DIE HARD 2

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(X)

DIE HARD 2
WHILE WE'RE IN BLACK we HEAR a PNEUMATIC "KA-CHUNK" and then

MCCLANE'S VOICE
Holy shit, whoa, whoa –

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DULLES TERMINAL – DAY 1

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

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

COP
Sure. At the impound lot.

(POINTING)
Next time, read the sign.

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

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

MCCLANE
This is my mother in law's car. She already hates me because I'm not a

DENTIST -

(SHOWING-BADGE)
See, I'm a cop. LAPD. How about some team spirit?

COP
I was in LA once. Hated it.

CONTINUED

2

(X)

1 CONTINUED -

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

**MCCLANE**

Hey, c'mon, it's Christmas -

**COP**

So Ask Santa to bring you another car.

**I**

**MCCLANE**

*(SOTTO)*

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

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

CHRISTMAS MUSIC wafting through the building from a SCHOOL CHOIR perched in front of a massive, three-story window. Blase travelers PAUSE in their hectic rush to applaud the angelic voices. McClane shoves his way through some people - when they GLARE at him he quickly APPLAUDS the kids, pulls up at an INFORMATION BOOTH - the girl there is watching a LITTLE TV on the shelf out of sight from the public.

**MCCLANE 1ST NEWSCASTER**

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

3

(X)

2 CONTINUED - 2
1ST NEWSCASTER (cont'd)
Correspondent Leonard Adkins is in a warmer clime, with a story that grows hotter by the minute.

2A WITH MCCLANE 2A
he fairly SKIDS to a halt at a line of PHONE BOOTHs - and outside each booth a long LINE of people with their armfuls of luggage and gifts.

A

McClane's BEEPER goes off again.

MCCLANE

(DESPONDENT)
Ho - ho - ho...

3

thru OMITTED thru

4

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - THROUGH WINDOW - SAME TIME

I

A plane TAKES OFF. We PULL BACK and realize we're in a MOTEL ROOM. The TV is on and we SEE the TV PICTURE CHANGE to a TROPICAL AIRFIELD. Khaki-clad heavily armed SOLDIERS form a cordon as a stiff-backed handsome MAN of 60 in handcuffs and leg
chains is hustled aboard a plane.

2ND NEWSCASTER
Security was tight today at Escalon airport in the Republic of Val Verde, where government authorities escorted General Ramon Esperanza to the military transport that will bring him to the United States to stand trial for narcotics trafficking. A HAND thrusts in front of the CAMERA - FINGERS clenching and curling oddly.

6 WIDER 6
A half naked MAN is doing Tai Ch'i EXERCISES. This is COLONEL WILLIAM STUART, U.S.A. (Ret.) His body is hard, with SCARS from knives and bullets. On the TV, the words "FILE TAPE" blink under Esperanza's IMAGE, here resplendent in a Latin American uniform, reviewing troops in the field and then moving to a table under a tarp to sign documents with American military officers. He hands a COLONEL the pen just used on the document - a souvenir.

CONTINUED

4

(X)

6 CONTINUED - 6

NEWSCASTER
Only two years ago the controversial General lead his country's Army in its campaign against Communists insurgents - a campaign fought with American money and advisors. Esperanza's fall from power caused
ripples not only in his country's recent election, but closer to home I as well...

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

NEWSCASTER(CONT'D)

.when high ranking Pentagon officials were charged with supplying I him with weapons despite the congressional ban.
The exercises finished, Stuart FREEZES in an eerie pose, until

7 HIS HUER CHRONOMETER
BEEPS an alarm -

8 BACK TO SCENE 8
The man uncoils. Composes himself. Goes to the closet.

NEWSCASTER(CONT'D)

But mounting evidence that Esperanza's forces violated the neutrality of neighboring countries made Congress withhold funds - funds which Esperanza is accused of replacing by going into the lucrative business of cocaine smuggling.

.,One topcoat, one suit there, shirt and tie laid out like a costume not usually worn. On the shelf above, one PACKAGE in

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

9 TV 9

CONTINUED
5

(X)

9 CONTINUED - 9

Q

It clicks OFF -

CUT TO:

10 INT. AIRPORT MOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY 10

CLOSE on the hallway door as Stuart COMES OUT, the package in his hand, the Huer ticking away. We WIDEN, TRUCK with him as he moves down the corridor. And now we SEE THEM - ten more TALL, HARD men, all coming into the hallway from their adjoining rooms within seconds of each other, all carrying SIMILAR GIFT WRAPPED PACKAGES. They get into two adjoining elevators, the stark LIGHTS above their heads and their unmoving expressions making them look like Aliens ready to beam up. As the doors CLOSE we

CUT TO:

11 INT. TERMINAL - DAY 11

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

12 12

aru OMITTED thru

13 13
CUT TO:

14 INT. A JETLINER - INTERCUT 14

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

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

HOLLY
I'd like to think I'm somebody.

MCCLANE
Holly! Did you land?

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

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

CONTINUED

HOLLY
We're going to land about thirty minutes late, I wanted you to know. Kids okay?
MCCLANE
Just speeding on sugar, thanks to your parents. I really appreciate you coming a day late, honey. Nothing I like better than a weekend with the Munsters.

I

HOLLY
Mom give you any trouble about borrowing her new car?

J

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

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

OLDER WOMAN
Isn't technology wonderful?

HOLLY
My husband doesn't think so.

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

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

CUT TO:

15 MCCLANE 15
Coming out of the phone booth and almost COLLIDING with -
Colonel Stuart.

STUART

Excuse me -
Pause as they dance away from each other. Then -

I MCCLANE

--do I know you?

STUART

R (TIGHTLY)

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

J

MCCLANE

You and me both, pal. The hell with it.
Now it's Stuart's turn to look at McClane oddly; then he moves off. McClane looks after him, trying to place him...

shrugs...

heads for the bar.

CUT TO:

17 A LITTLE SEMI-RURAL CHURCH - NEAR THE AIRPORT 17
Charming until the SUB WOOFER ROAR of a big jet SCREAMS by, practically in the little church's backyard.
Now we notice that the church is a little run down - trim needing paint, sidewalk cracked - and a neat SIGN confirms our SUSPICIONS:

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

18 INSIDE THE CHURCH 18
On a TV here, the newscast CONTINUES, now back to the tropical airport. Esperanza is at the top of the steps, waving to the press like a triumphant hero - not a felon en route to prison. The plane doors close and it taxis down the runway. WIDEN from the set, which an elderly CUSTODIAN is watching while he eats some instant soup. The DOORBELL RINGS. The custodian answers it.

CONTINUED

8

(X)

18 CONTINUED - 18

CUSTODIAN NEWSCASTER'

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

THOMPSON
Would you mind if we take a look?

CUSTODIAN
Help yourself.

18A WIDER 18A
The three men walk down the main aisle of the church. Dust motes dance in the colored light.

CUSTODIAN
Don't seem right, somehow, closing a church down. Oh, I know the parish is gonna keep using it, but it won't be the same. Been here a lot of years; and I been right here with it.

They've arrived at a rear window. FOCUS CHANGE to a green CONDUIT BOX on the church's rear lawn, half covered in snow.

FOCUS back through the glass. Thompson looks questioningly at Baker, who nods.

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

BAKER
Well, you're right about that.

BLAM BLAM GLAM. BULLETS RIP through the end of the Christmas package, SLAM the custodian up and into a row of pews, which OVERTURN.
{ Baker rips the rest of the smoking package away from his
weapon,
slips it over his shoulder and begins to SHOVE the pews
aside to
make a larger open area.
Thompson, meanwhile, takes out a very futuristic
transceiver.
He turns it ON; getting a RED light; enters a NUMBER CODE on
the
keypad and gets a GREEN LIGHT. There's an EERIE QUALITY to
the
transmission.

THOMPSON
This is team one. We're here.

1

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

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - SERVICE AREA - DAY 20

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

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

PAINTER
Need something?

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

ORILLY
into radio, as iffey
DRIVE)
Team Two. In position.

CUT TO:

10
(X)

EXT. SECLUDED VIRGINIA ROAD - DAY 21

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

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

BURKE and KAHN - two more of those CLEAN CUT MEN are here, just now parking and going to the rear of their rented station wagon.

Quickly, they OPEN the trunk - slide, out a long OLIVE DRAB TUBE and a TRIPOD.

21A CLOSER 21A

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

POLICEMAN'S VOICE

Hey, you!

22 A POLICE CAR 22

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

POLICEMAN(CONT'D)

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

23 ON THE MEN 23

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

23A THE POLICE CAR EXPLODES, the two cops halfway out swallowed up in the DESTRUCTION.

23B BACK TO SCENE As the cop car BURNS, the two men turn, pivot the weapon back towards the transmitter. FIRE. The missile trail arcs neatly over the fence, lands on target -

24 THE TRANSMITTER EXPLODES -

CUT TO:

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

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED - 25 0' CAMERA SETTLES on TRUDEAU. Chief Air Traffic controller, he's lived through hijackings, the Olympics, Reagan's mass firings -and he's still going (heart bypass notwithstanding.) Chief engineer BARNES is as good as a right ventricle, anyway. An ALARM RINGS.

26 TRUDEAU lighting a cigarette, he hovers over BARNES.
**BARNES**

We just lost FAA approach control.

**TRUDEAU**

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

**CUT TO:**

27 INT. AIRPORT BAR - NIGHT 27

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

**SAM**

(ON TV)

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

**CONTINUED**
27 CONTINUED - 27

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

(TO COCHRANE)
Weather?
'Cochrane covers one ear and we SEE that he has a RADIO
EARPLUG.
other. He listens intently, then GRINS.

'OCH
Flurries all along the Virginia
Coast... new storm moving in from
the Northeast.

GARBER
(sharing the smile)
God loves the Infantry.

(SMILE GONE)
Carry out your assignment. We'll
regroup at field HQ.
(setting his watch)
Three fifty one... Mark.
They syncronize their watches, and then Mil1e leaves the
bar.
CAMERA PANS HIM out. He walks right past McClane, who
doesn't
notice him.
A beat after Mil1e exit, two AIRPORT COPS in snow-flecked
JACKETS come into the bar. Seeing, them, the bartender is
already pouring coffee for them. But-

28 GARBER AND COCHRANE 28
also see the cops - and very casually, Cochrane ulls the
earplug
from his ear. Equally casually, Garber Vs-Wed-If-is- foot to
slide
the two long Christmas package at his feet under the table.

29 ON MCCLANE - CAMERA PUSH 29
This gets his attention. His eyes narrow. He looks from the
two
or dinary looking men towards the Airport cops, wonders
why they
got fidgety. Now he watches

30 GARBER & Q HRANE 30
who looks at his watch, signals Cochrane. Both rise. But as Cochrane bends to pick up his wrapped package... and as he moves, something dangles inside his jacket. Is it a holster?

31 MCCLANE 31

turns to watch them exit, sees them SPLIT up outside the bar.

Quickly, McClane goes over to the Airport cops.

CONTINUED

13

(X)

31 CONTINUED - 31

MCCLANE

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

1

AIRPORT COP

Saw what?

MCCLANE

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

CUT TO:

32 INT. TERMINAL - WITH THE MEDIA 32

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

33 STUART - MOVING THROUGH AIRPORT -HER POV' 33
I as she watches, Garber joins him -

34 BACK TO SCENE 34

SAM
(nudging her cameraman)
Hey. Colonel Stuart.

CAMERAMAN
Old news.

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

35 STUART AND GARBER - WALKING ALONG TOWARDS EXIT 35

STUART
(SOTTO)
Everything on schedule?

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

I

CONTINUED
(nodding towards the

JUSTICE PEOPLE)
Like we figured. A joke -
But suddenly both men are in the GLARE of a portable light.

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

I

STUART
You can have two: "Fuck" and "you".
And the interview is over and he's out the door.

CUT TO:

36 INT. TERMINAL - ESCALATORS - NIGHT 36

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

37 LUGGAGE AREA 37
where a TOURIST JUNKET gets between McClane and his quarry-

38 C9CC SPACE 38
a GLIMPSE of him at a door marked "NO ADMITTANCE" - then
he's
gone. McClane runs up, too late; the door is shut again.
He looks around, sees a LUGGAGE WORKER, flashes his badge.

MCCLANE
Open this.
(as the guy obeys)
Got a cop on duty around here?

LUGGAGE GUY
Airport police -

MCCLANE

(SCOWLS; THEN;)
Get 'em.

39 INT. LUGGAGE CONVEYOR AREA - DAY 39

Dark. Clatters and bumps, machine sounds... more bumps.
McClane
moves cautiously along. He JUMPS as a large SHADOW moves
nearby, but it's a big CASE on a conveyor belt.
Now, he stoops to go under another conveyor belt - the different tracks intersect and pass each other like freeway off-ramps discharging luggage from one to another - and then he SEES - 4.

15

(X)

39A COCHRANE AND MILLER 39A

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

MCCLANE'S VOICE
Excuse me.

41 NEW ANGLE 41
They turn, see McClane with his badge in his left hand - his right hidden under the long coat which is draped over his shoulder like Clint Eastwood's serape in a Spaghetti Western.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)
This is a restricted area. You boys too impatient to wait for the skycaps?

