

INDIANA JONES AND THE GIFT FROM THE GODS

by

Steve Wrench

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Indiana Jones and the Gift from the Gods  
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FADE IN:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Drawing of a mountain on a rain soaked map.  
The DIN of the rain beats heavily on huge leaves.  
Rugged wet hands fold the map and slip it in a trouser  
pocket. Whip rolled up over belt.

Down through the dense canopy a string of seven figures  
snake through the jungle, one of which - second from  
front - can be seen wearing trademark fedora, leather  
jacket, holster and chinos. This is INDIANA JONES.

At the head of the party a small wiry AKAN TRIBESMAN,  
naked but for a loin cloth, body and face paint,  
slashes through an overgrown path with an out-sized  
machete, grunting under his breath. Flanking further  
behind Indy are two tribesmen, one with a sack over his  
shoulder, the other is SIDI, a very frail old man with  
a long white beard almost down to his waist. He doesn't  
appear to be wearing much else. Two men of western  
appearance trail the tribesmen. The first is PETER  
BRANDE, a muscular, heavily scarred South African  
mercenary-looking man in his late forties. He carries a  
machine gun over camouflage garb and slashes with a  
machete. The second man is HOWARD CLARKSON, American,  
reedy, in his late thirties, but with receding hair. He  
is inappropriately dressed in knee-length shorts and  
carrying a walking stick to bat away the leaves. Two  
further African men trail them. Clarkson stops, removes  
his spectacles, and wipes the sweat from his face.

The jungle gives way to a deep and narrow gully. Brande  
reaches down to pull a leech from under his sock with a  
SUCTION sound. Clarkson observes with faint disgust.  
The bridge creaks as the group wobble across it and  
back into jungle. This is followed by the subtitle:  
IVORY COAST 1956

Sidi gestures. The distant TRACTOR-CHUG of a water pump  
can be heard. Brande remains stoic. Clarkson less so.  
Sidi makes a chirpy whistle and signals for quiet. The  
water pump grows more distinct. They halt. Indy in  
silhouette, Sidi turns and looks up.

SIDI  
(in French)  
We have arrived.

## EXT. PYRAMID CLEARING - DAY

Palm fronds give way. The rain has stopped. A partially visible stepped pyramid, almost six storeys high and covered in thick vegetation, sprouts from a muddy bank. Another pyramid looms in the mist. An impressed Indy nods in satisfaction looking up at the pyramid, and LISTENS to the water pump almost drowning out the sound of nearby CASCADING WATER.

CLARKSON

(wiping brow)

My God... he was right. And we thought Meroe was impressive.

There are trucks, jeeps and land rovers parked near corrugated roofed huts on the edge of the clearing beyond. No one can be seen. Stepped levelled off ground littered with archeological equipment show evidence of aborted excavation work.

INDY

(looking to section of pyramid)

That's where we get in.

Howard notes that Sidi and the other tribesman have vanished.

CLARKSON

(to Indy)

Now what did I say? Half now, half later?

Brande clicks his fingers before bringing his index finger to his lips. A bird's SQUAWK echoes.

## INT. PYRAMID - DAY

Indy, Clarkson and Brande hold lanterns that illuminate and flicker against the inside walls. A steely, determined Indy has a pressing urgency to his movements. The claustrophobic atmosphere is palpable as the ceiling gets lower and lower. A damp sheen clings to the walls. Water droplets DEAFEN. They reach a larger inner chamber.

At the entrance, books and torn pages are scattered about. Several khaki clad BODIES litter the floor. Indy tentatively turns each body.

BRANDE

Is it?

INDY

No.

INT. PYRAMID INNER CHAMBER - DAY

The stench of death fills the chamber. There is a muffled sound (O.S). The trio pad across to the source. A group of FIGURES appear huddled in a circle at the far end in shadow. They are bound and gagged. Indy approaches without caution.

INDY

Dad!

HENRY looks up and makes a frustrated sound through his gag. The others look on in excitement. Henry grunts and flashes his eyes. Indy quickly un-binds and un-gags his father.

HENRY

What time do you call this?

INDY

I call this just in time dad.

Henry's colleagues and assistants are quickly untied. They are historian and anthropologist DR. GEORGE HOBSON - a fat, balding and heavily bearded Englishman in his sixties; renowned archeologist PROFESSOR CARL REINHARDT - tall, thin and imposing Harvard-type man also in his early sixties and MIMI MACKENZIE. She is Henry's assistant, a demure blonde pony-tailed women in her mid to late twenties. Also present are three khaki clad Ivorians in their thirties - RASOUL, CECIL and ABDUL, and finally XAVIER, a bespectacled Frenchman, also in his thirties.

HENRY

(to Brande, hugging)

Peter my old friend! I never thought I'd see you again!

(hugging Clarkson)

Howard, I knew you'd do it.

CLARKSON

Well, what can I say, the university wanted its equipment back.

HENRY

I'm sure.

CLARKSON

Vintner can't wait. He thinks he owns you now.

HENRY

Really. He's a piece of work.

(lightening up to Indy and Brande)

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)  
 My assistants Mimi, Rasoul, Xavier,  
 Cecil, Abdul, and of course Professor  
 Carl Reinhardt.

Mimi enthusiastically acknowledges Indy. Indy flashes a  
 smile back.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
 George, you know my son Indiana.

GEORGE  
 Of course, delighted!

Henry turns to Rasoul and Abdul and makes some more  
 formal introductions to Brande.

INDY  
 (shaking hands vigorously  
 and patting on back)  
 George. Aren't you a little out of  
 your area?

GEORGE  
 When one tires of Peru, one tires of  
 life but Great Scot... nothing could  
 keep me from witnessing this momentous  
 achievement!

INDY  
 (bemused)  
 Momentous?

REINHARDT  
 (interrupting)  
 Doctor Jones, a pleasure finally.  
 Henry has regaled me with so many  
 stories I feel I know you already.

The distant chatter of foreign voices is heard.

INDY  
 Then you have me at a disadvantage.

BRANDE  
 (indicating watch)  
 Indiana.

HENRY  
 (grabbing Indy)  
 Come, you must meet the wonderful  
 Xavier. Whatever you want, wherever  
 you need to be.

XAVIER  
 Doctor Jones, it is so wonderful that  
 you should be here for us.

INDY  
 (distracted, shaking  
 hands)  
 Great... look... please to meet you.

Distant conversation grows louder and now footsteps can be heard as he glances at his watch. Henry bends down.

HENRY  
 (oblivious)  
 And this is...

Indy is now looking down at Henry as he is about to pull something from a rucksack.

INDY  
 Dad?

HENRY  
 You wouldn't believe...

INDY  
 (grabbing Henry, stopping  
 his movements)  
 Look, we haven't got time for this.

HENRY  
 (standing up and looking  
 to wall)  
 Junior?

INDY  
 Mmmm.

HENRY  
 (looking to small opening  
 in wall)  
 You didn't come in that way did you?

INDY  
 You got a better idea?

EXT. THE PYRAMID CLEARING - DAY

The group emerge through the opposite side of the pyramid. Henry dusts himself down and looks at Indy with a satisfied smile. Indy spots the several Land Rovers and trucks hidden between the trees. A machine gun mounted jeep carries the mud-splattered letters U.N on the side.

In the driver's seat of a Land Rover a MAN stirs from his slumber.

GEORGE  
 (to stirring man)  
 Excuse me.

Brande knocks the man out with a single punch. Brande pulls the unconscious man out the Rover and onto the ground like a sack of potatoes.

INDY  
(catching keys thrown by  
Brande)  
No, you take the lead.

BRANDE  
(moving past Indy to  
second Land Rover)  
Get on ahead. You take care of your  
old man. We'll catch up.

The group split up. George, Henry clutching his bag tight, Clarkson, Abdul, and Cecil climb into the first Rover with Indy. Brande, Reinhardt, Mimi, Xavier and Rasoul pile into the second Rover. Mimi and Henry exchange concerned looks before climbing aboard.

REINHARDT  
Come on.

Brande hot-wires the starter motor.

EXT. MUDDY DIRT TRACK - DAY

SHOUTING (in French) can be heard as a MOTLEY GROUP led by a rugged angry-looking AFRICAN MAN run out behind the Land Rovers as they speed off. He signals, waving his arms and motioning to his comrades. Machine guns, machetes and bazookas are loaded onto the remaining vehicles.

The downpour has begun again. Giant puddles and pot-holes loom everywhere. The windscreen wipers are on full. Everything is very muddy. The Land Rover is violently thrown about. A shaken Henry finally speaks.

HENRY  
Vandals! There'll be nothing left. The  
ivory masks were astonishing.

INDY  
(at the wheel, distracted)  
Not now.

There is the sound of gunfire.

INDY (CONT'D)  
(looking into rear view  
mirror)  
Great.

A hump looms. The Rover jumps into the air and lands with a clatter throwing everyone about inside.

GEORGE  
 (holding onto his hat)  
 Great Scot!

Indy puts his foot down. Henry looks into his rucksack with pride and pats its contents.

HENRY  
 But they didn't get this. Thank God.

An otherwise occupied Indy glancing into the rear-view mirror. Brande's Rover clatters back on the track behind. A worried George taps on Henry's shoulder. George, Henry and Clarkson all look out the rear window.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
 Oh dear. Indiana?

INDY  
 Not now dad!

HENRY  
 Can't you go any faster?

Indy looks to the speedometer which shows the needle as far as it can go.

There is some shouting in French as one of the goons positions himself on the door of the trailing Rover (of a convoy of seven in total) some way behind but closing fast. He is aiming a BAZOOKA.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
 (looking green)  
 I was never very good in cars. Can't someone open a window?

Mimi and Reinhardt stare back in horror.

MIMI  
 Oh my God!

At the wheel Brande looks in the rearview and accelerates.

Indy eyes a huge dip in the track.

INDY  
 Everybody hold on!

GEORGE  
 (to Henry)  
 My sentiments exactly.

The bazooka is fired. Brande's Rover swirves and plows through dense undergrowth.

Indy's Rover hits the mud ramp and leaves the ground. The missile shoots underneath Indy's Rover mid-air. The Rover clatters heavily back to the ground. There is a RAT-TAT-TAT of machine-gun fire as the back door and side windows shatter. Everyone ducks. The missile explodes on a huge palm somewhere down the road in front.

HENRY  
(with wind in face)  
Ahh, that's better.

INDY  
(worried)  
Aah.

CLARKSON  
What is it?

Indy breaks. Everyone in the rear of the rover slides forward. A large Hessian bag makes a noisy metallic crash against the back of Indy's seat.

Brande looks ahead and slows.

In the front passenger seat Cecil mutters a prayer in French. A rope bridge designed for vehicles crosses a wide ravine.

INDY  
(to whomever is listening)  
Where are we?

Henry takes a queasy look at the map and thrusts it in Clarkson's hands. George unties the Hessian bag.

EXT. ROPE BRIDGE - DAY

Everyone looks over the side of the vehicle as they cross. The bridge creaks ominously. A river rages below. Another explosion as a missile hits the ravine wall.

INDY  
Jesus! What did you do?

HENRY AND GEORGE  
(together)  
NOTHING!

George holds the full Hessian bag open and enthusiastically whips out a golden amphora jug, then a golden plate.

GEORGE  
Thank God!

INDY  
(looking back)  
Throw it out!

GEORGE  
(protesting)  
But...

INDY  
Or I'll throw you out!

The bridge CREAKS under the strain, but Brande's Rover clears the ravine. The pursuing bad guys also cross successfully, if tentatively, closely followed by the U.N JEEP.

EXT. MUDDY DIRT TRACK - DAY

Abdul opens the rear doors then the group drag the Hessian bag along the floor of the vehicle.

GEORGE  
Six months work... Curse them.

The Hessian bag falls from Indy's Rover onto the track. George, unhappy, looks on.

Brande's Rover swerves past the dumped Hessian bag with its contents spilled over the track. Mimi and Reinhardt look back.

EXT. ROPE BRIDGE - DAY

One of the pursuing Rovers is stuck in the gaps of the bridge. It slips on the wood and slides backwards. The rear wheels SPIN, desperately trying to gain some traction as the engine REVS. There is a loud CRACK, the driver and passenger look up suddenly and stop the engine. The Rover hangs precariously in the gray downpour for what seems like an eternity. Only the DIN of rain breaks the silence. The two men look at each other and almost break into a nervous smile. There is a second much louder CRACK. The bridge gives way and sends the Rover crashing to its doom - exploding as it hits the ravine wall before being swept away in a torrent of water. A following truck slides to a halt at the edge of the ravine. Its occupants look on helplessly. Another closely following Rover shunts the occupants of this truck to within an inch of their lives.

EXT. MUDDY DIRT TRACK - DAY

The driver gesticulates wildly. His passenger, in the process of cocking and reloading his machine gun, looks ahead. The driver breaks and slides to a halt. There is some shouting in French as two of its occupants get out, gather its contents fill the bag and drag its weight through the mud.

Brande is on a walkie-talkie to Indy.

INDY (V.O.)  
(over walkie-talkie)  
This goes all the way to the sea!

BRANDE  
Got it!

The occupants of the trailing U.N Jeep chatter loudly, swerving out of the way of the Rover as the Hessian bag is loaded into the back.

BRANDE (CONT'D)  
(on walkie-talkie to  
pilot)  
Steve come back!

EXT. JUNGLE VALLEY - DAY

A small GRUMMAN MALLARD SEAPLANE swoops in low under an iron girder bridge that spans a densely covered valley.

EXT. MUDDY DIRT TRACK - DAY

BRANDE  
(on walkie-talkie)  
We're on a track heading south  
downhill towards Bandama Bay.  
(checking watch)  
Should be there in... five minutes.

There is some garbled nonsense on the walkie-talkie as another explosion rips through the jungle.

BRANDE (CONT'D)  
(on walkie-talkie)  
Roger that. See you on the beach!

From out of nowhere a missile takes out the back of Brande's Land Rover in a ball of flames. The rear wheels and axel have been pulverized. The chassis grates along the ground.

Indy looks in his rear view, then turns around to see.

Brande's Rover hits a tree with a METALLIC CLUNK. Indy breaks heavily and his Rover skids to a halt.

CLARKSON

What are you doing?!

Indy reverses sharply. Rasoul staggers from the smoking wreckage. Behind him Reinhardt is carrying Mimi. She is unconscious. A bloody Brande, who went through the windscreen, picks himself up out of the foliage. Xavier is nowhere to be seen.

HENRY

My God! Mimi.

INDY

Open the doors!

The occupants of the U.N Jeep, one of which is holding the bazooka, point and holler in French.

Henry, still gripping rucksack, and George open the rear doors to the Rover and frantically beckon Brande, Reinhardt and Rasoul.

HENRY

Come on, Come on!

The back door is slammed shut, Rasoul is wailing.

BRANDE

(holding his head with  
blood pouring out)

Christ!

HENRY

(to Reinhardt)

Thank you thank you.

EXT. BANDAMA BAY - DAY

Indy's Rover shoots out onto a beach as the Mallard swoops in low over the sea looking for a place to land. There is a LONG-TAIL BOAT with an out-board further along the shore at the end of a jetty. The Rover carries on and ploughs into the sea with a WHOOSH. Spray everywhere. Everybody leaps out with a splash and wade towards the boat. Reinhardt still carries Mimi. There is much splashing. Henry is spent. Indy makes several attempts to start up the out-board. The others look around. The U.N Jeep appears on the beach further down. One of the bad guys shout. The out-board ROARS to life and they power off towards the now landed seaplane. Henry, looking green, cradles a still unconscious Mimi.

INDY

Dad?

HENRY

(to Mimi)

Say something! Say anything!

Mimi groans.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Good enough.

The seaplane skims along the water. Henry looks relieved, but wretched. Indy turns back with a grin, sees Henry and shakes his head. The boat pulls up alongside the Mallard moving through the chop.

Lowering their guns, the bad guys look helplessly from the beach as the Mallard picks up speed.

INT. SEAPLANE - DAY

On the beach beneath through the window, the U.N Jeep and the breaking waves of the shoreline can be seen as the Mallard banks steeply. Henry, relieved, looks down on Mimi. Head on his lap, she smiles up. Henry's attention passes to the rucksack.

INDY

Never again.

EXT. BANDAMA BAY - DAY

The Mallard flies towards the mountains.

EXT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL MUSEUM - DAY

The SOUND of traffic. A busy day. Cars pass in front and people walk up and down the steps to the building.

INT. TEMPORARY EXHIBITIONS WING - DAY

An intricately molded and quite eerie crystal skull lit from beneath stares at us. A PERKY ATTRACTIVE STUDENT in her late teens pops up from behind. She has a sparkle in her eye.

PERKY ATTRACTIVE STUDENT

Amazing!

Indy now sports a full grown beard, familiar tweed jacket and brown pants and spectacles.

INDY  
 (to a student group)  
 Isn't it? This was uncovered during a recent dig in Central Africa. An artifact previously unheard of on the sub-continent.

His audience look on fascinated. The skull takes center stage.

INDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 An intricate piece such as this was thought to be solely of Mayan or Aztec origin and therefore indigenous to Central and South America.

The boys in Indy's young audience now look bored. One yawns.

INDY (CONT'D)  
 Which now calls into er... question...  
 (beat)  
 In all, little is known. In fact we almost didn't display it for this very reason.  
 (with gravitas, on seeing bored students)  
 Some believe these skulls possess supernatural qualities.

A newly mesmerized class and their teacher, the tall, matronly MS BEATTY, look on. Indy looks back through the glass case.

INDY (CONT'D)  
 We call this one "Henry".

The group chuckle.

STUDENT 1  
 Did you say crystal?

INDY  
 Yes.

The class take in this fact. Indy is about to draw attention to a photograph and text by the glass case. The photograph is a smiling group shot of Henry, Hobson, Reinhardt and the rest of the team.

STUDENT 2  
 Does that mean it's expensive?

INDY  
 Not really... We shouldn't of course overlook the discovery of pyramids at the site now under excavation.  
 (MORE)

INDY (CONT'D)

Previously, the only known pyramids in Africa were found in the Sudan. Outside of Egypt of course. All in all, this is a find of extreme importance.

