSE)**

Severe technical problems here.

**100 INT. VARIOUS CIRCLING AIRCRAFT - COCKPITS - INTERCUT 100**

As CONCERNED CREWS in each listen to:

**TRUDEAU (CONT'D)**

Our NAV and Approach systems are down and we expect to lose voice in another minute. We want you to continue holding at the outer marker as directed and wait for further instructions. As - as soon as we're back on line we'll expedite your landings on a fuel emergency basis. Good luck...

**(PAUSE)**

God bless.  
He turns to a tech, face ashen.

**TRUDEAU**

Okay. Change the boards.

**CUT TO:**

**101 INT. DULLES - MAIN TERMINAL - NIGHT 101**

ANGLE ON a bank of ARRIVAL MONITORS. Already a quarter of the planes are DELAYED by weather; but now, in a domino like PATTERN, all the remaining FLIGHT DATA changes to DELAYED. CAMERA ADJUSTS to show PEOPLE REACTING with frustration and concern.

**CUT TO:**

**102 INT. DULLES BASEMENT 102**

Pretty dark and creepy for a place only 25 years old. A FLASHLIGHT BEAM PANS THE LENS. We SEE the two lobby guards as they search the basement. They move AWAY from the CAMERA. Pause.

**CONTINUED**

**41**

**(X)**

**102 CONTINUED - 102**

McClane APPEARS in the gloom close to CAMERA, clothes now a little greasy and dirty from his little escape.

**MCCLANE**

(sotto, to himself)  
I don't believe this... another  
fucking elevator... another fucking

basement... why does this always  
happen to me?  
He moves through the cavernous maze, and then REACTS to MUSIC.  
Moves towards it. And arrives in -

**103 AN ... APARTMENT 103**

Or something like it: Here, in an area reached only by somebody  
with a groundhog in his ancestry, is a space with some battered  
chairs, a 3-legged card table, a cot made up with faded but neat  
covers, some 50's vintage. (but lovingly scotch taped) PIN UPS,  
and a tiny kitchen precariously propped up on a big purple  
plumbing valve on the wall.

**104 ON A PHONOGRAPH 104**

The SOURCE of the music, a 78 SPINNING on the old machine.  
McClane's HAND picks it up and we WIDEN as he looks at it  
curiously.  
A HAND reaches for McClane's shoulder.

**105 NEW ANGLE 105**

McClane's instincts take over; in a flash, he WHIRLS and his  
would be attacker is pinned against a wall. It's a wizened MAN  
in his 60's who now raises his hands to show he ain't looking  
for trouble.

**MCCLANE**

Who the fuck are you?  
In response, the man points to the NAMETAG on his coveralls.

**MAN (MARVIN)**

Marvin, I'm Marvin. Thought you was  
tryin' to steal my records, that's  
all.  
He moves to them, possessively.

**MARVIN (CONT'D)**

They're valuable, you know. Me, I  
like those old 78's. Won't find me  
switching like everybody else to these  
new fangled 45's.

**CONTINUED**

**42**

**(X)**

**105 CONTINUED - 105**

McClane reacts to that, peers at him.

**MCCLANE**

You're what, the janitor?

**MARVIN**

Damn straight. Janitor, and proud

of it. Don't need any of this new  
fangled custodial engineer crap.  
Just do my job and screw the fancy  
talk. You know, you're not supposed  
to be down here.

**MCCLANE**

**(LOOKING AROUND)**

Yeah. Just like you're not supposed  
to be living here.

**MARVIN**

W-who said I was living here?  
McClane shows his badge.

**MCCLANE**

Come on, Marvin. I wasn't born  
yesterday. Carmine Lorenzo know you  
don't go home after you punch out?

**MARVIN**

L-Lorenzo? C-come on, officer, I  
can barely get by, even with my  
pension. You know, I'm a vet, WW  
2? If it wasn't for guys like me,  
you kids' be eatin' sushi today.  
I'm just trying to. save a few. bucks  
-I could. get fired if you tell.  
McClane moves over to a big panel with telephone lines and jacks.  
Examines it as he speaks.

**MCCLANE**

I'm a veteran myself, Marvin. And  
a married one. You married?

**MARVIN**

Six times.

**MCCLANE**

My wife may be in some trouble  
upstairs. I gotta find out. This  
set up of yours? I won't tell a  
soul... provided you patch me into  
this panel, 'let me eavesdrop on the  
tower. What do you say?

**CONTINUED.**

**MARVIN**

You a cop or a lawyer?

**CUT TO:**

**106 INT. AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT 106**

There hasn't been this much activity here since Gorbachov dropped in. FIVE SWAT OFFICERS check gear, leave the office at Lorenzo's signal -

**LORENZO**

**(INTO PHONE)**

I'm sending the SWAT team over for Barnes now - we don't need the Goddamn Christmas tourists seeing guns and flipping out so they'll take him the long way around...

**107 IN BASEMENT - TIGHT ON ALLIGATOR CLIPS 107**

We WIDEN as Marvin connects them to one set of bolts, then another. 'McClave shakes his head. No... no...yes!

**LORENZO'S VOICE**

Through the annex skywalk to the new terminal... that way nobody sees them, we don't have any panic.

**TRUDEAU'S VOICE**

And we don't want any disasters. Barnes has five minutes to check out that antenna array.

**MCCLANE**

(aside to Marvin)  
Christ. They're gonna try something cute... where's this annex skywalk?

**MARVIN**

Annex skywalk...? Sounds like the pissant World's Fair...  
He rummages around, finds a big wrinkled MAP, smoothes it out.

**MARVIN (CONT'D)**

Lemme see... yeah, must be this...  
connects to the new terminal -  
Marvin points to an ELEVATED WALKWAY connecting the two complexes.

**CONTINUED**

107 CONTINUED - 107

**MCCLANE**

(looking at map)  
Shit, it's a fucking bottleneck.  
Anybody smart enough to shut down  
the airport is smart enough to figure  
this... it's a perfect place for an  
ambush...

**CUT TO:**

**108 INT. TERMINAL ENGINEERING OFFICE - NIGHT 108**

Barnes, nervous, throws things into a metal case.  
His fellow engineers watch, curious, as he EXITS with the FIVE  
SWAT COPS. CAMERA FOLLOWS the four men past -

**A) BANKS OF COMPUTERS -**

**B) COMPUTERIZED WEATHER MAPS -**

**C) AN L.E.D. DULLES MAP -**

all of it useless, all of the operators watching their only hope  
Barnes.

**CUT TO:**

**109 BASEMENT 109**

A MOUND of CRINKLED PAPERS is FLATTENED against the card table.  
We WIDEN, see it is an architect's PLANS of the entire Dulles  
netherworld, cribbed by Marvin and now festooned with his various  
multi-color jotes and notes.

**MARVIN**

Now, see? Here's you. And here's  
the skywalk.

**(POINTING)**

Now, check this out...

**MCCLANE**

Tunnels.

**MARVIN**

**(NODDING)**

Like the Japs had all over Iwo Jima.  
That's where I got wounded. But we  
put those little twerps in their place  
once and for all.  
(pointing to the map)  
These are air ducts for all the  
terminals. Heating, cooling. Whole  
shebang.

**(MORE)**

**CONTINUED**



45

(X)

109 CONTINUED - 109

MARVIN (Cont'd)-  
So I put you in the boiler room  
where they start, and you come out  
there.

MCCLANE

Looks like... maybe a mile. Easy  
jog.

MARVIN

(AMUSED)

Uh-uh. It's a pisser of a crawl.  
And that's the easy part; firs  
you gotta be an acrobat.

110 INT. BASEMENT -- DUCT ACCESS 110

With a cordless drill, Marvin unhinges the access door. Last  
bolt, it falls with a sheet-metal SLAM.  
McClane WINCES as a BLAST of AIR hits him - and, as. perspiration  
breaks out on his forehead, we realize it's hot air.

MCCLANE

Whoa.

MARVIN

Winter up there... Summer down here.  
He aims Marvin's flashlight down there, isn't enchanted with what  
he sees. He turns, takes Marvin's map.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)

I owe you one, Marvin. How about  
a sixpack of malt liquor?

MARVIN

How 'bout a case of Johnny Walker?  
(on McClane's look)  
Hey, I may be homeless, but I ain't  
tasteless.

CUT TO:

111 INT. LONG TERMINAL GALLERY - NIGHT 111

A big "history of flight" MURAL high on the wall here HALF  
FINISHED, ceilings PARTIALLY OPEN; A WORKER on the scaffold  
and THREE OTHERS on the floor still hammering and. fiddling.  
Barnes and the cops come in. Barnes looks OUT the WINDOWS here

AT -

46

(X

**112 SATELLITE ARRAY - THROUGH GLASS - FAR END OF GALLERY 112**  
still covered with FACTORY PLASTIC and TAPE.

**113 BACK TO SCENE 113**

**BARNES**

(into his cellular phone)  
We're in the annex skywalk. I can  
see the dish! I'll call you as soon  
as it's hot for a protocol test.

**CUT TO:**

**114 MCCLANE - IN BOILER ROOM - NIGHT 114**

McClane moves forward - stops immediately. Looks up at Marvin,  
who GRINS.

**114A MCCLANE'S POV DOWNWARD 114A**

He's HIGH ABOVE the huge boiler room. The only way across is on  
a narrow beam.

**114B BACK TO SCENE 114B**

McClane takes a breath, starts across the beam. There's a scary  
moment at first but he gets quickly confident - a bit too  
; 7-7 confident midway - he starts to lose his balance and all-  
but runs  
to the far end, JUMPS to safety.  
As he pulls himself up he HEARS Marvin CLAPPING behind him.  
With a scowl, McClane checks his map, pushes on.

**CUT TO:**

**115 INT. ANNEX CORRIDOR - NIGHT 115**

Barnes and the SWAT cops run forward, get on the SLIDEWALK;  
impatient, they run even while on it.

**116 A WORKER - AT FAR END OF SLIDEWALK 116**

reaches into the open slidewalk CONTROL PANEL-hits a SWITCH.

**117 THE SLIDEWALK 117**

JERKS to a halt -the( six men n it almost TUMBLING. Oblivious,  
the worker turns his-bwCk on them again.

**AIRPORT COP**

Hey! Put that back on!  
No reaction. The cop runs forward.

**CONTINUED**

**47**

**(X)**

**117 CONTINUED - 117**

**FL**

SWAT COP(cont'd)  
HEY! ASSHOLE! What do I look like  
to you?  
The man TURNS. It's REI , one of the ones who killed the  
real painters. He ha a GUN.  
% O Riç½7lLLY  
A sitting dunk-. --iç½  
He SHOOTs him.

**118 WIDER 118**

The other three "workers" turn, and now we SEE that they are  
,H S ELDQN, HS OCKLEY and MULKEY - Stuart's soldiers all.

**119 BARNES AND OTHER COPS 119**

As bullets RAKE the slidewalk and PING off its walls, they JUMP  
over the railing & take cover-another COP KILLED on the move.

**120 BARNES 120**

is CUT badly on the arm by flying GLASS - he CRINGES behind a  
dumpster while the three remaining cops EXCHANGE FIRE with the  
four soldiers. BULLETS hit near his metal case. He takes a  
77 deep breath - rescues it!

**CUT TO:**

**121 MCCLANE 121**

in the TUNNELS, he tosses off his sweater into the darkness.  
Underneath, his shirt is already sweat-stained.  
And then he HEARS the gunfire - it's close! He gets his bearings  
-LUNGES through a wall of STEAM -

**CUT TO:**

**122 THE ANNEX GALLERY 122**

a third airport.cop DIES. His partner KILLS the gunman  
(SJloi klE.y) who took out his friend, and then he's KILLED  
himself. The last SWAT cop breaks cover and gets CUT DOWN.  
Sudden SILENCE.

Barnes suddenl alizes he's all alone. FOOTSTEPS approach him.  
He looks up. ulke is ri ht above him -

**123 WIDE 123**

Suddenly a VENTILATION GRATE by Mulke ' head KICKS OUT, sending  
the guy sprawling. McClane JUMP own, FIRING!

**CONTINUED**

**123 CONTINUED - 123**

Mu ey has caught the damn thing on reflex, and now he TWITCHES backTwards, the bullets SPARKING off the grate before they drill through him.

McClane ROLLS, FIRES a 'Reilly across the gallery, who takes (X) COVER. Then BULLETS hit all around McClane; he SEES

**124 S ELDON-- ABOVE HIM ON SCAFFOLD 124**

**FIRING DOWN -**

**125 BACK TO SCENE 125**

McClane FIRES UPWARDS, and then VEERING, he RUNS UNDER the SCAFFOLDING - BULLETS PING off the metal behind him as a'Ae l tries to nail him from ground level - meanwhile (X)

**126 UP ABOVE 126**

Shelf tries to SHOOT DOWN and UNDER. (X)

**127 MCCLANE 127**

deliberately SMASHES into the cross bars he passes, one after another, the SMACK of his body into them sounding like linebackers in combat -

**128 SHELDON 128**

AIMS - but then the half of the SCAFFOLDING beneath him GIVES WAY. He FALLS, SCREAMING - LANDS with a CRUNCH beside Barnes-

**129 MCCLANE 129**

has a moment of satisfaction - then

**MCCLANE**

Oh, fuck

**130 WIDER - SLO MO 130**

He RUNS and DIVES SIDEWAYS as the rest of the scaffolding falls towards him, paint and glue and ha f the mural's tile grid coming down witWi t !

**131 MCCLANE 131**

lands, HARD, the plywood boards from the top of the scaffold SWEEPING him off his feet - his gun SKITTERS across the linoleum towards the far end of the slidewalk - he rolls over and SEES

**SIX FEET AWAY 132**

he, too, has ducked the falling scaffold, but he's already on his feet, already bending to grab his dropped MAC 10 from the slidewalk - bringing it up - AIMING -

**133 BACK TO SCENE 133**

McClane SPINS on the floor and SLAMS the nearest piece of the metal scaffold into the OPEN SLIDEWALK ELECTRONICS.  
It SHORTS OUT SPECTACULARLY and THEN -

**133A FAR END OF SLIDEWALK 133A**

it WHIRRS into HIGH GEAR, TREAD SHREDDING -

I

**134 BACK TO SCENE 134**

the slidewalk in OVERDRIVE, O'Reilly is FLUNG right over McClane's HEAD.

