



**RICHARD LOVEETT**

**DIE HARD 4.0**  
revised screenplay  
by  
Doug Richardson

June 14, 2005

**DIE HARD**

OVER BLACK:

The distinct sound of a Zippo lighter hinging open.

P.C. OWEN

Uh oh.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BATHROOM - DAY

This is a tiny space. Just a toilet and a sink. We meet POWER CREWMAN (P.C.) OWEN, who carefully places his lighter and cigarette on the sink rim, then stands atop the toilet and expertly dismantles the smoke detector.

FINALLY - THE CIGARETTE

P.C. Owen opens the Zippo, blazes up his cigarette, drags, exhales a plume of smoke and - ALARMS SOUND! Shit. What alarm? He'd just dismantled the smoke detector! Then the lights go out.

P.C. OWEN

Oh my God.

INT. OYSTER CREEK NUCLEAR POWER FACILITY - DAY

P.C. Owen bounds down an industrial STAIRWELL lit by emergency battery lights. He bursts through a heavy door to the OPERATIONS DECK. Here, the NUCLEAR CREW scrambles to figure out:

P.C. OWEN

What's gone wrong?

CREW CHIEF

We've lost power.

P.C. OWEN

How can we lose power? We make the Goddamn power -

DECK SUPER

- We got power! We just can't move it! There's a virus in the voltage regulators. It's telling them not to release -

CORE ADMIN.

- Got a kilowatt surge. Unless we move that juice, we're gonna -

CREW CHIEF

- MANUAL POWER DOWN! ALL HANDS MOVE!

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INT. MONTAGE - QUICK SHOTS - DAY

A surge of WORKERS rush into the TURBINE BUILDING, manually throwing power-diverting switches. In the REACTOR BUILDING, silver-suited NUCLEAR FIREMEN slide down stair-ramps and, in what looks like rehearsed chaos, begin winding back the pumps, redirecting the cooling water and manually working the gears that remove the cooling rods.

CLOSE - P.C. OWEN'S SWEATY FACE

Inside that protective mask. In the mask's thick lens, we see the reflection of the nuclear rods as they're winched from the core.

EXT. OYSTER CREEK NUCLEAR POWER FACILITY - SUNSET

That Zippo lighter again. Only this time, P.C. Owen can't seem to light his cigarette due to the non-stop quaking of his body. At last, the smoke finds the flame. Only P.C. Owen's so shaken by the event he can't enjoy the cigarette. He drops the smoke, crushes it underfoot, and hoofs it to his car.

INT. CORRIDOR - DHS - (DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY) - NIGHT

The CAMERA CHASES a pair of Florsheim dress boots until they reach a closed door.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DHS - NIGHT

The electronic door buzzes and we meet that man in the Florsheim boots - Homeland Security DEPUTY DIRECTOR WIGAND. As he composes himself, we reveal this huge room, slammed with the best tech the government can buy for their digital defense - massive screens, sat-uplinks, NASA-styled OPERATORS.

INTRO - CHIEF THOMPSON

A tall, drawling Texan.

DEPUTY WIGAND

Where we at?

CHIEF THOMPSON

Eleven plants total. All went dark. All at the same precise moment.

DEPUTY WIGAND

A coordinated attack? Suspects?

CHIEF THOMPSON

Got D.E.R.T. up yet?

SYSTEMS OPERATOR

Karen Rooney on Com 2.

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SWIVEL TO - A LARGE SCREEN

On which we meet ROONEY, thirty years old, black, with a take-no-prisoners attitude.

ROONEY (ON SCREEN)

The Digital Emergency Response Team is still working over the lines of code. As for names, it's the same buncha male "unusuals." The most interesting is John J. McClane.

Chief Thompson and Deputy Wigand look at names on a nearby screen: CLOSER INSPECTION REVEALS the file on: John J. McClane.

DEPUTY WIGAND

Says he's in the clink.

ROONEY

Federal Pen in Maryland. He hits the streets tomorrow.

CHIEF THOMPSON

Okay. I don't care where they are, what they're doing. We pick up every damn one of 'em.

INT. MARYLAND DETENTION FACILITY G - NIGHT

PHIL THE PRISON GUARD, an old school officer, is making his nine o'clock rounds. He slowly crawls the stairs to a THIRD TIER GANGWAY, passing the guard from the LAST SHIFT.

LAST SHIFT GUARD

How's the prostate, Phil?

PHIL THE PRISON GUARD

Big as a cantaloupe. You just wait. Your day'll come.

THIRD TIER GANGWAY

Eighteen cell doors, each of them dark but for the faint TV flicker that comes from CELL 3-F. Phil raps on the door.

PHIL THE PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)

Hey. The famous John McClane. No TV after lights out.

THE CAMERA SPEED-SWIVELS TO REVEAL

A man lying on the single cot. The TV flicker reveals a face. But this isn't the John McClane we know. It's a younger, twenty-two-year-old version named JACK G. His voice is barely a growl.

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JACK G

All the times I told you. My name's Jack Gennero.

PHIL THE PRISON GUARD

I'll call you "Aunt Betty" if you don't turn that shit off.

JACK G

It's the news, man. Gotta know what kinda world I'm going back to.

PHIL THE PRISON GUARD

Won't matter what you learn. You'll be back soon enough.

Jack G reaches over and flicks off the small TV. He waits for Phil the Prison Guard to move on before reaching across and turning the TV back on.

ON THE TV SCREEN

NEWS ANCHOR

... A spokesman for the Oyster Creek Nuclear Power facility reports tonight's meltdown scare was nothing more than a digital snafu. And that no New Jersey residents were in actual danger. Oddly, we've received additional reports that same digital "snafu" was concurrent with similar events at most Eastern seaboard nuclear plants...

CLOSE ON - JACK G

The smart-ass veneer of Jack G is peeled away to reveal a young man who's very, very concerned.

INT. BEDROOM - SMALL WALK-UP APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark but for the sliver of light from the bathroom. 3:29 reads the dim face of this old, analog alarm clock. When the second hand sweeps, we hear a warbling, deathly buzz. A hand finds the clock, shutting off the annoying sound. A long pause, audible sigh, then at last the familiar voice of JOHN MCCLANE:

MCCLANE

... What the hell, John.

Like an aging football star, McClane swings his legs off the bed and stretches, setting off a series of NERVE-TINGLING SPINE POPS. We see the landscape of McClane's scarred and tortured torso. The raised track marks that were once stitches, the tell-tale scallops of former bullet wounds, not to mention the resume of scrapes, burns, and lacerations.

(CONTINUED)

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CLOSE ON - MCCLANE'S INDEX FINGER

As it ever-so-briefly traces a 9mm half-moon dent behind his left ear. It's an itch he scratches. More tendons in his shoulder snap and twang as McClane feels around his nightstand. Finally, he flicks on the light.

PULL BACK WIDE - THE ROOM

Smallish. A bed, no TV. Just clothes and books upon books stacked on the floor. McClane squints as he retrieves what looks like a pack of cigarettes, only it's a pack of NICORETTE GUM. McClane pops a double wad and starts chewing. As if that's not enough, he reaches into a drawer and comes up with a NICOTINE PATCH which he slaps on his shoulder.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)

One day at a time.

EXT. BALTIMORE/WASHINGTON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Establishing this bluebird day. On the screen we read:

DAY 1

INT. RENTAL CAR COUNTER - BALTIMORE/WASHINGTON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

It's just John McClane and a FEMALE CLERK. The rental car counter is between them.

FEMALE CLERK

I'm sorry, Mr. McClane. I can't rent you a car.

McClane turns. Outside are rows upon rows of shiny, new rental cars.

FEMALE CLERK (CONT'D)

It's not cars. We have plenty of cars available. The system just won't take your insurance.

McClane senses the old, car rental insurance shake-down.

MCCLANE

Fine. I'll buy the extra insurance.

The Clerk swipes McClane's credit card again. While waiting, she gives McClane a nervous smile back. Then, looking at the computer screen, her face goes slack.

(CONTINUED)

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FEMALE CLERK

Sorry. But you've been declined the additional insurance.

MCCLANE

Story of my life... Look. I'm only here for the day. One day. What's it gonna cost to put me in -

FEMALE CLERK

- It's not you. It's like - I've got fifty-nine reservations here and the system just declined insurance on... everybody.

MCCLANE

How's about calling me a cab? Can you do that?

FEMALE CLERK

Sorry, Mr. McClane. But Baltimore's in the middle of a taxi strike. (paints on a smile) Maybe I can find you something else?

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

McClane is stepping off an airport shuttle bus... only this isn't the airport. McClane turns to the sour-pussed female SHUTTLE DRIVER.

MCCLANE

What do I owe you?

SHUTTLE DRIVER

The rest of my day.

MCCLANE

(offers a fifty) That take care of you?

SHUTTLE DRIVER

Like I'm some kinda stripper?

She snatches the fifty, then slams the doors shut after McClane steps off. As the shuttle drives away...

CRANE UP TO REVEAL - MARYLAND DETENTION FACILITY G

This human warehouse is set at the edge of an industrial area with a distant view of the Chesapeake. A beat as McClane composes himself before he starts his approach.

EXT. PROPERTY ROOM - MARYLAND DETENTION FACILITY G - DAY

Jack G is like a nervous race horse stuck at the gate

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MCCLANE

Yeah, well... Thought you could use a ride.

(chagrined)

'Course, that's before they wouldn't rent me a car. Cabs are on strike, too, but -

JACK G

- So like you. Too little, too late.

MCCLANE

C'mon, let's go get something to eat. We don't even have to talk -

JACK G

- Already got plans.

Jack G tries to push past McClane, but McClane puts out an arm.

MCCLANE

Don't be in a such a hurry to screw up your life again.

JACK G

You oughta know. You're the expert at screwing up.

As Jack G slips past we HOLD ON MCCLANE. This isn't how he wanted their reunion to go.

EXT. MARYLAND DETENTION FACILITY G - DAY

We follow McClane as he pushes out of the EXIT door -

MCCLANE

C'mon, Jack.  
(then...)  
A cup of coffee!

But Jack G won't have any of his father, trotting across the parking lot and quickly climbing the stairs to the LOCAL ELEVATED RAIL PLATFORM.

CLOSE ON - MCCLANE

He could kick himself...

MCCLANE (CONT'D)

Way to go, old man.

MCCLANE'S POV - TILT DOWN ONTO TWO GOVERNMENT SEDANS

The sedans swing in front of the prison. Passenger doors open and out step three obvious FEDS. McClane politely sidesteps as they hurry past him. McClane hears this snippet:



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BEEBOCK (CONT'D)

Current home address St. Petersburg, F.L.A. Got him on a flight to Baltimore just this morning.

Beebock cuts and pastes McClane's photos into a government FACE-CAPTURE program.

EXT. ELEVATED RAIL PLATFORM - DAY

A train arrives, the doors open and Jack G steps on. McClane charges up the stairs and catches the door to the last car and slips inside.

SPFX - POV SHOT

From a hidden camera that grabs a still of McClane's face and digitizes it into a thousand bytes of info.

EXT. BALTIMORE LIGHT RAIL TRANSIT - IN MOTION - DAY

McClane pushes to the next car, then the next. When he catches a glimpse of Jack G through the window/door leading into the forward car, McClane stops and settles into a seat.

CUT TO - JACK G

He doesn't make McClane. Then...

YOUNG BOY

Hey. Lookit Mommy!

POV SHOTS - JACK G AND MCCLANE

As they look out on the streets spreading out below the elevated rail. One boulevard after the other, gridlocked with cars going nowhere because...

YOUNG MOTHER

All the lights are -

YOUNG BOY

- Green!

EXT. CAMDEN STATION - CENTRAL BALTIMORE - DAY

Doors open, emptying a load of COMMUTERS. Jack G steps off the train. McClane is nearly last, but expertly keeps a bead on his son. The train pulls out to reveal THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION CENTER.

EXT. TICKETING - BALTIMORE CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Jack G's turn at one of the two ticket kiosks. A pasty-faced REDHEAD works the booth.

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JACK G  
E Ticket.

REDHEAD  
Code please?

JACK G  
Something about the way your - the  
hair! Very Scully, right? Third  
season after the two suns -

REDHEAD  
- You think? I tried it a little -

As she's distracted, Jack G reaches across and, without even  
looking at the upside down keyboard, taps out the code like  
a one-handed pianist. The Redhead looks at her monitor and  
sees Jack G has been admitted.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)  
Show off.

Then as Jack G smugly pushes through the turnstile.

RACK FOCUS TO - MCCLANE

Stepping up to the other ticket kiosk. This one is manned  
by a PIERCED MAN with heavy glasses.

MCCLANE  
How much for the electronics show?

PIERCED MAN  
Show's sold out. Got the gun show -

MCCLANE  
- I need to get in there. C'mon.

Pierced Man looks past McClane - no one else in line - then  
he holds up five fingers to his chest and mouths "hundred"  
That's when McClane notices the security camera over Pierced  
Man's shoulder. So McClane nods as if he understands, digging  
into a pocket with one hand while motioning for Pierced Man  
to lean closer.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)  
The Hula Hoop. Hurt when they put  
it in?

Pierced Man can barely nod when McClane grabs a hold of the  
hoop attached to the ticket seller's lips.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)  
Imagine how much it's gonna hurt  
comin' out.

(CONTINUED)

McClane slips a hundred dollar bill into Pierced's fist. The turnstile buzzes and McClane pushes through.

INT. ATRIUM - BALTIMORE CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

McClane bounds up the escalator, following the electronic signs to the...

INT. CONSUMER ELECTRONICS SHOW (C.E.S.) - DAY

We follow McClane into this five acre hall, CRANING UP to reveal the space is slammed with thousands of SELLERS AND CONSUMERS, not to mention electronics -- audio, gaming, computers, cellular -- Massive TV and computer screens choke the room -- On a circular stage, the Baltimore Ravens cheerleaders grind out a routine for appreciative SALES REPS.

CLOSE ON - MCCLANE

Where the hell to start looking for Jack G?

INT. ELLIPSE ELECTRONICS BOOTH - C.E.S. - DAY

Jack G quickly browses the latest laptops. At the precise moment he appears to have picked out the Ferrari of the bunch:

ECLIPSE SALES REP

Ellipse Centron 5. Pentium 5, 700 Megahertz, Tri-channel to 50 Dimms. Translation? Watch out. She'll bite if you're not careful.

(arm around Jack G)

Sit down. Give her a ride.

So Jack G sits, lets his fingertips barely touch the keyboard.

JACK G

Hey. Can this, like, play movies?

ECLIPSE SALES REP

Play 'em? If you want it'll practically write 'em for you.

(laughs at his own joke...)

Let me get you a DVD.

The moment the Sales Rep turns his back, Johnny's fingers need barely three keystrokes. On screen appears the local network with an icon for each computer in the booth. With a quick series of clicks, Jack G sends a surge that shuts down all the screens at the booth. Snap, snap, snap, all the screens go blank.

ECLIPSE SALES REP (CONT'D)

What the...

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Madly, the Sales Rep starts tapping on the keyboards of the other computers, checking the cables. No luck. Lost, he turns back to Jack G - only to find Jack G has vanished along with that Ferrari of a laptop.

CUT TO - CISCO SYSTEMS

A router finds the way into Jack G's bag.

QUICK CUTS - MORE BOOTHS

Jack G steals a PDA/cell phone, an iPod...

THEN AT THE SONY BOOTH

Jack G sees the new PSP (PlayStation Portable.) Despite his mad rush, Jack G can't help himself. So he smoothly palms it and disappears.

CUT TO - A CROWDED AISLE

The major thoroughfare inside the crowded hall, thick with a constant flow of NAME-TAGGED PATRONS and REPS. As McClane serpantines, he's bumped by a HURRIED FEMALE. McClane offers a perfunctory:

MCCLANE

S'cuse me.

The Hurried Female seems to pay McClane no mind until they pick the same direction and bump again.

REVEAL - ROONEY

She's the face of the Hurried Female. She puts on the annoyed act of a hyper-sensitive bitch.

ROONEY

What're you, drunk? Feel your fingers on me again, I'll break 'em off and feed 'em to you.

McClane shakes his head, then pushes on into the crowd. After he's gone, Rooney brings a WRIST-MIC up to her mouth.

ROONEY (CONT'D)

Daddy has no weapon, no phone.

PANZARELLA (OVER RADIO)

What kind of asshole comes to an Electronics Show and doesn't even own a cell phone?

POV SHOT - THROUGH ELECTRONIC BINOCULARS

Way up in the rafters, we meet PANZARELLA, following McClane through her specs.

