

**"INDIANA JONES AND THE CITY OF THE GODS"**

screenplay by  
Frank Darabont

story by  
George Lucas

Adventure Still Has A Name...

FADE IN:

THE PARAMOUNT LOGO

A DISSOLVE transforms the mountain into...

EXT. DESERT - DAY

... a REAL MOUNTAIN in a parched land. Even the air here is sun-baked. Buzzards ride the thermals.

A STRANGE DISTANT RUMBLE rises and falls, teasing us...

TILT DOWN to reveal a long ribbon of road coming at camera, heat shimmering from blacktop, a LIZARD sunning itself.

There's that RUMBLE again, swelling louder. Thunder on the horizon? Well, no, it's:

TWO HOT-RODS roaring into view. They're racing full-out, neck and neck, RADIOS BLASTING Bill Haley & The Comets' great 1954 hit "Shake, Rattle, and Roll" across the desert.

The lizard scurries off. The hot-rods loom large, engulfing us with noise and fury. We WHIP PAN WITH THEM as they zip by us in the blink of an eye and a swirling cloud of dust...

EXT. ATOMIC CAFE - NEVADA DESERT - DAY

... and the Atomic Cafe is revealed as the dust clears -- a windswept roadhouse diner with a MISSILE-SHAPED NEON SIGN.

CLOSER ANGLE

A MAN is also revealed. He's just gotten out from behind the wheel of his olive-drab PANEL TRUCK and is coughing and waving the dust from his face. PUSH IN on the man, INDIANA JONES, as he peers after the hot-rods with a sour look.

INDY

Damn kids.

His Friend, YURI MAKOVSKY, is laughing as he gets out of the passenger side. He's got a Russian accent:

YURI

American kids, Indy! Having fun!  
You should take a lesson!

He claps Indy on the shoulder as they head toward the diner. MUSIC can be heard within: "Wayward Wind," by Gogi Grant...

INT. ATOMIC CAFE - DAY

...which is coming from a SEEBURG ROCK-OLA JUKEBOX trimmed in neon and bubbling water tubes. A WAITRESS enters frame, taking us across the diner as she navigates the room balancing two

plates of food and a pot of coffee. The cafe's clientele is a mix of LOCAL RANCHERS and off-duty ARMY & AIR FORCE PERSONNEL. The waitress arrives at --

A BOOTH TABLE

-- and sets a plate down. It's slopping over with a BURGER AND FRIES. A MAN'S HANDS enter frame, lift the burger off the plate. TILT UP to reveal Yuri gazing rapturously at it.

YURI  
I love America!

Indy, seated across from him, can't help smiling as Yuri takes a swooning bit.

YURI  
I love hamburgers! I love French fries! I love Gogi Grant on the jukebox! You know what I love more than Gogi Grant?

He raises a bottle of ketchup in to view.

YURI  
Ketchup! It is a miracle! In my country, such things do not exist. Here...ketchup everywhere! Much as you want!

He uncaps the ketchup, drowning his French fries. Amused, the waitress glances to Indy.

WAITRESS  
Want more coffee, hon?

INDY  
Please.

She freshens his cup and moves off. Yuri admires her figure.

YURI  
What do I love most of all? The beautiful lady who brings it all to me. In Russia, the waitresses look like weight-lifters. Here, they are like Lana Turner.  
(big grin)  
I LOVE AMERICA!

PEOPLE glance over. Yuri meets the eyes of some SOLDIERS and gives them a big thumbs-up. Indy just shrugs.

INDY  
He's...new.

The men smile and resume eating.

YURI

And you, my friend? What do you love?

INDY

Me?

Indy thinks a moment. He pulls a handkerchief from the pocket to reveal delicate shards of Native American Pottery.

INDY

I love these...

CUT TO:

EXT. INDY'S CAMP - DESERT FOOTHILLS - LATE DAY

CLOSEUP ON MORE POTTERY FRAGMENTS lying on the dusty ground next to a small ruler to provide scale.

INDY (O.S.)

...Anasazi Indian pottery. Classic  
Pueblo period, 1050 to 1300 AD...

FLASH! A CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKS. TILT UP to reveal Indy kneeling over a camera on a low tripod. He winds the film to the next frame, makes a careful notation in his notebook.

INDY

They developed a very high degree  
of pottery skills in that period.

Yuri enters frame, putting on a tie and getting spruced up.

YURI

(wry)

Words cannot describe my  
excitement.

INDY

Yeah, wiseguy? I see you go off  
somewhere every day and come back  
empty-handed. What are you trying  
to dig up?

YURI

Tonight? A little company. I hope.

(Indy glances up)

Perhaps a trip to town. The beautiful  
lady with the ketchup? That is, if  
you'll lend me your truck.

Indy laughs, pulls his keys, tosses them.

INDY

Knock yourself out, Yuri.

Yuri crouches down, becoming serious:

YURI

Indy. I want to say how good it was  
to meet up with you again. I thank  
you for sharing your encampment  
with me these past many weeks.

(taps his heart)

Ogromnoya spasibo.

INDY

N'ezashto pozhalsta. This sounds  
like goodbye.

YURI

I've signed on to a big job overseas.  
Expedition foreman. I leave soon.  
You know how it is. Adventure calls.

INDY

Well, enjoy it for me.

YURI

It no longer calls to you? Adventure?  
The thrill of the chase?

INDY

Nyet. Not me, pal.

YURI

You're not the same man I knew all  
those years ago, my friend, before  
the war. Back then, adventure had a  
name.

They share a wistful smile. Yuri caps Indy on the shoulder,  
rises and walks away...

CUT TO:

EXT. INDY'S CAMP - DESERT FOOTHILLS - MAGIC HOUR

The panel truck rumbles off with Yuri at the wheel. Indy,  
feeding his tethered HORSE, turns and waves goodbye.

CUT TO:

EXT CREST OF A RIDGE - MAGIC HOUR

The camp is several hundreds yards below. Indy hikes up the  
ridge with a NATIVE AMERICAN FLUTE to his lips, blowing various  
notes, trying to get the hang of it. The beauty and quiet  
here are surreal, the hills painted red by the setting sun.

He gets to the crest and gazes off at the endless desert. The  
sun is an orange ball above the horizon. Indy finishes his  
flute practice with a few bars of "Take The A-Train" as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAME RIDGE - MAGIC HOUR - SHORTLY LATER

CAMERA PUSHES SLOWLY IN on Indy -- he's sitting comfortably against the rocks, checking a terrain map and making entries in his little notebook. He's eating a sandwich, softly humming "Take The A-Train." The picture of contentment. CAMERA SETTLES on his profile, beautifully backlit by the setting sun...

...as, a mile or so away, a long trail of dust appears, racing across the desert floor. The FAINT SOUND OF AN ENGINE makes Indy look up. There's a vehicle out there, going like a bat out of hell.

Suddenly, two more trails of dust come from the opposite direction, racing out to meet the first. Indy can't help smiling a bit.

INDY

Damn kids...

He pulls his binoculars from his knapsack, raises them.

BINOCULAR POV

sweeps across the desert, pinning the first vehicle as it races along. It's not a hot-rod. It's a panel truck, just like Indy's. Same rounded silhouette and everything. The driver slams on the brakes in a big swirl of dust and hops out, waiting for the other vehicles to arrive. It's Yuri.

INDY

peers over his binoculars, surprised. He raises the binoculars again, pans them around...

BINOCULAR POV

SWISH-PAN to other two vehicles: TWO MILITARY JEEPS race along, precariously loaded with OVER A DOZEN MEN between them. A few are in civilian clothes, but most wear military fatigues. Among them are THREE M.P.s.

The jeeps stop at the panel truck. Men jump down in a flurry of activity. Weapons are handed out, orders given.

Two "soldiers" rush to Indy's truck and slap magnetic skins on the doors -- the skins are olive green with white stars, instantly turning Indy's truck into a military vehicle. The back doors are swung open and men pile inside with weapons.

The vehicles head off together, directly into the setting sun. Due west.

INDY

lowers his binoculars, stunned. He grabs his map, jabs his finger on his present position, drags his finger west...

CLOSE ON MAP

...and stops. His finger's on a circled area marked:

"**Restricted Military Zone**"

INDY

gazes up after the departing vehicles. Boy, does he not want to get involved in this.

INDY

Aw, nuts.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDY'S CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Indy spurs his horse with a wild cry, gallop full speed down the mountain path.

EXT. DESERT - DUSK

Indy races across the desert, his horse's hooves pounding up dust in the gathering darkness.

He reins back, pausing to get his bearings. He looks around, sees taillights in the distance. He spurs his horse again, galloping in pursuit. CAMERA ENDFRAMES ON A WEATHERED SIGN:

**"Military Area! HIGHLY RESTRICTED! Civilians Turn Back!"**

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HILLS - NIGHT

Through a break in the rocks, we catch a glimpse of the vehicles traveling below.

Indy gallops into frame f.g., guiding his horse along a bouldered path, tracking them.

He hears the VEHICLES SLOWING. He dismounts, scurries to a hidden vantage point. Peering around a boulder, he gets a limited view of what's happening below:

THREE FIGURES jump from the idling vehicles and hurry toward the shadowy rocks -- it's Yuri leading the way, accompanied by a pair of M.P.s.

Yuri turns, waves the vehicles on. Indy climbs up to get a better view of where the vehicles are heading, and WE BOOM UP to reveal:

A huge MILITARY BASE. Lights twinkling in the desert air.

Indy jumps down, hurrying after Yuri and the M.P.s...

## ANOTHER AREA

...and arrives at the last place he saw them. They're gone, no sign at all. Indy checks the area...

...and notices a hole in the ground, mostly hidden by loose scrub. He kicks the scrub aside and drops to his hands and knees, seeing faint light below, realizing it's:

## A TUNNEL

Indy's head pops in upside-down, looks around. He squeezes through and falls into a very cramped tunnel. A long string of lightbulbs glowing dimly on a wire leading off into darkness.

There's just enough room to crawl in here. Indy goes as fast as he can...

## EXT. MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

...and his head thrusts out of the ground, suddenly wearing a hat of fake turf. He tosses it aside and scurries out to get his bearings. He's inside the compound near the perimeter fence.

This area's a secluded backwater of the base. There are no barracks or people here -- it's an experimental area with rows of huge hangars and mysterious dark buildings, beyond which are miles of aircraft runways.

APPROACHING ENGINES draw Indy's attention. Hugging the shadows, he races along the fence, toward:

## EXT. GUARD BOOTH/ENTRY GATE - NIGHT

Behind the booth, Indy trips over something in the darkness and goes sprawling on his face. He rolls over...

...and sees it's TWO UNCONSCIOUS M.P.s lying bound and gagged in the weeds.

Indy glances up. The top half of the guard booth is glassed all around. He rises, peering in through the back window. FAKE M.P. #1 stands just outside the booth door with his back to us. Beyond him, Indy can see:

## THE JEEPS AND PANEL TRUCK

rumble through the outer gate and stop at the inner security gate. FAKE M.P. #2 steps to the lead jeep:

FAKE M.P. #2  
Authorization, please.

STANISLAV, the driver, hands him a piece of paper and mutters in a Russian accent:

STANISLAV  
Button that collar, idiot. Try to  
look like a soldier.

The M.P. complies, glowering, then turns:

FAKE M.P. #2  
Clear!

INDY

ducks from sight as Fake M.P. #1 steps into the booth, picks up a handset and thumbs the toggle.

FAKE M.P. #1  
This is gate twelve...  
(checks a clipboard)  
...protocol tango, hotel, x-ray,  
one, one, three, eight. We have  
vehicles, authorization is good,  
request you unlock inner gate.

VOICE (filtered)  
Roger.

A RED LIGHT on the panel goes off, a GREEN LIGHT goes on. A BUZZER is heard, and the inner gate swings open via remote.

The vehicles enter the compound. Yuri darts from the darkness across the way and leaps into a jeep, waving them forward.

ANGLE SHIFTS from the departing vehicles to TIGHT ON Indy crouching behind the booth. His gaze goes to:

A dumpster filled with discarded materials. On the ground, next to empty paint cans, is a stack of two-by-four ends.

IN THE BOOTH

Fake M.P. #2 joins his partner in the booth, grumbling:

FAKE M.P. #2  
Russkies. If they didn't pay so  
good, I'd hand 'em a headache.  
Especially that Stansilav. Every  
time I turn around, he busts my  
chops.

He turns around and gets his chops busted. WHAM! A two-by-four in the face. He goes down like a sack of cement.

Indy, in the doorway, swings his two-by-four again. M.P. #1 ducks and Indy misses, bashing out a window instead. The man yanks his sidearm but Indy slams him into the wall and the GUN FIRES into the floor.

A quick, desperate struggle in the cramped booth, the men grappling at close quarters. Indy's keeping his adversary's gun-hand pinned and pointed away as best he can. The GUN FIRES a few more times, the shots going wild.

Indy punches the guy's lights out. He steps over him, grabs the handset off the panel, and thumbs the toggle.

INDY

Gate twelve here! Uh, help! Spies  
are infiltrating the base! Bring  
guns, bombs, mean dogs...

His voice trails off. TILT DOWN off his look to reveal a SMOKING BULLET HOLE in the communications panel.

Indy does a slow burn, tosses the handset aside. He pulls his binoculars and steps to the door.

BINOCULARS POV

The vehicles stop at a huge dark hangar down the row. A large rolling door slides open to let them in.

INDY

lowers the binoculars, wondering what the hell to do. He glances at the unconscious spies as we

WIPE TO:

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

Indy looms from the shadows wearing M.P. khakis and helmet. The hangar's a huge cavern filled with...well, everything. It's a maze of gantries, catwalks, experimental arcana, machinery, and mountains of crates marked "Top Secret." He presses on, hearing voices ahead:

YURI (O.S.)

What do you mean it's not good  
enough? That was the deal!

QUIMBY (O.S.)

The deal has changed.

ANOTHER AREA

Shadowy men, led by Yuri, are arrayed in an open area near Indy's panel truck, the rear doors of which stand open and awaiting cargo. The scene is lit from above by china hats, putting tense and sweaty faces into heavy light and shadow.

YURI

The deal can't be changed.  
Arrangements have been made. This  
has been a year in the planning.

He motions Stanislav to his side. Stanislav raises an attache case, unleashing it. It's full of neatly stacked money.

ANGLE SHIFTS to reveal PROFESSORS QUIMBY AND AVERY, two American scientists. Quimby's a mousy little fellow with a pocketwatch in his vest. Avery's taller and stouter, wearing a rather distinctive pale yellow plaid suit.

Most significantly, a 3 FOOT-TALL ROUND METAL CANISTER sits on the floor securely clamped to an unusual titanium-frame pallet with rubber shocks. On the canister, the word "PLUTONIUM" is stenciled under an atomic symbol.

AVERY

We talked it over. Considering the risks we're taking, it's not enough.

QUIMBY

We're offering twenty pounds of our highest grade plutonium...plus this, of course.

Oddly enough, he raises a bowling ball bag into view. It's incongruous and highly distinctive, made all the more so by the red-green-and-black tartan pattern on its sides.

QUIMBY

You tell me, Mr. Makovsky -- what's that worth to your Comrade Krushchev?

ANGLE ON FAKE M.P. #3

tensely watching the proceedings. Hands reach out of the darkness behind him and yank him into the shadows...

YURI (O.S.)

The question is, Professor Quimby, what is it worth to you?

...and Indy steps out to take his place. The overhead lights and his M.P. helmet cast a deep shadow over his face.

RESUME SCENE

QUIMBY

Professor Avery suggested we double the fee. I quite agree.

YURI

(looks to Avery)  
Very well.

A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT. Yuri has fired a small pistol from inside his overcoat pocket. A smoking hole appears in the fabric.

Professor Avery clutches his heart, blood suddenly trickling through his fingers. He drops dead at Quimby's feet.

Quimby is frozen with fear as Yuri draws closer. Yuri takes the attache case of money from Stanislav and offers it to Quimby.

YURI

Now you don't have to split it two ways. Your fee is double.

Yuri takes the bowling ball bag and hands it off to:

THE THIN MAN. An extremely thin and sinister individual dressed all in black. He looks like Death in a homburg hat. Make no mistake -- there's enormous power coiled in his wraith-like frame. His rat-thin face displays an old, livid scar that runs forehead to chin, bisecting a milky dead eye.

YURI

You have arrangements to make. Go.

The Thin Man nods and departs like an oiled shadow, vanishing toward the exit. Yuri snaps his fingers at his men. They hop to it, scurrying to load the plutonium in the truck.

Indy jumps in to help, brushing past Yuri's elbow, his face shadowed by his M.P.'s helmet. He grabs a corner of the pallet and helps lift it off the floor. They maneuver it through the rear doors of the panel truck, slide it in the last few feet.

YURI

(in Russian, subtitled)

The body! Quickly!

Everybody turns, rushing to Professor Avery lying dead on the floor, preparing to lift him...

... except Indy, who goes unnoticed around the back of the truck and strides to the driver's open window. A RUSSIAN DRIVER is at the wheel, eyeing the rearview mirror and waiting for a go signal. He tosses Indy an irritated look.

DRIVER

Che nado?

INDY

No loading zone, pal.

WHAM! Indy punches him through the open window. The guy tumbles from view. Indy jumps in, FIRES UP THE ENGINE. He jams it in gear and floors it, tires spinning smoke --

THE TRUCK

wipes from view, revealing the spies standing there lugging a dead guy in a yellow suit. Yuri rushes forward:

YURI

(in Russian, subtitled)

Wait! Come back, you idiot!

## INT/EXT. TRUCK

Indy gets to the end of the aisle and spins the wheel through a hard 90-degree turn, the truck's rear doors banging around like open shutters. The path ahead is blocked. He spins the wheel 90 degrees again and is suddenly going back the way he came, only down a different aisle.

## YURI AND HIS MEN

see the truck coming back. They make a lateral dash through the machinery and crates into the next aisle. Yuri's waving his arms and hollering for the truck to stop --

-- and he sees Indy at the wheel. Stunned, Yuri spins toward camera as the truck blasts by him. The men OPEN FIRE with Russian "burp guns" on full auto, tearing up the back of Indy's truck with bullets. Yuri waves his arms, hollering:

YURI  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
NO, NO, CEASE FIRE, CEASE FIRE!  
(off their looks)  
You'll hit the plutonium, you fools!  
Aim for the driver! Go, go!

A mad scramble. Somebody hits a switch, turning on the main overhead lights. Men pile into the two jeeps and peel off in pursuit, with Stanislav driving Jeep #1. The rest, led by Yuri, pursue on foot through the maze of machinery...

## THE CHASE (INSIDE THE HANGAR)

... and it is a maze, the world's biggest, stuffed with everything you can imagine, creating "roads" in countless directions -- but no obvious way out. Indy drives like a maniac, turning this way and that, looking for an exit --

-- while the jeeps hurtle along on parallel or intersecting courses, trying to hem him in; one moment converging, the next being forced to split off in different directions (giving Mr. Spielberg the opportunity to stage the most breath-takingly outrageous near misses every put on film!). GUNFIRE IS ERUPTING from all directions as men in jeeps or on foot try to kill Indy or shot out his tires.

## INT/EXT. TRUCK

Indy takes a tire-shrieking turn and floors it down a long straight aisle. His eyes go wide as:

Up ahead, Jeep #1 hurtles into his path with Stanislav at the wheel, coming right at him. The MAN in the jeep's passenger seat raises his burp gun and FIRES OFF A BURST. Indy ducks as the bullets stitch a line of holes across his windshield.

Indy slams on his brakes, throws it in reverse and floors it again, backing up at full speed, both vehicles now going in the same direction...

Suddenly, Indy's eyes go wide again -- through the open rear doors, he sees Jeep #2 appear, coming up fast from behind.

With moments to spare, Indy spins the wheel, sending the truck into a sliding 90-degree turn (still backing up), abruptly clearing the aisle --

-- and revealing the two jeeps to each other. Coming head-on.

Both drivers hit the brakes -- too late! They collide, with Jeep#2 tipping onto its side and sliding, vaulting men through the air. And just when every body's coming to the senses:

Indy nails them again, flooring it out of there in forward gear. He plows through the jeeps and off he goes!

Stanislav furiously cranks his ignition. His jeep RE-STARTS. Still in the chase! He takes off after Indy with three men hanging on for dear life, leaving the others behind.

Yuri and his men run up to gather the dazed troops. They start tipping the remaining jeep back onto its wheels, but:

They all look. Quimby's clutching his attache case, pointing:

QUIMBY  
They'll have to come back around!  
We can cut them off!

Everybody runs off with Quimby leading the way.

## THE TRUCK AND JEEP

**hurtle past, wiping frame --**

-- as b.g., Quimby leads the men swarming through a shadowy forest of machinery and lathes, running to intercept.

## IN THE TRUCK

Indy cranks the wheel. He looks ahead, seeing:

OUIMBY AND YURI

run up and stop, the others at their heels. Weapons are raised and cocked as the truck nears. Much to every body's surprise, Quimby motions sternly for them to hold their fire.

YURI

The truck ROARS by. Quimby smiles at a HUGE SIGN above them:

"ENGINE TEST AREA. EXTREME HAZARD!!!"

IN THE TRUCK

Indy glances back, puzzled. They let him pass! He laughs...but the laugh dies as he realizes where he is:

On both sides of him, aiming inward, massive JET ENGINES are bolted horizontally to the floor -- two awesome rows, one on each side, at least a dozen engines to a row.

YURI AND QUIMBY

The jeep races by in pursuit. Quimby turns, and we TILT DOWN to reveal a CONTROL PANEL on a steel podium. Two rows of BIG RED BUTTONS match the layout of the jet engines. Quimby punches the last two buttons, top and bottom.

THE TWO JET ENGINES

face each other across the aisle at the end of the rows. They work up with a RISING TURBINE WHINE and then: KA-BOOM! MASSIVE ERUPTIONS OF WHITE-HOT FLAME shoot out --

THE TRUCK

-- creating an INSTANT BARRIER OF FIRE! Indy locks up the brakes and comes to a screeching stop within yards of the jet-propelled inferno. The ROAR is deafening. The jeep stops some ten yards behind the truck. Men jump out brandishing weapons.

RUSSIAN SPY  
OUT OF THE TRUCK!

Indy sighs, takes his hands off the steering wheel and raises them, preparing to get out of the truck.

FAVORING QUIMBY

...when suddenly, the control panel CLICKS AND BUZZES. Quimby looks down, sees a message flash red: "COMMENCE RANDOM FIRING SEQUENCE." His eyes go wide...

INT/EXT. TRUCK

...and so do Indy's. He's hearing another jet engine STARTING TO WHINE. He glances over. It's right next to him. He jams the truck in reverse and peels rubber backing up as:

BOOOOOM! The engine FIRES, barely missing him.

The ENGINES START FIRING in fast random overlapping sequence, HUGE PILLARS OF FLAME blasting out and shutting down again within seconds, on off, on off...the only warning being a few seconds of TURBINE WHINE preceding each explosion!

The three spies from Jeep #1 turn and run screaming for their lives, trying to escape the corridor of flaming death. Two of the men are caught on the run, instantly incinerated.

Stanislav spins the jeep around and floors it, trying to get back out. It looks like he's going to make it! He's only got a few yards left to go...

BOOOOOM! an ENGINE BLAST catches the jeep! It catapults right past Yuri and Quimby like a flaming cartwheel. Disgusted, Yuri moves off, leaving Quimby frantically pressing buttons.

INT/EXT. TRUCK

Indy's frantically driving the truck forwards and backwards, avoiding the jet-blasts by mere feet, jamming the gears, flooring it again and again, wheels spinning and throwing up smoke. He's barely on e step ahead of the flames, judging where they'll be by the WHINING SOUNDS that precede them.

Suddenly, the truck bucks violently and gives off a HORRIBLE GEAR-SHREDDING SOUND...

BENEATH THE TRUCK

...and the drivetrain falls off, clanging to the floor in a smoking heap.

INT/EXT. TRUCK

Indy raises his right arm into view -- the entire gear shift assembly has come off in his hand.

Suddenly, the driver he punched out earlier comes to and sits up in confusion. RACK FOCUS to a huge jet engine next to him BEGINNING TO WHINE. Indy whispers hoarsely:

INDY

Run.

Indy jumps out. The driver just looks around.

DRIVER

Aah? Che--?

And BOOOOM! Indy dives clear as a BLAST OF FLAME punches through the panel truck, buckling the sheet metal into molten fragments and spinning the vehicle completely upside-down.

YURI'S MEN

see Indy run clear. They OPEN FIRE.

INDY

runs a gauntlet of FLAMING JET-BLASTS while ducking bullets, shucking and jiving for all he's worth. It's a deadly game of

"red-light-green-light" with the igniting flames, Indy jumping back one moment, diving forward the next...

...and he finally makes it out the far end, braking into a full-out run! Suddenly, from out of the shadows:

WHAM! Indy gets body-slammed by somebody and goes flying. He crashes into a row of steel shelves and sends them over like dominoes, scattering engine parts everywhere.

Indy sits up painfully, shaking his head to clear it, and gazes up to see what hit him. It's Yuri. He gives Indy a wry shake of his head, offers his hand to him to help him up.

Indy takes his hand, pulls himself off the ground -- and rams his head into Yuri's stomach, driving him back. More shelves go flying. Yuri manages to stay on his feet, yanks Indy upright and punches him so hard it spins Indy around.

Indy lets Yuri have it right back, landing a solid punch that snaps Yuri's head back and bloodies his nose. Yuri just shakes it off, smiles at Indy through bloody teeth, and:

WHAM! Indy gets nailed with an uppercut that lifts him clean off his feet. He flies back through the air --

ANGLE ON "COCKPIT"

-- and lands jarringly in what appears to be a small cockpit simulator of some sort. It's got hardly any instruments, just a few dials and a pull-handle marked "FIRE."

Indy tries to sit up, but Yuri shoves him back in, pinning him. Indy's got no leverage. Yuri wraps his hands around Indy's throat, choking him. Through clenched teeth:

YURI

Sorry about your truck.

