

**2 Stories. 12 DIY jobs. One cop.  
The odds are against John McClane...  
That's just the way he likes it.**



**BRUCE WILLIS**  
**DIE HARD**  
**0.5**

DIE HARD 0.5: DIY HARD

BY

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# DIE HARD 0.5: DIY HARD

“2 Stories. 12 DIY jobs. One cop. ”

A plane is flying over a snowy New York city.

JOHN McCLANE (Bruce Willis) watches the plane pass overhead through the window of his kitchen.

He's standing on a rug barefoot, making fists with his toes. Commenting to himself how he wouldn't want to be on one of those things.

As he sips his coffee, a raised female voice can be heard from the hallway, becoming louder and louder. The voice enters the room. It's his wife HOLLY. With a mix of anger and disappointment, she confronts him about his broken promise to have the renovations finished before her parents' arrival for Christmas lunch tomorrow. JOHN snaps. He argues that since his promotion from detective to police lieutenant, he's been busy and can't find the time for the stupid renovations. He also questions in the heat of the argument the necessity of having her *'ass-hole parents over for Christmas'*. A look forms on HOLLY's face, like she just witnessed an arsonist start a bin fire. JOHN realises he went too far. At that moment, a small girl enters the room crying, asking them to stop fighting. The girl is followed by a small boy who also enters the room, crying. HOLLY grabs the children and tells JOHN she's leaving with the kids as only he can drive somebody this crazy. As JOHN motions that he's sorry, HOLLY slams the door behind her.

JOHN's shoulders slump. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a packet of cigarettes. He removes a single cigarette from the packet and places it into his mouth as he walks back into the kitchen. Lighting the cigarette with his lighter, he mutters to himself sarcastically, “That's great, John. Great job. Very mature”.

Leaning on the kitchen sink in a state of lament, JOHN sees HOLLY's list of DIY jobs that need to be completed.

He picks up the list and determines to complete all the DIY tasks for the sake of his family. With this new resolve, he walks into the garage and looks through a very dusty pile of tools and building materials.

John sifts through the pile and finds a gun shaped tool. A wry smile appears on his face as he remarks to himself, “Ho-Ho-Ho. I have a nail gun”. As he continues to sort through the tools, he accidentally cuts himself on a saw and bleeds profusely. JOHN is pissed but also shocked by the dangerous nature of home renovations and compares it to the nature of policing. He walks into the bathroom and opens the medicine cabinet and notices something. There's a fly in the ointment. Annoyed, as he looks through the medicine cabinet and finds nothing, he comments, “Just a fly in the ointment, the monkey in the wrench, the pain in my ass.”

Deciding this DIY caper is no joke, he calls for backup. He walks into the lounge room and removes a video from the book shelf entitled “*Home DIY for the average Joe*”. JOHN places the video in the VCR player and watches the introduction. The instructor explains that “to conduct

*home renovations there are rules for the handyman*” to which JOHN quips to himself as he lights up another cigarette, “Yeah, that’s what my captain keeps telling me”.

JOHN, lacking patience, switches off the tape, and decides to go rogue.

He begins tackling the tasks as best he can. A montage of JOHN tackling various tasks around the house, failing, and becoming increasingly injured ensues.

Looking down at the bloodstained list, he crosses off one task and looks at the next, '*clean gutters*'. He sets up a ladder on the side of the house and checks the ladder for stability. Wrapping the garden hose around his shoulder, he begins his ascent. JOHN realises how dangerous it is on a ladder, 2 stories up, in the middle of a New York winter. He comments to himself, “I promise I will never even think about going up in a tall building again. Oh, God. Please don’t let me die”. While he’s up there cleaning the gutters with the hose, he hears the phone ring from inside. Unsure whether it’s HOLLY on the phone ready to make amends, he quickly races down the ladder, leaving the hose on the roof, and tries to answer it.

Just as he is about to reach the phone, the answering machine picks it up. A message is left by a Harry Ellis from the Nakatomi Corporation headquarters enquiring whether HOLLY would be interested in a job at the Nakatomi Plaza in Los Angeles. JOHN blows it off like it will never happen. Inhaling the smoke from his cigarette, JOHN scans the list again. He realizes that the last thing he needs to do is tackle the leaking pipes in the kitchen. To stay entertained while working, he turns on the radio.

JOHN slides under the sink. While underneath, he’s confronted by different pipes. Unsure about which pipe is for water and which one is for gas, John goes with his gut. Waiting with bated breath, he unscrews one of the pipes.... Phew! It’s the water pipe. While working on the pipe, the phone rings. The sudden ringing startles JOHN, leading him to accidentally break a pipe with the wrench he's holding. A funny odor fills the air. “OH, SHIT! GAS”.

