

"INDIANA JONES AND THE REALM OF THE DEAD"

Screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY IN UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

The back of a HEADSTONE dominates the view for a few moments, as THUNDER rumbles in the distance. The dark grey clouds of a rainy afternoon sprinkle showers down on a small group of PEOPLE gathered around an open grave, while a MINISTER finishes up his ceremony.

When the service is over, the people slowly trickle away, leaving a LONE FIGURE standing poignantly at the edge of the grave. Through the rain, we can tell by his BROWN FEDORA that this is the legendary INDIANA JONES, famed archaeologist of the 1930's.

No one stops to console his grief as INDY stares fixedly at the name on the HEADSTONE.

MARION RAVEWOOD

MAIN TITLE BEGINS

He looks at the FUNERAL CARD one last time. It shows a picture of a woman full of life and joy. Her hair is still brown though there are some lifelines on her smiling face. Death, it seems, had come to her prematurely. Indy reluctantly stuffs the paper into a pocket of his TRENCH COAT and starts to walk away, alone.

The rain starts coming down harder, but Indy's pace remains the same as he makes his way down a slope to his 1950 STUDEBAKER CHAMPION. He climbs in and pulls out of the cemetery.

EXT. RAINY STREETS - DAY

THE RAIN is beating hard now on the windshield as Indy maneuvers his car onto the highway and through the increasing TRAFFIC. He eventually drives through a quiet college town. He drives past a large park that borders his final destination.

As he pulls into the long cypress-lined driveway, he passes a sign that reads "NATIONAL MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES".

EXT. MUSEUM, REAR PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Indy parks his Studebaker in a parking space near a back door to the museum. He exits the car and moves through the rain to the door.

INT. MUSEUM OFFICES - AFTERNOON

Indy storms through the office past DESKS and GLASS WINDOWED DOORS. A few people are still at work. They look up and see Indy pass, but his stony expression precludes any attempt to talk to him. Finally, Indy reaches a door with a window that reads "DR. JONES, CURATOR". He opens the door and goes in.

INT. CURATOR'S RECEPTION ROOM - AFTERNOON

There is a distinctly feminine touch to the reception room, with a VASE OF FLOWERS on the DESK. Indy makes his way around the desk and toward a door at the back of the office. He fumbles with his KEYS before unlocking the door.

INT. INDY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The architecture of Indy's office is elegant, if a bit stuffy: perfect for a curator of a museum. However, the room itself is cluttered and disorderly.

The furniture is arranged haphazardly. BOXES from Indy's move to the office nine months earlier are still jumbled in the corner. BOOKS and PAPERS cover every available piece of furniture. The clutter isn't the result of hasty action like it was earlier in Indy's life. This mess stems from total indifference and neglect.

Indy drops his trench coat and fedora on a COUCH and makes his way to his DESK. A FRAMED PICTURE OF MARION sits on the messy desktop. Indy picks up the picture and sullenly looks at it for a few moments. He opens a desk drawer and drops the picture into it.

He reaches into the same drawer and pulls out a BOTTLE OF WHISKEY and a GLASS. He pours himself a glass and downs it quickly. He pours another and gulps it down as well. He pours a final glass, considers it briefly, and then drains the glass. Slowly, he drifts away.

END MAIN TITLES

The MAIN TITLES are followed by this:

NEW YORK 1951

INT. INDY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Indy awakens to the sound of someone arranging papers on the desk beside him. Looking up from his stupor, he sees GRACE FLEMING, his personal secretary. Her ivory skin offsets her neatly kept brown hair. Her soft eyes are piercing but understanding. Grace is efficient and orderly, the perfect secretary.

INDY

(groggy)

What are you doing here, Grace?

GRACE

Tidying up a bit.

INDY

How many times have I told you-?

GRACE

That your office is off-limits?  
Yes, I suppose you have mentioned  
it once or twice.

Grace grabs the not-quite-empty whiskey bottle off of Indy's desk and drops it in the TRASHCAN. Indy's drinking habit has gotten a lot worse lately.

INDY

(surly)

Hey! I wasn't done with that!

GRACE

(ignoring him)  
 I wish you'd give this up. It's  
 getting harder for me to hide this  
 habit of yours.

Grace drops a bunch of papers into the trash to conceal the bottle. Indy's stupor hangs heavy upon him. He massages his temples as he combats a wicked headache. Despite her distaste for his alcoholism, Grace still feels sorry for Indy. The recent deaths in his life have taken a heavy toll on him.

GRACE  
 (continuing)  
 Let me take you home, Doctor  
 Jones.

Indy is surprised by her assertiveness. He knows he's in no condition to drive, but doesn't want to admit it. Grace picks up his damp overcoat and fedora. He stumbles to his feet, trying to shake off the effects of the alcohol.

INDY  
 You know, I don't pay you to look  
 after me. I was perfectly fine  
 here...

Grace helps him toward the door.

GRACE  
 Who says I am doing this for you?  
 Maybe I only want to finish  
 locking up and go home.

INDY  
 Right.

INT. MUSEUM - LOBBY HALLWAY - NIGHT

Indy and Grace make their way through the dark museum, toward the front doors. Along the way, they pass by LARGE DOORS.

Above the doors hangs a sign which reads "BRODY HALL: GRAND OPENING NEXT WEEK". A LARGE PORTRAIT OF MARCUS BRODY adorns another sign by the door. The date under the picture reads

"1876 - 1950". The setup is nearly complete for a lavish exhibit to honor the illustrious curator after his death the previous year.

EXT. MUSEUM - FRONT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The grey showers have now turned into a night lightning storm. Grace locks the outer door and races to her car. With his hands buried deep in his wet trench coat pockets, Indy walks slowly, heedless of the rain. Hurriedly she unlocks the car, as Indy stops to notice a light on in the building they just left. He stares for a while and looks back at Grace.

GRACE

Hurry up and get in before we get any wetter!

INDY

Were you and I the only ones left in the building?

Grace can barely hear him as the rain pounds the car.

GRACE

Don't stand there and talk, just get in Doctor Jones!

INDY

I'll be right back.

THUNDER CRASHES and Indy turns back toward the museum. Unwilling to wait in the rain, Grace gets into her car and watches Indy go back into the building.

INT. MUSEUM - LOBBY HALLWAY - NIGHT

Indy makes his way back through the lobby. A light is coming from under the doors of Brody Hall. With his head slightly cocked, he strains to hear any sounds coming from the now-illuminated hall.

INT. MUSEUM - BRODY HALL - NIGHT

Indy enters Brody Hall. Marble columns support a second floor gallery that wraps around the four walls of the Hall. On the white marble floor of the Hall, there are MUSEUM CASES, STANDS, and WOODEN PACKING CRATES. Some of cases already contain ARTIFACTS. The hall is only partially lit from lights focused on the display cases.

Two workmen, SMITH and JOHNSON, work on adding glass to a museum case. Indy crosses the hall, coming toward them.

INDY

Working kind of late, aren't you boys?

SMITH

Sorry sir, this glass was backordered. We were told it had to be installed tonight.

Indy doesn't have a clue about the goings-on at the museum. That was Grace's job.

INDY

(dismissively)

All right. Well... You boys have a good night.

Indy starts to leave but stops in front of TALL MUSEUM CASE that contains the HEADPIECE OF THE STAFF OF RA. He muses silently for a few moments. The memory of the Ark adventure comes to mind. With that memory comes thoughts of Marion.

In the glass of the case, Indy sees the REFLECTION of Smith coming up behind him. Smith has a KNIFE in his hand and attacks Indy from behind!

Totally shocked, Indy narrowly avoids the knife. He uses Smith's momentum to throw him into the GLASS TOP of the museum case. The glass shatters and covers the floor with hundreds of SHARDS. Smith lands face-first in the debris. In the process of throwing the workman, Indy's fedora falls to the floor.

Breathing hard, Indy looks from the fallen body of Smith to the doors at one end of Brody Hall. Johnson stands at the doors, acting as a lookout. Johnson is surprised by his

partner's failure. Johnson reaches in his pocket and pulls out a SEMIAUTOMATIC PISTOL WITH A SILENCER.

INDY

Son of a...

He trails off as he scrambles for cover, trying to keep his head down. Johnson aims at Indy and fires several shots. Some of the MUFFLED GUNSHOTS hit the floor and RICOCHET. Others shatter glass display cases. The glass hits the floor behind Indy as he moves away from the center of the hall.

Indy stops and crouches behind several wooden packing crates. Johnson continues to shoot. Each shot that hits the crates cause little ERUPTIONS OF PACKING STRAW from within. When he runs out of bullets, Johnson ejects the EMPTY CLIP from his pistol and pulls a FULL CLIP from his pocket.

Johnson moves to the side of the Hall, trying to flank Indy. Meanwhile, Indy stays low and quietly backtracks around the crates, trying to keep obstacles between him and Johnson while moving toward the door.

Indy passes near the case where he was originally attacked. Smith's body is not there. Indy rounds a pillar and the knife-wielding workman suddenly confronts him! Unwilling to take on an armed opponent, Indy retreats a short distance and spots a CROWBAR lying on a crate.

He grabs the crowbar and squares off with Smith. A brief fight ensues. Indy disarms Smith by breaking his arm with the crowbar and fells him with a violent blow to the head.

As soon as the workman hits the floor, a shot hits the pillar only inches from Indy's head! Johnson is now much closer and has resumed shooting. Indy dives behind a display case. He lands hard on his side, knocking the wind out of himself.

INDY

Unnh!

The impact causes the crowbar to pop out of Indy's hand and slide several feet across the polished marble floor.

Just above Indy, bullets shatter the glass top of the case. Indy is showered with bits of broken glass. He rolls to his back and sees the workman bearing down on him. Indy's face has been cut in several places by the broken glass.

Indy sees a SMALL CRATE right by his feet. The crate's lid has been pried off and hangs off one side by a pair of hinges. From the lid, several LONG NAILS stick out. As Johnson nears, Indy kicks the crate hard. It slides swiftly across the marble floor and directly into the Johnson's leg. The protruding nails puncture the workman's calf and thigh!

JOHNSON

Aaaah!

Johnson drops his gun as his hands reflexively go to his wounded leg. The SILENCER comes off as the gun hits the floor and bounces off into the shadows. As Johnson works to dislodge the crate from his leg, Indy gets up from the floor. Half of Indy's face is now covered with BLOOD. Johnson finishes freeing his leg. Confident that he now has the upper hand, Indy closes in on the workman.

The two trade punches for a while. It becomes obvious that Johnson is an experienced fighter and more than a match for the aging Indy. Despite his wounded leg, Johnson is able to back Indy up with vicious punches. Unable to take the punishment, Indy drops under the barrage of blows. Johnson reaches into his coveralls and pulls out a KNIFE like the one his partner had.

Indy crawls away and collapses in the shadow of a crate. Brandishing the knife, Johnson limps toward Indy to finish him off. Suddenly, Indy rolls over. In his hands is Johnson's pistol! Johnson sees the gun and stops short, raising his hands in a gesture of surrender.

INDY

(grimly)

I don't think so.

Indy pulls the trigger and empties the clip into Johnson at pointblank range. The first few bullets tear through Johnson's chest. The final shot catches his head. Thrown backward by the force of the bullets, the lifeless CORPSE

of the workman crashes into a pile of crates. The sound of the gunshots ECHOES through the Hall.

Indy painfully gets up and gasps for breath. His face is a bloody mess. His clothes are torn and bloodstained. Indy pulls ANOTHER CLIP from Johnson's bloody corpse and reloads. Holding the gun in front of him, he moves toward the door, wary of more attackers.

When Indy nears the door, he hears FOOTSTEPS hurrying toward him. He tenses and prepares to shoot. Grace comes through the door and gasps as Indy points the gun directly in her face. She'd heard the gunfire and reentered the museum to check it out.

GRACE

Oh my god!

Indy scowls and lowers the gun.

GRACE

(continuing)

Doctor Jones! What happened?

INDY

I'm fine. I was attacked by a couple of workmen.

(grimly)

They picked the wrong day to come after me.

Grace pulls out a LACY HANDKERCHIEF and tries to wipe the blood from Indy's face. He snatches it from her and hastily wipes his face. Then he wads up the handkerchief and angrily tosses it to the floor.

INDY

(angrily)

I said I'm fine.

GRACE

(trying to be helpful)

You know what? I caught two men in your office earlier today. They said something about installing glass...

INDY

(softening slightly)

Sounds like the same guys. If they were after something else... anything of value would be out here in the museum.

Indy turns and looks over the destruction in Brody hall. His eyes fall on the workmen's TOOL BAG. Indy crosses the Hall and starts going through the tool bag. He rifles through the TOOLS. Suddenly, his face lights up. He has come across something that doesn't belong in a tool bag.

A BATTERED FILE CASE.

The file is tied up with STRING, and looks like it has seen a lot of abuse. Across the front of the file is written in bold letters:

ORPHEUS

Grace comes up beside him and joins him in looking at the mysterious file. Grace's arrival erases the positive look from Indy's face. He goes back to scowling. Whatever was inside, Smith and Johnson thought it was worth killing Indy for it. Grace handles all of the office work for the museum but she doesn't recognize this file.

GRACE

What is that? I've never seen that file before.

INDY

(recognizing the file)

I think this was in a box of stuff I brought back from Marion's.

Indy pulls at the strings, which snap easily. He opens the file and starts flipping through the contents. He pulls out a few pieces of PAPER, looking at them.

INDY

(continuing)

Looks like a bunch of her father, Abner's old notes.

GRACE

Yeah, almost exactly 15 years old.

The DATE ON THE PAPER reads 1935.

INDY

(thoughtfully)

This must be the last thing that  
Ravenwood worked on before he  
died.

GRACE

(skeptical)

But why would those two guys want  
to kill you for some old papers?  
Anything else in there?

Indy replaces the pages he'd removed, and continues to go  
through the file.

INDY

Papers, some journals, and-

Indy's hand hits something within the file, which he lifts  
out.

INDY

(continuing)

This.

In his hand is an ornately carved SILVER MEDALLION! It is  
Egyptian and is covered with symbols. A stylized SCORPION  
is carved in the center. The scorpion's tail curls around  
a GREEN GEM set slightly off-center.

GRACE

I've seen something like that  
before.

(she looks O.S.)

It was in a case over there.

INDY

It's another headpiece.

GRACE

So that's what those goons were  
after?

Indy ignores her, lost in thought.

INDY

(to himself, but meant for  
Abner)

What were you doing, old man?  
What's Orpheus got to do with  
Egypt?

GRACE

Egypt?

INDY

(determined)

That's where I'm headed.

Indy gathers up the contents of the file. He gets up and crosses the floor to retrieve his fedora. While bending over to pick it up, Indy's drunkenness and wounds momentarily overcome him. He sinks to one knee, holding his throbbing head.

GRACE

(coming up behind him)

Doctor Jones, are you sure you're  
okay?

INDY

(annoyed, more with himself  
than Grace)

Who made you my nurse?

She helps Indy to his feet. Once standing again, he pulls away from her.

INDY

(continuing)

You want to help, Grace? Get me a  
ticket to Cairo.

GRACE

(concerned)

Are you sure you're in any shape  
to travel?

INDY

(surly)

You think I can't handle myself???  
Just get me that ticket to Cairo!

Indy doesn't wait for a response. He turns and storms out of Brody Hall.

GRACE  
(to herself, watching Indy  
leave)  
Don't worry. I'll take care of it.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Indy hurries up to the bottom of the BOARDING STEPS. He's sweating and out of breath from running to the plane. Indy's face sports some BRUISES, SCABS, and a few STITCHES: souvenirs from the fight in the museum. He is late and has barely made the flight. Indy goes up the steps into the LOCKHEED CONSTELLATION.

He finds his seat, stows his BAG and sits down. He loosens his TIE and mops his sweaty brow. A WOMAN PASSENGER is sitting in the seat next to him.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
I was starting to wonder if you  
were going to make it.

Indy recognizes the voice and looks over. The woman sitting next to Indy is Grace! He's shocked, which he tries to cover with annoyance.

INDY  
What in the hell are you doing  
here?

GRACE  
Flying to Cairo.

INDY  
I told you I don't need a nurse.

GRACE  
(sweetly sarcastic)  
Are you sure, DOCTOR Jones? I  
thought doctors always had nurses.

Indy opens and closes his mouth without saying anything.

GRACE

(overly cheery, looking to  
the front of the plane)

Oh look. They've shut the door.

(matter-of-factly, looking at  
Indy)

So... you might as well accept the  
fact that I'm coming along.

Indy grits his teeth and mashes his fedora over his eyes,  
pretending to sleep.

EXT. CONSTELLATION - FLYING - DAY

SUPERIMPOSED over a MAP that traces a course from New York  
City to Cairo, Egypt.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAIRO AIRPORT - NIGHT

Indy and Grace move their way through a crowd of ARABS with  
a few TOURISTS mixed in. They both are carrying BAGS.  
Indy begrudgingly accepts Grace's presence. Indy leads the  
way, looking around for a cab. Suddenly, an excited voice  
hails him.

SALLAH (O.S.)

Indy! Indy!

