

"DIE HARD"

Screenplay

by

Jeb Stuart

based on the novel

Nothing Lasts Forever

by

Roderick Thorp

SECOND REVISED DRAFT
October 2, 1987

A Gordon Company/Silver Pictures Production

"DIE HARD"

FADE IN

1 405 FREEWAY - LOS ANGELES - EARLY EVENING 1

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

2 INT. 747 - PASSENGERS - SAME 2

The usual moment just after landing when you let out that sigh of relief that you've made it in one piece.

3 ON JOHN MCCLANE 3

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

MAN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Don't fly much do you?

McClane looks over at a grinning middle-aged BUSINESSMAN sitting next to him.

MCCLANE

No.

BUSINESSMAN

Want to know the secret of surviving air travel?...Take off your shoes and socks when you get where you're going and walk around ten minutes barefoot. Better than a shower and a cup of coffee...

MCCLANE

(warily)

Thanks...I'll remember that.

The Businessman picks up on McClane's scepticism and takes it as a challenge. His salesman's smile broadens.

BUSINESSMAN

You think I'm crazy don't you? Trust me. I've been a salesman for twenty years. I know what I'm talking about.

3 CONTINUED:

3

The Businessman oozes confidence. McClane reaches up to help a woman down with her bags and the butt of his Beretta handgun suddenly becomes visible to the Businessman. The man blanches at the sight and McClane notices the look. He's seen it before.

MCCLANE

It's okay...I'm a cop.

We SEE this doesn't totally calm the Businessman. McClane holds his look and produces a gold NYPD Detective's shield.

MCCLANE

(firm and
definite)

Trust me. I've been doing it
for thirteen years.

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

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

TAKAGI

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

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

ELLIS

What about dinner?

WOMAN (HOLLY)

Do you ever look at the calendar,
Harry? Christmas Eve...Santa's
arriving...Family...Those things
ring a bell?

She turns into:

5 HER OFFICE

5

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

HOLLY

(to her secretary)

Go on out, Ginny, they're opening the champagne.

GINNY

(grateful to be released)

Thanks Ms. Gennaro.

Ginny passes Ellis in the doorway as Holly punches a number on the phone.

ELLIS

(not giving up)

How about tomorrow night?

HOLLY

(dryly)

Worse.

Just then the party on Holly's phone picks up and WE:

INTERCUT:

6 INT. NICE HOUSE IN SANTA MONICA

6

where a four-year-old girl, LUCY MCCLANE, answers the phone with a sense of importance.

LUCY

Hello, this is Lucy McClane.

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

HOLLY

(with affection)

Hello, Lucy McClane. This is your mother.

She looks up and watches Ellis leave.

LUCY

Mommy! When are you coming home?!

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

HOLLY

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

LUCY

Will you come say 'good night'?

HOLLY

Don't I always, you goose?
(enjoys her
daughter's giggle
over the line)
May I speak with Paulina, please?

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

PAULINA

Hello, Ms. Holly. You coming
home soon?

HOLLY

Hopefully.
(beat)
Mr. McClane didn't call, did he?

PAULINA

No ma'am.

Holly hides a trace of disappointment.

HOLLY

Maybe that means he got a flight.
Why don't you make up the bed in
the spare room, just in case.

PAULINA

(smiling)
Yes ma'am, I already did.

Holly's smile comes through again.

7 INT. LAX - EVENING

7

McClane, wearing his wool topcoat and carrying a huge
FAO Schwartz stuffed animal and his hangup bag, comes down
the American Airlines ramp with the Businessman from the
plane.

BUSINESSMAN

Remember...bare feet, ten minutes.
Merry Christmas.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

MCCLANE

Yeah...Merry Christmas...

The Businessman moves down the ramp and is lovingly greeted by his family. McClane watches, moved by the sight, then looks around the waiting area, just on the chance his family might be waiting. Instead he spots a thin, gangling, black kid, WILLIAM, in an ill-fitting chauffeur's uniform. As he waits he beats out a rhythm on a card with J. MCCLANE printed on it. McClane pauses in front of him.

MCCLANE

I'm John McClane.

WILLIAM

William, Sir...I'm your limo driver. Nice bag.

He turns and starts walking.

MCCLANE

Don't you take this?

WILLIAM

(stops)

Do I?

MCCLANE

Hell, I don't know. I've never been picked up by a limo before.

William takes McClane's bag.

WILLIAM

Hey, that's good...'cause I've never driven one before.

CUT TO:

8 INT. LIMOUSINE - DUSK

8

McClane and William both sit in the front seat as the black limo turns off the Santa Monica Freeway and heads north toward Century City. The huge toy animal sits in the backseat. McClane hears a rustling at his feet and looks down to see a bunch of fast food wrappers. Picks one up -- it says Taco Bell -- and looks at William who grins sheepishly.

WILLIAM

What can I say, man? I didn't expect you to sit up front.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

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

A hard RAP SONG blasts from the speakers.

MCCLANE
 How 'bout some Christmas music?

WILLIAM
 That is Christmas music.

McClane gives up and grins, tosses the wrapper back on the floor and looks out the window.

9 HIS P.O.V.

9

Convertibles with Christmas trees in their backseats, Time/Temperature signs which read: 69°, and palm trees trimmed in Christmas lights -- it is clear that Christmas L.A. style is a foreign commodity he could live happily without.

WILLIAM
 (to the animal
 in the back)
 You know, you're stocked backed
 there. We got CD, CB, TV, phone,
 full bar. I even know a couple
 of Teddy Bears...
 (to McClane)
 ...Or is he married?

MCCLANE
 Married.

WILLIAM
 She live out here?

MCCLANE
 As of six months ago.

WILLIAM
 And you live in New York?

MCCLANE
 You're nosey, you know that,
 William?

WILLIAM
 Hey, I'm sorry. I got to quit
 doing that, you know...

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

MCCLANE

That's okay.

WILLIAM

So, you divorced or what?

McClane gives up.

MCCLANE

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

WILLIAM

But meant her moving here.

MCCLANE

You're fast.

WILLIAM

So, why didn't you come?

MCCLANE

'Cause I'm a New York cop not an
IBM salesman. I don't just get up
and move.

WILLIAM

(to the point)

And you didn't think she'd make
it here?

McClane grins, he likes William even if he is direct.

MCCLANE

You're fast, William.

10 INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE STATION - NIGHT

10

A miniature Christmas tree with blinking lights sits on a desk of SERGEANT AL POWELL, thirties, a man who's had enough experience to know how bad it can be out there. He speaks in low tones to the telephone.

POWELL

(defensively)

Yeah, yeah, honey, don't go
crazy --

(listening, then)

-- I know you're pregnant. I know
you get cravings. I didn't say I
wouldn't buy 'em, I just said I wish
you'd buy 'em in big boxes...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Suddenly Powell's miniature tree is knocked on its side and a handgun goes spinning across the desk into his lap. He looks up to see two cops trying to subdue a struggling suspect in front of his desk. COP #1 looks up at Powell and grins.

COP #1

Don't worry, Al, it ain't loaded.

POWELL

(to phone)

I got to go.

Powell hangs up and puts the heavy firearm on the desk as the two cops shove the suspect into a chair in front of him. COP #2 stares at the suspect and points at Powell.

COP #2

Sergeant Powell's a very deadly man with a handgun, so don't try anything or he might kill you... by accident.

The two cops laugh. Powell ignores them, and expertly rolls in a sheet of paper into his main weapon -- the typewriter.

POWELL

(to suspect)

Full name, last name first...

11 INT. LIMO - NIGHT

11

McClane and William pull up in front of the Nakatomi building, a forty story, ultra-modern highrise in Century City.

WILLIAM

You here to patch things up?

MCCLANE

I'm here to try. Thanks for the ride, William.

He gets out and William sits a moment in the car alone before getting out to help him with the bags.

12 EXT. NAKATOMI BUILDING - NIGHT

12

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

WILLIAM

What happens if you don't get back with your wife? Where're you going to stay?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MCCLANE

I'll find someplace.

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

WILLIAM

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

He hands McClane a slip with the number on it.

MCCLANE

(taking the number)

Thanks. What're you going to do?

WILLIAM

Don't worry about William...

(points to the stuffed animal)

...He's going to hang out with his friend here till you call.

13 INT. NAKATOMI LOBBY - NIGHT

13

Beautiful and deserted. A large Christmas tree stands next to the security table where the GUARD sits. McClane goes to the desk and signs in.

MCCLANE

Holly Gennaro. International Sales.

GUARD

Thirty-second floor...You can't miss 'em, they're the only ones left in the place.

14 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

14

McClane riding the elevator. He rotates his head. Getting the cricks out. As he approaches the 32nd floor we hear a tremendous THUMPING, THROBBING NOISE. McClane stops and listens before he realizes -- it's the party. As the doors open the noise attacks us.

15 32ND FLOOR - SAME

15

McClane moves around the edge of the party and stops a dancing woman who points to Holly's office.

McClane pauses at the door and notes the name, then knocks. It is opened by Takagi. Ellis sits behind Holly's secretary's desk and nervously taps a tightly-rolled dollar bill.

MCCLANE

Sorry, I was looking for --

TAKAGI

Holly Gennaro?

MCCLANE

Yeah...

TAKAGI

Then you must be John McClane.

(introducing
himself)

Joe Takagi, John. How was your ride in?

Ellis subtly runs a checking finger under his nose then stands to shake hands with McClane. McClane takes it all in.

MCCLANE

Nice. Do I have you to thank for that?

TAKAGI

Or blame for it. She was going to meet you herself, but I threw some things at her at the last minutes.

(motions to Ellis)

John, this is Harry Ellis one of our shining stars in international sales.

(to Ellis)

John is a New York policeman.

ELLIS

(shaking hands)

Pleasure to meet you. I've heard a lot about you from your ex-...

(correcting
himself)

...your wife.

We can tell by McClane's look that he doesn't think much of Ellis. McClane holds Ellis' look and runs his finger subtly under his nose.

MCCLANE

(low, to Ellis)

You missed some.

(CONTINUED)

MCCLANE (Cont.)

(to Takagi)

Well, you fellas throw quite a Christmas party.

Ellis automatically puts his hand to his face before realizing his face is clean.

TAKAGI

Well, actually it's also a little celebration for a deal we closed this afternoon. A \$150,000,000 deal. A deal we have Holly to thank a lot for --

Holly enters. Seeing McClane momentarily stops her.

HOLLY

(surprised)

John...Oh...Did you meet everyone? --

TAKAGI

No, we've been sticking spears in him...of course he has.

McClane and Holly look at each other for a moment awkwardly then she kisses him on the cheek. The awkwardness pleases Ellis.

TAKAGI

(to McClane)

She's made for this business. Tough as nails.

ELLIS

Show him the watch.

He points to a new gold Rolex on Holly's wrist.

HOLLY

(giving him
a look)

I will later.

ELLIS

Ahh...Show him. Don't be embarrassed.

(to McClane)

A little something to show how much we appreciate her good work.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2) 16

Holly fixes Ellis with a lethal look.

MCCLANE

I'm sure I'll see it later. Right now I could use a place to wash up.

17 EXT. NAKATOMI - NIGHT 17

A UPS truck turns off Olympic into the underground parking garage of Nakatomi.

18 INT. PARKING GARAGE 18

It goes down the ramp and passes William's black limo. William is not visible in the front. The back windows are tinted.

19 INT. LIMO - SAME 19

William sits in the backseat. He is making a drink from the bar with the TV on and his rap music blasting from the cassette player, oblivious to the truck passing behind him.

20 INT. PARKING GARAGE - SAME 20

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

21 INT. ELLIS' OFFICE - WASHROOM - NIGHT 21

Holly sits in Ellis' office -- a Sharper Image kind of place. Through a door to the private washroom, she watches McClane in his T-shirt finish washing his face.

HOLLY

Sorry about Ellis. He has a hard time this time of year...

MCCLANE

Hey, I know the type. He thought he was God's greatest gift.

They both smile, a reminder of something past.

HOLLY

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

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

McClane finishes drying his face and steps to the doorway.

MCCLANE

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

HOLLY

Oh...Where does he live?

MCCLANE

Pomona.

HOLLY

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

McClane fixes her with a look.

MCCLANE

How about you?

HOLLY

(beat, honest)
I would too.

MCCLANE

I feel kinda stupid asking how things are going, that seems pretty obvious.

He nods at her new watch. She rubs her watchband self-consciously and when she looks up McClane is staring at her.

MCCLANE

God, you look good.

HOLLY

(pleased, smiles)
You don't look half-bad yourself.

They lock eyes for a moment, but it's an intense moment that says a lot about how they still feel about each other. Just then a man and a woman, both a little tipsy, open the door to the office, see that its occupied and beat a hasty retreat. The interruption temporarily dents the mood. Holly tries to smile.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

HOLLY

Welcome to L.A...I've missed you.

She leaves and McClane smiles to himself -- it's a start. He looks at all the lavishness around him and picks up a phone on the wall by the toilet. He opens his wallet and takes out the phone number William gave him. A photo of his children stops him.

22 INSERT - THE PHOTO

22

Holly and the two children we saw at Holly's house. He flips it over. On the back in crude but painstaking hand of a five-year-old it says: WE MISS YOU, DADDY. LOVE JOHN (and in more primitive letters) LUCY.

23 MCCLANE

23

returns the photo to his wallet, dials the number and begins to unlace his shoes.

24 INT. BUILDING LOBBY - SAME

24

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

MAN #1 (THEO)

(animatedly)

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

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

MAN #1 (THEO)

(dryly)

Boom...two points.

(The speed with which the murder takes place sets the tone for the rest of the action.) The killer moves behind the desk, stepping over a small pool of blood from the Guard. His name is KARL, big, with long blond hair like a rock drummer. Karl takes off the silencer and looks at the

(CONTINUED)

15

24 CONTINUED: 24

video monitor of the UPS truck. The first man, THEO, opens his briefcase and takes out a portable CB radio.

THEO
(on CB)
We're in.

25 ON THE SCREEN 25

the driver nods at the security camera as several men climb out the rear of the van and begin unloading wooden crates by the service elevator.

26 INT. BUILDING OPERATIONS CONTROL ROOM 26

Theo enters the small control room and comfortably sits behind a maintenance keyboard. With a few typed-in commands he locks down the passenger elevators up to the 32nd floor. Then with several more computer commands, systematically causes:

27 THE HEAVY STEEL GATES TO THE PARKING GARAGE CLOSE 27

28 THE ESCALATORS TO THE GARAGE COME TO A STOP 28

29 THE POWERFUL BLOWERS IN THE AIR CONDITIONING TOWER ON THE ROOF SUDDENLY STOP AND WE HEAR JUST THE TRICKLE OF WATER IN THE COOLING TOWER 29

30 CONTROL ROOM - SAME 30

Theo finishes typing and disconnects the keyboard and pulls out the wires from beneath the panel.

31 INT. LOBBY - SAME 31

The doors to a service elevator open TO REVEAL HANS GRUBER, impeccably dressed, lean and handsome, he steps out into the lobby like he owns the building -- and in a way he does. Theo steps to the door of the control room and tosses Hans the Guard's master keys. Hans goes to the front door and locks it. He looks out at the street -- not a creature is stirring -- Century City is quiet.

32 KARL 32

waits beside an elevator which opens REVEALING NINE MEN dressed in fatigues, all armed with Kalashnikov machine guns and carrying canvas kit bags. One of them, HEINZ, in his twenties, goes to the dead guard and immediately begins changing into the dead man's clothes.

16

33 KARL 33

takes a tool case from the elevator and heads silently for the basement stairwell.

34 THEO 34

leaves the control room and nods to Hans.

35 HEINZ 35

half-dressed in his uniform, takes his position behind the front desk.

36 HANS 36

looks at his watch and seems pleased. He steps into the service elevator with the others and presses the button for the 32nd floor. The entire sequence has taken maybe sixty seconds.

37 INT. ELLIS' BATHROOM - 32ND FLOOR - SAME 37

McClane, barefoot, his pant legs rolled up above his ankles. He finishes dialing and waits for the party to answer.

38 INT. BUILDING BASEMENT - PHONE ROOM 38

A large sign says: PACIFIC BELL EMPLOYEES ONLY. Inside Karl stands in front of an intimidating matrix of phone lines -- but what he has in mind won't require a doctorate in Electrical Engineering. He focuses on four CPV plastic conduits which run out of the main panel over his head and opens his case REVEALING a compact electric chain saw.

39 INT. ELLIS' BATHROOM - SAME 39

McClane on the phone.

MCCLANE
(on phone)
William?...

40 INT. LIMO 40

William is reclining on the seat. The music is on so loud that it is nearly impossible to hear.

WILLIAM
So, man, what's the story?

41 INT. PHONE ROOM - SAME 41

Karl cuts through the four tubes one at a time.

42 INT. ELLIS' BATHROOM - SAME 42

McClane on the phone.

MCCLANE

I'm just calling to --

He stops and gently taps the phone cradle. No dial tone.

43 INT. LIMO 43

William looks at the phone.

WILLIAM

What?...Mr. Mac, you there?

He turns down the music but there is no one on the line.

WILLIAM

(to himself)

Well, call me back, John. You got the number.

He hangs up and turns the volume back up.

44 ELLIS' OFFICE 44

He hangs up the phone and goes into Ellis' office and picks up the phone on the desk. It too is dead.

45 INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR 45

Hans and the others approaching the 32nd floor. As they grow closer we hear the noise of the speakers growing louder and louder. The men cock their weapons and brace themselves as the car stops and the elevator doors open. ON THE SOUND OF GUNSHOTS AND SCREAMS WE:

CUT TO:

46 INT. ELLIS' OFFICE 46

McClane grabs his shoulder harness off the back of the chair and moves quickly to the doorway. He looks down the hall.

