

EXT DESERT DAY

The Paramount logo dissolves into a mountain in the desert. But the mountain *moves*, it starts to crumble, and then --

-- a prairie dog pokes its head out of the mountaintop. In the distance, a CAR ENGINE whines, mid-50s rock 'n roll BLARES, it gets louder, fast, and the prairie dog bolts for its life.

A car tire FLATTENS the pile as a 1932 Chevy Roadster BLASTS past us, TWO TEENAGE BOYS and TWO PONY-TAILED GIRLS inside. The kids LAUGH and the music cranks as they barrel down the road, don't care where they're going, just want to get there fast.

We're by the side of a desert highway, in front of a lonely gas station and a windswept roadhouse diner with a missile-shaped neon sign that reads "Atomic Cafe."

Up ahead, there are four military vehicles, a '51 Ford staff car, two jeeps, and a large panel truck. There are THREE U.S. SOLDIERS in the lead car, TWO MORE in each of the jeeps, and a DRIVER for the truck.

The hot rod pulls up close behind the convoy, then swerves into the passing lane and guns it, passing the truck and jeeps and pulling up even with the lead car.

The DRIVER of the lead car hits the gas too, not about to let these punks pass him -- drag race!

The cars drive flat out, nobody backing off. But then the ARMY COLONEL in the passenger seat of the lead car puts a hand on the Driver's arm and gestures to a road up ahead -- we go that way.

The military vehicles veer to the right, off the main road, and the Guys and Girls in the Chevy WHOOP in triumph as they barrel away down the road in a cloud of dust, the winners in this race.

But we follow the Army convoy, rising up behind them to get a look at where they're headed -- toward a remote military outpost in the distance. Very mysterious. A legend:

NEVADA, 1957

EXT MILITARY OUTPOST DAY

The convoy pulls up to twin guard shack at the main entrance to the base, which must lie over the rise ahead of us. The gate is identified only by a plain sign hung on the barbed wire:

HANGAR 51

THREE MPS step forward; the SERGEANT signals the cars to stop.

M.P. (SERGEANT)

Sorry, gentlemen, this whole area's off limits for weapons testing for the next twenty-four hours, that includes all on-base personnel.

The Colonel steps out of the front passenger seat of the car. He's huge, must go two-sixty, all muscle. He's either perpetually sneering or has a lipless smile, hard to tell which. A real son-of-a-bitch, good thing he's on our side.

The MPs snap to attention. The Sergeant salutes the Colonel, but remains firm.

M.P. (SERGEANT) (cont'd)

I'm afraid that goes for you too, Colonel, sir. CentCom sent out revised deployment oh-dark-thirty this a.m.

The Colonel smiles, keeps walking forward, but doesn't speak.

M.P. (SERGEANT) (cont'd)

Sir?

The Colonel keeps approaching. Sensing something, the Sergeant reaches for his sidearm --

-- but THREE MORE SOLDIERS leap out of the panel truck, silencers screwed onto the ends of their automatic weapons, and before we know it they're BLASTING away at the outmanned and outgunned MPs, dropping them before they get their safeties off.

The dust settles on three dead bodies, and now MORE SOLDIERS jump from the back of the truck. The invaders snap into action, silently, they've trained for this. Two of them slip the helmets and armbands off the MPs and put them on themselves, two others stash the dead bodies in the guard shack.

A CROWBAR SNAPS the lock off the gate and the fence is thrown open. With the fake MPs now standing guard at the gate, the convoy roars through and we rise up to see --

-- beyond the rise, where there's a huge airplane hangar and a smaller, adjoining building. A lone airstrip leads right up to the hangar and a set of train tracks run out of the other building and away across the desert.

3 EXT HANGAR 51 DAY

The convoy CRUNCHES to a stop in front of the giant main doors of the hangar.

While two INVADING SOLDIERS set about hot-wiring the circuit box that leads to the door mechanism, the Colonel nods to two Soldiers from the truck, and they go to the trunk of the sedan.

They pop it open, reach inside, and drag a man out into the light. He's in his fifties, about six feet tall, dusty and battered. One of the Invading Soldiers steps up to the Man, checks his face against a picture he holds in his hand, and frowns.

INVADING SOLDIER

(to another Soldier)

Where is the Professor?

Cutting around to the front, we see the prisoner isn't who we thought it was at all, but instead is GEORGE MCHALE ("Mac" to his friends), fiftyish, sharp eyes and the easy smile of your favorite bartender. He's had the hell beaten out of him.

Now the Soldiers reach into the trunk again and haul another bag of bones out, SLAMMING him down on his feet next to Mac.

INDIANA JONES winces in pain. He's had a rough day too.

Mac and Indy blink at the brilliant light, try to figure out what's going on. The Soldiers nearby start talking to each other -- in *Russian!*

Mac squints, sizes up the heavily-armed Russians. He MUTTERS to Indy, with a British accent:

MAC

Russians. This won't be easy.

A Russian Soldier mashes a battered old fedora down on Indy's head.

INDY

Not as easy as it used to be.

MAC

We've been through worse.

INDY

Yeah? When?

MAC

C'mon -- Flensburg? There were twice as many.

INDY

We were younger.

MAC

I'm still young.

Indy manages a smile -- he likes this guy. He looks sideways, at one of the Russian soldiers, who has a battered bullwhip hanging over one shoulder. *Indy's* whip.

INDY

(back to Mac)

We had guns.

MAC

Details. Five hundred bucks says we get out of this.

The Russian Colonel (ANTONIN DOVCHENKO) steps up to them, nose to nose. He's *huge*.

MAC (cont'd)

Uh, make it one hundred.

DOVCHENKO

(to Indy)
You recognize this building, yes?

INDY

Go to hell.

CRACK! Dovchenko SMACKS INDY across the face and his legs go out from under him. Indy crumples to the ground.

INDY (cont'd)

Sorry. I meant go to hell, *Comrade*.

Dovchenko grabs Indy by the shirt and curls his meaty fist to CRACK him across the face again, but a VOICE stops him.

VOICE (O.S.)

Prasteete!

The back door of the sedan that just arrived opens and a slender figure steps out, dressed as a U.S. Army soldier. DR. IRINA SPALKO is in her mid-thirties, tall, pale, jet black hair, bangs cut straight across. She moves with a dancer's grace, a scabbard hanging at her side.

Dovchenko turns to her, salutes.

SPALKO

Where did you find Professor Jones?

DOVCHENKO

In Mexico, digging in the dirt. For this junk.

He turns Indy's satchel upside down and empties it on the hard ground. Pieces of ancient pottery and figurines SHATTER.

Indy winces. That was seven weeks' work. As Spalko approaches:

INDY

Let me guess. You're not from around here.

SPALKO

And where is it you would imagine I am from, Dr. Jones?

INDY

The way you sink your teeth into those Ws, I'd say the Eastern Ukraine.

SPALKO

Highest marks.

(holds out her hand)

Colonel Doctor Irina Spalko.

(Indy doesn't shake)

Three times I have received Order of Lenin, also medal as Hero of Socialist Labor, and why? Because I know things. I know them before anyone else, and what I do not know, I find out. What I need to know now --

She takes a step closer to Indy and taps a finger lightly on his forehead.

SPALKO (cont'd)

-- is in here.

She moves close to him, looks deeply into his eyes. Her gaze is intense, disquieting. He stares back at her. She's impressed.

SPALKO (cont'd)

You are a hard man to read, Dr. Jones. So we will do this old-fashioned way. You will tell us. You will help us find what we seek.

A SPARK flies from the power box, a big wheel starts to turn, and the huge hangar doors start to RUMBLE open, splitting right between the "5" and the "1."

4 INT HANGAR 51 DAY

Hangar 51 is a massive warehouse, an endless expanse of crates stacked to the eighty foot ceilings as far as the eye can see.

This place looks familiar to us, seems like the kind of place a paranoid government would stash its most secret objects.

Indy and Mac are prodded inside, at the end of the Russian gun barrels. Spalko gestures around.

SPALKO

This warehouse is where you and your government have hidden all of your secrets, yes?

INDY

This is a military warehouse, I've never been here before in my life.

She smiles at him -- nice try, but I don't believe your act.

SPALKO

Object we seek -- rectangular storage container. Dimensions -- two meters by one meter by two hundred centimeters. Contents of box -- mummified remains. This is no doubt familiar to you? *

INDY

What makes you think I have any idea what box you're talking about?

SPALKO

Because ten years ago you were part of the team that examined it, Dr. Jones? *

The flash of recognition in Indy's eyes tells us he knows what she's referring to, but he hides it quickly. *

INDY

Listen, sister, even if I knew what you-

With a sudden *SSSSHHHHING!*, she draws a rapier and lunges forward in a blindingly quick fencing move, pressing the tip of the blade against Indy's jugular.

SPALKO

YOU WILL. HELP US. *FIND IT!*

Indy looks at her coldly.

INDY

Killing me's not gonna solve your problem.

SPALKO

You're right.

She *BARKS* to the Soldiers in Russian and one of them *SLUGS* Mac in the gut.

Mac doubles over in pain. Two Soldiers drag him across the floor and jamb his head behind the big back tire of one of the trucks.

Spalko GIVES ORDERS to the Russian at the wheel and he starts the engine with a ROAR, drops the truck in reverse, and is about to hit the gas when --

INDY

Okay, okay!

Indy thinks like a wild man, looking around him. There are rectangular storage containers *everywhere*.

INDY (cont'd)

(mind racing)

I need a compass. *

The Soldiers look at each other, confused.

INDY (cont'd)

You know, north, south, east? *

MAC *

(helpful) *

West? *

INDY *

What kind of soldiers are you, nobody's got a compass? *

They don't seem to. Indy's eyes fall on Dovchenko's gun.

INDY (cont'd) *

Give me your bullets.

Dovchenko laughs, but Indy turns to the woman in charge.

INDY (cont'd)

Listen to me. The contents of this box are highly magnetized. You want my help or not? *

She nods to Dovchenko and --

5 MOMENTS LATER,

-- Indy flips open the toolbox used by one of the Russians who opened the hangar door, grabs a pair of pliers, and twists the top off one of the bullets, dumping the gunpowder in his hand.

Spalko watches him, curious and impressed, as he repeats the process on several more bullets.

INDY

If it's still magnetized, the metal in the gunpowder should -- *

(YELLOW) DK

He stands and BLOWS into his hand. The gunpowder flies up in a cloud. In mid-air it seems to *coalesce*, drawn together by an unseen force, and when it lands on the floor it's in the shape of a line, pointing down one of the aisles.

INDY (cont'd)

-- point the way.

Spalko runs to the mouth of the aisle, but it's jam-packed with crates, stacked to the ceiling.

SPALKO

Which one?! There are a thousand!

Indy notices the shotgun near his head.

INDY

Pellets. I need the shells.

Spalko gives an order in Russian and the Soldier ejects a shotgun shell. He hands it to Indy, who bites it in half with a sharp CRACK and dumps the contents on the floor.

The shotgun pellets bounce around on the concrete floor --

-- and start to roll away. Slowly at first, then picking up speed, down the aisle.

6 AROUND A CORNER,

we stay with the pellets as they scoot through the densely packed warehouse. They reach the base of a stack of crates, roll up the side of it, and disappear through a crack.

Indy, who's arrived just in time to see the pellets disappear, grabs one end of the crate --

INDY (cont'd)

Give me a hand!

-- and Dovchenko helps him heave it aside. The other Soldiers join in, they toss aside several identical oblong wooden crates in the middle of the stack and SMASH them open.

One crate is full of dossiers marked "EYES ONLY," filled with surveillance photographs.

*

Indy's still following the pellets, which have rolled halfway up the face of another crate stopped, quivering on the vertical wooden surface. *

Indy grins at his accomplishment and looks at Spalko, but she ignores him. Tough for a guy to get a pat on the back.

The Soldiers pull the crate out. The hands on their watches spin and point directly at the crate, quivering. It is indeed magnetized.

The crate's dimensions are as Spalko described, about the size of your average coffin, but a bit thinner.

Spalko grabs a prybar from one of the Soldiers and goes to work on the corner of the crate, wild expectation in her eyes.

SPALKO

Moyo zolotse...

The lid rises and the wood slats fall away. We catch a glimpse of the stencilling on one of the slats. It's obscured, but what we can make out reads -- *

- SWELL, N.M. 7-9-47 *

As the slats are pulled away, they reveal a stainless steel tank with a lid that slides open. One of the Soldiers wedges a crowbar into the slot at the end of the tank and starts to pry the lid open. As he breaks its seal, there is a HISS and a heavy gas escapes, bluish and swirling. Above them, a dozen lights dangling above swing toward the coffin, drawn to it. *

Inside, we see only a shape, wrapped in silvery metallic wrapping of some kind. As Russian Soldiers reach in to peel the metallic wrapping away, their watch hands go crazy, and one Soldier's watch even pops its strap and SLAPS up against the highly magnetized metallic wrapping. *

Half a dozen stray shotgun pellets leap up off the floor and cling to the wrapping as well. *

Spalko leans forward, breathless, as at the end of a long quest. She peels the final wrapping away from the top portion of the shape. The inside of the wrapping holds the shape of what it was wrapped around -- a humanoid head, somewhat elongated cranium, and the zygomatic arches of an oversized pair of eyes. *

The Russian Soldiers lean forward, fascinated and distracted --

6A -- Spalko senses something and turns her head sharply to one side; she SHOUTS a warning, but she's too late, as Indy has already seized the distraction to --

-- GRAB HIS BULLWHIP, hanging over the shoulder of the Russian guarding him. He shoulder-blocks the Russian, who falls back.

The Soldier guarding Mac spins his aim toward Indy, but --

-- Indy's bullwhip CRACKS, the lash wraps around the Soldier's gun hand --

-- the fallen Russian swings *his* gun around, aiming it at Indy --

-- Indy flicks his wrist, causing the 2nd Soldier to fire his gun, and the bullets --

-- SLAM into the Russian on the ground, killing him.

Indy flicks his arm again, causing Mac's guard to spin into Indy's arms, Indy grabs his gun, tosses it to Mac --

-- pushes the Guard into Spalko --

-- and bends down and scoops up the dead Russian's weapon.

The remaining Russian Soldiers spin their guns around, but too late -- Indy jumps in beside Mac, they're now back to back, the old friends, both armed, holding the Russians at bay.

INDY

Guns down!

(aiming at Spalko)

Put 'em down or the Colonel Doctor is dead.

The Soldiers start to lower their weapons, but then something funny happens. Spalko smiles.

And the Soldiers raise their weapons again. Puzzled, Indy turns and sees the last thing he ever expected --

The barrel of Mac's gun, pointing directly at Indy's head.

INDY (cont'd)

Mac? Why?

MAC

What can I tell you, Indy, I'm a capitalist. And they paid.

He steps over to the Russians' side, facing Indy.

INDY

Are you kiddin' me? After all those years we were *spying* on the Reds?!

MAC

(shrugs)

Had a bad run of cards, mate. Awful. *Legendarily* awful. Can't go home empty-handed all my life.

Dovchenko steps forward, CLICKING the slide back on his automatic handgun.

SPALKO

No defiant last words, Dr. Jones?

INDY

I like Ike.

DOVCHENKO

Put down gun.

INDY

You got it, pal.

He pitches the automatic weapon from a height.

The gun hits the floor and fires off a round. The bullet SLAMS into the concrete, ripping right through --

-- A RUSSIAN SOLDIER'S LEFT BOOT, blowing off two of his toes.

As the Soldier SCREAMS, he inadvertently squeezes the trigger on his machine gun, sending a spray of bullets flying into the air, TINGING off trucks, CRUNCHING into crates.

Indy scampers up onto the pile of crates as they all take cover.

7 ATOP THE CRATES,

Indy spins, looking for some means of escape. There are stacks of packing crates in every direction, different heights, different gaps between them.

Looking down, Indy sees Dovchenko, Mac, and the remaining Soldiers emerge from cover and aim their weapons at him. Spalko SHOUTS at two nearby Soldiers, who SLAM the lid on the coffin closed and load it into the back of a jeep. She leaps behind the wheel, hits the gas, and takes off with it. *

Indy looks up and sees a light hanging from the ceiling. He CRACKS his whip --

-- it wraps around the light, and he swings out over the gap, chasing the jeep as the top crate EXPLODES in a fusillade of gunfire.

Indy soars over the heads of the stunned Russians and catches up to the jeep.

Well, almost. His feet land on the edge of the coffin just as he starts his backward swing -- *

-- the tip of the bullwhip unravels --

-- and Indy falls backwards, CRASHING into the front seat of another jeep, following the first one, landing right between two Russian Soldiers. He GROANS in pain.

INDY (cont'd)
Damn, that looked closer.

Indy throws an elbow into the face of the Soldier on his right and a punch into the face of the Soldier behind the wheel, they fall out opposite sides of the jeep --

-- and Indy slides behind the wheel and ROARS away down the aisle of the warehouse, chasing Spalko. He catches up, gives the wheel a jerk, and SLAMS her jeep into a pile of crates.

She goes flying out of the jeep as it comes to a sudden stop.

Indy leaps out of his own jeep and into Spalko's, the one carrying the coffin. *

He throws it in gear and takes off, as Spalko picks herself up off the floor. She's *tough*.

8 IN INDY'S JEEP,

he races up to an intersection in the giant warehouse, but the sedan's coming from his left. He yanks the wheel to the right, but finds himself now HEAD ON with the panel truck.

He looks back. The sedan is still back there, and in the narrow aisle he has no other place to look but --

-- *up*, so that's what he does, and there's a latticework of support beams up there, so out comes the bullwhip --

-- CRACK goes the tip around a beam above and --

-- Indy's body is *yanked out of the jeep with incredible force*. He flies into the air, and beneath him the brakes and Drivers of the two oncoming vehicles SCREAM --

-- and SMASH into Indy's jeep, front and back, crumpling it like a tin can and CRACKING OPEN several other crates nearby. *

The contents of a smashed crate catch Indy's eye, half-exposed on the floor. There's a glowing gold handle atop a bejewelled box and hey, we recognize *that!*, it's the Ark of the- *

INDY

Geez, will ya-

BAM-BAM-BAM!!

Indy winces as gunshots RIP into the crate behind him. No time for reminiscing, he takes off, running toward the light in the distance. *

Mac rolls out of the wreckage and pulls a handgun, YELLING at Indy to stop, but Indy's

TOO FAR AHEAD,

he's in the clear now, almost out of there, but as he passes the open mouth of another aisle --

-- a JEEP comes barreling at him and SLAMS into him, sending him flying up on the hood and SMASHING into the windshield, coming face to face --

-- with *Dovchenko*, who's behind the wheel.

His vision obscured, *Dovchenko* cuts the wheel, the jeep plunges straight down a set of cement stairs --

9 INT BUNKER DAY

-- and CRASHES to a halt in the underground bunker of the adjoining building. *

Indy GROANS and rolls off the hood of the jeep as Dovchenko leaps out from behind the wheel and lunges at him.

Dovchenko SLAMS into him at full stride and Indy sails backwards, landing on the deck of a railroad flat car, set at the end of the train tracks that run away into the distance, into an underground tunnel. There's a jet engine crudely bolted onto the deck of the flat car.

Indy lands hard on a control panel, a red light flashes and a buzzer BUZZES. A set of doors at the tunnel mouth RUMBLE open.

Dovchenko pounces on Indy and punches him, sending Indy flying out onto the back end of the railroad car, behind the engine.

Indy gets to his feet and SLUGS Dovchenko, hard, but the Russian barely feels it.

He GROWLS and lunges forward, pinning Indy against the side of the jet engine, CHOKING him.

Indy, face mashed into the metal side of the jet engine, now gets even more bad news -- he can see a sideways view of Mac, coming down the cement stairs toward them, carrying a gun.

Dovchenko keeps choking Indy as hard as he can, throttling the life out of him. Indy's face is turning blue.

Still more bad news -- now a jeep filled with THREE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS comes SMASHING through the doors at the end of a narrow access tunnel behind the flat car and ROARS right up to them.

Indy turns his head a few inches and sees his right foot is just inches away from a throttle on a panel mounted alongside the flat car. Indy thrashes, kicks the throttle --

-- and the jet engine ROARS to life, sending a blast of rippling white fire ERUPTING out the back of the rocket sled (because that's what this gizmo is), incinerating the Russian soldiers and EXPLODING the jeep they drove up in.

Mac recoils from the blast and the engine fully engages -- *boy*, does it engage, SLAMMING Indy and Dovchenko flying into a cushioned blast shield near the back of the railroad car.

The rocket sled blasts away down the railroad tracks so fast it's just a streak of light and ZOOMS into the tunnel.

(YELLOW) DK

10 IN THE TUNNEL,

lights strobe by as the rocket sled picks up speed in the underground tunnel. Indy and Dovchenko are pinned to the rear blast shield by the intense thrust.

11 EXT HANGAR 51 DUSK

As dusk falls, we see the blurry fire of the rocket sled as it BLASTS out the mouth of the tunnel, moving like a shooting star down five miles of tracks, disappearing into the distance.

A second later, there's a sonic BOOM.

12 INT HANGAR 51 DUSK

Back in the hangar, Russian Soldiers ROAR up in the sedan and the lone remaining jeep. Spalko SHOUTS to them in Russian, pointing out the open hangar door, go after them!

The two cars peel out, after the vanishing sled.

13 EXT ROCKET SLED DUSK

On the rocket sled, Indy and Dovchenko hold on for dear life as the G forces wrap their faces around the backs of their skulls.

The desert landscape flashes by; they cover miles in moments, and as abruptly as it started --

-- the booster engine shuts down. The rocket sled silently glides to a halt at the end of the five mile stretch of railroad tracks, coming to a stop with a soft little THUMP into a rubber bumper at the end, next to a small shack with lights on.

On the flat car, Indy and Dovchenko drag themselves to their feet and attempt a punch-drunk fistfight. Indy swings and misses by a mile. Dovchenko falls over several seconds later.

In the distance, Indy spies a plume of dust from the Russian cars, which are pursuing him.

He takes off into the distance on wobbly legs, headed for a rocky rise that might provide some cover.