INT. CONSUMER ELECTRONICS SHOW (C.E.S.) - DAY

Beebock joins up with Rooney.

ROONEY  
Local support?

BEEBOCK  
P.D. units are assembling.

ROONEY  
(into mic)  
Let's find Jack McClane and pick him up!

CUT TO - WIRELESS SECTION

Jack G is hunkered down, that stolen laptop propped between his knees. Already logged into the internet, Jack G pounds out a URL from memory, accessing a backdoor where he types in a series of Linux code. Under Jack G's blazing fingers, pages open up so fast it's like a fireworks display. At last, he's at an encrypted screen, logging on as "GILLIGAN X."

THE SCREEN

It's the coded site for NorthEastern Gas and Electric. More blazing pages and Jack G back-doors his way into The Grid Matrix and those nuclear power receptors. A list of codes begins building on Jack G's screen. With his finger, Jack G scans and reads, looking for and finding one particular line of code, cutting and pasting it into a box, where he begins to rewrite and re-route it when:

DING

An instant message appears like an unexpected bull's-eye on Jack G's screen. The message is from "CHARLIE BROWN."

CHARLIE BROWN: "nice try."

The instant message stalls Jack G for a moment. After a beat, Jack G responds with:

gilligan x: "who r u?"

CHARLIE BROWN: "u don't know?"

gilligan x: "u r the asshole who shuts down nuke plants."

CHARLIE BROWN: "couldn't have done it without u"

JACK G  
(writing as he talks)  
"how - did - u - get - my - codes?"



INSERT - QUICK SHOTS

McClane and Rooney separately searching for Jack G. BALTIMORE  
PD COPS assembling at every entrance to the hall.

BACK TO JACK G

And the instant message conversation he's having with "Charlie  
Brown "

CHARLIE BROWN: "u should b happy. i only want what u want."

gilligan x: "just got out of jail. all i want is something  
blonde and legal."

CHARLIE BROWN: "i want 2 bring it all down."

gilligan x: "can't b done."

CHARLIE BROWN: "if it can't b done, why r u violating parole  
2 try and stop me?"

Then...

CHARLIE BROWN: "btw. how is the consumer electronics show?"

JACK G (CONT'D)

Shit. Already knows where I am?

CHARLIE BROWN. "c u when the lights go out."

WIDE SHOTS - DIFFERENT ANGLES OF THE ELECTRONICS SHOW

Every screen, monitor, and electronic display goes black at  
precisely the same moment. Even Jack G's laptop has blanked.  
Then comes a word scroll across every single screen at the  
show:

"WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ALL THE LIGHTS GO GREEN?"

MORE SHOTS - PATRONS AND SALES REPS

Either stunned or amused at what first appears to be a techno-  
stunt. There's even some scattered APPLAUSE.

INT. KINKO'S COPY SHOP - BALTIMORE - DAY

All the computer screens in here have blanked, on which  
another cryptic message scrolls:

"WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU ARE NO LONGER INSURED?"

INT. QUICK SHOTS - VARIOUS - DAY

As the messages appear on computer and TV screens at Best  
Buy, Costco, George Washington U's library, etc...

(CONTINUED)



UP IN THE RAFTERS - PANZARELLA

Watching through those electronic binoculars. Jack G is moving through the streaming crowd.

PANZARELLA

Got him! Wireless section, heading for Home Theater - wait a minute!

Panzarella tilts her POV up to catch sight of McClane on a collision course with Jack G.

PANZARELLA (CONT'D)

Target appears to be heading for a family reunion. Fifty feet - thirty ten -

ON JACK G

His cool suddenly demolished, he shoulders through the crowd, only to find himself snagged and spun around by his father.

MCCLANE

Happy to see me?

JACK G

... The hell? Why are you here?

MCCLANE

Look who's talking! Now what kind of stupid are you into?

Jack G yanks his arm from his father's grasp. That's when McClane sees a BALTIMORE COP. The cop's emerging from the crowd, pistol in his grip and the muzzle is rising. McClane moves on instinct, pushing Jack G aside and closing the gap between himself and the cop. He traps the arm with the gun. A swift elbow shot across the Cop's neck leaves McClane in control of the gun.

ROONEY APPEARS

Her own pistol out and closing on McClane.

ROONEY

PUT THE GUN DOWN!

MCCLANE

YOU PUT THE GUN DOWN!

A brief Mexican stand-off until Rooney feints, briefly lowering her gun...

ROONEY

... Okay.

... Rooney re-raises her gun, is squeezing the trigger when -

(CONTINUED)

MCCLANE

Defensively fires. BAM BAM BAM! Rooney is jerked backwards by the bullets and hits the floor.

WIDE SHOT - SCREAMS

The gunshots set off an instinctive tidal wave of people ducking their heads. This allows McClane to catch a bead on Jack G, who heads for an EMERGENCY EXIT.

THE CROWD

Rushing for the exits, they push and shove at the Baltimore Cops.

INT. EMERGENCY STAIRWELL - BALTIMORE CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Jack G hustles down the stairwell. SWISH TILT UP to McClane giving chase.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING - BALTIMORE CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

McClane arrives in time up to find Jack G sprinting up the exit ramp.

MCCLANE

Goddammit!

EXT. BALTIMORE CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Jack G runs out of the parking structure with McClane close behind, dodging a tram, and turning underneath the L TRACKS. This is not a jog. These two men are running flat out and hard.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TRAFFIC - DAY

The lights are no longer green. Instead, they're all shut off. This means more gridlocked cars with COPS doing their best to direct traffic.

AND HERE COME JACK G AND MCCLANE

Jack G doesn't dodge the cars. He runs right over them hood, roof, trunk. DRIVERS SHOUT. McClane proves not as nimble, bounding from one car then crashing and denting the fender of another, rolling off and continuing the chase.

MCCLANE

(between breaths)

Still - chasing - my own - KID!

SIDEWALK

The chase continues, with McClane sucking hard to keep up with the younger Jack G.

## SHOPPING DISTRICT

Like 5th Avenue, a canyon-like outdoor mall with even more stalled traffic. McClane is no match for Jack G, losing ground with every wheeze. At last, standing on the roof of a Saturn, McClane shouts a loud, but winded...

MCCLANE (CONT'D)

... FINE! THAT'S IT, I'M DONE!

With that, McClane throws up a hand. He's got no lungs left.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)

... RUN ME DOWN TILL I GOT NOTHIN' LEFT TO GIVE.

## FIFTY YARDS AHEAD

Like a fish who's been hooked, Jack G stops and spins.

JACK G

GIVE? WHAT DID YOU EVER GIVE ME?

Meanwhile, the SATURN DRIVER is out of his car.

SATURN DRIVER

Get off my car!

MCCLANE

Talkin' to my kid, here!

JACK G

LEAVE ME ALONE, OLD MAN. YOU GOT NOTHIN' I WANT!

MCCLANE

KNOW WHAT I GOT? I GOT FIFTY BUCKS THAT SAYS YOU GET CLIPPED BY SUNDOWN!

## SUDDENLY - ALARMS SOUND

Burglar alarms, entry alarms, bells, electrical, and sonic. One after another, down the avenue and both sides of the street. The noise is astonishing. Sidewalks load with CUSTOMERS and EMPLOYEES looking to get away from the sudden racket, only to find that every single storefront's alarm is ringing. Drivers step from their cars to see what all the clamor is.

## WIDER

More alarms. More stunned people with "what the hell" looks on their faces.

(CONTINUED)

QUICK SHOTS - MORE DOWNTOWN STREETS

Same scene, different zip code. An obnoxious symphony of ear-splitting alarms.

BACK TO - MCCLANE AND JACK G

Where Jack G tries to shout over the noise.

JACK G  
NOT GOIN' BACK TO JAIL!

But McClane can't hear him. Instead, he cups his hand behind his ear and starts walking toward his son. Only Jack G wheels, runs, kicks off a car bumper and soars through the air, catching a passing -

TROLLEY CAR

Jack G swings aboard, shoots a final look at his old man. A head-shaking gesture that offers little hope for any reconciliation.

MCCLANE

Powerless and angry, he watches Jack G ride away on the trolley. Suddenly, McClane finds his feet swept out from underneath him. Slam! He hits the hood of the car hard.

MCCLANE  
Alright, pal. I'm gettin' off your car -

ROONEY

Bullet holes in her shirt. She's used a shotgun to sweep McClane's feet out from underneath him.

ROONEY  
Warned you.

And with the butt end of the rifle, she smacks McClane hard across the face.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. HELICOPTER SHOT - OVER BALTIMORE - SUNSET

The sun SKIP-FRAMES as if it's sucked underneath the horizon.

EXT. AMOCO STATION - SUBURBAN INTERSECTION - NIGHT

A large filling station and mini-mart. We meet an exhausted STUCCO-splattered construction worker. As he gasses up his pick-up - thunk - the fuel stops flowing. The machine has stopped pumping. Annoyed, the Stucco man pounds on the pump.

SWISH PAN TO - ANOTHER PUMP

Where a WOMAN IN BUSINESS attire is having trouble getting the pump to accept her credit card. She tries another card, only to have it declined.

WIDER

Everyone at the filling station is having trouble - either the pumps have stopped or credit cards are being declined.

FOLLOWING STUCCO MAN

As he angrily pushes through the doors to the mini-mart.

STUCCO

I gave you fifty dollars cash and the pump stopped at -

MINI-MART MAN

- I'm trying, okay? Nothing's working. Everything just stopped -

As the frustrated MINI-MART ATTENDANT punches every button on his automated system, ANGRY SHOUTS ARE HEARD. Heads turn. The Mini-Mart Man runs around his counter to look outside.

ACROSS THE STREET - AN EXXON STATION

Same as at the Amoco station. CUSTOMERS can't pump gas. The GAS STATION OPERATOR has shut the doors while angry, cash-paying TOWNIES try to crash their way inside.

INT. SMALL CARGO TRUCK - NIGHT

Near darkness. We're TIGHT ON MCCLANE, propped in a corner, blood trickling from his right ear, and dirtied head-to-toe from the tussle and chase. When the rear doors open McClane's eyes slam shut from a blast of headlights. Footsteps. Then:

PANZARELLA (O.S.)

Can't believe that's really him.

BEEBOCK (O.S.)

Sure it's him. What were you expecting?

PANZARELLA (O.S.)

Like more hair for starters.

MCCLANE'S SQUINTED POV

As his focus returns. Seated on spools of fiber-optic cable in the back of the cargo truck are Beebock, Panzarella, and...

(CONTINUED)

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ROONEY APPEARS

Still looking pissed, she wears a thin, bulletproof vest with three, center-cut imprints. Beebock offers a Sharpie

BEEBOCK

Hey. Have him sign your vest. Not many can prove they got shot by the famous John McClane.

PANZARELLA

Least none that lived.

McClane suddenly sniffs the air, feigns a foul odor.

MCCLANE

... Feds.  
(off their looks)  
Smells like asshole to me.

ROONEY

Uncuff him. C'mon, move!

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A helicopter is parked, along with a tractor-trailer rig, a satellite truck, and that cargo truck from which McClane is escorted by Rooney, Beebock, and Panzarella.

INT. D.E.R.T. - TRAILER RIG - NIGHT

This is a mobile, techno-marvel retrofit with miles of bundled fiber optics and stacks of indecipherable electronics and monitors. We follow McClane as he's pushed to the rear of the trailer. There we find a mapping table where Jack G is seated and handcuffed to a chair. He looks awfully disappointed to see his father.

JACK G

I asked to see my Goddamn lawyer!

ROONEY

Next best thing, family. And the advice is always free.

JACK G

Like he's going to say something I wanna hear. You can blow me.

ROONEY

Maybe dad's got something to say to me.

McClane is seated opposite Jack G and handcuffed to the chair. Rooney seats herself between them, then addresses McClane.

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A



RICHARD LOVETT

ROONEY (CONT'D)

I'll get right to it. Who's your son working with? And what's your part in all of this?

MCCLANE

All of what?

ROONEY

Since your son's release, we've logged mass insurance failures, interruptions in transportation, a gasoline crisis -

MCCLANE

- The day he gets out, you're gonna roll him up over some blown fuses?

ROONEY

Lifelines, Mr. McClane. Lifelines to a nervous, digitally dependent nation.

(on her fingers)

Transportation, insurance and finance, food and water, emergency services, telecommunications, and energy.

MCCLANE

"Family values." Think you forgot that one -

BEEBOCK

- Everybody's here.

ROONEY

Put 'em up.

The curved wall McClane faces comes to life with vertical video screens - five conferencing modules, each with a different face - one woman and four men. Rooney introduces:

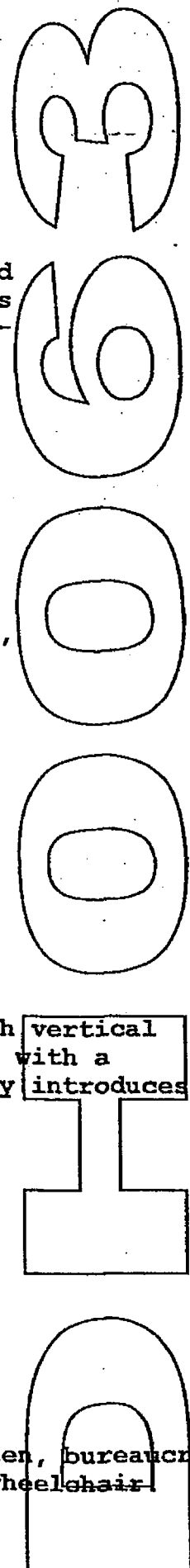
ROONEY (CONT'D)

Meet John McClane, Versions 1.0 and 2.0.

(turning)

On Com 1 thru 5 we've got Deputy Director Wigand from DHS, Lee Stolz from Justice, Mary Glover from NSA, our civilian contractor Greg Pope, and from the White House Assistant Security Advisor Paul Neesen.

Both McClane and Jack G clock the faces on screen, bureaucrats all but for Greg Pope, who appears to be in a wheelchair.



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(CONTINUED)

ROONEY (CONT'D)

Two years ago, "Junior" began serving a sentence for stealing and publishing secure government files. In doing so, he left digital fingerprints - complex lines of code unique to him. D.E.R.T.'s uncovered those same "fingerprints" in the digital attacks we've suffered today.

JACK G

Wasn't me.

ROONEY

The electronics show. You were plugged and playing with a friend. Who was he and was it the 3 Day Game?

GLOVER (ON SCREEN)

I'm sorry. A "game?"

ROONEY

Not a game anymore. More like a blueprint for destruction, evolved from an internet blog for super-hackers. They posed a theory that in three days, a handful of hackers could crash all our technology, send America back to the Stone Age.

STOLZ (ON SCREEN)

Why three days?

ROONEY

It has to do with response time. The bloggers calculated exactly how fast the authorities could react. Keep it under three days, the hacker could theoretically destroy the system faster than it could defend itself.

MCCLANE

Hate to be the dick, but -

JACK G

- You? Hate to be the dick?

McClane dismisses Jack G with a glance, then...

MCCLANE

What happened to all those billions we spent on homeland security?

There's a long, guilt-laden pause, then...

RICHARD LOVETT

3  
6  
0  
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H  
D

ROONEY

It's D.E.R.T.'s opinion that it's too late to stop Day 1. But we think we can hold them at Day 2 -

JACK G

- Day 2?

(shaking his head)

Hope you're stocking up on batteries because the assholes doing this are already loading Day 3!

MCCLANE

What happens on Day 3?

JACK G

Day 1 is them just fucking with you. Shut down the gas pumps, make you late for dinner, set off some alarms. The beginnings of panic. Day 2, the heavy shit starts, banks, Wall Street, crash the lifelines, screw with public confidence - but it's just a jerk off to get the government chasing it's tail. While you assholes are busy trying to turn the phones and TVs back on, they're planning to cut the only lifeline that really counts.

(turns to McClane)

Power. Day 3. The only lifeline left will be electricity and, when the grids go, so goes America.

McClane stares at his son, who lets the gravity of the moment sink in.

JACK G (CONT'D)

- Day 1, right.

POPE (ON TV)

So if you're not to blame, who is?

JACK G

Charlie Brown.

(off everyone's look)

I don't know who he is. It's just some screen name that popped up when I was trying to steal back my codes. He shut me down faster than I could say George Orwell.

- Rooney slaps a list of names in front of Jack G.

ROONEY

Think any of these guys could be Charlie Brown?