WHAM! Yuri punctuates his line with a pile-driver punch down into Indy's face. In return:

INDY

Sorry about your plutonium.

WHAM! Indy punctuates that with a pile-driver punch up into Yuri's face. Suddenly, the other Russians arrive, two of them pinning Indy in the "cockpit" by the shoulders. Yuri rises.

YURI

The plutonium is fine. Fireproof casing. We got what we came for.

(off Indy's look)

All you did was inconvenience me.

INDY  
(bitterly)  
What are pals for?

RUSSIAN  
(Russian, subtitled)  
We kill him now?

YURI  
(Russian, subtitled)  
Not just yet.

Yuri pulls a slender wooden case from his inner pocket, opens it. The interior is felt-lined. He pulls out a HUGE HYPODERMIC NEEDLE filled with clear fluid. Indy's eyes go wide.

Yuri uncaps the hypo and taps it to clear the bubbles. He bends down, preparing to jam the hypo into Indy's neck.

Indy glances at the pull-handle marked "FIRE." With a "what have I got to lose" look on his face, he decide to see what happens when he pulls it. He reaches over, yanks it --

-- and is stunned as the rear end of the "cockpit" ignites with a BLAST OF FLAME and an enormous ROAR! The Russians jerk back in shock. Yuri has a startled beat of realization, jumps on Indy -- and they're both instantly whisked from sight --

WIDER ANGLE

-- as the "cockpit" turns out to be a ROCKET SLED hurtling along a set of rails. Indy and Yuri hang on for dear life as the sled goes screaming down its track --

EXT. HANGAR - NIGHT

-- and EXPLODES through a set of wooden doors into the night. Once clear, an even bigger BOOSTER OF FLAME kicks in, hurtling them ever faster. Up ahead, a section of the outer gate open automatically, heralded by spinning lights. They zip through --

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

-- and go blazing down the rails across the desert.

ON THE ROCKET SLED

Both men are screaming and holding on. The sled goes faster and faster still, everything vibrating like crazy.

Yuri tries to pull Indy out of the seat, but Indy lands a solid punch to the Russian's nose that flips him over the back of the sled.

Yuri's now hanging on by his fingertips, his body horizontal in the slipstream above the ROARING ROCKET FLAME. The contrail is enormous, over thirty feet long.

Indy manages to twist around in the seat, getting properly positioned. Fighting the G-forces every inch of the way, he grabs the safety harness and raises it up to his chest, trying to get it buckled. He almost gets it, but:

With a mighty effort, Yuri thrusts his arm forward and loops it around Indy's neck. Now Indy's being choked again, not to mention being pulled inexorably out of his seat. The Russian's howling in his ear, both their faces getting plastered back by sheer G-force.

Indy sees the hypo on the floor near his foot. He reaches for it with straining fingers, manages to grab it.

In danger of being yanked out the sled, Indy ships the hypo up and stabs it repeatedly over his shoulder at Yuri. Yuri keeps avoiding it, whipping his head from side to side. He gets Indy's wrist in an iron grip, turning the hypo back on Indy now, straining to jam it into his neck.

Indy throws several quick punches over his shoulder with his free hand, popping Yuri in the nose. Yuri's grip on Indy wrenches loose. The hypo falls back into the cockpit as the Russian drops back, again hanging by his fingertips.

Indy forces himself back down into his seat. He tries again to buckle his safety harness, his hands fighting to overcome the G-forces. He almost gets it, but:

Suddenly, the sled's booster shuts down. Indy is hurled forward as the gees reverse, banging his head off the control panel and cracking a glass dial. Yuri goes sailing over Indy's head, thrown clear and vanishing from view. The sled comes to a stop, shutting down to complete silence.

Groaning, Indy sits clutches his bleeding head, trying not to pass out. It's an effort of will, but he stays conscious. And just when he looks up --

-- WHAM! Yuri sucker-punches him, knocking him out as we

FADE TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Indy's slumped unconscious in the sled, blood trickling down his face. A HAND reaches into frame, rolls up his sleeve, and jabs him with the HYPODERMIC. Indy starts coming to. More hands reach in and grab him, hauling him out of the sled.

The Russians sit him on the ground. Yuri crouches before him. Indy rubs his arm, realizing they injected him.

INDY

What was in the hypo?

YURI

Something to make you cooperate.  
You have to tell me, Indy. Who else  
knows about this? Is my mission at  
risk? Is a trap being set?

INDY

Go piss up a rope.

YURI

(checks his watch)  
The drug requires a few more  
seconds...  
(sighs)  
I regret this has come between us,  
my friend.

INDY

There's an old American saying.  
With friends like you...

YURI

...who needs enemies. Yes, I have  
heard it. Sadly true in our case,  
as it turns out.

Indy swoons as the drug kicks in. He almost nods out. The men  
around him prop him up. Yuri slaps him to keep him conscious,  
grabs him by the jaw and looks him in the eye.

YURI

Who else knows? Or was this just  
you being stupid and meddling in  
things you shouldn't?

INDY

...nobody knows...just me...

Yuri nods. He knows Indy's telling the truth. Softly:

YURI

You should have stuck to digging up  
pottery, priyateli. Any last words?

INDY

I love America.

Indy passes out and falls back with a THUMP. Yuri looks to  
his men.

YURI

(in Russian, subtitled)  
Take him with the other one.

WIPE TO:

EXT. DESERT - MORNING

A BLACK 1948 CADILLAC races across the desert flats.

TWO RUSSIANS are in the car, both wearing black trenchcoats and black hats. CAMERA DRIFTS BACK, closing on the trunk...

IN THE TRUNK

...where we find Indy painfully coming to. He looks around and discovers he's lying next to dead professor Avery in his pale yellow plaid suit. Indy feels around in the dark, trying to find a way out of his predicament. He finds a shovel and raises it, mind racing for a plan...

IN THE CAR

Russian #1 studies a map in the passenger seat.

RUSSIAN #1

(in Russian, subtitled)

This is it. Right here.

THE CAR

stops in the middle of nowhere. The Russians get out, circle around to the trunk.

RUSSIAN #2

(in Russian, subtitled)

So we just leave them out here?

That doesn't make sense.

RUSSIAN #1

(in Russian, subtitled)

Orders are orders. Don't think,  
just do as we're told.

They open the trunk...and nothing. Just two inert bodies.

They reach over Professor Avery and grab Indy first, hauling him out by the arms and legs. They stagger about ten feet from the car and deposit him on the ground...

...while b.g., Professor Avery apparently comes to life and gets out of the trunk. It's Indy, wearing the pale yellow plaid suit and clutching the shovel.

The Russians sense movement behind them, but too late -- Indy WHACKS them both with the shovel, laying them out flat.

Indy looks desperately around, trying to get his bearings. He sees something, shields his eyes against the sun:

There's a town about half a mile away.

Indy jumps in the car, cranks the engine, and peels off toward the town. As the Cadillac dwindles:

The Russians painfully come to. They stagger to their feet and realize their car is leaving without them. It's already several hundred yards away. Russian #2 pulls a burp gun from under his trenchcoat and OPENS FIRE...

#### TRACKING WITH THE CADILLAC

...and the back of the car is TORN UP BY BULLETS. Indy ducks as the rear window blows out and the dashboard gets chewed up. Worst yet, the tires blow out.

The car slewed to a smoking stop, steam billowing from the radiator. Indy jumps out. He's halfway to the town.

He starts running the rest of the way. Far behind him, the Russians are two black specks pursuing him.

#### EXT. TOWN - DAY

A prim, neat little town of white picket fences. Indy comes running up a street and pauses. There's nobody in sight.

INDY  
HELLO? HELLO? HELP!

No answer. He glances back. The Russians are closing. Indy dashes off, losing himself between the houses --

#### NEW ANGLE

-- and he comes around into a backyard as the Russians appear on the street b.g., trying to see where he went.

The split up. Russian #1 comes this way with a pistol in his hand. Indy keeps going, right through somebody's laundry line --

#### VARIOUS ANGLES

-- and manages to keep one step ahead of his pursuers, dodging them by inches. He gets to a back door, dashes inside --

#### INT. HOUSE - DAY

-- and finds himself in a kitchen, where he presses up against a HEAVY-DUTY REFRIGERATOR. Russian #1 drifts past the window outside as Indy holds his breath. The Russian moves off.

Indy crosses to the archway leading to the dining room.

INDY  
Hello? Anybody?

No answer. But he's hearing FAINT MUSIC. Somebody's in the house. It draws him into:

## A HALLWAY

Indy moves up the hallway as the music grows louder: it's a bouncy tune from "The Howdy Doody Show."

## LIVING ROOM

Indy peeks in. A FAMILY is seated with their backs to us watching "Howdy Doody" on a black & white TV set -- MOM, DAD, and TWO KIDS. Indy enters in a breathless rush:

INDY

Look, I'm sorry, but it's an emergency. There are Russian spies outside, in your town right now, and they're both armed, and...

Nobody's moved. Their attention is riveted to the screen.

INDY

Hey! What's wrong with you people?

He steps forward and grabs Dad's shoulder --

## NEW ANGLE

-- only to realize Mom and Dad aren't "people" -- they're mannequins. Indy looks to the kids. They're fake too. Blank, lifeless faces stare at the TV screen where:

BUFFALO BOB

Why, Howdy, haven't you guessed yet? It's an imaginary place!

HOWDY DOODY

Oh, boy! Let's have some fun!

PUSH IN FOR A TIGHT SWEaty CLOSEUP on Indy. Stunned. Trying to process what's happening. Suddenly.

AN AIR RAID SIREN STARTS WAILING. Indy gazes up, listening.

INDY

Oh, that can't be good...

He runs from the room --

## EXT. HOUSE - DAY

-- and onto the front lawn. A MANNEQUIN MAILMAN is frozen at the mailbox, delivering mail. Across the street, a MANNEQUIN PEDESTRIAN is frozen in mid-stride, walking a FAKE DOG on a leash. Up the street, a GROUP OF MANNEQUIN KIDS are frozen on their bicycles while a MANNEQUIN DRIVER waves cheerily at them from behind the wheel of his motionless BUICK. On a porch, a MANNEQUIN MOM serves cookies to her MANNEQUIN FAMILY.

The SIREN IS WAILING EERILY, rising and falling. The Russians appear, running into the street to listen, faces pale, their mission to kill Indy momentarily forgotten.

Indy walks into the street shielding his eyes against the sun, scanning the rooftops. CAMERA COMES AROUND, revealing:

There, over the rooftops a few hundred yards out of town, stands a metal-frame TOWER festooned with sirens and loudspeakers...not to mention a Fat Man-style NUCLEAR BOMB lying in its cradle on the tower platform. Suddenly, a MALE VOICE COMES OVER THE LOUDSPEAKERS, booming and echoing across miles of desert:

VOICE (O.S.)  
All personnel take final positions.  
Countdown to detonation is commencing  
at t-minus two minutes and counting...

Indy and the Russians trade a profound look of "holy shit."

VOICE (O.S.)  
T-minus, one minute fifty five seconds  
and counting...

Indy turns and runs out of town. The Russians take off after him, hauling ass for all they're worth to catch up.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

TRACKING SHOT brings Indy away from town across the flats, running as fast as he can, the Russians not far behind.

INDY  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
You idiots shot the car!

RUSSIAN #2  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Shut up and run!

VOICE (O.S.)  
T-minus one minute twenty seconds  
and counting...

INDY

suddenly stops, panting hard, knowing this is pointless. CAMERA PUSHES IN as he thinks fast, making a desperate decision. The Russians run past him, hollering for him to keep going.

Instead, Indy turns back. The Russians are stunned, glancing back over their shoulders as they keep running.

VOICE (O.S.)  
T-minus one minute ten seconds and  
counting...

## TRACKING WITH INDY

running back to town, pushing himself beyond his limits as:

VOICE (O.S.)  
T-minus fifty five seconds and  
counting...

## EXT. TOWN - DAY

Indy comes running up Main Street, near collapse. He pauses to catch his breath, pressing on as:

VOICE (O.S.)  
T-minus twenty five seconds and  
counting...

## INT. HOUSE - DAY

Indy bursts in, racing through the rooms and up the hallway, dogged by the cheery "Howdy Doody" THEME MUSIC (sung to the happy tune of "Ta-ra-ra Boom-Der-e"):

SINGING VOICES (O.S.)  
"It's Howdy Doody time, it's Howdy  
Doody time, it's Howdy Doody time..."

VOICE (O.S.)  
T-minus fifteen seconds and  
counting...

Indy cuts around the corner into:

## THE KITCHEN

He throws open the fridge. It's full of shelving and groceries. He frantically yanks the stuff out, shelves and all as:

VOICE (O.S.)  
T-minus five seconds and  
counting...

Indy jumps in the fridge, slams the door...

VOICE (O.S.)  
T-minus zero.

...and THE SCREEN GOES WHITE.

IN THE INCREDIBLE GLARE, SLO-MO AND OVEREXPOSED, WE SEE:

Mannequins flying apart in the nuclear blast-furnace like leaves in a gale, bodies igniting like match-heads at flashpoint, kids getting swept off their bikes, mailman and pedestrian going airborne and turning to cinders, mom and her cookies sailing away on a wind of white fire, the Buick and its waving driver tumbling down the street like a flaming toy as walls collapse and roofs fly away...

EXT. DESERT - DAY

... and the AWESOME GLARE SUBSIDES just enough to see:

The Russians running. A BLASTWAVE OF HEAT AND DEBRIS comes rocketing across the flats, turning sand to glass. And in the instant before the blastwave consumes them, the last thing the Russians see is:

A refrigerator zipping past right between them, riding the blastwave.

Both Russians are instantly vaporized. The blastwave reaches us and we become engulfed/blinded by dust...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

...and the dust billows away to reveal a scorched, half-melted refrigerator lying in a pile of debris.

We hear THUMPING from within. The latch gives and the door swings up with a heave. Indy emerges, unsteady on his feet...

INT. FORWARD OBSERVATION BUNKER - DAY

...while a SOLDIER scans the blast zone with binoculars.

SOLDIER

Sir! There's something moving!

A GENERAL raises his own binoculars, focuses in. Softly:

GENERAL

Oh my God.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Indy staggers toward us, gazing up with horror and awe. CAMERA COMES AROUND to reveal:

Indiana Jones and the MUSHROOM CLOUD. The cloud roils higher, ever higher, dominating the sky like the Hand of God itself. Indy stands frozen, transfixed by the sight...

...until the SOUND OF ENGINES makes him turn. MILITARY VEHICLES are converging, SOLDIERS jumping out and leveling weapons. Indy raises his hands in surrender as we

CUT TO:

INT. DECONTAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Indy's in a decontamination shower, naked, holding onto an overhead bar while MEN IN RADIATION SUITS scrub him raw.

ANGLE SHIFTS to reveal CIA AGENT #1 in a shadowy room, watching through a two-way mirror. CIA AGENT #2 appears at his side.

CIA AGENT #2

Who is he?

CIA AGENT #1

The luckiest man alive. That refrigerator he hid in was an old Westinghouse model. Lined with lead.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Indy, exhausted, sits pinned in the glare of a low overhead light in a dark, dark room. A reel-to-reel TAPE RECORDER spins slowly on a round table before him. He's surrounded by SEVEN SHADY MEN in suits and ties, their faces unseen throughout:

INDY

I've told you everything.

MAN #1

You've told us nothing. Nothing that makes sense.

MAN #2

You expect us to believe you unknowingly harbored a Russian spy? That you had no part in this?

INDY

I tried to stop them.

MAN #2

Right. By giving them your truck

INDY

Yuri's broke down that morning. They said it would take three days to get the part in. So he borrowed mine.

MAN #1

And that's when you supposedly tried to stop them.

INDY

Hell, yes, I tried to stop them! Just ask the scientist -- that little weasel, Quimby. Has he talked?

MAN #3

He's in custody. And willing to name you as a conspirator.

INDY

What, in return for leniency? He's lying. Trying to save his own skin.

MAN #4

Unlike you. You're just a patriotic American. A guy who believes the United States should maintain her nuclear superiority at all costs.

(sees Indy hesitate)  
Correct me if I'm wrong.

INDY

I'm not sure I'd tie my patriotism to a belief in nuclear weapons.

MAN #5

So you feel the Soviets should dominate in that area.

INDY

I didn't say that...

MAN #5

What are you saying?

Indy hesitates again, knowing he might be screwed here.

INDY

I'm saying...well, I'm not sure anybody should have the A-bomb. I think we lack the wisdom for that kind of power.

MAN #6

America lacks the wisdom? Did I hear that right?

MAN #7

A strong defensive posture is the policy of the United States government -- your government, Doctor Jones. You'd prefer to see us fall victim to our enemies?

INDY

Am I being charged with something? Aside from surviving a nuclear blast? If so, I'd like to invite my lawyer to the philosophical debate.

MAN #3

Charged? No. Not yet. But I wouldn't go making plans to leave the country any time soon, if I were you.

## INDY

Look, just call Dean Stalling at my university! Or Senator Tashlin! Or Congressman Freleng, he's known me since I was a kid, or...or, hell, there are people in your own organization you can ask! They knew me back in the OSS days during the war! They'll vouch for me!

(leans forward, intense)

My reputation is beyond reproach, you understand what I'm saying? I have friends.

Pause. Man #1, his face still unseen, approaches the table and crushes out a cigarette in an ashtray. Indy blinks up, trying to see the man's face, but all he gets is a voice:

## MAN #1

I think you'll find, Doctor Jones, that you're wrong about that.

CUT TO:

## EXT. MARSHALL UNIVERSITY - MORNING

The trees blaze with color. Arriving students and teachers cross the campus grounds.

Indy arrives in an open-top BMW 328 roadster -- definitely a bachelor's car, and an eclectic one at that. He gets out, grabs his briefcase, and heads for the main building...

...as a BLACK DODGE eases into frame with an FBI AGENT named MCKIMSON at the wheel. He's watching Indy's every move.

Indy glances back, glowering, fully aware that he's being tailed. He proceeds into the building as McKimson pulls out a little black notebook and makes a careful notation:

"7:44 a.m. -- Subject arrives M.U."

## INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Indy leans over DEAN CARL STALLING'S desk:

## INDY

What do you mean I'm taking a leave of absence? Semester's just starting...

## STALLING

Now don't get upset...

## INDY

You think this is upset? This isn't even close to upset! I'm only at mildly annoyed and warming up!

STALLING  
Indiana, please! Sit down and listen!

Indy takes a deep breath. With an effort of will, he sits down and presents an air of calm:

INDY  
I'm listening.

STALLING  
Are you aware federal agents showed up here yesterday and ransacked your office for all your files?

INDY  
(stunned)  
You didn't stop them? You're dean of this school, they had no right --

STALLING  
They had every right! These weren't vandals, these were grown men with federal warrants!  
(beat)  
Don't you understand what's going on here? Hasn't it sunk in yet?

He slides a NEWSPAPER across to Indy. The front page shows a PHOTO OF INDY under a headline: "Local Professor Suspected of Treason...IS HE RED?" Indy absorbs this, rocked to his heels.

STALLING  
The government is building a case against you. And they won't stop until they have one.

INDY  
So I'm fired? Is that it?

STALLING  
It's a leave of absence. Until this thing blows over.

INDY  
I've taught here twenty seven years, Carl. I have tenure.

STALLING  
It's not my decision. It comes from the Board of Regents. They feel this university cannot be embroiled in this kind of scandal.

(softly)  
I'm sorry. My hands are tied.

CUT TO:

## INT. INDY'S CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER - MORNING

STUDENTS have arrived and are just settling in. The NEW TEACHER is chalking his name on the blackboard:

TEACHER

My name...is Mr. Sullivan...

Suddenly, Indy appears at the doorway. The room goes quiet.

He enters slowly. Goes to the desk. All eyes on him.

He opens his briefcase on the desk. Starts quietly gathering his personal items and placing them inside. The silence thick.

He glances up and sees the faces of his students. Their expressions are anguished. Indy clears his throat.

INDY

Mr. Sullivan will be filling in for me while I'm gone. I am certain he is an excellent teacher, and I expect you'll treat him with the same respect you've always treated me.

(beat)

My not being here does not excuse your efforts as regards your studies. In plain English, no slacking off in my absence. I can promise you a typically unforgiving mid-term. Mr. Sullivan will see to it.

He places a final item in his briefcase, latches it. He looks up and realizes that some of his students have tears on their faces. Indy is deeply moved, but keeps his voice steady:

INDY

It has been my privilege to be your teacher. Good luck.

He picks up his briefcase, tucks his potted plant under his arm, and heads for the door. He stops halfway...

TIGHT ON INDY

...and turns back, gazing up at his students.

INDY

If there's one thing my father taught me, it's self-reliance. That means thinking for yourself.

(beat)

never let them close your minds.  
Never be told what to think. God gave you brains for a reason.

CUT TO:

## EXT. CAMPUS MUSEUM - NIGHT

The museum fronts a park-like square under a sky full of stars. At first we think the area is deserted, but then we hear:

INDY (O.S.)  
(drunk, singing)  
"It happened in Monterey, a long  
time ago...I met her in  
Monterey, in old Mexicooo..."

Indy enters frame, holding a bottle of scotch.

INDY  
"...stars and steel guitars and  
luscious lips as red as wine...broke  
somebody's heart, and I'm afraaaid  
that it was miiine..."

He knocks back a swig. HEADLIGHTS suddenly creep into view b.g., stopping. It's that black Dodge again.

INDY  
Oh, for cryin' out loud. Let a guy  
get pie-eyed in peace, willya?

## IN THE DODGE

Agent McKimson is still keeping tabs on Indy. He kills the engine. Through the windshield, we see Indy step off the grass, crossing toward the museum.

Indy pauses halfway, lifts the neck of the bottle like a microphone, and bellows toward the car.

INDY  
"MY INDISCREET HEART...LOOONGS FOR  
THAT SWEETHEART...THAT I LEFT IN  
OLD MONTEREEEY..."

He staggers on, vanishing up the museum steps. Unflappable, McKimson pulls out his little notebook to make an entry.

## INT. MUSEUM ROTUNDA - NIGHT

Dark and moody, with just the night lights glowing. We find Indy moving along the displays, admiring them:

INDY  
I'm telling you, Marcus, they really  
nailed my hide to the wall this  
time. They took my job. Froze my  
bank accounts. And get this, they  
want to try me for treason. Can you  
beat that? Treason! Me!

Indy walks to the center of the rotunda. CAMERA BRINGS US into an OVER-THE-SHOULDER OF SOME UNSEEN PERSON.

INDY

Now I ask you, does that sound reasonable? I mean, really. Marcus, have you ever met a more red, white, black & blue guy than me?

He approaches the figure. As he steps close, CAMERA COMES AROUND to reveal a life-size BRONZE STATUE OF MARCUS BRODY occupying the center of the rotunda. It's a flawless likeness, capturing even the warmth of Marcus' cocked grin. Indy glances down at the plaque, which reads:

"MARCUS BRODY -- In Memorium -- 1882-1952"

INDY

(softly)

I sure do miss you, pal. I wish you were here right now.

Indy turns away, wiping the mist from his eyes as he regards the museum. He moves back to the display cases containing rare and beautiful objects, some of which we recognize -- in fact, there's the Cross of Coronado from "Last Crusade."

INDY

Look at this place. Look what we made of it, you and me. The effort that went into these exhibits...

(reminiscing from object to object)

...fractured leg...dislocated shoulder...minor concussion...

he stops at the next display, which contains a very familiar item -- the small gold Fertility Goddess from "Raiders." Lying in the display next to it is Indy's famous leather satchel.

INDY

I took some lumps getting this one back, huh? Half this stuff is ours, pal. We paid for 'em in faith, hard work, and broken bones. In fact...

A booze-fueled idea is forming. He tosses Brody a sly look.

INDY

...I'm taking 'em with me!

He tries the display case, but it's locked. He unhooks a brass stanchion from its velvet rope, picks it up, and rams it right through the glass with a godawful loud CRASH!

Indy looks to Brody's statue, puts a finger to his lips:

INDY

Sshhhh.

He grabs his satchel out first, slings it over his neck. Then he reaches in for the idol...and stops. He notices the Goddess is sitting on a pressure-sensitive pad -- cued by Indy's look, CAMERA follows the connected wires across and then up the inside wall of the cabinet. Indy glances up and sees:

An ALARM BELL mounted on the wall of the museum up near the ceiling. One of dozens. Indy thinks a moment, then:

A FEW QUICK CUTS

show Indy duplicating his attempt from the opening of "Raiders." He whips out his handkerchief, lays it flat on the floor. Dumps sand into it from a public ashtray. Ties the ends up to make a bag of sand, and then we're back to:

THE DISPLAY CASE

Indy pauses, judging the weight of the idol by eye. As we saw him do years ago, he dumps a little excess sand from the bag to get the weight just right...and does a smooth switch. For a moment, it looks like he made it! Indy smiles...

...and then ALL THE BELLS GO OFF. He looks up. Crap.

EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

McKimson jumps from his car, hearing the alarm.

INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

Indy stuff the idol into his satchel, starts grabbing other things out of the case. Suddenly, an ELDERLY BLACK MUSEUM GUARD named JACKSON comes racing around the corner, stunned:

JACKSON

Doctor Jones? What on earth to you think you're doing?

Indy's abashed, like a kid caught stealing:

INDY

I, uh, well, I was just...

JACKSON

You were just drunk as a monkey! I can smell you from here!

(wagging his finger)

Indiana Jones, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! What would your father say?

INDY

You're not gonna tell him, are you?

## JACKSON

Looky here. I'm going back down to the basement and finish my sandwich and coffee. If you're gone when I get back...and there ain't a damn thing missing...then I never saw you.

He turns and walks away, leaving a very embarrassed Indiana Jones. After a few moments, the ALARM TURNS OFF. Indy turns back toward the display case...

...and sees Agent McKimson standing outside the glass entry doors, watching. Indy gets pissed off all over again:

## INDY

YOU GONNA WRITE THAT IN YOUR LITTLE NOTEBOOK?