**135 NEW ANGLE 135**

He SLAMS into the wall at the end of the walkway HEADFIRST.  
There's a sickening CRACK as his neck goes and then he TWITCHES and slides to the floor, a SMEAR of blood on the slick wall.

77

**136 BACK TO SCENE 136**

McClane takes a long overdue breath. Then he picks up his 4 pistol, checks the 'bodies to make sure there's no surprises, and, goes over to Barnes.

**MCCLANE**

You okay?.

**BARNES**

**(SHAKILY)**

The antenna array -  
'Both look ,at it - and then

**137 WIDE 137**

The antenna array outside BLOWS UP, pieces SHATTERING the glass window. McClane and Barnes DUCK, but they're too far away to be damaged.

**MCCLANE**

**(SLOWLY STANDING)**

Bait. Something to jerk you off,  
make Lorenzo sacrifice his best men,  
and make you waste time.

**(MORE)**

**CONTINUED**

50

137 CONTINUED - 137

MCCLANE (CONT'D)

Time you don't have...

(LOOKING SKYWARD)

Time they don't have. (X)

CUT TO:

138 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - IN FLIGHT 138

Thornberg, on an inside aisle seat, glances out the window. Sees something. Releases his seat belt. And goes over to the glass, pressing' .his nose against it like a kid in a candy store.

139 HIS POV 139

LIGHTS in the sky: Other airplanes.

140 WIDER 140

Holly looks at him. She can't help not looking at him; he's practically in her lap.

HOLLY

(DRYLY)

I think you're closer than fifty yards.

THORNBERG

So is that plane... practically. Despite herself, she looks out.

HOLLY

Yeah. There's quite a few out there; we're in a regular traffic jam.

THORNBERG

There's nothing regular about it.

(TURNING)

I see you're intrigued. That's my gift, Mrs. McClane. I make people curious.

HOLLY

Don't you mean nauseous?

THORNBERG

The people have a right to know, Mrs. McClane. You got in the way of that.

HOLLY

You endangered my children... my husband.. and me.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

51

140 CONTINUED - 140

**HOLLY (CONT'D)**

And you didn't do it for anything as noble as "the people". The only time you see the people is when you're climbing over their backs.

**CUT TO:**

**141 INT. ANNEX - NIGHT 141**

McClane is doing a damn decent FIELD DRESSING on Barnes.

**BARNES**

(into his cellular phone)

--me? I'll live. But Lorenzo's (X)  
SWAT team is dead... and the antenna  
array is toast. Start looking for (X)  
a new miracle.

AN EERIE ALIEN TYPE VOICE makes them both jump; McClane raises his GUN.

**142 NEW ANGLE 142**

It's coming from a TRANSCEIVER beside one of the dead men. Curious, Barnes slides over, picks it up. LISTENS with McClane to the GARBLED, spine-chilling NOISE.

**143 INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH 143**

**GARBER**

I say again, Annex team... report  
in. Annex team, report in.  
He looks at Stuart, concerned.

1

**144 INT. ANNEX 144**

Here, Garber no longer sounds human.

**MCCLANE**

What...?

**BARNES**

Some kind of scrambler so even if we scan their frequency we can't listen in. Descramble mode must activate on this code panel.

**(ALMOST ADMIRINGLY)**

These guys are pros.

**MCCLANE**

So are you. Break the code -

**CONTINUED**

52

**(X)**

**144 CONTINUED - 144**

**BARNES**

Eight numbers - that's 8 X 7 X 6 times

**-UN -**

**(THINKING)**

40,320 possible combinations.

**(WEAKLY)**

Next time you kill one of these guys  
- get them to enter the code first.

**145 IN THE VIRGINIA CHURCH - NIGHT 145**

Kahn descends from the choir loft and joins Stuart and Grant.

**KAHN**

**(TO STUART)**

Sir, we just monitored a call from  
their chief engineer. Our people  
took out their Swat team...  
completely.

**GARBER**

You were right... they went for the  
antenna array. We're right on  
schedule.

**STUART**

Except losing our own team wasn't  
part of the plan.  
He comes to a decision. Picks up the phone. Speaks. Voice  
flat, firm, stern. Around and above him, his men hover over the  
improvised screens and terminals.

**STUART**

Attention, Dulles. You were warned  
not to try and restore your systems.

**146 INT. CAB 146**

They listen, fearful -



**STUART'S VOICE**

You've wasted lives and time on a futile and obvious target. Now you have to pay the penalty.

**147 MCCLANE - IN ANNEX - SAME TIME 147**

They HEAR this too, over Barne's cellular tie in to the tower. McClane grabs it.

**MCCLANE**

There's five dead officers here, Colonel Stuart - Isn't that penalty enough?

**53**

**(X)**

**148 INT. CAB - NIGHT 148**

This interchange is BROADCAST here - Lorenzo SHOUTS into the

**PHONE-**

**LORENZO**

McClane! Keep out of this! You-  
He stops, seeing the chilling look Trudeau is giving him.

**149 STUART 149**

has reacted to both the mention of his name and of McClane's. His brow furrows. Ah, yes.

**STUART**

McClave? John McClane? The...  
policeman hero who saved the Nakatomi hostages? I read about you in People magazine. You seemed out of your league on Nightline, though...

**MCCLANE**

Yeah, Colonel. We were both famous for five minutes. Saw you get shit canned by Congress on TV. How much drug money is Esperanza paying you to turn traitor?

**STUART**

I think Cardinal Richlieu said it best: Treason is merely a matter of dates. And this country has to learn it can't keep cutting the legs off men. like General Esperanza -men with the guts to stand up to Soviet aggression.

**MCCLANE**

And lesson one starts with killing  
policemen? What's lesson two - the  
Neutron bomb?

**STUART**

I think we can find something in  
between.

(aside, off mike)

Give me a flight number - one low  
on fuel.

Another man hands him a slip of paper. He reads it, switches to  
another mike (or frequency).

**STUART**

Windsor flight one-four-teen, this  
is Dulles Approach... do you copy?

**CUT TO:**

**54**

**(X)**

**150 IN THE REAL TOWER - THE CAB - NIGHT 150**

Everyone here REACTS to Stuart's voice - and the chilling lie  
he's just told in an affable, good of boy tone that's totally  
different than anything we've heard.

**BRITISH PILOT**

Approach, this is one-fourteen.  
Where the devil have you been?

**STUART'S VOICE**

We been right here, old man. But  
our systems didn't come back on line  
until just this second.

**151 MCCLANE AND BARNES - IN ANNEX 151**

both ashen faced -

**MCCLANE STUART'S VOICE**

Christ, help bringing them You're cleared for approach  
down! Why are they on Runway 29. Report to the  
listening? Tower at the Outer Marker.

**BRITISH PILOT**

BARNES Roger, Approach, and about  
(heartsick) time: I've got 230 people  
It's our frequency. Why up here flying on petrol  
shouldn't they? fumes.

**TRUDEAU STUART'S VOICE**

The son-of-a-bitch... the (replying to pilot)

Goddamn son-of-a-bitch- I'll bet. Okay, calibrate  
your altimeter at setting  
MCCLANE'S VOICE two-nine-nine-two. Turning  
What? you over to Tower...now.

**TRUDEAU**

That's the runway between here and  
the new terminal... he wants to make  
all of.us watch it.

**153 MCCLANE 153**

CAMERA PUSHES IN on him as he turns and looks out the window.

**BARNES**

Don't do it... you bastards, don't  
do it..!  
Desperate, McClane runs to the spilled paint, grabs turpentine,  
rags, pieces of scaffolding.

**BARNES**

What are you doing?

**CONTINUED**

55

**153 CONTINUED - 153**

**MCCLANE**

**(RIPPING FABRIC)**

Whatever the fuck I can, Barnes...  
whatever the fuck I can.

**154 IN THE BRITISH COCKPIT 154**

**PILOT**

(into cabin mike)  
Ladies and Gentlemen, as you've  
probably noticed, we've started our  
descent.

**155 INT. CABIN 155**

**PILOT'S VOICE**

We're sorry about the inconvenience,  
but we'll all be on the ground in  
a few minutes.  
The spent and exhausted people REACT. Some break into APPLAUSE  
and CHEERS of "HIP HIP." But one NICE ENGLISH GRANNY -clearly  
not an experienced air traveler - still looks TENSE. A  
STEWARDESS pauses to pat her shoulder reassuringly.

**STEWARDESS**

Just like British rail, luv. May  
be.late but we get you there.

**156 MCCLANE-FROM OUTSIDE ANNEX 156**

Barnes holds one end of.a painter's dropcloth; McClane - now  
wearing Barne's coat - DROPS out the broken window to the snow  
below.

There he's a tiny SHADOW on the white field. He turns, RUNS  
across the. unlit airport... wind whipped SNOW quickly hiding  
him from Barnes.

**157 THE VIRGINIA CHURCH - NIGHT 157**

**STUART**

(off mike to Thompson) (X)

Activate ILS landing system. But (X)

Recalibrate sea level. Minus 200  
feet.

31\$p,son - the main TECH here - OBEYS, with an unhealthy GRIN.

(X) He punches DIALS - a SCREEN LIGHTS UP - Stuart plays with his  
(X) mike button to create static as he "switches" the incoming plane  
from the approach operator to the tower operator - both, of (X)  
course, played by him... (X)

**56**

**(X)**

**158 BRITISH COCKPIT 158**

The crew REACTS as their ILS lights up. High fives all around.

**159 IN THE TOWER 159**

The SOUND of ENGINES.

**TRUDEAU**

Oh, God...no...

**A TECHNICIAN**

Can't we cut in, jam them -

**TRUDEAU**

Everything's dead.

**LORENZO**

**(POINTING)**

There's somebody out there -

LIGHT SIZZLES in the distance, dances. Trudeau fumbles up a pair  
of binoculars. Looks -

**TRUDEAU**

Christ. It's McClane. He'll get  
himself killed -

**160 MCCLANE - ON THE FIELD 160**

He's made two TORCHES from wads of fabric wound on the scaffold pieces - now he uses his LIGHTER to ignite them. He WAVES the impromptu FLARES in a crazy pattern - We HEAR the approaching

**PLANE-**

**160A IN THE ANNEX SKYWALK 160A**

**BARNES**

(at the window, watching)  
Come on, see the torch, see the

**TORCH**

**161 IN THE TOWER 161**

Everyone watches the dancing lights and listens to -

**PILOT'S VOICE**

Dulles, this is Windsor one fourteen.  
Inside the outer marker.

**STUART'S VOICE**

(doing a different voice

**THAN BEFORE)**

Roger, Windsor. This is Dulles  
Tower. We have radar contact and  
show you on ILS. You are in the glide  
path and looking good.

**CONTINUED**

**161 CONTINUED - 161**

**PILOT'S VOICE**

Wait a minute... something down there  
through the snow... looked like a  
light...

**162 STUART - IN VIRGINIA CHURCH 162**

**STUART**

(puzzled, but covering)  
Probably our runway systems coming  
back up. Don't worry about it you're  
coming in on instruments.

**PILOT**

Roger. Flaps down. Airspeed 100  
knots... 80... 70...

**NAVIGATOR**

RVR 1/4 mile... . altitude 1000

feet... 800... Ref plus 20...

**163 MCCLANE -ON THE FIELD 163**

Now he can HEAR the plane's ENGINES and - for a fleeting MOMENT  
he SEES its LIGHTS between gusts of snow-

**MCCLANE**

No... no, Jesus, Mary, Mother of God,  
no... pull up... pull up...

**164 IN THE TOWER 164**

Helpless, listening, watching - the lane's lights intermittently  
visible here, too, growing closer - dropping -dropping -

**NAVIGATOR**

600 feet...

**STUART**

Looking good, Windsor... watch it  
- there's a 30 knot cross wind and  
the runway's icy - atta boy -atta

**BOY**

**NAVIGATOR**

Four hundred feet - two hund-

**165 IN THE COCKPIT 165**

Suddenly from out of the darkness the crew sees THE RUNWAY, RIGHT

**UNDER THEM -**

**PILOT**

**JESUS!**

**CONTINUED**

**58**

**(X)**

'l 165 CONTINUED - 165  
He SLAMS CONTROLS - the plane TILTS -

**166 OUTSIDE 166**

Engines SCREAMING, the crew brilliant and skilled, but it's not  
enough, not enough - the nose comes up but a wingtip DIPS,  
catches the tarmac - and that's all it takes: The PLANE FLIPS

**OVER, ROLLS -**

**166A INSIDE THE TUMBLING PLANE 166A**

LUGGAGE tumbles in the CABIN - PEOPLE SCREAM -

**166B EXT. PLANE - RESUME 166B**

for a split second we HEAR the SCREAMS of men, women, children,  
and then all we HEAR - and SEE - is an EXPLOSION.

**167 RUNWAY - ANOTHER ANGLE**

As the plane breaks up and flaming debris SCATTERS.

**168 MCCLANE 168**

Behind the plane, watching the fireball roll away from him.  
He gives the scream of an. animal in a trap and falls to his  
knees.

**169 IN THE TOWER 169**

Everyone RECOILS at the explosion, which turns this room BLOOD  
RED with reflected light. CHUNKS OF METAL and PLASTIC boil  
through the sky. Something HITS the GLASS here, starrng it and  
smearing it with what we hope is only grease.  
Somewhere SIRENS wail.

**CUT TO:**

**170 STUART 170**

Silence here, too. His men look at him. Except for ThampSm,  
who clearly enjoyed his part in the above, their faces are  
blank. Maybe they're admiring Stuart's incredible coolness.  
Maybe.

