

SECOND REVISED
SHOOTING FINAL

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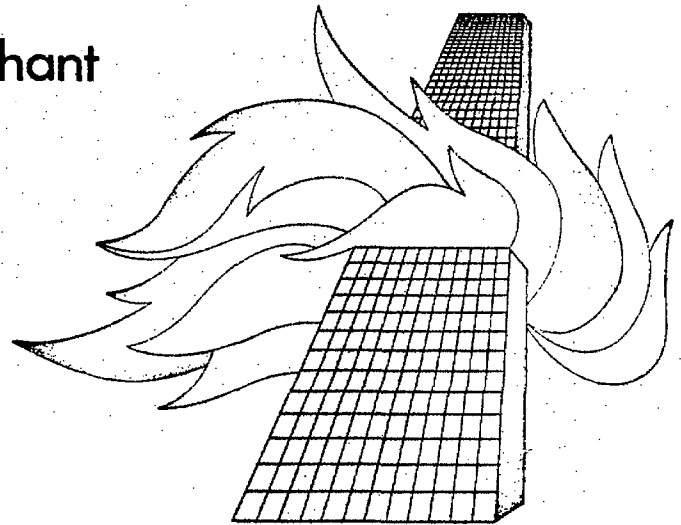
20TH CENTURY-FOX & WARNER BROS.

present

Irwin Allen's Production Of

**THE
TOWERING
INFERNO**

written by Stirling Silliphant



MARCH 29, 1974

THE TOWERING INFERNO

Written

by

STIRLING SILLIPHANT

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"THE TOWERING INFERNO"

BEFORE TITLES

FADE IN

- 1 EXT. FOG - DAY (2ND UNIT)

Two balls of light shimmering in a world of fog. Tiny fireballs growing larger, floating toward us. We discover they're beacons fixed on a high span of the Golden Gate Bridge - that we - not they - are moving (via helicopter).

We pierce the massive marine layer, burst into clear beyond, San Francisco etched in burnished steel.

- 2 EXT. THE SKY ABOVE THE CITY - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY (2ND UNIT)

The helicopter against the skyline like a bee in a garden of giant flowers. The helicopter bears a corporate crest: "DUNCAN ENTERPRISES."

- 3 AIR-TO-AIR SHOT TRACKING DUNCAN'S HELICOPTER - DAY (2ND UNIT)

above towering downtown skyscrapers.

- 4 INT. DUNCAN'S HELICOPTER - DAY (BLUE SCREEN)
(2/U PLATE)

A man sits forward with the PILOT. This is CRAIG WILSON, mid-thirties, blue-jeaned - face with a three-day stubble - a happy-looking cat, eyes bright and aware as he gazes ahead through the windshield.

- 5 CRAIG'S P.O.V. - THE GLASS TOWER - (BLUE SCREEN)
FRAMED THROUGH THE HELICOPTER WINDOW - (MIN. PLATE)
THE WORLD'S TALLEST SKYSCRAPER - DAY

majestic...awesome...gleaming gold - glittering panels covering structural steel - the whole pierced by tens of thousands of solar bronze-tinted tempered glass windows - the newest and most magnificent structure in the world.

- 6 EXT. THE GLASS TOWER AND THE HELICOPTER (FULL SIZE HELI.
PLUS MIN. BLDG.)
circling toward the bay side of the (COMPOSITE)
skyscraper, affording us spectacular views
of the structure from several angles.

- 7 INT. DUNCAN'S HELICOPTER - CLOSER ANGLE (BLUE SCREEN)
- CRAIG AND THE PILOT (2/U PL.)

Craig drinks it all in - his love for the building reflected in his eyes - a deep mutual identity of man and structure.

- 8 HIS P.O.V. - THE MASS OF WINDOWS (MINIATURE)

ablaze with the reflection of the morning sun.

- 9 EXT. THE GLASS TOWER - DAY (COMPOSITE)
(MIN. + 2/U
SHOT OF S.F.)

ANGLED UP the face of the world's tallest building rising endlessly into the sky - and above it - a hovering dot - Duncan's helicopter.

- 10 INT. DUNCAN'S HELICOPTER - THE MEN (BLUE SCREEN)
(2/U PL.)

PILOT

How's it make you feel?

- 11 CLOSER ANGLE - CRAIG (BLUE SCREEN)
(2/U PL.)

He smiles.

- 12 HIS P.O.V. - THE SHEER RISE OF THE TOWER (MINIATURE)
FROM SIXTEEN HUNDRED FEET ABOVE

- 13 INT. DUNCAN'S HELICOPTER - CLOSE ANGLE (BLUE SCREEN)
- CRAIG (2/U PL.)

CRAIG

(smiling)

Small.

- 14 EXT. DUNCAN'S HELICOPTER - DAY (MINIATURE)

circling the Glass Tower on its final approach - the reflection of the passing chopper flitting brokenly from window-to-window - refracted into CAMERA.

- 15 EXT. THE HELIPAD - ROOFTOP - DAY

A MAN waits on the outside metal staircase leading from the roof to the raised helipad, looks up at the descending aircraft.

- 16 CLOSER ANGLE - THE MAN - JAMES DUNCAN

At fifty-three, one of the world's richest men, a tough-up-from-the-streets developer-builder. Even with his business suit pummeled by the wind, he gives off an aura of success and power. He appears - at the moment - to be literally and figuratively on top of the world - waiting up there alone for Craig to buzz on down.

17 HIS P.O.V. - THE CHOPPER

settling, Craig getting out with a valise, coming toward him.

18 CLOSER ANGLE - THE TWO MEN

Craig appears amused to see Duncan waiting for him. He has to shout to be heard above the PLIP-PLIP-PLIP of the rotors. He looks toward the sky and smiles.

CRAIG

I just happened to be in the neighborhood.

DUNCAN

Saw you coming...Glad you're back...

They head toward an elevator housing.

19 INT. EXECUTIVE ELEVATOR

descending - the two men in mid-conversation, both careful with each other - smiling - nothing heavy.

DUNCAN

I can't get you to change your mind, can I?

CRAIG

Not a chance! This trip did it for me. I'm going ahead with the project.

DUNCAN

I don't care how hard you'll be working all day -- what are you going to do at night in the middle of nowhere?

CRAIG

Sleep like a winner.

DUNCAN

I know you better than you know yourself. You're a city boy - with a low threshold of boredom. You'll come running back in two weeks.

The elevator stops, doors glide open, reveal:

20 INT. DUNCAN'S RECEPTION AREA - (65TH FLOOR)

an elaborate reception area - DUNCAN ENTERPRISES. Duncan and Craig step out, cross the area. TWO RECEPTIONISTS deal with the many people entering and leaving. To one side a SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR is busy within a see-through plastic soundproof globe.

DUNCAN

Can you come in for a few minutes?

CRAIG

Later. Got a lady waiting.

He moves toward another bank of elevators. Duncan coming with him.

Craig pushes the call button.

DUNCAN

Senator Parker's flying in for the party. He's virtually guaranteed that urban renewal contract. Buildings like this one, Craig - well, maybe not quite this big - but modifications. You design 'em. I'll build 'em.

CRAIG

I love you too. The answer's still no.

An elevator arrives.

DUNCAN

(with a confident smile)

You'll never leave.

CRAIG

(stepping into the elevator)

Right after the party, come down and watch me burn my black tie.

Duncan watches the elevator doors close in his face.

21 INT. ARCHITECTURAL WORK AREA - (79TH FLOOR) - FULL SHOT

A central room off which offices open. The area dominates the major part of this still-unrented floor currently given over to the planning work for all Duncan Enterprises' building projects - architects, draftsmen, engineers - with their drawing boards and equipment - a beehive.

Craig enters at the far end with his valise.

22 CLOSER ANGLE - CRAIG

surveying with a kind of bemused fondness the scores of men and women working industriously - phones ringing - a bedlam - in contrast to the peace of the wilderness from which he's come.

Craig saunters into the room, CAMERA MOVING with him, but in spite of his shaggy appearance, he not only does not appear out of place - he seems the very core of it.

One man - deep in a huddle of ENGINEERS - spots Craig, hurries over. This is WILL GIDDINGS, a big, ham-fisted man, Construction Chief for Duncan Enterprises.

GIDDINGS

Dampers won't stay open!

CRAIG

Hey, wait a minute. Whatever happened to 'hello?'

Giddings grins, claps him on the shoulder.

GIDDINGS

You look like it took.

CRAIG

It took fine.

GIDDINGS

Gonna miss you. Duncan know?

CRAIG

He's all smiles...Which electromagnets went in?

GIDDINGS

Thompson G-4's.

CRAIG

Specs called for G-12's.

GIDDINGS

That's what comes from this damn last-minute panic.

Craig moves off toward his office, the engineers waving to him, some grabbing sketch pads and files and hurrying toward him.

ENGINEER

(catching him)

We keep running into ground water on that Atlanta job.

Cont.

22 Cont.

CRAIG
Bring in the designs - we'll have
a look.

By now he's besieged - a half-dozen men trying to get at him
with their problems - all needing decisions.

Craig grins at them.

CRAIG
Ten minutes - okay?

He continues onward, waving to people as he goes. It's clear
they like him - and have missed him. He approaches an office,
its door being held open by a girl - his secretary BESS.

23 INT. CRAIG'S OUTER OFFICE

BESS
Are you taking calls?

CRAIG
Is she inside?

BESS
Yes.

CRAIG
I'm not taking calls.

24 INT. CRAIG'S INNER OFFICE

Craig opens the door. Beyond, a girl waiting.
SUSAN THOMPSON, Craig's girl. He closes the door behind him.
She comes to him. They embrace, kiss, enjoying each other,
taking their time with it. Finally, she takes him by the
hand, leads him toward the private apartment-dressing room
opening off his office.

SUSAN
Later on, when they talk about
this - and they will - remember
to tell them it was my idea.

She opens the door to the private apartment which adjoins
Craig's office suite, revealing champagne icing in a bucket
next to a studio couch.

He grins, closes the door with his foot - keeping the two of
them out of the private apartment, shakes his head
reproachfully.

CRAIG
Don't we even talk first?

SUSAN
On my lunch hour!?

24 Cont.

CRAIG

But I brought you a gift. It's
in my bag.

SUSAN

You can't escape that easily...
What's the gift?

He gives her a professorial look - playing it all the way.

CRAIG

One hundred and forty dollars'
worth of vulgar underwear.

She reopens the door, playfully pushes him inside, follows
him in, closing the door into CAMERA.

25 INT. CRAIG'S OUTER OFFICE

Giddings in f.g. on a phone, Bess, Craig's secretary, fending
off the growing crowd of engineers and architects coming in
to confer with Craig.

GIDDINGS

(into phone)

Yeh, right away! G-12's! You
want Duncan to get up there
tonight and find out the
air-conditioning don't work?
Okay, so move it!

26 INT. MAIN UTILITY - (BASEMENT)

(LOCATION)

A jump-suited TECHNICIAN hangs up the phone, mutters to
himself as he scribbles a notation on his work-pad, hurries
toward the nearby supply room.

TECHNICIAN

We still got any G-12 electros
in stock?

CAMERA PANS AWAY from him, MOVES IN on two other men -
the CHIEF ENGINEER - CALLAHAN - and his ASSISTANT - WES.

Both men are checking systems-control at a vast console which
runs the length of one wall. It bristles with knobs and
switches, gleams with buttoned lights, some white, some amber.

CALLAHAN

(in the monotonous tone
pilots use for check-off
lists)

Booster pump - Zone One.

Wes flips a switch. The indicator on a dial dances.

WES

(reading the dial)

One ten.

Cont.

26 Cont.

CALLAHAN
Secure Zone One.

Wes returns the switch to Off. The light goes out, the indicator drops back to zero.

CALLAHAN
Main generator - Zone one.

Wes flips a switch. Nothing happens. Neither the indicator on the dial activates, nor does the signal light come alive.

Callahan and Wes look at each other.

CALLAHAN
Auxiliary generator.

Wes reaches for another lever, pulls it. Sparks fly. A stab of flame shoots through a seam in the panel, then a cloud of acrid smoke puffs out, driving both men back.

27 CLOSER ANGLE - THE ELECTRICAL FLARE-UP

The flame and smoke clear and we are looking at a dead, burned-out fuse box from which the impact of the electrical discharge has knocked the cover loose.

Sparks still dance along one main terminal, then rush upward, disappearing behind the wall partition in an upward direction.

28 INT. A STORAGE ROOM - (81ST FLOOR) (2ND UNIT)

In the darkened storage area CAMERA DOLLIES IN on a glow around an electrical panel. Faint as it is, there is enough light from the glow to reveal the shadowy forms of storage drums, metal shelves containing bottles of detergents and chemical cleaners, cardboard cartons filled with paper towels, mops and towels stored in long rows, piles of cotton moving mats.

The panel turns white, snaps open, revealing fuses sparking. A tongue of fire licks up the length of a visible electrical cable.

Burning fragments from the insulation on the cable drift down onto the cotton mats. They burn a moment, smoke, then go out.

29 INT. CENTRAL SECURITY CENTER - (50TH FLOOR) - FULL SHOT
(BLUE SCREENS)

The Center is a room out of the future - all electronic - with TV screens reproducing the scans of closed-circuit lenses and sensing devices placed throughout the skyscraper. Security men on duty watch the multi-screens.

30 CLOSER ANGLE

HARRY JERNIGAN, a rugged-looking black in his early thirties, Head of Security, reacts to the print-out coming over the Gamma 500, an interrogate-response processor, hurries to one of the screens where the SECURITY MAN responsible for below-grade (BURN-IN) floors is already brightening focus on the main utility room. Jernigan watches the screen for a split second, then moves swiftly to another area of the security room, examines:

31 HIS P.O.V. - CLOSER ANGLE - THE PANEL

We see the words FIRE DEPARTMENT. AUTOMATIC ALARM. The alarm button remains unlit - unactivated.

32 ANGLE FAVORING JERNIGAN

looking back into the scanner, seeing there is no fire in the utility room. (BURN-IN)

JERNIGAN

(to the Security Guard
monitoring the utility
room screen)

Something's screwed up. The print-out on the Gamma 500 indicates a combustion alarm, but it didn't trip the Fire Department signal.

FIRST SECURITY GUARD

Why should it? There's no fire.

He indicates the screen.

JERNIGAN

The Gamma 500 says there is!

He hurries out.

33 INT. CRAIG'S OUTER OFFICE

Craig's outer office is getting more and more crowded. Bess watches one ENGINEER tapping his wristwatch.

ENGINEER

The man said ten minutes. That was half an hour ago! How long is that 'meeting' going to take?

33 Cont.

BESS

(firmly)

Until he tells me to bring in
the mail!

34 INT. CRAIG'S DRESSING ROOM - APARTMENT SUITE

In the b.g. Craig comes out of the shower, a huge bath
towel doing the decent thing. He is now clean-shaven.
He moves out of SHOT.

In the f.g. Susan stands in bra and panties in front of a
mirror and considers her image objectively.

SUSAN

Why did I have to be born
short-waisted?

Craig comes in, wearing a robe now, checks her figure.

CRAIG

You really got a lot of problems,
honey.

SUSAN

Okay, now we'll talk about
your problems.

CRAIG

Let me tell you about it...

(he's back on a
communications high)

I'm going to build a little town
right along the sea cliffs above
Mendocino. No lawns. How do you
mow high-tide? You send the kids
to school with the gulls and the
otters...You're up every morning
with the sun. No alarm clocks...
I tumbled out around five and sat
on the rocks and breathed in all
God's air...Yessiree - no more
skyscrapers - just wild little
houses in the middle of the wilds.
I'm going to build my dreams
right there - and you're going
to be with me.

Susan's reaction is not up to his high. She looks thoughtful.
But she tries to get their mood back with a halfhearted
effort.

SUSAN

Is that a firm offer?

328

He looks at her from the corner of his eyes, evaluating.

Cont.

34 Cont.

CRAIG
Not ready for it yet?

SUSAN
Maybe in two years.

CRAIG
What this relationship needs is
a time machine.

SUSAN
It'll take you that long to finish
all those wild little houses...
Craig, I don't think you can take
all that peace and quiet as a
steady diet. I really don't.

CRAIG
You're getting to sound like Duncan
...I'll be okay. You're thinking
about yourself.

SUSAN
Look, darling, this is where we're
making it - here - in San Francisco.
You're the best architect around -
you've designed the tallest building
in the world. You want to throw
that away to indulge some kind
of back-to-nature impulse?

CRAIG
(gently)
My love, a shopping and recreational
center and five hundred homes hidden
along a sea cliff is a little more
than just an 'impulse.'

SUSAN
Okay, what about me? I've got
a good shot at being literary
editor - but I need another year
or two to make it - here in
San Francisco. You can afford to
run away and do anything you
want, Craig - even fail. That's
a luxury I can't afford. Not yet,
anyway. I've got to stay put.

Before he can reply, his buzzer sounds. He crosses to the
phone, picks it up.

Cont.

34 Cont.1

CRAIG

Yeh?

(listens, reacts)

Okay. Tell 'em I'll be there.

He hangs up, looks across at Susan.

CRAIG

We'll hold this over till
tonight. Okay?

35 INT. THE MAIN UTILITY ROOM - (BASEMENT) (LOCATION)

Next to the blackened system-control panel Giddings is conferring, voice low, with Jernigan, Callahan and Wes as Craig hurries in.

Craig makes a swift, visual survey of the damage.

CRAIG

What happened?

CALLAHAN

We were running a routine on
Zone One generator. I didn't
like the reading. I told Wes
to kick up the standby...
POOF!...

(indicating)

...everything shorted out.

Craig surveys the damage. Then he picks up a stripping
tool from a kit.

CRAIG

(to Callahan)

Give me your gloves.

Callahan takes off the heavy-duty insulated work gloves,
hands them to Craig.

CRAIG

(slipping into
the gloves)

All power down in Zone One?

Callahan nods.

Craig moves in to the burn-out.

36 CLOSER ANGLE - CRAIG

digging in with the stripping tool. He works upward skillfully within the complex of cables flowing in and out, many scorched and burned, until he strips out a piece of wiring.

37 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CRAIG

His eyes go to Giddings.

CRAIG

Look.

He holds it out. Giddings appears shocked.

GIDDINGS

Supposed to be conduits in there - not that stuff!

38 OUT

39 INT. A MUNICIPAL CHAMBER - FULL SHOT - A HEARING

Fire Department BRASS, PRESS and CITIZENS jam the hearing room. A well-dressed BUSINESS MAN is pointing a finger at a work-hardened firefighter in dress blues, seated among other FIREMEN.

BUSINESS MAN

(shouting)

I don't care what Commander O'Hallorhan says, there were no violations of the Code in my building!

The PRESIDING OFFICER turns to COMMANDER MICHAEL O'HALLORHAN.

PRESIDING OFFICER

Did you say, Commander, that there were violations of the Code that caused the fire?

O'HALLORHAN

Not quite, sir.

The presiding officer seems puzzled.

PRESIDING OFFICER

Explain yourself, Commander.

40 OUT

41 ANGLE FAVORING O'HALLORHAN

O'HALLORHAN

The people who paid lip service
to the Code caused the fire.

He looks around at a group of LOBBYISTS with their
ATTORNEYS to one side of the hearing room.

O'HALLORHAN

A lot of people who're in
the business of balancing
the buck against the law.

There's a stir from the spectators - and clear annoyance
from the lobbyists.

42 ANGLE FAVORING THE PRESIDING OFFICER

PRESIDING OFFICER

We're not here to point the
finger at any group, Commander.
We're trying to collect expert
opinions about how to improve
our existing building and
fire Codes.

43 ANGLE FAVORING O'HALLORHAN

O'HALLORHAN

Hell, if you expect to put
real teeth in our fire Code,
you gotta start with the
building plans themselves.

44 ANGLE FAVORING THE PRESIDING OFFICER

PRESIDING OFFICER

Can you be more specific?

O'HALLORHAN

Take sprinklers...

45 ANGLE FAVORING O'HALLORHAN

O'HALLORHAN

The Code says if a building
has sprinklers, you can get
rid of the windows - put up
solid slab walls, right?

PRESIDING OFFICER

That's the Code, yes.

Cont.

45 Cont.

O'HALLORHAN
 You ever come roaring up to
 a fire in a big building
 with no windows and try to
 figure out where the hell
 the fire is?

PRESIDING OFFICER
 (sharply)
 I thought that was part of
 your job, Commander. Or
 are you being sarcastic?

46-47 OUT

48 ANGLE FAVORING O'HALLORHAN

O'HALLORHAN
 (warming up)
 No, sir. But I will tell you
 one thing - in this whole
 city - and we've got the best
 fire Code in the country -
 there aren't five buildings
 I'd let my wife and kids go
 into - unless they stayed on
 the ground floor!

PRESIDING OFFICER
 I must say, Commander, I
 consider that a gross
 overstatement!
 (cutting him off)
Thank you for your appearance!
 You may go now.

Frustrated, O'Hallorhan gets to his feet, exits without
 looking back.

49 EXT. THE CITY BUILDING - ANGLE ON (LOCATION)
 O'HALLORHAN - DAY

He strides down the steps toward a red sedan with a
 roof-top turret-light. The sedan is parked in the red
 zone. O'Hallorhan gets into it, drives away, and turns
 the next corner.

50 LONG SHOT - ALONG THE STREET THROUGH (LOCATION)
 TRAFFIC (COMPOSITE)

as O'Hallorhan's car turns the corner and comes toward
 us. At the far end of the street, rising above everything,
 the majestic spire of the Tower.

51 INT. MAIN UTILITY ROOM - (BASEMENT) - (LOCATION)
CLOSE SHOT - A BURNED-OUT STUB OF WIRING

Craig's gloved hands are seen in SHOT, tracing the wiring.

52 ANOTHER ANGLE - CRAIG

digging deeper into the complex wiring. We see he's been working inside the section where the electrical fire had broken out and been extinguished minutes before. Finally he backs out.

He looks around at Will Giddings and at Callahan and Wes.

CRAIG

What the hell have they
done to our building?

53 INT. DUNCAN'S RECEPTION AREA - (65th FLOOR) - DAY

An elegantly-dressed MAN carrying a long velvet box under one arm is accompanied by a uniformed PINKERTON GUARD. He stops in front of one of the RECEPTIONISTS.

Cont.

53 Cont.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Bigelow's waiting. Right
through that door - down the
corridor as far as you can go.

She buzzes the electric door release. The man with the velvet box and the Pinkerton Guard disappear into the busy corridor.

54 INT. BIGELOW'S OFFICE SUITE - (65TH FLOOR) -
FULL SHOT - DAY

The suite is something out of ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST, plants hardy enough to devour people, a spectacular view of the Bay Bridge, and at a desk which has everything built into it except a Dow Jones broad-tape sits DAN BIGELOW, Marketing Director for Duncan. His staff, SECRETARIES and ASSISTANTS, sit in a perimeter of chairs around the front of his desk.

Bigelow looks up from a list one secretary, LORRIE, has just handed him.

BIGELOW

My God, Lorrie, didn't
anybody decline?

It's a question to which he expects no answer. He looks over sharply at one of his assistants.

BIGELOW

All right, what's your catastrophe?

YOUNG MAN

The '47 Chateau Mouton Rothschild
Mr. Duncan requested. The wine
steward reports it hasn't arrived.

BIGELOW

So you go get it.

YOUNG MAN

To Paris?

BIGELOW

What does that mean?

YOUNG MAN

(smugly)

There's not a bottle within
six thousand miles.

BIGELOW

(to another secretary -
JANET)

Get me Ted Crescent in Phoenix.

54 Cont.

The girl moves to a second phone station in the office suite, dials long distance. Bigelow hands the seating list back to Lorrie.

LORRIE

What about Mrs. Manning?

BIGELOW

What about her?

LORRIE

You've still got her seated next to Mr. Lapworth.

BIGELOW

My God! His ex-wife. They haven't talked in five years. Good catch, Lorrie. Separate 'em!

JANET

Mr. Crescent on the line, sir.

Bigelow grabs the phone.

BIGELOW

Teddy, gotta hit you up for a case of Chateau Mouton - you sitting down? '47. Yes - '47! I know you can't replace it, but it's for Senator Parker. He'd switch parties for a bottle of Mouton '47. Thanks, Teddy. Can you put it in the jet? Be in touch - and God bless.

He hangs up.

BIGELOW

(to Young Man)

Go get it.

YOUNG MAN

(chastened)

Yes, sir.

He goes out, even as another SECRETARY brings in the man with the velvet case and the Pinkerton Guard.

Bigelow jumps up, virtually rubs his hands together.

BIGELOW

Over here, please, Mr. Ruser.

Cont.

54 Cont.1

The man comes to the desk and with something of a flourish opens the velvet box.

Bigelow reaches down, brings from the box a glittering pair of scissors - golden scissors - pure gold.

JEWELER

(proudly)

Fifty ounces of gold - and two five-carat gemstones - one mounted over each side of the pivot pin.