McKimson opens the door, steps inside.

## MCKIMSON

Professor. You're drunk.

## INDY

Yeah? Wanna make something of it?

## MCKIMSON

If it's any consolation, I don't like this any better than you do. Me, I think you're getting a raw deal, but that's just between us and off the record.

Indy backs down, disarmed by the man's unexpected sympathy.

## MCKIMSON

You're in no condition to drive.  
Can I offer you a ride home?

Indy thinks it over, this unexpected kindness making him feel ashamed of himself. He nods...

## INDY

Yeah. That'd be swell. Thanks.

...and CRACK! A small hole appears in the glass door behind Agent McKimson. He goes stiff, eyes wide with surprise. For a brief moment Indy has no idea what's happening...

...and then he gets the shock of his life as McKimson drops from frame, revealing:

The Thin Man outside the glass doors. We'd know this guy anywhere. We saw him at the plutonium exchange. Death in a bowler hat. Dressed all in black. Rat-thin face with a long scar bisecting a milky dead eye. He's got a SILENCED PISTOL smoking in his hand, an old-fashioned broom-handled Mauser.

The Thin Man FIRES again, putting another hole through the glass as Indy ducks and runs.

The thin Man runs at the doors FIRING, the glass granulating and collapsing to the floor from the door frame. He leaps in through the sudden "entrance," aiming after Indy.

He SHOOTS. The bullet PINGS off the Brody statue as Indy runs past it. The Thin Man takes off in pursuit.

INDY

races through the darkened museum, instantly sober from adrenaline and panic. SILENCED GUNSHOTS are whining past his head, punching holes through glass displays and obliterating precious artifacts. Indy cries out each time a museum piece EXPLODES near him, horrified to see them destroyed.

A BULLET ZINGS by him and shatters the leg of a table up ahead, upon which sits a priceless HAN DYNASTY VASE. The vase topples --

-- and Indy dives to the floor, sliding on his stomach with arms outstretched. The vase falls perfectly into his grasp as he skids to a stop. He sets the vase delicately on floor --

-- and a bullet WHIZZES past his ear and BLASTS the vase to smithereens. Shit! He lunges to his feet and keeps running.

THE THIN MAN

reloads his pistol on the run. Indy darts around a corner up ahead. The Thin Man follows and finds:

The back exit doors are chained. There's only one other door in sight. He jerks it open, darts through it gun-first...

INT. MUSEUM CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

...and glances up, hearing FOOTSTEPS ECHOING to silence above. The Thin Man takes the stairs three at a time...

INT. BELL ROOM/TOP OF TOWER - NIGHT

...and he edges into view from below. Shadows everywhere.

Large open archways face out on two sides to the night air. TWO HUGE GLASS CLOCK FACES occupy the other two walls, big gears and cogs turning slowly. Light filters through the milky glass, throwing shadows of Roman numerals and clock hands.

Eerie LIFE-SIZED BRONZE GODS AND GODDESSES are arrayed on a complex system of circular tracks -- Zeus, Apollo, Neptune, Mars, Aphrodite -- a dozen in all, poised to bang the bells with their implements. (Neptune has a trident, Thor has a hammer...)

The Thin Man glides like a shadow, straining for any sign of his quarry. He thinks he hears a rustle in the darkness.

He glances down to see the tips of Indy's shoes poking out from behind an upright beam. He edges closer as the clock gears turn, seconds away from midnight. Softly:

THIN MAN  
(softly)  
C'mon, pally. Let's not drag this out.

The Thin Man darts around the beam to shoot -- only Indy's not there. It's just his shoes.

The CLOCK STRIKES MIDNIGHT and the clockwork gods jerk and rumble to life. The Thin Man gasps and spins around, whipping his aim at the sudden movement.

The bronze figures are turning on their track and BANGING out the preamble melody on a series of bells, the room filling with sound and moving shadows...

...and we catch a glimpse of a "god" wiping through a spill of light as the figures come around -- it's Indy, arm cocked.

WHAM! Indy lands an awesome punch. The thin Man loses his gun and goes flying, skidding flat on his back...but springs forward straight up off his back and lands on his feet like a cat!

Indy grabs a mop handle, brandishing it. Not missing a beat, the Thin Man twirls around, snatches a passing sword from Mars, the God of War, and cleaves Indy's weapon at mid-point on the floor through. Indy's suddenly just holding a short stick.

The killer comes at Indy with a wicked flurry of sword moves. Indy barely avoids being gutted, ducking and dodging, stumbling onto the moving track and using the bronze figures for cover.

The fight becomes a deadly dance between Indy, the Thin Man, and the moving clockwork figures, both men ducking mechanical limbs and implements (or getting clobbered by them) as the battle moves down the automated track...

EXT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

...and out through a door, winding around the outside of the clock tower a hundred feet in the air. The thin Man gets Indy in a stranglehold, trying to force him over the side.

Grimacing, Indy manages to shove the Thin Man into the path of Thor's hammer as it swings. WHACK! The assassin gets smacked in the head as the mechanical track carries them back inside...

INT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

...and the men are hurled to the floor as the rig lurches to a stop. And now the truly deafening part begins -- the HUGE MAIN BELL STARTS TOLLING THE HOUR as:

The Thin Man sees his gun lying on the floor where he dropped it earlier. He scrambles for it.

Indy knows he can never get there in time. Thinking fast, he yanks the Fertility Goddess from his satchel...

#### THE THIN MAN

snatches up the gun and spins around to shoot...but the Fertility goddess whizzes through the air like a fastball and nails him right between the eyes. THUNK! The impact sends him flying back, CRASHING through:

#### THE HUGE CLOCK FACE

It disintegrates spectacularly as the Thin Man explodes through it, plummeting in a rain of glass --

#### EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

-- and he lands heavily on the roof below. The roof is peaked and clay-tiled, steep angles descending on either side. The killer loses his gun -- the Mauser pistol goes sliding/clattering down the steep roof tiles, vanishing from sight.

The Thin Man pushes to his feet, balancing on the peak...as Indy drops onto the roof behind him. The killer whips around, but Indy nails him with a mighty punch that bloodies his nose.

Thin Man snarls and lands a karate kick to Indy's stomach that doubles him over. Indy backpedals, almost losing his balance as his enemy presses the attack with a series of scary martial arts moves -- the guy's a friggin' karate expert! To make things worse, it's all happening with both men trying like crazy to keep their balance on the peak of the roof!

Indy gets driven to his knees. The killer lunges -- but Indy grabs the guy and rolls back, using the momentum to vault the Thin Man over his head. The killer flips through the air, slams hard onto the sloping tile, and starts to slide down...

...but he grabs Indy's satchel strap and pulls him over too.

The two men go sliding down the roof like an out-of-control ride down a water slide, the Thin Man dragging Indy, Indy following head-first on his stomach, going airborne as they hit a gable and sail over it like skiers hitting a ramp, slamming back down, and suddenly there's the thin Man's gun lying on the tiles, and he grabs it as they sail past, and, holy crap, here comes the edge of the roof...

#### EDGE OF THE ROOF

...and the thin Man sails off into space -- but Indy jams to an abrupt stop at the roof's edge holding on to the killer.

The Thin Man finds himself penduluming over a horrible drop to the pavement far below, Indy clutching him by one hand. The killer aims his gun up at Indy. A look passes between them.

INDY

Shooting me right now would be a  
really bad idea.

The Thin Man hates to admit it, but Indy's right. He drops the Mauser to free up his hand, then reaches up and grabs hold of Indy's wrist, trying to hold on. He's slipping.

INDY

Why are you trying to kill me?

THIN MAN

You're a loose end. People I work  
for don't like loose ends.

(slips a bit more)

My hands are sweaty. Grab my sleeve.

Indy shifts his grip to the man's coat sleeve, grabbing it with both hands. The killer's fingers are clawing at the edge of the roof tile, trying to get a grip.

THIN MAN

C'mon, pally. Pull me up.

INDY

Give me a reason.

Suddenly -- rrrrriiiippp. The Thin Man glances to the side. The seam of his coat is giving way at the shoulder. Slowly.

THIN MAN

Pull me up, I tell ya! I'll spill  
everything! I'll rat out the  
Russkies! I'll clear ya, I swear I  
will! Just pull me up! For the love'a  
Mike, pull me up!

Indy's trying, straining with all his might. He's pulling the Thin Man slowly, but surely, higher and higher...

The killer's face rises up into view. He's got his hand on the tiles now, desperately getting some traction, moments away from defeating gravity and being pulled to safety...

...and his coat sleeve tears off. There's a horrible look of realization in his eyes, a gasp of startled terror, as he falls back and vanishes from view...

THE THIN MAN

free-falls away from camera, screaming, arms and legs windmilling, clay tiles plummeting in his wake...

## ON THE ROOF

...and Indy hears a DISTANT THUMP. He crawls to the edge and peers over, an empty coat sleeve flapping in his hand...

TIME CUT:

## EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

Indy steps up to the thin Man's body. He goes to his knees, searching the man's pockets. All he finds is a tiny key, the kind that goes to a public locker. The locker number is stamped on the bottom, along with the words: "Grand Central."

WIPE TO:

## INT. INDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

An old battered suitcase hits the bed. It's covered with countless stickers from exotic locales -- Cairo, Sumatra, Tibet, Lisbon, Prague, Pismo Beach...

The latches are thrown and the lid swung up. Inside, sprinkled with mothballs, are a familiar LEATHER JACKET, crumpled FEDORA, BULLWHIP, and GUN. The leather satchel is tossed in, joining its companions. ANGLE UP to Indy, his expression intense.

He spins to his dresser and yanks the drawers completely out, dumping their contents into the suitcase. Suddenly:

The lights come on. Indy turns, sees his father in the doorway. Henry, Sr., is in his robe, blinking sleepily.

HENRY

What time is it?

INDY

Late. Go back to bed.

Indy keeps tossing stuff into his suitcase like a madman. His father moves into the room, eyeing him.

HENRY

Fine. Run away.

INDY

Dad, don't start...

HENRY

Run away like you've always run away. That's what you're good at, isn't it? Lord knows you've had plenty of practice...

INDY

Dad, not now!

HENRY

...and you've been drinking! Look at you, you're a mess! Small wonder no self-respecting woman will have anything to do with you...

INDY

...look, save the grandchildren speech, okay, 'cause I'm really pressed for time...

HENRY

Indiana, stop!

(advances, furious)

These charges of treason outrage me to the marrow of my bones! They're a disgrace to everything we hold dear! You must stay and fight, son! You mustn't run away!

INDY

No? Watch me.

Beat. Henry stuns Indy with a hard slap.

HENRY

It appears there's a reason you're named after the dog.

Indy raises his hand to his face, tears stinging his eyes.

INDY

A man tried to kill me tonight. An assassin sent by the Russians.

HENRY

Dear God...well, we must alert the authorities! You need protection! This surely proves your innocence!

INDY

He killed an FBI agent! The one tailing me! They're gonna think I did it! You know where that puts me? The electric chair!

Suddenly, FLASHING RED LIGHTS play across the curtains. We hear TIRES SCREECH to a stop, car doors SLAM, police radios SQUAWK. Events are spiraling out of control fast.

Henry's torn, lost, reeling with guilt for the slap. He throws his arms around Indy in a desperate, fatherly embrace.

HENRY

Junior. Forgive me...

Indy melts in his father's arms for a moment...

HENRY

...but I can't let you run. I won't.  
You'll only prove them right.

...then he recoils, angrily pulling free and shoving his father off his feet into a chair. He grabs his suitcase off the bed.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

There's POUNDING at the front door, COP SHADOWS on the pebbled glass. Indy bursts from the bedroom, chased a moment later by his father. They lock eyes for a moment.

-- then cut in two different directions: Henry going for the front door, Indy coming toward us with his suitcase.

HENRY

Coming...coming...hold on...

Indy turns the corner and pauses TIGHT TO CAMERA, listening. Henry opens the door into a GLARE OF FLASHLIGHTS b.g.

HENRY

What's the meaning of this? Do you  
know what time it is?

COP

Sir, we're looking for your son...

HENRY

He hasn't been here all night. Why,  
what's happened...

Indy sighs with relief, darts from frame...

EXT. INDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

...and crouches in the bushes as COPS WITH FLASHLIGHTS run by. More FLASHING RED LIGHTS are arriving, sweeping the neighborhood. Indy makes a break, vaults the back fence, and runs off into the night as we

WIPE TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN - AERIAL ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

The gleaming spires of both the Chrysler and Empire State Buildings catch the morning sun. A FORD TRI-MOTOR PASSENGER PLANE thunders into frame, heading for the skyline...

WIPE TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY

Indy makes his way among throngs of COMMUTERS, suitcase in hand. He comes to the public lockers, checking the key against

the locker numbers. He finds the one he's looking for, makes damn sure he isn't being watched, inserts the key...

ANGLE FROM INSIDE THE LOCKER

...and swings the door open. Indy's sunned at what he finds inside. It's a BOWLING BALL BAG with tartan sides. The same one Yuri handed off to the Thin man at the military base. Lying next to it is a HOTEL ROOM KEY with a plastic tag. Indy reaches in, grabs them...

EXT. BUSY MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

...and his hand comes up into frame with the hotel key. The tag reads: "Hotel Excelsior." TILT UP to the Hotel Excelsior across the street. Indy steps off the curb, dodging traffic...

ANGLE FROM INSIDE PARKED CAR

...and as Indy reaches the other side, ANGLE SHIFTS f.g. to a gangster named REGGIE NALDER slouched behind the wheel of his car with a racing form in his hand, chewing on a toothpick. He watches with keen interest as Indy enters the hotel.

INT. HOTEL EXCELSIOR - DAY

Indy comes up the hallway, finds the room number. He sets his suitcase and the blowing ball bag down, pulls his trusty old scuffed revolver from under his coat, inserts the key...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

...and bursts in, ready for anything. The place is a flea pit. And it's empty. He does a quick search just to make sure, grabs the bags in from the hallway, slams the door. He slots the security chain for good measure.

He brings the blowing ball bag to a table, regards it with deep wonder and suspicion. What the hell could be inside? He pulls up a chair, gets himself ready for the big moment.

He grabs a paperclip, straightens it, picks the lock. The bag is stuffed with crumpled newspaper. He reaches in, feeling around, growing more puzzled as his fingers find something he can't identify. He pulls it out, revealing:

A CRYSTAL SKULL

Perfectly formed, life-sized, smoother than glass, kicking light like a giant diamond orb. At first glance it would appear to be the world's most exotic art object.

INDY

recognizes it instantly for what it is, a thrill going through him. From his expression, it's a rare object indeed. Softly:

INDY

Skull of Destiny. My God.  
 (raises it reluctantly)  
 What on earth do the Russians want  
 with you?

He gazes into its eyes in wonder, deeply drawn by it, getting lost in its depths. Reflected light is kicking into his eyes, the effect proving hypnotic, and suddenly the daylight in the room seems to grow dimmer as the traffic noise FADES AWAY, and now the skull seems to be glowing from within, getting brighter as all sound vanishes except for an EERIE HARMONIC HUM building from the netherworld, pulling Indy into an ever greater trance, ensnaring him in the skull's seductive curves and facets, and the room is gone now except for Indy and the skull blazing like a beacon in his hands, and what before was merely reflected light from the skull's surface now resolves into purposeful twin beams emanating from the skull's empty eye sockets into Indy's eyes, his gaze helplessly locked now with the skull's, and we begin to hear TERRIFYING WHISPERS, GUTTURAL INHUMAN VOICES speaking in strange tongues, and --

-- BAM! BAM! BAM! Somebody's POUNDING at the door. Indy snaps out of it, everything back to normal: the daylight, the CARS HONKING outside, the shabby room.

He recoils from the skull, reeling from the experience, his face drenched with sweat. What the hell just happened? He sets it on the table, grabs his revolver, goes to the door.

INDY

Who is it?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Mother Macree! Open up!

Indy cracks the door open with the chain still on. Reggie Nalder, the gangster from the car, peers in at him.

REGGIE

You gonna let me in, or do I stand here drawing a crowd?

Indy, nonplussed, unchains the door. Reggie saunters in, sees the gun.

REGGIE

Nix, buddy, nix. I'm the guy you want.

(Indy lowers the gun)  
 You're three days overdue! That's a long time I gotta cool my heels!  
 Where the hell you been?

Indy realizes this guy has assumed he's somebody else.

INDY

I had an errand. What's it to you?

REGGIE

Nothin', now that you mention it.  
The less I know the better.

(sees the skull)  
Nice paperweight.

(pulls an envelope)  
I'm supposed to tell you to go to  
the Hotel El Presidente and wait  
for your contact. Pleasure doin'  
business...

Reggie walks out. Indy is left holding the envelope. He opens the flap, pulls out a passport, traveling money, and plane tickets. He looks closer and sees...

CLOSEUP ON TICKET

...that his destination is Peru.

DISSOLVE TO:

TRAVEL MONTAGE

A McDONALD-DOUGLAS CONSTELLATION (the most modern propeller-driven airliner of its day, with a unique triple-rudder tail) THUNDERS away from Manhattan...

...as Indy is served a drink by a PRETTY STEWARDESS, the bowling ball bag sitting between his feet as carry-on...

...and a SERIES OF DISSOLVES takes place against a MOVING MAP with an ANIMATED RED LINE taking us farther and farther south, across the Gulf and down the Yucatan to South America...

...while Indy travels on a series of planes, each one less modern than the last, each stewardess less attractive than the one before, until he's riding in a scary old DC-3 with rags stuffed in the windows and now stewardess at all -- the aisle is packed with crates of live GOATS instead...

... and the RED LINE reaches Lima, where it branches off into a smaller line heading up into the mountains...

...where we find Indy jostling around in the most godawful rickety BUS ever, winding up steep and treacherous mountain roads. MONTAGE ENDS/MAP VANISHES as we find ourselves in:

EXT. MADRE DE DIOS, PERU - DAY

It's a backwater, just large enough to be called a city. Its boulevard Grande, which lies before us, is unpaved and rutted with mud. Welcome to the ends of the Earth.

The bus pulls in. Indy gets off with the other passengers. The street is bustling with WORKERS from the fields hauling bundles of cane, wandering LIVESTOCK, KIDS running and yelling, stray dogs, burning trash. Across the street is:

The Hotel El President. A big, rundown, colonial mess. Indy crosses the street and enters as we

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Reggie Nalder, his nose bloodied, comes sailing into frame and slams up against the alley wall.

REGGIE

...it ain't my fault...I swear...

He cowers as a SHADOW falls over him. Hands reach in, grab him by the collar. CAMERA COMES AROUND TIGHT to reveal:

YURI

You gave away my tickets and passport! How is that not your fault?

REGGIE

Our mutual friend...the thin man with the scar and the dead eye...he tells me Hotel Excelsior! Wait for a guy with a plaid bowling ball bag to check in , give him the envelope! How'm I supposed to know it oughtta be you! I just do what I'm told!

YURI

(beat)

And what did this man look like?

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON INDY

as he steps into frame, checking himself in a mirror as he shrugs into the jacket of his tropical linen suit. EXOTIC LATIN JAZZ drifts in through the open balcony doors --

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PERU - NIGHT

-- as he grabs his revolver, jams it in the waistband of his trousers. The suit's seen better days, but it's not too bad. A little rumpled maybe. Most importantly for his purposes, his suit jacket hides the gun. He buttons the jacket...

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

...and descends the stairs to the front desk. The CONCIERGE has a pencil-thin moustache and patent-leather hair.

INDY

If somebody asks for me, I'll be in  
the bar.

The concierge nods. CAMERA FOLLOWS Indy into:

INT. HOTEL BAR/NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Food and drinks are being served. A LATIN JAZZ COMBO, fronted by a FEMALE VOCALIST, performs on a tiny stage (the source of the music we heard up in Indy's room).

Indy crosses the room toward the bar, checking out the occupants. They, in turn, check him out. Never have we seen a more nefarious bunch. It looks like we raided the supporting cast of a Michael Curtiz movie.

A FAT MAN wearing a fez and smoking a hookah nods to Indy as he goes by. An UNSHAVEN PERUVIAN with an eyepatch and a MACAW on his shoulder throws him a suspicious glance. Some EASTERN EUROPEANS playing cards give him a glowering once-over.

Any of these people could be Indy's contact. From appearances, they're all spies. Indy sits at the bar under a slow-turning ceiling fan, his back to the room. The BARTENDER appears.

INDY

Martini, por favor.

As the drink is made, Indy tosses a subtle glance or two, trying to guess which one of these rogues will approach him...

...while behind him, far b.g., a WOMAN enters the lobby. We're too far away to see her face, and in any event she's obscured by a stylish wide-brimmed hat that matches her white tailored skirt suit. Whoever she is, she's got a sensational figure. She steps to the front desk, speaking to the concierge --

FRONT DESK

-- and the concierge responds with a nod, pointing:

CONCIERGE

The gentleman you seek is at the  
bar.

She nods her thanks. CAMERA FOLLOWS her into the bar/nightclub and across the room. We still don't see her face, but she's certainly drawing her share of stares -- she's too classy for the joint, and gives off the air of a femme fatale. (The band should be playing something hot and smoky during this walk.)

She comes up behind Indy as the bartender sets down his martini. She makes her presence known by plucking an olive with a white-gloved hand and dropping it in Indy's drink.

Indy turns, looking up at her. A frozen beat. His expression going slack. For a moment his brain refuses to accept what he's seeing; it's literally the last person he ever expected:

REVERSE ANGLE:

reveals MARION RAVENWOOD. She looks fantastic, not to mention dumbstruck at the sight of Indy her smile fades...

...and she hauls off and punches him in the mouth. Indy flies off his stool and lands on his ass.

MARION

What the hell are you doing here?

INDY

What the hell you hitting me for?

MARION

I told you if I ever saw your face again I'd pop you one!

Indy grabs the tool, hauling himself off the floor.

INDY

That was twelve years ago. You got a long memory, lady.

MARION

Yeah, too long! I still remember you, don't I?

Indy rises to his feet, swaying a bit. She gets ready to punch him again, but he lifts his hand to ward her off.

INDY

You said you'd pop me one, not two.  
A lady always keeps a promise.

MARION

You didn't answer my question.

INDY

I'm meeting somebody. It could be dangerous. I'd love to stand here and reminisce, but you have to leave.

MARION

fine, just gimme my crystal skull.  
I'll wait outside.

INDY

You? I'm meeting you?

MARION

You're still not too bright, are you, Jones? Some things never change.

She grabs his martini off the bar, downs it in one gulp.

MARION

Of al the diggers in the world, they  
had to send you. Unbelievable.

She grabs the gin bottle off the bar and stalks out. Indy  
rubs his jaw, sees the bartender staring at him.

INDY

On my room.

EXT. HOTEL EL PRESIDENT - NIGHT

Marion exits, swigging back gin and scattering chickens. Indy  
runs out a moment later, dogging her up the street.

INDY

What are you mad at me for?

MARION

How much time you got?

INDY

Hey, you're the one who walked out  
on me, remember? That was your  
choice!

MARION

(whirls on him)

You left me no choice! You -- aw,  
forget it! Just gimme the skull!

INDY

Marion, listen. Do you even know  
what you've gotten into? Do you  
know the danger you're in?

MARION

Of course there's danger, don't  
patronize me. I've been on plenty  
of expeditions, I know the risks.

(off his confusion)

They did mention the expedition,  
right? You're supposed to be my  
foreman? Ring a bell?

INDY

Uh, well, sure, but...they never  
said where.

MARION

Never mind where. This ain't gonna  
work out, so consider yourself off  
the hook. Just give me what I came  
for and we'll call it a night for  
the rest of our lives.

Indy thinks about this, a hint of a smile forming. He grabs the bottle of gin from her hand...

INDY

Marion Ravenwood. I always knew someday you'd come walking back through my door. Only this time I got something you need.

...and saunters back to the hotel. Marion is left seething.

MARION

Damn you, Jones.

INT. INDY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

TWO GLASSES hit the table before us. A gin bottle descends, pouring. Marion enters b.g., tossing her hat on a chair.

MARION

No more games. Where is it?

INDY

Maybe here. Maybe not.

ANGLE WIDENS as we follow Marion around the room, checking the place. Closets, under the bed, linen cabinets. Indy raises the two drinks, waiting, watching her, enjoying her growing frustration. She finally gives up, crosses back to him...

...and he hands her the drink. They circle each other warily.

INDY

Expedition to where?

MARION

This is extortion.

INDY

Absolutely.

MARION

Cuidad de Los Dioses.

(off his look)

That's right. We're going after the Lost City of the Gods.

INDY

(laughs)

Los Dioses? That city's not lost, it never existed! It's a myth! A fable!

MARION

Oh, yeah? Where do you think the skull came from, smart guy?

Indy eyes her dubiously as she pours another drink.

INDY

Sounds like hooey to me.

MARION

It's not. There was a failed expedition about three year ago...

INDY

(taken aback)

The Oxley expedition?

MARION

That's the one. Figured you'd heard of it. Oxley was a friend of your father's, wasn't he?

INDY

Yeah. Guy was like an uncle to me. Broke my old man's heart when they disappeared without a trace.

MARION

Not entirely without a trace. A year after they vanished, a lone survivor staggered out of the jungle into some remote village. How he survived that long in the wold is anybody's guess, but I hear the poor guy's mind was gone. Word is he wound up in an insane asylum.

INDY

A survivor? You sure?

MARION

It wasn't Oxley, if that's what you're thinking. Just some bearer. Point is, he was carrying the skull when they found him. It's been changing hands ever since. Wasn't easy to track down. Or cheap. Cost us a small fortune.

INDY

Who's "us?" Who's involved in this cockeyed mess?

MARION

Baron Peter Belasko. The famous archeologist. I'm sure you've heard of him.