(CONTINUED)

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 A  
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 D  
 L  
 O  
 V  
 E  
 T  
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B  
 S  
 O  
 O  
 O  
 H  
 I  
 D

JACK G

(quickly scans).  
 These guys couldn't change my grades.  
 Listen. The Nuke Plant. That was a  
 test to see if he could make Day 3  
 work. And he pulled it off. So  
 unless you guys wanna look like my  
 old man at a Wu Tang show, you've  
 got 24 hours to disable the power  
 regulators -

DEPUTY WIGAND

- Manually? Do you have a clue how  
 long that would take? Weeks. Months.

An underwhelmed Jack G looks at his father.

JACK G

See what I mean? Ten steps ahead of  
 The Feds.

ROONEY

Can you find him?

DEPUTY WIGAND (ON SCREEN)

- Whoah, hey! For all we know, he's  
 partnered with this Charlie Brown -

POPE (ON SCREEN)

- Suppose he's correct. Suppose  
 this Charlie Brown is already setting  
 the table for Day 3. Who's got a  
 better idea than to let young McClane

JACK G

- Sorry. Gotta ask my parole officer.  
 Jack G's not supposed to have fun  
 anymore.

ROONEY

You might want to reconsider.

Jack G feigns considering the offer. Then turns to McClane,  
 directing his answer across the table.

JACK G

There was this story my old man used  
 to tell me when I was a kid.

(then...)

It started with, "Go fuck yourself."

CLOSE ON - MCCLANE

If the insult fits... Then Beebock interrupts.

BEEBOCK

- Cap? You might wanna see this.

ROONEY

Feed it.

Beebock plugs in the pictures on his monitors. The screens behind McClane are replaced by LIVE HELICOPTER FOOTAGE of thirty-plus FREIGHTERS stacked up outside:

BEEBOCK

That's the New York/Jersey Harbor. Got similar reports from Nagansett, Delaware, Soo Locks -

ROONEY

- Why the hell can't they port?

BEEBOCK

N.P.A. computers mysteriously flagged each ship as carrying missiles from North Korea.

INT. SHOP-RITE DRUG STORE - DAY

On a small LCD TV mounted at the CHECK-OUT COUNTER, we see NEWS FOOTAGE of those freighters jammed at the harbor gates. Here we meet a YOUNG MOM with her BABY. On the counter is a pile of necessities - baby food, formula. Only the EXPRESS CLERK is having trouble with:

EXPRESS CLERK

Got a credit card? Cuz your ATM card isn't -

GOLD-PLATED TOOTH (O.S.)

- Yo, man. Just want my change back.

The CAMERA SWINGS to the NEXT CHECK-OUT COUNTER, where we meet a man with a GOLD-PLATED TOOTH for a central incisor. The MANAGER manning the check-out is equally flummoxed.

MANAGER

I know, I know. But I can't get the cash drawer...

(shouts)

Hey, Merv! Can you give this guy his eleven-fifty? My register's kaput.

The CAMERA SWINGS to MERVIN over at the PHARMACY COUNTER.

PHARMACY MERVIN

Mine, too. Whole system's down.

The Young Mom's baby starts crying.



MCCLANE

Lucky me. No guilt associations.  
'Course, I'm not an accessory to  
Armageddon.

JACK G

You gotta believe I had nothing to  
do with it.

MCCLANE

You said the same thing about the  
fizzies in the Holy Water.

JACK G

Hey. You thought that was funny.  
You laughed -

MCCLANE

- See me laughing now?

Jack G hooks in with his father. McClane's deadly serious

JACK G

You see me laughing? Shit's serious.

It is grim. McClane clocks that Heavy Fed, then turns back  
to Jack G. He nods. Something between them is understood.  
Then

MCCLANE

- FINE! IF YOU WON'T DO IT MY WAY,  
THEN CRAWL BACK TO YOUR MOM FOR ALL  
I CARE!

Jack G is at once shocked - then gets the drift.

JACK G

Why's it always gotta be about her?

MCCLANE

Oooh. Jackie loves his Mommy? You  
wish she coulda picked you up from  
jail! I got news for you, pal! She  
couldn't handle you!

JACK G

Know what? She divorced you because  
she hated you! That's because as a  
husband and father? You sucked!

HEAVY FED'S POV

The family feud going on in the rear of the van.

(CONTINUED)

HARD LOVE  
BROTHERS

MCCLANE

When'd you get your family therapist license. Between bunky-love and lock-down?

Jack G fumes.

JACK G

Do you have a clue what it was like to grow up as your son? Every teacher, bully - every coach, every girl I wanted to date... They all wanted to find out if I was just a little bit like you. How could I ever measure up to that? Shoulda named me "Sue" instead of John -- John Fuckin' McClane!

MCCLANE

Thanks for solving the mystery of my missing Johnny Cash albums.

JACK G

You're not my father. You're a sperm donor!

MCCLANE

... Easy for you to say.  
(shakes the chains)  
Otherwise, you'd be too chicken shit to talk that way to me.

JACK G

Anytime, old man!

MCCLANE

Oooh? Prison make you tough?

Jack G slams a foot into McClane's bench, forcing the Heavy Fed to turn.

HEAVY FED

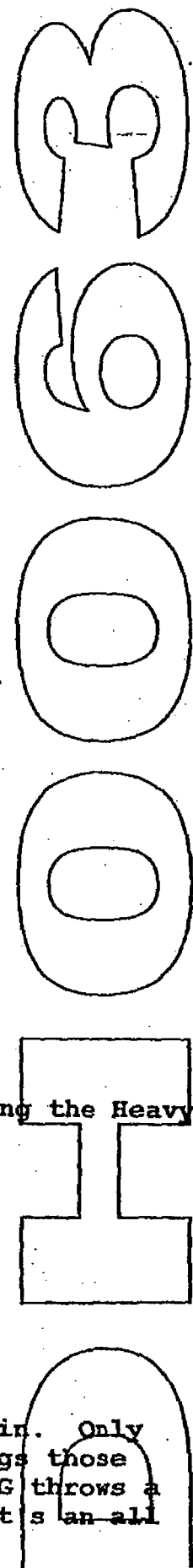
Cool out back there.

But McClane has zeroed in on Jack G.

MCCLANE

Try it again tough guy.

Without hesitation, Jack G kicks at McClane again. Only this time he connects. McClane twists and swings those manacled feet into Jack G's mid-section. Jack G throws a foot, whacking McClane in the face. Suddenly it's an all out war of flying legs -





THE HEAVY FED

Unbuckles, rushing to the rear of the van.

HEAVY FED

I said knock that shit -

McClane rocks himself into an ugly headstand, throwing both his legs up in the air, wrapping the chain around the Heavy Fed's neck. A simple body twist from McClane sends the Heavy Fed to the floor. Slam!

THE HEAVY FED

Struggles for his gun. But Jack G has it trapped under foot, kicking at the holster until the gun tumbles away.

THE TRANSPORT DRIVER

Panicked. He's about to hit the brakes when -

MCCLANE

Keep driving or I'll break his Goddamn neck!

The Transport Driver's foot stays on the gas. McClane tightens the chains around the Heavy Fed's neck.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)

Keys!

The Heavy Fed finds his coat pocket, grabs the keys, and puts them on the bench next to Jack G.

CUT TO - MOMENTS LATER

The Heavy Fed and the Transport Driver are handcuffed where McClane and Jack G were. McClane checks the rear window. Those three government sedans are seventy-five yards to the rear. The D.E.R.T. Helicopter overhead.

AT THE WHEEL - JACK G

Driving with one hand, operating the on-board computer with the other. McClane appears.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)

What you said back there. Mean it?

JACK G

Every word.

MCCLANE

Thought so.

JACK G

Where the hell are we?

(CONTINUED)

LOVETT  
RICHARD  
LOVETT

3  
6  
0  
0  
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H  
D

MCCLANE  
Westbound on 111, three miles East  
of Willowbrook.

JACK G  
And what kinda pull was that? Using  
The Force, Obi Wan?

MCCLANE  
Mile markers, road reflectors. Tells  
a cop everything he needs to know.  
(then...)  
Always thought of myself as more of  
a Han Solo guy.

JACK G  
I need to hook in. Something fast,  
T-3 or better. If I can change the  
URL and backscat to a thousand ISPs,  
maybe I can figure out who Charlie  
Brown is.

McClane hasn't a glimmer what Jack G just said.

MCCLANE  
Swell. Figured a way out of the  
parade yet?

Back on Jack G. He hasn't a clue.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)  
- Out of the driver's seat.

JACK G  
You got a problem with my driving?

MCCLANE  
The problem with your driving is  
there's no problem. Wait for me to  
get my foot on the gas, then you  
slide over me.

McClane puts his left foot on the gas, reaches around Jack G  
and gets hold of the steering wheel. Jack G slides over to  
the passenger seat.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)  
Seat belt on.

Jack G would argue, but he sees his father is buckling his  
own seat belt. The son follows suit.

JACK G  
I don't see an off-ramp.

Then the radio squawks:

ROONEY (OVER RADIO)  
Transport, come back?

INT. D.E.R.T. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - TWILIGHT

Rooney's POV of the convoy. She keys her radio:

ROONEY  
I said, Transport come back -

Suddenly, the transport van brakes and swerves!

ROONEY (CONT'D)  
Oh no!

EXT. HIGHWAY - TRANSPORT CONVOY - NIGHT

The government sedans brake while McClane wheels the transport van hard right, through the barrier and down the wooded embankment. The sedans brake and slide up the edge of the embankment, not daring to follow.

INT. TRANSPORT VAN - BOUNCING DOWN THE WOODED SLOPE - NIGHT

McClane keeps hold of the wheel, dodging trees.

JACK G  
YOU - KNOW - WHERE - YOU - ARE - NOW?

McClane glances at the passing trees.

MCCLANE  
SHERWOOD FOREST?

AND AHEAD

Nothing but more trees.

IN THE REAR

The Heavy Fed and the Transport Driver:

HEAVY FED/TRANSPORT DRIVER  
AAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

INT. D.E.R.T. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - TWILIGHT

The helicopter banks.

ROONEY  
Get them back on visual.

The transport van can't be seen but for the violent shaking of the occasional tree.

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EXT. TRANSPORT VAN - THROUGH THE WOODS - NIGHT

Wham! The transport van careens off a tree, kicks off a boulder, slides, up on two wheels.

INSIDE THE TRANSPORT VAN

MCCLANE

Bottom comin' up!

Suddenly, there's no more trees, only dirt as the transport van touches down.

WIDE

The transport van comes to rest at the bottom of a canyon, between a string of high-tension power lines.

CLOSE ON - JACK G

He can't believe he's still alive.

JACK G

... Now I know why mom wouldn't let you drive car pool.

INT. D.E.R.T. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

Circling around over the power lines, Rooney and the Pilot look around. There's absolutely no sign of the transport van. Rooney is pissed.

ROONEY

We're gonna need dogs.

WE DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Dogs, flashlights, and COPS on foot. We see those power lines, we see wheel tracks, then -

COP

OVER HERE.

CUT TO - THE TRANSPORT VAN

Parked under a pile of heavy brush. The rear doors are pulled open to reveal the Heavy Fed and the Transport Driver. Of course, there is no sign of McClane or Jack G.

EXT. UNDERGROUND PARKING - RIVERSIDE CONDO COMPLEX - PRE-DAWN

Crash. A rock goes through the window of a new Cadillac. The alarm sounds, but McClane ignores it, opening the door and crawling in underneath the steering column.

With a screwdriver, he pries at the ignition switch.

MEANWHILE - JACK G

He simply lifts a loose piece of cinder-block and smashes the front bumper. BLAM! The airbag explodes just above McClane's head.

MCCLANE

Hey!

Jack G plops into the passenger seat, puts a hushing finger to his lips. He points to the "ONSTAR" button. A voice sounds:

ONSTAR OPERATOR

OnStar emergency. We detected an air bag deployment -

Jack G interrupts, convincingly hysterical.

JACK G

- Please! We hit a BIG TREE. My dad's having a heart attack! I think he's gonna die!

ONSTAR OPERATOR

Hang on while we contact emergency services. Can I have your name please?

JACK G

He's dying! I can drive him to a hospital but the engine's stalled and I can't get the key to turn! Please just start the car!

ONSTAR OPERATOR

May I have your name please?

Jack G arrogantly holds up the car registration for his father to read while he -

JACK G

- Stevie Seaver! My dad's name is David Seaver! PLEASE HELP US!!!

ONSTAR OPERATOR

Emergency Services are on the way -

JACK G

- If my daddy dies, I swear I'm going to sue you and your whole Goddamn family! So start the Goddamn car, lady - before my daddy Goddamn dies!

(CONTINUED)

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THE  
LOVE  
BARRIERS

A beat, then the alarm on the Cadillac stops and the engine miraculously turns over. With that done, Jack G takes the rock McClane used to break the windshield and smashes the microphone. Off the look from his father.

JACK G (CONT'D)  
Kinda shit I learned in prison.

MCCLANE  
Call that a prison? More like day camp for delinquent frat boys.

McClane drops the car into gear.

JACK G  
Wait. Maybe I should drive. You just had a heart attack.

MCCLANE  
Nice try.

JACK G  
I can steal it - but I can't handle it?

MCCLANE  
No. I'm retired. That makes drivin' a Caddy my flag-waving right.

McClane's foot hits the gas, he throws the car into reverse and launches up the ramp toward the gate. CRASH. McClane takes the security gate off the hinges.

EXT. RIVERSIDE CONDO COMPLEX - DAWN

We CRANE UP as the Cadillac surges into a dawning day. On screen we read:

DAY 2

EXT. SATELLITE SHOT - DAY

Just as the sun breaches the horizon, we ZOOM ON the Southern end of Manhattan. Tighter and tighter until we've got Wall Street in our sights.

INT. WALL STREET INVESTMENT FIRM - DAY

A young, BUTTONED-DOWN trader notices a "trend" on his screen.

BUTTONED-DOWN  
Gettin' nothing but sell-side on the E.T.S.

R  
G  
O  
O  
I  
A

CORN ROWS  
Anything I wanna buy?

BUTTONED-DOWN  
Name your symbol, dude. It's all  
going South -

- The slick trader in the CORN ROWS stands over Buttoned-down's shoulder.

CORN ROWS  
Holy shit!

INT THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - DAY

Morning action. In what looks like standard trading, we see a STOCK SPECIALIST push into the mass of TRADERS, holding up a stock sheet.

SPECIALIST  
N.W.S. Hundred thousand shares.  
SELL!

Next comes a tidal wave of Traders, all screaming with their SELL ORDERS.

CUT TO - THE BIG BOARD

The numbers spin. Stocks are plummeting.

INT. QUICK SHOTS - MORE WALL STREET INVESTMENT FIRMS - DAY

The Electronic Trading System is locked up. Traders throw keyboards in anger.

DOOMED TRADER  
What happened to the Goddamn safeties.  
Jesus Christ! Why's this happening  
to me.

EXT HIGH SHOT - WALL STREET - DAY

Traders from various banking houses are shouting out windows. We PULL BACK WIDER to see the entire "street" is in a vocal uproar.

INT. THE SYLVAN LEARNING CENTER - DAY

We follow a SOCCER MOM carrying a tray of steaming Starbucks coffees. Her FIVE-YEAR-OLD runs ahead of her and into

SYLVAN KIDS ROOM

Here we find a pastel semicircle of computers parked in front of bean bag chairs where TODDLERS and PRESCHOOLERS play computer games. Conspicuously amongst the children is Jack G, who web-surfs at warp speed.

(CONTINUED)

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MCCLANE

Standing near the door, McClane clocks four POLICE UNITS as they roll slowly down the boulevard. Two of the units U-turn and park. With the street flanked, the LOCAL COBS step out of their vehicles. This is where that Soccer Mom offers up one of those steaming lattes to McClane.

SOCCKER MOM

Looks like you could use one.

MCCLANE

... Yeah, thanks.

SOCCKER MOM

So which genius is yours?

MCCLANE

Over there. The man-sized boy.

SOCCKER MOM

Oh... The Special Needs child.

(closer; whispers)

Asperger's Syndrome?

MCCLANE

Hamburger's Syndrome. Not enough Happy Meals, know what I mean?

McClane still eyeing the cops on the street, crosses over to Jack G. There's a six-year-old WHIZ KID helping him.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)

Find Charlie Brown yet? Because we gotta move.

WHIZ KID

Workin' on it. Try the Dead Man's Switch.

McClane stares down at the Whiz Kid.

MCCLANE

How old are you? Eight?

WHIZ KID

I'm six. How old are you?

