

INDY III

Story by
George Lucas

Screenplay
by
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1.
FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT OF THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST - DAY

A MOUNTAIN PEAK dominates the landscape.

TITLES BEGIN.

Riders on horseback cross the desert. From this distance they appear to be a Company of Army Cavalry Soldiers.

CLOSER ANGLES ON THE RIDERS

reveal only details of saddles, hooves and uniforms. As well as riders silhouetted against the rising sun.

They ride into an ancient CLIFF PUEBLO.

THE OFFICER IN COMMAND

raises his hand halting his troops.

OFFICER

Dis-mount!

THE RIDERS

climb down from their mounts . . . and only now do we realize that this is a TROOP OF BOY SCOUTS, all of ~~that~~ about thirteen years of age. The "Commanding Officer" is only their SCOUTMASTER, Mr. Havelock.

One of the Scouts, a pudgy kid named HERMAN, steps away from his horse, bends over and pukes. The other Scouts rag on him.

FIRST SCOUT

Herman's horsesick!

SECOND SCOUT

Yeah, and he wet his saddle, too!

BLOND SCOUT

Leave him alone.

The BLOND SCOUT who stands up for Herman has a thatch of straw-colored hair and the no-nonsense expression common to kids whose curiosity and appetite for knowledge exceeds what they teach in school. Additionally, he has adorned his uniform with an authentic HOPI INDIAN WOVEN BELT.

SCOUTMASTER

Don't anybody wander off. Some of the tunnels and passageways in these old Pueblos run on for miles.

4

As the Scouts fall into step behind their leader WE HEAR the following MUMBLED COMMENTS:

"This better be good."

"The circus arrives today. We could be watching them pitch the tents."

"When's lunch?"

INT. THE PUEBLO

Inside, the adobe walls keep everything cool and dark. The Scouts proceed down one of the well-traveled pathways.

Herman and the Blond Scout bring up the rear. As the troop turns a corner, the Blond Scout holds Herman back.

Herman gives his friend a questioning look. The Blond Scout nods in the direction of a DARK PASSAGEWAY and begins to move into it.

HERMAN

Should we be doing this?

BLOND SCOUT

Sssh. Listen.

From deep within the passageway we can hear barely hear MEN'S VOICES.

INT. THE PASSAGEWAY

The two boys head down the passageway. It's dark, and the temperature drops several degrees. Spiders have built huge webs that get caught in the boy's hair.

Herman appears very uncertain as to the wisdom of this enterprise, but he's drawn on by his companion's adventurous curiosity.

The VOICES GROW LOUDER now as the boys get closer to their source. The light of kerosene lanterns dances on the tunnel walls ahead.

The boys approach cautiously, careful to stay hidden. This is what they see:

FOUR MEN

digging with shovels and pick-axes. They have broken into one of the pueblo's SECRET CHAMBERS . . . called "Kivas."

The men are:

ROUGH RIDER: His name describes his dress.

ROSCOE: A Bowery Boy bully of 14.

HALFBREED: With straight black hair that cascades over his shoulders.

The fourth man wears a LEATHER WAIST JACKET and BROWN FELT FEDORA HAT. He has his back turned to us, but we would be willing to bet anything that this is Indiana Jones.

However, when the man turns, and his face is illuminated by the lantern's glow, we are shocked to discover that it is someone else. We'll call him FEDORA.

TITLES END.

COLORADO 1912

THE TWO BOYS

are mesmerized by what they see.

HERMAN

Indy, what're they doing?

Now we realize that the Blond Scout is actually young INDIANA JONES. Indy shushes Herman with a wave of his hand, and watches with rapt attention as:

FEDORA

pours water from his canteen over a mud-encrusted object. The water washes away the mud revealing a BEJEWELED CROSS. Fedora's comrades practically salivate at the sight of it.

ROSCOE

Look at that! We're rich!

HALFBREED

Not so loud.

ROSCOE

(softer)

We're rich . . . ain't we?

ROUGH RIDER

Soon enough. That little darling is gonna fetch top dollar.

Fedora turns the Cross in his hand, silently appraising its beauty . . . and its value. He seems aloof from the others; somehow superior to them.

INDY

stays hidden, but is astounded by what he sees.

INDY

(hushed; urgent)

It's the Cross of Cortes! It was given to him by Montezuma in 1520! It proves that Cortes explored this area before Coronado!

HERMAN

How do you know this stuff!?

Indy turns back to observe the men.

INDY

That Cross is an important artifact. It belongs in a museum.

A look of resolve comes into Indy's expression, and he turns back toward Herman.

INDY

Run back and find the others. Tell Mr. Havelock that men are looting the pueblo. Have him bring the sheriff!

0064

Herman doesn't seem to be listening. Instead, he watches in wide-eyed horror as a SNAKE SLITHERS ACROSS HIS LAP.

Indy matter-of-factly picks up the snake and tosses it aside.

INDY

It's only a garter snake. Did you hear what I said?

HERMAN

Right. Run back. Mr. Havelock. The Sheriff.

(beat)

What're you going to do?

INDY

I don't know . . . I'll think of something. Get going!

Herman dashes off.

Indy sees that the robbers have set the Cross aside as they search for additional valuables.

Indy is able to work his way unseen to within arm's reach of the Cross . . . only to discover a SCORPION crawling over it.

He picks up the Cross, tries to shake off the Scorpion. But it clings hard and doesn't let go.

And now Indy realizes he's literally standing in a SCORPION NEST . . . and the damn things are crawling all over him.

He slaps them off and runs -- dislodging a rock in the process.

The Robbers turn to look.

ROUGH RIDER

What the -- ?

ROSCOE

Hey! He took it! He's got our thing!

HALFBREED

Get 'im!

The three Robbers are so eager to get their hands on Indy, they almost knock each other over in the attempt. 0264

Only Fedora is unperturbed. He casts a disgusted glance in the direction of his fleeing companions, then takes an extra moment to complete the unearthing of another relic.

Only now does Fedora set off after Indy.

EXT. PUEBLO ROOFS - DAY

Indy emerges from the darkness of the Pueblo into the brightness of day. He pauses -- squints -- shields his eyes -- looks in all directions.

INDY

Herman! Mr. Havelock! Anybody!
(under his breath)
Everybody's lost but me!

He hears RUNNING FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM and dashes off. Rough Rider, Halfbreed and Roscoe are quick to appear.

INDY

arrives at the edge of the roof. A LADDER leads down to the next level. Your average kid would simply rush down the ladder . . . but Indy uses it to VAULT TO THE NEXT ROOFTOP.

ROUGH RIDER, HALFBREED AND ROSCOE

come to an abrupt halt as they reach the roof's edge. They have no ladder -- it's resting against the next building where Indy left it. They stand there with befuddled expressions wondering what to do next, when --

FEDOR RUNS INTO FRAME

and LEAPS across the gap between the rooftops. He looks back at the other three, shakes his head sadly . . . and flips them the ladder.

INDY

has now arrived at the edge of another roof. This time there is no ladder, but the SCOUT TROOP HORSES are below. Indy puts two fingers in his mouth and WHISTLES for his horse, who trots over.

Indy prepares to jump into the saddle. Hesitates. The horse won't stand still. Then . . . he JUMPS. But the horse moves exactly at the wrong moment and Indy lands flat on his feet in a standing position. The impact sends a shock wave up his body that rattles his back teeth.

FEDORA

arrives at the roof's edge in time to see Indy climb into the saddle and gallop off. Fedora puts two fingers in his mouth and WHISTLES . . . and TWO VINTAGE AUTOMOBILES come ROARING out from behind the Pueblo. (Driven by two more gang members.)

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MESA - DAY

Indy gallops hell-bent for leather toward the horizon line.

The Two Autos speed after him.

THE AUTOS

quickly overtake Indy's horse -- pulling up on both sides -- sandwiching Indy in. Indy spurs his mount on to greater speeds but the Autos not only keep pace with the horse . . . they begin to squeeze in on it.

Speeding Autos. Thundering hooves. Rushing wind. Flying dust. Indy crouched low and leaning forward in the saddle, his adrenalin pumping.

FEDORA

opens the door of his speeding vehicle and steps onto the runningboard. Indy looks down -- right into Fedor's face. Fedora smiles and LEAPS ONTO INDY'S HORSE.

At the same moment:

INDY

JUMPS TO THE ROOF of the Auto on his right. He's down on his knees -- holding on to the roof's edge for dear life.

FEDORA

gives Indy a look of annoyance . . . then JUMPS TO THE AUTO'S ROOF himself. He makes a grab for Indy, but --

INDY

leaps back into the saddle of his horse -- pulling back hard on the reins -- slowing down the horse as the two Autos SHOOT PAST.

Indy veers off in a new direction -- toward a RAILROAD TRACK. In the distance we see the Autos making WIDE TURNS and heading back.

EXT. A CIRCUS TRAIN - DAY

The train is barreling down the track. Indy rides up beside it. He glances over his shoulder and sees the two Autos gaining on him. No other choice . . . he TRANSFERS FROM HORSE TO TRAIN.

He clings to the side of a PASSENGER CAR, working his way toward an open window.

Behind him, we see Fedora, Rough Rider, Halfbreed and Roscoe transferring from Autos to Train.

Indy arrives at the open window and climbs in.

INT. THE PASSENGER CAR

Indy comes in head first through the window. He lands on something SOFT AND VOLUMINOUS, and instantly starts to SINK within RIPPLING, UNDULATING FOLDS of . . . God knows what!

Seeking purchase, his hands search out two ENORMOUS MOUNDS. Indy pulls himself up and finds his chin and darn near half his face residing in the CLEAVAGE OF THE FAT LADY.

Startled. Embarrassed. Indy jumps away. The Fat Lady reclines on a bench especially built to hold her four hundred pound mass.

Indy backs away, turns. This is what he sees:

SIDESHOW FREAKS

gawking at him. Pin heads. The Bearded Lady. Flipper Boy. Rubber Man. Dwarfs. Fedora.

FEDORA?!

Yeah. Through the window of the Passenger Car door. Coming towards him.

Indy bolts out the opposite door.

EXT. A FLATCAR

A big, beautiful CALLIOPE is transported on this flatcar. Indy works his way around it. Fedora, Rough Rider, Halfbreed and Roscoe are not far behind.

Indy uses a LEVER on the side of the Calliope for support. But the LEVER MOVES . . . and the Calliope begins to PLAY.

It's louder than hell. Its pipes expelling FORCEFUL BLASTS OF STEAM AND AIR.

Indy, fortunately, has gotten around the Calliope by this time . . . but the Four Robbers haven't. And their forward progress is greatly impeded. They cover their ears, and are nearly blown from the train by the blasting air.

Indy, meanwhile, enters the trap door of . . .

THE REPTILE CAR

and finds himself CRAWLING on a CATWALK suspended from the car's ceiling. Several feet below are NUMEROUS VATS containing all manner of reptiles: Alligators, crocodiles, giant lizards, etc.

0064

Indy is stopped in his tracks by the sight.

Then, HALFBREED ENTERS through the trap door -- followed by Roscoe. They crawl along the catwalk toward Indy. Indy crawls away, toward an opening on the opposite side.

The combined weight of the three people is more than the catwalk was intended for, and the BOLTS BEGIN TO RIP FROM THE CEILING.

Everyone holds their breath, afraid to make another move. Too late. SEVERAL BOLTS TEAR FREE. Halfbreed and Roscoe SCREAM . . . but it's Indy's end of the catwalk that DROPS DOWN . . . PLUNGING INDY to the floor of the car.

He lands hard, with a HEAVY THUD, on a raised wooden platform . . . where he finds himself eye-to-eye with an --

ENORMOUS ANACONDA

The head of this snake is so damn big, it looks more like a Tyrannosaurus Rex.

Indy jumps back in horror . . . only to land with a SQUISH into the SNAKE VAT. Hundreds of slippery, squirming snakes. Indy sinks into them. They cover him. Engulf him. Almost smother him.

Halfbreed and Roscoe, meanwhile, claw all over each other in an effort to flee the collapsing catwalk. BIG CROCKS SNAP THEIR JAWS hungrily below.

Back to Indy, who kicks open the side of the vat, freeing himself and the snakes. They all slide out in one big twisted, wiggling mass.

Indy locates a Clean-Out Door at the bottom of the car and uses it to escape.

EXT. THE TIGER CAR

The car is virtually a CAGE ON WHEELS. Inside, behind the bars, is a huge BENGAL TIGER.

Indy inches his way along the outside of the car by holding onto the bars. He stops to REMOVE A SNAKE FROM HIS PANTS, then continues on.

The Tiger watches Indy, and Indy watches the Tiger. What Indy doesn't notice, however, is ROUGH RIDER working his way down the bars from the opposite direction.

What happens next, happens fast:

Rough Rider GRABS INDY! Pressing Indy's body between his own and the bars.

ROUGH RIDER

Gotcha!

At the same moment, the TIGER LUNGES at the bars. Sticks his paws out -- RAKES HIS CLAWS across Rough Rider's back, shredding his jacket cleanly.

Rough Rider YELLS OUT in pain. Indy squirts away. Rough Rider FALLS FROM THE TRAIN and rolls in the dirt.

Indy gets to the end of the car, where the coupling is. He looks back, sees Rough Rider getting to his feet.

Then, turning . . . GETS A FIST IN THE STOMACH . . . courtesy of Roscoe. Indy buckles over.

ROSCOE

Girl Scout.

Roscoe draws back his fist again . . . when Indy STEPS ON THIS FOOT, POKES HIS EYE and BITES HIS HAND. Indy runs up the ladder of the next boxcar. Roscoe recovers quickly and goes right up after him.

EXT. BOXCAR ROOFTOP.

Roscoe grabs Indy by the ankle and yanks him off his feet. The two boys struggle, rolling from side to side, coming perilously close to rolling right off the edge. Things even get more serious when Roscoe PULLS A KNIFE.

0064

IN THE BOXCAR BELOW . . .

A FEROCIOUS BLACK RHINO is becoming extremely agitated by the commotion going on atop his cage. Finally, he raises his head and THRUSTS HIS HORN THROUGH THE ROOF.

BACK TO THE ROOFTOP

as the horn SMASHES through the wood only inches from Indy's head. Indy rolls to one side. Roscoe, who is on top of Indy, brings down his knife. Indy rolls to the other side -- the knife missing his ear by inches.

SMASH! The horn comes up again -- RIGHT BETWEEN INDY'S LEGS.

1

Indy kicks Roscoe away. Roscoe rolls to the edge of the car but keeps from falling. Indy flips over onto his stomach as Roscoe THROWS HIS KNIFE.

It's aimed at Indy's face, and would probably have struck him right between the eyes . . . but the RHINO HORN comes up through the roof again, directly in front of Indy's face . . . and the KNIFE STICKS IN IT.

Indy gets to his feet -- looks ahead --- sees a WATER TANK alongside the track directly up ahead. Indy gets an idea . . .

In an instant, he calculates his approach -- times the distance -- and LEAPS for the tank's WATER SPOUT.

He catches it perfectly . . . but his velocity causes the water spout to ROTATE A FULL 360 DEGREES. With Indy hanging on, feet kicking, the water spout deposits him back on the train, onto the ROOF OF A STOCKCAR, where he COLLIDES WITH HALFBREED.

Halfbreed is knocked off his feet. Indy reels backwards, off balance, and FALLS THROUGH AN OPENING IN THE STOCKCAR ROOF.

INT. THE STOCKCAR

Indy CRASHES down from above. Dust rises. Indy's eyes take a moment to adjust to the dark. a bit of sunlight leaks in through the cracks between the boards.

Then Indy sees it. At the far end of the boxcar. Rising slowly to its feet . . . an AFRICAN LION. The Lion ROARS. The boxcar walls shake. Dust swirls up into the shafts of sunlight.

INDY
(gulping)
Oh, boy . . .

And Indy has one more surprise in store: The Cross of Cortes has been dislodged from his pocket during the fall . . . and now lies in the sawdust only a foot or two in front of the Lion.

Indy glances around, sees a coiled LION TAMER'S WHIP hanging on a nail. He carefully takes it down by the handle.

The Lion sees this and GROWLS SOFTLY.

Indy swallows hard and gives the whip a try. It unravels awkwardly, its TIP flying back and HITTING INDY IN THE FACE.

The Lion GROWLS LOUDER.

Indy quickly gathers up the whip, wets his lips, and tries again. This time -- success! The WHIP CRACKS SHARPLY. The Lion BELLOWS and SWATS the air . . . and steps back.

Indy looks amazed and delighted. He CRACKS the whip again. The Lion backs away even more. Indy inches forward -- bends down (never taking his eyes off the lion) -- picks up the Cross -- and steps back again, sweat pouring down his face.

But now . . . how to get out?

He looks up at the opening through which he fell and sees FEDORA LOOKING DOWN AT HIM.

FEDORA
Toss up the whip.

Indy tosses Fedora one end of the whip.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF STOCKCAR

Fedora "reels" Indy out of the stockcar. Besides Fedora, Halfbreed and Roscoe are there too. Indy looks up at them with an exhausted expression.

FEDORA
You've got heart, kid.
(indicates Cross)
But that belongs to me.

INDY
It belongs to Cortes.

FEDORA
Cortes is dead. And so are all his grandchildren.
(reaches out his hand)
Come on, kid. There's no way out of this.

ROSCOE
Yeah -- fork it over!

Roscoe makes a grab for the Cross -- but Indy doesn't let go. A tug-of-war ensues until a SNAKE WIGGLES OUT FROM INDY'S SHIRT SLEEVE and BITES Roscoe's hand.

Roscoe SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER -- releases his grip on the Cross and tries to shake off the snake. But it hangs on its fangs buried deep into the skin.

0064

111

12
This is all the opportunity Indy needs. He DARTS BETWEEN
HALFBREED'S LEGS and LEAPS ONTO THE NEXT CAR.

Halfbreed is about to give chase, but Fedora stops him.

FEDORA

Stay put!

Fedora wants to catch Indy all by himself.

INDY

scurries down the ladder between the cars and enters:

THE CABOOSE

which contains the Circus MAGIC EQUIPMENT. Indy hears
Fedora coming, and dives into a MAGIC BOX.

Fedora smiles confidently and advances toward the box.
He begins to DISMANTLE IT. All four sides flop away
. . . revealing NOTHING. Indy has completely vanished.

Fedora is mistified, frustrated and angered. He starts
OVERTURNING things in a mad search for Indy.

Then he feels a breeze at his back. He turns and discovers
that the Caboose door is open. He rushes out onto the
balcony and sees:

INDY

running along the tracks, turning up a street of modest
clapboard houses.

FEDORA

shakes his head, genuinely amazed and impressed by Indy's
gumption.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Indy dashes across one of the yards. He's met by a
large yellow DOG who BARKS after him excitedly and follows
him into the house.

INT. THE HOUSE

Indy bursts in, BANGING the screen door loudly.

INDY

Dad! Dad!

INT. THE STUDY

Indy charges in. The study is cluttered with books. Pictures, charts and maps clearly reflect the father's passion for Medieval study.

PROFESSOR HENRY JONES is on the phone. We never see his face, but his desk is covered with paperwork, books and research. A book called the GRAIL DIARY (which will be important later on) is glimpsed here for the first time.

INDY

Dad!

HENRY

(to Indy)

Sssssh! Long distance!

(into phone)

No, no. That's not the reference I'm looking for. You have the wrong paragraph. Yes -- that's it. Can you read it to me?

Henry fumbles for a pad and pencil.

INDY

But, Dad --

HENRY

(to Indy)

Would you please be quiet!

(into phone)

No -- I can't come in person. I'm calling from Colorado!

0064

INDY

-- Dad!

HENRY

(calling out)

Margaret!

Indy's mother, MARGARET, rushes into the study -- sees Indy and ushers him out.

MARGARET

What are you doing in here?! Never bother your father when he's doing his research!