INDY

Belasko? The Hungarian? Yeah, I've heard of him. He's that dilettante who writes bestsellers. Let me tell

(MORE)

INDY (CONT'D)  
you something...for centuries,  
people have gone after Los Díoses  
and died trying. That's 'cause it  
ain't real. It's a fairytale. If  
this Belasko's going for it, he's a  
lunatic. He's dangerous. Do not  
trust him. In fact, stay as far  
away from him as possible.

MARION  
That'll be a little hard to do...

She raises her left hand, revealing her WEDDING RING.

MARION  
...since he's my husband.

This hits Indy hard. He turns away, shaking his head in wonder.

INDY  
I can't believe it. After all that  
talk about your father dragging you  
all over the world, after all that  
talk about me...  
(turns back)  
...after all that belly-aching, you  
went and married an archeologist?

MARION  
He's reliable. And he's got class.  
(off his look)  
I became an excellent judge of  
character, thanks to you.

INDY  
Yeah, and modest.

MARION  
You gonna give me the skull?

INDY  
Sure. As soon as we're under  
way...partner.

MARION  
(draws close)  
Partner, hell. I'm in charge of  
this expedition, Jones. That means  
you work for me. The sooner you get  
that through your thick head, the  
better off we are.

(heads for the door)  
Ten A.M. Be ready to leave. You and  
the skull.

She exits. Indy stands for a long moment with the drink in  
his hand...then looks up. On the ceiling above his head is:

## A LIGHT FIXTURE

A bright glowing frosted-glass blow with abstract etched designs. CAMERA RISES, closing in. Vaguely glimpsed through the frosted glass, hidden among the designs, the face of the Crystal Skull of Destiny peers down at us...

CUT TO:

## EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY

A big afternoon event is getting underway, with SCORES OF ARRIVING GUESTS in formal wear strolling up the pavilion toward the palace. A CAR enters frame...

## INT. CAR - DAY

...driven by RENALDO. Sitting in back are Indy and Marion. Indy's in his rumpled suit, balancing several books and a map on his knees. He looks up, sees all the tuxes and gowns.

INDY

Do we have to do this?

MARION

Only if we want our expedition papers signed.

RENALDO

President Escalante is very particular on this point, Señor. Anyone searching for antiquities in Peru must have his personal authorization.

(glances in rearview)

Believe me, you don not want to run afoul of El Presidente...or his army.

## INT. PALACE BALLROOM - DAY

Indy and Marion are led in by a PERSONAL SECRETARY. A LIVE ORCHESTRA is playing. HUNDREDS OF GUESTS are chatting, dancing, grazing opulent food. Indy and Marion are escorted to:

PRESIDENT ESCALANTE ("El Presidente"), a man in MILITARY UNIFORM with an ostentatious array of ribbons and medals on his chest. He's regaling some GUESTS when he spots Marion:

ESCALANTE

Señora Belasko! I am enchanted once again!

MARION

President Escalante...this is Indiana Jones, my expedition foreman.

ESCALANTE  
a rough and tumble caballero. With  
a name like a cowboy.

He gestures to an American he's been chatting with. OSGOOD TURNER looks every inch the career bureaucrat that he is.

ESCALANTE  
May I introduce your fellow American?  
He is here representing the interests  
of your government.

TURNER  
(shaking hands)  
Osgood Turner, section chief, State  
Department. Your name again?

INDY  
(wary, measured)  
Jones. Indiana Jones.

Turner keeps smiling, but we can see the name rings a bell.

TURNER  
Pleasure to meet you both.

ESCALANTE  
Come, you are my honored guests this  
day! WE must have pictures! Let us  
commemorate the occasion!

As they walk away, Indy throws an uncomfortable glance over his shoulder and sees Turner staring at him. Escalante leads them to a waiting PHOTOGRAPHER who has a BELLOWS CAMERA on a tripod, a lighting set-up, and a seamless backdrop.

INDY  
Please Mr. President, you first.

ESCALANTE  
Oh, no, these pictures are not of  
me, they're of you! For my wall!

He motions to countless FRAMED PHOTOS OF PEOPLE on the wall.

ESCALANTE  
All the people who've gone after  
the City of the Gods and never  
returned! For posterity!

MARION  
(forced smile)  
Lovely tradition. Lovely.

Indy and Marion are herded before the lens, looking stiff and uncomfortable together. Indy's distracted, scanning the photos on the wall.

MARION

What?

He spots a certain photo of a DISTINGUISHED OLDER MAN and directs her attention to it, muttering:

INDY

That one there. That's Professor Oxley.

ESCALANTE

In the unlikely event that you survive, you will of course receive copies. Eight by tens and wallet-sized. Big smile!

The photographer presses the shutter cable and:

FLASH! THE SCREEN WHITES OUT --

INT. BALLROOM - DAY (TIMECUT)

-- AND THE FLASH DIES AWAY as a CHORUS LINE OF FEMALE DANCERS come trooping out along a runway, launching into a Broadway-style tap routine as the audience APPLAUDS. ANGLE DRIFTS PAST THE ORCHESTRA to find Indy and Marion seated at a banquet table, Indy poring over his books and map:

INDY

Okay, I'm remembering this right. In the early 16th Century, a pair of Jesuits attached to Pizarro's expedition found what they claimed was Los Díoses -- the Lost City of the Gods, in the Valley of Dreams. They said it was a place where wishes became real. Of course they were insane by the time they stumbled out of the jungle. All they had to back up their story was the gold they were carrying...and a crystal skull. That skull's on private display in the Vatican museum.

MARION

There's more than one. Twelve that I know of...

INDY

...right, the Mitchell-Hedges skull, the one in the British Museum, some in private collections...

(looks to her)

...and now your skull. Lucky thirteen. How'd you get your hands on it?

Indy's tone is casual, but it's a weighted question -- he knows Russian spies are involved, but wants to see if Marion has any idea. She just shrugs:

MARION

We went through that antiquities broker in Marrakesh. Same guy who hired you.

OSGOOD TURNER

hovers in an alcove, speaking urgently on a PHONE:

TURNER

...yes, I'm looking at him right now! Notify Washington that Jones has surfaced in Peru!

RESUME INDY AND MARION

as the dancers finish their routine and troop off the runway to thunderous APPLAUSE. Escalante rises from his seat:

ESCALANTE

And now, my friends, the afternoon's main entertainment!

A FRESH LINE OF PEOPLE are trooped out, all men. They turn to face the audience like a row of beauty pageant contestants...

...as Marion reaches across Indy to his map of Peru. (Unnoticed by them, the line of men on stage are having nooses lowered around their necks as the orchestra plays jauntily on.)

MARION

Peter's got the team assembled and waiting for us...

(points on map)

...there. Soon as we get our papers signed, I've got a plane waiting.

INDY

A plane, good. Legend has it, the Jesuits found the Lost City by following the "lines in the earth" left by the gods as a map. Professor Oxley once told my father he thought the "lines in the earth" meant the Nazca Lines.

The orchestra tapers off as a DRUMROLL BEGINS. Indy points on the map, draws his finger along their proposed route:

INDY

That's along our route. I say we fly over them. If Oxley was right, they could point the way.

MARION

I thought you didn't believe in  
this lost city stuff.

INDY

I don't. That doesn't mean I'm  
always right.

They glance up just as the DRUMROLL ENDS and --

THUNK! The runway drops out from under the feet of the men as they are hung. APPLAUSE from the audience. Indy and Marion just sit there with their jaws open, aghast, as:

ESCALANTE

So much for our communist rebels,  
eh? Come, enjoy!

The orchestra strikes up again. Couples take to the dance floor. Escalante spots Marion, smiles and waves. He approaches their table pulling a pen from his pocket...

INDY

(mutters to Marion)  
Nice friends you've got.

NEW ANGLE

...and now we're watching from across the room as Escalante bends to sign Marion's papers. ANGLE SHIFTS to a FIGURE f.g., watching. He turns toward us -- his name is ANGEL, a Peruvian rebel dressed as a busboy. He exits frame as:

ESCALANTE

signs the document, folds it offers it Marion...but when she tries to take it, he doesn't immediately let go. First:

ESCALANTE

Remember, Señora. All antiquities found in Peru belong to me. You are well advised to keep that in mind.

There is a threat implicit in his smile. He releases his grip, letting her have the document as we

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

A hand reaches up, spins a wooden propeller. The ENGINE ROARS to life. The man turns, revealing:

Indiana Jones as we know and love him -- leather jacket, fedora, bullwhip. He circles the plane. It's a big ungainly BI-PLANE with two open cockpits, as graceful as a buffalo. Renaldo is in the forward cockpit, REVVING THE ENGINE.

Marion's in the rear cockpit. Indy clammers up, squeezes in behind her. The space accommodates two, but it's snug.

MARION  
Watch those mitts.

INDY  
Don't flatter yourself.

He signals Renaldo. The bi-plane bounces down the dirt runway, scattering sheep as it lurches into the air and we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AERIAL MONTAGE - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS takes us over the fabled Nazca Lines, the huge, mysterious geoglyphs carved into the earth of the desolate Nazca plains. Each pictograph is several kilometers long, and all are unique: the Killer Whale, the Baby Condor, the Hummingbird, the Astronaut, the God (humanoid in form), the Spider, the Star, the Lizard, and so on. Indy's leaning out with a small Leica, snapping pictures...

EXT. BI-PLANE - DAY

...and as they come toward camera, a PURSUING BI-PLANE descends into frame behind them. Indy is oblivious for a moment, focusing the Leica...then he glances back, seeing:

THE ENEMY PLANE

has dual cockpits. PUSH IN to reveal Yuri piloting it. Behind him in the rear cockpit is Angel, our Peruvian rebel "busboy," manning a swivel MACHINE GUN mounted between the cockpits.

INDY

is stunned and horrified to see Yuri on his tail.

INDY  
BEHIND US!

Renaldo glances back in panic as bullets SHRED the tail. He throws the stick hard left, banking away. Behind them:

Yuri's plane is smaller and more nimble -- hi zips and swerves, staying on our heroes' tail, MACHINE GUN BLAZING.

MARION  
Why are they shooting at us?

She pulls out her expedition papers and waves them wildly at the pursuing plane, elbowing Indy in the face.

MARION  
WE HAVE PERMISSION!

Indy grabs the top of Marion's head and shoves her down out of sight, trying to get her out of the line of fire. He pulls his revolver, turns and starts FIRING. The enemy plane swerves to avoid his shots.

MASSIVE GREEN MOUNTAINS loom in on either side as the terrain goes from desert to jungle. Renaldo veers out over an endless vista of rain forest, with the enemy plane hot on his heels.

Marion keeps trying to rise, but Indy keeps shoving her back down. He shakes the spent cartridges from his revolver, accidentally sending one down the back of her neck --

MARION

Ow, dammit, that's hot!

-- and he frantically re-loads, a painfully slow process of inserting each bullet individually. Marion watches with growing amazement and irritation.

MARION

I know what I'm buying you for

Christmas...

(off his look)

...A TOMMY GUN!

He slaps the cylinder shut and twists around trying to draw a bead on the pursuit plane...

...finally giving Marion a chance to pop back up. She's just in time to witness MACHINE GUN BULLETS chew holes up the length of the lower wing. Worse yet, the outermost WOODEN STRUTS connecting upper and lower wings get chopped in half, severing them. The upper wing is no longer anchored -- the outer half is flexing up, CREAKING, threatening to give way entirely.

MARION

Indy! The wing's gonna tear off!

INDY

Cover me! Keep those bastards off our tail!

Indy slaps the gun into Marion's hand along with extra bullets. He heaves himself from his seat, balancing crazily on the edge of the cockpit, leans forward, grips the upper wing...

...and swings himself onto the bottom wing, grabbing the upright struts to keep from being swept off. He looks back and sees the enemy plane moving in for the kill...

...but Marion levels the revolver over the back of the cockpit and lets 'em have it! BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

YURI'S PLANE

takes a few bullet hits. Yuri veers off.

MARION

lets out a laugh of triumph, cracks the cylinder and starts to reload as:

INDY

wing-walks between the struts, wind tearing at his clothes. He hears a horrible LOUD CRUNCH ahead. He looks up and sees:

The upper wing now buckling severely up, about to shear off.

Indy unspools his bullwhip and CRACKS it forward, twining the end of it around the fractured upper strut. He heaves down on the wing and steps close, desperately wrapping the upper and lower struts with the whip, threading them together.

MARION

finishes reloading as Yuri's plane reappears with Angel FIRING the machine gun. Marion ducks the gunfire, but drops the pistol. Luckily, it falls into the cockpit. Unluckily, the cockpit is really tight and she has to go down after it...

YURI'S PLANE

Angel's ammo runs dry. He hurries to reload, bringing up a new box and struggling to pop the lid while:

INDY

finishes his repair , turns back...and sees Marion gone. He looks in horror at the pursuit plane, totally exposed...

INSIDE FUSELAGE/MARION'S COCKPIT

...while Marion gropes for the revolver on the floor of the fuselage, grimacing and contorting around the control stick and rudder pedals (a duplicate of Renaldo's in the forward cockpit), her fingers straining for the gun...

YURI'S PLANE

YURI  
SHOOT HIM! WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT?

ANGEL  
I MUST RELOAD! THE AMMO BOX IS  
JAMMED!

Thinking fast, Yuri guns the throttle and surges forward. Indy sees him coming, helpless to do anything...

INDY  
MARION! GET UP HERE! NOW!

## INSIDE FUSELAGE/MARION'S COCKPIT

her fingers are moments away from snagging the gun...

MARION

There in a sec!

## THE PLANES

Yuri maneuvers in, using his propeller to buzzsaw the tail of our heroes' plane to tatters. Renaldo's reaction is to panic and throw the bi-plane into a steep dive. This has two results:

One: Indy loses his balance, falls flat on the wing, and slides clean off -- but manages to grab a vertical wing strut!

The gun slides away from Marion's fingers, skidding down the floor of the fuselage toward Renaldo's feet.

MARION

Damn it, Renaldo!

## RENALDO

glances back, hearing:

MARION (O.S.)

Pull up! YOU HEAR ME? PULL UP!

Renaldo jerks back the control stick as hard as he can --

## INSIDE FUSELAGE/MARION'S COCKPIT

-- and the duplicate stick jerks back as well, WHACKING Marion right between the eyes. It knocks her out cold.

## INDY

is hanging on the wing strut by his fingertips, his body trailing in the slipstream. He looks back as:

Yuri maneuvers in again, closer and closer, propeller cutting the air like the world's biggest meat slicer,. Indy gulps -- it is the world's biggest meat slicer, and he's the meat!

Renaldo starts zigging and zagging. Yuri zigs and zags along right behind them, sticking close, propeller whipping from side to side and missing Indy's legs by inches on every pass.

Indy's getting whipped around in the slipstream like a human rag, helpless. He can't hold on much longer -- besides the strut he's clutching ins starting to crack under his fingers.

He glances back at the enemy plane, getting an idea born of sheer desperation. He knows his timing must be perfect or

he'll die, and he waits for the right moment when Renaldo zigs and Yuri zags, and that's when Indy lets go --

YURI'S PLANE

-- and he sails past the propeller, slamming painfully into the wing struts of the enemy plane. He grabs on for dear life, letting his momentum and the rushing wind spin him around toward the pilot's cockpit --

-- where he lands an awesome PUNCH to Yuri's face. Yuri is knocked senseless for a moment, head snapping back as the plane starts to drift...

Indy looks to the astonished Angel, who's finally gotten the ammo box open and is just finishing reloading. Angel racks the feet bolt and swings the machine gun around to shoot...

...but Indy's already scrambling over Yuri to the rear cockpit. WHAM! Indy lands another solid PUNCH, this one rocking Angel's head around. The machine gun swings wildly and FIRES --

HERO PLANE

-- killing Renaldo as the bullets SHRED our hero plane. Renaldo slumps, head dropping down --

-- just as Marion's head pops up in the cockpit behind him. She's coming to, looking around. She glances over and sees Indy on the other plane, trading punches with Angel. She blinks in confusion -- how the hell did he get over there?

And then it dawns on her. She looks forward, heart in her throat. She's alone with a dead pilot. Can it get any worse? Well, yes, it can:

Renaldo slumps forward on the control stick, sending the plane into a dive. It drops from view as:

MARION

INDYYYYYYYY!

YURI'S PLANE

Yuri gathers his wits and glances back, sees Indy and Angel swapping punches. Yuri, furious, decides there's one simple way to solve this problem: He snap-rolls the plane upside-down, flying inverted.

Both combatants fall! Angel plummets away SCREAMING, but Indy manages to grab the machine gun mount and hold on. Yuri looks back and sees Indy dangling there. Shit!

INDY

WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT THE SKULL,  
YURI? WHY DO YOU WANT IT SO BAD?

YURI  
GIVE IT TO ME AND MAYBE I'LL LET  
YOU LIVE!

INDY  
FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE? HELL WITH YOU!

Pissed, Yuri snap-rolls the plane upright again, causing Indy to plop into the rear cockpit. Indy sits up. Yuri pulls a PISTOL, turns around to shoot him --

-- and this time it's Indy who grabs the stick and snap-rolls the plane upside-down. Yuri falls out SCREAMING! The last we see of him, he's free-falling toward the jungle below.

Indy snap-rolls the plane rightside-up again with a "no big deal" look on his face. Apparently, he's become an expert pilot since "Temple of Doom."

Indy looks around, sees Marion's plane way the hell down there. He rolls his plane, into a steep dive to catch up with her.

#### MARION'S PLANE

is pretty much shot to pieces by now, flying via miracle, sputtering and trailing smoke. Worse yet, we're still in a steady dive toward the jungle below. Marion's tugging on her stick, trying to pull it back, but the weight of Renaldo's body on his stick is preventing her.

Indy's plane zooms in from above, matching her dive as he shouts at the top of his lungs:

INDY  
PULL UP! PULL UP!

MARION  
I WOULD IF THERE WEREN'T A DEAD GUY  
ON THE STICK!

INDY  
WELL, TRY HARDER!

He points frantically at the jungle below -- there's a lot of green rushing up to meet us!

Marion braces her feet on the instrument panel, straining with all her might. The stick begins to move. Renaldo's body flops back as the stick rises...

...and her plane levels out just above the trees, heading straight for a cliff.

INDY  
HARD LEFT! HARD LEFT!

Marion throws the stick hard left, making an extreme 180 degree turn with Indy on her tail.

Both planes level out (back in the direction they came), sailing along some ten or twenty feet above the jungle canopy -- it's scary and spectacular, a rollercoaster ride without the rails.

MARION

NOW WHAT?

INDY

CAN YOU FLY?

MARION

DOES ONE LESSON COUNT?

INDY

OKAY, PLAN B! GRAB THE SKULL! I'LL  
GET MY WING UP TO YOUR COCKPIT! YOU  
WINGWALK OVER TO ME AND WE FLY  
AWAY!

MARION

YOU CALL THAT A PLAN?

INDY

YOU GOT A BETTER ONE?

MARION

WHY DON'T YOU COME TO ME?

INDY

UH, LET'S SEE...COULD IT BE BECAUSE  
YOUR PLANE IS SHOT TO PIECES AND  
WILL FALL APART AT ANY MOMENT? NO?  
OKAY, HOW ABOUT I CAN'T FLY AND  
WINGWALK AT THE SAME TIME? AM I  
GETTING WARMER?

(off her look)

LOOK, EITHER DO IT OR DIE ARGUING!

He points. She looks and sees a RIDGE OF SHEER GRANITE rising out of the jungle dead ahead. She hastily reaches behind the seat to retrieve the skull. Indy starts easing the plane in --

-- but his attention suddenly snaps ahead as he sees:

Yuri is dropping toward the trees by parachute with a BURP GUN in his hands! Yuri OPENS FIRE, tracking the planes as they go ripping by him, EMPTYING THE CLIP into Indy's engine. Then he drops into the trees, gone.

Beat. Indy leans to one side and peers ahead at the engine, which seems to be doing fine -- until the entire cowling abruptly BURSTS INTO FLAMES. Indy looks over to Marion:

INDY

NEVER MIND! I'LL COME TO YOU!

Marion nods frantically. The granite ridge is looming. Nursing the last few seconds of life from his flaming engine, Indy drops altitude, his wheels now kissing the treetops...

...and he veers under Marion. With mere moments to spare, he reaches up and grabs hold of her landing gear as his plane drops out from under him, leaving him dangling.

The abandoned plane impacts nose-first into the trees below his feet, cartwheeling through a spectacular, fiery disintegration.

INDY  
PULL UP! UUUUP!

Marion heaves back on the stick with all she's got, fighting for every inch of altitude. For a moment it doesn't look like they're going to make it, but they do clearing the ridge by mere feet. Unfortunately, the ridge proves to be --

A JUNGLE PLATEAU

-- where Marion's plane is suddenly chewing through the treetops like a hedge trimmer with wings.

INDY

is holding on desperately to the landing gear, getting swept relentlessly through the branches. SWARMS OF MONKEYS are shrieking and jumping out of the way.

THUMP! Indy looks down and finds a SHRIEKING MONKEY clinging in terror to his chest and screaming in his face. Indy SCREAMS back, equally startled. The monkey jumps for it, vanishing back into the trees as:

The plateau suddenly drops away and the plane soars out over a thousand-foot drop with Indy still holding on.

MARION

wrestles the stick, looking frantically over the sides.

MARION  
INDY! INDY!

A trembling hand appears at the edge of the forward cockpit, followed by a second hand. Indy's face rises up, looking like he's been dragged down ten miles of bad road. Marion lights up with a cocky grin, exceedingly proud of herself:

MARION  
Hah! Not bad flying for one lesson,  
huh, Jones?

INDY  
The monkey pooped on my chest.

She doesn't understand what that means, and he's too tired to explain. He hauls himself painfully over the side into Renaldo's cockpit, tosses a glance back over his shoulder...

INDY

I'll take it from here.

...and the engine dies the instant he takes the stick. The huge wooden propeller stops...

INDY

Oh, perfect.

...and they drop from frame like a brick.

VARIOUS ANGLES

Indy wrestles the plane in a dead glide, dropping fast, desperately looking for a place to set down. He dead-sticks it toward a clearing, trying to line up for a landing.

INDY

Hang on!

The landing gear tears off as they clip a tree and belly-skid in. The wings are ripped off by passing tree trunks, then the plane finally comes to a stop. All things considered, it's a pretty damn good landing. Indy looks stunned that he pulled it off. He tosses a cocky smile over his shoulder at Marion...

...but she points. He turns forward to see FLAMES ERUPTING from the engine. A mad scramble. He leaps from his cockpit.

INDY

Quick! The skull!

She tosses him a knapsack and jumps down. They race away from the plane and:

BOOM! The plane EXPLODES, sending a FIREBALL into the sky and knocking them both flat on their faces, Marion pries her nose off the ground, looks back at the plane. It's an inferno.

MARION

I suppose we can walk from here.

INDY

(facedown, muffled)

That might work. If the compass and map weren't in the plane.

Indy rolls painfully onto his back, barely able to move. He sees his whip lying within reach in a tangle of wing wreckage. He snags it with his fingers, pulls it toward him, groaning with each little movement.

MARION

What's the matter, Jones? Mileage  
finally catching up with you?

INDY

It ain't the mileage, sweetheart.  
It's the years.

This gets a faint trace of a smile from her -- in spite of everything, there's still a tiny spark here. But her smile vanishes as she gets furious:

MARION

Who the hell were those guys? Why  
were they shooting at us?

INDY

You really telling me you don't know  
anything about these Russian spies?

MARION

Russian spies? Are you insane? Damn  
it, Indy, what have you got me into?

INDY

Me? Why is it always me? Hey, it's  
your skull they're after! You wanna  
explain that?

The "conversation" escalates into a shouting match as:

MARION

Oh, please! Don't shift blame! Things  
were fine until you showed up--

INDY

--yeah, I didn't hear you complaining  
when I saved your life five times  
in ten minutes--

MARION

--yeah, well my life wouldn't need  
saving if it wasn't for you! Don't  
take credit for putting out the  
fire you started--

INDY

--hey, Baroness, or Highness, whatever  
the hell you are, yelling at me won't  
get us out of this jungle alive! You  
wanna be constructive, help me figure  
out where we are so we can--

Suddenly, they hear a TWIG SNAP. They fall silent, turning slowly. Behind them are revealed:

A LINE OF FIERCE NATIVE WARRIORS. They're war-painted Hovitos, wearing bits of bone, feathers, loincloths. CAMERA PANS THEM. Every single warrior stands poised with blowguns, arrows, or spears. WE ENDFRAME as:

DOKTOR FELIX VON GRAUEN unexpectedly steps from amongst them into closeup -- thin, unshaven, sinister, wearing wire-frame specs. He removes his hat, revealing a bristly gray crewcut.

VON GRAUEN

Guten tag.

Off Indy's and Marion's astonished looks, we

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

An empty parachute hangs from the branches of a tree. TILT DOWN to reveal Yuri on the ground below, sorting items into a knapsack. He rises, grabs his burp gun, starts walking...

...and hears a LOUD COCKING OF WEAPONS. He stops, turns.

A DOZEN SOLDIERS are aiming rifles right at him. He drops his weapon, carefully raises his hands as we

CUT TO:

EXT. EXPEDITION BASE CAMP - MAGIC HOUR/DUSK

daylight is fading a TWO HOVITO DUGOUT CANOES pull smoothly through the water and bump gently to shore. Marion is helped from a canoe by Von Grauen, followed by Indy --

MARION

Peter!

-- and we reveal the camp filled with MEN, pack mules, trucks, cookfires, activity. Supplies are being sorted, preparations made. And coming through it all is:

BARON PETER BELASKO, archeologist and author, Marion's suave Hungarian husband. He's handsome, sophisticated, aristocratic, brilliant, hugely successful -- and in spite of all those things, actually pretty likable. With him are a group of his men, key among them VIKTOR and PORFI. Viktor, also Hungarian, is Belasko's right-hand man. Porfi, a Peruvian, is boss of the local labor pool.

Marion rushes into Peter's arms and gives him a huge kiss (which makes Indy grimace, but only we notice).

PETER

Marion, you're all right? There was trouble?

