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A Good Day to Die Hard

By Skip Woods

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(PROTESTERS SCREAMING)

(MAN SPEAKING RUSSIAN
OVER MEGAPHONE)

The authorities in Russia
are bracing themselves today
for mass protests
against the trial
of former billionaire
Yuri Komarov.

The case against Mr. Komarov
has caused widespread division
amongst the Russian public,
some of whom view his incarceration
as a political maneuver
orchestrated by this man,
defense minister
candidate Viktor Chagarin.

What do you want Viktor?

(DOOR CLOSES)

Why are you doing this?

What do you want to accomplish tomorrow?

I'm prepared to pay for my sins.

You should prepare yourself too.

Yuri,

let's be civil about this. We were friends once...

...are could be again.

Just give me the file...

...and I'll hand your life back to you.

Forget this stupid trial.

I don't want my life hack.

You think I'm going to let you talk tomorrow?

No one is going to hear you!

I own everybody in that courtroom.

You don't own me.

Mike.

Chagarin's making
a move on Komarov.

Shit.

I'll see if we got local.

We are ready to get started.

Make the call.

You won't disappoint me?

Have I ever disappointed you?

Anton.

(CELL PHONE DIALING)

Alik, it's Viktor.

Yuri Komarov says hello...

It's time to grab him.

Yuri Komarov?

...and GOODBYE.

(ALL SCREAMING)

(GUNFIRE)

McClane.

Hey, Murph, how you doing?

Nice grouping, Grandpa.

Yeah, not bad.

Is that it?

Yep. We found him.

It's not good, John.

Hospital or morgue?

Worse.

When was the last time
you spoke to this kid?

It's been a while.

Maybe a few years, even.

Last time I saw him,
it was pretty ugly.

Well, there's a few different
versions in there,

but my people are pretty sure he's
being held at a Moscow prison
awaiting sentencing.

What's he charged with?

It's a nasty sheet.

He'll be lucky to get life.

He can never get
out of his own way.

He had a lot of problems.

He's still my kid.

I know.

But it's Russia. They do
things differently over there.

Me, too.

(CHUCKLES)

Good luck, Poppy.

Thanks, kid.

(SHOUTING)

God damn you! God damn it!
(DROPS GUN)

WOMAN ON PA:

Kennedy International Airport.
Thanks, kid.

MURPHY:

See you soon.

(DOOR OPENS)

(LIGHTER FLICKS)

(CIGARETTE SIZZLES)

(EXHALES)

I was told you had something to offer me?
You're looking for evidence against Yuri Komarov?
Perhaps.

Put me in the courtroom with him...

...and I'll testify that Komarov hired me to murder Anton.

Did he?

I'll testify under oath.

That's good enough, isn't it?

(DJ CHATTERING IN RUSSIAN
ON RADIO)

(STAMMERING IN BROKEN RUSSIAN)

...Draganskiy courthouse?

You speak Russian?

How did I do?

Well, you asked for
a large bag of hair
on the way to
Taganskaya courthouse.

But I got it.

I got it.

Good.

Traffic sucks here, too, huh?

Sex?

You want sex? Sexy clubs?

No. No sex.

It sucks, this traffic.

What is it? An accident?

No.

Garden Ring. Is bad.

Always traffic, always traffic.

You're American?

Yeah, American. New York.
The Big Apple.
(SINGING) I want to wake up
in that city that never sleeps
That's it.
Frank Sinatra.
Chairman of the Board.
That's right.
The Chairman. Yeah.
You sing good.
(SINGING) These little town
blues are melting away
Yes, I sing.
I sing all the time.
Yeah.
(SINGING) King of the hill
Top of the world
Huh?
Heap. "Top of the heap."
All right, all right. Taganskaya
courthouse, right there.
Two blocks.
You better walk, traffic is bad.
Really bad.
What do I owe you?
Hey, no money.
No money, you let me sing.
You let me sing.
You listen to my singing.
No money.
Welcome to Moscow.

