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Die Hard: With A Vengeance

By Jonathan Hensleigh

Hot town,
summer in the city #
Back of my neck
gettin' dirt and gritty #
Been down,
isn't it a pity? #
Doesn't seem to be
a shadow in the city #
#All around,
people lookin' half-dead #
#Walkin' on the sidewalk
hotter than a match-head #
Come night,
it's a different world #
Goin' off to find a girl #
Come on, come on,
and dance all night #
Despite the heat
it'll be all right #
#And, babe, don't you know
it's a pity #
#That the days
can't be like the nights #
In the summer
in the city #
In the summer
in the city #
Cool town,
meetin' in the city #
Dressed so fine
and lookin' so pretty #
Cool cat
lookin' for a kitty #
Gonna look in every
corner of the city #
#Turn round,
wheezing at the bus stop #
Runnin- ##
Alan, Bomb Squad,
Special Services,
State Police,
and the FBI.
LieutenantJurgensen,
Plummer,

Go to St. John's emergency
in case we got any walk-ins
from the street.

Kramer,

get the city engineer.

I got to find out
our damage report.

Bonwit Teller.

Who would want to blow up
a department store?

Ever see a woman
miss a shoe sale?

Ricky, you and Joe

make sure the uniforms
get it cordoned off there
and don't let

the damn TV crews in.

Inspector, phone.

Not now. Benson, traffic!

Get 5th avenue

cleared up by 3:

or we got

the traffic jam from hell.

Walter.

Yeah.

I think you'd
better take this.

Major Case Unit.

Inspector Cobb.

Said Simple Simon to the pie man
going to the fair,

"Give me your pies...

or I'll cave

your head in. "

You see, Bonwit's was just to
make sure I had your attention.

Is there a detective
named McClane there?

He's on suspension.

No, Walter. He's not.

Not today.

Who is this?

Call me Simon.

What do you want?
I want to play
a game.
What kind of game?
Simon says.
Simon's going to tell
Lieutenant McClane what to do,
and Lieutenant McClane
is going to do it.
Noncompliance will
result in a penalty.
What penalty?
Another big bang
in a very public place.
What is it that you want
Lieutenant McClane to do?
Simon says
Lieutenant McClane
is to go to the corner of 138th street
und Amsterdam,
which is in Harlem,
if I'm not mistaken.
Kowalski!
Lambert! You know
where to find McClane?
I kind of doubt
you'll find him in church.
Well, you better find out
what rock he's under...
and kick it over.
John.
Thanks.
A few more.
Jesus, John.
You look like shit.
Where did we leave off
with that roster?
We got three killings
in Redhook the past two nights.
Put Minor on it.
And Genetti.
The Mayor's Office will call
before the day's out.
Next-14 dump trucks stolen from a yard

in Staten Island.
Are they starting
a construction company?
No, it was
John's landlady
going to clean
his apartment.
Insurance fraud.
That's a priority
out in California.
Contractor splits the money
with the thieves.
We had that out in Jersey
a couple of years ago, Joe.
See what Kelly
can do with it.
Hey, what was the lottery number
last night?
You still betting
your badge, Rick?
Yeah.
Half the cops in New York
play their badges.
How are the kids, John?
They're O.K.
Ahem.
Did you talk
with Holly?
No, I didn't talk
to Holly.
Coming up on it,
Inspector.
Hot in here,
or am I just scared to death?
Make sure
the gun's secure.
Yeah. It's good.
You're the first woman
since Holly
to see me do this.
I'm honored.
Yeah...
So was she.
So... where's the backup

going to be?
We're going to draw back
to 128th street.
What?
You fucking kidding me?
Oh, man.
That's just great.
Walter, what is
all this about, huh?
If we don't do
what this guy says,
he'll blow up
another place.
Well, why me?
I have no idea.
He just said it had to be you.
It's nice
to be needed.
Frankly, John-
Hey, Walter, how about you mind
your fucking business
about Holly, huh?
This Simon is fucking up
a perfectly good hangover.
O.K.
We'll be back
to pick you up
in 15 minutes.
Take your time.
I expect to be dead
in four.
Let's go, Billy!
Hey, yo, Uncle!
Come look at this!

It's 10 after 9:

Why aren't you in school?
Tony wants to
sell you this.
Tony. That no-neck dude
they call Bad T?
He says he found it
in a dumpster.
He keeps stealing,

he'll be found in a dumpster.
He didn't steal it.
Says his uncle gave it to him.
Mm-hmm. Hand me
that newspaper over there.
Don't ever let
people use you.
You're running all over town
with stolen property.
If you get caught,
you're in trouble while he denies
the whole thing.
You mean you want us
to take it back to Tony?
No. I'll take it
back to Tony...
with a message.
Now, where you going?
- Why?
- School.
- Why?
- To get educated.
So we can go
to college.
And why is that
important?
To get 'espect.
Respect.
Who's the bad guys?
Guys who sell drugs.
Guys who have guns.
Who are the good guys?
We're the good guys.
Who's going to help you?
Nobody.
Who's going to help you?
We'll help ourselves.
Who do we not want
to help us?
- White people.
- White people.
That's right. Get on out of here.
Go to school.
Uncle, you better

come look at this.
What?
A white man
in the street.
I've seen one.
Not like this.
Dial 911.
Tell the police
to get up here quick.
Somebody's about
to get killed.
And get your butts to school.
You hear me?
Yeah.
All right.
Back off, man.
Morning.
Good morning.
You having
a nice day, sir?
You feeling all right?
Not to get too personal,
but a white man in Harlem
wearing a sign that says,
"I hate niggers"
has either got serious
personal issues,
or not all his dogs
are barking.
Hey, I'm talking to you!
You got about 10 seconds
before those guys
see you,
and when they do,
they will kill you.
You understand?
You are about to have
a very bad day.
Tell me about it.
Sir, this is a police matter.
For your own safety-
Damn right
it's a police matter.
I suggest you hide

your butt in my shop
till the police
get here.
What the fuck?
Oh, shit.
Listen, I'm a cop.
I'm on a case.
Somebody blew up Bonwit Teller's
an hour ago.
Did you hear
about that?
Same asshole that did that
said I got to do this
or he's going to blow up
something else.
You should get
across the street.
Start acting crazy,
like loony tunes,
like Bellevue.
Hey, Zeus.
This your friend?
He look like
a friend of mine?
I think the dude just escaped
from some hospital,
you know,
like Bellevue?
I am the...
voice of my own God.
I told the librarian
that I had a bad headache,
but she didn't
believe me.
I really do have a bad headache,
a very bad headache!
My head does not-
Shut the fuck up!
You've made
a very bad mistake.
Bouya his ass.
Ha ha ha!
Ha ha!
Cut that shit off.

Fellas, fellas!
Nature boy here
hates niggers.
What are we going
to do about that?
Hold up, hold up,
hold up!
Oh, shit!
Back! Back up!
Back the fuck up!
Now!
Come on, man,
get up.
Get out of here!
Stop the cab-
stop the goddamn cab!
Don't shoot me!
Get up! Come on, get up!
Back off.
I mean it!
I don't want to,
but I will.
Go, go!
Get the fuck
out of here!
Don't stop. Don't stop.
Just keep driving.
Run the red light!
Here, man.
That's all I got.
Put that fucking
money away.
Just run all the lights.
Drive.
You got it, boss.
That cut deep?
How the hell
would I know?
Just keep pressure
on it.
Oh, fuck!
Jesus, right?
John McClane. I owe you.
Damn right you owe me!