(beat)

Did you know there are more pyramids in the Sudan than Egypt?

A student raises his hand.

INDY (CONT'D)

Yes?

BORED STUDENT

What's a pyramid?

MS BEATTY

(clipping him round the ear to the sound of giggles)

Marlon!

BORED STUDENT

Ow!

INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR - DAY

We follow a women's figure walking with an urgency, heels clicking on the polished museum corridors, passed various dinosaurs and the like.

INT. TEMPORARY EXHIBITIONS WING - DAY

A FAT STUDENT in the background is preoccupied with another antiquity on show.

FAT STUDENT

Is this one made of gold?

Higher up on a plinth stands the very same grinning golden idol that was stolen from Indy by BELLOQ at the beginning of RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK. It is bathed in a shaft of light that extends from the window in the ceiling to the floor. It carries the same majestic air of foreboding.

INDY

The Quirigua. A rare Mayan deity symbol recovered from the Amazon basin. It's said to ward off evil spirits and is approximately two thousand years old. And yes it is made of solid gold.

There is a general hush.

MS BEATTY  
Recovered?

INDY  
Uncovered.

MS BEATTY  
Where?

INDY  
Barinas, Venezuela.

MS BEATTY  
(teasing)  
Really? I heard it was Marseille.

INDY  
I think you are mistaken.

MS BEATTY  
I am their teacher Dr. Jones, I don't  
make mistakes... how much exactly did  
it cost you, mmm?

FAT STUDENT  
Must be worth millions!

INDY  
It's priceless.  
(to class, then Ms Beatty)  
As is Ms Beatty.

A familiar face. Indy catches his breath. It is MARION  
RAVENWOOD.

INDY (CONT'D)  
Will you excuse me.

Indy and Marion walk toward each other. They hug with  
feeling and kiss delicately but briefly on each cheek.

MARION  
(feeling Indy's knowing  
look)  
Yeah yeah I never thought I'd ever  
find myself in here either.

INDY  
We're full of surprises.

MARION  
(tugging his beard)  
Well, first time for everything.

They linger. Indy gives Marion an approving look.

MARION (CONT'D)

Thank you.

(looking at adoring  
students)

Still preaching to the converted I  
see.

Indy is interrupted by LOTTE - Indy's knowing, devoted  
secretary in her late twenties.

LOTTE

Indiana. Phone call for you.

INDY

Can't it wait?

LOTTE

I don't think so. It's Farnsworth.  
Said it was extremely important. On  
pain of death.

Indy looks at his watch.

INDY

(to Lotte, but looking at  
Marion)

Tell him I've left.

LOTTE

(resigned, rolling eyes)  
Alright. But he's not gonna like it!

EXT. THE STREET - MOMENTS LATER - EARLY EVENING

Indy and Marion walking down the entrance steps to the  
Museum. The sound of an engine ticking over. A BLACK  
SEDAN waits and observes.

INT. MARION'S HOUSE - THE BEDROOM - MORNING

A clean shaven Indy is lying in bed, smoking. Sheets  
cover his lower half.

INDY

So how was London?

Marion is towelling her face after stepping out the  
bath.

MARION

(looking in bathroom  
mirror)

Wet.

Indy glances over to a clock by the bed.

INDY  
 (putting cigarette out)  
 When does he get back?

Entering the room, a towelled Marion is about to speak when there is a KNOCK, KNOCK (O.S) at the door. Indy and Marion share a moment of anxiety.

MARION  
 Tomorrow?

There is another knock. Hurriedly putting on a robe, Marion makes her way downstairs.

INT. MARION'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

MARION  
 Just coming!

INT. MARION'S HOUSE - THE BEDROOM - DAY

Indy is already out of bed zipping up his pants. He then does his shirt up while fiddling with his tie.

INDY  
 Never again.

Holding his shoes Indy makes his way to the window. Glancing over to a table he stops mid-stride.

INT. MARION'S HOUSE - THE FRONT DOOR - DAY

There are two more louder BANGS on the door.

MARION  
 Who is it?

VOICE (O.S.)  
 YOU KNOW GOD DAMN WELL WHO IT IS! Are you going to let me in?

MARION  
 Let me get the keys.

A man storms up the stairs picking up a large wooden statue along the way. This is CLAY WERNSTROM, Marion's burly husband. He is a boxing promoter in his early fifties. Pictures of him standing with various prize fighters adorn the stair-well.

CLAY  
 WHERE IS HE??!!

MARION  
 Who?

CLAY  
Don't play with me.

INT. MARION'S HOUSE - THE BEDROOM - DAY

Clay enters the main bedroom to find Indy standing casually reading a newspaper.

INDY  
(looking to paper)  
Unbelievable!

CLAY  
Good word. If it isn't the famous urologist.

INDY  
Archeologist.  
(spying the large statue  
in Clay's hand)  
Careful, you could have someone's eye out with that.

CLAY  
Exactly.

Marion has now entered the room.

MARION  
Clay, please...

Marion looks at Indy.

INDY  
(to Marion, while holding  
a newspaper)  
Can I borrow this?

CLAY  
I think you've borrowed enough.

MARION  
Clay, please put it down.

Clay makes a lunge at Indy and chases him round the room swiping away with the statue. Plates CRASH on the floor and things get knocked over before a scuffle ensues. Clay swings a punch at Indy who then punches Clay square in the face. Clay looks unsteady on his feet before falling flat on his backside.

INDY  
(shaking his head and  
holding his fist with a  
grimace)  
We must do this again some time.

Indy jumps out the window and into a bush with a yelp.

CLAY  
Don't forget your shoes!

The shoes come flying out the window at velocity.

INDY (O.S.)  
OW, Jesus!

EXT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL MUSEUM - MORNING

POLICE CARS are parked outside and there is considerable commotion going on. At the top of the steps a gray bearded man in his eighties wearing a gray flannel tweed suit with bow-tie and cane is making an emotional statement to an OFFICER. This is PROFESSOR ALBERT FARNSWORTH, Head Curator at the museum. Indy rushes up the steps. At the top the officer puts his hand out to stop Indy.

INDY  
(to Farnsworth)  
What's going on Albert?

A car bumps up on the curb.

FARNSWORTH  
It's gone!

Clay lumbers up the steps to the Museum.

INT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL MUSEUM - MORNING

On the other side of the doors Indy bumps into a SECURITY GUARD.

CLAY (O.S.)  
Get back here you maggot!

SECURITY GUARD  
Whoa there Dr. Jones!

There is a scuffle on the other side of the revolving doors as Clay manhandles one of the policemen. He bangs on the revolving doors. Indy and the Security Guard turn to see the commotion.

CLAY  
YOU'RE A DEAD MAN JONES!!!

Indy points to a sign which reads: OPEN 10 O'CLOCK to 6 O'CLOCK WEEKDAYS.

INDY  
 (mouthing and pointing to  
 his watch)  
 We're closed.

This only enrages Clay further. Two policemen outside through the revolving doors finally restrain Clay before hand cuffing him and leading him away down the steps.

INT. TEMPORARY EXHIBITIONS WING - DAY

Indy stares through the glass case that once housed "Henry" - the crystal skull. The area has been cordoned off. Officers and museum staff are being questioned.

INT. INDY'S MUSEUM OFFICE - MORNING

After a brief interrogation Indy is seated at his desk.

OFFICER 1  
 (in doorway)  
 Thank you Doctor Jones. We will be in contact should anything else arise. Oh, and if you don't mind me asking, how did you exactly come by the bruise and torn jacket?

INDY  
 Clay fight.

The officer looks bemused as he walks away. Indy stares forlornly at a picture of himself with MARCUS BRODY. They are both smiling. Next to this is a picture of Henry Jones. Indy shakes his head.

INDY (CONT'D)  
 I know I know.

From the corner of his eye and on the edge of his large desk, Indy spies a square box tied with string. He checks the lack of postage and opens the box nonchalantly. On top of shredded paper lies a folded piece of paper. Indy unfolds it to find a typed message:

MY NAME IS MARIO, PLEASE HELP ME FIND A NEW HOME.

A now standing Indy brushes aside shredded newspaper to find, lying face up, a crystal skull.

INDY (CONT'D)  
 Oh no.

Indy looks around instinctively. Lotte pops her head round the door.

LOTTE  
Professor.

INDY  
(embarrassed)  
Hi!!!

LOTTE  
(eyeing a freshly shaven  
Indy)  
Well, hello stranger!  
(beat)  
Er, Farnsworth is holding a meeting  
about the you-know-what.

INDY  
Right.

LOTTE  
And er, you have a Marion Ravenwood on  
the phone.

Indy takes a deep breath.

LOTTE (CONT'D)  
Take a message, gotcha.

INDY  
No. Patch her through.

LOTTE  
You okay? You look like you've been  
dragged through a hedge backwards.

Indy sits back down and picks up his phone. Lotte  
leaves the room.

INTERCUT. - PHONE BOX/INDIANA'S OFFICE - DAY

MARION  
(sad)  
Jones...

INDY  
(tenderly)  
I'm here.

Marion stands in the phone box, breathing heavily,  
saying nothing. She is staring into space and at the  
traffic passing by.

INDY (CONT'D)  
(through gritted teeth)  
I know. I'm sorry... Please, I can't  
do this right now.

MARION

Okay.

INDY

Look, I have to go. I'll call you.

Marion puts the phone down and looks into space. Indy bangs his phone in frustration against his forehead gritting his teeth. Indy slumps back into his leather chair looking up at the ceiling. His eyes settle on the picture of Henry again.

INDY (CONT'D)

(to the picture of Henry)

What?!

INT. MUSEUM BOARDROOM - DAY

Indy opens a heavy wooden door onto a plush leather seated room lined with bookcases. A long mahogany table is in the middle and seated around the table are a number of serious looking bearded gentlemen, including PROFESSOR RUPERT DYER, DR. NEIL LICHEN and DR. CHARLES CRANSTON. Shafts of light stream through. Dust hangs in the air. Farnsworth sits at one end. Indy holds the BOX containing 'Mario' under one arm. The NEWSPAPER taken from Marion's house is in the other with his briefcase.

FARNSWORTH

So, in conclusion...

The door creaks shut as Farnsworth glances to Indy. Indy acknowledges the group and puts the box down by his feet as he sits down uneasily.

FARNSWORTH (CONT'D)

... we believe our perpetrators could not have got out in time without alerting the guards.

With a glass of port in one hand a cynical looking man of indeterminate age sits opposite Indy and gives him a funny look. This is DR. WARREN CARLISLE.

FARNSWORTH (O.S.)

(CONT'D)

Indiana.

INDY

(preoccupied)

Mmm?

FARNSWORTH

Everything all right? You look... ruffled.

Carlisle snorts.

INDY  
(to Carlisle)  
What?

FARNSWORTH  
Yes, it might even be the work of  
someone at the Museum.

Indy glances down at the box.

FARNSWORTH (CONT'D)  
Obviously for insurance purposes, what  
I need to know is how these dubious  
individuals were able to make it out  
with 'Henry', without setting off the  
alarms? Indiana... theories?

Indy shrugs sheepishly and raises his hands in defeat.

CRANSTON  
Maybe it moved through the walls.

DYER  
(conspiratorially)  
Maybe.

INDY  
Here we go. Maybe it used a skeleton  
key too.

DYER  
There have been whisperings of the  
skull moving of his own accord. A  
barely audible hum emanating from deep  
within.

CRANSTON  
It glows in the dark you know.

DYER  
Since that thing arrived we've had  
nothing but bad luck. Admissions have  
plummeted. Dear Alfred here broke his  
leg. Those who have come into contact  
with it have expressed ill feelings.

INDY  
(disinterested)  
Yeah?

CRANSTON  
Now you mention it I've been feeling  
strange things in the temporary  
exhibitions wing too.

LICHEN  
That'll be Ms Feldman.

This comment provokes some amusement.

INDY

Have we been serving alcohol in the canteen again?

Farnsworth lowers his glasses and looks to Indy.

FARNSWORTH

I'm glad to see you're all taking this matter seriously.

CRANSTON

The accursed thing is an ill-omen. We should never have put it on display I tell you!

There is an unexpected chorus of agreement from everyone except Indy and Farnsworth. Carlisle shakes his head and snorts derisively.

FARNSWORTH

Henry kindly donated the skull to us... is there anything we should know?

INDY

No. A highly unusual piece of work of unknown origin... with, however, mind-bending implications.

FARNSWORTH

Such as?

INDY

Well, as I have said before, it potentially challenges everything we know about established trade routes between the Americas and the sub-continent.

CARLISLE

Here's Hyerdahl with his old reed boat theory again.

INDY

I didn't say...

CARLISLE

(downing his glass of port)

I suppose you're going to tell me the presence of pyramids near these discoveries on both continents is no coincidence either?

(refilling glass)

(MORE)

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

It is entirely feasible that the pyramids are simply a natural architectural and evolutionary step. As is worshipping a sun god.

INDY

Look at the joint characteristics. Darwin...

CARLISLE

We know that with the tools at hand...

INDY

Warren, let me finish. Apply Darwin's Principle of Divergence to this theory.

FARNSWORTH

What of it?

INDY

Surely I don't need to explain it?

Farnsworth stares daggers. Carlisle snorts and refills his glass.

INDY (CONT'D)

The presence of skulls in each location potentially proves that somewhere down the line there had to be an original civilization capable of...

CARLISLE

(cutting in)

Your saying they developed from common ancestors? Is it not possible that two entirely separate systems could develop similarly? There is nothing to suggest what you are suggesting. It is esoteric nonsense, and frankly, the stuff of Atlantis.

INDY

It is at least a consideration.

CARLISLE

That somehow two civilizations were linked across the Atlantic, however tenuously, before even Christ?

(downing port)

Fatuous... at best!

INDY

Yeah, well maybe we're capable of flying to the moon.

CARLISLE

Moon, my ass!

INDY

Only arrogance would assume we are now at the apex of evolution, you see what I'm saying?

CARLISLE

Only arrogance could peddle this muck.

Indy throws his arms up in defeat.

CARLISLE (CONT'D)

(nodding)

Finally we are in agreement over something.

INDY

Yes?

CARLISLE

We are indeed serving alcohol in the canteen. What is it, 100% proof?

INDY

All the proof I need.

CARLISLE

And what's in that box?

INDY

(irritated)

A gift.

FARNSWORTH

Can we please get back to the case in point?

INDY

How Houdini got out of his case, I have no idea. Motivations however...

CARLISLE

Assuming its authenticity.

FARNSWORTH

Have you any reason to doubt it?

CARLISLE

I doubt its legitimacy as a relevant artifact.

INDY

Rumors have persisted for years on the relevance of these artifacts. Perhaps they are fakes I agree.

(MORE)

INDY (CONT'D)

But perhaps they could also hide a meaning of far greater importance than we could possibly imagine. A greater relevance for us all. You mentioned Atlantis. Granted, that is a little far fetched, but don't be so closed to the possibilities. We need to see the bigger picture here.

CARLISLE

And were you there when your father made the so-called discovery?

INDY

Now look. If you are suggesting...

CARLISLE

That your father is looking for one last hurrah? There's no way of verifying its authenticity you know. The crystal is impossible to carbon date.

INDY

Yes, and given today's technology it shouldn't even exist.

CARLISLE

There you go again with this drivel. It's pure conjecture. And personally...

(downing port)

... I'm glad we're rid of this anomalous black hole.

Carlisle seems to have had the final word on the matter. There is a brief silence in the room.

LICHEN

It is a dark matter indeed.

DYER

And who can be sure of what awaits the on other side?

INDY

(sliding a copy of The London Times across the table to Farnsworth)

Well, someone sure wants to find out.

Farnsworth adjusts his glasses and looks down at a story buried on page four of The London Times. Accompanied by a picture, it outlines the theft of a similar crystal skull from the London Natural History Museum the previous week.

Within the article a Dr. Ollie Simmons is quoted as saying, 'One minute it was there, we turned our backs and the next it had mysteriously vanished into thin air!'

EXT. LHASA, TIBET - DAY

It is a crisp clear day high up near the roof of the world. An unidentified troop made up of about sixteen people on horseback are making their way towards the Potala - the majestic, and mightily impressive high-walled palace monastery and residence of the Dalai Lama. The horses stop near the foot of the palace by a chorten. A Sherpa on a horse near the front gestures towards the palace and speaks in Sherpa. A man near the front of the party gets down and unwraps cloths shielding his face, removes his sunglasses and looks up. This is SEBASTIAN MALBRANQUE, a big-chinned ruggedly handsome but steely looking man in his early forties.

SHERPA

Sahib. Bring bad luck. Right! Must pass right of chorten!

MALBRANQUE

Uh huh.

Malbranque passes left of the Chorten and walks up to a number of prayer wheels. Malbranque intentionally turns several prayer wheels anti-clockwise, the wrong way.

INT. THE POTALA - DAY

A bell chimes and a huge door is opened. Malbranque is checking his reflection in a gong as a red clothed Lamaist monk addresses the lead Sherpa. The group enter, minus the Sherpa. The ominous and dense sound of multi-phonetic Buddhist chanting echoes and vibrates throughout the great smoky hallway as they make their way. Incense burns profusely. The mantra is repeated ad infinitum. In another room, the Lamaist monk opens a great cabinet to reveal a crystal skull. It is given to Malbranque who holds it with an intensity. The streams of sunlight from high up outline the group as they turn and walk away from the Lamaist who clutches his stomach and falls to the floor. The chanting continues unabated.

EXT. LONDON HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

A De Havilland Comet taxis to a halt. Wealthy travellers and businessmen disembark and make their way down the stairs from the aircraft. Howard Clarkson and Mimi step off first onto the rain glazed tarmac.

Indy and Henry with cane follow down the steps. Indy looks down and smiles, remembering Marion's earlier comment about the weather in London.

HENRY  
(nudging)  
So what do you think?

Mimi and Howard walk on ahead over to the terminal building.

INDY  
It hardly matters what I think. She's a little bit...

