INDIANA JONES AND THE MACEDONIAN EMPIRE

A FAN FICTION SCREENPLAY

BY

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MOUNTAINS...

FADE IN:

EXT/INT. - THE PARAMOUNT CLUB -- NIGHT

A slinky 1930's-era JAZZ TUNE strikes up.

OPENING SHOT SEQUENCE:

The club LOGO, "The Paramount Club" stenciled over an image of a mountain in a circular border lined with stars.

A COUPLE opens the door and enters the club.

FOLLOWING THE COUPLE

The couple moves out of frame. CAMERA moves through club.

BEGIN CREDITS.

Past flirtatious couples.

Through banks of cigarette smoke.

Past waitresses hoisting loaded serving trays.

Past the bar where the bartender hustles to keep up.

One club host makes a beeline for:

INT. BACK ROOM - PARAMOUNT CLUB -- CONTINUOUS

The staff in the back hustle about prepping, washing, cleaning.

A busboy hefts a load of trash out the back door to:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - PARAMOUNT CLUB -- CONTINUOUS

The busboy props open the door and shuffles his load of trash over to a dumpster nearby. His back is to the open door.

A SHADOWY FIGURE seizes the opportunity and stealthily slips inside undetected.

ON SHADOWY FIGURE, BACK TO:

INT. BACK ROOM - PARAMOUNT CLUB -- CONTINUOUS

Shadowy Figure gets no more than a curious glance from a staffer or two as he moves quickly through the back room to:

INT. THE PARAMOUNT CLUB -- CONTINUOUS

Shadowy Figure filters away into the crowd.

CAMERA continues winding through the room.

Past the dance floor.

Past the BAND.

Find NERVOUS MAN alone with a drink. He doesn't seem to be here for the jazz. His eyes dart over to an area of particular interest elsewhere in the club.

FOLLOWING NERVOUS MAN'S EYE LINE

Through the crowd once again, to a particular table in one dark corner of the joint. The couple who first entered the club now sit with a pair of drinks:

INDIANA JONES and MARION RAVENWOOD, dressed as they were at the end of RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK: he in a dark blue suit with clean fedora, she in a beige skirt suit and matching wide-brimmed hat.

END CREDITS.

END OPENING SHOT.

The JAZZ TUNE WRAPS to applause.

SUBTITLE: "Washington, D.C. - 1936"

Marion grins and claps.

Indy swirls his beverage thoughtfully.

MARION

Jones, when I said I'd buy you a drink, the idea was that you'd talk to me. Jones?

INDY

Sorry?

MARION

You still have Egyptian sand in your ears.

He smirks.

INDY

Just occurs to me that, after all this business with the Ark and everything, I still haven't asked you how Abner...

MARION

How Abner died?

He nods.

MARION

Another time? Let's just enjoy this.

She downs her drink with gusto. She makes eye contact with someone across the room and points to her glass.

MARION

I should open a place like this.

Indy smiles scandalously.

INDY

I have been a terrible influence on you.

MARION

Not a jazz club, exactly. I mean, take my share of the government's Ark money and start up a bar over here.

INDY

Another bar?

MARION

The bar wasn't so bad. It was kind of fun, really. It was the freezing-my-bones, surrounded-in-poverty part I could do without.

INDY

And I suppose you imagine me running it with you?

MARION

Not at all, Jones. You'll always be digging in the dirt. I know that.

INDY

You're saying I'm predictable?

MARION

I'm saying I knew we were going to stop in this joint as soon as I spotted it three blocks off.

INDY

I take it you've outgrown jazz?

Her smile widens, she takes his hand, leans across the table, and steals a quick kiss.

MARION

Of course not. Those are all my best memories.

Their eyes sparkle with memories of youthful indiscretions.

MARION

You remember the night you got your roommate Jack to sneak me into that seedy club in downtown Chicago, and you two almost got arrested for fighting?

INDY

I almost punched Earl Hines in the face. How could I forget?

MARION

How about that night Jack's car broke down after we saw The Wolverines?

Indy's smile fades.

INDY

Can't forget that night, either. You got home late, and that's how your father found out about us.

Marion looks puzzled.

MARION

Dad never said anything.

INDY

Not to you.

She sits back in her seat. Realization.

Waitress arrives with Marion's fresh drink.

MARION

(to Waitress)

Thank you.

Waitress takes the empty glass and moves off.

MARION

I really never knew.

INDY

Don't blame Abner. It would have been too difficult to keep working for him. Having you there all the time.

She takes his hand again. A tender moment.

MARION

It was an avalanche.

INDY

Avalanche?

MARION

In the Himalayas. Last year. He and his whole team. They never recovered the bodies.

INDY

Marion, I'm so sorry.

She re-ignites her smile. Raises her glass.

MARION

We'll always have Chicago.

Indy raises his glass.

INDY

We'll always have Jack Shannon.

NERVOUS MAN watches Indy and Marion from afar.

FRONT DOOR:

Two DEAD SERIOUS CHARACTERS in long coats stroll in. Bad vibes.

INDY & MARION:

Indy catches sight of the Characters. They've got his attention.

INDY

You know Jackie. Gave up the Irish mob for life on the jazz circuit.

MARION

Those were great times.

INDY

And a lot of shady characters.

Nervous Man spots the Serious Characters as they scope the place. Nervous Man ducks their gazes. He's gone from edgy to downright afraid. He gets up and moves through the crowd toward Indy and Marion.

Indy's eyes don't move off the Serious Characters.

One of the Characters spots Indy & Marion.

INDY

(hushed whisper) Get ready to move.

MARION

What? What's going on?

Nervous Man closes in on their table.

The Serious Characters start making their way through the crowded club toward Indy & Marion as well.

INDY

Just trust me, okay?

He takes her hand, preparing to rise.

Neither of them sees Nervous Man just paces away. Then...

Shadowy Figure slides in behind Nervous Man.

For an instant, the gleam of the blade in Shadowy Figure's gloved hand.

Shadowy grasps Nervous Man from behind. A lightning, almost imperceptible move. Nervous Man's eyes go wide. Shadowy Figure slips away.

Nervous Man pitches forward, crashing loudly into Indy and the table. Shocked, Indy fumbles with the collapsing body.

MARION

Oh, dear God!

All around, people jump up and scream. They back away in horror from the expanding pool of blood.

The sudden commotion spooks the Serious Characters. They retreat from the club through the scattering crowd.

EXT. THE PARAMOUNT CLUB -- NIGHT

Shadowy Figure mixes with patrons leaving the club. His face is visible now: a large, swarthy Mediterranean man, 40's, with a scarf tied tightly about his neck. "STAVROS."

INT. THE PARAMOUNT CLUB -- NIGHT

Indy starts after the Serious Characters.

INDY

Hey!

But Nervous Man reaches up and tugs at Indy's shirt, leaving a crimson stain.

NEVEROUS MAN

Dr. Jones...

Indy stops and takes a hard look at the man in his arms.

NEVEROUS MAN

Please, Dr. Jones...

Nervous Man reaches up with a trembling hand and stuffs a Scrap of Paper into Indy's hand.

NEVEROUS MAN

Ehrichmann. Please help.

Indy looks at the Scrap of Paper.

THE SCRAP OF PAPER

Has a handwritten series of letters and numbers on it: "0529X03TSMT-C Stat #7." Perhaps a code of some sort.

NEVEROUS MAN

Find the age... issss...

Nervous Man's body goes limp.

INDY

Find the ages?

Indy's uncomprehending eyes move from the man's empty eyes to the Scrap of Paper.

EXT. WASHINGTON CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

Indy and Marion walk arm-in-arm, huddled together as though shielding out the cold.

MARION

Dammit, Indy. I swear I thought once we got stateside, there wouldn't be anymore people dying. I can't get used to it!

INDY

You're not supposed to get used to it.

He hugs her a little tighter.

INDY

What did he mean? "Find the ages?"

The ROAR of an engine. A car races toward them.

INDY

Uh-oh. Let's move.

He grabs Marion's hand. They turn and break into a run.

MARION

Now what?!

INDY

I think it's those goons from the club.

But TWO ARMED MEN, Serious Characters from the club, approach on foot from the opposite direction. Indy and Marion reverse field again, looking for an escape route.

The car screeches to a halt in front of them, cutting off their path except for an alley way.

INDY

Here!

He directs Marion into:

EXT. DEAD-END ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

The alley is an uninviting gauntlet of overflowing steel trash cans, old wooden pallets, dumpsters, and filth.

Indy and Marion race to the end of the alley only to find it leads no where. Dead end.

INDY

Damnit!

MARION

Nice move, Jones.

INDY

Gimme a break, will ya?

They search for an exit.

UP THE ALLEY

More Serious Characters jump out of the car brandishing guns. They run into the alley after Indy & Marion. Together with the men on foot, they number a half dozen or so now.

Indy slams his shoulder into a backdoor to one of the buildings. Locked. They're trapped!

They turn to face their pursuers.

The Serious Characters fan out and surround them.

Indy shields Marion and throws up his hands.

The Characters take aim, cocking their weapons.

A VOICE from the car at the end of the alley:

SCHLANGEKOPF (O.S.)

Nein!

Everyone freezes.

A shiny boot cranes out from the open rear car door and clicks as it strikes the pavement.

CAPTAIN ULRICH SCHLANGEKOPF, mid-30's and as sinister a slick snake as the Nazi army can produce, steps out of the car to take command of the situation. Black suit & tie. Red shirt.

INDY

You know we don't have the Ark. What the hell is this?

SCHLANGEKOPF

This is my heartbreak over the betrayal to the Fatherland. Give us the manuscript, Jones, and we might spare your lives.

INDY

What manuscript?

SCHLANGEKOPF

Don't waste my time. I know you met with the untermensch Jude. He must have given it to you.

(to one of his men)

Klaus!

One of the armed Nazis steps up and frisks Indy.

KLAUS THE NAZI

Nichts, Kapitan.

SCHLANGEKOPF

Die frau.

Klaus moves toward Marion. Indy snags him by the shirt.

INDY

You keep your damn hands off her!

Klaus rips free of Indy's grip, takes aim at him.

KLAUS THE NAZI

Schmutziger Amerikaner!

A GUNSHOT echoes in the alley. Klaus's eyes bug out. He falls dead at Indy's feet.

SCHLANGEKOPF

Hinterhalt!

The Nazis look up and scatter in panic. Someone shoots from the windows overlooking the alley. They seek cover to return fire.

UP IN THE WINDOWS OF SURROUNDING BUILDINGS:

Stavros points a gun into the alley.

In another window in the opposite building, a second swarthy Mediterranean assassin, slick hair, wearing BLACK GLASSES, takes aim with a shiny pair of Berettas.

In the initial confusion, Indy swiftly snags two steel trash can lids and CRASHES them like cymbals on the head of the closest Nazi, dazing him. Indy punches him and relieves him of his gun.

Marion kicks her closest Nazi in the groin. Stunned, the Nazi is easy pickings for the Mediterranean gunmen.

Two more Mediterraneans take positions on the street level at the alley's opening near the Nazis' car, blocking escape.

Indy and Marion race in different directions for cover.

Indy's dazed Nazi regains his senses and chases Indy.

Indy holds up the trash can lids like shields as he ducks behind some stacked crates. Quite unintentionally, a bullet ricochets off a lid-shield and strikes Indy's dazed Nazi, killing him. Indy examines the lid with surprise.

Schlangekopf dashes after Marion, corners her and holds his pistol on her. His captive.

Indy watches helplessly from his vantage point.

INDY

Marion!

He tries to step out, but a barrage of near misses sends him back to his refuge.

Schlangekopf cowers in a defensible spot with a tight grip on Marion. She slugs him. He pistol whips her into submission.

SCHLANGEKOPF

Mich schützen! Schnell!

A HEAVILY ARMED NAZI rushes down the alley to Schlangekopf's side, his machine gun trained on the windows above.

Schlangekopf dashes up the alley, dragging Marion toward the car with Heavily Armed Nazi providing cover.

Indy is cut off from pursuit.

INDY

Marion!

He looks to the locked door across the alley he tried earlier.

He spins and hurls one of the lids like a Frisbee at a nearby Nazi taking aim up at the windows, knocking him cold.

Path clear, Indy dashes for the other side of the alley, "shield" overhead. Indy fires his stolen weapon at the door lock. He crashes through the door into the building.

Heavily Armed Nazi is gunned down as Schlangekopf forces Marion into the car.

MARION

Let go of me, you Nazi sonofabitch! Indy!

Schlangekopf pauses to execute one of the fallen Mediterraneans.

INT. ALLEY ADJACENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

Indy races through narrow hallways of some kind of tenement apartment building.

A Mediterranean Assassin fires at him from the top of a stairwell. Indy returns fire. The Mediterranean tumbles lifelessly down the stairs.

Indy charges for the front door.

EXT. WASHINGTON CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

Schlangekopf holds his gun on Marion while the Nazi Driver throws the car into gear and speeds from the scene.

As the car passes in front of the building, Indy runs out the front door and dives onto the hood.

Nazi Driver swerves wildly, but Indy only slides over to the driver's side, grasps onto the sideview mirror, and swings over to the running board. He holds on for dear life and struggles with the Nazi Driver for control of the wheel.

In the back seat, Marion struggles with Schlangekopf, preventing him from shooting Indy.

The Driver steers toward the curb where a lamp post threatens to crush Indy as they sideswipe by. Indy is forced to tuck and roll away or be creamed.

MARION (O.S.)

In-deeeee!

The Nazis' car disappears around the corner as Indy picks himself off the ground. He catches his breath.

INDY

Marion.

His fedora tumbles down the street.

INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL -- NIGHT

POUNDING on a suite door, an agitated Indiana Jones.

INDY

Marcus! Marcus, open up!

The lock unbolts and the door cracks open. Indy's trusted friend and New York museum director MARCUS BRODY stands there with sleep in his eyes, cinching the belt to a hotel robe.

BRODY

Indy? It's almost three-thirty in
the--

Indy barges past, into the room

INT. MARCUS BRODY'S HOTEL SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

Indy paces. Brody closes the door.

BRODY

(re: Indy's shirt)
Dear God, is that blood?

INDY

They got her, Marcus. Damnit, I couldn't stop 'em. They got her.

BRODY

Got Marion? Who?

INDY

The Nazis.

BRODY

Nazis? Here? In Washington? That's awfully bold.

INDY

Damn bastards. It's not even the Ark they're after. They were talking about something else. A manuscript, I don't know. Get some clothes on. The police are supposed to meet us in the lobby in ten minutes.

Brody heads for the closet.

BRODY

How did you get away?

INDY

They had us cornered, and then some other people started shooting.

BRODY

What other people?

INDY

It's been a rare night. Hurry up. I'll fill you in on the way down.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- NIGHT

Indy and Brody march across the lobby, their eyes scan for the promised police assistance.

INDY

I don't know.

(MORE)

INDY (CONT'D)

They looked Mediterranean. They were shooting at us, shooting at the Nazis. Who knows what the hell's going on?

Officious looking GOVERNMENT AGENT THAYER approaches.

AGENT THAYER

Dr. Jones? Dr. Brody?

Indy and Brody turn. They seem wary.

INDY

You're not Washington P.D.

Thayer displays his credentials.

AGENT THAYER

Agent Thayer, Army Intelligence. Would you both come with me?

Indy and Brody exchange looks of concern.

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING LOBBY -- DAY

Indy and Brody follow Agent Thayer up polished stone steps to the spacious lobby.

INDY

This isn't about the Ark anymore, is it?

AGENT THAYER

In due time, Dr. Jones.

INDY

Due time?! A woman's life is at stake!

AGENT THAYER

This way, Gentlemen.

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING MEETING ROOM -- DAY

The door opens. Indy's voice echoes in the hall outside.

INDY (O.S.)

This is totally unacceptable! We deserve some answers here!

Brody steps into the room just ahead of Indy. He stops short, surprised. Indy almost runs into him.

BRODY

Marion?

Marion sits at the table in the room, all alone. She holds a cold cloth to her cheek where Schlangekopf struck her earlier. She jumps up.

MARION

Indy!

Indy runs over to her.

INDY

Marion! Thank God. Are you alright? What happened?

They embrace. He looks at her wound with great concern.

MARION

Goddamn it, Indy. What's going on? They had me riding around for hours with a bag over my head. And now I'm here?

Agent Thayer and an official looking STRANGER, 49, file in. Thayer closes the door to the proceedings.

INDY

I don't know, Honey.

(to Thayer)

All right. Enough with the cloak and dagger. Talk.

The Stranger hangs back in the shadows as Thayer steps to the head of the table. Thayer slaps a file folder down on the tabletop. He removes a PHOTOGRAPH from the folder and slides it across the table toward Indy, Marion, and Brody.

PHOTOGRAPH

Is a surveillance shot of Solomon, the Nervous Man.

AGENT THAYER

This is Solomon Kline. The gentleman you met this evening. Briefly.

INDY

Yes. But I don't know him.

AGENT THAYER

Did he say anything to you? Did he give you anything?

Indy eyes the Stranger.

INDY

He mumbled some incoherent jumble about "finding the ages." He mentioned a name. Ehrichmann, if I recall.

Thayer slides another PHOTO.

This one shows a graying man with wisdom in his eyes, PROFESSOR KARL EHRICHMANN, 50.

AGENT THAYER

Professor Karl Ehrichmann. I trust you know the name?

INDY

Just by reputation. German archeologist. He's made some significant contributions to the field.

AGENT THAYER

You must know Professor Ehrichmann, Miss Ravenwood.

MARION

I'm not sure that I do.

AGENT THAYER

Take another look at the picture, Miss Ravenwood. The professor worked on a joint-venture excavation with your father not seven years ago.

She tries to cover being caught in a lie. She picks up the photo.

MARION

Wait. You're right. But I wouldn't have any idea what they were looking for or if they found anything.

AGENT THAYER

I don't expect you to. Solomon Kline was a German-born Jew who served as Professor Ehrichmann's assistant before the Nazis took power. You're both sure he didn't pass you anything?

INDY

We don't have anything. You want to bring this together for us, or are we to guess?

The Stranger speaks up in a thick German accent.

STRANGER

There are no answers for your questions, Dr. Jones. We were counting that Herr Kline had brought you whatever my officers were trying to find. What do you think he meant by "finding the ages?"

INDY

(to Thayer)
Who is this?

STRANGER (OSTER)

I am Hans Oster. I'm a senior officer with the Abwehr--

INDY

(to Thayer)

You brought us into a meeting with another Nazi stooge? Where are your superiors? I want to talk with--

AGENT THAYER

Please, Dr. Jones. Calm down. You're in no danger here. You all have Herr Oster to thank for Miss Ravenwood's release.

BRODY

Why?

OSTER

It is true that I work for German intelligence. I have served my country proudly for many years. But the policies of the current regime are a blight on the history of Deutschland. I do not support the so-called Führer.

Oster walks over to Thayer's side. He removes a third PHOTO from the folder and shows it to them.

This one is of Schlangekopf.

OSTER

This man, the German officer whose men assaulted you. His name is Captain Ulrich Schlangekopf. He's a driven, but not particularly well-liked, officer with an archeological background. As you are aware, Hitler has commissioned archeological teams to search the world for items of certain religious significance.