INDY

But --

HENRY
(into phone)
I know it's written in Middle
English. Do your best. I'll
understand you --

INT. THE FRONT ROOM

Indy and his mother emerge from Henry's study as Herman
flies in through the front door.

HERMAN
I brought him, Indy! I brought
him!

Herman means the SHERIFF, who now enters the house.

INDY
Sheriff! I'm glad you're here!
There was five or six of them!
They almost got me, but --

MARGARET
-- Sheriff, is there something
wrong?!

INDY
-- no, Mom, listen --

SHERIFF
A little trouble with your son
Mrs. Jones. I'm afraid he's stolen
something.

Indy can't believe his ears.

INDY
Huh?!

MARGARET
Stolen something!
(to Indy)
What did you steal?!

INDY
No, Mom, I didn't steal it!
I just --

SHERIFF
-- give it back now, son, and
we'll put this little episode behind
us.

INDY
Get Dad, Mom! Get Dad!

MARGARET

I will not bother your father again.
Just do what the Sheriff says.
Immediately!

Indy reluctantly withdraws the Cross of Cortes from his pocket. Margaret gasps at the sight of it.

Then . . . Fedor enters the house. He politely removes his hat and holds it in his hand.

INDY

You!

FEDORA

(to Sheriff)

Did you get it?

The Sheriff and Fedora are in cahoots! The Sheriff nods toward Indy who is holding the Cross. Fedora grins, reaches down and takes the Cross from Indy's hand. Indy releases it without hesitation -- as if Fedora has worked some magic spell on him.

Fedora slips the Cross into the leather pouch that hangs on his hip. Indy watches every move this man makes with a sense of wide-eyed wonder.

FEDORA

(to Indy)

You lost today, kid. But that doesn't mean you have to like it.

Then, Fedora PLOPS HIS HAT ON INDY'S HEAD. A show of respect and admiration for him.

CLOSE ON THE TOP OF THE FEDORA HAT

The hat brim fills the screen. As the brim tilts up, WE SEE the face of a FULL GROWN INDIANA JONES.

And he's in trouble!

He reaches out for something . . . and damn, if it isn't that same Cross of Cortes. But a FOOT KICKS IT OUT OF REACH.

Where are we? What's going on? This is --

THE DECK OF A PORTUGUESE CARGO SHIP

It's NIGHT. RAIN POURS down. We're in the middle of a violent STORM AT SEA. Thirty-foot waves CRASH across the deck, making the footing very tricky for Indy and the THREE PORTUGUESE SAILORS he is currently fighting for possession of the Cross.

Indy is about to go after the Cross which has skittered across the deck, when SAILOR ONE (who originally kicked the Cross out of Indy's reach) swings at him with a CROWBAR.

Indy ducks the swing, falling back against a PILE OF CRATES which have been tied down and covered with a tarp.

Sailor One comes at Indy with the crowbar raised above his head. WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! Three misses as Indy dodges the blows, the crowbar slamming against the wooden crates.

Meanwhile . . .

LARGE DRUMS OF FUEL

that were lashed down with rope, now break free and begin to ROLL ACROSS THE DECK from port to starboard with the rocking motion of the ship.

INDY

comes up under Sailor One's jaw with his fist. Sailor One reels backwards under the blow, and then is SMASHED TO THE DECK by a powerful wave.

Indy sees that the Cross is about to be swept overboard. He lunges for it -- SKIDS across the wet deck on his stomach with his arm extended.

0064

He SNATCHES UP the Cross only to see a GIANT FUEL DRUM ROLLING TOWARDS HIM. Indy reacts -- tries to get away -- his feet slip on the wet deck -- he just manages to escape as the big drum thunders by.

SEVERAL MORE DRUMS come Indy's way. He sidesteps them all . . . only to see SAILOR TWO brandishing a STEVEDORE'S HOOK.

Indy slips the BULLWHIP from his hip and brings back his arm. The whip unravels -- wrapping around the Sailor's hand and hook. Indy gives the whip a good hard pull. The Sailor spins. The whip wraps tightly around him, FORCING THE POINT OF THE HOOK INTO HIS STOMACH. He crumbles to the deck.

Now, the drums that Indy dodged as they rolled from port to starboard, change direction as the ship begins to list the other way -- and they come rolling back.

Indy must jump clear of them again -- but now his problems are compounded as SAILOR THREE THROWS A NET OVER INDY and begins to use him as a PUNCHING BAG.

Indy is defenseless as Sailor Three pummels him freely, probably enjoying it. But what Indy sees -- and the Sailor doesn't -- is a FUEL DRUM ROLLING TOWARDS HIM.

Indy leaps out of the way. The Sailor turns, looks over his shoulder -- too late! BAM. The Fuel Drum takes him out, crushing him flat.

Indy has sought refuge behind the tarp-covered stack of wooden crates. The Drums are rolling wildly all over the deck, but Indy feels safe here.

However, he's hopelessly entangled in the net. He must use the SHARP END OF THE CROSS OF CORTES to cut himself free.

This is when the tarp covering the crates is whipped up by the winds revealing the following stenciled on each crate: TNT.

Indy reacts. A FUEL DRUM is rolling his way. He JUMPS SHIP . . . and the FUEL DRUM COLLIDES WITH THE CRATES OF TNT.

LONG SHOT - THE BOAT EXPLODING OUT OF THE WATER

as bits of debris fall from the sky like rain.

INDY

0064

bobs up in the water amid the debris, holding the Cross in his hand. He grabs for something to keep him afloat. It turns out to be one of the ship's LIFE PRESERVERS. Indy loops his arm through the preserver and floats.

Only now do we see the FADED LETTERING on the preserver revealing the ship's name and city of port:

HERNAN CORTES
LISBON

DISSOLVE TO:

16
EXT. COLLEGE - DAY

Students walk along brick, tree-lined paths.

INT. COLLEGE LECTURE HALL

Indy, dressed in professorial tweeds, stands before his class. He has written several words on the blackboard behind him, and he calls out each word as he underlines it emphatically with chalk.

INDY

Myth! Magic! Legend!
Three words that have no place
in the science of archeology.
The Lost Continent of Atlantis!
Camelot and the Knights of the
Round Table! Nothing but
romantic nonsense.

(beat)

Archeology is the search for
fact, ladies and gentlemen
. . . not truth. If
it's truth you're interested in,
I suggest you transfer to
a class in the Philosophy
Department.

Indy notices MARCUS BRODY enter at the back of the lecture hall, and immediately wraps up his talk.

INDY

Next week: "Egyptology." Beginning
with the excavation of Vaukratis
by Flinders Petrie in 1885. The
bookstore has a list of this
semester's assigned reading.
Class dismissed.

Indy walks quickly down the aisle toward Brody.

INDY

Marcus!
(slaps his pocket)
I've got it!

He guides Brody out of the lecture hall and into the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR OF COLLEGE BUILDING

Indy and Brody walk down the corridor together.

INDY

I've got it, Marcus. Take
a look!

Indy whips out the Cross of Cortes.

INDY
Do you know how long
I've been after this?

Brody takes the Cross in his hand.

INDY
This proves that Cortes explored
the American Southwest a century
before Coronado.

BRODY
Wait a minute. Where did you
say you recovered this?

INDY
Spain, but --

BRODY
Spain!?
(with a chuckle)
Well done, Indy. You've proven
Cortes was a Spainiard!

Indy looks deflated.

Two colleagues, PROFESSOR STANTON and DR. MULBRAY approach
from the opposite direction.

STANTON
Where have you been, Jones?
Semester break ended
two weeks ago.

MULBRAY
You missed another faculty meeting,
Jonsey.

INDY
Oh, sorry . . .
(beat))
But I had it circled on my calendar.

Mulbray and Stanton continue on, shaking their heads
and laughing softly.

BRODY
(to Indy; meaning
the Cross)
The museum is still interested,
Indy. Mind'if I hold on to this
for awhile?

Indy has now arrived at his office door. He pauses
and replies to Brody:

INDY

Go ahead. We can discuss my fee over dinner.

Then, Indy enters his office.

INT. INDY'S OUTER OFFICE

Bursting with STUDENTS, all competing for his attention at once. "Professor Jones!" "Dr. Jones!" etc., etc.

Indy shoulders his way to the desk of his secretary, an overwhelmed Teaching Assistant named IRENE.

IRENE

Dr. Jones! I'm so glad you're back! Your mail is on your desk. Here are your phone messages. This is your appointment schedule. These papers need grading. And this came by Parcel Post.

She presents him with a SHRUNKEN HEAD that she holds unceremoniously by the hair. Indy examines the head, drops it into the wastepaper basket, then turns to enter his PRIVATE OFFICE.

Students once again CLAMOR for his attention: "Dr. Jones!" "Wait, Dr. Jones!" "My grade!" "My term paper!"

Indy SILENCES the mob with a raised hand.

000

INDY

(very efficiently) Irene . . . put everyone's name down on a list, in the order they arrived, and I'll see each and every one of them in turn.

IRENE

Well, okay. I'll try . . .

The Students descend upon poor Irene, each claiming to be first. Indy slips into his --

PRIVATE OFFICE

where he goes to his desk and sorts through his mail: Letters, bills, college bulletins, Archeological Newsletters, the current issue of Esquire Magazine . . . and a thick envelope with a foreign postmark on it.

INDY

(softly) Hmmm . . . Venice.

During this, Indy's DESK CHAIR HAS SWIVELED AROUND revealing a very attractive co-ed named HILARY, heretofore concealed.

HILARY
(provocatively)
Welcome home, Dr. Jones.

Indy looks flustered and startled. He's not even sure who she is.

INDY
Uh . . .

HILARY
Hilary.

INDY
(still can't place her)
Right . . .

HILARY
Last semester. "Introduction to the study of Archeology."
Row one, seat nine.

As an additional reminder, she slides her skirt up just above her knees and crosses her legs -- as she undoubtedly does every time in class.

Indy seems to recognize her now.

INDY
Oh, yes.
(beat)
How did you get in here?

She indicates a side door.

INDY
And that's just how you're going out.

Indy pulls her up from the chair and guides her gently, but firmly toward the door.

HILARY
Oh please don't send me away.
I've been waiting here for
hours. . . .
(dreamily)
. . . "Indy."

She wraps her arms around his neck, face tilted upward, lips gently parted.

006

111

INDY

Uh . . . I'm sorry, Hil . . .
uh, Miss . . . but I've got a
lot of work to catch up on.

Indy tries to untangle her hands from around his neck.

INDY

Now put your hands down!

HILARY

All right.

Hilary's hands sink BELOW FRAME and Indy's eyes widen.

INDY

Okay! Goodbye!

He hustles her out the door, closing it behind her with
a look of relief. Then goes to his desk and hits the
INTERCOM BUTTON.

INDY

Irene, how's that list coming?

IRENE'S VOICE

There seems to be some
disagreement about who --

INDY

(cutting her off)
Good, good. Take your time.

0064

Then, he stuffs his mail-into his coat pockets, goes
to the WINDOW, slides it open and STEPS OUT INTO THE
GARDEN.

EXT. SIDE OF COLLEGE BUILDING

Indy escapes through the garden.

EXT. FRONT OF COLLEGE BUILDING - DAY

Indy walks briskly toward the street; smiling; enjoying
his freedom. As he arrives at the curb, a LONG BLACK
PACKARD SEDAN pulls up before him.

Indy gives it a glance, and is about to continue on
when the back door opens and a MAN steps out. Everything
about him bespeaks "G-MAN."

MAN

Dr. Jones?

INDY

Yes . . .

MAN

We have something rather important to talk to you about. We'd like you to come with us.

Indy hesitates. The Man's coat falls open just enough to reveal a SHOULDER HOLSTER. Indy glances at the holster, then at the other THREE MEN IN THE CAR. Each of them identical in appearance to the first.

MAN

There's nothing to think over, Dr. Jones. I'm afraid we insist.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK CITY

It is now nearly dusk. The Packard pulls up to an exclusive Fifth Avenue apartment overlooking the Park. Indy climbs out with two of the men and enters the building as the Packard drives off.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY

A private elevator opens and Indy and the two men step out. Indy glances around, impressed by his surroundings.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT

Indy is ushered into the large Art Deco apartment and left alone. He takes this opportunity to examine an unusual piece of sculpture displayed on a pedestal.

0064

After a moment, a man (WALTER CHANDLER) enters from across the room. During the brief time that the door is open, we HEAR a COCKTAIL PARTY going on in the next room: VOICES and SOFT PIANO MUSIC.

Chandler strides across the room toward Indy. Although in his late fifties, Chandler has the broad shoulders and trim physique of a much younger man. Dressed in a tuxedo, he exudes both confidence and power.

CHANDLER

I trust your trip down was comfortable, Dr. Jones. My men didn't alarm you, I hope.

INDY

Nah. I assumed I was being taken in for a tax audit.

CHANDLER

Actually, my security staff consists almost exclusively of former Government Men. You can't be too careful these days.

(beat)

I'm sorry --

(extends his hand)

-- my name is Walter Chandler.

INDY

I know who you are, Mr. Chandler. I've seen your picture in the papers.

(musing)

How much did you donate to the museum last year? . . .

CHANDLER

Two million.

INDY

(trying to deflate him)

Oh. I thought it was more.

CHANDLER

I wish it could have been. Like yourself, I have a passion for antiquities.

(beat)

Have a look over here. You'll see what I mean. 000

Chandler goes to a table where an object is wrapped in cloth. He throws back the cloth revealing a flat STONE TABLET -- about two feet square, inscribed with letters and symbols.

Indy looks impressed. He puts on his glasses to make a closer examination.

INDY

Early Christian symbols. Gothic characters. Byzantine carvings. Middle Twelveth Century, I'd say.

CHANDLER

That was my assesment as well.

(beat)

What do you make of the inscription?

Indy gives the tablet a second look.

He studies the writing for a moment, then looks up at Chandler with an urgent expression.

INDY

Where did you find this?

CHANDLER

(casually)

My engineers unearthed it in the mountain regions north of Ankara while excavating for copper.

(innocently)

Don't tell me we've hit on something important.

INDY

You know exactly what you've got here.

CHANDLER

I want to hear it from you.

Indy knows he's being toyed with. He's annoyed and intrigued at the same time.

INDY

This tablet proclaims to be a signpost to the Grail.

CHANDLER

Yes. Exactly.

(reverently)

The Grail, Dr. Jones. The cup that held the blood of Christ and brings eternal life to anyone who drinks from it.

Indy rubs his chin with a dubious expression.

INDY

Well . . . that's one theory. There are others.

CHANDLER

Still, you must admit -- it's the most wonderous lost relic in all of history.

Indy smiles, skeptically.

CHANDLER

Eternal life, Dr. Jones!
Freedom from sickness
. . . freedom from death!

INDY

An old man's dream.

CHANDLER
Everyman's dream.
(beat)
Including your father's, I
believe.

Indy stiffens slightly at the mention of his father.

CHANDLER
(continuing)
I've read several of his articles
on the subject. I consider him to
be the foremost Grail Scholar
in the country today.

INDY
(dismissively)
He's just a professor of Medieval
Literature.

CHANDLER
Give the man his due.
He chaired the Medieval Studies
Department at Princeton University
for nearly two decades.
(with a sly smile)
Where do you teach again?

Indy gives Chandler a sour look when the door opens
and MRS. CHANDLER steps into the room. She's a matronly
woman in an expensive evening gown.

MRS. CHANDLER
Walter, you're neglecting your
guests.

CHANDLER
Be along in a moment, dear.

Mrs. Chandler sighs to herself and returns to the party.

INDY
Look, I'm keeping you from your
cavier and crackers . . .

Indy reaches for his hat.

CHANDLER
Just a moment, please . . .
(dramatically)
An attempt to recover the Grail
is currently underway.

Indy fingers the brim of his hat while regarding Chandler
with renewed interest.

INDY

There hasn't been a serious search for the Grail undertaken since the Crusades of the Middle Ages.

CHANDLER

(excitedly)

That's because nobody knew where to look! But this tablet --

(puts his hand on it)

-- this tablet points the way!

INDY

It's not even intact! Look, the entire bottom portion has been destroyed.

CHANDLER

Just the same, we've been able to make a start. The trail has led across Europe to Venice, Italy. However . . .

Indy detects the sinking tone in Chandler's voice.

INDY

You've hit a snag.

006

CHANDLER

Yes. We've lost track of our project leader. He's gone. Vanished. We recieved a cable from his colleague, Dr. Schneider, who has no idea of his whereabouts or what's become of him.

(beat)

I want you to pick up the trail where he left off. Find the man and you will find the Grail.

INDY

You've got the wrong Jones, Mr. Chandler. Try my father.

CHANDLER

(after a pause)

We already have. Your father is the one who's disappeared.

EXT. A RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

A FORD COUPE speeds down the tree-lined street.

INT. THE FORD COUPE

Indy drives. Seated next to him is Marcus Brody.

INDY

Why would he go off on some crazy quest across Europe without telling anybody!?

BRODY

I'm sure there's some mistake. The museum couldn't approve the funds for an expedition like this without my knowledge.

INDY

Chandler never said he was working through the museum, Marcus.

This gives Brody pause. He glances thoughtfully out the window, then shifts his glance back to Indy.

BRODY

Your father and I have been friends since time began.

I've watched you grow up, Indy.

And I've watched the two of you grow apart.

(beat)

I haven't seen

you this concerned about him since you were a child

003

INDY

Dad's an academic! He's never done anything more dangerous than return an over-due library book!

BRODY

Turn here.

INDY

(irritated)

I know the way! It hasn't been that long.

(pause; confused)

Where'd that little grocery store go to?

EXT. PROFESSOR HENRY JONES' HOUSE - NIGHT

The Ford Coupe pulls up in front of the house. Indy climbs from the car and hurries up the walkway. Brody is a step behind.

BRODY
If anybody knows what's going
on it'll be Sonya.

INDY
I thought the housekeeper was
named Eva.

BRODY
You are out of touch, aren't
you? Eva returned to Sweden four
years ago.

They climb the porch and notice that the front door
is ajar. They exchange a quick look of concern as they
enter.

INT. THE HOUSE

Indy flips on the light switch. The place has been
RANSACKED. Tables overturned. Desk drawers emptied
onto the rug. Bookshelves cleared of all books -- which
are scattered across the room.

BRODY
Dear God . . .
(calling off)
Henry!? Sonya?!

006

Brody runs upstairs in search of Sonya.

Something on the floor catches Indy's attention. He
bends down and picks up a PHOTO ALBUM. Several photos
fall out. Indy takes one in his hand. It shows a TWELVE
YEAR OLD BOY (INDY) with HIS FATHER -- a stern and severe
looking man.

He regards the photo with a bittersweet expression as
Brody returns from upstairs.

BRODY
She isn't anywhere in the house.
(looks at the mess
and shakes his
head)
What has that old fool gotten
himself into, anyway?

INDY
I don't know. But whatever it is,
he's in over his head!

BRODY
They've even gone through his mail.

INDY
Huh? . . .

Indy turns and sees a pile of torn papers and envelopes. Then something hits him.

INDY
Mail! That's it, Marcus!

He immediately empties his pockets of his own mail taken earlier in the day from his college office and finds the envelope with the Venice postmark.

INDY
(as he tears it open)
Venice, Italy! How could I be so stupid!?

BRODY
What is it?

Indy uncovers a small book. It looks like a JOURNAL or DIARY. Indy flips through it: Page after page of handwritten notes and drawings. Brody glances at it with great curiosity.

INDY
Dad's Grail Diary.

He hands it to Brody who takes it gently in ⁰⁰⁶his hands.

BRODY
But why did he send it to you?

INDY
I don't know.
(glances at the mess around him)
But somebody wants it pretty badly.

Brody examines the diary.

BRODY
It's all in here, Indy. A lifetime's worth of research and knowledge.

INDY
Do you believe in it, Marcus?
Do you believe in the Grail?

