

INDIANA JONES
AND
THE SONS OF DARKNESS

screenplay by
Jeffrey Boam

story by
George Lucas

"INDIANA JONES AND THE SONS OF DARKNESS"

From the Paramount logo--

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

A MOUND OF SAND WHICH RESEMBLES THE PARAMOUNT LOGO'S MOUNTAIN PEAK. On the mound's summit, a child's bronze-skinned HAND sets down a crudely fashioned toy ship.

WIDE - A DESERT WASTELAND CAMP

3 BEDOUIN TEENAGERS are performing before a small audience made up of BEDOUIN YOUNGSTERS: the first teenager, a boy, is imitating an elephant; the second teenager, a girl, is pretending she is a lion; and the third teenager, a boy again, is acting like a donkey. There is clapping and laughter as the teens parade around the waist high sand pile making SOUNDS akin to their particular animal.

MAIN TITLES BEGIN.

EXT. NORTHWESTERN SHORE OF THE DEAD SEA - WIDE
PANORAMA - DAY

Heat-rippled air is distorting far off figures: bedouin shepherds who steer their herd of rams leisurely along the rocky shore.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROCKY SHORE - DAY

Set against the Judaeen rust colored hills, THE SHEPHERDS, 3, keep the herd moving steadily along. The train of rams is kicking up a veil of dust as their hooves CLACK intermittently on the loose rocks and stones.

AT THE REAR, shepherd #3, a bronze-skinned BEDOUIN BOY, uses his goad to urge an unruly ram back into the procession. The BOY grows impatient as the animal refuses to cooperate.

AT THE FRONT, shepherds #1 and #2, THE ELDERS, have themselves a big laugh at the boy's expense.

The resentful BOY whacks the RAM'S DERRIERE with his goad! The startled animal BLEATS NOISILY and takes off running. THE ELDERS SWEAR at the boy in ARABIC and order him to chase after the ram.

EXT. ARID WATERCOURSE/CANYON - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

A HIGH VANTAGE POINT shows us the steep rocky cliffs which forma U around the dry-bed watercourse. The runaway ram has made the mistake of entering what amounts to a dead end canyon.

EXT. CANYON - FURTHER IN

The runaway ram scampers past. The BOY is not far behind, kicking up sand and pebbles as he chases after the ram.

EXT. CANYON - DEAD END

The BOY comes shooting around a bend and finds the ram pacing back and forth, cornered by the canyon's dead end.

The BOY slowly approaches the jittery beast.

Now the BOY is within pouncing distance; he gets ready to leap. He does -- at which point the tricky ram side-steps and

THE BOY LANDS FACE FIRST IN THE DIRT!

The BOY spits out sand as he gets to his feet.

Now the BOY grows uneasy at the sight of the ram charging up the rear cliff face, taking the steep grade in leaps and bounds; then the BOY is alarmed as the animal vanishes from sight behind the jagged rocks high above.

EXT. HIGH UP ON THE CLIFF - NARROW LEDGE - DAY

The BOY POPS UP from behind the ledge, out of breath. Immediately his eyes widen.

The BOY works himself up onto the narrow ledge --

AND MARVELS AT THE BLACK OPENING TO A CAVERN.

The BOY looks high and low but doesn't see the ram anywhere. Now come the ram's ECHOING BLEATS, deep within the darkness of the cavern.

The BOY, nervous, steps in closer to the opening -- the gaping dark mouth doesn't look very inviting. The BOY picks up a loose stone and chucks it hard and deep into the shadowy maw.

To the BOY'S amazement return the distant shattering SOUNDS of pottery!

INT. JUST INSIDE THE CAVERN

IT IS DARK. The BOY fishes out his trusty Zippo lighter from a leather shoulder pouch and flicks it to life. The weak orange light shallowly penetrates the dark.

INT. BACK WALL OF CAVERN - JUST AFTER

The BOY eases his way along, holding the Zippo like a torch. The flickering light shines on the ram ... it is squatting serenely on the rear floor of the cavern. The animal is strangely unfazed by the BOY'S appearance.

Now the Zippo's light shines on --

A COLLECTION OF DUSTY CLAY JARS. All 12 of the jars are intact except for one which is broken open.

The stone the BOY fired into the cavern minutes ago lies among the shattered pieces.

The BOY crouches down to the smashed open jar and, captivated, gently pulls out --

A FOOT-LONG, CYLINDRICAL OBJECT. THE ROLLED OBJECT IS SOFT TO THE TOUCH, LIKE LEATHER. (TITLES END)

SHARPLY CUT TO:

EXT. A DESERT AIRSTRIP - DAY

As a tri propeller-driven Breda-Zappata ROARS IN and touches down on the sunbaked tarmac -- the action is so sudden it makes us jump!

EXT. THE DESERT AIRSTRIP - PARKED PLANE - JUST AFTER

A legend on the screen reads:

JORDAN - 1947

The plane's door is pushed open wide -- and INDIANA JONES, presentably dressed in a three-piece-suit, steps out into the blazing sunlight and hurries down the universal stairs.

INDY is greeted on the ground by MR. LOT, a clean-cut, Jordanian government official. They shake hands.

MR. LOT
Doctor Jones, welcome to Jordan.

MR. LOT escorts INDY toward an OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT JEEP. The conversation is charged with childlike excitement and great anticipation.

INDY
The scrolls -- how many have been found?

MR. LOT
After you are settled in at the --

INDY
If it's all the same to you, Mr. Lot,
I'd rather go straight to the sight.

MR. LOT
(amused)
Of course.

CUT TO:

EXT. REAR OF DEAD END CANYON - THE EXCAVATION CAMP - DAY

INDY and MR. LOT move quickly through the encampment. The famous archaeologist is now fitted in hiking boots and workmen gloves; naturally, they clash with his three-piece suit.

A nearby GAS-POWERED GENERATOR, the awful NOISE it produces, makes conversation futile.

BEDOUIN WORKMEN are busy with odd-jobs/tasks/chores. The camp is situated at the base of the rear cliff, below the cavern. INDY looks up.

A sturdy wooden platform, metal struts reinforcing it, is anchored to the cliff face; it extends out from the natural rock ledge, making access to the cavern much easier. You get to the cavern via a solid basket elevator operated by motorised winch.

EXT. THE CAVERN - ON THE WOODEN PLATFORM - JUST AFTER

THE BASKET ELEVATOR RISES UP INTO VIEW. The generator's NOISE is less intrusive up here. Conversation, however, is difficult. INDY and MR. LOT climb out of the basket and step toward the opening:

MR. LOT

I must --

(louder)

I must warn you, doctor -- though i'm sure it won't surprise you -- we've had our share of death threats since excavation started a few days ago.

INDY

Who?

MR. LOT

They call themselves "the sons of light."

INDY

Yes ... I've heard of them.

HOLD on INDY'S face. Thoughtful.

INT. DEEPER INTO THE CAVERN - NARROW PASSAGEWAY - JUST AFTER

A series of bulb fixtures, being fed by a SINGLE ELECTRICAL CABLE anchored to the rock ceiling above, runs the full length of the cavern and provides enough light for INDY and MR. LOT to navigate the narrow passageway. The generator's NOISE isn't so prevalent this far in.

MR. LOT

Fortunately the scrolls have been preserved by the region's extreme aridity.

MR. LOT

(continuing)

We've dated them using a new technique developed by Professor Willard Libby, University of Chicago: radiocarbon dating. The scrolls date to approximately 200 B.C. Almost two millennia ago, Doctor.

INT. REAR ALCOVE OF CAVERN

-Now a makeshift examination room - Just after INDY and MR. LOT are standing behind a scroll specialist who is seated at a simple work station. INDY looks over the specialist's shoulder. The old Jewish scholar is handling a papyrus manuscript with almost superhuman patience and care. INDY beams.

MR. LOT

From preliminary transcribing, we know the scrolls include manuals of discipline, hymnbooks, Biblical commentaries, and apocalyptic writings.

INDY notes the ancient hand writing.

INDY

Biblical Hebrew. I'm afraid it's not one of my better known languages. What's that passage he's transcribing?

MR. LOT leans in and reads the ancient writing over the specialist's shoulder.

MR. LOT

Very interesting ... the Book of Genesis ... 8:4 to be precise.

INDY

(quoting; automatic)

"And the Ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat."

MR. LOT

(impressed)

You know your Bible, Doctor.

INDY

(wryly)

Pushy father.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAVERN - BACK ON THE WOODEN PLATFORM -
DAY

INDY and LOT emerge from the cavern and shield their eyes from the intense sunlight. The generator's NOISE is prominent once again.

MR. LOT
(shouting)
The department will soon begin
excavating the remaining caves in
this area.

INDY
That's great! what are the chances
of getting me on one of the
excavation teams?

As INDY is asking that a CREEPY BEDOUIN WORKER, eyeing the men out the corner of his eye, sets down a load of coiled rope and then surreptitiously draws a--

GLEAMING DAGGER FROM THE FOLDS OF HIS GARMENTS!

MR. LOT
Doctor, with your reputation i'm
certain the department will welcome --

Suddenly MR. LOT gasps! He quickly falls away --

LOT'S FACE IS REPLACED BY THE CREEPY BEDOUIN'S SNARLING MUG. THE DAGGER CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND IS SMEARED WITH LOT'S BLOOD.

INDY stumbles backwards. CREEPY starts toward INDY menacingly, the dagger up, its metal blade catching the sunlight. INDY blinks as the reflected sunlight stings his eyes. INDY STEPS BACKWARD off the wooden platform and onto the natural cliff ledge.

NOW TWO MORE NASTY BEDOUINS drop in from the cliff face above the cavern. Call them spooky and scary. INDY puts out his hands as a show of peace. He speaks in arabic:

INDY (*subtitled*)
I mean you no harm.

SHHHINK! SPOOKY and SCARY whip out daggers of their own!

INDY (*subtitled*)
(continuing)
No harm! no harm!
(grumbling)
Not working!
(shouting)
Hey! somebody! I got a big problem
here!

DOWN IN THE CAMP, NO ONE CAN HEAR INDY OVER THE GENERATOR'S AWFUL RACKET.

BACK ON THE LEDGE, the dagger trio are advancing.

INDY GLANCES QUICKLY OVER HIS SHOULDER. He's not at all surprised by what he sees:

HE IS RUNNING OUT OF LEDGE. It's just a few more steps to the edge and then it's a 30 foot drop straight down!

INDY quickly takes inventory: he looks up -- no good -- sheer rocks above -- the basket elevator -- nope, too far away. Uh-huh, it appears our hero is trapped!

INDY scowls!

Then INDY spots a rope at his feet -- not a rope -- a black cable. IT'S A THICK ELECTRICAL CABLE. The same one we saw anchored along the ceiling inside the cavern --

WE DROP QUICKLY ALONG THE CABLE ... ALL THE WAY DOWN THE CLIFF

FACE TO SEE:

THAT THE CABLE IS ATTACHED TO THE NOISY GENERATOR.

Also:

THE CABLE IS RUNNING IN BETWEEN SCARY'S FEET.

INDY snatches up the cable lightning fast and yanks hard on it. The cable snaps up --

OUCH! SCARY cups his crotch, eyes rolling back in their sockets. SCARY drops like a tone of bricks -- out cold. One down. Two to go.

Suddenly SPOOKY belts out a BATTLE CRY and charges at INDY. SPOOKY tackles our surprised hero --

They both leave the ledge and sail out into space! while in mid air, our fast thinking hero locks his gloved hands around the cable which he still has hold of.

At the same time SPOOKY locks his ARMS and LEGS around INDY like a vicious monkey!

FLASH SHOT -- INSIDE THE CAVERN -- as the men's combined weight on the electrical cable yank it loose, popping the rivets one by one, all along the cavern ceiling --

BACK OUTSIDE: INDY -- his clinging monkey with him -- is falling fast on the lengthening cable.

Suddenly the cable SNAPS TAUT and INDY is violently jerked to a stop in mid-air.

INDY smacks the cliff face hard, cringing grotesquely. Immediately INDY'S hands start to SLIP on the cable. His weight combined with that of the clinging attacker's is too much!

INDY plants his BOOTS on the jagged rocks and that lessens the strain. He SNAKES an arm around the cable and that gives him the needed leverage.

NOW WE SEE INDY IS SOME 30FT UP. AND FAR BELOW --

Is that NOISY GENERATOR.

BACK TO INDY -- as SPOOKY, his arms and legs like vices, bounces up and down, trying to pull INDY off the cable. INDY tries to shake the lunatic, as:

ON THE LEDGE ABOVE, CREEPY shouts down in HEBREW:

CREEPY (*subtitled*)
Shalem, hold tight!

Shouting back --

SPOOKY (*subtitled*)
Cut the cable! do it now -- with
haste! for i will gladly die for he
who is good!

At which point SPOOKY looks straight into INDY'S eyes. Our steel-nerved archaeologist is chilled to the bone.

SPOOKY (*subtitled*)
(continuing; at the
top of his lungs)
Praise the sons of light! and damn
the sons of darkness to eternal
suffering!

With that SPOOKY does the unthinkable -- HE LETS GO!

INDY, spooked, watches the man plunge silently to his death.

SOUND: THUD! INDY grimaces and looks away.

UP ABOVE, CREEPY is now preparing to cut the cable with his dagger.

DOWN BELOW, INDY is suddenly struck with a bad feeling.

INDY quickly secures HANDHOLDS in the rocks and releases the cable -- just in time!

As, UP ABOVE, CREEPY is slicing through the electrical cable and receives one hell of a SHOCK for his trouble!

INSIDE THE CAVE, as the bulbs explode in their fixtures -- POP! POP! POP! The SCROLL SPECIALIST working here is startled out of his seat.

THE CUT CABLE SPITS SPARKS, WHOOSHING DOWN PAST OUR CLIFF HUGGING HERO.

THE GROUND BELOW, as the heavy cable pummels the generator's housing, collecting like a string of falling spaghetti; then as the cable plops into the dirt a tangled mess, the live end flip flopping like a snake set on fire.

BACK TO INDY, as he adjusts for a better grip -- and almost plummets to his death when the ROCKS BENEATH HIS BOOTS break off from too much weight!

FALLING SHALE AND ROCK CHUNKS RAIN DOWN, CLUNKING ON THE GENERATOR'S METAL HOUSING. HEAR THAT: IT'S STILL RUNNING.

BACK TO CREEPY, on his feet now, feeling sluggish, his head buzzing. He shakes it off quickly and looks down over the ledge.

CREEPY CURSES -- that hat wearing fool is still alive!

CREEPY looks around desperately. He spots the perfect thing and shakes with demented glee.

JUMP AHEAD A BIT IN TIME -- AT THE EDGE, CREEPY sets down a LARGE WATERTANK ON TIRES.

CREEPY works the tank's over-sized tap so that it is in line with INDY'S head below.

CREEPY starts to vigorously prime the handpump.

Water belches out ... sputters ... now water gushes from the tap. The heavy flow cascades down the cliff face --

A STRANGE SOUND ... ? INDY looks up --

AND WATER SPLASHES DOWN ALL OVER HIS FACE! INDY coughs and gags. Hangs on.

CREEPY jumps up and down, clapping his hands.

INDY is getting drenched. The rocks which he clings to are turning slick, very slippery.

CREEPY is reaching for the hand pump again when

A VOICE
(shouts in ARABIC)
You! what's going on!

CREEPY whirls around. The SCROLL SPECIALIST has just emerged from the cavern. But before he can say another word, there is a flash of metal --

THEN THOOP! THE SPECIALIST NOW HAS A DAGGER PROTRUDING FROM HIS CHEST! The old man falls back, dead. CREEPY scurries over to the body and reclaims his trusty dagger.

CREEPY, back at the watertank, is pumping again. Water just trickles from the tap. CREEPY growls!

A BOOT SLIPS -- SQUEAK! INDY resets it. Yup, the dripping-wet adventurer is looking pretty hopeless right about now.

ANOTHER STRANGE SOUND -- pitter-patter -- small objects are falling on indy's hat!

SAND AND PEBBLES are the objects!

Shiver me timbers, CREEPY is struggling with the bulky watertank ... and by the looks of it, he's determined to push it off the ledge! The front legs (like those on a wheel-barrel) are scraping off sand and pebbles from the ledge --

INDY risks it and looks up. SAND MIXED WITH PEBBLES POURS DOWN ALL OVER HIS FACE. INDY spits -- YUCK! PIT-TU!

IT HAPPENS: gravity pulls the teetering watertank off the ledge. The cast iron drum/support trailer falls fast toward INDY --

But it SLAMS into protruding rocks overhead and starts to break apart --

WHOOSH! The banged-up watertank flashes downward past INDY, just missing him by a few feet!

BELOW, the watertank impacts on the ground with a CRUNCH, just missing the running generator by a few feet!

ABOVE, CREEPY CURSES -- he can't seem to get a break!

ABRUPTLY CUT TO: CREEPY as he snatches up a coiled rope from the pile he unloaded earlier.

Now CREEPY is at an outcropping of rock, tying the rope off.

Now CREEPY is back at the ledge, dropping the coiled rope over the side.

The rope DROPS IN -- a good ten feet off to the side -- out of INDY's reach. Our precariously situated archaeologist snaps a look up and sees that his nightmare isn't over!

The dagger clamped between his teeth, CREEPY takes hold of the rope and starts to scale down the cliffside.

CREEPY DROPS IN, just ten feet separating him from his prey.

INDY sights a handhold and pulls himself up, expanding the distance between himself and CREEPY even more.

INDY works his BOOT into a crevice -- but again his weight is too much. BIG CHUNKS OF ROCK BREAK FREE!

Slabs of heavy limestone pummel the noisy generator --

AND SPLIT OPEN THE GAS DRUM!

Gasoline GURGLES out and splashes very close to the cut electrical cable --

WHICH IS STILL SPITTING SPARKS!

BACK TO CREEPY as he pushes off the cliff face, swings out on the rope and, with his feet, braces for the impact. He LANDS on the cliff face with a grunt. That did it. CREEPY is now within arm's reach. INDY, defenceless, is situated up a bit and to the left.

One hand on the rope -- the other clutching the dagger -- CREEPY lashes out at INDY!

The blade CLINKS on the rocks, slicing past INDY'S BOOT.

Jerking away fast causes INDY to SLIP on the wet rocks. But he quickly regains his footing -- PHEW! DOWN BELOW, THE INEVITABLE HAPPENS: THE LIVE CABLE IGNITES THE GASOLINE. FLAMES RISE UP AND ENGULF THE GENERATOR.

But what's this? No explosion -- !

CREEPY lashes out and misses again, but does catch INDY'S PANT LEG. A long tattered incision opens up; the pink flesh of INDY'S shin peeks out.

THE REACTION ON INDY'S FACE IS PRICELESS!

ON THE GROUND, the fire engulfed generator is, surprisingly, in one piece still! Another surprise now as the FRAME ADJUSTS quickly --

AND REVEALS A ROW OF GASOLINE CANS SQUATTING CLOSE TO THE CRACKLING BLAZE!

INDY, desperate, breaks off a chunk of limestone and fires it at CREEPY! The brick-size chunk HITS CREEPY IN THE FACE! The zealot is dazed just slightly -- and worse he didn't let go of the rope!

INDY can't believe it. He can't believe this either:

CREEPY is doing something desperate himself. He is just about to throw his dagger! He has it by the tip -- he looks evil -- and there goes his hand ... back ... back ... back

KAH-BOOM!

At once, the men both look down and gasp at

A HUGE ORANGE FIRE BALL SHOOTING UP TOWARD THEM!

INDY hugs the cliff face for dear life --

AS THE FIRE BALL'S MUSHROOM OF DEATH ROARS UP TO FILL THE SCREEN. A TORTURED, HIGH-PITCHED SHRIEK CHILLS OUR SPINE -- EEEEEAAAAA!

HIS BODY ALL ABLAZE -- CREEPY is seared off the rope and plunges to his death.

The fire and smoke start to dissipate...

INDY materialises slowly -- he's alive! But how can that be? INDY lets us in on how by patting himself down. Of course, his water-soaked clothes. Fortuitous fire-proofing.

INDY lets out a big breath, happy to be alive. He looks down at CREEPY'S charred remains far below ...

Well that's enough hanging around. INDY reaches out to the singed rope and grabs it easily. He tests it's strength. Feels secure enough. Slowly, INDY starts the climb up to safety.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN AMMAN, JORDAN - DAY

A four star hotel rises from the street teeming with activity.

INT. ELEGANT LOBBY OF THE FOUR STAR HOTEL - DAY

INDY limps up to the front desk, his suit grime-soiled and torn, his face mud caked.

INDY

Doctor Henry Jones checking in.

The DESK MANAGER chokes back a shriek, startled by INDY'S foul appearance.

DESK MANAGER

Allah be merciful -- have you had an accident, Doctor? Do you require medical attention?

INDY
No, no -- nothing a hot shower and a
couple dozen aspirin won't cure.

INT. INDY'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

INDY enters, stiff, wincing painfully at his sore joints and
muscles.

INT. SUITE BATHROOM - DAY

INDY stands bare-chested in front of the mirror. He dabs at
his scrapes and cuts with a wet face cloth.

INDY
Getting
(yelp)
to old for this.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

INT. HOTEL SUITE - AT THE ENTRANCE

INDY opens the door and reveals a:

BELLHOP
Urgent telegram for you, Doctor Jones.

INDY takes the telegram.

INDY
(with worried frown)
Thank you.

INDY shuts the door. He opens the telegram and starts to
read.

INDY'S features start to weigh heavily with pathos. Then as
the horrible news hits him, INDY goes numb.

The telegram falls from INDY'S limp fingers and lands face up
on the carpet.

It reads:

From: Dr. Goodwin, Boston Mercy Hospital

Dear Mr. Jones, I regret to inform you that complications in
your father's condition has resulted in his passing away.
your immediate return is requested.

DISSOLVE TO:

A TOMBSTONE WHICH READS:

HENRY JONES SR.

"Born: September 16, 1872 Died: September 16, 1947 Beloved husband to wife Margaret honoured father to son Henry him have eternal life"

EXT. A BOSTON CEMETERY - OVERCAST DAY

A legend appears:

Boston - one year later

Grey storm clouds loom overhead. INDY is kneeling at his father's grave, a muffin in his hand, set with a single candle. INDY lights the candle with a Zippo.

INDY
(sombrely)
Happy birthday, dad.

INDY blows out the candle. DISTANT THUNDER RUMBLES.

EXT. BOSTON UNIVERSITY - OVERCAST DAY

The stately university is partially visible through the pouring rain.

INT. BOSTON UNIVERSITY - THE FACULTY LOUNGE - OVERCAST DAY

INDY lounges in a sofa chair, reading the day's newspaper. UP CLOSE ON THE HEADLINE:

Truman discloses: soviets have the bomb!

BILL HUMPHREY, a highbrow, thirtysomething professor, takes a seat in the sofa chair across from INDY'S. BILL has a hardcover book in his hand.

BILL
Good afternoon, Jones.

INDY lowers the newspaper. Seeing BILL, INDY promptly raises the paper again.

INDY
(from behind the
paper)
Same to you, Bill.

BILL
(perturbed)
Jones, please, I've asked you numerous times already to refrain from calling me Bill. My Christian name is William.

INDY
Sorry, William. I keep forgetting.

BILL glances down at the hardcover book he brought. The author's photo on the back jacket is A SCHOLARLY SNAPSHOT OF INDY.

BILL

I'm enjoying your book ... a bit too laymen for my palette, though.

INDY shifts uncomfortably. BILL lights his pipe. Then:

BILL

(continuing)

You'll be thrilled to know: the University of Cincinnati is assembling an expedition team to explore King Nestor's palace in Greece. My invitation to join came yesterday.

INDY

(rubbing it in)

Got mine three weeks ago, William.

BILL

Hmmm...appears then we'll both be partaking in what I'm sure will be a rewarding exploration.

INDY

(lowers the newspaper)

I'm not going.

BILL isn't surprised.

BILL

This is a first, Jones. Usually the very mention of the word "expedition" sends you home to pack.

INDY

All of us can't be traipsing around the planet ... some of us have responsibilities ... schedules ... Minds to enrich.

BILL

(counterfeit sigh)

My, my...I never thought I'd see the day. You know, Jones, I've watched you fossilize over the last year. It saddens me to think you've tossed in your pick. But, as they say, out with the old and in with the new.

INDY

(standing)

Excuse me, Bill. I have to throw up.

INDY exits promptly. BILL makes a "how rude" face. He looks down at INDY'S book.

The cover reads: THE MODERN ARCHAEOLOGIST - DR. HENRY JONES, JR.

BILL'S VOICE
The modern archaeologist indeed.

MATCH CUT TO:

THE SAME BOOK --

INT. A PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

A LIBRARIAN checks INDY'S BOOK in and places it aside.

A PERSON, their arms loaded down with stacked books, walks up to the check out desk ever-so-carefully, their face hidden from us behind the stack of hardcovers. He/she tries to unload the stack but it topples over and SCATTERS books all over the check out counter.

The person, A BOY, is revealed. He smiles sheepishly.

LIBRARIAN
Abner, be careful!

ABNER
Sorry, Ms. Rothhorn.

ABNER is about 11 years old, fit as a fiddle, with sharp eyes and a tongue to match.

Collecting the scattered books --

LIBRARIAN
You're checking out all of these?

ABNER
Give that lady a cigar!

The librarian shoots ABNER a harsh look. She reads a few of the book titles to herself --

LIBRARIAN
"Time of Noah and The Ark", "The
Genesis Flood", "The Search For
Noah's Ark".
(eyeing the boy
strangely)
Why on earth do you want all these
books about Noah's Ark?

ABNER

(spiritedly)

I'm working on a big bible-class project -- for the contest. It's gonna be great. No -- fantastic. Displays, photos, even a model of the ark. What it looks like up there on top of Mount Ararat. First prize is a trip to the holy land: Jerusalem.

(cocky)

They might as well just gimme the prize now.

LIBRARIAN

Sounds a little ambitious to me.

ABNER

Ms. Rothhorn, competition's fierce these days. You gotta go all out. You just gotta.

EXT. ABNER'S HOUSE - DAY

The sun is shining brightly ... but it was pouring rain a second ago ... a switch in locations perhaps?

ABNER rides up to the house on his bike.

INT. ABNER'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - JUST AFTER

ABNER marches inside with his bulging backpack weighing him down.

ABNER

Mom! I'm home! Mom!

Silence.

INT. ABNER'S TIDY BEDROOM UPSTAIRS - JUST AFTER

ABNER upends his backpack and dumps out the library books onto his bed. He starts to neatly arrange the books on his desk.

A BRIEF LOOK AT ABNER'S ROOM: It's well organized. Everything in its place. ABNER is no ordinary kid.

ABNER, puzzled, holds up a familiar looking book. IT'S INDY'S BOOK.

ABNER

Where'd this come from?

He glances briefly at the author's photo on the back jacket.

ABNER
(continuing;
shrugging it off)
Mustta got mixed in.

CUT: Now ABNER is at a work table. He pours melted candle wax over sections of a foot-long popsicle stick model of NOAH'S ARK. The ark is painted to look rotted. Jagged holes in the bow and stern add convincingly to the effect. The wax hardens as it cools, adding even greater detail to the model: a simulated layer of ice. ABNER is a crafty one.

Squatting on another table is a nearly finished paper-mache MT. ARARAT (just its snow-capped peak has been duplicated). White cotton simulates the snow-cap. A real professional job.

PUSH IN SLOWLY ON THE FAKE MT. ARARAT.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE REAL MOUNT ARARAT, TURKEY - SUN UP

A vast aerial view of the mountain as seen from the under belly of an airplane. The snow-capped peaks reach up and threaten to knock us out of the sky.

EXT. THE SKY OVER MT. ARARAT

A RECONNAISSANCE PLANE banks sharply, letting us see the SOVIET RED STAR insignia on its wing.

EXT. SNOW COVERED LOWLANDS, RUSSIA - OVERCAST

The lines of a MILITARY AIRFIELD AND OUTPOST are visible behind a veil of blowing snow.

UP CLOSE on the outpost sign written in Russian. Its translation appears on the screen: HEADQUARTERS -- SOVIET AIR COMMAND.

INT. SOVIET A.C. - MAIN OPERATIONS - OVERCAST

The spacious ops. room is brightly lit. A DOZEN AIRMEN man their individual radar screens and communication stations. The RADIO CHATTER is in RUSSIAN.

INT. THE COMMANDING OFFICER'S CHAMBER - OVERCAST

The name plate on the desk is in Russian. Its translation appears on the screen: CAPT. YUGI VLADIMIROV.