BIGELOW

Magnificent.

He snips them, as though cutting ribbon.

BIGELOW

Just the thing to cut the dedication ribbon.

Suddenly, one of Bigelow's young assistants claps a hand over his mouth, jumps up, runs out.

BIGELOW

What's his problem?

The staff looks blankly at each other. Except for Lorrie.

LORRIE

I think he forgot to order the ribbon.

55

INT. RESIDENTIAL RECEPTION AREA - (81ST FLOOR) - DAY

A plush area with a desk, TWO CLERKS, and other banks of elevators. An elevator opens, a LEASING AGENT stepping out with a prosperous middle-aged COUPLE.

AGENT

...first eighty floors all business offices...But above eighty - all the way to a hundred and twenty - we're solely residential.

He leads them along the corridor toward a model apartment, CAMERA MOVING with him and the couple.

As they pass a door marked STORAGE, CAMERA MOVES IN, HOLDS on the door - DISSOLVE THROUGH OPTICALLY.

- 56 INT. THE STORAGE ROOM - (81ST FLOOR) - (2ND UNIT)
 ANGLED ON THE COTTON MOVING MATS
 holes burned into the top mat from the earlier electrical sparking.
- 57 CLOSER ANGLE - ONE OF THE HOLES (2ND UNIT)
 Red rims its edges.
- 58 ANGLED UP AT AN AIR-CONDITIONING UNIT (2ND UNIT)
 Suddenly it kicks on, air fluttering a small paper telltale on its grill.
- 59 ANOTHER ANGLE (2ND UNIT)
 The air current gently flutters a notepad on the long work table in the center of the storage room.
 The air reaches the rim of fire on the cotton mat, gives it new strength.
- 60 CLOSER ANGLE - THE FIRE (2ND UNIT)
 struggling for life.
- 61 EXT. THE GLASS TOWER - STREET ENTRANCE (LOCATION)
 - DAY
 A taxi swings in, stops at curbside. In the b.g. a cable car passes. A distinguished-looking gentleman gets out of the taxi. Around him crowd-control police officers gather in groups, getting their orders from their sergeants.
- 62 CLOSER ANGLE - THE MAN (LOCATION)
 fumbling for money as he shifts the bouquet of fresh violets he holds in one hand and the magnificently wrapped suit box he clutches under one arm. The man is HARLEE CLAIBORNE, late fifties, a charmer, well-dressed.

CLAIBORNE
 (to the driver)
 Have you change for a fifty?
 Afraid it's the smallest I have.
 Although...
 (still fumbling)
 ...I may have...
 (counting some change)
 ...the exact fare - almost to the...
 (handing it like bird seed to the driver)
 ...penny.
 (a big, bright smile)
 Catch your tip next time.

62 Cont.

He beams at the disenchanted driver, gives him a jaunty wave, saunters toward the Mall of the Glass Tower. He stops before entering, looks up at the Tower.

63 CLAIBORNE'S P.O.V. - THE TOWER (COMP. MATTE)
(MINIATURE)
rising endlessly into the sky.

64 DOWN SHOT AT CLAIBORNE
as he shakes his head in wonderment, continues inside.

65 INT. THE SHOPPING ARCADE OF THE GLASS TOWER - DAY (LOCATION)

Claiborne, progressing through the arcade as though he owns it, bestowing his slightly sad, slightly knowing, slightly forgiving, quite beautiful smile on all passersby. He stops in front of an art gallery: MUELLER GALLERY.

66 CLOSER ANGLE - CLAIBORNE (LOCATION)

studies approvingly the work of a French Impressionist in the gallery window. The painting is of a female nude.

Below it a small card: HANS MUELLER - MEMORIAL EXHIBIT. Claiborne switches his glance past the painting to:

67 HIS P.O.V. - INSIDE THE ART GALLERY (LOCATION)

A woman is supervising a child fingerpainting with watercolors, trying to paint the woman's cat ELKE asleep on a cushion. The child is a five-year-old girl with large, bright eyes and long dark hair. This is ANGELA ALLBRIGHT.

68 INT. THE GALLERY (LOCATION)

Claiborne breezes in, the violets held in front of him.

CLAIBORNE
Good afternoon, ladies.

69 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE WOMAN (LOCATION)

looks up, eyes glowing at the sight of Harlee. She is also in her late fifties, with a soft, compassionate quality. She is LISOLETTE MUELLER. Claiborne hands her the flowers.

LISOLETTE
Thank you.

Cont.

69 Cont.

She takes the flowers. She and Claiborne smile at each other.

LISOLETTE
Angela, this is my friend
Harlee Claiborne. He lives on
ninety-five - same floor as mine.

CLAIBORNE
Convenient for borrowing sugar.

ANGELA
(a slight pout)
We only live on eighty-seven.

CLAIBORNE
Maybe I'll invite you up some
time. If you bring your oxygen
mask. And promise to paint me.

ANGELA
(giggling)
You're silly.

CLAIBORNE
Thank you, my dear. Thank you.
(he notes the time
on an elaborate
gold vest watch)
Where does the time go?
(beaming at
Lisolette)
Six-thirty?

Lisolette nods. Claiborne gives the child a little wave.

CLAIBORNE
Ciao.

He exits, almost colliding with two people entering - a young woman in her early thirties and a boy of fifteen. The young woman is MRS. ALLBRIGHT, Angela's mother, the boy her son PHILIP. He's wearing a stereo headset with raised antennae thrust up like Martian feelers.

70

CLOSER ANGLE - AT THE EASEL

Mrs. Allbright comes over, smiling at Lisolette, surveys the hand-painting with pleasure.

LISOLETTE
Tomorrow I'll teach her how to
paint in the background.

Cont.

70 Cont.

The child uses her paint-gooey hands to transmit this message to her mother - and now we learn Mrs. Albright is a deaf-mute. Mrs. Albright "talks" back with her hands, all the while smiling at Lisolette.

ANGELA

(translating)

Momie wants to know if you'll have dinner with us tonight.

LISOLETTE

(to the woman)

Thank you, but I'm going up to the party in the Tower. Aren't you coming?

The woman answers with her hands.

ANGELA

Momie says thanks, but she doesn't go to parties since daddy died.

Mrs. Albright starts to take Angela's sticky hand.

LISOLETTE

Let me wash that paint off.

Mrs. Albright shakes her head, as though it doesn't make any difference.

LISOLETTE

(to the boy)

How are you, Philip?

He lifts one stereo ear-cup. We hear the blast of music.

PHILIP

Sorry, Mrs. Mueller. What was that?

LISOLETTE

How are you?

PHILIP

Okay.

He puts the ear-cup back on, walks out with his mother and sister, all three waving good-bye to the older woman.

71 INT. DUNCAN'S RECEPTION AREA - (65TH FLOOR)

ANGLED PAST the receptionists toward an elevator door opening - Craig appearing with Will Giddings. The two men hurry through Reception, enter the inner office area.

72 MOVING WITH CRAIG AND GIDDINGS

through the busy complex of offices and into the executive suite from which Duncan dominates a world-wide building empire.

73 INT. DUNCAN'S OFFICE SUITE - (65TH FLOOR)

The suite is more palatial than Bigelow's. Duncan appears to be waiting for the two men, his massive desk clear of everything except his tapping fingers.

DUNCAN

I know - Callahan phoned.
How bad is it?

CRAIG

That depends on how much
imagination you give it.

Craig tosses him a tiny piece of salvaged wire.

CRAIG

I found this - where there
should have been conduit.

Duncan stares down at the piece of wire on his desk the way a man stares at a corpse somebody has dumped there.

DUNCAN

(finally)
Naturally you checked your
specs?

Craig nods.

CRAIG

(softly)
I checked.
(eyes on Giddings)
Both of us checked.

Duncan's buzzer sounds. He flips down his intercom.

DUNCAN

Yes?

Cont.

73 Cont.

SECRETARY'S VOICE
Mr. Bigelow's here,
sir.

DUNCAN
Okay.

Duncan flips the lever back up, stares across at Craig.

DUNCAN
I'm not doubting you or Will...
but one piece of scorched wire
from a burned-out fusebox is
hardly conclusive.

CRAIG
The point is - something down there
has been changed. That's what's
bugging me.

Bigelow breezes in.

BIGELOW
(all in one
breath)
Will...Craig...
(to Duncan)
We've got the gold scissors,
JD. Wait'll you see 'em!

He observes the non-reaction to his excitement - Duncan,
Craig and Giddings look glum and preoccupied.

BIGELOW
Let me guess. The elevators
aren't running.

DUNCAN
Equipment problems.

BIGELOW
(alarmed)
No problem in the Tower,
is there?

CRAIG
Could be.

Cont.

73 Cont.1

DUNCAN
Come on, Craig, admit it.
You're guessing.

CRAIG
Okay, I'm guessing. But I
want to talk to the electrical
contractor...
(a beat)
Right now, Jim.

DUNCAN
Okay.

Giddings seems more defiant about it.

GIDDINGS
By God, we're gonna check it
out, Mr. Duncan. I can
guarantee you that.

DUNCAN
(placating)
Okay, okay, we'll check it
out.

He flips the button on his intercom.

DUNCAN
Get me Roger Simmons.

BIGELOW
I'm missing something!

CRAIG
(letting go)
We damn near had a fire!

Cont.

73 Cont.2

BIGELOW

A fire? In this building?
Come on!

GIDDINGS

We haven't even finished putting
all of our safety equipment in...
the party should have been put
off till next month!

DUNCAN

Hold it, Will -- hold it!
Everybody's overreacting.

Duncan's buzzer sounds. He flips down the intercom. His
secretary's voice comes through.

SECRETARY'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Mr. Simmons is out, sir.

DUNCAN

Out where?

SECRETARY'S VOICE

(o.s.)

They don't know, sir. But I left
word for him to call.

Duncan snaps off the box. He looks across at Craig.

DUNCAN

Let's wait till we hear what
Roger has to say. Then we'll
decide what to do. Tomorrow's
plenty of time. Okay?

CRAIG

(a beat)

It can't wait!

He and Giddings go out.

BIGELOW

For God's sake, JD, what happens
if this gets out - equipment not
working - an almost-fire?

DUNCAN

(he seems not to have
heard Bigelow)

You know, Giddings may be right -
about the party. Maybe we should
have waited another month.

73 Cont.3

Bigelow seems shocked.

BIGELOW

You can't cancel now!

Duncan looks thoughtful, doesn't answer.

BIGELOW

You know what the public
relations impact would be?
You can kiss Senator Parker
and the renewal program good-bye!

Duncan is up now, and across to the window, looks out at
San Francisco at his feet.

BIGELOW

JD, are you listening to me?

DUNCAN

(after a long,
long moment)

Did you get the '47 Chateau
Mouton?

Bigelow appears relieved, himself again.

BIGELOW

No problem.

Bigelow waits, but Duncan says nothing more. He seems lost
in thought, his eyes on the city, his back to Bigelow.

BIGELOW

I'll leave the guest list
on your desk.

He puts it there. Duncan seems not even to have seen him
do it.

Bigelow goes out.

74 INT. STORAGE ROOM - (81ST FLOOR) (2ND UNIT)

The tiny fire, glowing in the tightly woven surface of the storage mat, spreads through the soft cotton, spreading from one mat to another.

A finger of flame peaks up from the highest of the mats, begins to lick at the bottom of the shelves holding the cans and bottles of cleaning solvents and detergents.

CAMERA PANS UP to a sprinkler head in the ceiling over the work table.

The sprinkler remains intact. It seems to be asleep - off-duty.

75 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE FIRE (2ND UNIT)

still far below the bottles and cans but striving upward.

76 EXT. A DUSTY ROAD AT WATER'S EDGE - (LOCATION)
SAUSALITO - TRACKING A RED FIRE DEPARTMENT
CAR - DAY

toward a dock and a collection of houseboats tied alongside. The car parks. O'Hallorhan gets out, pulls off his already loosened tie, shucks his uniform jacket, breathes in the good salt air, watches for an amused moment a big grey seagull usurping the perch of a smaller gull, the smaller gull flying off with a squeak of protest.

O'Hallorhan moves along the dock toward the houseboat which is home.

77 MOVING WITH O'HALLORHAN

along the dock. He reacts to a dinghy offshore, a six-year-old boy in it - fishing.

O'HALLORHAN

Michael!

The kid playfully tries to hide from his father as he ducks below the gunwale.

78 CLOSE ANGLE - O'HALLORHAN

pretending to be looking in all directions for the boy.

79 HIS P.O.V. - THE KID

suddenly sits up and waves.

80 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING O'HALLORHAN

He grins, the love for the boy showing in his face.

O'HALLORHAN

What's biting?

MICHAEL

Nothin', Dad.

O'HALLORHAN

Hang in.

He steps aboard the houseboat.

81 INT. LIVING ROOM - O'HALLORHAN'S HOUSEBOAT - DAY

as O'Hallorhan steps in. He sniffs the aroma from the galley, follows his nose in.

82 INT. THE GALLEY - O'HALLORHAN'S HOUSEBOAT - DAY

DOROTHY O'HALLORHAN, very pregnant, a freckled Irish girl, is stirring a pot in which cabbage is boiling. O'Hallorhan comes up, lifts the lid on the steaming corned beef, sniffs the hot steam off the cabbage, while Dorothy watches him, smiling.

A TODDLER bounces up and down in one of those doorframe-mounted brackets with a bucket seat.

DOROTHY

Where's my I'm glad-to-be-home-for-the-week-end kiss?

O'Hallorhan kisses her.

O'HALLORHAN

I'm glad to be home for the weekend.

He gives her another peck, crosses to the toddler, unclips the little one, lifts her up in his arms, bounces her up and down lovingly, Dorothy watching.

DOROTHY

How'd the hearing go?

Cont.

82 Cont.

O'HALLORHAN

(a big grin)

Another kick in the rump for the
common man, what else?

He hears a whoop from outside, looks out the port.

83 HIS P.O.V. - HIS SON

is landing a fish.

84 ANGLE ON O'HALLORHAN AND DOROTHY

O'HALLORHAN

How long before dinner?

DOROTHY

You've got time.

O'HALLORHAN

Think I'll go help him catch a
mess for breakfast.

He hands her the baby, heads out.

85 EXT. THE GLASS TOWER - STREET ENTRANCE - (LOCATION)
DAY

Police barricades are now up and traffic is being diverted
a block on either side of the approach to the skyscraper.
The waiting taxis have been cleared away. Early-comers
have started to fill the bleachers, some of them eating
their dinners from paper bags.

86 THEIR P.O.V. - THE GLASS TOWER (MINIATURE)

rising awesomely out of sight into a darkening sky.

87 INT. CENTRAL SECURITY CENTER - (50TH FLOOR) -
JERNIGAN AND GIDDINGS

checking light signals on a wall-sized L-shaped console with a computerized control board, Giddings ticking off items he's listed on a clipboard as Jernigan manipulates the tamper switches.

GIDDINGS

TV surveillance...access
control...audio communications
all okay...But the automatic
alarm system is still not
responding. Try Zone Three
again.

Jernigan feeds a program into the computer panel. The two men wait, their eyes focusing on:

88 THEIR P.O.V. - A ROW OF LIGHTS

remain darkened.

89 ANGLE FAVORING GIDDINGS

GIDDINGS

(gravely)

That's top priority! Getting
those alarms back on system.
Along with the booster pumps.
Right now we don't have
enough pressure to supply
the fire sprinklers above
the fortieth floor.

90 INT. THE STORAGE ROOM - (81ST FLOOR) (2ND UNIT)

The air above the burning mats shimmers as smoke and heat rise from the flames.

91 ANGLED ON THE OVERHEAD SPRINKLER (2ND UNIT)

It pops, but only a trickle of water appears.

92 SERIES OF SHOTS - THE FIRE (2ND UNIT)

advances toward a shelf holding rows of stored cans.

93 CLOSER ANGLE - THE CANS (2ND UNIT)

We read their labels: PAINT THINNER. The fire burns around them, starting to peel off the labels.

94 EXT. SIMMONS' HOME - SUNSET (LOCATION)

A taxi flashes in, stops. Craig gets out.

CRAIG
(to the driver)
Don't go anywhere.

95 ANOTHER ANGLE (LOCATION)

Craig takes the steps of the townhouse two at a time, holds down on the bell. PATTY SIMMONS (Duncan's daughter, Roger's wife) opens the door. She's wearing blue jeans and a French cotton T-shirt without a bra. Yet there is nothing overtly sexual about Patty Simmons - it's sun-streaked hair that hits you first - the rest of it sneaks up on you a couple of minutes later.

PATTY
Hi...What a surprise!

She gestures him inside.

96 INT. SIMMONS' FOYER (LOCATION)

Beyond, a magnificent gilt staircase winds down from the second level.

CRAIG
Where's that electrical
genius of yours?...I tried
his office - the club - the
Marina - everywhere...no
luck.

She takes his arm, leads him toward the library, CAMERA MOVING with them.

PATTY
What's he done?

97 INT. SIMMONS' LIBRARY - DUSK (LOCATION)

Craig doesn't answer, only looks at her thoughtfully.

Patty climbs up on the back of a sofa, watches Craig settle back into a leather chair.

PATTY
He must've done something. My
father called. I haven't heard
Dad that upset in years.

Cont.

97 Cont.

CRAIG

You any idea where he is?

PATTY

Well, my husband ranges rather widely. His territory is roughly equivalent to that of the timber wolf...anywhere within a fifty-mile radius. But he'll show up...he has to...his clothes are here. Can I get you a drink?

CRAIG

No, thanks.

Craig glances at his wristwatch.

PATTY

I guess you don't plan to tell me what Roger's done.

Craig looks up, his thoughts elsewhere.

From the adjoining foyer the front door is heard opening and closing.

Craig gets to his feet as ROGER SIMMONS saunters in. Jim Duncan's son-in-law exudes Eastern Establishment, clothes, manner, attitude.

He crosses toward the bar.

ROGER

What are you drinking these days?

CRAIG

(evenly)

Right now - nothing.

Roger takes a chilled glass from the bar fridge, pours himself some white wine, raises the glass toward Craig.

ROGER

(to Craig)

Welcome home...To what do we owe the pleasure?

Cont.

97 Cont.1

CRAIG

Callahan was testing the back-up generator for Zone One. There was a power surge. The overload almost caused a fire.

ROGER

How can that be?

CRAIG

Theoretically, it can't.

(a beat)

Unless you changed my electrical specs.

ROGER

(sipping his drink)

I see.

CRAIG

Damn it, man, did you?

ROGER

Let's put it this way - everything I did is strictly up to Code!

Craig stares at him with growing disbelief.

CRAIG

Not good enough!...What the hell do the people who set up the Code know about our problems?

ROGER

Theory. I deal in realities.

CRAIG

(suddenly cold - and hard)

I think I'd better see all your wiring diagrams and copies of your work orders.

ROGER

It would take weeks to get it all together.

Cont.

97 Cont.2

CRAIG

My office - by nine ayem tomorrow!

He goes out.

PATTY

(from the couch)

They say he used to wrestle grizzly bears in Montana. But of course he was younger then - and probably in better condition.

ROGER

You must have enjoyed all this immensely.

PATTY

On the contrary. I'm depressed for both of us.

ROGER

What'd you expect me to do? Punch him in the nose?

PATTY

(a beat)

Roger, if you've done anything to Dad's building, God help you!

ROGER

Baby, I don't need God's help - or your old man's! Not any more. So don't expect me to shake every time Daddy barks - even if that's what you want me to do!

PATTY

All I want is the man I thought I married. But I guess we're running out of reasons to stay married, aren't we?

He checks the time on his wristwatch.

ROGER

So late already?

(gives her a faint smile)

Mustn't miss the party.

He goes out.

98

CLOSE ON PATTY

looking after him.

99 EXT. THE GLASS TOWER - STREET ENTRANCE - (LOCATION)
 ANGLED ON THE CROWD PACKED INTO THE
 BLEACHERS - NIGHT

They watch, fascinated:

100 THEIR P.O.V. - THE OFFICIALS (LOCATION)

and TV crews across the street at the lobby entrance
 rushing around on last-minute preparations for the gala
 dedication ceremonies about to start.

101 INT. THE STORAGE ROOM - (81ST FLOOR) - (2ND UNIT)
 CLOSE SHOT - ONE OF THE CANS OF PAINT THINNER

Flames curl around it.

The can explodes, its contents flying everywhere.

Other cans of paint thinner burst. The sound is like
 that of corn popping for a party.

The fire begins to build new beachheads in other parts
 of the storage area.

102 INT. CLAIBORNE'S APARTMENT - (95TH FLOOR) - CLOSE
 MOVING SHOT - CLAIBORNE - NIGHT

He is advancing toward CAMERA, visible to us only from
 the waist up. His hair is combed, his face powdered,
 his neck slightly turkey-gobbled by age and an overly
 tight formal shirt collar with a bow tie just slightly
 atilt. He stops in CLOSEUP, bends down.

103 ANGLED ON A BOX

already unwrapped and opened, a rented tuxedo revealed,
 the rental slip on top of the neatly folded jacket.
 Claiborne's hands bring the jacket out and a mothball
 rolls free, CAMERA TRACKING it across the still uncarpeted
 hardwood floor.

104 WIDER ANGLE

TOWARD the oncoming mothball, with Claiborne in b.g. We
 see now he's wearing the dress shirt, shoes and gartered
 black stockings, but no trousers. Around him, except for
 the old-fashioned, four-poster bed, incongruously isolated,
 his apartment is completely without furnishings. Some
 still unpacked cartons and two suitcases are piled into
 one corner. Claiborne slips into the trousers, finds
 the fit to his liking. He picks up a briefcase near the
 bed, flips it open, brings out a portfolio of worthless

Cont.

104 Cont.

stock certificates. He spreads them out on the bed. He selects one certificate of one thousand shares, studies it approvingly. He places the certificate into the pocket of the rented evening jacket, slips into the jacket, closes and puts the briefcase under the bed, goes to the door and out.

105 INT. THE CORRIDOR - (95TH FLOOR)

Claiborne saunters toward CAMERA, consulting his wristwatch as he comes toward us. He stops in CLOSEUP, adjusts his tie, smooths the hair back from his greying temples, rings the chimes on an apartment door.

The door opens. Lisolette, dressed and waiting, smiles at him from inside her well-furnished apartment, the cat seen behind her on a chair.

CLAIBORNE

Six-thirty sharp. I hope you like your men prompt.

LISOLETTE

At my age, I only care that they show up.

CLAIBORNE

Would you believe I had to fight my way to your door? Suitors everywhere!

LISOLETTE

(smiling at him)

Poor devils! Never had a chance, did they?

Claiborne crooks one arm. Lisolette comes out, closing her door, takes his arm. They move off, enjoying each other, on the way to the elevator and the party in the Tower Promenade.

106 INT. CRAIG'S OFFICE - (79TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

In the b.g. we see Giddings occupied in pulling blueprints from floor-to-ceiling files in an otherwise deserted workroom - in contrast to the busyness of the earlier scene. Craig comes in.

107 ANOTHER ANGLE - CRAIG AND GIDDINGS

Craig appears troubled as he approaches Giddings.

GIDDINGS

(eagerly)

You find him?

107 Cont.

Craig nods.

GIDDINGS

Well, did he or didn't he?

CRAIG

Didn't say.

GIDDINGS

If he changed a single spec,
I'll personally drop him on his
head from the hundred and thirty-fifth
floor!...Well, there they are - the
originals - for Zones One, Two and
Three. Gotta start somewhere.

Ruefully, Craig stares down at the pile of blueprints and
drawings.

CRAIG

It could take weeks.

108

INT. THE LOBBY OF THE GLASS TOWER - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVING with Susan who looks devastating in floating
chiffon. She approaches the bank of Tower elevators,
other early arrivals looking at her - the women enviously,
the men covetously. The elevator door opens, Duncan and
Bigelow in evening clothes coming out. They see Susan.

BIGELOW

Evening, Miss Thompson.

DUNCAN

Susan.

SUSAN

(to Duncan)

Congratulations.

109

CLOSER ANGLE - DUNCAN AND SUSAN

Duncan admiring her openly. Aside to Bigelow:

DUNCAN

I'll meet you out front...
I need a minute with
Miss Thompson.

Bigelow exits.

Cont.

109 Cont.

DUNCAN

Find me the architect who
designed you - and who needs
Craig Wilson?

SUSAN

(with a little
smile)

I do.

DUNCAN

That makes two of us...Where
is he?

SUSAN

I was going to ask you...He
called late this afternoon.
He sounded - preoccupied. Said
he'd meet me here.

She sees Duncan studying her.

DUNCAN

Like to ask you something...
But don't misinterpret it.
Okay?

SUSAN

Okay.

DUNCAN

I've watched you with Craig.
You look good together.
(a beat)
You're both ambitious.

Now she's studying him.

DUNCAN

You don't really want to go
live on a cliff three hundred
miles from nowhere, do you?