Indy and Marion exchange exhausted looks.

MARION

No kidding.

Indy smirks.

OSTER

Himler forced Ehrichmann to work for the Nazis, but his research is considered low priority. Schlangekopf was insulted to be given the assignment as Ehrichmann's liaison.

BRODY

Ehrichmann is under duress? How do you know?

OSTER

Karl Ehrichmann is like me. I've known him since our days in university together. He is a good friend and no supporter of Hitler. I helped him smuggle Solomon Kline out of Germany.

INDY

Your Captain Schlangekopf certainly seems motivated for a demoralized officer. Why is he chasing a defector half way around the world if Ehrichmann's work is so unimportant?

OSTER

Well noted. Apparently some time before Solomon Kline fled Germany, the Ehrichmann-Schlangekopf team made a breakthrough discovery. Karl referred to it as "The Manuscript," though he never detailed to me its importance. Schlangekopf is under the impression Solomon Kline stole the artifact from Karl before he left Germany.

BRODY

How do you know Schlangekopf doesn't suspect Professor Ehrichmann?

INDY

Because the professor's still breathing.

OSTER

Exactly. Schlangekopf believes Herr Kline is a rogue, acting on his own. A Jew with an ax to grind against Germany.

INDY

You have no idea what Professor Ehrichmann's research subject is? This close friend of yours?

OSTER

He's spent time working in the Himalayas and mountain ranges in western China. The specifics we never discussed. I believe Karl is caught in a vise, under the watchful eye of Schlangekopf. He's censoring his information carefully. He might even believe he's protecting me.

INDY

Who were these other people trying to kill all of us last night?

Oster nods. He slides over the last PHOTO in the file.

PHOTO OF STAVROS

OSTER

He goes by Stavros. I can only tell you he and his men represent private Greek interests. I'm sorry to say we have no idea what his interest is in Karl's work. That might make him the most dangerous adversary you have in all this.

INDY

Marvelous. So we're caught between a Nazi lunatic and a mystery assassin, and we've got no idea what either one wants.

OSTER

Schlangekopf is on his way back to the Ehrichmann excavation site in India. I told him that German intelligence was taking over the interrogation of Miss Ravenwood and sent him packing. It could buy you time.

INDY

Time for what?

OSTER

As I said, we had hoped Karl had made contact with you.

INDY

But he hasn't.

Oster nods.

OSTER

I appreciate how hard it must be for you to trust me.

He turns and heads for the door. He pauses.

OSTER

If he makes contact, I urge you to help. Karl wouldn't take these risks without cause.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INDY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Indy, Marion, and Brody are situated as though they've been talking, but no one speaks. They are each lost in thought.

BRODY

It's impossible to know what to make of any of it. We haven't a clue to tell us what they're all hunting for.

Marion's eyes turn to Indy. He returns the look.

MARION

Why didn't you say anything about the scrap of paper the dying man gave you?

BRODY

What?

INDY

Probably the same reason you weren't going to say anything about Ehrichmann working with your father. Why didn't you say something?

MARION

He seemed genuine, but... He's a Nazi.

Indy nods.

BRODY

Am I to understand you withheld evidence from the United States government?

INDY

It would probably be better if you didn't.

BRODY

You're right. I don't understand.

Indy takes the Scrap of Paper out of his pocket.

INDY

Whatever this is, it's a personal message from Ehrichmann to me. But why? What am I to him?

BRODY

Clearly he's aware of your reputation.

INDY

It's more than that. If Ehrichmann simply wanted to ensure his work doesn't benefit the Nazis, it makes more sense to tip off the U.S. Government directly. I mean, the government can hire me and a hundred more just as good.

BRODY

Let me see that.

Indy hands Brody the Scrap of Paper.

MARION

What's it say?

INDY

It's a code or something.

BRODY

(reading)

0529X03TSMT - dash - C-Stat#7?

MARION

That's it?

Brody flips the Scrap over to check that it's blank.

BRODY

This could be anything.

Marion crosses over to Brody. He offers her the Scrap as she approaches.

INDY

How am I supposed to decipher that?

Marion's eyes widen.

MARION

Jones, you idiot! This message isn't for you, it's for me.

INDY

Huh?

She holds up the Scrap.

MARION

This is Dad's handwriting!

BRODY

Are you sure?

Indy rushes over and takes the Scrap. He examines it anew.

INDY

Good God. Of course!

He grabs Marion by the back of the neck and plants a kiss on her forehead.

INDY

How could I have missed it? This is Abner's artifact cataloging system!

BRODY

Ehrichmann's directing you to something in Abner's collection.

INDY

Right. Marion, you have Abner's possessions, don't you?

MARION

Whatever survived the fire.

INDY

The bar in Nepal?

She nods. His eyes fill with dread.

INDY

Then his journals were lost?

Her look confirms it.

INDY

Where are the artifacts?

MARION

It's all still waiting to be shipped from Nepal.

INDY

Damn.

INT. PALATIAL HOME HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Black Glasses, Stavros' right hand man, stands guard outside a bedroom door.

INT. PALATIAL BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Stavros stands at the foot of an impressive canopy bed. The room glows with candlelight.

Stavros reports to a WOMAN IN SILHOUETTE, visible on the bed through the sheer drapes. She speaks with a Greek accent.

Stavros speaks in a chilling, almost alien, growling whisper. Something unnatural about his voice.

STAVROS

Kline never got to speak with Ravenwood's daughter. But the Nazis will remain persistent. It might be time to consider seizing the prize now.

WOMAN IN SILHOUETTE I've told you, only Alex can do that.

STAVROS

Too many are getting too close.

WOMAN IN SILHOUETTE

Then you will continue to defend our claim to the throne, no matter how many lives it takes. Until the time is right.

STAVROS

Of course.

WOMAN IN SILHOUETTE When your people locate the Nazi expedition, leave no survivors.

STAVROS

And the Americans?

WOMAN IN SILHOUETTE

If Ravenwood's daughter, or this Jones she's latched onto, takes up the hunt, they'll have to be dealt with.

The Woman in Silhouette reaches up and parts the drapes. A dazzling UNIQUE RING dominates her slender hand.

WOMAN IN SILHOUETTE

Come to me.

Stavros steps around to the side of the bed. He unwraps his ever-present scarf, revealing a nasty scar across his throat. He continues to disrobe.

The Woman's fingertips sensuously trace Stavros' cheekbone down to his neck, across the scar to his muscled chest.

WOMAN IN SILHOUETTE

I have further need of your services.

INT. NAZI DIG CAMP - EHRICHMANN'S TENT -- DAY

A spacious temporary living quarters and base of operations for the expedition leader.

PROFESSOR EHRICHMANN (already seen in photograph in Washington) examines and dusts an artifact.

The tent flap folds back and Capt. Schlangekopf, now in uniform, pushes his way in.

SCHLANGEKOPF

Guter tag, Herr Professor.

Ehrichmann stiffens. He offers a weak salute.

EHRICHMANN

Heil Hitler.

Schlangekopf smirks and offers a pass at a return salute.

SCHLANGEKOPF

You will be pleased to know your treacherous former assistant has met with his fate.

Ehrichmann fights off a reaction. He busies himself by returning to his note-taking examination of the piece in his hands.

EHRICHMANN

Then your mission was a success.

Schlangekopf measures Ehrichmann a moment before turning his attention to a cursory examination of the artifacts on the professor's desk.

SCHLANGEKOPF

Far from. As much as it would please me to say I am responsible for the Jude's death, we were all attacked by a hit squad. Greeks, I believe. It seems you were correct about our mission drawing opposition from interests in the Mediterranean.

EHRICHMANN

But you recovered the manuscript?

SCHLANGEKOPF

No. You did say the manuscript had nothing more to tell us?

EHRICHMANN

I believe my notes are comprehensive, yes.

SCHLANGEKOPF

Kline was under constant surveillance and only met with two Americans, but failed to pass them the manuscript. He doubtlessly hid it, and its location has died with him.

EHRICHMANN

Then I am relieved that you have returned unharmed.

Schlangekopf regards Ehrichmann with evil amusement.

SCHLANGEKOPF

I can imagine your relief.

Schlangekopf picks up a dusty artifact.

SCHLANGEKOPF

Tell me what progress we've made in my absence. Have you located this fabled library?

EHRICHMANN

I'm afraid not, Captain. You see we have many worthy finds. The men are working hard.

Schlangekopf tosses the piece back onto the desk. Ehrichmann winces at the rough handling of the object.

SCHLANGEKOPF

Not hard enough, it seems.

EHRICHMANN

The Earth takes hundreds of years to hide man's treasures and is often reluctant to return them. This is archeology.

A weariness creeps over Schlangekopf.

SCHLANGEKOPF

For the Fatherland.

BEGIN "EARLY 1937" MONTAGE.

Another 1930's ERA JAZZ TUNE plays under:

- "1937" blazes to life in a fireworks display. A CROWD cheers and celebrates the New Year.
- The image of a JANUARY 1937 calendar page.
- Newspaper Headline:
- "OHIO RIVER FLOODS"
- The silhouette of a RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER speaks into a vintage microphone.

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER Howard Hughes has set a new record for transcontinental flight. His time from New York to Los Angeles: seven hours, twenty-eight minutes, and twenty-five seconds.

- Professor Indiana Jones teaches class.
- The image of a FEBRUARY 1937 calendar page.
- Clip from Charlie Chaplin's "Modern Times."
- The Radio News Announcer again:

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER
The strike is over. The forty-four
day sit down strike by auto
manufacturing workers in Flint,
Michigan has come to an end with the
agreement by General Motors to
recognize the United Auto Workers
union.

- Newspaper Headline:
- "MAN TESTS 'AEROBILE' FLYING CAR"
- The image of a MARCH 1937 calendar page.
- Two-champagne-glass, candlelit dinner. WAITER brings Indy & Marion a beautiful "Happy Birthday Marion" cake. Marion beams at Indy. Big points earned.
- The image of DETECTIVE COMICS #1 cover.
- Radio News Announcer:

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER
And tragic news out of New London,
Texas. An explosion at the New London
School has claimed the lives of three
hundred souls, most, assuredly,
children tending to their studies.
Officials say the natural gas line
feeding the school's heaters may be
responsible.

- Schlangekopf stares intently into an excavation dig pit where workers feverishly dig. He swigs from a flask.
- The image of an APRIL 1937 calendar page.
- Clip of cartoon "Porky's Duck Hunt" first Daffy Duck.
- Radio News Announcer:

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER Civil war continues to ravage Spain...

- A Real Estate Agent shows Marion a "For Sale" shop front.

Fade out Jazz Tune.

- Black Glasses stands on a hilltop overlooking the Ehrichmann dig camp. He spies on the Nazi archeology team.

End "Early 1937" Montage.

EXT. DIG SITE -- EVENING

The sunset is a deep red.

EXT. NAZI DIG CAMP -- NIGHT

A NAZI PATROL GUARD leads a German Shepherd on rounds through the camp.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING NAZI CAMP -- NIGHT

Stavros, Black Glasses, and a STRIKE TEAM of darkly clothed, well-armed MERCENARIES amass. They fan out toward their respective positions. Attack is emanant.

EXT. NAZI DIG CAMP -- NIGHT

The German Shepherd barks, tears away from the Patrol Guard. It disappears into the dark bordering the camp.

NAZI PATROL GUARD

Was ist es?

He looks off into the darkness toward the barking. Then a report and muzzle flash, and a silencing canine squeal.

The Patrol Guard panics.

NAZI PATROL GUARD

Warnung!

He grabs for a whistle on a chain about his neck. A GUNSHOT puts him down before he can blow it. Nonetheless...

INT. NAZI DIG CAMP - EHRICHMANN'S TENT -- NIGHT

Ehrichmann clutches a gas lantern at his desk. He listens to sounds of gunfire, scrambling, and shouting outside.

NAZI VOICE (O.S.)

Angriff!

German soldiers SCREAM their last breaths.

Ehrichmann slowly extinguishes his lamp.

INT. NAZI DIG CAMP - SCHLANGEKOPF'S TENT -- NIGHT

Schlangekopf sits stone-faced in the near dark. Unshaven and in undershirt, he holds his Luger.

An EXPLOSION outside briefly illuminates the tent.

The shockwave upsets a chessboard with a game in progress.

A soldier outside screams:

NAZI VOICE (O.S.)

Meine beine!

Schlangekopf doesn't move. He stares at the upset chessboard.

A chess piece on its side rolls to the edge of the board and falls off.

INT. THE RAVEN'S NEST - BACK ROOM -- DAY

A pry bar wedges under the lip of the nailed-shut lid of a wooden crate. The shipping labeling indicates "NEPAL."

A half-dozen such crates line the wall at the base of a set of stairs leading up to the second-story apartment over the bar. A padlocked door presumably leads to a storage room, and an iron bar seals the rear exit.

Indy looks more "Indy" now: the casual shirt and trademark khakis, but no fedora. He works to unpack crates.

INT. THE RAVEN'S NEST - BAR -- DAY

A clay GREEK SOLDIER STATUETTE of ancient origin sits in a nest of raw hay inside a small wooden crate.

Marion reaches in and extracts the statuette. She smiles at it, humming a tune to herself as she works.

MARION

Hey there, Zeppo. Good to see ya.

She dusts the statuette and places it on a shelf over the bar: a lovely piece of decoration.

Great sheets of brown paper cover the windows. Bar supplies are scattered about in their shipping crates. This new bar is not yet ready for business.

Marion sets to work wiping out the new glasses. Indy can be heard through the open entryway to the back room.

INDY (O.S.)

Damn it.

MARION

What's wrong?

BACK ROOM

Indy hangs his hands on his hips. Looks around in frustration at the open crates.

INDY

This is almost pointless. Without Abner's journals, I've got no way of knowing what I'm looking for. Assuming it's even here.

BAR

MARION

At least everything finally cleared customs. It was crazy how long my stuff got held up.

INDY (O.S.)

Are you sure the journals were in the fire? Maybe Abner had them with him on his last expedition.

Marion rolls her eyes.

MARION

Yeah? Well why don't you go dig through the ice on the side of the Himalayas and find out?

BACK ROOM

Indy nods.

INDY

Point taken.

He reaches for the closest crate.

BAR

Marion works on those glasses. A metallic squeak:

An ENVELOPE slips in through the front door mail slot.

MARION

What?

She drops what she's doing and hustles over to the door. She picks up the envelope: blank and sealed. She grasps the door handle.

EXT. THE RAVEN'S NEST -- CONTINUOUS

Marion dashes out into the street. She scans the immediate area.

DOWN THE BLOCK:

A small CLOAKED FIGURE darts into an alley and disappears.

MARION

Hey!

INT. THE RAVEN'S NEST - BACK ROOM -- DAY

Indy snaps to attention.

MARION (O.S.)

Come back!

Indy rushes out of the room.

EXT. THE RAVEN'S NEST -- MOMENTS LATER

Marion races up the block toward the alley Cloaked Figure slipped into.

Indy charges out from the bar.

INDY

Marion?!

UP THE BLOCK:

Marion reaches the alley. She looks in: empty.

She turns back toward Indy, confused. She slaps the blank envelope on her palm in frustration.

INT. THE RAVEN'S NEST - BAR -- DAY

Indy follows Marion in through the front door. She still has the unopened envelope in hand.

MARION

I didn't get a good look. I think it was a young girl. She had a shawl pulled up over her head.

INDY

Well, let's take a look at this then.

Marion stares apprehensively at the envelope. She moves to the bar where a letter opener sits in the area Marion has been unpacking supplies.

Marion slips the letter opener into the envelope and extracts the paper inside.

MARION

It's from Professor Ehrichmann.

Indy crowds in to read over her shoulder.

BEGIN "EHRICHMANN LETTER" FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. BARREN OPEN LAND -- NIGHT

The feint sound of gunfire and mayhem in the background, Professor Ehrichmann scrambles to the top of a hill, sweaty and out of breath.

EHRICHMANN (V.O.)

My dear Fräulein Ravenwood. I'm certain you recall the time I spent with your father Abner on our expedition in the Tien Shan Mountains. I so desperately need your help.

He pauses to look back over his shoulder.

EHRICHMANN (V.O.)

Had events unfolded differently, I would have contacted you prior to this letter. For many months, I've had to mislead my superiors, afraid the truth would be discovered. I have been under the watchful eye of my team chaperone, Captain Schlangekopf, and unable to send word freely.

Ehrichmann stays low and moves in the shadows. He trudges off through open wilderness.

EXT. BARREN OPEN LAND -- DAY

The haggard Professor rambles along. The letter continues:

EHRICHMANN (V.O.)

Perhaps, then, it was divine intervention that a band of marauders assaulted the camp and murdered our team. I believe I am the lone survivor. All those lives have temporarily purchased my freedom.

BACK TO:

INT. THE RAVEN'S NEST - BAR -- DAY

Indy and Marion read on:

EHRICHMANN (V.O.)

Some time ago, my dear friend took a great risk on my behalf to attempt to reach you with information I supplied him. Sadly, he was not successful.

(MORE)

EHRICHMANN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But please know it is crucial I meet with you. The world depends on it. Nothing less.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. REFUGEE SAFE HOUSE KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Ehrichmann sits hunched over a bowl of soup, looking exhausted.

Hans Oster sits across from Ehrichmann with a look of concern.

The SYMPATHETIC HOME OWNER peeks out the window coverings, keeping watch.

The letter continues:

EHRICHMANN (V.O.)

For the time being, the Nazis believe me dead. I have made my way back to Germany where underground agents in the resistance have kept me safe and have secured my passage to America. Luftschiff 129.

INT. SAFE HOUSE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Ehrichmann writes with purpose by dim candlelight.

EHRICHMANN (V.O.)

Had my assistant been able to reach you, you would understand the gravity of the situation. I cannot say more here, lest this letter fall into the wrong hands.

Ehrichmann finishes the letter, folds it, and places it into an envelope.

EHRICHMANN (V.O.)

I pray I will see you when I arrive.

END "EHRICHMANN LETTER" FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

BACK TO:

INT. THE RAVEN'S NEST - BAR -- DAY

Indy paces thoughtfully. Marion rereads.

MARION

When he arrives? How do we meet him? We don't know when he gets here.

INDY

We can find out. He told us: "Luftschiff 129."

MARION

What is that?

INDY

Luftschiff. It's a German airship manufacturer. We just have to find out where and when their number 129 ship arrives.

INT. INDY'S CAR - MOVING -- DAY

Indy grips the wheel. Marion refers to a map.

MARION

At least we'll know what this is all about.

INDY

Finally. How far to Lakehurst now?

MARION

Should only be about another ten miles from here.

EXT. OPEN ROAD -- DAY

Indy's car zooms toward the late day horizon.

SUBTITLE: "May 6, 1937"

FADE TO:

FOOTAGE OF HINDENBURG DISASTER

EXT. LAKEHURST NAVAL AIR FIELD -- EVENING

On a grassy patch near an air hangar, a crowd watches in horror.

A short distance away, Indy holds onto Marion as she buries her face into his chest. They're bathed in a fiery glow.

