

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK

by

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June 15, 1978

FADE IN:

EXT. PERU - HIGH JUNGLE - DAY

The dense, lush rain forests on the eastern slopes of the Andes, the place known as "The Eyebrow of the Jungle". Ragged, jutting canyon walls are half-hidden by the thick mists

TITLE: PERU  
1936

A narrow trail across the green face of the canyon. A group of men make their way along it. At the head of the party is an American, INDIANA JONES. He wears a short leather jacket, brimmed felt hat and, at his hip, a flapped holster. Behind him come two Spanish Peruvians, SATIPO (the fox) and BARRANCA (the rat). They are armed with guns and machetes. Bringing up the rear are five Yahua INDIANS. They act as porters and are wrangling the two heavily-packed llamas.

As the party moves along, the Indians become increasingly nervous. They speak to each other in bursts of Quechua. The American, who is known to his friends as Indy, glances back at them.

satipo

They say they have never been  
so near the House of Death.

BARRANCA  
(irritated)

They're talking about the Curse  
again!

He turns and yells at the Indians in Quechua, his anger giving an indication of his own fears. Indy just nods and keeps moving.

The Party reaches a break in the canyon wall and takes the trail through it.

When they emerge, their destination is revealed to them in the distance. Beyond a thick stand of trees is the vegetation-enshrouded TEMPLE OF THE CHACHAPOYAN WARRIORS, 2000 years old.

The entire party is struck by the sight. The Indians, terrified now, chatter away. Suddenly the three at the back turn and run, dropping their packs as they go. The two remaining Indians seem about to join them but are afraid to go past Barranca who has but off their

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line of retreat. Barranca yells at the fleeing Indians and pulls his pistol out. He starts to raise his arm to aim, but Indy restrains it in a muscular grip.

INDY

No.

Barranca looks evilly at Indy's hand upon him. Indy releases him and smiles in a friendly way.

INDY

We don't need them.

Satipo watches this confrontation with some concern.

BARRANCA

I do not carry supplies.

INDY

We'll leave them. The plane should be waiting at the river.

SATIPO

(the peacemaker)

Ah, Barranca, if only our finances allowed us to take such a loss so easily. You're very fortunate, Senor Jones.

INDY

If we get what we came for, we'll all be fortunate...

(smiling at them both)

...partners.

He turns back to the trail. Satipo laughs and gets the two Indians moving behind Indy. Satipo and Barranca then have a fast, silent communication: Barranca indicates his desire to slit Indy's throat; Satipo gives him a look that says "Be patient, you idiot".

#### THE APPROACH TO THE TEMPLE

The party fans out to fight their way through the entwined trees that guard the temple. Visibility is cut to five feet in the heavy mist. The two Indians jabber in Quechus, near hysteria.

SATIPO

(interpreting)

The Hovitos guard this place.  
The tribe of the poison spear.

Barranca is sweating profusely, eyes darting. He yells at the Indians in Quechua to "shut up".

In the undergrowth, there is slithering movement.

Indian #1 draws aside a branch and is faced with a horrific stone sculpture of a Chachapoyan demon. The Indian is so frightened no sound comes out when he screams. He turns and runs silently away.

Indian #2 calls to his friend. Getting no response, he steps in that direction. A huge macaw, flushed from the undergrowth, screams and flies away. Indian #2 does exactly the same thing, never to be seen again.

Indy, Satipo and Barranca, just clearing the trees, look back in that direction. They all turn to face the Temple.

It is dark and awesome. Vegetation curls from every crevice, over each elaborate frieze. The entrance-- round, open and black-- has been designed to look like open jaws.

INDY  
So this is where Forrestal cashed in.

SATIPO  
A friend of yours?

INDY  
Competitor. He was good, very good.

BARRANCA  
(nervous)  
Why should we put our faith in you? No one has ever come out.

Indy reaches inside his jacket and pulls out a pouch, from which he removes a folded piece of paper. They all kneel as he spreads it out. On it is a crude floor-plan and strange markings.

INDY  
No one ever had this. It should make our trip a little easier.

Indy stands and walks toward the Temple, looking it over. Barranca's eyes are shining as they dart between the map and Satipo.



BARRANCA

This shows the way?

INDY

(back turned)

That's right. Assuming that pillar there marks the corner and...

Barranca is suddenly on his feet, drawing his pistol. He raises it toward Indy as Satipo realizes with alarm what he's doing. Too late. Indy's head turns and he sees Barranca.

Indy's next move is amazing, graceful and fast, yet totally unhurried. His right hand slides up under the back of his leather jacket and emerges grasping the handle of a neatly curled bullwhip. With the same fluid move that brings Indy's body around to face the Peruvian, the whip uncoils to its full ten foot length and flashes out.

The fall of the whip (the unplaited strip at the end of the lash) wraps itself around Barranca's hand and pistol. He could not drop the gun now if he tried.

Indy gives the whip a short pull and Barranca's arm is jerked down, where it involuntarily discharges the gun into the dirt. Barranca is amazed, but feels some slack in the whip and immediately raises the gun toward Indy again, cocking it with his free hand.

Indy's face goes hard. And sad.

Indy sweeps his arm in a wide arc. Barranca spins around, enclosed in the whip, his gun hand stuck tight against his body. Indy gives one more short jerk on the whip handle and Barranca's gun fires. Barranca falls dead.

Indy looks quickly at Satipo, who is shocked and frightened. He raises his arms in supplication.

SATIPO

I knew nothing! He was crazy!  
Please!

Indy looks him over, then nods. He frees the whip from Barranca's body and picks up the man. His eyes sweep the surrounding woods.

INDY

Let's go.

Satipo produces a torch and lights it. The two men go into the mouth of the Temple

INT. TEMPLE - INCLINED PASSAGE - DAY

Indy and Satipo walk up the slightly inclined, tubular passage from the main entrance. The interior is wet and dark, hanging with plant life and stalactites. Their echoing footsteps intermittently overpower the sounds of loud dripping, whistling air drafts and scampering claws. When they have walked 200 yards, Indy consults his map and leads Satipo into a hallway which cuts off from the passage.

HALL OF SHADOWS

Indy leads the way down a twisting hallway, Satipo's torch barely lighting his way from behind. Indy disappears in a shadow and when he reappears a moment later a huge black tarantula is crawling up the back of his jacket. Indy doesn't notice and disappears into another shadow, emerging with two more tarantulas on his back.

Satipo sees them and makes a frightened grunting sound. Indy looks at him, sees what he's pointing at and casually brushes all three spiders off with his rolled whip, as he would a fly. Satipo pirouettes for an inspection and Indy flicks one off the Peruvian's back.

CHAMBER OF LIGHT

The men reach an arch in the hall. The small chamber ahead, which interrupts the hall, is brightly lit by a shaft of sunlight from high above. Indy stops, looks it over.

SATIPO

What's wrong? Are you lost?

Indy picks up a stick and throws it through the shaft of light. Giant spikes spring together from the sides of the chamber with a ferocious CLANG! And impaled on the spikes are the remains of a white man, half-fleshed, half skeleton, in explorer-type grab. Indy reaches out and takes hold of the man's carcass. As the spikes slowly retract, Indy pulls it free and seats the remains gently on the floor.

INDY

Forrestal.

SATIPO

(gulps)

We can go no further.

INDY

Now, Satipo, we don't want to be discouraged by every little thing.

Indy steps sideways into the chamber. His back pressed against the very points of the retracted spikes, he moves along the edge of the light beam.

INDY

All you've got to do is imagine...

(he steps clear on the other side)

...that you're very thin.

#### STAIRWAY

Indy and Satipo come down stone stairs to a tight landing. Framing the entry are delicate vines, their tendrils narrowing the opening even more.

INDY

(taking torch)

Let me see that.

He lowers the torch to the floor of the landing. The landing is carpeted with human skeletons, one on top of another, all squashed flat as cardboard. Satipo gasps. Indy looks up at the ceiling of the landing, then steps onto skeletons, which make a cracking noise under his feet.

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INDY

Try not to touch the vines.

Satipo tiptoes through, sucking in his stomach, eyeing the ceiling nervously.

#### FOYER OF THE SANTUARY

Out on the vined landing, the men find themselves in a high, straight hallway 50 feet long. The door at the end is flooded with sunlight.

SATIPO

Senor, I think we are very close.

Indy stands still looking at the hall.

SATIPO  
(impatient)

Let us hurry. There is nothing  
to fear here.

INDY  
That's what scares me.

They begin walking down the hall side by side. Satipo has inched a little ahead. Suddenly his lead foot comes down and through the floor!

As Satipo begins to pitch forward, Indy grabs him by the belt and pulls him back. They both look down at the "floor".

Indy swings his whip across the floor. Fifteen feet of it cuts open beneath the lash, falling away to reveal a black pit as wide as the hall. The illusory floor was made of dust-covered cobwebs. Satipo picks up a stone and drops it down the pit. No sound. The two men exchange glances. Indy looks up at the high roof of the hall. He swings the whip up around a support beam, tests its strength with a pull and swings over the pit on the whip. From the other side he swings the whip back to Satipo, who throws Indy the torch. Satipo swings across. When they are both standing on solid floor there is a moment of quiet in which they hear, from far, far below - SPLASH! Indy wedges the whip handle into the wall and leaves it strung to the beam for quick retreat.

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#### THE SANTUARY

A large, domed room. Ten evenly-spaced skylights send their shafts of sun down to a unique tiled floor: white and black tiles laid out in a lovely, intricate pattern.

Indy and Satipo stand at the door and look across the wide room at the altar. There, in the supreme hallowed spot, is a tiny jeweled figurine.

Two torches, many years old, are in holders by the door. Indy takes one down and lights it. He gives the regular torch to Satipo.

SATIPO  
There's plenty of light, amigo.

Indy kneels and uses the unlit end of the torch to reach out and tap a white tile. It is solid. He taps a black tile. There is a whizzing sound and a tiny dark sticks

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in the torch. Satipo points to the wall nearby:  
there is a recessed hole there.

SATIPO

From that hole!

Indy nods, stands and looks around the sanctuary. The entire room is honey-combed with the same kind of hole. Satipo sees it too and is properly impressed.

INDY

You wait here.

SATIPO

If you insist, senor.

Torch in hand, Indy begins his careful walk across the sanctuary. Stepping only on the white tiles, he almost appears to be doing a martial arts kata. Before each big move he waves the torch in front of him head to toe, looking at the flame. Halfway out, he sees something on the floor and kneels to look at it.

A dead bird lies on one of the white tiles. Its body is riddled with little deadly darts. This has great significance to Indy and he stands with even greater caution. He waves the torch ahead of him and at waist height an air current whips at the flame. Indy ducks under it and leaves a burn mark on the white tile beneath it.

Satipo watches, wide-eyed and mystified.

Indy reaches the altar. The tiny idol looks both fierce and beautiful. It rests on a pedestal of polished stone. Indy looks the whole set-up over very carefully. From his jacket he takes a small lead weight about the size of the idol. It's clear he wants to replace one with the other as smoothly as possible. His hand seems ready to do that once, when he stops, takes a breath and loosens his shoulder muscles. Now he sets himself again. And makes the switch! The idol is now in his hand, the weight on the pedestal. For a long moment it sits there, then the polished stone beneath the weight drops five inches. This sets off an AURAL CHAIN REACTION of steadily increasing volume as some huge mysterious mechanism rumbles into action deep in the temple.

Satipo's eyes widen in terror. He turns and runs.

THE RETREAT - INTERCUTTING INDY AND SATIPO

Indy does his kata back across the sanctuary at four  
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times the speed. At two spots he accounts for air current triggers, once hopping over, once ducking under.

IN THE FOYER. Satipo swings across the pit. He makes it just as the whip comes undone from the beam, leaving Indy without an escape. Satipo could care less. He leaves the whip and runs.

AT THE VINED LANDING, Satipo flies through like a ballet dancer and takes the stairs five at a time.

AT THE DOOR OF THE SANCTUARY, Indy takes his last step out and hits one of the black tiles. Behind him, a noisy torrent of poison darts fills the room.

Indy is in full stride down THE FOYER. He sees the pit, no whip and simply broad jumps it, barely making the far edge.

AT THE CHAMBER OF LIGHT, Satipo has finally slowed down. He is afraid to do anything other than edge carefully around the light shaft. A huge rumbling sound is beginning to shake the Temple. Satipo makes it through and takes off. Indy appears running behind him. his whip grasped in his hand. He runs flat-out at the Chamber of Light and dives through headfirst. The spikes clang together right behind his feet.

#### THE INCLINED PASSAGE

Satipo shoots out of a cut-off hallway and turns toward the exit. Indy comes flying out behind him. The rumbling is very loud and now we see why: right behind the two men a huge boulder comes roaring around a corner of the passage, perfectly form-fitted to the passageway. It obliterates everything before it, sending the stalactites shooting ahead like missiles.

Indy and Satipo dashe for the light of the exit. Indy's hat flies off his head. Almost immediately it is crushed by the boulder.

Satipo trips and goes down. Indy slides to a stop, jumps back, lifts Satipo bodily and half-carries, half-throws the Peruvian out the end of the passage and dives out with him. The boulder slams to a perfect fit at the entrance, sealing the Temple.

#### EXT. FRONT OF THE TEMPLE - DAY

Indy and Satipo lie on the ground, gasping for air.  
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Satipo struggles to sit on a stone.

SATIPO

I am glad you made it. I  
was worried for you.

Indy nods.

SATIPO

Have you got it?

INDY

(nods, pat his pocket)  
Yes, partner.

SATIPO

(big laugh)

Senor Indiana Jones, it is a  
pleasure to do business with  
you.

He produces his pistol from his lap and points it at  
Indy's head. Indy looks at him wearily. Satipo cocks  
the pistol. Suddenly the point of a spear emerges from  
the center of his thorax. His gun discharges, missing  
Indy by an inch. Satipo sits there dead.

Indy is off and running.

EXT. THE JUNGLE - INDY'S RUN - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

Indy runs like hell through steadily falling terrain.  
And always close behind him, but never actually seen,  
a swift gang of angry Hovitos Indians. They are detect-  
ible only by the sight and sound of the foliage moving  
in a wave behind Indy.

EXT. THE URUBAMA RIVER - DUSK

An amphibian plane sits in the water beneath a green  
cliff. Sitting on the wing is JOCK, the British pilot.

Indy breaks out of some distant brush and runs along  
the path at the top of the cliff.

INDY

(yelling)

Get it going! Get it going!

Jock hops in and fires up the plane's engines.

Indy reaches a spot on the cliff above the plane, glances back, then jumps into the river. He comes up, swims to the plane and grabs a strut.

INDY

GO!

Jock starts the plane moving across the water as Indy walks across the wing and falls into the passenger compartment.

INT. JOCK'S PLANE - DUSK

Indy sprawls across the only seat behind Jock, then cranes to look out the window.

INDY

Move it! They're coming.

JOCK

(gunning it)

Doing our best here, mate.

(he cranes to look)

I don't see anything. P'haps you're imagining things.

EXT. THE CLIFF AND RIVER - DUSK

The wave of moving foliage stops at the edge of the cliff and suddenly an incredible rain of poison spears pours down toward the plane.

EXT. JOCK'S PLANE - DUSK

Spears land in the water all around the plane. One sticks in the wing and one pierces the roof of the plane very near Jock's head.

JOCK

(really guns it)

What'd I tell you.

EXT. THE RIVER - DUSK

The plane skips across the water and takes off.

INT. JOCK'S PLANE - DUSK

Indy relaxes and lies across the seat, a big smile on his face. One hand drops to the floor of the cabin

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and Indy jumps, hitting his head.

On the floor of the cabin is a huge boa constrictor.  
Indy tries to get his whole body onto the seat.

INDY

Jock, there's a large snake here.

JOCK

Oh, don't mind him. That's Reggie. Wouldn't hurt a soul.

INDY

I can't stand snakes.

JOCK

The world's full of them, you know.

INDY

I hate them.

JOCK

Come on now, Sport, show a little of the old backbone.

EXT. JOCK'S PLANE - TWILIGHT

It soars off over the dark jungle.

INT. THE NATIONAL MUSEUM (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - CURATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Out a tall window, sunshine light the Capitol dome. Indy stands in the glare of the window, carefully shaping the brim of a new felt hat identical to the one lost in Peru. He is wearing a suit.

The Museum Curator, MARCUS BRODY, is across the room. The jewelled figurine from Peru is on a small pedestal before him. Despite his obvious pleasure with the piece, he seems distracted, a little worried. His old friend Indy senses it.

INDY

If it's not the right one, I can always return it.

BRODY

It's even more beautiful than I imagined.

INDY

Then why so glum? Don't tell me my fee's getting too high.

Brody shakes his head. He hands Indy an envelope from his desk.

BRODY

It's barely enough, if you ask me. Of course, the board of governors doesn't ask me. I hate to think what you had to go through for this one.

INDY

Want to hear about it?

BRODY

(a glimmer of a smile)

Not a word. I'm sure everything you do for this museum conforms to the strictest guidelines of the International Treaty for the Protection of Antiquities.

INDY

Right. Whatever. So what's bothering you, my friend?

BRODY

Indy, there are some people here to see you. They're across the hall.

INDY

Is that bad?

(Brody is uncertain)  
What kind of people?

BRODY

Important people. They knew you were coming before I did. They seem to know everything. And they wouldn't tell me what they want. I'm sorry, Indy.

Brody opens a door to the hall and motions Indy out. Indy reassures him with a touch.

INDY

Don't give it a thought, Marcus. I can always plead insanity.

## INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Brody and Indy come into the large conference room, dark with rich wood. Three men rise to meet them. Two are Army officers. The older of these, COLONEL MUSGROVE, is a handsome, white haired gentleman, the ranking authority in the group. The younger officer is a dangerous-looking fellow named MAJOR EATON. The civilian, DAVONA, has an eager, irritating manner.

BRODY

Gentlemen, this is Indiana Jones.

DAVONA

(dismissing Brody)

Thank you, Mr. Brody, you've been most helpful.

Marcus glances at Indy, then closes the door on his way out.

DAVONA

It's a great pleasure to meet you, Doctor Jones. I'm Eric Davona, from the White House. This is Colonel Musgrove from the Pentagon and Major Eaton of Army Intelligence.

They all shake, take seats at the table.

INDY

If this is the draft board, I've already served.

EATON

so we've heard. In fact, Dr. Jones, we've heard a great deal about you. Doctor of archaeology, expert on the occult, and -- how does one say it -- "obtainer of rare antiquities".

INDY

That's one way to say it.

DAVONA

You're a man of many talents.

Indy is impassive. There is a pregnant silence.

MUSGROVE

Dr. Jones, I see you're not a man for idle chatter. Let's get quickly to the point. What do you know of Adolph Hitler?

INDY

The standard stuff -- dangerous, evil, probably nuts.

MUSGROVE

Yes. Evil. He's giving new meaning to that word. He appears to have embraced evil as a philosophy. A madman, all right. I doubt if you can imagine just how mad he has become.

Musgrove nods at Eaton.

EATON

He's increasingly obsessed with the occult. Ancient symbols of power, weird satanic totems, arcane biblical legends. For over a year now, he's had teams of German archaeologists and Nazi agents fanning out over the globe in search of this or that relic or icon.

DAVONA

Let me give you just one example. Have you ever heard of the Spear of Longinus?

INDY

(nods)

It's supposed to have pierced the side of Christ on the Cross.

DAVONA

Right. It's sometimes called the Spear of Destiny. The legend is that the man who holds it controls the fate of the world. Right now it's on display in the Hapsburg Museum in Vienna. Hitler has gone to Vienna five times to view it. And those are just the visits we know about.

INDY

I've been to the Smithsonian a few times. That doesn't make me obsessed.

DAVONA

You're right. but we have reliable intelligence -- and I must tell you that this is top

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DAVONA (CONT'D)

secret -- that within a year Hitler will invade and annex Austria. Our source tells us that one of his primary motivations is to take possession of the Spear of Destiny.

Indy is skeptical.

INDY

What's this got to do with me?

EATON

Yesterday afternoon one of our European section intercepted a German communique sent from Cairo to Berlin. The news contained in it was obviously causing a lot of excitement among the German agents in Cairo. Now we've got some information, but we don't know what to make of it. We thought you might.

Eaton opens a dossier on the table.

EATON

Apparently some kind of German archaeological dig is going on in the desert outside Cairo. The communique said that the excavations had turned up...

(refers to dossier)

...Tanis. Does that mean anything to you? Tanis?

It does. Indy considers it in silence a few moments.

INDY

It's all legend, you understand?

(the nod)

The City of Tanis is one of the possible resting places of the Lost Ark.

MUSGROVE

The Lost Ark?

INDY

The Ark of the Covenant. The chest the Hebrews used to carry around the Ten Commandments.

DAVONA

What do you mean the Ten Commandments?

INDY

I mean the actual stone tablets. The original ones Moses brought down from Mount Horeb. The ones he smashed.

The government men are impressed.

INDY

The Hebrews put the broken pieces in the Ark and carried it with them. When they settled in Canaan, the Ark was placed in the Temple of Solomon, in Jerusalem. It stayed there for many years. And then... it was gone.

DAVONA

Where?

INDY

Just gone. Disappeared. No one knows who took it or when. But there's a strong suspect. An Egyptian pharaoh who invaded Jerusalem around 980 B.C. Name of Shishak.

EATON

...Who may have taken it back to this city of Tanis.

INDY

That's the story. If he did, it was a mistake. Bad things always seemed to happen to outsiders who meddled with the Ark.

DAVONA

(a sneer)

Nothing like an old-fashioned curse.

INDY

You don't go for that stuff, huh? Well, Shishak probably didn't either. But soon after he returned to Egypt, the City of Tanis was consumed by the desert in a sandstorm that lasted a year.

(he smiles)

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INDY (CONT'D)

Which is how the City of Tanis came to be known as the Lost City of Tanis...Wiped away by the wrath of God.

DAVONA

That's absurd.

INDY

Suit yourself.

MUSGROVE

Obviously, we've come tot the right man. You seem to know all about this Tanis.

INDY

Nothing compared to my friend. He's made quite a study of it.

DAVONA

Really? Could he be located now?

INDY

Shouldn't be hard. He works in this building, two floors down. Dr. Calvin Stansbury.

INT. HALLWAY - MUSEUM BASEMENT

In the bowels of the museum, the government men follow Indy along a narrow corridor, lit intermittently by naked bulbs. Doors line the hall and Indy stops at one and taps. DR. CALVIN STANSBURY, a man in his sixties, opens the door. He is pleased to see Indy.

STANSBURY

Indy! Hello, hello. I'm so glad you stopped by.

INDY

Good to see you, Cal. I've got some company for you.

Stansbury sees the others and shines a cheery grin on them. He motions them all inside.

STANSBURY

Fine! Come in one and all. The more the merrier.

## INT. STANSBURY'S OFFICE

The office matches the man perfectly -- small, loaded with information, and more than just a touch crazy. The main problem is fitting everyone in the tiny cubicle. Every surface is covered with books, maps and artifacts. The one, tiny, cell-like window is occupied by a lonely plant.

The men squeeze into the office. But Stansbury is oblivious to how crowded it is. Throughout the scene, the animated little fellow moves along them as though the room were a spacious hall. They squirm to let him by.

INDY

Cal, this is Colonel Musgrove.  
Major Eaton and Mr. Davona.

(they all shake)

These fellows are top secret  
bigshots.

STANSBURY

What fun.

INDY

They want to know a little about  
Tanis.

STANSBURY

A fascinating subject.

INDY

Some German diggers seem to think  
they've found it outside Cairo.

This really excites Stansbury.

STANSBURY

That would be marvelous!

MUSGROVE

We're not so sure. We think that  
Adolph Hitler may be after some-  
thing there.

Stansbury thinks about this a moment, his eyes gleaming.  
He gets more agitated, talks fast.