MARION

Renaldo's dead. We might be too, if  
not for...

Indy smiles with great modesty as she lifts her arm in his direction -- but his smile drops as she points instead to:

MARION

...Doktor Von Grauen, is it?

VON GRAUEN

I saw their forced landing. I was  
close at hand.

PETER

My deepest thanks, Herr Doktor.  
(embracing Marion)  
thank God you're not hurt. Who's  
responsible for this?

VIKTOR

Rebels, most likely. They would  
love to sabotage us and embarrass  
President Escalante's government.

MARION

It was Russian spies, according to him.

Peter turns and registers Indy for the first time.

PETER

And this man is...?

MARION

Peter, I'd like you to meet our  
expedition foreman. Indiana Jones.

PETER

Indiana...Jones?

(a glance to Marion)

My word. I've heard a lot about you.

INDY

Nothing good, I'm sure.

PETER

On the contrary, my wife speaks  
very highly of you.

Indy tosses a surprised glance at Marion.

MARION

He's being polite.

## PETER

Nonsense. I know you by reputation as well, I've read your published work. I'm surprised to have you join us, to say the least...

(shakes his hand)

...but honored. Now please, what's this about Russian spies?

## INDY

Seems they're trying to get their hands on this...through I'm hard pressed to say what they want with a Crystal Skull of Destiny.

Indy opens the knapsack and watches carefully for a reaction. Peter peers in, exhilarated, doesn't miss a beat:

## PETER

Power, of course. Perhaps beyond imagining.

(to Marion)

Seems we've attracted the wrong kind of attention.

## MARION

Porfi, we leave tomorrow at first light. Make sure the men are armed and have extra ammunition. Any question, take 'em to your new foreman...Doctor Jones.

Porfi nods respectfully to Indy.

## PORFI

Anything else, Señor?

## INDY

Double the guard tonight. No sense taking chances.

Porfi nods and hurries off, hollering in Spanish as:

## VIKTOR

If the Russians are after us, that makes a rebel attack even more likely. The rebels are communists, very friendly to the Soviets.

## INDY

Then they better hope they don't run into El Presidente.

(off their looks)

He likes to hang communists. Little hobby of his.

CUT TO:

INT. ESCALANTE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A pair of hands complete a HANGMAN'S NOOSE. TILT UP to El Presidente, jolly as a snake, puffing on a cigar.

ESCALANTE

I love rope. Rope is sturdy and dependable. You know what I love most about rope? It is the love that binds.

He playfully tosses the noose like a lasso. WHIP-PAN with the noose as it flies and snags an INCAN STATUE -- revealing Yuri standing before Escalante, flanked by armed SOLDIERS.

YURI

This expedition of theirs stands to gain more than you could ever guess. It's not about stones and trinkets. It's about the balance of world power.

ESCALANTE

You think I am unaware? That I have no resources of my own?

Yuri is taken aback -- this comes as news. Escalante reels in his noose and tosses it again, snagging a soldiers's rifle.

ESCALANTE

You amuse me. A communist spy captured on my soil, wishing to strike a bargain. Give me one good reason I should not have you killed.

YURI

You lack my knowledge. The stakes are high and you have much to gain.

(beat)

El Presidente, give me what I need... men, machines, armaments...and I promise my government will be very generous when the objective is achieved.

ESCALANTE

You have that backwards. When the objective is achieved, perhaps it is my government which will be generous of yours. We shall see.

He tosses the noose -- this time it lands perfectly around Yuri's neck. Escalante reels him in, pulls him close.

ESCALANTE

Now. Tell me about this skull.

CUT TO:

## THE CRYSTAL SKULL

is pulled from the knapsack, kicking reflected firelight.  
TILT UP to peter as he raises it...

PETER

My friends...

EXT. EXPEDITION BASE CAMP - NIGHT

...and turns: revealing it to a gathering of people.

PETER

I give you the Skull of Los Dioses.

GASPS are heard. We're in a large camp clearing surrounded by tents, campfires, torchlight. Porfi's men, patrolling with rifles, pause in dread at the sight of the skull. Several of the guards cross themselves. Von Grauen's Hovitos drop to their knees, muttering in superstitious awe.

An eerie commotion briefly draws Indy's attention to a TRUCK parked in shadow among the other vehicles. The back of the truck is a large square covered with a tied-down tarp -- a cage perhaps? From under the tarp comes ANIMAL MOANS of fear, seemingly triggered by the appearance of the Skull.

Along with Indy, Marion, and Von Grauen, the expedition team members are: HAMA, a Japanese map expert; LARS, a Swedish psychic; and HIMMELMAN, a Swiss anthropologist. All regard the Skull with reverence and awe, voices hushed:

MARION

It's beautiful. And horrible.

Lars approaches and holds his hands up to the Skull -- not touching it, but rather "feeling" its emanations.

LARS

It wishes to make contact. The psychic vibrations are strong.

INDY

"Psychic vibrations?" Is this science or a seance?

PETER

Perhaps both. Indiana, I hold in my hand the most mysterious object in all antiquity. One which defies all reason and logic.

Himmelman steps up, using his pince-nez as a magnifying glass.

HIMMELMAN

Do you know why, Doctor Jones?

INDY

If it's like the other skulls, it's shaped from a single piece of quartz crystal using methods unknown to us even today. It's cut against the grain, which is impossible without shattering the quartz. And there's no trace of tool marks or sanding, even under a microscope.

PETER

So, by any standards of modern science, these skulls cannot exist. And yet they do. Fashioned how? By whom? And for what purpose?

INDY

Look, I'll admit it's strange...but that doesn't mean it's haunted.

PETER

No?

Peter crouches before Indy and raises the Skull. The other team members are gathering closer as:

PETER

Can you honestly say you haven't felt its hypnotic power? Can you truly say you wouldn't give everything to know what ancient secrets lie within?

INDY

Would you?

PETER

Indiana, we are men of science. We would gladly clasp hands and jump into hell if that were the pride of knowledge. Tell me I'm wrong.

Indy can't bring himself to deny it. He glances uncomfortably at Marion, who gives him a wry look.

MARION

I knew you two would hit it off.

By now the group is clustered around like kids telling ghost stories at a campfire, the Skull weaving a spell on them all.

PETER

And where science fails us, are we not left with legend?

WE FOLLOW the skull as it gets passed around, everybody getting their turn to feel it, faces exhilarated in the firelight as:

## INDY

The legend says there are thirteen skulls in all, fashioned by the gods as they lay dying. And that when all the skulls are brought together again, the gods will be reborn and reward mankind with all the knowledge of the universe.

The Skull is passed to:

## VON GRAUEN

you missed the most important part of the legend, Doctor Jones, They say the Lost City is a place where wishes are made real. Is this not why men have searched for centuries? To conjure one's innermost desires? What a glorious thing that would be.

He passes it to Marion as:

## PETER

What would you wish for, Marion?  
What are your innermost desires?

She and Indy make accidental eye contact. The talk of innermost desires flusters her, but she covers quickly.

## MARION

To find the Lost City and name it after myself. "Marion-ville."

She hands it off to Lars, whose eyes start rolling up as:

## LARS

I can...feel its thoughts. It wants to lead us to the Lost City that awaits in the Valley of Dreams.

The mood is broken by Indy, who's also rolling his eyes:

## INDY

Look, maybe you can read it's mind. Maybe it does grant wishes. I've seen some strange things in my time, wouldn't surprise me. But I never found a lost city without being practical, Mr. Hama, you're the map expert?

Hama nods, pulling a sheaf of maps. Indy rises to a camp table, lays out a map of Peru. The others gather as Hama shows Indy a CIRCLED AREA on the map:

**HAMA**

According to Belasko-San, we must concentrate our search here...in this area which I have circled.

**PETER**

(off Indy's look)

I was told this by the survivor of the Oxley expedition. I saw him last year in Lima. Poor fellow, his ordeal has left him quite insane.

**INDY**

So we're basing our plan on what some guy in a nuthouse told you.

**MARION**

Makes as much sense as those pictures you took today that we almost died for.

Viktor lays down a stack of 8x10s. Indy spreads them with his hand, displaying his aerial photos of the Nazca lines.

**INDY**

Hey, I'm just telling you Oxley's theory. He was convinced these pictograms are some kind of road map. Use 'em in the right sequence and connect the dots, they supposedly lead you straight to the Lost City.

(looks to Peter)

The trick is figuring out which order the pieces fit. That's the part I don't know.

**HAMA**

Mr. Lars can help us divine the proper order! He is the most psychic!

Lars carefully gathers up the photos and map, clasping them to his chest. CAMERA PUSHES IN as:

**LARS**

I shall sleep with these under my pillow. My best psychic visions come to me in my dreams

(off their looks)

Fear not, my friends. Tomorrow, I shall have all your answers.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TENT - NIGHT

A hand reaches in, eases the tent flap aside. A shadow crosses the moonlight as somebody enters, but we're at waist level and can't see the face. The figure creeps across the tent...

...and brings a burlap sack into view. The figure reaches into it wearing a thick black rubber glove. As the hand comes out again, we see squirming in the intruder's fingers a TINY BLACK FROG with blazing red stripes, CAMERA PANS OFF to:

Lars sleeping on his back, mouth open, snoring softly as we

FADE TO:

EXT. CAMP - DAWN

Misty, primordial beauty. The sun peeking through. A SUDDEN HOLLERING COMMOTION sends macaws and parrots to flight as:

EXT - LARS' TENT - DAWN

Men burst from the tent carrying Lars, everybody yelling at once. They lay him on the ground, crowding around, Indy and Peter going to their knees. They wince as they get a look at Lars' face -- the skin is weirdly mottled, the eyes bulging.

HAMA

The map and photos are gone! Stolen!

PORFI

The guards heard nothing!

MARION

If it's murder, where's the blood?

Peter rips open the dad man's shirt, checking for:

PETER

No stab wounds, no bruises...

INDY

Wait. Wait...

Everybody falls silent as Indy peers at the corpse, leaning closer. Everybody leans closer with him. He slowly presses the lower jaw, causing the mouth to open...

...and tiny black frog with red blotches squirms out!  
Followed by more! A stream of frogs burst out, leaping in all directions. Everybody screams and hollers, stomping like mad.

INDY

DON'T TOUCH 'EM! DON'T LET 'EM GET  
ON YOUR SKIN!

(as the commotion dies)

Amazonian tree frog, also known as the poison arrow frog. Those poison darts the natives use? That's where the poison comes from. It's the most deadly venom on earth. One touch and you're gone.

MARION  
So it was murder.

INDY  
(muttering to Marion)  
Some psychic. He couldn't see that  
one coming?

Marion gives Indy an appalled look as:

MARION  
Search the camp! Find out who's  
missing!

VIKTOR  
No need. It's that German, Von  
Grauen. He left hours before sunrise  
and took his Hovitos with him.

PETER  
I'm to blame for this. I should  
never have trusted him. Now a good  
man is dead because of me.  
(looks to Indy)  
it seems we have competition. And  
they will stop at nothing.

INDY  
Looks that way. But we still have the  
negatives.

Indy and Peter both look to Marion with concern, seeing how  
rattled she is by the murder.

INDY AND PETER  
(simultaneously)  
Are you all right?

She looks from one to the other, not sure who to respond to.

MARION  
Fine. Better than him.  
(brushes past them)  
STRIKE THE CAMP!

#### VARIOUS ANGLES

of slam-bang activity -- trucks being loaded, pack mules lining  
up, men mounting horses. In the midst of it all:

Indy pauses, hearing a WEIRD HOWL from that mysterious tarp-  
covered truck. Viktor slams the butt of his rifle against the  
tarp with a metallic CLANG. There is a cage under there.  
Whatever's inside quiets down. Indy turns, sees Peter.

INDY  
What the hell's in that truck?

PETER  
Animals. Live food for the road.  
Must keep the troops fed.

Peter takes the reins of his horses and mounts up. Indy does the same, canters to the head of the line, turns:

INDY  
MOVE OUT!

The column moves out, horses and rumbling trucks leaving dust in their wake. CAMERA BOOMS DOWN, bringing a rough WOODEN CROSS into frame f.g. --- LARS' final resting place.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - MORNING

Another expedition is moving out: THREE OPEN TROOP TRUCKS led by a surplus Nate ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER. SOLDIERS are piling onto the trucks, ENGINES firing up and belching smoke.

Osgood Turner of the State Department comes stumbling through the mud in his suit as the column moves out. Escalante rides in the turret of the APC, happily puffing a cigar, Yuri at his side. Osgood jogs alongside, hollering:

TURNER  
President Escalante! On behalf of the U.S. government, I must protest!  
That man is a known Soviet agent!

ESCALANTE  
On the contrary! It is your own country's citizen Indiana Jones who is the spy! This man has volunteered to help me track him down and foil his evil communist scheme!

TURNER  
Sir, you understand this is a matter of national security! The State Department has instructed me to locate Jones! I must be allowed to monitor this operation!

Escalante glances to Yuri, then waves Turner toward the troop trucks with a big smile.

ESCALANTE  
Suit yourself! We don't want an international incident, after all!  
Too bad you didn't bring more sensible shoes...

Turner drops back, slipping and sliding as he tries to jump onto the back of a truck. Soldiers grab him, haul him aboard.

YURI

If he gets in our way, we can always  
shoot him and blame Jones.

ESCALANTE

My sentiments exactly. Now as to  
our destination...

ANGLE SHIFTS to reveal a third man riding on the APC with his back to us. He rises, turns. It's Von Grauen.

VON GRAUEN

You shall remember your promise to me, ja? I shall be the first man to set foot in the Lost City?

ESCALANTE

(playfully)

To see if wishes can truly be made real? Was that the bargain?

VON GRAUEN

Correct. But, also...ten percent of all the gold and riches we find.

ESCALANTE

A deal is a deal, Herr Doktor. Unlike your former colleague, Baron Belasko, I consider that a small price to pay.

Satisfied, Von Grauen lays the map out, on the turret.

VON GRAUEN

We must concentrate our search...

(points on map)

...here.

CAMERA ZOOMS SLOWLY on the map, closing in on the area circled by Hama...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

...as an AERIAL SHOT brings us gloriously to that same area on the dissolve. Mountainous jungle as far as the eye can see. The Belasko expedition winds slowly along a ridge...

EXT. JUNGLE RIDGE - DAY

...with Indy walking point, eyeing his compass. Marion's nearby, leading her horse. Indy turns and calls Hama riding on the back of a truck doing map calculations.

INDY

Mr. Hama! We've entered that area you had circled on the map!

HAMA

Yes, Indiana-San!

(jumps down, hurries  
over with his maps)

I have been trying to calculate the next leg of the journey based on your Nazca photos. I believe I have the scale correct, but I am uncertain of the rest. Observe...

Hama lays his map on the ground. Indy hunkers down, with Marion joining tem. Hama's got the "Star" pictograph carefully drawn on a clear sheet of plastic, which he lays over the map. It's a five-pointed star, with one point longer than the others.

HAMA

The Star comes first, then the Hummingbird. If I could determine the direction the Star points us, it would indicate our path.

INDY

Star first, then Hummingbird? What do you base that order on?

HAMA

Belasko-San told me. He specified the sequence and said he would provide further information as we drew closer.

INDY

Star? I don't see how that applies to where we are, I...

his voices trails off as he notices something. He rises, gazing at the landscape, increasingly amazed as the puzzle becomes clear to him. He points them out -- there are five mountain peaks spread widely across the landscape before us.

INDY

Five peaks. Five points of a star.

He crouches back down, puts his fingers on the plastic, and revolves it into place. On the map below it, we see the five points of the Star align perfectly with the mountain peaks. Hama lets out a breath of amazement, looks up at Indy.

HAMA

but which of the peaks are the direction we must go?

INDY

One point of the Star's longer than the others. Like an arrow. That's our direction. That'll lead us to the Hummingbird...whatever that is.

HAMA  
(pure hero-worship)  
Aaahhh, a brilliant solution...

Indy smiles modestly, shrugging off the praise, but:

HAMA  
Belasko-san is a genius!

Indy's face falls. He sees Peter passing by on horseback.

INDY  
Hey Belasko-san! How'd you know  
the Star came first?

PETER  
You don't expect me to give away  
all my secrets, do you? Trust me.

Peter rides on. Marion tosses Indy a challenging look.

MARION  
You might as well. He's never wrong.

Still kneeling at the map, Indy checks his compass, muttering:

INDY  
Right, I forgot. You're an excellent  
judge of character. And he's perfect.

MARION  
yeah, and handsome.

INDY  
If you go for that type. Where'd  
you two meet, anyway?

MARION  
There was a conference in Budapest.  
It was spring. The trees were  
blooming, the Danube was sparkling...

INDY  
Spare me the details.

MARION  
What's the matter, Jones? Jealous?

INDY  
No, nauseous.

MARION  
Oh, yeah? What about that glamour  
gal you spent time with? Miss Kissy  
Face, what's her name, that singer...

INDY

Willie Scott.

MARION

Yeah, her. Still in touch?

INDY

On and off. She moved out to Hollywood to be a star. Last I heard, she fell in love and married some bigshot director.

Marion freezes in dread, whispering:

MARION

snake.

INDY

Pull in you claws. She's a terrific person when you get to know her.

MARION

(points)

No, snake!

Indy glances back. A large JUNGLE SNAKE is slithering up behind him. Rising calmly, he scoops the snake up, grabbing it behind the head. It twines furiously in his grasp. She's stunned:

MARION

I can't believe you did that.

INDY

I got over my fear a long time ago.  
People change, you know.  
(off her look)  
Relax. It's just a snake.

He tosses the snake off into the foliage, walks on as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DENSE JUNGLE - DAY

Men are hacking away with machetes, with Indy in the lead:

INDY

Not looking too good up here! This stuff goes on forever!

Marion appears, offering a canteen. He accepts it gratefully, takes his hat off to wipe his brow.

INDY

Thanks. We're gonna have to backtrack and find a way around this if we want to get the trucks through.

As before, Marion freezes in dread, seeing something on the ground behind Indy. She points, stuttering:

MARION

S-s-s...

INDY

What, another snake? Yeah, lady.  
Jungle's full of 'em.

MARION

Sn-sn-sn-...

Marion's trying to speak, but it's stuck in her throat. Indy just grins, takes another swing, blissfully unaware...

INDY

C'mon, what's with you? You'd think  
you'd never seen a snake before.

...that the BIGGEST DAMN SNAKE anyone's ever seen is rising up behind him. It rears up and up, taller than Indy now, staring down at him with a head bigger than a horse's.

MARION

Sna-sna-sna...

Indy turns. Looks up. Expression going slack as:

MARION

SNAAAAAAKE!

And GLUMP! The snake chomps down on Indy, swallowing him to the waist. The beast rears up, trying to get Indy down its gullet, Indy's legs kicking and flailing in the air. The serpent slams back to earth, maw widening and contracting, and within seconds even Indy's kicking feet are gone. All that's left is his hat, which rolls across the ground.

As a final insult, the snake snatches up the hat and swallows that too, then turns and slithers off into the underbrush. Men are running from all directions, converging as:

MARION

SNAAKE! SNAAKE! SNAAKE! IT  
SWALLOWED INDY!

And the chase is on, everybody yelling and hollering, trying to keep up. The snake's moving like greased lightning.

Marion snatches a rifle from a bearer, FIRES. The shot misses, exploding the vines as the snake darts off. Others OPEN FIRE.

MARION

AIM FOR THE HEAD!

They keep going, following the heaving foliage to:

## A HUGE RUBBER TREE

rising high in the air. The snake slithers up the trunk and settles in the high branches, hissing at the men below. They're aiming their rifles, trying for a clear shot, when suddenly:

The tip of a machete erupts through its skin. The monster starts thrashing and convulsing as it gets sliced open from within. Indy emerges covered in goo, expecting firm ground --

-- only to find thin air. He tumbles, grabs a branch, finds himself dangling eye to eye with the snake. It hisses, dying.

INDY

Something you ate?

Indy reaches back inside the snake, pulls his hat out of the slime, jams it back on his head...

...and drops from the branches, landing on his ass as everybody crowds around. He's shaking, teeth chattering, cover with slime. He looks up at the dead snake.

INDY

Now there's something you don't see every day.

Suddenly, an eerie WHIRRING SOUND is heard. Everybody pauses, listening. A DRAGONFLY comes flitting into view. It wouldn't be worth mentioning except that it's about a yard long.

MARION

Or that.

It skims away over their astonished head as we

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Indy's sitting by the fire with a blanket over his shoulders, still in shock. He looks up, sees everybody staring at him.

INDY

Okay. I gotta admit something very strange is going on.

MARION

What clued you in? The prize-winning snake? Or the bug the size of a B-17?

HIMMELMAN

These creatures simply don't grow that size in nature.

PETER

Mutations of some kind?

## HIMMELMAN

But how? What could cause such a thing out here in the wild? Certainly not nuclear testing...

## INDY

Well, as soon as you guys figure it out, fire me off a memo. I took a ride in a snake today. I'm exhausted.

Shivering under his blanket, Indy totters off to his tent...

## INT. INDY'S TENT - NIGHT

...where a kerosene lamp is glowing. He enters, shuffles to his cot, and throws back the blanket...

...revealing the tiniest snake we've ever seen slithering across his pillow. His eyes go wide...

## EXT. INDY'S TENT - NIGHT

...and his SCREAM ECHOES from here to Brazil, followed by a lot of CRASHING AND BANGING as we

FADE TO:

## EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Hovito's dart through the foliage, searching like bloodhounds. One of them comes CLOSE TO CAMERA, motions to somebody O.S.

A PAIR OF BOOTS step into frame. The man crouches down, picks up a rifle shell casing. TILT UP to Von Grauen as he sniffs it, motions for a RADIO PHONE. A BLAST OF STATIC, then:

## VON GRAUEN

They're heading north. We're a day behind them...

## EXT. OPEN PLAIN - DAY

ROARING WHEELS churn up the mud. TILT UP to Escalante in the APC turret, radio phone in hand, with Yuri beside him.

## ESCALANTE

Excellent, Herr Doktor! Anything else?

## EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Von Grauen's gaze travels up. Hanging in the rubber tree above his head is the biggest dead snake he's ever seen.

## VON GRAUEN

Watch out for snakes.

CUT TO:

## EXT. JUNGLE VALLEY - DAY

A lush spot fed by cascading waterfalls. The expedition emerges from the trees -- and stops in amazement.

Marion moves forward, coming CLOSEST TO CAMERA. She's looking into the air with childlike wonder, smile growing...

MARION

"The Hummingbird."

...and hummingbirds the size of hawks flit into the shot, circling and weaving. Indy and the others come up behind her. She laughs, reaching up as more giant hummingbirds appear.

## WIDE REVERSE ANGLE

reveals this spot filled with huge hummingbirds, thousands of them dipping and swirling, rising in clouds from the trees. The expedition moves on with Marion laughing and leading the way, the trucks rumbling at the rear of the column...

DISSOLVE TO:

## TRAVEL MONTAGE

...and the Belasko expedition slogs on, hacking foliage and fording streams, further into the unknown. Indy pauses on a ridge, holds up a Nazca photo as others gather to his side...

INDY

The Killer Whale.

...and ANGLE SHIFTS from the photo to a lake in the landscape below. The lake is shaped like a leaping killer whale, matching the photo. Indy points in the direction it's leaping...

INDY

that way.

...and they move on as a SERIES OF DISSOLVES take place against HAMA'S MAP, a RED LINE taking us deeper into the jungle...

...where we find Hama crouched over his maps as Peter lays down two more pieces of the Nazca puzzle: PHOTOS of The Condor and The Spider. As Peter rises and moves on, ANGLE SHIFTS TO Indy staring after him, curiosity and suspicion gnawing...

...as the RED LINE, overlaid now with mystical Nazca figures, keeps connecting the dots into the heart of darkness...

...and MONTAGE ENDS/MAP VANISHES on a final image of a haunted FULL MOON rising eerily over the mysterious jungle below...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

...and the moon becomes the Crystal Skull of Destiny on the dissolve, blazing eerily in the glow of a campfire.

PETER (O.S.)  
We're close now. Close.

ANGLE TO Peter by the campfire gazing dreamily at the Skull, sketching it in his journal. Indy sits brooding nearby, with others of the group scattered about. Marion appears next to Indy, hunkering down to add wood to the fire as:

INDY  
You sound sure of yourself.

PETER  
Why else would the creatures grow so large? Something in the Lost city is causing it. The closer we get, the stranger things become.

MARION  
What's eating you? Aside from the occasional big snake?

INDY  
(directed at Peter)  
Just wondering where we're getting our information, that's all.

PETER  
The skull has many tales to tell.  
One must learn how to listen.  
(off Indy's look)  
Cheer up, Indiana. Los Dioses does exist. In the Valley of Dreams. The place where wishes come true.

Indy wants to press the point, but Marion suddenly glances up. Indy turns to see a shooting star streak across the sky.

MARION  
shooting star! Make a wish!

Suddenly, the sky is streaked with them -- a meteor shower.

PORFI  
The sky is filled with wishes!

INDY  
It's debris falling through the atmosphere.

MARION  
Oh, use your imagination! They're shooting stars! Quick!

Marion closes her eyes and makes a wish. She opens them again and catches Indy staring at her.

MARION

No wishes?

(wry)

What about your fortune and glory?

Indy hesitates, caught in her gaze -- for a moment, we have a good idea what his wish would have been. Then he grimaces.

INDY

Been chasing wishes all my life. But like my old man always said...if wishes were horses, beggars would ride.

MARION

(shakes her head)

Hopeless.

She goes over to join Peter, who smiles.

PETER

I got my wish.

MARION

Good answer.

She kisses him. Indy rises, heads over to:

COOK'S SERVING TABLE

Indy steps up, pouring coffee into his tin cup. He glances back, sees Marion admiring Peter's drawing b.g.

PUSH IN on Indy as he turns toward us, surprised to find himself weighed by sadness and regret for the past. A realization, far too late, that maybe he still loves her.