A sobbing GIRL, 15, shawl drawn over her head, steps out of the crowd, overcome.

She stops short when she sees Marion & Indy. She quickly heads the other way.

Marion starts to move after the girl. Indy restrains her.

INDY

Let's go. We have to go now.

MARION

What are you talking about? That was the girl!

INDY

This was no coincidence. Someone found out about Ehrichmann. They did this and they're probably here. We gotta move. Let her go.

They hustle away.

EXT. AIR FIELD PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

Stavros stands all alone, eyes sparkling with the flaming carnage over on the field. He looks pleased.

Something draws his attention.

ACROSS THE LOT:

Indy and Marion rush to Indy's car. Indy helps Marion inside.

Stavros's expression changes. He paces toward Indy's car.

Indy's engine fires up. The car tears away.

STAVROS

Jones.

INT. THE RAVEN'S NEST - BAR -- NIGHT

Indy and Marion slump in chairs across a table from one another. A mostly empty bottle and two bar glasses sit tabletop.

INDY

Let me drive you home.

MARION

Your place. I can't be alone. Not tonight.

Indy crosses to her. She stands, throwing Indy's leather jacket over her shoulders.

INT. INDY'S CAR - MOVING -- NIGHT

Indy drives through a residential neighborhood. Marion looks overwhelmed.

MARION

We're in real danger, aren't we?

INDY

Most likely.

MARION

And we don't know why.

INDY

No.

MARION

I'm beginning to think this had something to do with Dad's death.

Indy looks at her.

MARION

People who could pull off something like that.

INDY

I'm sorry, Marion.

They round a corner to:

EXT. INDIANA JONES' HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Indy's car pulls into the driveway.

Indy and Marion climb out. Marion still has Indy's leather jacket draped over her shoulders. Indy comes around to walk her into the house. They stop short, surprised to see:

HAVA KLINE, the 15 year old "Cloaked Girl", sobs, broken down on Indy's doorstep.

INDY

Whoa.

Marion moves toward the girl.

MARION

Don't go!

But Hava isn't going anywhere.

MARION

Are you alright?

Hava speaks with a Germanic accent.

HAVA

I do not know what to do.

INDY

Honey, what's your name?

HAVA

Hava Kline.

Indy and Marion look at one another.

INT. INDY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Indy sits in an easy chair. To his right, Hava crams herself into one side of the couch with Marion sitting respectfully on the other side, attempting to put the girl at ease.

HAVA

My father was the man who tried to meet you.

INDY

Solomon? Professor Ehrichmann's assistant?

HAVA

Yes. But we were all like family. The professor was Uncle Karl to me.

INDY

He smuggled letters to you, just like he smuggled you and your father out of Germany, didn't he? You delivered his letter to us.

HAVA

Of course. But I was never supposed to be seen. Talk to no one.

MARION

Where have you been hiding?

HAVA

There is a small apartment. We left Germany with enough money to pay for rent for some time, but it is running out. Uncle Karl was coming with more... Her eyes fill with tears again.

INDY

Did he send you anything else for us?

MARION

Indy! She's upset. Can we see if she needs something to eat before we give her the third degree?

Indy frowns.

INDY

I'm sorry.

(to Hava)

Can we get you anything? Forgive my manners.

HAVA

No. It is alright. This is why I came.

Hava reaches under her layers of coverings and produces a CLOTH WRAPPED BUNDLE. She offers it to Indy.

MARION

What is that?

HAVA

My father made me promise to hide this and tell no one where it was. He did not know where. But he did not say how important it was.

Indy accepts the bundle. It's quite old and dusty.

HAVA

It must be the thing my father died to protect. I believe it is meant for you, Dr. Jones.

INT. INDY'S STUDY -- MOMENTS LATER

Indy sits at the desk. He flicks on the lamp. Marion and Hava stand looking over his shoulder.

He unwraps the bundle to find an ancient parchment. He carefully unrolls it.

MARION

Is that the Manuscript?

INDY

Has to be. It's ancient Greek.

MARION

Can you read it?

INDY

Yes. But there's a lot here, and it's not in the best condition. Something about Alexander the Great. This could take some time.

MARION

(to Hava)

Are you sure you're not hungry? Let me make you something while Dr. Jones works this out.

HAVA

Thank you.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Indy makes notations as he refers to the Manuscript. He furrows his brow.

Marion sets a plate and a glass of milk in front of Hava in the kitchen.

Indy scours his library shelves and selects a thick reference book.

Hava crashes out on Indy's couch in the living room. Marion dozes in an easy chair.

Indy sits back in his desk chair and removes his glasses. His expression conveys the struggle to comprehend surprise discovery.

INT. INDY'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Marion and Hava sleep soundly. A hand brushes Marion's cheek.

INDY

Marion?

Marion stirs. She perks up and looks at Indy expectantly.

He smiles and nods.

INT. INDY'S STUDY -- MOMENTS LATER

Marion sits at Indy's desk.

MARION

So?

INDY

It's an interesting tale. At least it sheds some light on why we've still got Nazis trying to kill us.

MARION

Don't keep me in suspense.

Indy rifles through his collection of large rolled maps.

INDY

If that manuscript is authentic, and I can only assume Ehrichmann authenticated it, then it's a rather unique account of the history of the construction of the Macedonian Empire and the final days of Alexander the Great.

He finds a particular map. He moves over to a free standing wooden chalkboard, unrolls the map, and clips it for display.

THE MAP:

3RD CENTURY B.C. MACEDONIAN EMPIRE

MARION

According to who?

INDY

It claims to have been written by Craterus, one of Alexander's best generals and advisors. He says he was entrusted to carry out Alexander's final will and protect the legacy of the Macedonian throne.

MARION

Didn't Alexander have a successor?

INDY

Many. There was civil war and the empire was eventually carved up by his surviving generals. But that's not what we're talking about.

MARION

Okay?

INDY

Nickel history lesson, according to the manuscript: Alexander's legend starts at age ten, when he tames a wild horse no man could mount...

MARION

Bucephalus! I always loved that story.

INDY

Can I tell it?

Marion rolls her eyes.

MARION

Excuse me, Professor. Proceed.

He points to the locations on the map as he goes:

INDY

Alexander is sixteen Three forty B.C. years old. His father, Philip the Second, leaves to fight rebels in Byzantium. He leaves Alexander in control of Macedonia as regent. Three days later, a royal traveling party from the Punjab arrives in Macedon. An envoy from an Indian king presents Alexander this golden armor, a gift to honor the master of Bucephalus. Alexander repays the envoy's party with a lavish feast and opulent accommodations. The envoy stays three days, and on the third morning - poof - the entire royal party vanishes without a trace.

MARION

What happened to them?

INDY

It just says they vanished in the middle of the night.

MARION

Okay. So a couple of guys skipped out on their hotel bill...

INDY

No, you don't understand. A traveling party like this, you're talking about the envoy, his entourage of advisors and servants, royal guard.

Dozens, maybe hundreds of people and pack animals.

MARION

Wow.

Indy nods.

INDY

Here comes the real wow. You remember Solomon Kline's last words?

MARION

"Find the ages"?

Indy taps his finger on a page in a large book on the desk.

INSERT:

PICTURE OF ALEXANDER/"BATTLE OF ISSUS" MOSAIC

INDY

Right. Except he wasn't saying "find the ages." He was saying "find the Aegis."

MARION

What's an Aegis?

INDY

In the picture, that's Alexander the Great. You see the golden breastplate he's wearing?

MARION

They're searching for Alexander the Great's armor?

INDY

It's a little more than armor. According to that manuscript, that breastplate is the Aegis of Zeus. There are differing accounts of what the Aegis is. Sometimes it's described as simply a shield. In others, it's more of a scaly goat skin shawl with golden serpentine tassels that can summon storms and destroy armies when they rattle.

MARION

Destroy armies?

Indy nods.

MARION

And that's why the Nazis want it.

Indy goes back to the map.

INDY

Three thirty-six B.C. Philip the Second is assassinated at his daughter's wedding, Alexander becomes King of Macedonia. Three thirty-three, Alexander slashes the Gordian Knot tied by King Midas, which legend foretold would be undone by the eventual ruler of Asia. Three thirty-one, Alexander consults the Oracle of Ammon in the Siwah Oasis. The manuscript says the oracle told Alexander that he was not Philip's son, but that Zeus himself came to Alexander's mother in the form of a serpent and impregnated her.

MARION

Eww.

INDY

It's just mythology. Anyway, that's when he found out his armor was in fact the Aegis of Zeus, that he was a god, and that his line was destined to rule the world.

MARION

But he didn't conquer the whole world.

INDY

Nearly the whole world at that time. What they knew the world to be, anyway. It says the oracle warned Alexander that he could not expand his empire beyond the border of the kingdom of the anointed Asian ruler who had honored him, but that their joined blood would reign over the world.

MARION

Does it say anything about how to find it?

INDY

No, but there's a reason why. Alexander was never technically defeated in battle.

He marches across Asia, expanding the Macedonian Empire until he reaches India in three twenty-six. Craterus says that Alexander refused to heed the oracle's warning about the limitations of his power.

MARION

He wasn't supposed to invade India.

INDY

Precisely. In defiance of the gods, Alexander engages the armies of Indian King Porus. He wins, but at great cost, including the death of his beloved horse Bucephalus. His armies rebel soon after, refusing to push farther into India. Instead, they head south toward the ocean, and Alexander is finally gravely wounded in a battle with a small Indian tribe when an arrow pierces his breastplate.

MARION

Sounds like the gods were trying to tell him something.

INDY

And it seems he finally got the message. He marches back into Macedonia to Babylon, all the while plagued by bad omens, where he finally dies of a mysterious illness in three twenty-three. Knowing the end was near, Alexander tried to make things right with the gods by secreting away the Aegis and entrusting Craterus the sacred duty of sending a dispatch to the Punjab with the instructions to its recovery, accepting that only the gods would decide who could claim the Aegis and thereby the throne of ruler of the world.

MARION

So Craterus doesn't say where it went?

INDY

No, because he didn't know. The instructions were sealed and sent to certain Brahmin priests in India whom Alexander trusted.

It's likely the instructions would be found in their writings, scriptures, or maybe a royal library of some kind. That's probably what Ehrichmann's team was searching for.

MARION

You mean that's what Professor Ehrichmann told the Nazis he was looking for.

INDY

I suppose so.

MARION

But he thought it was really among the things Dad collected on their expeditions.

INDY

Which we have no way of finding.

MARION

Well, we've got to try.

INDY

It's probably a wild goose chase. What's the point?

HAVA (O.S.)

So that my father would not have died for nothing.

Indy and Marion turn to see Hava awake and standing in the study entryway.

Marion gives Indy a sad, pleading look.

MARION

Or mine.

A weight seems to fall on Indy's shoulders.

INT. INDY'S CAR - MOVING -- NIGHT

Hava sits between Indy and Marion.

INDY

I really don't recall seeing anything with Indian writing on it in Abner's collection.

You've got to think, do you specifically remember which things he returned from the Ehrichmann expeditions with?

Marion shakes her head.

MARION

I was so angry with him in those days. I resented it all and never paid attention.

INDY

We'll give it a shot. I still think we're pumping a dry well, though. If they found some Indian scroll, it definitely would have burned in the fire.

HAVA

Would they not hide it in something?

INDY

That's a possibility. Wait a minute! That's exactly right!

MARION

Yeah?

INDY

That scrap of paper, Abner's cataloging code...what's it say?

Marion digs into her bag and finds The Scrap.

MARION

(reading)

0529X03TSMT - dash - C-Stat#7.

Indy does a quick mental analysis.

INDY

Okay, the first part, "oh five twentynine." That's the date, May, 1929. The "X-oh three, T-S-M-T" would be the 3rd expedition into the Tien Shan Mountains. Then, "dash, C-Stat number seven" describes the piece. A clay statuette.

MARION

Zeppo!

Indy and Hava look confused.

HAVA

From the Marx Brothers?

MARION

No, that's just what I call him -- it.

INDY

A clay statuette?

MARION

I totally forgot. It's just this dumb kitschy figurine Dad brought back, and now that I think of it, right after his expeditions with Professor Ehrichmann.

INDY

What's it look like?

MARION

It's a little soldier or something.

INDY

Wearing a tall curved helmet, down on one knee?

MARION

You know the one.

INDY

No. But I've seen bronze figurines recovered from burial sites in that region that look like that. They're generally thought to depict Greek soldiers. This one's clay?

MARION

Yeah.

INDY

Where is it?

EXT. BEDFORD, CONNECTICUT CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

Indy's car winds through sparse late night, small town traffic.

A fair distance behind, a DARK SEDAN keeps pace.

INT. DARK SEDAN - MOVING -- NIGHT

Three HIRED GREEK THUGS sit up front. Stavros and Black Glasses in back. Greek Thug #1 drives.

Through the windshield, Indy's car makes a turn up ahead in the distance.

GREEK THUG #3

(Greek, subtitled)

Speed up! Don't lose them!

STAVROS

(Greek, subtitled)

No. The woman's tavern is one block up. That's obviously where they're going. Pull up to this alley on the right and stop.

EXT. BEDFORD, CONNECTICUT CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

The dark sedan stops at the alley, as instructed. Greek Thug #3 gets out, machine gun strapped to his shoulder.

Stavros rolls down his window.

STAVROS

(Greek, subtitled)

Be sure they don't escape out the back.

Greek Thug #3 nods and hustles away.

STAVROS

(to Greek Thug #1,

Greek, subtitled)

Go on, but not too fast. Let them get inside.

The sedan pulls away.

EXT. THE RAVEN'S NEST -- NIGHT

Indy's car sits curbside. Indy follows Marion and Hava to the door.

Marion unlocks the door. She and Hava step inside.

As Indy moves to follow, the dark sedan passes through the distant intersection, kills its lights, and coasts to a stop on the adjacent street. Indy pauses briefly before stepping in.

INT. THE RAVEN'S NEST - BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Indy's demeanor changes quickly. He locks the door.

INDY

I think we're in trouble.

The women turn to him with wide eyes.

INT. DARK SEDAN -- NIGHT

The Greek villains watch the bar's door shut.

STAVROS

(Greek, subtitled)

Now. Go!

Greek Thug #1 throws the car in gear.

EXT. BEDFORD, CONNECTICUT CITY STREETS -- CONTINUOUS

The dark sedan quickly reverses to the intersection it passed then turns and speeds toward The Raven's Nest. It screeches to a halt behind Indy's car just under a street lamp.

EXT. THE RAVEN'S NEST -- CONTINUOUS

Greek Thugs #1 and #2 jump out. In the car, Stavros grabs Black Glasses' shoulder to get a final word.

STAVROS

Kill them all.

BLACK GLASSES

The young girl?

STAVROS

She's seen too much.

Black Glasses draws his twin Berettas and joins the other two heading for the bar door. The bar's interior cannot be seen through the brown paper window covering.

Greek Thug #2 crashes into the door as though he expected it to be open. He slams his shoulder into it in frustration.

Black Glasses throws his lesser companion aside and takes aim at the lock with one of his pistols. BLAM! And a kick...

INT. THE RAVEN'S NEST - BAR -- CONTINUOUS

The front door flies open. The Greek Thugs rush in, machine guns ready. Black Glasses paces after with professional composure to find:

Nothing. The bar appears empty.

Greek Thug #2 slugs #1.

GREEK THUG #2

(Greek, subtitled)

Idiot! You gave us away with your clumsy driving!

GREEK THUG #1

(Greek, subtitled)

Hit me again and I'll shoot you myself.

The two thugs suddenly find themselves in the sights of Black Glasses' Berettas: all he needs to do to say, "Shut up and search, you fools."

Thug #1 heads toward the bar. Thug #2 gets low to scope under the tables.

Black Glasses presses his back against the large shop front windows, his guns trained on the back room entryway.

Thug #1 whips around the bar, prepared to shoot.

The area behind the bar is empty, as is the shelf where Zeppo the statuette once sat. Thug #1 shakes his head "no."

Thug #2 finds nothing in the nooks and blind spots.

Black Glasses gestures toward the back room. The two hired hands rush that way.

INT. THE RAVEN'S NEST - BACK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The Thugs leap into the room back-to-back, covering one another.

No signs of life. The bar on the rear exit sits in place. The padlock secures the storage room, as before.

GREEK THUG #1

(re: storage room,
 Greek, subtitled)
They must be in here.

GREEK THUG #2

(Greek, subtitled)

Moron. How would they get the lock on?

Greek Thug #1 shrugs sheepishly.

Greek Thug #2 starts up the steps.

GREEK THUG #2 (Greek, subtitled)
Stay put.

Greek Thug #2 disappears to:

INT. VACANT SECOND-STORY APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Greek Thug #2 arrives at the top of the stairs and cautiously scopes the dark area. Only the incidental light from outside gives a sense of the space. He begins a sweep.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE RAVEN'S NEST -- NIGHT

Greek Thug #3 patrols the alley. A metallic scraping sound draws his attention to the bar's rear door as it opens.

Thug #1 pokes his head out.

GREEK THUG #1
(Greek, subtitled)
You didn't see them come out this way, did you?

GREEK THUG #3 (Greek, subtitled)
Of course not. Don't be an imbecile.

Thug #1 makes a rude gesture.

INT. THE RAVEN'S NEST - BAR -- NIGHT

Black Glasses breaks his sentry-like stance long enough to rip the brown paper from the window directly behind him. He looks out to Stavros in the car.

INT. DARK SEDAN -- CONTINUOUS

Stavros sees Black Glasses shake his head "no". He sighs.

INT. THE RAVEN'S NEST - BACK ROOM -- NIGHT

Thug #1 focuses his attention on the arrangement of wooden crates at the base of the stairs, a possible hiding spot.

He moves cautiously toward them. He gives one a kick and raises the muzzle, prepared to shoot. No movement.

The hell with it, he steps back and opens fire on the large crates, splintering them all to smithereens.

INT. VACANT SECOND-STORY APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Thug #2 approaches an open window but stops as he hears the gunfire downstairs. He quickly sprints for the stairs.

INT. THE RAVEN'S NEST - BACK ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Thug #1 kicks at the splintered wood.

GREEK THUG #2

(Greek, subtitled)

You have them?!

GREEK THUG #1

(Greek, subtitled)

No. Keep looking.

Greek Thug #2 descends the stairs into view.

GREEK THUG #2

(Greek, subtitled)

What the hell are you shooting at?

GREEK THUG #1

(Greek, subtitled)

They've got to be up there.

Thug #2 continues down.

GREEK THUG #2

(Greek, subtitled)

No one's up there. There must be hidden passages. Come on.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE RAVEN'S NEST -- NIGHT

Greek Thug #3 leans against the rear door. His weapon now hangs loose by its strap. He digs into his coat and finds his cigarettes.

GREEK THUG #3

(Greek, subtitled)

Stavros is going to have to start paying me more to work with these numbskulls.

He pats himself, presumably searching for a light.

Behind him, the scrape of a lighter's flint.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(Greek, subtitled)

Here, let me get that for you, my friend.