STANSBURY

Yes, yes, that would make sense.  
He'd be looking for the Lost Ark.  
I understand he's very interested  
in that kind of thing. Why, I  
heard he's ready to annex Austria  
just to get his hands on the Spear  
of Longinus.



The government men exchange mystified looks.

STANSBURY

Ah, but the Lost Ark. That would be even more attractive to him. The Spear has certain ephemeral beliefs attached to it, none of them proven. But the Ark, oh the Ark, that's a different story. That's real power!

(a new thought)

Of course, just because you've located Tanis doesn't mean you've got the Lost Ark. No sir. Uh-uh.

(a sudden thought)

Say, Indy, you know who would really be excited to hear about this?

Abner. Why, if we only knew how to contact --

Indy motions for Stansbury to drop the subject. Only Eaton notes the exchange.

STANSBURY

What? Oh. Never mind. Where was I?

The government men don't know what to make of this guy.

DAVONA

(like an uncertain student)

You were saying you don't have the Ark just because you find Tanis.

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STANSBURY

Right! When Pharaoh Shishak took the Ark back to Tanis he had it hidden away in a secret chamber called The Well of the Souls. The priests devised a system for locating the Well of the Souls. They had a map room that showed the whole city of Tanis in miniature.

Stansbury stops pacing in front of Davona and speaks to him as though he were the only one in the room.

STANSBURY

This was really clever. They had something called the Staff of Ra. It was really just a big stick --

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STANSBURY (CONT'D)

Oh, I don't know, say like this --  
 (he indicates about six feet)  
 -- we don't really know. Anyway,  
 on the top was an elaborate head-  
 piece. Very beautiful, with a carv-  
 ing of the sun on the top. And  
 when you put this Staff of Ra on a  
 certain spot in the map room -- at  
 a certain time of day -- the real  
 sun --

Stansbury gestures wildly during this. The men duck to  
 avoid his flailing arms. He indicates the sun in the  
 sky behind him, a map of the city before him.

STANSBURY

-- would shine through a hole in  
 the roof...down through a tiny,  
 little hole here in the headpiece  
 ...and then a thin beam of light  
 would land on the map at the loca-  
 tion of the Well of the Souls.

(he smiles at them)

Ingenious, no? You follow me?

They nod hesitantly.

DAVONA

What happened to this Staff of Ra?

STANSBURY

Well, the Staff itself was lost  
 long ago. Probably disintegrated.  
 The headpiece...that's a more com-  
 plicated question. It was broken  
 up over the years. Now it's in  
 two, maybe three, pieces.

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DAVONA

Where are the pieces?

STANSBURY

Well, one of them is in Shanghai,  
 China. In the possession of a  
 fellow named Tengtu Hok. Nasty  
 chap. Warlord of sorts.

EATON

What about the rest of it?

Stansbury glances meaningfully at Indy, then shakes his  
 head.

STANSBURY

There's no certainty about that.

Eaton is suspicious, but keeps it to himself.

MUSGROVE

I don't understand what's to stop the Germans from just digging up the desert 'til they find the Well of the Souls or whatever.

STANSBURY

Nothing, nothing. But it could take them years. Tanis was a large city. You might find the map room. It was quite prominent. But you aren't going to stumble across the Well of the Souls. No sir. That's hidden but good. Not even the people of Tanis could find it.

DAVONA

What did this Los Ark look like?

STANSBURY

Look like? Why, it's right there.

Stansbury points to the wall behind the men over the door. There is a framed print of a painting hanging in the gloom, barely visible. Stansbury picks up his desk lamp, the only lamp in the room, and unplugs it. The men stand in near darkness. Stansbury squeezes through them.

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STANSBURY

~~Let me just plug this in over~~  
here. Excuse me. I put in for  
another light a while back...

Stansbury fumbles noisily, knocking over a stack of books, and finally manages to get the light plugged in. The framed print fills the screen. It shows a biblical battle. The Israelite Army is vanquishing an opposition force. At the forefront of the Israelite ranks, two men carry the Ark of the Covenant, a beautiful gold chest, crowned by two sculptured gold angels. The men do not touch the Ark itself; rather, they carry it by use of two long wooden poles which pass through rings in the corners of the Ark. The painting is very dramatic, full of smoke, tumult and sinewy dying men. But the most astounding thing in the picture is the brilliant jet of white light and flame issuing from the wings of the angels. It pierces deep into the ranks of the retreating enemy, wreaking devastation and terror.

DAVONA

Good God!

STANSBURY

Yes. That's what the Hebrews thought.

MUSGROVE

What's that supposed to be coming out of there?

STANSBURY

Who knows...lightning...fire...  
...the power of God.

EATON

I'm beginning to understand Hitler's interest in this thing.

STANSBURY

Oh yes. The Bible tells of it leveling mountains and wasting entire regions. Moses promised that when the Ark was with you, "your enemies will be scattered and your foes flee before you".

(pause)

An army which carries the Ark before it is invincible.

MUSGROVE

Hitler is just mad enough to believe it.

Stansbury regards Musgrove a moment out of the crazy corner of his eye.

STANSBURY

Yes. If one must be mad to believe. I don't know about that.

(pause)

There's one other thing that Hitler undoubtedly believes about the Ark -- It's said that the Lost Ark will be recovered at the time of the coming of the True Messiah.

The government men exchange looks. Finally Musgrove picks up his hat, ready to leave.

MUSGROVE

Gentlemen, you've been very helpful.

INT. MAYFLOWER HOTEL (WASHINGTON D.C.) - INDY'S ROOM - NIGHT.

3:00 A.M. Indy is sound asleep in bed. There's a persistent knocking at the door. Indy gets up slowly. He wears only shorts.

INDY

Sheila?

DAVONA

No, Dr. Jones. It's not Sheila.

Indy opens the door, squints into the hall. Musgrove, Eaton and Davona stand there.

MUSGROVE

Do you mind if we come in?

INDY

What time is it?

DAVONA

Three A.M.

INDY

Oh, Okay. Sure. Come on in.

They enter, stand around as Indy switches on a lamp, then turns to face them with half-open eyes.

MUSGROVE

Dr. Jones, are you awake?

(Indy nods)

Good. We want you to go to Egypt and do everything you can to prevent Hitler from obtaining the Lost Ark.

INDY

You mind if I put on a robe?

Indy gets a robe from the closet, motions for the others to find what seats they can.

INDY

Why?

MUSGROVE

We are convinced it would be a very dangerous thing for Hitler to have the Ark in his possession. It doesn't matter whether any of this hocus-pocus about its powers

(CONTINUED)

MUSGROVE (CONT'D)  
 is true. What matters is that Hitler believes it to be true. He is in a position to plunge the world into hell. Any way -- and for any amount of time -- that we can discourage him from doing that are worth our dearest efforts.

INDY  
 Why me?

MUSGROVE  
 Surely, Dr. Jones, you'll admit that no one is more uniquely suited to this task.

INDY  
 (shrugs)  
 Why should I?

DAVONA  
 That's impertinent. You're an American. Think of your country.

INDY  
 I gave up trying to please my country a long time ago.

EATON  
 Perhaps we have an ace up our sleeve, Dr. Jones. But before we get to that, I must bring up another matter. I believe you've been less than forthcoming with us.

INDY  
 How so?

EATON  
 Dr. Stansbury mentioned a certain Abner. I assume he was referring to Professor Abner Ravenwood, the renowned archaeologist and, not incidentally, your mentor at the University of Chicago?

Indy nods.

EATON  
 And did he not, in fact, do some of the first serious work on the Lost City of Tanis?

INDY

(agreeing)

Twenty years ago. You've become quite an archaeology buff since this afternoon.

EATON

(smiles)

We have our references. Is it possible Professor Ravenwood has part of the Headpiece of the Staff of Ra?

INDY

I wouldn't know. He did at one time. But I haven't heard from him in five years or seen him in ten. You don't know where he is?

EATON

(negative)

The best we can do is Nepal in '31.

INDY

(he knew that)

That's why I didn't think it was worth mentioning. To tell you the truth, I think this is all a lot of fuss over nothing. People have been looking for the Lost Ark for 2800 years. I haven't heard anything to convince me these Krauts are any closer than anyone else.

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EATON

Perhaps we haven't been entirely open with you. Our European section intercepted one other bit of information. It seems a certain Frenchman has been apprised of the evidence uncovered in Egypt and is at this moment headed for Cairo.

(he studies Indy's face)

Perhaps the name will mean something to you...Victor Lovar.

It means a great deal to Indy. He is silent for a long time.

INDY

Is that your ace?

MUSGROVE

No. Our ace was inducting you  
into the United States Army.

INDY

Forget it. This will do. I'll  
need some expense money. Say  
25 grand.

Davona produces an envelope from his jacket, hands it to  
Indy.

DAVONA

Ten.

INDY

(accepts it)  
And a ticket.

Davona produces another envelope from his jacket, offers  
it to Indy.

DAVONA

Your flight leaves for Cairo at  
7 A.M.

Indy doesn't take the ticket.

INDY

No thanks. I'm going to Shang-  
hai. See what it takes to sep-  
arate Tengtu Hok from one of his  
prize pieces.

EXT. IN THE AIR - DAY/NIGHT

A Pan Am Clipper flies west over the Pacific.

EXT. SHANGHAI AIRPORT - DAY

Indy walks from the plane with other passengers. He is  
dressed as he was in Peru, except he wears no holster.  
In his hand, a beat-up leather valise. The passengers  
go through a gate and are surrounded by a noisy crowd of  
waiting relatives, porters and conmen. the airport build-  
ing is ahead.



As Indy makes his way through the crowd, he finds himself fluidly flanked by two men: an American, BUZZ KEHOE, and a Chinese, BANG CHOW. Their introductions, handshakes, conversations and everything involves Indy while in Shanghai happens on the move.

KEHOE

Welcome to Shanghai, Dr. Jones.  
Buzz Kehoe, Army Intelligence.  
This is bang Chow. He helps us  
out over here.

INDY

Call me indy.

INT. SHANGHAI AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

The terminal is bustling. The three men move along a wall. Up ahead the crowd of people is jamming up at the Customs checkpoints. Beyond that can be seen more lobby and then the crowded street outside the terminal.

INDY

What's the forecast?

KEHOE

Not good.

(he points ahead)

There's a cold front moving in  
fast.

WHAT THEY SEE. Out at the busy curb, two trenchcoated Europeans are hustling into a beautiful Mercedes limousine with the help of a Driver.

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INDY

German?

KEHOE

That's right.

INDY

Lovar is moving fast.

KEHOE

they got here three hours ago.  
Luckily, Bang was able to have  
them detained at Customs. They've  
been having fits.

INDY

They're on their way now. Does  
Hok know they're coming?

KEHOE

That's the word. We've got to move.

Bang, two paces ahead, pushes open the door to a men's room.

BANG

Step this way, please.

EXT. SHANGHAI AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Indy, Band and Kehoe are miraculously outside the terminal and piling into a dilapidated Ford sedan.

KEHOE

(indicating car)

Sorry it's not a Mercedes. We find it suits our purposes.

INT. KEHOE'S CAR

Indy nods as Kehoe puts it in gear and pulls out. The old head moves like a sonuvabitch.

INDY

You think he'll just hand it over to them?

KEHOE

We're sure of it. Hok has thrown in with the Japanese.

This is significant news to Indy. We begin to INTERCUT the men inside Kehoe's car with --

EXT. STREETS OF SHANGHAI (VARIOUS SHOTS) - DAY

Kehoe's furious driving soon brings the Germans' Mercedes into view up ahead. It, too, is zipping along. From here to Hok's Palace, over wide boulevards and through narrow side streets, Kehoe's car is always in some relationship to the Mercedes, either a few cars in back or a few in front, whipping down a parallel alley or speeding over a parallel bridge.

KEHOE

The Nazis used their Jap connections to arrange for the loan of this piece from his collection.

INDY

That corks it. He won't be interested in the story I was going to pitch him.

Indy takes his holster out of his valise.

BAND

(bitterly)

Most of my people live for the day the Japanese will be driven from our land. But Hok's a maverick warlord. His power derives from having embraced China's worst enemy. As you know, much blood has already spilled over the Japanese presence here. Have no doubt, much more will flow. If I have my way, some of it will belong to Tengtu Hok.

INDY

this may be your lucky day. What's the situation at the Museum?

KEHOE

Tough, but not impossible. It's in a building behind his residence. We think we have a way in, but that's just the start. Supposedly there are two samurai guarding it at all times.

Indy shoots Kehoe a questioning look.

KEHOE

(affirming it)

You hear right. The old-fashioned kind. Deadly.

BANG

and probably an alarm of some kind.

KEHOE

Of course, we're just assuming he hasn't moved the piece yet. Odds are he hasn't. He'll want to show off the whole collection to the Krauts. It's his proof he's a gentleman. I take it you'll know the damn thing when you see it.

INDY

(affirmative)

I'll go in alone. That's got to be quickest. Can you give some diversion?

KEHOE

(nods, indicates Bang)

That's his specialty.

BANG

I'll blow something up.

KEHOE

It's not all in their court. Unless their intelligence is better than we think, we've still got the element of surprise.

INDY

You're not kidding. I'm still surprised to be here

EXT. HOK'S NEIGHBORHOOD

The Mercedes is a half block ahead of Kehoe's car on a crowded street. Suddenly kehoe's car takes a sharp left and disappears down an alley.

INT. KEHOE'S CAR

Kehoe is steering through a maze of tight turns.

KEHOE

This'll be our lead on them. I hope it's enough. Here's his street.

EXT. HOK'S STREET - DAY

Kehoe's car emerges from an alley. Down the block is Tengtu Hok's modest, walled palace. Kehoe's car slows a bit and Bang steps from the moving car with a small black suitcase in his hand. While he heads down the street toward Hok's place, Kehoe's car continues across the street and into an alley on the other side.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND HOK'S PALACE/MUSEUM - DAY

Kehoe's car comes around a corner. The engine goes off and it coasts quietly down the alley along the wall behind the Museum.

## EXT. HOK'S STREET - IN FRONT OF PALACE - DAY

The Mercedes limousine appears round a corner and squeals to a stop at the front gate of the palace, which is manned by a sturdy Chinese Gateman in traditional garb. The Germans exit the limousine and approach the Gateman followed by their Driver, who obviously doubles as muscle. The Gateman bows deeply and opens the heavy gate. Band is nowhere evident.

## EXT. ALLEY BEHIND HOK'S MUSEUM - DAY

Kehoe, alone now, pushes a trash container casually into position to hide a newly created hole in the rear wall of Hok's Museum where several stone blocks have been removed. He looks around and ambles back to the car.

## INT. HOK'S PALACE - ENTRY HALL

The three Germans wait impatiently in a magnificent foyer. A chime sounds and huge double doors open to reveal TENG TU HOK, flanked by Four Female Attendants. Hok advances like the Pope toward his visitors with a wide welcoming smile. He wears a fantastic gold ornamental robe and his Attendants are a whirl of dazzling color. Despite the majesty, however, nothing can disguise the fact that Hok is basically a wild, fat barbarian, an animal. His Attendants to a choreographed bow before the Germans in what is the beginning of a long welcoming ceremony.

The Germans exchange impatient glances but decide they should play it as it comes. They bow.

## INT. HOK'S MUSEUM

No person in sight. Instead, we see a magnificent display of ancient artifacts. Glass cases hold the velvet-couched pieces at random spots on the shining marble floor. We hear an odd sound.

Near the floor on the rear wall of the museum, a steel ventilation grate moves. A hand slides it gently across the marble. Indy sticks his head out and looks around.

## INT. HOK'S PALACE - TEA ROOM

The three Germans sit uncomfortably on cushions. They are being served tea and exotic delicacies. A pleased Tengtu Hok watches from a throne-cushion. When the tray of tiny delicacies is presented to him, he takes a massive handful, crushing them together on their way to his smiling mouth.

## INT. HOK'S MUSEUM

A huge golden gong, seven feet in diameter, is suspended from the ceiling by a hook. An enormous hammer hangs poised above it, from which emanate myraid tiny threads which run up and across the ceiling, then down to the various display cases.

Indy looks up at the gong, then continues his quick, quiet foray among the cases. Beyond him, a high window.

## INT. HOK'S PALACE - TEA ROOM

Hok and his visitors stand to go. The Germans' pleased expressions make it clear they're finally on their way to the museum.

## INT. HOK'S MUSEUM

Indy arrives at his destination. The lovely, carved gold section of the headpiece is nested on purple velvet in a glass case. At the bottom of the piece is a round hollow where the staff would fit.

There is a grunting sound behind Indy and he spins, already reaching for his revolver.

A fierce Japanese Samurai is running at Indy full speed down an aisle of display cases. His sword is raised over his shoulder ready to cut Indy in half. He's six feet away when Indy's gun levels and fires twice, blasting him backwards. Indy is still looking over his gun when another samurai sword comes down from the side and chops off everything which protrudes from the cases that flank Indy. Luckily, that includes only Indy's pistol; it is amputated up to the cylinder.

An amazed Indy drops the useless pistol and backs away from the crossing aisle as the Second Samurai steps in to face him, sword raised.

Indy backs away into an open space and his bull whip appears in his hand. He gives it one savage CRACK! to announce its arrival and the Samurai slows down, eyeing it curiously. The Samurai does not look unhappy about this confrontation. How pure it is -- The Sword versus The Whip.

## EXT. HOK'S PALACE - SECOND FLOOR WALKWAY - DAY

Tengtu Hok and the Germans have obviously heard something.

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They are hurrying along the walkway at the side of the building, Hok in the lead. Up ahead is the foot bridge which crosses from the palace to the museum entrance over a moat.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE PALACE - DAY

The Lovely Mercedes limousine blows up.

EXT. HOK'S PALACE - SECOND FLOOR WALKWAY - DAY

The Germans spin toward the blast. Drawing weapons, they run back to investigate. Hok follows them, confused.

INT. HOK'S MUSEUM

Indy and the Samurai face each other. They're both breathing hard from previous, no-contact passes at each other. Now Indy begins swinging the whip over his head again. It whizzes out toward the Samurai's face. The Samurai takes two lightning-quick cuts at the leather, but misses. Indy swings for the Samurai's feet; the Japanese jumps nimbly, slashing at the whip. Indy does it again. The Samurai hops it. Once more. The Samurai is concentrating on hopping it.

Indy sees it. The split second he wants.

The whip flashes up from the floor and wraps solidly and irrevocably around the Samurai's neck. Indy gives it a murderous pull and the Samurai is dead on his feet.

EXT. HOK'S PALACE - SECOND FLOOR WALKWAY - DAY

Hok and the three Germans are looking down at the flaming remains of the Mercedes. A look of concern crosses Hok's face. He turns and runs back toward his beloved museum.

INT. HOK'S MUSEUM

Indy is at the case containing the headpiece. He smashes the glass with a samurai sword, reaches in and grabs the piece. Immediately, behind him, the huge hammer falls and the sound of the gong thunders through the museum.

EXT. HOK'S PALACE - SECOND FLOOR WALKWAY - DAY

At the sound of the gong, the running Hok skids to a halt with a crazed expression on his face. He disappears for

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two seconds in an alcove and emerges holding a big, black Thompson Submachine Gun. He runs across the foot bridge and is just barely over it when it blows up. Hok, safe, looks behind him in amazement and then turns to the museum.

INT. HOK'S MUSEUM

The double doors at the entrance slam open to reveal Hok. Indy is halfway along an unprotected wall back to his ventilation entry route. Hok opens up on him, cutting off his retreat. Indy jumps behind a marble column, which is promptly blasted with machine gun fire.

Indy looks above him, sees the giant disk of the gong. Reaching up, pushing with tremendous effort, he maneuvers it off the hook. It bounces down to the floor on its side, chipping the marble with its monstrous weight. Indy stead-ies it and then puts his whole body into rolling it across the room toward the window. As it starts to roll, Indy slips behind it and runs across the room with it.

Hok can see only the rolling gong. He opens up on it. The vicious cacophony of machine gun fire is joined by the musical reports of bullets hitting the gong and ricocheting away. Very, very noisy.

Behind the gong, Indy gauges his move. As the gong is about to be stopped by a marble bench, Indy talks a long stride onto the bench and dives through the glass of the high window. Hok's bullets hit the wall.

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EXT. ROOF - DAY

Indy lands in a shower of glass on the jutting roof of the museum's first floor. He rolls to a crouch and is immediately being fired upon. The Germans, cut off from the museum, are standing on the palace walkway firing at him. Indy takes off fast for the rear of the museum.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND MUSEUM - DAY

Kehoe, craning to locate Indy, has the Ford rolling slowly along the back of the museum. Indy appears on the roof at a run, gauges the movement of the car and jumps from the roof of the museum to the roof of the sedan. Unfortunately, the roof of the old car can't take it and Indy's legs knife right on through to the interior, where he scares the hell out of Kehoe.



INT. KEHOE'S CAR - DAY

Indy squirms his way down into the seat.

KEHOE

Jesus! Are you all right!

INDY

(he's felt better)

Great.

KEHOE

Good.

Kehoe guns it, throwing Indy back against the cushions.

EXT. ALLEY AND STREET BY PALACE - DAY

Kehoe's car comes around a corner on two wheels, flattens out and barely slows to take on Bang, who runs beside and dives in an open door with his suitcase.

INT. KEHOE'S CAR - DAY

Kehoe wheels it through the teeming streets.

KEHOE

Did you get it?

Indy nods, grimaces as he extracts the section of headpiece from the waistband of his pants and holds it up for inspection. He rubs his side a little at the spot the section was. Indy lifts his leather valise to his lap, opens it and puts the headpiece section inside, wrapping it in some unseen fabric.

KEHOE

What now?

INDY

I've got to get to Nepal.

KEHOE

(thinking)

Well, there's a midnight flight to New Delhi. It's a little past your mark, but...

INDY

That's close enough. I need a gun.

Kehoe lifts a .38 revolver from his side.

KEHOE

How's this?

INDY

(takes it, looks it over)  
Very nice.

KEHOE

You got it. What else?

INDY

(covering the whole episode)  
Thanks. You guys are good.

KEHOE

Our pleasure. How 'bout some food?

INDY

Fine.

KEHOE

What kind you like?

INDY

Surprise me.

BANG

(from the back seat)  
Italian.

KEHOE

(exasperated)  
Italian. Italian! That's all I ever hear from this guy. Indy, we've got every cuisine in the world here and this guy...

EXT. KEHOE'S CAR - DAY

The old sedan disappears into the city.

WIPE TO:

EXT. DC-3 IN THE AIR - DUSK

The plane flies west through the night sky.

INT. DC-3 - NIGHT

Indy is standing at the front of the cabin. The lone Flight Attendant, a pretty Chinese girl, turns from a

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compartment with the blanket and pillow Indy has requested. He thanks her and heads back to his seat.

We follow Indy back and see the other passengers. There are less than ten, several already sleeping. They include: a few Europeans, a couple Indians, three Chinese, and a chubby Little Old Lady in spectacles who smiles cheerily up at Indy as he passes her.

Indy reaches his seat. He has places his leather valise on the window seat. He sits down in the aisle seat, positions the pillow and blanket and settles back, closing his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DC-3 IN THE AIR - DAWN

The sun is just catching up to the fleeting plane.

INT. DC-3 - DAWN

Indy is sound asleep in his seat.

All the other passengers are awake and their eyes are on Indy. Very quietly, they all stand up. From under their seats, they bring out parachutes and slip into the shoulder straps.

At the front of the cabin, the Flight Attendant is putting on a parachute as the door to the cockpit opens and a lone Pilot comes out, already wearing a parachute. He fidgets with the unseen side of the cockpit door a moment and then pulls it closed. We can hear a bolt fall into place.

At Indy's seat, one of the Europeans lifts Indy's valise from the seat and over the sleeping form.

The chubby Little Old Lady, hard-eyed now, glances at Indy and moves to the exit door. The Captain throws a handle and opens the door. The wind rushes in. The Captain steps aside politely and the Little Old Lady jumps. The others move up.