14 EXT HANGAR 51 DUSK

Outside the front entrance to Hangar 51, another truck, this one full of REAL U.S. MARINES, alerted by the noise of the rocket sled, SCREECHES to a halt. The Marines leap out, drawing their weapons, and cautiously approach the entrance to the hangar.

15 INT HANGAR 51 DUSK

CLOSE ON the steel coffin as Spalko loads it into the back of the damaged sedan Mac was driving. Mac RIPS off the crumpled hood and jumps behind the wheel. *

He hits the gas in the makeshift hotrod and he and Spalko take off out the rear of Hangar 51 just before the Marines enter.

CUT TO:

16 EXT DESERT NIGHT *

As the sun sets on the horizon, the jeep and sedan with the Russians inside SKID to a halt next to the railroad flat car.

Dovchenko, on the flat car, is just coming to. As the Soldiers from the sedan tend to him, Dovchenko SHOUTS to the others, gesturing in the direction Indy ran -- get him!

Three Russians jump back into the jeep and take off, further into the desert.

Dovchenko limps into the sedan and it turns around, heading in the opposite direction, back the way they came.

DISSOLVE TO:

17 EXT DESERT TOWN DAWN *

Now past sundown, Indy spots a small desert town on the horizon. He limps toward it.

18 EXT MAIN STREET DAY *

Indy limps into this perfect little American town. But suddenly he freezes, as just ahead --

-- the Three Russians in the American jeep cruise slowly around a corner, still searching for him.

INDY

Nuts.

He hangs a quick right, into a prim street with a row of tidy houses.

INDY (cont'd)

Hello?! HELLO?! HELP!!

There are a few cars parked on the street, but no people around. He turns off the narrow street and cuts between two houses.

(YELLOW) DK

19 EXT BACK YARDS DUSK

Indy plows right through somebody's laundry, hanging on a line, and heads for the back door of a house, any house.

20 INT SOMEBODY'S HOUSE DUSK

Indy BANGS through the door and finds himself in a perfect little kitchen, appointed with all the latest appliances, including a heavy-duty refrigerator.

INDY
Hello?! Anybody?!

He hears faint MUSIC from the other room.

21 INT LIVING ROOM DUSK

Indy races into the living room, where the music is louder. It's the theme from the Howdy Doody Show. A family (MOM, DAD, and TWO KIDS) is seated with their backs to him, watching Howdy on the black and white TV set. Indy grabs their phone and starts to dial.

INDY
Russians! Spies! Here in your town!
They broke into the military base and --

He CLICKS the phone receiver, getting no dial tone.

INDY (cont'd)
Don't you have a phone that works?!

Nobody moves. Nobody answers. They just stare at the screen.

INDY (cont'd)
What's wrong with you people?!

He grabs Dad's arm, but the arm *pulls right out of its sleeve!*

Hey, Dad isn't a dad at all and Mom isn't a mom and in fact these aren't even real people! *They're MANNEQUINS.*

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

Indy is stunned, trying to process what's happening.

An AIR RAID SIREN starts to WAIL. Indy turns, something horrible coming together in his mind.

INDY

Oh, *that* can't be good.

He runs from the room --

22 EXT HOUSE DUSK

-- and onto the front lawn. A MANNEQUIN MAILMAN is frozen at the mailbox, delivering fake mail. Across the street, a MANNEQUIN PEDESTRIAN is frozen in stride, walking a FAKE DOG.

Up the street, a group of MANNEQUIN KIDS are frozen on their bikes while a MANNEQUIN DRIVER waves from behind the wheel of a motionless Buick.

Indy turns. He's standing next to a sign, the kind that should say Welcome to Mayberry or something, but this one says --

*Doom Town
U.S. Army Proving Ground
CIVILIANS TURN BACK!*

A DEAFENING VOICE bellows from hidden loudspeakers.

VOICE (O.S.)

All personnel take final positions.
Countdown to detonation commencing at t-minus one minute.

INDY

That can't be good at *all*.

Indy takes off running, away down Main Street, around a corner --

23 EXT EDGE OF TOWN DUSK

-- and BLAM! A geyser of dirt kicks into the air in front of Indy. One of the Russian Soldiers is running down the street toward him, firing.

Indy turns the other way, but the Jeep comes ROARING toward him, the other two Russians inside, one of them drawing his own gun.

VOICE (O.S.)

T-minus forty-five seconds.

BLAM! The Soldier fires again.

INDY

WAIT! STOP, YOU IDIOT, DON'T YOU
REALIZE WHAT *THAT* IS?!?!

(YELLOW) DK

Indy points into the distance and the Russian turns, seeing what Indy sees.

There, a few hundred yards out of town stands a metal-frame tower festooned with sirens and loudspeakers. Suspended beneath a platform in the middle --

-- *is a NUCLEAR BOMB.*

The Russian's eyes go wide and he SCREAMS at the Soldiers in the jeep. They hit the gas, race past Indy, the Soldier leaps inside, and they ROAR the hell out of Doom Town.

INDY (cont'd)
SURE, DON'T WAIT FOR ME!!

He races a few steps after them, then realizes it's pointless.

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

Indy makes a desperate decision. He turns and runs, but not out of town; Indy heads back *into* town.

24 INT HOUSE DUSK

Indy bursts into the same house as before, racing down the hallway, dogged by the cheery "Howdy Doody" theme music.

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

25 INT KITCHEN DUSK

Indy runs into the kitchen and throws open the old-style refrigerator.

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

Indy yanks everything out of the fridge, shelves and all.

VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)
T-minus five seconds and counting.

Indy jumps into the fridge and SLAMS the door --

VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)
Four.

-- but the door bounces open, his leather jacket's blocking it --

VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)

Three.

-- he tugs his jacket into the fridge --

VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)

Two.

-- and SLAMS the door. As it closes a little metal plate on the corner of the door pops into focus, it reads --

VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)

One.

-- "LEAD-LINED FOR SUPERIOR INSULATION!"

The screen turns white.

26 IN THE INCREDIBLE GLARE,

mannequins fly apart in the blast-furnace, bodies ignite like matchheads, Kids are swept off their bikes, Mailman and Pedestrian turn to cinders in a split-second, the Buick and its waving Driver tumble down the street like a flaming toy.

Walls collapse, houses implode, roofs fly away.

27 EXT DESERT DUSK

A mile away, the Russian Soldiers are driving like madmen, getting out of town at eighty miles an hour, but it isn't fast enough, as 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 them, riding the blastwave.

And then the Russians are vaporized, their jeep melting into the desert sand. We are engulfed by dust.

DISSOLVE TO:

28 EXT DESERT DUSK

A couple miles from Doom Town, 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. He staggers toward us, gazing up with horror and awe at --

(YELLOW) DK

A HUGE MUSHROOM CLOUD, rising up over the desert floor. Indy stands there, silhouetted against the billowing, seething cloud, and is it our imagination or, with its creepy, hollowed-out eye sockets, does that deadly cloud bear a strong resemblance --

-- to a human skull?

CUT TO:

29 INT DECONTAMINATION ROOM NIGHT

Indy, exhausted, is in a decontamination room. He's surrounded by FOUR SOLDIERS in medical gowns and goggles who are scrubbing him roughly with long-handled brushes.

Two shadowy men in dark suits and skinny ties, SMITH and TAYLOR, stand a short distance away, regarding him suspiciously. A SMALL MAN with a Geiger counter waves a metal wand across Indy's body. There are few, if any, CLICKS.

A SOLDIER IN UNIFORM enters and hands Smith a paper.

SMITH

It appears your story checks out. But I'm still mystified, Dr. Jones, as to why you were in the Russian car in the first place.

INDY

I told you, I was knocked unconscious and kidnapped from a dig in Mexico. I woke up in the trunk of the car.

SMITH

Along with your good friend George McHale?

INDY

I had no reason to believe Mac was a spy. He was MI6 when I was in the O.S.S., we must have gone on twenty or thirty missions together in Europe and the Pacific, we-

TAYLOR

Don't wave your war record in our face, Colonel Jones, we all served.

INDY

No kidding? Whose side were you on?

(YELLOW) DK

SMITH

I don't think you understand the gravity of your situation. You aided and abetted KGB operatives who broke into a top-secret military installation, right in the heart of the United States of America. My country.

INDY

What was in that steel box they took? *

TAYLOR

You tell us. You've seen it before. *

INDY

You mean that Air Force fiasco in '47? *
 They tossed me in a bus with blacked out *
 windows and twenty other people I wasn't *
 allowed to speak to -- hauled me out to *
 the middle of nowhere in the middle of *
 the night for some kind of urgent *
 recovery project and showed me -- what? *
 Some piece of wreckage and an intensely *
 magnetic shroud wrapped around -- *
 (still unsure what it was) *
 -- mutilated remains? But none of us *
 were ever given the whole picture and *
 you threatened us with treason if we *
 ever talked about it. So you tell me -- *
 what was in the box? *

TAYLOR

This process works best when we ask the *
 questions, Dr. Jones. *

INDY

Mummified remains? *

SMITH

Our records don't indicate anything of *
 that nature was housed there. *

TAYLOR

You must be confused, Dr. Jones. *

SMITH

The only thing that facility stores is *
 replacement parts for B series aircraft. *

The door BANGS open and a two-star Army General barrels into the room -- GENERAL ROSS. Around Indy's age, big man, big voice.

GENERAL ROSS

Indy, thank God! Don't you know how dangerous it is to climb inside a refrigerator? Those things are death traps!

Ross is smiling, he's kidding. Indy smiles back.

INDY

Good to see you too, Bob.

GENERAL ROSS

(to Smith and Taylor)

Relax, boys, I can vouch for Dr. Jones.

INDY

(to Ross)

What the hell's going on? KGB on U.S. soil? Who was that woman?

TAYLOR

Describe her.

INDY

Tall, thin, mid-thirties. She carried some kind of sword -- a rapier, I think. Knew how to use it, too.

Smith and Taylor exchange a look -- they recognize that description. Taylor steps out of the room quickly.

INDY

(ignoring that)

And what was in those crates? Some kind of vapor-filled storage tanks, but I couldn't see inside.

TAYLOR

Our records don't indicate anything of that nature was housed there.

SMITH

You must be confused, Dr. Jones.

TAYLOR

The only thing that facility stores is replacement parts for B series aircraft.

INDY

I'm not confused.

The door BANGS open and a two-star Army General barrels into the room -- GENERAL ROSS. Around Indy's age, big man, big voice.

GENERAL ROSS

Indy, thank God! Don't you know how dangerous it is to climb inside a refrigerator? Those things are death traps!

Ross is smiling, he's kidding. Indy smiles back.

INDY

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(to Smith and Taylor)

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Smith and Taylor exchange a look -- they recognize that description. Taylor steps out of the room quickly.

GENERAL ROSS
(to Smith, amazed)
Irina Spalko?

Smith produces a file from his briefcase and flips it open, showing Indy a surveillance photograph of Spalko.

INDY
Yeah, that's her.

Through a glass panel, we see Taylor, outside the room, pick up a phone and make a call.

SMITH
(to Indy)
You're sure she's here?

INDY
Here and gone. Who is she?

Smith just closes the file and puts it back in his briefcase, doesn't answer Indy. But General Ross does.

GENERAL ROSS
Stalin's fair-haired girl. His favorite scientist, if you can call psychic research science.

Smith steps in, trying to end this conversation.

SMITH
General Ross.

GENERAL ROSS
She's leading teams from the Kremlin all over the world, scooping up artifacts she thinks have paranormal military applications. She's-

SMITH
General Ross.

Ross turns, and Smith gives him an icy glare.

SMITH (cont'd)
You can vouch for Dr. Jones -- but who can vouch for you?

GENERAL ROSS
Back off, Paul. Not everyone in the Army is a Commie. And certainly not Indy.

INDY

What exactly am I being charged with,
other than surviving a nuclear bomb?

Outside, Taylor hangs up the phone and re-enters the room.

SMITH

Nothing yet. But frankly, your
association with George McHale calls
into question all your activities,
including those during the war.

GENERAL ROSS

Are you nuts? You know how many medals
this son of a bitch has won?

SMITH

A great many, I'm sure. But does he
deserve them?

TAYLOR

Dr. Jones, let's just say for now that
you are of interest to the Bureau.

SMITH

Of great interest.

INDY

Look, you got any doubts about me, call
Congressman Freleng. Or Abe Portman in
Army Intel. Hell, ask anybody, I've
got friends in Washington!

TAYLOR

I think, Professor, you'll find you
might be wrong about that.

CUT TO:

30 EXT UNIVERSITY CAMPUS DAY

A beautiful college campus. A big banner tells us Homecoming is
this Saturday. But OMINOUS FOOTSTEPS echo over the quad.

31 INT CAMPUS BUILDING DAY

A pair of dress shoes CLICK down a hallway in one of the
buildings. DEAN CHARLES STANFORTH, sixtyish, stops at a door
and turns the knob.

*
*

(YELLOW) DK

32 INSIDE THE CLASSROOM,

Indy, in his tweedy professor's garb, is teaching a class as
 Stanforth slips quietly inside and leans against the wall.
 Indy, turned the other way, doesn't notice him. He's gesturing
 to a series of photographs displayed on the board behind him.

INDY

-- along with the use of Grooved Ware
 and the beginnings of modern drainage,
 which we also see in Skara Brae, on the
 west coast of Scotland. Skara Brae
 dates back to 3100 B.C. and was
 occupied for about six hundred years
 until its apparent abandonment in 2500
 B.C. There's no solid evidence as to
 why its --

He stops, noticing Stanforth for the first time. Stanforth
 looks grim. Indy stumbles, knows something's up.

INDY (cont'd)

-- as to why its inhabitants chose to,
 uh, chose to leave a healthy
 settlement.

(to Stanforth)

Yes?

STANFORTH

May I have a moment, Professor?

Indy frowns. He turns back to his class.

INDY

Uh, open up Michaelson, chapter four.
 We'll discuss migration versus exodus
 when I get back.

He steps into the hall, closing the door behind him.

The STUDENTS lean forward to hear what's going on outside. A
 moment later:

INDY (O.S.) (cont'd)

WHAT?!

The Students look up sharply. Indy and the Dean are visible
 through the glass; Indy looks like he's going to clobber him.

33 OUT IN THE HALLWAY,

Stanforth's trying to calm him.

STANFORTH

You have no idea the pressure coming from the Board of Regents. The FBI showed up this morning, they ransacked your office, searched all your files --

INDY

And you didn't stop them? You're the dean of this school, they had no right!

STANFORTH

They had every right! They weren't vandals, they were federal agents with search warrants. The University's not going to let itself be embroiled in that kind of controversy, not in this political climate.

INDY

So you're firing me?

STANFORTH

It's a -- a leave of absence, is all.
An indefinite leave of absence --

INDY

You *are* firing me!

STANFORTH

-- during which they have agreed to
continue to pay your full salary for a
period of-

INDY

I don't want their money. You wanna
know where they can deposit their
money?

STANFORTH

Please don't be foolish, you don't know
what I had to go through to get that
for you.

INDY

What *you* went through? What exactly
did *you* have to go through, Charlie?

STANFORTH

Henry, I resigned.

Indy just looks at him, dumbfounded.

CUT TO:

34 INT INDY'S HOUSE DAY

A battered old suitcase hits the bed in Indy's bedroom. It's
covered with stickers from exotic locales. The latches are
thrown and the lid swung up.

Indy opens up his dresser and throws a pile of clothes inside.

Stanforth's sitting in a chair at Indy's desk. They're halfway
through a bottle of red wine, middle of the afternoon.

STANFORTH

Where will you go?

(YELLOW) DK

INDY

Train to New York, overnight to London,
for starters. Might end up teaching in
Leipzig, Heinrich owes me a favor.

STANFORTH

I suppose there's nothing to keep you here. I barely recognize this country anymore, the government's got us seeing Communists in our soup. When the hysteria reaches academia, I guess it's time to call it a career.

INDY

How'd Deirdre take the news?

STANFORTH

How does any wife take such things? The look on her face was a combination of pride and panic.

INDY

I feel like a heel. I shouldn't have doubted you for a second.

STANFORTH

(shrugs)

You have reason to question your friends these days.

Indy stops packing for a moment, sits on the edge of his bed.

INDY

Brutal couple of years, Charlie. First my dad, then Marcus -- now Mac may as well be dead...

STANFORTH

We seem to be at the age where life stops giving us things and starts taking them away.

Pause. Wow, bummer. Then they both snap out of it at the same time, Indy bolting up to resume packing while Stanforth reaches for the wine.

STANFORTH (cont'd)

Maybe just another half a glass...

Indy goes to his desk and rifles through some papers, takes a few, including his passport, throws out some others.

STANFORTH (cont'd)

I wish you'd met someone like Deirdre, to help you through times like this. Or if you'd realized it when you *did* meet her...

INDY

Let's not tug on that thread right now,
okay pal?

Stanforth holds his hands up in surrender, okay, I'll drop it.
He notices his watch.

STANFORTH

Good Lord, I've got to get home. Don
and Maggie are driving *spousum et*
familia up from the city for dinner.
Emergency family council meeting.

INDY

(with a touch of envy)
They're good kids.

STANFORTH

Healthy and employed, I'll settle for
that. I'm off.
(stands, sways from the wine)
And I believe I should walk.

INDY

Thank you for what you did, my friend.

STANFORTH

I cut quite the dramatic figure. The
Regents were stunned into shamed
silence. At least that's the way I'll
tell it to the grandkids.

Stanforth goes to the door, turns back with one last thought.

STANFORTH (cont'd)

You know, when you're young you spend
all your time thinking "Who will I be?"
And then for years you're busy shouting
at the world "This is who I am!"

Indy opens a closet door and we see his fedora hanging on a
hook, and his bullwhip, curled up on the top shelf, the handle
sticking out toward us.

STANFORTH (cont'd)

But lately I've been wondering -- after
I'm gone, who will they say I was?

FROM INSIDE THE CLOSET,

Indy isn't looking at Stanforth, but *man* those words resonate.

The hat and whip still hang in the foreground. Indy looks at them for a long moment, and then, slowly --

-- he closes the door on them. A high-pitched SCREAMING sound rises up --

CUT TO:

35 EXT TRAIN STATION DAY

-- and we're at the train station, the sound is the train's WHISTLE as it gets ready to pull out. Indy gets out of a cab in the parking lot and hurries up the steps to the platform, carrying his suitcase.

A moment later, a MOTORCYCLE RIDER in black leather jacket, jeans, boots, sunglasses, and leather gloves glides to a halt behind the cab, riding a '48 Indian Chief, red and black.

MUTT WILLIAMS is twenty, American, and impatient. He looks at Indy, who's already up on the platform, and the TRAIN WHISTLE blows one last time. No time to wait, Mutt guns the bike up the ramp and onto the platform.

36 ON THE PLATFORM,

REDCAPS try to wave Mutt off, you can't ride that thing up here!, but Mutt ignores them, rolling down the platform alongside the train, which is just starting to pull out of the station. PEOPLE jump out of his way as he zips toward Indy.

Up ahead, Indy leaps aboard one of the cars and, just behind him, TWO BULKY GUYS in suits slip aboard the other end of the car, obviously following him.

Mutt pulls even with Indy's train car, whips off his shades, and SHOUTS to him.

MUTT

Hey! Mister! Hey, buddy!

(louder)

Hey Professor!

Indy turns, still in the doorway of the moving train.

MUTT (cont'd)

Are you Dr. Jones?

(YELLOW) DK

Indy nods, then looks up ahead, at the cement wall that's approaching.

INDY

You're running out of platform, kid.

He turns and starts to go inside the train. Mutt SHOUTS:

MUTT

You're a friend of Dr. Oxley, right?

Indy turns back. He knows the name. *

INDY *

Harold Oxley, the archaeologist? *

MUTT *

Yeah! *

INDY *

What about him?

MUTT

They're going to kill him.

Mutt has to SCREECH to a halt to avoid the cement wall as the train ROARS out of the station, away down the tracks.

When the train clears, it reveals Indy, standing on the platform on the other side of the tracks, suitcase in hand. He's jumped off the train, a look of concern on his face.

37 AT THE OTHER END OF THE PLATFORM,

we see the Bulky Guys have slipped off the train as well.

CUT TO:

38 INT BERNIE'S DINER DAY

CLOSE ON a photograph of Mutt, a few years younger, standing next to a BOOKISH MAN in his mid-fifties, more buttoned-down than the second floor of Brooks Brothers.

INDY (O.S.)

I haven't spoken to Ox in twenty years.

Indy and Mutt are in a diner. Saturday afternoon. Letter sweaters, saddle shoes, a juke box playing "Glory of Love." Mostly COLLEGE TYPES in the place, but a dozen GREASERS in the back drinking beer, looking for trouble.

INDY (cont'd)

We fell out of touch. He cut me off, angry about something, he never told me why. Too bad, he was a brilliant guy, but he could talk you to sleep.

MUTT

When I was a kid, that's how I *did* get to sleep. The Ox was better than warm milk.

(offers his hand)

Name's Mutt. Mutt Williams.

INDY

"Mutt?" What kind of name is that?

MUTT

The one I picked, you got a problem with it?

INDY

Take it easy. What was Oxley your uncle or something?

MUTT

Kind of. My dad died in the war and the Ox helped my mom raise me.

He pulls a comb from his back pocket and runs it through his carefully kept hair. Indy checks his watch.

*

INDY

I've got one last train I can catch. If you've got a story, tell it.

*

*

*

MUTT

Six months ago my mom got a letter from the Ox. He was down in Peru. He said he found some kind of crystal skull, like the one that guy Mitchell-Hedges found.

He turns and grabs a bottle of beer off the tray of a WAITRESS serving the table next to them. (She doesn't see.)

INDY

Ox and I were obsessed with the Mitchell-Hedges skull in college. How do you know about it?

Indy takes the beer from Mutt and puts it back on the Waitress's tray. (She doesn't see that either.)

MUTT

You kiddin? Ox could talk about that
thing till the cows came home. What was
it, like an idol?

INDY

It's a deity carving. Meso-American. There's a few crystal skulls around the world. I saw one at an expo at the British Museum. They're impressive craftsmanship, but that's about it.

MUTT

Oxley said the skull had psychic powers.

INDY

(chuckles)

"Stare into its eyes and it'll drive you mad?"