SALLAH comes up and embraces Indy. Sallah hasn't changed  
much since the last time we saw him. He's still a big and  
enthusiastic Egyptian, though his hair and beard have more  
grey in them. Indy is surprised, but apparently not  
pleasantly.

INDY

Sallah??? What are you doing here?

SALLAH

Your secretary- "Miss Fleming" I  
think she said- called me and told

me you'd be coming. Is this her?  
 (shaking Grace's hand)  
 Charmed, my dear.

Indy shoots Grace a dirty look. She looks uncomfortable. She thought that Indy would be pleased to see his old friend.

SALLAH

(continuing)

She also told me that you are back on the trail of some of Ravenwood's relics. Another headpiece she said. I don't know if I can help this time. The old man is long since dead.

(laughs)

But that doesn't matter! It has been years since I've seen you my friend, you must tell-

INDY

(interrupting)

Sallah, listen... I... I don't have time to catch up with you right now. I have a lot of work to do.

SALLAH

(misunderstanding, still excited)

Of course, of course.

(laughs)

Always a clock to punch, eh Indy?

Sallah gives Indy a jovial slap on the back.

SALLAH

(continuing)

Let me go and get my truck. Wait here. My wife will be so pleased-

INDY

(interrupting, more firmly)

No Sallah. I'm working this one solo. I don't need your help.

Sallah looks into Indy's face to see if he's joking. Indy's face is hard and serious. Sallah looks over to Grace. He sees her awkward body language and sheepish expression. Sallah looks back at Indy. It's not a joke. A long moment passes as Sallah and Indy look at each other, while Grace looks on. Sallah's smile fades.

SALLAH

(unwilling to believe that  
Indy is snubbing him)

I don't understand... Have... Have  
I done something wrong?

INDY

(searching for some way to  
explain)

No, Sallah.

(jabbing his thumb in Grace's  
direction)

It's her fault.

SALLAH

(hurt)

So you're saying that if was up to  
you, I wouldn't even know you were  
back in Cairo?

INDY

(starting to feel bad)

No... Sallah... that's... that's  
not what I meant.

SALLAH

(understanding that is  
exactly what Indy meant)

I see.

(beat)

Well...

(trying to seem  
disinterested)

Nice to see you again, Indiana.

Perhaps another time then.

Sallah turns and walks away. Indy bites his lip as remorse eats at him.

INDY

(weakly, to Sallah's back)  
Maybe I'll try to stop by for a  
little bit while I'm here.

Sallah stops but doesn't turn around. His expression is pained.

SALLAH  
Do you what you need to do, my  
friend.

Sallah disappears in the bustling airport crowd. Indy stands frozen to the spot for a few seconds as people mill around him. He is sorry that his reunion with Sallah went the way it did. He sighs and Grace interrupts his guilty reverie.

GRACE  
(to Indy, matter-of-factly)  
You're an asshole.

Indy turns on Grace, quickly shifting the blame for the situation onto her.

INDY  
(sharply)  
I didn't ask for your opinion! Or  
for your help! So will you just  
shut up?!

Grace stands silently, half expecting that Indy will put her on the next plane back to the States. Without any resistance from Grace, Indy's anger subsides almost as quickly as it flared up.

He's tired from the long flight. With the emotional toll of his confrontation with Sallah, Indy is wiped out and can't invest any more energy in being angry with Grace.

INDY  
(wearily)  
Let's get to the hotel. We'll get  
a fresh start tomorrow.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL - NIGHT

A RICKETY CAB pulls up outside the hotel. Indy gets out, removes his luggage from the trunk, and heads into the hotel. He makes no effort to help Grace out of the cab or with her things.

INT. INDY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The second-floor hotel room isn't luxurious but isn't seedy either. The STUCCO WALLS, ARABIC UPHOLSTERY, and CEILING FAN seem standard for Cairo. Indy's room opens onto a BALCONY overlooking the street in front of the hotel. Indy's luggage is laid on the BED in the middle of the room.

Indy stands at the bed and unpacks his bags. From one bag, Indy pulls out the elements of his classic uniform: WELL-WORN LEATHER JACKET, SAFARI SHIRT, and FIELD TROUSERS. He haphazardly tosses these one at time toward his dresser. Only the jacket lands on the dresser, the rest end up on the floor.

He pulls out a COLT 1911 .45 PISTOL, checks to see if it's loaded and starts to set it on the NIGHTSTAND. He hears a KNOCK AT THE DOOR. He tucks the pistol into the back of his trousers and goes to the door.

Indy opens the door a crack, with his hand on his pistol's handle. He's edgy and paranoid. Through the crack, he sees Grace holding a TEAPOT and PAIR OF CUPS. Indy relaxes and opens the door the rest of the way, his face unreadable. He's still frustrated with her but is also secretly thankful for her company.

GRACE

I don't know about you, but I'm having trouble with the time change. It's the middle of the night here, but I'm still thinking "dinner." I thought you might like some tea.

Grace sets the teapot and cups down on a SMALL TABLE, while Indy closes the door.

INDY

No thanks. I've got what I need.

He reaches into his bag and produces a FLASK. Grace can barely conceal her disdain for Indy's drinking. She shakes her head, and pours herself a cup of tea.

GRACE

Are you sure? Tea doesn't have the side effects that some drinks do.

Indy takes a drink from the flask. He scowls but ignores her comment. He silently goes back to unpacking, still glowering. Grace watches him momentarily, sipping her tea. Seeing that Indy is ignoring her attempts to make peace, Grace sets her cup down. She picks up his fallen shirt and trousers, folds them neatly, and places them in a dresser drawer.

Indy pulls out familiar objects: GUNBELT, BULLWHIP, MK VII BAG, and tosses them onto a CHAIR in the corner of the room where his FEDORA already sits. The heavier items smash his hat out of shape. Indy also pulls out a STACK OF BOOKS: some about Egypt and others about Greek mythology. He scatters these on the bed.

Grace passes Indy and hangs his jacket and MK VII bag on a HOOK by the door. She picks up his fedora and re-shapes it, and starts to hang it on ANOTHER HOOK. Indy watches her tidy up with annoyance.

INDY

Would you stop that?

Grace hangs up the hat and gathers the books and arranges them neatly on top of the dresser.

GRACE

(oblivious)

Stop what?

INDY

(realizing that he'll never win)

Never mind.

Grace picks up the Orpheus File off the bed. She looks at it intently and opens it. She pulls out some papers, and

looks at several pages before stopping on a PEN DRAWING OF ORPHEUS AND HIS LYRE.

GRACE

(trying hard to make conversation)

So everything in here relates to Orpheus, huh? As far as I was aware, his story is nothing but a myth.

Indy abandons his unpacking and comes over to where she's looking at the notes. A glimpse of his former professor aspect breaks through.

INDY

That's what I thought too. According to Greek mythology, Orpheus was the greatest musician of all time. When his wife died suddenly, he went through the gates of the underworld to get her back from the god of the dead.

GRACE

And as I recall, he said "no."

INDY

Right. But Orpheus played a song on his lyre that was so powerful, it convinced Hades to change his mind.

GRACE

Is that the same instrument that seems to be the focus of all these notes?

Indy nods, but seems skeptical.

INDY

It looks like the mythical Lyre of Orpheus is a real artifact. But I highly doubt that it has any power over life and death.

GRACE

So who is this "Abner Ravenwood"?

Indy doesn't want to discuss any subject related to Marion and returns to unpacking.

INDY

Marion's father. My former mentor.  
He died back in '35.

GRACE

Oh, I'm sorry. How did he die?

INDY

No one knows really. Frankly, I'd never thought about it until that file turned up. And that's part of what confuses me...

(stops, looks at Grace)

Abner's obsession was the Ark of the Covenant. Not this Orpheus thing.

GRACE

(putting the papers away)

Ah. Archaeologists and their obsessions.

INDY

(defensive)

What's that supposed to mean?

GRACE

It's just that-

Grace hesitates in speaking her mind at first, but then presses on.

GRACE

(continuing)

I think that everything in the life of an archaeologist tends to become an object... an obsession. Nothing else matters. You ignore everything else... Obsessed with what's dead and gone.

(shaking her head)

Not the way I'd want to live.

Indy doesn't want to see her point. He's unwilling to admit a need for change. Instead, he decides to counterattack.

INDY

(spiteful)

Well, you'd know a thing or two about obsessions wouldn't you?

GRACE

What are you talking about?

INDY

(caustic)

Let's see... You never leaving me alone. You tagging along to Egypt. You meddling in my life. Seems like a pattern to me!

GRACE

(quietly)

Has it occurred to you that people can help each other without having an agenda?

INDY

(cutting off the conversation)

Don't you need to unpack or something?

GRACE

(forcing a smile)

Yes, well, I suppose I do. But first I'm going downstairs to see if I can find some food. I'm starving.

Grace crosses the room toward the door, opens it and starts to leave.

INDY

(softening)

Are you sure you should be wandering around by yourself at this hour? Probably not a good idea.

Partway through the door, Grace stops and turns to face Indy.

GRACE

Are you worried about me?

INDY

(backpedaling)

No. I was... just... uh...

(surly)

Why don't you bring me back something too, while you're at it, huh?

He shuts the door quickly (not quite a slam) and sighs.

INT. INDY'S HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Indy towels his hair dry in the small, WHITE-TILED BATHROOM. He's dressed only in trousers. The SHOWERHEAD DRIPS behind him. It's obvious that Indy has just gotten out of the shower. Indy tosses his TOWEL onto the floor. On his bare back, are WHIP SCARS. On his left arm is a SCAR FROM A GUNSHOT WOUND.

He leans close to the mirror, examining the wounds on his face that are still healing. His focus gradually shifts up to his graying hair. Dissatisfied, he picks at it briefly before combing it. Stepping back from the mirror, he considers his entire aging, battered appearance and sighs. Noticing the noisily DRIPPING shower faucet, he turns and cranks the FAUCET HANDLES.

INDY

Stupid faucet.

INT. INDY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Indy looks around his tidied room. He walks over to the dresser and dons a WHITE TANK TOP. He hears A GENTLE KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

INDY

(to the closed door)

It's open.

Grace enters with a PLATE full of FLAT BREAD and FRUIT. Indy looks on the dresser for the Orpheus File, planning to read a little before going to bed. He doesn't find the file on the dresser, which was where Grace left it. Grace sets the food down on the table, as Indy searches around the room.

GRACE  
(chewing)  
What are you looking for?

Indy searches frantically and starts to panic.

GRACE  
(concerned)  
What is it? What's wrong?

INDY  
The file is gone!

Suddenly, something occurs to Indy. He crosses the room to the balcony. He checks the street below. A BLACK CAR is idling among a few parked TAXIS, waiting for someone. At that moment, a THIEF leaves the Hotel with the Orpheus File in hand.

INDY  
Son of a bitch!  
(to Grace)  
The file's been stolen!

Indy grabs his pistol, and races out of the room with Grace close behind.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL - NIGHT

Indy emerges from the hotel's front doors, looking around for the thieves. Their car rounds the corner in front of the hotel and drives down the street. Indy spots a parked TAXI in front of the hotel. He pulls his gun from behind his back and points it at the ARAB DRIVER.

INDY  
Get out of the car.

The frightened Arab Driver obeys and gets out. Indy slips into the driver's seat just as Grace comes through the hotel doors. Indy barely allows her to get in the car before he hits the GAS PEDAL. The taxi's TIRES SQUEAL with the sudden acceleration.

EXT. CAIRO SIDE STREETS - NIGHT

The fleeing thieves drive away from the hotel at a moderate speed, so as not to arouse suspicion. Soon, the THIEF DRIVER notices a PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS coming up behind him rapidly. Not sure what's going on, he maintains his speed.

Indy and Grace pull up alongside of the black car and Indy rams the taxi into them. The impact almost causes both cars to crash. The black car recovers first and speeds off into the night. Indy follows and the chase is on!

Being the middle of the night, the smaller side streets of Cairo are almost completely abandoned. The two cars zip through the city without any obstacles other than the NARROW STREETS. The chase goes on through the roads and alleys of the ancient city. They pass EGYPTIAN BUILDINGS of every sort, CLOSED-UP MARKETS, and MOSQUES.

The driver of the black car is clever and evasive. He takes many sharp turns into ALLEYS BARELY WIDER THAN HIS CAR, doing everything he can to lose the Americans. Indy can't gain enough ground to ram the thieves off the road. The best he can manage is an occasional rear-end hit.

EXT. NILE BRIDGES - NIGHT

The chase moves from the side streets to some of the larger thoroughfares in the middle of the city. As they race toward the BRIDGES OVER THE NILE, other TRAFFIC begins to complicate the chase.

The black car veers insanely through traffic. Drivers in other vehicles HONK their horns, flash their LIGHTS, shout obscenities in Arabic, and swerve to avoid the reckless vehicles. The Thief Driver maneuvers around LARGE TRUCKS and into ONCOMING TRAFFIC, willing to try anything to lose the pursuing taxi. Indy matches him move for move.

As they cross a bridge over the Nile, Indy pulls alongside the thieves and rams them hard into the GUARDRAIL. SPARKS fly as the black car scrapes along the bridge.

GRACE

(to Indy)

Careful! We don't want that file  
at the bottom of the river!

Indy realizes that she is right and backs off. Suddenly, the Thief in the black car pulls out a GUN and starts shooting at Indy's taxi. Grace screams as bullets hit their car. Indy slams the BRAKE PEDAL, allowing the thieves' car to shoot ahead.

INDY

(to the thieves)

So you want to play rough, huh?

EXT. OLD CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The chase has again left the main streets and has returned to the dark and labyrinthine streets of the old city. The taxi's engine had taken some shots from the thief's gun, and is starting to make CHUGGING AND GRINDING NOISES.

GRACE

I don't know how much more we can  
take!

Ahead of Indy and Grace, the fleeing thieves blast through a SMALL CONSTRUCTION ROADBLOCK. Indy reads the ARABIC SIGNS in the wrecked barricade as he follows.

INDY

(to himself)

Dead end.

Indy floors the gas pedal, as the engine continues to protest. Ahead of the taxi, the thieves stop at some unseen obstacle.

GRACE

(panicked)

What are you doing???

The thieves' car starts to turn around and is halfway through a K-turn. Indy is going much too fast to stop before hitting them. Grace realizes this and braces herself against the dashboard.

The taxi's headlights illuminate the panic-stricken faces of the thieves in the car. Grace screams as Indy broadsides the black car! The sudden stop slams Indy and Grace forward and then back into their seats.

Grace moans and rubs her neck, as Indy bolts out of the car. Pistol in hand, Indy approaches the WRECKED THIEVES' CAR. Grace stumbles out of the SMASHED TAXI as Indy flings open the CRUMPLED CAR DOOR of the thieves' car. The two semiconscious thieves are bruised and bleeding. They stir slightly.

With lethal precision, Indy shoots each of them directly in the head. BLOOD sprays all over the car's interior. The SOUND OF THE TWO GUNSHOTS ECHOES off the walls of the street, slowly fading into the night. Grace stands in disbelief as Indy retrieves the blood-spattered Orpheus File.

GRACE

(appalled)

What did you do that for? They were already defenseless!

INDY

(cold)

We caught them, didn't we?

(beat)

I'm making it expensive for whoever keeps coming after us. They need to learn.

GRACE

(disapproving)

Is that the way it works, huh? The end justifies the means?

INDY

Let's just get back to the hotel.

GRACE

So more thugs can come after us?

You've got to be kidding.

INDY  
(patronizing)  
Got a better idea?

GRACE  
As a matter of fact...

INT. SALLAH'S HOUSE, FRONT HALL - DAWN

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR disturbs the early morning quiet. The rising sun reveals spacious and well-furnished rooms. Sallah comes from the kitchen in the rear of the house towards the front door. The rest of the household is still asleep, but Sallah is up early, a holdover from a long career as a digger. The knocking continues.

SALLAH  
(to himself, hurrying to the door)  
One moment... one moment...

Sallah opens the door and is surprised to see Indy and Grace. Each has their bags, after clearing out of the hotel.

INDY  
(awkward)  
Hi, Sallah. I... uh...

Indy trails off. Sallah looks expectantly at Indy. Grace looks at Indy impatiently before butting in.

GRACE  
(to Sallah)  
What he means to say is that he's an ass, and he wants to apologize for brushing off an old friend.

Indy looks at her with embarrassed irritation. He recovers with a left-handed apology.

INDY  
(to Sallah, regarding Grace)  
Not only a secretary, but a mind

reader too.

Despite the joke, Sallah's sees sincere regret in Indy's eyes. An understanding smile spreads across Sallah's face.

SALLAH

Age does funny things with my memory. I can remember twenty years ago like it was yesterday... but last night... Ha! Gone like the morning dew.

INDY

(catching Sallah's meaning)

I know what you mean.

SALLAH

But enough of that... come in, my friends. Don't stand out there like vagabonds.

(leading the way into the kitchen)

Join me for some breakfast before the brigands return and ruin everything.

Indy stops and stiffens. He doesn't know how Sallah could possibly know that he'd been attacked. Sallah disappears through the door into the kitchen.

SALLAH (O.S.)

Oh no! Too late! They're already here! Aaah!

Fearing the worst, Indy races toward the kitchen.