EXT. DC-3 IN THE SKY - DAWN

The passengers bail out in a lovely line, their parachutes popping open to catch the morning sun.

INT. DC-3 - DAY

The sleeping Indy has unconsciously clutched the blanket tighter to him against the new cold in the cabin. The plane dips once in the air and pushes Indy into wakefulness. His eyes open wide as he looks around at the empty plane and the gaping exit door. His glance quickly falls to the empty seat where his valise was resting.

Indy jumps up, runs up to the cockpit door. He tries to open it, it won't go, he knocks loudly, waits for a response, and is not surprised when there is none. He steps back and kicks at the door. It won't budge.

Indy spins and hurries to the open exit door. Just as he reaches it, the plane tips that way and Indy's body swings halfway out into the rushing air. Luckily, one hand has a strong grip on the door frame and he is able to pull himself back in. The plane levels. Indy steadies himself at the door and looks out ahead.

WHAT HE SEES. The plane is over the Himalayas. Now it is headed directly at a snowy peak. There is no way it will clear the mountain. Only moments remain before impact.

Indy runs down the aisle, his eyes scanning the cabin. At the rear, he slams open all the compartment doors in a desperate search for parachutes. There are none. He starts back up the aisle, checking quickly under seats. Nothing.

At the front of the cabin, he again searches through compartment, throwing out pillows, blankets, coffee cups, anything in his way. At the bottom of one of the compartment he sees something that stops him cold. He stares a moment, thinking, then reaches in and drags it out. It is an inflatable rubber life raft, folded now into a large neat bundle. He carries his prize down the aisle to the space by the door and rolls it out before him. Inside is the attached survival kit and the metal CO2 flask.

EXT. DC-3 OVER HIMALAYAS - DAY

It's now possible to see about where the plane will strike the mountain. It's very close.

INT. DC-3 - DAY

Indy has the life raft draped over one shoulder. He squashes his hat securely down on his head. From under his jacket, he pulls his bull whip. Now keeping the

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T-shaped pull cord of the CO2 flask in easy access, he enfolds himself in the flaccid life raft as though it were a large blanket. When he has done that as completely as possible, while still remaining ambulatory, he uses the ship to tie the raft around him. He leaves enough play for its inflation and gathers the slack tightly to him. He is barely visible now, looking instead like a deflated balloon with feet. He inches his way to the open exit door and peers out ahead from his cocoon.

WHAT HE SEES. In seconds, the DC-3 is going to have its wings sheared by a rocky box canyon. But before it does, it is going to sweep very close to a wide, snowy slope. It's now or never.

Indy edges into the opening. He barely fits this way; inflated he could never get out. He adjusts his grip on the T-shaped pull cord of the CO2 flask. He watches the approaching slope.

INDY

Doctor Jones, here goes nothing.

He leaps out, pulling the cord.

EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAIN - DAY

The spot that is Indy falling from the plane inflates to a larger spot as it drops two hundred feet to the deep snow.

The DC-3 loses its wings on the canyon entrance before smashing into the mountain face beyond. It erupts in a ball of flame.

EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAIN SLOPE - DAY

All we see at first is a strange, rounded path through the snow. It starts from nowhere, runs diagonally down across the mountain.

Rolling like crazy down the slope is the ball of inflated raft, the knotted whip holding the ends of the raft together. Indy, momentarily visible with each revolution, is working at the whip with both hands. Suddenly he succeeds and the raft pops open. Indy finds himself sitting in a rubber toboggan, the loose whip trailing from one hand. The raft keeps right on going. Indy, dazed and aching, gives up any idea of stopping the raft. He settles back for the ride, amazed to be alive.

EXT. SHEPPA VILLAGE - MOUNTAIN SLOPE - DAY

The Village Shaman stands on a high stone performing a ritual for the assembled Villagers, a total of about twenty-five. They are gathered at the edge of their tiny settlement, the white slope of the mountain behind their backs. All of a sudden the Shaman sees something that frightens him into silence.

Indy whizzes by on his raft. He waves once. Unable to stop, he disappears over the horizon in seconds.

The Villagers have seen nothing. They mutter among themselves about the Shaman's strange behavior. The Shaman looks warily up to the mountain, blinks in the direction he saw Indy and decides not to mention it. He returns to his ritual.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SNOWY PLATEAU - DAY

The raft's nose is buried in a snow bank. Indy stands nearby checking his body for broken bones. In the process, he raises his shirt, revealing the section of headpiece taped securely against his back.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

Indy, riding a yak, is being led toward civilization by a Sherpa.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEPALESE TOWN - DAY

This is recognizable, if exotic, civilization. Indy comes out of a store carrying some supplies. He puts these in an old car parked in front. From the supplies he takes a box of cartridges and, leaning casually against the car, begins loading the new .45 automatic he has taken from the new flapped holster on his hip.

WIPE TO:

INT. "THE RAVEN" SALOON - PATAN, NEPAL - NIGHT

A huge stuffed raven, wings spread wide, is mounted behind the long bar in the noisy, crowded saloon. The

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clocks says it's 2 A.M., but there's plenty of activity here. A lively mix of patrons is represented in the late hour tableau: Nepalese natives, fierce Sherpa mountain guides, sleazy international smugglers and fugitives, and, of course, mountain climbers from every corner of the earth.

A tall Nepalese, MAHDLO, is the bartender and he's very busy now.

In a corner near the fireplace trouble breaks out suddenly between the groups at two neighboring tables. Ferocious representatives from each table -- one a wild-looking SHERPA, the other a muscular Australian CLIMBER -- jump up to face each other. As the two contenders stand poised for action, their respective supporters shift in their places, fondling lethal ice axes and clubs.

SHERPA

Gmoiska! Shurga rintoik!

CLIMBER

Aye! That'll be your last word.

The bar has quieted ominously and so we hear with startling clarity when -

A door behind the bar slams open with a huge BANG! and some Presence, too small to be seen as it moves through the forest of towering patrons, makes a beeline for the troubled corner of the bar. A path clears for It.

The Sherpa and the Climber are about to kill each other when the Presence arrives directly between them: she is MARION RAVENWOOD, twenty-five years old, beautiful, if a bit hard-looking. At this moment, however, that look does not hurt. She is not intimidated by the combatants; she jabs accusatory fingers into their chests. She is angry as hell. The patrons shrink under her gaze.

MARION

That does it! I've been patient with you no-goods long enough. I'm not open at 2 o'clock for myself, you know. It's all for you. And how do you repay me? Trouble and noise and blood on my floor! I won't have it. Everybody out! Out! Out! We're closed. Closed! Do your killing outside! And don't leave any bodies on the porch!

The place clears quickly. Stragglers and grumblers are given special attention by Marion and Mahdlo, who has come from behind the bar carrying a big axe handle. Mahdlo herds the crows out the front door as Marion turns and walks behind the bar.

A scowl on her lovely face, she has just begun clearing the bar of glasses when she notices one remaining Patron huddled over a glass at the far end of the bar. Grimacing in exasperation, she heads that way like a locomotive.

MARION

Hey you, deaf one! I said out of my place. I don't mean next Easter, I mean now --

She is almost on him when Indy looks up smiling. Marion stops, stares, shocked.

INDY

Hello, Marion.

She hits him with a solid right to the jaw, knocking him off the barstool on the floor. He rubs his jaw and smiles up at her.

INDY

Nice to see you, too.

MARION

Get up and get out!

INDY

(getting up)

Take it easy. I'm looking for your father.

MARION

(bitterly)

Well you're two years too late.

Indy's attitude changes instantly. This is sad news. He is silent for a long time.

Mahdlo comes in the front door and hurries forward when he sees Indy with Marion. He looks to her for guidance, but she stays him with a gesture.

MARION

Go home, Mahdlo. I'll see you tomorrow.

Mahdlo is hesitant, but lays the axe handle on the bar and goes out. Indy has been barely aware of him. Now

(CONTINUED)



(continued)

he settles again on the barstool. Marion has a vindictive look. S he'll let him stay, but she wants to inflict as much pain as possible.

INDY

What happened?

MARION

I sent you a letter.

INDY

I didn't get it.

MARION

Well I sent it. and you didn't come. That's what counts.

MARION

Avalanche. Up there. He was digging. What else? He spent his whole life digging. Dragging me all over this rotten earth. For what?

INDY

Do you find him?

MARION

Hell no. He's buried where he was working. Probably preserved real good, too. In the snow.

Suddenly the hardness cracks. She is on the verge of tears and does not want him to see them. She turns away and takes a whiskey bottle from the shelf, then turns back to pout herself a drink.

INDY

(reflective)

Not a bad way to go. Doing what he loved.

MARION

(vitriolic)

Don't give me that stuff! What do you know?

(she takes a drinks)

I'm the one that was left in a bad way. He didn't have a penny. Guess how I lived, Mister

(CONTINUED)

MARION (CONT'D)

Jones. I worked here. And I wasn't the bartender.

(another swallow)

Finally the guy that owned the joint went crazy. Snow crazy. They took his away. And do you know what he screamed as they dragged him out? "It's all yours, Marion! It's yours for life."

She looks around the saloon.

MARION

Can you imagine a more evil curse?

(pause)

So far, it's working.

INDY

Why not leave? Go back to the States.

MARION

I'll go back. I'll get there. Not that there's a soul there who knows my name or cares. But I'll go. And when I do, they'll know me. 'Cause I'm going to go back in style. With money. A goddamn lady!

INDY

Where you gonna get it?

MARION

If I knew that, you think I'd still be running this dive?

Indy looks at her, thinking. Under his gaze, she blushes, for reasons only she understands. She looks into her glass and, for a moment, she softens.

MARION

I'll tell you something Indy. I've learned to hate you in the last ten years. But somehow, no matter how much I hated you, I always knew that someday you'd come through that door. I never doubted that. Something made it inevitable.

(hopefully)

Why are you here...now...tonight?

Indy takes a long time to answer.

INDY

I need one of the pieces your father collected.

Marion's eyes go icy. She swings at him again with her right, but this time he catches her at the wrist. Then he stops her left, which she has brought up to slap him.

MARION

You son-of-a-bitch! You know what you did to me, to my life? You see what I am today. This is your handiwork. Do you know how many men I've known since you? Take a wild guess.

INDY

I never meant you harm.

MARION

I was a child!

MARION

Not the leaving?

Indy shakes his head "no". He releases her arms.

INDY

I've always had to leave. That's what Abner couldn't understand. That's why I could never do the work the way he did...

(a beat)

Hell, what difference does it make? I've done what I've done. I don't expect you to be happy about it. But maybe we can do each other some good.

MARION

Why start now?

INDY

Shut up and listen for a second. I want that piece your father had. I've got money.

MARION  
I couldn't care less.

This stops her.

MARION  
How much?

INDY  
Enough to get you back to the States.

MARION  
In style?

INDY  
(ignoring that)  
Where are his things?

MARION  
Gone.

INDY  
Where?

MARION  
I sold it all. It was all junk.  
The junk he wasted his life on.

INDY  
Everything?

Marion nods.

INDY  
(giving up)  
That's too bad.

Indy feels tired, defeated. Marion is pleased.

MARION  
You look disappointed. I like that. How's it feel?

Indy has to smile at her glee.

MARION  
(hopeful)  
Come a long way, did you? Have a rough trip?

INDY  
(shakes his head)  
Uneventful.

MARION  
Too bad.  
(nods at his empty glass)  
What are you drinking?

INDY  
Seltzer.

MARION  
(refilling his glass)  
Real man's drink. Me, I like  
scotch. And I like bourbon.  
And vodka and gin. I'm not  
much for brandy. I'm off that.

She pours herself another as Indy watches, amused.

INDY  
You're a tough broad now, aren't  
you?

MARION  
It's no act, pal. Don't be con-  
fused. I've had lots of company  
there last five years, but I've  
been all alone.

INDY  
I can only say I'm sorry so many  
times.

Marion looks at him thoughtfully, takes a drink.

MARION  
You really have money? You don't  
look rich.

(Indy nods)  
I may be able to locate some of  
his things. I know who's got them.  
What do you want?

INDY  
A gold piece, about this size.  
In the shape of the sun. Pro-  
bably broken off at the bottom.  
Has a little hole in it, off-  
center. Does that sound familiar?

Marion thinks, nods slowly.

INDY  
Do you know where it is?

MARION  
Maybe. How much?

INDY  
Three thousand. American.

MARION  
(negative)  
That'll get me back, but not  
enough style.

INDY  
Five. That's all I can give you  
now. I can get you more when you  
land in the States.

MARION  
Your word, huh?  
(Indy nods)  
Just like you said you'd be back  
last time? That was your word too.

INDY  
I'm back, aren't I?

Marion sneers and they smile together.

MARION  
This doodad must be pretty im-  
portant.

(Indy nods)  
Maybe worth a whole lot?

INDY  
That's possible.

A huge smile lights up Marion's face.

MARION  
I knew it would happen eventually.  
I knew it. Something had to go  
my way.

A huge smile light up Marion's face.

MARION  
I've got to think this out. I'm  
used to bargaining with yaks.

INDY  
You can trust me. I'll tell you  
right now I have more than five

(CONTINUED)

INDY (CONT'D)  
thousand, but I need the rest.  
I can have it waiting for you  
in San Francisco.

MARION  
L.A. I want warmth!

INDY  
It's yours.

MARION  
Slow down. I don't like being  
rushed. Come back tomorrow.

INDY  
Why?

MARION  
Because I said so, that's why.  
I've got to see if I can get it.  
I've got to think. And because  
I said so, like I said. It's  
about time I called the shots  
in this relationship.

INDY  
You mean since we've been going  
together for ten years?

Marion laughs.

MARION  
Where you staying?

INDY  
Place called "Sihouk's".

MARION  
(she knows the place)  
Come back tomorrow.

Indy nods, gets up to go.

MARION  
Wait a minute. Leave the five  
thousand here.  
(Indy hesitates)  
You want trust, give some. I  
want to smell your money.

Indy thinks about this a moment, then reaches inside his  
shirt and pulls cash from a money belt. He lays five  
grand on the bar.

INDY

I trust you.

MARION

You're an idiot.

INDY

I've heard that.

Indy starts fro the door. Marion takes another drink.  
She is getting high.

MARION

Hold it. Come here.

INDY

(moving back)

Bossy, aren't you?

MARION

That's right. Give me a kiss.

Indy looks into her eyes, then leans over the bar and kisses her deeply. When the kiss ends, their faces are very close. Marion is flushed. She liked it and would like more. She raises her glass between them to discipline herself.

MARION

Get out of my place.

Indy smiles and walks to the front door. Then, without looking back--

INDY

Tomorrow.

He's gone.

Marion stares after him, thinking. She takes a drink. Then slowly, her hand comes up to loose the scarf that is draped around her throat. It falls away, revealing her graceful neck above the dipping top of her blouse. Hanging there on a gold chain against her white skin is a sun-shaped golden medallion. The bottom looks broken off. Marion lifts the medallion so she can see it in her hand, then looks thoughtfully after Indy.

EXT. STREETS OUTSIDE "THE RAVEN" - NIGHT

Indy sits thinking at the wheel of the old car we've seen previously. Finally, he puts the car in gear and drives away.



Across the street, the shadow in a doorway comes to life. A dark form steps out to look at Indy's departing car, then hurries off in the opposite direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. "THE RAVEN" - NIGHT

Marion stands before the fire that is shrinking in the fireplace. She jabs at it abstractedly with a poker, thinking. Suddenly tears well up in her eyes. She lets the poker slip from her hand, wipes away the tears. She walks across the room to the end of the bar, still cluttered with bottles and glasses, and stops at the pile of American money Indy has left. She takes the chain from around her neck and lets the medallion slide off it into her hand. She places it on the bar next to the pile of money, thinking. Then, having reached some decision, she picks up the pile of bills, walks up the back of the bar and pulls a small wooden box from under the bar. She flips open the top, puts the cash inside and closes the top. She leaves the box on the bar and starts back toward the medallion. The front door of the saloon bursts open and Four Bad Men come in. Marion, halfway between the valuable possessions and not wishing to draw attention to either, stops where she is.

The Four Bad Men who advance on her are:

- 1.) the obvious leader, a short, vile, sadistic German in spectacles by the name of BELZIG.
- 2.) a trenchcoated SECOND NAZI.
- 3.) a ratty-looking NEPALESE and
- 4.) a mean MONGOLIAN. The second NAZI and the MONGOLIAN both carry submachine guns.

BELZIG  
Good evening, Fraulein.

MARION  
The bar's closed.

BELZIG  
We are not thirsty.

The Mongolian and the Nepalese poke around, checking to make sure there's no one else there.

Down at the end of the bar, the medallion lies partially hidden by surrounding glasses and bottles. The Second Nazi stops very near it, but turns his back to it to face Belzig and Marion.

MARION  
What do you want?

BELZIG

The name thing your friend Dr. Jones wanted. Surely he told you there would be other interested parties.

Marion shakes her head.

BELZIG

Ah, the man is nefarious. I hope for your sake he has not yet acquired it.

MARION

Why, are you willing to offer more?

BELZIG

Almost certainly. Do you still have it?

MARION

No. But I know where it is.

Belzig's smile fades at this news. He's not a patient sort. Marion is chilled by the look. She turns and moves to the shelf of bottles behind her, reaching high for one, very near the large stuffed raven. Her hand lingers there a moment and we see--

From an angle behind the stuffed raven, that the left wing spread hides a Baretta automatic pistol. Marion's hand is very near it, but withdraws with only a whiskey bottle as the Mongolian walks toward her behind the bar.

Marion opens the bottle before Belzig, who watches her intently.

MARION

How 'bout a drink for you and your men?

The Second Nazi lights up at this suggestion. Belzig gives him a withering look.

BELZIG

We will stick to the business at hand, Fraulein.

MARION

(tough)

Fine. Why don't you come back tomorrow when Jones is here and we'll have an auction?

Belzig gives her a cold look then turns and walks over toward the fireplace. As soon as his back is turned, the Second Nazi grabs the nearest whiskey bottle and takes a quick pull. In so doing, he leaves the medalion completely exposed. Marion is aware of this as she looks at him. But he quickly puts the bottle down again, obscuring the medalion, when Belzig speaks from the fireplace.

BELZIG

I'm afraid an auction is not possible.

(pause)

Your fire is dying here, Fraulein.

(a beat, then threatening)

Why don't you tell us where the piece is right now?

MARION

Listen, Herr Mac, I don't know who you're used to dealing with, but no one tells me what to do in my place.

Belzig, still looking in the fire, sneers and shakes his head.

BELZIG

Americans! You're all alike. Fraulein Ravenwood. I'll show you what I'm used to.

He motions with his hand. The Mongolian moves up behind Marion and lifts her roughly over the top of the bar, knocking over bottles and spilling liquor. He deposits her on the other side, where the Nepalese and the Second Nazi flank her and hold her cruelly, arms behind her back. Marion raises a ruckus.

Belzig turns from the fireplace. In his hand is the poker, its end glowing orange. He advances on Marion.

Marion stops yelling, her eyes widen in terror.

MARION

Wait! I can be reasonable--

BELZIG

That time is passed.

The glowing poker point moves inexorably across the room toward Marion's face.

MARION

You don't need that. I'll tell you everything!

BELZIG

Yes, I know you will.

Belzig has no intention of stopping now. The glowing tip is approaching Marion's face. The Nepalese watches with savage glee.

The tip of the poker is five inches from Marion's nose when there is a loud CRACK! and the fall of Indy's bull whip wraps around the middle of the poker and tears it out of Belzig's hands.

The poker sails high across the room, free of the whip, and lands in the heavy curtains that cover one window. The curtains immediately burst into flame.

The four Bad Men look in surprise toward the front entrance. Indy is poised there, the whip in his right hand, the .45 automatic raised toward them in his left.

INDY

Hello.

Now everything begins to happen very fast --

The Mongolian had just come around the bar at the end opposite the medallion. He dives back to crouch behind the end of the bar, raising his submachine gun.

Belzig and the Second German dive behind tables near the bar. The Nepalese is slower to leave Marion, he draws a Luger. Indy's .45 barks and the Nepalese dies spinning against the bar. Indy fires in the direction of the Mongolian.

Marion swings up over the top of her bar.

Belzig fires at her, but his bullets smash bottles behind the bar and thud into the raven.

Marion flattens out on the floor behind the bar as bullets hit above her. She reaches up, snatches the axe handle from where Mahdlo left it, and begins crawling down the length of the bar toward --

The Mongolian, who sticks his submachine gun out and fires blindly in Indy's direction.

Indy is in a crouch behind a table, trying to get a shot at someone. He doesn't notice in the din and con-

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fusion when the door bursts open. An incredible, fear-some GIANT SHERPA, almost seven feet tall, soars in and tackles Indy from behind. The whip flies from Indy's hand as he and the Giant Sherpa roll across the floor, upsetting furniture.

The Mongolian, seeing this, stands up confidently. Marion rises behind him and bashes him over the head with the axe handle. He goes down and out.

Fire has completely engulfed the curtains and is working across the ceiling on decorative yak skin bunting. A burning fragment drops to the top of the bar, which immediately lights up, fueled by the spilled alcohol. Full whiskey bottles explode like Molotov cocktails.

Rolling on the floor, Indy and the Giant Sherpa are fighting for control of Indy's .45.

Belzig sees this and shouts to the Second Nazi, who is rising from cover with submachine gun in hand.

BELZIG  
Shoot them both!

SECOND NAZI  
He's our man!

BELZIG  
Do as I say!

Both the Giant Sherpa and Indy hear this. The Giant Sherpa is big, but he's not dumb. He exchanges an alarmed look with Indy and together they swing the .45 around toward the surprised Second Nazi. Two blasts blow him away.

That done, Indy brings a brass spittoon down on the Giant Sherpa's wrist and the .45 slides away from them both. Indy jumps up and kicks the Giant Sherpa, who barely seems to feel it. He grabs Indy and flips him effortlessly onto a table.

Belzig now has a clear shot at Indy. He raises his luger.

Marion, at the end of the bar, finally gets the hand of the Mongolian's submachine gun. It roars to life in the general direction of the ceiling.

Belzig runs for cover as Marion gets control of the gun and levels it. Belzig dives around the end of the bar opposite Marion. When he has set himself, he peeks up

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over the edge of the scorched bar. The alcohol fire has moved down the bar and now, much to Belzig's surprise, he finds himself staring at the fire-blackened sun-shaped medallion! His eyes widen. He cannot believe his good fortune. Without hesitation he picks up the metal medallion, palming it. Immediately there is a sickening searing sound and Belzig's expression changes from joy to agony. He screams in pain and tries to shake the red-hot medallion from his skin. Marion opens up and the bar starts to splinter in front of Belzig. The medallion comes free of Belzig's hand and rolls across the floor.

Belzig has had enough. In excruciating pain, he turns, sees a window, runs and dives through the glass.

An exhausted Indy uses his whole body to upend the Giant Sherpa, who lands hard on his back. They are surrounded by flames.

EXT. "THE RAVEN" - SNOW BANK - NIGHT

Belzig has his burned hand stuck deep in the snow. Now he withdraws it, steaming, and scurries off into the night like a wounded animal.

INT. "THE RAVEN" - NIGHT

Marion throws down the empty submachine gun and moves through the flames to the center of the bar where she left the box with the five grand. She finds the remains of the box and its contents: a shapeless pile of ash and charred wood.

At the end of the bar, the Mongolian has come back to life. He shakes out his head, then reaches inside his coat and pulls out a Mauser pistol.

Indy smashes a chair over the head of the Giant Sherpa and the huge creature goes down.

The Mongolian points his Mauser through the smoke and flame at Indy. Suddenly, the Mongolian is shot dead.

Marion stands beneath her stuffed raven with the Baretta.