CABBIE:

town blues are melting away

SINATRA:

make a brand new start of it
In old New York
(SIREN WAILING)

MALE REPORTER:

in central Moscow,
following a day of
demonstrations in Russia.

The unrest comes as authorities have been
accused of fraud
throughout the country's elections.

FEMALE REPORTER:

out of Russia right now.
Protests happening there.
This is a look
at the demonstration.

(BIRDS SCREECHING)

(SIREN WAILING)

(PROTESTERS CHANTING)

(PROTESTERS YELLING)

(DOOR OPENS)

(CROWD CHATTERING)

(JUDGE BANGING GAVEL)

Quiet!

Order in the courtroom!

(GAVEL BANGING CONTINUES)

Order in the courtroom!

Order!

Seal the doors!

(CLOCK TICKING)

(INDISTINCT)

Detonator.

But, sir... the drivers?

Detonator.

It's gonna be loud.

(GRUNTS)

(PEOPLE SCREAMING)

Hey!

(ALARM RINGING)

(PANTING)

(YELLING IN RUSSIAN)

Quick!

Come on, come on!

Come on now!

Come, come.

Come!

The cage.

Check the cage.

(PEOPLE SCREAMING)

(MAN SPEAKING RUSSIAN)

(GRUNTS)

They are not here.

No kidding.

(SIREN WAILING)

What's happening?

Take Komarov alive...

...kill the other one.

Yes.

Alik.

We need this file.

Put that on!

Who are you?

Your best friend.

(TIRES SCREECH)

Jack!

Dad?

Get out of the van!

What are you doing here?

Jack! Hey!

McCLANE:

Shit.

Komarov! Komarov!

Quick... get the truck!

Quick... get the truck!

Go home.

What the fuck

do you think...? Jack!

You're out of your depth, John.

Jack! What are you doing?

No! No!

We need him alive!

Jack!

You're gonna shoot me?

You're gonna

shoot your own father?

You shouldn't be here, John.

You shouldn't be here.

What are you doing?

Jack!

Whoa!

You're gonna

fucking run over me?

You're only making it worse!

Jack.

(WOMAN SCREAMS)

Get out of the way!

Call a cop!

(TIRES SCREECH)

(HORNS HONKING)

Come on, go!

(MAN YELLS)

Idiot.

Reaper One?

Reaper One from 6-1-0.

Who's got him?

Clock's running. Foxy.

On the paper now. Box on.

Copy that. Box on.

MAN:

6-1, Reaper, we read you.

Go ahead.

Reaper, how are we looking?

Your guy is late.

His rate of

progress is way off.

MET now plus 6 minutes.

MCC Reaper. MET now plus 6.

This is

un-frigging-believable.

MCC Reaper.

That's not how it works.

Something's off. I know this guy.

This doesn't happen.

MCC Reaper, 6-1 is in the hole.

Stand by.

6-1, be advised,

your window is closed.

Time on target is no-go.

I say again, TOT is no-go.

Reaper, this is real-world,

not exercise, do you copy?

No, sir, Moscow police will
have shut down the Garden Ring.

Reaper!

He's no-go for extraction.

It's too late. Shut it down.

Pull it!

MAN:

Reaper is out of here.

Come on!

Shit!

Get me Operations.

Reaper!

Get Mike Collins looped in.

Tell him it's Plan B,
safehouse. Go now!

Plan B. No choice.

Shit.

It's blown.

They shut the Garden Ring.

Harvest is in effect.

Keep on working.

Let's finish this, Foxy.

Damn you, McClane!

Damn you!

(HORN HONKING)

Oh, fuck!

Jack!

I'm not done talking to you!

Who is this?

Come on, go!

Concentrate, please.

That's right,

come on through, yeah!

See if you can hit this guy!

Jesus!

(MAN YELLING)

I'm tired of this guy.

RPG now!

Jesus!

You missed!

Interesting choice, man.

(CHUCKLES)

(GRUNTS)

Hey, hey!