47 HIS P.O.V. 47

Two terrorists, FRANCO and TONY, armed with M-5 machine guns searching the offices on the hall one by one. They open a door, look in from the hallway, and move on quickly to the next. They are four offices away and moving fast.

McClane looks across the corridor and sees the stairwell door -- too far to reach without being seen.

48 MCCLANE 48

steps back, throws off the safety on his Beretta and braces himself.

49 HALLWAY - FRANCO AND TONY

49

reach the office just before Ellis' and throw open the door REVEALING the man and woman who interrupted Holly and McClane a few minutes before, now in the throes of passionate lovemaking on the desk. The two terrorists smile at each other then enter the office.

A moment later the man, trying desperately to pull up his pants and woman buttoning her blouse, are pushed out into the hall and toward the party, by Tony. The other terrorist, Franco, goes to Ellis' office and opens the door. It is empty. Only McClane's shoes and coat remain.

50 INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

50

CLOSE ON McClane's bare feet padding quickly up the concrete stairs, two at a time. We FOLLOW him up two flights, then out onto the:

51 34TH FLOOR

51

Unlike the 32nd it has no surrounding offices, just one large secretarial pool with hundreds of desks, hundreds of phones, dark and deserted. McClane moves quickly to a desk and picks up a phone. It's out.

McCLANE

Shit...

Out the windows a high-rise apartment building a half-block away sparkles with lights. McClane stares at a woman in her kitchen. We SEE her wipe her hands on an apron and turn to answer a telephone. It seems so easy.

McCLANE

Think...

52 INT. 32ND FLOOR (HOSTAGE FLOOR) - SAME

52

The employees have been herded to the center of the room where the desks have been pulled back. Many people are whimpering. Holly looks around the room for McClane; she sees Ellis. Takagi, stubbornly refusing to cooperate is pushed toward the group. Hans steps up on top of a desk and looks over the group.

HANS

(soothing, in control)

Ladies and gentlemen, due to Nakatomi's legacy of greed in Third World countries, it is about to be made an example. You, unfortunately, are part of the recompense.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

HANS (Cont.)

We are going to collect identification. This is not a pillage -- we do not want your wallets or money. A driver's license or ID with a photo will do nicely.

Several of the terrorists begin collecting IDs as people hunt for ID.

HANS

At present we have no intentions of hurting anyone. If our demands are not met, however -- expect that to change.

(beat, smiles)

Your cooperation is appreciated.

He steps down from the desk and goes into:

53 HOLLY'S OFFICE

53

where a terrorist with glasses, FRITZ, has begun to set up operations. A large CB unit is placed on her desk and a TV monitor is put on the credenza. While he works, Hans picks up an 8x10 photo on the credenza.

54 CLOSE - THE PHOTO

54

The same one that we saw in McClane's wallet of Holly and the children.

55 HANS

55

He puts the photo back. Franco (who checked Ellis' office) brings McClane's coat, socks and shoes. Hans examines the clothes and looks at the man who brought them.

HANS

Is this all?

FRANCO

(nods)

Do you want us to search for him?

HANS

No. He can't signal for help and he cannot get out.

Hans feels the fabric of McClane's topcoat as Franco leaves and Takagi is brought to the office. Hans smiles.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

HANS
 (pleasantly)
 Mr, Takagi, my name is Hans Gruber.
 Would you come with me, please?

56 INT. STAIRWELL - 38TH FLOOR - SAME

56

McClane pauses outside the stairwell door to the 38th floor, he presses the handle and cracks the door open TO REVEAL a computer floor. The computer machinery drones on under the lights behind plate glass windows. McClane quietly closes the door and makes a note on a piece of paper.

57 CLOSE - THE PAPER

57

It is a listing of the floors and says:

32---Hostages
 33---?
 34---Open Floor
 35---Open Floor
 36---Cubicles
 37---Cubicles and inside offices (TV
 sets in inside office)
 38---Computers

58 MCCLANE

58

moves up the stairs to the next landing, the 39th floor, and tries to open the door. It is locked. He keeps going up.

59 INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

59

Hans, Takagi, Karl and Tony. Riding silently. Hans alone seems relaxed. He whistles. We recognize it as "Whistle While You Work." He looks at Takagi's suit.

HANS
 Nice suit. John Philips...London?

TAKAGI
 (surprised)
 How the hell would you know?

HANS
 (smiles)
 I have two myself...

He continues whistling and enjoys Takagi's surprise.

HANS
 You are surprised a 'terrorist' would
 know fine tailors?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

The answer is obvious. Hans smiles and lowers his voice as if sharing an inside secret.

HANS

Rumor has it Arafat buys his there.

60 INT. STAIRWELL

60

McClane starts to open the stairwell door to the 40th Floor when a NOISE above him gets his attention. He moves silently up one flight to the roof. Quietly, he cracks the door and looks out onto a Machine floor on the lower level of the roof.

61 HIS P.O.V.

61

Three terrorists, JAMES, ULI and HEINRICH, unload the wooden crates we saw in the garage from the service elevator. One of them looks his way and:

62 MCCLANE

62

closes the door and slips back down the stairs, opening the door to the next floor. Like the others, it is dark but we instantly know from the paneling that he has reached an executive floor. VOICES and a light at the end of the hallway draw him in that direction.

63 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - 40TH FLOOR - NIGHT

63

CLOSE ON a scale model of a bridge. Constructed to exacting detail. Hans admires it. Behind him are photographs of the gorge where the bridge will be constructed and maps of Central America. Karl, Tony and a wiry terrorist, MARCO, listen. Takagi watches.

HANS

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

TAKAGI

(defensively)

Contrary to what you people think, that bridge and its construction will open up that entire region to growth.

Hans straightens, looks hard at Takagi.

RANS

I believe you.

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

63 CONTINUED:

63

HANS

Mr. Takagi, I'm sure you've realized that I didn't bring you up here to look at models or debate your business ethics.

Theo types at the console.

64 INSERT: SCREEN

64

It says: NAKATOMI INVESTMENT PENSION PLAN and a list of Serial and CUSIP numbers. In one stroke they are deleted from the screen. Then the next message comes up: ENTER ACCESS NUMBER.

65 TAKAGI

65

He stops as Theo turns and faces him. He knows suddenly what it's all about. Hans smiles at Takagi.

HANS

You can make our lives very easy, Mr. Takagi.

TAKAGI

I don't know the code.

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

TAKAGI

(more seriously)

Only three people know it, the CEO, the Chief financial officer and the Chairman. I'm not privy to such information.

Hans presses the gun against Takagi's lapel.

HANS

(calmly)

You wouldn't lie to me, would you?

TAKAGI

(holding Hans' look)

No.

He gulps. Theo looks hard at Karl, who reluctantly meets his look.

THEO

(to Karl)

I told you he wouldn't know.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

Karl gives Theo five dollars -- a private bet. Takagi takes heart, but Hans doesn't put up his gun.

TAKAGI

I told you the truth.

HANS

And I believe you, Mr. Takagi...Now, believe me. We didn't need the code... and I'm going to kill you anyway.

He cocks the gun then hesitates, moves the barrel upward off his suit.

HANS

Too nice a suit to ruin...

He moves the barrel up Takagi's neck, seemingly searching for just the right spot. He pauses below Takagi's jaw, next to his jugular and snuggles the barrel gently into the niche.

Takagi looks around the room. The others watch stoically. Hans moves the barrel from the jugular to a point directly over Takagi's adam's apple and finally seems satisfied. The Exec locks eyes with Hans.

TAKAGI

I'm not scared of you.

HANS

I know...but you probably should be.

66 HALLWAY - ON MCCLANE - SAME

66

He presses his eye to the crack in the door just in time to see Hans pull the trigger. In the tiny room it sounds like Hiroshima. The blast knocks Takagi backwards onto his butt, a gaping hole in his throat. He remains seated upright for an instant, stunned, before Hans steps up and puts another bullet in his chest.

67 CLOSE ON MCCLANE

67

He is stunned and moves back from the door holding his breath. His gun bumps against the paneling.

68 ON HANS - TAKAGI'S OFFICE

68

He looks up at the sound.

HANS

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

Marco turns to the door to the hallway where McClane was and throws open the door. The long, darkened hallway is deserted. He steps into the:

69 HALLWAY

69

and stops in front of the only door near the conference room -- a Supply Closet -- and tries the door -- it is locked.

MARCO

(to Hans)

Nothing.

70 CONFERENCE ROOM

70

Karl stares at the body of Takagi then looks up at Hans as Marco returns to the room.

HANS

(to Karl)

Go supervise the work on the roof.

71 INT. SUPPLY CLOSET

71

In the darkness of the closet we MAKE OUT McClane, pressed against the wall. He listens to the footsteps moving away and lets out a breath.

MCCLANE

(whispers)

Jesus, Williams, what're you doing down there?

CUT TO:

72 INT. LIMO - PARKING GARAGE

72

William is on the car phone. The music is playing.

WILLIAM

I'm working, honey. Working hard.
'Course I'll be by later to pick you up, have I ever lied to you? My boss?
He thinks I'm cruising down to San Diego...

73 SAFE ROOM - 39TH FLOOR

73

Hans and Theo enter the safe room. The huge corporate safe looms in front of them. Theo places three kit bags onto a table and rolls up his sleeves.

HANS

How long?

THEO

(eyeing the safe)

Ask me in an hour.

74 37TH FLOOR

74

McClane moves out onto the 37th floor, angry at himself.

MCCLANE

Why the fuck didn't you stop him?

(beat)

Because, you ignorant sonofabitch,
you'd be dead, too. Think...think,
goddamnit!

Suddenly he looks up at the ceiling and sees a sprinkler head. His look drops to the wall and focuses on a small red fire alarm switch by the door.

75 INT. MAIN FLOOR - L.A. FIRE STATION - NIGHT

75

An alarm sounds. Quickly firemen move to their machines as a voice of a 911 Dispatcher drones.

911 DISPATCHER

Main Wilshire units. Two alarm fire
at Nakatomi --

The voice continues as the station doors open and we:

CUT TO:

76 INT. NAKATOMI - GROUND FLOOR OPERATIONS ROOM - SAME 76

A fire alarm indicator light showing which floor has sounded the fire alarm -- suddenly begins flashing, emitting short, loud beeps. Heinz, the terrorist in the guard's uniform and manning the station, immediately picks up his CB.

77 37TH FLOOR - SAME

77

McClane stands at windows looking Northward for fire trucks. Suddenly we SEE the flashing red lights of two trucks in traffic two miles away.

MCCLANE

C'mon, baby...c'mon.

78 INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - ON HANS - SAME

78

He rides the elevator back to 32nd floor with Tony.

HANS

(calmly, to Heinz on CB)
Use the portable phone. Call 911,
give them your badge number and cancel
the alarm...then disable the system.

He ponders the problem of McClane, looks across at Tony, and presses the talk button again.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

HANS

Heinz? What floor did the alarm go off?

79 37TH FLOOR - SAME

79

McClane stands silhouetted against the window. In the distance he can see another fire truck swing off Santa Monica onto Avenue of the Stars.

Suddenly the red light on the first truck goes out, then on the second. McClane watches in disbelief. The trucks slow and turn down separate side streets, heading for home.

MCCLANE

(realizing)

No...

Just then the elevator bell rings and we HEAR the ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN. A figure (Tony) slips into the shadows -- his machine gun drawn. We MOVE WITH HIM from the elevator area until he reaches the light switch and throws it illuminating the entire floor. McClane is gone.

TONY

(calling out)

Okay, you! I know you're here. I don't want to hurt you.

80 ON MCCLANE

80

under a desk. He takes in his options.

81 HIS P.O.V.

81

the feet of Tony. They move slowly in his direction. McClane looks down the aisle next to the windows. It leads to a series of office cubicles at the other end of the floor and is a clear path if he can make it past Tony.

82 TONY

82

He moves steadily toward the area where we saw McClane.

TONY

Your signal was cancelled. No one is coming to help you. So come out and join the others.

He fingers the trigger of his machine gun.

TONY

I promise I won't hurt you.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

Moving more confidently, he steps up to McClane's desk, then around it and fires a blast into the space. It is empty. As the SOUND OF THE MACHINE GUN FADES he listens and hears another SOUND -- a low HUMMING NOISE coming from the other end of the room near the cubicles.

Tony heads toward the noise. Sensing a trap, he moves past each cubicle carefully, checking each office until he reaches the doorway of the last one. The sound is just around the partition. He tenses, then spins into the cubicle.

83 TONY'S P.O.V.

83

an electric typewriter left on.

84 TONY

84

grins at his nervousness. He turns it off as McClane steps INTO FRAME behind him, his gun aimed at Tony.

MCCLANE

Save that energy.

Tony slowly turns around and sees McClane's detective badge pinned to his shirt.

MCCLANE

Put down your gun.

Tony doesn't. McClane cocks his Beretta. Tony watches him calmly.

TONY

You won't do it.

MCCLANE

Why not?

TONY

Because you are a policeman.

MCCLANE

Try me.

Tony spins to the side and McClane fires, hitting him in the arm, but the big man's momentum slams McClane into a filing cabinet and sends his pistol into the hall. Tony reaches for his machine gun, but McClane kicks him into the desk. He locks his arms around the big man's neck in a hold that sends Tony reeling into the hall. McClane holds on as they slam into the glass door of a fire hose cabinet shattering the glass. They careen across the hall into the stairwell door, opening it, and crash into:

85 STAIRWELL LANDING

85

then down the concrete steps into the wall on the landing below. For a moment, both men lie still, then McClane moves and we SEE the concrete becomes wet under the big man as Tony's bladder opens. McClane, still holding onto Tony's neck, releases it and the man's head flops sickeningly to the side.

For a moment McClane just looks at the dead man, stunned, then a HISSING SOUND coming from Tony's kit bag gets his attention. He opens it and finds the terrorist's CB.

TIME CUT TO:

86 INT. 34TH FLOOR ELEVATOR CAR - NIGHT

86

Tony's body sits slumped in a secretary's chair -- a note attached to his chest. McClane sits on the floor in front of him hurriedly lacing up the dead terrorist's boots on his own feet. He ties the last lace and tries to take a couple of steps. He nearly falls flat. Quickly he starts taking the boots off.

MCCLANE

A zillion terrorists in the building
and I kill the one with feet smaller
than my sister.

He yanks off the boots and tosses them on Tony's lap, then pushes buttons for the 33rd and 32nd floors. He slings Tony's kit bag over his shoulder along with the dead man's machine gun. A wooden desk ruler protrudes from McClane's back pocket.

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

Using the ruler he blocks open the inside doors, then opens the outside doors of the floor above (34th) with his fingers and pulls himself up onto the carpeted floor, then up onto the roof of the car. Once on the roof of the car he reaches over the edge and removes the ruler, closing the inside doors and setting the car in motion again.

87 32ND FLOOR (HOSTAGE FLOOR) - NIGHT

87

The elevator bell rings and Fritz, guarding the area, sees Tony's body in the chair. Hans comes to the elevator with Franco, lifts Tony's chin and sees that his neck has been snapped. He removes the note and reads it aloud.

HANS

'Now I have a machine gun.'

FRITZ

Maybe a security guard we overlooked.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

Hans lifts Tony's chin again, lets the head flop over.

HANS

Would you do this to someone if you had a gun?

FRITZ

(slightly spooked)

We have to do something, Hans.

Hans sighs and looks at the dead man.

HANS

Yes...we have to tell Karl his brother is dead. Tell him to come down.

As Fritz calls Karl on his CB, Hans looks at Franco.

HANS

Franco, take the body upstairs out of sight. I want these people kept calm for as long as possible. Come back down the stairs and check each floor...I want to see the person who did this.

88 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - CAR ROOF - ON MCCLANE - SAME 88

On top of the car, listening to the conversation below. Franco and Fritz step into the car and the doors on the elevator close. The car accelerates upward and McClane grabs onto the heavy, grease-coated cables to keep his balance. Already his clothes are soiled; his face and feet, arms and hair are dark from the dirt and sweat.

The car speeds up the shaft -- passing the car bringing Karl down to the hostage floor -- and stops at the 40th floor. The doors open and McClane hears them roll the chair with the body off the car. McClane looks up.

89 MCCLANE'S P.O.V. 89

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

90 MCCLANE 90

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

91 MCCLANE'S P.O.V. 91

Total darkness.

92 MCCLANE

92

takes out a rifle cartridge from Tony's kit bag and lobs it into the void. It is a full four seconds until we hear its nonexplosive chatter on the ground below. You don't have to be a mathematics whiz to know it's a long drop.

MCCLANE

Jesus...

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

93 PUMP ROOM

93

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

94 MCCLANE'S P.O.V.

94

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

95 32ND FLOOR (HOSTAGE FLOOR) - HOLLY'S OFFICE - SAME

95

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF LARGE HANDS as they squeeze into fists so tight it drains all color from the fingers. Controlled rage. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL the hands belong to Karl, who stands in Hans' office.

KARL

Now.

HANS

(firmly)

No. Theo has not finished. He must be done before the police arrive.

96 EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

96

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

MCCLANE

Mayday, Mayday, tell police terrorists have seized the Nakatomi building --

97 INT. OFFICE - KCBS-TV - SAME

97

DICK THORNBURG, local TV news reporter, talking on the phone to his girlfriend also hears the distress call. He stops listening to her for a moment, and turns up his scanner.