Indy looks in her direction thankfully. He doesn't notice that behind him, the Giant Sherpa has risen one last time. And Indy will never know, because just as the Giant Sherpa is about to wring his neck, a beam from the collapsing roof comes down and lays the Giant Sherpa to rest.

Indy moves quickly through the flames, his eyes scanning the floor. He picks up his bullwhip and his crumpled felt hat. He peers through the smoke till he spots Marion moving among the burning furniture.

INDY

Let's get out of here!

MARION

Not without that piece you want!

INDY

It's here?

Marion nods, kicks aside a burning chair. Another burning beam falls from the roof. Indy pulls Marion close to him protectively.

INDY

Forget it! I want you out of here. Now!

He begins dragging her out.

MARION

The piece!

INDY

It's not important!

MARION

(pointing)

There!

She breaks away from him, darts back and picks the hot medallion up in the loose cloth of her blouse. Together they rush out. Beams fall. Our view is obscured in flame.

EXT. SNOWY SLOPE ABOVE "THE RAVEN" - NIGHT

Indy and Marion collapse in the snow. Below, "The Raven" is disintegrating in flame and townspeople are converging.

Indy and Marion watch in silence for a few moments.

INDY

You're something.

MARION

You burned down my place!

INDY

(figuratively)

I owe you plenty!

MARION  
(literally)  
You owe me plenty!

INDY  
(smiles)  
You are something!

MARION  
I am something. And I'll tell you  
exactly what --

She uses some snow to clean off the medallion, then holds  
it up the possessively.

MARION  
I'm your partner.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAIRO - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

First we see the sprawl, the soaring minarets, and medieval fortresses that make up the ancient skyline of the city. Then we're closer, in the narrow, exotic streets, teeming with life: fierce-looking men in tattered galabiyas, blackgowned women with faces hidden by veils, ragged, barefoot children. The bazzars are crowded with merchants and pickpockets, European criminals and black African natives. An occasional car inches through the crowded streets, following tall camels and heavily-laden donkeys. Dogs chase chickens through the thicket of human legs.

A Gulf + Western Company

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

A tall, sinister Arab, MONKEY MAN, hovers in the shade between two buildings. On his shoulder is a small MONKEY, fully dressed in Arab garb, turban on his head, a tiny satchel strapped to his back. Both the Monkey and his master are staring at a shop down the street. Painted on the window of the shop:

AMERICO IMPORT-EXPORT INC.

The door of the shop opens and STANTON, an American in a white linen suit, steps out and looks around. Monkey Man shrinks into the shadows. Stanton gestures and Indy and Marion come out, exchange last words with Stanton, and move into the flow of foot traffic.



EXT. SALLAH'S HOUSE - OLD CAIRO - DAY

Indy and Marion, with two suitcases between them, stand waiting at the front door of a modest home. The neighborhood is poor but dignified, crowded but clean. The front door is opened by SALLAH, a powerful, sixty year old Arab. His face lights up at the sight of Indy and the two men embrace warmly. Members of Sallah's large FAMILY immediately flock to the door. Indy embraces them too, though there are a few young ones he has never met. Indy turns and draws Marion into the group to introduce her. Sallah and SALLAH'S WIFE beam at her as though she were a daughter-in-law. Two of the slightly goofy Older Sons, one of whom is ABU, applaud the beauty of Marion, who blushes. Indy laughs and Sallah's Wife shoos the sons away. Finally, the whole group disappears inside.

The Monkey Man and his Monkey have observed it all from the corner.

INT. DINING ROOM - SALLAH'S HOUSE

Dinner is almost over. The family is so large there are two low tables, with the adults and older children at one and the younger children at another. Sallah, his wife, Indy and Marion are at the head of the adult table, laughing and talking. Suddenly the general liveliness at the children's table escalates into full scale pandemonium, attracting the attention of the adults. Sallah is perturbed at the interruption.

SALLAH

Silence!

(there is silence)

Why do you forget yourselves?

The gaggle of grinning off-spring parts to reveal in their midst -- the MONKEY we have seen in the streets. It is munching some flat Arab bread and looking over at the table like one of the children.

SALLAH

What is this? Who brought this animal in?

All the children chatter their innocence at once. The Monkey chatters too; it's an entertainer. The Monkey jumps from the children's table and into the lap of Abu, who is sitting nearby. The children laugh. Sallah turns his mock stern gaze on Abu.

SALLAH

Abu?

Abu's eyes widen in innocence. When he speaks, we get an idea of his problem in life: no matter what he says or does, he always comes off either goofy or guilty. Maybe it's because he talks too much and too fast. Or maybe it's because he has such a wild desire to please.

ABU

No, Father, not I. I would not bring this strange creature into your home. Never. Not without first asking your permission and approval.

(the Monkey hugs him)

No. I have never seen this affectionate hairiness --

SALLAH

Quiet! I believe you.

ABU

Thank you, Father.

The Monkey jumps off Abu and struts slowly up the table toward Marion, who thinks it's the cutest thing she ever saw. When it reaches Marion, it takes off its turban and does a deep, grand bow to her. She is delighted and takes the Monkey into her arms. The Monkey kisses her cheek.

MARION

Why, thank you. I like you too.

SALLAH

Then it shall be welcome in our house.

MARION

Oh, no! You don't have to have it around if you don't want it--

SALLAH

All of Allah's creatures are welcome here. You would please me by letting me please you.

Marion acquiesces, feeds the monkey a grape. Indy is bemused.

INT. KITCHEN - SALLAH'S HOUSE

LATER. Marion and Sallah's Wife work with some of the

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girl children at cleaning and making bread. Marion and Sallah's Wife are getting along famously. We pull away from this into --

INT. BEDROOM - SALLAH'S HOUSE

Indy's and Marion's suitcases and other things lay where they were left. The Monkey is all along in the room and has been gathering up every loose piece of paper. Now it picks up another scrap and stuffs it with the others in the satchel on its back. It looks around, then hops out a window and runs off down the street.

EXT. COURTYARD - SALLAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Indy and Sallah sit in the small, protected courtyard. Each is using nearby lamps to examine objects in their hands. Sallah holds the two sections of the headpiece, the medallion and the base, and has for the first time fitted them together. They fit perfectly and clearly make the whole headpiece. As they talk he peruses the markings on the headpiece quizzically. Indy is cleaning and loading a .45 automatic.

SALLAH

Once again, my friend, you come to me with a most remarkable story. Until this evening I have understood this German excavation to be for only the highest scientific purposes. That is how they have presented themselves to the Egyptian authorities. I fault myself for the ignorance that leaves me uninformed about a villain of the magnitude you describe...this Hilter. If you did not assure me now that I could be of help to you, I would leave the project tomorrow.

INDY

I knew they'd hire you, Sallah. They couldn't have an excavation in the desert without the best and wisest head digger in Egypt. I'm pleased you're out there in their midst.

SALLAH

(still glum)

I much wish to agree with you, Indy, but I feel that I have aided great evil. Can you retain your pleasure in my presence there when I tell you this? -- With my help and knowledge, the Germans have, in the last two days, uncovered the Maproom of Tanis.

Indy looks up from his gun, registers this.

SALLAH

I fear this has put them close to discovering the location of the Well of the Souls.

SALLAH

(indicates headpiece)

We shouldn't have much to worry about as long as we hold that.

Sallah looks unsatisfied by this. Something is bothering him.

INDY

Can you make anything of those markings?

SALLAH

(shakes his head "no")

They come from a time before my knowledge. I'm afraid my wisdom is in my shovels and my hands.

INDY

That is more honorable. Is Jules Spencer still here?

SALLAH

(brightens)

Are the pyramids? I expect that Jules will be with us forever. The Fatimid City digs progress slowly, but uncover much that it valuable to our history. Such dedication in so young a man is most admirable.

INDY

(smiles, thoughtful)

I know. His shining example has illuminated my bad character for years.

SALLAH

He speaks warmly of you in your absence.

INDY

(chuckles)

It's only my presence he can't stand.

Sallah dismisses this with a gesture and Indy notices his dour countenance.

INDY

What is it, my friend? What troubles you?

Sallah finds it hard to say. When he finally speaks, his words are accompanied by a strange, eerie, foreboding rush of wind through the courtyard. Just a coincidence we might suppose.

SALLAH

It is the Lost Ark. If it is there, at Tanis... It is not something man was meant to disturb. Though it represents a different god than ours, its powers are unquestioned by my people. We do not doubt its danger. Some force has always protected it. Death has always surrounded it. It is not of this earth. I am sorry to be helping in the search for it. And I am twice saddened to have you involved.

The wind dies down. Indy shakes off a chill, goes to Sallah, kneels before him and rests a hand on his shoulder.

INDY

I'll keep your words in mind, Sallah. But let us do with our fear what you and I have done many times before -- Give it a nod and put it quickly behind us.

(he smiles)

We've been fools that way for a long time.

Sallah touches Indy's hand, accepts this.

SALLAH

What of the girl?

INDY

She's only in it for the money.  
We've already contacted the  
American Intelligence agent.  
he's meeting me with the cash  
tonight. We'll send her pack-  
ing in the morning.

SALLAH

Good. It is too dangerous for  
her in Cairo. You can re-unite  
with her in the states.

INDY

(slow to understand)  
Re-unite? Oh, Sallah, you're  
still the romantic.

The monkey suddenly hops down from one of the walls.  
Sallah takes it into his lap.

SALLAH

She is good for you.

(a beat)

Where are you meeting this agent?

INDY

A spot called the Tavern of the  
Crocodiles. I've never been  
there.

SALLAH

(scowls)

That's an evil place. I'll go  
with you.

INDY

The hell you will. You'll go to  
bed where you belong.

Sallah indicates the gun in Indy's hand.

SALLAH

At least you will carry a new  
lantern against the night.

INDY

(looks at gun)

Yeah. It's my fourth one in a  
week. I hope I can hold on to it.

## EXT. SIDE STREETS - NIGHT

Indy moves through dark, threatening streets. Shadows shift constantly. Fierce men rise from nowhere with burning eyes.

## EXT. "THE TAVERN OF THE CROCODILES" - NIGHT

The Tavern is at the end of a cul-de-sac in which several evil-looking characters are loitering. As we move closer to the Tavern, its one highly unusual feature becomes apparent: the Tavern is completely surrounded by a 15 foot moat and there is no bridge of any kind. Halfway out, lined up with the Tavern's entrance, is a single small stone step slightly above the water's surface and reaching it doesn't seem an awesome task until you see that the water is thick with huge Nile crocodiles.

Indy stands at the edge of the moat assessing the situation. There is enough noise and light coming from the Tavern to indicate it can be entered. Suddenly a small, ARAB IN BLACK is standing beside Indy with an oily smile.

ARAB IN BLACK

Surely one must be very thirsty to enter his place.

(he cackles)

Never been here? I'll warn you. That stepping stone out there is very slippery. Better to use the others.

He cackles maniacally and backs away from Indy. Suddenly he stops, looks at the moat and runs directly at it. He leaps nimbly out over the moat and touches down just once in his flight, using the back of a floating crocodile as a step! Other crocs rise up to snap at his feet, but he lands laughing at the Tavern entrance, bows to Indy and goes inside.

Indy looks unhappy but resigned. He backs away, studies the moat, swallows once and takes off. His lead foot aims for the stepping stone, bits it and, as promised, begins to slide. Luckily, he's able to remain upright enough to find the back of a crocodile with his other foot. Two sets of huge jaws slam closed near his legs, but he lands safely at the Tavern entrance.

## INT. "THE TAVERN OF THE CROCODILES"

It's dark and smoke-filled, a criminal's delight. The patrons have all spent the day doing something low, if now

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illegal. An inordinate number of the habitues have wooden legs, hooks or crutches. A piano tinkles.

Indy peers through the murk for Stanton, doesn't see him, and takes a table in the corner. He speaks to a Waiter, who brings him a glass and a Seltzer bottle. Indy continues to look around.

Suddenly a tall, impressive figure appears from the shadows, elegantly dressed in an expensive black suit. His face is thin, powerful; his eyes hypnotic; his smile charming, yet lethal. He's smiling now at Indy. He is VICTOR LAVAR. His heavily-accented speech is deep, mellifluous, wonderful.

LOVAR

Good evening, Dr. Jones.

INDY

Well, well, Victor Lavar.

LOVAR

May I sit?

INDY

Why not?

LOVAR

Funny, isn't it, our meeting in Cairo? I am here on a professional consultation. What brings you?

INDY

Just looking for a little sun.

LOVAR

You should have come directly. There is more sun here than in Nepal.

INDY

Well, I was over the Himalayas. Thought I might as well drop in.

Lovar smiles. A Waiter arrives mysteriously with an expensive bottle of wine and two glasses. Lovar approves it, offers some to Indy, who demurs with a gesture.

LOVAR

You were quite vigorous in Shanghai. I hope you won't feel your visit futile when I tell you our

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LOVAR (CONT'D)  
 friend Tengtu Hok had taken the  
 precaution of making several  
 copies of his piece.

INDY  
 (registers this)  
 It wasn't a total loss. I had  
 a good Italian meal.  
 (he drinks)  
 You're very informative.

LOVAR  
 You would find out soon enough.  
 You have many friends in Cairo.  
 Were you meeting one here tonight?

Indy ignores this, studies Lovar.

LOVAR  
 Well, perhaps he'll show up yet.  
 Interesting place this, don't  
 you think?

Again Indy says nothing. He stares at Lovar, noncomit-  
 tally, waiting. Lovar sees the look, smiles a moment,  
 drops the social pose. When he speaks again, he is ser-  
 ious.

LOVAR  
 Jones, we have encountered each  
 other so many times I think I  
 know how you feel about me. You  
 despise me.

(Indy watches him)  
 But it is not, as you would like  
 to think, because I am evil. No,  
 it's because we always hate in  
 others that which we most fear  
 in ourselves. And you and I are  
 very much alike.

INDY  
 Now you're getting nasty.

LOVAR  
 I am a shadowy reflection of you.  
 But it would take only a nudge to  
 make you the same as me, to push  
 you out of the light. That is  
 why you hate me. And fear me. I  
 have accepted all which you re-  
 sist. I have embraced the dark-  
 ness and found a home, while you

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LOVAR (CONT'D)

continue your awkward walk along the line, never at peace, never sure where your loyalties belong.

(he takes a long drink)

But what is most surprising, most ironic if you will, is where these paths have led us. You, denying your instincts and trying instead to do what is "right" and "moral", now find yourself facing the gloom of defeat. While I, having mastered the darkness, am on the eve of my greatest, brightest victory. Soon I will have the Ark of the Covenant.

INDY

What about your boss, Der Fuhrer? I thought he was waiting to take possession.

For the first time, Lovar appears worried about his surrounding. He looks into the gloom and we can see that there are several trenchcoated German Henchmen waiting for Lovar.

LOVAR

(quieter)

When the time is right. When I am finished with it.

INDY

(smiles at this)

I hope your friends are patient. Dangerous work, Lovar.

LOVAR

Yes. For all of us. Even now you don't realize what you're dealing with.

INDY

(unimpressed)

It's past my bedtime.

He starts to push away from the table, but Lovar rests a hand on his sleeve to stay him. Indy looks at Lovar's hand, then up into his face. Lovar's eyes are shining. He is somewhere else at this moment and his voice, when he speaks, is different.

LOVAR

Have you read the Bible, Jones?  
Have you seen how the Ark was  
constructed? Do you know what  
it means?

(very intense)

It's a transmitter. A radio for  
talking to God.

Indy stares into Lovar's face. He does not smile. Finally, he rises from the seat and heads toward the front door. Lovar does not turn to watch him.

A waiter intercepts Indy's exit.

WAITER

(gestures toward the rear)  
This way is easier, sir.

EXT. "THE TAVERN OF THE CROCODILES" (REAR) - NIGHT

We're looking across the moat at the back of the Tavern. Now a section of the rear wall lowers like a drawbridge and Indy walks quickly over the moat. Pleased at this method of exit.

EXT. ALLEY NEAR "THE TAVERN" - NIGHT

Indy walks alertly through the gloom. Suddenly, from the shadows ahead, appears Stanton, the American Intelligence agent. Indy watches as Stanton approaches and falls flat on his face. In his back, not one, but three Arabian daggers.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

Indy, Marion and the Monkey, on Marion's shoulder, walk briskly through the crowd. Indy is very alert to their surroundings. Marion wears a bright red scarf around her neck.

INDY

You'd be safer at Sallah's.

MARION

I'd be safe on a plane out of here. But since I'm stuck in Cairo, I might as well see Jules again. He'll want to hear about Dad.

INDY

Did we need the monkey?

MARION

He's adorable. What are you being such a grouch for?

They reach a fork in the street. As they head down one branch, the Monkey suddenly leaps from Marion's shoulder and runs away down the other branch.

MARION

Hey, come back here! Where are you going?

(to Indy)

Let's go get him.

Indy dismisses that with a look that leaves no room for debate.

INDY

Will you hurry up?

Marion casts a disappointed look after the Monkey and then hurries along with Indy.

EXT. THE OTHER FORK - DAY

The Monkey hurries along the sidewalk to a corner, where he pops up into the arms of the waiting Monkey Man. The Monkey chatters away. Monkey Man turns and cuts quickly into an alley which runs parallel to the fork Indy and Marion have taken. He stops at a break in the buildings and looks through to that street. In a moment, Indy and Marion pass by the break. Monkey Man turns and looks up at a roof further down the alley. He waves with his hand. Someone up there waves back.

EXT. ON THE ROOF - DAY

A fat Lookout Arab turns from the distant Monkey Man and moves to another edge of the roof. He looks down to where the street Indy and Marion are on enters a tiny square, made even more cramped by its use as a small bazaar. He waves to someone down there.

EXT. THE SMALL BAZAAR - DAY

A Greasy Arab behind one of the booths returns the wave from the roof, then turns and proceeds to signal three other Bad Arabs and one German Agent who are in the crowd of shoppers in the bazaar.

Indy and Marion are just reaching the square. A half block behind them, Monkey Man and the Monkey step out from between two buildings.

Indy and Marion have started working their way through the crowd when several Bad Arabs and a German Agent begin to converge on them. Indy immediately sees what's happening and pulls the bull whip from his jacket. The first Bad Arab to reach them gets hit in the mouth by the handle of the whip. Now all hell breaks loose, with Bad Arabs, Innocent Shoppers, baskets of fruit and tables of goods flying every which way in the constricted space.

INDY

(to Marion)

Run! Get out of here!

Indy catches a dagger-wielding Bad Arab around the legs with the whip and flips him. Marion is reluctant to leave Indy.

INDY

Go, dammit! Go!

Marion goes. She runs off between two buildings. A Bad Arab takes off after her.

Monkey Man, standing at the edge of the square, points at Marion. The Monkey jumps off his shoulder and follows Marion.

EXT. BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS - DAY

Marion runs along the narrow space and soon encounters a five foot wall. She flops over it. The Bad Arab is right on her heels. He reaches the wall and vaults over. On the other side of the wall, the Bad Arab lands in a crouch, looks ahead and doesn't see Marion. Immediately a heavy earthen pot smashes over his head, putting him out. Marion steps from an alcove and starts to run toward the street at the other end of the walkway. Suddenly a big, brown Chevy skids to a stop at that end and a new German Agent hops out, looking around. Marion slides to a stop and retreats to the alcove again. There is a huge rattan basket sitting there. Marion flips open the top and climbs in, closing it above her.

The only witness: The Monkey, who is now perched on the five foot wall.

EXT. THE SMALL BAZAAR - DAY

Chaos. An entire booth of pots and pans collapses on a Bad Arab and a German Agent as Indy whips away a support.

EXT. BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS - DAY

The chattering Monkey leads a German Agent and a Bad Arab to Marion's hiding place, gesturing manically.

EXT. THE SMALL BAZAAR - DAY

Indy ducks under the swinging blade of a huge Arabian sword and kicks the Bad Arab Swordsman in the groin.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

The Bad Arab and the German Agent are carrying Marion's hiding place to the open back door of the Chevy. She is making a fuss inside. When they reach the car, they tip the basket open and Marion rolls into the back seat. The Bad Arab jumps in after her, the German Agent follows, pulling the door closed. The Arab Driver peels out, hanging a right that will take him along one side of the little square.

INT. BROWN CHEVY - DAY

Marion fights her abductors like a hellcat. After scratching the Bad Arab across the face, she turns her full strength on the surprised German Agent, grabbing him at the throat and diving toward him so that the back of his head smashes out the window of that door. This is just as the small bazaar is flashing by and, for one moment, Marion sees Indy.

MARION

Indy-y-y-y!

The Bad Arab grabs her from behind as the Chevy speeds off.

EXT. THE SMALL BAZAAR - DAY

Indy has heard her. He looks anxiously at the departing Chevy. One last Bad Arab rises before him. Indy's whip flashes and the Bad Arab's pants fall down to his ankles. Indy is already running across the bazaar. He leaps once

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(CONTINUED)

onto a table and from there to the back of a huge camel. The shocked Camel Owner standing nearby can only stare as Indy slaps the Camel's side and takes off at a gallop after the Chevy.

EXT. THE CITY CHASE - INTERCUTTING INDY AND THE CHEVY - DAY

The contest is very equal. The big Chevy is having its problems negotiating the tight corners and congested streets of Old Cairo. In the straightaways the camel is no match. But in crowded spots and twisting alleyways, the camel has it all over the Chevy. The Bad Arab and the German Agent have Marion pretty much controlled in the back seat, but every one in a while she twists upwards and we catch a glimpse of her bright red scarf.

Indy's camel ride has its disadvantages. The huge galloping creature is giving Indy a violent vertical bounce; he seems in constant danger of being sent flying. In addition, the camel is so tall that Indy must constantly be ducking overhangs and branches. He fails to avoid a clothes line and the camel is draped in colorful robes for a full block. At one point, Indy jumps a produce cart to pick up some ground on the Chevy. The rear-to-hump impact on the other side is clearly registered on Indy's face.

EXT. THE SWITCH - DESERTED SQUARE - DAY

The Chevy slides around a corner into a large square and skids to a stop next to a big Ford, which has obviously been waiting for this rendezvous with engine running. The back doors of both cars open and the scratched Bad Arab roughly transfers Marion into the Ford with the help of a new German in the back of the Ford. Both doors slam shut and the Chevy peels out, handing a right that makes it very visible to --

Indy who comes galloping around the corner at this moment. He focuses on the Chevy headed for the far corner of the square and cuts diagonally across the square after it. He is about to disappear out the corner of the square when he hears a commotion behind. He looks that way and sees the Ford about to disappear out another corner. In pulling out, the Driver of the Ford has accidentally knocked over a large crate full of now-screaming chickens. Through the rear window of the Ford, Indy catches one glimpse of Marion's bright red scarf. He wheels the camel around and takes off after the Ford.

EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS CHASE - DAY

The Ford is headed out of Cairo. As the population thins and the roads become less twisted, the Ford begins to stretch its lead over Indy and the Camel.

The Ford shoots out between a last row of buildings and barrels along a dirt road that twists into the hills. A few moments later, Indy appears. He rides along in the dust of the Ford for a distance, then, as the Ford disappears up around the hill road, Indy pulls up. Now he sees how to put the camel to its best use. He cuts off the road and heads over the top of the hill, the camel making the climb easily.

At the crest of the hill, Indy and camel appear against the sky. Indy looks down. The road snakes along the hillside below him; beyond it the terrain drops away in an incredible cliff. Now he hears the Ford coming and catches a glimpse of it, heading up the road towards him, before it disappears in a cut-back. It's now or never. Indy draws his .45 and rides down toward the road.

The Ford appears around a turn, its tires dangerously close to the edge of a cliff. A Nervous Arab with a submachine gun is on the passenger side of the front seat. His worried look at the twisting road is suddenly diverted by the sight of Indy riding down the slope ahead of them, .45 in hand.