Hey!

Whoa!

Hey! Whoa!

(GROANING)

Come on!

You gotta be
fucking kidding me!
(YELLING IN RUSSIAN)
What?
(CONTINUES YELLING IN RUSSIAN)
Do you think I understand
a word you're saying?
Jesus Christ.
It's okay, I'm fine, thanks.
Oh, man, you're
driving like my grandma!
When I say drive, I mean fly!
Oh, yeah!
Get out of the way!
Oh, God.
Jesus!
Oh, for the love of...
(WOMAN SCREAMS)
Sorry, ma'am!
(HORNS BLARE)
Sorry!
(LAUGHING)
Did you see this guy?
Oh, man!
Knock knock.
Guess who!
I've had enough of this shit.
Oh, man, hey!

McCLANE:

Is that your best shot?
(INAUDIBLE)
Damn you, John.
Damn you!
(MCCLANE COUGHING)
(CHATTERING IN RUSSIAN)
(SIREN WAILING)
(PEOPLE SCREAMING)
Hey! Up here!
Shoot up here!
John! Get in!
Get in before I change my mind.
Jesus!
Take your time.

Jack,
what the fuck was that, huh?
Shut up.
Shut up, John.
I swear to God, I will put
a bullet in you this time.
Who do you think
you're talking to?
The last person I want to see.
Well, maybe you missed
the whole part back there
where I saved you
and Papa Geppetto here
from a whole bunch
of Russian bad guys.
You saved? You saved?
That's right, saved.
(SPEAKING RUSSIAN)
Shut up.
Shut up.
You're a world class screw-up,
you know that, John?
I'm a screw-up?
I'm a screw-up?
I'm still your father.
Yeah,
nothing I can do about that.
What a joke.
Just shut up. Try not to
touch anything, all right?
You've done
enough goddamn damage.
The appointment is next week...
We will begin immediately.
Excuse me, sir. Komarov has escaped.
I'll call you back. There is a problem with Komarov.
What happened?
Some sort of attack on the courthouse.
Who took him?
They don't know yet.
What do you mean you don't know?
Eh...
...well it's confusing...
Eyewitnesses say they saw Komarov...

...with an American.
What American?
John McClane.
Let's go.
After you.
Yeah, I got him.
Okay, I'm on it.
Look, Mike, we had an unexpected delay.
I'm sorry.
I understand.
This is the last guy on earth
I expected to see.
Listen to me, Yuri, you have
half of Moscow looking for you.
I need you to get dressed.
Why am I here?
Please put on these clothes.
Trust me.
This is the key to your cuffs.
Take these.
Oh, my Jesus.
Are you okay?
What?
Do you have
the file on Chagarin?
This is what you
been doing, Jack?
Spy shit?
This is it?
(LAUGHING)
You're a spy? Oh, my God.
The 007 of Plainfield,
New Jersey.
Very nice.
McClane, shut up.
Take it easy, Oddjob.
I'm on vacation.
Your mom will be pleased.
We thought you were
doing drugs or something.
Mr. Komarov.
Or selling drugs,
but that was me, really.
Do you have

the file on Chagarin?
Yes, or no?
It's very simple, Yuri.
You give me the file,
and I get you out of Russia.
And you're a free man.
What do you say?
It's not about me.
I don't care about my life.
Well, that's the deal.
It's the only deal.
Come on.
Come on, Yuri. Help yourself.
What's it gonna be?
Yes or no?
The clock is ticking, Yuri.
Come on.
You will get me out of here?
Only the three of you?
Whoa, Nijinsky.
I'm not in the gang.
I just got off the plane.
I'm still jet-lagged.
I'm not involved in this.
Huh, Jack?
Only if I can take
my daughter with me.
Chagarin's people
will kill her.
Fine. Make it quick.
Ah.
Where's the file?
It's in a vault in Prypiat, but
the key is here in Moscow.
At Hotel Ukraina.
Shit.
Make your call. We're going
to the Ukraina, let's go.
(LINE RINGING)
It's papa...
(DAUGHTER SPEAKING RUSSIAN)
I'm fine, Sunshine...
...we'll talk later.
Listen.