Know what they're doing
to my shop right now?
Chill out.
Chill out?
Are you trying to relate to me?
Talk like a white man.
Look, Jesus,
I'm sorry-
Why you keep calling me Jesus?
I look Puerto Rican?
Guy back there
called you Jesus.
He said, " Hey, Zeus. "
My name is Zeus.
Zeus?
As in father of Apollo,
Mount Olympus?
Don't-fuck-with-me-
or-I'll-shove- a-lightning-bolt-
up-your-ass Zeus!
You got a problem
with that?
No. I don't have
a problem with that.
Downtown. Police Plaza.
Oh, ho. Oh.
That's just great.
Record of all callers...
Textbook megalomania.
It's a pathological state
in which fantasies of control
or omnipotence predominate.
He wants control
over him,
over his actions, over his thoughts,
even his emotions.
Sounds like
a secret admirer, John.
Yeah. Maybe he'll
send me flowers.
Everybody knows
you like pansies.
It's not that kind
of emotion.

This guy is ugly.
How is that?
Nothing wrong with him
a shower wouldn't cure.
Beer's normally taken internally,
John.
Just give me some aspirins,
will you?
O.K. Hold this here.
This is Fred Schiller, John,
and he's a-
Shrink.
Yeah, I got it.
Yes. I was saying that
we're dealing
with a megalomaniacal personality
with possible paranoid
schizophrenic-
Skip to the part
where you tell me
what the fuck this
has to do with me.
I don't know,
but it does have specifically
to do with you.
This guy wants to pound you
till you crumble,
dance to his tune,
then-
Put on a dress
and fuck me?
I was going to say
kill you.
He's sitting on
an awful lot of rage,
and it could be manifested physically
if he's stressed.
Somebody he arrested,
somebody he pissed off?
That could be
one long list.
Fuck you, Joe.
These people don't like
to work anonymously.

They want you to know
who's doing it.
This name Simon is probably
not an alias.
It's probably Simon
or some variation.
"Simon, Robert E.
Busted in '86.
Extortion. Kidnapping.
Did seven years
for good behavior.
Released on a state work furlough
two months ago. "
Thanks. Bob Simon
was a bankrupt businessman
who kidnapped
his partner's daughter.
He's a fuckup,
not a psycho.
The other guy's nuts.
A nut who knows
a lot about bombs.
We found this
in a playground.
Professional.
Very cool stuff.
You know, boom.
Think you should slam it around
like that, Charlie?
It's unmixed.
Can't hurt it.
This stuff is cutting edge,
a binary liquid.
A what?
Like epoxy.
Two liquids.
Either one
by itself...
you got nothing.
But mix them...
Ricky.
Aah!
Charlie, you'll be wearing that chair
up your ass!

Christ almighty, Charlie!
Like I said,
very cool stuff.
With a package
like this,
you get a warning.
The bomb
has to arm itself.
The red liquid
pumps into the clear
before it detonates.
How long before?
Could be anything.
But once it's mixed...
be somewhere else.
This stuff has got
to be pretty rare.
Find out if any of it's
missing someplace.
Livermore labs-
theft over the weekend.
Got enough to make
another one, Joe?
About 2,000 pounds.
Of that?
The detonating mechanism
can be anything-
radio, electrical.
You could use a beeper
and phone it in.
Inspector!
It's him.
He's got a feedback
loop on it.
A nasty
little trick-
Charlie. Charlie.
What?
Want to start the trace?
Simon.
He bought a board, walked the street,
and survived.
Where are my pigeons now?
Pigeons?

I had two pigeons,
bright and gay,
fly from me the other day.
Why was it
that they did go?
You cannot tell.
You do not know.
You mean McClane.
No. I mean Santa Claus.
Yeah, I'm here.
Ah. There after all.
And your friend?
Come on.
We need you in the other room.
Let's go. Come on.
They need you. Go.
Yeah, he's here, too.
May I speak with him?
Well, is the ebony samaritan
there now?
You got a problem
with ebony?
No, no. My only problem is
that I went
to some trouble
preparing that game
for McClane.
You interfered
with a well-laid plan.
You can stick
your well-laid plan
up your well-laid ass.
That was not smart.
There are lives
at stake here.
Not enough time,
Inspector.
You better hope
he calls back.
He will.
Ricky, tell those people
to shut the hell up
out there!
Hey! Keep it down here!

Simon.
He wasn't speaking
for all of us.
That was unpleasant.
Don't let it
happen again.
So what's your name,
boy?
Don't call me boy.
I'm sorry.
It was a poor attempt at humor.
I would send you home
with a chiding,
but now I think
you should join the game.
We got him.
A pay phone in Oslo.
Wait. They say it's Mexico.
Norway?
Now they're saying
it's Juarez, Mexico.
Forget it.
He's scrambling up
the system.
They don't know
where he is.
Having fun with the phone company,
are we?
Simon says McClane
and the samaritan
will go to
the subway station
at 72nd and Broadway.
I'll call you
in 15 minutes
on the pay phone
outside the station.
No police.
Failure to answer will constitute
noncompliance.
Do you understand me, John?
Oh, yes, I understand.
I understand
you're a fucking wacko

who likes to play
kid's games.
Hardly.
Hardly?
Then who are you,
somebody I sent up?
What did you do, shoplifting,
purse snatching...
cross-dressing, what?
You c-c-couldn't
catch me
if I stole your ch-chair
with you in it.
My ch-ch-chair
with me in it?
Let me ask you
a question, bonehead-
Why are you trying
to k-k-k-kill me?
John, John,
calm yourself.
Why don't you
come down here
and we'll figure this out
like men?
If killing you
was all I wanted,
you'd be dead by now.
Simon, this is Inspector Cobb.
I can appreciate your feelings
for McClane,
but believe me,
the jerk isn't worth it.
He stepped on so many toes
in this department,
next month he'll be
a security guard.
His wife wants nothing
to do with him,
and he's two steps shy
of becoming an alcoholic.
One step, one step.
Now listen to me.
You sound like a real smart guy.

What is it you want?
Are you talking
about money?
Well, whatever, whatever.
McClane is a toilet bug.
Now what would it take
just to forget him
and live happily ever after?
Money is shit to me.
I would not give up McClane
for all the gold
in your Fort Knox.
McClane and the samaritan.
If you're competent
in the least,
you've found the briefcase,
so you know what
I mean by penalty.
I want to thank you for that vote
of confidence.
I thought it was
worth a try.
This guy's a raving maniac.
He couldn't be any clearer.
He gave you clues
to his identity,
he spoke German,
he called it
your Fort Knox,
and he stammered when McClane
pushed him.
You believe this guy
really can't be bought?
The very mention of money only
enraged him further.
What's that?
It's your shield.
You asking me
to be a cop again?
Ricky, get him his gun.
Hey!
You didn't answer
my question, Walter.
Are you done, Lieutenant?

You two better get going
to get to 72nd street
on time.
Joe, they go with backup.
You got it.
Whoa, whoa, whoa.
I'm not going anywhere.
Simon says you got to go.
I'm not jumping through
hoops for some psycho.
That's a white man
with white problems.
Call me when he crosses
Hey.
Why'd you save my ass?
I didn't.
I stopped a white cop
from getting killed in Harlem.
One white cop
gets killed today,
tomorrow we got
all of them with itchy trigger fingers,
got it?
Get him back.
Where'd you find
that bomb?
Chinatown.
Shit.
Yo. Yo, partner.
Wait up.
Hey, hey,
I ain't your partner,
your neighbor, your brother,
or your friend.
I'm your total stranger.
O.K., stranger.
You know where that park is
at 115th street
and St. Nicholas?
Yeah. That's in Harlem.
Where do you think
we found that bomb?
Listen,
this guy doesn't care

about skin color,
even if you do.
What am I doing?
Cheer up. Things could be worse.
I was working
on a nice fat suspension,
smoking cigarettes and watching
Captain Kangaroo.
Come on.
O.K. They made it
to the phone,
but there's a problem.
How big a problem?
Oh, about 300 pounds.
Excuse me, ma'am.
We need this phone
for official
police business.
Honey, I'm a cop.
I need the phone.
Get off the damn phone, lady.
Police business.
Well, I never.
I can get used to this.
Find a phone across the street.
I'm the only one here
on official police business.
Don't do that shit again.
Let's get something
else straight-
you need me
more than I need you.
You don't like the way
I do things? I quit.
All right, I need you.
I need you more
than you need me.
Hello.
Birds of a feather
flock together.
So do pigs and swine.
Rats and mice
have their chance,
as will I have mine.