The Nervous Arab leans out his window and opens up his deadly weapon on Indy. Indy raises his arm and squeezes off two shots. The Nervous Arab is blown backwards across the front seat into the side of the Driver.

That one jolt in the steering wheel is enough. Indy watches in horror as the far-side tires lose the edge of the road and the Ford shoots off the cliff. It smashes down, rolls, bounces, crashes again and explodes in flame on the rocks far below.

Indy and the hurtling camel stop a foot short of the cliff.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. COURTYARD (SALLAH'S HOUSE) - NIGHT

Sallah's wife comes out of the house and walks to a shadowy corner of the courtyard. Indy is sitting there in the gloom, staring into the darkness, seeing nothing.

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Sallah's wife looks sad as she picks up an untouched tray of food. She heads back toward the house, hesitating only to exchange a silent, questioning look with Abu who sits across the patio, watching Indy. Abu shakes his head to indicate nothing has happened.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE NEXT AFTERNOON. Indy sits in the same spot, which is now in the broiling sun. Abu fans him, but Indy is unaware. All of a sudden, the Monkey hops down next to them. Indy looks at it a long moment with mixed emotions, then takes it in his arms, stroking it.

CUT TO:

EVENING. Indy is in the same spot. Sallah, just home from the digs and still dirty, hurries out to Indy's side. Abu hovers with the Monkey.

SALLAH

Indy, the time has come for your return. You are needed in the good cause that brought you to Cairo.

Indy turns a dull stare on Sallah.

SALLAH

I have witnessed something important at the dig today. Are you listening, my friend?

Indy nods, barely. As Sallah tells this story, we see it in FLASHBACK --

EXT. BLACKSMITH'S TENT - THE TANIS DIGS - DAY

Sallah approaches the tent with a broken pick in his hands. A special flap of tenting hides the hearth from view; smoke rises from behind.

SALLAH V/O

I was taking a broken pick to the blacksmith and was surprised to find new tenting hiding him.

Sallah parts the flap and looks inside. The Blacksmith is hard at work shaping a small piece of metal. Lovar and a high-ranking Nazi named SHLIEMANN watch him closely.

SALLAH V/O

The blacksmith was inside, at work on a piece I could not see. The Frenchman was there and also the boss German, Shliemann. And then I saw that the blacksmith was doing work from a drawing.

We see the drawing. It is an outline drawing in the shape and size of Marion's medallion. Lying next to the drawing is a perfect metal copy of the lower section of the headpiece from Hok's collection. It has all the same markings as the original.

SALLAH V/O

Indy, it was a drawing of the medallion! Exactly the same size and shape. Could there have been a copy of that also? Indy, listen to me...

Shliemann turns and sees Sallah. He questions him and Sallah holds up the broken pick. Shliemann orders him out of the tent.

SALLAH V/O

The German saw me then and ordered me away. I was able to catch only one more view.

Sallah walks slowly along the side of the blacksmith's tent. He stops at a flap and helps the wind open it a few inches.

WHAT SALLAH SEES. Lovar lifts the lower section of the headpiece from the table and slides it securely onto the top of a metal staff about six feet in height. The Blacksmith hands him the new upper section. Lovar rests it temporarily on top of the lower section; they fit together perfectly. They look just like Indy's, except the sun medallion section has no markings on it. It is polished smooth, with a small hole in it like Indy's.

SALLAH V/O

The Frenchman put the headpiece together on the top of a staff. Their sun had no markings on it, as yours does, but other than that, it is the same.

EXT. COURTYARD - SALLAH'S HOUSE - EVENING

Back to present. Indy seems unaffected by the news.

SALLAH

They have used the staff in the maproom. I am sure of it. At the end of the day, I was told we would be digging in a new spot tomorrow.

INDY

Sallah, I don't care anymore. You were right about the Ark And it wasn't worth the price They can have the damn thing.

Indy gets up and walks into the house. Sallah looks after him, concerned. Abu lowers his head.

INT. BEDROOM - SALLAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LATER. Indy lies on a mat bed wide awake, his open eyes covered by his forearm. Now a body looms over him.

MAN'S VOICE

Hello, Indy.

Indy slowly removes his arm, blinks up at the man. He is JULES SPENCER, about Indy's age, scholarly looking, yet weather-beaten. He works in the sun.

INDY

Jules. What are you doing here?

JULES

Sallah has told me everything. It's time you got back to work.

INDY

(shakes his head)

I'm through. Marion's dead because of this.

JULES

I know. And I'm sorry. But her death will be meaningless if you just concede to these people.

Indy looks at him a moment, then puts his forearm over his eyes again in silent refusal. Jules reaches down and pulls it roughly away.

JULES

Listen, Jones. I'm only going to tell you this once. This is one job of work you'll have to stick with whether you want to

(CONTINUED)

JULES (CONT'D)  
or not. Now get up. We're going  
for a walk. I want to show you  
something.

EXT. CAIRO STREETS - NIGHT

Jules, Indy and the Monkey, on Indy's shoulder, walk  
through the dark streets.

JULES  
Where'd you get that animal?

INDY  
He's Marion's pet.

JULES  
Oh.  
(pause)  
Sallah told me she grew into a  
beautiful woman. Looked like  
Abner.

INDY  
Yes.

They round a corner and we become aware that they are being  
followed by an Ugly Arab.

EXT. FATIMID CITY EXCAVATION - NIGHT

This is a large dig surrounded by present day buildings.  
In the pit of the excavation, many buildings are revealed.  
Scaffolding is everywhere.

Indy, the Monkey and Jules, carrying a torch, walk through  
a short, creepy tunnel and enter a large room with pale,  
religious paintings on the wall.

INDY  
It's magnificent. You're done  
good work, Jules. Abner knew  
you would. He'd be very proud.

Indy is silent for a long time. He is reflecting on the  
different roads the two old classmates have taken. Jules  
is proud, but very much attuned to Indy.

INDY  
You're doing something important  
here.

JULES

maybe. I hope so. I'm not always sure. But I'll tell you this -- you've got an opportunity to do something important right now. And you can be sure that it matters.

The two men look at each other a long moment. Indy smiles at his friend.

JULES

Sallah tells me you haven't eaten in two days.

INT. KITCHEN - JULES' HOUSE - NIGHT

JAMAL, Jules' manservant, is rinsing off some dates in a collander in the sink. He shakes them out and dumps them in a bowl on the counter, which happens to be near the back door.

JULES OS

(from another room)

Jamal! Could we have our drinks please?

Jamal, looking harassed and muttering to himself, leaves the bowl of dates and grabs a tray containing a wine bottle, a seltzer bottle and some glasses. He hurries out.

The back door opens slightly and the Ugly Arab peeks in. Focussing on the nearest target, the bowl of dates, he produces a scary-looking bottle from his robes and pours a clear liquid over the wet dates. He hears Jamal returning and hurries out the back door. It flops a bit and we can intermittently see the Ugly Arab running quickly away down the street. Jamal notices the cracked back door, bolts it closed and goes back to preparing dinner.

INT. MAIN ROOM - JULES' HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is small but comfortable, with many luxuries not seen at Sallah's. This room serves as a combination study and dining room. Jules' books and papers are neatly arranged, archaeological maps and charts are spaced about the walls. Jules is lighting a pipe from his collection. He resembles Sherlock Holmes both in look and attitude as he settles with gusto into the matter at hand. Indy is looking around the place.

JULES

--So, if Sallah is right, then we must assume that somehow Lovar figured out how tall to make the Staff of Ra; that he took the completed staff into the map room at the right time of day; made the correct adjustments for the changes in celestial positions over 3000 years; and that the sun shone down through the headpiece and pointed out on the map the right place for them to dig.

Indy nods. Jamal brings in a tray of food and puts it on a low table. The bowl of dates is in one corner. Jamal casts a doubtful glance between the food and the Monkey, who is sitting on a shelf watching. Jamal leaves the room.

His feet pad past yet another creature interested in the tray of food: Jules' beautiful cat. The Cat is very nervous about the Monkey's presence. Even so, it can't resist approaching the tray of food.

Neither can Indy. He leans over the tray, his hand hovering over the dates. But he chooses some cheese and bread instead and rises to continue his exploration of the room.

JULES

That's a lot of things for Lovar to get right.

INDY

Have you ever met him?

Jules shakes his head "no". He gets the implication.

JULES

So where does that leave us?

The Cat has made its way to the edge of the table and is about to jump up there when the Monkey appears from under the table and smacks the Cat hard across the face. The Cat screams and runs out of the room. The Monkey hides under the table, leaving Jules wondering what the hell is wrong with the cat.

INDY

All I can figure is to let them dig up the Well of the Souls. If they come out with the Ark, I'll do what I can to sabotage them.

JULES  
(alarmed)  
And risk damaging the Ark?

INDY  
Hey, I don't like the idea much  
either. But I'm not here as an  
archaeologist. Not that I ever  
was much of one.

JULES  
You could have been.

INDY  
Hell, I couldn't make anything of  
the markings on the headpiece.  
Lóvar must have. He's better  
trained than me.  
(he smiles at Jules)  
Almost as good as you.

Jules reaches inside his coat and pulls out a flat, cloth-wrapped bundle.

JULES  
Let's find out how good I am.

Jules unwraps the bundle to reveal Indy's two sections of the headpiece.

INDY  
Where'd you get those?

JULES  
Sallah handed them to me as we  
were leaving.

Jules moves toward his work table, hesitating a moment over the food. He picks up a date, then changes his mind and drops it, taking a bunch of grapes instead. He sits at his work table, complete with microscope, and munches grapes as he brushes the headpiece clean. Indy moves to the food tray. He picks up a chicken leg in one hand and a date in the other. Jamal enters the room with more food just in time to see Indy flip the date high into the air and try to catch it in his mouth. It bounces off his chin and falls to the floor. Indy looks sheepishly at Jamal. Jamal picks up the fallen date and puts it in the dirty ash tray he is now removing.

JULES  
Indy, come here.

JAMAL  
Your food grows cold, sir.

JULES  
(distracted)  
right. Thank you, Jamal.  
(Jamal leaves)  
What was your thesis language?

INDY  
Ugaritic.

JULES  
Figures. Always the easy way.  
Well, if you'd studied Akkadian,  
like Abner always suggested, you'd  
have understood these markings in  
a minute. They're a variation on  
Akkadian.

Behind the huddled men, the Monkey is looking up over  
the edge of the low table at the array of food. He picks  
up a date and disappears behind the table.

INDY  
What's it say?

JULES  
Well, this part is an admonition  
about fooling with the Ark.

INDY  
Just what I need.

The Monkey's paw comes up over the edge of the table and  
grabs another date.

INDY  
How 'bout the height of the  
staff? did Lovar get it off  
of here?

JULES  
(confused)  
Yes...It's here...but I thought  
Sallah said the copy of the sun  
the Germans have has no markings  
on it.

Indy goes back to the food tray, picks up another date.

INDY  
Yeah. They got the outline and  
the size somewhere. What of it?



Jules begins to laugh. And laugh, and laugh. Indy watches bewildered, the date in his hand.

JULES

Indy, there's an old Egyptian saying -- "A little luck is better than much smartness". and that's a good thing for you, you lucky fellow.

(he laughs again)

Look at this.

The Monkey's paw grabs another date.

We see the headpiece in close-up on Jules' work table. Jules separates the two sections and pints to the lower one with its ornate markings.

JULES OS

This is what Lovar has. He read these Akkadian numerals here and got a height for the staff. It says it's ten jamirs high. That's about 75 inches. And that looks complete.

Jules' hands fit the sun neatly onto the lower section and we can see that the line of numerals he's been pointing to continue on the sun section.

JULES OS

But if he doesn't have this sun, he doesn't have the whole story. You see, Lovar is right to accept the lower part as complete. Ten jamirs was a popular religious measurement, like the cubit in our tradition. But here---  
---it says "plus one jamir to honor the Hebrew God whose Ark this is".

Jules looks up at Indy gleefully.

JULES

Lovar's staff is about seven and a half inches short!

INDY

(a big smile)

They're digging in the wrong spot.

Jules nods and laughs. Indy hoots. Then he takes the date in his hand and flips it high in the air. He opens his mouth to catch it, but it doesn't come down. He has inadvertently thrown it into a bowl of a hanging lamp. This makes the men laugh even harder.

Indy goes over to the table and picks up another date. He turns laughing to Jules and doesn't see as the Monkey's paw comes up, slowly, takes another date and begins to withdraw. Suddenly the paw is stricken with palsy as the unseen Monkey goes into its death throws. Jules watches the paw as though hypnotized. Finally the paw slips from sight and we hear a solid THUMP! on the floor. Jules walks around the table and looks at the floor.

The Monkey lies dead among a mess of date pits.

Indy is in a happy world of his own. He throws his date high in the air. He positions himself under it and waits for it to drop in. Here it comes. Right on target. As it's about to disappear into Indy's mouth, Jules' hand flashes in and grabs it. Indy looks mystified and disappointed. Jules motions toward the dead Monkey.

JULES

Bad dates.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - MORNING

Two old trucks come down a narrow mountain road and onto the flat surface of the desert.

Further out into the desert, the one in the lead, Sallah's truck, stops and the second one, Omar's truck, pulls up beside it. There are half dozen Arab Diggers in Omar's truck. Indy, dressed as an Arab, gets out of the cab of Sallah's truck and moves over to confer with OMAR, another old friend. They point off into the desert and reach some conclusion. Indy gives him a pat on the back; Omar turns off the road and drives into the desert with his workers. Indy hops back in the cab of Sallah's truck with Sallah. As they move down the road we see that the back of the truck holds Abu and two other Arab Diggers.

EXT. RISE ABOVE THE TANIS DIGS - MORNING

Indy and Sallah and Abu are lying in classic shouting fashion at the top of the rise looking down on the Tanis Digs. Down behind them, Sallah's truck is parked with the two Arab Diggers.

INDY

My god! They aren't kidding!

WHAT HE SEES. The Tanis Digs are laid out below like a painting. The Germans have spared no expense and the result is a small community in the middle of nowhere, with myriad tents standing in for buildings. Trucks, bulldozers, Arab workers and German supervisors are everywhere. The excavations themselves are extensive and somewhat random -- holes have been dug and then abandoned, foundations and passageways unearthed and then deserted. Beyond the main digs, a crude airstrip has been created.

Sallah points to what appears to be a mound of dirt with a hole in it near the center of the activity.

SALLAH

There! That is the map room!

INDY

What time does the sun hit the map?

SALLAH

Just after eight.

INDY

We haven't got much time. Where are the Germans digging for the Well of the Souls?

Sallah points out into the desert a short way beyond the main area of activity. The desert turns to sand dunes out there, the surface undulating into the distance. Several trucks and men are already out there and a bulldozer is lumbering noisily toward it.

Indy nods, having memorized the scene.

INDY

They should be making enough noise to cover us if we start our own dig.

SALLAH

Do not worry. I'll be there and I'll make sure of it.

Indy looks over at Sallah, who meets his glance, then to Abu, between them.

INDY  
(to Sallah)  
Abu would be most helpful, it's  
true. But if you have any doubts,  
Sallah...

Sallah dismisses this with a gesture.

SALLAH  
It is his desire, Indy, and he  
is a man. You and I are not re-  
sponsible for his now. He must  
do his best.

Indy is uneasy.

SALLAH  
(to Indy, proudly)  
My friend, we have gone through  
much together. I am pleased  
that my son should face this dan-  
ger with you.

INDY  
(accepts this)  
Okay. Let's go.

They head back toward the truck.

EXT. THE TANIS DIGS - MORNING

Sallah drives through the camp, alone in the cab of his  
truck. Indy and Abu are in back and look just like the  
other two Arab Diggers. Sallah's truck does behind a  
tent and when it appears on the other side, Indy and Abu  
are gone.

EXT. AMONG THE TENTS - MORNING

Indy and Abu move stealthily among the tents. Indy car-  
ries a smooth wooden staff almost seven feet tall. They  
stop between two tents and look across a path at the en-  
trance to the map room. What appeared to be a mound of  
dirt is actually the roof on the ancient building. The  
hole/entrance is a five-foot square skylight. Indy looks  
around, then walks casually to the edge of the hole and  
looks inside. Abu joins him, producing a length of rope  
from his robes. Indy drops his staff into the unseen map  
room as Abu ties the rope around an oil drum. When it's  
secure, Indy wastes no time disappearing down it into the  
map room.

## INT. MAP ROOM

Indy is down the twenty feet to the floor of the room in seconds. He tugs on the rope and it immediately gets pulled up. Indy looks around with real wonder and excitement. The room is lovely, with elaborate wall carvings and frescoes, all lit by the bright stream of sunlight flooding in from above. This beam of light leads Indy's eye to the far end, and the room's truly remarkable feature: built into the floor in meticulous relief is a miniature stone model of the ancient city of Tanis. Already, the sunlight has worked its way down the far wall and is edging onto the miniature of the city. On the floor, to the skylight side of the miniature, is an elaborate line created by embedded mosaic tiles. The evenly spaced slots in the line, each accompanied by a symbol of a time of year, are for the base of the staff. Indy pulls the headpiece from his robes-- it has been welded together -- and reaches for the staff.

## EXT. ABOVE THE MAP ROOM - DAY

An extremely nervous Abu has the gathered rope in his hands and is trying to appear casual as he inches back toward the oil drum. There is now a good bit of activity going on up here.

JEEP GERMAN OS

Hey! You, the skinny one!

Abu jumps about three feet. The JEEP GERMAN is standing in an open space ten yards away looking at Abu.

JEEP GERMAN

Yes, you. What are you doing there?

Sallah gestures his innocence.

JEEP GERMAN

Well bring that rope over here, you cur.

The Jeep German starts back toward his major concern: his jeep is stuck in some sand beyond the next tent. Some Arab Workers are trying in vain to budge it. Now another German has backed his truck up to it.

Abu can think of nothing to do except obey. With a worried glance at the map room, he begins untying the rope from the oil drum.

## INT. THE MAP ROOM

Indy is examining the results of Lovar's work. Red paint marks one of the miniature buildings in the layout and a white calibrated tape has been strung from that building back to a miniature of the map room. Now Indy begins examining the mosaic base line for the staff. Sunlight has moved further down across the miniature.

## EXT. IN THE CAMP - DAY

Abu watches nervously as his precious rope is pulled taut between the pulling truck and the stuck jeep. He doesn't notice that he has chosen to stand next to a large, steaming kettle of food until--

HUNGRY GERMAN OS  
Hey! You, dummkopf!

Abu jumps about four feet and turns to look at the HUNGRY GERMAN who is sitting with several other breakfasting Germans in the shade of a nearby tent.

HUNGRY GERMAN  
Bring us some of that!

He points to the kettle. Abu looks frantically from the rope, back to the skylight of the map room, to the kettle of food.

HUNGRY GERMAN  
Now, idiot!

Abu picks up some serving pieces and gets to work.

## INT. THE MAP ROOM

The moment has arrived. Even the tension of the circumstances cannot distract Indy from the purity of what he is about to do. All his calculations are adjustments complete, Indy takes the Staff of Ra and places it -- CLINK! -- in the right depression on the baseline. This is as active and exciting a moment as any archeologist can dream of and, at heart, that is exactly what Indy is. The sunlight catches the very top of the headpiece and moves within a fraction of an inch of the tiny hole in its sun.

The edge of the sunlight moving across the miniature city is still a good two feet beyond the spot Lovar has settled on. And now that line of light is broken by the shadow of an ornate sun at the top of the staff.

Indy's face reflects his concentration. And then his immense pleasure. He sees what he came for.

Out of the miniature city, one small building is being lit by a tiny beam of sunlight in the center of the shadow of the metal sun. And by some trick of ancient artistry, this one building responds to the sunlight like none of the others. The golden light permeates it; it seems to glow. The building is in a direct line with Lovar's -- all the Frenchman's other calculations were right -- but it is a foot and a half beyond it.

EXT. IN THE CAMP - DAY

Abu, sweating profusely, has finished serving the line of Breakfasting Germans and now heads back to replace the kettle and get away.

HUNGRY GERMAN  
Water. Bring us water.

INT. MAP ROOM

Indy is on his knees at the miniature city, a special tape measure in his hand. We are close enough to see that the calibrations on the tape translate the scale of the model from inches to yards. Indy has the tape strung from Lovar's mistaken spot to his own correct spot. He gets his reading, leaps up and crosses to the erect staff. He pulls the headpiece off the staff and hides it in his robes. He quickly breaks the wooden staff in two and throws the pieces behind a pile of debris. Then he moves quickly to beneath the skylight.

INDY  
(stage whisper)

Abu.

He waits. Nothing.

INDY  
(louder)

Abu!

More waiting. Nothing. Indy looks around for some alternative means of escape. The room doesn't offer any. He looks up at the skylight again.

INDY  
(loudest)

Abu!

A long pause. Then something comes down. A makeshift rope. Really just a bunch of clothing tied together -- tunics, robes, pants. But what we see first and most prominently, the first section of Indy's escape rope, is a bright Nazi flag. Indy beams and climbs.

EXT. ABOVE THE MAP ROOM - DAY

Indy sticks his head out the skylight, sees it clear and flops his body out. Abu, crouching behind the oil drum, immediately starts pulling in the makeshift rope. Indy crouches beside him and congratulates him with a rough caress. Abu stuffs the rope in the oil drum and the two stand slowly and begin wading toward some tents.

HUNGRY GERMAN OS  
Hey, you! More water over here!

Abu glances at Indy, then hurries back in that direction. The Hungry German focuses on Indy.

HUNGRY GERMAN  
Why aren't you at the digs? Come here!

Indy bows in wild subservience and hurries off in the opposite direction.

HUNGRY GERMAN  
(yelling after him, irritated)  
No, you stupid, I said come!

EXT. BETWEEN TWO TENTS - DAY

Indy hustles between the tents. Up ahead, two German Officers stop to talk, blocking his exit. He moves along the side of one of the tents until he finds an opening and slips inside.

INT. THE TENT

Indy finds himself in a tent set up for rather comfortable living. He has just started to cross it when he hears a loud, excited grunting. He turns toward the sound.



In the corner, tied to a chair and gagged is Marion. Indy rushes to her, snatches the gag from her mouth and embraces her. They kiss, deep and long.

INDY

I though you were dead.

MARION

They switched cars again on the hill. They were throwing me around like a rag doll.

INDY

Thank god for that! Bless those bastards. Have they hurt you?

MARION

No. Not since I got here. They just asked about you -- what you knew. The Frenchman's got the hot's for me. I've been playing that along. Oh, Indy, get me out of here.

Indy pulls out a knife and then stops suddenly, thinking.

MARION

What's wrong?

INDY

(putting the knife away)

I have to leave you here for a little while. I know where the Ark is. If I take you out of here they'll start combing the place for us.

MARION

(louder)

Cut me loose!

INDY

Keep your voice down.

MARION

(screaming)

I said get me out of --

Indy pops the gag back in her mouth. Her eyes widen in fury and she grunts obscenities at him.

INDY

Look, you don't know how glad I am to see you. And I don't

(CONTINUED)

INDY (CONT'D)  
 like doing this. But the whole thing will be shot if you don't just sit here quietly. They haven't hurt you in the last twenty-four hours, they aren't going to start now. I'll be back to get you in no time.

He kisses her forehead, jumps up and hurries out of the tent.

EXT. SAND DUNE OUTSIDE DIGS - DAY

With the digs behind them, Indy and Abu run up to the ridge of the dune and over the top. At bottom of the far side, Omar's truck is parked. Omar and his men are waiting.

EXT. DIFFERENT DUNE - DAY

This new spot gives Indy a higher, better view of the whole scene. Indy is using a surveyor's instrument to take a reading --

WHAT HE SEES. Looking through the instrument, Indy gets a line from the map room through the site where the Nazis are digging in the dunes to a spot several dunes over. We focus on that virgin spot of well-hidden sand as --

INDY OS

There!