SUSAN

He said I was beginning to sound
like you. I think you're
beginning to sound like me...No,
Mr. Duncan, I don't want to go live
on a cliff. At least, not yet.

Cont.

109 Cont.1

DUNCAN

What can we do about it?

SUSAN

I wish I knew.

DUNCAN

Work together?

SUSAN

How?

DUNCAN

I can offer him more money.
 And you can just keep saying
 'no' whenever he asks you to
 go up there. Between the two
 of us, we might be able to
 convince him this is where he
 belongs - with the two of us.

She gives Duncan a long, contemplative look.

SUSAN

Why not just let him go.

110 CLOSER ANGLE

SUSAN

That's what you have to do when
 you really love someone.

DUNCAN

(a weary look of
 experience)

Kids do that, Susan. Not grown-ups.
Somebody has to take responsibility.
Somebody who understands these
 things. I was hoping you did.

He gives her another almost forgiving smile, moves off
 leaving her looking after him thoughtfully. She catches
 the next elevator up.

111 EXT. THE GLASS TOWER - STREET ENTRANCE - (LOCATION)
 ANGLED ON THE CROWD - NIGHT

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

(over PA system)

Ladies and gentlemen, the list of
 luminaries tonight reads like a
 Who's Who - leaders from society and
 government, stars of screen and
 television...

111 Cont.

A limousine eases into the curb past a line of red-jacketed PARKING ATTENDANTS, the first of them opening the back door of the chauffeured limo.

GARY PARKER, a youngish politician of major political importance, steps out and into a blinking pattern of flashbulbs.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

...and now - just arriving...

112 ANOTHER ANGLE - PARKER (LOCATION)

is led along the red carpet by a YOUNG MAN in evening clothes wearing an official lapel tag. Parker shows his even white teeth and exudes charisma as he advances, waving to the crowd on the far side of the police barriers and in the spectator bleachers.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

...the Honorable Gary Parker --
Chairman of the Federal Urban
Renewal Commission...The Senator
flew in from Washington to attend
tonight's dedication. Senator,
over here, sir, please.

Parker is led to the ANNOUNCER.

113 CLOSER ANGLE - PARKER (LOCATION)

smiling out at the people and waving.

PARKER

(into microphone)

I'm honored to be here tonight...

114 ANOTHER ANGLE - DUNCAN AND BIGELOW (LOCATION)

enjoying what they see and hear, savoring the triumph. OVER their f.g. dialogue we still hear Parker's speechifying o.s.

BIGELOW

Think you've got
him in the bag, Jim.

Duncan nods, pleased.

DUNCAN

All set on that
ribbon?

BIGELOW

All set.

PARKER'S VOICE

This magnificent building is more than just another jewel in San Francisco's already sparkling skyline. It signifies for every citizen of this community one more landmark in a succession of landmarks for this great city. It's my deep pleasure to be able to participate in this historic moment. Thank you.

114 Cont.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

And thank you, Senator. And
now ladies and gentlemen, our next
distinguished guest...

Duncan moves away to greet Parker, finished with the
microphone and now being photographed. Duncan shakes Parker's
hand warmly, Parker flashing his teeth for the cameras.

115 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE ARRIVING LIMOUSINES (LOCATION)
- NIGHT

Guests, WOMEN glittering with jewels, MEN looking
substantial, and a little bored, pour out, the announcer
keeping the crowd informed, and move along the red carpet
toward the lobby.

Patty and Roger Simmons step out of a just-arriving limo.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Simmons...
Mrs. Simmons is the daughter of
Jim Duncan, the man who built the
Glass Tower.

116 ANOTHER ANGLE - PATTY AND ROGER (LOCATION)

are photographed advancing toward Duncan. The TV cameras
catch father and daughter embracing, Simmons standing close.
One of the TV men motions for Duncan and Simmons to shake
hands. They do.

117 CLOSER ANGLE - DUNCAN AND SIMMONS (LOCATION)

Duncan keeps his voice to a whisper.

DUNCAN

Where the hell have you been
all day?

SIMMONS

I wasn't aware the leash was
that tight.

DUNCAN

(icy calm)

First minute I'm free - I've got
some questions. I'm expecting
straight answers.

Before Simmons can reply, sirens are heard o.s. Duncan looks
out at:

118 HIS P.O.V. - A POLICE ESCORT (LOCATION)
spearing ahead of a limousine.

119 ANGLE ON DUNCAN (LOCATION)
He releases Simmons' hand.

DUNCAN
Patty, I want you in this.

He moves off with his daughter, Simmons following out of embarrassed necessity.

120 ANOTHER ANGLE (LOCATION)

Duncan and Patty are joined by Bigelow carrying the velvet box with the golden scissors.

121 ANGLE ON THE ARRIVING LIMOUSINE - NIGHT (LOCATION)

MAYOR BOB RAMSAY and his wife PAULA, get out. The crowd gives them an overwhelming ovation. Ramsay is a popular mayor. The people like him - and they show it.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
Mayor and Mrs. Robert Ramsay...

Flashbulbs make the already bright arrival area even brighter. Patty opens the velvet box Bigelow holds for her, takes out the golden scissors. Duncan whispers to her to hold them up for the cameras and the crowd. She does.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
Ladies and gentlemen, Mayor Ramsay
will cut the dedication ribbon.

Duncan takes Parker's arm, and with Patty leads the Mayor and Paula, TV cameras tracking them, to the ribbon which has been placed across the red carpet entry to the lobby.

122 CLOSER ANGLE - THE MAYOR, DUNCAN, PAULA, (LOCATION)
PATTY AND PARKER

photographers and TV people around them. Patty officially hands the Mayor the scissors as the cameras keep shooting the event. The announcer holds the mike toward the Mayor.

The Mayor, with Duncan, Patty and the others, starts with the scissors toward the ribbon, the cameramen getting set.

123 CLOSER ANGLE - THE GOLDEN SCISSORS

the ribbon between them, o.s. flashbulbs POPPING. The scissors close, the ribbon severed. CAMERA BACK to reveal Mayor Ramsay smiling triumphantly, Duncan, Patty, Simmons, Parker and the others all watching.

124 ANGLE ON BIGELOW

at an exterior service telephone. Like a sprinter in starting blocks.

BIGELOW

Hit 'em!

125 INT. THE MAIN UTILITY ROOM - (BASEMENT)

Callahan and Wes closing master switches - one after the other - down a long row of switches.

126 EXT. THE STREET ENTRANCE - ANGLE ON THE CROWD - NIGHT (LOCATION)

A long, continuing OOOH-AAAH issuing from them as they stare up.

127 THE LIGHTS OF THE GLASS TOWER (MINIATURE)

blaze on progressively in a series of rising chunks of illumination - from lobby - working up, up, up - until every window of its one hundred and thirty-three floors shines in the night.

128 EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - THE GLASS TOWER FROM A NUMBER OF ANGLES - NIGHT

- | | |
|-------------------------|---|
| A. from the Plaza site) | } (COMPOSITE)
(MIN. + 2/U
SHOT OF S.F.) |
| B. from the air | |
| C. from across the Bay) | |

INTERCUT WITH:

129 EXT. THE STREET ENTRANCE - NIGHT (LOCATION)

Faces in the crowd - awed and impressed beyond words - and SHOTS of Duncan, proud; Mayor Ramsay, beaming; Patty, delighted; Parker quite impressed.

130 SERIES OF INT. SHOTS (2ND UNIT)

dramatizing the damaging effect of this electrical overload:

Cont.

130 Cont.

- A. fuse boxes sparking
- B. air-conditioning units cutting off
- C. generators winding up
- D. insert gauges moving into Red overload zones
- E. another flash of fire flares from the electrical box in the storage room.

131 INT. GLASS TOWER LOBBY - NIGHT (LOCATION)

Duncan, Patty, Simmons, Parker, Bigelow and the Mayor's party enter, cross the lobby toward the glass elevators o.s.

132 INT. THE GLASS TOWER - LOBBY AT ENTRANCE TO SCENIC ELEVATOR - NIGHT (LOCATION)

They approach one of three scenic elevators - each with glass doors. These are spherical, space-age capsules which run on outside tracks up the outside of the Tower all the way to the Promenade Room above.

133 CLOSER ANGLE - THE GROUP (LOCATION)

about to enter the elevator.

DUNCAN

(to the Mayor and Parker)

Been saving this first ride for you, Bob - and you, Gary. Wait'll you see the view.

RAMSAY

(looking at the other two elevators alongside)

Three scenic elevators. I'm impressed.

DUNCAN

Confidentially, this is the only one working. The other two still aren't operating.

Cont.

133 Cont.

PARKER
(making a joke
of it)

Sure you picked the right one?

Duncan drops a reassuring arm around Parker's shoulders, leads the group in after Paula Ramsay and Patty have preceded them. Duncan sees Bigelow remaining outside.

DUNCAN
(impatiently)
Come on, Dan, come on.

BIGELOW
I'll join you in a few
minutes.

The doors slide closed. Bigelow waves the party off from the other side of the glass doors.

The elevator rises.

134 INT. THE SCENIC ELEVATOR - NIGHT (BLUE SCREEN
2/U PLATE)

as it rises. PAST the guests we see San Francisco opening up below and around us.

135 REACTION SHOTS

Parker, the Mayor and Paula Ramsay.

136 THEIR P.O.V. - THE CITY - NIGHT (BLUE SCREEN
2/U PL. FR.
HELICOPTER)

dropping away from them.

137 EXT. THE GLASS TOWER - NIGHT (MINIATURE)

SHOOTING UP at the ascending outside elevator.

138 INT. THE GLASS TOWER LOBBY - NIGHT (LOCATION)

Bigelow hurries toward an inner bank of elevators, enters one. The doors close into CAMERA.

139 INT. DUNCAN'S RECEPTION AREA - (65TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

The receptionists turn off most of the lights in the now-deserted interior reception room. A few last-minute employees ad-lib good-nights as they hurry to the elevator, ANGLE WIDENING. The door of one elevator opens, Bigelow coming out, the departing employees nodding to him respectfully.

CAMERA TRACKS Bigelow through the reception area past the telephone operator in the plastic bubble.

139 Cont.

OPERATOR

Shall I leave you a night
line, Mr. Bigelow?

BIGELOW

Shut her down. I've had
it with phones for today.
Good night.

OPERATOR

'Night.

Bigelow continues out of SHOT.

140 INT. BIGELOW'S OFFICE SUITE - SECRETARIES' AREA

Lorrie and Janet, his two girls, are wrapping up for
the night, locking files. Bigelow enters, all business.

BIGELOW

(to Lorrie)

Sorry to cut into your
evening, but I have one
letter that's got to go
out tonight.

(to Janet)

See you tomorrow, Janet.

JANET

Good night.

She waits for Bigelow to disappear into his office.

JANET

I never thought he'd come
back before he went to the
party. We could have left
here ten minutes ago and
missed him.

LORRIE

It's okay. I'm not doing
anything tonight anyway.
Good night, Janet.

Lorrie picks up her dictation book, goes into Bigelow's
office as Janet exits toward reception.

141 INT. BIGELOW'S OFFICE

Lorrie comes in, closing the door. She takes off her
glasses, puts them and the dictation book down.

Cont.

141 Cont.

LORRIE

Hi.

Bigelow comes toward her.

BIGELOW

Hi.

They kiss easily - like lovers who are also friends.

BIGELOW

Promise me something.

LORRIE

What?

BIGELOW

If I ever start taking you
for granted, do something
about it.

LORRIE

Any suggestions?

BIGELOW

Cut the phone lines, pour
coffee down my collar, tweak
my nose.

She kisses an ear lobe lightly, whispers:

LORRIE

I promise.

142

INT. A CORRIDOR - RESIDENTIAL FLOOR - (83RD FLOOR) -
CRAIG AND GIDDINGSopen a panel in the wall of a corridor near the reception
desk, begin to examine the cables, comparing them to a
blueprint Giddings unrolls.

Craig reacts to the insulation on the wiring.

CRAIG

Oh, no!

Craig feels the cables, pulls his hand back sharply. He
and Giddings stare at each other fearfully.Craig runs toward a telephone panel down the corridor,
unlocks it with his master key.

143 CLOSER ANGLE - CRAIG AT THE TELEPHONE PANEL

Craig dials the security phone.

144 INT. MAIN UTILITY ROOM - (BASEMENT)

Wes, the assistant engineer, answers the short, insistent ringing.

WES

Utility...Wes...

145 INT. 83RD FLOOR CORRIDOR - ANGLE FAVORING CRAIG

at the security phone.

CRAIG

Craig - up on eighty-three with Will. We got wiring up here that's white hot. Shut down all Zone Three systems!

146 INT. MAIN UTILITY ROOM - (BASEMENT)

WES

(into the phone)

Afraid we can't do that, Mr. Wilson. We got all the lights on for the dedication ceremony.

147 INT. 83RD FLOOR CORRIDOR - CLOSE ON CRAIG
reacting.

CRAIG

All the lights? The whole building?

WES' VOICE

Yes, sir.

CRAIG

Are you out of your mind?
You of all people! You
know we've got problems!

WES' VOICE

Everything's okay now.
It's taking the overload
just fine.

Cont.

147 Cont.

CRAIG

Damn it, Wes! Shut down!
Right now!

WES' VOICE

(through phone,
firmly)

Sorry, Mr. Wilson. Can't do
anything without an okay from
Mr. Duncan himself.

CRAIG

I'll take the responsibility!
Now you turn off those goddamn
lights!

WES' VOICE

What about the lights in
the Tower? For the party?

CRAIG

I didn't say to kill all
power. Just the overload!

WES' VOICE

Yes, sir, Mr. Wilson!

Craig hangs up, turns to Giddings.

CRAIG

We'd better get down to
eighty-one and check the relay
system. The goddamned fools
turned on every light in the
building!

148

INT. TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - (135TH FLOOR) - FULL SHOT -
NIGHT

The magnificent dining room, cocktail lounge, and salon are already filled with distinguished-looking guests, men and women in evening wear. In the salon floor-to-ceiling mirrors reflect the lights of San Francisco seen out gigantic panoramic windows ringing the Tower, giving one the sensation of floating in space, being lost in the stars. Nooks and crannies within the salon have been created to afford a feeling of privacy to individual groups, arrangements of couches and chairs, lamps and cocktail tables. The bar is a unique series of curves, as though there were six bars linked to each other by a unifying line of flow, a back mirror running the entire length and creating double images. The dining room area is set up for a banquet arrangement - central dais and tables for ten, flowers everywhere. Through the draped entrance to the salon the foyer for express elevators can be seen. And off to one side of the salon three banks of glass doors - the entrances to the scenic elevators.

149 ANOTHER ANGLE

Duncan goes out to greet his guests, CAMERA MOVING with him. He pushes through the crowd, accepting congratulations, handshakes and pats on the back as he mingles with his guests. Susan is seen with a group to one side.

A WAITRESS with a tray of hors d'oeuvres approaches. Duncan snags a sausage, nibbles on it.

DUNCAN
(to the Waitress)
How's the family, Marge?

WAITRESS
Fine, thank you, Mr. Duncan.

He smiles at her, moves on, spots Senator Parker breaking away from a group, joins him.

150 CLOSER ANGLE - DUNCAN AND PARKER

DUNCAN
Gary, got a surprise for you.

He motions him toward the bar, ANGLE WIDENING as Duncan leads Parker toward one end of the bar.

151 ANGLE AT THE BAR

Duncan brings Parker around behind the bar where a group of BARTENDERS is busily meeting the flurry of drink orders from the guests and WAITERS crowding around the service end. Duncan gestures to the head bartender, a fine-looking young Mexican-American (CARLOS).

DUNCAN
Carlos.

Carlos hurries over.

CARLOS
Yes, sir, what can I fix you, Mr. Duncan?

DUNCAN
Carlos, Senator Parker.

PARKER
(acknowledging)
Carlos.

CARLOS
A great honor, Senator.

Cont.

151 Cont.

DUNCAN

Now...

(enjoying the
moment)...show the Senator what you're
sitting on back there.

Proudly, Carlos uncovers a case of wine. Parker's eyes widen as he reads the stenciling on the box. He kneels beside the case, looks with astonishment at the stencil.

PARKER

'47?

DUNCAN

Tonight it's all you're
drinking.

PARKER

(delighted)

A whole case?

DUNCAN

What you don't finish, we'll
ship back to Washington for you.

Parker gets up, grins with anticipation - and gratitude.

PARKER

How'd you ever come by a whole
case?

DUNCAN

(snapping his
fingers)

Nothing to it.

152 INT. THE STORAGE ROOM - (81ST FLOOR) (2ND UNIT)

A stringer on a fluorescent light fixture gives way, letting one end of the unit plunge to the floor, hissing and sparking.

153 ANGLE ON A FIFTY-GALLON DRUM OF SOLVENT (2ND UNIT)

The drum, wrapped in flames, ruptures with a soft, muffled explosion, spraying solvent around the room.

154 ANOTHER ANGLE (2ND UNIT)

Flames spring up everywhere in the storage area, feeding on the solvent.

155 INT. CENTRAL SECURITY CENTER - (50TH FLOOR)

ANGLE on a SECURITY GUARD monitoring one of the many screens. Just beyond, Jernigan is checking a clipboard of reports. The Guard beckons to Jernigan.

FIRST SECURITY GUARD
Something on eighty-one...

Jernigan comes over, looks down at the TV screen.

156 HIS P.O.V. - THE SCREEN (BURN-IN)

Smoke curls out from under the storage room door.

157 ANGLE FAVORING JERNIGAN

crossing to the main annunciator panel. He stares down at the signal light for eighty-one.

JERNIGAN
(to nobody in particular)
What the hell's happening?
The sensors should have kicked off the alarm!

He moves to the alarm panel, punches a button labeled EIGHTY-ONE. Then his finger moves to another button - this one labeled CITY FIRE DEPARTMENT - MANUAL ALARM. He punches it.

JERNIGAN
(to one of the guards)
Better phone it in, too - just in case.

He rushes toward the door.

JERNIGAN
I'll be on eighty-one.

He goes out.

158 INT. RESIDENTIAL RECEPTION AREA - (81ST FLOOR)

Red light throbbing, low humming alarm sounding at the back of the desk. The two clerks react, move out from the desk, hurry down the corridor, PAST CAMERA, looking for any sign of fire or smoke. CAMERA PANS OVER, reveals:

159 CLOSER ANGLE - CRAIG AND GIDDINGS

coming out of the elevator, arms loaded with blueprints, both reacting to:

160 THEIR P.O.V. - SMOKE

appearing around an intersection in the main corridor, apparently coming from somewhere down one of the crossing corridors.

161 ANGLE ON CRAIG AND GIDDINGS

moving on a run toward the smoke.

162 INT. CORRIDOR AT INTERSECTION - MOVING WITH CRAIG AND GIDDINGS

hurrying down the corridor. They turn into the intersection.

163 THEIR P.O.V. - THE CLERKS

one of them reaching for the knob of the storage room door.

164 ANOTHER ANGLE

(ACTION UNIT)

Craig and Giddings speed toward them.

CRAIG

(shouting)

Don't!

But the clerk, either not hearing or hearing too late, opens the door to the storage room.

Giddings throws himself at the man, knocks him clear.

But the blast of smoke and fire from the storage room cannonades through the opening, engulfing Giddings. His clothes catch fire.

Craig rips off his jacket, beats down the flames enveloping his friend.

165 CLOSER ANGLE - CRAIG

manages to extinguish the fire on Giddings' clothes, pull him away from the storage room fire.

Craig looks down appalled at his friend, hideously burned, his breathing shallow and forced.

166 CLOSER ANGLE - THE TWO CLERKS

(ACTION UNIT)

The First Clerk opens the glass door of the fire unit in the wall, pulls out a length of hose, runs with it toward the storage room.

FIRST CLERK

(to Second Clerk)

Turn it on!

166 Cont.

The Second Clerk turns the valve. Water jerks out, then shoots free, building in pressure, the First Clerk directing the stream into the blazing doorway of the storage room.

167 ANOTHER ANGLE - JERNIGAN

running in toward Craig and taking in the scene.

168 ANOTHER ANGLE - CRAIG

CRAIG
(to Jernigan)
Get everybody out!

Craig hurries to the Security phone.

JERNIGAN
We'll check every apartment
on the floor.

CRAIG
I mean - out of the building.
Everybody! I'll handle the
party in the Tower - you get
the rest out.

Jernigan hurries out as Craig dials.

CRAIG
(to Security
Center)
Call an ambulance. Will Giddings
has been burned - bad...And put
me through to Duncan in the
Tower.

A-168 INT. TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - NIGHT

Through a f.g. crowd of celebrants we see CARLOS - a young Mexican-American - the head bartender - answering the phone. He puts it down, moves off toward Duncan in the b.g.

B-168 INT. CORRIDOR - (81ST FLOOR)

The clerks fall back before the advancing fire. Craig puts down the phone, hurries back to Giddings on the floor, picks him up, moves him further away from the flames, then runs back to the phone.

C-168 CLOSER ANGLE - CRAIG

picking up the phone. We hear Duncan's voice at the other end saying Hello...Hello...anybody there?

CRAIG

Craig, Jim...We've got a fire on 81. Will's been hurt...No, no point your coming down - I got an ambulance on the way. But you're going to have to get everybody down to the street right away.

D-168 INT. TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - ANGLED ON DUNCAN
at the phone.

DUNCAN

Bring them down - away from the party?

CRAIG'S VOICE

(o.s.)

You're damn right.

DUNCAN

Listen, Craig - of all people - you ought to know better. With all the safety systems we have in this building. Okay, so there's a fire on 81 - it's not going to affect us up here. I can't ask these people to stop the party and go down to the street. What the hell would they think? Now you handle it!

E-168 INT. CORRIDOR - (81ST FLOOR)

CRAIG

(on the phone)

Some of our safety systems aren't working. If this thing gets away from us - you could be in trouble.

F-168 INT. TOWER PROMENADE ROOM

DUNCAN

(on the phone)

I don't want to get these people in an uproar, for God's sake. Now - just calm down, Craig, and keep in touch. Call me back when the firemen get there and make an appraisal of the situation.

He hangs up.

G-168 INT. CORRIDOR - (81ST FLOOR)

Craig looks at the phone in his hand - and its buzzing, disconnected sound. He hangs up, goes back to Giddings.

169 INT. COMPANY SIXTEEN FIRE STATION - (LOCATION)
THE KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

A young fireman has his back to CAMERA and is bent over the stove as the fire signal bells from Headquarters SOUND.

He turns into CAMERA, revealing the apron over his mid-section. It looks ridiculously small on anyone so gigantic. This is MARK POWERS, a sandy-haired, good-natured giant, six-foot-six, looking more like a linebacker for the Rams than one's image of a fireman.

Mark listens to the bells, counting them under his breath the way firemen do.

He turns back for a last minute test of the ears of corn sticking up from a briskly boiling kettle of water, gingerly touches one of the ears with a finger, pulls it back, burned, blows on it.

Another fireman appears in the doorway behind him. He's black, somewhat older than Mark, but still in his twenties, lean and wiry. He is Mark's buddy SCOTT, a veteran of eight years' experience.

Cont.

169 Cont.

SCOTT

Comin', baby?

MARK

(waving his singed
finger)Hey, we got anything around
here for blisters?

He grins at Scott, turns off the flames on the stove,
hurries out after the other man.

170 INT. THE SECOND LEVEL OF THE FIRE STATION (LOCATION)
- NIGHT

Scott slides down the pole first, Mark coming after him,
CAMERA FOLLOWING him down.

171 INT. THE GROUND LEVEL OF THE FIRE STATION (LOCATION)
- NIGHT

The other FIREMEN are already putting on their helmets
and turnout coats. The drivers are into the cabs of
the pumper and ladder trucks, turning over the powerful
engines. The doors to the street slide open.

172 CLOSER ANGLE - MARK (LOCATION)

starts to put his turnout coat over his apron, discovers
the error, rips off the apron.

173 ANOTHER ANGLE (LOCATION)

Mark, still putting on his boots, jumps onto the rear
platform of the pumper with Scott, and WILEY, another
fireman.

174 EXT. FIRE STATION - NIGHT (LOCATION)

They wheel into the street, siren sounding.

175 EXT. O'HALLORHAN'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

and PAST the houseboat, still fishing, O'Hallorhan and
Michael, Jr.

176 INT. THE HOUSEBOAT - ANGLED ON DOROTHY

lighting candles on a table neatly set for three. She
looks out the window:

177 HER P.O.V. - THE DINGHY

and her husband and son fishing, Michael bent intently over
the gunwale, O'Hallorhan easing out a little more line.

178 CLOSER ANGLE - DOROTHY

smiles to herself, moves back, ANGLE WIDENING, to the galley, uses a hot pad to pick up a serving dish of steaming cabbage, puts it on the table, calls out the window:

DOROTHY

Okay!