MUTT

Laugh if you want, but Ox said he found one of these things. This one was real different, he said, and he was on his way to a place called Akator with it.

Indy sits forward -- now he's interested.

INDY

Akator? He said that? Are you sure?

MUTT

Yeah. What is it?

INDY

A lost city in the Amazon. The Conquistadors called it El Dorado. Supposedly the Ugha tribe were chosen by the gods 7,000 years ago to build a great city out of solid gold. They say it had aqueducts, paved roads, technology we wouldn't see for another five thousand years. Francesco de Orellana disappeared into the Amazon in 1546 looking for it. So did a British explorer, Colonel Percy Fawcett, in the 1920s. I almost died of typhus looking for it myself. I don't think it exists.

*
*
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*

MUTT

Why would Ox want to take the skull there?

INDY

There's a legend that a crystal skull was stolen from Akator some time in the fifteenth or sixteenth century. They say whoever finds this skull and returns it to the city's temple will be given control over its power.

MUTT

Power? What kind of power?

INDY

I don't know. It's a *story*, kid.

MUTT

From his letter, my mom thought the Ox was going crazy..

(taps his head)

Smog in the noggin'. She went down to find him, only somebody had kidnapped him, and now they've got her too. Ox hid the skull someplace, and if my mom doesn't come up with it, they're gonna kill 'em both. She said you'd help.

*
*
*

INDY

Me? What's her name?

MUTT

Mary Williams. You remember her?

INDY

There were a lot of Mary Williams, kid.

MUTT

Shut up, man, that's my *mother!*

INDY

Look, you don't have to get sore all the time just to show everybody how tough you are, okay?

MUTT

My mom said if anybody could find the skull it's you. Like you're some kind of grave robber or something.

INDY

I'm a *teacher*.

MUTT

She called me two weeks ago from South America, told me she escaped but they were after her.

(MORE)

(CHERRY)

MUTT (cont'd)

She said she'd just mailed me a letter from the Ox, and I had to get it to you. Then the line went dead.

Mutt pulls an envelope from his jacket and gives it to Indy, who opens it and pulls out a single page.

MUTT (cont'd)

The thing's gibberish, though, it ain't even English lettering.

INDY

Wait a minute.

He nods toward the soda counter -- the two Bulky Guys from the train station have followed them here.

INDY (cont'd)

Those two bricks over at the counter. They're not here for the milkshakes.

He follows their gaze down to the letter he holds in his hand. They seem awfully interested in it, suddenly alert.

Indy folds the letter and slips it in his jacket pocket as the Bulky Guys approach the table.

MUTT

Who are they?

INDY

I don't know. FBI, maybe.

The Bulky Guys arrive at the table. They speak with Russian accents.

RUSSIAN 1

Come quietly, Dr. Jones. Bring letter with you.

INDY

Make that KGB.
(to the Russian)
Letter? What letter?

RUSSIAN 1

Letter Mr. Williams just give you.

MUTT

Me? Do I *look* like a mailman?

RUSSIAN 2

We don't ask again. Come now or-

CLICK!

Mutt has popped open a switchblade, which he holds behind his folded arms, its long nasty blade shining in the light.

MUTT

Or what?

INDY

Nice try, kid, but I think you brought a knife --

CLICK *CLICK!*

Russian 2 has the barrel of a cocked handgun pointing out from his jacket, aimed squarely at the side of Indy's head.

INDY (cont'd)

-- to a gunfight.

RUSSIAN 1

(gesturing)

Outside.

Russian 2 delicately takes the knife from Mutt's hand, closes the blade, and slips it in his jacket pocket.

RUSSIAN 1 (cont'd)

Now.

Indy and Mutt slide out of the booth.

The Russians lead them across the crowded diner, walking slowly beside them, their hands inside their coats menacingly.

Up ahead, TWO MORE RUSSIANS step into the doorway from outside.

They're trapped. Indy looks around, thinking wildly.

A COLLEGE LETTERMAN is standing right behind Mutt, talking to a GIRL IN A POODLE SKIRT.

Indy looks at the letter sweater. And at Mutt's leather jacket.

INDY

(to Mutt)

Punch that guy.

MUTT

What?

INDY
 (gesturing to the Letterman)
 Joe College. Hit him. Hard.

Mutt gets it. He grins --

MUTT
 Hey nosebleed!

-- the guy turns, and Mutt SMASHES him in the face. There are SHOUTS and SCREAMS from around them as the Letterman goes down. The Russians see what's happening and try to grab hold of Mutt and Indy to hustle them out of there, but --

2ND LETTERMAN
 GET THAT GREASER!

-- THREE MORE LETTERMEN pounce on Mutt from behind, and now, in the back of the place, the HALF DOZEN GREASERS with beers look up suddenly, seeing one of their own attacked.

They leap into the fray, swinging chairs and fists. Mayhem!

Somebody's tossed into the jukebox; "Glory of Love" changes over to "Shake, Rattle and Roll."

Indy PUNCHES a FRAT BOY to free Mutt, then a RUSSIAN, then a GREASER. Mutt looks at Indy in admiration --

-- then turns and punches Russian 2, who drops like a stone.

INDY
 C'mon!

He hurls his suitcase at one of the Russians and they take off, headed for the front door. Mutt bends down, grabs his switchblade from out of Russian 2's coat pocket, and follows.

The Russians fight to get to Indy and Mutt, but it's chaos now and they can't get to them before they're out the door.

39 EXT ALLEY DAY

Indy and Mutt race around a corner and into an alley, where Mutt's motorcycle is parked. As Mutt digs out his keys and leaps on board, Indy thinks, fast:

INDY
 Your mom didn't escape, kid, they let her go. They wanted her to mail that letter, they wanted you to bring it here, and now they want me to translate it.

*

(CHERRY)

The Russian sedan SCREECHES around a corner and appears at the far end of the alley.

INDY (cont'd)
(kicks it to life with a ROAR)
Get on, Clyde, time to cut out!

*
*
*

Indy has no choice but to hop on the bike. Mutt hits the gas and the bike kicks a wheelie as it ROARS out of the alley.

40 ON BOARD THE BIKE,

Indy clings to Mutt as the kid races through the used-to-be-peaceful American streets. They're putting distance between themselves and the Russian sedan, but now a --

-- SECOND SEDAN ROARS out of a side street and pulls up alongside them on the left. The sedan edges over toward Mutt, both driving at high speed.

Mutt's got no room to maneuver, they're squeezing him up alongside a speeding bus, they're getting crushed.

RUSSIAN ARMS reach out the open back window of the sedan, grab hold of Indy --

-- and drag him right off the motorcycle!

41 INT RUSSIAN CAR DAY

Indy gets hauled into the back seat of the Russian sedan, but he PUNCHES one Russian and keeps crawling, toward the open window on the other side of the seat.

THROUGH THE BACK WINDOW,

we can see Mutt drop behind the car, then gun the bike and speed up, approaching the left side of the sedan.

Indy gets a hold of the window frame and KICKS THE SECOND RUSSIAN IN THE FACE with both feet --

-- boosts himself out the window --

42 EXT STREET DAY

-- and is hanging half out of the car when Mutt ROARS up alongside him.

Indy grabs onto the motorcycle but doesn't quite nail the landing. Hanging onto the bar on the back of the seat, he's dragged behind the motorcycle for a good fifty yards before Mutt sees what's going on --

(CHERRY)

-- TAPS the brakes --

-- and Indy sails up into the air, over the slowing motorcycle, SLAMS into Mutt's back, and lands hard on the seat behind him.

Up ahead, the FIRST SEDAN is back, pulling out at the end of the street, cutting them off. Mutt turns sharply, BOUNCING up a set of broad concrete steps and BANGING through the front doors of --

43 INT LIBRARY DAY

-- *the school library*. The bike ROARS into the main reading room, sending books and magazines flying into the air.

STUDENTS dive out of the way, Mutt LAUGHS wildly, and Indy SHOUTS a warning about the upcoming concrete wall.

Mutt turns again, but his wheels spin out from under him and the bike lays down, right in the middle of the reading room.

Mutt leaps to his feet and lifts the bike. TWO STUDENTS sheepishly approach Indy as he dusts himself off.

STUDENT

Dr. Jones, I've got a quick question about Hargrove's normative culture models --

INDY

Forget Hargrove. Read Vere Gordon Childe on diffusionism, he spent most of his life in the field.

Mutt kicks the bike's starter and it ROARS back to life. He whips his comb from his pocket and runs it through his hair as Indy hops on the back of the bike.

INDY (cont'd)

You wanna be a good archaeologist you're gonna have to --

Mutt guns it and the bike takes off, Indy SHOUTING back --

INDY (cont'd)

-- GET OUT OF THE LIBRARY!

The bike ROARS away, BANGS through the back door and bursts --

44 EXT BUSY STREET DAY

-- onto a busy street, where Mutt guns it. The second sedan has gone around the library and is immediately on them again, giving chase as Mutt heads for

(YELLOW) DK

45 THE CENTER OF TOWN,

where there's a demonstration going on, a SPEAKER, banners, placards. The motorcycle zips neatly through them, but the sedan isn't so nimble.

A STUDENT leaps out of the way of the sedan and his placard SLAPS across the windshield.

INSIDE THE SEDAN,

we can read the placard -- "*BETTER DEAD THAN RED.*"

46 ON THE STREET,

Mutt hits the gas, headed toward an old brick stadium at the end of the street, where the ROAR OF A CROWD can be heard.

47 EXT FOOTBALL STADIUM DAY

HIKE! A center snaps the ball and the quarterback drops back to pass. He scrambles, under pressure, THREE HUGE DEFENDERS headed right for him, he's gonna get creamed --

-- but weirdly they STOP RIGHT IN THEIR TRACKS, staring, there's a strange ROAR behind the quarterback, he turns --

-- *and sees a motorcycle coming straight at him.*

Mutt's leaning over the handlebars, churning up turf as he and Indy plow downfield. The dark sedan BLASTS through the wooden fence behind them, still giving chase.

The quarterback evades Mutt and the car and the defenders and heaves the ball as far and as high as he possibly can.

Mutt zigs, zags, neatly avoids everybody on the field as he heads for the far end. The sedan's not far behind.

Indy hears a WHISTLING sound and looks behind him, sees the football coming, instinctively puts up both hands, *CATCHES IT* --

-- then turns and HURLS A HARD SPIRAL at the open driver's window of the Russian sedan, where it SMACKS the Driver in the side of the head.

The motorcycle and sedan ROAR through the end zone and into a tunnel at the end of the stadium --

48 EXT STREET DAY

-- and burst back out onto the street. But the Driver of the sedan's slumped over the wheel, and the car swerves blindly, SMASHING into the base of a statue of Marcus Brody.

As Mutt ROARS away, Brody's head and shoulders SMASH through the windshield of the car, leaving Marcus's smiling face right between the two Russians.

CUT TO:

49 EXT INDY'S HOUSE NIGHT

Night has fallen. The front door to Indy's house BANGS open and Indy and Mutt hurry inside.

MUTT

This where you live? It's the first place they'll look for us, we gotta get out of here!

INDY

In a minute.

Indy pulls Oxley's letter from his pocket and studies it as he goes to the bookshelves. He pulls down a thick book, flips to a section in the middle, and compares the symbols there with the symbols in Oxley's letter.

INDY (cont'd)

I thought so. Koihoma.

MUTT

What's that?

INDY

An extinct Latin American language. Pre-Colombian syllabary system. See these diagonal stresses on the ideograms? Definitely Koihoma.

MUTT

You speak it?

INDY

Nobody speaks it, hasn't been heard out loud in three thousand years. Might be able to read a little --

He flips to another page, further in the book, also covered with ancient symbols. He MUTTERS to himself, comparing the two pages and scribbling on a pad of paper.

(YELLOW) DK

INDY (cont'd)

-- if I walk it through Mayan first.

He can't quite focus on the pages. With a self-conscious look at Mutt, he pulls a pair of bifocals from his pocket and slips them on. Mutt notices.

MUTT

You know, for an old man, you ain't bad in a fight.

INDY

Thanks a lot.

MUTT

So what are you, like, eighty?

Still working, Indy laughs through the desire to punch Mutt in the face. Doesn't look at him.

INDY

Hard livin', kid. I don't recommend it.

He holds up the page he's written, reading from it.

INDY (cont'd)

"Follow the lines in the earth only gods can read to Orellana's cradle, guarded by the living dead."

(an idea)

Only *gods* can read.

He climbs a ladder at the bookcase, searching for a title.

INDY (cont'd)

He means the Nazca Lines.

He finds the book and tosses it. It lands with a THUD right in front of Mutt, on Indy's dining room table.

MUTT

The what?

Indy hops off the ladder and flips through the book, searching for a certain page.

INDY

Geoglyphs. Giant ancient carvings, scratched into the desert floor in Peru. From the ground they don't look like anything, but from the air -- ah!

He spins the book around to face Mutt, who bends over to examine it. Two whole pages are devoted to aerial photographs of beautiful carvings in the Peruvian desert. One looks like a monkey, another like a spider, a hummingbird -- and a large-headed humanoid figure.

INDY (cont'd)

Only *gods* can read them, because gods --
(gesturing)

-- live up there. Oxley's telling us the skull is in Nazca, Peru. And it's a good bet the Russians are the ones who've got him. The Kremlin must think the skull is some kind of weapon, that's why they're after it.

He starts flipping through the book, looking for another page.

MUTT

If it gets my mom back, they can have it.
Let's go, and try not to slow me down.

He heads for the door, but Indy's still studying the book. He's found a page with an elaborate drawing of an ancient city, carved atop a jungle plateau.

INDY

Supposedly the Ugha tribe were chosen by the gods 7,000 years ago to build a great city out of solid gold. They say it had aqueducts, paved roads, technology we wouldn't see for another five thousand years. Akator'd be the find of a lifetime. Make a reputation even politicians can't touch.

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He turns back to the first book, the one with the pages of ancient Mayan symbols. He RIPS the pages from the book and takes them with him.

50 INT INDY'S HOUSE NIGHT

BAM! Indy SMACKS open the closet door in his bedroom. His hat is still there, hanging on a hook in the foreground, and the whip is curled on the top shelf, the handle sticking out.

Indy snatches the hat and puts it on, grabs hold of the whip handle and gives it one strong pull --

-- it pulls free of the closet with a loud *KUH-RACK!* and we --

51 BEGIN TRAVEL MONTAGE.

Indy and Mutt climb on board a Pan-Am Convair 240, its twin turbo engines warming up. Instead of a suitcase, this time Indy carries a rucksack. As Mutt's motorcycle is loaded into the cargo hold of the plane, a series of dissolves takes place against a moving map with an animated red line.

- 51A From the East Coast they make their way southwest to Mexico City, where they get on board a DC-3 and head for South America.
- 51B As the red line moves toward the desert coast of Peru, Indy points out the window to Mutt. There, scratched into the desert floor below, are the actual Nazca Lines.
- 51C The red line reaches its end as Indy and Mutt step off the plane on a desert airstrip in --

NAZCA, PERU

CUT TO:

52 EXT NAZCA DAY

The windswept desert city of Nazca is like Casablanca -- teeming, international, dangerous. And hot. Always, everywhere, *hot*.

At the edge of a town square, a horse is tied to one of a series of metal posts. Next to that, a mule is tied to another post, and a llama's tied to a third post. *Mutt's motorcycle* is chained to the fourth post.

Mutt's at an outdoor table at a cantina beside it, finishing a bottle of Coke, adding it to a pyramid of five others in front of him. Looks bored, he's been there a while.

Indy is nearby, speaking to a couple LOCALS in Spanish, getting an animated story from them. He finishes and rejoins Mutt.

INDY

Finally -- they say they saw Ox. He came staggering into town a few months ago, ranting like a wild man. The police locked him up in a sanitarium. It's this way.

He starts walking. Mutt falls into stride alongside him.

MUTT

I took Spanish, man, I couldn't make out a word of that. What was it?

INDY

Quechua. Local Incan dialect.

MUTT

Where'd you learn *that* one?

INDY

Long story.

(YELLOW) DK

MUTT

I got time.

INDY
I rode with Pancho Villa.

MUTT
Bull-*shit!*

INDY
You asked.

MUTT
Pancho Villa?

INDY
Technically, I was kidnapped.

MUTT
By Pancho *Villa*?

INDY
It was the fight against Victoriano Huerta.

Indy SPITS on the ground at the mention of Huerta's name.

MUTT
That woulda been, what, nineteen -- how *old* were you, man?

INDY
'Bout your age.

MUTT
Crazy. Your parents *musta* had a cow. *

INDY
Worked out okay. Things were -- a little tense at home.

MUTT
Yeah, my mom and I aren't on the best terms right now either.

INDY
Treat her right, kid, you only get one.
(muttered)
And sometimes not for long.

MUTT
It ain't my problem, it's hers. She got P.O.ed cause I quit school, like I'm some goof or somethin'. *

INDY
You quit school?

MUTT

Sure, lots of 'em. Fancy prep schools.
Teach you chess, debate, fencing. I can
handle a blade like nobody's business,
but what a waste of time.

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INDY

You never finished?

*

MUTT

Nah, it's all useless skills and the
wrong books. I mean, I like books, the
Ox made me read everything under the sun
when I was a kid, but now I can pick 'em
myself, you get me?

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INDY

What do you do for money?

MUTT

Fix motorcycles.

INDY

Plan on doing that forever?

MUTT

Maybe I *do*, man, is there somethin'
wrong with that?

INDY

Not a thing, kid. If that's what you
love doing, don't let anybody tell you
any different.

As they head toward the hulking sanitarium at the end of the
street, the brim of a Panama hat rises in the foreground.

Somebody's watching them. The head turns, and we get a good look
at him as Indy and Mutt walk away.

It's Indy's old friend Mac.

CUT TO:

53 EXT SANITARIUM DAY

The looming facade of the sanitarium. Indy and Mutt walk toward
it, and Indy reads the words carved over the door.

INDY

Saint Anthony de Padua.
(sees the irony)
The patron saint of lost things.

(BUFFF)

54 INT SANITARIUM DAY

Indy and Mutt walk down an endless corridor in the sanitarium, led by a PERUVIAN NUN. She and Indy converse in whispered Spanish while Mutt trails them, freaked out by the INMATES behind the bars on either side of the stone hallway. SCRATCHY CLASSICAL MUSIC plays on an old record player.

INDY (V.O.)
 She remembers him. He was definitely here, and not that long ago.
 (pause, listens)
 But men came and took him away.
 (pause, listens)
 Men with guns.

PERUVIAN NUN (IN SPANISH)
 I remember him. He was here a couple months ago. And then men with guns...bad men. They came and stole him away. He was a nice man.

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One of the INMATES beckons to Mutt, pleading. Mutt walks over to the bars, but the man's speaking so fast, and not even in Spanish, it's as if he's speaking in tongues.

MUTT

I don't, I can't understand you, I --

The Inmate lunges forward and grabs Mutt by the jacket, and suddenly there are THREE MORE INMATES at the bars, and they all have their hands on Mutt, pulling him toward them until --

-- Indy's hand clamps down on Mutt's jacket and pulls him free, drags him into step alongside him, following the Nun.

INDY

She says Oxley was deranged. Obsessed.
 He drew pictures all over the walls of his cell.

As they pass a JANITOR and his cart, working his way down the filthy hallway, Indy takes out Oxley's letter and reads again.

INDY (cont'd)

"...the lines that only the gods can read... to Orellana's cradle."

(musing to himself)

Cradle? Makes no sense, Orellana wasn't born in Peru, he was born in Spain. He was a Conquistador, he came here looking for gold. Disappeared along with six others. Their bodies were never found.

The nun stops at a certain cell, unlocks it --

55 INT CELL DAY

-- and swings the metal door wide open. Indy and Mutt step into the room, which is about twenty feet square. Very spare, a cot, a sink, two small windows, and a stone floor.

But what immediately catches their attention is the walls.

The lady wasn't kidding, Oxley was obsessed, and has indeed drawn pictures on the stone walls of his cell.

Pictures of the Crystal Skull.

They're EVERYWHERE. Big versions, small ones, abstracts -- dozens and dozens of drawings of the skull, smothering the four walls. The far wall is one great big drawing, and Ox has used the small square windows for the skull's eyes.

MUTT

Ox, man, what happened to you?

Indy turns, notices the emotion on Mutt's face. He watches him for a moment, realizing the depth of his connection with Oxley. Mutt notices Indy noticing and turns away, embarrassed.

Indy looks back to the drawings, studying them. In the profile drawings, the back of the head is elongated.

INDY

This isn't anything like the Mitchell-Hedges skull. Look at the cranium -- the elongation.

MUTT

Crazy. Why's it like that?

INDY

Head-binding. Nazca Indians used rope to tie the heads of their infants so the skull would distort like this.

MUTT

That's nuts. Why?

INDY

(shrugs)
Honor the gods.

MUTT

God's head ain't like *that*, man.

INDY

Depends who your god is.

There's something else written on the walls of the cell -- a series of words, but not different words, they're:

INDY (cont'd)

The same word, over and over, in different languages.

Mutt finds one in Spanish and translates:

MUTT
"Return." Return where?

INDY

Or "what."

MUTT

You mean the skull?

Indy gestures to the drawings, makes the understatement of the year.

INDY

Seemed to be on his mind.

MUTT

Where was he supposed to return it to?

He goes back down to his notes, studying the lines from the letter that he transcribed.

INDY

Cradle means more than one thing in Mayan... literally, it's "resting place."

Indy looks *down*. At the floor. He notices something. Drops to his knees and runs his fingertips across the floor. He finds a groove there, something scratched in the floor.

He traces along the line, finds another, and another, somebody has carved lines into the soft stone floor!

56 BACK OUT IN THE HALLWAY,

Indy grabs a broom from the Janitor's cart.

57 BACK IN THE CELL,

BAM! The broom flies at Mutt, who catches it with one hand, right in front of his face.

INDY

Sweep.

Indy goes to the far wall and starts to climb it, hoisting himself up onto the window ledge, then climbing to the next ledge, getting higher and higher.

INDY (cont'd)

Ox didn't mean Orellana's cradle.

When Indy's a good ten feet off the ground, he turns back, looking at the area Mutt has swept clean.