INT. SALLAH'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING

Indy rushes into the sunlit kitchen, ready to fight. He sees:

Several SMALL CHILDREN are playfully attacking Sallah. Other children help themselves to a LARGE TABLE covered with FRUIT and other BREAKFAST FOODS. Sallah's wife, FAYAH, presides over the happy mayhem.

All the children look at Indy with surprise as he bursts into the room. Recovering quickly from their shock, the children start laughing at his confusion. These children were obviously the "brigands" Sallah had meant.

INDY  
 (not liking being a source of  
 amusement)  
 Sallah, don't these kids of yours  
 ever grow up?

A five-year-old boy, SAMIR, clings to Sallah's shoulders.

SALLAH  
 (amused)  
 Grandchildren, Indy.  
 Grandchildren.

INDY  
 Oh... right.

Grace chuckles quietly at how ridiculously out of place the rough-and-ready Indy looks in this happy, domestic setting. Sallah sets his youngest grandson down and lovingly shoos him toward the other children.

SALLAH  
 (to Indy)  
 I can see that you have much on  
 your mind. Come up to my study  
 and we can talk in peace.

INT. SALLAH'S HOUSE, STUDY - DAY

In his second-floor study, Sallah sits with his feet on his DESK. Indy sits in an ARMCHAIR. They both enjoy a breeze from the OPEN WINDOWS. SOUNDS OF CHILDREN PLAYING come up from the garden outside. Indy has already explained to Sallah the recent happenings surrounding the Orpheus File.

SALLAH  
 The "Lyre of Orpheus"?  
 (laughs)  
 Chasing after myths, Indy? That's  
 not your style.

INDY

(rolling his eyes)

You know me... But somebody thinks it's real enough to kill for.

(beat)

I want to know if this is what killed Ravenwood. Seems likely, given the trouble I've had.

Sallah nods gravely. It certainly seems that danger follows the file.

SALLAH

May I see the headpiece?

Indy hands Sallah the silver headpiece. Sallah looks at one side and then the other. Among the various markings and symbols he sees a KNOT OF ISIS.

SALLAH

(continuing)

Judging by the symbols, I'd say this was the headpiece from a Staff of Isis.

(looking up at Indy)

I suppose this is the key to another map room somewhere...

INDY

Which will show where the Lyre is kept.

(shaking his head)

But I still can't quite figure out the connection between a Greek artifact and the Egyptians... The closest I can get are the Ptolemies: Greeks who made themselves into Pharaohs.

The two men sit thinking in silence for a few seconds. Suddenly, something occurs to Sallah.

SALLAH

Cleopatra was a Ptolemy, wasn't she?

INDY

She was the last. Why?

SALLAH

(shuffling through papers on  
his desk)

There's been a recent discovery  
related to Cleopatra. Up along the  
coast.

Sallah finds the COPY OF "EGYPTIAN MAIL" he's looking for  
and slides it across the desk to Indy. Indy picks up the  
newspaper and starts reading the front-page story. After a  
short while, Indy drops the newspaper onto the desk and  
triumphantly pounds it with his finger.

INDY

(excited)

This is it! This is the  
connection I needed!

SALLAH

What do you mean?

INDY

(getting up and pacing)

Well, I'm assuming that the Lyre  
somehow came with Ptolemy to  
Egypt. Eventually it passed to  
Cleopatra. Now she was the last  
of the line. But before she died,  
Cleopatra built a fortified  
mausoleum to protect her treasures  
from the Romans who were invading.  
She probably stashed the Lyre  
there for safekeeping. The wealth  
and fame of Cleopatra was  
legendary. In fact...

(he picks up the headpiece)

She even portrayed herself as the  
goddess Isis!

SALLAH

And the dig has found the  
Mausoleum?

INDY

(negative)

Not according to the article. But they have discovered the ruins of one of Cleopatra's palaces and a network of tunnels under one of her nearby fortresses.

SALLAH

So you think the map room we want is there?

INDY

I've already translated the markings on the headpiece. Besides the height of the staff, it says to "light the Eye of Horus in the Chamber of his mother, Isis." That definitely sounds like it could be underground!

Indy stops in front of the windows looking down onto the garden. Grace is playing with Sallah's grandchildren. They all look joyful and content, as they laugh and run through the sunny garden. Several of the children chase Grace as she runs into the house.

SALLAH

We can head to the coast tomorrow. Fayah is preparing a feast to end all feasts for tonight-

INDY

(interrupting, still facing the window)

No, Sallah, I can't stay.

SALLAH

(confused)

Why not? I thought that-

INDY

Listen...

(turning to face Sallah)

That file has brought me nothing but trouble. I don't want to endanger your family.

(firmly)

I need to get out of here as soon  
as possible. Alone. Let me  
borrow a truck or something.

The old, heroic Indy is trying to break through. Sallah grips his old friend by the shoulders and looks into his eyes. There's still a good man buried somewhere under Indy's hardened façade.

SALLAH

You and I shall go. Now.  
Together. Just like old times.

Indy smiles for what seems like the first time in a long time. He turns to see Grace standing in the doorway. Samir leads her by the hand. She's smiling as well, glad to see Indy happy for a change. Samir runs up to Sallah, wanting some attention from his grandpa.

GRACE

You weren't planning on leaving me  
behind, were you, Doctor Jones?

INDY

(winking at Sallah)  
The thought had crossed my mind.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Indy, Grace, and Sallah drive through the desert. Sallah's truck makes good time, and they cover the 150 miles from Cairo to the northern coast of Egypt by late afternoon. As they approach the dig site, the road winds along beaches and seaside cliffs.

EXT. SEASIDE CAMP - AFTERNOON

Sallah parks the truck at an archaeological camp along the beach. Indy gets out first. He's wearing his classic uniform, except for the jacket, which he leaves in the truck. Grace and Sallah get out and stretch.

TENTS are pitched on the beach. ARCHAEOLOGISTS and ARAB WORKMEN move busily in between them. Men in a SMALL BOAT come ashore and begin unloading ARTIFACTS they've retrieved

from underwater ruins. These pieces are hurriedly taken to a tent to get the salt off of them.

SALLAH

(to Grace)

You see? Just under the surface of the bay there is a ruin of one of Cleopatra's palaces.

INDY

But what we want is up there.

Indy points to a trail that winds its way to the top of a nearby seaside cliff. The remains of an ancient Egyptian fortress are barely visible at the top.

INDY

(continuing)

That's where we'll find the fortress and access to the tunnels.

EXT. FORTRESS DIG - AFTERNOON

Indy, Grace, and Sallah enter the bustling fortress dig. They are sweating and dusty from the hike up from the beach. With a WOODEN STAFF in a hand, Indy leads the way. Grace follows, with Sallah bringing up the rear. He carries a small pack of supplies: CANTEENS, ROPE, TORCHES, etc.

The trio looks around at the partially excavated fortress walls. The dig is being conducted carefully and professionally. Diggers move earth around using SHOVELS and WHEELBARROWS.

A few tents are pitched in the middle of the dig. Nearby, a DARK ARCH leads to the underground tunnels under the fortress.

The workers note the arrival of the Indy and his friends, but continue working. However, one ARAB DIGGER runs into the largest tent, going to get the dig leader. As Indy, Grace, and Sallah make their way to toward the tents, DR. OLIVER CRAY emerges from his tent.

Cray is an American in his forties. He has a deep tan and wiry build from years of fieldwork. His dark eyes and

intense expression reinforce the air of competence and professionalism of the dig.

CRAY

(recognizing Indy)

My God... Jones? Indiana Jones?

INDY

Have we met before?

CRAY

I don't think so. I'm Doctor  
Oliver Cray.

The two men shake hands.

CRAY

(continuing)

I was under the impression that  
you'd retired. Running a museum  
or something?

INDY

Officially... But I still like to  
get out now and again.

Though he smiles graciously, Cray barely disguises his personal rancor toward Indy.

CRAY

I see. Well, Jones, I'm afraid  
there aren't any magnificent  
treasures here for you to...  
"recover".

(beat)

I'm running a "by the book" sort  
of dig. Nothing that would  
interest someone of your...  
reputation.

Indy notices the insults, but with considerable effort he remains civil. Cray's hostility confirms Indy's inclination to conceal the true nature of his errand.

INDY

Egypt has always fascinated me.  
I'd like to look around the

tunnels, if I could.

CRAY

(condescending)

I don't think that's a good idea.  
It's a real labyrinth down there.  
Not a good place for tourists.

INDY

I think I can manage.

CRAY

If you insist... Would you like me  
to send a guide with you? Or  
perhaps draw you a map?

INDY

(almost losing his temper)

No thank you. I've got the diagram  
from your newspaper article.

CRAY

Very well.

Cray starts to go back into his tent, but stops short.

CRAY

(continuing)

One last thing, Jones. Please  
don't remove anything from the  
tunnels. In case you didn't know,  
that is a crime here in Egypt.

Cray disappears into the tent, and Grace leans close to Indy  
as he fumes.

GRACE

What was that all about?

INDY

I don't know.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - AFTERNOON

Indy, Sallah, Grace go down many steps, through ROUGH-HEWN  
PASSAGES and more FINISHED HALLWAYS. All three of them

carry FLASHLIGHTS. Occasionally, they pass through LARGE ROOMS. These rooms are covered with ELABORATE HIEROGLYPHICS and have LARGE LIGHTS set up to aid the archaeology team.

After a while, they reach the edge of the explored area of the labyrinth, A DOOR BLOCKED WITH A FEW BOARDS. Edging past the barricade, Indy works his flashlight beam over the walls and floors, looking for hidden dangers.

INT. DIG LEADER'S TENT - AFTERNOON

The Arab Digger comes into the tent.

ARAB DIGGER

They've gone down into the unexplored lower level.

CRAY

Keep following them. But keep your distance. I don't want them to suspect anything.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - LOWER LEVEL - AFTERNOON

Indy, Grace, and Sallah have been down in the tunnels for some time now. Grace and Sallah sit on some ROCKS drinking from the canteens Sallah had in his pack. Meanwhile, Indy carefully studies the wall opposite them.

GRACE

(to Sallah)

How long have we been down here?

SALLAH

(looking at his watch)

Almost three hours. It's nearly sunset.

This is the first opportunity Sallah and Grace have had to talk without Indy being present.

SALLAH

(continuing)

So... Miss Fleming...

GRACE

Please, call me Grace.

SALLAH

(smiling)

Very well. Grace it is. How long have you worked for Indy?

GRACE

Since he took over at the museum. Let's see... about nine months. I worked for Doctor Brody for several years before he passed away.

SALLAH

Ah, yes. Poor Marcus. I'm sure it hit Indy hard.

GRACE

I think so too... harder than he expected or is willing to admit.

INDY

(interrupting)

Hey, you two. Shine your lights over here will ya?

They oblige. The combined light from the three flashlights reveals a HUGE MURAL showing the legend of Isis and Osiris. Indy focuses on one of the many CARTOUCHES adorning the walls.

GRACE

(coming over to Indy)

What is it?

INDY

(pointing to the cartouche)

This tells part of the legend of Isis and Osiris.

Grace looks at Indy blankly so he elaborates.

INDY

(continuing)

Osiris was cut into pieces by his brother, Set. Isis, the wife of Osiris, collected the pieces and brought him back to life using her magic. See?

He points to a PAINTING OF ISIS and an ODDLY-SHAPED DEPRESSION IN THE MURAL.

INDY

(continuing)

Osiris' empty tomb. Anyway, Isis did all this in a secret place. Which I'm pretty sure is the place that the headpiece refers to as the "Chamber of Isis"... I think it is somewhere close by.

GRACE

(looking at the picture of Isis)

Isis brought her spouse back to life... Just like Orpheus.

Indy looks at her with surprise and admiration. It's a connection he hadn't made. A STRANGE RAISED STONE in the cartouche catches Grace's eye.

GRACE

(continuing)

What's this mean?

INDY

(puzzled)

That's not a symbol I've ever seen before.

He traces around the stone with his finger. Then he grabs the stone and pulls it out of the wall with no effort at all. Curiously turning the piece over in his hand, Indy gets an idea. He places the piece into the depression signifying the empty tomb of Osiris. It fits perfectly into part of the slot!

Indy looks over the surface of the wall and spots ANOTHER ODDLY-SHAPED STONE protruding from the mural. He pulls it

out and inserts it into the depression. It fits with the first piece, completing part of a larger figure!

INDY

(to himself)

Pieces of Osiris... Like the legend.

(to Sallah and Grace)

Find the rest!

Indy, Sallah, and Grace look over the whole wall, finding pieces hidden among HIEROGLYPHICS, DECORATIVE DESIGNS, and PICTURES. Piece by piece, the trio assemble a SMALL STATUE OF OSIRIS in the once-empty spot. Finally, Grace hands Indy the LAST PIECE.

INDY

Last one.

Indy takes a deep breath and pops the piece into place, completing the statue. A MUFFLED SOUND OF STONE AGAINST STONE comes from behind the mural. Indy, Sallah, and Grace quickly back away from the wall thinking that they may have set off a trap or triggered a cave-in.

Part of the mural moves slightly, revealing A CRACK ON ONE SIDE. A door was hidden in the mural itself! Indy and Sallah grunt and groan as they push the HEAVY STONE DOOR aside, revealing a LONG STAIRCASE descending into complete darkness.

Indy wipes sweat from his forehead and adjusts his fedora. He looks at each of his companions. They are as eager as he is to press on.

INDY

Down we go.

The trio heads down the stairs, Indy once again in the lead. As the light from their flashlights disappears down the stairs, the Arab Digger assigned to follow them flicks on his own flashlight. He was watching from the shadows and saw the whole thing. He turns back down the passage and runs to report to Cray.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - SECRET STAIRS - AFTERNOON

The steps seem to go on forever. Unlike some of the rougher tunnels in the labyrinth, the walls of the stairway are smooth and decorated with GREEN AND BLUE STONE PATTERNS. Their steps echo in the inky blackness.

GRACE

Sure are a lot of steps.

INDY

Yeah. We must be getting close to sea level by now.

Finally, they reach the bottom. The ECHOES have changed. They're in a much larger chamber. Indy points his flashlight up to where the roof of the tunnel was. The flashlight beam goes a lot higher to a NATURAL CAVE CELING. The ceiling is wavy and irregular, with STALACTITES hanging down. The flashlight only illuminates a very small area.

INDY

Sallah, let's have those torches.

Sallah takes off his pack and pulls out three torches. He lights them and hands one to Indy and one to Grace. The three stand and look up in awe as the torchlight illuminates the cavern.

The NATURAL CHAMBER is huge. The ceiling is at least four stories high. An obviously EGYPTIAN STRUCTURE stands in the center. It is composed of many PILLARS covered with the same GREEN AND BLUE DESIGNS as the hallway.

EXT. FORTRESS DIG - LATE AFTERNOON

Exhausted from running all the way up through the labyrinth, the Arab Digger runs breathlessly up to Cray.

ARAB DIGGER

(gasping for breath)

Jones has... has found a secret stairway.

CRAY

(interested)

In the tunnels? Where?

ARAB DIGGER

The lower level. It was hidden in  
a mural of Isis.

CRAY

Isis?

(to himself)

So it IS here...

ARAB DIGGER

(unable to make out his  
comment)

Sir?

CRAY

(to the digger)

You've done well. Now, go and get  
Rashid.

(darkly)

I need him to take care of  
something for me.

INT. CHAMBER OF ISIS - LATE AFTERNOON

Torches in hand, Indy, Sallah, and Grace cross the Chamber of Isis, heading toward the structure. Throughout the cavern, POOLS OF WATER fill the natural undulations of the floor.

On the opposite side of the chamber from the stairway, ANOTHER PASSAGE is carved in the rock. This tunnel descends even lower than the cavern and is mostly filled with seawater.

INDY

Smell the salt water? I bet this  
place fills up at high tide.

(noting the water-filled  
passage)

That probably leads to the ruins  
out in the bay.

The trio goes up several steps into the ATRIUM. The Atrium is a roofless structure composed of DOZENS OF COLUMNS. In the center of the Atrium, an ENORMOUS STONE OBELISK topped

with an ORNATE SILVER ORB towers over all the other pillars.

The columns surround the whole structure and divide the Atrium into several sections. Walking through the pillars, Indy sees what he's looking for: A MINIATURE OF THE COASTLINE!

This map features TERRAIN as well as BUILDINGS. The MODEL OF THE FORTRESS is the easiest feature in the model to recognize. In front of the model, there is a STONE BASE for positioning the staff.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - LATE AFTERNOON

RASHID, a hulking brute of a henchman, leads a pack of six GRIM-LOOKING GUNMEN through the tunnels. They're all armed with GUNS OF VARIOUS MAKES AND MODELS. They march through the same passages and rooms that Indy and company did during their descent.

INT. CHAMBER OF ISIS - LATE AFTERNOON

Indy crosses over to the model. He looks it over and the staff base as well.

INDY

Hold these for me, will ya?

He hands his torch and staff to Sallah. Indy pulls the headpiece out of his bag and looks carefully at the markings on the piece. He crouches to get a better look at the symbols on the base.

After a few seconds, he finds the slot he wants and motions for Sallah to hand him the staff. He places the staff in the slot. Satisfied with the placement, he fits the headpiece onto the staff.

GRACE

(to Sallah)

Now what?