VLADIMIROV, built like a bull, sits at his desk, reviewing the day's reports. He is a career military man in his early forties. The many plaques, the framed photos of him with Soviet leaders present and old, tell us that VLADIMIROV is an important man.

There's a sharp rap on the chamber door.

VLADIMIROV (*subtitled*)
(curtly)

Enter!

A YOUNG LIEUTENANT steps in with an air of urgency about him.

YOUNG LIEUTENANT (*subtitled*)
Excuse the interruption, comrade
Captain. But a routine
reconnaissance flight has picked up...

And now through the magic of motion pictures the men speak in English (no Russian accents please).

YOUNG LIEUTENANT
...has found something I think you
should see.

The officer places A LARGE AERIAL PHOTO in front of his superior.

VLADIMIROV
(testily)
What am I looking at?

YOUNG LIEUTENANT
Aerial photo: Mount Ararat.

VLADIMIROV
Why are you wasting my time with this?

YOUNG LIEUTENANT
Please, if you will --

He swings over a photo magnifier on a retractable arm.

YOUNG LIEUTENANT
(continuing)
The section here.

VLADIMIROV reluctantly gives in and adjusts the magnifier. He looks down through the glass at the photo. The area which the anxious officer pointed out is now magnified.

YOUNG LIEUTENANT
(continuing)
Do you see it, comrade Captain?

LOOKING DOWN through the magnifier ourselves, we can make out a RECTANGULAR MASS protruding up through the ice and snow.

VLADIMIROV
(intrigued now)
Yes...something there.

YOUNG LIEUTENANT
Rectangular -- not a protrusion of
rock ... but something else.

VLADIMIROV
Yes ... too geometrical for mother
nature. Strange. What mountain is
this?

YOUNG LIEUTENANT
Mount Ararat, comrade Captain.

VLADIMIROV
(thoughtfully)
Ararat.

VLADIMIROV seems elsewhere as he leans back in his chair.

YOUNG LIEUTENANT
Does something trouble you, comrade
Captain?

VLADIMIROV
(thinking aloud to
himself)
Can it be...

YOUNG LIEUTENANT
Beg your pardon, comrade Captain?

VLADIMIROV
(back on earth)
How many have seen this photo?

YOUNG LIEUTENANT
I brought it directly to you, comrade
Captain. You are the first to see it.

VLADIMIROV
I will take care of it. Is that
clear?

YOUNG LIEUTENANT
Yes, comrade Captain!

VLADIMIROV
Dismissed.

The officer salutes and exits promptly.

VLADIMIROV leans in and studies the photo through the
magnifier again. A beat. Then VLADIMIROV raises his head
and he looks out. He whispers something CRYPTIC in a language
which isn't Russian.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABNER'S HOUSE, STATE SIDE - NIGHT

Somewhere inside the house a phone begins to RING. AND RING
... AND RING

ABNER'S VOICE
(garbled)

Ma! Answer the phone!

INT. ABNER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

ABNER'S mouth is full of toothpaste; he's right in the middle of brushing his teeth.

RING! RING! RING!

ABNER

Maaaa!

He growls and spits out the paste.

INT. MOM'S BEDROOM - JUST AFTER

ABNER gruffly answers the phone --

ABNER

This better be good! Yeah, just hang
on a second. She's here somewhere.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JUST AFTER

ABNER enters and shouts --

ABNER

Mom! Phone! Maaaaam!

MOM is sprawled out on the couch with her face hidden underneath a pillow.

ABNER

(continuing; sharply)

Mom!

MOM doesn't answer. ABNER stomps over to the couch. His knee catches on the corner of the coffee table which causes two empty Vodka bottles to CLINK together.

ABNER shakes his mother. Again. MOM'S GROANS are muffled through the pillow over her face.

ABNER

(continuing)

Mom! Phone! Mom!

MORE GROANS. ABNER exhales heavily and rolls his eyes. He spins around to go... but something catches his eye. A SHOEBOX. It is resting on the coffee table, lid off.

ABNER looks inside. He REACHES IN and takes out some newspaper clippings. A few of the clippings are accompanied by PHOTOS. ABNER frowns, recognizing the man in the photos.

INT. ABNER'S BEDROOM - JUST AFTER

ABNER is looking at the PHOTO on the back jacket of INDY'S BOOK.

ABNER

... Same guy.

ABNER sets the book aside. He has brought the shoebox upstairs with him. Rummaging through it, ABNER finds an UNOPENED ENVELOPE, "Return To Sender" stamped across its front. ABNER tears open the envelope. He reads a HAND WRITTEN LETTER to himself while:

MARION'S VOICE RECITES TO US

Dear Indy: I feel rotten about keeping him a secret from you for so long. You have a right to know. It was selfish of me to keep him from you all these years. But the truth is, I was scared. Scared you would neglect him. Or worse, he'd want to follow you around the world. I've already lost two men to the lure of archaeology. I didn't want to lose another ... especially my own son. I wanted to spare him the dangers and hardships you and my father experienced. But it's not fair. I know that now. It's not fair to Abner. That's what I've named our son --

(Abner blurts out)

Son!

(Marion's voice cont.)

Indy, you are his father. He needs a father. Please get in touch with me as soon as you can. Love, Marion.

ABNER'S mind is racing. In the envelope he finds a PHOTO of himself at age 7.

ABNER pulls out from the shoebox a snapshot, faded with age. In the PHOTOGRAPH, smiling with arms around one another, is INDY, MARION and MARION'S FATHER.

ABNER, numb, stares down at INDY'S face in the photo.

ABNER

Dad?

(now with delight)

Dad!

CUT: Now ABNER is pouring through the "ABOUT THE AUTHOR" section of INDY'S BOOK.

CUT: Now ABNER is pushing aside tin cans in a kitchen cupboard. He pulls out a coffee can. Inside is some money. Mostly ones and fives. But a few tens and twenties.

CUT: Now ABNER is back in his bedroom, taking clothes from his dresser -- shirts, socks, underwear, etc -- and stuffing them into his backpack. Something falls to the floor in the rush.

ABNER picks up his PASSPORT. He looks at it thoughtfully.

ABNER
(continuing; nodding
to himself)
Just might need it.

CUT: Now ABNER is ready to go. One last item: INDY'S BOOK. He grabs it off the bed and smiles at INDY'S PHOTO --

ABNER
(continuing; he can't
get over it)
I got a dad!

CLOSE ON THE JACKET PHOTO OF INDY, AND:

MATCH CUT TO:

THE REAL FACE OF INDY. At the moment INDY is in the middle of lecturing his class. IT'S DAY. The lecture hall we're in is filled to capacity with UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

INDY
...or is it because we believe that
in order to face the future we must
first face the past?
(beat)
But a warning: the past is a hungry
animal. It has a voracious appetite.
And if you're not careful you will be
devoured by it.
(beat)
For the majority of you archaeology
will be a reason to...get out of the
house...a simple hobby. But for the
unlucky few it will take control of
your lives...and before you know it,
your search for the past has become...
(a bit of realization
here)
... a dangerous obsession.

INDY looks thoughtful. His STUDENTS sit patiently, waiting for him to resume. INDY glances at the WALL CLOCK.

INDY
(continuing)
That's all for today.

STUDENTS GROAN and START TO EXIT the lecture hall.

When the LAST OF THE STUDENTS has filed out INDY sits down at his desk. He looks drained, sad.

Now --

A FAMILIAR VOICE
Nice speech.

INDY, startled slightly, looks up at the back row. ABNER sits in a desk, his backpack in front of him.

INDY
How'd you get in here?

ABNER
Through the door.

INDY
Is that right. Well, my little friend, class is over. So if you don't mind--

ABNER
Say, you always this uptight?

INDY
I'm not uptight.

ABNER
You coulda fooled me.

INDY smirks.

INDY
Ah, a wiseass?

ABNER
My mother thinks so. I probably get it from her. Hey, maybe you know my mother?

INDY
Do I look like the type who would associate with wiseasses?

ABNER
(irked)
You can say what you want about me, buster. But mom's off limits. Got it?

INDY

Sorry...don't get your feathers in a bunch. Ah, say, is your mother around? I think maybe you should --

ABNER

She's back in Vermont.

INDY

Ah, then you're here with your father?

ABNER

You could say that.

INDY

Well, friend, it was nice chatting, but I've got some --

ABNER

You wanna know what my mother's name is? Marion. Her name's Marion.

INDY

Really.

ABNER

You know a Marion ... right?

INDY frowns.

INDY

Yes ... how'd you know that?

ABNER

But you haven't seen her in a long time, right?

INDY

Is this going somewhere, kid? 'Cause if it's not --

ABNER

Settle down, Indy. I'm almost done.

INDY

(shaken)

What ... what did you call me?

ABNER

Indy. It's your name. Isn't it?

INDY

Nickname.

(uneasy)

I think maybe we should find your father now, huh?

ABNER
I already have.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LECTURE HALL - DAY

INDY, shaken up, trips as he comes out into the hall and his papers and books SPIL' onto the floor. ABNER runs out after INDY. INDY starts to collect his papers.

ABNER has out the PHOTO of INDY, MARION, and MARION'S FATHER.

ABNER
Look -- there -- that's my mother in the middle. Marion Ravenwood. Guy on the right, that's you. And on the left is my mom's dad. I never met him. Mom said he died. She also said my dad died when I was just a baby.

INDY'S and ABNER'S eyes meet briefly. INDY is more flustered than ever now. He rushes away.

ABNER chases after INDY.

EXT. BOSTON U - FACULTY PARKING LOT - NEAR SUNDOWN

INDY, almost running, hurries toward his parked sedan. ABNER trails behind.

ABNER
I'm not going away, mister. So you might as well get use to me.

Spinning around --

INDY
No -- I mean it, kid! Beat it! Vamoose!

ABNER looks hurt.

ABNER
(teary eyed)
I'm not trying to pull a scam, mister. I just...
(snapping)
Just forget it!

ABNER runs away. INDY salutes the kid "good riddin's."

INT. INDY'S SEDAN - JUST AFTER

INDY grumbling ad-libs to himself, slips in behind the wheel. He takes a moment, getting his head straight. He chuckles.

INDY
Ridiculous!

INDY catches his reflection in the REAR-VIEW MIRROR. He looks closely. INDY groans now, bringing a hand to his face.

INDY
(continuing)
Oh, Marion....
(into rear-view
mirror)
He's got my eyes.

EXT. A RESIDENTIAL STREET - NEAR SUNDOWN

ABNER drifts along, head down, shoulders slumped. Car headlights appear behind him.

INDY'S sedan pulls over to the curb.

INDY
(out his window)
Hey! I'm on my way to visit someone.
How about tagging along?

ABNER, sulking, doesn't say anything.

INDY
(continuing)
Please ... I could use the company.

EXT. THE CEMETERY - SUNDOWN

INDY and ABNER stand at the foot of Jones senior's grave.

ABNER
What was he like?

INDY
Strong. Passionate. Stubborn.

INDY turns introspective.

ABNER
Mr. Jones....how come you didn't
contact my mom? The letter I read
asked you to get in touch with her.

INDY
I never got her letter, Abner.

ABNER
(making sense of it)
Letter said "return to sender" on
it...did you move or something?

INDY

Dad and I moved to Boston about 4 years ago.

ABNER

Mom included a picture of me with the letter...me at 7....that was 4 years ago....you weren't at that address...so I guess the post office returned the letter...

(beat)

You know what's really sad, Mr. Jones...all these years my mom has hated you...herself...because she thought you sent back the letter.

INDY

Abner, if I could turn the clock back, I would. We got a lot of catching up to do.

An Interruption:

VLADIMIROV'S VOICE

Doctor Jones?

INDY sees a big man in a long overcoat, head topped by a fedora. VLADIMIROV smiles warmly. It makes sense to have VLADIMIROV speak with a Russian accent. So let's have him do so.

INDY

Yes. Can I help you?

VLADIMIROV

Please, Doctor, excuse my intrusion. Your secretary said I might find you here. My name is Yugi Vladimirov. I am a captain with the Soviet Airforce. Do you have a moment. I wish to discuss something important with you.

INDY

This is not a good time. I'm here with my ... son ... we're visiting his grandfather's grave.

VLADIMIROV

Henry Jones Senior ... yes, I knew of your father. My condolences. But please, Doctor, I will not take up much of your time. What I have to tell you is of great archaeological importance.

EXT. THE CEMETERY - JUST AFTER

THE SCENE BEGINS CLOSE ON VLADIMIROV'S WALKING FEET ... the souls of his polished shoes ... they appear to be SMOULDERING. Fine wafts of smoke linger behind in his tracks. Also -- but it makes no sense at all -- we hear a distinct SIZZLING sound as his shoes press against the grass. Are we seeing things?

INDY and VLADIMIROV walk together, talking:

VLADIMIROV

This was taken two days ago. An ariel photograph of Mount Ararat. Here, this will help.

He hands INDY a magnifier.

VLADIMIROV

(continuing)

The section circled in red. Do you see what is there?

INDY

(looking through magnifier)

Something protruding up through the snow. Almost rectangular.

VLADIMIROV

Do you know the story of Noah and his Ark, Doctor?

INDY

Captain, I believe every school child knows that one.

VLADIMIROV

(embarrassed slightly)

Yes....Doctor, my apologies. I am an educated man. But sometimes I have difficulty dispelling my sense of Soviet superiority.

INDY

You don't think this object is Noah's Ark?

VLADIMIROV

The Book of Genesis clearly disclosed the final resting place of the Ark: Mt. Ararat. Tales of men coming down from the mountain with pieces of preserved timber -- from heights where trees do not grow -- have been told for centuries.

INDY

Excuse me for asking ... but when did the Russians start believing in the Bible?

VLADIMIROV

You see, Doctor...I am, how do you say: the black sheep of the family...I believe...and it is my hope to make you a believer as well.

(beat)

Yes, I too have had my bouts with faith. In your book -- a good read by the way --

INDY nods "thank you".

VLADIMIROV

(continuing)

-- you spoke about it in great detail. Your point about faith being for children and fools intrigued me the most.

(beat)

But if the Ark is there, atop Mt. Ararat, then it stands as a testimony to God's word -- His vindication. Doctor, peace of mind awaits us both.

INDY

Sorry, but I can't help you.

VLADIMIROV

Doctor -- the Ark's discovery will shake the atheist institutions to their very foundations. We are living in Godless times -- in the shadow of the atomic weapon. You and I together can give the world what it needs: salvation.

INDY isn't buying.

VLADIMIROV

(continuing;
aggravated)

But, Doctor, you are an archaeologist. Surely the historical significance of such a find is of interest to you.

INDY exhales heavily.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing; calming
down a bit)
Please, Doctor, let me make you an
offer: I am assembling an expedition
team. Your expertise in this area is
what I require --

INDY
Again: I'm not interested.

VLADIMIROV
The job pays hand --

INDY
(snapping)
I don't want your money! Now,
please -- I just wanna be left alone!

Following at a distance, but close enough to catch bits and
pieces of the conversation, is ABNER. He reacts to what INDY
just said, looking away, hurt.

BACK TO THE MEN:

INDY
(exhaling)
Captain, there are Russian
archaeologists who can help you?

VLADIMIROV
Yes....but Doctor, you led an
expedition of this kind before. In
'42. The Andes.

INDY
(taken off guard)
That was classified. A secret
mission for the U.S. Army.

VLADIMIROV
Military secrets are like boats,
Doctor...they leak on occasion.

INDY
(direct)
What's the real reason, Captain? My
Andes expedition was no great feat by
any stretch of the imagination.

VLADIMIROV
True. Alright, Doctor, I will be
candid. I am here today without the
permission of my government. I have
not yet brought to their attention
the object photographed on Ararat.

INDY

Why?

VLADIMIROV

I am a bit selfish, Doctor....and a dreamer. To uncover something of such biblical importance is sure to make me a hero in the eyes of the world.

INDY

(snidely)

And what about your loyalty to the Kremlin?

VLADIMIROV

Yes....I am torn between duty and vanity. But, Doctor, you most of all should understand vanity.

INDY

(irked)

Captain, you have the wrong man. You're looking for a glory seeker. I'm not him.

VLADIMIROV

I see...well, Doctor, I know when I'm beaten. I will not bother you with this any more. But in case you change your mind: there is a plane leaving Boston in the morning for Istanbul...I've taken the liberty of booking you on that flight. If you decide to come, remember: the expedition is being kept a secret. So please be discreet. The Turkish government would not approve of our poking around. After you land in Istanbul, instructions direct you to the city of Dogubeyazit where the expedition party is being assembled. The password is "skull".

(pulling out an envelope)

Everything you need to know is in here.

VLADIMIROV holds out the envelope.

INDY

I won't change my mind.

VLADIMIROV

In case you do.

INDY, being polite, takes the envelope.

VLADIMIROV
 (continuing)
 It's nice to have met you. Good day,
 Doctor.

INDY shakes VLADIMIROV'S big hand. CLOSE UP -- THE CRYPTIC
 TATTOO ON THE BACK OF THE RUSSIAN'S HAND.

ABNER approaches.

VLADIMIROV
 (continuing; smiling)
 And a good day to you, young man.

ABNER
 (smiling)
 Bye.

The Captain walks away. ABNER joins his father.

INDY
 Captain!

VLADIMIROV turns around.

INDY
 (continuing)
 If it's a glory seeker you're after,
 try Doctor William Humphrey. You'll
 find him on campus.

VLADIMIROV
 Is he skilled?

INDY
 He likes to think so.

VLADIMIROV grins, tipping his hat "goodbye".

ABNER
 Nice man. Who is he?

INDY
 Nobody important.

INDY crumples up the envelope. ABNER watches INDY SHOVE IT
 into his coat pocket.

ABNER
 So what now?

INDY
 Home. You should call your mother
 and let her know you arrived okay.

ABNER
 (hiding something)
 Yeah. Good idea.

CUT TO:

INT. ABNER'S BEDROOM BACK HOME - NIGHT

MARION RAVENWOOD, hung over, staggers into her son's bedroom.

MARION
 Abner...you in here? Abner?

MARION sees the SHOEBOX on the bed.

MARION
 (continuing)
 Dammit! Oh, stupid! Stupid!

The shoebox's contents are scattered on the bed. MARION finds the opened letter. Her knees buckle. She tries to push back the pain and tears. She can't. She breaks down.

INT. MARION'S LIVING ROOM - JUST AFTER

MARION is on the phone, all fired up now. In her hand is a newspaper clipping. THE ARTICLE HEADLINE READS: BOSTON UNIVERSITY WELCOMES WORLD RENOWN ARCHAEOLOGIST.

MARION
 Boston directory? Yes, I need an address and phone number?

INT. INDY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ABNER is just finishing up a meal of sandwiches and milk. INDY has the family PHOTO ALBUM OUT. He is showing ABNER pictures of Jones Senior as a young man.

INDY
 That's Dad...he's about thirty here...that's him in Egypt, 1921 --

ABNER
 He found king Tut's Tomb?!

INDY
 (amused)
 No. Dad was just doing research.

ABNER
 (disappointed)
 Oh.
 (pointing)
 Who's that?

INDY

Marcus Brody. A friend of the family. A great archaeologist in his day.

ABNER

I'd like to meet him.

INDY

He passed away a few years ago.

(small voice)

Everyone's leaving me.

ABNER feels for his father. He lightens up the mood --

ABNER

Hey -- you wanna see my pictures. I brought some with me.

ABNER digs into his backpack. He pulls out a bundle of PHOTOS.

SOMETHING FALLS TO THE FLOOR. INDY picks up ABNER'S PASSPORT.

INDY

(amused)

You brought your passport...?

ABNER

I thought I'd need it to get here.

INDY

You only need it when you leave the country.

ABNER puts the PASSPORT back in his pack.

ABNER

(embarrassed)

That's what the bus ticket lady said...

INDY

I'm surprised your mom didn't tell you.

ABNER looks guilty.

THE PHONE RINGS. INDY gets up and goes to the phone --

INDY

(continuing; nervous)

Maybe that's your mom...you did call her?

ABNER

Sure. While you were making sandwiches.

INDY

(deep breath; then
into phone)

Hello? No, I'm afraid he's not. Doctor Jones past away last year. Thank you. I'm his son, is there something I can do for you?

ABNER gets up from the couch and whispers --

ABNER

Where's the bathroom?

INDY covers the mouthpiece --

INDY

Upstairs. End of the hall.

INT. FRONT DOOR HALLWAY

ABNER is about to take the stairs when he SPOTS INDY'S coat draped over the railing.

CUT: Now ABNER is sneakily digging out the CRUMBLED ENVELOPE from INDY'S coat.

INT. WASHROOM UPSTAIRS - JUST AFTER

ABNER locks the door. He quickly uncrumples the envelope. INSIDE IS A PLANE TICKET AND A FEW SHEETS OF FOLDED STATIONARY WITH TYPED INSTRUCTIONS ON THEM. ABNER begins to read...

A moment. Then ABNER'S eyes bug out --

ABNER

Noah's Ark! Holy Toledo! They found it!

INT. MARION'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MARION is getting a BUSY SIGNAL. She slams down the handset!

MARION

Goddammit!

MARION thinks hard for a moment. Then she snatches up the receiver again.

MARION
(continuing)
Operator? I need a phone number. The
bus station.

CUT TO:

INT. SPARE BEDROOM IN INDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

INDY gets ABNER into bed and tucks him in.

ABNER
Mom used to tuck me all the
time...but she stopped.

INDY
Why's that?

ABNER
Mom hasn't been herself the last
couple of years. She's been hitting
the bottle a little too heavily. If
you know what I mean.

INDY
(a sinking feeling)
Sorry.

ABNER
It's not your fault. She just thinks
it's your fault.

INDY can't hold back a smile.

INDY
Get some sleep.

INDY heads for the door.

ABNER
The man you talked to today...was he
trying to hire you for something?

In the doorway --

INDY
An expedition.

ABNER
How come you didn't take his offer?

INDY
It's something you wouldn't
understand.

ABNER

Your dad died...made you feel all bad
inside...like nothing can ever be
good again.

INDY

You read m' mind.

ABNER

I get that ability from mom, too.

INDY

That's one talent you can do without.

ABNER

Mr. Jones...

INDY

Indy.

ABNER

Indy....maybe you and me can go on a
big adventure some day?

INDY

I'd like that.

ABNER

It'll give ya boast. You know,
getcha back on your feet.

INDY

(smiling)

Goodnight.

ABNER

'Night.

INDY closes the door. At which point ABNER throws off the
bed covers. He goes to his backpack and takes out the PLANE
TICKET.

ABNER

(continuing; stars in
his eyes)

A big adventure: The search for
Noah's Ark.

CUT TO:

INT. INDY'S BEDROOM - LATE AT NIGHT

INDY is stirring in his sleep.

INT. INDY'S LIVING ROOM - DREAM

INDY'S bags are packed. In a rush, INDY is talking on the phone while at the time fussing to put on his trenchcoat:

INDY

Dad! I gotta go! I know it's your birthday -- I -- I -- listen: I got a call from the Jordanian Department of Antiquities. They found some scrolls -- Yes, I know you're in the hospital! Stop it, Dad! You're not gonna die! Yes I care!

CLICK! IT ECHOES ABNORMALLY.

INDY

Dad? Dad! Dammit!

INDY slams down the receiver.

A voice --

DAD

Junior.

INDY spins around. His FATHER is standing behind him in a hospital gown.

INDY

Dad!

DAD

Happy birthday.

DAD'S MOUTH OPENS HORRIBLY WIDE and a hand pops out clutching a candle lit muffin. The hand mashes the muffin between its fingers!

INT. BACK IN INDY'S BEDROOM

as INDY snaps awake -- and hears POUNDING on the front door, shooting up from downstairs.

INDY looks at the bedside clock: 4:30 in the morning. INDY'S face says "who could that be at this hour?"

INT. FOYER

INDY throws open the front door. MARION doesn't wait to be asked -- she barges right in.

INDY

Marion!

MARION

Where is he?! Where's Abner?!

INDY is all flustered.

MARION
(continuing)
Where's my son, goddammit?!

INDY
You mean our son.

MARION snarls.

MARION
No, mister -- my son! You had your
chance years ago!

INDY
(overlapping)
Marion, lis -- listen to me!

MARION
I want Abner right now!

INDY
Marion, please. He's okay. He's
upstairs sleeping.

MARION pushes past INDY to the stairs and yells up them --

MARION
Abner! Abner!

INDY grabs MARION by her arm --

MARION
(continuing)
Get your filthy hands off me, you
dirty bastard!

INDY
What the hell's wrong with you? I
didn't get your stupid letter!

MARION
You sent it back! Unopened! One
look at my name on the envelope and
you dropped it back into the mail box!

INDY
Please, Marion. Just give me a
chance to explain.

MARION
Explain! You wanna explain? Try
explaining why 12 years ago we went
for a drink. Explain why, that
night, we made love.
(more)

MARION (cont'd)
Explain why you didn't call me --
ever! 12 years you sonofabitch! 12
years. Nothing! Not even a goddamn
post card!

INDY
I --

She surprises him with right-hook across his chin!

MARION
Save it!

INDY rubs his chin, shaken.

INDY
I deserved that. Maybe I deserved a
lot of things. But I didn't deserve
you.

MARION
What the hell's that supposed to
mean?!

INDY
Marion...what kind of life could I've
given you? I didn't try and contact
you because....because I felt I
didn't deserve you. You're too good
a lady. Too good for a bum like me.

MARION
It's about goddamn time you realized
that!

INDY
You're not making this easy.

MARION
Don't talk to me about easy! You've
had it easy all your rotten, stinking
life! You know why? Because you
never had to care about anybody. The
first sign of commitment or
responsibility and you went running
back to your picks and shovels! Back
to your ancient ruins! Well, if
that's where you wanna be, then
that's fine with me! I'll just take
my son and let you get back to the
one thing I know you love!

MARION starts up the stairs.

INDY
(small voice)
I gave it up?

MARION halts on the stairs. Tears are swelling in her eyes.
INDY goes to her.

INDY
(continuing)
Nothing, Marion. I've been right
here, in Boston...12 months now.
(wryly)
A record.

MARION surprises INDY by throwing her arms around him.

MARION
I've hated you for so long.

INDY embraces her.

INDY
You've had every right to.

Their eyes meet. They kiss long and deep. They break now
and INDY wipes away her tears. MARION cracks a remark:

MARION
Christ, you got old.

INDY chuckles. MARION hugs him again.

INDY
I feel old.

MARION
You and me both.

INDY frowns now ... something puzzles him.

INDY
Marion ... you didn't know Abner came
to see me?

MARION
No ... he saw the letter. My
clippings... I figured he made the
connection. Why?

INDY
Abner told me you put him on a bus to
come here.
(smirking)
Little scammer lied to me.

MARION
He must get that from you.

INDY chuckles.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

CIRCA: LATE 1940'S.

INT. THE AIRPORT PASSENGER TERMINAL - MORNING

ABNER holds THE PLANE TICKET from the envelope, waiting impatiently for departure time. A beat. Another. Then:

OVER P.A.
Flight 36 to Azores, Rome, Istanbul
now boarding at gate 7.

ABNER jumps up and runs to:

GATE 7

A FEMALE TICKET TAKER is seeing TRAVELLERS through the gate.

TICKET TAKER
Thank you...thank you...have a nice
flight...

ABNER IS NEXT --

TICKET TAKER
Hello there. Are you flying alone?

ABNER
(nervous)
Uh-huh...

The TAKER checks ABNER'S ticket.

THE RAIDERS' MARCH mixes up faintly; just audible enough to make us smile.

ABNER
(continuing)
Istanbul...that's in Turkey, right?

TICKET TAKER
Yes it is. Are you meeting a
relative or parent there?

ABNER
My dad.

A tense few seconds. Then:

TICKET TAKER
Enjoy your flight.

SHARPLY CUT TO:

THE FULL SCREEN MAP: IMAGES OF ABNER'S DC-3 IN FLIGHT ARE SUPERIMPOSED OVER THE ADVENTURE MAP. THE RAIDERS' MARCH JUMPS IN BIG AND LOUD AS A SOLID RED LINE STARTS AT BOSTON, GOES ACROSS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, CONNECTS TO THE AZORES, TO ROME, AND LASTLY TO ISTANBUL.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT, TURKEY - SUNRISE!

ABNER'S plane comes to a stop. The universal step is wheeled into position.

The aircraft's door opens wide and ABNER, the first one out, rushes down the steps.

INT. INDY'S LIVING ROOM, STATE SIDE - SUNSET!

INDY and MARION are both crashed out on the couch. They fell asleep here ... or is it something else?

FRAME ADJUSTS and reveals TWO EMPTY WINE BOTTLES on the coffee table. They're not asleep. They're passed out!