HENRY  
Intelligent. Yes... and what a figure!

INDY  
Jesus!

A STEWARDESS stands at the bottom of the steps.

STEWARDESS  
Welcome to London!

HENRY  
(eyeing the stewardess)  
You're only as young as the woman you feel. And I feel twenty-seven again.

INDY  
So how long have...?

HENRY  
Five months and seventeen days.

INDY  
Let me guess, you both reached for the same tool and... You don't really think it'll last do you?

HENRY  
And what's that supposed to mean eh? When you get to my age you take everything you can get.

INDY  
She'll be the death of you.

HENRY  
I certainly hope so! I nearly lost her once and I'm not about to let her get away again.

Indy is in thought as they enter the terminal building.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You've made a dishonest woman of  
Marion.

A look of surprise on Indy as he stops and turns to  
Henry. He knows Henry is right.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You need to get your house in order  
before it's too late.

(beat)

Passport control.

Indy watches Henry, cane in hand, stride ahead and poke  
an inquisitive Chihuahua on a lead out the way. The dog  
yelps.

POSH FUR COAT LADY

(indistinct)

Well really!

EXT. NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - DAY

Indy, Henry and Howard Clarkson get out of a taxi and  
make their way up some steps towards the entrance of  
the museum.

INT. NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - FOYER - DAY

At the front desk.

INDY

(to a desk porter)

We're here to meet with a Dr. Ollie  
Simmons.

A short bald man in his early fifties approaches as the  
porter is about to pick up a phone. This is the  
museum's flamboyant curator and leading anthropological  
expert, DR. STANLEY CREMEN. He is wearing a brown tweed  
suit and loud bow-tie over a louder waist-coat.

STANLEY

(with open arms)

Well hello, hello, hello! Henry, you  
crusty old fart, you look positively  
radiant! What on earth have you been  
up to?

Henry grins smugly as Indy clears his throat.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

You sly old devil don't tell me, I  
don't want to know!

(MORE)

STANLEY (CONT'D)

What surprise have you kept up your sleeve then, that was so important you felt you had to travel two thousand miles without telling me first?

HENRY

Thieves and vandals in well worn sandals.

INT. NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - BASEMENT - DAY

Fat glass tubes of varying sizes containing specimens of fish and other such sea-life clutter the shelves and tables of a fairly dank room of indeterminate size. The late afternoon light illuminates the room through barred windows high on the walls and give the tubes a liquid gold luminescence.

STANLEY

Olivia my dear!

Out from behind one of the tubes appears a jarringly beautiful woman in her thirties of average height. She does not need make-up. Her dark hair is tied back and she is wearing a white laboratory coat with glasses tucked in her breast pocket. This is DR. OLIVIA SIMMONS. She wears a name tag saying as much.

OLIVIA

Stan.

Olivia looks over to the others expectantly.

STANLEY

Where are my manners? This is...

OLIVIA

(shaking hands with a grin)

Doctor Indiana Jones. Thank you for your secretary's telegram, though I didn't quite expect you so soon. You said...

INDY

Thursday, I know. A matter of some urgency I'm afraid.

OLIVIA

Won't you come through? You'll have to excuse the mess, we're in the process of cataloging specimens recently brought back from the Pacific.

Stanley excuses himself while Henry and Clarkson look round closely at the jars. All kinds of unusual and ugly looking creatures are contained within the jars.

CLARKSON  
 (peering closely into a  
 jar)  
 They look almost unearthly.

OLIVIA  
 Manta birostris. Caught near the Cape  
 of Good Hope in 1945 at a depth of 45  
 metres... it's a ray, a devil fish.

INDY  
 (scanning the room before  
 settling on Olivia)  
 I'm impressed.

CLARKSON  
 What are they kept in?

INDY  
 Formaldehyde.

OLIVIA  
 Keeps 'em young.

A row of teeth giving the appearance of a double-edged blade in one of the jars catches Indy's eye. The label says it is a Sawfish with the Latin name written above. Henry and Indy look at each other and continue. The next room contains an even more bizarre array of creatures. These really do look like they're from another planet. These are deep sea fish, some of which look truly freaky and hideous. Indy contemplates the strange beauty surrounding him.

INDY  
 (eyes settling on Olivia)  
 Have you ever thought about  
 exhibiting?

OLIVIA  
 (smiling)  
 This is not an art gallery Dr. Jones.

INDY  
 I'm sure a great many people would  
 hold a keen interest in what you keep  
 locked away down here.

OLIVIA  
 The powers that be like to keep us out  
 of sight I'm afraid.

INDY  
 What a crime. But not out of mind I  
 hope.

OLIVIA  
Our budget could be increased I guess.  
Losing 'Bob' hasn't helped.

HENRY  
Bob?

INDY  
Maybe they're afraid you'd steal the  
show.

They get to the end of the room where there is some space around a desk stacked with papers. A lamp bathes the area in a warm glow. Olivia turns around to face them and perches on the edge of the desk.

OLIVIA  
Our skull you referred to in your telegram was only on temporary exhibition. It was unfortunate that news of the theft got out.

INDY  
Why would someone steal it?

OLIVIA  
Who knows? It has no intrinsic value. The only place it's likely to pop up is in someone's private collection.

HENRY  
Excuse me for asking but what have you got to do with it?

OLIVIA  
In 1937 divers off Cozumel were exploring the shallow waters in search of *Pristis pectinata*.

INDY  
Sawfish.

OLIVIA  
(taken aback)  
Now it's my turn to be impressed.

Henry shakes his head.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
They were to be specimens for our collection. And, inadvertently of course, caught the skull in one of their nets. Naturally it found its way over here and we kind of adopted him. But if you'll forgive me, I'm not too clear on your part in this?

Indy takes out the sealed up box containing the skull 'Mario'. He opens it. Olivia gasps.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

But how?

INDY

Is this the same one?

OLIVIA

(putting on her glasses)

May I?

Olivia delicately lifts the skull out of the box and holds it to lamp light turning it over. Clarkson is wide eyed.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

No. See here. The coloring is different and the cranium less sloping, a higher forehead. This is different. Strange... the anterior fontanelle is exposed.

INDY

Meaning.

OLIVIA

Meaning this representation isn't of a fully developed skull. Look at the size, too big for a child. The face is of a man.

(lifting it up)

Again like ours the workmanship is incredible... and look, a hairline marking. Where on earth did you get this?

HENRY

What else did you learn about yours?

OLIVIA

(putting skull down)

It made a good paper weight... we sent "Bob" to Cambridge where he was subjected to various laser treatments. Some kind of prism was discovered at its centre. It however didn't appear to refract light. A mystery. The biggest issue for us was that it appeared to be cut against the grain. For it not too have shattered in the process is an impossibility.

HENRY

Fascinating!

OLIVIA

Yes. 'Bob' has proven to be quite an enigma

INDY

(patting skull on head)

Well, let me introduce you to "Mario".

INT. MUSEUM GALLERY - DAY

Tourists are milling around in the gallery. A group of six CLOAKED FIGURES in black make their way along the polished corridors of the museum past various glass cases. They surreptitiously COCK their guns as they walk.

INT. MUSEUM BASEMENT - DAY

Clarkson picks up the skull and plays around with it, juggling it between his hands.

CLARKSON

It's heavy!

HENRY

Careful.

INDY

You said "Bob" had a prism.

OLIVIA

Well, yes but...

The skull slips from Clarkson's hands to the floor. It doesn't break.

CLARKSON

Oops! Sorry Mario.

OLIVIA

Yes, you'll give him a headache. So how did you come into possession of this one?

INDY

How much time have you got?

OLIVIA

For you, I've got all the time in the world.

INDY

So you have time for dinner then.

Henry groans.

OLIVIA

You don't recognize me do you?

Clarkson holds the skull up to the sunlight shafting through the windows.

INDY

What?

CLARKSON

Alas poor Mario! I knew him, Horatio.

The setting sun hits the window and lights up the skull from behind. It illuminates a brilliant gold as if lit up by fire. Clarkson's face and parts of the room are obscured by a projection of an ancient weathered face mouthing silent words. Upon his forehead and down his nose are what appears to be hieroglyphic inscriptions. A scream increasing in pitch emanates from the skull. Clarkson, shocked, drops the skull. The scream abruptly stops as the projection vanishes.

CLARKSON (CONT'D)

(hands to face)

My eyes!

INDY

(looking at Clarkson, then  
to where the projection  
was)

Jesus!

MALBRANQUE

Well, almost.

Surprised, everybody turns. It is Malbranque flanked by five sinister gun-toting GOONS of foreign origin. One of which appears to have a long bony nose and olive skin. This is HUASCAR. The skull roles to Henry's feet.

CLARKSON

(squinting, recognizing  
the voice)

Malbranque!!

MALBRANQUE

It's too late to act surprised.

HENRY

Of all the gin-joints...

Indy turns to Henry in disbelief.

OLIVIA

What's the meaning of this?

MALBRANQUE

I think you have something that is mine yes?

INDY

I don't see your name on it.

MALBRANQUE

(indicating, as a goon behind him raises a machine gun)

I have come too far to argue over incidentals. Now we don't want any trouble... pick it up.

Henry reluctantly picks up the skull and hands it too Indy. Olivia looks on. Clarkson is shaking and rubbing his eyes.

MALBRANQUE (CONT'D)

I haven't got all day. Give it up.

HENRY

Don't!

INDY

(chucking skull hard to Malbranque's face)

Whatever you say.

Malbranque ducks, attempts to catch it at the same time. Indy pulls a gun from under his jacket, fires it at the goon's weapon to the right of Malbranque, the goon fires back hitting the fish tubes which explode - all in the same moment. Formaldehyde and fish cover the screaming goon lighting him up like a Christmas tree. A stench fills the room. There is shouting from everyone else.

OLIVIA

My Loligo vulgaris!  
(to a bewildered Indy)  
Squid!

Indy dives out the line of fire and lunges towards Malbranque. There is much gun fire. Other tubes explode, the side windows of the building blow out and liquid fire floods the room. Indy punches Malbranque. Olivia grabs the skull off the floor and makes for a door on the other side of the room, pulling along a still blinded Clarkson.

HENRY

What's that smell?

OLIVIA

Something bad. Hurry!

Indy fires more shots at the goons as he attempts to stave off the pursuers.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Olivia drags Clarkson out a rear door into a stairwell and another part of the museum.

INT. MUSEUM BASEMENT - DAY

Indy escapes through a window as another explosion rips through the specimens.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Olivia and Clarkson run up a marble staircase.

INT. MUSEUM FOYER - DAY

Indy tramps along carrying his gun in full view. Tourists, formerly looking at exhibits, stare with alarm. There is chaos as people attempt to get out of the way. Indy turns a corner and literally runs into Olivia. She drops the box and shredded newspaper spills from inside. The skull skims along the highly polished floor at speed. It hits the corner of a cabinet and skims, spinning 360 degrees at high speed whilst emitting another high-pitched sound like a kettle whistle. Hands are held to ears as glass cabinets shatter all around.

INDY

(to Clarkson and Olivia  
who bring their hands  
down from their ears)

My father! Where's my father?

OLIVIA

(turning around)

Oh my God, I'm so sorry. I thought he was with you!

The skull has come to rest at the far end of the galleria at the feet of a LITTLE GIRL. She stares at it inquisitively and picks it up. Holding it in her small hands the girl looks into its eye-sockets and then up at Malbranque who is staring down at her. He grins devilishly. She smiles back and silently hands him the skull.

INDY

Drop the skull!

Malbranque turns and fires his gun twice, shattering a dinosaur skeleton. Tourists scream. Indy dives to the floor and fires back at Malbranque once. The bullet hits the skull and ricochets ninety degrees upwards shattering his jaw, rupturing his cheek-bone and eye-socket.

INT. MUSEUM STAIRWELL

Museum patrons flee down a wide marble staircase past Henry. He is out of breath and attempting to gain his composure, using his cane for balance. At the top of the now empty staircase stands an old friend.

REINHARDT

Hello Henry.

INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR - DAY

OLIVIA

(incredulous, hands  
covering her ears again)

What kind of archaeologist carries a gun?!

INDY

This kind.

A stunned, profusely bleeding Malbranque slumps to the floor. The skull roles away.

GOON 1

(from bottom of stairs)

Hey!

They turn and spot the goons. Indy grabs Olivia by the arm and makes a charge for the skull. A blinded Clarkson follows, groping hands out in front bumping into walls. Olivia breaks free from Indy and goes back for Clarkson. RINGING of fire alarms can be heard throughout the building. Olivia rounds a corner to grab Clarkson. Unfortunately he's already in the clutches of the goons who wave a gun in her face. Olivia puts her hands up in resignation.

INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR - DAY

Indy picks up the bloody skull. Malbranque's prostrate body lies on the cold hard floor. Indy looks down at the motionless figure. A pool of blood gathers around his shoes. He turns to see Stanley come running towards him.

STANLEY  
 (flustered)  
 Oh my God. Indiana.

INDY  
 What-what is it?

INT. MUSEUM STAIRCASE - DAY

On a mezzanine of a staircase lies Henry. His motionless body is being lifted onto a stretcher.

INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR - DAY

As Henry is being wheeled away Indy looks to Malbranque. There is a pool of blood, but no body.

INT. ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL - MORNING

Henry is lying in bed attached to a drip and ventilator. His eyes are closed, he is unconscious. Leg and arm in plaster. The ward is partially empty. Indy is standing at the end of the bed. Mimi is seated next to Henry. Indy glances to Mimi. She looks away with watery eyes. Indy looks up distracted.

MIMI  
 That's right. You better pray he comes through this. What were you thinking getting him involved anyway?

INDY  
 I'm getting him involved? I think Dad's old enough and ugly enough to make decisions for himself don't you?  
 (quietly)  
 It's not my fault, Jesus!

There is a long pause as Mimi gets up to look out the window in an attempt to mask her tears. She wipes her face. Life goes on outside. Indy watches, then goes to her.

INDY (CONT'D)  
 Look. I know what they want.

MIMI  
 So give it to them.

INDY  
 I can't.

HENRY  
 Can't what?

INDY

Dad!

MIMI

(hand to Henry's forehead)  
How do you feel?

HENRY

(groggily)  
With my hands mostly.

MIMI

(to Wendy)  
He's better.

Mimi, smiling, puts her hands on Henry's.

HENRY

(to Indy)  
Reinhardt was there.

Henry has a painful twinge and groans.

MIMI

I'm going to get a nurse.

Father and son alone, Henry watches her leave with an adoring look. Indy reflects.

INDY

At the Museum?

HENRY

Yes.

INDY

What's going on? Did he do this?

HENRY

Where's Howard?

INDY

(harder)  
Did he DO this?

Henry answers with his eyes.

INDY (CONT'D)

(under breath through  
gritted teeth)  
Reinhardt.

HENRY

Where's Howard?

INDY

Gone. Vanished. Olivia Simmons too.

HENRY

Olivia? Oh no. What about Sebastian?

INDY

That ape? He's probably been in better shape. Dad, you know what's happening here? It's pretty dark from where I'm sitting.

HENRY

Then let me illuminate you. That ape is a thief, part of an outfit that specializes in stealing finds from legitimate digs and selling off to private collectors willing to pay the price. I had the pleasure of his company in Iraklion four years ago.

Wendy returns with the nurse who prods him and checks Henry's blood pressure as he continues.

INDY

And Reinhardt?

HENRY

Obviously Sebastian... ow! Watch it!

The nurse tuts disapprovingly.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Is working for or with him. Though I can't quite believe he was capable of stooping so low.

INDY

What did he want with you?

HENRY

(patting Wendy's hand)

My ears... and my time, of which I have none for the likes of him. Seemed to think I owed him something and made me an offer I just had to refuse. They didn't get it back did they?

The nurse observes Henry's discomfort.

NURSE

Mr. Jones I'm afraid your father needs some good old fashioned bed rest.

INDY

(to Henry)

No, I have it. Or rather, it's with Stanley.

HENRY  
 (snorting)  
 Stanley? Christ! Why didn't you just  
 leave it with the BBC!

INDY  
 Relax dad. He's discrete.

INT. OUTSIDE DR. CREMEN'S OFFICE - NATURAL HISTORY  
 MUSEUM - DAY

A crowd of reporters are jostling for a place. A  
 secretary steps forward.

SECRETARY  
 Dr. Cremen will be making an  
 announcement at 11 O'clock in the  
 theatre.

There are groans as Indy walks past the commotion and  
 behind the distracted secretary into Stanley's office.  
 Piles and piles of journals litter a very cluttered  
 office lined with books. Stanley is looking out the  
 window. Indy closes the door behind him.

STANLEY  
 Have those parasites left yet Mavis?

Stanley turns around. He is wearing a tuxedo.

STANLEY (CONT'D)  
 Oh. Indiana, how is dear Henry, the  
 nurse keeping her hands to herself?

INDY  
 (looking Stanley up and  
 down)  
 I know he's got his hands full.

STANLEY  
 Mmm. Any more news of Olivia?

INDY  
 None.

A forlorn Stanley walks over to a cabinet. He first  
 pours himself and Indy a whisky then looks out the  
 window again. Indy glances to Stanley's desk, upon  
 which sits a burnt picture of Stanley in floral garb  
 with a much younger Olivia and Marcus Brody posing on a  
 sunny beach jetty. Olivia is wearing a wet-suit, Marcus  
 a straw hat. Indy picks up the picture.

INDY (CONT'D)  
 (holding picture)  
 Not 'that' Olivia?

STANLEY  
 (looking around)  
 The one and only. Marcus was a good man.

Stanley crouches down where the box is incarcerated in a safe. He takes it out and walks over to his desk. Here he lifts out the skull.

INDY  
 Did you learn anything new?

STANLEY  
 Not about the skull per se. But something may have some meaning for you.

Stanley takes out what was shredded paper used as padding from the box, now meticulously taped together.

INDY  
 (amazed)  
 I think you need a new hobby.

STANLEY  
 When you've got several thousands of pounds worth of damage to rectify sleep is hard to come by.

He hands the paper to Indy. It is the front page of a Peruvian newspaper.