Nice. Rhymes.
Why was the phone busy?
Who were you calling?
The psychic hot line.
I'd advise you
to take this more seriously.
What should I say?
Simply say there was
a fat woman on it,
and it took a minute
to get her off.
Now, John, there's a significant amount
of explosive
in the trash receptacle
next to you.
Try to run,
and it goes off now.
I got a hundred
people out here.
That's the point.
Now do I
have your attention?
As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man
with seven wives.
Every wife had seven sacks.
Every sack had seven cats.
Every cat
had seven kittens.
Kittens, cats,
sacks, and wives.
How many were going
to St. Ives?
My phone number is 555-
I didn't get that!
Say it again!
Not a chance.
But I didn't-
My phone number
is 555 and the answer.
Call me in 30 seconds
or die.
All right, seven guys
with seven wives-

Shut up, McClane.
Seven guys
with seven wives-
He said seven wives
with seven sacks.
Tell me the rest.
A sack with-
seven sacks-
Weren't you listening?
What's wrong with you?
A bad hangover, for one!
All right.
with seven cats-
Asking me
or telling me?
I'm telling you.
What you got, right?
Yeah.
Is that it? 2401?
That's it. Dial 555-2401.
No, wait, wait!
It's a trick.
I forgot about the man.
Fuck the man!
We got 10 seconds!
He said how many
were going to St. Ives.
The riddle begins,
"as I was going to St. Ives. "
The wives aren't
going anywhere.
What are they doing?
How the hell
should I know?
Well, who's going to St. Ives?
The guy.
Just one guy?
The answer's 1.
How do you dial 1?
Hello, John.
Yeah, piece of cake.
Give us something
harder next time.
But you're 10 seconds late.

No, no!
The answer is 1!
There's a bomb in the trash can!
Get down!
Get down! There's a bomb!
Welcome to New York.
Yeah. Get up. Come on.
Come on. Let's go.
Ha ha ha ha ha ha!
Bomb.
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!
Ha ha ha ha ha ha!
Yeah.
I didn't say Simon says.

It's 9:

The number three train
is arriving now.
I left something provocative
on that train, John.
Simon says
get to the pay phone
next to the news kiosk
in Wall Street station

by 10:

or the number three train
and its passengers vaporize.
Use any means of travel
other than civilian,
I blow the train.
Attempt to evacuate
the subway,
I blow the train.
I call you in 30 minutes.
be there.
Fuck.
in New York traffic?
It could be double that.
We don't even have a car!
Hey, hey, sir!
I'm a cop.
I'm requisitioning this car
for official police business.

Thanks very much. Get in.
Pretty slick.
I used to drive a cab.
The fastest way south is-aah!
What the fuck
are you doing?
You were saying?
I was saying
I used to drive a cab,
and 9th avenue is
the fastest way south.
We seem to be going east.
Where the hell
are you going?
the quickest way-
I know what I'm doing.
Not even God knows
what you're doing!
They're headed east
on 72nd towards the park.
Wall Street is south!
Stop yelling.
I got a headache.
The best way south
is not 9th.
It's through the park.
Oh, dear.
I told you Park Drive's
always jammed.
I didn't say Park Drive.
I said through the park.
Shit! We lost them
in the park headed south.
Get out of here!
What are you, cr-
I got him, Connie.
He's taking the scenic route.
Out of the way!
Get out of there!
Watch it, watch it,
watch it, watch it.
Are you aiming
for these people?
No.

Maybe that mime.
Whoa!
Tree! Tree!
What's going on here, man?
Tree! Tree!
Hang on.
Rock! Rock! Rock!
McClane!
How do Catholics
do their thing?
North, South, West, East.
How much time?
Ha! 72nd and Broadway
to Central Park South
in three minutes.
It's got to be
a fucking record.
Come on, get out-
Yeah.
Now what?
We need a fire truck.
What?
To follow.
Lieutenant John McClane,
N.Y.P.D..
Access number 7479.
Calling from a civilian
transmitter.
Get me an emergency
dispatcher right away.
Dispatch. Go ahead.
I got two officers down
at 14th street and 9th avenue!
Need an ambulance! Over!
The Roosevelt Hospital
is two blocks from there.
Slow the fuck down,
McClane!
It's like football.
Get yourself a blocker
and head for the end zone.
If you'd said
Wall Street,
we could have followed

him all the way.
Wrong. South of 14th street
is a different hospital.
Hang on.
Time?
We're halfway there,
with 18 minutes to go.
Fuck this!
Hang on.
Hang on!
Get out of here!
Take the wheel!
We should be ahead
of that train, right?
I'm getting on
that train.
You got to get to
that phone by 10:20.
You fail,
I cover your ass.
I fail,
you cover my ass.
If we both fail?
Then we're both fucked.
Go, now! Get to that
phone booth by 10:20!
My lucky fucking day.
Shit!
Look out, ma'am!
Look out! Look out!
Look out!
Get out of the way!
This is a bad idea.
Whoa!
Excuse me.
Excuse me!
Get out of
the way, please.
This isn't a taxi.
You don't understand.
Your light's on.
I'll make it simple.
your medallion suspended.
What, you don't like

white people?
You got it.
Move your legs!
Get your legs out of the way!
Sorry. Sorry.
Hey! Excuse me.
Hey!
Shit!
Excuse me.
Watch out!
Excuse me, sir.
Pardon me, please. Excuse-
Would you step out?
I'm a cop.
step out for a minute.
Excuse me, please.
Can I get
through here, please?
Excuse me.
Excuse me, please.
Pardon me.
Excuse me, but I'm expecting a call.
I need that phone.
Use the other phone.
Sir, please.
I need to use
that phone.
Hey, listen, bro,
I was here first.
Bro?
Get away from
the goddamn phone!
Put your hands up!
I have to answer
that phone.
Shut up and
get 'em in the air!
Excuse me!
Pardon me!
Watch your back!
Watch it!
Ladies and gentlemen,
I'm a New York police officer.
I'm going to ask you

to calmly and quietly
start moving toward
the other end of the car.

- Aah!

- Aah!

Go! Watch out!

Watch it! Watch it!

Go!

I have to answer
that phone.

Get 'em up!

Look, if you have to shoot me,
then you go ahead
and you shoot me!

But I have to answer
this phone!

All right?

I'm here.

And McClane?

He's on his way.

Uh, he's a little slow.

He's out of shape.

The rules applied
to both of you.

I'm afraid this is noncompliance.

Goodbye.

Trust me, guys...

duck.

Get out of there!

Get out of there!

McClane?

Hee hee hee hee.

Ha ha ha ha ha.

Wha-

Ha ha ha.

Ha ha ha ha ha.

You can see right down
into the subway.

How many fire trucks?

You guys.

You guys.

How can you see
from up here?

Get in there.

Officer, tell those people
to get the hell back!
We got a shitload
of cuts and bruises,
a couple of concussions,
some old guy's
pacemaker stopped,
and a pregnant girl's water broke,
and that's all.

How you doing, John?

Still can't hear too good.

It's a miracle
you're still alive.

Yeah, that's the problem, Joe.

What?

The miracle part.

What are the odds of us
making it here on time?

Zip.

That bomb was going off
no matter what.