Brody realizes that this is no idle question, and he takes a moment to formulate a thoughtful response.

BRODY

I believe it's out there, Indy.
And I believe it's in here, too.
(indicates his heart)

The search for the Grail is also the search for that fragment of the devine in all us.

Brody sees that Indy is unsatisfied by this response.

BRODY

Ah, but you want facts. I have none for you, Indy. At my age, I'm willing to take a few things on faith.

Indy's attention shifts to something out the window that disturbs him.

Looking through the living room and the kitchen, Indy can SEE INTO THE BACK YARD. WHITE BED SHEETS are flapping on the CLOTHES LINE in the moonlight.

INDY

The wash is still out . . .

Brody looks up from the diary with a perplexed expression.

INDY

That's odd . . .

Indy quickly moves off.

EXT. THE BACK YARD - NIGHT

A breeze has come up, really SNAPPING the sheets around. The WICKER LAUNDRY BASKET has been overturned. WOODEN CLOTHES PINS litter the grass.

Indy approaches with an apprehensive expression.

Then, the wind lifts a sheet, revealing the HOUSEKEEPER, SONYA, HANGING FROM THE CLOTHES LINE. It has been wrapped tightly around her neck, her knees dragging on the ground.

Brody, who has followed Indy out, stops in his tracks.

BRODY

Sonya . . .

Indy gently untangles Sonya from the line and lowers her to the ground, wrapping the sheet around her.

BRODY
We'd better call the police.

INDY
Then call Chandler. Tell him I'll
take that ticket to Venice now.

BRODY
I'll tell him we want two.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

A LIMO pulls up to PRIVATE AIRLINER that bears the CHANDLER
CORPORATE LOGO.

INT. THE LIMO

Chandler is in the back seat with Brody and Indy. The
Driver comes around and opens the back door. Chandler
shakes Brody's hand.

CHANDLER
Well, Marcus. Good luck.

BRODY
Thank you, Walter.
(nervously)
Now, when we arrive in Venice
...

000

CHANDLER
Don't worry. Dr. Schneider will
be there to meet you.

BRODY
Ah, yes. Good, good.

Brody climbs out of the car. Indy is about to follow,
but Chandler holds him back. Indy gives him a look.

CHANDLER
(smiling)
Relax. The plane won't
leave without you.

Then he hands Indy an envelope.

CHANDLER
Take this.

Indy looks inside. The envelope is bulging with hundred
dollar bills.

INDY
What's this for?

CHANDLER

Expenses.

(beat)

Go ahead. Put it in your pocket.
And remember . . . there's more
where that came from.

Indy smiles and tucks the envelope away.

INDY

Working for you could become
habit-forming, Mr. Chandler.

CHANDLER

(slapping Indy's
knee)

That's what I'm counting on,
my boy.

Brody pokes his head back into the limo.

BRODY

Coming, Indy?

CHANDLER

(coolly)

Another moment, please, Marcus.

Brody gets the point. He withdraws a discrete distance
away. Chandler turns to face Indy again.

CHANDLER

That was a nasty piece of business
with your father's housekeeper,
but at least now we know what
we're dealing with.

(beat)

Be very careful.
Don't trust anybody.

EXT. THE LIMO

Indy finally emerges from the limo. The Driver walks
ahead with the luggage toward the waiting airplane.

Indy and Brody fall into step behind him.

BRODY

What was that all about?

INDY

Oh . . . just getting a little
fatherly advise.

EXT. THE PRIVATE AIRLINER FLYING

SUPERIMPOSED over a MAP that traces a course from New York City to Venice, Italy.

EXT. VENICE - THE GRAND CANAL - DAY

Indy and Brody are passengers in a crowded diesel powered steamer called a WATER BUS -- the cheapest form of transportation in Venice.

Indy looks seasick as the Water Bus bounces through the choppy canal toward the LANDING BARGE.

EXT. THE LANDING BARGE

Indy and Brody disembark along with a crush of other passengers.

INDY
I hate the water and I hate boats!

As they move through the crowd, they must stop to let a band of FASCIST MILITIAMEN pass. The Militiamen have a CIVILIAN SUSPECT in custody. The Civilian struggles to get away. The Militiamen fall on him -- hitting him with their clubs, kicking him with their heavy boots.

Indy and Brody view this ugly spectacle with disturbed expressions.

INDY
Ah, Venice . . .

As they continue on . . .

A MAN comes INTO FRAME.

Wearing a dark suit and Fez. A TURKISH AGENT named KEMAL. He watches both Indy and Brody walk past.

INDY AND BRODY

walk along the busy dock.

INDY
What's this Dr. Schneider look like?

BRODY
I have no idea. I've never met the man.

INDY
(looking around)
Great. How will we find him?

BRODY
(with a shrug)
He'll just have to find us.

Then, a WOMAN comes up beside Indy. Attractive features. Dark hair. Eyes that are bright and intelligent. She is EATING a PEAR.

WOMAN
Dr. Jones?

INDY
Yes

WOMAN
I knew it was you --

She looks at him with an appraising expression that is brazenly flirtatious.

WOMAN
(continuing)
-- you have your father's eyes.

Indy is instantly attracted to her.

INDY
And my mother's smile. But the rest belongs to you.

WOMAN
No thanks. Looks like the best parts have already been spoken for.

Indy grins, enjoying the repartee.

BRODY
(impatiently)
My dear woman, have you been sent by Dr. Schneider?

The Woman is about to reply when she sees something over Indy's shoulder that alarms her.

WOMAN
Follow me.

BRODY
Huh?

WOMAN
Come on!

0064

111

57

With that, she hurries off. Indy and Brody exchange a look.

BRODY

Who was that woman?

INDY

Oh, just the average intriguing, provocative, beguiling female that crosses your path only once in a lifetime.

(beat)

Come on!

They chase after her. And she doesn't make it easy for them, either.

EXT. PIAZZA AND MARKET PLACE

Brody stops to catch his breath and mop his brow with a handkerchief.

INDY

Don't stop!

Indy charges off. Brody glares at him, picks up his satchel and continues the chase -- huffing and puffing all the way.

But Indy loses sight of the woman within a colonnade that faces the piazza.

INDY

Where'd she go??

BRODY

Don't ask me. You're the expert on chasing women.

(spotting a cafe)

Maybe we should sit down and --

INDY

-- there!

Indy has glimpsed the woman disappearing through an archway. He rushes after her . . . Brody several steps behind.

Indy and Brody enter the archway and find themselves in a DARK ALCOVE. But there is no sign of the woman.

Indy is completely baffled.

BRODY
(wearily)
Look . . .

Brody points reluctantly to a SECOND STORY BALCONY where the Woman is standing.

INDY
Let's go.

As Indy and Brody dash off, the Woman leaves the balcony, using an outside staircase to climb up one more floor.

Indy and Brody arrive at the bottom of the staircase. The stairs are many and the incline very steep. Brody pauses for a moment; looks up to the top of the stairs. His shoulders sag in fatigue -- he sits down on his suitcase to rest.

Indy, meanwhile, charges up the stairs at full stride.

THIRD STORY BALCONY

Indy arrives. The balcony leads into an APARTMENT that is the residence of a LARGE ITALIAN FAMILY (whose voices could be heard clearly as Indy came up the stairs.)

INT. THE APARTMENT

(NOTE: During this scene, both English and Italian will be spoken -- sometimes both within the same sentence. Subtitles will be used whenever necessary.)

006¹

Indy stands framed in the doorway. At first he goes unnoticed by:

MAMA ROSA and PAPA SALVATORE who argue loudly over an unmended pair of pants.

ZIA CATERINA who tends to a boiling pot of pasta.

ZIO GARIBALDI who puffs a huge cigar to life while listening to OPERA turned up FULL VOLUME on the radio.

NONNA GIOVANNA and NONNO FRANCESCO who play a vocal game of canasta at the kitchen table.

The children, NINO (5), ALDO (7) and SILVIO (9) who frustrate older sister MARCELLA'S attempts to clean their hands and faces with a wet cloth.

Then -- one by one -- they spot Indy standing in the doorway . . . and the apartment FALLS SILENT. Garabaldi even turns off the radio.

Indy catches his breath, clears his throat and speaks:

INDY
Scusi, signora a signore . . .

But no sooner are these words out of his mouth, than the blissful silence is shattered by everyone YELLING AT ONCE.

ROSA
Who are you?! What do you want?! How did you get in here!?

Indy begins to stammer a response when THE WOMAN ENTERS from the next room.

WOMAN
(to the family)
It's all right. This is Dr. Jones. Indiana Jones.

Hearing this, the family's attitude toward Indy shifts dramatically to one of warmth and welcome.

SALVATORE
"Jones," Rosa! Did you hear!?

ROSA
I have ears, Salvatore.

WOMAN
(to Indy; softly)
Here comes the pinching.

Indy is now startled to find the entire family crowding around him, hugging him, shaking his hand, slapping his back . . . and pinching his cheeks.

Nonna Giovanna grabs Indy's face with one hand, squeezing it so that his lips pop out like a fish.

NONNA GIOVANNA
Such a face he has! Such a face!
Look at this face! Just like his poppa! And such a big boy!

INDY
Wait a minute! You know me?

The Woman steps forward.

WOMAN

Like a book, Dr. Jones. Your father talked about you all the time.

INDY

And who are you?

WOMAN

I'm Dr. Schneider. Elsa.

Indy reacts. At the same time, Brody trudges in, completely exhausted. He plops himself down in the nearest chair. All eyes turn in his direction.

BRODY

(to Rosa)

Signora I will pay handsomely for anything cold to drink.

INDY

Marcus --

(indicates Elsa)

-- this is Dr. Schneider.

Brody reacts. Gets to his feet. Extends his hand.

BRODY

Marcus Brody. So good to meet you.

(smiles)

We were expecting a chap.

00-

ELSA

(to the family;

introducing Brody)

Professor Jones' best friend

. . . Marcus Brody.

Now they swarm over Brody, making him feel welcome. Elsa smiles at the sight of it.

ELSA

(to Indy)

These are the best people on earth.

INDY

(still can't get over it)

You're Dr. Schneider?? . . .

(beat)

Why did you run away?

ROSE

Now we eat!

ELSA
(to Indy; with a shrug)
Now we eat.

CUT TO:

THE KITCHEN TABLE

Everyone is eating and drinking wine. Indy and Elsa sit across from each other.

CATERINA
(to Indy)
I changed your diapers.
That was many years ago,
but I never
forget a baby's bottom.

INDY
(teasing her)
I thought I remembered you.
(then, to Brody)
Dad first came to Venice in 1903 --

ELSA
-- 1902.

Indy gives her a look.

INDY
Right. 1902. To research a
paper on, uh . . . oh, you
remember . . .

ELSA
Actually, to assist in the
restoration of the belltower
in the Piazza San Marco after
the quake.

INDY
(annoyed)
Whose life are we taking about
anyway?

ELSA
(innocently)
Why, your father's . . . I thought.

FRANCESCO
(to Indy)
We were like bulls!

ELSA
Francesco also took part.
He was a master stonemason.
Tell him, Francesco.

Indy's glance shifts to Francesco, who nods and smiles a toothless grin.

FRANCESCO

I was a master stonecutter.
You're poppa and me . . . we
were bulls. Like you -- young
and strong.

INDY

(turning to Elsa)
Where is he, Dr. Schneider?

ELSA

I wish I knew.

INDY

When did you last see him?

ELSA

Two weeks ago. When did you last
see him?

Indy looks taken aback by the question.

ELSA

I was curious. He said it's been
a long time.

INDY

Five years. We don't get
along. Dad disapproves.

ELSA

Of what?

INDY

Everything.

BRODY

Dr. Schneider, getting back to
the subject . . .

ELSA

(to Brody)
We were looking for a way into
the Catacombs --

BRODY

-- Catacombs? In Venice?

ELSA

Yes. There are a few. But the
entrances are all hidden.

BRODY

Perhaps Henry found his way in.

INDY

Yeah. Then couldn't find his way out again.

(to Elsa)

What were you looking for?

ELSA

The remains of a Grail Knight.

(beat)

Are you going to eat that?

She picks an olive from Indy's plate and pops it into her mouth.

INDY

Be my guest.

BRODY

They were the ones said to have actually found the Grail seven hundred years ago.

ELSA

That's right. They formed the Order of the Grail.

(beat)

There's something etched into the Knight's breastplate. Professor Jones called it the "final clue".

INDY

What is it?

ELSA

Don't know. Certain things he kept to himself. In a little book he called his Grail Diary. Without that book, the "final clue" is useless . . . whatever it turns out to be.

Brody is about to speak up, but Indy stops him with a look.

ELSA

We did learn that there was once an entrance to the Catacombs beneath the Church of San Raphael. But we couldn't find it.

BRODY

The entrance, you mean.

ELSA

No. The church.
 (turning to Indy)
 The last time I saw your father
 he was on his way to the
 Basilica to seek help from
 the Monsignore.

SALVATORE

(to Indy)
 Don't worry about your father,
 Dr. Jones. He can take care of
 himself.

GARIBALDI

Yes, he is a sly old fox.
 (to Indy; holding
 up a mandolin)
 Do you play as well as your poppa?

INDY

Uh . . .
 (to Brody)
 Does Dad play?

BRODY

He took it up several years ago.

GARIBALDI

(to Indy)
 Have him teach you. He
 plays like an angel.

INT. BASILICA - DAY

A young PRIEST walks quickly through the Basilica, his
 feet CLICKING loudly against the marble floor.

Indy, Brody and Elsa turn to greet him.

BRODY

My name is Marcus Brody.
 This is Dr. Schneider and Dr. Jones.

PRIEST

You are the son of Professor Henry
 Jones, are you not?

INDY

Yes. You know him?

PRIEST

By reputation only. His contributions
 to the orphanage over the years have
 been most generous.

INDY

Are you sure you mean my father?
He's hardly had two nickles to
rub together all his life.

PRIEST

I'm not surprised.

(beat)

He gives it all away!

ELSA

Father, could we possibly speak
to the Monsignore?

PRIEST

Look about you . . .

The Priest gestures toward the Religious Statues which
are all DRAPED IN BLACK.

PRIEST

We are still in mourning.

ELSA

I'll say you are.

Elsa punctuates the remark by bringing a CRACKER to
her lips and SNAPPING it in two with her teeth. The
noise echoes loudly.

Indy shoots her a disapproving look.

BRODY

(to Priest)

The Monsignore? . . .

~~PRIEST~~

The rectory steps are steep and
uneven. The Monsignore suffered
from vertigo. We urged him to
use caution.

INDY

We're very sorry.

ELSA

Then maybe you can help us,
Father.

INDY

We're looking for the Church of San
Raphael. Do you know where it
it is?

PRIEST
It doesn't exist.

Indy and Elsa exchange a look.

BRODY
Doesn't ex . . . ?

INDY
You mean there's no such church?

PRIEST
Not anymore. It was torn down
over four hundred years ago.
(stepping away)
Here . . . this is the Church of
San Raphael.

The Priest indicates a STAINED GLASS WINDOW depicting
the church. (Also included in the design, at the bottom
of the panel, is a long ROMAN NUMERAL.)

PRIEST
(continuing)
This window was installed the
same year the church was torn
down -- as a form of commemoration.
(beat)

As you can see, it was a modest
little church in all respects.
Only the four large columns in
front were of any particular
interest.

0064

BRODY
How's that?

PRIEST
They were brought back to Venice as
spoils of war, after the sacking
of Byzantium during the Crusades.

INDY
Are there any church records?
Floorplans? Blueprints?

PRIEST
(with a smile)
Well . . . I can show you
were to look.

The Priest begins to walk off. Elsa starts to follow
him, then stops and turns.

ELSA
(to Indy and Brody)
Coming?

INDY

In a minute.

Elsa goes off with the Priest. Left alone, Indy takes a closer look at the stained glass window. After a moment of study, something hits him. He pulls the Grail Diary from his pocket and begins to flip through the pages.

BRODY

What is it?

INDY

Something I remember seeing
. . . yes! Right here! Have
a look.

Indy shows the page to Brody, revealing a hastily done SKETCH OF THE WINDOW.

BRODY

Yes, yes. It's this window
all right. And look here . . .
he's transcribed the Roman Numerals
at the bottom of the panel . . .

INSERT: THE GRAIL BOOK PAGE

The numbers are 18, 5 and 32. And Professor ~~Indy~~ has emphatically underlined them several times. *006*

BRODY (OVER)

Look how he's underscored them.
What do you suppose they mean?

INT. BASILICA STORAGE ROOM

Elsa looks up from a pile of ancient blueprints with a discouraged expression. Many, many more rolled up blueprints are stored behind her on racks and dowels.

ELSA

No luck yet. Would you mind coming back in another ten or twelve years?

Indy, Brody and the Priest are also present.

INDY

Forget it. We'll think of something else.

Elsa brushes the Dust of the Ages from her hands and clothes.

ELSA

Good, because reading old blueprints in the original Carolingian Miniscules is murder on the eyes.

INDY

(turning to the Priest)
Father . . . what's there now?
In place of the Church, I mean.

PRIEST

Books. Hundreds and thousands of books.

INT. BIBLIOTECCA NAZIONALE - NEXT DAY

The library is nearly five hundred years old and looks it.

Indy, Brody and Elsa sit at a large table, poring over several Ancient Volumnes. Brody removes his glasses from his nose with a defeated expression. Elsa is POPPING GRAPES into her mouth. Indy nervously TAPS A PENCIL on the table top.

BRODY

I give up. There isn't enough to go on here.

ELSA

Doesn't appear to be a Bible reference. I've checked every possible combination of psalm, chapter and verse . . .

(looking at Indy)

There must be someone at this table with the cunning, resourcefulness and ingenuity to decipher this puzzle.

0064

Indy glances up at Elsa; watches her pop a few more grapes into her mouth.

INDY

You're always eating.

ELSA

I'm always hungry.

BRODY

Maybe they're page numbers or volume numbers . . . but what good is that if we don't have a title?!

Indy finally stops tapping his pencil.

INDY
You're right! No good at all!
So the numbers must mean something
else. Something entirely different
then what we've assumed.

Indy gets to his feet.

BRODY
Where are you going?

INDY
I have an idea.

ELSA
I'll go with you.

Before leaving the table, Indy SURREPTITIOUSLY HANDS
THE GRAIL DIARY TO BRODY without Elsa seeing it.

INDY
(to Brody; hushed)
Keep an eye on this.

IN A SECLUDED PART OF THE LIBRARY

Indy and Elsa walk past the many aisles of bookshelves.
Indy is counting them as he passes. These shelves
are made of marble with big, heavy columns at each end.
They have been here since the library was constructed
five centuries ago.

INDY
. . . sixteen . . . seventeen
. . . eighteen.

Indy is about to turn down aisle eighteen when Elsa
suddenly stops him.

INDY
What's the matter?

ELSA
The man at the table behind
me . . .

Indy looks over Elsa's shoulder. There are several
men seated at the table.

INDY
Which one?

ELSA
The one reading the newspaper.

Indy looks again. Three different men are reading the
newspaper.

INDY
Which one reading the newspaper?

ELSA
The one with the dirty fingernails.

Indy looks, but can't tell who has the dirty fingernails.

INDY
Which one is that?

ELSA
The one wearing the Fez.

Indy looks again. Sees the man in the Fez. It is
KEMAL.

INDY
Why didn't you say that in the
first place!?

ELSA
(ignoring the question)
I think he's been following me. He
was on the canal when you first arrived.
That's what made me hurry off.

Indy gives Kemal another look.

INDY
Let's keep going.

Indy counts down FIVE SHELVES. Then, he walks down
the aisle, counting the books on the fifth shelf . .
. eventually stopping at BOOK NUMBER THIRTY-TWO.

Elsa observes all this with great admiration for Indy's
ingenuity.

INDY
Sometimes the easiest
explanation is the hardest to
figure out.