**STUART**

**(INTO MIKE)**

That concludes our object lesson for  
this evening. If the 747 we  
requested is ready on time and General  
Esperanza lands unmolested, further  
lessons can be avoided.

**CONTINUED**

**59**

**1170 CONTINUED - 170**

He DISCONNECTS.

**CUT TO:**

**171 THE RUNWAY - LONG DOLLY SHOT - NIGHT 171**

Firemen and medics scramble over a chaos of metal and fabric that  
used to be an airplane. WATER everywhere;- snow melted for a  
hundred yards around from the EXPLOSION.  
Pieces of luggage, fragments of people's lives: Toys, purses,  
books, a woman's bloody shoe.  
McClane weaves through the workers, glazed eyes looking at the  
plane.

**RESCUE WORKER**

Tower, this is Rescue Three. No (X)  
survivors. Repeat, no surviv-  
He stops, looking puzzled at McClane, who is torn, bloody.  
McClane sees the look. Laughs bizzarely.

**MCCLANE**

Relax, pal, I'm not a survivor. I'm  
just another victim.  
He grabs the rescue worker by the collar.

**MCCLANE (CONT'D)**

.the last fucking victim he'll  
ever have.

**CUT TO:**

**172 EXT. VAL VERDE MILITARY TRANSPORT--NIGHT**   .172

**173 INT. VAL VERDE MILITARY TRANSPORT--NIGHT 173**

(X) Esperanza glances at his watch. Then, with a slight grimace  
and moan, he begins to massage his chained lower legs with his  
cuffed hands.

**ESPERANZA**

Dios, los calambres!  
(to his guard)  
Muchacho, si possible a remover eses?  
(with a grin)  
De donde a yo caminar, si?  
The young guard shakes his head. (X)

**YOUNG GUARD (X.)**

Desculpe me, mi General. No tengo (X)  
el permiso. (X)

**CONTINUED**

**60**

**(X)**

**X173 CONTINUED - 173**

Esperanza's eyes flash for a moment - and then he smiles  
paternally, fumbles a cigar out of his breast pocket.

**ESPERANZA**

Bueno, joven, bueno! Tu eres un  
soldado excelente! Ahora, en vez  
del libertad - dame un fosforo?  
Flattered, the kid lights him up.



**CUT TO:**

**174 INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH - NIGHT 174**

In the silence since the crash, no SOUNDS here, except the faint MONITORING of the Tower and aircraft chatter and the muted AUDIO of a TV. Garber breaks the silence.

**GARBER**

Sir. They've done everything we've anticipated... so far-  
Stuart smiles tightly at the unvoiced question.

**STUART**

Don't worry, Captain. If this goes into extra innings...

**(A SHRU )**

Well, we'll just call an our man in the other team's locker room.  
And - almost in afterthought - he wipes the flight number from the clear glass board. CAMERA PUSHES to the TELEVISION.

**175 ON THE SCREEN 175**

SAM COLEMAN is on CAMERA, "live" supered over her face. She's OUTSIDE on the airfield, her NEWS HELICOPTER beside her. In the distance behind barricades we see the CRASH SITE.

**SAM**

--hundreds of people in the terminal heard or saw the crash, but still there has been no official word from authorities. Meanwhile - despite the fact that only one runway has been closed due to the tragedy, several dozen airliners are visible from where I stand, endlessly circling the field. Rumors abound that somehow the accident has interfered with normal landing procedures here.

**(MORE)**

**CONTINUED**

**61**

**(i½ ) 175 CONTINUED - 175**

**SAM (CONT'D)**

Other reports say there were difficulties in the tower before the crash, and that they may have even contributed to it. One thing is

certain: With weather conditions  
worsening, the problem here and in  
the sky above us will continue to  
grow. This is Samantha Coleman at (X)  
Dulles International Airport.

**CUT TO:**

**176 INT. AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT 176**

PHONES ringing off the. wall; pitiful attempts at damage control.  
A DOCTOR gives Barnes a proper bandage on his cut.  
McClane sits dazed on a bench, eyes looking at nothing - the  
coffee someone gave him ignored. Trudeau.appears.

**TRUDEAU**

Barnes. We have to warn those planes  
we got a lunatic down here who likes  
to pretend he's the tower. Get up  
to the cab and get us on the air.

**BARNES**

On the air? With what?

**TRUDEAU**

With your Goddamn brain!  
Barnes leaves. McClane blinks, coming around to reality. Sees  
Trudeau.

**MCCLANE**

Trudeau... I... I...

**TRUDEAU**

You don't have to say anything,  
McClane. We all know how you feel.

**MCCLANE**

Do you? Do you? I've been a cop  
13 years... Everything from... lost  
kids to hostages... but... all of  
it was... taking care of business...  
taking care of peoplle... until  
tonight. Tonight, everything I did,  
everything I tried...

**(VOICE TIGHT)**

I never felt so useless.

**CONTINUED**

62

**(X)**

0176 CONTINUED - 176

**TRUDEAU**

(feeling his pain)  
Our own SWAT team's gone. We called  
the Government for help. They're  
sending in a special Army unit.  
Tactical Terrorist Team...  
McClane sees something else there in his eyes.

**MCCLANE**

And...?

**TRUDEAU**

Your wife's plane...?  
(as McClane tenses)  
They keep broadcasting, even though  
we can't answer. They... they'll  
run out of fuel in 90 minutes.  
CAMERA PUSHES IN on McClane.

**CUT TO:**

**177 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - NIGHT 177**

Thornberg at the window again. Face suspicious.

**HOLLY**

Listen, Dick -

**("INNOCENTLY")**

That is your name? Dick, if you're  
going-Eo keep getting this close,  
you think you could change  
aftershave?

**THORNBERG**

**(DRYLY)**

Anything else?

**HOLLY**

A stronger mouthwash would be nice.  
He glares at her, moves down the aisle.

**178 WITH HIM 178**

he goes into the coach section, moves to the row with his NEWS  
CREW. He shakes a sleeping ASSISTANT awake.

**THORNBERG**

Victor. Victor!

**VICTOR**

Uh - yeah, what?

**CONTINUED**

63

1 )178 CONTINUED - 178

**THORNBERG**

Did you pack the radio mikes from  
the shoot, or put them in your carry  
on?

**VICTOR**

Are you crazy? I wouldn't let those  
assholes check 'em -

**THORNBERG**

I love you. Get one of the  
receivers.  
Puzzled, the man pulls his bag from under the seat, gets one out.

**4 THORNBERG**

Can you tune in the cockpit frequency?  
I want to hear what's going on.

**VICTOR**

4 Should be on our band...  
He TUNES the mike's receiver, monitoring. with an earplug.

**FROWNS.**

**VICTOR**

**(PUZZLED)**

Nothing.

**THORNBERG**

You just said it would work -

**VICTOR**

It is working. But all I get is...

**(LISTENING AGAIN)**

The weather recording. It's like...  
like the tower isn't there.  
CAMERA TIGHTENS on Thornberg. Wheels start spinning. Leaving,  
he pats Victor's shoulder.

**THORNBERG**

Stay on it. Tell me if anything  
changes.

**CUT TO:**

**179 EXT. REAR OF TERMINAL - NIGHT 179**

LIGHTS in the SKY cut through the SWIRLING SNOW. Two ARMY (X)  
HELICOPTERS dance through the air towards us, and SET DOWN with

a (X)

ROAR, their BACKWASH creating a Yukon like STORM. (X)

**CONTINUED**

64

(X)

**!179 CONTINUED - 179**

Waiting here are Trudeau; The JUSTICE DEPARTMENT MEN we saw earlier; Lorenzo, worried about his status - and McClane, plain worried.

As the ROTORS keep TURNING, SOLDIERS and the CHOPPER CREWS hustle out of the choppers, the wind blowing over them and their equipment. A powerfully built MAJOR in his late 40's walks forward past the waiting men like someone in a receiving line. Everyone SHOUTS over the NOISE.

**I GRANT**

We're the Triple T's. I'm Major Grant.  
i JUSTICE MAN

**(FORMAL)**

Rollins. Department of Justice.

**TRUDEAU**

**(POLITE)**

Trudeau. Chief of Air Operations.

**LORENZO**

**(ASS KISSING)**

Lorenzo. Terminal Police. You want something... you got it.

**MCCLANE**

**(UNIMPRESSED)**

This is it? A dozen men?  
Pause. Grant stops, looks at him.

**GRANT**

One crisis... one dozen. Who are you?

**MCCLANE**

John McClane.

**GRANT**

McClane... Oh, yeah, you're the one who tried to save that plane tonight.

**(STEPPING CLOSER)**

You showed some balls out there, McClane. Now show some sense and let the pros handle things.

**MCCLANE**

Unfortunately the pros are on the other side. Colonel Stuart is one

of your boys -

**CONTINUED**

**65**

**(X)**

**)179 CONTINUED - (2) 179**

**GRANT**

**(TIGHTLY)**

Not any more, he's not.

(to the group)

Gentlemen, we are here to take down Colonel Stuart... and we will take him down. You see, I served, with him. And I taught him everything he knows.

**MCCLANE**

**(QUIETLY)**

Yeah. But what if he took some night courses?

**4**

Grant REACTS, recovers.

**GRANT**

cto his men)

All right, hustle! Command post will be in the Airport Police office.

I want to be tied into the Tower and every sysytem that's still working in fifteen minutes!

**SERGEANT**

You heard the man, troop! Move it!

GEAR and WEAPONS get hustled into the building as the Choppers

**LIFT OFF.**

**MCCLANE**

Trudeau.

(as he turns)

Did things just get better... or worse?

**CUT TO:**

**180 INT. CAB - NIGHT 180**

Barnes, huddled with the engineers. Desperate now.

**2ND ENGINEER**

Lights! Big portable lights! We  
set up on the field and -

**BARNES**

And wait for those lunatics to shoot  
them out? And where do we get those  
"big portable lights"? Borrow them  
from Batman?

**1ST ENGINEER**

Semaphore! That gets my vote-

**CONTINUED**

66

(X)

**I80 CONTINUED - 180**

**BARNES**

Your vote? You voted for Dukakis!  
(exasperated, to another

**MAN)**

What about the airphone idea?

**3RD ENGINEER**

Eighteen planes up there; only five  
have those phones. We got through  
to three of them, still trying with  
the others.

**BARNES**

Great, that leaves thirteen accidents  
waiting to happen. Are they still  
bucking headwinds? That's eating  
up most of their fuel.

**1ST ENGINEER**

Just checked the weather. Headwinds  
slamming right into everybody over  
the outer marker. The planes with  
enough fuel were already shunted to

**ATLANTA -**

Suddenly Barnes' expression changes.

**BARNES**

Damn! The Outer Marker!  
(on the radio)  
It's a beacon, right? A radio beacon,  
that sends out this "boop-boop-boop"

so they know they're over it, right?

**1ST ENGINEER**

So?

**BARNES**

So, who says that radio signal has  
to be just "boop-boop boop"?

**2ND ENGINEER**

**(GETTING IT)**

We switch the tower frequency over  
to the one for the beacon -

**BARNES**

-and we can talk to the planes and  
those bas ar s w o did this will never  
know!  
And as faces brighten for the first time in hours, we

**CUT TO:**

**67**

**(X)**

**; '1181 INT. AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT 181**

WIDEN from a tubular ELECTRONIC DEVICE with torn out wires at  
both ends as it CLUNKS down on a table.  
The second Triple T SERGEANT wipes grease from his hands, shows  
it to the men here.

**2ND SERGEANT**

Traced the signal, found it in the  
luggage area. they've been tapped  
into the tower all night.  
McClane and Trudeau look at Lorenzo, who looks away, embarrassed.  
The young CORPORAL has set up his radio gear in the  
receptionist's area. Now, he TUNES in that GARBLE.

**MCCLANE**

That's all we keep hearing. Can  
you do anything with it?

**CORPORAL TELFORD**

(shaking his head)  
If I had a few hours...

**MCCLANE**

(checking his watch)  
My wife has less than two.

**TELFORD**



**(SYMPATHETIC)**

I only got transferred in yesterday  
regular comm man got appendicitis.  
But word is nobody's better at this  
than Major Grant.

**MCCLANE**

Except Colonel Stuart?  
The kid can't answer. Then Grant appears, the MAN from the  
Justice Department in tow.

**GRANT**

(as he moves)  
Trudeau. Lorenzo. You brief me  
on that plane he asked for, I'll fill  
you in on my orders. In my office.  
Now.  
"My office" meaning Lorenzo's. Lorenzo glowers at that, but the  
little group moves in that direction - then the JUSTICE GUY puts  
up his hand to block McClane -

**JUSTICE DEPT. GUY**

No civilians.  
Trudeau looks at McClane, sympathetic - and then the door SHUTS.

**CUT TO:**

**68**

**(X)**

**182 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - COCKPIT 182**

The Navigator suddenly sits upright at his 'phones.

**2ND OFFICER**

What the fuck -

**PILOT**

What is it?

**I**

**2ND OFFICER**

The outer marker beeper? It's not  
beeping. It's talking.  
And saying this he turns up a DIAL -

**BARNES' VOICE**

**(FROM SPEAKER)**

--tention, all aircraft in Dulles  
landing pattern. Attention. This  
is Chief Engineer Leslie Barnes.

d I have been authorized to brief you in full. At this time this is the only channel available to us. Here is the situation. Approximately 2 hours ago -

**183 INT. PLANE - LAVATORY AREA 183**

Between business class and coach. Grinning, Victor pulls Thornberg through the curtain, pokes an earplug into Thornberg's ear. We TIGHTEN on him.

**BARNES' VOICE**

**(TINNY)**

-the terrorists have cut all our systems and now have control of everything except this channel.