MILLER
We... work for th amine.

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

42 THE TRANSCEIVER 42
Falls, skids... somewhere.

43 BACK TO SCENE 43
Dropping his'wallet, McClane JUMPS aside as SHOTS WHIZZ PAST
McClane's COAT takes the BULLET HITS in MID AIR as he LANDS on a conveyor belt, which CARRIES him UP and OVER the gunmen. They FIRE UP at him - He aims back - and then a SUITCASE falling from another belt and knocks his gun away!

44 BELOW 44
The gun CLATTERS on the floor. Seeing it, the two men exchange a glance - split up.

45 MCCLANE 45
Drops from the belt, crouches near big gears. Desperate, he looks around for a weapon, anything. Then he notices all the luggage going past: Suitcases, camera cases, a bicycle... Skis.

46 MILLER 46
Moving forward expertly, gun ready. WHAP! A SKI POLE smacks down on his wrist! The gun DROPS onto a conveyor belt, FIRES then moves away, obscured by moving luggage.

CONTINUED

16
(X)

46 CONTINUED - 46
J McClane steps in, punches Miller - gets HIT hard himself - both ROLL OVER onto the new belt.

47 COCHRANE 47
Hearing the SHOT, he tries to pinpoint the location - but with all the echoes - it's hard.

S

48 MCCLANE AND MIL 48
Fighting hand to hand. Miller starts pressing the ski pole
against McClane's throat. Pt=lane tries to do the same thine
back - they spin, SMASH into a pile of suitcases, some of
which

**SPILL OPEN.**

Miller as his hand gropes for the pistol. - and then McClane
rit into view with fucking HAIRSPRAY right in the guy's
eyes!

Miller HOWLS, blinded - but then - BLAM! A BULLET EXPLODES
tcan in McClane's hand!

**49 NEW ANGLE 49**

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

**50 MCCLANE 50**

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

**51 UP AHEAD 51**

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

**52 BACK TO SCENE 52**

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

**53 INTO THE HATCH HEADFIRST. 53**

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

The conduit BREAKS FREE from its molly bolts, but doesn't
drop
-and three feet away the guy SCREAMS and then his neck SNAPs
his body TWITCHES AND JERKS and the machinery JAMS, smoking-
WINCES as blood SPLATTERS - and then REACTS as the 20 foot tall conduit pipe CREAKS, BENDS-TOPPLES- he RIDES IT DOWN-

**CUT TO:**

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

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

**57 LLERÍ½ 57**

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

**58 A BICYCLE 58**

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

**59 ON THE FLOOR 59**

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

**2ND AIRPORT POLICEMAN (X)**

FREEZE!

And in that instant (you guessed it): (Miller_F)SCAPES. (X)

**MCCLANE**

(SIGHING)

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

**2ND AIRPORT POLICEMAN (X)**
(UNIMPRESSED)
Yeah? Where's your I.D.?
McClane starts to reach into his jacket - remembers. He looks around the huge room and its clanking conveyor belts.

MCCLANE
Cleveland?

CUT TO:

60 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - IN FLIGHT 60

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

CONTINUED

P-
18

60 CONTINUED - 60

0

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

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

61 DICK THORNBERG - HER POV 61
Her nemesis from 20 months ago, here waving, his ticket and fending off the Stewardess' friendly hands.

THORNBERG
Fine. Done, I accept it. But why the hell can't I get the First Class Meal--my-Network paid for instead of
STEWARDESS
I'm sorry, sir, I can't do that now
- If you'll just sit down - ?

THORNBERG
Do you know who I am?

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

2ND STEWARDESS
It wasn't nearly as edifying as
"Bimbos of the Sky", was it, Connie?

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

2ND STEWARDESS
(pushing him in seat) (X)
And I've got yours - so park it, pal!

62 NEW ANGLE 62
Thornberg simmers - and then he SEES HOLLY. FOCUS CHANGE.

THORNBERG
Stewardess!

CONTINUED

19

62 CONTINUED - 62

STEWARDESS
Mister Thornberg - you cannot
monopolize my -

THORNBERG
You cannot put me near that woman.

STEWARDESS

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

HOLLY

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

THORNBERG

FIFTY YARDS

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

REPUTATION -

STEWARDESS

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

HOLLY

I knocked out two of his teeth.

STEWARDESS

(PAUSE)
Would you like some champagne?

CUT TO:

63 THE GUNMAN'S BODY 63

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

64 MCCLANE 64

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

20

(X)

CONTINUED - 64

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

2ND AIRPORT COP
That's up to the Captain.

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

CUT TO:

65 INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH - DAY 65

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

KAHN and BIÇļ are DIGGING in the yard with pickaxes and hardly

66 INSIDE 66
Stuart's poring over MAPS of the airport. He looks up, nonplussed; wipes away SNOW that falls from MÌIÇļ l 's

shoulder to the table top.

STUART
You're late.

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

STUART
Did you finish your assignment?

MILLER
Yessir. But -

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

CONTINUED

21

66 CONTINUED - 66

STUART(CONT'D)
(as Mil a SHUDDERS)
Fail me again and it won't be an empty chamber. Dismissed.

CUT TO:

67 INT. AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE--DAY 67

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

CARMINE LORENZO, CAPTAIN OF AIRPORT POLICE.
The man himself - a 20 year veteran of bureaucratic wars that have earned him this little kingdom - rises behind his desk.

LORENZO
YOU -
(a glance at a FAX)
McClane?
MCCLANE

Lorenzo?

LORENZO

Captain Lorenzo.

MCCLANE

(SHOWING BADGE)

I'm the one who -

LORENZO

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

MCCLANE

No. Just a little professional courtesy.

LORENZO

In an airport Christmas week? You gotta be kidding.

MCCLANE

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

IT-

LORENZO

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

CONTINUED
MCCLANE
You store them somewhere -

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

MCCLANE'
Why don't you try it and find out?

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

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

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

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

LORENZO
(SHARP)
McClane, don't start believing your own press. (on McClane's look, waving the FAX) (X) Yeah, I know who you are, that Nakatomi thing in LA. Just 'cause the TV thought you were hot shit don't make it so. This time you're in my little pond, and I'm the big fish that runs it. Now you capped some lowlife, fine. I'll send your fucking Captain in L.A. a fucking
commendation. He hits a BUZZER. Immediately two burly AIRPORT COPS appear in the doorway.

CONTINUED

23

Figs 67 CONTINUED - (2) 67

LORENZO
Now get the hell out of my office before I have you thrown out of my airport!
McClane moves towards the door, his hands waving off the would be bouncers.

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

68 EXT. AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE - DAY 68

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

CUT TO:

69 A RENT A CAR DESK 69
the girl here lost in a romance novel-
MCCLANE

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

GIRL

(TOO LATE)
Hey!

70 PARKING GARAGE 70
McClane catches up to the morgue guys as they reach their wagon.

MCCLANE

Whoa, guys.
(ver quickly showing

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

CONTINUED

24

CONTINUED - 70

MORGUE WORKER
What're you doing?

MCCLANE

(inking the guy's fingers)
Didn't you ever have an airport stiff

I
before? We need an FAA ID on your

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

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

CUT TO:

I

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

CUT TO:

71 EXT. VAL VERDE MILITARY TRANSPORT - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT 71
cruising along, its FIGHTER ESCORT a few wingtips away. Now, the fighter WAGS ITS WINGS and PEELS AWAY.

72 INT. MILITARY TRANSPORT - NIGHT 72

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

CO-PILOT
Ay, Alle va nos escorto.

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

CO-PILOT

(CHECKING WATCH)
Tres horas y media. By now we are on Esperanza. Looking astonishingly carefree, he smiles at the young CORPORAL guarding him, puffs on a cigar... and casually examines the military chronometer on his handcuffed wrist. We PUSH IN on it. (X)

CUT TO:

73 INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH 73

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

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 73

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

CUT TO:

74 INT. TERMINAL - RENT A CAR COUNTER 74

MCCLANE

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

CUT TO:

75 INT. LAPD OFFICE - NIGHT 75

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

POWELL

(swallowing, answering)

PHONE)

Records. Sgt. Powell -
MCCLANE
Hey, partner. Get that twinky out of your mouth and grab a pencil.

POWELL

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

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

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

CONTINUED

26

(X)

76 CONTINUED - 76

MCCLANE
R'ht. Listen, Al, what's our FAX number in the station there?

POWELL
550-3212. This is a first.

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

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

POWELL
(as it arrives)
Fingerprints?

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

POWELL
(WATCHING IT)
Will do. What's this about?

MCCLANE
I don't know. Just a feeling.

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

MCCLANE
The FAX number is uh -

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

MCCLANE
(AUTHORITATIVELY)
-on the top edge of your transmission.

CONTINUED
POWELL

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

MCCLANE

(GRINNING)

Break out the chlorine.

CUT TO:

77 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE 77

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

STEWARDESS

Need another?

HOLLY

I don't think so.

(INdicating Thornberg)

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

CAPTAIN'S VOICE

(OVER PA)

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

GROANS. COMPLAINTS. Holly holds out her glass.

HOLLY

Yes. Another.

CUT TO:

78 INT. RENT ACAR BOOTH 78

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

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

What can you tell me?

CONTINUED

He's dead.

You needed a computer for that?

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

What?

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

Yeah, I see it. Thanks a lot, Al. I owe you. He hangs up. The girl gives him the eye.
Say, I close in an hour... maybe we could...

**MCCLANE**

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

80 EXT. RENT A CAR AREA 80

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

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

**MCCLANE**
Depends who you are.

**CONTINUED**

29

(X)

80 CONTINUED - 80

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

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

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

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

**81 INT. "THE CAB" - NIGHT 81**
Lorenzo has joined the regulars here to cover his ass

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

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

**MCCLANE'S VOICE**
Yeah... if your gangs get their training at Fort Bragg.

**82 NEW ANGLE 82**
Surprised, they turn to see McClane step out of the elevator.

**TRUDEAU**
Who the hell is this?

**CONTINUED**
MCCLANE
(push past Lorenzo)
I'm a police officer, Mr. Trudeau—

LORENZO
L.A., Mr. Lorenzo—don't mean shit—

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

(READING BADGE)
Lieutenant McClane?

MCCLANE
I think something serious is going to happen here tonight—

TRUDEAU
Hey. Something serious happens every night, only it doesn't make the newspapers. Ever see those guys on TV, juggling knives and chainsaws? That's what we're doing with those planes up there, only we do it one handed 'cause the other hand's playing 3 card monte with the planes on the ground.

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

BARNES
We did. lose FAA approach control—

MCCLANE
What's that?

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

CUT TO:
83 EXT. VIRGINIA CHURCH - BACK YARD 83

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

BURKE

We're hot!

84 INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH 84

STUART

(TO GARBER)

Light it up.

Signal is given. Switches are thrown. CAMERA PANS OVER-and UP to the CHOIR LOFT, which is electronic heaven. EVERYTHING COMES ON LINE.

STUART

5 minutes to zero hour. Stand by.

85 INT. CAB - NIGHT 85

MCCLANE

Okay. You clot back-up - back-up for everything you think can go wrong. What about something nobody anticipated? Not accidents, not

WEATHER -

F

TRUDEAU

(a bit dryly)

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

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

LORENZO
What? You're buying into this -

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

LORENZO
(annoyed, but obeying)
I got it.

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

TRUDEAU
What is it?

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED - 85
But Barnes doesn't reply... just tries - and fails - to
point out
the window. Everyone turns. (X)

86 REVERSE ANGLE - OVER THEIR SHOULDERS 86
Slowly, without any fuss, and with a pattern of sorts that
would
be pretty if the impact wasn't so frightening... slowly, ALL

THE

RUNWAY LIGHTS ARE GOING OUT.

MCCLANE

Jesus...

87 INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH - SAME TIME 87

As Stuart's TECH throws more and more SWITCHES -

88 THE CAB 88

- and more and more runways go DARK.

TRUDEAU

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

BARNES

Emergencies! Controllers, Code (X)
Yellow!
People leap into action... meanwhile, Trudeau and the others
around the tower, the CAMERA FOLLOWING in a 180 TURN, watch
the LIGHTS KEEP GOING OUT.

TECHNICIAN

Back up systems won't come up-

TRUDEAU

Shunt to another terminal!

TECHNICIAN

This ain't software, boss -

LORENZO

Maybe we should call the power
company...?

TRUDEAU

We're on the same Goddamn grid and
we're hot!
Already the SPEAKER BOXES are beginning to CHATTER -

PILOT'S VOICE 2ND PILOT'S VOICE

(panicked) Dulles Tower, this is TWA
Dulles, what's going on? 23 -what the hell happened
I'm in approach -- to you --?

CONTINUED
CONTROLLER 2ND CONTROLLER
604, pull up. Return to You're not in approach, 23.
holding altitude. Stand by for instructions...

BARNES

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

89 IN THE VIRGINIA CHURCH 89
A CABLE yanked from the ground gets CUT, SPARKING -

90 THE CAB 90
WHIP PAN to an ENGINEER -

ENGINEER

(PANICKED)
Approach control backup! It's gone!