No answer from McClane, who wisely goes back to his post.

WHIZ KID (CONT'D)

Who's the fossil?

JACK G

... My dad.

TRIC HARD LOVE

36000110



WHIZ KID  
So sorry. Hey. Communicating  
Conspirator?

JACK G  
Both buffers and zones, bounced and  
came back.

WHIZ KID  
Confused Deputy?

Jack G types the Linux search - waits - then comes up with  
zip.

JACK G  
Shit.

MCCLANE'S POV

More Local cops arrive. They're assembling at the bank across  
the street.

MCCLANE  
Who's up for Chuck E Cheese? Jack's  
dad is buyin'!

EXT. SYLVAN LEARNING CENTER - DAY

As cover, those MOMS and with their SYLVAN KIDS exit onto  
the sidewalk, McClane and Jack G slung in the middle of the  
small mob. The Local Cops pay them no mind at all. Jack G  
walks close to McClane.

JACK G  
Charlie Brown's a ghost. Give me a  
week and I couldn't find him.

MCCLANE  
We don't have a week.

McClane urgently gestures toward -

THE SCENE ACROSS THE STREET

Where a small crowd grows in front of the PENNSYLVANIA  
SECURITY AND TRUST BANK. Those Local Cops armed with batons  
are assembled in front of a BLUE COLLAR man with balled fists.

BLUE COLLAR  
Bank's supposed to be open -

LOCAL COP  
- Temporarily closed. Go find an  
ATM -

(CONTINUED)

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LOVE LETTERS TO CHARLIE

360011D



MCCLANE  
Charlie Brown did.

EXT. VISITORS GATE - MOTOROLA SPORTS ARENA - DAY

A WIDE VIEW reveals flagpoles with team banners flapping in the breeze. PULL BACK to reveal Jack G, arguing with a Motorola GATE GUARD in front of one of the huge, sliding gates.

JACK G  
I don't have an appointment. Just call Pope's office and say it's Jack Generro - wait. John McClane Jr. Tell him -

GATE GUARD  
- Make an appointment and they'll put you on the sheet. When you're on the sheet, you get in.

A frustrated Jack G takes a step closer to the gate when:

MCCLANE (O.S.)  
That's okay. He'll make an appointment. Have a nice day.

McClane smiles and waves passively at the Gate Guard.

CUT TO - INSIDE THE CADILLAC

Where Jack G flops into the passenger seat.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)  
Did you really think he was gonna see you?

JACK G  
When I hacked the IRS? I red-flagged America's top ten civilian contractors for audits. You'd think Pope'd want to see me just to kick my ass.

McClane gives an approving smirk, puts the Cadillac into reverse, draws the car back twenty feet, then brakes.

MCCLANE  
Remember when I taught you to swim?

JACK G  
You didn't teach me. You just threw me in the water and said, "Paddle, Jack. Paddle and quack like a duck."

McClane drops the car into drive, then hits the gas pedal.  
CRASH! The Cadillac blows through the gate.

(CONTINUED)

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LOVE  
ARD  
RIGHT  
RICHARD

3  
6  
0  
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T  
A

JACK G (CONT'D)

Will you stop crashing through things?

MCCLANE

Quack, quack, quack.

WIDER

McClane guns the Cadillac across the parking lot, circling the arena.

INT. POPE'S GLASS WINDOWED OFFICE - DAY

We see a MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR pushed up to a floor-to-ceiling window. Outside, we see that Caddy running a wide circle around the arena. The REVERSE SHOT of the wheelchair man reveals that he's none other than GREG POPE.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOTOROLA SPORTS ARENA - DAY

Looks pass between father and son, then McClane twists the wheel toward the arena and hits the brakes. McClane immediately thrusts both his hands out the open window. Jack G does the same.

MCCLANE

DON'T SHOOT, DON'T SHOOT!!!

Two SECURITY GUARDS shove guns into McClane's face. Meanwhile, a thick, suited man named ROOSEVELT pulls open the passenger door. Out spills Jack G:

JACK G

I know how to stop  
Charlie Brown, okay?  
Tell Pope I know -

ROOSEVELT

- Shut the hell up! Just  
shut your mouth and keep  
your hands -

A thin VOICE comes from the Nextel phone clipped to Roosevelt's pocket:

POPE (O.S.)

Let 'em in, Rosey... Please, let 'em  
in.

Roosevelt changes tack, smiles and leads the way, revealing the slight limp of a former athlete.

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR - DAY

McClane and Jack G step on, followed by the limping Roosevelt.

ROOSEVELT

Damn knee. Ain't what it was when I  
was playing.

Meanwhile, Roosevelt is pulling on white gloves. McClane notices Roosevelt's gold, Superbowl ring.

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MCCLANE

Superbowl twenty-five, right? Giants and Buffalo?

ROOSEVELT

Was a good game. Long as you didn't take the points.

Both men share a laugh.

JACK G

What're the gloves for?

ROOSEVELT

Man's a cripple and a germaphobe. But like he says. We're all handicapped.

INT. POPE'S OFFICE COMPLEX - DAY

McClane and Jack G are led through a short corridor decorated with framed photos of classic, Detroit muscle cars. The office door is opened by the angular, six-foot tall GABBY. To the left is WASH, a doppelganger for Roosevelt. Near the window is a former NBA player named BLUE. All wear the same white, cotton gloves.

MCCLANE

Forgot to pay my Mickey Mouse Club dues. How dumb do I feel?

Gabby approaches with two spare pairs of white gloves.

GABBY

For him. Please.

POPE'S PRIVATE OFFICE

McClane and Jack G, whitegloves on, enter this room which appears to be nearly packed up and ready to move. Through the floor to ceiling windows we see the flagpoles outside the arena. Pope enters, his wheelchair attended by Gabby. He's pale and thin.

POPE

... McClane. Versions 1.0 and 2.0.

McClane bristles at the insult.

MCCLANE

Can I ask you something? Is it some kind of fad or something? All you geeks who could never make the team now own the team?

JACK G

Do you live to embarrass me?

(CONTINUED)

MCCLANE

I'm your dad. Embarrassing you comes with the job.

POPE

"Fad." Been awhile since I heard that one. Think the word these days is "trend."

MCCLANE

Okay. So what's the "trend" today? America's on the brink of disaster so you're taking some "personal days?"

POPE

As soon as humanly possible. Question is, why aren't you?

MCCLANE

Because Day 3 is tomorrow.

POPE

And you think you can stop it?

JACK G

No. But I might be able to delay it. With your help, I mean. Put something in Charlie Brown's way. Force him to make a mistake -

POPE

- The mistake is waiting around for Biblical events to occur. America is sitting on a bomb that's about to -

MCCLANE

- Hey Mr. Leaving On a Jet Plane. You gonna help or what?

JACK G

Please. The only one who knows The Grid better than Charlie Brown is you.

POPE

I'm just a simple mapmaker. You were inside his network. How's he doing it?

Jack G takes a beat, digging at his own brain.

JACK G

... He must've built the model using a Blitz Caterpillar. I also know he jacked my Usenix codes with a stick module.

(MORE)

RICHARD LOVETT

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RICHARD LOVETT

JACK G (CONT'D)

But I don't get how he could gas the conversion speed - infect all those systems at once.

POPE

Maybe with an FSB tool. Or if he had some kind of traceable mark-up language -

JACK G

- What about a Zooko Triangle?

Pope thinks, nods his possible agreement.

JACK G (CONT'D)

That's gotta be it. Then he ran PetNames - like Ivanhoe or Baby Brother -

POPE

- He wouldn't have to break through firewalls if he was only riding the bots.

CLOSE ON - MCCLANE

He cautiously observes the word play between Jack G and Pope.

JACK G

If you could hook me in. Some entry that's clean - unroutable - I'm talking Four Corners of Identity clean. I could get inside and slow down Charlie Brown.

POPE

You'd need some kind of hub. Only six places in the country have that kind of access. And I couldn't get you in if I tried.

MCCLANE

Try harder.

POPE

How about the feds? What do you think they know?

Jack G shakes his head. Gabby returns and whispers something in Pope's ear.

POPE (CONT'D)

Will you excuse me for a moment? You need anything, just ask Gabby.

Blue wheels Pope around and EXITS. McClane looks at Gabby.

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(CONTINUED)

MCCLANE  
I need to take a leak.

JACK G  
Me, too.

CLOSE ON - GABBY

Arms crossed, put-on smile. She's unimpressed.

GABBY  
Ah, the sophisticated male.

INT. POPE'S BATHROOM - DAY

A huddled McClane and Jack G are washing hands. Over the  
rush of water coming from the faucet -

JACK G  
- Pope is Charlie Brown.

MCCLANE  
Way ahead of you. We gotta take  
them down and stop this shit in time -

JACK G  
- Take them down? There's like -  
How we gonna take them -

MCCLANE  
- Shut up and listen. I'll go first,  
take out big guy in the track suit.  
You go for the girl and -

JACK G  
- Why do I get the girl? Don't think  
I can take the guy -

MCCLANE  
- Be happy. Young stud always gets  
the girl. You ready? On three.  
One - two -

McClane throws open the bathroom door to find -

GABBY

All six feet of her unleashing a single kick-blow to McClane's  
chest, sending him soaring backward into the cabinet. McClane  
rights himself.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)  
... Anytime, Jack!

The rest happens very fast. McClane charges out the bathroom.  
Gabby feints, centers herself, then spins McClane into a  
wrestling hold.



McClane struggles, trying to get some kind of leverage.  
Gabby merely uncoils herself and releases McClane into -

THE WINDOW

The glass shatters as McClane careens out the window.

PUSH IN ON - JACK G

The sight of his father soaring out the window sucks the air from him. Jack G can't find so much as a scream

EXT. MOTOROLA SPORTS ARENA - SCENE CONT'D

McClane falls from the window - end over end. He stabs at the air, catching hold of an American flag fluttering from one of those flagpoles. The American flag tears, snaps from the grommets. Tangled with those stars and stripes, McClane crashes to the sod. He stirs, groans...

INT. POPE'S OFFICE SUITE - DAY

Gabby's POV out the window. McClane in a broken heap.

SWISH PAN TO - POPE

Strangely fueled by the moment, Pope rises from his wheelchair.

JACK G

He's hammerlocked by big Blue, horrified and shocked and -

JACK G

- But you're supposed to be a cripple -

- Pope lunges at Jack G. They're face to face.

POPE

- Pope's a deformed, half-man sell-out. But Charlie Brown? He wants to push the reset button, flush the whole system.

(steps back)

And you. You're the patsy. The rebel with a cause. Hates authority. A warm body who takes the blame for all of it.

CLOSER ON - JACK G

He bucks against Blue, once more stealing a view out the broken window. Where McClane once lay in a heap he has now vanished.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOTOROLA SPORTS ARENA - DAY

Scraped and battered, McClane thumps into the Cadillac, finds the door latch, then collapses into the driver's seat as -

ROOSEVELT

Rips open the passenger door, pistol out and leveled on McClane's head.

ROOSEVELT

Maybe you're not getting the message.

McClane lifts his hands up.

MCCLANE

... Can I ask you one question?  
(finds a breath)

What's the worst part of steroids?  
The swelled head or the shrunk dick?

McClane drops the car into reverse and pounds on the gas pedal. The Caddy lurches backward. To avoid getting swept by the door, Roosevelt dives into the car. That pistol is near McClane's face. McClane pushes it away just as - BAM BAM BAM!!! The bullets miss, starring the windshield. Before Roosevelt can retrain the gun, McClane gets a hand on Roosevelt's wrist. Roosevelt's free hand grabs for McClane. The steering wheel twists and the car careens backward through the twenty-foot glass window of the arena.

INT. D.E.R.T. TRAILER RIG - DAY

With Rooney behind her, Panzarella plays back the OnStar recording of Jack G.

JACK G'S VOICE

"- If my daddy dies, I swear I'm going to sue you and your whole Goddamn family!"

PANZARELLA

The voice is a match. And the car is -

(checks location)

- Near Philly. Parked at the Motorola Sports Arena.

On her screen, Panzarella overlays the OnStar tracker with a live, satellite picture. Click as Panzarella zooms in and -

BEEBOCK

Not at the Motorola Sports Arena.  
The car is in the Motorola Sports Arena.

TELEVISION

Sure enough, on screen we see the little blinking cursor that is the stolen Caddy moving inside the Motorola Sports Arena.

INT. FIRST CONCOURSE - MOTOROLA SPORTS ARENA - DAY

The Cadillac, still surging in reverse, crashes through portable VENDORS STATIONS. Beer kegs explode.

IN THE CAR - McClane and Roosevelt in a death grip, with bullets ripping through the interior, then the back window, shattering the safety glass.

GIFT SHOP - the Caddy crushes through the window, full roar, unimpeded by hockey and hoop uniforms.

MCCLANE - with both hands grappling, throws a leg over the steering wheel, the car twists and explodes from the gift shop, careens off a steel pillar, then hauls headlong for the

DOUBLE WIDE, SPIRAL ESCALATORS - Stairs to the right, a sweeping stairwell that moves upward to the left. The Caddy vaults off the stairs, turns sideways, and crash lands sideways onto the escalator. The Caddy's wheels spin as the escalator carries it upward.

IN THE CAR - at impact, the 9mm is pinched between the dash and windshield. As Roosevelt stretches for it, McClane drops a hard elbow onto Roosevelt's hyper-extended knee, over and over again.

MCCLANE

How's! That! Knee! Now!

ROOSEVELT - the knee-blows hurt, but he's played in pain before, grimacing, only inches from retrieving the pistol. Suddenly, he lunges at McClane with a hammering right fist, punching holes in McClane's face with that Super Bowl ring

CLOSE ON - THE BROKEN ONSTAR SPEAKER

Out of which comes a cracked voice:

ROONEY (OVER CAR SPEAKER)

John or Jack McClane. Can you hear me? This is Rooney of the -

MCCLANE

- POPE IS CHARLIE BROWN!

INT. D.E.R.T. TRAILER RIG - DAY

In the transmission, McClane's voice is a mix of cellular static and garble.

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BEEBOCK

Think he said something is "Brown" -

ROONEY

- Charlie Brown!  
(into the mic)Onstar Operator? Did you hear the  
subject say -

MCCLANE (OVER SPEAKER)

- PO --- IS --- RLIE -

INT. MOTOROLA SPORTS ARENA - SCENE CONT'D

SLAM! - McClane takes another fist in the face.

SUITE LEVEL - The Caddy falls out of the escalator and slowly  
rolls backward.THE PISTOL - Roosevelt makes another grab for it. McClane  
dives to the floor, kicks the Caddy into forward gear and  
shoves the accelerator to the floor.ROOSEVELT - is thrown into the seat. His eyes widen as he  
sees what lies ahead - the glass doors to the luxury suite  
corridor. The Caddy smashes through. It's all Roosevelt  
can do but grab the wheel, try to steer the speeding car  
with one hand, and grab for the gun with the other.LUXURY SUITE CORRIDOR - The Caddy roars through the arcing  
aisle at thirty, forty, fifty MPH.

ROONEY (OVER CAR SPEAKER)

McClane? If you can hear -

ROOSEVELT

- Shut up, bitch! I'm trying to  
drive!ROOSEVELT - Smashes his fist into what's left of the  
mic/speaker assembly, shattering the unit.

MCCLANE - wedged into the foot well, hand on the gas when -

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

- BRAKES, MAN!

MCCLANE

SAY YOU WANNA GO FASTER?

ROOSEVELT

HIT THE BRAKES AND I'LL LET YOU LIVE!

MCCLANE

GIMME THE GUN!

RICHARD

350

REPRODUCED WITHOUT FOX'S WRITTEN CONSENT

No? McClane reaches up, pulls on the steering wheel. He can feel the Caddy swerve hard.

INT. POPE'S OFFICE SUITE - DAY

Gabby is dashing, grabbing last minute items, yanking the hard drives on computers, all while on the cell-phone -

GABBY

- Pulling all the drives. We're leaving in the chopper now -

The wall in front of her explodes as the grill of the mad Caddy is upon her. Gabby sees Roosevelt, Roosevelt sees Gabby just as car hits her head on.

ROOSEVELT - dives into the back seat.

MCCLANE - sees Roosevelt dive - beat - he pulls his hand off the accelerator and hits the brakes.

GABBY - as the car brakes just short of those floor to ceiling windows, she's rocked backwards into the glass.