Thug #3 turns. In the dark, a flickering flame dances on a white lighter with a tiny green 4 leaf clover design.

GREEK THUG #3

(Greek, subtitled)

Thank you.

He leans in to light his cigarette. Only now does he look into the flame-illuminated face of his benefactor: Indiana Jones. His eyes widen.

Indy slugs the Greek Thug, knocking him cold and crushing the cigarette into his face. He deftly snags the machine gun by its strap as its owner falls out of it.

Indy hustles over to a low-hanging ladder dangling from a fire-escape above. It's now clear that Indy climbed down into the alley from the second-story apartment. He climbs up toward that open window.

INT. THE RAVEN'S NEST - BAR -- NIGHT

Greek Thugs #1 and #2 appear in the back room entryway.

Black Glasses remains in his spot up against the window.

GREEK THUG #2

(Greek, subtitled)

There's no sign of them. There must be a secret door.

BLACK GLASSES

(Greek, subtitled)

Unlikely. They're probably up on the roof.

Thug #1 taps the walls, seeking that promised hidden passage.

BLACK GLASSES

(Greek, subtitled)

It's a tavern, not a medieval castle! Get up on the roof!

INT. VACANT SECOND-STORY APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Indy sprints from the alley-facing open window across to a window overlooking the street out front.

EXT. SECOND-STORY LEDGE OVER THE RAVEN'S NEST -- CONTINUOUS

The window slides up and Indy hops out onto the ledge. He uncoils his whip and skillfully snags the arm of the street lamp over the dark sedan.

INT. DARK SEDAN -- CONTINUOUS

Stavros reacts to the CRACK of Indy's whip.

INT. THE RAVEN'S NEST - BAR -- CONTINUOUS

The hit squad squabbles.

GREEK THUG #2 (Greek, subtitled)
You're so sure they're up there, why don't you go?!

BLACK GLASSES (Greek, subtitled)
I stay here to make sure they don't escape out this way!

EXT. THE RAVEN'S NEST -- CONTINUOUS

Indy leaps out toward the street, over the lamppost, the whip goes taught, swinging him back toward the bar.

INT. THE RAVEN'S NEST - BAR -- CONTINUOUS

CRASH! The window behind Black Glasses implodes as Indy's feet pile drive into the back of his head. Black Glasses is knocked cold as Indy rolls over him into the bar.

Indy's assault catches the thugs completely by surprise. They fumble for their weapons as Indy comes up firing.

Indy's bullets mow down Thugs #1 and #2.

Indy runs toward the back room entryway.

EXT. THE RAVEN'S NEST -- CONTINUOUS

Stavros scrambles out of the sedan, draws his own gun, and dashes toward the door.

INT. THE RAVEN'S NEST - BACK ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Indy takes aim at the storage room padlock - no time for keys.

INDY Marion, stand back!

Indy blows the padlock apart and flings open the door.

Marion and Hava huddle together in the back of the small storage room. Marion clutches Zeppo in her arms.

INDY

Come on, let's go!

Marion takes a step forward when a bullet whizzes by Indy's face and embeds into the open storage room door in front of her.

INDY

Whoa!

Indy dives back out of the way. Stavros shoots into the back room from the bar.

Indy takes cover and returns a spray of bullets into the bar.

BAR

Stavros fires a salvo of rounds toward the back room as he drags his fallen man, Black Glasses, toward the door.

BACK ROOM

Indy peeks out to see Stavros occupied with his burden. He lines up for another shot.

WHAM!

With no bar to secure the back door, the revived Greek Thug #3 charges into the back room and tackles Indy, knocking the gun free from his hands and smashing him into a wall.

MARION

Indy!

BAR

Stavros has Black Glasses back in the sedan and now stands outside the shattered window, looking in at the back room entryway, trying to line up a shot.

BACK ROOM

Indy recovers and the two men exchange blows. Greek Thug #3 tosses Indy over the manager's desk. Indy lands in a heap.

In the storage room, Marion shields Hava, who watches the fight with excitement.

Indy contends with the ongoing fight and the occasional round Stavros fires into the bar whenever Indy passes by the entryway.

Thug #3 snags an ancient sword from the splintered shipping crates and attacks. Indy counters with the desk chair, absorbing the blade through the seat and twisting it out of the thug's grasp.

They grapple some more. The thug gains an advantage, squeezing his arm around Indy's neck in a wrestling hold. Indy kicks his legs against the stairwell and thrusts back, knocking the thug's head against the far wall. They separate.

Indy falls to the floor, gasping.

Thug #3 scrambles over to the lost machine gun and snatches it up. He has Indy in his sights.

Without cover, Indy shields his reddened face with his hands, expecting the worst.

SMASH!

Marion shatters Zeppo on Greek Thug #3's head an instant before he can pull the trigger. He falls in a heap.

Hava quickly scoops up the machine gun.

EXT. THE RAVEN'S NEST -- MOMENTS LATER

Stavros scrambles to the sedan as the remaining store windows get blown out by a barrage of machine gun fire.

INT. DARK SEDAN -- CONTINUOUS

Stavros keeps his head down as he fires up the sedan and peels away. Bullet strikes pepper the car and pock the windows.

INT. THE RAVEN'S NEST - BAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Hava stands in the back room entryway with the smoking barrel of the machine gun still pointed out at the street.

BACK ROOM

Hava looks over her shoulder.

Indy and Marion stare back at her, mouths agape.

Hava beams at Indy.

HAVA

You are a very brave man.

Indy picks himself off the floor and grunts at his body soreness.

INDY

Thank you. You're no shrinking violet yourself.

They all regard the fallen Thug #3 and the chunks of statuette debris on the floor.

MARION

Poor Zeppo.

HAVA

It is too unfortunate you had to destroy it. I suppose we will never know why Papa died now.

Indy scopes the ground all around them.

INDY

Well, it's not the statue, Darlin'...

He kneels beside the thug's body and rolls him over. A small octagonal tube SCROLL CASE with beautiful designs pressed in gold lays beneath the body. Indy picks it up and smiles.

INDY

... It's what's inside it.

Hava's and Marion's eyes brighten as they behold it.

INT. MARCUS BRODY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Brody sits at his desk. The Scroll Case lies open before him. He handles an ancient SCROLL with tweezers while performing a side-by-side reading against Indy's TRANSLATION NOTES.

As he paces and waits, Indy looks exhausted but awake, like he's running on adrenaline. Here he's "Professor Jones casual" - no fedora, weapons, or bomber jacket.

BRODY

Well, I think you've lost me. This is a poem in Prakrit about the Indian god Skanda.

INDY

Perhaps.

BRODY

(reading)

In Skanda's first seat, his sire rests/ And there by a contest of treasures from the city of the goddess shall be revealed to him the place where the sun shields the ram/ Before him bring the cup of the war god and in it combine the elements in the place where darkness ravishes fertility/ To him that would become the ram and the serpent, first find the temple in the foot of the holy mountains/ The throne of Skanda awaits the heir who proves his worth and no place under heaven shall lie outside his domain/ The unworthy shall meet him in battle

Brody shakes his head.

INDY

You disagree with my translation?

BRODY

No, but it's complete gibberish to me. And, if you don't mind me asking, what the devil does it have to do with finding Alexander the Great's armor?

INDY

At first, I didn't think anything. Then I did a little research and found out that there's an article in this year's published proceedings of the All-India Oriental Conference that argues the reason there are no Indian literary references to Alexander is that Alexander and the Indian war god Skanda are one in the same.

Brody reexamines the scroll translation.

BRODY

If that were true...

Indy smiles.

INDY

Exactly.

Brody raises his eyebrows.

BRODY

The ram <u>is</u> symbolic of both Alexander and Skanda...

INDY

So the museum will fund the trip?

Brody sighs.

BRODY

Indy, searching for the Aegis is going to be a rather tough sell. This is a mythological object we're talking about.

INDY

Doctor Brody, you're not becoming ethnocentric on me?

BRODY

You can't ignore that the board is comprised of individuals raised in the Judeo-Christian tradition.

INDY

Judeo? That would be referring to people of the Jewish faith? Like the young girl sitting in my house whose father was killed for this? Or have you forgotten that people have been murdered, and that we still have people trying to kill us?

BRODY

I didn't say I wouldn't try.

The two old friends let the air clear.

INDY

Sorry.

BRODY

I will try. But I have to know why you're not going to the government with this. They paid for you to go after the Ark, clearly they feel they have a stake in keeping these objects out of Nazi hands.

INDY

Simply put, we need to stay out in front. This scroll puts us in the lead.

Ehrichmann's chaperone Schlangekopf may be dead, but the Nazis will keep coming. And the Greeks. If we keep it small, we might just be able to find whatever this trail leads to before they realize we're looking.

BRODY

They seem to already know.

INDY

We're harder to track without government bureaucracy bogging us down.

Brody takes another look at the texts before him.

BRODY

If I'm reading this right, your first step would be to find this "cup of the war god" in the "temple at the foot of the holy mountains." Where do you imagine you'll start looking?

INDY

If they killed Abner because he was getting too close to something they didn't want him to find...

BRODY

You'll need two tickets to Nepal.

INDY

Three.

BRODY

You're going to take the girl?

INDY

She's got no one. I mean, I suppose she could stay with you.

Brody stares back.

BRODY

Right. Three tickets then?

INT. INDY'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Indy comes through the front door, a spring in his step.

INDY

(calls out)

Marion?

He marches straight for:

INT. INDY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Indy opens the closet and retrieves his suitcase.

Marion appears in the doorway. As Indy opens a drawer and rummages through for items to pack, he fails to notice Marion's cool demeanor.

MARION

Ahh, he's back.

INDY

We're all set. Marcus is coming through with three tickets to Nepal. We're going to end up in Greece at some point, so I contacted an old friend whose family owns a hotel in Delphi.

Marion holds up a sparkling blue sequined dress.

MARION

Well, when you pack, don't forget this sexy number.

Indy stops in his tracks. He's befuddled.

INDY

What? Where did you...?

MARION

While I was waiting, I thought I'd do a nice thing. Hava found a book in your study, so she's been reading all afternoon. I thought I'd use the time to do a little cleaning for you. Lo and behold, wouldn't you know what I'd find behind your icebox?

INDY

The icebox? How would...?

It hits him. He can't suppress a scandalously guilty grin.

INDY

Oh, yeah. That's why she couldn't find it.

MARION

No, she couldn't, could she?

Indy's shoulders slump as the wind exits his sails.

INDY

Oh, come on, Marion. This was before you and I got back together.

Marion displays the gaudy dress.

MARION

I certainly hope she was worth it.

Indy looks offended. He pulls Marion fully into the room and shuts the door from prying ears.

INDY

I don't even want to think about pursuing what you're implying by that. Willie is a singer--

MARION

Willie? Her name is Willie? You're sure it's a she?

INDY

Willie is her professional name.

MARION

I'll bet.

INDY

Now you're just being ugly.

He resumes gathering his things in an attempt to avoid the situation.

INDY

I never knew you to be the jealous type, Marion. It doesn't suit you.

MARION

I'm not jealous. If you and Willie are such hot stuff, I won't get in the way.

INDY

Do we have to do this now?

MARION

When do I get to meet the Willster?

INDY

I told you, it's over. It was never going to work out. She left for California to try to - I don't know - get in the movies or something.

MARION

Movie star. I can't compete with that.

Indy drops what he's doing and comes over to her.

INDY

Sweetheart. You're not in competition with anyone.

He strokes her chin and lifts her face to look into her eyes. He smiles. Her pout wilts under his charm.

MARION

Women are drawn to you. It's never an easy thing to deal with.

His eyes sparkle with mischief. He gets closer to her.

INDY

Can't believe you're jealous. It's very attractive.

He nuzzles her playfully and tries to steal a kiss. She smiles but rebuffs.

MARION

Stop. Stop, Hava's in the next room. It's weird.

INDY

Just a little...

She gives him a quick smooch.

MARION

There, now stop.

He backs off with a smile and resumes packing. They steal glances at one another. She bites her lip.

MARION

I hate you.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK AIRFIELD -- DAY

A commercial airliner takes off.

WORLD MAP

A RED LINE traces the journey from New York to San Francisco, across the Pacific, across Asia to Kathmandu, Nepal.

SUPERIMPOSED OVER:

INT. AIRLINER - FLYING (TRAVEL SEQUENCE)

Indy and Marion sit side-by-side. Indy shows Marion the Indian Scroll as he talks about it with her.

Across the aisle, Hava excitedly looks out the window.

EXT. AIRLINER - FLYING (TRAVEL SEQUENCE)

The airliner soars through the clouds as it completes the journey.

EXT. KATHMANDU AIRFIELD -- DAY

A single dirt strip serves as the runway here.

Loads of carry-on baggage weigh Indy down as he, Marion, and Hava walk away from a smaller connecting-flight plane now parked outside the small airport.

EXT. KATHMANDU AIRPORT -- DAY

A wiry Nepalese taxi driver straps the Jones travel party baggage to the roof of a jalopy taxi cab.

Marion and Hava give the heap skeptical looks.

INDY

You can take us into Patan, yes?

The taxi driver smiles wide, nods, and opens the door.

Marion looks at Indy inquisitively.

INDY

Thought you might like to revisit the old stomping grounds. Plus, it's off the beaten path as opposed to staying in downtown Kathmandu.

EXT. STREETS OF PATAN, NEPAL -- DAY

The junker taxi winds through the ancient, narrow streets.

HAVA (O.S.)

Look at all these beautiful temples!

INDY (O.S.)

This is a striking city this time of year.

HAVA (O.S.)

How will you find the right temple?

INDY (O.S.)

The one we're looking for is hidden in the mountains. Hopefully the right guide will get us to it.

The taxi passes a burned wreck of a building.

INT. JALOPY TAXI - MOVING -- DAY

Indy sits up front with the driver. All eyes scope the surroundings. Marion looks out at the charred building.

MARION

There's my old place. They haven't done anything with it. Jones, you think I'll ever own a bar you won't destroy?

INDY

You'll never miss an opportunity to take a shot at me, will ya?

Marion laughs.

EXT. PATAN INN -- DAY

Marion and Hava have changed into comfortable summer clothes. They stand waiting out front of the modest inn. Hava's youthful eyes take in the sight of the exotic city.

Indy steps out the door and joins them.

INDY

If there's a common legend about a hidden temple in the mountains, the innkeeper's not aware of it. But he gave me the name of a guide who might. He's owns an antique shop just off the market square.

MARION

Good day for a walk.

INDY

(to Hava)

You stick close to me.

HAVA

Of course, Dr. Indiana.

Indy leads the way and doesn't notice Hava's girl-crush eyes. Marion sees Hava's infatuated look and smiles to herself.

EXT. PATAN TOWN SQUARE -- DAY

The square is a crowded bazaar maze of shop fronts and street vendors. Throngs of locals and tourists buzz about conducting business and striking bargains.

Indy and Marion make their way through the mass of humanity side-by-side in step. Hava orbits them with exuberance, absorbing the atmosphere and checking out the wares for sale.

HAVA

Look how lovely those vases are! May I go look closer?

INDY

Don't wander too far off.

HAVA

Just there. I will be right back.

And she moves off.

Indy puts his hands on his hips.

INDY

Think I got this guy's directions muddled. I'm a little turned around.

MARION

She's crazy about you, you know.

INDY

Huh?

MARION

Hava. You haven't noticed how she looks at you?

INDY

Oh, come on. What is she? Like fifteen? Sixteen, tops?

MARION

I was fifteen once.

INDY

I was a lot younger, too.

Indy's obvious discomfort amuses Marion.

INDY

Stop it, alright. If she looks at me as anything, it's as a replacement father figure.

Her amusement turns to full-blown laughter.

INDY

For cryin' out-- I'm going to ask one of these vendors if they know where to find this guide.

He leaves her in a huff. She shakes her head and follows.

At a nearby merchant's table, a fair-haired ARYAN SPY looks up from his feigned browsing and watches them. He filters away into the crowd, keeping a low profile.

EXT. NARROW PATAN STREET -- DAY

Aryan Spy peeks from the edge of the busy market square as Indy leads Marion and Hava to a particular shop.

INT. LHAK-PA'S ANTIQUE SHOP -- DAY

The shop bell jangles as Indy's trio enters.

LHAK-PA, the kind-faced shop proprietor, late 50's, sweeps the floor. He's almost lost from view in the sea of his shop's clustered offerings.

Indy clearly doesn't see him as he calls out.

INDY

Hello?

LHAK-PA

Something you need? I can be of servant.

Indy nods to the man.

INDY

Yes, hi. I was told we could find a guide here. We need to take a trip into the mountains.

LHAK-PA

What kind of trip?

INDY

Sort of an expedition. My name is Indiana Jones and these ladies are my friends, Marion Ravenwood and Hava Kline...

Lhak-pa smiles at them.

LHAK-PA

Beautiful ladies.

MARION

Pleasure.

INDY

Do you know a man named Lhak-pa? Is he here?

LHAK-PA

You Doctor Jones?

INDY

That's right.

LHAK-PA

They tell you about me.

(taps his chest)

Lhak-pa knows all area. All legends.

INDY

How do you know me?

LHAK-PA

Everyone in guide business know you. Famous digger. Where you need to go?

INDY

That's what we're hoping you can tell us. We're looking for a temple.

LHAK-PA

Patan full of them.

INDY

This is a temple in the mountains. A hidden temple dedicated to an Indian god.

LHAK-PA

Ahh! Temple of Skanda!

INDY

That's right. You know where it is?

Lhak-pa looks at Marion with sad eyes.

LHAK-PA

Ravenwood. You father famous digger, too?

MARION

He was a professor, but he's gone now.

LHAK-PA

I know. His guide were my friend. All lost.

(to Indy)

Temple only a legend. No one know where, for sure. But they say them who pray to Indian god kill Americans who dig up there because they too close to holy land.

Marion's eyes well up.

INDY

Then you know where they disappeared?

LHAK-PA

You can pay, I take you.

INDY

We can pay.

LHAK-PA

We would leave in morning, before sunrise. Long journey up there. Have to prepare. Where you stay?

INDY

There's an inn not too far. Just the other side of the market square.

LHAK-PA

You all welcome to come eat in Lhakpa's home tonight. Meet my family. Good, strong sons. Wife make you good food. Best in Patan. And we talk about temple legend.

INDY

Thank you.

HAVA

You are very kind.

LHAK-PA

You bring the sun's light into Lhak-pa's shop.

INT. STATELY PRIVATE STUDY -- DAY

Expensive silk curtains billow gently in the breeze in front of a huge window. In the bright shaft of sunlight streaming through, the Woman in Silhouette's outline holds a phone receiver. She listens to Stavros' unmistakable growl:

STAVROS (O.S., on phone) They're here. And they've hired a guide.

The Woman's unique ring sparkles on the hand holding the receiver. Her face remains a mystery.

WOMAN IN SILHOUETTE You know what's to be done.

EXT. PATAN SKYLINE -- SUNSET

The glow of the waning daylight behind the picturesque outline of elaborate temple roofs and Nepalese architecture.

INT. LHAK-PA'S HOME -- NIGHT

Lhak-pa entertains his guests - Indy, Marion, and Hava - as they all sit together on an arrangement of handmade pillows and simple wood furnishings. The home is humble but warm.