He sees a last SHOOTING STAR streak across the sky...and grimaces at it.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

A HOVITO run full-tilt through the jungle, dodging trees and leaping obstacles, shield and spear in hand...

CUT TO:

INT. ESCALANTE'S TENT - NIGHT

...and that same Hovito now squats before us, jabbing his finger on a map and jabbering a mile-a-minute. Von Grauen turns, translates for Escalante and his ARMY CAPTAIN:

VON GRAUEN  
The Jones camp is at the river.  
Less than a mile away.

ESCALANTE  
(in Spanish, subtitled)  
Tomorrow. At dawn. Tell the men.

YURI  
I have to hand it to your Hovitos,  
Herr Doktor. And my compliments to  
you, El Presidente.

Escalante swells with pride, puffing his cigar. Yuri follows the captain from the tent...

EXT. ESCALANTE'S CAMP - NIGHT

...and walks past SOLDIERS huddled at campfires. Osgood Turner is aghast as a soldier hands him dinner -- a LARGE BARBECUED LIZARD on a stick. Poor Osgood's bedraggled, slapping at bugs:

TURNER  
You kidding me? I can't eat this!  
Hey, habla Americano...?

Yuri moves on, losing himself in shadow. He comes to the APC, checks to make sure he's unobserved, climbs silently up...

INT. APC - NIGHT

...and drops into a seat. He switches on a SHORTWAVE RADIO, tubes glowing as it warms up. He dials in a frequency, grabs a map off the wall for reference, and begins sending a signal in Morse code...

INT. DC-3 IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

...which come in over the SHORTWAVE RADIO of a darkened plane in flight. ANGLE SHIFTS to SOVIET COMMANDO #1 tensely jotting the information. He turns, moving up the fuselage past SEVEN MORE COMMANDOS patiently seated. These men are tough, grim, chiseled out of stone. Commando #1 hands the pilot the jotted information, yelling over the ROAR OF THE ENGINES;

COMMANDO #1  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Co-ordinates!

EXT. JUNGLE LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

The DC-3 appears, droning over the vast jungle. We see eight parachutes blossoming, drifting toward earth as we

FADE TO:

## INT. INDY'S TENT - NIGHT

Indy's in his cot, having fevered dreams. As he did the first time he saw the skull, he's hearing TERRIFYING WHISPERS, GUTTURAL INHUMAN VOICES, speaking in strange tongues --

-- and he wakes to darkness. He sits up, trying to shake off the dream. He splashes his face from a canteen...

...and hears a STRANGE TERRIFYING MOAN out there in the night amidst all the jungle sounds. He cocks his head, listening...

## EXT. INDY'S TENT - NIGHT

... and emerges, blanket over his shoulders. Nothing now but the sounds of insects and night birds. But then:

there it is again. A LOW, INHUMAN SOUND of primal fear and despair. That sound from that mysterious truck.

Indy moves through camp, furtive in the shadows. A FLASH OF LIGHTNING bathes the sky an eerie blue, followed by a RUMBLE OF THUNDER. There's a storm approaching.

He peeks around a tent, sees movement over by the trucks. He eases closer, trying to see.

Viktor's at the rear of that tarp-covered truck, waiting with a tin plate of food in his hands. But someone else is there too, hidden from view. The tarp is open at the rear, but the truck is angled away from us and we can't see what's inside.

The MOANS DIE DOWN. The unseen person backs away from the truck -- it's Peter, holding the Crystal Skull. A FLASH OF LIGHTNING makes it glow with blue fire in his hands. Peter nods to Viktor, then walks off toward his tent.

Alone now, Viktor slides the food into the cage through a slot, drops the tarp back, then turns and also departs.

Indy detaches from the shadows...

## AT THE TRUCK

...and pauses, listening. The thing in the cage is now eating. The sound of it makes Indy's skin crawl. He eases closer...

...and the eating stops. The creature has sensed hi presence.

Indy reaches out and pulls the flap of the tarp slowly aside, trying to see what lurks there in the dark.

At first we think it's some kind of beast shifting around; all we see is a dark hunkered form and a tangle of hair. And then LIGHTNING EXPLODES directly above, revealing:

A human being. A wild man. Scrawny and lice-ridden. Eyes insane. Hair and beard incredibly long and tangled. He's been crouching in there, eating his food with his fingers. He draws back, MOANING like an animal, startled at the sight of Indy.

Indy stares in horror. Stunned beyond words.

The storm breaks. RAIN starts thundering down. Indy shires back as the man in the cage shifts forward, sniffing as if trying to identify him by smell, grunting like a beast.

Suddenly, a skinny white arm shoots out and grabs Indy by the wrist -- and the moment physical contact is made, the man's animal behavior seems to vanish, replaced suddenly and shockingly with a scary lucidity. The insane face presses to the bars, teeth glittering, spewing a guttural voice:

WILD MAN

To kiss her means death!

INDY

What?

WILD MAN

Death! Death! Death! The Gods will judge! *Anung un rama! amung dool!*

INDY

Who are you?

The wild man just grins, gives Indy a canny look, then:

WILD MAN

Your father weeps...he fears you dead...my boy...where's my boy...my Indiaaanaa...

Startled, Indy jerks his hand away -- and the wild man's lucidity is instantly gone. PUSH IN on Indy as the final horror now creeps into his bones, a ghastly dawning of realization as the wild man's face finally rings a bell...

INDY

(a whisper)

Professor...Oxley?

...but the man just draws back into the shadows, moaning like a beast, leaving Indy standing in the thundering rain as we

FADE TO:

EXT. CAMP - MORNING

(Daylight shows our geography: we're on a cliffy ridge hemmed on three sides by wild descending terrain. On the fourth side, the camp faces out over a sheer cliff that drops into a swift RIVER below, which flows down the canyon to a distant valley.)

CAMERA FOLLOWS a Nazca photo being carried by hand -- the pictograph, humanoid in form, of "The God." It's Peter bringing it to Hama at a camp table. Everybody gathers closer as:

PETER

Mr. Hama. I present the final piece  
of the puzzle.

HAMA

the final piece? Are you sure?

Peter nods. The moment is electric, everybody breathless with awe and excitement...except for Indy. He's been standing there all the time, just smoldering. The man's deeply pissed.

INDY

Ask him how he knows.  
(off their looks)  
Go on, ask him.

PETER

(turns)  
Does it matter?

INDY

It does to me, you son of a--

WHAM! Indy stuns everybody by throwing a powerhouse PUNCH that sends Peter flying across the camp table, collapsing it in a rain of flying maps and splintering wood. Hama jumps up in shock. Peter hits the ground as people scatter --

MARION

INDY!

HAMA

Indiana-san! This is intolerable!  
You've gone mad!

INDY

Yeah, mad's the word all right...

He jumps over the ruined table and lands another PUNCH just as Peter's rising to his knees. The blow spins Peter around, sprawling him again in the dust. Indy stands over him with fists weaving, ready to deck him again...

INDY

What'd you do, Belasko, read the skull's mind? Huh? Ask it twenty questions? Or did you have help?

Viktor darts in to protect his boss, but Peter waves him off.

PETER

No, Viktor, no need for that. Just a misunderstanding is all...

Viktor backs off. Peter rises painfully to his feet.

PETER

It's nothing tow civilized men  
cant' work out between them.

...and WHAM! Peter PUNCHES Indy in the face and knocks him on his ass. Indy shakes his head to unrattle his brains...then looks up, really steamed. He scrambles to his feet and:

Indy and Peter proceed to methodically pound the living daylights out of each other, swapping forceful, controlled punches, circling and swinging, each man giving as good as he gets, driving each other back by turns, neither showing mercy nor expecting any. People scatter as the brawl takes the combatants right through a tent, ripping it out of the ground, stakes and all. They wrestle out from under the collapsed canvas, lunging to their feet, squaring off again...

...when BLAM! A RIFLE SHOT blows a huge gout of dust from the ground at their tees. They pause, turning to see:

MARION

ENOUGH!

She's got a lever-action Winchester and she's pissed. Indy and Peter glance at each other, wondering if they should push their luck. She pumps another round in the chamber.

MARION

You both lost your minds? What the hell's going on here?

INDY

Ask the guy in the cage!

From the look on her face, she has no clue what he's taking about. Indy crosses to her, intense:

INDY

Marion, tell me you didn't know.  
Look me in the eye and tell me.

MARION

Know what?

Indy pushes past her to the truck, pulls a knife, starts slitting the tie-downs...

INDY

That psychic you hired? The Swede?  
You shouldn't have bothered. Your husband had one stashed all along.

...and hauls the canvas tarp off the cage. The wild man cringes within, blinded by daylight, terrified. People gather, shocked almost speechless at the sight of him.

HIMMELMAN

My God. What is this?

INDY

Professor Vernon Oxley. The sole survivor of that expedition three years ago...

(moving toward Peter)  
...isn't that right?

Peter meets Marion's gaze. She's stunned, staring at him as if he were a stranger, hoping he'll contradict this somehow.

MARION

Peter?

PETER

Would you have gone along with me if I'd told you the truth?

MARION

No.

PETER

Of course not. I know how sentimental you Americans are.

(to Indy)  
He's better off than I found him.

INDY

Better than the asylum?

PETER

There was no asylum! Are you so naive? This country is hardly progressive with the mentally ill!

(drawing closer)  
I found him in a traveling circus!  
"The wild Man of Los Dioses!"  
Peasants would pay their pesos to jeer at him in a pit of squalor and filth! Should I have left him there?  
Would that please you more?

INDY

He deserves the best care there is!

PETER

And he shall get it! As soon as the task is complete!

(steps close)  
Know this. Whatever happened to him in the Lost city has reconfigured his brain. He is a psychic miracle! He and the skull are the divining rod leading us to the greatest archeological find of all time!

INDY  
Not if I can help it.

Indy draws his arm back to punch him again, but freezes as:

ESCALANTE (O.S.)  
That's not your decision to make.

THREE DOZEN SOLDIERS suddenly appear from the treeline,  
advancing with M-1 carbine rifles aimed. In their midst is:

ESCALANTE  
I am now in charge of this  
expedition. Señora Belasko, be so  
good as to discard the rifle.

Marion hesitates, eases the hammer down, tosses the rifle.

ESCALANTE  
That goes for everybody!

Cured by her look, everybody else starts disarming, gunbelts  
and rifles dropping into the dust.

MARION  
What's the meaning of this?

ESCALANTE  
Must I remind you that all  
antiquities in Peru belong to me?  
And that the penalty for  
withholding is quite severe?  
(off her look)  
It has come to my attention that  
you have a certain Crystal Skull.  
Bring it to me now.

Marion tosses a reluctant look to Indy and Peter, but what  
choice do they have? She turns, heading for a tent as:

Yuri and von Grauen also emerge from the jungle, trailed by  
the Hovitos and Osgood Turner. Peter bristles at the sight of  
Von Grauen, while Indy would love to break Yuri's neck.

PETER  
Von Grauen. You traitorous pig.

VON GRAUEN  
You should have met my price. You've  
only yourself to blame.

INDY  
(cocks his head at  
Escalante)  
Making new friends, Yuri?

YURI

You left me little choice. It's  
that obnoxious habit you have of  
staying alive.

Marion reappears. Escalante motions her forward. She brings him the knapsack. He reaches in, pulls out the Crystal Skull, holds it up for all to see. Sunlight blazes through it, dazzling the eyes and the senses. The reactions are immediate and intense -- soldiers draw back, muttering nervously. The Hovitos drop to their knees.

ESCALANTE

It is exquisite! It is mine!

YURI (O.S.)

Not so fast.

Yuri yanks the revolver out of Von Grauen's holster, knocking the German on his ass in the bargain. In the same swift motion, Yuri circles out into the clearing, facing Escalante with the gun leveled at his head. Escalante smiles derisively.

ESCALANTE

Never trust a communist.

YURI

I hate to ruin the moment, but I am  
in control of this expedition.

ESCALANTE

With what? That pea-shooter? Bah! A  
mere six bullets?

Yuri thumbs the hammer back. The soldiers tense forward, rifles aimed, ready to fire.

YURI

It's enough.

INDY

Yuri, no! Don't be crazy!

ESCALANTE

(smiles)

Nice bluff.

(calls out)

Seven men! Up front!

SEVEN SOLDIERS rush forward and raise their rifles, forming an impromptu firing squad. Indy's heart is in his throat...

ESCALANTE

I'll see you six and raise you. No  
bluff.

(calls out)

Reaaaady! Aiiim...

...but suddenly the treeline on Yuri's side of the clearing ERUPTS WITH MACHINE GUN FIRE. All we see are MUZZLE FLASHES shredding the foliage. The seven men of Escalante's firing squad are instantly cut down.

In the shocked silence that follows, the EIGHT SOVIET COMMANDOS summoned by Yuri rush from the trees, machine guns leveled.

YURI

I'll see your seven and raise you.  
Eight Zhukov commandos.

Escalante's remaining soldiers are panicky but stand their ground, rifles aimed. It's a stand-off, tension thick.

Yuri turns to a commando, who tosses him a machine gun. Yuri looks to Marion, motions her toward Escalante.

YURI

Now I really must insist. Hand the skull to the lady and she will bring it to me.

Marion starts across the clearing, looking to both Indy and Peter. All are holding their breath as she moves to Escalante. He's seething, furious, weighing the odds.

ESCALANTE

NO.

YURI

El Presidente...  
(cocks his machine gun)  
...I don't wish to create an international incident...but I will kill you.

ESCALANTE

I have two dozen rifles aimed at you and your men. I'm not afraid to die. Are you?

Indy's watching this whole thing like a ping-pong match:

INDY

Marion? Wanna step to one side?

ESCALANTE

TAKE AIM! PREPARE TO FIRE ON MY ORDER!

YURI

COMMANDOS! PICK YOUR TARGETS! PREPARE TO KILL THEM ALL!

The men are amped-up, fingers tightening on triggers, ready to open fire. Escalante opens his mouth to shout the order...

...but pauses. Listening. A STRANGE SOUND has been building during the stand-off...some weird BUZZING, growing louder.

A hush falls. Everybody listening now. Birds are taking to the air, flapping out of the trees in panic. Softly:

PETER

What is that?

Indy glances toward the trees. Some unseen thing emerges from the treeline, coming through the grass, leaving a long furrow...

...and it pokes from the grass into the clearing. A RED ARMY ANT. A big one. Nine inches long. Feelers twitching the air...

MARION

(stunned)

A big ant.

...and now dozens more furrows cut through the grass. The BUZZING SWELLS LOUDER. The very trees start to shake...

INDY

A lot of big ants.

...and a tidal wave of ants bursts through the treeline like an express train, defoliating everything in their path!

Pandemonium erupts as the ants overrun the camp -- everybody running and screaming in all directions, horses bolting, mules kicking and braying, men trying to fight back with anything at hand, grabbing up shovels, others FIRING rifles and machine guns in sheer panic.

Indy and Marion grab up shovels and join the fight, smashing ants right and left, increasingly horrified. They see a mule get swarmed by ants, kicking hysterically as it's brought to ground...and stripped to the bone in seconds.

Himmelman trips and falls, overrun by a wave of ants...and his skeleton is revealed moments later as the insects move on. More men are swarmed, including Von Grauen's Hovitos. Skeletons start littering the ground. Indy and Marion keep fighting, falling back toward the river...

VIKTOR (O.S.)

JONES! MOVE!

...and Indy turns, sees Viktor rushing up with a flamethrower strapped to his back, aiming a nozzle right at him.

Indy darts out of the way as Viktor pulls the trigger and a stunning GOUT OF FIRE ERUPTS from the nozzle. He moves forward, hosing the ants with flame, roasting them, driving them back...

...but they're also swarming around him in waves, encircling him from behind, closing like a noose...

INDY

Behind you!

...but it's too late, they're streaming up Viktor's body, chewing clothing and flesh! He SCREAMS, spraying the fire in huge wild arcs, setting tents aflame. Indy throws himself on Marion, knocks her to the ground, saving them both from getting roasted as flame sweeps over the heads...

...and Viktor goes down, covered in an undulating wave, and the hose must've gotten chewed through because:

A FIREBALL ERUPTS as Viktor EXPLODES.

Still shielding Marion on the ground, Indy looks through the smoke and flames and sees:

YURI

comes upon Escalante in the confusion, lays him out with a vicious punch. He grabs the Skull, stuffs it in the knapsack, and escapes toward Oxley's truck.

WE FOLLOW Yuri running through sheer chaos. Several trucks EXPLODE. Men and horses are leaping off the cliff into the river to escape the ants and the flame. Yuri comes to --

OXLEY'S TRUCK

-- and pulls open the driver's door. He tosses the knapsack in, jumps in behind the wheel, reaches for the ignition...but the keys are gone!

INDY (O.S.)

Looking for these?

Yuri turns. Indy's jus outside the door dangling the keys. WHAM! Yuri gets a fist in the face, knocked cold. Indy grabs him by the feet, hauls him out, hollers to Marion:

INDY

Get in!

MARION

(searching, frantic)

Where's Peter?

Across the clearing, they see:

Peter runs from the smoke with a wave of ants at his heels. He makes it to the edge of the cliff and jumps in the river.

INDY

He's okay! Come on!

## INT. TRUCK - DAY

Marion jumps in, scoots across the seat. Indy piles in after her, slams the door.

INDY

now do you believe there are Russian spies?

Hama suddenly appears and jumps in on the passenger side, Marion getting squeezed in between them.

HAMA

Ants! Big ants!

INDY

Yeah, I know.

Ants start swarming up the windows, blotting out daylight. Indy cranks the ignition, but the engine won't start. He frantically pumps the gas, keeps trying as:

Ants come crawling in through the dashboard vents. Marion SCREAMS, kicks the first one to paste, everybody blocking up the vents with whatever's at hand. Indy glances back through the rear window into Oxley's cage, fully expecting to see Oxley reduced to bones by now, but his jaw drops...

## EXT. TRUCK BED - DAY

...because the wild man sits hunkered in his cage, calm and smiling, eyes glazed in a fugue state, looking around at all the pretty ants swarming his bars and floor. Whatever psychic aura he's projecting, it's causing the ants to go around him, making him look like Moses parting the Red Ant Sea...

## INT. TRUCK - DAY

...but Indy doesn't have time to think about it -- ants are chewing through the roof and doors! He tries the key again and -- bingo! It VROOMS to life! He slams it in gear and floors it, hitting the wipers to clear ants off the windshield...

## EXT. TRUCK - DAY

...and the truck rumbles away from us, dumping a trail of gasoline from the fuel line beneath the truck. The spreading flames IGNITE the fuel. As the fire races along the ground after the truck, WE WHIP PAN TO:

Yuri staggering to his feet, frantically slapping huge ants off his body:

YURI

(in Russian, subtitled)

COMMANDOS! AFTER THEM!

As Yuri darts off, WE WHIP PAN AGAIN and find:

ESCALANTE  
(in Spanish, subtitled)  
THEY HAVE MY SKULL!

INT. MOVING TRUCK - DAY

Indy glances in the sideview mirror, sees the fire following them along the trail of gasoline.

INDY  
Lousy ants.  
(off their looks)  
They chewed through the fuel line.

Marion and Hama turn simultaneously, gaping in horror. Indy floors it fast, keeping ahead of the flames, wrestling the steering wheel, veering around trees...

...but soon they're going too fast, Indy barely avoiding tipping the truck over. He stomps the brakes, trying to slow down, but the peal sinks straight to the floor...

INDY  
And the brakes.

EXT. TRUCK/SLOPE - DAY

...and now it's Mr. Toad's Wild Ride (times ten!) as they hurtle down the wild open terrain of the hill, Indy barely in control, swerving and missing trees by inches, sailing into the air over boulders and slamming awesomely back down again.

Cresting the hill behind them is an army of pursuers:  
Careening trucks. Soviet commandos on horseback. Escalante's APC. Anything and everything.

The pursuers surge down the slope, exchanging GUNFIRE, everybody trying to beat everybody else to the prize. A truck flips and rolls, causing other vehicles to collide and swerve, jamming up and falling behind.

Four Soviet commandos leap their horses over the wreckage, surging ahead of the pack at a full gallop...

...and behind them, that pesky fire is still racing along the trail of fuel.

INDY'S TRUCK

INDY  
I think we can outrun 'em!

They suddenly realize they're heading for a rocky ledge! Indy can't brake! They go sailing off the edge and:

CRUNCH! The truck lands in a tree, slamming to a stop in the branches. The engine dies. Marion gives Indy a withering look.

MARION

Only you could park us in a tree.

INDY

Only you could drive me out of mine.

Indy starts cranking the key, but the engine's flooded.

Behind them, the four commandos ride up and leap from the saddles with machine guns, yelling for them to surrender.

Not far behind, that trail of fire travels ever closer.

HAMA

I think they want us to surrender.

MARION

Don't worry. We'll blow up before that happens.

Suddenly, the ENGINE ROARS TO LIFE...

INDY

German engineering.

...and Indy floors it. The truck lurches, wheels spinning in the branches, the tree bending forward with the shifting weight. The commandos rush closer, hollering for them to stop.

Indy keeps flooring it, truck lurching, dipping closer to the ground as the tree keeps bending more and more...

Yuri gallops up fast, yelling:

YURI

(in Russian, subtitled)

SHOOT THEM! JUST SHOOT!

...and, suddenly, the truck breaks free and roars off, causing the tree to snap hugely back in the other direction and:

The tree swats the four commandos to paste! THWACK! Yuri's stunned.

The flames WHOOSH by, still pursuing Indy's truck along the gasoline. Yuri gallops after the truck, racing the fire.

INDY'S TRUCK

careens onward, brakeless, barely in control. Yuri gallops up and does a horse-to-truck transfer, grabbing the bars of Oxley's cage and hauling himself from the saddle.

Yuri's now clinging to the side of the truck, where Indy can see him in the sideview mirror:

YURI  
INDY! I WANT THAT SKULL!

Yuri reaches for the machine gun slung across his back. Indy yanks his revolver. But before shots can be fired:

MARIION  
(pointing)  
Oh my gawd!

The edge of a cliff is coming up. Indy goes goggle-eyed. So does Yuri -- a cliff ahead and flames behind, and no time to think about either!

The truck sails off into space. Yuri is thrown clear, vanishing in freefall toward the river below as the flames finally catch up, WHOOSHING through the air on a trail of gasoline --

-- and the gas tank EXPLODES beneath the truck in mid-air, kicking the ass-end of the vehicle up on a BALL OF FLAME that sends it cartwheeling end-over-end into --

#### THE RIVER

-- where it lands rightside up with a HUGE SPLASH, the flames extinguished. But the current's strong; and before you know it, our heroes are getting swept downriver. And they're not alone -- the river's littered with men and horses that jumped into the river to escape the ants, also going for a ride!

#### MOVING SHOT FROM RIVERBANK

The truck gets swept along. Escalante's APC ROARS into frame f.g., swerving around trees (or mashing them flat) to keep up. Von Grauen and some soldiers are hanging on for dear life. Escalante's in the turret, hollering into his radio phone:

ESCALANTE  
(in Spanish, subtitled)  
INTO THE RIVER! USE THE BOATS!

#### RIVERBANK (FURTHER BACK)

Escalante's men are scrambling to pull five collapsible boats off the sides of the trucks and launch them as El President's VOICE crackles from the radio:

ESCALANTE (filtered)  
(in Spanish, subtitled)  
IF THEY ESCAPE I'LL HAVE YOU ALL  
SHOT! EVERY LAST MAN!

Soldiers pile into the wood and canvas longboats are swept off by the current...

**RIVERBANK (FURTHER DOWN)**

Yuri's remaining four commandos see the longboats coming. Without hesitation, the four men to four perfect dives into the river at the exact same moment...

**A BOAT IN THE RIVER**

...and the Russians pop up at the side of a boat, grab the soldiers, toss them over, and pull themselves aboard to commandeer it. One commando takes position with his machine gun at the prow, while the others work the oars.

**INDY'S TRUCK/IN THE RIVER**

Indy, Marion, and Hama are getting swept downriver in an increasingly wild ride, rapids appearing here and there, water pouring through the cab. Indy valiantly struggles with the wheel, but there's really no way to steer this thing. They carom off a boulder, moving ever faster with the current...

**BACK OF TRUCK**

...while a hand thrusts out of the frothing current and grabs hold of Oxley's cage. Yuri hauls himself from the water, climbing up the bars to the top of the cage over Oxley's astonished head. The Russian makes his way forward, using the bars as handholds...

**IN THE TRUCK**

Yuri suddenly kicks in the driver's side window, landing a bootheel to Indy's face! Before Indy can react, Yuri kicks him in the face again, knocking him senseless.

Yuri pulls Indy out the window and drops him in the river. Indy vanishes in the current as Yuri slides in and replaces him behind the wheel. Marion and Hama are horrified.

**IN THE RIVER**

Indy pops up, gasping for air. He looks around, sees a HORSE being swept toward him, whinnying in panic. Indy grabs the reins, calming the animal as he urges the horse toward shore, the best swimming and snorting frantically, hooves finally finding some traction on the riverbed...

...and Indy rides the horse out of the water onto solid ground, charging to a full gallop along the riverbank.

**ALONG THE RIVERBANK**

Indy rides full-out, veering around trees, chasing the truck as it sails downriver. Across the river on the opposite bank b.g., Escalante's APC is also charging along, smashing trees.

## ON THE APC

Von Grauen spots Indy across the river, nudges Escalante to get his attention, points. Escalante swings his .50 caliber MACHINE GUN around and OPENS FIRE.

## INDY

gallops like crazy as the TRACER FIRE from across the river rips the trees and branches to fragments above his head. He ducks, loses himself in the trees, charging ever onward...

## IN THE RIVER

...while the truck is getting swept along faster and faster, bucking now in the increasing WHITE RAPIDS.

## RIVERBANK (FURTHER AHEAD)

Indy comes galloping up to the edge of a drop. The river is a raging white torrent below. He looks upriver and sees the truck come into view, getting swept around the bend. Indy's gotten ahead of it!