EXT. INDY'S DIG - DAY

Omar's truck is parked at the stop just viewed from a-far. Dunes rise on either side. One of Omar's men has been posted as a lookout up on a ridge. Everybody else -- Indy, Abu, Omar, and his men -- have begun digging for the Well of the Souls. Omar's truck is completely stocked with tools, lumber and other supplies.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE, NIGHT. They continue to dig furiously, all of them drenched in sweat. The hole has grown but this is slow, back-breaking work.

INT. COMMAND TENT - TANIS DIGS - NIGHT

Lovar, Shliemann, and Shliemann's Aide, GOBLER, come into the tent, which is full of charts and maps, drawings of

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(CONTINUED)

the Ark, radio equipment, liquor and food. The men have been out digging for the Well all day. They are tired, discouraged, testy. In all matters, Gobler shows his alliance with Shliemann against Lovar with small looks and body language. The Frenchman has disappointed them and he is feeling the isolation of a scapegoat. Lovar gets himself a drink as Shliemann towels off his face.

LOVAR

I cautioned you about being premature with that communique to Berlin. Archaeology is not an exact science. It does not adhere to time schedules.

SHLIEMANN

The Fuhrer is not a patient man. He demands constant reports and he expects progress. You led me to believe --

LOVAR

Nothing. I have made no promises. I said only that it looked very favorable. Perhaps the Ark will still be found in an adjoining chamber. Based on the information in our possession, my calculations were correct. Perhaps some bit of evidence still eludes us. Perhaps --

GOBLER

Perhaps the girl can help us.

Lovar shoots him an angry look.

SHLIEMANN

My feeling exactly. She was in possession of the original piece for years. She may know much.

(really evil)

If properly motivated...

LOVAR

I tell you, she knows nothing useful.

SHLIEMANN

I'm surprised to find you are squeamish. That is not your reputation. But it needn't concern you. I have the perfect man for this kind of work.

Shliemann signals Gobler, who steps outside the tent a moment, calls someone and then reappears. Lovar looks warily at the entrance. After a moment Belzig enters, reeking villiany. When his eyes find Shliemann, his superior, he snaps a crisp "Heil, Hitler!" at him, holding his palm rigid a long time, exposing a burned scar in the prefect shape of the sun medalion.

EXT. INDY'S DIG - NIGHT

In the eerie conjunction of moonlight and torchlight, Indy and the other men step back in awe of their discovery: there, flush with the bottom of their pit, is a heavy stone entry door to an underground chamber.

The men enjoy only a momentary exchange of satisfied glances before special prying tools are produced. With two men assigned to each of the two long tools, they work in unison to open the vault. They open it a foot and the other men rush in to flop the heavy door completely open. Down inside, only blackness.

The men quickly prostrate themselves around the edge of the entry to look inside. Indy and Omar each take a torch and hold them down the hole.

WHAT THEY SEE. The Well of the Souls is a spooky chamber thirty feet deep. The walls are covered with hieroglyphics and carvings. The roof is supported intermittently by stone pillars, the closest of which hits the roof very near the entry hole. The Well is quite large; as Indy and Omar wave their torches, more and more of the room is revealed. Now the far end of the chamber comes into view. There is a stone altar down there and on this elaborately carved platform is a stone chest, big enough to enclose the Lost Ark and protect it from the ravages of time. This altar appears to be the only place on the floor of the Well that is not covered by a strange, dark carpet of some kind.

Indy and the others try to penetrate the darkness with their gaze.

INDY

The Ark must be in that stone case. What's that gray stuff all over the floor --

He breaks off realizing exactly what that carpet is. He blanches. Indiana Jones blanches.

WHAT HE SEES. That think dark carpet is moving. It's alive. It's thousands and thousands of deadly poisonous snakes -- Egyptian asps. And the only thing that seems capable of avoiding this venomous groundcover is the altar. The snakes ebb and flow near it, but never encroach on it, as though repelled by some invisible force.

Indy shakes his head and talks to himself.

INDY

Why snakes? Why did it have to be snakes? Anything else.

After a moment of this, he stops. He gathers his energy and resolve and gets back to the task.

INDY

Let's see how they like fire.

Indy drops his torch to the floor of the Well. This is answered by the most horrific HISSING imaginable. But also by a circle of snake-free floor. The snakes hate the flame; they stay away.

INDY

That's it then. Lots of torches. And oil. I want a landing strip down there.

OMAR

I will go down with you.

ABU

No, I!

INDY

No. No one. I'll go alone. And I'll shoot anyone that tries.

ABU

but the Ark. How will you carry it?

INDY

Don't worry. I'll be so anxious to get out of there, the weight won't be a problem.

WIPE TO:

INT. THE WELL OF THE SOULS

Fifteen torches have been dropped to the floor of the chamber, combining to make a good-sized clear zone. Several

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(CONTINUED)

canisters of oil have been lowered into this space. Now, a large wooden crate with two long poles stuck through rings in its corners is lowered slowly by rope. Rope handles are attached to each end of the crate.

Up at the hole, Indy gives Abu a reassuring pat, takes a breath, and swings carefully onto a rope hanging from the hole. Despite his care, he swings a bit and his feet hit the stone pillar which is so near the entry. This has two results: a.) it spooks the few snakes which are slithering around the pillar, and b.) surprisingly, the pillar actually moves a bit, showering a light rain of crumbled stone to the floor below. Indy examines the slightly eroded top of the pillar with some concern, then continues down the rope, avoiding the pillar.

Indy lands on the floor of the Well. He looks at the altar over a sea of undulating death. He picks up an oil canister and splashes some out in front of him, then lights it. A path six feet wide begins to open to the altar.

Behind Indy, Abu comes quickly down the rope. Indy hears nothing above the terrible sound of the reptiles and the snapping of the flames. He notices Abu only when the boy joins him in creating a path. Indy gives him a look, then goes about his work, which moves twice as fast with Abu's help.

We begin to INTERCUT all the action in the Well from here on with insert shots of the snakes outside the flames. Snakes and snakes. We see: snakes piled and entwined six inches deep; mother snakes laying snake eggs; snake eggs hatching little snakes; snakes cannibalizing other snakes.

EXT. INDY'S DIG - NIGHT

One of Omar's men, the Shaking Arab, retreats from the hole and the scene below. He fades into the desert night.

INT. MARION'S TENT

Lovar has been talking to the still bound Marion. He has removed her gag. He is impatient, angry, uncomfortable. Caught between two forces.

LOVAR

Believe me, you make a mistake.  
If you would just give me some-  
thing to placate them. Some  
bit of information.

MARION

I swear to you, I know nothing  
more. I have no loyalty to Jones.  
He's brought me only trouble.

He wants to believe her.

LOVAR

(quietly)

I cannot control them.

Marion's frightened look shifts suddenly to the entrance  
of the tent. There are new arrivals there -- Shliemann,  
Gobler and Belzig. Belzig carries a black leather case.  
He steps forward and smiles at Marion.

BELZIG

We meet again, Fraulein.

EXT. INDY'S DIG - JUST BEFORE DAWN

The sky is just beginning to lighten over the dunes to  
the east. Omar and his men are peering down into the  
Well.

INT. THE WELL OF THE SOULS

Indy and Abu are on the altar. Pushing together with all  
their strength, the heavy stone top of the protective  
chest begins to slide away. Indy and Abu exchange slight-  
ly wary but very excited looks, then continue to push.

As the Ark begins to be exposed, the air seems almost  
to vibrate, to become electrostatically charged. We  
hear what sounds like a low HUM. The sea of snakes a-  
round the altar draws back further from this presence.

As the top of the stone chest is pushed completely off  
and slams down beside it, we see THE LOST ARK OF THE  
COVENANT. It is awesomely beautiful, breathtaking, even  
more magnificent than its depiction in Stansbury's paint-  
ing. It is 4 feet long, 2.5 feet wide and 2.5 feet high.  
It's height, however, is increased by the two sculptured  
gold angels mounted facing each other on the top. Though  
the body of the Ark is acacia wood, it has been overlaid  
with gold. An elaborate gold crown surrounds the top  
edge and gold carrying rings are attached to each corner.

Abu is mesmerized by the sight. His hand starts to reach out and touch one of the angels, but Indy grabs it.

INDY

Don't touch it! Never touch it!

The wooden crate stands open next to the stone chest. Now Indy extracts the wooden poles from its rings and begins fitting them through the rings in the Ark. This takes some maneuvering by the two men, but soon they are able to lift the Ark clear of the stone chest and into the wooden crate. They extract the poles, fasten the top of the crate and stick the poles through the rings of the wooden crate. They start back toward the space under the hole.

The fire strips have begun to dwindle, as have some of the torches. The snakes move slowly in toward the clear spaces. Indy and Abu eye them nervously as they hurry along with their heavy load.

Under the hole, they hurriedly attach ropes to the wooden crate and it is pulled up. Indy's concentration is on the tide of snakes.

INDY

Hurry up!

Abu takes the next rope and climbs quickly out of the Well. Indy has picked up a torch and now throws it at a pool of snakes who are too close for his comfort. He turns and takes hold of the exit rope. He gives it a first tug and it falls down into the Well, landing partly beyond the ring of fire where it instantly disappears in a tangle of angry, hissing asps. Indy looks up at the hole.

INDY

What the --

Smiling down at him from the perimeter of the entry are Lovar, Shliemann and Gobler.

LOVAR

Why, Dr. Jones, whatever are you doing in such a nasty place?

Lovar and the Germans laugh.

INDY

Why don't you fellows come down here? I'll show you.



LOVAR

No thank you, my friend.

(he glances around him)

I think we are all very comfortable up here.

EXT. INDY'S DIG - DAWN

Sunlight is flooding this tableau: Abu, Omar and his men are being held at bay by ten armed Nazis. The wooden crate sits safely nearby. Belzig and another Nazi have the gagged Marion held in their rough grasp. And there behind them, clearly allied with the Germans, is the Judas-like Shaking Arab. Omar curses him in Egyptian and lunges at him, but a Nazi intercepts Omar with the butt of his submachine gun, sending him sprawling back.

INT. THE WELL OF THE SOULS

Indy has picked up the nearest torch; he yes the snakes. Lovar turns back to him from the brief Omar skirmish.

LOVAR

After all these years, it is most considerate of you to aid me in this way.

INDY

Think nothing of it. I just hope everything turns out badly for you.

EXT. INDY'S DIG - DAWN

While Lovar is thus engaged, Shliemann exchanges a look with Belzig. Belzig smiles and takes the gag from Marion's mouth. Then he and the other Nazi move her forward.

INT. WELLS OF THE SOULS

Shliemann smiles down at Indy.

SHLIEMANN

I'm afraid we must be going now, Dr. Jones. Our prize is awaited in Berlin. But I do not wish to leave you down in that awful place...

(he give a sign)

...all alone.

Belzig and the Nazi move Marion to the hole and, to Lovar's surprise, push her in. Marion falls thirty feet screaming. Indy drops his torch, braces, and catches her! It isn't easy. Barely able to stand Indy starts to lower Marion beside him. But she glances around to the snakes and clings to him more desperately.

MARION

Don't put me down!

Up at the hole, there's plenty of dissension.

LOVAR

(to Shliemann)

The girl was mine!

SHLIEMANN

She is no longer relevant. We are in the service of the Fuhrer.

Shliemann glances meaningfully around at the other Nazis.

SHLIEMANN

I wonder sometimes, Monsieur, if you have that clearly in mind.

Lovar feels how much he is the outsider, his own vulnerability. He backs down with the wisdom of survival. He turns to look down at Indy and Marion. His manner is galling.

LOVAR

Goodbye, mademoiselle.

(a pause, then with respect)

Indiana Jones...adieu!

Lovar and the others step back from the hole and unseen Nazis slam the heavy stone door into place. Marion screams. Her scream is accompanied by --

A huge WHOOSH! as air is sucked out and the chamber is sealed. Half of the torches still burning go out with the sound. The remaining torches continue to extinguish at punctuating intervals throughout the following action and the snakes immediately flood into the newly-darkened spaces.

Indy puts Marion down and snatches up two burning torches. He hands one to Marion.

INDY

Don't panic. There's plenty of time for that later. Wave that at anything that slithers.

Indy holds his torch out like a lantern and begins a slow 360 turn, his eyes peering into the gloom, examining every inch of wall and ceiling.

MARION

What are you doing?

INDY

Just watch the floor.

Reminded of the encroaching snakes, Marion waves her torch at the nearest edge of their circle. She looks faint. Indy continues his slow turn.

MARION

Whatever you're doing, do it faster.

INDY

Quiet! We're going to see what I learned in College.  
(he spots something)  
There.

His head whips around, looking at the pillars around the room. He sees what he wants. He grabs one of the oil canisters and sloshes it; it's empty. He throws it into a hissing pile of snakes and picks up another oil canister; this one is half full. He looks back to the spot on the wall he's chosen and splashes oil on the floor in that direction, then lights it. A path opens toward that wall.

INDY

Come on! Western Computer

Marion is frozen in her spot. Indy drags her after him. He splashes oil the rest of the way to the wall. It lights and Indy pulls Marion over to the wall. He pours the remaining oil in a circle around them, creating a safe zone there.

INDY

Stay here!

MARION

(grabbing him)  
Where are you going?

INDY

I'll be back in a minute. We're going through this wall.

Marion looks at the wall, which looks like all the rest to her. She thinks he's crazy.

INDY

Just keep your eyes open and get ready to run. No matter what happens to me.

MARION

(panicked)

What do you mean?

Too late. Indy runs back through the path of flames to the center of the room. Snakes strike as his flying heels. Indy reaches the base of the pillar which he touched briefly on his original descent. He uses his torch to clear away the scattered snakes climbing on it, then pulls out his whip. He draws it back, then wraps it solidly around the pillar 15 feet up. With the torch in his mouth, he begins climbing the pillar. It moves ominously under his weight.

The last two torches still burning on the floor go out. Now the only light in the chamber is provided by the torches held by Indy and Marion and the dwindling oil flames. Snakes move in and surround the base of Indy's pillar. The path between Marion and the center of the room is overrun. The circle of flame around Marion is dying down. She looks beyond it with terror-widened eyes, then up through the increasing smoke at the distant Indy.

Near the top of the pillar, Indy's hands strain along his taut whip, which he has moved higher. A snake slithers into view there, inches from Indy's straining face. Indy turns his head so the torch in his mouth can burn it. The snake falls from the pillar. Indy's torch is dwindling.

Indy works his body around so that he is on the side of the pillar away from Marion. The pillar moves, showering dust. Indy looks at the chamber wall five feet away, takes a breath and swings his legs up against it. He is now braced between pillar and wall.

MARION OS

(screaming)

Where are you?!

Snakes are moving in force up the pillar toward Indy's dwindling torch.

Indy grasps the pillar for dear life, grimaces with exertion and pushes against the wall with all he's got. The pillar begins to break loose of the ceiling, then stops.

Indy's eyes are on the torch. It is just a spot of flame now. Snakes are sliding up toward his hands. Indy again pushes against the wall and the torch falls out of his mouth.

The pillar goes! In the dim light, we see it fall like a tree directly at Marion. Indy rides it down. The top hits the wall three feet from a cringing Marion and smashes through to a black chamber beyond. Indy flies off into the darkness. Gone.

Marion clutches her torch at the black hole.

MARION

Indy! Where are you?! Please  
Lord!

There is a moment that seems an eternity, then Indy appears like an apparition out of the void.

INDY

Come on!

He grabs her and helps her over the remains of the wall into --

INT. THE CATACOMBS

The winding string of connected chambers is revealed to them only a few feet at a time as their torch lights the way.

MARION

The snakes...are they here?

INDY

I guess not. I think I'd be dead.

MARION

Do you know where you're going?

INDY

Absolutely.

MARION

Thank god. Where?

INDY

Out.

They round a corner and flush a covey of bats. Marion screams.

INDY

Don't do that. It scares me.

Marion gives him a look. They round a corner and begin a walk through a maze of chambers that present for their inspection: moldering mummies and stacked sarcophagi; a room decorated with a thousand human skulls; a wall crawling with huge scarabaeid beetles. Marion is quite naturally a nervous wreck; she jumps when Indy grabs her suddenly and points.

INDY

Look!

WHAT THEY SEE. There, coming through the crack in the corner of the next chamber, is white blessed sunlight.

EXT. THE TANIS DIGS - NEAR AIRSTRIP - DAY

Indy and Marion peek out into the light from the shadows of an abandoned excavation. Before them is the improvised airstrip serving the digs: a crude runway, a tent supply depot, two fuel tank trucks. Down by the fuel trucks a German Mechanic is looking skyward. Now Indy and Marion look there too, drawn by the roaring sound of --

A Flying Wing, which is circling over the digs in preparation to landing.

Now a new figure approaches the German Mechanic. It is Gobler; he yells to the mechanic, indicating the plane.

GOBLER  
Get is gasses immediately! It  
has an important cargo to take  
out!

In the distance, the Flying Wing lands and rolls toward the men. Gobler spins and heads back toward the main camp, which is hidden from view by a rise.

Indy and Marion watch him go.

INDY

When the Ark gets loaded, we're  
already going to be on that place.

The Flying Wing rolls up into the space near the fuel trucks. The German Mechanic puts blue blocks in front of the tires as the engines continue to roar.

Indy and Marion run in a crouch to a hiding spot closer to the plane, near the supply tent. Suddenly, a Second German Mechanic appears behind them. He is as surprised as they are, but recovers quickly and swings a big monkey wrench at Indy. Indy grabs the swinging arm and the two men tumble out into the open, wrestling. Marion remains hidden, moving fast among the crates.

The first German Mechanic, who is just pulling the fuel hose from the tank truck to the plane, sees the combatants and runs to help his countryman. He is almost upon them when Indy puts the Second German away with a devastating left -- right -- left combination. He turns to find the first German Mechanic flying at him. They roll toward the rear of the Flying Wing and its lethally spinning reversed propellers.

In the cockpit of the Flying Wing, the Pilot has been fiddling with his gauges just prior to shutting off his engines. Now he notices the fight going on outside.

The fistfight between Indy and the German Mechanic has taken on a new stomach-tightening dimension: the men are fighting and flailing in and out between the spinning props at the back of the plane's wings. Each man comes within inches of becoming instant mincemeat.

The Pilot slides away the top of his cockpit and stands up. He pulls a Luger from his side and points it, waiting for a clear shot at Indy. The German Mechanic kicks Indy away from him and the Pilot aims his pistol. Suddenly, Marion appears behind the Pilot, standing on the opposite wing, and bashes him over the head with one of the blue blocks that was holding the tires. The Pilot drops down into the cockpit, his body falling on the throttle. The engines roar louder, revving up. The plane begins to roll, rotating around its one still-blocked set of tires. Marion grabs onto the cockpit to keep from slipping into the props. She bends into the cockpit, trying to pull the Pilot's body off the throttle. No luck. She grimaces and climbs inside when her shoulder bumps the top of the cockpit; it slides tightly shut above her.

Under the moving wing, Indy delivers a knockout right-cross to the German Mechanic which sends him staggering back toward certain extinction in a roaring propeller. Indy leaps forward, grabs the man's coveralls and hurls him to unconscious safety away from the plane. Indy spins toward the sound of crumpling metal and sees --

The other top of the Flying Wing slice into a tank truck. The airplane fuel inside floods out onto the pavement, surrounding the plane.

Indy backpedals away from the plane, his eyes searching the scene for Marion. Suddenly, he is shocked to see her in the cockpit. He runs toward her, skidding through the gasoline.

INDY

Get out! Get out!

Marion is struggling with the top of the cockpit. She can't budge it. She's trapped.

EXT. THE COMMAND TENT - DAY

Three Armed Nazis stand guard around the wooden crate containing the Ark. It is sitting near the flopped-open entrance to the Command Tent and there is furious activity going on here. Lovar, Shliemann, Gobler, Belzig and assorted Aides are packing up all the papers and personal items in preparation for a hasty departure.

A large crowd of soon-to-be-unemployed Arab Diggers is milling about among the tents. They all want to get a look at the wooden crate, if not the actual Ark. Salah is prominent among them.

All at once, there is a earthshaking explosion. All eyes turn toward the rise that hides the airstrip. A huge fireball floats into view over there. Everyone starts running toward it. Lovar and Shliemann hesitate a moment at the wooden crate. Shliemann yells at Belzig and the Armed Nazis.

SHLIEMANN

Stay with the Ark!

Belzig and the Armed Nazis stay. Lovar and Shliemann follow the crowd.

EXT. THE RISE ABOVE AIRSTRIP - DAY

Almost all the Arabs and Germans in the digs have congregated here and are staring at the burning remains of the Flying Wing. Lovar and Shliemann arrive just as the second fuel truck blows up. The concussion knocks many of the observers flat.

Lovar, Shliemann and Gobler watch the scene in alarm.

SHLIEMANN

Sabotage!



LOVAR

We must get the Ark away from  
this place immediately!

SHLIEMANN

(to Gobler)

Have it put on the truck. We'll  
fly out of Cairo.

Gobler snaps his heels, turns to go.

SHLIEMANN

And Gobler--

(Gobler stops)

-- I want plenty of protection.

Gobler nods and runs off. Shliemann heads back toward camp. Lovar hesitates a long moment, studying the burning wreckage with an odd, suspicious look. Finally, he turns and leaves, passing a nearby stack of barrels. When he has passed, Abu appears from among the barrels. He has heard everything, but doesn't know what to do with the information. He searches the crowd for his father, but doesn't see him. Abu starts a broken field run along the back of the crowd, searching. He cuts in among some tents to avoid a group of Germans and is running flat-out when someone sticks out a leg and sends him flipping. Abu, dust all over his face, looks angrily toward the concealed culprit. At once, a flashing white grin splits his darkened face.

Indy and Marion, splashed with soot and oil, are hiding in the flap of a tent. Abu runs into their arms and the three embrace warmly. When they break --

ABU

Holy smoke, my friends! I am  
so pleased you are not dead.

MARION

Us too.

ABU

(suddenly remembering)

The Ark! They're taking it on  
a truck to Cairo.

INDY

Where is it?

Abu gestures to follow and all three run off stealthily through the mostly deserted camp.

EXT. AMONG THE TENTS - DAY

Abu, Indy and Marion run into a hiding spot behind some water barrels near the Command Tent. They peek out at this activity --

In the big space near the Command Tent is parked an open German staff car; inside is a Blond Driver and an Armed Guard. Directly behind it is a canvas-topped troop truck. At this moment, Lovar and Shliemann are supervising the careful placement of the crated Ark in the back of the truck. When it is securely placed inside, we hear an ominous marching sound and Twelve Armed Nazis appear at a trot from between some tents and climb into the back of the truck with the Ark.

Behind the water barrels, Sallah and Marion exchange hopeless looks, But Indy just concentrates on --

The scene by the truck: Lovar and Shliemann are about to climb into the front staff car when they pause to check out the final component of the convoy. Rolling into place behind the truck is another open staff car. But this one is special -- mounted in the back is a big, black machine gun, manned by a Gunner. At the wheel of the car is Gobler and next to him sits Belzig.

Abu and Marion look at Indy.

Lovar and Shliemann climb into the back seat of the front car and the caravan pulls out.

Indy watches it go, thinking hard.

A Gulf + Western Company

INDY

You two find Sallah. Tell him to get back to Cairo quick and see if he can get us a plane to England.

MARION

What about you?

INDY

I'm going to get that truck.  
(to Abu)

I'll bring it to Omar's. Make sure they're ready for me.

Abu nods. Marion looks at him like he's nuts. Indy jumps up, looks around desperately.

MARION

How are you going to get that truck?

INDY

(still searching)

I don't know. I'm making this  
up as I go.

He runs away between two tents.

EXT. AT THE EDGE OF THE DIGS - DAY

We hear the growing whine of an engine among the tents and suddenly Indy bursts into view, happily astride a powerful BMW military motorcycle. He shoots off across the desert.