179 EXT. THE WATER AND THE DINGHY - ANGLED ON FATHER AND SON

Michael, Jr. is on his knees in the dinghy, holding a large, rubberized and sealed underwater flashlight below the surface, creating a circle of eerie light into which fish poke curiously, circling the bait O'Hallorhan moves temptingly in front of them.

MICHAEL, JR.

You said the light would hypnotize them. So how come they're not biting?

O'HALLORHAN

You gotta give 'em time. You just can't hypnotize 'em in a few minutes.

DOROTHY'S VOICE

(o.s.)

You guys coming in or shall I feed this to the fish?

O'HALLORHAN

Right there, baby!

He reels the line in. Michael, Jr. makes a disappointed face.

MICHAEL, JR.

Well, I think the only time to catch fish is early in the morning!

O'HALLORHAN

Come on, come on, your mother's waiting dinner!

The boy pulls his dripping hand - and the flash - from the water as O'Hallorhan puts down the rod and starts to row them toward the dock.

O.s. we hear the telephone ring in the O'Hallorhan houseboat.

180 INT. HOUSEBOAT - ANGLE ON DOROTHY

She picks up the phone.

DOROTHY

Hello?

She listens.

DOROTHY

(finally)

I'll tell him. He's right here.

She hangs up the phone, goes to the window.

181 EXT. THE HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

as O'Hallorhan comes alongside, sees Dorothy leaning out the window.

DOROTHY

I thought you were off-duty
this weekend?

He jumps off the boat, starts on a run toward his firecoach.

182 EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - (2ND UNIT)
LONG LENS SHOT - FIRE TRUCKS - NIGHT

They are rumbling toward CAMERA - their sirens amplified a dozen times beyond the single cry of Mark's pumper.

183 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE FIRE TRUCKS - NIGHT (2ND UNIT)

rolling ahead, traffic trying to pull over in the narrow canyon-like streets to let them rumble through.

184 EXT. MOVING FIRE PUMPER - NIGHT (LOCATION)

HOLDING Mark Powers and Scott in SHOT as the pumper races ahead.

SCOTT

That was a new signal - the one
that came through. What building's
at the corner of Montgomery and...?

Suddenly it hits him.

SCOTT

Jesuz! The Glass Tower!
(a long beat)

I sure hope the fire's down in
the basement.

MARK

You ever fight one in a high-rise?

SCOTT

Yeh. In Chicago.

MARK

Rough as I hear?

SCOTT

Like being inside a chimney.

MARK

Why do they build 'em so high?

SCOTT

What else've they got to do?

185 Cont.

INT. THE GLASS TOWER LOBBY - NIGHT (LOCATION)

Craig and a Fire Officer (KAPPY) come out of an elevator, run through the lobby and exit toward the street.

The oncoming throb of fire sirens is becoming earsplitting.

186 EXT. GLASS TOWER - STREET ENTRANCE - NIGHT (LOCATION)

as a pumper slams in, stops near the lobby entrance. Mark and Scott jump down, look around at the street full of spectators.

MARK

Look at that! They got here before we did! Doesn't anybody ever stay home?

They go to work unloading hose and connecting it to stand-pipes. Other fire trucks and squad cars are already arrived and are setting up.

187 ANOTHER ANGLE - CRAIG AND THE FIRE OFFICER - NIGHT

continue toward the arriving fire trucks. To one side the Battalion Commander's car rolls in. O'Hallorhan boils out. He's wearing a white, short-sleeved shirt, black tie, uniform trousers - and his badge.

188 MOVING SHOT - O'HALLORHAN (LOCATION)

racing toward Kappy, the Fire Officer with Craig. (Kappy is O'Hallorhan's executive officer.)

189 ANOTHER ANGLE - O'HALLORHAN, CRAIG AND KAPPY

KAPPY

Commander, this is Wilson, the architect.

O'Hallorhan virtually ignores Craig, concentrates on his executive officer.

O'HALLORHAN

Status?

KAPPY

Fire started in a storage room on eighty-one. The situation up there could be serious. The smoke on eight-one is so heavy we don't know yet how far the fire has penetrated.

Cont.

189 Cont.

O'HALLORHAN
(to Craig)
What's wrong with your exhaust
system?

CRAIG
The fans should have reversed
automatically. But we've
developed a motor burnout
and frozen bearings.

O'HALLORHAN
What the hell kind of half-ass
equipment did you put into
this place?

Before Craig can answer this, O'Hallorhan signals for his
company commanders to join him. They move toward the
lobby in a group, Craig coming along. Stunned tenants
from the eighty-first floor are being brought out. One
WOMAN'S hair in curlers. Another WOMAN dressed in a robe.
She carries a big jewelry box. A MAN lugs his golf clubs
and bag.

190 MOVING SHOT - CRAIG, O'HALLORHAN AND (LOCATION)
KAPPY

O'HALLORHAN
(to Craig)
Gimme a quick refresher on
your standpipe risers.

CRAIG
On every floor. Capped for
both two-and-a-half and one-
and-a-half inch connections.

O'HALLORHAN
Gpm's?

CRAIG
Fifteen hundred from ground to
sixty-eight, one thousand from
sixty-nine to one hundred,
five hundred from there to
the roof.

191 INT. THE LOBBY - MOVING SHOT - WITH THE (LOCATION)
GROUP - AS THEY APPROACH THE ELEVATOR BANKS - NIGHT

O'Hallorhan looks over the elevators with a kind of distrust.

O'HALLORHAN
These heat activated?

191 Cont.

CRAIG

Yes. But two of them are programmed for manual override.

O'HALLORHAN

Where do you keep all the building plans?

CRAIG

Seventy-nine - my office.

O'Hallorhan turns to his gathering fire commanders.

O'HALLORHAN

Two floors below the fire - Good! We'll set up Command Center on seventy-nine. Okay, take your stations. I'll be in touch with everybody as soon as possible.

The commanders move out. O'Hallorhan starts for one of the two elevators with Craig and Kappy as Jernigan emerges from the second elevator, acknowledges O'Hallorhan with a nod of knowing him previously.

JERNIGAN

(to Craig)

Giddings is in First Aid. Ambulance on the way.

(to O'Hallorhan)

Eighty-one's evacuated, Commander, but the fire's getting worse up there.

O'HALLORHAN

(nodding at the elevator)

Let's go up and eat it!

Jernigan uses a special key to switch the controls to manual. O'Hallorhan and Kappy move into the elevator with Craig and Jernigan. O'Hallorhan punches seventy-nine. The doors close.

192

INT. O'HALLORHAN'S ELEVATOR (MOVING UP)

O'Hallorhan looks at Craig with disapproval.

O'HALLORHAN

Architects!

CRAIG

All our fault, huh?

Cont.

192 Cont.

O'HALLORHAN

You know damn well that above the tenth floor there's no sure way we can fight these fires. But you guys got to keep seeing how high you can go, don't you?

CRAIG

You here to take me on - or the fire?

The two lock eyes. The elevator stops on seventy-nine. O'Hallorhan moves out, Kappy with him, Craig and Jernigan following.

193 INT. ARCHITECTURAL WORK AREA - (79TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

O'HALLORHAN

(to Jernigan)

How soon can you come up with a complete list of tenants?

JERNIGAN

We've evacuated most of them already. The rest we're...

O'HALLORHAN

(overlapping)

Not live-ins! Business tenants.

The second elevator opens. Firemen pour out with hose and equipment.

JERNIGAN

We're lucky there. Most of them haven't moved in yet. And those who have aren't working tonight.

O'HALLORHAN

Damn it, man! I'm talking about who they are - not where they are!

JERNIGAN

What's that got to do with anything, - who they are?

O'HALLORHAN

You got any silk importers? When silk burns, it gives off cyanide gas. You got any sports goods manufacturers? Table-tennis balls give off toxic gases. Want me to go down the line?

Cont.

193 Cont.

JERNIGAN

One list of tenants coming
right up!

He runs to the elevators as Craig leads O'Hallorhan and the others into his work area.

194 ANOTHER ANGLE

O'Hallorhan looking around for the briefest of seconds, apparently satisfying himself this is the right place to set up command center.

O'HALLORHAN

(to Craig)

Give Kappy here all the floor
plans and schematics for
eighty-one through eighty-five.

(to Kappy)

I'm going up to eighty-one.

(to some firemen
standing by)

You Search and Rescue men -
come with me.

He starts away, stops, comes back quickly to Craig.

O'HALLORHAN

This was one building I figured
wouldn't burn...What happened?

CRAIG

The overload must have caused
some wiring to go. They turned
on every light in the place
for the party.

O'HALLORHAN

Party? What party? Where?

CRAIG

We've got three hundred people
up in the Promenade Room -
including the Mayor.

O'HALLORHAN

Jesus! Why the hell didn't you
get 'em out of there?

CRAIG

You talk to Duncan. He's not
listening to me right now.

O'Hallorhan goes boiling out as Craig moves to the files and starts pulling out blueprints, Kappy watching impatiently.

195 INT. TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - (135TH FLOOR) - FULL SHOT -
THE PARTY - NIGHT

It is in progress - Susan seen approaching Roger and
Patty Simmons - Senator Parker with the Mayor and his wife -
Duncan still taking bows. CAMERA MOVES IN on Harlee Claiborne
and Lisolette Mueller at a table in the cocktail lounge -
alone amidst the crowd - engrossed in each other.

196 CLOSER ANGLE - CLAIBORNE AND LISOLETTE

HARLEE

You can fly anywhere from Nice
in a matter of hours, but try
and get your antiques shipped
- it takes forever.

LISOLETTE

You must miss your villa.

HARLEE

Well, yes and no. It gets dull
in the South of France. Nothing
but swimming, yachting and partying.
Believe it or not, they fight
over the few eligible bachelors
- even such scraps as I.

LISOLETTE

No false humility, please.

HARLEE

In that kind of environment
you begin to develop an
unreal sense of your importance.
I decided to come back to the
reality of San Francisco - to
regain my perspective - and
my humility - and to spend
more time on one of the few
things in life I'm really good
at - the stock market.

LISOLETTE

Monte Carlo's loss is
San Francisco's gain.

He raises his champagne glass to hers.

HARLEE

Do you believe in destiny?

Cont.

196 Cont.

LISOLETTE

I believe in all good things.

HARLEE

There had to be a reason for
my coming home...meeting you.

They smile into each other's eyes, drink together.

197 ANOTHER ANGLE - SUSAN

joins Roger and Patty Simmons near a window alcove.

SUSAN

Anybody seen a wandering
architect?

PATTY

(dryly)
Only wandering husbands.

198 INT. THE RESIDENTIAL RECEPTION AREA - (ACTION UNIT)
(81ST FLOOR)

ANGLED INTO an inferno of flame which has now consumed the
desk and mail slots.

One FIREMAN on his knees holds down the bucking nozzle
of a fire hose, others helping hold the hose against
the counter-thrust of its pressure.

The water spears into the fire, but without apparent
effect, the flames rearing even higher and forcing the
firemen to give ground. In the b.g. O'Hallorhan appears.

Another hose team is positioned a few feet to one side.
The stream from their nearby hose drenches the forward
group with spray that cascades down their soot-streaked
turnout coats and puddles on the floor.

199 CLOSER ANGLE - O'HALLORHAN

Shouting into the ear of one of his company commanders.

O'HALLORHAN
Knock it down! I'm going up to
the top.

O'Hallorhan gets into the elevator. The doors close.

200 INT. TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - AT ELEVATOR FOYER

as the door of one elevator opens. O'Hallorhan steps out,
CAMERA TRACKING him into the Promenade Room.

201 ANGLED ON DUNCAN

with a group. He sees:

202 HIS P.O.V. - O'HALLORHAN

at the elevators.

203 DUNCAN

moves at once toward O'Hallorhan, as though he's been
waiting.

204 ANGLED ON O'HALLORHAN

looking around at the crowd of party-goers.

205 HIS P.O.V. - THE GUESTS

Virtually none of them aware of his presence.

206 ANOTHER ANGLE - O'HALLORHAN AND DUNCAN

As O'Hallorhan comes in, Duncan notes his badge. And
rank.

DUNCAN
You looking for me, Commander?

O'HALLORHAN
If you're Duncan, yeh.

DUNCAN
I am....Everything under control?

O'HALLORHAN
(ignoring this)
We're going to have to move these
people down to the lobby.

Cont.

206 Cont.

DUNCAN
(getting tougher)
I asked you - how bad is it?

O'HALLORHAN
It's a fire, Mister. Any fire
is bad.

DUNCAN
I don't believe you're familiar
with all the modern safety systems
designed into this building. We've
got 'em all, Commander.

O'HALLORHAN
Okay, it's your building. But it's
our fire. Now get these people
the hell out of here.

DUNCAN
I don't believe you're listening.
Any fire as far below us as eighty-one
- there's no way it could reach up
here. No way! Not in this building!

O'HALLORHAN
Okay.

Determined, he starts toward the crowd. Duncan steps
in front of him.

DUNCAN
Hold it! The Mayor's in there.
You want me to pull rank on you?

O'Hallorhan evaluates Duncan for a long moment.

O'HALLORHAN
I outrank everybody here but the
one thing we don't need now is
a panic. I can tell 'em, but you
better do it. Make a nice cool
announcement to all your guests -
tell 'em the party's being moved
to the ground floor...right now!

Duncan watches O'Hallorhan leave, then slowly he turns
to look back into the Promenade Room.

207 HIS P.O.V. - THE GUESTS

all wrapped up in each other - none of them mindful of
their situation.

208 DUNCAN

hurries toward his daughter nearby with Simmons and Susan.

209 ANOTHER ANGLE

Duncan joins Susan, Patty and Roger.

DUNCAN

(to Patty)

You and Susan stay here where I
can find you. Don't leave this
spot!

(to Roger)

You! Over here!

Susan and Patty look puzzled. Duncan takes Roger's arm,
leads him along with him as he goes.

DUNCAN

(voice lowered)

Did you make changes in Craig's
electrical specs?

ROGER

I most certainly did.

DUNCAN

For God's sake, man, why?

ROGER

The reason should be obvious.
Especially to you.

Duncan considers his bristling son-in-law for a long
moment.

DUNCAN

We've got a fire. If it was caused
by anything you did - I'm going to
hang you out to dry!

He moves off, furious, Roger staring after him, disliking
his father-in-law more than ever.

210 ANOTHER ANGLE - DUNCAN

climbs up on a chair behind a long, flower-decked dais.

DUNCAN

(calling out)

Ladies and gentlemen...

He has trouble catching their attention.

Cont.

210 Cont.

DUNCAN
(raising his voice)
Ladies and gentlemen, please!

Something about his manner subdues the cocktail din.

DUNCAN
It seems we have a fire in one of
our storage rooms - some fifty
floors below us.

211 ANGLE ON PARKER

He reacts.

212 ANGLE ON MAYOR RAMSAY AND PAULA

reacting.

213 CLOSE ON LISOLETTE

reacting. She gets up, our ANGLE WIDENING as she starts
for the elevators.

214 ANGLED ON THE GUESTS

and their mixed reactions - mostly polite interest, some
apathy, some anxiety - but mostly patience.

215 ANGLE FAVORING DUNCAN

DUNCAN
I assure you there's no danger...
However, in accordance with Fire
Department regulations - purely a
routine procedure - we're moving
the party down to the lobby for a
while. Cocktails and champagne will
be served in our Continental Room -
but I promise you - dinner will not
be delayed. Now - if we can all
move to the elevators.

216 ANGLED ON THE GUESTS

The first puzzlement and apathy begin to give way to
stronger reactions. Some of the guests make a quick-
stepping exodus toward the foyer area. Their movement
in turn triggers other reactions and suddenly there is
a mass push toward the elevators.

217 ANGLE FAVORING DUNCAN AND THE MAYOR

Mayor Ramsay climbs up on a chair and joins his voice to that of Duncan.

MAYOR AND DUNCAN
Gentlemen, please. Gentlemen!

218 ANGLED AT ELEVATOR FOYER

Guests squeeze into the limited area, filling it, struggling to be first into one of the two express elevators.

219 CLOSER ANGLE - LISOLETTE MUELLER

delayed by the crowd. She appears - in contrast to her earlier charm and constant ease - deeply troubled - almost driven - to push through toward the elevator. Harlee is behind - separated from her by the crunch of people.

HARLEE
(calling)
Lisolette!

She seems to ignore his call, pushes ahead with a determination we have not seen in her before. Harlee looks baffled by her sudden desertion of him. She gets in, goes down with the first two loads of guests.

220 INT. FIRE COMMAND CENTER - (79TH FLOOR) - MOVING SHOT -
O'HALLORHAN - NIGHT

reentering the busy command center and joining Craig.

O'HALLORHAN
I want an open line into
your Security Center.

CRAIG
Okay, I'll patch you through.

O'HALLORHAN
But I still want to be able to
call through to any station.

CRAIG
We've got direct lines into
every floor.

They arrive at the area where Kappy is laying out blueprints all over the floor in what seems to him to be appropriate sequence.

221 ANOTHER ANGLE - O'HALLORHAN AND CRAIG

O'HALLORHAN

I may want to switch over from time to time to the P.A. system.

CRAIG

No problem.

O'HALLORHAN

What's your emergency setup - in case the fire burns out the lines?

CRAIG

We've got a battery-powered standby system.

O'HALLORHAN

Plus I want all that cross-linked to our two-way communications van in the lobby.

CRAIG

No sweat.

O'HALLORHAN

How long to set everything up?

CRAIG

Thirty seconds.

O'Hallorhan gives him a grudging look of approval.

O'HALLORHAN

Not bad.

Craig moves to the security phone.

222 INT. THE RESIDENTIAL RECEPTION AREA - (81ST FLOOR)

The hose teams are fighting a losing battle against the advancing flames.

THE KNOB MAN

(a sudden shout)

Get down! GET DOWN!

The fire crews flatten themselves onto the floor. A muffled explosion. The far end of the cross corridor flares a brilliant orange. Thick smoke boils toward the firemen.

223 A FIRE FIGHTER

He shouts into his walkie-talkie.

FIRE FIGHTER

Command Center...come in...come in...

224 INT. FIRE COMMAND CENTER - (79TH FLOOR)

Kappy on the walkie-talkie.

KAPPY

Command Center...

Beyond, the Command Center is a beehive of activity - firemen moving by with heavy lengths of hose, others with halligan tools. In the b.g. Craig on the Security phone.

225 INT. RESIDENTIAL RECEPTION AREA (81ST FLOOR)

FIRE FIGHTER

(into walkie-talkie)

Smoke explosion on eighty-one. We're getting a flameover toward the elevator banks. We'll need more crews up here fast!

226 INT. FIRE COMMAND CENTER

KAPPY

(into walkie-talkie)

You got 'em.

Kappy calls over to O'Hallorhan.

KAPPY

Fire's closing around the elevator shafts on eighty-one, Mike. Sending up two crews.

O'Hallorhan takes this soberly.

O'HALLORHAN

(to Craig)

Got to stop those people using the express elevators on the Promenade Room. Call Duncan and tell him.

Craig nods.

O'HALLORHAN

(to Kappy)

Alert the Coast Guard and Air Force. We may have to use choppers to get them down.

226 Cont.

KAPPY

Check.

227 ANOTHER ANGLE - CRAIG
on the security phone.

CRAIG

(into phone)

Get me Duncan.

As he waits, he looks off at firemen being brought down from upper floors, their faces smudged, their eyes and noses running, some of them bent over, coughing, as oxygen is administered by other firemen.

Craig hears Duncan's voice on the other end of the line.

CRAIG

Jim, can you hear me? Listen,
stop using the express cars! The
fire's moving into the main shaft.
Use the outside scenic elevator.
And don't overload it!

He hears Duncan's affirmative, hangs up.

228 INT. TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - NIGHT

Duncan hands the phone to Carlos.

CARLOS

How bad is it?

Duncan studies the bartender for a split second.

DUNCAN

Straight?

CARLOS

Straight.

DUNCAN

I may need some help.

CARLOS

You got it, Mr. Duncan.

Duncan starts along the bar, toward the elevator foyer,
but finds Simmons, glass in hand, blocking his way.

Cont.

228 Cont.

DUNCAN

Get out of my way!

He moves toward the elevators, but Roger pulls him around.

ROGER

You didn't talk like this two years ago, did you? Running over budget - out of money. Did you ask me then how I could shave two million dollars off our electrical costs?

DUNCAN

Just shut up and help me stop these people!

Duncan shoves ahead through the crowd, Roger after, ignoring the request for help.

ROGER

Was I the only sub-contractor you encouraged to cut corners? Where did you save that other four million in Craig's original budget?

Duncan shoves Simmons aside, continues to the elevators.

229 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - MOVING WITH DUNCAN
as he comes into the elevator foyer.

230 HIS P.O.V.

The foyer is packed with elegantly-dressed people, but some of the women have begun to show signs of wear and tear, makeup streaked, coiffures starting to look frazzled.

People are pushing, yet not pushing, jammed in together, waiting for the return of the two elevators from the ground floor.

231 ANOTHER ANGLE

DUNCAN

(raising his voice)

Ladies and gentlemen, we'll have to move back into the Promenade Room. We'll be using the scenic elevator to take you down.

Cont.

231 Cont.

Some of the guests murmur angrily, confused and growing more frightened every moment.

DUNCAN

(having to shout
above the protests)

These express elevators are
engineered to respond to heat.
When you touch the call button,
it's the heat of your finger -
not the pressure - which activates
the system. There's a possibility
that...

(he hesitates to
tell them - but has
no choice)

...the fire below might attract
the cars - make them stop on the
- floor where the fire is...

232 ANOTHER ANGLE - AN EXPRESS ELEVATOR

arrives, doors sliding open soundlessly. The interior of
the elevator looks snug - and invincible.

A group of guests push their way inside, stare out defiantly.

233 ANOTHER ANGLE

DUNCAN

(alarmed)

Get the hell out of there!

Deliberately, a woman inside pushes the DOWN button. The
doors start to close.

Duncan pushes through furiously, manages to get the toe
of one shoe between the closing doors.

234 INT. THE EXPRESS ELEVATOR - CLOSER ANGLE

Duncan's shoe is visible. One woman inside jams her
high heel down on the toe.

235 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE ELEVATOR FOYER

Painfully, Duncan pulls his foot free. The doors wedge
closed.

236 CLOSER ON DUNCAN

his face reflecting inner turmoil as he desperately pushes
the UP button.

237 INT. RESIDENTIAL RECEPTION AREA AND (ACTION UNIT)
CORRIDOR - (81ST FLOOR)

Firemen on their knees, keeping low where there's more oxygen and less heat.

The man on the knob strains under the water pressure, yet stubbornly he continues to lay a heavy stream into the flame, smoke and steam billowing back at him. Another fireman, already wearing a mask, hands the man on the knob a respirator.

FIREMAN

Can't last in here, Johnny,
without a Scott.

He helps the knob man strap on the cylinder and adjust the valve.

238 ANOTHER ANGLE (ACTION UNIT)

The firemen react to:

239 THEIR P.O.V. - THE EXPRESS ELEVATOR (ACTION UNIT)

Doors open, revealing a car full of men and women wearing evening clothes from the Promenade Room above.

240 INT. THE EXPRESS ELEVATOR

The astonished people stare out at:

241 THEIR P.O.V. - FLAMES (ACTION UNIT)

rising just beyond them.

242 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE FIRE (ACTION UNIT)

drawn by the sudden opening into the elevator shaft. The flames tunnel into the elevator, surrounding the humans with deadly embrace.

243 ANGLED ON THE FIREMEN (ACTION UNIT)

Seeing the tragedy, hearing the screams, they swing the hose toward the elevator.

244 ANGLED ON THE ELEVATOR (ACTION UNIT)

as the water spears in among the fire and the screaming people.

- 245 CLOSER ANGLE - THE ELEVATOR DOORS (ACTION UNIT)
jerk back and forth, partly opening and closing, as smoke blocks the electric eyes set into the framework. Then capriciously the doors slide closed.
- 246 INT. TOWER PROMENADE ROOM
Duncan, with the help of Mayor Ramsay, is managing to herd the guests back into the dining room.
- 247 ANGLED ON HARLEE CLAIBORNE
among them. Harlee reacts to:
- 248 HIS P.O.V. - THE EXPRESS ELEVATOR (ACTION UNIT)
arrives, its doors opening, a man staggering out, his clothes on fire, his face aghast.
- 249 ANGLED ON DUNCAN AND RAMSAY
reacting.
- 250 THEIR P.O.V. - THE BURNED MAN (ACTION UNIT)
falls toward them, gasping for air, one hand reaching out piteously toward the guests still in the foyer. PAST him - within the elevator - the other guests are seen in fetal positions of death, huddled back against the charred and still-burning walls of the elevator. But smoke swirls everywhere about them, mercifully concealing from the living the agony of the scene.