91 IN THE CHURCH'S BACKYARD - SAME TIME 91
GLOWING FIBER OPTIC CABLE stretched like a sacrifice on a
-AXE BLADE swoops down - SPARKS. The LIGHT DIES -

92 IN THE CAB - SAME TIME 92

2ND ENGINEER
Jesus! Instrument landing system
i s c l own!

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

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

(TURNING)
McClane. This what you were expecting?

CONTINUED

34
(X)

92 CONTINUED – 92

MCCLANE
This? This ain't it, pal. This is just the beginning.
A PHONE RINGS. CAMERA ADJUSTS. It's a prominent RED PHONE.

BARNES
(HOPEFUL)
FAA hotline -!

I

LORENZO
How could they know already -?

MCCLANE
Maybe they don't.
(TO TRUDEAU)

Maybe... it's them.

TRUDEAU

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

STUART'S VOICE

Attention, Dulles Tower. Attention, Dulles Tower -

93 INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH NIGHT 93

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

STUART

(DRYLY)

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

94 INT. CAB - INTERCUT 94

TRUDEAU

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

STUART

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

CONTINUED
STUART (CONT'D)

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

MCCLANE

Esperanza?
Trudeau nods -

STUART

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

95 FAVORING MCCLANE 95

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

MCCLANE

What's all that about?

BARNES

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

MCCLANE

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

LORENZO

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

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

CONTINUED

36
(X)

95 CONTINUED - 95
CD

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

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

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

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

TRUDEAU

(TO GUARDS)
See Mr. McClane out.

96 AT THE ELEVATOR 96
It opens. Someone's inside., but we don't feature them yet.

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

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

SAM

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

THE -

LORENZO
Oh, no, no way -

CONTINUED

37

(X)

-96 CONTINUED - 96

TRUDEAU
This is off limits, Coleman, you know that!
Together with McClane she's shoved into the elevator.
MCCLANE
Anything you can think-of, they'll
think of, too!
But the elevator DOORS CLOSE on him and now Lorenzo turns a
KEY
on the control panel, then SPEAKS into his walkie talkie.

LORENZO
Lobby Security, come in.

96A AIRPORT - LOBBY - INTERCUT 96A

(look at interior)

LOBBY COP
(look at interior)
Tomlinson here -

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

97 IN THE ELEVATOR 97

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

MCCLANE
Shit!

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

CONTINUED
MCCLANE

(REALIZING)

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

SAM

Huh? Who he who?

But McClane has already jumped up and grabbed the light fixture,

and now in a gymnast's move KICKS out the ceiling hatch and disappears through the roof! (X)

98 NEW ANGLE 98

The door opens. The GUARDS there REACT to the open ceiling.

(X)

Sam shrugs.

SAM

Claustrophobic, I guess.

CUT TO:

99 INT. CAB - NIGHT 99

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

BARNES

--guys, guys, all we have to do is find a way to transmit - (X)
1ST ENGINEER

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

BARNES
We have one.

(POINTING OUTSIDE)
The new terminal wing they're building? Twenty airlines when it's done?

(MORE)

CONTINUED

39

(X)

CONTINUED - 99

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

I 2ND ENGINEER
That's VHF - it'll scatter -

BARNES

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

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

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

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

TRUDEAU
(TO STUART)
Damn it, you can't do this -!

STUART
I am doing this.

CONTINUED

99 CONTINUED - (2) 99

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

**TRUDEAU**

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

**(PAUSE)**

Severe technical problems here.

100 INT. VARIOUS CIRCLING AIRCRAFT - COCKPITS - INTERCUT 100

As Concerned crews in each listen to:

**TRUDEAU (CONT'D)**

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

**(PAUSE)**

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

**TRUDEAU**

Okay. Change the boards.

**CUT TO:**

101 INT. DULLES - MAIN TERMINAL - NIGHT 101

Angle on a bank of Arrival monitors. Already a quarter of the planes are delayed by weather; but now, in a domino like pattern, all the remaining flight data changes to delayed. Camera adjusts to show people reacting with frustration and concern.

**CUT TO:**

102 INT. DULLES BASEMENT 102

Pretty dark and creepy for a place only 25 years old. A flashlight beam pans the lens. We see the two lobby guards as they search the basement. They move away from the camera. Pause.
McClane APPEARS in the gloom close to CAMERA, clothes now a little greasy and dirty from his little escape.

(MCCLANE)

(sotto, to himself)
I don't believe this... another fucking elevator... another fucking basement... why does this always happen to me?

He moves through the cavernous maze, and then reacts to MUSIC.

Moves towards it. And arrives in -

103 AN ... APARTMENT 103

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

104 ON A PHONOGRAPH 104

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

A HAND reaches for McClane's shoulder.

105 NEW ANGLE 105

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

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

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

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

CONTINUED

42
(X)

105 CONTINUED - 105
McClane reacts to that, peers at him.

MCCLANE
You're what, the janitor?

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

MCCLANE
(Looking around)
Yeah. Just like you're not supposed
to be living here.

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

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

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

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

MARVIN
Six times.

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

CONTINUED.

43

(X)
MARVIN

You a cop or a lawyer?

CUT TO:

106 INT. AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT

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

LORENZO

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

107 IN BASEMENT - TIGHT ON ALLIGATOR CLIPS

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

LORENZO'S VOICE

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

TRUDEAU'S VOICE

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

MCCLANE

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

MARVIN

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

MARVIN(Cont'd)

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

CONTINUED

44

(X)

107 CONTINUED - 107

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

CUT TO:

108 INT. TERMINAL ENGINEERING OFFICE - NIGHT 108

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

A) BANKS OF COMPUTERS -

B) COMPUTERIZED WEATHER MAPS -

C) AN L.E.D. DULLES MAP -
all of it useless, all of the operators watching their only
hope
Barnes.

CUT TO:

109 BASEMENT 109

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

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

(POINTING)
Now, check this out...

MCCLANE
Tunnels.

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

(MORE)
CONTINUED

45

(X)

109 CONTINUED - 109

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

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

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

110 INT. BASEMENT -- DUCT ACCESS 110

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

MCCLANE
Whoa.

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

MCCLANE (CONT'D)
I owe you one, Marvin. How about
a sixpack of malt liquor?

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

CUT TO:

111 INT. LONG TERMINAL GALLERY - NIGHT 111

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

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

113 BACK TO SCENE 113

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

CUT TO:

114 MCCLANE - IN BOILER ROOM - NIGHT 114
McClane moves forward - stops immediately. Looks up at
Marvin, who GRINS.

114A MCCLANE'SPOV DOWNWARD 114A
He's HIGH ABOVE the huge boiler room. The only way across is
on a narrow beam.

114B BACK TO SCENE 114B
McClane takes a breath, starts across the beam. There's a
scary moment at first but he gets quickly confident - a bit too
; 7-7 confident midway - he starts to lose his balance and
all-but runs to the far end, JUMPS to safety.
As he pulls himself up he HEARS Marvin CLAPPING behind him.
With a scowl, McClane checks his map, pushes on.

CUT TO:

115 INT. ANNEX CORRIDOR - NIGHT 115

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

116 A WORKER - AT FAR END OF SLIDEWALK 116
reaches into the open slidewalk CONTROL PANEL-hits a SWITCH.

117 THE SLIDEWALK 117
JERKS to a halt -the( six men n it almost TUMBLING.
Oblivious,
the worker turns his-bwCk on them again.

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

CONTINUED

47

(X)

117 CONTINUED - 117

**FL**
SWAT COP(cont'd)
Hey! ASSHOLE! What do I look like to you?
The man TURNS. It’s REI , one of the ones who killed the real painters. He ha a GUN.
% O Ri¿½71LLY
A sitting dunk-. --î¿½
He SHOOTS him.

118 WIDER 118
The other three "workers" turn, and now we SEE that they are ,H S ELDQN, HS OCKLEY and MULKEY - Stuart's soldiers all.

119 BARNES AND OTHER COPS 119
As bullets RAKE the slidewalk and PING off its walls, they over the railing & take cover—another COP KILLED on the move.

120 BARNES 120
is CUT badly on the arm by flying GLASS - he CRINGES behind a dumpster while the three remaining cops EXCHANGE FIRE with the four soldiers. BULLETS hit near his metal case. He takes a 77 deep breath - rescues it!

CUT TO:
121 MCCLANE 121
in the TUNNELS, he tosses off his sweater into the darkness. Underneath, his shirt is already sweat-stained. And then he HEARS the gunfire - it's close! He gets his bearings -LUNGES through a wall of STEAM -

CUT TO:

122 THE ANNEX GALLERY 122
a third airport.cop DIES. His partner KILLS the gunman (SJ1oi k1E.y) who took out his friend, and then he's KILLED himself. The last SWAT cop breaks cover and gets CUT DOWN. Sudden SILENCE. Barnes suddenly alizes he's all alone. FOOTSTEPS approach him. He looks up. ulke is ri ht above him -

123 WIDE 123
Suddenly a VENTILATION GRATE by Mulke ' head KICKS OUT, sending the guy sprawling. McClane JUMP own, FIRING!

CONTINUED

48

123 CONTINUED - 123
Mu ey has caught the damn thing on reflex, and now he TWITCHES bacTcwards, the bullets SPARKING off the grate before they drill through him. McClane ROLLS, FIRES a 'Reilly across the gallery, who takes COVER. Then BULLETS hit all around McClane; he SEES

124 S ELDON-- ABOVE HIM ON SCAFFOLD 124

FIRING DOWN -

125 BACK TO SCENE 125
McClane FIRES UPWARDS, and then VEERING, he RUNS UNDER the
SCAFFOLDING - BULLETS PING off the metal behind him as a'Ae

tries to nail him from ground level - meanwhile (X)

126 UP ABOVE 126
Shelf tries to SHOOT DOWN and UNDER. (X)

127 MCCLANE 127
deliberately SMASHES into the cross bars he passes, one
after
another, the SMACK of his body into them sounding like
linebackers in combat -

128 SHELDON 128
AIMS - but then the half of the SCAFFOLDING beneath him
GIVES
WAY. He FALLS, SCREAMING - LANDS with a CRUNCH beside
Barnes-

129 MCCLANE 129
has a moment of satisfaction - then

MCCLANE
Oh, fuck

130 WIDER - SLO MO 130
He RUNS and DIVES SIDEWAYS as the rest of the scaffolding
falls
towards him, paint and glue and ha f the mural's tile grid
coming
down witWi t !

131 MCCLANE 131
lands, HARD, the plywood boards from the top of the scaffold
Sweeping him off his feet - his gun SKITTERS across the
linoleum
towards the far end of the sidewalk - he rolls over and
SEES

49

(X)

SIX FEET AWAY 132
he, too, has ducked the falling scaffold, but he's already on his feet, already bending to grab his dropped MAC 10 rom the slidewalk - bringing it up - AIMING -

133 BACK TO SCENE 133
McClane SPINS on the floor and SLAMS the nearest piece of the metal scaffold into the OPEN SLIDEWALK ELECTRONICS. It SHORTS OUT SPECTACULARLY and THEN -

133A FAR END OF SLIDEWALK 133A
it WHIRRS into HIGH GEAR, TREAD SHREDDING -

I

134 BACK TO SCENE 134
the slidewalk in OVERDRIVE, O'Reilly is FLUNG right over McClane's HEAD.

135 NEW ANGLE 135
He SLAMS into the wall at the end of the walkway HEADFIRST. There's a sickening CRACK as his neck goes and then he TWITCHES and slides to the floor, a SMEAR of blood on the slick wall.

77

136 BACK TO SCENE 136
McClane takes a long overdue breath. Then he picks up his 4 pistol, checks the'bodies to make sure there's no surprises, and, goes over to Barnes.

MCCLANE
You okay?.

BARNES
(SHAKILY)
The antenna array - 'Both look, at it - and then

137 WIDE 137
The antenna array outside BLOWS UP, pieces SHATTERING the glass window. McClane and Barnes DUCK, but they're too far away to be damaged.

MCCLANE
(SLOWLY STANDING)
Bait. Something to jerk you off,
make Lorenzo sacrifice his best men,
and make you waste time.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

50

137 CONTINUED - 137

MCCLANE (CONT'D)
Time you don't have...

(LOOKING SKYWARD)
Time they don't have. (X)

CUT TO:

138 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - IN FLIGHT 138

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

139 HIS POV 139
LIGHTS in the sky: Other airplanes.

140 WIDER 140
Holly looks at him. She can't help not looking at him; he's practically in her lap.

HOLLY

(DRYLY)
I think you're closer than fifty yards.

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

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

THORNBERG
There's nothing regular about it.

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

HOLLY
Don't you mean nauseous?

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

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

(MORE)

CONTINUED

51

140 CONTINUED - 140

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

CUT TO:

141 INT. ANNEX - NIGHT 141

McClane is doing a damn decent FIELD DRESSING on Barnes.
BARNES
(into his cellular phone)
--me? I'll live. But Lorenzo's (X)
SWAT team is dead... and the antenna
array is toast. Start looking for (X)
a new miracle.
AN EERIE ALIEN TYPE VOICE makes them both jump; McClane
raises
his GUN.