EXT. THE DESERT (VARIOUS SHOTS) - DAY

Indy cuts crosscountry avoiding the road the convoy has taken. He leaps gullies, climbs dunes, slaloms down slopes. Soon the convoy comes into view far below him. He tears along a parallel ridge, like an Indian shadowing a wagon train.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

The convoy is entering rougher country. The narrow mountain road we've seen earlier ascends ahead. To the left of the road are tall boulders. Suddenly, Indy shoots out from between two rocks and aims directly for the truck. The Armed Nazis in the back of the truck can see nothing because the canvas hides their view. But Gobler, Belzig and the Gunner in the rear staff car have a brief line on him. Belzig points and the Gunner fires away at Indy, the bullets kicking up sand near Indy's tires. In a moment, though, Indy is too close to the truck for the Gunner to continue his fire.

The Truck Driver and his Armed Guard in the cab of the truck have just become aware of the firing. The Armed Guard, who is on that side, leans out to see what's happening. Indy has been riding alongside. Now he stands on the motorcycle and leaps to the cab. In a second, he has flipped the Armed Guard out of the truck. He slides into the cab and begins grappling with the Truck Driver. The Truck Driver tries to hit the brakes, but Indy kicks his foot away and floors the gas pedal.

The truck doubles its speed and shoots onto the steep mountain road.

## EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The Blond Driver of the front staff car sees the truck move up on him in the rear view mirror and speeds up. Lovar, Shliemann and the Armed Guard in the car twist around to look at the struggle in the truck.

In the back of the truck, the Armed Nazis huddled around the crated Ark know there is trouble, but can do little about it. There is a steel wall between them and the cab. A TOUGH SERGEANT takes command of the situation. He picks out three Armed Nazis and motions for them to start climbing around the outside of the truck to the cab. With some trepidation the lucky ones begin that maneuver. The truck is swerving like crazy as a result of the unseen struggle.

Out in front, the Blond Driver begins what will be a continuing preview of the twists in the road. He turns his wheel sharply and takes the lead car around a bend. The tires come perilously close to the sheer edge of the road.

In the cab of the truck, Indy and the Truck Driver stop their fight temporarily and cooperate in turning the steering wheel. The truck barely stays on the road.

On the outside of the truck's rear, the three Armed Nazis hang on for dear life as their bodies are briefly suspended over thin air in the turn.

As the road straightens out for a short stretch, we get a full view of the incredible geography of this ride. The convoy in tiny against the spectacular mountainside, the cliffs drop hundreds of feet. The convoy is nearing the summit and soon the road will start to descend.

The three Armed Nazis are getting close to the cab when they see something up ahead that terrifies them. The road has been cut through a huge boulder and there will be no clearance on their side; they are about to be squashed against the rocks. They consider the alternatives, decide against the Reich, and drop off the truck where there is a narrow abutment.

In the rear car, Belzig sees this desertion with rage in his eyes. He raises his submachine gun as if to shoot the men. Gobler, at the wheel, swerves to avoid one of the sprawling men. The side of the car bumps into some rocks on the mountain side of the road. The

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car jumps and the Gunner perched in the back is flipped head over heels out of the car. Belzig has missed his chance; the deserters are disappearing back there in the copious dust the convoy is kicking up. Gobler is having trouble even seeing the road through all the dust.

The lead staff car reaches the summit of the road and barely makes the hairpin turn there. It is so close to going off the cliff that it delivers a destructive blow to the guard rail that has been placed there. The guard rail is now bent.

In the cab of the truck, Indy and the Truck Driver again stop trying to choke each other long enough to negotiate the turn together. The bumper of the truck hits the broken guard rail and sends it flying off the cliff. The truck, however, holds the road.

In the rear car, Gobler and Belzig are trying to see through the thick clouds of dust. Suddenly it clears completely. Unfortunately for them, this happens because their car has shot out into space at the hairpin turn. They are flying to their final reward.

Belzig, eyes wide behind his evil spectacles, screams as he goes.

In the cab of the truck, the Truck Driver is distracted from his struggle with Indy for a split second by the sight of the flying staff car. Indy plasters him and he tumbles out of the truck. Indy grabs the steering wheel.

Far, far below, Belzig's staff car explodes on the rocks.

In the front staff car, the Armed Guard aims his sub-machine gun back at Indy, alone now in the truck's cab. Shliemann knocks the barrel roughly away.

SHLIEMANN

(yelling)

If anything happens to that Ark,  
we're all dead men ! The Fuhrer  
will see to it!

Indy sees this from the cab and reacts by speeding up, putting even more pressure on the Blond Driver.

Along the back of the truck, the Tough Sergeant has sent six more Armed Nazis edging up toward the cab, three on each side. They hang on as the truck rounds a corner and goes into a straightaway that leads through a short tunnel.

In the cab, Indy has been concentrating on the lead staff car. Now, just before entering the tunnel, he looks in the side view mirror and sees the Nazis on

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his side. A quick glance to the other mirror reveals the others. As the truck sweeps into the tunnel, we see Indy just start to turn his steering wheel--he is going to sideswipe the walls of the tunnel.

At the other end of the tunnel, we hear the roar of the two engine and two long, screeching, scraping sounds. The lead staff car shoots out of the tunnel, then the truck, its sides cleaned of Nazis.

In the rear of the truck, the Tough Sergeant is looking with distaste back at the tunnel. There remains only him and two Armed Nazis with the Ark. He sends these two climbing up over the top of the truck.

In the lead car, the Blond Driver is being pressed hard by Indy, who now edges up to bump them from the rear. Suddenly the Armed Guard next to the Driver sees the two Armed Nazis appear on the top of the truck. Without thinking, he starts to point them out to Shliemann, then realizes his stupidity.

In the cab, Indy has seen this and is at first mystified. He checks his sideview mirrors. Then he figures it out, even though he cannot see the climbing men. He slows the truck down a trifle, checks the road and then slams on his brakes. The brakes lock, the wheels burn and the truck skids to a dusty halt. The two Armed Nazis fly off the truck, over the cab, to the road in front. Indy immediately hits the gas again. The two Armed Nazis, just staggering to their feet, dive out of the way.

In the rear of the truck, the crated Ark is bouncing all alone, no one in sight, because--

The Tough Sergeant is on the top of the truck, making his way steadily forward. This guy clearly knows what he's doing. A submachine gun is slung across his back.

The truck and the staff car race through a series of S-curves.

In the staff car, Lovar and Shliemann spot the Tough Sergeant as he reaches the front of the truck's top and begins to lower his submachine gun barrel toward the cab. Indy is unaware. Bellow and Shliemann exchange looks. Then Shliemann yells to the Armed Gunner in the front seat.

The Tough Sergeant has a line on Indy. He points his gun.

The Armed Guard blasts away at the truck. The Tough Sergeant dies in a hail of bullets and flies off.

Indy, who has ducked at the gunfire, is confused. But when he sees the Armed Guard up front lower his gun, Indy again floors it and begins bumping the staff car in earnest.

The road is almost down to a level now. In the distance -- Cairo.

The road takes a little dogleg just before reaching level ground again. Just as the staff car is about to make the turn, Indy smashes them from behind. The staff car flies off the road and down a twenty foot embankment. Indy takes the truck speeding down the road and off toward Cairo.

In the staff car, the occupants are bruised but safe. Shliemann points at the departing truck and yells at the Blond Driver. The staff car fishtails out of its sandy resting place and takes off after the truck.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CAIRO (VARIOUS SHOTS) - DAY

Indy has an ever-decreasing lead on the staff car as the race thunders into the narrow streets. People and animals leap out of the way; carts and barrels go flying helter skelter. Indy takes the truck down a street so narrow there are only inches to spare on each side. Pedestrians jump into doorways.

EXT. OMAR'S SQUARE - DAY

When the truck clears the narrow street, it is in a small square. Omar's garage is gaping open on the opposite side. Indy hits the brakes and the truck skids across the square and straight into the garage. The garage door slams shut and tenting drops from the building to hide the door. Various Arabs, friends of Omar, rush out with fruit carts and baskets and set up a mini-bazaar in seconds. Two Arab Boys sweep the tracks of the truck into oblivion. They throw aside their brooms just as the staff car appears from the narrow street. Lovar and Shliemann look around desperately as the Blond Driver steers the car through the square and out the other side.

EXT. OMAR'S SQUARE - NIGHT

Sallah and Abu move through the shadows, look around, then disappear into Omar's garage.

INT. OMAR'S GARAGE/HOME

Indy, Marion, Omar and his clan have been eating, Sallah and Abu have brought news which worries Indy a bit.

SALLAH

I am sorry, my friend, but a plane was not possible. I could not arrange it.

Indy reassures him with a touch.

INDY

All right.

SALLAH

You leave tonight. And this is a good ship. Trustworthy men.

ABU

(thrilled)

Pirates!

MARION

(nervous)

Pirates?

SALLAH

(nods)

But very honorable.

Omar's Dog begins growling eerily over by one of the trucks in the garage.

OMAR

(to dog)

Rashad!

The Dog lowers his growl for a moment, then starts at full strength again. Indy and the others go over to investigate.

The crated Ark is sitting in the bed of one of Omar's trucks. Omar's dog is focused on it, growling, frightened, spooked.



EXT. CAIRO DOCKS - NIGHT

The waterfront is dark and misty. An old tramp steamer, THE BANTU WIND, sits by the pier. Several fierce Black African Pirates, the crew members, are taking on final stores.

A small light illuminates the top of the gangplank. In its circle, Indy and Marion exchange long, warm embraces with Sallah and Abu. A short distance away the ship's Captain, a handsome, powerful black named SIMON KATANGA, watches from the rail, smoking a pipe. With a final touch, Sallah and Abu turn and retreat down the gangplank.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN SEA - THE MEDITERRANEAN - NIGHT

The Bantu Wind is bathed in moonlight as it cuts across even seas.

EXT. BRIDGE - THE BANTU WIND - NIGHT

Indy stands at the rail. He is looking with some concern at the wide deck below him.

WHAT HE SEES. Aside from several camouflaged mounted guns, the deck is occupied mainly by the ship's motley crew of African Pirates, a fierce-looking, brutal lot. They are huddled in groups, talking, whittling, whispering. Most disconcerting however, is the way they tend to shoot regular fiery glances up at Indy.

Captain Katanga appears silently next to Indy. He takes in the situation.

KATANGA

I am afraid, Indiana Jones, that you do not yet trust us.

INDY

(indicating the crew)  
They must not meddle with our cargo. To do so is its own punishment.

KATANGA

Do not worry. I vouch for every one of my men. Have faith.

(looks at him)

You are tired. Why not join the lady below?

Indy stills seems reluctant. Katanga regards him and finally, after a long pause---

KATANGA

I have known of you for some time.  
Even before I met Sallah.

Indy looks at him.

KATANGA

You remember the Bloody Vulture?

INDY

(smiles)

Petrovich? Could anyone forget him?

KATANGA

He told me of your joint adventure in the islands. I was most impressed. Since that day, I have hoped that we would meet.

Indy accepts this tribute with a warm look. That's all the validation he needs from the man.

INDY

Where did you see him last?

KATANGA

Malay.

INDY

How was he?

KATANGA

Very well. Very dangerous.

INDY

Good.

(a look)

And goodnight to you, Captain Katanga.

Indy leaves the bridge.

INT. INDY'S CABIN - NIGHT

Indy comes in, takes off his hat, his jacket, his whip, his holster. The cabin is reasonably comfortable. The door which connects this cabin to the next

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opens and Marion appears. She is carrying a half-full glass of liquor, but what you notice is the long, snow-white, high-necked nightgown she is wearing. It is very prim. Very innocent. And very sexy. Marion does a slightly embarrassed model's turn for Indy.

MARION

I have a feeling I'm not the first woman to visit this ship. There's a whole wardrobe in there.

INDY

It's lovely.

Indy sits on the cot, takes off his boots.

MARION

I'd offer you a drink, but there's no seltzer. We really must complain to the steward.

Indy smiles at her. She sits next to him on the bed. He leans back against the wall and rubs his eyes. She looks at him in silence for a while.

MARION

What are you going to do when you get back to the States?

INDY

Oh...leave, I guess.

MARION

Where to?

INDY

I don't know. Looks like the whole damn world will be fighting soon.

MARION

That won't be much of a change for you.

INDY

Yes it will. I hate crowds.

Marion smiles. She leans back against the wall with him and looks down at her white nightgown. She chuckles.

MARION

I feel like a virgin bride in this.

INDY

That's what you look like.

MARION

(takes a drink)

There are some things you can recapture in this life, but that isn't one of them.

INDY

What would you like to recapture?

MARION

(after a long pause)

Nothing. That is the way it is.

He watches her closely as she drains her glass and puts it down.

INDY

Did I ever say I was sorry I burned down your tavern?

She turns so their lips are very close.

MARION

No. Then again, I burned up that plane.

INDY

You saved my life.

MARION

And you saved mine.

INDY

Seems things have worked out kind of even.

MARION

That's the way I like them.

INDY

Maybe we should consider all past accounts closed.

Marion thinks about this a long time.

MARION

No. Not yet.

INDY

What else?

She looks into his eyes. A smile jumps from her lips to his. He kisses her and they sink slowly to the cot.

INT. IN THE HOLD

The ship's rats are agitated. They tremble and chitter at the edges of the compartment, darting about. Out in the center of the hold, sitting all by itself, is the crated Ark. HUM-M-M-M.

INT. INDY'S CABIN - DAY

Marion awakes with a start, alone in the cot. Something's wrong. The ship is quiet. Indy is strapping on his holster. He pulls his ship and jacket from a hook.

MARION

What is it?

INDY

The engines have shut down.

MARION

Why?

INDY

I'm going to find out.

EXT. LOWER DECK - DAY

Indy runs toward the bow, then climbs some steps four at a time. A MESSENGER PIRATE is hurrying to get him, but flies by him on the steps. By the time the Pirate stops himself, Indy is gone.

MESSENGER PIRATE

Mister Jones! The Captain he say--

EXT. THE BRIDGE - DAY

Captain Katanga is looking with concern ahead of the ship. Indy appears behind him. Katanga seems surprised by Indy's presence.

INDY

What's wrong?

Katanga turns quickly, pointing with a sweeping hand.  
Indy looks.

WHAT THEY SEE. Arrayed in a rough semicircle around the ship are ten German Wolf Submarines. All of their deck guns are manned and trained on the Bantu Wind. Worse, at least five heavily-armed boarding parties in rafts are closing quickly on the ship.

INDY

Holy shit.

KATANGA

(fast)

I sent my man for you. You and the girl must disappear. We have a place in the hold. Go, my friend!

EXT. UPPER DECK - DAY

Indy tears along the deck. He looks over the rail and sees two Nazi rafts already next to the ship.

EXT. LOWER DECK - DAY

Indy flies down some stairs and starts to round a corner. Suddenly he throws himself backwards, out of view, then peeks down that way.

Three uniformed Nazis are clustered near a cabin door holding the Messenger Pirate. Now two more come out of the cabin trying to maintain their grasp on a kicking, yelling Marion. She is still wearing her white nightgown. More Nazis clamber onto the deck from the side. The group heads toward Indy, slamming open all doors and hatches, checking them out with guns ready, rousting Pirates, spouting racial epithets.

Indy steps backwards and fades into the maze of the ship.

EXT./INT. THE BANTU WINDS (VARIOUS SHOTS) - DAY

The ship is swarming with Nazis. The Black Pirates are herded forward, subjected to rough physical and verbal abuse by the Aryan Supermen. The Pirates are clearly under orders not to resist, but not one of these strong men likes it. They'd gladly give their lives to rip the throat out of a few Krauts. In the hold, the door slams open and Nazis pour in; they smile at the sight of the crated Ark.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - DAY

Captain Katanga watches as his crew is crowded into a circle of Nazis on the wide deck below him. He is surrounded by Lovar, Shliemann, and several Nazis, two of whom are holding Marion. Now the Nazis from the hold appear carrying the crated Ark by means of the long poles.

Lovar's eyes shine at the sight.

SHLIEMANN

Take it aboard the Wurrfler!

LOVAR

And be very careful!

The Ark is taken away.

SHLIEMANN

(to a Sergeant below)

What about Jones?

SERGEANT

Not a trace yet, sir!

KATANGA

Jones is dead.

Lovar and Shliemann regard him suspiciously.

KATANGA

We killed him. He was of no use to us. The girl, however, has certain value where we are headed. She will bring a very good price. If that cargo you have taken was your goal, then go in peace with it. But leave us the girl. It will reduce our loss on this trip.

SHLIEMANN

Savage. You are not in a position to ask for anything. We will take what we wish and then decide whether or not to slow your ship from the water.

Lovar steps forward and puts a proprietary hand on Marion's arm, fixing Shliemann with a steady look.

LOVAR

That girl goes with me. It will be part of my compensation. I'm sure the Fuhrer would approve.

Shliemann considers.

LOVAR

If she fails to please me, you can  
do with her as you wish.

This appeals to Shliemann's nature. He signals his agreement with a gesture. Lovar ushers Marion away with her two keepers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. "THE WURFLER" - CONNING TOWER - DAY

The Nazis have returned to their subs. Shliemann is on the bridge with THE WURFLER'S CAPTAIN and the Captain's Aides. Shliemann is staring thoughtfully at The Bantu Wind. A Radioman gets word through his headset and silently signals to the Captain, an honorable career Navy man. The Captain speaks to Shliemann almost sadly.

THE WURFLER'S CAPTAIN

It is possible now, Colonel Shliemann,  
if it is your command. All torpedoes  
are loaded.

Shliemann nods and continues to stare at the Bantu Wind, as does the Captain.

WHAT THEY SEE. The Pirate crew is all lined across the bow. Towering above the others, standing on the rail, proud and defiant, is Katanga.

Shliemann looks at the Wurfler's Captain a moment.

SHLIEMANN

What do you think, Captain?

THE WURFLER'S CAPTAIN

(earnestly)

I think not, Colonel. Nothing is to be  
gained.

Shliemann mulls this, then turns to the hatch.

SHLIEMANN

All right. Let them live. We must  
be on our way.

Shliemann disappears down the hatch. The Captain is very pleased. The Radioman speaks into his headset,

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then follows the other Aides down the hatch. In the distance the other subs begin to move away from the ship. The Captain, alone on the bridge, looks once more at Katanga.

On the Bantu Wind, Katanga executes what might be taken for a salute.

The Wurrfler's Captain smiles, salutes crisply, then goes below, pulling the hatch closed.

Immediately, the Wurrfler begins to move. And as it does, we see the rail at the aft of the main deck. From nowhere, a wet sleeve appears and a hand grabs the rail!

Indy pulls his dripping body onto the sub's main deck. He has lost his felt hat once and for all. Other than that, his outfit is the same as always, just wetter. He crouches on the deck and watches as the other subs go off in other directions. Suddenly, water is washing over his feet and he looks forward. The Wurrfler is beginning to submerge. Indy runs through quickly deepening water toward the haven of the conning tower. Half-way there, he slips and goes down. Only by grabbing the base of the aftmast light does he keep from being swept away. He struggles to his feet and sloshes through knee-deep water to the base of the conning tower.

Indy climbs the ladder to the bridge of the conning tower and looks down. The water is rising toward him fast. Indy climbs the ladder to the top of the turret and braces himself between the two uprights there--the 7 foot radio mast and the 20 foot periscope. Still the ocean comes up to meet him. Soon the top of the turret is under water and the radio mast is disappearing. Indy shifts his grip to the periscope, working his way up it and hanging on for dear life as the ocean whips at his body. The periscope is quickly going under. Indy hangs on to the top three feet, all that remains above.

The forward movement of the sub continues, but, to Indy's slowly dawning delight, the dive stops. No more of the periscope goes under. Indy smiles; it's a pretty good smile, too, given the circumstances. Indy pulls out his bullwhip and begins tying himself to the periscope.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. THE PERISCOPE - AFTERNOON

The sun warms that part of his body Indy has contrived to keep out of the water. The rest floats out behind. Indy isn't comfortable, but all in all, it's not as terrible as he might have feared.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. THE PERISCOPE - DUSK

It's as terrible as Indy might have feared. He looks wasted. Waterlogged and exhausted. Each wave is tortuous punishment. If the bullwhip did not hold him, he would slip away in a minute. But the wet leather of the whip is contracting and he must struggle constantly to keep it from cutting into his skin.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT

Several shark fins cut the surface, appearing and disappearing in the bright moonlight. They are shadowing---

## EXT. THE PERISCOPE - NIGHT

Indy looks through barely open eyes at the sharks running alongside. There is nothing to be done. His eyes close.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

## EXT. THE PERISCOPE - NIGHT

The submarine has stopped. The water is calm. The moon is bright. A gentle swell splashes Indy awake. He blinks, tries to regain his senses. He makes an inventory of his body. Surprised to find himself intact, his spirits lift. Some hidden reserve of energy flows through him. He frees his aching arms from the wet leather of his whip, leaving only one

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loop around his waist to hold him to the sub. He rubs his hands and stretches. Once again, he has survived. To fight again. He looks around.

WHAT HE SEES. A lovely island. No sign of man's presence. The sub has stopped at the mouth of a wide cove completely ringed by tall white rock cliffs.

Suddenly the sub begins to move again. It is headed directly toward the center of the cliffs. Indy holds on, mystified, alert. When the cliffs are very close, the sub begins to dive.

INDY

Damn!

He thinks hard. Inspiration hits just before the water. Indy flips his leather jacket up over his head and holds the jacket out in front of him. His head is hidden by the jacket as he goes under water.

INT. THE UNDERWATER TUNNEL - NIGHT

The sub enters an underwater tunnel that penetrates into the cliffs. Indy is held to the periscope by his crossed legs and the whip. His impromptu air bubble is working, but it's a struggle to maintain it.

The sub begins to cut through thick marine vegetation. Each dangling growth pulls at Indy's body and slaps at his leather bubble. Now a clump of entwined seaweed rips the leather out of his hands and his bubble of air rises away. Indy hangs on, holding his breath, but the vegetation gets denser. It pulls at him like an enraged sea monster. Finally, it pulls him off the periscope. The sub moves on, disappearing ahead.

Indy rises desperately through the dark water, his hand outstretched. Then, almost simultaneously, hand and head hit solid rock. But no air. Indy feels along the ceiling of rock. Nothing. It's all submerged.

Indy dives, stroking deep into the tunnel. When he has descended 15 feet, he grabs a vine and steadies himself. His eyes search the dim roof of the tunnel. He sees his last hope in the distance -- a small blue circle, an air pocket. He swims for it.

In the air pocket, Indy's head breaks the surface and smashes into rock again. The pocket is only six inches deep. No matter. Indy loves it. He'd like to move in.

He gulps air. When the color has started to return to his face, he takes a deep breath and begins swimming after the sub.

INT. THE SUB BASE - DOCKING BAY

The Wurrfler has arrived at an extraordinary base built in the hollow interior of the island. This chamber, with the docking bay, is almost all water. A huge natural cavern, it has been reinforced and enlarged by the Germans. Concrete and steel buttresses have been added, docks and platforms built to suit the Nazis supply base requirements.

The Wurrfler sits surfaced at the dock. The Ark has been unloaded and placed on a cart. Shliemann, Lovar and Marion have just disembarked and been met by a Nazi contingent from the base. Marion looks worse for the trip. Her white nightgown is now ripped and smudged.

One of the greeting Nazis, a TALL CAPTAIN, salutes Shliemann and Lovar. As he speaks the following to them, we notice that right behind this group, just above a great deal of sub unloading activity, Indy's whip hangs from the periscope. Working Nazis pass within feet of it unaware; the Tall Captain would see it in a moment if he were not so focused on the new arrivals.

TALL CAPTAIN  
(to Lovar)

The tents have been arranged in accordance with your radioed instructions, sir.

LOVAR

Good. We must take the Ark there now.

