

TILT UP FROM McClane's BARE FEET. He is clenching and unclenching his toes.

MCCLANE
(surprised, actually feeling
tension decline)
Son-of-a-bitch. It works.

Holly sits on the desk here, watches him remove his jacket, tie shirt, etc. Begin to wash up in the private bath.

HOLLY
What are you doing?

MCCLANE
It's a long story. You know, I
think that Ellis has his eye on you.

HOLLY
That's okay...
(pause)
... I have an eye on his private
bathroom.

McClane's face shows his relief (or rather, his attempt not to show any).

*

HOLLY
So, where are you staying? This
all happened so fast I didn't even
ask you on the phone.

*

McClane finishes drying his face and steps to the bath doorway.

MCCLANE
Well, Cappy Roberts retired out
here a couple years ago. He said I
could bunk with him.

HOLLY
Oh...Where does he live?

MCCLANE
Ramona...no, Pomona, that's it.

HOLLY
Pomona! You'll be in the car the
whole time...Look, let's make this
easy. I have a spare bedroom. It's
not huge, but the kids would love to
have you at the house.

McClane fixes her with a look.

MCCLANE
They would, huh?

HOLLY

(beat; honest)
I would too.

They lock eyes for a moment, but it's an intense moment that says a lot about how they still feel about each other. *

Just then a man and a woman, both a little tipsy, open the door to the office, see that it's occupied and beat a hasty retreat. The interruption temporarily dents the mood. Holly tries to smile. But for McClane it's the last frustration.

HOLLY
...I've missed you. *

MCCLANE
Especially my name. You must miss it every time you write a check. When did you start calling yourself 'Ms. Gennero'?

HOLLY
(caught)
This is a Japanese company, you know? They figure a married woman, she's on the way out the door...

MCCLANE
Sure. It's unnerving. I remember this one particular married woman, she went out the door so fast there was practically a jetwash...I mean, talk about your wind chill factor...

HOLLY
Didn't we have this same conversation in July? Damn it, John, there was an opportunity out here -- I had to take it --

MCCLANE
No matter what it did to our marriage -- ?

HOLLY
My job and my title and my salary did nothing to our marriage except change your idea of what it should be.

MCCLANE
Oh, here it comes. One of those 'meaningful relationship conversations.' I never should've let you get those magazine subscriptions --

HOLLY
You want to know my idea of a marriage? It's a partnership where people help each other over the rough spots -- console each other when there's a down...and when there's an up, well,

hell, a little Goddamn applause or
an attaboy wouldn't be too bad.

(quietly)

I needed that, John.

(pause)

I deserved that.

There's a clumsy pause as if she's almost challenging him to
say...something but he sets his jaw, says nothing. Just then
the door opens and Ginny leans inside.

GINNY

Miz Gennero? Mr. Takagi is looking
for you...he wants you to say something
to the troops...

HOLLY

Thanks, Ginny. I'll be a second.
Oh, this is --

MCCLANE

(mock bright 'radio' voice)

Hi. John Gennero here. I'm the
sensitive and supportive man of the
eighties.

Ginny looks puzzled, goes out. Holly sighs, moves to the
door.

HOLLY

I'll be a few minutes. Wait here --

MCCLANE

Don't I always?

She's gone. Immediately, he slaps his forehead, contrite.

MCCLANE

(to himself)

Schmuck!