142 NEW ANGLE 142
It's coming from a TRANSCEIVER beside one of the dead men.
Curious, Barnes slides over, picks it up. LISTENS with
McClane
to the GARIBLED, spine-chilling NOISE.

143 INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH 143

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

1

144 INT. ANNEX 144

Here, Garber no longer sounds human.

MCCLANE
What...?

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

(ALMOST ADMIRINGLY)
These guys are pros.

MCCLANE
So are you. Break the code -

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

(THINKING)
40,320 possible combinations.

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

145 IN THE VIRGINIA CHURCH - NIGHT 145
Kahn descends from the choir loft and joins Stuart and Grant.

KAHN

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

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

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

STUART
Attention, Dulles. You were warned not to try and restore your systems.
They listen, fearful -

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

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

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

McCane grabs it.

**MCCLANE**

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

---

**53**

(X)

**148 INT. CAB - NIGHT 148**

This interchange is BROADCAST here - Lorenzo SHOUTS into the PHONE-

**LORENZO**

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

**149 STUART 149**

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

**STUART**
McCane? John McCane? The... policeman hero who saved the Nakatomi hostages? I read about you in People magazine. You seemed out of your league on Nightline, though...
MCCLANE
Yeah, Colonel. We were both famous for five minutes. Saw you get shit canned by Congress on TV. How much drug money is Esperanza paying you to turn traitor?

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

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

STUART
I think we can find something in between.
(aside, off mike)
Give me a flight number—one low on fuel.
Another man hands him a slip of paper. He reads it, switches to another mike (or frequency).

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

CUT TO:

54

(X)

150 IN THE REAL TOWER—THE CAB—NIGHT 150
Everyone here REACTS to Stuart's voice—and the chilling lie
he's just told in an affable, good of boy tone that's
totally
different than anything we've heard.

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

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

**151 MCCLANE AND BARNES - IN ANNEX 151**
both ashen faced -

**MCCLANE STUART'S VOICE**
Christ, helsbringing them You're cleared for approach
down! Why are they on Runway 29. Report to the
listening? Tower at the Outer Marker.

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

**TRUDEAU STUART'S VOICE**
The son-of-a-bitch... the (replying to pilot)
Goddamn son-of-a-bitch- I'll bet. Okay, calibrate
your altimeter at setting
MCCLANE'S VOICE two-nine-nine-two. Turning
What? you over to Tower...now.

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

**153 MCCLANE 153**
CAMERA PUSHES IN on him as he turns and looks out the
window.

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

**BARNES**
What are you doing?
Whatever the fuck I can, Barnes...

whenever the fuck I can.

Ladies and Gentlemen, as you've probably noticed, we've started our descent.

The spent and exhausted people REACT. Some break into APPLAUSE and CHEERS of "HIP HIP." But one NICE ENGLISH GRANNY - clearly not an experienced air traveler - still looks TENSE. A STEWARDESS pauses to pat her shoulder reassuringly.

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

Barnes holds one end of a painter's dropcloth; McClane - now wearing Barne's coat - DROPS out the broken window to the snow below.
There he's a tiny SHADOW on the white field. He turns, RUNS across the unlit airport... wind whipped SNOW quickly hiding him from Barnes.

157 THE VIRGINIA CHURCH - NIGHT 157

STUART
(off mike to Thompson) (X)
Activate ILS landing system. But (X)
Recalibrate sea level. Minus 200 feet.
31$p,son - the main TECH here - OBEYS, with an unhealthy GRIN.
He punches DIALS - a SCREEN LIGHTS UP - Stuart plays with his (X)
plane (X)
(X)
from the approach operator to the tower operator - both, of course, played by him... (X)

158 BRITISH COCKPIT 158
The crew REACTS as their ILS lights up. High fives all around.

159 IN THE TOWER 159
The SOUND of ENGINES.

TRUDEAU
Oh, God... no...

A TECHNICIAN
Can't we cut in, jam them -

TRUDEAU
Everything's dead.

LORENZO
There's somebody out there -
LIGHT SIZZLES in the distance, dances. Trudeau fumbles up a pair of binoculars. Looks -

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

160 MCCLANE - ON THE FIELD 160
He's made two TORCHES from wads of fabric wound on the scaffold pieces - now he uses his LIGHTER to ignite them. He WAVES the impromptu FLARES in a crazy pattern - We HEAR the approaching PLANE-

160A IN THE ANNEX SKYWALK 160A

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

161 IN THE TOWER 161
Everyone watches the dancing lights and listens to -

PILOT'S VOICE
Dulles, this is Windsor one fourteen. Inside the outer marker.

STUART'S VOICE
(doing a different voice THAN BEFORE)
Roger, Windsor. This is Dulles Tower. We have radar contact and show you on ILS. You are in the glide path and looking good.

CONTINUED
PILOT'S VOICE
Wait a minute... something down there through the snow... looked like a light...

162 STUART - IN VIRGINIA CHURCH 162

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

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

NAVIGATOR
RVR 1/4 mile... altitude 1000 feet... 800... Ref plus 20...

163 MCCLANE - ON THE FIELD 163
Now he can HEAR the plane's ENGINES and - for a fleeting MOMENT he SEES its LIGHTS between gusts of snow-

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

164 IN THE TOWER 164
Helpless, listening, watching - the lane's lights intermittently visible here, too, growing closer - dropping - dropping -

NAVIGATOR
600 feet...

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

BOY

165 IN THE COCKPIT 165
Suddenly from out of the darkness the crew sees THE RUNWAY, RIGHT UNDER THEM -
    PILOT
    JESUS!

CONTINUED

58
(X)
165 CONTINUED - 165
He SLAMS CONTROLS - the plane TILTS -
166 OUTSIDE 166
Engines SCREAMING, the crew brilliant and skilled, but it's not
    enough, not enough - the nose comes up but a wingtip DIPS,
catches the tarmac - and that's all it takes: The PLANE FLIPS
    OVER, ROLLS -
166A INSIDE THE TUMBLING PLANE 166A
LUGGAGE tumbles in the CABIN - PEOPLE SCREAM -
166B EXT. PLANE - RESUME 166B
for a split second we HEAR the SCREAMS of men, women,
    children,
and then all we HEAR - and SEE - is an EXPLOSION.
167 RUNWAY - ANOTHER ANGLE
As the plane breaks up and flaming debris SCATTERS.

168 MCCLANE 168
Behind the plane, watching the fireball roll away from him.
He gives the scream of an. animal in a trap and falls to his knees.
169 IN THE TOWER 169
Everyone RECOILS at the explosion, which turns this room BLOOD RED with reflected light. CHUNKS OF METAL and PLASTIC boil through the sky. Something HITS the GLASS here, starring it and smearing it with what we hope is only grease. Somewhere SIRENS wail.

CUT TO:

170 STUART 170
Silence here, too. His men look at him. Except for ThampSm, who clearly enjoyed his part in the above, their faces are blank. Maybe they're admiring Stuart's incredible coolness. Maybe.

STUART

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

CONTINUED

59

1170 CONTINUED - 170
He DISCONNECTS.

CUT TO:

171 THE RUNWAY - LONG DOLLY SHOT - NIGHT 171
Firemen and medics scramble over a chaos of metal and fabric that used to be an airplane. WATER everywhere; snow melted for a hundred yards around from the EXPLOSION. Pieces of luggage, fragments of people's lives: Toys, purses, books, a woman's bloody shoe. McClane weaves through the workers, glazed eyes looking at the
plane.

I

RESCUE WORKER
Tower, this is Rescue Three. No (X)

He stops, looking puzzled at McClane, who is torn, bloody.

MCCLANE
Relax, pal, I'm not a survivor. I'm
just another victim.

He grabs the rescue worker by the collar.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)
the last fucking victim he'll

CUT TO:

172 EXT. VAL VERDE MILITARY TRANSPORT--NIGHT  172

173 INT. VAL VERDE MILITARY TRANSPORT--NIGHT  173

Esperanza glances at his watch. Then, with a slight grimace

ESPERANZA
Dios, los calambres!
(to his guard)
Muchachó, si posible a removar eses?
(with a grin)
De donde a yo caminar, sí?
The young guard shakes his head. (X)

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

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

**ESPERANZA**

Bueno, joven, bueno! Tu eres un soldado excelente! Ahora, en vez del libertad - dame un fosforo?

Flattered, the kid lights him up.

**CUT TO:**

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

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

**GARBER**

Sir. They've done everything we've anticipated... so far-

Stuart smiles tightly at the unvoiced question.

**STUART**

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

(A SHRU)

Well, we'll just call an our man in the other team's locker room.

And - almost in afterthought - he wipes the flight number from the clear glass board. CAMERA PUSHERS to the TELEVISION.

**175 ON THE SCREEN 175**

SAM COLEMAN is on CAMERA, "live" supered over her face.

She's OUTSIDE on the airfield, her NEWS HELICOPTER beside her. In the distance behind barricades we see the CRASH SITE.

**SAM**

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

(MORE)

CONTINUED

61

(175 CONTINUED - 175)

SAM (CONT'D)
Other reports say there were difficulties in the tower before the crash, and that they may have even contributed to it. One thing is certain: With weather conditions worsening, the problem here and in the sky above us will continue to grow. This is Samantha Coleman at (X) Dulles International Airport.

CUT TO:

176 INT. AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT 176

PHONES ringing off the wall; pitiful attempts at damage control.

A DOCTOR gives Barnes a proper bandage on his cut. McClane sits dazed on a bench, eyes looking at nothing - the coffee someone gave him ignored. Trudeau appears.

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

BARNES
On the air? With what?

**TRUDEAU**
With your Goddamn brain!
Barnes leaves. McClane blinks, coming around to reality.

Sees

Trudeau.

**MCCLANE**
Trudeau... I... I...

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

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

*(VOICE TIGHT)*
I never felt so useless.

**CONTINUED**

62

(X)

0176 CONTINUED - 176

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

**MCCLANE**
And...?

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

CUT TO:

177 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - NIGHT 177
Thornberg at the window again. Face suspicious.

HOLLY
Listen, Dick -

("INNOCENTLY")
That is your name? Dick, if you're
going-Eo keep getting this close,
you think you could change
aftershaves?

THORNBERG
(DRYLY)
Anything else?

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

178 WITH HIM 178
he goes into the coach section, moves to the row with his
NEWS
CREW. He shakes a sleeping ASSISTANT awake.

THORNBERG
Victor. Victor!

VICTOR
Uh - yeah, what?

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

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

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

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

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

FROWNS.

VICTOR
(PUZZLED)
Nothing.

THORNBERG
You just said it would work -

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

(LISTENING AGAIN)
The weather recording. It's like...
like the tower isn't there.
CAMERA TIGHTENS on Thornberg. Wheels start spinning.

Leaving, he pats Victor's shoulder.

THORNBERG
Stay on it. Tell me if anything changes.
CUT TO:

179 EXT. REAR OF TERMINAL - NIGHT 179

LIGHTS in the SKY cut through the SWIRLING SNOW. Two ARMY HELICOPTERS dance through the air towards us, and SET DOWN with a ROAR, their BACKWASH creating a Yukon like STORM. (X)

CONTINUED

64

(X)

!179 CONTINUED - 179
Waiting here are Trudeau; The JUSTICE DEPARTMENT MEN we saw earlier; Lorenzo, worried about his status - and McClane, plain worried.
As the ROTORS keep TURNING, SOLDIERS and the CHOPPER CREWS hustle out of the choppers, the wind blowing over them and their equipment. A powerfully built MAJOR in his late 40's walks forward past the waiting men like someone in a receiving line.
Everyone SHOUTS over the NOISE.

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

(FORMAL)
Rollins. Department of Justice.

TRUDEAU

(POLITE)
Trudeau. Chief of Air Operations.

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

MCCLANE

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

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

MCCLANE
John McClane.

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

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

MCCLANE
Unfortunately the pros are on the other side. Colonel Stuart is one of your boys -

CONTINUED

65

(X)

179 CONTINUED - (2) 179

GRANT

(TIGHTLY)
Not any more, he's not.
(to the group)
Gentlemen, we are here to take down
Colonel Stuart... and we will take
him down. You see, I served, with
him. And I taught him everything
he knows.

MCCLANE

(QUIETLY)
Yeah. But what if he took some night
courses?

Grant REACTS, recovers.

GRANT
ceto his men)
All right, hustle! Command post will
be in the Airport Police office.
I want to be tied into the Tower and
every system that's still working
in fifteen minutes!

SERGEANT
You heard the man, troop! Move it!
GEAR and WEAPONS get hustled into the building as the
Choppers

LIFT OFF.

MCCLANE
Trudeau.
(as he turns)
Did things just get better... or
worse?

CUT TO:

180 INT. CAB - NIGHT 180

Barnes, huddled with the engineers. Desperate now.

2ND ENGINEER
Lights! Big portable lights! We
set up on the field and-

BARNES
And wait for those lunatics to shoot
them out? And where do we get those
"big portable lights"? Borrow them
from Batman?
1ST ENGINEER
Semaphore! That gets my vote-

CONTINUED

66

(X)

I80 CONTINUED - 180

BARNES
Your vote? You voted for Dukakis!
(exasperated, to another MAN)
What about the airphone idea?