I'll be waiting for you
where your mother and I shared our first dance.

Now.

Hurry! Hurry! You understand?

(ENDS CALL)

Mike, listen, I'm sorry
about this morning, man.

It's fine.

Okay, let's go.

Contact!

Down! Get down!

Go! Get down! Go, go, go!

(YELLING IN RUSSIAN)

JACK:

Come on, buddy!

Go! Go!

(BEEPING)

That's right, jerk-off!

All right, let's move, John!

I'm on fucking vacation!

Come on, time to hustle.

Watch your head.

McClane, move it.

8,000 fucking miles for this?

Get down, Yuri. Stay low!

Head down.

Come on. Go, go!

(RAPID GUNFIRE)

Safe house, my ass.

He knows how old we are, no?

Come on.

Here, here, here.

Sit down.

You're all right.

Let me look at you.

(GRUNTING) It's all right.

You're fine.

What are you doing?

Jack.

Calm down, Yuri, okay?

You're gonna be just fine.

Here, put this on, stay warm.

What was that, John? Five minutes?

Five minutes?
You blew a three-year op
in five minutes!
You're welcome!
What do you want me to do?
Unbelievable.
I'm so fucking burned. I got no
friends in this town anymore.
What about your people at Langley?
Just give them a call.
Give me your phone.
(PHONE SHATTERS)
It's a two-year contract
on that phone.
What are you carrying?
Give me that.
All right.
You got any cash on you?
Some American money.
What are you talking about?
We need to keep on moving.
We have to get this guy to a doctor.
To medical attention, Jack.
The mission stands.
Your mission is
bleeding out over there.
The mission continues.
We go to the hotel.
Come on, let's move.
Let's move.
This is nuts.
What, are you going to go out
and kill somebody else now?
Why all this trouble
for just one guy?
He's a political prisoner.
Not that you care, John,
but it's a matter of national
security, all right?
He's got the goods to stop Viktor
Chagarin, and we need that to happen.
Well, great, Jack.
Let's drop him off at the
Embassy, and we can go home.

Are you kidding me? After what happened at the safe house? Look, it doesn't work like that, all right? It's a huge diplomatic mess, and I'm a burnable asset. So, I now need that file to un-fuck this mission. Any more questions? Yeah, just one. How come you never called and told me where you were? Like you'd give a shit. Shit. Well, we're not going in the front door. All right, hold up, hold up. Okay, Yuri, listen to me, all right? We're almost done. As soon as we get that key, we're gonna grab the file, get you and your daughter out of Russia, all right? All right. Listen to me, you're doing good. All right? I need you to hang here a second. Keep an eye on him, John. Hey, hey. What is it with all this "John" shit? Whatever happened to "Dad?" Good question. In Russia, we have word for men like him. "Krutoi." It means "tough," "hard." In America, it means "juvenile delinquent." Is he your only child? No. I got a daughter, too. You? I have only my Solnyschka. When she was little, I was working all the time.

I believed work was
all that mattered.
I screwed my
kid's life up, too.
You work all the time
around the clock most of the
time, when you're a cop.
I just thought that working all the
time was a good thing, you know?
I didn't help him at all.
It's never too late,
I hope.
Okay, let's go.
All right, Yuri, which part of
the building is the ballroom in?
Main tower.
Main tower.
Which floor?
Top floor.
What about security?
You remember any guards?
Cameras? Anything like that?
I don't know.
Well, I need you to remember.
I was in prison for five
years, how should I know?
Everything could have changed.
I know.
Just think, all right?
Picture it in your head.
The ballroom was closed in '89.
I think it's under
construction now.

JACK:

unsecured.

KOMAROV:

My daughter is in there.
I'm scared to death, let's go!
(WHISTLES)
Just calm down, Yuri.
(BEEPS)
(ELEVATOR MUSIC PLAYING)

(ELEVATOR BELL RINGS)

I guess you have
done that before.

