

DIE HARD 2

Screenplay by
Doug Richardson

Revisions by
Steven E. de Souza

SHOOTING SCRIPT
November 16, 1989

(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

1 CONTINUED -

1

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

He realizes the truck is DRIVING AWAY one way while the cop is
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.

MCCLANE
(sotto)
You son of a -

BEEP drowns out his last word. McClane 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
Telephones?

INFORMATION GIRL
(pointing)
Right over there.

1ST NEWSCASTER
(on TV)
...and that White Christmas
may be here for a while, if
that new storm front moves
to the Metro area this
afternoon as predicted.

McClane nods, serves across the slick linoleum.

CONTINUED

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.

McClane's BEEPER goes off again.

MCCLANE
(despondent)
Ho - ho - ho...

3
thru
4

OMITTED

3
thru
4

CUT TO:

5 EXT. AIRPORT - THROUGH WINDOW - SAME TIME

5

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

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 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 him with weapons despite the congressional ban.

The exercises finished, Stuart FREEZES in an eerie pose, until

7 HIS HUER CHRONOMETER

7

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; this is the same man.

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

9 CONTINUED - 9

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
aru OMITTED 12
13 thru 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.

HOLLY

Mom give you any trouble about borrowing her new car?

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:

Coming out of the phone booth and almost COLLIDING with -

Colonel Stuart.

STUART

Excuse me -

Pause as they dance away from each other. Then -

MCCLANE

--do I know you?

STUART

(tightly)
I... get that a lot. I've... been
on TV.

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:

A LITTLE SEMI-RURAL CHURCH - NEAR THE AIRPORT

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

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

"FUTURE SITE OF PARISH DAY CARE CENTER.
WORSHIP WITH US AT OUR NEW CHURCH,
52 KENSINGTON ROAD, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA."

A DWP VAN pulls up, snow tires CRUNCHING on the driveway here.
Two MEN (BAKER and THOMPSON) get out in official DWP wardrobe.

But we remember the trim bodies, trimmer hair... and we remember
those gift wrapped packages, - which one of these guys carries.

INSIDE THE CHURCH

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

CUSTODIAN
Yes?

BAKER
Sorry to bother you, sir.
We're checking our equipment.
Any problems with the conduit
box in your backyard?

CUSTODIAN
Gee, I don't know anything
about that.

NEWSCASTER
(on TV)
Although Esperanza was
removed as Commander in
Chief earlier this year,
the agreement to extradite
him was not reached until
yesterday - and Washington
insiders say it was a phone
call that made it happen -
a phone call from an
angry American President.

Baker and Thompson glance at each other.

THOMPSON
Would you mind if we take a look?

CUSTODIAN
Help yourself.

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

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

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

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

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

BAKER
Well, you're right about that.

BLAM BLAM BLAM. BULLETS RIP through the end of the Christmas
package, SLAM the custodian up and into a row of pews, which
OVERTURN.

19

NEW ANGLE

19

Baker rips the rest of the smoking package away from his weapon, slings 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.

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:

20

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 SHELDON) 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-

O'REILLY

(into radio, as they
drive)

Team Two. In position.

CUT TO:

21

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. *IMPLEN between Kahn & I - telling story of our miss -*

21A

CLOSER

21A

Kahn KICKS spikes on the tripod into the frozen ground to anchor
it - TILT UP as Burke 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 ~~BURKE~~ SWIVELS the long
tube around! With Kahn LOADING and ~~BURKE~~ FIRING, the two men
LAUNCH a MISSILE at the police car!

23A

THE POLICE CAR

23A

EXPLODES, the two cops halfway out swallowed up in the
DESTRUCTION.

23B

BACK TO SCENE

23B

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

24

THE TRANSMITTER

24

EXPLODES -

CUT TO:

25

INT. DULLES TOWER - "THE CAB" - DAY

25

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

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED -

25

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

An ALARM RINGS.

26 TRUDEAU

26

lighting a cigarette, he hovers over BARNES.

BARNES

We just lost FAA approach control.

TRUDEAU

Weather may have screwed up the line.
Switch over to our own back up and
run a check.

Barnes hits a switch. The ALARM STOPS. Everyone relaxes.

CUT TO:

27 INT. AIRPORT BAR - NIGHT

27

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

SAM

(on TV)

--here at Dulles, the quiet men from the Justice Department wait to put handcuffs on the man who has come to symbolize the enemy in America's fight against cocaine... This battle may be almost won... but the war is still in doubt. Samantha Copeland... WNTW for NightTime News.

CAMERA ADJUSTS to show a MAN as he OPENS a PHONE BOOTH. It's very quick, but we REALIZE that while in there he wasn't using the phone but one of the transceivers we saw before.

This is MAJOR GARBER, Stuart's second-in-command; but his efficiency and chilly courage are second to none. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM to a TABLE.

COCHRANE and MILLER - TWO MORE of those neat, trim young men-are there, in neat, boring topcoats.

CONTINUED

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
~~in the~~ other. He listens intently, then GRINS.

COCHRANE

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 synchronize their watches, and then Miller leaves the bar.
CAMERA PANS HIM out. He walks right past McClane, who doesn't
notice him.

A beat after Miller's 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 pulls the earplug
from his ear. Equally casually, Garber uses his 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
ordinary looking men towards the Airport cops, wonders why they
got fidgety. Now he watches

30 GARBER & COCHRANE

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

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.

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

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?

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED -

35

STUART
(nodding towards the
Justice people)
Like we figured. A joke -

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

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

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 COCHRANE

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 -

39A

COCHRANE AND MILLER

39A

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 the airline.

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

46 CONTINUED - 46

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.

48 MCCLANE AND MILLER 48

Fighting hand to hand. Miller starts pressing the ski pole
against McClane's throat. McClane tries to do the same thing
back - they spin, SMASH into a pile of suitcases, some of which
SPILL OPEN.

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

49 NEW ANGLE 49

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

50 MCCLANE 50

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

51 UP AHEAD 51

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

52 BACK TO SCENE 52

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

53 INTO THE HATCH HEADFIRST. 53

54 NEW ANGLE - 20 FEET UP 54

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

55 MCCLANE 55
 WINCES as blood SPLATTERS - and then REACTS as the 20 foot tall
 conduit pipe CREAKS, BENDS-TOPPLES- he RIDES IT DOWN-

CUT TO:

56 INT. LUGGAGE CONVEYOR AREA - NEAR ENTRANCE 56
 led by the luggage guy, two AIRPORT COPS run in -

57 MILLER 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 ESCAPES. (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

60 CONTINUED -

60

THORNBERG'S VOICE

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

STEWARDESS' VOICE

- Sir, you were told when you boarded
 that we were overbooked -

Holly looks up idly - and then REACTS as she sees -

61 DICK THORNBERG - HER POV

61

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

THORNBERG

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

STEWARDESS

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

THORNBERG

Do you know who I am?