MCCLANE'S VOICE

-- I repeat...unknown number of foreign nationals armed with automatic weapons

97 CONTINUED:

97

MCCLANE'S VOICE (Cont.)
are holding at least thirty people
hostage at Nakatomi, Century City...
Somebody answer me, goddamnit!

98 INT. HANS' OFFICE - SAME 98

Hans' and Karl also hear the clear signal over Hans' CB.

HANS

The roof.

99 INT. LOS ANGELES EMERGENCY DISPATCH CENTER - SAME 99

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

DISPATCHER

It's the same address we got a
crank fire call at earlier tonight...

SUPERVISOR

I'll handle it.

She plugs in her headset.

SUPERVISOR

(to McClane)

Attention. This is an authorized
police frequency --

MCCLANE'S VOICE

Listen to me, this is an emergency.
I need police backup, now. Tell
police, terrorists have killed one
hostage already --

100 INT. KCBS - ON THORNBURG - SAME 100

listening more closely. On a hunch he reaches over and starts
recording the conversation.

MCCLANE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

-- and have the building heavily
fortified.

101 INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - ON KARL - SAME 101

with Franco and Fritz.

KARL

No one kills him but me.

It's an order and the look he gives the other two backs it up. He
fits a fresh magazine into his rifle as the elevator opens to the
roof.

102 EXT. UPPER ROOF - ON MCCLANE - SAME

102

He is almost breathless as he finishes his call.

MCCLANE

...and they have cut all the phone
and emergency communication lines.
That's all the information I have,
now. Over.

He releases the talk button. There is a pause and then his
radio crackles to life again with the Supervisor's voice.

SUPERVISOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I repeat. This is an authorized
police frequency. Any unauthorized
use will be investigated by police --

MCCLANE

(to the radio)

Then send them, goddamnit! What the
hell 'you people want -- a fucking
engraved invitation!?

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

CUT TO:

103 INT. DISPATCHER OFFICE - SAME

103

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

104 INT. KCBS (THORNBURG'S OFFICE) - SAME

104

Thornburg immediately hangs up on his girlfriend and yells over
his shoulder to his assistant in the next room.

THORNBURG

Mary! Call Sam. Tell him I need
a crew, now!

105 EXT. ROOF - ON MCCLANE - SAME

105

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

106 INT. EMERGENCY DISPATCH - SAME

106

The Supervisor and Dispatcher listen in stunned silence. The
shots sounded real enough...

SUPERVISOR

(to Dispatcher)

Have a Black and White do a drive-by.

107 INT. 7-11 - ON POWELL

107

He puts two packs of pink Hostess "Twinkies" and his police radio down on the counter in front of a young male CLERK, who stifles a smile. Another teenage employee behind the counter also smothers a laugh.

CLERK

Is that...all, Sir?

He tries not to look at Powell for fear of breaking up altogether.

POWELL

They're for my wife. She's pregnant.

The clerk nods and puts them in a bag. Suddenly Powell's Police Radio crackles to life.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE/RADIO

6421 to One Adam Ten, over.

Powell picks up the radio.

POWELL

One Adam Ten, go ahead.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE/RADIO

Investigate a code two at 15433
Avenue of the Stars.

Powell grabs the bag and immediately heads for the door as the two employees break into laughter.

CLERK

Wonder what a 'Code Two' is...cupcake
alert?

108 EXT. ROOF - ON MCCLANE - NIGHT

108

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

109 PUMP ROOM - SAME

109

Moving quickly through the pump room, McClane picks his way over the same ground as a few minutes before and opens the door to the elevator shaft. The dimly lit shaft yawns before him. He starts down the ladder back to the catwalk.

110 EXT. THE ROOF - SAME 110

Franco and Fritz reach the pump room door and wait for Karl, who leads the way into the darkness of the pump room.

111 ELEVATOR SHAFT - ON MCCLANE - SAME 111

on the far stretch of catwalk. He turns the corner, out of view of the pump room door, moves down the back side of the catwalk past the small air shaft door, and stops -- he's reached a dead end -- the catwalk ends, the elevator is gone.

112 INT. PUMP ROOM - ON KARL - SAME 112

His flashlight beam dances around the interior of the room. He starts to open the door to the elevator shaft when suddenly their radio crackles with Hans' voice.

HANS' VOICE

Karl? Franco? Where is he?

FRANCO

In the elevator shaft.

HANS' VOICE

The elevators are down here. Lock him in.

Karl doesn't answer.

HANS' VOICE

(more firmly)

Lock him in. That's an or --

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

113 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - ON MCCLANE - SAME 113

He backtracks to the air shaft door, strikes the lighter from Tony's kit bag and looks in.

114 MCCLANE'S P.O.V. 114

The air shaft. The lighter dimly illuminates four walls of smooth aluminum disappearing into darkness. Moving the light in further, he sees something else -- the dark outline of a horizontal air conditioning duct -- nine feet down the side and leading into the guts of the building.

- 115 MCCLANE 115
 extinguishes his light, looks at the strap on his kit bag.
- 116 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT (OPPOSITE SIDE) - SAME 116
 Karl steps off the ladder to the catwalk and unslings his machine gun.
- 117 CLOSE - BRASS CLIPS 117
 from McClane's kit bag. One has been clipped to each end of his machine gun making a long sling.
- 118 MCCLANE 118
 braces the gun across the outside opening of the air shaft door and lowers himself into the:
- 119 AIR SHAFT 119
 holding onto the canvas sling with his elbows bent, like doing a chin-up.
 His feet slowly move down the smooth aluminum walls until they reach the top of the air duct, then dangle in the open space. He straightens his arms to give him length enough to touch the bottom edge of the duct. Suddenly he feels something give way above him and looks up.
- 120 CLOSE ON THE CLIPS 120
 Slowly the brass clips start bending under McClane's weight.
- 121 ON KARL 121
 He moves steadily toward the corner.
- 122 CLOSE - MCCLANE'S TOES 122
 now only inches from the bottom edge. McClane's arms are fully extended now. He hears Karl on the metal catwalk. His muscles strain and quiver.
- 123 THE CLIPS 123
 They are opening wider until one side bends all the way back -- and snaps.
- 124 ON MCCLANE 124
 falling. He grabs the ledge of the air duct as he falls and his body slams into the aluminum wall with a echoing BOOM. Above him on the catwalk the rifle rattles on the metal outside the door.

125 ON KARL 125

Around the corner Karl freezes, unsure of the sound, then starts slowly for the corner.

126 ON MCCLANE 126

holding onto the ledge by his hands. With every ounce of strength he tries to pull himself up into the horizontal duct, clawing for a hold.

127 ON KARL 127

He rounds the corner and sees McClane's rifle lying beneath the doorway. He moves to the small door, shines his light and aims his rifle down into the air shaft ready to fire.

128 HIS P.O.V. 128

The shaft is deserted. Moving his light around he sees the air duct. Without hesitation he turns and backtracks to the pump room door.

129 INT. AIR CONDITIONING DUCT - ON MCCLANE - SAME 129

He lies exhausted and motionless in the narrow crawl space. He awkwardly fishes out the lighter from his shirt pocket and flicks it on.

130 HIS P.O.V. 130

Not for claustrophobics -- a long, dark and narrow corridor. There's no light at the end.

MCCLANE

(dryly)

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

He turns out his lighter and starts crawling.

131 INT. PUMP ROOM 131

Karl climbs the ladder to the pump room door where Franco and Fritz wait.

KARL

Quickly...Follow me.

He moves through the pump room and goes outside.

132 INT. AIR DUCT - SAME 132

McClane crawls to a junction. To his right he sees a vent twenty feet away. The light looks wonderful to him and he moves towards it.

CUT TO:

133 INT. LOWER ROOF - MACHINE FLOOR - SAME 133

Karl opens the door from the roof Franco and Fritz behind him. He points to a series of rooms near the elevator shaft and the three men split up, each going to a separate room. Karl opens the door to the:

134 MACHINE ROOM 134

and looks up. The ceiling is crisscrossed with air ducts. He fires a burst into the ducts.

135 INT. AIR DUCT - SAME 135

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

136 MACHINE ROOM 136

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

FRANCO

Nothing.

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

137 INSIDE THE AIR DUCT 137

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

138 ON KARL 138

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

139 ON MCCLANE 139

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

140 KARL 140

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

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

FRANCO

Karl! Police! Come now.

Karl hesitates then lowers his gun and leaves.

141 CLOSE - MCCLANE

141

He hears the door close and lowers his head.

142 INT. KCBS - CONTROL BOOTH - NIGHT

142

Dick Thornburg and his news editor, SAM, in the control booth where we're in the countdown to the 11 o'clock news.

THORNBURG

What do you mean you can't cut me a crew?

SAM

I mean people want to go home for christsake...it's Christmas Eve.

THORNBURG

Sam, I heard shots five minutes ago. We've got to move on it.

SAM

I've got Simon swinging by from the Santa Sing on Melrose. If it's anything we'll cut to him...

From behind the news desk pretty-boy anchorman, HARVEY JOHNSON, looks up at the booth, calls to Sam over his mike.

HARVEY

(panicked)

Sam, I don't have the Gladden report!

SAM

(over the booth mike,
to Harvey)

Keep your pants on Harvey.

(to the A.D.)

What've we got?

ASST. DIRECTOR

Fifteen seconds.

Sam finds the news report in his stack of papers and starts out of the booth with Thornburg on his heels. We FOLLOW.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

THORNBURG

(angrily)

I'm not sitting on this for Simon,
I'm going out there! And if you
don't cut me a goddamn truck, I'm
going to the parking lot and steal
one!

Both news anchors, Sam and all the floor personnel look up.
They're in their final seconds. The FLOOR MANAGER worriedly
counts off, "9...8...7..." Harvey looks angrily at Thornburg.

HARVEY

Give us a break how 'bout it,
Thornburg.

FLOOR MANAGER

...Four, Three --

THORNBURG

Eat a big one, Harve.

FLOOR MANAGER

...One.

He points at Harvey who automatically smiles as the red light
goes on, but it's obvious Thornburg has wrecked his concentration

HARVEY

(beat)

Uhh...Good evening, this is...
Harvey...Johnson.

WOMAN

And I'm Gail Wallens, and this
is Nightline News at Eleven.

The program rolls its intro tape and Harvey shoots Thornburg a
look that could kill. Thornburg smiles at his handiwork.

SAM

(sharply, to Thornburg)

Take Roberts and number four and
get the hell out of here.

143 EXT. CENTURY CITY - AVENUE OF THE STARS - NIGHT

143

The street is empty, quiet. A lone police black-and-white pulls
out of the shadows of a side street and begins a slow cruise
toward the Nakatomi building.

144 ON POWELL

144

Driving, alone. He stares up at the dark tower. It seems calm. Lights on the 32nd and 40th floors. Powell slows to a stop and scans the premises. In the lobby we SEE Heinz, sitting behind the desk. Powell reports to his radio.

POWELL

Guard inside. No signs of disturbance...I'm going up for a closer look.

He pulls in and parks in the front.

145 INT. MACHINE ROOM - SAME

145

McClane punches out a ceiling vent and drops down into the machine room. For a moment he stands, listening for sounds of movement. The floor is quiet. He goes to the stairwell.

146 EXT. ROOF - SAME

146

The edge of the roof. Suddenly a tall terrorist, HEINRICH, moves along the wall and looks over at Powell's car.

147 INT. 3RD FLOOR - SAME

147

The elevator doors open and Karl, Franco and Fritz step out onto the darkened floor. We SEE large number "3" painted on the doors of this floor. They move quickly toward the windows on the Avenue of the Stars side where a terrorist, ALEXANDER, with a BAR rifle has set up a machine gun nest. Directly below him we SEE Powell's car.

148 32ND FLOOR (HANS' OFFICE) - SAME

148

Hans watches from above. He raises his CB.

HANS

(his usual calm)

Heinz?

149 INT. LOBBY - SAME

149

Heinz picks up his CB. He watches Powell coming up the stairs toward the door.

HEINZ

(to CB)

Yes?

HANS' VOICE

Let him in.

150 EXT. FRONT DOOR OF NAKATOMI - SAME 150

Powell tries the front doors. Locked. Heinz comes hustling across and unlocks the door.

HEINZ

Something wrong officer?

Powell steps in and looks around.

POWELL

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

151 INT. 40TH FLOOR - BOARD ROOM - SAME 151

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

152 HIS P.O.V. 152

Powell's car.

MCCLANE

It's about time.

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

153 EXT. ROOF - SAME 153

HEINRICH, the terrorist on the roof hears a SOUND and looks down and sees the board room window crack from McClane's blow. He lifts his CB.

154 INT. LOBBY 154

Heinz watches confidently as Powell moves through the lobby looking for signs of trouble. Suddenly, Heinz notices a pool of blood from the shooting of the desk guard next to sign-in table. He looks up just as Powell starts toward him.

155 BOARD ROOM - 40TH FLOOR 155

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

156 INT. 39TH FLOOR - SAFE ROOM 156

Theo, now in goggles, uses a huge machine to bore quarter-size holes into the safe. He turns it off hears the gunshots on the floor above. He moves into the outside room to listen better, then looks back at his kit bags of equipment as if making a decision.

157 INT. 40TH FLOOR - BOARD ROOM 157

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

158 MCCLANE 158

lying prone, his pistol trained on him.

MCCLANE

Drop it.

159 BOARD ROOM DOORWAY 159

Just then Heinrich, the terrorist on the roof, steps into the doorway. He sees McClane and starts to fire, but McClane fires twice and kills him. Marco springs on top of the huge table. McClane rolls on his back so he can cover either angle but it is clear that Marco is in the more enviable position.

160 ON MARCO 160

on the tabletop slams in a fresh magazine and smiles.

MARCO

You should have killed me when you had the chance...

He leans his machine gun over the edge.

161 MCCLANE 161

aims directly above him and fires twice into the underside of the table. The bullets rip through the table and Marco.

162 SAFE ROOM - ON THEO 162

On the SOUND OF THE GUNSHOTS, he stops, listens.

163 INT. LOBBY - SAME 163

Powell comes back to Heinz -- moving steadily toward the table and the pool of blood. He pauses next to the table, his shoe just touching the blood, but he doesn't see it.

HEINZ

What exactly are you looking for?

POWELL

Well, we got a report of a terrorist takeover.

HEINZ

(grins slowly,
looks around)

Ain't no Arabs in here.

163 CONTINUED:

163

POWELL

No, I guess not...Well, I got a pregnant wife at home wondering what the hell's keeping her Twinkies...

(a slip, sees Heinz's puzzled look)

Forget it. Merry Christmas.

HEINZ

Merry Christmas.

Powell starts toward the door. Heinz watches him and sees the cop's first three steps leave bloody footprints, but Powell doesn't see.

164 INT. 40TH FLOOR BOARD ROOM - SAME

164

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

MCCLANE

Oh, man, don't even think about it.

He looks over his shoulder at the body of Marco.

165 INT. POWELL'S POLICE CAR - SAME

165

Powell checks-in on his radio.

POWELL

One Adam-nine to 6421. Code four on that 436. Requesting code eight. Over.

He releases the talk button and loosens his tie as he waits for confirmation.

POWELL

(singing softly)

Ohhhh, you better watch out, you better not cry --

DISPATCHER'S VOICE/RADIO

Roger, One Adam-nine. Clear to code eight.

Powell hangs up the radio and puts the car into reverse.

POWELL

(to himself)

Thank you, Sir...

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

165

POWELL (Cont.)
 (singing again louder)
 ...you better not pout I'm telling
 you why...Santa Claus is coming to --

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

POWELL
 (terrified)
 Shit!
 (grabbing for his
 radio)
 6421, this is One Adam-nine --

Suddenly a barrage of machine gun fire from the 3rd floor drowns out his call. Powell ducks and flattens against the seat as bullets blow out the front window, covering him in glass. His radio comes back, calmly.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE/RADIO
 Roger, One Adam-nine, please repeat.

But Powell accelerates in reverse away from the building, keeping his head low and praying he doesn't hit anything as the bullets follow him digging into asphalt. A half block away his car runs up onto the sidewalk and crashes into a store front. Powell sits up and clutches the mike.

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

166 INT. 40TH FLOOR - BOARD ROOM 166

McClane looks down at Powell and grins.

MCCLANE
 Welcome to the party, boys.
 We've been missing you.

167 EXT. KCBS NEWS TRUCK - CENTURY CITY - NIGHT 167

Sirens wail as police cars arrive and barricades go up. The KCBS news truck pulls up to a prime location.

168 INT. HOSTAGE WING - ON ELLIS - SAME 168

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

ELLIS
 I never thought I'd love to
 hear that sound.

169 HANS' OFFICE

169

Stands by the window looking out at the arriving police cars when suddenly his CB crackles to life.

MCCLANE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Hey, Hans? Hope you got a good view of this?

HANS

(to CB)

Congratulations, Mr. Barefoot man on bringing reinforcements even if they can't help you.

170 INT. 40TH FLOOR - ON MCCLANE - SAME

170

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

MCCLANE

(to Hans, CB)

We'll see about that, buddy.

He turns off his radio and turns a corner when a door in front of him suddenly swings open and Theo stands unarmed in the doorway. McClane seems only a hairbreadth from firing but the sight of the clean-cut man, not unlike a junior executive, causes him to suddenly lower his gun.

MCCLANE

Jesus...You nearly gave me a fucking heart attack.

Theo, realizing McClane doesn't suspect him of being one of the group, suddenly grins.

THEO

(seeing McClane's badge)

Thank God, you're here...

MCCLANE

Hey, I ain't the cavalry, fella. C'mon we've got to keep moving.

He pushes Theo ahead of him and they move down the hall.