Shliemann looks a little unhappy about this exchange, but says nothing. The group moves swiftly toward the raised end of a mine train arrangement. The train, consisting of small, separate, electric-powered cars, sits on a track which disappears into a tunnel cut in the rock.

The Ark and the members of the group are loaded into various mine cars, throttles are pushed, and the cars disappear into the tunnel.

On the conning turret of the Wurrfler, the Wurrfler's Captain stands on the top of the turret. He lights a cigarette as he watches the mine train disappear, then returns his attention to the activity going on on the dock. He leans idly against the periscope, his head two feet below Indy's dangling whip. Something catches his eye, he yells an order and climbs down from the turret to deal with the matter. We hold on the whip for a long moment, until its owner's hand appears and quickly reclaims it. We catch only a glimpse of Indy as he silently returns to the water.

# INT. TRAIN TUNNEL

The Ark and its entourage are moving slowly up the tight dark tunnel, their way lit by intermittent lanterns. The tunnel is irregular, but generally about 7 feet wide. It's height varies from an average of about 7 feet to a low of only about 4.5 feet at the points (every 40 feet) where support beams cross the track. The result is that there is only about a foot of clearance above the mine cars at those points; passengers must duck to keep from being hit in the head.

Shliemann, looking worried, and Lovar, very excited, are focused on the Ark in the car ahead.

SHLIEMANN

I am uncomfortable with the thought of this--

(spitting it out)

--Jewish ritual. Are you sure it's necessary?

A Gulf + Western Company

LOVAR

(playing him)

Let me ask you this--Would you be more comfortable opening the Ark in Berlin--for the Fuhrer--and finding out only then if the sacred pieces of the Covenant are inside? Knowing, only then, whether you have accomplished your mission and obtained the one, true Ark?

Shliemann doesn't like any of his alternatives. He looks at Lovar with some suspicion.

SHLIELMANN

Monsieur Lovar, I am plagued by the feeling that you have not told me everything about the Ark. That, perhaps, you have...expectations you have not shared.

Lovar just looks at him.

SHLIELMANN

It would be a mistake to be less than honest with me.

LOVAR

Colonel, let me assure you, you can trust me just as fully as I trust you.

The train comes into bright light.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

A second natural cavern, even bigger than the first, has been worked over by the Germans into a rectangular, three-story high supply center. Storerooms, offices, and barracks have been built into the rock around a huge, open, center court. Uniformed Nazi Soldiers are everywhere, wrangling supplies and ammunition, monitoring radio and radar equipment, moving around the upper tiers.

Across the open court, Lovar sees his destination: a large, brilliant white silk tent has been erected in the midst of all this hardware. It looks incongruous, and more than a little eerie. It is the Tabernacle.

INT. TRAIN TUNNEL

Indy is making his way up the tunnel. He moves in the middle of the tracks until he hears cars coming from up ahead. He steps into the shadow of a support column. A mine car passes within inches of him with several laughing Nazis. Indy watches them go, then continues on his way.

INT. THE TABERNACLE

The light in here is lovely, unearthly. Oil lamps burn. The Tabernacle is really several concentric, silk tents, which creates a flowing maze effect. The innermost tent is still a good size and at its center is a 3 foot high, tapestry-covered altar. Lovar watches with gleaming, obsessed eyes as two Nazis carefully lift the actual Ark out of its crate by means of the long poles. The Ark dazzles the eye, seeming almost to glow gold in this strange light. The two Nazis place it carefully on the altar. Shliemann and some Aides hang back. Marion is nowhere to be seen.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - END OF TUNNEL

Indy makes a fast break from the shadows of the tunnel to the protection of a high stack of supplies and weapons. He climbs the back of the stack, peeks over and surveys the area.

WHAT HE SEES. In addition to the Tabernacle and all the previously mentioned activity and layout. Indy's glance rests momentarily on a large, heavy metal door halfway down one wall toward the Tabernacle. What is stored behind it would be unmistakable even if it did not bear the words, in German: DANGER - MUNITIONS.

Indy continues to scan the scene, trying to come up with a feasible plan of attack.

INT. THE TABERNACLE

In the central area with the Ark, Shliemann and the other Nazis wait impatiently, eyeing the Ark with some discomfort. Lovar is not visible, because at this moment he is --

In the folds of the Tabernacle, the silk of the tents undulating around him. The light is even stranger than inside, the scene almost dreamlike. With the help of the Tall Captain, Lovar lets an extraordinary, gold-embroidered, ceremonial robe fall over his head and onto his body. Lovar looks transported, possessed. The Tall Captain unlatches a wooden case and takes from it a sturdy ivory rod about 5 feet long, elaborately engraved. Lovar takes it from him, turns and slips back through the silk. The Tall Captain stays in the folds.

Back in the central area, Shliemann and the other Nazis are taken aback by Lovar's appearance in the robe. They exchange looks. From one knot of men there is muttering about "Juden" and such, but when Lovar turns a fiery gaze on them, there is immediate silence. Shliemann looks uncertain in this presence.

Lovar approaches the Ark. He stops a few feet from it and begins murmuring some kind of invocation in Hebrew. After a few moments of this, he advances a step and is about to place the ivory rod in a notch under the lid of the Ark itself. The end of the rod is an inch from the notch when --

Indy steps into the Tabernacle. On his shoulder is a bazooka and it is aimed directly at the Ark.

INDY

Hold it.

(the Nazi react)

One move from anybody and I  
blow that box back to Moses.

Shliemann makes it clear to the other Nazis that Indy  
is to be obeyed.

LOVAR

Jones, your persistence surprises  
even me. You are going to give  
mercenaries a bad name.

INDY

What about you? Talked to God yet?

(Lovar's eyes flash)

Well, don't give up hope. You may  
get your chance yet. Where's the  
girl?

SHLIEMANN

Doctor Jones, surely you don't  
think you can escape from this  
base.

INDY

That depends on how reasonable we're  
all willing to be. All I want is  
the girl. We'll keep possession of  
the Ark only till we've got safe  
transport to England. Then it's  
all your.

SHLIEMANN

If we refuse?

INDY

Then the Ark and some of us are  
going up in a big bang. I don't  
think Hitler would like that a  
bit. Now I don't want to talk  
about this anymore. Show me that  
girl in five seconds or --

The Tall Captain flies out of the silk and takes Indy  
down by the neck. The bazooka clatters across the  
cement floor as two other Nazis help subdue Indy. The  
three Nazis take Indy's pistol from his holster and  
raise him roughly in their grasp.

SHLIEMANN

Jones, this is the second time I  
have seen you looking very foolish.



INDY

It's a bad habit. I'm trying to break it.

Shliemann draws his Luger.

SHLIEMANN

I'll help you. This time I'll kill you myself.

Shliemann raises the pistol.

LOVAR

No! Not in the presence of the Ark! Take him outside.

Shliemann eyes Lovar, then the Ark. He lowers the pistol, motions for the Nazis to take Indy out ahead of him. They stop a moment only when Lovar speaks.

LOVAR

Indiana Jones, I salute you as a worthy adversary. I am even a little sorry you will miss this moment.

INDY

Thanks. If you talk to Him, tell Him I'm on my way up.

Shliemann motions them out and follows.

Lovar turns back to the Ark, raising the ivory rod.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

Shliemann, the Tall Captain, Indy and the two Nazis holding him emerge from the Tabernacle. Shliemann steps ahead of the group, looking around for a spot for the execution. He points to a nearby wall and the group starts that way with Shliemann and the Tall Captain slightly ahead. Suddenly, Indy stops.

INDY

Colonel, can I ask you one thing?

Shliemann and the Tall Captain turn to face Indy and his escorts. They are now facing The Tabernacle as well.

INDY

About the girl...

## INT. THE TABERNACLE

Lovar has the ivory rod inserted in the notch under the lid of the Ark. He utters a short phrase in Hebrew and begins to press down on his end of the rod. The lid of the Ark begins to lift. It's difficult work. Lovar puts his whole weight into one big press on his end and the lid opens 2 feet.

Inside the Ark of the Covenant is a preview of the end of the world. A light so bright, a power so fearsome, a charge so jolting, that there is nothing in our world to compare to it. It's as though this magnificent golden box has been gathering electric energy for three thousand years, waiting for just this crack of the lid to release it all in one fast, cleansing explosion of pure force.

Blinding arcs of light shoot out across the Tabernacle instantly killing all the Nazis inside and turning all the white silk to flame. But it is Lovar in his obsession who takes the full blast. His whole body seems lit by a million volt current and, for a moment, his complete skeleton is visible, a perfect, horrific X-ray. His form is white, then blue, then maybe green, but it is hard to tell because our eyes are blinded now too. Two aspects of this ghastly, beautiful display are somehow communicated in the chaos, although the communication is subliminal. First, that Lovar, in the instant of his destruction, has experienced some kind of sublime, transcendental knowledge. If a death's-head can smile and look satisfied, that is how Lovar's incandescent face would be described. Secondly, this event is accompanied by a sound like no other. A sound so intense and so odd and so haunting that the suggestible among us might imagine it were the whisper of God.

## INT. COMMAND CENTER

Choas. Shliemann and the Tall Captain have been temporarily blinded by the light from the Tabernacle. Indy makes short work of his two escorts. He bashes their heads together. When only one goes down at this, Indy uses the handle of his bull whip, which has appeared instantly in his hand, to put the second one down.

Shliemann, hand on his eyes, aims his Luger blindly at the scuffle. Indy pushes the Tall Captain at Shliemann, who fires on impact, killing the Tall Captain.

Behind Indy, the brilliant light and weird noise of the Ark have suddenly ceased, but the Tabernacle is ablaze and the fire has quickly spread to stacks of supplies on either side. Smoke is already starting to fill the cavern. Nazis are running around, yelling for firefighting water. A burning crate at the side of the Tabernacle is pushed over, only to knock over a drum of heavy black oil. A river of flame shoots across the cement.

Indy grabs a rifle with bayonet from the prostrate body of one of his former escorts and runs back into the flaming Tabernacle.

INT. THE TABERNACLE

Indy jumps through the flames into what is now a tent of fire. He looks around at the dead bodies, then at the Ark. The lid has slammed down shut again and the Ark shines gold in the flames. Before it, where Lovar once stood, is a pile of ash and charred debris. Indy registers this, then continues to scan the scene.

INDY  
Marion! Marion, can you hear me?

Suddenly, Indy looks as --

The far side of the Tabernacle burns completely away, revealing Marion, tied spread-eagle between two upright posts. Her nightgown is now in tatters, black with soot. She is gagged, but her eyes are screaming, focused on the flaming river of black oil which is about to engulf her feet.

Indy rushes toward her, unaware of a uniformed Nazi who has appeared from the flames. Marion looks up to see Indy and the Nazi leveling his submachine gun at Indy. She motions desperately with her eyes. Indy dives and rolls through the flames just as the Nazi opens fire. From the floor, Indy blasts the Nazi.

The river of burning oil is only a foot from Marion.

Indy jumps up and runs toward the bound Marion, his bayonet aimed directly at her. Her wide eyes flash between the flames and the shining blade. Expertly, Indy slashes down both sides at Marion, cutting all four bindings. Marion falls backwards, away from the flames, but before she hits the ground, Indy is there, catching her in his arms. They embrace. They kiss. They break.

INDY

Hi.

MARION

Oh, Indy! Thank god you're here.

INDY

Glad I could make it.

Indy rises, pulling her up with him. They look around at the chaos of Nazis. The Tabernacle is burning away so fast that soon Indy and Marion will be completely exposed. Indy rushes over and grabs the submachine gun and a Luger from the dead Nazi.

INDY

Let's get out of here.

MARION

What about the Ark?

Indy stops, startled by her spunky attitude. He's considering their chances.

INDY

Are you game?

MARION

Hell yes! We've made it this far.

Indy grins at her.

INDY

Okay. Let's do it.

They approach the altar through the dying flames, Indy slinging the submachine gun over his back. The long carrying poles are still in place.

INDY

Whatever you do, don't touch it. Let's put it on the floor.

Marion nods. Each taking an end with the poles, they lift the Ark from the altar and lower it to the floor. Marion grunts under the weight. Indy registers this, hands her the submachine gun. He pulls out his whip, motions her back, and sweeps the whip tightly around the body of the Ark. The fall wraps snugly around the plaiting and Indy ties it off. The Ark is now harnessed

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to the whip handle. Indy will be the horse. He gives it an experimental pull and the Ark slides across the smooth cement. Indy looks around, points.

INDY

We'll go down that side. Shoot anyone who looks at us crosseyed.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

Two huge stacks of goods are ablaze and the Nazis are having trouble getting water to them. With those concerns and the thickening smoke, Indy and Marion are not the center of attention. The Nazis main concern at this point is an enormous, neat stack of wooden cartridge boxes which are piled down the wall from one of the already blazing, and now teetering, stacks of general goods. Nervous Nazis are moving the heavy cartridge boxes as fast as they can, but it's slow work and the threatening fire is close.

Indy and Marion make their way along the side of the center court, Indy grimacing with the strain of pulling the Ark. One Nazi stops directly in front of them, looking at them queerly. Indy knocks his out with the butt of his Luger just as Marion is about to fire. They hurry on.

Out in the court, Shliemann has regained his eyesight. Now he crouches, scanning the scene desperately for Indy. He looks into the remains of the Tabernacle and spots the empty altar. Beyond it, the unoccupied posts where Marion was bound.

At the entrance to the tunnel, Indy and Marion struggle to lift the Ark into one of the mine cars. Marion has the submachine gun slung over her back. The Ark drops heavily into the bottom of the car. The noise attracts the attention of five water-carrying Nazis. They see what's going on and reach for their sidearms. Indy grabs Marion, pulls her in front of him--as though to use her as a shield--and flips the submachine gun, still on her back, toward the Nazis. He opens fire, turning Marion's body so he can mow all five down. Marion flinches from the spitting gun.

Shliemann spins around and looks at the tunnel entrance. He points at Indy and Marion, who have just hopped into the mine car with the Ark.

SHLIEMANN

Stop them! Kill them!

A dozen Nazis spin and look at the mine car. Marion is just leveling the submachine gun. Indy pushes forward the throttle and the mine car moves toward the tunnel, picking up speed. As the Nazis raise their guns to fire, Marion and Indy both open up, peppering the area with lead.

As the mine car is about to disappear into the tunnel--

INDY

(to Marion)

Get down!

As the car disappears, bullets pock the entrance of the tunnel.

Shliemann runs up with three Nazis. They jump into the next mine car and take off, disappearing into the tunnel.

Over at the burning stack of goods, some terrified fire-fighters scurry away as the burning pile of general goods falls over onto the stack of cartridge boxes. The wooden boxes immediately start burning. Many of the Nazis just want to get out of there, but a couple of disciplined OFFICERS are trying to salvage the situation. They point at the next potentially disastrous spot in the cavern and order the men there--on the far side of the court, the walls are lined with oil and gas drums.

OFFICER

We must cover the drums! Protect them from the bullets!

## INT. TRAIN TUNNEL

INTERCUTTING Indy and Marion with Shliemann and the Nazis, we see a most extraordinary pursuit. The low cross beams and the higher sections in between are causing the Nazis to alternately stand and duck in their efforts to get a clear shot at the lead car. Indy is unhappy with the speed of his car and he's right, the Nazis are moving faster and gaining. When both cars are in the same high section, the Nazis blast away at them. In this enclosed space the noise is deafening, with barking guns, splintering rock, and twanging ricochets contributing to the din. As Marion fires a return volley low over the Ark, Indy kicks at the throttle, convinced it is jammed.

## INT. COMMAND CENTER

The Officers are directing the placement of every moveable item in front of the oil and gas drums. Desks, crates, chairs, food, all are heaped in front of the fuel. All the workers cast frequent nervous glances back at the burning cartridge boxes across the court. About three-quarters of the fuel drums are covered in one way or another when the worst begins to happen at the cartridge boxes. Hundreds of thousands of live cartridges are suddenly exposed to flame. They begin exploding, flying around the court like shrapnel. Nazis run away or dive for cover. At the fuel drums, one of the stalwart Officers continues to heap on protection even though the area is being showered with lead. Finally, the Officer takes a hit and goes down. Hot lead begins to zing off the exposed fuel drums, leaving big dents.

## INT. TRAIN TUNNEL - LONG STRAIGHTAWAY

The car with Indy and Marion looks almost sluggish compared to the pursuing Nazi car as they both make their way into an usually long straightaway. Marion discards her empty submachine gun as Indy kicks at his throttle and casts a worried look back at Shliemann.

Shliemann, sensing victory, smiles evilly and carefully takes aim. Indy and Marion will be easy targets until they reach that approaching low cross beam.

## INT. COMMAND CENTER - CLOSE ON FUEL DRUM

A fuel drum, already pocked by bullets is finally penetrated by high velocity hot lead. It explodes in a ball of flame. And then its neighbor. Then all is exploding flame.

## INT. TRAIN TUNNEL - LONG STRAIGHTAWAY

Shliemann and his cohorts hear the explosions behind them and look back that way.

Indy kicks the throttle one more time and it goes! Their car doubles its speed and shoots under the low cross beam at the same instant as --

A huge dragon of all-consuming fire shoots up the tunnel behind the Nazis, catches their car and

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incinerates Shliemann and his men. The tunnel cannot withstand the blast. It collapses in this section, burying the fried Nazis forever.

INT. TRAIN TUNNEL

Indy and Marion look back at the low cross beam as the last tongue of flame makes it there and then is doused by falling rock and dirt. They look at each other, then turn their attention back to their own predicament. Their mine car is going incredibly fast as it moves into the last stretch of tunnel.

MARION

Slow it down!

Indy is already pulling on the throttle. It moves easily. Unfortunately, it is clearly no longer attached to the motor. The mine car is out of control. Up ahead is the bright light of the docking bay. It approaches at a frightening rate. Indy reaches out and grasps Marion's hand. They exchange looks and then turn to look ahead.

THEIR POV. We're taking this last stretch with them. It's a familiar nightmare. It has to do with a rollercoaster track that ends suddenly and disastrously. Now we can see it up ahead, the abrupt end of the line, there in the shocking brightness of the chamber rushing up to meet us.

Now we're there, in the light, crashing through the barrier at the end of the track, and off! Off into the air, into flight, into--

INT. DOCKING BAY

The mine car sails above the water and slowly tumbles, heaving two humans and an Ark roughly into the bay before crashing down itself in an explosion of foamy spray.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

Fire. Everywhere. No sign of life. A large, gaping doorway, flames ringing it, blazing into the room beyond. Hanging by one hinge there, its metal blasted and jagged, is a heavy door with the signed lettering, in German, DANGER - MUNITIONS.



## INT. DOCKING BAY

Out in the center of the water, Indy swims toward a gasping Marion.

On the dock and at The Wurrfler, the remaining Nazis are in chaos, frightened and confused.

## EXT. COMMAND CENTER - MUNITIONS DUMP

The first explosion happens. It's a baby compared to what's coming. Yet it rocks the earth. It's terrible. And then, almost immediately, another. The long, irregular, ever-larger chain of explosions begins.

## INT. DOCKING BAY

The whole island is shaking. The cavern and its man-made additions cannot hold. Huge boulders crack away from the walls and roof and crash into the water, crushing anyone or anything in their way. Huge waves rise in the bay and toss the battered Wurrfler like a toy. Men die horrible deaths.

Out in the center of the bay, Indy and Marion cling to each other among the falling rock and rolling water.

MARION

Goodbye, Indy. I love you.

A monstrous, new blast shakes the island and a new torrent of rock obscures Indy and Marion from view.

## EXT. THE ISLAND - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAWN

The island rumbles and shakes. From fissures and small natural caves, dirt and rock shoot out like spraying water. Still the explosion continue. A huge chunk of white cliff falls away into the turbulent sea. Birds scream and soar, afraid to land.

Finally, we settle on a full shot of the island. And it begins to settle too. Almost streaming in the water. In the foreground, the ocean begins to relax, another trauma absorbed without a trace. It's a pretty scene. No sign of the hell that has just transpired within that lovely dot of land.

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It's not a bad final resting place for a man and a woman, be they good or evil.

THE CAST CREDITS ROLL OVER THIS SCENE

Finally, when the last featured player has been given his due, Marion pops up from the deep, gasping for air. Then, not far away, Indy, breathless and smiling. They swim quickly into each other's arms and embrace. And while they embrace, a third form pops loudly to the surface. The Ark of the Covenant.

INT. THE PENTAGON - DAY

Indy, dressed in a suit, and Marion, looking very stylish, are seated in Colonel Musgrove's huge office. Sun pours in a window, through which Washington can be seen sparkling across the Potomac. Everything is neat and clean and regular. Including the four men who are arrayed around the office. Three we know -- Col. Musgrove, Maj. Eaton, and Davona. The fourth is an unnamed Bureaucrat. He hangs back, smiling and genial, his features obscured by the glare of the window. He doesn't say anything, yet you have a sense that the others defer to him in the matter at hand. He is the essence of all that is Byzantine and inscrutable in our scrubbed government machine.

Indy is dissatisfied with the way the meeting has gone. Marion, on the other hand, is very happy and eager to get out of there. Davona's manner is irritatingly cheery.

DAVONA

(To Marion)

--And I trust you found the settlement satisfactory?

MARION

Quite.

DAVONA

Good, good.

(glances around at the others)  
Then I guess that about does it.

MUSGROVE

You've done your country a great service.

EATON

I don't suppose you'd be interested in working for Army Intelligence.

(Indy's look speaks volumes)  
No, I didn't think so.

Eaton's glance flicks over to the mysterious Bureaucrat, then back to Brody.

EATON

I thought we answered that--  
It's someplace very safe.

INDY

(heated)

That's a powerful force.  
Research should be done--

DAVONA

Oh, it will be, Dr. Jones, I assure you. We have top men working on it right now.

INDY

Who?

EATON

Top men.

INDY

We may be able to help.

EATON

We appreciate that. And we won't hesitate to call on you.

MUSGROVE

(dismissing them)

Thank you all. Thank you again.

Indy looks them over coldly. He gets up.

INDY

Let's go, Marion.

DAVONA

Yes! Go have some fun. You deserve it. I hope you'll find all the accommodations to your liking. Any problems you have my number.

Indy is sullen as they leave the office.

MARION

Thank you.

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - THE PENTAGON

Indy and Marion look tiny as they make their way along the endless hallway. As they do--

CREW CREDITS ROLL.

EXT. PENTAGON STEPS - DAY

Indy and Marion emerge from the building. She clings to Indy's arm in an energetic, very feminine way, scolding him.

MARION

--Well they aren't going to tell you, so why don't you just forget it. I'd think you'd have enough of that damn Ark. Just put your mind on something else.

Indy stops, looking across the river, his mind occupied.

INDY

Yeah, like what?

Marion makes a face, then puts her arms around his neck and plants a humdinger of a kiss on his mouth. It goes on a while. Finally they break.

INDY

It's not the Ark...but it'll have to do.

They move down the steps, smiling.

INT. GOVERNMENT WAREHOUSE

The Ark of the Covenant sits in a wooden crate. A wooden lid comes down and hides it from view. The lid is solidly nailed to the crate as we read the stenciled message on top--

TOP SECRET

ARMY INTEL. #9906753

DO NOT OPEN!

The hammering is completed and hands shift the heavy crate onto a dolly.

THE END CREDITS ROLL AS WE SEE--

A Little Old Government Warehouseman begin pushing the crated Ark down as aisle. Soon we see that the aisle is formed by huge stacks or crates. They come in many shapes and sizes, but when it comes right down to it, they all look like the one that holds the Ark. All have markings like the message we've just seen. Pretty soon we're far enough and high enough away from the Little Old Government Warehouseman to see that this is one of the biggest rooms in the world. And it is full. Crates and crates. All looking alike. All gathering dust.

And then we notice that the Little Old Government Warehouseman, pushing his new crate ahead of him, has turned into another aisle and disappeared from view.

FADE OUT.

THE END.

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