Smart.

I could have done it.

(ELEVATOR BELL RINGS)

Irina?

Irina?

Irina?

Papa.

Irina.

Papa!

(SPEAKING RUSSIAN)

That's tender.

Really? I wouldn't know.

(SPEAKING RUSSIAN)

Need a hug?

We're not really
a hugging family.

That's right.

We just have to get one thing...

...and then we're leaving Moscow for good.

OK?

OK.

Who are they?

The young one works for CIA.

The old one is his father.

Americans.

Then thank God for them.

There's something
no good about this.

Just shut up, all right?

I'm telling you, Jack,
this smells bad.

Just stop, okay?

This might seem like a totally
foreign concept, you know?

I know you love to just
run in, making shit up.

But like any professional,
I have a plan.

So let's just

stick to it, okay?

Just move your plan along.

All right, Yuri, come on. Let's
grab the key, get out of here.

Yes.

Just take a moment.

How you doing?

Fine.

How did you get
over here so quick?

Well...

I took Garden Ring.

Oh, the Garden Ring. Supposed
to always be bad, right?

(GRUNTS)

Hey, John.

Did you get stuck in traffic?

I have it! I have it.

Welcome, Americans.

(GASPS)

Put your goddamn
guns down, asshole!

(SHUSHING)

Papa, what is going on?

Give me your weapons.

Come and get them.

(LAUGHS)

Really?

Really.

Papa.

Yuri.

Do it.

I thought you were
a problem child.

This a part of your plan,
Mr. Professional?

What are you doing?

It's about money, papa...

...millions of dollars.

You think life was easy for me?

While you were sitting in prison being a victim?

But.

I'm your father.

And I am your daughter.

We should kill the old man now.

We still need him.

But then you can kill.
Thank you.
Hi.
I don't know if I'm
saying this right.
Hi.
Do you know what I hate
about the Americans?
Everything.
Especially cowboys.
I could have been a dancer.
I swear to God.
But nobody supported me.
You two
have been such a
pain in the ass!
Come on, come on!
I prefer dancing, really.
But killing is much, much better
than working in a grocery shop!
Jesus Christ!
(LAUGHS)
Nice one.
(GRUNTS)
You guys. So arrogant.
It's not 1986, you know.
Reagan is dead.
(CHUCKLES)
(CHUCKLING CONTINUES)
Sorry. Oh, God.
(CHUCKLES)
What's funny there?
Can't tell you.
It's not you.
I love these outfits.
You guys are looking good.
(ALL LAUGHING)
That was enough, thank you.
(LAUGHING STOPS)
Let's dance.
Come on! Come on!
(MEN YELLING IN RUSSIAN)
Jack!
Remember the last time we talked

just before you went away?
Oh, no! No, no!
You're not gonna open up
to me right before we die!
No,
that's not your thing, John.
What's my thing?
Fucking killing bad guys,
that's your thing!
You're not gonna die today!
Go!
Shit!
Fuck.
We're finished, John.
(CHATTERING IN RUSSIAN
ON RADIO)
I'm taking care of it now.

JACK:

I can't believe this.
This is unbelievable.
Jack. Hey!
Jesus!
Come on!
Let's get out of this building!
(MCCLANE COUGHING)
Where are they?
Come on.
Alik, that's it. We're done!
Let's go!
Break left!
Copy, Commander.
(SIRENS WAILING)
(CELL PHONE RINGING)
Do you have him?
Yes.
And the file?
Does he have it?
I need that file, Alik.
He's taking us to it.
No more mistakes, Alik.
And when you have the file...
...kill them both.
Yes, sir.

(COUGHING)

Shit.

That was exciting.

Yeah. Loads of fun.

You wanna go again?

Are you shot?

No.

No, I'm fine.

Let me take a look at that.

It's fine.

Oh, fuck.

I can't believe she betrayed
her father for Chagarin.