171 INT. 32ND FLOOR - SAME

171

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

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

171

KARL

He killed Marco and threw his body out the window. Heinrich and Theo don't answer their calls.

Suddenly they hear Powell's voice over the CB.

POWELL'S VOICE

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

172 INT. 40TH FLOOR - ON MCCLANE - NIGHT

172

and Theo moving down the corridor, they hear the transmission also. McClane stops Theo and grabs his CB.

MCCLANE

(to CB)

That's okay, you got him. You the guy in the car?

INTERCUT:

173 EXT. POLICE OPERATIONS TRAILER

173

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

POWELL

(to CB)

What's left of him. I left my stomach over there. Can you identify yourself?

MCCLANE

Not now. Let me tell you what I can quickly, because I might have to get out of here fast. These guys mean business. Besides the peashooters they went after you with they've also got anti-tank weapons and surface to air missiles.

POWELL

How many are there?

(CONTINUED)

MCCLANE

Don't know but I've killed three,
including the one who fell out
of Santa's sleigh.

POWELL

(dryly)
Yeah, let's not forget him.

MCCLANE

The leader goes by the name, Hans.
He's locked down the elevators.
Also, I haven't found one of them
yet who didn't carry a radio so you
can bet they're monitoring this
call. Channel twenty-six seems to
be their inter-office number but
they move it around and it's in
German, so get someone who speaks
it to give you a play by play.

POWELL

Sounds like you know this
bunch pretty well.

MCCLANE

We've gotten pretty intimate
waiting on you guys to get here.

POWELL

I hear you...Well, we're here
now, partner...What do I call you?

MCCLANE

'Partner' suits me fine.

POWELL

You got it. Now, listen to me,
if you think of anything else you
let me know. In the meantime I want
you to find a safe place and hole-up
and let us do our job. Understand?

MCCLANE

(to CB)
They're all yours, Al. Good luck.

McClane turns off his CB and sits against the wall. Theo slumps against the wall opposite McClane, beneath a roster of offices and names for the floor.

THEO

Why wouldn't you tell them your
name?

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: (2)

173

McClane pulls out a candy bar from the kit bag and offers Theo one. Theo shakes his head and McClane unwraps it.

MCCLANE

Just something I don't want
broadcast everywhere.

THEO

You got a friend or something
downstairs?

MCCLANE

(beat)

You're a smart guy.

Theo grins, and ties his shoe.

MCCLANE

It's McClane...John McClane.

Theo extends a hand across the corridor.

THEO

(shaking hands
with McClane)

Bill Clay.

MCCLANE

This usual for you to be working
on Christmas Eve?

THEO

Getting ready to go to Mexico
next week. Trying to finish up
some work.

McClane pulls out another candy bar and offers it to Theo. This time the terrorist takes it. McClane looks around the darkened hallways. He clearly doesn't like it. Casually McClane's glance goes over Theo's head.

174 HIS P.O.V.

174

The roster of names of employees.

175 CLOSER

175

We MOVE DOWN the row of names beginning with C on the roster -- passing CAMPBELL, S.; CLAY, Wm.; CRAWFORD, L. and suddenly we're in the D's.

176 ON MCCLANE

176

His glance drops subtly from the roster and he takes another bite of his candy bar.

176 CONTINUED:

176

MCCLANE

You know how to use a handgun,
Bill?

THEO

No.

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

MCCLANE

Time to learn.

177 EXT. POLICE OPERATIONS - WILSHIRE - SAME

177

An unmarked police car pulls up across the street from Nakatomi building and a MAN in a sportcoat climbs out. Stocky, his hair a little too perfect, the very fact that he is the Deputy Chief of Police Operations on a Christmas Eve gives some evidence to his position in the pecking order. His name is DWAYNE T. ROBINSON and he moves brusquely past police technicians into:

178 THE MOBILE POLICE UNIT

178

and goes to a uniformed officer.

ROBINSON

Who's talking to them?

Powell turns around.

POWELL

I am, Sir...Sergeant Al Powell.

ROBINSON

Dwayne Robinson. What's the story,
Sergeant?

POWELL

We've got a lone man in there who says terrorists took over the building and have killed at least one of their hostages. He claims to have killed three of them.

ROBINSON

How're we talking to them?

POWELL

CB, they've cut phone lines inside.

Powell hands him a headset.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

178

ROBINSON
 (slipping on the
 headset)
 What about the terrorists? Have
 you talked to them?

POWELL
 They don't answer us.

ROBINSON
 (sarcastically)
 Great...

We CAN SEE Robinson already hates the complications. Here's a man more adept at handling two punks in an empty Safeway. He is clearly not ready to deal with a situation where the terrorists won't talk. Just then, two plainclothes MEN enter the trailer and show their I.D. to the guard. Their presence further upsets Robinson.

179 INT. STAIRWELL - SAME 179

McClane and Theo come down the stairwell from the 40th floor. McClane tries the door to the 39th floor -- the handle moves in his hand. McClane looks up and re-checks the floor number by the door frame, then opens the door. Both men move out onto:

180 THE 39TH FLOOR 180

and down a corridor. As they move McClane notices something along the floor jam.

181 HIS P.O.V. 181

A plastic explosive charge.

182 MCCLANE 182

moves carefully past it and another, drawn toward a lighted office at the end of the hallway.

183 INT. OFFICE 183

McClane moves into the office, which we RECOGNIZE as the anteroom to the safe room. The door connecting the safe room has been closed, hiding the safe and drill press. Theo's three bags, however sit on the table and McClane goes straight for them. Theo steps into the room behind him. He spies something else on the table.

184 HIS P.O.V. 184

the Walther.

185 THEO

185

Looks up and watches McClane open the first bag containing the plastic explosives.

THEO

What...what is it?

MCCLANE

Plastic explosives. Like those in the hall.

THEO

(suddenly)

They were going to blow the building.

MCCLANE

(dryly)

That's sharp thinking, Bill.

He places a couple of packets next to the Walther and hurriedly opens the second bag.

186 INSERT

186

The contents: Detonators.

187 MCCLANE

187

throws the second bag over his shoulder. Theo watches him.

THEO

Why are we taking them?

MCCLANE

Leverage. C'mon let's get out of here.

He starts for the door. Theo watches him for a moment then brings up the Beretta aiming it right at McClane's face and cocks it.

THEO

Put them down and drop your machine gun on the floor.

McClane just looks at him.

MCCLANE

Why wire the top floors, Bill?

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

187

THEO

Don't worry about it. Drop
your gun.

Instead, McClane slowly raises his machine gun and aims it at Theo. Theo pulls the trigger -- the gun clicks empty. Theo's eyes go to the Walther on the table. McClane follows his glance.

MCCLANE

Don't try it.

Theo looks back challengingly, McClane recognizes the look.

MCCLANE

And don't tell me I won't do it.

But Theo breaks for the pistol and McClane levels him with a burst from the machine gun. For a moment he just looks at the dead terrorist, then retrieves his Browning and exchanges magazines.

188 INT. 39TH FLOOR - OFFICE

188

Dark. A light comes on and McClane quickly moves to the desk. He takes out a handful of detonators and puts them in his other kit bag, then puts the main bag of detonators in the trash can under the desk covering it with the trash, and sliding it back under the desk again.

189 INT. POLICE TRAILER - SAME

189

Robinson and Powell when McClane calls them on the CB.

MCCLANE'S VOICE/RADIO

Hey, Al...are you there?

POWELL

Yeah, partner, what's up?

INTERCUT:

190 MCCLANE

190

He sits on the floor below a bank of windows.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

190

MCCLANE

There's a new development.
They've got high explosives
up here. Plastics.

POWELL

Hey, man, I work a desk. You're
going to have to spell these
things out for me.

MCCLANE

Think of it like this then,
they've got enough stuff up
here to turn this place into
Century Canyon...

191 ON ROBINSON

191

Listening with everyone else.

ROBINSON

(to himself)

Great.

192 ON MCCLANE

192

MCCLANE

...On the other hand I've got
the detonators.

INTERCUT:

193 POWELL

193

In the police trailer.

POWELL

Listen, partner...throw them out.
The first thing we need to do
is reduce the chance of disaster.

MCCLANE

I have...until they catch me.
Also, chalk up another one dead.

POWELL

Jesus...

HANS' VOICE/RADIO

(o.s.; cutting in)

Mr. Barefoot man? Can you hear me?

194 ROBINSON

194

looks at a technician.

ROBINSON

(to technician)

You got that recorder hooked
up? I want it running.

195 INT. HANS' OFFICE - SAME

195

Hans talking on CB to McClane. Karl stands to the side.

MCLANE/RADIO

(o.s.)

Yeah, I hear you.

HANS

I'm calling to offer you a truce.
Put the detonators on an elevator
and retreat to a safe place and
we won't bother you anymore. I
give you my word.

196 MCCLANE

196

MCCLANE

Let's see, is that the same word
you gave Rivers before you shot him?

HANS' VOICE

(o.s.)

Believe me when I tell you
that there are those among us
who would like nothing more than
to hunt you down and kill you.

MCCLANE

Who...you mean, Karl? Hey,
Karl, come on up and I'll tell
you just how it felt to break
his brother's neck.

He hears Karl let out a yell and Hans' radio goes dead.
McClane lets out a breath and leans back. The tough guy
act is difficult. He waits and his radio comes back with
Bans.

HANS' VOICE/RADIO

(o.s.)

It's more than idle curiosity
how you know some of our names.
I feel at a slight disadvantage
not knowing yours.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

196

MCCLANE

You'll get over it.

HANS' VOICE/RADIO

(o.s.)

You have a very cavalier attitude
for someone who probably has a
loved one on this very floor.

MCCLANE

You got the wrong guy, fella.
I was just up here fixing the
cigarette machines when you
came barging in.

INTERCUT:

197 HANS

197

HANS

A vending machine repairman who
breaks people's necks?

MCCLANE

It's a tough business.

HANS

And it will get tougher. I
promise.

MCCLANE

Well, it's a big building, Hans.
Lotsa luck, fella.

198 POLICE TRAILER - SAME

198

Robinson turns quickly to his radio operator.

ROBINSON

Quick, patch me in there.

(to Hans)

Hans? Is that your name? This
is Captain Dwayne Robinson. LAPD.
Is anyone hurt in there or need
medical help?

INTERCUT:

199 HANS

199

HANS

Everyone is fine, Mr. Robinson.

ROBINSON

What do you want? Let's talk.

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED:

199

HANS

(chuckles)

You are eager, aren't you?
Please sit back and relax, we
will contact you when we are
ready.

Hans turns off his radio.

200 POLICE TRAILER - ON ROBINSON

200

ROBINSON

Wait, wait...
(realizing he's
been cut off)
Shit...

The two well-dressed men chuckle at Robinson's frustration.
The big man lights a cigarette for the smaller one.
Robinson turns on them angrily.

ROBINSON

Who are you guys with?

They each pull out their I.D. and flash it at him.

LITTLE JOHNSON

Special Agents Johnson and
Johnson, FBI.

BIG JOHNSON

Sounds like you're in for
a fun Christmas Eve, Chief.

ROBINSON

You want to crack jokes, go
up to Sunset. This isn't
your operation anyway.

BIG JOHNSON

Hey, we're just here to observe
or if you want to bounce ideas
off of us or...

LITTLE JOHNSON

(more seriously)
...Or, if it should suddenly
become our operation.

He lets the implication of a possible changeover hang for
a moment. It isn't lost on Robinson.

ROBINSON

Just stay the hell out of my way.
(turning back)
Johnson and Johnson...Jesus?...

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

200

Big Johnson grins and stops a uniformed cop going out the door of the trailer.

BIG JOHNSON

Where's the coffee around here?

201 INT. HOSTAGE FLOOR - NIGHT

201

Hans and Karl. Karl preps his weapon with a hunter's obsession for detail.

HANS

Find him and the detonators...

Karl leaves and Hans watches from the doorway. Suddenly he notices Holly staring at him from her place on the floor. She holds his look boldly.

HOLLY

Why don't you want to talk to them?

HANS

The police? Why should I?

HOLLY

You want to get away, don't you?
You can negotiate that.

HANS

I have many worries...but
'getting away' is not one of
them.

HOLLY

But if you don't talk to them...
sooner or later they'll attack.

Hans stares at Holly, this makes Ellis even more uncomfortable and he tries to quiet her. But she holds Hans' look.

HANS

(to Holly, beat)

You seem to know a good deal
about what the police might do.

HOLLY

(flatly)

Common sense.

HANS

Do you have children?

Holly doesn't answer, but Hans knows by her reaction, the answer is "yes".

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

201

HANS

Then you know you want them to respect what you say, when you say it. But sometimes, no matter how many times you tell them something is dangerous -- like a hot burner on a stove -- it is not until they touch it, that they understand it is truly dangerous...Police are like children...words are often not enough.

He turns and goes back into:

202 HOLLY'S OFFICE 202

He closes the door. Going to the desk he shifts through the I.D.'s and finds Holly's.

203 INSERT - HOLLY'S I.D. 203

It shows Holly's picture and the name: GENNARO.

204 CLOSE ON A TELEVISION SCREEN - NIGHT 204

We SEE a news report interrupts the regular scheduled program. Dick Thornburg talks to the camera. As he talks We PULL BACK TO SEE William in the backseat of the limo. He reacts excitedly to the report.

WILLIAM

Terrorist, oh, man...Where is this?

205 ON SCREEN 205

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

206 CLOSE - WILLIAM 206

as he recognizes the place on TV.

WILLIAM

(stunned)

Holy shit...

207 CLOSE - TELEVISION 207

The CAMERA PANS to Police Trailer and we SEE the massive build-up of police personnel and equipment.

THORNBURG

As you can see, the police have brought up their armored car unit

(CONTINUED)

THORNBURG (Cont.)
and dispatched SWAT personnel
around the building though they
are adamantly denying that any
sort of assault is in the works...

WILLIAM
(more stunned)
Holy shit...

He grabs the car phone and madly punches 911.

WILLIAM
(to himself)
911...
(he misdials)
Fuck!
(more carefully)
9-1-1...

He gets it right and leans back, still panicked as someone
answers.

WILLIAM
(to phone)
Police?!...Well, I need 'em!
Your damn straight this is an
emergency! You know that building
in Century City that's full of
terrorists?...Yeah, that's the
one...Well, I'm sitting right
this very second un --

The word freezes in his mouth as something suddenly dawns
on him. William cancels his call.

WILLIAM
(to himself)
Shit, William, you fool...If the
police could save your sorry ass
don't you think they'd be down here
doin' it?!

He looks back at the TV.

THORNBURG
Since telephone lines in the
building have been cut all
communications have been by
CB radios which the terrorists
took into the building with them...

A stairwell door opens and McClane carefully moves out onto
the 37th floor. Seeing that it is deserted he begins
overturning desks, making a small fortress.

209 LIMO - CLOSE ON TRUNK - NIGHT

209

The trunk to the big limo opens and William's hand reaches under a tool kit TO REVEAL a portable CB unit.

210 INT. LIMO - BACKSEAT - NIGHT

210

William plugs the CB power cord into the rear cigarette lighter and turns it on. The STATIC HISSES as he goes through the channels. Suddenly he stops and WE HEAR KARL'S VOICE over the CB.

KARL'S VOICE

(o.s., on CB)

Heinrich is dead...

211 INT. 39TH FLOOR - ANTEROOM TO SAFE ROOM - SAME

211

Karl stands over the body of Theo.

KARL

(to CB)

Theo and Heinrich are dead.

We're going down.

212 INT. 37TH FLOOR - NIGHT

212

McClane at STAIRWELL DOOR. He lays a plastic chair protector sheet in front of the stairwell door. Then he leans an axe against the door -- a very primitive early warning device.

TIME CUT TO:

213 INT. 37TH FLOOR - NIGHT

213

McClane fastens a small pad of plastic explosives to the light switch by the doorway; then presses a half dozen detonators into the material. He's not sure how many he'll need and adds another for good measure and puts the rest in his pocket.

214 INT. 38TH FLOOR - SAME

214

Fritz and Franco move onto the 38th floor and spread out. The operation looks like an African hunt with beaters moving out in front -- rattling chairs, knocking over phones, lamps etc. -- moving toward Karl, who waits at the other end of the room by the stairwell door.

When they reach him he opens the stairwell door and silently waves them down the stairs. He looks over the floor one last time, then he notices a flickering fluorescent light above him in the stairwell. His glance goes to another fluorescent fixture.

KARL

(to the terrorist
below him)

Stop.

A new group of men enter the trailer -- the SWAT team personnel. One in particular CAPTAIN MITCHELL eyes a pretty policewoman on the way in.

Following Mitchell is a small man with pencils in his shirt pocket and a hard hat, GEORGE HENRY, City Engineer's office. The last man enters in a tuxedo, pulled away from a party. His name is RALPH BAILEY, late thirties; mayor's office liaison. Johnson and Johnson view the assembly with detached amusement. Robinson does the introductions quickly.

ROBINSON

George Henry, City Engineer's office, this is Captain Mitchell... Special Agents Johnson and Johnson.

The engineer nods to the men. Mitchell eyes the Feds, wary of his competition.

ROBINSON

(pointing to Bailey)
And this is Ralph Bailey, mayor's office.

Bailey takes an offered cup of coffee. He looks like he needs it. Henry unrolls building plans while Robinson talks.

ROBINSON

To bring everyone up to date, we've got a hostage situation in which thirty-five civilians are being held by an undetermined number of terrorists with no expressed intent to negotiate. Now, we've got six hours before the East Coast wakes up and turns on their TV's and frankly I'd like not to be here when they do, so let's hear what you gentlemen have got to say.