He wanted it to go off
right down here.

What's so special
about this place?

I don't know.

Something just doesn't add up.

Lieutenant McClane?

They're asking for you
and Mr. Carver.

Where?

John.

John, this is Andy Cross
with the FBI.

Mr. Jarvis. He's, uh-

I'm, uh,

with another agency.

It's good to meet you.

This is Lieutenant McClane.

This is Mr. Carver.

Uh, we got a couple of questions.

First...

do you recognize this guy?

No.

How about this one?

Mm-mm.

How about you?

Did you recognize
the voice on the phone?

No.

Did you, uh,
notice any cars
following you?

No.

Anybody following
you at all?

Any kind
of surveillance-
telephone, house,
anything unusual at all?

Well, now that
you mention it,
I have experienced a...
you know,
like a burning sensation
between my toes.

I thought it was just some
athlete's foot
or something.

We read your jacket,
Lieutenant.

We were told you
would be cooperative.

Cooperate with what?

We're wasting time here.

You want to share
information,
how about sending
a little our way?

We want to hear
what he knows first.

We want to hear
what he knows first.

I know as much as you know,
all right?

There's a guy out there
setting off bombs.

He calls himself Simon.

He speaks with
a German accent.
For some reason,
he's very angry with me.
Maybe you can tell me why,
fellas, huh?
The first man there
is Mathias Targo.
Was Hungarian army,
explosives expert.
Now we believe he's working
for the Iranians.
Working?
Freelance terrorism,
by contract.
Who's the girl?
Targo's other half.
Rumor is the Israelis
slipped a bomb
in between their sheets.
He wasn't at home,
but they think they got her.
The second man
was an obscure colonel
in the East German army.
Ran an infiltration unit,
the thing the Nazis did
at the Battle of the Bulge-
English-speaking troops.
I saw the movie.
All we know of him is
the GDR medical records show he suffers
from migraines.
His name is Peter...
Kreig.
Well, that is an exceptional report,
fellas.
What does this
have to do with me?
The name Gruber mean anything to you,
Lieutenant?
It rings a bell, yeah.
L.A.
What?

That thing in the building
in L.A.
Peter Kreig
was born Simon Peter...
Gruber.
He's Hans Gruber's brother.
So...
Yeah. It's that thing in L.A.
We figured he's got you fitted up
for a toe tag,
and he's going
to do anything
to get it tied.
Inspector!
Inspector, it's him.
Don't let him know
we're here.
Simon.
Inspector.
Now, who from the FBI
is in the van?
Let's see,
almost certainly Cross.
Come on, Andrew,
say hello.
Hello.
And I know
you never run alone,
so say hello, Bill.
Still trying to butch up
by chewing on your glasses?
Ha ha ha ha.
This, gentlemen, as they say,
is where the plot thickens.
I have put 2,400 pounds
of explosives
in one of the 1,446 schools
in greater New York.
It is fitted with a timer
set to explode
at exactly 3 p. m.
Thank you.
Your silence says
I'm understood.

Did you say
Yes, but please
don't interrupt again.
Simon says, if you attempt
to evacuate schools,
the bomb will be detonated
by radio.
Gentlemen,
someone will be watching.
Repeat-one school
will be dismissed at 3 p. m.
permanently, unless-
Unless what?
Unless John McClane
and his new best friend
complete the tasks
I set them.
John, are you listening?
Yeah.
There's a pay phone
beyond hope,
Tompkins Square Park.
No rush.
If you're really clever,
you'll learn the location of the bomb
and the disarming code.
By the way, gentlemen,
we got something of a bargain
on radio detonators.
The only problem is
the darn things respond
to police and FBI frequencies.
If I were you,
I'd keep off your radios.
Simon, wait-
My God!
Get me the commissioner.
He's doing
a press conference.
He'll be here
in 30 minutes.
Get every senior officer
on the site right away.
Don't give me

any jurisdictional nonsense.
I got two kids in the school
on 64th street.
How can I help?
How many men
have you got?
I can get 500.
When?
Between now and then...
we're going to have to
do this all by ourselves.
Let's go.
Tompkins Square Park
is more than 2 miles away.
Get running. No radios.
Take my telephone.
You get anything,
call me through the switchboard.
Good luck.
Thanks.
Find that bomb.
Ricky, where are they?
Right over here.
The senior man present
is Chief Allen.
- Chief of what?
- Transit.
Thanks, Ricky.
Gentlemen,
we have a decision to make.
Chief Allen,
the man who has done this
has told us he's planted
a very large bomb
in a New York school.
He's told us
we cannot evacuate,
but he has not said
we cannot search.
I recommend we get everybody,
and I mean everybody-
police, transit,
sanitation, fire,
even the goddamn

librarians-
and we start
searching schools,
and I mean right now.
I'm talking about
a thousand buildings,
and we have 3 hours and 15 minutes
to do it.
I'd like to keep the media
out of this
because if they get in,
we've got a panic.
Are we in agreement?
Come on, guys, let's go!
They bought it.
You can begin.
Hook...
line...
and sinker.
You heard the man.
Let's go, let's go.
Come on.
Go. Let's go.
O.K. Hold on.
Darlene, honey, it's me.
Sergeant Turley.
Sergeant Turley!
In five minutes,
the volume in calls has tripled.
What the hell's going on?
Stop. Let me explain.
For the rest of the day,
we're handling the department's
communications.
What do you mean, handle?
They're shutting down
the police band.
All calls will be coming through
this switchboard.
And I'm going to marry
Donald Trump.
Walsh, what's going on?
Why did everybody
tear out of here?

Pamela, look at your watch.
It's coming up
on shift change.
The bean counters
are worried about overtime.
Everybody went
to punch out.
The next shift
will be here soon.
You are so full of shit, Walsh!
Thank you.
What the hell?
Hey. Whoa. Whoa.
Whoa.
Detective.
Bob Thompson...
City Engineer's Office.
We'd like to get an idea
of the damage.
Man, you guys
really got here fast.
Well...
it's Wall Street, sir.
A lot of money here.
A lot of opinion-makers...
the mayor doesn't want to piss off,
you know?
Is this it?
Holy Toledo!
Somebody had fun.
I'd appreciate it
if you'd show my associates
the way down.
Yeah. Yeah. Sure.
Jimmy, you got the flashlight?
Murphy, come on. You, too.
Rick Walsh.
John Thompson.
Come on, gentlemen.
Let's go.
You were at World Trade's.
You know what
that mess was.
Please inform Mr. Little

that Mr. Vanderfluge is here.
Mr. Vanderfluge.
There's a Mr. Vanderfluge
for Mr. Little.
Go down 20 meters.
Come on.
A lot of steam.
We snapped
some steam pipes.
It's like a sauna.
The subway guys shut
down the third rail.
Emergency lighting?
Emergency lights
and there's some-
Hey!
No shooting!
Speak English!
Otto doesn't speak English.
do you, Otto?
Where did we
get this guy?
One of Targo's thugs.
Go all the way up.
All the way.
So what's up with
this L.A. thing?
You famous or something?
Yeah. For about five minutes.
Don't tell me.
Rodney King, right?
Fuck you.
You know this guy Simon?
Yeah.
I threw his little brother
off the 32nd floor
of Nakatomi Towers
out in L.A.
I guess he's pissed off.
Wait. I'm in this shit
'cause some white cop
threw some white asshole's
brother off a roof?
Mr. Vanderfluge.