Then, just as swiftly as it has returned, the elevator snaps closed its doors.
- 251 ANOTHER ANGLE (ACTION UNIT)
The dead man lies on the carpet of the Promenade lobby, the living guests staring down at him with pity and revulsion...until Harlee takes off his rented tuxedo jacket and gently covers the dead man's face and upper torso.
- 252 ANGLED ON THE LIVING
Women turn away, sobbing, into the arms of their husbands. Otherwise, a macabre silence.
- 253 INT. CENTRAL SECURITY CENTER - (50TH FLOOR) - CLOSE SHOT - A TV MONITOR (BURN-IN)
Flames are appearing suddenly on its screen, shooting along a corridor toward the entrances to the offices of Duncan Enterprises - "We Build For Life."

254 ANGLED ON A SECURITY GUARD
reacting. He dials a phone.

GUARD
(into phone)
On sixty-five - the whole
corridor's on fire around the
elevator shafts...

255 INT. DUNCAN'S RECEPTION AREA - (65TH FLOOR) (ACTION UNIT)
Flames churn the length of the corridor, engulfing the
corporate sign: DUNCAN ENTERPRISES - "WE BUILD FOR LIFE" -
and the elevator floor sign: 65TH FLOOR.

256 INT. BIGELOW'S DRESSING ROOM SUITE - (65TH FLOOR)
Bigelow is dressing, Lorrie, a big bath towel tied casually
around her just at her breasts, relaxing at the bar and
finishing a glass of champagne. Past them, the ruffled
studio couch where they've made love is visible.

Bigelow admires her from across the room.

BIGELOW
It always astonishes me. You
make love to a girl - knock
yourself out. And afterward -
no visible evidence. Nothing
to mark the event. Look at you.
You could be going to church.

LORRIE
In this outfit?

He sees her sniffing the air.

LORRIE
Did you leave a cigar burning?

He sniffs.

BIGELOW
That's not a cigar.

He looks a little concerned, crosses to the door, goes
out, CAMERA TRACKING HIM.

257 INT. BIGELOW'S OFFICE

He crosses his office, opens another door, falls back in
shock to discover the flames outside.

258 HIS P.O.V. - FIRE IN THE AREA BEYOND (ACTION UNIT)
HIS OFFICE

Flames leap up toward clouds of gas already released by burning plastic furniture, igniting the gases explosively.

259 BIGELOW

watches in fascinated horror as the ceiling melts, combustible liquid dripping onto the floor, spreading the fire in whirling cross-currents. He discovers Lorrie standing beside him, as aghast as he at what she sees.

260 ANOTHER ANGLE

He pulls the girl back into his office, slamming the door after them, leads her through the office, already beginning to fill with smoke, and into the dressing room suite.

261 INT. BIGELOW'S DRESSING ROOM SUITE

Bigelow closes the door.

BIGELOW

Stuff towels under the door.

She runs into the bathroom as he crosses to the telephone, picks it up, starts to dial, hears the dead silence of the line.

He sees Lorrie coming out with towels.

BIGELOW

(pretending -
into phone)

Okay!

He hangs up the phone.

BIGELOW

Everything's under control.

He moves to her, takes the towels from her, begins to stuff them around the bottom of the door.

LORRIE

What did they say started it?

BIGELOW

They don't know yet. But it's nothing to worry about. We just - sit tight - and wait till they get here.

Cont.

261 Cont.

LORRIE
I hope I don't panic.

BIGELOW
(forcing a smile)
Not to worry, baby.

262 INT. CENTRAL SECURITY CENTER - (50TH FLOOR)

One of the monitoring guards spots something on one of his screens - Lisolette Mueller, pounding on the door in a smoke-filled corridor on the 87th floor. (BURN-IN)

FIRST SECURITY GUARD
(reacting)
What's she doing on eighty-seven?

He checks his search-and-rescue sheet.

FIRST SECURITY GUARD
(to the guard
seated nearest
him)
I show that floor evacuated.

SECOND SECURITY GUARD
You think they could still
be in there?

FIRST SECURITY GUARD
I called 'em. Nobody answered.

SECOND SECURITY GUARD
So how come Mrs. Mueller's pounding
on their door?

The first guard dials.

263 INT. FIRE COMMAND CENTER - (79TH FLOOR)

In the f.g. a fireman on duty at the phone answers the ring. In b.g. Jernigan is with Craig and O'Hallorhan.

FIREMAN
(calling)
For Jernigan.

Jernigan moves to the phone.

264 ANOTHER ANGLE - JERNIGAN

takes the phone.

JERNIGAN

Yeh?

(listening)

You should have sent a man up there! How the hell do you think she could hear a phone call? She's deaf! Yeh, yeh, yeh, the kids can hear - maybe they were in the shower or something when you called...No, stay where you are. I'll get 'em down.

He hangs up, hurries back to Craig and O'Hallorhan.

265 ANOTHER ANGLE

JERNIGAN

Still got people on eighty-seven.

O'Hallorhan looks even grimmer.

O'HALLORHAN

All our Search and Rescue teams are out.

JERNIGAN

Don't sweat it, baby. I'll bring 'em down.

He starts out. Craig comes with him.

O'HALLORHAN

(to Craig)

Where you going?

CRAIG

With him.

JERNIGAN

It's my ball of wax.

CRAIG

It's my building, Harry.

Together he and Jernigan rush for the stairwell.

266 INT. BIGELOW'S DRESSING ROOM SUITE

Bigelow is at the window, pushing cobwebbed pieces of the safety glass out into the night with the legs of a stout metal chair. His breath is coming fast from the exertion. Wind from outside drives in, tumbling over a lamp, exploding the light bulb.

Lorrie huddles on the studio couch, her legs drawn up against her breast. She stares over at:

267 HER P.O.V. - THE FLAMES (ACTION UNIT)

from Bigelow's office have collapsed the barrier door into the dressing room, and are burning the frame and consuming the wallpaper around the door. The crackling sound is ferocious. Smoke rushes from the fire out the broken window.

268 INT. BIGELOW'S DRESSING ROOM - FAVORING BIGELOW
peering into the maelstrom of fire raging closer.

BIGELOW
Gotta be a way to get through
that!

LORRIE
Where are the firemen?

BIGELOW
There weren't any! I just said
that - to make it easier on you.
All the phones are out...Nobody
knows we're up here...

Lorrie forces a smile.

LORRIE
I always wanted to die in bed.

BIGELOW
Nobody's going to die!

LORRIE
There's one consolation -
nobody'll ever find out about
us - will they?

He doesn't answer this. He goes into the bathroom. Lorrie hears water running. In a moment he comes out with two wet towels, dripping water. He grins at her as he wraps the towels around his head and neck.

Cont.

268 Cont.

BIGELOW
I used to run the hundred
in ten flat.

He comes over to her, looks down at her from a small aperture
he's left for his eyes.

BIGELOW
I'll be back with the whole
fire department.

LORRIE
Don't go!

BIGELOW
On your mark!

He runs through the flaming doorway.

269 INT. BIGELOW'S OFFICE AND RECEPTION AREA (ACTION UNIT)

SERIES OF MOVING SHOTS with Bigelow, trying gamely, trying
like a son-of-a-bitch, running, running, catching fire,
still running - until he literally bursts into flames and he
goes down.

270 INT. THE DRESSING ROOM SUITE - CLOSE ON (ACTION UNIT)
LORRIE

staring out through flames at:

271 HER P.O.V. - BIGELOW (ACTION UNIT)

fallen in the midst of fire.

272 LORRIE (ACTION UNIT)

turns away, her face into her hands. She doesn't move for
the longest moment - until the fire in the doorway surges
in - reaching toward her.

Terrified, she pulls off the bedclothes, tugs the foam
rubber mattress from the studio couch, using it as a barrier
between her and the fire.

Her hair begins to smoke. Then catches fire. She screams,
hugs the mattress closer, runs toward the broken-out window.

She throws herself out, clinging to the mattress, as though
it might become a glider to cushion her descent.

273 EXT. THE GLASS TOWER (MINIATURE)

Lorrie plunging down like a tiny comet, its streaking little trail of fire snuffed out almost instantly.

274 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM

ANGLED ON Susan, Patty, Duncan, Ramsay at the scenic elevator forming up a line of guests. The first group of twelve starts down in the outside elevator.

275 INT. A STAIRWELL - (BETWEEN THE 86TH AND 87TH FLOORS)

ANGLED DOWN at Craig and Jernigan hurrying up a flight of stairs. They turn at the landing, open a door, head into a smoke-filled corridor.

276 INT. THE CORRIDOR - (87TH FLOOR)

Craig and Jernigan cover their noses with their hands, grope their way through the corridor, pass through the heaviest concentration of smoke.

It appears to be pouring out of an air-conditioning outlet. Beyond, they see Lisolette still pounding - weak and hysterical by now - on the door of the Allbright apartment.

They hurry toward her.

277 ANGLED ON LISOLETTE

She sees the two men approaching.

LISOLETTE
I know they're in there!

JERNIGAN
We'll find out.

He takes out his passkey, watches Craig's hand on the jamb, feeling it. He looks at Craig, waiting for Craig's advice.

CRAIG
(to Lisolette)
Stand back.

She moves to one side. Jernigan unlocks the door, kicks it open, as he and Craig bolt to either side of the door. No flames appear, but smoke boils out of the apartment.

Craig and Jernigan take off their jackets, use them as face masks, run into the apartment.

278 INT. ALLBRIGHT'S APARTMENT - (87TH FLOOR) - NIGHT

filled with smoke. The two men grope their way forward, trying to hold their breaths. They enter a bedroom.

279 INT. ALLBRIGHT'S BEDROOM

ANGLED ON Mrs. Allbright in bed, breathing shallowly. The room is filled with smoke. Jernigan picks up the woman. He hurries out, leaving Craig to search for the children.

280 INT. ALLBRIGHT'S APARTMENT

Coughing, yet trying to keep from inhaling the thick smoke, Craig scoots low along the floor of the living room, opens another bedroom door, snakes into the smoke-filled room, sees something ahead of him on the floor, a hand reaching out.

Craig pushes closer, discovers the teen-age boy on the floor, his ears covered with the stereo-cups. Philip Allbright is still conscious, but weak, trying to crawl forward to warn the others.

Craig carries him out.

281 INT. THE CORRIDOR

Craig lowers the boy to the floor of the corridor, falls to the floor himself, coughing and choking, trying to catch his breath and inhale the fresh air along the bottom of the hallway. Lisolette kneels beside Philip, takes off his earphones. The boy opens his eyes.

PHILIP
(between coughs)

Mom...

LISOLETTE
Mr. Jernigan took her
downstairs. She'll be all
right.

PHILIP
Where's Angela? Where's my
sister?

Craig is already heading back into the apartment.

282 INT. ALLBRIGHT'S APARTMENT

Craig manages to reach the bathroom. He dampens a towel, holds it over his nose, sinks back to his knees, crawls along the floor, searching for the child.

283 LOW ANGLE - MOVING WITH CRAIG

CRAIG
(calling)
Angela...Angela...

Smoke rolls around him.

284 HIS P.O.V. - THE APARTMENT

Further back he sees flames eating into the living room from behind one wall.

285 INT. ALLBRIGHT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

ANGLED ON a doll beginning to burn. It lies on a smoking child's bed. Craig drags himself along the floor just beyond the bed, the towel clenched over his nose.

CRAIG
Angela!.

He hears a faint answer - a whimpering nearby - crawls toward the sound, CAMERA MOVING with him. He finds himself at the door to a closet. He reaches up, opens the door - Angela revealed inside, huddled back into one corner, low to the floor. The closet is almost smoke-free, except at its very top. Craig pulls himself into the closet, gulps the clearer air, then, partly revived, lifts the child out, staggers through the bedroom, through the apartment and out to the corridor.

286 INT. THE CORRIDOR

Craig slumps on the carpet, filling his lungs with air, while Lisolette and Philip comfort the child.

287 CLOSE ON CRAIG

reacting to:

288 HIS P.O.V. - FLAMES

reach around the distant corner of the corridor and cut them off from the stairwell.

289 ANGLE ON CRAIG

He gets up - leads them in the opposite direction.

290 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM

ANGLED ON Duncan, Mayor Ramsay, Patty and Susan still helping - now loading another twelve people from the long, anxious line into the scenic elevator. The doors close. The elevator begins to move down.

291 INT. THE SCENIC ELEVATOR - (AND EXT. GLASS TOWER) - NIGHT (BLUE SCREEN)
(2/U P1. FROM HELICOPTER)

CAMERA RIDING DOWN with the guests. They seem stunned and apathetic. Numbly they stare out from behind the one hundred and eighty degrees of thick plexiglass at the city around and below them.

292 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - CLOSER ANGLE

Parker draws Duncan to one side. Parker taps his wristwatch.

PARKER

At this rate it'll take a couple of hours to get everyone down. I'd suggest that those of us who still have sound hearts and trim waistlines should begin using the stairs.

DUNCAN

One hundred and thirty-five floors?

PARKER

All downhill!

Duncan considers the idea affirmatively, leads Parker across the room, CAMERA PANNING them toward a long section of drapery and a door above which the sign EXIT is fixed. As they pass through the room, we see Harlee Claiborne waiting in line at the scenic elevator - we see Patty and Susan still working the line with Mayor Ramsay trying to keep everyone calm. We see Roger Simmons at the bar.

293 CLOSER ANGLE - THE EXIT DOOR

Duncan opens the door, discovers a swirling of smoke in the stairwell outside. Swiftly he closes the door, turns to see that Parker has seen - and smelled - it too.

PARKER

My God, Jim! It's closer than they told us!

Cont.

293 Cont.

DUNCAN

We'll use the south stairwell
- that'll be clear.

He leads off, Parker matching him pace for pace.

294 PANNING SHOT - DUNCAN AND PARKER

hurrying through the guests toward the far exit door.

295 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE SOUTH EXIT DOOR

Duncan pushes on the release bar to open the door. It doesn't budge. Something is blocking it on the other side. Duncan puts his entire weight against it. It still doesn't move. Parker helps him. Their combined weight can't move it either.

DUNCAN

(to a nearby group
of male guests)

Give us a hand here, please.

Three of the guests come over.

DUNCAN

We're trying to push it open.

They pitch in. The door remains immovable.

PARKER

What's wrong?

DUNCAN

(uneasy)

I don't know.

Parker stares at Duncan accusingly, the first sign of uneasiness showing on his face.

296 INT. THE FIRE COMMAND CENTER - (79TH FLOOR)

FAVORING O'Hallorhan preparing himself to return to the fireline. He hunches his shoulders back as Kappy tightens the holding straps on a compressed air cylinder.

O'HALLORHAN

Why the hell do these have to
weigh so much?

Cont.

296 Cont.

KAPPY

You want it easy, Mike?

O'HALLORHAN

I just want it right. Why doesn't somebody design a survival suit for us like they do for football players?

KAPPY

Who pays to watch us play?

O'HALLORHAN

Yeh.

O'Hallorhan looks off at the group of Search and Rescue men standing by. They look beat, smoke-stained, noses running, eyes inflamed. Other firemen are constantly arriving from the two elevators operating under manual override. Among them we see Mark Powers and his buddy Scott, and some of the others from the firehouse. O'Hallorhan starts toward the men - CAMERA MOVING with him and Kappy.

O'HALLORHAN

(to Kappy)

What's the word on those choppers?

KAPPY

They got an Air Control officer on the way.

O'HALLORHAN

So what the hell's keeping him? We gotta get those people out of that Tower Room!

KAPPY

They're coming down on schedule, twelve at a time - in the scenic elevator.

O'HALLORHAN

Too slow. We gotta do better.

He stops in front of the Search and Rescue men.

Cont.

296 Cont.1

O'HALLORHAN

I need two men who can climb
the south stairwell from
here to the Tower Room. We
got a report something's
blocking their exit door.
I want it cleared.

Eight men step forward, among them Mark and Scott.

O'Hallorhan, impressed with the husky, giant-looking young
man, picks Mark first.

SCOTT

How about me?

O'HALLORHAN

You got it.

MARK

Mind if we smoke on the way
up?

O'Hallorhan claps him on the shoulder, moves off with
Kappy.

297 MOVING SHOT - O'HALLORHAN AND KAPPY

O'Hallorhan calls to one of his officers - TIM - a company
commander.

O'HALLORHAN

Tim, you come with me - pick
a couple of men - be sure they
got thirty minutes' worth of
air.

(to Kappy)

Call the ranking police
officer. Tell him to move
his barricades four blocks
further out. We've got twenty
knots of wind up here. There'll
be glass flying all over town.

KAPPY

Okay!

O'HALLORHAN

And get those choppers in
here - right now!

He goes out with Tim and two firemen.

298 INT. A STAIRWELL - (BELOW 87TH FLOOR)

MOVING with Craig and Lisolette and the two Allbright children through smoke and fire seen lapping out of corridors both above and below them. Philip reaches out to steady himself, pulls his hand back with a scream, the scorching wall having burned his hand.

CRAIG

Keep away from the walls.
We'll go down single file...

They continue to descend gingerly, Craig and Philip ahead now by one flight. The two start back on a reverse downward course in time to see the wall along the passage above them collapse from the heat, fire shooting out a moment, then fanning back inside.

Craig pulls the boy into the shelter of the door frame as burning masonry plunges past them, tearing out most of the stairwell as it gives way.

299 INT. COLLAPSED STAIRWELL

When the last of the plummeting pieces have fallen by, Craig looks up worriedly at the collapsed wall which formerly isolated the stairwell from the elevator shafts on this side of the building. Then he looks down.

300 INT. COLLAPSED STAIRWELL - HIS P.O.V. (BLUE SCREEN)

The missing wall has exposed a terrifying chasm in which the stairwell and its floor platforms appear to be tiny abutments in the side of a bottomless canyon.

301 ANOTHER ANGLE - CRAIG AND PHILIP

separated from Lisolette and Angela above them by one level.

Craig eases onto the platform, looks up at Lisolette and the child one floor above them, on a similar platform - no steps between them, a huge opening to one side revealing the elevator shaft. Fire fans out of the doorway next to Lisolette.

CRAIG

(shouting upward)
There should be a fire hose
next to the doorway...
(indicating the
one on his level)
...like this one.

302 AT THE PLATFORM LEVEL WITH LISOLETTE AND ANGELA

Lisolette opens a glass section marked FIRE EQUIPMENT.

CRAIG

(from below)

Let it all the way out, but
first take a wrap around the
railing.

She unreels the hose, wraps it around the railing, lowers it
toward Craig below.

303 ANOTHER ANGLE

Craig gets the nozzle end and some additional play, ties the
hose around the railing on the platform.

CRAIG

Now - climb down.

304 ANGLE ON LISOLETTE

looking off at the terrible drop below.

LISOLETTE

Climb? Down?

CRAIG'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Put Angela on your back. Tell
her to hang on!

Lisolette looks at the child.

LISOLETTE

You understand what we have
to do?

The child doesn't answer, simply turns wide eyes, filled
with shock, surprise and growing terror toward the awful
fall - and the flames driving toward them.

Lisolette picks her up, tries to get her to stay perched
properly, but the child starts to whimper and refuses to
put her arms around Lisolette's neck.

Fire reaches toward them from the door of the burning corridor
on their level.

LISOLETTE

Angela! You must! Darling,
please!

305 ANGLED ON CRAIG AND PHILIP

PHILIP
(screaming up
at his sister)
Come on, sis, come on! Hold
on to Mrs. Mueller!

306 ANGLE ON ANGELA

She pulls away, hysterical now and screaming.

307 ANGLE FAVORING CRAIG

He climbs up on the railing, goes hand over hand up the fire hose, arrives at the level above him, picks up the little girl with immense tenderness.

CRAIG
You saw how I came up? We
go down the same way. You
want to climb up on my back?

The child in spite of her tears, nods. Craig slips off his belt, secures it around the child and under her arms, boosts her onto his back, grips the free end of the belt with his right hand, gets ready to climb back down. He reacts to:

308 HIS P.O.V. - THE FIRE

(ACTION UNIT)

starting to lap out of the corridor and eat at the fire hose, causing it to smoke.

309 ANOTHER ANGLE - CRAIG

moves instantly, sliding down the hose with arms and feet wrapped around it, the child clinging to him.

He hands her over to her brother, turns back to call up to Lisolette.

CRAIG
Now - right now!

310 ANGLE ON LISOLETTE

She starts down. Behind her the hose bursts into flame, the cotton wrapping giving way.

311 ANGLED ON LISOLETTE

terrified, but game, slipping down - lower and lower.

312 CLOSE ON THE HOSE AT ITS COUPLING ABOVE (2ND UNIT)

The flames burn deeper around it.

313 ANGLE ON LISOLETTE (ACTION UNIT)

She is just above Craig now, still lowering. The hose above her breaks from the fire and her weight. She falls - but less than a foot before Craig has reached out, grabbed her, pulled her back onto the platform.

Fire thunders out of the doorway one level below and into the stairwell, spears up toward them.

Craig leads the group into the corridor.

314 INT. THE CORRIDOR - (ABOVE 81ST FLOOR)

smoky, but not yet aflame. He leads them forward.

315 EXT. THE GLASS TOWER - STREET ENTRANCE - (2ND UNIT
NIGHT LOCATION)

ANGLED ON additional fire trucks arriving from outlying stations, the firemen rushing equipment and hose into the building.

316 ANOTHER ANGLE - SEARCH AND RESCUE SQUADS (2ND UNIT
LOCATION)

still bringing out some of the building's residential tenants, some of the dispossessed clutching valued personal items and showing the shock of those experiencing loss by fire.

One WOMAN clutches a toy poodle in her arms. The dog is whimpering and the Woman shrilling angrily to the world at large.

WOMAN

We were supposed to have fire drills. Nobody ever told me anything. We were supposed to have fire drills. That's what they said. But nobody ever told me!

317 INT. GLASS TOWER LOBBY - NIGHT (LOCATION)

Jernigan appears with a fireman helping him carry the limp figure of Mrs. Allbright to the First-Aid Center in a stretcher. He and the fireman continue with the woman toward the Aid Center.

318 CLOSER ANGLE - AID CENTER (LOCATION)

It's been set up in the lobby adjacent to the decorative water fountains tossing their high, playful fonts in contrast to their enemy-element fire. A fireman is brought in. The first-aid men pull the mask off his face and drop it. Already blisters puff the fireman's face. He coughs hard.

Cont.

318 Cont.

ANOTHER FIREMAN

(grimly)
Hot lung! He breathed
super-heated air.

The first-aid people go to work on the coughing fireman.

Jernigan and his assisting fireman bring in Mrs. Allbright. She is given oxygen and examined for burns as Jernigan hurries out.

319 ANOTHER ANGLE - JERNIGAN (LOCATION)

moves through the First-Aid Center. He looks at firemen being treated for burns and smoke inhalation, some of them doubled over, others collapsed from total exhaustion.

320 EXT. GLASS TOWER - STREET ENTRANCE - (LOCATION)
THE CROWDS AND POLICE - NIGHT

The crowds being pushed back by police. A communications van has been driven from the street onto the terrazzo of the Mall. Its door is partly open and we hear the babble of police and fire department transmissions crackling out into the cold night air.

321 EXT. THE GLASS TOWER - ANOTHER ANGLE - (LOCATION)
STREET ENTRANCE - NIGHT

PANNING a Coast Guard jeep zipping in behind a police escort. It stops.

322 CLOSER ANGLE - THE JEEP (LOCATION)

A beefy-looking Chief - FLAKER - and a Coast Guard RADIO TECHNICIAN climb out with their equipment. They are rushed through police and fire lines into the lobby.

323 INT. THE GLASS TOWER LOBBY - FULL SHOT - (LOCATION)
NIGHT

The place is a madhouse of activity. A FIRE OFFICER is holding the security line open for Flaker.

OFFICER

The Commander wanted to talk
to you the minute you got here -
stand by, please, I'm trying
to get through now.

Flaker stands by.

324 INT. RESIDENTIAL RECEPTION AREA AND CORRIDOR - (81ST FLOOR)

ANGLED ON firemen on hands and knees as they hump hose forward along a floor two inches deep with water from the runoff. They keep their heads as close to the floor as possible, the flames ahead of them. Water from their fire hoses bounces off the ceilings and walls and hits them in the face as steam. But clearly the firemen are pushing the flames away, subduing them.

325 ANOTHER ANGLE - O'HALLORHAN

keeping low, works his way up to the man on the nozzle.

O'HALLORHAN

(shouting
into his ear)

Looks like you're getting it
knocked down some.

FIREMAN

(on the nozzle)

Hell, Commander, you know it!

O'HALLORHAN

We'll send up a ladder company to
pull your ceilings and vent that
other side.

O'Hallorhan claps the nozzle man on the shoulder, works his way back, CAMERA MOVING with him until he's rejoined Tim who's on the floor's security phone.

TIM

For you, Mike. That Air Control
officer for the choppers.

O'Hallorhan takes the phone.

O'HALLORHAN

O'Hallorhan here. Who'm I
talking to?

