

INDIANA JONES  
AND  
THE LOST CITY OF SUN WU KUNG

A Screenplay

By

Chris Columbus

THIS MATERIAL IS THE PROPERTY OF LUCASFILM LTD. AND IS INTENDED  
AND RESTRICTED SOLELY FOR USE BY LUCASFILM LTD. PERSONNEL.  
DISTRIBUTION OR DISCLOSURE OF THIS MATERIAL TO UNAUTHORIZED  
PERSONS IS PROHIBITED. THE SALE, COPYING, OR REPRODUCTION OF  
THIS MATERIAL IN ANY FORM IS ALSO PROHIBITED.

SECOND DRAFT

August 6, 1985

INDIANA JONES

AND

THE LOST CITY OF SUN WU KUNG

THE SCOTTISH MOORS. 1937.

A SPOOKY summer evening. Thick FOG has begun to settle over the moors. A HOWLING WIND echoes through the night air.

TITLES BEGIN.

Countless ORANGE FLAMES sparkle in the distance. CAMERA MOVES TOWARD the flames.

They are TORCHES, being carried by people from the nearby village. CAMERA PANS to the villagers faces.

They are TENSE. Filled with FEAR.

A group of SIX POLICEMEN walk with the villagers. At the head of the pack is

INSPECTOR ANGUS MACGOWAN,

a plump, balding fellow, with a veiny, bulbous nose, beady green eyes, and a thick curled red moustache.

CAMERA PANS to the man walking beside MACGOWAN. It is

INDIANA JONES.

He is comfortably dressed in TWEED trousers and a blazer. He wears a green tweed fishing hat, its brim filed with various types of TACKLE and BAIT.

He looks extremely DASHING.

INDY is ANNOYED. He DOESN'T want to be here. He GRUMBLES to MACGOWAN.

INDIANA

Mac, this is the sixth... the sixth interruption this week.

MACGOWAN

Indy, your help has been very important in this case.

INDIANA

But I'm on vacation. I'm supposed to be relaxing.

(sighs)

This better not be another wild goose chase... based on one of your small town superstitions.

MACGOWAN

T'ain't wild geese we're chasing  
Indy. You got my word on that.

(smiles)

And a MacGowan's word is truer  
than an angel's kiss.

There is a SUDDEN SCREAM.

One of the villagers STUMBLES upon something. Everyone GATHERS  
around the object.

A CORPSE

lies before them. The body has a somewhat RUBBERY APPEARANCE,  
as if all of its bones had been broken. The man's PALE,  
GREENISH, face is frozen in a HIDEOUS grimace.

Indiana and MacGowan STARE in shock.

The villagers WHISPER among themselves.

YOUNG MAN

Scotty Ferguson.

OLD WOMAN

He's the eighth.

INDIANA

(kneeling, examining  
body)

Just like all the others... all  
his bones broken. Crushed.

OLD MAN

Whatever's killin' people around  
here ain't human.

Indy ROLLS his eyes.

An elderly woman CRIES OUT

ELDERLY WOMAN

(pointing offscreen)

It's there. Again.

The villagers TURN to the direction where the woman is pointing.  
A few miles in the distance WE SEE

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH CASTLE

A SIXTEENTH century stone monstrosity. Tall, forboding towers,  
lined with menacing GARGOYLES, pierce the night sky. The castle  
appears DESERTED. Its interior is completely DARK, save for

A SMALL, FLICKERING CANDLELIGHT.

It burns from the castle's UPSTAIRS WINDOW.

Indiana gives a QUESTIONING look to MacGowan. The Inspector points to the castle's upstairs window.

MACGOWAN

That light... only burns after  
a murder's been committed.

INDIANA

(nods, turning toward  
the castle)

Then this time... let's go have  
a look.

The villagers STEP BACK. Eyes wide with FEAR. Murmurs of  
'Ain't goin' in there', 'Nor I', 'Got me a wife and kids', are  
heard from the TERRIFIED villagers.