Felix Little,
Corporate relations.
Sorry you had to wait,
but there was
a subway explosion.
It's played hell
with our alarms.
I trust there's
nothing wrong?
No. Good Lord, no.
Safe and secure.
You were concerned
about a currency exchange.
We are not a commercial bank
in the normal sense.
We're... we're
primarily, uh...
governments, central banks,
that sort of thing.
Apart from the depository,
of course.
Of course.
And you are in the flower business,
Mr. Vanderfluge?
Back! Back!
Come on!
Come on.
Oh, no,
Mr. Vanderfluge.
That's the vault
elevator.
I'm sorry.
Our alarms are
sonic and seismic.
Two things which do not react well
to explosions.
This subway business has knocked out
all of our systems.
In fact, we gave up
and pulled the plug.
The repair people
are downstairs now.
Good Lord.
Yeah.

Heavens to Betsy!
If anyone knew. Ha ha ha.
But... I thought this
was a currency exchange.
Oh, I think we go straight
to the withdrawal.
Hey, Captain,
come and take
a look at this.
Something's going on.
You think you
can fix that?
Just a minute now.
O.K.
I'll be right back.
Down!
Stay back!
Stay back!
Come on. Come on!
Front desk.
Get your ass down here!
I'm under attack!
Just relax.
Maybe you'll live through this.
Shit!
Aah!
Aah!
Aah!
Aah!
Aah!
Aah!
Aah!
Aah!
Aah!
Aah!
Aah!
I think he's dead,
my dear.
All right.
Let's see to the office workers.
Being done,
Herr Oberst.
Is this where...
Perimeter secure,
Herr Oberst.
\$140 billion!

what's in Kentucky!
Fort Knox. Hah!
It's for tourists!
Yeah?
McClane.
John,
you're out of shape.
You barely made it.
We'll barely make it.
What do you want us
to do?
What has four legs
and is always ready
to travel?
Huh?
What did he say?
What has four legs
and is always ready to travel?
Don't you have kids?
That's an elephant joke.
Whoa.
That a bomb?
Yeah. Go ahead and grab it.
No. You're the cop.
You're supposed to be
helping with this.
I'm helping.
When you going
to start helping?
After you get the bomb.
Careful.
I'm being careful.
Don't open it.
What?
I got to open it.
It's going to be
all right.
Shit!
Shit!
I told you
not to open it!
I trust you see
the message.
It has a proximity circuit,

so please don't run.
We're not going to run.
How do we turn
this off?
On the fountain
are two jugs.
Do you see them?
A 5 gallon and a 3 gallon.
Fill one jug with exactly
Place it on the scale,
and the timer will stop.
You must be precise.
will result in detonation.
- If you're still alive in
five minutes- - Wait a second!
I don't get it.
Do you get it?
No.
Get the jugs.
Obviously, we can't fill the 3-gallon
jug with 4 gallons, right?
I know. Here we go.
We fill the 3-gallon jug
exactly to the top, right?
Uh-huh.
We pour that 3 gallons
into the 5-gallon jug,
giving us 3 gallons
in a 5-gallon jug.
Then what?
We take the 3-gallon jug,
fill it a third-
He said be precise.
Exactly 4 gallons.
Every cop's running
his ass off,
and I'm out here playing kid's games
in the park.
Hey! You want to focus
on the problem at hand?
You said, don't say anything
if you don't know!
Give me the fucking jug!
We're starting over!

We can't start over!
I'll put my foot
up your ass,
you dumb mother-
Say it! Say it!
You were going to call me a nigger,
weren't you?
I wasn't!
Yes, you were!
Asshole! How's that? Asshole!
You got some fucking problem
because I'm white?
Have I oppressed you?
Have I oppressed
your people somehow?
You don't like me
'cause you're a racist!
What?
You don't like me
'cause I'm white!
I don't like you because you're going
to get me killed!
Shit! We got
less than a minute.
Throw this thing away.
We can't!
It'll detonate!
Wait a second!
Wait a second!
I got it!
Exactly 2 gallons in here, right?
Leaving 1 gallon
of empty space.
Yeah.
A full 5 gallons here,
right?
pour 1 gallon out of 5 gallons
into there, we have exactly...
Come on!
Don't spill-
Don't spill it.
Good. Good.
We got 4 gallons.
You did it, McClane!

Put it on the thing!
Get it down there!
Ha ha ha ha ha!
Congratulations.
You're still alive.
Huh?
Congratulations.
Yeah, we did it.
You surprise me again,
John.
This is becoming
an ugly habit.
I don't have the time right now,
Simon.
A deal's a deal.
Where's the school bomb?
On the contrary,
you have lots of time.
You have...
precisely.
Plenty of time to test
those wits of yours.
Listen, jerk-off,
I got a bad
fucking hangover!
Now, where is
the school bomb?
Temper, John.
The road to truth
has many turns.
You'll find an envelope
under the rim of the fountain.
When you undertake
the trip it suggests,
ask yourself
this question-
What is 21 out of 42?
We're behind.
We should abandon
the rest and go.
Relax, Targo.
There's not a cop for 20 blocks.
He's sending us to the home team dugout
at Yankee Stadium.

We supposed to find
something there?
What's 21 out of 42?
Half of 42.
How many players
on the Yankees ball club?
What else is 21?
Blackjack.
It's a club.
It's a wild goose chase
is what it is.
Where's the nearest
"A" train?
Wait, wait, wait, wait.
You know,
some kid might find that.
You're right.
Come back here,
you little sons of bitches!
Hey, you!
I remember you!
Ha ha.
Hey, where you going?
What are you doing?
Let me go, dickhead!
Watch your mouth.
You going to juvenile hall
for a Butterfinger?
Look around.
All the cops are into something.
It's Christmas!
You could steal City Hall!
Come on.
My bike.
That's my bike!
Hey! Hey!
Where you going?
Yankee Stadium's that way!
You asshole!
Why don't you run over
everybody in the street?
What the fuck
are we doing?
What is it that Wall Street

doesn't have?
You're talking in riddles.
What is it that Wall Street
does not have?
What? Schools.
And what do they have
a shitload of?
What?
I'll be back in a minute.
What am I supposed to do
with this?
Give it to those guys
over there.
He's here.
Perhaps you could be
more specific.
McClane is here.
He's walking toward
the bank.
The black man
is coming toward me.
And after we've gone
to all that trouble at the stadium.
Simon...
kill him.
Stop toying with him
and kill him now.
O.K. So be it.
May he rest in peace.
I'll inform Karl
in the lobby.
Pack up your team
and get out.
And this one?
Officer...
I'm going to need an answer
on that issue.
Let him go.
Understood.
Yes, sir?
John McClane says
to give you this.
Jesus, don't open it.
It's a bomb.

Another?
Yeah.
Oh, I see.
We'd better move now.
Thank you for your assistance.
We really appreciate it.
Thank you.
Hey, y'all leaving
this place unguarded?
How you doing?
All right.
John McClane...
N.Y.P.D..
Are you all right?
Yes...
laundry day.
What can I do for you,
Lieutenant?
It's been quiet
all morning here?
Well-
Except for
that big explosion
a couple of hours ago.
Seen anything strange
happen in the last hour?
No. We've had cops
in here pretty steady
since the subway thing.
We were going to make a round
on the vault floor
if you want
to tag along.
Sure. Think I will.
What do you think
of this heat?
Indian summer, huh?
Feels like it's going to rain
like dogs and cats later.
Here's one of your guys.
Detective, uh, Otto, isn't it?
John McClane.
Mike, how you doing?
I keep telling myself

I'm going to
take the stairs
just for the exercise...
but on a hot day like this,
it seems I always end up
riding the lift.
What was the lottery number
last night?
You play the lottery?
No?
My wife buys me two tickets
every week.
Plays the same two numbers
all the time.
I say, "Why don't you play
a different number?"
She goes,
"Those are my lucky numbers. "
I got the tickets
right here-
Put that fucking gun down!
Put it down now!
Put it down!
Hello!
Anybody down here?
Freeze! Put your fucking hands
in the air!
No, John! No! No!
It's me!
You almost gave me
a heart attack.
You all right?
Huh?
You all right!
Yeah. It's not my blood.
What's going on
down here?
Go take a look.
Hey, McClane.
Where the hell
is everybody?
Simon fuckin' says!
I should've seen it coming
a mile away.