The phone starts to RING. INDY stirs. The sharp RINGING hurts his head. It stops. MARION GROANS. INDY glances at his wristwatch -- WHAT?!

INDY
Six o'clock!

INDY recoils from his own voice -- he's got one whooper of a hangover.

INT. FRONT DOOR HALLWAY

INDY staggers out into the hallway and -- hey, what's that?

INDY sees a note tacked to the front door.

INT. THE SPARE ROOM UPSTAIRS - JUST AFTER

INDY rushes into the room in a panic. ABNER IS GONE!

INDY
This isn't funny!

INT. THE LIVING ROOM DOWNSTAIRS

INDY shakes MARION out of her drunken sleep.

INDY
Marion! Marion!

MARION
(cranky)
Wha -- what? Stop -- stop it!

INDY
Now, Marion -- I want you to stay
calm, okay. Listen to me: Abner's
gone.

MARION'S eyes snap wide open!

MARION
Whuddaya mean "he's gone"?!

INDY hands her the note.

MARION
(continuing)
Indy!

INDY
Read it.

MARION
(rubbing her eyes;
reading)
"Dear Indy: I know what'll put you
back on your feet.
(grimacing)
What's this --

INDY
Just read it!

MARION
(reading)
"I know what'll put you back on your
feet. You said that one day we'd go
on a big adventure. Well I say
there's no time like the present.
I've gone to look for the Ark. You
know where to find me."
(grimacing)
The Ark? The Ark of the Covenant?!

INDY
Noah's Ark.

MARION
Noah's Ark?!
(in his face)
You bastard! You've been filling his
head with crazy stories!

INDY
I haven't been filling his head with
any stories! He must of over heard
my conversation yesterday.

MARION is confused.

INDY
(continuing)
A Russian man came to see me -- about
an expedition -- he gave me some
instructions -- a plane ticket --
Abner overhead us. That's all.
Abner's just playing games.

INT. ISTANBUL CUSTOMS CONTROL - THAT MOMENT
ABNER is with the

TURKISH CONTROL OFFICER
(gruffly)
Your passport.

ABNER
(confused)
My --
(then he remembers)
Yeah -- it's in my bag.

A BAGGAGE INSPECTOR is pulling items from ABNER'S backpack.
The inspector fumbles with ABNER'S camera and almost drops it!

ABNER
(continuing)
Hey! Watch it there! That's a gift,
pal!

The inspector grins sheepishly.

INT. INDY'S LIVING ROOM - THAT MOMENT

INDY takes MARION by her shoulders. He smiles reassuringly.

INDY
Marion ... he's alright. Trust me.

MARION
(a bad feeling)
This plane ticket...did you throw it
away?

INDY
Yes -- of course.

MARION breathes a little easier. INDY, however, looks as if
he just remembered something.

CUT TO: INDY, now in the front hall, as he searches his coat pockets for the crumpled envelope. It isn't here.

INDY'S REACTION -- TRUE PANIC!

EXT. ISTANBUL CUSTOMS CONTROL - THAT MOMENT
BACK TO THE:

TURKISH CONTROL OFFICER
(he has Abner's
passport)
This passport has expired.

ABNER
Ah...that's bad, right?

TURKISH CONTROL OFFICER
(impatient)
Why are you here in Istanbul?

ABNER
(fidgety)
Ah....I'm meeting my dad.

ABNER pulls out the typed instruction sheet. He scans it briefly.

ABNER
(continuing)
Erzurum. That's the place.

TURKISH CONTROL OFFICER
Your father is there now?

ABNER
(breaking the tension)
Give that man a cigar!

The BAGGAGE INSPECTOR sniggers.

TURKISH CONTROL OFFICER
What is your father's name? At what
hotel is he staying?

ABNER is starting to feel the pressure.

INT. INDY'S LIVING ROOM - THAT MOMENT

MARION
(hysterical)
Indy! Oh god -- if he left last
night -- do you know how much time
he's had? While I was passed out on
the couch my boy ran off to Turkey!

INDY
(being rational)
Marion ... calm down ... just think
for a moment here: no one's going to
let a little boy on a plane to Turkey.

MARION
That's not true! A year ago Abner
visited his aunt in London -- by
himself.

INDY
Okay -- but you put him on the plane,
right? And Marion, he couldn't have
left the country. He needs a pass --

HHHELLO!

INDY rushes to the phone. He dials quickly.

MARION
Indy! What -- who are you calling?
Indy!

Dread seizes MARION.

MARION
(continuing)
Indy, no -- tell me they didn't let
him in to the country!

INDY
(not so sure now)
Turkey's a Democratic Republic...it's
a tourist trap these days.
(into phone)
Yes -- operator -- overseas
connection: Istanbul, Turkey.

EXT. ISTANBUL CUSTOMS CONTROL - THAT MOMENT

ABNER
Listen, buster, my dad's a big
important archaeologist. He won't be
too happy when he hears about you
harassing me like this.

TURKISH CONTROL OFFICER
(real impatient now)
I'll ask you again: what hotel?

ABNER is losing his cool.

TURKISH CONTROL OFFICER
(continuing; barking)
What hotel?!

ABNER jerks back and almost drops his pack. He doesn't have an answer.

A WOMAN SHRIEKS SUDDENLY! ALL HEADS TURN HER WAY.

A PEASANT BOY is making off with a TOURIST WOMAN'S PURSE. AIRPORT SECURITY chase the PEASANT BOY.

The CONTROL OFFICER is disinterested and turns back to continue drilling --

BUT ABNER IS GONE!

EXT. A BUSTLING CITY STREET, ISTANBUL - JUST AFTER

ABNER ducks into:

AN ALLEY and gets out of sight. ABNER takes a moment to catch his breath. PHEW! That was close. ABNER takes out the instruction sheets and goes over them.

ABNER
(reading)
"Istanbul train station. Purchase
ticket to Erzurum."

EXT. THE CITY OF ISTANBUL - DAY - OVERLOOK VIEW

Of the sprawling ancient metropolis with districts separated by channels of blue water. There is so much to marvel at. A stunning Muslim temple, its needle-like minarets spiking the sky; a grand domed palace; and assorted edifices of another age.

EXT. ISTANBUL RAILWAY STATION - TICKET WINDOW - DAY

ABNER pays for the train ticket out of the cash he stole from the coffee can.

ABNER
Thank you.

THE FRAME ADJUSTS: there is a suspicious looking man watching abner as he walks out onto the railway platform. call him, spy.

INT. PLATFORM'S PUBLIC PHONEBOOTH - JUST AFTER

The SPY is on the phone, talking to someone:

SPY
Comrade Captain, I am at the train station. Doctor Jones was not on the plane. But something that might interest you: an American boy has purchased a ticket to Erzurum.

INT. VLADIMIROV'S WOODLAND ESTATE, OUTSIDE MOSCOW -
ESTABLISHING - DAY

VLADIMIROV is not only an important man but a rich man too.
His estate rivals the best of Europe.

VLADIMIROV'S VOICE
An American boy buying tickets -- why
would such a thing interest me?

INT. VLADIMIROV'S ESTATE - THE STUDY - DAY

The big Russian is on the phone with his spy:

VLADIMIROV
Doctor Jones used the ticket I gave
to him. The Boston airport confirmed
this.

SPY'S VOICE OVER PHONE
Yes, comrade Captain. But as I said:
Doctor Jones was not on the plane -
only the American boy got off.

At first VLADIMIROV is baffled. Then it starts to make sense
to him.

VLADIMIROV
(harbingers a guess)
The doctor's son?
(into phone)
Follow the boy. See where he takes
you.

VLADIMIROV hangs up. He looks thoughtful. THE PHONE RINGS.
He answers it.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing)
Yes?

MAN'S VOICE OVER PHONE
Comrade, you are worse than a woman.
Tying up official lines talking to
your girlfriends, huh?

VLADIMIROV
Comrade Premier. A pleasure to
receive your call.

There's a KNOCK at the study door.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing)
Comrade Premier, please, a moment.
Come!

A BUTLER enters. Call him

ALEXANDER

A Mr. Farnsworth to see you, sir.

VLADIMIROV

Yes. Excellent.

(into phone)

I do not wish to rush you, comrade Premier, but I have important matters I must attend to.

PREMIER'S VOICE OVER

PHONE Ah, yes, and no doubt these matters concern those of the two breasted, two legged kind!

PREMIER'S VOICE OVER

(continuing)

PHONE CONT. But do not worry, comrade. I will let you attend to those matters shortly. But first I want you to confirm your attendance at Fridays's test -- an important day in Soviet history -- a day which should not be missed.

VLADIMIROV

I'll be sure to make it my highest priority, comrade Premier.

PREMIER'S VOICE OVER

PHONE Excellent. I will expect to see you there then.

INT. VLADIMIROV'S ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - JUST AFTER

The decor majestic. 15th century Gothic.

VLADIMIROV

Welcome to my home, Mr. Farnsworth.
I see you have brought me a surprise.

MR. FARNSWORTH, a British man in his 40's, holds a large black container about the size of a breadbox.

FARNSWORTH

I had no trouble getting it into the country. You must have friends in high places, Mr. Vladimirov.

VLADIMIROV

Yes...being a member of the Soviet Military has its advantages. Please, sit. I am anxious to see what you brought me.

FARNSWORTH

I suffered a great deal concealing these remains from the world. Many sleepless nights over the past three years. I want to be compensated for my pain.

VLADIMIROV

Compensation beyond your wildest imaginations, Mr. Farnsworth. Now, if you please, I wish to view the remains.

FARNSWORTH hands over the box. VLADIMIROV takes it and walks to a large, antique desk. He sets the box down. Eyes wide, VLADIMIROV removes the lid. Inside are --

HUMAN REMAINS. BONES.

FARNSWORTH

We found him buried under the ceiling of his bombed out bunker.

FARNSWORTH

(continuing)

An army compatriot and myself found the body together, just after the fall of Berlin. Only three people know the true identity of those remains. You, myself, and my compatriot, who I'm afraid is dead now.

VLADIMIROV

My condolences. Mr. Farnsworth, may I ask why you never told the world? Why you would not want to soothe the minds and souls of a world torn by war; comfort those disturbed by the holocaust? Remains of the most evil man of the 20th century lie in this box. I myself would have ran into the streets, shouting "the man is dead!" "Hitler is dead"! So why, Mr. Farnsworth...?

FARNSWORTH

I can't say...something came over me, standing in that bunker....something told me there would be a day when I would profit immensely.

VLADIMIROV

Yes, Mr. Farnsworth, you were smart to have listened. And yes, you will profit immensely.

(more)

VLADIMIROV (cont'd)
(dramatic pause)
However, money will not be your
reward.

FARNSWORTH stiffens with alarm.

FARNSWORTH
What... what do you want?

VLADIMIROV
A greater gift has been bestowed upon
you. You are among the fortunate.
Those few who will not have to bare
witness to the end of all Godkind.

FARNSWORTH realises his life is about to end.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing)
Your gift, Mr. Farnsworth -- death.

Up comes a pistol in VLADIMIROV'S hand -- CRACK!

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN.

A second. Then light spills in as a door opens right below
us. The shot is from high above a stone staircase, steps
spiralling downward into the murky depths. VLADIMIROV
appears, the box in hand, and descends the staircase.

INT. UNDERGROUND - HIGH STONE CORRIDOR

VLADIMIROV approaches a heavy wooden door at the corridor's
end. The stretch of underpass is lit spookily by candles.
HUMANOID STATUES, menacing and horrid, run in numbers down
the corridor's full length.

CLOSE UP - one of these horrid statues: the man-beast is
eating a small child. At its hoofed feet are more small
children. They are screaming, shackled to the beast's ankles.

INT. UNDERGROUND CRYPTIC CHAMBER

The air in here is thick with evil. VLADIMIROV sets the box
down on a stone table where a LARGE, LEATHER BOUND TOME is
perched. Dozens upon dozens of black candles cast an eerie
light, flicking off the damp, brimstone walls. There is a
LOW RUMBLE ... the hum of evil ... as if the chamber walls
might be the only barrier between us and the fiery pits of
Hell.

VLADIMIROV bows before a shrine which amounts to AN UPRIGHT, COCOON SHAPED CASKET.

VLADIMIROV parts the casket's double lid. They come apart, slowly, like the jaws of a giant venus flytrap.

Inside is something macabre ... simple ... but nonetheless frightening. Inside is a

HUMAN SKELETON. ALL COMPLETE EXCEPT FOR TWO ARMS AND THE HEAD.

>From the black box, VLADIMIROV gently removes the bones which make up one of Hitler's arms.

VLADIMIROV begins to reassemble the bones on the table, one piece at a time, while CHANTING a cryptic incantation, and we --

PUSH IN ON THE HEADLESS SKELETON ... CHILLING ... and CUT TO: ABNER -- ON BOARD A TRAIN -- looking out the window at the bleak and lonely highlands of Northeastern Turkey. Seated a few rows back is VLADIMIROV'S spy. He is keeping a watchful eye on ABNER.

INT. INDY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

INDY hangs up the phone, visibly worried.

MARION

What? What did they say? Indy!
Goddammit!

INDY

Marion...now listen to me: a baggage inspector at Istanbul Airport remembers Abner.

MARION

Oh my god -- no!

INDY

He's okay. He got this far.
(smirking)
Give him some credit.

MARION

Credit?! Indy, for chrissakes, he's just a little boy!
(barking)
It's all your fault!

INDY

My fault?

MARION
(mockingly)
Adventure -- archaeology -- it's in
his blood!

INDY takes her by the shoulders.

INDY
(soothingly)
I need you calm ... okay ...
nothing's going to happen to Abner.
I told the authorities about the
situation. If -when -- they see
Abner, they're gonna ship him right
back here on the next available
flight.

MARION is gawking at INDY in disbelief. She shoves him aside
and goes to the phone.

INDY
Marion...what are you doing?

MARION
(into phone)
Operator, Boston Airport.

INDY
Marion, flying off to Turkey is
ridiculous! The authorities'll find
Abner. By the time you get there
he'll already be on his way back home!

MARION
(into phone)
Yes, I want to book a flight to
Istanbul, Turkey.

INDY
You're not listening!

MARION
(into phone)
Yes, one ticket.

INDY
(growling)
Make it two.

MARION
He's not your responsibility!

INDY
Abner's my son! That makes him my
responsibility!

MARION

You don't have to do this, Indy! I don't want your guilt!

INDY

Goddammit -- just make the flight for two!

MARION

(into phone)

Make that two. When is the next flight?

(pause)

Friday morning! That's two days from now!

(to INDY)

I can't wait that long.

Pause.

INDY

(at a lose)

What choice do we have?

HOLD on MARION'S face. Desperate.

CUT TO:

EXT. ERZURUM'S NONDESCRIPT RAILWAY STATION - LATE IN THE DAY

ABNER steps down off the train. He walks slowly along the platform, reading from the instruction sheets.

ABNER

"At Erzurum hire a taxicab. Take it to the town of

(says it like it's spelt)

Dogubeyazit."

(making a face)

Dogubeyazit.

ABNER looks around. He SEES A FEW LOCAL CABBIES chatting nearby, leaned up against their junk-box taxicabs.

ABNER

(continuing)

Those are taxicabs -- look more like out-houses on wheels.

ABNER sighs resignedly.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ANCIENT CARAVAN ROUTE - SOON AFTER

ABNER'S cab putt-putts along the ancient roadway, making slow tracks eastward across the eroded, hilly pastures of the North East.

ABNER'S VOICE

(chatty)

My dad and me -- he's a big, famous archaeologist -- maybe you heard of him: Doctor Henry Jones?

CABBY'S VOICE

(moaning)

Mmmmm.

ABNER'S VOICE

He wrote a book and everything. Anyway, me and my dad are here -- well my dad's not here yet -- but he's coming...I'm sure of that...

EXT. THE OTTOMAN BRIDGE - SOON AFTER

ABNER'S cab back-fires, chugging across the architecturally graceful Ottoman bridge which spans the narrow Aras river.

ABNER'S VOICE

...I don't think it's fair...do you think it's fair?

CABBY'S VOICE

Mmmmmmm.

ABNER'S VOICE

Lucy -- we all call her Lucy-caboosey at school, on account of her big butt -she's always getting off scott-free. One time she stole my brand new pen set mom gave me for Christmas --

(interrupting himself)

Hey, we almost there?

CABBY'S VOICE

Mmmmm.

INT. ABNER'S CAB - SOON AFTER

ABNER is jolted out of his seat by the view outside. Eyes big and wide, he mutters the words:

ABNER

Mount Ararat.

EXT. THE CAB - APPROACH TO DOGUBEYAZIT

THERE, ON THE HORIZON, THE STUPENDOUS APPARITION OF MT. ARARAT.

ABNER'S VOICE
Holy Toledo!

CABBY'S VOICE
Mmmmm.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GHETTO TOWN OF DOGUBEYAZIT - SUNDOWN

The cab pulls over. Dark and filthy buildings, packed together, stand on both sides of the narrow cobblestone street. ABNER pays the cabby and gets out.

A CLOSER LOOK AT THE CABBY: a grimy handkerchief, ends tied at the top of his head, holds a cold compress against his cheek. Poor guy has a toothache.

ABNER
Better get somebody to look at that tooth.

CABBY
Mmmmm.

ABNER
Bye.

EXT. MERCHANT SQUARE - JUST AFTER

ABNER walks along, passing by TURKISH MERCHANTS who shout loudly, advertising their goods to the LOCALS.

A PEASANT BOY runs up to ABNER --

PEASANT BOY
You, American boy! Want to buy Turkish dictionary? Good price. 2 American dollars.

ABNER considers it.

ABNER
Turkish dictionary...might be useful.
Okay, sure.

ABNER pulls out the thick bundle of cash. The peasant boy's eyes light up.

PEASANT BOY
You big shot American, huh?

ABNER hands over two one dollar bills. The peasant boy hands over the dictionary.

PEASANT BOY
(continuing; always
the salesman)
You need things? I get you anything.
The best!

ABNER
Know where the Dogu...
(says it like it's sp)
Know where the Dogu Cafe is?

PEASANT BOY
Dogu.
(says it do-u)
Very close by. I show the way for 5
American dollars. Cheap price.

ABNER
Five bucks! Cost me only a dollar to
get from Erzurum to here!

PEASANT BOY
4 American dollars.

ABNER
Forget it, kid. For that price, I'll
find it myself.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET/QUIETER SECTION OF TOWN - SUNDOWN

ABNER walks up to a LOCAL.

ABNER
Excuse me, do you know where the Dogu
(says it do-u)
Cafe is?

The LOCAL grimaces, not understanding, and barks "Defol!"
(Turkish for "Beat it!") ABNER scowls. But then he
remembers the dictionary he bought. He pulls it out of his
backpack. He flips through the pages ... and soon realizes --

ABNER
(continuing)
There's no english! It's all in
Turkish. Right -- Turkish
dictionary. Little scammer.

SWOOSH! A ZIP PAN reveals the crooked peasant boy. He looks
mean. Even meaner looking are his 2 TEENAGE HENCHMEN. They
stand behind him like dutiful soldiers. A curt snap of the
finger sends the obedient henchmen running off in different
directions.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DUSK

ABNER walks along, checking store signs, looking for the Dogu Cafe.

Now ABNER takes heed of a teenage peasant -- TEEN HENCHMAN #1 -- standing in a pool of street light, watching him.

ABNER gets a bad feeling. He backs up slowly and bumps right into TEEN HENCHMAN #2!

They force ABNER back into a:

EXT. NARROW ALLEY

ABNER backs away from the henchmen as they come together and block the alley opening. ABNER glances quickly behind him -- A DEAD END!

The peasant boy leader EMERGES from the shadows of a doorway off to the side. A Lucky Strike dangles in his mouth.

PEAS. BOY LEADER
Streets bad place at night for little boys.

ABNER
Who you callin' a little boy, runt!

PEAS. BOY LEADER
Your money -- now!

ABNER
Like hell!

SHHHINK! The leader whips out a knife and steps in close.

ABNER
(continuing)
Whoa Nelly ... settle down. Okay
...here...

ABNER holds up the cash.

PEAS. BOY LEADER
(lowering the knife)
Smart boy.

ABNER surprises the runt with a KNEE TO HIS CROTCH!

ABNER
Smarter than you think!

The leader doubles over. The henchmen see this and spring into action! ABNER shoves aside the gasping leader and bolts through the doorway of a:

INT. SLUM APARTMENT BUILDING

ABNER scrambles to a door at the end of the hall -- IT'S LOCKED! ABNER runs back -- but halts as the teenage henchmen pile inside!

ABNER sees a flight of stairs. He runs over and flies up them.

EXT. THE ROOF TOP - NIGHT

ABNER crashes through an exterior door and finds himself on the roof. No good! He runs back in through the doorway and -- freezes! SOUNDS: SCUFFLING FOOTSTEPS -- the henchmen are on their way up!

EXT. ROOF'S STONE WALL LEDGE

ABNER looks down over the wall. HE'S FOUR STORIES UP.

ABNER regards a series of small balconies which go down like steps to the street. But ABNER would have to be pretty desperate to use those as an impromptu escape route. Behind ABNER, the henchmen pour out onto the roof! ABNER just got desperate.

ABNER kicks a leg over the wall. Then the other. He sits on the wall, hesitating, scared.

ABNER pushes off -- and just in time -- AS THE ARMS OF A HENCHMAN REACH IN AND GRAB AT OPEN AIR!

ABNER drops about ten feet and LANDS on the top most balcony. He snaps a LOOK UP. The henchmen are following him. He snaps ANOTHER LOOK to a clothes line just above his head. It stretches out, high over the street, and connects to a balcony on the opposite side. Bad idea!

ABNER
Are you crazy? No way Jose!
(yelling)
Help! Help me!

ABNER pounds on the glass door of the balcony. A light blinks on inside the apartment.

Suddenly a haggard old woman's face POPS IN at the window. ABNER cries out, jolted, and jerks back -- too far!

ABNER falls backward over the balcony railing. ABNER thinks fast and GRABS HOLD of the clothes line. But the WHEELED LINE gives way to his weight and he goes sailing out away from the balcony --

AND FINDS HIMSELF HANGING OVER THE STREET SOME 30 FEET UP!

To the rescue, the OLD WOMAN rushes out onto the balcony and starts pulling in the clothes line. ABNER yells out, hanging on for dear life, feeling dizzy from the HEIGHT.

Suddenly the two henchmen DROP IN on the old woman and she YELPS. Inadvertently, she lets go of the line. ABNER wheels back out away from the balcony!

HENCHMAN #1 pushes and shoves the old woman back into her apartment. HENCHMAN #2, with evil grin, starts to pull and jerk on clothes line. Back and forth. ABNER cries out, scared for his life. The two henchmen just laugh.

EEEEEEYAAAH! What the hell is that?! It's the old woman. She runs back out onto the balcony, armed with a BROOM. She whacks the nasty henchmen -- on their HEADS, BACKS, RUMPS! OUCH! EE! AW! OOH! The two henchmen scramble into the apartment. They bolt for the front door. And are gone in a flash.

The old woman to the rescue again: she grabs hold of the clothes line and starts to pull ABNER back in --

Now ABNER is back on the balcony, safe, with the old woman fussing over him.

ABNER

Yes...thank you -- thank you.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE THE OLD WOMAN'S APARTMENT

ABNER steps out into the hall with the old lady still fussing over him. She speaks in TURKISH.

ABNER

Thank you ... thank you ... alright
... okay -- Enough already!

EXT. OUT IN FRONT OF THE SLUM BUILDING - NIGHT

ABNER is just tucking in his shirt tails when he halts in his tracks --

THE TEENAGE HENCHMEN ARE WAITING FOR HIM ACROSS THE STREET!

ABNER, frantic, looks around for a direction to run in as the henchmen step off the curb and start across the street toward him. At which point -- HONK! HONK!

A lumbering DELIVERY TRUCK forces the henchmen back up onto the curb. They wait for the truck to pass. And when it has, the henchmen move out to get --

53.
BUT ABNER IS GONE!

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF TOWN - NIGHT

The DELIVERY TRUCK pulls over to the curb and parks in front of a ghetto tavern.

Starting on the DRIVER, the CAMERA DROPS DOWN and reveals ABNER clinging to the passenger-side door handle, his feet up on the running board.

ABNER steps down off the truck.

ABNER looks up at the tavern sign and smiles -- DOGU CAFE!

INT. DOGU CAFE - NIGHT

ABNER walks right in and is unfazed by the smoke and filthy atmosphere. TURKISH PATRONS, the rough-and-tumble type, eye ABNER silently and coldly as he steps to the bar. ABNER hops up onto a stool and leans in close to the BARTENDER.

ABNER
(whispering;
secretive)

Skull.

The bartender gives ABNER a strange look.

ABNER
(continuing;
emphasizing the word)

Skull.

The bartender shakes his head and attends to thirsty patrons. ABNER growls, frustrated. He spins around on the stool to face the bar proper --

Everyone in the place is looking directly at him. Abner looks back evenly at the room full of nasty face locals.

Now ABNER spots a WHITE MAN at a table and drops off the stool. He walks heavily to the rear of the bar.

The WHITE MAN watches ABNER curiously as he takes a seat at the table.

ABNER makes sure no one is listening and then leans in over the table.

ABNER
(continuing)

Skull.

21.

The white man's brow furrows. Then he can't help himself and bursts out laughing. He pokes fun at ABNER in German. He finds the kid a wonderful riot. The laughter is contagious. Soon the whole place is filled with uproarious, gut-wrenching laughter.

ABNER sneers -- he doesn't like to be laughed at. He won't stand for it!

ABNER
(continuing; barking)
Shut up!

At once the laughter stops. The expression "you could hear a pin drop" comes to mind.

SHARPLY CUT TO:

ABNER as he's thrown out of the tavern and lands on the street out front!

ABNER winces as he rolls over onto his back. His pack lands beside him with a clunk.

ABNER
Dirty -- rotten -- scoundrels.

At which point a pair of shiny shoes STEP IN. ABNER sees them. He looks up slowly --

VLADIMIROV'S SPY looks down at ABNER with a face of stone. He says one word:

SPY
Skull.

CUT TO:

INT. INDY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

INDY and MARION look like they've been up all night (they have). MARION is a nervous wreck. She sits on the couch with the phone on her lap, hoping, praying for a phone call.

INDY exhales heavily and rises from the sofa chair. He goes to the fireplace where he leans on the mantle.

INDY looks at a framed photo of his father.

INDY
(small voice)
Like father ... like son.

INDY steps away from the mantle. We linger here for a moment. Just long enough to notice a framed PHOTO of INDY in a military dress uniform. INDY in the photo is about the same age as INDY now.

There's a KNOCK at the front door. MARION springs up off the couch.

MARION

Abner!

INT. FRONT DOOR

MARION throws it open and reveals 2 OFFICIAL LOOKING MEN.

OFFICIAL MAN #1

(Russian accent)

Good morning.

MARION

What's so good about it!

MARION rudely walks away. INDY takes it --

INDY

Can I help you gentlemen?

OFFICIAL MAN #1

Doctor Jones, my name is Stal Andropov and this is my countryman, Boris Kerensky. We are with the Soviet Secret Police. It is urgent that we speak with you.

EXT. THE SIDEWALK OUTSIDE INDY'S HOUSE - JUST AFTER

KERENSKY

Doctor, a Yugi Vladimirov came to see you Monday. This is correct?

INDY

Yes.

ANDROPOV

He wanted to employ you. Correct as well?

INDY

Yes.

ANDROPOV

Doctor, what I am about to disclose must never be repeated. Not to anyone. Especially not to your own government. If you choose to break this confidence, the Soviet Union will deny everything. Including our meeting today. Is this understood?

INDY

Yes. Go on.

KERENSKY

Yugi Vladimirov is under investigation.

ANDROPOV

Are you familiar with the "Sons of Darkness," Doctor?

INDY

I've heard of them.

ANDROPOV

They are a very influential society. Sects throughout the world.

KERENSKY

The number of members would startle you.

ANDROPOV

We suspect Vladimirov is a sect leader. Evidence gathered over the past year has convinced the Kremlin that he is an enemy of the State.

INDY

So arrest him.

ANDROPOV

Not so simple, Doctor. Vladimirov has strong ties with the heads of government. The state cannot take action until a case is fully prepared.

KERENSKY

And this takes time, Doctor.

INDY

Why are you telling me all this?

ANDROPOV

We feel it is necessary to inform you completely.

KERENSKY

You see, Doctor, we seek your help.

INDY

(grumbling)

Everybody wants my help.

KERENSKY

Vladimirov intrusted you with some informa --

INDY

Wait a minute -- what makes you think I'm interested? He's your problem. Not mine. I'm only interested in finding my son.