INDY (cont'd)

He meant his grave. And *that* --

Through the cloud of dust and dirt, we can see a drawing's been carved into the floor of the cell, but this elaborate rendering isn't a skull, it has the jagged peaks of burial temples and gravestones.

INDY (cont'd)

-- is the cemetery where he's buried.

MUTT

But you said Orellana vanished. Nobody ever found his grave.

INDY

Looks like Harold Oxley did.

As we stare at this outline of a specific cemetery a FLASH OF LIGHTNING --

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

58 EXT CHAUCHILLA CEMETERY NIGHT

-- illuminates the real thing, seen from overhead.

Chauchilla Cemetery is on a cliffside, partially eroded from below, leaving a promontory. It's nighttime, a thunderstorm blowing in. Lightning CRACKS, and in that flash we see the Nazca lines, lit up on the desert floor hundreds of feet below.

A hand-painted sign on a chain over the gate CREAKS in the wind:

MATAREMOS A LOS HUAQUEROS!

Indy and Mutt ROAR up on Mutt's motorcycle, kicking up a cloud of dust and dirt in the moonlight.

There's an abandoned guard house near the cemetery entrance. Indy finds a lantern inside, lights it, and grabs two shovels.

Outside, Mutt reads the sign overhead:

MUTT

"Grave robbers will be shot!"

Indy grins, holding the glowing lantern in one hand and the shovels in the other. Lightning CRACKS behind him.

INDY

Good thing we're not grave robbers.

(YELLOW) DK

He turns and walks into the cemetery, between two large, gnarled old trees. Mutt follows reluctantly.

A moment later, the tree branches above them start to *move*, as if the tree is coming to life. Two SHADOWY FIGURES, which had blended into the branches, seem to materialize right out of the tree. Catlike in their grace but definitely human, they drop from the branches and slink across the ground.

They move from shadow to shadow, following Indy and Mutt into the cemetery.

59 DEEPER IN THE CEMETERY,

half the graves have been strip mined, pillaged over the years, revealing skeletons in bizarre burial postures. There are other skeletons strewn about, the place is in a state of disrepair. Two skeletons have been leaned up against grave markers, right out in the open.

It's dark, Indy and Mutt lit only by the moon and the flickering glow from the lantern. Dirt and sand blow everywhere. As they march against the wind:

MUTT

What are we looking for?

INDY

I don't know yet. Something that isn't obvious. Maybe an antechamber to one of these open barrows.

Indy sees something behind them, turns back, heads in another direction. Mutt flinches, whirling around to look behind him.

MUTT

Thought I saw somethin'.

They walk past the spot where two skeletons were propped up against grave markers --

-- except now there's only one. They don't notice.

INDY

You're jumping at shadows. There's nothing here but a bunch of dead-

SLAM!

Indy and Mutt are knocked to the ground by A SHADOW that drops out of the tree branches above, POUNDS Mutt into the dirt, and immediately disappears back into the shadows.

Mutt falls backwards, against one of the grave markers, and suddenly the lone skeleton, propped up next to him --

-- *turns and pounces on him!*

Mutt SCREAMS as the skeleton attacks. He throws it off, the skeleton leaps to its feet, and we see it's a real, living human being, dressed in a suit of bones to disguise itself.

Indy whirls the figure around and PUNCHES it in its bony face.

The bones SHATTER, revealing a human face behind.

Before Indy can punch again, the figure slips away into the darkness. Mutt leaps to his feet and he and Indy look around frantically.

MUTT
MAN, THAT WAS *NOT DEAD!*

They whirl, holding their shovels up in self-defense and-

INDY
Ox said "living dead," he wasn't
kidding, he-

THWACK! THWACK!

Two BLOWDARTS appear in the shovel handles. Indy looks at them, his eyes widen, and he ducks.

SLAM!

Mutt, who didn't duck, is tackled by the flying shadows and knocked off his feet --

60 IN ANOTHER GRAVE,

-- and into another open grave. He SLAMS into the dirt, among a fresh batch of corpses. The shadows (NAZCA WARRIORS) are human and wear modern dress, but are small, feral, and vicious.

The First Warrior raises his blowgun and aims at Mutt, but Mutt's hand flashes into his pocket --

-- his switchblade CLICKS open, he hurls it --

-- and it grazes the Warrior's arm, drawing blood, and throwing off his aim. The Warrior drops the blowgun, but the Second Warrior scoops it up.

Mutt turns, no knife now, the Warrior raises the blowgun and aims it at him, he draws a breath --

-- Mutt winces, he's toast for sure --

-- but suddenly A HAND closes over the barrel of the blowgun --

-- INDY'S HAND! --

-- and he yanks the gun toward himself and BLOWS SAVAGELY into the wrong end of the barrel.

The Warrior GASPS, his eyes go wide as the poison dart flies back up the tube, JABS into the back of his throat, and kills him.

The First Warrior leaps to his feet and grabs Mutt's switchblade off the ground. He cocks his arm to hurl it at Mutt, but --

-- KUH-RACK!

Indy's got his whip out. The lash wraps around the Warrior's wrist and wrenches the knife free. It THUMPS to the dirt.

The Warrior wriggles free of the whip, lunges toward Indy --

-- who pulls his revolver, COCKS it --

-- and the Warrior changes his mind, scurrying up and out of the grave and disappearing into the darkness.

Mutt, still on the ground, has been watching with wide eyes. He looks up and sees Indy standing there, whip in one hand, gun in the other, LIGHTNING and THUNDER CRACKING behind him.

MUTT

You're a *teacher*?

INDY

Part-time.

He UNCOCKS his gun and holsters it.

Mutt gets to his feet and picks up his switchblade. He notices there's a smear of blood on the blade.

MUTT

I never really used it before.

INDY

You did all right.

He strips the hat and burial serape from one of the skeletons, wraps the poncho around the dead warrior that just attacked them, and shoves the hat down on his head. Sitting up against the wall of the grave, he looks exactly like the other corpses.

(YELLOW) DK

INDY (cont'd)

That oughta keep him for a couple
hundred years.

Mutt looks at the dead body, fascinated and horrified. Never
seen one before.

MUTT

Who were those things?

INDY

The Nazca.

(thinking)

Their descendants, maybe. They sure
didn't like us poking around.

(to himself)

What are they protecting?

They're at a dead end, a stone wall dotted with various niches
with skulls and bones, covered in cobwebs.

INDY (cont'd)

The stonework's from two different eras -
- it's built on a ruin.

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Indy looks down, sees a couple sets of dusty footprints leading
to and from the wall. One of the niches in the wall has a skull
wedged in, and as Indy bends down for a closer look, he sees the
cobwebs in the skull's nose and mouth are *moving*.

As if the skull is breathing -- or blown by circulating air.
Indy's face lights up. He pulls the skull out by the eye sockets,
and sees a looped rope inside the niche.

He pulls on the rope and the rocks CREAK open, revealing a narrow
passageway.

Excited, Mutt lunges forward --

-- and a dozen SCORPIONS stream out over his arms.

The biggest one raises its stinger and sinks it into Mutt's arm.

MUTT

GAAAH!

INDY

Relax, they're only scorpions.

Mutt jumps back, brushing at himself, frantic.

MUTT

One of 'em *bit* me! I'm gonna die!

(CHERRY)

INDY
How big was it?

MUTT
Huge!

INDY

Oh, good.

MUTT

GOOD?!

INDY

With scorpions, the bigger the better.
 (turns back, another thought)
 But if you get stung by a small one,
 don't keep it to yourself.

And he's gone, into the tunnel. Mutt CLICKS open his
 switchblade and follows.

CUT TO:

61 INT TUNNEL NIGHT

Mutt races to catch up to Indy in the narrow space. But as he
 scrambles forward on his hands and knees, the floor buckles and
 he drops three feet.

He claws for a grip on the sides of the floor, but they're
 crumbling too, and he's falling deeper in.

Indy hurries back, grabs him by the collar, and drags him back
 up onto firm ground.

INDY

We're on a promontory, the cliff's
 eroded from underneath. Be careful.

And he's gone again, crawling away into the tunnel. Mutt, safe
 for the moment, catches his breath.

MUTT

Thanks for the advice.

Mutt crawls on, rounding a corner --

-- and he SCREAMS, suddenly facing three skeletons, buried
 upright in recesses in the tunnel walls, their arms and legs
 bound across their chests, their dead eyes staring at him.

Indy, who was ahead, turns back.

INDY

Keep it down, will ya?

But Mutt's not screaming because he's afraid, he's screaming
 because he's never seen anything remotely like --

(YELLOW) DK

MUTT

Their SKULLS, man! Look at their skulls!

Indy comes up next to him, holding the lantern up to the head of one of the skeletons.

The skull *is* bizarre. The back of the cranium is elongated, egg-shaped.

INDY

Like Oxley's drawings in the cell.
We're getting close.

62 INT UNDERGROUND CHAMBER NIGHT

The lantern light emerges from the darkness as Indy crawls into an underground burial chamber, just tall enough to stand up in.

He stops and looks around in awe. Mutt comes out of the tunnel behind him and Indy puts out an arm to stop him from trampling the place.

INDY

Don't touch anything. This is *incredible*.

He waves the lantern, exposing two sets of footprints in the dust. The footprints lead into the tunnel, and back out again.

INDY (cont'd)

Somebody else was here. Recently.
(studying the prints)
Two people.

Mutt looks at the tracks, measures them with his hand.

MUTT

Same size. Could have been the same person, twice.

INDY

(impressed)
Not bad, kid.

Indy looks back at the prints. They lead across the room, to seven objects the size of corpses, wrapped in a strange, silvery material. Indy counts them.

INDY (cont'd)

... five... six... seven.
(gestures with the lantern)
(MORE)

INDY (cont'd)

Orellana and his men. They made it out of the jungle after all.

He crosses the room carefully, trying to walk in the existing footprints, as does Mutt.

Indy bends down to one of the bodies and feels the silvery material in which it's wrapped. He tugs at it -- it's not cloth, exactly, but it isn't metal either.

He pulls the wrapping back, finds another layer underneath, and pulls that back too. Two more layers, and Indy reveals the body of a SPANISH CONQUISTADOR, five hundred years old --

-- and perfectly preserved.

MUTT

It looks like he died yesterday.

Indeed it does -- his body is intact, his clothes, his weapons, even his skin.

INDY

The wrappings must have preserved him.

In one hand, the Conquistador holds a solid gold dagger with a jewel encrusted handle. Indy pulls it free and holds it up to the lantern light, admiring it. He starts to put it in his satchel but --

-- Mutt CLEARS HIS THROAT.

Indy turns. He realizes he's standing knee-deep in a grave, holding a dead man's riches.

INDY (cont'd)

I was gonna put it back.

MUTT

Uh huh.

Indy turns back, to return the dagger --

-- BUT THE BODY HAS WITHERED AWAY TO DUST!

Everything organic, even the clothes, just aged five hundred years in the space of ten seconds.

Indy and Mutt are amazed. Indy touches the metallic cloth that the body was wrapped in, feeling it between his fingers.

INDY

I've seen this stuff before. Ten years ago, at some kind of crash site.

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He grabs a hold of the soft metal and crushes it under his boot, crumpling it into a ball. But a moment later the material *unfolds all by itself*, back to its original shape.

INDY (cont'd)

And a few weeks ago in New Mexico.

As Mutt comes closer to look at it, his switchblade flies out of his hand and CLINKS up against the wrapping, quivering there, pulled by the metal's magnetic force.

INDY (cont'd)

Wherever these Conquistadors stole the skull from, they took this wrapping along with them.

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Indy looks around, puzzling. He finds a small chest with a pile of gold coins, picks some of them up, studies the impressions.

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INDY (cont'd)

And these gold coins.

(pointing to the coin)

Except that's Athena. And a Corinthian helmet. These are Macedonian, 300 B.C. What are they doing in a temple in South America?

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Indy goes to another corpse and unwraps it.

*

Same deal -- at first, it's the perfectly preserved body of a five-hundred-year-dead Spanish explorer, but then it shrivels and rots, and within ten seconds it's a pile of dust and bones.

Mutt calls from the other side of the crypt.

MUTT

This one's already been opened.

Indy moves carefully over to where one of the silvery cocoons is torn open, the body inside decayed to skeletal form.

There is a golden mask over the face of this corpse.

INDY

It's Orellana himself.

Indy gestures to the skeleton, festooned with gilded armor.

INDY (cont'd)

See all the gold? They called Orellana the Gilded Man, everything he wore was made of gold, even-

He stops himself, furrows his brow. Something's not right. He points to the mask over Orellana's face.

INDY (cont'd)
Spaniards didn't wear burial masks.

Indy reaches out to the mask, runs his hand along the edges.

He closes his fingers around the mask and pulls it away slowly, revealing the skull of Orellana himself, contorted in a horrible death shriek. *

But behind it, Indy sees a strange gleam. He reaches down and lifts Orellana's head and torso, sitting the body upright so that Mutt is eye to eye with the screaming, dead face. *

INDY (cont'd) *

Hold this. *

Indy looks down, beneath where the corpse was lying, and sees -- *

-- *THE CRYSTAL SKULL OF AKATOR.*

Stunning. It was, indeed, cut from one piece of pure crystal, and is completely transparent, yet multi-faceted.

Indy reaches down and carefully lifts the skull away from the corpse (revealing Orellana's real, human skull underneath).

Indy holds the Crystal Skull up to the lantern. The light prisms through it, especially the eyes -- they're lensed, the light focusing through the sockets in a penetrating gaze. There appears to be a second crystal, embedded in the brain cavity, opal in color, standing out against the skull's bluish tint.

INDY (cont'd) *

No tool marks... no evidence of a lapidary wheel. Unbelievable.

He turns the skull sidewise, and his eyes widen in surprise, because the back of the skull's head is egg-shaped, like the corpses outside.

INDY (cont'd)

A seamless piece of quartz, cut against the grain, that isn't possible, not even with today's technology. The stone would shatter.

MUTT

You think it's the one from Akator? *

INDY *

Maybe. And they looted the rest of this stuff along with it. Headed for their ships on the coast, got this far before they killed each other. The locals wrapped 'em up and buried 'em. *

Indy looks at the skull, then down at the footprints again, thinking aloud, piecing it together.

INDY (cont'd)

Few hundred years later Oxley finds the skull, takes it away, maybe to Akator, maybe he found the place too -- but then he returned it here.

*
*
*
*
*

MUTT

"Return." Like he wrote on the wall.

INDY

He hid the skull right back where he found it. Why?

*
*

Suddenly, Mutt SHOUTS and points --

-- at Orellana's skeletal arm, which is *rising*, of its own accord, reaching toward the skull!

Indy frowns. That's odd. He lowers the skull, and the arm lowers too. He raises the skull, and the arm comes up again.

INDY (cont'd)

It's the metal.

Sure enough, it isn't the arm that's reaching for the skull, it's all the gilded armor that encrusts it, in metal settings.

MUTT

Crystal ain't magnetic.

INDY

Neither is gold.

Indy looks back at the skull, staring deeply into its eyes.

INDY (cont'd)

What *is* this thing?

He gazes deeper, and deeper, and the skull seems to glow in response, or is it just reflecting light from the lantern?

Indy's eyes grow wider, he's transfixed, and it doesn't seem he could possibly tear his eyes away from the thing.

Even Mutt has noticed the hypnotic quality of the skull, and he steps forward to look at it, now right behind Indy --

-- *and the floor beneath them gives way!*

Mutt falls, but grabs hold of the leg of Orellana's skeleton as he goes down, through the floor --

63 EXT CLIFFSIDE NIGHT

-- and, cutting outside, we see Mutt fall through the overlook, suspended over the desert floor five hundred feet below by his grip on the skeleton's legs.

Above, Indy's got a hold on the skeleton's arms.

Mutt SCREAMS and the skeleton starts to disintegrate, but the armor is still holding together.

64 INT UNDERGROUND CHAMBER NIGHT

Indy is pinned to the floor, holding tight to the top of the armor as the skeleton disintegrates within.

But he's dropped the skull in order to hold onto the armor, and save Mutt.

As the skeleton pulls apart and falls, the bones SMASHING on the ground far below, the Crystal Skull rolls into the widening hole in the floor of the chamber --

-- *and Mutt catches it with his free hand.*

Indy heaves as hard as he can, pulls Mutt back up into the chamber by the last chunk of intact armor, and reclaims the skull.

They scramble to their feet and race across the room as the earth beneath them gives way. They dive into the mouth of the tunnel just as the entire burial chamber crumbles and falls, SMASHING all the way down to the hard-baked desert floor.

65 EXT CEMETERY DAWN

As dawn breaks in the cemetery, Mutt and Indy wriggle through the tunnel opening and climb out of the open grave. But Indy stops in his tracks, coming face to face with --

-- Indy's old friend Mac, flanked on either side by UNIFORMED RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

MAC

Hello, old pal.

*

Before Indy and Mutt can react, they're CLUBBED over the head by DOVCHENKO, the Russian henchman Indy fought back in Hangar 51.

Mutt drops like a sack, Indy CRUNCHES into the dirt, and the Crystal Skull tumbles out of his bag and THUMPS to the ground right beside him.

Dovchenko hoists a rock over Indy's head, but Mac stops him.

MAC (O.S.) (cont'd)

No. She said she needs him alive.

In Indy's last moments of consciousness, he finds himself eye to eye with the Crystal Skull, and there's something *moving* in those eyes, a light of some kind, or is Indy hallucinating?

But then a hand reaches down, a syringe between someone's fingers, the needle JABS Indy's neck, the plunger goes down --

-- and everything goes black.

CUT TO:

66 EXT DESERT AIRSTRIP DAY

With the woozy focus of a hallucination, we see MENACING FIGURES toss Indy and Mutt's unconscious bodies onto an old cargo train, and the animated map returns.

67 THE TRAVEL MONTAGE BEGINS AGAIN.

Even the map seems drugged, blurring in and out, wavering in 3D.

67A Indy and Mutt, still unconscious on board the train, head north. The moving red line passes through Moyobamba, Peru, where the train CHUGS toward the rainforest, to the Ucayali River --

67B -- and now the red line zigzags, as Mutt and Indy (still unconscious) snake their way upriver on an old river boat. The boat docks at the edge of a jungle city and the last, fading words on the map read --

*IQUITOS, PERU
GATEWAY TO THE AMAZON*

CUT TO:

68 EXT IQUITOS NIGHT

Night has fallen on the outskirts of the jungle city of Iquitos, the last toehold of civilization before the Amazon. A SOVIET ARMY REGIMENT is amassed in a makeshift camp on the edge of the clawing jungle.

There are a dozen vehicles -- jeeps, trucks, one great big machine with a series of horizontal saw blades on the front, and FIFTY RED ARMY SOLDIERS.

The Russians are a celebratory bunch, some of them grouped around a bonfire where a CRAZY RUSSIAN dances wildly.

A small tent glows at the center of the camp, lit up by the lantern-light within. There are TWO GUARDS at the flap.

69 INT TENT NIGHT

Inside the tent, Indy is slumped forward in a chair to which he has been tied, still groggy. A hand comes into frame holding a glass with clear liquid. It's forced between Indy's lips. He swallows some and COUGHS.

Looks up. Sees a bottle with Cyrillic lettering on it. Scowls.

(YELLOW) DK

He looks up further. Mac is sitting in a chair right in front of him, smiling his most winning smile. *

MAC

Lucky for you I showed up when I did. *
Dovchenko wanted to blow your head off. *
That's the third time I saved your life, *
mate. *

INDY

Untie me and I'll say thanks.

MAC

You had a Luger pointed at the base of your skull the first time we met.

INDY

I had the situation under control.

MAC

And remember the amnesia darts I pulled out of your neck in Jakarta?

INDY

Amnesia darts?

MAC

See, you don't remember! Take my word for it, you owe me.

INDY

After the war, when you turned -- how many names did you give the Reds? How many good men died because of you? What do you owe them?

MAC

I don't think you see the big picture, mate.

INDY

Eventually these ropes are coming off, Comrade, and when they do I'm going to break your nose.

MAC

"Comrade?" You actually think I care about flags? Uniforms? Lines on a map?

He glances to his right, where a reel-to-reel tape recorder is turning on a table, recording their every word.

INDY
Only money, right?

MAC

No, not "only money," a *gigantic pile* of money! Forget what the Russians will pay, it's nothing compared to what's at Akator. An entire city of gold, Indy, it's what the Conquistadors were after, for God's sake! We'll be richer than Howard Hughes.

INDY

Blood money. Every nickle of it.

Mac looks over his shoulder, then leans in and lowers his voice. It's stilted, as if Mac's trying to tell Indy something.

MAC

I need you to see the angle here, Indy, be smart and play it right. Just like in-

Before he can finish, the lantern light flickers as someone pushes open the tent flap, letting in a breeze from outside. A shadow falls across them both.

Indy looks up. Irina Spalko stands behind Mac, dressed in Russian military fatigues, her rapier in its sheath at her side.

Mac doesn't need to turn around, he knows perfectly well who it is. He finishes what he was saying to Indy, voice low --

MAC (cont'd)

Like in Berlin. Get me?

-- and beats it out of the tent. Spalko sizes up Indy.

SPALKO

Dr. Jones, you survive to be of service once again.

*
*

INDY

You know me, anything I can do to help.

SPALKO

"Now I am become Death, the Destroyer of Worlds." You recognize those words? It was your own Dr. Oppenheimer, after he created the atomic bomb.

INDY

He was quoting the Hindu Bible.

SPALKO

It was nuclear intimidation. But now this next level of weapon is *ours* to have -- yours to fear.

INDY

Weapon? What weapon?

SPALKO

A *mind* weapon. A new frontier of psychic warfare; that was Stalin's dream.

Indy looks at her like she's nuts.

INDY

Now I see why Oxley put the skull back where he found it. He knew *you* were after it.

*
*
*
*

Spalko sits in the chair Mac vacated, pours herself a drink from the bottle he gave Indy.

*

SPALKO

That skull is no mere deity carving. Surely you knew the moment you laid eyes on it -- it was not made by human hands.

*

INDY

Then who made it?
(off her look)
C'mon.

She gestures across the tent, to the metal container they found in Hangar 51. They've brought it with them, but it's sealed.

SPALKO

That body we found in New Mexico wasn't the first. We'd already dissected two others from similar crash sites in Soviet Union.