LITTLE JOHNSON

Excuse me, but it seems you've left something out.

Robinson looks up at the Agent.

ROBINSON

(to the others)
There's an unidentified gunman in the building who claims to have killed four of the terrorists, have plastic explosives and detonators. These claims are unconfirmed.

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED:

215

BAILEY

Who is he? What's he doing there?

ROBINSON

He won't tell us. We have an officer monitoring it.

216 EXT. POLICE TRAILER - SIDEWALK - ON POWELL - SAME 216

He stands on the street behind some cars with his CB. An officer comes by with a fresh cup of coffee for him.

POWELL

(to CB)

How're you doing, partner?

INTERCUT:

217 MCCLANE ON 37TH FLOOR 217

He sits with his back to the wall, behind his fort of overturned desks. He's tired and hungry and raises his CB.

MCCLANE

(to Powell)

I'm hanging in there. Is that coffee I smell?

POWELL

Sorry about that, man. How'd you know?

MCCLANE

Just say I've been there. What's happening down there?

POWELL

Well, they're having some big pow-wow right now.

MCCLANE

And you're not invited to it?

POWELL

Hey, man I'm just a desk jockey who was on my way home when all this happened.

MCCLANE

Funny, I figured you for the street, Al, the way you drove that car.

The compliment stirs some buried pride in Powell.

POWELL

It's been a while, partner.

Mitchell has started to assert himself. Henry puts an unlit cigarette between his lips and studies the diagrams.

MITCHELL

I propose we send two men up the sewers...enter the building here --

BAILEY

What for?

MITCHELL

(patiently)

Having our men on the inside puts us in a position to release the hostages should the opportunity arise and also give us an accurate account of the strengths of this group.

LITTLE JOHNSON

Why don't you use the man who's already inside?

MITCHELL

Because he's not one of my men.

BIG JOHNSON

You haven't even talked to him.

BAILEY

(trying to get
a word in)

Frankly, I think we should wait until they want to talk.

MITCHELL

When they want to talk it'll be too late. We need our men inside, now...

HENRY

(quietly)

Can't do it.

Everyone suddenly looks at Henry.

HENRY

(to Mitchell)

You can't get men in through the sewers.

MITCHELL

What're you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

218 CONTINUED:

218

HENRY
 (noticing all
 the looks)
 The building's got a fourty foot
 deep reverse flow conduit...they
 can't get across it.

MITCHELL
 You have a better way in?

Henry puts his cigarettes back into his mouth and looks back
 at the diagram.

HENRY
 Maybe...Anyone got a light.

219 EXT. POLICE TRAILER - SAME 219

Powell is talking with McClane on the CB.

POWELL
 You seem to know a lot about
 cops. You been one? Are you one?

INTERCUT:

220 INT. MCCLANE - 37TH FLOOR - SAME 220

Sitting against the wall.

MCCLANE
 I watch a lot of TV. What can
 I say...?

POWELL
 (probing)
 You don't learn to kill like
 that on TV.

MCCLANE
 Hey, Al...if I could tell you
 who I was, I'd tell you. You're
 just going to have to trust me.

It's an appeal and the words effect Powell, he answers
 quietly, like a promise.

POWELL
 I trust you, man.

Suddenly he hears A CLATTERING SOUND over his CB.

(CONTINUED)

220 CONTINUED:

220

MCCLANE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I've got company, Al...I'll get
back to you.

POWELL

Wait, wait, stay on the line!

But he realizes McClane is gone.

221 INT. 37TH FLOOR - NIGHT

221

McClane moves from his fort in the shadows to the corner of
the floor.

222 MCCLANE'S P.O.V.

222

The axe has fallen, but the floor looks deserted.

223 MCCLANE

223

He hears a noise across the room -- like a lamp being
knocked over, then a phone. McClane is on the move. Quickly
he moves through the cubicles, pausing before the doorway
to each one. The noises behind him become louder.

He passes the stairwell door and comes to the corner, looks
carefully around it -- it is clear. He steps around it
and suddenly Karl appears around the other corner directly
in front of him and opens fire. The bullets rip into the wall
in front of him -- hitting a metal drinking fountain and
sending water spewing across the room. McClane ducks back
around the corner but at that moment Franco and Fritz
appear at the other end cutting off his retreat.

MCCLANE

Oh, shit...

McClane feels the handle of the stairwell door behind him and
pushes it, disappearing into the stairwell just as the two
terrorists open fire.

224 INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

224

Quickly McClane starts up the stairs. His bare feet taking
the concrete steps two at a time, heading into the darkness
of the next landing. Suddenly WE HEAR a CRUNCH and McClane
stiffens like he's been shot.

225 CLOSE - MCCLANE'S FOOT

225

The broken glass of fluorescent light bulbs and blood moves
out from beneath his left foot.

226 MCCLANE

226

leans against the railing for support, the pain is incredible. He lifts his foot exposing a three inch gash. Gritting his teeth he reaches into the bloody slash and extracts a large piece of glass. Suddenly below WE HEAR the stairwell door open. McClane fires a burst down the stairwell and pulls himself to the door, three steps up.

227 38TH FLOOR

227

McClane hobbles painfully toward the elevator bank -- every step leaves a pool of blood in the carpet.

228 EXT. OUTSIDE POLICE TRAILER - ON POWELL - SAME

228

He clutches his CB and tries desperately to make contact with McClane.

POWELL

Come in, Partner. If you can hear me, come in...

229 INT. STAIRWELL - 38TH FLOOR - SAME

229

Franco and Karl reach the bloodstains on the stairs. They move carefully to the door to the 38th floor and crack it slightly, then open it more -- McClane is nowhere in sight, but his trail is evident.

A bloody path leads toward the elevator bank -- veering toward a secretary's desk -- missing it's chair -- then back to the elevators. Suddenly the two terrorists HEAR the SOUND OF AN ELEVATOR in motion and move quickly to the:

230 ELEVATOR BANK - 38TH FLOOR

230

Two sets of elevators facing each other like square dancers. McClane's bloodstains lead up to a set of doors and quickly Franco forces open the doors with his fingers and looks in.

231 FRANCO'S P.O.V.

231

The elevator car in motion going down. It stops two floors below them.

FRANCO

He's going down.

They move quickly back to the stairwell as we STAY in the elevator bank a full second after they're gone. Suddenly the doors on the opposite side of the bank open and we SEE McClane sitting in the secretary's chair keeping his bleeding left foot off the ground.

232 38TH FLOOR - MAIN OFFICE AREA

232

McClane hobbles back to the office area. He goes to the first desk he reaches and begins going through the drawers

232 CONTINUED:

232

looking for gauze or something to stop the bleeding on his foot. No luck, he moves to the next desk and opens a drawer. He finds a box of Kleenex and tosses it. A little more digging turns up a box of band-aids -- finger size. He opens another drawer digs for a moment then closes it -- nothing. Then he stops -- and slowly reopens the last drawer.

233 INSERT - THE DRAWER

233

He pulls back some papers and REVEALS a box of MAXI-PADS.

234 EXT. NAKATOMI - HUGE SPOTLIGHT - SAME

234

A huge spotlight is brought into position a half-block away from the building. We NOTICE several more -- their generators rumbling. Suddenly their beams are turned on, increased in intensity and pointed to the building. The reflection off the glass is incredible, blinding.

235 INT. HANS' OFFICE - SAME

235

Hans notices the growing illumination and goes to the window, carefully looking out. The entire front of the building is whited out. He picks up his CB.

236 INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

236

Karl and Franco moving carefully down the stairwell. Their CB crackles to life.

HANS' VOICE

(on CB)

The police are moving.

237 INT. 38TH FLOOR

237

McClane unwraps a maxi-pad and tapes it tightly to the bottom of his cut foot. He tests it gingerly on the carpet -- it's painful, but serviceable. Looking up he notices the intensity in the lights outside. McClane picks up his CB.

MCCLANE

Al?

POWELL'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Right here, partner. I thought we'd lost you.

MCCLANE

You almoet did. I'm going to be limping for a while. What's going on down there?

238 EXT. POLICE TRAILER - SIDEWALK - ON POWELL

238

Around him the activity with the huge spotlight is apparent.

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED:

238

POWELL

Just sit tight. We're just
adding a little light to see by.

MCCLANE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Listen to me! If you're getting
ready to try something, don't.
This is what they want!

239 INT. HANS' OFFICE - ON HANS - SAME

239

at the window, looking out. He can't see anything -- total
whiteout. Instead of panic however he senses a confrontation
and it excites him. He smiles and steps into the hall.

HOLLY

(to Hans)

What's going on?

HANS

The child is about to touch
the stove.

240 EXT. CENTURY CITY APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

240

Two SWAT officers, with blackened faces and carrying
equipment bags, move quickly through the lobby of a nearby
apartment building and enter Lobby elevator.

241 EXT. ADJACENT BUILDING - ROOF - SAME

241

Another PAIR of SWAT OFFICERS move to a point on the roof
of another building and peer over the edge at the brilliantly
lit Nakatomi building. THE SPOTTER stares through an infrared
scope at the Nakatomi roof while the other officer, THE SNIPER
sets up his rifle.

242 EXT. CENTURY CITY - ON MITCHELL AND ROBINSON -
POLICE BARRICADES

242

Mitchell listens to a CB radio then looks at Robinson, who
is visibly tense.

MITCHELL

We're in position.

Robinson hesitates, then gives his approval with a nod.

MITCHELL

(to CB)

Go.

243 ANGLE ON TWO SWAT OFFICERS 243

They sprint unmolested to the bars covering the garage doors. Mitchell and Robinson watch from behind the cover of a police car as one of the SWAT officers removes a portable welding torch and begins cutting his way through the lock.

244 INT. 38TH FLOOR - MCCLANE 244

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

MCCLANE
(to himself)

No...

245 EXT. POLICE BARRICADES - ON MITCHELL AND ROBINSON 245

Suddenly rifle fire sounds from the building.

ROBINSON
(worriedly)
They're shooting at them.

MITCHELL
(calmly)
It's panic fire...they can't see anything.

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

ROBINSON
They're going after the lights!

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

ROBINSON
Call them back.

MITCHELL
No, they're almost in.

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

246 INT. 3RD FLOOR 246

The terrorist marksman, Alexander, on the third floor draws a bead through his scope and hits one of the officers in the leg, then hits the second one in the chest.

247 EXT. POLICE BARRICADES - ON MITCHELL AND ROBINSON 247

MITCHELL

(on radio)

Send up the car!

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

248 INT. HANS' OFFICE - SAME 248

From his vantage point he watches the action. At the sight of the armored car he lifts his CB.

HANS

They're sending in the car.

249 INT. ROOF-MACHINE ROOM/SERVICE ELEVATOR - SAME 249

JAMES quickly loads two small crates onto the service elevator and pushes the button for the 3rd floor. As the car starts down, he removes an anti-tank gun from one of the crates.

250 INT. 38TH FLOOR - SAME 250

McClane HEARS the sound of the ELEVATOR MOTOR running coming down from the roof. He picks up his CB.

McCLANE

Al, what's happening out there?

POWELL'S VOICE

(o.s.)

They're kicking our ass down here. We've got two men down and we're going to have to send in a shield to get them out.

MCCLANE

That's what they want.

POWELL'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Hey, man we aren't going to let them sit out there!

251 INT. 3RD FLOOR - SAME 251

The service elevator arrives on the third floor and James moves across the room toward the windows with the anti-tank weapon. At the window, Alexander puts down his rifle and takes the weapon from James.

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED:

251

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

ALEXANDER

(to Hans, CB)

I have them.

HANS' VOICE

(o.s., over CB)

Fire.

252 EXT. THE ARMORED CAR

252

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

253 32ND FLOOR - HANS

253

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

HANS

Hit it again.

254 MCCLANE

254

listening. He picks up his CB.

MCCLANE

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

HANS' VOICE

(o.s.)

No, Mr. Barefoot man, there's more to teach them.

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

255 3RD FLOOR

255

James runs back to the crate on the elevator.

256 EXT. POLICE BARRICADES - ON ROBINSON AND MITCHELL

256

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

256 CONTINUED:

256

MITCHELL

(to radio)

Davis! Jimenez!...Report...

DAVIS

(voice over; on
radio, yelling)

This is Davis. We've got one
dead. Everybody's hit. Jimenez's
bleeding bad. We've got to get
the fuck out of here!

MITCHELL

(to radio)

Davis, hang on! That's an order!
Hang on, we'll get you out.

257 INT. ELEVATOR CAR - 3RD FLOOR - SAME

257

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

258 INT. 38TH FLOOR - CLOSE ON A SHAPE OF PLASTIC
EXPLOSIVE - SAME

258

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

259 ANGLE ON SERVICE ELEVATOR - MCCLANE

259

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

260 INT. 3RD FLOOR

260

James hands the shell to Alexander, who expertly loads it
into the anti-tank gun. Through the window we SEE a second
armored car roll into position next to the other. Alexander
lifts the anti-tank gun to his shoulder and aims.

261 INT. 38TH FLOOR

261

McClane pushes the chair into the shaft.

MCCLANE

Geronimo...motherfuckers.

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

262 ON THE '3RD FLOOR 262

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

263 BLOWING OUT THE MACHINE GUN NEST AND JAMES AND ALEXANDER 263

264 SHATTERING WINDOWS 264

265 SENDING DESKS, CHAIRS, PHONES, AND TYPWRITERS FLYING 265

266 EXT. AVENUE OF THE STARS 266

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

267 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - ON WILLIAM - SAME 267
watching it on TV, feeling it all around him.

WILLIAM

Oh, Jesus...

268 EXT. DOWN THE STREET - SAME 268

Dick Thornburg's crew is taping.

THORNBURG

(in awe)

Unreal.

(to the cameraman)

Did you get all that?

CAMERAMAN

Yep.

Thornburg looks at his competitors still setting up.

THORNBURG

Eat your fucking heart out
Channel Four.

269 ON HOSTAGE FLOOR 269

The hostages are shaken and the remaining terrorists, Fritz and Franco, aren't too sure of themselves either. Only Hans is relatively calm.

FRANCO

They're firing at us.

(CONTINUED)

269 CONTINUED: 269

HANS
It's not the police...it's him.

270 ANGLE ON HOLLY 270
She comforts an older woman.

271 INT. 38TH FLOOR - MCCLANE - SAME 271
He sits up and lifts the CB.

MCCLANE
Hey, Al, you guys okay out there?

INTERCUT:

272 EXT. POWELL 272
on the street.

POWELL
(on CB)
Holy shit, man, what was that?

MCCLANE
One of their packets. Is the
building on fire?

POWELL
No, but they're going to have
to tear this sucker down and
build a new one. We got a report
from one of our spotters that you
got three with that blast.

MCCLANE
Three? Are you sure?

Before Powell can answer Robinson comes running up to him.

ROBINSON
Is that him?

POWELL
Yessir.

ROBINSON
(reaching for Powell's
CB)
Give me that thing.

(CONTINUED)

ROBINSON (Cont.)

(angrily to McClane)

Now, listen to me, mister, I don't know what your game is but you just destroyed a building and put hundreds of people's lives in jeopardy. Now maybe you were trying to help but we don't need any more of that kind of cooperation. I want you to put down your weapons and retreat to a safe place. Do you understand, me?

MCCLANE

Who is this?

ROBINSON

This is Deputy Chief of Police Dwayne T. Robinson. You are interfering with police business.

McClane leans tiredly against the elevator door.

MCCLANE

Put Al back on, Dwayne.

ROBINSON

No. I'm giving the orders here!

MCCLANE

Put the other guy on!

ROBINSON

Listen fuckhead -- !

MCCLANE

(exploding)

No! You listen to me. You've got at least six psychos holding thirty-five people at gunpoint and they just waxed your ass down there. They've got enough explosives to flatten this end of the city and the balls to do it but what they don't have is the means to detonate it because of me. They're down to half strength because of me. Are they talking to you? Do you think you can stop them down there? C'mon, tell me, Dwayne!...Hell no! You're the fuckhead. You're the asshole! Now, put Al on, goddamnit!

McClane is so furious, he's out of breath.

273 INT. LIMO - WILLIAM - SAME 273
 William nods in agreement.

WILLIAM
 Tell 'em, John! Tell 'em!

274 INT. 38TH FLOOR - ON MCCLANE 274
 still seething. There is a long pause on the CB, then:

POWELL'S VOICE
 (o.s.)
 Here you go. How're you feeling?

MCCLANE
 (furious)
 How the hell you think I'm feeling.
 Who is that asshole?!

275 ON POWELL 275

Other officers, including Robinson, monitor the conversation.

POWELL
 (sharply)
 Hey, don't draw me into that kind
 of talk. You hear me? Now I know
 you're wounded and tired and mad
 as hell, but the last thing you
 want to do is waste your energy
 with some fat-assed, jerk-off,
 dumb-as-shit deputy police chief.
 You understand?

276 ON MCCLANE 276
 He grins, and a little laugh escapes.

POWELL'S VOICE
 (o.s.)
 I say something funny?

MCCLANE
 No, just nice to hear some common
 sense.

277 ON POWELL 277

POWELL
 Hang in there, man. Hang in there.

MCCLANE'S VOICE
 (o.s., tiredly)
 Thanks, partner.

(CONTINUED)

277 CONTINUED:

277

Powell hears McClane's line go dead. He puts down his phone and sees Robinson staring at him.

ROBINSON

'Jerk-off, dumb-shit deputy chief of police?'

POWELL

Sorry sir, I was just trying to relieve some of the tension.

Robinson turns and leaves; Powell watches him and smiles to himself.