**THORNBERG**

Holy shit - we - we gotta get this on tape -  
Victor GRINS. And pulls a MICROCASSETTE RECORDER from his shirt pocket. It is ALREADY JACKED INTO THE RECEIVER and TURNING. Thornberg all but cackles.

**BARNES' VOICE**

We believe this channel is secure but your own transmissions are not. Do not repeat do not attempt to reply on your own frequencies to this broadcast. These people have already caused one crash by impersonating

**OUR TOWER-**

**THORNBERG**

Jesus!

**184 HOLLY 184**

looking suspiciously at the little piece of the two men still visible.

**CUT TO:**

**185 INT. CAB - SAME TIME 185**

Barnes is using a TELEPHONE which is JURY RIGGED with some electronic lines.

**BARNES (CONT'D)**

(into a TELEPHONE)  
-repeat, do not accept any instructions claiming to be from our tower unless you hear your own flight

recorder access code. We will get this from your respective airlines and use it for confirmation.

**186 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE 186**

where Thornberg's expression is like a man having sex.

**BARNES VOICE**

**(TINNY)**

Repeat: the terrorists have cut off the two systems that can allow you to land: The field lights for a manual landing and the ILS for an instrument one. A special US Army unit is already here and preparing to take out the terrorists.

CAMERA TIGHTENS on Thornberg: Orgasm.

**CUT TO:**

**187 INT. DULLES BASEMENT - NIGHT 187**

TIGHT ON A CRACKED MIRROR. Marvin is checking himself out in a nice, long topcoat which has unfortunately recently been covered with grease and grime (not to mention the bullet holes.)

CAMERA ADJUSTS as McClane comes in.

**MARVIN**

Hey, officer. Thought you'd be upstairs by now, hanging out with the top brass.

**MCCLANE**

They kind of busted me down to buck private.

**CONTINUED**

**187 CONTINUED - 187**

**MARVIN**

I know that feeling. Interested in a nice coat?

**MCCLANE**

**(RECOGNIZING IT)**

The lining's ripped and it needs some invisible mending. Keep it. Think you can get me on line upstairs again?

Marvin chuckles, moves over to a table and pulls aside a cloth. All electronic stuff there.

**MARVIN**

I was just a kid, working those  
radios on the B-29's. But I kept  
up. Still read Popular Mechanics.  
These transistor things, I'm on top  
of 'em -  
Marvin realizes that McClane has'a funny expression.

**MARVIN**

You okay, son?

**2188 NEW ANGLE 188**

FOCUS CHANGE. McClane STARES at the table... and one of the  
scrambled transceivers - one with a GREEN L.E.D.!

**CUT TO:**

**189 INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH - NIGHT 189**

Stuart is in the pulpit, his men attentive.

**STUART**

We've pussied out around the world,  
over and over again. We drop the  
Shah, fuck Marcos, throw Noriega  
overboard. You know what they think  
around the globe? The worst thing  
that can happen to you is to have  
America as a friend. And now that  
stain head Gorbachov, he's got some  
nice English suits, and a wife without  
gold teeth, so now the Commies are  
nice? Gentlemen, we are soldiers  
and we do not believe in fairy tales  
sweet though they may seem. Well,  
tonight, the pattern ends. The  
dominos will fall no more and the  
ramparts will remain upri-

**CONTINUED**

**71**

**189 CONTINUED - 189**

**THOMPS ON (X)**

(ca 11 ing--out.3-  
Sir! General Esperanza's plane just  
came on the scope.  
Stuart hurries up into the choir loft, CAMERA ADJUSTING. He  
takes up the phone.

**STUART**

Attention, Dulles Tower...

190 INT. CAB 190

**STUART'S VOICE**

I am lighting up a runway now. Do not - repeat, do not - attempt to land any planes. Remember, I am monitoring you.  
And now, like magic - one DISTANT RUNWAY twinkles on. Almost immediately the CHATTER from the sky picks up: QUESTIONS.

**DEMANDS. PLEADING.**

**BARNES**

What do we do?

**TRUDEAU**

Obey.

191 INT. ESPERANZA'S PLANE - PULLBACK FROM COCKPIT 191

**STUART'S VOICE**

Dulles Tower to FM-1. Dulles Tower to FM-1...

**VAL VERDE CO-PILOT**

**(IN ENGLISH)**

This is FM-1, Dulles. We read you. Over.

**STUART'S VOICE**

You are to come in on runway fifteen, (X) repeat, runway fifteen.  
By now the CAMERA is in the REAR CABIN.  
Just in time to SEE Esperanza STRANGLE the nice young corporal with the chain from his handcuffs.  
He lets the body drop, nice and soft so it doesn't make a sound.  
Taking the handcuff key from the body, he frees himself... (X)

**CUT TO:**

192 INT. BASEMENT 192

McClane is examining the Scrambler, excited.

**MCCLANE**

The code... the code's still punched... where did you get this?

**MARVIN**

Came with the coat; over near the luggage belts. Looks like one of

them Japanese radios... can't hold  
a candle to a nice Zenith if you ask  
me... You like it, huh? How about  
twenty dollars?

**MCCLANE**

How about I let you live?

**MARVIN**

(handing it over).  
Man knows how to bargain...

**CUT TO:**

**193 INT. ESPERANZA'S PLANE 193**

**VAL VERDE PILOT**

Dulles, this is contrary to our  
instructions. We are to land on  
Runway One and be met by  
representatives of your Justice

**DEPARTMENT -**

He STOPS.  
He's seen Esperanza, who has come into the cockpit holding the  
corporal's pistol..

**ESPERANZA**

Capitain, please tell the tower you  
will proceed as ordered.

**PILOT**

**(PAUSES; THEN)**

Roger, Dulles. Proceeding to runway

**FIFTEEN -**

Suddenly the CO-PILOT LEAPS for Esperanza! Esperanza WHIRLS,  
SHOOTS TWICE - one shot KILLS him - but one SHATTERS

**194 ONE OF THE SIDE WINDOW PANELS 194**

and WIND and SNOW thunder INSIDE like a WALL.

73

,

**\ ) 195 INT. CAB - INTERCUT 195**

Everyone has REACTED to the SHOT and NOISE - and now ANOTHER  
SHOT.

**196 INT. ESPERANZA'S PLANE -NIGHT 196**

TILT UP from the PILOT'S BODY on the floor, already flecked with

**SNOW.**

Esperanza is at the controls, trying to SEE through the SWIRLING WHIRLWIND. Cursing, he flies with one hand; with the other he REACHES UP and FEELS ABOVE the RADIO PANEL for something he expects to be there: And it IS - one of the DISTINCTIVE

**SCRAMBLED TRANSCEIVERS.**

**ESPERANZA**

**(INTO IT)**

Eagle Nest, this is Falcon... Mayday.

Eagle Nest, this is Falcon... Mayday!

**197 INT. CAB 197**

They HEAR the GARBLED ALIEN SOUND -

**198 INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH 198**

Stuart is startled to hear this, but grabs his transceiver

**7-7**

**STUART**

Go ahead, Falcon -

**CUT TO:**

**199 INT. BASEMENT 199**

**ESPERANZA'S VOICE**

Repeat, I have lost cabin pressure. (X)

Near zero visibility. I must drop

out of the storm. I can land but

I must land now, on the first outgoing

runway. Repea , I cannot circle

around to runway fifteen.

PULLBACK. McClane listens, grinning. He takes the airport map from his pocket, hands it the Marvin.

**MCCLANE**

Marvin... you show me a shortcut to

runway fifteen and you got yourself

a liner for that coat.

**200 STUART - IN VIRGINIA CHURCH - INTERCUT 200**

**STUART**

**(OFF MIKE)**

Shit!

**CONTINUED**

**74**

**(X)**

**200 CONTINUED - 200**

He snaps his fingers. Someone produces a map, points out -

**STUART**

(nodding, into

**TRANSCIVER)**

Roger, Falcon. That would be...  
Eleven West-3: It's a straight run  
from the ocean -

**INT. ESPERANZA'S PLANE - INTERCUT 201**

as he DESCENDS from the eye of the storm the SNOW in the cockpit  
ABATES a bit. Now we can SEE the airfield - and the ILLUMINATED  
RUNWAY which is PERPENDICULAR to the plane.

**ESPERANZA**

Thank you for telling me, Eagle Nest.  
But if you could show it to me as  
well I would be grateful.  
In the church, Stuart grins at Esperanza's cool., signals  
Thompson. A switch is THROWN.  
The FIRST RUNWAY goes OFF and a NEW RUNWAY lights up DIRECTLY IN  
FRONT of the plane.

**ESPERANZA**

Gracias', Amigos.

**202 INT. RUNWAY TUNNEL 202**

**MCCLANE**

**(HEARING THIS)**

Eleven West? What the fuck happened  
to fifteen?  
(fumbling-with the map)  
;up to my ass in fucking terrorists  
again. I gotta start reading my  
Goddamn horoscope...

**203 INSERT - THE, MAP 203**

His FINGER moves along the runway to the code numbers.

**MCCLANE'S VOICE**

Eleven W4, W5 - Bingo.

**204 BACK TO SCENE 204**

He turns. CAMERA PUSHES to the white wall numbers here: "11W3".  
An ARROW indicates "ACCESS GRID."

**ESPERANZA'S VOICE**

Eagle Nest, do you copy? I'm coming  
down, now.



CONTINUED

75

-/204 CONTINUED - 204

STUART'S VOICE

We copy, Falcon. We'll have you in five minutes.

MCCLANE

(TO HIMSELF)

Not if I can help it, asshole.

He turns and begins running down the tunnel.

CUT TO:

205 STUART - IN VIRGINIA CHURCH 205

he tosses the command mike to one of his men, throws a weapon over his shoulder and leads Garber, Thompson and Kahn in a rush out the rear door.

(X)

206 INT. CAB 206

REACTIONS as the PREVIOUS lit runway GOES DARK and a DIFFERENT ONE LIGHTS UP.

206 INT. ESPERANZA'S PLANE - NIGHT 206

Winching against the blowing snow and wind, the General expertly trims his descent. He reaches for a co-pilot's control and sweeps the dead man to the floor, bites down on his cigar. The plane begins to VIBRATE, but he humms to himself. He's the scum of the earth. But one hell of a pilot.

CUT TO:

207 INT. ACCESS TUNNEL 207

McClane, breathless, reaches the ladder. The grid above him is bigger than a doorway, made of heavy industrial steel. (X)

RADIO VOICE

I see your lights. Wheels down.  
5 seconds ETA.  
McClane checks his pistol clip with a snap.

MCCLANE

Come to poppa, you son-of-a-bitch-  
He flies up the ladder - and BRUISES his shoulder against the locked grid.

**MCCLANE**

Shit!

**CUT TO:**

**76**

**(X)**

**)208 THE PLANE 208**

**DROPPING -**

**209 STUART AND SOLDIERS - IN JEEP ON AIRFIELD 209**

Their BREATH clouding inside the still cold JEEP as it BOUNCES along. Garber shines a FLASHLIGHT into the falling snow, illuminates a snow-covered runway number sign: "EIGHT WEST." The military plane ROARS overhead!

**210 THE TUNNEL 210**

BLAM! BLAM! McClane shoots off the lock apparatus of the grid! A RICOCHET PINGS off one of the grids hydraulic hinges and McClane winces as metal splinters sail by. Then he begins to muscle the heavy grid upwards.

**211 UP ABOVE 211**

A FIELD of SNOW and ICE. But now a BLACK RECTANGLE EMERGES from it - it's the TUNNEL GRID, SNOW falling through it - the damn thing must weight over 300 pounds - McClane gets his head and shoulders up and out. Looks at -

**212 THE PLANE - HALF A MILE AWAY 212**

about to hit the runway -

**213 BACK TO SCENE 213**

McClane pushes upwards - grunts - when he shifts his grip his SKIN RIPS on the cold metal - with a grimace, he pushes his rifle out, starts to follow -

**214 BELOW 214**

the damaged hydraulic hinge suddenly SNAPS with a squish of thick fluid.

**215 ABOVE 215**

the 300 pound grid THUDS down on McClane's back. He GROANS, stunned.

**216 THE PLANE 216**

SCREECHES down on the runway!

**217 THE SCENE - BLAZING FAST INTERCUTS 217**

A) MCCLANE - dazed, trapped, he looks up and SEES -

B) THE PLANE - 1/4 mile away, coming right towards him-

**CONTINUED**

**77**

**) 217 CONTINUED - 217**

C) MCCLANE - struggling - still PINNED to the runway like a bug in the Natural History Museum. Now we HEAR the ROAR of the. jet's ENGINES -  
D) THE PLANE - 1/8 mile away -  
E) MCCLANE'S FEET - still in the tunnel, they GROPE for leverage on the steps -and SLIP! Now they kick away at AIR -

**218 MCCLANE AND PLANE - IN ONE SHOT 218**

It's coming, coming, COMING. Desperate, McClane sees that part of the rifle is half under the grid. Now, he puts all his energy into levering the rifle against the steel. Slowly, slowly, sweat breaking out on his forehead, he levers the rifle higher and higher, the rifle in turn levering the grid upward, an inch at a time finally, it's high enough for him to JAM the rifle's bayonet ring into the grid while the cheek notch of the stock perches precariously on the lip of the hole.

**AND THE PLANE IS RIGHT FUCKING THERE.**

McClane DIVES OUT OF THE HOLE.

**219 NEW ANGLE 219**

McClane rolls away from the wheels, which miss him by inches. The PLANE SMACKS into the half-open grid, which goes FLYING, the plane hardly dented, the rifle SNAPPING like a toothpick, the scrambler CRUNCHING like a bug McClane kisses asphalt, WINCES at the SCORCH of jet exhaust five feet over his head.

**220 THE PLANE 220**

Skids roughly to a stop a hundred yards away. McClane gets to his feet, sucks in air - and heads for the

plane.

**221 STUART AND SOLDIERS - SAME TIME 221**

Close enough to SEE the plane as it STOPS -

**STUART**

**(POINTING)**

There -!