INDY  
 (kissing Stanley's bald head)  
 Stan, you are the man!

Stanley looks considerably flushed at this gesture.

INT. ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL - DAY

A recharged Indy enters the building and finds himself following a FATHER down corridor after corridor. The Father appears to be going the same way. Fearing the worst Indy nears the entrance to Henry's ward. To his surprise a familiar looking man head to toe in naval uniform and an attractive smartly dressed woman are standing looking at each other, her arms around him in a consoling fashion. They look serious. This is THOMAS JONES, Indy's younger brother, accompanied by his wife RACHEL. Thomas is a handsome, well built man and a little taller than Indy. Indy looks on apprehensively as he continues walking, watching the Father greet them. They have a solemn look as they turn and enter the ward through a set of doors. As they go through the doors Indy picks up his pace and runs to find out what is happening. Indy bursts through the double doors.

Thomas turns and lets go of Rachel's hand to firmly hug Indy.

THOMAS  
(patting on back)  
There's my big brother!

INDY  
(kissing Rachel)  
Tom, Rachel, what's going on? Is this  
what I think it is?

Much to Indy's surprise and relief there appears to be a gathering of a very different kind to the one he was expecting. The room is decked out like a little chapel. Flowers are everywhere. All the patients from the other beds are filling out the chairs in their gowns. Henry is sitting on the edge of his bed. It is a surreal site. Henry acknowledges Indy by waving his plastered arm.

THOMAS  
Well, it's no wake that's for sure.

INDY  
Worse.

THOMAS  
Sly old goat isn't he?

INDY  
Goat? Yes.

THOMAS  
Ah come on! Why didn't you tell us?  
Rachel barely had time to organize  
something for the kids.

INDY  
Why didn't I tell you? Where's Mimi?

The Father indicates that he is ready. An orderly bursts through the doors.

ORDERLY  
Here she comes!

INT. ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL WARD - LATER

In the ward there is a food and drinks buffet and various patients are showing 'guests' and other patients their various operational scars. Music is playing. A jolly atmosphere permeates the room.

INDY  
No Tom, these are bad men.

THOMAS  
 (gesturing his own  
 uniform)  
 Hey, eighteen years count for nothing  
 huh? I can take it.

INDY  
 You have responsibilities now.

THOMAS  
 Hey, I've always wanted to go to South  
 America! Get ponchos for the kids.

An exasperated Indy shakes his head as a beautifully  
 made up Mimi approaches with a beaming grin on her face  
 and offering cake. Both Thomas and Indy are impressed.

INDY  
 (eyeing the selection of  
 cakes on the tray)  
 Congratulations. You stay away from  
 his (whistles) tonight. Understand?

Mimi, annoyed, swiftly turns and walks away with the  
 tray just as Indy is about to pinch a slice of cake.  
 They both watch her form.

THOMAS  
 How does he do it?

INT. ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL WARD - EVENING

Henry is still laying in bed with his leg up in  
 plaster. Indy is sitting by his side.

INDY  
 I guess congratulations are in order.

HENRY  
 (sarcastic)  
 Thanks for the support.

INDY  
 Took me by surprise that's all.

HENRY  
 I didn't do this for you son, but I  
 hope I have your blessing. Now get  
 YOUR house in order.

INDY  
 I have something to show you.

HENRY  
 Junior. Olivia, she's Marcus's niece.

INDY

I know.

Indy produces the newspaper that Stanley had taped together and shows it to Henry.

HENRY

What's this?

INDY

Stanley's an amazing man.

HENRY

This was with the skull?

INDY

Uh huh.

HENRY

(reading paper and shaking head)

George, what have you got yourself into?

They hug. Indy lets go of Henry's hand and stands up.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What are you going to do?

INDY

The right thing.

HENRY

When are you going?

INDY

Now. Tom is taking you both home... as soon as you're ready. But you take care, d'you hear?

Indy moves towards the door looking back at Henry.

HENRY

YOU take care. And bring her back won't you?

INDY

If it's the last thing I do.

EXT. LOCKHEED CONSTELLATION - FLYING - DAY

SUPERIMPOSED over a MAP that traces a course from London to Cusco, Peru.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CUSCO MARKET, PERU - DUSK

VENDOR 1  
(thrusting something ugly  
into Indy's face)  
Welcome to Cusco, Navel of the Andes!

Indy, carrying 'Mario' in a box, is walking through a series of market stalls as various traders attempt to ply their wares. Close behind and to his side walks Thomas Jones. He too is being accosted by traders.

THOMAS  
Hey you know what? All this meat  
reminds me of Manila in '47.

INDY  
(brushing away with hand)  
You should be home with dad.

THOMAS  
(brushing another vendor  
out the way)  
Get off that horse already, position's  
already filled. Besides, who's gonna  
look after you?

Indy stops and turns to Thomas.

INDY  
That position's filled too.

THOMAS  
What, by your guardian angel?

Indy resumes walking ahead with purpose.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
A full time job I hear. I hope you pay  
well.

INDY  
(looking at various  
stalls)  
Well enough.

THOMAS  
(under breath)  
You go ahead and look after number  
one.

Indy pauses, turns and prods Thomas in the chest.

INDY  
Why d'you think I don't want you here  
mmm?

They stop and stare at each other. The market bristles around them.

INDY (CONT'D)  
 (looking around)  
 And how hard is it to get a decent meal around here?  
 (catching Thomas's eye)  
 Just let me find George. Please?  
 That's all I want.

THOMAS  
 And the girl.

INDY  
 Olivia, it's Olivia.

A street vendor thrusts some dangly objects into both their faces.

VENDOR 2  
 Senor, Senor! Testículos de la llama!  
 Very good for, how d'you say, Pinga?  
 Libido. And appetite. Only 3 céntimos.

INDY  
 (looking at the unappetizing meal)  
 I think you've just cured me.

EXT. CUSCO SQUARE - DUSK

A thin frail blind old man with a walking stick hobbles out of a building. He is wearing dark glasses despite the fading light. This is a barely recognizable GEORGE HOBSON looking about a hundred years older than when we first met him. He is greeted by a leathery old QUECHUA WOMEN. She is his nurse.

QUECHUA WOMEN  
 Senor George. Careful with your footing. I am here.

EXT. THE MARKETPLACE - EARLY EVENING

In the market place a sense of anticipation wells. Festivities are rampant. Music plays. Everywhere there are walled placards showing the faces of former and current Presidents Manuel Prado y Ugarteche and Manuel Odria publicizing an upcoming National election. In the low light, and holding onto his arm, the woman is speaking to George as if translating the events before them. Candles flicker in the warm light breeze. There is a cheer as a bull is brought out into the centre.

THOMAS

Looks like someone forgot to eat their testículos.

Indy stands by a poster showing the faces of former and current presidents. Peeling missing persons posters also adorn the stucco wall.

INDY

It can't be. Wait here. Better yet, I'll see you back at the hotel.

THOMAS

What, don't I get to meet gorgeous George and his new girlfriend?

INDY

This is a job for adults.  
(indicating)  
Hey, watch the show.

Thomas watches as Indy walks away. A shorter poncho and hat-wearing Peruvian standing just in front of Thomas slowly turns his head and stares. His face serious, eyes burning, flickering by the light of the fires.

THOMAS

What? He told me to wait so I'm waiting.

The Peruvian turns back to watch the events unfolding before them. A condor tethered to the back of the bull, fights vigorously with it as the crowd encircle and cheer the bloody performance.

PERUVIAN

(looking ahead)  
The souls are at war. But when the war is over, the two are one.

Thomas, also viewing the spectacle, suddenly looks towards the back of the head of the mysterious man. The man turns his head around again and gives a toothy grin full of gold teeth.

Indy approaches and stands next to George. His nurse eyes him. She says something spiteful.

George says something in Quechua to the woman and turns.

INDY

Hello George.

GEORGE

Great Scot! Indiana!

Standing motionless, an imposing poncho wearing figure observes. His face, half lit up by the fires and lanterns, barely conceals a slowly chewing mouth. The eyes shrouded in shadow from the hat he is wearing.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

This is a mistake.

INDY

What's going on. And what in God's name has happened to you?

GEORGE

Come.

Indy turns and, with concern, looks for Thomas in the crowd. He is nowhere to be seen.

EXT. THE CAFE - EVENING

HANDS grab a frog and cosh it over the head. It is then skinned, gutted and put, still kicking, into a blender with other ingredients including hot apple juice, wheat and juices from jungle bark.

Indy and George sit opposite each other.

GEORGE

The Brujo. I feel his weight. His breath on my neck. I have been struck down by his curse. As punishment.

INDY

Punishment for what?

The WAITRESS places their frog juices on the table. Indy distastefully plays with his mug.

INDY (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

Pisco please?

The waitress leaves with a disgruntled look on her face.

GEORGE

You should not have come here.

INDY

I didn't have much of a choice. Why send me the skull?

GEORGE

Could you not feel its power?

INDY  
It revealed itself. Something happened  
when Howard held it.

GEORGE  
Howard? What did you learn?

INDY  
I'm not sure yet. An inscription  
perhaps. What's behind this?

GEORGE  
I can't say.

INDY  
George!

GEORGE  
No! You must...

INDY  
People's lives are at stake.

GEORGE  
Henry? Is he...

INDY  
On his honeymoon.  
(returning to subject)  
I need to know!

GEORGE  
Carl is a dangerous man. He must not  
be in possession of all thirteen  
skulls. They're his obsession. The  
first was discovered in 1927. Here.  
Near a living, breathing undiscovered  
city.

INDY  
Vilcabamba?

GEORGE  
No. He's kept it a secret all this  
time. There's a room in the heart of  
the city. An inscription. A prophecy.  
But it's not what you think. It's not  
Inca. Reinhardt needs the skulls to  
fulfill a purpose. And when he became  
aware of rumors concerning another  
skull surfacing in the Far East he,  
we, all knew they held a purpose far  
greater than we could possibly  
imagine.

INDY  
We?

GEORGE

He has bribed, cajoled, stolen and plundered his way in pursuit of these—these dastardly anachronisms...

(placing hand on Indy's hand)

Indiana, the discovery of the last skull on the Ivory Coast was no accident. Reinhardt knew it was there. I knew it was there. Perhaps Henry too. If it wasn't for those blasted Africans... he would have taken it then.

INDY

That's why...

GEORGE

When Reinhardt made overtures towards stealing it from Washington I knew something had to be done.

INDY

Where is he now?

GEORGE

(sweating)

His trust extends to no one. The curse. He—he has made horrible, horrible sacrifices.

Indy continues to play with his drink. He is about to take a sip, when it is almost knocked out of his hand, spilling it onto the table. The passer-by apologizes. Indy smiles at what was a happy accident.

INDY

George.

GEORGE

(desperate)

There's more, much more... find me a Curandero. Only he can break the curse.

George continues to mumble and finally takes a swig.

INDY

(turning to waitress, in perfect Spanish)

Excuse me, please. Could I get another?

There is the sound of a scuffle and shouting in the crowd that distracts Indy's attention. Out of nowhere Thomas crashes across a table. His clothes are ripped, he is battered and bruised. Indy catches Thomas.

INDY (CONT'D)  
Can't I leave you alone for a minute?

THOMAS  
(pointing)  
What'd you do, bore him to death?

Indy turns back to find George slumped backwards with his mouth open and eyes closed.

INDY  
No!

Indy, back at the table, checks George for a pulse. Eyes darting, he runs up to the waitress and grabs her by the arm.

INDY (CONT'D)  
What did you do?!

WAITRESS  
Excuse me?

Indy spots the BARMAN and runs up to him grabbing him by the scruff and pulling him over the bar by his lapels and onto the floor.

MAN AT TABLE  
Senor!

Indy turns around to see a crowd and the man looking at him then down at George, whose body has now slumped forward, face on the table. There is a dart in the back of his neck. Indy looks up. Another dart suddenly impales into a wooden pillar next to Indy's face.

THOMAS  
(pointing)  
There!

Indy looks into the crowd. Thomas spies a BLACK FIGURE in the distance at the far end of the square. The figure turns and runs. Thomas makes a dash for the figure, pushing people out of the way.

INDY  
Wait!

At that moment a YOUNG BOY grabs the box containing 'Mario' from under the table.

INDY (CONT'D)  
Hey!

The boy high-tails it into the crowd in the opposite direction.

EXT. CUSCO SQUARE - NIGHT

Indy pursues the figure hard across the square, past the condor and bull spectacle.

EXT. WITCHES MARKET - NIGHT

The boy runs down an enclosed market darting around passers-by. Indy almost catches up. The boy suddenly stops and turns. Indy halts. The boy blows a dart. Indy dives to the ground. A man behind Indy gets the dart in his forehead and collapses. The boy turns and runs again. Indy spots a dried llama foetus on a food stall and is about to pick it up when he sees an even more appropriate weapon. A golden cooking pan hits the boy square on the back of the head with a GONG knocking him out cold.

EXT. CUSCO BACK STREET - NIGHT

Thomas runs fast down some steep steps in hot pursuit. The cloaked figure turns a corner. Thomas does the same. The figure has vanished. Thomas hears the roar of an engine. Thomas runs to the edge of a roof-top and looks down to see the figure speeding away into the night on a motorcycle. There is a loud HONKING sound from behind. It is another motorcycle in the cobbled road behind him, this time with sidecar and pulling a cart of alpacas.

THOMAS

Sorry!

Thomas pulls the protesting old man off the bike, jumps on and speeds down some bumpy steps. The alpaca's BLEAT loudly.

EXT. WITCHES MARKET - NIGHT

Indy grabs the box containing 'Mario' and roughly handles the boy, who awakens.

INDY

(shaking the boy  
vigorously)

Quiénes le ponen hasta este?!

Out of the night a fist connects with Indy's face knocking him flat on his back-side.

LOCAL

(in Spanish)

Foreign devil! Pick on someone your own size!

The kid gets up and darts in and out the crowd again before shooting into a darkened alley.

INDY

Por favor! Please, he stole my wallet!  
 (repeating to everyone)  
 Él robó mi cartera!

A crowd laugh and cheer. A woman in a bright shawl and bowler hat crouches down next to him and offers back the foetus.

BOWLER WOMAN

Please, please llama foetus, it give you much good luck. 6 céntimos.

INDY

(brushing woman aside)  
 I already ate.

The woman offers him an other grisly good luck talisman to wear as Indy dusts himself off. This one he purchases just to get rid of her.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - NIGHT

The sound of gun fire as the figure shoots behind him. Thomas swerves instinctively and the alpacas bleat in terror. Hearing the animals' sounds he looks behind and then forward shaking his head as he accelerates.

The figure on the motorbike turns towards a series of lights in the middle of the night. Thomas slows to a halt. He then makes his way on foot to where the lights are coming from. From behind a rock it is soon evident that this is a military compound staffed by US Army troops. They are standing at the check point. Thomas goes to his bike and heads back to Cuzco to the sound of bleating alpacas.

EXT. WITCHES MARKET - NIGHT

Indy stumbles after the kid following him into the same alley. Light and smoke emanate from a den of iniquity. The pungent smell of burning coca leaves waft into the alley.

INT. DEN OF INIQUITY - NIGHT

Upon entering the den a group of about six cloaked shady individuals await. They stand facing Indy, neither party making a move. The six men draw their spears simultaneously.

INDY

Ah.

One of the men eyes the package quizzically and looks up at Indy. Indy puts the box on a table. They lurch forward. He undoes the string and lifts out the 'Mario' skull. The men gasp, then kneel and begin a chant in Quechua. Indy looks on bemused and then at the skull, impressed. One of the men glances up and at once jumps to attention. Behind Indy Huascar is seen looming in the darkness.

INT. BEDROOM CHAMBER - THE UNKNOWN CITY - EARLY MORNING

Indy is lying on a slab. He wakes up with a jolt and an aching side to the evil-looking face of the sinister sacrificial Mocha crab god. It is a mural on the ceiling. The low-lit room is sparse but for a barred window. From floor to ceiling long highly decorated drapes hang either side. A large solid wooden door is bolted shut. Hugging himself from the cold Indy pads silently to the barred window and looks out over distant snow covered mountains shrouded in mist. A chill wind brushes his face making him turn to his right. There are more drapes hanging along the stone clad walls. At the far end of the room long patterned drapes billow revealing what appears to be a terrace. Walking over Indy stops briefly at a table. It contains a bowl of fruit and a separate bowl of leaves with a ball of ash. After pausing Indy hears the sound of wood against stone on the other side of the drapes.

EXT. TERRACE - EARLY MORNING

Before Indy a great walled city unfolds below. A mist hangs low. In the blue light snow sits on open walls and is just visible lying on upper slopes. High in the valley and within the walled city below lights flicker in hollowed windows. Silence, but for the billowing drapes. There, standing with her back toward him on the terrace is the figure of a women wrapped up and looking out over the surroundings. It is Olivia. Upon hearing movement behind her Olivia abruptly turns to see Indy and runs to him. It is very cold, their breath visible. Silently, they hug.

OLIVIA

I thought you were never going to come around.

INDY

You alright? Are you hurt?

OLIVIA

Fine. Don't think much of the accommodation here though.

(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

No central heating. No room service.  
And where's the pool?

INDY

Nice view though.

OLIVIA

But what about you? Your father?

INDY

Felt better. Henry's well. How long  
have you been here?

OLIVIA

(shaking from cold)

I-I don't know. I haven't seen anyone  
in days, not even that Howard fellow.  
Food and water is pushed under the  
door and I'm left to go out of my  
mind. What d'you think they want with  
us?

Indy holds her hand, looks around the room, then over  
the terrace edge.

INDY

I don't know but I'm not gonna hang  
around to find out.

Indy grabs the drapes on the terrace, pulling them from  
their hangers with a RIPPING sound.

OLIVIA

(pointing)

I was going to do... see that tree  
line?

He goes to the rest of the drapes in the room, performs  
the same action and begins knotting them together.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

(looking over terrace  
wall)

But don't you think we're a little  
high up?

Indy knots one end of the drapes to the reinforced  
metal bars of the window in the wall. He tests it for  
strength then throws it over the side.