3RD ENGINEER
Eighteen planes up there; only five have those phones. We got through to three of them, still trying with the others.

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

1ST ENGINEER
Just checked the weather. Headwinds slamming right into everybody over the outer marker. The planes with enough fuel were already shunted to

ATLANTA -
Suddenly Barnes' expression changes.

BARNES
Damn! The Outer Marker!
(on t eir loo s
It's a beacon, right? A radio beacon,
that sends out this "boop-boop-boop" so they know they're over it, right?

1ST ENGINEER

So?

BARNES

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

2ND ENGINEER

(GETTING IT)

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

BARNES

-and we can talk to the planes and those bas ar s w o did this will never know!

And as faces brighten for the first time in hours, we

CUT TO:

67

(X)

;1181 INT. AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT 181

WIDEN from a tubular ELECTRONIC DEVICE with torn out wires at both ends as it CLUNKS down on a table.

The second Triple T SERGEANT wipes grease from his hands, shows it to the men here.

2ND SERGEANT

Traced the signal, found it in the luggage area. they've been tapped into the tower all night.

McClane and Trudeau look at Lorenzo, who looks away, embarrassed.

The young CORPORAL has set up his radio gear in the
receptionist's area. Now, he TUNES in that GARBLE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**JUSTICE DEPT. GUY**
No civilians.
Trudeau looks at McClane, sympathetic - and then the door SHUTS.

**CUT TO:**
182 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - COCKPIT 182

The Navigator suddenly sits upright at his 'phones.

2ND OFFICER

What the fuck -

PILOT

What is it?

I

2ND OFFICER

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

BARNES' VOICE

(FROM SPEAKER)

--tention, all aircraft in Dulles landing pattern. Attention. This is Chief Engineer Leslie Barnes. And I have been authorized to brief you in full. At this time this is the only channel available to us. Here is the situation. Approximately 2 hours ago -

183 INT. PLANE - LAVATORY AREA 183

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

BARNES' VOICE

(TINNY)

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

THORNBERG

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

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

**OUR TOWER—**

**THORNBERG**

Jesus!

---

**HOLLY 184**
looking suspiciously at the little piece of the two men still visible.

**CUT TO:**

**185 INT. CAB – SAME TIME 185**

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

**BARNES (CONT'D)**

(into a TELEPHONE)
-repeat, do not accept any instructions claiming to be from our tower unless you hear your own flight recorder access code. We will get this from your respective airlines and use it for confirmation.

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

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

**BARNES VOICE**
(TINNY)
Repeat: the terrorists have cut off the two systems that can allow you to land: The field lights for a manual landing and the ILS for an instrument one. A special US Army unit is already here and preparing to take out the terrorists.
CAMERA TIGHTENS on Thornberg: Orgasm.

CUT TO:

187 INT. DULLES BASEMENT - NIGHT 187

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

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

MCCLANE
They kind of busted me down to buck private.

CONTINUED

187 CONTINUED - 187

MARVIN
I know that feeling. Interested in a nice coat?

MCCLANE
(RECOGNIZING IT)
The lining's ripped and it needs some invisible mending. Keep it.
Think you can get me on line upstairs again?
Marvin chuckles, moves over to a table and pulls aside a cloth.
All electronic stuff there.

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

**MARVIN**
You okay, son?

**2188 NEW ANGLE 188**
FOCUS CHANGE. McClane STARES at the table... and one of the scrambled transceivers - one with a GREEN L.E.D.!

**CUT TO:**

**189 INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH - NIGHT 189**
Stuart is in the pulpit, his men attentive.

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

**CONTINUED**
71

189 CONTINUED - 189

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

STUART
Attention, Dulles Tower...

190 INT. CAB 190

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

DEMANDS. PLEADING.

BARNES
What do we do?

TRUDEAU
Obey.

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

STUART'S VOICE
Dulles Tower to FM-i. Dulles Tower
to FM-1...

VAL VERDE CO-PILOT

(IN ENGLISH)
This is FM-1, Dulles. We read you.
Over.

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

CUT TO:

192 INT. BASEMENT 192

McClane is examining the Scrambler, excited.

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

MARVIN
Came with the coat; over near the luggage belts. Looks like one of them Japanese radios... can't hold a candle to a nice Zenith if you ask me... You like it, huh? How about twenty dollars?

MCCLANE
How about I let you live?

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

CUT TO:

193 INT. ESPERANZA'S PLANE 193

VAL VERDE PILOT
Dulles, this is contrary to our instructions. We are to land on Runway One and be met by representitives of your Justice
DEPARTMENT -

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

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

PILOT

(Pauses; then)
Roger, Dulles. Proceeding to runway FIFTEEN -

Suddenly the CO-PILOT LEAPS for Esperanza! Esperanza WHIRLS, SHOOTS TWICE — one shot KILLS him — but one SHATTERS 194 ONE OF THE SIDE WINDOW PANELS 194 and WIND and SNOW thunder INSIDE like a WALL.

73

)195 INT. CAB - INTERCUT 195

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

196 INT. ESPERANZA'S PLANE - NIGHT 196

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

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

ESPERANZA

(INTO IT)
Eagle Nest, this is Falcon... Mayday.
Eagle Nest, this is Falcon... Mayday!

197 INT. CAB 197

They HEAR the GARbled ALIEN SOUND -

198 INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH 198

Stuart is startled to hear this, but grabs his transceiver

7-7

STUART
Go ahead, Falcon -

CUT TO:

199 INT. BASEMENT 199

ESPERANZA'S VOICE
Repeat, I have lost cabin pressure. (X)
Near zero visibility. I must drop
out of the storm. I can land but
I must land now, on the first outgoing
runway. Repeat, I cannot circle
around to runway fifteen.
PULLBACK. McClane listens, grinning. He takes the airport
map from his pocket, hands it the Marvin.

MCCLANE
Marvin... you show me a shortcut to
runway fifteen and you got yourself
a liner for that coat.

200 STUART - IN VIRGINIA CHURCH - INTERCUT 200

STUART

(OFF MIKE)

Shit!

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

STUART

(nodding, into

TRANSCEIVER)

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

INT. ESPERANZA'S PLANE - INTERCUT 201

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

ESPERANZA

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

ESPERANZA

Gracias', Amigos.

202 INT. RUNWAY TUNNEL 202

MCCLANE

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

203 INSERT - THE, MAP 203
His FINGER moves along the runway to the code numbers.

    MCCLANE'S VOICE
Eleven W4, W5 - Bingo.

204 BACK TO SCENE 204
He turns. CAMERA PUSHES to the whits wall numbers here:
"11W3".
An ARROW indicates "ACCESS GRID."

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

    CONTINUED

75

-/204 CONTINUED - 204

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

    MCCLANE
    (TO HIMSELF)
Not if I can help it, asshole.
He turns and begins running down the tunnel.

    CUT TO:

205 STUART - IN VIRGINIA CHURCH 205
he tosses the command mike to one of his men, throws a
weapon
over his shoulder and leads Garber, Thompson and Kahn in a
rush (X)
out the rear door.

206 INT. CAB 206

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

206 INT. ESPERANZA'S PLANE - NIGHT 206

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

CUT TO:

207 INT. ACCESS TUNNEL 207

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

RADIO VOICE

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

MCCLANE

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

MCCLANE

Shit!

CUT TO:
DROPPING -

209 STUART AND SOLDIERS - IN JEEP ON AIRFIELD 209
Their BREATH clouding inside the still cold JEEP as it BOUNCES along. Garber shines a FLASHLIGHT into the falling snow, illuminates a snow-covered runway number sign: "EIGHT WEST." The military plane ROARS overhead!

210 THE TUNNEL 210
BLAM! BLAM! McClane shoots off the lock apparatus of the grid! A RICOCHET PINGS off one of the grids hydraulic hinges and McClane winces as metal splinters sail by. Then he begins to muscle the heavy grid upwards.

211 UP ABOVE 211
A FIELD of SNOW and ICE. But now a BLACK RECTANGLE EMERGES from it - it's the TUNNEL GRID, SNOW falling through it - the damn thing must weight over 300 pounds - McClane gets his head and shoulders up and out. Looks at -

212 THE PLANE - HALF A MILE AWAY 212
about to hit the runway -

213 BACK TO SCENE 213
McClane pushes upwards - grunts - when he shifts his grip his SKIN RIPS on the cold metal - with a grimace, he pushes his rifle out, starts to follow -

214 BELOW 214
the damaged hydraulic hinge suddenly SNAPS with a squish of thick fluid.

215 ABOVE 215
the 300 pound grid THUDS down on McClane's back. He GROANS, stunned.

216 THE PLANE 216
SCREECHES down on the runway!

217 THE SCENE - BLAZING FAST INTERCUTS 217
A) MCCLANE - dazed, trapped, he looks up and SEES -
B) THE PLANE - 1/4 mile away, coming right towards him-

CONTINUED

77

) 217 CONTINUED - 217

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

218 MCCLANE AND PLANE - IN ONE SHOT 218

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

AND THE PLANE IS RIGHT FUCKING THERE.
McClane DIVES OUT OF THE HOLE.

219 NEW ANGLE 219

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

220 THE PLANE 220
Skids roughly to a stop a hundred yards away. McClane gets to his feet, sucks in air - and heads for the plane.

221 STUART AND SOLDIERS - SAME TIME 221
Close enough to SEE the plane as it STOPS -

STUART
(POINTING)
There -!

222 INT. PLANE 222
Esperanza secures the controls, moves to the doorway and spins the wheelock. It opens with a HISS and the steps DROP DOWN.

CONTINUED

78
r- 222 CONTINUED - 222

ESPERANZA
(breathing deeply) (X)
Freedom.

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

I

223 NEW ANGLE 223
McClane comes up the steps, gun leveled at the startled fugitive.

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

ESPERANZA

W-who are you?

MCCLANE

Just a cop who's spent half his career busting scumbag lowlife dope dealers. Looks like it's business as usual. Think this will look good on my record?

Suddenly BULLETS PING on the hatch inches from McClane's head.

ESPERANZA

No.

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

224 THE HATCHWAY 224

GARBER and another man are there, rifles UP -

BACK TO SCENE

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

79

THE COCKPIT 225 -

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

226 OUTSIDE THE PLANE 226
GARBER helps Esperanza down the steps. Stuart runs to him.

STUART

General!

ESPERANZA

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

AMAZED)

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

GARBER

He went in the cockpit -

STUART

He's going to hell.

227 COCKPIT 227

Silence. McClane REACTS to the two dead men sharing the tiny space with him... the SNOW and GLASS everywhere... and then he crawls to the door, gingerly tries it.

IT WON'T MOVE. He tries harder.

228 OTHER SIDE OF DOOR 228

A RESCUE AXE is across the door like a barricade.

229 IN THE COCKPIT. 229

McClane looks worried - and then

STUART

(SHOUTING)

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

230 EXT. FRONT OF PLANE - NIGHT 230

Stuart, Esperanza and two of the others ring the nose of the plane, weapons out.

Garber - the last man - comes up, delayed by locking McClane in the cabin.

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

231 INSIDE THE COCKPIT 231
McClane DUCKS as FIVE MACHINE GUNS BEGIN TO RIP THE PLACE APART.
What's left of the glass IMPLODES, and ricochets begin SLAMMING around the room - McClane eats floor, but the snaking lines of bullets criss cross the cockpit, searching him out -

MCCLANE

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

232 OUTSIDE 232
Having decimated the front of the plane, Stuart signals and now they flank the sides. What's left of the window glass reflects their FIRE like a Fourth of July show - Esperanza alone SMILES as he shoots -

233 MCCLANE 233
he's HIT in the left hand.

234 OUTSIDE 234

STUART
How many grenades we have?

GARBER

2 EACH -

STUART

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

235 IN THE COCKPIT 235
Clunk-clunk-clunkCLUNK. TEN GRENADES land and BOUNCE here like hailstones from hell. They SIZZLE. McClane rolls over and suddenly SEES -

236 LEVER BESIDE PILOT'S SEAT 236
CAMERA PUSHES to it: "EJECT."

81

2 3 7 MCCLANE 237
in one move vaults into the seat, snaps on the belt, grabs the LEVER -

238 WIDER 238
with a WOOSH and a ROAR, the ejection seat ROCKETS UPWARDS, the steel vanguard above McClane's head PUNCHING THROUGH what's left of the canopy.

239 OUTSIDE 239
the cockpit EXPLODES! It's all so FAST and EYE SEARING we're not sure if McClane is clear - but then we SEE

240 MCCLANE - IN MID AIR 240
No sound, now, just the WHOOSH of the air going past - the ejection seat is TUMBLING -

MCCLANE
(WEAK)

JESUS -
WHOMP! The 'chute OPENS with violent YANK.
MCCLANE

(WEAKER)

Christ!
He DROPS from frame.