EXT. PRIVATE HELIPAD - MOTOROLA SPORTS ARENA - DAY

SLOW MOTION shot of the private helicopter, Blue manhandling a zip-tied Jack G, Pope in the lead, Wash pushing Pope in the wheelchair. All turning their heads in synchronized unison. They see -

GABBY

Lifelessly tumbling from that busted window.

TIGHT ON POPE

As he watches his girlfriend die.

REVERSE POV - MCCLANE IN THE CADDY

He climbs from the footwell in time to see Pope, Blue, Wash, and Jack G momentarily frozen near the helicopter.

AND GABBY

Dead on the pavement.

MCCLANE

I flunked charm school.

ROOSEVELT

Reaches over the back seat and puts McClane into a choke hold.

POPE

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BACK TO HELICOPTER

Where Jack G bolts, ducking underneath the tail section of the helicopter and running full tilt, hands still zip-tied - Blue starts to chase.

EMBANKMENT

Jack G leaps and rolls, sliding to the bottom until he hits an expressway exit ramp and runs against traffic until he's on the expressway.

REVERSE BLUE

Thinks better of getting into this impossible chase. He returns to the chopper.

INT. MOTOROLA SPORTS ARENA - SCENE CONT'D

We're BACK IN THE CADILLAC. McClane is being choked by the former lineman. So McClane throws the car into reverse, punches the gas.

THE CADDY - smashes through three walls in a row - corridor - bar - then luxury suite, ripping up five rows of luxury seats and soaring into -

THE ARENA

Where HOCKEY PLAYERS spin and stop just as the Caddy blasts through the window with nothing to stop it but the floor below... and the steel cabling from a window-washing cart. The Cadillac ends up suspended, slightly swinging, engine roaring, rear wheels still spinning.

INSIDE THE CADDY

McClane discovers Roosevelt, hanging from the rear bumper.

ROOSEVELT

... Help me.

MCCLANE

Where's Pope going with my son?

ROOSEVELT

Swear to God, mister. I got kids, too. Help me and I'll help you.

The Caddy continues to dangerously swing. McClane grabs the rear seat belt, wraps it around his wrist, then slowly eases himself over the trunk. He's reaching for and clasping Roosevelt's Super Bowl ring hand. McClane growls.

MCCLANE

Where?

PRELIMINARY

100

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MR. FRANK  
ON SCHEDULE. RIGHT NOW, WE'RE  
PREPARING TO SHUT DOWN EMERGENCY  
SERVICES -

POPE  
- SO WHAT'S KEEPING YOU?

Blue pushes Pope toward the farm house.

INT. OLD FARM HOUSE - DAY

The CAMERA chases Mr. Frank, twisting through the HALLWAY,  
KITCHEN, then into a CELLAR DOOR. Mr. Frank makes quick  
work of the steps.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - OLD FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

We're still with Mr. Frank as he slides through a steel door,  
revealing a tight, former Cold War styled bunker complex.

COMPUTER ROOM

Here we meet Mr. Frank's cyber-savvy co-horts - KRISPY from  
Belarus and the Quebec-born OLIVIER. They're swivel-seated  
amongst a stacks of computers, servers, routers, and a cascade  
of large, hi-res screens.

THE WALLS

Hung with butcher paper, on which are scrawled DAY 1, DAY 2,  
and DAY 3. Under each day or plans, plots, instructions

MR. FRANK  
Change of plan.

KRISPY  
Change of plan? What's that supposed  
to mean -

MR. FRANK  
- He's Greg Bloody Pope. So it means  
whatever the hell he wants it to  
mean! Heads in the game, boys.  
Where are we with the EMS package?

OLIVIER  
Almost there.

ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

We watch Olivier assemble lines of code, then neatly packaging  
them into icons. On ANOTHER SCREEN, we see the NORTHEASTERN  
EMERGENCY SERVICES NETWORK page. Icons are moved, keys are  
deliberately punched.



OLIVIER (CONT'D)  
Done.

MR. FRANK  
Send it.

CLOSE ON - OLIVIER'S INDEX FINGER

Simply pressing the ENTER key.

SPEX SHOT

As if we're digitized, then shot at light-speed through fiber-optic cables.

EXT. OLD FARM HOUSE - DUSK

In another SPFX shot, we're hurled from a MICROWAVE DISH, into space, bounced off a satellite, and...

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - HANFORD P.A. - DUSK

A team of EMTs rushes a PATIENT on a gurney through the automated doors.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - HANFORD P.A. - DUSK

As the EMTs wheel the patient into the E.R., we see a massively OVERCROWDED SITUATION, wall to wall, cluttered with NEEEDY PEOPLE and a HEFTY NURSE holding up a hand.

HEFTY NURSE  
Nuh uh. We are full up!

PARAMEDIC  
You gotta. Dispatch said you guys are it!

HEFTY NURSE  
Well Dispatch can kiss my sweet ass, cuz for some reason, they're saying we're it for the whole Goddamn county!

EXT. DISTANT SLOPE - BEYOND THE MOTOROLA ARENA - DUSK

As a POLICE HELICOPTER cuts across the sky, we tilt to the distant aftermath at the Motorola Sports Arena, the parking lot crowded with police vehicles.

REVERSE ZOOM - MCCLANE

He feeds coins into a pay phone.

MCCLANE  
I said D.E.R.T. D-E-R-T... No, I don't know what city.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MCCLANE (CONT'D)

It's a big brother, secret government... You don't have the listings for covert spy agencies? They're probably listening to us right - How about I threaten to put a stick of dynamite up the internet's ass? LISTEN, LADY. THE GODDAMN COUNTRY'S FALLING APART!

There's a CLICK and a DIAL TONE. McClane slams down the phone, steps from the phone booth. Headlights, then brakes squeal as a PANEL VAN stops.

CLOSER INSPECTION REVEALS - JACK G

Behind the wheel of the van, satisfied grin on his face.

JACK G

Happy to see me?

McClane takes in the van. The panel reads: "ISHRAM'S MOBILE DOG GROOMERS." This is where McClane hears the first DOG BARK. Soon the entire van rocks with BARKING DOGS.

MCCLANE

Move over. I'm driving -

JACK G

- No way. You told me when I was five - if I could jack it, I could drive it.

Once again, Jack G with that damned grin. McClane shrugs, reaches for the panel door and throws it open. McClane starts opening the dog cages. The dogs go crazy. Jack G is out of the driver's seat -

JACK G (CONT'D)

- What are you doin'? All these dogs got people -

As Jack G scrambles to keep the yapping dogs from leaping out of the van, McClane circles around and crawls into the driver's seat.

MCCLANE

Wanna tell me where we're goin'?

Resigned, Jack G pulls the panel door shut.

INT. PANEL VAN - IN MOTION - NIGHT

JACK G

Pope seemed worried that I'd be able to hook in somewhere that's

(MORE)

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JACK G (CONT'D)  
unroutable. Nearest Superjunction's  
in Jersey. Maybe if I run a Tent  
Show, hopscotch all the ISPs and -

MCCLANE  
- Just tell me you can stop Day 3.

JACK G  
It's a Hail Mary. But it's all we -

POV - OUT THE PANEL VAN'S WINDSHIELD

A massive traffic jam looms. Miles and miles of brake lights.  
McClane slows the panel van to a stop. Jack G sees FAMILIES  
getting out of their cars and walking.

MCCLANE  
Human nature. People run when they're  
scared.

JACK G  
By this time tomorrow, the whole  
Northeast will be powerless. Then  
as the blackout moves West... We're  
talking about a country with two  
hundred million guns.

MCCLANE  
Fastest way to Jersey's the train.

CUT TO - OUTSIDE THE VAN

Where McClane and Jack G step out onto the highway. Jack G  
opens the panel door and frees all the dogs. WIDER as they  
join the hundreds of others who are abandoning their cars  
and walking.

INT. OLD FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Humble, furnished, and neat as a surgeon's tool set. The  
Satellite TV is tuned to news.

CABLE NEWS ANCHOR  
... The White House continued to  
caution Americans not to panic today,  
calling the sudden infrastructure  
failures as "expected anomalies in a  
complex infrastructure -

A remote is picked up and the SOUND MUTED. It's Lydia.

CAMERA SWIVELS FROM LYDIA TO - A BEDROOM

Here lays dead Gabby stretched out on the bed. At the door  
are Blue and Wash.

(CONTINUED)

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POPE

What you mean is the package is not yet perfected.

MR. FRANK

Just a couple of tweaks -

POPE

- I'm not playing a game of perfect. And for that matter, neither is God. Or haven't you noticed?

MR. FRANK'S POV

Blue, Wash, the empty wheelchair, and the sickly Pope, who readies his index finger and pushes ENTER.

EXT. SHAWNAPAW RESERVOIR - UPSTATE NEW YORK - NIGHT

We tilt from the starry sky to this tranquil lake, only to plunge into the water, surging toward a bank of Volkswagen-sized filters, sucked into the filtration system through the pipes and into -

INT. SHAWNAPAW COUNTY WATER TREATMENT CENTER - NIGHT

There's a glass window through which we can observe the massive, saucer-like caps of the filtration cylinders. TILT from the window to a bank of monitoring screens measuring Ph factors, levels of chlorine, removal of granular calcite -

ALARMS SOUND!

From the bathroom stumbles the NIGHT OPERATOR, pants half-way to his knees, he falls into his chair and assesses the situation. He's on the phone.

NIGHT OPERATOR

Gotta talk to Marty... I know what Goddamn time it is! Tell Marty we got bad water!

EXT. SUBURBAN DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

Establishing. Sleepy and quiet.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

A SINGLE MOM is kindly barking at her TEN-YEAR-OLD.

MOM

Homework then Playstation -

The Mom hears a SCREAM from the bathroom. She rushes to find her TODDLER is covered in suds, soap in the eyes.

(CONTINUED)

MOM (CONT'D)

Why'd you -

When the Mom tries to turn the water back on, she gets barely a trickle from the faucet.

CUT IN QUICK SHOTS

A city FOUNTAIN stops running. SPRINKLERS on a golf course shut off. A playground DRINKING FOUNT is dry for a thirsty TEENAGER.

AND WORST OF ALL - A FIVE ALARM INDUSTRIAL FIRE

FIREMEN manning hoses, hoping to douse this burning old structure. But those hoses run dry - all at once. Firemen look shocked. They've never seen anything like dry hoses. The fire rages.

INT SITUATION ROOM - DHS - DAY

The screens are showing not one contaminated reservoir, but every reservoir from Washington D.C. to Boston. Deputy Wigand approaches that the tall, drawling Chief Thompson.

CHIEF THOMPSON

See the red dots? Every system on screen is in a code red shut down. Valves are shut. Nobody's got water.

DEPUTY WIGAND

It's bullshit. Can't be that much bad water. Not at the exact same time. It's just another network attack. Tell the plants to turn the water back on -

CHIEF THOMPSON

- I strongly recommend you relax and think about what you're asking.

(cooler)

Sit. Breathe for a moment. And have a drink of water.

Chief Thompson holds up a brimming water glass to Deputy Wigand - as if to dare him to drink it. Deputy Wigand is thinking twice.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - OLD FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

After surveying the results of the water contamination package, Pope appears weakened, folding himself back into the wheelchair. Blue silently rolls Pope out of the room.

INT. PUBLIC RESTROOM - AMTRAK STATION - TRENTON, NJ - NIGHT

McClane looks at himself in the mirror, his face already bruised and bloodied.

MCCLANE

You need a shave, John.

Turning the spigot to wash his hands, McClane can't get even a drip. He gets exactly what this means.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)

... No water.

STATION ANNOUNCER (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)

Amtrak 419 to Penryn, Addlebury, Middleton, and New York City.

Jack G appears wearing a baseball cap. He tosses a gift shop sombrero to McClane.

MCCLANE

What's this for?

JACK G

To protect your civil liberties. Big Brother's got cameras all over the platform. Keep the hat on and your head down.

McClane tries the sombrero on for size.

MCCLANE

Your mom got my civil liberties in the divorce.

EXT. PLATFORM - AMTRAK STATION - TRENTON, NJ - NIGHT

Heads down, collars up, McClane follows Jack G onto the train. Only that wide-brimmed sombrero annoys an exiting PASSENGER -

ANNOYED PASSENGER

Watch the lid, dickhead.

And at the precise moment McClane instinctively looks up to meet the face of the Annoyed Passenger?

SFX SHOT - QUICK ZOOM AND FREEZE ON - MCCLANE'S FACE

Partially seen, scanned, digitized and airmailed to:

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DHS - NIGHT

The partial scan of McClane's face, followed by an FBI positive ID, pings on a SITUATION OPERATOR'S screen.

INT. STUDY - OLD FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

From behind, we slowly PUSH IN on Pope at a desk. As the CAMERA RISES and hovers, we see Pope making pencil adjustments on a map.

CLOSER - THE MAP

It looks like the crooked spokes of a wheel, all connected to a mysterious hub.

WASH

(appears)

McClanes are on a train.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - OLD FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

That same FBI profile and scanned image of McClane is on the screen in front of Pope. He stares at the image like a man stares at a mortal enemy.

MR. FRANK

Train stops in Penryn, Middleton, New York City. There're superjunctions in Middleton and Manhattan. If Jack McClane hooks in there, I don't know if we can stop him from penetrating -

POPE

- It's the government's job to stop him. Just make sure they know where to find him.

But Pope can't take his eyes off that FBI image of McClane.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DHS - NIGHT

Beneath the air of professional panic in the room, Deputy Wigand has found a secure phone, reporting to a higher authority with a series of:

DEPUTY WIGAND

... Yes, sir. Yes... We're working on that, sir.

With a hand signal, Chief Thompson softly interrupts -

DEPUTY WIGAND (CONT'D)

- I'm on with The White House!

CHIEF THOMPSON

Positive on Jack McClane. In New Jersey, on a train headed for New York City.

THE  
FBI  
WANTS  
TO  
KNOW  
HOW  
TO  
STOP  
HIM

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Deputy Wigand hangs up on The White House. Chief Thompson refers to a map.

CHIEF THOMPSON (CONT'D)

We're looking to meet the train right there. Middleton.

EXT. NORTHBOUND AMTRAK - NIGHT

Establishing. The train cuts across a rural plain.

INT. NORTHBOUND AMTRAK - NIGHT

A sparsely populated car. McClane and Jack G are in seats opposite each other. Only McClane has nodded off to sleep.

JACK G

Hey...  
(with a slight prod)  
Hey!

McClane wakes as if somebody stuck him with a cattle prod.

JACK G (CONT'D)

Nightmare?

MCCLANE

... Naw. Nightmare woulda had your mom's lawyer in it.

JACK G

Just won't let it go.  
(then...)  
People get divorced, you know.  
Families split. Part of life.

Deciding not to answer, McClane straightens, rubs his face, and looks out the window.

JACK G (CONT'D)

Why even try to be real, right? Not like we ever really talked.

Jack G could drop the subject. But instead he goes on a riff down memory lane.

JACK G (CONT'D)

Hey, Pop. Dentist says I need braces.  
(imitates McClane)

When I needed braces? My old man said he'd give me the five thousand bucks if I just quit smilin'.

(as Jack G)

Yo, Pop. Okay if I'm home around midnight?

(MORE)

RICHARD LOWE

300011D

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(CONTINUED)

JACK G (CONT'D)

(as McClane)

AAAAAAA! Wrong answer. Wanna play for bonus points?

(as Jack G)

Remember this one? Sorry Pop. But I flunked biology again.

(as McClane)

So did I. But your mom gave me a makeup exam, otherwise you wouldn't be here.

McClane cracks a half-smile, looks his son in the eye.

MCCLANE

I actually said that?

Jack G returns the smile. But McClane frowns.

MCCLANE'S POV

Outside the window he sees the dark profile of a HELICOPTER. McClane crosses the aisle, looks out the other window. And there's another helicopter.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)

Gotta get off this train.

INT. ENGINEER'S CAB - NORTHBOUND AMTRAK - IN MOTION - NIGHT

The ENGINEER hangs up his cab phone, then turns to find McClane's pistol in his face.

MCCLANE

Do everything I tell you!

INT. FORWARD CARS - NORTHBOUND AMTRAK - IN MOTION - NIGHT

A CONDUCTOR calmly sweeps the car.

CONDUCTOR

Leave all personal items and move to the rear car, please. It's a matter of personal safety.

A peak over his shoulder and we see McClane, Jack G, and the Engineer.

MORE CARS

And the other CONDUCTORS are sweeping passengers to the rear.

INT. D.E.R.T. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

In the distance, Rooney can see the Northbound Amtrak.