This was never
about revenge.
It's about a goddamn heist.
What was in the room?
This.
What is this?
Oh, shit!
Is this gold?
Yeah, it's gold.
Damn, this is heavy!
They cleaned out
a whole room of this?
Yeah.
That would take
a tank or...
A dump truck.
dump trucks.
We almost got hit
by a dump truck.
Damn! Slow down! Shit!
Put that shit down.
No fuckin' way.
They ain't going to
let you keep it.
We'll need a car.
Can you hot-wire this?
Of course I can.
I'm an electrician.
Only problem is...
Takes too fuckin' long.
Not on the bridge!
Down there, McClane!
the FDR!
Let's go! Let's go!
Come on!
Oh, shit!
What?
Shot the phone.
Aw, too bad.
What's 21 out of 42?
I don't have a clue.
What about Yankee Stadium?
We'll get there,
after we stop him.

Oh, Jesus Christ!
Who do you think you are, lady,
Hillary Clinton?
That's it! Hillary Clinton.
the 42nd president.
She'd be the 43rd president.
All right, all right,
but who's the 21 st?
- I don't know.
- You don't know?
No! Do you know?
No!
Well?
This engine's shit.
Step on it!
It's a Yugo.
It's built for economy, not speed.
Whoa! What are you doing?
Getting us
another phone.
Wait, Wait!
Wait, wait, wait!
Who was the 21 st president?
Go fuck yourself!
That guy was pissed.
He'll feel better when he looks
in the backseat.
Shit, that was
my gold bar!
This is McClane.
Get me Inspector Walter Cobb.
Where the hell are you?
It's not revenge.
It's a heist.
There's gold
in the Federal Reserve.
They took a shitload of it.
They're headed north
in dump trucks.
Have you been drinking?
Not since this morning.
There's a lot of
dump trucks northbound
on the FDR

at about 7 0th.
Close the bridge.
Get some helicopters over there.
I couldn't close
a hot dog stand now.
I'm spread all over.
What about this damn bomb?
It's got something to do
with the 21 st president.
John,John, the 21 st what?
Walter!
Shit. Goddamn cellular fuckin' phones!
Reach Munsen
On the Triborough.
Tell him to close
all the East River bridges
north of 59th street.
Looking for dump trucks.
Dump trucks?
McClane says
there are dump trucks
headed up the FDR
loaded with gold.
They don't allow dump trucks
on the FDR!
- Connie!
- All right!
I won't argue,
no matter how stupid it is.
K-9. Check out
the boiler room.
Find anything, Charlie?
I could spend a week here
with an X-ray machine
and still not find it.
You've got five minutes.
Then we're moving up to 86th street.
Going as fast as we can.
What's up?
McClane was mentioning something
about the Federal Reserve building.
Isn't that near that
Wall Street bomb site?
Yeah.

How long do you want us
to stay here?
The men at the stadium.
Stay or go?
Karl should've
checked in by now.
Moment.
Come on, come on.
Stay where you are.
McClane may still turn up.
Relax, Targo.
If he is still alive...
he won't be talking
to anyone.
It's the next turnoff.
Hi. It's Elvis Duran.
You're on the air. What's up?
First I want to tell you what
a great show you got.
I listen to you
all the time.
Thanks. What's on your mind?
Those cop cars speeding
around everywhere-
you know what
they're up to?
There's a bomb
in a school.
My cousin's a cop.
Somebody put a big bomb
in a school somewhere.
Only they don't know
which one.
so they're searching
all of them.
Shh! Shh!
Every school
in the metropolitan area.
Holy shit.
Doris. Annie?
Doris, can you reach my wife?
Turley! Half the goddamn city
just called 911!
They're gone.

What?
They're gone!
Who is this guy,
Houdini?
Down there!
Down there!
This thing got air bags?
Your side does.
I don't know about mi-
McClane!
In the truck!
Let me see the hands!
Put them on the door!
Don't kill me!
Don't shoot me.
Truck driver?
No, I'm a beautician.
Of course I'm a truck driver!
Where you taking
this truck?
The aqueduct.
Why you taking this
to the race track?
No, the aqueduct!
The-the water aqueduct!
Aqueduct?
See? Goes from here
all the way up
to the Catskill Mountains!
What does?
That! The water pipe!
Goes for about 60 miles!
- Hey, you the foreman?
- Yeah.
N.Y.P.D.!
Any extra dump trucks
come through here
the last couple minutes?
I'm writing
those fuckin' clowns up!
They better start paying attention
to work orders.
What happened?
A dozen idiots

tore ass up the tube.
We're not loading up there anymore.
We're loading over here.
So much for bridges
and helicopters.
Got a map showing
where this tunnel goes?
Yeah, right here.
We run pretty much
up under the saw mill
till you get up
to the coffer dam.
After that, we've already brought
the reservoir water down.
Any way in or out
of there?
There's vent shafts
every 2 miles.
I mean with a truck.
At the coffer dam.
You can get a truck in there.
Follow saw mill parkway up there.
It's about 20 miles.
I'll meet you right there,
O.K.?
What am I doing?
You're going up
to Yankee Stadium!
McClane!
Go. We got less
than two hours!
Goddamn it!
Hey! Is something wrong?
moved so far.
Now, that's 10 times
the Hoover Dam.
Right now, there's 560 feet of rock
above our head.
This part is phase three
of tunnel three.
Planning for it
began back in 1954,
But construction didn't begin
till June of 1970.

You know what the most interesting part
of tunnel three is?
What's that, Jerry?
The valves. Each one...
Main departure
from tunnels one and two.
Come on!
What a hell of a place
to break down.
Hold it. Let me have your hard hat.
Got a jacket?
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Here.
Wait here a minute.
Wait until he gets
alongside the door.
Hey! Fellas!
Mickey O'Brien,
aqueduct security.
We got a report
of a guy coming through here
with eight reindeer.
Yeah, they said he was
a jolly old fat guy
with a snowy white beard.
Cute red and white suit.
I'm surprised
you didn't see him.
What's with you guys
and these phones?
Give me something.
Holy shit.
Is that guy dead?
Yes, Jerry.
I'm afraid he is.
Jesus Christ.
I want you to get ahold
of a guy named Cobb.
walter Cobb. C-O-B-B.
He's the head of my police unit.
Get him down here.
Tell him you were with John McClane.
Tell him to find out
who the 21 st president was.

Chester A. Arthur.

What?

Chester A. Arthur.

Nominated vice president
in 1880.

Did you know he was

Collector of Customs here in New York?

No, I didn't know that, Jerry.

Take care of yourself.

We got to release
these traffic guys.

No. Traffic jams

we can take care of later.

What's wrong with this?

Frequencies are jammed.

What about Ricky?

Can't reach him. Walter.

Federal Reserve.

Yeah?

Biggest gold storage
in the world.

Get a unit

back down there.

Find Ricky. Find out

what the hell is going on.

Walter! You got to hear this!

I thought we were

going in the back way.

This is the back way.

You're about to have

a riot at every school in the city.

Start at the top floor,

Send the other 50 men to the basement

with us. What about McClane?

Not a word. I'm getting nothing.

Busy signal.

This is kind of putting all our eggs

in one basket, isn't it?

What if McClane's wrong?

Walter. This is Principal Martinez.

Inspector Cobb.

How do you do, inspector?

Principal, I don't want to alarm
your children.