ELSA
You don't disappoint, Dr. Jones.

The fifth shelf is too high, putting the book out of
Indy's reach. So Indy grabs a nearby LADDER and leans
it against the stacks.

INDY
(as he climbs)
If I'm right, this book'll get
us into the catacombs.

The book is tall and heavy. Indy uses both hands to ~~gently~~ wiggle it off the shelf. The book seems to be ~~back~~. Indy's expression clouds.

ELSA

What's wrong?

INDY

Something funny here . . .

Indy cautiously examines the situation as Elsa climbs up the ladder behind him.

INDY

I don't think this is even a real book.

ELSA

Maybe I can help.

Elsa reaches over his shoulder for the book. Their faces are very close together. Indy is momentarily mesmerized -- so he doesn't try to stop her until it's too late.

INDY

No! Wait! Don't --

Elsa grabs the book and gives it a GOOD HARD ~~ABO~~ -- causing a TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR TO OPEN . . . and Indy and Elsa and the ladder DISAPPEAR FROM SIGHT.

INDY & ELSA

Whooooaaaaa. . . .

INT. CATACOMBS BELOW LIBRARY

The ladder CRASHES down from above -- landing upright. Indy and Elsa SNAP through several rungs of the ladder before coming to a complete stop.

ELSA

Well . . . you were right.

Indy glares at her.

INDY

Climb down, would ya?

Elsa climbs down the remaining intact rungs. Indy is right behind her.

They glance around. This is really a horrid place. Dark and dank. Foul smelling. Elsa turns, GASPS! This is what she sees:

DECOMPOSING CORPSES

resting in niches carved into the stone walls. Grotesque skeletal remains with rotting linen stretched across blackened bones.

INDY

has already wandered off by the time Elsa recovers from the shocking sight. She turns to see he's gone.

ELSA

Hey! Wait!

She catches up to Indy.

ELSA

I'm an Art Historian. I'm not used to places like this.

INDY

Then stay close.

ELSA

I wish I had just half of Henry's courage.

Indy gives her a look.

INDY

"Henry?" You mean my father?
Professor Jones?

ELSA

You make him sound so stuffy.

INDY

He is stuffy!

ELSA

(smiling)

That's a matter of opinion.

Indy scowls jealously. Elsa in turn, offers him a handful of nuts.

ELSA

Almonds?

INDY

Stop that.

Then Indy's attention is drawn to some markings cut into the wall.

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INDY
We're in the oldest section of
the Catacombs.

Elsa also inspects the markings.

ELSA
Pagan symbols.
Fourth or Fifth Century.

INDY
Right. About six hundred years
before the Crusades.

ELSA
The Christians would have
dug their own passages and
burial chambers centuries
later.

INDY
And if there's a Grail Knight's
tomb down here, that's where
we'll find it.

They move forward . . . Elsa's almonds CRUNCHING LOUDING
in her mouth.

ANOTHER PART OF THE CATACOMB

Indy and Elsa are now ANKLE DEEP in green sludge water.
Indy notices another marking on the wall: A MENORAH.

INDY
Look at this. A menorah.

ELSA
There was a large Jewish ghetto
in Venice during the Tenth
Century.

INDY
I guess this means we're heading
in the right direction.

Elsa spots another symbol cut into the wall.

ELSA
What's this one?

Indy only has to give it a quick glance to know.

INDY
That's the Ark of the Covenant.

ELSA
Are you sure?

INDY
(dead-pan)
Pretty sure.

ANOTHER PART OF THE CATACOMBS

Indy and Elsa come upon a NARROW PASSAGEWAY. The water is knee-deep and TEAMING WITH RATS. Thousands of them! Crawling on one another's backs. SQUEALING. Squirming. Thrashing in the water. Fighting over mouthfulls of garbage.

INDY
Rats . . .

Elsa wears an expression of disgust as the rats scamper between her legs.

INDY
Use the ledge!

They inch along a slim outcropping of stone, holding hands, their backs flat against the wall, the river of rats directly beneath them.

The passageway turns a corner and deposits them into a:

LARGE BURIAL CHAMBER

The chamber is flooded with black, briny water.

INDY
Look . . .

In the center of the chamber, jutting up above the water, is what amounts to an "island altar" on which SEVERAL ANCIENT COFFINS rest.

INDY AN ELSA

move toward the altar. The water is deepening. It is now up to their knees.

INDY
Be careful. Stay behind me.
This water's getting deeper.

So saying, Indy takes one more step AND SINKS UP TO HIS CHEST.

INDY
See what I mean?
(reaches out
his hand for
her)
C'mon.

They SLOG through the putrid chest-deep water until they reach the Coffins, then climb onto the elevated stone platform.

Indy and Elsa begin to inspect the ornately carved COFFINS like the scholars of antiquity that they are. These are big oak caskets held together by straps of etched brass.

INDY
It must be one of these . . .
(looks them over)
This one!

ELSA
No . . . this one.

Indy gives her a skeptical glance.

ELSA
Do you doubt me? Look at the artistry of the carvings and the scrollwork. This is the work of men who believed that devotion to God and to beauty were one and the same.

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Indy sighs to himself. Why fight it? And begins to push on the lid -- STRAINING and GROANING until it slides away and BANGS against the stone platform.

INSIDE THE COFFIN

lies the DECOMPOSED REMAINS of a KNIGHT IN ARMOR.

Indy and Elsa look in . . . and smile.

INDY
The Order of the Grail.

ELSA
We found it.

She throws her arms around Indy's neck. Their lips are very close. Indy seems to enjoy it.

INDY
Old fashioned team work.

ELSA
I just wish Henry could be here
to see this.

Indy steps back, allowing Elsa's arms to slide away
from around his neck.

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INDY

Ha! He never would have made it past the rats! He hates rats! He's scared to death of 'em!
(beat)

I know. We had one in the basement once. Guess who had to go down there and kill it? And I was only six!

GRUMBLING to himself, indy leans into the coffin uses his hand to brush away the dust and corrosion the Grail Knight's breastplate.

ELSA

What're you doing?

INDY

I'm going to make a rubbing of this inscription.

unfolds a PIECE OF PAPER, lays it on the breastplate begins to rub over it with a pencil. Pretty soon impression begins to appear.

ing this, Elsa SNIFPS the air.

ELSA

Do you smell something?

INDY

This is a sewer. I smell --

e does smell something after all. Turning, he great pool of GASOLINE FLOATING ON THE SURFACE WATER.

INDY

Gasoline . . .

hen: The GLOW OF FIRELIGHT is seen dancing across catacomb walls.

is followed by THOUSANDS OF RATS FLEEING from around corner of the Narrow Passageway, STAMPEDING toward and Indy -- SHRIEKING and SQUEALING as they approach.

rats literally wash over them -- like a rodent tidal -- in their efforts to escape a:

ORANGE BALL OF FIRE

NG around the corner, hurtling towards them --

ng on the gasoline; consuming the oxygen.

REAMS. Indy braces his back against the altar PPLES THE COFFIN with his feet.

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IDE

SAWDUST falls on them from above as the frenzied rats burrow through the wood casket -- SQUEEZE through the tiny holes they've made -- and drop down onto Indy's and Elsa's heads and faces.

One of the rats is on fire!

INT. THE CATACOMBS

Flames lick at the coffin. It catches on fire. So do the rats crawling over it.

UNDER THE COFFIN

Indy and Elsa listen to the PIERCING, FRIGHTFUL SQUEALS of the burning rats overhead. But also smell the smoke and feel the heat of the flames.

ELSA
The coffin's on fire!

INDY
At least that takes care of the rats.

The situation is becoming desperate.

INDY
Can you swim!?

ELSA
Austrian Swim Team. 1932 Summer Olympics. Silver medal in the fifty meter free style.

INDY
That'll do.
(beat)
Take a deep breath -- we'll have to swim under the fire!

They fill their lungs and submerge.

UNDERWATER

Indy and Elsa swim through a CULVERT toward a faint light in the distance.

A SMALL POCKET OF AIR is created by a SHAFT that goes twenty feet straight up to daylight.

Indy and Elsa are able to squeeze their faces into the air pocket and take several deep breaths. The shaft is far too narrow for them to escape through, however.

0064

INDY
We're under the street.
I think this culvert must lead
into the canals.

ELSA
Can you make it?

INDY
1914 YMCA backstroke champ!

With that, they submerge once again. Swimming through the culvert until they arrive at a METAL GRATE. They squeeze between the crossbars. Elsa goes through more easily than Indy . . . who at one points get stuck . . . than POPS free.

EXT. THE GRAND CANAL OF VENICE - DAY

This view could be from a postcard: Bright sun; blue water; gondolas; the beautiful arched Rialto Bridge.

Indy and Elsa EXPLODE out of the water in the middle of the canal -- SPUTTERING, SPITTING WATER and GULPING AIR. When they see where they have surfaced, they laugh with joy and relief.

INDY
Ah, Venice!

Indy's delight, however, is short lived since a
SPEED BOAT

is currently ROARING down on them. Piloted by a TURKISH AGENT wearing a Fez, it slices through the canal at top speed -- aiming for Indy's head.

INDY
(to Elsa)
Get back!

No time. VAROOOOM! The Speedboat runs directly over them and keeps going.

Elsa is washed up in the Speedboat's wake, dazed but conscious. A SECOND SPEEDBOAT, with TWO MORE TURKISH AGENTS aboard, picks her up.

The Turks look around for Indy, but don't see him. Eventually, one of the Turks SHOUTS AN ORDER and the Speedboat moves on.

We now see that --

INDY

has grabbed hold of the Second Speedboat's mooring line and is being dragged along beside the boat.

EXT. THE HARBOR

The Two Speedboats enter the open water of the harbor via the canal. Boats of all sizes and descriptions are docked here.

INDY

works his way hand over fist toward the boat that is dragging him. He climbs aboard and attacks the Turk who is piloting the boat.

As Indy and the pilot struggle, the Second Turkish Agent aims his pistol at Indy.

ELSA

No!

She grabs the Agent's arm -- the gun DISCHARGES KILLING THE PILOT. Indy gives Elsa a suprised look of thanks, then leaps onto the Second Agent.

Elsa grabs the wheel and begins to steer the boat while Indy and the Turk trade punches.

Indy's Speedboat BOUNCES across the choppy waters heading in the direction of TWO MOORED STEAM SHIPS.

A THIRD SPEEDBOAT

now appears in the harbor. KEMAL himself is in this one. This Speedboat joins forces with the first Speedboat to chase Indy.

INT. INDY'S SPEEDBOAT

As Indy fights with the Turk, he becomes aware of the Speedboats behind him and the two enormous Steam Ships ahead him.

THE HULLS OF THE STEAM SHIPS begin to DRIFT TOGETHER, creating an ever-narrowing path of water between them.

INDY

(to Elsa)

Are you crazy!?

Don't go between them!

Elsa can barely hear Indy over the noise of the motor.

ELSA

Go between them? Are you crazy!?

Indy finally delivers the punch that sends the Turkish Agent flying overboard. Turning, Indy sees that Elsa has committed the speedboat to a course BETWEEN the Steam Ships.

INDY
I said go around them!

ELSA
You said go between them!

INDY
I said don't go between them!

It's purely academic at this point since the hulls of the freighters loom up on either side of them like cavern walls.

EXT. FULL SHOT - THE HARBOR

One Enemy Speedboat chases Indy between the Steam Ships. But the Speedboat containing Kemal veers off and goes around.

EXT. BETWEEN THE STEAMERS

It's a race for daylight as the sterns of the two Steamers drift towards each other.

Indy's Speedboat just manages to squeeze through the gap. But the Enemy Speedboat is CRUSHED between the the enormous hulls of the two colliding Steamers.

INDY AND ELSA

breathe a sigh of relief only to see KEMAL'S SPEEDBOAT appear from behind the Tankers.

Indy cuts the wheel to the right and his boat makes a sharp turn in the water.

KEMAL'S SPEEDBOAT

matches Indy's move for move.

FULL SHOT - THE HARBOR

The two boats race across the water nearly side-by-side. A CHATTERING MACHINE GUN from Kemal's boat SPLINTERS the wood of Indy's boat.

Indy fires back with a pistol.

Eventually, MACHINE GUN FIRE destroys Indy's motor, which SPUTTERS and stops -- dead in the water.

It drifts toward the GIANT, TURNING PROPELLERS at the STERN of ANOTHER STEAMER.

Kemal's boat draws up alongside Indy's. The other Turkish Agent in the boat with Kemal has his machine gun trained on Indy.

The two Speedboats bob in the water in the shadow of the huge steamer.

Indy is exhausted and battle-weary -- and there doesn't seem to be much he can do at the moment.

KEMAL
Better luck in the next world,
Dr. Jones.

Kemal signals his Agent to shoot Indy when Indy's boat is SUCKED THROUGH THE CHURNING WATER toward the Steamer's giant propeller blades.

Indy and Elsa LEAP into Kemal's boat -- where Indy and the Turkish Agent slug it out. Kemal, meanwhile, restarts the motor in an effort to escape the ENORMOUS PULL OF THE STEAMER'S PROPELLERS.

Indy's empty, powerless speedboat is dragged underwater and into the blades where it is VIOLENTLY TORN APART.

INDY AND THE TURKISH AGENT

plunge overboard in their struggle. Elsa SCREAMS -- certain that Indy will meet the same fate as his speedboat.

But Indy manages to cling to the side of the boat.

The Turkish Agent is not so fortunate. Amid a MAELSTROM of BUBBLES and THRASHING WATER, he is SUCKED INTO THE SPINNING PROPELLER BLADES.

Elsa looks horrified as she sees the water turn FOAMY RED.

Kemal gives the motor full throttle -- and the boat begins to tear away from the grasp of the Steamer's whirling propellers.

But Indy climbs back into the boat, TURNS OFF THE IGNITION and STEALS THE KEY.

The MOTOR DIES . . . and the boat begins to DRIFT BACKWARD TOWARD THE PROPELLERS.

Kemal can't believe what Indy has done.

KEMAL

You idiot! What are you doing!?

INDY

Where's my father!

KEMAL

(smiling nervously)

I get it. A bluff. American's love to bluff. You don't scare me. You will not allow us to die. This is all just a bluff.

INDY

Don't bet your life on it.

KEMAL

(cracking:)

Give me the keys!

INDY

Where is my father?!

KEMAL

The Grail belongs in our land!
To our people!

INDY

Where is he!?

Kemal glances over his shoulder. The Steamer's propellers are getting CLOSER AND CLOSER. Kemal swallows hard.

KEMAL

Start the motor!

INDY

Tell me!!

KEMAL

We don't have him!

INDY

Tell me!!

They're getting so close to the propellers now that Elsa has to close her eyes and turn her head.

KEMAL

He's in Austria! Now start the motor!

Indy slides behind the wheel, inserts the key and turns the ignition. The MOTOR GROANS and fails to fire.

Kemal's eyes widen in silent panic. Even Indy looks a bit concerned by this turn of event. He tries again . . . and again . . . and again . . . and this time the MOTOR ROARS TO LIFE . . . and the speedboat LEAPS FORWARD, bow in the air, breaking the hold the Steamer's propellers have on it.

INT. THE SPEEDBOAT

Racing across the water away from the Steamer.

INDY
(to Kemal)
Where in Austria?

KEMAL

I don't know.

Indy gives Kemal a look of supreme annoyance.

INDY

Don't make me have to turn this boat around.

KEMAL

(after a moment)

Castle Grunwald . . . on the German border.

INDY

See how easy that was.

Then, Indy shoves Kemal overboard.

Elsa climbs over from another part of the boat and sits next to Indy. He turns to look at her. Despite the ordeal she's just gone through (or maybe, because of it) she looks extremely attractive.

INDY

You handle yourself pretty well . . . for an Art Historian.

Elsa smiles and brushes a stray lock of hair out of her face, then gives Indy the once-over. Indy can feel the heat of her gaze upon him.

ELSA

You look good all wet . . . like a golden retriever who's earned his keep.

She says this in a way that overtly seductive . . . and Indy can't take his eyes off her.

ELSA

Better watch where you're headed, skipper.

Indy turns to look ahead -- and sees that he's on a collision course with an enormous CHANNEL BUOY.

Indy swerves the boat out of danger at the last possible moment.

INT. THE VENICE APARTMENT

CLOSE ON A FOLDED, WATER-SOAKED PIECE OF PAPER: The rubbing taken from the breastplate of the Grail Knight.

Indy turns the paper in Brody's direction.

INDY
Your Latin's probably a little
better than mine . . .

Brody studies the rubbing. He and Indy are seated at
the kitchen table. Salvatori and Garibaldi look over
Brody's shoulder.

BRODY
(looking up from
the rubbing)
"Alexandretta."

GARIBALDI
We know this woman!
She lives in Murano.
Her brother is a glassblower.

SALVATORI
No, no. From Burano. And her
sister is a lacemaker.

BRODY
Actually, I believe the Alexandretta
in question is a city.

INDY
Yes. An ancient city. The Crusaders
laid siege to it in a battle
that lasted over fifteen months.
(to Salvatori)
Do you have an Atlas?

SALVATORI
I have something better . . .

Salvatori goes off as Rosa enters from the balcony.

ROSA
(to Indy)
I have hung the clothes to dry.
You were missing a button -- I put
on new. There was small hole . . .
(shrugs)
. . . I mend.

INDY
Grazi, signora.

Salvatori returns with a WORLD GLOBE. He places it
on the table before Indy who spins it and points to
a spot near the Turkey/Syria border on the Mediterranean
sea coast.

INDY

Here. This is where Alexandretta used to be. The present city of Iskenderun is built on its ruins.

Brody looks very solemn.

BRODY

The final clue, Indy.

Brody puts the Grail Diary on the table.

BRODY

Your father copied a map into this book. The entry is dated 1905 -- some of his earliest research. Look . . .

Brody opens the book to the page and turns it for Indy to see.

BRODY

(continuing)

The map leads away from a city into the mountains nearby. It shows exactly where the Grail is hidden. And yet, it's been useless to your father all these years because the city itself the map's very starting point was unknown.

INDY

Until now.

BRODY

(closing the book)

Yes.

Indy takes a deep breath and leans back in his chair to consider the matter.

BRODY

Iskenderun, Indy. That's where we should go.

(beat)

That's probably where Henry is right now. I'll wager anything that somewhere along the line he got wind of trouble -- maybe these Turks -- and slipped off by himself to find the Grail.

Indy almost looks convinced.

INDY
(picking up the
Grail Diary)
If that's true, Marcus, he
never would have sent me this.
(beat)
You go to Iskenderun. I'm
going after Dad.

Indy gets to his feet.

BRODY
Henry would want you to go after
the Grail.

INDY
You know what, Marcus? You're
probably right. But I've never
done what my father wanted and
I'm not about to start now.

Indy tucks the Grail Book into the pocket of his robe
and exits.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

Indy approaches the bedroom. The door is open a crack.
He slows down, peeks in and sees ELSA GOING THROUGH
HIS LUGGAGE.

INT. THE BEDROOM

Indy opens the door, startling Elsa who GASPS and jumps
back.

INDY
Looking for this?

He takes the Grail Diary from his pocket and holds it
up.

ELSA
The Grail Diary!
Where did you find it? . . .

INDY
I've had it all along.

ELSA
(after a pause)
I see. Just like your father.
Some things you keep to yourself.

She brings a PACK OF CAMEL CIGARETTES from behind her
back.

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ELSA

This is what I was looking for.
I thought you might have some,
and I was right.

Indy smiles at his own stupid suspicions and tosses
the Grail Diary into his suitcase.

INDY

Sorry. It's been one of those
days.

Elsa shakes one of the cigarettes out of the pack.

ELSA

Do you mind? I haven't had
an American cigarette in
ages.

Indy gives Elsa an appraising look. She also wears
only a robe.

INDY

Be my guest.