326 INT. LOBBY - ANGLED ON FLAKER

FLAKER

My name's Flaker, sir. Chief Flaker
- Coast Guard. I've been ordered to
set up radio contact with Treasure
Island Air Traffic Control. The
choppers are being vectored out of
there. You want to talk to any
of the pilots, just tell me -
then I'll pass it on to T.I.,
and they'll relay it to the
pilots. And vice versa.

327 INT. CORRIDOR - (81ST FLOOR) - ANGLE ON O'HALLORHAN
ON THE PHONE

O'HALLORHAN
Isn't that a long way around
the barn?

FLAKER'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Only a matter of seconds, sir.
Necessary for flight control.

O'HALLORHAN
(looking at his
wristwatch)
When are the choppers going to
be here?

(INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING)

FLAKER
On the way, Chief. But...
(a beat)
...we'd be a lot better off, sir,
if we can set up right next to
you in Fire Command Center.

O'HALLORHAN
The elevators are too dangerous.

FLAKER
Well, then, sir, we'll just trot
right up the stairs.

O'HALLORHAN
To seventy-nine?

A silence. Then:

FLAKER
Standing by in the lobby, sir.

- 328 EXT. TREASURE ISLAND - AIR BASE - NIGHT (2ND UNIT)
ANGLED ON rotors of Coast Guard helicopters whirling.
- 329 INT. CONTROL TOWER - ANGLE ON A DISPATCHER (2ND UNIT)
clearing the first flight.
- 330 EXT. THE AIR BASE - NIGHT (2ND UNIT)
The big machines loft up.

331 ANOTHER ANGLE (COMPOSITE MATTE)

The flight darts toward the skyline of San Francisco across the Bay - its proudest skyscraper burning, the flames distorting the night.

332 INT. THE GLASS TOWER LOBBY - NIGHT (LOCATION)

ANGLED ON Coast Guard Chief Flaker talking into the lobby security phone.

FLAKER

First air units estimating on site in five minutes. But I can't give you their touchdown time until we make some test runs. The winds are running at Force 5 up there at roof altitude.

333 INT. CORRIDOR - (81ST FLOOR)

O'HALLORHAN

Okay. Let me know when you're ready.

He hangs up, sees Tim on the walkie-talkie. Tim signs off, looks across at O'Hallorhan.

TIM

They're still fighting that one on sixty-five.

O'HALLORHAN

(shakes his head grimly)

Let's go hit it!

They start toward the manual over-ride elevator.

334 INT. CORRIDOR - (ABOVE 81ST FLOOR)

Craig's group arrives at the door of an elevator marked SERVICE ONLY.

CRAIG

This goes up to a service area two floors below the Promenade Room.

He pushes the call button.

LISOLETTE

Why go up? Why not down? And out of this building?

Cont.

334 Cont.

CRAIG

Fire below us. We have to
go up.

The elevator doors open. Craig leads them inside.

335 INT. KITCHEN STORAGE AREA - (133RD FLOOR)

Elevator doors open. Craig comes out, carrying Angela, Philip with Lisolette. CAMERA PANS them across the room, out a door.

336 INT. SERVICE STAIRWELL LEADING TO PROMENADE ROOM

Craig and the group come out of the storage door, climb the stairs.

337 ANOTHER ANGLE - (135TH FLOOR) - CRAIG'S GROUP

arrives at the top landing. Craig tries to open the door into the Promenade Room, discovers it is literally cemented shut. A plaster mixing machine and bags of plaster mix have been left on the landing near the door. Some of the bags have been split open, their contents accidentally wetted - and have formed a solid molding around the bottom of the door, effectively sealing it closed. Craig kicks at it, testing its strength, finds it solid and unyielding.

CRAIG

We can't get in - they can't
get out - as long as that cement
stays there! Need a jack-hammer...

(a beat)

...have to get to a phone.
Philip...you stay with the ladies.

Craig crosses through the litter of building equipment, climbs up on the mixer, pushes up a section of the false ceiling.

LISOLETTE

(afraid)

Why don't we come with you?

CRAIG

It's a little hairy climbing
up this way. Be faster if I
go alone. You'll be okay.

(a reassuring grin)

That's a promise!

Craig wriggles through the opening, disappearing above.

338 INT. VERTICAL PIPE SHAFT

This is the "backstage" of the modern skyscraper - the open area running vertically the length of the building containing air conditioning, steam, electrical pipes, etc. Craig moves to a small opening leading upward through the cement deck above him. He disappears upwards into the frightening, open, vertical shaft.

339 LOW ANGLE - MOVING SHOT WITH CRAIG

climbing through and between masses of cables, conduits and flues. He comes to a large flue at one side of the crawl-space. It rises through the floor deck above with inches of space around it.

340 ANOTHER ANGLE - CRAIG

crouches alongside the flue, tries to slip up through the opening in the floor deck above, but it's too tight a squeeze. He claws off the fiberglass insulation around the flue, widening the space, then pulls and pushes himself up through and into:

341 INT. A ROOM FULL OF WATER STORAGE TANKS

Craig emerges from the corner of the room, coming up through the deck alongside the flue, passes gigantic water tanks, disappears from SHOT.

342 EXT. THE GLASS TOWER - NIGHT (MINIATURE)

Smoke pours from several floors. From some windows flames reach out, then begin to race up the exterior walls.

343 CLOSER ANGLE - THE GLASS TOWER - NIGHT (2ND UNIT & MINIATURE)

Windows on one floor bursting outward, glass shattering.

344 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE PLATE GLASS (2ND UNIT & MINIATURE)

borne by the wind, seesaws down in killing shards.

345 EXT. GLASS TOWER - NEARBY STREET - NIGHT (LOCATION - ACTION UNIT)

CLOSER ANGLE on glass raining down on the street, cutting many of the spectators. The crowd disperses in panic. From above other windows are popping out. One fragment slices through the top of a police car. Heroically, the police herd spectators to shelter, retrieve the wounded and bleeding.

346 INT. MAIN UTILITY ROOM - (BASEMENT)

ANGLED ON a generator blowing, sparks and smoke flashing up. The generator makes a grinding, screaming, abrasive noise, then lapses into silence, fire licking out from one end.

347 ANGLED ON CALLAHAN

The chief engineer stares at the smoking generator, then looks back at the control panel. A light he's looking at remains without response.

CALLAHAN

(unbelieving)

Master generator's blown!

(checks his
wristwatch - waits)

The back-up should have cut in
by now!

(to Wes)

Go see what's holding up our
starters!

Wes hurries out as Callahan turns back to the energy-activators on the console, begins to flip switches. But he can get no response. Each switch is dead. Before him the entire console stretches dark and lifeless.

The overhead lights begin to flicker and grow dim.

Callahan looks up at them, mutters under his breath.

Wes rushes back in, calls to Callahan from the doorway.

WES

Auxiliaries all dead!

CALLAHAN

What do we do now for power?

348 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM

The people waiting in line to board the scenic elevator eagerly watch it coming up, its doorway opening.

349 FULL SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE - THE GUESTS

The lights above them flicker, go out, then flicker back on faintly. The guests react with mounting panic. Then it goes dark.

350 INT. STAIRCASE

Craig, descending, reacts to the overhead lights fluttering, going out.

Craig continues down the stairs into darkness.

351 INT. STALLED ELEVATOR - O'HALLORHAN, TIM AND TWO
YOUNG FIREMEN

ANGLED ON O'Hallorhan as the elevator bucks, then stops, its lights dimming and going dark. O'Hallorhan unhooks his flashlight, trains it on the floor indicator. That too is now non-functioning. O'Hallorhan pushes the emergency button of the elevator. Nothing happens.

TIM
Where the hell are we?

O'HALLORHAN
(to Tim)
Give me a boost.

Tim makes a platform of his folded hands and O'Hallorhan scrambles up, loosens the bolts securing the trap door in the elevator ceiling.

352 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM

ANGLED ON Carlos at the bar as he lights a candle, hands it to Patty. Patty uses it to light others in a box Carlos has placed on the bar, hands one to Mayor Ramsay, then continues lighting candles and placing them about the room as she crosses toward her father.

353 ANGLED ON DUNCAN

looking out one of the windows at:

354 HIS P.O.V. - THE PEERLESS BUILDING ACROSS (MINIATURE)
THE AVENUE - NIGHT

In its windows - lower than the level of the Promenade Room - the reflection of flames burning in the lower floors of the Tower can be seen clearly.

355 ANOTHER ANGLE - DUNCAN

turns back to see his daughter approaching with the lighted candle.

Patty smiles cheerfully, sets the candle in place on a cocktail table.

PATTY
Jack, be nimble, Jack, be
quick, Jack, jump over the
candlestick. Did I ever thank
you?

DUNCAN
For what?

Cont.

355 Cont.

PATTY

My very happy childhood.

DUNCAN

I'm sorry it had to end.

PATTY

The best is still to come.

He sees love, reassurance and belief in the future in her eyes. He smiles back, nods his agreement.

356 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

Four flashlights stab pinpoints of light into the yawning chasm of an elevator shaft partially filled with smoke.

357 CLOSER ANGLE

O'Hallorhan, with Tim and the two firemen, is poised at the top of their stalled elevator. O'Hallorhan runs the light over the steel beams which frame the separate shafts.

358 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - P.O.V. SHOT - (BLUE SCREEN
THE SHAFT MIN. PL.)

drops straight down some 75 floors. Ten floors below, in the adjoining shaft, can be seen the top of another elevator.

359 ANGLE ON O'HALLORHAN AND FIREMEN

O'HALLORHAN

We'll go down that one.

FIRST YOUNG FIREMAN

(fearfully)

Sir?

O'HALLORHAN

Down to sixty-five...catch that other elevator.

FIRST YOUNG FIREMAN

How?

O'Hallorhan slips his safety belt into position.

O'HALLORHAN

Rappel - down the cables.
Unless you got a better idea.

Cont.

359 Cont.

SECOND YOUNG FIREMAN

Why not just pry open the doors
on this level?

O'Hallorhan looks at the smoke curling under the door.

O'HALLORHAN

I don't think so.

FIRST YOUNG FIREMAN

I can't make it. I'll fall. I
know I'll fall.

O'HALLORHAN

Okay, you first. Then when you
let go, you won't knock the rest
of us off.

360

ANOTHER ANGLE

(ACTION UNIT)

The young fireman sees the determined set to O'Hallorhan's jaw. No compromise, no false sympathy on that face. The young man climbs up on the beam, walks across, balancing delicately, keeping his flashlight on the steel at his feet, until he's reached the cables of the adjoining shaft.

He snakes his belt around the cables, pushes out over space, begins to lever himself down, O'Hallorhan keeping the flash on him for the first ten feet of his descent.

O'HALLORHAN

(a pleased shout)

See! Just like we taught you
in training!

O'Hallorhan crosses the beam like a cat, fastens his belt to the cable, begins his descent.

361

MOVING DOWN THE CABLE WITH O'HALLORHAN

(ACTION UNIT)

He drops out of sight into darkness, only the point of his light - and the light of the young fireman below him - seen like tiny beads on an endless string.

362

ANOTHER ANGLE - TIM AND THE SECOND FIREMAN

(ACTION UNIT)

start their descents.

363 EXT. THE GLASS TOWER - ROOF - NIGHT (MINIATURE)

Three Coast Guard helicopters circling.

364 INT. A STAIRWELL - CRAIG

comes down, opens the door, exits into:

365 INT. TOWER PROMENADE ROOM

Craig comes out beneath an EXIT sign, sees candles flickering everywhere - groups of guests gathered in semi-darkness - no one clearly discernible. He reacts to:

366 HIS P.O.V. - A COAST GUARD HELICOPTER

flashing by outside the panoramic windows, its navigation lights burning reassuringly.

367 THE GUESTS

crowd toward the windows, stare out at:

368 THEIR P.O.V. - ANOTHER HELICOPTER

passing.

369 THE BAR

Craig crosses to the bar, observes Carlos and others in the candlelight - Simmons at the far end of the bar and drinking steadily.

CRAIG

Carlos...give me the phone!

Carlos hands it to him.

CARLOS

Where'd you come from,
Mr. Wilson?

CRAIG

Later, okay?

(he's already
dialing)

Hello...O'Hallorhan there?

Okay, okay, anybody'll do...

The west stairwell is blocked.

Cement. Can you try to get
somebody up to break it loose?...

Yeh they're on their way up? Okay.

Cont.

369 Cont.

He hangs up, considers Simmons for the longest moment, but Simmons is deliberately not looking at him.

Craig leaves the bar, crosses through the darkness, unobserved by anyone in particular, toward the blocked door.

370

INT. THE STAIRWELL OUTSIDE THE PROMENADE ROOM

Lisolette with Philip and Angela.

LISOLETTE

(suddenly
remembering)

Oh, my Lord! Elke! That
poor pussycat! She's still
in the apartment!

PHILIP

Don't worry, Mrs. Mueller.
I'm sure the fire didn't
get up that high. She'll
be okay.

They hear pounding on the inside of the door.

CRAIG'S VOICE

(muffled)

Just - hold on out there.
We'll get this open in a few
minutes.

LISOLETTE

We're fine, thank you,
Mr. Wilson.

She discovers the glow of two flashlights followed by two firemen staggering up the staircase - Mark Powers and Scott.

MARK

(cheerfully)

Excuse me, m'am. Is this
the way to the men's room?

LISOLETTE

My, that was fast! What
did you do - fly up?

MARK

(out of breath)

Not exactly.

Cont.

370 Cont.

Mark and Scott examine the blockage of the door with their flashlights.

SCOTT
Got to blow that out of
there, right?

MARK
Right.

Scott brings a shape charge out of his pack, places the charge on the cement ridges.

371 INT. MAIN UTILITY ROOM - (BASEMENT)

ANGLED UP at darkness. We hear a faint humming. Then:

CALLAHAN'S VOICE
(o.s.)
That's got it.

372 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE SPARE GENERATOR

turning mightily, Callahan, Wes and others - with tools - looking grimly pleased - as the lights come on.

373 INT. CENTRAL SECURITY CENTER - (50TH FLOOR) - FULL SHOT

In battery light we see the contours of the TV (BURN-INS) screens. All at once they flicker, grey, then the sensors on the many floors pick up their once-more focused sweeps - and the screens are alive with multi-images as power is restored.

374 INT. STAIRWELL OUTSIDE THE PROMENADE ROOM

The lights flicker on as Mark leads Lisolette and the children to shelter in a door frame off the stairwell one floor below the charge they've set. Scott pounds on the blocked door, shouts through it:

SCOTT
Is it all clear in there,
Mr. Wilson? It'll blow in
twenty seconds.

He runs out.

375 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM

Craig backs away from the door, makes sure nobody else is in the vicinity.

376 INT. STAIRWELL OUTSIDE THE PROMENADE ROOM (2ND UNIT)
- ANGLE ON DOOR

CAMERA DOLLIES IN on the door and the shape charge set for delayed detonation.

The charge erupts, filling SCREEN with smoke and flying fragments.

377 ANGLED ON MARK, SCOTT, LISOLETTE AND THE CHILDREN

huddled below, out of danger, ears covered, debris raining down beyond them in the stairwell.

378 INT. TOWER PROMENADE ROOM

The reaction of the guests in the Promenade Room to the explosion.

379 INT. TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - AT EXPLODED DOORWAY

where the explosion occurred. The door into the Promenade Room has been blown off - the way cleared.

Craig appears in the breach.

380 INT. RESIDENTIAL RECEPTION AREA AND (ACTION UNIT)
CORRIDOR - (81ST FLOOR) - FULL SHOT

Firemen have defeated the fire in this area, two teams coming in from opposite approaches cutting what had been a runaway flame-over down to a small, now-contained area.

381 INT. COLLAPSED STAIRWELL (ACTION UNIT)

This is the area in which Craig managed to escape with Lisolette and the children. Here too fire squads have put out the flames and are now pulling out wall sections to get in behind some of the places still smoking.

382 INT. DUNCAN'S RECEPTION AREA (ACTION UNIT)
- (65TH FLOOR)

ANGLED TOWARD the open door of elevator. Feet kick out the light soffit of the elevator, then the figure of the first young fireman appears, lowering himself from the open trap door.

He comes out on the sixty-fifth floor.

383 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

O'Hallorhan rappelling down the cable, landing on the top of the elevator, lowering himself into it from the open trap door.

384

INT. AT ELEVATOR DOOR - (65TH FLOOR)

O'Hallorhan comes out of the elevator, CAMERA PANNING him toward the firemen finishing up on this floor.

FIREMAN OFFICER

Fire Command Center's been calling you, Commander.

O'HALLORHAN

(nodding and looking around)

Looks like it's cooling off around here.

FIREMAN OFFICER

Yessir.

In the b.g. Tim and the second fireman appear in the elevator from the shaft.

385

INT. TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - THE REUNION

Craig with Susan, Harlee with Lisolette. Then Craig moves off with Susan, leaving Harlee and Lisolette with the two children.

HARLEE

(to Lisolette)

Why didn't you tell me? I would have come with you.

LISOLETTE

I suppose I'm just used to doing things by myself.

HARLEE

Well, no more!

She sees the earnestness in his face.

LISOLETTE

All right...I'd like that.

386

CLOSE ANGLE - MOVING WITH CRAIG AND SUSAN

CRAIG

I guess you thought I stood you up.

SUSAN

It crossed my mind.

Cont.

386 Cont.

CRAIG

You okay?

SUSAN

Managing not to get too
hysterical.

CRAIG

It's one of those nights.

SUSAN

I'd never have known if
you hadn't told me...What
can I do to help?

CRAIG

Keep smiling.

She smiles for him. It's not the greatest smile, but it's
a smile.

SUSAN

What else?

CRAIG

I'll let you know, okay?

She nods. He kisses her lightly on the lips.

387

AT THE BAR - CARLOS

is serving milk to Angela, a soft drink to Philip.

388

ANGLED ON HARLEE AND LISOLETTE

In the b.g. we see the scenic elevator once more loading
people.

HARLEE

I promised myself - if I
ever saw you again - I'd
make a full confession.

She touches his lips with a stopping finger.

LISOLETTE

(gently)
No. But thank you.

HARLEE

You don't know anything
about me.

LISOLETTE

But I do.

328

Cont.

388 Cont.

He stares at her with surprise. Lisolette nods.

LISOLETTE

You're penniless. You have no villa in the south of France - no antiques coming. No paintings. But, Harlee, I don't care!

Harlee shakes his head, denying her forgiveness.

HARLEE

I'm a cheap tinhorn. A two-bit con man.

LISOLETTE

Not cheap. Maybe unsuccessful. But don't you see, your heart isn't in it. How can you cheat people effectively unless you enjoy cheating them?

HARLEE

I brought you up here tonight to sell you a thousand shares in Greater Anaheim Power and Light.

LISOLETTE

Is it a good investment?

HARLEE

There is no Greater Anaheim Power and Light. Only the certificates I had printed. Although I must say - you would have admired the art work. Beautiful engraving.

LISOLETTE

I'd like to see it.

HARLEE

It's in my jacket. But - I took the jacket off...It was needed - elsewhere. See what I mean? I can't even deliver a phony stock certificate.

Lisolette smiles at him, her eyes literally shining with her growing affection for him.

Cont.

388 Cont.1

HARLEE

Didn't you hear what I said?

LISOLETTE

Every word.

HARLEE

Then tell me you're - you're
shocked...or at least -
disappointed?

LISOLETTE

But I'm not.

He takes her hands, holds them between his, smiles back at her.

389

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CRAIG AND SUSAN

Craig spots Duncan, crosses toward him. Craig discovers the burned corpse of the man killed in the elevator, mercifully covered by Harlee's jacket. Mark comes over.

MARK

We heard there was another
elevator packed with people
like that.

Craig turns.

390

HIS P.O.V. - DUNCAN WITH PATTY

at the far side of the Promenade Room.

391

ANOTHER ANGLE - CRAIG

steams toward them.

392

ANOTHER ANGLE - DUNCAN

sees him coming.

DUNCAN

Excuse me, honey...I've been
waiting for this!

He moves away from her - meets Craig halfway. The two men lock eyes for the longest moment.

Then Duncan studies Craig's angry face, nods, as though understanding.

Cont.

392 Cont.

DUNCAN

Craig, I'm sorry.

CRAIG

(angered even more
by the apology)God damn it, man, people have
been burned to death! And
you're sorry.

Duncan can't answer.

CRAIG

(with genuine
anguish)'Design me a monument, Craig.
Something that'll stand as
long as the pyramids.' And
I did it! I'm the stupid
sonofabitch who did it. I
designed the maximum - and
you cut the heart out of it -
you gave us the minimum!

DUNCAN

Okay, now you can let up!
Whatever decisions I made were
in keeping with good business
practice. Alternative materials,
Craig. I had that right of
choice as the builder - as
long as I stayed within the
Building Code - and I damn
well did!

CRAIG

The Building Code! What happened
to the metal frame doors I called
for? Why weren't the duct holes
firestopped? And the electrical
system? Christ, it's good for
nothing but starting fires! You're
as guilty as your goddamned son-in-law!

DUNCAN

(getting steamed
now)Guilty of what?

CRAIG

(a long beat)

Murder!

393 INT. CENTRAL CORE AREA - UTILITY ROOM (ACTION UNIT)
IN RESIDENTIAL FLOORS

Conduits glowing white hot, sizzling, sparking. Smoke and flames shoot up some of the cables toward vital mechanical units. A massive high-pressure steam line carrying power to the HVAC system buckles. A brazed expansion joint abruptly fails - the line explodes.

A tremendous explosion, rocketing steel and fire and hot steam toward CAMERA, expands outward, collapsing the utility room.

394 EXT. THE GLASS TOWER - NIGHT (MINIATURE)

as the explosion in the top third of the skyscraper hurls glass, debris, smoke and flame out one side of the building.

395 INT. THE GLASS TOWER - A SERIES OF SHOTS - THE HAVOC

- A. Duct work collapses. (2ND UNIT)
- B. Elevators plunge straight down their shafts. (MINIATURE)
- C. Pieces of cinderblock and pry-bar tumble to the bottom from floors above. (2ND UNIT)
- D. INT STAIRWELL that collapses. (ACTION UNIT)
Firemen moving up a stairwell are plunged downward by collapsing stairs and walls falling in on them.
- E. INT. GLASS TOWER LOBBY - (ACTION UNIT)
The lobby - crowded with firemen and evacuees, with injured, the dead in body bags, doctors, medical attendants, police.

396 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - ANGLE FAVORING CRAIG - NIGHT

The lights go out again. Craig reacts, moves away from Duncan to the security phone. In the b.g., candles are being lit again. Craig arrives at the security phone. Mark is already talking on it.

MARK
(to Craig)
It's the Commander.

Cont.

396 Cont.

Craig takes the phone.

CRAIG
(into phone)
What happened?

397 INT. FIRE COMMAND CENTER - (79TH FLOOR)

O'HALLORHAN
(on the phone)
The Central Core just blew!
All power above one hundred
and ten is out again!

CRAIG'S VOICE
(o.s.)
You'd better start using
those helicopters.

O'HALLORHAN
Getting those choppers onto
your roof isn't going to be
easy - it's blowing hard up
there and steady. Better
take some safety measures.
Get the combustible stuff
away from the walls...

398 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - A SERIES OF SHOTS -
THE SAFETY MEASURES IN PROGRESS

- A. Craig, with Mark and Scott, Susan helping, pulling down draperies, removing tablecloths, rolling back rugs from the interior wall area, piling everything near the windows.
- B. Duncan getting some of the less frightened guests to help. We see the Mayor and Paula Ramsay, Parker, Harlee, Lisolette and Philip, all joining in the activity, pushing furniture away from the interior walls.
- C. Patty and Susan getting other guests to help fill containers with water, centering their activity around the bar where Simmons continues his drinking. Carlos and his bartenders hand out towels, waiters bring napkins and the stripped-off tablecloths to be wetted and piled in strategic places near the windows.

399 FULL SHOT - MOST OF THE GUESTS

finding escape within these simple physical tasks. In candlelight we see the elegant room stripped back by men in evening clothes, women in gowns, filling bottles, pushing furniture, removing draperies - a madhouse of dedicated activity - Craig and Susan and Patty and Duncan keeping it moving. But Roger is still at the bar, belting it down.

400 CLOSER ANGLE - RAMSAY AND PAULA

against the b.g. of the frantic activity. She looks over at the pay phones.

PAULA

I want to call Jill.

RAMSAY

I don't want you to alarm her. What are you going to say?

PAULA

I just want to hear her voice - and I want her to hear ours...I want her to know she's very precious to us - and that we're thinking of our only daughter...is it too late to say that to her, darling, or too early?

The Mayor takes her arm.

RAMSAY

(gently)
Let's go call.

401 INT. RESIDENTIAL CORRIDOR - (95TH FLOOR)

MOVING with Jernigan making a check of floors not yet threatened by fire. He unlocks the door to Lisolette's apartment.