INDY

Have you tried the food?

OLIVIA

What? That?

INDY  
(taking the leaves out of  
his pocket)  
Take these... coca and llipta... wood  
ash. It's a narcotic.

OLIVIA  
You think this will help? I hadn't  
planned on flying out of here but...

INDY  
(looking down over the  
sharp drop from the  
terrace)  
It'll warm you up.

Indy tugs at the drape-rope hard, then launches himself  
over the edge of the terrace.

OLIVIA  
But I don't smoke!

EXT. STONE WALL - EARLY MORNING

INDY  
Shhh! You chew it.

Indy descends slowly, always testing the strength of  
the rope.

EXT. TERRACE - EARLY MORNING

OLIVIA  
(looking over the side,  
joking)  
I thought you weren't planning on  
hanging around.

INDY  
(impatient)  
Are you chewing those leaves yet?

OLIVIA  
Yeah, yeah.

INDY  
Now climb over.

OLIVIA  
Are you kidding?

INDY  
You wanna get out of here?

Olivia very tentatively clings to the drape and slowly slides down the wall. She stops. Indy, who is nearer the bottom, looks up.

EXT. STONE WALL - EARLY MORNING

The mist is thinning.

INDY

What's wrong?

OLIVIA

I don't like heights very much!

(to herself)

Probably why I work in a basement.

INDY

You like views don't you?

(looking up)

I know I do.

(to Olivia)

Well just think of this as a view. You can't appreciate a good view without gaining a little in height!

INT. BEDROOM CHAMBER - EARLY MORNING

The door is unbolted and CREAKS open. In walk two ceremonial guards who stand either side.

EXT. STONE WALL - EARLY MORNING

OLIVIA

I think I've got it. Don't let go.

INDY

(almost at the bottom)

One other thing, did I mention coca acts as an anaesthetic?

INT. BEDROOM CHAMBER - EARLY MORNING

Huascar, dogged by more guards, strides in the room. He gestures. They run to the balcony and look over.

EXT. STONE WALL - EARLY MORNING

INDY

(looking up)

Oh shit.

EXT. TERRACE - EARLY MORNING

Huascar orders the drape to be cut.

EXT. STONE WALL - EARLY MORNING

INDY

Keep looking down. Almost there.

Olivia has actually got a long way to go, being only half way down the wall. She looks up.

OLIVIA

Oh my god! No!

Indy reaches the ground. The rope is cut. Indy looks up just in time to catch a falling screaming Olivia. She lands with an OOMPH in his arms. Just.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

(looking into his eyes)

Didn't feel a thing.

There is shouting above from the guards. Indy grabs Olivia's hand and turns to run. Huascar is already standing there holding a staff. At least twenty or so more Inca guards are also waiting with him holding spears and blow sticks. Indy turns around as another large group of guards close in from the another direction. They grab Indy and Olivia roughly.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Hey!

INDY

(to Huascar)

You again!

(as they are being pushed  
along the wall path)

I have a complaint to make.

OLIVIA

Take us to your manager.

INT. MOCHE HALL - DAY

REINHARDT

Our guests.

INDY

You ever heard of staff training?

Reinhardt motions to the guards to release Olivia and Indy.

OLIVIA  
(deadpan, to a guard)  
You have a very silly hat.

INDY  
(to a bemused Reinhardt)  
Coca.

Huascar bows his head and moves away into the shadows.

REINHARDT  
I'm sorry we couldn't meet again in  
more favorable circumstances Indiana.

INDY  
Did you lay a finger on my father?

REINHARDT  
Your father? Marble floors can be  
notoriously slippery wouldn't you  
agree? How is the old coot?

INDY  
It's amazing how many people are  
actually interested in his well-being.  
Don't insult me by acting like you  
give a rat's ass.

REINHARDT  
I offered Henry the opportunity of a  
lifetime and he chose not to take it.

INDY  
At a price no doubt.

REINHARDT  
There's always a price. Some people  
need a little bit of encouragement. I  
was only trying to get him back on the  
team.

INDY  
Bullshit.

REINHARDT  
Sometimes we don't know people quite  
as well as we'd like to think.

INDY  
Where's Howard?

REINHARDT  
Ah yes. Howard. Fortunately others are  
more amenable to persuasion. Or  
rather, their price isn't quite as  
high. How do you think we knew where  
to find you?

Indy stands, his stare full and fierce at Reinhardt.

REINHARDT (CONT'D)  
 You don't believe me. Well, why don't  
 you ask him yourself.

Indy turns around to find Howard standing there. He is  
 wearing a white lab coat.

CLARKSON  
 It's not as bad as it looks.

INDY  
 It's much worse. How long have you  
 been working for this-this...

REINHARDT  
 Ten years.

INDY  
 (to Clarkson)  
 You sack of...

REINHARDT  
 Come come Indiana. Save your  
 recriminations for later.

Guards appear and lead the group, headed by Reinhardt,  
 down some passage ways.

CLARKSON  
 Where's Henry?

INDY  
 What do you care?

CLARKSON  
 I do care.

INDY  
 (leaning to Clarkson)  
 Pick a side Howard.

Clarkson twitches nervously. They reach the bottom of  
 the stairwell. Reinhardt turns around.

INT. NARROW STAIRWELL - DAY

INDY  
 This place, how...?

REINHARDT  
 Is it possible? I've forgotten the  
 shock of seeing with fresh eyes. A  
 geographically isolated civilization  
 surviving for centuries untouched by  
 the outside world.  
 (MORE)

REINHARDT (CONT'D)

It's nothing new, look at Africa,  
Borneo or Indonesia. Whole villages  
never to see a white face.

INDY

Except for you.

REINHARDT

Understand this, I have not laid a  
finger. Preservation, not  
colonization. Some places in this  
world are better off.

INDY

What do you want from us?

The group make it to the bottom of the stairwell.

REINHARDT

I want what you are about to give me.

INT. CIRCULAR CORRIDOR - DAY

The team find themselves in a corridor. It forms a complete circle like a donut, lit up intermittently by huge candle lights in upturned stone semi-circles spread out at regular intervals. There are also, along what could be called the inner wall are evenly spaced alcoves, and within the dark of each alcove is a giant headless stone figure. Reinhardt's men stand waiting. Moche priests in traditional ancient ceremonial garb, and Malbranques mercenary's lurk. One of Reinhardt's men removes a skull from a bag of thirteen. He hands it to Reinhardt.

INDY

Never assume and never presume.

REINHARDT

Sebastian saw something coming from  
the skull, this skull, in London. I  
want to know what it was and how you  
did it.

INDY

I don't know what happened.

REINHARDT

(threatening)

We'll see.

Out of the shadows Malbranque appears. He is wearing an eye patch and his face looks to have been rewired and stitched up. Both Indy and Olivia recoil at the grotesque sight.

INDY

I'd get that looked at if I were you.

MALBRANQUE

You should be looking after yourself first.

Malbranque pulls Olivia from Indy.

REINHARDT

This is quite simple really. The game we are going to play is 'How Much is Ms. Simmon's Life Worth?'

Indy looks at Malbranque and Olivia, then back to Reinhardt.

REINHARDT (CONT'D)

Don't make this harder than it has to be. Do you know where we are? The beating heart of South America. This is what Pizzaro destroyed a civilization for. On a rumor, a myth. On the arid shores of Trujillo, Mocha legend told of a great city high in the Andes which held the key to a civilization extending way beyond these shores. And now we have the key. Thirteen keys to be precise. This is what he never found. Do you know what we have here, mmm?

INDY

Well, George gave me no idea at all.

REINHARDT

Ah yes, George. Making decisions without the facts as always. The king of assumption. The irony couldn't be thicker. Thanks to George's dogged obsession we are where we are today. But he paid for his betrayal. He was afraid of what we might find. You know what his problem was? His religious beliefs clouded his judgement. I think people's imaginations are just too vivid these days, yet they should also open their minds to the impossible.

Indy stands motionless looking at Reinhardt, then at Malbranque.

REINHARDT (CONT'D)

Can you open your mind Indiana, or do shall I get one of my men to do it for you?

INDY

A name.

REINHARDT

Yes? And?

INDY

Hieroglyphics.

REINHARDT

Yes!

Malbranque grins, looks to his team and then to Reinhardt and his assistants.

INDY

Osiris.

REINHARDT

Yes, Egyptian God of the Underworld!!  
Now that wasn't so hard was it?

Reinhardt nods to Malbranque who releases Olivia. Reinhardt nods to his assistants who open the large bag and take out skulls. They distribute them amongst themselves and walk off down the corridor. Reinhardt holds 'Mario' and walks in the opposite direction. Indy, Olivia, Malbranque and others follow Reinhardt close behind.

REINHARDT (CONT'D)

This is the moment.

INDY

How can you be so sure...?

Reinhardt stops at one of the alcoves.

REINHARDT

(pointing to some glyphs  
above the alcove)

You see above this statue?

INDY

Osiris, Judge of the Dead.

ATTWOOD, one of Reinhardt's young academic assistants, runs up and whispers something. Reinhardt turns to 'Mario' and begins chanting in ancient Aramaic. Reinhardt places the skull atop the last remaining stone figure. Nothing happens, there is an expectant silence. Suddenly every stone figure in the circular corridor makes a grating sound as they simultaneously begin to move backwards into the darkness of the alcove. The STONY GRATING sound is unbearably loud. Guards put their hands to their ears. Reinhardt has an expectant look of desire upon his face. Indy and Olivia look on, shocked and amazed in equal measure

REINHARDT

You see?!!

The stone figures continue their path backwards clearing the wall they are a part of and further until air howls from the vacuum of an oxygen starved darkness. The grating sound continues. Suddenly silence. Everybody looks at each other and then into the blackened space of each doorway now lacking the stone figures.

REINHARDT (CONT'D)

(to all)

Stay where you are!

Reinhardt stands motionless, staring into the void, saying nothing.

REINHARDT (CONT'D)

(to himself)

This is it. One tries to find the right words...

(to everyone)

What must Columbus have felt the moment land filled his horizon. Did he really believe he had discovered a new world? Are we about to discover a new world too?

He appears deep in contemplation. He licks his lips. Malbranque beams. Reinhardt nods and Attwood, approaches the blackened entrance. A knowing smile creeps across Indy's face. The young academic grabs a torch from one of the guards and continues onward into the darkness. The flickering light gets smaller and smaller. It goes out. Reinhardt glances at Malbranque.

REINHARDT (CONT'D)

(impatient)

Indiana.

Indy looks to Olivia.

MALBRANQUE

(nudging a gun into Indy's back)

Do it.

OLIVIA

No!

A goon hands another flame torch to Indy. He hands it back and grabs the goon's electric lantern, then moves toward the open doorway. Indy moves into the darkness. The blackness encloses all around.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
(to Reinhardt)  
Coward!

INT. PLANETARIUM - DAY

Indy looks back as he walks. The light from the donut corridor where Reinhardt stands gets smaller and smaller. The sense of space in the dark surrounding Indy is palpable as he presses on.

INT. CIRCULAR CORRIDOR - DAY

REINHARDT  
What do you see?

INT. PLANETARIUM - DAY

Indy is standing still and looking up. His torch shines on the statue skull head. He brings the torch up higher to reveal the huge expanse of a shiny glass-like curved surface. There is a sound and Indy reacts.

ATTWOOD  
It appears to go all the way around.  
(pointing)  
And there's light up there.

INDY  
(looking up)  
You better get in here!

The team filter into the room, their torchlight illuminating it.

ATTWOOD  
Professor! Look!

Reinhardt looks up. High above sunlight beams through a hole in the ceiling revealing the top of the glass-like ball seemingly suspended in the centre of the room. It is enormous. Gradually as the sun moves overhead it reveals more of the ball's surface and its interior. It looks to have a translucent quality. Sparkling crystals hang inside and glitter radiantly.

REINHARDT  
It's-it's... what is it?

The mid-day sun continues it's path. The team stand mesmerized, looking up expectantly. Suddenly the sun is in its correct position and shines vertically down illuminating the crystal ball.

The light shaft hits a giant prism within the centre of the ball lighting up the entire room and revealing in that instant a huge domed ceiling curving down to the floor. The prism redistributes a blinding light through each of the thirteen skulls circled around its base. Everyone covers their eyes or turns away. The skulls, through their individual prisms, send out a projection that lights up the entire room simultaneously projecting what look like golden Egyptian Hieroglyphics onto the domed wall. The glyphs extend in a circle 360 degrees around the room each revealing an inscription.

REINHARDT (CONT'D)

This can't be!

SCIENTIST

The sun is passing over!

REINHARDT

We must translate, quick!

As the sun passes overhead the glyphs disappear one by one. There is much commotion as the team race against the sun in an attempt to take note of each individual glyph before they disappear. Before long the room is plunged back into shadow, save for the few torches, lanterns and the faint light coming through the hole in the ceiling.

REINHARDT (CONT'D)

Did we get them--did we get them all?

SCIENTIST

We got them.

Reinhardt grins at Olivia and Indy.

OLIVIA

Bastard!

Indy and Olivia are grabbed and shackled together.

INT. SUN ROOM - DAY

An unshaven Reinhardt stands before an expectant group of academics out of their element reading the translation for the umpteenth time. One of the group, MITCHELL, an archeologist in his thirties, stands nearest.

REINHARDT

Are you sure?

MITCHELL

We think... yes.

Reinhardt scribbles something on the paper.

REINHARDT  
 (to Malbranque)  
 This goes nowhere, d'you understand?

MALBRANQUE  
 What about Jones and the girl?

Clarkson looks on as Reinhardt puts the paper he has read from into his rucksack.

REINHARDT  
 And burn all transcripts.

CLARKSON  
 (to Reinhardt)  
 What are you going to do?

Reinhardt looks salaciously at Clarkson.

REINHARDT  
 Get Jones.

INT. BEDROOM CHAMBER - DAY

The door un-bolts. Six guards enter, followed by Clarkson.

OLIVIA  
 (turning around)  
 Well, it's about time!

CLARKSON  
 Your presence has been requested.

OLIVIA  
 Where's Indiana?

INT. SUN ROOM - DAY

MALBRANQUE  
 Are you sure sending Clarkson was a good idea?

REINHARDT  
 Just keep an eye on him.  
 (tapping cheek-bone)  
 The right one.

Malbranque looks vaguely irritated as he walks away.

EXT. SACRIFICIAL PLINTH - DAY

US troops look on as all academic notes are burnt. Indy, Olivia and Clarkson look on as they walk by.

INDY

Doing a little... housekeeping?

One of the guards prods him with a spear to move on.

INT. MOCHA HALL - DAY

Reinhardt is making an announcement in Quechua in front of the assembled tribesmen.

INT. SUN ROOM - DAY

Clarkson, Indy and Olivia enter, ushered by the Moche guards. Malbranque turns to greet them. Clarkson eyes Reinhardt's unattended rucksack in the corner and indicates to Indy with his eyes. Indy's attention is diverted back to Malbranque

MALBRANQUE

Dr. Jones, I'd like to take the time to thank you for showing concern over my injuries. Allow me to reciprocate.

Two guards restrain Indy. Malbranque throws a hard punch to Indy's face, and another to his stomach. For good measure, another to the face.

MALBRANQUE (CONT'D)

(leering inward toward a bleeding Indy)

Ouch! That looks nasty. I'd get that looked at if I were you.

INDY

(restrained)

You know, you should work off some of that hostility.

MALBRANQUE

With her?

CLARKSON

(moving to Olivia)

That's enough Seb.

MALBRANQUE

You say something?

INDY

Touch Olivia and...

MALBRANQUE

(holding knife to Indy's throat)

And what, you'll kill me? You'd like that wouldn't you.

Reinhardt enters the room. Clarkson stands close to Olivia.

REINHARDT  
What's going on?

EXT. SACRIFICIAL PLATFORM - DAY

Ten to twenty young Peruvians, and several of Reinhardt's scientists, have been tied to posts lining a wall that curves around platform high up overlooking a square. Low lying mist hangs in the air. At the far end of this line Howard Clarkson, Olivia and Indy are also being tethered.

INDY  
What d'you mean I didn't recognize you?

OLIVIA  
What?

INDY  
At the Museum in London.

OLIVIA  
Ah. You didn't though.

INDY  
You're right I didn't.

OLIVIA  
Well, if you had come to the funeral.

INDY  
You look so... different.

Clarkson clears his throat.

OLIVIA  
You haven't change a bit.

They look at each other saying nothing. Clarkson rolls his eyes.

INDY  
What is it, sixteen, seventeen years?

CLARKSON  
(interrupting)  
Look, can we focus on the problem at hand?

Reinhardt stands with his back to them facing the massing crowds. The rucksack by his feet.

CLARKSON (CONT'D)  
 (nodding in direction of  
 the rucksack)

The bag?

OLIVIA  
 (ignoring him)  
 Fifteen. In the Caymans. Remember?

INDY  
 Marcus did the right thing. Taking you  
 out of London.

OLIVIA  
 (looking down,  
 sarcastically)  
 Or I wouldn't be here now. Lucky me.

Hundreds of worshippers below are chanting and performing a sacrificial dance. Reinhardt, Malbranque and his goons - including Huascar - make their way out onto the platform. Huascar turns to the massing crowd of followers and bellows in Quechua. The masses are silenced. There is a loud a rumble of thunder. Indy and Olivia share a nervy look. Reinhardt turns to Indy.

REINHARDT  
 When your crops are failing, your  
 livestock dying, your homes swept  
 away, what do you do? You take your  
 finest newborn, and you slaughter or  
 bury hundreds of them alive in the  
 vain hope that the Gods will be a  
 little bit nicer next year. I ask you,  
 what kind of belief system is that? If  
 only these simple fanatics understood  
 the irony.

Indiana chuckles to himself.

REINHARDT (CONT'D)  
 Something amusing you?

INDY  
 I was just wondering whether I left  
 the stove on or not.

Malbranque approaches Indy and looks hard. Reinhardt walks up to Indy deadpan, before breaking into a grin. Through the mist the clouds have darkened.