LHAK-PA'S WIFE clears the platters and pots from their midst, the remnants of the family-style meal they've all just shared.

LHAK-PA'S YOUNGER BOY, 8, sits cross-legged at Indy's side, wearing Indy's fedora. Attentive, well-behaved, and cheerful.

LHAK-PA

He say to me, "You fired, and I not pay you." I turn to go. Just then, bird fly overhead and make sound...

(makes a funny "caw")
Scare him. He fall...

Lhak-pa claps his hands together, holding them horizontally to punctuate the story, then shoots the top hand forward to indicate a body slipping.

LHAK-PA

Almost off side of the mountain. Lhak-pa grab him by the shirt.
(MORE)

LHAK-PA (CONT'D)

Saved his life. I say to him, "All you money weigh you down. You say I am big wealthy French man, and I conquer mountain. But I think mountain conquer you!"

They laugh at the story.

INDY

Ahh, you should'a let him drop.

LHAK-PA

Can't believe you say he dead. I not waste the effort saving him!

MARION

Did he ever give you any of his liquor?

LHAK-PA

Yeah. I start my motorcycles with it!

More laughs.

Indy notices Lhak-pa's Younger Boy toying with the whip dangling from his hip. Indy grabs the loose end and playfully swats the boy's nose with it. The boy erupts in giggles.

HAVA

So you are not scared to take us up into the mountains in the same place where Miss Marion's father was lost?

LHAK-PA

No. Can't be. Once you let fear into you life, it quickly can become you god.

Indy nods in thoughtful agreement, then picks himself up.

INDY

I think we ought to be going. We need the rest before the early start.

The others rise.

LHAK-PA

You smart man, Dr. Jones. I meet you in square before dawn.

Marion gives Lhak-pa a kiss on the cheek.

MARION

You have a lovely family. Thank you so much. The meal was wonderful.

LHAK-PA'S OLDER BOY, a strapping 17 year-old, enters with a handwoven blanket and presents it to Hava.

LHAK-PA'S OLDER BOY

For when you get cold up there.

Hava blushes and accepts the gift.

HAVA

Thank you.

LHAK-PA'S OLDER BOY Maybe you all come back when you find the temple?

The teenagers' eyes smile at one another.

INDY

(whispers to Marion)
They're so fickle at that age.

Indy's trio moves toward the door.

EXT. PATAN INN -- NIGHT

Moonlight washes over the building facade on the quiet street.

INT. HAVA'S ROOM AT THE INN -- NIGHT

The girl is fast asleep.

INT. INDY'S ROOM AT THE INN -- NIGHT

Indy sits up in bed enough to look over his journal notes. Marion snuggles against him, half asleep.

MARION

So we find this cup. Then what?

INDY

The Prakrit scroll says ultimately we'll need to bring a "contest of treasures from the goddess city" to the "place where darkness ravishes fertility." That would mean we head to Athens.

MARION

How's that?

INDY

The story behind the naming of Athens says that Athena and Poseidon were in competition for the right to be the patron god of the city. Each presented a gift to the people. Poseidon gave them a salty river, Athena gave them olive trees. And in the judgment of the gods, Athena's gift was better. Thus, "Athens."

MARION

I guess otherwise it'd have been "Poseidonburg."

They chuckle.

INDY

I guess whatever else we do, we need the cup, Athenian salt water, and olives.

MARION

And what's the "place where darkness ravishes fertility?"

Indy rubs his chin.

INDY

That one I don't have figured out.

MARION

If you do, just keep it to yourself 'til morning. Good night.

She drifts off. He kisses the top of her head.

EXT. DARK ALLEY BEHIND PATAN INN -- NIGHT

A hardened-looking NEPALESE ASSASSIN scans the area for prying eyes. He places the curved blade of his kukri knife between his teeth and climbs the inn's balcony structures and protruding features.

INT. HAVA'S ROOM AT THE INN -- NIGHT

The window coverings flutter as the window opens up.

Hava does not stir.

The Nepalese Assassin slips into the room and hunkers in the shadows. Satisfied he's undetected, he rises slowly and begins a menacing tiptoe toward Hava's bed.

He grips the knife handle, poised to strike. The sinister glee of a killer who enjoys his work emerges in his expression.

The Assassin's bony fingertips reach out for Hava's bedcovers...

Whoop-CRACK!

Indy's whip seizes the Assassin by the throat!

Indy stands in the doorway. He yanks the Nepalese Assassin away from Hava's bed with an angry tug. The killer gurgles as the whip strangles him.

The commotion disturbs Hava. She sits up groggily and shields her eyes from the light now coming in from the hall outside.

HAVA

Dr. Indiana?

From Hava's POV, only Indy can be seen standing with his shoulder to the doorjamb. He seems preoccupied with something outside. Indy turns his head to Hava and manufactures a smile.

INDY

Just checking on you. Go back to sleep, sweetheart.

Hava smiles but starts to fade away.

HAVA

That is so nice of you.

She's back to dreamland. Indy eases the door shut.

INT. INN HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Indy has the Nepalese Assassin down on his knees in a choke hold with the whip tightly about his neck. Indy gives the whip a violent twist, and the Assassin goes limp.

Indy looks up. Marion stands there with hands over her mouth and horrified eyes.

INDY

Somebody doesn't want us to find this cup.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PATAN TOWN SQUARE -- MORNING

The square is nearly empty at this hour.

Merchants are just arriving to set up their wagons and tables for the day's business.

Lhak-pa straps down overstuffed field packs and supplies to the back of one of a pair of secondhand MOTORCYCLES equipped with SIDECARS. He seems out of sorts this morning.

Indy leads Marion and Hava into the square. They approach their guide.

INDY

Morning. We all set?

LHAK-PA

You not give up?

INDY

Give up? We haven't left yet.

LHAK-PA

Better give up here than give up up there.

INDY

I'm not easily deterred. Are you alright?

LHAK-PA

Ehh. Feel a little off this morning. You sleep well?

Indy and Marion exchange an "aside from the assassin" look.

INDY

We're up and ready.

Lhak-pa gestures to the second motorcycle.

LHAK-PA

This one you. Stay close, we move fast. Make base camp by night.

EXT. PATAN CITY OUTSKIRTS -- DAY

The pair of motorcycles hum along an unpaved road, putting distance between themselves and civilization. Lhak-pa motors along with Marion in his sidecar. Indy follows close behind with Hava.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEPAL HILL REGION -- DAY

They negotiate winding mountain roads far from any signs of life.

EXT. HIMALAYAN FOOTHILLS -- EVENING

Indy helps Lhak-pa toss brush over the motorcycles, wheels chained together, to conceal them out of sight not too far off the road.

A range of white peaks looms large, even though the group is still well below the snow line. Everyone has a warm coat on.

Lhak-pa demonstrates what a pack animal he his at his age by hoisting a massive bundle onto his shoulders. Indy and the women heft what they can and follow.

LHAK-PA

Base camp not far now.

EXT. BASE CAMP -- NIGHT

Three tents surround a fire.

INT. THE WOMEN'S TENT -- NIGHT

Marion and Hava bundle up and prepare to sleep.

Indy pokes his head in.

TNDY

You all set in here?

MARION

Think so.

HAVA

This is very much fun.

Indy smiles.

MARION

Where's Lhak-pa? He just seemed to disappear tonight.

INDY

Pretty sure he turned in early.

MARION

He seems so quiet. Not at all like he was in his home.

INDY

I think he's just all-business. Maybe it scares him to have women along.

Marion rolls her eyes.

MARION

Yeah, that's really scary. Good-night.

She extinguishes the lantern.

EXT. BASE CAMP -- CONTINUOUS

Indy heads for his tent.

INDY

(to himself)

Scares the hell outta me.

EXT. HIMALAYAS -- MORNING

Sunrise peeks through the mountaintops.

EXT. BASE CAMP -- DAY

Lhak-pa lugs a hefty field pack up the side of the mountain.

Indy pauses to say his good-byes. He's eschewed his signature lightweight bomber jacket for a heavier, fur-lined brown parka. Still very "Indy." Field pack over one shoulder.

Marion clutches her coat about her and looks up at him through watery eyes.

INDY

You two are going to be alright?

She nods.

INDY

What's the matter?

She looks up at the mountains.

MARION

You realize this is as close as I'll ever get to Dad?

He hugs her with his free arm.

MARION

Be careful up there.

INDY

Trust me.

He turns to follow his guide.

EXT. HIMALAYAN MOUNTAINSIDE -- DAY

Indy follows Lhak-pa's lead up a treacherous mountain ascent: SERIES OF SHOTS

- Steep paths.
- Narrow passes over sheer drops.
- Back-breaking vertical climbs up walls of rock and ice.

EXT. FROZEN ALPINE TUNDRA -- DAY

Indy and Lhak-pa come over a ridge and find a relatively flat expanse of white in the shadow of two massive peaks.

Indy leans against a jutting rock formation and wheezes.

INDY

Geez, this air is thin.

LHAK-PA

Must learn to control you breathing.

INDY

You think we're close?

LHAK-PA

I think we here.

Indy scopes the area.

INDY

Yeah?

Lhak-pa points to an area of rough features in the snow. Indy looks.

INDY

Oh my God.

Indy hustles through the snow toward a peculiar lump.

A FROZEN CORPSE, mostly buried, sticks up through the blanket of white.

Indy kneels beside the dead man. He tries to brush away caked ice from the preserved face. He examines.

LHAK-PA

Ravenwood?

INDY

No. I don't recognize him. But he looks American. Young. Could be one of Abner's assistants.

He scans his eyes across the small field of peculiar lumps.

INDY

Jesus.

Indy takes another look at the corpse. He finds something disturbing.

INDY

They didn't die in the avalanche. He's been shot.

Lhak-pa bows his head respectfully.

LHAK-PA

Sorry you see this. You want to pray?

Indy stands.

INDY

No. And I don't want to sit and wait for this to happen to us. We honor them by moving on.

He marches off. Lhak-pa nods and follows.

A few hundred yards from the frozen graveyard, Indy looks up at the twin peaks.

INDY

My guess is if there's a hidden temple nearby, it'd be between those peaks--

On his next step, the ground gives way beneath Indy's feet! With a sharp cracking sound, he breaks through a thin snow bridge and plunges out of sight into a crevasse...

LHAK-PA

Dr. Jones!

IN THE CREVASSE

Indy caroms violently off rough icy walls before striking a sloping chute-like snow slide 20 feet down. He tumbles down the slope into the darkness.

LHAK-PA

Dives to the edge of the crevasse.

LHAK-PA

Dr. Jones?!

NEAR DARKNESS -- DAY

Indy lays in a heap. He groans as he stirs and forces himself to sit upright. He holds his sore ribs and works his limbs, testing them.

LHAK-PA (O.S.)

Dr. Jones?! You alive?!

Indy shakes the cobwebs from his head and strains to look around. Nothing is clearly visible in the soupy darkness.

He strikes a match. Something above quickly draws his attention:

A menacing RAM-HEADED DEITY's face, carved in stone, illuminates by match light.

Indy gasps. He composes and takes a look around. He lays near the bottom of the icy snow-chute at the feet of a partially-buried acrolithic statue: stone extremities and a bronze-encased wood torso, its arms raised skyward.

LHAK-PA (O.S.)

Dr. Jones?!

INDY

Lhak-pa! Get down here!

INT. TEMPLE OF SKANDA -- DAY

Indy has lit torches resting in torch holders on the walls and a lit lantern on the ground at his feet.

The warm light illuminates a small temple. The acrolithic deity is one of a pair of ram-headed guardians at the front of the temple near the pair of wooden doors at its entryway. A long-ago avalanche buried the temple and broke down the door closest to the first acrolith, leaving it partially covered in snow as well as much of the temple floor. The broken door lies a short distance away in the middle of the floor. There is little else inside but a tiny, empty altar.

A rope dangles from high outside. Indy assists Lhak-pa as he descends into view. Indy steers his guide away from the acrolith guardian.

INDY

Careful. Don't fall against its arms.

Lhak-pa nearly slips on the steep, hard snow bank, but gains his footing and reaches solid ground.

LHAK-PA

I glad you not hurt. Give Lhak-pa a scare.

INDY

Didn't do a whole lot for me.

Lhak-pa looks up at the guardian. He chuckles.

LHAK-PA

Look at him. Handsome.

INDY

Handsome but deadly. See how the arms are separate from the body? Ten-to-one says they're master release levers for whatever booby traps are down here. It's a miracle I didn't trigger them when I fell down.

Indy picks up the lantern. They look around.

LHAK-PA

Not much here. Maybe wrong temple.

INDY

I'm pretty sure these ram-headed figures are supposed to honor Skanda.

LHAK-PA

Yeah, but empty. Maybe robbers already take cup.

INDY

Possible. But there's more to this temple. I found a rear addition. Come on.

Indy starts toward the back of the temple.

LHAK-PA

Addition?

INDY

This temple looks like it could've originally been built in Alexander's day...

He shows Lhak-pa a small passageway behind the altar.

INDY

...But these passages back here look like they were dug right into the mountain centuries later. I think the Skanda worshipers who maintain this structure made improvements for security reasons. Now this is just the vestibule.

They enter the passageway to:

INT. FROZEN STONE STAIRCASE -- DAY

Removed from the sunlight, Indy's lantern lights a short landing leading to a steep, long, stone staircase with roughly hewn walls. The staircase curves slightly so the bottom is out of sight. Ice and snow encrust it all the way down.

Lhak-pa moves confidently toward the steps. Indy looks up as they approach.

The ceiling above the staircase is very high and lined with jagged stalactites of ice and rock.

LHAK-PA

Let's see.

Lhak-pa takes the first three steps. As his foot lands on the third step, it depresses slightly, triggering a loud CRACK above. Indy yanks Lhak-pa back by his collar.

A two-hundred pound chunk of ice crashes down in front of them, narrowly missing Lhak-pa! Lhak-pa cries out in surprise.

INDY

Whoa!

LHAK-PA

Whew! Thank you.

INDY

Don't mention it.

LHAK-PA

Okay. How we get down? Go one, two, skip three?

INDY

No. I'm sure it's more random than that. Only the temple priests would know the sequence.

LHAK-PA

You think there another way?

INDY

Not likely.

Indy kneels at the top of the steps and holds the lantern out. He notices an inch-wide lip running the length of the stairwell wall just a few inches above the steps.

INT. FROZEN STONE STAIRCASE -- LATER

Indy and Lhak-pa take the stairs in a treacherous, laborious mountain-climbing style. With spiked crampons on their feet clinging to the inch of lip, Indy hammers spiked hooks into the wall and strings a thick rope through them, creating an ersatz banister. The lantern dangles hooked to his belt.

INT. STONE STAIRCASE LANDING -- LATER

Indy hops down to apparently safe ground. Lhak-pa works to finish his descent.

LHAK-PA

Warmer down here.

INDY

There's some geologic venting.

Indy holds the lantern up before him.

The short hallway before them possibly leads to a larger room beyond, but it is impossible to see. The view ahead is obscured by decades worth of thick, fibrous spider webbing crawling with hundreds of mountain spiders!

Indy scowls. Lhak-pa hops down to his side and grimaces.

LHAK-PA

Ehh. Nasty. But they not dangerous.

INDY

No. But listen.

There is a feint HUM from beyond the webbing.

LHAK-PA

(whispers)

What that?

INDY

I don't know. You have a torch left in your pack?

MOMENTS LATER:

FOOM! Indy sets the spider webs ablaze. They disintegrate as he waves the torch back and forth. The spiders disperse, fleeing the flame.

Indy holds the lantern up and peers into the next room.

INDY

The spiders aren't deadly...

INT. OUTER TOMB -- CONTINUOUS

From hallway POV:

Small ceiling vent shafts direct weak beams of sunlight down into the tomb.

The designers have seen fit to construct a hive in the center of the room. It buzzes with 3-inch long ASIAN HORNETS.

INDY

...But those are.

Lhak-pa peers over Indy's shoulder.

LHAK-PA

Yak killers. They good crispy fried. You ever eat them?

Indy gives Lhak-pa an incredulous look.

INDY

No. Don't let me stop ya.

LHAK-PA

Now what?

INDY

Give me the back-up lantern. How much kerosene do we have?

INT. OUTER TOMB -- MOMENTS LATER

Indy splashes the doorway and immediate floor with kerosene then backs further into the hall outside.

A glass lantern brims with kerosene and a small cloth "wick" sticks out of it. Indy ignites the wick.

INDY

Stay down.

Whoosh! The improvised molotov cocktail soars across the tomb and explodes over the hive. Flames engulf the tomb.

LATER:

The fire has died out and the smoke has cleared for the most part.

Indy and Lhak-pa step gingerly into the tomb.

Large soldier guardian statues and a series of columns reminiscent of ancient Greek architecture line the walls. At the far end is an empty rectangular slab. But no artifacts.

INDY

See, this is newer than the temple upstairs. Fifth century, I'd guess.

(indicates slab)

Looks like there was a sarcophagus over there at one time.

LHAK-PA

There's another tunnel.

Indy looks to the opposite end of the room where another opening leads to a short set of steps and a hallway. They head for it.

INT. TOMB PASSAGEWAY -- CONTINUOUS

They edge cautiously toward the end.

TNDY

This is considerably newer. Maybe fifteenth, sixteenth century.

INT. MAIN TOMB -- CONTINUOUS

Indy's lantern supplements more weak sun streams as he arrives at this largest room. He peers in.

INDY

My God.

LHAK-PA

Mine, too.

The huge tomb is perfectly round like a silo. There is no contiguous floor, but rather a series of three-foot wide platforms that form a walkway around the perimeter that appear to be able to slide away into the walls.

Two tiny ducts run along the wall, spiraling in a corkscrew down to a dark pit far below the walkway level.

At the 12 and 6 o'clock positions in the round room are a pair of maiden-shaped reliefs holding pitchers in the act of pouring, carved in the rock. The pitchers are poised above the twin ducts so that whatever pours out would flow along the walls, eventually emptying into the pit.

At 3 and 9 o'clock are two small golden soldier statues on pedestals with swords raised above their heads, ready to strike large flint stones beside the ducts.

The hallway Indy stands in continues into the room as a gangplank extending to the center, out over the pit.

From the ceiling, 4 massive, heavy chains hang down to the 4 corners of a large suspended platform dangling in the center at walkway level, at the end of the gangplank. On the platform: an impressive sarcophagus befitting a king amongst kings. No doubt about its occupant.

Indy's eyes light up.

INDY

Alexander.

Directly across from the hall/gangplank is a series of steps which also appear capable of receding into the wall. At the top of the steps:

A recess in the wall forms a small shrine. And in it, a large golden chalice in the shape of a ram's head. The bowl of the chalice rests between the horns and the base has a unique shape. The CUP OF SKANDA!

LHAK-PA

There it is!

Indy assesses the tomb.

INDY

Yeah. But what the hell is this?

He looks down into the blackness of the pit.

INDY

Oh, no.

LHAK-PA

What wrong?

INDY

This room is a gigantic bomb.

LHAK-PA

Bomb?