KERENSKY

Yes ... your son. Pause.

ANDROPOV

Doctor, Vladimirov has your son.

INT. INDY'S HOUSE

INDY snatches up the phone handset. He's in the middle of dialing when Andropov yanks the handset away.

ANDROPOV

Sorry, Doctor.

INDY

Get out of my house!

KERENSKY

(intense)

Doctor, we are trying to avert an international crisis.

INDY

What crisis?

ANDROPOV

By the end of World War Two, the Soviet Union was a strong ally --

INDY

I don't need a history lesson!

KERENSKY

But the past three years have seen a change. We are in the midst of a Cold War, Doctor. Your country supplies economic and military aide to Turkey. If your government were to discover Soviet troop movement on Turkish soil, they would declare it an act of aggression.

ANDROPOV

Meaning: we must get to Vladimirov without attracting attention to ourselves.

KERENSKY

Doctor, the homes have only just been rebuilt. The world cannot afford another war.

INDY
What about my son?! Is he in any
danger?

The men exchange solemn glances.

ANDROPOV
Yes ... we believe so.

KERENSKY
This will be difficult for you to
hear ... but we suspect Vladimirov is
planning to use your son in some
sacrificial rite.

INDY looks horrified.

ANDROPOV
The "Sons of Darkness" have a history
of child sacrifices. They're purity
plays an important --

INDY
I'm going after my son -- and you
can't stop me!

ANDROPOV (after a
beat)

We were hoping you would say this.

KERENSKY
But please remember, Doctor: you must
be very discreet.

SHARPLY CUT TO:

INDY as he lays out his leather jacket, holstered revolver,
and his trusty bullwhip! How's that for discreet?

WE'RE IN INDY'S BEDROOM. MARION is here.

MARION
You're not leaving me behind -- you
hear me! I'm going with you!

INDY takes out a suitcase from the closet. He starts
packing. Note that INDY tosses his BULLWHIP into the suitcase.

INDY
Marion -- there's no time to argue --
you're not going!

MARION
Like hell I'm not!

She snatches up THE REVOLVER in both hands and shoves it in INDY'S FACE!

MARION
(continuing; not
herself; crazed)
He's got my baby!

INDY
(real calm)
Marion ... put the gun down.

MARION
I want my baby!

The gun is shaking in her hands.

INDY
Alright ... you can go.

INT. INDY'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL - JUST AFTER

INDIANA JONES -- outfitted in his adventure threads --
hurries down the stairs with his suitcase. MARION is right
behind him.

MARION
How are we gonna get there?

INDY
We're not waiting for that flight.
That's for sure.

MARION
Then how?

INDY
Trust me.

And they're out the door.

PUSH IN QUICKLY on the military photo of INDY on the
fireplace mantle, and we:

CUT TO:

INT. U.S. AIRFORCE BASE - HANGER - DAY

MARION stands off to the side while INDY argues with a YOUNG
AIRFORCE PILOT.

INDY
Whuddaya mean "there's nothing going
out"?

YOUNG PILOT
Just that, Lieutenant. There's not
a single bird flying today.

INDY
There's gotta be something -- !

YOUNG PILOT
(shaking his head)
I can't think of...
(he remembers)
Wait...yeah...
(not sure)
Is that today?

INDY
Is what today?!

YOUNG PILOT
First round-the-world nonstop flight.
A Boeing B-50 Superfortress.

INDY
Where's it taking off from?

YOUNG PILOT
Fort Worth.

INDY
When?

YOUNG PILOT
Sometime today ... I'm not sure.

INDY takes the PILOT by the arm and rushes him toward an XR-4
HELICOPTER.

INDY
You've just been drafted.

YOUNG PILOT
But, Lieutenant, we don't have
clearance!

INDY
National emergency. I'll be sure to
mention to General MacArthur your co
operation here today.

He waves at MARION to follow.

YOUNG PILOT
But, sir -- she's brand new! I got
less than 50 hours flight time.

INDY
50 hours more than I got.

YOUNG PILOT
(shaking his head)
This is crazy -- they're gonna give
me a section 8 for this.

INDY
If it's any consolation, son, I've
done crazier things.

EXT. U.S. AIRFORCE BASE - HELIPAD - JUST AFTER

The XR-4 lifts off, INDY and MARION on board.

SHARPLY CUT TO:

THE FULL SCREEN MAP:

Images of the XR-4 in flight are SUPERIMPOSED over the
adventure map. THE RAIDERS' MARCH jumps in big and loud as
a solid red line starts at BOSTON, crosses to CHICAGO, then
zeroes in on FT. WORTH, TEXAS.

CUT TO:

INT. XR-4 IN FLIGHT - LATE IN THE DAY

INDY glances at his wristwatch --

INDY
We're cutting it close...

MARION
(uneasy)
Indy, what if we're too late?

INDY doesn't know what to say.

YOUNG PILOT
(shouting)
Look!

DOWN BELOW, THE B-50 SUPERFORTRESS IS TAXYING TOWARD THE
RUNWAY.

YOUNG PILOT
We're too late!

INDY
Get us down there! Land in front of
it if you have to!

YOUNG PILOT
Sir?!

INDY
Do it! That's an order!

EXT. SKY OVER FORT WORTH AIRFORCE BASE

as the XR-4 starts its descent --

INT. SLOW TAXYING B-50 - THE COCKPIT

The XR-4 DROPS IN, just outside the windscreen. The PILOT and CO PILOT gasp.

The PILOT powers down on the throttle to avert a collision.

EXT. THE RUNWAY - JUST AFTER

INDY and MARION leap from the helicopter just as it sets down. The young PILOT shouts at INDY --

YOUNG PILOT

Don't forget to mention my name to
the general -- Vincent H. McGovern.

INDY

Who?

PILOT

General MacArthur!

INDY

Yeah, right...
(sincerely)
Thank you.

PILOT

I can't believe we made it...The big
guy upstairs must like you.

INDY

(wryly)
We'll soon see just how much.

EXT. IDLING B-50 - UNDER THE FUSELAGE

The PILOT, call him TEX, scurries down the cockpit emergency ladder. INDY -- MARION right behind him with the suitcase -- approaches.

TEX

Sakes alive, mister -- do you have a
screw loose or what?

INDY

I'm commandeering this plane.

TEX goes for his sidearm. INDY beats him to the draw,
whipping out his trusty revolver.

INDY
(continuing)
I wouldn't do that!

TEX
You're in a shit-load of trouble,
mister. You know you're messin' with
the United States Airforce?

MARION
My son's been kidnapped.

TEX
That's real terrible ma'am...but
that's a job for the police.

INDY
You're gonna fly us to Turkey.

TEX
Turkey -- the country -- I don't
think so, mister.

MARION
Please...he's my little baby.

TEX
I feel for you, lady...I really
do...but this bird here's taken.

In the distance, MILITARY POLICE JEEPS are fast approaching.

INDY
Your world record's gonna have to
wait -- get on board
(he cocks the
revolver)
Now!

TEX
You're goin' to prison for a very
long time, mister.

INDY
Not as bad as where you're going if
you don't get on that goddamn plane!

INDY fires off a shot into the ground!

SHARPLY CUT TO:

EXT. THE B-50 SUPERFORTRESS IN FLIGHT - SUNDOWN

The four propeller-driven behemoth is awash in warm sunlight
from the setting sun. An eyeful.

INT. B-50'S CREW COMPARTMENT

TIGHT SHOT: INDY AND MARION, as she whispers --

MARION
You could have let these men stay
behind.

JUMP BACK WIDE: THERE ARE 13 CREWMEN ABOARD. INDY has them
all at gun point.

INDY
Now you say something.

AT INDY'S FEET are a pile of .45 automatics, 15 in total.

MARION
I hope you got a plan?

INDY
Whudda you think: I'm making this up
as I go along?

MARION
Yes.

INDY
Don't worry...I still got some tricks
up my sleeve.

MARION
Those Russian men, did they say where
Abner is being held?

INDY
Dogubeyazit. But we have to land in
Istanbul. It's the closest city with
an airport...from there...

MARION
From there -- yeah...?

INDY shrugs.

MARION
(continuing)
You are making this up!

INDY grabs a headset radio.

MARION
(continuing)
What are you doing?

INDY
One of my tricks.
(into radio headset)
Captain, what's our E.T.A?

TEX'S VOICE OVER HEADSET
4 hours.

INDY
See if you can contact Air Traffic
Control, Cairo. Patch me through
when you got them.

TEX'S VOICE OVER HEADSET
Whatever you say, mister.

INDY
How we doing on fuel?

TEX'S VOICE OVER HEADSET
We're just gonna make it.

INDY
(wryly)
And you guys were planing a non-stop
flight around the world...

TEX'S VOICE OVER HEADSET
Something new we been messin' around
with: mid-air refuelling.

INDY
(grumbling)
Welcome to the Atomic Age.

EXT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT, TURKEY - NIGHT

The B-50 touches down!

INT. B-50'S CREW COMPARTMENT - JUST AFTER

HEAR the engines powering down. INDY and MARION are now much
more at ease with the CREW. A dramatic change in atmosphere.
Friendlier. Supportive.

CREWMAN #1 (CHARLIE)
Hope you get your son back, ma'am.

MARION smiles weakly.

THE PLANE STOPS. CREWMEN lower an emergency ladder to the
ground.

CREWMAN #2
Good luck, sir.

INDY
Thank you...and sorry about this...I
was desperate.

CHARLIE
We understand.

INDY and MARION start down the ladder.

CREWMAN #3
(an after thought)
You won't forget to mention our names
to General MacArthur?

INDY
Count on it.

EXT. THE B-50

INDY and MARION run away from the plane --

EXT. ARRIVAL GATE - JUST AFTER

SALLAH, INDY'S good-natured friend and long time partner in
adventure, smiles gloriously.

SALLAH
My two most favourite people in the
whole wide world. Indy, Marion --
He hugs them tight. Gives them both big kisses.

SALLAH
(continuing)
Good to see you, my friends.

INDY
We got trouble, Sallah.

SALLAH
(turning serious)
Yes, I received your telegram. Yes,
I received your telegram.
(cheery again)
But take heart, Indy. We will get
your cousin Abner back home safe.

MARION
(overlapping)
"Cousin?"

SALLAH takes INDY'S SUITCASE.

SALLAH
Come. I have checked us into the
finest hotel Istanbul has to offer.
(more)

...

SALLAH (cont'd)
Our train to Erzurum leaves tomorrow
morning. Then from there --

MARION
(suddenly)
Sallah -- wait -- tomorrow morning!

SALLAH
Yes...is that a problem?

MARION
Sallah, Abner is my son.

SALLAH
What's this ... your son ... but how?

MARION
A bad man has taken my son, Sallah.

INDY
Our son.

SALLAH
My friends ... I am very sad ... I
was not invited to the wedding...?

MARION
Sallah, it's too long a story. Right
now we have to get to Dogubeyazit.

SALLAH
Yes...but there is no train to
Dogubeyazit. We must first go to
Erzurum. Then a cab will take us
to --

MARION
There's gotta be a faster way!

INDY
How about a bus, Sallah?

SALLAH
Very slow -- a good day's journey --
at least.

MARION
Nothing faster?

SALLAH
Marion, this is not New York City...
Istanbul has limited transportation
resources...Dogubeyazit is over 600
hundred miles away.

MARION exhales heavily.

INDY

Alright...we'll take the train.

MARION

Indy, our son is out there with a madman!

INDY

I know! But what else can we do?

SALLAH

Indy is right, Marion. The train is our best ho --

MARION

Goddammit! We're standing around with our thumbs up our ass while my boy is out there getting himself into God knows what!

INT. VLADIMIROV'S HIDEOUT, DOGUBEYAZIT - THAT MOMENT

ABNER is digging into a big bowl of chocolate ice scream; his breakfast.

JUMP BACK: ABNER is eating alone at a makeshift table made up of stacked wooden packing crates. He looks incredibly small, dwarfed as he is, by the room's massive, crumpling stone columns and vaulted ceiling. We gather from the dust, stone debris and cobwebs, that this place was abandoned centuries ago and left for ruin.

EXT. VLADIMIROV'S HIDEOUT - NEAR MOUNT ARARAT - THAT MOMENT

The hideout is an earthquake beset palace nested in a high valley above the town of Dogubeyazit. The 18th century structure has an unobstructed view of Mt. Ararat. Truly breathtaking.

A sedan drives up to the entrance, steering around toppled stone pillars and rock debris.

INT. HIDEOUT - BIG ROOM WHERE ABNER IS - JUST AFTER

VLADIMIROV enters.

VLADIMIROV

Ah, young Mr. Jones. What a pleasant surprise.

ABNER

The last name's Ravenwood.

VLADIMIROV
But you are...
(gets the picture)
Ah, yes, I see.

ABNER
See. Whudda you see?

VLADIMIROV
(taken slightly off
balance)
I'm not sure what you --

ABNER
(getting riled)
Whudda you see?!

VLADIMIROV
(genuinely apologetic)
I meant nothing by it, sir. Forgive
me.

ABNER
Yeah...well...watch yourself.

VLADIMIROV
Point taken. So...Mr. Ravenwood, you
are a long way from home.

ABNER
I can take care of myself.

VLADIMIROV
Yes, you certainly can. Came to
Turkey all by yourself. Very
impressive.

ABNER
No big deal. Your instruction were
pretty detailed.

VLADIMIROV
No big deal -- why, Mr. Ravenwood, it
is astounding. You father must be
very proud of you. You are a bold
and courageous young man.

ABNER
You really think so -- about my
father being proud of me, I mean?

VLADIMIROV
I would be if I were your father.

ABNER is all smiles. He scoops up some ice cream into his
mouth.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing)
So let me guess why you are here:
Adventure. Am I right?

Mouth full, ABNER nods.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing)
Come. Let me show you something.

ABNER follows VLADIMIROV over to a ceiling-to-floor window covered by a tattered and torn drape. The big Russian pulls the drape down. It falls in a cloud of dust. Abner waves at the dust cloud, coughing.

ABNER
Hey -- !

At which point the dust clears and ABNER stares out wide eyed at --

MT. ARARAT BATHED IN MOONLIGHT.

ABNER is taken aback by the mountain so close. VLADIMIROV puts a hand on ABNER'S shoulder.

VLADIMIROV
Magnificent ... isn't it?. Two
peaks. 16,950 feet and 13,000 feet
respectively. 7 miles of snow and
ice separate them. It leaves one to
wonder how Noah and the animals ever
got off it. With a little help from
God, no doubt.
(he starts away)
Come. I have something else to show
you.

ABNER has to pull himself away from the window.

AT THE STACKED CRATES, VLADIMIROV takes out a photograph from a leather briefcase which he brought with him.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing)
The Armenians call Ararat "The Mother
of the World". An appropriate name,
wouldn't you agree?

ABNER
Ah....yeah. Sure. It fits.

VLADIMIROV
(chuckling)
Come. Look.

ABNER joins VLADIMIROV.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing)
Take this.

He hands ABNER a magnifying glass.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing)
Look at the photo. The area circled
in red.

ABNER magnifies that area and sees the protrusion of
something man made.

ABNER
Wow!

VLADIMIROV
What do you suppose it is?

ABNER
Noah's Ark -- that's obvious.

VLADIMIROV smiles.

ABNER
(continuing)
Boy, would this picture be great for
my display.

VLADIMIROV
What display is this?

ABNER
I'm doing a project on Noah's Ark. My
bible class is running a contest.

VLADIMIROV
(intrigued)
Bible class...?

ABNER
Yeah...I got everything. A model,
newspaper articles -- the works.

VLADIMIROV
But there is one thing you do not
have.

ABNER
(haughtily)
I made pretty sure.

VLADIMIROV
A piece of the ark.

ABNER
(shaking with
excitement)

A -- a piece -- from the actual Ark?
You have a piece?

VLADIMIROV
I am afraid not. Though if I had I
would gladly give it to you.

ABNER sighs.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing)
But, Abner -- may I call you Abner?

ABNER
Sure -- it's my name.

VLADIMIROV
Abner, enough pieces to fill a class
room may rest atop that mountain.

Pause.

ABNER
You think -- when you go up there --
you can bring me down a piece. I
would clinch the contest for sure.

VLADIMIROV
But why not bring a piece down
yourself?

ABNER
Hey, don't tease me -- that's mean.

VLADIMIROV
But I am not teasing you, Abner. The
expedition team leaves in the
morning. How would you like to be
part of the greatest adventure man
has ever taken?

ABNER
You gotta be kidding me?! I'd give
my right arm! And that's the one I
throw with!

VLADIMIROV
(amused)
Then you must be serious.

ABNER turns sad all of a sudden.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing)
What is it?

ABNER
My dad's gonna miss out. I promised
he'd be part of the adventure.

Pause.

VLADIMIROV
I have a suggestion: how about I
contact your father and have him join
us?

ABNER
That'd be great! Ah, but you heard
him. He doesn't wanna go.

VLADIMIROV
I am a very persuasive man, Abner.
Trust me.

EXT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT - THAT MOMENT (NIGHT)

INDY, MARION and SALLAH again. INDY gets a brainstorm -

INDY
I got it!

INDY looks out toward the B-50 now silent on the apron.

INDY starts to walk fast toward the plane. MARION has to
almost run to keep up. SALLAH, too.

INDY
(continuing)
Sallah, I don't know if this is gonna
work -- I need you to catch that
train to Erzurum in the morning --
get to Dogubeyazit -- ask
questions -- scourer the place --
Abner's there somewhere. Go!

SALLAH
Yes, Indy -- God be with you, my
friends

SALLAH runs off.

MARION
What are we gonna do?

INDY
You ever parachuted?

MARION
Parachuted?! No!

INDY
They can't land that baby, but
nothing says we can't jump. C'mon!

At which point there is a SCREECH of tires! INDY and MARION
spin around -- HERE COME THE U.S. MILITARY POLICE, RACING UP
IN ARMY JEEPS. THE JEEPS SURROUND INDY AND MARION AS THEY
SKID TO HALT. M.P.s DRAW THEIR WEAPONS AS THE

THE SERGEANT
(orders)
Don't move!

INDY and MARION put up their hands slowly. INDY spots TEX
standing at the side. TEX gives INDY an icy salute. Bastard!

Watching all of this from a distance is SALLAH.

SALLAH
(dreadfully)
Oh no...!

He watches helpless as INDY and MARION are restrained and man
handled into an army jeep.

CUT TO:

INT. HIDEOUT - MAKESHIFT SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

ABNER gets into a cot and slips under the covers. VLADIMIROV
tucks the boy in nice and cosy.

VLADIMIROV
We leave for the mountain at dawn. Be
sure to get plenty of sleep.

ABNER
Vladimirov?

VLADIMIROV
Please, Yugi, we are friends.

ABNER
Yugi...you've been really nice to me.
I won't let you down.

VLADIMIROV
I know you won't.

EXT. HIDEOUT (THE RUINED PALACE) - NIGHT

VLADIMIROV'S MEN are loading a TRANSPORT TRUCK with mountain
climbing gear.

55.
VLADIMIROV approaches a MAN. The man's back is to us, but we can see he is smoking a pipe.

VLADIMIROV
So...where were we, Doctor?

DR. BILL HUMPHREY, the pretentious ass, pulls his pipe from his mouth with such pompous ease that it's enough to make one throw up.

BILL
You were explaining that the anticipated storm came early yesterday; and that the weather should pose no problem for tomorrow's climb.

CUT TO:

INT. U.S. ARMY JEEP - MOVING - THAT MOMENT

INDY and MARION are in the back. M.P. DRIVER and PASSENGER up front.

INDY
Listen -- we're not crazy!

PASSENGER M.P.
Yeah, yeah -- just save it for the head doctor.

MARION
We're not crazy, dammit! -- you don't understand - - my boy's been kidnapped by the "Sons of Darkness" -- they're looking for Noah's Ark and when they find it they're gonna sacrifice my boy to some Godforsaken devil!

The two M.P.s turn their heads slowly around and look at MARION like she's off her rocker.

INDY
Contact General MacArthur --

DRIVER M.P.
The General MacArthur?

INDY
Yes -- he'll vouch for me!

DRIVER M.P.
(very sarcastic)
Sure we'll contact him right away.
Maybe we can all play war together.

INDY and MARION growl. It's pointless.

CUT TO:

EXT. U.S. ARMY BASE, ISTANBUL - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

Main gate. Barracks. The usual.

MARION'S VOICE
(screaming)
Goddamn you bastards!

INT. THE STOCKADE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The two M.P.s push INDY AND MARION into

A CELL

MARION
Sons-a-bitches!

She spits at them. They make faces and funny noises, circling their index fingers around their temples.

They slam the cell door shut -- CLANG!

MARION
(continuing)
Bastards!

INDY
You're not helping us, Marion!

MARION
I'm doing a hell of a lot more than you are!

INDY
What do you expect me to do, huh?
Take on the whole U.S. Army?!

MARION
You took on the whole Third Reich -- what? -- Americans not good enough for you?!

INDY
Aaaaaa!

INDY waves her off curtly; he's heard enough.

EXT. ARMY BASE - THE MAIN GATE - NIGHT

CAMERA FINDS a sedan parked down the street from the main gate.

Seated behind the wheel is SALLAH; he's watching the main gate.

SALLAH glances at his WRISTWATCH: 2:30 in the A.M.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

SALLAH'S WRISTWATCH: 4:25 in the A.M.

SALLAH exhales heavily.

SALLAH
(talking to himself)
Perhaps if I had a weapon...?

At which point he sees INDY'S suitcase on the passenger seat. SALLAH opens the suitcase and only finds INDY'S BULLWHIP. At which point there is the SQUEAL OF TRUCK BRAKES -SALLAH SEES A CONVOY OF U.S. ARMY TRUCKS STOPPED AT THE FRONT GATE.

CUT: THE MAIN GATE SENTRY is waving the lead truck through.

THE CONVOY ENTERS THE BASE.

AN INCONGRUOUS SHOT shows us the tarp covered vehicle being towed behind the last truck.

EXT. ARMY BASE - TRUCK YARD - JUST AFTER

The convoy is parked. SOLDIERS walk away from the trucks, CHATTING and LAUGHING.

INT. UNDER THE TARP

SALLAH is hidden here. He listens to the soldiers; their VOICES fade.

SALLAH is about to slip out from under the tarp when he notices what's under here with him --

A TOWED HOWITZER!

EXT. THE TRUCK WITH TOWED HOWITZER - JUST AFTER

SALLAH climbs up onto the rear bumper of the truck. He pushes the canvas curtain aside and grins big from ear to ear.

STACKED INSIDE THE TRUCK IS THE HOWITZER AMMUNITION!

EXT. THE BASE - JUST AFTER - ON A SIGN POST

with a number of signs posted. But the one we see reads: STOCKADE. A painted arrow points the way.

INT. STOCKADE - INDY'S AND MARION'S CELL - JUST AFTER

MARION is pacing. INDY sits on the bunk, face in his hands.

Suddenly --

SALLAH'S VOICE

(hushed)

Indy! Marion!

INDY springs up and goes to the barred window.

INDY

(hushed)

Sallah!

SALLAH'S VOICE

Indy! Oh, what a pleasure it is to hear --

INDY

Get us the hell out of here!

SALLAH'S VOICE

Is there a bunk in there?

INDY

(confused)

A bunk? What? Sallah!!

SALLAH'S VOICE

You and Marion stay to the right and cover yourselves.

MARION

Cover ourselves?

INDY gets the picture. He pulls off the bunk's mattress.

INDY

Behind it! C'mon!

EXT. THE STOCKADE BUILDING - JUST AFTER

SALLAH has the truck and towed howitzer parked out here.

SALLAH is manning the howitzer. He cranks the METAL WHEEL which turns and adjusts the howitzer's cannon. He points the barrel at the exterior wall of INDY'S and MARION'S cell.

SALLAH cracks open the cannon breach and LOADS a heavy shell.

SALLAH plugs his ears and stomps on the fire control lever with his foot -- BOOM!

SALLAH is thrown from the recoiling howitzer!

A HUGE HOLE IS BLASTED OPEN IN THE WALL!

INSIDE THE CELL -- CHUNKS OF ROCK DEBRIS BEAT ON THE MATTRESS INDY AND MARION HAVE TAKEN COVER BEHIND!

INSIDE THE BARRACKS -- SOLDIERS ARE JARRED AWAKE BY THE EXPLOSION!

EXT. THE HUGE HOLE

as INDY and MARION run outside.

INDY
Sallah!!

SALLAH pops up, unhurt.

SALLAH
The truck!

INDY, MARION and SALLAH rush to the

TRUCK

and climb inside.

SALLAH
(proudly)
I hot-wired it.

INDY
Your one of a kind, Sallah!

INDY shifts gears and stomps on the gas.

EXT. THE TRUCK

as it shudders and races away.

EXT. THE MAIN GATE - JUST AFTER

The truck smashes through the wooden barrier arm!

The truck turns wildly, almost tipping over.

HERE COME TWO M.P. JEEPS IN PURSUIT!

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. CHASE THROUGH THE STREETS OF ISTANBUL - OUR HEROS
IN THE FLEEING TRUCK - NIGHT

INDY snaps a look at the side mirror -- ARMY JEEPS IN HOT PURSUIT!
CLOSING IN FAST!

MARION
Can't this thing go any faster?!

INDY
We're too heavy!

SALLAH
The shells and howitzer are weighing us
down!

INDY
Shells!

SALLAH
Yes -- back there!

INDY throws a look back -- STACKED AMMUNITION! THE LIVE SHELLS
RATTLE AGAINST EACH OTHER.

INDY'S REACTION -- PRICELESS.

GUN FIRE NOW!

THE PURSING JEEPS

THE M.P.s ARE FIRING AT THE TRUCK!

INDY sneers.

A BULLET RICOCHETS OFF THE SIDE MIRROR!

INDY
Those idiots hit a shell and we'll
be the first men to the moon!

Moon ... that gives INDY an idea.

INDY
Sallah, take the wheel!

IN THE TRUCK HOLD

INDY works his way toward the rear. HE'S FORCED TO DUCK DOWN
FROM A RICOCHETING BULLET!

INDY looks at the SHELLS -- right in his face -- his heart almost
stops.

IN THE CAB

SALLAH cranks the wheel.

THE TRUCK CUTS A CORNER SHARPLY --

INDY IS THROWN TO THE SIDE -- LIVE SHELLS FALL WITH HIM!

INDY
SALLAH!!

SALLAH
Sorry, Indy!

CUT TO: INDY as he leaps from the rear of the moving truck to the
towed howitzer. INDY has a live shell under each arm.

INDY quickly mans the howitzer. He CRANKS THE WHEEL and aims the
barrel down at the rushing road.

INDY cracks open the breach and SLAMS home a shell.

THE TWO PURSUING ARMY JEEPS

are racing up toward the rear of the truck. An M.P. is taking aim over the windshield --

INDY pops up and fires the howitzer -- BOOM!

THE RECOIL SLAMS THE TOWED HOWITZER UP AGAINST THE BACK OF THE TRUCK. INDY IS ALMOST THROWN TO THE ROAD!

SALLAH AND MARION ROCK WITH THE BUMPED TRUCK!

THE FIRED SHELL BLASTS A CRATER INTO THE ROAD -- AND CRUNCH -- ONE OF THE PURSING JEEPS FALLS INTO IT AT HIGH SPEED!

THE M.P.s, BANGED UP, ARE ALL RIGHT.

INDY LOADS ANOTHER SHELL --

INDY PREPARES TO FIRE AGAIN --

AT WHICH POINT SALLAH TURNS THE TRUCK SHARPLY DOWN ANOTHER STREET --

THE HOWITZER TILTS UP ONTO ONE WHEEL -- AND INDY PRESSES THE FIRE CONTROL LEVER INADVERTENTLY!

BOOM! THE FIRED SHELL TAKES OUT A PARKED CAR!

THE HOWITZER SLAMS BACK DOWN -- AND INDY IS ALMOST THROWN AGAIN!

INDY
SALLAH!!!

SALLAH
(shouting)
SORRY, INDY!

INDY is forced to duck as a bullet strikes the howitzer!

DOWN HERE, INDY sees where the howitzer is hitched to the truck -- an idea comes to him.

THE LONE PURSUING JEEP

is not far behind the truck. The M.P. PASSENGER is reaching for the radio --

WHEN INDY, TUGGING AND PULLING AT THE HITCH RELEASE ARM, GETS IT FINALLY!

INDY JUMPS FROM THE HOWITZER JUST AS IT DROPS AWAY FROM
THE TRUCK - -

THE M.P.s CRY OUT --

AND THE JEEP SWERVES TO MISS THE RUNAWAY HOWITZER. THE
JEEP JUMPS THE CURB AND SMASHES INTO A TREE!