REINHARDT  
 I'm glad you are taking your imminent  
 sacrifice to the Supreme Deity - Ai-  
 Apaec, the Winged Decapitator - so  
 well. Could you make a sacrifice  
 Indiana?

(MORE)

REINHARDT (CONT'D)

Could you sacrifice the gaining of the knowledge that has since come into my possession for Olivia's life?

INDY

Of course.

REINHARDT

Then you are a better man than I.

INDY

I AM a better man than you.

REINHARDT

Don't be so sure. I suspect you're interest in her may be more than simply her life mmm?

Olivia looks to Indy. Reinhardt and Indy look out over the praying hordes in preparation for the imminent sacrifices. Huascar begins slitting the throats and drinking the blood of the sacrificial lambs to the cheers of the baying masses.

CLARKSON

(alarmed)

Indiana?

The crowds pray and chant louder as Huascar continues to make his way through the tethered men. It starts to spit with rain.

REINHARDT

(looking out over the baying hordes)

Do you know what Nietzsche said? Prayer was invented to give the stupid something to do with their hands.

INDY

Nice.

OLIVIA

I know what I'd like to do with my hands.

REINHARDT

Come now. Don't be a spoilsport.

Huascar approaches Clarkson with menace. Malbranque looks on with a lecherous grin. Indy is working the rope behind his back with the talisman he purchased in Cusco. Rain is beating down.

CLARKSON

Carl, please!

REINHARDT

You know there is no God. Only truth.

INDY

And I suppose you are their truth?

REINHARDT

I AM their truth.

INDY

You're a greedy man Carl. Can you live up to their expectations? I hear they're pretty demanding. Soon you're gonna run out of people to sacrifice. Then what you gonna do to keep their faith?

REINHARDT

Soon that will not be my concern. Do you know what that truth is eh? It's knowledge that will soon be in my possession.

CLARKSON

CARL, I IMPLORE YOU!!!

REINHARDT

I'm sorry Howard, this is in their God's hands now.

Huascar slits Howard's throat. Blood spurts as Olivia recoils. Howard's blood splatters her clothes and pours into a bowl which Huascar to drinks from. There is another cheer from below and another heavy rumble from the heavens.

A THROBBING WHIRRING SOUND penetrates the mist. A tandem rotor US ARMY C21 SHAWNEE CHOPPER descends MENACINGLY over the crowd of baying Moche and whipping up dust in the process. They scatter, screaming in fear. Another Shawnee appears, descending in the mist. A group of ARMED TROOPS jump out of the first Shawnee.

MALBRANQUE

(stepping forward)

Welcome to the United States of America!

Reinhardt is at first bemused, then shocked.

REINHARDT

What are you doing? What about the deal?

MALBRANQUE

Pack your stuff.

INDY  
 (to Reinhardt)  
 Uh oh, looks like you've lost your audience.

A third Shawnee chopper descends and hovers over a grassy area of the city and again whipping up a considerable amount of dust. A winch and netting hang from its belly. Indy has cut through his tether and removed the strap around his neck. Olivia looks across at Indy then nervously to Malbranque and Reinhardt who are arguing (indistinct) above the noise of the rotor blades and pointing in the opposite direction towards the main temple. A series of timed detonations take place and is followed by smoke eclipsing the trees. There is a rain soaked sheen to everything.

EXT. SACRIFICIAL PLATFORM - DAY

Indy works himself free. He quickly unties Olivia whilst looking over at the smoke.

INDY  
 Come on!

A soldier shouts as Indy and Olivia run up steps from the platform. The soldier raises his gun and fires off a couple of rounds chipping a stone wall. A chopper hovers overhead above Reinhardt and Malbranque who are still arguing (indistinct). Troops corner Indy and Olivia. Indy looks to the tree line and then up at the chopper overhead. The troops close in. Indy reaches for his whip and unrolls it.

OLIVIA  
 What are you doing?  
 (realization upon looking  
 up at the chopper)  
 Oh... my... God.

Olivia grabs Indy around his waist as he slings his whip around one of the wheels of the hovering chopper.

INDY  
 Okay?

OLIVIA  
 NO!

Indy and a screaming Olivia fly through the air underneath the chopper right between Reinhardt and Malbranque, grabbing Reinhardt's rucksack at the same time, before landing on the roof of a building on the other side of the square. Malbranque and Reinhardt watch in disbelief. Indy and Olivia make a dash into the jungle, the troops in hot pursuit.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
(grabbing Indy)  
This way!

INT. PLANETARIUM - DAY

Soldiers secure the netting around the crystal ball from below and make a sign to the pilot of the chopper. The chopper strains but lifts the ball out of the bomb wrecked planetarium and into the air.

EXT. SACRIFICIAL PLATFORM - DAY

Reinhardt stands watching all the chaos unfolding.

REINHARDT  
(to troops)  
Get them!

The troops stand and instead wait for Malbranque's signal.

MALBRANQUE  
Get them.

They run after Indy and Olivia. Mitchell comes running to Reinhardt.

MITCHELL  
(alarmed)  
Carl?!

Reinhardt stands and says nothing. The chopper rises from the forest. In the heavily stretched netting beneath, the giant crystal ball is dragged swaying across the treetops. The chopper slowly moves away but the crystal ball proves too heavy and pulls the chopper down. The chopper strains, the ball hits the tops of roofs, shattering them. The ball is unscathed.

INT. ABODE - DAY

The giant crystal ball pummels the stone roof which collapses crushing everything inside as people dive for cover.

EXT. THE UNKNOWN CITY - DAY

Troops and guards run out the way. The ball continues to drag the chopper down. The ball is twisted up in the netting.

INT. CHOPPER - DAY

PILOT  
RELEASE THE TIES!!

The crew are already attempting to separate the net from the chopper.

EXT. THE UNKNOWN CITY - DAY

The ball hits the ground still tied in the twisted netting and rolls towards the forest. The chopper veers off sharply before being brought down under the weight of the ball into the forest overhead. The blades scythe through the trees. There is a huge explosion.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Indy and Olivia turn suddenly towards the sound of the explosion and see black smoke billowing out from between the trees in the valley.

EXT. THE UNKNOWN CITY - DAY

REINHARDT  
(to Malbranque)  
Fools! What are you doing?

Reinhardt and his companions are pushed on board the choppers. They lift off the ground. All hell is breaking loose as Inca peasants run around in panic below.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

There is shouting from behind as the troops close in. Indy and Olivia turn and run through the trees carrying Reinhardt's rucksack. A rope ladder drops down, Indy and Olivia look up. Another CHOPPER is hanging above. It is a CH-34 CHOCTOW SIKORSKY. Indy and Olivia look at each other and look towards the sound of the advancing troops. They climb. Olivia first.

INT. CHOPPER - DAY

THOMAS  
(turning around at the controls)  
In your own time!

INDY  
How in the...?

A dumbfounded Indy pushes Olivia on board and fastens them both into harnesses next to several stacked wooden crates. Below, two soldiers grab hold of the rope ladder just as the chopper banks away. The chopper heaves above the trees. The soldiers scream as they are dragged mercilessly through the branches. The chopper starts to lurch.

THOMAS  
(struggling with the  
stick)  
We've got a problem!

Indy unties his harness and goes to the open doorway looking out to see the rope ladder becoming ensnared in the trees. Further down, one of the soldiers is attempting to climb the ladder in vain while getting brutally lashed by the branches and ferns. The soldier looks up and aims his machine gun. Indy goes to grab his gun, it isn't there.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
What was that?!

INDY  
My fan club.

Machine-gun fire rips through the trees. CHINK, CHINK, CHINK SOUNDS as bullets penetrate the hull. Fuel streams from the bullet-ridden fuel tanks. Olivia ducks. One of several wooden crates next to Olivia splinter. Gold pours out.

EXT. CHOPPER - DAY

The chopper pulls away over the forest jungle. Below, the land falls away rapidly as the chopper clears a sharp cliff face.

INT. CHOPPER - DAY

THOMAS  
Hold on to your hats!

INDY  
What is it?

Thomas indicates the fuel gauge. Indy and Olivia listen to the sound of the engine cutting in and out.

EXT. CHOPPER - DAY

Smoke billows from the back of the chopper.

INT. CHOPPER - DAY

Indy appears in the cockpit.

THOMAS

There.

Out the window is a train track and in the far distance is a town. Heading towards the town is a long and winding train.

EXT. LA OROYA MINING TOWN - DAY

With an ear-splitting crash Thomas's heavily smoking chopper belly flops onto the roof of a building by the side of the train track. The trio jump from the chopper. Smoke billows.

INDY

(running down steps)

How d'you find us?

The chopper explodes.

THOMAS

Long story.

(checking watch)

Looks like we'll just make the 12.15!

Indy, Olivia and Thomas dash through a couple of dusty back streets that run parallel to the train track. Between the buildings the train flashes in the sunlight as it pulls into the station. They run up to the kiosk before one of the platforms and scramble through. Indy and Olivia look haggard.

KIOSK ATTENDANT

HOMBRE!

INDY

(to Thomas)

Pay the man.

OLIVIA

(grabbing Thomas's arm)

Wait!

Thomas eyes Olivia approvingly as she hands over a gold coin.

EXT. LA OROYA STATION PLATFORM - DAY

The GUARD waves the flag and the train blows its whistle. It moves out of the station. Olivia, Indy and Thomas jump aboard as the train pulls away.

INT. CALLAO - HUANCAYO EXPRESS - DAY

Shafts of light waft and flicker through the carriage. Bowler hats and ponchos everywhere. Chickens in cages, goats bleating, children laughing. Boiling pots, sacks of grain and other food items litter the carriage as it rattles over the tracks.

THOMAS

(squeezing past fat man)  
There's a huge US Army base outside  
Cuzco, and...

They find seats, smiling sheepishly at the locals. Olivia and Indy squash up together next to a very fat poncho wearing MAN chewing some coca and intermittently smoking a cigar.

INDY

Wait.

Thomas cramps up next to a fat kid who burps in his face. Thomas cringes and wafts the smell away with his hand. Indy takes his hat off and finds giant rip through it. He puts his hand through the rip and shakes his head. Olivia looks at him, then the bag. Indy upturns Reinhardt's rucksack. Its contents spill out. Indy picks up a note book, and flicks through it. He holds up tube of angina pills before the paper containing Reinhardt's translation.

INDY (CONT'D)

The inscription!

OLIVIA

What does it say?

Indy reads to himself. Thomas looks on.

INDY

(standing up suddenly)  
I KNEW IT!

Everybody in the carriage turns and stares. An embarrassed Indy sits back down.

OLIVIA

(with an expectant grin)  
Well?

Thomas looks on.

INDY

(reading excitedly)  
Ra rising over the shoulder of Horus  
across the evening sky. The longest  
shadow cast waits to claim him and all  
who enter with him.  
(MORE)

INDY (CONT'D)

The knowledge of man awaits! Yet he shall leave with nothing save his faith in himself and his fellow man. Hail Horus to the Sun King!

OLIVIA

But what does that mean?

Indy stares gripped by the paper. Thomas yawns.

THOMAS

(relaxing back in his chair, closing his eyes)  
There he goes. You can take the teacher out of the classroom, but you can't take the student out of the teacher.

A women hollers in the background while banging pots and pans. It sounds like a dinner bell. Thomas screws up his face in aural pain.

INDY

It can only mean one thing, but...

OLIVIA

Yes?

INDY

(writing something, concentrating)  
Dare I? Matters concerning Africa found in pre-Moche America is one thing. But...  
(beat)  
... matters concerning... the Hall of Records? Can this riddle imply the location of the entrance? It can only be an interpretation of course, but...

OLIVIA

The Hall of?

INDY

Records!

A sudden jolt. Olivia looks out the window. They seem higher than ever though the train is steadily descending. Indy looks up from notes he has started. The SOUND of a chopper can be heard over the engine of the train.

OLIVIA

(alarmed)

Indy?

The train falls into darkness as it passes into a tunnel.

Sunlight floods the carriage again as the train emerges from the tunnel. A loud THUMP comes through the ceiling.

INDY  
 (putting contents back in  
 bag)  
 We may have company.

EXT. CALLAO - HUANCAYO EXPRESS - DAY

The train makes its way down through the mountains.

INT. CALLAO - HUANCAYO EXPRESS - DAY

INDY  
 (to Thomas, who is almost  
 asleep)  
 We gotta go.

THOMAS  
 Wha-we there already?

The group of figures, led by Malbranque and Huascar, are already heading towards the carriage. They enter the carriage to find it in a quiet slumber. A pot is bubbling away in the corner with an old lady tending to it's contents. They make their way through eyeing the occupants. The figures pass through and into the next carriage. There is no movement aside for the bubbling. The FAT MAN wakes and wonders where his large hat and poncho are. He makes a commotion and argues with Indy who has stolen his clobber.

INDY  
 (looking around)  
 Shht.

From the next carriage Huascar hears the commotion and turns. Huascar, led by a SOLDIER, leave one carriage and enters the next. Indy looks up to see the soldier, and behind him - Huascar coming up to the door. They make eye contact. The soldier opens the door. Indy makes a lunge for the bubbling pot of soup, yanks it away from the protesting old lady and throws it at the soldier who, hands to face, screams and drops his gun. Passengers scream and climb over the seats in panic. Indy grabs the soldier's gun. Olivia grabs the rucksack. Indy throws the gun to Thomas who cocks it. Upon hearing the commotion, the goons, led by Malbranque, turn around and run back towards the carriage Indy was in. There is a GUN SHOT followed by more screams. Indy, Olivia and Thomas stop in the next carriage and turn at the sound. Chaos. Passengers and animals flood past in panic. The soldier who had his gun taken off him slumps to the floor covered in blood.

Malbranque pushes him out of the way. The bad guys barge through from carriage to carriage in pursuit. The carriages, as they pass through several tunnels, alternate between blinding sunlight and pitch black. Passengers are now running back in the opposite direction screaming. Indy is bemused wondering what is going on. Olivia, in the front, runs looking behind her straight into Huascar.

OLIVIA

AHH!

Huascar stands silently. The corridor falls into darkness as the train passes into another tunnel. The corridor floods with sunlight. Huascar looks on silently. Thomas is preoccupied with approaching bad guys. Huascar nears Olivia, who is stunned rigid from fright.

INDY

(turning around, pointing)

You stay away from her!

Huascar silently whips the rucksack from Olivia's hand. She gasps. The soldier fires through the glass window in the door. Thomas returns fire as the train passes through another tunnel. The corridor lights up with gunfire. The train comes out of the tunnel. Huascar has vanished. Olivia remains stunned. The bad guys keep on coming, followed by Malbranque. Thomas fires back through the glass of the door. From one of the compartments another goon flings himself at Indy. There is a fist fight. The goon gets thrown out the window he came through. He bounces off the track screaming. From nowhere another goon tackles Indy. They wrestle. The grinning goon holds Indy out the train before Indy punches the goon in the face. The goon staggers back. They wrestle some more. Indy now has the goon hanging precariously out of the carriage window.

GOON

WAIT, WAIT!!!

INDY

(punching goon)

What? Don't... like... the wind in your hair?

The compartment is shrouded in darkness again. Blinding sunlight floods the compartment as the train leaves a tunnel. Indy is covered in blood, as are the compartment walls. He drops the headless body to the floor, his energy wasted. In the corridor Thomas clicks to fire his gun. It's out of ammo. He throws the gun at one of the approaching goons.

MALBRANQUE  
 (with a grin, looking  
 ahead out the side of the  
 train)

Perfect.

Olivia runs ahead. They are in the last carriage.

OLIVIA

Oh no.

Thomas looks incredulously at a blood-soaked Indy.  
 Thomas and Indy turn around and find they are no longer  
 being pursued.

THOMAS

We're alone. Not good.

EXT. CALLAO - HUANCAYO EXPRESS - DAY

The carriage lurches suddenly as it begins its steep  
 downward trajectory leading to a sharp bend and  
 aqueduct.

INT. CALLAO - HUANCAYO EXPRESS - DAY

THOMAS

They're detaching us!!

Thomas runs down the corridor.

INDY

THOMAS NO!!!

Thomas makes a running jump between the two carriages  
 and onto Malbranque and the goon as they are detaching  
 the last carriage. They wrestle. There is a fist fight  
 before the goon falls between the carriages to his  
 death. Malbranque draws his gun. He fires once.

INDY (CONT'D)

(making his way forward  
 and hearing the gunshot)

NO!

Thomas falls to the floor of the last carriage just  
 outside the corridor door. Malbranque chuckles as he  
 unlocks the connection between the two carriages.

MALBRANQUE

See you in Lima.

Bleeding profusely, Thomas crawls just inside the door.  
 Indy drags Thomas to the end of the corridor. Olivia is  
 waiting for them.

OLIVIA  
Indiana... Oh god!

THOMAS  
Can we stop this thing?

Indy is looking for a way to stop the carriage as its pace picks up. The aqueduct rapidly approaches.

INDY  
Guess not.

OLIVIA  
What are we gonna do?

Indy looks down at an ailing Thomas who's about ready to pass out. He then looks out to where the train is heading, and sees the sharp bend after the speedily approaching aqueduct. Wind blows everything about.

INDY  
No choice then.  
(turning around to face  
Olivia and Thomas)  
We're gonna have to jump. I'm sorry  
bro. How's your breast stroke?

OLIVIA  
JUMP?? Are you kidding?

THOMAS  
(coughing)  
He's not kidding.

Indy squats and helps Thomas to his feet. Thomas groans.

EXT. CALLAO - HUANCAYO EXPRESS - DAY

The carriage speeding towards the aqueduct.

INT. CALLAO - HUANCAYO EXPRESS - DAY

INDY  
We're only gonna get one shot at this.

THOMAS  
(looking skyward)  
D'you here that??!!

OLIVIA  
(to Indy)  
Who's he talking to?

THOMAS  
 (to Olivia)  
 His guardian angel.

OLIVIA  
 (to Thomas)  
 What's wrong with yours?

THOMAS  
 She's out of practice.

INDY  
 You make your own luck... here it  
 comes. Everybody get ready and hold  
 on!!!