I don't understand that.

Someday you will.

Kids.

What's our next move?

I don't know.

You don't know?

I don't know, all right?

I mean, I'm out of moves.

I don't know.

I don't know.

I screwed up.

I blew the mission.

Well, then we're done, right?

Yeah, we're done.

We're done.

We should just go home.

We'll stop by a little pharmacy

on our way out of Moscow,

get you some Merthiolate

or mercury

and fix up your

little scratches, here.

Get you home.

Get a little toy set.

Get yourself a nice warm glass of
milk with a little Bosco in it.

Get your CIA slippers.

All right.

What?

I get it.

What the hell are we gonna do?

What's in the file?
Evidence on Chagarin.
Evidence about what?
Chernobyl.
Look, listen to me.
Komarov and
Chagarin used to have this
nasty little side-racket
going on back in the day.
They siphoned weapons-grade
uranium, got greedy,
caused the meltdown.
Then, you know, they fell out.
Former partners, bad break-up.
Scumbags.
So, Chagarin had
Komarov thrown in jail.
You know, put him in a hole,
forget about him.
Doesn't have to worry anymore.
So what happened to rescuesque?
Well, he grew a conscience.
Yeah, well, that figures.
Listen, Chagarin is bad news.
He's the real deal.
If we see this guy in control, we're
gonna see the whole thing fall apart.
I'm talking terrorism,
WMDS,
nukes.
Someone has to stop him.
Well, that's what we do.
We go out to Chiapep
and we do our thing.
Our thing?
Yeah.
We go out there
and kill a lot of scumbags.
What? You got
something better to do?
All right. Pull it.
You're not gonna cry, are you?
Just pull it.
Everybody needs a good cry

once in a while, Jack.
Don't be ashamed.
Pull it.
You remember that time when
you and Ralphie Mauser were gonna
have that house-painting job?
Got your finger
caught in the ladder,
you cried for
about five, six days.
John, just pull it!
All right.
On three. Here you go.
One, two...
(GRUNTS)
Good God.
Jesus.
When was the last time
you had a tetanus shot?
You all right?
Yeah.
We need a car.
Atta boy.
Back to work.
Hey, Watergate,
how's that lock coming?
Almost there.
Here, try these.
Come on.
Oh, stealing. That's nice.
Real nice, John.
Yeah, I'm up for the
Father of the Year award.
Whoa.
(JACK LAUGHS)
All right.
How'd you know all of these
guns were gonna be here?
It's a Chechen hangout.
Owner doesn't like
guns in the club,
so these bozos leave
them in their cars.
You learn a lot in three years.

Yeah.

You sleeping?

I was.

Jet-lag.

Jeez, when was the last time

we were in a car together?

Drive home from Trenton.

I had to bail you out for that
weapons charge.

Yeah?

No, it was the fire thing,
right?

When you set South Philly
on fire, you mean?

(LAUGHING)

We had to take out a second mortgage
on the house to make your bail.

Yeah, I'm sorry about that.

It was funny.

(LAUGHS)

(LAUGHS)

(SIGHS)

Are we really
going to Chernobyl?

Yeah.

The Chernobyl.

The radioactive joint?

Meltdown?

That's the one.

It's not the Chernobyl
in Switzerland, right?

With all the skiing and
the snow and everything?

You mean Grenoble?

No, sorry,

we're not going to Grenoble.

Eddie Collins's kid took
him on vacation last year.

They went down to Boca.

Oh, yeah?

Spent four days at the track.

Well, that's nice.

That's relaxing.

Oh, yeah. Sure.

We have to go to Chernobyl?
Yeah, sorry about that.
But all the radioactive stuff
is out, right?
Is it as you remember, papa?
I don't want to remember.
Tough.
The file...
...is in the inner vault.
Very touching.
Let's move.
Which one is it?
Get moving, old goat.
Couple of fresh coats of paint and
a weedwacker and it's good to go.
You know, at first, they
denied anything even happened.
Held a children's parade
the next day to prove it.
24 hours later, 50,000
residents were evacuated.
Never came back.
As soon as they get in that
vault, Komarov's a dead man.
All right.
You got a plan?
Not really.
I kind of thought
we'd just wing it.
You know, run in, guns blazing,
making shit up as we go.
Yeah?
Yeah.
What is this? A pirate gun?
Yeah. It's old school, man.
Like you, right?
Yeah, like me.
One of these days, I'm gonna
have a long talk with you.
Look, Jack,
I'm sorry your
partner got killed.
I'm sorry I fucked up your day.
That wasn't my plan.

I caused you problems.
You know, I came here
for something else.
And all that other bullshit.
I mean,
I had a pretty good day.
It's fun,
running around with you.
It's good to see you.
I love you, boy.
You, too.
I want you to know
I got your back.
I got yours, too.
All right. Let's go kill
some motherfuckers.
Key.
(LOCK DISENGAGES)
(RUMBLING)

ALIK:

what the fuck is this?
I'm losing my patience. The
fucking file better be here.

KOMAROV:

pooling in this room for decades.
(IRINA LAUGHS)

IRINA:

us, Daddy dearest.
Bring it in!
Atta boy.
Come on! Come on!

IRINA:

neutralizes radiation, trust me.
(MEN CHATTERING IN RUSSIAN)
(BEEPING)
All clear.
We can ditch the suits.
The hell is that?
One billion euros worth
of enriched uranium.

What?

Don't worry,
it's stable in this form.
File!

ALIK:

please.

No one here is speaking about uranium.

Where's the file?

(COCKS GUN)

No more games,
where is the file?

That's no longer your concern.

(EXHALES EXCITEDLY)

Sunshine...

...you did well.

I told you...

...everything would work out.

Come to papa.

Pap, you're a genius.

I know.

Load it up.

Pegasus?

Do you copy?

(PEGASUS RESPONDS IN RUSSIAN)

(WORKERS CHATTERING IN RUSSIAN)

A lot of hardware for a file.

Wheels up in five minutes.

Perfect.

Here you go, sir.

Team extraction completed. She's all yours.

Good...

(BEEPS)

(LINE RINGING)

(CELL PHONE RINGING)

Are you inside?

Yes, yes, Viktor.

I'm inside.

Yuri?

You surprised?

I'm in the same place where it all started...

...before you betrayed me.

Remember...

...you promised to give me my life back.

You gave it back to me.
I thank you for that.
And now...
...I'm going to take yours.
(CHOKING)
(NECK SNAPS)
Static 4, we are ready for take off.
Static 4, do you copy?
Yuri!
Yuri.
Where's the dancer?
You okay? You hurt?
No.
I'm good.
(COUGHS)
(WEAKLY) I'm all right.
What's in these boxes?
Thank God you're here, Jack.
We have to leave.
They're coming back any minute.
Just let me get the file.
What's in the boxes?
It's U-235.
Weapons-grade uranium.
Armored cases.
(COUGHS)
The bomb kind?
Yeah, the bomb kind.
Not so fast, Eddie.
Are you crazy?
Yeah, a little bit.
I'm getting the file.
No. No, you're not.
The key. It's your
vault, isn't it, Yuri?
What? No. No, I...
You put this
shit in here, right?
What? No.
Right?
I didn't know, Jack.
(COUGHS)
Is that the dancer down there?
What are you talking about?

That's a tough break
for a good athlete.
Jack, you know me.
(KOMAROV SPEAKING RUSSIAN)
Yeah, I know you. I know you.
I know him better.
Never was a file,
was there, Yuri?
Of course there was no file.
It was simply bait.
What I needed
was in this vault.
Chagarin was
the only one with enough
power and influence
to get me out of jail.
I used him.
I used you.
It's about money.
When's it not about money?
You want to arrest me?
You're out of your jurisdiction,
Detective McClane, aren't you?
I wouldn't worry too much
about being arrested.
See, my boy
is in the CIA.
No phone call.
(WHISPERS) Spy shit.
Goddamn Americans.
You think you're so smart.
No, I'm not that smart.
I'm just on vacation.
My boy here.
He gonna put a whooping on you.
(GRUNTS)
Move!
You can say goodbye to your
daughter, you dumbwit fuck.
Where's your
little Soltschanitsa?
Shit!
God damn it!
Shit!