LOVE  
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A  
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R

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A

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INT. REAR CAR - NORTHBOUND AMTRAK - NIGHT

The rear car is jammed with FRIGHTENED PASSENGERS. Jack G crosses the threshold into the last car, turns to expect his father to join him. But McClane balks.

MCCLANE

You gotta get to that Super-USB-www-dot-com place.

JACK G

But you're comin' with me!

MCCLANE

You gotta do your thing and I gotta do mine!

JACK G

Your thing?

MCCLANE

I'm gonna paint a target on my ass. It's what I'm good at.

JACK G

But how do I -

MCCLANE

- You'll figure it out.  
(turns to the Engineer)  
Do it!

The Engineer gears up the threshold, squats, pulls out the heavy pin, then throws the coupler lever. The rear car separates from the rest of the train. As the cars part -

MCCLANE (CONT'D)

Don't take any shit.

JACK G'S POV

McClane ducks back into the train. The distance between the cars increases by the second.

INT. ENGINEER'S CAB - NORTHBOUND AMTRAK - NIGHT

McClane stands over what he expected would be a manual set of controls, only to find all gauges and dials to be computer generated onto digital screens operated by keyboards and an industrial joystick.

MCCLANE

So how hard can it be?

If only McClane could read the screen. Instinctively he turns around, shuts the cab door to find a hanging coat.

(CONTINUED)

From the inside coat pocket, McClane comes up with a pair of reading glasses. He's in business.

EXT. THE REAR CAR - NIGHT

Stalled in the middle of a pasture, the Conductors and Engineers assist relieved passengers off the single train car. Amongst the passengers is Jack G. A helicopter cuts overhead. Heads turn. It's the D.E.R.T. helicopter coming in for a landing. Jack G quickly slips from the crowd and disappears into a ditch.

CUT TO - MOMENTS LATER

The passengers have lined up and Panzarella keeps flash-lighting the faces. Rooney gets on the radio.

ROONEY

Jack McClane's not here. Sure he's not on the train?

INT. D.E.R.T. TRAILER RIG - NIGHT

Beebock at a computer station. He's tapped into LIVE CAMERA SHOTS from inside the ENGINE CAB of the Northbound Amtrak - all he has is a MINI-CAM image of McClane in the ENGINE CAB.

BEEBOCK

(into radio)

Cannot confirm. All I got is Super Cop driving the train.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - OLD FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Pope is staring at that same LIVE MINI-CAM image of McClane in the ENGINE CAB.

MR. FRANK

911 package is a go.

POPE

Not yet.

Pope points a gloved finger at the corner of the screen.

POPE (CONT'D)

Is that a telephone?

INT. ENGINEER'S CAB - MCCLANE - NIGHT

Cruising along, nothing but train tracks in front of him. This is where McClane sees the styrofoam meal box to his left. He opens it to find a half-eaten double hamburger and limp fries. After a hungry moment, he says:

MCCLANE

Man... No pickles?



TRAILER  
ENGINEER'S CAB  
NEWSROOM  
NEWS HELICOPTER  
CAMERAMAN  
ZOOM  
Blazes ahead

INT. D.E.R.T. TRAILER RIG - NIGHT

Beebock not only wants to know who McClane is talking to, he wants to know where they are. It's not as fast as a phone trace, but we can see an ever-tightening SATELLITE MAP in front of Beebock. Slowly, he's closing on the source of the call -- somewhere in Pennsylvania.

INT. ENGINEER'S CAB - NORTHBOUND AMTRAK - IN MOTION - SCENE CONT'D

McClane and Pope connected via phone.

POPE

... Technology is a lot like your son. No matter how much you love it -- or loathe it -- it's never gonna love you back.

MCCLANE

Important parenting tip. Remind me to thank you when I'm twisting that wheelchair around your neck.

INT. NEWSROOM - TV NEWS STATION - NIGHT

A NEWS PRODUCER rushes into the office of his NEWS DIRECTOR.

NEWS PRODUCER

Source inside Homeland Security just emailed me. Said they're tracking a hijacked train.

INT. NEWS HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

The NEWS PILOT radios back to the news station:

NEWS PILOT

I got it. Two miles ahead and movin'!

Sure enough, dead ahead is the Northbound Amtrak rocketing through the fields of Southern New Jersey. As the pilot turns his head to see if his CAMERAMAN is ready:

CAMERAMAN

GOT COMPANY!

Sure enough. Right alongside the news chopper is the D.E.R.T. HELICOPTER. CLOSER INSPECTION reveals Rooney strapped into the passenger seat. Then, as if the sky isn't crowded enough:

ZOOM - AN APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTER

Blazes ahead, right underneath both News and D.E.R.T. helicopters. The Apache's target is the Northbound Amtrak.

30000

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DHS - NIGHT

As they watch the attack sequence unfold, Deputy Wigand's cell phone rings. As he answers, we INTERCUT WITH:

INT. D.E.R.T. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

ROONEY

Do not fire on that train! There's a strong probability Jack McClane is on that train.

DEPUTY WIGAND

Not your show anymore. And DHS protocol for hijacked trains is to knock them off the tracks -

ROONEY

- It's D.E.R.T.'s opinion that Jack McClane is our best chance of stopping Day 3!

DEPUTY WIGAND

That's exactly what I'm doing. Stopping Day 3.

(as if ordering)

Begin attack sequence.

INT. ENGINEER'S CAB - NORTHBOUND AMTRAK - IN MOTION - NIGHT

The Apache helicopter unleashes a hellish blaze of lead.

MCCLANE - dives to the floor as the top part of the cab is instantly shredded. Ahead, he sees the open door to the train car. He lunges across the threshold into -

THE NEXT CAR - Where windows and seat cushions explode behind McClane as he runs. The car isn't just bullet ridden, it's eviscerated in a hurricane of heat-treated lead.

HELICOPTER POV - The machine gun catching up with McClane just as

MCCLANE - dives again, sliding to the next door, popping it open and rolling into the next car.

EXT. D.E.R.T. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

Rooney is spitting mad at what she sees.

ROONEY

Wigand, you asshole!

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - OLD FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Pope holds up the phone and mockingly says:

(CONTINUED)





INT. NEWS HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - DAY

The TV Cameraman snaps his eyes back from the spectacular sight he just witnessed.

INT. D.E.R.T. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

Rooney and crew are speechless.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - OLD FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Satisfied at the footage on TV, Pope shrinks back into his wheelchair.

POPE

Release the 911 package.

For a moment, Mr. Frank stares at Pope. Then he reaches over to his keyboard and clicks on an icon that looks like a brown paper package with "911" printed on it.

INT. 911 PHONE BANK - READING PENNSYLVANIA - NIGHT

Fifteen 911 OPERATORS portioned into neat cubicles. Each is hooked in to their computer-generated call list. A SUDDEN SQUEAL sends every operator pulling off their headsets. All the screens go blank.

INT. DISPATCH - READING POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

The DISPATCHER scrambles as the EMERGENCY MONITORS SQUEAL and blank.

EXT. RURAL INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The aftermath of a fresh collision. One car is ditched and steaming, the other is flipped. PUSH IN ON the DRIVER in the ditch, airbag deployed, barely able to reach his cell phone. Yet when he dials 9-1-1 we PUSH IN ON the speaker:

911 RECORDING

All emergency operators are busy.  
Please hang up and dial again.

INT. DUNKIN' DONUTS - OUTSIDE MIDDLETON, NJ - NIGHT

Quiet but for the pair of SBC GUYS with name tags clipped to their hard hats. They're on a late night break, both attuned to a squawky-sounding TV hung in the corner. On the TV is a NEWS REPLAY of the Amtrak wreck.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

We have an update on that hijacked train. All passengers appear to be safe and accounted for. The only assumed casualty was the unidentified hijacker...

SWISH PAN TO - JACK G

He appears alongside those SBC Hard hats, staring up at the latest news.

JACK G

My dad was on that train.

SBC GUY

No shit? Wow. Lucky they got everybody off.

JACK G

Yeah. Lucky.

But Jack G's face says different. He's certain his father is dead. He begins to convulse, his stomach rolling up a load of leftovers. Grabbing the first thing he can find - an actual hard hat - Jack G turns away and pukes into it. The SBC guys are aghast.

JACK G (CONT'D)

Jesus, sorry. I'll wash this out.  
Sorry sorry.

Jack G dashes to the restroom.

SBC GUY

Believe that guy?

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND DUNKIN' DONUTS - OUTSIDE MIDDLETON, NJ - NIGHT

Jack G crawls from the window, drops to the ground and hits the pavement running. CAMERA TILTS to a six-story windowless monolith.

INT. SBC SWITCHING STATION - NIGHT

Jack G slips in, that SBC hard hat low. He unclips the name tag, scans the bar code in front of the reader - BUZZ - and he pushes through the security door.

INT. SBC SWITCHING STATION - NIGHT

Hardly populated, but still humming with a few HARD HAT workers. Jack G tilts his view up to take in Grand Central for Fiber-optic Networks. Six stories of catwalks encircle this massive stack of fiber-optic bundles, junctions, digital switching stations.

INT. ELEVATOR - SBC SWITCHING STATION - NIGHT

Jack G climbs in, the doors shut, and he rides upward to -

INT. DIGITAL SOLUTIONS BANK - SBC SWITCHING STATION - NIGHT

Jack G pushes through the door into a cylindrical room rimmed in flat-screen monitors and keyboards set at various junction points - a veritable mainline to all things digital. Only

ROONEY (O.S.)

- Took you long enough.

Jack G's view swings a hard right, finding Rooney seated before one of those junction monitors. Another speed-swivel in POV as a stunned Jack G sees McClane, scraped, handaged, but still standing.

JACK G

The train -

MCCLANE

- Got a sidewinder enema. Ears are still ringing.

Jack G notes McClane isn't wearing handcuffs. He looks from McClane to Rooney and back, trying to figure -

ROONEY

- Yeah, I know. Version 1.0 is a pain in the balls. But he thinks you're our best shot... So do I.

EXT. OLD FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Krispy and Mr. Frank step from the farm house. As they walk up a stone path, they take notice of Lydia in the kitchen window. It appears as if she's washing dishes. Friendly nods are exchanged.

CUT TO - INSIDE THE KITCHEN

Reveal that Lydia isn't washing dishes. She's prepping timed explosive devices, laid out on a dishtowel like dead fish.

BACK OUTSIDE

We see Lydia nod again - only this nod is to Wash, just inside the

EXT. HORSE BARN - NEAR OLD FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Wash nods back to Lydia, then turns to the rear gate of an '78 Ford Bronco. As he's closing the gate, we see he's concealing a large, cylinder-like object covered with a furniture blanket.

PULL BACK WIDER

Revealing two more classic cars parked in horse stalls. A Chevelle and a Firebird.

EXT. BEYOND THE HORSE BARN - NIGHT

Mr. Frank with Krispy. In hushed voices, they smoke and argue.

MR. FRANK

He's certifiable. Out of his skull!

KRISPY

You're talking like he's another start-up. He's Greg Pope. He made money before it was called money.

(closer)

Trust the business model, friend. We're all gonna be rich.

Mr. Frank takes the last drag off the smoke.

MR. FRANK

... Just wanna be on that beach, waiting for the call to put Humpty Dumpty back together again.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - OLD FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Krispy ENTERS, Mr. Frank right behind him.

OLIVIER

Telecom package is a go. So if anybody wants to call mom, here's your last -

POPE

- Someone was smoking.

MR. FRANK

That would be me. Got a problem with that?

POPE

Dirty habit.

MR. FRANK

So's money. That means none of us are clean.

INT. DIGITAL SOLUTIONS BANK - SBC SWITCHING STATION - NIGHT

McClane, Rooney, Panzarella, and Beebock are all huddled around Jack G. Jack G's fingers briefly hover over the keyboard. Then come the first strokes. On screen, lines of complex code appear.

INT/EXT. - QUICK SHOTS AROUND THE NORTHEASTERN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Here's what we see:

**SUPERMARKETS**

Shelves decimated. Long lines.

**SHOPPING MALLS**

Emptied.

**STORE FRONTS**

Boarded up, crashed by LOOTERS, or guarded by SHOTGUN WIELDING OWNERS.

AND STUNNED CITIZENS CROWDED AROUND TELEVISIONS

Hospital waiting rooms, airport gates, cab drivers waiting for fares, all-night delis, etc, and...

**EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT**

On that Jumbo-Tron of a TV we see CHRIS WALLACE of Fox News.

**CHRIS WALLACE (ON TV)**

... Fox News has learned that The President plans to "set the table" for the potential declaration of Marshall Law. Sources inside The White House have confirmed that National Guard units have been put on immediate alert in the event of additional infrastructure failures.

**INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - OLD FARM HOUSE - NIGHT**

With Pope and crew watching, Mr. Frank sends out the "telecom package."

**SPEX SHOT - SOARING PAST THE TROPOSPHERE - NIGHT**

We hurtle headlong into a SATELLITE, where we're crushed. Into bytes of corrupting code as the bots begin infecting the system. Then we're shot over to another satellite then another and another until....

**INT/EXT. - QUICK SHOTS AROUND THE NORTHEASTERN CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

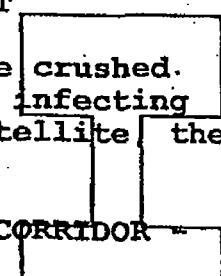
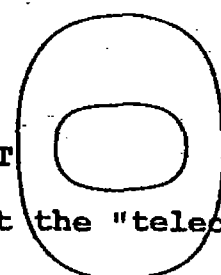
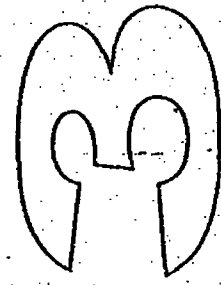
And all those TVs we just saw go black, including the Jumbo-Tron in Times Square.

**EXT. OLD FARM - NIGHT**

Pope in his wheelchair, staring up at the starry sky. Blue is nearby.

**POPE**

Ever wonder what it means?



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LOVE  
HARD  
C  
R

Blue looks up at the sky as if he's never looked at stars before. Then...

BLUE  
... I try not to, Mr. Pope.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - OLD FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Satisfied that the TVs are knocked out...

KRISPY  
Phones next. Then power. And we own it all.

OLIVIER  
Ownership has its privileges.

MR. FRANK  
Ownership has its responsibilities. Don't get cocky.

That's when Krispy notices a strange series of digits rolling up on a corner screen.

KRISPY  
Intruder! Jack McClane is back!

MR. FRANK  
Dammit. He's trying to peel the code. Get Pope.

INT. DIGITAL SOLUTIONS BANK - SBC SWITCHING STATION - NIGHT

The numbers are rolling up on screen like a hundred-line slot machine, one locking in after the next.

PANZARELLA  
You're gonna get inside -

JACK G  
- Already am inside. It's about what they're gonna do when they find me.

ROONEY  
Isn't there some kind of digital fly you can throw in the ointment?

JACK G  
I am the fly in the ointment.

CLOSE ON - MCCLANE'S REACTION

No need for a DNA test. Jack G's his boy.

INTERCUT WITH:

3  
6  
0  
0  
0  
H  
D

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - OLD FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Pope strolls in, no wheelchair at all to prop him up, and starts working a keyboard.

MR. FRANK

Tried all known countermeasures.  
Nothing kicks back. He's gotta be  
plugged into a -

POPE

- Superjunction.  
(speaks as he types)  
"How - the - weather - in - Jersey?"

ON JACK G'S SCREENS

Pope's response as Charlie Brown is on one screen. Jack G's invasion of Pope's network is on the other. Jack G types:

gilligan x: "weather's bad everywhere."

CHARLIE BROWN: "the sun can shine only after the rain."

MCCLANE

What kinda crap is that? Tell him  
Michael Jackson wants his gloves  
back.

gilligan x: "my father says 'hi'."

CHARLIE BROWN: "isn't it feeding time at the retirement home?"

MCCLANE (CONT'D)

Let me in there.

JACK G

Keep your hands -

MCCLANE

(two finger types)  
- "eat - me!"

When "eat me" appears on Pope's screen, the angrier he burns.

KRISPY

He's past the outer wall, strip-mining  
for a source stream -

MR. FRANK

- It's not like he can stop us.  
Most he can do is slow us down -

POPE

- He's smarter than you think.

(CONTINUED)

FRANCIS HAROLD LOVE

BACK ON - JACK G'S COMPUTER

One page is replaced by another - code stripped, re-committed, and returned.

TWO SHOT - MCCLANE AND ROONEY

As she whispers to McClane:

ROONEY  
Jack's good. Really good.