EXT. CALLAO - HUANCAYO EXPRESS - DAY

The heavily rattling carriage passes over the aqueduct.  
 The trio jump. They land in the river with a great  
 splash. The carriage hurdles toward its doom.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

Indy and Olivia drag Thomas to the river bank and look  
 up.

On the track bend the carriage leaves the rails and  
 smashes into the mountain wall instead of going through  
 a tunnel. Indy and Olivia share relieved looks. Indy  
 looks down at Thomas. His prone body lies there on the  
 river bank between them.

INDY  
 (shaking Thomas)  
 Come on come on!

Nothing. Finally some movement.

THOMAS  
 (groaning)  
 I told you she was out of practice.

Thomas expels some air before passing out. Indy checks  
 his pulse then grits his teeth.

INDY  
 We've got to get him to a hospital.

With a big splash a cayman lurches out the river and  
 lunges toward them on the bank. A single gunshot rings  
 out. The cayman stops dead. The joyful CLANKING of cow  
 bells is heard. Indy and Olivia turn around. A local  
 herdsman pulling two llamas, heavily laden with sacks  
 of grain, stands looking on while casually putting away  
 his rifle.

OLIVIA  
Bad crocodile.

INDY  
It looks like our ambulance has  
arrived.  
(to herdsman)  
Lima?

HERDSMAN  
(pointing)  
Lima.

Indy turns his head to see about twenty Llamas loaded up. Some are grazing. Other herdsman loiter nearby. Olivia looks down on a prostrate Thomas. While Indy is preoccupied with a herdsman, Olivia checks Thomas's pulse. She looks up at Indy. Olivia checks Thomas's breathing.

INDY  
(to the herdsman)  
VIVA PRESIDENTE PRADO!!

Olivia looks on bewildered. There is silence from the herdsman. They all look on at Indy as if he was an idiot.

OLIVIA  
Indiana.

FARMERS  
(collectively)  
VIVA PRESIDENTE!!!

Olivia grabs Indy's arm breaking him away from his rallying of the farmers.

OLIVIA  
It's Thomas.

INDY  
What about him?

OLIVIA  
I'm not sure. He doesn't look... well.

INDY  
He's fine dammit!

OLIVIA  
(checking pulse again)  
Indiana. He's... not... fine.

Indy checks Thomas's pulse again.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
 (clutching Indy's arm)  
 I'm-I'm sorry.

There is an awkward silence. Indy looks out on the Peruvian herdsmen who are standing expectantly. There is a grave realization on his face.

Thomas's body is wrapped in cloth linen before being gently placed onto a custom-made stretcher between two llamas. Indy is slumped by the river staring into the water. Olivia walks over and crouches down beside him.

INDY  
 What am I gonna tell Rachel?

OLIVIA  
 Oh Indiana.

INDY  
 I never thanked him.

OLIVIA  
 He wouldn't need your thanks. He was tough.

INDY  
 Nothing can be worth this.

Indy, in a world of his own, turns and stares dejectedly into the sparkling river.

OLIVIA  
 Perhaps you're right.  
 (seeing Indy's pain)  
 Maybe we should just call it quits.

Indy breaks from his gaze. She has touched a nerve.

INDY  
 Quits?

OLIVIA  
 I mean, there's more of them, and they're, well, not very nice people. And they're undoubtedly going to get to this Hall thing first anyway. And I mean you're clearly not in the right frame of mind. And too tired.

INDY  
 Too tired huh?

OLIVIA  
 Sometimes you have to know when to call it a day. If I were you...

INDY  
 (putting on fedora)  
 You're not me.

EXT. PLAZA SAN MARTIN, LIMA - MORNING

Crowds of people are celebrating the election victory of Presidente Manuel Prado. There are banners and placards being held high. It looks like a real ticker-tape parade with military police everywhere in the chaos. Olivia looks on in amazement as she is being jostled by the throng. Indy spies something and speaks in Spanish to the lead herdsman before handing something over. Olivia observes.

INDY  
 (to Olivia, grimly looking  
 around)  
 Wait here.

Indy pushes his way through and disappears into the heavy throng. A suspicious looking G-MAN lurks and mutters something into his hand. An angry Indy grabs him roughly.

INDY (CONT'D)  
 WHERE'S REINHARDT?!

G-MAN  
 (pulling away and pulling  
 out a gun)  
 Steady. Take it easy sir, and take two  
 steps back.

INDY  
 WHERE IS HE?

G-MAN  
 I'm sure I have no idea who you are  
 referring to. Please stand back.

Indy stares before turning around back into the crowd. Indy stops a taxi waiting by the curb.

INDY  
 (in Spanish)  
 To the airport please.

TAXI DRIVER  
 (looking around at the  
 celebrations)  
 Señor, you kidding?

Indy throws some gold onto the passenger seat.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)  
 Sí Señor!

EXT. LIMA-CALLAO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Indy and Olivia stand on the tarmac and watch grimly as the coffin containing Thomas is loaded onto a Lockheed Constellation waiting on the tarmac.

OLIVIA  
 (looking to Indy,  
 clutching his arm)  
 Come on, you want to feel guilty about  
 something? You still owe me one  
 laboratory.  
 (beat)  
 Sorry. Bad joke.

INDY  
 No. You're right.

Flanked by his assistants a US CONSULATE ATTACHE walks out onto the runway tarmac towards Indy and Olivia.

ATTACHE  
 We've got you a flight.

Indy and Olivia look on silently. The Lockheed is moved backwards towards the runway in preparation for take-off revealing Air Force One.

OLIVIA  
 (to Indy)  
 You really shouldn't have gone to the  
 trouble.

Indy grimly surveys the placards and election festivities.

INDY  
 (to attache)  
 Just welcoming in El Presidente?

Indy eyes a couple of Shawnee choppers nearby that may have been used by Malbranque's men. Indy and Olivia exchange looks.

ATTACHE  
 I'm sure I don't know what you mean.  
 (beat)  
 Your plane Doctor Jones.

A less than stellar DC-6 cargo plane sits on the tarmac.

EXT. DC-6 - FLYING - DAY

SUPERIMPOSED over a MAP that traces a course from Lima to Cairo, Egypt.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE NILE, EGYPT - SUNSET

Below, the silhouette of a single huge sail knifes silently through the golden water. In the distance, palms, dunes and the dark block of buildings offer the merest hint of a city.

EXT. STEAMER - SUNSET

The loud RHYTHMIC CHUGGING from a steamer's engines drown out the tranquility. Smoke billows from the funnel. Olivia stands on deck looking longingly at the dhow with the huge sail. She sighs.

SALLAH

The Nile, the source of all life! You see? Egypt is a beautiful land, even from the sea.

Indy and Olivia share a moment.

SALLAH (CONT'D)

(to Olivia)

I must apologize for the quality of my transport. I see you are used to more... finery!

INDY

(grinning, with a knowing wink to Olivia)

You'd be surprised what she is used to.

SALLAH

HA, HA, HA! Still treating his women to the best money can buy! Yet Indy's money does not go so far I think HA, HA, HA!

Olivia walks along the deck towards the rear of the steamer, dress billowing.

SALLAH (CONT'D)

(looking on)

You have done well my friend.

(beat)

Though I am sorry to hear of the news concerning your brother.

INDY

Your gesture was too kind.

SALLAH

Nonsense! When Henry made contact I am left with no choice. Besides it is a dangerous time with Suez. This is the best way.

INDY

(taking in the romantic  
vista)

Truly.

SALLAH

Indy, this business of the Hall of Records. You really believe in its existence?

INDY

(eating nuts)

Seeing is believing.

SALLAH

For me, some things are better left unsaid and unseen. When the time is right perhaps then the desert shall give up its secrets.

INDY

How can you be so sure now it is not the right time?

SALLAH

Perhaps we should let these infidels discover for themselves...

INDY

Of course. But I want to be there when they do. These men... do not deserve what is certain to be thrust upon them.

SALLAH

You speak of fame and recognition? Perhaps that is the least they deserve if they truly come with the darkest of intentions.

INDY

(sour)

The least they deserve.

SALLAH

I hope Indy, that your judgement is not clouded by recent events.

Indy looks at Sallah.

## EXT. PYRAMIDS OF GIZA - SUNSET

A lone figure stands upon the summit of Khufu. Several other figures stand below, staggered on the steps on the side of the pyramid, and silhouetted by the setting sun. Wind whips around them. Atop Khufu Reinhardt stands with his measuring equipment, looking through a pair of binoculars. He checks his watch, looks around at the setting sun, and back at the lengthening shadow cast by Khufu. Looking through the binoculars again he focuses on the spot where the shadow from the pyramids stretches across the dunes and over the many townhouses and buildings that make up the city of Giza, on the outskirts of Cairo. The full height at which they stand upon the majestic pyramid becomes evident.

Hands take out a black and white photograph of the same view. The photograph has clearly been taken from the same position. He has trouble focusing on the photograph as his eyes are failing.

MALBRANQUE

Well?

The shadow reaches its optimum position before the sun disappears behind the summit of the pyramid. Reinhardt shakily inks in red a line on the photo until he reaches the exact same spot.

## EXT. CAIRO DOCKSIDE - MORNING

The first prayer of the day echoes from unseen minarets. Palms shimmer in the early morning heat. Countless crates of dates await on the dock. Various goods are unloaded from Sallah's steamer. There is vibrant bustle. Locals look on with curiosity as Olivia is helped off, followed by Indy.

INDY

I'd forgotten how much I missed this place.

SALLAH

Come come! My youngest son Amir.

An eager young moustached man in full thobe dress approaches. AMIR is in his mid-twenties.

INDY

(kissing on both cheeks)  
Salaam Aelekum.

AMIR

Aelekum Salaam.

Amir presents Indy with a golden teapot and jugs.

INDY  
 (bowing head)  
 Shukran.

SALLAH  
 Very generous. A gift to bring you  
 good luck and prosperity on your way.

INDY  
 Thank you.

SALLAH  
 It will also help you make a fantastic  
 cup of tea!

Sallah shouts an instruction in Arabic to Amir. A open topped jeep is waiting for them.

INT. JEEP - MORNING

Indy and Olivia are being driven at speed through the streets of Cairo. Skidding to a halt behind a huge traffic jam, deafening horns honk profusely as an impatient Sallah asks a passing street VENDOR with a donkey carrying sacks full of dates, what the problem is.

SALLAH  
 (in Arabic, impatient)  
 What is going on?

The donkey and cart man replies indistinct waving his hands about. They converse in Arabic.

SALLAH (CONT'D)  
 (turning to Indy)  
 A gas explosion in a building maybe.

Sallah continues his conversation with Donkey Man.

INDY  
 (throwing hands in air)  
 Gas? Perfect!!

SALLAH CONT'D)  
 (to Indy)  
 Personally, it could be British or  
 French problems. I tell you traffic in  
 Cairo is getting much better these  
 days!

Indy isn't really listening. He is looking up at the billowing of smoke coming from a building somewhere in the distance toward Giza. He then eyes the pyramids, specifically Khufu, the largest.

INDY  
 (to himself)  
 The longest shadow cast waits to claim  
 him and all who enter with him.  
 (to Sallah)  
 Is there any way you can get me to the  
 source of the explosion?

SALLAH  
 (gesturing to the traffic  
 jam ahead)  
 Indy, look before you!

Indy looks behind him.

Sallah speeds recklessly through the back alleys of  
 Cairo, honking his horn. Olivia is clinging on for dear  
 life.

OLIVIA  
 (to Indy)  
 Do you think he could go any faster?

SALLAH  
 (without irony)  
 Perhaps!

People scatter out the way as Sallah makes haste.  
 Sallah screeches to a halt. A United Nations checkpoint  
 looms.

INDY  
 The U.N, here?

SALLAH  
 Yes, they are everywhere. Keeping the  
 peace.

INDY  
 Over a gas explosion?  
 (indicating in the  
 direction of Suez)  
 Shouldn't they be over there  
 somewhere?

SALLAH  
 Perhaps you have a point.

Sallah attracts a young boys' attention. The BOY  
 approaches with caution. His younger sister of about  
 six in tow. Sallah and the boy converse in Arabic, the  
 boy pointing. The young girl, quite dirty, and wearing  
 a torn floral frock, stands holding a toy bear and  
 stares at Olivia. She smiles back. The girl giggles and  
 shies away. Olivia glances to Indy. He is listening to  
 Sallah. The boy and his sister run off down a side  
 street.

SALLAH (CONT'D)

(in Arabic)

Get back to school!

(to Indy)

They should be in school not here on the street. The parents work in the old quarter. It is dangerous, all these vehicles... strange. Young Abd al Hasaan tells me men with guns were here. Most importantly, before the building exploded.

INDY

Men with guns? Sounds like the U.N to me.

SALLAH

What shall we do Indy?

An ambulance siren can be heard in the distance. They exchange looks. A moment of clarity.

EXT. UN CHECKPOINT - MORNING

A U.N GUARD with a machine gun stands to attention at the barrier. Two police vans approach. The guard looks nervous. A POLICEMAN steps out of the first vehicle and heads to the guard while gesturing in Arabic about the rubble blocking the side-road and the half demolished building. The other policeman sits in the cab observing. Having heard the commotion another U.N GUARD approaches, gun drawn. He tries to diffuse the situation. An ambulance pulls up next to the police van. Five MASKED DOCTORS carrying bags get out of the back and approach the checkpoint. They try to walk through. The second U.N guard raises his gun defiantly blocking their path. The doctor argues in Arabic with the policeman.

MASKED DOCTOR

There have been reports of injuries following the explosion, let us through.

U.N GUARD

I already explained to you people, nobody was hurt. This is a restricted area.

MASKED DOCTOR

You're American?

(to policeman in Arabic)

These men are imposters and must be arrested.

POLICEMAN  
 (to UN Guard)  
 Can I see some identification?

U.N GUARD  
 Here's my identification.

The U.N Guard shoots the policeman point-blank. The other policeman reverses his van straight into the ambulance as the U.N Guard fires on him shattering the windscreen. The Masked Doctor fires through his whites killing the U.N Guard. The Doctor then fires on the other U.N Guard killing him instantly. The Masked Doctor rips off his whites and to reveal a police uniform. He shouts in Arabic to the other policemen who leap out of their van. He gets on his walkie-talkie. The other doctors head through the checkpoint, one going over to where the building is devastated. The doctor crouches to where the body of a local man lies in the rubble. He has been shot several times. He turns to the other doctor who is in fact Sallah.

SALLAH  
 (proudly to Indy)  
 See? My cousin the doctor!

DOCTOR  
 (in Arabic)  
 This man has been shot.

Sallah takes off his whites while looking at photographs of the dead man shaking hands with President Nasser.

SALLAH  
 This is very bad news... he was a respected businessman.

Indy and Olivia take off their whites. Indy swipes a gun from a dead guard and moves over to a hole in the ground that looks like a bomb crater. A false floor has been broken up. Steps wind down into a dank gloom. A flickering light is seen from within.

INDY  
 (cocks gun)  
 If anybody comes up these stairs that isn't us... you understand?

SALLAH  
 But where are you going Indy?

INDY  
 To return a debt long overdue.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Indy and Olivia, flanked by two policemen, cautiously pad along the longest of corridors lit up intermittently by temporary electric lights. A light at end of tunnel.

INT. HORUS ROOM - DAY

At the end of the corridor stand two falcon god statues guarding a medium sized room. On the floor is a huge rendition of a falcon's head. At the centre of which is the falcon's eye. This the eye of Horus.

INDY

Horus.

On entering the room, it is not immediately apparent where they are to go from here. Olivia walks into the centre of the room and over the eye. She almost trips in doing so.

OLIVIA

WHOA!

Indy catches her just in time before she falls down a previously unseen stone spiral staircase leading further into dim light. It is soon apparent that the shading in the eye of Horus cleverly obscures this staircase.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Using their torches they carefully follow the staircase down into the depths of the structure. Gunfire echoes from the surface in the distance. Indy and Olivia exchange glances. They reach the bottom of the staircase and hear talking. They stop and look. At the bottom of the staircase lies the entrance to a large circular chamber. In the chamber is Reinhardt, Malbranque, assistants, archeologists, and troops. The sound of footsteps emanate from above at the top of the stairwell.

INT. CYLINDRICAL CHAMBER - DAY

The walls reach up into the murk. It is barely lit, but bright enough to see that the wall is covered, floor to ceiling, in hieroglyphics. In the centre of the room sits a small circular column about six feet in height. Three 'doorways' lead off this room. These appear to be False Doors in that they are a door frame around a wall where an entrance should be. A weird luminescence emanates from the wall giving the chamber an unusual ambient light.

Hands above their heads Indy, Olivia and two policeman enter followed by more of Malbranque's guards. Reinhardt turns around surprised, then relieved. Malbranque can hardly believe his eyes and glares. Indy hands his gun to a gesturing goon. They are well-equipped. Like mountaineers they brandish pick-axes, rope, water flasks, even sledgehammers and other tools.

MALBRANQUE

(to Indy)

Welcome to the party. Fashionably late as usual.

INDY

Well, you know how I like to make an entrance.

(looking around chamber)

I see you haven't started without me.

MALBRANQUE

I see you've brought guests.

INDY

More the merrier.

MALBRANQUE

(indicating the policemen)

But they weren't invited.

Malbranque promptly dispatches the two policemen. Gunshots ring out around the chamber.

REINHARDT

No!

MALBRANQUE

(to Indy, aiming his gun)

And neither were you.

REINHARDT

Wait! We need his expertise.

MALBRANQUE

No witnesses.

REINHARDT

That was not necessary.

MALBRANQUE

I'll decide what is and isn't necessary. You have your own problems to worry about.

The armed U.N Guard passes a large leather bag to Attwood who checks it then hands it to Reinhardt. He unties it. Inside are all thirteen crystal skulls glinting in the torchlight. Holding one of the skulls up to the light, Reinhardt makes a decision.