The M.P.s, banged up, are okay. They watch the TRUCK whip
around a corner and disappear from their sights.

The M.P. who reached for the radio looks at the frayed,
pulled out cord attached to the handset in his hand. He
shrugs at his partner.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT - NIGHT

INDY, MARION AND SALLAH creep up and get out of sight behind
a REFUELLING TRUCK.

INDY
It's still here.

He means the B-50 superfortress.

INDY
(continuing)
Like before.

SALLAH
Yes, Indy.
(remembering)
Oh --

SALLAH pulls out from within his shirt INDY'S BULLWHIP.

SALLAH
(continuing)
You might need this, my friend.

INDY takes his whip and latches it to his belt.

SALLAH
(continuing)
God be more with you this time.

EXT. THE PARKED B-50 - UNDER THE FUSELAGE - JUST AFTER

A YOUNG SENTRY is standing guard at the plane.

MARION approaches the SENTRY with a warm smile. The SENTRY
snaps down his rifle and points it at MARION.

YOUNG SENTRY
Halt!

MARION

Hey, hey -- take it easy.

YOUNG SENTRY

This is a restricted area, ma'am.
You'll have to leave.

MARION

But what about cuddles?

YOUNG SENTRY

Cuddles, ma'am?

MARION

My wittle doggie -- you have to help
me find Cuddles.

YOUNG SENTRY

I didn't see any dog, ma'am...?

MARION

(pointing)

There he is!

The SENTRY turns around -- WHACK! INDY smacks the SENTRY
with a plank of wood. INDY and MARION race up the steps and
into the plane.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT - DAWN

The B-50'S four big propellers start to spin one after the
other.

INT. B-50 COCKPIT

TEX and the CO-PILOT are finishing up their preflight checks.

TEX

Takes forever to do anything in this
god forsaken country.

CO-PILOT

I'm just glad to be going home.

INT. B-50'S STORAGE COMPARTMENT

INDY and MARION are hiding in here.

INDY

We'll make our move after we're in
the air.

MARION

Indy, what if we're too late?

INDY
We'll get Abner back. I promise.

INDY embraces MARION.

CUT TO:

INT. VLADIMIROV'S HIDEOUT - MAKESHIFT SLEEPING
QUARTERS - DAWN

Abner is sound asleep. THE CAMERA FINDS VLADIMIROV; he is
watching Abner sleep. Creepy.

VLADIMIROV whispers one word in that CRYPTIC language again.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE B-50 IN FLIGHT - SUN UP

The big B-50 is flying west, away from the rising sun.

INT. B-50'S CREW COMPARTMENT

The CREW are at their stations.

INDY steps out of hiding. The crew all see him at once.

INDY puts a finger to his mouth -- Sshh!

CHARLIE
(hushed)
Sir, what are you doing back here?

CREWMAN #2
We saw you get taken away.

INDY
Charlie, we have to get this plane
turned around. I need your help.

INT. THE COCKPIT - JUST AFTER

INDY barges in with Charlie -- a .45 pointed at the kid's
head!

INDY
Gentlemen --

TEX
You! How the hell --

INDY
Shut up or I'll put a bullet through
this kid's head!

CHARLIE

Listen to him, Captain. The guy's a whack-o!

INDY

Turn the plane around and head east.

EXT. VLADIMIROV'S HIDEOUT - SUN UP

VLADIMIROV, DR. BILL HUMPHREY, and ABNER walk to the TRUCK idling nearby. VLADIMIROV'S COMRADES are all present: 4 in total.

BILL

(low to Vladimirov)

You think it's wise to bring the child?

VLADIMIROV

Abner is our good luck charm, Doctor.

BILL

Sir, the climb is going to be very demanding ... not to mention dangerous.

VLADIMIROV

All the more reason to have a good luck charm, Doctor.

BILL

He's your responsibility.

VLADIMIROV

I'd have it no other way.

BILL steps away in a huff. A comrade, RYKOV, whispers to his Captain:

RYKOV

Comrade Captain, I was unable to contact Doctor Jones. The university said he left the country on important business.

VLADIMIROV

(grinning)

Doctor Jones is no doubt looking for his son as we speak. I would have preferred the services of the good Doctor...but we must make do.

RYKOV

(concerned)

Comrade, I agree with Dr. Humphrey. The child will slow us down.

VLADIMIROV

The child is our salvation, comrade.

RYKOV frowns.

VLADIMIROV

(continuing)

You will soon understand. We could
not have been more fortunate.

CUT TO:

EXT. APPROACH TO THE MOUNTAIN - MORNING

The truck bounces along a rocky dirt road, headed for Mount Ararat rising high in the background.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING

ABNER is really excited.

VLADIMIROV is enjoying the boy's enthusiasm.

EXT. ROCKY FOOTHILL ROAD - SOON AFTER

The truck is following a winding road which cuts through higher, more rugged terrain. Sheer bluffs, a story or more high, and strangely eroded rock formations make up the surrounding landscape.

INT. TRUCK

Comrade RYKOV is at the wheel, frowning at something up ahead on the road.

EXT. THE ROAD

We LOOK THROUGH the legs of a horse at the truck approaching. We CRANE UP alongside the horse to show the RIDER in profile.

INT. TRUCK

The strange horseman has everyone's attention.

VLADIMIROV

The horn.

RYKOV honks the horn. But the rider remains where he is, blocking the road.

ABNER

Who is that?

EXT. THE ROAD

The horseman raises his hand into the air.

INT. THE TRUCK

Everyone is puzzled.

BILL
What's he doing?

EXT. CLOSE ON THE HORSEMAN

as his hand snaps down -- a signal!

At which point HORSEMEN, numbering a dozen, close in from all flanks.

INT. THE TRUCK

VLADIMIROV sneers. He raps on the cab wall, yelling to his men in the hold --

Vladimirov (*subtitled*)
Ambush!

EXT. THE TRUCK

as the flapped sides are rolled up and reveal a HEAVY MACHINE GUN on a tripod. The GUNNER opens fire!

CALIBRE SLUGS SLAM INTO THE CHARGING BRIGADE! HORSEMEN FALL,

hitting the dirt hard!

INT. THE TRUCK

RYKOV jumps out, ready to do battle. VLADIMIROV gets his door open --

Vladimirov
Remain here! Stay low!

BILL and ABNER don't argue with him.

EXT. THE TRUCK

A HORSEMAN gallops by, his sword raised gallantly! VLADIMIROV draws his sidearm quickly and takes out the rider with one shot!

The heavy machine gun cuts the ambusher's numbers in half.

RYKOV and VLADIMIROV charge the fallen horsemen who stagger to their feet.

INT. THE TRUCK

ABNER gets to the floor, scared. BILL doesn't look so brave either. Suddenly -- THUD! Someone just landed on the roof!

EXT. THE TRUCK

A HORSEMAN has leaped onto the roof from a ridge above and is now --

INT. THE TRUCK

jumping onto the hood. BILL yelps! The HORSEMAN peers in through the windscreen -- then smashes his sword through the glass! BILL jerks aside! The tip of the sword punctures the cab wall very close to BILL'S head!

ABNER

Gun! Don'tcha gotta gun?

BILL

No!

But that's not all together true. BILL just remembered something. He scrambles for his DUFFLE BAG. From it he pulls out a SMALL BOX --

The HORSEMAN on the hood thrusts his sword forward; he's trying it a second time! BILL ducks down. Again the tip of the sword stabs the back wall!

BILL POPS UP -- something in his hand -- WHOOSH! A sizzling ball of light erupts from the object in BILL'S hand -- IT'S A FLARE GUN! The projectile slams into the HORSEMAN and knocks him back off the hood of the truck!

EXT. THE TRUCK

The fallen HORSEMAN is wounded, but not dead. He staggers to his feet. VLADIMIROV charges at him! The big Russian knocks the HORSEMAN to the ground again! VLADIMIROV is seething mad. His eyes glow RED -- very subtle -- as he unloads three shots into the HORSEMAN at point blank range!

Now a yell from RYKOV warns VLADIMIROV to watch out! The big Russian spins around and unloads two slugs into a CHARGING HORSEMAN!

RYKOV is under attack himself, but he doesn't see in time. The attacker's sword runs him through. A full foot of blood smeared steel pops out of RYKOV'S chest -- ghastly!

The GUNNER whips the heavy machine gun around and riddles the last horseman with bullets.

VLADIMIROV, his chest heaving, is ready for more. But it's all over.

THE DOZEN HORSEMEN ARE DEAD.

EXT. AMBUSH SCENE - JUST AFTER

COMRADE 2 is preparing to drag RYKOV'S body to the truck.

VLADIMIROV

Leave him.

COMRADE 2

But Comrade Captain --

VLADIMIROV

Leave him! I don't want the boy
frightened! Go! Get the truck
started. Go! Damn you!

INT. THE TRUCK

Vladimirov climbs in.

BILL

Getting us killed was not part of the
agreement, sir!

VLADIMIROV

I'm not responsible, Doctor! If
bandits wish to attack us, there is
nothing I can do but protect myself!

ABNER

Robbers? Those guys were robbers?

VLADIMIROV

Yes. Bad men, Abner.

ABNER

I'm glad you got 'em, Yugi. Bandits
tried to rob me the other day. But
I got away.

VLADIMIROV

Good. Very good. You will make a
fine soldier someday.

ABNER likes the thought of that. BILL is not altogether
convinced.

BILL

Bandits ... I find that difficult to
believe, sir.

VLADIMIROV

Highway robbers, Doctor. Who else
would they be?

BILL
Just before they attacked I heard one
shout in Hebrew: "The Sons of Light
will triumph!"

VLADIMIROV
(evenly)
Zealots, Doctors. Zealots.

EXT. THE TRUCK

as it drives off.

We remain on the battle field. Bodies of the horsemen are
sprawled out in the dirt, twisted, open wounds turning the
sand red. The wind picks up. Strong. Sand begins to swirl
and whip in the air.

In a matter of seconds the wind has kick up a wall of sand
too dense for the eye to penetrate. The screen is completely
obscured. Then, as quick as the wind came, it disperses. The
sand wall dissipates and settles.

The bodies of the horsemen no longer lie defeated on the
ground; nor do they stand at attention, resurrected by powers
too great to fathom. Just the simplest of miracles -- THEY
HAVE VANISHED.

INT. B-50 COCKPIT

INDY is still holding CHARLIE at gun point.

INDY
Radio air traffic control, Moscow.

TEX
I knew it -- you're a commie traitor!

INDY
Do it!
(to CO-PILOT)
You. Go through your air maps.
Calculate a position closet to the
town of Dogubeyazit.

TEX
We can't land this thing there --
there's no runaway!

INDY
Who said anything about landing!

EXT. BASE OF MOUNT ARARAT - FOOTHILLS - DAY

The truck is already unloaded. Mountain climbing gear is
piled up on the ground. Note the backpacks: they remind us
of parachute bundles.

VLADIMIROV, his 3 comrades, BILL, and ABNER, are suited up, or in the process of doing so, for the climb ahead.

ABNER'S climbing suit is a makeshift one. ABNER is slipping on a pair of hiking boots which he brought with him in his backpack.

BILL pulls VLADIMIROV to the side, out of ear-shot --

BILL

Vladimirov, be reasonable. We've already been ambushed. And in a couple of hours we will be traversing very dangerous terrain. He is only a boy.

VLADIMIROV

Do not worry yourself, Doctor. I will see that the boy remains safe.

(turning to Abner;
loud)

Abner is far too important to leave behind.

BILL sighs heavily. ABNER sticks out his tongue at BILL.

VLADIMIROV

(continuing;
chuckling)

Today we climb to the lower plateau. An abandoned village there should provide adequate shelter for the night.

BILL

The village was destroyed by an earthquake and avalanche in 1840.

VLADIMIROV

You've done your homework, Doctor.

BILL

I come prepared, sir.

Exchanging goofy looks with ABNER:

VLADIMIROV

Lucky for us. However, a few structures should still remain intact.

COMRADE 1

We are ready, sir.

VLADIMIROV

Excellent.

No one moves. Least of all BILL.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing)

Doctor, you are the self proclaimed
mountaineer of mountaineers, are you
not? Please, lead the way.

BILL hops to it.

BILL
Tally Ho!

ABNER
Hold it! What about my dad?

VLADIMIROV
It is getting late, Comrade. We must
go.

ABNER
But my dad? He should be here?

Kneeling to the boy --

VLADIMIROV
(dramatically)
Just think how proud he will be when
you bring him a piece of the Ark.

ABNER beams.

INT. B-50 COCKPIT - THAT MOMENT

INDY, enraged, whips the radio headset aside.

MARION
What -- what's wrong?!

INDY
Andropov refuses to get involved! He
said Vladimirov and his men left for
the mountain at dawn.

MARION
Abner?

INDY
Abner's with them.

MARION
Oh god.

INDY
(barking at the CO-
PILOT)
You! Forget about the town --
calculate a drop zone closet to mount
Ararat.

At which point there is a SPUTTERING NOISE -- OUTSIDE, THE FOUR PROPELLER DRIVEN ENGINES ARE DYING, ONE AFTER THE OTHER. BACK INSIDE --

INDY
(continuing)
What's wrong?!

TEX
I don't know -- all the engines are shutting down. Instrument readouts are failing!

INDY
Fuel? -- what?! C'mon!!

TEX
I don't know!

INDY
(wryly)
So much for the man upstairs liking me.

THE LAST ENGINE DIES. THE BIG PLANE STARTS TO NOSE DIVE. TEX FIGHTS TO GET THE NOSE UP.

TEX
We're going down!

EXT. SERENE PASTURE LANDS - JUST AFTER

A TURKISH FARMER is tending to his crops.

What's that? HERE IT IS -- THE B-50 SHOOT'S BY OVERHEAD. THE PLANE'S FEROCIOUS WIND DRAG BLOWS THE FARMER RIGHT OFF HIS FEET!

HERE WE GO: THE SUPERFORTRESS BELLY FLOPS WITH A CRUNCH. THE PLANE STAYS INTACT AND SLIDES LIKE A GIANT'S BOBSLED ON THE EVEN PASTURE LAND --

SUDDENLY THE NOSE STARTS TO DIG IN AND THEN -- OH MY GOD -- THE PLANE BEGINS TO CARTWHEEL. THE AIRCRAFT DISINTEGRATES INTO A MILLION PIECES AND EXPLODES!

But ... What about our heros?

EXT. THE OTTOMAN BRIDGE - THAT MOMENT ABNER'S TAXICAB CROSSED THIS BRIDGE YESTERDAY.

MARION'S VOICE
(screaming)
Indy-y-y-y!

AT WHICH POINT INDY AND MARION DROP IN FROM THE SKY --
FLOAT IN RATHER -- BOTH OF THEM STRAPPED INTO PARACHUTE
HARNESSES.

INDY lands first -- a perfect two-point touch down. MARION
is second to land -- OOOFF! Not so perfect.

TOUCHING DOWN ALL AROUND NOW ARE THE 13 MEMBER FLIGHT
CREW, TEX AND THE CO-PILOT!

EXT. THE BRIDGE - JUST AFTER

Everybody starts to gather on the bridge. TEX pushes through
his men and stomps up to INDY -- WHACK! He punches INDY in
the face. INDY'S knees buckle.

TEX
You commie sonofabitch!

TEX raises his fist again. MARION intercedes --

MARION
Please! Please! Stop -- my boy is
in danger!

CHARLIE
It's true, sir.

TEX
You're gonna back them up after he
put a gun to your head?!

CHARLIE
It was just a trick...to get you to
co-operate. Sorry.

TEX
Then all this time your wife here's
been telling the truth?

INDY and MARION nod.

TEX
(continuing)
Well I'll be a monkey's uncle.

INDY looks at Mount Ararat far off on the horizon.

INDY
We gotta get to that mountain!

MARION
How -- we're in the middle of nowhere!

At which point there is a CHUG-CHUG NOISE. ALL HEADS TURN TO
SEE A JUNK-BOX TAXICAB COMING DOWN THE DIRT ROAD TOWARD THE
BRIDGE. CUT TO: INDY as he flags down the taxicab.

BEHIND THE WHEEL is our sour-toothed CABBY, jaws still swollen and his head wrapped in the grimy handkerchief.

INDY

Take us to the mountain!

CABBY

(pointing behind him)

Mmmmm.

He has TOURISTS in the backseat.

CUT: Now the TOURISTS are out of the cab and on their butts in the dirt. They watch stunned as the taxicab putt-putts away!

INT. THE TAXICAB - MOVING

We see, through the back windshield, the CREWMEN helping the tossed TOURISTS to their feet.

INDY is brandishing a .45 at the CABBY.

INDY

Faster!

CABBY

(sweating bullets)

Mmmmmmmmm!

EXT. MOUNT ARARAT - GRASSY PLATEAU - DAY

The first leg is underway. A breathtaking HIGH ANGLE SHOT finds VLADIMIROV'S team making tracks up the gradually sloped plateau.

EXT. ROCKY FOOTHILL ROAD - DAY

The taxicab races along at an incredible 20 miles an hour!

INT. CAB

INDY fishes out a map from his pocket. It looks familiar. It's from the plane. It's a topographic map of Mount Ararat and the surrounding foothills.

Indicating map --

INDY

The Ark's been pin-pointed on this peak, here, little Ararat. They'll probably come in from the north, around Great Ararat. There's a seven mile stretch between the peaks. Then it's a 5,000 foot climb once they reach little Ararat.

MARION

"Once"? We can't let them get that far!

INDY

It's probably too late to stop them.

EXT. MOUNT ARARAT - GRASSY PLATEAU - DAY

The team starts to change directions. BILL is studying a map on the climb, using his compass to navigate.

VLADIMIROV

Are we making good time, Doctor?

BILL

We could be doing better.

BILL glances back at ABNER disdainfully. ABNER makes a face at BILL. VLADIMIROV chuckles.

VLADIMIROV

How long until we reach the village?

BILL

5 hours. Maybe 6

VLADIMIROV grins at something BILL has hanging from his belt.

VLADIMIROV

Doctor, I see you are prepared for another close encounter.

BILL frowns at him.

VLADIMIROV

(continuing)

Your flare gun.

BILL

Yes, I've decided to keep it at my side. As you saw it came in very handy.

VLADIMIROV

A pistol would be much more practical, Doctor. Would it not?

BILL

I've never been an advocate of firearms, sir. Nasty things if you ask me.

VLADIMIROV

Ah, yes, Doctor, but they too can be very handy.

EXT. ROCKY FOOTHILL ROAD - NEAR SUNDOWN

This is a familiar looking area. Yes, that's right, the ambush occurred here just hours ago.

Here comes the taxicab, sputtering and lurching -- it dies! Steam spews from its rad!

INDY and MARION get out. The cabby kicks the tire.

INDY
Dammit!

MARION
What now?

INDY
The mountain's just a short distance.
(pulling Marion)
C'mon!

EXT. A LITTLE WAYS UP THE FOOTHILL ROAD - JUST AFTER

INDY and MARION are running along when INDY spots the bloody body of COMRADE RYKOV.

INDY
Hold it!

INDY runs over to the dead man. MARION steps in a second later.

MARION
Who is that? What are you doing?

INDY is rummaging through the man's pockets.

INDY pulls out a map. He unfolds it and looks it over.

INDY
Yes! It's their route. We know exactly where they're starting and where they're going.

INDY reaches down to grab Rykov's automatic rifle, but jumps back.

INDY
Watch it! Scorpion!

The creepy thing crawls up onto Rykov's chest. MARION yelps.

INDY
 (continuing)
 Easy. Don't panic. He'd make you
 sick, but the poison's not lethal.
 Get enough of 'em on you -- that's
 another story.

The scorpion is doing something very odd: it repeatedly jabs
 the dead man with its stinger. INDY and MARION exchange
 looks.

MARION
 Let's go, Indy!

They swing around and start running again.

A FEW YARDS AHEAD, INDY and MARION slow down and stop. They
 are looking out ahead of them with great perplexity on their
 faces.

MARION
 (continuing)
 Why....is the ground moving?
 (then with growing
 fear)
 Indy-y-y! The ground is moving!

MARION'S right, the ground is moving ... in their direction
 ... from all directions, except from the rear. No ... not
 the ground ... something else?

NOW THIS YOU DON'T SEE EVERYDAY: SCORPIONS! the disgusting
 critters are massed together like stampeding herds of cattle.
 Hundreds! more like thousands! stings raised like hooked
 fingers and pincers clacking like toy chatter-teeth!

MARION
 (continuing)
 Indy-y-y-y!

INDY
 Run, marion! run!

EXT. FOOTHILL ROAD, BACK TO

The CABBY as he kicks his car tire again, MUMBLING. A sound.
 He turns to see the Americans running back his way.

CABBY
 (frightened)
 Mmmmmmmmm!

INDY and MARION run for their lives.

INDY
 Car, marion! the car!

MARION yelps and jumps onto INDY'S back. INDY stomps on the few remaining critters.

MARION

Indy -- there! there! get it! get it!

INDY

I don't see anymore! C'mon.

MARION

(pulling back)

Not with those things out there!

INDY

Whaddaya suggest we do -- fly!

At which point MARION sees something.

MARION

How about ride?

She points up. Perched on a low bluff is a HORSE, grazing on some wild grass. It's a thoroughbred and fully saddled. Bets are it belonged to the horseman who earlier on had leaped from the bluff and onto the roof of Vladimirov's truck.

SHARPLY CUT TO:

INDY and MARION on the horse!

INDY

Yah!

The horse takes off at a charge!

EXT. BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN - FOOTHILLS - SUNDOWN

INDY and MARION ride up on the horse. They see the truck. Climbing off and helping MARION --

INDY

The map's genuine. This is where they started.

MARION

They got nearly a full day's head start!

INDY looks inside the truck.

INDY

There's gear in here!

INDY jumps inside the hold and starts suiting up.

MARION

Any more?

INDY

Marion, you're staying here!

MARION

Like hell I am!

INDY

Marion -- there isn't enough gear here for two of us!

MARION

But Indy --

INDY

You'd just be holding me back.

MARION

But, Indy, he's my son!

INDY

With enough luck, I'll get to them before they reach the 7 mile pass.

MARION

I'm counting on you, Indy. Don't let him hurt my boy.

INDY

Never.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - SUNDOWN

Just over a hundred years ago this was a thriving village on the mountain's lower plateau. Now it is in ruins. The aftermath of a giant earthquake. Jagged boulders, as big as houses, broke off from the cliff face above and crushed the village.

The resulting avalanche buried back then what wasn't pulverised under a tidal wave of rock and snow. What remains of the village today is very little. At first glance, there doesn't appear to be a village at all. A closer look, however, reveals structural walls and the geometrical shapes of dwellings and courtyards under a crust of rock and earth. The team enter this forsaken place.

BILL

Magnificent!

VLADIMIROV

You see, Doctor, some structures
still remain intact. Adequate
shelter for the night.

INT. INTACT COTTAGE/CAMP SHELTER - NIGHT

A camp fire burns brightly. BILL and two of the Comrades sit
around the fire drinking hot coffee. The two soldiers watch
BILL silently. Feeling eyes upon him, BILL shifts
uncomfortably. Then he's had enough --

BILL

(snapping)

Why not take a picture! It will last
longer!

VLADIMIROV enters through a big hole in the wall. With him
is the other comrade. Someone is missing?

VLADIMIROV

Where is Abner?

BILL

He went to the washroom.

EXT. ABANDONED VILLAGE - NIGHT

VLADIMIROV manoeuvres around rock debris, the beam from his
helmet lamp casting a pool of light ahead of him.

VLADIMIROV sees a light shaft arching to and fro inside a not
too distant dwelling.

INT. NOT TOO DISTANT DWELLING - JUST AFTER

ABNER is checking out the place. A solidified mound of rock
and earth protrudes in through where a wall once stood.

At the time of the avalanche, a wave of rock and snow came
crashing in. A century later, the mound is as solid as
granite. A permanent addition to the dwelling.

ABNER'S helmet lamp illuminates a series of stain-glass
windows at the side. Miraculously, they survived the quake,
the avalanche, and the century of harsh weather that followed.

VLADIMIROV'S VOICE

Abner!

VLADIMIROV is standing just outside a crumbled section of
wall.

ABNER

Look at the glass. It's so pretty.

VLADIMIROV smiles and moves to step inside -- but is forced back, as if he bumped into some invisible barrier! Alarm washes over VLADIMIROV'S face!

ABNER
(continuing)
C'mon in and see.

VLADIMIROV tries it again -- but is forced back as before! Bizarre ... but it seems as if this place doesn't want VLADIMIROV inside.

VLADIMIROV
(sharply)
Abner! Come! We must get some sleep!

ABNER
Aw nuts!

VLADIMIROV
Come!

ABNER
I'm comin', awready!

EXT. THE MYSTERIOUS DWELLING - NIGHT

VLADIMIROV leads ABNER quickly away by the hand. We linger on the structure ... and slowly BOOM UP to show a steeple, rising from the dwelling's crust of dirt and rock; then the WHITE CROSS atop the steeple, all aglow in the moonlight.

EXT. ON THE MOUNTAIN - ROCKY ALCOVE - NIGHT

INDY is shivering as he pats down a pile of wild grass. He takes a box of matches from the commandeered parka, fumbles with it, and spills the matches on the ground.

INDY scoops up a few and, not bothering with the box, stuffs the matches into his pant's pocket.

INDY scrapes his thumb nail across the head of the match and it ignites. He lowers the flame to the grass ... and in a few seconds a fire starts to glow brightly.

INT. CAMP SHELTER - NIGHT

The team are bedded down for the night. ABNER is restless.

ABNER
I can't sleep.

BILL
Go to sleep you little brat!

ABNER
Who you calling a brat? Egg-head!

Getting up --

BILL
Why you little -- !

VLADIMIROV
Enough Abner! Go to sleep!

ABNER
(sulking)
I don't wanna go to bed. I'm too
excited.

VLADIMIROV exhales heavily.

BILL
(rubbing it in)
You wanted to bring him.

VLADIMIROV has an idea:

VLADIMIROV
If I tell you a story, then will you
go to bed?

ABNER
A ghost story, and you got a deal!

VLADIMIROV
(grumbling)
A ghost story.
(but then he grins)
A ghost story. If it is a ghost
story you wish. Then a ghost story
you shall get.

ABNER sits up, ready.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing)
Prepare yourself, because it is a
doosie.

ABNER
I'm ready! I'm ready!

VLADIMIROV puts on his best ghost-story-telling-face and
begins:

VLADIMIROV
A long time ago. A time before the
great flood, the Devil had a child
born of flesh and bone, but with all
the powers of evil at his disposal.
(more)

VLADIMIROV (cont'd)

For a thousand years, the unclean son corrupted man, converted the children of God to the side of Evil. This enraged the All Mighty. And as a punishment, God promised to banish man from the Earth.

(beat)

News of this came to the ears of the unclean son by Noah himself.

(beat)

Learning that his kingdom would soon be brushed away by the hand of God, the unclean son confided in his most faithful servant and explained to him: "God will destroy what I have built; God is all powerful; God will see that my flesh falls from my bones." The Servant did not want to believe such horrors, but he followed his master's instructions to the letter.

(beat)

Days before the rain, the unclean son was destroyed as predicted -- the evil incarnate was gone.

(beat)

As he was instructed, the faithful servant took the skull, all that was left of the unclean son's earthly form, and went in search of Noah. By this time Noah had completed the Ark.

VLADIMIROV

(continuing)

And under the guise of a friend, the servant asked permission to join Noah and his family on the Ark.

(beat)

But Noah had great uncertainties and did not believe the friend was true and forbid him refuge.

(beat)

The servant believed he had failed his master. But then a voice spoke to him, and explained what had to be done. So while Noah and his family waited for the rains to come, the servant crept on board the Ark and hid away the unclean son's skull in the bow. Then the servant, given a moments power by his master, left his earthly form and buried himself deep inside an elephant.

ABNER, so engrossed, can only mouth the words "Holy Toledo".

VLADIMIROV

(continuing)

As Noah was foretold, the heavens opened and the waters prevailed. The great sea rose to incredible heights. Covering the highest mountains.

(truly grievous)

The kingdom and all its people sank into a deep abyss.

Women...children....families...all gone.

(collecting himself)

More than a year later, the Ark settled, here, on Mount Ararat. And one by one the animals filed off the Ark and walked to the four corners of the cleansed earth.

(beat)

Centuries passed, and the elephant, which had been given a long life span by God, finally died. From the animal's rotting flesh, the servant emerged in the shape of his earthly self. But something was wrong. The servant was far from any place he knew. A crucial mistake had been made. And the unclean son was lost.