**222 INT. PLANE 222**

Esperanza secures the controls, moves to the doorway and spins the wheellock. It opens with a HISS and the steps DROP DOWN. (X)

**CONTINUED**

78

r-) 222 CONTINUED - 222

**ESPERANZA**

(breathing deeply) (X)  
Freedom.

**MCCLANE'S VOICE**

Not yet.  
McClane's FIST smacks in, knocking Esperanza back from the door.

**I**

**223 NEW ANGLE 223**

McClane comes up the steps, gun leveled at the startled fugitive.

**MCCLANE**

Thought you'd pull this off, didn't  
you? I guess you didn't count on  
me being here. Actually, I didn't  
count on me being here.

**ESPERANZA**

W-who are you?

**MCCLANE**

Just a cop who's spent half his career  
busting scumbag lowlife dope dealers.  
Looks like it's business as usual.  
Think this will look good on my  
record?  
Suddenly BULLETS PING on the hatch inches from McClane's head.

**ESPERANZA**

No.

door McClane 'DIVES and rolls into the cabin - FIRES TWICE out the  
and then almost on instinct whirls -  
Esperanza's snatched up the rifle from the dead corporal but (X)  
McClane's SHOT hits him in the SHOULDER. With a HOWL, Esperanza  
falls backwards but hangs on to the gun.

**224 THE HATCHWAY 224**

GARBER and another man are there, rifles UP -

**BACK TO SCENE**

McClane FIRES, blowing a hole in h m so ' THROAT, and as (X)  
Garber's slugs come closer, McClane IVES into the cockpit,  
BULLETS smacking all around him from Garber and Esperanza -

**THE COCKPIT 225 -**

McClane SLAMS the door behind him, LOCKS IT. BULLETS PING into the door, which INDENTS from the hits which don't penetrate it.

**226 OUTSIDE THE PLANE 226**

GARBER helps Esperanza down the steps. Stuart runs to him.

**STUART**

General!

**ESPERANZA**

(indicating the wound)  
I'm all right - he said he was a  
,policeman...

**AMAZED)**

A policeman -  
PUSH to Stuart. He knows which policeman...

**GARBER**

He went in the cockpit -

**STUART**

He's going to hell.

**227 COCKPIT 227**

Silence. McClane REACTS to the two dead men sharing the tiny space with him... the SNOW and GLASS everywhere... and then he crawls to the door, gingerly tries it.  
IT WON'T MOVE. He tries harder.

**228 OTHER SIDE OF DOOR 228**

A RESCUE AXE is across the door like a barricade.

**229 IN THE COCKPIT. 229**

McClane looks worried - and then

**STUART**

**(SHOUTING)**

McClane! I assume it's you, McClane. (X)

**230 EXT. FRONT OF PLANE - NIGHT 230**

Stuart, Esperanza and two of the others ring the nose of the plane, weapons out.  
Garber - the last man - comes up, delayed by locking McClane in the cabin.

**CONTINUED**

130 CONTINUED - 230

**STUART**

You're ite a little soldier. So  
- consider this a mi itary unera  
And he OPENS FIRE. The others instantly join in.

**231 INSIDE THE COCKPIT 231**

McClane DUCKS as FIVE MACHINE GUNS BEGIN TO RIP THE PLACE APART.  
What's left of the glass IMPLODES, and ricochets begin SLAMMING  
around the room - McClane eats floor, but the snaking lines of  
bullets criss cross the cockpit, searching him out -

**MCCLANE**

**HOLY MOTHER OF GOD -**

Glass rakes his forehead, blood misting his vision - He crawls  
N to the door - throws his weight against it - nothing -

**232 OUTSIDE 232**

Having decimated the front of the plane, Stuart signals and now  
they flank the sides. What's left of the window glass reflects  
their FIRE like a Fourth of July show - Esperanza alone SMILES as  
he shoots -

**233 MCCLANE 233**

he's HIT in the left hand.

**234 OUTSIDE 234**

**STUART**

How many grenades we have?

**GARBER**

**2 EACH -**

**STUART**

Use 'em.  
Pop. Pop pop pop. Each man PULLS TWO PINS - THROWS - Then they  
run for their jeep, carrying the body of their comrade- (X)

**235 IN THE COCKPIT 235**

Clunk-clunk-clunkCLUNK. TEN GRENADES land and BOUNCE here like  
hailstones from hell. They SIZZLE. McClane rolls over and  
suddenly SEES -

**236 LEVER BESIDE PILOT'S SEAT 236**

CAMERA PUSHES to it: "EJECT."

in one move vaults into the seat, snaps on the belt, grabs the

**LEVER -**

**238 WIDER 238**

with a WOOSH and a ROAR, the ejection seat ROCKETS UPWARDS, the steel vanguard above McClane's head PUNCHING THROUGH what's left of the canopy.

**239 OUTSIDE 239**

the cockpit EXPLODES! It's all so FAST and EYE SEARING we're not sure if McClane is clear - but then we SEE

**240 MCCLANE - IN MID AIR 240**

No sound, now, just the WHOOSH of the air going past - the ejection seat is TUMBLING -

**MCCLANE**

**(WEAK)**

**JESUS -**

WHOMP! The 'chute OPENS with violent YANK.

**MCCLANE**

**(WEAKER)**

Christ!

He DROPS from frame.

**241 THE BURNING PLANE 241**

(X)

At the jeep, Stuart and his men REACT as WATER from MELTING SNOW

runs past their feet. Garber POINTS to the ghostly image of the 'chute, half a mile away -

**GARBER**

**THERE -**

But Stuart turns at the SOUND of SIRENS.

**242 NEW ANGLE 242**

The calvary is coming... and it's not his.

**243 BACK TO SCENE 243**

**STUART**

Fall back to the Church! Now! (X)

Helping the wounded Esperanza, they vanish into the darkness.

**CUT TO:**

**82**

**THE PARACHUTE - ON THE GROUND 244**

BILLOWING as something struggles under it.

**MCCLANE'S VOICE**

**(MUFFLED)**

Where's - the fucking - door?  
He staggers out from under the yards of silk, COVERED IN SNOW  
-fights the vertigo from his flight - runs off.

**CUT TO:**

**245 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - NIGHT 245**

The stewardess sticks her head into the cockpit.

**STEWARDESS**

They're getting pretty squirrely back  
there... in fact, so am I.

**PILOT**

We're right over Washington... see  
if you can get any TV. That'll settle  
'em down.

**STEWARDESS**

Works for me. I'll -  
She STOPS. She's SEEN

**246 THE FUEL GAUGE - HER POV 246**

Almost on EMPTY -

**247 BACK TO SCENE 247**

She REACTS. No one says anything. She composes herself... goes  
out.

**248 INT. BUSINESS CLASS 248**

Holly types a line on her computer. Then she REACTS to the (X)  
SOUND of crumpled paper. CAMERA ADJUSTS as she looks at  
Thornberg. He's LISTENING to the TAPE RECORDING with an earplug  
and then drafting his own document.  
He crosses out a line, adds a word - looks at it proudly. (X)

**THORNBERG**

(sotto, to himself)  
Boy, am I good...

**HOLLY**

Writing your acceptance speech for  
the video sleaze awards?

**CONTINUED**



..iç½ 248 CONTINUED - 248

**THORNBERG**

(in odd good humor)

Try Pulitzer, Mrs. McClane.

But now that stewardess reaches up and turns on the TV PROJECTOR. As the lights DARKEN, Thornberg decides this is perfect cover. pretending he's getting a blanket overhead, he slips his credit card in one of airphones. Then he moves down the aisle, phone I inside his jacket.

**STEWARDESS**

Sir, please - we may be landing at any moment -the seat belt light is-

**THORNBERG**

I- I'm going to be sick -

He makes a croaking noise to sell it, stumbles into the lavatory.

**THORNBERG**

(dials, then:)

This is Richard Thornberg. Put me through to the News Director.

**(LISTENING)**

I know he's getting ready for the broadcast, that's why I want him! Now get him or start typing your resume!

**CUT TO:**

**249 INT. AIR POLICE OFFICE 249**

The DOCTOR patches McClane's right hand; one of the soldiers gives McClane a cigarette.

**MCCLANE**

Esperanza's down... but he's hurt.  
I killed one more man... that's six (X)  
they've lost all together.

**LORENZO**

**(UNIMPRESSED)**

Maybe if we knew how many they had to start with, we could get excited. But if they got fifty guys, it's a little early to break out the (X) champagne.

**GRANT**

McClane, we don't need a loose cannon on this deck. What if they decide to crash another plane in retaliation for your little stunt?

**CONTINUED**

84

(X)

249 CONTINUED - 249

r,1

**MCCLANE**

**(INDICATING BARNES)**

Last I heard, they can't do that again. And if I grabbed Esperanza, the situation would be over.

**GRANT**

Maybe they're more creative than you

**I**

think! McClane, we're here to jerk off that cocksucker until he tries to take off - period! This time you're the wrong guy in the wrong place at the wrong time!

McClane stands, glares at the two officers. He flips away the cigarette, walks away, pissed.

**MCCLANE**

.The story of my life.

But the enlisted men seem sympathetic. And so does

**250 BARNES 250**

Who now pulls McClane aside.

**BARNES**

McClane. You said they showed up there right away?

**MCCLANE**

Stuart's guys? Yeah. That means they're on the field or close -

**BARNES**

I think I know where.

Interested, McClane follows Barnes around the corner.

**251 WHEN THEY'RE ALONE 251**

Barnes unfolds some plot plans.

**BARNES**

These are the old plans when the longer runways went in... that's twelve years ago. And it looks like they did some modifications on site... moved Tracon, phone, ILS - all the underground stuff -so they could handle drainage. If I'm right, all of it would run along the edge of the airport property - and go right past this neighborhood.

CONTINUED

85

(X)

12½. - 251 CONTINUED - 251

**MCCLANE**

So - if they know this too - they could be sitting around the fireplace and hanging their fucking stockings in one of these houses?

**BARNES**

Maybe. Yeah. Well, seventy eighty per cent, five percent either way-

**MCCLANE**

Are you sure or not?

**BARNES**

I was sure about tying into the antenna array. And... and I got five officers killed.

**MCCLANE**

You didn't do that - you did your

**JOB -**

**BARNES**

I had a choice and I made it. But those cops didn't have a choice, and neither do those soldiers now. I'm an engineer, McClane. It's supposed to be wires and circuits... iron and steel. Not flesh and blood. Not lives. If...if I'm wrong again... I don't want anyone else to get orders that could get them killed.

**MCCLANE**

(after a moment)  
Then how would you feel about a volunteer?

**CUT TO:**

**252 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - NIGHT 252**

The passengers' patience has begun to frazzle. The Older Woman beside Holly is no exception.

**OLDER WOMAN**

Somebody ought to get their ass kicked  
for this mess, that's for sure.

**HOLLY**

It's hard to blame anyone for the

**WEATHER -**

**CONTINUED**

86

**252 CONTINUED - 252**

**OLDER WOMAN**

Yeah? What about that porker Willard  
Scott?

**(TO HERSELF)**

I shoulda taken the bus. At least  
they can pull over for food and gas.

**253 HOLLY 253**

Holly

I REACTS to what the woman's said. As the Stewardess PASSES,  
signals her - RISES halfway to meet her.

**STEWARDESS.**

Yes?

**HOLLY**

I... was just wondering. Our flight  
was only supposed to be 5 1/2 hours- (X)

**(ALMOST SHEEPISH)**

Do we have enough fuel for all this  
endless circling?  
Pause. The Stewardess' face eases into an official smile.

**STEWARDESS**

Oh, of course we do. They anticipate  
little proems like this.  
She moves away. We TIGHTEN on Holly. She's chilled by the lie.  
Worried, she TURNS... looks at the AirPhone. X)

**CUT TO:**

**254 TIGHT ON MCCLANE'S WAIST 254**

HIS BEEPER SHOWS as he CLIMBS something - we WIDEN.  
He and Barnes are outside a HOUSE that backs up to the Airport.  
Both peer over the fence. It's a modest DC suburban tract job.  
People TRIM a TREE. It could be Norman Rockwell.

**MCCLANE**

Hell. These people are hanging their  
Goddamn stockings.  
They DROP down into the snow, CRUNCH to the next fence. Look

**AT**

**255 SECOND HOUSE 255**

No tree: People having dinner, a MENORAH burning on the  
windowsill.

**MCCLANE**

- and these people aren't.

**87**

**(X)**

r.i.g. 55A NEW ANGLE 255A

They've come to a corner; now they go back to the street, spread  
Barne's map out on the hood of Barne's still humming CAR. Far  
behind them, we SEE the illuminated airport TOWER, centered in  
the dark blot that should be brightly active runways.  
Barnes reaches inside his jacket, fumbles in his jammed plastic  
pocket thingie for a little flashlight. He checks the map.

**BARNES**

Four more possibles. Three houses...  
and a church.

They cross the intersection on foot, walk over a lawn. It's  
further to the next place; more prosperous yard. Suddenly  
McClane puts up his hand -Barnes stops - both look at -

**257 NEXT PROPERTY - THE CHURCH 257**

Baker is walking, almost casually, around the rear of the house.

**258 BACK TO SCENE 258**

McClane and Barnes huddle, whisper.

**MCCLANE**

Could be a sentry -

**BARNES**

And he could just be out for a walk-

**MCCLANE**

Then why is he going over his own  
footprints?

**259 THEIR POV - CLOSER 259**

Indeed, gar's steady progress has made a trench around the  
church property, and the distinctive PRINT of his galoshes now  
makes double images.

**260 BACK TO SCENE 260**

**MCCLANE**

**(WHISPER)**

Stay here. Get ready to call the marines.

**BARNES**

**(WHISPER)**

I thought they were Army.

**MCCLANE**

**(WHISPER)**

Who the fuck cares, just be ready.