Frantic, he tries to gauge the distance to the middle of the river. It seems as impossible jump, but:

There are several huge trees lining the drop with long jungle vines trailing off the edge.

Indy spurs the horse, grabs a vine, swings clean out of the saddle and wildly out over the river, a pendulum of enormous distance that lands him in the middle of the rapids. He plummets and vanishes in the froth as:

## THE TRUCK

rides the rapids, white water spuming over the hood and past the windows. Suddenly, from ahead:

Indy appears in the blink of an eye, swept up the hood and CRASHING right through the windshield! Yuri gets Indiana Jones and about fifty gallons of water right in the face!

Indy nails him with a brutal flurry of punches -- WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! -- and shoves him out the side window. Yuri vanishes in the rapids. Indy gabs the wheel, yells to Marion over the water thundering through the cab:

## INDY

ANYTHING HAPPEN WHILE I WAS GONE?

Suddenly, GUNSHOTS! A bullet blows the sideview mirror to fragments! They look back:

The longboats of soldiers are on their tail, rifles BLAZING, riding the rapids -- which are getting even worse!

## PURSUING BOAT #1

smacks headlong into a boulder and comes apart in an instant, hurling shattered wood and screaming men in all directions to vanish in the churning water.

## PURSUING BOAT #2

CAPTAIN  
(in Spanish, subtitled)  
SHOOT THOSE BASTARDS!

The soldiers let loose a BLISTERING BARRAGE. One particularly brave (stupid) soldier rises up with rifle poised, trying for a clear shot -- and a passing tree branch takes him right out of the boat with a sickening THUD!

## PURSUING BOAT #3

Yuri's commandos. They're catching up to Indy's truck. The commando on the prow makes a spectacular leap, grabs onto Oxley's cage, unslings his machine gun...

...and Oxley bites his knuckles. The commando plummets into the churning water. Pissed, the other Russians OPEN FIRE.

## IN THE TRUCK

Marion ducks as BULLETS SLAM into a dashboard before her and rip it to pieces.

MARION  
LET'S SEE...HOW COULD WE MAKE THIS  
SITUATION WORSE?

Indy tosses her a "you had to ask" look. Suddenly, the truck seems to drop out of frame as:

## THE RIVER

takes a turn down an extreme 30 degree slope, the rapids becoming the nastiest, most awesome white water imaginable!

The truck and the boats come slamming up into view through raging walls of water and crashing back down again, taking the hairiest ride ever seen. In fact, it's not a ride so much as a controlled fall down the mountain via rapids.

Indy and his pursuers go slamming through an awesome series of dips, seeming to vanish completely in the torrential rapids before bobbing back into view. Massive ROCKS loom at every turn, threatening to smash them to pieces. The truck and boats are swept along like corks in a flood, whipping through wild spinning turns with every change of direction.

## INDY'S TRUCK

Indy, Marion, and Hama are just gasping and holding on for dear life, water surging through the cab.

MARION  
WE'RE GONNA DIE IN THESE RAPIDS!

INDY  
IT'S NOT THE RAPIDS I'M WORRIED  
ABOUT! IT'S THE FALLS!

MARION  
THE WHAT?

Marion's eyes bug out...

## A WATERFALL

...as they go airborne. An endless, gut-churning moment of freefall, the pursuing boats hurtling into mid-air right behind them. Everybody's SCREAMING as they drop back into the rapids and get swept along toward --

A SECOND WATERFALL

-- and going airborne again! More screaming freefall! Men spilling into the water as boats overturn and fly apart, swept along toward --

YET A THIRD WATERFALL

-- and the truck hurtles awesomely into the air again. Behind them, more men and boats go flying.

The boat with Yuri's commandos takes a nasty bounce and shoots off the falls at a bad angle. The commandos are screaming (and holding on!) as they sail through the air on a long lethal arc that ends with them going SPLAT on the rocks below in an explosion of wood fragments and cartwheeling bodies...

## INDY'S TRUCK

the river levels out! Marion and Hama are overjoyed:

MARION  
WE MADE IT! WE'RE ALIVE!

But Indy has remained silent and intense, staring straight.

INDY  
(softly)  
One more to go.

All eyes turn forward. Shit!

## THE FOURTH (AND BY FAR THE BIGGEST) WATERFALL

cascades from the cliffs. The truck rockets over the edge as if shot from a cannon, free-falling endlessly toward the water below...and impacting with an AWESOME SPLASH!

Happily, the river widens considerably here, so no more rapids. Unhappily, the river's also a lot deeper and the truck sinks nose-first as the current carries it along.

Indy, Marion, and Hama pop to the surface, gasping. Indy's got the knapsack with the Skull, slings it around his neck.

INDY  
SWIM FOR SHORE!

The rear of the truck is bobbing in the water, barely breaking the surface. Oxley's trapped, arms flailing through the bars.

Indy grabs onto the cage, swept along, struggling to open the latch before Oxley drowns. It's padlocked! Indy draws his revolver, BLOWS the lock off, wrenches the door open. He pulls Oxley out, swimming desperately toward:

## THE RIVERBANK

Indy pulls Oxley to safety, crawls a few feet up the muddy bank, and collapses facedown. He tries to catch his breath --

INDY  
Professor? You ok--?

-- and glances up just in time to see Oxley's naked feet dart out of frame. Stunned, Indy shoves himself off the ground, trying to see where Oxley went.

INDY  
Professor!

Indy takes off in pursuit...

## VARIOUS ANGLES

...and the chase takes them through denser and denser jungle, Oxley always two steps ahead -- in fact, Indy never really sees him clearly, just catches bare glimpses of him vanishing around trees, or as a fast-moving blur, through the leaves.

INDY  
Professor! Wait!

Indy's getting lost, disoriented in all this green. He pauses to listen, hoping to pinpoint his Oxley by sound...

...and the wild man swings overhead on a vine, appearing and vanishing like a sight gag. Indy gapes up, climbs the nearest tree to go after him...

## IN THE TREES

...and the chase continues through the trees, Oxley in glimpses, fast he an ape, swinging from vine to vine, catching branches and hurtling on like a gymnast off the bars...

...with Indy not far behind, swinging on vines but lacking Oxley's animal agility. Indy lands on a branch, desperately trying to keep his balance, and realizes he's run out of vines. He pulls his whip and cracks it forward, using his whip now to keep swinging from tree to tree, until:

CRACK! A branch breaks with his weight and Indy plummets to the ground, landing flat on his back. He sits up groaning.

No sign of Oxley. No sound now but the jungle birds.

INDY  
PROFESSOR!

From a distance.

MARION (O.S.)  
Indy!

Indy's swept with relief, realizing he would have been devastated if something had happened to her. He scrambles to his feet, blunders through the growth toward a clearing...

INDY  
Marion! Thank God! I thought I lost you!

NEW ANGLE

...and he freezes as he emerges into the clearing. Not twenty yards away:

Yuri. He's got Marion by the wrist and the machine gun pressed to her side, while Hama stands helplessly by.

YURI  
You have no idea how much trouble you've caused me. Discard the gun.

Indy pulls his pistol, tosses it.

INDY  
Let her go, Yuri!

YURI  
Of course. Just hand over the skull.

Indy nods, pulls the knapsack from around his neck. Yuri prods Marion forward to retrieve it. She starts across the clearing, but pauses halfway as suddenly:

Escalante's APC CRASHES through the clearing and lurches to a stop. Stampeding into view are a DOZEN remaining soldiers, soaked to the bone and aiming rifles.

They've got a GROUP OF PRISONERS -- Peter, Osgood Turner, Porfi, two of Porfi's men. Marion's delighted to see her husband (a reaction Indy doesn't share):

MARION

Peter!

PETER

Marion! Are you all right?

She nods. Escalante descends from his turret and jumps to the ground, followed by Von Grauen.

YURI

el Presidente. How inconvenient.

ESCALANTE

there's nowhere you can run that I cannot follow. And as you can see, you are quite outnumbered. Surrender your machine gun.

INDY

We're running out of guys, Yuri. Do as he says.

YURI

(hesitates)

Very well.

ESCALANTE

Señora Belasko. Bring me the weapon.

PETER

No! Please! I insist she move out of harm's way. I'll do it...

Marion's very impressed with Peter. Indy grimaces -- shit, why didn't I think of that?

Peter walks out bravely to take her place. Marion moves aside, gazing after him adoringly. Peter steps up to Yuri, the two men now standing face to face.

INDY

Take it, Peter! Take the gun!

Peter reaches up. Takes the machine gun from Yuri. Both men glaring into each other's eyes. Beat.

Peter abruptly turns, MACHINE GUN BLAZING in his hands, raking it back and forth, mowing down all of Escalante's men. Only Escalante and von Grauen are left standing.

In the shocked silence that follows:

PETER

I thought you'd never get here.

YURI

It wasn't for lack of trying.

Marion stares at Peter in utter disbelief, rocked to her heels, trying to process what just happened.

MARION

Peter...?

INDY

(kicking himself)

He's a spy. For the Russians. I  
should'a known.

(to Yuri)

You were in it with him all along.

PETER

Yes, it was quite awkward when you  
showed up instead.

MARION

A spy? For the Russians?

PETER

Well...yes.

(off her look)

Sorry, darling. I didn't know how  
to tell you.

MARION

Boy, you think you know a guy.

Beat. She hauls off and PUNCHES him in the nose, whipping his head to one side. He looks back at her, exasperated.

PETER

Sweetness? Aren't we over-reacting?

MARION

this isn't like leaving the cap off  
the toothpaste, Peter! Your a  
goddamn Russian spy!

PETER

Indeed, but...you're not going to  
let a little thing like that come  
between us, are you?

(off her look)

Marion, please don't ask me to make  
a choice...

## MARION

I'm an American, Peter! Through and through! You knew that when you married me! What do you expect me to do, convert?

Indy and Yuri have been trading embarrassed glances during all this. Indy clears his throat.

## INDY

uh, look...you guys have the guns, right? So you win. Why don't the rest of us just walk away?

Peter spins to Indy, machine gun poised...and pauses, gazing up in wonder as he realizes there they are. Softly:

## PETER

Are you stupid as well as blind?

Indy follows his gaze...

...and we reveal an awesome sight above the trees. The canyons end at this spot. Clouds are just clearing the sun, splashing light across the cliffs on both sides of the river -- into which are carved TWO GIANT STONE FACES gazing out over the valley. They're like sentinels, or gate posts. The visages are humanoid...through not really human.

## PETER

Behold! The Great Stone Sentinels of Los Dioses! The twin gods that mark the entrance to the Valley of Dreams! We are here!

Peter prods Indy up the rise, Yuri herding the others along behind them...

...and CAMERA BOOMS UP to reveal the Valley of Dreams spread before us, ringed by mountainous volcanic ridges, the floor of the valley overgrown with lush green rainforest. Peeking through the jungle are amazing ancient ruins, at the very center of which stands the grandest building of all -- the Great Stone Temple of the Gods. Also amazing is the fact that the rushing river cascades from the canyon into a man-made aqueduct that crosses the valley right to the Great Stone Temple's doorstep (more on that later) Indy and the others take it all in, stunned:

## INDY

It is the greatest find of all time.

## YURI

Yes. But belongs to the Kremlin now. Sorry, Indy. Your knowledge of this place must die with you.

Peter glances to Marion, then looks back down at Escalante's APC. FIVE 50-GALLON FUEL DRUMS are mounted on the rear.

PETER  
Porfi. Bring your men.

WIPE TO:

INT. CAVE - DAY

We are inside one of the Great Stone Faces on the cliff. The cave entrance is the mouth, with the eyes above letting in streams of daylight like windows. TILT DOWN TO:

The fuel drums stand together in the middle of the cave. Sitting on the ground with their backs to the drums and tied in a circle around them (with Escalante's own rope) are Indy, Marion, Hama, Escalante, von Grauen, and Osgood Turner. Porfi and his men stand by, watching as:

Peter and Yuri tighten the knots. Marion glares at Peter as he kneels to check her rope -- if looks could kill.

PETER  
I want you to come with me.

MARION  
I want a divorce.

Next to her, Indy reacts with a big, sheepish grin -- that's the best news ever...but on the other hand, they're all about to die. Peter raises a bundle of TNT before Marion...

PETER  
Then you shall have one.

...and leans over her, packing it into the drums. Meanwhile, Yuri comes around to Indy's side, uncoiling a long fuse.

INDY  
I thought you loved America.

YURI  
But Mother Russia is my soul. Our little cold wars will heat up some day soon. There will be a final reckoning -- an apocalyptic struggle to inherit the earth. For the sake of mankind, our side must win.

TURNER  
Right, the great communist utopia. Heard it all before. You try anything, our side'll bury you.

INDY  
He's right.

Peter steps in, crouching down, intense:

PETER

I think not! The Crystal Skull has spoken! In the Lost City there lurks a psychic force beyond our wildest dreams. Perhaps greater than the atomic bomb. We shall learn to control it. Use it against you.

INDY

If wishes were horses.

YURI

No, Indy, if wishes were weapons. Imagine. To peer across the world and know your enemy's secrets. Freeze their missiles in their silos. Assassinate their leaders. All with the power of our minds.

PETER

A new frontier of psychic warfare. That was Stalin's dream Your precious country shall pass into history, as extinct as ancient Rome.

(tenderly brushes  
Marion's cheek)

What is our little marriage compared to that?

He rises, joins Yuri. They move toward the mouth of the cave, playing out yards of fuse...

PETER

Now if you'll excuse us. The next great adventure lies ahead. The world that Marx dreamed of...

...but they freeze at the sound of RIFLES BEING COCKED. They turn. Porfi and his two men have M-1 rifles aimed at them.

PORFI

I myself am not political, Señor...

WIPE TO:

Peter and Yuri are now also tied to the drums (Marion's between Indy and Peter). ANGLE TO Porfi tightening their knots.

PORFI

...me, I'm a capitalist. I believe in money.

Porfi rises. Escalante is ecstatic:

## ESCALANTE

Excellent work, *compañeros!* You shall be rewarded! Untie me!

Porfi's pals (PABLO and FRANCISCO) toss uncomfortable glances his way, wondering if they should. But Porfi shakes his head, reassuring them.

## PORFI

Nah. See, me and the boys talked it over? And we think all the antiquities in Peru should belong to us. I don't know about his psychic stuff, but the legend says the city is made of gold. Vaya *con dios*, everybody.

The grab the Crystal Skull, light the fuse and hustle out of the cave. Gone. The fuse Hisses AND SPUTTERS merrily along.

## INDY

Yuri? How long's that fuse?

## YURI

About three minutes, give or take.

## INDY

Can you reach it with your foot?  
Snuff it out?

## YURI

It's poly-tensile cord with titanium and magnesium fibers. You can't snuff it out or cut it with an ax. It even burns underwater.

## MARION

Great.

## PETER

May I suggest that--

## MARION

(snaps at him)  
shut up! I can't believe you were gonna kill me! I don't wanna hear a word out of you!

## INDY

Loose ropes? Anybody?

Everybody twists and strains, but the knots are tight.

## HAMA

I suggest we rock the drums! Perhaps we can tip them over!

INDY

Right! My way first! On three...one,  
two, three...

the whole group rocks toward Indy, giving it all they've got, straining like crazy. The drums aren't budging an inch.

MARION

Well, this is stupid.

They give up, sagging. Indy shifts his leg, trying to get his boot up to where his hands are tied to his chest...

INDY

I've got a knife in my boot. If I could just reach it...

...but it's no good. His fingers hover a good twelve inches shy of success. He gives up in frustration.

INDY

I'm not as limber as I used to be.

MARION

So that's it?

INDY

'Fraid so.

Pause. She turns to look at him. Their eyes meet.

MARION

Sorry I got you into this.

INDY

I thought I got you into this.

Beat. Indy's working up the courage to say something. He drops his voice to a whisper so the others can't hear:

INDY

Uh...Marion. Listen. I just wanted to tell you that...well...I just wanted to say...I still, uh...

On the other side of Marion, we see Peter turn his head.

PETER

What?

INDY

(exasperated)

I LOVE HER! LOUD ENOUGH FOR YOU?

PETER

I can't believe you two are discussing this in my presence!

INDY  
Hey! The marriage is over! Live  
with it!

He turns his attention back to Marion. She's dewey-eyed.

MARION  
You're just saying that 'cause  
we're about to die.

INDY  
Well...it does help ease the fear  
of commitment. But I mean it.

They lean toward each other, straining against their ropes.  
Their lips touch. A lovely kiss. As Indy draws back...

INDY  
To kiss her means death. I guess he  
was right.

MARION  
Who?

...and his gaze shifts, looking past her.

INDY  
Oxley!

Marion turns. There's the wild man at the mouth of the cave.

INDY  
Professor! Help us! Can you  
understand what I'm saying?

Oxley scurries in. He draws near, touches Indy's face. Again, that strange lucidity overcomes him, that ragged whisper:

OXLEY  
You're the man in the water.

INDY  
That's right. Now please. There's a  
knife in my boot. We're all about  
to go boom. Yuri!

YURI  
Oh, sixty seconds. Maybe less.

OXLEY  
(grins)  
Death, dearth, death. The gods will  
be plucking many pretty skulls today,  
yes, many pretty skulls.

MARION

Indy, this guy's giving me the creeps.

INDY

Don't help, okay? Professor, look at the rope. Can you cut the rope?

OXLEY

(looks down)

Thick. Very thick.

Oxley puzzles over the rope for a moment, then surprises Indy by abruptly grabbing it in both hands and gnawing it.

PETER

What's happening?

INDY

He's chewing on it.

VON GRAUEN

Wonderful.

MARION

Can you try explaining the knife again? We don't have time for--

Oxley chews through it and whips his head up, teeth bared, HOWLING in animal triumph. Indy and Marion are stunned. Fast, Indy wrestles out of his ropes, jumps to his feet, yanks his knife from his boot. He slices Marion's rope first, pulls her to her feet. Then Hama, then the others, then:

Only Peter and Yuri are still tied up. Indy hesitates, throws a look to Marion, tempted to leave them. He sighs. He can't, he's the hero. He grabs up an M-1 rifle left at the cave entrance by Porfi, tosses it to her. She works the bolt as:

INDY

She's in charge of this expedition.

Got that?

YURI

(glances at the fuse)

In ten seconds, there will be no one in charge.

Indy leans down, slices their ropes...

EXT. CAVE - DAY

...and they all burst from the mouth of the cave, jumping for it down the incline as: WA-BOOOOOM! A HUGE EXPLOSION blows flame out of the mouth and eyes of the Stone Face. A moment later, the face collapses in, a smoking hole in the cliff...

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. GRAND PLAZA OF THE GREAT TEMPLE - DAY

...and our group struggles into the Lost City, passing vine-shrouded colonnades and ancient broken archways, entering:

The grand plaza of The Great Stone Temple of the Gods. The Temple is pyramid-shaped in the Mayan style, gigantic, with various levels working upwards toward a crown of altars and odd battlements. It's backlit by the late sun, throwing an awesome shadow across the crumbled plaza. Unlike Mayan buildings, though, this one has a massive open entrance looming like a dark, open doorway some sixty or seventy feet high. As mentioned before, the river from the canyons is funneled here by the aqueduct -- raging white rapids thunder across the plaza along the stone channel and disappear directly into the heart of the Great Temple through that towering open doorway.

Oxley grows more terrified as they approach, cowering at the sight of the building. As they reach the building's shadow, he hunkers down, gibbering in raw animal panic.

Indy crouches before him, grabs his flailing wrist in a firm grip -- and the instant physical contact is made, Oxley calms and that strange lucidity returns. Indy looks him in the eye.

INDY

Professor. What happened to you here? What are you so afraid of?

OXLEY

(tortured, hushed)  
I can't remember...

A mysterious WIND kicks up, billowing dust across the plaza and sending a chill of premonition through them all.

MARION (O.S.)

Indy.

He turns. Marion's staring up at the Temple. He follows her gaze and sees:

A SILHOUETTED FIGURE

is revealed through the billowing dust. He's on the steps leading up to the first level of the Temple. Just standing there. Watching them. Backlit by sun.

The figure comes slowly down the steps, a machete dangling in one hand. In the other, he's cradling a knapsack in his arm and holding what appears to be a glowing head. The machete slips from his fingers, CLANKING down the steps.

He reaches the bottom and approaches us. It's Porfi. Mind blown. One side of his face raw from a second degree burn. His clothes streaked with blood. The glowing head he's holding

is the Crystal Skull. It drops from his shaking hand -- Indy reacts fast, catching it.

INDY

Porfi! Where are your friends?

Porfi's disoriented, trying to speak.

PORFI

Pablo...he...he touched the gold and was consumed by the fire of the Gods... and then the Skull spoke to me...it said we had defiled this place...it said we had to make a sacrifice to appease the anger of *los Dioses*...

He turns, gaze traveling back up the steps from where he came. Drops of blood lead up to the first level of the temple...where a headless body lies seeping blood down the steps.

PORFI

So I cut off Francisco's head!

Porfi abruptly yanks a decapitated head from the knapsack, holding it by the hair. The mouth is thrown open in a silent scream, eyes frozen wide and staring up at the heavens.

Porfi's expression now matching his dead friend's -- eyes and mouth wide as can be -- and he starts to SCREAM! Over and over again! Horrible ear-splitting SHRIEKS! He drops the head in the dust at Indy's feet and runs off, SCREAMING as if he'll never stop, vanishing into the jungle...

Indy looks to the others. Everybody's in shock.

INDY

We can turn back.

He meets peter's gaze. In the look that passes between them we can see there's no way either of them are backing down.

Indy turns TIGHT TO CAMERA, gazing with intense purpose at the huge entrance to the Temple...

TURNER

Whoa, whoa, wait...don't we get a vote?

INDY

(not looking back)

It's not a democracy.

...and he exits frame. Marion glares at peter, rifle aimed.

MARION

That should make you feel right at home.

The group follows Indy. Turner glances down at the decapitated head, hurries after them...

INT. THE GREAT STONE TEMPLE - DAY

...and they enter through the massive open doorway, leaving daylight behind. They move along the raging rapids of the aqueduct...and as their eyes adjust, **HUGE SHAPES** appear in the darkness. **DOZENS OF GIANT WHEELS** are being spun at great speed by the rapids, each wheel at least fifty feet tall. They're in a single long row down the aqueduct, one after the other, mounted on a line of support gantries.

HAMA

Water heels?

Indy moves closer. The gantries appear metallic.

INDY

They're...turbines.

YURI

Impossible.

Descending from arrays of connectors on each gantry are series of **SOLID GOLD CONDUITS** as thick as a man's wrist, running across the floor in long weaving patterns (viewed from high above, the floor of this place would look like a giant computer chip schematic). Indy follows the **HUMMING** conduits, finds:

A **DEAD MAN** on the floor, body still smoking, the ashes of the hand gripping a conduit. Indy crouches as the others gather.

MARION

Pablo.

INDY

Porfi said he touched the gold and was consumed by the fire of the Gods.

Indy picks up a pebble and tosses it on the conduit. The pebble **EXPLODES** with a flash and puff of smoke.

INDY

Yeah, Pablo. Electrocuted. These gold rails are conductors...

(gazes around)

...this whole place is like a massive power generating plant.

Everybody's wrestling to accept something patently impossible:

PETER

No, no, that can't be. This city's at least ten thousand years old. They wouldn't have such technology. They couldn't...

TURNER  
Generating power for what?

INDY  
(rises)  
don't step on the rails...

They proceed down the huge Corridor of Wheels, encountering more and more BODIES along the way -- some are ash like Pablo, others merely skeletal cobwebby remains, all long dead. At the point where the wheels end, they turn a corner into:

A LONG, DARK CORRIDOR

Indy inches cautiously into the gloom...

INDY  
We're gonna need a torch.

...and an OVERHEAD FIXTURE STARTS TO GLOW. The light is dim and greenish. Indy glances to the others, astonished.

As they proceed, the overhead fixtures track them as if by motion sensor -- the ones ahead start to glow as they approach, the ones behind them dimming back to darkness.

The walls are lined with HIEROGLYPHS on both sides. Images depict human slaves constructing the city. Priests and acolytes praying to flaming fireballs in the sky. Blood sacrifices. Strange, tall, inhuman forms. The group emerges into...

A HUGE ANTECHAMBER

...which really blows their minds. It's like a huge warehouse crammed with stuff. They move down the aisle, increasingly stunned. If you took the contents of the dozen best museums of antiquity in the world and dumped them here. Well, it'd be a drop in the bucket. There are artifacts from every ancient era from all over the world, heaped helter-skelter.

ESCALANTE  
*Madre de Dios!* I am the wealthiest man in the world!

The others are looking around, numb, trying to absorb it all:

PETER  
Macedonian...Egyptian...Celtic...

INDY  
...Sumerian...Etruscan...Greek...

MARION  
...Roman...Babylonian...

Indy stops, seeing primitive stone tools. He picks one up.

INDY  
...prehistoric. Stone Age.

He's blown away. His gaze goes to an intact EGYPTIAN SKIFF leafed with gold and hung with cobwebs, oars still in place. Nearby are rows of gorgeously painted Egyptian SARCOPHAGI.

INDY  
I must be dreaming.

PETER  
It's no dream, it's a motherload.  
Artifacts from every ancient era of  
mankind. There's not a museum in  
the world that wouldn't sell its  
soul...

INDY  
...try a dozen museums...a hundred...

HAMA  
How can this be? How could they  
gather this from all over the world?  
From so many different ages?

He looks to Indy for answers.

INDY  
One thing's for sure. They were  
collectors. Like us.

Marion steps into frame, cocks her head -- look there:

Down at the end of the aisle is an ORNATE ARCHWAY leading to another room. The archway is a startling BAS-RELIEF OF SOLID GOLD, depicting celestial bodies. Indy leads the way...

#### THE CHAMBER OF THE GODS

...and they enter. It's dark, just the light spilling through the door. The room is big, though not as huge as the antechamber they just left. And it's round. Hama moves to the center of the room, where a round GOLD BAS-RELIEF occupies the floor.