(beat)

Throughout his life the servant searched for that place where the Ark had settled, spreading word of the evil scriptures; recruiting the young and old for a time when the unclean son would return as flesh and retake the earth. And for generations, the search endured.

VLADIMIROV

(continuing; beat)

Thousand years pass...To this night. And right now there roams a man, an evil man, who is the long descendant of the faithful servant. This evil man's only purpose in life is to make his master flesh again. And to do this, he has been reassembling a skeleton --

ABNER

(jumping in)

Skeleton!

VLADIMIROV

Yes. From the bones of those men who, over the centuries, had shown an unwavering dedication to evil.

(more)

VLADIMIROV (cont'd)

It has been a long, laborious task.
(thoughtfully)

So much so that evil man gave up hope....began to doubt the scriptures he so once truly believed. The evil man had allowed himself to be blinded by the rationale of modern thinking.

(beat)

But now that has changed. For the evil man sees a dark light on the horizon. A wonderful light. And the skeleton, which had been passed down from generation to generation, each one adding to its reconstruction, is almost complete. Now, after centuries, only one piece -- but the most critical -- awaits him atop this mountain.

ABNER

(jumping in)

The skull!

VLADIMIROV

Precisely. So you see, Abner, why the Ark is so significant, because it houses the all important piece. And if this evil man were to ever uncover the Ark, he would find the unclean son's skull. Then 5 thousand years of sleep would end. The unclean son would be born again of flesh and reclaim the Earth in his name ... and all of Godkind would be doomed.

(leaning in close)

So Abner, whatever you do, do not tell this evil man where the Ark is.

ABNER is pretty darn scared. VLADIMIROV chuckles, as does his men.

VLADIMIROV

(continuing)

I see you like my story.

ABNER

Boy...that's pretty scary. Neat...but scary.

VLADIMIROV

Let us get some sleep. A long day ahead of us tomorrow.

ABNER rolls over, imagination getting the better of him. One of VLADIMIROV'S comrades whispers:

COMRADE 4
I believe you have terrified the boy.

VLADIMIROV
It would be merciful to kill him now,
before the "Coming"... but I have
plans for this little one.

CUT TO:

EXT. ON THE MOUNTAIN - HIGH, SNOWY SLOPE - DAWN

The team is underway again. The terrain is dangerously
rugged. The team is making sure they have their crampons
(spikes) set in the ice before pressing onward.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ABANDONED MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - DAY

INDY, huffing and puffing, refers to the map, using a compass
which he also found in the parka.

INDY gets his direction and presses onward.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE 7 MILE PASS - DAY

The team traverse the difficult terrain at a snail's pace.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BASE OF LITTLE ARARAT - LATE IN THE DAY

The team pause and take heed of the second peak rising above
them.

ABNER
We gotta climb that?

VLADIMIROV
A walk in the park, for a young,
virile man like yourself.

ABNER
Yeah, you're right.

BILL shakes his head and begins to uncoil some rope.

BILL
I'll scale to the plateau above and
secure a line. We can pull the boy
up that way.

VLADIMIROV
Good idea, Doctor. I knew there was
some reason why I hired you.

ABNER
How come I can't climb?

BILL
It's too dangerous.

ABNER
(false bravado)
Whuddaya mean -- it's an ant hill!

VLADIMIROV
But, comrade, I suffer from a sore
leg. The line would help me.

ABNER
Yeah...I guess if you got a sore leg.
I'll take the rope too -- just so you
don't feel bad.

VLADIMIROV
Thank you, comrade, for having such
consideration.

ABNER
Think nothing of it. That's what
friends are for?

EXT. STEEP RIDGE - LATE IN THE DAY

INDY drops down onto a narrow LEDGE. He looks down over the
edge -- A KILLER OF A DROP!

INDY thinks about his next move.

INDY starts to drop a line over the side. He takes a piton
(a sharp blade which, when hammered into rock, anchors the
rope for scaling) and begins to clip his line through the eye
of the piton.

A BIT OF ORANGE against the rocks at the side catches INDY'S
eye. He leans out and discovers a drop line already anchored
to the rocks, left there by the team earlier. INDY is
grateful.

CUT TO:

EXT. SNOW COVERED MOUNTAIN PASS - NEAR SUNDOWN

The team are walking up a snowy slope. In a moment, the team
are atop the slope. The CAMERA continues upward, rising
above the team's heads and reveals

A DEEP, WIDE TRENCH separating the team from the other side, where another laborious climb over a grand slope awaits them.

VLADIMIROV

The Ark is another day's journey, no more. We will set up camp on the other side of the gorge. Doctor?

BILL

We'll have to rig a bridge line.

VLADIMIROV

Alright, let's get to work.

SHARPLY CUT TO:

A COMRADE as he sights a rifle -- WOOF!

AN ANCHOR IS SHOT INTO THE ROCK OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE.

BILL

I'll go across and secure a scaling line. That lip looks rather precarious.

VLADIMIROV

I have complete confidence in you, Doctor.

EXT. THE 7 MILE PASS - NEAR SUNDOWN

INDY is just a speck against the sea of snow and ice.

ON INDY, his face long with fatigue. The mountain is taking its toll on him.

EXT. GOAL SIDE OF THE DEEP TRENCH - SUNDOWN

BILL comes face to face with the opposite wall of the gorge. He is hanging from the secured bridge line.

A good, strong thrust and BILL plants his ice axe deep into the icy lip. Then with surprising agility, BILL pulls himself up, sinking the spikes of his crampons in fast to give him support.

Yelling from the opposite side --

VLADIMIROV

Yes, Doctor, you never cease to amaze me!

BILL, using two ice axes, his crampons, climbs the icy lip to the top.

BILL
 (grumbling)
 And you, Vladimirov, never cease to
 annoy me.

Now BILL is safe on the slope, working an ice screw into the
 thick permafrost.

Now BILL is securing a rope to the ice screw. Then, at the
 rim, he drops the scaling line over the side and it dangles
 alongside the bridge line below.

Yelling across to the others --

BILL
 (continuing)
 Alright! One at a time!

SHARPLY CUT TO:

A dizzying HIGH SHOT over the trench.

ABNER crosses hand-over-hand, secured to the bridge line by
 a wheeled harness.

Yelling to ABNER --

BILL
 Don't look down. Keep your eyes on
 me!

ABNER is shaking, and it's not from the cold.

Yelling from the opposite side --

VLADIMIROV
 That's it, comrade. You're doing
 splendidly. The Soviet Airforce
 could use a man like yourself!

BILL
 (yelling back)
 Let the boy concentrate! Okay,
 that's it. Just a bit further.

EXT. BASE OF LITTLE ARARAT - SUNDOWN

INDY runs up, his chest heaving. While catching his breath,
 INDY sees a rope dangling at the side.

EXT. DEEP TRENCH

ABNER comes face to face with the far wall of the trench.

BILL
 See the carabiner?

ABNER

The what!!

BILL

The metal thing on the end of the rope!

ABNER

Yeah, yeah! Okay!

BILL

Clip it onto your harness ring! After that --

ABNER

One thing at a time!

BILL snarls. He waits.

BILL

Have you done that?

ABNER

Yeah, yeah! I did that!

BILL

Now unhook yourself from the wheel.

ABNER pulls himself up a bit, to slacken the strap fixed to the wheel, and unclips himself. His full weight surprises him -- and he is yanked off the bridge line! He drops!

VLADIMIROV panics --

VLADIMIROV

Abner!

ABNER hits the gorge wall, grunting.

ABOVE, BILL has the rope held tight in his hands --

BILL

I got you! I got you! Hold on!

BILL starts to pull on the rope.

ABNER is hauled up slowly.

Now BILL is helping ABNER up to safety.

ABNER

Thanks! Wow! That was close!

>From the other side --

VLADIMIROV

Is the boy alright?

ABNER
(yelling back)
Yeah! I'm fine, sir! No problem!

VLADIMIROV turns to a Comrade --

VLADIMIROV
(proudly)
His spirit of adventure is strong.
A diamond in the rough.

BILL plants ABNER on the grand slope.

BILL
Don't move!

ABNER
(saluting
sarcastically)
Yes, sir!

BILL
(yelling across)
Alright! Someone else! Let's go,
we're losing the light!

EXT. ON LITTLE ARARAT - SUNDOWN

INDY is hard at work scaling up the mountain.

UP CLOSE ON INDY'S spiked boots as they stab at the ice; as his ice axe sinks home.

EXT. A PLATEAU - JUST AFTER

INDY'S HAND, it clutching the ice axe, pops up --

INDY'S HAND sets the ice axe firmly in the frozen ledge. A moment. Then INDY himself pops up, his face flushed, and breathing hard.

Now INDY is safely on the plateau. He catches his breath a moment. Then presses onward.

EXT. GOAL SIDE OF THE TRENCH - DUSK

The team are all across now. VLADIMIROV puts a comforting hand on ABNER'S shoulder.

VLADIMIROV
Excellent. Let us set up camp on top
of the slope.

The team move out. BILL leads the way.

The team follow BILL up the grand slope. BILL looks back to say something --

BILL
I hope someone was smart enough to
bring a cam --

Suddenly the ice beneath BILL caves in! BILL drops through
the snow, out of sight.

ABNER
Bill!

INT. A POSSIBLE CREVICE

BILL lands hard in the dark and screams out as a bone in his
leg snaps!

ABNER appears at the hole above --

ABNER
Bill! Bill!

VLADIMIROV appears next --

VLADIMIROV
Doctor!

IN THE DARK, BILL groans and manages to yell --

BILL
I
(yelp)
-- my leg's broken!

VLADIMIROV
It appears you've fallen into a
crevice. We'll get a rope down to you.

BILL
Hurry!

BILL snaps on his helmet lamp -- and all the pain shooting
through his leg is forgotten.

BILL stares out at what the light has revealed. A heavenly
choir mixes up, growing louder, exemplifying the divinity of
his discovery.

BILL
(continuing; barely
able to speak)
I...my god...
(he smiles)
I found it.
(yelling)
I found it!

He has indeed: NOAH'S ARK!

The helmet's beam shines on rotten support struts, thick beams, and, incredibly, a row of animal stalls! Upper and lower. It's difficult to tell, but it is very big inside here. Bigger than the cargo hold of most ships!

FROM ABOVE --

VLADIMIROV

What have you found, Doctor?

BILL

(giddy)

The Ark! Noah's Ark! You fool!

ABOVE, we see the look on VLADIMIROV'S face; it is quite moving. Then VLADIMIROV expression changes ... he looks confused.

VLADIMIROV

But the Ark shouldn't be here...?

The team begin to scoop away the snow and ice quickly.

Soon they've cleared an area around the hole. Revealed are the dark planks of the ancient vessel's roof.

VLADIMIROV (*subtitled*)

(in that strange
language)

The skull.

VLADIMIROV pulls off his glove and places his hand against a frozen plank. He snaps his hand back to the sound of sizzling flesh!

ABNER

What -- what is it?!

VLADIMIROV

(lying)

Cold! Very cold!

ABNER reaches out with his hand tentatively. He places a finger against the wood, prepared to snap back his hand at any second. But he doesn't. Frowning, ABNER places his whole hand against the roof.

ABNER

It's not cold...It feels warm. Nice.

VLADIMIROV grins smugly.

VLADIMIROV

Now you see gentlemen why the boy is so important.

(then with urgency)

Doctor! Can you see the bow?!

BELOW, BILL can't believe is eyes.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing)
Can you see the bow, Doctor?

BILL collects himself enough to answer him.

BILL
Ah....

He looks around, the helmet lamp lighting what he sees.

BILL
(continuing)
I think this is the stern?

The lamp shines on the farthest end: flat.

BILL
(continuing)
Yes, definitely the stern.

BILL looks around behind him. The lamp shines on a glittering wall of white -- snow. The beam pans around to reveal planks abruptly ending, jagged and splintered.

BILL
(continuing)
The bow is missing!

FROM ABOVE --

VLADIMIROV
What do you mean, "The bow is missing."?

BILL
Just that! Looks...looks like the front section has broken off. There's jagged planks and a wall of snow.

On VLADIMIROV, who mutters --

VLADIMIROV
Where is the bow?

Now it dawns on him...

AT THE RIM OF THE TRENCH, VLADIMIROV and his comrades appear. They look down into the trench some 100 feet deep.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing)
Appears the Almighty isn't going to make this easy. Get the rope ladder.

ABNER, at the hole, watches the beam from BILL'S helmet lamp arc to and fro.

ABNER
What's it like down there?

BILL
Inconceivable! I...
(difficult to put
into words)
...I... feel an energy of some kind.
Humming....humming all around me.
(chuckling
delightfully)
I dare say, young man, but I do
believe it is the power of God!

AT THE RIM, a comrade is securing a rope ladder to ice screws. That done, he tosses the ladder over the edge.

The ladder drops, unrolling to about 75 feet -- too short!

VLADIMIROV
As I feared.
(ordering)
Take a rope. Climb down and clip it
to the foot of the ladder.

Back to ABNER at the hole --

ABNER
Whuddaya see?

BILL can't get over it.

BILL
Everything!

IN THE GORGE, comrade 2 is climbing down the ladder. He reaches the bottom and clips the line to the last rung. He drops the secured rope. It uncoils the rest of the way to the snowy bed below.

Leaning out, VLADIMIROV sees his man on the ladder far below.

VLADIMIROV
Slide down the rope. See what is
under the snow below you.

COMRADE 2
Yes, Comrade Captain!

The comrade starts down --

CLOSE ON one of the ice screws which anchors the rope ladder to the ledge -- it is moving! Too much weight!

The comrade plants his boots on the gorge wall. He begins to scale down --

At which point the ice screw POPS OUT!

The ladder shifts downward on one side, startling the comrade, who then loses his footing and falls!

The comrade lands in the snow below and drops right through, out of sight --

INSIDE THE BOW, the comrade comes crashing in from above! He lands hard on a thick beam! Wood splinters drop in on top of him!

The comrade, broken, hurting, has landed inside the bow which resembles half a ribcage with its curved framing beams and joists. The fractured bow section is partially collapsed and lies on it's side.

The comrade is barley able to lift his head, back broken most likely. But that's the least of his problems, as right now he begins to convulse, jolt, as if shot through with electricity! The convulsions intensify; becoming more and more brutal! Until suddenly, with a tortured shriek, the comrade erupts into flames like a Roman candle!

ON THE RIM, VLADIMIROV reacts suddenly to the fire ball blasting up through the hole made by his fallen comrade!

The fireball dissipates quickly, as does VLADIMIROV'S patience! He curses the sky --

VLADIMIROV

Damn you!

VLADIMIROV takes a moment to think. Then he bounds up the slope, shaky with desperation.

ABNER sees VLADIMIROV approaching.

ABNER

Did you hear a scream?

VLADIMIROV

(edgy)

It was nothing. Abner, we are friends, are we not?

ABNER

Sure. 'Course we are.

VLADIMIROV

Do you remember how graceful you were when I allowed you to come on this expedition?

ABNER

Sure I do.

VLADIMIROV

I need you to do something for me.
It's dangerous. But I know you can
do it.

ABNER

Anything. What is it?

Now ABNER and VLADIMIROV are at the rim:

VLADIMIROV

You must go down there and retrieve
the skull.

ABNER

The skull! But that was just a ghost
story.

VLADIMIROV

No...it is true, Abner. And we must
get the skull before the evil man
does. Help me!

ABNER

(frightened)

The...the evil man is here?

VLADIMIROV

No. And he won't come as long as I
am here to protect you. I would go
myself, but my bad leg.

Pause.

ABNER

Okay...I guess.

VLADIMIROV

You are a good friend, Abner. Your
father would be very proud of you.
Here --

He clips ABNER'S harness to the end of a rope.

VLADIMIROV

(continuing)

I will lower you down. Be brave,

comrade. Keep your eyes on the wall of the gorge. Do not
look down.

VLADIMIROV helps ABNER drop his legs over the side.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing)
I will see you shortly.

FROM A DIZZYING HIGH SHOT, ABNER'S tiny body is just a speck against the jagged trench wall.

ABNER is lowered toward the bed 8 stories down.

And then, at last, ABNER'S boots set down on the crust of snow which incases the bow section.

Yelling down from above --

VLADIMIROV
(continuing)
Go to the hole! I will lower you in.

ABNER snaps on his helmet lamp and sits down on the edge of the hole --

VLADIMIROV keeps the rope taut and starts to feed the line.

ABNER is eased through the hole and drops down out of sight.

INSIDE THE BOW, ABNER is lowered slowly toward the framework below. His helmet lamp shines on the ribs and support beams. The panic on ABNER'S face diminishes and is replaced by wonder and the thrill of discovery.

VLADIMIROV feels the rope slacken as the boy touches down inside and he breathes a little easier.

INSIDE THE BOW, ABNER turns around slowly, allowing the light to shine on every part of this mesmerizing place.

ABOVE, VLADIMIROV goes into a trance, chanting words in that strange tongue again. A gothic choir, deep and foreboding, powers the chanting, making our skin crawl.

VLADIMIROV (*subtitled*)
Show him! Show him! Show him!

INSIDE THE BOW, close on a pile of snow -- something underneath it is moving! The gothic choir intones darkly, swelling with energy.

VLADIMIROV'S CHANTING
Show him! show him!

Through the magic of unspeakable evil the snow melts away from around a

HUMAN SKULL!

With a look full of wonder, ABNER gapes wide-eyed at the skull. The gothic choir reaches a crescendo!

INT. CAB OF TRUCK

as MARION sits up, sensing danger!

MARION

Abner?

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE TRENCH

ABNER is pulled back up through the hole.

VLADIMIROV shouts down --

VLADIMIROV

Do you have it?

ABNER

(shouting back)

Yes! It's in my hand!

VLADIMIROV

(darkly)

The "Coming" will be earth shattering!

(but first things

first)

Put the skull in your helmet, like a basket, and attach the chin straps to the rope!

ABNER

What about me!!

VLADIMIROV

Trust me, comrade! I would never leave you! Without hesitation,

ABNER removes his helmet, places the skull inside it, and secures the chin straps to the rope he was lowered down on.

ABNER

Okay! Bring it up!

The helmet is pulled up slowly. VLADIMIROV gently takes up the line. A comrade reminds him --

CCMRAD 3

We have only three parachutes.

VLADIMIROV

(sadly)

Yes...I know. It is a waste. But the boy will die.

(comfortingly)

He will be spared the horror of the "Coming". That is my gift.

(more)

VLADIMIROV (cont'd)
(ordering)

Prepare the dynamite. Nothing of God
can remain. The Earth belongs to Him
and the Sons Of Darkness. I will not
have it cluttered with God's toys!

EXT. THE TRUCK - NIGHT

MARION paces back and forth, looking helpless.

MARION
Indy ... please hurry.

EXT. THE RIM

as ABNER'S helmet pops up at the end of the rope. VLADIMIROV
scrambles to the helmet.

VLADIMIROV gently lifts out the skull, shaking with
excitement. With reverence he holds the skull up to his face.

VLADIMIROV grins at the thought of a classic line coming to
him. He softly speaks in a thespian voice --

VLADIMIROV
"To be or not to be?"

An interruption --

COMRADE 2
We are ready, comrade Captain.

VLADIMIROV
(testily)
Yes! Yes!

DOWN IN THE TRENCH, ABNER is becoming impatient.

ABNER
Hey! C'mon! Send down the rope,
already!

BACK TO THE RIM ABOVE, we see it is now lined with enough
DYNAMITE to blow up half the mountain -- or at least enough
to destroy the Ark and bury the remaining bits for all
eternity.

The fuses from the 2 dozen or more sticks come in and meet
together, having been spliced into ONE MAIN FUSE LINE.

ABNER'S VOICE
(shouting)
Yugi!

At the hole, VLADIMIROV looks down inside. The light from
BILL'S helmet is all he can see.

VLADIMIROV
Hello, Doctor!

BILL'S VOICE
Where the hell have you been!

VLADIMIROV
Doctor, please, you are in God's
temple. Watch your language.

BILL'S VOICE
Get me out of here!

As VLADIMIROV prattles on, COMRADE 3 lowers a few sticks of dynamite into the hole; and COMRADE 2 takes their fuses and splices them into the main fuse line.

VLADIMIROV
Your services have been greatly
appreciated, Doctor. But as you well
know: all great things must come to
an end.

BILL'S VOICE
What are you going on about!!

VLADIMIROV
Farewell, Doctor, you've been a most
sensational comic relief.

BILL'S VOICE
Farewell! What do you mean
"farewell"? Get a rope down here!
Now! You ignoramus!

VLADIMIROV
(making a face at his
men)
This one I'm not sad to see go.

IN THE TRENCH, ABNER is looking worried. Now it hits him --

ABNER
Dirty -- rotten -- scoundrel! What an
evil thing to do!

A horrible thought --

ABNER
(continuing)
Evil...evil man! Yugi's the evil man!
(realizing what he's
done)
Oh no!

At which point a DANGLING ORANGE ROPE catches ABNER'S eye. He hurries over to it and follows its length up to see it is attached to a ladder hanging askew against the gorge wall above.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

MARION has to do something. The tension is killing her. The horse she and INDY rode in on neighs fussily, pulling on its reins tied to the truck. MARION regards the horse....

A sharp cut: and now MARION is riding off on the horse. She steers the animal south, around the base of the mountain.

EXT. ON THE SLOPE - NIGHT

VLADIMIROV is walking up toward the top, silhouetted ominously against the starry night sky. COMRADE 3 follows behind. While COMRADE 2 is keeping an eye on the fuse spindle; he has an ice axe inserted through the core so that the spindle can wheel freely.

The main fuse line is being laid out in the trail of these "Sons of Darkness."

EXT. THE TRENCH WALL

ABNER is climbing up the drop line, hand-over-hand, supporting himself against the rocks with his feet. It's tough. But the kid is doing it.

Now ABNER is at the rope ladder. He's out of breath.

ABNER transfers from the drop line to the ladder without much difficulty. But he's having trouble planting a foot on an upper rung as the ladder is hanging askew. A bit of work. Then ABNER gets his boot in.

ABNER starts to climb the ladder...

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - NIGHT

Their Helmet lamps lighting the way, VLADIMIROV and his men traverse the narrow ridge.

VLADIMIROV

The opposite side of this ridge gives us a clear place to jump. Fifteen minutes flight time. Then we will be over the border and into Soviet territory.

(a question)

Is all ready at the landing zone?

COMRADE 3

Yes, comrade Captain.

VLADIMIROV

Dispense with the formalities, my brother. We are equal now. We are the Sons of Darkness.

COMRADE 2 brings up the rear, at work laying down the main fuse line.

EXT. TRENCH WALL - NIGHT

ABNER is nearing the rim. About twelve more feet to go.

But danger rears its ugly head: the second ice screw, the only one which anchors the ladder, is

STARTING TO SLIP OUT!

On the ladder, ABNER cringes, REACHING UP FOR ANOTHER RUNG.

Suddenly the ladder shifts downward --

The ice screw is slipping out -- another inch and it's goodbye ABNER!

ABNER is very still, afraid to move. The ladder shifts downward again! ABNER cries out and snaps a LOOK DOWN at the jagged rocks some 8 stories below! He snaps a desperate LOOK UP to the bridge line above. But its out of reach!

THERE GOES THE ICE SCREW -- POP!

The ladder goes slack. ABNER can feel himself starting to fall -- !

Suddenly -- from out of no where -- comes a DARK FIGURE, swooping in like a bird.

THE FIGURE scoops up ABNER around the waist with nary a second to spare!

IT'S INDIANA JONES!

INDY clings to his bullwhip with one hand, his free arm wrapped around ABNER. A quick shot details the fall of the whip (that is, the unplaited strip at the end of the lash) which is tied to the bridge line.

ABNER clings to INDY, amazed --

ABNER

Dad! Where'd you come from? Thought I was a goner!

INDY

We're not out of this yet! Get around, onto my back.

ABNER quickly, but carefully, climbs around onto his father's back, piggy-back style.

INDY

(continuing)

That's it. Now put your arms around my neck. Hold on tight!

INDY strains himself, working the little loop at the whip-handle's end into a carabiner attached to the harness around his waist. That allows him to hang freely and use both his hands.

INDY starts himself swinging toward the gorge wall. Soon he's swinging strong. An ice axe in each hand, INDY tries to sink them into the thick frost which layers the wall. He misses on the first attempt.

INDY swings back -- and this time sinks the ice axes with a reassuring THUNK! He rams his boot crampons deep into the ice for added support. One slow move at a time, INDY begins the 12 foot climb to the rim.

EXT. HIGH LEDGE - NIGHT

VLADIMIROV and his men appear. The view is breathtaking from up here. We can see right across into the heartland of Russia.

VLADIMIROV

Prepare to jump.

EXT. THE RIM - NIGHT

INDY POPS UP from behind the rim. The ice axes, dug in, are sturdy handholds. He's made it. Relief. Not so fast. The FRAME ADJUSTS to show the row of dynamite sticks, only a foot from INDY'S face.

INDY

You gotta be kidding me!

ABNER

What! What's wrong!

INDY

Nothing -- reach over and grab hold of the axe. I gotcha.

ABNER reaches out and grabs the axe handle.

INDY

(continuing)

I'm gonna help you. Now pull yourself off and onto the ledge. Dig your boot spikes in for support.

ABNER is doing a fine job of it.

Now Father and son are safe on the ledge. But what this --
INDY is going back down.

ABNER
Where you going?

INDY
Just stay here!

INDY climbs back down to the bridge line. He pulls on the bullwhip and the knotted end slides across to him. Using a knife, INDY cuts off the fall of the whip --

MATCH CUT TO:

INDY as he cuts the main fuse line. ABNER scans the slope.

ABNER
He's gone! Dad! You gotta go after
him!

INDY coils up his bullwhip and secures it to his belt.

INDY
I'm not going anywhere!

ABNER
But you don't understand!

INDY
Abner, enough! All I care about is
you.

ABNER
But, dad, he's the evil man. He's
got the skull. It's the end of all
Godkind!

INDY grimaces.

EXT. THE JUMPING LEDGE - NIGHT

VLADIMIROV is looking introspective all of a sudden. He has a parachute bundle strapped on, watching the others put on theirs.

VLADIMIROV looks as if he's made a decision. He unholsters his sidearm and blasts his own men!

VLADIMIROV starts to back track along the narrow ridge.

EXT. THE HOLE - NIGHT

BILL'S cries for help are rising up through the hole --

BILL'S VOICE
Somebodeeeee! help!

INDY and ABNER crouch down at the hole --

INDY
Bill! That you?

BILL'S VOICE
Jones! Thank God! Get me out of here!

INDY
What is this?

ABNER
He's in the Ark.

INDY
Noah's Ark?

Immediately INDY is seized by the archaeologist in him. He snaps on his helmet lamp and dunks his head through the hole. Upside down, he shines his light over the interior.

INDY
(continuing)
My God.

BILL
(bellow)
Jones! get me the hell out of here!

INDY
(in awe; muttering)
Incredible.

INDY turns his head and the helmet lamp shines on something ... looks like a wire ... it is dangling a foot from INDY's face turned upside down. But INDY only has a second to regard it --

ABNER
(screeching)
Dad!

INDY snaps back up through the hole --

VLADIMIROV has ABNER by the scruff of the neck, his gun pointed at the boy's head!

VLADIMIROV
Not another move, Doctor Jones.

INDY
Don't hurt the boy!

VLADIMIROV
I do not plan to. Unless you give me
a reason.

ABNER
Dad!

INDY
Be still, Abner!

VLADIMIROV
I did not expect to find you here,
Doctor.

INDY
What do you want?

VLADIMIROV
Unfortunately something you and I
both want. I've grown quite found of
the boy.

INDY
What are you saying?

VLADIMIROV
I want the boy. World domination can
be very lonely.

INDY
No! I won't let you take him!

VLADIMIROV
I'd say you have no choice in the
matter!

VLADIMIROV turns the gun on INDY. At which point ABNER
stomps on VLADIMIROV'S foot with his spiky boot! VLADIMIROV
cringes. ABNER pulls free.

INDY springs up and tackles VLADIMIROV to the ground. The
force sends both men sliding down the slope!

They bowl through the dynamite sticks and come to a stop just
a few feet from the rim! VLADIMIROV punches INDY in the face.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing; spitting
mad)
Simple minded fool! You have no idea
what you are up against!

INDY spits blood.

INDY
Just leave the boy!

VLADIMIROV

You have no idea how powerful faith
can be! Faith! Something you lack!

VLADIMIROV clamps his big hands around INDY'S head. INDY
grimaces at the inhuman pressure put on his skull!