Elsa is about to use her cigarette lighter when Indy
removes it from her hand and lights the cigarette for
her.

ELSA

Thanks.

0064

Indy glances at the lighter, notices that it has a unique
INLAID IVORY FOUR LEAF CLOVER DESIGN

Elsa takes a long pull on the cigarette before expelling
the smoke through gently parted lips.

She offers him back the cigarettes.

INDY

Keep the pack. I don't smoke.

ELSA

(smiling)

I get it. A little something to win over the natives.

Indy moves in on her, absent-mindedly tossing the lighter into his suitcase.

INDY

In my experience, natives will usually do anything for a good smoke.

ELSA

I suppose a pack of cigarettes might get you a common clay votive statue at a street bazaar.

(beat)

But what happens when you go after something of a little higher quality? What would your approach be then?

Indy steps in even closer.

INDY

Very direct.

(beat)

Like a pre-Columbian piece I couldn't wait to get my hands on once. Finally, I had to just reach out and take it.

ELSA

Your methods sound crude, but effective.

0064

INDY

My record of acquisitions speaks for itself. I've been displayed in the British Museum.

ELSA

In a very large case, I'd imagine.

INDY

(as he makes his move))

Damn thing occupied an entire wing.

Indy kisses her hard on the lips. After a protracted moment, she breaks it off -- stepping back with fire in her eyes.

INDY

If that's a slap you're working up to, let me warn you . . . I hit back.

ELSA

I bet you do, Indiana Jones.

Then -- she GRABS THE HAIR ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD and pulls his face to hers -- kissing him so hard that he cuts his lip on his own tooth.

Indy rubs away the drop of blood with the back of his hand as outside the window, a GONDOLIER SINGS.

Elsa looks up at Indy hungrily; expectantly; breathing hard. Her hair lifted gently by the evening breeze blowing through the open window.

INDY

Ah, Venice . . .

Indy CLOSES the bedroom door INTO THE CAMERA -- shutting us out.

EXT. ROAD THROUGH THE AUSTRIAN MOUNTAINS - DAY

A Mercedes-Benz glides through the sharp mountain curves. This is SUPERIMPOSED OVER A MAP that charts their course from Venice across Austria toward a location on the German border.

INT. THE MERCEDES

Indy drives. Elsa is curled up next to him.

ELSA

I grew up in a town not far from here.
(smiles at the memory)
You know what I remember most?

INDY

Probably something to eat.

ELSA

Yes! The wonderful Palatschinken my grandmother used to make.

INDY

(amused)
Palat-what??

ELSA
Palatschinken. We'd have it
for breakfast.

INDY
(enjoying this)
Oh, yeah? What would you have
for lunch?

ELSA
Leberknodlesuppe.

Indy can barely keep a straight face now.

INDY
And dinner?

ELSA
(playing along)
Oh, I don't know . . .
maybe some nice Zwiebelrostbraten
and a little Schwanmerin
Gebacken.

Indy LAUGHS out loud, finding this hilarious. Elsa
smiles in spite of herself.

ELSA
Don't laugh. You'd like Austrian
food if you tried it.

INDY
Like it? I bet I'd grow to
love it.

0064

Elsa knows that Indy is talking about her, not the food.
She moves even closer to him.

ELSA
So, what's going on here, Indiana
Jones? Is somebody falling for
somebody?

INDY
You tell me.

ELSA
No. You tell me.

INDY
Yeah. Somebody is.

ELSA
Yeah . . . somebody sure is.

EXT. CASTLE IN THE AUSTRIAN MOUNTAINS - DAY

Storm clouds darken the skies. THUNDER EXPLODES in the distance. The Mercedes-Benz drives into the courtyard of the formidable stone castle. Indy and Elsa climb out.

Indy looks the situation over.

INDY
Do you know anything about this place?

ELSA
It's been in the Grunwald family for generations.

Indy nods, then steps up to the door.

ELSA
What are you going to do?

INDY
I don't know. I'll think of something.

Indy KNOCKS on the door and waits. THUNDER CRASHES overhead and RAIN DROPS begin to fall.

Indy glances skyward, and then the DOOR IS OPENED by the BUTLER.

BUTLER
Yes?

0034

INT. CASTLE ENTRANCE HALL

As Indy turns toward the Butler, he flips his hat brim up and pops his wire-rimmed glasses onto his nose, in one smooth, uninterrupted motion.

He then adopts what can only be described as a PRISSY MANNER.

INDY
At last! Were you going to leave us standing out there all day?! My God, man, we were nearly drenched!

As Indy says this, he pushes his way past the startled Butler, pulling Elsa with him. Indy SNEEZES HARD.

INDY
Now look! I've caught a sniffle.

Indy dabs at his nose with a handkerchief as Elsa observes in amused amazement.

BUTLER
(suspiciously)
Are you expected, sir?

INDY
Yes. And I must say, I'm not crazy about that tone of voice you're using.

BUTLER
(still very suspicious)
Exactly who is expecting you?

INDY
Why, Baron Grunwald, of course. We have an appointment. Tell the Baron that Dr. Lyle Norbert and his assistant are here to appraise the tapestries.

BUTLER
Tapestries?

INDY
(wearily)
This is a castle, isn't it? You do have tapestries, don't you?
(glances at far wall)
There! I can see one from here.
(to Elsa)
What is wrong with this poor man?

006'

BUTLER
Wait right here.

The Butler turns on his heels and walks off. Elsa looks at Indy and shakes her head in awe.

ELSA
Unbelievable.

The minute the Butler turns a corner and disappears from sight, Indy grabs Elsa by the hand and yanks her toward a hallway, removing his glasses and adjusting his hatbrim as he goes.

INT. CASTLE HALLWAY

Indy and Elsa move cautiously and quietly down the wide, vaulted hallway. APPROACHING VOICES ARE HEARD. Indy and Elsa duck into an alcove behind a large piece of STATUARY.

They watch as a PAIR OF NAZI SOLDIERS walk by. One of them LAUGHS LOUDLY at something the other one says and his voice ECHOES down the hallway.

Indy reacts to the sight of them.

INDY
(to Elsa; softly)
S.S. I should have known.
This is a Nazi stronghold.

When safe, Indy and Elsa emerge from their hiding place and continue on.

INDY
I wonder where they're holding
Dad . . .

ELSA
The dungeon?

INDY
No. German's like to defend the
high ground. We're going up.

INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR

Indy and Elsa emerge from a staircase into the corridor. They hurry down it, eventually coming to a dead end.

00t

THREE DOORS present themselves.

INDY
(indicating one of
the doors)
This one. I think he's in here.

ELSA
How do you know.

Indy points out an ELECTRICAL WIRE.

INDY
Because this one's wired.
I'll have to find another way
in.

He studies the situation for a moment, then decides to enter one of the other doors.

INT. CASTLE ROOM

The room is dark and empty. RAIN PELTS against the WOODEN SHUTTERS on the widows.

Indy throws open the shutters and looks out: RAIN comes down in sheets. There is a wide ledge beneath each window -- but below that is a SHEER DROP DOWN THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN on which the castle is built.

Indy wants to get onto the next window ledge which is several yards away.

This is how he does it:

He rips away the CURTAIN CORD from the floor-length drapes. The Cord has a big, heavy tassel on both ends. He leans out the window, and -- using his best bullwhip technique -- wraps the Cord around the GARGOYLE that protrudes from the castle wall above the next window.

He gives the Cord a forceful tug to make certain it will hold his weight.

INDY

(to Elsa)

Wait here.

She is about to protest, but Indy reassures her.

INDY

Don't worry . . . this is kid's stuff. I'll be right back.

ELSA

Be careful . . .

EXT. THE CASTLE

Indy SWINGS from one window ledge to the next.

CLOSER ON THE WINDOW LEDGE

The POURING RAIN has made it wet and slick. Indy has trouble keeping his footing.

A PAIR OF WOODEN SHUTTERS seal the window.

DOWN BELOW

TWO NAZI GUARDS prowl with their DOGS and FLASHLIGHTS. They shine the lights on the castle wall.

INDY

presses into the window recess. The FLASHLIGHT BEAM skips over him. The Nazi Guards move on.

Indy tries to open the shutters with his hands, but no luck. He tries to use his shoulder, but can't get the proper leverage.

Indy realizes that more drastic measures are in order. But his timing must be perfect . . .

He waits until a BOLT OF LIGHTNING lights up the distant sky . . . then he takes hold of the curtain cord with both hands . . . pushes off with his feet . . . swings backwards away from the castle wall . . . then returns with his feet extended . . . CRASHING THROUGH THE WOODEN SHUTTERS as a CLAP OF THUNDER disguises the noise.

INT. THE ROOM

Indy tumbles into the room. The broken shutters hang by their hinges. Rain and cold air whip through the open window.

No sooner does Indy get to his feet, then a VASE COMES CRASHING DOWN ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD.

Stunned, Indy sinks to one knee . . . and Indy's father, PROFESSOR HENRY JONES, steps out of the shadows.

HENRY

Junior!

INDY

Yes sir!

005-

This reply is a knee-jerk reaction on Indy's part, triggered by his father's authoritative voice. Indy hasn't even looked up and seen him yet.

HENRY

It's you!

INDY

(looking up:
rubbing his head)
Dad -- why'd you hit me?

HENRY

I thought you were one of them.

INDY

If I was one of them, would I have broken in through a window!?

Henry is distracted by the markings on the bottom of the shattered vase still in his hand.

HENRY

Would you look at this . . .
Seventeenth Century Ch'ing
Dynasty . . . museum quality.

(beat)

Now that's a shame.

He gently places the vase's base back onto the table. Then, turning to Indy:

HENRY

What were you saying? . . .

Indy gets to his feet.

INDY

Never mind. Are you okay?

HENRY

Starved!

INDY

They haven't fed you?!

HENRY

Mentally starved!

(picks up a book)

I've been reduced to reading
the German Philosophers . . . in
the original German!

INDY

Why are they holding you here?
What do the Nazis want with you?

HENRY

They want my Diary.
They abducted me thinking I'd have
it one me.

INDY

The Nazis are after the Grail?

HENRY

Yes. But I was one step ahead
of them. You did get it, didn't
you? I sent it to you through
the mail.

INDY

(very pleased with
himself)

I got it . . . and I used it.

HENRY
Used it?

INDY
I found the entrance to the
Catacombs.

HENRY
Through the library?

INDY
Right.

HENRY
I knew it. And the tomb of the
Grail Knight? . . .

INDY
Found it.

HENRY
It was actually there?! You
saw it!? You touched it!?

INDY
I opened the lid and looked
inside.

HENRY
(trembling
with anticipation)
On his breastplate . . . inscribed
on the Knight's breastplate . . .

INDY
Alexandretta.

Henry has been waiting a lifetime for this piece of
information, and now his reaction is calm and controlled.
He briefly closes his eyes, as if to savor the moment.

HENRY
The final clue.

Overcome, Henry must sit down.

HENRY
If only I could have been there.

INDY
There were rats.

HENRY
Rats? . . .

INDY
Yeah. Big ones.

Henry shudders.

Indy takes a RING from his pocket. Shows it to his father, proudly.

INDY
Look at this.

HENRY
Where did this come from?

INDY
The Grail Knight's tomb.

HENRY
You stole it?

INDY
(taken aback)
No. I just . . . took it.

HENRY
You looted a grave?

INDY
It's just a keepsake.

HENRY
Real archeologists don't take souvenirs.

INDY
This one does.
(beat)
Now let's find a way out of here before I forget why I came.

0064

INT. THE NEXT ROOM

It is dark. Indy and Henry enter and go toward the door. A CRACK OF LIGHT shows at the bottom of the door indicating the hallway outside.

Indy stops at the door.

HENRY
What're you stopping for?
Let's go.

INDY
This door is wired.

Then, the LIGHTS ARE TURNED ON. THREE NAMES are revealed inside the room. One is an S.S. OFFICER. The other two are SOLDIERS with machine guns.

OFFICER

That's quite far enough.
(beat)
I'll take that book now,
Dr. Jones.

HENRY

(to the Officer;
defiantly)
What book?!

OFFICER

The book your son has in his
pocket.

Henry looks at Indy in disbelief.

HENRY

You don't have it on you,
do you!? Don't tell me you
brought it with you!

Indy gives him a sheepish look.

INDY

Uh. Well . . .

HENRY

Why do you think I sent it
home in the first place!?
(points toward
Nazis)

To keep it out of their hands!

INDY

All right! Take it easy! \ /

HENRY

How can I take it easy!
You've just made everything
worse!

The Soldiers approach Indy -- their machine guns leveled.

INDY

All you ever do is gripe!

HENRY

All you ever do is foul up!

INDY

You're never satisfied!
Nothing pleases you!
I should've left you here!

00

HENRY
I wish you had!
(beat)
Sometimes I wonder if your
mother wasn't having an affair
with the butcher!

Indy's eyes blaze! His nostrils flare! He's so pissed off, he literally RIPS A MACHINE GUN from the startled hands of one of the Soldiers -- and for a moment, we think he's going to use it on his Dad.

But he turns and SPRAYS THE ROOM WITH MACHINE GUN FIRE, cutting all three Nazis to ribbons and blowing them backwards across the room.

Henry looks shocked and horrified.

HENRY
Look what you did!

Indy KICKS open the door, SOUNDING THE ALARM.

HENRY
Look what you did!

Indy grabs his father and pushes him ahead.

HENRY
I can't believe what you did!

INT. CASTLE HALLWAY

Indy and Henry dash down the hallway. SEVERAL NAZI GUARDS, responding to the alarm, run towards them. Indy stops them with a BURST of MACHINE GUN FIRE.

INT. ROOM IN CASTLE

This is where Indy left Elsa. Indy charges in with Henry only steps behind. Henry looks confused.

HENRY
This isn't the way out.

The room is empty. Elsa is gone.

INDY
(under his breath)
Damn . . .

GERMAN VOICE
Dr. Jones!

Indy turns, and this is what he sees:

A NAZI COLONEL HOLDING ELSA AS HOSTAGE

His name is VOGEL: A vicious looking, latern-jawed brute. One arm is wrapped around Elsa's waist; the other hand presses the muzzle of a LUGAR behind her ear.

HENRY

Dr. Schneider! . . .

VOGEL

Put down the gun, Dr. Jones!

HENRY

Don't do it, boy.

VOGEL

Put down the gun or the Frauline dies!

HENRY

She's one of them!

ELSA

Indy, please!

HENRY

She's a Nazi!

INDY

What!?

Indy is thrown. He doesn't know what to do. He looks at Elsa, then back at his father. Everyone is yelling at once:

HENRY

Trust me!

ELSA

Indy, no!

VOGEL

I'll kill her!

HENRY

Go ahead!

INDY

No -- don't!

ELSA

Indy, please! Do what he says!

HENRY

Don't listen to her!

VOGEL

Enough!

Vogel JAMS the barrel of the luger painfully into Elsa's neck. Elsa SCREAMS.

INDY

Wait!

And then Indy gives in. He drops the machine gun to the floor and kicks it away. Henry GROANS audibly.

Vogel releases his grip on Elsa and shoves her toward Indy. She is propelled directly into his arms. He holds her tightly. She burries her face in his chest.

ELSA

I'm sorry . . .

Indy comforts her.

ELSA

. . . I'm so sorry . . .

Her hand slips into his coat pocket and removes the Grail Book.

ELSA

. . . but you should have listened to your father.

She steps back next to Vogel and we see that her expression has turned to ice. Indy is stunned.

INT. A CASTLE ROOM

A large baronial room decorated with ancient tapestries and suits of armor. Firelight -- from the giant fireplace -- dances across the ceiling and walls.

Indy and Henry are ushered in, hands tied behind back, accompanied by Vogel and Elsa and TWO NAZI GUARDS.

Elsa crosses the room toward a high-backed chair facing the fireplace. Indy and Henry do not have the advantage of seeing who is sitting in that chair. They only see a HAND REACH OUT AND TAKE THE BOOK.

HENRY

(to Indy)

Why could I see through her little act and you couldn't?

MAN IN CHAIR

Because he didn't take my advise . . .

The Man in the Chair gets to his feet and turns, REVEALING himself to be . . . WALTER CHANDLER. Indy and Henry react with stunned expressions.

CHANDLER
(continuing)
. . . didn't I warn you not to trust anybody, Dr. Jones?

INDY
Chandler! . . .

HENRY
Congratulations, Walter -- you made fools of us both.

Chandler smiles benignly and flips through the Grail Diary.

HENRY
(to Indy)
He tried to buy my loyalty, too. Stuffed a thousand dollars into my pocket on the airfield runway.

INDY
(clears his throat uncomfotably)
I guess you . . . uh . . . didn't take it.

HENRY
Of course I took it. I've got ~~0000~~ hungry orphans to feed.

CHANDLER
(suddenly erupting)
Dr. Schneider!

Elsa rushes to Chandler's side. Chandler indicates the Grail Book. Obviously, there is something very wrong. Elsa takes a look for herself -- then glances up at Indy.

ELSA
The pages we need are missing . . .
You tore out the pages!

Henry gives Indy a look of surprise. Indy smirks.

HENRY
(to Indy)
I suppose an apology is in order.

CHANDLER

Where are the missing pages,
Dr. Jones!? We must have those
pages back!

ELSA

(to Chandler)

You're wasting your breath. He
won't tell us. But then, he doesn't
have to. It's perfectly obvious
where the pages are . . .

(looking at Indy)

. . . he gave them to Marcus
Brody.

Henry now wears a pained expression.

HENRY

(to Indy)

You didn't drag poor Brody along,
did you? Where's your good sense?
He's not up to the challenge.

CHANDLER

(to Elsa;
confidently)

We'll find him.

INDY

Don't be so sure. He's
got a two day head start on you.
Which is more than he needs.

(beat)

Brody has friends
in every town and village between
here and the Sudan. He knows
a dozen languages and every local
custom. He'll blend in. Disappear.
You'll never even see him.

0000

Henry looks amazed and impressed.

INT. CASTLE ROOM

The room is dark. Ancient, floor-length drapes cover
the windows. A HUGE FIREPLACE that's nearly large enough
for a man to stand upright in dominates one wall.

The Nazi Guards have tied Indy and Henry back to back
in a pair of chairs. Elsa stands over them.

ELSA

(to guards)

Leave me alone with them.

The guards exit through a SECRET DOOR within the unused fireplace. Once they are gone, Elsa turns to Indy. She runs her hand down the side of his face. Indy pulls away.

ELSA

Don't be angry. I didn't do anything you wouldn't do.

INDY

I'm sorry you have such a low opinion of me.

She smiles. Unbuttons the front of his shirt.

ELSA

We're good together, Indy. If only we'd met a year ago -- or a year from now -- things would be different.

INDY

Untie my hands . . .

ELSA

I don't need your hands, Indy. Just your lips.

She kisses him. Indy turns his face away. Elsa holds it with both her hands and kisses him again. After a moment, we can't tell if Indy is still resisting or not.

Henry struggles to look over his shoulder.

HENRY

What's going on?

Vogel appears from the Secret Door.

VOGEL

Dr. Schneider.

She finishes the kiss before glancing at Vogel.

VOGEL

You're wanted in Berlin. You must leave at once.

ELSA

(turning back to Indy)

Bad timing always seems to be our problem.

0054

INT. RADIO ROOM

FOUR NAZI RADIOMEN wearing headphones sit at an elaborate panel of dials, switches and meters -- their backs turned to the Secret Door.

Chandler is there as Elsa and Vogel enter.

CHANDLER
(handing her
a telegram)
The director of the Reich Museum
has requested your
presence personally.

Elsa takes the telegram from Chandler and reads it with an impassive expression.

VOGEL
(to Chandler,
meaning Indy and
Henry)
Let me kill them.

ELSA
(matter-of-factly)
No. If we fail to recover the pages
from Brody, they're the only
ones who can lead us to the Grail.