SALLAH

At Tanis, the sun would shine

through the crystal in the headpiece, revealing a location on the map. But down here... I don't know.

Grace approaches the staff and pulls out her flashlight.

GRACE

Can we do something like this?

She shines her flashlight through the crystal. A FAINT GREEN CIRCLE OF LIGHT appears on the map and dances erratically over the model.

INDY

Not quite. We need a stronger light from a specific angle.

Indy turns his back to the map and looks around. Then he sees it. The silver orb on top of the obelisk! It is decorated with A LARGE EYE OF HORUS.

INDY

(pointing to the orb)

There! That must be the "Eye of Horus" that the headpiece refers to.

GRACE

It looks like some kind of lamp.

SALLAH

But how do we light it?

INDY

(negative)

I'm not sure.

Indy searches around the base of the obelisk, but doesn't see any obvious mechanism or means to light the lamp. Sallah and Grace look among the other pillars.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - LOWER LEVEL - LATE AFTERNOON

Rashid and his gang pass through the door hidden in the mural and start down the stairs.

INT. CHAMBER OF ISIS - LATE AFTERNOON

INDY  
(frustrated)  
Find anything?

GRACE (O.S.)  
Over here!

Indy finds Grace and Sallah where crouching by a PILE OF JARS OF VARIOUS SIZES.

GRACE  
These jars have some sort of alcohol in them.

INDY  
How can you tell?

GRACE  
(teasing)  
They smell like your office.

Indy removes the lid from a SMALL JAR and sniffs it. The strong reek of alcohol makes him flinch.

INDY  
Good work, Grace.  
(turning toward the obelisk)  
This should light up nicely...

Indy tucks the jar into his bag and walks to the obelisk. He unhooks the bullwhip from his belt. With a deft swing, Indy wraps the whip around the base of the lamp. Indy climbs up the pillar and finds some footing near the top. After steadying himself, he pours the contents of the jar into the lamp.

Indy looks down at Grace, who stands by the map. She's holding the staff, looking up at him expectantly. Indy strikes a MATCH.

INDY  
(to himself)  
Here goes.

He drops the match into the lamp. FLAMES blaze up, filling the cavern with light. The Eye of Horus design contains a LENS that focuses the light into the headpiece. A BRILLIANT GREEN BEAM stabs onto the map!

Indy climbs down and rushes over from the obelisk. He stands close to Grace as she looks in awe at the dazzling green glow coming from the MODEL OF THE MAUSOLEUM OF CLEOPATRA!

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - SECRET STAIRS - LATE AFTERNOON

The FLASHLIGHT BEAMS of Rashid and his men bounce along in the dark, as they descend on the long staircase. They can see a FAINT LIGHT far below them.

INT. CHAMBER OF ISIS - LATE AFTERNOON

With a TAPE MEASURE, Indy takes measurements from the map and jots them down in one of ABNER'S OLD JOURNALS taken from the Orpheus File. The light from the Eye gradually fades as the flames start to die.

GRACE

(to Indy)

You better hurry. That fuel won't last long.

SALLAH

Don't worry. I've found plenty more jars. They're all around--

Sallah is interrupted by a GUNSHOT! Rashid and his gang are hurrying toward them from the staircase. Indy looks up from his work to the advancing gunmen.

INDY

Oh shit.

Indy hastily finishes jotting down the last of his notes, bags the journal, and pulls out his pistol. Sallah already has his PISTOL out. He and Grace take cover behind pillars. Unable to see clearly where their attackers are because of the pillars, Indy is taken by surprise by a

spray of machine gun fire! He dives out of the way and returns fire, killing the shooter.

Sallah and Grace try to move toward the edge of the Atrium closest to the stairs. However, two of Rashid's men block their path. They open fire. Grace screams as she and Sallah dive behind pillars. Bullets THUD AND RICOCHET on the opposite side.

When the shooting dies down, Sallah rounds the pillar and squeezes off several shots. His first shots go wide. The last shot catches one of the gunmen in the chest, dropping him on the spot. Two down, five left.

Suddenly, the light from the Eye of Horus lamp goes out. The cavern is plunged into complete darkness. The only light comes from the three torches Indy, Grace, and Sallah left lying by the map model. One of the torches starts moving, as somebody picks it up. Rashid sees this and takes aim. A BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE lights his cruel face.

The torch tumbles to the ground as its holder is riddled with bullets. Rashid crosses the floor toward the facedown body and kicks it over. It's one of his men. Frustrated, he yells to the rest of his men. They each turn on their flashlights.

That's what Indy was waiting for. He squeezes the trigger, and a shot rings out. In the dark, there is a HORRIBLE CRY and a flashlight drops to the floor. Only three left.

Across the cavern, a DOZEN NEW FLASHLIGHTS appear. Each corresponds to another gunman. The LEADER of this new group shouts to Rashid. He replies, urging them to come quickly.

Seeing this new threat, Sallah and Grace retreat toward the opposite side of the cavern. In the dark, they bump into Indy. Taken by surprise, Indy and Sallah nearly shoot each other. Indy has a LARGE CLAY JAR under his arm.

SALLAH  
(whispering)  
What are you doing?

INDY

(whispering)  
Never mind. Head for the flooded  
tunnel.

Sallah nods and he and Grace run for the passage. As they leave the cover of the Atrium, a flashlight beam falls on them. Rashid's RIGHT HAND MAN is holding the flashlight. He aims his gun at the pair.

RIGHT HAND MAN  
Don't move!

Sallah and Grace freeze. Indy looks up from dumping the contents of ANOTHER CLAY JAR. He looks across the floor to where the Right Hand Man is standing. The PATH OF FLAMMABLE LIQUID Indy just laid down passes directly under him. Indy strikes a match.

RIGHT HAND MAN  
(continuing)  
Drop your weapon!

Without warning, a TRAIL OF FIRE blazes across the floor and engulfs the Right Hand Man! He screams in agony and runs blindly through the Atrium. The stream of fire continues to blaze through the columns. Indy has laid the fiery trap throughout the whole structure!

As fire and pandemonium engulf Rashid and his reinforcements, Indy dodges through the flaming pillars. He leaves the Atrium and sprints with Sallah and Grace toward the flooded tunnel. Just as they dive into the water, the flames reach several STOCKPILES OF JARS. Explosions rock the cavern while Indy, Grace, and Sallah swim into the darkness!

EXT. UNDERWATER RUINS - SUNSET

Under the surface of the water, many Egyptian relics lie strewn across the ocean floor: STATUES, SPHINXES, and CARVED STONES. From an underwater hole in the side of the cliff, three dark figures swim out. For a moment, their swimming silhouettes are framed against the sun setting above the surface of the water.

EXT. OCEAN NEAR THE CAMP - SUNSET

Indy, Grace, and Sallah surface within sight of the seaside archaeological camp. They cough and sputter as they gasp for air. Soon they recover and start treading water.

GRACE

That was close!

INDY

(casually)

Maybe a little.

SALLAH

You know? I was just thinking that I haven't had a holiday at the beach in years... Thank you, Indy.

Sallah laughs and Indy grimaces at the joke. Grace can't believe these two are so relaxed after the recent danger.

GRACE

Shouldn't we be going?

INDY

Right. Let's get to the Mausoleum.

The three companions start swimming for shore, as the sun dips below the horizon.

EXT. EGYPTIAN TEMPLE RUINS - NIGHT

Sallah's truck rumbles to a stop outside the deserted ruins of a MASSIVE EGYPTIAN TEMPLE. The trio gets out of the car and looks in awe at the impressive structure, bathed in the light of a FULL MOON. All three have dried out and donned their JACKETS to protect them from the chilly night air. Sallah retrieves new torches from the bed of the truck.

SALLAH

(skeptical)

Indy, this temple has been a well-known site for years. You really think the Mausoleum is here?

INDY

I checked over the figures three times already. This is the place.

Sallah lights the torches and they move toward the awesome structure. Indy looks over the WALLS, COLUMNS, and COURTYARD, as the three of them enter the temple.

INT. EGYPTIAN TEMPLE - NIGHT

Indy thinks hard, trying to remember everything he knows about ancient Egypt. He looks over the hieroglyphics on the walls trying to get his bearings.

INDY

(musing)

Cleopatra would have known that there was no way to stop the Roman army directly. So she would have hidden her Mausoleum.

GRACE

(awestruck by the temple)

She obviously did a good a job for it to go undiscovered this long...

(beat)

This place is huge! Where should we start looking?

INDY

So far, everything we've wanted has been underground.

SALLAH

There are usually crypts under these temples, mostly used for storage.

INDY

True. But the crypts also represented the underworld. Statues of the gods would be kept there until special "re-animation" rituals.

GRACE

That seems to fit with our Orpheus angle.

Indy nods and squints at some symbols on the wall. The figures in the cartouche seem to be going along the wall in a procession toward Indy's right. Indy looks to the left.

INDY

This way.

INT. EGYPTIAN TEMPLE CRYPTS - NIGHT

Indy leads the way down a flight of steps into the cramped tunnels under the temple. He walks down the hall, periodically passing small rooms. He sticks his head into some of them and briefly looks around. He doesn't see what he's looking for and continues down the hall.

GRACE

(to Indy)

What are you looking for?

INDY

(still walking)

A crypt for either Isis or Osiris.

After looking into a few more rooms, Indy finally peers into a crypt with the ornamentation that he was looking for.

INDY

(continuing)

Here we go. Isis.

INT. CRYPT OF ISIS - NIGHT

The crypt's walls and ceiling are covered with ORNATE HIEROGLYPHICS, but is otherwise empty. Indy examines the walls, looking for cracks that might indicate a secret door like they found in the fortress tunnels. He doesn't find any.

Grace and Sallah stand back and casually look over the walls. Besides pictures similar to the fortress tunnels

that tell the story of Iris and Osiris, Grace spots another LARGE MURAL covering one wall.

GRACE

Hey, what's the story of this one?

She sees: A large RENDITION OF ISIS, surrounded by SIX SCORPIONS: three in front, one above, one below, and one behind. In front of Isis there is a SMALL HOUSE. Behind her, there is a PALACE. Sallah looks at it for a moment before launching into an explanation. He seems to take great pride in his heritage, and being able to one-up Indy.

SALLAH

Ah, yes. This is another famous story about Isis. One day, she went out with her seven scorpion bodyguards—

GRACE

Seven? Are you sure? I only count six.

INDY

(rushing over)

Let me see that!

Indy examines the mural, while Sallah looks on beside him.

INDY

(continuing)

One of the rear scorpions is missing.

SALLAH

That would be "Tefen". In the story, he went back to the palace of a woman who refused to welcome Isis.

Sallah draws a finger across his throat to indicate Tefen's murderous intentions.

GRACE

(pointing at the palace in the painting)

Here's the palace.

INDY

Look! There's a round hole below  
it, about the same size as-

INDY/GRACE/SALLAH

(simultaneously)

The headpiece!

Indy reaches into his bag and pulls out the headpiece adorned with a scorpion. He smiles to himself and fits the headpiece into the hole. His smile quickly disappears as a RUMBLING SOUND starts. Indy quickly withdraws the headpiece from the hole, but the rumbling doesn't stop. Soon the whole crypt is shaking.

Suddenly, the floor lurches violently! Grace screams as Indy staggers and Sallah catches himself against the wall. One end of the floor drops away, tilting on a hidden pivot. When the rumbling stops, the floor now forms a ramp leading down to a doorway.

INDY

Everybody all right?

Grace and Sallah nod. The three of them head through the secret door and into the tunnels of the legendary Mausoleum of Cleopatra.

INT. MAUSOLEUM TUNNEL - NIGHT

The Mausoleum tunnel is very similar to the ones in fortress labyrinth. The narrow passage gently slopes down into the darkness.

GRACE

(unhappy)

More tunnels. It's enough to make  
you claustrophobic-

She shrieks as a LARGE SCORPION skitters across their path. Sallah recoils as well. Indy quickly stomps on the arachnid, which CRUNCHES noisily under his boot.

INDY

Got him.

Grace regains her composure, embarrassed by her outburst. Seeing something behind Indy, she pales but tries to keep her cool. She points at this thing at the edge of their torchlight:

TWO HUMAN SKELETONS lay sprawled on the floor of the tunnel.

Several scorpions crawling over the remains flee the light and head further down the tunnel. Indy quickly stomps a straggler. Indy reassures Grace and leads her past the skeletons.

INDY

Nothing to worry about. They  
can't hurt you.

SALLAH

(nervously indicating the  
squished scorpions)  
But them on the other hand...

INDY

(to Sallah)  
Shhh.

They continue down the tunnel.

GRACE

(noticing a faint sound)  
Wait... What is that?

As they walk down the passage, the SOUND gradually gets louder. It sounds like THOUSANDS OF TINY FEET CLICKING on a hard floor. A wry smile forms on Indy's face.

INDY

I think I can guess.

Sallah shudders as Indy passes through an archway, followed by Grace.

INT. HALL OF SCORPIONS - NIGHT

The trio emerges from the hall and into a long, two-story room with COLUMNS and STATUES lining the long walls. They stand at a balcony on the second level at one end. On either side of the balcony, BROKEN STEPS look like they once led to the first floor. At the far end, there is ANOTHER BALCONY and a DOOR that leads out.

The sound that they heard in the corridor is now quite loud.

GRACE

(squeamish)

Is that what I think it is?

INDY

Probably.

Indy throws his torch into the dark room. It lands, revealing a room crawling with THOUSANDS OF SCORPIONS! The scorpions cover the floor, FALLEN STONES, each other, and the SKELETAL REMAINS of several people. Sallah cringes.

SALLAH

Scorpions. Very dangerous—

INDY

(to Sallah, bantering)

I think it's your turn to go first.

SALLAH

(sheepish)

You know, Indy, your Achilles' heel has always been snakes...

Grace looks at Indy in amazement, not believing that he could be afraid of anything. Indy shrugs, with a look that says "nobody's perfect."

SALLAH

(continuing)

Mine is scorpions.

(beat)

I hate them, Indy.

Indy tries to stifle a smile that spreads across his face. Despite their long friendship, Indy never knew about Sallah's phobia.

INDY

Huh! I didn't know that...

(beat)

Do you two need to stay here? I  
can go on by myself.

Grace plucks up her courage first.

GRACE

No. I'm with you.

SALLAH

(reluctantly)

As am I.

Indy smiles and turns back toward the scorpion-filled room.

INDY

Then let's find a way across.

He scans the hall for some safe way through. Initially, it doesn't seem that there's any way through except through the writhing roomful of venomous scorpions. Then Indy spots a LEDGE running around the room about fifteen feet above the floor. The ledge runs right up to the balcony where the trio stands.

Indy steps over the balcony's edge and onto the ledge. He flattens his back against the wall. He sidesteps along the ledge, making enough room for Grace and Sallah to follow.

Grace cautiously steps out onto the ledge, followed by Sallah. He sweats profusely as he looks between the toes of his boots, which stick out over the edge of the shelf. Scorpions skitter menacingly along the floor under them.

INDY (O.S.)

Hey, Sallah...

Sallah looks up at his friend. Indy flashes his "trust me" half smile.

INDY

Don't look down.

Vaguely reassured by Indy's bravado, Sallah nods vigorously and keeps his eyes on Grace and Indy. The three of them inch carefully along the ledge. When they are almost across the hall, Indy stops.

INDY  
(continuing)

Uh oh.

GRACE  
What? What is it?

The last eight feet of the stone shelf in front of Indy's boots is badly damaged.

INDY  
The ledge is cracked.

GRACE  
(alarmed)  
Will it hold us?

INDY  
(negative)  
There's no telling. Let me try it.

Indy gingerly places his foot on the DAMAGED MASONRY and tries putting some weight on it. It holds. Indy takes a deep breath and edges as quickly as he can across the cracked portion of the ledge and onto the balcony. Safely across, he looks back at Grace and Sallah.

INDY  
(continuing)  
Try to get across as quickly as you can.

Grace nods and licks her lips nervously. She quickly sidesteps across the cracks, mimicking Indy's moves. A few SMALL PIECES OF STONE crumble and fall out as she passes. She reaches the other side. Indy looks back at Sallah.

Sallah is at the edge of the damaged area, and has begun sweating again. Indy looks concerned. Sallah is not only the most scared, but also the heaviest. Sallah shuffles

uneasily onto the cracked area. He's moving much slower than either Indy or Grace.

On the underside of the ledge, DUST and BITS OF STONE begin falling from the cracks. The ominous SOUND OF BREAKING MASONRY terrifies the all three of them.

INDY  
(desperate)  
C'mon Sallah! HURRY!

Sallah speeds up, but the shelf is starting to disintegrate under him! Underneath the shelf, LARGER HUNKS of stone break free and fall to the floor, crushing any scorpions in their path. Just short of safety, the shelf behind Sallah collapses completely!

The stone under Sallah's rear foot breaks off. He's thrown off balance! The world seems to drop into slow motion. Panic seizes Sallah's face as he teeters into space. Indy is horrified but too far away to do anything. Sallah's body starts to drop toward the floor.

All of the sudden, an arm catches Sallah's flailing hand at the last second! It is Grace's. For a moment, Sallah clings to Grace's slender arm as he dangles precariously above the menacing scorpions. But Sallah's weight rapidly starts pulling her off the edge.