278 INT. HOSTAGE FLOOR - HANS OFFICE - SAME

278

Hans, Franco, and Karl plotting strategy.

HANS

(to Karl)

Heinz is now on the fifth floor covering the street. That leaves Fritz on this floor with the hostages, Uli on the roof, and you and Franco to find him...Do it.

279 ANGLE ON ELLIS AND HOLLY

279

outside of Hans' office. Ellis watches Franco and Karl leave then looks back at Hans' office. Suddenly, he stands and Holly looks at him like he was crazy.

HOLLY

What are you doing?

Fritz moves quickly across the room towards Ellis.

ELLIS

(to Holly)

I'm tired of sitting here getting cramps on my legs waiting for the cops or your husband to get us all killed...

HOLLY

What are you going to do?

ELLIS

Hey, I just negotiated a \$150,000,000 deal, babe...I think I can handle this.

(to Fritz)

I want to talk to Hans.

280 MCCLANE

280

sitting tiredly against the wall. Sweat runs down his face and arms leaving streaks through the dirt. McClane watches a drop fall to the floor.

MCCLANE

(to himself)

You assholes had to cut the air conditioning off, didn't you?

He digs out his now crumpled and grease-stained photo of his family. He wipes a smudge from the face of Holly and smiles tiredly. Suddenly his CB crackles to life.

POWELL'S VOICE

(to McClane)

Hey, partner? How's it going?

MCCLANE

I'm hanging, man. I'm hanging
...You got any kids, Al?

INTERCUT:

281 POWELL ON STREET

281

POWELL

Expecting my first any week, now.

MCCLANE

Congratulations.

POWELL

Thanks. You?

MCCLANE

Two. And I sure want to see 'em
again.

282 CLOSE - A HAND WRITING A NOTE

282

It says: CHILDREN? We PULL BACK TO REVEAL Dick Thornburg. He passes the note silently over to his assistant, MARY, as they monitor the call.

283 MCCLANE

283

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

HANS' VOICE

(o.s. on CB)

Touching, Mr. McClane. Touching.

The sound of his name startles him and for a moment McClane stares at the radio.

(CONTINUED)

HANS' VOICE

(o.s.)

John McClane are you listening?

MCCLANE

(beat)

Yes.

HANS' VOICE

(o.s.)

We have your colleague here...a
Mr. Ellis.

284 INT. 32ND (HOSTAGE) FLOOR - ON ELLIS AND HANS - SAME 284

Ellis is being pampered by Fritz and Franco in Hans' office. He has a cigarette, and a terrorist brings him a Diet Coke. Hans hands the radio to Ellis. Karl watches quietly.

HANS

(to Ellis)

Just act nervous.

Ellis nods and presses the TALK button.

ELLIS

(to McClane, on CB)

John?

MCCLANE'S VOICE

(o.s., quietly)

How are you, Ellis?

ELLIS

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

Ellis looks over at Hans who gives him a "thumbs-up", he's doing a great job.

285 INT. POLICE TRAILER - ON POWELL, ROBINSON - SAME 285
and others listening intently.

286 ON MCCLANE 286

He closes his eyes and leans his head back again.

ELLIS' VOICE

John, are you listening?

MCCLANE

(to CB, quietly)

Yeah, I hear you.

287 ON ELLIS (HANS' OFFICE)

287

ELLIS

Listen, I've been pulling for you, man...But the police are here now. It's their problem... Tell these guys where the detonators are so no one else gets hurt.

MCCLANE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I can't tell them, Ellis. I'd have to show them. Then what? You know what they'll do to me?

ELLIS

(becoming bullying)

Listen, John. If not for me, it would be over for you already... I can end it all for you in two seconds, if I want.

Hans reaches out his hand for the CB. Ellis gives it to him.

HANS

(to CB)

Mr. McClane, what Mr. Ellis is obviously not making clear to you is that if you do not yield our equipment at once, we will kill him.

He hands the radio back to Ellis, who takes a sip of his soft drink, obviously untroubled by Hans' threat.

ELLIS

(quieter, more confidentially)

By the way, did you ever get to see the watch? I think you understand what I'm talking about...I hope so.

While Ellis talks, Hans quietly takes out his Walther keeping it out of Ellis' line of sight.

ELLIS

They're not kidding, John... Say something...

288 CLOSE - MCCLANE

288

He can hardly bring himself to say it. He knows they're not kidding, even if Ellis doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

288 CONTINUED:

288

MCCLANE
 (to himself)
 Forgive me, Ellis.
 (presses the talk
 button; to Ellis;
 a beat)
 I don't believe them.

289 INT. HANS' OFFICE - SAME

289

Ellis looks at Hans and shrugs, "Well, I tried..." Hans nods understandingly. He takes the CB, presses the TALK button, and in one frighteningly smooth motion brings the Walther up to Ellis' forehead and pulls the trigger. ON SOUND OF THE GUNSHOTS we:

CUT TO:

290 INT. 38TH FLOOR - MCCLANE - SAME

290

He was expecting it and still it chills him. The screams of the hostages seem distant over the tiny radio speaker as we:

CUT TO:

291 32ND FLOOR - ON THE HOSTAGES

291

going crazy. They see Ellis' blood splattered on the glass walls of the Hans' office.

292 INT. HANS' OFFICE - ON HANS

292

He throws open the door to let McClane and the police hear the screams of the hostages.

HANS
 Hear that? Talk to me, now,
 Mr. McClane or shall I shoot
 another one?

INTERCUT:

293 MCCLANE

293

MCCLANE
 I need twenty minutes, maybe a
 half an hour to get there.

HANS
 Five.

(CONTINUED)

MCCLANE

(hard)

Look asshole you can shoot the whole goddamn floor -- it can't make me move any faster. I'm not in the best shape anymore and it's a long way off.

HANS

(beat)

Twenty minutes. But don't try anything or we will shoot someone else...perhaps, this time a woman.

294 MCCLANE

294

He angrily throws his CB across the floor. He struggles to pull himself to his feet when he hears:

ROBINSON'S VOICE

(o.s.; furious; on the CB)

McClane?! Is that your name?! I know they can hear me but I don't give a damn, you son of a bitch. Everything that went down between you and that punk is on tape down here. You let that man die. Now, I don't care what your story is or who your friends are, if there's a way to jam your ass in jail I'm going to do it. You hear me?

McClane reaches the radio and turns it off.

295 INT. POLICE TRAILER - SAME

295

Robinson hears the static over his radio and throws down the headset. He stomps past Powell.

POWELL

(flatly)

He's trying to survive.

Robinson wheels on him angrily.

ROBINSON

He as good as killed that man. I told him, I'll tell you -- I'm going to dump his ass in jail.

Robinson keeps going.

(CONTINUED)

POWELL

You think he gives a shit?

Robinson stops at the door. The room falls silent.

POWELL

He's got no reinforcements and twelve men with automatic weapons after him. He's exhausted and wounded and he's gotten no help whatsoever from this department and you really think he cares what you're going to do to him if he makes it out of there alive?

Robinson steps back into the trailer.

ROBINSON

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

They lock eyes.

POWELL

No Sir. You couldn't drag me away.

296 EXT. WILSHIRE (KCBS MOBILE UNIT) ON DICK THORNBURG 296
- NIGHT

and his assistant Mary.

THORNBURG

(to Mary)

John McClane. I want to know everything there is to know about this guy. Check the airlines, flights coming from the East coast. Tell them you're his mother. Tell them you're dying, just find out.

She nods and leaves. He looks toward the building and smiles. He is clearly in local news Nirvana.

THORNBURG

(to himself)

Goddamn, this is great stuff...

297 INT. POLICE TRAILER - SAME 297

Across the trailer the OPERATOR monitoring the CB signals for Robinson.

(CONTINUED)

297 CONTINUED:

297

OPERATOR

Chief, the terrorists are
calling for you.

Robinson grabs a headset.

ROBINSON

This is Robinson. Hans? You
want to talk?

INTERCUT:

298 INT. NAKATOMI/HANS' OFFICE - SAME

298

Hans sits in his office.

HANS

I'm afraid that talking is out
of the question as long as you
have one of your operatives
in the building.

ROBINSON

Let me make this perfectly clear,
McClane is not attached to the
Los Angeles Police Department in
any way, shape or form. I give you
my word. Look, let's try to
settle this thing.

HANS

Perhaps we should both give up
something to get something.

ROBINSON

That's right, an act of good faith.

HANS

We are prepared to release three of
the hostages in exchange for the
return of the equipment, Mr. McClane
has taken.

ROBINSON

He's going after it now.

HANS

I don't believe him.

ROBINSON

Look, don't tie negotiations to a
variable I have no control over!

(CONTINUED)

298 CONTINUED:

298

HANS

You have control over it.
Exercise it.

Hans turns off the radio.

299 ON ROBINSON

299

He is left alone on the line with this thought.

300 ON MCCLANE

300

He opens the stairwell door on the 39th floor and moves carefully down a row of glass-walled offices. Suddenly his CB crackles.

POWELL'S VOICE

(o.s.)

John?

McClane ducks into an:

301 OFFICE

301

and lifts the CB.

MCCLANE

What's up, Al?

POWELL'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Just calling to see how you're
doing.

MCCLANE

Don't babysit me, Al. I'm having
a hard enough time as it is.

302 ON ROBINSON AND OPERATOR

302

The OPERATOR listens via headset to the other channels with a German INTERPRETER.

OPERATOR

We're picking up a lot of traffic
in German on channel twenty-six.

INTERPRETER

(listens, then to
Robinson)

They're going to try to use his
signal to find him.

(CONTINUED)

302 CONTINUED:

302

ROBINSON

We'll let him know on nine.
 (to an Officer)
 Where's Powell?

OFFICER

He's outside, Sir. Need me to
 get him?

ROBINSON

(beat)
 No...I'll get him.

303 EXT. POLICE TRAILER

303

Robinson exits the police trailer to tell Powell, then stops on the bottom step. Powell is less than twenty feet away. For a moment Robinson stands there, then he shakes out a cigarette and walks in the other direction.

304 INT. OFFICE 39TH FLOOR - SAME

304

McClane in the office talking to Powell. As he talks he lifts his cut foot, examines the bandage. It's bloodsoaked.

MCCLANE

Well, I needed a break anyway.
 (grimaces at bandage)
 What got you off the street, Al?

He puts his foot down, reaches into his kit bag, takes out his spare magazine and begins re-loading it.

305 INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

305

Franco moving down the stairwell. Suddenly he hears McClane's voice on his CB. He stops, directs the antenna.

306 MCCLANE

306

POWELL'S VOICE

(o.s.)
 An accident...

MCCLANE

(grins)
 The way you drive, I can see why.

POWELL'S VOICE

(beat, serious)
 I shot a kid.

McClane's smile disappears.

(CONTINUED)

306 CONTINUED: 306

MCCLANE

Sorry, man. I didn't mean to
make a joke of it.

307 STAIRWELL - ON FRANCO 307

He listens to McClane then turns to channel 26 and speaks in
German.

308 INT. LIMO - SAME 308

William turns the dial and hears Franco's conversation in
German. Concerned.

WILLIAM

I don't like this, man.

309 MCCLANE 309

He stops re-loading, concerned and puts the spare magazine
down on the edge of the table.

MCCLANE

Hey, Al, you know I haven't even
met you, but you don't seem like
the kind of guy not to get back on
the horse.

POWELL

(defensively)
Yeah, well, I did...

310 STAIRWELL DOOR - 39TH FLOOR 310

The stairwell door opens and a Franco steps into the corridor on
39th floor. We can HEAR McClane's VOICE for the first time
without the radio.

311 MCCLANE 311

MCCLANE

What happened?

POWELL'S VOICE

(o.s.)

The next time...I was too careful
for my own good...and it cost me
a partner.

MCCLANE

Listen, Al...

(CONTINUED)

311 CONTINUED:

311

POWELL'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Look, I don't need any advice --

MCCLANE

And I'm not giving any. The facts
are man, you're a good partner.
You've kept me going and don't
you forget that.

SUDDENLY behind McClane we SEE Franco through the glass wall
of the office. He's only three offices away. He lifts his
radio and whispers in German.

312 POLICE INTERPRETER

312

INTERPRETER

He sees him.

313 ON WILLIAM

313

He can't stand it any longer. He throws up the volume on his
CB, presses his TALK Switch and yells.

WILLIAM

Look out, John!

314 ON MCCLANE

314

reacts to the William's warning and hits the floor just as a
burst of Franco's machine gun fire rips through the glass
partition and blows out the windows in front of him.

315 EXT. POLICE TRAILER - SAME

315

Robinson comes up to Powell.

ROBINSON

Alert McClane. They're after him.

Suddenly both men look up as bits of glass sparkle and fall to
the street like glitter in the huge spotlights.

POWELL

No lie.

316 INT. 39TH FLOOR - SAME

316

McClane dives into another office across the hall just before
Franco cuts him off.

317 MCCLANE

317

checks his rifle -- he's almost out of ammunition -- and opens
his kit bag for the spare clip as we:

318 INSERT - THE SPARE CLIP

318

on the desk in the first office. It is picked up by Franco, who smiles at his find.

319 ON MCCLANE

319

He moves quickly down the corridor to the stairwell and opens the door REVEALING:

320 FRANCO

320

He stands in the stairwell his machine gun trained on McClane.

321 INT. POLICE TRAILER

321

The Interpreter looks at Powell and Robinson entering the trailer

INTERPRETER

They've caught him. They're taking him to the roof.

322 STAIRWELL - ON FRANCO AND MCCLANE

322

climbing. Franco listens to Hans on the CB.

HANS' VOICE

(o.s.)

Wait for Karl. Don't take him there alone.

FRANCO

Nein, nein...We are here.

323 INT. POLICE TRAILER

323

Robinson and Powell listening to the conversation.

ROBINSON

(on police radio)

All C-thirty three personnel be sharp. Countdown starting with four.

CUT TO:

324 EXT. ADJACENT BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

324

A POLICE SNIPER (#1) brings up his high-powered rifle. His SPOTTER (#1) sits next to him with an infra-red scope and CB.

325 HIS P.O.V.

325

Through infra-red scope. The door to the roof.

SPOTTER #1

One, clear.

326 EXT. ROOFTOP OF ANOTHER BUILDING - SAME

326

SNIPER (#2's) nest. The SPOTTER (#2) lifts his radio.

SPOTTER #2

Two clear --

327 INT. DOOR TO THE ROOF - STAIRWELL - SAME

327

McClane and the Franco reach the interior door that leads to the roof. McClane is about to open it when Franco stops.

FRANCO

Stop...Turn around.

McClane does. Franco's eyes focus on McClane's detective badge covered with dirt and blood. Franco unpins it from McClane's shirt and wipes it clean.

328 SPOTTER #2'S P.O.V.

328

The door to the roof opens slowly and two men emerge. The Spotter talks by headset.

SPOTTER #2

(voice over)

They're on the roof.

ROBINSON

(voice over)

Look for the badge.

329 SNIPER'S SCOPE P.O.V. (CROSSHAIRS) CLOSE ON
MCCLANE'S BADGE

329

SNIPER #2

(voice over)

I've got it...

(CONTINUED)

329 CONTINUED:

329

We PULL BACK TO SEE Franco is now wearing the badge. They continue toward the edge. McClane is limping noticeably.

SNIPER #2

(voice over)

...and it's clean...From the looks of it, though, he's turned things around.

330 ON POWELL AND ROBINSON

330

listening, surprised.

SPOTTER #1

(voice over)

Spotter one, here, I've got that too, Sir.

POWELL

(to Robinson)

He would have let us know.
(into mike)
Is anyone limping?

SPOTTER #2

(voice over)

Yessir, the one in front.

POWELL

(to Robinson)

It's a trick.

But Robinson looks lost. Unsure.

POWELL

(forcefully)

It's a trick!

331 EXT. NAKATOMI ROOF - ON MCCLANE AND FRANCO 331

They reach the edge, there's nothing there. McClane acts surprised.

MCCLANE

I left them right here...or maybe they're over there.

Franco cocks his machine gun.

MCCLANE

Hang on...I just remembered...I've got 'em in my pockets.

Carefully he reaches into a pocket and brings out a handful of detonators. Franco takes them and presses his CB.

FRANCO

(to CB)
I've got them.

Hans' voice comes back.

HANS' VOICE

Good. Kill him.

FRANCO

(to McClane)
Kneel.

332 INT. POLICE TRAILER 332

Robinson suddenly decides. He grabs his mike.

ROBINSON

All C-33 personnel, got that?

333 NAKATOMI ROOFTOP 333

McClane kneels in front of franco. The terrorist aims his machine gun at McClane's head, then suddenly, without a sound, Franco is blown backwards then sideways almost simultaneously, as if hit by two invisible punches. McClane hits the ground just as the:

334 ANGLE - ROOFTOP DOOR 334

swings open and Karl opens fire. More sniper shots send Karl back inside. He closes the door and locks it.

335 MCCLANE 335

lies there a moment longer, then picks up Franco's CB.

MCCLANE

Al?

336 POLICE TRAILER - ON POWELL

336

relieved.

POWELL

Right here, man. Jesus, that scared the shit out of me.

MCCLANE

You and me both. I just want to say thanks to the boys on the rooftops.

POWELL

(grins)

I'll pass that along.

MCCLANE

And to whatever jumped in back there.

337 INT. LIMO - ON WILLIAM

337

wiped out in the backseat. He clutches the stuffed animal in a death lock. He's relieved to hear McClane's voice, then leans forward. Hesitates, then presses the talk button.

WILLIAM

This is him.

MCCLANE'S VOICE

You got a name?

William hesitates, then picks up a fast food wrapper off the front seat and smiles.