402 INT. LISOLETTE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jernigan in the doorway.

JERNIGAN

Here kitty, kitty, kitty...

403 HIS P.O.V. - ELKE, THE CAT

asleep on a chair.

404 ANOTHER ANGLE - JERNIGAN

crosses to the chair, picks up Elke, goes out with her.

405 INT. FIRE COMMAND CENTER - ANGLE ON O'HALLORHAN

KAPPY-

First choppers coming in.

O'HALLORHAN

Get Wilson on the horn.

406 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - CRAIG

hurries toward the phone, takes it from Carlos.

CRAIG

(into phone)

Wilson...

O'HALLORHAN'S VOICE

(over the phone)

Get ten people up to the roof -
then the rest of 'em standing by
in groups of ten - we're going
to start airlifting.

CRAIG

Okay.

He hangs up, sees how the guests are gathered around the windows, peering up, trying to watch the circling fleet of helicopters.

407 EXT. THE ROOF - A DESCENDING HELICOPTER (2ND UNIT)

still lowering, above it the other machines, waiting their turns. A blast of wind almost upends the machine, causing it to veer off and make a wide turn, the wind chasing it ahead at incredible speed.

408 INT. THE HELICOPTER - CLOSER ANGLE - (2ND UNIT)
THE PILOT AND CO-PILOT

look grim-faced, but determined. The pilot's hands are being shaken by the bucking of his stick as he manages to continue turning abeam of the wind.

409 EXT. THE ROOF - THE DESCENDING CHOPPER (2ND UNIT)

comes around for another descent. It rocks wildly, pitches and falls with great spasms as it drives in and down.

410 ANOTHER ANGLE - AN EXIT DOOR IN A ROOFTOP HOUSING

opens, revealing Craig at the head of a party of ten women guests, the wind slamming against the group, taking away their breath, flattening the women's silks and chiffons between their legs.

Craig motions them to stay just inside until the chopper has landed on the helipad across the roof and up another short flight of stairs.

They watch:

411 THEIR P.O.V. - THE CHOPPER (MINIATURE)

coming down, down, getting closer, fighting the wind, until a sudden gust picks up the huge machine as though in the palm of an unseen hand and hurls it sidewise toward the roof where it crashes. The fuel tanks explode. A gigantic puff of flame. The fire spreads across the roof, taking hold and starting a separate conflagration.

412 CLOSER ANGLE - THE FACES OF CRAIG AND THE WOMEN

brightened for a terrible split second by the o.s. explosion. Fire flickers over their faces.

413 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - SERIES OF SHOTS

The various guests reacting to the explosion above them, the reflection of flames from outside, the scattering of debris past the windows, the hysterical return of the ten women who had been on the roof, waiting to board. We INTERCUT these shocks with SHOTS of Parker's reaction - growing fright and hostility - Ramsay's grimness - Duncan's shock - Patty's look of concern - Susan's concern for the shaken Craig who has brought the women back down to the Promenade Room.

414 ANGLED ON CRAIG

He crosses to one of the panoramic windows, stares out and down:

415 HIS P.O.V. - THE ROOFTOP OF THE SKYSCRAPER (MINIATURE)
ACROSS THE STREET

It's well below the level of the Promenade Room, but yet not that far.

416 CLOSE ON CRAIG

considering the possibilities of his thought. He makes his decision, wheels out, ANGLE WIDENING.

417 AT THE BAR - CRAIG

comes in, picks up the security phone, dials.

CRAIG

(into phone)

Let me have the Commander...

(he waits)

O'Hallorhan, can you try to fire a breeches buoy across to us?

Yeh - from the roof of the Peerless Building - right across the street. It's about a thirty-degree angle, but I think we can compensate with counterweights.

418 INT. FIRE COMMAND CENTER - ANGLED ON O'HALLORHAN
at the phone.

O'HALLORHAN

Why the hell didn't I think of that? Okay, we'll try.

He hangs up, starts to dial again.

419 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM

Craig puts down the phone, hurries to the stalled and immobile scenic elevator.

420 INT. THE SCENIC ELEVATOR - (STATIONARY AT PROMENADE ROOM) - NIGHT

Craig enters, unlocks the controls panel, examines the instrument board, as though double-checking something for his own information. He closes and relocks the panel, moves back into the Promenade Room.

421 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM

MOVING with Craig toward Mark, still at work with draperies and furniture.

CRAIG

Got to get up on the roof again - going to try something. You any idea how I can walk through fire?

Cont.

421 Cont.

MARK
(calling)
Scotty!

Scott comes over. He and Mark follow Craig toward the stairwell leading up.

422 EXT. THE ROOF - THE THREE MEN - NIGHT

They come out onto the roof, leaning into a vicious wind buffeting them and fanning the flames.

Craig points toward a small utility room just beyond the flames.

423 ANOTHER ANGLE - MARK AND SCOTT (ACTION UNIT)

unhitch the fire hose at the base of the helipad, turn it on full pressure, spear a path through the fire.

424 THEIR P.O.V. - THE FIRE (ACTION UNIT)

falling back and being parted by the water-stream.

425 MOVING SHOT - CRAIG (ACTION UNIT)

running like hell through the path toward the small utility room, the flames on either side of him.

426 INT. ELEVATOR UTILITY ROOM - (ROOF) - NIGHT

Craig enters, opens a wall-cabinet, brings out tools, returns to a drive system attached to the elevator cables which outlet in this area. He begins working on a small unit at one end of the compact steel drum and the neatly wound cables.

427 INT. THE PROMENADE ROOM - ANGLED ON ROGER SIMMONS

as he finishes the last of the gin in the bottle. He upends the bottle, lets it fall from his fingers, smash on the marble flooring under his bar stool.

He rises, leaning slightly, but still in control of his senses, crosses the candlelit room past the various knots of guests toward Patty, by herself at the window seat where her father has left her.

428 CLOSER ANGLE - PATTY

as Roger comes in.

ROGER
Time to go home, Mrs. Simmons.

Cont.

428 Cont.

PATTY
You've been a brick.

ROGER
Disapproval?

PATTY
Oh, for God's sakes, Roger,
this is no time for our
little troubles!

ROGER
Little? I thought we had big
troubles. Marriage on the
rocks...nasty publicity...

PATTY
Let's hold that for tomorrow,
okay?

He stares at her, with ironic amusement - and a touch of
sadness.

ROGER
Sometimes - when you turn the
exact same phrase - raise an
eyebrow the exact same way - I
see - and I hear - your father.
The two of you - one...like a
great big tree - and the little
ba-bee tree in its shade...
where the acorn fell.

PATTY
You are drunk!

He reaches down with one hand, takes hers, and with
surprising strength and sobriety, pulls her to her feet in
front of him.

ROGER
You want to stay here and
watch the tree burn down? Or
leave with me?

PATTY
How can we leave?

ROGER
Same way our architect friend
got up here - not easy - not for
everybody - but I can do it,
Patty. I can get us both out!

Cont.

428 Cont.1

PATTY
Leave all these people here -
get out by ourselves?

ROGER
Won't you?

PATTY
No way!

He lets go of her hand.

ROGER
Good luck, baby.

He moves off, swaying slightly.

429 CLOSE ON PATTY

watching him go.

430 HER P.O.V. - ROGER

disappears out the stairwell door which had been blown open earlier.

431 ANOTHER ANGLE - CRAIG, MARK AND SCOTT

come in at the opposite side of the room via the stairwell to the roof. Craig crosses to the now-deserted bandstand. He's dripping-wet from the fire hose - and smoke-stained.

432 CLOSER ANGLE - CRAIG

goes up onto the stand, takes the microphone.

CRAIG
Ladies and gentlemen, I've activated the brake on the scenic elevator. Gravity will take it down. There's no power to bring it back up, but we can move at least twelve more people to the street.

433 ANGLED ON THE GUESTS

looking around at each other.

434 ANGLE FAVORING PARKER

PARKER
Which twelve? Who plays God,
Mr. Wilson?

435 ANGLE FAVORING CRAIG

CRAIG

I do!

(a beat)

Four places are already taken.

PARKER

What four places?

CRAIG

The two kids and the lady who saved their lives...

The guests support this with approving silence.

CRAIG

Fourth place goes to one of the firemen - puts a trained man aboard. For the rest, we'll draw - numbers one through eight go - women only. Susan - will you write up the numbers?

As Susan starts the lottery, Mark hurries in from hanging up the security phone.

MARK

They've got a team of sharpshooters on the roof of the Peerless Building. We're going to break out a couple of these windows.

Mark goes off to join Scott, their fire axes at ready.

SCOTT

Keep clear of the windows... get back, please...we're breaking two of them out to let the line come through...

The guests react, fall back - away from the windows.

436 ANOTHER ANGLE - MARK AND SCOTT

slamming their axes at the windows - working like hell to break them out - finally succeeding - the wind gushing in and fluttering the women's clothes about their bodies.

437 EXT. ROOF OF THE PEERLESS BUILDING - ANGLE ON TWO COAST GUARD MEN - NIGHT

One is a CHIEF - OLIVER - the other a RATING - KRONSKI.

Kronski holds a rifle. The two look off across the street:

438 THEIR P.O.V. - THE GLASS TOWER - NIGHT (MINIATURE)
Smoke and flames are erupting from its windows.

439 ANGLE FAVORING THE TWO MEN

OLIVER
(pointing)
Those big windows - up there -
that's your target.

KRONSKI
In this wind?

OLIVER
I didn't ask your opinion!

Kronski hefts the gun, aims, pulls the trigger.

440 ANOTHER ANGLE

The light line rises shimmering from the muzzle, unwinding from a tub at Kronski's feet and growing in length, light as a contrail in the sky, reaching in a graceful climbing arc for the row of broken-out windows, higher and higher - but not high enough.

The line arches, paying out, hissing from the tub, then dips, falling.

441 CLOSE ON KRONSKI

KRONSKI
Balls!

442 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TWO MEN

OLIVER
Keep trying!

443 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM

FAVORING Craig edged out as close to the lip of a broken-out window as it's safe to get. Tensely, he looks out at:

444 EXT. ROOFTOPS - TOWARDS THE PEERLESS BUILDING - HIS P.O.V. - THE SECOND SHOT - (BLUE SCREEN)
NIGHT (MIN. PL.)

Closer...closer...for a minute it looks as though it's coming right at him. He can see the weighted projectile driving toward him, tugging the line behind it. But it stops yards below, hangs suspended a split second, then dives toward the street.

445 CLOSE ON CRAIG

reacting, still believing.

446 CLOSER ANGLE - DUNCAN AND THE MAYOR

They too have been watching. Neither looks at the other. In their avoidance of each other's eyes is the first hint of their growing sense of doom.

447 ANGLED ON PARKER

also watching. His concern more and more heightened.

448 EXT. THE ROOF OF THE PEERLESS BUILDING -
ANGLE ON OLIVER AND KRONSKI - NIGHT

Kronski lowers the gun.

KRONSKI

How many more tries?

The Chief stares stolidly at the burning building.

OLIVER

People up there...You'll keep
trying till you make it.

449 INT. TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - FAVORING CRAIG

He moves back from the window.

CRAIG

Okay - the ladies who drew one
through eight...

450 ANOTHER ANGLE

Here and there hands go up. The women who've drawn these first low numbers kiss their husbands, move toward the elevator where Scott and Mark wait to help them aboard and check their numbers.

451 ANOTHER ANGLE - SUSAN

comes to the bandstand, looks up at Craig. She holds out a piece of paper. He jumps down, CAMERA MOVING IN to HOLD the two in CLOSER ANGLE. She's got a piece of paper with the number "3" scrawled on it.

SUSAN

My lucky night.

CRAIG

I'll walk you over.

He starts with her toward the scenic elevator.

452 MOVING SHOT - SUSAN AND CRAIG

progressing through the guests. She spots the waitress Duncan had spoken to in an earlier scene.

SUSAN

I'll give her my number.

She starts toward the waitress. Craig grabs her arm.

She sees the intensity on his face.

CRAIG

I want you out of here!

SUSAN

So you can stop worrying about me? What about me - down below - worrying about you?

He ignores this, pulls her toward the elevator.

CRAIG

(calling to Mark)

Number three!

Susan digs in just short of the elevator.

SUSAN

Not going!

Craig sees the firm set of her jaw.

CRAIG

Honest to God, baby, it's the only way you can help me right now...Help me, Susan!

There is urgency in his eyes, pleading. She relents.

She gets into the elevator as Harlee appears with Lisolette and the children, leading them to the elevator.

453

CLOSER ANGLE - HARLEE AND LISOLETTE

as Mark helps Angela and Philip into the elevator.

HARLEE

I won't ever let you go anywhere without me again.

Lisolette comes into his arms. They hold each other - then - for the first time - they kiss - delicately - tenderly.

Cont.

453 Cont.

LISOLETTE

I don't want to...ever, ever
again - be away from you.

He helps her into the elevator.

HARLEE

I'll meet you in the lobby -
by the water fountain.

LISOLETTE

I'll be waiting.

Mark helps another woman in.

MARK

(counting)

Still short one...

(checking the
lottery slips in
his hand)

Who drew number 'seven'?

454 ANGLE ON MAYOR RAMSAY AND PAULA

in the middle of a debate.

PAULA

I'm not leaving!

RAMSAY

Yes, you are. I'll be along in
a half hour or so.

She comes into his arms, holds him close a long moment, then
turns and goes to the elevator, climbs in.

455 ANGLE ON THE ELEVATOR

Mark gets in last, uses the emergency lever. The doors start
to close.

Lisolette smiles out at Harlee.

Paula looks out worriedly at her husband.

The glass doors of the scenic elevator close, and it slowly
starts to move down. Several of the passengers make silent
gestures to those left behind.

456 EXT. THE ROOF OF THE PEERLESS BUILDING - ANGLED ON
KRONSKI AND OLIVER

Kronski looks defeated, Oliver undaunted.

456 Cont.

OLIVER
Give it your best one!

Kronski raises the gun, fires almost without aiming, as though by instinct.

457 TRACKING THE SHOT

and the rising line, moving unerringly.

458 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - ON CRAIG watching:

459 HIS P.O.V. - THE LINE

streaming up, still coming.

460 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM

The line flies into the room, streaks toward the bar. The weight crashes into the back bar mirror, Carlos ducking the shattering of mirrors and glasses, but coming up instantly and pouncing on the line triumphantly.

461 ANOTHER ANGLE

Craig, with Scott and Duncan, runs over, helps Carlos with the line, begins to secure it.

462 INT. AN UPPER UTILITY ROOM - (130TH FLOOR) (2ND UNIT)
- ANGLE ON MAIN GAS LINES AND THEIR METERS

A growing stain of brown spreads across the wall. Suddenly it breaks open, flames leap out, curl around the gas pipes.

463 EXT. SIDE OF THE GLASS TOWER - (MINIATURE)
(133RD FLOOR) - NIGHT

ANGLED ON the scenic elevator descending slowly, only two floors below the Promenade Room.

464 INT. THE UPPER UTILITY ROOM - (130TH FLOOR) (2ND UNIT)

Gas pipes red-hot and glowing. They buckle.

Gas shrieks out - blending with fire.

The explosion is titanic.

465 INT. A STAIRWELL - SIMMONS

descending drunkenly is crushed by falling debris.

466 EXT. SIDE OF THE GLASS TOWER - THE SCENIC (MINIATURE)
ELEVATOR - (131ST FLOOR) - NIGHT

The explosion rips out the side of the building just below, flipping the outside tracks free of their moorings.

467 INT. THE SCENIC ELEVATOR - NIGHT (ACTION UNIT)
(STAGE - AGAINST
TRANSLIGHT)

An entire section of the plastic glass enclosing the elevator cracks, pops out, plunges down, the wind howling into the elevator and buffeting the terrified passengers.

The pressure of the wind and the rocking of the elevator tears Angela from Lisolette's arms, sucks her toward the abyss.

Lisolette throws herself in front of the child, blocking the opening in the elevator with her body, giving Mark time to grab Angela and hand her back to her brother, but before he can get back to Lisolette she's already halfway out into space.

Mark reaches for her outthrust hand, but misses. Lisolette goes out - and down.

468 EXT. SIDE OF THE GLASS TOWER - LONG SHOT - (MINIATURE)
LISOLETTE'S BODY HURTLES DOWNWARD - NIGHT

469 EXT. SIDE OF THE GLASS TOWER - THE SCENIC (ACTION UNIT)
ELEVATOR - (133RD FLOOR) - NIGHT (RANCH LOCATION)

The cables above it snap - until the machine, derailed - all of its cables parting but one - turns slowly, like a top on a string - hanging free of the building.

470 INT. THE SCENIC ELEVATOR - NIGHT (ACTION UNIT)

The survivors are tumbled upon each other as the elevator continues to sway back and forth. Some of the women scream piteously.

471 ANOTHER ANGLE - SUSAN (ACTION UNIT)

gathers Angela into her arms, tries to comfort the weeping child who keeps crying out, "Lisolette, Lisolette."

472 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - GUESTS

reacting to this new explosion. The panic is getting more critical, more endemic.

473 ANGLED ON SCOTT

reacting to the heavy volume of smoke pouring out of the ventilators.

SCOTT

(shouting)

Everybody - down on the floor...
Keep low!

The guests react, begin to obey him.

Craig runs to the bar.

CRAIG

(to Carlos)

Soak all the towels and tablecloths.
Pass 'em out to everybody.

Carlos and his bartenders go to work.

Craig picks up the security phone, dials.

CRAIG

Patch me through to the
Commander.

He waits, watching Carlos, Patty and the others at work.

O'HALLORHAN'S VOICE

(through the phone)

O'Hallorhan...

474 INT. TOWER PROMENADE ROOM

ANGLED ON Craig on the security phone at the bar.

CRAIG

Scenic elevator's off-track -
four floors below us - hanging
by a single cable. Twelve
people aboard.

Silence at the other end.

CRAIG

You hear me?

475 INT. FIRE COMMAND CENTER - ANGLED ON O'HALLORHAN

O'HALLORHAN

(into phone)

Yeh, I hear you...I'm going to try to get a hitch around that elevator of yours - and bring it down by chopper.

476 INT. THE PROMENADE ROOM - CLOSER ANGLE - CRAIG
on the phone. He looks relieved.

CRAIG

Why didn't I think of that?

477 EXT. THE ROOF OF THE PEERLESS BUILDING

Kronski and Oliver securing the line and sending up a breeches buoy toward the Promenade Room beyond and above them. Other COAST GUARDSMEN, FIREMEN and MEDICAL AIDES begin to appear on the roof.

We see one COAST GUARDSMAN using a two-way radio in the b.g.

478 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - ANGLED ON THE GUESTS

A WOMAN lets Craig and her HUSBAND lead her toward the yawning window. She pulls back as she nears the opening.

479 AT THE WINDOW

Trembling, she lets her husband and Craig secure her inside the breeches buoy.

480 CLOSER ANGLE - THE WOMAN

shaking with fright.

WOMAN

Dear God, I can't possibly!

HUSBAND

Just - close your eyes. Don't look down.

They ease her out.

481 EXT. THE SIDE OF THE GLASS TOWER - NIGHT

MOVING with the woman. Her eyes seem frozen open. She looks down:.

482 HER P.O.V. - THE STREET

(BLUE SCREEN)

far below.

- 483 ANGLE ON THE WOMAN (BLUE SCREEN)
(MIN. PL.)
She starts to scream as she sways in the wind, descending the steep pitch of line toward a group seen across the street on the roof of the Peerless Building.
- 484 EXT. ROOF OF PEERLESS BUILDING - NIGHT (BLUE SCREEN
BURNING BUILD.
(MIN. PLATE)
ANGLED ON Coast Guardsmen and firemen paying out the line, drawing the woman toward them. She arrives safely. They help her out. At the same time, O'Hallorhan comes out onto the roof. He looks up and signals to a large cargo chopper moving in overhead. Two search and rescue firemen join him with a pack of equipment. The breeches buoy starts back.
- 485 EXT. SIDE OF GLASS TOWER - INT. THE DAMAGED SCENIC ELEVATOR - (121ST FLOOR) - NIGHT
Susan continues to comfort Angela. Philip Allbright has torn off the sleeve of his shirt and is making a tourniquet for a woman whose leg has been gashed by the shattering plastic outer bubble.
- 486 EXT. THE ROOF OF THE PEERLESS BUILDING - NIGHT
ANGLED UP at the belly of the chopper hovering just above. A cable begins to descend.
- 487 ANOTHER ANGLE - O'HALLORHAN (BLUE SCREEN
MIN. PLATE)
and the two firemen stare up at the descending cable. O'Hallorhan is slipping into heavy work gloves as the firemen bring out tools and a cutting torch from the pack.

The men are silhouetted against the flames from the Glass Tower across the street, flames beginning to shoot out from broken windows a few stories below the roof level of the Peerless Building.

The cable reaches O'Hallorhan. He puts one foot into the heavy hook at the end of the cable, uses his belt to secure himself, takes the tools from the two firemen, signals the chopper to move out - across and up toward the stranded scenic elevator.
- 488 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE CARGO HELICOPTER (ACTION UNIT)
climbing with O'Hallorhan at the end of the cable and swaying from the drum in its belly.
- 489 CLOSE ON O'HALLORHAN
staring down at:

490 HIS P.O.V. - THE FLAMES (MINIATURE)

licking up the side of the Glass Tower - still well below him - but rising menacingly.

491 ANOTHER P.O.V. - THE SCENIC ELEVATOR (ACTION UNIT)

above him, hanging by a single cable.

492 EXT. SIDE OF GLASS TOWER - INT. THE DAMAGED SCENIC ELEVATOR - NIGHT (ACTION UNIT)

Mark looks out at O'Hallorhan rising closer. O'Hallorhan is shouting, but the wind snatches fragments of the words.

Mark strains to hear.

493 EXT. THE ELEVATOR

O'Hallorhan is on the cable - swaying closer to the elevator.

He shouts to Mark at the top of his lungs.

O'HALLORHAN

...need your help...

(jabbing his finger
to indicate)

...on top!

494 ANGLED IN AT MARK

He gets the message, flashes an okay signal, climbs out gamely, pulls himself up toward the top of the elevator.

495 INT. TOWER PROMENADE ROOM

Ramsay crosses to Duncan.

RAMSAY

Jim...answer me something...

(a beat)

How long do we have?

DUNCAN

I wish I knew.

RAMSAY

(suddenly flaring)

God damn it, you built the place!

Cont.

495 Cont.

DUNCAN

(finally)

The stairwell fire doors are rated for four hours, but, frankly, the time it's taking to get even one person across on that breeches buoy - I don't think all of us are going to make it.

496 EXT. SIDE OF THE GLASS TOWER - ANOTHER ANGLE - NIGHT
as the breeches buoy comes back up.

497 INT. TOWER PROMENADE ROOM

Patty comes over to her father and Mayor Ramsay. She shows them the number she's drawn.

PATTY

Looks like I'm up next.

(a beat)

I don't suppose you'll let me stay.

DUNCAN

(softly)

You know I won't.

(a beat)

I'll be coming down soon.

He takes her hand, leads her toward the window.

498 AT THE WINDOW

Duncan picks her up, the way he did when she was a baby, puts her into the buoy and fastens her in. He kisses her on the forehead, sends her out into the night.

499 CLOSE ON DUNCAN

looking after her. His eyes are teared.

500 EXT. SIDE OF GLASS TOWER - TOP OF DAMAGED (ACTION UNIT)
SCENIC ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The cargo helicopter maneuvers the cable with O'Hallorhan directly over the top of the elevator. O'Hallorhan steps onto the elevator, holding onto the cable. Mark appears from below, joins him on top. Together they work the huge hook at cable's end under the crown of the elevator. O'Hallorhan then releases the tool kit lashed to the cable, opens it, brings out a pyrotechnic cutting torch, hands Mark a pair of heavy asbestos gloves from the kit.

501 CLOSER ANGLE - O'HALLORHAN

signals to the chopper to give them maximum power upward.

502 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE CHOPPER (MINIATURE)

throttles up. The cable between the elevator and the chopper tightens, then pulls the elevator away from the building, the elevator's weight now sustained by the new cable.

503 ANGLED ON O'HALLORHAN AND MARK

O'Hallorhan slips on a pair of safety glasses, pulls the safety pin on the torch. The nozzle jets out a burst of flame, sparkling with burning aluminum, a heavy white cloud boiling from the jet. It cuts through the old cable with a violent snapping sound. They swing free, the elevator lurching downward. Mark's boot slips on the cable grease, then both feet go out from under him.

With one hand clutching the cable, O'Hallorhan grabs for the falling man, manages to catch Mark's turnout coat by the shoulder with his one free hand.

O'Hallorhan screams up to the chopper to take them down to the street faster, but the wind steals the sound from his throat, so that we can only see his screaming, but can hear no words.

Mark begins to slip out through the coat.

His eyes meet O'Hallorhan's - mutely.