Panicked by the gas leak, JOHN picks up the phone and hits the speed dial. The line rings for a few moments....then a voice answers. “*Sal’s New York slices. What can I get for ya?*” JOHN replies. “Mayday, Mayday, emergency, anyone copy, there’s a gas leak. Somebody god dammit help.” The voice responds, “*Look, wise guy. This line is reserved for pizza orders only. Capeesh?*” JOHN is incredulous. “Does it sound like I’m ordering a fucking pizza?”

The call ends.

JOHN throws the phone down. Using some quick thinking, he wraps some duct tape around the pipe to stop the leak. Crisis averted.

To calm his nerves, JOHN lights up a cigarette. After calming puffs, he hears a scratching noise from the roof space. JOHN has his suspicions. He places his cigarette down in the ashtray, picks up a hammer from his toolbox and decides to investigate. Locating the roof space hatch, he opens it up and hears some more scratching. Before entering, he sighs and says to himself, “welcome to the party pal”.

JOHN crawls through the narrow space. To see in the dark, he uses his lighter for light.

Regretting his life choices, JOHN starts muttering to himself sarcastically as he gets closer and closer to the sound of the scratching. As he uses his lighter to search for the source of the scratching, he finds what he dreads.... a rat’s nest.

JOHN removes the hammer from his belt and starts violently hammering the rats. Blood squirting out of the rats and onto his clothes as he connects with the stunned rodents. After nailing a few, the rest of the nest scatters. Needing to calm down, JOHN takes out a cigarette and places it in his mouth. Suddenly, an explosion happens in his kitchen. The burning cigarette he left in the ashtray must have ignited the improperly plugged gas leak in the kitchen.

Startled by the deafening explosion, JOHN frantically searches for a quick escape. No longer able to head down into the home, the only way is up and out. With brute force, he smashes a roof tile with his bloody hammer and climbs onto the roof. Looking down, he sees flames shooting out of the first-floor windows. Panicked about what to do next, he looks around. His eyes catch sight of the ladder, still leaning against the roof, offering him a way out. As he treads carefully over the snowy roof to the ladder, he slips and slides down over the roof tiles. Just as he's about to fall, he grasps onto the antenna, but in the process kicks the ladder down to the ground. JOHN picks himself up. Now wondering what he's going to do, he looks around and notices the garden hose still laying on the roof. Realising it's the only way to survive, he ties the hose around his waist while yelling at himself, "What are you doing, John?!". Flames suddenly burst through the roof. With only seconds to spare, JOHN leaps just as the roof explodes. However, as the hose is anchored to a point on the ground and not on the roof, he falls hard onto the ground below.

JOHN shakily stands to his feet and groggily stumbles away from the flaming wreckage that was his house. Still barefoot, he cuts himself on the broken glass strewn across his front lawn. An Ambulance pulls up, and a medic looks at JOHN's bloody clothes. He asks him, "You alright?" To which JOHN responds "Yeah, not my blood".

The scene swarms with emergency services and curious onlookers. In amongst the crowd, JOHN locks eyes with a black cop. Out of nowhere, they both burst into laughter and enjoy a warm embrace. Signifying the bond not only between front-line workers but also the kinship between races.

Suddenly, one enormous rat emerges from the flaming rubble, its eyes filled with vengeance. It charges straight for JOHN, giving him no time to react. It's stopped in its tracks when the black police officer shoots it with his standard issue revolver.

HOLLY returns home to see the house engulfed in flames. She storms out of the car towards JOHN. The black police officer, still high on the adrenaline of killing a living creature, aims his revolver in her direction. However, JOHN intervenes, placing his hand on the black officer's arm and saying, "this one's with me". HOLLY approaches JOHN. He opens his arms expecting a comforting hug but HOLLY punches him in the face telling him, "you've ruined Christmas. I'm leaving".

As she walks back to the car, a male TV reporter approaches her, asking some questions, and she punches him in the face. HOLLY drives away. JOHN pulls out a cigarette from his top pocket, places it in his mouth and mutters to himself, "Yippee-Ki-yay, motherfucker.... Yippee-Ki-yay".

THE END

**EXCERPT FROM DIE HARD 0.5**

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY (OUTSIDE)**

**1**

JOHN rushes towards the telephone for it only to be picked up by the answering machine.

JOHN

(annoyed)

Shit!

He takes a cigarette out of the cigarette packet in his pocket and begins lighting up while listening to the message being left on the answering machine.