Chandler considers it for a moment as he buttons his raincoat and slips on a pair of gloves.

CHANDLER
(to Vogel; with a cheery
smile)
She makes a point.

There is an OVERSTUFFED ARM CHAIR in the room. Chandler gives the chair a small TWIST and a matching SOFA LOWERS INTO THE FLOOR -- EXTENDING and BENDING into a STAIRCASE.

Elsa and Vogel follow Chandler down the staircase.

INT. THE CASTLE ROOM

Left alone, Indy and his dad have begun to pull and yank on the ropes.

HENRY
This isn't doing any good.

INDY
Keep trying! We've got to get
to Marcus before the Nazis do!

HENRY
(confused)
You said he'd be all right.

INDY
Are you kidding? I made that
up! You know Marcus -- he once
got lost in his own museum!

Now, Henry begins to pull on the ropes with great urgency.

INDY
Can you reach your hand into
my coat pocket?

Henry is able to wiggle his hand toward Indy's pocket.
Indy is able to squirm his body around toward Henry's
hand.

HENRY
What am I looking for?

INDY
A cigarette lighter.

HENRY
(after a moment)
Got it!

HENRY'S HAND

withdraws Elsa's lighter -- the one with the FOUR LEAF
CLOVER on it.

HENRY
Whose grave did you loqt this
from?

00671

INDY
Shut up and try to
burn through the ropes.

Henry's fingers open the lighter and IGNITE THE FLAME.

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - DAWN

Chandler and Vogel watch as Elsa is driven away in a
Nazi Staff Car.

A Second Car pulls up. Chandler is about to climb into
the back seat when he pauses momentarily to exchange
a final word with Vogel:

CHANDLER

Kill them now.

Vogel nods his head and closes the car door behind Chandler.

INT. CASTLE ROOM

The ropes begin to burn . . . and so does Henry's hand.

HENRY

Owww!

INDY

Are you okay?

HENRY

Yeah. But I dropped the damn thing.

FULL SHOT REVEALS:

Indy and Henry. Back to back. Pulling on their burning ropes as the CARPET CATCHES FIRE beneath them.

HENRY

Oh, God . . . sorry, son.

INDY

Move!

HENRY

How!

INDY

Rock your chair. Do what I do.

0064

They begin to rock their chair legs, inching their way off the burning carpet.

INDY

Head for the fireplace!

BANGING, ROCKING and HOPPING their chairs, they work their way INTO THE FIREPLACE -- the only safe place from the now ROARING FIRE.

Indy struggles to free his hands. His foot kicks out and accidentally HITS THE LEVER that operates the SECRET DOOR.

The fireplace floor ROTATES like a Lazy Susan and Indy and his father find themselves in the:

HIDDEN RADIO ROOM

where the Four Nazi Radiomen sit with their backs turned.

HENRY

Our situation has not improved,
I'm afraid.

One Radioman glances over his shoulder . . . and is startled to see that two men tied back-to-back in a chair have appeared seemingly from nowhere.

HENRY

Oh, lord.

Indy is looking around frantically for the LEVER that gets them back.

The Radioman rises from his chair.

Indy spots the LEVER. It is directly overhead. There is only one way to activate it: Indy thrusts his body upward -- BONG! -- hitting the lever with the top of his head.

The floor begins to rotate again.

The Radioman draws his revolver and FIRES SEVERAL SHOTS at Indy and Henry -- but the bullets PING! against the closing secret door.

INT. CASTLE ROOM

Indy and Henry rotate into the room which is now an INFERNO. The carpet, drapes and furniture are all ablaze.

HENRY

Maybe we were better off with the Nazis.

00h

Indy finally breaks free. And he immediately begins to untie his father.

INT. CASTLE HALLWAY

Vogel strides purposefully down the hallway. He BARKS an order, and TWO MORE NAIZS fall into step with him.

Vogel removes his pistol from its holster and examines it as he walks.

INT. THE RADIO ROOM

All four Radiomen now have their guns drawn as well. They activate the lever and begin to rotate through the secret door.

INT. CASTLE ROOM

The Radiomen appear in the fireplace on the other side -- but there is NO SIGN OF INDY AND HENRY.

The Radiomen move cautiously toward the flames, shielding their faces with one hand, holding their guns with the other. Is it possible that Indy and Henry escaped through these flames?

Not a chance.

They've hidden themselves UP THE CHIMNEY. And now they DROP DOWN, BEHIND the Radiomen.

The Radiomen spin around just in time to see Indy and Henry rotating back into the Radio Room.

RADIOMAN

Hey!

INT. THE RADIO ROOM

Indy and Henry appear through the secret door. The VOICES and GUNSHOTS of the Radiomen can be heard on the other side of the wall.

The Radiomen activate the secret door in an effort to get back into the Radio Room. The floor begins to rotate.

HENRY

They're coming back!

Indy SMASHES a wooden stool with his foot and uses one of the broken pieces as a WEDGE -- halting the rotation of the secret door -- sealing the Nazis inside the burning room.

Henry looks horrified by what he's been forced to do as Indy searches frantically for an exit.

INDY

There's got to be a way out of here! Another secret door, or something!

Indy begins to run his hands over the walls. He even STANDS ON THE SOFA to reach higher.

HENRY

I give up. I can't do this anymore. I'm an old man . . .

Exhausted, Henry slumps down into the overstuffed arm chair -- budging it slightly -- causing the SECRET SOFA DOOR TO EXTEND DOWNWARD right under Indy's feet.

INDY
(as he tumbles down)
You found it!

Henry GROANS as he reluctantly struggles to his feet.

INT. CASTLE HALLWAY

Vogel and the two Nazis march toward the door of the room where Indy and Henry were tied.

Vogel opens the door into a VIRTUAL FURNACE! Flames leap out at him forcing him back.

INT. CAVERN/UNDERGROUND HARBOR

The stairway deposits Indy and Henry into an enormous WATERY CAVERN beneath the mountain on which the castle is built.

A full-scale NAZI BOAT DOCK has been built inside the cavern. We see MOTORBOATS, GUNBOATS, SUPPLY BOATS, etc.

INDY AND HENRY

hide behind some large SHIPPING CRATES stacked on the dock. SEVERAL NAZI SOLDIERS are on patrol.

INDY
Great. More boats.

Indy and his dad dart from their hiding place and board one of the boats.

They disappear from our view. We HEAR a MOTOR START UP. At the same moment --

oo
///

VOGEL ARRIVES

from another direction. He also hears the motor start up and concludes that Indy is stealing a motorboat. Acting on this assumption, he orders several Nazi Soldiers into the nearest motorboat, then climbs in after them.

Vogel's motorboat peels away from the dock, as . . .

INDY AND HENRY ON A MOTORCYCLE AND SIDE CAR

ROAR down the gangplank of the supply boat, HIT the dock, SKID, SQUEAL and ZOOM away.

VOGEL

is surprised. He grabs the MACHINE GUN mounted on the speedboat and FIRES in the direction of the fleeing motorcycle. Then gives up and orders the boat to turn back.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Indy's motorcycle races toward a CROSSROAD. Arrows pointing in opposite directions indicate the way to BERLIN or BUDAPEST.

Indy turns down the road marked Budapest.

HENRY

Stop! Go back! Go back!

INDY

What!?

HENRY

Stop this thing!

Indy slows to a stop.

HENRY

Turn around. We've got to go back.

INDY

What?!

HENRY

Do as I say. Turn around. We're going back!

INDY

But --

HENRY

-- don't argue with me! Do as I say!

INDY

I don't take orders from you! I'm not one of your students.

HENRY

Lucky for you.

Henry climbs from the sidecar, begins to walk away.

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INDY

Are you crazy?
(pointing)
Brody is that way.

HENRY

(pointing)
The Grail Book is this way.

INDY

We don't need the book.

HENRY

Yes we do. The pages you tore out show how to get into the Mountain Temple of the Grail. But once inside, obstacles have been placed in the Grail's path. Booby traps! The most ingenious and fatal devices the Medieval mind was capable of imagining.

(beat)

The book tells how to get around them.

INDY

Can't you remember?

HENRY

No! Besides . . . you really want to trust my memory? Was it ten steps . . . or nine? Believe me -- it matters!

INDY

The Gestapo's probably after us right now, not to mention the S.S., and you want me to turn around and head for Berlin -- right into the lion's den itself.

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HENRY

The only thing that matters now is the Grail. Don't you understand that?

INDY

No. I don't. And I never did.

Silence. This is news to Henry.

INDY

I've watched you spend your life on this thing without ever knowing why.

HENRY

The Grail is as close as any living person will ever come to God. To touch the Grail is to touch the face of God.

INDY

(after a pause)
Why didn't you ever tell me this before?

HENRY

You were never interested before.
(beat)
And I'll tell you something else: If the Grail falls into Nazi hands, it will be the armies of the Fuhrer who live forever.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - BERLIN - NIGHT

This is what's going on: A NAZI RALLY AND BOOK BURNING

The mound of burning books is ten feet tall and growing by the minute as College Students and Nazi Brownshirts continually toss more books onto the fire.

Flags, banners and standards displaying the swastika are waved rythmically from side to side in a motion that echoes the mounting frenzy of the enormous crowd.

MOTION PICTURE CAMERAMEN are also present. Some cameras are hand held, others are mounted on tripods. Every conceivable angle is being covered.

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EXT. STREET LEADING TO SQUARE

Indy's motorcycle travels down the cobblestone street toward the Town Square.

They hear the SHOUTING VOICES and see the HELLISH ORANGE LIGHT dancing across the walls of the buildings that flank the Square.

HUNDREDS OF COLLEGE STUDENTS run through the streets. They race past Indy and Henry without giving them a second glance.

HENRY

What's going on? . . .

INDY

We're about to find out.

Indy's motorcycle turns a corner into --

THE SQUARE

Indy parks the motorcycle, then walks toward the rally with Henry.

HENRY

We are pilgrims in an unholy land.

Then . . . Indy sees something that makes him stop in his tracks. We PAN ALONG HIS LINE OF SIGHT to:

THE PODIUM

where high-ranking OFFICERS OF THE THRID REICH stand to oversee the rally. Among this group are two very familiar faces: One is ADOLF HITLER, and immediately to his right is Elsa! Wearing the uniform of a Nazi Officer. Shoulders back; head cocked arrogantly to one side.

BACK TO INDY AND HENRY

HENRY

There she is.

ON THE PODIUM

LENI RIEFENSTAHL is trying to get a shot of Hitler, Elsa and the other members of his High Command. But there is so much noise and confusion, she has a hard time communicating her desires.

LENI

One step forward, please, Me ~~Me~~ Fuhrer.

Hitler takes a step back.

LENI

(sighing)

All right. That's fine. Everybody else . . . one step back as well.

They, instead, take one step forward. Leni wants to pull her hair out.

LENI

No more propaganda films!

BELOW THE PODIUM

As Elsa comes down the steps . . . INDY GRABS HER!
He pulls her into the shadows. There's so much activity swirling around them, nobody notices.

Elsa emits a SOFT GASP upon seeing Indy. Indy is holding her arms so tightly that his knuckles are turning white.

INDY

Do you know what I'd like to do to you?!

Waves of torchlight move across their faces. Indy's eyes burn with anger. Elsa throws back her head defiantly.

ELSA

You're hurting me.

INDY

Hurt you? No. I was thinking of something more permanent. Maybe snap that pretty little neck of yours.

ELSA

You'll never get away with it.

INDY

It still might be worth it.

ELSA

You would miss me too much.

OOO

Indy snarls. He tightens his grip on her with one hand, while running the other hand over her body. Her breasts. Her waist. Her hips. Elsa doesn't resist.

INDY

Where is it?!

ELSA

Everything's right where it was the last time you looked.

Then Indy finds what he's looking for. He removes the Grail Diary from her pocket. Elsa is surprised.

ELSA

What do you want with that?

INDY

Call me sentimental.

He still has a tight grip on her arm. He glances around. Sees a NAZI STAFF CAR, its TRUNK OPEN where someone has been unloading books.

Indy propells her over to it. When she sees what's coming, she starts to protest. But Indy immediately clasps a hand over her mouth.

INDY
Save your voice; you're gonna need it.

He deposits her in the trunk and SLAMS THE LID. We hear her MUFFLED CRIES.

Indy casually walks off. . . but only takes several steps before running headlong into HITLER AND HIS ENTOURAGE coming down from the Podium.

Indy stops short. Hitler looks his way. They make eye contact. It only lasts a moment, but the moment is electric.

Then, Indy continues on OUT OF FRAME. Hitler, meanwhile is directed into the back seat of the STAFF CAR CONTAINING ELSA.

EXT. AIRFIELD - BERLIN, GERMANY - DAY

Indy's motorcycle pulls up to the main terminal.

INT. TERMINAL BUILDING

Indy and Henry enter the busy terminal. They ⁰⁰⁶⁴ line up at one of the boarding gates only to realize that each passenger is being detained and questioned by GESTAPO AGENTS.

Indy casually pulls his father out of line . . . then sees:

VOGEL

striding across the terminal.

INDY AND HENRY

quickly turn their backs on him. Lowering their hat brims. Raising their coat collars. Walking off briskly in the opposite direction.

VOGEL

takes a pair of Gestapo Agents aside and shows them a PHOTOGRAPH OF HENRY.

INDY AND HENRY

leave the Main Terminal and enter an attached SMALLER TERMINAL . . . which happens to be a 1930's Art Deco Masterpiece.

Prosperous, well-dressed passengers line up at the terminal's only boarding gate.

HENRY

What's this line for?

INDY

Who cares? Nobody's checking it.

Indy and Henry join the line of passengers, which has already begun to move.

We share INDY'S POV as he PASSES through the boarding gate door, EXITS the Art Deco Terminal, and EMERGES out onto the tarmac where he is confronted with the wonderous sight of a:

MOORED ZEPPELIN

Ten stories tall and longer than two football fields: Flying in the grand tradition!

INDY AND HENRY

approach the boarding stairs. They exchange a look of pleasure and excitement.

(WE NOTICE that a pair of SMALL BIPLANES are suspended below the Zeppelin by large hooks.)

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INT. THE ZEPPELIN - PASSENGER COMPARTMENT

The Zeppelin is about to take off. Indy and Henry make themselves comfortable in one of the compartments. At the moment, they have it all to themselves.

INDY

We made it.

Henry takes out his handkerchief and mops his brow.

HENRY

As soon as we're in the air, with Germany behind us, I'll join you in that sentiment.

INDY

Relax. In a few hours we'll be in Istanbul. Sit back and enjoy the scenery.

Indy takes his own advise . . . and this is what he sees out the window:

TWO GESTAPO AGENTS

rushing across the tarmac and boarding the Zeppelin.

INDY

watches them; his mind racing to formulate a plan.

INDY

(to Henry)

Stay here.

He gets up from his seat and exits the compartment.

INT. ZEPPELIN PASSAGEWAY

Indy enters a door marked: CREW ONLY.

INT. HENRY'S PASSENGER COMPARTMENT

SEVERAL PASSENGERS enter and take seats. They are immediately followed by ONE OF THE GESTAPO AGENTS who sits directly across from Henry.

The Gestapo Agent peers at Henry with imperious Teutonic suspicion. Henry glares back at him with flinty-eyed American defiance.

As the Zeppelin begins to lift off, Indy re-enters the compartment WEARING THE HAT AND JACKET OF THE CHIEF STEWARD.

INDY

(in German)

Tickets please. May I have your tickets, please.

Henry gives Indy a double-take as compliant passengers present Indy with their tickets.

INDY

(in German, to Gestapo Agent)

Your ticket, sir.

The Gestapo Agent looks up -- locks eyes with Indy -- realizes instantly that Indy is a fraud -- reaches for the gun inside his coat.

But Indy's moves are quicker still. He YANKS the Agent out of his seat, relieves him of his gun and TOSSES HIM OUT THE WINDOW onto the tarmac below.

Shocked passengers blink in bewilderment.

INDY
(in English;
with a shrug)
No ticket.

Everyone else with a ticket quickly produces it and waves it in Indy's face.

EXT. AIRFIELD TARMAC

The stunned Gestapo Agent gets to his knees as the huge Zeppelin rises into the sky above him.

INT. THE ZEPPELIN

The SECOND GESTAPO AGENT walks down one of the Zeppelin's interior passageways.

Indy steps out of a doorway behind him and CLUBS HIM UNCONSCIOUS with the butt of the gun, then drags him into the:

CREW QUARTERS

Takes his gun and LOCKS him in a STORAGE CLOSET.

Then he notices a GROUP OF WIRES running into a BOX marked: RADIO TRANSMITTER. Indy gives the wires a yank. 0064

INT. ZEPPELIN LOUNGE

A WORLD WAR I GERMAN FLYING ACE relives his daring exploits, using a pair of MODEL AIRPLANES as props. ENTHRALLED ONLOOKERS buy him drink after drink.

INDY AND HENRY

are at a table nearby. A Steward places a pair of drinks in front of them.

Indy glowers as he slides the Grail Diary across the table toward Henry.

INDY
Maybe you better hold on to
this from now on.

Henry takes the book -- realizing what a bad mood Indy is in.

HENRY

(after a moment)

You're only angry with yourself.

Indy shoots him a look.

INDY

What?

HENRY

You're angry with yourself.

(beat)

I know exactly how you feel.

INDY

I don't think so.

HENRY

Oh, really? Why not?

(beat)

Because you're the only man in history ever to be made a fool of by a woman?

INDY

No. Because you're the only man in history who hasn't been.

HENRY

I've got some news for you, junior. You don't know as much about your father as you think.

(beat)

Before you there was ~~me~~

INDY

What are you talking about?

HENRY

I'm talking about Dr. Schneider. Elsa. The Spider Lady of Art Historians. Would you like to see the sting marks?

Indy is completely startled by this revelation.

INDY

You're right. I don't know you as well as I thought.

HENRY

It's not your fault. It's the way I am. The only person who ever really knew me was your mother -- rest her soul. And that's why she wanted the divorce.

Now Indy's attention is drawn to something out the window
 . . . something that troubles him a lot.

HENRY
 What's wrong?

INDY
 Feel that?

HENRY
 What?

INDY
 We're turning around.
 (beat)
 They're taking us back to
 Germany.

Indy jumps from his seat. Henry follows him out of
 the lounge.

HENRY
 I'm coming with you!

INT. CREW QUARTERS

Indy and Henry enter to discover the storage closet
 SMASHED OPEN and the Gestapo Agent GONE. He also notices
 that the radio wires have been repaired with tape.

INDY
 Shit.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

The Gestapo Agent, several Crew Members and the Drunken
 World War I Ace hurry up the passageway in search of
 Indy and Henry.

INT. CREW QUARTERS

Indy pokes his head out -- sees them coming -- ducks
 back in again.

HENRY
 Trouble?

Indy spies a HATCHWAY in the ceiling.

INDY
 We're not caught until we're
 caught!

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INT. FRAMEWORK OF ZEPPELIN

Indy and his father emerge from the hatchway into the "belly" of the Zeppelin. The Zeppelin's elaborate metal framework is exposed. Narrow catwalks connect the huge GASBAGS that actually provide the airship its lift.

Indy and Henry pause in wonderment and awe -- even though their pursuers are hot on their tail.

HENRY
Damn! . . . these Germans are formidable engineers!

The Gestapo Agent and the others enter the framework through the same hatchway used by Indy.

Indy and Henry hurry across one of the narrow catwalks to escape them -- when HENRY SLIPS.

HENRY
Ahhh!!

He falls -- but manages to grab hold of the catwalk. His feet dangle in the air. If he lets go, he'll rip through the canvas belly of the ship and free-fall to the ground below.

Indy uses every ounce of strength he has to pull his father back up.

HENRY
Pull!!

INDY
I'm pulling!

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!!!

The Gestapo Agent draws a SMALL GUN from his ankle holster and aims it at Indy. But a CREW MEMBER immediately prevents him from pulling the trigger.