(PANTING)

Irina, I'm going to the roof...

The roof!

McCLANE:

Set at 91.

Power plant?

All good to go.

Let's go!

Subtle.

What the hell is in
those goddamn grenades?

Go get him!

I'm going to the helicopter!

Vadim, watch the tail.

Copy. You are at 120 meters...

...115 meters...

There is small arms fire coming from the roof.

We have a guest.

Hatch the tail for me there.

Come on!

Come on, hurry!

Vadim, give me firing control now...

Engaging!

(HELICOPTER WEAPONS WHIRRING)

McCLANE:

Shoot him!

With pleasure, papa.

I'm on fucking vacation!

Vadim! He is there! I see him!

The shit we do for our kids.

Yippee ki-yay, motherfucker.

What happened?

CG's shifted...

I've got full forward cyclic.

I can't hold it.

Jesus Christ!

Well done,

Mr. Super-spy.

What a shame your father won't
be alive to see you promoted.

(LAUGHING)

Neither will you.

(SCREAMS)
Hey! Jack!
Hang on, John!
(YELLS)
(SHOUTING IN RUSSIAN)
John!
Come on!
We're out of ammunition!
Shit.
Bastards.
What the hell are you doing?
This is for you, papa.
John!
John!
John!
(GASPING)
John!
Dad!
Right here.
Did you just call me Dad?
No.
I didn't think so.
You're hearing things.
You got swimmer's ear.
We're not gonna grow any third
arms or anything, are we?
No.
You might lose your hair.
Laugh it up, kid.
This is you,
five years from now.
It's rainwater.
You'll be fine.
Besides, it's hard
to kill a McClane.
Now you're a McClane?
Yeah, I'm a McClane.
John McClane.
John McClane Junior.
Well, that makes you a "senior."
That's right.
Try not to forget it.
I'm your father.
Have some respect

for your father.
Let me ask you something.
Do you go looking for trouble
or does it always
just seem to find you?
You know,
after all these years,
I still ask myself
the same question.
(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)
I had a dream last night
That I was piloting a plane
And all the passengers
were drunk and insane
I crash landed
in a Louisiana swamp
Shot up a horde of zombies
But I come out on top
What's it all about?
Guess it just reflects my mood
Sitting in the dirt
Feeling kind of hurt
All I hear is doom and gloom
And all is darkness
In my room
Through the light,
your face I see
Baby, take a chance Baby,
won't you dance with me
Lost all that treasure
in an overseas war
It just goes to show you
don't get what you paid for
Battle to the rich
and you worry about the poor
Put my feet up on the couch
And lock all the doors
What's that funky noise?
It's the tightening
of the screws
Sitting in the dirt
Feeling kind of hurt
All I hear is doom and gloom
But when those drums

Go boom, boom, boom
Through the night
Your face I see
Baby, take a chance Baby,
won't you dance with me
Yeah!
Baby, won't you dance with me
Ah, yeah
Fracking deep for oil But
there's nothing in the sump
There's kids all picking
at the garbage dump
I am running out of water
so I better prime the pump
I am trying to stay sober
but I end up drunk
We'll be eating dirt Living
on the side of the road
There's some food for thought
Kind of makes your head explode
Feeling kind of hurt
Yeah!
But all I hear
Is doom and gloom
And all is darkness
In my room
Through the night
Your face I see
Baby, take a chance
Won't you dance with me
Yeah!
Come on!
Baby, won't you dance with me
I'm feeling kind of hurt
Baby, won't you dance with me
Oh, yeah!
Sitting in the dirt
Baby, won't you dance with me