GRACE  
(panicked)  
INDY! HELP ME!

Indy quickly catches a hold of Sallah and stops Grace's fall. Together, they pull Sallah to safety. As all three of them catch their breath, Indy and Sallah look at Grace with admiration.

SALLAH  
(to Grace, grateful)  
You saved my life.  
(to Indy, joking)  
Maybe we grandfatherly types ought  
to leave this nonsense to the  
young blood, eh Indy?

Indy smiles.

INDY  
(teasing)  
Speak for yourself.

Sufficiently recovered, the three of them head through the door and out of the Hall of Scorpions.

INT. WATERY PASSAGE - NIGHT

Moonlight pours in through VENTS in the ceiling, revealing another long room with doors at either end, decorated in the same Egyptian style as the temple. A SHALLOW POOL of water dominates the middle of the room. The pool runs from wall to wall, and for about three quarters of the length of the hall.

Indy, Grace, and Sallah stand at the edge of the water. Indy surveys the room.

GRACE  
What's with the water?

SALLAH  
I don't see anything nasty in there...

INDY  
It still could be a trap of some kind.

Indy looks over the room one more time. TWO FOUNTAINS set in the wall feed the pool. However, the pool remains at exactly the same depth.

INDY  
(continuing)  
Well... there's no way around it.

Indy steps into the water, ready to leap out again. Nothing happens, except:

THE WATER LEVEL RISES SLIGHTLY.

He sloshes around in the shin-deep water, while Sallah and Grace look on.

INDY  
 (continuing, casual)  
 Come on in. The water's fine.

Grace and Sallah look relieved. Grace steps into the water.

THE WATER LEVEL RISES AGAIN.

Finally, Sallah wades in.

THE WATER RISES AGAIN, up to the level of a SERIES OF HOLES IN THE WALL. Water starts draining into the holes.

The three companions stop in their tracks as they hear a new SOUND coming from the walls: something like the SOUND OF CONTAINERS FILLING WITH WATER. Indy looks back at Grace and Sallah.

INDY  
 I have a bad feeling about this.

Suddenly, the noise from the walls stops, and a horrible SCREECH OF METAL and CLANGING CHAINS comes from the ceiling. All three companions anxiously look up at the ceiling and see three DARK GAPS in the ceiling above the pool. One of them is directly above Grace and Sallah!

INDY  
 (continuing, shouting and waving them back)  
 GET BACK! MOVE!

Grace and Sallah rush back toward the edge of the pool. At that moment, A HUGE SILVER GATE emerges from the ceiling above them! The portcullis-like gate has RAZOR-EDGED SPIKES across the bottom. The gate slams down inches behind Grace and Sallah, cutting them off from Indy!

His way blocked, Indy wheels around as the sound of screeching metal continues. He scrambles as quickly as he can toward the far side of the pool. A SECOND GATE emerges from the next gap in the ceiling, threatening to cut Indy in half like a giant guillotine. It crashes down just behind him!

Indy looks up at the next slot, knowing this last gate will be an even closer call. He frantically sashes through the pool, as Grace and Sallah watch helplessly from across the room. The THIRD GATE emerges from the ceiling ahead of Indy. At his current pace, Indy won't make it!

At the last second, he dives forward, sliding through the water and barely under the vicious teeth of the last gate! The gate comes down with an EXPLOSIVE SPLASH!

Indy flops onto the dry floor on the opposite side of the room, gasping and dripping wet. Three massive silver gates, extending from floor-to-ceiling and wall-to-wall, now separate Indy from his friends. To talk, they shout across to each other.

SALLAH

(to Indy)

Indy, are you all right?

INDY

(wiping the water from his face)

A little waterlogged, but fine otherwise.

Indy, Grace, and Sallah look over their dilemma from opposite ends of the hall.

SALLAH

Sorry, Indy... but there's no way we can get around these gates.

INDY

I know. The pool was obviously designed to prevent a large group of people from coming any further.

GRACE

Like the Roman army?

INDY

Exactly.

An awkward silence hangs for a moment, but everyone knows what has to be done.

SALLAH

(grave)

Indy, you should press on. We will remain here and look for some way to reset the gates.

Indy is reluctant to be parted from his friends. He looks through the door and into the next room. He sees a DARK PIT, surrounded by a tile floor. Indy turns back to his friends. He locks eyes with Grace for a moment, but he knows Sallah is right.

INDY

Wish me luck.

SALLAH

(laughing)

No need, my friend. You were born with more than anyone I've ever heard of.

Indy smiles and wishes he were as confident in his luck as Sallah is. He turns toward the next door. He takes a deep breath and proceeds alone.

GRACE

(quietly)

Good luck.

INT. WELL OF CLEOPATRA - NIGHT

Indy emerges into the next room. This one is unlike the previous two. It is round and not as large. Numerous OPEN ARCHES are all around the edges. On the opposite of the room one has a DOOR, the rest of the arches have SLOPED WALLS behind them. In the center of the room, a ROUND HOLE in the roof allows moonlight in from the outside. Another round hole in the floor mirrors it: a BOTTOMLESS WELL!

Indy takes all this in from where he stands on the threshold of the door. He looks across to the door on the opposite side: two STATUES OF CLEOPATRA stand by the door, each with a hand raised in a gesture of defiance.

Indy looks carefully at the floor. It slopes gently toward the well and is covered with POLISHED TILES. Most tiles

feature ONE DESIGN. But sprinkled randomly throughout the floor, are tiles of a DIFFERENT DESIGN.

Indy smiles to himself. He is back in his element. It was good to be out from behind a desk. He picks up a piece of BROKEN STONE, and tosses it onto a tile with a different design.

From behind the arch nearest to the tile, Indy hears DRIPPING WATER. Two seconds later, a HUGE TORRENT OF WATER pounds out of the arch, sweeping the rock Indy used to trigger the trap into the pit. The water continues for a few seconds, then tapers off, and finally, stops altogether.

INDY  
(sarcastic)  
Nice. Very nice.

Indy begins his cautious walk across the tiles. His careful movements are much like his technique in the Chachapoyan Temple back in 1936. Soon, he comes to the section of floor that is wet from setting off the trap earlier.

Indy's precarious dance across the floor continues, but then something goes horribly wrong... His boots slip on the wet floor. He staggers to recover his balance, but hits one of the trigger tiles in the process!

Indy looks in horror as water starts to drip in a nearby archway. He runs frantically ahead, heedless of his footing as water cascades out of the arch behind him! As he runs, Indy unhooks the whip from his belt. Torrents of water are now coming from multiple arches. Water swirls at Indy's feet, threatening to sweep him into the well!

Just before he loses his footing, Indy makes a desperate swing of his whip. As the whip wraps itself around an arm of one Cleopatra's statues, the arch in front of him unleashes its deadly deluge! Indy is swept away!

Water pounds into the well. Indy is nowhere in sight, lost in the raging torrent. Finally the water stops but Indy isn't anywhere in the room! Only his bullwhip remains, extending from the arm of Cleopatra into the round mouth of the well.

After moments that seem like ages, shaking hands appear over the lip of pit, pulling hand over hand along the whip! Indy emerges from the well, soaked and battered. He picks his way the final few feet to safety. He releases the whip from the statue and coils it.

Indy gratefully kisses the whip and reattaches it to his belt. He shakes out his drenched hat. Indy irritably works at reshaping it as he walks into a small corridor.

INDY

(grumbling)

It's going to take me a month to  
dry out...

INT. SHRINE OF THE LYRE - NIGHT

Indy turns a corner and into another room. There's no moonlight in this chamber; it is completely dark. The sound of DRIPPING WATER ECHOES all around him. Indy fumbles in his pocket, pulling out his BOX OF MATCHES. He tries to strike one, but they're wet and won't light.

Indy discards them with frustration, but proceeds anyway. He cautiously feels the floor in front of him with his feet. Indy edges forward through the darkness, arms outstretched like a blind man. He stumbles forward like this for few seconds. Suddenly, BLUE-WHITE FLAMES blaze up from STONE LAMPS in front of him!

Indy blinks in the sudden light as the light reveals his surroundings. This room is actually a cavern. Indy stands on a NARROW STONE BRIDGE that has neither sides nor railing. Behind him, the door where he came in is cut in the side of the rock wall.

The bridge crosses over a deep chasm, to a PLATFORM in the center of the cave. The platform is supported by ONE MASSIVE COLUMN.

Indy looks down into the chasm with surprise, the light doesn't reach the bottom. He'd crossed this treacherous bridge in the dark! Breathing a sigh of relief, Indy moves onto the platform.

Though he has seen countless incredible things in his lifetime, Indy is still impressed by what he sees on the platform:

In the center there is a LARGER-THAN-LIFE STATUE OF ORPHEUS carved in the Classical Greek style out of FLAWLESS WHITE STONE. Orpheus is flanked by TWO SMALLER STATUES of Egyptian gods of the dead: APOPHIS AND SOKAR.

In sharp contrast to the statue of Orpheus, these statues are in BLACK STONE and are carved in the same Egyptian style as the rest of the Mausoleum. Their hands are outstretched toward Orpheus, but can't seem to reach what they seek: the BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN LYRE in the Greek statue's hands!

Indy walks over to the statues, wary of traps. Indy stands in front of the statue of Orpheus and stares in awe at the Lyre: it is made of PURE GOLD, and is covered with FILIGREE and a few GEMS set in its face. Indy is surprised to see that the Lyre is still strung.

Indy cautiously reaches toward the Lyre and gently lifts it from the perfectly carved fingers of Orpheus. Indy looks around him, expecting a trap or some other side effect. But the room is perfectly still and quiet with the exception of the drip of water.

Indy pulls out a piece of canvas from his bag and wraps up the Lyre. He tucks the priceless artifact under his arm and starts toward the door. Indy grins to himself.

INDY

That was easy.

EXT. EGYPTIAN TEMPLE RUINS - NIGHT

After successfully returning from the Mausoleum, Indy and Sallah peer cautiously from opposite sides of the door leading out of the temple. In the moonlight, they see Sallah's truck sitting by itself in front of the temple. Both men have their pistols in their hands. They are expecting an ambush.

INDY

(to Sallah, whispering)

See anything?

SALLAH

(whispering)

No. Do you?

GRACE (O.S.)

(from behind them, not  
whispering)

What's going on?

INDY/SALLAH

(simultaneously)

Shhhhh!

SALLAH

(to Grace, whispering)

You see, my dear... In this business, it is a common practice to let your competitors do the work, and then you simply steal from them after they succeed. It has happened to Indy on several occasions.

INDY

Yeah. That French bastard,  
Belloq...

(sarcastic)

God rest his soul.

Finally, Indy motions for them to move toward the truck. They leave the doorway. Moving military style, from cover to cover, the trio moves toward the truck. After a tense journey across the courtyard, they arrive at the truck. No one is there. The panoramic view of the desert is completely devoid of anyone else.

GRACE

There's nobody out here.

INDY

(pleasantly surprised)

Wow.

(grinning at Sallah)

This has got to be a first.

Sallah laughs heartily and Indy joins in.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

Sallah's truck flies along the empty desert road. The drive back to Cairo will take several hours. With the light of the full moon, Sallah still makes good time.

INT. SALLAH'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Sallah drives, with Indy sitting next to him. Grace sits in the passenger seat. She is asleep with her head resting on her folded up jacket pressed against the window. Indy is still pleased about retrieving the artifact and can't believe that they got away from the temple without trouble.

INDY

Sallah, I am a happy man.

SALLAH

What did I tell you about your luck?

(laughs)

I had expected another run-in with that American archaeologist.

INDY

Cray? Yeah, I thought so too.

(beat)

I'm willing to bet that he has something to do with Abner's death...

At that moment, the truck hits a bump in the road. Grace's sleeping head bounces and from its resting place on the window. Without waking up, her head finds a new resting place: Indy's shoulder.

Indy regards her for a moment, before becoming aware that Sallah is grinning at him. Indy feels like a boy being teased about the pretty girl at school.

INDY

(to Sallah)

What???

Sallah tries to smother his smile.

SALLAH

Nothing.

INDY

(guessing Sallah's meaning)

Give me a break! We're grown men,  
not schoolboys.

SALLAH

(teasing)

And I thought you said you were  
back with Marion...

With the mention of Marion, Indy's smile disappears. He moodily looks out the window.

SALLAH

(serious)

What's wrong?

INDY

(reluctantly)

Sallah... Marion's dead.

SALLAH

(surprised and upset)

I'm sorry.... I didn't know. When  
did she pass?

INDY

Right before I came here.

The two men sit for a while without speaking, and the only sound is that of ROAD NOISE. Finally, Sallah breaks the silence.

SALLAH

(indicating Grace)

Well, I'm glad to see that you've  
started to move on.

INDY

(testily)

I'm not with her. She's only my

secretary.

SALLAH

I see...

(reproachful)

I suppose you've returned to the bottle then?

INDY

(indignant)

What's that got to do with it?

(beat)

Damn it, Sallah. I've got to do this my own way.

SALLAH

That is true.

(beat)

Mourn those who are gone... But don't bury yourself with the dead, Indy.

Sallah smiles reassuringly.

SALLAH

(continuing)

For you and I, old friend... life goes on.

Indy nods reluctantly. He goes back to watching the moonlit desert, as silence reigns in the truck.

INT. SALLAH'S HOUSE, FRONT HALL - NIGHT

The front door opens quietly. Sallah leads the way into the house. Indy follows, carrying the canvas-wrapped Lyre. A groggy-looking Grace brings up the rear.

SALLAH

Let's try not to wake the children.

Sallah stops when he sees a LIGHT coming from under the kitchen door.

SALLAH

(pleasantly surprised)  
 Fayah must have waited up for me!  
 (to Indy, teasing)  
 See? A good wife is worth her  
 weight in gold.

Indy glances at Grace, hoping that she hadn't heard the comment. She hadn't.

INDY  
 (to Sallah, somewhat  
 embarrassed)  
 Would you cut it out?

The three of them head toward the kitchen, led again by Sallah.

INT. SALLAH'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

SALLAH  
 (opening the door)  
 Hello, my d-

As the door opens, Sallah stops mid-sentence. He sees:

Fayah and all the grandchildren cower on the floor on one side of the kitchen. They are all dressed in their pajamas and are frightened but silent. The younger children have tearstained faces, and all are clustered around Fayah. She looks like a mother hen, but murder is in her eyes.

On the other side, armed men point guns at both Sallah and his family. Though behind Sallah, Indy and Grace can see the standoff. No one moves; you could hear a pin drop. A familiar voice comes from among the gunmen, polite but still lethal.

CRAY (O.S.)  
 Won't you come in?

Armed men appear behind Grace. Hands raised, Indy, Grace, and Sallah are driven into the kitchen at gunpoint. Cray emerges from behind his thugs.

INDIANA  
 (sarcastic)

So Cray... is this part of a "by the book" dig nowadays?

CRAY

(unperturbed)

YOU lecturing me about ethical archaeology... there's a laugh.

SALLAH

(cutting to the chase)

What do you want with my family?

CRAY

I thought that would be obvious. I couldn't find the Mausoleum...

(to Sallah)

But your house was easy to find. There wasn't a digger at my site that didn't know who you were.

SALLAH

(all business)

What do you want with my family?

CRAY

A simple trade. Your family for the Lyre.

Cray raises his hand and a gunman points his machine gun at the children. The children scream and Fayah tries to put herself in front of all dozen grandchildren.

INDY

Stop!

Cray freezes.

INDY

(continuing, holding out the Lyre)

Here. Take it.

Cray takes the Lyre from Indy. Cray pulls the canvas aside and admires it momentarily. He looks back to Indy, rubbing in his defeat.

CRAY

(mockingly)  
Bloody children's corpses too much  
for even your conscience, eh  
Jones?

INDY  
(defiant)  
You got what you came for. Beat  
it, shithead.

That comment finally breaks through Cray's thick skin. Suddenly enraged, he pulls a PISTOL from his coat and presses it against Indy's forehead.

CRAY  
You know what? How about I blow  
YOUR head off?!

Indy's allies gasp, but Indy meets Cray's gaze without even flinching.

INDY  
(cold)  
Let the kids go... and you can  
take your best shot.

Cray considers for a second then removes the gun from Indy's head. Cray shakes his head as if he's just remembered something, almost against his will.

CRAY  
As much as I'd like to, I have  
other things to do. I've got the  
Lyre and as you said... that's  
what I came for. Now, I all need  
is some insurance.

He gestures to one of his men. A THUG shoulders his rifle and crosses the room and plucks Samir up from the floor. Fayah tries desperately to hold onto the boy. Samir screams as the two grapple for the boy. Finally, the Thug backhands Fayah, sending her to the floor.

SALLAH  
(rushing to Fayah)  
No!

Samir continues to cry as he is carried out of the kitchen.

GRACE

(pleading)

Leave the boy! You don't need  
him! We won't follow you!

CRAY

(to Grace, spiteful)

Maybe you had better come along to  
baby-sit.

Cray shoots a haughty look at Indy, savoring his foe's powerlessness. Two henchmen flank Grace and drag her out of the room close behind Samir. Only Cray and pair of his men are left.

CRAY

(to Indy)

Wait here for a phone call. If  
you don't answer or I catch you  
following me... both of them die.