**CONTINUED**

**88**

**260 CONTINUED - 260**

Saying this, McClane takes his own gun from his holster and puts it in the back of his trousers... then moves off.  
Barnes takes out a cellular phone, lurks under a tree.

**261 MCCLANE 261**

moves from shadow to shadow and tree to tree like an Indian  
I stalking a settler... closer... closer...

**CUT TO:**

**262 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - NIGHT 262**

Holly drops her credit card in the airphone. Starts to DIAL.

**CUT TO:**

**263 MCCLANE 263**

Baker is only a yard away. Closer - closer - and then -BEEP! (X)

**264 BAKER 264**

Instantly whips his head around, the hidden MAC 10 coming up,  
but E he winter outerwear slows him. McClane. DIVES on him. (X)

**265 BARNES 265**

REACTS, begins to dial the phone. REACTS to

**266 INSERT - PHONE 266**

The dial reads NO SVC.

**267 BACK TO SCENE 267**

**BARNES**

**SHIT!**

He raises the antenna, realizes he's got to move - runs towards the street.

**268 MCCLANE AND BAKER 268**

CRASH into the fence with a CRACK. McClane ha Baker gun (X)  
hand and SLAMS it down on the fence n -again  
-blood wells - the gun DROPS ker OW", taking McClane away (X)  
from the weapon -They trade bru unches -

89

**269 INT. THE VIRGINIA CHURCH - NIGHT 269**

Through the rear window here we SEE the fence GIVE, and bend (X)  
AGAIN, but the SOUND is muffled by the WIND and the GLASS.

**CUT TO:**

**270 INT. AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT 270**

Lorenzo WRITES as Grant REACTS -

**LORENZO**

You're where - you crazy idiot, why'  
didn't you -

**271 BARNES - INTERCUT 271**

He's down the block, STANDING on a snow covered car -

**BARNES**

Just get here,.this is it, move your  
fat ass will ya -?  
Grant signals his Sergeant and then it's like D-Day as ALL the  
SOLDIERS and some COPS hustle out -

**CUT TO:**

**272 MCCLANE AND BAKER-. ' 272**

halfway to their feet, the snow bloody between them s3ke (X)  
KARATE KICKS McClane back into a tree, dazing him---Baker jumps  
(X)  
in, RIPS McClane's coat open and -  
GRABS for the holster! As his hand comes up empty, McClane  
GRINS, head butts him!

**CUT TO:**

**273 VIRGINIA STREET -'NEAR AIRPORT -NIGHT 273**

AIRPORT POLICE CARS and the ARMY TRUCK SKID AROUND A CORNER-

**274 INT. ARMY TRUCK 274**

Soldiers on the benches - Grant standing, rocking like a commuter  
- Telford, only one unarmed, still MONITORING the radio -

**GRANT**

Gentlemen. We have... a situation here...

CLICK CLICK SNAP. AMMO CLIPS are broken out - all PIGGYBACKED like combat hardened troops do it, two banana clips taped together with blue tape. (X)

**CUT TO:**

90

(X)

**275 MCCLANE AND BAKER 275**

**CD**

Baker yanks a combat knife from his boot and 'DIVES on McClane -bo i HIT the wall of the church's detached garage -SNOW and ICE fall from the roof, but both men ignore it - McClane's LEFT hand can't force away;½ akers RIGHT hand and the KNIFE.

The bastard is STRONG and now his left jumps out and pins McClane's RIGHT so-it can't help-- The knife creeps towards McClane's throat! McClane is fucke -and then his desperate eyes look at something nearby -

We FOCUS CHANGE - it's a big ICICLE -with his last strength McClane.BREAKS out of Baker's grip, grabs the icicle- -and STABS it RIGHT in Baker's EYE!

**276 REVERSE ANGLE 276**

Baker SCREAMS and falls back - McClane ROLLS with him and with both hands PRESSES the ICICLE HOME SIX MORE INCHES right into the son-of-a-bitch's brain.

The body TWITCHES, DIES. McClane falls against the garage as the snow turns CRIMSON all around. Catches his BREATH... and then REACTS to a WHISTLE.

**277 BARNES 277**

is in the street. Moving in a crouch, McClave heads towards him. Barnes points to

**278 ' E 6B' RS 7 278**

their truck far down the street, they move forward silently and expertly, shadows starting to surround the church.

**279 BACK TO SCENE 279**

Grant and Lorenzo come over.

**LORENZO**

McClane, what the hell do you think you're doing, playing John Wayne? How'd you like to spend the rest of the night in a cell -

**GRANT**



**LORENZO -**

**(PAUSE)**

shut the fuck up and do something useful. Seal off the street.

**LORENZO**

You can't talk to me like that -

**CONTINUED**

**91**

**279 CONTINUED - 279**

**GRANT**

Oh, no, Carmine?

**(TURNING)**

Sergeant! Get this... bureaucrat out of Mr. McClane's face.

**SERGEANT**

With pleasure, sir!

I And Lorenzo is HUSTLED away. McClane takes out a cigarette.

**MCCLANE**

I was wrong. You're not an asshole.

**GRANT**

i (lighting him up)

No, you were right. I'm just your-kind of asshole.

**2ND SERGEANT**

**(COMING UP)**

Flanking the church now, sir. (X)

**GRANT**

Close up the back, then we go in.

Fire only on my order.

McClane and Barnes watch as the soldiers start to close the net.

**280 A SOLDIER 280**

moves forward on the lawn into a PRONE FIRING POSITION - and then his GUN MUZZLE hits a TRIP WIRE in the SNOW!

**281 IN THE CHURCH 281**

Stuart's men REACT to and ALARM - instantly go to ASSIGNED JOBS! Some grab weapons ,others.SMASHthe EQUIPMENT HERE! Esperanza, bandaged, throws a coat on, grabs a pistol!

**282 OUTSIDE 282**

**MCCLANE**

**SHIT!**

(X) Everyone DIVES for COVER as a STAINED GLASS WINDOW is BROKEN and  
a rifle POKES out. GUNFIRE lights up the street, REFLECTS on  
the snow!

**283 -INSIDE THE HOUSE 283**

**STUART**

Gentlemen, you know what to do- (X)

**CONTINUED**

**92**

**(X)**

j-i;½ 283 CONTINUED - 283  
Looks all around - all change their ammo clips, putting ones with  
blue adhesive tape into their weapons --and then they RETREAT  
Tr-om the front windows. We PAN them out the REAR and to the  
FENCE behind the church - which they SMASH THROUGH.

**284 MCCLANE 284**

taking cover behind a parked car, he HEARS the SOUND of

**SPLINTERING WOOD -**

**MCCLANE**

Fuck...

**(TURNING)**

They're. pulling out!  
And he's on his feet, FIRING his pistol, here outclassed by the  
assault rifles -

**285 WIDER 285**

Grant signals his men - they FOLLOW McClane, RUSH the church  
-there is NO MORE FIRE from the.front - some of the men SMASH  
through the doors, others run alongside the church -

**286 BEHIND THE CHURCH - CRANE SHOT 286**

Stuart leads his men and Esperanza towards what LOOKS like BUSHES  
about 30.yards behind it but as M .L].,ar and 8r reach them  
and grab at FABRIC we REALIZE it is a SNOW CAMOUFLAGED TARPULIN.

**287 REAR OF CHURCH 287**

McClane is first here - DUCKS as GUNFIRE erupts ahead of him  
-then he FIRES at the MUZZLE BLASTS in the darkness - then REACTS  
to the SOUND of GASOLINE MOTORS -

**288 HIGH ANGLE 288**

as Stuart and Esperanza and the remaining men ESCAPE on hidden

SNOWMOBILES ! McClane FIRES twice at the

**289 REAR: SNOWMOBILE 289**

Garber is on it - McClane's BULLETS rip through his CHEST -as he falls off it SPINS OUT, ROLLS OVER.

**290 INSIDE THE VIRGINIA CHURCH 290**

The Airport police crash in behind the tailing soldiers. Barnes looks at the smoking ruins.

**BARNES**

**(SEEING IT)**

That equipment! It could land our

**PLANES -**

**CONTINUED**

**93**

**(X)**

**( 290 CONTINUED - 290**

**GRANT**

**(BLOCKING HIM)**

Don't touch it! There were trip wires outside - they could have -

**SERGEANT**

They did.

CAMERA RAKES to the sergeant, who is by a BLINKING BOOBY TRAP hidden under a panel.

**A SOLDIER**

Got one here, too - looks like C-4 and the mother fucker is primed-

**GRANT**

Evacuate! Now!

**290A EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT 290A**

the soldiers and Barnes rush out, bowling over Lorenzo just as he's heading in. As all dive into the snow -

**290B WIDER 290B**

The church EXPLODES, stained glass windows giving the destruction, an eerie BEAUTY as they SHATTER -

**290C BACK TO SCENE 2-90C**

As debris RAINS DOWN, everyone struggles to their feet. Lorenzo spits out snow, looks around.

**LORENZO**

Hey. Where the fuck is McClane?

**CUT TO:**

**291 MCCLANE - PULLBACK 291**

He's riding the snowmobile that cracked u , carrying the dead man's assault rifle like the Duke on a horse!

**292 WIDE SHOT 292**

He's coming up on the rear of the other vehicles!

**293 BACK TO SCENE 293**

Big BOUNCE over a mogul. As the 'mobile settles, McClane pulls the rifle forward. He STEADIES IT alongside the WINDSHIELD of the snowmobile.

**94**

**X1294 THROUGH HIS SIGHTS - 294**

We see STUART'S HEAD.

**295 BACK TO SCENE 295**

**MCCLANE**

This is for flight one fourteen,  
mother fucker -  
He FIRES.

**296 STUART 296**

UNTOUCHED. But he LOOKS back at the SOUND of SHOTS. HAND SIGNALS his flanking riders.

**297 WIDER 297**

(X) Two of them PEEL OFF; Kan, riding double with ESPERANZA; VAX&, riding alone. Burke SWTTfCHES AMMO CLIPS to a red taped clip.

**298 MCCLANE 298**

**MCCLANE**

Shit!  
He AIMS at the APPROACHING SNOWMOBILES -FIRES -

**299 KAH 299.**

Again, UNTOUCHED! Now as he SWEEPS past Esperanza FIRES his

**PISTOL -**

**300 BACK TO SCENE 300**

McClane DUCKS as bullets BLOW OUT his WINDSHIELD. He SWERVES -and there's the other snowmobile that turned. Burke FIRES (X) on FULL AUTO

**301 NEW ANGLE 301**

RIDDLED with BULLETS, McClane's snowmobile CAREENS OUT of CONTROL - goes 'AIRBORNE - McClane TUMBLES from the seat - and the 'mobile EXPLODES against a runway WIND REGISTER.

**302 WITH STUART 302**

He looks back at the mini-FIREBALL, signals his men to regroup. All DWINDLE in the landscape of the empty airfield.

**CUT TO:**

**95**

**303 SNOW 303**

which MOVES. McClane's HAND comes into view. Face bloodied by glass, jacket ragged, body bruised, he should be looking for (X) a doctor.

Instead, he's pawing through the snow - looking for the assault rifle. And finds it, the stock broken. McClane pulls off the clip. He peels off a round into his hand, then another. There's PAPER WADS where brass should meet lead. (X)

**MCCLANE**

Blanks... blanks?

.Paleing, he rummages in the snow, finds one of the soldier's backpacks. More clips inside. First clip has live ammo. Second clip - blanks CAMERA PUSHES in on McClane until he looks at the red/blue tape and -makes the connection.

**MCCLANE**

Oh, my God...

He gets. to his feet and RUNS.

**304 INT. CAB - NIGHT 304**

**STUART'S VOICE**

**(FROM RADIO)**

Attention, tower. This is Colonel Stuart. Is our plane prepared?

**CUT TO:**

**305 EXT. AIRPORT - INTERCUT - NIGHT 305**

Stuart and his men, on foot near the halted snowmobiles. LIGHT in the distance; hangers; the terminal.

**TRUDEAU**

It is. It's in hanger eleven. (X)

That's the most remote building we've got.

Stuart looks at his map, then the hanger mentioned; not far.

**STUART**

We're on our way. If there's another attempt to stop us like the one-you just made, I will fire several Stinger missiles into your terminal. Do I make myself clear?

**TRUDEAU**

Quite clear.

**STUART**

Good. Please have a ground crew there to confirm the plane's condition. (X)

**96**

**(X)**

**306 EXT. VIRGINIA CHURCH 306**

The Army trucks are parked by the still intact church GARAGE. In the B.G. FIRE FIGHTERS spray down the smoking RUIN; ice FORMING and sparkling everywhere. Grant uses the field radio Telford has set up in the back of the truck.

**GRANT**

**(INTO RADIO)**

You're quite capable of confirming it yourself, Colonel. Please don't ask us to gift wrap potential hostages for you.

**STUART**

Major Grant, isn't it?

**GRANT**

If you remember me, Colonel, you'll remember I know the drill as well as you do. Check out your own fucking plane.

**(DISCONNECTING)**

We move out in five minutes. Body armor for everyone - full metal jackets. We will take them in the hanger or we will shoot that fucking plane out of the sky. Lorenzo, take your men back to the airport and seal off every exit in case anyone tries to break out on the ground.

**LORENZO**

**(MOVING)**

.You got it.

**CUT TO:**

**307 INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT 307**

A chaotic meeting of news staffers - the PRODUCER waves for quiet,, hovers over a speaker phone.

**PRODUCER**

Dick, this is nuts - first, you do Siamese Twin drag queens, not hard news; and second, every station in I town has people out at the airport and none of them has heard even a whisper of this shit you're running

**DOWN-**

**97**

**' 08 INT. AIRPLANE LAVATORY - INTERCUT 308**

**THORNBERG**

Well, none of them is me. You want proof? Try this -  
And he PLAYS the MICROCASSETTE. We HEAR Barnes' earlier

**TRANSMISSION.**

In the TV station, STUNNED reaction.