Indiana TURNS to MacGowan.

INDIANA

Well?...

Even the usually sturdy Inspector is TREMBLING. But MacGowan  
turns to his men, FORCING himself to be strong.

MACGOWAN

Yes... Well, Ahmmmm... that is  
what we're here for... eh,  
men?...ah...

(points to men)

Hennesey... Galbraith... Craig--

CRAIG

Please, sir... I got me a wife  
and two young ones.

MACGOWAN

Alright... Alright...

(points to another man)

Bottomley.

Bottomley NODS. The color LEAVES his face. The chosen policemen  
RELUCTANTLY join the Inspector and Indiana, as they begin  
walking TOWARD the castle.

The remaining villagers and policemen STAY BEHIND. WAITING.  
The elderly woman KISSES the crucifix that hangs from her neck.  
She STARES at the departing men.

ELDERLY WOMAN

May God help them.

CUT TO:

## THE CASTLE DOORS.

Two enormous wooden doors, covered with intricate CARVINGS of demons, serpents and gargoyles, adorn the castle entrance.

Indiana and the police ARRIVE. Indy GLANCES to the upstairs window. The candle still FLICKERS.

A long, wooden bar, carved into the shape of a SERPENT, is fastened through the metal door latches. It BLOCKS the castle entrance.

Using all of their strength, Indy and the policemen manage to slide the bar OUT of the door latches. It HITS the ground with a THUD and ROLLS down the castle stairs.

Indiana CLUTCHES the rusty, metal door handles. He PULLS. HARD. The doors CREAK. GROAN. And slowly OPEN.

A THICK CLOUD OF DUST explodes from outside of the castle.

It BLOWS OUT all of the torches.

Behind the open doors, there is only TOTAL DARKNESS.

Indiana ENTERS. He extends the FLASHLIGHT before him and ENTERS.

The Policemen exchange FRIGHTENED glances. Inspector MacGowan SHOVES them through the open doors.

## INT. CASTLE

Indy's flashlight BEAM glazes over the castle's interior.

It is a STONE PALACE. FILLED with elaborate, antique furnishings, macabre sculptures and oil paintings. The place is bathed in DUST. Thick COBWEBS fill each corner. It is extremely COLD.

The men's breaths are VISIBLE.

## INDIANA

Looks like this place has been abandoned for years.

Indiana shines his flashlight to a TWISTING STONE STAIRCASE. The staircase spirals upward along a far wall, leading to the SECOND FLOOR.

A FAINT GLIMMER of light emanates from the top of the stairs.

Indiana ASCENDS the stairs. SLOWLY. SILENTLY. Toward the LIGHT.

MacGowan and the others FOLLOW.

Indy arrives at the TOP OF THE STAIRS. He shines the FLASHLIGHT on an OIL PAINTING of a white haired ELDERLY MAN.

MacGowan steps up BEHIND Indy.

MACGOWAN

(staring at painting)

That's him. Baron Seamus Seagrove  
III. Some say he still lives  
here... walkin' the moors every  
midnight...

(wide eyes)

They say his body's been  
possessed... by an 'orrible  
spirit.

INDIANA

(skeptical, to MacGowan)

Mac... I'm starting to lose my  
respect for you.

Indy turns and makes his way to the first doorway, where the LIGHT emanates.

The door is WIDE OPEN. A THICK COBWEB covers the entrance.

Indy WIPES away the web. He ENTERS the room. The Policemen DRAW their pistols and FOLLOW.

INT. BEDROOM

Deserted, except for a few pieces of elaborate, ancient FURNITURE and a large CANOPY BED. Everything in the room is CAKED with dust and cobwebs...

Save for the burning CANDLE.

It RESTS on the windowsill, in a sparkling, sterling silver holder. It bathes the room in ORANGE LIGHT.

Indiana walks TOWARD the candle. Arm outstretched... he prepares to LIFT it.