CREW MEMBER
Nein! Nein!
(points to gasbags)
Kaboom!

This allows Indy to complete the rescue of Henry. They hurry down the catwalk until arriving at a PAIR OF DOORWAYS framed into the Zeppelin's outer skin. Indy looks over his shoulder -- sees the Gestapo Agent coming down the catwalk towards him.

103

Then Indy OPENS one of the DOORS. We see plenty of blue sky and white clouds. We also see one of the small BIPLANES that are suspended from the Zeppelin by a HOOK & CRANE DEVISE.

INDY
(to Henry)
Climb in!

Henry stands in the doorway. The WIND RUSHES past him. He looks at the plane with a terrified expression.

HENRY
Can you pilot an airplane!?

INDY
Let's find out together.
(beat)
Get in!

EXT. THE ZEPPELIN - DAY

Indy and Henry begin to climb from the Zeppelin to the Biplane by means of a metal ladder.

Suddenly -- A HAND IS PULLING INDY BACK INTO THE ZEPPELIN. The Gestapo Agent! Indy SLUGS him away.

A Crewman wraps his arms around Indy's neck. Indy struggles with him . . . and HENRY COMES TO HIS SON'S RESCUE: He grabs the Crewman by the back of his collar and the seat of his pants and --

-- THROWS HIM OFF. Right out into space. The Crewman grabs hold of the strut that supports the hook crane, his feet dangling in midair, thousands of feet above ground.

Indy gives his his father a startled, but grateful, look.

INDY
Thanks.

Henry jumps into the back cockpit -- and Indy climbs into the front cockpit. He finds the starter and KICKS OVER THE MOTOR. The propeller turns.

As Indy searches for the HOOK RELEASE LEVER, the Gestapo Agent appears in the doorway again. He has his gun out, pointed at Indy's head.

HENRY
Look out!

The Gestapo Agent FIRES, but his shot is off, missing Indy. And now Indy pulls the lever and the plane DROPS and begins to FLY.

The Gestapo Agent sees that the World War I Ace has climbed into the SECOND BIPLANE. The Ace signals for the Gestapo Agent to join him.

ACE

Come! Come!

The Gestapo Agent does just that, leaping into the rear cockpit.

The World War I Ace RELEASES THE HOOK and the plane DROPS. But in his drunkenness, he neglects to start the motor . . . and the plane SPIRALS STRAIGHT DOWN INTO THE GROUND.

POOF.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BIPLANE - LATER

Indy turns in his seat to give Henry the "thumbs up". Henry smiles valiantly.

Then, they both become aware of a STRANGE SOUND in the skies behind them. Something between a ROAR and a WAIL.

TWO STUKA DIVE BOMBERS

streak out of the clouds and race across the sky.

INDY AND HENRY

shrink in their seats as the Stukas (going three times as fast as they are) SCREAM past on either side.

INDY

Fire the machine gun!

Henry glances at the MOUNTED MACHINE GUN with a perplexed expression.

HENRY

How!

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INDY
(turning; pointing)
Pull back on that lever . . .
then squeeze the trigger!

Henry does -- and the EXPLODING GUN nearly shakes him out of his seat.

(NOTE: What follows is a short dog-fight. Details to be worked out later. Indy's slow speed and small size work to his advantage. The speeding Stukas continually over-shoot him -- whizzing past in a blurr -- making wide turns miles away in the sky. He also flies low -- actually darting between tall pine trees where the Stukas cannot follow.)

Henry has one of the Stuka's in his sights. He pulls back on the trigger -- RATTATAT-TAT! RATTATAT-TAT!

The Stuka banks to the left, but Henry keeps it in his gunsights -- swinging the gun around -- RATTATAT-TAT! RATTATAT-TAT! . . .

Unfortunately, in swinging the gun around, Henry inadvertently CUTS HIS OWN REAR STABILIZER IN HALF. He silently mouths the word, "Whoops."

INDY
Are we hit!?

HENRY
Uh, yeah . . . they got us!

The plane begins to go down. Indy struggles to control its descent.

INDY
Hold on -- we're going in!

EXT. A PAVED ROAD

Indy belly-lands the plane in the road. It SKIDS OUT OF CONTROL and CRASHES into the parking lot of a roadside tavern.

Indy and Henry jump out.

A TAVERN CUSTOMER is about to climb in behind the wheel of his car when INDY BEATS HIM TO IT. Shoving the man aside, Indy jumps into the seat. Henry slides in from the other side.

MAN
Hey!

Indy starts up the car and speeds off. The man is about to protest again when he sees the:

SCREAMING STUKAS

coming in low. Guns BLAZING.

THE MAN

leaps off the road and rolls into the field.

INT. THE CAR - TRAVELING

Indy has the throttle down, both hands tightly gripping the steering wheel. Henry is a very nervous passenger.

HENRY

Are we safe?! Are we safe now?!

Indy sees the LOW-FLYING STUKA COMING UP BEHIND HIM in the SIDE MIRROR.

INDY

Oh, shit!

HENRY

What!?

STRAFING GUNFIRE RIPS THROUGH the car, by some miracle missing Indy and his dad. As the Stuka ROARS by overhead, narrow BEAMS OF SUNLIGHT stream in through the bullet holes in the roof.

Henry takes off his hat and sticks his finger through a bullet hole in the brim.

HENRY

Nope. Not safe yet.

INDY

Tunnel!

EXT. THE ROAD - LONG SHOT

The car races toward a TUNNEL that cuts through a steep MOUNTAINSIDE.

The second Stuka bears down on the Indy's car, machine-guns CHATTERING.

The car ENTERS the tunnel. The Stuka cannot pull up in time. It SLAMS into the MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL, SHEARING OFF its WINGS.

INT. THE TUNNEL

The Stuka's FLAMING FUSELAGE continues to ROCKET through the tunnel like a bullet down the muzzle of a gun. SPARKS fly as the Stuka's belly SCRAPES against the pavement and the sides of the tunnel.

INT. THE CAR

Indy and Henry look over their shoulders to see this wingless BALL OF FIRE gaining on them; about to overtake them.

EXT. THE ROAD - OTHER SIDE OF MOUNTAIN

The car exits the tunnel at top speed and veers off the road. The flaming Stuka fuselage shoots past and EXPLODES in the middle of the road.

Indy's car must travel directly through the fireball.

INT. THE CAR

As the car emerges safely from the flames, Henry wipes the sweat from his brow.

HENRY

They don't come any closer than that!

INDY

Yes they do!

Indy points. Henry looks out the windshield and sees the first Stuka SCREAMING out of the sky towards them.

0054

EXT. THE ROAD - LONG SHOT

The Stuka drops its single UNDERFUSELAGE BOMB. It EXPLODES in the road directly ahead of the car, missing it by only several feet.

THE CAR

SWERVES -- SMASHES through a guardrail -- BOUNCES down an embankment -- CRASHES onto:

A DESERTED MEDITERRANEAN BEACH

where it stalls in the soft sand. Indy and Henry stagger from the car. Indy holding his head where it bumped against the steering wheel.

Indy looks down the beach in one direction:

A FLOCK OF SEA GULLS

(must be thousands of them) have the beach all to themselves.

INDY

turns and looks in the other direction:

THE STUKA

has swung around and is coming in for another pass.

INDY AND HENRY

exchange a wordless glance. They don't even think about running: There's no place to run to.

Indy checks his revolver.

INDY
One bullet left.

THE STUKA

comes in low, less than a hundred feet over the breakers.

BACK TO INDY AND HENRY

as Henry takes the pistol from Indy's hand.

HENRY
May I?

Indy is so surprised, he releases the gun without an argument. Suddenly, Henry SPINS AROUND. Indy must duck or face the barrel of gun. Henry FIRES . . . at the sea gulls!

THE SEA GULLS

take to the wing in fright. Thousands of them.

THE STUKA

SCREAMS overhead. MACHINE-GUNS shooting.

INDY

pushes Henry down flat, then falls over him protectively. Bullets kick up sand all around them.

THE STUKA AND THE SEA GULLS

meet in midair. MASSACRE! Sea gulls are SHREDDED by the Stuka's whirling propeller blades into a FEATHERY PUREE that SPLATTERS against the cockpit and CLOGS THE ENGINE.

It SPUTTERS . . . and STALLS. Silence. The Stuka falls from the skies and EXPLODES onto the beach.

INDY AND HENRY

raise their sand-covered faces to look. Indy glances at his father in amazement.

HENRY

As Charlemagne said, "Let my armies be the rocks and the trees and birds in the sky."

CUT TO:

INT. SULTAN'S PALACE - ISKENDERUN - DAY

Walter Chandler is seated with the SULTAN.

SULTAN

We have no quarrel with Germany. Germany is a great and powerful nation. But we are at crossed purposes here. We are after the same thing as you. But not for the same reason.

(beat)

Therefore, in the matter of the Grail . . . we prefer to compete with you rather than join with you.

CHANDLER

Competition is a word I understand.
(turning)
Dr. Schneider!

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Elsa enters with a pair of NAZI SOLDIERS who have Brody under guard. They stay back as Elsa comes toward the Sultan with some papers in her hand.

The Sultan eyes these papers with suspicious interest.

ELSA

These pages are taken from Professor Jones' diary, Your Highness. They pinpoint the exact location of the Grail.

The Sultan reaches out for them, but Elsa holds them back.

CHANDLER

We provide the map. You provide the camels.

The Sultan knows when he's over a barrel. He silently nods his head.

ELSA

How soon can we get underway?

The Sultan CLAPS his hands and Kemal appears from the next room. His forehead is bandaged from his fight with Indy in Venice.

SULTAN

Kemal will provide you with all the assistance you may need.

Elsa and Kemal lock eyes. Once enemies; now allies.

EXT. THE PALACE - DAY

Chandler and Elsa come down the Palace steps. The Nazi Soldiers and Brody are several steps behind.

As Elsa and Chandler reach the bottom, a CAR SPEEDS UP and Vogel leaps out.

VOGEL

(to Chandler)

Jones and his father have escaped!

Brody reacts, smiling to himself.

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ELSA
(with genuine
admiration)
He's a very clever fellow,
isn't he?
(cold as ice)
Every moment counts. The
sooner we get started the
better.

EXT. ISKENDERUN TRAIN STATION

Indy and Henry disembark. Indy glances around the
crowded platform.

HENRY
Where's Brody?

INDY
No sign of him . . .

Then, a BATTERED AUTOMOBILE roars up to the platform.
Engine steaming; horn HONKING. Behind the wheel is
SALLAH.

SALLAH
Indy! Indiana Jones!

INDY
Sallah!

Indy runs to the car with Henry several steps behind.

SALLAH
Indy, my friend! How I have
missed you. Get in! Hurry!

Indy slides in next to Sallah. Henry climbs into the
back. Sallah speeds away, GRINDING the GEARS.

INT. THE CAR

It races down a narrow Iskenderun street, speeding around
bicycles, carts, wagons and pedestrians.

Sallah brakes -- HONKS -- accelerates -- down-shifts
-- swerves . . . all to the horror of Henry in the backseat.

SALLAH
Sorry, Indy . . . they got
Mr. Brody . . . move that goat!
Out of the way!

Horn BLASTING!

SALLAH

(to Indy; continuing)

There was nothing I could do.
I arrived too late.

(to another driver)

Turkish road hog! Get a camel,
you blind Ottoman rug merchant!

(to Indy)

They set out across the desert
this afternoon. They took Mr. Brody
with them.

INDY

Can we catch up?

SALLAH

There are always shortcuts.

Sallah LEANS on the HORN.

SALLAH

A thousand Arabian curses on
all your ancestors!

Sallah pulls hard on the steering wheel. The car skids
around a POULTRY WAGON -- CLIPS it with its fender causing
a BASKET OF LIVE CHICKENS to tumble into the backseat
with Henry.

Henry explodes.

HENRY

Where did you learn to drive --
New York City!? You're a menace!
A threat to life and limb!
The Norman Conquest wasn't this
hazardous!

INDY

Sallah, this is --

SALLAH

-- Don't tell me! I
recognize that foul temper . . .
(joyfully)
Father of Indy!

Henry fumes as he throws a chicken "overboard."

EXT. DESERT VALLEY - DAY

Elsa and Chandler's party -- consisting of a SUPPLY TRUCK, OPEN CAR, TURKISH SOLDIERS RIDING CAMELS, SPARE HORSES and a TANK -- has come to a halt while minor repairs are made on one of the vehicles.

Elsa, Chandler, Vogel and Kemal travel in the open car. The tank is a vintage World War I model with enormous treads. The Turkish Soldiers wear native dress and carry both carbines and sabers.

BRODY

pops his head out of the tank's hatch. He glances up at the blistering sun and wipes his brow.

BRODY

Mad dogs and Englishmen . . .

CHANDLER (OFF)

Care to wet your whistle, Marcus?

Brody turns to see Chandler, standing atop the tank, a canteen held in his direction. Brody would rather spit in Chandler's face than to accept the canteen. But since he has no spit, he takes a drink.

CHANDLER

According to your map, we're only three or four miles away. Three or four miles from the discovery of the greatest artifact in human history.

OO

Marcus hands back the canteen.

BRODY

You're meddling with powers you don't understand.

CHANDLER

You have no vision, Marcus. You can't see what's coming. A New Order of things. A realignment of values and beliefs. Not just in Germany, or Europe . . . but in America, too. The Swastika and the Grail will be the symbols of that New Order.

BRODY

You know something, Walter . . .
I do believe you're as mad as
a hatter.

Then, Chandler sees something GLINT in the distant hills.

EXT. THE HILLS

The glint that Chandler sees is the SUN REFLECTING OFF
THE LENSES OF INDY'S BINOCULARS.

Henry and Sallah are at Indy's side as he views Chandler's
party in the distance. Parked nearby is a CAR containing
all of their supplies. (NOTE: Indy now wears his traditional
adventurer's costume, right down to the bullwhip on
his hip.)

INDY

I see Brody. He looks okay.

HENRY

Be careful they don't see you!

INDY

That tank only has a 6 pound gun.
We're well out of range.

At that moment, the tank FIRES A SHELL in their direction.
It WHISTLES overhead and BLOWS UP THE PARKED CAR. Indy,
Henry and Sallah cover their heads as automobile fragments
rain down upon them.

SALLAH

That car belonged to my
brother-in-law.

006

CLOSE ON VOGEL

he lowers his binoculars and smiles.

VOGEL

Bull's eye.

Elsa takes the binoculars from Vogel and looks for herself.

EXT. THE HILL

Chandler's party arrives at the spot where the car blew
up. Vogel is livid at finding no dead bodies in the
wreckage.

He turns on Kemal, SCREAMING at him in GERMAN, obviously
blaming the failure on him. Kemal defends himself,
SCREAMING back at Vogel in TURKISH.

Elsa and Chandler step away.

CHANDLER
Maybe it wasn't even Jones.

ELSA
No. It's him all right.
He's here. Somewhere.
(bites into a
plum)
I can feel it.

Chandler glances up at the sun with a confident expression.

CHANDLER
Well, without transportation,
they're as good as dead.

During this, we see Sallah SNEAKING AWAY WITH THREE
CAMELS in the b.g.

EXT. RIDGE ABOVE HILL

Indy and Henry look down and see Sallah making off with
the camels.

HENRY
He's got them!

As Sallah dashes off with the camels in tow -- Chandler
sees him. He leaps onto the tank and commands ~~to~~ to
start up and give chase.

Indy realizes that Sallah is in ~~in~~ deep trouble.

INDY
Uh-oh.

SALLAH

looks over his shoulder -- sees the Tank RUMBLING towards
him. He leaps onto one of the camels and GALLOPS away,
all the while holding the reins of the other two camels.

INDY

scrambles down the ridge -- half sliding -- half running.
Below him is a NARROW MOUNTAIN ROAD.

Sallah gallops past. The Tank is not far behind. Indy
runs along a rocky ledge parallel to the road -- then
LEAPS ONTO THE TANK and begins to fight with Chandler.

SALLAH

looks back over his shoulder -- sees Indy on the Tank
and decides to double back.

INDY AND CHANDLER

duke it out. The CREAKING, CLANKING, CLEATED TREADS pose a constant threat to life and limb as Indy and Chandler roll towards them and away again.

Chandler pushes Indy's face towards the tread. It RUMBLES by, inches from his nose. Then Indy turns the tables and FLIPS CHANDLER toward the tread.

BRODY

lifts the hatch and peers out. He sees Indy and Chandler pummeling each other.

Then he sees:

SALLAH AND THE CAMELS

drawing up beside the moving tank -- Sallah reaching out his hand to him.

SALLAH

Mr. Brody! Mr. Brody!

Brody crawls from the hatch, but is torn between escaping onto Sallah's camel and helping Indy.

Indy gets in a good punch and breaks free of Chandler's grasp. He turns toward Brody.

INDY

Beat it, Marcus! Get out here!

007

Brody does as ordered. He grabs Sallah's hand and is literally YANKED from the tank and DEPOSITED onto Sallah's camel.

CHANDLER

climbs to his feet with bloodlust in his eyes. Indy squares off to face him just as --

THE TANK'S TURKISH DRIVER

pokes his head out of the hatch. Indy has his back to him. A COIL of WIRE ROPE is within reach. The Driver grabs it up and TWIRLS it above his head like a rodeo cowboy. At the end of the wire rope is a SHARP METAL HOOK.

The Driver releases the rope -- it sails toward Indy -- WRAPS around his body -- and the HOOK SNAGS his pants and belt at the small of his back.

The Driver throws the rope's slack onto the tread where it WRAPS AROUND ONE OF THE GEARS with a SNAPPING, METALIC CLATTER.

The wire rope PULLS TAUT and Indy is YANKED off his feet toward the tread. He reaches around, but can't dislodge the hook. He goes for his belt buckle, but the belt is being pulled too tightly from behind.

The Driver LAUGHS OUT LOUD -- but as the wire rope pulls tight over the HATCH COVER, it SMASHES DOWN on the Driver's upper body, sandwiching him in so that he's unable to move.

THE GEAR

on which the wire rope is entangled SPINS FREELY, sending up a SCREAMING, HEATED WHINE. Then -- the GEAR CATCHES HOLD. Other GEARS GRIND as the entire TREAD is SLOWED DOWN causing . . .

THE TANK TO TURN

just enough so that it's now headed toward a steep cliff.

CHANDLER

steps toward Indy brandishing a knife. His foot enters a LOOP OF WIRE ROPE. Indy sees this and PULLS on the rope. The loop tightens around Chandler's ankle, tumbling him to his knees.

The KNIFE CLATTERS across the top of the tank toward Indy.

We HEAR the GEAR CATCH again -- winding up more wire rope -- pulling out every last inch of slack.

Everyone is held in place now: Indy by the hook in the back of his pants. Chandler by the ankle. The Driver by the hatch cover

Indy and Chandler now realize that the tank is heading toward the cliff.

INDY

(to Chandler)

Unhook me!

CHANDLER

Not a chance!

INDY

Come on -- look where we're headed! Unhook me!

117
Chandler decides to trust Indy. He stretches forward as far as he can -- but the hook in Indy's belt is still several inches out of reach.

Then Chandler sees that the wire rope is clipped onto a U-bolt within Indy's reach. If Indy unclips the rope, it will free Chandler.

CHANDLER
release the clip . . . then
I can unhook you!

Indy is about to . . . then changes his mind.

INDY
No dice, Chandler.

CHANDLER
Then we shall die together,
Dr. Jones!

INDY
I won't die like this!

So saying, Indy grabs up the knife, and PLUNGES IT TOWARD HIS OWN STOMACH.

At the same moment . . .

THE TANK

CRASHES through some low bushes, SPILLS off the edge of the cliff and EXPLODES at the bottom of the ravine.

HENRY

GASPS in horror as he watches from his position on the ridge. Brody and Sallah, riding up with the camels can't believe their eyes.