**PRODUCER**

**JESUS -**

**THORNBERG**

I want you to go live, now. Key me in from the files, a publicity shot, whatever, Connie's got one. And a map, steal one from weather-

**PRODUCER**

We're on it, we're on it -

**(GIVING ORDERS)**

We're cutting in in five minutes!  
Tell the affiliates if they want in they got three minutes to shout!

**THORNBERG**

Network, here we come...

**CUT TO:**

**309 EXT. VIRGINIA STREET - NIGHT 309**

Local POLICE keep curious NEIGHBORS behind barricades while SOLDIERS get ready at the trucks.

**310 INSIDE AN ARMY TRUCK - NIGHT 310**

**SOLDIER**

--"I was in Grenada", he says!  
All LAUGH'- the bitter laughter of the battlefield.

**GRANT**

Grenada - five minutes of firefight  
five weeks of surfing!  
LAUGHTER, which SUBSIDES a bit as Grant looks at his watch..  
a look DUPLICATED by the others.

**TELFORD**

(oblivious to this,

**WISTFUL)**

I wish I was with you guys for that.

**CONTINUED**

**98**

**310 CONTINUED - 310**

**GRANT**

So do we, kid.

**TELFORD**

**(TOUCHED)**

Really, sir?

**GRANT**

Yeah. Then we wouldn't have to do  
this.  
And in a flash, Grant DRAWS his combat knife and SLITS the kid's  
throat!  
Telford FLOPS BACK off the bench. Grant is already digging into  
the cargo pocket of his trousers and he comes out with a  
transceiver - the same distinctive scrambled transceiver used by  
Stuarts men!

**GRANT**

**(INTO TRANSCEIVER)**

Eagle Nest, this is Hatchling. On  
schedule and in place.

(X)



**311 INT. HANGER - NIGHT 311**

Stuart holds his transceiver while he looks up at the plane prepared for him. One of his men comes out, gives him the thumbs up sign.

**STUART**

**(INTO TRANSCEIVER)**

Roger, Hatchling. We are secure here.  
You have a green light. Repeat, green  
light.

**CUT TO:**

**312 MARVIN 312**

whistling, stacking dolls, shoes, more flotsom from the Airport  
sea he's scavenged. At a SOUND he TURNS - (X)

**313 MCCLANE 313**

(X) shivering, battered, trying to come down a ladder. He FALLS the  
rest of the way.

**CUT TO:**

**314 THE SOLDIERS - ON VIRGINIA STREET 314**

(X) close the back of the truck - they DRIVE AWAY. Lorenzo, getting  
in his car, gives them a thumbs up.

**CONTINUED**

**99**

**1 514 CONTINUED - 314**

t.Y, J  
Grant, grinning, returns it. (X)

**315 TIGHT ON A TV SET 315**

A SPORTS EVENT is SUPERCEDED by a SPECIAL BULLETIN CARD.  
GROANS. MOANS. CAMERA PANS and we SEE we're in a BAR in the

**AIRPORT TERMINAL.**

**NEWSCASTER**

(coming on screen)  
This is a special bulletin from WZDC (X)  
News. There was a plane crash earlier  
this evening at Dulles, where other  
aircraft continue to circle, with  
no explanation from Airport or FAA  
officials. Now, with an exclusive  
KLA report, here is Dick Thornberg,  
reporting from the skies over

Washington.  
That gets all the sports fan's attention. Now a SUPER of I  
TH rnberg's FACE comes up in the corner of the newsroom.

**THORNBERG'S VOICE**

**(FILTERED)**

Tom., I'm one of the thousand people  
who has been circling our Nation's  
capitol, under the assumption that  
whatever problem was going on far  
below me was a normal one. But the  
truth is far from normal - the truth  
is terrifying.

**CUT TO:**

**316 INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT 316**

People walking along.- and then jumping out of the way of- (X)

**317 A TERMINAL EMERGENCY CART - SIREN AND LIGHT WAILING 317**

(X) MARVIN drives, happy as hell; beside him, in the seat usually  
reserved for the sick or elderly, is McClane, slowly coming back  
to normal from his ordeal.

**318 THORNBERG -IN LAVATORY 318**

**THORNBERG**

**INTO PHONE)**

This is a recording of a conversation  
between Dulles tower and the captive  
aircraft overhead.  
With a smug smile, Thornberg plays the tape again.

100

(X)

**319 IN THE AIRPORT BAR 319**

The people LISTEN as the tape of Barne's earlier broadcast PLAYS.

**CUT TO:**

**320 AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT 320**

The golf cart SKIDS to a halt at the receptionist's desk.  
Lorenzo comes thundering out of his office.

**LORENZO**

McClane! Are you out of your fucking  
mind-?

**T**

**MARVIN**

This man's been through serious shit,

**I**

give him a break-

**LORENZO**

Who the fuck are you?

**MARVIN**

(pointing to his

**NAMETAQ)**

Marvin, the janitor. Don't need that.  
custodial enginner crap -

**MCCLANE**

**(GRABBING LORENZO)**

Grant - the Terrorist Team -where  
are they?

**LORENZO**

They left to shoot those bastards  
out of the sky -

**MCCLANE**

They're not gonna do that -they're  
gonna get on the same Goddamn plane  
and leave with him! Before the Army  
canned him, Stuart must have loaded  
that unit with his own guys -

**LORENZO**

But - that firefight at the house-

**MCCLANE**

A side show to jerk us off - buy them

**TIME -**

**LORENZO**

You're completely around the fucking  
bend, McClane. And you know what  
else?

(reaching for handcuffs)

You're under arrest -

McClane steps back - raises the assault rifle - FIRES.

**101**

**(X)**

j i:4i:4 3 21 NEW ANGLE 321

Lorenzo STAGGERS back in shock - and then realizes he's

**UNSCATHED.**

**LORENZO**

Wha - how -

**MCCLANE**

(showing the clip)  
These are the bullets they used out  
there tonight.

**LORENZO**

Holy shit -

**(INTO PHONE)**

This is Chief Lorenzo. I want every  
officer recalled now and assembled  
in body armor with full weaponry in  
the motor pool in five minutes! It's  
time to kick ass!  
He slams the phone down - checks his pistol ammo and rushes out  
the door - a startled - and appreciative - McClane beside him!

**CUT TO:**

**322 INT. AIRPORT BAR - NIGHT 322**

As the TAPE RECORDING CONCLUDES, the patrons are in SHOCK.  
Already several begin to RUN OUT.  
CAMERA PANS AWAY from the terminal bar towards a GIFT SHOP.  
There, all the PORTABLE TV's ON DISPLAY are BROADCASTING the SAME  
THING. A CUSTOMER hearing this DROPS a CRYSTAL VASE.

**THORNBERG'S VOICE**

(as tape ENDS)  
Since then this reporter has learned  
that the terrorists have virtual  
control of the entire airport - a  
fact the authorities have suppressed.  
The terrorists promise more bloodshed  
unless their demands are met; and  
now that special Army Commandoes have  
arrived at the airport, the likelihood  
of a full scale and deadly battle  
is dangerously close -

**323 INT. TERMINAL - MAIN CORRIDOR 323**

Suddenly full of SCREAMING PEOPLE.

**324 FRONT OF TERMINAL 324**

A mass EXODUS. People FIGHT for CABS.

**CUT TO:**

102

(X)

325 INT. CAB 325  
They're watching this here, too.

TRUDEAU

Christ - that fucking asshole -

**326 EXT. REAR OF TERMINAL - AIRPORT POLICE PARKING LOT 326**

McClane is in Lorenzo's police car; a DOZEN other police cars full of officers behind, lights SPINNING. Lorenzo leans out the window like Ward Bond on Wagon Train.

LORENZO

(SHOUTING)

Converge on Hanger 11 on all four sides! When the city blues get here with their backup, they can pick up the pieces! MOVE OUT!

(aside to McClane)

McClane, you meet my nephew?

The other guy in the car is the asshole who towed the car. As McClane REACTS, the caravan ROARS FORWARD, SIRENS WAILING -

**326A NEW ANGLE 326A**

And Lorenzo's car SMASHES into a TAXI. CAMERA CRANES UP and we SEE that the police cars have run smack into the PANIC in the front of the airport.

LORENZO

(shouting, barking orders)

Move that piece of shit! Henderson, get some crowd control! Goddamn it, clear the area-!

McClane jumps out of the car - looks around and SEES -

**327 327**

thru OMITTED thru

**328 328**

**329 SAM - IN THE TERMINAL 329**

watching the scene, trying to get it on video.

CUT TO:

**330 INT. HOLLY'S AIRPLANE 330**

WIDEN from the TV SCREEN. Thornberg's broadcast is here, too! A WOMAN SCREAMS. A MAN tries to get out of his seat and a STEWARD forces him back.

` I 3 31 HOLLY 331

**HOLLY**

(as it sinks in) (X)

My God...

Then something else sinks in; she looks at the empty airphone cradle on the wall gets quickly out of her seat - in mid-stride she STOPS - takes her seatmate's PURSE. Then, she sidesteps some panicked people, goes to the kitchen area. And finds one of the special keys for the lavatories.

**332 THORNBURG - IN LAVATORY 332**

**THORNBURG**

**(INTO PHONE)**

And so it continues: A standoff between terrorists and authorities with the lives of thousands at stake. But at least this time, in this place, the truth, at least, is not among the hostages because Richard (X) Thornberg put his life and his talent (X) on the line for humanity and country. (X) Behind him, Holly silently opens the lavatory door.

**THORNBURG (CONT'D)**

..and if this should be my final

**BROADCAST -**

WHAM. She ZAPS him with the old lady's TASER. He TWITCHES - DROPS! She picks up the phone. (X)

**HOLLY**

Amen to that, asshole.

(into phone, sweetly)

We're sorry, but Mr. Thornberg is experiencing electrical problems. We now resume our regular programming.

**CUT TO:**

**333 EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT 333**

McClane, Sam and the cameraman, forcing their way through the crowd; Sam ABSORBING what McClane's told her.

**SAM**

Jesus. You give me this story, I'll have your baby.

**MCCLANE**

Thanks; but I'm looking for a different kind of ride. And he POINTS to -

104

(X)

'-1

**334 HER NEWS HELICOPTER 334**

across the tarmac -

**CUT TO:**

**335 335**

thru OMITTE thru

**336 336**

**336A INT% HANGER 336A**

Stuart and his' a n d, at doors, on high  
scaffolds to look out at the landing field hidden in the driving  
snow. Stuart looks at his watch.

**336B1 EXT. HANGER 336B**

here on watch. Something GLEAMS in the distance. He  
SPS into his radio -

**BURKE**

**(COCKING O )**

Truck lights!' ' =\_ '-i;½

**336C INSIDE THE HANGER 336C**

Weapons are COCKED - soldier's muscles coil -

**STUART**

(into scrambled radio)  
Hatchling, report in. What is your  
position?

**GRANT'S VOICE**

My position is I'm gonna get my ass  
reamed out by the best Goddamn soldier  
on the planet 'cause I'm two minutes  
late.  
Stuart GRINS, signals for the hanger door to be opened.

**336D WIDER 336D**

The big door RUMBLES UPWARDS. There's the truck, headlights  
now ILLUMINATING the waiting plane.  
Grant jumps down from the cab, gets a warm greeting from Stuart  
in the headlight beams. Grant salutes him, then pivots to salute  
Esperanza.

**GRANT**

Congratulations on your escape, sir.

**ESPERANZA**

Thank you, Major. Save them until  
we are all safe - and excuse a left  
handed salute, eh?

CONTINUED

105

(X)

36D CONTINUED - 336D

STUART

(as the men gather)  
My congratulations, gentlemen. You've  
won a victory for democracy... my  
pride and admiration... and a kick  
ass vacation! Get on board!  
With a CHEER, they run up the stairs 'to the plane.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWS CHOPPER 337

WHOOSH! UP and OFF THE GROUND like an elevator. McClane REACTS.

PILOT

Too rough for you, cowboy?

MCCLANE

I - don't like flying.

SAM

Then what are you doing here?

MCCLANE

I like losing worse.

(POINTING)

That way.

CUT TO:

338 EXT. 747 HANGER - NIGHT 338

The abandoned truck's lights still GLARE into the CAMERA -and  
then something SHADOWS THEM -

338A WIDER - LOW ANGLE 338A

The 747 TAXIS out of the hanger, rolls towards the runway.

338E INSIDE - FIRST CLASS 338B

the soldiers take seats, cocky smiles on their faces -

CUT TO:

339 INT. CHOPPER - NIGHT 339



McClane and the others fly along, LISTENING to the CONTINUING  
APIRPLANE AND TOWER TRAFFIC - which is growing PANICKY.

**PILOT**

**(POINTING)**

Hanger Eleven -

**MCCLANE**

Shit! They're leaving!

**106**

**(X)**

(f 1340 THE HANGER - BELOW THEM - NIGHT 340

The plane. in a slow wide turn, the hanger empty, light spilling  
into the snow -

**341 BACK TO SCENE 341**

Sam taps the Cameraman, who's already on the case.

**PILOT**

Now what?

**MCCLANE**

Get 'em to stop! Hover low, block  
their path!

**PILOT**

Play chicken with a 200 ton plane?  
Hey, I'm crazy, but not that crazy-

**RADIO**

Dulles, this is Western one-forty-

**MCCLANE**

**(CHILLED)**

**HOLLY -**

**RADIO**

Request clearance on first available  
runway. Repeat, request emergency

**CLEARANCE -**

**TRUDEAU'S VOICE**

Negative, one fourteen, our.situation  
is unchanged.

**RADIO**

Well, mine just changed, Goddamn it!  
We're down to fumes and we have to  
.land! And in five minutes we're

coming in one way or another!

**MCCLANE**

(to the pilot)  
That's my wife's plane, Goddamnit-!

**PILOT**

I'm still not getting in front of  
it!  
Pause - McClane furious - but the pilot equally tough.

**MCCLANE**

**(FINALLY)**

Okay - then how about on top of it?