241 THE BURNING PLANE 241
At the jeep, Stuart and his men REACT as WATER from MELTING
SNOW (X) runs past their feet. Garber POINTS to the ghostly image of
the 'chute, half a mile away -

GARBER

THERE -
But Stuart turns at the SOUND of SIRENS.

242 NEW ANGLE 242
The calvary is coming... and it's not his.

243 BACK TO SCENE 243

STUART
Fall back to the Church! Now! (X)
Helping the wounded Esperanza, they vanish into the
darkness.

CUT TO:

82

THE PARACHUTE - ON THE GROUND 244
BILLOWING as something struggles under it.

MCCLANE'S VOICE

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

CUT TO:
245 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - NIGHT 245

The stewardess sticks her head into the cockpit.

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

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

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

246 THE FUEL GAUGE - HER POV 246
Almost on EMPTY -

247 BACK TO SCENE 247
She REACTS. No one says anything. She composes herself...
go out.

248 INT. BUSINESS CLASS 248

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

(X)

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

(X)

HOLLY
Writing your acceptance speech for the video sleaze awards?

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

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

THORNBERG
I- I'm going to be sick -
He makes a croaking noise to sell it, stumbles into the lavatory.

THORNBERG
(dials, then:)
This is Richard Thornberg. Put me through to the News Director.

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

CUT TO:

249 INT. AIR POLICE OFFICE 249

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

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

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

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

CONTINUED

84

(X)

249 CONTINUED - 249

r,1

MCCLANE

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

GRANT
Maybe they're more creative than you think! McClane, we're here to jerk off that cocksucker until he tries to take off — period! This time you're the wrong guy in the wrong place at the wrong time! McClane stands, glares at the two officers. He flips away the cigarette, walks away, pissed.

MCCLANE
The story of my life.
But the enlisted men seem sympathetic. And so does 250 BARNES 250
Who now pulls McClane aside.

BARNES
McClane. You said they showed up there right away?

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

BARNES
I think I know where.
Interested, McClane follows Barnes around the corner.

251 WHEN THEY'RE ALONE 251
Barnes unfolds some plot plans.

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

CONTINUED

85
(X)

85 - 251 CONTINUED - 251

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

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

MCCLANE
Are you sure or not?

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

MCCLANE
You didn't do that - you did your

JOB -

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

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

CUT TO:

252 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - NIGHT 252

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

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

HOLLY
It's hard to blame anyone for the

WEATHER -
86

252 CONTINUED - 252

OLDER WOMAN
Yeah? What about that porker Willard Scott?

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

253 HOLLY 253
I reacts to what the woman's said. As the Stewardess passes, Holly signals her - rises halfway to meet her.

STEWARDESS.
Yes?

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

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

STEWARDESS
Oh, of course we do. They anticipate little proems like this.
She moves away. We tighten on Holly. She's chilled by the lie.

Worried, she turns... looks at the AirPhone. X)

CUT TO:

254 TIGHT ON MCCLANE'S WAIST 254
His beeper shows as he climbs something - we widen.
He and Barnes are outside a HOUSE that backs up to the Airport.
Both peer over the fence. It's a modest DC suburban tract job.
People TRIM a TREE. It could be Norman Rockwell.

**MCCLANE**

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

**255 SECOND HOUSE 255**

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

**MCCLANE**

- and these people aren't.

87

(X)

r.i:½ 55A NEW ANGLE 255A
They've come to a corner; now they go back to the street,
spread
Barne's map out on the hood of Barne's still humming CAR.
Far behind them, we SEE the illuminated airport TOWER, centered
in the dark blot that should be brightly active runways.
Barnes reaches inside his jacket, fumbles in his jammed plastic pocket thingie for a little flashlight. He checks the map.

**BARNES**

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

**257 NEXT PROPERTY - THE CHURCH 257**
Baker is walking, almost casually, around the rear of the house.

258 BACK TO SCENE 258
McClane and Barnes huddle, whisper.

MCCLANE
Could be a sentry -

BARNES
And he could just be out for a walk-

MCCLANE
Then why is he going over his own footprints?

259 THEIR POV - CLOSER 259
Indeed, gar's steady progress has made a trench around the church property, and the distinctive PRINT of his galoshes now makes double images.

260 BACK TO SCENE 260

MCCLANE

(WHISPER)
Stay here. Get ready to call the marines.

BARNES

(WHISPER)
I thought they were Army.

MCCLANE

(WHISPER)
Who the fuck cares, just be ready.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

MCCLANE

Baker is only a yard away. Closer - closer - and then -

BEEP! (X)

Baker is only a yard away. Baker is only a yard away. Closer - closer - and then -

BEEP! (X)

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

BARNES

REACTS, begins to dial the phone. REACTS to

PHONE

The dial reads NO SVC.

BACK TO SCENE

SHIT!

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

MCCLANE AND BAKER

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

Through the rear window here we see the fence give, and again, but the sound is muffled by the wind and the glass.

CUT TO:

270 INT. AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT

Lorenzo writes as Grant reacts -

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

271 BARNES - INTERCUT

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

BARNES
Just get here, this is it, move your fat ass will ya -?

Grant signals his Sergeant and then it's like D-Day as all the soldiers and some cops hustle out -

CUT TO:

272 MCCLANE AND BAKER -

Halfway to their feet, the snow bloody between them s3ke

(X)

Karate Kicks McClane back into a tree, dazing him---Baker jumps (X) in, rips McClane's coat open and -

GRABS for the holster! As his hand comes up empty, McClane grins, head butts him!

CUT TO:

273 VIRGINIA STREET - NEAR AIRPORT - NIGHT

Airport police cars and the army truck skid around a corner -

274 INT. ARMY TRUCK
Soldiers on the benches - Grant standing, rocking like a commuter - Telford, only one unarmed, still MONITORING the radio -

**GRANT**
Gentlemen. We have... a situation here...
CLICK CLICK SNAP. AMMO CLIPS are broken out - all PIGGYBACKED like combat hardened troops do it, two banana clips taped together with blue tape. (X)

**CUT TO:**

90

(X)

**275 MCCLANE AND BAKER 275**

**CD**
Baker yanks a combat knife from his boot and 'DIVES on McClane - bo i HIT the wall of the church's detached garage - SNOW and ICE fall from the roof, but both men ignore it - McClane's LEFT hand can't force away Baker's RIGHT hand and the KNIFE. The bastard is STRONG and now his left jumps out and pins McClane's RIGHT so it can't help - The knife creeps towards McClane's throat! McClane is fucke - and then his desperate eyes look at something nearby - We FOCUS CHANGE - it's a big ICICLE - with his last strength McClane BREAKS out of Baker's grip, grabs the icicle - and STABS it RIGHT in Baker's EYE!

**276 REVERSE ANGLE 276**
Baker SCREAMS and falls back - McClane ROLLS with him and with both hands PRESSES the ICICLE HOME SIX MORE INCHES right into the son-of-a-bitch's brain. The body TWITCHES, DIES. McClane falls against the garage as
snow turns CRIMSON all around. Catches his BREATH... and then

REACTS to a WHISTLE.

277 BARNES 277

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

Barnes points to

278 ' E 6B' RS 7 278

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

279 BACK TO SCENE 279

Grant and Lorenzo come over.

LORENZO

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

GRANT

LORENZO -

(PAUSE)

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

LORENZO

You can't talk to me like that -

CONTINUED

91

279 CONTINUED - 279

GRANT

Oh, no, Carmine?

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

**SERGEANT**

With pleasure, sir!

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

**MCCLANE**

I was wrong. You're not an asshole.

**GRANT**

i (lighting him up)

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

**2ND SERGEANT**

(COMING UP)

Flanking the church now, sir. (X)

**GRANT**

Close up the back, then we go in.

Fire only on my order.

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

**280 A SOLDIER**

moves forward on the lawn into a PRONE FIRING POSITION - and then

his GUN MUZZLE hits a TRIP WIRE in the SNOW!

**281 IN THE CHURCH**

Stuart's men REACT to and ALARM - instantly go to ASSIGNED JOBS!

Some grab weapons , others SMASH the EQUIPMENT HERE!

Esperanza, bandaged, throws a coat on, grabs a pistol!

**282 OUTSIDE**

**MCCLANE**

SHIT!

Everyone DIVES for COVER as a STAINED GLASS WINDOW is BROKEN and (X)

a rifle POSES out. GUNFIRE lights up the street, REFLECTS on the snow!

**283 -INSIDE THE HOUSE**

**STUART**
Gentlemen, you know what to do- (X)

CONTINUED

92

(X)

j-i:¾ 283 CONTINUED - 283
Looks all around - all change their ammo clips, putting ones
with
blue adhesive tape into their weapons --and then they
RETREAT
Tr-om the front windows. We PAN them out the REAR and to the
FENCE behind the church - which they SMASH THROUGH.

284 MCCLANE 284
taking cover behind a parked car, he HEARS the SOUND of
SPLINTERING WOOD -

MCCLANE

Fuck...

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

285 WIDER 285
Grant signals his men - they FOLLOW McClane, RUSH the church
-there is NO MORE FIRE from the.front - some of the men
SMASH
through the doors, others run alongside the church -

286 BEHIND THE CHURCH - CRANE SHOT 286
Stuart leads his men and Esperanza towards what LOOKS like
BUSHES
about 30.yards behind it but as M .L].,ar and 8r reach them
and grab at FABRIC we REALIZE it is a SNOW CAMOUFLAGED
TARPULIN.

287 REAR OF CHURCH 287
McClane is first here - DUCKS as GUNFIRE erupts ahead of him
then he FIRES at the MUZZLE BLASTS in the darkness - then REACTS to the SOUND of GASOLINE MOTORS -

288 HIGH ANGLE 288 as Stuart and Esperanza and the remaining men ESCAPE on hidden SNOWMOBILES ! McClane FIRES twice at the

289 REAR: SNOWMOBILE 289 Garber is on it - McClane's BULLETS rip through his CHEST - as he falls off it SPINS OUT, ROLLS OVER.

290 INSIDE THE VIRGINIA CHURCH 290 The Airport police crash in behind the tailing soldiers.

Barnes looks at the smoking ruins.

BARNES

(SEEING IT)
That equipment! It could land our

PLANES -

CONTINUED

93

(X)

( 290 CONTINUED - 290

GRANT

(BLOCKING HIM)
Don't touch it! There were trip wires outside - they could have -

SERGEANT

They did. CAMERA RAKES to the sergeant, who is by a BLINKING BOOBY

TRAP
hidden under a panel.

**A SOLDIER**

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

**GRANT**

Evacuate! Now!

290A EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT 290A

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

290B WIDER 290B

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

290C BACK TO SCENE 2-90C

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

**LORENZO**

Hey. Where the fuck is McClane?

**CUT TO:**

291 MCCLANE - PULLBACK 291

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

292 WIDE SHOT 292

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

293 BACK TO SCENE 293

Big BOUNCE over a mogul. As the 'mobile settles, McClane pulls the rifle forward. He STEADIES IT alongside the WINDSHIELD of the snowmobile.
X1294 THROUGH HIS SIGHTS - 294
We see STUART'S HEAD.

295 BACK TO SCENE 295

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

296 STUART 296
UNTouched. But he LOOKS back at the SOUND of SHOTS. HAND SIGNALS his flanking riders.

297 WIDER 297
Two of them PEEL OFF; Kan, riding double with ESPERANZA;
VAX&, (X) riding alone. Burke SWiTChES AMMO CLIPS to a red taped clip.

298 MCCLANE 298

MCCLANE
Shit!
He AIMS at the APPROACHING SNOWMOBILES -FIRES -

299 KAH 299.
Again, UNTouched! Now as he Sweeps past Esperanza FIRES his PISTOL -

300 BACK TO SCENE 300
McClane DUCKS as bullets BLOW OUT his WINDSHIELD. He SWERVEs (X)
-and there's the other snowmobile that turned. Burke FIRES on FULL AUTO

301 NEW ANGLE 301
RIDDLED with BULLETS, McClane's snowmobile CAREENS OUT of CONTROL - goes'AIRBORNE - McClane TUMBLES from the seat - and the 'mobile EXPLODES against a runway WIND REGISTER.

302 WITH STUART 302
He looks back at the mini-FIREBALL, signals his men to regroup.
All DWINDLE in the landscape of the empty airfield.
CUT TO:

95

303 SNOW 303

which MOVES. McClane's HAND comes into view. Face bloodied by glass, jacket ragged, body bruised, he should be looking for a doctor. Instead, he's pawing through the snow - looking for the assault rifle. And finds it, the stock broken. McClane pulls off the clip. He peels off a round into his hand, then another. There's PAPER WADS where brass should meet lead. (X)

McClane

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

McClane

Oh, my God... He gets. to his feet and RUNS.

304 INT. CAB - NIGHT 304

Stuart's Voice

(FROM RADIO) Attention, tower. This is Colonel Stuart. Is our plane prepared?

CUT TO:

305 EXT. AIRPORT - INTERCUT - NIGHT 305
Stuart and his men, on foot near the halted snowmobiles. 

LIGHT in the distance; hangers; the terminal.

TRUDEAU
It is. It's in hanger eleven. (X)
That's the most remote building we've got.
Stuart looks at his map, then the hanger mentioned; not far.

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

TRUDEAU
Quite clear.

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

306 EXT. VIRGINIA CHURCH 306

The Army trucks are parked by the still intact church garage. In the B.G. FIRE FIGHTERS spray down the smoking ruin; ice forming and sparkling everywhere.

Grant uses the field radio Telford has set up in the back of the truck.

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

STUART
Major Grant, isn't it?

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

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

LORENZO
(MOVING)
You got it.

CUT TO:

307 INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT 307

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

PRODUCER
Dick, this is nuts - first, you do Siamese Twin drag queens, not hard news; and second, every station in I town has people out at the airport and none of them has heard even a whisper of this shit you're running down-
' 08 INT. AIRPLANE LAVATORY – INTERCUT 308

THORNBERG
Well, none of them is me. You want proof? Try this –
And he PLAYS the MICROCASSETTE. We HEAR Barnes' earlier
TRANSMISSION.
In the TV station, STUNNED reaction.

PRODUCER

JESUS –

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

PRODUCER
We're on it, we're on it –

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

THORNBERG
Network, here we come...

CUT TO:

309 EXT. VIRGINIA STREET – NIGHT 309
Local POLICE keep curious NEIGHBORS behind barricades while SOLDIERS get ready at the trucks.

310 INSIDE AN ARMY TRUCK – NIGHT 310

SOLDIER
--"I was in Grenada", he says!
All LAUGH'- the bitter laughter of the battlefield.

GRANT
Grenada - five minutes of firefight five weeks of surfing!
LAUGHTER, which SUBSIDES a bit as Grant looks at his watch.. a look DUPLICATED by the others.
TELFORD

(oblivious to this,

WISTFUL)

I wish I was with you guys for that.

CONTINUED

98

310 CONTINUED - 310

GRANT

So do we, kid.

TELFORD

(Touched)

Really, sir?

GRANT

Yeah. Then we wouldn't have to do this.
And in a flash, Grant draws his combat knife and slits the kid's throat!
Telford flops back off the bench. Grant is already digging into (x) the cargo pocket of his trousers and he comes out with a transceiver - the same distinctive scrambled transceiver used by Sturts men!

GRANT

(into transceiver)

Eagle Nest, this is Hatchling. On schedule and in place.

311 INT. HANGER - NIGHT 311

Stuart holds his transceiver while he looks up at the plane
prepared for him. One of his men comes out, gives him the thumbs up sign.

**STUART**

**(INTO TRANSCEIVER)**
Roger, Hatchling. We are secure here. You have a green light. Repeat, green light.

**CUT TO:**

**312 MARVIN 312**
whistling, stacking dolls, shoes, more flotsam from the Airport sea he's scavenged. At a SOUND he TURNS - (X)

**313 MCCLANE 313**
shivering, battered, trying to come down a ladder. He FALLS the (X) rest of the way.

**CUT TO:**

**314 THE SOLDIERS - ON VIRGINIA STREET 314**
close the back of the truck - they DRIVE AWAY. Lorenzo, getting (X) in his car, gives them a thumbs up.

**CONTINUED**

99

1 514 CONTINUED - 314
t.Y, J Grant, grinning, returns it. (X)

**315 TIGHT ON A TV SET 315**
A SPORTS EVENT is SUPERCEDED by a SPECIAL BULLETIN CARD. GROANS. MOANS. CAMERA PANS and we SEE we're in a BAR in the AIRPORT TERMINAL.
NEWSCASTER
(coming on screen)
This is a special bulletin from WZDC (X) News. There was a plane crash earlier this evening at Dulles, where other aircraft continue to circle, with no explanation from Airport or FAA officials. Now, with an exclusive KLA report, here is Dick Thornberg, reporting from the skies over Washington.
That gets all the sports fan's attention. Now a SUPER of I TH rnberg's FACE comes up in the corner of the newsroom.

THORNBERG'S VOICE
(FILTERED)
Tom., I'm one of the thousand people who has been circling our Nation's capitol, under the assumption that whatever problem was going on far below me was a normal one. But the truth is far from normal - the truth is terrifying.

CUT TO:

316 INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT 316

People walking along.- and then jumping out of the way of-

317 A TERMINAL EMERGENCY CART - SIREN AND LIGHT WAILING 317
MARVIN drives, happy as hell; beside him, in the seat usually (X) reserved for the sick or elderly, is McClane, slowly coming back to normal from his ordeal.

318 THORNBERG -IN LAVATORY 318

THORNBERG
INTO PHONE)
This is a recording of a conversation between Dulles tower and the captive aircraft overhead.
With a smug smile, Thornberg plays the tape again.
319 IN THE AIRPORT BAR 319
The people LISTEN as the tape of Barne's earlier broadcast PLAYS.

CUT TO:

320 AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT 320
The golf cart SKIDS to a halt at the receptionist's desk. Lorenzo comes thundering out of his office.

LORENZO
McClane! Are you out of your fucking mind-?

T

MARVIN
This man's been through serious shit, I give him a break-

LORENZO
Who the fuck are you?

MARVIN
(pointing to his NAMETAQ)
Marvin, the janitor. Don't need that. custodial enginner crap -

MCCLANE
(GRABBING LORENZO)
Grant - the Terrorist Team -where are they?

LORENZO
They left to shoot those bastards out of the sky -

MCCLANE
They're not gonna do that - they're gonna get on the same Goddamn plane and leave with him! Before the Army canned him, Stuart must have loaded that unit with his own guys -

**LORENZO**

But - that firefight at the house -

**MCCLANE**

A side show to jerk us off - buy them

**TIME -**

**LORENZO**

You're completely around the fucking bend, McClane. And you know what else? (reaching for handcuffs)
You're under arrest -
McClane steps back - raises the assault rifle - FIRES.

101

(X)

Lorenzo STAGGERS back in shock - and then realizes he's **UNSCATHED**.

**LORENZO**

Wha - how -

**MCCLANE**

(showing the clip)
These are the bullets they used out there tonight.

**LORENZO**

Holy shit -

(ITALICIZED)

This is Chief Lorenzo. I want every officer recalled now and assembled
in body armor with full weaponry in
the motor pool in five minutes! It's
time to kick ass!
He slams the phone down - checks his pistol ammo and rushes
out
the door - a startled - and appreciative - McClane beside
him!

CUT TO:

322 INT. AIRPORT BAR - NIGHT 322

As the TAPE RECORDING CONCLUDES, the patrons are in SHOCK. Already several begin to RUN OUT.
CAMERA PANS AWAY from the terminal bar towards a GIFT SHOP. There, all the PORTABLE TV's ON DISPLAY are BROADCASTING the
SAME
THING. A CUSTOMER hearing this DROPS a CRYSTAL VASE.

THORNBERG'S VOICE
(as tape ENDS)
Since then this reporter has learned
that the terrorists have virtual
control of the entire airport - a
fact the authorities have suppressed.
The terrorists promise more bloodshed
unless their demands are met; and
now that special Army Commandoes have
arrived at the airport, the liklihood
of a full scale and deadly battle
is dangerously close -

323 INT. TERMINAL - MAIN CORRIDOR 323

Suddenly full of SCREAMING PEOPLE.

324 FRONT OF TERMINAL 324
A mass EXODUS. People FIGHT for CABS.

CUT TO:

102
(X)
They're watching this here, too.

**TRudeau**

Christ - that fucking asshole -

**326 EXT. REAR OF TERMINAL - AIRPORT POLICE PARKING LOT 326**

McClane is in Lorenzo's police car; a DOZEN other police cars full of officers behind, lights SPINNING. Lorenzo leans out the window like Ward Bond on Wagon Train.

**LORENZO**

(SHOUTING)

Converge on Hanger 11 on all four sides! When the city blues get here with their backup, they can pick up the pieces! MOVE OUT!

(aside to McClane)

McClane, you meet my nephew? The other guy in the car is the asshole who towed the car.

As McClane REACTS, the caravan ROARS FORWARD, SIRENS WAILING -

**326A NEW ANGLE 326A**

And Lorenzo's car SMASHES into a TAXI. CAMERA CRANES UP and we SEE that the police cars have run smack into the PANIC in front of the airport.

**LORENZO**

(shouting, barking orders)

Move that piece of shit! Henderson, get some crowd control! Goddamn it, clear the area! -

McClane jumps out of the car - looks around and SEES -

**327 327**

thru OMITTED thru

**328 328**

**329 SAM - IN THE TERMINAL 329**

watching the scene, trying to get it on video.

**CUT TO:**

**330 INT. HOLLY'S AIRPLANE 330**
WIDEN from the TV SCREEN. Thornberg's broadcast is here, too!

A WOMAN SCREAMS. A MAN tries to get out of his seat and a STEWARD forces him back.

HOLLY
(as it sinks in) (X)
My God...
Then something else sinks in; she looks at the empty airphone cradle on the wall gets quickly out of her seat - in mid-stride she STOPS - takes her seatmate's PURSE. Then, she sidesteps some panicked people, goes to the kitchen area. And finds one of the special keys for the lavatories.

THORNBERG - IN LAVATORY 332

THORNBERG

(INTO PHONE)
And so it continues: A standoff between terrorists and authorities with the lives of thousands at stake. But at least this time, in this place, the truth, at least, is not among the hostages because Richard (X) Thornberc put his life and his talent (X) on the line for humanity and country. (X) Behind him, Holly silently opens the lavatory door.

THORNBERG(CONT'D)
.,and if this should be my final

BROADCAST -
WHAM. She ZAPS him with the old lady's TASER. He TWITCHES - DROPS! She picks up the phone. (X)

HOLLY
Amen to that, asshole.
( into phone, sweetly)
We're sorry, but Mr. Thornberg is experiencing electrical problems.
We now resume our regular programming.

CUT TO:

333 EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT 333

McClane, Sam and the cameraman, forcing their way through the crowd; Sam ABSORBING what McClane's told her.

SAM
Jesus. You give me this story, I'll have your baby.

MCCLANE
Thanks; but I'm looking for a different kind of ride.
And he POINTS to -

104
(X)
'1

334 HER NEWS HELICOPTER 334
across the tarmac -

CUT TO:

335 335
thru OMITTE thru

336 336

336A INT% HANGER 336A
Stuart and his' a n d, at doors, on high scaffolds to look out at the landing field hidden in the driving snow. Stuart looks at his watch.
here on watch. Something GLEAMS in the distance. He SPS into his radio -

BURKE

(COCKING O )
Truck lights!' = "-i\i\%\%

Weapons are COCKED - soldier's muscles coil -

STUART
(into scrambled radio)
Hatchling, report in. What is your position?

GRANT'S VOICE
My position is I'm gonna get my ass reamed out by the best Goddamn soldier on the planet 'cause I'm two minutes late.
Stuart GRINS, signals for the hanger door to be opened.

The big door RUMBLES UPWARDS. There's the truck, headlights now ILLUMINATING the waiting plane.
Grant jumps down from the cab, gets a warm greeting from

Esperanza.

GRANT
Congratulations on your escape, sir.

ESPERANZA
Thank you, Major. Save them until we are all safe - and excuse a left handed salute, eh?

CONTINUED
STUART
(as the men gather)
My congratulations, gentlemen. You've won a victory for democracy... my pride and admiration... and a kick ass vacation! Get on board!
With a CHEER, they run up the stairs 'to the plane.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWS CHOPPER 337

WHOOSH! UP and OFF THE GROUND like an elevator. McClane REACTS.

PILOT
Too rough for you, cowboy?

MCCLANE
I - don't like flying.

SAM
Then what are you doing here?

MCCLANE
I like losing worse.

(POINTING)
That way.

CUT TO:

338 EXT. 747 HANGER - NIGHT 338

The abandoned truck's lights still GLARE into the CAMERA - and then something SHADOWS THEM -

338A WIDER - LOW ANGLE 338A
The 747 TAXIS out of the hanger, rolls towards the runway.

338E INSIDE - FIRST CLASS 338B
the soldiers take seats, cocky smiles on their faces -

CUT TO:
339 INT. CHOPPER - NIGHT 339

McClane and the others fly along, LISTENING to the CONTINUING AIRPLANE AND TOWER TRAFFIC - which is growing PANICKY.

PILOT

(POINTING)

Hanger Eleven -

MCCLANE

Shit! They're leaving!

106

(X)

(f 1340 THE HANGER - BELOW THEM - NIGHT 340

The plane, in a slow wide turn, the hanger empty, light spilling into the snow -

341 BACK TO SCENE 341

Sam taps the Cameraman, who's already on the case.

PILOT

Now what?

MCCLANE

Get 'em to stop! Hover low, block their path!

PILOT

Play chicken with a 200 ton plane?
Hey, I'm crazy, but not that crazy-

RADIO

Dulles, this is Western one-forty-

MCCLANE

(CHILLED)
HOLLY -

RADIO
Request clearance on first available runway. Repeat, request emergency

CLEARANCE -

TRUDEAU'S VOICE
Negative, one fourteen, our situation is unchanged.

RADIO
Well, mine just changed, Goddamn it! We're down to fumes and we have to land! And in five minutes we're coming in one way or another!

MCCLANE
(to the pilot)
That's my wife's plane, Goddamnit!