INDY

Saucer-men from Mars?

SPALKO

The legends about Akator -- they're all true. Early man couldn't have *conceived* it, much less built it. It was a city of supreme beings, with technologies and paranormal abilities.

INDY

You gotta be kidding me.

SPALKO

Why do you choose not to believe your eyes? The New Mexico specimen gave us hope. Unlike the others we'd found, its skeleton was pure crystal. A distant cousin, perhaps? Maybe they too were sent to find Akator. Perhaps we're all searching for the same thing. There's no other explanation.

INDY

There's always another explanation.

*

SPALKO

The skull was stolen from Akator in the 15th century. Whoever returns it --

*

INDY

-- to the city's temple gets control over its power. I've heard that bedtime story too. But what if Akator doesn't exist?

SPALKO

You should ask your friend that question. We're certain he's been there.

INDY

Ox? Where is he?

CUT TO:

70 EXT RUSSIAN CAMP NIGHT

Mac rejoins them as Spalko and two Russian Soldiers lead Indy, hands still tied, over to the fire we saw before.

The Crazy Guy is still dancing around it like a madman. He's dressed in an old, battered suit, the arms and legs shredded. His hair is long and wild, and he's flinging his body around the campfire with mad abandon while the Russians laugh and clap, mocking him.

INDY

Ox?

PROFESSOR HAROLD OXLEY looks nothing like the conservative archaeology professor we saw in the photo. He's got wild, red-rimmed eyes, his cheeks are sunken and his clothes hang from his skeletal form. His right hand twitches, in constant motion.

INDY (cont'd)

Ox! It's me, Indy, remember?

He pulls Oxley close, lowers his voice.

INDY (cont'd)

You're faking it, right pal? Tell me you're pulling a fast one on the Reds.

Oxley won't even look at Indy. His eyes are wild, they never rest, never make eye contact.

(2ND BLUE)

OXLEY

Through eyes that last I saw in tears...

INDY

Listen to me, your name is Harold Oxley,
you were born in Leeds, and you were
never this interesting! We went to
school together at the University of
Chicago, I'm Indi-

(MORE)

INDY (cont'd)
 (though it pains him)
 I'm *Henry Jones Junior*, remember?

But Oxley just spins away and he's off again, dancing around the fire, MUTTERING unintelligibly. Indy whirls on Mac and Spalko.

INDY (cont'd)
 What did you do to him?!

MAC
 We didn't do a thing, it was the bloody skull.

SPALKO
 He is a divining rod that will lead us to Akator. But we need someone to interpret him for us. His mind, it seems, is quite weak. *
 *
 *

She signals to Dovchenko, who grabs Indy roughly.

SPALKO (cont'd)
 Let's hope yours is stronger.

CUT TO:

71 INT LARGER TENT NIGHT

-- and BANGS him down in a straight-backed chair in another tent, this one with leather straps on its arms and legs.

Mac, Spalko, Indy, and a few Russian Soldiers are in a larger tent on the other side of camp. Two Soldiers start tightening the leather straps over Indy's hands and feet. They attach a half dozen electrodes to his temples and frontal lobe. On a table nearby, two SOLDIERS switch on EEG monitors.

There is a table directly in front of Indy's chair, with a box on it. Spalko takes the lid off and removes an object wrapped in the magnetic silvery wrapping. She peels the wrapping off slowly, revealing the Crystal Skull. *
 *

SPALKO
 The skull's crystal stimulates an undeveloped part of the human brain, opening a psychic channel. *
 *
 *

She sets the wrapping on the tabletop, and loose bits of metal leap onto it and cling.

SPALKO (cont'd)

Oxley went mad by staring too long into its eyes. Perhaps you can get through to him after you have done the same.

*
*
*
*

TWO SOLDIERS wheel a .30 caliber machine gun into the tent, set it on a table, and point it right at Indy. His eyes widen, that's one hell of a persuader --

-- but then they lift the gun off it, revealing just a stand underneath.

Spalko lifts the skull and sets it gently on the stand, turning it to face Indy. The lensed eye sockets catch the light and glow intensely.

INDY

I got a great idea. You look at it.

SPALKO

I've tried. And failed. Many have. *

Spalko sits facing Indy, her back to the skull. She puts a hand on his cheek gently, trying to turn him toward the skull.

A strange pulsing emanates from the center of the skull, brighter in its eyes. Indy can't help it, he's drawn to it -- and Spalko's soft caresses in that direction don't hurt either.

SPALKO (cont'd)

You're not afraid, Dr. Jones? You've spent your entire life searching for answers, think of the truth that's behind those eyes.

Indy looks deeply into the skull's eyes. Immediately, the needles on the EEG graph spike. The Russian Soldiers MUTTER intensely, Spalko takes note. She turns back to Indy.

SPALKO (cont'd)

There could be hundreds of these skulls at Akator, maybe thousands. Whoever finds them will control the greatest natural force the world has ever seen. Power over the mind of man. *

Eyes still on the skull, Indy MUTTERS to her.

INDY

Be careful. You might get exactly what you ask for.

SPALKO

I usually do.

The light in the eyes of the skull grows brighter and Indy's stare more intense. The EEG readings increase in intensity.

SPALKO (cont'd)

Imagine -- to peer across the world and know the enemy's secrets. To place our thoughts in the minds of your leaders, make your teachers teach the *true* version of history, your soldiers attack on our orders.

*

Indy couldn't look away from the skull now if he wanted to.

SPALKO (cont'd)

We will be everywhere at once, as powerful as a whisper, invading your dreams, thinking your thoughts for you while you sleep.

*

The veins in Indy's temples swell; his heartbeat's visible in them. He can't speak, he's caught in the gaze of the skull.

The EEG needle is going batshit now, jumping all over the place, scribbling a line so dense it's almost one solid block of ink on the paper.

SPALKO (cont'd)

We will change you, Dr. Jones, all of you, from the inside. We will turn YOU into US.

*

Indy's face is trembling now, red and flushed, and bright red capillaries pop out in the whites of his eyes.

SPALKO (cont'd)

And the best part? You won't even know it's happening.

*

*

*

Indy still stares into the skull's eyes, and he starts to mutter now, directly to the skull.

*

INDY

Return.

72 EXT BY THE CAMPFIRE NIGHT

And just as Indy says the word "return," we cut abruptly out to the campfire, where Oxley turns sharply, as if hearing the word from Indy's lips, but of course he's too far away. But he repeats it:

OXLEY

Return.

73 INT TENT NIGHT

The capillaries in Indy's eyes overflow and *TWO TRICKLES OF BLOOD* run down his cheeks.

74 EXT BY THE CAMPFIRE NIGHT

And Oxley wipes his own cheeks, as if he feels the blood there.

OXLEY

Henry?

75 INT TENT NIGHT

Back in the tent, the veins in Indy's temples throb. Mac steps forward, grabs Spalko.

MAC

It's enough! We'll never get there if he dies, for God's sake!

Just when it seems Indy can't take anymore --

SPALKO

Cover it. Cover it!

Two Russian Soldiers dart in and pull a hood over the skull, breaking Indy's gaze.

Immediately, the EEG readout drops to normal levels. Spalko looks at the printout, excited.

SPALKO (cont'd)

His theta waves are off the charts, a full hypnagogic state.

Mac gets close to Indy and studies his blank expression.

MAC

Is he all right?

SPALKO

Dr. Jones?

Indy looks up at her. His eyes focus and he shakes his head, his mind clearing as they remove the electrodes.

Spalko nods to Dovchenko, who unties Indy's arm and leg straps. The second Indy's arm is free --

-- HE PUNCHES MAC IN THE FACE.

MAC

You broke my nose!

INDY

Told you.

Dovchenko grabs Indy and pulls him away. Spalko steps up to him, eye to eye.

SPALKO

Enough. You will speak to Oxley and
lead us to Akator. Yes?

INDY

Nyet.

Expecting that response, she immediately BARKS an order in Russian, Two Soldiers leap to attention and --

CUT TO:

76 EXT RUSSIAN CAMP NIGHT

-- they drag Mutt out of a nearby tent. They shove him roughly up alongside Indy, now standing outside with Spalko and Mac.

INDY

You okay, kid?

MUTT

They left my bike in that cemetery!

INDY

(you don't understand)
Are *you* okay?

MUTT

(you don't understand)
They left my *bike!*

One of the Russian Soldiers holds a polished cherry wood case, two feet wide, four feet long, with a molded velvet interior. Spalko hands her rapier to the Soldier, who places it in the case among several other sabers and foils.

She selects a wicked-looking one and approaches Mutt with it, clearly a threat.

MUTT (cont'd)

Wait! Don't! Don't!

Geez, the kid panics easily. But Mutt fools us -- he pulls his comb from his back pocket and runs it through his hair, gets it just right. And then, to Spalko, utterly fearless:

MUTT (cont'd)

Okay, go ahead.
(to Indy)
Don't give these pigs a thing.

Indy smiles. Gotta love the kid's attitude. He looks back at Spalko defiantly.

INDY

You heard him.

SPALKO

Clearly, I have chosen the wrong pressure point.

(MORE)

(YELLOW) DK

SPALKO (cont'd)

Perhaps I can find a more sensitive one.

(to two Soldiers)

Privedite zhenshchinu!

The Soldiers duck into a nearby tent. We hear them grab hold of someone uncooperative, and we hear her VOICE before we see her.

VOICE (O.S.)

Get your hands off me, you rotten
Russkie son of a-

Indy's eyes widen, he recognizes that voice, and the Soldiers reappear, dragging their struggling captive along with them.

She's in her late forties, she's a knockout, and she's smarter than you. She used to be the girl next door you had a crush on; now she's the woman next door you've always been in love with.

She's MARION RAVENWOOD.

INDY

Marion!

MARION

'Bout time you showed up, Jones.

MUTT

Mom!

Marion turns, noticing Mutt for the first time.

MARION

Sweetheart! What are *you* doing here?

INDY

"Mom?"

MUTT

(to Marion)

Forget about me, are you all right?

INDY

(to Mutt)

Marion is your --

MARION

Young man, I *specifically* told you --

INDY

(to Marion)

-- *mother?*

MARION

-- not to come down here yourself!

INDY

Marion *Ravenwood* is your *mother*?

MARION

For God's sake, Indy, it's not that hard.

INDY

I just, I never, I didn't think you'd-

MARION

Have a life after you left? Guess again.

INDY

That's not what I-

MARION

Pretty good life.

INDY

That's great, I just-

MARION

Pretty *damn* good life.

INDY

Well, so have I.

MARION

Yeah? Still leaving that trail of human wreckage, or are you retired?

INDY

Why, you looking for a date?

He notices Mac is staring at Marion approvingly.

INDY (cont'd)

What are you looking at?

MARION

(to the Soldier holding her)
Will you please let go of me so I can punch this son of a-

INDY

What are you mad at me for?

MARION

How much time you got?

She suddenly draws in her breath, as a revolver is pressed against her temple.

SPALKO

Dr. Jones. You will help us?

She waves off the Soldier with the gun and raises her rapier instead. She holds it, quivering an inch from Marion's eyeball.

SPALKO (cont'd)

A simple yes will do.

INDY

Aw, Marion. You had to go and get yourself kidnapped.

MARION

Not like you did any better.

INDY

Same old same old.

CUT TO:

77 EXT BY THE CAMPFIRE NIGHT

The big plastic wheels of a reel-to-reel tape recorder start to turn as TWO RUSSIAN SOLDIERS set it up near the campfire where Harold Oxley sits, staring off into the distance intently.

Mac leans over to one of the Russians setting up the microphone. He's got a wad of bills in his hand. He lowers his voice:

MAC

I'm giving three to one the Yank figures him out.

The Russian nods, takes the bet.

Indy is led over to the fire next to Oxley, who's staring at him openly now, his entire face lit up in a smile, as if he's seeing Indy for the first time.

OXLEY

Henry Jones Junior!

Indy looks at him, amazed. It worked.

Mac and Spalko press forward to hear, close but not too close. Behind them, Mutt comes forward too -- this is the first time he's seen Oxley again, and he's horrified at his appearance.

*
*
*

INDY

That's right, Ox. Now listen-

OXLEY

Henry Jones Junior!

He grabs Indy, intently, trying to communicate something.

(2ND BLTJE)

OXLEY (cont'd)

"To lay their just hands on that Golden Key... that ope's the Palace of Eternity."

INDY

The palace of -- ?

Spalko steps in.

SPALKO

It's a quote from Milton, he's said it before. What does it mean?

Indy has no idea. He looks back at Oxley, notices his right hand is trembling, as if with palsy.

INDY

Harold, listen to me. I need you to tell me how to get to Akator, or they're going to kill Marion.

OXLEY

"Through eyes that last I saw in tears... here in death's dream kingdom..."

Indy reaches out to still Oxley's twitching right hand.

INDY

They're gonna kill Abner's little girl, Ox! You remember Abner, don't you?

Oxley urgency grows, he's *trying* to get through but can't.

OXLEY

"Eyes! That last I saw in--"

INDY

(getting frustrated)
How do we *get there*, Ox, you've got to give me specific-

Indy notices Oxley's right hand is moving faster now, detailed motions, not just tremors. And his fingers are pinched together, as if holding something.

INDY (cont'd)

(to the Russians)
Get me paper and a pen!

A MOMENT LATER,

A notebook is hurriedly passed to Indy, who flips it open to a blank page. He takes Oxley's right hand and clamps the pen between his friend's fingers, then shoves the paper under it.

OXLEY
(still staring at Indy)
Henry Jones Junior!

And Oxley starts writing. He's drawing something, a picture, and it's detailed.

But he's not looking at the paper, he's staring at Indy the whole time.

OXLEY (cont'd)
(confidentially, to Indy)
Three times it drops. The way down!

Indy looks at the page. Oxley's drawn a crude sketch of ocean waves. Indy hurriedly turns the page and Oxley's writing continues -- this time it's a pair of closed eyes.

Spalko and the others press in closely, to take a look. Spalko looks at Indy, admiringly.

SPALKO
He's auto-writing! Of course, I should
have seen this.

Indy flips the page again, as Oxley's not slowing down. Three more sketches -- the sun with an arc across a sky, a snake with a flicking tongue, and what looks like a horizon.

SPALKO (cont'd)
Pictographs?

Indy pulls a few pages from his pocket, they're the ones he tore out of the book in his study at home, the dictionary of Mayan symbols.

INDY
Ideograms!

He flips the pages in Oxley's notebook, pointing to the sketches one after the other, comparing them with the pages in his hand ,
decoding them. *

While he thinks, Mutt comes forward to Oxley. He sees Oxley's hand, still shaking with those same tremors. He reaches out
gently and tries to steady it -- *

-- but Oxley jerks his hand free, violently. *

Mutt takes him by the shoulders, tries to look him in the eye. *

MUTT *

Ox? *

But Oxley won't look at him, might not even be aware that he's
there. Certainly doesn't recognize him, his eyes darting all
over the place. *

MUTT (cont'd) *

C'mon, Ox, look at me, man! *

But Oxley won't. Or can't. There are tears in Mutt's eyes. *

MUTT (cont'd) *

Please? *

Indy turns around, his decoding successful. *

INDY

Wave lines, that was water, a closed eye meant sleep -- the sun with an arc across the sky stood for "time," duration, the word now is "until." These two here, the snake and the horizon line, they're closer together, that means they're one thought -- the horizon was the world, but it didn't mean the earth, it meant big, "great."

Indy thinks like crazy, flipping the pages back and forth.

INDY (cont'd)

"The water sleeps, until the Great Snake." These aren't just drawings, they're *directions*.

(to a Russian)

Map!

78 MOMENTS LATER,

a map of the Amazon is unfurled on a tabletop in the first rays of daylight. As Indy bends over the map, Mac collects a wad of cash from the Russian Soldier he made the bet with.

INDY (O.S.)

The Great Snake has to be the Amazon, but "sleeps," what river sleeps?

Indy studies the map for a name, a clue, something. Spalko spots it first and jabs her finger down on the map.

SPALKO

Here. The Sono. The Portuguese word for sleep.

INDY

Yes! Exactly! Good!

Marion watches Indy and Spalko studying the map together, doesn't like it.

MARION

I knew you two would hit it off.

Seeing an opening, Mac presses in close beside Marion. She looks at him and he gives her a winning smile.

MARION (cont'd)

Yeesh.

INDY

He wants us to follow this curve of the
Sono River all the way around until it
hooks up with the Amazon, to the
southeast. After that, I'm not sure.
A dream kingdom, eyes in tears -- I
just don't know what he means.

Mutt, who's been peering over Indy's shoulder, slides further forward, putting his hands on the edge of the table as Indy studies the map.

INDY (cont'd)

But this route could be right, it's a completely unexplored part of the canopy.

Spalko bends down closer to the map --

INDY (cont'd)

See, the mapmaker only sketched in a few rough-

-- AND MUTT OVERTURNS THE TABLE.

It hits Spalko in the face, knocking her and Dovchenko back on their asses.

MUTT

RUN!

He grabs hold of his mom and they take off toward the jungle. Indy has no choice but to follow them, scooping up Oxley along the way, tearing him away from his perch before the skull.

GUNFIRE rings out behind them; they reach the trees just as a hail of bullets SHRED THE FOLIAGE on either side of them.

79 EXT JUNGLE DAWN

Mutt, Marion, Indy, and Oxley race through the jungle as the sun rises, the foliage slapping and cutting at them.

INDY

KID? WHAT THE HELL ARE WE DOING, KID?!

MUTT

They were gonna kill us!

INDY

Well, *maybe!*

MUTT

Somebody had to do something!

INDY

Something *else* would have been good!

MUTT

At least I *got* a plan!

INDY

This is intolerable!

Oxley's looking back over his shoulder, trying to watch the skull as he moves further away from it, reaching out for it.

INDY (cont'd)

Harold, for God's sake, keep up!

Mutt turns sharply and leads them down a narrow ravine, through a thick copse of trees, and into a tiny clearing.

They stand there, safe for a moment, trying not to make a sound as the Russian Soldiers race past them, deeper into the jungle.

Mutt and Oxley stand at the edge of the trees, peering through, and Indy and Marion are behind them.

MUTT

I think we --

He stops. Indy and Marion are gone.

Actually, they're not gone, they're just two feet lower than they were the last time he saw them.

And they're up to their knees in sand.

MUTT (cont'd)

Mom?

He takes a step forward, but --

INDY

Stop!

MARION

Keep back!

*

Mutt stops where he is, confused. And Indy and Marion sink even lower, now up to their thighs.

INDY

Don't move, honey! The motion makes space, space makes you sink!

MARION

(pulling hard at her leg)
I think I can get -- out if --

INDY

STOP IT! You're pulling against a vacuum, it's like trying to lift a car!
Just stay calm!

MARION

Okay, I'm calm.

(sinking)

I'm calm. I'm sinking, and I'm calm.

MUTT

What is it, quicksand?!

INDY

(there's always time to teach)

Dry sandpit. Quicksand is viscous mud, clay, and water, and because of the fluidity it's not as dangerous as you might-

MARION

(thrashing again)

JONES FOR PETE'S SAKE, WE'RE NOT IN SCHOOL!

INDY

Stay still! There's nothing to worry about, unless there's a-

KA-PHOOM!!

A huge geyser of sand suddenly spits up between them, ten feet into the air, and in the resulting settling of the pit, Indy and Marion sink all the way up to their chests.

INDY (cont'd)

Void collapse.

MUTT

I'll get something to pull you out!

He looks around, can't find anything handy, and moves off into the jungle, frantic. But Oxley only stares at them, bemused.

INDY

Ox, for God's sake, don't just stand there, *help!*

OXLEY

"Help."

And without another word, he turns and walks away. Indy and Marion are alone, up to their chests in sand. Marion looks at him, feeling responsible.

MARION

Mutt can be a little impetuous.

INDY

Not the worst quality in the wor-

KA-PHOOM!

Another geyser of sand erupts between them, and they drop further, up to their necks now. Their arms are starting to slip beneath the surface of the sand, and they try valiantly to keep them up. But they're dropping deeper by the second.

They speak, but the constriction from the sandpit pressing in on their chests makes it hard to find breath.

INDY (cont'd)

... keep your ... arms above surface...
the kid comes back, grab on...

Marion turns and looks at him, her eyes filling with tenderness.

MARION

... Indy, his...

INDY

... not a bad kid, Marion... you should
get off his back about school...

MARION

... Mutt, I mean...

INDY

... not everybody's... cut out for it...

MARION

... his... his name is Henry.

And even though he's up to his neck in a deadly dry sandpit, Indy manages to turn his head to Marion and look into her eyes.

INDY

Henry?

MARION

He's your son, Indy.

INDY

My son?

MARION

Henry Jones, the third.

Indy looks away, thinking, all the repercussions sinking in --
-- and then he turns back to Marion, furious.

(YELLOW) DK

INDY

Why the HELL didn't you make him finish school?!

Before she can answer, something long and heavy comes WHIZZING through the air and SMACKS into the sand between them.

Mutt stands at the edge of the pit, holding the other end of whatever it is, but it's dark and we can't tell.

MUTT

GRAB ON!

Marion, who is slightly ahead of Indy, throws her arms over the thick, roundish shape.

Indy, slightly deeper in the sand, wrenches his arms free and reaches for the end of the thing --

-- when it turns and HISSES at him. The "thing" is a very long, very thick SNAKE.

INDY

Are you crazy?!

MARION

Just grab on, Indy!

INDY

It's a SNAKE!

MUTT

C'mon, man, it's just a rat snake!

INDY

Rat snakes aren't that big!

MUTT

Well, this one is! It's not even poisonous!

INDY

Go get something else!

MUTT

LIKE WHAT?!

INDY

Some rope or something!

MUTT

THIS AIN'T NO SEARS AND ROEBUCK, MAN,
JUST GRAB A HOLD!

(YELLOW) DK

INDY

Maybe I can touch the bottom!

MARION

There *is* no bottom, now grab it!

INDY

I think I can feel it with my feet!

MARION

JONES!!!

JONES!!!

MUTT

*
*

Finally, Indy relents, reaches out, closes his eyes, and grabs hold of the snake, just as --

-- KA-PHOOM!!

The biggest sand geyser of all erupts in the pit, and in the momentary space created around them, Mutt pulls as hard as he can on the other end of the black snake.

Indy and Marion are released from the pit and go flying to its edge, collapsing in a heap on top of Mutt, arms and legs entangled as the snake SLITHERS back into the jungle.

MUTT

Afraid of snakes! You are one crazy old man.

TWO PAIRS OF BLACK BOOTS step into frame. Harold Oxley is standing between Spalko, Mac, and two Russian Soldiers.

MAC

(sadly)
Why do you wanna do everything the hard way, Indy?

But Oxley's proud.

OXLEY

"Help!"

INDY

Yeah. That's great, Ox.

As the Russians drag them out of the quicksand, we drop down to their feet, where one of the Russians has dropped an empty vodka bottle.

*
*
*

A pair of antennae poke up above the bottle, and then the head and thorax -- of an ant. A *huge* ant. A huge, unnoticed ant.

*
*

CUT TO:

(CHERRY)

80 EXT JUNGLE DAY

The sun dapples the jungle canopy. It's an exotic, tranquil scene, except for the HORRIBLE SHRIEKING sound coming from --

(CHERRY)

-- the Russian convoy. The lead vehicle has that pair of whirling saw blades mounted on its front, gashing their way through the rainforest beside the river. *

81 EXT HEART OF THE JUNGLE DAY

The second vehicle in the convoy is a truck. A RUSSIAN SOLDIER drives.

82 IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK,

the box that holds the Crystal Skull is lashed to a support ledge. Irina Spalko removes the lid from the box. Reaches inside, and pulls the skull out. Rather than the metallic wrap, it's now held in a burlap bag, cinched at the top.

She opens the bag and pulls it down, revealing the eyes of the skull. She bends down in front of it and focuses her bright blue eyes on its crystal sockets.

But it has no reaction. No glow. No nothing.

Spalko turns and looks at Oxley, sitting in the back of the truck, muttering to himself, watching the light dance through the trees.

She turns back to the skull, desperate. Why him and not me? She lays her hands on either side of its face, leans even closer. But nothing.

MAC (O.S.)

Skull's got a mind of its own, eh?

Spalko turns, startled. Mac has come from the front and is standing behind her, grinning.

MAC (cont'd)

Choosy about who it talks to.

Spalko cinches the bag shut and heads back for the front of the truck, taking it with her.

83 IN THE FRONT,

Mac follows, sitting between Spalko and the Driver.

MAC

C'mon, it's all a crock, isn't it?
People stare into that thing, work
themselves up into a state -- self-
hypnosis or something, maybe, but ESP?
Not bloody likely.

SPALKO

Why not? Telepathy already exists in
man, in a lesser developed form.

MAC

Are you kidding? You actually think
we're psychic?

SPALKO

Have you never picked up the phone to
find the person you were about to call
is already on the line? Is this
coincidence? Or the transmission of
bio-information? *

MAC

It's called luck. I know all about it,
mine's usually bad.

SPALKO

And what of the bond between mother and
child? We sent a submarine under the
surface with a mother rabbit's new
litter on board. She remained onshore
while one by one, the young rabbits
were exterminated.

MAC

Lady, you need another hobby.

SPALKO

(ignoring that)
Miles away, the mother's EEG readings
showed reaction at the *very instant* of
death. There is an organic mind-body
link shared by all living creatures; if
we could control that collective link -- *

MAC

A'right, let's see it then. For double
or nothing on my fee --
(looks into her eyes)
-- what am I thinking right now? *

He's leering.

SPALKO

Much too easy.

MAC

Other than that. C'mon, amuse me. I'm thinking of a question. What's the answer?

Spalko turns, looks him in the eye. He looks back at her, his usual leer at first, but as the stare goes on, it fades.

Spalko's eyes are intense, hypnotic. Beautiful eyes, but so cold they're nearly white. Impossible to look away from.

Finally, after a long moment, she grabs him by the back of the neck and pulls him forward, close to her.

SPALKO

The answer to your question is, "If I feel the slightest need."

Mac looks truly frightened. She releases him and he sits back, silent.

Spalko turns around again, looking out the windshield. The Driver, who's been following the conversation, looks back at Mac, wondering what the hell he asked. But Mac is rattled, in a way we haven't seen before.

The Driver looks at Spalko.

SPALKO (cont'd)

He wanted to know if I plan to cut his throat once we reach Akator.

She looks back down at the skull, and with a violent pull, she CINCHES the drawstring around the mouth of the bag.

Suddenly, a voice BOOMS over the jungle:

MUTT (O.S.)

YOU GOTTA BE *KIDDING* ME!!!

84 EXT/INT TRUCK DAY

CLOSE ON hands, tied up with rope. Indy is in the back of the rear vehicle, tied to a metal pole, as are Mutt and Marion. They bounce through the jungle, guarded by the scowling Dovchenko. There are crates with Cyrillic lettering piled all around them. *

Mutt is outraged with Marion; he's just been told the news. *

MUTT

My father was British, he was an RAF pilot, he was a *war hero*, not some *school* teacher!

MARION

No, sweetie. Colin was your step-father. We started dating when you were three months old. He was a good man, but he wasn't your father.

INDY

Wait a minute, "Colin," as in Colin Williams? You *married* him? I introduced you!

Dovchenko rolls his eyes -- he doesn't understand all of what they're saying, but he knows he's sick of hearing it.

MARION

You know, I think you gave up your vote on who I marry when you decided to break it off a week before our wedding.

INDY

It wasn't going to work, Marion, we both knew that. Who wants to be married to somebody who's gone half the time?

MARION

I did. And you would have known that if you'd asked me.

DOVCHENKO

For love of God, shut in hell up!

For a moment, they do. And then Indy resumes, to Marion:

INDY

Asked you what? To spend most of your life alone?

MARION

Maybe I would have liked the peace and quiet. You didn't know, why didn't you ever just talk to me?

INDY

Because we never had an argument that I won.

MARION

It's not my fault if you can't keep up.

INDY

I was trying not to hurt you.

MARION

You failed. Didn't you wonder years ago why Ox stopped talking to you? He hated that you ran away.

MUTT

Would you two stop it?

INDY

Yeah, Marion, don't make him listen to Mom and Dad fight.

MUTT

You're *not* my *dad*, okay?!

INDY

You bet I am, kid, and I've got news for you, you're going back to finish school.

MUTT

What?! What happened to "there's not a damn thing wrong with it and don't let anybody tell you any different?!"

INDY

I wasn't your father then.

(turns)

You should have told me about the kid, Marion. I had a right to know.

MARION

You vanished after that.

INDY

I wrote.

MARION

A year later. By then Mutt was born and I was married.

INDY

So why'd you bother telling me now?

MARION

I thought we were dying!

Dovchenko's had it. CURSING A BLUE STREAK in Russian, he BANGS his gun down on the floor and picks up a handful of rags, spinning them into tight lines to use as gags.

INDY

(to Marion)

Don't worry, there's still time. *

Dovchenko bends over, starts to pull the first gag into Marion's mouth, but this angle gives Indy the perfect opportunity to --

-- *KICK HIM IN THE FACE.*

With both feet, no less. Dovchenko spins around, dazed, and ends up in perfect striking range for Mutt, who DOUBLE KICKS him in the face as well.

Dovchenko spins back to Indy again, who lands another double kick. Dovchenko slumps to the floor, unconscious.

INDY (cont'd)

(to Mutt)

Still got that blade?

Mutt grins and kicks the switchblade out of his sock, where he'd hidden it. It THUNKS open on the floor of the truck.

(GREEN)

85 MOMENTS LATER,

the switchblade is hard at work on the ropes that bind Marion. Indy's face is close to her as he works, sweating.

She looks up at him. Doesn't want to ask this, but she can't help herself:

MARION

I wasn't the only one who moved on. I'm sure there were plenty of women for you over the years.

INDY

A few. They all had the same problem, though.

MARION

Yeah, what's that?

The rope breaks and her hands pop free.

INDY

They weren't you, honey.

Well, that just melts her. She looks at Indy, it's a beautiful moment, she's probably about to kiss him, and he's probably about to kiss her back, until --

-- he notices something over her shoulder. He leaps up and goes to a long crate, about five feet long and two feet wide. He lifts the lid, checks what's inside. Gets an idea. *

Satisfied with the contents of the box, Indy looks around for a way out of the truck. He looks up, at the canvas roof overhead. *

86 ON TOP OF THE TRUCK,

Mutt's knife blade RIPS through the canvas and tears a hole big enough for Indy to wriggle through. He pulls himself up and onto the top of the truck, which is good and all, but he's still at the rear of the convoy. Foliage SLAPS and TEARS at him.

87 INSIDE THE TRUCK,

Mutt and Marion are staring up at Indy's silhouette, visible through the canvas as he stands atop the truck. *

They watch the silhouette move toward the front of the truck, leap into the air --

-- and Indy RIPS through the canopied top, falling directly into the cab of the truck, where he crushes the DRIVER beneath him.

The truck swerves and SMASHES into a tree, throwing Mutt and Marion forward violently.

88 IN THE CAB OF THE TRUCK,

they sail through the air and SLAM into the dashboard, where the four of them fall into a pile on the front seat.

Indy kicks open the door, throws the Driver out, and slides behind the wheel. Marion smiles at him.

MARION

That was a good one.

89 WITH THE CONVOY,

we THUNDER through the jungle, the jungle-cutter SHRIEKING and GASHING its way through the foliage.

90 INT TRUCK DAY

Indy's now driving the truck and Mutt and Marion are jammed in front with him, chasing after the Russian trucks.

INDY

We have to get Oxley back, get our hands on that skull, and get to Akator before they do.

(to Marion)

Take the wheel. *

And like that, he's gone, clambering into the back of the truck as Marion slides over into the driver's seat. *

MUTT

What's he gonna do now?

*
*

MARION

I don't think he plans that far ahead.

*
*

A LARGE BAZOOKA emerges from the back of the truck and pokes into the front seat between them, warhead first.

MUTT

GAH!

Indy climbs in front, hoisting the bazooka up on his shoulder.

INDY

(to Mutt)

Scooch back a little, will ya, son?

MUTT

Don't call me that.

But Mutt flattens himself against the seat as Indy swings the head of the bazooka around, pointing out the passenger window.

Up ahead, the convoy is rounding a bend in the river, which means there's an open expanse of water between the lead vehicle, the one with the saw blades, and the rear vehicle, the one Indy and the others are in.

Indy sights over the barrel of the bazooka --

INDY

Might wanna cover your-

-- "ears" is what he means to say, but before anybody can ---

-- *KA-BOOM!!!* He fires the bazooka.

91 ON THE RIVER,

the explosive head of the bazooka BLASTS out the passenger window of the rear truck, SCREAMS across the open water, SLAMS into the lead truck --

-- and the truck EXPLODES, turning a cartwheel. Its whirling saw blades are blown free, ripping through the jungle like runaway airplane propellers.

92 THE SECOND TRUCK,

swerves, narrowly missing the wreckage. Spalko and the others duck as ONE OF THE WHIRRING SAW BLADES SCREAMS over their heads, missing them by inches.

93 HALF THE CONVOY

SMASHES into itself, a chain reaction pile-up. The WHIRRING SAW BLADE slices through the air over the top of the convoy, headed toward the back, where --

94 IN THE REAR TRUCK,

-- Marion, Indy and Mutt duck, there is the horrible SHRIEKING sound of tearing metal, and when they sit up --

-- *THE TRUCK'S ROOF IS GONE.*

95 IN THE SECOND VEHICLE,

Spalko looks back and sees the contrail still hanging in the air from the rear vehicle, where Indy shot the bazooka. She CURSES in Russian and SHOUTS to the Driver of the jeep, who pushes the accelerator to the floor.

As the jeep barrels through the jungle, Spalko gets up, climbs over the back seat --

-- and leaps onto the hood of the jeep just behind her. The Russian Soldier at the wheel keeps driving as she climbs past him and grabs an automatic weapon from the back seat.

96 IN THE REAR TRUCK,

Indy SHOUTS to Marion, who's still driving the truck, pointing at the vehicle in front of them. It's a duck (half truck half boat) with two Russian Soldiers in it.

INDY

Pull up alongside that duck!

Marion hits the gas and the truck gains on the duck. She pulls right up next to it, the Russians on board open fire --

-- and Indy leaps through the air, landing in the front of the Russians' duck, fighting with the Driver and the Shooter.

97 IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK,

Dovchenko regains consciousness and sees the Driver and the Shooter as they're hurled out of the duck and land in the jungle foliage.

He turns and sees the duck through the torn side of the truck, and now Indy's at the wheel, beckoning to Mutt and Marion to jump aboard.

Mutt jumps, Marion legs go of the wheel and jumps --

(YELLOW) DK

-- and Dovchenko leaps into the front seat of the truck, taking over the wheel before the truck crashes.

98 IN THE DUCK,

Indy hits the gas and passes the truck, quickly catching up to the racing jeep with Spalko in it.

But Spalko's on her feet, and armed. She swings her weapon around and opens fire.

99 IN INDY'S DUCK,

Marion sees it coming.

MARION

GET DOWN!

She grabs Indy and Mutt and pulls them down a split-second before the windshield SHATTERS.

Spalko keeps firing and Indy slows down, which means her weapon's BLASTING right at a jeep full of RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

100 IN INDY'S DUCK,

Indy's caught up to the lead vehicle, the jeep which has Oxley, Mac, and the skull in it.

INDY

(to Marion)

Take the wheel!

Marion takes over and they pull up alongside the jeep. Indy waits till the Soldiers are blinded by intervening foliage --

-- and he leaps aboard the jeep, barreling into the Soldiers and knocking the Driver over into the passenger seat.

In the front seat, Mac stands up, and is promptly re-introduced to Indy's fist. Mac collapses against the dashboard.

MAC

God damn it, you broke my nose again!

Indy grabs the wheel with one hand --

-- the Soldiers aim their weapons at him --

-- and he grabs hold of Mac with the other, pulling him around in front of him as a shield.

MAC (cont'd)
 (to the Soldiers)
 DON'T SHOOT!

But this standoff won't last long, and Indy looks through the windshield, sees a fallen tree on the jungle floor ahead. He swerves the jeep --

101 IN THE JUNGLE,

-- which drives directly over the fallen tree --

102 IN THE JEEP,

-- and the jeep bounces high into the air, sending the remaining Russian Soldiers flying out of it.

The bag containing the Crystal Skull flies into the air too, and is about to go sailing out of the jeep --

-- when Harold Oxley, who's in the back seat, reaches up and catches it like a football.

But behind him, a Russian Soldier has held on to the racing jeep, and is climbing back on board.

103 IN SPALKO'S JEEP,

she fires her gun again, but it's empty. She tosses it aside and draws her rapier.

104 IN INDY'S JEEP,

Indy drives with his left hand and curls his right back to hit Mac in the face again.

MAC
INDY, YOU DUMB SON OF A BITCH, I'M CIA!

Indy's fist stops in midair.

MAC (cont'd)
 I practically shouted it at you in the tent, I said "*Like in Berlin!*" What were we in Berlin, mate?! *Double agents, yeah?!*

Indy just looks at him. This sorta makes sense.

105 IN THE DUCK,

Marion drives while Mutt, in the back, opens up a long rosewood case, searching for a weapon, any weapon.

He finds a box of swords and grabs one. Looking up, he sees Spalko's jeep pull up alongside Indy's, where --

106 IN INDY'S JEEP,

-- Mac is still pleading his case.

MAC

You think General Ross just *happened* to be in Nevada to bail you out? I *sent* him, he's my control agent!

Behind them, unseen, the Russian Soldier who was clinging to the back of the jeep finally hauls himself aboard.

107 IN SPALKO'S JEEP,

she SCREAMS at the Soldier in Indy's jeep, in Russian.

108 IN INDY'S JEEP,

the Soldier hears her and turns, sees the skull, in its burlap bag, still in Oxley's lap. He grabs it and tosses it to Spalko.

Mac immediately grabs the Soldier, PUNCHES him in the face, and tosses him out of the jeep.

He turns and looks at Indy -- see?!

INDY

(to Mac)

Why didn't you just tell me?!

MAC

What do you want me to do, paint it on my ass?!

The jeep swerves and Indy grabs the wheel again to avoid a crash. Spalko, who's now pulled up alongside, raises her sword to attack --

-- but she senses something behind her and as she turns, she hears a HISSING sound in the air --

-- she GASPS, looks down --

-- and sees a narrow gash has opened up across her midsection, tearing her tunic and drawing blood.

She looks up to see Mutt, standing on the edge of the rampaging duck, holding her at rapier point. .

Mutt swings again, and she counters the blow. Now, from their standing positions atop the bouncing vehicles, they swing at each other, wild, vicious, barely controlled.

But clearly, both of them know how to handle a sword.

Indy keeps up with them, edging over closer to Spalko's jeep, where the skull is.

Mutt lunges at Spalko with a furious combination of lunges and attacks, but she parries them easily.

SPALKO

You fight like a young man -- eager to begin, quick to finish.

Mutt attacks, one foot on each vehicle, and they start to move apart. He's clinging to both vehicles, splitting in half like a wishbone. Spalko finds it amusing.

SPALKO (cont'd)

I adore young men's minds. So open -- so quick to expend their energy.

The jeeps come together again and Spalko lunges, Mutt parries and they spin around, falling backwards into each others' vehicles.

109 IN SPALKO'S JEEP,

Mutt looks down and sees the skull in the burlap bag. He grabs it, but the Russian Soldier at the wheel grabs *him* and they start to wrestle.

110 IN MARION'S DUCK,

a sword RIPS through the seat right next to Marion as Spalko attacks her from behind.

Marion STOMPS on the brakes and Spalko flies out of the duck, but manages to grab hold of the machine gun mounted on the front of the vehicle.

The gun spins around, BLASTING shots through the windshield, narrowly missing Marion.

As Spalko fires indiscriminately, Marion hits the gas, catching up to --

111 SPALKO'S JEEP,

-- where Mutt SMASHES the driver with the skull and takes the wheel, just as Marion's duck RAMS into the back end of the jeep and Spalko flies forward, landing at Mutt's feet, next to the open box of swords, and --

-- *THE SWORDFIGHT RESUMES.*

Mutt holds the skull in its bag behind his back with his left hand while battling Spalko with his right.

Two buttons on her tunic POP and it falls open partway.

Mutt hesitates for just a split-second and his eyes drop, maybe he's never seen such healthy Slavic cleavage before --

-- and Spalko takes advantage, SLASHING and opening a gash across Mutt's left cheek.

Blood flows down his neck and Mutt is stunned.

SPALKO

First time?
(he glares at her)
Your wound.

Mutt attacks furiously. Spalko counters, Mutt retreats up onto the back end of the jeep.

She crosses swords with him, they're nearly lip to lip for a moment and Mutt's fading.

SPALKO (cont'd)

To win a fight like this you need
balance. Not force, not skill --
balance.

She puts all her strength into one hard push, he falls backwards, out of the jeep --

-- and onto the hood of INDY'S JEEP, which Indy has just driven up behind them.

But as he falls, Spalko hooks the burlap bag that holds the skull and strips it from Mutt.

112 IN INDY'S JEEP,

Mutt climbs to his feet, ready again with his sword.

MUTT

(to Indy)
Catch up to her!

Indy hits the gas, Mutt turns, ready to leap onto Spalko's jeep, but they're in an area with a lot of low-hanging vines now and --

-- MUTT IS SCOOPED UP INTO THE AIR!

113 UP IN THE TREETOPS,

Mutt's swept right up into the treetops, and lands, out of breath and off-balance, on a thick branch. He watches in panic as, below, the jeeps race away without him. He turns --

-- AND SEES FIFTY MONKEYS ARE STARING AT HIM.

Mutt SCREAMS. The monkeys all SCREAM back, and one by one they leap onto the vines, swinging away from Mutt.

Mutt puts the sword in his teeth, grabs hold of a vine --

-- and swings away.

With the monkeys ahead of and behind him, Mutt swings on vine after vine, closing in on the convoy below.

114 DOWN BELOW,

Spalko's jeep chases Indy in the truck, and now they're running along the edge of a sheer cliff that drops five hundred feet straight down to the raging Amazon.

Spalko SHOUTS at the Driver in Russian and slides over, taking the wheel.

She catches up quickly and starts RAMMING into the side of Indy's jeep, to knock him off the cliff.

They veer perilously close.

A Russian Soldier in Indy's jeep, previously unconscious, awakens, sees they're about to go off the cliff, and bails out.

115 UP IN THE TREES,

Mutt is still swinging, chasing the convoy. He grabs one last vine, swings all the way to the end of its sweep --

116 IN THE JEEP,

-- Spalko is closing in for the final push, to knock Indy and the others off the cliff --

(YELLOW) DK

-- and Mutt swings around and lands with a CRASH in her front seat!

He knocks Spalko into the passenger seat and spears the bag with the skull in it.

Monkeys pour into the jeep, Mutt leaps over the windshield, onto the hood, the Russian Soldier grabs the wheel as Mutt jumps --

117 IN INDY'S JEEP,

-- into the back of Indy's jeep.

Oxley grabs the burlap bag, opens it and smiles. Mutt cranes around for a look up at Indy, giving him that hungry-for-praise look Indy's given so often.

Indy gives him a half-smile back -- not bad, kid.

118 BUT BEHIND THEM,

Spalko stands, raises her sword, and HURLS it forward, it's headed right for Indy's head --

119 IN INDY'S JEEP,

-- Mutt leaps in front of Indy, to take the sword hit himself --

-- but Oxley holds the skull up in front of him in self-defense. The flying sword SMACKS up against the side of the hyper-magnetic skull --

-- and STICKS THERE, saving Mutt's life!

120 BEHIND THEM,

Spalko, enraged, grabs a monkey and hurls it off the cliff in frustration.

121 FURTHER BACK, IN THE JUNGLE,

Dovchenko is still driving the damaged truck, picking up stray Russian Soldiers. They head for the cliff edge with the others.

122 IN INDY'S JEEP,

Indy's eyes widen as he sees a huge dirt pile up ahead, blocking their way completely.

The jeep goes airborne and SLAMS into the side of the soft dirt mound.