Indy nods, though his eyes shoot daggers at Cray. Cray exits. From outside, Indy hears the RUMBLE OF ENGINES starting up and driving away.

For a moment, everyone is frozen with shock. Then Sallah hugs as many of the grandchildren as he can at once. Tears flow freely from Sallah and Fayah as they embrace. Sallah sees the bruise that is starting to swell on his wife's cheek.

FAYAH

(to Sallah, impatient)

What are you doing?

SALLAH

Tending to your-

FAYAH

(interrupting, curt)

Don't waste time. Go and get them  
back. Both of you...

(looking at Indy, blinking  
back angry tears)

Get them back from those bastards!

Sallah nods gravely. Indy also nods, partaking in the parental rage emanating from Sallah and Fayah.

Fayah wipes her eyes, and tries to adopt a tone of normality.

FAYAH

Come along, children. Let's get you back into bed.

Fayah and the children exit the kitchen, leaving Indy and Sallah alone. Sallah immediately picks up the PHONE.

INDY

What are you doing?

SALLAH

We're going to need some help on this one.

EXT. EGYPTIAN DOCKS - NIGHT

TWO SEDANS pull up to cluster of DILAPIDATED BUILDINGS by a long dock. A black-hulled freighter, THE BOOMSLANG, sits by the pier.

Cray emerges from the front seat of the first car. He looks around the ramshackle structures, but can't see much of anything in the darkness.

CRAY

(loudly)

Red! Come on out! It's me!

A single LIGHT BULB flicks on from the OUTSIDE LIGHT on a rickety warehouse. The light reveals CAPTAIN "RED" RYAN, a swarthy Australian smuggler. Red's sleeveless shirt reveals his well-belt arms. Each arm has a LARGE SNAKE TATTOO coiling around his bicep and ending with fierce looking mouth on his fist. Red is flanked by two of his crew, each carrying WEAPONS. Cray walks up to them, as Red greets him in a thick Australian accent.

RED

Sorry, mate. You learn to take

care when you're the most wanted  
smuggler on the whole bloody  
Mediterranean.

Red glances at Cray's empty hands.

RED  
(continuing)  
Did you bring the money?

CRAY  
I'd like to discuss the cargo  
first.

RED  
(pulling a cigar out of his  
vest pocket)  
As long as you have the money,  
you're the boss. The usual?

Red lights the CIGAR, takes a drag, and blows out a cloud  
of smoke.

RED  
(continuing)  
Priceless Egyptian treasures for  
your private collection?

CRAY  
Not this time.

Behind him, Cray's henchmen drag Grace and Samir out of the  
car and into the light. Their hands are bound, but they  
aren't gagged. Red is surprised. He removes the cigar  
from his mouth and gestures at the captives.

RED  
Wait a damn minute... I don't deal  
in human cargo, mate.

CRAY  
(authoritative)  
For what I pay, you most certainly  
will.

Cray tosses Red a banded STACK OF MONEY. The smuggler  
captain catches it, and starts to flip through the bills.

CRAY  
(to Grace)  
This is where we part company.

GRACE  
You're not coming?

CRAY  
No. My business lies in Bulgaria.  
But don't worry, I'm sure Jones  
will be after you anytime now.

GRACE  
(catching on)  
Wait... We're just decoys?

Cray smiles with disdainful confirmation and starts to go back to his car. Red's voice and the sound of GUNS COCKING stops Cray in his tracks.

RED  
(angry)  
What're you trying to pull, Cray?!

Cray stops and turns around. Red and his men are pointing their guns at him.

RED  
(indicating the money)  
This is less than half!

CRAY  
(smug)  
You'll get the rest later.

Cray casually looks to his right and his left. Red follows his gaze. Unbeknownst to Red, two of Cray's men had taken up positions while they talked. Red sees the rifles aimed at him. Cray smiles.

CRAY  
(continuing)  
Here's a little bonus.  
(indicating Grace)  
Feel free to get your money's  
worth out of her during your

voyage.

Not having much choice, Red lowers his gun and nods begrudgingly. Grace's eyes widen in horror as one of the smugglers starts taking her toward the ship. Cray watches the smugglers and their captives move onto the pier.

CRAY

(continuing, to himself)

A very short voyage.

EXT. MILITARY BASE - FRONT GATE - NIGHT

Sallah's truck pulls up to the gate of a military base. An EGYPTIAN SOLDIER walks up to the driver's side of the truck. He and Sallah converse in Arabic as Indy impatiently looks out over the seaside base.

The Soldier and Sallah seem to be having a very friendly conversation. Finally, the Soldier steps away from the truck. He opens the gate and waves Indy and Sallah through.

Sallah's truck heads through the gate and toward a row of hangars.

INT. A DARK OFFICE - NIGHT

A DESK LAMP illuminates a PHONE sitting on the DESK. A hand picks up the phone and dials.

CRAY (O.S.)

(into the phone)

Hello? Is this the Egyptian Navy?

Cray smiles darkly to himself as he gets an affirmative answer.

CRAY

(continuing)

Yes. I'd like to report a sighting of the ship, "Boomslang."

EXT. OFF THE COAST - NIGHT

The Boomslang steams slowly away from the docks, heading west toward Spain.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BOOMSLANG - NIGHT

As the ship heads out to sea, smuggler crewmembers lead Grace and Samir to where Red stands on deck giving orders and watching the crew get the ship underway.

CREWMEMBER 1

(to Red)

Boss, where do you want me to stash them?

(meaning Grace)

Want her tied up in the hold?

(salacious smile)

Or your quarters?

Red leers at Grace as his eyes rake her up and down, coming to rest on where her blouse is missing the top two buttons. He likes what he sees.

RED

(lustfully)

My quarters should do nicely. Tie the kid up in the hold.

As Grace desperately looks for some way to escape, an EXPLOSION in the distance catches everyone by surprise. The distant blast is followed by the sound of a SHELL FLYING through the air. A COLOSSAL SPLASH off the stern shows where the shot landed.

The HELMSMAN yells down to Red from the bridge deck.

HELMSMAN

Cap'n, we got a destroyer bearing down on us!

RED

Goddamnit! All ahead full!

(to a pair of crewmembers)

Tie those two up and get to your posts!

Red hurries toward the bridge as the other crewman hustle to their various stations.

INT. EMPTY ROOM - BOOMSLANG - NIGHT

Two smugglers sit Grace and Samir roughly into a pair of CHAIRS, facing each other. Grace is very tense as a crewman ties her to the chair. When the smugglers finish tying her and Samir up, they leave and lock the DOOR. EXPLOSIONS continue outside and the voices of SMUGGLERS SHOUTING to each other filter through the closed door.

Samir looks at Grace hopelessly. She smiles at him reassuringly. Grace relaxes her flexed muscles and the ropes slacken, creating enough room for her to move. She winks at the impressed Samir and starts wriggling out of her bonds.

EXT. OFF THE COAST - THE MEDITERRANEAN - NIGHT

An Egyptian Navy destroyer chases the Boomslang along the coast. The destroyer's shells are getting closer to hitting the fleeing freighter.

EXT. THE HANGARS - MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

Sallah and Indy get out of the truck in front of a hangar. A young Egyptian man dressed in a uniform, NASSIR, emerges from the building. Sallah embraces him quickly, and introduces him to Indy.

SALLAH

Indy, this is my eldest son,  
Nassir. He's many connections  
with-

NASSIR

(interrupting)

There isn't a lot of time. The man  
you're looking for was spotted at  
a dock frequented by criminals.  
Ten minutes ago, the navy started  
pursuing an infamous smuggler ship  
right in that area.

INDY  
If Cray's aboard that ship-

NASSIR  
Then we've got to get out there  
before the navy sinks them.

SALLAH  
(alarmed)  
They won't try stopping and  
boarding them?

NASSIR  
(shaking his head)  
I don't think so. These smugglers  
have led our ships on one too many  
wild goose chases.

INDY  
How are we going to get out there  
in time?

SALLAH  
(with pride)  
Nassir is the best pilot in the  
service.

INDY  
(skeptical)  
I don't think a plane isn't going  
to help...

NASSIR  
(smiling)  
Who said anything about a plane?

EXT. EGYPTIAN NAVY HELICOPTER - FLYING - NIGHT

Nassir and Indy zoom along the coast in one of the Egyptian Navy's few helicopters. Nassir flies this new piece of technology as if he's been doing it all his life.

INT. EGYPTIAN NAVY HELICOPTER - NIGHT

They are coming up on the ships. The chase is still on, but the Boomslang's engines are now at full speed and they are widening the gap

NASSIR  
(pointing)  
There they are!

INT. BRIDGE - BOOMSLANG - NIGHT

Red looks uneasy as one of his crew enters the bridge. The helmsman expertly wheels the Boomslang through evasive maneuvers. The sound of shelling continues outside, Red winces with every explosion that hits close.

CREWMAN  
We're pulling away!

RED  
About bloody time.

He slaps the helmsman on the back.

RED  
(continuing)  
Ace steering.  
(smugly)  
Those ratbags couldn't hit fish in a barrel.

EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE COAST - NIGHT

The guns on the destroyer boom again. This time, they hit their mark. An explosion rocks the Boomslang as a shell hits the aft section!

The smuggler ship slows and the Egyptians start to close the gap.

INT. EGYPTIAN NAVY HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Indy and Nassir swing wide around and fly above the Boomslang. They see SMOKE billow from the hit on the smuggler ship.

NASSIR

What's the plan? The ship's deck  
isn't big enough for me to land  
on.

Indy considers for a second.

INDY

Get me close then. Circle around  
and approach from the front, away  
from those shells.

NASSIR

(skeptical)

All right... but it'll still be  
quite a fall.

Indy pulls his bullwhip from his belt. Nassir looks it and then at Indy like "you must be kidding". Indy's face is serious. Below them, the Boomslang takes another hit. They don't have a lot of time.

NASSIR

(continuing, reluctant)

I guess that will have to do.

INT. BRIDGE - BOOMSLANG - NIGHT

Smoke and chaos now fill the bridge. Red scowls at the RADIO, which squawks to life.

ENGINEER (V.O)

(from radio)

Red, we got trouble. Engines are  
okay, but we've taken a hit along  
the waterline. We're taking on  
water!

Red curses under his breath. That's what he was afraid of. Suddenly, out the bridge window, he sees a STRONG WIND start blowing things around on the deck. It is the wash from Nassir's helicopter as it descends toward the fore deck.

RED

(surprised)  
What in the bloody hell is that?!

EXT. FORE DECK - BOOMSLANG - NIGHT

Nassir's chopper hovers about fifteen feet above the deck. He can't get any closer. Indy holds on tight to his perch on the landing skids. He drops the handle end of the bullwhip toward the deck. Indy looks down as smugglers start heading toward the chopper. Indy takes a deep breath and slides down the whip.

Indy's boots land hard on the deck. Above him, Nassir releases the end of the whip, which falls down to Indy. Nassir gives Indy a thumbs-up and flies away as smugglers start taking potshots at the helicopter with pistols and rifles.

Indy has no time to get his bearings before a RELUCTANT SMUGGLER with a PISTOL comes up the steps from the main deck. As the smuggler aims, Indy swings his whip. CRACK! The pistol drops to the deck. The Reluctant Smuggler hesitates as A KNIFE-WIELDING SMUGGLER passes him and advances on Indy.

Indy reacts quickly with another swing of his whip. CRACK! This time the whip wraps itself around the Knife-Wielder's neck! Indy pulls hard on the whip. The man is yanked off his feet and goes flying over the deck railing!

Indy smiles menacingly at the Reluctant Smuggler, and cracks his whip again inches from the man's face. That's enough for him. As the smuggler runs away, Indy recovers the man's pistol from the deck and stuffs it in his belt.

INDY

Sissy.

Indy coils his whip and makes his way onto the main deck toward his goal: the bridge.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BOOMSLANG - NIGHT

As Indy moves along the edge of the deck, the destroyer's shells continue to explode all around him. Some hit the

water and causing geyser-like ERUPTIONS OF WATER. Others hit the Boomslang itself. FIRE AND SMOKE make the already hazardous trip toward the bridge even more hazardous.

Coming around a hatch, Indy runs into right a pair of smugglers! They are surprised as he is, but Indy reacts first. He punches the first one in the face. A few more quick blows from Indy send the man to the deck. The second man retreats behind CRATES stacked on the deck and starts shooting at Indy with a PISTOL.

Indy takes cover, and pulls his .45 from its holster. When the smuggler stops shooting, Indy rounds his cover and shoots at the gunman. However, he has to quickly retreat as a burst of machine gun fire from another gunman nearly catches him!

Indy tries going around the other side of the hatch and is again nearly killed by machine gun fire coming from behind the stack of crates. He winces as bullets WHIZ and PING all around him.

Indy tries to think of a plan. Suddenly a shell lands on the deck twenty feet in front of Indy! The explosion is deafening and the blast knocks Indy to the deck. He is sprinkled with bits of CHARRED DEBRIS. Still on hands and knees, he peeks around his cover.

There is now a smoking hole in the deck where the crates were that sheltered his foes! Indy thanks his lucky stars and continues toward the bridge.

As Indy nears the foot of the steps that lead up to the bridge, the Helmsman comes out of the door at the top. He is surprised to see Indy aiming his pistol at him. The unarmed Helmsman raises his hands. Seeing that the Helmsman is offering him no trouble, Indy waves him by.

The two men pass each other as Indy hustles up the steps toward the bridge. When Indy is halfway there, another shell slams the Boomslang. Indy is nearly knocked off the stairs by the impact!

The smuggler ship is now dead in the water and sinking fast. The deck already has a definite slope to it.

INT. BRIDGE - BOOMSLANG - NIGHT

Indy rips the bridge door open. Only Red remains. Indy points his gun at the startled man.

INDY

Don't move!

The Australian raises his hands.

INDY

(continuing)

Where are they?

RED

You mean Cray? He's not aboard,  
just the girl and the kid.

Indy is confused, but keeps his pistol trained on Red.

INDY

Take me to them. Now.

The ship shudders under their feet as another shell hits the already-sinking ship.

INT. STORE ROOM - BOOMSLANG - NIGHT

Grace shouts and pounds on the locked door, hoping that someone will hear. She has noticed the slanting floor, and knows that the boat must be sinking.

GRACE

HEY! SOMEBODY! LET US OUT!

As if by some magic, the door unlocks! Grace backs away from the door. She gets Samir behind her and grabs a chair, ready to fight. As Indy enters, Grace drops the chair and embraces him with joy and relief.

GRACE

(continuing)

Cray and the Lyre aren't here.

INDY

(with feeling)

I don't care.

Grace looks up at Indy. They share a look. This isn't the same man she knew. He cares about more than just the artifact.

INDY  
(continuing)  
Let's get out of here.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BOOMSLANG - NIGHT

Outside, the shelling has stopped. The Egyptians are satisfied that the Boomslang is a well on its way to the bottom of the Mediterranean. As Indy emerges from the storeroom and out onto the deck a violent blow to the head sends him sprawling. His gun clatters to the deck.

Indy looks up and sees Red. He is furious and formidable. Red punches Indy again, sending him to the deck. Indy gets up, spitting blood.

INDY  
(to Red)  
Are you nuts?! This ship is  
sinking!

RED  
A good captain goes down with his  
ship.

The two clash men clash, punches flying. Indy keeps moving and uses longer-range punches to keep Red at a distance. Red tries to close in on Indy to use his greater size and strength. They fight back and forth, backlit by the fires burning on the deck: an infernal scene.

After several attempts, Red catches Indy in a chokehold from behind. Red's muscles flex, and the snake tattoo on Red's arm squeezes Indy's windpipe like a boa constrictor. Indy gasps and chokes.

RED  
Say "goodnight".

Indy reaches into his belt and pulls out the pistol he'd picked up from the first smuggler he'd disarmed. He quickly swings it into Red's face. Red yells in pain as the pistol shatters his nose! Blood flies as Red releases Indy enough for him to scramble away.

Indy quickly raises the pistol to finish Red off for good. Before Indy can get a shot off, Red launches himself at him. He tackles Indy. The two of them slide down the badly sloping deck, toward the gaping hole made earlier by the shell!

Inches from the edge, the two men skid to a stop. Red now has the upper hand. Sitting on Indy's chest, he pummels him with blows. Red then clasps both his hands around Indy's neck, squeezing hard. Indy gags and writhes as he fights for air.

Suddenly, gunshots ring out! Red's body shudders as the bullets enter his back. His hands unclasp from Indy's throat. With all his might, Indy flips the wounded captain into the smoking hole into the hold!

Indy lies on the deck holding his throat, sputtering and coughing. Grace comes over to him, with Indy's still-smoking .45 in her hand. She helps him up.

INDY

(To Grace)

Are we even?

GRACE

I wasn't keeping score.

Samir tugs at Grace's sleeve.

GRACE

(continuing, to Samir)

We haven't forgotten you. Let's get you home.

A SEARCHLIGHT BEAM from the deck of the Egyptian destroyer sweeps over the sinking wreckage and eventually stops on the threesome. Indy waves his arms and shouts something in Arabic. An EGYPTIAN SAILOR shouts back. Indy smiles to Grace and Samir.