VLADIMIROV

(continuing)

An earthly imprisonment was the unclean
son's punishment. But that wasn't
good enough for your god. The All
Mighty washed away which was, by cast
down, his world.

As VLADIMIROV rambles on, INDY'S squirming hand brushes a
DYNAMITE STICK.

VLADIMIROV

(continuing)

See the truth. You must see! Witness
for yourself the crimes that God of
yours has committed.

INDY gets hold of the dynamite! He manages to
surreptitiously slip the stick into the pocket of
VLADIMIROV'S pants.

VLADIMIROV

(continuing)

Witness the destruction your god
handed down! Your god of mercy!
Your god of love! Feel the pain
which mine have endured for 5
millennia!

INDY'S hand slips out a match from those put in his pocket --
and he ignites it with his thumb!

VLADIMIROV

(continuing; crazed)

See! see! see! see!

VLADIMIROV looks deep into INDY'S eyes. At which point all
thoughts INDY had of lighting the fuse evaporate; he's taken
into a numbing trance.

PICTURES begin to materialize in the big Russian's pupils.

SUDDENLY A BLINDING LIGHT FLASHES BRIEFLY! INDY FINDS
HIMSELF SUSPENDED IN MID AIR AND SURROUNDED BY A 360
DEGREE PROJECTION OF THE MIND. IMAGES, AS HIGH AS
BUILDINGS, JUMP OUT AT INDY. OUR HERO WANTS TO SCREAM,
BUT CANNOT.

SCENES FROM 5 MILLENNIA AGO. EACH ONE OF THEM ASSAULTS
OUR SENSES. POWERFUL. OVERWHELMING. RELENTLESS.

NOAH'S ARK, THROWN BY A TORRENTIAL SEA. RAIN.
LIGHTENING. THE CRACK OF THUNDER!

THE IMAGES ARE RANDOM. NO ORDER TO THEM.

HELPLESS PEOPLE, TRYING TO STAY AFLOAT. THEY GRAB FOR
THE ARK! OTHERS ARE THROWN AGAINST THE ARK BY SUPER
WAVES! SCREAMS! CRIES FOR HELP!

A MAN WITH A SKULL, THE FAITHFUL SERVANT, SNEAKING ON
BOARD THE ARK. THE SERVANT HIDING THE SKULL IN THE BOW.
THE SERVANT TEARING HIS WAY OUT FROM INSIDE THE
ELEPHANT -- GHASTLY!

TIDAL WAVES CRASHING DOWN ON VILLAGES. EARTHQUAKES
BREAKING APART THE COUNTRY SIDE. WATER GUSHING UP WITH
IMMEASURABLE PRESSURE FROM HUGE CHASMS.

MORE DEATHS AT SEA. HUNDREDS -- THOUSANDS -- OF BODIES
SINKING INTO THE MURKY DEPTHS.

NOW ABNER'S PITIFUL FACE MATERIALIZES! "HELP ME!" ABNER
CRIES. INDY BELTS OUT A PRIMAL SHRIEK -- AND BREAKS FREE!
A BLINDING FLASH AND INDY FINDS HIMSELF BACK ON THE SLOPE.

INDY trembles from the overload on his senses. Through
BLURRY VISION he looks for ABNER. His son is gone.

INDY, with great effort, gets to his feet. He stumbles his
way up the grand slope, falling, getting back up. Then he
collapses in a heap, too weak.

EXT. JUMPING LEDGE - NIGHT

ABNER is kicking ferociously! VLADIMIROV does something
desperate. He punches ABNER in the face! The boy goes
unconscious. VLADIMIROV works quickly, clipping ABNER'S
harness to his own.

VLADIMIROV holds the boy under one arm and steps to the edge.
But there's something he forgot --

EXT. NARROW RIDGE - NIGHT

INDY, on his feet, is back in business. INDY looks for
crampon tracks in the snow as he climbs over some rocks.
He's not paying close attention to where he places his
boots -- it costs him! INDY'S boot is wedged between the
rocks. INDY tugs hard, desperate to free his boot. WHAT'S
THAT?! INDY hears a FIZZLING SOUND; a sound all too familiar
to him! A sparkling bright dot appears, travelling up over
the rocks, hissing past INDY. The main fuse -- it's been
lit! INDY shakes his head at it, reminding himself --

INDY
Cut! Cut the line!

127 100
INDY gets back to freeing his wedged boot. Suddenly, like lightening, it hits him --

INDY
(continuing)
Wire! Down hole! Dynamite!

Now seconds count. INDY gives it everything he's got -- AND THE BOOT POPS OUT!

EXT. BACK TO THE GRAND SLOPE - JUST AFTER

INDY runs along the charred fuse line. At the top of the slope, he looks down the grade -- and there it is! The sparkling dot is just seconds from dropping into the hole. INDY leaps into the air! He lands hard on his stomach and the momentum takes him sliding down the slope.

INDY is coming up fast on the hole -- horrified by the sight of the sparkling dot dropping down inside!

INDY brakes with his hands and comes to a stop at the hole.

INDY thrusts his arm down through the opening, up to his shoulder.

INDY'S HAND frantically moves side-to-side, blindly probing for the hanging dynamite bundle --

THERE IT IS -- THE DYNAMITE! INDY'S HAND GRABS IT!

INDY pushes himself up -- THE SPARKLING DOT IS WITHIN A HALFSECOND OF IGNITING THE BUNDLE!

INDY snaps the bundle free from the charred fuse line and hurls it away with everything he's got!

The bundle sails out -- over the trench -- and EXPLODES in midair!

THE WHOLE SLOPE SHUDDERS!

EXT. PERIMETER OF MOUNTAIN - THAT MOMENT

MARION hears a distant boom, like thunder. But there's not a cloud in the sky.

MARION looks way up the mountain to the peak. She squints at something. What is that?

It looks like a balloon! No -- it's a parachute. And it's 10,000 feet up!

EXT. GRAND SLOPE - THAT MOMENT

After the big explosion there is an uneasy lull of silence. But it doesn't last.

SOUNDS: LIKE A BILLION CRACKLING ICE CUBES. SEISMIC TREMORS VIBRATE AND GROAN DEEP BELOW THE ICE. THE ENTIRE SLOPE BEGINS TO SHAKE. SOMETHING CATAclySMIC IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN.

INDY watches the ice under his boots start to splinter and fragment like shattering glass.

INDY, at the hole, shouts down --

INDY
Bill! Bill!

BILL
Jones! what the hell was that!

INDY
Listen to me! I gotta get you out!
but there's no rope!

BILL
I've got one with me!

INDY
That doesn't help!

At the top of the slope, the crust splits open a foot wide. A fault line expands horizontally, reaching out across to the jutting cliffs which flank the grand slope. The ice crust which covers the Ark could crumble away at any second!

INDY
(continuing)
Can you get it up to me?

BILL'S VOICE
My leg is broken!

INDY chuckles gruffly, he can never get a break.

INDY
I need that rope!

INDY snaps rigid, a thought coming to him.

AT THE RIM, INDY reaches down for the scaling line, still anchored to ledge. But the instant he does

THE ICE SPLITS UNDERNEATH HIM AND BREAKS AWAY! The anchored rope is yanked away from the rim. CHUNKS of falling ice snap the bridge line! INDY high tails it back up the slope with the ice breaking away under his feet! Dropping to the hole --

INDY
(continuing; ugly)
Biiiiill! get that rope up to me now
or kiss your a --

WHOOSH! Something shoots up through the hole! INDY is startled by it. He watches it shoot up into the air -- it's a flare!

Something FALLS from the sky and lands alongside INDY -- it's a stretch of rope, the end clipped through the eye of a piton.

INDY can barely retain his excitement!

INDY
(continuing)
The rope secured?

BILL
Pull! pull!

INDY digs in his boots and starts to haul BILL up with all his might!

EXT. PERIMETER OF MOUNTAIN - THAT MOMENT

MARION is watching the parachute as it descends toward a distant ridge on the horizon.

EXT. GRAND SLOPE - THAT MOMENT

INDY grabs hold of BILL as his shoulders clear the hole. INDY pulls hard. BILL winces at the sharp pain in his leg.

Suddenly, a huge section of ice shifts -- and breaks off just below the hole! Immense slabs of ice slide away --

They drop over the rim and crash down into the trench with a sound like thunder!

A lower section of the Ark is exposed, clear of its frozen shell.

INDY quickly starts up the disintegrating slope. He almost has to carry BILL!

SLABS OF ICE CONTINUE TO BREAK FREE AND SLIDE AWAY.

Under INDY'S running boots, the frozen crust is splintering, opening up, trying to swallow the daring adventurer and his shouldered burden.

INDY is almost at the top when a huge section of frozen shell cracks open! INDY is on that section --

INDY grabs hold of the ice axe dangling from the belt. The instant he does, the slab breaks free and starts to slide away from the summit!

INDY leaps forward with BILL! The ice axe in INDY'S hand sinks deep into the ice on the stable side of fault line!

The huge chunk of ice slides out from under INDY and BILL.

Now there is a sheer cliff where the chunk broke away. INDY and BILL dangle against the new-formed cliff! BILL, acting fast, gets his own ice axe and drives it deep into the lip! BILL hangs freely to allow INDY to pull himself up and onto the safety of the lip.

INDY helps BILL up to safety now.

The men catch their breath. BILL looks below where the ancient Ark rests, almost totally free of its shell. BILL is captivated by the awe-inspiring sight.

BILL
My God...

INDY
(testily)
Yeah, it's beautiful. C'mon!

EXT. PERIMETER OF MOUNTAIN - THAT MOMENT

MARION pulls back hard on the horse's reigns. The animal whinnies and halts. The parachutist drops out of sight behind the distant ridge. MARION growls, frustrated.

EXT. JUMPING LEDGE - THAT MOMENT

INDY shoulders BILL along the narrow ledge. They come to the spot where VLADIMIROV leaped. INDY sees the parachute packs on the shot- dead comrades and makes the connection.

INDY
He jumped! Sonofabitch!

INDY starts to unbuckle the parachute pack from one of the dead comrades.

INDY
(continuing)
The Soviet border is just over that far ridge. That's where he'll set down.

BILL
Jones...I'm in no condition to be parachuting off a mountain.

INDY
I didn't bust my ass to save your life so that you could freeze to death up here.

BILL
I want to stay with the Ark.

INDY exhales huffily.

INDY
Goddamn you, Bill.

EXT. THE ARK - THAT MOMENT

A huge chunk of ice breaks off from above and goes smashing through the vessel's roof! The whole frame starts to slide downward, scraping on the rocks beneath it, making our ears hurt!

EXT. JUMPING RIDGE - THAT MOMENT

INDY cuts off BILL with his hand --

INDY
Listen!

There is a deep, powerful rumble!

BILL
What is that?

EXT. THE ARK

as it teeters on the edge; then drops off into the trench. The rotted wood vessel is crushed under its own weight! The thunderous noise produced vibrates the cliffs!

EXT. A HIGH PEAK

as the vibrations shake loose a wave of snow and ice!

EXT. JUMPING RIDGE - NIGHT

A NOISE! INDY snaps a look up -- and SEES a big wave of snow rolling down the cliff face above! INDY and BILL are about to be buried --

INDY grabs BILL around the waist and runs him screaming toward the edge --

They sail out into open space.

AND JUST IN TIME -- THE AVALANCHE CRASHES DOWN, BURYING THE LEDGE UNDER A DRIFT OF ICE AND SNOW!

EXT. PERIMETER OF MOUNTAIN - THAT MOMENT

MARION can hear the distant wails of someone screaming. She looks up and sees a black dot against the moon. Then another, a much larger dot, expanding like a balloon -- a second parachutist!

MARION spurs on the horse and charges off.

EXT. THE TRENCH

as tons of snow, rocks and ice flow into the trench and fill it up. The shattered pieces of Noah's Ark are sealed away for all eternity. EXT. THE NIGHT SKY

BILL clings to INDY for dear life, wailing at the top of his lungs! INDY has hold of BILL by his harness, but --

INDY

Bill! bill! i can't steer holding onto you!

BILL

Don't let go! i don't wanna die!

BILL kicks up with his good leg and wraps it around INDY'S waist. INDY grunts painfully.

EXT. THE GROUND BELOW - THAT MOMENT

MARION is keeping up this time. The parachutist, high up in the air, is almost directly over her head.

EXT. THE NIGHT SKY

INDY barks --

INDY

Bill! stop moving around! put your arms through my harness. I gotta steer this thing or we'll end up on the rocks!

BILL isn't listening, too freaked out. His leg slips off. He tries kicking it back up around INDY'S waist. One too many attempts tears INDY'S clipped bullwhip free --

EXT. DOWN BELOW - THAT MOMENT

as the BULLWHIP drops in around MARION'S neck, scaring her.

MARION brings the horse to a stop. She looks at what fell on her: INDY'S BULLWHIP.

MARION

(hopefully)

Indy?

MARION watches as the parachutist drops out of sight behind the distant ridge.

MARION turns her head and sees a moon-washed road about a mile's distance.

MARION
(continuing)

Yah!

EXT. WOODLANDS - THAT MOMENT

VLADIMIROV emerges from the dark woods with ABNER'S limp body under his arm. He quickly walks to a sedan hidden in the bushes.

EXT. THE PAVED ROAD - NIGHT

MARION charges up the bank and onto the road.

MARION pulls on the reigns, halting the horse, in order to read a road sign: TURKEY\SOVIET BORDER 5 MI.

EXT. A SOVIET BORDER POST - NIGHT

The Soviet flag flutters in the breeze. Windows in the guard house are lit. The gate arm is lowered and locked in place.

INT. BORDER POST - NIGHT

The TWO SOVIET GUARDS on duty look bored, drinking coffee and reading the latest issue of Pravda. The headline is in Russian, but one english word stands out big and loud: A-BOMB

Now there is a THUD -- something landing on the roof of the guard house. The soldiers start and look up at the ceiling.

They jump to their feet at the sounds of footsteps overhead!

The GUARDS bolt to the door and get it open fast. But they reel back at something strange: a large sheet -- no, the parachute -- as it floats in and covers the doorway like a curtain! The guards exchange looks.

EXT. PAVED ROAD - NIGHT

MARION brings the horse to a trot, not liking what she sees: up the road a bit is the Turkish border post.

MARION growls.

INT. TURKISH BORDER POST - JUST AFTER

The lone TURKISH GUARD is reading a comic book, his back to a large window which looks out at the gate.

Suddenly a brown blur flashes by outside, hurdling the gate arm. The guard frowns, feeling peculiar. He looks out the window behind him, but all appears normal.

EXT. NO MAN'S LAND - JUST AFTER

It is the section of road between the two border posts. MARION rides the horse at a full gallop. She is coming up fast on the Soviet border gate.

MARION suddenly SEES INDY -- he's being held at bay by Soviet guards with automatic rifles.

EXT. SOVIET BORDER POST - THAT MOMENT

INDY is pleading with the guards, speaking RUSSIAN, no doubt explaining the terrible story about his son's kidnapping. But the guards aren't stupid. GUARD #1 orders the American dog to be quiet. BILL is on the ground, withering in pain. GUARD #2 kicks BILL, demanding silence and getting it. He smiles at his comrade, but finds he is being looked upon scoldingly.

GUARD #1 (*subtitled*)
We are not animals. Control yourself.

GUARD #2 shrugs sheepishly. INDY starts up again. GUARD #1 silences him with a curt finger brought to his mouth.

Suddenly there is the CRACK of a bullwhip! GUARD #2 reacts nervously to something like a snake wrapping itself around his rifle! He lets go and the gun clatters on the road.

INDY leaps at Guard #1 and tackles him to the pavement!

INDY pulls the guard's rifle away and jumps to his feet. INDY is more than glad to see --

INDY
Marion!

MARION
Where's Abner?

INDY points the rifle at the frazzled guards.

INDY
We're about to find out.

EXT. VLADIMIROV'S WOODLAND ESTATE - NIGHT

VLADIMIROV'S sedan races up the driveway --

INT. THE ESTATE - JUST AFTER

VLADIMIROV marches in through the front door, pulling ABNER behind him. The boy struggles to free himself. ABNER is still wearing the crampons. The spikes scrap across the marble floor and scratch it all to hell.

The butler, ALEXANDER, is shocked --

ALEXANDER
Sir! I've never been one to meddle
in your affairs, but please have the
boy remove the spikes, as they are
damaging the floor.

VLADIMIROV laughs!

VLADIMIROV
You are a riot, Alexander!

BUTLER
I'm glad you find me so amusing, sir.
Also --

Struggling with the boy --

VLADIMIROV
(pleasantly)
Something else?

BUTLER
Yes. A telegram from Premier Stalin
came. I put it on your desk in the
study.

VLADIMIROV
Thank you, Alexander. That will be
all.

A BLACK SCREEN ALL OF A SUDDEN!

Then light spills in as a door opens below us. The high shot
again, looking down the stone staircase spiralling into the
murky depths. VLADIMIROV starts down, ABNER kicking and
fussing.

INT. SOVIET BORDER/GUARD HOUSE - NIGHT

INDY is getting only resistance from the stubborn guards.

INDY (*subtitled*)
Call Stal Andropov! Secret Police!
Now!

The guards stick to their guns, stoned faced, not moving.
INDY snarls and snatches the rifle away from MARION. INDY
jabs the barrel against the guard's face and snaps back the
bolt!

INDY (*subtitled*)
(continuing)
Now!

INT. UNDERGROUND CRYPTIC CHAMBER

VLADIMIROV walks in and throws ABNER to the floor! He locks the heavy wooden door behind him with a large iron key.

VLADIMIROV

Silence! I have preparations to make!

ABNER

I hate you!

VLADIMIROV

But in time ... you will worship me.

INT. SOVIET BORDER/GUARD HOUSE - THAT MOMENT

INDY snatches the phone away from Guard #1.

INDY

(into phone)

Vladimirov has my son!

ANDROPOV'S VOICE OVER PHONE

Yes, Doctor Jones, we are aware of this. Vladimirov has returned to his home with your son.

INDY

What the hell are you waiting for?
Arrest him!

ANDROPOV'S VOICE OVER PHONE

This we cannot do, Doctor.

INDY

I'm getting tired of this game! My son's life is at stake! Does that mean anything to you?

Andropov phone voice

Yes. And the state would more than likely assist you under different circumstances. But I am afraid our -how do you put it -- our hands are tied on this one. We neglected to inform you earlier, but Vladimirov is very good friends with Stalin himself. You can understand how rushing blindly into this could pose serious political complications!

Indy

Damn your politics! I want my son!

Andropov's voice over phone

Yes. Very well, Doctor. I have children myself. The consensus I am prepared to make is as follows: the state will close all eyes to any actions you decide to take, but only for a maximum of one hour. After that time, you will be arrested for illegally crossing the border and threatening the lives of Soviet military men. These are serious charges, Doctor. I advise that you do what you must quickly.

Indy

You gotta be kidding!!

Andropov's voice over phone

This is no joking matter, Doctor.

Indy

(bitingly sarcastic)

Guess that's communism for you, huh?

Andropov's voice over phone

Communism works, Doctor. It will be here long after democracy has crumbled.

Indy

Just give me the address!

Andropov's voice over phone

ANDROPOV'S VOICE OVER PHONE

Yes. You agree to the terms, then?

INDY

No! But what choice do I have?

ANDROPOV'S VOICE OVER PHONE

I must remind you, Doctor, that if any of this conversation is mentioned to U.S. authorities, the Kremlin --

INDY

Yeah -- the Kremlin will deny everything -- I got that part already! Now give me the goddamn address!

INT. UNDERGROUND ANTI-CHAMBER

VLADIMIROV is in a room off the main worship chamber. He is undressing. He takes off his pants ... something in his pocket.

VLADIMIROV slides out the DYNAMITE STICK from his pocket.

VLADIMIROV
(grinning with
approval)

You are a crafty one, Doctor Jones.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

INDY races along on a motorbike with MARION in the sidecar.

INT. ANTI-CHAMBER

VLADIMIROV, naked, slips into a priestly robe, doing so with patience; savouring the ritual.

EXT. THE WOODLAND ESTATE

As the commandeered motorbike roars up to the front entrance. INDY leaps off the bike, snatching the rifle from the side car. MARION starts out --

INDY
Stay here! Don't argue with me!

He means it.

EXT. THE ESTATE, AROUND BACK - JUST AFTER

INDY creeps up to a window. He peers in, seeing the plushly decorated living room, but no signs of VLADIMIROV or ABNER.

INT. THE PLUSH LIVING ROOM - JUST AFTER

INDY opens the window and pokes his head in. Suddenly, he is grabbed by the scruff of the neck and yanked through the window like a rag doll!

INDY crashes to the floor.

HANDS grab INDY by his jacket and heave him up --

INDY, dazed, looks into the gentle face of ALEXANDER, the estate butler. Without saying a word, ALEXANDER hurls INDY over the couch. INDY crashes through the coffee table on the other side! ALEXANDER takes a moment to adjust a skewed painting on the wall. INDY jumps up behind ALEXANDER, ready to let fly with bullets from the retrieved rifle. THE WEAPON EXPLODES IN INDY'S HANDS! Without turning around --

ALEXANDER
Always check your weapon first. If
you had, then you would've noticed
that the barrel was bent.

Who the hell is this guy!

Throwing the useless rifle to the floor --

INDY
Where's my son!!

ALEXANDER
Playing with the master.

INDY
Where?

ALEXANDER
As you Americans say: that's for me
to know and for you to find out.

INDY doesn't like this guy; he charges at him.

ALEXANDER spins gracefully around, thrusting out his hand.
INDY'S chest takes the full impact! Eyes popping out, INDY
grabs at his chest and drops to his knees. ALEXANDER steps
around behind INDY.

ALEXANDER
(continuing)
It has been fun, sir, but I have some
chores to attend to. Goodbye.

ALEXANDER takes INDY by his neck and squeezes hard! INDY
claws at the butler's pale hands, turning beat red.

INDY struggles but the butler's grip is inhuman!

INDY is about to pass out.

At which point MARION runs up and smashes a large vase over
the butler's head! But, incredibly, it has no affect!

ALEXANDER continues strangling INDY.

MARION panics. She grabs what she sees and beats the butler
on the head with everything and anything! INDY can't take
much more of this -- he's just seconds away from blacking out.

As a last resort, MARION drives her leg up between the
butler's legs! This has an affect: the butler lets go and
drops to the floor, not moving. MARION kneels at INDY'S side.

MARION
Oh god -- are you okay?

INDY is trying to catch his breath.

MARION
(continuing)
Indiana Jones, you keep telling me to
stay put -- but you keep needing to
be rescued!

Staggering to his feet --

INDY
 (hoarsely)
 Abner -- he's here. We gotta find
 him.

INT. CRYPTIC CHAMBER

VLADIMIROV looks priestly, all decked out in his robe. He gently lifts out the skull from a cloth shoulder bag and steps to the upright casket.

VLADIMIROV parts the lid and stares up in reverence at the headless skeleton.

VLADIMIROV
 Behold Abner...

The little boy is pressed into a corner, weeping, scared.

VLADIMIROV
 (continuing)
 ...a creation 3 millennia in the
 making. Comprised of some of the
 world's most fearsome
 men...ruthless...savage ...decadent
 men.

VLADIMIROV points to areas of the skeleton --

VLADIMIROV
 (continuing)
 The feet: Caligula...the legs:
 Napoleon. Spine: Genghis Khan.
 Ribcage: Attila The Hun. Shoulders:
 Herod. Arms and hands: Hitler. And
 the crowning glory...

VLADIMIROV sets the skull down on the spine. The skull stays magically perched as VLADIMIROV'S hands move away.

VLADIMIROV
 (continuing)
 ...the Unclean Son.

INT. FRONT FOYER

INDY and MARION, brandishing broadswords, are ready to search the house.

INDY
 I'll look down here. You check up
 stairs. Shout if you need me.

MARION
 Ditto.

MARION runs up the grand staircase.

INDY is about to move out when he sees something at his feet.

INDY picks up a piece of pointed metal -- A BOOT SPIKE,
BROKEN OFF!

INDY regards the marble floor, gouged and scratched up.

INT. DOOR TO UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - JUST AFTER

INDY has followed the trail of gouges and scratches to this spot.

INDY suspiciously regards the door before him...

INT. STONE STAIR WELL

INDY starts down the steps, sword brandished, reflexes sharp; he's ready for anything.

INT. HIGH STONE CORRIDOR

INDY looks at the heavy wooden door at the corridor's end. VLADIMIROV'S chanting ECHOES darkly through the corridor.

INDY starts along the underpass, candle light flickering on his face. He moves ever so cautiously, eyeing with unease the humanoid statues which flank him.

AT THE HEAVY DOOR

INDY looks down -- light is flickering out from under the big door.

INDY grabs hold of the iron handle and pulls. The door is locked solid.

INDY kneels and peeks through the key hole: ABNER is on the floor, crying into his hands. VLADIMIROV is nowhere in sight.

INDY thinks. A plan starts to surface. INDY looks up at the tall statue looming next to him; and then back at the big door -- it just might work?

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

MARION takes a peek inside. The bedroom is empty. MARION nudges the door open, sword at the ready.

Suddenly, a DARK FIGURE steps in behind MARION! MARION senses the presence immediately. MARION spins around, her sword coming around fast in both hands -- ALEXANDER reflexively puts up his arm to block what's coming at him -- AND THE SWORD CHOPS HIS ARM OFF AT THE ELBOW! The severed arm flops onto the carpet. ALEXANDER regards his bloody stub with mild curiosity.

MARION
(chest heaving)
What the hell are you!!

BUTLER
The butler, madam.

MARION
Well pack your bags, pal! 'Cause you
just got the axe!

At which point MARION pulls the big sword back in both hands and lets fly -- swoosh!

ALEXANDER'S head is cut off and it goes spinning through the air!

INT. STONE CORRIDOR

INDY is on top of the statue, about ten feet up. INDY slides in behind the head, sets his boots firmly, then works himself into place, back pressed up against the stone wall.

INDY'S master plan is revealed: A QUICK TRACKING SHOT takes us from INDY'S bullwhip, one end tied to the statue, along the whip's full length, to the other end where it is tied to the handle of the big door.

INDY, his back against the wall for leverage, pushes down with everything he's got.

INT. CRYPTIC CHAMBER

VLADIMIROV'S chanting is affecting the skeleton: it rattles nosily.

THEN, HORRIBLY, TENDONS, MUSCLES, ORGANS BEGIN TO TAKE SHAPE, GROWING, REACHING OUT TO THE BONES.

INT. STONE CORRIDOR

as INDY gives it a big push --

The statue starts to tip off its base! One more big push and the statue begins to teeter. The whip is pulled taut with a snap -- and then the big door is yanked right out of its frame as the statue falls and smashes on the floor!

ABNER looks --

ABNER
Dad!

INT. CHAMBER

as INDY runs in --

INDY

Run! Get out of here!

ABNER scrambles out into the corridor --

INDY spins around expecting VLADIMIROV -- but he's gone.

INDY sees a closed door and runs to it --

INDY doesn't notice the skeleton. Veins are spreading and

A HEART THUMPS STRONGLY IN THE CHEST CAVITY!

INT. ANTI-CHAMBER

as the door is kicked open by INDY. The room is empty.

INDY spots the STICK OF DYNAMITE on the table.

INDY rushes in after the stick. VLADIMIROV drops down from a ledge over the door and lands on INDY. The adventurer is sent crashing into the table! The dynamite stick is knocked off the table and it goes skittering across the floor.

VLADIMIROV flips INDY over onto his back.

VLADIMIROV

(spitting mad)

You evidently haven't seen enough!

INDY

(evenly)

I've seen plenty! Enough to know
you're one sick sonofabitch!

VLADIMIROV hoists INDY up and tosses him clear across the room.

INDY hits the back wall and lands hard, his face smacking the floor --

INDY sees the stick of dynamite lying near his head. INDY grabs it quickly -- but is then hoisted up off the floor again!

VLADIMIROV pulls INDY in very close. Their faces are only an inch apart.

VLADIMIROV

You don't know when to give up!

INDY

Always been a sore loser!

INDY, we see, has the dynamite stick in his hand. INDY surreptitiously makes the fuse real short.

VLADIMIROV doesn't notice.

VLADIMIROV
And lose you will!

Suddenly, INDY pulls free and serves up a wallop left-hook! The punch stuns VLADIMIROV -- just long enough for INDY to light the fuse off a nearby candle!

INDY stuffs the fizzing stick into VLADIMIROV'S robe.

INDY
Sorry! I win!

INDY bolts for the door --

INT. CORRIDOR

as INDY runs from the chamber --

INT. CHAMBER

as VLADIMIROV, panicing, digs in his robe for the live dynamite stick.