PILOT
I'm still not getting in front of it!
Pause - McClane furious - but the pilot equally tough.

MCCLANE

(FINALLY)
Okay - then how about on top of it?

CONTINUED I

107
i 341 CONTINUED - 341
And as both men realize they've cut a dangerous deal and start to smile, we (X)

CUT TO:

390 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - COCKPIT 390
The pilot and co-pilot look at each other as their fuel gauge BEEPS and FLASHES YELLOW.

PILOT

(INTO INTERCOM)
Ladies and Gentlemen. Our situation is critical.

391 INT. CABIN 391

The cabin attendants are lugging Thornberg's unconscious body down the aisle. They strap him in as Holly and the others listen, chilled to -

PILOT'S 'VOICE
We have no choice but to attempt an emergency landing. Please put on your safety belts and assume crash positions as instructed by the cabin attendants.

392 392
\ 'ihru OMITTED thru

398 398

399 THE PLANE 399

engines GLOWING through the snow - (X)

399A THE CHOPPER 399A
TURNING, DROPPING - the door SLIDES OPEN - McClane SLIPS out (X) - takes a deep breath - and MOVES to the SKID! (X)

400 OMITTED 400

CUT TO:

401 EXT. HOLLY'S PLANE - NIGHT 401

Diving, diving -

402 HOLLY - IN HER PLANE 402

HOLLY

(BARELY AUDIBLE)
- yea, though I walk through the valley of death -
To her amazement, she HEARS another voice mumbling tearfully.

It's Thornburg, half-conscious.

TRUDEAU

I-I didn't mean any harm - I just wanted ratings - I had to do it it was sweeps week -

CUT TO:

403 EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT 403

the 747 taxis along - CAMERA PANS BACK and DISCOVERS the CHOPPER, McClane on its skid, as it DROPS LOWER, MATCHES SPEED with the pane.

404 INT. COCKPIT 404

Esperanza, Stuart, Grant. Starting to feel like what they think they are: Heroes.

GRANT

(knocking some off)
I've had enough fucking snow for a lifetime.

STUART

They don't get much of it in the tropics.

CUT TO:

405 EXT. 767 - MOVING 405
McClane - sitting on the skid - now DROPS to a HANDHOLD as the skids come treacherously close to the PLANE WING. McClane's FEET grope for the wing surface - but the two aircraft - one still earthbound - MOVE APART. Pause. McClave TRIES AGAIN - MAKES IT!

406 THE 'CHOPPER 406
it PEELS AWAY, vanishes in the snowstorm.

407 MCCLANE 407
panting, he wedges himself against an engine pod - and starts to take off his jacket!

408 INT. COCKPIT 408

Esperanza lights a cigar - and then FROWNS.

ESPERANZA
MIERDE -
CONTINUED

109
(X)

108 CONTINUED - 408

STUART
What?

ESPERANZA
The aerilons! Something's wrong - we can't take off - He looks out the window - and REACTS to -

409 WING AERILON - HIS POV 409
Hydraulics GROANING because McClane is JAMMING his JACKET into the groove where it hinges!

410 BACK TO SCENE 410
They can't fucking believe this. Then -

GRANT

(ALREADY MOVING)
i I'll do him.

STUART
(following, to Esperanza)
You just get us in the air, General.
You're the only one who can do it.

411 INT. CABIN - NIGHT 411

I
Stuart and Grant cock their weapons, move to the door. Grant opens it.

412 EXT. WING 412

, Grant stands there, WIND whipping him. NO MCCLANE - just the jacket, FLAPPING in the groaning aerilon.
Grant starts out - WHAM! McClane APPEARS from behind the door, TRIPS him! Grant's gun BOUNCES off the wing, falls to the ground rushing past below!

413 STUART 413
in the doorway, tries to AIM - but

414 THE TWO MEN - STRUGGLING ON THE WING 414
are INDISTINGUISHABLE in the driving snow.

415 MCCLANE AND GRANT 415
Each HOLDING ON TO THE WING with one hand - FIGHTING with the other - Grant POUNDS AWAY on McClane's face - but McClane doesn't HIT BACK - he just GRINS like a maniac - PUSHES Grant -pushes - pushes -

CONTINUED
(X)

r"1 415 CONTINUED - 415 -

GRANT
(through his teeth, as

THEY STRUGGLE)
Too - bad - McClane -
The SOUND of metal SLIDING - a KNIFE APPEARS in Grant's hand-

GRANT (CONT'D)

(RAISING KNIFE)
I really liked you -

416 GRANT 416
too late, he realizes he's over the front edge of the wing!

He screams and FALLS -

417 NEW ANGLE 417
RIGHT INTO THE ENGINE INTAKE! There's an awful GRINDING SOUND -A
SCREAM - McClane winces as RED SNOW SPLATTERS HIM -

418 REAR OF ENGINE 418
it could be hamburger pouring out - but before we can dwell on it, the engine pod BLOWS!

18A MCCLANE - ON THE WING 418A
wipes red snow from his arm.

3

MCCLANE
I like you better dead.

419 IN THE COCKPIT 419
a "FIRE" indicator goes on. Esperanza hits "EXTINGUISHER", handles it - increases power to the other engines.

420 STUART 420
trying to SEE - finally - a GLIMPSE of what has to be

McClane - with a savage grin, Stuart takes off his rifle - discards the bulky coat - knife in hand, he steps out.

421 McCLANE 421

moves hand over hand to a trailing section of the wing.

Looks over and down at

422 FUEL PORT - UPSIDE DOWN - HIS POV 422

-423 BACK TO SCENE 423
He reaches for it. Too far. Stretches. Gets it - fucker is TIGHT. Wincing, he TURNS it a bit - then LOOKS up just in TIME to SEE STUART, knife whizzing DOWN -

424 NEW ANGLE 424
McClane ROLLS, but the knife CATCHES his SHOULDER. In pain, he manances to KICK Stuart's KNEE - Stuart FALLS, almost goes over the wing - McClane goes back to work on the fuel port - another 1/4 turn - and then he has to abandon it to deal with another CHARGE from Stuart.

425 ESPERANZA 425
he TURNS the PLANE. Now he's ON THE RUNWAY PROPER.

426 MCCLANE AND STUART 426
FIGHTING for the knife. With all his strength, McClane JAMS Stuart's knife hand the aerilon crack! The next WIGGLE of the metal CRUNCHES both hand and knife! Stuart SCREAMS and loosens his grip on McClane, who PUNCHES him away, goes back to work on the fuel port! But he's hardly at it when Stuart RECOVERS, and, mangled hand held clawlike, KICKS McClane's INJURED SHOULDER - KICKS AGAIN
-blood on Stuart's shoe - McClane is being worked over the edge of the wing! He CATCHES at the last moment - now he IGNORES Stuart's BLOWS, because -

427 UNDER THE WING 427
.McClane feels for the fuel port - turn, turn - it OPENS!

Fuel
SPIGOTS DOWN - McClane feels the wetness on his hand -

428 THE RUNWAY 428
a RIBBON of FUEL twists behind the moving plane, slick and light

REFLECTING -

429 BACK TO SCENE 429
Stuart STOMPS on McClane's HANDS on the wing - CRUNCH - STOMPS again - McClane SMILES -and then Stuart KICKS HIM OFF THE WING!

430 MCCLANE 430
DROPS 20 FEET, SLAMS into the snow at the edge of the runway, bounces like litter thrown from a moving car - the big REAR TIRE almost rolls over him -

431 STUART 431
with a victorious SHOUT he YANKS the coat from the aerilon, throws it away - heads for the door -

112

432 ESPERANZA 432
sees this, smiles -

433 MCCLANE -AT EDGE OF RUNWAY 433
crawls to a painful sitting position. Face impassive, he watches the jet move away... and - incongruous as it seems - he lights a cigarette, looks off at - (X)
434 THE LINE OF JET FUEL
running along the runway for 1/4 mile now -

435 MCCLANE
battered like a car wreck victim, now he looks up into the dark sky trying to find the SOUND OF JET ENGINES. Then he SEES -

436 LIGHTS OF HOLLY'S PLANE - HIS POV
careening down in a desperate fight, against gravity -

437 BACK TO SCENE
1 McClave takes a LONG PULL on the cigarette until the tip is RED-HOT.

438 STUART - IN THE OPEN PLANE DOORWAY
about to close it, he looks back and for the first time SEES

439 THE JET FUEL - HIS POV
winding endlessly down the runway -

440 MCCLANE

Hey, Colonel: Happy Fucking New Year. And he THROWS THE CIGARETTE INTO THE FUEL.

441 STUART
SEES the flame RACING TOWARDS HIM - turns to SHOUT to Esperanza -

STUART

NO! NO! TAKE OFF! TAKE OFF NOW! (X)

442 ESPERANZA - IN COCKPIT
RESPONDS to the cry, GUNS IT - (X)

442A THE PLANE
STARTS TO-RISE - the wheels go into the AIR - (X)
113

(X)

j 42B REAR OF PLANE 442B
But as the craft rises, so does the FLAME, climbing the fuel
ribbon RIGHT INTO THE SKY and TO THE NEAREST ENGINE which
EXPLODES!

442C ESPERANZA 442C
TURNS at the EXPLOSION in time for a WALL OF FIRE that
SHOOTS UP
THE WING and through the cockpit FLOOR, and then he's ON
FIRE

AND THEN

443 STUART 443
is BLOWN TO LITTLE PIECES as a FIREBALL BLOWS RIGHT OUT THE
DOOR.,
taking all the remaining soldiers with it and then

444 THE PLANE - LONG SHOT 444
It EXPLODES ITSELF, WINGS and TAIL and BODY going nine
different
directions!

445 OMITTED 445

446 MCCLANE 446
DIVES for the ground as the explosion ROLLS TOWARDS HIM.

447 IN THE CAB 4471
they watch the FIREBALL in the distance -

448 MCCLANE 448
Gets to his knees, and LOOKS at the huge conflagration.

MCCLANE
(towards the sky)
Honey... there's your landing lights.

CUT TO:

449 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - COCKPIT 449
Blackness and driven SNOW outside - and then - in an almost
cinematic FADE - through the glass we SEE the BURNING
WRECKAGE
-and, more importantly - the LINE OF FIRE RUNNING CLEAN AND
STRAIGHT for almost a mile -
A line right along the runway.

CO-PILOT
Look - !
The pilot grabs controls desperately, trims the plane -

114

450 IN THE CABIN - 450
The passengers REACT as they level a bit -

CUT TO:

451 EXT. HER PLANE 451
It descends, a bit erratic, but now it's ALONGSIDE the line of the fire, coming in from the wrong end of the runway, and then wheels BOUNCE, once, twice, and then a tire BLOWS but the pilots (X) HOLD IT as it SWERVES and finally SKIDS TO A HALT, turning onto (X) the grassy field. Already we HEAR RESCUE SIRENS.

452 IN THE CAB 452

BARNES
(listening to headset)
One forty is down! They used the fire to see -

(LAUGHING)
I -they used the fucking fire to see!

AN ENGINEER
They can all do that - let's tell

'EM -

TRUDEAU
They already know. Listen.
And sure enough, there it is - the SOUND of ENGINES -

453 EXT. SKY - LANDING PATTERN 453

And now the lights come down from the sky, in a neat and patient row, the closest-filling the screen, the others dwindling down to the size of stars.

454 MCCLANE - ON THE RUNWAY 454

IGNORING the giant PLANE LANDING BESIDE HIM, ignoring the FLAMES beyond that - His concentration is totally on Holly's plane -now another giant PLANE SKIDS down behind him - it's an assembly line, like B-29's coming home from war - then he SEES what he's praying for - breaks into a RUN -

MCCLANE

Holly - HOLLY -HOLLY!

455 HOLLY - IN PLANE DOOR 455

HEARS this just as she goes down the RESCUE CHUTE, ushered by Stewardess controlling their own tears -

115

(X)

(‘.. 456 MCCLANE 456

CATCHES her at the bottom like a child - CARRIES HER AWAY.

457 THORNBERG - ON THE GROUND 457

groggy, he raises his hands in supplication to the stewardess.

She steps over him, puts her high heels back on - walks off.

CUT TO:

458 THE NEWS 'CHOPPER 458
It CRUNCHES DOWN on the frozen earth near the runway. Sam and her cameraman hit the ground running. SEE -

459 MCCLANE AND HOLLY 459
embracing - and then she's nursing his wounds, hearing his story-

460 BACK TO SCENE 460
The cameraman brings up his lens.

CAMERAMAN
God, that's beautiful -

SAM
Yeah. It sure is.
And she yanks out his power cord, watches it dreamily.

461 THE AIRFIELD - NIGHT 461
as rolling stairs are put up to the planes and the passengers pour down the steps into arms of friends, families, loved ones.

461A MCCLANE 461A
Sets Holly down, kisses her - then both TURN at a HONK.
Marvin is there in an airport cart. He looks at the chaos.

MARVIN
Damned if I'm cleaning up this mess.
McClane and Holly get in the cart. Marvin drives them away, light BLINKING... and we PULLBACK until McClane and Holly are just part of the crowd.

THE END