INDY

We've got ourselves a ride.

INT. HQ LOBBY - MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

Sallah paces nervously, while Nassir sits on an old COUCH, sipping a CUP OF COFFEE. Sallah hears A DOOR OPEN, and stops pacing. Indy and Grace enter, with Samir between them holding each of their hands.

As soon as Samir sees his grandfather, he rushes up to him. Sallah scoops up the lad in a bear hug and kisses his cheek. Tears flow down Sallah's overjoyed face, as he looks gratefully at Indy.

SALLAH

(hoarse whisper, with  
feeling)

Thank you, my friend. Thank you.

INDY

It was the least I could do.

Sallah releases Samir from his embrace, but the boy is immediately swept up by his uncle, Nassir.

SALLAH

(wiping away tears)

And you, Miss Grace? You are  
unhurt?

Grace tries to be casual, but she is seized by a shudder. It was a close call.

GRACE

Alive and well.

Sallah sees that Indy is empty-handed.

SALLAH

But where is the Lyre?

INDY

Cray wasn't on the boat.

GRACE

(explaining)  
We were decoys.

SALLAH  
(surprised, angry)  
So that bastard is still alive?  
Where is he?

INDY  
I don't know.

GRACE  
(suddenly remembering)  
Bulgaria.

Indy and Sallah look at her with confusion.

GRACE  
(continuing)  
That's what Cray said. He said he  
had "business in Bulgaria".

SALLAH  
What's in Bulgaria?

Grace shrugs, while Indy thinks. Suddenly something occurs  
to Indy.

INDY  
The Devil's Throat!

GRACE  
(incredulous)  
The what?

Indy fishes in his satchel and pulls out Ravenwood's  
journal, the one he had taken notes in when they were in the  
Chamber of Isis. He finds the water-stained page he is  
looking for, reads it briefly, and hands the journal to  
Grace.

INDY  
According to the Orphic legend,  
the Gates of the Underworld are in  
a cave known as the "Devil's  
Throat." That cave is in  
Bulgaria.

GRACE

But isn't Bulgaria behind the Iron  
Curtain?

SALLAH

That could complicate things. But  
I'm sure Nassir can help us  
arrange transport...

INDY

(serious)

Sallah, you should stay here.  
Cray is playing for keeps.

(beat)

Fayah needs a husband and the kids  
need a grandfather. Cray has to  
answer for what he's done. I will  
make sure of that.

GRACE

(correcting Indy)

WE will make sure of that.

Sallah looks over to Samir, who is already starting to fall  
asleep on the couch. Sallah knows that his place is with  
his family.

SALLAH

(reluctantly)

Very well.

Sallah embraces Grace and then Indy.

SALLAH

(continuing)

Good luck to you both.

(to Indy; mock scolding)

And don't let it be years until I  
see you next.

(to Grace; teasing Indy)

Miss Grace, you keep an eye on  
this rogue.

Indy rolls his eyes. Grace looks at the two men, sensing  
that she missed something.

EXT. DC-3 - FLYING - DAY

SUPERIMPOSED over a MAP that traces a course from Cairo, Egypt to Plovdiv, People's Republic of Bulgaria.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BULGARIAN COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A rusty 1942 MERCEDES-BENZ 170V sedan drives through the countryside outside of Plovdiv, the second largest city in Bulgaria. Soon, the car begins climb the road into the Rhodopi mountains south of the city.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Indy is at the wheel with Grace sitting next to him. Indy steers up into the foothills.

GRACE

How far to the Devil's Throat?

INDY

A little further to the south.  
It's in this mountain range.

The two of them sit in silence for a few moments as the car starts winding up the scenic mountain road.

GRACE

So what do you think Cray wants  
with the Lyre?

INDY

I can't say for sure. Maybe he  
wants to follow in the footsteps  
of the various legends that have  
walked into the realm of the dead:  
Orpheus, Dante, Ishtar, Izanagi.  
It's a classic story in almost  
every culture.

Grace interrupts the archaeological-babble.

GRACE

(shaking her head)

I don't think so. He seems more like... I don't know... just a mercenary.

Grace trails off as they come up to a line of stopped cars and trucks. They are all stopped at a SMALL MILITARY ENCAMPMENT, where Bulgarian soldiers are checking vehicles. Above the camp, a RED SOVIET FLAG flies next to the BULGARIAN FLAG.

INDY

(wryly)

Maybe Cray's working for the commies...

GRACE

(concerned)

Are they going to give us trouble?

INDY

They shouldn't. We have all the right paperwork.

EXT. BULGARIAN CHECKPOINT - DAY

Before long, it is Indy and Grace's turn at the checkpoint. A BULGARIAN SENTRY comes over to Indy's window. The Sentry is surprised to see two Americans, but he quickly gets to his routine.

SENTRY

(speaking Russian, subtitled)

Your papers, please.

INDY

(speaking Russian, subtitled)

Here are our academic visas.

The sentry looks puzzled. Indy, dressed in his adventure gear, and Grace, young and attractive, don't seem much like boring bookworms. Indy notices the look and explains.

INDY

(continuing, subtitled)  
 We're archaeologists here to do  
 some research on the Orpheus myth.  
 We're headed to the Devil's  
 Throat.

The mention of the "Devil's Throat" seems to jog the  
 Sentry's memory.

SENTRY  
 (subtitled)  
 Wait here.

The sentry takes their papers with him into the nearby  
 GUARD'S SHACK. We can see him talking to another soldier  
 through a window.

GRACE  
 (to Indy)  
 Wow. You speak Russian too?

INDY  
 (watching the Sentry)  
 Yeah. Just don't tell McCarthy,  
 all right?

Suddenly, shouting from outside interrupts Indy and Grace.

GRACE  
 That doesn't sound good.

Before she and Indy can do anything, half a dozen soldiers  
 surround their car. The soldiers aim their RIFLES at the  
 two Americans.

SENTRY  
 (subtitled)  
 Out of the car! Hands on your  
 head!

Indy obeys and Grace follows his lead.

INDY  
 (subtitled, trying to be  
 casual)  
 What seems to be the trouble?  
 Isn't everything in order?

SENTRY  
(subtitled)  
We have our instructions.

The sentry motions with his rifle, and two other soldiers move toward Indy and Grace.

INT. BACK OF AN ARMY TRUCK - DAY

Indy and Grace sit on the floor in the back of canvas-backed army truck as it cruises down the road. Their hands are cuffed, and the soldiers have taken Indy's whip, gun belt, and satchel. The captives can't see where they are going because the back cover is tied down.

GRACE  
Maybe you were right about Cray working for the Soviets.

INDY  
Wouldn't surprise me. I could see scum like him working for scum like Stalin.

They sit in silence for while, as the truck bumps and jostles down rougher road.

INDY  
(wincing)  
Although... this road does seem a little rough for Red Square...

The truck comes to a halt. A soldier pulls the CANVAS DOOR out of the way and orders them out of the truck.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CAMP - DAY

Indy and Grace blink in the bright sunlight. The soldiers prod them toward a SMALL BUILDING with the butts of their rifles. Indy doesn't have time to spot many details, but he notices that the small camp doesn't look much like a military base: no fence, no guard towers, and no tanks. He's puzzled but has no time to think about it any further.

INT. FRONT ROOM - CAMP HQ - DAY

The soldiers drive Indy and Grace through the room toward a door in the back. A soldier goes to the door and knocks, a voice replies in Russian from the other side.

INT. OFFICE - CAMP HQ - DAY

The door from the front room opens and Indy is not surprised to see Cray sitting behind a DESK.

Cray gets up from the desk as one of the Bulgarian soldiers drops Indy's gear on the desktop.

CRAY

(to Indy, amused)

Jones, you certainly live up to your reputation.

(to Grace, rude)

And how are you? The smugglers weren't too rough on you, were they?

GRACE

Go to hell.

Cray smiles, once again enjoying the upper hand.

CRAY

Very appropriate idea, given where we are.

Cray goes back to desk and starts rifling through the drawers, looking for something.

INDY

(threatening)

Cray, if hell is where you want to go... I'd be happy to send you.

Cray ignores Indy and finds what he's looking for in the desk. He hands a BROWN-PAPER PACKAGE to the Sentry that caught Indy and Grace. The Sentry's eyes light up and he expresses his thanks in Russian. Then, he and the other soldiers leave with the happiest of expressions.

CRAY

(unperturbed)

Actually, this whole Orpheus thing doesn't really interest me. But the man I work for on the other hand...

INDY

What does Stalin want with a portal into the underworld?

For a moment, Cray looks at Indy quizzically. Then Cray figures out Indy's seemingly nonsensical statement. Cray's confusion morphs into an expression of genuine amusement. He laughs out loud.

CRAY

Stalin???

(laughing)

Stalin... That's too funny. You just don't get it. Do you, Jones?

Cray's reaction catches Indy and Grace off-guard. They look at each other in confusion.

CRAY

(continuing)

The soldiers are working for me. Those commie idiots will do anything for some American blue jeans and cigarettes.

(hearing footsteps in the front room)

Oh, by the way, Jones. There's someone who's been dying to see you again.

The office door opens, and Rashid steps into the room. He's the same vicious, hulking thug as before, only now he's covered with BURNS and BANDAGES: marks left by the explosion in the Chamber of Isis. He glares at Indy, with the obvious desire to kill him.

Rashid's massive fist speeds towards Indy's face and the world goes black.

INT. OFFICE - CAMP HQ - DAY

Indy gradually starts to regain consciousness. He is sprawled on the floor where he fell. His hands are still cuffed and he has a large bruise swelling up on his cheek. Grace is not in the room. Indy's vision swims in and out of focus, as he looks up at the source of a gruff voice that greets him.

TALL MAN

Indiana... I never thought I'd be seeing you again.

From Indy's POV: everything is still out of focus but we can make out the shape of a TALL MAN in a BROAD-BRIMMED HAT, silhouetted against a window.

TALL MAN

(continuing)

Looks like they worked you over pretty good there. Wish I'd heard that you were here sooner.

Finally, Indy's focus locks on the face of the speaker. It is rugged, deeply lined by age, and covered with a scruffy grey beard. His head is topped with a BATTERED BLACK COWBOY HAT. We don't recognize the face, but Indy does. He can't believe his eyes. It is ABNER RAVENWOOD.

INDY

(completely stunned)

Abner???

ABNER

(gratified that Indy recognizes him)

It's been a long time, hasn't it?

Indy painfully sits up.

INDY

Over twenty-five years. But... You're supposed to be-

ABNER

Dead? Yeah. I'd heard that.

Abner sighs.

ABNER

(continued)

If you don't leave a note when you head to some far-flung corner of the world, everybody assumes you bought the farm.

Indy gets up from the floor, still in disbelief, with a thousand questions swirling in his mind. But the current situation takes precedence.

INDY

(putting things together)

This your camp isn't it? And Cray is working for you?

ABNER

Yes he is.

(ruefully)

And that really is a shame. Oliver isn't the pupil you were... He knows that too. I think that's why he hates you so much.

INDY

So, he sent the men to me kill in the museum?

ABNER

(shaking his head)

That would be Oliver.

(exasperated)

That bum can't keep his eye on the prize. If his guys had simply grabbed the file, there wouldn't have been that mess.

INDY

(angry)

Yeah... "That mess."

(beat)

Abner, did you know that Marion is dead? Those bastards jumped me

right after her funeral.

ABNER

(unaffected)

I know.

(beat)

I never thought I'd outlive her...  
But it really doesn't matter.

Indy can't believe Abner's callousness.

INDY

Jesus, Abner... she was your only  
daughter.

ABNER

Spare me the lecture. We're on  
the brink of something important.

(beat)

And with Marion's passing, it's  
more important than ever.

Abner stands up bit straighter and strange light seems to  
shine in his eye.

ABNER

(continued, dramatic)

I'm going to open the doors of  
death itself.

INDY

(unimpressed)

What are you talking about?

ABNER

(passionate)

When you knew me, I still  
struggled with believing that  
there was a God to find and that  
something like the Ark would help  
me find Him. I finally realized  
that there is no God... But there  
is power, Indiana.

(obsessed)

Power over life and death. And  
thanks to your help, we will cross  
the gulf that separates men from

gods. We will decide who lives  
and who dies.

INDY

What do you mean "we"?

ABNER

(perplexed)

I thought that's why you were  
here... I thought that you, of all  
people, would understand this  
quest.

Abner searches Indy's face for some indication of empathy  
or understanding. He catches a glimmer of doubt in Indy's  
hard expression.

INDY

Why should we understand each  
other? You and I went our  
separate ways long ago—

ABNER

(interrupting)

Only to end up back in the same  
place.

(beat)

Indiana, archaeology is the only  
life we've ever known. And that  
has left us with a long list of  
regrets...

(knowing look)

Hasn't it?

Abner has finally found the chink in Indy's armor: his  
regrets about Marion. Indy works hard to maintain his  
composure, as he fights tears.

INDY

(emotional, halting)

Marion died so suddenly... I  
mean, I knew she was having pain,  
but I didn't think that... God...  
I didn't get to her in time...

(burying his face in his  
hand)

I wasn't there... I just wasn't

there...

ABNER

(quiet, paternal)

I know, Indiana. I understand better than anyone.

(still quiet, darker)

But don't you see? We can get her back. We can make it right...

INDY

(looking up)

With the Lyre?

ABNER

It's the key to the Gate and to power over death.

(beat)

Come down to the gate... We'll unlock its secrets together.

Indy works to regain his composure, and slowly nods in agreement.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DEVIL'S THROAT - DAY

Grace has rejoined Indy. Together with Abner, they walk toward the mouth of the Devil's Throat. Cray stands there with Rashid and TEN OTHER HENCHMEN. The men are loaded up with packs of SUPPLIES, GUNS, and LARGE FLASHLIGHTS.

As Indy, Grace, and Abner approach, Cray looks surprised and Rashid looks angry. Indy has his gear back and neither he nor Grace are cuffed. They are obviously no longer prisoners.

CRAY

(to Abner, annoyed)

What's going on? What are they doing here?

ABNER

(pleased by Cray's frustration)

Indy and his assistant are joining our little expedition.

CRAY

I don't see why you won't let me kill them. We don't need them anymore.

ABNER

(fed up)

Listen, Oliver. If it weren't for Indiana, we'd still be waiting for you to find the Mausoleum.

(caustic)

And who knows how long THAT would have taken?

Cray glares at Abner and Indy, totally at a loss for words. Indy has once again gotten the better of him, and it's more than Cray can bear.

ABNER

(continuing, condescending)

Now, run along ahead and make sure the last round of charges is in place. I want the final blast ready as soon as we get down there.

Cray nods obediently, but is completely mortified by Indy taking his place at Abner's side. His humiliation at being reduced to a mere lackey quickly shifts to deeper hatred for Indy. Cray glares at Indy as he gathers his gear and leads Rashid and five of the men into the mouth of the cave.

As Abner moves away from Indy to talk to his men, Grace leans close to Indy.

GRACE

(confused)

I don't understand. Why are we going along with this?

INDY

(evasive)

Abner's given me... a very good reason to be involved.

GRACE

And what reason is that?

INDY

(curt)

None of your business.

Grace looks hurt; Indy seems to be regressing back to his old, standoffish ways. Indy starts to walk away from Grace, toward where Abner stands with his men.

GRACE

You're trying to bring Marion back, aren't you? Just like Orpheus.

Indy stops in his tracks, but doesn't turn around. Grace knows that she's guessed his intention.

GRACE

(continuing)

Indy... raising the dead is no substitute for living life.

There's an awkward silence for several moments.

INDY

I'm sorry, Grace.

(beat)

But this is something I've got to do.

INT. THE DEVIL'S THROAT (VARIOUS SHOTS) - DAY

Led by Abner, Indy, Grace and five of Abner's men proceed from the surface, through the long and dark tunnels, into the heart of the mountain. Abner exudes quiet excitement but Indy is dour. Grace is still concerned about Indy and the recent turn of events.

INT. BLAST AREA - DAY

Abner's party passes from a narrow passage into a small chamber. Cray stands impatiently at a DETONATOR BOX. DYNAMITE FUSE extends from the detonator into the darkness

outside the reach of the flashlights. Abner approaches Cray.

ABNER  
Everything set?

CRAY  
(testily)  
Yes.

ABNER  
(antagonistic)  
Good. Let's hope you got this right at least.

Before Cray can respond, Abner pushes down the handle of the detonator. In the darkness ahead of them, FLASHES FROM EXPLOSIONS momentarily illuminate a WALL OF SOLID ROCK. It is quickly followed by the SOUNDS OF BLASTING. As the noise from the detonating dynamite continues to ECHO through the cave, it melds with the sound of TUMBLING STONE.

As the last echoes of the blast fade away, Abner can barely contain his excitement.

ABNER  
Hit the generator.

One of his men flips the switch on a GENERATOR. LARGE SPOTLIGHTS pointed in the direction of the blast suddenly light up. The lights illuminate a much larger cavern, filled with CLOUDS OF SMOKE AND DUST.

Abner leads the way into the thick haze resulting from the blast.