McClane knows. But suddenly Jack G's hands leave the keyboard. His eyes scanning the gigabytes of information represented on both screens.

ROONEY (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

JACK G  
I'm lost... I can't do it.

ROONEY  
Try again. Just start over -

JACK G  
- Where? He must have ten million PC's tied together.

MCCLANE  
Shut it down, then.

ROONEY  
Shut what down?

MCCLANE  
The internet. Shut it down. Isn't there some master switch or circuit breaker...

The stares at McClane are comic. Panzarella leans in and whispers to Jack G.

PANZARELLA  
You're actually related to him?

BEEBOCK  
Intelligence sometimes skips a generation -

JACK G  
- Shut up!

BACK TO - POPE AND CREW

The room is silent.

FRANCIS HAROLD LOVE



LOVE  
RIOT

3  
9  
0  
0  
H  
D

KRISPY  
He's stopped... He's giving up.

BACK TO - JACK G

He's staring at McClane. This is his moment of epiphany.

JACK G  
Can't shut down the internet... But the internet can shut down Pope.

It's hard to imagine the speed with which Jack G begins to operate, culling all the network codes and marrying them with blanket ISP's.

MCCLANE  
What are you doing?

JACK G  
You know all those annoying pop-ups and junk mail that clogs up your computer - I know - if you had a computer?  
(hands working furiously)  
I'm sending it all to Pope. Every single piece of crap on the net. I'm going to break his system.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - OLD FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Pop! Olivier's computer screen is invaded with a sudden pop-up ad for "Orbitz Travel."

OLIVIER  
What the fu...

KRISPY  
We're getting heavy. Why's everything so Goddamn slow -

MR. FRANK  
- It's junk. The prick, he's flooding us. We're a magnet for shit!

CLOSE ON - POPE

Who steadily begins hammering away at the keyboard. On screen, it looks like gobbledygook. But Mr. Frank recognizes it as -

MR. FRANK (CONT'D)  
- That's the power package!

Pope ignores Mr. Frank, continuing to "cue up" the power package. Mr. Frank pushes in.

(CONTINUED)

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TELEVISION

EXT. SUBURBAN LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

The power goes out.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA SKYLINE - NIGHT

One building goes dark, then two, then it's as if a giant cloud has rolled in. Everything goes black.

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - NIGHT

Like Philly, only bigger. It's a tsunami of power failure as it rips across the Brooklyn, Queensborough, and Triborough bridges.

HIGHER - A SATELLITE SHOT

Manhattan, Brooklyn, The Bronx, Long Island. All dark.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - DHS - NIGHT

Everyone's silent as they watch the tsunami on the big screen - power outage after power outage - heading for Washington D.C.

DEPUTY WIGAND

The President's gonna have to make another speech.

Whap. Circuits go. The room goes black.

EXT. MONUMENTS AND HISTORICAL SIGHTS - WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

The Jefferson and Lincoln Memorials, The Washington Monument, The Capitol, and The White House. All lights extinguished.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - OLD FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

In the blackness we see muzzle flashes to match the LOUD GUNSHOTS. A lamp is turned on, revealing big Blue. We first see Mr. Frank, Krispy, and Olivier - all dead. Then the light is swung onto -

POPE

Smoking gun in hand, breathless with excitement, eyes wild.

WE FADE OUT:

3  
6  
0  
0  
0  
T  
D

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THE  
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C  
A

FADE UP ON:

DAY 3

We hear the following OVER BLACK:

RADIO MESSAGE

This is a message from the Emergency Services Administration...

FADE UP ON:

EXT. QUICK SHOTS - NEW YORK CITY - DAWN

Tanks, Humvees and uniformed GUARDSMEN with automatic weapons patrolling the looted storefronts of 6TH AVENUE, the burning buildings of EAST HARLEM, and parked in the middle of the BROOKLYN BRIDGE. Smoke from burning buildings billows in the b.g.

RADIO MESSAGE

... Please, stay in your homes. If you need to leave your homes...

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NEW HAVEN, CT - DAWN

The fall colors are in odd contrast to the slow-rolling, NATIONAL GUARD TANK which blares the radio message.

RADIO MESSAGE

... stand first in the front door with your arms over your head. This is for your own safety...

INT. RURAL CLAPBOARD HOME - DAWN

A young FAMILY of immigrants huddles around a pink, Barbie AM radio.

RADIO MESSAGE

... if you are homeless, stay where you are until directed to the nearest disaster relief area.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAWN

The market is looted. Abandoned cars are graffitied with spray paint. The D.E.R.T. rigs - trailer, van, sat-truck, and the helicopter - are parked and ready. Everyone must SHOUT OVER THE ROTORS:

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I  
A

BEEBOCK  
I TRACED THE PHONE CALL BETWEEN  
MCCLANE AND POPE. CLOSEST I COULD  
GET WAS AN AREA CODE IN LANCASTER  
COUNTY.

ROONEY  
THAT'S NO SMALL PIECE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

JACK G  
WHO CARES THE SIZE? GAME'S OVER.  
POWER GRID WAS POPE'S LAST DOMINO.

MCCLANE  
CHARLIE BROWN'S NOT PLAYING WITH A  
FULL SET OF DOMINOS. FREAKS LIKE  
HIM - GAME'S NEVER OVER.

ROONEY  
YOU GOT A PLAN?

MCCLANE  
WHAT DO POPE AND CHARLIE BROWN HAVE  
IN COMMON?

JACK G  
NOTHING. POPE'S A PRAGMATIST.  
CHARLIE BROWN'S AN ANARCHIST.

MCCLANE  
NEITHER LIKES GETTING FUCKED WITH.  
TIME TO START PRESSING HIS BUTTONS.

Before anyone can answer, McClane is scrounging around the  
parking lot, picking up some of those used spray paint cans.

EXT. D.E.R.T. HELICOPTER - DAWN

In flight. Crudely spray-painted to appear as if it's an  
official HAZMAT helicopter.

ROONEY (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)  
... WARNING TO FARMERS. KEEP ALL  
LIVESTOCK PENNED AND FENCES REPAIRED.  
Q FEVER IS A HIGHLY CONTAGIOUS  
BACTERIA...

INT. D.E.R.T. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - DAY

McClane, Rooney, Jack G, Panzarella. Helmets fixed, they  
talk through radio headsets.

D.E.R.T. PILOT  
Is this gonna work?

MCCLANE  
Got another way to smoke him out?

(CONTINUED)

TRICARD LOVE LETTER

CLOSE ON - JACK G

Staring at the window, clinging to his seat. Rooney notes the white knuckles.

ROONEY  
Scared of flying?

JACK G  
Scared of getting shot down by an F-18.

Jack G nods out the window toward the distant jet trail.

ROONEY  
Nothing to worry about. All non-government aircraft are grounded.

MCCLANE  
Hey, Rooney. You have kids?

ROONEY  
... Cats. I have cats.

MCCLANE  
Bought Johnny a dog once. What we name that dog? "Bozo?"

JACK G  
It's name was "Bingo." And you didn't buy it. Was a rescue from the D.E.A.

ROONEY  
You brought home a drug sniffing dog?

JACK G  
I was twelve.

MCCLANE  
Found drugs didn't he? Loved that dog.

EXT. HELICOPTER SHOT - LANCASTER COUNTY, PA - DAY

The D.E.R.T. chopper soars over Amish farms. Sheep and cows run. Early-rising, plow-loving Amish FARMERS look annoyed.

INT. D.E.R.T. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - DAY

MCCLANE  
Go lower!

D.E.R.T. PILOT  
Any lower and I'll be scarin' the buttermilk out the Amish.

TRICARD LOVE LETTER

RICHARD LOVE TTT

PANZARELLA

Ya ya. Diese grossen lauten Voegel machen den armen Bauern Angst!

Something rings for McClane. He remembers Roosevelt's nonsensical answer about Pope's location.

MCCLANE

That some kind of Amish?

PANZARELLA

German. Technically, the Amish speak a mix of Dutch and German -

MCCLANE

"- Mary the Land Goat or something like that." Mean anything to you?

Panzarella thinks, then...

PANZARELLA

"Meer landgoed." Means "farm on the lake."

MCCLANE

That's it! Any lakes in Lancaster County?

INT. OLD FARM - MORNING

We can now reveal the old farm is nestled at the edge of a tranquil lake. Strolling along a shoreline path is Pope. A few steps to the rear are Blue and Wash. Pope stops, sucks back the fresh air.

POPE

Smell that? No electric charges, microwave pulses, television signals. It's a new world -

Pope stalls at the distant sound of a VOICE echoing across the rolling countryside, followed by helicopter rotors.

ROONEY (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)

... WARNING TO FARMERS. ELECTRIC FENCES ARE DOWN. WE HAVE AN OUTBREAK OF Q FEVER...

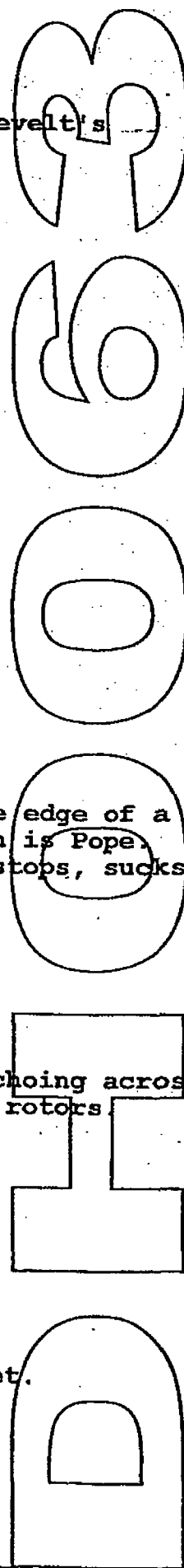
POPE

Q Fever. Coxiella burnetii.

Pope's eyes begin to swerve. Panic begins to set.

POPE (CONT'D)

We have to light the fires. We have to kill the germs.



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(CONTINUED)

WASH

The Q germ?

POPE

All the germs.

EXT. HORSE BARN - NEAR THE OLD FARM HOUSE - DAY

The doors are lifted to reveal those three classic cars; the Chevelle, the Firebird, and the Bronco.

LYDIA AND WASH

They carry heavy duffels, tossing them into the Bronco. Lydia climbs behind the wheel of the Bronco, Wash steps into the Firebird. Blue arrives, acting as a crutch for Pope, and helps him into the Chevelle.

CLOSE ON - A ROLLED-UP MAP

Clutched in Pope's fist. Once seated, Pope unfurls the map to reveal it's the schematic he'd drawn - the one with the crooked spokes going into a hub.

INT. D.E.R.T. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - DAY

Eyes peeled, everybody in the chopper has a position, scouring the landscape.

ROONEY

I don't even know what I'm looking for.

MCCLANE

Deviations. Flaws. Shit that looks out of place - like it doesn't belong.

D.E.R.T. PILOT

Like classic cars on parade.

ROONEY

I'm from Manhattan. It all looks out of place -

MCCLANE

- What'd you say about cars?

D.E.R.T. PILOT

Five o'clock. '69 Chevelle, '75 Bronco, '72 Firebird -

MCCLANE

- Turn around!

LEFT  
LOW  
RICHARD

B  
G  
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D



EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

And here they come, Pope's parade of classic cars, the Bronco cradled by the Chevelle in front and the Firebird to the rear. In the b.g., we see the D.E.R.T. Helicopter gaining.

INT. D.E.R.T. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - DAY

The D.E.R.T. Pilot has the three cars on visual.

MCCLANE

When's the last time you saw three muscle cars cruising through Amish country?

D.E.R.T. PILOT

Beauties, aren't they? When America built real cars. No silicon chips, no motherboards -

JACK G

- No computers? Just pistons, spark plugs.

Something is seriously bugging Jack G.

CUT TO - LEFT AND RIGHT - DHS GUNSHIPS (NUMBERED ONE AND TWO)

The PILOT of GUNSHIP TWO gives a "put-it-down" gesture. CLOSER INSPECTION reveals Deputy Wigand in the gunship's jump seat.

MCCLANE

Keep goin'!

D.E.R.T. PILOT

Government gunships say put it down, I'm putting down!

Reaney looks to her right. GUNSHIP ONE falling back into a firing position.

MCCLANE

Keep goin'! It's a bluff.

D.E.R.T. PILOT

It's a Goddamn good one. I'm not getting shot down by my own side!

INT. THE CHEVELLE - IN MOTION - DAY

Pope tilts his side view mirror. He can see the closing three helicopters. Pope speaks into a walkie-talkie.

POPE

Lydia? You know what to do.

CLOSE ON - JACK G

What was eating him comes out in words.

JACK G

A car that works without computer chips or motherboards. Impregnable to...

ROONEY

... Impregnable to what?

JACK G

E-M-P!

INT. THE BRONCO - IN MOTION - DAY

Sure enough, we see Lydia reach back and yank the furniture blanket off that mysterious, cylindrical item - AN EMP BOMB! She disengages the safety and pulls the trigger.

EXT. HIGHWAY, CARS, AND HELICOPTERS - DAY

This EMP explosion is in SLOW MOTION. It starts with a white flash, quickly turning into an ice blue wave that overtakes the landscape and airspace above.

THE D.E.R.T. HELICOPTER

Loses power, instruments sparking. The pilot wrestles the stick for control.

QUICK SHOTS - BOTH DHS GUNSHIP PILOTS

Each rocked by their own loss of power, both aircrafts spin out of control.

CUT TO WIDE - HELICOPTER AIRSPACE

While the aft GUNSHIP ONE careens away on its own downward trajectory toward the road...

MCCLANE - He sees what's about to happen.

GUNSHIP TWO - Spinning wildly right into the D.E.R.T. helicopter.

AIRSPACE - The helicopters collide mid-air.

MCCLANE - Grabs Rooney and pulls her down just as -

GUNSHIP TWO'S ROTOR BLADE - Cuts through the D.E.R.T. helicopter's fuselage, missing Rooney by inches.

JACK G - Recoils from the hail of metal shards.

THE PILOT - Continues to wrestle the stick as -

**AIRSPACE** - Without a rotor, GUNSHIP TWO plummets.

**D.E.R.T. HELICOPTER** - Its rotor still intact, the chopper auto-rotates against the air, slowing their fast-spinning descent.

**MCCLANE AND ROONEY** - McClane uses the momentum of the spin to toss Rooney into a rear seat. Instinctively she pulls down on the harness while McClane pulls the buckle into the place. Snap! She's in, but -

**TREES** - The helicopter crashes into a stand of pine trees.

**MCCLANE AND ROONEY** - No sooner is she buckled when the sudden impact into the trees causes the helicopter to sheer.

**THE TAIL SECTION** - is torn away, including the seat where Rooney was buckled.

**MCCLANE** - Horrified to lose Rooney, has no time to watch her fall away. McClane is hanging out of the open fuselage as -

**THE HELICOPTER** - Or what's left of it, begins to crash through the heavy tree branches toward the ground.

JACK G

DAD!!!!

**MCCLANE** - Grabs his son's hand. Jack G pulls and swings McClane safely back into the fuselage.

**CRASH!** The helicopter fuselage hits the ground with a heavy concussion. We SLOWLY PUSH toward the crumpled wreck.

**EXT. SCENE ON THE HIGHWAY - DAY**

**THE BLACKTOP** - Gunship One crashes onto the shoulder just ahead of Wash's firebird. Wash swerves, but the downed gunship's rotors slice the top of the Firebird right off.

**THE BRONCO** - Lydia panics, hits the brakes, sending the Bronco into a skidding, two wheel slide.

**THE CHEVELLE** - Connects with the Bronco. The Bronco spins away into the ditch. The Chevelle flips, tumbling four times before coming to rest, upside down and steaming.

**WIDE** - The burning Gunship, the wrecked Firebird, the ditched Bronco, the flipped Chevelle.

**INT. WRECKED D.E.R.T. HELICOPTER - MOUNTAIN SLOPE - DAY**

Through the smoke and dust we see Jack G, still harnessed to his seat and working to get unfastened.

(CONTINUED)

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JACK G  
Dad?  
(unbuckles)  
DAD!

Jack G wheels from his father's empty seat to the cockpit, where a wincing, one-eyed McClane checks the Pilot. No vitals, he's dead. Jack G looks at the body and...

JACK G (CONT'D)  
We should be dead.

MCCLANE  
Yeah, well. Wanna trade places with him?  
(pushes by)  
Didn't think so.

MCCLANE'S POV - OUT THE CRACKED WINDSHIELD

In the distance, he can see the smoking wrecks on the highway. He sees Blue pulling Pope from the flipped Chevelle.