Indy points out the features as he explains.

INDY

That's black powder down there. I've never seen so much. See, if the mechanism gets triggered, some kind of flammable liquid pours out into those ducts. The soldiers strike the flint rocks with their swords, and a flaming river runs down into the pit. Ka-Boom.

Lhak-pa scoffs.

LHAK-PA

Then they blow up Alexander the Great?

Indy shakes his head.

INDY

The ceiling's recessed up there. Those chains will lift that platform up out of the blast zone. They'd have to come dig to recover it, but the intruders are more than taken care of.

LHAK-PA

Wow. Let's not trigger.

Indy smirks.

INDY

Good idea.

They creep along the perimeter walkway, circling the sarcophagus until they reach the shrine steps.

Indy takes the steps carefully. He reaches the top and stands before the shrine. The prize right in front of him. It appears to be there for the taking, but Indy sizes it up.

LHAK-PA

What wrong?

INDY

Too easy.

Then he notices something: an octagonal hole below the shrine.

He reaches into his bag and removes the Scroll Case. He sizes up its octagonal tube shape against the hole: Bingo. He inserts the case into the hole, precipitating an audible "click" - like a lock unlocking.

With a smile, he reaches for the Cup. Without incident, it pulls free of its form-fitting display case shrine.

Big smiles for both men.

Indy contemplates his stuffed field pack. Lhak-pa's has more room in it now.

INDY

There's not enough room in my pack. Let me see yours.

Lhak-pa seems surprised, but hands up his field pack. Indy takes it and kneels, facing the shrine, his back to Lhak-pa.

LHAK-PA

You trust me to carry?

INDY

You're a capable fellow.

Indy returns the field pack to Lhak-pa.

MOMENTS LATER:

They approach the tomb exit. Both men eye the sarcophagus.

LHAK-PA

You not curious?

SARCOPHAGUS PLATFORM -- MOMENTS LATER

They each wedge a pry bar under the sarcophagus lid. In unison, they crack the seal and fulcrum the lid open. They lift the lid.

Curious eyes peek in.

They look at one another. Lhak-pa shrugs.

LHAK-PA

Dead guy.

EXT. HIMALAYAN FOOTHILLS -- DAY

A pair of hands removes shrubbery, exposing Lhak-pa's motorcycles.

A second pair of hands cocks a machine gun.

INT. FROZEN STONE STAIRCASE -- DAY

Lhak-pa leads as they make the long climb back up with the help of their rope-banister.

INDY

This was easier on the way down.

Lhak-pa looks tense.

EXT. FROZEN ALPINE TUNDRA -- DAY

A grappling hook bites into its attached rope, which circles a sturdy rock formation. The rope dangles down into the crevasse.

Lhak-pa's field pack hops into view from within the crevasse, followed shortly by Lhak-pa.

Lhak-pa lifts himself up onto solid ground. He clamps his eyes shut, as though chiding himself. He turns and peers over the edge of the crevasse.

IN THE CREVASSE:

Indy climbs the rope, but remains a good 10 feet below the crevasse rim. His trusted guide looks down on him.

LHAK-PA

You good man, Dr. Jones. I hate to do this to you.

Indy tenses up.

Lhak-pa takes out a knife and prepares to cut the rope.

INDY

What are you doing?

LHAK-PA

After you leave my house, Nazis come.

INDY

Stop! I can get you more money. You don't want to help the Nazis.

LHAK-PA

No. You right. But I bring them the cup, they not kill my family. I'm sorry.

And he saws the rope.

INDY

NO!

Indy takes his second plunge into the crevasse. He tumbles and slides down the snow-chute...

INT. TEMPLE OF SKANDA -- CONTINUOUS

...Indy's not as lucky this time: He takes a bad bounce and lands painfully in the acrolith's arms, then bounces to the temple floor.

As predicted, one of the arms depresses like a lever.

EXT. FROZEN ALPINE TUNDRA -- DAY

With the torches still burning down in the temple, Lhak-pa can see that Indy has hit the trigger.

LHAK-PA

Oh, damn!

He scrambles to his feet and runs away.

INT. TEMPLE OF SKANDA -- DAY

Indy writhes on the floor but quickly shakes off his pain as he hears a disturbing sound. The temple RUMBLES as its mysterious booby trap mechanism activates.

INDY

Oh, shit.

He jumps to his feet and hustles up the snow-chute. No good! The slope is too steep and far too slippery. He'll never make it out in time.

INT. MAIN TOMB -- DAY

A viscous oil flows out of the stone maidens' pitchers into the two ducts. The shrine steps and walkway platforms recede into the walls. The heavy chains slowly lift the sarcophagus platform toward the ceiling. The countdown has begun.

INT. TEMPLE OF SKANDA -- DAY

A carved stone slab grinds its way down the passageway entrance behind the altar, threatening to seal the tomb.

Indy excitedly scours the room for options. The solid construction offers nothing. His eyes widen with panic.

He runs to:

INT. FROZEN STONE STAIRCASE -- CONTINUOUS

Indy stands just under the descending slab at the entryway.

He looks hopelessly at the deathtrap stairs and the lifeending stalactites above.

He turns around...

INT. TEMPLE OF SKANDA -- CONTINUOUS

THERE! He sees the broken wooden door lying on the ground. He rushes over to it and picks it up. He ducks under the closing slab as he runs...

INT. FROZEN STONE STAIRCASE -- CONTINUOUS

Indy holds the door like a surfboard in front of him and then dives head-first onto the staircase. He rides the door like a sled as it rockets down the frozen stairs!

Gigantic chunks of jagged ice CRASH onto the steps just behind him, but his speed keeps him a hair ahead of death.

INT. STONE STAIRCASE LANDING -- CONTINUOUS

The door-surfboard wedges itself in the base of the stairwell, bringing an abrupt halt to Indy's ride. He rolls off just as a chunk of ice and rock smashes the door to splinters.

Quickly to his feet, racing...

INT. TOMB PASSAGEWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Indy runs down the passageway...

INT. MAIN TOMB -- CONTINUOUS

...straight onto the gangplank extension without breaking stride. He leaps...

Indy just catches the bottom of the sarcophagus platform by his fingertips! He works to hoist himself up.

The oil courses the length of the spiraling ducts, nearing the huge black powder pit...

Indy cries out as he exerts the energy to scramble up onto the platform. He works to lift the loosened lid just enough.

The sarcophagus platform nears the ceiling recess, threatening to crush Indy.

The oil drips into the pit...

Indy braces the lid with his shoulder as he removes Alexander the Great's dusty, decayed corpse.

INDY

Sorry, Al!

And tosses it unceremoniously over the side into the pit.

The two gold soldiers move, raising their swords over the flint stones...

Indy squeezes into the sarcophagus as it disappears into the ceiling recess.

The swords spark against the stones with a CHINK and ignite the rivulet of oil. WHOOSH! Flames race the length of the ducts in a flash...

EXT. MOUNTAIN -- DAY

KA-BOOM!!!

A massive EXPLOSION, probably greater than the ancients anticipated, blows a hole out from the inside of the mountain.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE -- DAY

The force shakes Lhak-pa off the side of the rock face he attempts to descend. He falls, not too far, onto an outcropping.

EXT. BASE CAMP -- DAY

The loud shock wave startles Marion and Hava. They stare in disbelief up at the distant mountains and the cloud of dust and debris rising into the sky from one peak.

MARION

Oh my God. Indy.

INT. MOUNTAIN -- DAY

The explosion decimates the various tomb sections:

- The Main Tomb
- The Outer Tomb
- The Frozen Staircase

All blown to bits and consumed in a frenzy of rocky debris.

EXT. FROZEN ALPINE TUNDRA -- MOMENTS LATER

The crevasse over the Temple belches a cloud of debris dust, and the force causes its sides to cave in.

EXT. NEW MOUNTAIN HOLE -- DAY

The air is dense with the debris cloud.

The reverberation subsides and the shower of debris abates.

The SARCOPHAGUS seems mostly clear of the rubble. The lid budges. Indy pushes it up with his shoulder as he holds his aching head. That was not fun.

He coughs and tries to fan away the choking airborne dust.

Then, a CRACKING and a low, building RUMBLE catches his attention. He looks around, searching for its source.

INDY'S POV - THE MOUNTAINTOP:

The beginnings of an avalanche as a huge sheet of packed snow breaks loose and slides his way.

Indy's disbelieving eyes cry, "Oh, come on!"

He searches for an answer to this rapidly approaching problem.

Now he realizes the sarcophagus is teetering precariously on a newly-formed edge overlooking a dangerously steep slope.

He reaches out to the nearest solid chunk of mountain wall and pushes off. He ducks back inside the sarcophagus as it plunges over the side.

EXT. STEEP SLOPE -- CONTINUOUS

The slightly rounded bottom of the sarcophagus serves fairly well as a sleigh. Its weight gives it quick acceleration as the wall of snow gains momentum behind it.

EXT. OPPOSITE SLOPE -- DAY

Lhak-pa races with fear as an avalanche bears down on him. He makes a desperate dive as a vast wave of snow obstructs him from view. Certainly his demise.

EXT. STEEP SLOPE -- DAY

The sarcophagus rides roughly over the frozen terrain and reaches the edge of the mountain snow line just ahead of the avalanche.

Unfortunately, it also reaches the edge of a cliff! It shoots off into space, heading for a dense forest where the mountain tree line starts below.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TREE LINE -- CONTINUOUS

The sarcophagus CRASHES through splintering branches at the top of the forest canopy, then wedges itself in the thick upper branches of one strong tree.

Inverted, the lid pops off and spills its contents, namely one shaken archeologist and his field pack. Fortunately, the lid doesn't go far and Indy is able to brace himself between coffin and lid and softly tumble out to nearby branches.

Ordeal over, Indy sits and collects himself, looking like he's considering whether to climb down or just take up residence in the tree.

INDY

Unbelievable.

EXT. DISTANT MOUNTAIN RIDGE -- DAY

Aryan Spy stands with a pair of binoculars focused on the distant action on the Temple peak. A cigarette dangles from his lips.

He's seen enough. He throws his cigarette down in disgust and turns away.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TREE LINE -- DAY

Indy hops down from one branch to another and clutches onto the tree trunk. His grunts and sweat tell how strenuous the climb down has been.

His field pack sits hung up on a branch now within arm's reach. He just snags it and pulls it to him. He pants.

INDY

This is why I don't trust anyone.

He reaches into his field pack and removes the Cup of Skanda. He smirks.

EXT. MOUNTAIN FOREST -- MOMENTS LATER

Indy's feet strike the ground. He hikes away with his prize.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIMALAYAN FOOTHILLS -- DAY

A Nepalese Farmer drives a horse-drawn carriage up the mountain road in the area where Indy's group left the motorcycles to walk to base camp.

Crammed in with the farmer's goods in the back: one battered Indiana Jones. Indy taps the farmer's shoulder.

INDY

Here. Thank you. Dhan-ya-vaad.

The farmer brings the carriage to a halt. Indy hops out.

EXT. BASE CAMP -- DAY

Indy strides into camp and heads straight to his tent. No sign of the others. He shouts at the women's tent as he passes.

INDY

Marion?!

He disappears briefly into his tent and reemerges having traded the heavy parka for his familiar bomber jacket. He slips into it and carries his field pack toward the women's tent.

INDY

Marion, start packing your stuff! The Nazis are onto us and I think they're closing in...

INT. THE WOMEN'S TENT -- CONTINUOUS

Indy pushes back the flap and enters. He stops in his tracks:

Marion and Hava kneel on the ground with hands tied behind their backs. Black Glasses stands between them with a Beretta pressed to each woman's temple. Evil grin.

MARION

Yeah? So are the Greeks.

Indy's hand flies to his holster, but there's already a gun jammed under his chin. Stavros' hand grabs Indy's .45.

STAVROS

Thank you. I'll take that.

Indy raises his hands in surrender. Stavros yanks the field pack out of Indy's hand.

STAVROS

And this, you filthy grave robber, belongs to us.

INDY

That's some voice you've got, fella.

STAVROS

Enjoy it, Dr. Jones. It may well be the last sound you'll ever hear.

BLACK GLASSES

(Greek, subtitled)

You should let me take him outside and execute him like a pig.

STAVROS

(Greek, subtitled)

No. I think we've desecrated this holy ground enough. Bind his hands.

EXT. HIMALAYAN FOOTHILLS -- DAY

Stavros, Black Glasses, and a STOCKY GREEK HENCHMAN march their bound captives down toward the mountain road. Black Glasses whistles loudly.

Two sedans, a CONVERTIBLE and a HARDTOP, pull up onto the road from a hidden spot on the other side. One Greek DRIVER in each.

Lhak-pa's motorcycles follow right after, now manned by 4 NEPALESE HIRED MUSCLE, two men per bike/sidecar.

The Drivers hop out of the cars.

Stavros gestures to the women and points to the hardtop. The Drivers roughly escort Marion and Hava into it. Hava looks so frightened.

MARION

Leave her alone!

Hardtop Driver clamps his hand over her mouth.

INDY

Hey!

Stavros punches Indy in the gut. Indy falls to his knees.

Stavros confers with Black Glasses.

STAVROS

(Greek, subtitled)

Take him to the next district and find a suitable spot to dump the body. I'll wait for you at the airfield in Kathmandu.

BLACK GLASSES

(Greek, subtitled)

You're taking the women?

STAVROS

(Greek, subtitled)

I know a slave trader in Singapore who'll give us a good price.

Black Glasses snorts in amused approval.

Stavros moves to the back of the convertible with Indy's gear. Convertible Driver opens the trunk for him.

Stavros removes the Cup from Indy's pack and tosses the pack, whip, and gun into the trunk. He places the Cup in his own bag.

MOMENTS LATER:

The hardtop leaves the scene with Hardtop Driver at the wheel and Stavros up front, Marion and Hava in back.

Convertible Driver and Black Glasses sit up front in the convertible with Indy behind the driver backseat-left and the remaining Stocky Henchman backseat-right.

The caravan of convertible and two-motorcycle escort motors away.

EXT. NEPAL HILL REGION ROADS -- DAY

At an intersection of dirt roads, Stavros' hardtop turns one direction, the trailing caravan with Indy heads the other.

EXT. CONVERTIBLE - MOVING -- DAY

Black Glasses can't resist taunting Indy.

BLACK GLASSES

I have to tell you, I'm really looking forward to this, Dr. Jones. I had feared I'd never get the opportunity to pay you back for your getting the better of me in Miss Ravenwood's bar.

INDY

You should just execute me now to be sure it doesn't happen again.

Black Glasses laughs.

BLACK GLASSES

Soon enough.

INDY

Right, you're just taking orders. I guess that's what a lapdog does.

BLACK GLASSES

You're mistaken. I'm a professional. A well-paid professional. And I do exactly what I want.

INDY

Yeah? Are they paying you what that golden cup is worth? Or are your bosses promising you rewards once they find the Aegis? They'll never find it, trust me. You'd be better off stealing that cup and selling it.

BLACK GLASSES

Are you honestly hoping I'll turn against my employers? Trying to create doubts in my mind to make a play for your life? Pathetic.

INDY

No, I know you're a good dog. You'll find out how worthless that cup really is when it's too late. Your bosses haven't read the scroll we found. They'll never figure out how to recover the Aegis.

Black Glasses scoffs.

BLACK GLASSES

By all means, Dr. Jones, if you do have any information to use to barter for your life, now would be the time.

INDY

I do have some information for you...

Indy leans forward. Black Glasses turns to face him with a self-satisfied grin and feigned interest. Face-to-face.

INDY

Your knot tying skills need work.

With that, Indy demonstrates that he's freed his bonds with a swift, crushing elbow to his seat-mate Stocky Henchman's nose! The unsuspecting Henchman's head snaps back.

Black Glasses moves quickly for one of his Berettas. Indy grabs the dazed Henchman by the shoulders and pulls him over himself like a blanket. Black Glasses turns and fires but only kills Stocky Henchman, who shields Indy.

Indy pops back up and stuns Black Glasses with a straight right, knocking the weapon out of his hand and out of the vehicle.

EXT. NEPAL HILL REGION ROADS -- CONTINUOUS

The Motorcycle Nepalese see the struggle erupt in the convertible up ahead. The motorcycle drivers open up their engines to close the distance.

CONVERTIBLE - MOVING

Indy stands up in the back seat to better engage Black Glasses. The two exchange blows. Convertible Driver slugs Indy in the side with a forearm. Indy backhands him.

MOTORCYCLE #1 - MOVING

Approaches the convertible from the driver's side. Sidecar Rider #1 tries to line up a shot with a rifle.

CONVERTIBLE - MOVING

Black Glasses reaches for his other Beretta. He and Indy wrestle for it.

Motorcycle #1 is right behind Indy. Sidecar Rider #1 aims at close range.

Indy sees the threat at the last instant and directs the gun struggle so that the Beretta shoots Motorcycle #1's driver.

MOTORCYCLE #1 - MOVING

Veers wildly. Sidecar Rider #1 blasts Convertible Driver in the back of the head.

Motorcycle #1 zooms out of control into a tree.

CONVERTIBLE - MOVING

Convertible Driver slumps over dead with his foot wedged onto the gas pedal. The car accelerates and swerves wildly.

Indy slams Black Glasses' hand against the side of the car, jarring the second Beretta free and gone.

Motorcycle #2 approaches the passenger side. The convertible swerves hard into it.

MOTORCYCLE #2 - MOVING

The collision knocks the rifle out of Sidecar Rider #2's grasp. The driver struggles to regain control of the bike.

CONVERTIBLE - MOVING

The convertible leaves the road and tears across open country, now bouncing wildly. It narrowly misses several thick-trunked trees.

Black Glasses pounces on Indy and the two end up wrestling and slugging it out on top of the dead Stocky Henchman in the backseat. Black Glasses has the upper hand, pressing his weight down on Indy.

EXT. NEPAL OPEN COUNTRY -- CONTINUOUS

The out-of-control convertible speeds straight for a wall of rock where a mountain facade rises up.

Motorcycle #2 gains on it from the rear. The now-unarmed Sidecar Rider #2 poises himself then leaps from the sidecar onto the trunk of the convertible.

CONVERTIBLE - MOVING

Indy sees the danger up ahead.

Black Glasses drives a fist into Indy's jaw. Angered, Indy counters with an uppercut that catches Black Glasses flush. Adversary momentarily dazed, Indy seizes the opportunity to remove Black Glasses' glasses and discard them.

Distracted by the loss of his glasses, Black Glasses is easy pickings. Indy catapults Black Glasses over the trunk and out of the car with his legs...

OPEN COUNTRY -- CONTINUOUS

Black Glasses hits the ground directly in front of Motorcycle #2 and gets chewed up by the front wheel. The bike and driver flip up in the air and crash back to Earth spectacularly.

CONVERTIBLE - MOVING

Sidecar Rider #2 climbs up from the trunk into the back seat as Indy hops from the back seat to the front. Sidecar Rider #2 attempts to put Indy in a choke hold from behind.

The car rapidly approaches the rock facade.

Indy breaks the choke hold, tossing Sidecar Rider #2 down in the backseat. Indy shoves Convertible Driver's corpse out the door.