Move them all into the auditorium
and keep them calm.
We're coming to the dam.
You can call the rear guard.
Rear guard.
You can close up now.
We've reached the dam.
You can come up now.
Nils.
You can close in now.
Nils.
Attention, attention.
Nils is dead.
I repeat-
Nils is dead, fuckhead.
So's his pal...
and those four guys
from the East German all-stars-
your boys at the bank-
They'll be a little late.
John.
In the back of the truck
you're driving,
there's \$13 billion
worth in gold bullion.
Would a deal be out
of the question?
I got a deal for you.
Come out of hiding,
and I'll drive this truck up your ass.
How colorful.
I told you not to toy with him!
Thank you.
That's very helpful.
You jeopardized the mission
and the contract.
Ivan.
Herr Vogle will help me
reach the ship.
I'm going to put
an end to this.
Stop!
Targo!
Targo!

Here! Come here!
We blow the dam.
What?
We drown him.
Up there!
Walter!
Take a look at this.
Janitor said it was delivered
this morning. About 10:30, right?
Not hooked up.
Yeah?
O.K. Now take a look
at the front.
We drill the hinges.
Get everybody out.
Unh!
Unh...
Unh!
Whoa...
Whoa!
Aah!
Aah!
Uhh!
McClane!
McClane!
Where are you?
Over here!
Hell of a way of flagging
somebody down.
Did you go to Yankee Stadium?
Yeah. There's nobody there.
You didn't see nobody?
Nobody was following you?
He's jerking us around.
Come on! Come on!
Holy shit!
Go! Go! Go!
It's not rigged.
Pull it.
Well, I'd say you could
call off your search.
Can you stop it?
I shouldn't even touch it.
Who knows what booby traps

this thing's got?
What about the code?
No word.
When do we evacuate?
Simon says he sees one kid
leave the building-boom.
We can't stand here
with our thumb up our ass
waiting for this
freaking thing to blow up!
Shit!
Keep your head down!
Hold it steady!
Go! Go!
They're in our way!
Go around them!
I found out who's
the 21 st president-
some guy named Arthur.
Chester A. Arthur?
Chester A. Arthur
elementary school?
That's it.
Gently down the stream #
Merrily, merrily,
merrily, merrily #
Life is but a dream... ##
Hi, kids.
I know you usually have
assembly on Fridays,
but today is special.
Mr. Lambert here
is from the Fire Department.
Today he wants us to practice
a brand-new fire drill.
I want you to divide in half.
Half of you go over here
and line up against the wall.
The other half go
in this direction.
Do it very quietly
and very quickly.
Everybody up, please.
Teachers, please help them.

Fire drill, my ass.
The Fire Department...
Maybe it's because of the radio.
You mean,
like they're after us?
Tommy squealed on us.
No, he didn't.
Come on.
Where you going?
Let me drive!
Go! Go!
Goddamn it!
Of course he put the bomb
up in that school.
Why would he do that?
To get your complete attention.
Find the fuse panel.
What?
Where's the fuse panel?
Pull out the antilock-brakes fuse.
Which one is it?
Yank them all out.
Put your head down.
Put your head fucking down.
Listen to me.
Hang the fuck on,
all right?
What the fuck happened?
You got a "Triple-A" card?
Keep moving.
Keep moving.
I've got the janitors
making a last sweep of the building.
Thank you, Miss Martinez.
Come on.
All right.
Stay down.
Stay low.
Oh, man.
What are you doing?
Interrogating him.
What's he going
to tell you?
I won't know

till I ask him.
See if there's aspirin
in that glove box.
No way. You do it.
The guy in the dump truck
had 10 quarters.
Exactly 10 quarters.
Maybe they were making
long-distance phone calls.
No.
They're for the bridge,
it's for the toll
on the bridge.
There! There!
Down on the wharf-
dump trucks.
Right there.
Right there.
They got it loaded
on a ship already.
Shit!
How about the Coast Guard?
Take them an hour
to get here.
Shit!
We can jump.
What?
It's 100 feet
down to the deck.
But not to the crane.
The cables would
cut you in half.
I can make it.
Get down.
Look in the car for some gloves.
Six booby traps,
four dead ends,
#And a partridge
in a pear tree ##
O.K., honey...
let's dance.
We're going to have a race.
When I say "go,"
run like crazy.

Follow the police officer
and the firemen.
Walter, I think we're cutting this
a little thin.
No. We're going to wait.
McClane still
may get the code.
Line me up
with that crane.
Right there.
You're O.K.
This will take a miracle.
Keep your fingers crossed.
You almost got it.
Yeah! All right.
Where you going?
You in a hurry?
I'm going first this time.
We have the intercom rigged, sir.
Walter, the kids may be fine,
But you wait much longer
and I'll pee
in my pants.
We're going to wait,
Connie.
Six more minutes.
Yo.
McClane.
Down there.
Oh, shit.
Go, man.
Go. Go. Go.
Aah!
Aah!
Whoa!
Ohh...
Boy, am I glad
you talked me
out of jumping.
Fuck.
Get his feet.
You go find Simon
and beat the fucking
code out of him.

Here. Take this.
How's it work?
You don't know how
to shoot a gun?
All brothers don't know
how to shoot guns.
Yank back on that,
pull the trigger.
That's it?
Just don't shoot yourself.
Hey. Don't be no hero.
You find him, come get me.
Stupid!
Stupid!
You have the autopilot set?
Yes, sir.
Good.
Don't fucking move.
Oh, the samaritan.
Give me the goddamn code.
Code?
Oh.
You mean for the school.
I'm sorry.
I can't do that.
You call in that code
right now,
or I blow your sick ass
into the next world.
If that's what
you got to do...
You've got to take
the safety catch off.
Ugh!
God!
See? That works.
Now where's McClane?
Nicht schiessen!
What was that?
He said, " Don't shoot. "
O.K., Charlie, we'll have to go
with the evacuation.
We're going to go.
You heard the man!

Let's go!
We're going to go.
On my mark...
go!
Go! Go! Go! Go!
Let's do it.
O.K., gang. Let's go!
Go! Go! Go!
Hip-hop! Hip-hop!
Run! Run! Run! Run!
We're going to win!
Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!
Let's go! Keep moving!
Hurry up!
Ugh!
Keep going!
Look what they doing.
Yo! Where you going?
- What's going on?
- Where you going?
I see you all day,
little man,
policeman...
and you don't go away.
I'm like that fucking
Energizer bunny.
Where you going now, huh?
Going to arrest me, bunny?
Huh?
I think I'm going rest.
I'm kind of weak.
I knew it was bullshit.
There's nobody watching.
Time to get Charlie out.
Time's up.
Give me another 30 seconds.
It takes a minute 15
if you're a kid.
Last I looked,
you weren't too light on your feet.
Oh, my God!
Get them out of there!
The rooms are locked.
Out of my way!

Hey!
Any one marked "4."
What's going on, Walter?
We still have kids
in the building.
I'm staying.
No, Charlie.
Get out of there.
Ever see that show
The Addams Family?
They got a motherfucker
on there called Lurch.
You don't think I'm going to let you
get to that gun?
Oh.
Fuck!
Four... four...
Get out of the way!
Where are they, Walter?
Still in.
No guts...
no glory.
We can jump
to the next building!
Shit!
O.K.
O.K. Come on.
Come on.
Come on,
get them up here.
Come on. Come on.
Mayday! Mayday!
Bridgeport Coast Guard!
Coast Guard, come in.
Come on, kids!
Shit! It's too far!
No guts, no glory.
It's a big fucking white boat.
Please stay
on the line.
Pancake syrup?
Stupid...
stupid...
Hello, John McClane.