THE D.E.R.T. PILOT'S PISTOL

McClane unholsters it from the dead man, checks the chamber, then achingly pushes for an exit.

EXT WRECKS ON THE HIGHWAY - DAY

A bleeding, but determined Lydia throws a shoulder into the Bronco's door, pushing out into the middle of the road to assist the battered Blue and Pope. Lydia helps Pope and Blue to the Bronco. Doors slam. In four-wheel-drive, Lydia digs the Bronco out of the ditch, then slams it into drive, and swerves through the smoke and fire to get back on track.

SWISH PAN TO - MCCLANE AND JACK G

Stumbling from the trees as fast as they're physically able. But they miss Pope and crew in the Bronco by mere moments.

HIGH SHOT - THE HIGHWAY

Striped in both directions with a constant, slow burning flame which hovers only inches above the asphalt. This goes as far as the eye can see.

CLOSE ON - THE MAP

Unfurled and half-burned. Jack G stamps it out. Meanwhile, McClane is stumped by the strange flames rising up from the tarmac.

MCCLANE  
What is this shit?

JACK G

Natural gas lines. Power's gone, so the safeties must be off to relieve the pressure -

MCCLANE

- But where do they go?

JACK G

Where don't they go? Natural gas runs everywhere. Almost every house, every city, coast to coast...

MCCLANE

... "America's standing on top of a time bomb."

Johnny takes another look at that half-burned up map.

NEAR THE SMOKING GUNSHIP WRECK

Littered amongst the shrapnel are munitions, useless and otherwise. McClane examines a couple of grenades, clips them to his belt, then picks up an assault rifle, checks the cylinder, then tosses it to Jack G.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)

Know how to -

JACK G

- M16 A4 automatic carbine.  
(racks a load)

Halo 2. X Box Live. I am the Master Chief.

CUT TO - THE FIREBIRD

With the roof sliced clean off. McClane pulls out what's left of Wash. TILT UP to Jack G.

JACK G (CONT'D)

Ever get tired of all the blood?

MCCLANE

Tired of getting beat.

McClane steps into the Firebird. Jack G, too. McClane pulls out onto the highway and follows that low, hovering flame.

CAMERA ZOOMS - THE HALF-BURNED MAP

Zeroing in on the hub of all those spokes.

WE DISSOLVE:

EXT. HIGH SHOT - NATURAL GAS JUNCTION STATION - DAY

This three acre site. Giant pipes springing from the earth amid rusted, corrugated metal sheds and old trailers, fenced with chain-link and razor wire. This is the hub. Through an open gate we see the Firebird pull through and stop.

MCCLANE AND JACK G

Step from the Firebird, silently looking left, right, all around. But for the broken gate, everything looks quiet and eerily normal. McClane motions for Jack G to come closer.

MCCLANE

Clockwise or to the right.

JACK G

What?

MCCLANE

To stop a chain reaction we'll have to manually shut every valve we can find. Clockwise or to the right.

(then...)

Whatever happens next. You don't stop to save me, I don't stop to save you. We just get done what needs to -

The ROAR OF AN ENGINE. McClane and Jack G wheel in time to see -

THE BRONCO

Busting from one of those old sheds, charging at -

MCCLANE AND JACK G

Instead of firing into the dirty windshield, McClane only has but a split second to shove Jack G clear and -

THE BRONCO'S GRILL MEETS MCCLANE

Crunch! McClane tumbles backward, crashing into the chain link fence. He hits the ground with a sickening thud.

BLUE

He steps from the Bronco, looking around for Jack G. But Jack G has vanished. Not a trace. Blue approaches McClane.

BLUE

Like that shit? How 'bout I drop you three stories. Just like Gabby.

MCCLANE

Writhes in pain, trying to find his feet. His right arm is broken, hanging from an even more useless shoulder.

THOSE TWO GRENADES

The ones McClane clipped to his belt. They lay between Blue and McClane. Blue strides slowly, picks up both grenades and pockets them. Next, he trains his sights on McClane, who's crawling down the fence line, trying to reach the pistol.

MCCLANE

He goes for his pistol, but those long legs of Blue move quickly. A hooking kick sends the pistol soaring, clattering off the pipes.

BLUE (CONT'D)

A one armed old man? You're like us, now. A misfit.

McClane grabs hold of one of the pipes and starts climbing.

INT. STAIRWELL ENTRY - THE HUB - DAY

Hard hats line the wall, each with an emergency head lamp. Jack G puts on a hard hat, switches on the lamp, then descends, gun forward.

REVEAL BLOOD SMEARS

Along the wall. Jack G has found a trail.

EXT. PIPE YARD - DAY

Atop a pipe complex, McClane is clearly outmatched by big Blue. McClane has nowhere to maneuver. He ducks one kick gets clipped by the next, nearly stumbles off the massive fitting, before leaping for a hanging cable.

BUT BLUE

He's too tall. He merely has to reach, grabbing a cable with both hands, toyingly swinging it left and right as if to shake McClane loose. Finally, Blue grabs the cable with both hands, hangs, throws those long legs out until they wrap tightly around McClane.

MCCLANE

Only one arm to hang on with, he tries to kick away, but it's useless.

AND BLUE

He has everything working for him, length and leverage pulling on McClane until they both come crashing down onto another pipe set.

MCCLANE AND BLUE

McClane winces, cracking ribs as they land. And when he tries to wriggle away from Blue, it's useless. Blue is like a reptile, all arms and legs snaking around McClane in a wrestler's death grip. Blue swivels and tosses McClane over - SLAM - then again - SLAM. Then with an arm twisting around McClane's throat, he cuts off McClane's windpipe. McClane throws a fist, but Blue just catches it, twisting McClane's wrist over until -

BLUE

- Hey. That's Rosey's Bowl ring!

MCCLANE

Trade you for it.

BLUE

Trade you? Shit.

TIGHT ON - BLUE'S TEETH

As they clamp down on McClane's index finger, catching the ring and sliding it off. Blue proudly reveals the super Bowl ring stuck between his teeth.

RACK FOCUS TO - MCCLANE'S HAND

Revealing that pull ring to one of the grenades in Blue's pocket.

MCCLANE

He puts a hard foot into Blue's chest, sending the seven-footer flailing backwards.

BLUE

Slow motion falling - off the top of the pipe complex and - BANG! - the grenade explodes.

INT. VALVE JUNCTION - THE HUB - DAY

The grenade explosion echoes through the pipes. We follow the vibration to Lydia's alert face. She returns to setting the bomb.

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INT. NEAR THE VALVE JUNCTION ROOM - THE HUB - DAY

Jack G stalls at the SOUND OF POPE'S VOICE. He switches off his light, crouches and peers in a crack between pipe fittings.

JACK G'S POV - THE VALVE JUNCTION

This space is where all the natural gas pipes meet. He sees Lydia and Pope. Lydia is attaching the detonator wires to a laptop held by Pope.

INT. STAIRWELL ENTRY - THE HUB - DAY

McClane ENTERS, right hand holding the pistol, but with his left arm so limp, he has no way to steady himself, so he half-slides, then tumbles down the stairwell. McClane lands with a crunch.

MCCLANE

Mother-fu....

INT. OUTER VALVE ROOM - THE HUB - DAY

This is a large, curved corridor with master valves every twenty-five feet. Jack G slings the rifle and starts twisting the first wheel.

INT. NEAR THE VALVE JUNCTION ROOM - THE HUB - DAY

McClane slides along the wall. Sees the lights of the Valve Junction room and calls -

MCCLANE

JJJAACCCCKKKKKK!!!!

VALVE JUNCTION ROOM

As McClane steps down the steps...

POPE (O.S.)

Things really haven't changed.

Wobbly, McClane swings the pistol onto a stiffly erect and seemingly unarmed Pope.

POPE (CONT'D)

We think we're so evolved. But look at it. All of this. Pipes, connections. This particular hub is just a router through which another lifeline flows -

SMACK!

From out of nowhere comes Lydia, throwing a crushing right across McClane's skull. The pistol is kicked away.

INT. OUTER VALVE ROOM - JACK G - DAY

Jack G moves on to another valve, spinning the big wheel clockwise until it's shut.

INT. VALVE JUNCTION - THE HUB - DAY

McClane finds his feet. He tries to focus. He can see both of Lydia's eyes. The real right eyeball and the glassy left. She hunts McClane, throwing punches with a boxer's skill, cracking lefts and rights, spilling him to the floor.

POPE

Reveals a sickening grin.

MCCLANE

Crawls for a three-foot pipe wrench. Lydia is on top of him, turning him over, straddling him and pounding with her fists.

THAT GLASS EYE

Staring dead at McClane. So McClane sends a Hail Mary hook, surprising her and sending her reeling.

THE PIPE WRENCH

McClane reaches it, grabs one end, throws his weight and swings. The claw catches Lydia in her blind spot, spinning her. McClane whirls, swinging the wrench again and again, crushing her blind spot with each blow. With one last hard swing, Lydia's skull gives.

POPE

Is splattered with Lydia's blood. The germaphobe in him freaks. Pope SCREAMS!

MCCLANE

Drops the pipe, reaches for anything to steady him, but falls into Pope.

DAD!

JACK G (O.S.)

ON THE FLOOR

Pope and McClane. Knotted and bloody. Pope grits his teeth and shoves a pistol in McClane's neck.

JACK G APPEARS

Rifle raised, shaking, and holding on the tangle of Pope and McClane. His POV swings quickly over to the laptop.

TRIC HARLOWE

On screen, the numbers whiz by. The bomb is on a timer.

MCCLANE  
... Shoot him.

POPE  
Go ahead. Kill your father.

MCCLANE  
Screw that, take the shot.

JACK G'S POV

Down the barrel of the rifle. This isn't Halo 2. His aim is shit.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)  
LISTEN TO ME, "SUE." YOU GOTTA STOP THE BOMB. TAKE THE SHOT!

Jack G's aim suddenly steadies, he's just about to squeeze the trigger -

JACK G  
- Never underestimate a child's instinct to save their parent.

BAM! - the bullet skims by McClane's head and strikes Pope between the eyes. Dead.

MCCLANE  
Eyes wide. He can't believe what his son just did.

MCCLANE  
... Gotta get me an X Box.

Jack G kneels down to help his father and -

MCCLANE (CONT'D)  
The bomb.

JACK G  
Believe me. There's nothing to do but run. C'mon.

EXT. PIPE YARD - DAY

Arm in arm, McClane and Jack G exhume themselves from the stairwell.

MCCLANE  
What about the valves?

JACK G  
Got most of 'em shut.

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6  
0  
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(CONTINUED)

THE  
FENCE

MCCLANE

Most of 'em?

JACK G

I wasn't counting, I was just -

McClane eyes the Bronco.

MCCLANE

- Shut up and drive.

WE

INT. VALVE JUNCTION ROOM - THE HUB - DAY

We're on the laptop. Those encrypted numbers freeze - then boom!

WE

EXT. PIPE YARD - DAY

McClane climbs into the Bronco, Jack G takes the driver's seat. The Bronco starts, Jack G drops it into gear just as -

WE

A PIPE CAP

Blows, popping the flying saucer-sized cap straight up into the sky.

WE

THE ACCELERATOR

Hits the floor. The Bronco roars ahead, blowing through the chain link fence.

WE

THE PIPE YARD

Is turned into a fireball.

WE

MCCLANE

Maybe one?

BEHIND THE BRONCO

A pipeline blows, ruptured by fire.

WE

JACK G

Charges the Bronco through the wooded area, serpentine through trees like they were slalom poles until they break through into a pasture.

WE

THE WOODED AREA

Is swallowed by flame.

WE

HELICOPTER SHOT

The Bronco charging, bumping, sliding through the pasture. Behind them, the pipeline continues erupting.

WE

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REAR VIEW MIRROR

Nothing but flame and fireballs.

JACK G

It's chasing us!

MCCLANE

Keep your foot on the gas!  
(looks behind)

We gotta stop it before the line splits! Otherwise -

JACK G

- Chain reaction, no shit. Any ideas?

MCCLANE

Yeah. Go faster.

THE BRONCO

Soars off the edge of a ten foot cliff and slams onto the bottom of a natural drainage channel.

THE DRAINAGE CHANNEL

Erupts in earth and fire behind the Bronco. The walls of the small canyon are too steep for the Bronco to pull out of. The only direction is straight ahead.

EXT. EASTERN SLOPE - DAY

Here rests the other section of the D.E.R.T. helicopter. An injured Rooney and Panzarella stand and turn to what is an unimaginable sight.

POV - ROONEY AND PANZARELLA

Smoke, scorched earth, and that moving fireball as the small canyon continues to erupt with ten-story flames. Just ahead of the moving fireball - dwarfed by the size of the explosions - they can see the Bronco.

PANZARELLA

Is that -

ROONEY

- McClane!

EXT. UP SLOPE - SMALL CANYON - DAY

That natural drainage channel ends in a steep slope. The Bronco charges up and -

JACK G

Hang on!

(CONTINUED)

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OVERLOOKED

SLOW MOTION

The Bronco soars in the air.

MCCLANE'S POV ZOOMS

At the other end of a cornfield, he sees a natural gas junction, pipes busting from the ground.

There! MCCLANE

CORNFIELD

A massive expanse of fertile bottom land. Ripe corn as far as the eye can see.

THE BRONCO

Cuts a blind path, nothing but corn in front of them. McClane reaches over and instinctively adjust the steering wheel.

I got it! JACK G

I know you do. Just stay on that line. And jump when I tell you. MCCLANE

Just because I listened to you once, doesn't mean - JACK G

THE FIREBALL

Roasting the corn, sending sprays of earth a hundred feet into the air.

MCCLANE AND JACK G

The fireball is closing fast.

REAR VIEW MIRROR

The fireball is right on their ass.

AHEAD - THE PIPE JUNCTION

Rising out of the cornfield. Jack g understands, now. He grips the wheels, pushes the accelerator down to the floor.

That's it! You got it. Go, go, go, GO! MCCLANE

HIGH SHOT

The fireball is licking at the rear of the Bronco. Fifty yards ahead is the Pipe Junction.

MCCLANE'S DOOR

He throws it open.

MCCLANE (CONT'D)

My side! Let's go!

QUICK SHOTS

The fireball - the Bronco - the pipe junction - father and son looking at each other.

MCCLANE AND JACK G

Yippeekayaymotherfuckerrrrrrrrrr!!!!

MCCLANE AND JACK G

Leap from the moving Bronco, rolling to a muddy stop in the cornfield.

THE FIREBALL

Roars past.

THE BRONCO

Slams headlong through the pipe junction, completely severing a line, bending both sides away from the other.

THE PIPE JUNCTION

Broken in two. One side is a blazing, roaring, mouth of hell. The other side is dispersing inert gas to the air. The fireball has been stopped.

EXT. EASTERN SLOPE - DAY

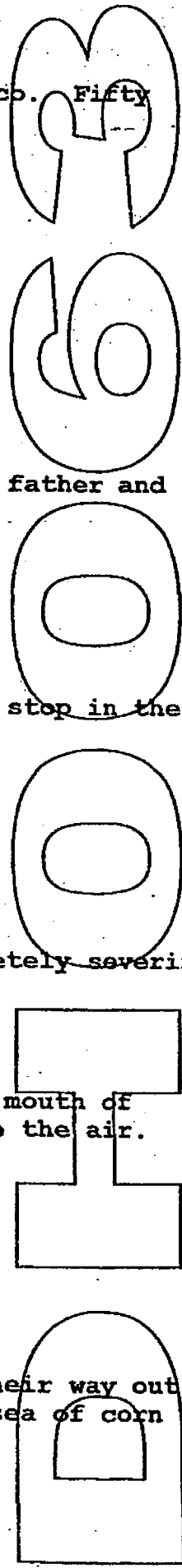
A relieved Rooney and Panzarella.

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

The hobbling pair - McClane and Jack G - work their way out of the smoking aftermath. They push through a sea of corn stalks, stumbling upon an abandoned tractor.

JACK G

Maybe you could hotwire it.



RICHARD LONNETT

MCCLANE

Maybe I could show you how and you could hotwire it.

JACK G

Bet you'd wanna drive, too.

MCCLANE

Damn right. That ol' thing looks just my speed.

CUT TO - MOMENTS LATER

McClane and Jack G aboard the hot-wired tractor. Jack G is driving, McClane riding. CRANE UP.

MUSIC UP:

Johnny Cash's "A Boy Named Sue" plays over CREDITS.

THE END.

DEE GOOBB