He gently places it upon the stone spike that protrudes from the stone in the centre of the chamber. Everyone waits. A familiar stone grating sound begins. The wall in the false door moves revealing a secondary wall rotating around the cylindrical chamber they are all standing within. The rotating stops as the secondary wall clicks into place like giant cogs might. A false door has now opened revealing steps down. Attwood looks to Reinhardt and takes his torch before venturing into the passageway and down the steps.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

The weird luminescence extends down the passageway. Attwood is about two thirds along.

INT. CYLINDRICAL CHAMBER - DAY

Reinhardt climbs the steps and is about to follow when the grating sound starts. Reinhardt is strangely unmoved.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Attwood, lump in throat, whips around, eyes-wide, and strides back up the stairs. The door seals before he makes it back to the top.

ATTWOOD

Great.  
(through wall)  
Carl!

Silence. Suddenly the grating starts again and he looks back.

ATTWOOD (CONT'D)

Brilliant.

What was the exit at the bottom of the staircase into another room is now rapidly sealing shut.

INT. CYLINDRICAL CHAMBER - DAY

All in the room are looking up listening to the sound of grating stone. Indy and Reinhardt exchange looks.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Attwood frantically tries his best but fails to make it in time. He is now entombed within the corridor stairwell.

ATTWOOD

Now what?

Much to his mass consternation, step by step, the wall slides in left to right, closing in on him to an almost certain crushing death.

INT. CYLINDRICAL CHAMBER - DAY

A muffled scream (O.S) then silence.

MITCHELL

(deadpan)

I guess that was the wrong skull then.

Reinhardt checks the glyph on the base of another skull and makes sure it matches the glyph on the column, before placing it on the spike. This time the secondary wall revolves in the opposite direction revealing a different exit. The sound of other chambers aligning with this one can be heard a long way off. They load up and venture forth.

Another identical cylindrical room, floor to ceiling with hieroglyphics and with three further doorways exiting off it, one of which is already open, with steps leading down to yet another cylindrical room. Hieroglyphics again cover the walls from floor to ceiling. There is no centre piece to this room. A doorway leads off this room. Malbranque pours water over his head from the flask.

REINHARDT

(looking at the  
Hieroglyphics)

A day to day record of the building of  
the structure?

They make it to the final room. Here stands the second platform for a second skull. The last doorway opens as following the placement of the skull on its spike. The humidity is intense.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - DAY

The room reveals the awe-inspiring sight of giant statues of Gods, both familiar and unfamiliar. Everyone marvels at the vastness of the room - covered, floor to ceiling, including floor and ceiling - with hieroglyphics. Huge columns run through the centre of the room supporting the ceiling. All are enraptured.

REINHARDT

A life's work.

INDY

The answers to every question we could ever think to ask.

OLIVIA

What? Is that possible?

REINHARDT

Past. Present.

(beat)

Future.

MALBRANQUE

The gift from the Gods.

REINHARDT

There is no God, only truth.

MALBRANQUE

Shut up.

REINHARDT

(rambling)

Enlightenment need not be a religious experience. It is the epiphany gained from understanding the truth. Here on these walls.

MALBRANQUE

(swigging on water)

Wonderful, the world's biggest God-damn library.

REINHARDT

Don't underestimate the power of the word. And now we are on the cusp of greatness!

INDY

Are you ready?

REINHARDT

(lying)

Of course I'm ready.

Thirteen tombs stand in the centre of the room in a circle. All but four have been broken into.

INDY

Thieves and vandals in well worn sandals.

OLIVIA

What?

REINHARDT

(sweating)

We follow in the footsteps of others.

They close in on the tombs. Within each one lies a headless crystal skeleton. There is no evidence of mummification and bizarrely the skeletons appear partially clothed and wearing gold jewelry. They stand over one of the four sealed tombs. Indy peers at a Hieroglyphic seal adorning the tomb.

INDY  
(sweating)  
We shouldn't be here. This isn't  
right.

Malbranque pushes Indy back. Malbranque also backs away as one of his troops lands a sledgehammer on the first seal. After a fourth and final blow it shatters. The contents of the tomb spill onto the floor. Reinhardt looks on apprehensively at the crystal skeleton holding a bow and shrouded in a black cloak. It is lying next to what looks like crystal animal remains. Malbranque picks up a very large femur bone, then a horse's skull head and holds it to the light. Reinhardt holds the 'Mario' skull up looking into its eye sockets.

REINHARDT  
These are not sculpted  
representations!

Reinhardt drops the skull in deathly realization.

MALBRANQUE  
(indicating to goon with  
sledgehammer)  
Break'em open.

REINHARDT  
NO!

The soldier shatters two of the tombs. They reveal the remains of black cloaked headless crystal skeletons and more horses. Malbranque holds up a sword as one of his colleagues holds up a set of scales. Reinhardt carefully places the skull with the skeletal remains.

MALBRANQUE  
Do it.

REINHARDT  
DON'T!

The soldier shatters the remaining tomb.

INDY  
(looking at the horse's  
heads)  
Four? Oh no.

REINHARDT  
Horseman.

The statues of the Gods bear down upon them. In what could be a trick of the light the skull in the final tomb takes on a subtly evil expression. The room suddenly gets very cold.

INDY  
(with breath visible)  
I've got a bad feeling.

OLIVIA  
Indy?

MALBRANQUE  
(shivers, drawing a gun)  
No you're right, you should always go  
with your instincts.

Malbranque and his armed men gather up all the skulls and crystal skeletal remains.

INDY  
I wouldn't.

MALBRANQUE  
(moving back toward the  
doorway)  
We all have our orders. I think you  
should both feel at home here.

His team, including Mitchell, move back into the cylindrical chamber from where they first came.

REINHARDT  
(to Mitchell)  
Et tu Boris?

INT. CYLINDRICAL CHAMBER - DAY

Malbranque stands over the skull he is about to remove. His team look on. They appear to have grabbed all the remaining skulls.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - DAY

Indy and Olivia run up to the entrance of the cylindrical chamber.

INT. CYLINDRICAL CHAMBER - DAY

Malbranque, sweating, looks up to see Indy and Olivia through the connecting corridor.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - DAY

INDY  
(grabbing Olivia)  
Stop!

OLIVIA  
What is it?!

Olivia looks at Indy who is looking up. She whips her head around to look up. Above the entrance is a symbol.

INDY  
Bad news.

INT. CYLINDRICAL CHAMBER - DAY

Malbranque and Indy momentarily exchange looks across the corridor. A smile creeps across Malbranque's face. Indy stares back stony-faced. Without breaking eye contact Malbranque lifts the skull off its plinth.

MALBRANQUE  
See you on the other side Doctor  
Jones!

In that instant the circular wall starts to shift with the familiar grating sound.

MALBRANQUE (CONT'D)  
(looking around,  
confident)  
The doors are re-aligning.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - DAY

The wall grates as it revolves.

OLIVIA  
Now we're entombed.  
(gesturing to the  
skeletons)  
Just like them. Brilliant decision.

INT. CYLINDRICAL CHAMBER - DAY

Malbranque and his team wait. The room locks into place. The grating stops.

MALBRANQUE  
Yes.

The grating starts up again. The sound is fainter this time.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - DAY

The entire centre structure containing Malbranque, his men and all twelve cylindrical chambers begins to descend into the floor of the cavernous room. Olivia looks on in horror and then up to Indy.

INT. CYLINDRICAL CHAMBER - DAY

MALBRANQUE

The chambers are aligning.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - DAY

OLIVIA

(alarmed)

My God, where are they going?

Indy is about to speak.

REINHARDT

To Hell.

Both Indy and Olivia turn and see Reinhardt standing noble.

INT. CYLINDRICAL CHAMBER - DAY

Malbranque and his team go from chamber to chamber mistaken in their belief of escape.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - DAY

The centre structure completes its descent. The floor is now flat. A giant eye of Horus now completes the floor as its centerpiece.

REINHARDT

If a maze is a man's life, at the centre lies his death.

INT. CYLINDRICAL CHAMBER - DAY

Malbranque and his team reach the final room which is the very first room they entered. This time however there are four exits, all leading into darkness. Above each exit is a symbol resembling the ones on each of the sealed tombs. Malbranque looks to his men, who look back unsure.

## INT. MAZE - DAY

In the clammy confines of the maze, Malbranque runs turning corner after corner. Mitchell and the others have taken another route and are also lost. Malbranque turns a final corner and is confronted with a great door. Relief. He checks behind. He is alone. In the dark somewhere behind trail the sounds of his men. Sweating, looking back, he spies a lever in the wall. He moves over to it praying to himself. He pulls the lever. A sudden blood curdling scream from one of his men echoes through the maze. Malbranque jumps in shock and turns back as the great doors open. There is a strange sound from within. The sound becomes more distinct. A hideous scratching sound. Could be a million insects. Could be a horde of lepers. It is the sound of death. Malbranque's face soon changes into that of sheer terror in the torchlight. Pestilence is fast upon him. Sweat cascades down his face. Incarcerated, with ghastly feeling, he meets his death.

## INT. HALL OF RECORDS - DAY

INDY

I was wrong about you. Not as greedy as I thought.

REINHARDT

No you were right. Knowledge is a far, far greater wealth.

OLIVIA

So how do we get out?  
(indicating the desiccated  
corpses of craftsmen and  
their tools)  
They didn't.

INDY

There's always a way.

OLIVIA

And these poor souls chose not to take it?

INDY

I expect they considered it a privilege to be buried with their Gods.

OLIVIA

Wonderful.

INDY  
 (scanning the room)  
 He shall leave with nothing save his  
 faith in himself and his fellow man.  
 Hail Horus to the Sun King!

OLIVIA  
 What?

Reinhardt has wandered off towards one of the walls. He appears lost in himself.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
 I said, what?

Indy scans the walls and runs around the vast room. Olivia, helpless, looks on. Indy stops at an image of a giant falcon on the wall. Olivia hesitates, then runs to Indy's side. Indy reads an inscription.

INDY  
 The eye of Ra!  
 (beat)  
 The eye of Horus. Both are the falcon.  
 Imagine we are in the mind of Ra and  
 the eyes are the windows to the world  
 as well as the soul. The way in is the  
 way out.

Meanwhile Reinhardt is utterly ensconced by the readings on the wall. Indy pushes the eye in the falcon's face on the wall. The eye goes in and a door opens revealing a blackened stairway leading somewhere.

OLIVIA  
 Where are you going?

Indy runs over to the sack left by Malbranque. It contains two skulls. Suddenly the eye ball in the socket begins to push out again.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
 Indy!!

INDY  
 Just a sec.

OLIVIA  
 The door!

Indy grabs the bag and makes a dash for the closing door.

INDY  
 Carl, quick!

Reinhardt is nowhere to be seen.

INDY (CONT'D)

CARL!

Carl looks around from the wall and turns to the direction of the voice. He runs toward it. Olivia, standing on the stairway, frantically beckons Indy.

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

Indy makes a dive for the door, making it through just in time. Reinhardt almost makes it but the door closes too fast. He is entombed within the Hall of Records. Indy and Olivia stand in the semi-darkness, lit only by the solitary gas lamp. Indy tugs at the sack stuck in the door. It rips, out falls the 'Henry' skull. They look around but see nothing but pitch black in this claustrophobic stairway.

OLIVIA

Did things just get better or much, much worse?

The lamp runs out of gas. Blackness.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

(alarmed)

Indy?

INDY

I'm here.

They stand in silence.

OLIVIA

(mocking)

I hope that's your whip.

INDY

Shhh. Look.

OLIVIA

What?

INDY

There.

Distance is lost on them, but a pin-prick of light is seen as their eyes adjust to the dark. Indy and Olivia reach the top of the staircase. The light shafts through the crack in the huge stone slab. The figure of Indy blocks out the light as he peers through the crack. He then pushes the slab to no avail.

OLIVIA

Indy?

The figure of Indy turns to Olivia. The silhouette almost intimidating. He moves out of the light. The light shafts across Olivia's face. She squints, raising her hands to block out the light.

INDY  
We may have a problem.

OLIVIA  
(pushes past Indy to the  
crack in stone)  
HELP!! HELP!! CAN ANYBODY HEAR ME?

Sand is whipping up outside. The hollow whistling of wind echoes around them. The light looks to be fading.

INDY  
Olivia.

OLIVIA  
CAN ANYBODY HEAR ME?! WE'RE TRAPPED!  
HELP US PLEASE!!

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The visibility is dropping as a sandstorm brews. A fat middle aged man in shorts and a flowery shirt stands alert, one hand holding onto his hat. This is BRUCE, an Australian tourist.

BRUCE  
Hey Phyllis, listen to this!

PHYLLIS, Bruce's fat wife, trudges over leaning into the wind while desperately holding onto her hat and handbag.

PHYLLIS  
Brucey honey, the bus is waiting and I don't think I can take another mouthful of sand!

BRUCE  
Shhh! Listen.

The sound of the wind whipping up the sand and throwing it against stone is all that is heard.

PHYLLIS  
Honey...

The faint sound of a women's voice shouting above the wind is also heard.

BRUCE  
You hear that?

PHYLLIS

Bruce, I didn't come halfway around  
the world to see another dune.

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

Indy squints at his watch in the fading light.

OLIVIA

CAN ANY...

Suddenly a face appears at the crack making Olivia jump  
back in shock.

BRUCE

Phyllis, you were right! G'day there  
Miss, you alright? How in the gold  
mines of Kalgoorlie did you find  
yourself in there?

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Olivia is about to speak when Indy pops his head into  
the crack.

INDY

Excuse me.

BRUCE

Bruce mate.

INDY

Bruce mate, would you mind.

BRUCE

Crikey, you and the Missus lose your  
way?

INDY

We were with the earlier party.

BRUCE

Well mate I'd ask for a refund! Wait  
here, don't go... anywhere.

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

OLIVIA

(turning to Indy)

Where does he think we're going to go?

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Bruce grabs Phyllis who mumbles something indistinct. The towering sight of the Sphinx looms behind them as they pad away in the sand, holding onto their hat and belongings, in the increasing wind towards an awaiting bus.

INT. STAIRWAY - LATER

The wind continues to whistle around them.

OLIVIA  
Where d'you suppose we are?

INDY  
Egypt.

OLIVIA  
(deadpan)  
Ha... ha.  
(looking at Indy)  
What is it?

INDY  
Reinhardt was wrong.

OLIVIA  
About what?

INDY  
The greatest wealth.

Olivia shakes her head not understanding. Indy leans forward and gently kisses her on the lips. She reciprocates. A single tear rolls down her cheek as a smile creeps across her face. Eye's closed. They linger and break from kissing. Olivia slaps Indy roundly across the face.

INDY (CONT'D)  
What was that for?

OLIVIA  
(smiling)  
For getting me into this mess.

Bruce appears at the crack again. Indy and Olivia jump back startled.

INDY  
Jesus Bruce!  
(to Olivia)  
When you want a little privacy.

BRUCE

Sorry mate! We're gonna get you out of there.

An Arab face appears at the crack. He turns and shouts to someone. A white face now appears. This is a HARVEY SHARP from the American Consulate.

HARVEY

(staring in disbelief)

Good grief!

(to Indy)

Harvey Sharp, American Consulate.

We're going to blow the stone away and get you outta there.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A team of people set up for detonation at the back of the Sphinx. They take cover and wait.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - DAY

Oblivious to the events outside, Reinhardt is continuing to study the inscriptions on the wall. The last gas lamp is on its way out. His eyesight is rapidly failing. Suddenly a look of shock hits his face as he interprets some signs.

REINHARDT

(breathing heavily)

GOOD GOD!!! It can't be...

EXT. DESERT - DAY

An explosion rips through the rear of the Sphinx, the sound muffled by the sandstorm.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - DAY

In that instant Reinhardt looks up from the wall he is studying. Dust falls from the ceiling. Reinhardt looks around and up following a crack that has formed. He follows it all the way down the wall to the floor. Another crack appears.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

From the dust a sand covered Indy and Olivia emerge stony faced. Behind them a rumbling sound can be heard. The surface of the desert gives way and collapses into the ground with a huge BROMMM! The resulting crater is being covered up by the billowing sandstorm.

INDY  
 (sarcastic, to Harvey)  
 D'you think you could have used a  
 little more dynamite?

Indy puts his arm around Olivia as they calmly walk away from the mounting commotion that threatens to engulf them.

INDY (CONT'D)  
 Never again.

A familiar face greets them.

SALLAH  
 (hands out)  
 Holy Smoke my friends, I am so glad  
 you are alive!

INDY  
 And I'm so glad you are.

SALLAH  
 Yes a narrow escape. Timing is  
 everything.

INDY  
 I need a drink.

The three of them walk away from the scene towards awaiting vehicles.

INT. BOSTON UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - DAY

On the page of a newspaper is a large picture of the Sphinx under heavy scaffolding. The headline reads: SPHINX REFURBISHMENT UNDERWAY. The article details how the Sphinx is being heavily weathered by sandstorms. A second article questions the whereabouts of Archeologist Carl Reinhardt. Further down the page is a story on the mysterious appearance of a tribe of people dressed in Ancient Inca and Moche clothing found wandering around Cusco, Peru.

The school alarm bell rings out signalling the end of a period. Wearing his tweed jacket and brown pants, a bespeckled Indy puts down his paper to an empty classroom. He whips his feet off the old desk. It is a familiar scene. There is noise from outside in the hallway. The door opens, students pour in and find their seats in a bustle. The door closes. Almost. A woman's hand catches the door. Standing up, Indy opens a big book.

INDY  
 Okay everyone, settle down.

The door creaks (O.S) as it is opened.

INDY (CONT'D)  
(without looking up)  
There's a seat at the front.

A female figure sits down in the front row. We do not see who it is.

INDY (CONT'D)  
Okay then.  
(looking up to see the  
female figure)  
Class dismissed.

The class cheer.

INT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL MUSEUM - NIGHT

Carlisle is overseeing the packing of some boxes marking the closure of an exhibition. An assistant hands him the crystal skull. Carlisle shakes his head.

CARLISLE  
No, only authentic pieces remain in the gallery. That goes down in the basement.

'Henry' is put in a box and taken away. The lights are flicked off in the room. The skull glows from within the box.

FADE OUT.