INT. GATES OF THE UNDERWORLD - DAY

As Abner and the rest pass through BLASTED ROCK FRAGMENTS, the dust cloud gradually starts to dissipate. Above this part of the cavern, a FISSURE in the ceiling allows a stream of daylight in from outside. Soon Abner can make out what lies beyond:

A MASSIVE BLACK GATE

The gate has DOUBLE-DOORS made of DULL BLACK METAL covered with ominous IMAGES OF DEATH AND INFERNAL TORMENT. Abner seems oblivious to the morbid imagery and moves toward the gate as if it's the most beautiful thing he's ever seen.

Indy takes a place beside Abner, looking over the gate with detached interest. Grace sticks close by Indy, very much disturbed not only by the Gate but also by Abner's obsessive behavior.

ABNER

(to Cray)

Quickly! Bring me the Lyre!

Cray brings the Lyre, again wrapped in cloth, to Abner. Abner peels back the wrapping with the utmost care and reverence. He is trembling with anticipation. Lyre in hand, Abner advances a few steps ahead of Indy, Grace, and Cray.

In a final moment of suspense, Abner's poises his hand over the Lyre. He closes his eyes, as a lifetime of regrets comes to his mind... regrets that will soon be remedied. As Abner's eyes open, his hand passes over the Lyre's strings in a single decisive strum.

The strings reverberate with BEAUTIFUL, HAUNTING NOTES. The sound BUILDS AND RESOUNDS throughout the cavern, filling the air with music at once sublime and utterly hopeless.

Just as Cray is ready to scoff at the ineffectiveness of the Lyre, the gates slowly begin to open! The massive double-doors open toward the foursome standing before them.

As the gate opens, the daylight coming through the crack in the cave ceiling begins to fade.

GRACE

(uneasy, looking up at the  
fading light)

What's happening?

EXT. RHODOPI MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

Though the sun hasn't set, the bright afternoon sun in a cloudless sky wanes into darkness.

INT. GATES OF THE UNDERWORLD - NIGHT

Anxiousness grips Cray and Abner's men as they flick on their flashlights. Cray can't believe what is going on. He'd never actually believed that either the Gate or the Lyre had any real power. Grace's uneasiness has developed into a strong desire to flee, but she won't leave without Indy.

Indy is transfixed at Abner's side as the Gate opens fully, bathing the cavern with GHASTLY LIGHT. With the gate completely open, the foursome can see down an endless tunnel. AN UNEARTHLY GLOW coming from side passages breaks up the long tunnel into patches of spectral light and inky blackness.

Grace shivers as she looks down into this nightmare. At that moment, she makes out a WRAITHLIKE FIGURE moving toward them from depths of the abyss. Cray sees it too just as it disappears into a patch of darkness.

CRAY

(panicking)

Wha- What is that?

The Wraithlike Figure emerges slowly from the shadows. The infernal half-light reveals the face of the specter. Indy gasps as he sees:

MARION RAVENWOOD

She seems to be completely corporeal, not a ghost, dressed the same way she was for her funeral. Her pale face shows no emotion, in fact, no life at all. Marion continues straight toward them very slowly, as if her body were coming of it's own accord.

Tears well up in Indy's eyes.

INDY

(quietly)

Oh my god... Marion...

Abner turns to him. Abner is elated, but Indy is no longer certain of what to do. He is seized with the idea that something is wrong, that things shouldn't be this way. Without warning, GUNSHOTS shatter the eerie mood!

Indy and Abner quickly turn to Cray, who has a panicked expression on his face and his smoking pistol in his hand, aimed at the advancing Marion.

CRAY

(frantic)

We've got to close the gate-!

Abner drops the Lyre and suddenly grabs Cray by the throat with vicious force. Rashid and the other henchmen look on in surprise and confusion.

ABNER

(snarling)

What the fuck do you think you're shooting at?!

CRAY

The dead are returning! We can't-

ABNER

(clamping down on Cray's throat)

THAT'S MY DAUGHTER, GODDAMNIT!

CRAY

(choking)

You've... never... cared about her before...

Abner's face contorts with rage, as he goes for his HOLSTERED PISTOL. Simultaneously, Rashid raises his machine gun, which Indy sees and draws his .45. Before Abner can blow Cray's head off, Rashid lets off a burst.

Bullets whiz by Abner until several rip into his arm and chest. Indy returns fire, but misses as Rashid dives out of the way. The men loyal to Abner start shooting at Rashid, which causes Cray's men to return fire.

A massive gunfight is soon underway as the two opposing camps of henchman take cover and blast away at each other.

In the first few seconds, Abner's men manage to shoot and kill two of Cray's, though one of theirs is slain in the process. Rashid helps Cray toward a pile of stone near the cave wall that fell sometime in the distant past

Meanwhile, Indy and Grace drag the wounded Abner out of the middle of the cavern. They take shelter in a rocky alcove near the Gate.

#### THE ROCKY ALCOVE

Abner bleeds profusely from TWO BULLET WOUNDS in his chest and left arm. Grace crouches over him trying to staunch the bleeding, while Indy looks back toward the Gate. Marion continues to advance through the patchy light of the hellish corridor: she's almost halfway to the outside.

Indy turns to Grace and their eyes meet. He thinks about what she said before they entered the Devil's Throat. Her look confirms everything that Indy was already thinking.

INDY

We've got to shut that gate.

ABNER

(painfully)

But Marion's still coming... I thought this is what you wanted.

INDY

(looking at Grace)

I thought so too... But I was wrong.

(looking back to Abner)

This isn't the way it's meant to be, Abner. You and I had plenty of chances... And now we have to live with the mistakes we made.

Abner winces in pain, both from his wounds and his troubled conscience.

ABNER

(haltingly)

Maybe...

(beat)

Maybe we... we should've gotten it  
right the first time. In life...

(breaking down)

I could never admit I was wrong...

I could never tell Marion I was  
sorry...

Indy looks at Abner with sincere sympathy. His spirit is every bit as ruined and broken as his bleeding body. Abner's eyes clinch shut as pain takes hold of him.

#### MAIN CAVERN

The battle between Cray's men and Abner's men is still going on. Cray's men are in the middle of the cave. Meanwhile, Abner's men shelter at the opposite of the cave from the Gate, where there are plenty of rocks (from the blast) to use as cover. With the exception of Cray and Rashid, Cray's men are mostly in the open.

Two of Abner's shooters gun down one of Cray's, but then Rashid takes one of them out with a blast from his machine gun.

#### THE ROCKY ALCOVE

INDY

Abner, help me... How do I close  
the Gate?

Abner's eyes flutter open again.

ABNER

(gasping in pain)

The Lyre... Cut... Cut the  
strings.

Abner motions with his good arm to a SHEATH on his belt. Indy pulls out the STAG-HANDLED HUNTING KNIFE. He tucks the knife into his satchel and looks around the edge of the rock. Abner dropped the Lyre in the middle of the cave floor. Cray and Rashid's position is on the opposite wall from the alcove. The Lyre is the midway point.

Seeing that the gunfight is still raging, Indy ejects the clip from his own gun: no bullets. He checks the chamber and finds one there. Indy winces. He's always out of bullets at the wrong time.

Indy surveys the situation. Cray and Rashid are still busy fighting Abner's few remaining men. He decides that if he's quick and quiet, he might be able to recover the Lyre before they notice him.

INDY  
(to Grace)  
I'll be back in a minute.

Grace nods, with a look that says, "be careful."

#### MAIN CAVERN

All of Cray's men, besides Rashid, are dead. The two of them are well protected behind their pile of stone. However, they're unable to finish off the last two of Abner's men.

Rashid sprays bullets indiscriminately over the area where Ravenwood's henchmen are sheltered without any results.

Meanwhile, Indy cautiously sneaks across the cavern floor toward the Lyre.

Rashid's gun clicks as the clip runs out. He removes the EMPTY CLIP, and looks around for another.

CRAY  
(to Rashid)  
We're almost out of ammo.  
(pointing behind him)  
There's one left back there.

Rashid follows Cray's pointing and finds one LAST CLIP for his machine gun. As he bends down to pick it up he sees Indy moving stealthily toward the Lyre. Rashid mashes the fresh clip into his gun.

Indy sees that Rashid has spotted him. Indy abandons stealth and breaks into a dead run. Rashid shoots from the hip, holding down the TRIGGER. A deadly barrage of bullets

streaks toward Indy. Indy jukes and dodges as bullets fly past, with only inches to spare! Bullets RICOCHET off the cave floor as Indy closes the final few feet to the Lyre.

Rashid is frustrated by Indy's successful evasion and raises the machine gun to his shoulder to get a better aim. He lets off a final burst, which uses up the last of his ammo. Most of the last volley misses Indy, but one shot finds its target. Blood sprays as a bullet catches the outside of Indy's left thigh!

#### THE ROCKY ALCOVE

Grace gasps as she sees Indy take the shot.

#### MAIN CAVERN

As his leg goes out under him, Indy hits the floor hard. He cringes, expecting the next second to be his last. When the bullets don't come, he drags himself to the Lyre.

Seeing that Indy is still alive, Rashid throws down his machine gun in frustration. Cray shoots one of Ravenwood's two remaining lackeys. He and Rashid then duck as Abner's final gunman rakes their position with gunfire.

CRAY

(to Rashid)

Go and finish Jones off! I'll  
cover you.

Indy grabs the lyre, gets up, and starts to painfully limp back toward the alcove. BLOOD soaks through his torn pant leg. Cray lays down cover fire as Rashid rushes out from behind the rocks toward Indy.

Rashid quickly closes on Indy as he hobbles away. Rashid catches Indy from behind, and whirls him around. A blow to the face sends the Lyre flying from Indy's hands. Indy reels and tries to recover, as Rashid drills a pair of body blows into Indy's gut. Indy stumbles back, cradling his ribs.

Indy staggers as he puts his weight onto his good leg, and raises his fists into a fighting stance. He looks at

Rashid with dogged defiance. Rashid smiles to himself and closes in again. As his attacker advances, Indy catches Rashid's chin with a quick one-two punch. Rashid responds with a hook.

Indy ducks the punch and counters with a solid right body hook. He quickly re-cocks his arm, and slams his elbow into Rashid's nose. Blood gushes from Rashid's broken nose, as he and Indy pull away from each other again. Rashid wipes the blood from his nose with amusement. He closes in again.

This time, Rashid comes harder and faster. He lands a couple of blows to Indy's head and then pummels his body with vicious punches. Indy collapses under the beating as Rashid halts. Indy doesn't see how he can win; he's older, weaker, and wounded. Rashid has every advantage.

Rashid enjoys toying with Indy. He watches with amusement as the older man picks himself up from the ground and again assumes an exhausted fighting stance. Rashid glances back as he hears a shout from Cray.

CRAY

(impatient)

End it! End it so we can get out  
of here!

Cray turns back to his battle with Abner's last man. Rashid returns his attention to Indy and reaches into SHEATH hanging from his belt. He pulls out a large, savage-looking GURKHA KNIFE. Rashid menacingly thumbs the razor-sharp blade.

Indy drops his fists. As he watches Rashid brandish the knife, a wry smile creeps across Indy's bruised and bleeding face. This problem seems familiar. An equally familiar solution has just occurred to Indy.

With one smooth motion, Indy's hand goes to his holster and comes up with his pistol. With the precision of a Western gunslinger, Indy's last bullet catches Rashid right between the eyes. Rashid's massive body hits the cave floor with a satisfying THUD, just like a certain swordsman hit the dusty streets of Cairo many years earlier.

At that moment, Cray shoots and kills Ravenwood's final lackey. Cray turns back toward the Gate and is stunned to see Indy alive and Rashid dead.

Indy scoops up the Lyre and looks toward the Gate. Marion continues to advance. She seems somewhat more lifelike, though her eyes are still cold and vacant.

Behind Indy's back, Cray plants his feet and raises his pistol. It's a long shot. Cray lines Indy's head up in his sights.

Indy pulls out Abner's knife and reluctantly moves it toward the first of the Lyre's strings.

INDY  
(quietly)  
Goodbye, Marion...

#### THE ROCKY ALCOVE

Grace looks up from tending Abner's wounds. She sees that Indy is completely unaware of Cray lining up a shot on him.

GRACE  
(shouting, frantic)  
INDY! BEHIND YOU!

#### MAIN CAVERN

Cray smiles and slowly starts squeezing the trigger.

Just then, Indy slices through the Lyre's FIRST STRING. The ancient string breaks. A tremor rocks the whole cavern as a DISCORDANT NOTE thunders through the air!

The shaking floor causes Cray to lose his footing. His shot goes wide!

#### THE ROCKY ALCOVE

Grace screams as the floor shakes and SMALL STONES bounce in her direction down the cave wall. She uses her body to block any that come toward Abner

## MAIN CAVERN

Indy whirls around as he tries to maintain his footing on the pitching floor. He sees Cray also struggling to keep his balance.

Above Cray, Indy sees FRACTURES spreading through the rock wall like spider webs. As the tremor subsides, Indy knows that the wall won't handle another quake like that. Indy's gaze moves down to Cray, who still looks intent on killing him.

INDY

(to Cray, pleading)

Cray... please don't do this.

Cray grits his teeth with a look of grim satisfaction. He doesn't understand that Indy's not begging for his own life; he's offering to spare Cray's.

CRAY

(hateful, raising his pistol)

But I've always wanted to.

Before Cray can pull the trigger, Indy slides Abner's knife through the SECOND STRING. As discord reverberates through the caves, the floor pitches and rolls like the deck of a ship at sea. Once again, Cray loses his bead on Indy. Above him, the CRACKS in the cave wall begin to widen. PEBBLES AND SMALL STONES pelt Cray's shoulders and head.

Cray looks up at the wall. His eyes widen in horror as he sees the wall fracture and disintegrate above him! LARGE STONES AND BOULDERS split off and plummet toward Cray. Before his shriek of terror can fully escape his lips, Cray is buried under a MONUMENTAL PILE OF FALLEN STONE!

As the second tremor finishes, Indy takes a much-needed deep breath. All of his foes are beaten. There's only one thing left to do.

## THE ROCKY ALCOVE

Indy limps back to Grace and Abner. As Indy approaches, Abner's eyes open once more. But Abner does not look at Indy; he looks past him. Indy turns to follow his gaze. They look into the Gate, and see Marion only a few steps from the edge of the portal. More color has returned to her face, but her eyes are still vacant, and her walk that of a sleepwalker.

ABNER

(to Indy)

What are you waiting for? Cut the rest.

GRACE

That'll bring the whole cavern down on top of us.

ABNER

Then I'll do it... You two get out of here. I'm staying here with Marion...

(beat)

Like I always should have.

Indy reluctantly hands the Lyre and the knife to Abner.

INDY

She missed you.

ABNER

(choked up)

I missed her too.

(beat)

Goodbye, Indiana... and... thank you.

Indy is at a loss for words. He places an arm around Grace's shoulder and the two of them move as quickly as they can away from the Gate.

A few seconds later, Abner uses the last of his strength to slice through the rest of the strings. The Lyre drops to the floor.

The DISSONANT MUSIC from the cut strings builds as the earth shivers, building into the most violent quake so far.

The Gates begin to slowly close in the background behind Indy and Grace as she helps him out of the cavern.

ROCKS fall from the ceiling and the walls start to CRUMBLE. As if by some miracle, Abner is left untouched by the destruction around him. He casts one last melancholy look toward the gate.

Just before the Gates close the last few feet, Marion reaches the threshold. At that moment, life returns to her dead eyes. Her bewildered gaze falls on Abner, and a look of painful recognition crosses her revitalized features. Abner, on the brink of death, gasps out the words that he never had the chance to say.

ABNER

I am so sorry...

As tears come to Marion's eyes, the Gates of the Underworld clang shut, sealing her in forever. At the same moment, Abner's eyes close for the last time as he passes to join Marion in death.

INT. BLAST AREA - NIGHT

Indy and Grace move quickly through the blasting area. Though the ground heaves under them, the lights reveal that the cavern around the Gate is in the final stages of collapse. A CASCADE OF BOULDERS AND DIRT buries the Gate permanently.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DEVIL'S THROAT - SUNSET

Indy and Grace emerge from the Devil's Throat. In the twilight brought on by the opening of the Gate, they look out over the mountains. As the darkness passes, the setting sun looks like a RISING SUN. The growing light bathes the pair with warm sunshine.

Indy closes his eyes and breathes deeply, as a mountain breeze refreshes him. Though he is physically exhausted, Indy feels as if a great weight has been lifted from his soul: a burden that he had unknowingly carried for many years.

GRACE  
(concerned)  
Indy, are you okay?

He opens his eyes and takes in the beauty of the sun setting behind the mountains.

INDY  
(turning to Grace)  
Yes. For the first time in a very long while.

Grace's beauty is at least as captivating as any scene of natural grandeur. As Indy looks at her, Grace sees something new in Indy's eyes: a fresh vitality.

GRACE  
So what do we do now?

Indy doesn't have to think. He knows the answer.

INDY  
(with conviction)  
Live.

With the sunlight streaming through the mountains, Indy and Grace's eyes meet. The events of the past few days have brought them together. They have learned to trust each other more profoundly than some people manage in a lifetime.

Drawn together by that deep connection, they kiss: softly at first and then with greater intensity. Indy finally understands and appreciates the depth of Sallah's wisdom: "Life goes on..."

FADE OUT.

THE END