A moment later, there's a ROAR as Spalko's jeep flies into the air above them, SLAMS down on top, and RUMBLES past them, coming to rest near the top of the strange dirt pile.

Spalko pulls a gun from the holster of one of the Russian Soldiers, raises it at Indy --

-- and AN ANT, at least five inches long, crawls out onto her hand!

Spalko SCREAMS in pain as the ant sinks its pincers into the soft webbing between her fingers.

Suddenly DOZENS OF ANTS pour into the Russian vehicle, through the air vents, out from around the pedals, materializing from everywhere.

A THOUSAND MORE ANTS pour from the soft mound -- which is an ant hill, we now realize, for red army ants, ferocious and huge.

MAC

BLOODY HELL!

INDY

SIAFU! GET OUT OF HERE!

As TENS OF THOUSANDS OF SIAFU stream out of the ant hill, Oxley grabs the burlap bag, Mac grabs Oxley, Indy grabs Mutt, and the four of them take off downhill.

But the Russian truck driven by Dovchenko ROARS out of the jungle. Dovchenko leaps out of the truck and tackles Indy.

Indy yells to the others to keep going.

INDY (cont'd)

The river! Get down to the river!

123 ON THE GROUND,

Oxley stumbles and falls in the mayhem.

Mac and Mutt barrel toward the river, but the Russians in the truck pull even with them and raise their weapons. Mac and Mutt are dead for sure, but just as the Russians open fire --

-- A RAMPAGING DUCK ROARS up in front of the Russians with Marion at the wheel!

124 IN THE DUCK,

Marion ducks as the Russian GUNFIRE SCREECHES off the metal sides of the duck.

But it allows Mutt and Mac to jump in from the other side, keeping low.

Marion hits the gas and they take off toward the river. But they soon reach a short cliff.

Marion stomps on the brakes and looks over the edge. She sees they're only about twenty or thirty feet above the river, and there's a large tree halfway down.

She turns the duck around, but she's thinking something.

125 BACK UPHILL,

Indy and Dovchenko are in a fistfight for the ages, and Indy's getting his ass kicked.

Worse, the river of ants is heading right toward them. Just as the ants are about to swarm over all of them, Oxley, who's still on the ground nearby, pulls the Crystal Skull from its burlap bag, holds it up in self-defense, the light gleams off it --

-- and the ants immediately divide into two columns and go right *around* them and the skull.

126 NEARBY,

Spalko, on foot now with a Russian Soldier, is racing toward where the fistfight's going on.

But the ants overtake them. They swarm over the Soldier, dragging him down. Spalko starts to run.

127 BACK AT THE FIGHT,

Dovchenko charges Indy, who ducks and manages to flip the huge Russian over his head, letting Dovchenko's momentum carry him up and over, landing flat on his back --

-- in the middle of the sea of ants. They immediately overcome him, going in his ears, his mouth, his nostrils -- and then start biting to make holes of their own.

Dovchenko's body starts to move, horizontally along the ground, floating six inches above the jungle floor.

The Russian SCREAMS as the army ants carry him away to another dirt mound and drag him down into it, to devour him in peace.

128 THE RUSSIAN TRUCK,

now fleeing the army ants like everybody else, reaches the edge of the cliff Marion saw earlier.

The Soldiers pour out, carrying ropes and gear to rappel down the cliff, anything to escape the ants.

129 IN MARION'S DUCK,

she sees Indy coming toward her, now *carrying* Oxley, who's carrying the skull, and as long as he is, there is a halo of clear space around them where the ants will not go.

Marion cranks the wheel, pulls up alongside them, and they leap in. Marion hits the wipers to clear a swarm of ants from the windshield and hits the gas. Indy sees she's headed straight for the cliff edge.

INDY

Honey, you gotta stop this thing or we'll go off the cliff!

MARION

That's the idea!

INDY

BAD idea!! Give me the wheel!

Marion turns to him and smiles an Indy smile.

MARION

Trust me.

The duck barrels straight off the edge of the cliff. *

130 IN MID-AIR,

the duck plummets for a few seconds and

131-133 *CRUNCH!*

lands in a tree, slamming to a stop in the branches. Indy turns, sees the Russians still rappelling down the cliff face. The ants aren't far behind, pouring over the side of the cliff in pursuit.

INDY

CAN'T STAY HERE!

Marion hits the gas and the truck lurches, wheels spinning in the branches, the tree *GROANING* forward with the shifting weight, finally bending *all the way* over, to ground level.

The Russian Soldiers land on the ground just as --

-- Marion's duck *breaks free* and roars off, releasing the tree and causing it to snap back all the way in the *other* direction --

-- and SWAT three or four of the Russian Soldiers on the ground like a giant fly swatter. But the real bummer for them is --

-- *they are immediately swarmed over by ARMY ANTS.*

The ants climb Spalko's body and her SCREAMS echo over --

134 EXT AMAZON RIVER DAY

-- the Amazon River as A HUGE VEHICLE SPLASHES into it. Harold Oxley is shaking with excitement. *

OXLEY *

The way down! The way down! *

135 IN THE DUCK,

Marion cranks the wheel, trying to drive the thing in the raging current. She turns to Indy, a huge grin on her face. Indy shrugs, grumpily impressed.

MUTT

Way to go, Mom!

But the duck nearly goes under in a set of rapids, and Marion can barely control it. Mac SLAMS a few switches on the dashboard.

136 UNDERWATER,

the duck's wheels rotate flat, for flotation, and a set of propellers at the rear SPIN to life, churning river water.

137 IN THE DUCK,

for a moment, the duck comes under control. Indy turns to Mutt, grinning, as they churn downriver.

INDY

You learn to fence like that in prep school too?

MUTT

Just one more useless experience.

INDY

I'm not sure I'd call that one useless.

MARION

He was fencing champ two years in a row,
but he got kicked out for betting on the
matches.

INDY

What?! That's outrageous!

MUTT

I bet on myself to *win*. I made a fortune.

Mac grins and SMACKS Mutt on the back.

MAC

Attaboy!

(low, to Mutt)

Always have a little action on the downside, though, in case you gotta throw one.

The duck lunges, as the rapids are getting heavier. Marion's fighting like hell to keep the vehicle upright, but this is the *Amazon*, after all.

Mac, the calmest of all of them, turns to Marion.

MAC (cont'd)

The name's McHale, by the way. Sorry about the first impression, I'm actually rather a-

INDY

Hey, will you back off of her?!

MAC

What?

INDY

The way you keep smiling at her, it's like your lips are stuck to your teeth.

The nose of the duck momentarily dips under the surface of the raging rapids and they're soaked in river water. *

Mutt SCREAMS. He yanks his hand out of the water, and there's a small, rainbow-bellied fish clamped down firmly onto one finger. *

MUTT *

PIRANHA! *

The others all start SCREAMING too. Mutt shakes the fish off violently, but the others are still SCREAMING. *

MUTT (cont'd) *

It's okay! I'm okay! *

But they're not screaming at him, they're screaming at -- *

(CHERRY)

138 THE HUGE WATERFALL

just ahead of them. Oxley SHOUTS excitedly.

OXLEY

Three times it drops!

They go airborne. It's a gut-churning moment of freefall,
everybody SCREAMING as they drop back into the rapids and get
swept along toward

*

*

*

*

*

139 A SECOND WATERFALL,

and go airborne again. More screaming freefall, then they land back in the rapids and gulp air. Oxley is frantic, grabbing at the wheel.

OXLEY

The way down!

*

INDY

Take it easy, Ox, you wanted us in the river, right -- "Three times it drops?"

OXLEY

(pointing frantically)
The way *down*, the way *down*!

He's pointing toward the shoreline, where they can see Spalko and the others, pursuing them from a pathway alongside the river that parallels the river.

*

INDY

Ah, nuts.

MARION

What?

INDY

The way down isn't *in* the river, it's *next* to the river.

And we realize, Oxley hasn't been excited, he's been scared out of his mind. They turn, look ahead, and all get a load of

140 THE THIRD WATERFALL,

which really makes the other two look lame.

OXLEY

OH DOWN!

There's no hope of keeping the duck upright, the falls point straight down, tossing everybody out into open space.

They sail through the air, mercifully clear of the duck, and all five of them PLUNGE into the waters of the Amazon.

But finally, some good news -- the river has mellowed out at this point, and all five heads pops back up above the surface.

CUT TO:

(CHERRY)

141 EXT RIVER BANK DAY

One by one, Indy, Marion, Mac, Mutt, and Oxley drag themselves onto the riverbank and lie there, GASPING.

Indy crawls over to Marion and turns her toward him, making sure she's all right. She's soaked and breathless, but she's fine.

Indy holds her tight, his arms locked around her. He looks at her, deep into her eyes for the first time in a long time. He looks exhausted. She teases, good-natured:

MARION

Not tired, are you Indy?

(CHERRY)

INDY

Baby, you got no idea.

MARION

Sure I do. The way you live? Running off to every godforsaken spot in the world and back again twice?

INDY

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

She smiles, but the moment's broken as Mutt sits up and whirls around, startled by a RUSTLING in the bushes behind them.

MUTT

What the hell was that?

Oxley walks past them all and sits, facing away. He takes the Crystal Skull from the burlap bag and places it on the ground in front of him, rotating it to face in the direction he's looking.

A low-end vibration starts, barely audible at first, coming from the skull. Tiny pebbles and bits of dirt on the ground around it are jumping lightly into the air.

Marion, seeing the skull for the first time, is stunned.

MARION

It's beautiful -- and horrible.

Indy walks over to Oxley and follows his gaze. There, towering above them, A GREAT STONE HEAD is carved into the cliffs on the shores of the river.

OXLEY

Through eyes that last I saw in tears...

Mutt looks up suddenly, recognizing those words.

MUTT

(finishing the quote)

"The golden vision reappears!" I know the rest of that, it's T.S. Eliot! Ox, you made me read it, remember?

(to the others)

"Through eyes that last I saw in tears, here in death's dream kingdom, *the golden vision reappears!*"

MAC

"Golden vision?" I'm in.

Mutt's still thinking, looking up at the cliff. He sees that a waterfall runs out of the left eye of the carved face.

MUTT

Through eyes in tears, we go through the waterfall!

Indy looks at him, impressed, then looks back up at the cliffs.

INDY

Then that's where we're going.

MUTT

Up there, without any gear? Are you nuts?

INDY

Nobody else has to come. But that skull has to be returned. *

MUTT

Who cares? That thing's brought us nothing but trouble. *
(points at Oxley) *
Look at him! *

INDY

I have to return it. *

MARION

You? Why you?

INDY

Because it asked me to.

MUTT

It *asked* you to? A hunk of dead rock?

INDY

(matter-of-fact)
What makes you think it's dead?

Slowly, they all turn and look at the skull. We move in close on it, and as we draw in --

DISSOLVE TO:

142 EXT CLIFFS OF AKATOR DAY

-- dissolve to that same face, only huge, and carved in rock. Indy and the others have made their way up the steep face and are just beside the waterfall that spills out of the giant eye.

Through the misty haze of the waterfall, Indy sees Oxley seem to vanish into the rock.

Indy lunges himself to the side, toward the waterfall --

143 INT CAVE DAY

-- and bursts out the other side, into a tunnel behind the eye. One by one, the others leap through the waterfall and emerge in the cave.

From up ahead they hear a SHOUT and they turn. Oxley is in a pinpoint of light at the far end of the cave, waving and SHOUTING to them to come on, join him, help him. (He's still carrying the skull.)

But they're struck by something else, in front of them.

A *cave painting*. Or, rather, a whole series of them.

The cave is a succession of adjoining chambers, the walls on either side of the axis perfectly symmetrical, divided up into panels, each with its own set of drawings. It's stunning.

CUT TO:

144 EXT RIVER'S EDGE DAY

The wreckage of the duck that Indy and the others rode over the falls is washed up on the shore of the river. Irina Spalko and the few remaining Russian Soldiers, their arms and necks inflamed by the pincer marks of the army ants, have just hacked their way through the jungle at the river's edge. They're still carrying the ropes and other gear they used to rappel down the cliff face at the river.

Spalko suddenly weakens, falls to one knee, overcome by a powerful feeling.

SPALKO

They've found it.

One of the Soldiers returns from the jungle ahead and gives her something, she glances down at it, but whatever it tells her she already knew.

She hands it to a Soldier behind her and gets up, walks forward to a break in the foliage through which she can see --

-- *the Giant Face carved into the cliffs of Akator.*

CUT TO:

145 INT CAVE DAY

CLOSE ON the cave walls as Indy gently touches the first painting, a depiction of a group of squat human figures, hands stretched aloft to the sun.

INDY

(feeling the materials)

Ochre... charcoal... iron oxide...

While Indy studies the painting, Mutt notices there are a series of torch-holders in the walls. There are smears of black residue above them, and Mutt runs his fingers over them. The residue comes off on his skin.

MUTT

This is fresh. These torches have been used.

(YELLOW) DK

But the others are too distracted by the paintings to pay attention.

MAC

How old is this?

INDY

~~Mesolithic. Possibly. Six, eight thousand years?~~

Four, five thousand years. As old as the pyramids.

They move to the next panel. The group of humans are looking up at the sky as a figure is lowering from the heavens -- humanoid, but taller, thinner, glowing.

INDY (cont'd)

Somebody came.

They keep moving. There are more alien figures now, and they're moving among the human figures, building, farming.

INDY (cont'd)

They taught the Ugha -- domesticated animals, irrigation --

The next drawing is a more detailed version of the visitor, just its torso and cranium, in profile.

Indy reaches into his bag, pulls out the Crystal Skull and holds it up against the painting --

-- and it's an exact match.

He comes to the next picture, a group of shots of a circle of the taller figures, all grouped around a central area.

Sun worshippers. Just like the Egyptians.

INDY (cont'd)

~~Look. Always in a circle, always a group, (pointing to another sketch) Here again.~~

That's them.

More worshippers

They move ahead, into a darker antechamber. It's harder to make out the paintings here, but the scale is massive.

In the drawings, the Ugha are engaged in battle against intruders wearing gold breastplates, pointed helmets covered with tin, carrying muskets with powderhorns. Mutt notices.

But that's not the Sun they're worshipping

MUTT

The Conquistadors. Looking for El Dorado.

It came from the sky.

(YELLOW) DK

The Ugha are fighting valiantly; they have spears and what look like helicopter blades whirling around their heads. But they don't stand a chance. The Conquistadors rampage.

INDY

They looted the city. Took whatever they could, including the skull.

They pass through the cave and into --

146 INT CAVE ROTUNDA DAY

-- a large rotunda area. Above them, there are thirteen skulls carved into the ceiling. As they pass underneath, one of the skulls *OPENS ITS EYES*.

The eyes follow the humans passing below, and then the thin rock starts to chip away as a form presses into it from above.

It's a REAL Ugha warrior.

Now *all* the skulls start to open their eyes and we realize these are surveillance perches, there's a whole system of tunnels up above them.

DOWN BELOW,

Mutt notices a few chunks of rock falling at his feet. He reaches out and catches one. He looks up, in time to see --

-- *A SHRIEKING UGHA WARRIOR FLYING DOWN TOWARD HIM!*

The Warrior whirls a BOLA BELT over its head (so *that* was the whirling helicopter blade image) and flings it at him.

The bola WHAPS through the air, wraps around Mutt's neck --

-- and SLAMS him to the floor of the cave as --

-- UGHA WARRIORS SWARM DOWN FROM THE CEILING, jumping, swinging, climbing down on vines.

Indy rips the bola from around Mutt's neck, drags him to his feet, and they all take off, barreling through the rotunda toward the sliver of light at the far end.

147 EXT CAVE ENTRANCE DAY

Oxley stands at the mouth of the cave, staring off into the distance with a look of great fulfillment. But mayhem spills out of the mouth of the cave -- Indy, Mac, Marion, and Mutt, pursued by a dozen SHRIEKING WARRIORS and WHIRLING bolas.

Oxley takes off down a set of carved steps toward --

148 -- AKATOR.

The ruins of the city are set in a hollow depression in the center of the plateau-atop-a-plateau, rimmed by clouds, with a huge, man-made reservoir carved into the hilltop above it.

Though the jungle has grown up around it, we can see its spiral design radiates out from a Great Stone Temple. The pathways are smooth and straight, bordered by aqueducts which carry the water, flowing from the reservoir above, throughout the city, and plunging down into the base of the temple itself.

But on the steps, the Ugha are fighting ferociously.

SLAM! Indy's knocked to the ground by two Warriors. *HISSING* in rage, they go to wrap their bolas around his neck.

But a figure comes diving in from the side, it's Mutt, and he *SLAMS* into the Warriors, sending them flying off of Indy.

MARION

INDY!

One of the Ugha is on her back, tearing at her hair.

Indy's bullwhip *CRACKS* --

-- the lash wraps around the Ugha's throat --

-- and he snaps his arm back, pulling the Warrior off in one gesture and sending him *SMASHING* into a stone wall.

Mac is involved in a desperate fight with three of the Ugha, throwing punches and elbows and kicks in the groin as fast as he can. He'd doing okay, but --

-- TWENTY OR THIRTY MORE WARRIORS pour out of every nook and crook in the stone walls. Indy looks around, knows they're not going to win this fight. He SHOUTS to Oxley, desperate:

INDY

Ox! You were here, you got past 'em!
What do we do?!

Oxley's distracted, looking toward the pyramid-shaped stone temple fifty yards away.

INDY (cont'd)

HAROLD! WE ARE GOING TO DIE!

Oxley turns, sees what's going on. Unruffled, he simply opens the burlap bag he carries, reaches inside, grabs the skull --

-- and holds it over his head.

The skull catches the light of the sun and refracts out through the lensed eyes in brilliant beams. The light streams out everywhere, through the ears, the nose, the mouth, and the low HUM we heard before gets louder, the skull vibrating madly, actually BLURRING in Oxley's hands as he holds it over his head.

To a man, the Ugha warriors freeze in their tracks, staring at the skull in terrified fascination.

Indy and the others take off, toward the temple in the distance, Indy grabbing Oxley and pulling him along beside them as the Ugha shrink back, afraid to follow them.

They reach the temple and scamper up its terraced sides. The Ugha do not follow.

149 ON TOP OF THE STONE TEMPLE,

the group staggers onto the flat top of the temple. There's a large square box filled with sand, and a fifteen foot stone obelisk lying on its side. One end of the obelisk is supported by a cut-out chunk of hillside, the heavier end lying in the center of the stone box.

INDY

Oxley made it this far, but he couldn't get into the temple, so he took the skull back to the cemetery and hid it where he found it.

OXLEY

"To lay their just hands on that Golden Key... that ope's the Palace of Eternity."

Indy grins and turns to Oxley, pointing at the obelisk.

INDY

The key, right?
(to the others)
The obelisk, it's the key to the temple, but he couldn't lift it by himself!

MUTT

Neither can we, that thing's gotta be fifteen tons!

Indy turns, studies the sides of the stone box. A small trickle of sand is running out from around the edges of a plug of some kind, one of a series of such plugs.

He gets an idea, goes to a nearby pile of stone and debris, and starts digging through it.

Mutt finally has a chance to look around at the great city of Akator.

MAC

Where's all the bloody gold?! Look at this place, it's a dump!

He kicks a pile of dirt in disgust.

MAC (cont'd)

A pile of rubble! What the hell kind of legend is-

Indy turns, holding a huge chunk of rock over his head, and races forward toward Mac, ROARING with effort.

Mac lunges out of the way as Indy SLAMS the rock down on the square stone plug at the base of the stone box. The plug pops out and a stream of sand flows out of the hole.

MAC (cont'd)

Are you trying to kill me?!

Mutt, puzzled at first, looks up and sees the tip of the obelisk start to move. His face lights up, he gets it.

He picks up a rock and SLAMS it into another plug. More sand flows out, the obelisk GROANS at it starts to move.

Now Indy and Mutt move quickly from plug to plug, SMASHING them with rocks, KICKING the plugs out, sand rushing onto the ground.

Marion watches them, a faint smile growing on her face, seeing father and son working together.

Now the rest of them pitch in, kicking plugs out, shoving the rocks away to let the sand flow freely out of the pit. As the level of sand goes down, the base of the obelisk, which was resting on that sand, *also* goes down. And as the base goes down, *the top starts to rise into the air!*

Indy and the others watch as ten tons of stone, aided only by gravity, slowly move to vertical.

150 EXT THE STONE BOX DAY

TEN HANDS claw frantically at the sand as the last of it flows away, clearing a space at the base of the still-rising obelisk.

The obelisk slips on the last of the flowing sand, shifting its weight fully to vertical. The floor of the pit starts to RUMBLE and GROAN, and it begins to --

-- IRIS WIDE OPEN, REVEALING A VAST TEMPLE BELOW!

The rest of the sand falls away quickly through the opening floor. Indy and the others try to grab hold, but the floor's moving, sliding into grooves in the sides of the pit.

Hanging from a chunk of floor, Indy chances a look down and sees that the fifteen foot obelisk was just the very tip-top of a HUNDRED FOOT OBELISK that leads down into the darkened temple.

151 INT TEMPLE DAY

As the temple opening reaches its widest aperture, the slivers of floor CLUNK neatly into notches carved in the walls.

And as the group is swept toward the walls, they leap, landing on their feet on a series of narrow walkways that rim the edges of the vast, conical chamber.

As they start down the ridges, a mechanism trips and the steps start to retract, into the walls. They race down, trying to get to the bottom before the steps disappear completely.

As the group heads down, we drop down to their feet, to their footprints in the sand --

-- and to the small FLASHING DIODE that one of them has just dropped in their tracks.

CUT TO:

152 EXT CLIFFS OVER AKATOR DAY

An identical DIODE flashes in someone's palm.

(YELLOW) DK

Irina Spalko stands atop the stone steps that lead to Akator, looking at a tracking device in her hand. She's flanked by two Russian Soldiers, weapons smoking. Ugha Warriors lie at their feet, riddled with bullets.

Spalko hands the diode to one of the Soldiers, who tosses it in a box along with a dozen others.

SPALKO

Poidyomte!

She gestures and the Soldiers start up the side of the temple.