Sidecar Rider #2 finds Stocky Henchman's gun. He rises to execute Indy, point blank.

EXT. NEPAL OPEN COUNTRY -- CONTINUOUS

Indy slams on the brakes, stopping the car inches from the rock facade and launching Sidecar Rider #2 out over the hood into it, killing him. The body slinks down onto the hood.

Indy gasps for air and hangs his head in exhaustion.

INDY

I could be teaching foreign languages.

No time to be tired. Indy's eyes burn with anger. He throws the convertible into reverse.

EXT. KATHMANDU AIRPORT -- DAY

Stavros' hardtop roars up to the front of the building.

Stavros gets out and opens the rear door.

STAVROS

(to Marion & Hava)
You make a sound, my gun makes a

You make a sound, my gun makes a sound.

EXT. KATHMANDU AIRFIELD -- MOMENTS LATER

A TRIMOTOR AIRCRAFT, used but maintained, sits on the field. Her captain, "WINGS" MCCOY, 55, leans back in a folding chair, feet propped up on one of the wheels, and takes a nap in the shade of the wing. A ten-gallon hat down over his eyes.

Stavros and Hardtop Driver manhandle Marion and Hava toward the plane. Hava sinks her teeth into Hardtop Driver's hand, and he yelps.

The yelp stirs Wings. There's a deep Texas twang to him.

WINGS

Good gosh almighty. Did I sleep the day away, or are you early there, Mr. Stavros?

STAVROS

Get the engines started, Mr. McCoy. I want to be able to leave as soon as the rest of us arrive.

Wings hops to his feet. He smiles broadly at the ladies.

WINGS

Looks like we already got a few more'n we bargained for. How're you fine ladies doing this afternoon?

Hardtop Driver opens the plane door. Stavros ushers the women inside.

STAVROS

Don't talk to them.

WINGS

Just bein' polite...

STAVROS

Who pays you?

WINGS

Yessir.

EXT. STREETS OF PATAN, NEPAL -- DAY

Indy winds the convertible through the congestion at best possible speed.

EXT. KATHMANDU AIRFIELD -- DAY

Hardtop Driver stands next to the Trimotor and spies into the distance with binoculars.

HARDTOP DRIVER

(Greek, subtitled)

Stavros!

Stavros appears in the open Trimotor hatchway. Hardtop Driver hands him the binoculars.

POV - STAVROS THROUGH BINOCULARS:

Indy zips along a road approaching the airport.

Stavros curses in Greek. He drags Hardtop Driver inside.

STAVROS

McCoy! Get us airborne!

He slams the hatch door.

EXT. CONVERTIBLE - MOVING -- DAY

The Trimotor starts a slow roll toward the airstrip in the distance.

Indy looks at his gear, now stuffed in the passenger seat.

INT. TRIMOTOR AIRPLANE - MOVING -- DAY

Marion and Hava sit in the rearmost seats. Hardtop Driver stands by the window up near the hatch door and looks out.

Stavros paces up the aisle, eyes checking out the windows, heading toward the cockpit.

EXT. KATHMANDU AIRFIELD -- DAY

The Trimotor reaches the strip and positions for takeoff.

The convertible enters the airfield, hellbent for the runway.

INT. TRIMOTOR COCKPIT - MOVING -- DAY

Stavros stands in the cockpit entryway.

STAVROS

Come on! Come on! Get us up!

EXT. CONVERTIBLE - MOVING -- DAY

Indy finishes tying one end of a heavy climber's rope to the steering column.

EXT. KATHMANDU AIRFIELD -- CONTINUOUS

The Trimotor accelerates down the strip.

The convertible races on an intercept course from the Trimotor's starboard side.

EXT. CONVERTIBLE - MOVING -- CONTINUOUS

Indy hooks the multi-pronged grappling hook at the end of the climber's rope into his belt. Indy stands in the front seat as the convertible passes just under the Trimotor's wing. As the Trimotor lifts off, he snags a wing support strut with his whip.

EXT. KATHMANDU AIRFIELD -- CONTINUOUS

The Trimotor wheels barely clear the convertible as it soars into the air, dragging Indy by the whip. The long coil of climber's rope trails him.

INT. TRIMOTOR COCKPIT - AIRBORNE -- DAY

Wings fights the controls as he climbs steeply and reacts to this unusual situation.

WINGS

Whoa! That boy is crazier than a greased pig in Sunday school!

EXT. TRIMOTOR AIRPLANE - AIRBORNE -- DAY

Indy drags behind the wing, parallel to the hatch door.

INT. TRIMOTOR AIRPLANE - AIRBORNE -- CONTINUOUS

Hardtop Driver points his gun at the hatch door window, aiming at Indy. Stavros runs down the aisle toward the rear.

STAVROS

(Greek, subtitled)
Don't shoot, you idiot!

Hardtop Driver turns to look at Stavros.

EXT. TRIMOTOR AIRPLANE - AIRBORNE -- DAY

Indy quickly bashes the hatch door window with the heavy grappling hook. The hook SMASHES through the window...

INT. TRIMOTOR AIRPLANE - AIRBORNE -- CONTINUOUS

The grappling hook pins Hardtop Driver's clothes to the hatch door as...

EXT. KATHMANDU AIRFIELD -- CONTINUOUS

The heavy duty rope tied to the convertible goes taut...

EXT. TRIMOTOR AIRPLANE - AIRBORNE -- CONTINUOUS

The hatch door wrenches away and Hardtop Driver screams his way back to Earth.

INT. TRIMOTOR AIRPLANE - AIRBORNE -- CONTINUOUS

Indy grasps the hatchway and pulls himself inside.

MARION (O.S.)

Indy, look out!

Immediately a bullet strikes the fuselage wall beside him. He ducks low behind the closest seats.

The plane's engines whine as Wings seems to throw the plane around, diving and rolling.

Stavros has Marion as a shield, semi-squatting at the edge of the aisle seat across from Hava. He aims over Marion's shoulder.

HAVA

Dr. Indiana!

Hava leaps up and drives her shoulder into Stavros' ribs. Marion head-butts him, and the two women pin Stavros up against the window. His gun blasts the ceiling.

Indy jumps up and runs down the aisle. He dives into the action, across the seats, and knocks the gun free of Stavros' hand. He yanks Stavros away from the women, over the seats by his shirt, and belts him with a hard right.

Stavros and Indy duke it out up and down the aisle. The constant climbs and pitches toss them off-balance.

The loose gun slides under seats, occasionally out across the aisle, and temptingly close to the combatants. Indy chokes Stavros with his own scarf to keep him from the gun. Stavros flips Indy at the beginning of a climb. Indy tumbles down the aisle toward the women.

Stavros sees the gun hung up on a nearby seat leg. He snatches it. He fights the off-kilter gravitational pull as he lines up his shot at the exposed Indiana Jones.

INT. TRIMOTOR COCKPIT - AIRBORNE -- CONTINUOUS

Wings looks over his shoulder to see Stavros standing behind him with the gun, next to the hatch.

INT. TRIMOTOR AIRPLANE - AIRBORNE -- CONTINUOUS

The plane rolls suddenly to the starboard side. Stavros slides right out the hatchway!

Indy and the women hold on for dear life. Then the plane levels out. They look at one another.

INT. TRIMOTOR COCKPIT - AIRBORNE -- MOMENTS LATER

Indy appears in the cockpit entryway, his hand cautiously over his own .45.

WINGS

You don't need that. I didn't much care for that ornery rascal, anyway. This was just a charter flight for me. I work cheap and don't ask too many questions when I get paid up front. Though that'll change now.

Indy grins.

WINGS

I tell you something, partner, I didn't like the way he was treatin' the ladies back there, but I knew fer sure he was bad news the way you pulled that rodeo stunt to get up here. That was so dog nuts, I knew this had to be true love. What's yer name, son?

INDY

I'm Indiana Jones.

Wings extends a hand. They shake.

WINGS

Max McCoy. But my friends call me "Wings."

INDY

Alright, Wings. Where are we headed?

WINGS

Right now, the first landing strip we can find. But I tell ya what, y'all help me slap a new door on this bird, I'll take ya anywhere in the world ol' Stavros' fuel money'll get us!

WORLD MAP

A RED LINE traces the journey from Nepal to Athens, Greece.

SUPERIMPOSED OVER:

EXT. TRIMOTOR - FLYING (TRAVEL SEQUENCE)

With new door in place, Wings' plane soars through open skies.

INT. TRIMOTOR - FLYING (TRAVEL SEQUENCE)

Indy pulls the Cup of Skanda out of Stavros' bag with a satisfied smile. Marion and Hava marvel at it.

EXT. ATHENS AIRPORT -- DAY

Indy shakes Wings' hand one last time. Wings waves to Marion and to Hava, who now sports a pair of pilot's goggles.

INT. ATHENS AIRPORT -- DAY

Indy's trio lug their bags once again.

NIKOS (O.S.)

Indy!

Indy turns.

NIKOS, 30, handsome, groomed, and Greek, approaches. A Hotel Porter follows close behind.

INDY

Nick?

Indy and Nikos hug like old chums. The Porter swoops in and grabs as much of their collective luggage as he can.

INDY

What are you doing here?

NIKOS

I live in Athens now. My brother runs the hotel in Delphi, and we opened one here. I'm big time!

INDY

Really? That's something. Nikos, this is Marion Ravenwood...

Nikos plants kisses on both of Marion's cheeks.

NIKOS

As beautiful as you described!

MARION

Thank you.

INDY

And Miss Hava Kline.

Nikos nods and smiles broadly at Hava.

NIKOS

What fortune this man has to be traveling with such exquisite creatures! Come, I have cars standing by.

They head off after the Porter.

INDY

You look great, Big Time.

NIKOS

Though not so big as you, my friend, huh?

INDY

What do you mean?

NIKOS

I was lucky my brother forwarded your cable, or I wouldn't have known when you were arriving. But somehow the great Dr. Indiana Jones' travel itinerary makes such news that you've already received an invitation to an event at the Katramados Estate tonight.

INDY

Katramados?

NIKOS

Athanasia Katramados, wife of the late Grigorio Katramados, the olive baron. Her valet showed up at the hotel an hour ago.

INDY

I don't know what that's about, but this lady's going to have to take a rain check. I'm just too exhausted. NIKOS

I can't advise against that enough. An invite to the Katramados Estate isn't to be taken lightly. It's a great honor. She has a lot of pull in this country. Get on her bad side and things can get sticky for you quickly.

Indy sighs.

INDY

What kind of event?

NIKOS

Don't worry, we have a tailor on staff.

INDY

It's not my clothes I'm worried about.

Nikos gives Indy the once-over.

NIKOS

You probably should be.

EXT. NIKOS' HOTEL -- NIGHT

THREE LIMOUSINES coast up to the front of the hotel.

Indy, manicured and in tux, stands out front with Marion and Hava, in evening gowns. Indy raises his eyebrows at Nikos.

INDY

Three separate cars?

NIKOS

Katramados is virtually Greek royalty, my friend. Have a pleasant evening.

EXT. ATHENIAN COUNTRYSIDE -- NIGHT

The three limos roll along a private road cutting through scenic landscapes. In the distance: a sprawling ESTATE.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING -- NIGHT

Indy sits all alone in back. He looks out at the massive villa complex ahead.

INDY

Olives paid for all this? Wow.

EXT. KATRAMADOS ESTATE -- NIGHT

The limos pass through a gate. The first limo continues toward the MANSION ahead. The other two turn off to a different road.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING -- CONTINUOUS

Indy notices the other cars turning. He shakes his head.

EXT. KATRAMADOS MANSION -- NIGHT

A Valet opens the car door for Indy. Two ARMED ESCORTS stand by.

Indy exits the limo. He opens his mouth to say something, then notices the guns under the Escorts' jackets. He sets angry eyes on all three men before following them inside.

INT. LAVISH DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

By low light, a room fit for entertaining the gods and the table to accommodate them all. On one wall, a portrait of a Greek tycoon (Grigorio). A fire roars in a grand fireplace.

The huge door opens and Indy enters. He tours the seemingly empty room looking quite uncomfortable.

As he passes the table, he sees a 2 YEAR-OLD BOY playing quietly in front of the fireplace. He stops and watches.

A door at the opposite end of the room opens, flooding brighter light into the room. A woman enters, cast in silhouette, haloed by the brighter light.

WOMAN IN SILHOUETTE "In Skanda's first seat, his sire rests."

Indy nods.

INDY

You're the one holding Stavros' leash. Or, I should say, were holding it.

A servant outside closes the door behind the Woman, leaving her visible for the first time. ATHANASIA KATRAMADOS, early 30's, a statuesque beauty who appears more Indian than Greek. She stares at Indy through sultry eyes.

ATHANASIA

What do you imagine the verse means?

Indy scoffs.

INDY

You think I'm going to help you?

ATHANASIA

Naturally you will. You're no fool, Dr. Jones. You've proven that much. And certainly you must know that Miss Ravenwood and the Jewish girl will die if you don't cooperate. I am Athanasia Katramados.

INDY

It's odd. You don't look Greek.

ATHANASIA

My mother was a Greek peasant girl. But my father was Indian nobility. A descendent of the great Mauryan emperor Chandragupta.

She looks at the little boy with the eyes of a loving mother.

ATHANASIA

And this is Alexander, my son.

INDY

I see.

(gestures to portrait)
The heir to Mr. Big Britches up there.

ATHANASIA

My late husband I married for status and privilege. But he's not the child's father. You murdered Alexander's father. Threw him out of an aeroplane?

INDY

Stavros was more than your bodyguard.

ATHANASIA

And from Alexander the Great's line.

INDY

And the two of you believe your son is...?

ATHANASIA

The fulfillment of the prophesy, yes. He is the worthy successor who will bring about the second rise of the Macedonian Empire. The future king of the modern world.

Indy rolls his eyes.

ATHANASIA

You don't have to accept it.

INDY

That's what you think recovering a suit of armor will do for you?

ATHANASIA

Have you never seen anything that tested your faith, Dr. Jones?

INDY

I'm not particularly religious.

ATHANASIA

Not your faith in religion. Your faith in science. Yes, the Aegis will level the armies of the world who stand against us. But, I assure you, my son will be a great and noble leader. The world will be unified and at peace as never before.

INDY

Let me get this straight, for months you've had your goons trying to kill us and stop us from locating the Aegis, and now you want me to get it for you?

ATHANASIA

Our intention has always been to raise Alexander to be the leader he is destined to be. The finest education of mind and body. And then, when the time came, he was to recover the Aegis as its rightful heir. Now I see that the Nazis and those who oppose them like yourself won't stop until Alexander's destiny is ruined. The hunt must be completed now.

Indy laughs.

INDY

Oh, brother.

ATHANASIA

I'm surprised at your hesitancy. With your history with the Nazis, I can't imagine you want to see the Aegis fall into Hitler's hands.

INDY

One megalomaniac or another, lady. What's the difference?

ATHANASIA

As I said, Dr. Jones. The difference is you and your companions' lives.

Indy shakes his head, frustrated.

INDY

I want to see Marion and Hava. I want to know they're alright.

ATHANASIA

You will see them when we leave, not before, and then only at a distance. From this moment forth, you three will be kept apart from one another, Dr. Jones, because you've proven to be far too slippery a character to take chances with. If you make any attempts to escape or subvert our mission, the guards I have assigned to your friends have instructions to execute them immediately. You'll never be able to rescue both without losing one. What's it going to be?

INDY

What choice do I have?

ATHANASIA

Fine. Then I ask you again, "In Skanda's first seat, his sire rests." What does the verse mean? Where do we look?

A MAP OF GREECE -- DAY

Indy's index finger taps the city of VERGINA.

INDY (O.S.)

Vergina.

He is:

INT/EXT ESTATE BARN/WAR ROOM -- DAY

Indy, again in his familiar adventurer look, stands with Athanasia, in expensive outdoor wear, and her team. The team consists of a bookish ARCHEOLOGY ADVISOR and TWO CAPTAINS of her PRIVATE GUARD.

They stand in a structure meant to be an overly-impressive barn, now temporarily converted into the headquarters for this expedition. The large map covers a table they encircle. The barn doors stand wide open.

THREE TRUCKS sit ready to roll just outside the barn. Members of Athanasia's armed Private Guard scramble about in various prep duties.

ATHANASIA

Explain.

INDY

The verse has passed from ancient Greek to Prakrit and possibly points in-between before we translated it, so it's likely there's been some artistic license taken with the story.

ATHANASIA

Go on.

INDY

We take "Skanda" to be synonymous with Alexander, but maybe in this line it refers more to Alexander as representative of the Macedonian Empire as a whole. "Skanda's seat" referring to the seat of power, or the capital of Macedonia.

ATHANASIA

The capital of Macedonia was Pella.

ARCHEOLOGY ADVISOR

Under Alexander. Before that, Aigai, where modern Vergina now stands.

INDY

Exactly. The Great Tumulus outside Vergina is thought to be burial mounds.

ARCHEOLOGY ADVISOR

A French archeologist began excavation of the Tumulus back in the Eighteensixties, but abandoned it after a mysterious outbreak of malaria.

ATHANASIA

Protected by a curse?

Indy shrugs.

INDY

If Skanda's first seat is his sire's resting place, it's possible we'll find the tomb of Philip the Second there. And who knows what else.

Athanasia considers the map then looks into the faces of Indy and her Advisor.

ATHANASIA

(to the Captains)

I want to leave within the hour.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- The Private Guard, perhaps a dozen men or so, scramble about the three trucks, loading supplies and munitions.
- TWO GUARD CHAPERONES usher Marion and Hava to the second and third trucks, respectively.
- One Guard Captain, Athanasia, and her Archeology Advisor head to the lead truck.
- A Private Guard Escort sees Indy to the lead truck. Indy turns and gives a forlorn look to the second truck.

INT. SECOND TRUCK -- DAY

Marion sees Indy's expression.

MARION

(to herself)

No. Don't help them. Indy...

Athanasia reappears and moves Indy along toward the lead truck. She admires Indy a moment before casting a catty look in Marion's direction.

EXT. KATRAMADOS ESTATE -- DAY

The 3-truck expedition caravan rolls out.

MAP OF GREECE

The RED LINE traces the route from Athens up to Vergina.

EXT. THE GREAT TUMULUS - VERGINA, GREECE -- DAY

The 3 trucks sit parked to one side of a building EXPEDITION CAMP SITE. The Private Guard oversee the labor of a team of HIRED LOCALS as tents are erected.

DIG SITE

Indy and the Archeology Advisor direct a group of DIGGERS. The work has begun.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE DIG SITE -- NIGHT

The work continues.

Indy sits off to one side, shovel in hand. He removes his fedora and wipes sweat on his sleeve.

Athanasia slinks up from behind. She slips a hand onto his shoulder.

ATHANASIA

There's a lot to be done. Perhaps you'd care to rest awhile in my tent?

Indy frowns.

INDY

I doubt I'm going to find anything valuable for you in there.

ATHANASIA

I might be persuaded to release the women.

She gently massages his shoulders. He stands and stretches.

INDY

Excuse me. I've got a hole to work on.