STEWARDESS

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

2ND STEWARDESS

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

THORNBERG

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

2ND STEWARDESS

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

(X)

62 NEW ANGLE

62

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

THORNBERG

Stewardess!

CONTINUED

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

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:

INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH - DAY

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 Miller- the man who escaped from McClane. Baker waves him in.

KAHN and BURKE are DIGGING in the yard with pickaxes and hardly look at him. *Carrying on Conversations*

INSIDE

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

STUART

You're late.

MILLER

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

STUART

Did you finish your assignment?

MILLER

Yessir. But -

STUART

Then the damage is minor.
(drawing a PISTOL)
But the penalty could be severe.

In a blur of motion, Stuart is on his feet, the pistol is at Miller's temple. CLICK.

CONTINUED

66

CONTINUED -

66

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

CUT TO:

67

INT. AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE--DAY

67

McClane comes in, first double taking the name on the door:
 CARMINE LORENZO, CAPTAIN OF AIRPORT POLICE.

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

LORENZO
 You -
 (a glance at a FAX)
 McClane?

(X)
(X)
(X)

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
 or something down here?

(X)
(X)

MCCLANE
 No. Just a little professional
 courtesy.

LORENZO
 In an airport Christmas week? You
 gotta be kidding.

MCCLANE
 Okay. Forget the courtesy. How about
 just the professional? Your boys
 just 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?

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 -

(X)
(X)

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.

(X)

(X)

(X)

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

CONTINUED

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.

(very quickly showing
his badge)

Gotta check something.

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

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED -

70

MORGUE WORKER

What're you doing?

MCCLANE

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

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, (X)
 he smiles at the young CORPORAL guarding him, puffs on a cigar... (X)
 and casually examines the military chronometer on his handcuffed (X)
 wrist. We PUSH IN on it. (X)

CUT TO:

73 INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH 73

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

CONTINUED

73

CONTINUED -

73

CAMERA follows a MAN with a Pizza sized RADAR DISH as he crosses the room, a CRONY unrolling WIRE behind him.

CRANE UP as the man CLIMBS into the STEEPLE... UP, UP, UP, until he's in the BELFRY where a PRERIGGED TRIPOD WAITS for the dish.

As he CLAMPS it in place we SEE the yard behind the church and the SPARKLE of WELDING TOOLS; someone is making CONNECTIONS to the now open conduit box and underground CABLES.

CUT TO:

74

INT. TERMINAL - RENT A CAR COUNTER

74

MCCLANE

Excuse me, honey - can I borrow your office for a minute?

Before she can answer, he's over the counter and reaching for her phone.

CUT TO:

75

INT. LAPD OFFICE - NIGHT

75

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

POWELL

(swallowing, answering phone)

Records. Sgt. Powell -

76

MCCLANE - AT RENT A CAR COUNTER - INTERCUT

76

MCCLANE

Hey, partner. Get that twinkly 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

MCCLANE

Right. 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

(authoratively)

-on the top edge of your transmission.

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED - (2)

76

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

MCCLANE
(grinning)
Break out the chlorine.

CUT TO:

77 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE

77

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

STEWARDESS
Need another?

HOLLY
I don't think so.
(indicating Thornberg)
I only have to look at his face for
fifteen more minutes.

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

GROANS. COMPLAINTS. Holly holds out her glass.

HOLLY
Yes. Another.

CUT TO:

78 INT. RENT A CAR BOOTH

78

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

MCCLANE
Al?

79 POWELL - IN HIS OFFICE - INTERCUT

79

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

MCCLANE
What can you tell me?

CONTINUED

POWELL

He's dead.

MCCLANE

You needed a computer for that?

POWELL

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

MCCLANE

What?

POWELL

Yup. S/Sgt. Oswald Cochran. American advisor in Honduras, killed in helicopter accident 5/11/88.

(reading the page)

Read between the lines of his military record and it looks like a lot of black bag stuff.

MCCLANE

Yeah, I see it. Thanks a lot, Al. I owe you.

He hangs up. The girl gives him the eye.

GIRL

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

MCCLANE

(showing his wedding ring)

Just the FAX, ma'am. Just the FAX.

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

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.

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.

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

TRUDEAU

Who the hell is this?

CONTINUED

MCCLANE

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

LORENZO

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

TRUDEAU

That's what I said about my last
cholesterol test. What's your problem-
(reading badge)
Lieutenant McClane?

MCCLANE

I think something serious is going
to happen here tonight -

TRUDEAU

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

MCCLANE

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

BARNES

We did lose FAA approach control-

MCCLANE

What's that?

TRUDEAU

One way we manage the planes. But
we've got backup -

Long look from McClane.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIRGINIA CHURCH - BACK YARD

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

We're hot!

BURKE

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

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 Yellow! (X)

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

TECHNICIAN

Back up systems won't come up-!

TRUDEAU

Shunt to another terminal!

TECHNICIAN

This ain't software, boss -

LORENZO

Maybe we should call the power company...?

TRUDEAU

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

Already the SPEAKER BOXES are beginning to CHATTER -

PILOT'S VOICE

(panicked)

Dulles, what's going on?
I'm in approach -

2ND PILOT'S VOICE

Dulles Tower, this is TWA
23 -what the hell happened
to you -?

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED -

88

CONTROLLER
604, pull up. Return to
holding altitude.

2ND CONTROLLER
You're not in approach, 23.
Stand by for instructions...

BARNES
(coming over)
Checked all systems. It ain't
happening.

And now, God help us, all REACT to ANOTHER ALARM.

89 IN THE VIRGINIA CHURCH

89

A CABLE yanked from the ground gets CUT, SPARKING -

90 THE CAB

90

WHIP PAN to an ENGINEER -

ENGINEER
(panicked)
Approach control backup! It's gone!

91 IN THE CHURCH'S BACKYARD - SAME TIME

91

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

92 IN THE CAB - SAME TIME

92

2ND ENGINEER
Jesus! Instrument landing system
is down!

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 pattern 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

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 -!

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 -

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.

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.

As Trudeau tries to make headway with Stuart, McClane 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

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 bastards 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.

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 -

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.

LOBBY COP

(into RADIO)
Tomlinson here -

LORENZO

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

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

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 -?

97 CONTINUED -

97

MCCLANE
 (opening the control
 panel)
 How about "fuck" and "you"?

SAM
 I already got that from Colonel
 Stuart, thanks -!

McClane STOPS as if zapped by a Taser.

MCCLANE
 (realizing)
Stuart! The guy who got canned by
 Congress - that's who he was-

SAM
 Huh? Who he who?

But McClane has already jumped up and grabbed the light fixture,
 and now in a gymnast's move KICKS out the ceiling hatch and
 disappears through the roof!

(X)

98 NEW ANGLE

98

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

(X)

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

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 -

2ND ENGINEER

That's VHF - it'll scatter -

BARNES

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

TRUDEAU

Get what you need. Borrow, steal,
kill.

LORENZO

(heading for the elevator)
I want my Swat team to go with him
as cover.

(firm, tough)
Whatever we can think of - they can
think of, too.

He says it like he thought of it himself. Then -

STUART'S VOICE

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

At the elevator, Lorenzo pauses - stage WHISPERS -

LORENZO

He's bluffing -

Lorenzo leaves. Trudeau ain't so sure.

TRUDEAU

(to Stuart)
Damn it, you can't do this -!

STUART

I am doing this.

CONTINUED

99

CONTINUED - (2)

99

TRUDEAU
(pause; to Barnes)
Put me on all bands...

Trudeau waits as switches are thrown, and then takes the jack from the ear/phone he wears and jacks it into a panel.

TRUDEAU
This is Dulles approach to all
aircraft holding at Potomac Vortac.
We are experiencing...
(pause)
Severe technical problems here.

100

INT. VARIOUS CIRCLING AIRCRAFT - COCKPITS - INTERCUT
As CONCERNED CREWS in each listen to:

100

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

He turns to a tech, face ashen.

TRUDEAU
Okay. Change the boards.

CUT TO:

101

INT. DULLES - MAIN TERMINAL - NIGHT

101

ANGLE ON a bank of ARRIVAL MONITORS. Already a quarter of the planes are DELAYED by weather; but now, in a domino like PATTERN, all the remaining FLIGHT DATA changes to DELAYED.

CAMERA ADJUSTS to show PEOPLE REACTING with frustration and concern.

CUT TO:

102

INT. DULLES BASEMENT

102

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

CONTINUED

102

CONTINUED -

102

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

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

He moves through the cavernous maze, and then REACTS to MUSIC.
Moves towards it. And arrives in -

103

AN...APARTMENT

103

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

104

ON A PHONOGRAPH

104

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

A HAND reaches for McClane's shoulder.

105

NEW ANGLE

105

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

MCCLANE
Who the fuck are you?

In response, the man points to the NAMETAG on his coveralls.

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

He moves to them, possessively.

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

CONTINUED

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

105 CONTINUED - (2)

105

MARVIN
You a cop or a lawyer?

CUT TO:

106 INT. AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT

106

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

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

107 IN BASEMENT - TIGHT ON ALLIGATOR CLIPS

107

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

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

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

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

MARVIN
Annex skywalk...? Sounds like the pissant World's Fair...

He rummages around, finds a big wrinkled MAP, smoothes it out.

MARVIN(cont'd)
Lemme see... yeah, must be this... connects to the new terminal -

Marvin points to an ELEVATED WALKWAY connecting the two complexes.

CONTINUED

107

CONTINUED -

107

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

CUT TO:

108

INT. TERMINAL ENGINEERING OFFICE - NIGHT

108

Barnes, nervous, throws things into a metal case.

His fellow engineers watch, curious, as he EXITS with the FIVE
SWAT COPS. CAMERA FOLLOWS the four men past -

- A) BANKS OF COMPUTERS -
- B) COMPUTERIZED WEATHER MAPS -
- C) AN L.E.D. DULLES MAP -

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

CUT TO:

109

BASEMENT

109

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

MARVIN
Now, see? Here's you. And here's
the skywalk.
(pointing)
Now, check this out...

MCCLANE
Tunnels.

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

(MORE)

CONTINUED

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; first you gotta be an acrobat.

INT. BASEMENT -- DUCT ACCESS

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:

INT. LONG TERMINAL GALLERY - NIGHT

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

114B BACK TO SCENE 114B
McClane takes a breath, starts across the beam. There's a scary
moment at first but he gets quickly confident - a bit too
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 on it almost TUMBLING. Oblivious,
the worker turns his back on them again.

AIRPORT COP
Hey! Put that back on!

No reaction. The cop runs forward.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED -

117

SWAT COP(cont'd)
HEY! ASSHOLE! What do I look like
to you?

The man TURNS. It's O'REILLY, one of the ones who killed the
real painters. He has a GUN.

O'REILLY
A sitting duck.

He SHOOTS him.

118 WIDER

118

The other three "workers" turn, and now we SEE that they are
SHELDON, SHOCKLEY and MULKEY - Stuart's soldiers all.

119 BARNES AND OTHER COPS

119

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

120 BARNES

120

is CUT badly on the arm by flying GLASS - he CRINGES behind a
dumpster while the three remaining cops EXCHANGE FIRE with the
four soldiers. BULLETS hit near his metal case. He takes a
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
(Shockley) 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 realizes he's all alone. FOOTSTEPS approach him.
He looks up. Mulkey is right above him -

123 WIDE

123

Suddenly a VENTILATION GRATE by Mulkey's head KICKS OUT, sending
the guy sprawling. McClane JUMPS down, FIRING!

CONTINUED

- 123 CONTINUED - 123
- Mulkey has caught the damn thing on reflex, and now he TWITCHES backwards, the bullets SPARKING off the grate before they drill through him.
- McClane ROLLS, FIRES at O'Reilly across the gallery, who takes COVER. Then BULLETS hit all around McClane; he SEES (X)
- 124 SHELDON - 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 O'Reilly tries to nail him from ground level - meanwhile (X)
- 126 UP ABOVE 126
- Sheldon 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 half the mural's tile grid coming down with it!
- 131 MCCLANE 131
- lands, HARD, the plywood boards from the top of the scaffold SWEEPING him off his feet - his gun SKITTERS across the linoleum towards the far end of the slidewalk - he rolls over and SEES

6 132 O'REILLY - SIX FEET AWAY 132

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

133 BACK TO SCENE 133

McClane SPINS on the floor and SLAMS the nearest piece of the metal scaffold into the OPEN SLIDEWALK ELECTRONICS.