CUT TO:

153 INT TEMPLE BASE DAY

Indy and the others reach the base of the obelisk, a hundred feet below ground level. They start down a corridor, away from the sunlight above. But the light seems to follow them, streaming through strategically placed fissures in the temple walls and bouncing off smoothly polished areas on the stone surfaces.

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 by the rapids, each one at least ten feet tall.

MAC

Water wheels.

INDY

They're turbines.

From each of the wheels runs a series of HUMMING metal conduits. Indy holds out a hand, feeling the air above them.

INDY (cont'd)

Conductors. Electricity. This whole place is like a massive power generating plant.

MUTT

Generating power for what?

Indy shrugs, he doesn't know. They move on.

As they go, they notice precious jewels, set in ornate silver settings and hung upon the walls. Mac CHIPS one out of the wall, drops it in his pocket, grinning to himself as he studies the dozens ahead.

(YELLOW) DK

MAC

Now *this* is more like it.

Mutt, who's just behind him, sees a jewel-encrusted sun-shaped piece set on a stone ledge. He reaches out, picks it up --

-- and Marion SLAPS his wrist. Mutt looks up innocently.

His father and mother are scowling at him.

MUTT

I was gonna put it back.

INDY

Leave it. We'll catalogue whatever we can on the way out.

Mutt puts it back and they move on. Mac, just behind him, picks it up, checks it out, and pockets it himself.

CUT TO:

154 INT ANTECHAMBER DAY

The group turns a corner and their eyes search this dim antechamber. This one's not full of things, but --

-- *row after row of corpses*. The bodies are upright, in lifelike poses, and placed in a circle.

Indy bends down to the row of skulls. They're all charred and blackened, particularly around the sockets.

MUTT

They're burned, all of 'em. What happened?

INDY

Another good question.

Mac studies the corpses too, but it's their bracelets and rings that he's interested in. Surreptitiously, he loads his pockets.

There are niches all over the wall, crammed with antiquities from every era imaginable. Indy marvels at them:

INDY (cont'd)

Artifacts, from every era of mankind.
Macedonian... Sumerian...

MUTT

This place is the mother lode.

INDY

Etruscan... Babylonian...

MAC

There's not a museum on earth wouldn't sell its soul for this.

INDY
Prehistoric... Stone Age...

MAC
A dozen museums, a hundred!

INDY
They were collectors.
(a grin)
Archaeologists.

*
*
*

On the far side of the chamber, there are two giant doors, seemingly carved from a single giant block of iron ore.

They walk toward the doors, Oxley holding the skull before him.

As they cross the room, slivers of iron ore pull free of the walls and fly toward the skull, clinging to it like hair.

The further they get into the room, the more it happens, chunks of iron filings flying up from the floor, dropping from the ceiling, ripping out of the walls, all drawn by the super-magnetism of the skull.

By the time they reach the giant doors, the skull is covered in metal shavings, which give it the rough outline of skin over the fine crystal bones. A semblance of a face.

Mutt runs his hands over the massive closed doors.

MUTT
How do we open it?

Indy looks around them. All around the edges of the room, there are offerings in small recessed areas, set at a height of about four feet.

But in the door area, the recess is over their heads, a good seven feet off the ground. And it's empty.

Indy sizes it up, thinking.

INDY

They were tall.

He turns to Oxley and reaches for the skull. Oxley hesitates, but Indy puts his hands gently on the skull.

INDY (cont'd)

I'll give it back.

Reluctantly, Oxley lets it go.

INDY (cont'd)

(to Mutt)

Give me a boost.

Mutt puts his hands together like a stirrup and Indy steps into it, hoists himself into the air --

-- and shoves the Crystal Skull into the recess above the door. It fits perfectly, as if the recess was a mold.

Immediately, the skull glows, brighter than it ever has, and all at once --

-- *the metal shavings EXPLODE off of it.*

The iron doors begin to GROAN, pushed apart by the reversed magnetism, they RUMBLE open slowly, quivering, and SLAM to a stop, revealing --

155 INT TEMPLE HEART DAY

-- a blindingly lit room.

Indy pulls the skull free from the recess, hops back to the ground, and hands it back to Oxley. They all come inside, blinking at the room's radiance.

It's round, built in the style of the time, along the lines of a throne room. Carved totems fill every nook and cranny, empty vases that once held flowers, offerings crammed along its edges.

And there, seated upright in a circle atop a massive circular altar are THIRTEEN BODIES, nearly seven feet tall each.

*

(GOLDENROD)

OXLEY

(softly, to the skull)
No more forever waiting soon now.

Indy scans the row of bodies, and as he does, his eyes fall on one in particular -- because it has no skull atop its shoulders.

MUTT

Lemme guess -- it's his.

Oxley, still with the skull, starts to walk forward, toward the altar that holds the headless body --

-- they all stare, transfixed --

-- and Indy hears a CLICK behind him. He turns around. *

Mac is pointing a gun at them.

MAC

Sorry, Indy.

INDY

Will you make up your mind?

MARION

I'm getting REALLY tired of this guy.

MAC

(calling out)
Ya evo poimal!

And now, from the entrance to the final chamber --

-- Spalko and the three Russian Soldiers step into the room.

Indy looks back at Mac, more irritated than anything.

INDY

You're a *triple* agent?

MAC

Nah, I just lied about being a double.
(to Marion)
Don't worry, you can come with us.

MARION

HAH! Fat chance.

Spalko gently takes the Crystal Skull from Oxley's hands and regards it, alas-poor-Yorick style.

(CHERRY)

SPALKO

Now -- speak to me, now. *

This time, the skull's eyes glow in response. A rush runs through her body and she looks up at the others. *

SPALKO (cont'd) *

Look at them. Still waiting. For the return of the one who was lost. *

The glow in the skull's eyes gets brighter. Spalko looks around the room at the twelve others. *

SPALKO (cont'd)

They're a hive mind, one being, physically separate, but with a collective consciousness. More powerful together than they could ever be apart.

She walks toward the altar that contains the headless body.

SPALKO (cont'd)

Imagine what they'll tell us.

INDY

I can't.

(she turns, looks at him)

Neither could the humans who built this temple, and neither can you.

SPALKO

Belief, Dr. Jones, is a gift you have yet to receive. My sympathies.

She starts to climb the altar, toward the body.

INDY

Oh, I believe, sister. That's why I'm down here.

Atop the altar now, she raises the skull toward the body. A magnetic field grabs it out of her hand, pulling it forward --

-- and sucking it into place atop the body's shoulders.

A RUMBLING rises up in the room, the bodies *themselves* begin to vibrate, but rather than collapse into a pile of dust and bones, they simply *shed* the thick layers of dust that cover them. *

And what's underneath is *FLAWLESS CRYSTAL SKELETONS*. *

Viscous fluids flow through the stone, those *were* living things, and they're coming back to life. The main skeleton, the one to which the Crystal Skull was returned, *blurs* and its flesh returns, soft, living flesh once again, eyes that see, hands that move. *

Oxley, who is staring at the skeleton, transfixed, begins to speak, low and rapid. But it isn't English, it's -- *

INDY (cont'd) *
Mayan. He's speaking Mayan. *

SPALKO *
What does he say?! *

Indy moves closer, and Oxley turns and looks at him, his lips moving rapidly, strange, ancient sounds coming out of his mouth. *

Indy listens, turns and looks at the skeleton, and the Being seems to look right back at him. It raises its hands, puts its palms together in an X formation, and twists them once, inverting the X. *

Indy turns back to Oxley, who's still talking, faster, urgent. Indy squints, trying to decipher. *

INDY *
(of Oxley) *
He says he's grateful, he wants -- *
(correcting himself, he means *
the skeleton) *
I mean *it* -- it wants to give us a gift. *
(swallows) *
A big gift. *

Spalko is speaking to the figure on the altar, low, fervent, almost a prayer. *

SPALKO *
Tell me -- everything you know, I want *
it all, I want to know -- *

The skeleton sees her and seems to respond. Indy's still listening to Oxley, who's speaking again. *

INDY

It heard.

He doesn't seem excited about that prospect at all. Mutt lunges forward, toward the skeleton --

MUTT

They're gonna tell us everything they know!

-- but Indy grabs him by the collar and stops him.

INDY

Hang on, genius.

Now the eyes of the other twelve skeletons begin to glow too, and they start to form flesh as well, right over their bones. *Something* has begun.

INDY (cont'd)

I've got a bad feeling about this.

But Spalko is transfixed. She steps to the middle of the room, locking eyes with one of the Thirteen.

Marion is amazed too, staring at them.

MARION

Indy, their eyes!

She darts a look at Indy, but he's not looking at the bodies any more, he's turned his gaze away and is looking at her.

MARION (cont'd)

Aren't you gonna look?

INDY

I found what I was looking for.

She looks back at him and smiles, but they never catch a break --

-- the RUMBLING grows louder, and the stone walls of the room crack and crumble away, revealing a strange, smooth surface underneath. Rounded, metallic, something not of this world.

MUTT

What is it?! What are they, space-men?!

Harold Oxley turns to them, and he is suddenly and completely restored to his normal self.

OXLEY

Inter-dimensional beings, in point of fact.

*
*
*

INDY

(surprised)
Welcome back, Ox.

*
*
*

But before the joyous reunions can start, the sides of the room start to *spin*, like a centrifuge. A swirling black sinkhole forms in the center of the whirling room.

*
*
*

MARION

What the hell is that thing?!

*

OXLEY

A pathway! A portal!

INDY

A problem.

He bolts for the exit. Mutt and Marion follow. Oxley's looking toward the body's eyes, still drawn to them, but Indy grabs him by the arm and drags him out of there.

But Mac and the Russians remain behind.

156 INT ANTECHAMBER DAY

Indy and the others dash back into the antechamber, where the corpses PULVERIZE as they smash through them. As they run, Oxley prattles on:

OXLEY

Multiple dimensions! Fascinating to ponder! Mignon Thorne wrote an interesting perspective, teased out the notion of *changeable physics* --

INDY

NOT A GOOD TIME FOR THIS, OX!

OXLEY

-- a bit like eddys in water, what with hot and cold spots, see what I'm on about?

A157 INT TEMPLE HEART DAY

In the throne room, the walls are spinning faster now, and Spalko's face

(CHERRY)

glows in the brilliant light of the Skulls' eyes..The walls of the room are a blure of motion now. Anything metallic in the room is sucked over onto the walls, wristwatches yanked off wrists, belt buckles RIPPED away, guns, bullets, everything. *

Spalko's rapier is pulled right out of her scabbard by the spinning, magnetized walls. Transfixed by the skull's eyes, she doesn't even notice as the rapier flies across the room -- *

-- SLICES RIGHT THROUGH ONE OF THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS --

-- RIPS out the back of his body, and SLAMS into the spinning wall, where it blurs away with everything else.

The Soldier falls to the floor, dead, run clean through.

Mac knows a bad situation when he sees it. He takes off out of there, the same way Indy went. *

But Spalko remains, still staring into the eyes again. *

SPALKO
I CAN SEE! I CAN SEE IT ALL!! *

157 INT TEMPLE CORRIDOR DAY *

Indy and the others race into the corridor with the turbines, which is collapsing. Oxley's still making his point. *

OXLEY
"Post-inflation bubbles," he called them, assuming universal expansion -- *

The walls are EXPLODING open as they run. *

OXLEY (cont'd)
-- and therefore random pockets of extrinsic physics -- *

A158 INT TEMPLE HEART DAY *

In the throne room, the other two Russian Soldiers are still at the edges of the room, and as the First Soldier turns away from his fallen comrade, he comes eye to eye with one of the bodies. He freezes, staring in terror, he SCREAMS -- *

-- and blood runs from his eyes! *

He collapses, holding his head in agony, and behind him we see the other Soldier make eye contact with another body -- *

-- and his eyes rim over with blood as well. The Soldiers collapse to the floor, clutching their heads, SCREAMING, dying. *

shining even BRIGHTER, so she turns again -- *

-- and *THERE'S TWO MORE OF THEM* on the other side of her, right there, eyes beaming brighter still. *

SPALKO
COVER IT! COVER IT! *

But there's no one left to cover anything, and she's in the center of a circle, so everywhere she turns, there is a body standing *right there*, its eyes burning like laser beams. *

Spalko starts to BABBLE in that alien language the body spoke, otherworldly sounds coming out of her, *fast*, and now she SCREAMS as it all pours into her, too much, far too much, the veins in her temples throb and swell -- *

-- her eyes drip blood, but she doesn't collapse, she stays on her feet. Smoke curls up from her eyes, her eyeballs flutter and bounce, as if her brain is boiling water and they're floating on top of it, she SCREAMS-- *

SPALKO (cont'd)
I CAN STILL SEE!!! *

-- and *GEYSERS OF FLAME* burst from her eyes. *

It flares up, hollowing out her eye sockets, and whatever was left of her eyes burns out and drips down her face, dark, black matter --

-- and her arms drop to her sides, lifeless, revealing two oversized, black, hollow eye sockets, just like the corpses outside the door.

She falls to the ground, dead.

And at that very moment, the Thirteen Crystal Skeletons begin to vanish, one by one. They don't disappear, or get in a ship and fly away, it's more that they *slip* away, turning sideways and sliding into thin air, or another dimension, or someplace we cannot grasp.

The sinkhole in the center of the room both implodes and explodes at the same time, sucking everything into it and expanding at the same time. *

D158 INT TUNNEL DAY *

In the tunnel, Mac catches up to Indy and the others and CLAPS Indy on the back with great enthusiasm. *

(GOT.DENROD)

124A.

7/13/2007 REVISION

MAC
We did it, Indy!

*

(GOLDENROD)

Indy looks at him -- you gotta be kidding me. *

MAC (cont'd) *

What? You knew I was with you, right?

INDY

It's whoever's in the room, isn't it,
Mac?

Mac flashes a disarming grin and Indy nods, c'mon. They head
down another tunnel, but Mac's VOICE calls from behind Indy. *

MAC (O.S.) *

Indy?!

Indy turns. Mac can't move forward. Behind him, the black
sinkhole is oozing forward, pulling Mac toward it. *

INDY

Get rid of your metal!!

The sinkhole is advancing toward Mac, and the denseness of its
gravity is pulling him and everything else toward it -- *

-- including the jewelry Mac shoved into his pockets earlier. *

Mac looks up at Indy, knows he's in a serious jam. *

MAC *

Can't blame a guy for trying. *

WHAM! Mac's pulled to the ground, so hard it knocks the wind out
of him. *

He struggles over onto his back, **COUGHING** and **GASPING** and kicking
to stay where he is, desperately trying to unload everything from
his pockets. But it's too late, the sinkhole's pulling him now,
he's sliding across the floor toward it.

MAC (cont'd)

(scared now)

Indy?!

Indy grabs hold of Mac's arm. It slows him down, but he's still
sliding, and now Indy is too.

Indy reaches out with his free arm grabs hold of a pillar, to stop
himself. But now he's being torn in half, as Mac continues to be
drawn toward the pit.

Mac's face falls, there's no way out of this.

MAC (cont'd)

You gotta let go of me, mate.

(GOLDENROD)

INDY

(straining, ripping in half)
C'mon, Mac! We've been through worse
than this!

MAC

No, Indy. Not this time.

*

*

1

(GOT DENROD)

Mac wrenches his hand free of Indy's, to save his old friend, and his body is immediately sucked, SCREAMING, into the void. *

Just then, with a great CRACK, the walls around them split and water races into the base of the temple. *

Indy and the others are cut off, the only choice left is a tunnel with quartz walls and water visible beyond. They race into it. *

158 INT TEMPLE - QUARTZ TUNNEL DAY

As they race down the quartz tunnel, they can see thousands of tons of water flowing around them, through the walls. Marion, who's quicker than Indy, SHOUTS at him.

MARION

Move it, Jones!

INDY

You're the boss.

But the tunnels reach a dead-end. Straight above them, they can see daylight, but there's no way to get to it. The quartz walls start to CRACK, slivers of cracks turning into great GROANING earthquakes of cracks, and then--

--the cracks SPLIT OPEN. Water cascades into the quartz tunnel, sweeping up into the ascending tunnel, buffeting them along with it, forcing its way upward--

159 EXT AKATOR DUSK

-- and EXPLODING out the top of the tunnel, some distance away from the temple itself. They land on the side of the cliffs that surround Akator, a short distance from the top.

Behind them, the Great Stone Temple is crumbling, collapsing into its center area, debris of all kinds whirling as if in a gigantic centrifuge.

160 EXT PLATEAU - ABOVE AKATOR DUSK

The four survivors scramble up a small incline as, behind them, the Great Stone Temple completely flattens with a gigantic BOOM, devastating the entire plateau as its great weight drops all at once, filling the space created by the giant sinkhole.

The huge cloud of whirling debris still spins around a glowing orb in the center, it's the base of the temple, the spinning, shining, silvery walls that surrounded the temple room.

-- the great reservoir on the hillside across from them CRACKS in half, sending its ocean of water cascading down over the ruins of the city, flowing over the rubble and filling up the space, like the Red Sea flowing back into place.

Indy, Marion, Mutt, and Oxley collapse on the grassy hillside as the churning waters settle, turning what was once the greatest city of all time into a peaceful mountain lake.

OXLEY

Like a broom to their footprints...

It's dusk now, and the first stars are coming out. Slowly, the sounds of the jungle return.

INDY

Where did they go?
(looks up)
Up there?

OXLEY

Not into space. Into the space --

He puts the palms of his hands together in an X, the same way the Being did, then twists them once, so the X is inverted.

OXLEY (cont'd)

-- *between* spaces.

Indy looks at his frail, scholarly old friend in wonder. Something occurs to him.

*
*

INDY

Harold, how did you ever get past the guards in the cemetery? We almost got killed.

*
*
*
*

OXLEY

Hmm? Oh, I went in the daytime, when they were asleep. No one in their right mind would ever rob graves in broad daylight.

*
*
*
*

INDY

(smiles)

Never thought of that.

*
*
*

MUTT

(looking down at the ruins)
I don't get it. Why the legends about a city of gold? There wasn't an ounce of it down there.

INDY

The Ugha word for gold translates as "treasure." The Spaniards assumed that meant gold, but it was *knowledge*. That was their treasure.

Marion touches Mutt's face near the wide gash that has re-opened down his left cheek.

MARION

You're going to have a nasty scar.

Indy GROANS and leans back against a tree, everything hurts everywhere.

INDY

Plenty more where that came from.

It's getting dark. Indy tilts his hat down to get some sleep.

Marion tilts her head, so she's looking underneath the brim of Indy's hat. He catches her eye. She smiles.

He holds an arm out to one side, meaning -- c'mere. She crawls under the arm and puts her head on his shoulder.

MUTT

What, we're just gonna sit here?

INDY

Night falls quick in the jungle, kid.
Can't climb down in the dark.

MUTT

I could, old man.

He gets to his feet. Indy pushes back his hat and looks up.

INDY

Why don't you stick around, Junior?

MUTT

I don't know, why didn't you, *Dad*?

Indy sighs, looks up at the heavens, and half-smiles.

INDY

Somewhere an old man is laughing.

Oxley turns and looks at them, sweetly puzzled again.

OXLEY

"Dad?"

CUT TO:

A161 INT CAMPUS BUILDING DAY

Dean Stanforth, the dean of Indy's college, hurries down a corridor in the college building we saw earlier. He's dressed in his Sunday best, seems terribly late for something.

But he stops for a moment outside the door to an office. A PAINTER is seated in front of a certain door, adding to the stencilled name on its frosted glass panel.

(YELLOW) DK

On the top line it says "PROFESSOR HENRY JONES, JR." But on the line just below it, the Painter is adding two words:

ASSOCIATE DEAN

The Painter is just finishing the last N. Stanforth hesitates, smiling. The Painter looks over his shoulder, am I doing something wrong?

STANFORTH

Oh, go on, go on. By all *means*, go on!

The Painter returns to his work as Stanforth hurries down the hall again, ducking into his own office --

B161 INT STANFORTH'S OFFICE DAY

-- where he searches his bookcase frantically. He finds a certain book and pulls it out.

It's a tattered old Bible, the kind that's been in a family for years. From the Bible in Stanforth's hands, we --

161 OMITTED

162 INT CHAPEL DAY

-- cut to the same Bible, now held in the hands of a SERIOUS MINISTER, standing at the front of an impressive church.

Indy, dressed in a suit and bowtie, stands before him, and Marion's next to him, looking radiant in a simple white dress. Mutt's just beside Indy, in a sharp suit and tie.

Stanforth sits in the second row, smiling happily, his WIFE and ADULT CHILDREN beside him. Harold Oxley is just behind them, washed and brushed up and looking fine.

OXLEY

Ahh, "how much of human life is lost in waiting."

He looks over his shoulder. Other familiar faces are there, including General Ross, Indy's friend in the military who was present during the FBI interrogation.

Up front, the Serious Minister drones on:

MINISTER

-- but it is also a declaration of love. I wish to read to you what Paul wrote of love in a letter to the Corinthians, who at the time were --

Impulsively, Indy grabs Marion, pulls her close, and kisses her.

MARION

Jones --
(her lips on his)
Indy, I don't think this part comes till we're finished.

INDY

Finished? Honey, I'm just gettin' warmed up.

And the kiss resumes, way too early and completely unauthorized at this point in the ceremony.

The small crowd LAUGHS and Oxley leaps to his feet, cheering.

OXLEY

Well *done*, Henry!

At the sound of their shared name, Indy and Mutt both turn. They grin and speak at the same time.

INDY
Thanks, Ox!

MUTT
Thanks, Ox!

*
*

The Serious Minister, flustered and losing control of the ceremony, hastily wraps it up.

At the back of the church, ATTENDANTS throw open the front doors of the church. A breeze rushes in, blowing the coats and hats hung near the door.

A familiar fedora blows right off its hook and rolls down the center aisle, coming to rest at the toes of a pair of scuffed-up motorcycle boots.

Mutt picks up the hat, dusts it off, and looks at it. He hesitates for a moment, then raises it to his own head, maybe just to see if it fits, he's got it halfway there but --

-- A *HAND* reaches in. Indy snatches the hat away from Mutt, gives him a dirty look, and puts the battered old fedora back, the only place it belongs, on his own head.

Indiana Jones holds his arm out for Marion, she takes it, and they walk out through the open doors that lead to anywhere.

FADE OUT.