**CONTINUED I**

**107**

i 341 CONTINUED - 341

And as both men realize they've cut a dangerous deal and'start  
to smile, we (X)

**CUT TO:**

**390 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - COCKPIT 390**

The pilot and co-pilot look at each other as their fuel gauge  
BEEPS and FLASHES YELLOW.

**PILOT**

**(INTO INTERCOM)**

Ladies and Gentlemen. Our situation  
is critical.

**391 INT. CABIN 391**

The cabin attendants are lugging Thornberg's unconscious body  
down the aisle. They strap him in as Holly and the others  
listen, chilled to -

**PILOT'S VOICE**

We have no choice but to attempt an  
emergency landing. Please put on  
your safety belts and assume crash  
positions as instructed by the cabin  
attendants.

**392 392**

\ 'ihru OMITTED thru

**398 398**

**399 THE PLANE 399**

engines GLOWING through the snow - (X)

**399A THE CHOPPER 399A**

TURNING, DROPPING - the door SLIDES OPEN - McClane SLIPS out (X)  
-takes a deep breath - and MOVES to the SKID! (X)

**400 OMITTED 400**

**CUT TO:**

**401 EXT. HOLLY'S PLANE - NIGHT 401**

Diving, diving -

**402 HOLLY - IN HER PLANE 402**

**HOLLY**

**(BARELY AUDIBLE)**

-yea, though I walk through the valley  
of death -

**CONTINUED**

**108**

**(X)**

**402 CONTINUED - 402**

To her amazement, she HEARS another voice mumbling tearfully.  
It's Thornburg, half-conscious.

**TRUDEAU**

I-I didn't mean any harm - I just  
wanted ratings - I had to do it it  
was sweeps week -

**CUT TO:**

**403 EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT 403**

the 747 taxis along - CAMERA PANS BACK and DISCOVERS the  
CHOPPER, McClane on its skid, as it DROPS LOWER, MATCHES SPEED  
with the pane.

**404 INT. COCKPIT 404**

Esperanza, Stuart, Grant. Starting to feel like what they think  
they are: Heroes.

**GRANT**

(knocking some off)  
I've had enough fucking snow for a  
lifetime.

**STUART**

They don't get much of it in the tropics.

**CUT TO:**

**405 EXT. 767 - MOVING 405**

McClane - sitting on the skid - now DROPS to a HANDHOLD as the skids come treacherously close to the PLANE WING. McClane's FEET grope for the wing surface - but the two aircraft - one still earthbound - MOVE APART. Pause. McClane TRIES AGAIN -MAKES

**IT!**

**406 THE 'CHOPPER 406**

it PEELS AWAY, vanishes in the snowstorm.

**407 MCCLANE 407**

panting, he wedges himself against an engine pod - and starts to take off his jacket!

**408 INT. COCKPIT 408**

Esperanza lights a cigar - and then FROWNS.

**ESPERANZA**

**MIERDE -**

**CONTINUED**

**109**

**(X)**

**108 CONTINUED - 408**

**STUART**

What?

**ESPERANZA**

The aerilons! Something's wrong -we can't take off -  
He looks out the window - and REACTS to -

**409 WING AERILON - HIS POV 409**

Hydraulics GROANING because McClane is JAMMING his JACKET into the groove where it hinges!

**410 BACK TO SCENE 410**

They can't fucking believe this. Then -

**GRANT**

**(ALREADY MOVING)**

i I'll do him.

**STUART**

(following, to Esperanza)  
You just get us in the air, General.  
You're the only one who can do it.

**411 INT. CABIN - NIGHT 411**

**I**

Stuart and Grant cock their weapons, move to the door. Grant opens it.

**412 EXT. WING 412**

, Grant stands there, WIND whipping him. NO MCCLANE - just the jacket, FLAPPING in the groaning aerilon.  
Grant starts out - WHAM! McClane APPEARS from behind the door, TRIPS him! Grant's gun BOUNCES off the wing, falls to the ground rushing past below!

**413 STUART 413**

in the doorway, tries to AIM - but

**414 THE TWO MEN - STRUGGLING ON THE WING 414**

are INDISTINGUISHABLE in the driving snow.

**415 MCCLANE AND GRANT 415**

Each HOLDING ON TO THE WING with one hand - FIGHTING with the other - Grant POUNDS AWAY on McClane's face - but McClane doesn't HIT BACK - he just GRINS like a maniac - PUSHES Grant -pushes -pushes -

**CONTINUED**

**110**

**(X)**

r"1 415 CONTINUED - 415 -

**GRANT**

(through his teeth, as

**THEY STRUGGLE)**

Too - bad - McClane -  
The SOUND of metal SLIDING - a KNIFE APPEARS in Grant's hand-

**GRANT (CONT'D)**

**(RAISING KNIFE)**

I really liked you -

**416 GRANT 416**

too late, he realizes he's over the front edge of the wing! He screams and FALLS -

**417 NEW ANGLE 417**

RIGHT INTO THE ENGINE INTAKE! There's an awful GRINDING SOUND -A SCREAM - McClane winces as RED SNOW SPLATTERS HIM -

**418 REAR OF ENGINE 418**

it could be hamburger pouring out - but before we can dwell on it, the engine pod BLOWS!

**18A MCCLANE - ON THE WING 418A**

wipes red snow from his arm.

**3**

**MCCLANE**

I like you better dead.

**419 IN THE COCKPIT 419**

a "FIRE" indicator goes on. Esperanza hits "EXTINGUISHER", handles it - increases power to the other engines.

**420 STUART 420**

trying-to SEE - finally - a GLIMPSE of what has to be McClane -with a savage grin, Stuart takes off his rifle - discards the bulky coat - knife in hand, he steps out.

**421 MCCLANE 421**

moves hand over hand to a trailing section of the wing. Looks over and down at

**422 FUEL PORT - UPSIDE DOWN - HIS POV 422**

**-423 BACK TO SCENE 423**

He reaches for it. Too far. Stretches. Gets it - fucker is TIGHT. Wincing, he TURNS it a bit - then LOOKS up just in TIME to SEE STUART, knife whizzing DOWN -

**424 NEW ANGLE 424**

McClane ROLLS, but the knife CATCHES his SHOULDER. In pain, he manances to KICK Stuart's KNEE - Stuart FALLS, almost goes over the wing - McClane goes back to work on the fuel port -it, TURNS another 1/4 turn -and then he has to abandon it to deal with another CHARGE from Stuart.

**425 ESPERANZA 425**

he TURNS the PLANE. Now he's ON THE RUNWAY PROPER.

**426 MCCLANE AND STUART 426**

FIGHTING for the knife. With.all his strength, McClane JAMS Stuart's knife hand the aerilon crack! The next WIGGLE of the metal CRUNCHES both hand and knife! Stuart SCREAMS and loosens his grip on McClane, who PUNCHES him away, goes back to work

on the fuel port!  
But he's hardly at it when Stuart RECOVERS, and, mangled hand held clawlike, KICKS McClane's INJURED SHOULDER -KICKS AGAIN -blood on Stuart's shoe - McClane is being worked over the edge of the wing! He CATCHES at the last moment - now he IGNORES Stuart's BLOWS, because -

**427 UNDER THE WING 427**

.McClane feels for the fuel port - turn, turn - it OPENS! Fuel SPIGOTS DOWN - McClane feels the wetness on his hand -

**428 THE RUNWAY 428**

a RIBBON of FUEL twists behind the moving plane, slick and light

REFLECTING -

**429 BACK TO SCENE 429**

Stuart STOMPS on McClane's HANDS on the wing - CRUNCH -STOMPS again - McClane SMILES -and then Stuart KICKS HIM OFF THE WING!

**430 MCCLANE 430**

DROPS 20 FEET, SLAMS into the snow at the edge of the runway, bounces like litter thrown from a moving car - the big REAR TIRE almost rolls over him -

**431 STUART 431**

with a victorious SHOUT he YANKS the coat from the aerilon, throws it away - heads for the door -

112

**432 ESPERANZA 432**

sees this, smiles -

**433 MCCLANE -AT EDGE OF RUNWAY 433**

crawls to a painful sitting position. Face impassive, he watches the jet move away... and - incongruous as it seems - he lights a cigarette, looks off at - (X)

I

**434 THE LINE OF JET FUEL 434**

running along the runway for 1/4 mile now -

**435 MCCLANE 435**

battered like a car wreck victim, now he looks up into the dark sky trying to find the SOUND OF JET ENGINES. Then he SEES -

**436 LIGHTS OF HOLLY'S PLANE - HIS POV 436**

careening down in a desperate fight, against gravity -

**437 BACK TO SCENE 437**

1 McClane takes a LONG PULL on the cigarette until the tip is

RED-HOT.

**438 STUART - IN THE OPEN PLANE DOORWAY 438**

about to close it, he looks back and for the first time SEES

**439 THE JET FUEL - HIS POV 439**

winding endlessly down the runway -

**440 MCCLANE 440**

**MCCLANE**

Hey, Colonel: Happy Fucking New Year.  
And he THROWS THE CIGARETTE INTO THE FUEL.

**441 STUART 441**

SEES the flame RACING TOWARDS HIM - turns to SHOUT to Esperanza

**STUART**

**NO! NO! TAKE OFF! TAKE OFF NOW! (X)**

**442 ESPERANZA - IN COCKPIT 442**

RESPONDS to the cry, GUNS IT - (X)

**442A THE PLANE 442A**

STARTS TO-RISE - the wheels go into the AIR - (X)

113

(X)

j j42B REAR OF PLANE 442B

But as the craft rises, so does the FLAME, climbing the fuel  
ribbon RIGHT INTO THE SKY and TO THE NEAREST ENGINE which

**EXPLODES!**

**442C ESPERANZA 442C**

TURNES at the EXPLOSION in time for a WALL OF FIRE that SHOOT'S UP  
THE WING and through the cockpit FLOOR, and then he's ON FIRE

**AND THEN**

**443 STUART 443**

DOOR.,  
is BLOWN TO LITTLE PIECES as a FIREBALL BLOWS RIGHT OUT THE  
taking all the remaining soldiers with it and then

**444 THE PLANE - LONG SHOT 444**

It EXPLODES ITSELF, WINGS and TAIL and BODY going nine different  
directions!

**445 OMITTED 445**

**446 MCCLANE 446**

DIVES for the ground as the explosion ROLLS TOWARDS HIM.



**447 IN THE CAB 4471**

they watch the FIREBALL in the distance -

**448 MCCLANE 448**

Gets to his knees, and LOOKS at the huge conflagration.

**MCCLANE**

(towards the sky)

Honey... there's your landing lights.

**CUT TO:**

**449 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - COCKPIT 449**

Blackness and driven SNOW outside - and then - in an almost cinematic FADE - through the glass we SEE the BURNING WRECKAGE -and, more importantly - the LINE OF FIRE RUNNING CLEAN AND STRAIGHT for almost a mile -  
A line right along the runway.

**CO-PILOT**

Look - !

The pilot grabs controls desperately, trims the plane -

**114**

**450 IN THE CABIN - 450**

The passengers REACT as they level a bit -

**CUT TO:**

**451 EXT. HER PLANE 451**

It descends, a bit erratic, but now it's ALONGSIDE the line of fire, coming in from the wrong end of the runway, and then the wheels BOUNCE, once, twice, and then a tire BLOWS but the pilots

(X)

HOLD IT as it SWERVES and finally SKIDS TO A HALT, turning onto

(X)

the grassy field.

Already we HEAR RESCUE SIRENS.

**452 IN THE CAB 452**

**BARNES**

(listening to headset)

One forty is down! They used the fire to see -

**(LAUGHING)**

I -they used the fucking fire to see!

**AN ENGINEER**

They can all do that - let's tell

'EM -

**TRUDEAU**

They already know. Listen.  
And sure enough, there it is - the SOUND of ENGINES -

**453 EXT. SKY - LANDING PATTERN 453**

And now the lights come down from the sky, in a neat and patient row, the closest-filling the screen, the others dwindling down to the size of stars.

**454 MCCLANE - ON THE RUNWAY 454**

Stumbles along, maybe thinking he's dead or dreaming... IGNORING the giant PLANE LANDING BESIDE HIM, ignoring the FLAMES beyond that - His concentration is totally on Holly's plane -now another giant PLANE SKIDS down behind him - it's an assembly line, like B-29's coming home from war - then he SEES what he's praying for - breaks into a RUN -

**MCCLANE**

Holly - HOLLY -HOLLY!

**455 HOLLY - IN PLANE DOOR 455**

HEARS this just as she goes down the RESCUE CHUTE, ushered by Stewardess controlling their own tears -

115

(X)

('.. **456 MCCLANE 456**

CATCHES her at the bottom like a child - CARRIES HER AWAY.

**457 THORNBERG - ON THE GROUND 457**

groggy, he raises his hands in supplication to the stewardess. She steps over him, puts her high heels back on - walks off.

**CUT TO:**

**458 THE NEWS 'CHOPPER 458**

It CRUNCHES DOWN on the frozen earth near the runway. Sam and her cameraman hit the ground running. SEE -

**459 MCCLANE AND HOLLY 459**

embracing - and then she's nursing his wounds, hearing his story-

**460 BACK TO SCENE 460**

The cameraman brings up his lens.

**CAMERAMAN**

God, that's beautiful -

**SAM**

Yeah. It sure is.  
And she yanks out his power cord, watches it dreamily.

**461 THE AIRFIELD - NIGHT 461**

as rolling stairs are put up to the planes and the passengers  
pour down the steps into arms of friends, families, loved ones.

**461A MCCLANE 461A**

Sets Holly down, kisses her - then both TURN at a HONK.  
Marvin is there in an airport cart. He looks at the chaos.

**MARVIN**

Damned if I'm cleaning up this mess.  
McClane and Holly get in the cart. Marvin drives them away,  
light BLINKING... and we PULLBACK until McClane and Holly are  
just part of the crowd.

**THE END**