There was never
any bomb in the school.
Of course not.
I'm a soldier,
not a monster,
even though I sometimes
work for monsters.
No.
The real bomb
is on this ship.
Coast Guard.
I was telling them
where the boat was.
Game over, huh?
Not quite over.
Bridgeport Coast Guard,
come in, please.
They put you on hold?
She told me
to stay on the line.
Oh, God,
I love this country.
You know,
your brother was an asshole.
He really
was an asshole.
He was an asshole.
You got his number.
Yeah, O.K.
Forgive me.
Would you help
Mr. McClane below?
Ohh.
Careful now.
Now, do you have
the communique?
Bridgeport radio.
Come in, please,
Bridgeport.
Coast Guard.
Oh, you're there, dear.
Yes, we're here.
Will you be able
to record a message?

Yes.
Then please begin now.
This is a communique
from the CRF.
For too long,
the West has conspired
to steal the wealth
of the world,
consigning the balance of humanity
to economic starvation.
Today, we will level
the playing field.
In minutes, the contents
of the federal reserve bank-
the gold your economies
are built on-
will be redistributed
by explosive
Across the bottom
of the Long Island Sound.
If you are not
in gridlock,
come and watch.
You going
to blow it all up?
That's the idea.
Some gentlemen
in the Middle East
think they'll make
lots of money.
See the men
safely off the ship,
and I'll see you
on the launch.
What's this got to do
with killing McClane?
Life has its little bonuses.
Didn't you say you didn't
even like your brother?
There's a difference
between not liking one's brother
and not caring when
some dumb Irish flatfoot
drops him out a window.

I didn't even know
that motherfucker.
I never invited you
aboard this ship.
No riddle's going to stop
this motherfucker?
No code, no riddle,
no fancy countdown.
Hey, fuckhead.
Yeah, you-fuckhead.
Just one thing
I got to know-
you got any aspirins?
I've had a bad
fucking headache
all day long.
Must be your lucky day.
Keep the bottle.
Right.
Where is the gold?
He's betrayed us.
The containers
are filled with that...
If I hadn't saved
your fucking ass,
I wouldn't be here about to blow up
with \$100 billion.
You're only going
to blow up with me.
There's no gold
on this boat.
How do you know?
I know the family.
Only thing better than blowing up
\$100 billion
is making people
think you did.
Well, where is it?
He must have
switched it somewhere.
That supposed to make me
feel better?
You're wrong.
You're not

going to die.
You know some cop trick
about handcuffs to get us out?
Yeah. Use a key.
You know how
to pick this lock?
Is this some
black shit again?
Are you a fucking locksmith
or not?
I need something
to do it with.
How about a splinter
of that cable?
Hold on.
What the fuck
are you doing?
Uh!
Fuck! Shit!
How's that?
that big enough?
Yeah. That might work.
I'm going to drop it
in your hand.
Cup your hand.
Don't drop
this motherfucker.
Get it in the right.
You ready?
Yeah!
Get it?
Move your hands.
O.K.
Damn, McClane,
I was just starting
to like you.
Don't. I'm an asshole.
What are you
talking about?
I lied to you.
About what?
Remember I said Weiss
found that bomb up in Harlem?
They found it

down in Chinatown.
That's low even for a white
motherfucker like you.
What the fuck was that?
I don't know.
Look, it was the only way
to get you to come with me.
You got a wife?
I'm surprised anybody
could stay with you
long enough to be married.
She didn't stick around.
We're sort of separated.
She was in L.A.,
I was in New York,
we had a fight
on the phone,
she hung up,
I didn't call her back.
How long ago was that?
About a year ago.
What the fuck
you laughing about?
You threw away
your marriage
because you were
too fucking stupid
to pick up the phone?
You think that's funny?
I bet you blame your wife, too.
My wife is a very stubborn woman.
You better stop
fucking laughing
and undo these cuffs.
They're almost...
there!
How's that
for concentration?
Oh, shit!
I dropped the pin.
Goddamn it!
Where'd it go?
Find it!
I don't see it.

What the fuck is that?
I think I made it mad.
Go, McClane,
get the fuck out of here.
Goddamn it!
Listen to me!
Just go.
It's hard enough
getting through the day
without your death
on my conscience.
All right. Tools...
Check the engine room.
There's no time!
What the hell's it doing now?
It's mixing.
Shit!
What the hell
are you doing?
Lean forward.
Lean forward,
goddamn it!
What-
What the fuck
are you doing?
Lean forward.
Oh, no!
Get ready!
Fucking shit! Shit!
Oh, goddamn!
Goddamn!
Come on!
Come on!
My leg. Ow!
Get up the stairs
Go! Go! Go! Go!
Get up the stairs!
Oh, shit!
Damn it!
Let's go!
Let's go!
Run, damn it!
Run!
I am!

Come on!
All right?
Watch, watch, watch!
Let's go!
Aah!
Aah!
How's he doing?
I'm shot
in the leg.
How you think
I'm doing?
He's going
to be just fine.
And you?
Fine.
You get Ricky
out of there?
Yeah, they found him.
You going to be
all right?
Got a bad headache.
Think they're mad at me?
I wouldn't worry about them.
They'll get to you
eventually.
They're busy with this
salvage operation.
No. Dredges!
Dredges!
There's no gold
out there.
What do you mean?
He took it.
He beat me.
He beat all of us.
He wasn't playing
against you.
Fuck that, McClane!
You're still alive,
aren't you?
Well, aren't you?
Yeah.
So he lost.
Lambert,

would you give him a quarter?
Asshole.
Yeah, it's collect from John.
Uh, Carmen, just tell them
you'll accept the charges.
Son of a bitch had aspirin.
Yeah, it's John.
I'm hanging in there.
Holly there?
I'll hold on.
Zeus, hold up!
Hold up!
John?
John?
John? Goddamn it!
Yesterday...
Yesterday we were
an army with no country.
Tomorrow...
we have to decide
which country
we want to buy!
And remember...
this is all due
to the g-g-g-gullibility
of the New York
Police Department!
To the police department!
Yeah!
Kamerad!
Kamerad!
Deitman, take over.
All right, listen up!
First squad,
you muster out
in half an hour
in the school bus!
You'll be
the lacrosse team!
No rush.
Jurgens, you'll be the padre!
Padre?
Lights! Douse those lights.
Hey, dickhead,

did I come at a bad time?
Aah!
Wow! I think she's pissed
at you, McClane.
Go!
Go!
Go!
He's under us now.
Come back around.
Zeus, what's on your side?
Look like roaches
in the lights.
I'll be going
to Nova Scotia.
You go with the trucks.
I have something
personal to finish.
Let's go to work.
That's right, run,
motherfuckers!
The exterminators
are here!
Whoo!
What the fuck?
We got a chopper behind us!
Got a gun on board?
What is this?
Hold it still.
I can't see a thing.
Oh, shit!
Oh, shit!
What do you mean,
"Oh, shit"?
Hang on. Hang on.
We're going down.
Cease fire!
Hey, McClane,
what the fuck?
Hey, we got smoke!
We got fucking smoke
and shit flying on me!
Truck! Truck!
Hold on.
We got to get

out of here!
They'll start
shooting any second.
Oh, shit!
I can't get it off!
Look out!
Here he comes!
Can't get out, McClane.
Get him out of here.
Where you going?
I'll get his attention.
Shit.
This keeps getting
better and better.
I had no idea
Canada could be
this much fun.
Just give me something
to shoot at.
Come on, hotshot.
Show me that smiling face.
Say hello to your brother.
Get out of here!
Yippee-ki-yay,
motherfucker.
Looks like you got
his attention.
Yeah, looks like it.
Think we should call
a fire truck?
Fuck them.
Let him cook.
Oh, shit!
What?
What?
I left Holly
hanging on hold.
Aw, call her back.
I don't know.
She's going to be pissed.
She'll get over it.
I don't know, Zeus.
Like I said,
she's a very stubborn woman.

She'd have to be
to stay married to you.
Ha ha ha!