504 CLOSER ANGLE - O'HALLORHAN AND MARK

Holding to the cable with one arm, his other arm still clutching the collar of Mark's turnout coat, O'Hallorhan shouts at Mark at the top of his lungs.

O'HALLORHAN

My wrist. Get my wrist!

Mark reaches up to O'Hallorhan's hand on his collar.

O'HALLORHAN

Your other hand too!

Mark gets the other hand up, hangs now with both hands on O'Hallorhan's wrist and forearm.

O'Hallorhan lets go of the collar, slowly lets one of Mark's hands slide down until it locks into his hand.

505 MOVING WITH THE CHOPPER AND THE ELEVATOR (MINIATURE)

lowering toward the distant street.

- 506 O'HALLORHAN AND MARK
Mark's hand beginning to slip through O'Hallorhan's.
- 507 FROM THE STREET - SHOOTING UP AT THE (ACTION UNIT)
DESCENDING ELEVATOR AND HELICOPTER
and Mark dangling over one side of the elevator.
- 508 CLOSE SHOT - O'HALLORHAN'S HAND AND MARK'S
still clutching, still slipping - suddenly letting go -
but Mark's other hand taking its place - just in time.
- 509 CLOSE ON O'HALLORHAN
his eyes drilling into Mark's - ordering him not to weaken -
to hang on.
- 510 CLOSE ON MARK
staring back.
- 511 EXT. THE STREET - FULL SHOT - NIGHT (ACTION UNIT)
(LOCATION)
ANGLED UP at the helicopter coming down -
and Mark hanging. Firemen position a huge
inflated bag under the descending elevator.
- 512 THE DESCENDING ELEVATOR (ACTION UNIT)
(LOCATION)
Mark looks down at the bag - not more than
fifty feet below now - just as his strength
gives out.
He slips away from O'Hallorhan, plummets down.
- 513 CLOSE ON O'HALLORHAN (ACTION UNIT)
(LOCATION)
watching, praying silently.
- 514 O'HALLORHAN'S P.O.V. - MARK (ACTION UNIT)
(LOCATION)
lands perfectly in the center of the bag.
- 515 CLOSE ON O'HALLORHAN (LOCATION)
and his reaction of relief.
- 516 EXT. THE STREET (LOCATION)
Mark is helped out of the bag by other firemen.
He falls on his knees, kisses the pavement.

517 EXT. THE GLASS TOWER - STREET - (ACTION UNIT)
FULL SHOT - NIGHT (LOCATION)

Police keep the crowd back as the cargo helicopter carrying the scenic elevator lowers toward the street.

518 ABOARD THE SCENIC ELEVATOR - ON TOP (LOCATION)

O'Hallorhan looks down at the crowd - the fire engines - the hoses strung around the building - the useless fire ladders - the pandemonium of a nightmare.

519 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE ELEVATOR (ACTION UNIT)
(LOCATION)

comes to rest on the pavement. The cargo chopper winds up its cable on its drum, zooms up and away.

520 ANOTHER ANGLE - FIREMEN AND POLICE (LOCATION)

help those in the elevator out as O'Hallorhan climbs down from his perch while TV cameras and crew focus first on him, then on the survivors coming out, especially on Susan with Angela in her arms. Philip manfully helps the lady with the cut leg. Mrs. Allbright, now revived, is reunited with her children.

521 CLOSER ANGLE - THE MOTHER (LOCATION)

clutching her children gratefully, then the mother using her hand signals to Susan, thanking her.

522 CLOSER ANGLE - O'HALLORHAN AND MARK

Mark grips O'Hallorhan's hand in gratitude, then O'Hallorhan pulls him close, a rough, feeling embrace.

523 INT. AND EXT. THE GLASS TOWER - SERIES OF SHOTS

The fire running rampant throughout the building.

A. INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT (MINIATURE)

Swooshing up an elevator shaft like an atomic explosion.

B. INT. A STOREROOM (ACTION UNIT)

Invading a storeroom filled with tanks of propane gas. The tanks explode, skittering like rockets through the storeroom, driving firemen back, killing some of them in their tracks.

Cont.

523 Cont.

C. EXT. SIDE OF GLASS TOWER (MINIATURE)

Smoke and hot gasses shoot upward through gaps between floor slabs and along exterior walls.

D. EXT. SIDE OF GLASS TOWER (MINIATURE)

Flashovers cause windows to explode. Great palms of fire reach outside into the night like greedy hands, grasping at the sides of the building - and reaching hungrily toward the Promenade Room.

E. INT. SECTION OF WALL (2ND UNIT)

Water pipes build up super-heated steam - burst, tearing out walls.

F. INT. A CORRIDOR (2ND UNIT)

Firemen on the lines find their pressure dropping, then no water coming out.

524 INT. GLASS TOWER LOBBY - NIGHT (LOCATION)

The First-Aid Center is now overflowing with injured or exhausted firemen. Their turnout coats are scorched, some of their helmets melted. Their eyes are red and watery, their noses bubbling mucous, their breathing forced. Here and there PRIESTS are seen administering last rites.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal O'Hallorhan, with Kappy now, as a new Fire Command Center is set up.

KAPPY

Goddammit! Isn't there any way we can save those people up there?

O'Hallorhan's face is tight and anguished.

O'HALLORHAN

Yeh - one way...maybe...
Get me a proximity suit and shape charges...

525 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM

ANGLED ON a ventilator high on the wall. Although its slits have been stuffed with towels, smoke is leaking through, curling along the ceiling, CAMERA PANNING with the smoke, delivering us to an ANGLE at the window with the breeches buoy being loaded with the last of the women guests - leaving some fifty male guests.

The woman goes out the window, the men looking after her.

526 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE MEN

suddenly aware of their isolation - fifty men in evening clothes - smoke along the ceiling, flames reflected from outside.

Out of this body of men, Parker, with a small group, storms toward Duncan.

527 MOVING SHOT - PARKER

leading the panicked group of supporters.

528 ANOTHER ANGLE

Parker confronts Duncan.

PARKER

How much longer before the
fire reaches us?

Duncan looks at the men around Parker, their faces smudged, their ties loosened.

DUNCAN

A matter of minutes.

There is a reaction among the men.

PARKER

The women are gone. We're
going next!

He indicates his group.

DUNCAN

(softly)

Gary, you talk too much.

Duncan drives a hard right into Parker's solar plexus.

Parker goes down on his knees and stays there, gasping for breath, eyes popping with astonishment.

Cont.

528 Cont.

Ramsay moves in next to Duncan. Together they stare down the group Parker has assembled. By now the faction doesn't seem quite as tough.

DUNCAN

You've all got numbers.
You'll take your turns...
If it makes anybody feel
better, I volunteer right
now to be the last man out!

O.s. the security phone rings. Duncan looks over at:

529 HIS P.O.V. - CRAIG

at the phone.

530 CLOSER ANGLE - CRAIG

CRAIG

(into phone)

Wilson.

O'Hallorhan's voice comes through the line.

O'HALLORHAN'S VOICE

Fire's out of control - and coming
your way. Nothing we can do from
this end to stop it.

CRAIG

I think everybody up here should
hear that...I'm switching you
over to the P.A....Okay, say again...

O'Hallorhan's voice now booms through the P.A.

O'HALLORHAN'S VOICE

I've just told Wilson there's
nothing we can do from down here to
stop the fire...It's coming your
way now - coming fast.

531 ANGLED ON THE GUESTS - SERIES OF REACTION SHOTS OF OUR PRINCIPALS

532 FAVORING CRAIG AT THE PHONE

CRAIG

There is one way...

O'HALLORHAN'S VOICE

I know. You want to tell 'em -
or shall I?

Cont.

532 Cont.

CRAIG

We're talking about the same thing, aren't we? Blowing the water tanks?

O'HALLORHAN'S VOICE

Yeh.

CRAIG

I'll tell them.

Silence for a moment at the other end.

O'HALLORHAN'S VOICE

Okay. I'll hold...

Craig puts the phone down, looks around at the male guests.

CRAIG

There's only one way now we might be able to stop the fire...It's a long shot - but it might work... Two floors above us there are water tanks. We can blow them up.

(he watches their reactions)

One helluva lot of water and cement and steel will come down on top of us...But at least some of us may make it.. Otherwise - nobody will...

Craig looks around at the men.

CRAIG

Gentlemen?

He looks from face to face.

533 ANOTHER ANGLE

Suddenly the fire door from one of the stairwells crashes in. Flames billow into the room, high temperature slamming in as though from a blast furnace.

Two guests near the burst-in door fall, their lungs seared by the super-heated air.

The others fall back in panic.

534 ANGLED AT THE OPEN WINDOW

The breeches buoy comes back. Parker and some of his supporters rush for it, fight like animals among themselves for possession of the buoy. Parker leaps for the buoy simultaneously with four other men. Their combined weight causes it and the men to swing out through the window, Parker and the other four scrambling to get into the buoy, kicking and punching each other.

535 EXT. THE SIDE OF THE GLASS TOWER - NIGHT

beyond the window. The combined weight of the five men snaps the line. They tumble toward the street. The wire lashes back.

536 EXT. GLASS TOWER AND PEERLESS BUILDING - NIGHT

as men fall toward the street below.

537 ANGLE FAVORING CRAIG

CRAIG

(into phone)

Blow the tanks.

538 INT. LOBBY - THE TOWER - FIRE COMMAND CENTER -
O'HALLORHAN

at the phone.

O'HALLORHAN

I'll take the buoy across -

CRAIG'S VOICE

(o.s.)

It's gone.

O'HALLORHAN

(a long beat)

Okay, I'll try and get down on the roof by chopper. Head for the tank room.

He hangs up, moves out fast with Kappy.

539 INT. TOWER PROMENADE ROOM

Craig facing the men.

CRAIG

Pick your spots, gentlemen...
I'd suggest you position yourselves directly under the steel girders... tie yourselves down to interior structure... Use your belts, towels... whatever you can find.

540 FULL SHOT - THE GUESTS

start a mad scamper to find the necessary "tie-downs".
Some start with their belts - suspenders...

541 MOVING SHOT WITH DUNCAN AND SCOTT

DUNCAN
(his "take over"
manner once more
with him)

I'll check everybody on this
side - you take the others.

Duncan hurries to the bar as Scott moves in another direction, CAMERA MOVING with Duncan. At the bar, Duncan inspects the lashings Carlos has made - anchoring himself - and the case of Chateau Mouton - to the bolted-in-legs of a refrigerator.

542 ANGLE ON DUNCAN AND CARLOS

Duncan checks the knots in Carlos' lashings.

DUNCAN
That'll never hold. Here...

Swiftly, Duncan ties another knot.

DUNCAN
That will!

Duncan moves down the line, checking the knots and lashings of the other bartenders.

543 EXT. STREET NEAR THE GLASS TOWER - (LOCATION)
NIGHT

ANGLED UP at the whirling rotors of a helicopter. CAMERA PANS DOWN, picks up O'Hallorhan to one side, just completing donning an aluminized proximity suit. Firemen behind them adjust his oxygen mask and fasten shape charges to his harness. He moves like an astronaut toward the waiting aircraft, climbs in.

The helicopter lifts off.

544 EXT. HELICOPTER (BLUE SCREEN)
(MIN. PL.)

rising past burned-out windows, flames and smoke.

545 INT. HELICOPTER - CLOSE ON O'HALLORHAN
staring out at:

546 HIS P.O.V. - THE DEVASTATED BUILDING - (BLUE SCREEN)
NIGHT (MIN. PL.)

in contrast to its sleek beauty earlier that day.

547 INT. TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - ANGLED ON CRAIG

at the broken-out window where the breeches buoy had been operating. He looks out at:

548 HIS P.O.V. - THE HELICOPTER WITH O'HALLORHAN
rising toward him.

549 CLOSE ON CRAIG

staring out at:

550 HIS MOVING P.O.V. - O'HALLORHAN (BLUE SCREEN)

in proximity suit at the open cargo door. O'Hallorhan taps his wristwatch, holds up his hand - five fingers spread.

551 ANGLED ON CRAIG

waving back his acknowledgement. Craig turns, finds Duncan has been watching the exchange.

DUNCAN

(to Craig)

We may not have a chance
to talk again.

CRAIG

Possible.

DUNCAN

Craig...did I cause all
this?

Craig gives him a long look.

CRAIG

Somebody else will answer
that. Some other time.

He starts away.

DUNCAN

(calling after him)

I didn't know this could
happen...Believe me, I
didn't know.

Cont.

551 Cont.

But Craig is not listening. He stops only long enough to have Scott help him on with the compressed air tank, then disappears into the staircase leading upward.

552 CLOSE ON DUNCAN

and his genuinely troubled face.

553 INT. A LANDING ABOVE THE PROMENADE ROOM

Craig comes out into a world of dense smoke, moves forward, vanishes from SHOT into the opaque grey of the toxic fumes.

554 EXT. SKY ABOVE ROOFTOP - NIGHT (ACTION UNIT)

The helicopter appears, rises higher, keeping well above the flaming roof, hovers there.

555 CLOSER ANGLE - THE CHOPPER

A cable appears from the belly hatch, O'Hallorhan in proximity suit riding the hook on its end. He lowers into CAMERA.

556 ANOTHER ANGLE - O'HALLORHAN ON THE CABLE (ACTION UNIT)

As the cable plays out, the wind catches it and the weight of the man at its end, streaming them out, beyond the roof, over the drop to the street far below.

The chopper revs up, moves forward slightly, bringing O'Hallorhan back over the fire.

He is lowered into it fast.

557 EXT. THE ROOF - THE FIRE - O'HALLORHAN (ACTION UNIT)

landing amidst the flames. He leans forward, moving fast, darting ahead through the fire - a ghostly orange and silvery figure. Behind him, a whole section of roof collapses, almost pulling him with it. He runs ahead, stops at the entrance to the stairwell, waves the chopper off.

558 ANGLED ON THE CHOPPER (ACTION UNIT)

pulling away swiftly as the flames reach higher toward it.

559 CLOSE ON O'HALLORHAN

watching it go - leaving him alone on the roof of the burning Tower.

560 ANOTHER ANGLE

O'Hallorhan enters the stairwell, starts down.

561 INT. A STAIRWELL

(ACTION UNIT)

Everything within the area is on fire. CAMERA TRACKS Craig ducking past the worst part of the fire as he moves upward.

562 CRAIG

moving up the stairs.

563 INT. THE TANK STORAGE ROOM

(ACTION UNIT)

directly above on the next level. Craig emerges from a trap-door above the ladder into a room filled with generators, motors, gigantic fans and rows of massive water tanks. He checks the time on his watch, sees O'Hallorhan run in. O'Hallorhan slips off the pack, unpacks the charges, neither man speaking, both working desperately against the clock. They begin to plant their charges, assembling a Primacord-shape-charge lattice from the beam junctures to the floor supports.

564 CLOSER ANGLE - CRAIG

(ACTION UNIT)

at work, setting detonators and timers.

565 CLOSER ANGLE - O'HALLORHAN

(ACTION UNIT)

working with shape charges at the opposite side of the room.

566 ANOTHER ANGLE - CRAIG

(ACTION UNIT)

tapes a length of Primacord from O'Hallorhan's array of placed charges into a lead cord of his own, then unreels the remaining Primacord toward room center. Craig tapes a detonator cap to the Primacord and inserts a delay fuse. He sets the timer. He and O'Hallorhan move back toward the ladder leading below.

567 CLOSE SHOT - THE DETONATOR

(ACTION UNIT)

Indicated time clicking away - four minutes to go.

568 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - FULL SHOT

The men in various positions - waiting - some praying - others trembling - others with hands tightly clasping fixed objects within the room - most of the men tied down with belts or tablecloths, a few still scrambling.

569 INT. THE FLAMING UTILITY ROOM (ACTION UNIT)

PANNING O'Hallorhan and Craig past the flames.

570 INT. THE TANK STORAGE ROOM - (ACTION UNIT)
CLOSE ON THE TIME

and the indicated time less than three minutes
to detonation.

571 INT. THE STAIRCASE TO THE PROMENADE ROOM (ACTION UNIT)
- O'HALLORHAN AND CRAIG

running down.

572 INT. THE TANK STORAGE ROOM - THE TIMER (ACTION UNIT)

snaps to two minutes.

573 INT. TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - CRAIG AND O'HALLORHAN

burst in, move together toward a position near the bar,
O'Hallorhan pulling a length of rope and a knife.

574 THE GUESTS

watching them.

575 CLOSER ANGLE - O'HALLORHAN AND CRAIG

O'HALLORHAN
(ready to cut the
rope into two equal
parts)

You want your own - or shall
we keep it all in one piece?

CRAIG
Let's hang in together.

O'Hallorhan pockets the knife, starts securing the two of
them, sees Scott running over to help.

SCOTT
Let me give you a hand
there, Chief.

O'HALLORHAN
You tie yourself down right
now, fireman, or I'll bring
you up on charges.

SCOTT
Okay, Mike.

Scott goes to work on himself - tying himself near Craig and
O'Hallorhan.

- 576 CLOSE ANGLE - DUNCAN
looking out at:
- 577 HIS P.O.V. - CRAIG, O'HALLORHAN AND SCOTT
- 578 HIS CLOSE P.O.V. - MAYOR RAMSAY
crossing himself.
- 579 HIS CLOSE P.O.V. - CARLOS
- 580 HIS CLOSE P.O.V. - HARLEE
under the grand piano on the bandstand, his hands clutching
one of the thick legs.
- 581 HIS CLOSE P.O.V. - CAMERA PUSHING IN ON SIMMONS' DESERTED
BARSTOOL
- 582 INT. TANK STORAGE ROOM - CLOSE ON TIMER
It clicks to "0".
- 583 INT. TANK STORAGE ROOM (COMPOSITE
MINIATURE)
The explosion blasts SCREEN.
- 584 EXT. THE EXPLOSION (MINIATURE)
The roof fills with fire and boiling smoke. The roof bows
slightly upward from the pressure wave, then sinks in the
middle. Sheets of aluminum curtainwall puff outward, split
and peel away from the steel building frame.
- 585 INT. THE EXPLOSION (MINIATURE)
The concrete pan floor of the storage room rumbles and
cracks away from its supporting beams. Huge sections of it
fall to the floors below. Clouds of steam blow outward.
- 586 EXT. THE GLASS TOWER - ANGLE FROM (MINIATURE)
STREET LEVEL - NIGHT
Explosions ripping off the top floors - water cascading out
as though a waterfall has deluged the peak of the building.
- 587 INT. THE TOWER PROMENADE ROOM - SERIES (ACTION UNIT)
OF SHOTS
In swift sequence - tons of water and structural material
crashing down on the praying men, pulling some of them in
terrible streams toward the broken windows, then out into
space, crushing or pinning others.

Cont.

587 Cont.

A torrent of water lifts Mayor Ramsay, tears away the lifeline he's improvised from toweling, sweeps him on its crest toward one of the panoramic windows still unbroken, slams him through it, carrying his broken body, glass and water out into the night.

Carlos is overwhelmed by the water - but when it washes past him, he is revealed still lashed to the refrigerator, but the case of wine he has been clutching is gone.

Scott fights for his life against the water. It swirls over and past him, leaving him sprawling but still alive.

Harlee Claiborne is swept up by the water, washed with the piano toward a broken-out window, but is saved by the piano upending and wedging itself into the window's opening.

Masonry and steel tumble down around Duncan, miraculously missing him and forming a protective barrier around him through which the water rushes, but he has simply to brace himself to keep from being washed away.

Craig's line gives way, partially, but his connection to O'Hallorhan keeps him from being swept out.

588

INT. THE GLASS TOWER - A SERIES OF SHOTS (2ND UNIT)

The water and falling upper floors meeting the fire below and killing it - steam hissing into the sky - flames stifled - the fire defeated - finally defeated.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

589 INT. THE GLASS TOWER LOBBY - FULL SHOT - (LOCATION)
THE FIRST-AID CENTER - NIGHT

The injured are being brought down from the Promenade Room.

Some are rushed off in ambulances, others are treated on the spot with emergency measures.

Jernigan is seen carrying one of the injured guests in his arms. CAMERA PANS TO:

590 ANOTHER ANGLE - NIGHT (LOCATION)

Harlee Claiborne is looking everywhere for Lisolette.

He spots Craig with O'Hallorhan, hurries through the crowd toward him.

591 CLOSER ANGLE - CLAIBORNE WITH CRAIG AND (LOCATION)
O'HALLORHAN

CLAIBORNE

She was in the scenic elevator
you sent down. The fine-looking
lady - Mrs. Mueller. Have you
seen her?

O'HALLORHAN

Dead.

Harlee shakes his head.

CLAIBORNE

She can't be.

O'HALLORHAN

I'm sorry. She's dead.

Craig goes off with O'Hallorhan, CAMERA MOVING IN on
Claiborne. He shakes his head again, still doesn't believe
O'Hallorhan.

Claiborne calls through the chaos:

CLAIBORNE

Lisolette! Lisolette!

Jernigan hears him, comes over, the cat in his hands. He
holds Elke out to Claiborne.

592 CLOSER ANGLE - CLAIBORNE (LOCATION)

looks at Jernigan's face - at the cat - then he knows. He
takes Elke, holds her in his arms.

593 EXT. GLASS TOWER - ANGLE ON DUNCAN AND (LOCATION)
PATTY

finding each other, embracing, holding each other close for a long moment.

Then Duncan looks up at his devastated building.

594 HIS P.O.V. - THE GLASS TOWER - NIGHT (MINIATURE)

rising darkly into the night, only its lower floors showing lights - wisps of smoke still drifting out of the upper floors.

595 ANOTHER ANGLE - DUNCAN AND PATTY (LOCATION)

Duncan looks back down, his daughter watching him. He stares out at the chaos around him - the dead - the injured - the numbed. More than remorse shows in his eyes - genuine anguish.

DUNCAN

Where do I start to make it right?

Patty can't answer him.

596 INT. LOBBY AREA - MOVING WITH CRAIG AND O'HALLORHAN

through the devastation. They arrive at the elevators, working now, carrying firemen up and down. Kappy and some of O'Hallorhan's other officers wait for O'Hallorhan. He motions them to stand by, turns back to Craig.

597 CLOSER ANGLE - O'HALLORHAN AND CRAIG

CRAIG

(numbly)

It didn't have to happen.

O'HALLORHAN

Hell, no, it didn't. But it'll happen again. One of these days ten thousand people are going to die in one of these skyscrapers!

CRAIG

Not if I can help it!

Cont.

597 Cont.

O'HALLORHAN

You going to fight fourteen thousand separate building codes in this country? Forget it! As long as some people care more about property - and saving a buck - then they do about other people - guys like me will have to keep on eating smoke - and bringing out the bodies. It'll be like that till somebody asks us how to build these buildings!

CRAIG

(from his heart)

I'm asking!

(a beat)

I'm staying here - and putting this one together again! The right way! The way it was supposed to be - from the very beginning.

O'HALLORHAN

You know where you can reach me.

Craig turns, sees Susan waiting, just beyond, in the midst of firemen, hospital aides, police, survivors, reunited families.

Craig goes to her.

598

CLOSER ANGLE - SUSAN

looking at him with respect - and love.

599

SUSAN AND CRAIG

He stops in front of her. They look at each other. Then they move out together.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

600

A MATCHING SHOT

of the Tower in the fog of early morning.

(COMPOSITE)
(MIN. + 2/U
SHOT OF S.F.)

601 INT. PROMENADE ROOM - DAWN

The fog swirls in through broken-out windows, makes the gutted, wrecked Promenade Room even more ghostly-looking. O'Hallorhan and Kappy and their cleanup crews are busy hosing down the remains of the once-splendid room, now a desolate marshland of ash and water. The salvage crew moves everywhere, dampening down the last of the smoldering debris.

602 CLOSER ANGLE - O'HALLORHAN

His eyes are bloodshot, but his manner is dogged as ever as he pokes around looking for hot-spots. Kappy comes in with a scorched velvet box. Inside are the gold scissors and their diamonds.

O'Hallorhan stares at the scissors, says nothing. Then he notices one of his firemen is bringing his wife Dorothy in. She's snug in a lambskin coat. She crosses to him with a thermos of coffee and a pyrex dish covered with foil. She lifts the foil, lets him discover the corned beef and cabbage, steam rising from it. She brings two forks from the pocket of her coat, hands one to O'Hallorhan, the other to Kappy.

Gratefully, the two men begin to belt down the food, sharing the single dish.

603 ANOTHER ANGLE - IN ONE CORNER OF THE SHATTERED PENTHOUSE

A stray piece of wood glares. A gust of wind blows in through the ruptured walls, fans the tiny flame a moment.

Then the wind passes. The spark fades, turns black, dies.

604 EXT. THE TOWER

CAMERA PULLS BACK, way back, back and UP, until we are HOLDING the Glass Tower in SHOT, the humans at its base tinier than ants.

FADE OUT

THE END