WILLIAM

Just call me Taco Bill.

338 ON MCCLANE

338

MCCLANE

(listening to the voice)

You sound familiar, Taco...

WILLIAMS' VOICE

No, man, you don't know me, I'm just one of your underground supporters watching this thing on TV.

MCCLANE

(realizing)

I'll be damned...William...

(presses button)

In stereo I bet.

339 ON WILLIAM

339

WILLIAM
 (grins)
 Dolby.

340 ON MCCLANE

340

MCCLANE
 Thanks, man.
 (to Powell)
 Al? I think they've locked the door
 on me.

Just then Hans' voice comes over the air.

HANS' VOICE
 We have, Mr. McClane, but we'll be
 back to kill you. Think about that
 while you are out there in the cold.

341 EXT. CENTURY CITY - KCBS REMOTE - NIGHT

341

Dick Thornburg goes to a commercial. Mary comes over, smiling.

THORNBURG
 I hope that smile means you've found
 something.

MARY
 (confidently)
 I think we've got a winner.

She smiles knowingly and pats a plain brown folder.

342 INT. HANS' OFFICE - SAME

342

He sits in his office and looks through the open door at
 Holly. She sits twisting the band of her watch.

HANS
 A psychiatrist would probably say
 that that action comes from some
 deep worry or angst.

HOLLY
 (cuttingly sarcastic)
 I'd say I've approached those
 feelings recently.

343 INT. BLACK AND WHITE POLICE CAR

343

Robinson sits in the backseat of a black and white police car
 looking at some papers. Little Johnson is already sitting there,

(CONTINUED)

343 CONTINUED:

343

Big Johnson sits in the front. They're not going anywhere, they're here to talk.

BIG JOHNSON

'Hans' is Hans Gruber. There's a call out on him by Interpol. It's our ballgame, Dwayne.

ROBINSON

(looking up)

I don't see any written authorization here...

(tossing the reports on the seat)

When I see it, then it's your case.

He starts to open the door, realizes he's in a black and white -- no rear door handles -- and looks back at the two men.

LITTLE JOHNSON

(grins)

Cool down, Dwayne, you know authorization's coming, 'problem is it's an hour away...and we don't have an hour.

Robinson eyes them suspiciously.

LITTLE JOHNSON

(seriously)

We're ordering an air strike at five a.m.

ROBINSON

(stunned)

And you want me to go along with that? What if it fails?

LITTLE JOHNSON

It won't. Thanks to McClane, they're down to four. They can't cover the whole place. It'll be over before they know what hit them.

Robinson hesitates. He looks stunned.

(CONTINUED)

343 CONTINUED: (2)

343

BIG JOHNSON

Gruber makes it our case, Dwayne.
We're just giving you a chance to
wipe some of the shit off your face
from that fiasco last night.

ROBINSON

(beat)

What about McClane?

LITTLE JOHNSON

He's wounded, we have it on tape
that they're going after him at dawn
...if a question should ever arise,
and it won't, we were giving him
air cover. We just can't tip the
hat by telling him.

Both men look at the deputy chief. Robinson closes the
folder on Gruber and thumps on the door.

ROBINSON

Get me out of this thing.

The two agents share a smile.

BIG JOHNSON

That's what we're here for, Dwayne.

He gets out and opens Robinson's door.

344 EXT. NAKATOMI ROOF - ON MCCLANE - PRE-DAWN

344

He goes through Franco's kit bag and removes his Beretta and
finds something else -- another candy bar.

MCCLANE

Hot damn, Mars bars.
(savors a bite, then
presses CB)
Hey, Al?

INTERCUT:

345 POWELL

345

He looks up at the building.

POWELL

Merry Christmas, man. How was
your nap?

(CONTINUED)

345 CONTINUED:

345

MCCLANE

What nap? I was just rinsing out
a few things. What's going on down
there?

POWELL

Just the usual stuff...

MCCLANE

That's what you said the last time.

WILLIAM'S VOICE

And don't you believe it, either.

MCCLANE

You watching this, Taco?

346 INT. LIMO

346

William watches the TV set in the limo, presses the Talk
Button on his CB.

WILLIAM

In color, John.

INTERCUT:

347 MCCLANE

347

MCCLANE

Talk to me.

WILLIAM

Well, they're not showing much but
they've brought in a lot of hardware.

POWELL'S VOICE

John, listen to me. The less you
talk about this the better.

MCCLANE

Talk about what, Al? Didn't you
tell me nothing is going on?

348 ON POWELL

348

POWELL

Okay, it is true we have SWAT personnel
here, but they are here in case of
emergency...Listen, John, I just talked
to them and they swore there would be
no ground assault.

He turns the corner and finds a metal cabinet (like the glass ones on the lower floors) containing a fire hose. He pulls out a foot of the canvas hose, then stops.

MCCLANE

What about an air assault, Al?

POWELL'S VOICE

(beat)

No one's said anything about an air assault.

MCCLANE

Put Robinson on to tell me that.

POWELL'S VOICE

It's not his show anymore, John.

This hits McClane.

MCCLANE

Then who the hell's is it?

POWELL'S VOICE

(beat)

FBI's.

The word hit McClane like they would any cop. It's a brand new ball game.

MCCLANE

Taco?...

He yanks the heavy fire hose out of the cabinet and across the roof toward the edge.

WILLIAM'S VOICE

Right here.

MCCLANE

I don't like the sound of this. Are your eyes as good as your ears?

WILLIAM'S VOICE

Twenty twenty, boss.

MCCLANE

Keep 'em glued to that screen.

Karl comes to the door, Hans looks up from the CB.

(CONTINUED)

350 CONTINUED:

350

HANS

They're getting ready to do something.
Get to the roof.

351 MCCLANE

351

removes Franco's belt, then cuts a crude harness out of the
dead man's kit bag.

352 ANGLE ON MCCLANE

352

as he leans over the roof and focuses on the large plate
windows of the floor below (40th). He carefully measures off
the hose, then looks over the side one more time. The drop
again gets to him this time. He straightens up quickly.

MCCLANE

(to himself)

What the fuck am I doing?

Suddenly he stops his work and listens.

353 INT. LIMO

353

William is running through the channels. Suddenly he stops
and picks up his CB.

354 EXT. NAKATOMI ROOF

354

McClane stares out toward the horizon. In the darkness the
lights -- three helicopter gunships, flying in tight
formation. His radio crackles.

WILLIAM'S VOICE

John! --

MCCLANE

I see them.

(to Al)

Now what do you say, Al? Those
traffic helicopters?

355 INT. POLICE TRAILER - ON POWELL - SAME

355

He is stunned to hear this. He asks out loud to the video
technicians.

POWELL

Is anyone picking up helicopters?

A TECHNICIAN at the far end turns.

TECHNICIAN

I've got them.

Powell moves quickly to the technician's video screen. Sure
enough, he sees the lights of incoming helicopters. The sight
stuns him.

356 INT. MACHINE ROOM (LOWER ROOF) - SAME 356

Karl rips the top off a crate and removes a lethal Stinger missile launcher.

357 INT. POLICE TRAILER - SAME 357

Just then Robinson and Little Johnson step inside. Powell turns on Johnson.

POWELL

What the hell you doing?

LITTLE JOHNSON

If he knew about them, he would have tipped off the terrorists.

POWELL

(hard)

You sonofabitch. You've left him up there to fry.

358 EXT. THE ROOF - ON MCCLANE - SAME 358

He struggles into his make-shift harness and moves to his position at the edge of the roof behind the big NAKATOMI letters.

MCCLANE

(to CB)

Taco?

WILLIAM'S VOICE

Right here, John.

MCCLANE

Listen carefully...

CUT TO:

359 INT. LIMO 359

William climbs into the front seat of the limo and starts the engine. He gives it a couple good revs and looks over his shoulder at the stuffed animal -- it's buckled in.

WILLIAM

Hang on, man.

360 EXT. ROOF 360

McClane looks back toward the helicopters on the horizon... They are closing fast, less than a half-mile away. The first helicopter lowers its nose and starts to dive.

(CONTINUED)

360 CONTINUED:

360

MCCLANE

(to CB)

Okay...Now!

361 INT. LIMO

361

William backs out of his parking place and puts it in drive. He opens a tape case and frantically searches through his collection of RAP cassettes as he speeds through the garage toward the gates.

WILLIAM

(counting to himself)

Ten, nine, eight, seven...

362 EXT. ROOF

362

McClane turns the CB to channel 26, turns up the volume and throws the CB in the direction of the elevator tower. The door to the roof starts to open and McClane fires a quick burst forcing the terrorists back inside.

363 INT. LIMO

363

William suddenly pulls a tape from the case and his fingers whip it into the cassette deck in the car stereo.

WILLIAM

...Three, two, one.

He cranks up the volume and presses the TALK BUTTON on his CB.

364 INT. HANS' OFFICE - SAME

364

Hans at the window. He watches the helicopters approach and starts to talk into his radio when suddenly his CB starts blaring William's LOUD RAP MUSIC.

365 EXT. THE ROOF - CLOSE ON MCCLANE'S RADIO - SAME

365

BLASTING the same LOUD MUSIC as we:

CUT TO:

366 INT. LIMO

366

racing head on toward the gate. William braces for impact.

(CONTINUED)

366 CONTINUED: 366

WILLIAM

Well, here goes my raise...

And he CRASHES THROUGH THE GATE just as we:

CUT TO:

367 EXT. ELEVATOR TOWER 367

As the first cannon rounds from the helicopter down out the song and rocks spew up all around the elevator tower. The gunship passes overhead and one of the terrorists steps out and fires at McClane.

368 MCCLANE 368

takes cover behind the NAKATOMI sign.

369 HELICOPTER #2 369

dives to attack.

370 THE DOOR TO THE ELEVATOR TOWER 370

suddenly cracks open and a column of smoke, stiff as a flagpole, rises into the sky.

371 CLOSE ON MCCLANE 371

realizing what's happened.

MCCLANE

No!

372 HELICOPTER #2 372

as the missile hits and the helicopter explodes -- sending parts falling to the street and adjacent rooftop.

373 MCCLANE 373

fires at the door driving the terrorists back inside, then looks up at:

374 HELICOPTER #1 374

for a moment the other helicopter hesitates as if deciding whether to attack again.

375 MCCLANE 375

watching the helicopter.

(CONTINUED)

103

375 CONTINUED: 375

MCCLANE
(watching the helicopter)
Use your brains and get the fuck out
of here.

376 HELICOPTER #1 376

But the chopper lowers its nose and dives toward the building.

377 MCCLANE 377

turns back to the door; it starts to open.

MCCLANE

Shit.

He fires wildly at the doorway, forcing the two terrorists
to stay inside as:

378 THE HELICOPTER 378

makes a pass blowing the hell out of the tower, but not bothering
anyone inside. The helicopter turns and starts to come in again.

379 MCCLANE 379

covers the helicopter's attack, then suddenly runs out of
ammunition. He reaches for the second magazine just as:

380 THE ELEVATOR TOWER DOOR 380

opens and Uli fires at him.

381 MCCLANE 381

as a bullet rips cleanly through his thigh and causes him to
knock the second magazine over the side of the roof. McClane
falls to the edge and watches the magazine disappear below.

382 THE HELICOPTER 382

starting its pass, but with no one to provide cover.

383 KARL 383

steps boldly into the doorway behind Uli with another Stinger
missile on his shoulder. He takes aim.

384 KARL'S P.O.V. 384

The diving helicopter directly in his sights.

385 MCCLANE

385

lying on the edge of the building. He focuses on the window below him and takes out his Beretta. As the helicopter comes screaming in for its attack, McClane fires into the window.

386 INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

386

Inside the helicopter there is a split-second to realize the inevitable, but not enough time to react as the second missile is launched.

387 THE ROOFTOP

387

turns cherry red as THE HELICOPTER EXPLODES DIRECTLY OVERHEAD. Flaming gas and chunks of metal come raining down onto the roof.

388 MCCLANE

388

rolls off the side of the building, crashing full force through the window and into a:

389 INT. 40TH FLOOR OFFICE

389

McClane clutches for a handhold as hunks of the destroyed helicopter fall past the window. He grabs onto the desk leg with one hand but the tension of the hose pulls him back toward the window like a giant hand. With one hand he pulls the strap to release the harness. Immediately losing his grip on the desk the tension of the hose pulls him toward the window, but the harness slips off just in time. He's in.

390 EXT. ROOF - MORNING

390

Karl looks out from the doorway at the wreckage and the deserted rooftop. Nothing moves. Nothing could have survived that crash. Only the 'K' remains of the NAKATOMI sign.

A half-mile away the third helicopter lands on the rooftop of a nearby building. The remaining FBI troops climb out and run for safety. Karl brings the CB to his mouth. Channel 26 is jammed. He turns to nine and his words are heard from William's limo to Powell on the street.

KARL'S VOICE

McClane is dead.

391 INT. HANS' OFFICE - SAME

391

Hans is watching the TV.

392 ON SCREEN 392

We SEE a LONG SHOT of the Nakatomi rooftop. The smoldering wreckage seems to be visual evidence of Karl's statement.

393 EXT. THE STREET - SAME 393

Powell watches in horror as final pieces of the helicopter come raining down. Unwilling to give up he charges into:

394 INT. POLICE TRAILER 394

Technicians are rewinding and viewing the various tape of the helicopter attack and the crashes.

POWELL
(to a technician)
Any sign of McClane?

TECHNICIAN
Nothing.

395 INT. 40TH FLOOR OFFICE - DAWN 395

McClane pulls himself into the room. He is shaken. Breathing hard. He tears at his pants to reveal the leg wound. There is too much blood to see it clearly.

He tries to wipe away the blood but the pain is so intense he crumples up onto the floor writhing. Suddenly he sees something across the floor.

396 CLOSE ON A DESK PHOTO 396

of a family. The glass shattered but the picture intact.

397 MCCLANE 397

he looks up on a credenza and sees other photos:

398 INSERT - PHOTOS 398

A boy playing baseball, a girl pushing a stroller. Anonymous faces, but families.

399 CLOSE ON MCCLANE 399

He closes his eyes.

400 EXT. NAKATOMI 400

William's battered limo is surrounded by SWAT officers. He is helped out of the car holding his hands up.

(CONTINUED)

400 CONTINUED:

400

WILLIAM

Don't shoot! I'm one of us!
Taco Bill!

He sees the TV camera and waves.

401 INT. 37TH FLOOR - STAIRWELL DOOR - LATER

401

The stairwell door opens and McClane limps onto the 37th floor toward the fort he constructed earlier. He stops at a water fountain where he washes away the blood and dirt from his leg.

402 CLOSE - HIS WOUND

402

A neat hole going through the outside of the thigh and coming out the back. The bleeding has stopped.

403 INT. HANS' OFFICE

403

Hans turns his CB to nine and speaks to the radio.

HANS

We must find the detonators. Go
office by office.

404 37TH FLOOR OFFICE

404

McClane goes to a desk and opens a drawer, looking for something to re-bandage his foot. He finds nothing and checks another -- still nothing.

405 ANGLE ON INNER OFFICE

405

He moves to a desk in an inner office and suddenly spots a TV set in the cabinet. Like a stone-age man suddenly placed in the twentieth century, he reaches for it cautiously, turns it on and watches it dumbly, turning down the volume.

406 CLOSE ON TV

406

Images flash by, a compilation of events of the last twelve hours. A TV reporter -- behind him police barricades. Officers in bulletproof vests run hurriedly past him. We SEE a night scene with the words: RECORDED EARLIER at the bottom of the screen. The image shakes, the TV camera tilts up quickly and we SEE the upper floors obscured in a huge cloud of smoke -- the elevator explosion.

(CONTINUED)

406 CONTINUED:

406

Suddenly the TV picture shows a day shot of the same floors with the words LIVE printed on the screen. It shows the ring of destruction around the middle of the building.

407 ON MCCLANE

407

The extent of the damage stuns him.

MCCLANE

Jesus...

He leans forward and turns up the volume.

TV REPORTER

...and then before sunrise, police helicopters came over the hills to try to protect the desperate policeman who says he has killed seven of the gang -- although only three have been accounted for.

MCCLANE

(sarcastically)

I should have taken scalps.

408 INT. STAIRWELL

408

Uli comes down the stairs. Suddenly he hears something and presses his ear to the stairwell door.

409 EXT. POLICE TRAILER - DAWN

409

Al Powell leaves the operations trailer and moves down the sidewalk past the vested SWAT officers and collapses on the stoop of a business. He looks and feels like a man who has betrayed a friend. A TV news REPORTER spots Powell and moves his crew quickly over for an interview.

410 CLOSE - MCCLANE'S TV

410

We SEE the reporter approaching Powell.

411 MCCLANE

411

Having never seen Powell, McClane ignores the picture until he hears:

REPORTER (ON TV)

...Thanks, Jim...This is Sergeant Al Powell, pressed into service late last night.

412 CLOSE ON MCCLANE

412

This gets his attention. He looks up at the TV.

REPORTER

(on TV)

Sergeant Powell, you've been actually talking to the man inside, John McClane, haven't you?

413 ON SCREEN

413

Powell says nothing and begins to move away. The reporter and camera follow him.

REPORTER

(on TV)

Can you comment on the speculation that he was not adequately warned about the attack. Do you feel he was sufficiently warned?

Powell stops. He looks directly into the camera as if looking right at McClane.

POWELL

(on TV)

No...And I'll tell you something else...he wasn't the only one.

414 INT. 37TH FLOOR - SAME

414

A stairwell door opens and Uli, steps out onto the floor. He can hear the sound of the television set and moves carefully toward the SOUND.