HAMA  
(crouches)  
A celestial map. These stars...it's  
the Pleiades system.

...and no sooner has he spoken than DIM GREENISH LIGHT BEGINS TO GLOW from fixtures set into the curved walls. But more astonishing than the fixtures is what they reveal.

THIRTEEN THRONES are spaced in a wide circle around us. On the thrones, covered with cobwebs and the dust of ages, sit THIRTEEN CRYSTAL SKELETONS -- all missing their heads.

All eyes go to Indy. He looks down at the Skull in his hand. Looks back to the skeletons. He moves forward, wondering which skeleton the Skull belongs to...

...and he pauses, expression going slack. He raises the Skull, cocks his head as is listening. Then his gaze shifts to a specific skeleton and he veers toward it.

MARION

How do you know which one?

INDY

It told me.

Marion and the others trade ominous looks. Indy mounts the steps to the base of the throne, pauses. He lifts the Crystal Skull to the skeleton's shoulders...and finds that it slots perfectly in place. Click.

Ephemeral ripples of light begin in the skull, swirling down in the body, dancing and flowing as delicately as smoke. The skeleton, now complete, glows from within.

Indy backs away, gasping. Everybody shies back. Oxley loses it completely, throwing himself to the floor in a fetal ball, writhing and moaning in a meltdown of mindless terror.

Placing the skull was like fitting a key in a lock, because:

A DEEP RUMBLE BEGINS. The huge bas-relief of the Pleiades in the middle of the floor starts to open, rising out like the lens of a camera. Everybody scatters out of the way as the floor just keeps opening, wider and wider, steam and brilliant light rising from below...

...along with something big. A massive dark shape. Rising up, higher and higher, looming. We get a sense of machinery humming beneath the floor, not primitive stone mechanisms, but machines. Indy glances into the glowing pit, gets a brief impression of engineered technology -- lights descending into a blinding pit of hydraulic rams, gears, superstructure...

...and WHUMP! The shape comes to a stop, its round base perfectly fitting the hole in the floor, shutting out the light and sound from below.

What's risen into view is a thick, circular column of exotic machined design, fitting from floor to ceiling. Ringing the column are thirteen seats facing outward, suggesting futuristic astronaut blast-seats, otherworldly and remarkable -- but even more remarkable are the THIRTEEN ALIENS seated in them. They're facing out, their lines of sight matching the ring of Crystal Skeletons facing in. A skeleton per alien.

Indy and the others gather, gazing up at the ALIEN opposite the glowing skeleton. It's been dead so long it's mummified. It's humanoid, but taller -- some ten feet in height, gangly

and angular, with an array of ridges and spines spreading from its neck and skull like an exotic headdress. Like the Crystal Skeletons, the mummy is covered with cobwebs. Indy notices dusty transparent tubes running out of the column and the seats, plugged into the creature's desiccated flesh.

Indy reaches out, feeling one of the creature's fingers. It snaps off softly in his hand, falling to dust at his feet.

MARION

What are they?

INDY

I don't know, but they've been dead a long time.

HAMA

Look!

They turn. The shimmering light in the room is growing brighter, because:

The Crystal Skeleton is gaining brilliance, swirls of light rippling and coursing through its form. They shield their eyes as the light gathers most intensely in the skull -- and TWIN BEAMS OF LIGHT shoot over their heads from the skeleton's eyes in the alien mummy's, the two now connected by supernatural force. Indy notices with dread that the tubes sunken into the alien's flesh have begun seeping fluids...

INDY

I've got a bad feeling about this.

...and a MASSIVE BOOMING VOICE SUDDENLY FILLS THE ROOM:

VOICE

ANUNG UN RAMA! AMUNG DOOL! AMUNG  
DOON ABAYA! ANUNG UN RAMAAAA!

MARION

Where's that coming from?

Turner's backing away, pointing:

TURNER

It's the weird guy.

Everybody turns...

ANGLE ON THE GROUP

...as Oxley rises up into frame facing camera, arms held aloft, weird glowing vapor streaming from his nose and mouth, hair billowing against gravity as if underwater. The man we knew is gone -- what remains is a conduit of unearthly power. As we watch, his eyes roll slowly up in his head until the pupils vanish completely -- only the whites are now visible.

His mouth opens a living microphone for the Gods, VOICE  
CONTINUING TO ECHO AND BOOM...

OXLEY/ALIEN  
TO THE SACRED PLACE WE WELCOME YOU.

...and he turns to face the group. More and more glowing vapor is forming, streaming to Oxley from the alien mummy and the Crystal Skeleton, forming rivulets that swirl about his body and create vague, wispy shapes in the air above his head...

INDY  
Who are you?

...and when Oxley speaks, streams of vapor exhale from his nose and mouth, forming shapes that dissipate in the air before their eyes like an opium addict's dream...

OXLEY/ALIEN  
WE ARE THE ONES WHO FELL FROM THE HEAVENS. WE ARE THE NEPHALIM. WE ARE THE RUBEZAHL. WE ARE THE LIGHTS IN THE SKY. YOUR KIND HAS GIVEN US MANY NAMES. YOU MAY WORSHIP US.

INDY  
Uh, thank you...  
(glances to the others)  
...your Worshipfulness.

Peter moves forward, eyes gleaming.

PETER  
When did you come here?

OXLEY/ALIEN  
WHEN OUR KIND WAS VERY OLD. AND YOUR KIND WAS VERY YOUNG.

...and now the vapor flows in ever more distinct images in the air above the Oxley/Alien's head...dizzying star clusters being traversed at inconceivable speeds...arriving at the slowly spinning ball of planet Earth...descending toward what would later be the Yucatan Peninsula and South America...racing over parched, arid landscapes...and the vapor transforms into PRIMITIVE APE MEN throwing themselves shrieking to the ground in terror as awesome booming LIGHTS ripple across the sky...

OXLEY/ALIEN  
WE NURTURED YOU. ENHANCED YOU. SET YOU ON THE PATH TO CIVILIZATION.  
GAVE YOU KNOWLEDGE OF THE STARS.

...and the vapor forms the great stone Mayan Calendar...

OXLEY/ALIEN

YOU CAME TO LOVE US. FEAR US. YOUR  
WORSHIP PROVIDED US MUCH THAT WE  
NEEDED TO SURVIVE.

...and the Calendar swirls into a Mayan priest wearing a grand headdress patterned after the ridges and pines of the aliens' heads, eyes wide in fervor as he plunges a ceremonial dagger into the chest of a screaming human sacrifice. From the chest swirling up, and is inhaled by an alien...

OXLEY/ALIEN

AND WHEN OUR TIME WAS PASSING...WHEN  
OUR BODIES BEGAN TO DIE...WE PLACED  
OUR GODLY ESSENCE INTO THE THIRTEEN  
SACRED VESSELS...

...and the vapor transforms into the thirteen Crystal Skulls floating in the air. They descend, settling upon the shoulders of thirteen Crystal Skeletons...

OXLEY/ALIEN

...THAT WE MIGHT SOMEDAY BE REBORN  
WHEN OTHERS OF OUR KIND CAME TO  
CLAIM US.

...and the image breaks apart, flowing and reforming into the head of the alien itself, floating above Oxley like the Great and Powerful Oz, matching Oxley's movements as:

OXLEY/ALIEN

YOU HAVE BROKEN OUR SLUMBER. DO YOU  
BRING ALL THE SKULLS THAT WERE TAKEN  
FROM THIS PLACE?

INDY

Um...well, not exactly...

OXLEY/ALIEN

THEN WHY ARE YOU HERE?

HAMA

We came seeking knowledge.

The alien pauses, pondering...

OXLEY/ALIEN

YES. YOU ALWAYS WERE AN INQUISITIVE  
SPECIES. IT IS YOUR STRENGTH AND  
YOUR WEAKNESS.

...and glowing vapor streams from his image out to Indy and the group, swirling among them, probing...

OXLEY/ALIEN

THERE ARE FIVE AMONG YOU. FIVE.  
WITH THE GREATEST NEED. THE GREATEST  
THIRST. FOR KNOWLEDGE. ALL THAT  
THERE IS TO GAIN. YOU ARE LIKE THE  
PRIESTS WHO SPILLED THE RIVERS OF  
BLOOD IN OUR NAME.

...and the vapor encircles the five: Peer...then Yuri...Von Grauen...Escalante...finally Indy. The vapor glows brighter...

OXLEY/ALIEN

YOU ARE THE FIVE. YOU ARE THE CHOSEN.

...and the five men are lifted into the air and brought before the alien. They hover there, engulfed in a forming cloud of vapor and brilliance -- but more than mere light, the cloud growing around them is a place of dreams. They stare into the swirling promise of all the knowledge in the cosmos, stunned by it, hypnotized, blown away. In that seething cauldron lies all the power and glory in the universe.

Hama and Turner watch, agape. Marion steps closer, terrified:

MARION

Indy?

Indy, Peter, and the others hover there, eyes wide, breath gone, gazing into the furnace of the Gods. A whisper:

INDY

Marion. Marion. It's...

MARION

It's what?

INDY

(reaching out)

It's...everything.

MARION

Indy, no! Don't touch it!

But the five men are in the grip of fervor, each in his own "zone" of the swirling cloud, each man seeing different things specific to them taking shape in the vapor, the alien now speaking in thirteen mingled voices...

ALIEN VOICES

WHAT IS YOUR HUNGER, YOU FIVE? WHAT  
IS IT YOU SEEK?

VON GRAUEN'S "ZONE"

VON GRAUEN

So it's true? I have only to  
wish...and it will be so?

ALIEN VOICES  
YOU HAVE ONLY TO WISH.

VON GRAUEN

...I wish for the past...to see our greatness risen from the ashes...to reclaim the glory that was ours...

...and we hear the sound of MARCHING BOOTS approaching like distant thunder...the vapor now forming into an endless row of parade banners moving proudly past us, bearing swastika after swastika...and growing from the netherworld come TEN THOUSAND VOICES chanting, "Sieg Heil...Sieg Heil...Sieg Heil," while the voice of a madman screams: "Deutschland Erwache!"

ESCALANTE'S "ZONE"

ESCALANTE

...I seek power...no, more than power...people must cower before me...I want to be feared...I want...

PETER'S "ZONE"

PETER

...knowledge...more than any man can ever have...more than any man can ever know...more than...

INDY'S "ZONE"

INDY

...I could ever possibly dream of...

Marion is dimly seen and heard just beyond the boundary of the fully-formed "dream cloud," voice distorted and distant:

MARION

Iiinnndddyyyy...

INDY

...it's all here, Marion...all that there ever was...all that there ever will be...all I could ever want...

MARION

...ddoonn'tt llookk aatt iitt...ttuurrn aawwaayyy...

ALIEN VOICES

ANYTHING YOU WISH, INDIANA JONES.  
YOU HAVE BUT TO CHOOSE.

MARION

IINNDDYYYY...

...and her voice makes him hesitate. He looks to her, sees her image swimming like a fading mirage outside the cloud...

...but he turns away from her, staring again into the glory before him. Blinking like a man in a dream. Wanting it so badly. Face gleaming with ultimate desire...

#### OUTSIDE THE DREAM CLOUD

MARION

Indy, please! Don't leave me!

She can hear all their voices garbled like drowning men in the cloud of dreams -- mingling, echoing, overlapping, wanting, working toward a crescendo:

ESCALANTE

...ttoo bbee tthhee mmoosstt  
ffeeaaarreedd ooff aall...tthhee  
mmoosstt ddeeaaddllyy...

PETER

...aall tthhee kknnoowwlleeddggee  
tthheerree iiss...mмооррее tthhaann  
aannyу mмааnn ccaann kknnooww...

#### INDY'S "ZONE"

INDY

...anything?

ALIEN VOICES

ANYTHING. CHOOSE.

INDY

I want...I want...

It takes everything he's got in him, but he pulls his eyes away from all the wonder before him...and turns, looking back to Marion. Their eyes meet. His smile to her is beautiful, both sad and joyful, because in his heart he knows, and his look says it all -- he wants Marion.

And suddenly: WHUMP! Indy is released from the dream cloud, slamming to the cold stone floor. Marion rushes to him and drops to his side, both of them looking up as...

#### VON GRAUEN'S "ZONE"

VON GRAUEN

(screaming, ecstatic)

I want the dream reborn! I want the glory we created...

...the vapor of Von Grauen's wish takes final shape, the face of the alien flowing like smoke and re-forming into the glorious, smiling visage of Adolph Hitler himself...

ALIEN VOICES  
VERY WELL. YOU SHALL HAVE THE GLORY  
YOU CREATED.

...and Hitler's smile becomes the toothy grimace of a leering, demonic skull: Von Grauen starts SCREAMING as Der Führer's ectoplasmic hand forms a vicious talon that reaches out, sinks into Von Grauen's disgusting black heart, and sucks the life force right out of him in a crunch of collapsing bones...

PETER'S "ZONE"

ALIEN VOICES  
YOU SHALL HAVE MORE KNOWLEDGE THAN  
ANY MAN CAN KNOW.

...and the vapor infuses Peter's body, streaming up his nose and mouth into his brain...

PETER  
Yes! Yes! I see it all! My God, I  
know everything...

...and he SCREAMS as his head begins to swell, expanding far beyond its capacity, and the top of his head erupts as his life force is sucked out too...

ESCALANTE'S "ZONE"

ALIEN VOICES  
YOU SHALL BE THE MOST FEARED AND  
DEADLY.

...and the vapor infuses El President, reshaping and shrinking him as he SCREAMS, sucking his life force right out through his pores until all that's left of him is...

OUTSIDE THE CLOUD

...a tiny black & red poison-arrow frog that plops onto the stone floor in front of Indy and Marion. It hops away past them as they stare in astonishment.

The stolen life forces of the three men WHOOSH one-two-three over Indy's and Marion's heads, sucked into the exotic alien machinery of the column of seats. Indy's gaze drops to:

The mummified alien in its seat. The machinery is humming louder now, powered by the stolen life forces, the fluids pumping faster. As Indy and the others watch, the desiccated flesh of the alien is becoming more supple, fuller, more alive. In fact, the alien mummy is beginning to stir...to move.

All that remains in the dream cloud now is Yuri.

ALIEN VOICES  
YURI MAKOVSKY. CHOOSE.

Indy's eyes desperately go to Marion's rifle. He grabs it from her, sits up, works the bolt...

INDY

Cover your eyes.

MARION

Why?

INDY

'Cause I dunno what's gonna happen.

...and he shoulders it, taking careful aim at:

The Crystal Skull. Sitting atop the Crystal Skeleton...

TURNER

JONES! NO!

(Indy glances over)

This could be ours! Think of the power! Think of the possibilities!

INDY

I am!

...and BLAM! Indy pulls the trigger.

#### THE CRYSTAL SKULL

is shot right between the eyes, EXPLODING into a fantastic shower of spinning crystalline fragments --

-- and an incredible amount of ENERGY erupts as the glowing light is released. The essence of the Gods. It pours upward from the shoulders of the Crystal Skeleton, caroming off the ceiling and blazing in all directions. The dream cloud vanishes with a CONCUSSIVE BANG, slamming Yuri to the floor.

The essence of the Gods is like living fire ripping through the air above our heroes' heads, careening off walls, blazing into the column of alien seats and CRACKLING down through its machinery like live current...

#### QUICK-CUT ANGLES

...and the living fire zaps through areas of the ship our heroes will never see, CRACKLING down corridors and BLAZING through banks of machines that might be computers, activating systems and mechanisms that have lain dormant for untold ages...

#### CHAMBER OF THE GODS

...and the whole goddamn place begins to shake. Indy pushes to his feet, grabbing Marion and the others, shoving them toward the door, massive blocks of stone now ripping loose and plummeting from the ceiling...

Indy pauses at the door, looking back, realizing Professor Oxley's still back there. The old man's kneeling on the floor, an emptied vessel now, too exhausted to rise. Oxley looks up, meets Indy's eyes...and smiles. He's fully himself again. Not a wild man. Not a conduit. Just Vernon Oxley.

OXLEY

Indy. My boy. Run.

There's no way Indy's leaving him there. He dashes back into the chamber, determined to save him, but stops, as:

The alien, now more flesh and blood than mummy, rises from its seat, tubes ripping free. It looms up behind Oxley. The old man senses it, turns, looks up...

The creature reaches down, wraps a hand around Oxley's throat, and lifts him into the air. It brings Oxley face to face, vapor swirling between their mouths as it starts to suck Oxley's life force out...

INDY (O.S.)

Hey.

...and the alien pauses, turning. Indy is shouldering the carbine, taking careful aim, finger on the trigger --

INDY

Welcome to Earth.

-- and BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM! He empties the clip in into the creature, driving it back into the shadows. Oxley drops to the floor. Indy dashes in, grabs him...

MARION

Move it, Jones!

INDY

you're the boss!

...and they run like hell. Moments later, the ceiling collapses behind them, sealing the alien away forever.

#### ANTECHAMBER OF ARTIFACTS

The group runs up the aisle as the place comes down around their ears. Chunks of stone are tearing loose from the ceiling high above, letting in daylight, plummeting like artillery shells into the amazing artifacts all around them...

#### LOW ANGLE OF FLOOR

...as a tiny black & red frog comes hopping up the aisle, chirping in panic. Indy and the others come running up behind it...and Indy's foot stomps it flat as they pass by.

## REVERSE ANGLE

as the group races away from us. Turner looks back, appalled:

TURNER

Jones! You just stomped the  
president of Peru!

They keep running as the RUMBLING AND SHAKING grows worse,  
now a veritable earthquake.

MARION

What's happening?

INDY

Something bad! We gotta get as far  
away from here as possible, fast!

YURI

How?

Indy skids to a stop as inspiration strikes. He grabs the Egyptian skiff, wrestling it off its mount. Everybody pitches in, pushing and pulling it desperately up the aisle...

## THE CORRIDOR OF WHEELS

...and out to the aqueduct where the row of Giant Wheels end. They tip the boat onto the sloping aqueduct wall, poised the prow above the raging rapids. They throw themselves in the boat and slide down, swept off in the blink of an eye...

## EXT. THE GREAT STONE TEMPLE - DAY

TRAVELING WITH THE SKIFF as it comes bursting out of a huge tunnel into blinding, beautiful daylight, shooting the rapids, everybody holding on for dear life as the Great Stone Temple drops away fast, receding behind them...

...and in the same shot, our CAMERA RISES into the air, tracking them down the thundering river...

...and our CAMERA KEEPS RISING, further and further, up and up, until the skiff is a tiny speck being swept along...

...and still we rise, still in the same shot, until we have a bird's eye view of the Valley of Dreams below us, the cause of the "earthquake" now apparent we see:

Parts of the valley is rising up in an enormous disc shape, perfectly round and a mile wide in diameter. The skiff barely makes it past the edge, sailing off down the river as the disc shape rises, lifting the landscape with it -- jungle, ruins, everything. Whatever's under all that dirt has been buried there a long time, long enough that the city was built on top of it then thousand years ago...

## TRAVELING WITH THE SKIFF

as the object rises massively behind the boat, straight up in the air, cascading a million tons of dirt and rock, raining ancient ruins and countless trees. Indy and the others look back, and in that gray storm of raining soil they get a vague impression of the underside of the saucer and its mind-boggling scale -- there's a trio of round spinning lights, each the size of a football stadium, that comprise some extraordinary and unfathomable propulsion system.

The engines are THRUMMING unevenly, struggling. The saucer keeps rising, straight up, a thousand feet now and still climbing. Our skiff is being swept on by the rapids, gaining more distance with every passing moment...

...and just when it seems the saucer may keep rising forever, the struggling engines fail, sending STRANGE BURSTS OF LIGHTNING exploding outward and spreading across the smooth underside of the giant alien craft...

...and the saucer starts dropping straight back down into the very pit from which it rose, a trillion tons plummeting back to earth. The Gods Themselves are falling from the Heavens...

...and our group goes sailing over a small waterfall, everybody spilling into the water as the boat flies apart -- and it's the sudden drop in terrain that saves them, because the saucer impacts with inconceivable force and EXPLODES WITH A NUCLEAR FLASH that turns the Valley of Dreams into a pit of slag...

WIPE TO:

## EXT. TOP OF CLIFF - DAY

...and Indy and the others climb up from the river below, soaked to the bone. They turn, gazing back. The Valley of Dreams is now billowing into the sky as a MUSHROOM CLOUD.

Indy and Yuri look at each other. Yuri smiles...then starts LAUGHING, harder and harder.

TURNER

What's the joke?

YURI

We! We are the joke! After all  
that...to come away empty handed...

INDY

(glances to Marion)

Not empty-handed. Not by a long shot.

(to Yuri)

We're alive. Older. Maybe wiser.  
That's something, isn't it?

Yuri sees the truth in this. He nods, offers Indy his hand.

YURI

See you around.

Beat. Marion, Turner, and Hama trade glances, waiting to see what Indy will do. Indy steps forward, smiling...and nails Yuri with the all-time haymaker of punches. Yuri's feet leave the ground as he drops. Indy glares down at him, intense.

INDY

Not if I see you first.

(beat)

Stay out of my country.

Indy leads the others away. Yuri wipes blood from his nose...and starts to laugh. He hollers after them:

YURI

it was a hell of a chase, my friend!  
Adventure still has a name!

INDY'S GROUP

moves down the ridge, YURI'S LAUGHTER ECHOING through the hills behind them. As they exit frame, WE HOLD ON THE MUSHROOM CLOUD in the distance...

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

On behalf of a grateful nation...for heroic action in foiling a Soviet plot that resulted in the accidental detonation of a stolen atomic bomb in the jungles of Peru...

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

TIGHT ON INDY wearing a tuxedo, a little embarrassed, anxious to get through this.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

...it is my great pleasure to award Doctor Henry Jones, Jr., the highest civilian honor our country can bestow. The Congressional Gold Medal.

The speaker steps up, places the Gold Medal around Indy's neck -- it's PRESIDENT EISENHOWER. The CROWD CHEERS. Eisenhower shakes Indy's hand and poses, smiling for the FLASHING CAMERAS.

EISENHOWER

Anything you'd like to say, Doctor Jones?

Indy glances to the side. Osgood Turner gives Indy a nod and a little thumbs-up -- go on, pal, say something.

INDY

(leans to the microphone)  
Mr. President. There are only two  
words I'd like to say today...

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

INDY

I do.

He turns to Marion, lifts her bridal veil, kisses her...

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

...and they come running down the steps in a hail of rice to  
the sound of WEDDING BELLS...

EXT. WEDDING RECEPTION - NIGHT

...and we find them on the dance floor that night, exhausted  
but happy, dancing to a LIVE ORCHESTRA. A FEMALE VOCALIST is  
singing "In Old Monterey." Well-wishers keep drifting by,  
interrupting them with their congratulations...

...and as a COUPLE departs, Indy's eyes bug out as somebody  
suddenly gives him a crushing bear-hug from behind, lifting  
him off the ground. When his feet land, he turns to see:

SALLAH, drunk and ebullient, accompanied by HENRY, SR.  
Sallah's singing along with the orchestra:

SALLAH

"...loooongs for the sweetheart  
that I left in Old Montereey...!"  
(waxing rhapsodic)  
Oh, my friends! My heart is bursting  
with joy! You see?  
(leans in)  
I always knew you belonged together!  
It was written in the stars!

MARION

(glances to Indy)  
I guess you could say that.

Marion kisses Sallah. Henry shoves Sallah aside. Indy's shocked  
to find his father also drunk, face streaming with tears.

HENRY

Loot at them! Aren't they  
beautiful?

He stuns Indy even more by throwing his arms around him.

HENRY

I'm so proud of you, son. So proud...  
(pulls back)  
...in fact, I'm going to sing a  
song at your wedding!

INDY

(as Henry departs)  
Dad, that's not really...necessary...

But the old man's gone. Indy turns back to Marion with trepidation. They keep dancing. Indy glances apprehensively to the stage as the singer finishes and hands the microphone to Henry, who murmurs to the BAND LEADER. The band launches into the intro of "Fly Me to the Moon"

INDY

I've never seen him like that. Or  
heard him sing before...

MARION

Come on, I bet he's not so bad.

Indy's not so sure. He glances over and sees:

Professor Oxley seated at a table in his tweedy suit, nursing a glass of white wine. The old fellow's looking a bit wan in the aftermath of his ordeal, but is definitely himself again.

He catches Indy's eye, raises his glass in a toast. Indy and Marion smile warmly back -- and everybody winces, including Oxley, as Henry starts SINGING...boy, is he terrible:

HENRY

"fly me to the moon...let me sail  
among the stars...let me see what  
spring is like on Jupiter and Mars..."

INDY

You lost that bet.

MARION

He's happy. That's what counts.

INDY

Riiight...

CAMERA CLOSES IN, MOVING TIGHTER AND TIGHTER on our dancing couple as:

MARION

so, Mr. Jones.

INDY

Yes...Mrs. Jones?

MARION

There's something you never told  
me. Something I need to know.

INDY

Uh-oh. What's that?

MARION

Back in the Lost City. When you  
were in that dream cloud. What did  
you see in there?

Indy hesitates, trying to find the words.

INDY

It was like...like seeing  
everything in the universe all at  
once. Like suddenly knowing all the  
secrets there are to know. The  
meaning of it all.

MARION

So? Why didn't you take it? All  
that fortune and glory?

INDY

I did.

She looks up at him, not getting it. By now we're VERY TIGHT:

INDY

What I saw in my dream cloud?

(beat)

You. I saw you. You're my fortune  
and glory, kid.

Marion melts. As they come together for a kiss, ANGLE DRIFTS  
PAST THEM through all the dancing couples....

...and WE CLOSE IN to find Oxley alone at his table in the  
corner, unnoticed by all, amusing himself by making the  
silverware dance and twirl on the table before him like the  
couples on the dance floor, using only the power of his mind.  
Bemused and amused, he glances up toward the sky...

...and WE TILT UP off his look to the millions of stars shining  
like diamonds above. And as a series of SHOOTING STARS streak  
across the night sky, we

FADE OUT