It SHORTS OUT SPECTACULARLY and THEN -

133A FAR END OF SLIDEWALK 133A

It WHIRRS into HIGH GEAR, TREAD SHREDDING -

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.

136 BACK TO SCENE 136

McClane takes a long overdue breath. Then he picks up his 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

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

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
 SWAT team is dead... and the antenna
 array is toast. Start looking for
 a new miracle.

(X)

(X)

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

142 NEW ANGLE

142

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

143 INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH

143

GARBER
 I say again, Annex team... report
 in. Annex team, report in.

He looks at Stuart, concerned.

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

144

CONTINUED -

144

BARNES

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

(thinking)

40,320 possible combinations.

(weakly)

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

145

IN THE VIRGINIA CHURCH - NIGHT

145

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

KAHN

(to Stuart)

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

GARBER

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

STUART

Except losing our own team wasn't
part of the plan.

He comes to a decision. Picks up the phone. Speaks. Voice
flat, firm, stern. Around and above him, his men hover over the
improvised screens and terminals.

STUART

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

146

INT. CAB

146

They listen, fearful -

STUART'S VOICE

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

147

MCCLANE - IN ANNEX - SAME TIME

147

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

MCCLANE

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

148

INT. CAB - NIGHT

148

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

LORENZO

McClane! Keep out of this! You-

He stops, seeing the chilling look Trudeau is giving him.

149

STUART

149

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

STUART

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

MCCLANE

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

STUART

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

MCCLANE

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

STUART

I think we can find something in between.

(aside, off mike)

Give me a flight number - one low on fuel.

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

STUART

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

CUT TO:

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 ol' 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

Christ, he's bringing them
down! Why are they
listening?

STUART'S VOICE

You're cleared for approach
on Runway 29. Report to the
Tower at the Outer Marker.

BARNES
(heartsick)

It's our frequency. Why
shouldn't they?

BRITISH PILOT

Roger, Approach, and about
time: I've got 230 people
up here flying on petrol
fumes.

TRUDEAU

The son-of-a-bitch... the
Goddamn son-of-a-bitch-

STUART'S VOICE

(replying to pilot)
I'll bet. Okay, calibrate
your altimeter at setting
two-nine-nine-two. Turning
you over to Tower...now.

MCCLANE'S VOICE

What?

TRUDEAU

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

153

MCCLANE

153

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

BARNES

Don't do it... you bastards, don't
do it..!

Desperate, McClane runs to the spilled paint, grabs turpentine,
rags, pieces of scaffolding.

BARNES

What are you doing?

CONTINUED

153 CONTINUED -

153

MCCLANE
 (ripping fabric)
 Whatever the fuck I can, Barnes...
 whatever the fuck I can.

154 IN THE BRITISH COCKPIT

154

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

155 INT. CABIN

155

PILOT'S VOICE
 We're sorry about the inconvenience,
 but we'll all be on the ground in
 a few minutes.

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

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

156 MCCLANE-FROM OUTSIDE ANNEX

156

Barnes holds one end of a painter's dropcloth; McClane - now wearing Barnes'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)
 Activate ILS landing system. But
 Recalibrate sea level. Minus 200
 feet.

(X)

(X)

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

158 BRITISH COCKPIT 158

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

159 IN THE TOWER 159

The SOUND of ENGINES.

TRUDEAU

Oh, God...no...

A TECHNICIAN

Can't we cut in, jam them -

TRUDEAU

Everything's dead.

LORENZO

(pointing)
There's somebody out there -

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

TRUDEAU

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

160 MCCLANE - ON THE FIELD 160

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

160A IN THE ANNEX SKYWALK 160A

BARNES

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

161 IN THE TOWER 161

Everyone watches the dancing lights and listens to -

PILOT'S VOICE

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

STUART'S VOICE

(doing a different voice
than before)
Roger, Windsor. This is Dulles Tower. We have radar contact and show you on ILS. You are in the glide path and looking good.

CONTINUED

161 CONTINUED -

161

PILOT'S VOICE

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

162 STUART - IN VIRGINIA CHURCH

162

STUART

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

PILOT

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

NAVIGATOR

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

163 MCCLANE -ON THE FIELD

163

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

MCCLANE

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

164 IN THE TOWER

164

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

NAVIGATOR

600 feet...

STUART

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

NAVIGATOR

Four hundred feet - two hund-

165 IN THE COCKPIT

165

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

PILOT

JESUS!

CONTINUED

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 167

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 Thompson, 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

170

CONTINUED -

170

He DISCONNECTS.

CUT TO:

171

THE RUNWAY - LONG DOLLY SHOT - NIGHT

171

Firemen and medics scramble over a chaos of metal and fabric that used to be an airplane. WATER everywhere; snow melted for a hundred yards around from the EXPLOSION.

Pieces of luggage, fragments of people's lives: Toys, purses, books, a woman's bloody shoe.

McClane weaves through the workers, glazed eyes looking at the plane.

RESCUE WORKER

Tower, this is Rescue Three. No survivors. Repeat, no surviv-

(X)

He stops, looking puzzled at McClane, who is torn, bloody. McClane sees the look. Laughs bizzarely.

MCCLANE

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

He grabs the rescue worker by the collar.

MCCLANE(cont'd)

...the last fucking victim he'll ever have.

CUT TO:

172

EXT. VAL VERDE MILITARY TRANSPORT--NIGHT

. 172

173

INT. VAL VERDE MILITARY TRANSPORT--NIGHT

173

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

ESPERANZA

Dios, los calambres!

(to his guard)

Muchacho, si possible a remover eses?

(with a grin)

De donde a yo caminar, si?

The young guard shakes his head. (X)

YOUNG GUARD

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

(X)

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

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:

INT. VIRGINIA CHURCH - NIGHT

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 shrug)

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

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

ON THE SCREEN

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

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 Dulles International Airport.

(X)

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT

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

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:

INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - NIGHT

Thornberg at the window again. Face suspicious.

HOLLY
Listen, Dick -
("innocently")
That is your name? Dick, if you're
going to keep getting this close,
you think you could change
aftershave?

THORNBERG
(dryly)
Anything else?

HOLLY
A stronger mouthwash would be nice.

He glares at her, moves down the aisle.

WITH HIM

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.

(X)
(X)

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

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:

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

CONTINUED

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.

GRANT

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

JUSTICE MAN

(formal)
Rollins. Department of Justice.

TRUDEAU

(polite)
Trudeau. Chief of Air Operations.

LORENZO

(ass kissing)
Lorenzo. Terminal Police. You want something... you got it.

MCCLANE

(unimpressed)
This is it? A dozen men?

Pause. Grant stops, looks at him.

GRANT

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

MCCLANE

John McClane.

GRANT

McClane... Oh, yeah, you're the one who tried to save that plane tonight.
(stepping closer)
You showed some balls out there, McClane. Now show some sense and let the pros handle things.

MCCLANE

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

CONTINUED

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

(to 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: /

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

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 their looks)

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 bastards who did this will never
know!

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

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT

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:

INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - COCKPIT

The Navigator suddenly sits upright at his 'phones.

2ND OFFICER

What the fuck -

PILOT

What is it?

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. 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 -

INT. PLANE - LAVATORY AREA

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

BARNES' VOICE

(tinny)

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

THORNBERG

Holy shit - we - we gotta get this on tape -

Victor GRINS. And pulls a MICROCASSETTE RECORDER from his shirt pocket. It is ALREADY JACKED INTO THE RECEIVER and TURNING.

Thornberg all but cackles.

BARNES' VOICE

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

THORNBERG

Jesus!

184

HOLLY

184

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

CUT TO:

185

INT. CAB - SAME TIME

185

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

BARNES (cont'd)

(into a TELEPHONE)

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

186

INT. HOLLY'S PLANE

186

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

BARNES VOICE

(tinny)

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

CAMERA TIGHTENS on Thornberg: Orgasm.

CUT TO:

187

INT. DULLES BASEMENT - NIGHT

187

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

CAMERA ADJUSTS as McClane comes in.

MARVIN

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

MCCLANE

They kind of busted me down to buck private.

CONTINUED

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?

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

CUT TO:

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

189

CONTINUED -

189

THOMPSON

(calling out)

Sir! General Esperanza's plane just
came on the scope.

(X)

Stuart hurries up into the choir loft, CAMERA ADJUSTING. He
takes up the phone.

STUART

Attention, Dulles Tower...

190

INT. CAB

190

STUART'S VOICE

I am lighting up a runway now. Do
not - repeat, do not - attempt to
land any planes. Remember, I am
monitoring you.

And now, like magic - one DISTANT RUNWAY twinkles on. Almost
immediately the CHATTER from the sky picks up: QUESTIONS.
DEMANDS. PLEADING.

BARNES

What do we do?

TRUDEAU

Obey.

191

INT. ESPERANZA'S PLANE - PULLBACK FROM COCKPIT

191

STUART'S VOICE

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

VAL VERDE CO-PILOT

(in English)

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

STUART'S VOICE

You are to come in on runway fifteen,
repeat, runway fifteen.

(X)

By now the CAMERA is in the REAR CABIN.

Just in time to SEE Esperanza STRANGLE the nice young corporal
with the chain from his handcuffs.

He lets the body drop, nice and soft so it doesn't make a sound.
Taking the handcuff key from the body, he frees himself...

(X)

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT

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:

INT. ESPERANZA'S PLANE

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

ONE OF THE SIDE WINDOW PANELS

and WIND and SNOW thunder INSIDE like a WALL.

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 -

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

200

CONTINUED -

200

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 -

201

INT. ESPERANZA'S PLANE - INTERCUT

201

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

ESPERANZA
Thank you for telling me, Eagle Nest.
But if you could show it to me as
well I would be grateful.

In the church, Stuart grins at Esperanza's cool, signals
Thompson. A switch is THROWN.

The FIRST RUNWAY goes OFF and a NEW RUNWAY lights up DIRECTLY IN
FRONT of the plane.

ESPERANZA
Gracias, Amigos.

202

INT. RUNWAY TUNNEL

202

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

203

INSERT - THE MAP

203

His FINGER moves along the runway to the code numbers.

MCCLANE'S VOICE
Eleven W4, W5 - Bingo.

204

BACK TO SCENE

204

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

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

CONTINUED

204

CONTINUED -

204

STUART'S VOICE

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

MCCLANE

(to himself)

Not if I can help it, asshole.

He turns and begins running down the tunnel.

CUT TO:

205

STUART - IN VIRGINIA CHURCH

205

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

206

INT. CAB

206

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

206

INT. ESPERANZA'S PLANE - NIGHT

206

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

I see your lights. Wheels down.
5 seconds ETA.

McClane checks his pistol clip with a snap.

MCCLANE

Come to poppa, you son-of-a-bitch-

He flies up the ladder - and BRUISES his shoulder against the locked grid.

MCCLANE

Shit!

CUT TO:

- 208 THE PLANE 208
Dropping -
- 209 STUART AND SOLDIERS - IN JEEP ON AIRFIELD 209
Their BREATH clouding inside the still cold JEEP as it BOUNCES along. Garber shines a FLASHLIGHT into the falling snow, illuminates a snow-covered runway number sign: "EIGHT WEST."
The military plane ROARS overhead!
- 210 THE TUNNEL 210
BLAM! BLAM! McClane shoots off the lock apparatus of the grid! A RICOCHET PINGS off one of the grids hydraulic hinges and McClane winces as metal splinters sail by. Then he begins to muscle the heavy grid upwards.
- 211 UP ABOVE 211
A FIELD of SNOW and ICE. But now a BLACK RECTANGLE EMERGES from it - it's the TUNNEL GRID, SNOW falling through it - the damn thing must weight over 300 pounds - McClane gets his head and shoulders up and out. Looks at -
- 212 THE PLANE - HALF A MILE AWAY 212
about to hit the runway -
- 213 BACK TO SCENE 213
McClane pushes upwards - grunts - when he shifts his grip his SKIN RIPS on the cold metal - with a grimace, he pushes his rifle out, starts to follow -
- 214 BELOW 214
the damaged hydraulic hinge suddenly SNAPS with a squish of thick fluid.
- 215 ABOVE 215
the 300 pound grid THUDS down on McClane's back. He GROANS, stunned.
- 216 THE PLANE 216
SCREECHES down on the runway!
- 217 THE SCENE - BLAZING FAST INTERCUTS 217
A) MCCLANE - dazed, trapped, he looks up and SEES -
B) THE PLANE - 1/4 mile away, coming right towards him-

CONTINUED

217

CONTINUED -

217

C) MCCLANE - struggling - still PINNED to the runway like a bug in the Natural History Museum. Now we HEAR the ROAR of the jet's ENGINES -

D) THE PLANE - 1/8 mile away -

E) MCCLANE'S FEET - still in the tunnel, they GROPE for leverage on the steps -and SLIP! Now they kick away at AIR -

218

MCCLANE AND PLANE - IN ONE SHOT

218

It's coming, coming, COMING. Desperate, McClane sees that part of the rifle is half under the grid. Now, he puts all his energy into levering the rifle against the steel.

Slowly, slowly, sweat breaking out on his forehead, he levers the rifle higher and higher, the rifle in turn levering the grid upward, an inch at a time - finally, it's high enough for him to JAM the rifle's bayonet ring into the grid while the cheek notch of the stock perches precariously on the lip of the hole.

AND THE PLANE IS RIGHT FUCKING THERE.

McClane DIVES OUT OF THE HOLE.

219

NEW ANGLE

219

McClane rolls away from the wheels, which miss him by inches. The PLANE SMACKS into the half-open grid, which goes FLYING, the plane hardly dented, the rifle SNAPPING like a toothpick, the scrambler CRUNCHING like a bug -

McClane kisses asphalt, WINCES at the SCORCH of jet exhaust five feet over his head.

220

THE PLANE

220

Skids roughly to a stop a hundred yards away.

McClane gets to his feet, sucks in air - and heads for the plane.

221

STUART AND SOLDIERS - SAME TIME

221

Close enough to SEE the plane as it STOPS -

STUART

(pointing)
There -!

222

INT. PLANE

222

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

CONTINUED

222

CONTINUED -

222

ESPERANZA
(breathing deeply)
Freedom.

(X)

MCCLANE'S VOICE

Not yet.

McClane's FIST smacks in, knocking Esperanza back from the door.

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 whirls -

Esperanza's snatched up the rifle from the dead corporal but (X)
McClane's SHOT hits him in the SHOULDER. With a HOWL, Esperanza
falls backwards - but hangs on to the gun.

224

THE HATCHWAY

224

GARBER and another man are there, rifles UP -

BACK TO SCENE

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

225

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

230

CONTINUED -

230

STUART

You're quite a little soldier. So
- consider this a military funeral.

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 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."

237 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:

244

THE PARACHUTE - ON THE GROUND

244

BILLOWING as something struggles under it.

MCCLANE'S VOICE

(muffled)

Where's - the fucking - door?

He staggers out from under the yards of silk, COVERED IN SNOW
 -fights the vertigo from his flight - runs off.

CUT TO:

245

INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - NIGHT

245

The stewardess sticks her head into the cockpit.

STEWARDESS

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

PILOT

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

STEWARDESS

Works for me. I'll -

She STOPS. She's SEEN

246

THE FUEL GAUGE - HER POV

246

Almost on EMPTY -

247

BACK TO SCENE

247

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

248

INT. BUSINESS CLASS

248

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

He crosses out a line, adds a word - looks at it proudly. (X)

THORNBERG

(sotto, to himself)

Boy, am I good... (X)

HOLLY

Writing your acceptance speech for
 the video sleaze awards? (X)

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 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:

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
they've lost all together. (X)

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
champagne. (X)

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

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

BARNES

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.

WHEN THEY'RE ALONE

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

MCCLANE

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

BARNES

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

MCCLANE

Are you sure or not?

BARNES

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

MCCLANE

You didn't do that - you did your job -

BARNES

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

MCCLANE

(after a moment)

Then how would you feel about a volunteer?

CUT TO:

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

OLDER WOMAN

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

HOLLY

It's hard to blame anyone for the weather -

CONTINUED

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

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-
(almost sheepish)

Do we have enough fuel for all this
endless circling?

(X)

Pause. The Stewardess' face eases into an official smile.

STEWARDESS

Oh, of course we do. They anticipate
little problems 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.

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, ~~Baker'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

260 CONTINUED - 260

Saying this, McClane takes his own gun from his holster and puts it in the back of his trousers... then moves off.

Barnes takes out a cellular phone, lurks under a tree.

261 MCCLANE 261

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

CUT TO:

262 INT. HOLLY'S PLANE - NIGHT 262

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

CUT TO:

263 MCCLANE 263

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

264 BAKER 264

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

265 BARNES 265

REACTS, begins to dial the phone. REACTS to

266 INSERT - PHONE 266

The dial reads NO SVC.

267 BACK TO SCENE 267

BARNES

SHIT!

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

268 MCCLANE AND BAKER 268

CRASH into the fence with a CRACK. McClane has Baker's gun hand and SLAMS it down on the splintered fence - again -again -blood wells - the gun DROPS - Baker ROLLS, taking McClane away (X) from the weapon -They trade brutal punches - (X)

269 INT. THE VIRGINIA CHURCH - NIGHT 269

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

CUT TO:

270 INT. AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE - NIGHT 270

Lorenzo WRITES as Grant REACTS -

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

271 BARNES - INTERCUT 271

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

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

Grant signals his Sergeant and then it's like D-Day as ALL the
SOLDIERS and some COPS hustle out -

CUT TO:

272 MCCLANE AND BAKER 272

halfway to their feet, the snow bloody between them. Baker (X)
KARATE KICKS McClane back into a tree, dazing him - Baker jumps (X)
in, RIPS McClane's coat open and -

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

CUT TO:

273 VIRGINIA STREET - NEAR AIRPORT - NIGHT 273

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

274 INT. ARMY TRUCK 274

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

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

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

CUT TO:

275

MCCLANE AND BAKER

275

Baker yanks a combat knife from his boot and DIVES on McClane -both 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 fucked -and then his desperate eyes look at something nearby -

We FOCUS CHANGE - it's a big ICICLE -with his last strength McClane BREAKS out of Baker's grip, grabs the icicle-

-and STABS it RIGHT in Baker's EYE!

276

REVERSE ANGLE

276

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

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

277

BARNES

277

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

278

~~THE SOLDIERS~~ ?

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

279

CONTINUED -

279

GRANT

Oh, no, Carmine?
(turning)

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

SERGEANT

With pleasure, sir!

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

MCCLANE

I was wrong. You're not an asshole.

GRANT

(lighting him up)
No, you were right. I'm just your
kind of asshole.

2ND SERGEANT

(coming up)
Flanking the church now, sir. (X)

GRANT

Close up the back, then we go in.
Fire only on my order.

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

280

A SOLDIER

280

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

281

IN THE CHURCH

281

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

282

OUTSIDE

282

MCCLANE

SHIT!

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

283

INSIDE THE HOUSE

283

STUART

Gentlemen, you know what to do- (X)

CONTINUED

283 CONTINUED - 283

Looks all around - all change their ammo clips, putting ones with blue adhesive tape into their weapons - and then they RETREAT from 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 Miller and Burke 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

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

290C

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 up, 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.

294 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; Kahn, riding double with ESPERANZA; ~~Burke~~, (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 KAHN 299
 Again, UNTOUCHED! Now as he SWEEPS past Esperanza FIRES his
 pistol -

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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. (X)

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. That's the most remote building we've got. (X)

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)

EXT. VIRGINIA CHURCH

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 plane or we will shoot that fucking hanger 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:

INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

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 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

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 Stuart's 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 flotsom 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 rest of the way. (X)

CUT TO:

314

THE SOLDIERS - ON VIRGINIA STREET

314

close the back of the truck - they DRIVE AWAY. Lorenzo, getting in his car, gives them a thumbs up. (X)

CONTINUED

314 CONTINUED - 314
 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
 Thornberg's FACE comes up in the corner of the newsroom.

THORNBERG'S VOICE

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

CUT TO:

316 INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT 316
 People walking along - and then jumping out of the way of- (X)
 317 A TERMINAL EMERGENCY CART - SIREN AND LIGHT WAILING 317
 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-?

MARVIN

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

LORENZO

Who the fuck are you?

MARVIN

(pointing to his
nametag)

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.

321

NEW ANGLE

321

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

LORENZO

Wha - how -

MCCLANE

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

LORENZO

Holy shit -

(into phone)

This is Chief Lorenzo. I want every officer recalled now and assembled in body armor with full weaponry in the motor pool in five minutes! It's time to kick ass!

He slams the phone down - checks his pistol ammo and rushes out the door - a startled - and appreciative - McClane beside him!

CUT TO:

322

INT. AIRPORT BAR - NIGHT

322

As the TAPE RECORDING CONCLUDES, the patrons are in SHOCK. Already several begin to RUN OUT.

CAMERA PANS AWAY from the terminal bar towards a GIFT SHOP. There, all the PORTABLE TV's ON DISPLAY are BROADCASTING the SAME THING. A CUSTOMER hearing this DROPS a CRYSTAL VASE.

THORNBERG'S VOICE

(as tape ENDS)

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

323

INT. TERMINAL - MAIN CORRIDOR

323

Suddenly full of SCREAMING PEOPLE.

324

FRONT OF TERMINAL

324

A mass EXODUS. People FIGHT for CABS.

CUT TO:

325

INT. CAB

325

They're watching this here, too.

TRUDEAU
Christ - that fucking asshole -

326

EXT. REAR OF TERMINAL - AIRPORT POLICE PARKING LOT

326

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

LORENZO
(shouting)
Converge on Hanger 11 on all four sides! When the city blues get here with their backup, they can pick up the pieces! MOVE OUT!
(aside to McClane)
McClane, you meet my nephew?

The other guy in the car is the asshole who towed the car. As McClane REACTS, the caravan ROARS FORWARD, SIRENS WAILING -

326A

NEW ANGLE

326A

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

LORENZO
(shouting, barking orders)
Move that piece of shit! Henderson, get some crowd control! Goddamn it, clear the area-!

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

327
thru
328
329

OMITTED

327
thru
328
329

SAM - IN THE TERMINAL

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.

331

HOLLY

331

HOLLY
 (as it sinks in)
 My God...

(X)

Then something else sinks in; she looks at the empty airphone cradle on the wall - gets quickly out of her seat - in mid-stride she STOPS - takes her seatmate's PURSE. Then, she sidesteps some panicked people, goes to the kitchen area.

And finds one of the special keys for the lavatories.

332

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 Thornberg put his life and his talent on the line for humanity and country.

(X)

(X)

(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 -

334

HER NEWS HELICOPTER

334

across the tarmac -

CUT TO:

335
thru
336
336A

OMITTED

INT. HANGER 11 - NIGHT

335
thru
336
336A

Stuart and his remaining men on guard, at doors, on high scaffolds to look out at the landing field hidden in the driving snow. Stuart looks at his watch.

336B

EXT. HANGER

336B

Burke, here on watch. Something GLEAMS in the distance. He SPEAKS into his radio -

BURKE
(cocking his weapon)
Truck lights! ~~Sergeant~~

336C

INSIDE THE HANGER

336C

Weapons are COCKED - soldier's muscles coil -

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

GRANT'S VOICE
My position is I'm gonna get my ass reamed out by the best Goddamn soldier on the planet 'cause I'm two minutes late.

Stuart GRINS, signals for the hanger door to be opened.

336D

WIDER

336D

The big door RUMBLES UPWARDS. There's the truck, headlights now ILLUMINATING the waiting plane.

Grant jumps down from the cab, gets a warm greeting from Stuart in the headlight beams. Grant salutes him, then pivots to salute Esperanza.

GRANT
Congratulations on your escape, sir.

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

CONTINUED

36D

CONTINUED -

336D

STUART
(as the men gather)
My congratulations, gentlemen. You've
won a victory for democracy... my
pride and admiration... and a kick
ass vacation! Get on board!

With a CHEER, they run up the stairs to the plane.

CUT TO:

337

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.

338B

INSIDE - FIRST CLASS

338B

the soldiers take seats, cocky smiles on their faces -

CUT TO:

339

INT. CHOPPER - NIGHT

339

McClane and the others fly along, LISTENING to the CONTINUING
APIRPLANE AND TOWER TRAFFIC - which is growing PANICKY.

PILOT
(pointing)
Hanger Eleven -

MCCLANE
Shit! They're leaving!

340

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

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 thru 398 392 thru 398
 399 THE PLANE 399
 engines GLOWING through the snow - (X)

399A THE CHOPPER 399A
 TURNING, DROPPING - the door SLIDES OPEN - McClane SLIPS out (X)
 -takes a deep breath - and MOVES to the SKID! (X)

400 OMITTED 400

CUT TO:

401 EXT. HOLLY'S PLANE - NIGHT 401
 Diving, diving -

402 HOLLY - IN HER PLANE 402
 HOLLY
 (barely audible)
 -yea, though I walk through the valley of death -

CONTINUED

402

CONTINUED -

402

To her amazement, she HEARS another voice mumbling tearfully.
It's Thornburg, half-conscious.

TRUDEAU

I-I didn't mean any harm - I just
wanted ratings - I had to do it it
was sweeps week -

CUT TO:

403

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

403

the 747 taxis along - CAMERA PANS BACK and DISCOVERS the
CHOPPER, McClane on its skid, as it DROPS LOWER, MATCHES SPEED
with the plane!

404

INT. COCKPIT

404

Esperanza, Stuart, Grant. Starting to feel like what they think
they are: Heroes.

GRANT

(knocking some off)
I've had enough fucking snow for a
lifetime.

STUART

They don't get much of it in the
tropics.

CUT TO:

405

EXT. 767 - MOVING

405

McClane - sitting on the skid - now DROPS to a HANDHOLD as the
skids come treacherously close to the PLANE WING. McClane's FEET
grope for the wing surface - but the two aircraft - one still
earthbound - MOVE APART. Pause. McClane TRIES AGAIN -MAKES
IT!

406

THE 'CHOPPER

406

it PEELS AWAY, vanishes in the snowstorm.

407

MCCLANE

407

panting, he wedges himself against an engine pod - and starts to
take off his jacket!

408

INT. COCKPIT

408

Esperanza lights a cigar - and then FROWNS.

ESPERANZA

Mierde -

CONTINUED

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'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

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

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.

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

5

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 manages to KICK Stuart's KNEE - Stuart FALLS, almost goes over the wing - McClane goes back to work on the fuel port -it TURNS another 1/4 turn -and then he has to abandon it to deal with another CHARGE from Stuart.

425 ESPERANZA 425
he TURNS the PLANE. Now he's ON THE RUNWAY PROPER.

426 MCCLANE AND STUART 426
FIGHTING for the knife. With all his strength, McClane JAMS Stuart's knife hand the aerilon crack! The next WIGGLE of the metal CRUNCHES both hand and knife! Stuart SCREAMS and loosens his grip on McClane, who PUNCHES him away, goes back to work on the fuel port!
But he's hardly at it when Stuart RECOVERS, and, mangled hand held clawlike, KICKS McClane's INJURED SHOULDER -KICKS AGAIN -blood on Stuart's shoe - McClane is being worked over the edge of the wing! He CATCHES at the last moment - now he IGNORES Stuart's BLOWS, because -

427 UNDER THE WING 427
McClane feels for the fuel port - turn, turn - it OPENS! Fuel SPIGOTS DOWN - McClane feels the wetness on his hand -

428 THE RUNWAY 428
a RIBBON of FUEL twists behind the moving plane, slick and light reflecting -

429 BACK TO SCENE 429
Stuart STOMPS on McClane's HANDS on the wing - CRUNCH -STOMPS again - McClane SMILES - and then Stuart KICKS HIM OFF THE WING!

430 MCCLANE 430
DROPS 20 FEET, SLAMS into the snow at the edge of the runway, bounces like litter thrown from a moving car - the big REAR TIRE almost rolls over him -

431 STUART 431
with a victorious SHOUT he YANKS the coat from the aerilon, throws it away - heads for the door -

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 434
 running along the runway for 1/4 mile now -

435 MCCLANE 435
 battered like a car wreck victim, now he looks up into the dark
 sky trying to find the SOUND OF JET ENGINES. Then he SEES -

436 LIGHTS OF HOLLY'S PLANE - HIS POV 436
 careening down in a desperate fight against gravity -

437 BACK TO SCENE 437
 McClane takes a LONG PULL on the cigarette until the tip is
 RED-HOT.

438 STUART - IN THE OPEN PLANE DOORWAY 438
 about to close it, he looks back and for the first time SEES

439 THE JET FUEL - HIS POV 439
 winding endlessly down the runway -

440 MCCLANE 440
 MCCLANE
 Hey, Colonel: Happy Fucking New Year.
 And he THROWS THE CIGARETTE INTO THE FUEL.

441 STUART 441
 SEES the flame RACING TOWARDS HIM - turns to SHOUT to Esperanza -
 STUART
 NO! NO! TAKE OFF! TAKE OFF NOW! (X)

442 ESPERANZA - IN COCKPIT 442
 RESPONDS to the cry, GUNS IT - (X)

442A THE PLANE 442A
 STARTS TO RISE - the wheels go into the AIR - (X)

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 447
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 -

450

IN THE CABIN

450

The passengers REACT as they level a bit -

CUT TO:

451

EXT. HER PLANE

451

It descends, a bit erratic, but now it's ALONGSIDE the line of fire, coming in from the wrong end of the runway, and then the wheels BOUNCE, once, twice, and then a tire BLOWS but the pilots (X) HOLD IT as it SWERVES and finally SKIDS TO A HALT, turning onto (X) the grassy field.

Already we HEAR RESCUE SIRENS.

452

IN THE CAB

452

BARNES

(listening to headset)

One forty is down! They used the fire to see -

(laughing)

-they used the fucking fire to see!

AN ENGINEER

They can all do that - let's tell 'em -

TRUDEAU

They already know. Listen.

And sure enough, there it is - the SOUND of ENGINES -

453

EXT. SKY - LANDING PATTERN

453

And now the lights come down from the sky, in a neat and patient row, the closest filling the screen, the others dwindling down to the size of stars.

454

MCCLANE - ON THE RUNWAY

454

Stumbles along, maybe thinking he's dead or dreaming... IGNORING the giant PLANE LANDING BESIDE HIM, ignoring the FLAMES beyond that - His concentration is totally on Holly's plane -now another giant PLANE SKIDS down behind him - it's an assembly line, like B-29's coming home from war - then he SEES what he's praying for - breaks into a RUN -

MCCLANE

Holly - HOLLY -HOLLY!

455

HOLLY - IN PLANE DOOR

455

HEARS this just as she goes down the RESCUE CHUTE, ushered by Stewardess controlling their own tears -

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