415 ON MCCLANE

415

He hears something and pulls out the Beretta. He hits the floor of the office and crawls to the doorway and looks out.

416 HIS P.O.V.

416

Uli moving toward the office. Drawn by the SOUND of the TV.

417 MCCLANE

417

pops out the Beretta's magazine -- he's down to his last three bullets. He checks his shoulder harness, nothing. He lies there thinking for a moment, then rolls back over and suddenly focuses on something on the wall just behind the terrorist.

418 HIS P.O.V.

418

The plastic explosive he planted by the light switch. He takes careful aim.

MCCLANE

(softly, to himself)

Make it count, Johnny boy...

419 ON THE TV SCREEN - POWELL AND THE REPORTER

419

REPORTER

(on TV)

If you could tell him something right now, what would you say?

420 EXT. STREET - ON POWELL

420

POWELL

I'd just say...hang in there, partner and if you can hear me give me a sign.

Suddenly an explosion rips the 37th floor. Powell looks up.

POWELL

That'll do.

421 INT. 37th FLOOR - SAME

421

McClane moves through the rubble of blown-up desks and finds the terrorist's machine gun; his CB hisses nearby.

422 INT. HANS' OFFICE

422

For the first time we SEE that Hans is off-balanced. Holly watches him. Suddenly the CB comes to life.

MCCLANE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

It's all over Hans, you're down to nothing.

423 EXT. HOLLY'S HOUSE IN SANTA MONICA - SAME

423

Thornburg's KCBS truck parked in front of Holly's house.

424 ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

424

Thornburg pleads with Holly's housekeeper, Paulina. She is scared and Thornburg plays on it.

(CONTINUEO)

424 CONTINUED: 424

THORNBURG

(to Paulina)

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

425 INT. 37TH FLOOR - ON MCCLANE - SAME 425

He slams in a fresh magazine and suddenly stares at the television screen.

426 HIS P.O.V. - HIS CHILDREN 426

Paulina, near tears, lets the children come to the door. They squint into the bright lights.

427 32ND FLOOR - ON HOLLY 427

seeing the same scene through the door to Hans' office. She gasps at the sight of her children.

428 INT. HANS' OFFICE - SAME 428

Hans stares at the children on the TV then looks across the room at the family photo on the credenza.

429 EXT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - ON THORNBURG - MORNING 429

He now is squatting down with his microphone to interview the children. His voice is soft, comforting.

THORNBURG

(to the children)

Is there something you would like
to say to your mom or dad if they're
watching.

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

LUCY

(softly)

Come home.

430 INT. 32ND FLOOR - ON HOLLY - SAME 430

She struggles to fight back tears with no luck. Suddenly the door to Hans' office opens. He steps out and looks at Holly AS we:

CUT TO:

431 MCCLANE

431

He stands stunned looking at the TV, as if all the fight has suddenly been drained from him. His CB comes to life.

HANS' VOICE

Mr. McClane, I have someone who wants to talk to you.

HOLLY'S VOICE

John!?!...

MCCLANE

Holly! Are you all right?

HANS' VOICE

(o.s.)

A temporary condition unless you listen carefully.

POWELL'S VOICE

(o.s.; booming in)

You touch that woman you son-of-a-bitch and --

MCCLANE

Let him talk. I'm listening.

HANS' VOICE

(o.s.)

It's time to end the game. Put the detonators on an elevator and send them to the 39th floor. Then come down here, unarmed.

TIME CUT TO:

432 INT. 33RD FLOOR - MORNING

432

McClane waits in the elevator corridor for the service elevator. The car arrives. He places the kit bag inside, punches thirty-nine, and steps back into the corridor.

433 INT. HANS' OFFICE - SAME

433

Hans has Holly in his office. She nervously pulls on her watchband when suddenly we HEAR McClane's VOICE on the CB.

MCCLANE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

They're on their way up. I want to talk to her.

(CONTINUED)

433 CONTINUED:

433

HANS

When you get down here.

MCCLANE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

No. Now.

Hans hesitates for a moment then hands the CB to Holly who takes it with trembling hands.

HOLLY

John?

MCCLANE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Are you okay?

HOLLY

I'm scared but, I...I'm not hurt. They said, you were dead.

MCLANE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Don't believe what you hear on TV. I need to hear your voice though. My feet are cut and I'm wounded and I've got a long way to go. I need you to talk to me. Like we use to do. Like up at your father's farm on Long Island. Remember how we'd talk?

HOLLY

Yes.

434 32ND FLOOR - STAIRWELL DOOR - SAME

434

McClane quietly opens the door to the 32nd floor. It is quiet. The hostages are on the other side of the floor.

MCCLANE

(to CB)

I want you to pretend it's just us. I've got to hear your voice. It's the only way I'll make it... Understand? Talk to me.

He turns down his CB and moves steadily toward the other side of the building.

435 ON HOLLY

435

She talks calmly into the CB as if she is talking privately to McClane.

435 CONTINUED:

435

HOLLY

(beat)

I miss you. I've missed you a lot. I found a picture of us the other night...all of us...

436 INT. 39TH FLOOR - SAME

436

The doors to the service elevator open and Karl takes the detonators and goes to the safe.

437 INT. 32ND FLOOR - SAME

437

McClane moves around the side of the floor. He reaches the corner and he can see the hostages. They are sitting on the floor. Holly's secretary, Ginny, sitting a few feet away from Fritz, the guard, looks up and sees McClane, she immediately tries to hide her surprise but Fritz notices and looks around the corner.

438 HIS P.O.V.

438

The corridor. There is no sign of McClane.

439 FRITZ

439

He looks back at Ginny.

GINNY

(innocently)

I must have been seeing things.

But Fritz doesn't buy it. He goes slowly down the corridor where McClane was and looks around the next corner. Fritz sees nothing and starts back. As he passes an office an arm suddenly reaches out, covers his mouth and pulls him inside.

440 INT. HANS' OFFICE - ON HOLLY - SAME

440

She has indeed blocked everything out of her mind but McClane as she talks.

HOLLY

...I want us to live together again...

She watches as Hans loads his Walther. He suddenly becomes suspicious that she is doing all the talking and looks up.

MCCLANE'S VOICE

(o.s.; softly)

That's what I want too. I'm almost there, honey.

(CONTINUED)

440 CONTINUED:

440

HOLLY

(relieved to
hear him)

Let me talk. There's so much I
wanted to tell you last night but
I couldn't...

441 HALLWAY - SAME

441

McClane steps back into the hallway -- a finger to his
mouth -- and motions for her to come. She gets up and
starts for McClane. The others follow.

442 INT. 39TH FLOOR - SAME

442

Karl finishes packing the last detonator and sets the timer.
Ten seconds. He grabs his gun and leaves.

443 INT. HANS' OFFICE - SAME

443

Holly talks into the CB. While she talks she notices people
leaving and casually looks away so that Hans won't notice.
His back is to the exodus.

HOLLY

I love you. Whatever happens,
I love you.

444 39TH FLOOR

444

Karl in the hallway. Suddenly, AN EXPLOSION belches smoke
out of the safe room.

445 INT. POLICE TRAILER - SAME

445

Powell, Robinson, the Johnsons hear the sound over their CB.

ROBINSON

What's that?

446 INT. HOSTAGE FLOOR - SAME

446

An older WOMAN panics at the sound of the explosion.

WOMAN

Oh, God, their going to kill us!

She becomes hysterical.

447 HANS' OFFICE

447

Hans goes to the door and sees the exodus. He shoots the
woman then grabs Holly and pushes her out of the office and
down the opposite corridor.

448 MCCLANE

448

sees Hans and Holly moving toward the elevators and aims, but he doesn't risk a shot. He starts after them.

MCCLANE

(to CB)

Al?! You've got thirty-five people coming down the stairs. You've got to occupy this building now!

449 EXT. NAKATOMI - SAME

449

SWAT officers sprint toward the building. The lead officers crash through the front glass doors and rush to the stairwells.

450 ON POWELL

450

POWELL

John, they're on their way up the stairs. We want you to keep the hostages together till we get there.

451 ON MCCLANE

451

moving down the corridor toward the elevators.

MCCLANE

No way. He's got my wife.

452 EXT. ADJACENT ROOF - SAME

452

A police helicopter takes off from the neighboring building and streaks toward the Nakatomi tower. It opens fire on the elevator tower.

453 INT. ELEVATOR

453

Hans hears the sound of automatic rifle fire overhead. He brings up the CB.

HANS

I want it known that we still have the weapons to knock the helicopters out of the sky! Mr. McClane, are you there?

MCCLANE'S VOICE

Right here.

HANS

Your wife will be dead in ten seconds unless you listen carefully.

454 ON MCCLANE

454

listening.

HANS' VOICE

(o.s.)

Get into the elevator. Come unarmed to the 39th floor.

455 39TH FLOOR - SAFE ROOM

455

Karl steps into the safe and begins removing stacks of documents.

456 CLOSE ON THE DOCUMENTS

456

\$100,000 TREASURY BONDS. The stacks are enormous. Three-four hundred to a stack.

457 KARL

457

His CB crackles with Hans' voice.

HANS' VOICE

Karl. Helicopters!

458 INT. ELEVATOR TOWER - ROOF - ON HEINZ - SAME

458

He preps a Stinger missile and looks through the crack in the roof door.

459 HIS P.O.V.

459

Smoldering debris from the helicopter crash covers the roof. Then a quarter mile away he sees the helicopter diving for the roof.

460 INT. ELEVATOR CAR

460

McClane finishes taping his holster behind his neck. Suddenly the doors open, the 37th floor, then close -- McClane's buying time.

HANS' VOICE

(o.s.)

I'm waiting, Mr. McClane.

He slips the Beretta into the hidden holster, then practices reaching behind his neck and drawing the gun. It is awkward and he tries it again -- better. The doors open to the 38th floor, then close.

461 INT. 39TH FLOOR - SAME

461

Hans positions himself in front of the elevator bank, fingering the trigger of his machine gun, waiting.

462 KARL

462

reaches the roof just as Heinz opens the door and lifts the Stinger to his shoulder. The chopper opens fire. The rounds kick up rooftop-gravel in lines straight to the door, hitting Heinz and Karl.

463 HANS

463

He hears the HUM of the elevators and braces himself. He checks his gun and waits. Suddenly, the far right elevator light comes on over the doors and we hear the electronic ring. The door opens and Hans opens fire.

Bullets rip into the brushed aluminum interior, totally destroying the car. Hans spends half his clip before he realizes the car is empty. The light over the next door comes on.

Hans slams in another magazine. He moves quickly to that door and as the doors open, blasts the inside of that car before realizing, that it too is empty. His CB comes to life and he hears McClane's voice.

MCCLANE'S VOICE

I thought we had a deal, Hans?

464 INT. 39TH FLOOR - STAIRWELL DOOR - ON MCCLANE - SAME 464

He moves from the stairwell onto the 39th floor carefully toward the elevator bank where Hans and Bolly were. He turns the corner and they're gone.

465 ON MCCLANE

465

moves carefully up the hallway. Every office doorway is a potential ambush.

MCCLANE

(to CB)

Where are you, Hans? I thought you were going to meet me?

HANS' VOICE

(o.s.)

You're almost there. I can hear you without the radio...Are you unarmed?

McClane turns the corner. We SEE the lighted doorway to the safe room.

MCCLANE

(to CB)

That's what you wanted.

(CONTINUED)

465 CONTINUED:

465

HANS

Well then let's turn off the
radio.

POWELL'S VOICE

John no! --

McClane turns off his radio, cutting Powell off.

466 POLICE TRAILER - ON POWELL - SAME

466

and Police TECHNICIANS.

TECHNICIAN

We've lost them.

Powell stares up at the building -- helpless.

467 ON THORNBURG

467

Listening to his car radio as he drives back to Century City.
He realizes what they've done.

THORNBURG

Shit.

468 EXT. NAKATOMI

468

William listening with police. When he realizes they're off
the air, he looks up and says a little prayer.

469 INT. ANTEROOM - SAFE ROOM - ON HANS - SAME

469

He carefully lays his radio on the boardroom table so as not
to make a noise and motions Holly up with the end of his
Walther.

470 HALLWAY

470

McClane reaches the doorway to the anteroom.

MCCLANE

I'm here, Hans.

HANS

(o.s.; from the
office)

Come in. Hands in the air.

McClane puts his hands on his head, steps into the doorway.

471 HIS P.O.V.

471

Hans stands in front of the window his arm around Holly's neck. He holds her in front of him like a shield. Holly gasps at the grizzily sight of her husband.

472 MCCLANE

472

MCCLANE

I'm all right, babe.

(to Hans)

Let her go. You don't need her now.

HANS

Very noble, Mr. McClane. But you're of no practical use to me now...you're practically a corpse already.

McClane looks at the Bearer's Bonds on the table. He looks back at Hans.

MCCLANE

You know I always had my doubts about you, Hans.

HANS

The cop in you, no doubt. Well, it's been a long night, Mr. McClane, but killing you and your wife should make it all worthwhile.

He pulls back the hammer and presses the barrel into Holly's neck.

MCCLANE

Me first, then.

Hans hesitates, then smiles. He removes the gun from Holly's neck and aims at McClane.

HANS

Any other requests?

MCCLANE

I want to say something to my wife.

HANS

Touching.

McClane looks directly at Holly, they lock eyes.

(CONTINUED)

472 CONTINUED:

472

MCCLANE

Now!

She bumps Hans hand with the gun and McClane draws the Beretta over his shoulder and fires -- hitting Hans in the right nipple. The bullet goes clean through him, starring the window behind him. He looks at McClane incredulously.

MCCLANE

Out of the way, Holly!

She tries to break free but Hans pulls her back in front of him. Slowly he raises the gun to her neck. She squirms against the terrorist, trying to break away but the barrel presses against her throat. McClane aims again and fires, hitting Hans in the shoulder.

The jolt knocks Hans backward against the window. He releases Holly's neck and his hand slides down her arm as the glass starts to give way behind him -- his fingers running down her arm until one finds a grip in Holly's watchband and pulls her into the gaping window with him.

McClane drops his gun and lunges for his wife, grabbing Holly's other arm just as she falls. For a moment McClane holds them all but Hans' weight slowly begins to weaken him. His hold on Holly starts to slip.

McClane braces himself against the window frame and strains to reach Holly's watchband. His muscles quiver, his hand almost there when we SEE Hans slowly bring his pistol up from his side and aim at McClane.

Holly sees him and screams. Hans' hand trembles. He locks eyes with McClane one last time, starts to pull the trigger, as McClane releases the watchband. Hans' face registers his horror as he and the watch suddenly drop. We listen to his scream all the way down.

McClane pulls Holly back into the room and holds her.

MCCLANE

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

He looks down at Hans' body, then back at Holly.

MCCLANE

Hey, I've got to get you a new watch.

473 EXT. POLICE TRAILER - ON POWELL - SAME

473

He stands looking worriedly up at the building, when suddenly his CB comes to life.

473 CONTINUED:

473

SWAT LEADER'S VOICE

(voice over)

This is SWAT commander four...We have McClane and his wife. We're bringing them down the service elevator.

POWELL

(to CB)

Roger...Thank you, Lord.

474 ON WILLIAM - SAME

474

WILLIAM

Amen.

475 INT. KCBS MOBILE UNIT - MORNING

475

Thornburg's unit stuck in traffic ten blocks from the Nakatomi building. HORNS BLARE all around the truck. Thornburg is going crazy not being at the building. He can feel his Emmy slipping away.

THORNBURG

C'mon, goddamnit. What is this, an accident?

(suddenly realizing)

No. Don't tell me, it's over... It's over and I missed it! Shit!

476 THE EMPTY LOBBY

476

The doors to the service elevator opens McClane leaning on Holly on one side and the SWAT leader on the other moves steadily across the cold marble floor to the front door and steps:

477 OUTSIDE

477

into a blaze of television lights. The entire front of the building is packed with reporters and TV cameras. Amid shouts of "There he is!" the media surges into the police line ringing the steps. McClane ignores their shouted questions and pushes forward down the steps with something else on his mind.

MCCLANE

(calling out)

Al?!

At first there is no answer, then we SEE Powell moving through the press, his hand on the butt of his .38.

(CONTINUED)

477 CONTINUED:

477

McClane stops at the base of the steps and stares at him, then offers the cop his hand.

MCCLANE

You know it's going to be hard to go back to that desk.

POWELL

(a touch of a grin)

No lie.

(to Holly)

You okay?

She nods weakly. Just then Robinson moves toward them through the group.

ROBINSON

We're going to have to ask you some questions, McClane. The damage to that building, Mr. Ellis' shooting. To be real honest --

MCCLANE

Shut up, Dwayne.

Before Robinson can protest, a SCREAM causes McClane to turn.

478 HIS P.O.V.

478

There in the doorway is Karl. Easily as crusted in dirt and blood as McClane, he holds an M-5 machine gun.

479 EXT. NAKATOMI (FRONT STEPS) - SAME

479

As the press panics trying to escape, Karl locks eyes with McClane and levels his gun. McClane throws Holly to the ground and grabs the dumbstruck Robinson's sidearm. But he doesn't get off a shot -- a lone gunshot stops Karl -- knocking him back through the doorway. McClane looks back to see Powell still sighting down the barrel of his .38. His hands rock steady. He sees McClane's look.

POWELL

I owed you one.

They smile and McClane leans on Holly as William's battered black limo backs up to them. The window rolls down and inside we SEE William and the stuffed animal.

(CONTINUED)

479 CONTINUED:

479

WILLIAM

My friend here thinks you better
get in if you want to make it
home before New Years.

McClane grins AS we:

FADE OUT

THE END