ANSWERING MACHINE

*Hey babe. (Snorting sound) Hope I'm not interrupting but it's Harry Ellis from Nakatomi La La land. (More snorting) Yes, THE Harry Ellis who negotiates million dollar deals for breakfast. (Laughing that sounds like a duck choking) Anyway, it's not about what I want but what I can give ya. I was just makin' a call with my boss, Jo-Jo Takagi and he is impressed by your work over in the big apple and would like you to come over here and work with the big hitters. (Off mic is the sound of a person snorting something for a few seconds) WOO! I love this white powdery stuff. (Snort) What's the time? Better check my Rolex. (Sound of checking Rolex) Anyway, where was I? Oh Yeah! (Snort) So if you're interested in the job call me back and we can sprechen ze talk. Catch ya babe.*

JOHN

(annoyed)

Asshole.

JOHN pulls out the blood stained list of renovation jobs and takes a drag of his cigarette. He points to 'fix leaking kitchen pipes' with his bandaged finger. As he stubs his cigarette out in the

ashtray on the kitchen bench with one hand, he turns on the radio with the other.

The radio plays Christmas type music as JOHN looks under the sink.

RADIO

*We interrupt for some breaking news. A major international corporation has been robbed of millions of dollars worth of bearer bonds. A group of terrorists entered into the company's tall building taking people hostage and killing the CEO after gaining access codes to the firm's vault. Reports are unconfirmed but it is believed to be a faction of the militant left-wing West German organization, VOLKSFREI, led by leader Hans Gruber, who are responsible for the crime. We'll provide updates as they occur.*

JOHN

(muttering)

Assholes

The radio returns to playing Christmas songs.

JOHN looking under the sink is confused. All the pipes under it are metal.

JOHN

(Annoyed)

Shit! Which one is the gas and which one is the water?

JOHN deliberates for a few seconds and then takes action...

JOHN  
(gun ho)

Yippee-Ki-yay, motherfucker!!

JOHN twists one of the pipes with the wrench...

JOHN  
(Relieved)

Phew! It's the water pipe.

A self satisfied smirk forms on JOHN's face.

The radio music is interrupted by the voice of the channel's DJ.

RADIO

*OK, that was another rockin' Christmas classic.*

*But now it's time for our classic*

*Christmas brain teaser. The first listener to call in  
and answer correctly will win \$200! Do I have your  
attention?*

*I met a man with seven wives, Each wife had seven sacks,  
Each sack had seven cats, Each cat had seven kittens:  
Kittens, cats, sacks, and wives, How many were there  
going to St. Ives?*

*My phone number is 555 and the answer. Call me.*

JOHN is confused by the riddle.

JOHN  
(annoyed)

Asshole.

While JOHN is working on the pipe, the phone suddenly rings which causes him to accidentally break one of the metal pipes with the wrench.

JOHN  
(Annoyed)

Shit!

JOHN's nostrils begin to twitch at the strange smell in the air.

JOHN  
(Alarmed)

OH SHIT! GAS!!!

JOHN immediately slides out from under the sink and reaches for the phone and hits the speed dial. The phone rings...

PHONE  
*Sal's New York slices. What can I get for ya?*

JOHN  
(annoyed and alarmed)

Mayday, Mayday, emergency, anyone copy, there's a gas leak. Somebody god dammit help!



PHONE

(Annoyed)

*Look, wise guy. This line is reserved for pizza orders only. Capeesh?*

JOHN

(Angry)

Does it sound like I'm ordering a fucking pizza?

The phone line goes dead. JOHN, less than pleased with the outcome, throws the phone. Realising that he's on his own, JOHN does some quick thinking. He spots a roll of duct tape in his tool box. Acting quickly, he slides under the kitchen sink and hurriedly wraps the duct tape multiple times around the broken pipe.

The leaking gas has stopped for the moment.

JOHN

(Relieved)

Holy shit! That was a close one!

JOHN slides back out from under the kitchen sink and stands to his feet. Needing to calm down from the ordeal, he removes a single cigarette from the packet in his pocket and lights up.

He savours a few calming puffs.

Just as he thinks the worst is over, he hears some scratching from above his head. JOHN looks up at the ceiling and eyes where he believes the noise is coming from.

JOHN  
(Annoyed)

Rats! Assholes!

JOHN who at this stage is severely agitated picks up the hammer from his tool box and decides to go a hunting. He places his cigarette in the ash tray and walks up stairs. He locates the roof space hatch and opens it. Sounds of scratching are now louder from the open hatch.

JOHN  
(Sighing)

Welcome to the party pal

JOHN enters into the narrow crawl space and begins to crawl. It's dark so he uses his lighter to light his way.

JOHN  
(annoyed and sarcastic tone)

Come on, let's have a Christmas roast, we'll get together, have a few laughs...Now I know what a TV dinner feels like!

JOHN crawls until he stumbles upon the source of the scratching...