EXT. A DISTANT HILL

Elsa sees a PLUME OF BLACK SMOKE rising from the ravine in the distance. Then she climbs into the car and orders Kemal to press on.

VOGEL
What about Herr Chandler? . . .

ELSA
What about him, Colonel?

Vogel shrugs his shoulders and joins Elsa inside the car.

EXT. THE RAVINE

Henry, Brody and Sallah look down at the flaming wreckage of the tank. Brody has to restrain Sallah from charging down the cliff.

BRODY

It's no use!

Sallah sinks to his knees, face buried in his hands. Brody puts a comforting arm around Henry's shoulder.

BRODY

I'm sorry.

And then . . . looking dazed and bewildered, INDY STAGGERS UP BEHIND THEM. He carries the knife in one hand and his pants -- which have been slit from the waist down -- gather in a heap around his ankles.

He joins the others at the edge of the cliff, looking down at the wreckage below with a bewildered expression.

One by one, the others become aware of his presence. First Brody, then Sallah, then Henry.

Indy shakes his head and whistles softly.

INDY

Now that was close.

00

Henry says nothing. He just looks at Indy, overcome with emotion. Finally, he throws his arms around him.

HENRY

I thought I'd lost you.

After a moment, Indy's head clears. And he becomes aware of his father's embrace. Something he hasn't felt in a long time -- if ever. And it touches him. He hugs his father back.

INDY

I thought you had, too.

Brody and Sallah are moved by this sudden reconciliation.

HENRY

I would have missed you, Junior.

SALLAH

Junior?

Indy makes a face. This is not his favorite subject. He steps away, tries to improvise a way of holding up his pants.

HENRY
(to Sallah; proudly)
That's his real name. Henry
Jones, Jr.

INDY
I like Indiana.

HENRY
We named you Henry.
(beat)
We named the dog Indiana!

Brody smiles. Sallah laughs.

SALLAH
(to Indy)
The dog?! . . .

Even Indy can't resist a grin.

INDY
I got a lot of fond memories about
that dog.

Sallah laughs even louder -- SLAPPING Indy on the back
-- causing Indy's pants to drop around his ankles again.

EXT. A MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

The entire mountainside EXPLODES -- as from a ~~granite~~
charge -- hurling rocks TOWARD CAMERA.

When the dust settles, we see that a HIDDEN CANYON has
been exposed. The canyon walls go straight up and disappear
into a bank of clouds.

Elsa, Chandler and Kemal STEP INTO FRAME. They regard
the gaping canyon entrance with awed expressions.

Elsa has Henry's Grail Diary Pages in her hand. She
smiles, impressed with the map's accuracy.

ELSA
(to herself)
Thank you, Henry.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD

Indy, Henry, Brody and Sallah halt their camels as they
hear the distant SOUND OF THE EXPLOSION ringing through
the mountain pass.

BRODY

What was that?

HENRY

They've located the entrance to the canyon.

EXT. SECRET CANYON

Indy, Henry, Sallah and Brody ride into the canyon. They hear a WAILING WIND. Peel the biting cold. And sense the danger.

Now they turn a corner . . . and THE HIDDEN CITY is REVEALED to them. Its spectacular GRECIAN FACADE is CARVED directly into the rock.

The vehicles, camels and horses belonging to Chandler's party have been left at the entrance.

Indy and Henry exchange a solemn look.

INDY

We're here.

Everyone slides down from their camels. Henry looks at the temple entrance, then turns to the others:

HENRY

We are like the four renowned Grail heroes of legend.

(glances at Sallah)

Bors, the ordinary man.

(looks to Brody)

Perceval, the holy innocent.

(looks at Indy)

Galahad, the valorous knight.

(then; meaning himself)

And Lancelot . . . Galahad's father.

The Old Crusader. Who was turned away because he wasn't worthy. And perhaps neither am I.

INDY

No. Not after all your years of study and dedication . . .

HENRY

Study and dedication are not enough. One must be pure of spirit and of heart.

0067

BRODY

If you're not, Henry, then
no one is.

HENRY

(to Brody, with a
sad smile)

It was Galahad who succeeded
where his father failed.

Everyone looks to Indy.

INDY

I don't even know what
the Gail looks like.

HENRY

Nobody does . . . until they see
it.

INDY

(after a beat)
I won't let you down.

CUT TO:

THE TERRIFIED FACE OF COLONEL VOGEL

He's walking slowly. Eyes darting. Mouth dry. What's
going on here?

FULL SHOT - INSIDE THE MOUNTAIN TEMPLE

006

Vogel stands alone in the center of the Temple. It
is very dark. GIANT COLUMNS define the Temple's perimeter.

Vogel inches forward -- cautiously -- one step at a
time.

ELSA AND KEMAL

watch him from a safe distance.

VOGEL

is about to approach the spot where a TURKISH SOLDIER
LIES DEAD. We don't notice it right away, but the dead
soldier has been DECAPITATED.

Vogel stops -- only one step away from the beheaded
soldier.

ELSA

Keep going! Keep going!

INDY, HENRY, BRODY AND SALLAH

now arrive in the temple area. They are in a position to observe the following:

VOGEL

takes one more step -- a fatal step, it turns out. We hear a ROAR -- a WHOOSH of air -- but we SEE NOTHING -- except the VOGEL'S HEAD FLY OFF and bounce across the ground.

INDY, HENRY, BRODY AND SALLAH

react to the sight.

HENRY

(softly)

The Breath of God . . .

INDY

Huh? . . .

Then: The SOUND of RIFLE BOLTS being cocked shatters the silence. Everyone turns to discover that Kemal's Soldiers have the drop on them. They relieve Indy and Sallah of their pistols.

FULL SHOT - THE TEMPLE

Indy, Henry, Brody and Sallah are brought forward by the soldiers.

ELSA

Indiana Jones! And not a moment too soon.

INDY

Hello, Elsa.

She comes up to him. Prepares to kiss him.

ELSA

I just can't stay mad at you.

Indy doesn't respond to her advance.

INDY

These rifles are real mood killers.

Elsa SHOUTS IN TURKISH and the Soldiers lower their rifles and move back.

006!

ELSA

Better?

She kisses him on the lips. And Indy kisses her back.

SALLAH

Indy! Look!

Indy turns. This is what he sees:

A BURNING POWDER FUSE

leading to a pile of EXPLOSIVES.

KEMAL AND HIS SOLDIERS

block the Temple's only exit, their rifles raised.

KEMAL

You have desecrated this holy place! In the name of what?! Science!? History?! Archeology?!
(beat)

Three different names for greed!

0064

INDY

makes a sudden move in the direction of the fuse. Kemal's Soldiers FIRE their rifles -- and the bullets pin Indy down.

KEMAL

This place will be your tomb! And your bones will become the relics of future grave robbers like yourselves!

Again, Indy gets to his feet and runs toward the burning powder fuse. Bullets strike all around him. He darts between stone columns for safety.

He leaps toward the fuse AHEAD OF THE FLAME -- like someone sliding head first into home plate.

Indy's fingers are about to interrupt the line of powder when Indy finds himself being PULLED BACK BY HIS ANKLES.

INDY

Shit! . . .

Kemal has a hold of him.

The powder continues to burn toward the explosives. There is nothing to stop it now . . . except SALLAH'S FOOT -- which sweeps away the powder ahead of the flame.

(And the fight is on. Indy and Sallah vs. Kemal and his soldiers. Details yet to be worked out. This much we know: As quickly as the Soldiers re-ignite the powder, Indy or Sallah put it out.

At one point, in order to connect two separated sections of burning powder, a Soldier pours fresh powder over the back of a fallen comrade . . . and the flame burns up his leg, across his back, his neck, his head and connects with the other section of powder . . . and continues burning toward the pile of explosives.

Eventually, Indy and Sallah have knocked cold Kemal and all of his men. They think they are out of peril until they see that a SMALL AMOUNT OF POWDER IS STILL BURNING toward the explosives!

Indy and Sallah are too far away to extinguish it in time. So . . . Indy takes off his FEDORA and SCALES IT THROUGH THE AIR like a Frisbee. It hits the floor -- SKIDS a short distance -- and INTERRUPTS the powder fuse only inches away from the explosives. The flame sputters and harmlessly burns out.)

Indy and Sallah breathe a deep sigh of relief . . .

And that's when Indy turns to discover ELSA POINTING A PISTOL AT HIM.

ELSA
God, you'd be handy to have around the house.

INDY
(stepping towards her)
Elsa, what are --

ELSA
-- don't move!

Indy obeys.

ELSA
I want the Grail, Indy, and you're going to get it for me.

INDY
For your Fuhrer, you mean.

ELSA
No. For me. I can't die, Indy. I have to go on living. There's too much to see. Too much to know. Too much to learn.

(MORE)

ELSA (CONT'D)

(beat)
What is the secret wish of every historian? Tell me, Indy. You know what it is.

INDY
To go back into the past.

ELSA
Yes! That's what we try to do, isn't it? You and me, in our own ways.

(beat)
But now I have the chance to do something even better. To live on into the future. To be a witness to history as it happens. Think of all that man has accomplished and created in the last two thousand years, Indy . . . then try to imagine what the next two thousand years will bring!

0064

(beat)
It will be incredible! And I want to be there to see it all for myself.

INDY
Not with my help.

ELSA
You must, Indy. You must do this for me.

Indy glares at her defiantly.

ELSA
If you won't do it for me, then you'll have to do it for him!

She shifts her aim just a bit and SHOTS HENRY IN THE CHEST!

INDY
Dad!

BRODY
Henry!

Henry collapses -- blood SPURTING from the wound. Brody and Sallah rush to his assistance.

Indy spins toward Elsa with murder in his eyes. But Elsa halts his approach with ANOTHER SHOT THAT GRAZES INDY'S CHEEK.

Indy touches the wound, feels the wetness of his own blood.

ELSA

Now you have no choice. The healing power of the Grail is the only thing that can save your father's life.

Indy kneels down next to his father as Sallah and Brody try to stem the flow of blood.

SALLAH

He's badly hurt, Indy.

BRODY

It's the only chance he's got.

INDY

Dad . . . what is the "Breath of God"?

0064

Henry taps his pocket indicating the Grail Diary. Indy pulls it out and his father's hand ~~+~~ as if guided by some unseen force -- opens it to the proper page.

INDY

(reading)
Three paces from the Shield of St. George. Feel the Breath of God and advance.

Indy gets to his feet, glances around.

INDY

The Shield of St. George . . .

Then he figures it out: The answer must be somewhere in the floor's MOSAIC DESIGN.

He wets his lips and proceeds forward. One step at a time. Eyes searching the floor. Vogel's headless body lies before him. Five steps away . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . only one step away.

Indy stops.

VOGEL'S HAND is resting on a MOSAIC DESIGN depicting ST. GEORGE KILLING THE DRAGON.

Indy knows this is his starting point. He takes three paces forward . . . and waits.

Then: We hear that same awful rush of air -- WHOOSH! Indy's hat is knocked off and his hair flies in his face.

Instinctively, he ROLLS FORWARD on the ground out of harm's way and looks up. From his new position he's able to see what is causing all the trouble: A RAZOR SHARP PENDULUM.

Indy gets cautiously to his feet. And as he does, his LEATHER POUCH drops to the ground -- its shoulder strap having been severed by the pendulum blade.

Now Indy sees that the pendulum has been guarding a SMALLER TEMPLE. Indy approaches the temple and discovers:

A VAST ARRAY OF CHALICES

Displayed on an altar. Perhaps a hundred or more. Many sizes. Many shapes. Some gold. Some silver. But they all glitter and shine.

Indy is mesmerised by their number and their beauty. And then he realizes that a MAN IS PRAYING AT THE ALTAR.

He has his back turned to Indy . . . but he is dressed as what he is: A GRAIL KNIGHT.

CLOSE ON THE GRAIL KNIGHT

as he turns his head to look at Indy, revealing an AGED FACE that is calm and unthreatening.

KNIGHT

At last . . . you have come.

As the Knight rises from his knees, Indy's eyes shift to the Chalice Symbol on the his brestplate.

INDY

The Order of the Grail . . .


KNIGHT

Yes. We swore an oath of devotion and dedicated our lives to its search.

INDY

That was seven hundred years ago . . .

KNIGHT

 A long time to wait.

INDY

Wait? . . .

KNIGHT

For the one who has been chosen to take my place.

(beat)

For you.

Indy reacts. This is more than he bargained for. But right now he must save his father. He turns to face the array of chalices.

INDY

Which one is it?

KNIGHT

You must choose.

(beat)

But choose wisely. For as the True Grail will bring you life -- the False Grail will take it from you.

Indy looks over the chalices . . . and picks the least likely candidate: A SIMPLE EARTHENWEAR JUG.

KNIGHT

Is that your choice?

At that moment, before Indy can answer, ELSA APPEARS.

ELSA

I see it!

Elsa pushes past Indy and picks up the most likely candidate: A SOLID GOLD EMERALD ENCRUSTED GOBLET.

ELSA

(holding it up)

More beautiful than I had ever imagined! This is the cup of a King.

(turns; looks at the clay pot in Indy's hand)

What is that you're holding?

INDY

The cup of a carpenter.

She gives Indy a scoffing look, then goes to the WELL and fills the Goblet with water.

0064

111

ELSA
(hushed)
Eternal life . . .

Elsa DRINKS from the Goblet, then turns to face Indy when . . . her entire body starts to CONVULSE. Her face contorts in agony. She grabs her stomach.

INDY
Elsa! . . . what? . . .

Elsa looks at Indy with an expression that pleads for help. But there is nothing Indy can do except witness the following horrible transformation:

She begins to age. Her hair grows long and gray and brittle. Her face sinks. Fingernails curl back on themselves. Milky cataracts coat her eyes. Her skin turns brown and leathery and stretches across her bones until it splits. She crumbles to the ground, now an ANCIENT SKELETON, blackend with age.

Indy looks on in horror . . . and in perfect understanding of the danger of a "false Grail."

KNIGHT
(to Indy)
She chose poorly.

BRODY'S VOICE
Indy! Are you all right!?

INDY
(shouting back)
Yes!

BRODY'S VOICE
You must hurry!

INDY
I'm coming!

Indy goes to the well and fills the Earthenware Jug with water, then pauses. He glances at the jug uncertainly.

INDY
(to Knight)
What about me? Have I chosen poorly?

The Knight does not reply.

INDY
Only one way to find out.

0064

111

BRODY'S VOICE

Indy!

INDY

All right!

He puts the Jug to his lips and takes several large swallows.

And now a STRANGE SENSATION overcomes Indy. A feeling of PEACE and CONTENTMENT . . . and we SEE HIS WOUNDS BEGIN TO HEAL.

KNIGHT

You have chosen wisely.

CUT TO:

BRODY AND SALLAH

who tend to Henry while waiting for Indy's return.

SALLAH

Look!

0064

It is Indy . . . and he is bringing the Grail.

Indy DUCKS BENEATH the pendulum . . . But the Grail Knight times it so that the blade passes harmlessly behind him.

Indy comes forward with the Grail and kneels by his father's side. He tilts Henry's head forward and holds the Grail to his lips.

Henry is too weak even to open his eyes.

INDY

Drink, Dad. Drink . . .

Henry swallows some of the water. Much of it runs down the corners of his mouth. Finally, Indy simply POURS THE WATER OVER THE WOUND.

And everyone watches in astonishment as the wound and the blood stain DISAPPEAR BEFORE THEIR EYES. And the color returns to Henry's face.

SALLAH

A miracle . . .

Henry's eyes open. The first thing they see is the Grail -- and they light up. Then they shift to Indy's face -- and they light up even more. And then . . .

HENRY SEES THE GRAIL KNIGHT

They lock eyes. These two old men who have shared the same the dream . . . the same quest . . . the same obsession. They see themselves in each other. Brothers from across the centuries.

Henry reaches his hand up. The Grail Knight reaches his hand down. Their fingers touch.

Indy, Brody and Sallah help Henry to his feet. His legs are still a bit wobbly, but he is otherwise restored to health.

Indy picks up the Grail.

INDY

We got what we came for. Let's get out of here.

KNIGHT

No!

(to Henry)

The Grail can never leave this place. Remaining here is the price of immortality!

0064

HENRY

Indy, wait --

Indy only take several steps with the Grail before the GROUND BEGINS TO SHAKE.

Everyone covers their heads as ROCKS CRASH DOWN around them. Indy is knocked off his feet and . . .

THE GRAIL

rolls across the ground -- causing a CRACK to form in its path.

The GROUND SPLITS and the CRACK WIDENS into a CREVASSE.

The Grail TEETERS on the edge of the crevasse and is about to roll in when --

INDY

lunges for it. GRABS it! Saves it from dropping into the deep fissure.

But the GROUND SHIFTS. One part DROPPING. One part RISING. And Indy SLIDES toward the GAPING CREVASSE.

HENRY

leaps towards him. Indy is about to drop into the giant crack when Henry REACHES OUT and GRABS HIS HAND.

Indy dangles over the abyss -- holding onto his father with one hand . . . using the other hand to reach for the Grail which is TRAPPED BETWEEN HIS LEG AND THE SIDE OF THE FISSURE.

Henry strains to pull Indy out without causing himself to plummet in.

HENRY

Use both hands!

INDY

looks down into black bottomless pit beneath him, from which nothing can ever be retrieved .

INDY

No! I can get it!
I can reach it!

Indy tries to get his fingers around the Grail.

HENRY

Please, Son!

Indy's hand begins to slip from Henry's grasp.

HENRY

I can't hold you!

Indy still tries to gather up the Grail.

HENRY

Indiana . . .

Indy looks up. His father has never called him this before.

HENRY

(continuing)
. . . let it go.

Indy DROPS THE GRAIL and GRABS onto Henry with BOTH HANDS . . . and Henry pulls him up to safety.

SALLAH AND BRODY

gesture to them from across another DEEP CHASM.

SALLAH

Hurry!

Indy and Henry jump across the chasm. Sallah grabs them and keeps them from falling backwards as the CHASM WIDENS with a loud echoing CRACK that SHAKES the ground and SPLITS the walls.

Then they see that . . .

THE GRAIL KNIGHT

has slumped to the ground -- a skeleton within its now tattered costume -- SAND POURING from its sleeves and boots.

THE PILE OF EXPLOSIVES

slips into the crack and DETONATES far below. GLAMING DEBRIS is spewed upward into the air.

BRODY

This way!

EXT. ENTRANCE TO MOUNTAIN TEMPLE - PRE-DAWN

Indy, Henry, Sallah and Brody emerge from the Mountain Temple through the Grecian Facade.

The camels have bolted and can be seen running away. But the horses have been tied to Chandler's truck, and they still remain.

From within the Mountain Temple, the ROAR of walls caving in is heard. A CLOUD OF DUST billows out from the entrance.

INDY

The horses!

They untie the horses and mount them. All ride off.

EXT. THE SECRET CANYON

They THUNDER through the Canyon -- whose towering walls threaten to collapse upon them.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO CANYON

They ride from the canyon directly into the RISING SUN. Once in the clear, they rein in their horses and turn to look back . . .

. . . just in time to see the CANYON WALLS CAVE IN, SEALING UP the Secret Canyon like a tomb.

A silent look is exchanged all around; a look that speaks more eloquently than words.

Brody leans forward on his saddlehorn and squints toward the rising sun: A great SHIMMERING ORANGE BALL in the distance.

BRODY

We have no water. Can we make it back before the heat of midday?

0064

SALLAH

Yes. If we ride like the devil himself was on our tail.

INDY

And maybe he is.

Henry gives his son a questioning look. Indy returns the look with an ironic, conspiratorial smile . . . then SPURS HIS HORSE FORWARD.

The others follow Indy's lead. Four horses GALLOP toward the distant horizon, raising four trails of dust that eventually converge and become one.

THE END