VLADIMIROV finds the stick and pulls it out -- the dynamite is just a second away from detonating.

VLADIMIROV flings the stick away in a rush to get rid of it!

At which point the big Russian screams like a woman when he sees where he has thrown the dynamite stick --

The live stick lands with a clunk inside the casket -- JUST AS THE EYES OF THE UNCLEAN SON SNAP OPEN!

INT. CORRIDOR

KAH-BOOM! -- a huge fire ball shoots through the doorway like fire from a dragon's mouth!

INT. UPSTAIRS, AT THE DOOR TO UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

as MARION and ABNER react alarmingly to the explosion. They freeze at the thought of INDY dead...

Now the big door swings open and

INDIANA JONES stumbles out!

ABNER
(shaken)
Is the evil man dead?

INDY
Yes. C'mere!

Father and son hug like there's no tomorrow.

ABNER holds up INDY'S BULLWHIP. INDY takes it, appreciative.

EXT. THE ESTATE - NIGHT

INDY, MARION and ABNER, their legs feeling like lead, walk to the parked motorbike.

INT. SUDDENLY WE ARE BACK INSIDE THE ESTATE

as the big door to the underground chamber slowly opens and reveals a ghastly VLADIMIROV, his skin burned and charred; his robe tattered and scorched.

INT. THE STUDY - JUST AFTER

VLADIMIROV staggers over to the desk and collapses unceremoniously into the chair.

VLADIMIROV takes a pistol out of the desk drawer. He points the gun at his own head.

VLADIMIROV
(a whisper)
I have failed thee.

VLADIMIROV'S finger starts to pull back on the trigger - At which point VLADIMIROV notices something on the desk. VLADIMIROV puts the gun down. Our gothic choir mixes up.

PUSH IN ON A WHITE ENVELOPE RESTING ON THE DESK MATE. The gothic choir climaxes, reverberating with the resurrection of Evil.

EXT. THE ESTATE - NIGHT

At the bike --

INDY
We got less than fifteen minutes to get to the border. Take any longer and we'll be permanent guests of the Kremlin.

CRACK! A gun shot startles everyone. Two more follow --
BLAM! BLAM!

INDY looks at the estate.

INDY
(continuing)
Wait here.

INT. FOYER - JUST AFTER

INDY enters the estate, heedful, cautious.

AT INDY'S feet is the butler's headless body, pock-marked with bullets, the legs twitching.

INT. DOOR TO UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - JUST AFTER

The big door is wide open. INDY looks down at a trail of blood leading away --

INT. THE STUDY - JUST AFTER

INDY, alert, peeks in. The room appears to be empty. The trail of blood tracks across the room and over to the desk.

Now INDY is at the desk looking at a telegram with VLADIMIROV'S bloody finger prints on it. INDY mutters to himself in English bits of the telegram typed in Russian.

INDY

Presence is requested?...important
day in history?...testing?...

INDY is confused by the telegram. He looks to the side contemplatively.

At which point INDY sees a rolled up Pravda. INDY unrolls the newspaper and reads out loud in English the headline written in Russian:

INDY

(continuing)

"The A-Bomb Achievement"

Suddenly --

MARION'S VOICE

(cries out)

Indy-y-y!

EXT. THE ESTATE - JUST AFTER

INDY runs outside in time to catch the tail-lights of VLADIMIROV'S sedan as it races away!

INDY

No!

MARION

Indy! Over here!

INDY whirls around and is relieved by the sight of MARION and ABNER safe.

ABNER

That was Vladimirov! You said he was
dead!

INDY jumps onto the motorbike.

INDY
Stay here with Abner!

MARION
Stay here -- where the hell are you
going?!

Firing up the bike --

INDY
To drop a bomb on the crazy
sonofabitch!

The motorbike peels out!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

With THE RAIDERS' MARCH trumpeting on the soundtrack, INDY appears astride the high speeding motorbike! Far up the road, INDY can see the sedan's tail-lights.

EXT. A SOVIET AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

Beyond the sentry post and front gate, are hangers, administration, and officer's quarters.

INT. OFFICER'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

The SOVIET HIGH BRASS are gathered here in an atmosphere of patriotic snobbery. A sturdy built man has his back to us as a waiter says --

WAITER
Your drink, Comrade Premier.

Soviet Premier, JOSEPH STALIN, turns around and takes his drink. He returns to the conversation with HIGH MILITARY BRASS and their WIVES:

STALIN
As I was saying: The Kremlin acknowledges American development and deployment of the first A-BOMB. But it was crude and not very reliable. The Soviet A-BOMB is masterfully constructed and is sure to be the envy of the Americans.

STALIN takes a sip of his champagne.

A WIFE
Comrade Premier?

STALIN
Yes, my dear. And may I say you look
stunning tonight.
(more)

STALIN (cont'd)
The light generated from an atomic explosion does not compare to your radiance.

He's gotta be kidding! The light from a match is more radiant. Safe to assume STALIN is feeling the champagne. The wife smiles, charmed off her feet.

STALIN
(continuing)
Please, what was your question?

WIFE
Yes. Well, about tonight's de -- deployment? Is that correct?

STALIN
Yes, my dear.

WIFE
The deployment...how will this be accomplished?

STALIN
Good question. A C-23 Bomber, the pride of the Soviet Airforce, will take off from here, fly out over the Kara Sea about 100 miles and deploy the bomb.

WIFE
Over the Kara Sea -- how will we see it?

STALIN
Very good. Beauty and brains! A fine combination. But in answer to your query, a transport will take us to the coast where we will have a front row seat. That reminds me: the transport should be leaving very shortly.

EXT. SOVIET AIR FORCE BASE - NIGHT

INDY kills the motorbike's engine and coasts to a stop, back about a hundred feet from the main gate.

EXT. MAIN GATE SENTRY POST - NIGHT

INDY creeps up. He looks inside the guard house. On the floor lies a SENTRY, dead and bleeding.

INT. OFFICER'S LOJNGE - NIGHT

A WAITER interrupts STALIN and his guests --

WAITER
Sorry for the interruption, Comrade
Premier, but Captain Vladimirov
wishes to speak with you.

STALIN
Ah, wonderful. Where is he?

WAITER
(whispering)
I believe he is feeling ill. He is
in the staff washroom. I only heard
his voice coming from a stall, and he
requested that I fetch you
immediately.

STALIN
Ah, the man has been celebrating
already! Please, excuse me. INT.
STAFF WASHROOM - JUST AFTER STALIN
enters.

STALIN
(continuing)
Captain, you have called me away from
a vision of loveliness. I hope for
your sake you are good and ill.
Captain?

FROM BEHIND A STALL DOOR COMES --

VLADIMIROV'S VOICE
Comrade Premier, I am over here.

STALIN walks to a nearby stall.

STALIN
What is wrong with you?

On that, the stall door is thrown back and the disfigured
VLADIMIROV springs out! VLADIMIROV puts STALIN in a neck-
breaking choke-hold and shoves a pistol into the Premier's
side as an added incentive.

VLADIMIROV, we note, is all decked out in his military dress
uniform.

STALIN
(continuing; gagging)
What -- what is the meaning of this,
Captain?

VLADIMIROV
Atonement!

100.
EXT. THE BASE - NIGHT

INDY has commandeered a cap and rain coat from the sentry post. He blends in nicely as he searches high and low for VLADIMIROV.

EXT. BETWEEN THE OFFICER'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

VLADIMIROV is forcing STALIN to toward a distant hanger. Deep shadows provide excellent cover.

STALIN

You will die in a Siberian prison for your crimes against the state!

VLADIMIROV

I will die, comrade, but not in a prison. After I am through tonight, the world will be a different place.

STALIN

What are you raving about?

VLADIMIROV

When I am through, the Super Powers will be at war!

EXT. THE BASE - NIGHT

INDY isn't having much luck -- and it just gets worse:

A SENTRY on a motorcycle rides up.

BIKE SENTRY

Comrade, do you have a light?

INDY turns slowly around and faces the sentry.

INDY digs into his pant's pocket and pulls out -- nope -- just a match. He lights the sentry's cigarette.

SENTRY

Thank you, comrade.

(frowning)

I have not seen you before...

INDY

Just transferred. Yesterday.

SENTRY

Yesterday you say. From where did you transfer?

INDY just cornered himself!

INT. A HANGER - NIGHT

A GROUND CREW is busy with final preparations. The pride of the Soviet Air Force awaits her confirmation for take off.

INT. COCKPIT OF BOMBER

PILOT and CO-PILOT make final flight instrument checks.

EXT. BACK TO INDY

SENTRY
(suspicious now)
I will ask you again: where did you transfer from?

INDY
(playing dumb)
Oh, transfer from...yes...now I see.

The sentry makes a face.

INT. THE HANGER

VLADIMIROV peers out, hidden within the shadows. The bomber's four propeller-driven engines start up.

EXT. BACK TO INDY

who now hears the engines of a plane somewhere -- that hanger, just over there. The sound is coming from that hanger.

SENTRY
What is your name? Or have you forgotten that too?

INDY
My...name. My name. You wanna know my name.

INT. THE HANGER

VLADIMIROV, his head down, walks behind STALIN with the pistol jabbed into the small of the Premier's back. They move toward the plane.

A CREWMAN sees the Premier approaching and snaps to attention.

CREWMAN
Comrade Premier! The plane is ready!

VLADIMIROV fires off a shot! The crewman drops dead. The engine noise muffled the gunshot.

EXT. BACK TO INDY

who did not hear the gunshot, and who is too busy with the 20 questions. The sentry shuts off the bike and stands.

SENTRY

I will report you, comrade! What is your name? Where did you transfer from?

He reaches for his sidearm.

INDY

Transfer from...well, I did transfer once...from the downtown to the uptown bus.

INDY doesn't wait for a reaction -- and elbows the sentry -- dead in the face!

INT. COCKPIT OF BOMBER

as the PILOT and CO-PILOT are shot dead!

STALIN

You call yourself a Russian? No Russian would shoot his fellow countrymen in cold blood!

VLADIMIROV

(manically)

I'm not Russian -- I'm a Son of Darkness!

At which point VLADIMIROV conks STALIN on the head with the butt of his pistol! The Premier drops to the cockpit floor, out cold.

EXT. BACK TO INDY WHO IS DRAGGING THE KO'D SENTRY BEHIND SOME CRATES. THE SENTRY OUT OF SIGHT, INDY LOOKS OUT ACROSS THE APRON TO THE HANGER.

EXT. THE HANGER

as the bomber rolls out --

BACK A BIT, INDY watches the plane, not sure why.

INT. COCKPIT

VLADIMIROV is at the controls.

OVER A SPEAKER

Red Bear 1, you have not been cleared. Repeat: you have not been --

VLADIMIROV clicks off the speaker. Suddenly the co-pilot pops up!

He lunges at VLADIMIROV and the big Russian is thrown forward in the chair, his hand ramming the throttle stick!

EXT. THE BOMBER

as its engines roar noisily!

BACK A BIT, INDY snaps a look at the plane. The big bomber starts to veer, as if out of control.

INT. COCKPIT

VLADIMIROV and the CO-PILOT are struggling for the pistol. It fires accidentally and shoots a hole through the cockpit glass.

EXT. A ZIP PAN

finds INDY. There's no doubt in his mind now.

INDY leaps onto the sentry's motorbike.

INT. COCKPIT

as VLADIMIROV gets the gun away and unloads it into the meddlesome CO-PILOT.

VLADIMIROV, back at the controls, trims the engines.

EXT. BACK TO INDY

who is having trouble getting the bike started!

INDY
C'mon! C'mon!

EXT. THE BOMBER

as its big wheels roll forward --

EXT. THE TAXIWAY - JUST AFTER

The bomber rolls onto the taxiway. The SOUND of distant sirens picks up.

EXT. BACK TO INDY

who finally gets the bike started. INDY looks out across the airfield and reacts alarmingly to the bomber's takeoff position on the runway.

INT. COCKPIT

as VLADIMIROV eases the throttle forward --

EXT. BACK TO INDY

who now sees a distant squad of MILITARY VEHICLES racing toward the bomber. But it's no comfort. A glance to the bomber tells us why --

INDY
Too far! Dammit!

INDY guns the throttle!

EXT. RUNWAY - JUST AFTER

The bomber picks up speed!

Suddenly INDY drives onto the runway, back about a 100 feet from the plane.

INDY guns the throttle and the bike pops-a-wheelie.

INT. COCKPIT

VLADIMIROV is intent on the runway ahead.

EXT. FAST MOVING BOMBER

as INDY drives in under the plane's wing and matches the craft's speed.

INDY is dangerously close to the plane's spinning tire.

INDY reaches out and grabs hold of the gear strut -- and pulls himself off the bike!

The riderless motorbike drops to the rushing ground beneath it and flips side-over-side, smashing to pieces!

INDY, with much effort, gets his boots up and onto the wheel cowling --

Suddenly the plane lifts off --

INT. COCKPIT

as VLADIMIROV flicks the landing gear up switch --

EXT. UNDER THE WING

as the hydraulics hum and startle INDY. The landing gear starts to fold in. INDY can do nothing.

INDY hangs on for dear life ... and disappears up inside the wing.

The covers fold in and seal over the landing gear like a coffin lid!

The bomber climbs to a high altitude and levels off.

INT. COCKPIT

VLADIMIROV switches on the auto-pilot. He rises and goes to the navigator's station.

VLADIMIROV begins to flip through a binder. Inside are maps with latitude and longitude lines.

VLADIMIROV plots a bombing course -- over the Arctic Circle -- and into the United States!

INT. THE WING

INDY is crammed inside the service duct. INDY wiggles himself toward an access panel.

INDY pushes on the panel but it won't open.

INT. COCKPIT

VLADIMIROV stops plotting a course ... there is a muffled sound ... a pounding of some sort, just heard under the hum of the engines.

INT. THE WING

INDY is punching the panel with his fist. It warps. Then snaps open --

INT. BELLY OF PLANE

INDY pulls himself through the access opening and drops down into the belly. The ceiling is quite low; INDY has to squat.

INDY looks for a hatchway overhead and sees one.

INT. THE BOMB BAY

In the floor, the hatchway cracks open a bit and INDY'S eyes pop up and peer out at the bomb bay -- it's empty.

INDY reaches down to unholster the .45 when suddenly the hatchway

door is thrown back and a HAND reaches down, grabbing INDY by the scruff.

INDY is yanked up through the hatchway.

VLADIMIROV tosses INDY aside.

INDY hits the floor and rolls into a camera tripod -- OUCH! There are a half dozen automatic motion picture cameras on tripods. Soviet home movies.

Holding a pistol on INDY --

VLADIMIROV

Fool! Did you really think you could stop me?!

Getting to his feet --

INDY

(wryly)

That was the idea.

VLADIMIROV

Doctor, Doctor...will you ever learn?

INDY

I always did have a problem with attention span. Teachers hated it.

VLADIMIROV

(chuckling)

Very good, Doctor. You are a funny man. Even in the face of death. I applaud you. It is a shame you will miss my finest hour.

(a thought)

Ah, but why miss it. I should strap you to a chair...let you watch as I fly this plane directly into the Empire State building! Or better: right into your living room! Boston seemed like a nice place. Nice enough, I think, to wipe cleanly from the face of the earth!

INDY

You'll never get away with it! The U.S. Airforce will be all over this plane once you enter --

VLADIMIROV laughs hardily!

INDY

(continuing)

I say something funny?

VLADIMIROV

Doctor, I'm surprised by your display of ignorance. Obviously atomic science is not your specialty. Let them shoot me down. Once I arm the bomb, it won't matter. Yes, possibly my desired target will be missed. But in the end it will be the same result -- World War III!

INDY

Why?

VLADIMIROV

Atonement, Doctor. I will meet my maker with a clean conscience. Can you say as much?

INDY

Your maker? I hate to rain on your parade, but I doubt very much the All Mighty will be thrilled to see you.

VLADIMIROV

Your God, no. My God, yes. Are you that clueless, Doctor? What almost happened tonight goes beyond simple notions of good and evil. Godkind came close to extinction tonight. Ever so close.

(grimacing)

You have no idea, Doctor. Yes, this world is His....for the time being. But there will come a time. Soon I think. But for now a planet at war...millions dead...millions more suffering from fallout....will have to do. Simply put, Doctor: Armageddon will have to wait.

INDY

You're insane.

VLADIMIROV

All the great ones are.

(pause)

On second thought, I don't consider you worthy enough for such a front row seat. You should die plainly -- without honour! You should die like a fallen animal. A merciful bullet to the head!

VLADIMIROV snaps back the trigger -- CLICK! The gun's empty!

INDY smirks.

INDY

Hasn't been your day!

INDY snaps his hand back to his holstered .45 -- whoops, it's not there! VLADIMIROV mockingly smiles.

VLADIMIROV

Not yours either.

INDY makes a face. Then INDY surprises us with the appearance of his trusty bullwhip! The whip lashes out. It misses the intended target -- VLADIMIROV -- and wraps itself around the leg of a camera tripod!

VLADIMIROV
(continuing)
You must work on your aim, Doctor.

INDY
It's usually pretty good!

VLADIMIROV
It must be the pressure.

On that, VLADIMIROV charges at INDY!

INDY gets out of the way fast and drops down into the bomb rack -- his boots slamming down onto the warhead's shell!

VLADIMIROV halts and smiles grotesquely.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing;
referring to bomb)
Beautiful...isn't it, Doctor. How
does it feel to be standing on 15
kilotons of mastered power?

INDY
Why don't you come down here and find
out for yourself!

VLADIMIROV
Just think how lovely a light it
makes. A cloud of fire 900 feet in
the air! Though not as hot as Hell,
Doctor. But close enough.

INDY
Rot in Hell you sonofabitch!

VLADIMIROV
I look forward to it.

At which point VLADIMIROV spots something on the floor. He bends down and picks up INDY'S .45.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing)
Yours?

INDY rolls his eyes.

VLADIMIROV
(continuing)
Are you always this prepared, Doctor?

VLADIMIROV points the gun at INDY and chuckles.

VLADIMIROV

(continuing)

Goodbye, Doctor Jones. I hope you
and your God will be happy together.

SUDDENLY HEAVY MACHINE GUN FIRE CUTS IN! Bullets punch
through the fuselage and rake the bomb bay!

EXT. THE NIGHT SKY

A squadron of SOVIET FIGHTER PLANES is attacking the bomber!
Their roaring wing canons light up the night sky!

INT. A FIGHTER PLANE'S COCKPIT

Over the PILOT'S radio --

A VOICE (*subtitled*)

(orders)

Splash the bomber! Repeat: splash
the bomber!

INT. BOMB BAY

as VLADIMIROV rushes up inside --

A GUN TURRET!

VLADIMIROV opens fire on the squadron!

BELOW, INDY is starting to climb out of the bomb rack when
raking bullets force him to duck! A hydraulic hose
ruptures -- hit! -- and sprays INDY with fluid!

The least of his problems, as now the bomb bay doors flop
open from a loss of pressure -- right out from under INDY'S
feet!

INDY grabs hold of the first thing he sees -- the handle of
the dangling bullwhip! INDY starts to fall out, but is
stopped by the whip jerking taut in his hands.

INDY'S boots are sticking outside the plane, exposed to the
rushing air!

INDY, hand-over-hand, starts to pull himself back up inside
the bomb rack. But his weight is starting to bend the tripod
leg which the end of the whip is lassoed to!

UP INSIDE THE GUN TURRET

VLADIMIROV is having a great old time. He fires wildly at
the swooping planes.

EXT. NIGHT SKY

as VLADIMIROV'S fire takes out a fighter plane -- KAH-BOOM!

INT. BOMB BAY

Suddenly, the tripod snaps free from its anchors and topples over! INDY drops -- right out into space --

EXT. THE BOMBER

as INDY, clutching the whip in a deathgrip, is slammed up against the underside of the fuselage by the force of rushing air!

INT. BOMB BAY

The tripod gets pulled down into the bomb rack where it gets lodged in the framework! EXT. UNDERSIDE OF PLANE

The whip no longer taut, INDY is pushed by the rushing air and slides backwards, his stomach pressed up against the underside of the plane! But he only goes a few feet, then is jerked to a stop as the whip snaps taut again.

INT. BOMB BAY

STALIN revives slowly and staggers to his feet. He cringes at the sound of machine fire!

INT. COCKPIT OF BOMBER

STALIN gets on the radio --

EXT. UNDERSIDE OF BOMBER

INDY, hand-over-hand on the whip, struggles against the powerful rush of air and pulls himself along, trying to get back to the bomb bay --

INT. COCKPIT

STALIN barks into the radio --

STALIN (*subtitle!*)
Call off the planes!

INT. COCKPIT OF FIGHTER PLANE

As the order comes to

RADIO VOICE (*subtitled*)
Abort! Abort! Comrade Premier is on
board the bomber!

EXT. THE SKY

as the squadron ceases firing immediately.

INT. GUN TURRET

VLADIMIROV shouts triumphantly at the squadron banking away and flying off!

INT. BOMB BAY

VLADIMIROV drops down from inside the gun turret and finds himself at gun point!

STALIN
Enough, Captain!

At which point VLADIMIROV runs to the bomber's station! STALIN fires! VLADIMIROV is hit in the side, but he remains on his feet. VLADIMIROV fights the pain as he reaches out and ARMS THE WARHEAD. STALIN fires repeatedly. VLADIMIROV takes each slug with a sneer.

VLADIMIROV
Bombs away!

At which point VLADIMIROV pulls up the bomb release handle and jumps down onto the warhead -- just as it is deployed!

EXT. UNDERSIDE OF BOMBER

as VLADIMIROV, clinging to the warhead, drops out into open air -- right past INDY who's eyes widen at the sight of VLADIMIROV grinning at him!

VLADIMIROV waves manically as the bomb falls away.

VLADIMIROV
Long live the Sons of
Darkneeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeess!

ON THE FALLING BOMB WITH VLADIMIROV -- THE SKY ZOOMS BY.

VLADIMIROV works himself around so as to face the --

dark ocean below. The waters rise up, getting closer and closer with each passing second!

VLADIMIROV
(under his breath)
I'm coming home.

Suddenly the OCEAN is right in our faces!

A BLINDING LIGHT WHITES OUT THE SCREEN!

INDY, still pressed up against the underside of the plane, snaps his eyes shut. Light -- as bright as the sun -- floods him momentarily.

BELOW, AN ENORMOUS MUSHROOM CLOUD RISES HIGH INTO THE SKY! THE BLAST WAVE EXPANDS OUT OVER THE OCEAN AND INSTANTLY VAPORISES ICEBERGS THE SIZE OF BUILDINGS!

INT. BOMB RACK

INDY reaches in and gets hold of a strut. He starts to heave himself up when

STALIN reaches in and offers his hand.

STALIN

Take my hand!

INDY takes STALIN'S hand.

INT. COCKPIT - JUST AFTER

INDY and STALIN stagger in. STALIN, exhausted, takes a seat in the pilot's seat. INDY, his body aching, eases into the co pilot's seat.

STALIN

I won't ask how you got here.

INDY

Good.

(weakly)

Can you land this thing?

STALIN

Certainly.

INDY

Good. 'Cause I can't.

STALIN takes the controls.

STALIN

You tried to stop him. Didn't you?

INDY

Tried to.

STALIN

Very bold.

INDY

Very stupid.

STALIN

Just the same, my country is grateful. Your show of courage deserves a reward. Anything you want. It is yours.

INDY

Anything, huh? How about abolishing the communist party and giving democracy a chance?

STALIN gives INDY a look.

INDY

(continuing)

No. Then how about a first class ticket back home?

STALIN

Gladly.

INDY

Better make that four tickets.

STALIN

Ah, for your girlfriends, no doubt.

INDY

No ... for my family ... and one major pain in the ass.

EXT. THE SKY

The bomber gently banks and flies away into the rising sun.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ISTANBUL AIRPORT - DAY

INDY, MARION, ABNER, BILL AND SALLAH. BILL'S leg is in a cast and he stands on crutches.

INDY

Sallah, I can't thank you enough.

SALLAH

My pleasure, Indy. I am happy that you and your family are reunited.

MARION kisses Sallah.

MARION

You're a saint, Sallah. A angel sent from heaven.

SALLAH
(moved)
Thank you, Marion. My love to you
all. Especially you, little Indy.

Sallah ruffles ABNER'S hair.

ABNER
(smiling)
Bye, Sallah.

Sallah walks away, singing, arms pumping to the rhythm.

SALLAH
Aaa British tar is a soaring soul as
free as a mountain bird...his
energetic fist should be ready to
resist...

Sallah's singing fades.

ABNER
Can we go home now?

Both INDY and MARION give ABNER an incredulous look.

BILL
Yes...please.

INDY
After you, William.

BILL
Bill, will do.

INDY
Fine, Bill...after you.

BILL
May I call you, Henry.

INDY
We'll talk about it.

DISSOLVE TC:

EXT. A VERMONT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Establish the quaint little school, as over we hear:

THE PRINCIPLE'S VOICE
And this year's bible-class grand
prize winner, a trip to Jerusalem,
goes to --

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

The school PRINCIPLE is at a podium before a large assembly made up of KIDS and PARENTS. A big bible-class contest banner hangs from the rafters. Display cubicles number in the dozens.

PRINCIPLE

-- Mark Graham.

The crowd applauds. But there is one among them that does not ... ABNER.

EXT. THE SCHOOL - SOON AFTER

INDY, MARION and a glum looking ABNER, stroll along the cement pathway.

MARION

Hey, don't look so glum. You won third prize -- that's better than nothing!

ABNER

Bet if I had a piece of the Ark I would of come in first!

Mention of the Ark brings back unpleasant memories for all. After a beat:

MARION

(changing the subject)

Hey, whadda you guys say we eat out tonight and catch a movie. "Treasure of Sierra Madre" is supposed to be pretty good.

ABNER

(beaming)

Treasure!

MARION

(having second thoughts)

Maybe not that one.

INDY

(to himself)

It's gonna take some getting use to.

MARION

(over hearing him)

And what's that, pray tell?

INDY snuggles up close to MARION and smiles.

INDY

Home cooked meals...Saturday morning
catch....report cards....first date.

MARION

(feeling naughty)
Something else you'll have to get use
to...

INDY

And what's that, pray tell?

MARION

The long, hot, passionate nights.

MARION and INDY kiss, long and deep. They break.

MARION

(continuing)
So, Kiddo --

MARION almost screams -- ABNER is gone!

INDY

Don't panic! He's gotta be around
here some place!

They scan the school grounds.

INDY

(continuing)
Maybe he's at the playground!

A few tension filled moments. Then:

ABNER'S VOICE

Hey!

ABNER runs up with his popsicle stick Ark in hand.

MARION

Abner! I'm gonna put a leash on you!

ABNER shoots his mom a sarcastic look.

INDY

Why'd you go back for your model?

ABNER

I don't know...guess this Ark's
better than no Ark.

INDY

They might uncover it again someday.

The idea of that sits pleasantly on the minds of ABNER and
INDY. MARION, on the other hand, not so pleasant.

INDY

(continuing)

The man to uncover it might just be you.

MARION shoots INDY a stern look.

INDY

(continuing)

Or maybe not.

MARION

Mister, the only thing I want you digging up are the weeds in the backyard.

ABNER

Aw ma!

MARION

You promised to do it weeks ago.

Whispering up at INDY conspiratorially --

ABNER

And she wonders why I ran away.

MARION

(hearing that)

You didn't run away.

ABNER

Yeah....that's true...I went looking for my dad.

INDY

And you found him.

ABNER

Happy I did?

INDY doesn't have to think about that.

INDY

You betcha.

INDY smiles.

ABNER takes his mom's hand and -- ah --

ABNER

Here, hold this.

INDY takes the Ark model from ABNER. The boy's hands are free. ABNER takes his mom's hand and his father's hand.

ABNER
(continuing)
Mom, dad, let's go eat.

JUMP BACK: the united family walk away together, hand-in-hand, headed off on another big adventure.

The one called life.

RAIDERS' MARCH UP. ROLL END CREDITS.

THOUGHT IT WAS OVER, DIDN'T YA?

THE FANS WHO HUNG AROUND FOR THE END CREDITS GET A SPECIAL TREAT:

INT. INDY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - SUNDOWN

Someone is KNOCKING. INDY opens the front door and reveals GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR AND HIS ENTOURAGE.

INDY
General, what a pleasant surprise.

Pause.

GENERAL MACARTHUR
Henry, you gonna invite us in or are we gonna stand out here all day.

INDY
Please, please -- c'mon in.

INDY shouts over his shoulder --

INDY
(continuing)
Marion, set down three more plates.
We got guests for dinner.

CUT TO BLACK SCREEN.

THE END