The Policemen WATCH. SHIVERING. SILENT. Tightly gripping their PISTOLS.

Indy's fingers are INCHES from the candlestick.

There is a LOUD WHOOSH.

The candle GOES OUT.

Indiana DROPS his flashlight. TOTAL DARKNESS.

The distant, MANIACAL LAUGH OF A MAN echoes through the castle.

Indy RETRIEVES the flashlight. He clicks it back ON.

The candle has DISAPPEARED. The laugh has SUBSIDED.

MacGowan TURNS to his men. His eyes DART about the room. A TROUBLED look covers MacGowan's face.

Hennesey is GONE.

MACGOWAN

Hennesey?... Hennesey?...

GALBRAITH

(panic)

'E was standin' right 'ere! Just  
a second ago... Standin' right  
beside me!...

SUDDENLY... THE SOUND OF A BELL. A thick, dull RINGING. In the DISTANCE.

It sends a CHILL through the men. Indiana DARTS out of the room. FOLLOWING the sound. The Policemen are right BEHIND HIM.

INT. CASTLE

Indy and the Police HURRY down the stairs. The ringing bell CONTINUES. MacGowan is CALLING for Hennesey.

Indiana DASHES to a door along the far wall. He OPENS it.

It leads into a DARK BASEMENT. The sound of the ringing bell echoes from INSIDE.

Indy ENTERS, motioning for the others to FOLLOW.

INT. BASEMENT

A decrepit, narrow, wooden STAIRWAY leads into the basement.

Indiana holds tightly to his FLASHLIGHT. The Policemen are CLUSTERED behind him. They take each step with extreme CAUTION.

The boards CREAK and GROAN with their every move.

MacGowan LEANS to his side, calling for Hennesey. The Inspector's weight causes the rotted bannister to

SNAP IN TWO.

MacGowan LOSES his footing.

He FALLS off the side of the stairs.

Indiana's arm SHOOTS OUT.

GRABBING HOLD of MacGowan's collar.

Indy PULLS MacGowan back to SAFETY. MacGowan CATCHES his breath. SHAKING.

MACGOWAN  
Thanks for catchin' me.

INDIANA  
I'd rather be catchin' trout.

They CONTINUE down the stairs, arriving at the bottom.

INT. BASEMENT

DARK. MUSTY. The slimy stone walls are covered with a GREEN MOSS. There are several DOORS along the basement wall. The sound of the ringing bell is much LOUDER down here.

Indiana moves to the FIRST DOOR. He REACHES for the handle. The Policemen DRAW their pistols. Indy OPENS the door.

A LARGE OBJECT SHOOTS OUT FROM INSIDE!

The object rolls TOWARD the men.

The Policemen FIRE their guns. SEVERAL SHOTS ring out.

The object comes to a STOP. A DEEP RED LIQUID pours out onto the floor. Indy DIPS his finger into the liquid. He TASTES.

INDIANA  
Interesting blood type...

The Policemen STARE. WIDE EYED. Indy SMILES.

INDIANA  
Cabernet sauvignon. 1897.

Indy's flashlight beam shines ahead, ILLUMINATING the 'mysterious' object': A WINE BARREL. And inside the room, behind the barrel, is a deserted WINE CELLAR.

A LOUD CREAK suddenly echoes through the basement.

Galbraith CRIES OUT, pointing OFFSCREEN.

GALBRAITH  
Look.

Everyone TURNS.

A large STONE DOOR, built into the wall, slowly OPENS.

Indiana and the police stare in AMAZEMENT.

The door STOPS. Wide OPEN. A FLICKERING LIGHT glimmers from inside.

MacGowan GLANCES to Indy.

MACGOWAN

This is a trap if I ever saw one.

Indiana WALKS to the opening. The police STAY A FEW FEET behind. Indiana PEERS inside the opening.

INDIANA

Very interesting...

BEHIND THE DOOR

A FAMILY CRYPT. CAMERA DOLLIES INSIDE, past the stone COFFINS, with glass covered tops that line the crypt walls, past the macabre, ghastly RELIGIOUS STATUES that decorate the room, past the countless DEATH MASKS that cover the ceiling.

CAMERA CONTINUES DOLLYING to the far corner of the crypt. It STOPS on

A CLOSE-UP of the CANDLESTICK.

The EXACT candle from upstairs. Still BURNING. It rests on one of the coffin's GLASS TOPS.

A TREMBLING MacGowan steps back, moving away from the crypt. He BLURTS an order to his men.

MACGOWAN

Galbraith... You come with me.  
We'll search for Hennesey out here.  
Bottomley... You go with Doctor Jones...

(finger shaking, points to inside of crypt)

In there.

MacGowan and Galbraith nearly fall over each other as they SCRAMBLE away from the crypt. The two DASH OFF into another section of the basement.

Indiana ENTERS the crypt. A reluctant and very frightened Bottomley FOLLOWS.

INT. CRYPT

Indy's flashlight beam dances across the glass COFFIN TOPS.

Decayed CORPSES smile from inside, their hands tightly clutching crucifixes.

Bottomley is HORRIFIED by the sights.

Indiana continues AHEAD. He PASSES the burning candle, moving further in to the darkness of the crypt.

The shivering Bottomley stays directly BEHIND Indy.

With their every step, the bell's ringing grows LOUDER.

LOUDER.

Indiana and Bottomley arrive in a circular CHAMBER, located at the far end of the crypt. Here, the ringing bell is nearly DEAFENING. The sound echoes from ABOVE.

We are on the floor of the BELL TOWER.

Indiana SHINES his flashlight UPWARD. The beam stops on a RINGING BELL that hangs SEVERAL FEET in the air. Inside of the bell, dangling by his feet, is the

DEAD BODY OF HENNESEY!

He has REPLACED THE BELL CLAPPER. His body SWINGS back and forth. It SLAMS into the sides of the bell. Causing the DULL RINGING.

Bottomley SCREAMS. Indiana GRABS Bottomley's arm.

INDIANA

Let's get outta' here.

Indy and Bottomley TURN to the crypt door.

It begins to CLOSE!

The two men DASH FORWARD.

The door CONTINUES to close.

Indiana and Bottomley are only inches away... when the door SLAMS SHUT.

They PUSH and KICK at the door. NO GOOD. It WON'T BUDGE.

A PANICKED Bottomley calls for help.

BOTTOMLEY

Inspector MacGowan! Galbraith!  
Open the door!

INT. BASEMENT

MacGowan and Galbraith TRY to OPEN the crypt door. It won't MOVE. MacGowan CALLS inside.

MACGOWAN

I can't! Won't budge!

INT. CRYPT

Using his flashlight, Indy SCANS the door, looking for a CRACK, another way OUT. Indy NUDGES Bottomley.

INDIANA  
(motioning to candle)  
I need more light.

Bottomley HURRIES to the candle. He REACHES OUT.

A LOUD WHOOSH.

The candle flame GOES OUT.

Followed by TOTAL DARKNESS.

Indy TURNS from the door.

INDIANA  
Bottomley?...

No answer.

Indiana SHINES his flashlight toward the area.

The candle is GONE. There is NO SIGN of Bottomley.

Indiana takes a STEP FORWARD.

INDIANA  
Bottomley?...

AGAIN, no answer. Indy SWEEPS the flashlight beam across the room. It PASSES one of the coffins... then SHOOTS BACK! Indy is met with a SHOCKING SIGHT.

BOTTOMLEY LIES INSIDE THE COFFIN. DEAD.

Bottomley's face twisted in a GHOULISH SMILE.

All of his bones are BROKEN.

His hands are wrapped around a CRUCIFIX.

Indiana STARES in horror.

There is a SOUND. FOOTSTEPS.

SOMEONE ELSE is in here.

Indy's flashlight beam DARTS around the crypt. There is NO SIGN of anyone.

INDIANA  
Who is it?... Who's there?...

The same crazed LAUGH of a man echoes through the crypt.

A CHILLED Indiana TURNS BACK to the door. He is startled to find

THE CRYPT DOOR COVERED WITH FROST.

Indy REACHES OUT. He TOUCHES the sparkling, green ice. He SNAPS back his hand. His fingers are BURNT.

INT. BASEMENT

MacGowan and Galbraith are OUTSIDE of the crypt door. They PULL at the door's metal handles. Trying to OPEN IT. But the door WON'T MOVE. MacGowan CALLS through the door.

MACGOWAN

Indy! Try to push!

INT. CRYPT

Indy ANSWERS, taking a STEP BACK.

INDIANA

Can't. There's frost forming on the door...

Indiana suddenly FALLS!

The floor has DISAPPEARED FROM BENEATH HIM.

Indy manages to GRAB HOLD of a stone coffin. His fingers tightly GRIP the coffin's edge.

Indiana LOOKS DOWN. Beneath him, is

A SEVERAL HUNDRED FOOT DROP INTO TOTAL DARKNESS!

Indy tries to PULL HIMSELF UP.

The coffin's ancient stone begins to CRUMBLE.

Large chunks and pieces FALL from Indy's grasp.

He is LOSING HIS GRIP.

Seconds before he plummets into the abyss, Indiana REACHES inside of the coffin.

He clutches onto a CORPSE'S ARM.

Using the arm, Indy SWINGS DOWNWARD.

INT. ABYSS

At the precise moment, Indiana RELEASES the dead arm.

He LANDS on a ROCKY LEDGE. Located only a few feet BELOW the open crypt floor. Indy STANDS on the ledge. SAFE. He SMILES. RELIEVED.

Suddenly, the ledge SNAPS.

Indiana FALLS. His body DROPS hundreds of feet into the blackness.

WE HEAR A SPLASH.

INT. BOTTOM OF HOLE

Indiana has LANDED in

A POOL OF WATER.

The pool is surrounded by rocky, cavernous WALLS. Indy's hat FLOATS on the water's surface.

Indiana POPS OUT of the water, bobbing up beside the hat. Indy REACHES for the hat.

A FISH flaps out of the water. The fish GOBBLES UP one of the hat's live baits and disappears back underwater. Indy SMIRKS.

INDIANA  
NOW they bite.

Indiana attempts to PULL himself out of the water.

There is a LOUD SOUND. Grinding METAL. Rattling CHAINS.

Indy's eyes DART to his side.

A GIANT METAL GATE DROPS FROM ABOVE.

Racing DOWNWARD. Toward INDIANA.

Indy DIVES underwater.

The GATE CRASHES to a STOP. Less than an INCH above the water's surface.

Indiana CLUTCHES the grating, trying to MOVE the gate.

It's TOO STRONG.

Indy STRUGGLES for air. NO GOOD.

There isn't enough SPACE.

He's going to DROWN.

## UNDERWATER

In desperation, Indy SWIMS downward. Looking for an ALTERNATE ESCAPE. But there is NO BOTTOM in sight. Indy's eyes BULGE. His face loses COLOR.

Only a few precious SECONDS OF LIFE remain.

Indiana SPOTS SOMETHING.

A SMALL TUNNEL. Built into the CAVERN WALL.

Indiana hurriedly SWIMS to the tunnel and BOLTS inside.

## INT. DUNGEON

A large, black stone room. Lighted TORCHES line the walls, casting a dim light over the room's various MEDIEVAL TORTURE DEVICES. A WOODEN RACK. IRON MAIDENS. SPIKED TABLES. They fill the dusty, cobwebbed ROOM.

A METAL DRAIN, in the middle of the floor, begins to TWIST. UNSCREWING. The chain top FLIPS OPEN. A wet Indiana Jones CLIMBS OUT. Indy gets to his feet and LOOKS around.

Again, we hear the MANIACAL LAUGH.

Indy TURNS to the direction of the SOUND. Several feet from Indy...

## BARON SEAMUS SEAGROVE

steps out of the SHADOWS. His hair is FRAZZLED. His clothing is TATTERED. A WILD, PSYCHOTIC look fills his eyes. He is LAUGHING WILDLY. INSANE. A man POSSESSED.

Indiana is PUZZLED. ANGRY.

INDIANA  
Listen, Baron... There are two  
dead Policemen upstairs... and  
I want an explanation...

The Baron CONTINUES laughing. He DISAPPEARS BACK into the shadows. His laugh BOUNCES off the dungeon walls.

Indiana is CONFUSED. Slightly FRIGHTENED.

INDIANA  
(looking around)  
Baron?... Baron?...

There is a LOUD CREAK OF METAL.

A huge, sharp BATTLE AXE SHOOTs INTO FRAME. SWINGING toward Indy's head.

Indy LEAPS BACK.

WHOOSH! The axe SLICES through the air. JUST MISSING Indy.

The shaken Indiana is SHOCKED to see

A GLISTENING, BLACK SUIT OF KNIGHT'S ARMOR. Nearly SEVENE FEET TALL.

It has COME TO LIFE.

The BLACK KNIGHT is walking TOWARD Indiana. WILDLY swinging its battle axe.

Indiana continues to STEP BACK... BACK...

The Black Knight is getting CLOSER.

Indy snatches a SWORD from a nearby WALL DISPLAY.

Indiana BATTLES the black knight. Metal CRASHES. SPARKS FLY.

Indy STABS THE KNIGHT. In the CHEST.

The BLACK KNIGHT steps BACK. Dropping its BATTLE AXE. The knight is suddenly WEAK. WOOLY.

Indiana WATCHES, met with a SHOCKING SIGHT.

A GREEN, ECTOPLASM

seeps from the KNIGHT'S WOUND and WIGGLES through the air.

The ectoplasm DISAPPEARS into the cracks of the dungeon walls.

The knight CRASHES to the floor. In a HEAP.

Indy WALKS to the fallen knight. He LIFTS the knight's FACE PROTECTOR. Indy emits a GASP.

The suit of armor is EMPTY.

The Baron's LAUGH echoes through the dungeon.

There is a RATTLING, CREAKING SOUND. Indy TURNS and sees

The TORTURE DEVICES. They have COME TO LIFE.

The rack slowly TURNS. GRINDS.

The iron maidens OPEN. CLOSE. OPEN.

Tables are RAISED and LOWERED.

Suddenly, A LARGE, SHARP PENDULUM swings DOWNWARD.

From the CEILING.

TOWARD Indy.

Indiana LEAPS OUT OF THE WAY.

The large pendulum BLADE swoops by Indy. JUST missing him.  
By INCHES.

The pendulum CRASHES into a FAR WALL.

Indiana GETS TO HIS FEET. BREATHLESS.

The crazed Baron again STEPS OUT of the shadows. Cackling  
WILDLY.

Indiana LUNGES FORWARD. He ATTACKS the Baron.

They FALL to the floor. FIGHTING.

Indy's hands GRASP the Baron's throat.

The Baron's EYES ROLL BACK.

His mouth DROPS OPEN.

He emits an UNEARTHLY MOAN.

The GREEN ECTOPLASM swirls from the Baron's mouth.

MOVING TOWARD Indiana.

Indy LEAPS to his feet. He JUMPS BACK. OUT of the Ectoplasm's  
path.

The ectoplasm continues to EJECT from the Baron's open mouth.

It SWIRLS UPWARD. Toward the IRON MAIDEN.

The Iron Maiden door slowly CREAKS OPEN.

Indy watches with HORRIFIED fascination.

A HUMAN SKELETON stands inside of the open Iron Maiden.

The ectoplasm SWIRLS in and around the skeleton's body.

The skeleton's head slowly begins to TURN.

Its body TWITCHES.

Its left arm begins to RAISE.

Indiana reaches to the wall and GRABS A TORCH.

The skeleton TAKES A FEW STEPS FORWARD. Moving TOWARD Indiana.

There is a SLIGHT IMAGE on the skeleton's face.

A GREENISH, GHOSTLIKE FACE.

Resembling a living X-RAY.

Indy LUNGES forward and TORCHES the skeleton.

It BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

The skeleton CRUMBLES into a smoldering PILE on the floor.

Indiana moves to the BARON, who LIES MOTIONLESS on the floor.

The Baron's EYES are closed. His expression is PEACEFUL. CALM.

The room's doors BURST OPEN.

INSPECTOR MACGOWAN and GALBRAITH dash inside. They RACE to Indy, who kneels over the body of Baron Seagrove. Indy GLANCES to MacGowan.

INDIANA

Your troubles are over. He's  
dead.

MacGowan SMILES. RELIEVED. Indiana STANDS. MacGowan PATS him on the back.

MACGOWAN

Good work, Indy. Now you can get  
back to your fishing.

INDIANA

No chance, Mac. My plane leaves  
in the morning. Vacation's over.  
Gotta' get back to school.

MACGOWAN

(shakes his head)  
It's a shame to go home empty  
handed...

(smiles, an idea)  
Tell ya' what, my friend... I  
fancy myself quite the  
fisherman... Tomorrow, I'll go  
out and catch you a real beauty,  
eh?...

INDIANA

(sarcastic smirk)  
Right. Send it to me airmail.

MACGOWAN

Doctor Jones! A MacGowan's word  
is truer than...

INDIANA

Yeah, yeah... an angel's kiss.  
I know.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE

The villagers SURROUND the castle. Their bright TORCHES are RAISED high in the air.

The body of BARON SEAGROVE is carried out by two policemen.

Indiana and MacGowan FOLLOW. Indy PAUSES, looking back to the castle. A LOOK of FEAR covers his face. MacGowan NOTICES.

MACGOWAN

What is it, man... you look like  
you've seen a ghost.

INDIANA

There's no such thing as ghosts,  
Mac.

(pauses, thinking)

But if I were superstitious...  
I'd burn this place down and sow  
the ground with salt.

(qualifying)

But that's only if I were  
superstitious.

Indy PATS MacGowan on the back and walks away. The Police Inspector STARES at the castle. His eyes WIDE with TERROR.

FADE OUT.

EXT. MARSHALL UNIVERSITY - A FEW DAYS LATER

Early AFTERNOON. A RAINY Spring day. Students RUN to the University doors, protecting themselves with textbooks.

INT. INDIANA JONES' OFFICE

Rain SPLATTERS the window of this cramped, CLUTTERED room. Crooked stacks of dog eared TEXTBOOKS and PAPERS nearly reach the ceiling. The spindly bookshelves are stuffed with various ARCHEOLOGICAL RELICS and INSTRUMENTS: animal and bird skeletons, fossils, primitive statues, etc.

Sitting at a small wooden desk, amidst a mountain of TERM PAPERS, is INDIANA JONES. Indy is WEARING a brown three piece suit and circular, wire rimmed glasses.

In one hand, he holds a STUDENT SEAT ASSIGNMENT CARD, as he hurriedly READS through the term papers. He furiously GRADES each paper.

The tiny office is CROWDED WITH STUDENTS, with countless others POURING out into the hallway. All of the students are ANXIOUS to get inside. They are BADGERING, COMPLAINING and MOANING at Indy.

TEDDY

Doctor Jones... I took your class instead of all the others!... I coulda' had Professor Needles... Professor Eisenschmidt... Professor...

ANGELA

You promised. You said you'd have 'em graded by yesterday.

VIRGIL

My paper finished yet? Name's "Virgil Vektor". That's VIRGIL.  
(spelling it out)  
Capital V... I... R...

INDIANA

(interrupts)

Look... Look... Everybody just relax... You'll all get your papers...

PROFESSOR THAD PRIESTLY enters. He is a young, wisecracking, greasy haired ACQUAINTANCE of Indiana's. He SHOVES a photograph BENEATH Indy's nose.

PRIESTLY

Moby Dick.

INDIANA

Huh?...

PRIESTLY

(points to photo)

That's what I named 'im.

(ego beaming)

Captain said it was the biggest fish he ever saw.

Indiana GLANCES to the photo.

It is a picture of Prof. Priestly dressed in a fisherman's outfit, standing on a pier, holding a GIANT FISH.

Indy STEAMS. Priestly gives him a MANLY SLAP on the back.

PRIESTLY

What about you, Jonesey? You were over in Scotty-land for two weeks... Didja' catch the big one?...

INDIANA

Look, Priestly... I'm real busy...

Indy is suddenly INTERRUPTED by a HARD SLAP to his face.

A beautiful, blonde student, REBECCA, stands over his desk. She SCREAMS. FURIOUS.

REBECCA

Two-timing bastard! I've had it with you! It's over!

Indiana RUBS his jaw. STARTLED.

She SLAPS him again and EXITS the room. Priestly CHUCKLES.

Several of the GIRLS in the room exchange HOPEFUL GLANCES. RELIEVED. This could be their CHANCE.

Indiana tries to CONTINUE WORKING. A LOUD VOICE ECHOES through the room.

POSTMAN (O.S.)

Special Delivery! Dr. Indiana Jones!

A burly POSTMAN, holding a thick, enormous BROWN ENVELOPE, tries to MAKE his way through the crowd.

Indiana goes back to his grading, but is suddenly INTERRUPTED BY A LOUD TAPPING NOISE. He LOOKS UP.

DEAN CLAUDE COVENTRY, a stately, elderly gentleman, RAPS a steel ruler on Indiana's desk. The Dean SMILES.

DEAN COVENTRY

Doctor Jones. Welcome back.

The Postman INTERRUPTS, dropping the heavy envelope onto Indy's desk. The Postman SHOVES a yellow paper in front of Indy.

POSTMAN

Sign here.

Indy SIGNS. Dean Coventry CONTINUES.

DEAN COVENTRY

The University would like you to prepare a series of lectures...

INDIANA

(gives Postman the signed paper)

Lectures?...

POSTMAN  
 (staring at Indy's  
 signature, puzzled)  
 What's this? "B+"? That's how  
 you sign your name?

Indy GRABS the paper. He's signed a "B+" on the LINE where his  
 name is supposed to appear. Indy CROSSES out the grade and  
 signs his name.

The obnoxious student again INTERRUPTS.

VIRGIL  
 Didja get the name?... VIRGIL!  
 Capital V... I... R...

At that moment, Indy OPENS the envelope.

A LARGE AMOUNT OF WATER POURS OUT. SATURATING the papers on the  
 desk. This is followed by an

ENORMOUS DEAD TROUT.

IT FLOPS onto Indiana's desk.

The students exchange STARTLED and NAUSEOUS glances.

Indiana removes a water logged NOTE from the envelope. IT  
 reads:

"A MacGowan's word is truer than an angel's kiss"

Indiana CHUCKLES and gives the FISH to Priestly. Dean Coventry  
 SIGHS.

DEAN COVENTRY  
 Maybe I should come back at  
 another time...

Indy NODS, dabbing at his desk with a tissue. The Dean EXITS.  
 Indiana TRIES to go back to his work.

THE PHONE suddenly RINGS. Indy ANSWERS.

INDIANA  
 Yes... Oh, Hello Marcus... Dinner?  
 Sure. 7:30. Yeah. See you  
 there.

He HANGS UP. Again, the obnoxious student SHOUTS.

VIRGIL  
 VIRGIL VEKTOR! Capital V... I...  
 R...