He heads back to the dig. She evil eyes him.

EXT. THE DIG SITE -- DAY

The excavation is enormous now.

INT. ATHANASIA'S TENT -- DAY

Servants tend to Athanasia's needs as she dines on a gourmet luncheon.

The tent flap folds back and the Archeology Advisor rushes in.

ARCHEOLOGY ADVISOR

Athanasia!

She looks up from her tea.

ARCHEOLOGY ADVISOR

I believe we've found an entrance to

a tomb!

EXT. DIG SITE - TOMB ENTRANCE -- LATER

Athanasia follows the Advisor to a cleared section of the dig where a STONE STRUCTURE now peeks out from within the great mound. Indy and the diggers work feverishly to uncover the entrance.

INT. MARION'S HOLDING TENT -- DAY

Marion's Chaperone stands guard just inside the tent opening.

Marion holds her head in her hands over on a cot.

MARION

Well, this is boring as all hell. You don't have a belt a' whiskey around here, do ya? Or do Greeks not drink?

Marion's Chaperone smirks.

EXT. UNKNOWN AIRFIELD -- DAY

A large German transport plane touches down.

Aryan Spy strides out onto the field to meet it.

INT. PHILIP THE SECOND'S TOMB -- EVENING

Lantern light spills into the dark space. Indy leads Athanasia, the Advisor, and the Captains of the Private Guard. The Guards carry supply packs. Only Athanasia is without a lantern. They fan out and explore.

The lights glimmer off the many gold surfaces of ARTIFACTS placed throughout.

ARCHEOLOGY ADVISOR

Definitely a royal.

Indy approaches a GOLD LARNAX - a burial chest bearing a symbol of the sun.

INDY

This could be Philip the Second right here.

The others gather around the larnax. Indy moves on and disappears.

ATHANASIA

Outstanding.

ARCHEOLOGY ADVISOR

Apparently the Prize still awaits elsewhere.

INDY (O.S.)

Catacombs back this way!

INT. TOMB OF PERSEPHONE -- MOMENTS LATER

Indy and the group enter this small, virtually empty tomb covered in wall paintings.

In the center of the room, a stone pedestal with nothing on it rises up from the floor. The top of the pedestal has an odd-shaped recess carved into it.

ATHANASIA

Well this is nothing.

Indy inspects the paintings. He takes a close look at one large one and smiles.

INDY

This is it.

They gather round him.

ARCHEOLOGY ADVISOR

What are you talking about?

INDY

This painting. It depicts the "Hades abducting Persephone" myth.

ARCHEOLOGY ADVISOR

The lord of the underworld and the goddess of fertility.

INDY

The "place where darkness ravishes fertility."

ATHANASIA

Alright. What do we do?

Indy scopes the small room. He contemplates the pedestal.

INDY

Combine the elements. But how? What does that mean?

He runs his fingertips along the odd-shaped recess.

INDY

Give me the Cup.

Athanasia motions to one of her Guard. The Guard removes the Cup of Skanda from his pack and gives it to Indy.

Indy sizes up the unique chalice base to the pedestal recess: perfect fit. He inserts it with a CLICK.

A small SHAFT opens directly above them.

INDY

Now what? Elements...

ARCHEOLOGY ADVISOR

Air, earth, fire, and water.

INDY

Sure, but how do you combine them?

ATHANASIA

And you said we needed water and olives. What does that have to do with anything?

The light goes off in Indy's head.

INDY

You're an olive expert. Do they make a combustible oil from olives?

ATHANASIA

Of course. We manufacture lampante oil. It's in all of our lanterns right now.

INDY

Give me some.

Indy pours a canteen of water into the Cup. One of the Guard gives him a container of lampante oil.

INDY

The metal in the cup is from the earth. Then the water...

He pours out the lampante oil, creating a slick layer floating on the water.

INDY

A "contest of treasures"...

He takes out his lighter and ignites the oil.

INDY

And the elements combine.

The smoke rises up into the small shaft above.

Suddenly, the floor RUMBLES. Stone GRINDS as the entire floor sinks below their feet like a large freight elevator. The room grows taller, dropping away from the catacomb entrance they came in from.

The floor sinks until it uncovers a second opening leading to a crawlspace tunnel deep below the wall painting of Hades and Persephone.

ARCHEOLOGY ADVISOR

My God!

INT. MARION'S HOLDING TENT -- EVENING

Marion and her Chaperone eyeball one another, a wicked gleam in their glazed-over eyes.

They now sit with a cheap little table between them with a half-empty bottle of something on it. A short stack of cash in front of each. And two shot glasses.

The Chaperone tosses a shot back.

EXT. REMOTE GRECIAN ROADS -- NIGHT

Seven large military trucks travel with purpose.

INT. CRAWL TUNNEL

Indy leads the way once more as the exploring party crawl down this long, cramped tunnel.

ARCHEOLOGY ADVISOR

How long is this?

Indy shakes his head.

INDY

'Til it reaches the end.

INT. SMALL UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

Indy's lamp light projects out into a small room with more wall paintings. These images depict a ram-horned Alexander and his mighty armies in battles. Opposite the tunnel is an entryway to another room.

Indy crawls out of the tunnel just ahead of the others.

EXT. MARION'S HOLDING TENT -- NIGHT

The tent flap moves slightly and Marion pokes her head out.

EXT. EXPEDITION CAMP -- CONTINUOUS

Lots of hustle and bustle as the hired workers and Private Guard move about constructing fires and cooking their dinners. A few of the Guard patrol, but no one paying much attention to Marion's tent.

Marion slips away out of sight behind the line of tents.

INT. MARION'S HOLDING TENT -- CONTINUOUS

Marion's Chaperone lays passed out on the ground.

INT. MASSIVE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

Indy and the others now stand in the entryway between the small chamber outside and this grand stone theater constructed in homage to Alexander The Great. The chamber HUMS with power.

ARCHEOLOGY ADVISOR

Oh, my.

There are descending levels, like amphitheater seating. Gold statues honor Alexander/Skanda the deity. Murals testify to his prowess in battle and civilizations conquered, as do the hoards of artifacts collected over his many campaigns.

At the lowest level, center-stage, sits an ornate battle chariot. Next to the chariot, displayed on a wooden torso mannequin, The Prize:

THE AEGIS OF ZEUS

An astonishingly shiny armored breastplate with the same sun symbol as on Philip the Second's larnax. Attached to it is a leathery cloak glistening with reptilian scales fastened by gold clamps and a chain with serpent-shaped tassels across the neckline. There is a hole in the breastplate over the right pectoral - presumably where Alexander was shot.

The power emanating from it causes the humming in the room.

REACTION SHOTS

Indy, the Advisor, the Guards. The awe, respect, and perhaps a twinge of fear.

Athanasia's eyes well up with emotion.

ATHANASIA

Certainly now you must believe.

INDY

Can't deny it does have a presence.

EXT. EXPEDITION CAMP -- NIGHT

Marion skulks about the cluster of tents. A sudden ROAR of an engine draws her attention. She freezes, looking off into the night away from camp.

A Greek worker flees through camp.

GREEK WORKER

(Greek, subtitled)

Attack!

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Darkly clothed SOLDIERS in formation with assault weapons pour into the camp.
- Shots fired as the hired Greek laborers scramble for their lives.
- Hava, hands bound, reacting to shooting outside. Hava's Chaperone Guard looks uncertain then dashes out of the tent.
- Return fire from the handful of outnumbered Private Guard.
- The military trucks roll into camp.
- Boots of soldiers leaping from the rear of the trucks to flank the fleeing.
- Surviving Private Guard surrounded by the attackers. Hands raised, weapons surrendered.

INT. HAVA'S HOLDING TENT -- NIGHT

Marion rushes in, heads right to Hava, and immediately works on Hava's binds.

HAVA

Miss Marion! What's going on?

MARION

Shhh. We're getting out of here.

INT. MASSIVE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

Athanasia grabs one of her Guard's lanterns and hops down the series of levels to the stage level. The Guards follow at a distance.

Indy and the Advisor move into the chamber and explore it with scientific curiosity.

Athanasia stands directly before the Aegis. Her eyes worship it. She holds up a hand, tempted, but dares not touch it.

ATHANASIA

Now we know. The prophesy will be fulfilled. This land must be seized and guarded until Alexander's time comes. And no one must ever, ever touch it before him.

BANG! A shot rings out in the chamber from behind. Athanasia's wide eyes pass from awe to horror as her blood splatters the golden breastplate.

The others spin around where they stand.

Aryan Spy stands at the top level near the entryway in the company of a half-dozen NAZI SOLDIERS. The barrel of Aryan Spy's Luger smokes. A figure lurks just behind them in the darkness of the Small Chamber.

SCHLANGEKOPF (O.S.)

I'm afraid, Mrs. Katramados...

Schlangekopf walks into the light and takes charge.

SCHLANGEKOPF

...I must disagree.

INDY

Schlangekopf.

The Nazis already have their weapons trained on the armed Guard Captains. The Guards drop their weapons.

ARCHEOLOGY ADVISOR

Athanasia!

Athanasia pitches forward, collapsing into the Aegis. The serpent tassels RATTLE with unnatural amplification.

INDY

Uh-oh.

EXT. THE GREAT TUMULUS -- NIGHT

A tremendous ROLL OF THUNDER accompanies a sudden gathering of black storm clouds overhead. Lighting crackles from one dense cloud bank to another.

Gusting winds rip across the landscape and assault the Expedition Camp.

EXT. EXPEDITION CAMP -- CONTINUOUS

The Nazi troops and their Greek captives turn their eyes to the skies in fear.

INT. KATRAMADOS EXPEDITION TRUCK -- NIGHT

Marion and Hava slip into the cab and hunker low. Rain pelts the windshield.

MARION

Where'd this come from?

HAVA

This frightens me.

INT. MASSIVE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

The Nazis have Indy and the others covered. Schlangekopf leaves Aryan Spy at the top as he descends the theater toward the Aegis stage.

SCHLANGEKOPF

High marks, Dr. Jones.
(indicates Aryan Spy)
Kurt has kept me abreast of your exploits throughout your search.
You did not disappoint.

INDY

Great. I guess you're going to be the bell of the ball once you get it back to Berlin. Though you better hope it comes in Hitler's size, or he might not give you that all-expense two-week vacation in the Bahamas reward.

Schlangekopf laughs genuinely at Indy's mocking joke as he approaches the Aegis.

SCHLANGEKOPF

You know something, you're absolutely right. Hitler's rule is a joke. As has been my career to this point. The commander who wears this commands an invincible army. And I look forward to the day I roll into Berlin and watch Adolf Hitler kneel in supplication to me.

Schlangekopf grasps the Aegis with both hands, but it repels him with a sudden release of energy, tossing him like a person touching a high-voltage wire!

INDY

No!

EXT. EXPEDITION CAMP -- NIGHT

The dozens of souls in camp, Nazi and Greek alike, scatter for their lives as an unholy, localized hurricane-like storm batters the grounds. Men scream as flying debris rips into them and powerful winds toss them about.

Something approaches the camp. The ground bulges in a rapidly advancing serpentine hump as though a massive creature were burrowing underground at impossible speeds. The hump heads toward the Tumulus dig site.

A number of men take shelter where they can, clinging to the sides of the Nazis trucks and each other. Suddenly something explodes up through the ground beneath their feet. A monstrous creature tosses bodies up in the air.

INT. KATRAMADOS EXPEDITION TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

Marion and Hava observe from the relative safety of the heavy vehicle. Hava screams then covers her mouth.

MARION

Oh, my Lord. That's not possible.

HAVA

It went in!

MARION

Indy's not going to like that at all.

INT. MASSIVE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

Schlangekopf groans on the chamber floor.

All eyes on him.

KURT - ARYAN SPY

Kapitan? Are you injured?

Schlangekopf struggles to his knees, doubled over.

Aryan Spy motions for two of the soldiers to head down to the stage level to assist Schlangekopf.

INDY

You should have respected the power you sought, Schlangekopf.

KURT - ARYAN SPY

Shut your filthy American mouth!

Indy turns to reply to Aryan Spy, but his angry expression quickly turns to wide-eyed panic. He goes white as a sheet.

Slithering up behind Aryan Spy is the most unnaturally massive COBRA. It raises a head that must be two feet across and flares its hood.

KURT - ARYAN SPY

We are in control here, not you!

Indy can barely muster the muscle control to point an index finger.

The cobra strikes, sinking twin dagger-length fangs into Aryan Spy's neck and shoulder. Aryan Spy fills the chamber with a piercing scream. Unimaginably potent venom courses through Aryan Spy, causing his body to turn blue and swell in an instant. Noxious fumes and blood pour out of his nose, eyes, and ears. He falls dead in a pulpy mass.

ARCHEOLOGY ADVISOR

Skanda.

Panic erupts. The Nazis open fire on the god-snake.

Skanda slithers like rapidly moving quicksilver. The few bullet strikes have little effect.

With an angry HISS, the great mouth spits a spray of fuming venom across the line of Nazis. They fall in convulsing heaps.

Indy backs against one wall, petrified. Skanda turns and slinks up to him.

Indy stands face-to-face with his worst nightmare. Two vertical black slits in its serpent eyes peer into Indy's soul.

The Greeks seize the opportunity to scramble up the theater toward the exit.

Skanda flicks its mighty tail and swats the Archeology Advisor across the chamber, smashing him against a wall.

INT. KATRAMADOS EXPEDITION TRUCK -- NIGHT

The storm rages on outside. Marion and Hava stare out at the tomb entrance with tense faces.

MARION

Stay here.

HAVA

Where are you going?!

Marion grips the door handle.

MARION

I'm sorry. I have to know he's okay.

EXT. EXPEDITION CAMP -- CONTINUOUS

Marion quickly hops out of the truck and slams the door behind her. She braves the gale force winds, shielding her face, as she fights her way toward the dig site.

INT. MASSIVE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

Schlangekopf staggers to his feet.

Skanda sets its sights on the Nazi captain.

Indy remains frozen with fear against the wall.

Schlangekopf finds his sidearm and stands defiantly before the gigantic cobra enemy. He empties his clip into the reptile body in rapid succession. In a flash, Skanda coils its body around Schlangekopf, constrictor-style. Schlangekopf's final weapon is a primal yell.

INT. TOMB OF PERSEPHONE

The Nazis left rope hanging down from the catacomb entrance to the sunken floor below, anchored somewhere up top, and torches lit to light the way. Marion stands at the edge of the catacomb and looks over the edge.

MARION

Indy?!

INT. MASSIVE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER

Skanda opens its massive jaws and swallows Schlangekopf's head, silencing his scream.

Indy remains transfixed up against the wall.

MARION (O.S.)

Indiana Jones?! Answer me, Jones!

Marion's voice snaps Indy out of his paralysis. With eyes trained on the great snake making a meal of Schlangekopf, Indy eases his way up the theater levels and out of the chamber...

INT. SMALL UNDERGROUND CHAMBER -- CONTINUOUS

Indy picks up the pace as he dives into the crawlspace tunnel.

INT. TOMB OF PERSEPHONE

Marion stares down into the tomb with hopeless eyes. She grasps the rope, preparing to climb down.

Just then, Indy pops out of the crawlspace tunnel below.

MARION

Indy! Thank God, you're alive!

Indy waves his hands, pleading for her silence. He leaps up, grabs the rope, and hoists himself up toward the catacomb entrance. Marion helps pull him up.

INT. KATRAMADOS EXPEDITION TRUCK -- LATER

Hava shivers alone in the cab, eyes fixed on the dig site.

OUT THE WINDSHIELD

Through the driving rain, Indy and Marion run out from the tomb entrance, clutching one another. Marion leads Indy across the decimated camp toward the truck.

Hava screams with excitement.

Indy and Marion pile into the truck, drenched and exhausted.

HAVA

Dr. Indiana! Miss Marion! I cannot believe it!

EXT. THE GREAT TUMULUS -- NIGHT

Light emanates from inside the tomb, highlighting a figure standing in the entryway.

INT. KATRAMADOS EXPEDITION TRUCK -- NIGHT

Indy, Marion, and Hava look on.

MARION

Who is that?

EXT. DIG SITE - TOMB ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, in full combat gear including the Aegis, raises his hands to the heavens.

INT. KATRAMADOS EXPEDITION TRUCK -- NIGHT

Indy shakes his head.

INDY

I...

EXT. THE GREAT TUMULUS -- NIGHT

The tempest over the Tumulus coalesces into a swirling tornado. The camp debris, Nazi and Greek corpses, and loose earth get sucked up into the vortex in the ferocious sky.

INT. KATRAMADOS EXPEDITION TRUCK -- NIGHT

The swirling matter, driving rains, and dark clouds obstruct everything outside from view. Indy and the women sink low and hold one another as the forces rock the truck.

EXT. THE GREAT TUMULUS -- NIGHT

A final booming CLAP OF THUNDER and the sky mysteriously clears.

The Great Tumulus sits restored to its pristine condition as it was before the dig began.

EXT. KATRAMADOS EXPEDITION TRUCK -- NIGHT

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Indy, Marion, and Hava dare to peer out over the hood. Disbelief.

HAVA

Wow.

Indy and Marion nod slowly in agreement.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PATAN SKYLINE -- DAY

A new day in Nepal.

INT. LHAK-PA'S HOME -- DAY

Lhak-pa's Older Boy opens the door. Indy, Marion, and Hava stand outside.

LHAK-PA'S OLDER BOY

Dr. Jones? You alive!

Lhak-pa's Younger Boy and Lhak-pa's wife come into the room. Their mournful faces regard the visitors inquisitively.

INDY

We are...

Indy's trio steps aside. Lhak-pa, alive and well, stands just behind them!

INDY

All of us.

Lhak-pa's family's mouths fall open in unison.

LHAK-PA'S YOUNGER BOY

Afa'!

Great outcries of joy as Lhak-pa rushes in to reunite with them. Open arms and tears of gratitude.

Indy, Marion, and Hava exchange looks of warm satisfaction.

LATER

They all sit much as they did following their first meal here. Indy and Marion cuddle close to one another while Lhak-pa has the floor.

LHAK-PA

Three days I stay in that cave! This guy trick me.

(MORE)

LHAK-PA (CONT'D)

I think, not so bad. Nazis think I dead, won't come hurt you. No problem.

Big smiles all around.

LHAK-PA

This best feeling in the world. Home with family.

Lhak-pa's Older Boy turns to Hava.

LHAK-PA'S OLDER BOY So now you go to live in America?

HAVA

No. I have decided to work for Dr. Indiana's friend who owns a hotel in Greece. It is very nice. Maybe you would come visit there sometime.

The teen boy smiles and shrugs.

LHAK-PA'S OLDER BOY

I would hope.

Lhak-pa musses his younger boy's hair.

LHAK-PA

Dr. Jones, I think you and Ravenwood care for each other very much. When you get married and get family of you own?

Indy laughs nervously. Marion shakes her head at him.

INDY

I don't know if I have that much adventure in me.

Marion squeezes him.

MARION

You're a hopeless cause.

They look into each others eyes. True love.

INDY

Maybe someday.

Indy and Marion kiss.

FADE OUT: